the Valley View

Cascabel...hard to find....harder to leave.

ISSUE #6 AN OCCASIONAL CASCABEL, ARIZONA NEWSLETTER JUNE 2017

In This Issue…

While helping to clean up the Sweetwater Volunteer trailer at El Potrero for upcoming visits, your erstwhile editor and her helper, Ariana DeGregorio, came across an old issue of *The Witness* from 1996. This magazine is no longer published, but through multiple contacts it was established that we could reprint the article (page 2) that spawned this issue, which is focused on **JIM CORBETT** and his legacy to all of us. His gifts continue in the form of Saguaro-Juniper, Cascabel Conservation Association (formerly CHA), The Malpais Borderland Group, and in the collective understanding of honoring Consensus during our meetings.

Jim Corbett mending a fence

If you were to head up Poole Wash from Cascabel Road several miles or so you'd come to a locked gate. Beyond that you're on a torturous, two track lane with frightening drop-off turns that bring you to the cow camp. From there you are walking down a narrow, overgrown cow trail to Willow Spring and there you would find, if you looked carefully, where Jim Corbett's ashes had been laid with a plaque placed in a rock face. Out in the middle of nowhere is a perfect spot for Jim to be for that is where he did his best thinking. And walking and thinking he did!

Jim says in his first book, *Goatwalking*, and in the extensive Saguaro-Juniper website put together by Dick Henderson over the years:

"Life is just a moment, they say. One's name must be carved deep into history's bedrock, to last a moment longer through time's endless erosion, they say.

On the prairie, when the wind wails a dirge and snow sifts in rivulets through the sagebrush, I've hugged the sticky-pink, death-chilled body of a newborn lamb under my coat, and its heart fluttered in reply.

And on a desert mountain, amidst the hush of soaring granite, I've opened a forgotten spring. The few who remembered thought it had long ago gone dry, but I found the hidden place and dug down until a stream ran clear and cold in the summer sun.

So what are epitaphs to me? I've shared life's warmth with a lamb. I've opened a desert spring."

Born in the Wildlands

From an article in *The Witness*, "In Search of Silence." Episcopal Church Publishing Company Volume 79, Number ½ Jan/Feb 1996.
The author is **MARIA WEST**, an emergency room nurse at the time in Detroit, Michigan.

After I finished Jim Corbett's book *Goatwalking*, I closed it, laid it aside on my desk, and looked out the window in front of me to the large shade tree beyond. This tree in my front yard is one of the reasons I took my apartment; in August, its thick green foliage was soothing to the eyes. Now I found myself counting the barriers between my eyes and the tree. There were five: contact lenses, mini blinds, a pane of glass, a storm window. And a sixth barrier, ignorance: I did not know for certain what kind of tree it was.

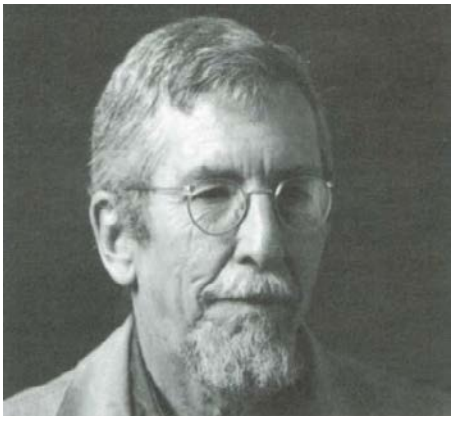
From his photograph and from his voice over the phone, Jim Corbett seems to be the kind of person most at home in a setting like the one in which I read and write – a library with an old oak desk, books, journals, correspondence, clocks, consoles and keyboards. From surface impressions, few would guess that he is, to use his words, feral, untamed, gone cimarron. Jim Corbett is a goatwalker.

He defines goatwalkers as "members of industrial civilization who sustain themselves for a few weeks or months in a wildland environment" (*Goatwalking*, Viking, 1982). It is, he writes, a form of errantry, "sallying out beyond a society's established ways, to live according to one's inner leadings."

He comes by this vocation naturally. Corbett grew up in the Wyoming rangelands; his ancestors include a great-grandmother who was a full-blooded Native American. From early childhood, he and his family would go on extended outings away from their cattle ranch, camping in the Grand Teton Mountains with little more than a tent. These periodic withdrawals from the homestead and its conveniences and living in a natural environment was a welcome part of family life.

When he and his wife Pat went to live in a remote part of southeast Arizona, six miles from their nearest neighbor, they took on a herd of goats for the milk the animals provided. This time of dwelling in an untamed part of the country followed philosophy studies at Harvard and Berkeley, and coincided with a deeper exploration of his Quaker convictions and a simpler, more contemplative lifestyle. This journey put Corbett into contact with "certain harmonies" between natural and spiritual realities which before had been obscured by "the busyness of industrial living." Separating himself from a society he sees as managed by the profit motive and controlled by state force, he became immersed in the wilderness as a creature among other creatures, instead of as a manager or developer.

As Corbett demonstrates with his words and his experience, a person with a small herd of goats and some knowledge about indigenous plants can live in the wilderness indefinitely. A significant part of Corbett's writing is practical advice: how to milk a doe,



Jim Corbett

how to locate safe water, how to prepare wild greens. He describes the relationship between the goatwalker and the goat as a "symbiotic partnership," allowing a person, by way of goat's milk, access to plant nourishment that would be indigestible otherwise. Attempting to live as part of the herd, dependent on the animals for essential nutrients and fluids, understanding the norms of herd behavior and abiding by them, is a conscientious reversal from a first world citizen's usual relationship with the natural world, which is one of manipulation and domination. By this "different order of interaction" a person finds his/her true place in creation.

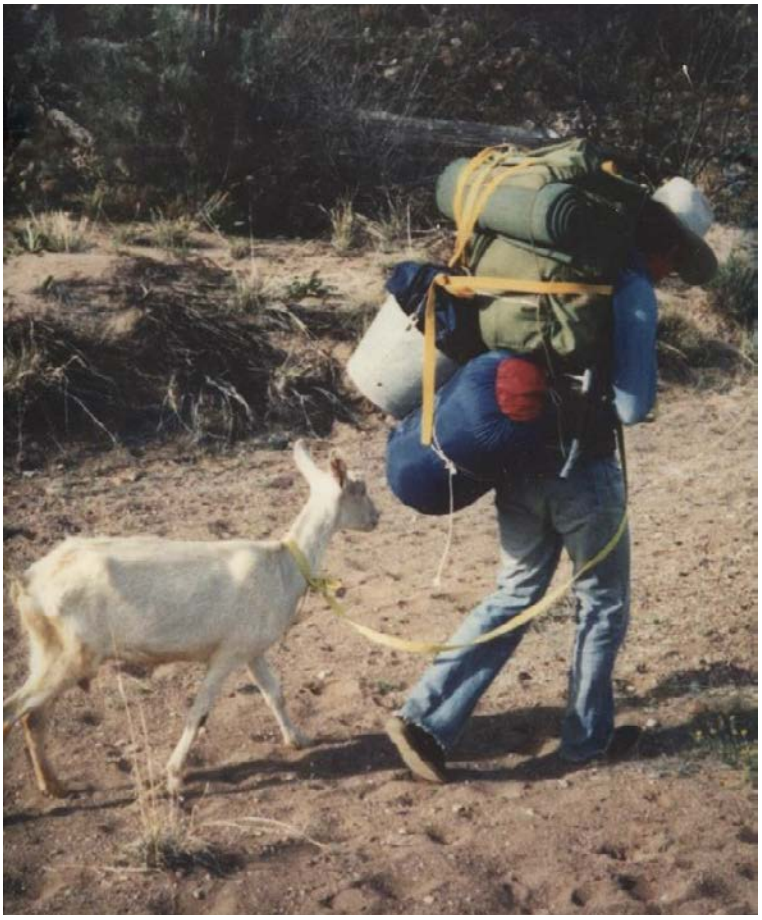
This is not a way of following the example of John the Baptist living off locusts and honey, or that American icon of solitary independence, the Marlboro Man. Goatwalking, as Corbett has lived and taught it, is essentially an adventure in community building. His own sources of inspiration and illustration include Francis of Assisi and Don Quixote, each of whom pursued his ideal as a partner, not a loner. Corbett believes that "human beings essentially adapt as communities":

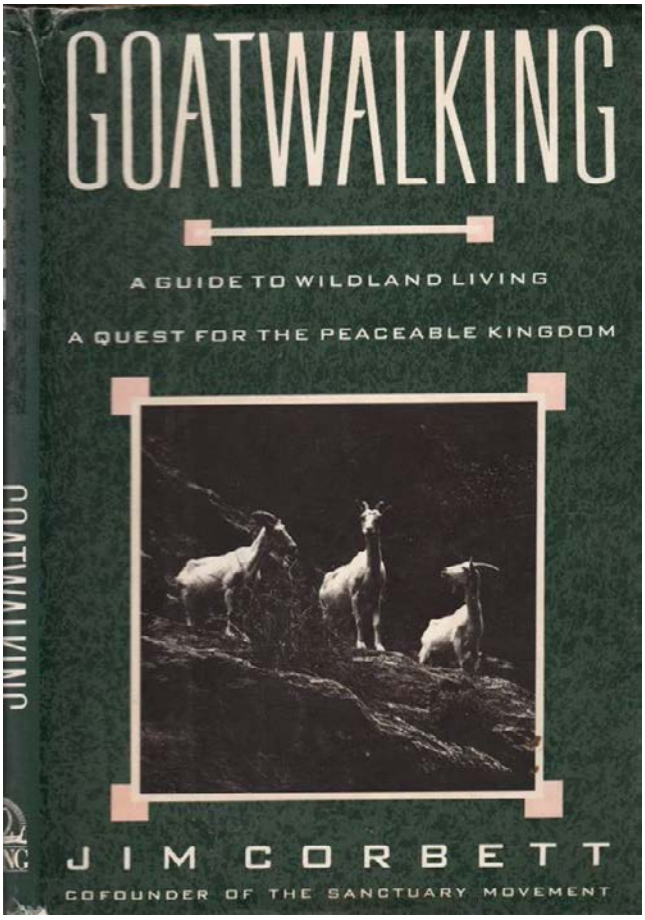
"Learning how to cut our ties with the commercial life-support system will not change our cultural identities any more than learning Chinese will make us Chinese. Nonetheless, many of the characteristics of a tribal band do emerge in a group that lives on its own for a few weeks.… Small groups living on their own tend to make decisions by consensus, become more concerned with one another, and readily contribute according to ability and share according to need."

Corbett also sees goatwalking as an heir to the tradition of biblical nomadism and of the Sabbath. The descendants of Abraham and Moses, unlike their urban neighbors, did not fear the seventh day's open spaces; rather they could celebrate and thrive there:

"Like the Egyptians, the peoples beyond the Jordan feared the wildlands that threatened their world of fields and settlements. They labored unceasingly to tame and maintain a place to live, and then they worshiped the work of their hands, *baalim* – owners-masters – and dreamed of the day when their labor would triumph, all wilderness would be destroyed, and the earth would be wholly tamed. Born in the wildlands, the covenant-formed people would cross the Jordan knowing it is, instead, the man-made world that must be brought into harmony – into *shalom* with the rest of Creation."

For Corbett, this return to harmony/*shalom* is supported by observing the Sabbath and the Jubilee year, that is,





regularly spending time out of lockstep and in roaming, away from accumulation and towards the redistribution of material goods, dependent not on the relationship between the managers and the managed, but on that of Creator and creature.

Corbett suggests that everyone's education ought to include how to feed oneself and how to live in the wilderness. He has lectured widely and guided groups on goatwalking trips; often these groups have been students from the John Woolman School. For some students, goatwalking was at first a great escape from the routine of school. After the initial novelty faded, the pangs of withdrawing from post-modern addictions to cable television, video games and microwaves sometimes threatened to divide and conquer the group. But Corbett remembers two Woolman students who, having successfully completed a goatwalking tour, found the readjustment to their regular lives a difficult transition. For a time they refused to live in the dormitory, preferring to remain outdoors.

For Corbett himself, a goatwalking education led to activism among Latin American refugees, as an escort across the borderlands between Mexico and the United States, and as a legal and spiritual advisor to those detained by customs. He has faced arrests and trials for this work. An early leader of the Church Sanctuary Movement, his sense of direction was as much a moral as a field compass, and drew him into being led by those he helped across the desert:

"…Good news is reaching us from the pueblos of Latin America.… The good news is the formation of basic communities, capable of going free.… In solidarity with the oppressed peoples of Latin America, Anglo America needs to build the Church. Our response to the refugees has not yet developed beyond programs for welcoming them to Babylon. We may cry solidarity and write it on signs, but we aren't yet living it, nor have we even realized that we, too, are living in exile."

In recent years, Corbett's circle of activity has both expanded and contracted. His love for the wilderness has led to the formation of the Saguaro-Juniper Covenant, an effort to purchase land and hold it in common with others and protect it from overdevelopment. A plan from the militia movement to build a firing range was defeated. On his own land, a compound of hermitages is being prepared. Corbett sees a hunger for solitude and contemplation, especially among writers and artists.

Arthritis in his hands and back limit some of his activities. He and his wife now keep a herd of cows instead of goats, because it is easier to skim the butterfat off cow's milk. He believes that aging involves "not just a diminishment of powers," but an even more Sabbatical relationship to the world.

"As you get older, you are ready to sit still and take things in. Much of my time is spent musing, especially when I'm with the herd," Corbett wrote in a letter this summer. "Whenever I think of things I should be doing, there's a simple remedy: the society of ruminants, where the urgencies fade away. That's one of the priceless virtues of being old. It's okay to get out of the press of human affairs and spend your time musing."

From Tom Orum & Nancy Ferguson

Nancy Ferguson and Tom Orum

Before there was a Cascabel Conservation Association, and before there was a Cascabel Hermitage Association, and before there was Saguaro-Juniper and before there was the Tucson Refugee Support Group, and before there was the Goat and Garden Group, there was Los Cabreros Andantes. Cabreros Andantes was a group of folks who got together in the late 1970's in support of Jim Corbett's adventures with the goat herding communities of Baja California near Mulege, south of Santa Rosalia in Baja California Sur. The name Cabreros Andantes was Jim's choice and reflected a play on words. Instead of Caballeros Andantes – knights errant in the spirit of Don Quixote, we were goat herders errant, also tilting at windmills of one sort or another. See "Sanctuary, Basic Rights, and Humanity's Fault Lines" written by Jim in 1988.

One time around 1980, Nancy, Jim, and I were camping for a few days at a site called Pie de la Cuesta, west of Mulege, located at the foot of an escarpment. Around supper time, a riderless mule wandered by the camp and headed up the escarpment. We watched as the mule made its way along the switch backs higher and higher until disappearing over the top to the plateau above. For the next three or four days while camping there, we speculated on what that mule had in mind going up the trail, who it belonged to, where it came from, where it was going, and on and on. We never knew. A good introduction to Jim's fertile imagination and his knowledge of the local world of Baja goat ranchers.

Jim wrote up the Baja experiences in the *Dairy Goat Journal* in 1979. The 1979 two part article was titled, "The Goat Cheese Economy of the South Baja Sierras" (*The Dairy Goat Journal* July 1979 and August 1979). In the August 1979 article he talks about economic development as symbiotics.

He returned to the theme of symbiotics in the Saguaro-Juniper covenant and Sanctuary for all Life. There are a number of Saguaro-Juniper members who were Cabreros and the Baja experiences certainly are part of the origin story of Saguaro-Juniper and the Cascabel Hermitage Association. We will put copies of the *Dairy Goat Journal* articles in the Sweetwater Center Volunteer Trailer at El Potrero for those who would like to read them.

The Cabreros Andantes activities in Baja were multi-faceted and involved a trip by a number of the goat ranchers to Tucson for a visit and to give demonstrations of some of their ranch skills at the Pima County Fair, as well as attending a major league spring training baseball game at Hi Corbett field. Jim worked very hard getting all the visas in order for their trip including a number of trips to the consulate in Hermosillo, because not all who wanted to come had birth certificates or proper paperwork.

Another Los Cabreros Andantes project was to take buck goats from Arizona to Baja. The buck project was one that emerged from discussions with the entire goat herding community there and particularly the state veterinarian, whose name was Roberto Arturo Gallardo, known as Mayo. In the end, we had support from Heifer Project International and, with the help of Mayo, we took about 40 bucks down. Jim felt that the young bucks needed to be acclimated to the conditions in Baja, so he worked it out so that Pete and Kei Sundt, with their two young sons, would go down to herd the young buck goats for four or five months, while they got acclimated. So, Pete, Kei, Emil and Oly did go down. They set up their camp for the goats at the Pie de la Cuesta spring. At the end of the time Pete and Kei were there, there was a big lottery and the buck goats were distributed one to a family throughout the area. Unfortunately, Nancy and I were not able to make it down for the lottery. Must have been quite the event.

The Pie de la Cuesta camp was located near a spring a few miles away from a small ranch where Abram and Graciela Mayoral lived with their family and a herd of goats. Jim was reading a favorite Spanish translation of the bible at the time. He and Abram would spend hours discussing the bible and philosophical issues. They became close friends.

The name of the Mayoral ranch settlement was El Potrero. So, ten years later when a group including Jim and Pat Corbett bought the Kaul Place in Cascabel, we called it "El Potrero" in memory of Abram and Graciela and their ranch.

Memories from Ann Russell

ANN RUSSELL was a John Woolman School student and is now a research scientist at UC Davis, recently retired from the Dept. of Earth & Planetary Sciences. She's an oceanographer, developing/using geochemical markers of ocean temperature and pH to reconstruct past ocean conditions, and is involved in estuarine and coastal ocean acidification research. She, her husband, and 22-year old son have a summer commercial fishing business in Bristol Bay, Alaska.

John Woolman School was a Quaker boarding school for high-school students, located on a ranch outside of Nevada City, California. I was 16 and a student there in 1970, when Jim Corbett arrived on campus with his dog, Puck. He came up with the idea of taking a group of eight students to try an alternative life style for a semester, living amongst the mesquite trees, at his mother's ranch ~40 miles south of Tucson, next to the Sopori Schoolhouse, on the Arivaca road. We arrived at the ranch in September, 1970.

This was Jim's pitch for recruiting students: "Everyone going should understand that the Arizona program is not a dude ranch vacation. The academic program will be demanding and will require serious effort. There will be nothing budgeted for many of the extras taken for granted here at the school. Food money won't stretch as far. Horses will be available for training and some pleasure riding for those who become genuinely proficient, but a full dude string would be much too expensive to maintain. People will be much more isolated than they are here, much more dependent on their own resources for entertainment, and much more likely to experience cabin fever and social stress within the group. The program should provide ample opportunity for people to learn, grow, and toughen, but it's not likely to be a good trip for dedicated hedonists… There seems to be agreement that the group should plan to practice radical simplicity."

We acquired a herd of desert-acclimatized Saanen goats from an old woman on a ranch just west of Tucson. These goats were inbred enough to have short teats that are less likely to become impaled on barrel cactus and cholla. In fact, the White Queen, Sancha, Nero, Dearly, Beloved, and Magpie Socialite Piddleteat were very adept at robbing the barrel cactus of its fruit while avoiding the long, barbed spines. We had a small Mexican horse, Chapo, that we learned to ride on. Pat had her own horse that she let us take jumping lessons on. There was a small adobe house on the ranch that we cooked in, but each of us at least attempted to dig a pit house like the Tohono O'odham used. In the end, we slept under the mesquite trees and became quite friendly with Orion.

PAT CORBETT explains about the John Woolman School: "*They set up a Quaker boarding school in northern California around the early 70s called John Woolman School. Some friends of ours were actually the first headmaster/mistress and we'd occasionally visit them. We were living halfway between Tucson and Nogales, off to the east a ways toward Arivaca at that time.*

Jim ended up working for them for a while and then set up the program to bring students to Arizona for a semester. We did that for three semesters and then the school was going through desperate financial times and eventually had to close. But we had three semesters of groups of students come to the farm and do their thing with Jim."

The course requirements for the Sonoran Desert Study Group were "Ultra-Reactionary English Composition", "Buddhism, Taoism, and Quakerism", "Geography of the Sonoran Desert", and "Indians of the Southwest". We would meet in the mesquite grove, make ourselves comfortable, and Jim would lead discussions in his dry, logical way. Our assignments were mostly writing responses to a list of 25 questions, including, for example:

- What responses to the war in Vietnam would be consistent with Taoism? Buddhism? Quakerism?
- If the ten of us were collectively to live according to the land ethic with the water, earth, and other productive means at our disposal here, what changes would we have to make in our behavior, consumption patterns, and technology?
- What changes would Quaker simplicity make in our everyday patterns of production, consumption, speech, entertainment, political activity, and social behavior?

The most unusual and impactful "field trip" we had was a two-week expedition with the goats into the Galiuro Mountains. We loaded the herd into the horse trailer and Pat drove us up to the Aravaipa road, where she dropped us off and we headed into the hills across some unsuspecting rancher's BLM lease land. We each took charge of a goat, and each goat initially had a long tether so we could catch her, until she bonded with us. After that, the goats followed us.

We carried oatmeal, raisins, brown sugar, clothes and sleeping bags in our backpacks. We also had some water with us, but when we didn't come across a water source that Jim remembered, we saved the water for the goats. We were mostly California teenagers, and

Standing: Neal Schneider, Ann Russell, Scott Silver, ranch hand, Jim Corbett, Mr. and Mrs. Corbett (Jim's parents), Jim's niece, David Feasel, Kim Graydon.
Sitting: Pat Corbett, Gretchen Herfeld, Su Herbert, Kei Salz.

had never been hiking cross country, or heard of the Bureau of Land Management, grazing leases, and we were also rather shocked that we had to save the water for the goats (Jim's reasoning was that we could drink their milk). The next day we found a dirt tank with water, and continued across the hills to Redfield Canyon, which was wild

and overgrown because it was partially blocked by boulders that kept the cattle from coming in. We made our way through the canyon and then broke off to climb up into the Galiuros. The hills were steep and brushy, with pebbles that kept us sliding down unless we grabbed at the brush. I got madder and madder until Neal Schneider (from San Diego) said, "Well, it's not much like sailing", and made everyone laugh so the climbing was easier. When we topped out, we left the slippery brushy slopes and entered a maple forest, grey like a fog bank, walking on a soft bed of red maple leaves. We looked forward very much to our oatmeal, but everyone had food dreams.

Eventually we all lost our spoons and made ourselves chopsticks to eat it with, and then perfected the art of making lumpy oatmeal so we could use our chopsticks.

On another goat trip, we went to a ranch near Florence. Here is part of a letter I wrote to my father:

"Human relationships with goats are analyzed by the goat as fitting into certain categories. When you milk a goat, you are her child, when you are leading the herd you are the buck, and when you decide on a place to stay, you are the herd queen. The herd queen has more power than the buck; she bosses him around and tells him when to move on. Jim leads the herd in a beautiful way. When he wants them to trail out he whistles "Shenendoah" in a warbley whistle. I have never heard a whistle like his. He soothes them by bleating *yeah, well, hey girls, ho girls, let's go*. When he calls Pat, he goes *hey Pat, ho Pat*.

Jim appeared by the fire one night with the news that the goats had run away during the night. A bull had stumbled into their camp by the spring to get a drink and scared them away. He wasn't too worried then. Later he came up to give us instructions for tracking them. I went up washes and cut for tracks, making huge zigzags hunting for goat tracks. I didn't find any; if I had, I would have told someone to cut for them far ahead of me while I followed them. I only did this for a morning; then Su, Gretchen and I moved camp to a place more central to the area of recently found tracks.

Jesus. The desert is huge. The desert is miles and miles of dry washes, creosote bushes, mesquite trees, desert hackberry, saguaro, prickly pear, jojoba, and dry dusty roads and somewhere in this desert were our goats. The landmarks were big red buttes, the Gila River, transmission lines, and roads.

I took care of our three goats while everyone else tracked. They left notes at a designated spot to tell what they had found. The trackers got up before the first grey light of dawn and were going all day long until they could no longer see. You start seeing signs where there are no signs, and wishing that goats were cattle because cattle travel in sandy washes where their tracks are easy to follow, while goats travel on the rocky ridges where their feet make no mark. Can you tell a goat track from a deer track? Goat toes are splayed and deer toes are not.

The goats were lost for four days. During these days, I wandered around with my three goats and had very long pleasant days. Jim was driving the GMC van when he saw Sancha standing by the road. He stopped, opened the door, and the goats jumped in."

We trusted and admired Jim tremendously. We thought he knew everything. Once, he chuckled as he looked at a book and said, "That's an odd Library of Congress number!" That proved he knew everything – he even knew what was and was not an odd Library of Congress number. He was not an exciting lecturer and it was easy for me to fall asleep when he was explaining something, say Kant's writings, for example. He challenged us to follow our propositions to their logical conclusions, which can be uncomfortable. He did not take on a parental role – he did not chaperone us, and when we proposed that we could grow pot as a cash crop to supplement our subsistence life on the ranch (question #2 above), he wasn't scandalized but asked us to think through the whole process.

What did I learn from Jim and the Sonoran Desert Study group? Take care of your animals first. You are part of their herd, and they are part of yours. You can get by on a lot less, and do a lot more than you ever thought you could. Not everyone thinks the way you do. Wash your dishes, or Jim would throw them in the manure pile.

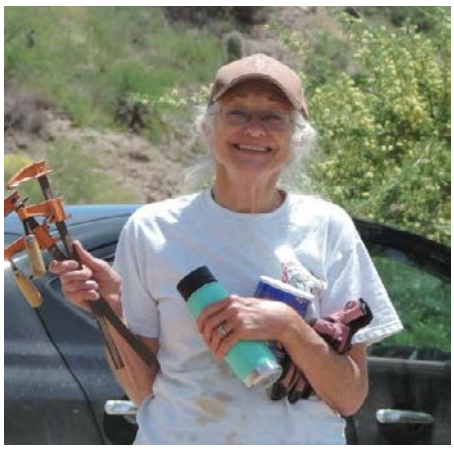
Memories from Barbara Clark

My first memory of Jim Corbett came vicariously through conversations with my neighbors, Norm and Barbara Crawford and Jack and Norma Hughes, who shared property boundaries with Jim and Pat.

The Corbetts were in the process of moving into their new place, and from what I heard from their fence neighbors, they weren't shy to speak their minds.

The Crawford's land (now called River Ranch) was south of the Corbetts. Crawfords replaced the fence between the two properties, and in the process removed mesquite trees dear to the Corbetts. And there might have been some wash re-alignment issues, too.

Debates over where the property line was and differing approaches to land management must have been fierce to have trickled six miles upstream to my reach of the river. I figure it is a good idea to talk with your neighbors before doing a project that directly affects them, huh? Eventually, despite their differences, the parties could be civil to each other at local gatherings and meetings.



Sue Newman

Barbara Clark

The Hughes property was north of the Corbetts (where BLM and Anna Lands are now) The story I heard from the Hughes was not as serious, but also highlighted Jim's style and forthrightness. Jack had borrowed a piece of equipment to knife young mesquites from his fields. He offered to run it over Jim and Pat's fields. The Hughes received a long letter from Jim explaining that those trees were important to the Corbetts and they were not interested in seeing them removed. I'm not sure what surprised the Hughes more: letting a field go to mesquite recruitment or getting a multi-page explanation instead of a short 'no thanks'. Jim and Jack enjoyed a lasting friendship. I wonder if that letter is still around.

I don't remember when I finally did personally meet Jim. I do remember that I knew them well enough when I first heard that a private shooting range/urban warfare training type of outfit was looking to purchase land up Canyon Road and decided to go straight to Corbett's to strategize about how to deal with this proposed activity. Jim's suggestion that we contact Channel 4 let me know that this guy didn't mess around with the small moves. We never did bring in the big media, but we did contact all the neighbors and eventually had a meeting at the Community Center with the proposed new owners. They decided not to apply to the County for a variance in zoning and took their project elsewhere. Even the Crawfords didn't want to see that kind of firepower spilling over onto their land.

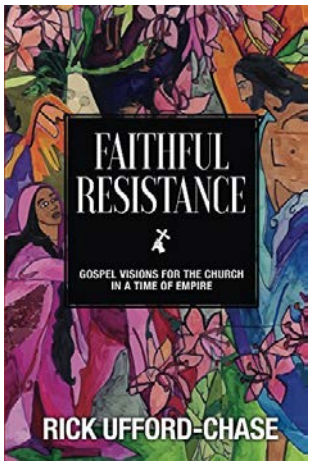
As time went on, I read Jim's books, learned about his social justice work, got acquainted with the land management practices that Jim lived by, and enjoyed talking to him about goat and cattle husbandry. We had much in common, and he reinforced and expanded my attitudes towards stewardship and respect for all life. He lived a thoughtful and integrated life. And he was good with mules, too.

In closing, I want to share that I have forgotten too much about times shared with Jim. One thing remains very clear to me, though. I don't think about Jim without thinking about Pat. Somehow these two different and separately strong and smart people were so committed, so complementary in their marriage that I thought of them as a unit. That is how it seemed then. Oh, and yeah, Pat has been keeping the mesquite recruitment under control in the fields, by the way. I'm glad Jim was the kind of man that the neighbors gossiped about. He was an earth and social justice man, who cared for all his neighbors, warm or cold blooded or vascular and rooted. This valley I love is better for his having been here.

Inhabiting the Land

From the book *Faithful Resistance* by **RICK UFFORD-CHASE**

When I arrived in the Arizona borderlands in May of 1987, one of the first people I met was a Quaker philosopher and rancher by the name of Jim Corbett. Jim was unassuming in every way. He drove a beat-up Toyota and had to clear piles of debris from the front seat the first time he picked me up. He was small of stature, and his fingers and toes were doubled back on themselves from a chronic condition of arthritis. He wore old jeans, a worn hat and a jean jacket, and he smelled of horses and cows and goats. He was, without a doubt, the smartest person I have ever met. He had an easy smile and a quiet manner that was endearing because it so clearly was not a put-on.



No one has shaped my thinking or my faith or my approach to organizing more than Jim Corbett. I arrived at the borderlands at just the right moment. Jim had been tried in a federal court (though not convicted) for his work smuggling refugees who were fleeing the death squads and military dictatorships of Central America across the U.S./Mexico border to get them to safety. His life had been consumed by the Sanctuary movement for nearly a decade, and although he remained connected to that important human rights effort, his attention was beginning shift back to a concern he believed was actually more important. Jim had his eye on the confluence of the Hot Springs Canyon and the San Pedro River, located about forty miles over the mountains to the east of Tucson in the Upper San Pedro watershed.

Jim and a group of friends had identified Hot Springs Canyon as a critically important corridor for east/west animal migratory flows. There is no other path allowing animals to survive the brutal desert ecosystem as they try to move between the Galiuro Mountains on the east side of the sixty-mile valley to the Rincon Mountains and the San Pedro River on the west. Although there was a nature preserve called the Muleshoe Ranch where the Hot Springs ran perennially, most of the native grasses in the lower part of the canyon were gone, and the wide wash was a favorite of outdoor enthusiasts who were destroying the ecosystem of the canyon with their four-wheel drive vehicles.

Jim's vision was elegant in its simplicity. If thirty or forty people could pool their resources, they might be able to purchase a 135-acre parcel at the mouth of the canyon, control access to upstream, and begin to rebuild the riparian ecosystem upon which most of the desert wildlife depended. The project, called the Saguaro-Juniper Corporation for its unique commitment to eschew a non-profit approach to cooperative land management and for its equally unique elevation in the desert that allowed both the Saguaro

cactus and Juniper bushes to grow, is unlike any other land reclamation or conservation project I've ever seen. Jim was convinced that non-profit attempts to remove humans and livestock from protected areas were often misguided, and that instead there could be a symbiosis between human use and the ecology of the region that could serve the interests of both.

The first time I agreed to meet Jim on the land, I used a map he had drawn on the back of a paper napkin from a Mexican restaurant where we had shared a meal. He drew it effortlessly, directing me to drive up ranch roads and across washes and gullies, following a left hand Y here, and a right hand fork in the canyon there, to meet him where he was tending his goats about four miles off the road that ran along the San Pedro River. I was accompanied by a group of seminarians from a school in the east who wanted to meet with Jim, and after nearly an hour of taking wrong turns, following canyon washes till they petered out, and then doubling back and trying again, we finally discovered Jim's forty-year old pick-up tucked into a little sandy culde-sac under some Juniper trees. Jim had strung a tarp from the back of the pickup to the ground and secured the bottom with rocks, and he invited the seven or eight of us to join him under the tarp and to share some of the warm milk he had just milked from his goats.

It was my first exposure to Jim's thinking, which was the basis for the Saguaro-Juniper land covenant. Essentially, he proposed a Bill of Rights for the land that was designed to govern the human use of the property that the Saguaro-Juniper Corporation was about to purchase. The brilliance was at least three-fold. First, the covenant would allow Hot Springs Canyon to become a rich riparian ecosystem once again, thereby protecting a key component of the watershed. Second, if it worked, Jim believed that the value of the covenant would be so compelling that other landowners in the region would eventually begin to adopt the covenant on their properties as well, effectively extending a system of values of land governance far beyond the ability of any one individual to control the land. Finally, Jim insisted that the best thing we could do for the environmental degradation taking place all around us was to root ourselves firmly in this valley and protect a specific ecosystem. I was hooked. I purchased a minimum share in the Saguaro-Juniper Corporation (something I could afford to do even on a volunteer stipend) and I spent many hours on the land with Jim and other friends over the years to come.

One of the things I most appreciated about Jim's vision, which has now spawned many other projects and been a fundamental element in the repair of the ecosystem of the San Pedro River, is that it drew many of us from different theological traditions - and many from no theological tradition - into a common project that was actually quite theological in nature. This was, in many ways, a project of "being church" – a theological reorientation away from historic Christian understandings of the right and responsibility of humankind to have dominion over and subdue all other animals and all living things. Jim's notion of the symbiosis of our interactions with the land was essentially a spiritual one, though it worked itself out in very concrete ways. Further, Jim simply refused to lend credence to the long-running feuds between environmentalists and ranchers that have characterized the western states for decades. He insisted that no one was in a better position than a rancher to care for the land, and that it could be done in a way that would actually prove to protect the ranchers' livelihoods, as opposed to forcing the ranchers off the land and protecting vast tracts of land through agencies like the Federal Bureau of Land Management. In the end, the wisdom and creativity of Jim's thinking are evident in the beauty and the rich biodiversity of Hot Springs Canyon thirty years after we purchased that original one hundred and thirty-five acres, and more than ten years after his death.

RICK UFFORD-CHASE is a lifelong social activist, mentored by John Fife and Jim Corbett during the original Sanctuary Movement. Subsequently, he was the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, the driving force behind the founding of various organizations along the southwestern border, like BorderLinks and No More Deaths.

Early SJ memories from Charlie Thomas

QUAKER LEADINGS: CONTEXT

In the late 1980's Jeannine and I were members of the Friends Meeting of New Orleans. The long history of spiritual connection to oppressed peoples among Friends led us to participate in Sanctuary movement actions. We participated in fund raising by helping The Underground Railway play presentation and we had migrants live with us temporarily. At Friends gatherings we met with others of like mind and at one of those I purchased Jim Corbett's *Goatwalking*. Reading it was both a pleasure and a spiritual tour.

About 1990 I began contacting Jim by phone and discussing the possibility of visiting Cascabel. And we continued discussing the Quaker sense of land ethic in the evolving Saguaro-Juniper 'corporation. We also explored the idea of consensus as that might apply to a mixed group. Both of us had a sense of the role of the early Forest Service in establishing wilderness areas such as the Gila National Forest's wilderness

Sue Newman

Charlie Thomas

in New Mexico. Aldo Leopold's role in that momentous establishment, was meaningful to both of us. Jim's connection to the Forest Service provided another positive relation for us.

There were at that time other Quakers opening spiritual windows into Nature. A west coast group, originally called Friends Committee in Unity with Nature (FCUN) was providing ecological perspectives. Bob Schutz of Seattle and member of Pacific Yearly Meeting was an important thinker and natural philosopher whose writing I followed. They now are Quaker Earthcare Witness and located in Vermont. It became increasingly important to look for real connections to the land and its importance to the spirit. Saguaro-Juniper and Jim Corbett would be the path Jeannine and I chose to move from human/man centered religion to a universal and nature centered life.

My career had evolved from a basic ecological forestry study to mostly math and statistical speciality in New Orleans. I was a member of several enviro organizations, Audubon, Conservation Biology, and the Nature Conservancy. But felt the disconnect of professional employment with little direct experiential connection to the land. In 1992 I Joined SJ, visited Cascabel and began searching for a piece of the earth on which to apply a measure of restorative ecological process.

Here again Jim stepped in making the connections with the Nature Conservancy, and our eventual purchase of 76 acres in 1994.

CASCABEL MENTOR: JIM

Jeannine and I arrived in May of 1996, newly retired from the Forest Service and with no… NONE… NOT ANY… experience of cows or ranching.

We had discussed growing native grass and wildflower seeds and participating in some measure in pasturage for the herd on our land. We moved into Gladys's trailer at El Potrero and were introduced to Goldy, Red, Darkeyes, Flap, 24, Little Cow, Flip, Little Poll, Poll, Vim, Brock and Peanut (at first known only as the calf that had survived pneumonia) and other members of the foundation herd.

Pat and Jim were consummate Quaker hosts. Sharing the right amount of information for two newcomers. And not overwhelming us with our situation as such. Soon Jeannine said we had to step up and become actual cow people, herders and owners if we were to be supportive of the Corbett's commitment to land and animal relationships. We bought Vim and Little Poll cows and Peanut a heifer yearling? We began herding cows up Hot Spring Canyon, with Jim's tutelage. Pat prepared meals to share and we spent hours talking land, horse and cow. Jim convinced us that cows were the restorative vehicle for state lease and SJ land in Cascabel. He suggested Temple Grandin and Alan Savory for background reading knowing that would appeal to my academic bent.

Sue Newman

Jeannine Thomas

Two early episodes stand out. Our first calf's mother Little Poll died suddenly shortly after birth of 'milk fever.' Jim reassured us that it was extremely rare and most often occurred in a dairy cattle setting. Lifting the stigma and blame from us neophyte herders. Still leaving us with the responsibility for hand raising her steer calf.

Shortly after that (a year?) Vim, who early on won my undying affection by striking me dead center in the back with her horn as I was leading her to the barn for feeding, died suddenly in her stall with her 4 month old calf and feed right there! Pat and Jim helped us enlist another SJ cow as a wet nurse so that we did not have to feed her by hand. Vim's daughter, Angie was the Thomas' first heifer. Vim had been AI bred to the Angus bull Rainmaker, Angie survived to give us 10 live healthy calves.

A more mixed event which was at the same time touching and slightly humorous was the instance of Jim putting down Chris, the original SJ bull. It had been decided by consensus that Chris be 'home slaughtered and processed for the group. I received a phone call one morning from Jim. He had attempted to shoot Chris with a small caliber pistol. The bullets simply bounced off Chris's skull and Chris continued to follow Jim about El Potrero for more Equidyne horse pellets… cow candy in the common parlance. Recent dog problems at our place meant that I had a friend's mini M14, which Jim requested to use. I loaded it into the pickup and drove down to El Potrero asap. There the deed was quickly accomplished. But I continue to have memories of Jim's description of Chris following him dutifully for more.

THE SPIRITUAL COMPONENT

At the same time Meeting for Worship took on new meaning. Most often we met at Pat and Jim's, but later we hosted Meeting at our home. The

spiritual level of those early Meetings I have not related.

Quaker Meeting has characteristic silent qualities not often recognized by non-Friends. Those early gatherings were more frequently 'centered' meetings than most I had participated in since those we first attended in Flagstaff Meeting. Being 'centered ' is not easy to communicate. It has to do with the sense that those present are gathered in one body, one spirit. It is an important component of reaching consensus among Friends which may be lost on visitors and friends/attenders.

Jim's presence was one of those palpable spirits in the Light. Occasionally Jim would speak in Meeting, but most often it was an awareness that he radiated a deep experiential center. The holy experience made real. Again this experience was not unique. (Individual Quakers, Mary Campbell and Mary Minor of Flagstaff Friends, certainly radiated that feeling to a gathering. And often larger groups like South Central Yearly meeting, Friends General Conference and Friends Committee for National Legislation all elicited the feel of being spirit led in my experience.) From time to time Pat Corbett has also represented that sense, most recently in the gathered Meeting shortly after Mick Meader passed.

Jim contributed to our daily lives in ways I hope we still honor, as expressed by retired cows and re-vegetated pastures and regenerated native species on our private and state-lease lands. In spirit, Jim's ideas and example continue to inform the path of Light that Quakers hold in experience, which we seek now and in future relationship to our one earth's sentient beings.

Memories from Elna Otter

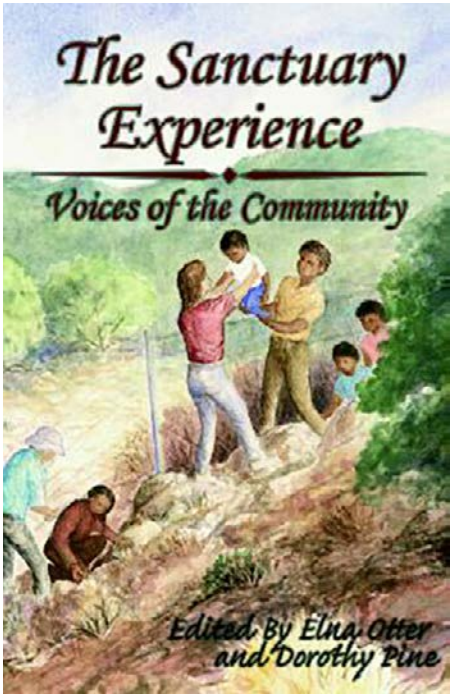
In 1980 I moved to Tucson to work for IBM and instead soon found myself involved in humanitarian activities. Sometime after attending Quaker meeting, I became involved in its efforts to assist Central American refugees who were arriving in large numbers at the border. I moved back to New Mexico for a year or so, but maintained my interest. While I was still there, there was a major set of arrests for sanctuary work in Arizona.

What drew me to Jim was the fact that he was scrupulous in his devotion to the truth, and though he never made a big deal of it, devoted to helping those less fortunate than he, or those who were being unfairly or unjustly treated. Jim was one of the "founders" of the sanctuary movement. The movement had grown from him driving folks up from Nogales to the involvement of churches across the country. The nine months long trial was a big deal – covered daily by a large number of papers from the *Star* to the *New York Times*. Notably, of the 11 defendants, Jim was one of three eventually found not guilty. The government mole, Jesus Cruz, had recorded many of the meetings, but Jim had remained pretty silent, particularly in Mr. Cruz's presence. The government couldn't make a case against him. (Interestingly, during the trial, Jim entertained himself by teaching himself Hebrew!) He and John Fife were both pivotal in summing up the trial's progress for the press at the end of each day.

The trial was marked by the frustration of the defense in not being allowed to talk about the situation that the refugees had faced, international law, or humanitarian or religious motivation.

In addition to the trial, Jim was also involved with the continuing work of sanctuary. A small group (of which I was a part) met weekly to plan to help refugees cross the border. It was a concern to the lawyers and some of the other defendants, but those involved were too captured by the situation of the refugees to really consider *not* helping. For more on this aspect of Jim's life, I recommend *Convictions of the Heart: Jim Corbett and the Sanctuary Movement* by Miriam Davidson, and, my favorite, *Sanctuary: A Story of American Conscience and the Law in Collision* by Ann Crittenden.

Sanctuary was declared over in 1990, five years after the start of the trial, upon settlement of a case brought by the American Baptist Churches. We all remained friends. Jim and Pat were interested in land restoration and eventually spearheaded the purchase of the lands which became Saguaro-Juniper and El Potrero a few years later. A number of sanctuary people became involved, including Judith McBride and Tom Orum, as well as a fair number of Saguaro-Juniper shareholders. I was among them, delighted to belong to a community which cares for the environment and its people, celebrates diversity, and draws much of its identity from Jim Corbett's legacy. Although



it's been about 16 years since Jim passed away, his ideas and philosophy are part of on-going discussions today; perhaps more telling, you can look at Saguaro-Juniper and note the vibrant landscape and wildlife that has thrived, despite the drought, owing in large part to Jim's vision and leadership, and made possible by those in the community who carry his work forward.

Memories from Daniel Baker

I met Jim and Pat Corbett on the last stop of a BorderLinks led American Friends Service Committee tour of borderland issues led by Kittie Ufford-Chase and Kate Bobrow (now Bobrow-Strain) in January of 1994. I purchased a copy of *Goatwalking* from Jim, and after a few letters and visits I moved to Cascabel that Fall. I lived next to Jim and Pat at El Potrero for almost a year before making my headquarters in Hot Springs Canyon (now the Corbett Retreat Center). Over the next seven years I had the privilege of spending considerable time with Jim out on range, at my camp, or over evening meals with him and Pat. I shared with him an academic background in philosophy (though without his brilliance), and a love of wildlands (though without his experience). Nonetheless it was gratifying that some of our conversations were seeds for parts of his "Cowbalah," and I continue to reflect on his life and thought to this day. As much as anything I enjoyed the long treks on range with him to check on the cattle – usually in the heat of the day which was his preference – or just sitting and sweltering in the shade together.

Jim was admirable in his highly ethical and compassionate orientation to human rights, animal rights and earth rights, causes to which he gifted much of his life. To me his salient characteristic was bringing unusual or even antagonistic ideas and people together, and it's no wonder that 'symbiosis' was his favorite biological metaphor. As such he was a peacemaker whose approach was to *"heal the fissures of polarization and seek transformation rather elimination of the other side".*

The "symbiosis" that meant the most to me personally was the way that in his thought and life he brought together the spiritual and the natural in a profound philosophical and practical unity of faith and action: "bringing heaven down to earth" as he said. He was a "practical mystic," as Quakers are sometimes called, and experienced communion with the divine in nature. Sitting beneath the old ramada at my camp I recall him chuckling as he recounted how he had just stepped over a rattlesnake and found himself saying aloud, "Oh, excuse me!" As he said in the first lines of "Cowbalah," our human autism is in not recognizing that there is someone there in animals and nature. That recognition of our relationship and responsibility to the *"health, stability and diversity of the whole community, including its earth, waters, plants, and animals"* is the core of Saguaro-Juniper (S-J) and Cascabel Conservation Association (CCA), of which he was a principle founder and architect.

Jim also brought together apparent contradictions in his own life. He had the intellectual rigor of a Harvard philosopher and the physical rigor of a subsistence cowman. He had a deep love of nature, but contrary to the environmental orthodoxy of his day promoted conservation ranching and wildland herding as our best local conservation strategy. He was a highly idiosyncratic individualist, and yet became a community leader who came to understand that "*individuals can and should resist injustice, but only in community can we do justice.*"

Perhaps his most striking melding of contradictions was the way in which he was such a fighter for peace, for he was not one for symbolic demonstrations. Shortly after my arrival there was conflict over a militia group attempt to establish a combat firing range in the Cascabel uplands where the CCA hermitage land is now. He seemed like a war room general, strategizing into the night, helping organize all segments of the community, and calling in outside assistance wherever he could find it. Jim helped build and motivate a community that was capable of resisting the combat range, and then found conservation donors and helped establish an association to preserve it. Cascabel would likely be a very different place were it not for his efforts, and it established a model for resisting further threats to Cascabel's human and natural community like the I-10 bypass and SunZia.

Jim had a founding and leading role in several organizations, and in all of those he identified a core concern around which disparate parties could mobilize and emphasize their positive agreement rather than focus on their differences. In the Tucson refugee support group Jim invited people of all faiths, as well as atheistic humanists, to come together around their common concern for the human rights guaranteed to refugees of military conflict. In the formation of the Malpai Borderlands Group Jim promoted the unusual alliance of a wealthy corporate scion, poor ranchers, a government agency (USFWS) and an environmental non-profit (TNC) around a common concern for the health of rangelands. In S-J and CCA, people of faith, scientists, academics and agriculturists were

Sue Newman

Bringing cows off range…. Daniel Baker, Elna Otter, Tom Orum, Charlie Thomas, Jeanine driving the lead car and Sue Newman following with camera!

invited to come together around their common interests in wildlands.

In his role as a community leader and architect, Jim managed to hold to the integrity of his personal views while being generous, tolerant and inclusive to those of others. Privately he once confessed to me that he was "arrogant" about his views, although in a humbler mood he would call them his "bias." Even if he thought his view the best way, he was not "arrogant" enough to think it the only one, even as he was quite aware of its marginality in which he seemed to glory.

His proclivity for maximum individualistic freedom of thought and action led him to advocate for flat associations with the least hierarchy and the simplest of ties that bind. He was opposed to "purity" standards, specifically those that draw a line between "us" and "them." Sexual, political, ethnic, religious, fiscal or other orientation was unimportant so long as the core principle was agreed to. Jim believed that in free and civil association around a commonly held value a community can actually do human, animal and earth justice.

Jim Corbett's life and thought has meant a great deal to me personally, but much more important is the beneficial impact that he has had on the Cascabel human and natural community. As Cascabel faces several critical conservation challenges, it seems worthy to reflect on Jim's legacy and whatever light it might shine on a path forward.

From Debbie Hawkins

Debbie Hawkins

So, when I first met Jim and Pat, I was on my way to Oregon after graduating college in 1996 to work for the Forest Service as a fire lookout. I had stopped in at the Singing Wind Bookstore in Benson and was mentioning to the proprietress, Wynn Bundy, that I had read Goatwalking and understood that Jim Corbett lived in this area. She excitedly reassured me that Jim loved visitors and rang him on the phone. Before I knew what was happening, we were driving up 20 miles of mostly dirt washboard road with our Chevy S-10 skittering back and forth. The road wasn't paved as far as it is now. At that time, Pat was in town, so I did not meet her but met Jim. He was very excited about the Saguaro-Juniper project and encouraged my partner and I to consider coming back by the area after we finished our summer working for the Forest Service. Which we did. At 20 years old, I was one of the youngest residents of Cascabel at the time.

Jim and Pat welcomed us to stay at the trailer at El Potrero until we were settled. They connected us with Barbara Clark, who was looking for workers for the NRCD's Watershed Protection Fund "Rock dam project" (i.e. building water slowing structures to allow water to soak in.with a goal of improving water quality and quantity in the San Pedro). They also connected us with Ruth and Bill Dewell who needed caretakers for the house they were re- building/modeling across the river. Within a matter of weeks we had a place to live and employment.

The Dewell place was also where Jim and Pat were pasturing a portion of the Saguaro-Juniper herd and we were charged with watching over a few older cows and their yearling heifers. This proved to be a time consuming task as the place had every manner of falling down fences allowing the herd to wander down to the forbidden grazing area of the river. We knew nothing about raising cattle or fixing fences. Jim would invite us over to his house once a week and Pat would cook spaghetti and we would all "talk cows". Pat also provided several hands on lessons in barbed wire fence repair and we were off to the races. It turned out that caring for even a small number of animals required a lot of thought and action. Interestingly, we lived on the opposite side of the San Pedro which would flood during heavy rains. During this time, we would call Jim and he would spend hours describing basic cattle care tasks like how to milk a cow, or how to help a cow give birth who was struggling. I can't even imagine how much easier (and less interesting) things would have been if we had Facetime or the internet. But this was 1996 and a rural area so these things were not available.

To be clear, I was aware of the iconic figure that Jim Corbett was to many. I was very much in line philosophically with his impetus behind starting S-J and the role that cows fit into all of that. But the side I saw of him was the man who grew up on a cattle ranch and forced himself to sleep out on the porch in the winter in Wyoming so he could "be tough." The man who remained a cow herd, long after his arthritis crippled him well past the point of riding a horse regularly. And like the best of married couples, where Jim's area of interest or expertise waned, Pat's was well honed. It is hard to tell any story of Jim without Pat. For every big idea he could craft, she could figure out the mechanics of getting it done with whatever resources were at hand. Thus, under their tutelage, Jim with intricate descriptions of how to chose the best bull for artificial insemination (we would debate our choices for hours! This is what happens when you don't have TV) and Pat able to fix anything with baling wire and linesman's pliers, my life as a cowgirl was born. I worked the Saguaro-Juniper herd for the late 90s and early 2000s and developed the grass fed beef program to better enable us to have control over the animals well being for their entire lives.

Between the difficult economics of ranching life in a drought and my partner's decision to move to Tucson full time for schooling, I drifted away from a life of herding cattle, but I remember always fondly the fierce dedication of Jim and Pat to the land and its creatures.

Jim Corbett, Goatwalker

By **MICHAEL WHITT**

A small man,
"Don Quixote with glasses"
he once described himself.
Shorter than Quixote,
he cast a long shadow
upon the desert floor
where he wandered.

Crippling arthritis
(you hardly noticed,
so strong his presence) –
his fingers turned from
their true purpose
of grasping, his toes
deflected from their path,
thrust aside by disease –
only enhanced his ease.
As crooked of limb,
he was straight of tongue.
Unable to saddle his horse
without help, he often
strode in open sandals
through prickly pear and cholla
a floppy hat on his head, peace
spread on his face.
...

He died before his work
was done, a champion of one
true path through the thorn
toward a sustainable morn.
Without fear of snake, scorpion,
spider, he slept on the ground.
Wisdom was his only wealth –
one of the few men who
do not even require health.
Knowledge supplied his needs, good
works, not longing, his creed.

Natural Grace, Gracia Plena
La Ventana Press 2002
Michael and Barbara Whitt live in CA, have property in Cascabel and are long time members of S-J

Memories from Woody Hume

I've read *Sanctuary for All Life: The Cowbalah of Jim Corbett* I don't know how many times since it first appeared – well, even *before* it appeared, when it was my privilege to read through its galley proofs. I've found that a reading every few years reveals new angles and insights and I have thrilled to it even if it can seem the classic Churchillian "riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma..." The trails through my own ranching life, from outfit to outfit, that led me in the end back to Saguaro-Juniper were their own kind of labyrinth. On those trails I gained other "experiential learning" that would not have been without going outside the San Pedro, on ranches ranging from a couple hundred acres to a couple hundred thousand. It meant I'd come to be Saguaro-Juniper's "herd manager" well stocked with my own (some might say, *too*-) independent an outlook and philosophies gleaned from what I judged were the best aspects of those ranches in Arizona, New Mexico, California, Hawai'i, and, back in my Quaker college days, Costa Rica. The reverse of that was also in effect, though: as I came to every outfit one on the other they were measured against the standard of Saguaro-Juniper, and I often thought of Jim and Pat back there on the desert, pretty much didn't have to wonder what they'd think of how or what was done on those more "regular" cow ranches.

The days and years of my life-journey since 1995 have centered on finding our place on The Land through the "pastoral symbiotics" of Jim Corbett, that is, by being a cattleman – the kind of cattleman that sees a herd and its in-group dynamics and its relationship with a herder and how it itself becomes part of the land and its ecology as the medium by which we ourselves can come to be *of* the land and not merely on it or even more regrettably, just an observer of it. I began in this in earnest at El Potrero twenty-two years ago and through it all Jim Corbett is always there, for his philosophical

Sue Newman

Woody Hume

and Quakerly land ethics that would eventually be crystallized by him into "Cowbalah" underlie every layer of the archaeological dig that is my rancher's head – and heart. Sometimes his words are loud, sometimes soft, but mostly now unconscious in said cabeza of mine but there those words certainly are, so profound is Jim's influence, so unmeasurable. I'm unable to detail in this sitting how that influence manifests – there are indeed many many stories and vignettes built up by now – having as I do so short a time available for writing this afternoon between the morning of Saguaro-Juniper work (setting up the first all-night Summer irrigation that will begin at 7pm, of fretfully counting calves we've just brought down from the winter wildlands ranges, of checking on another of our herds now at 3-Links, of dropping off a sample of our latest invasive weed horror – Jointed Goatgrass – with Bob Rogers of TNC) and the getting back to Mason Pastures again in time to join Lisa Vogel in turning on the pump and seeing that the wheel lines are working perfectly before it's too dark to make out problems. A paragraph in Jim's *Sanctuary for All Life* most conveniently for my always-too-jammed schedule distills down into four sentences what would be a whole book if I were to illustrate my ways and the incidents of daily life on the "ranch that

Sue Newman

Saguaro-Juniper brand

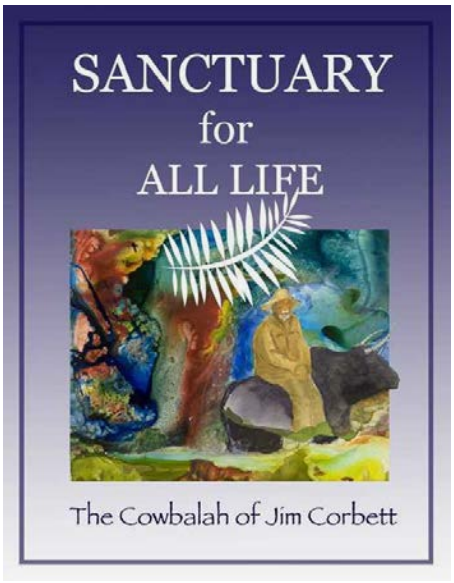
Saguaro-Juniper owns," which I call the "Half-diamond M" (i.e, the corporation's brand):

A key reason that pastoral symbiotics constitutes the heart of Saguaro-Juniper's covenanted livelihood practice is that the Saguaro-Juniper herd affects all wildlands in our care. Herd stewardship requires constant attention, exploration, reflection, and coordination by the Saguaro-Juniper herders, to fit our cow-human partnership into Saguaro-Juniper wildlands nonviolently. Fundamentally, a failure to maintain, teach, and bequeath herd stewardship and to cultivate pastoral symbiotics could fatally fracture the Covenant, which isn't the case with our other land-based livelihood activities. It would fracture the Covenant by allowing our pastoral relation to the land to become a necessary evil – chronic violence that must be tolerated as the price of preservation.

SAGUARO-JUNIPER COVENANT

"In acquiring private governance of land, we agree to cherish its earth, waters, plants and animals in a way that promotes the health, stability, and diversity of the whole community. This entails attentive stillness to meet and know the land as an active presence. It entails study, observation, shared reflection, and cumulative corporate experience to increase and bequeath our understanding of ecosystem health, stability and diversity. Stewardship is the distinctively human way of bonding into one society with all who share in the land's life, which is the foundation for instituting a biocentric ethic among humankind."

Jim Corbett



Memories from Pat Corbett

as told to Sue Newman (editorial additions for historical clarity)

I remember Jim once said that if the house caught fire, I'd rescue the cat and leave him. I told him he could get himself out but that the cat might need rescuing!

We first met in library school together in California. At first I took him home to feed him because it looked like he was starving. He just about was. I remember I heard about something, what was that called? Some kind of soy based complete food for starving people and they manufactured it in Los Angeles. You could buy it in canisters. I told Jim about it and he went out and bought a couple of them. For a while there, I think that was all he was eating except when he came to my house. He would just stir it up with water.

I was about 22 or so. He was three years older. It just started out as a friendship. He was obviously a unique person, but I couldn't have told you exactly why. I remember he had quit smoking but I was and he taught me how to roll my own cigarettes. Poor Jim. And then he started again.

When we graduated he ended up being a University librarian and I was a public librarian. So that worked pretty well. You can almost always find jobs working in a library. As soon as we got married, we moved up to Oregon and he got a job as the philosophy librarian for the University of Oregon. Before I met him he had already completed his MA at Harvard in philosophy. Jim got sick there in Oregon. We didn't know he had Ischemic Lupus at the time. And so we moved to Arizona and started ranching with his mother because they didn't think he'd live very long and he could see his kids here from his first marriage. But it was kind of like Mr. Lincoln, the reports of his death were greatly exaggerated. So we went back to Los Angeles and I worked in the public library at Glendale. Jim at that time became actively involved in the opposition to the war in Vietnam so while I was working for the library, he was working for the Fellowship of Reconciliation, an anti-war group still active. By then we'd also started attending Quaker meeting. That was when he got Thich Nhat Hanh to come and talk about the war in a speech in Los Angeles.

Jim and Pat Corbett

When we were at the AY ranch up in the Bradshaws, Jim's dad became ill over an extended time and died. It was very expensive. So expensive that the ranch had to be sold in order to pay off his expenses. So we came back to Tucson. I went back to working for the U of A for a while and as I say Jim was really involved with the anti-war thing and then we just sort of fell into Sanctuary. That began around 1980.

A Quaker friend stopped off to visit us on his way up from Mexico through Nogales. He'd picked up a hitchhiker, a refugee there. He turned out to be a Salvadoran refugee. He was stopped at Border Patrol outside Nogales and they seized this guy. He was telling Jim and me about it. So Jim got concerned and ended up getting in touch with Father Ricardo Elford and other people involved with the refugee situation and things just snowballed from there.

So living with him? Well, you know, if we disagreed about something it was kind of like the irresistible force meeting the immoveable object. So then we'd just have to start thinking of some compromise that we could both live with 'cause otherwise it just wasn't going to happen. And sometimes, you know, he went off goatwalking.

People would ask me if I'd go goatwalking and I'd generally say sometimes 'til my supply of ham and cheese sandwiches ran out. Then I'd come home. So with things like that we each did our own thing.

Goatwalking, the book. Oh goodness, that was a long drawn out process. He wrote part of it when we were

at the AY ranch and he just went on and on for years collecting thoughts. He finally finished it here. It was a long process and I don't think he thought of *Goatwalking* initially as the final version ended up when it was published. I occasionally still hear from people about it. I'm trying to remember if Daniel had read *Goatwalking* before he came down here or not.

When we were first here, after Sanctuary, we had met Barbara Clark and Dennis Farrington. We had been at some gathering and Dennis had come up to me to say how honored he was to meet Jim and me. I was so embarrassed that I just blurted, oh don't worry about it, you'll get over it. Oh dear, it was such a rude thing to say that I was even more embarrassed. I guess it was kind of a shock because I didn't know that Dennis knew anything about Jim and what he'd been up to.

We knew Max and Mary Taylor when we were ranching out east of Florence. They had retired and moved down here. I never visited them here until after we'd left that ranch. So we sort of rediscovered them when we came down here. They were the ones who told us this place was for sale. She and I rode together a lot.

What we did here was my thing. Jim was off goatwalking. So I was the one who did all this. Except he would irrigate. He was very much into getting the pastures going. But as far as all the building, I was the one who did all that. From the start, Jim had told Tom and Nancy about this and so it was more than just the two of us. We all went in together to buy this place. Jim's mother, Gladys, lived in the trailer next to us and it later has housed a bunch of other folks who visited or came to live here and it is now the Sweetwater Volunteer trailer.

And then a whole crew helped to get the group together to buy the land in Hot Springs Canyon as Rick Ufford-Chase mentions.

When we went off to move cows, I'd ride and he'd often walk. We were sort of like the good cop/bad cop routine. He'd be in front leading the cow and I'd be behind on my horse or my mule telling the cow to follow him! Then there was one time when Jim and I decided that our first bull, Chris, was very old and sick. He didn't have any

Jim and Pat

teeth left and he was going to starve. So Jim took this pistol we had. His mother was, by the way, Deadeye Dick. So was Jim. The whole family was, coming from Wyoming. Whoever else was involved in this, I think Charlie Thomas was also, they were going to butcher out the carcass. So Jim takes this pistol and BANG but the bull's skull was so thick, the bullet just skidded off. He had a bucket of pellets in front of him and after reacting to the loud noise, he just went back to eating. He tried to shoot this poor bull twice. That was all that happened. It was awful but it was kind of funny. So finally poor Charlie Thomas had to go home and get a rifle, almost a military type rifle, and he shot the bull with that and of course it killed the bull instantly. And that same damn pistol…. We had this goat that was crippled and Jim decided we should put her down and she was in that little metal goat shed out there lying down. He said, well I'll just go in and shoot her right there so that if she's in pain she doesn't have to get up. So he shot the goat and the bullet went through her skull and then was ricocheting all around inside the shed and fortunately it didn't hit him or anything else of note and I was standing right outside and it didn't hit me either, thank heavens.

Sue asks who was bull he is sitting on in the picture that became part of the art for the cover for Jim's second book, *Sanctuary For All Life*. Oh, that was Nelson. And it was Jim's cousin, Jenny Moyers, who painted that cover. I can't remember why we called him that. We hand raised him, he was one of Jim's AI projects (artificial insemination). I fed the front end of the cow while Jim AI'd the rear end! He and Stripes were two of our first AI calves. Later, Nelson went up north to the place The Nature Conservancy had and was their herd bull for many years. He was the one when I was outside one time, I saw Jim up on top of the irrigation ditch and he was leading Nelson with a pack saddle on him and at a certain point Nelson decided that he didn't want to walk around with a pack saddle on him any longer, so he just laid down to chew his cud. Jim was left standing on the ditch bank with the lead rope looking down on Nelson with this sort of considering look on his face like, now what do I do? It looked so funny. Then there was the time he blew up the calf testicles in the microwave oven. We had castrated a calf and tried giving the testicles to the dog but the dog wouldn't eat them. Jim thought the dog might like them better cooked, so he put them in the microwave but didn't stick a fork in them. So they blew up. He came back out to tell me what happened and I tried to keep a straight face long enough to tell him he was the one who had to clean the microwave oven!

So the way we divvied things up, like when it came to Sanctuary, well I was making a good enough salary working for U of A agriculture to keep us eating so that could free up Jim to do what he was doing. That's pretty much how I saw myself through all that. I was the one who fixed the plumbing when we had so many refugees we were housing during Sanctuary.

Sue asks how it was that Jim handled himself prior to the Sanctuary trial so that the government didn't have much of a case against him. Pat said that mainly it was because he didn't talk very much. When they figured out that Jesus Cruz was an informer, they made a point of not talking around him and warned me not to. Jesus got really involved with folks at Southside (Southside Presbyterian, Sanctuary central) working for the INS as a spy. It took a while for him to figure out

that we knew he was an informer. By then he had managed to listen in. But it turned out that he didn't have near as much impact on the trial because he was so untruthful and the jury figured this out. So if they didn't have corroborating evidence from some other source they just didn't believe him. The trial went on for about six months. Sanctuary went on all during the trial. One of the ladies from the Quaker community down around McNeal and a friend would go out to paint near the border with her small camper. There they were, these two very respectable old Quaker ladies. Once Border Patrol had passed by, they'd just load refugees in their camper and drive off. They would bring them to Southside or over to New Mexico. Nobody ever bothered them! Elna knows more about this than I do.

I suppose the most peaceful time we spent together was working on the AY ranch since we were the ranch hands and rode together moving the cows.

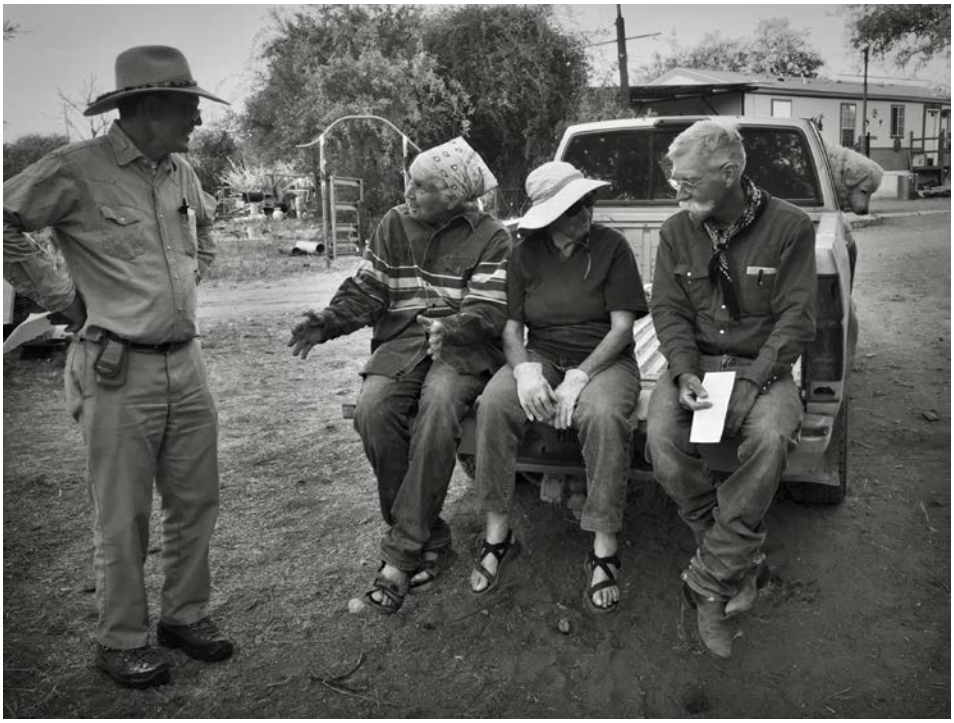
We weren't involved in great things going on. Oh that was what Woody wanted me to tell you about… about Jim telling me about something he wanted to get involved in, some trouble. He'd usually introduce this by saying "I've been thinking" and I got to the point where I knew what was coming and I'd say "Don't think" or "Oh no!" Because I knew that we were about to get into trouble again. Santuary and activism about the war in Vietnam and the thing with Cochise College where they wanted to censor the artist who had something they objected to hanging in the college library was another. When Jim found something to be concerned about, he was prone to do something about it.

You know, I never thought there'd be so much time between when he died and I died. Well, I kept hoping that he'd outlive me. What he died of turned out to be connected with the earlier scare, the Lupus. Systemic Lupus is one of those autoimmune diseases, rheumatoid arthritis was what he was diagnosed with. When he got that diagnosis we went out and partied because it was so much better than some of the other truly awful ones. He was amazing with the arthritis. Anyone else would have been in a wheelchair but he just kept on trucking. When he set to do doing something, he did it. He and his whole family were pretty stoic. But what he died of was probably just the end result of one of the types of these autoimmune diseases. His body just sort of ate his cerebellum. He was trying to stay active, working closely with Daniel Baker to try to complete his second book. He managed to keep himself really functional so that his three kids could come and have a last visit with him and then he went down fast after they left. He died Aug. 2001.

From Sue Newman

My understanding of why I am here in this valley, of what it was that pulled me out of Tucson to this valley rather than somewhere else when the growth of the city was closing in has become so much clearer as I assembled this. It was time to sell my little boarding stable in the heart of the city which was growing too fast. After reading about Saguaro-Juniper in a newspaper article, I felt a huge YES surge through me. I had met Tom and Nancy and at their suggestion contacted Pat. I'd been coming out to ride with her for a year. And in that year I was more and more drawn to this space, this community. All these histories connected with Jim and Pat shed such light for me now. And I see it happen in people coming to the cabin. They pick up on something amorphous that lingers unspoken. Something embedded here, unseen. Some have come back and volunteered at The Sweetwater Center. The following quote from Ken Carey, *Return of the Bird Tribes* helps to explain it all to me:

In my mind a voice spoke. "Love, like energy," it said, "cannot be destroyed. Wherever love has found its way into dimensional expression, it leaves emotional alterations in the texture of the universe, traces like multicolored etchings in the ethers. Wherever two people have loved, wherever a human community has shared in the expression of love, whether it was yesterday, or ten thousand years ago, that love is still present, it can still be experienced."



Michael Puttonen

Tom, Pat, Sue, Woody, Sammy

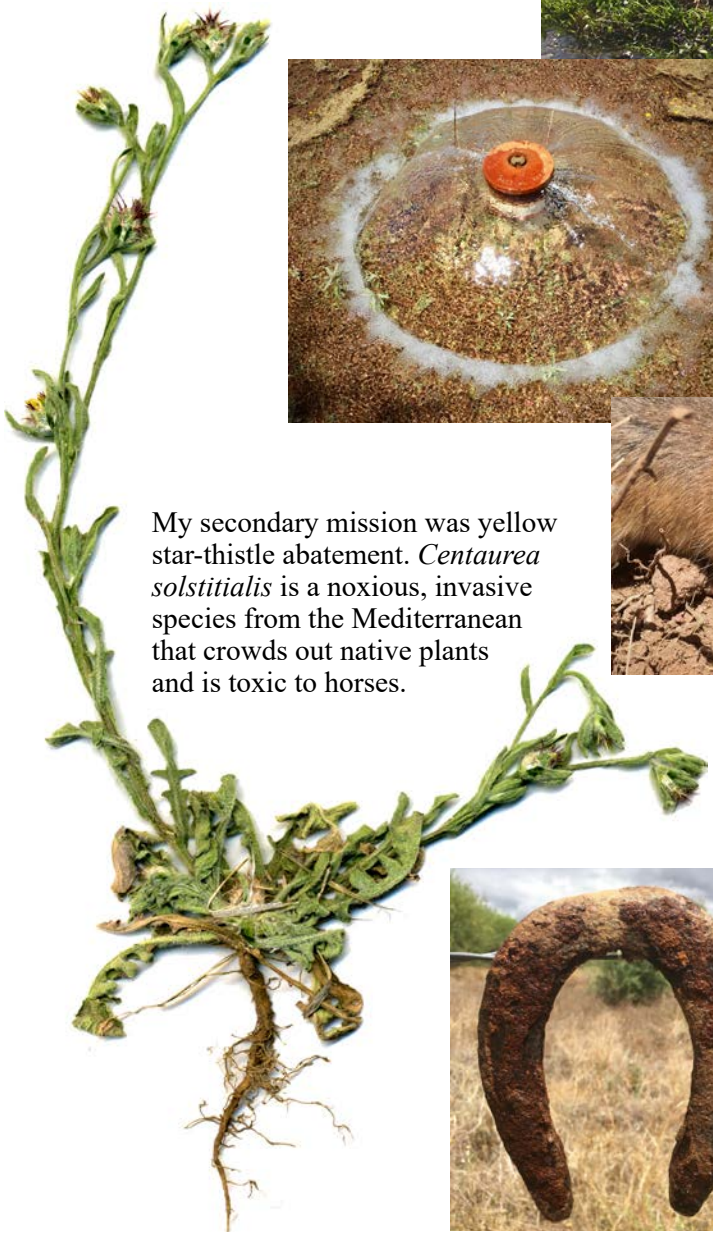
My Month at Sweetwater Center

My name is Michael Puttonen, and from April 18 to May 20, I had the privilege to work as a Sweetwater Center volunteer at El Potrero Farm. Here are some photos from my stay. **www.sweetwatercenter.org**

Zorro, resident mouser and cabin buddy in Sweetwater Center's volunteer trailer.

My primary responsibility was flood irrigating the grazing pastures, which are divided into rows with sandy berms. My companions were deer, roadrunners, ravens, lizards, butterflies, and hummingbirds.

My irrigation nemesis: the pocket gopher. This critter is a prodigious tunnel builder and has the ability to move about a ton of soil to the surface every year. On the bright side, the nests and droppings in these tunnels improve soil quality through deep fertilization.



My secondary mission was yellow star-thistle abatement. *Centaurea solstitialis* is a noxious, invasive species from the Mediterranean that crowds out native plants and is toxic to horses.

Hummingbird eggs in a Mesquite tree near the door to the volunteer trailer. The mother was a fierce guardian and wouldn't let the father near the nest until after they hatched.

I found this wrought iron horseshoe while filling in a gopher hole. It was hand-forged and is several times heavier than a modern shoe.

Michael Puttonen

2016 Cascabel Community Fair

Sue Newman

Celebrating the completion of the purchase of the Hobbs Property. Now we decide collectively how to design the wisest, most inclusive and sensitive use of the property in a facilitated July 8th meeting.

Mick Meader

"We figure and find stories, which can be thought of as maps or paradigms in which we see our purposes defined; the world drifts and our maps don't work anymore, our paradigms and stories fail, and we have to reinvent our understandings, our reasons for doing things…. What we need most urgently, in both the West and all over America, is a fresh dream of who we are, which can tell us how we should act… They will be stories in which our home is sacred, stories about making sense of a place without ruining it… Wreck it and we will have lost ourselves, and that is craziness."

– Willian Kitteredge

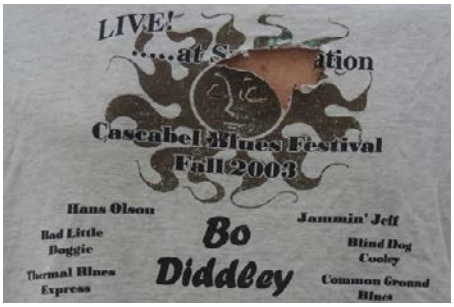
Thank you, Mick, for your herculean efforts to protect this valley. Your legacy lives on.

David and Pearl left on Minimus from Santa Barbara, Ca in early February. Weather and several fixes and serious hitches delaying things a few days. Jimmy McPhearson in his sweet little tug helped them out in the fog. Here is their blog link, faithfully maintained. **http://voyageofminimus.blogspot.com**

David, in late May, flew back for emergency treatment from a mysterious waterborne rash which went deeper into his system. A major community driven collection by Melissa Miller helped enormously with his medical expenses. He is now back with Pearl in the Marquesas. See blog for progress!

*Charlie Allen brought us a fabulous, nationally known band twice this spring, **Jeff Scroggins and Colorado**.*

From Eddie Fenn's feed store wall



Bo Diddley really did play in Cascabel at the now long gone Sun Station! Jimmy McPhearson modeling the now ageing trophy T-shirt!

Rain fall totals 2016/2017

	narrows	casa	clayworks
Oct-16	0	0.02	0.02
Nov-16	0.42	0.2	0.33
Dec-16	1.08	1.31	1.85
Jan-17	0.75	1.13	1.21
Feb-17	0.25	0.25	0.24
Mar-17	0.01	0.05	0.1
Apr-17	0.02	0	0
May-17	0.13	0.1	0.16
	A Wilkinson	K Waldt	B Clark

CASCABEL COMMUNITY CENTER

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