

the Valley View

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



Issue #4

An Occasional Cascabel, Arizona Newsletter

March 2016

In this issue

Lillie Bennett's daughter visits Cascabel, a manure meditation, the SunZia transmission line rearing its ugly head again and a photo collection of events we've missed over the last few years. Print the back page for your refrigerator to refresh your emergency contact list.

Connecting with the Land through Others

By Cindy Salo

THE SOUTH SIDE OF HOT SPRINGS CANYON, across from Rabbit Ears, looks different now, since Sharon, Lillie Bennett Finch's daughter, visited. We showed her where her family homesteaded; she showed us the people who used to live on the land we care for.

Sharon Gale Pyle Pelley's daughter, Heather, found us through the Saguaro Juniper Facebook [page](#). She recognized the name of Hot Springs Canyon from her family's stories. Heather put us in touch with her grandmother, Lillie, who shared memories of her father, Marion Francis Bennett's, homestead. (See earlier Valley View newsletters.) Heather's mother, Sharon, seized the opportunity to visit the storied homestead for the first time. She and her husband, Jim, with friends Mary Roberts and Louie Walton, arrived in

February 2015. A group of us gathered at the Community Center to meet the visitors and car pool into the canyon. We crept up the recently rehabbed road as far as The Windmill, and then walked the last mile under dramatic clouds.

A saguaro on the north side of the canyon once had two upright arms that resembled twin "ears." The cactus has grown and changed until its "ears" are no longer visible, but "Rabbit Ears" lives on in our lexicon of the land. The saguaro that used to resemble a rabbit is still our signpost at the bend in the canyon that sheltered the Bennett homestead.

We found the Bennett cabin's fireplace, foundation, and the lean-to Lillie described. The walls were made of saguaro ribs over adobe.



A jumble of rusting bedsprings lay in one corner, under rolls of barbed wire, frozen in rust.

We returned to a different Community Center. Casey Hubbard had finished transforming the building's brick walls, drafty metal casement windows, folding tables, and haphazard lighting into a stunning art gallery displaying the talents in our valley. The exhibit included paintings, furniture, clothing, and handicrafts. Sharon added embroidery work and wire-beaded serving utensils to the First Annual Cascabel Art Show.

The four visitors dazzled us with their potlucking skills as they conjured a smorgasbord to add to the lunch potluck. Sharon's cousin, Ellen Bennett, drove out from Benson to join us and share her stories of our valley. After lunch, we sent Casey home to get some sleep after his art show all-nighter. Valley residents took a breather, while our visitors toured the area and Sharon searched for family landmarks.

We regrouped for a dinner potluck and art show celebration. Sharon and Company pulled more food out of their professional potluck coolers and strong-armed their way into taking over most of the kitchen and clean-up duties. Residents and visitors chatted and lingered into the evening. Stray forks and serving spoons appeared under Louie's elbow and splashed into the dishwater. Mary cleared and wiped down tables until the Foreman kids put them away.



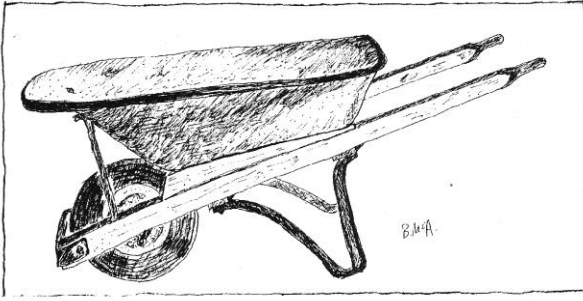
Bennett family cousins Ellen and Sharon

WE RECORD PLACES ON OUR MEMORY MAP of Cascabel as "Rabbit Ears" and "The Windmill." We measure time from our first visit, the last time we were at Red Tank, and the time we hiked to Ladder Canyon with Chris and James. We stretch our connection to the land back through the stories of earlier arrivals, but few of us can follow the chart lines of family ties to the area. For us, February 2015 marks "the time we hiked to the Bennett homestead with Sharon and her friends". Next time we hike up Hot Springs Canyon, we'll look at the south side and wonder which box canyon Sharon's uncle used for trapping feral horses. Through Sharon, we refined our memory map of the land and sank our roots deeper into the valley.



The farm crew, 2016





Mornings with Manura Manyah

Guest editorial from **Bonner J. McAllester**

Devoted Cascabel visitor of the campground,
Sue's cabin and the Hermitage from Monteray Mass.

There's an old saying: "As the morning begins, so goes the day." Or if there is not such a saying there ought to be

one, close on the heels of those ones about the wrong side of the bed and the right foot, making a good start, and so on. I know people who start the day with a hot shower, a cold shower, a hearty breakfast, a stiff cup of coffee. Some people get up very early and spend time with a favorite novel before facing the world; others sleep until the last minute and bundle off to the office still as unconscious as possible, still dreaming.

Some people rise early and exercise, some meditate, some go fishing, and some people listen to the news. You might think that a dose of the national and world news is not the best stuff with which to start a day, but I recently read an article in the NY Times Science section that said people who have a cheerful, optimistic childhood are not likely to live as long as those whose outlook has always been "dour." If we are given the choice between a long, dour life and a cheery abbreviated one, the next study done should be to see who chooses what. Do the morning joggers want long life or happiness? How about the hot shower people? The cold shower people?

I think about these things early in the morning because I am a meditator, or should I say a cogitator. The path I follow is not especially Eastern or mysterious but it is different every time. With my wheelbarrow and shovel I follow manure.

Anyone not wishing to waste another second reading about horse manure should stop right now. The rest of this column is about that.

My involvement with horse manure began in earnest during my high school years. I had dabbled in it a little when I was 8 or 9, but it did not become a daily ritual for me until I was a teen-ager. I think most people who have spent any part of their lives as teen-agers will agree that this is a tough age, a time of confusion and many a "bad day." Some of us were lucky and thanks to special circumstances of some kind managed to sail past the perilous reefs of adolescence and through its stormy seas without mishap. I was one and I attribute my good fortune to horse manure.

Every morning I got up earlier than anybody and put on my jeans. (This is still a sure-fire positive start for me 30 years later.) I headed out into the cold darkness in comfortable old jacket and gloves and picked up my shovel (it's the same shovel I use now, a link to those days when I was first guided). Then I gathered manure and tossed it into a wheelbarrow, warming to my work and my day as my blood began to pump, my wheelbarrow to fill. The horse was steaming and so was I-- so was the manure. I'd clean up the stall, add some fresh bedding, then drive my wheelbarrow out to the big pile of composting manure, a monument to many a constructive morning, --- also a promise for the gardens of spring.

The time I spent shoveling was about what some people spend in the shower or listening to news. I don't know what they think about for that half-hour, but my mind was always at rest. You have to keep your eye on what you're doing, after all. You can't just mentally wander off, completely, while shoveling manure. You might get the wheelbarrow too full, or miss some manure, or dump it in the wrong place. There is a certain amount of "Be Here Now" required for this kind of morning.

Nowadays I don't just clean out a stall. I have a barnyard to keep up with so I'm moving around quite a bit. Each morning it's a different pattern, though some aspects are constant. I'm still steaming, still tossing and wheeling the goods, still thinking things over about my cheerful childhood and my chances for longevity.

Pete Seeger, another important positive force in my adolescence, used to sing a song called "Manura Manyah" written by a Scot named Matt McGinn. It was about the "transport revolution" in Scotland, the change from horses to mechanical power, as told by a man who'd made his living collecting and selling manure. In this song, "the streets of the toon were all covered aroun' with stuff that was wonderful golden and broon." The singer bemoans the passing of these days and I think of him nearly every morning as I'm out there counting my blessings. I often count while shoveling.

I wheel out to my big pile and think about a friend in Alaska who tells me that in her state horse manure is taken to the landfill! She is now one of (only) three people employed by the state to study methods of pollution prevention and she says, "We're going to get into composting up here." Wow. Alaska is cold and compost likes to be warm, but still it's marvelous to think this is a bold new idea for the people up there who start their mornings the way I do. I'll be thinking of them, wondering if the prospect of composting has cheered them up and shortened their lives.



This essay first appeared in the Berkshire Eagle (Pittsfield Mass. and the Monterev (Mass.) News in 1994.

Things seen along the trail while checking cows on range... Saguaro Juniper style

Photos Lisa Vogel





Arizona regulators OK SunZia power lines

By Tony Davis Arizona Daily Star

The \$2 billion, 515-mile-long SunZia power line project got a big boost Wednesday from the Arizona Corporation Commission, which voted 3-2 to approve its construction in this state.

By Mick Meader

For the last 7 years so many valley residents and supporters elsewhere, especially The Sierra Club and Audubon, have been fighting against running power transmission lines of astronomical proportions across and UP the middle San Pedro valley. It was heartbreaking to read these headlines after so much volunteer effort went into opposing them. There were so many critical reasons for the project not to be constructed through here that it seemed perfectly obvious to direct it elsewhere. But the politics won out. These 500-kilovolt lines would be hung on towers up to 160 feet tall purportedly to deliver wind-generated electricity from central New Mexico to California, even though no utility is interested in the power or needs it. Mick Meader from Cascabel joined with Christina McVie (Tucson Audubon) and Peter Else to oppose the project at the Arizona Corporation Commission hearing.

The lines would enter the valley along the Three Links Road coming from Willcox and cross the river just upstream from the bedrock Narrows near Gammons Gulch. They would then follow Red Rock Creek to the top of the Little Rincon Mountains before turning down Maverick Canyon and running down Paige Canyon for 3 miles. Near the mouth of Paige Canyon they would head northwest across Pima County's A-7, M-Diamond and Six-Bar Ranches before passing west of San Manuel and north of Oracle. The lines would be located about 2 miles west of Cascabel and the river

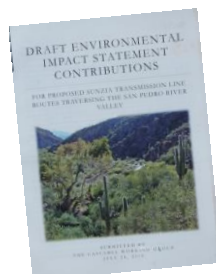


Few options are left now to stop this horrendous project. Economics indicates that the project can't be built as sold, something project partners Tucson Electric Power Company and the Salt River Project agree with. What will happen then? While SunZia itself likely cannot be built, both TEP and SRP have long sought a 500-kilovolt line down the San Pedro Valley, and with the route being officially approved, one or both of them are likely to acquire the permit and build a line. Meanwhile, valley residents are searching for any legal means to delay the project, hoping that economics will eventually win out.

As Chairman Thomas Chenal, Chairman of the Line Siting Committee, said, "I think this is a perfect example of the effort to find the least worst decision.... The jewel, the San Pedro River Valley, is pristine.... And my heart just breaks that, you know, there's going to be a transmission line through there." Chairman Doug Little

of the Corporation Commission followed suit by saying, "I am extremely disappointed in the outcome of this decision...and truly saddened that one of the crown jewels of Arizona's unspoiled wilderness will be irreparably harmed by this decision."

A postcard for a benefit concert titled "Way Out West and Ice 9". The top left text reads "Stop the SunZia Project Monstrous Transmission Lines Are Not the Answer". Below this is a photo of three musicians. The top right text says "A benefit concert to help stop SunZia from building transmission lines over Arizona's irreplaceable lands". The main title "Way Out West and Ice 9" is in large letters. Below the title, it says "featuring" and "Saturday September 22nd, 6:30-10pm Robertson's Arena (in Benson)". At the bottom, there is a "NO Power Corridor" sign and admission information: "Admission (Min Donation): \$10. Snack bar will be available. Robertson's Horse Sales-take Denson exit 304 (Cocotillo), head north to Darby, turn right and follow signs to 714 N Madison".





Pulling the pump from the well for repairs.
David Omick, Gene Troutner & Pearl Mast driving.

Mick receiving his just rewards – the community collected a significant amount to add to the vacation fund as a thank you.



Labor exchange...Cascabel's Coin of the Realm

A major thank you to Mick Meader for his tireless labor throughout the SunZia pushback

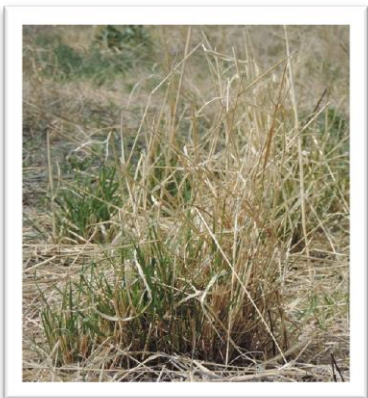


Some of the crew who turned up to oil Mick's little wilderness cabin.

In attendance overall were David Omick, Pearl Mast, Jimmy McPherson, Birgit, Ariana and Luca DeGregorio, Charlie Ffolliott, Anna Lands, Gene Troutner, Alex Binford-Walsh, Sue Newman, Erik Revere, Deb Longley and Bob Dell'Oliver and photographer & organizer Dave Shreeve.

We also want to fully acknowledge the equally heroic efforts of Peter Else from the Winkelman area of the San Pedro valley and Chris McVie from Audubon. Mick and Peter and Chris were intervenors at both the Line Siting meetings and the final Az Corporation Commission hearings. The preparation for the hearings included monumental amounts of paperwork documentation on very short notice. Of course this was built on years of intense research, justifying the obvious damage these transmission lines would cause.

Sweetwater Center



With the warm spring weather, Sweetwater Center volunteers are watching its native grass plot at the Mason Place for signs of early greening of the **native** grasses.

SweetwaterCenter.org

Community Garden Chili Roasting

October 2015



Rainfall totals 2015

Narrows 3Links Clayworks

Jan	2.49	2.60	2.82
Feb	0.10	0.19	0.22
Mar	0.28	0.19	0.13
Apr	0.25	0.20	0.23
May	0.05	0.10	0.15
June	2.07	0.92	0.59
July	4.66	2.88	3.16
Aug	3.72	4.22	3.50
Sept	2.18	2.56	3.73
Oct	2.16	2.45	1.44
Nov	0.42	0.21	0.26
Dec	0.36	0.57	0.41
Total	18.74	17.09	16.65



Cascabel Community Center

Board of Directors:

Chairman	Barbara Clark	At large	Bob Evans
Treas.	Janet Trumbule		Steve DeGregorio
Secretary	Alan Wilkinson		James Patterson
Librarian	Lisa Vogel		Deb Longley
Valley View	Sue Newman		
Valley View Logo	- Dave Shreeve and Barbara Clark		

Submissions/suggestions/corrections to

Sue Newman 5851 Cascabel Rd Cascabel 85602

Email: snewsy@rnsmtc.com

Printed copies available at the Community Center or by request

For ad space send business card or other copy and \$5 to Sue Newman

Services in the valley

Anna Lands

bodywork - energy work
212-9853

Gilbert Urias

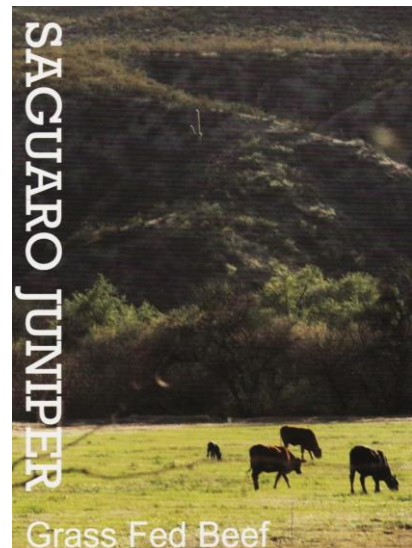
Gil is moving to his 'back 40' acres in 'downtown' Cascabel that he's owned since '83. He's an 8th generation Tucsonan. How many can say that! He's eager to find work in the valley. Here are some of his skill sets:

- ~ All aspects of ranch management including running farm equipment, livestock mgmt., planting pastures, irrigation, fencing repair
- ~ Cutting firewood
- ~ Clearing trails
- ~ Basic carpentry, plumbing, roofing, painting
- ~ House sitting/animal care
- ~ Filmmaking – 25 yrs an independent natural history cameraman with national credits

References for all above

Contact: 520 721 6966 or email:

gulpimages@gmail.com



www.saguaro-juniper.com/food/beef.html

Past moments to catch up on



Coatiundi



Mountain Lion

Wildlife camera shots in the riparian zone of the San Pedro Alex Binford-Walsh '15



Norm Bradley photo sent to Janet Trumbule 2012



Dotty Motheral's Trichocereus pachanoi,
San Pedro Cactus Sept. 2015



2011
Women's
Prof Rodeo
Assn World
Champion
2D Futurity
Horse

LRM Rockstar George 2011: raised by
Louis Lancaster, trained by Leslie & Ross



2008 World Champion....
Leslie Maynard on Lightening



Jan '16

The
snow
that
stuck!

Rudikoff
& Newman



Morris and Susy Taylor
sent this along from
their Cascabel
campground.

Fall 2015

News Flash.....The Hobbs Property!
We got it!

And now on to the fundraising! See Valley
View #3 for Hobbs property history.

The Community Center is leading an effort to
purchase property that includes the historical
Miguel Gamez homesite. Negotiations with the
current owners are ongoing. If the purchase can
be finalized, the 25-30 acre parcel will conserve
open space along the river and be used for a local
park and historical site.

Happy
Easter!





Emergency Personal Information

Name _____

Address _____

Phone Number _____

Direction from end of the pavement on Cascabel Road: _____

Emergency Phone# _____

Ambulance _____

Fire Dept _____

Sheriff _____

Allergies/Known medical conditions _____

Medications _____

Insurance Info _____

Doctors/Phone numbers _____

Notify in case of emergency _____

Care of animals