



MT. LEMMON ECHOES



November-December, 1981

It has been a labor of love to be your Editor for the Mt. Lemmon Echoes for the past six months, and it is with a profound sadness that I now offer to you my final issue as your Editor. After great soul searching, I have determined that this is the only decision that I can reach at this particular time. As hard as I have tried to please and to inform the majority of readers, I know that a paper of any substance or integrity will often be controversial and cause spirited discussion. I believe this is the product of good journalism, even in a small paper such as the Echoes. But, I cannot and I will not compromise my principles of journalism. A newspaper, no matter who the publisher, should never be censored nor made the mandatory format for a yellow journalistic grudge. I will not participate in the arena. I do believe that Mt. Lemmon can sustain a newspaper of quality and the Board of the Homeowners Association, save one, has been most generous in its financial backing and support of this venture. I, too, am most grateful for the thoughtful contributions I have received from many of you, and all have been worth printing, because there are many issues that confront us as homeowners on Mt. Lemmon. It is your right and your responsibility to understand these issues. I sincerely believe that this newspaper should be more than just a monthly tally for organizational reports. Apparently from your recent enthusiasm for the Echoes,

many of you agree. All sides of an issue should be welcome in a newspaper, but any Editor with integrity will not submit to printing personal, petty attacks due to differences of opinion. Nothing is to be gained from such journalism. This is a magical mountain in many ways, abundant in beauty and in nature's wonders, and it attracts citizens of great diversity and individuality. I hope that this community can meet the challenge of rising above individual differences to work toward mutual respect and understanding and to maintain that which is so unique about Mt. Lemmon.

It is with great pride that I dedicate this special issue of the Echoes to an old friend of Mt. Lemmon, a woman who has lived among us here for eighteen years, who has overcome adversity to always rise to the top. She believed that this community needed a voice. She began a fine newspaper on her own. She is moving on now, and she will be missed on Mt. Lemmon.

Frances Morse, it is to you that I dedicate this issue of the Mt. Lemmon Echoes that you so lovingly conceived several years ago. It is my hope that your dream of a paper on Mt. Lemmon will be continued.

LIZ HARDY

If you have not yet renewed your membership to the Mt. Lemmon Homeowners Association, please find the enclosed bill in the paper. Do not delay. Dues for this year are now payable!!!

MEMORIES OF THE MOUNTAIN

by

Frances R. Morse

It was Mother's Day Weekend of 1963 when I first came up to Mt. Lemmon. Jim and I were to be married in one month and I had flown out to Tucson to help him find us a house or apartment.

We spent two days looking at every rental in the city of Tucson. The ones we could afford, we did not want. And the ones we wanted, we couldn't afford. It was finally a toss up between a "too-small" apartment and an older home with personality and problems.

So Sunday afternoon, my future mother-in-law packed up a lunch and insisted Jim take me up to the mountains. I had never been on anything taller than the Davis Mountains in Texas. And compared to the Catalinas, Texas mountains were foothills.

I'll never forget my first ride up. I was a typical tourist. Jim stopped at every view point. Looking back, I'm sure we held up traffic just as tourists do today, but at the time we did not realize we were bothering anyone.

There had been a late snow in 1963. And, even though the weather was warm in May, there was still snow in protected areas near the road. Several times we stopped to have impromptu snow fights. And our picnic was eaten on a large sunny rock overlooking the San Manuel Valley.

Jim had driven up before. On his first trip, he went as far as Windy Point but turned around there. On the next trip, he ventured a little further. By the third trip, he had covered the entire front side of the mountain.

So on my first trip, he showed me all the most beautiful views. We drove to the Ski Lodge which was not open that day and into the village. Most of the people we met have long since left the mountain, but Tony Zimmerman and his "Texas" jokes were permanently etched in my memory that very day. Tony's secret to telling a good joke is that he laughs so much you cannot help but laugh with him.

We finished a perfect^{day} with a delicious dinner at the Ponderosa Lodge. Dick Linsley was the Chef and his daughter Aileen, who now tends bar at the Alpine Lodge, was an adorable six year old.

By the end of the day, we were convinced that Mt. Lemmon was where we wanted to live. The drive to Tucson wasn't bad and living on the mountain would make up for any inconveniences.

So the next trip to Mt. Lemmon was to see the cabin Jim had selected and sign the purchase papers. Our first cabin was #32 Middle

Sabino. We lived there for nine years, fighting frozen water lines, impassable roads, and one forest fire.

During those first three years, we drove back and forth six days a week and spent Sundays working on our cabin. Some of my most pleasant memories of those days were driving through the clouds on the way to Tucson during the rainy seasons; watching the daily changes of the leaves at Bear Wallow in the fall; and being the first tracks on the road after a snow the night before. I must admit there were a few days we considered moving to Tucson, but these spells of madness never lasted very long. (And at 25¢ a gallon, gas was never a problem.)

In December, 1966, we left the mountain in the midst of the biggest snow storm we had had to date. We returned to Fort Worth where both of us had gone to school and where both of us had many friends and I had relatives. We weren't too upset about moving then, but it didn't take us long to get homesick for the mountain. Joe and Ellie Dyer who had been our nearest neighbors on Mt. Lemmon sent us pictures of the record breaking snow that continued in the first of 1967. In the summer of 1967 Jim came back to the mountain to move the remainder of our furniture and put the house up for sale. But something went wrong with our plans. Jim called me one night to tell me to come back. Bob Lewis who was the resident deputy on Mt. Lemmon was leaving and Jim had applied for the job. He was really excited and couldn't wait for me to get back. Now we'd have time to really enjoy the mountain.

And we did. We explored the back side and delighted in finding the old mines and old homesteads. Roy Bishop was caretaker at the Apache Mine and he filled our stomachs with fresh fruits and vegetables he grew in his garden and filled our minds with tales he told of the old days on the back side of Mt. Lemmon.

But at the top we were having fun, too. On Tuesday nights all the villagers went bowling at the Radar Base. Friday nights there were current movies shown on the base and all the local people were invited. And any event was an excuse for a party.

The first one I remember was a come as you are party at the Ponderosa Lodge one Halloween. Joan and Max Klinger stole the show. Max with his piano playing and Joan because she had been in bed with a cold so she came wrapped in a blanket. No one ever found out what she had on underneath.

There were other parties. We celebrated, commemorated/ remembered Pearl Harbor Day with a costume party. These were the big thing and they continued with a Hillbilly Party, and a Confederate Memorial Day Celebration. a

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Roaring Twenties Party, and a Suppressed Desire Party. But the party I remember best was a Christmas Party in the midst of another record breaking snow storm. The mountain was without electricity. Telephone service was spasmodic. The roads were impassable, and it was fast becoming the worse Christmas anyone could remember. But there was hope yet. Marines had invaded the Mountain with tracked troop carriers to transport the Airmen to the Radar Station for shift changes. Everyone was desperate to get out of their cabins for a while that Christmas Day. So we called on the Marines and on Marshall and Yolander Brown. Marshall worked for the telephone Co., and his house was the only one with electricity, compliments of a generator furnished by Ma Bell. Everyone came to the party - Airmen, Marines, and Villagers. We were picked up at our front doors by the weasel and started the party in transit. I think everyone who was on the mountain looks back on that Christmas as one of the best, in spite of the problems.

In 1968, I started to work at the Radar Base as the Chief Clerk and stayed there until they closed in January, 1970. During that time we had our first child, Jimmy, born in May, 1969. For a few months after the closing of the stations, I stayed home, but when Spring came I started back to school for a real estate license. I first worked for Shadron who then had an office on Mt. Lemmon but later switched to Mt. Lemmon Realty and Tony Zimmerman.

Tragedy struck Mt. Lemmon in 1970 when the beautiful old Ponderosa Lodge burned to the ground. The Lodge, which had been known at different times as the Mariposa Lodge, the Mt. Lemmon Lodge, the Fireside Lodge, and the Ponderosa was built in 1920 by Jim and Leta Westfall. Many of us had pleasant memories of community parties and dances at the lodge. As one of the oldest buildings on the mountain, it was a tremendous loss.

In 1972, our life changed in two ways. The first was selling our home and purchasing a new one in Carter Canyon. The second was the birth of our second son, Tony, who was named for Tony Zimmerman.

And in 1973, I was one of the founders of the Mt. Lemmon Woman's Club and served as its first President. We worked hard and did alot for the community, but it was fun, too.

Through the Club, I really got to know some of the summer people in the community. Chriss Sheldon had been a friend for years, but I only got to know Katherine Lovett after she joined the club. Regina Rhind, Eden Hackney, and Kasey Murphey were three others that became great friends through our Club work. And the Mt. Lemmon Woman's Club community potluck dinners became nearly legendary.

1976 was a great year. The Woman's Club worked closely with the City, State, and

Federal Bicentennial Celebration and put on a dynamite Fourth of July Celebration for the Mountain.

But 1977 turned bad. The Mt. Lemmon Inn which was built by Tony Zimmerman in the thirties burned down. Shortly thereafter, Vesta Pfligler, a dear friend, former Mt. Lemmon Postmaster and Woman's Club Member, died suddenly in her sleep. Vesta's death was a mixed blessing. When the Inn burned down there were few places for community meetings and the summer church services were discontinued. But when Vesta's will was read, it was discovered that Vesta had left everything to the community for a building. It was her last little act of love to a place she called home and family. As Administrator of her estate, I felt that I was contributing something to the community building, also.

And our home on Carter Canyon was a real joy. Jim spent most of his free time working on it. And it showed the love he put into it. The setting was one of the prettiest on the Mountain. The squirrels came up and ate from our hands on the big covered porch that overlooked practically every variety of tree found on the mountain. And when the Carter Canyon stream flowed, you could see it rush past.

But in 1978, it rushed too much. That was the year of the floods. Our beautiful stream became a raging river and many of the trees went down, one of them within a few feet of our front porch. Walking from our home to the village became a major undertaking. But in 1980, the damage was repaired and Carter Canyon and Upper Sabino Road came out better than ever.

During the last few years I have combined working with the Woman's Club with working with the Zimmerman School. With two children in the school, I felt I was part of it. And I must say that during the time my children have gone to school on the Mountain, they have had outstanding teachers.

Looking back on my years on the mountain, one of the saddest experiences for me was when I realized that my newspaper would just not make it on its own and I had to discontinue publishing "The Mountain Echo". That was one of the most enjoyable things I did while on Mt. Lemmon and definitely stands out as the highlight of the year 1979.

But over the years there have been two things that have made Mt. Lemmon a home to me and will keep it a place in my heart forever. The first of these is the people. The friends I have made will stay friends forever. The second thing is the beauty of the area. It is one of the few places where even disasters are beautiful. Floods turn into beautiful waterfalls and even the fires have their own beauty. But it is the trees, squirrels, wild flowers, view spots, and rock formations which I saw the first time I came up here that will forever be Mt. Lemmon in my heart.

WELL ADVISED

Would you like to save yourself money on your water and water heating bills? On this subject we would like to share our experiences with you.

While investigating devices for water saving for the low-flow septic disposal system, we encountered many readily available, proven, low cost and practical water saving devices.

National average figures indicate bathing uses 31% of domestic water used. A normal shower head uses an average of 5 to 8 gallons of water a minute. The low-flow shower head we chose uses only $2\frac{1}{4}$ gallons per minute and was later modified to use only $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ gallons of water per minute, depending on pressure desired. We find a shower with one of these units superior to the pulsating type shower head we used to have in Tucson, which was using 8 gallons of water a minute. Also, the new unit has the added benefit of a shut-off valve, which reduces the normal flow of $\frac{3}{4}$ gallons per-minute to a trickle which is perfect for lathering up/ When it is time to rinse off, the full refreshing flow of $\frac{3}{4}$ gallons a minute is unleashed.

We were able to find one of these all-brass low-flow shower heads in Tucson early last summer at a solar equipment dealer and purchased it for \$14. Later in the summer, we saw the same all-brass unit advertised in a catalog and ordered one from the Conservation Center in Hazelton, Pa. for \$10.95. These two units were identical and after some negotiations, were able to get a quantity price from The Conservation Center on 30 units at \$8 each.

These spare shower heads are now in the office of the Mt. Lemmon Water Co-op President, Bob Zimmerman and are available to all who are interested at the \$8 price. For any further information on these units please call us at 325-8527 or 791-9773 after 6 p.m.

By reducing the amount of shower water used, a cabin owner is not only saving water, but is saving propane or electricity needed to heat the additional water used by a conventional shower head. The Mt. Lemmon water actually costs only .225 cents per gallon (not including the monthly charge). The cost of heating water electrically is in the 2 to $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents a gallon range or roughly ten times the cost of the water. I do not know what the propane cost is, but this will give you an idea of the relationship and possible savings by using heated water effectively and conservatively. Our own experience is that it is possible to have a good shower on as little as 2 gallons of water.

Well Wishers

In November, a hearing will be held before the Corporation Commission to decide what they will require in the way of a rate increase. Next month, the Department of Water Resources will hear our case concerning the perfection of water rights for the Upper Sabino Spring. Upper Sabino Spring is one of the most important springs to the Cooperative. Both the city of Tucson and the Forest Service are protesting the perfection of the spring. In both instances, Charles Giddings, of the law firm Stompoly and Even will represent the Cooperative. If you feel that you or a friend of yours could help the Cooperative's cause in either of these matters, I would appreciate your getting in contact with me.

BOB ZIMMERMAN, PRESIDENT
Mt. Lemmon Cooperative Water, Inc.

The less water used in the shower, the less water sent down the Mt. Lemmon sewer or your own septic field. Considering all the problems on the mountain, it would be a nice gesture on all our parts, (the mountain folk) to help the EPA, Wastewater Management, Pima County, and the Arizona Health Department. After all, it is ultimately in our own best interests.

This is the first of a series of articles on how to save water and energy. Next issue - a toilet that uses 1 pint of water rather than the normal 5 gallons of water per flush.

Please call us if you have any questions or just wish to discuss your ideas and experiences. These savings can be substantial, depending on the size of the family, on your monthly energy bills.

GUY & BECKY MOENS



Mt. Lemmon Woman's Club

Since May, we have all spent our time on Mt. Lemmon celebrating first our Pioneer Days of the Centennial, the Fourth of July, Kasey's tea, Barbara's Pot-luck with all our Southern District and State Officials visiting us, the Labor Day Rummage Sale and Art Sale, but October was really something else.

If you cannot enjoy October on the mountain then there is no place on this earth you could be happy. The Oktoberfest with all the games, costumes, sausage, and sauerkraut, pies, root beer, beer, the tug of war, German music and dances. Then to Eden's cabin for our October meeting. She served us Pumpkin Bread, Apple cake, nut bread, fresh fruit and cheese, in a setting of Autumn leaves and pumpkins.

On the 18th a beautiful drive up the mountain where our Family Picnic turned out to be a joining with the Parents of the Zimmerman School to offer congratulations to Mr. Art for his once in a lifetime achievement. Everyone stood eight feet tall that day and ate accordingly.

Katherine Lovett and Chriss Sheldon are back with us after touring England and Scotland.

I am happy to announce Freda Botkin is home after her operation and doing great, (a contact implant, a cornea transplant, and removing cataracts all in one operation). Her doctor said that through all of this her only complaint was of being hungry and missing the University Homecoming activities. After allowing her to watch the World Series Game Sunday, he sent her home and he is still in shock.



Our new fire truck has arrived on the mountain and has been used already on a ground fire in Loma Linda. When you come to the mountain, be sure to stop in and see it.

We now have a new Board Member, Tom Mangano. He will be serving out Fred Keers term.

We will be sending in our application for the matching funds from the State Land Department for 1981-82 in the next few days.

MADONNA L. MILLER, CHAIRMAN
Mt. Lemmon Volunteer Fire Dept.

Katherine Lovett, Francie Morse, and I attended the Southern District Work Shop in Rio Rico and on Thursday October 29, Katherine Lovett, Betty Mobley, Thelma Barnard, Vernell Force, Mary Ann Arford and I attended a luncheon at the Coolidge Woman's Club on their Friendship Day.

After six months of meeting on our beautiful mountain, we are back to six months of meetings in Tucson. I think we are possibly the only club that has meetings 34 miles apart.

The November meeting was held at my home on November 4th. Eden Hackney gave a talk on the importance of making a will and doing it properly. Vernell Force handed out information on energy conservation for the home. The December meeting will be held on December 2nd at the home of Freda Botkin. Maude Stowe and Midge Swanson will co-host. This is usually our show and tell meeting at which time we display our hand made Christmas decorations and culinary talents. Our Christmas party will

be held at the home of Katherine Lovett. The date will be December 12th, Saturday afternoon. Our January meeting will be at the home of Mrs. Royal Irving on January 6th. Ruth has a huge collection of dolls representing all different cultures of the nations of the world. Her entire home and the Christmas tree are decorated with these dolls; This meeting is one of our most interesting meetings of the year. This is also our day dedicated to Prayer for International Peace.

If you notice a lack of accomplishment for the month of October, we didn't, we just enjoyed the whole thing!

REGINA RHIND, PRESIDENT
Mt. Lemmon Woman's Club



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SENATORIAL SALUTE

Along with her Woman's Club Report, Regina Rhind also enclosed the following letter from Barry Goldwater, that I would like to share with all of you:

Dear Mt. Lemmon Woman's Club:

How sorry I am that September the 6th has come and gone and I didn't know about the celebration for the mountain. Mt. Lemmon occupies a very strong and warm spot in my heart. I think the first time I drove to the top with my mother had to be back in the early 1920's. I remember the one-way road and the old wooden hotel at the top run by a woman, and I remember the two log cabins immediately adjacent.

In subsequent years, I don't know how many times I have been up there, too many to count, but one trip I will never forget. Three of us left the mouth of Sabino Canyon on the Tucson side, hiked up with no trail all day and when night fell, slept under the trees until daybreak when, stumbling along, we finally came upon a community of houses around the lake. Then we went on to the hotel, spent the night, and a friend came and got us.

Another story for you. I was up there one March with some friends from Chicago. There were two men and three girls and we were using a friend's cabin and overnight a snow fell. The battery in the car went dead and because we were the only ones on the mountain with no way to start the car, I volunteered to walk down an old trail I once knew and used which would take me to Oracle. Well, of course, we all had to go and, unfortunately, did. Very soon the trail sort of petered out, but we continued down the canyon, Canada del Oro, and at nightfall came upon a hunter's camp where the Wilson boys had some hunters. We spent the night with them, outside on canvas cots and at daybreak continued our walk into Oracle. The girls' feet were all bleeding, their boots were torn to pieces and the men were in bad shape, but we borrowed a car and battery, drove back to the top of the mountain, started my friend's car and returned to Phoenix.

I've had wonderful times up there. It is a beautiful mountain. I hope nothing happens to detract from it and I look forward to going up there again someday.

With best wishes,

Barry Goldwater

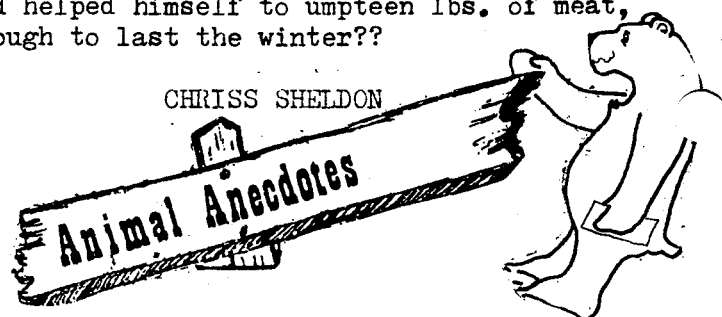
After having read Liz Hardy's Black Bear article in last months Echoes, I thought the readers might be interested in an ACTUAL encounter with one, tho this did occur many years ago - in the mid-sixties.

One summer morning I stepped out of the front door of my cabin (which was on the present Hardy site) to hop into my car and go to work. As I approached the front left fender I raised my eyes and looked straight into the limpid eyes of a BIG black bear! My left hand reached out for the hood of the car while "Blackie's" right paw was resting on the roof of the auto - a mere 6 to 7 feet away. He/she also appeared to be 6 or 7' tall. What to do? Should I run for the cabin? Yell? Stand still? I opted for the latter - probably because I was glued to the ground! For an unmeasurable amount of time, we just stood looking one another over. He was a beautiful creature with seemingly a soft looking fur of black which took on a reddish tinge as the sun struck him. I finally spoke these words in a loud voice, "George, there's a bear!" Apparently George thought I'd had a flat tire and was asking him, "Where's the spare?" for he came ambling down from the sleeping loft rather slowly.

Meanwhile, the trespasser got tired of the staredown. He gracefully moved from the upright position to having all four on the ground. With a slow movement of his head, over the left shoulder (perhaps to give me one more look) Mr. Bear sauntered behind the car, up the bank and along the ridge; passing the ramp leading from the 2nd story loft to the side of the hill. The twins, Rob and Rick, were brave enough to venture out on the ramp for a closer "look-see" at "Smoky the Bear", perhaps?

I remember to this day that huge gorgeous animal, with his thick coat rippling in an undulating way as he swaggered and sashayed his way into the forest.

Now, I did believe the stories of other friends on the mountain: Rosemary Linsley who almost bumped into one while taking the trash out the back door of the Ski Lodge; Madeline Engebretson who was awakened in the night by the noisy bear who got into her garbage; Paul Ruppel who could not sell his hamburger patties from his mobile grocery store, because a bear had smashed the window and helped himself to umpteen lbs. of meat, enough to last the winter??



STATE HONORS MR. ART

"Learning is a celebration. It is an integral part of my life that does not turn on and off when I enter or leave the classroom. I'm so turned on by the learning process that I can't help but accept the challenge of turning on others....With my students I enter their world of fascination, wonder and excitement. We become co-inquirers in a classroom that has no limits. Constructive thinking, problem solving, independent reasoning and responsibility for self-motivation and evaluation are important parts of my curriculum. Acquiring a sense of responsibility for the community in which they live is also important....Never before has the classroom had such knowledge so readily accessible. The fundamentals are reaching a new dimension within the walls of the classroom. History can come alive. Teachers and students can learn together. It is an optimistic, exciting new age. Forward!"

This just partially expresses the philosophy that has so justifiably earned Arthur DeFilippo, "Mr. Art", the selection for Arizona Teacher of the Year for 1982. State officials and a multitude of adoring Mt. Lemmon residents will Honor Art on Monday, November 23 at the Arizona State Board Meeting in Phoenix.

The state has also chosen to submit Art as a candidate for National Teacher of the Year. Finalists are chosen in early December. A representative of "Good Housekeeping" interviews each finalist and the selection is made based upon their recommendation in early February.

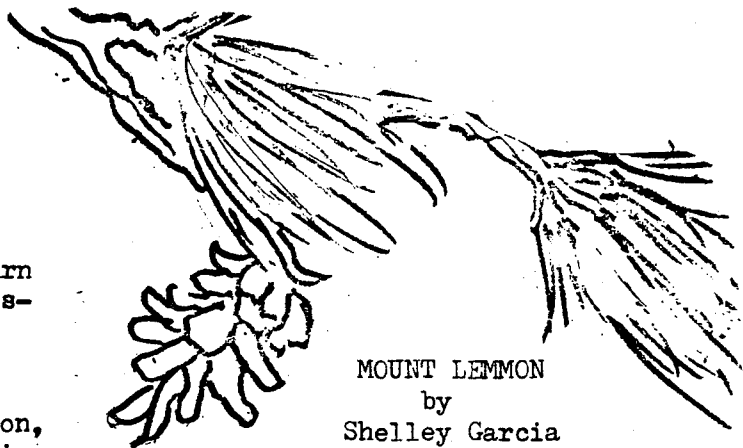
Best of luck to you, Art, in the National competition. You have honored us all with your most worthy state selection. Those of us with children in your classroom know full well what a talented, dedicated and caring human being you are. You and Mary help to make this mountain a most special place to live.

The Christmas season is again upon us and time to get those packages and cards in the mail early (the earlier the better!)

I would like to encourage you to do your Christmas postal business from the Mt. Lemmon Post Office this year. (our policy is fast, friendly service, no lines, no waiting, during the Christmas rush!)

As this year comes to a close, I'd like to extend to everyone Seasons Greetings and a prosperous New Year, and also to thank you for your cooperation during this past year!

RON ARMELLA, POSTMASTER



MOUNT LEMMON
by
Shelley Garcia

It's cool in the summer and cold in the winter.
When you're stacking wood you're bound to
get a splinter.

We ride horses and ski alot
At our one room school, we even have a
student parking lot.

The kids up here all like to explore
But it really makes us sore
When we find tin cans, bottles, trash and more.
We wish the visitors would stop and think
But they won't unless someone puts up a stink!
But all in all it's a beautiful place.
It's sure to bring a smile to your face
When you see the squirrels, chipmunks deer and
all

And especially the beauty of the trees in the
fall.

I would like to tell you all about Mt. Lemmon
But it would take me until the year 2011!
So please come up and see all the sights to see
Someday it will be a memory to you and to me.

ALPINE LODGE 791-9882

RESTAURANT HOURS:

Mon-Thurs: 9-5
Friday: 9-9
Saturday: 8-9
Sunday: 8-7

BAR HOURS:

Mond.- Thurs: 4-12
Friday: noon to 1:00 A.M.
Saturday: 11:00- 1:00 A.M.
Sunday: noon - midnight

STORE HOURS:

Sund. - Thurs: 8:30 - 6:30
Friday and Saturday:
8:30 - 7:00



FROSTY FORECAST

About this time of year, all kinds of authorities on winter on Mt. Lemmon come forward to give their foolproof forecast for what Mother Nature has to offer us. Some will say that the squirrels start doing strange things to indicate a long hard winter. Well... I have the authority in weather forecasting what winter will bring right by my side so I will take the opportunity of having such a large captive audience to give you the official weather forecast for the winter of 1981-82. (By the way, my authority is an old trusted friend, the 1982 edition of the Old Farmer's Almanac.)

This forecast pertains to the Southwest desert. For some reason, I cannot imagine why, there is no individual forecast for Mt. Lemmon, Arizona. We can assume that if it is generally cold and rainy in the desert, we atop Mt. Lemmon will be blessed with an abundance of snow.

"The winter as a whole is expected to be colder and drier than average, but with large variations from one month to the next. Subnormal temperatures will prevail for most of November. No measurable rainfall is expected and drought conditions may exist until mid-December. January should experience several mild periods. February and early March is expected to be quite cold. Rainfall is expected to be above average in central and western sections while eastern sections will be slightly dry. Unseasonably warm and dry weather should dominate the latter half of March. April will be warm and dry."

Well folks, it looks like we, once again, may not need to start waxing those skis until early February! Whatever is your pleasure in weather, I hope that the New Year finds you all well and enjoying Nature's gifts atop Mt. Lemmon.

LIZ HARDY

If you're running out of ideas for lunchbox snacks, here's one that is delicious as well as nutritious. It is a simple fruit leather:

Cover a 14"x16" cookie sheet with plastic wrap
Spread 4 cups of applesauce on it, evenly so
that the layer is no more than $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick.

Dry the mixture in your oven, with the door propped open slightly to allow the mixture to escape and temp. set at 150.

After 6-8 hours, the leather should be rubbery and slightly sticky.

Peel the slab from the pan, roll it, and cut into small bars.

For variety, you can add well chopped nuts to applesauce before drying.

Ah... the crisp clear mornings, the benumbed fingers (and heads, the latter caused by Mt. Lemmon warming itself abit too much with its favorite beverage, and I don't mean chicken soup), and, of course, The First Snow.

The First Snow is the one where you step out of the cabin door on that morning to get wood, or whatever, and can't find the woodpile. Or the axe. Or the outhouse.

Indeed, you hadn't even been thinking about snow that morning, mainly because the weather-person on the Late News last night had been taling about 'heat waves' and the like; so who conjures up images of snow drifts in his head while looking at record highs of 85 on a weather map?

TV weather... it takes some of us a long time to learn the big-city types only know we exist up here when they want to go someplace wild and get smasho.

The First Snow. That is the one where you know the County hasn't even thought about oiling up the old road grader/ snow plow. It is the one where you may as well forget the laundry - and-shopping trip to Tucson you've been putting off for two weeks. For two days you even forget how to drive, because it takes you that long to shovel your truck free of the only five-foot drift in the canyon.

And naturally, just as you get the ga. guzzling sucker loose and a path cleared to the road, which took you probably no more than three hours of snow-shoeing around to find, the plow instantly appears out of nowhere and windrows the nasty stuff right back across the end of your driveway. Three feet high.

Such antics by those fun-loving types who plow our roads(sometimes) never fail to increase your vocabulary by at least five brand-new words coined especially for Pima County and its world-renowned Highway Department.

But do the ominous skies, the brittle nights, or the memories of other First Snows send you plunging headlong down to sunny Tucson at November's first blush? Not on your life!

You set up pools where the local 'experts' on Mt. Lemmon weather get to put their money where their mouths are; you make sure your four-wheeler works right; you check your propane tank, you steel yourselves for three or four months work of an icy eight-plus mile drive down your infamous 'highway' if you should decide to wash your clothes after all.

Which shows to go you. You, we, are probably all candidates for the County basket-weaving factory.

J. Julian Benét (Benét + J.J. kutz)

Mt. Lemmon Realty

P.O. BOX 1 - MT. LEMMON, ARIZONA 85619 - (602) 791-9777



There has been a fair number of cabin starts this year and it appears that next year will show even more activity. Most of the builders have had some experience and are motivated by the prospect of capturing builders profit plus high appreciation. Now under the new tax laws, properties that qualify as rentals, can benefit the owner in increased tax sheltering. Sellers to defer tax payment arising from disposition of properties, are giving consideration to tax deferred exchanges. I have a number of clients who would like to exchange their equity in valley property for mountain property. A number of cabin owners have taken me up on my offer to forward calls from people looking for cabins to rent. If you want to consider this alternate source of income give me a call and I will put you on the list.

CLASSIFIED:

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MY mother is looking for a cabin to rent for three months next summer; must be fairly well equipped, accessible and have all conveniences. Either call me (Liz) at 791-989 or Betty McCabe at 297-0309.



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