

Mt. Lemmon Echoes

FALL 1989

DINNER IS SERVED AND YOU'RE INVITED

Mary Moran, Pres., Mt.
Lemmon Homeowners Assn

A few nights ago, as it has become my bent to walk whenever I get the chance; I was admiring the moon washed sky from Sabino Alley. Despite the illumination, the stars still twinkled, if somewhat more dimly. Lost in the game being played between the harvest moon and dancing wisps of clouds, I became easily engrossed in the rapidly shifting patterns of light and shadow the game provoked in the trees. What a sensual treat! I could not have been farther from the problems and cares of this day, or any other. Sometimes I think of this mountain the same way Hemmingway regarded Paris, as a moveable feast. I know that you, too, feel the same way. When anything intrudes, we feel cheated. Your homeowner's board has been addressing issues involving some of these intrusions and you will be informed when definitive progress has been made.

One issue we continually address is assistance in funding projects benefiting the entire membership. This year we have

chosen the fire hydrant fund as the beneficiary of our fund raising activities. Many of you have come to potlucks and pancake breakfasts in the past.

Now we want to feed you again. But this time, we want to take more of your money in the process. Believe me, you'll love it. So, come to my house for dinner. Or, go to Mt Lemmon home of one of the others who have agreed to host an evening on the mountain for your pleasure. For your donation of \$25. per person, you may feast on fare ranging from fish to venison. I have been privileged to have been the guest of most of these hosts at one time or another over the years; you cannot go wrong. Not only will you enjoy fine food, but also the company of other homeowners you may never have the opportunity to meet. Dinner will be served on selected Friday and Saturday evenings in October; the deadline for reservations is October 6th. The hosts, main menu item, date and number of guests to be accommodated follow. The reservation form is enclosed in this issue. Don't be left out, reserve now.

On Friday, October 13th, take a Wobble Thru Willow Canyon with a

Flemish touch (The 13th is a lucky day in Belgium and seven guests are invited to add to the six hosts) Start at Leslie May's "museum" for cocktails and canapes; follow with dinner featuring Flemish veal stew at the cabin next door guests of Fran and Pierre Janssen; and finish the evening over cognac and Belgium chocolates hosted by Stephen Mandel and Gerry Ilka.

Saturday, October 14th, Ross and Helen Quigley are serving venison to four guests at their home on the edge of the forest high in Carter Canyon. Ross is a hunter of some renown and he sure knows only too well how to prepare a sumptuous feast.

Saturday, October 21st: Fred and Olga Pace have space for five guests for beef Wellington at their new home in Summerhaven. They'll make you feel like old friends in no time at all.

Mt. Lemmon Fire Chief Chuck Hammel and wife Karen would like six to join them for Chuck's famous cordon Bleu in their glass house on Loma Linda Extension Rd. If you love life, you'll have the time of your life with Steve and Chris Coppock, who will be grilling swordfish for four

at their Pinecone Suites' suite.

Or, begin your evening with aperitif and appetizers at the finally remodeled home of Mary Moran on Phoenix Avenue. Venture on to Mary Rugg's for prime rib dinner. Mary salvaged her 1919 vintage cabin and had it recently reconstructed log by log on Miner's Ridge Road. Six will be served.

On Friday, October 27th: The warm and charming Alex Carrillo will delight six with a superb combination of Mexican foods featuring fajitas and green chili at his Summerhaven home.

Eight may partake of a Colonial Maryland dinner of oysters, baked ham, and syllabub at the Mt. Lemmon Cafe compliments of Pam Rinella and Gerry Ilka. You know these ladies, they're masterful.

Saturday, October 28th, Bob and Fran Zimmerman will host four for a seafood feast. Fran is the consummate hostess and Bob is, well Bob's family has been here a long, long time and he's great company.

ANITA LOHR, COUNTY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT, HAS SCHEDULED A PARENT MEETING FOR PARENTS OF JUNIOR AND SENIOR HIGH STUDENTS AND THOSE INTERESTED IN THE BUS ISSUE FOR MONDAY SEPTEMBER 25TH AT 4 P.M. PLEASE TRY TO ATTEND. IT COULD MAKE A DIFFERENCE.

ZIMMERMAN SCHOOL BUSING

by Dannie Hayhurst

The Mt. Lemmon Homeowner's Assoc., the Mt. Lemmon Woman's Club and the Mt. Lemmon Merchant's Assoc. are actively seeking consistent school bus transportation for the junior and senior high students who reside in the Mt. Lemmon area. Guaranteed reliable transportation provided by the county will help keep our young families an active part of the community. If you have any questions or comments, on this issue, call Danielle Hayhurst 298-6328 or 576-1512. You can also let Greg Lunn (740-8126) know how you feel about this issue.

BIRDS AND BEES, FLOWERS AND TREES AND SKUNKS!

by Sheri Lee

This year we seem to have more than the usual number of skunks, or at least it smells that way.

Having had descended pet skunks as a kid, I am rather fond of these pretty critters.

As a pet, they are somewhere between a cat and a dog in independence. They like to snuggle and will curl up into a ball and sleep in your lap...or in your bed. There are two kinds of North American skunks - striped and spotted.

When buying a pet you will pay more for the striped one with perfect markings, and few are perfect.

As I recall, my first perfect skunk cost \$17 [in the 1950s] and came by U.S. mail from St. Louis. She was the size of a chipmunk and slept curled up in my hand. I trained her to use a litter box and tricked her into sleeping at night instead of prowling. But when she was older she slept all day, no matter what, and scuffed around the house all night.

Skunks are VERY near-sighted. At night they can see all of seven feet, and in the daytime just barely two feet.

They are carnivores. My skunks loved crickets and grubs. Every day I took a spade and dug holes [this was in soft and moist Wisconsin soil] and my skunks would pounce on bugs. They also liked raw eggs and canned dog food.

When skunks are disturbed they usually stamp their front feet as a warning. This may or may not mean they will spray. As a pet it just meant that the golf ball rolled under the sofa or the blanket was not quite right in her bed. But if a wild skunk stamps its feet, assume the worst and move onfast!



NOTES FROM THE FIRECHIEF

by Chuck Hammel

Summer is now behind us and winter is fast approaching. Now is the time to make sure that our fireplaces and heaters are in working order. It would be wise to have your heaters checked by a certified heating specialist. Your fireplace should be cleaned by a sweep and checked for cracks and leaks.

Each of us needs to have a metal can with a tight fitting lid to put ashes into. It may take as long as a week for all embers to be completely out without using water to extinguish them. So please, don't put your ashes in a box or bag and set them outside. Sounds silly, but each year it happens.

Each member of the Mt. Lemmon Fire Department would like to thank you for your care with fire this past summer. There were no fires in Summerhaven or on lease properties.

Remember, only you can prevent forest fires...we put them out.

MT. LEMMON WOMAN'S CLUB

by Danielle Hayhurst

If all the volunteer time and effort that went into the Annual Labor Day Bake, Book and Rummage

Sale was calculated by dollars and cents, we could consider ourselves a club of millionaires. Thanks to all of you who helped.

Hey, anybody read a good book lately? Why not check out the Community Library located at 12888 Sabino Canyon Park Rd - that's the Mt. Lemmon Womans' Club building. Nancy Goodwin and Betty Mobley have been opening the library every Monday and Tuesday afternoons this summer. Nancy will continue opening the library on Monday afternoons through the fall. Look for the blue flag or find a MLWC member and we'll be happy to

****DUMPSTERS GONE****
TILL NEXT SPRING

open the library for you.

The pilot program on the community dumpsters has received positive reviews from everyone who filled out the survey. The public meeting August 17th was well attended and good suggestions from the audience will hopefully be acted on soon. There may be a few changes next spring regarding locations and the hours. At the sewage plant site hours will be from 3 pm till 7 pm until the dumpsters are pulled off the mountain the middle of September. If you have any comments or suggestions refer them to John Stufflebean, Pima

County Solid Waste Management, phone 744-4013.

Just a reminder, no regular business meeting is scheduled for September. Members will get a postcard reminding us to attend the meeting October 7th. This will be the last regular meeting scheduled at the clubhouse this year.

MAYOR PSYCHO OUT PSYCHED BY MISTIE

by Vice-Mayor Manley

What? Mayor Psycho lost his seat! The 4th of July apparently fell around the incumbent. The young lady running on the youth and beauty issues ran away with the mayoral title. The spacey Pscho attempted to pull in major money, but ran light years short of what the new mayor brought in. The funds were earmarked for the fire hydrant fund.

Ex-mayor Pscho was able to drum up \$251 in votes. Ms. Mayor Quigley brought in a cool \$325. The ex-mayor cried foul on now the funds were appropriated by the young miss. The allegation is steaming over the rental of a cabin as a raffle prize.

My personal mayoral law book states on page 4 that this is totally an illegal process and states this kind of money should go into HIS personal protocol fund.

When confronted on the statute, Ms. Quigley stated that she could not read and besides, HER, mayoral book said different. It appears to me that Mt. Lemmon elected a young uneducated, over-rated person, on her beauty and her influential father.

I am going to keep an eye on her and her whole family.

Sorry Psycho -- We tried to leave this article out last month, but since you can read and did notice -- here it is. Echo staff.

MT. LEMMON COMMUNITY CHURCH

The MLCC held inter-denominational Christian services this summer from Memorial Day to Labor Day. Attendance was up with some 14 regulars and sometimes as many as 40 guests. MLCC has no designated pastor so they invite guest speakers whether ordained or not.

This season there was no need for the church to assist any local families, however, they did donate a total of \$300 to the Salvation Army, Teen Challenge [a drug program] and the Gospel Rescue Mission.

If you find folks who need spiritual or material assistance, refer them to 576-1653 [Don & Lana], 576-1308 [Thelma], or 576-1574 [Chriss]. MLCC wishes to thank the Alpine Inn for providing

the meeting room this past season.

ZIMMERMAN ACCOMMODATION SCHOOL

Florence Koch, Teacher

The 1989-90 school year started with eighteen enthusiastic children. New students include Chelsey Moore, Roxanne Crespin, Bill Hill, Jill Hill and Jacob Lauser.

Chriss Sheldon served as a substitute teacher's aid at the beginning of the year. We used her musical talents and did a little more singing than usual. Also, Nancy Goodwin has been faithful to stop at noon for some directed P.E. activities and aide with the math classes. Nancy is presently working with students on genealogy research as a follow-up to a social studies book article on Alex Haley.

Our permanent teacher's aide started September 7th. We feel fortunate to have Suzanne Hensel who is a recent graduate of the University of Arizona.

We have many new items this year including a color monitor, new software, and more memory for our computer; a math series with technology to match the times; a copy machine that will do away with the out-dated ditto copies; and a considerable number of new library books. The Woman's Club has generously renewed

the magazine subscriptions for this year.

Corey Chesleigh is the student captain for the Pepsi Cap School Challenge this year and he encourages ALL to save the blue caps on those products. The caps will be redeemed at five cents each to buy playground items which is a choice of the students.

AUNTIE: A MT. LEMMON PERSONALITY

By Mary Ellen Barnes

We straggled along the trail after her but at her call, hurried forward and clustered around her. "This is penstemon," she would tell us, pointing to a tall stemmed plant with red blossoms. Sometimes it was Indian paintbrush or a rare violet. Ransier school-six or seven students and three Zimmerman children, were out on a nature walk led by Jerene Broadbent.

At her request we called her Auntie, although she was not related to any of us. She was a compact woman with an unsuspected reservoir

MT. LEMMON CAFE OCTOBER HOURS

SUNDAY	8 - 6
MONDAY	10 - 5
TUESDAY	CLOSED
WEDNESDAY	10 - 5
THURSDAY	10 - 5
FRIDAY	10 - 7
SATURDAY	9 - 7

of energy and a hearty sense of humor, evidenced by blue eyes that perpetually twinkled. Auntie and her sister, Lydia B. Ransier, kept a summer school in Carter Canyon for a few years before WW II. In the spring of 1941, Mrs. Ransier, who taught in the Tucson public school with my father, Tony Zimmerman, asked him to repair the school's roof. As part of the payment his family was invited to stay the summer, marking the beginning of the family's long association with Mt. Lemmon.

Auntie was an amateur naturalist. Her knowledge of mushrooms must have been sound, for none of us who partook of her harvest ever doubled up and keeled over afterward. Although bending down was not easy for her, she would pick them and put them in a paper sack. On our return to the Ransier Cabin (now the Quigley cabin) she dipped them in soft butter and popped them directly on top of the black cookstove. It was likely already fired up, my mother cooking dinner or baking some of her famous apple pies. We would eat the mushrooms while they were hot. As delicious as they were, neither that summer nor since did I try picking them on my own. It is likely though, that my lifelong hankering for mushrooms is an attempt to recapture the flavor of her buttery fungi.

I will always associate Danny Kaye with the living room of Ransier cabin. There was an old-fashioned Victrola in one corner of the dark Lincoln-log interior. We would wind it up, put on one of our favorite records from the much-loved album and listen to the versatile

ANNOUNCEMENT!!

The Campbell Company has a catalog with items that can be purchased with their product labels. The school may be able to obtain items from tape recorder, computer software to a school van should they choose that as a goal.

Please save the front portion of labels from Campbell's Condensed Soups (Red & White label), V8 vegetable juices, Prego Spaghetti sauces also the lids from Vlasic pickle products. We will have a more complete list in next month's Echoes.

A drop box will be at the Post Office or you may give to any Zimmerman school student or Womans' Club member.

voice of that zany comedian. Often it was a sing-along, my sister and I knowing the words to most, even the patter songs. Thirty years later when my daughter took up the oboe, still remembering the works of one song, I reminded her,

"The oboe is clearly understood; its an ill wind that no one blows good." (just for the record, she did.)

In another corner there was an old pump organ on which I--no keyboard artist--haltingly churned out old church hymns if written in the key of C. I can't help wondering what happened to those two pieces of musical furniture, which now would be valuable antiques.

Auntie had a musical bent herself and taught us songs. I still remember the whimsical words to one we called "Christopher Columbus," set to a well-known Italian tune. I taught it to my own children and any unresisting child who happened along.

A rocker, a sagging sofa and two or three comfortable overstuffed chairs lined the walls of the room. My mother was reading there one afternoon when, hearing a screech--more a deflated whoosh as she described it--she looked up from her magazine. Auntie had shot straight up from the rocking chair she had just plopped into not noticing the curled up cat which streaked for safety. For some reason my mother couldn't tell the story of the cat's narrow escape without exploding into laughter. Fortunately, the cat not only survived, but produced her annual litter of kittens.

At the large, claw-foot table in the center of the room the students and the three youngest Zimmerman children, Norma, Bob and I, ate our meals. I don't really remember any of the students, except for little Joey who wore thick glasses. My sister and I would distract him and slip our spinach onto his plate; he obligingly ate it. For such misbehavior we should have been punished by the Spinach Inquisition, Joey transformed into a Popeyesque Torquemada, as Grand Inquisitor. Had she caught us, Auntie would certainly have severely scolded us. Fortunately, she never did.

Since we interlopers were not obliged to attend the classes taught by starchy Miss Peck in a small nearby cabin, we spent hours playing cards at this table. Auntie, who knew a dozen varieties of solitaire, was our tutor. A rainy afternoon could very well wind up in a card marathon. Double solitaire, a fierce contest between my sister and me, resulted in frantic high-speed shuffling through the deck and sometimes out-and-out warfare. At the time Bob was too young for such bloody sport.

Evenings were passed with more card games or storytelling because reading by the light of flickering kerosene lamps was far from satisfactory. Other amenities were lacking in those days. Although water was piped

into the kitchen, there was no hint of any other indoor plumbing. Bedtime excursions to the out-house were lighted by flashlight. And we had to beware of the skunks, often out in force. Apparently a family of them had once lived under the floor of the dining room. Consequently, that fragrant room was seldom used.

Creature comforts or not, life in the mountains was preferable to Tucson heat and Mt. Lemmon was to become our summer home. Yet, for me that was the last summer of the idleness and innocence of untroubled childhood. That winter the world we knew changed dramatically. With peace in our land shattered on December 7, my older brother and sister were both caught up in the war. And the Ransier School never met in Carter Canyon again. That winter my father bought the cabin and changed the name to the Catalina Lodge.

The next summer my mother served chicken dinners and my younger sister and I helped her. Although our chores only slightly infringed upon our hiking and card playing at first, in subsequent summers we were to assume increasing responsibility in the Zimmerman enterprises.

The next year I doubt if I consciously missed Auntie, but I have thought of her many times since, recalling the role

she played in our lives that first summer on Mt. Lemmon.

MT. LEMMON WATER CO-OP

The Board of Directors of the Mt. Lemmon Water Cooperative at their regularly scheduled meeting in August passed the following resolution: "Be it resolved that the Board of Directors of the Mt. Lemmon Water Co-operative at a regularly scheduled meeting on August 20, 1989 held in the Fire House on Mt. Lemmon in Pima County that anyone currently being served as a customer who had previously elected not to be a member of the co-op at the time of application for service and who now wishes to become a member of said Co-op shall be entered into membership upon receipt of the \$200.00 non-refundable membership fee to the Co-op in effect at the time of application."

MESSAGE FROM THE MAYOR

By Mistie Quigley

I take pride in being Mayor of Mt. Lemmon (title only), but I'm always asked "What are your duties?"

My main duty is to get through school. I'm a sophomore student at Sabino High School and homework really keeps me busy and I'm also manager of the Junior Varsity football team.



What would you like to see as duties of the Mayor? If you'd like to know something about the community or contribute something, please let me know and I'll try to find someone who can answer your concern, comment or question.

You may address your letter to the Homeowners' post office box. Mayors Duties, P.O. Box 699, Mt. Lemmon, Az. 85619

KIMBALL SPRINGS FALL UPDATE

Summer's business was great! Although hectic at times, you made it fun and rewarding for us.

Now the pace has slowed and the mountain has taken on the hues and temperatures of fall. It's a perfect time to enjoy your retreat from the still too warm city with brisk walks and warm fires.

It's also a good time to start holiday shopping. In our gift shop you can find the smallest stocking stuffer or the most unique gift for that special someone amid our wide range of handcrafted items. Among the new things arriving every day are coyotsaurus and silly southwest sweatshirts for toddlers, so soft handloomed afghans that double as gorgeous snawls, unusual calligraphy prints, cookie molds that also mold chocolates and a fine selection of gourmet soups and mixes. Our

popular Santa Fe candles in miniature terra cotta pots make the perfect hostess gift. They are available in ten delicate desert scents.

Since so many of you have enjoyed our homemade fudge, the mercantile is packaging three of our most popular flavors in 1 lb. Christmas tins. They will be available for shipping or pick up at the store November 1st. A convenient order form is enclosed.

Remember we are open all year. The coffee pot is on and your weekend newspaper waiting. Stop in to say hello and see what's new or call us at 576-1468 with your special requests. Let us know you are a homeowner. Your support is always appreciated.

*Susan Garcia, Owner
Kimball Springs Gift Shop
and Mercantile Adv.*

LETTER TO EDITOR

On September 17th we endured yet another game of Russian Roulette on our Mt. Lemmon highway in the guise of a bicycle race. Over 50% of these riders were thoroughly inconsiderate and refused to move to the side. It's bad enough that they are allowed on this dangerous road, but they refuse to budge from the center line!

I am told that they were given a permit by the Department of Trans-

portation and I am incensed that motorists are given tickets for impeding traffic, yet the D.O.T. annually invites these people to block our highway. Is the risk of injury or death to even one person justified by a race for so few? I say NO!! It's time for us unwilling participants to write or call the Arizona Department of Transportation and protest!

Ross A. Quigley

ATTENTION PERMITTEES!

Arnold Jeffers, Pima County Assessor, advises that a mistake has been made in the tax rate applied to all leased cabins such that the tax bills you just received are too high. New, and lower, tax bills will be reissued within 30 days.

Echoes

The Echoes is the publication of the Mt. Lemmon Homeowners Association for its membership. Membership dues are \$15.00 per year. Renters and friends of the mountain obtain an associate membership for \$7.50 per year. Echoes will be published in 1988, the 3rd week of April through September, November and February. Photo reads, articles and letters to the editor of interest to the general membership should be submitted by the 15th of the month prior to publication. Send these articles to "Echoes Box 699, Mt. Lemmon, Az 85619. Ad rates: 1/2 business card - \$10.00; 1 x 3.5 \$5.00. For other sized inquire to the editorial staff.

Editorial Staff: Susan Garcia, Sheri Gee, Mary Moran, Florence Wilhoite, and Fran Zimmerman.

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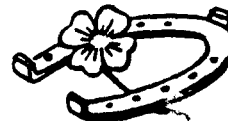


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We thought you'd never ask: of course we'll be there for dinner. Enclosed is a check in the amount of \$_____ (\$25. per person) payable to Mt. Lemmon Homeowners Assn. as a donation to the fire hydrant fund. Please reserve space for:

(name) _____

(name) _____

(name) _____

(name) _____

at the home of:

on (date) _____

or (2nd choice) _____

on (date) _____

Send confirmation of reservation to:

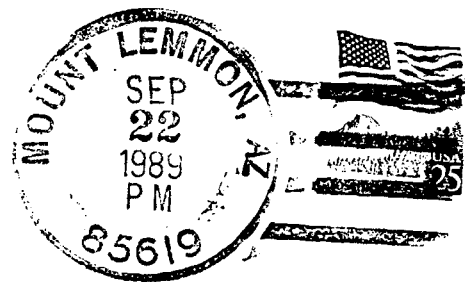
(name) _____

(address) _____

Mail this form and check to Marv Moran, P. O. Box 659, Mt. Lemmon, AZ 85619.



Mt. Lemmon Homeowners Assoc.
P.O. Box 699
Mt. Lemmon, Arizona 85619



Robert & Sheri Lee
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