

VERDE WATERSHED SYMPOSIUM, MAY 17, 2001

VERDE WATERSHED HISTORY

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Three weeks ago Charlie Schlinger gave me a copy of the agenda for this Verde Watershed Symposium. As my eyes later ran over the many diverse items included on this list, I recognized and greatly appreciated the accelerating comprehensiveness and detailed analysis that is evolving in the study of the Verde River's watershed.

My focus today will be on the history of the region. While we have records of at least four expeditions by Spanish explorers that came here as long ago as the late 16th and early 17th centuries, detailed and continuous history of the Verde Valley started in 1864, one hundred and thirty seven years ago. I have been around this area for more than half of that time. A month from today, it will be seven decades. Born in the mining town of Jerome, I was raised in the smelter town of Clarkdale, right here in the Verde Valley.

As a boy, for more than ten years, I Huckleberry Finned this river, enjoying its endless recreational offerings, the Verde River's watershed provided me with a unique mix of sunshine and bright stars and mountains and canyons and streams and clouds and intense dry heat which added a powerful "presence" to the attraction for me of this special part of central Arizona's geography.

There has been much lament in recent times about what has been perceived as the loss of a sense of "community" and the decline of America's "social connectedness" and "cultural continuity" brought on by the electronic communication revolution and other so-called technological "progress." Usually, these references are to things social and cultural. However, I believe the losses go far beyond considerations about human relations.

I believe our connections with the land are fast-disappearing, too. The celebrated forester, Aldo Leopold, now regarded as one of the prime movers in ecological awareness, once said that city folks think that breakfast comes from the grocery store and that heat comes from the furnace. About twenty-five years ago I took a small group of NAU students to Dow Springs, located about twenty miles southwest of Flagstaff, in the southwest corner of Garland Prairie, at the headwaters of the Verde River, in an extreme northern portion of the Verde Watershed. Someone has driven a 2" pipe horizontally into the spring, and the water, year 'round, comes out of the pipe at the same rate and same temperature. I cupped my hands and had a refreshing drink. I recommended that my students try it, too. Not one accepted the offer. I even produced a collapsible metal cup for them. Still there were no takers. I overheard words like "coliform" and "arsenic" being whispered among them. I also got the impression that some of them couldn't conceive that potable water could come out of the ground. To them, drinking water only came out of a tap in the kitchen after being thoroughly cleansed in some vague process in

some vague place, far away.

Over the past three decades at NAU I have known many people who have a passion for the Verde Water-shed's many attractions. Biologists, foresters, hydrologists, artists, archaeologists, geologists, back packers, and even Verde River-runners have shown me their compulsive love for and sensitive, even proprietary, attachment to this region. But my own interest in this watershed doesn't come primarily out of some scholarly provocation or even aesthetic or recreational excitement. My connection with this place is more personally derived.

In 1864, the same year recorded history of the Verde Valley began, George Perkins Marsh published the environmental classic *Man and Nature*. He wrote that during his boyhood, and I quote, "The bubbling brook, the trees, the flowers, the wild animals were to me persons, not things." Marsh lived in Vermont.

My Arizona boyhood paralleled Marsh's. Places like Mingus Mountain, Sycamore Canyon, the Verde River, Peck's Lake, Oak Creek, Beaver Creek, Stoneman Lake, were very vital to me. But this region, generally, also had many attractive natural features: a lot of rocks, a lot of sharp horizons, a lot of sunshine, a lot of stars, a lot of white clouds, a lot of blue sky. Like Marsh, I also found myself connected to all these natural features and they became the most compelling parts of my mindscape. My children, now grown, still can't understand why that when I was in high school I used to get up before dawn just to watch the sun come up.

During the early years of my childhood, the people in Clarkdale and the entire Verde Valley suffered greatly from the effects of the national and world-wide depression of the 1930s. The smelter produced very little copper, and we prayed for the day that we would again see smoke, no matter how acrid or suffocating, coming out of the smelter's two huge smokestacks.

Prior to The Great Depression, the Southwest had always been exploited for any resources that could feed and expand the national and international Industrial Revolution. The production of electrically-conductive copper wire had grown rapidly soon after the Arizona territory became available to eastern industrial capitalists. The greatly increased use of copper-jacketed ammunition took place about the same time. Contrary to popular Hollywood imagery, copper-producing Arizona, even then a place actually more industrial and urban than agrarian and rural, served primarily to stoke fast-expanding American industry.

This historical function of the region explains why my father, a college-trained mining engineer and metallurgist, came to the copper smelter town of Clarkdale in 1924. Before 1930, by producing copper, gold, silver, and zinc, my father and his mining and smelting colleagues had made a good living for their families. They also made much money for their employers, and in doing so produced gaping open pits and mountainous waste rock heaps and huge black piles of furnace slag and acres of toxic flotation tailings. The mining and smelting had given real meaning to a local stream called Bitter Creek.

These lesions and welts and scars and poisons advertised the successful efforts of technology to dominate the area's raw land. They continue today to serve as highly visible monuments of the extractive process. In pre-1950 Clarkdale, however, we saw the sulphur fumes and the tailings pond and the slag dump and toxic Bitter Creek as necessary waste and harmless litter, no more obnoxious than thrown-away orange peels or chewing gum wrappers. Copper mining and smelting had provided us with security and clothes and food and company town amenities for as long as I could remember. We didn't look for faults in that process.

When the Great Depression ended, the two huge smoke stacks at the Clarkdale smelter again belched forth great, continuous clouds of sulphur dioxide, which, combined with dew or clouds or rain, became the acid that peeled house paint and burned local crops and natural vegetation and denied housewives the simple pleasure of a few snapdragons or petunias. But as a boy, I thought this resource exploitation—never mind the environmental mess—was wonderful.

In what must appear to be an enormous and perverse contradiction, at the same time I was gratefully choking on sulphur fumes I felt very connected to the Verde Watershed's natural traits. My youth was filled with camping trips, sunsets, back-road tours, sunrises, creeks and rivers, trout fishing, and long hikes that enabled me to closely embrace the mountains and canyons and streams that make up the watershed.

Every day, a train left Clarkdale at ten in the morning to travel along the Verde River to Drake, thirty-nine miles to the northwest. If we wanted it to, the train would stop and drop us off at the mouth of Sycamore Canyon. I started going into Sycamore when I was ten or eleven years old. Later, at least two or three times a year, I hiked into the place with a friend or two—never alone, and camped there. I took with me an old stained canvas tarp, a blanket, and a gunny sack containing a frying pan, a tin cup, some potatoes, some fruit, a can of Spam, a little flour, some powdered eggs and powdered milk, and a deck of cards. Your basic young camper's essentials.

We rarely ever saw another soul. We were never back-packers in the modern sense of that word. We skinny-dipped in a beautiful natural pool in Sycamore Creek, smoked dried grape vine, played poker, told dirty stories. It was heaven. We also talked about and looked for the famous Lost Apache Gold Mine which was supposed to be located somewhere in the canyon. We never pretended that we were in a wilderness area. We considered Sycamore to be more like a big back yard. On whatever day we were ready to return home, the train would stop and pick us up. A boy's fare for the twenty mile round trip from Clarkdale to Sycamore was sixty-five cents.

Due to rising costs and falling profits, the smelter closed in 1950. Mining operations ceased in Jerome not long after, and both Jerome and Clarkdale became ghost towns. Trees and shrubs and flowers began to grow. And in the years that followed I never failed to visit places in the watershed several times each year.

As the years went by I became even more familiar with the geography and the history of the Verde Watershed. As a very small boy I had witnessed the last phases of the excavation and restoration of the Southern Sinagua ruins of Tuzigoot. I had seen the archaeologists Louis Caywood and Ned Spicer, still in their twenties, their bare torsos tanned and muscular, putting the final touches on the site. They had seemed to me to be larger-than-life gods. As I grew older, I had frequently visited Montezuma Castle and had often climbed up the several ladders into its aerie-like rooms.

As more time went by, the presence of Tuzigoot helped me to understand many other reasons that people have found the Verde Valley attractive for such a long time. It became clear to me that the river had made human life possible here for perhaps as long as ten thousand years. The fertile topsoil, the perennial water supply, and, even, to a degree, the eroded and, therefore, lower and warmer elevation could be attributed to the river. And its tributaries had helped to create the astonishing landforms that characterize the Sedona area.

In addition to my attraction to the pre-historic sites, I acquired much more knowledge about this watershed's history. I learned that the Verde River had been known by many names. Antonio de Espejo, the region's first Euro-American explorer, in 1583 called it "El Rio de Los Reyes," or, in English, "The River of Kings." Some 17th and 18th century maps showed it as "The Sacramento River." Other maps call it "El Rio Azul," or "Blue River," no doubt because it ran near the "Sierra Azul," the name used by the Spaniards for the Black Hills, just to the west of us here.

19th century Anglo-American pioneers called the Verde the "San Francisco River" since the scant knowledge of central Arizona at the time led people to think that the Verde Valley's Oak Creek was the main course of this river because they believed, erroneously, that this stream drained the San Francisco Mountains. They referred to the entire Verde River above the mouth of Oak Creek as "Granite Creek." Granite Creek does drain the Prescott area and is a tributary of the Verde.

In time I would research and write about the histories of Prescott, Sedona, Jerome, Camp Verde, Volunteer Prairie, Verde Hot Springs and the Childs Generating plant, the Yavapai-Apache Indians; about Spanish explorers in the Verde River basin, and a short history of the river, itself. In 1975, I even made a movie titled: "The Verde Valley: A Fragile Refuge." Recently I have even done some documentary studies of Clarkdale's history.

Using historical documents to look back over the years, I began to learn more about the ecological impact from the human exploitation of the Verde Watershed's resources. Evidence suggests, for example, that prior to 1880 the Verde Valley had a more temperate and stable climate. When the Spanish explorers Espejo and Farfán came to the Verde Valley in the late sixteenth century, they found a warm region with lush vegetation and abundant wildlife, even in the wintertime. They even saw some parrots. The Verde River and its feeder creeks were more like marshes—cienagas, the Spanish called them—than lively streams. The earliest Euro-American pioneers who came here in

the 1860s discovered much the same thing.

Understanding the physiography of the valley helps explain this condition. The Verde Valley is quite flat. From the mouth of Sycamore Canyon, at 3550 feet, to the lower end of the Verde Valley where the river enters the Verde chasm below Beasley Flats, the river drops less than 600 feet as it meanders for fifty miles on the valley's floor. The evaporation of water from the sluggish river and its perennial meandering and stagnant tributaries, and the transpiration from that early period's more abundant grasses, plants, trees, and animal life gave the valley a high humidity index. The 7,000-foot encircling escarpment and mountains, together with an inversion layer that much of the time capped the valley, created a greenhouse effect, which produced a more moderate climate; the temperature highs were lower, the lows higher. In fact, so stagnant was the water and so warm and moist was the climate that malaria rapidly became the most common disease of the settlers here. Quinine was the drug most found in every pioneer's medicine chest.

Reports of that time say that the lush Verde Valley grasses were "up to a horse's belly." This vegetation covered the valley's floor. As early as the spring of 1864, men from Prescott came here to harvest the deep, thick grass, which they called "wild hay," to sell to the army at Fort Whipple for stock feed. A year later, a group of Euro-Americans from Prescott, looking for a longer growing season and more water to irrigate crops to sell to the miners and to the army, came here. They settled along the river at the southern end of the valley, only about five miles south of where we are today. Soon throughout the valley, gardens and pastures and, a few years later, orchards, flourished.

Pioneer stock growers, too, came here. So, during the 1870s, great herds of cattle expanded throughout the watershed, wherever grass and water were available. Within a short time, thousands of these cattle had eaten the lush grass and other vegetation. During the 1880s, these herds collectively had far surpassed the carrying capacity of the range. Natural predators such as coyotes, bears, and mountain lions were killed with no limits. The farmers complained, how justifiably I don't know, that with the decline of the carnivorous predators, quail began to increase geometrically, causing loss of crops. One study done in 1908 claimed that jackrabbits were ruining the ranges here by eating the roots of the desert grasses and fodder plants.

Immediately following the Euro-American settlement of the Verde Watershed, the ability of the land to serve the region's indigenous Yavapai-Apache Indians in their traditional economy began to decline—and would soon disappear completely. In my research I became particularly fascinated by the post-1864 history of these neglected people, some of whom had been good friends of mine as I was growing up in Clarkdale.

Long before the white settlers had arrived, the Yavapai-Apache had widely roamed all of the Verde Watershed and had already reached the highest population load—the region's carrying capacity—for their type of hunting and gathering way of life. The settlement by the new pioneers could only lead to environmental trouble. Within a short time, the white men had ruined the wildlife habitat and had killed off the animals that the

Indians had depended on for nourishment. The mules, cattle, and horses quickly overgrazed and trampled many of the plants the Indians used for food and native medicines. In addition, the settlers refused to let the Indians have access to much of the land that had provided their food.

The Indians soon saw that their way of life was being destroyed. Desperate for food, they began raids to take the settlers' cattle and to steal crops from the gardens and cornfields. In order to protect the Verde Valley pioneers from the Yavapai-Apache attacks, the United States Army in 1865 established Camp Lincoln, less than two miles south of this conference center. It was later moved a mile south to higher ground and named Camp Verde.

The soldiers caused the Indians to become more desperate...and more bold. The warfare between the white settlers and the Indians increased greatly between 1866 and 1870. The Yavapai-Apache were suffering greatly. Introduced disease decimated them. Most were starving. One of their leaders, Soulay, was dying from hunger and sickness.

Soulay pointed to the Verde River's bottomlands, and these were his words:

Where that [white man's] house stands I have always planted corn; I went there this spring to plant corn, and the white man told me to go away or he would shoot me. Many white men hunted for deer over the mountains . . . if they met any Indians they shot them and they killed all the game or frightened them so much the Indians could not get near them with their bows and arrows. There was some mesquite beans, mescal, and cactus figs on the mountains, but they could not live on that in the winter, and they did not see what was left for them but to die.

But the white settlers had their own problems, and they complained that the Indians continued to steal crops and kill cattle. The army believed that the Indians should be punished, so the commanding officer, Gen. George Crook, ordered his men to burn the indigenes' villages and food supplies. They killed many Indians.

Soldiers rounded up all the tribal members—about 2,200 of them—and in April, 1873, placed these Indians on the Rio Verde Reservation, near where we are meeting today. Within four months, diseases of all kinds had sickened and killed many of them. The United States Superintendent of Indian Affairs issued the order to banish the Indians. The army gathered together all the remaining Apaches and Yavapais, more than 1,400 of them and in the wintry early March of 1875, forcefully herded almost all of these Indians 160 miles southward through rugged central Arizona to the San Carlos Apache reservation.

Indians of all ages died on the way. Many of those who survived remained at San Carlos for twenty-five years—an entire generation. Around the turn of the century, a number of those Indians who still remained were allowed to return to the Verde Valley. In recent years we have learned from historical records a lot more about the effect of the white people's settlement on the Yavapai-Apache land.

Following Euro-American settlement in the watershed, the stock had trampled the spongy land down to solid ground, thus causing the rain water to run more rapidly into the creeks and river channels. Soon, the high water deepened the Verde River and its feeder streams thus drying up the stagnant cienagas. New malaria cases were no longer heard of.

To worsen the problem, a serious drought came to the Verde River watershed in the 1880s, further denuding the area of most of its natural grasses. The ground lay bare; then, in 1888, the weather cycle abruptly reversed, and heavy rains came. Floods in 1888, 1895, 1903, and 1909 washed away much of the exposed topsoil. The runoff gouged deep arroyos and gullies in the dried soil. With no ground cover to hold the water, the heavy rains ran off the hillsides, carrying away millions of tons of fertile topsoil.

In 1896, a local rancher recalled this destruction. This is what he wrote:

Some dark morning you hear a roar like a mighty wind tearing through a forest, and here it comes—a solid head of water—swift by reason of its great incline and dark with the soil of the ranchers' valuable land. Later the high banks, having become saturated, crumble from beneath, and day and night one can hear the sound of large portions of land falling into the water.

According to a paper presented at a 1992 Arizona Riparian Council conference in Cottonwood, by 1905 the Verde River had scoured its course down to bedrock.

The river has dodged at least one bullet. Two miles below the confluence of the Verde and Sycamore Canyon, it has cut through a volcanic bed and has created what the local people call “Box Canyon.” In the 1930s, the U. S. Department of Interior considered building a dam there to be called “Gittings Dam.” The proposal offered two possible sites: one at 3490 feet, which would be 180 feet high; the other a half mile downstream at 3480 feet, also 180 feet high. Water impounded by the dam would have flooded the Verde River back seven miles to Mormon Pocket. Sycamore Canyon would have been inundated six miles back to Summers Spring. But Gittings Dam was never built, and the Verde had gained a reprieve.

Ironically, as early as 1890, most of the settlers who came to the Verde Valley to ranch and to farm were eventually unable to make their livelihood by selling their produce and stock. A nationwide glut and collapse of the beef market had made cattle-growing unprofitable and financially ruined many Verde Watershed ranchers. Early in the twentieth century, a new generation of ranchers began to raise cattle.

As if the ecological changes brought on by grazing and agriculture were not enough, the discovery in the 1870s of rich copper ore deposits at Jerome in the north end of the Verde Valley created a powerful industrial impact on the Verde River watershed. Prospectors, on the flanks of the Black Hills, found profitable ores, and eventually several

very successful mines grew up around the town of Jerome. Smelters there spewed toxic fumes into the Verde Watershed's air. One person at the time wrote that "a gray cloud of sulphurous fumes from the enormous smelter always hangs over the town."

One Jerome native of those days has said:

Some people did garden, and the gardens did quite well unless the sulphur smoke came up. The...sulphuric acid burned everything, including our lungs and the paint on the houses. The trees and the gardens looked nice. Then one day of the smoke and there wouldn't be a leaf left on anything.

The smoke also devastated many fields and orchards. Farmers initiated lawsuits to recover losses from smoke damage. In an effort to make up for their crop and stock losses, farmers throughout the Verde Watershed cut down juniper and piñon pine trees and hauled the wood to sell to the mining companies. By 1910, Woodchute Mountain, the northern-most peak of the Black Hills, had been totally denuded by woodcutting and the effects of sulphurous smelter smoke. Little of the timber ever grew back. That same year the United Verde Copper Company started to build a big new mill and smelter on the Verde River a few miles east of Jerome. This was the place called "Clarkdale," my hometown.

The records of the pioneers strongly suggest that the white farmers' and ranchers' and miners' activities were so powerful, they actually caused the Verde Valley's climate to change. The overgrazing, woodcutting, erosion, and sulphur smoke worsened the effects of the occasional droughts and floods. Without the high humidity made possible by the marshes and the thick vegetation, the air became much drier. Year-round the valley's temperature highs became higher and the lows became lower, both seasonally and diurnally. The erratic and vacillating new conditions brought short-lived warm spells in February or March called "false springs" that frequently ruined fruit crops. The moderate climate had disappeared.

Many ancient people were living in prehistoric pueblos in the Verde Watershed thousands of years before the Yavapai-Apache came here. These people may have significantly altered the area's environmental character.

Whether or not the Yavapai-Apache people, themselves, caused environmental imbalances we may never really know. But there is no doubt that the environmental impact of Euro-American exploitation of the Verde Valley was very potent. At the time, numerous studies, reports, and inventories done by governmental agencies and other sources recorded this destruction, but no one seriously attempted to check the process.

I have tried to study the historical demography of this region. I found that people moved around a lot. They acquired and abandoned property constantly, struggling to find a viable niche in a limited environment. The competition was savage. Range wars, mining-claim suits, water-rights conflicts, property ownership disputes, and settler vs. Indian battles erupted as soon as Euro-American pioneers got to the watershed. Right

from the beginning, there simply were not enough resources for everyone who wanted to live here. It was survival of the fittest. More technology and more money usually served as the winners' weapons.

The "environmental concerns" we are addressing in this symposium today are a modern luxury. The settlers who came to the Verde Watershed in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries had no such concerns. All of them were desperately seeking economic well-being.

The same was true in my boyhood days. Immigrants hoping for a living wage came to the Verde Valley from Mexico, Germany, Italy, England, Croatia, China, Massachusetts, Texas, and even California. Can we expect these people and their nineteenth century pioneering predecessors to have given one second of thought to such high-minded notions as "ecological degradation?" They were very happy to breathe sulphur dioxide if it would put beans in the belly and shoes on the feet. How can we fault them when the only inspiration in their life was to find a way to feed themselves and their families for at least one more week?

In a similar mind, we should have no illusions that the Verde River watershed can ever be restored to an original "natural" and atavistically-perceived functional state. And it appears to me that each new generation, in its own time, measures change—for better or for worse—in time frames with which they are personally familiar. Our changing environmental conditions, then, are all relative to how each new generation perceives them. The beautiful Verde Watershed I savored sixty years ago had experienced several major changes forty years before I was born. The young people in this audience this morning will someday say that they can remember how wonderfully primitive this watershed was way back in the year 2001.

Which brings me to the greatest concern I have this morning. Why are we here these three days? To recite facts and figures to each other and then return to whatever it is that we usually do with our time? Is there not some focus for application of these facts and figures? I am sure there could be. But are we in clear and uniform agreement? We should have no illusions about re-creating a pre-1864 Verde Watershed. That is absurdly unrealistic. But can we improve the water quality? Can we improve habitats? Is it possible to preserve the existing ecological system here? I have heard these questions for several decades now. At times I am not sure our values about environmental preservation are at all similar. For example, what I perceive as "deterioration" others classify as "natural evolutionary change," even improvement.

These differences have provoked still more questions, such as:

Just what, exactly, is "natural"? What is "artificial"?

Isn't evolution, both biological and cultural, a practical and functional, natural and dynamic phenomenon?

Who has a right to say these changes are undesirable?

Does "natural" mean free from human impact? Aren't humans part of nature?

Are technology and wealth and skyrocketing population growth actually “unnatural?”

Are humans unique in their tendency to want to be invasive and to dominate and vandalize the rest of nature?

Who has a right to say that the hungry settlers of the Verde Watershed didn’t need to exploit this region and bring drastic environmental change here? Should they have gone somewhere else to do the same thing? Should they have stayed back east and lived a miserable life, or, more likely, died a miserable death?

Don’t all living things adapt, one way or another—or die, in response to changes in their environment or increases in their population? Isn’t that the foundation of evolution?

Isn’t eventual death natural for all biota, both as individuals and as species? Who are we to question that?

Eventually, just by natural selection, most or even all of the current biotic species would be replaced. And even without any human influence the climate would change and the rivers would find new courses.

My own personal answer to all of these questions is this: I think it is worth trying to preserve as long as possible at least some of the primitive or even just some of the current physical qualities of this watershed. And I think this preservation is worth trying primarily because I just want it that way. No more mines, no more smelters, no more overgrazing, no more woodcutting. No more eradication of mountain lions and bears. No more threats of drying up the Verde River by pumping ground water from the Big Chino aquifer. My romance differs in kind from the tourists, but it is still romance. I want to preserve canyons and sunsets and indigenous flora and fauna for no other reason than it makes me feel good to see these things preserved. And if the possibility of restoration is too absurd, I would settle for preservation.

Despite a lot of environmental protection talk, it appears obvious to me that most of the people in the world today, like the early Verde Watershed settlers, must confront the desperate grinding challenge of day-to-day survival. Environmental concern is as remote to them and as unimportant to them as is the concern over whether Pluto is actually a planet. At the same time, the affluent citizens of the developed nations are clamoring for more diversion and change and titillation, all of it, directly or indirectly, impacting the environment. And it appears that most prosperous people constantly crave something new, fast-paced, and exciting that will somehow stimulate their increasingly callous sensibilities. Actually, our economy is now dependent upon all of this environment-changing luxury and waste and sensationalism. If we suddenly stopped buying Sea Doo’s and ORVs and SUVs and ceased using many millions of barrels of oil a year to fly in airplanes anywhere at any time and at any price just for the fun of it, the Dow Jones averages would plummet.

However, my own basic appetites have always craved calm connections, continuity, and community, not excitement. I want to watch sunsets, not television, even if that behavior might adversely affect the economy

It could be said that those of us who would preserve ecosystems have some vision

of the world that Walt Disney may have created. But, realistically, logic and honesty tell us, there has always been primarily a very cruel and competitive world out there filled with predators and prey in a desperate, heedless and ugly struggle for self-survival and survival of the species which can include an attempt to dominate or even eliminate competitors.

Herein lies the fundamental reality that most Americans show toward their natural environment: don't just leave it alone; compete for it, do something with it, and, more importantly, find a way to turn a profit on it.

Can any preservation of the Verde Watershed fit into this inevitability? I would like to think so. I pray the findings expressed in this symposium will not be forgotten as quickly and completely as have other similar conferences and symposia I have attended in the past thirty years. Let us keep this focus and substance alive, make it grow and then campaign to have the knowledge implemented in a truly meaningful and potent way.

Paul Dyck, an artist, came to the Verde Valley in 1937, and settled at the valley's south end, near the little community of Rimrock, near where I have built for myself a small retirement house. More than twenty-five years ago, when he was about sixty, Paul said to me: "I'm just glad I came in my own time," referring to the uncontrolled growth and landscape destruction in the Verde Valley since 1937—and to projections of the future.

I hope that some very specific and workable proposals about meaningful preservation can come out of the attention we are paying these three days to the condition of the Verde Watershed. It's up to all of you young people out there. As for me, well, like Paul Dyck, I'm just glad I came in my own time.