

The RC&D Review

"Local people making things happen"

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Coronado Resource Conservation & Development Area Inc.

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"True success is getting up in the morning and realizing you have a very good life."

Anna Quindlen

Coronado Council News and Notes:

NOTE MEETING DATE CHANGE: THE NEXT CORONADO RC&D COUNCIL MEETING WILL BE HELD **DECEMBER 12, 2006 AT THE EMBASSY SUITES, 5335 S. BROADWAY BLVD., TUCSON, AZ**

CORONADO RC&D TO HOST ARIZONA RC&D LEADERSHIP CONFERENCE

December 12 - 13, 2006

Embassy Suites ~ 5335 S. Broadway Blvd, Tucson, AZ

Make your room reservations before November 11, 2006 and RSVP to Kim Webb if you plan to attend.

AGENDA

December 12, 2006

- 1:00 Call to Order John Hays, Coronado RC&D President
Welcome and Introductions
NRCS and the RC&D Program David McKay, NRCS State Conservationist
Gerry Gonzalez, NRCS Program Manager
- 1:30 Hometown Competiveness: Eddie Browning, USDA/RD State Director
Building Stronger Rural Communities
- 2:00 BREAK
- 2:15 RC&D Reports (5 minutes each)
Navajo RC&D
Little Colorado River RC&D
Cocopai RC&D
Lower Colorado River RC&D
Hohokam RC&D Annette Napolitano, President
Coronado RC&D Richard Searle, Vice-President
- 2:45 Building Strength with a State Assn. Donna Hunter, Communications Director
- 3:30 BREAK
- 3:45 MARKETING THE RC&D PROGRAM
* RC&D-wide (Holder Marketing Project) Gerry Gonzalez, NRCS Program Manager
* State-wide (NARC&DC Report) Dot Schmidt, Cocopai RC&D Council Member
* Region-wide (AZ Role in the Western) Council Members
- 5:00 Adjourn

DINNER ON YOUR OWN

Arizona RC&D Leadership Conference Agenda Continued
December 13, 2006

Facilitator: Donna Hunter, NARC&D

8:00 a.m.	State RC&D Conference Planning Session	ALL
10:00-10:15	BREAK	
10:15-12:00	State RC&D Conference Session (Cont'd)	ALL
12:00	ADJOURN	

MARK YOUR CALENDARS...

November 14—Women in Agriculture Conference, Hereford, TX (*Contact Dawn Watson, (806) 364-3573*)

December 4—Sustainable Ag and Direct Farm Marketing Conference, Coolidge
Topics include: Direct farm marketing and tourism Portal, Organic Durum Wheat, drip irrigation, organic vegetables, sustainable ag and SARE program.
(*Contact: Rick Gibson, gibsonrd@cals.arizona.edu, 520-836-5221x227*)

December 12—Coronado RC&D regular Council meeting, Embassy Suites, Tucson

December 12 & 13—AZ RC&D Leadership Conference, Embassy Suites, Tucson
Conference will present an opportunity to work with other agencies to build rural communities in Arizona and identify opportunities for increased funding and capacity through forming alliances statewide. Arizona NRCS State Conservationist, David McKay, USDA-Rural Development State Director, Eddie Browning and National Association of RC&D Council's Donna Hunter will be presenters.

January 3, 2007—ADEQ-Water Quality Improvement Grants due

January 10—Coronado RC&D Council meeting, Willcox

January 18-20—Quivira Coalition 6th Annual Conference, Albuquerque, NM
(*Contact: 505-820-2544 or admin@quiviracoalition.org*)

January 21-24—Western Regional Resource Conservation & Development (RC&D) Conference Theme: "Revitalizing the Old West", Colorado Springs, Colorado. *Contact your local RC&D office for more information.*

February 16-17—New Mexico Organic Farming Conference, Albuquerque, NM
Contact: 505-473-1004, ladams@cybermesa.com

March 14—Coronado RC&D Council Meeting, Willcox

March 26-28—5TH Annual Southwest Marketing Network Conference, Flagstaff, AZ
Contact: 505-473-1004, www.swmarketing.ncat.org





Coordinator's Comments By Donna Matthews

"The Heritage"

Yesterday, I sat in my office with the telephone in one ear, as our state computer specialist patiently explained how to use the fist sized computer/telephone/calendar/address book/calculator/alarm clock in my hand. When she moved on to the part about this thing talking to my office computer through the air waves and picking up my email, I started grumbling about how fast technology was moving. She just laughed and said, "I have a car that emails me when it is time to change service the engine."

"Wow," I thought. "I am really getting old. I remember life before duct tape."

"Grab some baling wire and fix that corner gate. It'll never hold those steers."

I trotted over to Dad's pickup with its collection of wire in wraps, rolls and tangles hidden among tires, oil cans, cardboard boxes and stray wrenches. I grabbed what looked like an appropriate amount, climbed over the corral rails and handed it to Tommy who was already wrapping wire around the rickety wooden gate to fasten it to the post. "Here, need some more? I asked. "Hard to tell," he answered. "I think it is going to take more than wire to hold the steers in this pen."

I had to agree. It was an odd assortment of boards, rails, nails and wire. The gates were heavy and wooden without hinges so drug rather than swung. This catch pen only got used once a year after all the harvest was done and it was time to bring the steers home for a few weeks before shipping them. During planting, haying and harvesting, checking on the steers and keeping the perimeter fence up was enough of a job. Fixing the corral in the rented pasture we shared with Lester would have been a luxury. It was too late now anyway. Dad and Lester had decided that the weather was too cold and miserable to do anything else, so we might as well move steers.

"I hear Lester's trucks," Tommy said, giving the gate a couple more wraps of wire on the bottom for good measure. I stuck my cold hands in my coat pockets and moved over beside Dad who was patching the loading chute with a few new boards he had brought from home. as the two cattle trucks bounced and rattled to a stop. My goal for today was to stick one of my cousins or my brother with gate duty. The person that had that job usually got their self esteem thoroughly trampled if they didn't get those gates open and shut quickly enough. I figured if I stayed close to Dad, I might get lucky and get a different job.

Donny and Steve got out of the first truck looking like excellent gate handlers. Lester came around the corner from the second truck and to our surprise, Ruby was with him. My aunt helped with the chores on their farm but didn't handle livestock. She was a tall bony woman with straight dark hair, pulled back from her angular features and covered with a dish towel scarf to go with the ankle length wool overcoat, thick socks and heavy work shoes to protect her from the constant drizzle falling from the sky.

"Lester!" she screeched in a pitch that he apparently couldn't hear because he never halted his conversation with Dad. "Lester!" she yelled again to no avail. "Lester, you old fool!" "What do you want?" he asked.

"Where am I supposed to stand?" "Over there, out of the way," he directed with a wave of his hand."

"You kids go get 'em," Dad ordered. I climbed on Billy's back, thankful to be moving. The steers weren't actually very far away, we had already moved them into a 20 acre enclosure that had the catch pen in the corner so it didn't take very long to bring them to the gates even though the weather and all the people seemed to make them restless. We surrounded them and they squeezed through the gate where they pushed, shoved and snorted, turning the wet ground into a large mud hole.

"Push 'em into the chute," Lester yelled, waving his arms. The red, brown, black and tan bodies moved as one mass and turned, coming face to face with Ruby, standing just outside the corral, overcoat flapping in the breeze. A big baldy steer let out a bawl and the whole bunch spun around to face Lester on top of the fence yelling and waving a rope. They decided Ruby was the least of two evils, broke into a gallop and went through the fence, sending her flying through the mud.

"Oh, oh," Tommy said beside me as the steers fled to the other end of the holding area and Lester gingerly picked his way through the mud to check on Ruby. Before he got very close, we could tell she was fine, "Lester, you crazy old man, you drove those cattle right over me. What is the matter with you?" she yelled as she pushed away broken boards and climbed to her knees in the muck. Lester picked up her over coat that had somehow parted ways with her and gotten trampled into the mud. "Here ma," he said, helping her up and into her muddy coat. "Dang, the buttons got ripped off. This'll fix you up," he said and quickly wrapped a length of baling wire snugly around her waist. "Better go sit in the truck where it is warm."

"What are you two gawking at," Dad yelled. "Go get those steers, it isn't getting any warmer out here."

They are gone now, another marker in the passage of time. When I go back to Minnesota, I visit Spruce Grove Union Cemetery where they all rest. A few weeks ago as my Grandson filled his pockets with acorns from the Oak trees that shade that small patch of earth, my daughter and I wandered among the tombstones. "Will you look at that," she said as she stood beside the large stone with my grandparents name on it. "Nice wreath." Yes, I agreed, it was a very nice wreath. "I suppose they do last longer if you don't take them out of the box," I told her. "It isn't going anywhere either," she commented. No, that is for sure. Holding the wreath securely to the tombstone were three wraps of baling wire.

Technology is great for some things, for others, use baling wire. I'd bet one of Lester's kids did that.

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