

COMMUNITY NEWS

Jeffery Jackson: Jack of all trades

A landscape artist ...

By DON DECKER
YAN News

Jeffery Jackson of Middle Verde sees the potential in yards that are unkempt. He can't stand yard bushes that aren't pruned or trimmed.

Jackson has plenty of experience tending to gardens and yards as he has traversed the United States on his bicycle and stopped in small towns along the way where he sometimes volunteered to clean someone's yard or to trim out-of-control bushes for a meal.

All the way from San Diego to Seattle on Route 1 along the Pacific Coast and from there to the state of Florida trekking on his bike as late as 2011. "I've always wanted to do the Pacific Coast Highway," says Jackson. He stopped in Ventura, California and then on to Ojai, California near Santa Barbara where he stayed for a while.

And it took him 6 months to go across America from Arizona to Florida and ending up working on a snorkeling boat in Key West.

Jackson once rode up to Bangor, Maine for good measure.

"Got there and turned around," Jackson says with a serious face. "You couldn't see the mountains because of all the trees."

He's been biking for a long time now.

Its Jackson riding the back roads of America and pulling into unknown towns where he took matters into his own hands by finding miscellaneous work such as gardening and home repairs to pay for his adventures of a life time. He can claim title to this feat and he tells of the great people he met along the way, camping out in the forests and communing with nature and having his fully-equipped bike stolen in Miami, Florida "in broad daylight".

"I can't sit still," says Jackson as he sits in his apartment on Wiki Way street in Middle Verde.

His latest travels was in 2011 and he kept in touch by sending postcard updates

to enrollment director Joni Smith at the Yavapai-Apache Nation who kept all of his postcards because Jackson had no one to send postcards to except the Nation.

In one of his postcards to Smith 2010, he writes, "You're not gonna believe this. I made it to Yosemite Park in 2 days and on my way to Las Vegas. The bike is holding up excellent. See you soon".

And from the Sequoia National Park, a picture of the classic half dome rock that has challenged the best mountain climbers. On the back of that card he writes: "Words cannot describe the place. I am on my way home. Where ever that is at. Meeting new friends everyday, living on Indian time, living on Indian time".

Jackson then picks up another postcard from the coffee table this time with a picture of the sandy beaches of Florida. "You should have seen the sunset waiting for all." he wrote from the southern most point of the U.S.-Key West as shown by the postcard photograph titled 'Conch Republic-Key West, Florida'.

Jackson infuses his travel escapades with philosophy.

"It's like an old story of the Turtle and the Hare. It is not if you win or lose, its how you make it there. Me, I'm like a turtle. I take my sweet time but you know who was the one that crossed the finish line...living on Indian time, living on Indian time," he said in a rhyming monotone poetic way.

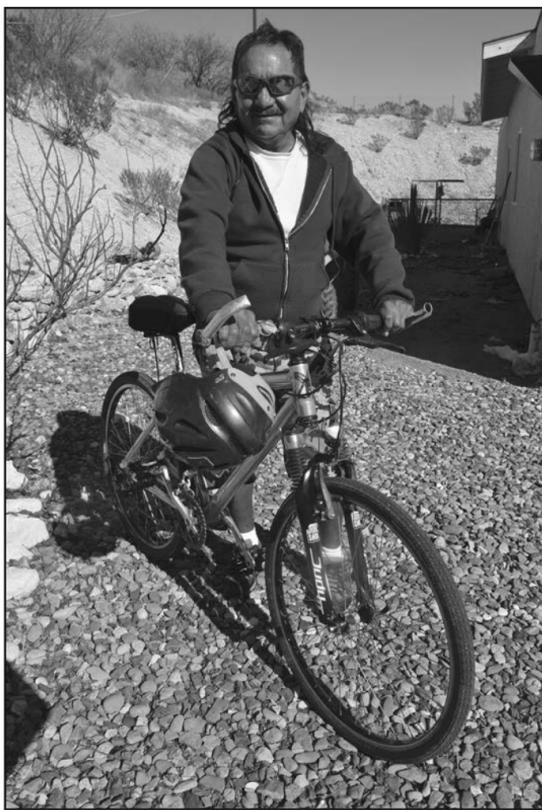
"Take time for yourself. I never get in a hurry. Life is too short to have people tell you what to do. Me, I'm like a nomad, a free bird," Jackson adds with self-assuredness. "There are some people who wish they could do what I'm doing and then there are people too lazy to do it. Me, I'm like that turtle. I take my sweet time," he said.

He hasn't been on the highway for some time now.

Jackson is back on the rez living on Wiki Way in the senior district in Middle Verde and just recently, he



From hopping freight trains in California to being a snorkeling guide in Florida, Jeffery Jackson has done it all. Jackson, yard master and traveling bicyclist across America. "I can't sit still", he says. (Photos by Don Decker)



bought more garden tools from the local Ace Hardware store in Camp Verde using his own funds. This day, he is moving from one apartment to the next with his garden tools cutting and trimming.

It's the unsightly bushes that haven't been trimmed for a long time or the hanging branches of trees that

manages to snag someone's sweater that gets the attention of Jackson.

"The people from maintenance told me not too many people know how to trim these bushes," says Jackson. So, he took matters into his own hands and began the task of beautifying the neighborhood. Over in front of John Bonnaha's

... and a coast-to-coast bike rider

By DON DECKER
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Not many Nation members have hopped on a bicycle and ridden from San Diego to Seattle on the classic Pacific Coast Highway and then across to Idaho (Sand Springs) into Wyoming (Grand Tetons!), Colorado, New Mexico, Texas, New Orleans and all the way to the Florida Keys over a distance of 3,500 miles and finally up to Bangor, Maine (via the eastern starboard) for good measure!

Jeffrey Jackson can claim title to this feat and he tells of the great people he met along the way, camping out in the forests and communing with nature and having his fully-equipped bike stolen in Miami, Florida.

Jackson riding the backroads of America and pulling into unknown towns where he

took matters into his own hands by finding miscellaneous work such as gardening and home repairs to pay for his adventures of a life time. "I can't sit still," says Jackson as he sits in his apartment on Wiki Way street in Middle Verde while showing postcards from Mono Lake, California, Yellowstone National Park, Sequoia National Park (The Dome), Key West, Florida and other places some of us have never been to.

His latest travels was in 2011 and he kept in touch by sending these postcard updates to enrollment director Joni Smith at Yavapai-Apache Nation who kept all of his postcards because Jackson had no one to send postcards to except the Nation.

This is one of the most fascinating stories ever told by a Yavapai-Apache Nation member.

apartment, there are piles of pruning ready for the nearby garbage cans.

Later, he moves in front of Carl Stacey's apartment where he has discovered a jungle canopy just waiting

for one of Jackson's new manual garden trimmers.

There is pride in Jackson's work and now, the Wiki Way apartments are starting to look like a well-manicured neighborhood in Scottsdale.



Tony Fulton has about 100 items on his table and more hanging from the tent frames and tent legs holding up the wooden birds (Photo by Don Decker)

Australia to Yavapai-Apache Nation

By DON DECKER
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Serendipity works in wonderful ways. Just ask Tony Fulton originally from Australia. It all began back in 2001 when he met a Yavapai-Apache in northern Australia north of Brisbane who was touring the country with her oldest son at the time. Fulton, a tour guide then, was star-struck by the Yavapai-Apache.

If the saying, 'one thing led to another' has any validity, it came true for Fulton.

It wasn't long after that when he

hopped on a plane and came to visit Evonne Stacey in Alaska.

After the short visit with Evonne, Fulton returned to Australia and packed his suitcase and made a 360 turn to marry Evonne. It was 'love at first sight' and after a 10 year stay in Alaska, Mr. and Mrs. Fulton moved to Arizona in 2011 where Evonne came closer to her mother Genevieve Stacey-Wright of Middle Verde. Fulton was a truck driver in Alaska delivering Xerox machines to remotest towns at the time.

Fulton is at the flea market in Camp Verde this early morning set up with various assorted wooden objects that

he has fashion into bookends and hanging birds with moveable wings which are all painted in vibrant colors. He has keyholders, napkin holders and Coyote door stops. Fulton is just starting his day as potential buyers start strolling through the flea market. One Apache man drops by to say 'hi' to Fulton.

"I've known him for quite a while," says Fulton.

Fulton has about 100 items on his table and more hanging from the tent frames and tent legs holding up the wooden birds. The Arizona Cardinal is up there with its moveable wings and paper towel holders, paper weights, birdfeeders and special bird feeders that may be stuffed with suet—a special brand of bird feed.

"My wife came up with a lot of ideas—helped me out with what might work, like Kokopellis," he says. It was way before this when his wife brought him a repair of a wooden eagle that had its wings falling apart. "After that, she wanted a Puffin, a bird which lives in the water. Sometimes, you can see them 15 miles from the shore," he says.

So far, no Australian animals for his wooden crafts but he is proud of the King Fisher and the hummingbird.

Fulton says he likes the work he does as and has an arsenal of tools at home such as a table saw, scroll saw, and sanders to make the wooden pieces.

"It keeps me busy, keeps my mind agile and it gives me something to do. It pleases me in doing it. Although I've done different types of woodwork over the years, this is something I've never really tried before. It turned out I'm reasonable good at this," he says with confidence.

Catch up with Fulton at the next flea market in Camp Verde. He does custom orders too!

Greyhound returns to Verde Valley after 9 years



Greyhound Bus Lines re-establishes bus service for Verde Valley after 9 years, across from Cliff Castle Casino in Camp Verde (Photo by Don Decker)

By DON DECKER
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The Yavapai-Apache Nation went into an agreement with Greyhound Bus Lines to create a bus stop at the Chevron station near the Nation's borders across from Cliff Castle Casino. Bus service began on January 31, but the service at the Middle Verde stop was sporadic due to the slow communication flow within Greyhound according to agents in Flagstaff at the beginning. Chevron manager Keith Kaufmann and his staff are

happy with the arrangements as bus passengers will also increase the profit margin on snack items. A father and son about 6 years old got off the bus (the day of this photograph) momentarily and were anxious to leave the area as they had waiting family members in Phoenix.

Kaufmann said that Greyhound will be setting up new rest stop benches behind the mini-mart to accommodate the riders.

The Greyhound connec-