An estimated 100 tons of trash and debris were collected by the crew of volunteers who participated in Patagonia Community Pride Day on June 7.

If you're trying to imagine the volume of such a haul, think of a football field piled six feet high. That's how it looked at the town dump site, and that estimate doesn't include the appliances, paint, and metal that were collected, or the 200 tires. Charlie Montoya, a member of the Patagonia Regional Business Coalition (PRBC) that organized the event, was asked if he was surprised at the success of the clean up. Said Charlie, “It blew my expectations away.”

The event was well planned. The entire area within the Patagonia town limits was mapped out and divided into four sections. After volunteers were treated to an early breakfast at the Community Center, they were divided into four groups and assigned to one of the sections, each headed by a crew leader. Denise Bowden drove around dispensing soda and chilled water to the volunteers throughout the day and also served as an EMT, available to assist with any medical problems that might arise. (There were no serious mishaps.)

Quite a few of the 40 to 50
volunteers who participated came
with their pickup trucks and trail-
ers, and one man from Tucson,
who had read about the clean up,
drove down with his truck to help
out.

PRBC President Brent Bowden
says PRBC members are really
pleased that their first major event
as an organization was so success-
ful. Bowden, who feels that part of
what makes Patagonia special is
the diversity of its residents—
different backgrounds, different
points of view—said the clean up
“really brought the town to-
gether.” Describing Patagonia as a
community that truly rallies
around a good cause, Ray Klein
added, “When people in this com-
community get behind something,
they get behind it.”

Other sponsors who helped
make it happen were Creekside
Place MH/RV Park, DM Engineer-
ing and Excavation, Gathering
Grounds, PAT Gas and Services,
Patagonia Market, Ovens of Pat-
agonia, The Town of Patagonia,
The Wagon Wheel, Todd Norton
Plumbing, Wildcat Silver, and
Wild Horse Restaurant.

All in a Day’s Work, continued from Front Page

On the morning of July 8,
Richard Howells was walking his
small dog, Coco, on Rothrock Al-
ley when a snarling dog ran
through an open gate straight at
them. Richard saved Coco by
quickly picking her up, but he
was bitten on the leg. “It hap-
pened very fast,” says Richard,
who cleaned the two deep punc-
ture wounds and went to report
the incident to Deputy Ron Davis
before leaving on a planned trip
to Tucson. Once there, he was
examined by a doctor and given
an antibiotic. He did not choose
to press charges against the dog's
owner.

The owner did not have a
listed phone number. Law en-
forcement deemed it too danger-
ous to approach the house, as
there were dogs on the property
and a No Trespassing sign on the
fence. Two days later, they were
finally able to talk to the owner,
and he was told to keep the dog
that bit Howell quarantined for
ten days. There was some ques-
tion about the dog’s rabies vacci-
nation being up to date, but a
phone call to the vet verified that
his shots were current.

However, Howell’s problems
were not over. The bite became
infected. Then, when he went to
Mariposa Clinic, he learned that
people are treated for dog bites
in Patagonia fairly regularly.
Knowing that he wasn’t an ex-
tceptional case made him even
more uneasy.

According to Joe Patterson,
Patagonia has had no cases of
people getting rabies from a
local dog bite since he became
marshal more than three years
ago. However, we are experienc-
ing a rabies epidemic in south-
ern Arizona. Anyone bitten by
an infected animal needs to get
rabies shots within 12 hours.
After 48 hours the chances of
survival are almost zero. If the
rabies virus is active, waiting 10
days is a certain death sen-
tence. Richard Howells won-
ters—as do many people who
have experienced the fear of
walking down some of Patago-
nia’s streets—why the town
doesn’t do more to ensure hu-
man safety when it comes to
vicious dogs.

Patterson says that loose
dogs are an ongoing concern in
town, but that people are the
real problem. He says his hands
are tied if victims will not carry
through and prosecute. Law enforce-
ment can’t fine an owner unless the
victim files a complaint and is willing
to go to court.

Patagonia does not require li-
censes, just proof of rabies vaccina-
tion. Individual towns can make
stricter laws than those written by
the state. In light of Howell’s com-
plaint, the Town Council is once
again considering revisiting its ani-
mal ordinances. PRT plans to report
further about this issue in next
month’s paper.

Dog Attacks Continue—Who’s To Blame?
By Ann Katzenbach

Our apologies
to Laura Wetzel
for dropping
the end of the
last sentence of
her article, “My
Library Intern.”
That sentence
should have
read: “She probably doesn’t realize
that she makes the last hour and
half of work that much more enter-
taining and meaningful for me.”
By Donna Reibslager

When temperatures rise in June, some locals depart for cooler weather. Others just turn on the AC and wait for the monsoons to arrive in July.

The word monsoon derives from mausin, Arabic for “season” or “wind shift.” The phenomenon is caused by warm air creating surface low pressure zones that in turn draw moist air from the oceans. Arizona winds usually come from the west but shift to the southeast in the summer, bringing moisture, most often from the Gulfs of Mexico and California. The wind shift and increase in moisture combine with the surface low pressure from the desert heat to produce a cycle of “bursts” (heavy rainfall) and “breaks” (reduced rainfall).

Once the rains begin here, it's not long before the roadside and hills are covered in bright green, and an afternoon downpour can become almost a daily occurrence. The gentler rains begin without fanfare and their sound is like a soothing whisper. The bursts, however, announce themselves with gusts of wind and thunder and begin with a sudden, powerful downpour that soon begins to flow downhill from higher areas into the dry washes. Riverbeds such as Sonoita and Harshaw Creeks become fast-moving streams, and hilly roads may become impassible as water courses down from above.

This year, the rain began on July 2. It's an El Niño year, and there have been many predictions about the effect El Niño will have on our summer rainfall. Generally, an El Niño year results in a drier summer in Arizona. However, according to The Climate Prediction Center (CPC), if moisture from an active tropic storm pattern in the East Pacific Ocean occurs at the onset of an El Niño, such as occurred this year, the result can mean an increase in precipitation here.

As of July 29, Patagonia has recorded about 4.7 inches of rainfall according to rainlog.org, and parts of Sonoita are at 5.5 inches.

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Town Funding May Depend on Your Vote

If you think there's no reason to vote in Patagonia's August 26 primary election, think again. According to Town Manager Dave Teel, Proposition 3301 has the potential to upend the city budget if voters aren't diligent. All towns are asked periodically to extend the "alternative expenditure limitation." This measure, which is commonly requested by municipalities, allows a town to exceed budget limits imposed by the state.

In Patagonia's case, If the extension doesn't pass, the town will only be able to spend about one-third of what it does now. "Patagonia would cease to exist," says Teel.

It takes a 50% majority of those voting to pass this proposition. So take a few minutes to go to the polls, and don't forget to fill in your vote on Proposition 3301.
By now, probably everyone has seen the water pipeline that’s been laid down from the post office and on into town. The digging and detouring at the end of July marked the final stages of a lengthy process involving much digging throughout the system and the installation of hundreds of feet of new pipes and valves.

By the time you read this, your faucets should have more pressure; there will be a new fire hydrant; and, according to Town Manager David Teel, any leaks in the system will be easier to find and fix. The price tag for this much-needed upgrade of the town’s water system is more than a million dollars. The funds have come from three sources: Community Block Development Grants contributed $417,931; the US Department of Agriculture kicked in $253,655; and the town secured a low interest (3.5%) loan from USDA for $481,000.

The project was first budgeted in 2004. Since then costs have risen sharply, but Teel feels that the system has been installed efficiently and that raising the water rates will help pay for the extra costs over time. He says that the most crucial improvement is the added connection to the reservoir. “I used to wake up nights worrying that we’d lose that one connection and the town would be without water. This new line is like a safety valve.”

Beyond the work done by local contractor D&M Engineering, there were added costs for an archeological assessment and an engineering plan. The paperwork piled high on Teel’s desk attests to the complexity of the project. Teel points out there was never a design for the town’s system of pipes, pumps, and valves. It just grew according to new needs, so the pipes weren’t standard and many were old.

Monsoon rains and the upgraded water system should help keep the town’s wells at a safe level. However, the extended drought has taken its toll on aquifers throughout the region. Teel and the town council have been working on setting criteria for a water rationing alert. Jim Coleman says that he has information that bears on this but doesn’t want to make it public. Several councilors were absent from a planning meeting on July 23, and further discussion has been postponed.

As to the town’s current water situation, Teel says he is pleased that the high school has been working diligently to reduce its water use and that the results are obvious. He says a lot of the remedy is just paying attention.

Unfunded highway maintenance. The gap is the result of significant cuts in state highway funds over the past few years. Some of the state funding was actually restored this year, but not enough to cover costs.

When compared with other incorporated towns in Arizona with populations under 2,000, it appears that Patagonia residents have a pretty good deal. We have a full range of public services, including police and courts, fire, library, sewer, water, garbage, parks, road maintenance, animal control, and building permits and inspections. The number of paid town staff is less than average for small towns, and our salary levels are significantly lower than average for most positions, including our town manager, librarian, and sheriff. When you see town employees, thank them for their work!
The seeds that were sown by Anna Coleman and have been cultivated with her care have blossomed into a youth center that is thriving. Patagonia Youth Enrichment Center (PYEC) seems to be fulfilling its intended purpose: to provide a supportive, safe environment where teens and preteens can feel at home.

Although average daily attendance is down from 42 to 32 as a result of other summer activities since school vacations began, the center has 67 signed Emergency/Code of Conduct forms and passes out more each day. It is open every day but Wednesday and Sunday and welcomes youth of all ages from 3 to 6 p.m. From 6:30 to 8:30, the center is available to middle and high school students, and after 8:30 to high schoolers only. Director Coleman says that most summer evenings she keeps the center open past 10 p.m. because the high school youth are watching movies, hanging out, or playing games. Every Friday and Saturday night, the center offers dinner to 10 to 20 high schoolers (and occasionally middle schoolers), and they have “Movie Night.” During the day, healthy snacks are always available.

But the Youth Center is more than a place for teens to hang out. They do science experiment activities with Laura Wetzel from the Patagonia Library (STEM program) and join in on “Staying Healthy” workshops offered by Mariposa Health Center. with topics like STDs, teen pregnancy, HIV/AIDS prevention, and healthy relationships. A group of high school girls have formed a peer mentoring group for the younger girls to help them learn about choices, self-esteem, empowerment, and representing their gender in positive, appropriate ways.

Participation by the youth in administrative activities contributes to a sense of ownership. Three high schoolers have been added to the center’s board of directors and serve as the formal voice of the youth. There is also a Youth Advisory Council, made up of upper elementary, middle school, and high school youth. These kids enforce rules, make suggestions, are in charge of the daily operations, and have an overall “ownership” in the happenings around the center.

The center is expanding the outside by making a volleyball and basketball area, as well as a picnic seating area. The youth are growing tomatoes, cucumbers, and watermelon in planter boxes made by Steve Coleman and are also tending to the flower gardens. Says Anna, “It has become a ‘home’ for many kids, to be safe, have fun, and receive support in many areas. I am honored to be a part of this wonderful place—an amazing center filled with love and acceptance.”

Anna continues to look for funding and grant opportunities to help with things the center still needs and to provide some financial stability. She welcomes adults who would like to visit or to become a part of the center.

It takes a special combination of abilities, and a generous heart, to create the environment that Anna Coleman and her husband, Steve, have made for our youth. We are fortunate to have them.
Snakes have a bad reputation. Starting with the Garden of Eden, they’ve been universally scorned and feared, but they are, nevertheless, fascinating. We can swim, walk, run, jump. But we can’t glide along on our bellies, nor can we move with complete silence. We have nothing in common with these cold-blooded creatures. It’s not easy to relate, but aren’t they amazing?

There are people who really like snakes and those who truly fear them. Next door to my grandmother lived a boy named Skipper. He was about five years older than I, and he was fascinated by all animals, but especially snakes. His backyard was like a jungle, filled with birds, garter snakes, newts, and all sorts of insects. There was a scummy pond full of goldfish and tadpoles who were always on their way to becoming frogs. To an 8 year-old, visiting Skipper’s back yard was like going on safari.

Skipper’s bedroom was home to a variety of cages. One day he invited me to watch him feed his captives. I was curious but cautious and when he dropped a mouse into the first cage, I decided it was time to leave. I ran back through the garden gate to the safety of my grandmother’s kitchen and was never able to view Skipper in quite the same friendly way again. Not surprisingly, Skipper grew up to be a rather famous herpetologist.

Then there’s my friend who is phobic about snakes, something I didn’t quite understand until one day she reluctantly joined me for a walk in the woods near my house in Washington. (There are no harmful snakes in western Washington and that’s part of the reason she lived there.) Five minutes into our walk, a garter snake crossed the dirt road about ten feet ahead of us. In a second she had grabbed my arm with the strength of a sumo wrestler, turned me around and dragged me back to the driveway where she released her iron grip. “How can you live out here,” she asked as she got in her car and headed back to the safety of streets and sidewalks.

During the ’80s, when we lived in the Caribbean, the island snakes were constrictors. The big ones controlled the rodent population. The smaller ones dined on lizards and bugs. I would sometimes see them coiled in the trees or sliding away into the grass. I liked having them around.

Because the island was so benign, we slept on the porch of our house under a canopy of bougainvillea and jasmine. One night, before turning out the light, we saw a slender snake dangling from the vines and realized that it was in the early stages of swallowing a gecko. We watched the slow, inevitable progress of a creature being eaten alive, moved by powerful contracting muscles into the large, hinged mouth and then the midsection of the constrictor. There were moments when the snake almost lost its grip on the vine, but it held on, and we watched it get fatter and fatter until finally the gecko’s tail disappeared.

I couldn’t watch Skipper’s snake eat the mouse, but I watched the snake swallow that gecko. This was not an edited film or feeding time at the zoo; it was completely live and real and unforgettable. It left me with an acceptance of how nature keeps itself in balance. The bugs ate one another, the gecko ate the gecko and something would soon swoop down and grab the snake, or our gardener would chop off its head when I wasn’t looking because the natives there thought snakes brought very bad luck.

Bad luck, sinister, dangerous, slimy, phallic, predatory, we have so many descriptors and associations with snakes, most of which are negative, but over the years, I’ve come to respect and even feel some liking for these maligned creatures. I sympathized a little with the rattlesnake that bit and nearly killed my dog, Lucy. She was getting too close. The snake was defending itself. Maybe next time Lucy will steer clear, or maybe she will never understand. Probably none of us really understands the human relationship to snakes, but I think it helps to remember that they live here too and the more we mess with them, the more we upset the natural order of things.
LIFE AMONG THE HUMANS

Sorry—Man’s Character Is His Destiny by Martin Levowitz  brightof@msn.com

Dropping bombs on civilians, including children, is unman- nerly. Firing rockets at your neighbors isn’t nice. Hiding rocket launchers in residential neighborhoods or near hos- pitals is naughty. Stealing your neighbors’ land is unkind. Announcing that you intend to annihilate the folks next door generates hard feelings. Confining your neighbors behind massive walls and restricting their freedoms, movement, and commerce is impolite. So, what’s next?

In the Middle East, there’s a small nation surrounded by hostile neighbors. The establishment of Israel was pushed toward actuality after World War II by the pressure of displaced persons, including many who’d fled Hitler’s discourteous antics in Europe. Hamas has sworn to destroy Israel if it can, expressing its hatred in occasional rocket attacks, which are always followed by exponentially larger military reactions from Israel. Israel’s enemies have not yet achieved their announced ambition of “wiping Israel off the face of the earth,” largely because Israel is propped up by the United States, which—for complicated reasons—regards Israel as a valuable ally. The playing field is not level. Decent people mostly identify with an underdog, but powerful emotions like horror and revulsion do not enhance clear thinking. Simple-minded responses to complex problems resolve nothing. Instead, they perpetuate the familiar pattern of actions and reactions.

Megabarbarity blows the minds of decent people everywhere, especially when it involves modern, “civilized” countries. (One expects less from the loincloth-clad wogs.) When will humans wake up and realize that we actually are all one—brothers and sisters in the same leaky boat? Hint: Don’t hold your breath; it’s not happening soon.

Humans are an amalgam of conflicting impulses—a mixed bag, so to speak. In case you’ve forgotten, we’re animals. When someone’s killing toddlers or firing rockets into suburban neighborhoods, only the few most saintly will refrain from rancor, hatred, and retaliation. We revere those who refrain from physical violence, but not until after the game. During the fray, while the bullets still fly, we will mostly take sides, subscribing to the inspiring slogan: If you’re not part of the solution, you’re part of the problem. Nice rhetoric but, like all slogans, simplistic. And made somewhat meaningless by the fact that each side sees the other side as the problem.

The Israel/Palestine situation is like a pilot light for world tension. It keeps things boiling in the Middle East and has the wider effect of polarizing most of the world into pro- and anti-Muslim factions, recalling the ancient Crusades and fomenting jihad. The current, haphazard rain of rocket fire from Hamas into Israel can be compared to a prison riot. Keep a bunch of people penned up in intolerable, humiliating conditions, and sooner or later they’ll erupt, even if it kills them. When you’ve got nothing (and least of all, hope) you’ve got nothing to lose. It feels good to destroy. As a publicity campaign, the current hostilities seem to be work-

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Perpetuating Sexism?

In response to Martin Levowitz’s opinion “And Let’s Not Even Mention Mom,” I’d like to say that as a straight man with a long-term partner, I do not feel shame when I notice the physical beauty of a woman. I do not feel the desire to control that beauty just as I do not feel the need to control the beauty of the ocotillo bursting with blooms in my yard or the desert sky full of stars I sit under each night. I believe that the socially conditioned belief that men hold the right to control women’s minds, bodies, behaviors, and spirits can be perpetuated through means as diverse as physical abuse, laws that restrain women’s choices, or media commentary suggesting that there should be a beauty tax. Responsibility resides with men to examine their emotions and their own internal reactions regarding their attraction to certain women. People of all gender identities, cultures, and abilities are beautiful and deserve to live in a world that accepts their gifts.

— Zach Coble, Tucson

An Assault on Women

To say I was disappointed to see Martin Levowitz’s article “And Let’s Not Even Mention Mom” in the PRT is an understatement. It was neither funny nor satirical. It was offensive. Levowitz is a misogynist by his own admission—a person who dislikes, despises, or is strongly prejudiced against women. According to Levowitz, attractive women are a “nuisance” to men, disturbing their peace. For that disturbance, he admits that he resents women. Levowitz also blames a woman for his own behavior—his apparently uncontrollable urge to comment on her cleavage.

The perils of male attention are far more than a mere nuisance to women. The reality of being a woman in this country is having to cope with men’s bad behavior—sometimes words, other times violence—just because you’re female. When Levowitz can’t control his urge to comment to a woman about her cleavage, he wonders why he’s treated with irritation. As women, we get conditioned to be suspicious of attention from men because the consequences to us could be violent or even deadly.

— Wendy Russell, Patagonia

9th Amendment Rights

I just read in the newspaper about Rosemont that the Forest Service “doesn’t think the 101 parties who objected to the service’s tentative approval of the mine showed any valid legal concerns that would merit blocking the project.” That is why we need to cite the Ninth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution in our objections to mining. It has rarely been cited in court cases, and lawyers speculate [about] what it means, but it is really obvious. It means that the founding fathers realized there might be rights they were overlooking and gave us a way to retain those rights. The right to clean air and clean water are so obvious that the founding fathers didn’t mention them. The right to live with a good chance of remaining healthy is an inalienable right. Also, having a government that watches out for our best interests and does not facilitate industry that is probably going to cause illness is a right. It is an unspecified right because it is so obvious. The situation we are dealing with in this country, with government facilitating and even subsidizing industry that is harmful to the health of the people, is exactly the kind of situation that the Ninth Amendment was designed to protect us against. Just because the Ninth Amendment has not been recognized or even used in these cases in the past does not mean that it is not the law. It is the law and as an amendment to the constitution takes precedence over other laws.

— Marianne Shannon, Patagonia
Water Rains on My Parade

My pet peeve has been addressed in your paper, and I feel I must put in my two cents worth. Why is it necessary to do more at a parade than enjoy the participants and the occasion? I hate the thought that the audience has a right to wreak havoc via water balloons, water pistols (some as big as the real thing), and water-filled receptacles on those who have put forth effort to take part in the parade. Remember when the Shriners from Tucson went all out to bring their units to our parade—bands, cars, motorcycles, etc. They added great fun. But when an old gentleman, volunteering his time to play in the band, was injured with a water balloon, the Shriners said “Enough,” and they haven’t been back. Remember the young girls who put in time and effort to make a great sign who were deluged and the sign was ruined? Is this what it takes for people to have fun? Why not have a separate event for all the water fight aficionados and let them be the recipients of some of their fun? Let the rest of us be rid of this stuff that threatens to ruin our little parade. Remember, the Fourth of July is celebrated because we became a free country, not to have water fights. Enough!!!

— Posey Piper. Patagonia

No Meat - No Way

By Cassina Farley

I’ve always been an adventurous eater. My husband, Zach, not so much. It has taken me the better part of 10 years to lure him away from his tacos and Top Ramen diet, but I did succeed. I thought we were in a good place that fateful day I took him to a vegan restaurant. I ran the idea past him while we were in Tucson, said I read about it in a magazine. Reluctantly, he agreed, and we were on our way.

While we were being seated he began to look uneasy. I pointed to the wall where they had all of their awards hanging proudly. “How bad could it be? Look at all of their awards,” I said. He didn’t seem impressed. I was over-selling it so I dialed it back. I think that all of the rail-thin, middle-aged women and young hipster couples made him nervous.

We received our menus, and it didn’t get any better. I found something right away, while he, on the other hand, was picking the lesser of two evils. I nervously pointed out that they had broccoli cheddar soup, which seemed to calm him down, and he ordered it with a Philly “cheese steak” sandwich. I felt relieved until the soup came. With the first spoonful, he looked at me and through his teeth said, “There isn’t any cheese in this soup.” There was, just not the kind made with milk and such. I kept my mouth shut. He kept eating it, which in hindsight was good, considering what happened next. My food was great—crispy tofu with stir fried veggies and brown rice (it was better than it sounds), and Zach’s sandwich looked delicious. He somewhat agreed and dove in.

Things were going well until half-way through his sandwich he began spitting out his food furiously. It was then I noticed the extra-long hair he happened to be pulling out of his mouth from between the bread of that no meat, Philly cheese-less, cheese steak sandwich. I assured him that it was probably one of his own and to not freak out, but the damage was done. I’ll be lucky if I’ll ever be able to grace the door of another alternative eatery again. No meat, no way.

In hindsight, it probably wasn’t Zach’s hair. I knew it when he found it, and so did he. I’m glad he kept his cool. While walking through the parking lot, however, I did vow to never make him do that again. No fight from me; the hair made it easy.
I recently participated in a small roundtable discussion with, among others, Dan Ashe, Director of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. Ashe told the small group that he sees a “giant clash” between those who favor conservation and those who favor economic development and that he believes that conservationists “must accept a world with fewer wolves, salmon, and spotted owls.” The director of the very agency most responsible for protecting the nation’s biodiversity went on to say that, in the name of compromise, we must accept “a world with less biodiversity.”

Unlike Director Ashe, I believe that the very fact that we now have only a small fraction of the wolves, salmon, and spotted owls that we once had provides an opportunity for the forces of economic development and those of conservation to join together and foster new economic growth by restoring the biodiversity that we have already lost.

I live in southeastern Arizona, where, over the past 100 years, our rivers have dried up, our wildlife has declined precipitously, and now even “our wide open spaces” are at risk of disappearing. As these resources become scarcer, they also become more valuable. At the same time that we are losing our biological heritage, we are witnessing the largest land transfer in the history of the American West. As ranchland is drying up and becoming less productive, the children of ranching families are leaving the land to become lawyers and doctors. These trends are creating “the perfect storm” and, ironically, are providing an opportunity to create a new “restoration economy” premised on restoring the land and its biological diversity.

Valer and Josiah Austin and their Cuenca Los Ojos Foundation have brought back tens of thousands of acres of degraded, shrub-invaded grassland and at least seven miles of the San Bernardino River in northern Sonora. More than 2,000 acres of new riparian forest along the banks of the restored river are providing renewed habitat for hundreds of species of plants and animals, including coatimundi, ring-tailed cat, and ocelot. Restored grasslands are providing both habitat for wildlife and better forage for cattle. The restored river is once again providing water and nutrients to ejido farmers downstream from the restoration project.

Patagonia is becoming a living example of the Restoration Economy, a place where people both appreciate biological diversity and derive income from it. Borderlands Restoration has supported local organic food production; sponsored “Grand Slam” quail hunts (in one of the few places where three species of quail can be found living together); and conducted a small-scale, postfire timber harvest. Patagonia’s galleries, gift shops, cafes, grocery stores, and gas station are frequented by birders, hikers, bikers, hunters, and others who come to breathe the fresh air and view the wildlife. In celebration of its 400 species of native bees, 14 species of hummingbirds, and an unusually rich butterfly and moth diversity, the Town Council has declared Patagonia the “Pollinator Capital of the US.” The rumor of a new “eco-lodge” to be built close to the Three Canyons wildlife corridor, home to the only jaguar now resident in the US, adds to the prospects of new jobs in one of the poorest counties in the country.

Patagonia is a town not heeding Director Ashe’s call to “accept the fact that we have to live in a world with fewer species.” Instead, Patagonia and other villages in southeastern Arizona and northern Sonora are realizing that, in the long run, their biological wealth is their greatest asset; rather than acquiescing to its continued decline, they are actively participating in and celebrating its recovery.

What We Must Not Accept

By Ron Pulliam

Good Turnout for Fire Department Steak Fry

By Ann Katzenbach

The Patagonia Fire Department is delighted with this year’s turnout for its 39th steak fry, held on June 28, a balmy Saturday evening. The town park was full of happy diners and bidders for auction items, which were many and varied. The top money maker was a gorgeous quilt made and donated by Edith O’Halloran and Charlotte McEldowney. A lucky bidder paid $500 to take that home.

Proceeds from the steak fry and auction are being put to use right now as the station undergoes a remodel and upgrade. There will be a commercial kitchen, a room for day use, showers, and a washing machine, and items donated for the department’s periodic sales will have their own room in the back of the building.

Going, going, gone.....This hand-made quilt was the top money earner at the annual Steak Fry, a fundraiser for the Patagonia Fire Department.
Karate classes are now available for children and adults at the Krikorian Institute of Kenpo Karate in Patagonia. Instructor Jared Krikorian describes the training as a combination of exercises for mind and body, utilizing the techniques of Karate, Judo, Ju-jitsu, Eskrima, and Kenpo.

Krikorian, who was born and raised in Rhode Island, began his training at the age of 24 at the Kenpo Karate Institute. Seven years later, he had earned the rank of 1st Degree Dan Black Belt, Karazenpo Go Shinjutsu, and began instructing at the institute while he continued his training. By the time he left for Arizona in 2010, he had been promoted to 3rd Degree Black Belt. Krikorian and his wife, Mindy, have lived in Patagonia with their children, Asa and Enoch, for the past four years.

Classes for both youth and adults are offered at Tod Bowden’s Fitness Studio, 316 Smelter Avenue. Youth classes are held on Monday and Wednesday from 4:30 to 5:15 p.m. and on Saturday from 9 to 9:45 a.m. Adult classes are on Monday and Wednesday from 5:45 to 7 p.m. and on Saturday from 10 to 11:15 a.m. The institute is offering three free classes for those who are new to Karate and would like to investigate its benefits. If you would like to join a class or discuss a membership program, call Jared at 520-987-0211 or email him at krikoriankenpo@gmail.com.
Learning To Live With Killer Bees

In 1952, 26 Africanized bees escaped from Brazil and made their way north at a speed of one mile a day. In 1985 they hit California, and by 1994 they had arrived in Tucson. Within three years almost 90 percent of the honey bee population in Arizona was Africanized because of cross-breeding. The queen Africanized bee can lay as many as 1,500 eggs a day.

Festus Kahn, local exterminator for A.S.K. Pest Control says, “Africanized bees—killer bees as they are known—do not roam the countryside looking for people to attack. While it is true that they are more dangerous because they are more easily provoked, quicker to attack in greater numbers, and then pursue the perceived threat farther, it is always in defense of their hive.” Africanized bees are often found near canals, drainage ditches, and retention basins because they like to be near water. When they sense rain, they swarm. Kahn responds to more than 30 calls a year from homeowners in Patagonia, Sonoita, and elsewhere in the county concerning killer bees on their property. Residents can “bee proof” their property by eliminating possible nesting sites. This includes removing debris from the area and closing off wall, chimney, electrical, and plumbing gaps in structures.

When Kahn has to come to a house or school to remove a bee hive, he has three choices of action. He can blow smoke into the hive. (The bees think that there is a fire, and they will eat all of the honey in case they need to move the hive; when bees are busy eating they won’t sting you.) Or he can set off a fogger, whose fumes will cause the bees to die. Finally, if the hive is outside, he will simply cover the swarm with a plastic bag, close it off, and let them go somewhere else.

In defense of the bees, most people appreciate the main product of the hive—honey. The honey industry is a $140 million per year industry. But the bees are also very important to Arizona agriculture, a business that impacts the state’s economy by about $6.3 billion a year. In fact, one-third of our daily diet comes from crops pollinated by bees. Without the pollen that bees transport, many plants can’t produce fruits, vegetables, and seeds.

Kahn reports that, on average, only two people a year die from killer bee stings. But he still warns people not to try and eliminate the bees themselves. He says, “Call a professional.”

The Chuckwagon Is Open in Sonoita

Local resident Bobby Douglas, a former owner of restaurants and ice cream stores in Tucson, has recently opened the Sonoita Chuckwagon Grill and Ice Cream Parlor in Sonoita. He offers breakfast, lunch, and dinner from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m., seven days a week. His morning menu includes such favorites as biscuits and gravy and breakfast burritos. For lunch Bobby offers Reuben sandwiches and French dips. Dinner features nachos, large taco salads, and many choices of hamburgers, and there are outside patio tables to watch the sun go down over the western mountains while you eat.

Perhaps the most popular feature of the Chuckwagon Grill is the Blue Bunny soft-serve ice cream—32 flavors, which Douglas plans to eventually expand to 60—all available in cones or cups. If you ask, he will make you a special treat called “Avalanche,” which is ice cream and candy mixed together.

Douglas invites everyone to stop by and sample his cooking. The Chuckwagon is located at 3170 Highway 83 in Sonoita, across from the Fire Station. Call them at 520-455-4748.
Memorial Service for Dennis Hershberger

More than 100 friends and associates crowded into the Elgin Club meeting hall on June 28 to pay their last respects to longtime resident Dennis Paul Hershberger. They came from all over Arizona, as well as from Las Vegas, Nevada, and from as far away as Maryland.

Dennis was originally from Johnstown, Pennsylvania. He married his high school sweetheart, Barbara, more than 53 years ago. The couple eventually moved to Las Vegas for work but soon started looking for a place to build a home in Arizona. After a short stay in Scottsdale, they decided that Sonoita was the best place to live, so they bought land in 1997 and built their dream home in 2004.

For the rest of their happy life together, the Hershbergers were deeply involved in showing and breeding champion Pointer dogs. Their dogs have competed throughout the western states and many times have brought home a Best of Breed trophy. The Hershbergers worked in this area with local Pointer clubs, including the Sierra Vista Dog Club and the Southern Arizona German Shorthair Pointer Club. One dog they bred, named Magnum P.I. (from the TV show), won many championships. Barbara has four pointers—Remington, Annie, Delphi, and Abby (from CSI)—and still competes with them. Remington is featured in the photo here at a Tucson competition where he won Best of Breed.

Barbara and children Robert and Michael thank everyone who came to their “Celebration of Life” for Dennis and thank Amelia Barrios for catering a great meal for everyone.

School Year Begins in Elgin

As the school year begins on August 4, Elgin Elementary School welcomes 118 students, two new teachers—math teacher Manuel Gatica and Angela Brown, who will teach the fourth grade—and a new principal. Christopher Bonn has a double assignment as superintendent of the Sonoita School District and principal of Elgin Elementary School.

After years as an educator at high schools in Tucson, Bonn is excited about the challenges of working with young children in their formative years. He says he is impressed with the caliber of students at Elgin School and wants to “prepare the students to be the next generation of great leaders by teaching them critical thinking, accountability, problem solving, and research.” Bonn wants to engage kids to read, both on the computer and through books. In this age of computers, he believes the students can learn through current technology, not as an end in itself but as a tool for greater learning. He would like to see every child have internet access at home and at school, with a one-to-one ratio of students to computers, and to have laptops for every student in grades six through eight—which he says can be achieved with G5 grants from the state. Bonn also would like to pass down the iPads already at the school to the primary grade students. “Text books cost hundreds of dollars and have to be updated often, while laptops can last a lot longer,” he says.

Another technology Bonn would like to see at Elgin School is interactive white boards in all classrooms. With the appropriate software, the school curriculum can be projected onto the board, and students can learn and even interact and change the lesson plan. Some classes already have the board installed and are learning to use it by playing Jeopardy and Family Feud.

Bonn, his wife, and their three children now live in Vail but hope to find a home in Sonoita. When Bonn has free time, he enjoys hunting, fishing, biking and cooking.

You can follow the activities of the school and interact with the teachers on their website, www.Elgink12.com.
There may be bigger parades. And fancier ones. But no one has more fun than Patagonia at its Fourth of July parade. A few dedicated parade watchers even set up their row of streetside chairs the night before to assure a good view. A pancake breakfast hosted at the Community Center got the day off to a good start. Sirens announced the parade a little after 11 a.m., and, in keeping with tradition, a water theme prevailed. When all the fire trucks, service vehicles, wagons, floats, vigilantes, horseback riders, 4Hers, karate kids, and antique roadsters had made their way to the end of the parade, the crowd drifted over to the park to watch the hanging of the marshal, eat from the food trucks, and gather in the shade to listen to a full day’s worth of music. There was some rain in the afternoon, but not enough to spoil the festivities—or the spectacular fireworks that evening. What more could you ask for? PS: Thank you Lars, the Fire Department, and all the volunteers who helped make it happen.
Recently awarded the Pulitzer Prize, this supersized novel took almost 10 years to write and is like a Pandora’s chest full of surprises. The story takes life on the basis of an actual painting, a small masterpiece created by Dutch artist Carel Fabritius in 1654. Although the painting is real, its mad adventures in the novel are made up. Cast as a memoir told by the central character, Theo Decker, the book begins with a horrific terrorist attack in a museum where 13-year-old Theo has gone with his mother. When the dust clears, Theo is badly hurt, his mother is dead, and he has in his possession a signet ring given to him by a dying man and the painting of the goldfinch.

From these explosive beginnings we follow Theo’s journey through a confused childhood, tortured by memories of his beloved mother. He briefly lives with his best friend’s upper crust New York family, whose lifestyle is almost cartoon-like except for the very real emotions that tie them to Theo. He is then shunted off to live with his flamboyant father in Las Vegas, until his father’s sudden death once again leaves him homeless. Still holding on to the painting, he makes his way back to New York, and the signet ring leads him to Hobie, an antique furniture restorer in Greenwich Village, who becomes the moral center of the book. Hobie, a gentle giant, becomes Theo’s true father figure and mentor and teaches him the art of antique furniture appraisal and restoration. Theo leverages these skills into somewhat shady dealings as he enters manhood and becomes Hobie’s partner.

The latter half of this sprawling narrative finds Theo embroiled in the unintended outcomes of his own machinations—an engagement to the society daughter of the family he once lived with; involvement with the Russian mob; pursuit by an evil art thief who learns of his connection to the missing painting; and unrequited love for a mysterious red-haired girl, Pippa, who was in the museum explosion, as well, and is Hobie’s ward.

Tartt is often compared to Dickens and rightfully so. The picaresque plotlines of The Goldfinch are truly Dickensian—lost boy seeking comfort, madcap adventures in a number of different settings, eccentric and finely drawn characters who wander in and out of the book, the stark cruelties of life on earth. Tartt’s descriptions are cinematic and sometimes encyclopedic. She puts you into New York City like no other writer I know of: she describes Greenwich Village and Hobie’s musty warren of rooms in a way that makes you smell the furniture wax and see the dust motes hanging in the dim light. Her portrait of Las Vegas is merciless; her evocative depiction of Amsterdam at Christmas time is both enchanting and frightening. And Tartt’s colorful characters are fully and vividly drawn, many of them not so nice—including Theo.

This is a hard book to categorize, for it is at once an adventure, mystery, fictional memoir, love story, and philosophical discourse. Its scale is huge, and the occasional wanderings off into writerly weeds are easily forgiven for the magnificent language found throughout and the author’s truly memorable thoughts on loss, love, the language of art, and what it means simply to be alive in this world.
Ann Caston is ready to begin the historical photo book on Patagonia that she is planning to compile, with the help of Posy Piper. The book will be printed by Arcadia Publishing as part of a series on the history of small American towns.

Ann is looking for photos of Patagonia and the Santa Cruz Valley that depict life as it was here from the early 1900s to the 1980s. She is hoping that people who have kept old family photos will contact her, so that she might include reproduction of their photos in the book. The photos need to have identification as to their time and place.

If you have photos to contribute, please contact Ann at (520) 604-2544.
I grew up loving science fiction movies, particularly those where nature turned the tables on humans, who soon became yesterday’s meal. Thus, I gawked in horrific glee as atomic ants, a monstrous mantid, a towering tarantula, and a literal cast of thousands all did their best to deconstruct humanity. As much as things change, they still remain the same. Today’s Hollywood horror directors still call on the invertebrate world as a source of ideas for their genre.

In Alien Sigourney Weaver battled a fancied-up version of a tarantula hawk or Pepsis wasp—some local species of which indeed often provoke jaw-dropping awe, owing to their sheer size! Not to be outdone, the makers of Predator used a solpugid head as their model for an unthinkable alien. Sure, they altered the noggin a bit, but those in the know realize the ruse.

A what, you say? A solpugid or “wind scorpion” (owing to their speed) or “sun spider” (after the sear, sun-laden habitats of many species). The problem is that some creatures have never had a decent common name applied to them and thus garner more than a small amount of confusion. Solpugids are indeed arachnids, along with their cousins the spiders and the scorpions, yet they are distinct from them at the order level (order Solpugida). As with spiders, once you know the basic body plan of these strange arachnids, you’ll easily recognize them.

Solpugids possess a large, bulbous head (really the cephalothorax), elliptical abdomen, and four pairs of legs, showing their shared ancestry with spiders. The front-most pair of appendages, termed the pedipalps, are for tactile and probably olfactory purposes and are long enough to fool you into believing that they are a fifth pair of legs. Additionally, they harbor a pair of gruesomely heavy pincers that make those of a large tarantula seem rather pedestrian. That’s the bad news for those of you who grow a bit wobbly kneed at the thought of a solpugid encounter. The somewhat better news is that these invertebrates that look like some science experiment gone wrong have no venom whatsoever to deliver via those formidable jaws. Phew!

Still, the sheer size of some species—bodies nearly as big as a large tarantula—as well as their swiftness are enough to give even the initiated pause for thought. Just recently I encountered a rather large solpugid on a trail and could not resist testing its reflexes. I placed my pinky near its dark brown jaws and was instantly pounced on. Although my flesh remained intact, I nonetheless will choose to do any future experiments in arachnid locomotion via a handy twig! Indeed, lacking venom, the pincers of solpugids are quite powerful and effective in subduing their prey. They dine mostly on other invertebrates, such as grasshoppers, crickets, and caterpillars. Larger species have even been known to turn the tables on vertebrates, devouring small lizards and mammals! In particular, some Old World species are so large that they’ve been dubiously dubbed “camel killers.” Our local analog in Mexico is “deer killer.” Fortunately, these are myths.

Solpugids live in underground burrows during the day, and most species venture forth only at night or when the sky is heavily overcast. As with certain other invertebrates, they’re probably at risk of desiccating should they roam around at the wrong time. Given these predilections, search for them, in particular, during monsoon season, when it’s humid. You probably will encounter only a few of the 120 or so species native to North America (north of Mexico), but trust me—they will be memorable encounters!

Vincent Pinto and his wife, Claudia, run Raven’s Way Wild Journeys. They offer local tours dedicated to the preservation of the incredible biodiversity in the Sky Islands. For info, go to www.ravensnatureschool.org.

By Vince Pinto
The Fiebergs Depart for The Highlining Life
By Ann Katzenbach

Chip and Laura Fieberg, Patagonia’s yogic-acrobatic-slackliners are off on a new adventure. Their house in town is on the market, and they plan to depart early this month for Bend, Oregon, currently dubbed "the extreme sport capital of the U.S.” Chip and Laura have been perfecting their skills for a number of years, performing and teaching in the United States, with stops in Canada and Korea. Friends of theirs from Tucson who share similar interests moved to Bend several years ago, and Laura and Chip have visited them a number of times. Their friends are opening a training facility for people who want to compete at the highest levels of endurance sports.

Chip says Bend, a city of 100,000, is like Patagonia in that it’s high desert, but that’s where the similarities end, except, perhaps, that Bend’s economy is based largely on tourism. Bend started as a logging town on the Deschutes River, but its climate and natural beauty soon started to attract sporting vacationers. Today it’s a gateway for mountain biking, fishing, hiking, camping, rock climbing, white water rafting, skiing, paragliding, and golf.

For Chip and Laura the appeal of Bend is a mix of social and business. There will be more opportunity there for teaching, practicing, and performing. Chip’s skills as a graphic designer and video artist will find a much wider audience. He also hopes to get back to skiing, and Laura plans to try her hand at snowboarding and skiing. The challenge that has them very excited is what is called “highlining.” This is like tightrope walking except the rope is a length of woven belting, and it’s not pulled tight but has a bit of a sag. It’s secured at high places out in the natural world. There is no net, but there is a harness and other safety features. No one has ever been hurt highlining. It’s mostly about thrill and skill, two watchwords for Bend and for the Fiebergs.

Laura and Chip say there will be more people of their age who share common interests, although they mention how much they have enjoyed their life here and how pleased they are that there has been an influx of younger people to the town. Of course, they will miss friends, and they hope to return in early January for a visit.

We wish them all the best, and hope that highlining keeps its 100 percent safety record.

PALS, the group that is working to raise money for new town dog kennels in Patagonia, is making progress. At the Fourth of July celebration, they raised another $500, and they now have $10,000 in their bank account. They plan to begin building when they receive a permit from the town. PALS expects that part of the labor for the building will be done by volunteers, but there will be a general contractor who has not yet been selected.

In order to raise the remaining funds they need, PALS is offering the public the chance to buy a block (or brick) of the material that will be used in the building. Rastra Block is an expensive but very practical building material that provides outstanding insulation and saves money over time. You can donate $50 for a block, and your name or dedication will be part of the completed building. Feeling a bit more generous? You can donate a wall for $1,750 or a half wall for $875.

Charlie Montoya at the gas station has brick donation vouchers. You can leave checks with him or drop them off at the town hall. Checks should be made out to the Town of Patagonia with “PALS” designated at the bottom. You don’t have to buy a $50 brick. Smaller donations will be gladly accepted.
Grasslands and mowing seem to go together like maple trees and maple syrup. However, mowing the perennial grasses of our high desert can be a real threat to the long-term sustainability of the grasslands here, and mowing can reduce habitat for many species that depend on grasslands.

Much of our Sonoita plain and the foothills of the Santa Rita, Huachuca, and Patagonia Mountains are dominated by native, perennial grasses. There is no good way to tell the age of a grass plant, but long-term studies of native perennial grasses have found that they live at least 200 years and some maybe as long as 1,000 years.

Unlike annual agricultural grasses that live only one year, grama grasses and other native perennial grasses are well adapted to live in a climate where their physiology limits them to growing only in the summer. Unlike other grasses, including annuals used in agriculture for silage, the native perennial grasses require warm soils and do not green up until the monsoon rains arrive.

These native perennials have a structure and growth pattern that allow them to store enough below-ground carbon, nutrients, and sugars and slowly will dwindle away, especially in dry years, as we have recently seen.

Cattle, if managed appropriately, are probably the best way to mow a native perennial grass pasture. In a well-managed grazing system, cattle are allowed to ingest only a small fraction of the carbon and nutrients, and they cycle most of it back as droppings and urine. Native herbivores (grass-eating animals) seem to have little effect on the grasses. Indeed, many of the native herbivores are not four-legged mammals—they are grasshoppers, butterflies, ants, lizards, snakes, birds, and other members of the abundant animal community found in native grasslands.

Mowing for fire protection should be done well after the grass seeds have filled out and hardened. Leaving the mowed annual growth on the soil means that most of the carbon and nutrients can then be cycled back into the soil. What doesn't blow away will be broken down by soil microbes to be incorporated into the grass next year.

The one place you should mow is an area 100 feet out around your house in order to be protected from fast-moving grass fires. Landowners should follow the guidelines available at the Sonoita-Elgin Fire station for fire-safe landscapes.
Gazing at the Garden

By: Molly McCormick

As I gaze out the open window, sipping my morning tea, I observe the activity in my backyard. Along with barking dogs, I hear the Curved-Bill Thrashers that have nested in the yucca, a juvenile Gray Hawk, the cooing of the Eurasian Collared Doves, the twinkling chorus of songbirds, a rooster’s crow. There are three species of fledgling hummingbirds at the feeders bobbing around awkwardly like Bambi on the ice, as they adjust to the first few days of flight. My eye follows a Dusky Flycatcher as it alights on the outstretched branch of a sycamore in the corner of the yard.

The patch of green under the massive sycamore brings a smile to my face; it is my own little ecological habitat, a collection of symbols that connect me to place. This small space is nothing fancy, a mish-mash of plants that happened to come my way, nestled into mulch-filled basins. I’m still obtaining my daily lunch salad from the greens I purchased as garden starts at the community garden in April. I acquired the red runner bean seeds this spring during a Patagonia Public Schools watershed presentation. The yarrow was transplanted from the mountains; I will harvest it for medicinal tea. The milkweeds are for the monarchs and were purchased at the Borderlands’ retail space. The butternut squash seeds were saved from a dinner that I purchased at Red Mountain Foods last year. The buoyant yellow blossoms of primrose and red tubular blooms of hummingbird mint are a flurry of butterfly and bee activity.

I eagerly await the burst of happiness from the Havasupai striped sunflowers, whose seeds I acquired from Native Seeds/SEARCH. The sunflower is symbolic to me because I grew up in Kansas, the Sunflower State, but this variety is extra meaningful because it was cultivated at the bottom of the Grand Canyon, my last home before Patagonia. This variety is also a hero of sorts—it helped save the sunflower seed industry in the 1990s because it was one of three varieties resistant to races of a fungus that was working to destroy the flowers.

There are some seedlings popping up in my garden beds. I checked out the seeds for these from the Patagonia Public Library’s new seed library. I planted the seeds with the first monsoon rains, a traditional way to garden in this region. I enjoy participating in this way with those who came before me and continuing my role in the web of life that is my backyard in the Sonoita Creek Watershed.

Borderlands Restoration is hosting a “Design Your Own Pollinator Garden” workshop on August 3 at Third and McKeown, in downtown Patagonia. Find out more on the events page at www.borderlandsrestoration.org or on Facebook.

Molly McCormick is the Restoration Horticulturist/Outreach Specialist for Borderlands Restoration in Patagonia.

Paton’s “Hike, Learn and Eat” Saturdays

Starting in October the newly named Tucson Audubon’s Paton Center for Hummingbirds will offer a Saturday of activities in Patagonia.

The hiking will begin early with a guided Bird and Biodiversity Hike. Lifelong naturalist, Bryon Lichtenhan will introduce hikers to hidden corners of the species-rich country surrounding the Paton Center, from the Patagonia Mountains to the San Rafael Grasslands.

A relaxed lecture series will follow the morning hike. The series will provide informal discussion on a variety of topics regarding the natural history, ecology, and conservation actions of southeast Arizona. (Look forward to learning about local subspecies, including the Azure Bluebird.)

The day will conclude with a participants sharing a meal here in town. Audubon is hoping that fellow birders, biodiversity enthusiasts, and armchair conservationists will support the local economy and help maintain Patagonia as a thriving hub for ecotourism by getting together at local restaurants, to share ideas and perhaps a cookie or two.

Dates for these Saturday Hike, Learn and Eat events have not been determined, but they will run from October until April. The PRT will keep readers advised as we get closer to October.
The Legacy of World’s Fair Mine

By Blue Evening Star

A presentation I attended last year in Tucson provided a sobering account of actions set in motion long ago that are causing health problems for all living things here and now. The presentation was part of an annual event, Researcher Days, held by the Sonoran Institute and Friends of the Santa Cruz River, in which they showcase research done each year on the Santa Cruz River watershed.

The subject of the presentation was “acid mining drainage impacts on invertebrate communities and food webs and bioaccumulation of inorganic contaminants from post-mining activity in the Patagonia Mountains.” In this study, geologists and biologists are working together to find sources and destinations of heavy metal pollution. Two scientists, Jessica Gwinn and Peter Reinthal, are studying and comparing Alum Creek and its surrounding watershed with Humbolt and Harshaw Creeks. Alum Creek is the site of the World’s Fair Mine, which was closed in 1940. They assess the health of the creeks by counting aquatic invertebrates. When the water quality is good, they find many happy little mayflies and caddis flies, which thrive only in healthy streams.

Humbolt and Harshaw Creeks are full of mayflies and caddis flies. Alum Creek is severely polluted. They found only blood worms and cannibalistic beetles along its stinky banks. More than 70 years after the closing of the World’s Fair Mine, Alum Creek continues to pollute all that is downstream.

Gwinn and Reinthal noted that there are 60,000 abandoned mines in Arizona today. The usual practice is for mining companies to cap the mine to stop harmful chemicals from leaking out, but it is likely (although not proven) that dust continues to carry these chemicals, so capping may not be sufficient. The only way to prove whether the chemicals are spreading via dust in the air would be to set up dust filters to determine the quantity and types of heavy metals being distributed.

Gwinn and Reinthal have found airborne deposition of lead and mercury throughout the entire Patagonia area. They highly recommended not eating fish from Peña Blanca Lake because they found a very high mercury content in fish from that water. They also found lead and mercury in fish from Lake Patagonia, although in lower amounts than in those from Peña Blanca Lake. They don't recommend eating fish from Lake Patagonia, either. The conclusion from their research is that mines closed for many decades continue to pollute.

For more information, go to www.earthworksaction.org/issues/detail/acid_mine_drainage#.U8xbmLEq9u4

Director of Patagonia Art Center Resigns

PRT Staff

Faye Finley, who has served as director of the Patagonia Creative Arts Center since Gail Jacobson left the position a year ago, announced her resignation as of June 30. She will remain available to assist the center’s new director, Cassina Farley, as needed over the next year and then intends to go back to school to earn a master’s degree in counseling.

Answer to Our Wild Neighbors

Tracking Quiz:

Coyote (Canis latrans)

The coyote is a species of canine found throughout North and Central America, ranging from Panama in the south, north through Mexico, the United States, and Canada. It occurs as far north as Alaska and in all but the northernmost portions of Canada.

Though coyotes have been observed to travel in large groups, they primarily hunt in pairs. Typical packs consist of six closely related adults, yearlings, and young. Coyotes are primarily nocturnal but can often be seen during daylight hours in fields, forests, and even cities. A coyote’s voice consists of howls, yips, yelps, and barks; the image of a coyote howling at the moon is a popular motif in the southwest (and elsewhere), though in the wild they do not wear bandanas.

They are omnivores and eat a wide variety of foods. The coyote’s consumption of rodents has been an effective control; when coyotes are eliminated from an area, the rodent population can explode.

Traditional stories about a trickster or culture hero called Coyote appear in dozens of Native American nations from Canada to Mexico.
13420 EAST SINGING HILLS TRAIL, 6 miles north of SONOITA
Santa Fe Contemporary on 10.56ac directly adjacent to Coronado Natl Forest – in the foothills of the Santa Ritas at a temperate 5000’ elevation near the base of Mt. Wrightson. You’ll enjoy truly incomparable views, serenity, privacy & immediate (endless) ride-out & adventuring. The handsome 2,502sf home includes 2Be & Study, 2Ba, open-plan living w/Kiva FP, beamed ceilings, wood floors & innumerable custom features + attached 2-car G. Also – walled courtyards, gardens; horse facilities; underground utilities; ample good water & excellent neighbors.
TAR/MLS #21418956 $635,500

10 ACORN LANE in Flux Canyon, PATAGONIA
Alluringly creative residential compound on 25.16ac SW of Patagonia. A magical, richly wooded canyon setting w/seasonal arroyo & footbridges. Buildings include 1,872sf 3Be/1.75Ba primary/hillside casa; 1,454sf 2Be/1Ba guest/creek casa + 598sf canyon studio/casita. Adobe & strawbale w/copper roof; wood, Saltillo & slate details among MANY others.
TAR/MLS #21414768 $649,000

92 MUSTANG TRAIL in the heart of SONOITA
Exceptional 1,872sf custom Santa Fe on 4.77ac ringed by mtn silhouettes. 3Be/2Ba/2G w/high cedar-plank & pine-beam ceilings; cedar cabinetry w/saguaro rib insets; Saltillo & mesquite floors; a gorgeous walled garden w/big views + separate fab 1,011sf multi-purpose building. A great Soñoita setting; lovely neighboring homes & vineyards nearby.
TAR/MLS #21416366 $379,000
In Memory of Shanti Carlisi
January 12, 1986—July 18, 2013

Intelligent, Wise, Kind, Creative, Beautiful

Shanti grew up in Patagonia. She attended Stevenson Boarding School in California, where she earned the highest grades ever received there. She went to college at Parsons School of Design in New York City and created her own vintage clothing design business. She never had a child of her own, but she took care of Polo, a young child from Tucson, for one and a half years. She provided profound tender care and generated love from everyone.

Shanti’s parents teach and study yoga and Ayurveda. Shanti and her sister Mira grew up in a setting of spiritual development.

Shanti loved many things. She traveled to 27 countries, had been a wife, rode horses, swam with sea turtles, fed baby tigers, sailed in the Pacific Ocean, hiked the Grand Canyon, rowed on river trips, rode on elephants, practiced yoga, meditated, snowboarded, skied, was an excellent cook, a model, a soccer athlete, a lifeguard, an excellent artist, and a very good daughter, sister, friend. We were blessed. She will be missed.

“All I ask is, forever you remember me as loving you.”
—from Shanti’s journal, age 18

This was sent to us from Croatia, where Shanti’s mother, Cynthia Carlisi, traveled last month to visit the site of the car crash that took the life of her daughter one year ago.

Mable Knox Floyd
March 23, 1922 - June 30, 2014

Mable passed away peacefully in Tucson on June 30. She was 92 years old.

She was born Alma Mable Knox in Memphis, Tennessee on March 23, 1922. She earned her nursing degree from the Baptist Memorial Hospital in Memphis, Tennessee in 1945, and married Claude Lloyd in November 1946. The story goes that Claude married her so she could work to put him through college. Obviously, their relationship was based on much more than a financial plan. They were happily married for 67 years!

Claude’s work took the family around the world and though Mable only worked a short time as a nurse after she started her family, her commitment to service was strong. She was a dedicated volunteer wherever she lived. She taught English, helped children to read and helped with the elderly. She was a champion for education and volunteered for over a decade at the library at the Little Red Schoolhouse, which in her honor now carries her name, and served several years as a school board member during the 25 years that the Lloyds lived in Kino Springs.

Mable was a woman of great faith and was extremely active in every church she attended, especially Patagonia Community United Methodist Church. She was involved for many years with the Patagonia Woman’s Club and the Patagonia Public Library.

She is survived by her son Mark (Lori) Lloyd, daughter Faye (Paul) Finley, and daughter-in-law Ann Lloyd; grandchildren Nigel and Nash Finley, Michael and Daniel Lloyd, Wayne (Jeannette) Becker, Trisha (Kevin) Andresen; and great grandchildren Samantha, Alexandria, Melanie, and Krista Andresen and Joshua and Maxwell Becker.

She was preceded in death by her husband, Claude, and son David Lloyd, brothers Lester and Fred Knox, and sister Mildred Payne.

Mable will be remembered as a strong, independent woman dedicated to serving humanity. We can only hope that she is now happily reunited with Claude and all of her family and friends that have gone before her, but we can be sure that she is at peace.

No memorial plans have been made at this time.

Donations in Mable’s honor may be made to the scholarship fund at Patagonia Woman’s Club, PO Box 892, Patagonia, AZ. 85624.
Friends (and there are many) describe Clint Trafton in many ways: fun, witty, kind, wise, talented, smart, honest, and now, lucky to die the way he did. This beloved man died quietly at home in the early morning hours of June 29 after a full day of living that included a winning doubles game and a family party. He was 81.

Clint was born in Albuquerque, New Mexico, where he grew up and married his high school sweetheart, Dorothy Curtis, at the age of 17. He worked hard, did odd jobs, helped his in-laws farm, set linotype as his father did, and read gas meters in El Paso. In 1954, he was drafted into the army, where he served for two years. He then used his G.I. bill to enter the University of New Mexico and obtain a degree in electrical engineering. After he graduated, he and Dorothy moved to Seattle, where he worked for one year for Boeing. Somewhere between studies and work, he found time to take up tennis.

After Seattle, the Traftons returned to Albuquerque, where Clint earned a master’s degree in psychology from UNM. From there he went on to get a Ph.D. at the University of Illinois. Throughout these university years, Clint and Dorothy were raising three sons, Curt, Mitchell, and Clay.

Clint was interested in the physiology of what makes us act as we do. He preferred the laboratory to the therapist’s chair. In 1965 Pomona College in Claremont, California, hired him. While there, he was a popular teacher of behavioral psychology. Clint and Dorothy’s next home was in Tucson, where Clint joined the faculty of the University of Arizona’s Psychology Department in a teaching and research position; he was also a successful grant writer.

Clint and Dorothy divorced in Tucson, and in 1974 he met Sara Winter at a craft fair. Sara was a jewelry maker, counselor, teacher, and administrator who became Clint’s second wife. In the 1980s, Clint retired from teaching and embarked on a career as a woodworker. He and Sara bought a home on Niagara Street in Tucson, which they totally rebuilt in line with the local architecture and added a shop for Clint. They became a part of the Hispanic community they lived in, which Clint absolutely loved.

The transition from professor to carpenter/builder was a smooth one. Clint had always been creative and precise and quickly gained a reputation as a furniture maker and designer. He experimented with copper inlays and always favored mesquite lumber. His new career gave him time to do other things he loved: fly fishing in northern New Mexico, camping, backpacking, dancing, tennis, and writing. Clint has written three books. In 2000 he published You Can’t Push a Rope. This fictionalized account of Reies Tijerina and the land grant wars in northern New Mexico in the 1960s and 1970s won the Frank Waters Southwest Writing Award for Literary Achievement. A short collection, Grandpa’s Stories, contains vignettes from Clint’s life that capture his spirit.

In the 1990s, Clint and Sara moved to Jemez Springs, NM, where they built a lovely straw bale home, and Clint was near the trout streams he enjoyed while growing up. After a while, they missed the many friends and warmer winters they had left behind in southern Arizona, so, in 2003 they moved to Patagonia. They built a house on a high piece of ground in town and filled it with Clint’s furniture and their artwork. In 2006, Sara developed cancer; she died in September 2007. Clint cared for her throughout her illness.

As he aged into his 70s, Clint was a board member of the Patagonia Regional Community Foundation, wrote for the Patagonia Regional Times, and still loved to dance and play tennis. In 2008 he spied a lively, pretty woman with a great forehead on the tennis courts. The rest, as most Patagonians know, is history. Janie and Clint married in April 2013, and in April 2014 they celebrated their first anniversary with a big party for family and friends. Clint sang a duet with Janie and happily celebrated his third marriage.

Clint is survived by his wife, Janie; his three sons; five grandchildren and two great grandchildren; his half-sister, Conita Thompson; and his first wife, Dorothy.

Clint’s family, Janie’s family, and many friends attended a memorial service for Clint at Cady Hall on July 20. There was a beautiful shrine with all of Clint’s favorite things and spoken tributes to his amazing life, underscored by the words of one of his friends who finished her story by singing the great Sinatra line, “I did it my way.”
### meetings

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Details</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>The Patagonia Museum</strong></td>
<td>Regular meetings w/topics including local history; highway cleanups every 90 days, &amp; monthly workdays at Lochiel Schoolhouse. For more info, visit <a href="http://www.thepatagoniamuseum.org">www.thepatagoniamuseum.org</a></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>AA</strong></td>
<td>Wednesdays at 6 p.m., Sonoita Hills Comm. Church, 52 Elgin Rd., just off Hwy 83; Info: 237-8091</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>CHOP (Community Homes of Patagonia, Inc.)</strong></td>
<td>Board Meeting 3rd Monday of the month at 6 p.m. in the Patagonia Town Council Room Chambers.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Overeaters Anonymous</strong></td>
<td>Meetings - Patagonia United Methodist Church, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 6:30 p.m. Info: 604-3490</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Patagonia Town Council</strong></td>
<td>2nd and 4th Wednesday of the month at 7 p.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Rotary Club</strong></td>
<td>1st Thursdays at 7 a.m. at Patagonia H.S. For info: 520-907-5829</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>San Rafael Community 4-H Club</strong></td>
<td>2nd Monday at the Patagonia Methodist Church, Thurber Hall at 5:30 p.m. Contact Tami 455-5561.</td>
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### events

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<tr>
<td><strong>Al Buhl 5K &amp; 10K Run</strong></td>
<td>August 2 in Sonoita. Proceeds go to benefit local running programs and 4H, as well as St. Augustine, where Buhl coached track &amp; cross country. For more info go to <a href="http://www.redbeardrally.com">www.redbeardrally.com</a>.</td>
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</tbody>
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| **Klef-Joshua Summer Concert Series** | August 2 - Jeordie, @ 1p.m.  
August 9 - Reno Del Mar, @ 1p.m.  
August 16 - Angel Diamond Band, @ 1 p.m.  
August 23 - The Magdelena Bash Harvest Festival, @ 11 a.m.  
August 30 - The Sundowners, @ 1 p.m.  
**CONCERT HAS BEEN CANCELED** |
| **99th Annual Sonoita Labor Day Rodeo** | August 30 to Sept. 1 at the Sonoita Fairgrounds. Gates open at 10 a.m. Junior Rodeo at noon daily: Main performance at 2 p.m.; steak fry & dance Sat. & Sun. evenings. Admission: Adults: $10, kids age 5-12: $5; 4 and under are free. For more info go to [www.sonoitafairgrounds.com](http://www.sonoitafairgrounds.com) |

### special interests

<table>
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<tr>
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<tr>
<td><strong>“Summer Shorts”</strong></td>
<td>a discussion group for adults, will meet every other Thursday through August at the Patagonia Library. (520) 394-2010.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Bikram Yoga</strong></td>
<td>Patagonia; for information call 520-604-7283.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Play Bridge</strong></td>
<td>Patagonia Community Center, Mondays &amp; Thursdays at 1 p.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Bingo</strong></td>
<td>St. Theresa Parish Hall, Patagonia, 1st &amp; 3rd Mondays at 6 p.m. 455-5681</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Crossroads Quilters</strong></td>
<td>Sonoita Fire Dept., 2nd &amp; 4th Mondays at 9 a.m.; Call Polly Lightner at (520) 732-0453.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Open Tennis</strong></td>
<td>PUHS, Tues. &amp; Thurs. at 5 p.m., Sat. at 8 a.m., except during school matches. Contact Tod Bowden at 394-2973</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Sonoita Tergar Meditation Practice Group</strong></td>
<td>1st &amp; 3rd Mondays at a private home. Free. Jonelle 455-9222.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Sonoita Plant Parenthood Gardening Club</strong></td>
<td>Share info on all kinds of gardening. For info contact <a href="mailto:clarebonelli@gmail.com">clarebonelli@gmail.com</a>.</td>
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### community services

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<tr>
<td><strong>Lunch for Seniors</strong></td>
<td>Fresh-cooked meals, Mon - Fri at the Community Center. Tuesday is Pie Day! Try the Thursday Special!</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Sr. Citizens of Patagonia Van Service</strong></td>
<td>Medical transportation available Mon. - Fri. for seniors &amp; disabled to Sierra Vista, Tucson, Green Valley &amp; Nogales. By appt. only. 394-2494</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Patagonia Food Bank</strong></td>
<td>Community Center; 2nd Wednesday of the month, 9-11 a.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Patagonia Methodist Church Thrift Shop</strong></td>
<td>Fri. 10 a.m.-2 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m. - noon.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Angel Wings Thrift &amp; Gift Shop</strong></td>
<td>Our Lady of the Angels Mission Catholic Church, 12 Los Encinos Rd, Sonoita. Thurs-Sat. 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. Info: 455-5262</td>
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**HELP US GET THE WORD OUT ABOUT YOUR MEETING, CLASS, OR EVENT**

Send your info to prtevents@gmail.com

**DEADLINE FOR NEXT ISSUE: AUGUST 20**
ADOPTABLE PETS OF THE MONTH

Foxie
Foxie is a perky, tubby senior pomeranian / chiwahua mix who likes everyone she meets, but she’s particularly fond of men! Foxie’s owner was moving and surrendered her with another dog, who has been adopted. She’s an energetic 7 and a half year-old who has a lot of love to give.

Buster
Buster is a wiry and spry gray tabby mix. A little shy at first, the ten month-old quickly becomes curious and playful—and he’s awfully entertaining to watch. Buster is in our Purr Palace with lots of other cats, so we know he makes friends easily.

SANTA CRUZ HUMANE SOCIETY
232 E. Patagonia Hwy 82, Nogales  287-5654
See other adoptable pets at santacruzhumanesociety.org

Speechless is not my nature, though the outpouring of support and love that I have experienced from Clint and my families and friends since Clint’s passing, has rendered me so. Suffice it to say how grateful and loved I feel while “carrying on,” with his love for us all, present today.

—Janie Trafton

CHURCH SERVICES

Patagonia Community/United Methodist Church
387 McKeown Ave., Patagonia
394-2274
Sunday Service: 10 a.m.

St. Andrews Episcopal Church
Casa Blanca Chapel of Sonoita
Justice of the Peace Courtroom
2nd & 4th Saturdays; 10 a.m.

Sonoita Bible Church
3174 N. Highway 83, Sonoita
455-5779
Sunday Service: 10:30 a.m.

Sonoita Hills Community Church
52 Elgin Rd., Sonoita
455-5172
Sunday Service: 10 a.m.

Our Lady of the Angels Catholic Church
12 Los Encinos Rd., Sonoita
394-2954;
Sunday Mass: 8 a.m.
COMpletely Remodeled! 2 BR / 1 BA. Home with a guest house and large garage / workshop. Custom details and finishes throughout. Laundry Room, Den, Great Kitchen with Pass-Thru, Privacy Fencing, Flagstone Walkways and Patios. A must see.
MLS# 21417684
$319,900
Jean Miller 520-508-3335 or
Jeff Evans 520-841-4611

Quiet and Private! 2 BR / 2 BA, 2200 sq ft. Santa Fe home on 20 acres! Within walking distance of Patagonia. Dream kitchen, spacious and open. Barn, plenty of turnout room and a seasonal creek!
MLS# 21316953
$529,500
Carol Ford 520-604-0162
or Cheryl Volk 520-975-7271

Beautiful Lake Patagonia

Georgeous View Home! 3 BD / 2 BA, 2542 sq ft. Mediterranean home on 4.2 acres at the lake. Split floor plan with high ceilings and beautiful windows that highlight the view of the Patagonia Mountains. Truly a turn key home.
16 Rosete Court, Patagonia
MLS# 21408417
$465,000
Beth Barth 520-907-4409

Patagonia Gem!
Amazing remodel! Everything to the highest standards. AZ room across front of home. Lots of windows, living room, den, super kitchen, laundry room, coffered ceilings, large front patio, privacy walls.
MLS# 21417693
$269,900
Jean Miller 520-508-3335 or
Jeff Evans 520-841-4611

Patagonia
520-394-2120
325 A Mc Keown Ave
Next to the Gathering Grounds

Sonoita Main
520-455-5235
Hwys 82 & 83
Next to the Post Office

Sonoita East
520-455-4634
N E corner of Hwys 82 & 83

Sonoita.LongRealty.Com