Get Ready for Community Pride Day

By Donna Reibslager

Mark your calendar and round up all that stuff that you've been meaning to get rid of. On Saturday, June 7, a crew of volunteers headed by Charlie Montoy and Ray Klein will be out in force to pick up just about anything you put out, as part of a town-wide cleanup they are referring to as Patagonia Community Pride Day.

Klein remembers the first Patagonia cleanup day in 1997, in which about 90 people took part. It was a success, and the town kept it up for several years, but eventually it lapsed. So the newly formed Patagonia Regional Business Coalition has volunteered to reestablish it.

The timing couldn't be better, as we are entering the summer fire season, and there are many parts of town with piles of pruned branches, scrap wood, or other debris that present a fire hazard. But Ray says that the cleanup crew will also haul away hard to dispose of items like junked vehicles, large appliances, furniture, tires or old car batteries. He hopes the cleanup will draw the participation of the whole community, and considers the event to be an opportunity to bring residents together—be they newcomers or old-timers—united behind a common cause.

The cleanup organizers will divide the town into four areas within the town limits. Each area will have a crew leader, who will oversee volunteers and coordinate their activity. Some volunteers will walk the streets with large garbage bags, picking up litter. Others will be a part of the crew that drives through the area, picking up bags or items that have been put on the curb for collection, or, in the case of disabled vehicles, designated for pick up by a resident's phone request. The crew will not take away trash without the owner's consent and will not (continued on page 2)
Community Pride Day, continued

enter private property unless the property owner has authorized it. The greater the participation by the community, the more successful will be the outcome. Many volunteers have signed on, and more are needed, including people who can donate their time and/or their truck. The crew will meet at the Community Center at 7 a.m. on Saturday. Volunteers are asked to bring work gloves and a rake or shovel. They’ll be treated to a continental breakfast and then will get started. At midday, the crew will break for a free hot dog lunch. The goal is to complete the task, and the clean up effort will be continued beyond Saturday if need be.

Many of the town’s businesses are lending their support, and the town will contribute two dumpsters. Sponsors of the event include Creekside Place MH/RV Park, DM Engineering and Excavating, Gathering Grounds, PAT Gas and Services, Patagonia Market, Ovens of Patagonia, The Town of Patagonia, The Wagon Wheel, Wildcat Silver, and Wild Horse Restaurant.

Residents are encouraged to help spread the word, in particular to neighbors who may be elderly and/or infirm. If you are aware of a yard that really needs clean up, you might approach the homeowner to be sure that they know about the event and ask if they need help, but this should be done in a respectful manner and only as a suggestion.

If you need help with getting trash or debris to the curb or have a junk vehicle to be taken away or questions, call Ray Klein at (520) 394-2530, or Charlie Montoy at (520) 604-1659.

Disposal

Large appliances
Pruned or fallen branches
Old tires
Old batteries

From Our Readers

Extreme Views

[Regarding the interview with Dinesh D’Souza (May 2014)]: In your interview (last paragraph) you state that Mr. D’Souza has “rather extreme views.” I’m not aware of his extreme views and would greatly appreciate it if you enlighten as to what they are. I thank you in advance for your kind consideration of this request.

— Dr. Gene Cafarelli

Dear Dr. Cafarelli,
The author’s reference to Mr. D’Souza’s views as being “rather extreme” was not expressed as an opinion, but rather as a widely shared public perception. The Economist, in an article from June 2010, referred to him as an “extreme movement conservative.”

Dinesh D’Souza maintains that the leftwing political establishment is responsible for the 9/11 attacks at the World Trade Center. He has made it clear that he believes the president of the US has a secret agenda to undermine US foreign policy. Views such as these are at the extreme right of the spectrum of political thought.

— The Editors

Senior Lunch Fans

We who are enjoying our times together at the Center would like to thank Steve and Erika. They have gone way beyond expectations. We are the folks who sit together daily and wish to thank them publicly.

— Harry, Mike, Penny, Emma, Donna, Bud, and David

Speed Limit Whine

Regarding the whining letters in your March issue: Presumably, both whiners know how to read. At both entrances to Patagonia on Highway 82 are identical signs with three little words: “Reduced Speed Ahead.” Whether one likes the posted speed limits or not, they are still the speed limits. Also, the maximum speed limit on Highway 82 from Sonoita to Nogales is 55. Would be nice if it were 60 or 65 but it isn’t.

— Dorothy Sturges
Hurdles Faced By Rosemont Mine

By Morris Farr, Vice-Chair, Save the Scenic Santa Ritas

Opponents of the proposed Rosemont Mine are encouraged by a recent letter from the Army Corps of Engineers (ACOE) to Rosemont Copper in response to its Environmental Impact Statement (EIS).

Mitigation Plan Insufficient

The letter states “…the proposed compensatory mitigation would not fully compensate for the unavoidable adverse impacts that would remain after all appropriate and practicable avoidance and minimization measures have been achieved.” That is bureaucratese for “the proposed mitigation is not sufficient to cover the damage.”

The ACOE is one of several government agencies that must approve the plans of Rosemont before construction of the mine could begin. Their major concern is the impact of the mine on the “waters of the United States,” which include Davidson Canyon and Cienega Creek. The Cienega watershed provides about 20 percent of the water supply for the Greater Tucson Area.

...And Expensive

Rosemont’s mitigation proposal calls for the purchase and protection of other aquatic areas in exchange for the potential damage to Davidson Canyon and Cienega Creek. This is a very expensive problem for Rosemont and presents one of the many hurdles that Rosemont must surmount before the mine can begin. Others are:

Overwhelming Number of Comments

The EIS contains over 1,200 pages and has generated an incredible volume of comments. Roger Flynn, an attorney in Denver who has much experience in opposing mines in the western USA, is working pro bono with Save the Santa Ritas (SSSR), and prepared over 270 pages of comments on their behalf. Pima County sent over 70 pages, mostly on air pollution, and one individual in Tubac submitted over 200 pages. The task of responding to those comments is overwhelming. The USFS has missed the legal deadline for a response, and an update is expected soon.

Challenges to Water Quality Permit

SSSR is challenging Arizona Department of Environmental Quality’s decision to grant a water quality permit for the project. Hearings in the Superior Court of Maricopa County are completed, and SSSR is awaiting a decision. SSSR also plans to challenge the ADEQ’s decision to issue an air quality permit to Rosemont.

New Info About Endangered species

A recent ocelot sighting, and the fact that two species in the area now being considered for protection have caused the US Fish and Wildlife Service to reconsider its previous acceptance of the EIS. (See sidebar below.) The impacts of the hurdles listed above are expected to delay the efforts of Rosemont Copper to initiate mine operations and legal actions against the company’s proposals are likely to contribute to that delay.

Ocelot Sighting Impacts EIS Approval

A camera installed in Rosemont Valley to record wildlife as part of a jaguar survey captured the image of a passing ocelot on May 14. The USFWS, which funded the survey together with the Department of Homeland Security, has reopened their consideration of Rosemont’s EIS as a result. Although they had accepted the plan previously, the sighting has triggered a new round of consultations between federal regulatory agencies with reference to the Endangered Species Act. In addition, the area is home to the Northern Mexican gartersnake and the yellow-billed cuckoo—both of which are now being considered as possible endangered species whose habitat might be affected by the mine.

Errors & Omissions

Our sincere apologies to Jesus Lopez and family, for having identified him as “Pedro Lopez” in the front page caption to our article about the family’s celebration of his 99th birthday.

Photo by Lynn Davison
School District Honors Two Legends
By Donna Reibslager

Members of the Patagonia Schools and the community joined on May 17 at Old Main School to honor Kate Musick, who is retiring from teaching after 41 years, and Old Main itself, which is closing after 100 years as Patagonia’s elementary school. In her opening comments, Patagonia School Superintendent Denise Blake described Old Main as “our community’s matriarch” and noted that it is the longest running continuously operating elementary school in Arizona.

Patagonia Elementary School (PES) Board Member Cindy Matus-Morriss talked about the fire that destroyed the town’s small schoolhouse in 1912 and the beautifully designed new building that was erected two years later, with classrooms brightly lit by large windows, and shiny wood floors. One hundred years later, the bell in the tower of the school’s gracious campus is still a familiar sound in town, ringing each morning at the start of the school day.

Matus-Morriss then recounted anecdotes from some of the school’s early students. Her mother, Carmen Rivera Matus, who attended from 1938 to 1941, remembers that the fifth and sixth grades shared a classroom and that the boys all had desks but the girls had to sit around a large table. (Carmen’s great-grandson, Thomas Montanez, is a fourth-generation student at Old Main.) Eloise Mendoza Walsh told of being reprimanded for speaking in Spanish during the 1950s. (Years later, one of her tasks as a PE teacher there was to teach Spanish.) Bob Lenon, Jr., remembers how Mr. Sears, a former principal and teacher, maintained
Nearly 200K in Upgrades for Patagonia Schools

By Calvin Whitcoe, PUHS student

I recently spoke with Superintendent Denise Blake about her three-year plan for bringing the Patagonia schools up to date with rejuvenated academic programs and facilities. Now entering its third year, the plan has already accomplished major upgrades to the schools’ technological infrastructure and expansion of academic programs, and an impressive list of additional improvements is scheduled for the coming school year.

Computers

Every classroom now has at least four computers. Two new computer labs will be added next year—one at the high school and one at the elementary school. Superintendent Blake’s long-range goals include the possibility of providing students with tablets (e.g., iPads). A technology plan approved by the Arizona Department of Education will allow Patagonia schools to be eligible for as much as 80% reimbursement for the cost of upgrades. When this project is completed, almost $200,000 will have been invested in updates to the schools’ technology.

New Classes and Program Restructuring

Over the past three years PUHS and Patagonia Elementary School have received high marks from the State of Arizona Department of Education for improvements to their programs. Courses have been upgraded, five-and-a-half new teaching positions have been added, and an educational program design that promotes team building and shared decision-making has been initiated. The schools have also incorporated a common planning time for teachers and a renewed focus on student achievement data to provide individualized instruction.

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Enhancements to Arts and Physical Education

The music department has spent more than $10,000 on musical instruments over the past two years. The art department acquired new tables and stools, deep sinks, generous amounts of art supplies, and renovations to its plumbing, totaling $9,000. Last year, physical education was enhanced with renovation of the high school weight room, and new equipment for PE and health classes will be purchased this year. Upgrades in the drama department will focus on improved lighting and sound equipment.

“We have a beautiful school in Patagonia,” says Superintendent Blake, “One that provides our children with the very best education and experiences.” She notes that community members are always welcome to visit the Patagonia schools campus, where they can tour the facilities and see the renovated classrooms, and she would like to thank everyone in our school community for their support in this endeavor.

discipline with an old fraternity paddle. And a first-aid kit was kept at the ready for bike-riding children who took a spill into the mesquite trees, rocks, and brush when their bikes picked up speed as they descended the hill road and couldn’t make the curve at the bottom. After an interlude in which music teacher Jason Schrieber led some of the school’s students in a musical performance, the event focused on departing teacher Kate Musick. Jack Heiss, former PES Superintendent at Old Main, and veteran teacher Patty Cooper shared stories about her early years and praise for her dedication, noting that she has touched the lives of hundreds of children spanning two generations since she began in 1973.

Kate Musick then took the podium, and recalled her first impressions of Patagonia, stating that it “felt like home.” “There was an innocence about Patagonia and its children that I felt immediately,” she said, adding that most of her students had never seen TV. She spoke of her love for Old Main and its “calm presence” and noted that over the years she has taught children whose aunts, uncles, or cousins had been her students years before and who have made her feel like family.

The guests brought side dishes and desserts to accompany a meal catered by Las Vegas Restaurant from Nogales, after which high school student Carlos Mingura provided music as the event’s DJ. The event drew many community members, who wanted to be a part of the moving tribute to a beloved teacher and a revered campus.
Eighteen Patagonia High School seniors graduated in May. Fourteen of them plan to continue their education at a community or four-year college. One young woman will enter the Air Force. The careers that interest them cover a wide spectrum...biochemistry, criminal investigation, ranch hand, dietician, ultrasound tech, welder, respiratory care therapy and more. PRT applauds and congratulates the Class of 2014--and the parents and teachers who have guided and encouraged them. Below are the graduates and their plans for the coming year:

James Ambrose plans to work as a ranch hand.
Lorenzo Beltran is looking into attending the culinary arts program at Pima Community College or seeking a career in fire science.
Berenice Cabrera will attend the University of Arizona to major in gender and women’s studies.
Marisela De La Ossa plans to attend the University of Arizona, majoring in biochemistry with a minor in mechanics.
Jaime Duarte is interested in moving to Las Vegas and a career in law enforcement.
Tyler Filigenzi-Hudson plans to move and work on a ranch in Oklahoma.
Alyssa Graham is attending Cochise Community College and wants to become an ultrasound technician. She received an $8,000 scholarship from Patagonia Womans Club, and a $1,000 Anne Stradling scholarship.
Faith Hendricks has enlisted in the Air Force and departs for training on June 16, 2014.
Miranda Jaramillo will attend Pima Community College before transferring to the University of Arizona to study respiratory care therapy.
Jacklyn Kallner-Venos will attend Pima Comm. College, then transfer to the U. of A. to study special education or equine veterinary science.
Jonathan King will attend Eastern Arizona College, majoring in business. He won a $1,000 Anne Stradling scholarship.
Nathaniel Lucero plans to attend Coconino Community College, majoring in business administration.
Chani McEldowney hopes to go to Northern Arizona University and study mathematics.
Johnny Montanez will attend Northern Arizona University to major in exercise science.
Kenneth Oliver will study welding at Cochise Community College.
Jodie Quiroga plans to attend Northern Arizona University, majoring in health sciences to become a dietician.
Savanah Skiver is moving to Tucson to study criminal investigation at the University of Arizona.
Felix Wharton will attend Northern Arizona University to pursue a master’s degree in education or environmental studies. Felix received a $5,000 Mary Bowman scholarship, $5,000 from Friends of Madera Canyon, and $8,000 from the Patagonia Womans Club.
Joshua de la Ossa, a 1994 graduate of PUHS, was the commencement speaker at the PUHS Graduation ceremony on May 23. He told the audience that he grew up in an adobe house without heating or air conditioning in Lochiel, built by his grandfather. It was a 45 minute bus ride to school. He spoke of his getting a full scholarship to the U. of A. and then losing it after the first year through a technicality. Thereafter he worked two jobs to finish his undergraduate degree and went on to get his master’s with distinction at Northern Arizona University. After marriage, the birth of two children and purchase of a house, Joshua decided to go to law school. He and his wife sold their house to finance his further education, and he became a lawyer. He told the graduates that “education is a lifelong process” and that “you may leave Patagonia, but Patagonia never leaves you. The lessons you learn here last a lifetime.”

“Patagonia never leaves you. The lessons you learn here last a lifetime.”
By Donna Reibslager

Patagonia’s Fourth of July parade always draws a crowd. It’s truly a hometown parade, with sirens, flag-bearing veterans, kids walking goats, and car after car honoring the community’s VIPs and supporting its causes. And it’s an interactive parade. By July, temperatures are usually in the 90s. The viewers lining the street know that unless they back up out of the line of fire, they are likely to be sprayed with water from the fire truck and other parade vehicles as they pass by. They stand ready and fire back with water balloons, squirt guns, big water-blasting guns, and soakers. For a short while we are like kids again, lobbing balloons or laughing as someone takes a spray, and then yelling out as we get targeted.

For the most part, people abide by the unwritten rules—no aiming at horses, small children, or inside vehicles. No heavy windups and fastball throws with the balloons. But in the last few years, there have been a few on the sidelines who forgot to maintain courteous limits. Some even carried around five-gallon plastic buckets full of water and upended them on unsuspecting spectators.

Lars Marshall, who has a big role in organizing the event each year, recalls when that happened to him. “I was sitting down, working on forms for the parade, that were scattered all around me. Suddenly some guy dumped a full bucket on me. I was soaked—along with all the paperwork.”

I asked him whether the Fourth of July committee was considering some kind of action to keep the water play at a reasonable level. Lars, who feels that “water is what makes the parade wonderful and unique,” said that there was no such discussion. However, he added that people who are participating in it need to remember that it’s supposed to be fun—and should be aware of what or whom they’re aiming at and not get heavy-handed. Anyone walking around dousing people with a big container full of water will be asked to leave. If you are watching the parade and see someone shooting their water gun or spitballing balloons, he suggests that you tell them “that’s not cool.”

We can all help to keep the parade an event that’s fun—for everyone.

“I have been here since I was a kid and it has always been the same since 1975. Don’t change anything.” — Andy Wood

“I am 26 and I love it. The young community members still enjoy the exchanges and it is a way to connect with the parade. I want my son Logan to be able to do it too.” — Audrey Wood

“It is 90 degrees, it’s hot and water feels good.” — Jeff Evans
You don't have to be a fire fighter to join Patagonia's Volunteer Fire Department. According to Ike Isakson, there are plenty of jobs, large and small, associated with the department. Assisting Ike's wife, Diane, with the ever-growing inventory of yard sale donations is one important way to help out. Ike also mentioned washing trucks and cooking burgers for fund-raisers, but the position he would most like filled is that of grant writer. Grant writing has its own special expertise, but it’s administering the grant that is a long-term commitment. That means keeping track of time, money, manpower, and responses. “We aren’t administrators,” says Ike.

Being closer to the front lines as a fire fighter or EMT requires training and strength. A “pack test” requires that you carry 45 pounds for three miles in less than 45 minutes. Plenty of women have joined the ranks of fire fighters, but some may think twice before trying the pack test. Then there are basic firefighting classes that happen periodically (often held in Tubac). These take a day, and there is a “small test,” says Patrick Mellor, who has taken more advanced classes such as “structure fire,” “ignition,” and “weather.” He has had to travel to take these classes, and although some are free, he has paid tuition for others.

If you pass the pack test and take the basic class, you can fight fires outdoors. Your equipment is provided, but you’re expected to buy your own wildfire boots, heavy duty leather foot gear that cost $200 a pair on average. Entering a burning structure requires not only heavy boots but also special certification.

The fire department volunteers meet at the firehouse the first Sunday of every month at 9 a.m. If you want to join, you’ll have to be voted in, but no one I talked to mentioned anyone ever being turned down. “We can always use help,” said Oscar Verdugo.
After an art opening in Tucson, a bunch of us went out to eat. Sitting right across from me was someone I didn’t know, a pleasant-seeming woman, in her forties, whose salient trait, for the moment at least, was a rather extraordinary display of cleavage. Her bosom was fairly erupting out of a deep-cut neckline, like new-risen dough bulging out of a pan. For me, this display of glandular affluence produced not so much desire as discomfort. Our parents taught us not to stare, but somehow I finished my meal without choking on my calamari. At last, when we stood up to leave, I shook my mammal-neighbor’s hand and wished her a good night. “Oh, and thanks for the cleavage.” I said, with a mischievous grin. Her face transformed abruptly from good-natured to irate. She turned and walked away without a word. Apparently, her neckline was some sort of social test I had just failed. But, come on, Sister, let’s get real. If you go out in public with your organs hanging out, I say “Amen,” but don’t expect me to pretend that such things are the norm. There’s nothing much more powerful in Nature’s bag of underhanded tricks than gonadal imperatives inclining us to rut and reproduce. Give me a break!

A sexist is a bigot, in my mind. Equality of genders makes good sense. Without it, there’ll be rancor of some sort. (There often is.) In patriarchal societies, where women are treated as chattels or slaves, men manage the disturbance posed by women’s sex appeal not by striving to work on themselves but by banishing the women from their sight. The ladies—(trouble makers, right?—like apple-pusher Eve)—are kept at home. Or, if allowed to leave the house at all, they must be swathed, head to toe, in a burqua or similar shroud, with their faces concealed from the world by a veil.

Men justify all this with lofty talk of modesty, though if we spoke—or even simply recognized—the truth, we’d have to admit we do it as a method of control. We keep ourselves comfy by shoving the gals out of sight.

It’s often said that rape’s a crime of anger more than lust. Traditional, paternalistic societies often blame the victims of sex crimes with innuendoes and even outright accusations that the woman brought these hardships on herself by dressing provocatively, flirting, or simply being attractive. In some cultures a rape victim is regarded as having dishonored her family and is punished (killed) by her (male) relatives. The notion of gender equality’s simply a joke in a culture like that. Even here in The States, victims are so routinely humiliated by police and trial attorneys that many crimes go unreported. Women will endure violation in silence, rather than endure a second, more public, round of embarrassment.

Clearly, this is a miscarriage of justice and a failure of decency. Yet, as a man, I understand—and share—male resentment toward women. You’re walking down the street, at ease, when, suddenly, WHAM, a drop-dead gorgeous woman comes in view. She’s very like a roadside bomb; you’re blown away or, simply speaking, stunned. Excitement, fear, confusion, and delight come surging up. And, like Clark Kent confronted by a lump of Kryptonite in skimpy shorts, you are undone. Your calm is shot, and, frankly, that’s not fair.

When I’m elected Head of State, the first thing I will do is draft a hefty Beauty Tax to levy against women in proportion to their grace. Attractiveness disturbs the peace and is provocative—in legal terms, a nuisance, like an unfenced swimming pool or loaded gun, or box of matches in the children’s room. It ought to be illegal, and it very shortly will be, once I’m King.
My perspective on life changed when our well went dry. When I say “our,” I am referring to a community of people—eight households and sometimes more.

Since having lived in the West Indies, with stored rain as our only source of water, I’ve never taken this precious commodity for granted, but we never ran out of water there. We got through every dry season and filled our cisterns when it rained again. Here we depend on water from the ground, water that’s running out.

When the water stopped, a meeting was called. Some well users who’ve lived here a long time thought the well would recharge when the monsoons come. Those who understand the workings of wells thought it might be that the 30-year-old well was clogged up—that there was water but it couldn’t get through. While we investigated that possibility, everyone agreed that we should buy water.

One of the houses on this well is leased to The Tree of Life, and there can be as many as eight people living there at any given time. Apart from the occasional use of that house, the well provides water for 19 people (adults and children)—taking showers, washing clothes, doing dishes, brushing teeth, and flushing toilets. The tank that once held well water is now filled by D&M Engineering. Elvino, the driver, takes about 4,800 gallons of water from the town pump and drives it out here. The longest time between refills has been one week; the shortest, three days. Each time Elvino fills the tank, it costs $180.00.

Living this way, I found my appreciation for water enhanced a hundredfold. I believed I was a thoughtful water user until it became an expensive commodity that affected my life day in and day out. For weeks, we saved shower water to flush the toilet when it really needed to be flushed. We saved dishwater to keep our trees alive. Tooth brushing can be done with only half a cup of water if you’re careful. The two laundromats in town ate up all my quarters. We took really short showers because each time the call went out for water, I heard the “cha-ching, cha-ching” of the cash register. As I write this, it is still not clear if the community well is really dry. There have been well experts working on it (“cha-ching, cha-ching”) for several days without any noticeable success.

The biggest lesson I’ve learned so far is that community wells are fraught with difficulties as a result of issues of leadership, accounting, meter-reading, legal agreements, and the ugly chasm between the over-consumers and the drop-counters. With this clearly in mind, we decided to drill a well with our one neighbor—one well for two households.

We hired a douser and paid him a substantial fee to find out where there was water somewhere on the two properties. He told us that we would find a good flow of water 240 feet below the spot to which his forked branch pointed. He was wrong about the depth and the flow, but after 12 hours of drilling, we got water at 680 feet.

Drilling is a noisy, dirty job. It requires skill, alertness, patience and experience. When the dirt starts spitting out of the drill hole, it’s like a cannon going off. When the pipes start swinging through the air, you’d better pay attention. When hours go by with nothing but clay and lubricating foam shooting out of the pipe, you need to believe things will change, and when you do find water, you need to know if it’s good or not-so-good and how much more to drill and how to cap it. It was dark when our crew finished up. We took banks of lights into the yard so they could work. There was exhaust smoke, cigarette smoke and the pounding of a diesel engine. It was like a movie set, only it was real, and we got good water, which I will never, never again take for granted.

I hope that in the future, every time I turn on a faucet, I will think of the long journey the water is making through the earth and remember how much it cost to get it.
On Editing
(Leaps of Logic, Redundancies, and Other Editables)

by Donna Reibslager

Sometimes at PRT, we hear that a writer—who may have spent a good deal of time preparing an article for this newspaper—is irritated by the editing that’s been done to his or her writing. We can all appreciate proofing for grammar errors and typos. But what about when someone changes our carefully chosen wording? Maybe eliminates a paragraph or even changes the structure of the article?

Some of the writing contributed to PRT needs little or no editing. But most of us develop a sort of tunnel vision after working on a piece of writing for hours. We can become so attached to some phrase or paragraph we’ve labored over that it’s difficult to see it as a reader would. Having put together an article so that it makes sense to us, we are puzzled to hear that some (%#!@***) editor thinks part of it doesn’t read well.

David Shipley is a former editor of the New York Times Op-Ed page. Below is an excerpt from an article he wrote (What We Talk About When We Talk About Editing, New York Times, 7/31/05) on the editing process:

“Besides grammar and accuracy, we’re also concerned about readability. Our editors try to approach articles as average readers who know nothing about the subject. They may ask if a point is clear, if a writer needs transitional language to bridge the gap between two seemingly separate points, if a leap of logic has been made without sufficient explanation. To make a piece as clear and accessible as possible, the editor may add a transition, cut a section that goes off point or move a paragraph.”

Although Shipley’s comments were written in reference to Op/Ed submittals, they apply to any article in a newspaper. Even the writing of seasoned professionals is subject to such revision, because no matter whose name appears in the byline, it is the quality of the newspaper that is reflected in how it is written.

If PRT edits your article beyond typos and grammar, it is your right to see and approve—or disapprove—the edited version before it goes to print. We are working to assure that all writers whose articles have been revised are shown the edited version before we publish it.

And, just so you know, this article has been edited. Changes have been suggested—and gratefully accepted. Well, most of them.

In the Good Old Summer Time

By Cassina Farley

Well, it looks like summer time is upon us here in old Patagonia. Winter folks who are not as tough as the rest wander back to their eastern homes to ride out the heat that would surely kill them. The few, the proud stay here and wait out the inevitable high temperatures, and for those at the store (Red Mountain Foods) the summer of stupid questions begins.

When the winter tourists all leave, the lake goers arrive. You can always see them coming, ill-fitting bikini tops perched atop abundant pasty Tucson skin waiting for its first sunburn of the season. They are looking for Hershey bars and marshmallows and, more important—the lake. “Where is the lake?” “How do we get to the lake?” “How far is the lake?” For some reason, most folks think that upon arriving in Patagonia you’ll drive right into the lake if you don’t make a sharp left/right. They always look bewildered when we tell them that they must keep going—“It’s only eight more miles.” For our sake, they should have waited to put on their Speedos.

The summer also brings rewards. You almost feel like you can stretch out a little more. I’ve always felt like summer belongs to the locals. The rain, thunder, and lightning are our reward for a year of hard work. We earn the smell of wet dirt and green grass. The summer brings the nightly concerts of crickets and bull frogs and the promise of those cool summer nights.

I met my husband, Zach, in the summer, here in Patagonia. He was rolling down the road in his beat-up GMC truck. We enjoyed moonshine in a Mason jar and a cruise in the hills. Our kind of paradise. (I just realized I might be a redneck—this might need further study.)

Overall, Patagonia’s summer is magic. It’s like no other place I know, and it’s ours, so get out and enjoy. Make your own memories. Go to your secret swimming holes, build bonfires, and have BBQs. I can’t guarantee there’ll be moonshine, but I’m sure you can improvise.
When I first began working at the library, I didn’t think I needed help at the front desk. I was wrong.

I met Natalie, who is now seven, a couple of years ago when I was working with her mother, Jennifer, at the Gathering Grounds. Natalie was always very sweet and talkative; I didn’t mind having her around. She nicknamed me Tinkerbell, which her brother, sister, and their friends began calling me. I don’t know why, but, for me, that was always a secret sense of pride, I suppose because the name suits me so well.

Once I started working at the library, I’d see her and many other kids blowing through wanting to use the computers. One day, she was on the waitlist and she seemed kind of bored so I asked her if she wanted to sit at the front desk with me. She agreed.

I learned right away that she is wonderfully curious and bright. She would ask me questions about how the computer works, why there are barcodes on the books, what is the purpose of the computer’s ringing sound. I’m not always the best at explaining things, so I figured if she was really that curious, she should just learn for herself. I showed her how to scan the material barcodes carefully (“always make sure to press enter after you hear the ding”) and click checkout (“ask if they want a printed receipt”), as well as the importance of making sure that DVDs are in their cases.

This quickly led to questions such as: “Will I get paid for this?” and “Why don’t I get paid for this?” To which I can only reply: “You volunteered. If you want to be paid, you’re going to have to fill out an application. Bring your resume too, while you’re at it.” She usually just says, “Aww man!” and jokingly lowers her eyes, crosses her arms and pouts, or something to that effect. Somewhere along the line, the term “unpaid intern” was teasingly thrown around and stuck. Then I had to explain what child labor laws are.

Most of the time, the two of us sit and chat about our lives. She tells me what it’s like to have a younger brother and what’s new in school. I answer her questions as best as I can and sometimes read books to her. We discovered that we have a mutual fondness for all things Hello Kitty, like my cell phone, which she lovingly states is “her phone.” Sometimes I print out Hello Kitty coloring pages for her. And for me too.

Natalie isn’t the only “unpaid intern.” She probably doesn’t realize that by getting her foot in the door, she paved the way for other after-school kids looking for something to do.

She probably doesn’t realize that she makes the last hour and half of work that
Undefeated Patagonia Middle School Baseball Champs

Rotary Club
Middle School Awards
By Inge Meyer

This year’s Rotary Club middle School Award recipients were:

Elgin Middle School
Citizenship award - Clarissa Etchart
Scholarship award - Alexandria Scheid
Leadership Award - Clay Lyman

Patagonia Middle School
Citizenship award - Juliana Quiroga
Scholarship award - Mia Arochi
Leadership award - Patrick "Duke" Norton

Each youth receive a certificate and a check for $100 to honor their accomplishment.

one day, about a year ago, Jan Herron was in a thrift store and saw some colorful Hawaiian-style shirts on the rack. They made her think of the annual KPUP Luau. The wheels in her head began turning, and she conceived the idea of using a sale of such shirts to raise money for KPUP. She shared her idea with Judy Mills and Adrienne Halpert, owner of Global Arts Gallery in Patagonia. Would they like to go in on such a venture with her?

The women agreed that it was a great idea and began buying up Hawaiian shirts at second-hand stores and garage sales. As the date of the KPUP Luau approached almost a year later, the three women had collected, washed, and stored well over a hundred shirts and other island-inspired clothing and accessories. One of Judy Mills’ closets was entirely taken over by Hawaiian shirts crowded together on the rack.

The Hawaiian Shirt Sale, held the weekend of May 3 in front of Global Arts Gallery, offered the shirts and other clothing at $10 each, with all proceeds going to KPUP. Buyers who purchased at least two items could get a discount on the Luau’s dinner ticket. The clothing was displayed on rope strung from the rafters of the overhang above the sidewalk. The bright colors beckoned customers in a display that stretched from Global Arts down to Long Realty. The women also offered silk flower leis and grass skirts. People began “buying shirts before they’d even finished hanging them. Out-of-town visitors who knew nothing about the KPUP Luau made purchases as well—impressed by the sale’s purpose of fund-raising for the local radio station. The women raised more than $1,000 for KPUP. “And we had fun doing it,” said Jan Herron. “We’ll probably do it again next year.”

G HIGH SPIRITS HS PATAGONIA, AZ

Local Employment Opportunities

High Spirits is proud to be a part of Patagonia and would like to offer employment to our local community. We are continually looking to add qualified people to our team. Our working environment is positive and we offer a good benefits package.

If you have office experience, computer skills or would like to work in a wood shop environment please go to www.highspirits.com/employment to apply. Applications can be emailed: info@highspirits.com, faxed: (520)394-2312 or mailed: PO Box 522, Patagonia, AZ 85624. Wage DOE.
Why is KPUP's Annual Luau so popular? It's one of the first warm nights of the year. You get to dress in colorful tropical gear and adorn yourself with flowers. If you're Zach Farley, you bring your ukulele. This year's event drew a record crowd of over 200 people, and served 150 dinners. Children were entranced by sword-swallower Tom Sectomy (A.K.A. Jeoffrey Cobb), and the crowd enjoyed the get-up-and-dance music of Aztec Blue. Aloha! Photos by Walter Andrew
The Legacy Letters, by Carew Papritz
Reviewed by Ann Katzenbach

Carew Papritz was at Mariposa Books and More for a book signing in May. Shop owner Ann Caston was impressed with his writing and said that people who came for the event were deeply moved by some of the chapters in his book, The Legacy Letters.

The dust jacket calls the book a novel, but the book is much more a spiritual and practical guide to life. The plot has almost nothing to do with what's inside the book. A man and his wife separate because of a misunderstanding. He leaves, finds out he has a terminal illness, and retreats to his family cabin in the mountains. She finds herself pregnant and gives birth to twins. For seven months, while he prepares to die, he lives alone and writes letters to his children, which he then leaves for them to read when they are older.

The book contains these letters, which range from advice on manners, to work, parents and parenting, nature, honesty, love, loss, taking walks, money, holidays, family, marriage, education, music, reading, travel, time, imagination, and lots of other topics that would take this entire article to list.

The father's advice is doled out in chapters that vary in tone. Sometimes he's maudlin: “I am sorry that this life that you live will embody such immensity and complexity of suffering. Yet in the guise of the terrible you will gain a wisdom and humility you have never known.” Elsewhere he's energetic and uses country metaphors to illustrate his points: “Working outside is a great way to make a living. My feeling is that getting paid for doing what you like in the great outdoors is like receiving an extra hundred bucks in every paycheck. And if one gets paid for cowboying... they might as well pay angels to have wings. On this aspect of working I am contentedly biased.” Some of his descriptions are poetic and moving. Many of his discourses on life are profound reminders of what it means to live life joyfully, fully, and creatively.

This isn't a book to sit down with in one or two sessions. It should be read little by little in order to extract the wisdom there. Parents might be the best readers, as there are many reminders of beliefs and values that all children need to have. In fact, the book has won a Mom's Choice Award. Legacy Letters can get repetitive, and Papritz sometimes falls into the trap of sounding like a recycler of Chicken Soup for the Soul, but there is much wisdom in the book, and the plot gives it an immediacy and poignancy that are compelling.
On Saturday morning, May 10, word was getting around town. “The high school play is great. Don’t miss it. It’s only on for one more night.” By performance time on Saturday, the cast of *Hairspray* was playing to a full house and then, at the end, to a standing ovation.

The musical is a perfect choice for high school students. It’s all about them (albeit back in the 1960s, but how much has changed?), the music is groovy and there are lots of parts. Everyone on stage seemed to be having a good time singing and dancing and acting their hearts out.

Along with the entire cast, the teachers who worked so hard to help put this on are to be congratulated. Someone said that the following Monday, everyone at the high school was walking around in a daze, unsure of how to now use all those hours they’d been putting in to make such an impressive musical extravaganza.

Photos by Cindy Matus-Morris
What can you do with a camera, clay, wax, sandblaster, welding torch, and a mixture of copper, lead, and zinc? If you are Deborah Copenhaver Fellows you can create a world famous bronze monument. Every time you drive past the Santa Cruz Fair Grounds in Sonoita you see Deborah’s artwork displayed in “A Tribute to Ranching”—her first equine monument.

Deborah was born in Spokane, Washington, and grew up across the border in Sand Point, Idaho, where her parents, world champion bronc rider Deb Copenhagen and his wife, Cheryl, owned a cattle and Quarter Horse ranch. Deborah had to travel 25 miles to go to school. Living on a ranch and caring for horses fostered her lifelong passion for horses. As a preteen she won barrel racing competitions, and, as a talented artist, she sold drawings of horses at an early age.

After high school Deborah went to Washington State University to study art on a Rotary scholarship. A year later she moved back to Spokane and attended Fort Wright College, where she received a B.A. degree in fine arts. It was here that her life’s work became clear. She delights in saying that her sculpture teacher, Sister Paula Mary, “opened the world of art to me.” Deborah remembers the first time she met Sister Paula Mary. “She had her customary clerical habit on, as well as a welding cap.” During her college years Deborah was asked to accompany Sister Paula Mary to Greece on a study tour. She also studied art in Italy and France and took a side trip to complete a sculpture of a famous horse in Poland. “You learn a lot in school, but you learn most when you get out.”

These experiences were the spark that set Deborah’s heart on fire for a lifetime of sculpture. Her high school teacher told her many years later that she always knew Deborah had talent. Her heart is in her work. One of her favorite sayings is Louis Nizer’s “A craftsman works with his hands and his mind. An artist works with his hands, his mind, and his heart.”

In 1975 Deborah came to Arizona and worked as a wrangler on a dude ranch in Prescott. It was there that she cast her first bronze project. But soon afterward she returned to Washington, where she set up a studio in an upstairs bedroom and went to work. Within 18 months she received a commission to cast a bronze statue of Bing Crosby for his alma mater, Gonzaga University. She has also completed other projects in Washington State, including a Vietnam Veterans Memorial and a tribute statue to the Boy Scouts titled “Footsteps to the Future.” Deborah honors women in art as much as horses. Many of her works depict women in positions of strength and grace. She says, “I want the woman in western art to be conveyed as a confident, capable, feminine, graceful image.” These are her own qualities, and her works in Arizona galleries are in constant demand.

Deborah also honors her father in art. She has produced a statue called “Giving Thanks” that shows a cowboy on horseback praying. “I watched my dad many times take off his hat and pray, so that is what I sculpted. I don’t think there is anything neater than a man, a strong man, with his head bowed.” That sculpture is now in a museum in Georgia.

Another well-known work of Deborah’s is the Barry Goldwater statue currently in Phoenix. There was a nationwide search for an artist to do the work, and Deborah got the call. Some 26 months later she delivered the larger-than-life 700-pound statue and its 900-pound base to Phoenix in the back of a horse trailer. Soon it will be moved (continued on next page)
Wayne Coates, a onetime resident of Elgin, was sentenced to 18 months in the state prison system for multiple charges stemming back at least to 2007. Judge Monica Stauffer passed sentence on May 15 in Santa Cruz County Superior Court in Nogales. Coates had previously been convicted of harassment and interfering with judicial proceedings.

Coates was accused of harassing numerous Sonoita residents. His actions were documented by many of those affected, who wrote letters to the judge or appeared in court to outline how he had harassed and terrorized them. One resident who testified at the sentencing hearing was Santa Cruz County Justice of the Peace Keith Barth, who said, “Coates is a felon. He terrorized my family for years.” He concluded his testimony by saying “Incarceration is the only way. I beg you, Judge, to do the right thing.”

Christina Vejar, the prosecutor from the state’s Attorney General’s office, said, “His years of behavior are disturbing to the state. If probation is allowed rather than incarceration what guarantee do we have that he will change his behavior?”

Richard Martinez, representing Coates, disputed the allegations and asked for acquittal, but the judge quickly denied it. After a short deliberation, she returned with the 18-month verdict, denied probation, and summarized her feelings about the case as a “disturbing pattern of behavior that was criminal.” Coates was then restrained and escorted out of the courtroom and immediately assigned to the state prison system. Defense attorney Martinez filed an appeal, and the case came to a close.

A sign of relief echoed throughout the courtroom from victims of the harassment as the sentence was read. One muffled voice exclaimed “The reign of terror is over.”
Lots of Socializing ...

There was a whole lot of sniffin’ going on at the ice cream social on May 8. The event was held at the patio outside Ovens of Patagonia—which hosted the social—to raise funds for Santa Cruz Humane Society (SCHS). Cheryl Toth, SCHS volunteer media coordinator, was offering "pupsicle" treats for dogs, who were welcomed at the event, and the dogs enjoyed a little socializing themselves. Cheryl raffled tickets for some good wines, and there was a donation jar where folks could contribute to the shelter's programs.

If you’re interested in volunteering or adopting or need vaccinations for your dog, go to the SCHS website, santacruzhumanesociety.org.
Jaded June—from Mala Mujer to Monsoon Madness

By Vince Pinto

Last month, as I contemplated the rapidly approaching month of June, I made a mental note to remember that it had been a rather placid May in terms of the mercury. I hold no such promise for June. It will be hot, distractingly and appallingly hot. There’s no way around it. Nor would I have it any other way.

First, allow me to point out that the furnace that is June plays a significant role in our own human demographics. The same sun and blue skies that lured many a snowbird or seasonal visitor to southern Arizona in the late fall now send them packing. No one could fault these migratory Homo sapiens for abandoning their sometimes home. Still, I reckon it a sun-seared badge of courage to be one of the rear their ugly heads!

Nor do a host of other flora and fauna that flourish in this Hades on Earth. As June commences, look for several notable botanical events. Blooming cacti provide a flare of color in an otherwise grim month. A lesser known event is the emergence of a plant whose name provides some measure of amusement to those at least partially versed in the Spanish language. Mala Mujer, translated as “bad woman,” begins to poke its somewhat maple-shaped leaves through the parched soil. I have encountered this odd plant only in our own Santa Cruz County, despite extensive travels in southeastern Arizona.

This intriguing member of the diverse and frequently surprising Euphorbiaceae provides a June jolt to the curious and uninitiated. The entire plant—even the flowers—bears violently stinging hairs that at some point in the past clearly sacked a Spanish-speaking, misogynistic fellow—none too happy for the unexpected attack. In fact the stings of Cnidiscolus angustidens seem ratcheted up a notch even from those of the more widely feared Stinging Nettle, which, incidentally, emerges in May and June in some Sky Islands canyons.

Whereas others understandably cringe at the prospect of being stung by a plant, it merely whets my appetite to learn more about such extreme species. Speaking of appetite—when I first looked up the Latin name of Mala Mujer it rang a dim bell in my cranium. Indeed, it turned out to be a close relative of a plant that I had eaten in central Florida back in the 1980s. That species, Tread Softly (Cnidiscolus stimulatus), is a miniaturized version of ours, growing only about a foot tall. In contrast, Mala Mujer will—eventually, with the boost of monsoon rains—grow to a relatively towering three-plus feet and be at least as wide. It is a beautifully robust plant that demands attention beyond its protective and violent nature.

When the winsome white flowers emerge they attract an intriguing array of invertebrate pollinators. Several skipper butterflies, as well as soldier beetles, seek—presumably—the nectar, if not the pollen. At least one species of insect dines upon the foliage, although it has so far eluded my probing gaze. Such a meal is no mean feat, as, in addition to the stinging hairs, the plant has sap that is a concoction of toxic chemicals. A white, latex-laden goo emanates from any significant wound, daring would-be herbivores to dine at their own risk and peril. I’ve done a few experiments with this sap, and it may hold promise as a sort of primitive glue.

Even more fascinating, I ponder the possibilities of the roots of Mala Mujer as food. The tubers of Tread Softly, once cooked, provided fine fare for me in Florida, so I am salivating at sampling our own species this year. If you read about me in the papers, now you’ll know why! Until then, I’ll appreciate how this strange species helps to ferry me safely through the sometimes insane dryness and temperatures that make June the defining climatic gauntlet in our Sky Islands year.

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.
The American Bullfrog
(Lithobates catesbeianus)

Borderlands Restoration of Patagonia is soliciting information on bullfrog locations in the area and help with access issues along Sonora Creek.

Bullfrogs are a non-native invasive species that has wreaked havoc on our native fish and frogs. They can travel up to seven miles overland and have voracious appetites. Ongoing habitat restoration for native species is dependent on locating, then eradication, these pests, and the Patagonia Union High School Borderlands EarthCare Youth Corps will be out surveying Sonora Creek and our beautiful mountains this spring and summer.

If you have any information, questions, concerns please contact Trevor Hare, Borderlands Restoration Project Manager, at 520 906-9854 or hare.trevor@gmail.com
Summer is approaching, and long hot days will descend upon Patagonia. The Library, with its adobe walls and air conditioning, is a welcoming destination at this time of year.

A plethora of programs are planned for all ages. “Summer Shorts,” a discussion group for adults, began on Thursday, May 29, and will meet every other week through August at 2:30 pm. The group will select a periodical article, from the library’s print and digital collections, to discuss. If you plan to participate, leave your contact information at the Library, and you will be provided with the discussion material. On alternating Thursday afternoons at 2:30 pm, a Scrabble® board will be available for adult enthusiasts.

Beginning on June 2 at 11:30 am., as part of the USDA School Lunch Program, the Library will serve lunches each weekday for school-age children. This will be a trial program through June 26. If successful, we will proceed from there.

Our early childhood literacy summer program, “Fizz, Boom, Read!” targets children under the age of 6 with stories and activities that focus on Science Technology and Math Skills (STEM). The weekly program, which includes snacks, begins on Wednesday, June 11, at 9:00 am in Cady Hall.

STEM is also the focus of a Library program for older children, which began in May, at the Patagonia Youth Center. Two monthly afternoon hands-on sessions are planned at the Youth Center during summer vacation. Contact the Library or Youth Center for specific dates and times.

On June 14 Ed Pike will teach an Introduction to Computers class from 8:00 to 10:00 am in the Library. Learn the basics of using a computer—how to get started, email, do a search, and keep your computer safe. You can bring your own laptop or use one of the Library’s computers. There is a suggested donation of $25.00 for the Friends of the Library. Please preregister at the Library.

On June 14 the Library will kick off its Seed Library/Semilloteca by hosting a seed exchange, workshops, and a potluck. Festivities will begin at 2:00 pm. Call (394-2010), visit, or email info@patagoniapubliclibrary.org for additional information. View our website, www.patagoniapubliclibrary.org and Facebook page for updates.
Trogon

It is not without distinction that this tropical bird nests in the high forests of Arizona, with his dark iridescence, bright red and green, long dark tail feathers.

He is more than elegant. Royal, regal as he flew from a branch to snatch, on the wing, a praying mantis. Then back to his perch while slowly eating lunch as if it were common to be at the center table surrounded by his minions.

And as he flashes those wings from tree to tree, we follow like paparazzi glassing and snapping pictures.

— Robert E. Druchniak
One more childhood dream fulfilled... a mule ride to the bottom of the Grand Canyon. Yippee-kye-yay! When very young, I had read about this ride, and I had wanted to do it ever since. A friend emailed me last year asking if I would be interested, so we booked a trip then and there because you have to reserve this ride a year in advance.

On the appointed day, we gathered at 6:40 a.m. at the corral on top of the canyon, where our mules were saddled and ready to ride. I was matched with an adorable john (male mule) named Zlug Zlug. No one knew where he got his name. As time wore on, however, the lead wrangler kept looking back at us and saying, “Where's Zlug Zlug?” then, later, “Come on, Slug Slug!”

It was a five-hour ride descending Bright Angel Tail and a six-hour ride the next day to the North Rim, every minute breathtaking and delightful. Some of the switchbacks were extreme. Thank goodness I had complete trust in my mule. One corner was nick-named the “O Jesus turn,” and boy, was that appropriately named. My mule had to hang his head and neck over the cliff and stand on the very edge in order to be able to maneuver his back end around and complete the turn! It literally felt like we were going to step off the edge into the great abyss. That was the only time on the whole ride that I looked away from the scenery and faced the wall, allowing my trusty companion, Zlug Zlug, to do his thing.

We stopped part-way down for a lovely lunch, then continued on our way before reaching our destination, Phantom Ranch, a beautiful oasis at the bottom of the canyon. To get there we had to ride our mules across a bridge high above the Colorado River. How awesome. All the white water rafters and mule riders waved at each other as we crossed. Such fun! At Phantom Ranch we saw a big-horned sheep, had wild deer grazing right outside our cabins, and saw elk and condors up above. That night, we were served an excellent steak dinner before retiring early so we could be up and ready to set out at 6:00 the next morning.

That day’s ride was as spectacular as the one down; it finished with a climb up the “chimney,” which consists of 18 switchbacks. We stopped often to rest our mules; it was a hard climb for our trusty mounts, to be sure.

All supplies—even mail and construction materials—are taken up and down by mules, as has been the case for more than 100 years. These hard-working, sure-footed beasts of burden allow for the continual maintenance of the amazing trails, as well as any other construction required. Helicopters are flown in only in emergency, time-sensitive rescue situations. The peace, serenity, and holiness of this amazing natural wonder of the world is perpetuated by the workings of the mules, one more of God's wondrous creations. Cate Drown is the proprietor of Beyond Reason Ranch, where she provides "specialized animal care for all beings large or small." You can contact Cate at: beyondreasonranch@wildblue.net.
I was in charge of World War II

Not the bad parts- Dunkirk, Auschwitz, Hiroshima, all that, but the good stuff, on the home front. I was 8, 9 & 10 then and grew radishes in my Victory Garden. I bundled newspapers and pulled them in my wagon to the Girl Scout leader’s garage. I peeled tinfoil off gum wrappers and rolled it into pellets the size of lima beans or maybe bullets. I knitted wobbly afghan squares and rolled up bandages in a Red Cross place on Saturdays. I helped Father be an air raid warden. He wore a white helmet but I carried the official flashlight. We checked neighbors’ houses for blackout curtains, requisite buckets of sand and hoses, just in case. I can still taste Mr. Graham’s musty living room, the incense and bulbous black teak furniture from China or Japan. I suspected he was a spy but couldn’t prove it by the smell. Next door to him, the Doble sisters, so old they creaked when they walked. My dog gave up canned food for the duration and dripped blood down my jeans into my socks. I wanted people to see me that way. We lived very near the Presidio. Truckloads of soldiers drove by and we always waved at them but my grandmother told us never to talk to sailors. I didn’t understand. Once on a train I met a soldier named Gordon. He was going home on leave. We talked until he had to get off in Modesto. Otherwise we might have been in love.

My war equipment:
1 khaki army hat with an insignia sewed on
1 canteen which made water taste rusty
1 Navy peacoat from a surplus store on Market St.
1 toy machine gun retrieved from a neighbor’s scrap metal pile.
1 blue & orange Captain Midnight Shakeup Mug for Ovaltine.
1 Jack Armstrong decoder ring for secret messages
1 grey cardboard spy periscope for seeing around corners

Here’s what I wish I had kept, the periscope. Often I have wanted to see around corners. But it didn’t work very well then and probably wouldn’t today. And maybe that’s just as well.

— Janet Winans

In Memory of
Martin Patrick Lahiff

Martin Lahiff, 81, died May 12, 2014 at home in Patagonia, Arizona. He was born in New York City and graduated from Iona College in New Rochelle, N.Y.

In 1957, Martin left his job as a copy editor of the New York Journal American to take his severely asthmatic younger brother to Arizona. Martin worked as an editor and reporter for the Bisbee Daily Review and played for a local baseball team.

In 1959 he joined the federal government, working in Yuma for years before transferring to San Francisco. Later, he served as a U.S. Consul, stationed by the State Department in Mexico City and Athens, Greece. His career took him all over the Americas, the Mediterranean, Eastern Europe, and the Middle East.

Martin and his wife, Cecilia, retired to Mexico, where he wrote books of poetry, history, and observations of the world he had seen. Two years ago, they moved to Patagonia to be closer to their children. Having continued to write occasional articles for local papers throughout his life, he enjoyed the opportunity to write a few columns for the Patagonia Regional Times.

Martin was foremost a poet, then a writer. He also loved music. He sang, played piano, and danced. And he played baseball for as long as he could. Martin loved Mexico and its culture, and he took great pleasure in traveling and meeting people from all over the world. Above all, he was devoted to his wife and family and his faith.

His memorial service will be at 10 A.M. on June 6 at St. Therese of Lisieux Catholic Church, 222 Third Avenue, Patagonia.

Roadrunner (Geococcyx californicus)

The roadrunner is the largest North American member of the cuckoo family. It is about 11 inches tall, and about 23 inches from beak to tail. It has brown and white streaks, and has black skin on its back that it can face toward the sun to use as a solar collector. Truly a runner, it prefers running to flying and can run up to 18 miles per hour! Carnivorous when possible, it beats its dinner against something hard because its bill is unsuited for ripping. Well adapted for the desert, it excretes excess salt from its eyes. The roadrunner mates for life. Some people believe that one seen crossing the road left to right provides good luck! It often seems quite unafraid of humans, and trots up close for a good view. It is a cuckoo, after all.
**WHAT'S GOING ON?**

### meetings

**The Patagonia Museum** - Regular meetings w/topics including local history; highway cleanups every 90 days, & monthly workdays at Locheil Schoolhouse. For more info, visit [www.thepatagoniamuseum.org](http://www.thepatagoniamuseum.org)

**AA** - The Patagonia Com. Ctr., Sun., 8 a.m.; Sonoita Bible Church, Tues., 7:30 p.m.; Pat. Methodist Church, Fri., 7:30 p.m.

**Al-Anon** - Wednesdays at 6 p.m., Sonoita Hills Comm. Church. 52 Elgin Rd., just off Hwy 83; Info: 237-8091

**CHOP (Community Homes of Patagonia, Inc.)** Board Meeting 3rd Monday of the month at 6 p.m. in the Patagonia Town Council Room Chambers.

**Overeaters Anonymous Meetings** - Patagonia United Methodist Church, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 6:30 p.m. Info: 404-3490

**Patagonia Town Council**, 2nd and 4th Wednesdays of the month at 7 p.m.

**Rotary Club**, 1st Thursdays at 7 a.m. at Patagonia H.S. For info: 520.907.5829

**San Rafael 4-H Community Club**, 2nd Monday at the Patagonia Methodist Church, Thurber Hall at 5:30 p.m. Contact Tami 455-5561.

### events

**SCFPA's Free Summer Concert Series**
Santa Cruz Foundation for the Performing Arts will present a series of free concerts in the Concert Hall, at 348 Naugle in Patagonia. All concerts begin at 7 p.m. Bring a blanket or chair.

- 5/31 - **Mosaic Trio**
  Music & storytelling for families.

- 6/8 - **At Your Service: Acoustic Bluegrass**
  by the 62nd Army Band at Ft. Huachuca

- 6/21 - **Puppets Amongus**
  Puppet show w/live music for kids & adults

- 7/6 - **At Your Service - Jazz Combo**
  by the 62nd Army Band at Ft. Huachuca.

- 8/10 - **At Your Service: Brass Quintet**
  by the 62nd Army Band at Ft. Huachuca

**Public Hearing** - Wednesday, June 11 at 7 p.m., Patagonia Town Hall, on the subject of increase in water rates.

**Doug Ducey**, AZ State Treasurer & gubernatorial candidate, will be the featured speaker at the So. Az Republicans monthly meeting at 7 p.m. on Thursday, June 19 at the Sonoita-Elgin Fire District fire station, corner of Hwy’s 82 and 83. The public is invited.

**Santa Cruz County Voter Registration** - June 21 at the Plaza de Patagonia on June 21. Call Vanessa at 520-375-7990 for more info.

### special interests

**“Fizz Boom Read”** - summer reading program for ages 6 and under begins June 11. Read and do crafts in Cady Hall on Wednesdays July 9-10am.

**Intro to Computers Class** - June 15, 8-10am at the Patagonia Library. Bring your own PC or use a library computer. $25.

**Mesquite Bean Workshop** - June 13, 8:30 a.m. to 3:30 p.m. at Cochise College, Benson. Use of mesquite beans as alternative food source. $30/person. Call (520) 331-9821.

**Summer Arts Camp** - Creative activities for children ages 6 - 18, 9 a.m. to noon, Mon. - Thurs., June 2 - 26. Theater, folk/textile arts, drawing/painting, & ceramics. $150. Call 394-9369 or 394-2377 for more info.

**“Summer Shorts”** - a discussion group for adults, will meet every other Thurs. through August at the Pat. Library. (520) 394-2010.

**Bikram Yoga** - Patagonia; for information call 520-604-7283.

**Yoga with Chip & Laura** - Tues. & Thurs., 7:30-7 p.m.; $15/drop-in, $50/5 classes; go to [www.chipandlaura.com](http://www.chipandlaura.com) or call 604-0830.

**Play Bridge** - Patagonia Community Center, Mondays & Thursdays at 1 p.m.

**BINGO** - St. Theresa Parish Hall, Patagonia, 1st & 3rd Mondays at 6 p.m. 455-5681

**Crossroads Quilters** - Sonoita Fire Dept., 2nd & 4th Mondays at 9 a.m.; Call Polly Lightner at (520) 732-0453.

**Open Tennis** - PUHS, Tues. & Thurs. at 5 p.m., Sat. at 8 a.m., except during school matches. Contact Tod Bowden at 394-2973


**Sonora Plant Parenthood Gardening Club** - Share info on all kinds of gardening. For info contact clarebonelli@gmail.com.

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**Send your upcoming event info to prtevents@gmail.com**

by the 20th of July

PRT will be taking a summer break in July

Our next issue will be out August 1
SONOITA HOME FOR RENT - 2 BD/2BTH. All appliances, W & D, garage & frt. & back yards. Walk to Sonoita crssroads. $900/mo. 520-400-2949.

COTTAGE & SPACE for residence / small business, available now. Right on the main drag! $750/mo. May finish to suit. Call 520.303.1475 or 520.604.2829

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HELP WANTED

Are you a certified caregiver or CNA? Patagonia Assisted Care is now accepting applications for employment. Please call 520-604-8179.

Borderlands Restoration in Patagonia seeks part-time admin. asst. reporting to Director. Word, Excel, Quikbooks, self-starter desirable. 10-15 hours/month. Contact David at dseibert@email.arizona.edu

STORAGE - need more space for your antiques, car, family treasures? Monthly rental - 5x10,10x10, 10x20; call Ginny 520-455-9333 or 455-4641. SONOITA SELF STORAGE

CHURCH SERVICES

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

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

St. Andrews Episcopal Church
Casa Blanca Chapel of Sonoita
Justice of the Peace Courtroom
Second & Fourth Saturdays; 10AM

St. Therese of Lisieux Catholic Church
222 Third Ave., Patagonia
394-2954
Sunday Mass: 10:30 a.m.

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

Our Lady of the Angels Catholic Church
12 Los Encinos Rd., Sonoita
394-2954; Sunday Mass: 8 a.m.

ADOPTABLE PETS OF THE MONTH

Aubrey is a shy but curious one-year old with a thick, silky coat. She was found at the Nogales McDonald’s and is looking for a family who will give her a little time to build trust and fit in. Aubrey would do best in a quiet home, with humans who like to lavish her with love.

Roxy is a 3-year old chi-huahua mix who is spry and friendly with everyone she meets. Full of energy, and always eager to meet new dogs, Roxy will become your best pal in no time.

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