A New Life For Old Main

By Ann Katzenbach

The school house that sits atop the hill on School Street was built in 1914, after a fire in 1912 destroyed the building where Patagonia’s children had attended school. According to historical records, Patagonians “spent little time dwelling on the loss even though they carried no insurance on the building, stating that the school was old and small so it had little value. Residents pledged that they would erect a new school that would be a credit to the town.”

By early the next year, they voted to approve $10,000 in bonds to erect a new school building. Nogales architect and builder, O.J. Omstead designed and built the new school, selecting a site on a hill above the town. Construction began in the spring of 1914 and was completed by March. The brick building with stone trim occupied a commanding position overlooking the town, and observers noted it was “one of the finest school buildings in southern Arizona.”

The community of Patagonia was proud of the new school, which they dedicated with a gala celebration on April 3 of that year. The Hawaiian Orchestra of Nogales entertained the crowd that was gathered in the assembly room—which had been converted into a ballroom for the occasion. In one of the classrooms, “long tables groaned with a heavy load of supper fixings set buffet style, cheerfully dished up by the ladies and gentlemen of Patagonia, wearing badges stating, “Ask us to serve you. It makes us happy.” The event attracted a large crowd from Patagonia, Nogales and the surrounding area. Proceeds were used to purchase a piano and chairs for the assembly room.

The building, which became known as Old Main, continued to serve as a school until last year, when it was closed because of the cost of needed upkeep and repairs. The Patagonia Museum, which had been seeking a home, began negotiations with the Patagonia Schools, and has recently signed a two-year, renewable lease permitting the museum to make a home in five rooms

(continued on page 3)
Who’s Zoomin’ Who?

AN EDITORIAL COMMENTARY
By Donna ReibsLAGER and Ann Katzenbach

Let me tell you a small town story.
A town marshal gets a call to respond to a domestic violence complaint. He goes to the address, in a trailer park, and finds a man who’s been beat over the head with a bottle by a woman who says she’s his wife. The woman is arrested, and taken to jail.

She’s released soon after, on the condition that she stays sober and stays away from her husband. She returns to their trailer, and the husband voluntarily leaves. The husband’s father is paying the rent, so he leaves. The woman still won’t answer the door, so he leaves. The 911 calls continue, so he calls a tow truck to remove her vehicle, because it is on property that she is trespassing. Suddenly, the woman runs out and jumps in to her car.

When the marshal tells her to stop, and tries to get control of the situation by telling her that she’s under arrest for DUI, she drives the car straight at him, forcing him to jump out of the way. The woman is again arrested and sent to jail.

A year later, the case finally goes to trial. About 20 potential jurors are rounded up. They are compensated by the town for time off work, mileage and food-related expenses to attend the jury selection. However, when they arrive in court, they are all sent home because they either live outside the town limits or know the defendant or plaintiff. The trial is postponed.

A second, more defined jury search is then initiated the following month, and a jury of eight is finally convened in court to hear testimony. But after one day of court, all charges are dismissed because the prosecuting attorney realizes that some evidence was not properly processed, preventing him from fully explaining the facts of the case.

The woman sues the town for $500,000, claiming that her civil rights have been violated. PRT has the utmost respect for our town’s law enforcement officers. That being said...we hope that those who had a role in this fiasco will forgive us for printing what is arguably the most bizarre story we’ve heard in a while.

From Our Readers

The town of Patagonia has a wonderful gift called The Lending Shed. It is located behind the senior apartments, next to Saint Theresa’s Catholic Church. It houses equipment that can be loaned to those who need it free of charge. When one is finished using the equipment, it can be returned to the shed for future use by someone else. Housed in the shed are wheelchairs, walkers, canes, beds, bed-side tables, commodes, toilet seat risers and grabbers. There is also a variety of sizes of briefs for incontinence as well as pads for use on the bed. This is a gift to the community and is underutilized. Please call Linda at 520-603-7330 if any of these items can help you.

— Susan Lange
of the old grammar school. The museum will maintain the structure, which is on the Arizona state list of historic buildings, for current and future generations.

According to board president, German Quiroga, the official opening is planned for January 23, 2016, which is the day of the museum’s annual meeting. They’ve already started moving things into their new quarters, and members and volunteers will be busy in the next few months building displays and making plans. When they do open, Quiroga says, they won’t keep regular hours right away, but noted that when they are open, they will raise the flag, adding that they don’t have one at the moment. (So if anyone wants to donate an American flag to the new museum, they’d be glad to have it.)

[Editor’s note: the quotations and historical information in this article is taken from “A Historic Resource Survey of the Town of Patagonia, Arizona”, put together by Don W. Ryder AIA Architects Inc.]

PUHS Girls Varsity Volleyball Rules!

With a record of 13 –2 for the season, the PUHS Girls VB team are conference champions in their division, and will be going to state competitions—for the first time in 10 years. Congratulations to an awesome team!
SCENES FROM THE FALL FESTIVAL
Youth Conference Offers Guidance On Tough Issues

By Anna Coleman

The issues were on target, and the presentation and discussion were straightforward, at the first Adolescent Youth Conference, hosted by The Patagonia Youth Enrichment Center (PYEC) on October 24.

A group of PYEC youth worked with director, Anna Coleman, and other adolescent support agencies from Nogales and Tucson for several months to organize the conference. Gaby Bueras, Annika Coleman, Miya Barajas, Exelee Budd, Yasmin Quiroga, Danny Miranda, and Mikey Ramirez chose topics related to social awareness that are often embarrassing or difficult to discuss.

"You Are Not Alone" was attended by 47 local middle school and high school-aged youth. In the morning, three workshops addressed Teen Dating Violence, Healthy Relationships/HIV and AIDS Awareness, and Gender Identity/LGBTQ Support. After lunch, key note speaker Caitlyn Coleman, a local young adult, spoke of her personal experience with domestic violence and its warning signs. Workshops that followed were led by teen groups and covered Underaged Drinking, Self Harm, and Cyberbullying/Sexting.

The afternoon concluded with "No More/Mo Mas", an activity in which the participants created posters that expressed their desire to see no more bullying, violence, hitting, swearing, teasing, etc. The posters, using English and Spanish, are part of a national domestic violence/sex crime awareness campaign and will be sent to Washington DC. to become part of a large push for domestic violence awareness. Each participant at the conference also received a tie-dyed T-shirt, created by PYEC youth, and a goody bag filled with literature, candy, and supportive items.

Agencies such as Southern Arizona AIDS Foundation, CCRT, PYLoTs teen group, Circles of Peace, Too Smart To Start teen group, Mariposa Adolescent Wellness Network, and Mariposa Health, helped in the presentation of topics. Many individuals, organizations, and businesses donated time, refreshments, raffle items, and money to make this event possible.

The youth who attended were enthusiastic about the conference—and are already planning another event for the spring.
Serving Up The 10th Annual Patagonia Youth Tennis Fundraiser

By Tod Bowden

The 10th Annual Patagonia Youth Tennis Fundraiser will take place on November 13, 14, and 15 at Patagonia Union High School’s tennis courts. Friday’s activities will include a tennis carnival for youngsters and families, as well as student-faculty-staff games and contests. The tennis round-robin event and raffle drawings will happen on Saturday and Sunday.

All proceeds will fund the Community Youth Tennis After-School and Summer programs. The Patagonia Youth Enrichment Center will serve as this year’s fiscal agent. The local nonprofit organization has graciously offered to take over this role which was previously provided by the generous efforts of the Senior Citizens of Patagonia. Contributions from participants, sponsors, businesses, and individuals are tax-deductible donations.

For more information on how to participate, contribute and join in the weekend tennis celebration, please contact Tod C. Bowden at 520-394-2973 or e-mail: todcb@q.com

The Sweet Sound Of Music

Last Fourth of July, High Spirits Flutes held a 25th anniversary sale, and the discounts encouraged a lot of sales, along with many requests for a "how to play" workshop. So, Odell Borg, the company’s owner, held a free flute workshop for all ages at Cady Hall on October 3. Under the shade of the trees in the library’s backyard, Odell and his assistants helped everyone discover their natural ability to make music. His goal was to have everyone be able to play a short melody of their own making and to understand the instrument so it became familiar and comfortable.

Even the youngest among them made great progress in two short hours. Their small hands limited them to playing two or three notes, but they made it fun and their enthusiasm was contagious. Everyone was pleasantly surprised at how easy it is to create music, and several naturals showed real promise for continuing on to develop their skills. A follow-up workshop will be announced in spring of 2016. Stay tuned!
In November of 1999, I was on a yacht sailing from Fiji to New Zealand, a route that is known for frequent storms from Antarctica. That periodically churn up the Tasman Sea. The passage is 1,000 miles, and if you’re lucky, it takes about ten days. I was with my husband. Our boat was a 40-foot sloop. I had never sailed in the South Pacific, and at the time I wore a brace on my right leg. Our hope for a crew had dissolved the day before we left, as the young German sailor we’d hired told us his boss wouldn’t give him back his passport. We had to leave with just the two of us. November begins typhoon season in the South Pacific and you don’t want to be in Fiji with a boat.

The first few days I was seasick. When that cleared up, I started to feel sleep deprived because we were standing four watches. I worried about running head on into a storm, but for five days we moved south with light winds, never setting eyes on another boat. The only sound was the wake we left behind, and the brief conversations we had between watches when one of us got up and the other went below to sleep and try to eat something.

Late on the afternoon of our fifth day at sea, the wind began to die down and we were soon becalmed. My first reaction was that we should turn on the engine and keep moving forward, but Lee was in no hurry and hates the sound of an engine. He was the captain. I knew enough not to argue. We drifted... Then from far away we heard an engine and spotted another yacht heading our way. We turned on the radio and heard the voice of an enthusiastic woman. “This is the yacht Party Time, do you need help?” “No,” Lee said, “we’re just enjoying the peace and quiet.”

“Well, we’re not waiting around out here,” she replied, and Party Time passed us by, heading for New Zealand while we bobbed on the Pacific waves and went nowhere. I enviously watched her disappear over the horizon. I didn’t want to wait around either.

But then I heard another noise. This was not an engine. It was a gentle snorting and splashing and suddenly a school of dolphins popped up in the water around us. About twelve of them circled the boat around and around, churning the water and grinning up at us. Their visit seemed to confirm Lee’s wish to be still and quiet. Then, as suddenly as they had come, they were gone. The silence was made more immense by their absence. The sun was setting and as it slipped into the western horizon, a huge full moon rose in the east. There were no clouds. The light moved across the sea and seemed to settle in our cockpit. We decided we could go to sleep, so we cooked a decent meal and woke up the next morning as the moon was setting. I still remember the depth of that sleep. It got me through the next five days as we continued to sail with a light wind, making steady progress towards New Zealand’s Bay of Islands.

When we finally saw New Zealand’s North Island it was 3 a.m. and the light at Cape Reinga was the only indication that we were close. We sailed around in circles, waiting for morning light to make landfall. It was my watch, and as I sat in the dark cockpit, I still worried about a storm and imagined that a freighter would come out of nowhere and mow us down. I was completely exhausted, very dirty, hungry for real food, and so anxious I hardly remembered to breathe. When Lee came and took the tiller, I went below, lay down, and finally relaxed.

At first light, we sailed into the Bay of Islands with a following breeze, picked up a yellow customs mooring, and collapsed while we waited for the inspectors.

Two days later, moored peacefully in the nearby harbor at Russell, we saw a yacht come in under power without a mast. On the deck were three bedraggled men. Word got around fast that the storm I had been worried about had found that boat and mashed her up. We’d been lucky. Instead of a storm, we got to visit with dolphins and sleep under a full moon.
Transcending The Selfie

By Martin Levowitz

The most brilliant inventions are often quite simple: the chalkline, for instance, a pigment-dusted string, or the spirit level (with its cute little bubble in a curved glass tube). More lately, it’s The Selfie Stick, which gets you further from yourself, expands your view. (Much cheaper than having your arm extended surgically.) Photo-mania has seized you humans, especially surgically.) Photo-mania has than having your arm extended like The Selfie Stick, a curved glass tube. More lately, (with its cute little bubble in a dusted string, or the spirit level posed that the dead are not dead in time or space. Scrapbooks, photos, me-mentoes, and other concrete records can sometimes grant more consciousness than the unending torrent of moment-to-moment experience in which we are tumbled downstream. Sometimes we don’t touch consciousness till life’s reflected back. Picasso saw art as “a lie that can show us the truth.” Plato proposed that the dead are not dead till forgotten by those still alive. Have you not found it helpful to have someone else declare what you already thought you “knew?” Until they come from somewhere else, outside, our insights and imaginings are just more echoes in the noisy mirror we call mind. We frequently get lost in the ongoing fray. That clerk down at the Circle K sees you more clearly than you can yourself. You don’t realize you’re frowning. She does.

Speaking of Plato, you may recall his depiction (in “The Republic”) of humans as prisoners, chained, all our lives, facing the back of a cave. We only ever see the shadows cast upon the walls. Because we think they’re real, we never turn to see the light. All our beliefs and attitudes, no matter the particulars, are products of “conditioned” (biased) mind, which has been called “illusion” by most yogis, seers and saints. That’s not because it isn’t real; it’s just that there are other, more-real worlds which can re-vamp the way you see. To know that you are blind is an important step toward sight. Peyote helps.

The Russian savant, George Gurdjieff, spent years among the mystics of The East and the Middle East. He learned that normal humans live by habit and belief. What we call normal consciousness is actually a state of sleep, compared to levels of awareness deeper down inside. Those heightened states, for most of us, are quite exceptional, encountered accidentally (if at all) at times of peak intensity, e.g., rock-climbing, childbirth, skiing too fast, marvelous sex, nearly dying, or taking certain drugs. Apart from such intense events, the best way to achieve expanded view, declared Gurdjieff, is simply, to observe oneself. Throughout the day, you watch your self do everything it does. The thoughts, behaviors, fantasies, the feelings, plans, and speech -- observe them from outside -- not identifying, not judging, not condemning, not approving. Just witnessing. It’s simple, though quite difficult. And, soon, dear little Twinkle Star, you’ll start to wonder what you are. It’s a very strange trip -- quite unlike the absorption we all ordinarily seek.

A related technique, equally challenging for you, and quite annoying to your friends (unless you can enroll them too) is to speak of yourself only in the third person. You use your name or "he" or "she", but never the word "I." To see yourself objectively just isn't natural. To witness is the sacred way to drive oneself insane. You're molting. You're beside yourself. You turn to face the light outside the cave. It's crucial to become and be oneself, but crucial, later, to outgrow it, too, in favor of something translucent, which cannot be named. We're willing to relinquish self as we grow conscious of its flaws.

"And why," you might ask, "would I want to traverse such a path, since it sounds like hard work?" Because the busy life you lead, by which you strive to skirt the void, has started feeling stale and circular. Is that not so? No need to change the content of your life. You alter your relationship to it. Instead of Me, you're Mindfulness.
Awareness
By Cassina Farley

My Dad is from Patagonia, from his love of the mountains to his small town sensibilities. He had a story for every back road, knew every curve of Red Mountain and swelled with pride for his home team. When he started to decline he no longer cared about his Cherry Chap Stic that he always carried in his front pocket and he didn’t talk about his beloved truck so much, but he always asked about his people in Patagonia. My dad was diagnosed with early onset Alzheimer’s four years ago at the age of 60. In the beginning it didn’t amount to much just a few quirky things like the Rooster story from his childhood over and over. It seems his memory went back further than we were all privy to and he spent a lot of time in the past. He began to forget things that made him who he was, like the turn off to where his hunting buddies were for the winter deer hunt and eventually he put out his hunting boots for Goodwill claiming that they no longer worked. I never thought I’d see the day that my Dad would no longer hunt. As the years have progressed my Dad, Daniel Quiroga hardly knows who he is, but he hasn’t forgotten us. He still speaks fondly of Patagonia and loves to take drives in the hills of Harshaw where he grew up. Alzheimer’s disease is cruel but not nearly as cruel as the stigma associated with it. It is not cool to forget, it is not cool to be venerable. It is far less depressing to talk about Diabetes or Glaucoma.

And still here I am confessing this to you after four years of silent struggle. So what does Alzheimer’s awareness month mean to me? It means that some family and friends will shy away, mostly because of their own vulnerabilities. I forgive you. It means that every tear that my family has cried has been out of love. It will not undo us. Awareness means that this disease is real and nothing to joke about. Be kind with your words and actions. Behind every person with Alzheimer’s is a family in pain. Awareness means I love someone who struggles with Alzheimer’s disease and living with the reality that there is no cure.

November is Alzheimer’s Awareness Month. Take the Purple Pledge; go to www.alz.org to find out how.
THE LAW OF SMALL THINGS
(common integrity dilemmas)

By Stuart Brody

I. The White Lie

Let’s say you make a lunch date with someone. Then, getting a better offer, you cancel with the first person, telling a “white lie” about the reason for cancelling. Is it a breach of integrity to cancel a date with someone and tell a white lie about the reason for cancelling? Is it a breach of integrity to cancel a date with someone and tell a “white lie” about the reason for cancelling? Is it a breach of integrity to cancel a date with someone and tell a “white lie” about the reason for cancelling? Is it a breach of integrity to cancel a date with someone and tell a “white lie” about the reason for cancelling?

Integrity is, at its core, the keeping of promises, either explicit or implied. An example of an explicit promise is agreeing to a lunch date. Once you make that date, showing up is a duty. An implied promise arises out of an established relationship, such as a client, constituent, customer, spouse, child, friend or neighbor. Implied promises create duties just as surely as explicit promises do but they are harder to recognize. We will discuss those in the next column.

The duty created by the explicit promise to have lunch with someone is called the duty of truthfulness.

The duty of truthfulness requires you to keep your promise, to fulfill your duty. This does not mean that you have a duty to keep your promise under all circumstances or that promises cannot be broken. Emergencies can arise, like an illness or accident that prevent your fulfillment of the promise.

Also, compelling new circumstances may require you to reconsider a promise, and break it. For instance, you may exuberantly promise a friend to take him drinking in repayment of a favor, but then learn he is an alcoholic.

Often though, we break promises for our own convenience, not because of an emergency or to avoid harm. That is the case here. We are breaking a promise because we got a better offer. But even breaking a promise under these circumstances, to serve your own convenience, is not a breach of the duty of truthfulness if you request and obtain permission to be released from it.

Although such permission is rarely denied, we tend to shrink from seeking it. After all, we’re throwing someone over for a better deal. To avoid the guilt associated with this unpleasantness, we tell a white lie. To justify this deception, we convince ourselves that the white lie protects the person deceived rather than serves our convenience. The lie is called “white” because we remain pure after the telling. In our minds, the white lie is inconsequential.

The illusion of inconsequence allows us to breach the duty of truthfulness while maintaining certainty in our own integrity. It is a perfect storm of delusion: we lie to get what we want, we tell ourselves it protects the feelings of the other person, and we remain certain of our pure intent. All this manages to pass under the radar screen of self-awareness leaving intact our self-image as a person of integrity. It’s perfect.

But, as we shall see, it is in the nature of the human mind to keep expanding the boundaries of the inconsequential until anything we want is sought without questioning our integrity. This is how we can be so certain about “having” integrity while blaming others for the breaches we see all around us.

Denying our complicity in everyday breaches of integrity is the biggest obstacle to the practice of integrity. In the following columns, we will see that breakdowns in integrity are not usually the result of corrupt intent, as is so commonly assumed, but rather the product of the ever-expanding domain of the illusion of inconsequence.

Breaking a promise is a breach of the duty of truthfulness unless the reason for breaking the promise is truthfully conveyed and a request made to be relieved from it.

The law of small things: No breach of the duty of truthfulness is inconsequential.

Stu Brody was a seasonal resident of Patagonia for 20 years before moving here permanently last year. A student and teacher of philosophy, law, politics, and other fields related to personal decision-making, he is nearing completion on a book entitled “The Law of Small Things: Integrity, Authenticity and Freedom in American Life” which examines misconceptions about the meaning of integrity and outlines how we can maintain a more consistent practice, by focusing on small things.

To help the reader understand the importance and complexity of true integrity, Brody takes us through a series of familiar situations. This first scenario—about the white lie—is a starting point. Common integrity dilemmas will be focus of this new column.
Windows 10

Windows 10, the latest and possibly last version of the Microsoft Windows operating system, was released on July 29, 2015. It’s the first version of Windows to be free, if you get it within the first year of its release. You must also be running Windows 7 or Windows 8.1 to get the Windows 10 upgrade free. Windows 10 is different because it will be downloaded via Windows Updates, not purchased in a store. Microsoft says that it will be the final version of its Windows operating system. The software company will keep making updates and changes, but they will not be coming out with Windows 11.

After running the Technical Preview of Windows 10 for the last year, it has proven to be a good version of the operating system. Microsoft has learned from the mistakes made with their user interface in Windows 8. The biggest change in Windows 10 is the return of the Start Menu that was missing in Windows 8. A new feature, called Cortana, is a voice-powered personal assistant similar to Apple’s Siri. There is also a new browser called Microsoft Edge. Edge is an attempt by Microsoft to create a browser to compete with Google Chrome and hopefully lose the tattered image of Internet Explorer. Internet Explorer 11 will still be part of Windows 10.

Over 100 million people have already installed the upgrade. So far I’ve seen some problems with upgrading from Windows 7 or 8 to Windows 10—Minor and major problems. My suggestion is to think of Windows 10 as the operating system for your next computer. Upgrading just doesn’t make sense. Windows 7 has full support from Microsoft until January 2020 and Windows 8 is supported until January 2023.

Ed Schaefer and Terry Plympton are the owners of Better Bytes, a computer consulting service. www.better-bytes.com. They can be contacted at (520) 455-9269.

Update On Cleanup of Trench and Lead Queen Mines

From now through mid-February, the United States Department of Agriculture Forest Service will be carrying out an environmental cleanup of the Lead Queen Mine, one of the two abandoned sites that were the source of polluted run-off last October.

The mine is within the Harshaw Creek watershed, about six miles south of Patagonia, and can only be accessed by four wheel drive vehicles.

According to the Forest Service, there will be heavy equipment in the area, consolidating and capping waste rock with native soil. They will also seal four of six mine openings with Polyurethane Foam. Because bats often live in abandoned mines, the two remaining mine openings will be be closed using bat-friendly gates.

Along with improving the existing road, the contractors will construct a series of gabion walls to mitigate the transport of aluminum precipitate and red-orange sludge and sediment downstream of the site and into the lower reaches of the watershed.

When the work is completed, the contractors will seed and mulch all the disturbed areas.

In its press release, the Forest Service reminds citizens that its “role is to protect the public health and welfare and the environment and to respond to a hazardous substance release on lands under the jurisdiction of the Forest Service.”

The other source of pollution last year came from the Trench Camp Mine. This is currently on land overseen by the Arizona Department of Environmental Quality, but Wildcat Silver is in the process of purchasing the Trench Camp Mine, shifting the responsibility for any environmental problems from the state to a private corporation. According to Wendy Russell of Patagonia Area Resource Alliance, when this purchase is complete, it will bring Wildcat’s private land holdings in the Patagonia Mountains to about 550 contiguous acres.
Good Times At The Bridge Table
By Lynn Davison

A loyal and feisty group of card players has been playing duplicate bridge in Patagonia for more than seven years. These days, the games happen every other Monday afternoon from 12:00-4:30 PM at St Theresa’s Parish Hall on Sonoita Avenue. There are as few as 12 players in the summer months and as many as 24 over the rest of the year. They come from Patagonia, Sonoita, Elgin, Rio Rico, Nogales, and even Tucson. To fuel the game, players with culinary talents bring tasty snacks to share with the competition. It takes a lot of calories to power a bridge player’s mind…… you can occasionally see smoke coming out of the ears of a determined player pondering a challenging hand!

Wikipedia defines bridge as a trick-taking game played by four players in two competing partnerships. In duplicate bridge, one popular variation of the game, the same set of hands is played by each partnership and whoever has the best cumulative score for all the hands played wins the day. This description, while true, tells you very little about what actually happens. It’s a jumble of rules, etiquette, conventions, and counting that requires considerable concentration, memory, and practice. Luck does not play a big role. Good humor and humbleness are helpful.

In 2006 Don Wenig put an ad in the paper, recruiting people to a party bridge game on Thursday afternoons in Patagonia. Meanwhile, in Nogales, Sharon Manson and Jan Graham were leading a long-running duplicate bridge game at the Art Center. They moved the game to Patagonia, the two groups merged and the fun continues today.

The players are rich in experience, skill, and good looks. Youth is another matter. There may be an occasional player who hasn’t yet hit 60, but most of us playing are in our 60s, 70s, 80s, and yes, 90s. Our most senior (and skilled) player, Corinne, is 98! Some of us came from bridge-playing families and learned from parents or grandparents. Others took up the game in college. Tom Hanson, who is often on top of the scoreboard with his partner Richard Howells, claims to have majored in bridge in college. Both Tom and Richard took almost a 50 year hiatus in their bridge careers and still win. Only a few people actually partner with their spouse at the bridge table, which is why we particularly love the communication between Pat and Joe Garcia, who have played and lived together for more than 50 years. My partner Judy and I are at the bottom of the experience ladder and most often also at the bottom of the scoreboard. We still quake when find we are facing Maureen and Craig across the table!

Jim and Giff, our avid bridge-playing leaders, energetically keep the game going. Although they are on a six-month trip playing bridge across the country, Jim still churns out our scores, with his own special commentary, every other Monday. The rest of us share the load setting up tables and boards and coffee, as well as collecting the small fees and distributing the vast winnings, up to three dollars for a first place finish.

If you are traveling in southeast Arizona and are hankering for a bridge game, please join us on the first, third, or fifth Mondays of every month. If you are a local bridge player and haven’t yet taken the plunge, please join us. Judy and I need more company near the bottom! It’s a non-sanctioned game, with friendly players who take the game, but not themselves, too seriously. e-mail Jim Kassebaum, giffand-jim@gmail.com, to sign up.

Camping and Fishing in a Walmart Parking Lot

When you’re many miles from rich
Vacations are just like the rest of life.
A small change of scenery but everything
Else is the same
When you’re camping in a Walmart parking lot.
You tow your little trailer
From each city or small town.
You know you’re always welcome
Just don’t hang around too long.
So, find a place on the blacktop lot
Away from the Walmart doors.
No good view of the mountain forests
Or scenic lake shores.
Fancy some fresh-caught trout for breakfast?
Put that idea to rest…. It’s not the plan
’cause all the fish you’ll be a-catchin’
Are sardines and herring from a can.

— Jon Larsen

Do You Know Someone Who Needs Help From The Lending Shed?

Family Healthcare Amigos has partnered with the Southern Arizona Diaper Bank, allowing The Lending Shed to provide incontinence supplies to Patagonia’s elderly and disabled residents. In order to keep these donations coming into The Lending Shed, we must be able to provide incontinence supplies to at least ten individuals each month. Without your assistance in reaching elderly and disabled residents who could use these supplies, The Lending Shed will be in danger of losing their partnership with the Southern Arizona Diaper Bank.

The Southern Arizona Diaper Bank’s website, www.diaperbank.org has resource information about aids that are available to improve independence. They will supply those aids, including things such as commodes and raised toilet seats, to The Lending Shed, so they can provides those items to Patagonia residents free of charge.

If you know someone in our community who is living in compromised comfort and unable to leave their homes due to incontinence, please contact Linda at 394-0268 or 520-256-7213.
In 1931, Patagonian Effie Mead invited 12 friends to form a sewing circle. The group came to be called the Patagonia Woman's Club, and in 1937, club president Mrs. W. Showalter affiliated the group with the General Federation of Women's Clubs. As membership grew, the owner of Cady Hall offered the use of the hall, one of the oldest buildings in Patagonia, for club meetings, and the club’s meetings have been held there ever since then.

In 1947, the Woman’s Club decided to purchase Cady Hall and two adjoining lots for $2500. Taking over the building was a major effort, requiring them to generate funds for upkeep and repairs needed to maintain the old building. The Club began fundraising in earnest, putting on dinners, dances, raffles, rummage sales, silent auctions, bazaars, musicals, plays, silver teas and bake sales.

One of the most valuable contributions ever to be made by the PWC was the founding of the Patagonia Public Library in 1957. A State Library Bookmobile began bringing books to Patagonia.

The club's social activities have always been guided by their commitment to community service. They began awarding college scholarships to Patagonia students in 1963, with proceeds from a "Ranch Home Tour" they organized, which raised $1,219.72. Along with the annual scholarship, the Woman’s Club has raised funds for organizations that include the Volunteer Fire Department, Little League, Senior Center, Christmas Lighting Awards, Patagonia Library, Center for the Arts, the Patagonia Creative Arts Center, Cady Hall Restoration Project, many town beautification projects, and most recently, scholarships for the Patagonia Youth Enrichment Center. Over the years their contributions have helped to fund Patagonia’s playgrounds, the high school swimming pool, school equipment, and soft cover books for the elementary school students to take home.

In 1989, they donated Cady Hall to the Town of Patagonia. A proposal was made to endorse the renovation of Cady Hall and the addition of the new library.

In 1995, the club took on another major project--publishing the first "Country Connection" phone book. It was a gigantic job, and the successful project was a great fundraiser for "The Ladies of the Club." After the laborious job of three printings, the project was turned over to the Patagonia Community Association. In 1996, when the restoration of Cady Hall was nearing completion, President Maureen O’Brien generously donated needed hall cupboards to store records and other items that had been tucked away at the Nogales Court House. That same year the club bought new chairs and chair racks.

In 1998, Patagonia celebrated its centennial. Anne Hummel designed a quilt depicting Patagonia’s mountains, the cattle industry, mining history and natural sciences. Fifteen ladies of the club helped make the quilt under Anne’s supervision. That year Anne was given the club’s first "Woman of the Year" award, an honor that continues to be presented yearly to an outstanding member.

Sometime before 1994, the club started selling “Green Valley Pecans” to raise money for the Club’s Scholarship Fund. Before 1998 the club had a 4th of July booth, selling lemonade and Independence Day items, but now focuses on the Fall Festival and the Magic of Christmas. Projects have consistently evolved to meet the changing needs and capacities of members, but benefiting the community remains a priority, however the funds are raised. As Dorothy Fisher once remarked, “Ours has not been a bunch of tea-sipping dawdlers!”
181 RAIL X RANCH ESTATES DRIVE in RAIL X RANCH ESTATES, just NE of PATAGONIA AZ 85624 / TAR/MLS #21511225
Premier hill country living in this 3,482sf residence on 41.9 serene, wooded acres in ultra-private Rail X Ranch Estates. Exceptional craftsmanship, materials & style resonate a sophisticated American West attitude for sublime enjoyment & comfort. Details begin w/repurposed 200yr old southern pine resourced for dramatic rafters, flooring & cabinetry. Just reduced~ a richly inspired, must-see, high-value property for discerning buyers.

54 CALLE MANDARINA near LAKE PATAGONIA / MLS forthcoming
2,820sf Territorial w/3Be/3B/Study & AzRm atop 41.24 rolling acres. Mountain views, regional style & custom quality. Horse facilities+++
When the Fall Festival has come and gone, Patagonia rolls out its carpet for an event that showcases local artists only. This is Patagonia Holiday Artwalk’s 16th year, and it’s enjoyed by locals as well as out-of-town visitors who come from near and far. The two-day event begins the day after Thanksgiving—and is a great way to walk off some of that turkey dinner while seeing lots of art and talking to the artists who made it.

Many participating businesses in town will host guest artists, and there will be open studios and presentations. At the town council meeting room, Artwalk’s coordinator, Carolyn Shafer, will hold a discussion on “Energetics of Creativity,” and metalwork artist Joe Coniff will do a visual presentation, featuring the many ornamental gates and sculptures he’s created and installed in homes around town and elsewhere.

A map will be available showing all participating locations, and many of them will offer refreshments. So put on your walking shoes and do the Artwalk stroll—Friday, November 27 and Saturday, November 28.

Judith Hinton-Andrew, Lee Katzenbach, and Donna Reibslager will be hosting open studios. Visiting the artist’s studio gives a better sense of their creative process, and often allows one to see a lot more of the artist’s work than would be available to view in a gallery.

Judith Hinton-Andrew won her first art prize at the age of nine. For many years while living in Connecticut, she did commissioned watercolor portraits for patrons that included many Fortune 100 families, and has been part of domestic and international juried exhibitions. She is currently working on a landscape series titled Sacred Sky/Sacred Earth, and experimenting with water-soluble oils in a non-solvent studio as part of an increasing desire to create in an environment that is not environmentally hazardous. As a breast cancer survivor, she states, “My studio is my special place to heal, to connect with visions and revelations that give me direction and move me closer to harmony with my inner wisdom.”

Lee Katzenbach creates paintings, drawings and sculptures in which “A spirit of free play reigns untrammeled”, as aptly stated by friend and poet James Broughton. Although art has always been a primary interest, Lee’s earlier careers included commercial fishing, sailing, woodworking, innkeeper, house builder, and all sorts of outdoor jobs. But along with this trail of careers, he has left a trail of his creations in private collections from Washington state, to the Caribbean, to New Zealand. His sculptures made from found objects are childlike in their playfulness, while also conveying the presence of abstract totems. Within his studio and museum, Dust to Dust, Lee says that “art activities now occupy my days and thoughts.”

Donna Reibslager is a painter and collage artist. Her work includes both abstract and figurative images, much of which is derived from this area’s high desert landscape and its spirits. Donna says that making art is, for her, a compulsion. She can usually be found in her studio, “playing with paper and paint.” Some of her favorite subjects include Coyote and Crow, Dia de Los Muertos, metaphysical maps, Patagonia scenes, and scraped and layered abstractions of land and sky. She has exhibited in galleries in Arizona and California, and her work is in private collections throughout the U.S. and abroad.
Love Letters, by A. R. Gurney, is about a lifetime of letters, written between two people who share their truest selves with each other, as their lives play out apart. By way of correspondence begun as pre-teens, they develop a communication on which they both come to rely. Played in this performance by four sets of actors—each portraying exchanges within a period of time—the development of their connection is followed from playful banter in their early years, to providing a listening ear and toying with the prospect of a deeper relationship, as they each take their separate journeys through life.

The audience wants this pair to have a great romance, but the play is about hesitation, repressed desire, prescribed behavior, misbehavior, and ultimately, loss of love. Their two personalities are established from the first exchange of letters, and carry them each through their differing experiences. There’s always some excuse why one, then the other, can’t plan or get to a rendezvous between them. In the end the realization that they have missed something is made poignant by Andrew’s proscribed life as a senator and Melissa’s mental demons. It’s a small and artfully rendered tragedy.

Three performances of Love Letters were presented by the Patagonia Players at the Tin Shed in Patagonia, October 23 -25. The roles of Melissa Gardner and Andrew Makepeace Ladd III were introduced by the play’s first performers, Sophie Lattanzio and Kurt Whitcoo, playing the two characters in their grammar school days. In the next scene, Kathryn Miller and Danny Schrimpf read the letters they share as they go through their teens.

Through the roles played by Eilite Saham and Chris Whitcoo, we see the pair as they go through World War II and into early middle age. Finally, they come to their later years, where the mileposts and frustrations of their lives, and the destinies they’ve chosen, are vividly portrayed by Eva Wright and Phil Eiker.

Although the play is most often performed by only two mature actors, director Bob Misiorowski chose to cast it with four groups of two, in part to involve more actors, and also as a challenging departure. From young to older, the actors performed well, putting a lot of themselves into the parts. Phil Eiker and Eva Wright, the more seasoned performers, were outstanding. I, for one, had to wipe away a few tears.

Congratulations to all involved in getting Love Letters to the stage. AND that’s just the beginning of a series of dramatic endeavors scheduled right up to December.

Next weekend don’t miss Duet for One by Tom Kempinski. It is also written for two actors; Rick Jaynes and Erin Blanding take the stage under the direction of Eva Wright.
Día de Los Muertos is a tradition of honoring loved ones who have passed away. In Mexico, on the eve of November 2, families gather in their local cemetery from afternoon into the evening to visit with the souls of the departed. Newly cleaned graves are decorated with candles, flowers and food. Sometimes a few musicians are present to play music. The tradition is a way of acknowledging the continued presence of those who have died, and of embracing death as a part of life.

The tradition is usually considered to have derived from the early Aztecs, whose calendar included what translates as a ‘Fiesta of The Adult Dead.’ But some of the humor associated with this Mexican tradition may have been incorporated during the 1700s, when the country was ruled by Spain and was influenced by European culture. A Dance of Death motif that originated in Europe in the 1400s had become popular as a humorous form of social critique, and the first images of comic skeletons in Mexico began to appear at that time.

Although most parts of Mexico now observe this day, that hasn’t always been so. Historians say that in the early 1900s Day of the Dead was quietly observed at the cemeteries—predominantly in the more southern states of Mexico. Then, in the ’70s, the Mexican Ministry of Tourism began to promote the ritual as part of a strategy to increase tourism and boost the economy in the southern states. Activities associated with the day were expanded, and the day achieved status as a tourist attraction.

By the ’90s, American travel services were marketing destinations in southern Mexico where tourists could view the celebration. The northern border towns began to get inquiries from tourists about where they could find activities associated with the day, and were disappointed to learn that there were no festivities there. So places like Tijuana, Nogales, and El Paso began to have celebrations, events and displays, and curio shops started carrying a large number of Day of the Dead crafts.

These days, some Day of the Dead festivities go on for a week or more across the border in Nogales. Families visit the town’s four cemeteries to spend time and share food and memories. The celebration goes on, I am told, into the evening, when the music and the revelry become more lively.

Here in Patagonia, Global Arts Gallery will host its annual Dia de los Muertos Circle of Life Celebration on November 1. Visitors can view the altar (to which they can contribute) that displays photos and momentos of loved ones brought in by townspeople, while sampling food from a table of special dishes.

On both sides of the border, Día de Los Muertos has been appropriated by consumerism. But its premise of gathering each year to remember loved ones who have passed away, and its philosophy of embracing life and death with joy and humor, continue to be traditions worth preserving.
PABA Membership Drive Underway

By Heather Dodge

The Patagonia Area Business Association is now accepting new and renewed members for 2016. Early Bird dues of just $100 for businesses and individuals will be in effect until December 31, 2015. Non-profit dues are $50 year round.

All Early Birds are guaranteed a listing on the next Mountain Empire Regional Map, scheduled for publication in early February. And all Early Bird wineries will be featured in the next revision of the Sonoita-Elgin Wine Country Map, also published by PABA and supported by member dues.

Having reached a roster of 106 members in 2015, PABA was able to partner with the Patagonia Regional Times in establishing what is now the Regional Visitor Center (RVC) for Patagonia, Sonoita and Elgin, located at McKeown and Third Avenue. Rather than increase dues to accommodate this additional expense in 2016, PABA is rolling out a fundraiser in time for prime birding season, to cover its share of the operations. See article, “What’s a bag of birdseed worth?”

The RVC volunteers have welcomed over 1,700 visitors since opening in March, a benefit to PABA members, whose marketing materials are displayed prominently. Additional membership benefits include a full page profile and free event postings on the popular PABA funded website, patagoniaaz.com, use of bulk mail permit, invitation to PABA’s annual and other meetings/events, and the PABA sponsored Country Connection Directory, the ninth edition scheduled for 2016.

PABA membership applications are available at Patagonia and Sonoita post offices and some businesses, and online at www.Patagoniaaz.com/contact/become-a-member/, where payment can now be made through Paypal and credit cards in addition to checks.

Ancient Seeds Grow Blue Ribbon Corn

By Ann Katzenbach

In early July, Pam Waters, a member of the Patagonia Community Garden, planted corn seeds she had gotten from the Patagonia Library’s semillotetca/seed bank. Dry land Pima corn is an ancient seed, planted in this part of the world at the beginning of the monsoon season with the expectation that monsoon rains will keep it moist and growing.

Pam mulched her raised bed with straw and the corn seed quickly germinated. Over the next thirty days, she only watered the bed about eight times and the corn grew nicely. In late September, she harvested a few ears of the corn, noting that there were aphids and ants on the stalk but not inside the corn.

After volunteering with her partner, Jerri Sober, to help set up booths at the county fair, Pam looked around and realized that she should enter her corn. Jerri entered the yellow pear tomatoes that she had grown at the community garden. The corn took a blue ribbon and the tomatoes came in second with a red ribbon in the tomato competition.

Now, seed from Pam’s corn will go back to the library seed bank. The corn seed that was originally grown by Indians and early settlers in this area, became part of the library seed bank, was grown in the community garden and won first place at the county fair, will be returned to the earth and complete the circle of nature and community.

Fall Festival Runs Smoothly Under New Management

By Ann Katzenbach

The 2015 Fall Festival was a happy mix of good weather, eclectic music, outstanding organization, and what seemed to be brisk sales. Under the management of PABA for the first time, the project was overseen by Bonnie Maclean who volunteered to take over this mammoth task.

With new management came some changes. This year instead of a Saturday night award dinner there was a dance--few complaints about that. Technology, in the form of a mobile app, helped vendors keep up to date with changes.

Local nonprofit organizations, traditionally blocked together near the community center, were integrated throughout the park, making for an interesting mix and giving the non-profits a lot more visibility.

The Concert Haul became a performance stage across from the gazebo so there were two music venues. This made setting up for musicians more fluid, and provided shade for listeners. The alcohol corner was well organized, with tables and chairs and some shade. There were more wineries and a distillery this year.

There was no silent art auction. This saved space, but the tree committee that normally benefits from the auction missed out. The ever-popular alpacas moved to a better spot, further away from food vendors, and the fire department hamburger chefs took center stage, no doubt increasing their sales, but pushing smoke downwind on that side of the park.

There are always some artists and patrons who have complaints--no event of this size can ever please everyone, but from what our PRT reporters observed, the 2015 Fall Festival ran smoothly, encouraged a redistribution of money, and was fun.

And let’s not forget the change that looks towards the future: Brent Bowden opened his RV park a little ahead of schedule to make more room for festival goers.
Generally, the first glimpse a traveler from the lowlands in southeastern Arizona has of the wooded habitats dominating our uplands is of an often dwarfed Oak-Juniper-Pinyon forest. According to some scientists the habitat that you must have in order to qualify as a Sky Island is this Madrean Evergreen Woodland or MEW. If you’ve spent any time at all traveling in our area, then you’ve likely glimpsed this inviting plant community. These woodlands generally occupy elevations from about 4,500’ up to approximately 6,500’, depending upon exposure, fire history, soils, slope, and a host of other factors. As Madrean refers to mountains in Mexico in this case, we are immediately reminded that this habitat is indeed more characteristic south of the international border. It merely spills up to our area, generally petering out near or on the Mogollon Rim in Arizona and in the Gila region of New Mexico.

The plants that dominate MEW are some of my favorites, owing to both their beauty and diversity. Key among these are the Oaks, members of the genus Quercus. Although Oaks are rather cosmopolitan in the northern hemisphere, their center of distribution is in Mexico. Hence we have 13 Oak species in Arizona, ranking us as one of the most diverse states in this category. In fact I was part of a team of conservationists doing a bioblitz in the Patagonia Mountains several years ago, during which the first confirmed Willow-leaved Oak was discovered in the United States!

A lower elevation, rather ubiquitous, and taller species is Emory Oak, whose blackish bark and Holly-like leaves are diagnostic. This species bears its acorns earlier than any of our other Oak species, rendering it a key resource for wildlife. Gould’s Wild Turkeys, Montezuma Quail, White-winged Doves, Collared Peccaries, White-nosed Coatis, Black Bear, and a plethora of rodents all sup upon this Summer feast. Given its girth and height, I can also envision our rare borderland cats - Ocelot and Jaguar - lounging in the concealing recesses of Emory Oak.

But Emory is not the only species of Oak in our MEW. It is often joined by Arizona Oak, Gray Oak, Scrub Oak, Toumey Oak, Silverleaf Oak, and occasionally Netleaf Oak. The exact complement of Oak species in any given area of the Sky Islands is heavily influenced by elevation. Emory, Arizona, and Scrub Oaks, for example, tend to lean low, while Silverleaf and Netleaf Oak seek the moister, higher reaches and/or shadier nooks. Collectively, our Oaks - save the Gambel and Sandpaper Oaks - are termed evergreen. This is, however, a misnomer as they can and do lose their leaves under the stress of drought - usually from about April through June. Hence, a better descriptor would be drought deciduous.

Collectively Oaks provide not only food in the form of acorns, but also via their other parts. Female Oak Gall Wasps lay eggs inside leaves, transforming these otherwise flat structures into nursery orbs. The wasp larvae henceforth feed off of the innards of these evolutionarily slick deformities. Red-naped Sapsuckers live up to their billing (pun intended), hammer sap wells into the trunks of Oaks and other trees, afterwards consuming the bleeding sap as well as any hapless insects stuck in the ooze. They even defend these wells versus any sap thieves, including other Sapsuckers, as well as a host of other species. I have seen them chase off the diminutive, yet rather pugnacious Ruby-crowned Kinglet on occasion. Insect-eating birds, such as Black-throated Gray Warblers find a rich diet among the branches and leaves of our Oaks, making these trees a fine place to watch birds, particularly in the warmer months.

Add to this the shelter that Oaks furnish for a broad spectrum of animals and you begin to appreciate how vital they are in helping to maintain flourishing populations of wildlife. Cavity-nesting birds take good advantage of both self-constructed and natural Oak crevices. Other birds build their own nests in the dense, shady branches of various Oaks. The same qualities recommend Oaks as a favored perches for birds, arboreal mammals, and reptiles, allowing them to thermoregulate, find food, and avoid being eaten. Indeed, if you sit under an Oak for a day, you may well be hard-pressed to record all of its myriad of wildlife as they come and go!

Vincent Pinto and his wife, Claudia, run RAVENS-WAY WILD JOURNEYS their Nature Adventure & Conservation organization. RWWJ offers a wide range of Nature adventures and tours, focusing on the incredible biodiversity in the Sky Islands.
HOUSING RENTALS

ROOMS FOR RENT at a 4 bd. ranch home on 52 acres, 6 m. east of Patagonia. $300. Call Fritz at 480 215 1907

Fed. funded Senior apt. complex; 285 Pennsylvania Ave. Call (520) 394-2229, or go to the Town Clerk’s office.

HOMES FOR RENT: contact Kathy O’Brien @ Sonoita Realty 520 455-5381

ROOMS FOR RENT AT 56 Harshaw Rd. $350-550. Ages 55+; winter rates available. Call Don @ 520 297-7065

2 BR/1 BTH $850/mo. Carport, laundry rm. John: 394-0148 or 360 317-4281

SONOITA HOME FOR RENT-2 BD/ 2BTH All appliances, W&D, front & back yards. $900/mo. (520) 400-2949

1 BR/1 BTH $750/mo. Utilities included.
3 BR/2 BTH $1450/mo. Includes utilities.
John: 394-0148 or 360 317-4281

BRIGHT PRIVATE 1 BD/ 1 BTH VACATION RENTAL in town. Courtyard, kitchenette, nightly or weekly. Claire: 520.904.0877

HELP WANTED

Certified caregiver or CNA for Patagonia Assisted Care. Call 520-604-8179.

MISC.

JULIA GREEN VOICE & PIANO STUDIO
voice & piano lessons $20/half hour
www.juliagreenmusic.com; (505) 350-8543. 122 Rothrock Alley, Patagonia


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

CHRISTMAS IN ELGIN, a fine arts & crafts holiday festival, will take place on December 5 from 10 - 4 at the Historic Elgin Community Club, 475 Elgin Rd. Many vendors will have beautiful gifts for sale. There will be a bake sale, raffle drawings for wonderful prizes, music & a roaring fire in the fireplace. Chili & cornbread will be available for lunch. Call (520) 455-4731 for more information. Join us for a great day!
### Meetings

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<tr>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Details</th>
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<tr>
<td><strong>AA</strong></td>
<td>Patagonia Comm. Ctr., Sun., 8 a.m.; Sonoita Bible Church, Tues., 7:30 p.m.; Pat. Methodist Church, Fri., 7:30 p.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Al-Anon</strong></td>
<td>Wed. at 6 p.m., Sonoita Hills Comm. Church, 52 Elgin Rd.; Info: 237-8091</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>CHOP (Community Homes of Patagonia, Inc.)</strong></td>
<td>Board Meeting 3rd Monday at 6 p.m. in the Patagonia Town Council Room Chambers.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Patagonia Town Council</strong></td>
<td>2nd and 4th Wed. at 7 p.m. in the Town Council Hall.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Rotary Club</strong></td>
<td>1st Thurs., 7 a.m. at Patagonia H.S.; All others at Kief Joshua Winery, 6 p.m. Call (520) 907-5829 for more info.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>San Rafael Community 4-H Club</strong></td>
<td>2nd Mon. at the Patagonia Methodist Church, Thurber Hall at 5:30 p.m. Tami @455-5561.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>The Woman’s Club</strong></td>
<td>2nd Thursday at 1 p.m. In Cady Hall, Patagonia</td>
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### Events

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<th>Event</th>
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<tr>
<td><strong>11/1</strong></td>
<td>Dia de Los Muertos Celebration of Life, Global Arts Gallery, 12 - 5 p.m.</td>
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<td><strong>11/8</strong></td>
<td>PALS Town Kennel Fundraiser; 4 - 7 p.m. at Community Ctr. $10</td>
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<td><strong>11/9</strong></td>
<td>Club Theater performs Peter Pan, 10 a.m., 7 p.m., at The Tin Shed</td>
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<td><strong>11/10</strong></td>
<td>Annual Veterans Day Celebration, Elgin School, Sonoita 9 a.m.</td>
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<td><strong>11/14</strong></td>
<td>Blessing of the Vintage &amp; New Release Festival, 10 a.m.-5 p.m. at Sonoita Vineyards. Tastings, tours, childrens activities music and vendors $35.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>11/14</strong></td>
<td>Rotary Club Annual Casino Night; 6 p.m. in Pioneer Hall at the Santa Cruz Co. Fairgrounds. $50/person includes food, raffle tickets and “funny money”. Contact Sue at (520) 990-4648 for tickets/sponsorship.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>11/15</strong></td>
<td>Oklahoma! At the Tin Shed Movie House. Farm House Supper at 3 p.m., live music, photo booth, beverages; movie at 5 p.m.; $40/person. Call the Patagonia Art Center to purchase tickets.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>11/20-22</strong></td>
<td>Ballad of the Sad Café, by the Patagonia Players; 7 p.m., Fri./Sat., 2 p.m. on Sun. at the Tin Shed</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>11/22</strong></td>
<td>The Tucson Symphony Wind Quintet, Benderly Salon Series; 3 p.m., at a private home in Nogales. scfpapresents.org/ 520-394-0129.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>11/29</strong></td>
<td>Annual Messiah Sing, 3 p.m., Concert Haul, 348 Naugle, Patagonia</td>
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### Special Interests

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<th>Event</th>
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<tr>
<td><strong>11/2</strong></td>
<td>The Life and Times of Willa Cather. 7 discussions by Gail Eifrig thru 2/15, 2-4 p.m. at the Patagonia Library.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>11/7</strong></td>
<td>Oral history interviews &amp; photo scanning 11 a.m.-3 p.m. at the Old Main campus.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>11/15</strong></td>
<td>Banamichi bus tour to Mexico departs 8 a.m.; seats avail. Contact German at 520 343-5641.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>11/19</strong></td>
<td>Tom Jenney, State Director of Americans for Prosperity &amp; Policy Victories speaks at the So. AZ Republicans Club. 7 p.m. at the Sonoita Fire Station.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>11/20</strong></td>
<td>Melodica rehearsals, every Wed., 9:30 a.m., Santa Cruz Foundation for the Performing Arts office, 348 Naugle, Patagonia. New members welcome!</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>11/21</strong></td>
<td>Santa Cruz Singers rehearsals for annual Messiah Sing and the Vivaldi Gloria. 5:30 p.m. at United Methodist Church, Patagonia. Call: 520-394-0129 to join.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>11/22</strong></td>
<td>Yoga for Seniors: Mondays, 8:30 – 9:45 a.m. at Ecobody Acupuncture, Patagonia Plaza, Patagonia. $10. (520) 559 -1731.</td>
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<td><strong>11/29</strong></td>
<td>Adult hand-building ceramics classes Wednesdays, 4-6 p.m. $65 Call 604-0300</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>11/20</strong></td>
<td>Bikram Yoga - Patagonia; 520-604-7283.</td>
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<td><strong>11/22</strong></td>
<td>Bingo - St. Theresa Parish Hall, Patagonia, 1st &amp; 3rd Mondays at 6 p.m. 455-5681</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>11/22</strong></td>
<td>Crossroads Quilters - Sonoita Fire Dept., 2nd &amp; 4th Mon. at 9 a.m.; 520 732-0453.</td>
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<td><strong>11/22</strong></td>
<td>Open Tennis - PUHS, Tues. &amp; Thurs. at 5 p.m., Sat. at 8 a.m., Call 394-2973 for info.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>11/22</strong></td>
<td>Sonoita Plant Parenthood Gardening Club - contact <a href="mailto:clarebonelli@gmail.com">clarebonelli@gmail.com</a>.</td>
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From a bird’s perspective, birdseed’s priceless if it means survival in a competitive world. From our perspective, it’s worth every pound of quality wild birdseed the Regional Visitor Center volunteers scooped into 360 hand-stamped burlap bags, and tagged with an invitation to book lodgings and visit a place that truly is – for the birds!

This souvenir/memento/reminder gift is totally unique to Patagonia. It’s fun, clever, created by loving hands, and its contents are useful to what people from all over the world come here to watch. Birds. This PABA fundraising promotion directly benefits the long-term operation of the visitor center, where our bags in three colors can be purchased any day of the week from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. for a minimum donation of $5. Also available at Grayce’s, Friday through Sunday, 10 a.m. to 5p.m. while supply lasts. To personalize as gifts, attach business card to the tag.

What’s A Bag of Birdseed Worth?

Got an event or a meeting you want people to know about? Send your info to prteditor@gmail.com
Call For Photos

Elgin School is seeking photos of local vets for their Wall of Fame display at the annual Veterans Day Celebration on Tuesday, November 10. A color copy of the photo will be made and attached to red, white or blue stars with the veteran’s name, service branch and dates of service.

Anyone wishing to contribute photos can drop off the pictures and information to the Elgin School office or mailed to Elgin School, 23 Elgin Road, Elgin, AZ 85611.

Be sure and include a return address. Call 520-455-5514, ext. 300 for more information.

Los Angeles, CA

Local Sponsors Support Youth Soccer

Eighteen young boys and girls from Sonoita, Elgin and Patagonia are participating in soccer training and competition through the Sonoita-Elgin Soccer Club. There are two teams. The Mustangs is for players 8 and 9 years old. Its head coach is John Umfleet, assisted by Daniel Mueller and Aidan Bronstein. GB Glass & Mirror Service has been sponsoring the team this year to make sure the kids have new game balls and uniforms. The Lightning Bolts is for kids aged 6 and 7. Their coaches are Margarita Albarran, Lenin Albarran and Victor Mueller, and they are sponsored by The Café.

The teams practice twice a week at the Sonoita Fairgrounds. They’ve been competing this season against teams from Sierra Vista and Bisbee. This season’s games will end November 21, to be followed by their Soccer Club’s Banquet and Awards Ceremony. Next year, in June, the Sonoita-Elgin Soccer Club will be recruiting again for another season of training and competition.

The Sonoita-Elgin Soccer Club has appreciated great public support for the players—including the team sponsors mentioned, and the equipment sponsors, including Sonoita Vineyards, Sonoita Septic and Elgin Electric.

Jim Rowley, owner of Elgin Energy, says, “Our children today are our future and they need our support and guidance. This soccer team is an excellent way of teaching the kids teamwork while giving them a great opportunity for personal development. Supporting the team gives us the chance to give back to our community and ‘keep it local’.”

Inspiration and Awareness On Veterans Day

Local veterans will be honored for their service at the 20th annual Veterans Day Celebration on November 10. The American Legion Post 113 and Elgin School will once again host this public ceremony, which begins at 9 a.m. at the Elgin School in Sonoita.

The Fort Huachuca 62nd Army Band and Select Honor Guard will perform, and Chief Master Sergeant Shane Clark of the Arizona National Guard will be the guest speaker. Clark is the senior enlisted advisor to the Adjutant General for the State of Arizona. He has deployed to contingencies in support of Operation Southern Watch and Operation Iraqi Freedom.

The American Legion sponsors a student essay contest every year for grades K through 8 and the winners will be announced during the program. The student choir will also perform.

One of the most moving and inspirational aspects of the event is the “Wall of Fame.” Families provide photos of their loved ones to post on the wall of the auditorium for all to see, helping to provide a greater awareness of the sacrifices and achievements of our vets. The public is invited. More information is available at 520-455-5514.
Local Sonoita merchants are gearing up for the holidays. Two shops, Sweet Ride Gifts and Cowgirl Flair, are moving in together to a new location in the crossroads shops and are busy setting up the entire storefront.

The Sonoita Merchants Association has begun preparations for the annual “Sonoita by Starlight,” to be held on Friday, December 4 at 5:30 p.m. This event, which has been growing in popularity each year, always begins by everyone gathering around the holiday tree that is set up by Buffalo Girls at the Sonoita Hardware store.

From there, spectators visit participating businesses along Highway 83. Stores display their best gifts and offer special prices along with refreshments. Participating shops include Desert Legacy, Many Horses, Sweet Rides, Cowgirl Flair, and Heart of Gold Antiques, which has returned to Sonoita. Around the curve on highway 83 celebrants can visit the Sage Clinic and Angel Wings thrift shop.

All the shops in the event will offer special prices, refreshments and drawing tickets for a large gift basket filled with gifts from the participating businesses. Special music will be presented by local singer Ted Walker and a professional telescope will be set up to view—what else?—the starlight over Sonoita. For more information about this event, call 455-4717 or 455-4784.
Almost 20 years of drought, and now the prospect of soaking El Nino winter storms. Property owners in southeast Arizona may face a new reality of too much water washing away the thin soils and sparse vegetation we live with. I have spent the last few years picking up knowledge and materials to conserve the ground and habitat on about 100 acres in southern Cochise County.

My goals were: 1) Reduce high velocity flow in small intermittent streams, 2) Protect banks along intermittent streams on bedrock, 3) Leave minimal visual and physical impact, 4) Use recycled materials when possible, 5) Keep costs low.

Local businesses and neighbors donated scrap fencing and construction materials. Galvanized spikes, large washers, baling wire, industrial aspen cooler pads and hand tools were purchased locally. Jute erosion control cloth was purchase on line.

I have learned about the plants and habitats on the property from Jim Koweek of Arizona Revegetation. In 2014 Jim, Summer, and Wesley Koweek installed rice grass wattles on vulnerable slopes. I devised hybrid devices from the wattle concept that involve 20’ rolled cooler pads, bent metal posts and wire fencing. The most versatile in open range and steep, rocky slopes is the “jute chute” (so-named by Wesley).

The wattles installed in 2014 have done a great job catching sediment on slopes and plants immediately took root. The small streams and sandy arroyo needed a desert version of a “digger log” (logs laid in streams in forested areas to divert water.) The jute chute consists of jute material rolled inside wire fencing. The roll is secured with wire and the center left open to direct high velocity water out the end. They are staked diagonal to low with the upstream end against or upon the bank like a digger log.

Once I had the jute chute concept I needed help with production and installation. Zach Yourgules and Tony Segebartt worked three 10-hour days assembling chutes; carrying them over steep, rocky, ankle twisting hills into upstream tributaries. Zack helped to determine locations and orientation. Then they pounded the spikes in place.

Steep drainages and rocky arroyos now have a better chance to survive El Nino storms, seeds to sprout into mighty oaks and temporary pools will hold water longer for wildlife. Zach and Tony’s previous experience with Borderlands Habitat Restoration was invaluable and they are available to help others with similar projects.
A Word to the Post Office
Junk Mail Tossers

You know that big convenient bin inside the post office, right next to the high table where you can sort your mail and toss the junk before you go home? Did you know that all that junk mail you toss—though perfect for recycling—is thrown in with the post office regular garbage and hauled to the landfill? Apparently, recycling by the postal service is not done—is part because of the potential for privacy infringement issues. So, unless you want to sort your junk mail and walk it on out to the paper recycle bin behind the building, it would be more helpful to the trees if you take it home and toss in your own recycling bin. If you recycle. You do recycle, don’t you?

Rains over the summer, and possibly the periodic dredging of the wash that crosses Pennsylvania Avenue just past Fourth Avenue, have caused the pavement to pull away from its ground foundation on one side, resulting in a wide gap that is nearly three feet deep.

ADOPTABLE PETS
OF THE MONTH

Chiquilina
Boomer

Chiquilina is a mellow and loving 5-year-old tabby who was rescued in Mexico after a car hit her. Lucky for Chiquilina, some folks took her to the vet and now she’s as good as new! Maybe you are the one who will give this sweet gal the unconditional love she deserves.

How can you resist this face?

Boomer is a cuddly and sweet cock-a-poo who is friendly with everyone he meets! Just over a year and a half old, Boomer is playful and likes to run and chase toys as much as he likes being adored.

Adoption fees include spay/neuter, vaccinations, and microchip. See other adoptable pets at santacruzhumanesociety.org.

SANTA CRUZ HUMANE SOCIETY
232 E. Patagonia Hwy 82, Nogales 287-5654

Azucar

The last hummingbirds of summer sip through straws on the red circle.
Six, when there once were scores of sugar seekers - Tiny, gorgeous, aggressive, wings whirring. When those last six fly south I’ll miss them, but not the obligation.
How to say “sugar” in Spanish?

— Ann Katzenbach
In the summer of 2012 I officially started my cattle business. I had just graduated from eighth grade at Little Red and was ready to tackle life as a high schooler and an entrepreneur. I had owned cattle since I was ten and my herd was rapidly expanding. My Dad promised me that his graduation present to me would be a registered brand. Now I was going to be bonafide! You know, a big shot cattle baron. Three head is a start, right?

My Dad and I applied for a brand. I had decided that I wanted something with a “G” or a “F.” We put in an application with several variations on this theme. Alas, after the required eight weeks of government lag time we got the official letter from the Department of Agriculture. To my dismay, all of our potential brands had been denied! Dejected, we tried again. After nine weeks, the letter addressed to yours truly contained another rejection of my good ideas.

I decided that I needed to do an investigation on why “G” and “F” seemed to be the most popular brands. Turns out, many legitimate cattle barons like me were being stymied by the political process, too. Evidently, there is a category of registered brand owners that fit the description of what I call “Steak Brand” or “Gate Brand” owners, who mark their delicious steak with a decoration or even adorn the entrance to their house or would be cattle empires. To the legitimate cattle baron’s dismay, these savvy branders have even gone to the trouble of having their brands registered with the State, which takes the brand out of circulation for the legitimate baron. Unable to procure anything related to “G” or “F,” I eventually landed the 9 Bar S brand. However, I’m still on the lookout for something more fitting. I hear you can spot these pseudo brand owners by looking for the following:

- They don’t own livestock of any sort, much less brand them.
- They tell their friends at Pilates that the “Lazy PY” outfit had a good roundup last weekend.
- They bring their personalized coffee mug with their brand prominently displayed to Starbucks for their triple skinny latte with soy.
- They have floor mats embroidered with their brand in their Hummer.
- They may be wearing either skinny jeans or jeans that look like the back pockets have been to an embroidery shop or a teenage girl bedazzling party.
- Their Pomeranian or Chihuahua puppy has a collar with their brand on it. The tag, in addition to telling the world Fluffy or Snookie’s name, says “Property of Box A Ranch.”
- They don’t actually have a full size, functional branding iron, but went to Tombstone and had a guy make a miniature version of the 2 Lazy 2 brand that is registered to them.
- The gate or front door at their house has their brand prominently displayed. There may also be a sign that says “Howdy Pardner” on display.
- They brand their steaks at the Annual O Slash T Ranch Summer Solstice bash.
- If you recognize any of these traits please join me in calling for a stop! There are legitimate cattle tycoons like myself that need these brands to legitimatize our businesses. If you feel the same as I do, join me in doing an online petition and campaign to outlaw this use of gate and steak brands. In the meantime, if you see one of these offenders, take a picture, and post it with these hashtags: #NoMoreFakers, #BrandsOnlyForTycoons, or #YouKnowThisIsnAJokeRight?

My friends and I love to try new things, be daring, and laugh. We play a game called “Taste Testing” that includes all of those things. It all starts on a night when we have a sleepover and we run out of things to do. Everybody huddles over the kitchen table while one anxious person is blindfolded and someone else is whipping up something insane for the blindfolded person to taste test. When the concoction is ready everyone else gasps and laughs as the blindfolded contestant begins to panic in anticipation.

There is so much suspense being the one blindfolded around my friends because they are not scared to try obnoxious things. For example one of my friends had to taste test a combination of mustard, vanilla extract, jalapeno, frosting, soda, and cheese. Even though it was disgusting everybody laughed so hard (including the contestant) that we ended up on the floor in tears.

The most stomach-churning taste test that I had to try is called Kung Fu Tonic. An immune support drink, it is made up of garlic, onion, horseradish, ginger, cayenne pepper, sea salt, and oregano oil. By itself it is foul smelling, but try tasting it!

This game is so fun and great to look back on and laugh. So next time you and your friends have a sleepover head into the kitchen and see what kind of test you can come up with!

**SPORT PROFILES**

Danny Miranda: Hardworking Team Player

Senior football player Danny Miranda is a hardworking team player. This season he helped take the Lobos to a 4-6 winning season with the most yards rushing on the team.

Danny has been playing football since the age of ten and enjoys it very much because it keeps his mind off things. In football there are many plays to remember. Danny remembers them by basic repetition and he adds, “The plays are simple.”
The fact that the psychological effects of the common drug, Tylenol, have only recently been discovered after market use of the drug for over a century is—to say the least—alarming. As reported in The Wall Street Journal, Ohio State University has recently discovered through studies that acetaminophen not only dulls overall pain, but has an unintended psychological effect, too. It dulls our emotions.

In our pill-popping culture, a pill is the answer for just about any ailment we face, and chronic pain is one of the most common pill-treated maladies. One rarely has a second thought about offering a friend a Tylenol for a headache. This is why news that a drug has been used mindlessly for years and holds unknown secondary effects is unsettling.

Safety tests for drugs too often focus their attention on the physical effects of the drug, neglecting the important psychological effects. The revelation of acetaminophen’s “hidden” psychological effect begs the question of just how many hidden side effects other well known pharmaceuticals hold.

Our culture too often chooses the option of instant gratification. When the quick fix creates more problems, it is clear the regular solution should be further investigated, rather than masked with chemical oblivion.

We reach reflexively for pain relief. Do we really know what we’re popping?

Janet Winans remembers her MFA professor at Warren Wilson College counseling her to, “Write until the concrete sets.” For three days in late September she passed on these wise words to the PUHS journalism class. Mrs. Winans came to share some of her poem pieces and encourage us to write our own poetry. It was an amazing experience to hear her poems and have her here to explain what they truly mean and why she wrote them.

Mrs. Winans taught us that poems don’t necessarily need to rhyme, that ideas for poetry can come directly from our life experience, and that you know when to stop writing “when the concrete sets.”

One of my favorite poems that she shared was “A Little Game of Gin”, about her experiences playing Gin on Sunday afternoons. I like this poem because it brings me memories of a game I play with my family called Coofuray. It is a French game played with special cards that my aunt sent from Paris. My family plays it on special occasions.

— Yasmin Quiroga

**SPORT PROFILES**

Elizimar Leon:

**Key to Volleyball Season Success**

By Guadalupe “Gabi” Bueras

The Lady Lobos Volleyball team has now shown that they are capable of being a state contender by winning eleven games in a row, all with the quiet help of senior Elizimar Leon. Leon has demonstrated that a positive attitude can overcome everything, which makes her such a likeable player to watch.

Leon has been a key in the Lobos’ winning streak. With this being her eighth year playing, Elizimar also known as “Marz” gained her experience from her coaches who, she says, are “knowledgeable about volleyball, and I couldn’t thank them enough for helping me become a good player.”

“Marz is an excellent back row player, an outstanding outside hitter, and is always at the right place at the right time,” says teammate and twin sister Elizabeth Leon.

It has now been ten years since the last Lady Lobos went to state and gained a banner to represent the school. Leon wants the satisfaction of seeing the banner that her team won when she comes back to visit.

Leon comments that the reason the Lady Lobos have been doing so well in volleyball is because, “We have so much chemistry on the team, the communication is outstanding, and the seniors this year have stepped up their game in their last attempt to have a winning season, and for that reason have pushed themselves to the next level.”

Cross Country is at the close of its three-month season, and for sixteen-year-old Miya Barajas it has been a success. Miya medaled twice this season; once in Bisbee, where she placed first, and in Willcox, where she placed fourth.

The determined junior first joined the team her sophomore year. Though she was not really interested in the sport, a friend of hers, Molly Montgomery, encouraged her to join as more runners were needed to complete the team.

Miya has been running ever since. “It’s surprisingly a stress reliever. When I run knowing that I’m hurting and I’m tired the thought of pushing myself, being able to exceed my limit, is the best feeling,” says Miya.

A healthy diet and conditioning play a key role in her success. She spends her weekends running for at least two hours in the hills around Temporal, and tries to do stretching every day—whether it’s high knees, bottom kickers, or grapevines. She explains how breathing exercises are very important, as well as her diet, which consists of a large amount of water each day before the meet and a light snack, such as a small salad or a granola bar.

Miya says she is very happy to be a part of the team and will continue running the rest of her high school career. “I love the sport and I love my team. I can honestly say we have improved drastically in the past year. It has been an honor working with my coaches, Mr. McMahon and Mrs. McGuire, and I am beyond words excited for cross country next year.”

**SPORT PROFILES**

Miya Barajas:

**Cross Country Medalist**

By Sabrina Mendoza

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Leafing an Impression

By Kathryn Miller  PUHS Journalism Student

“Good luck, Honey,” my mom said mischievously as I stepped out of the car and into the bustling energy of the University of Arizona campus. I grabbed my plant press, a rather burdensome companion, before waving goodbye. I knew all too well that my mom was starting to laugh at me along with what seemed like everyone else in the vicinity. I persevered and tried to carry the 18” by 12” wood monstrosity as casually as possible, but suddenly I had no idea where I was going. I was looking for the University of Arizona Herbarium to identify some plants for my internship with the Audubon Research Ranch, but instead I was walking in circles and my plant press was raising eyebrows.

By the time I burst into the Herbarium building I had asked six puzzled college students for directions, gained two blisters, and turned every shade of red imaginable. I must have been quite a sight, because when I finally set the behemoth plant press down I noticed some headphones being lowered and a few curious glances my way. I introduced myself, “Hi, I’m Kat from Canelo, and I’m interning with the Appleton Whittell Research Ranch. Could I have some help identifying these plants?” Surprisingly, there weren’t any looks of confusion. My appearance may have been strange, but Canelo certainly wasn’t. For the past century the area has been a hotspot for botany, and periodic sightings of the endangered Lady’s Tresses Orchid have only enhanced the ecological intrigue. The people of the University of Arizona Herbarium were happy to help and soon enough I was being assisted by incredibly intelligent people who were excited to help further my path in the world of science.

Mornings the color of broken chalk and afternoons spent weaving my way through a labyrinth of willows and cottonwoods have marked my childhood, spent on two local Nature Conservancy preserves. For the past decade I’ve grown up adventuring in and observing nature interact with humanity and I’ve been awed by how deceptively complex the balance of nature is.

As my graduation approaches, my time on the preserve draws to a close. In order to thank the place that has helped to mold my character, I have spent the past six months working to institute a herbarium where I currently live: the Canelo Hills Cienega Preserve. A herbarium is a collection of pressed plants. Each preserved specimen includes GPS coordinates, a plant description, and the date. This data can ultimately create a clear picture of flora and enlighten scientists to how plant populations are responding to changing climates.

There is a Greek legend in which a young Theseus must escape the Minotaur’s labyrinth; in order to do so, he is given a red string by Ariadne to prevent him from becoming lost in the maze. The thread of my conservation work has worked similarly, guiding me through the twists and turns of my senior year. My passion has guided me when I felt lost, introducing me to thoughtful and observant people who are enthusiastic to share their experiences. The misadventures and uniqueness of my work have encouraged me to be genuine, and to have pride in a passion that is unusual. In my pursuit for conservation, the land that raised me has once again taught me invaluable lessons. Perhaps we should all recognize the wisdom in nature and appreciate its true complexity. Hopefully you won’t have to carry a 15 lb plant press around to see it.

Linda King Harrison

October 10, 1959  October 2, 2015

Linda King Harrison, 74, passed away on October 2 in Billings, Montana, surrounded by her family and friends, after struggling for several weeks with a rare lung disease.

Linda was born on October 12, 1940, in Lansing, Michigan, to Margery Moulton and William Ludlow King, a wonderful father who was very much like her. She married Jim Harrison on October 10, 1959, and they lived in Boston, Kingsley, Michigan, and on Long Island before moving to Leelanau County, Michigan in 1968. Fifteen years ago, they moved to Livingston to be closer to their daughters and grandchildren. They also maintained a place in the Patagonia area, where they spent time in the winter months.

She was a beautiful woman, graceful in all things, a horsewoman, gardener, natural architect and artist, reader, and a phenomenal cook. She had a fine sense of humor and did not suffer fools gladly, but no one has ever been kinder. She is survived by her husband of 55 years, her daughters and sons-in-law Anna and Max Hjortsberg and Jamie and Steve Potenberg, her three grandsons, Will and John Potenberg and Silas Hjortsberg, and her crazy, beautiful dog Folly. She is survived as well by friends in Michigan, Arizona, Montana, and elsewhere, many of whom she talked about with love in her last days. She was an only child, but when she married she gained sisters and brothers: Mary and Nick Dumsch of Rodney, Michigan, John and Rebecca Harrison of Fayetteville, Arkansas, and David and Cindy Harrison of Bainbridge Island, Washington.

Linda was intensely private, and it was her wish that there be no memorial service.

In the words of a poet she loved: I could say that we are released, but I don’t know, in our private night when our souls explode into a billion fragments then calmly regather in a black pool in the forest, far from the cage of flesh, the unremitting “I.” This was a dream and in dreams we are forever alone walking the ghost road beyond...
Four graduates of Patagonia Union High School got together on October 10 in honor of their 70th reunion. The class of 1945 met at the home of Mary (Washburn) Clay in Patagonia. The other class members were Lucy (Valenzuela) Mihalik, also from Patagonia, Vern Steen, who now lives just outside of San Francisco, and Isaac Jose Montoya of Yuma, Arizona. As best they can determine, they are the only four classmates still alive. Jose Isaac Montana provided some recollections of those days:

"In 1945, Mr. O.H. Oldfather was the principal of PUHS. The United States was totally engaged in World War II against Japan. Germany had been defeated. Shoes, sugar, meat, gasoline and many other items that we use every day were rationed, so you could only buy what was permitted each month.

Because tires and gasoline were rationed, school buses were only used to carry students to school and home. From about 1942 until 1946 PUHS had no athletic events against other schools. The class of 1945 participated in only three or four sports events or competitions of any kind during their entire high school experience.

But we were happy! We still had the Patagonia Opera House for our gymnasium and the field where PUHS now proudly stands for our six man football team to practice. No new football equipment was available during those years due to the war.

We hadn't thought much about careers but accepted that we would all be cowboys or work at the Trench Mine and the girls would be raising families when school was over. Then along came the war, and military service followed by discharges from service, and the GI Bill—an opportunity to go to college, which most of us had never even thought of! The GI Bill took away our expectations of being a cowboy or a miner and girls began to look at professional careers.

Many of us left Patagonia for what we thought might be greener pastures but our love for P'gonia never left us!"

On September 20, a good-sized crowd gathered in Cady Hall for a lesson on snakes organized by Heather Dodge and featuring Karina Hilliard, Jade DeForest and several serpents. Jade gave an interesting statistic regarding snake bites. She said that the majority of bites happen to males (the younger guys who have frequently been drinking alcohol) and are often on the hand or the face. When women get bitten (far less frequently) it is usually on the leg or ankle.

DeForest, who is an Emergency Medical Technician, emphasized the need to get help immediately if you are bitten. But it’s also important, she said, to not panic, as that adreneline serves to pump the poison more quickly through your system. She noted that would be a good time to practice meditation skills. If not, just get to a hospital where they have a fresh, adequate supply of anti-venim.

Hilliard, a self-trained herpetologist, admits to having an obsession with snakes and keeps several in captivity. She is an expert on their needs and behaviors. Both women handled snakes during the evening and stressed their importance in the balance of nature and the sane precautions we should take when we’re out in this high desert environment where we share space with them.

At the end of the presentation, Hilliard pulled a very big pet boa constrictor out of a bag and it immediately wound its way around her torso. You could feel the adrenaline in the room go up several notches. It was a memorable display, and a reminder of that conditioned response that snakes tend to draw from us.
3 Offices to Serve You

PATAGONIA
520 394-2120
325-A McKeown Ave.
Next to the Gathering Grounds

SONOITA
Main Office
520 455-5235
Corner of Hwys 82 & 83
Next to the Post Office

SONOITA
East Office
520 455-4634
NE Corner of Hwys 82 & 83
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