

Patagonia Regional Times



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Wide Loads, Big Problems

A recent bump in oversize traffic on 83 is jeopardizing safety, causing delays and testing the patience of motorists

By Dave Lumia

Welcome to the daily game of Oversize Roulette, played by anyone who travels between the Sonoita, Elgin, Patagonia region and Tucson on Highway 83—so, pretty much anybody who lives in these parts.

Spin the wheel and take your chances that your commute won't require an extra 30 minutes—or more importantly, won't damage your vehicle or imperil your personal safety.

Let's meet some of the unfortunate contestants:

Jane Ordway, a former Elgin resident who recently moved to Tucson, was southbound on SR 83 near the Helvetia Road turnoff on Dec. 11, in her F-250, pulling a 30-foot trailer with two horses in it when just ahead, she was face-to-

face with the flashing lights of a Department of Public Safety (DPS) vehicle.

Close behind the escort vehicle was a flatbed tractor trailer, pulling an oversize load down the narrow, winding state highway

toward Interstate 10.

Ordway is a veteran of shuttling horses back and forth on this two-lane, unshouldered highway and dealing with the inconveniences of oversize loads, but this time she was in a pickle. Guardrail on the right, big load coming directly at her.

"There was no warning," she said. "I had to back up a long ways. There was no room on my side of the road, just a little space on the opposite side."

Ordway backed up toward that little space, but the space was narrow and sloped into a ditch: "I could have rolled the trailer if I kept going. My horses could have been hurt bad."

She managed to pull forward slightly to level off. The trailer rig and escort

See Wide Loads, p. 19



Photo by Stefanie Charrette

A common sight on SR 83: traffic backed up behind an oversize load.

Wildlife Habitat Restoration, One Step at a Time

By Mary Tolena

When Anne Vogt bought her 71-acre Wood Canyon property in 2021, she didn't know anything about this area's climate or habitat. She grew up in Germany, and lived in New Jersey before moving here. Anne chose Patagonia "because I wanted to live where the hummingbirds are." Once here, she discovered more and more about the rich biodiversity around us, and her passion for habitat restoration took off.

Four years later, Vogt's property is a showcase for what is possible in a short amount of time, both in terms of expanding plant and animal populations, and in building alliances and resources to cultivate a greater whole.

Water first

Vogt's first major project was to build a pond and small stream with

recirculating water flow. She brought in Tucson-based conservation ecologist Jonathan Horst of Baseline Shift Consulting to help with structural design and plant selection. Horst's previous work includes eleven years with Tucson Bird Alliance.

The open water portion of the pond is about 20' x 25' and up to four feet deep. "The length of the pond was designed to allow bats and barn swallows to glide down and pick up insects on the surface," Vogt explained.

What makes the pond unique is the 70-foot stream that recirculates water into the pond in a series of step pools. "From the very beginning, it was my 'non-negotiable' vision to have a stream like this dropping into the pond," Vogt said. "And Jonathan executed it perfectly."

See Habitat, p. 18



Photo courtesy of Anne Vogt

(From left) Partners for Fish and Wildlife coordinator Sarah Gandarria, Wood Canyon resident Anne Vogt and conservation ecologist Jonathan Horst of Baseline Shift Consulting prepare to plant 40 native oak seedlings at Vogt's property.

Patagonia Regional Times

MISSION STATEMENT

To be a reliable and engaging source of news for the communities of eastern Santa Cruz County—open to all views, focused on local issues, written and edited by local people, and providing a platform for community education and involvement.

WHO WE ARE

We are a nonprofit news organization, funded by paid advertising, donations and grants. The PRT is distributed in print monthly in eastern Santa Cruz County, weekly in the PRT News Bulletin and on our website.

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SUBMISSIONS

Do you have an idea for a story having to do with the Eastern Santa Cruz County region? It could be a person or organization who's doing something interesting, a concern about possible wrongdoing, or a unique approach to local challenges.
Send your idea to editor@prtnews.org

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THANK YOU FOR YOUR SUPPORT

We're kicking off 2026 with a bit of good news: thanks to readers like you, we met our goal of \$35,000 during our year-end fundraising campaign! And \$18,000 of those funds will be matched by NewsMatch, a national organization that supports nonprofit newsrooms.

These donations ensure the future of the PRT and will be used to help us continue to bring you the local news that you depend on us to deliver. They fund your community news services: the printing of the paper, the wages of the hardworking part-time staff, the PRT website, the weekly news bulletin and breaking news alerts on social media.

In 2026, it will be more import-

ant than ever that our readers have access to factual, nonpartisan, accurate local news. The PRT will continue our work to build a sense of community, encourage civil discourse, and promote local businesses, events, and nonprofits.

Our committed group of volunteer writers continue to amaze us with their diligence and dedication to citizen journalism. These individuals volunteer their time and expertise to keep our readers informed and educated about those issues and events that affect our community.

Our staff works hard to deliver our unique local news stories. We continue to work to improve our digital footprint, and to develop

new tools and skills to support our evolving technical resources.

Our dedicated Board members continue to work on our long-term goals and strategic planning to ensure that the PRT will be a viable news organization for years to come.

Our PRT family members include not only our writers, our board members and staff, but also all of you who have supported us this year. We thank you for beginning 2026 in the best way possible, especially as we emerge from the challenges of the past few years.

Thank you for your investment in the future of the PRT because, especially in these tumultuous times, local news matters!

New Ad and Production Manager Joins the PRT



Priscilla Bolanos

By Marion Vendituoli

The PRT is excited to introduce our readers to the newest member of our staff. Priscilla Bolanos is taking on the role as production manager and will be responsible for laying out and designing the print issue of the PRT. Priscilla comes to the PRT from the Nogales International and her deep roots in Ambos Nogales, her enthusiasm and her expertise are sure to take the PRT to new heights.

Nine years ago, when I came on as editor for the PRT, I needed to learn in a hurry how to layout a paper. Having worked with Priscilla on the County Fair book for several years, I turned to her in a bit of a panic and asked her to teach me how to navigate

the design software. I was not a great student, but she was a great teacher—patient, funny, and obviously skilled at her job.

Equally exciting is the fact that Priscilla will also be taking on the role of ad manager for the PRT, a job that she is uniquely qualified for. Her previous experience as ad manager, her contacts with local businesses and her exceptional design skills are going to open new doors for the PRT. We are so lucky to have her on our team!

Priscilla was born in Nogales Sonora and moved to U.S. after she graduated from Universidad de Noroeste and started her career in advertising and design at the Nogales International, where she worked for the next 19 years. She is also a small business owner. Cactus Social Designs offers handcrafted shirts, tumblers and gift items.

She lives with her husband Eduardo, four cats and a four-month-old puppy named Sally.

The PRT Needs More Writers

Do you like to write? Would you like to learn more about what's going on in Eastern Santa Cruz County, and share it with your neighbors?

If you answered yes to both of these questions, we want you to join the PRT's writing team. Our volunteer citizen journalists work with the PRT's editorial staff, participate in lively monthly meetings, share story ideas, and report on our local news.

Interested? Have questions? Contact editor@prtnews.org and come sit in on one of our meetings. We look forward to hearing from you!



Photo by Marion Vendituoli

Help the PRT give the people something good to read: volunteer as a citizen journalist!

New Biking Program Launched at Patagonia Middle School

By Mary Tolena

This fall, Patagonia Middle School sixth-graders had something new to look forward to in PE class: riding brand new mountain bikes.

The bikes are part of the Riding for Focus (R4F) program grant that physical education teacher Aaron Gudenkauf and Patagonia resident Steve Watts applied for last year. The grant included bikes, helmets, curriculum, and instructor training.

Gudenkauf, who also teaches Middle School science, was excited when he first heard about R4F. "It sounded like a fun program," he said. "Admittedly, I was also a little intimidated by the idea of herding 15 sixth-graders on bikes, but I was up for the challenge!"

The students were excited, too, and a little nervous, several because they hadn't been on a bike in a while, or hadn't been fully taught. "I haven't ridden a bike in a long time because the bikes at my house don't work," said one student. "When I heard that we were gonna be riding bikes at school, I was just excited to ride the bikes."

"[At first] I was kind of stressed, because I'd never really learned too much, but now I'm enjoying it," said another.

An evidence-based program

Ride for Focus was developed by Outride, a nonprofit organization that sponsors research into the physical, attentional and mental health benefits of cycling. Their initial question, asked back in 2012, was "Can cycling impact learning, health, and well-being for kids with ADHD?" They launched a pilot study with neuroscientists where students participated in a regular biking program. When the before-and-after results showed improvements in attention and mood, cognitive performance, and social relationships, Ride for Focus was spun into a full middle school curriculum.

Since then, the program's focus has broadened to overall benefits for all students, and has reached 400 schools around the country. A follow-up study published in 2021 of students in 20 middle schools showed increased outdoor and physical activity, reduced screen time, and improved sense of well-being across all groups after participating in the R4F program.

Start with the basics

This fall's program at Patagonia Middle School was a PE class option for sixth-graders. Fifteen students joined the class, entering with all levels of bicycle experience, including almost none. The program starts with riding in the gym, working on the basics of balance, movement, braking and bike handling. Riders got used to feeling the sense of instability without being thrown by the discomfort of it. Instead, they learned to use their bodies to come back to center, or easily put a



Photo by Mary Tolena

Riding for Focus students (from left) Ethan Valenzuela, Emiliano Leon, Aliana Enriquez, Andrea Hoyos-Mingura, and Aurora Aguilera with PE teacher Aaron Gudenkauf.

foot down to catch themselves when necessary.

"Starting simply" let beginners build confidence, and gave experienced riders more awareness of the subtleties of what's happening when they ride. For example, practice drills emphasize going slow, which challenges balance and is a key skill to develop for mountain biking on uneven terrain. "It was relieving [to start with the basics]," said one student.

Re-learning the fundamentals helped more experienced riders round out their skills, too. In a later class, students practiced stopping and turning at an intersection, including making hand signals for left, right and stop. Teacher Gudenkauf set up an intersection with cones and stop signs. The students spun around the outside track, then entered the intersection one by one to practice each direction and hand signal.

They learned there is some tricky coordination and timing involved to make the signal with their left hand when approaching the turn, and then put it back on the handlebars in time to make the turn. Learning biking skills with this level of detail builds kinesthetic awareness and safety consciousness from the ground up.

At the same time, "the spread of skills is probably the biggest challenge [in teaching the class]," Gudenkauf said. "Some kids were ready to ride fast now. Others were not comfortable on bikes and needed a different level of support."

Learning on many levels

Taking care of the bikes is part of students' responsibilities, too. They were matched with a bike for their size, and each session began with taking them out of storage and making a general function check of tires, wheels and brakes. They learned that focus and discipline on those tasks pays div-

idents; over the semester, the group cut the setup time by 60% and gained 15 minutes more riding time.

Watching the students practice, it was evident that the students were having fun. Class time was full of laughter and encouragement for each other when they tried something new, or when someone lost their balance. Beginners were supported as they steadily got the hang of basic balance and riding skills. Gudenkauf often heard comments like, "I'm so proud of you today!" He said, "This sixth grade class has a positive reinforcement culture overall, and these students bring that to cycling class."

Over the semester, the students' biking skills developed rapidly. "What we learned in this class was like, shocking," one student expressed.

"Before this, I didn't like [riding] really. Since I learned it again [here], I think it's pretty fun. I hope I don't stop, so I won't unlearn again," said another.

For Gudenkauf, "The highlight for me, hands down, was teaching two [beginning] students how to ride a bike—getting them over the initial fear and working towards being road ready."

Students appreciated the growth challenge offered by the class, gaining confidence by pushing past their fears. They noticed the training effect, too, that honed physical skills that help them move more easily in general.

Community support

Supporting lifelong habits in physical activity and interest in biking is a fundamental goal of the R4F program and the Patagonia team who brought it here. That brings up the question of ongoing access to bikes—some students have their own bikes, others don't. Some have bikes they can't ride because they need repair.

Creating ongoing access to bikes so that students can continue with the

fun and benefits of cycling is where community support comes in. Steve Watts is building connections among Patagonia cyclists and bike techs to help put students' bikes back in working order, and to source donated bikes. He is organizing a fundraiser for the efforts in February.

As Gudenkauf said, "The Patagonia bike community has been [so supportive] towards the project. Multiple people donated their time to help assemble and prep the bikes for the program. It's been amazing to be a part of!"

What's next for R4F?

What happens next with Ride for Focus at Patagonia Middle School? "We plan to integrate the R4F program as a unit in PE," said Gudenkauf. "So as kids rotate through, they will encounter the unit multiple times over the years at PUSD. Effectively, we'll build an education pipeline for bike riding skills across multiple years at the school."

In addition, the Patagonia Youth Enrichment Center (PYEC)'s monthly cycling program developed by Watts and Rob Broadfoot gives another opportunity for youth to ride. The next trips are Saturday, January 3, and Saturday, January 31. The day starts at 10am at PYEC. Bikes and helmets are provided, and lunch follows at noon.

Gudenkauf commended his first group of students who pioneered the Riding for Focus program. "Across the entire group, I noted that the kids understood an investment (via the grant) was being made in their education," he said. "They understood the equipment was brand new, and they made sure to take care of it. The recognition of that investment in them got them really excited to participate in the program."

Their enthusiasm showed, and transformed into skills that will make biking safer and more fun for years to come.

The Headless Horseman at the Circle Z

...and other secrets, as revealed by Gilbert Quiroga

By Linda Jade Fong

The irrepressible Gilbert Quiroga brims over with tales about life in Patagonia over the last seventy years. You probably have not heard the one about the headless horseman that appeared one night at the Circle Z guest ranch in the late 1960's, when he was the foreman there. Gilbert knows the true backstory, and you'll see why. But before we get into that, let's hear some stories of how he got there, beginning in childhood.

"In first, second and third grade, I got a paddle on the butt just about every day," he claim. "Rule at school was every time you spoke Spanish you'd get spanked. We all thought gringos hated us Mexicans, and I wasn't going to let someone force me to speak English. I only knew cuss words. So I asked Wanda Lewis (De La Ossa), a bilingual girl standing at the fountain, how I'm supposed to say I'm thirsty. 'It's easy, Gilbert. Look at my mouth. You just say, I'm thirsty,'" moving her lips slowly and getting him to repeat after her.

One teacher who took him under her wing made him Vice President of the eighth grade class. He laughed, "What the hell did I know about being a vice president? I couldn't even spell it!"

Then when he moved on to high school, he said, "If it wasn't for teacher Mrs. (Posy) Piper, I wouldn't be speaking English today. She would rag on me to learn English because I couldn't read or write it. I told her I don't need to because I'm going to be on a horse for the rest of my life."

He did go to work while in high school at the nearby Circle Z guest ranch. Gilbert learned "big powerful words" from all the movie stars and guests from around the world, from James Arness and Julie Andrews to Paul Newman and Lee Marvin. He credits them for taking him up another level with his English. His boss also gave him

a subscription to Reader's Digest and he diligently studied "Word Power," the vocabulary feature. Friends and friends started saying to him, "Hey, you sound like a gringo!"

It was on property next to the Circle Z, where, starting in the '50s, Gilbert and his older brothers were able to camp outside on weekends in exchange for cleaning the site. His mother had been widowed since Gilbert was one year old and had 15 children, not all her own, in her house often. She fed them on "beans and potatoes and the next day potatoes and beans," plus cow heads a rancher would bring in.

Gilbert's mother came down to the boys' campsite on an orchard across from the shrine on the Nogales highway to clean out the cabin of an old railroad-er. Gilbert explained, "She set to make it livable, for us and her sometimes too. My brother Cano was the foreman at Circle Z and got us permission to stay there. We had apples, pears, apricots, walnuts! There were quail, rabbits and deer—whatever we could find to eat!

"Up above us further down the river was a rocky ridge. We were told that in the late 1800s the Apaches would come down from there to the river for water. If the stagecoach was going by, they would raid it. That was the legend. We never found arrowheads there, because rock hounds had been there before us. But we did find metates [the carved stone bowls used for grinding grains and seeds]. And we found stone houses, only high enough for people to sleep in.

"There were a couple dead trees in the orchard, just trunks. Mother wanted to clear a hollow stump, so she put creosol on it and set it on fire. We were enjoying the fire. It got very hot. Someone in heaven, Mother believed, said get out of there NOW! Big boom. Big plume of smoke and a lot of stuff like pieces of wood, dirt, came raining down on us. That was a hollow tree railroad-ers had stored dynamite in. Probably full of glycerin.

"Five little piggies [javelinas] would come down to the house. I would feed them milk, and I built a pen for them.



Photo by Linda Jade Fong

Gilbert Quiroga points to the ridge where it was said that Apaches would ride down from to raid stagecoaches. Gilbert says he and his brothers found stone houses and metates (grinding bowls) on the ridge.

There was always a lot of deer around. I shot one, dropped him. That was when birdwatchers were just starting to come here to seek rare birds. They were looking for rose-throated becards.

"They heard a gunshot and went to call for the Marshall. The Marshall arrived to see us hanging the deer up to skin. 'What do you guys have there? Venison?' he asked. 'No, no venison,' I answered. I didn't know the word. We had deer. And it was not in season for hunting.

"At our hearing, they let my brother Ramon go because he was very active leading youth in activities like Scouts and was on his way to college. The rest of us got six months' probation. We were supposed to go back to court for the official sentencing. I didn't go. Two weeks later, the Marshall came into the classroom and put handcuffs on me, right in front of all my classmates. I got taken to jail in Nogales for contempt of court. There was only me and an illegal who played marbles with me in there. I cried like a baby. The sheriff's



Courtesy of Gilbert Quiroga

Gilbert smiles in a photo from his first year of school in Patagonia.

deputy took me out with him on patrol. I thought he was taking me home, but he was buying me a burger. This happened every day because I was always crying. Seven days later, my mother came to get me. My oldest brother had said don't get him right away, see if he

See Gilbert, p. 17

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Lobos Hope for Better Fortune in New Year



Marco Vasquez (center) stakes out his defensive position.

By Dave Lumia

The Patagonia High basketball teams are probably glad to have flipped the calendar to 2026.

The 2025 portion of their seasons did not go as hoped or expected.

Both the girls and boys teams should welcome a fresh start/reboot on Thursday, Jan. 8, with home games against San Simon.

For the Lobo girls, the hope for the new year is to get and stay healthy. Almost always strapped for numbers, injuries forced them to play much of the early season with six or seven players in uniform. The short handedness not only impacts their maneuverability in games but also limits what they can accomplish in practice.

Their record stands at 4-9 overall after suffering a 41-34 home court loss to Valley Union in their final game prior to the holiday break.

The Lobo boys are 5-10 overall and have lost five in a row. They will be looking to cure their season-long offen-

sive struggles when they return to the court. Only twice in 15 games have they scored more than 45 points. Shooting has been an issue, but a larger concern has been sloppy ball-handling, leaving “lots” of room to improve, said coach Nate Porter.

“When you give the ball to the other team, that causes problems,” Porter said after Patagonia’s 38-36 overtime loss to Valley Union on Dec. 18. “We’re not running what we’re trying to run, not doing what we’re trying to do.”

Both boys and girls teams suffered similar fates in their pre-holiday finale against Valley Union, jumping out to early leads but unable to sustain them.

The girls raced to a 12-4 first-quarter lead, with senior guard Emma Lewton scoring eight of the 12 points. But Valley Union responded with a 13-2 run, took a 19-18 lead at the half and never trailed from that point.

Lewton has continued to be a mainstay for the Lobos even while playing through a knee injury of her own. She



Photos by Dave Lumia

Emma Lewton (right) outraces Hayden’s Azalea Aringhard to chase down a loose ball during the December 18 match-up.

finished with 18 points and Brianna Majalca added 10, but the Lobos were badly out-rebounded and struggled to score from outside the paint.

The Patagonia boys appeared well on their way to victory in their game with Valley Union, scoring the game’s first seven points and holding the visitors scoreless for the first six minutes. Their lead was 22-9 at the half and grew to 15 on Gus Varela’s putback in the opening minute of the third quarter, but then the Lobos went ice cold while simultaneously getting careless with the basketball.

They scored just one more point in the third quarter on a free throw by Alex Ruskowitz, and their lead shrunk to 25-22.

Baskets by Kannon Shore and Gavin Arbizo to open the fourth quarter put the Lobos back up by seven, but Valley Union scored the next eight points to take its first lead at 30-29. The lead changed hands twice before a basket by Shore tied it up at 34. A succession

of turnovers and a steal by Shore gave the Lobos a chance to win the game on their last possession, but Varela’s jumper rimmed out.

Patagonia led once in overtime—36-35 on a driving shot by Diego Padilla—but that was their only basket in the extra period as careless ball-handling continued to limit their opportunities.

Zion Moore scored on an inside drive and Myles Richardson added a free throw to put Valley Union up by two, and Patagonia’s last scoring opportunity ended with another turnover.

Shore finished with 15 points to lead all scorers, and Varela added seven. Valley Union made four three-point baskets to three for Patagonia and outscored the Lobos 8-3 from the free-throw line.

“We did not play well,” Porter said. “Really lazy passes. We worked on that all day yesterday, and it did not come to fruition on the basketball court. It is what it is, you go fight another day.”

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OPINION & COMMENT

SING ALONG IF YOU KNOW THE WORDS



By Cassina Farley

This past Christmas I picked up my niece and nephews for a day of shopping. In years past I was the master of entertainment. We'd laugh and joke. We'd eat french fries and skip through the parking lots of department stores.

Now the younger of my two nephews asks me to be "normal." The older one just glares at me when I yell "Santa!" at the suffering mall Santa. It's hard to remain relevant to growing boys who think my brand of cool is embarrassing.

So after the Santa faux pas I more or less lost them on the way to lunch so I did what any desperate aunt would do: I taught them the diarrhea song. This little ditty was a classic song sung among elementary school kids in the '70s and '80s and it contains all the little things that boys (and girls) find funny. Suddenly, I was back. My nephews and niece were laughing and singing the beloved diarrhea song. They were even more impressed that ncle Zach knew the song.

As we were traversing through the Christmas traffic on our way to lunch the kids suggested I look for the song on Spotify. I was sure that there was no way that song could be on a streaming service but I was wrong. A man with an acoustic guitar sang 15 verses of the elementary school classic. (Sing along if you know the words) "When you are driving in your Chevy and you

feel something heavy..." We sat in the Burger King parking lot listening to the entire song laughing, and sometimes crying, our bellies aching from the most crude and hilarious subject: diarrhea.

This is where it all took a turn. We finished the song, dried our tears and went into the Burger King. Since it was just a few days until Christmas the restaurant was packed while we waited in line my darling niece and nephews, wearing their Burger King crowns, began to sing, loudly, the diarrhea song.

I gently told them to stop. Zach begged them to stop. I told them that it wasn't nice to sing songs about diarrhea in a restaurant but they just laughed.

Suddenly I was wishing that these kids would just act normal. My four-year-old niece with the dimples and the golden ringlets standing in the lobby of a Burger King singing "Diarrhea, cha-cha-cha" was the result of my bad judgment. I made Zach take the kids to a table while I ordered. I could hear him and the kids singing and laughing. I shot him a "shut up" look and all they did was slide off their seats and continue to sing that dreaded song under the table.

Thankfully the food shut them up and we made it out of the restaurant and on to another store. The song went on until my niece, of all people, asked us to sing a "normal song." The spell had been lifted.

I learned a lesson that day. I wanted so bad to remain relevant that I unleashed something that I could not control. No amount of Imodium or begging could stop it.

The infamous day of shopping and the Aunt Cassina faux pas was but a memory by the time we got to Christmas morning. We opened presents and were just about to eat Christmas dinner when from the kitchen we all heard my niece belt out, "Diarrhea, cha-cha-cha." I looked at Zach and smiled. My legacy.

Cassina Farley can be contacted at cassinaandzachfarley@msn.com

Sheriff's Blotter

Dec. 2: A caller from Patagonia reported that they suspect that their child is being cyber bullied.

They said the student participated in online school. A caller from Sonoita reported a "romance scam." The caller stated the scam started approximately five months ago when the caller sent a person from Nevada over a million dollars. The caller would like to meet with a deputy at the Patagonia substation.

Dec. 5: Public Works requested a deputy to Sonoita-Elgin landfill due to there being an unknown male subject locked inside. Caller requested a deputy to escort the employee to see how the subject got locked in.

Dec. 16: A caller from Patagonia said their spouse is being aggressive, is under the influence of alcohol and is now leaving the residence in their truck.

Dec. 17: A caller from Patagonia reported an elderly male missing for 5-6 hours, and said the air tag in his vehicle was plotting 20 minutes ago on Flux Canyon Road but hasn't pinged since.

Dec. 19: A deputy who was conducting a traffic stop on Cross Creek Road and SR82 requested a medical welfare check on a male subject who possibly has dementia.

Dec. 21: A caller from Patagonia reported a handgun had been stolen.

Dec. 23: A caller from Patagonia reported a sex offense that happened in March.

Dec. 28: A caller from Sonoita said squatters are present on the caller's property again and may try to break into the caller's house.

A caller from Patagonia requested a deputy to their property due to a violation of a restraining order by another party who has been phoning the caller from jail.

Dec. 29: A caller from Patagonia, who called on Dec. 28 as well, said a protective order violation had occurred again, in the same manner. A statement was taken from the caller, and charges will be filed.

To place a classified ad in the PRT, contact Priscilla Bolanos prtads@gmail.com

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TOWN COUNCIL NOTES

By PRT Staff Reporters

December 17, 2025

Manager Ron Robinson reported on a recent festive kids' Christmas event that the Town had arranged, with 112 stockings being given out with ten-dollar gift certificates and candy. Jose Hernandez played Santa, accompanied by a couple of elves. A Scotch pine tree has been planted in the Town's park and will be used for future holiday tree lighting events.

Councilor Gary Retherford reported that new regulations for the land subdivision process were in process.

Jim Usevitch presented a summary of the audit of the Town for Fiscal Year 2025, praising the Town for good preparation and saying relatively few extra entries had to be made. He said the auditors found no signs of possible fraud. Usevitch also reported on the Town's Annual Expenditure Limit Report, saying they'd stayed well under

the established limits and had a "good buffer level."

Heidi Rentz gave the schedule and preparations for the 2nd Annual Daydreamer Foot Race event, to be held the weekend of February 6-7. It'll be hosted at Patagonia Lumber Company, with a start-finish line and "soft closure" of the block of McKeown Ave. between 3rd Ave. and Taylor, similar to the arrangements for the Spirit World bike race weekend. There will be choices of 50k, 30k and 10k distances, as well as a possible kids race, which will be discussed with the Council and Mayor.

The 50k and 30k will both start at 7am on Saturday. Proceeds from a Friday benefit dinner will go to Patagonia Recycling. Event information is online at runthedaydreamer.com/routes. Rentz said she was hoping for 150 registrants, after last year's count of 120. In addition to the race partici-

pants, she expects 50 more family and friends to be visitors to Patagonia for the race weekend.

Council approved the Daydreamer race's request to use the Town's five-acre property on Harshaw Ave. for camping from Feb. 6-8.

Council adopted an ordinance to simplify the valuation of construction projects and reduce the overall fee.

Council approved a lease with Pano AI for equipment placement at the Town's reservoir site. Under a five-year lease at \$250/month, the company will operate a 24/7 rotating camera that will use AI to look for signs of fire and smoke and report if an "actionable incident" is found. This in turn could trigger a response by Patagonia Volunteer Fire & Rescue (PVFR). PVFR Chief Hartigan said he welcomed the addition.

The Town's pro bono environmental litigation attorney, Joy Herr-Cardillo of the U of Arizona Law School, was approved to file an Amicus Brief on behalf of the Town to join a request by

the Patagonia Area Resource Alliance and other plaintiffs that the District Court order the US Forest Service to conduct a more thorough environmental review process regarding risks of exploratory drilling for Barksdale Resources's Sunnyside Project in the Patagonia Mountains, particularly regarding endangered species and water resources in the Town's designated Municipal Watershed.

Council authorized an annual year-end lump-sum employee compensation payment during the first pay period of December.

The payment will take effect in FY 2026, subject to annual budget appropriation limits.

Mayor and Council approved payment of Accounts Payable, and noted that a few Future Agenda items from last month would be carried over to the first January meeting.

The Mayor and Council went into Executive Session to review the Town Manager's performance, continued salary and benefit package.

Notes From SEFD Responding to Highway Accidents



By Eddie McArthur

Just before dawn, there's the sound of squealing brakes, the crash of metal into metal and screams in the darkness. It's yet another traffic collision on State Highway 83 or State Highway 82. Sonoita-Elgin Fire District (SEFD) is notified, and our first responders head out to one of the most dangerous of their many assignments, a vehicular accident on a highway. Upon arrival our personnel must not only attend to the injured, but also manage traffic and keep themselves and other persons safe while attending to the victims.

Unlike a collision on one of our feeder roads, highway accidents are at higher speed and often involve larger vehicles. Given our small town atmosphere, it's easy to forget that both 82 and 83 are major State Highways. Highway 83 is designated a scenic highway and has a speed limit of 55 mph. Highway 82 allows speeds up to 65 mph. In actual practice, traffic on both highways often moves at speeds well above the posted limit.

As SEFD Chief Marc Meredith often says, "physics always wins." Injuries from these highway collisions can be severe. First responders often must extract the injured from vehicles. Assessment and some treatment happens at the scene, but it is imperative to get people away from the scene to prevent further injuries. An ambulance trip is 45 to 60 minutes to the hospital while a helicopter trip may take only 15 min-

utes. Not everyone who might benefit from the speed of the helicopter can be safely transported by those means.

Space within the helicopter to treat the injured is limited and may not always be the best form of transport. That makes situations that might require certain treatment like a possible resuscitation unsafe. In addition, due to our warm weather, weight is a bigger issue than in some locales. Helicopters have on occasion flown circles to burn off fuel while their medical personnel assist in treatment on the ground. After reducing weight that way, the injured party may then be transported. Other times, the medical crew from the helicopter may attend the patient in one of our ambulances. All first responders will do whatever is possible to get the injured the help they need.

Changing traffic on our roads is an issue today. More and more large trucks travel both 82 and 83. We've also recently seen a dramatic increase in oversize loads moving through our area. (See article on Page 1.) These large, heavy vehicles take a long time to stop. Pulling out in front of an 18-wheeler or passing only to then hit the brakes is tempting fate at the best. Losing patience due to a hold up for an oversize load can lead to poor choices such as passing in a no passing zone.

And, what about our first responders? The trauma of dealing with an incident involving serious injuries or death is real and can be debilitating, especially when this happens repeated-



Contributed photo

SEFD responded to a recent accident that left a car overturned in a ditch.

ly. SEFD provides access to a group of mental health professionals who specialize in working with first responders. While we do not require our members to avail themselves of that, we strongly recommend it. Chief Meredith leads by example in seeing one of these professionals on a regular basis.

The real message here is that we each must live with conditions as they are. Allow extra time when traveling to Tucson.

Drive within the speed limit and pass only when it is safe to do so. Don't risk your life or the lives of others due to impatience or frustration.



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Great Trees of Eastern Santa Cruz County

The Grand Sycamore of Harshaw Road

By Angie Soto Jessup

The grand sycamore still flourishes in the peaceful landscape, standing tall and wide along Harshaw Road off the banks of Harshaw Creek. It is estimated to be around 200 years old.

Our father affirmed this tree being fully grown when he was young. He remembered his parents—Nana and Tata Soto—celebrating their 50th anniversary under its wide branches. For the event, a pit was dug and a cow was slaughtered. It was then slowly cooked underground in hot stones and embers, the tender meat becoming a plate of barbacoa for the guests.

Tata Mariano, born in Picket Post in 1880, was a cowboy, miner and rancher. He and his brother Miguel raised cattle during the years of the Arizona Territory and early Arizona Statehood, when the area was still open range. Josefa, our grandmother, was born in Tubac but grew up in the Harshaw area, where the two met and later married.

Today, motorists passing by on the road can see slats of wood between large branches on the sycamore where in someone's young life a treehouse had been built for them. Those days are long gone. A mystic quiet now exists. Generations have come and gone, each with their own history. Each with their own memories of their time under the grand tree.

Many years ago, when my daughter was about eight years old, we spent the weekend in Harshaw. Years before then Dad had built the family a small weekend home for us to be able to visit with our own families and enjoy our ancestral land. On one of our visits my daughter and I were sitting across the way at our home. As she pointed across the road towards



Artwork by Angie Soto Jessup

This sycamore tree, estimated to be over 200 years old, grows along Harshaw Creek.

the tree to a black and white figure that doesn't move, she says, "Aw, look, the cow is stuck." Well, that black and white figure she saw was cowhide hung over the fence to air dry. But to her, from afar, she saw a cow stuck on the fence.

As Dad envisioned, the family home keeps bringing us back to the homeland. The sycamore, like a mother with her branches embracing her children, is visible

from the front porch across the road, connecting current times with the spirit of the past. It symbolizes a colorful yesteryear. Its presence reminds us to have gratitude for our ancestors, and deepens our admiration for our dad. It represents generations of family unity. In nature's beauty, it is strong and peaceful in its surrounding environment. Through its seasonal changes, we marvel at our tree's beauty and strength.

The Contorted Oak of Piper Gulch

By Wayne Tomasi

This has to be one of the most contorted oak trees in Santa Cruz County. It is located in Piper Gulch on Forest Road 72A (Piper Gulch Road) approximately three miles from where FR-72A branches off FR-72 in Temporal Gulch. The entrance to FR-72A is nine-tenths of a mile north of the Arizona Trail Parking Area on FR-72.

To get to FR-72, leave Patagonia on First Avenue heading north. First Avenue becomes Gringo Road and then Temporal Gulch Road after it crosses a broad ridge separating Gringo and Temporal Gulches.



Photo by Wayne Tomasi

The Piper Gulch oak tree is possibly the most contorted oak in Santa Cruz County.

Do you know a great tree? It can be any tree on public or private property in Eastern Santa Cruz County. (You don't have to disclose the tree's exact location unless you want to.) Tell us what makes the tree great: maybe it's the tree's size, shape or age; or its leaf color; or the animals and insects who inhabit it; or the special events or family traditions associated with it; or perhaps something more personal. Whatever it is, share it with us. Submit photos (or artwork!) and text about your favorite tree to prtadast@gmail.com. Let's celebrate our area's natural splendor and heritage!

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The Way It Was

Longtime Locals Reminisce at Second 'Living Treasures' Event

By Sondra Porter

Last month, a standing-room-only group filled the Patagonia Library to listen to longtime locals share their stories about growing up in Patagonia and the surrounding areas, when the region was a much different place from the one we know today. The Mexican border was four strands of barbed wire, and the train ran through the center of town. Muddy corrals served as collection points for cattle being loaded and sent to market in Tombstone. The Patagonia Hotel, constructed in the early 1900s by John Cady, lacked running water and served as a home to one of the speakers.

This was the second in this series of "Living Treasures" oral history events sponsored by the Patagonia Public Library. According to library assistant Jade DeForest, who suggested the idea to the library, plans are underway for a third session in February or March.

During this second installment, stories ranged from growing up with horses, goats, and ponies to attending elementary schools in the Lochiel and Harshaw areas until the buses took them to Patagonia High School in eighth grade. And there was some discussion as to which family had the first TV in town. What was agreed upon was how very tall the TV antennas had to be.

Joe Quiroga started the session by noting he was born in 1937 and lived his early years right near where the speakers were gathered. He pointed to the rooms beyond the library desk and said, "I lived right back there until we moved across the street to the Duquesne House. Spent my growing up years all around here... My uncle lived in the last room back there, and he grew a good vegetable garden in the back."

Quiroga graduated from Patagonia High School, worked a while on the first stretch of Highway 83 around Gardner Canyon before working on local ranches. He was married in 1957 to Noemi. Three of their children were delivered by Doc Mock—a name that reappeared regularly in the stories of the afternoon.

Quiroga started ranch work by tending livestock and training horses. At the same time, both he and his wife drove school buses for years. Joe eventually retired as ranch manager after working 40 years for the Diamond C Ranch in Canelo. He said he was most proud of his work over the years with reclamation of degraded land by clearing invasive mesquites and building dams with local bamboo and wood from the mesquites. The dams collected rain water and allowed native species to return.

Ophelia De La Ossa Spence, born in



Photo by Linda Jade Fong

(From left) Ophelia De La Ossa Spence, Patti Holbrook Oliver, Bob Bergier, Arnie De La Ossa and Joe Quiroga share stories of growing up on ranches and in the town of Patagonia.

1940 in Lochiel, had equally compelling stories of growing up and attending school in Lochiel and Washington Camp. She had memories of walking to grade school about two miles with her two brothers and a sister.

She started taking the bus 20 miles to Patagonia School in the eighth grade. She assured the group that if you misbehaved too much, "they would throw you off the bus. I know because they did [that] to my little brother once!"

Ophelia liked school, especially math and credited her lifelong interest in sewing to the classes she took there. She also loved playing volleyball which was a school favorite. "I think we were the champions two or three times," she recalled.

Ophelia graduated with a class of 14, eventually married at 22 and moved away with her husband for about 42 years. She always visited and stayed close to her family, even while living out of state. Years later, after her husband died, she moved back from Nevada when her mom was 98.

Her mom survived until she was 103. Ophelia now lives in Green Valley.

Bob Bergier's roots were deep as well, even though he was born in Florence, Arizona at the end of World War II. When his dad was drafted his mom moved back to town when he was only a few months old. He lays claim to being a fourth generation Patagonian. Both sets of grandparents lived in the area since around 1900, and his dad was born in town on Pennsylvania Avenue. His family moved back to town in 1951, after the death of his grandfather Bergier. Bob attended school here first grade through high school.

"In 1951 we moved into a real old funky house on Pennsylvania Avenue," Bergier told the crowd. "My dad tore it

down and built a new house...Behind our house there was a jungle-like area and there was all this lumber and carpentry left over from the house...and the Patagonia fire engine was parked there and we would play on that. We had a great time."

Bergier also had tales of a carnival coming to town. He arranged to buy a local chicken to feed to a python that was with the traveling group. He delivered the chicken on his bike but didn't wait to see it get devoured.

Bergier earned a B.S. in Art at Northern Arizona University and returned to run the family ranch, following a bit of time in the Army. Since 1976, Bergier and his wife Gayle have worked on the family ranch that in the 1920's his dad had dubbed "Hard Luck." Bergier is an accomplished artist whose work often depicts regional scenes and captures the spirit of the area.

Patti Holbrook Oliver, who grew up on a ranch south of town on Harshaw, shared lively tales of filling her time riding horses, because she had neither radio or TV. She became a bit of an escape artist, stealing away from home at night to go visit the neighbors and sneaking out with a friend during a school sleep over through a passageway under the Patagonia High School stage.

She only attended junior high school and one year of high school in town. Her folks eventually sent her off to boarding school in Florida, where she made a connection with Cuban students and took a vacation to Cuba.

During the heyday of filming movies here in Santa Cruz County, Oliver was spotted by a casting director during the making of "Oklahoma" and ended up appearing in seven western movies with the likes of John Wayne and Harri-

son Ford. Her daughter shared a list of the films with the audience.

Arnulfo (Arnie) De La Ossa was born in Lochiel in 1938 and moved to a house between Lochiel and Washington Camp. His brother had a goat, and he rode a pony all over the hills until he was about 10. "The pony finally got it in for me, and I thought he was going to kick me to death," he recalled, "so I graduated to a horse."

Arnie's tales of summer were filled with sharp contrasts to the typical summers now. The rains were regular, the creeks ran high, and the grass grew thick in his memory. He said, "I grew up cowboying with my family... We took our shoes off in May and kept them off all summer, at least until the 4th of July."

Abel De La Ossa, Arnie's father, had about 50-60 head of cattle, so they would separate 5-6 good milking cows out for the three boys to tend during the summers. His mother Armida made "real original" quesadillas, a soft cheese. Around noon every day, the boys would deliver small rounds of quesadilla wrapped in waxed paper to the miners.

"There were lots of mines back then," he remembered. "We would go to the mines around noon and sell packages to the miners for ten cents each." On the way home, they would stop at a local store for a soda or piece of candy.

After Arnie graduated from Patagonia High School, he served in the Navy SeaBees, which led to his building knowledge. He was assigned to the construction brigade. After he returned to the area in 1960, he married a local, Marsha Beach, and began working at the Vaca Ranch.

See Treasures, p. 20

BETS STOVER

MARCH 2, 1949 – NOVEMBER 20, 2025

Bets Stover died at her home in Hood River, Oregon, on November 20, 2025, at the age of 76.

Bets was born on March 2, 1949, in Cheboygan, Michigan, and grew up in Onaway and Long Lake, Michigan. She earned an English degree from the University of Michigan (Ann Arbor). She later pursued a Biology degree in Oregon.

In the 1970s, Bets moved to Seattle, Washington, where she worked for King County Juvenile Court, traveled, volunteered in the Galapagos, pursued ceramics and married her first husband, Conrad Wold. She moved to Goldendale, Washington and environs, where she worked with the Retired Senior Volunteer Program (RSVP). In the 1980s, she moved to Portland, Oregon, where her work included Hospice House and later social work with at-home seniors for Kaiser Permanente, retiring in 1999. She created a beautiful garden in Portland, as she did

everywhere she lived.

That same year, Bets and her husband John Murphy moved to Hood River, drawn to the Columbia River Gorge and the life it offered. The outdoors was central to their relationship and daily life—mountain biking, skiing, hiking, and time on the river, including whitewater canoeing. Bets was an early riser and a thoughtful organizer who made room for others—planning visits, sharing trail ideas and books, and always adding warmth, humor, and gratitude to the ordinary details of life together.

John and Bets traveled annually to the southwest and traveled widely internationally as volunteers for the Nature Conservancy in Muleshoe and Patagonia-Sonoita Creek Preserves. Bets devoted herself to the trails around Patagonia, Arizona, as a “Dirt Bagger” and volunteered at Borderland Nursery & Seeds for native plant distribution. She continued ceramic pottery



making and desert gardening, enjoyed birding and formed deep friendships there through art and hiking.

Bets is preceded in death by her husband John Murphy (2019), her parents, Jim and Dorothy Parr Stover, and her brother, Bert Stover. She is survived by her sisters Ann Tennyson and

Jaye Stover, her brother Jeff Stover, her beloved stepson Lee Murphy, and extended family and friends.

A private interment/committal was held. A gathering to Celebrate Bets's and John's Life will be Sunday, January 18, 12:30pm at McMenam's Edgefield in Troutdale, Oregon.

JOHN ALBERT BENEDICT

MAY 23, 1957 – DECEMBER 12, 2025

John Albert Benedict, lovingly known as Dad, Papa, Tata and Coach, passed away peacefully on December 12, 2025, surrounded by love, after a courageous and hard-fought battle with cancer. He was born on May 23, 1957, and is now resting with Jesus—free from pain and reunited with loved ones who went before him.

There will never be enough words to fully capture what John meant to those who loved him. He was our best friend, our favorite cowboy, and the very best dad we could have ever asked for. We feel incredibly blessed to have had a dad who never had to make up for lost time, and who left nothing unsaid. He was the most present, intentional and loving dad to us, and especially to his grandchildren.

Known as Coach to countless young men, John was a lifelong lover of football and a natural mentor. Through coaching, leadership, and example, he shaped lives far beyond the field. One of the greatest comforts in his final days came from hearing from former players who reached out to tell him how deeply he had impacted them—words that meant everything to him and spoke volumes about the legacy he leaves behind. John's heart also belonged to the land. He deeply loved the Sonoita-Patagonia area and the Santa Rita Mountains, and to him, there were few places more beautiful. As a boy, he grew up working on ranches throughout this region, learning the values of hard work, grit, humility and stewardship of the land—lessons that shaped

the cowboy he would always remain at heart. As an adult, he shared his love for the land through hunting and time outdoors with his grandchildren, passing down not just skills, but respect for nature, patience, and tradition. Those wide-open spaces, rolling grasslands, and mountain horizons were where he felt most at peace.

As Papa and Tata, John had a way of showing up for his grandchildren no matter the task or the moment. Whether helping, teaching, listening, laughing or simply being present, he did so without hesitation and with a full heart. He made each grandchild feel deeply seen, loved and valued, leaving them with memories and lessons that will stay with them for a lifetime.

Even in the face of a devastating diagnosis, John's humor never faded. In true Benedict fashion, he laughed through the hardest moments with his children, finding joy and light when it was needed most. He was rarely serious, always joking, and his laughter remains one of his greatest gifts.

Though our hearts are shattered, John's presence was so constant and his love so steady that we know he will always be with us. We imagine him now riding horses through open country, reunited with his parents, Fred and Ramona Benedict, surrounded by the beauty he loved most—and, without a doubt, still causing a little trouble.

John is survived by his son, Jason Benedict, and his wife, Emily, and their children Michael, Aleena (and her husband, Codey Juergensen), Jens, and



Jaren; and by his daughter, Sabrina Benedict-Monteverde, her husband Andy, and their children Noah and Dani. He is also survived by his brother, Fred Benedict, and his sisters, Emilia Benedict and Sylvia Benedict. John is lovingly remembered by his former wife and lifelong friend, Mary (Maria) Benedict, whose enduring presence and support remained an important part of his life.

John's faith in God and his love for Jesus Christ were the foundation of his life, and we find comfort knowing he now rests fully in the presence of his Savior.



DANIEL ANTONIO FISH

OCTOBER 19, 1987- DECEMBER 9, 2025

Daniel Antonio Fish, 38, passed away at his home on December 9, 2025 after a lifelong and courageous battle with kidney disease.

Danny was born on October 19, 1987 and soon after birth a congenital condition was discovered to have impaired his kidney function. Danny attended the Little Red Schoolhouse from kinder through eighth grade and graduated from Patagonia Union High School. He was a member of Santa Cruz County 4-H and had a successful show career with his cattle. Danny enjoyed growing up on the Santa Fe Ranch and this instilled a love for the cowboy lifestyle and the outdoors.

After high school, Danny earned his welding certification from Cochise College and worked at various construction related jobs. At the time of his passing, Danny was employed at the Circle Z Ranch in Patagonia. Danny also was very proud to be a wildland

firefighter with the Patagonia Volunteer Fire Department. He pitched in wherever he could and was a fixture at the grill during the annual Steak Fry fundraiser. In 2016, Danny was elected to the Santa Cruz Elementary School District #28 (Little Red) and was serving as the governing board president at the time of his passing. Danny was truly a friend to everyone and enjoyed life on his terms. Everyone who knew him couldn't help but to like him.

Daniel is survived by his parents, Ronald and Guadalupe Fish of Nogales, brothers Dean (Margie) and Thomas (Adrienne), nieces Laurel and Bailey and nephews Alex and Garrett. He is also missed by his beloved corgi, Daisy, and numerous friends and acquaintances all over Arizona and beyond. In lieu of flowers, please donate to the Patagonia Volunteer Fire Department. The family also encourages you to please consider signing up as an organ donor.



FREDERICK A. WILHELM, JR.

SEPTEMBER 15, 1932 - DECEMBER 7, 2025

Fred Wilhelm came into the world on September 15, 1932 and ended his final trip around the sun on Sunday, December 7, 2025 at the age of 93.

Fred spent his childhood in New Jersey where he attended St. Peter's Prep, played baseball and became an Eagle Scout. He went on to graduate from the United State Naval Academy.

Following graduation, Fred was commissioned into the Air Force, where he served as a flight instructor and fighter pilot. Subsequently, he received his master's degree in Computer Science from Stevens Institute of Technology and holds multiple patents in computer engineering. Working with the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA), Fred led the network-interconnect design team in the development of the DARPA net, the precursor to today's internet.

Always ready for a new challenge, following his retirement from the computer industry, Fred applied his extraordinary discipline and intellect to receiving his Certified Financial Planner (CFP) Certificate. For the next 25 years, he worked in the finance management industry and served as the founder and CEO of Tecumseh Investment Management.

After moving to Patagonia, Arizona with Christina, an accomplished pianist and founder-director of the Santa Cruz Singers and Tapestry Ensemble, Fred and Christina set out to bring high quality performances of live classical chamber music to the Patagonia area and all of southeastern Arizona. Fred enjoyed singing with the Santa Cruz

Singers and supported Christina in the founding of the Santa Cruz Foundation for the Performing Arts. He became the Foundation's Chief Financial Officer. The enduring legacy of Fred's and Christina's contribution was the creation of the Foundation and the magnificent Benderly-Kendall Opera House in Patagonia.

Not to rest on his laurels, during and after COVID, Fred became a published author and wrote four books on subjects ranging from poetry and life reflections to investing, childrearing and the impact of the Muslim and Christian faiths.

In addition to his many accomplishments, Fred also loved golf, and in his retirement became a true student of the game.

He enjoyed the game and the special camaraderie with his golfing buddies, always learning and striving to better his score.

Most importantly, Fred's heart belonged to Christina and their children, Denyse, Laura and Gregory.

In his book, Poetry Stories, Fred wrote of his children, "three different people, bright stars in the sky....pray that they be happy in life as they pass through." In writing about his life with Christina, Fred wrote "don't know when's the last hurrah, doesn't matter, just as long as we are enjoying the love of each other's company, living life fully with exciting possibility."

Fred is survived by his wife of 70 years, Christina and three children, Denyse Wilhelm, Laura Wilhelm and Gregory Wilhelm.



A memorial service in Patagonia is planned for the future. Donations honoring Fred's memory

may be made to the Santa Cruz Foundation for the Performing Arts: PO Box 873, Patagonia, AZ 85624

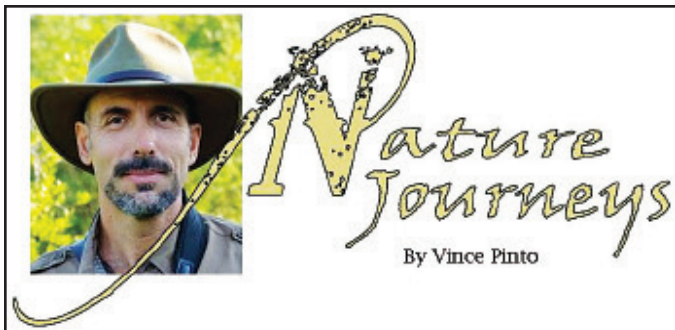
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ready heavily taxed by higher rates of evaporation from their foliage, stems, and roots. Witness the death and partial dieback of various trees—oaks and junipers included—in the Patagonia Mountains in 2025. Ultimately, less tree cover translates to

Vanishing Winter

By Vince Pinto

This year December in the Sky Islands proved to be a pleasantly balmy one—perhaps too warm for comfort, given the long-term implications of climate change in the Sky Islands region. Naturally, we all enjoyed the pleasant weather, but 80 degrees in December?! As climatologists predict increasingly warm weather for the planet, what specific effects can we anticipate in the Madrean Archipelago?

One of the most profound results of global warming is increased evaporation—hotter air can hold more moisture, allowing it to essentially “steal” water from plants, bodies of water, and the land itself. Thus, even if we continue to receive historical levels of local precipitation we will nevertheless become more parched overall. Ponds, lakes, and streams will lower or disappear altogether. Soils will dry out, stressing plants which anyway are al-

more solar radiation striking the earth, leading to hotter temperatures, leading to... You get the picture.

Meanwhile, as fewer streams run, aquatic life and species that depend on riparian areas will suffer greatly or be snuffed out altogether. Essentially all Sky Islands native fish species are already greatly imperiled, making their demise all the more likely.

Witness the federally threatened Sonora chub, which in the entire U.S. is confined to Sycamore Canyon in the Pajarito Mountains: how many droughts away are they from utter ruin? Additionally, any bodies of water that do manage to run the gauntlet of climate change will have higher temperatures, equating to lower oxygen levels. This will diminish some species, while exterminating others. This ecological cascade will greatly change the character and ultimately the biodiversity of our region. On what time scale? We will all have to wait and see.



File photo by Marion Vendituoli

Snow blankets the Mustang Mountains.

The effects of climate change on specific species have already been well-documented. Butterflies and other insects emerge prematurely in landscapes largely devoid of their food sources. Birds migrate at the wrong time, also leading to disjunctions with key resources. Native plants flower at the wrong time with few or no species to pollinate them. Is it any wonder, then, that each year scientists and others who closely observe Nature are seeing fewer and fewer species in general? Yes, there are other key factors at play—pollution, habitat destruction, roadkill, overgrazing and so forth—yet climate change serves as a sort of magnifying lens for them all. Ask yourself: do we have fewer or more birds, butterflies, other insects, snakes, lizards, amphibians, etc... than 10, 20, or more years ago? As a career wildlife biologist and professional naturalist the answer is, unfortunately, crystal clear to me.

Rising temperatures with lower moisture levels in various plants is extending the fire “season” to the entire year sometimes. While fire has historically been an endemic ecological component in the Sky Islands, the mega-burns of 2011—look up, for instance, the Horseshoe 2 Fire in the Chiricahuas—seem to be a new thing or at least a previously highly infrequent phenomena in our region. Now, ask me which month is the highest fire danger and I will be at odds to answer. Larger, hotter, and more frequent fires reduce tree and shrub cover, which in turn heats up the ground faster. Seems there are six ways to Sunday to keep getting hotter.

All is not lost, however. There are important individual actions, key daily measures we can all implement, that collectively will help reduce global warming and its effects upon the Sky Islands.

Perhaps the most effective tool for mitigating climate change is education, given that a significant minority of the world’s population seems to think that this is all an elaborate hoax. If the vast majority of the approximately 8.3 billion people on the planet realized the scientific truth and consequences about our rising temperatures, then clearly more positive action would be taken. Talk to others, find out what they know on the topic, and what they are doing in response. In your own home, conserve electricity, select energy-efficient appliances, switch to LED lights and improve your home’s insulation. Power your home with renewable energy sources whenever possible. We live in a highly efficient home where I only turn on the heat or air conditioning once a year to test them.

Unlike economists, an ecologist will tell you to buy less. Refuse, reduce, reuse and recycle—more stuff, whatever it may be, equates to more greenhouse gases, and hence a hotter planet. Travel less, considering a “staycation” where you enjoy our many local natural, cultural, and historic treasures. Conserve water and collect rainwater, as we do at Raven’s Nest Nature Sanctuary, and use it to support native plant species around your home, making it more shady and cool and thus energy efficient.

Create a positive cascade of events and set goals for the new year. You can make a positive difference for the Earth!

Vincent Pinto and his wife, Claudia, run RAVENS-WAY WILD JOURNEYS, their Nature Adventure & Conservation organization devoted to protecting and promoting the unique biodiversity of the Sky Islands region. RWWJ offers a wide variety of private, custom-made courses, birding & biodiversity tours. Visit ravensnatureschool.org



The Patagonia Regional Community Fund will begin accepting scholarship applications January 1, 2023. Scholarships are available for high school seniors or adults returning to school at community colleges, four-year universities and career or technical schools. Apply by March 1. Through one application, you will also be matched to any of the other 90 ACF scholarships for which you qualify.



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Dutch John Spring Trail # 91

By Wayne Tomasi

This month I have decided to describe a hike on the west side of the Santa Rita Mountains. West side trails are more heavily used than east side trails probably because they are closer to Tucson and 90% of the trails can be reached on paved roads with a standard passenger car. Unfortunately, the west side trails are farther from Patagonia and Sonoita. Because most of the west side trails are within the Coronado National Forest-Madera Canyon Recreation Area hikers have to pay an entrance fee to access these trails. However, Senior and National Interagency Passes, such as America the Beautiful are honored.

The Dutch John Spring Trail is one of the shortest trails in the Santa Rita Mountains; however, it is by no means the easiest. There is a nearly 1,000-foot elevation change from the trailhead to upper Dutch John Spring in approximately one mile of walking. The trail is not well defined in several places and paying careful attention to cairns is necessary. Although this is a popular trail for hikers and birders, you can still enjoy solitude during quieter times of the year.

After significant research, I cannot state conclusively who Dutch John Spring was named after—the answer has eluded historians, hikers, poets, magicians, shamans, kindergarten teachers and a slew of writers through the years. Some folks think Dutch John Spring was named after a German American named John Tannenbaum who moved to the Patagonia area in the early 1920s. Tannenbaum was known locally as The Dutchman and made a living working primarily as a cook on cattle ranches in and around the Santa Rita Mountains.

To reach the Dutch John Spring Trailhead, turn left off the Madera Canyon Road (FR-70) onto the Bog Springs Campground Road (FR-70A), which is just before the Madera Trailhead

Parking Area at approximately milepost 12. When you reach the campground, drive to the bathrooms across the road from campsite #1 and park your car. If you feel guilty taking up that parking space, you could use the bathroom before starting your hike. The Dutch John Spring Trailhead is directly across the road from the bathrooms on the left side of campsite #1.

The trail leaves the Bog Springs Campground heading up a combination ramp/staircase constructed from stone and passing almost directly through campsite #1. In a short distance, the trail passes through a narrow hiker gate. Beyond the gate, the route begins to look like a trail, winding along a narrow path 40 feet above the floor of a steep-walled canyon. The path crosses to the south side of a rocky creek bed, switches back out of the drainage and then heads up a knoll alongside a barbed-wire fence. Once on top of the hill, the track veers to the north away from a fence and enters a dense forest. After you pass a Carsonite sign on the right marking the boundary of the Mount Wrightson Wilderness Area, the trail becomes steeper and is embowered by trees for the remainder of the hike.

Approximately a half mile above the campground, a spur trail leads to the left into a shallow drainage to a clearing containing a steel, bathtub-shaped water tank filled with rocks, twigs, and leaves. Next to the tank a sign states Dutch John Spring. The most current USGS topographical maps have this location labeled as simply "Spring." The topo maps, as well as the Southern Arizona Hiking Club's map of the Santa Rita Mountains, show Dutch John Spring about a half mile farther up the canyon near the 6,000-foot contour line.

From the first spring the trail climbs uphill steadily along the south side of a creek bed. After a couple hundred yards, the path crosses to the north side of the drainage to a campsite and



Photo by WayneTomasi

The lower Dutch John spring.

fire ring next to a 20-foot square dirt platform supported with stone walls on two sides. The purpose of the platform is a mystery, but I suspect it was once the foundation of a cabin.

Roughly 150 yards beyond the platform, the trail makes an abrupt right turn and goes up a hill under a fallen tree. In a few yards, the trail appears to end, but careful examination will reveal it crosses a drainage and continues up the other side. For a short distance, the trail is hard to see but the route is obvious as it goes directly up the floor of a narrow ravine and then climbs above the drainage on the left side. Where the drainage widens and the trail dips slightly, look on the right side of the trail for a small cairn balancing on a fallen log. The cairn may have vanished, but I am sure the tree is still there. There was another

larger cairn about 50 feet away on the far side of the wash. Here, the creek is quite wide and filled with large rocks, brush, and trees.

This may have been the location of Upper Dutch John Spring, although I could not find a seep or any other source of water within close proximity. If you are having a lucky day, you may find two cement water catchments some believe to be Dutch John Spring. One has 8/14/43 etched into the side of it.

A well-worn trail continues up the slope on the north side of the canyon. The route passes directly in front of a large cliff face before crossing to the south side of the drainage where it ends at a water seep at the base of a rock wall. Perhaps this is the real Dutch John Spring, as it seems to be the most reliable water source in the canyon.



Photo by WayneTomasi

The trailhead for the Dutch John trail.

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Andromeda, John Muir and Me



By Harold Meckler

From atop Humphrey's Peak in Flagstaff we can see the Grand Canyon some 60 miles away and mountain ranges 100 miles distant. Can such a view and one's emotional reaction to it ever be justly described? I think so, for on his first trip to the Sierra Nevadas, the great American naturalist John Muir wrote, "We are now in the mountains and they are in us, kindling enthusiasm,

making every nerve quiver, filling every pore and cell of us."

Thankfully, Muir also graced the star gazers amongst us with even more of his genius, exclaiming that, "When we contemplate the whole globe as one great dewdrop, striped and dotted with continents and islands, flying through space with other stars all singing and shining together as one, the whole universe appears as an infinite storm of beauty."

It is hard not to gaze upon the magical star Vega, some 25 light years—or 150 trillion miles—from us, or be drawn by the magnetism and beauty of the Pleiades (an open star cluster at nearly 450 light years out in space) and not hear the majesty of John Muir. Even if our glances are fleeting, these nighttime wonders consistently spur at least a little of Muir's "kindling enthusiasm." For all, I believe, there always seems to be a moment of connection to the stars that brings Muir to mind.

However that connection is felt, it can become closer to indescribable when gifted with the sight of the Andromeda galaxy, when even the

grandest words seem to fall short. There are endless wonders in our galaxy, the Milky Way, more than enough to fill a lifetime of study. Still, all of its glory pales against the one thing in the sky that is beyond it. Andromeda is the most remote object discernible to the naked eye.

It appears as just a bit of fuzzy light between Cassiopeia and the Great Square of Pegasus. And yet, Andromeda contains as many as one trillion stars whose combined light travels 2.5 million years to reach us wherever and whenever we pause to take a look at the darkness above.

All of the other billions of galaxies, as incredible as they are, remain invisible to us without the use of modern instrumentation. So, it becomes Andromeda that speaks to us, that acts like a kind of mirror for our own galaxy, though the Milky Way is much smaller and contains not even half as many stars.

For me, every time I find Andromeda I let go a muffled shout and I think of John Muir trying to grasp the enormity of what is now Yosemite National Park. I am seeing so far into the past I can barely comprehend the view. A telescope helps to give it shape. Like the Milky Way, it is a spiral with a brightly

glowing core containing a massive black hole. In its ten billion years of existence it has likely collided with other galaxies, birthing its tremendous size, a whopping diameter of 200,000 light years.

Some of us dream of being able to look into the future, to glimpse it before all others, for to do so is to make possible boundless insights and influence. But, we know better. We can in Andromeda, however, recognize that so much has come before us. Years become a fraction of a second. Knowing that, we can, with a transformed humility, try to understand how stars and galaxies form, and how life has emerged and changed and brought us to this incredibly brief slice of the infinite when we can ponder all of that through a momentary glance upwards.

My friends and I would often wonder, while standing at the water's edge along New Jersey's shore and staring at the horizon where sea and sky joined, just how far away that really was. Now, I track down our neighboring galaxy and realize that the horizon of my youth was barely more than a stone's throw compared to my present view. And, the best part of that is knowing that's exactly how it should be.

Harold Meckler can be contacted at byakov54@gmail.com

Our Falstaff

By Ann Katzenbach

It's been ten years since Jim Harrison died of heart failure in his casita by Sonoita Creek. The writer, a winter resident here for 24 years, authored 21 books of fiction and 14 books of poetry as well as magazine articles and screenplays. The man wrote a lot, and lived a lot.

The title of this new biography is a quote from Shakespeare and an appropriate choice for a man with a big appetite for life—a lot like Shakespeare's Falstaff.

Birding, hiking and hunting were Harrison's favored pastimes in Patagonia. It was an added bonus that his friend, fellow writer and hunter, Phil Caputo, wintered in town.

Harrison spent long hours writing, always in long hand, and he loved the sound of the creek. He appeared at the bar at the Wagon Wheel most afternoons, where he sometimes drank with friends. As the years passed, his health deteriorated precipitously and his hunting and hiking were curtailed. The Wagon Wheel continued to be a predictable end to his working day.

Word of his death and the circumstances (fell to the floor while writing a poem and smoking a cigarette) were quickly reported across town. Most people knew he was a well-known writer, but few realized the extent of his life's work or the range of his vices and accomplishments.

Capturing Jim Harrison's remarkable

life in a biography took three years. Goddard, who undertook this job, holds a law degree and a doctorate in literary studies. He is an associate professor of literary studies at Utah Valley University, and has always admired Harrison's work. Not many people aspire to write biographies. It's a lot of work, and this subject's life was complex, to say the least.

Seven years after Harrison's death, Goddard approached the Harrison family, and they agreed to work with him. Harrison's two daughters gave him more than 300 boxes of related materials: endless correspondence, manuscripts, invitations, awards, notes, clippings, menus, etc.

On top of that, Goddard interviewed countless friends and associates, read through all the material, and synthesized a complicated life into a very readable, fact-filled and organized book, starting with Harrison's Scandinavian heritage and his boyhood in rural Michigan.

The reader learns about the horrific accident when "Little Jimmy" lost his left eye, and how his boyhood spent fishing, hunting and exploring the forested countryside of rural Michigan was engraved on his spirit. Harrison was not much of a student. He flunked out of graduate school in 1962, disdaining academia, but determined to become a published poet.

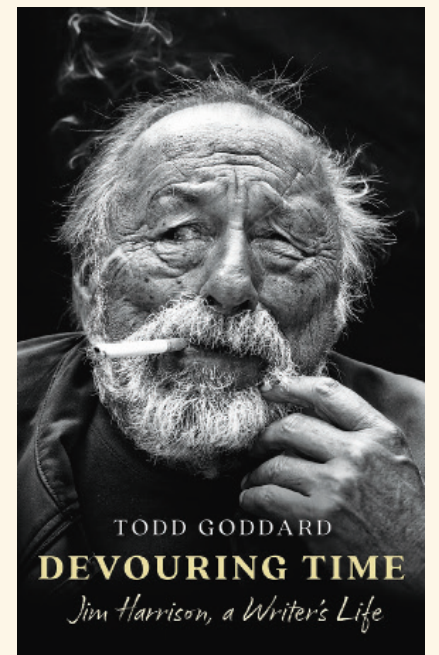
Then the event that would shape Harrison's life took place in 1962 when

his beloved sister and his father were killed by a drunk driver in a highway accident. Harrison had delayed their departure, trying to decide whether to go with them, and always felt responsible for the tragedy. He is quoted as saying that this event forced him to write seriously. "If people die," he said, "you'd better get down to business."

There are many themes that ran through Harrison's life. Goddard tugs away at these strands with each turn of the page. There are the countless friends (famous and everyday—all interesting), a close family, a literary support system of editors and publishers, extensive travel, and this leads, of course, to Harrison's favorite things: food, alcohol, hunting, fishing and women. He blurred the line between gourmand and gourmet, enologist and alcoholic, loving husband and scoundrel.

Capturing Harrison's talent, personality, appetites and beliefs must have been daunting at times. Goddard has done an outstanding job. It is interesting how few labels he applies to his subject. It would be easy to describe Jim Harrison as manic depressive, alcoholic, hedonistic or other cultural, psychological terms we are inclined to overuse. Those descriptors would have been far too simple and misleading. Jim Harrison was often depressed, frequently manic, and he certainly enjoyed his alcohol, but he was a complicated, strangely private, immensely curious, appreciative and enthusiastic human being. He was also—if you take the time to read his writing, which I

Devouring Time: Jim Harrison, a Writer's Life



By Todd Goddard
Blackstone Publishing, 2025

highly recommend—a masterful storyteller, a unique and readable poet, and a writer who made the novella form his own.

Goddard tells us that when Harrison made money (mostly in Hollywood), he quickly spent it.

See Harrison, p. 20

Glimpses Into Our Past

The Houston Family

By Alison Bunting

Nathaniel Lyon Houston (1861-1941) was born in Clinton County, New York. He arrived in Arizona about 1902 to serve as agent and manager for the Manila Mine, located about ten miles west of Ft. Huachuca. [The Arizona Republic, 6/26/1906]. N.L. had worked in mining in Utah and Idaho prior to his move to Arizona. By 1910 N.L. was cattle ranching in Elgin—he was granted title to over 1,200 acres of land in Cochise and Santa Cruz counties between 1921 and 1926. He added to his land holdings over the years, purchasing adjacent ranches as they became available. The ranch headquarters were initially located in Cochise County but later moved to Santa Cruz County (Township 21S, Range 18E, Section 25). N.L. was active in the Republican party and served as an officer in the Arizona Cattlegrowers Association.

N.L. had one son, Nathaniel Lyon, Jr. (1896-1948), born in Salt Lake City, UT. He was raised by N.L. and N.L.'s brother, Dr. Grant Houston, an Oak Park, IL physician. By 1920 N.L., Jr. was teaching high school in Gilbert, AZ. In 1921 he married a fellow teacher, Edna Ethlyn Lawton (1891-1981). Edna was born

in Kansas and graduated from Kansas State University. The couple had three children: Dorothy (1922-2016), Nathaniel Lawton (1923-1924) and Ethlyn (1926-2003). The family lived in Laveen and Ray as N.L., Jr. assumed increasingly responsible teaching positions. In 1929 they moved to Tucson where N.L., Jr. attended the University of Arizona and became principal of the Davis Elementary school in the Tucson Unified School District. N.L., Jr. was an active member of the Army Reserves, eventually attaining the rank of Lt. Colonel. He was called to active duty in 1941, serving until 1945.

When N.L., Sr. died in 1941, N.L., Jr. and Edna took over management of the Houston ranch. In 1948 N.L., Jr. died from an accidental self-inflicted gunshot wound and Edna became solely responsible. She ably continued ranching operations and was active in Elgin community activities. Edna was Treasurer (1945-1946) and President (1953-1954) of the Elgin Community Club. She was a founding member of the Santa Cruz County Cowbelles and was active in the Arizona Cattlegrowers Association and the Elgin Book Circle (1947-1966). In 1968, at age 77, Edna sold the Houston ranch and moved to



Photo courtesy of Barbara Jones and Jim Bowers

(L-R) Dorothy, Edna, and Ethlyn Houston, 1940s.

Tucson where she was a member of the Congregational Church, an active P.E.O. member, and a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Opera Guild and the Arizona Historical Society. She died in 1981.

N.L., Jr. and Edna's oldest daughter Dorothy graduated from the University of Arizona and trained as a dietician. She married Landon Bowers in 1947 and had two children, Barbara and James. Dorothy and her children were frequent visitors to the Houston ranch and Barbara recalls that her grandmother was an avid naturalist and birder. She was delighted when a phoe-

be built a nest on the front porch and incensed when a snake killed it. When facing difficult times Edna was known to say: "You can do anything you have to do."

Ethlyn attended Patagonia High School and married Juan Rafael "Ralph" Telles (1918-2003) in 1952. The couple had three sons, Ralph Lawton (1953-1954), David Houston (b. 1955), and William Lyon (1957-1979). Ralph worked on the Houston ranch, and he and Ethlyn later ranched in Elgin.

Alison Bunting can be contacted at alisbunting@gmail.com.

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Jan. 4, 3pm: The Cynosure Trio
\$17.50 – \$35.00 The Cynosure Trio (Edward Zilberkant, Yue Sun and Charly Akert) returns to the Opera House to present a program of "Passion, Romance and Dance." *Prepaid admission is \$35 – adult or \$17.50 – student.*

Jan 11, 3pm: Trobár – Arizona Early Music Ensemble
"Songbook for a King" performed by Allison Monroe (vielle, rebec, psaltery, voice), Karin Weston (voice, flute), Sian Ricketts (recorders, reeds, bagpipes, voice) and Nathan Dougherty (voice). *Prepaid admission is \$30 – adult or \$15 – student.*

Jan 25, 3pm: Rie Tanaka – A Blüthner Piano Recital
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What Is That?

The obvious answer is a trophy, but the story behind it remains unknown

By Tom Shore

It was discovered after the elementary school closed in 2014. The inscription reads "GRAMMAR SCHOOL HIGH POINT CUP won by Patagonia 1927." The mystery is "high point" for what? Athletics? Music? Art or science?

If you know, please email us at patagoniamuseum@gmail.com or drop by the Patagonia Museum when we're open and let the docent know. We'd love to share the answer with the community.



Photo by Linda Shore

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Special Delivery: Sonoita Bids Farewell to UPS Tom

By Dave Lumia

It's Christmas Eve at the Sonoita Post Office parking lot, and something is amiss.

The brown UPS truck is parked in its usual spot for the ritual sorting of packages for delivery.

Only there's no sorting going on. Instead, there's a steady procession of folks making their way toward the truck. A few are bearing envelopes, maybe a package or two—but none of these need to be shipped out. (Good thing, because they'd never make it anywhere in time for Christmas.)

But everyone is bearing good wishes. They are being delivered directly to the intended recipient: UPS driver Tom Rojel.

Tom—as he's known to just about everybody in town (except those who call him Tomas because that's the name on the side of his truck)—has been delivering packages in these parts for 22 years, and it is his last day before retirement.

He's got a few final deliveries to make—the last one out in Greaterville—but it's a bit of a role reversal on this day. The townspeople are the ones doing the driving, heading into the crossroads for one last chance to thank Tom for his service and wish him well in his retirement.

"He's the best," said Michele Cardillo, who stopped by with her husband Richard. "I think that Tom, over the 20 years that we have lived here, is undoubtedly the most customer-service-oriented human being that I have ever encountered. Absolutely I'm going to miss him."

The feeling is mutual.

"If it wasn't for the hours and how my body feels, I'd stay here for another 15 years," Rojel said. "I love the customers, the place, I love my work. And that's the most important part."

Rojel got his start with UPS in 1993, working a route in downtown Nogales. It was a hectic pace, though not quite like the "horror stories" he heard from "the guys in Tucson and Phoenix." He was assigned the eastern Santa Cruz County route in 2003. "It went from 100 to zero," Rojel said. "Nice easy pace."

The route originally included Patagonia Lake, Patagonia, Washington Camp, the San Rafael Valley, Sonoita, Elgin and Canelo. Rojel lives in Tucson, so five days a week, he would drive to Nogales, pick up his load, hit all the stops, return the truck to Nogales, then drive back to Tucson. It's since been centralized around the Sonoita area, but counting his commute from Tucson, it still meant leaving home at about 8:30 in the morning and returning about 8:30 or 9 at night.

"I average 190 to 230 (miles) a day, five days a week, plus going back and forth to Tucson," he said. Rojel had no estimate for the total miles he's driven over the years, but suffice to say he's eaten a lot of dust. "I'd like to see my autopsy when they cut me open," he joked.

Whether dirt or paved, Rojel knows all the roads (and often-wonky addresses) like the back of his hand, and he's also come to know so many of the folks who call those roads home.

"When I moved down, he was my first driver," said Cami Schlappy, a 20-year resident. "He's seen all my life



Photo by Dave Lumia

UPS driver Tomas Rojel, whose last day on the job was Christmas Eve, has been a fixture in the area for the past 22 years.

changes over those 20 years, he's delivered everything. Home-warming gifts, wedding gifts, baby-shower gifts, diapers, birthday pinatas, back-to-school items. He'd bring treats when we had a dog. He's seen my daughter go from toddler to pre-teen.

"He's just a really genuine guy, not somebody just dropping off packages. He makes eye contact, remembers names, always has a smile."

Which is not to say "dropping off packages" is taken for granted in a rural community that is much more dependent on deliveries than places with easier access to in-person shopping.

"I think he understands the importance of people's packages," said Lacy Beyer, manager of the Santa Cruz County Fair and Rodeo Association. "It's not just a box to some people, it's medicine."

And it's that connection with and understanding of the community that explains the fuss being made over a delivery man's retirement.

"A lot of times the things we need, like buckles or awards, especially around fair and rodeo, are coming in right at the last minute," Beyer said. "If there is something that we know is going to be cutting it close we can let him know and he does his very best to make sure we get it."

And then there's the personal touch. Beyer explained that if her mother happened to be volunteering at the fairgrounds on a day when Rojel had a delivery scheduled for her house,

"he will literally put it in the backseat of her car. And if he knows she has a neighbor anywhere close, my Mom picks that up from him too. So it's not like he's a UPS driver. He's everyone's personal assistant."

Kelly Bostock of Dos Cabezas Wine-Works said Rojel convinced the winery to use UPS for its wine club shipments early on. "I'm not sure if he regrets that decision since he has to pick up hundreds of boxes four times a year," she said.

"Before we started serving food, our dogs were at the winery every day. They would hear his truck coming and sit patiently to wait for Tom to give them a treat. There was a time (the dog) missed him and had to chase him to the Sonoita Inn for her milk bone.

"We will miss Tom. His service has been above and beyond."

Rojel's post-driving to-do list includes some good cigars, good whiskey, projects around the house and a little sport. "I call it a dual-sport," he said. "Golfing and hunting. Hunting for my golf ball."

Word of his impending retirement was well-known throughout the community, and his final days of deliveries evolved into something of a traveling going-away party – be it at the post office parking lot, places of business or residences.

"Everybody's been very generous," Rojel said on Christmas Eve. "Lots of cards, gifts. It's very touching. I've been very blessed."



Photo by Dave Lumia

Matt Parrilli (right) stops by to say goodbye to Rojel on Christmas Eve.

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Gilbert (Cont.)

learns his lesson. It was cold in those cells. Scary too. We were in the cellar of the old courthouse. I'll be damned if I ever do anything illegal again. I learned my lesson."

Gilbert was best friends from elementary school on with Clint Haverty, a gringo. Clint's father kept asking him, "Why are you hanging around that troublemaker?" His answer was that he loved Gilbert's mother's tortillas.

"Partners in crime," Gilbert smiles. "We would skip class, go get a roll of baloney and Monterey Jack, no bread, take knives out and bullshit, sitting under the bridge and waiting for class to get over.

"That's why the class voted us two the Least Likely to Succeed."

Together, Clint and Gilbert learned how to make spaghetti and sew buttons in the mandatory Home Ec class for boys (while girls took Shop in junior high—yes, Patagonia was that progressive in the early 1960s!) and were smart enough to not join others tucked into a blanket inside an old tire rolling down out of control from the old dump at the top of the steep hill on Fourth Avenue. "But anytime something happened it was blamed on us," he says.

In freshman year back in 1962, though, Gilbert was a hero for the day. "For initiation, seniors decided that year to pour a 50-gallon drum of molasses over us, girls too. These were big football player-seniors. I went running past the guys to tip the barrel over. I still have a scar where I almost lost my finger on the barrel edge cut by chisel. We got drenched with molasses. If you didn't cooperate they'd make you go up to the 'P' on the mountain and white-wash it. I avoided it because I was in Dr. Mock's clinic with eight stitches and an infection on my hand."

The renegade reputation continued for this duo. As Gilbert told it, "One day the principal, Mr. Barela, came in all dressed up, and put his tie clip on the desk. He left the room, I took the tie clip to look at it. It said 'TONY'. The Y broke off. I put the 'TON' back on the desk. When he came back and saw the clip, it was, 'Gilbert, did you do this?' Someone said 'yes he did. Clint said he didn't leave his seat. Mr. Barela's answer? 'Clint and Gilbert, meet me at the gym'. Everyone was brought out of class to sit on the balcony and watch. It was a chance for everyone to leave class, a win-win situation. Humiliating for me. Mr. Barela ordered, 'Clint, you hit Gilbert 12 times and if you don't hit him hard you'll be sorry because he'll come back on you.' I didn't hit hard because he was my friend. So I didn't give Mr. Barela that satisfaction."

While still in high school, students would go down to Mexico. Gilbert remembered, "We would park on the street, and the bartender would come out to the car bringing a bunch of peanuts. One time, I took a handful and bit down on something. It was a cockroach. I asked a friend if he ever ate peanuts from there. 'Yeah' but one time he opened the drawer where the peanuts were stored and a bunch of cockroaches ran out.

"It was not uncommon to see all your classmates in front of El Recreo Bar, right on the border, next to the caverns. You could walk. I was the only kid in my class who had a car. I bought a 1958 Chevy Impala from a guy in Wyoming, \$200. My boss fronted it for me and after I paid him off, took it across the line to get upholstered, bought an 8-track, and drove to school with all my country western music."

Gilbert got his moment of fame a few years later in 1967 when the Roger

Corman-produced biker film "Devil's Angels," starring John Cassavetes, was filmed in Patagonia. Hundreds of motorcycles were used in it. Half the town were extras. There was a beauty pageant for the movie, with locals like Cindy Matus as royalty.

"We worked two days on the scene where stands were set up in the middle of town for the pageant scene. I was wearing a green jacket with fake fur trim and a big black hat. One of the crew pointed at me in the stands, 'You with the black hat, come over and shout, 'Here they come!' And the motorcyclists came rumbling in to crash the party. We were paid \$10/day to sit out there for six to seven hours. In one scene they let my girlfriend (and later first wife) Peggy sit at the top of the ferris wheel for six hours.

"After they finished filming this scene, the art director



Photo Courtesy of Gilbert Quiroga

Gilbert, seated in the center of front row, played on the Patagonia High School basketball team.



Photo Courtesy of Gilbert Quiroga

Gilbert watches his brother Cano stoke the branding iron in the fire.

took Clint and me up to Tucson to paint the inside wall of a house red with a big swastika inside a circle. I thought I was making a lot of money, \$10/day. Most of it I gave to my mother."

Back to the Circle Z, where Gilbert had been asked to return to work as foreman after working at Fort Huachuca. "This had to be around '69," he says, "When they hired a Limey secretary. Mary was an Englishwoman who didn't understand the culture of the west. We didn't get along. One day the owner of the ranch had to go to Tucson. It was a rainy night. I went and saddled up a horse I had trained to rear, put on a raincoat with hood, got on the horse, rode it out front and started yelling as I pulled the horse up. People came running out of the lobby. I reared the horse again while yelling, and then galloped away. Out of sight, I took the saddle off the horse, and let the horse loose in the pasture.

The deputy came. Can you believe it, the same one who had taken care of me ten or fifteen years earlier, buying me burgers. He asked if I had seen any

commotion. 'A headless horseman came riding by. Can you come with me to look at the tracks?' We went down to the river, and fortunately stopped about 50 feet from where he would have seen the horse tracks start heading back to the ranch.

"Next day, people asked, did you hear about it? They told me the horseman's coat was flashing in the night. I guess the raindrops on my raincoat were reflecting the porch lights. Every guest came up to me to ask if I knew anything about the headless horseman. 'No,' I'd answer innocently. Secretary Mary left soon after this."

Those two renegades least likely to succeed? Clint is a Hall of Fame horse breeder in Texas. Gilbert worked his way up at the Circle Z to manager and got offers from guests to go abroad to work, drove a school bus in Patagonia for 37 years and taught many children Spanish as they rode in the front seats, raised four sons, and even served as Mayor of Patagonia. All the while keeping the over-50-year secret about the headless horseman. Until now.



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Habitat (Cont.)

Within a few months after planting milkweed and other flowers, the pond was buzzing with bees and butterflies, **including monarchs.**

“You need both nectar flowers that attract the adult monarchs and queens to lay their eggs, and then the larval food, the milkweeds, for the caterpillars to munch down,” Horst said. “If you’ve got a successful project, all the things are half defoliated.”

The pond is surrounded by its own circle of wetland, too, because the pond liner extends over a foot beyond the edge of the pool. “All of this soil, and all of these plants are inside the liner,” Horst explained, pointing to the plants ringing the pond. “That’s why we can grow the horsetail milkweed, or the spikerush, or the horsetails—all the things that normally grow right next to a stream.”

Aquatic fauna are part of the environment, too. Horst had previously worked with Patagonia resident Gary Nabhan to establish a population of endangered desert pupfish in his pond through an Arizona Game and Fish program. Vogt was able to transfer 110 of the small endangered fish from Nabhan’s pond to hers. “Jonathan really is instrumental because of his connections and relationships,” Vogt said. “A year ago, someone [from AGF] came out and approved this pond as a recognized pupfish habitat.”

Because the pond and stream is inside a one-acre fenced area around Vogt’s house, javelina and deer don’t get in to chomp down on the new growth.

“We haven’t seen any noticeable damage,” said Vogt. “The rabbits and other small rodents, and occasional skunks and raccoons, prefer to hang out somewhere else on the property where the majority of the bird feeders and another smaller open water source are.

“I did have to install a low simple fence around the pond last year as a barrier to keep my dogs from trampling down new plants around the pond, but by now, the vegetation is so thick that they won’t go in. Instead, they love to cool down in the flowing water upstream, which is not a problem.”

Oak tree preservation and restoration

Five species of oak trees are native to the Santa Rita and Patagonia mountains: Emory, Mexican blue, Arizona white, netleaf, and gray oak. Most are found on Vogt’s property, and are supported by the Wood Canyon drainage that runs through it. Oak species are under stress from overall dry conditions, and because young plants are a favorite of grazing cattle. There have been no cattle on Vogt’s property for decades, and the native grasses have thrived. “We’re lucky that all of the conditions are here to try oak savannah habitat restoration,” Horst said.

Some of the biggest oaks in Wood Canyon are on Vogt’s property along the creek wash. To protect them, and to encourage further habitat development around them, Vogt hired Borderlands’ Watershed Restoration crew to build “quite substantial erosion control structures” that restored soil around exposed roots, and slowed water flow to benefit animals and plants, including reseeded native vegetation.

“It’s really nice to walk in the creek,” Vogt said. “It is shaded in the summer with the canopy overhead. This is where the Montezuma quail hang out because of these massive oaks, with acorns and oxalis to eat underneath.”

U.S. Partners for Fish & Wildlife grant

Most recently, Vogt partnered with Horst again to land a grant from the U.S. Partners for Fish and Wildlife (PFW) program. PFW “helps private landowners create habitat for threatened, endangered or other listed species or things that are potentially going to become listed in the future,” Horst explained. “In Patagonia, the pond at the Paton Center for Hummingbird was created with Partners for Fish and Wildlife funds for Gila topminnows. And I think Gary Nabhan’s pond, way back in the day, was created with the same funding.

“Our current project has a number of different components,” Horst said. “A big section of it is oak savannah restoration. This elevation of the foothills of the Santa Ritas, historically, would have had lots of places with big oak trees in deep soil areas where rainwater collects naturally. There’d be a lot of grass, a lot of open space, and then these dells with huge oak trees in them. You don’t find very many of those anymore, because oak trees were really valuable for lumber, and little oak trees were a favorite snack for cows.”

In November, Vogt and Horst started planting 40 baby oak trees of all five species, sourced from Spadefoot Nursery in Tucson. They were joined by U.S. Fish & Wildlife biologist Sarah Gandaría, Arizona coordinator for PFW projects.

“We’ll have 40 oaks planted in this 15 or 20 acre section where there’s nice, deep soil, and water courses flowing down. It’s a good place for them to establish,” Horst said.

A rare bluebird

Vogt is particularly excited about the nesting boxes that have attracted azure bluebirds, a vulnerable subspecies of the eastern bluebird, that is listed as a “Species of Greatest Conservation Need” by Arizona Game & Fish.

“They have nested here for two years but they weren’t successful [at reproducing] for whatever reasons,” Vogt said. “But two weeks ago, Jonathan saw three of them. And yesterday, I heard something rustling in one of the nest boxes.”

“They use them as a roost during the winter,” Horst explained.



Photo by Mary Tolena

A specially designed habitat pond on Vogt's property nurtures endangered Arizona pupfish and other threatened species.

A nesting box design study is another component of Vogt and Horst’s PFW project. They built side-by-side boxes with different entry shapes to see which the birds prefer. “Right now we have eight blue bird boxes and 20 Lucy warbler boxes with the design study,” said Vogt.

Agaves for nectar bats

To cultivate agaves and pollinator attractors, Vogt and Horst set up a fenced, irrigated nursery garden. Twenty-six agaves were transplanted from other spots on the property where they were growing close together. In addition, they planted agave seeds, as well as wild flower, pipe vine, and different types of milkweed.

Their plan is to create agave patches for the nectar bats, especially the endangered lesser long-nosed bat. In other areas where water gathers and the soil stays wet, they’ll add things like nutsedge and oxalis to the vine mesquite grass that grows there.

Fireflies lit the way

When awarding their grants, Partners for Fish & Wildlife looks closely at existing habitat features that would improve chances for success. Vogt’s existing pond was a gold star in that regard. “They saw that we had created the pond up here, and that, oh, look, all of these milkweeds are already growing,” Horst said. “There are already pollinator plants here.”

Horst and Vogt’s stretch proposal was to add breeding populations of two endangered fireflies to the project goals. “If you look on the Firefly Atlas, there are a couple of known populations near Sonoita Creek, two or three miles away.”

PFW reviewers were skeptical, wondering how fireflies from Sonoita Creek would find Vogt’s pond, a new water source. But fireflies showed up the same summer after they finished the

pond. “So they were already here, but nobody had ever documented them,” Horst said.

The next question was “Where was the water (before the pond)?” Larva stages of fireflies feed on snails that require permanent water or wet soil. Vogt’s best guess was a concrete drinker installed decades ago by the previous owner that had stayed wet.

“Once PFW heard that, and Anne sent them photographs, they agreed, yeah, we can add fireflies,” Horst said. “They’re trying to make their funding go as far as possible. That’s why we have so many different species stacked into the project, between migratory birds, threatened and endangered birds, rare birds, two kinds of fireflies, bats, oak trees, and the oak habitat in general. It’s a whole bunch of things for a single, small project to stack together.”

A habitat patchwork where every piece matters

Horst and Vogt are hopeful that the oaks and agaves will grow quickly with irrigation and careful tending. Horst says the most immediate change will be in the pollinator areas. “We’re already seeing 10 or 15 different species of butterflies here along the creek,” he said. “Once we’ve got a number of big pollinator areas, I expect the number and diversity of butterflies to go way up, and probably a lot more native bee species, too.”

Vogt emphasized that every patch of improved habitat matters because they give species routes to hopscotch across our whole region. “A lot of Patagonians have beautiful pollinator flower gardens, and they make a difference.”

Horst added, “You can get a large-scale effect by having a whole bunch of people do little, tiny projects in proximity to each other. If you create

See Habitat, p. 20

Wide Loads (Cont.)

continued northbound, while Ordway remained in a precarious position on the opposite side of the road. “The worst thing about it is after the rig went by, they didn’t allow traffic to stop so she could get back into the lane,” said Leonard Ordway, Jane’s husband.

Sonoita residents Sandy Wolf and Loren Krebs were returning from a camping trip north of Tucson on Dec. 9 in their 22-foot recreational vehicle near Hilton Ranch Road when Wolf was directed to pull onto the narrow roadside by a pilot car.

“I moved over as far as I possibly could, but he’s coming right at me,” Wolf said. “I got really nervous. You can only go so far on the dirt, otherwise I would have fallen off the embankment. And then the whole RV shook. I couldn’t imagine what happened.”

Wolf had little choice but to drive on to Sonoita. After pulling into the post office parking lot, she discovered that the rear panel of the RV had been clipped by the transport vehicle.

“Thank God I’m not hurt, my husband’s not hurt,” she said. “If he would have hit the back of my car any harder, the back would have ripped off, the dog would have fallen out the back and gotten run over, and I would have freaked out.”

The odds of getting caught in a similar predicament have been getting worse for commuters ever since the Arizona Department of Transportation (ADOT) began repairs in November on four bridges on I-10, just west of Benson. The project, scheduled for completion in Spring of 2026, diverts any vehicle wider than 14 feet off the interstate. Eastbound traffic is detoured south on Highway 83, east on 82, and north on 90 to reunite with I-10. Westbound traffic follows the opposite flow.

Transport vehicles are required to obtain a permit—ranging from \$15 to \$100 per trip—from ADOT for loads that exceed various specifications. Those loads would include anything in excess of 8 feet, 6 inches wide, 14 feet tall, 53 feet long, as well as various weight restrictions. Loads over 14 feet wide are required to have law enforcement escorts—generally off-duty DPS officers who are paid by the transport operators. (One DPS trooper said the ballpark rate is “time-and-a-half,” which equates to roughly \$45 to \$66 per hour.)

Steve Elliott, ADOT assistant communications director, said loads requiring law-enforcement escorts are scheduled through ADOT at intervals of 30 minutes apart and are permitted to be on the highways from half an hour before sunrise to half an hour after sunset seven days a week, excluding major holidays.

Elliott said DPS records indicate 31 escorted loads on Highway 83 (both directions) for the week of Dec. 8 and 26 loads for the week of Dec. 15, with the busiest day being ten loads on Dec. 8. But those numbers reflect only the DPS-escorted loads. Elliott did not have any statistics related to all oversized loads.

Anecdotal evidence from commuters seems to point to a much larger issue than ADOT is aware of.

A community Facebook page devoted to commuting on SR 83 is populated with growing frustration about the frequency of the loads. The PRT posted an inquiry on the page and received 16 responses within 24 hours. Respondents noted oversized loads going in both directions simultaneously; convoys of as many as three oversized loads; being pulled over three separate times on the 25-mile drive.

ADOT’s Elliott said loads without law enforcement escort are not subject to the 30-minute interval, but monitoring of even the escorted loads seems haphazard.

At about 9:30 a.m. on Monday, Dec. 22, two DPS troopers were parked at the crossroads of Highways 82 and 83, waiting to escort a mobile home north on the 83.

“The one in front of us is slow-moving, so we have to be in constant communication with them so that we’re far enough apart,” said one of the troopers. When asked about the 30-minute interval required by ADOT, he said that more commonly, they are spaced about 20 minutes apart—and this doesn’t account for the smaller oversized loads.

When informed by email of some of the commuter concerns posted on the Facebook page, ADOT’s Elliott responded by email: “I’ll share your observations with our permits staff and DPS.”

District 19 State Rep. Gail Griffin, responding to an inquiry from the PRT about the safety hazards, shared a letter she sent to ADOT director Jennifer Toth and DPS Director Col.

Jeffrey Glover on Dec. 29 demanding “Immediate Prohibition of Wide Load Vehicles on State Routes 83 and 82.”

In part, the letter says, “These roadways are not designed to safely accommodate wide load traffic of this magnitude. ... This is a life-and-death public safety issue.”

Griffin’s letter continues: “ADOT and DPS must immediately halt or prohibit the routing of wide load vehicles on State Routes 82 and 83 while this project is ongoing and implement a safer, clearly defined alternative routing plan that does not endanger motorists, residents or livestock.”

Griffin said she will follow up with ADOT by week’s end.

Elliott said motorists who encounter unsafe conditions or are involved in a collision with an oversize load should contact DPS’s nonemergency number (602-223-2000). DPS would then be able to contact ADOT to try to identify the offending party. “We have records of all these loads,” he said.

That’s exactly what Wolf did—as did Ordway’s husband, after his wife notified him of her incident.

Wolf said a DPS officer met with her three days after her RV was damaged. “They told me to talk to ADOT,” she said. “They didn’t even care if I filed anything. They didn’t have any record of any wide loads on that day.”

Ordway said his call was met with indifference. “All he did was say there’s nothing I can do about it if you don’t have a badge number of the (escorting) officer,” he said. “The point of it was I was trying to report an unsafe situation, and he’s telling me if there’s no badge number there’s nothing I can do about it.”

The PRT made two attempts to contact DPS regarding its handling of such matters but received no response.

While the inconvenience and traffic delays are a growing source of community angst, there are larger issues at play.

Bri Parker-Eaglen observed two wide loads within a 15-minute interval while picking up her children from a school bus stop on 83. “It’s becoming a real hazard at our bus stop, which is already around a blind corner,” she wrote.

Marc Meredith, chief of the Sonoita-Elgin Fire District, said there’s been no coordination between DPS, ADOT and SEFD about the scheduling of the oversized loads. Meredith said he is confident that “if an emergency arises,

we’ll find a way to get to where we need to be, but just having the general information would be very helpful.”

The need for idling vehicles to pull off the roadway into dry brush poses an additional concern. “Roadside fire starts are not uncommon for us,” Meredith said. “One of my concerns, besides the potential for fire, is if one starts, people can’t move safely away from the danger.”

Mollie Wright of Patagonia recounted an incident she experienced on Dec. 18 while heading southbound on the 83 near the Rosemont turnoff, at a stretch of the highway with no guardrails.

“This load was unusually wide,” she said. “They (the DPS escort) said scoot over, but I couldn’t scoot over very far without falling into a ravine. It passed about five inches from my door. It was like I had a choice of getting hit by the wide load or take a chance of falling into the ravine. My heart was pounding so much. I was so angry and so scared.”

Gregg Johnson of Sonoita encountered what was likely the same load on the 18th, a bit further to the north. “DPS stopped us where there was NO room outside the white line,” he wrote. “Load was too wide to pass, he stopped in the middle of the road to let (southbound) traffic around.”

“I’ve been traveling 83 four to six days a week for almost 25 years. I get the oversized load thing and accept it. However, whoever is driving these DPS escort vehicles are going to get somebody killed with their ignorance.”

Wright, Wolf and the Ordways expressed similar concerns about ensuring that vehicles are being pulled over in safe areas, even if it makes for longer delays.

“I don’t mind waiting, but I don’t want to be put in a scary situation like that,” Wright said.

Added Wolf: “I just don’t want anybody getting hurt and I want people to get to their destination safely.”

Leonard Ordway offered some longer-term suggestions for minimizing the aggravation, including more pullouts along the 83, improving the training of escort personnel and announcing specific times and dates for wide loads so that commuters can attempt to schedule around and avoid the aggravation.

In the meantime, ADOT’s Elliott advised drivers to “practice patience” and “budget extra time and follow the directions from escorts.”



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Treasures (Cont.)

Eventually he left the county for a job in 1964 with Arizona Department of Transportation (ADOT) in Tucson, but the ties to home remained strong. Marsha was able to fulfill her dream of going to college and becoming a teacher. He worked for ADOT as an employee and consultant for a total of 50 years, but the trips back to his roots and family were a constant.

Among those attending the Dec. 6 "Living Treasures" event was Cami Schlappy, historian at the Boman-Stradling History Center in Sonoita, along with her family. She was impressed.

"I brought my daughter so she can see that working on horses, walking to school, and spending the summer barefoot really wasn't that long ago," Schlappy noted. "I wanted her to see the people who cowboied the ranches, worked the mines, and lived in now abandoned places. I hope it gives her a new perspective and understanding about our shared community and the people in it."

Library assistant DeForest was inspired to propose the gatherings by work she had done before she arrived

in Patagonia.

"I had a clinic in northern New Mexico and I got to know so many of the people who were many generations there," she explained "A lot of them were elderly and dying and I thought we needed to hear their stories. So I set a date at my clinic and so many people showed up that we couldn't get them all in.

We did it four times actually. I believe in the power of oral histories, and so I wanted to bring that experience here to Patagonia."

DeForest has been pleasantly surprised at the great turnout and audience response to the events here.

The richness of the participants' stories was surpassed only by the apparent ties the group had to their shared history and their enduring love and appreciation of the area. During the question and answer period, someone asked how many in the crowd were related in some way to one of the speakers. At least a third of the audience raised their hands.

Video recordings of both "Living Treasures" events are available at the Patagonia Public Library's YouTube channel: [youtube.com/@patagonia-publiclibrary3528](https://www.youtube.com/@patagonia-publiclibrary3528)



Photo by Sondra Porter

Maureen and Arnie De La Ossa at the Living Treasures oral history presentation at the Patagonia Library.

Harrison (Cont.)

For years he neglected to pay his taxes, and finally hired a manager to keep track of his increasingly complicated life.

It is hard to believe that Harrison lived as long as he did with all that he devoured. As an adult, he suffered from a variety of ailments mostly brought on by his lifestyle. Over the years, Goddard figures, he was diagnosed with spondylolisthesis, spinal stenosis, diabetes,

neuralgia, shingles and depression. But always there was the drive to keep traveling and writing and drinking—to smoke, eat rich food and hunt and fish and keep his friends and family close. He devoured life. And time.

The cover of "Devouring Time" will help sell the book, for it will stand out on bookstore shelves. It is a commanding photo of Harrison's broad, weatherbeaten face. His scarred left eye does not look back. Then you take



Photo by Anne Vogt

Horst and Gandaría dig deep holes to plant oak seedlings.

Habitat (Cont.)

[something small] and your six neighbors do the same, then you effectively created a much bigger project." Twice the size means four times the impact for the species, he added.

Another point Horst made is, "Don't be afraid of having a lot of the same type of plant, because sometimes in order to get discovered, a patch has to be a certain size. So sometimes you want a big cluster of the same thing, or it can be mixed together with other stuff, but you need a certain amount of, say, milkweeds together."

"Also don't be afraid of plants that are uncommon and don't get used very often, especially food stage plants," Horst continued. "A lot of people think, Oh yeah, well, if it doesn't have a pretty flower, I don't want to plant it. Or, if I plant it and it gets munched down, what's the point? Well, if it's the right plant, the point is for it to get munched down, so then you get the awesome butterflies or fireflies or whatever it is trying to attract"

The next steps for the PFW project include planting other native species for wildlife, removing encroaching mesquites, and installing more nest boxes and erosion control structures. "This project will benefit a whole suite of

wildlife species including various bats, migratory birds, invertebrates, and candidate/petitioned species such as the Monarch butterfly and Southwest spring firefly," Vogt said.

"I remain committed to do more restoration work after this specific project is completed," Vogt said. "It will be exciting to watch the fruit of our efforts and keep learning what works well, and maybe what not. There is plenty of space and different habitats on the property for expanding the work—to be discussed with Jonathan and hopefully PFW again."

Vogt spoke about the importance of taking the long view. "This was actually a question we got when our coordinator from PFW asked what our focus would be, realizing that when you have like a tiny, little oak tree, it will be way beyond our lifetime when they start to thrive and become really big. And she asked, 'Are you committed? Do you also want to have oak trees as part of the project? Because you won't see the big result.'"

"Yeah, it should be beyond our lifetime," Vogt affirmed. "Yeah, it's a very long term thing to be patient and create something that will be here for me when I'm gone. You know, it's an intriguing, philosophical thought."

in his whiskers and unbarbered hair, the burning cigarette hanging from his mouth and the arthritic hand that strokes his scraggly beard. In a recent interview, Goddard said that there was some question about using the photograph on the cover, but he felt strongly that it belonged there.

The last 100 pages of this 518-page book contain acknowledgments and notes. These are helpful, but don't do enough to guide the reader through

this complicated life. A glossary of names (there are so many) with a reminder of how they fit into Harrison's life would have been helpful.

That complaint aside, Goddard's prose style, humanity, insight, and perseverance make this a full and fascinating biography.

I would add that if you have not read much of Jim Harrison's work, now is a good time to become better acquainted.

WORD SEARCH

Cowboy Knots

By Carrie White


W K N S Q U A R E K N O T A D N R C L V
 C H L M W Q Z U O B T M Y E Z C T A S P
 H P C A R X E J Z P X L C D A H T L N F
 C M Y T T G Z V V S T A L Z U T H V J E
 T G X B I D O F N I X R O E H X I A M S
 I V M B E H Z X A H H K V T L L G R W P
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 R S W I O G T N N C X H H N S B W K A Z
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 H C T I H Y R F P P T L S C T K T R H Z
 H T T L A R I A T L O O P G A N C Z S K
 Z C K G D E W S Q H L G B Q F O H S S R
 H R P U O O M Y S C S Z C Y O T B N J D

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Word List

- | | |
|------------------|---------------|
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| CalvaryKnot | SheetBend |
| ChainHitch | SlipperyHitch |
| CloveHitch | SquareKnot |
| GrannyKnot | TimberHitch |
| HalterHitch | WarKnot |
| HighwaymansHitch | |
| HondaKnot | |
| LariatLoop | |
| Larkshead | |



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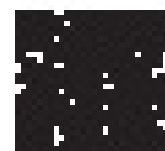
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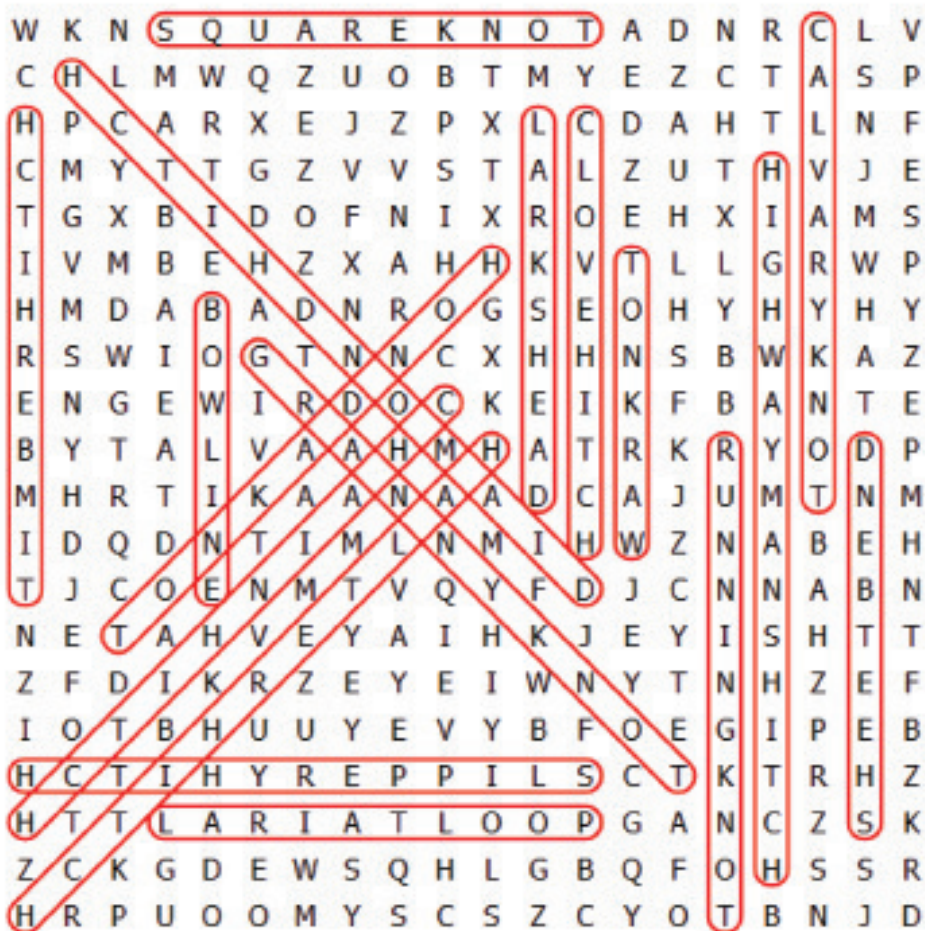
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Solution for this month's Word Search

Cowboy Knots



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- Mon:** 5pm to 6pm: Swing Hour
7pm to 8pm: eTown repeat of Saturday's show
- Tues:** 10am to 12pm: World Jazz with Mark Berg
7pm to 9pm: Jazz and Blues with Fred Hansen
- Wed:** 5pm to 6pm: Swing Hour
7pm to 10pm: Sean Alexander show
- Thurs:** 7pm to 10pm: Possibility Explorers. "Celebrating Mushkil Gusha, the Remover of All Difficulties." Hosted by Graves
- Fri:** 7pm to 9pm: Hook's Sunken Roadhouse
- Sat:** 12pm to 1pm: eTown - "Educate, entertain and inspire listeners through music and conversation"
6pm to 8pm: Acoustic Café. A bit of country, rock, blues, folk, pop"
8pm to 10pm: Folk Alley "Folk Music Radio from WKSU-FM in Kent, OH"
- Sun:** 1pm: Sunday Classical Connection
- Daily Shows:** StarDate: 9am & 5pm/Best of the Oldies: 1pm to 2pm/
BirdNote: 6am and 10am/Growing Native with Petey Mesquitey:
MWF at 7am, Sunday at noon/
Feature Story News (FSN.com) Mon – Fri. 8am, 12pm and 6pm,
Sat. 8am & 6pm, Sun. at 8am
Patagonia Weather Forecast: Every odd hour.

Check It Out at the Library

What's New?



Photo by Linda Shore

Some of the recent bestsellers available at the Patagonia Library.

By the Patagonia Library Staff

Looking for something to read to welcome in the new year? We just received a shipment of highly acclaimed bestsellers including:

- "Silent Bones" by Val McDermid
- "The Librarians" by Sherry Thomas
- "Woman in Suite 11" by Ruth Ware
- "The Red Queen" by Martha Grimes
- "Will-O-The Wisp" by Jenna Gillingham
- "The Living and the Dead" by Christopher Carlson
- "Shaw Connolly Lives to Tell" by Gilliam French

And the eagerly anticipated latest from Craig Johnson, "Return to Sender". Rather watch a movie or a TV series instead? We have almost 2,000 titles in our collection so you're sure to find something to pique your interest.

We hope you drop by next time you're in the 'hood to check out the latest additions to our collections.



DON'T LET THE FLU STOP YOU GET YOUR FLU SHOT!

Schedule your appointment today!

520.281.1550

mariposachc.net



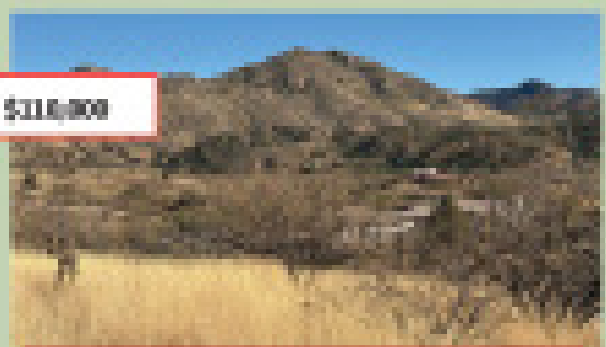


\$120,000

SAN RAFAEL VALLEY VIEWS!

MLS # 23181753 OLD DUQUESNE LOT 17C

Nestled in the trees in a quiet, gated subdivision in the Patagonia Mountains, this property already has 3 sheds, solar, and private well. **BARBARA HARRIS 602 833-4008**



\$210,000

PATAGONIA HILL TOP LOT

MLS # 23158768 LOT 9 RED ROCK ACRES

Stunning panoramic mountain views from this 4.25 acre hillside lot overlooking Patagonia. Water and electricity at the lot line. Ready to build! **JEAN MILLER 520 394-3129**



\$445,000

CHARMING ADOBE HOME WITH CASITA

MLS 23252626 450 COSTELLO LANE

Split level home on the outskirts of Patagonia, bordering the Nature Conservancy. 2047 sq. ft., Great Room, large kitchen + Lastr. **BARBARA HARRIS 602 833-4008**



\$885,000

TERRIFIC SONORA LOCATION

MLS # 23251454 15 PAPAGO SPRINGS ROAD

Mountain Views. Clean and ready to go. 1541 sq. ft. 4/4, 2/1.5, split floor plan with Great Room, large kitchen 4/2, 2 car garage. fenced yard. **JEAN MILLER 520 394-3129**



\$750,000

LUXURY HOME ON THE MESA

MLS # 23250489 100 RED MOUNTAIN CT

Stunning mountain views from this brand new home in Patagonia's prestigious gated community. High ceilings, 3600 sq. ft. 2 car garage. **JEAN MILLER 520 394-3129**



\$175,000

VIEW LAND ABOVE PATAGONIA

MLS # 23433417 PROCTOR LANE 16+ ACRES

STUNNING land with gorgeous views of Red Mountain. 16.56 acres. Can be divided. Private, yet near Town. No HOA. **JEAN MILLER 520 394-3129**

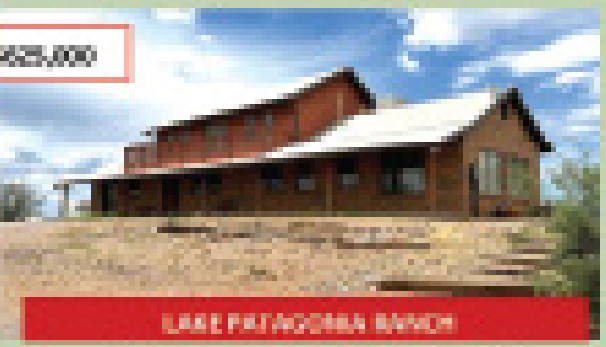


\$580,000

THE CAFE IN SONORA

MLS # 23252041 3200 HIGHWAY 82

Commercial property. Was a well-loved restaurant. Soil already ready to go with kitchen equipment and furnishings. Lots of room to expand. **CHRIS VOGL 504 924-1211**

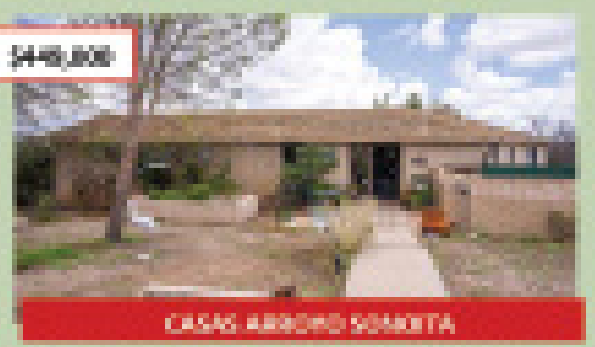


\$625,000

LAKE PATAGONIA RANCH

300 STODDARD WAY 26.1 ACRES

Top of the world views! Classic ranch home w/ 3600 sq. ft. 2047 sq. ft. plus lot. Private well, horse facilities and easy ride out to horse land. **BARBARA HARRIS 602 833-4008**



\$440,000

CASAS ARROYO SONORA

MLS # 23251885 81 CASA ARROYO ROAD

Floods of birds visit this lovely hill top home. Split level, 2047 sq. ft., 2 car garage. Dated community w/ greenbelt. Community pool. **BARBARA HARRIS 602 833-4008**

PATAGONIA: 127 McKee Avenue, Patagonia, AZ
next to Gathering Grounds

Jean Miller, Owner, Designated Broker
Long Realty Sonora/Patagonia
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