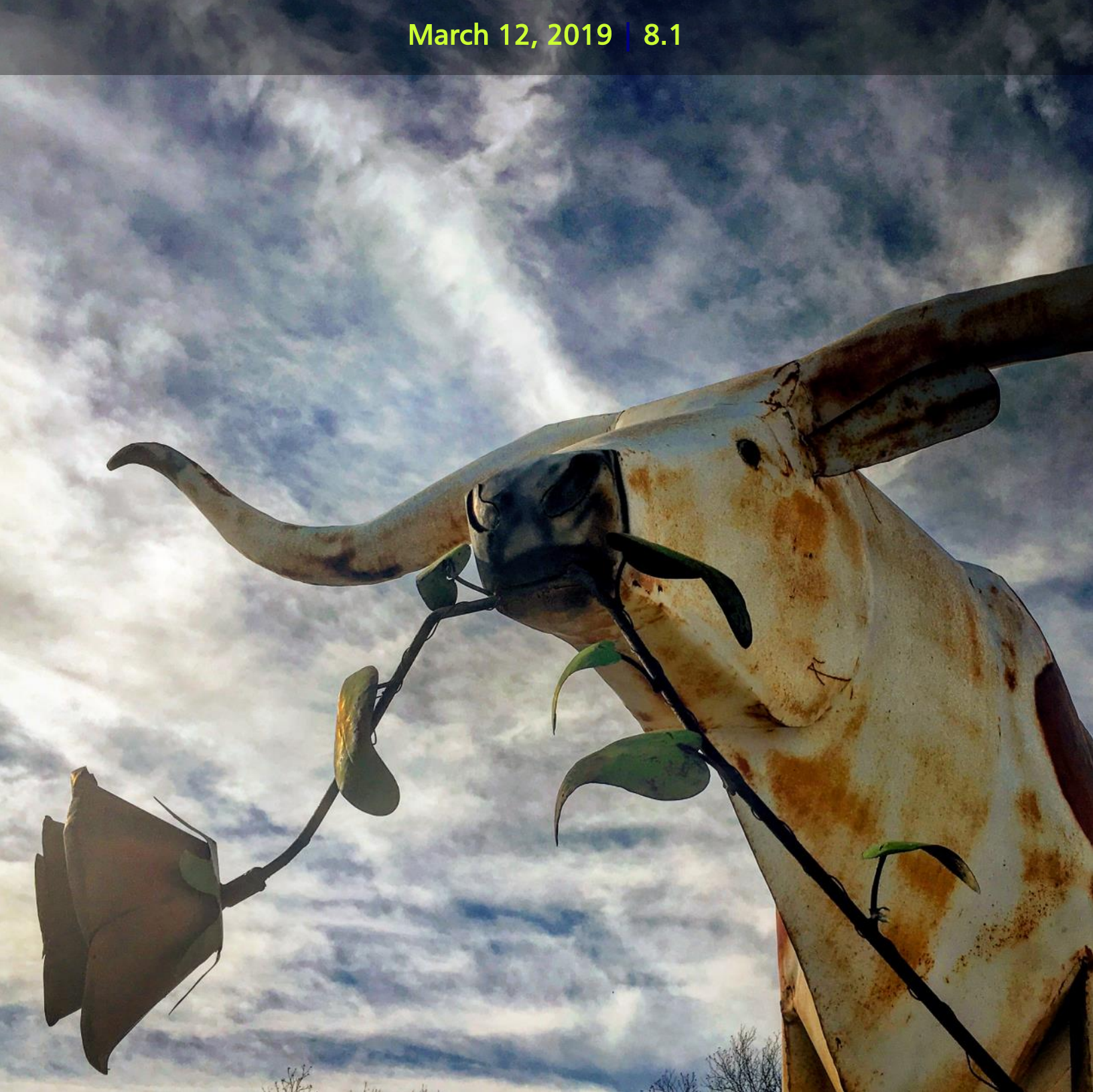


de Stolfe

Journal ●●●●●●●●

March 12, 2019 | 8.1





Contents

March 12, 2019 | 8.1

Covers activities happening in January & February 2019

These page numbers correspond to the PDF pages.

- 3** Candid Comments from the Producer
- 4** Word for Life
- 5-7** Saddle Break
- 8** Skijoring
- 9** Favorite Teas
- 10-11** The Smoky Years
- 12-14** Vintage Instruments
- 15** Artwork Abstract
- 16** Merry Heart Doeth Good
- 17** Public Domain
- 18-20** Lonesome Dove—30 Years
- 21-24** RG's Instagram Photos
- 25** Vintage Comics
- 26** Classifieds
- 27** In the Next Issue
- 27** The fine print
- 28** Back Page Literature

On The Cover



This Instagram tweaked photo is of a sculpture made of metal and is located in front of a florist business in Snyder, Texas. The skies happened to have a really nice pattern in the clouds! I took the photo on February 4, 2019.

We live in the 21st century! Anywhere you see a web link like this, click it to automatically go to the webpage that it references! (Try it now!)

www.tophandgraphics.com/rg/journals



RG Comments



Producer, RG de Stolfe

Well, here we are in March of 2019 already! My last issue was a special New Year's issue that came out December 31, 2018. I was planning to get this issue out January 31, then February 28, but didn't quite get it finished in time for either of those dates! Oh well! So my first issue in 2019 comes out in March. Okay, so what, who cares! :-)

For this issue, I sort of sifted through the last nearly seven years of issues to see what things I have sort of neglected or could bring back. I think you'll find this issue to be full of things that I've had at various points through the years.

Well, the groundhog sort of lied about having nicer weather early! But in all fairness, if you are trusting a groundhog to predict your weather, I think you have bigger issues to be concerned about! The weather definitely has been a little goofy, but not more so than it has been at various times in the past, so it sort of cycles between a predictable year and a strange weather year. That is nothing new. But we cannot complain about getting moisture even if it is not in the way we want it.

My several months now living in Snyder, Texas has been good. The job has been good, my living arrangements are pretty good, and my availability of options is workable. About every other week, I go up to Lubbock for the day and do things and go places so that I'm not totally cut off from the many years I lived there. Lubbock is only 90 minutes away, and it is an easy drive.

Come the beginning of April, I will be travelling for a specific reason and one that I have been wanting to do for years that I now get to finally do! However, that is all I'll tell you for now! (Sorry, not sorry! You'll just have to wait!)

Recently, I was nominated to be part of a particular group. That group is the Scurry County Historical Commission. I went to their first meeting recently. Every two years, new people can join as invited by the county judge. The group meets quarterly and does historical projects. This is also a subset of the Texas Historical Commission which handles all of the historical signs through the state. I have included these signs at various times in my journals. Scurry County alone has over 60 historical markers! You can read about one of them on my Back Page Literature page.

Snyder is a town of about 11,000 people at an elevation of 2300'. Despite only be about 90 miles away from Lubbock, the elevation is 1000' lower and does seem a little different in climate and in weather patterns. The terrain is a good ways from the southern high plains where Lubbock is and so is more wavy in the land and has tons of mesquites. There are also rattlesnakes, scorpions, and tarantulas out in the wild areas. The area has ranching, some cotton farming, lots of oil and natural gas, and wind turbines. In the past, lots of bison were in the area.

I hope you like this issue! Contact me if you have any requests of things to include in future issues.

Word for Life

No Room for Fear

A few weeks ago, I needed to post some comments on Facebook about something that had bothered me for a while and thought it would help others to read it. So, here is the post I made.

Okay, I need to state something. There is a certain Christian song out there that starts out the chorus with “my fear...”. The rest of the lyrics are a good message. However, the issue is with “my”. My is a possessive word, a word establishing self ownership. To say “my fear” is to say that fear belongs to you and that fear is yours. But do not be deceived! You do not own fear! Fear has never belonged to saved person. You cannot claim it as yours, it is not yours to claim. Do not negate your confession in that song by claiming fear then casting it off! Do not blow off this point as a petty argument of semantics. Fear will legally blast down the door of your life and torment you because of your own confessed words!

To add some more understanding to this, you need to understand confessions and your words. Confessions are to state your claims, take a stand, to establish your position with something. Words are what you use to express something in recordable means. When you use either of these carelessly, they affect you just the same as when you are being very intentional! The power of your words, the effect of your confession, are far beyond your understanding, but have eternal effects.

Examples

If you are in the habit of saying that you always have a good day at work, you are establishing a confession of positive reinforcement of your job going well.

If you carelessly always say that nothing good happens to you or that you always lose in a certain game for example, you are establishing a confession of negative (read: evil) speech even if you don't literally mean what you are saying.

Nothing ever happens by what you mean, but everything happens by what you say! When you say wrong things, don't ever be surprised why bad things happen! Likewise, when you say good things, expect those things to happen!

What Happens to People of Faith?

I was doing my usual study in the Bible recently and came across a study point that I thought would be good to restate here. So, here is the discussion.

There are many who mistakenly believe that after one becomes a Christian that life will just suddenly become perfect and that there will never be problems again! WHAT A LIE!! God never said that becoming one of His heirs would ever replace life on earth! Instead, he did say that you would go through trials and tribulations (have challenges, have difficulties, have to stand in faith), but to be of good cheer (to have faith, be happy and joyful and glad) because Jesus overcame the world (He took away the rights of the world to destroy you). John 16:33

God's will for each believer can be radically different from each other. Here are a few ways of life of believers as shown in the Bible.

- Some stood in faith despite having little or no understanding of what God told them to do, Hebrews 11:4-12, 17
- Some died in faith without receiving God's promises, Hebrews 11:13, 39
- Some have to come to grips that they will not receive the full blessings of God until after leaving earth (their full inheritance is not in this world but in the eternal realm), Hebrews 11:14-16
- Some had to accept that the blessings were to come to a future generation instead of their own generation, Hebrews 11:20-28
- Some receive miraculous deliverances that gloriously show God's mercy and power over the natural world, Hebrews 11:30-35
- Despite having faith, some experience a true “hell on earth” of various mental and physical tortures and afflictions, Hebrews 11:35-38

Saddle Break

So if you have been getting my journals for a while, you have seen this header section called Saddle Break or Saddle Break Reads starting with the July 2013 issue. I suppose I should finally explain what this phrase means after five and a half years!

Some unknown number of years ago (perhaps sometime in the 2000s) as I was searching for something, I came across a photo on a website showing a hand in a pen. The caption with the photo was something to the effect of "a cowboy taking a well earned saddle break". So the idea is that he is taking a break while still mounted for only a few minutes before he gets back to his task. So, this section name takes that idea of a short break to post snippets of articles that are too short to make into regular length articles. So now, there you go.

Christmas Dinner

I planned to have Christmas dinner on Christmas Day. Well, plans changed, and I spent a week in Lubbock from Christmas day through New Year's Day. So, my Christmas dinner was delayed until sometime after I got back home. I ended up having my Christmas dinner on Saturday, January 5, 2019! (Which was also the 12th day of Christmas!)



Back Home Detour

On Sunday, January 27, I was coming back home from Lubbock and had predecided to take a detour back to the house. I wanted to go through a little town called Fluvanna that is in Scurry County and not too far away from Snyder. Fluvanna is very visible today for the early establishment of wind turbines on the mesa near the town. These turbines were installed somewhere about 20 years ago.



This was my chicken sandwich I ordered at a local restaurant here in Snyder. Huge!



Saddle Break

Surprise Answer

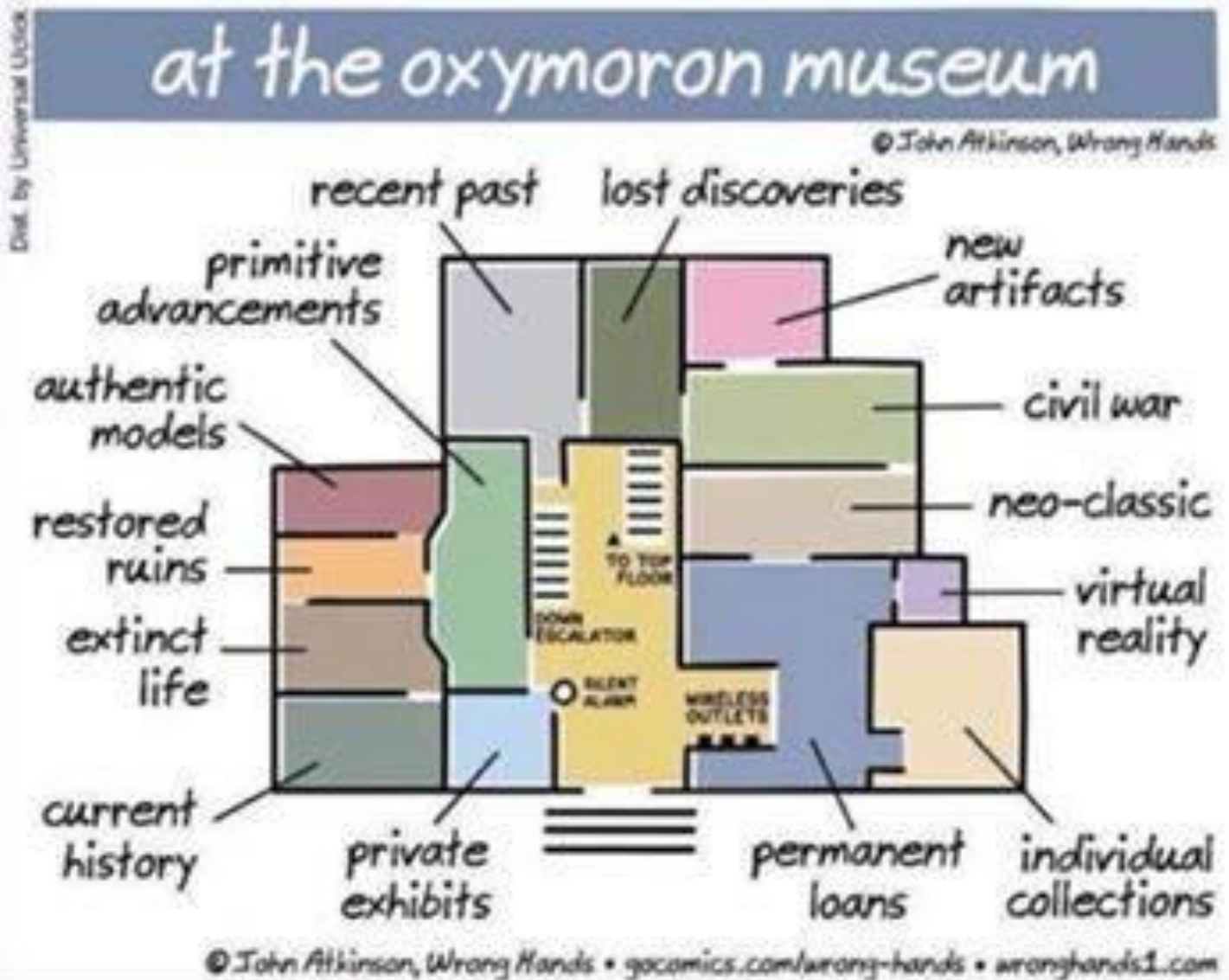
It's a Southern Thing is a YouTube channel and comedy outlet. They also post blog entries on their website. In December 2018, they posted the results of a feedback question they asked about favorite places in the South. So while scrolling through the page, there were the usual answers of various known and lesser known places in southern states, but then I came across one that really sort of surprised me, Lubbock, Texas!

<https://www.southernthing.com/favorite-places-in-the-south-2624044345.html>



(Scott W. Lang from Wikimedia Commons)

"Downtown Lubbock, Texas. After only being there for a few days, my heart was taken and I felt like I wanted to fully commit to living out there to attend college" -- Albert Helming IV



Saddle Break

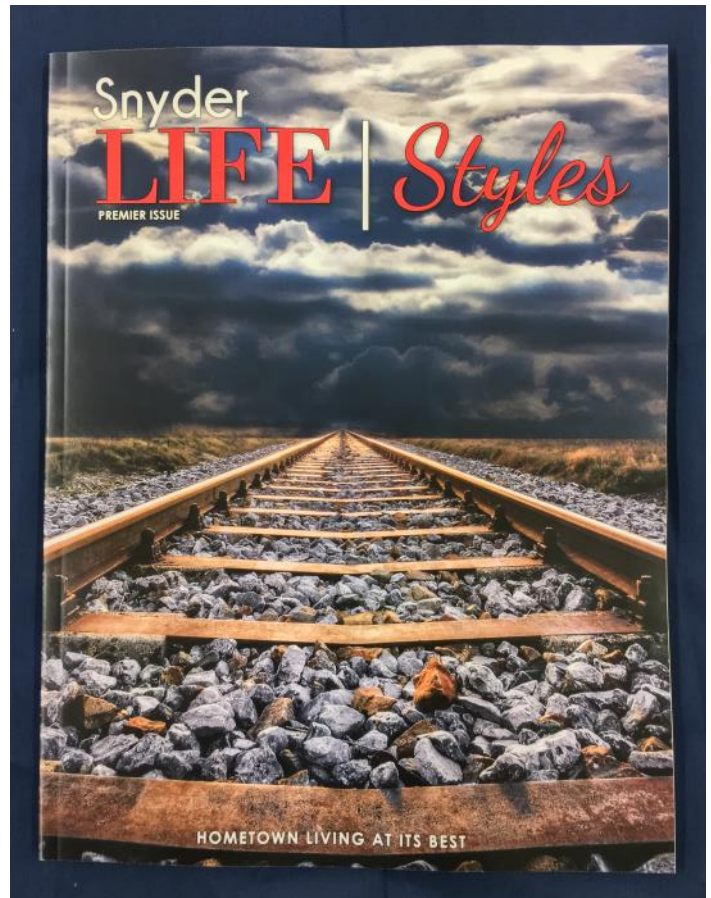
International #museumselfieday

January 16, 2019 was International Museum Selfie Day. So, here was my selfie at the museum.



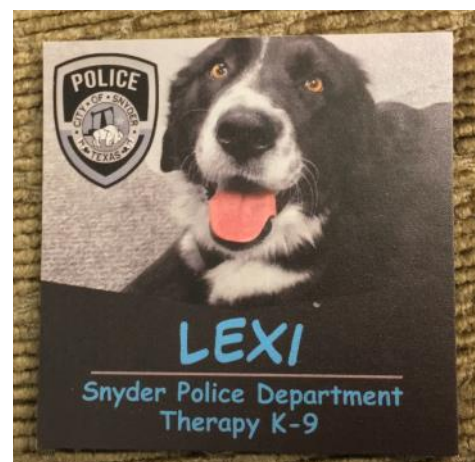
New Snyder Magazine

As a first for Snyder, a new comprehensive magazine featured popular things of Snyder. This fine magazine was extremely well done, but does make Snyder seem like a very cosmopolitan city! (Which it is not, but does make Snyder seem like a cool place to visit, anyway.)



New Police Dog

Snyder has a new police dog. Specifically, a new police therapy dog. The dog lives with the handler and makes the rounds to visit people. The dog even has her own business card! (right). The Snyder police department has one other dog, but it is trained for more serious police business. This handler says that Lexi is a very chill dog. She is also a rescue dog that has become well suited for therapy work!



Skijoring

Skijoring, noun [*skee-your-eeng*]

a winter sport in which a person on skis is pulled by a horse, a dog, or a motorized vehicle. It is derived from the Norwegian word *skikjøring*, meaning ski driving. Wikipedia

Skijoring is an unusual winter sport only found in places where there is enough snowfall every year to have this competition. Unlike regular skiing, skijoring is generally done on relatively flat areas with built up snow ramps. Equestrian skijoring is probably the most common in the United States, having arrived about a hundred years ago.

How equestrian skijoring works in the United States is a horse and rider in regular western saddle gear has a long rope attached to the saddle. A skier in typical skiing gear and equipment or sometimes in motor biking clothes holds on the other end of the rope that looks much like the kind in water skiing. The horse provides the forward motion while the skier does a course of jumps on snow ramps and tries to capture rings from poles.

There are several places in the United States where annual skijoring competition events happen:

- Leadville, Colorado
- Ridgway, Colorado
- Silverton, Colorado
- Steamboat Springs, Colorado
- Bellevue/Hailey, Idaho
- Skowhegan, Maine
- Canterbury Park, Minnesota
- Big Sky, Montana
- Bozeman, Montana
- Butte, Montana
- Helena, Montana
- Kalispell, Montana
- Lincoln, Montana
- Red Lodge, Montana
- West Yellowstone, Montana
- Whitefish, Montana
- Wisdom, Montana
- Midway, Utah
- Soldier Hollow, Utah
- Jackson Hole, Wyoming
- Pinedale, Wyoming
- Saratoga, Wyoming
- Sheridan, Wyoming
- Sundance, Wyoming

This photo is from 2009 of a skijoring competition in Leadville, Colorado. The skier slaloms between snow ramps and poles holding rings the skier tries to capture.

Side note: Having lived and worked in Leadville, the Sayer-McKee Drugs building in this photo collapsed in January 2014 and was eventually rebuilt and reopened as leased locations for two businesses. The one side is still empty while the other side opened as the Treeline Restaurant.



Favorite Teas

In the April 2013 issue of the journal, I had an article about my favorite iced teas from national restaurant chains. Now about six years later, I thought it was about time to give an update. Iced tea is most everywhere in the United States, but having tea options is not! Now, I'm not talking about hot tea nor am I talking about flavored teas or even the Arnold Palmer variety of tea. In the southern United States particularly, your options for tea (from here on always referring to iced tea) are two: unsweet (which is disgusting by itself) and sweet tea. Now for most places in the South from Texas to the Atlantic, sweet tea has a high ratio of sugar to tea. Because of this, it often tastes like a tea syrup instead of regular sweet tea. Over the past couple of decades, it seems like "southern sweet tea" has gotten higher in the amount of sugar added than it was before. So because of that, I have been changing the way I drink tea. I used to drink straight sweet tea, but it just got to be too much. So, I started doing half and half tea. But the sweet tea still just drowned out the unsweet. So now, I have been going $\frac{3}{4}$ unsweet and $\frac{1}{4}$ sweet and even then, it still tastes overly sweet, depending on the restaurant. When I make tea at home, I usually make about a gallon at a time and only add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sugar to the gallon. That way, it is just sweet enough to be drinkable without being a diabetic bomb!

In that last issue, I ranked the iced teas from restaurants. However, this time, I will give the teas ratings of how much I like them instead of rating them against each other.

Note: these are real brewed tea at the restaurants from large tea bags (commercial sized tea bags).

Chick-fil-a	★ ★ ★ ★ ★
McAlister's Deli	★ ★ ★ ★ ☆
Firehouse Subs	★ ★ ★ ★ ★
Slim Chickens	★ ★ ★ ☆ ☆
Pure Water Ice & Tea Co	★ ★ ★ ★ ☆
Pie Five Pizza	★ ★ ★ ★ ☆
Rosa's Café	★ ★ ★ ★ ★
Cracker Barrel	★ ★ ★ ★ ☆
Whataburger	★ ★ ★ ★ ☆
Rudy's BBQ	★ ★ ★ ★ ☆

New Recipe



I tried a variation of a new recipe and made what I am calling Green Chili Chicken Spaghetti. I tell you what, it was good! I used roasted chicken from the store, cream of chicken soup, fancy spaghetti, canned green chilis, and Amish cheddar cheese! It turned out really good and made a double batch! I ate it with some French bread, avocado, and iced tea.





THE SMOKY YEARS

By ALAN LE MAY

W. N. U. Release

INSTALLMENT 2 The Story So Far:

Dusty King and Lew Gordon were joint owners of the vast King-Gordon range which stretched from Texas to Montana. When building up this string of ranches, they continually had to fight the unscrupulous Ben Thorpe. Thorpe rivaled King-Gordon in power and wealth, but he had gained his position through wholesale cattle rustling and gunplay. Their opposing interests came to a showdown when the Government announced the auctioning of the Crying Wolf land in Montana. Bill Roper, King's adopted son, had inspected this territory and found it to contain an almost unbelievable wealth of grass. Bidding went high at the auction, but King beat out Thorpe to gain control at the land.

CHAPTER II

An hour spent in the Wells Fargo office with the deputy commissioner, filling out forms, signing papers, ended as Dusty King and Bill Roper stood with Lew Gordon on the board walk. It was the first time the three had had a word alone since the Crying Wolf had passed into the hands of King-Gordon. "Well," said Dusty King. "we got her."

"Maybe," Gordon said, "this is our chance. Maybe now we can get the cow business on a sound basis, here in the north, and have some order, and decent law."
"You'll never get a 'sound basis' until Ben Thorpe is bust," Dusty said. "What law enforcement we got in the West is rotten through and through with office holders that Thorpe owns."
"Some day," Gordon said slowly, "Ben Thorpe has got to go."
"Some day? Lew, we've got him beat!" King's exuberant mood of victory was not to be dampened. "You want law and order?" he chortled. "We'll show 'em law and order!"
"That puts me in mind," said Gordon. "A teller passed me this here to give to you." He handed Dusty King a little twisted scrap of paper, torn off the corner of something else. Dusty untangled it, looked at it a moment, showed it to the others. Five words were penciled on it in sprawling black letters:

IN GOD'S NAME LOOK OUT

"Who's this from, Lew?"
Gordon's lips moved almost soundlessly. "Dry Camp Pierce."

Roper knew that name, without knowing what lengths of outlawry had brought Dry Camp Pierce to where he was today. Rewards backed by Ben Thorpe were on Dry Camp's scalp over half the West; probably it was as much as his life was worth to show himself in Ogallala now.

"This note—"

Dusty King tossed it off with a shrug. "Oh—I suppose Thorpe is getting drunk some place and spouting off about what all he's going to do to me, when he catches up." Dusty's teeth showed in his infectious grin. "I suppose Dry Camp thought I ought to know about it."

"He's right, Dusty," Lew Gordon said. "We do want to look out, all of us, all the time."
"We always had to look out," Dusty scoffed. "It'll be the more so now. There isn't anything in the world Ben Thorpe's people will stop at, Dusty."

"Let 'em come on."

"We want to look out," Gordon said again.

"If you feel that way about it," said Dusty, "what was the idea of your working through that law we can't wear guns in town?"
Bill Roper said, "We could have brought it to an open shoot-out, five years ago—ten years ago. Better if we had."

Gordon shook his head. "Nothing ever gets fixed up with guns."

Dusty King pulled his hat a little more on one side so that he could wink at Bill Roper unobserved. But he said, "He's partly right, Bill. Ben Thorpe isn't just one man any more. Walk Lasham—Cleve Tanner—any one of a dozen others could step into his shoes. It's a whole rotten organization has to be busted up."

"Ben Thorpe downed, and they'll quit," Bill Roper thought.

"Ben Thorpe down and it's only begun," Dusty countered. "Get it out of your head that you can fix anything up by downing Ben Thorpe. Not while this organization stands in one piece. Might be a good idea for you to remember that, Bill, in case anything happens."

"Dusty," Bill said, "if ever they get you, by God, I'll get Ben Thorpe if it's the last—"

"No," said Dusty. "You hear me? No. If they get me—you'll remember what I said. You remember you're fighting a thing, and a big one; not just one man." His face crinkled in that familiar, contagious grin. "Forget it! Dry Camp's spooky, that's all."

He hooked an arm through his partner's, and went swaggering off.

Ten paces down the walk he stopped, turned, and came back. He leaned close to Roper. "If

Honest Bill Roper turns outlaw. Or so it seemed. There was a reason. There is also a girl you'll like in

The Smoky Years

By Alan LeMay

Start Reading It Now

anything should happen, kid—remember what I said."

CHAPTER III

That Lew Gordon had a daughter was not so surprising as that he had only one. Single-minded, he clung all his life to the memory of the wife he had lost when their first child was born.

Jody Gordon was twenty now. She didn't exactly run Lew Gordon; nobody did that. But it was fairly apparent that his stubborn bid for supremacy in western cattle was intended in her behalf, and without her would have been meaningless to him.

Because Gordon hadn't wanted his girl filtering around through the press of Ben Thorpe's ruffians at the auction, getting his own boys into fights, Jody Gordon was waiting here for news of what had happened to the Crying Wolf. Bill Roper vaulted the foolish little picket Bale, scuffed the mud off his boots on the high front steps, and let himself in. He sent a Comanche war gobble ringing through the house, but Jody was already flying into the room.

"Did you get it? Did you get it?"

"All of it!"

Jody flung herself at him, and kissed him; so sweet, so vital, so completely feminine that he wanted to keep her close to him. But she broke away again as he tried to hold her.

"How much did it cost?"

"Seventy cents—gold."

Jody's breath caught. "Can we come out on it?"

"Sure we can come out on it. Not a cent less would've turned the trick. Dusty—"

Jody sat on a walnut table that had come all

THE SMOKY YEARS

By ALAN LE MAY

W. N. U. Release

the way from St. Louis, and swung her feet. The story seemed to tickle her in more ways than one. "I can just see you all," she said, "standing around making an impression on each other."

He turned from the window, and she was laughing at him as he had thought, her mouth smothered with her fingers.

"Come here a minute," he said, going toward her.

She twisted from the edge of the table, as if to put it between them, but she was too late. His rope-hard fingers caught her wrist, and held her as easily as if he had dallied a calf to the horn.

"Listen," he begged her.

"Listen—"

He caught her up, clamped an arm behind her head, and kissed her hard. Hard, and for a long time.

So long as she was rigid in his arms, fighting him, he held her; but when she stood limp, neither yielding nor resisting, his arms relaxed, and Jody tore herself free. She lashed out at him like a little mustang, striking him across the mouth. Her face was white, all that quick, irrepressible laughter gone, as for a moment she looked at him. A trickle of blood ran from Bill Roper's lips, and made a crooked mark on his chin. Then she turned and fled.

When she was gone Bill Roper stood still, sucking his cut lips. After a little while he went to the window, instinctively turning to open space for his answers. He could remember Jody Gordon as a little tow-headed kid, before her hair had darkened into the elusive misty brown that it was now. Or as a colt-legged girl with scratches on her shins from riding bare-legged through the sage. Or as a peculiarly tempestuous, uncertain thing, neither child nor woman. But this latest phase he couldn't understand at all. He picked up his hat, and for a little while stood turning it in his hands. Then he threw it in the corner, and went searching through the house.

Jody was in the tallest of the four foolish towers. From here you could see the town, and the slim, glittering line of the railroad, connecting these far plainsmen with a world hungry for beef.

Jody said matter-of-factly, "We've got to

have more loading pens, Bill."

Bill's face broke into a slow grin. Abruptly he laid hard hands on disused sashes, and broke them open. Into their little cubicle flowed the sweet air of the open prairie sweep, inspiring with the fresh smell of the new grass.

She said, "Tell me about your new job."

"It isn't new."

"They said that you'd be the new boss of the Crying Wolf, if we got it," Jody said.

For more years than he could remember, he had been working toward this opportunity—the chance to take two years, or three, with such-and-such cattle, on such-and-such land, and show that he could pay out on market

deliveries in pounds of beef. But now—a million horns and hoofs didn't seem to mean so much.

Something was here—something that wasn't any place else—not on the long trail, not in the wild terminal towns. He knew now he had to tell her that, and he dreaded it, because she probably would think it was funny. He wouldn't look at her as he spoke, because he didn't want to see her laughing at him.

"I don't know as I'm so much interested as I was," he said.

"Why, Billy—not interested in the Crying Wolf—nearly five hundred square miles of feeder land! What's come over you?"

"I guess maybe I'm tired of riding alone," Bill said.

"Alone? With all the outfit you'll have—I wouldn't call it alone."

"I would. Grass country is lonely country," he said now, "as lonely as the dry plains. You get to wondering what the everlasting cattle add up to, in the course of a life. Then some night you know you don't care what they add up to; and you think, 'Damn fat beef!'"

"Why, Billy—why, Billy—"

"None of it means a damn, without you're there," he told her. "Working cattle doesn't mean anything, because you'll always have all the cattle you need anyway; and no long trail means anything, without you're at the end of it. I'm sick of long drive-trails, empty of you at the end."

There was a long, motionless silence; he kept his eyes on the far sand hills as presently she leaned forward to look up into his face.

"You really mean it, don't you?" Jody said.

Jody's words came very faint, and a little breathless.

"Why didn't you say so before?"

He looked at her then, and she wasn't laughing. In her eyes was a new, grave light, such as he had never seen; a warm light, a beloved light, better than sunset to a weary day-rider who has worked leather since before dawn. Timorously, but very willingly, she came into his arms; and he held her as if she were not only a very precious but a very fragile thing. For a little while it seemed that one trail, a trail longer than the Long Trail itself, had come to its end.

"Can't believe," he said at last, his lips in her hair, "you're sure-enough mine."

"All yours—all, all"

They had one hour, there in the prairie lookout tower, discovering each other, getting acquainted as if for the first time. The sun went down in a gorgeous welter or color. Jody shivered a little. "I wish Dad and Dusty would come. Especially Dusty."

"Why?"

"He has so many enemies. Some of them are dangerous as diamond-backs. It worries me when he's due and doesn't get back."

"Dusty'll take care of himself." Bill Roper chuckled, and held her closer.

One half hour more...

Up from the town came a crazily ridden horse, splashing mud eaves-high under the urge of spur and quirt.

"He'll lame his pony if he goes down in that slick," Bill commented. "Now what do you suppose—"

The rider tried to pull up in front of the house, and the frantic pony swerved and slid, mouth wide open to the sky. Its shoulder crashed the fence, taking down a dozen feet of pickets.

The rider tumbled off, ran up the steps to hammer on the door.

Roper went clattering down the stairs, pulled open the door. "Now listen, you—"

"Bill—Dusty—Mr. King—he—"

Bill Roper froze, and there was a long moment of paralyzed silence. "Spit it out, man" Roper shouted at him.

"Bill—he's daid!"

"Who—who—"

"Dusty King's daid Bill, they gunned him—they gunned him down!"

"Who did?"

"Tain't known. Mr. Gordon's there; he—"

Bill Roper walked out past the cowboy stiffly, like a man gone blind. Without knowing what he did he walked down to the gate, and stood gripping the pickets with his two hands.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



But she broke away as he tried to hold her.

Vintage Instruments



Some time back, I came across a video on YouTube with an interesting title, “Orkestra Obsolete play Blue Monday using 1930s instruments - BBC Arts”. The video was posted on March 10, 2016. This is the same day as the original release of the song *Blue Monday* by New Order that was released on March 7, 1983. In this video, people are playing the song only on instruments used in the 1930s! These next few pages show what was used and what they are called. You can watch the video here:

www.youtube.com/watch?v=cHLbaOLWjpc

Original song: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LQaehcfXvK0>



Victrola with scratched 78 rpm record



Vintage Instruments



Theremin



Upright bass



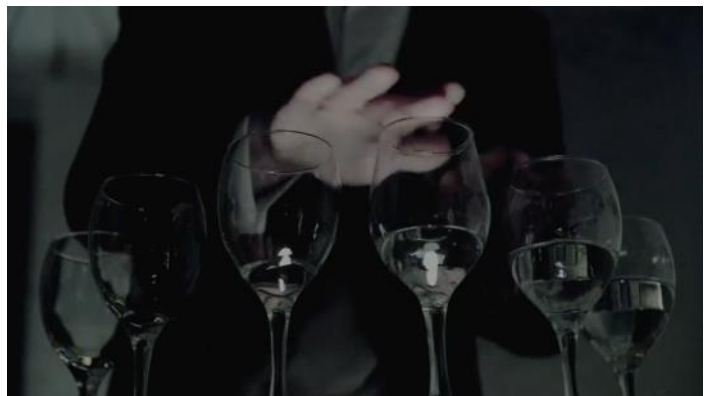
Diddley Bow



1930s Drum Kit (bass, horns, cymbal, snare, gong)



Musical Saw



Singing Glasses

Vintage Instruments



Hammered Dulcimer



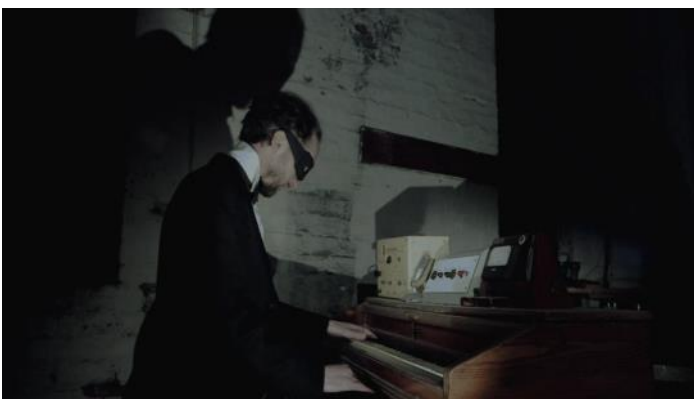
Zither



Prepared Piano



Slit Drum



Harmonium (pump organ)



Dulcitone

Other instruments include a Banjo-Uke, vocals, Metronome, and a radio for static distortion.

Artwork Abstract

Spiral Jetty by Robert Smithson

Spiral Jetty is an earthen sculpture made in April of 1970 by American sculptor Robert Smithson (1938-1973). The sculpture is located on the Great Salt Lake in Utah at Rozel Point. It juts out from the shore of the lake creating a counterclockwise coil to the left where the width of the path is 15 feet and the length of the coil is 1500 feet long. I could not find the overall width and length dimensions. The sculpture is constructed of mud, precipitated salt crystals, and basalt. Depending on the water level of the lake, the sculpture can be completely dry, partly wet, or completely under water, in this case, under very salty water. The sculpture was named Utah's official state work of art in 2017 and is owned by Dia Art Foundation.



This is a view of Spiral Jetty from above as captured on Google Earth with a date of May 2010. Note the receded water line just to the west of the sculpture.

This is a view of Spiral Jetty from Rozel Point. Clearly, this photo was taken in winter with the snow and ice and also while the water was full in the lake but not covering the sculpture.



Merry Heart Doeth Good

Proverbs 17:22, “A merry heart does good, like medicine...”

A blonde and a redhead have a ranch. They have just lost their bull. The women need to buy another, but only have \$500. The redhead tells the blonde, “I will go to the market and see if I can find one for under that amount. If I can, I will send you a telegram.” She goes to the market and finds one for \$499. Only having only one dollar left, she goes to the telegraph office and finds out that it costs one dollar per word. She is stumped on how to tell the blonde to bring the truck and trailer. Finally, she tells the telegraph operator to send the word “comfortable”. Skeptical, the operator asks, “How will she know to come with the trailer from just that word?” The redhead replies, “She’s a blonde so she will have to read the word slowly: ‘Com for ta ble.’ ” (Come for the bull)

Mr. and Mrs. Brown had two sons. One was named Mind Your Own Business and the other was named Trouble. One day the two boys decided to play hide and seek. Trouble hid while Mind Your Own Business counted to one hundred. Mind Your Own Business began looking for his brother behind garbage cans and bushes. Then, he started looking in and under cars until a policeman approached him and asked, “What are you doing?” “Playing a game” the boy replied. “What is your name?” the officer questioned. “Mind Your Own Business” Furious, the policeman inquired, “Are you looking for trouble?!” The boy replied, “Why, yes.”

A teacher asked her students to use the word “beans” in a sentence. “My father grows beans” said one girl. “My mother cooks beans” said a boy. A third student spoke up, “We are all human beans”.

A mom texts, “Hi! Son, what does IDK, LY, & TTYL mean?” He texts back, “I Don’t Know, Love You, & Talk To You Later.” The mom texts him, “It’s ok, don’t worry about it. I’ll ask your sister, love you too.”

A husband and wife were driving through Louisiana. As they approached Natchitoches, they started arguing about the pronunciation of the town. They argued back and forth, then they stopped for lunch. At the counter, the husband asked the blonde waitress, “Before we order, could you please settle an argument for us? Would you please pronounce where we are very slowly?” She leaned over the counter and said, “Burr-gerrr Kiiing.”
[NACK-a-tish]

Two guys are walking through a game park and they come across a lion that has not eaten for days. The lion starts chasing the two men. They run as fast as they can and the one guy starts getting tired and decides to say a prayer, “Please turn this lion into a Christian, Lord.” He looks to see if the lion is still chasing and he sees the lion on its knees. Happy to see his prayer answered, he turns around and heads towards the lion. As he comes closer to the lion, he hears the it saying a prayer: “Thank you Lord for the food I am about to receive.”

Teacher: “What is the chemical formula for water?”
Student: “HIJKLMNO.”
Teacher: “What are you talking about?”
Student: “Yesterday you said it's H to O!”

I couldn’t figure out why the baseball kept getting larger. Then it hit me.

A little girl and her older brother were visiting their grandfather’s farm. The older brother decided to play a trick on his younger sister. He told her that he discovered a man eating chicken. The girl was frightened, and ran inside in fear. Then the older brother heard his little sister scream. He ran inside immediately. She was screaming at their grandfather, who was chowing down on fried chicken. “What is it?” he asked. The sister turned in fear saying, “IT’S A MAN EATING CHICKEN!”

Public Domain

As of January 1 of this year, many popularly known items from 1923 came into the public domain. Apparently, these items had a delay of 20 years until this year before being released. Not since 1998 has such a large release of items become part of the public domain (items expiring copyright from 1922), essentially skipping an entire generation of people. Until now, the twentieth century has pretty much been excluded as being part of the public domain. Smithsonian Magazine online stated, “In 1998, Disney was one of the loudest in a choir of corporate voices advocating for longer copyright protections. At the time, all works published before January 1, 1978, were entitled to copyright protection for 75 years; all author’s works published on or after that date were under copyright for the lifetime of the creator, plus 50 years.” Needless to say, the application of copyright laws was dependent upon when a work was done. The webpage also showed, “Congress passed the Sonny Bono Copyright Term Extension Act, named for the late singer, songwriter and California representative, adding 20 years to the copyright term.” One huge reason why Disney was so vocal 20 years ago about the copyright expiration

is because of Mickey Mouse. *Steamboat Willie*, the animated short featuring Mickey Mouse was made in 1928 and its copyright was set to expire in 2004. There is a whole lot more to it that I don’t quite understand, but as of this year, here are a few items that are now part of the public domain that you are free to do with however you please with no restrictions (but still good to give attribution!):

- *The Ten Commandments*, directed by Cecil B. DeMille
- *The Pilgrim*, directed by Charlie Chaplin
- Winston S. Churchill, *The World Crisis*
- Robert Frost, *New Hampshire*
- *Yes! We Have No Bananas*, w.&m. Frank Silver & Irving Cohn
- *Charleston*, w.&m. Cecil Mack & James P. Johnson
- *Tin Roof Blues*, m. Leon Roppolo, Paul Mares, George Brunies, Mel Stitzel, & Benny Pollack
- *Eyes of the Forest* Tom Mix western

There is a whole lot more than I can even begin to list here: <https://law.duke.edu/cspd/publicdomainday/2019/>



Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening
By Robert Frost, 1922

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

Lonesome Dove—30 Years

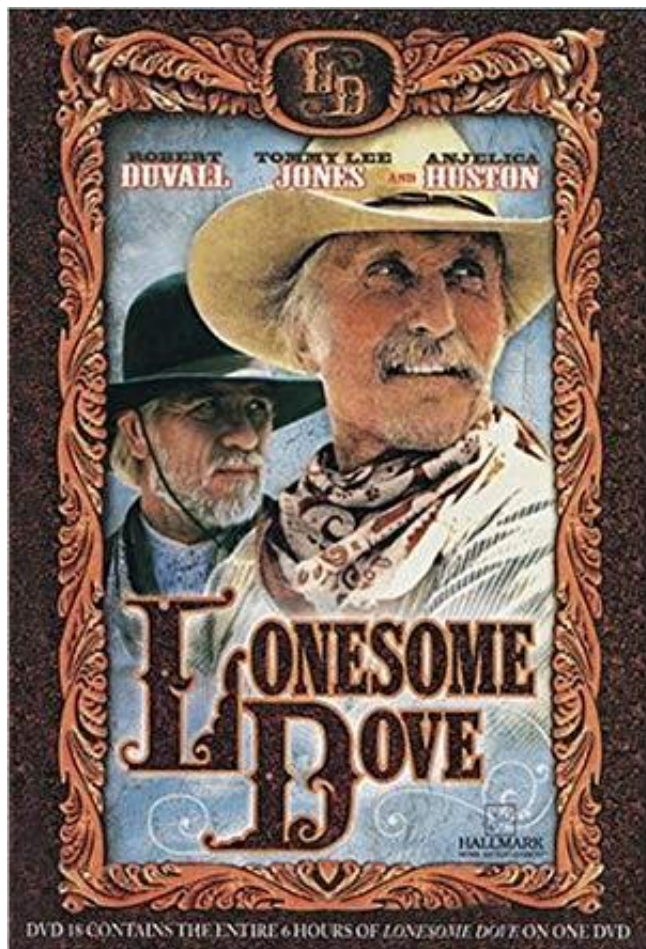
The original Lonesome Dove movie was a made for TV mini series that aired on CBS on February 5 through 8, 1989. This four part series on TV was based on the novel by the same name by Larry McMurtry. The movie version was written by William D. Whittliff. This nearly all star cast featured well established actors like Robert Duvall, Tommy Lee Jones, Danny Glover, Diane Lane, Anjelica Huston, Ricky Schroder, Robert Urich, Frederic Forrest, D.B. Sweeney, Chris Cooper, and Barry Corbin, among others.

The main premise of the film is of the extensive story lines of travel that a team of cattlemen and cowboys experience while herding cattle and horses from South Texas to the mostly uninhabited big sky country of Montana. The general time period is the late 1870s before barbed wire cut up the land.

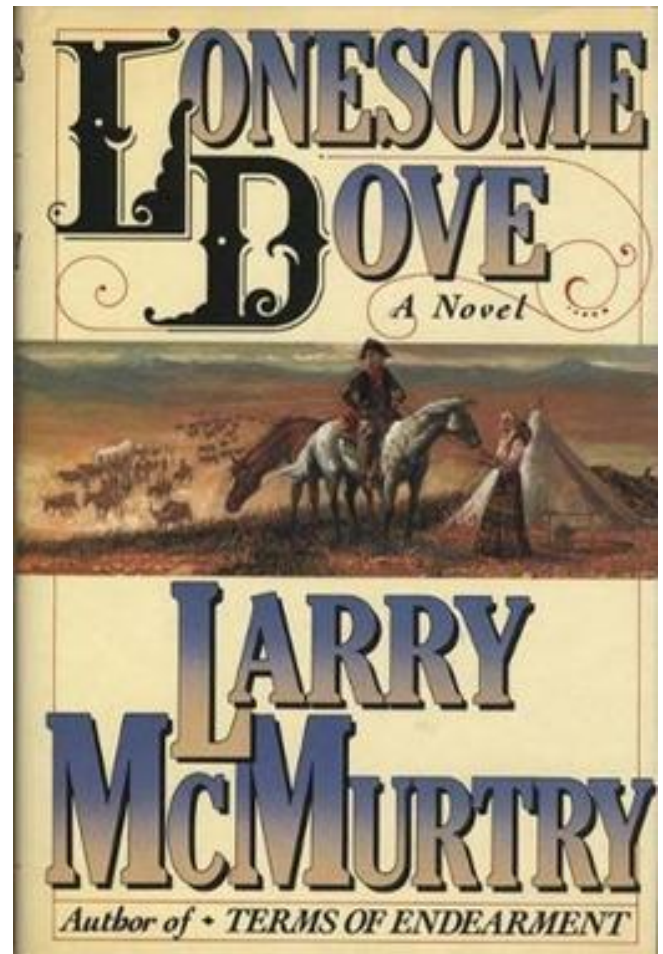
In my experience since living in Texas, there has been a long standing following of cowboys who have watched the movie many times over not as a western, but as an earlier time period of the same life they live. It is not about a fake story movie, but about relating to the same experience they have personally experienced in their own work and handling of livestock. So for them, they directly understand the many trials, joys, hardships, travels, and relationships that the film presents with many of them having done the exact same things.

The entire series has been available on DVD for a while, and reading the synopsis on Wikipedia provides a really good idea of what happens in each of the four parts of the movie:

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lonesome_Dove_\(miniseries\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lonesome_Dove_(miniseries))



DVD cover art of mini series film



Book cover of original novel by Larry McMurtry

Lonesome Dove—30 Years

In July 2018, the National Ranching Heritage Center in Lubbock opened an exhibit in the McKanna Gallery of the museum about the Lonesome Dove mini series. Actually, the exhibit is still at the NRHC now nine months later. It is a travelling exhibit that features items relating to the making of the film: photos, scripts, props, and various sketches of sets, costumes, scenes, and cinematography. There were only a few actual items, while most of it were reproductions made for the exhibit, but it gave a really good idea of the ideas, details, and concepts that went into making the film.



Title Panel for the exhibition: The Making of Lonesome Dove An American Masterpiece



View of the exhibition in the McKanna Gallery



View of the exhibition in the McKanna Gallery



Reproduction of business sign for Hat Creek Cattle Company

Reproduction of detail of dove painted on false front of general store.

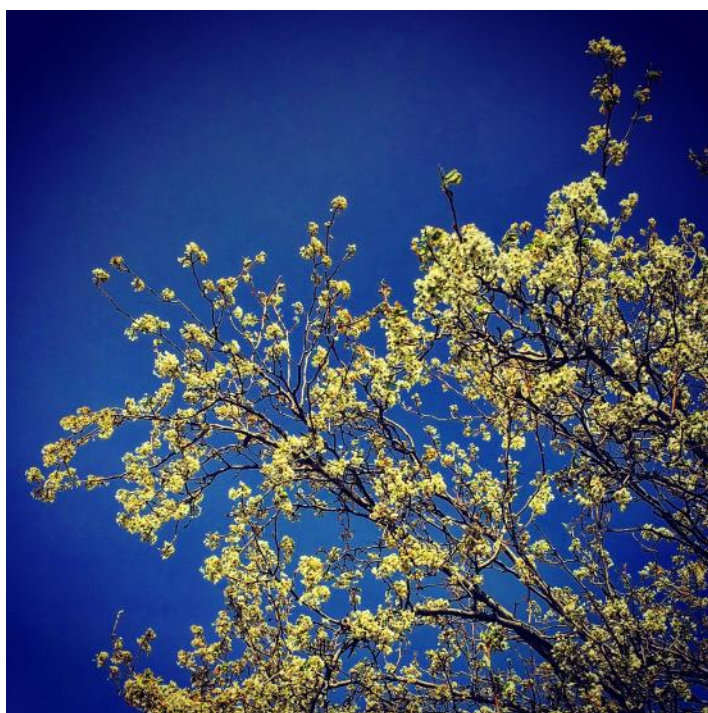
RG's Instagram Photos



Little chicks



Hungry



Spring Bradford Pear



Bradford Pear in Spring

RG's Instagram Photos



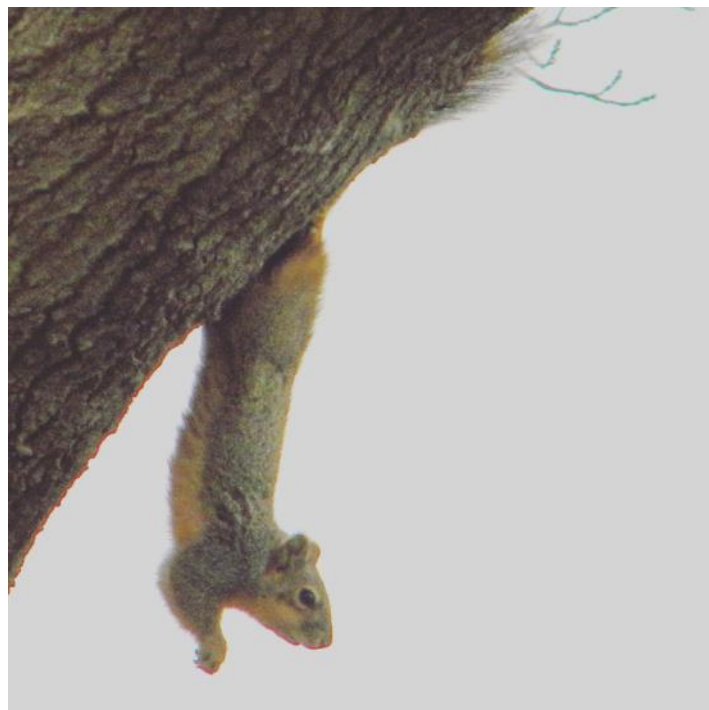
Squirrel!



Classic Pose.



Rough Neighborhood.



How do they do that??

RG's Instagram Photos



Be My Valentine?



Honk!



Windmill



Follow the Leader

RG's Instagram Photos



Goose Tracks



Presunset



Dark Winter Skies



Honk!

Vintage Comics

CHILDREN, STOP THAT RACKET! YOU'LL WAKE THE CAPTAIN!

COMIC SECTION
OF THE
NEW YORK AMERICAN

November 21, 1915

Copyright, 1915, by Blue Company. (From British Eagle Journal)

The Original Katzenjammer Kids



Classifieds

THE WESTERN MOUNTAINEER.

VOL. I.

GOLDEN CITY, JEFFERSON, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1859.

NO. 2.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE MOUNT VERNON TOWN COMPANY,

ARE now ready and willing to donate lots to all who will improve them. This town is located at the entrance of one of the greatest thoroughfares in the Territory of Jefferson, to wit, the Denver, Auraria, and Colorado Wagon-Road. The town is located twelve miles West of Denver and Auraria. Timber and building stone, lime and coal are abundant in the vicinity. Persons wishing donation shares would do well to call on the secretary at Mt. Vernon, and receive their shares.

By order of the board of directors,
J. CASTO,
no 11 6m Secretary of the company.

SIGN PAINTING!

By J. H. BIRD, GOLDEN CITY.
ORDERS left at the Boston company's store will be promptly executed and on reasonable terms.

Hotel.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN HOUSE,
Corner Ford and Second sts.
GOLDEN CITY.

By J. M. JOHNSON.
Ho 883 and mule: to let. no 11 6m

MCCLEERY'S RANCH,

By D. & C. A. McCLEERY.
On Clear Creek.

EIGHT miles from Golden city on the main road to the Platte, and four miles from Denver, on the road to Shian Pa's and Boulder. A free bridge and good hotel accommodations.
no 11 6m.

LIVERY & FEED STABLE.

SADDLE PONIES & PACK animals to let on reasonable terms. Hay and grain for sale.
J. R. GILBERT,
no 11 6m Platte street, Golden City.

CITY BAKERY

and Dining Saloons.

Blake st. Denver. & Ferry st. Auraria.
The above establishments are fitted up in a superior style, and are now prepared to furnish

MEALS & LODGINGS
at all hours. at
PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

Connected with these establishments is a stock yard, with a good supply of hay on hand.
sm E. KARCEWSKY & CO.

GOLDEN CITY HOUSE,

T. P. BOYD, Proprietor.

On Washington Avenue, immediately adjoining the upper bridge, south side of Clear Creek.
no 11 6m

VASQUEZ HOUSE,

Ferry Street, Auraria,

By HUGHS & BRYANT.

Board by the day or week on reasonable terms.
no 11 6m

ELDORADO

Billiard Saloon & Restaurant.

Larimer St., Denver.

Boarding by the day or week. Meals at all hours.
J. G. SIMMS.

JEFFERSON HOUSE,

Washington Avenue, Golden City.

By HARVEY & WRIGHT.
no 11 6m

BLACKSMITHING.

THE BOSTON COMPANY are prepared to do

BLACKSMITHING,

of every description, at short notice, and at reasonable rates.

FLOUR constantly on hand and for sale by
PRICE & HARRIS.

DAVIDSON, BREATH & Co.

Washington Avenue, Golden city,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALERS IN

READY MADE

CLOTHING!

BLANKETS, BOOTS & SHOES,
HOSIERY & GLOVES,
HARDWARE, GROCERIES &
PROVISIONS,

and a general assortment of
MINERS' SUPPLIES.

PRICES as low as the lowest.

GOLD DUST taken in exchange for goods at \$16 and \$18 pr. oz.
no 11 6m

CRITERION SALOON

and Restaurant.

Larimer street, Denver City.

ED. JUMPS, Proprietor.

I keep constantly on hand, the best of

WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS &c.

My restaurant is furnished with all the delicacies the country affords. I can accommodate one hundred boarders. Please give me a call, as I flatter myself that I can please every one.
no 11 6m

APOLLO SALOON

and Restaurant.

Larimer st., near Cherry Creek, Denver.

By BARNEY BROTHERS.

The bar is furnished with the best liquors, and the table with the best the country affords. Theatre in the hall above.
sm

BACON constantly on hand and for sale by
no 11 6m PRICE & HARRIS.

Upcoming Issues

Here are some topics I plan to include in future issues, not necessarily the very next issue, but eventually.

de Stolfe Journal.....



Historical Posts

Texas has a well organized distribution of historical markers throughout the state. Just about anywhere you go in the state, there is a marker. I'll include some from West Texas.



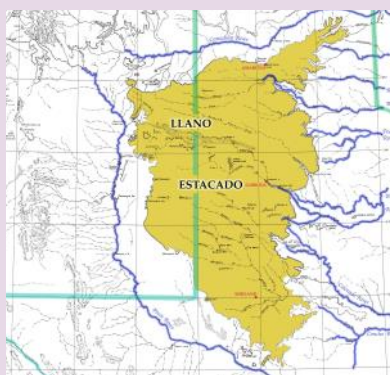
Old Tascosa

Since I covered the topic of Tascosa in several issues, let's include more history of the town itself. (This image shows the back of the schoolhouse.)



Cowboy Strike

In fortuitous manner, I came across an online article some time back talking about a cowboy strike. It happened to take place in Tascosa, Texas! I'll cover more of the article and the event.



Llano Estacado

Llano Estacado means staked plains and is a region of high plains in the south of the country that covers part of Panhandle Texas and eastern New Mexico.

The de Stolfe Journal *Candid* is a publication made by Robert-George de Stolfe. The first issue was published in March 1986 as the de Stolfe Journal and published irregularly until 1998 (17 issues total). The *Candid* variety of the Journal started in July 2012, with a production now of over 60 regular and special issues. Archives of all issues—including the original ones (1980s-1990s)—are available on the website: www.tophandgraphics.com/rg/journals

Publisher/Owner/Editor
Robert-George de Stolfe

Graphics/Layout*







Robert-George de Stolfe

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Back Page Literature

This issue's Back Page Literature is my most recent writing. Snyder and Scurry County generally have a large number of historical markers. So, I decided to write an article about one to include in the member newsletter of the Scurry County Museum where I work. Here is the same article I included in the newsletter (the original writing was much longer!)

The O.K. Wagon Yard
By Robert-George de Stolfe

Scurry County has a large number of Texas historical markers within its "square" borders, 61 of them according to the Texas Historical Commission, with 49 of them in Snyder alone and more than a dozen on or near the courthouse square. One particular marker of interest was dedicated on April 19 of 1971 and is located on the northeast corner of 24th Street and Avenue R with the title, Site of O. K. Wagon Yard. The text on this sign describes the local color of Snyder in its early days and is packed with a variety of details that is clearly modeled after a writing by John Portis that was published in the Snyder Daily News on April 19, 1970. He stated that the O.K. Wagon Yard was owned by brothers Bill and Drew Taylor. But what exactly is a wagon yard?

A wagon yard served as an overnight stop for people traversing by horse drawn wagon well before the widespread use of automobiles as transportation. Being a much slower method of transportation, wagon travel could take a day just to go from one county to another. A wagon yard could be described as similar to what an RV park is today. Portis added in his writing that "cow boys would come into town and stay here in the not so modern cabins" that "were furnished with a cot and a coal stove" costing two bits (twenty-five cents) a night and that the horse boarded for an additional two bits. A short article in the Snyder Daily News on April 21 of 1971, stated that Dean Cochran had a memory of spending the night at the wagon yard in 1924. He stated that there was someone on duty all night to take care of the horses, but also vividly remembered smelling the smoke from the mesquite stump fire glowing in the midst of the yard every night while people took advantage of the yard's conveniences, often whittling and talking.

One reliable way to establish how the wagon yard was laid out is by maps made by The Sanborn Map Company of New York who created maps to document towns for fire insurance. A Sanborn map in 1911 showed Snyder having at least five wagon yards within a couple blocks radius of the courthouse square with one at the site of the O.K. Wagon Yard. The 1911 map and another one in 1920 show the previous street names: Church Street became Avenue R, Borden Street became 23rd Street, and North Street became 24th Street. Jackass Avenue (in reference to a male donkey) for Church Street is likely an early informal name for the road before the first formal names were assigned. Another Sanborn map in 1936 showed the

location as basically empty except for two structures that were different from the earlier maps, confirming that the wagon yard was demolished sometime between 1920 and 1936. Portis wrote that "in the early thirties, progress overtook the wagon yard and it was torn down" which he thought was because "the automobile replaced the wagon".

In a general letter written in 1970, Hugh Boren Jr described the First Mondays. "During the years 1932 through 1938, the O.K. Wagon Yard became a place where First Monday was held. This was THE DAY... throughout the county and elsewhere... when all people brought in their wares to trade. Farmers, ranchers, hoss traders, mule skimmers, women, children, or anybody brought anything they had that they wanted to swap for something else. This was mostly done on a barter basis." Another name for this is a "swap meet" or a "flea market" or today would be simply called a yard sale. It is possible that the First Mondays continued for several years on the same lot even after the wagon yard itself was gone.

Another very popular activity on the wagon yard grounds by the livery and pens was the precursor of today's rodeos. Organized competitions did not start until 1929 with the creation of the Rodeo Association of America. Before then, cowboys would gather and simply edge each other in friendly dares of skill. In the letter by Hugh Boren Jr, he stated, "possibly as early as 1916, I remember my first rodeo. The place... [was] at the O.K. Wagon Yard... The show started with a banter of one cowboy saying to the other that he could not ride a certain "bronk", meaning an unbroken horse. The bantering, betting, and arguments went on for several minutes, until the one cowboy said, "If you will raise \$1.50, I will saddle and ride him." This in itself was quite a show, which led to the passing of the hat around to the spectators, some 15 or 20 people." Boren stated that he put in 7¢ and while only 75¢ was collected, the show continued. Portis stated, "a cowboy would ear down [get ahold of] a bronc, saddle him up, and top him off [ride him] or vice versa [get bucked off]." Boren also provided paragraphs of outstanding detail of what happened with the catching of a horse, saddling, and the "bucking, belling, and bawling" of the bronc. He even identified this specific rider as Booger Red. Another interesting point he stated was that there were no women around watching the action, which allowed Booger, "a rather expressive sort of cowboy", to cuss his way through the ride!

Today, the southwest corner of the lot where the marker is and where the livery and pens were has a building that was the old post office, while the northwest corner where the wagon yard itself was is the Snyder Chamber of Commerce & Visitor Center. An article in the Lubbock Avalanche-Journal in January of 1976 stated, "When excavation began for the new [Chamber] building, workers unearthed relics of that past including horseshoes and harnesses from the famous OK Wagon Yard where the action was in early day Snyder." Indeed, the OK Wagon Yard saw much action in the span of its existence.