

September 30, 2018 | 7.7

de Stolfe Journal Candid



Journal Contents

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de Stolfe Journal Candid

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







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Candid Comments



Producer, RG de Stolfe

On The Cover

Front: Photo from the plane on my way to Florida. The photo is somewhere in west Duval County in Jacksonville.

Back: This photo is also from the plane on my return trip. The photo shows the fields somewhere near Lorenzo.

Well, here we are three fourths of the way through 2018! My year so far has been interesting with new opportunities and new experiences. I've already covered most of it in the past issues, but I have been travelling and doing a few things over the past couple of months.

In the last issue, I extensively covered my two weeks in Colorado in July/August with going to Colorado Springs and Leadville. At the end of August for a week, I flew to Jacksonville, and boy are my arms tired (bitty boom, tink!). Okay, so seriously, I went to Jacksonville, Florida to see mom and work on a few miscellaneous projects. It was nice to see Florida again now that it has been about a year and a half since I was last there. But being August, I clearly was reminded why I don't much like high humidity!

*They do exist!!
White Pumpkin Pie M&M's!*

In mid September, I drove back up to Colorado Springs for a few days to finish a project I started when I was there the previous month. That was a very short trip where I did not do much but the project, but I did do a few interesting things on the way up and on the way back.

Near the end of September, I drove a short distance away from Lubbock to a particular town for a very specific reason. I will cover this topic in the next issue, so you will just need to wait! :-)

We are now officially in Fall and all that comes with the season: pumpkins, colored leaves, football, and pumpkin flavored everything! To be quite honest, I never really went all that crazy over pumpkin flavored stuff, just pumpkin pie. This year however, I did decide to try some things. Cheerios has a pumpkin spice cereal which is pretty tasty and I have heard about some pumpkin pie M&M's that sound like they would be really good. Every year around this time, Costco has their giant pumpkin pie for \$5.99, and it's good! (And it's A LOT of pie!) Every year, I buy an assortment of pumpkins, gourds, and squash for decorating, which I'll do sometime soon. One time a number of years ago in the 2000s, I made a fully homemade pie. I bought the recommended type of gourd and roasted it to make the puree, then made the pie as I normally would. As I recall, it came out fine, but I probably would not go through the trouble to do it again.

This issue contains much of my usual random stuff and places I've been and things I've done. Have fun going through this issue!

RG



Word for Life

More Than an Overcomer

Starting in January 2017, I decided that I would read the Bible starting at Genesis 1:1 and read mostly straight through until I get to the end of the Old Testament, reading one or two chapters at a time. I decided to do this because reading devotionals are an interpretation of the Word of God, and I decided that I wanted to read the Word of God directly as a devotional. There are many books and chapters of the Old Testament I have never read. I also wanted to learn more about the people that the entire aspect of Christianity is based upon, The Jewish people. So, as I read the many books and chapters, I learn more about who the Jews are and about the promised Messiah, who is Jesus. I really did not know much about the history of the Jews and the several thousands of years of their existence. It has been a real eye opener in just how many scandalous things happened over that long span of time! And this was long before Jesus came to the earth.

Now a little less than two years later, I am as far as Jeremiah, having fully read 18 books. I did decide to skip Job, Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and Song of Solomon for now, and I'll come back to those books at some later point.

So recently as I was reading through a chapter in Jeremiah, I came across these verses in Jeremiah 17:7-8:

- ⁷ “Blessed is the man who trusts in the Lord,
And whose hope is the Lord.
⁸ For he shall be like a tree planted by the waters,
Which spreads out its roots by the river,
And will not fear when heat comes;
But its leaf will be green,
And will not be anxious in the year of drought,
Nor will cease from yielding fruit.

This seems extremely fitting for today! In a current world of continual assault on our senses, beliefs, and Christian lifestyles that tries to bombard us to shreds, we need to know that we know that we know that we know who is our Provider and who is our Rock! If you are a person of the saved, our Rock is Jesus (Matthew 16:18) and our provider is God Jehovah (Philippians 4:19).

The tree refers to the believer and the roots refers to the groundedness in God. The waters refer to the Word of God that supplies nutrients (spiritual sustenance) and sustains life. The heat refers to the trials and problems we face, but the green leaves and the yield of fruit show that we continually grow and thrive despite and in spite of hardships and problems! Because of that, we have peace not anxiousness nor fear in the midst of trials and problems. Likewise, we are blessed, victorious, and more than overcomers! (Also see Psalm 1:3)



Recent Travelling

Within about a two month period, I did a bunch of travelling over many miles, some by driving and some by plane. In my last issue, I covered my trip to Colorado Springs and Leadville from late July into August. A little over two weeks later, I flew to Florida for a week. Then just under two weeks later after getting back, I went back up to Colorado Springs for a few days. Also technically, I did a short trip from Lubbock near the end of September for a particular reason. I'll cover more about that in the next issue.

The trip to Florida was for a week to do some small projects mom wanted me to do and for a visit. See the next page for more info about the Florida visit.

As for going back up to Colorado Springs, I had started a project for dad that I did not quite finish. So, I planned to go back up there a few weeks later to finish the project. Now dad had already planned to be out of town on his own trip leaving me to be there by myself. With that, there was no particular rush to get to town. I decided that I wanted to do two things on the way up. One stop was to see the old town of Tascosa, which is now part of Boys Ranch to the northwest of Amarillo. The other stop was to visit the Capaulin volcano in New Mexico. If you have ever seen my photos of the New Mexico windmill that I've posted many times, you've seen the volcano in the background. I came to find out that it is a national monument and had an entrance fee. I didn't particularly want to pay the fee especially since a week later was free parks day! I would not be able to get up to see it on the free day, so I opted to skip it. However, I did stop at the Boy's Ranch and saw many things while there! The next few pages cover those things I saw.

I was in Colorado Springs for about five days in mid September. I worked on the project and did a few other minor things. I was rather sick one full day I was there but then better the next day. This trip was short and went by fairly quickly, but it was good to tie up the loose ends.

North of Lubbock and south of Hale Center on I-27 is a rest stop. Inside one of the buildings was this great exhibit about farming and aquifers of the region. The buildings also resemble silos (but with brick walls).



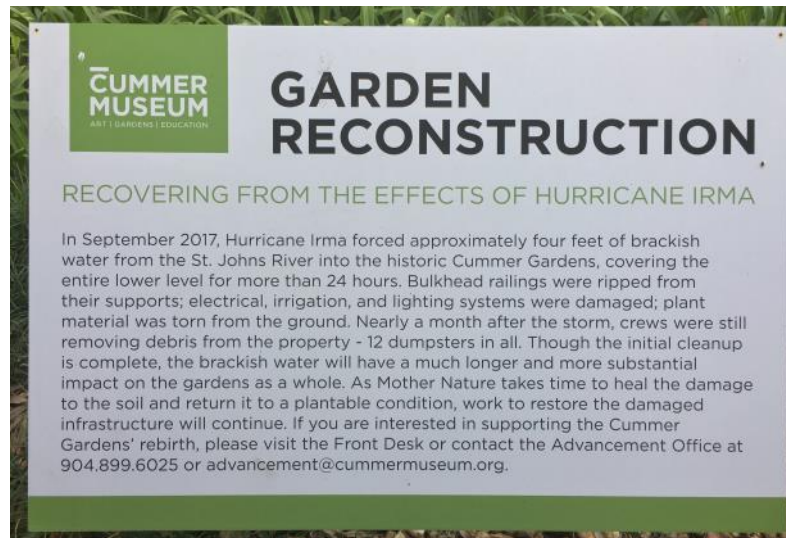
A Florida Visit

From August 25 through September 1, I went to Jacksonville, Florida. Most of you know that I was born in Miami, living there in the 1970s and 1980s and having moved to Jacksonville in 1989, living there until August of 1996. Mom still lives in Jacksonville and occasionally since 1996, I would fly there for a visit. (Except for one time around Christmas 1999 and New Years 2000 when I drove from Flagstaff to Jacksonville and back! I wrote about that trip in the January 2016 issue in the Back Page Literature.) Mom had some small projects she wanted me to do, and I had not been there for a visit in nearly a year and a half.

In usual manner, I worked on the projects, and we would go to some favorite restaurants and would sometimes visit some sites. When I go there, I also distinctly remember why I don't much like high humidity, especially in the summer!

One thing I usually like doing when there is to go to the Cummer Museum and Gardens. This is a museum that opened in the 1960s, but was built upon the land that the Cummer family owned starting in 1902. Long story short, the Cummer's started collecting art that eventually led to the foundation of the museum after Ninah Cummer's death. One room in the museum is the Tudor room, the actual room from the original house with the museum being built around it.

Outside next to the river is an English garden and the Italian garden next to it and a giant live oak tree estimated to be just under 200 years old. In August/September of 2017, hurricane Irma caused great damage to the gardens, even though the hurricane landed in south Florida, by submerging the entire range of gardens under four feet of brackish water. Worth noting is that the museum level is probably about ten feet above the garden level, so I don't think flooding was a direct issue with the main building. The photo below is of the St. John's River looking out from what is left of the gardens. The sign tell about what happened and their plans for the gardens. Also take note of the azalea!

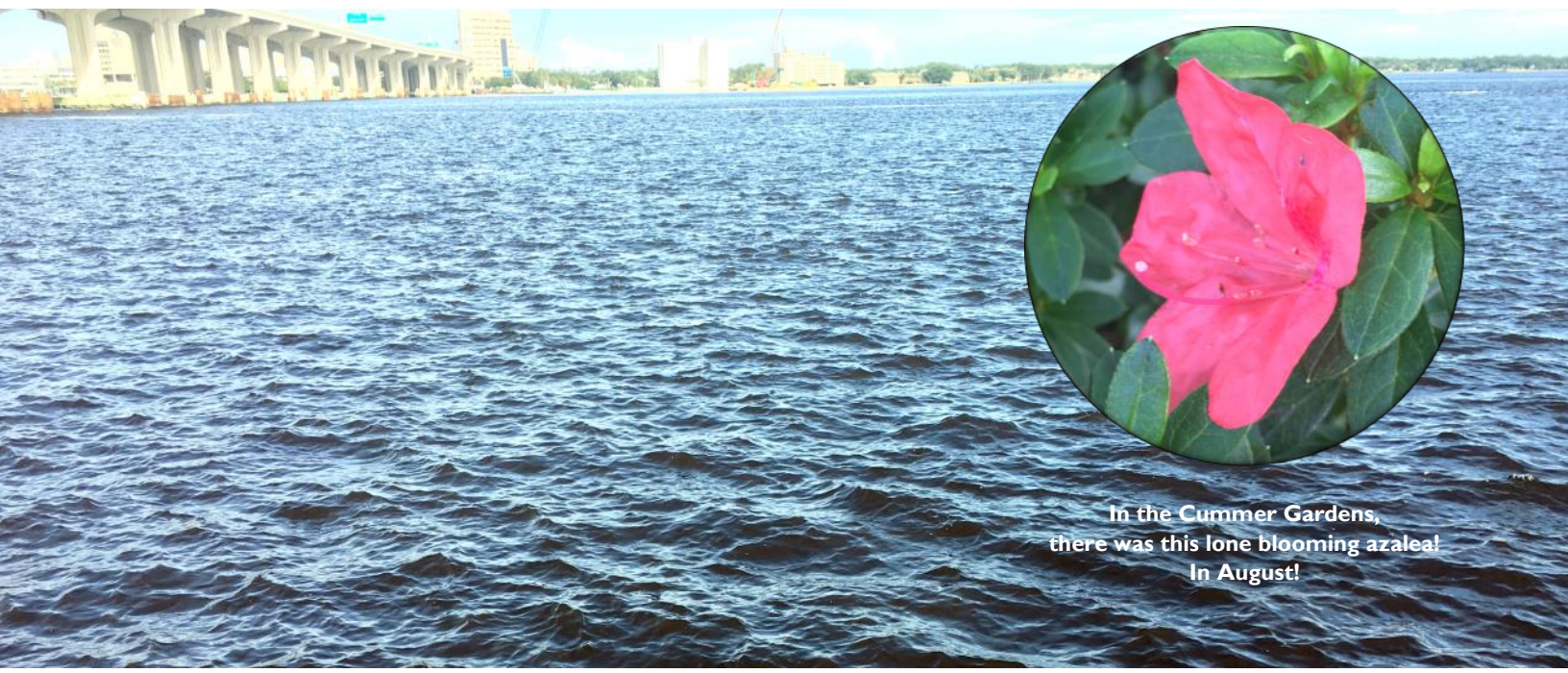


CUMMER MUSEUM
ART | GARDENS | EDUCATION

GARDEN RECONSTRUCTION

RECOVERING FROM THE EFFECTS OF HURRICANE IRMA

In September 2017, Hurricane Irma forced approximately four feet of brackish water from the St. Johns River into the historic Cummer Gardens, covering the entire lower level for more than 24 hours. Bulkhead railings were ripped from their supports; electrical, irrigation, and lighting systems were damaged; plant material was torn from the ground. Nearly a month after the storm, crews were still removing debris from the property - 12 dumpsters in all. Though the initial cleanup is complete, the brackish water will have a much longer and more substantial impact on the gardens as a whole. As Mother Nature takes time to heal the damage to the soil and return it to a plantable condition, work to restore the damaged infrastructure will continue. If you are interested in supporting the Cummer Gardens' rebirth, please visit the Front Desk or contact the Advancement Office at 904.899.6025 or advancement@cummermuseum.org.



In the Cummer Gardens,
there was this lone blooming azalea!
In August!

A Florida Visit

While at the Cummer Museum, they have a wing down from the café dedicated to hands on activities. (Just a note: The museum is quite large with several wings and many galleries!) One particular area had an immersive experience! And I literally mean immersive! The museum took a particular painting in their collection, *Café L'Avenue* by Richard Emil Miller (American, 1875-1943), and exploded the painting to a larger than life scale and into separate layers. With space around it, people can walk all around and between the layers in a sort of interaction with the subjects of the painting! No doubt, this is one of the coolest features I've seen in a museum in long time!



Richard Emil Miller
American, 1875-1943
Café L'Avenue, Paris, c. 1906-10



Old Tascosa

I called the Boy's Ranch several days prior to my drive to Colorado about visiting the old town of Tascosa. Many decades ago, the old town basically morphed into what is now the Boy's Ranch. Maybe in another issue, I'll cover the history of the town.

Only two structures remain of the original town, the courthouse and the schoolhouse. The courthouse is currently the Julian Bivens Museum, while the schoolhouse is in a somewhat restoration mode. Another interesting feature that still exists is an oddly bent tree that is next to a house owned by Elizabeth Frenchy McCormick. The house itself is long gone, but the tree is still there. Up on a hill a ways from Frenchy's house is a cemetery know as Boot Hill. There are several known Boot Hill Cemeteries in the United States, the one in Tascosa and others in Tombstone (Arizona), Dodge City (Kansas), San Jon (New Mexico), Hays (Kansas), Ogallala (Nebraska), and Idaho City (Idaho), and there could be others.

When I arrived in the town, I noticed that it just looked like an academic facility, not an old town. While the Boys Ranch is not an independent town, they do have their own school district, and they call the grounds a residential campus. I had to go to the main office building that was on the right just as you come through the arch to sign in. The main office building had a sizable gift shop and small cafe. They invited me to go to the cafeteria for lunch, and was this ever a major flashback of about 30 years! The cafeteria is just as you would expect a high school cafeteria to look like, including the type of food they served! Being very full of hamburger-tater tot casserole and fish sticks, I then went to look at the historic buildings. By this point, the clouds that were around when I arrived had blown away and made the time rather quite hot. I first went to the old courthouse, which is now the Julian Bivens Museum and looked around on both of its floors. Then I took a short drive over to the schoolhouse. After that, I found the crooked tree that was by Frenchy's house, then went up to Boot Hill Cemetery. In all, I spent two hours there on the campus, but only in a small area of the grounds. See the next several pages for more info about the different things I saw.



Old Tascosa Courthouse, Julian Bivins Museum



Old Tascosa schoolhouse

Old Tascosa Courthouse

I self toured the old courthouse/museum building and the contents varied widely. The building was air conditioned and the walk through the building was easy. One particular item that seemed funny to me was a dumbbell owned by Cal Farley. It was on the floor chained to electrical conduit with a sticker on one of the bells stating, “This thing is H-E-A-V-Y”!



Old Tascosa courthouse, now the Julian Bivins Museum



It's
Easy To
Smile When
Someone Cares

This old courthouse and 120 acres
Of land on the site of historic
Tascosa was the gift of rancher,
Julian L. Bivins
March 1959 his interest and desire
To help youth is reflected in all
Boys who live and learn here



Tascosa

Cowboy capital of the Texas Panhandle, 1877-1888 • “Billy the Kid” and cowboys from many ranches added to its liveliness • Made famous by Wild West fiction • Its name is a corruption of Atascoso (boggy) first given to a nearby creek • County seat of Oldham County, 1881-1915

In reference to the name, atascoso, I found the meaning to actually translate as “jammed”, while the Spanish word for boggy or marshy or swampy appears to be pantanoso. The words are similar, but not quite the same. This makes me wonder if “jammed” could have something more to do with wagons getting stuck in the boggy creek.

Old Tascosa Schoolhouse

The other historic building still standing from the old town is the schoolhouse. This one room building was quite large for a schoolhouse. The outside shows of wood clapboards, but the structure of the building is actually adobe bricks! The inside of the building had the interior siding removed showing the full adobe walls and the timber structure for doors and windows. The walls are quite thick as evidenced by the deep windows. The inside looked a little sparse as though it was maybe under a partial renovation or perhaps just used as a miscellaneous meeting spot or storage area. It did have old style school desks and a few “historic” looking props.



Frenchy McCormick

Elizabeth “Frenchy” McCormick (1852-1941), shown to the right, was probably the only person to live through the transition from the rough and tumble ranch town of Tascosa to what would become the Boys Ranch.

Read more about her here:

- <http://cowboyfrank.net/real/FrenchyMocormic/index.htm>
- www.mobeetie.com/pages/frenchy.htm



*Elizabeth “Frenchy” McCormick (1852-1941)
Shown here as a dance hall girl,
perhaps in the 1880s*



*The crooked tree by
Frenchy’s adobe home in
Tascosa, just outside of the
main part of town.*

Above: March 4, 1939
Below: September 13, 2018*

**The source of this photo
states the following about
this image:*

*“Frenchy’s adobe home at
Old Tascosa on March 4,
1939, shortly after she had
moved to Channing.”*

[http://cowboyfrank.net/real/
FrenchyMocormic/
index.htm](http://cowboyfrank.net/real/FrenchyMocormic/index.htm)

Boot Hill Cemetery



On the grounds of the Boy's Ranch on the top of a hill is a cemetery, specifically Boot Hill Cemetery of Tascosa. The first burial in this cemetery was in 1881 of cowboy Frank Leigh. For several more years, others would be buried there. But 1886 was the year when some more famous/notorious people would be dropped six feet under. A famous shootout on March 21 in Tascosa was more widely known than the one in Tombstone from 1881. The story is too long to state here, but the results of a shootout would prove the burial of four men: Ed King, Frank Valley, Fred Chilton, and a bystander, Jesse Sheets. Today, few have ever heard of the event.



Some of the people buried in Boot Hill Cemetery are (as shown in the sign to the right):

- *Jessie Sheets**
(killed by Frank Valley and Fred Chilton)
- *John Leverton* (killed by G.W. Arrington)
- *Ed King** (killed by Lem Woodruff)
- *Frank Valley** (killed by Lem Woodruff)
- *Fred Chilton** (killed by Lem Woodruff)
- *Fred Leigh* (killed by Cape Willingham)
- *Bob Russell*
[First to be buried in the cemetery, the cemetery site was chosen by his widow.]
- *The Dutchman* (killed by Catfish Kid)
- *Bacilio Sanchez* (killed by a horse)
- *Frank Norwood* (killed by John Maley)
- *John Maley*
(killed by Ed Norwood, Frank's brother)
- *Rubein Juice* (black cook, just died)
- *Apple Axe* (cook's helper)

*Killed during shootout on March 21, 1886



Whilst Going To Colorado

A historical marker in New Mexico happened to be very close by the windmill and barn I always like to stop at near Capulin, New Mexico. For some reason, I had no clue the marker was there despite having driven by it many times!

This marker talks about the Capulin Volcano, which is now a national monument. Below is Capulin Volcano. It is now extinct, but you can take a road winding around to the top. It's amazing how many volcanos are so close to Texas!



That Windmill

In my usual manner when I travel this way up to Colorado, I stopped at this windmill and barn that is just east of Capulin, New Mexico. Normally, I photograph it straight on. But this time, I was at a historical marker and noticed that it was not far away! So, here is a new shot of it from the extreme side.

I was thinking about it and putting together bits of information, I have wondered if this barn was or is part of the T.O. Ranch. The main entrance of the ranch is closer to Raton, but the ranch is rather large and could extend as far as this barn.



Historic Santa Fé Trail

Another historical marker in New Mexico along the route I take from Dalhart to Raton makes mention of the Santa Fe Trail that went through the area. The little spot by the road has the original obelisk marker from 1930 and a much newer modern marker beside it. The one marker states that when wagon trains came to this area after seeing the landmarks, they stayed the night. The landmarks are Round Mound and Rabbit Ears.



“When entering New Mexico along the Cimarron Route of the Santa Fe Trail, one of the first elevations seen by early traders was Rabbit Ears – a mountain and butte that are remnants of ancient volcanoes. The larger one to the west is Rabbit Ear Mountain and the smaller one to the east is Rabbit Ear Butte. The geographic feature is named for a Cheyenne Chief named Orejos de Conjeo (Rabbit Ears) who died in a battle with Spanish colonists in 1717 and is said to be buried at the top of the mountain that bears his name. According to tradition, the chief’s name was derived from ears that had been damaged by frostbite at some point in his life.”



Notice the three bullet holes in the plaque!



Read more:

- www.legendsofamerica.com/nm-cimarronroute
- [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rabbit_Ears_\(Clayton,_New_Mexico\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rabbit_Ears_(Clayton,_New_Mexico))
- www.nps.gov/nr/travel/american_latino_heritage/Santa_Fe_National_Historic_Trail.html

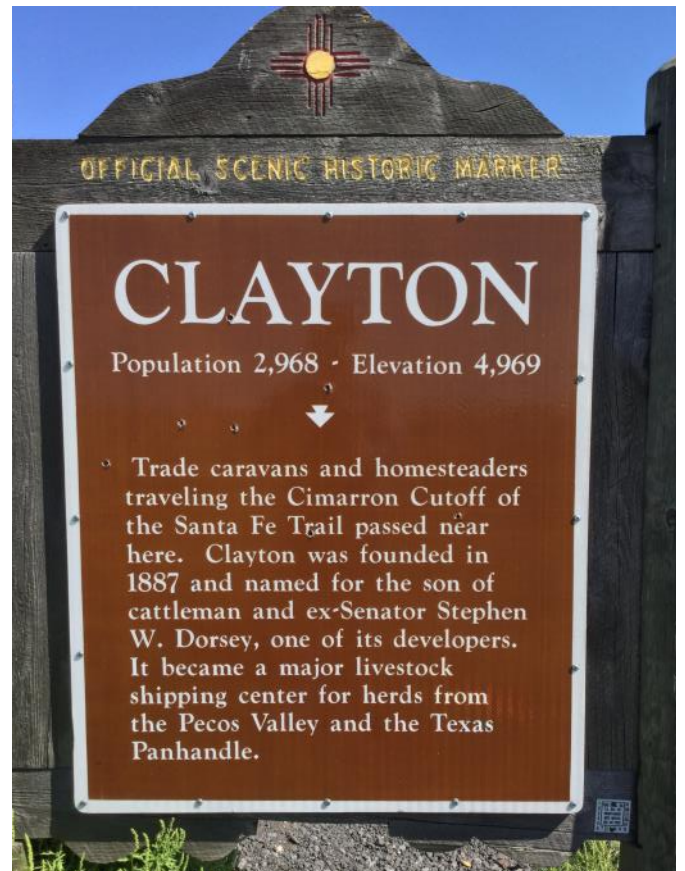
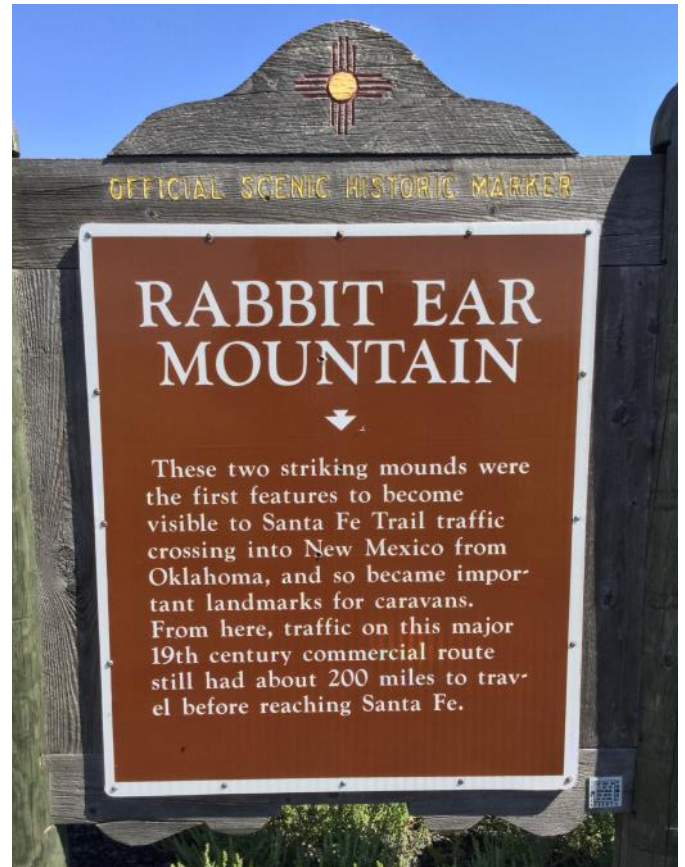


Whilst Leaving Colorado

Captain's Log

Stardate: 2018.0917

As I was driving south down I-25 on the way back home, I went up and down the elevations of the hilly terrain. The landscape in areas was clear that it was late summer just about to be fall. The wildflowers were in full array of late summer blooms of yellows and light purples. The trees and bushes showed signs of just starting to turn yellow in the higher elevations of Colorado and Raton Pass. As I continued into New Mexico, it was becoming increasingly clear by the flatter landscape that I was no longer in Kansas. Errr, I mean, Colorado.



While in Colorado Springs

While I was up in Colorado Springs, I made a point to stop again at the Duluth Trading Company store there. I got a photo of the outside last time, but forgot to get a photo of the featured object on the inside. Every store has some sort of large featured object as you walk into the store, often some sort of vehicle. The Lubbock store has a 1923 Chevrolet Series B delivery truck. The Colorado Springs store has a mule. Well, that's the casual term for it. Being a military town, it is a utility platform truck that is motorized and with a steering wheel (although in an awkward position). It looks like it actually works quite well to display merchandise!

Not far away in this shopping center is a Trader Joe's. Well, I had to stop there and pick up a few favorite foods since I was in area! (I never did find that giraffe, though!)



Squirrels!

I don't see squirrels that often in Lubbock, and so anytime I'm up in Colorado at Dad's house, I try to take photos of them when I can. I installed this squirrel Ferris wheel feeder of corn cobs, and that is beside the other cob holders elsewhere hanging in the tree! Between the cobs and the bird seed, there are going to be some FAT squirrels for the winter!



Does this squirrel think it's Sasquatch??

Texas Influencers

I read an online article a few months ago published by Appalachian Magazine with the title *How Appalachia Created the State of Texas & Why Its Influence Remains*. I was intrigued by the claim. The magazine states a formal mission: “The purpose of Appalachian Magazine is to showcase the tourism opportunities, rich history, and timeless lifestyle of the greater Appalachian region, while at the same time, providing a platform for frank and honest dialogue regarding the areas where improvement is needed.” So likewise, their viewpoint is going to be from the Appalachian direction and not from the Texan direction. Well, fine, whatever.

The article starts immediately discussing David Crockett and the cause of his angry statement of “You may go to hell, I will go to Texas.” Nearly half of the article discusses who Crockett was and the reasons he went to Texas. Then in appropriate manner, the discussion shifts to the Battle at the Alamo.

The article’s specific mention about the Alamo includes: “In the days ahead, Crockett and a host of other men would find their way into Texas mythology when they gave their lives defending a remote mission that would come to be known simply as “The Alamo”. The event marked a turning point in the Texas Revolution and served as a rallying cry that would soon lead to the creation of the Republic of Texas.”

They make specific mention of the defenders’ origins: “Among the men who fought alongside Crockett at the Battle of the Alamo, were 17 Virginians, 30 men from Tennessee, 17 from Kentucky, and 14 were from the Carolinas.”

(Interesting to note that they use “Virginians” instead of “from Virginia” like with the rest of list!)

The article then goes into discussing Stephen F. Austin (who is from western Virginia) and Sam Houston (who is from Virginia but was also in Tennessee) and what they did in Texas to help shape its culture and independence.

The article stated,

“Under Austin’s leadership, the Texas colony grew from three hundred to over 11,000 by 1832, the overwhelming majority of which came from Appalachian states.”

In addition, the article also stated,

“In the face of continuing hardship and increasingly authoritative governments in the Appalachian Mountains, a countless number of mountaineers would say goodbye to their beloved homes and follow in the footsteps of Crockett, Bowie, Austin, and Houston. “Gone to Texas” became a well-known phrase throughout the mountains during the 1800s as farmers, miners, and a host of other working men would simply paint “GTT” on the front doors of their abandoned homes and fenceposts to let everyone know they had “Gone to Texas”.”

In a sort of “fighting words” mentality, the article claims, “Often folks are quick to reference the “Texas accent”, however, upon closer examination, the listener will discover that what has been described as “Texan talk” is really nothing more than a transplanted version of the Appalachian dialect.”

Today’s Texan would probably feel the need to be defensive about the Texas accent, not unlike saying to a Texan that he was “not worth his salt”! The last 150+ years of development of Texas culture has made the accent now distinctive and separate from its origins. Various other cultural influences like French, Spanish, German, Czech, and others have made Texas much more unique than to say simply that Texans are a bunch of “transplanted Appalachians”!

The article gives a couple of accent examples and ends with a relatively good note that Texans “are a lot like the rugged mountaineers back east — they’re fiercely independent, proud, and strong, proving that you may succeed in taking a man out of Appalachia, but you’ll have a hard time taking the Appalachia out of the man.”

Well, don’t tell a Texan that he’s not actually a Texan, but only an Appalachian! That will prove just how Texan he really is and incomparable he is to anyone else!



This article is published online by Appalachian Magazine with the date of February 3, 2018. The page doesn’t specify a specific person, but just an author as “AppalachianMagazine” View the article at:

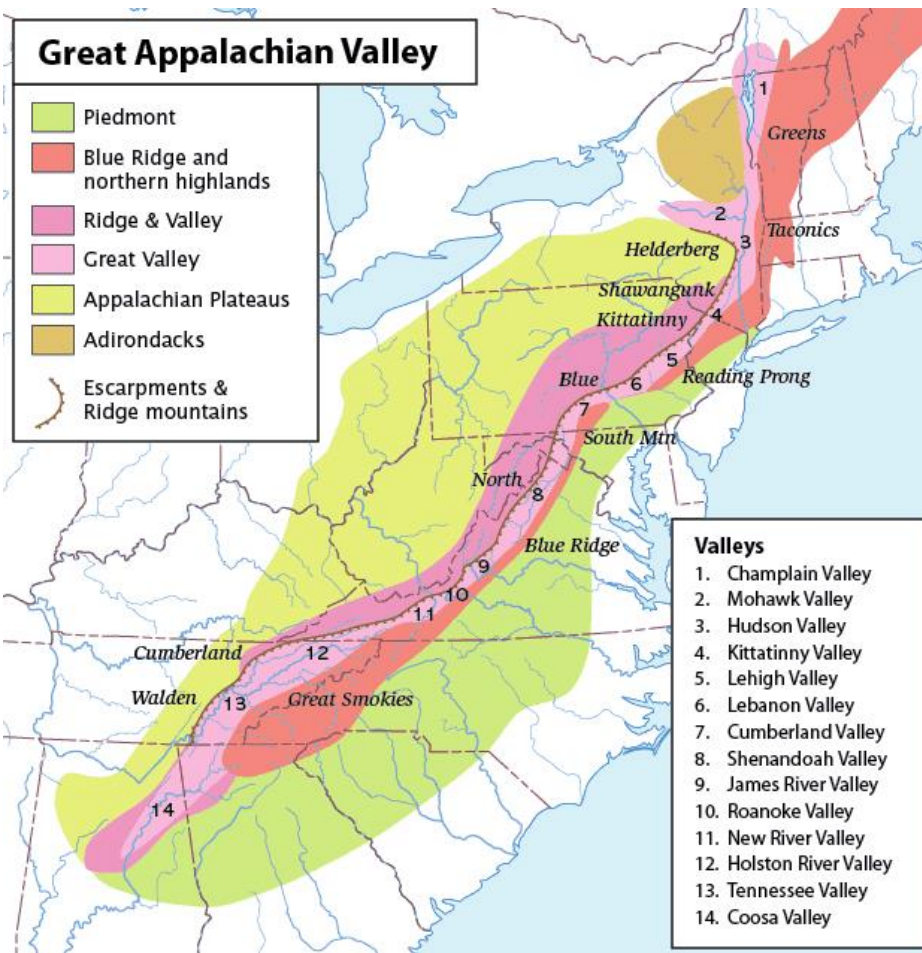
<http://appalachianmagazine.com/2018/02/03/how-appalachia-created-the-state-of-texas-why-its-influence-remains/>

Texas Influencers



As you can see from this map, the Appalachian region is quite extensive. It includes all of West Virginia and most of Pennsylvania and nearly half of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Alabama. In addition, the region includes smaller sections of Ohio, New York, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and Mississippi.

Map: <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Appalachia>



The above map show the cultural inclusions of Appalachia. The map to the left shows the physical features of the Great Appalachian Valley. As you can see, the two don't quite fully match in the coverage.

What surprised me the most with both maps is that the included regions were much more east and north than I was imagining. When we generally think of a hillbilly, we usually think much more west than this, which is still true for the Ozark hillbillies of Missouri, Arkansas, and far eastern Oklahoma.

Appalachia as a culture is not exactly eastern nor is it quite southern and probably varies greatly throughout the region. In the mid to late 1700s, these areas would be called "The West" during Revolution times.

Map: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Appalachian_Mountains

Texas Influencers

By far, probably the most famous of Appalachians associated with Texas is David (Davy) Crockett. In having lost his election to be congressman, he made a statement that now is quite known, "You may go to hell, and I will go to Texas." He made mention of this to a group of people in Nacogdoches during a meal at a public place. This article on page 99 in the April 9, 1836 edition of the Niles Weekly Register of Baltimore, Maryland clearly stated what Crockett did and much to the applause of the Texians!

Source:

www.texasheritagesociety.org/David-Crockett-Quote.html

A gentleman from Nacogdoches, in Texas, informs us, that, whilst there, he dined in public with col. Crockett, who had just arrived from Tennessee. The old bear-hunter, on being toasted, made a speech to the Texians, replete with his usual dry humor. He began nearly in this style: "I am told, gentlemen, that, when a stranger, like myself, arrives among you, the first inquiry is—what brought you here? To satisfy your curiosity at once as to myself, I will tell you all about it. I was, for some years, a member of congress. In my last canvass, I told the people of my district, that, if they saw fit to re-elect me, I would serve them as faithfully as I had done; but, if not, *they might go to h—*, and I would go to Texas. I was beaten, gentlemen, and here I am." The roar of applause was like a thunder-burst. [Louisville Journal.]

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I came across this map while looking for other information and thought it was interesting enough to include with this topic. What is also as interesting is how the rest of the country is divided into various cultural regions. This is one person's interpretation.

The map is missing two labels. The teal color is called Ozarks and the gray part is called Midlands.



Map: www.reddit.com/r/MapPorn/comments/24hvk1/the_revised_version_of_the_us_separated_into/

Mon Jardin Sur Le Balcon

Now that we are in October, my garden is still growing but will be nearing the end of the season soon. Because of the convection oven winds from late July when I was gone, my balcony garden suffered a loss of nearly half. So after that, I cleaned

out the dead stuff and retooled the garden, which included rearranging a few plants and adding a few new ones. The existing plants that were left recovered nicely and are doing well.



The garden as of September 5, 2018.



The garden as of September 24, 2018.

Monarch Butterflies

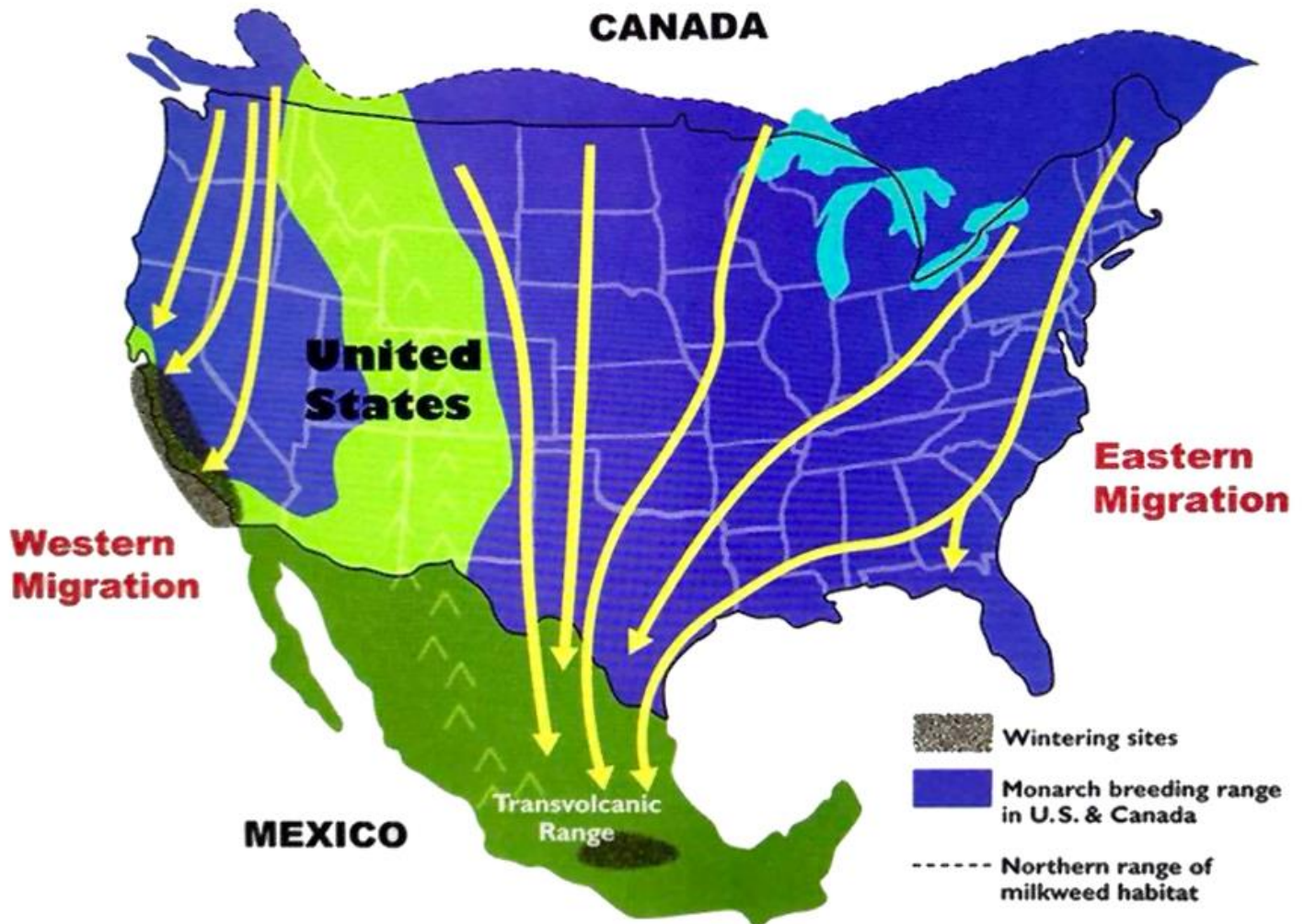
Over the recent two or three weeks in late September, I have noticed quite an increase of orange butterflies flying around. Upon a self inquiry, I come to find out that they are Monarch butterflies in their fall migration to Mexico. I've seen them around my apartment and as I was driving in areas outside of town.



*Monarch butterfly, *danaus plexippus**

The map below shows the eastern and western migrations of the Monarch butterfly in the fall. I'm not sure what the bright green area means.

Read more: <http://monarchbutterflyusa.com/monarch-butterfly-migration-east-west/>



Pumpkin, Pumpkin, Pumpkin

This year seems to be particularly aggressive with pumpkin flavored everything! The term most commonly used is “pumpkin spice” which rather confuses me a little because there is no such thing as a “pumpkin spice”. What is meant here is actually “pumpkin spiced with x” and the reference is actually a pumpkin pie flavor, since pumpkin by itself is rather plain in taste. The taste of pumpkin pie is pumpkin, cinnamon, nutmeg, ginger, and cloves, along with a sort of creaminess that comes from the evaporated milk added to the pie. That is the general reference of “pumpkin spice”. The spice aisle often has a “pumpkin pie spice” that contains various percentages of the above spices. I have some in my cabinet. However, when making a pie, I would much rather add the spices individually!
[By the way, Costco sells a giant pumpkin pie for only \$5.99!]



Pumpkin, Pumpkin, Pumpkin

A couple of years ago, I experimented with a recipe for a pumpkin cake with cream cheese frosting. As I recall, I ate the hound out of those things, probably gaining 5 pounds just from them alone! So, I now give you the recipe! You can find the recipe here:

www.incredibleegg.org/recipe/pumpkin-bars-with-cream-cheese-frosting/



I made the pumpkin cake in this photo in early October of 2016. Man, was that cake good!

(These were divided into 48 mini bars! A real serving will be fewer and much larger!)

Pumpkin Bars with Cream Cheese Frosting

(About 40 bars made as specified, less if you are a real cook! ;-)

2 cups	flour
2 teaspoon	baking powder
1 teaspoon	baking soda
1 teaspoon	ground cinnamon
1 teaspoon	ground ginger
½ teaspoon	salt
½ teaspoon	ground nutmeg
1 can (15 oz)	pumpkin purée
2 cups	sugar
¾ cup	vegetable oil
4	eggs
	cream cheese frosting
1 cup	pecans

1. Heat oven to 350°F. Mix flour, baking powder, baking soda, cinnamon, ginger, salt, and nutmeg in a bowl.
2. Beat pumpkin, sugar, oil, and eggs in mixer bowl on low speed until blended. Gradually add flour mixture, beating until batter is smooth. Spread in greased 15½” x 10½” x 1” jelly roll pan (a rimmed baking sheet works well too).
3. Bake in 350°F oven until a wood pick comes out clean, 20 to 25 minutes. Cool completely in pan on wire rack.
4. Frost and garnish with pecans. Cut into 40 squares, about 2” x 2”.

Cream Cheese Frosting: Beat 8 ounces cream cheese, ½ cup unsalted butter, and 1 teaspoon vanilla in mixer bowl until smooth. Gradually add 3 cups powdered sugar and beat until fluffy.

RG's Instagram Photos



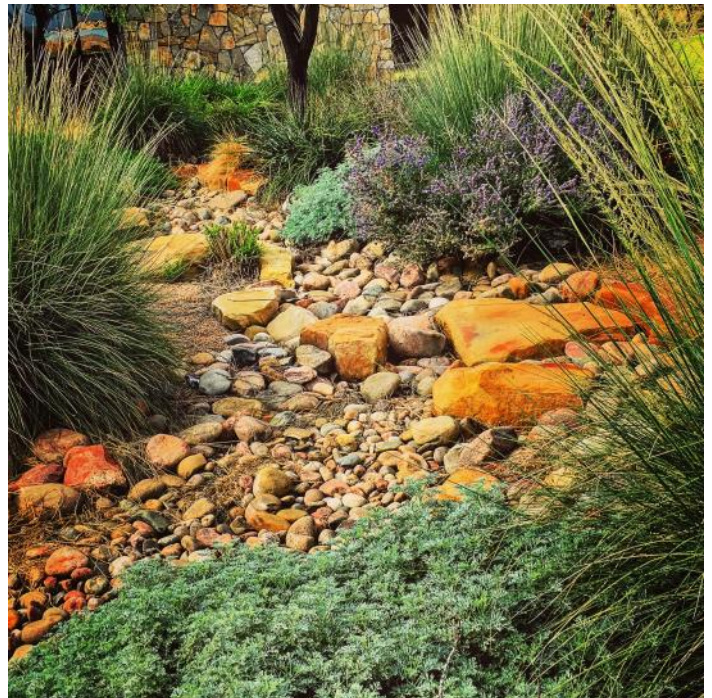
August azalea.



Pigeon [This is a sculpture]



Too Tiny To Notice



Dry Creek

RG's Instagram Photos



Pumps



Raw Pies



Somewhere over West Texas



Squirrel Amusement Park

Equine Classifieds

I came across this on Facebook and thought it was too funny not to share! If you have ever been in the horse world, especially buying, selling, or showing horses, you have undoubtedly picked up those free equine booklets found at feed stores, western wear stores, and tack shops. Those booklets always have a classifieds section, along with online counterparts. Much of the wording used in the ads can be deciphered as a type of code to mean something else. Here is some decoding for you!

[This is a humor post and don't assume that these "definitions" are meant to be accurate!]

Equine Classified Ad Lingo

<i>What's Stated</i>	<i>What's Meant</i>
Started	Rode once
Green broke	Rode twice
Ready to show	Green broke
10+ looper	Can't jog
10+ jogger	Can't lope
Good mover	Stumbles occasionally
Barrel racing prospect	Just off the track
Hunt seat prospect	Should be on the track
Western pleasure prospect	Too slow for barrel racing
Cutting horse prospect	Turns and runs when frightened
Reining horse prospect	Spins and runs when frightened
15.2 hands	14.2 hands
16.3 hands	15.3 hands
Attractive	Bay
Flashy	Piebald
Good for beginner rider	Lame in both front legs
Anyone could ride	Lame in all four legs
Bombproof	Fully lame, deaf, and blind
Needs intermediate rider	Runaway
Needs experienced rider	Potentially lethal
To loving home only	Expensive
To show home only	Very expensive [You can't afford it!]
Can be registered	I think I know which stud got to the mare
Pony type	Small and hairy
Warm blood type	Big and hairy
Draft type	Extremely big and hairy
Thoroughbred type	Big motor
Endurance type	Extremely big motor
Must sell	Insurance company threatened to drop me
Sacrifice sell	Family won't come back until he's gone
Clips, hauls, loads	Clippity clippity goes the hooves as he hauls across the parking lot when you try to load him!



The Smoky Years

I was searching through some archived newspapers looking for something else and came across this series that was published in 1941, which is really late in the archives considering that most of the archives include the 1800s through the turn of the century! The newspaper, *The Palisade Tribune* (Colorado), promoted a fictional novel of sorts that would be published in parts and printed weekly. Turns out that there were 19 weeks of the writing from August through December 1941. Each section each week is pretty lengthy.

I'm not quite sure how I want to do it, but I am thinking to reprint the weekly writings here in my journal, except that I do not want to do it over 19 issues! I might just include a few weeks as a teaser and refer the reader to a source for the rest. We'll see. Meanwhile, here is the promo ad and the introduction from the first week.


THE SMOKY YEARS

By Alan Le May

Dusty King had been murdered—Dusty, who had been like a father to Bill Roper. Then Roper—who had been a respectable man—turned “outlaw” to “get even.”

How Bill Roper gathered together a tougher, more desperate band of outlaws and rustlers, beat the Thorpe gang at their own game, and drove them out of the country, is told with breathless speed and with fidelity to the history of those epic times in “The Smoky Years.” Don't miss it!

IN THIS NEWSPAPER



FRIDAY, AUGUST 15, 1941



THE SMOKY YEARS

By ALAN LE MAY W.N.U. Release T.

INSTALLMENT I

THE STORY AND THE AUTHOR—

Alan LeMay's reputation as a writer is rapidly growing among readers who prefer a good western story to any other sort of book. He has outstanding ability to make his characters live against a background that is accurate to the finest

detail. Unlike many metropolitan writers of western fiction, he knows that part of the country intimately, and can set it on paper without losing much of the freshness and feeling of the plains and mountains.

LeMay's "The Smoky Years" is a glowing, vividly written western romance which contains all the speed and colorful detail that is making him so popular today. It is his best work. Don't miss it!

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Goings On

Early Pumpkins

By September 11, there were pumpkins already for sale in the stores! Since then, I've seen them everywhere! I really like the variety of pumpkins, squashes, and gourds that are available now. Previously if you wanted the more unusual ones, you had to go to a farm or some specialty store that had them, if they were even available at all!



EV Station

In a large area right behind the Duluth store where I work in the West End shopping center is a new Best Buy, or rather that they moved from a different location to this newer, larger store. Out in front of this store are these electric vehicle charging stations. They look a little like gas pumps, and they are not free.



Pickles!

In mid September before leaving to Colorado the second time, I was at a store and saw some McCormick spice kits for making pickles. So, I thought what the heck and bought the dill kit. (I don't like sweet pickles, nor do I like bread and butter pickles!) With that, I then needed to get some cucumbers. I stopped at Costco where I can get three giant English cucumbers for \$3.49. I made fridge pickles and got one large jar and three small jars of chips and chunks. I decided to use cider vinegar instead of white vinegar to give it more flavor. Two weeks later, I tried them (even though the package said to wait three weeks), and they were pretty good, very dilly and garlicy, but good.

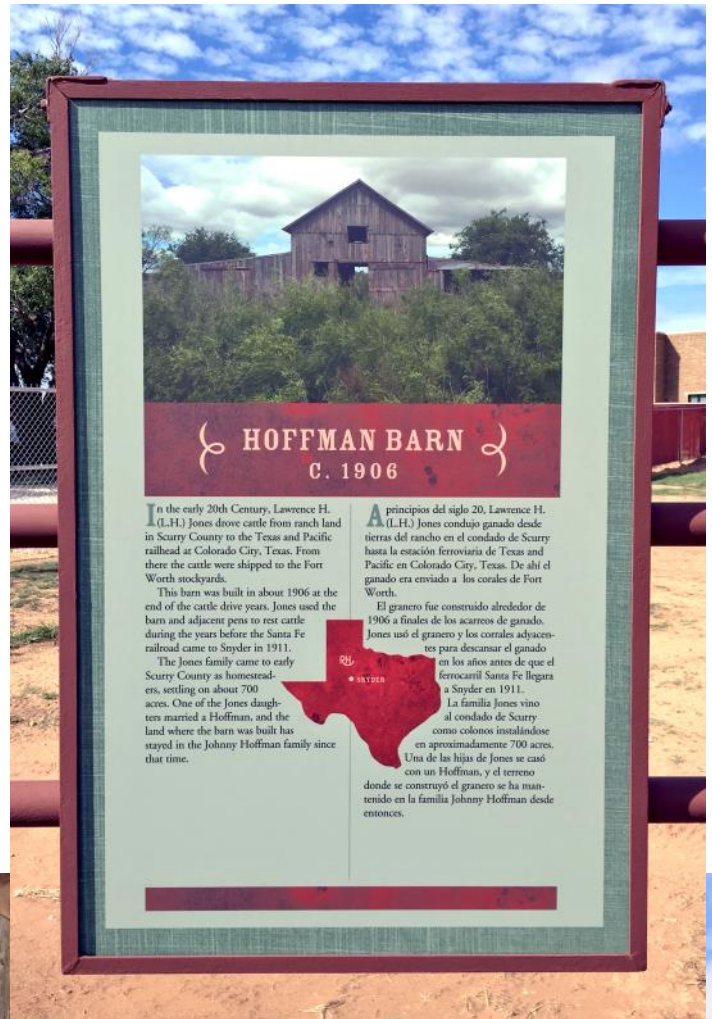


50th Structure

The National Ranching Heritage Center is a ranching based museum in Lubbock, Texas. It is also a museum where I worked in the late 2000s. The museum has two main parts that visitors see: the main building with galleries and an outdoor park containing many historical structures. There is a lot more to the museum than these, but these are what most people see.

The museum is continually researching and seeking historical structures to potentially add to the museum. The past 15 years have been especially good with the addition of somewhere around a dozen new structures of various types.

The barn below is the 50th historical structure added to the museum! This is the Hoffman Barn, a barn originally located in Scurry County and built about 1906. The museum is using the barn to store “rolling stock” which mostly are wagons of varying types.



Chilis

For three summers now—2016, 2017, 2018, I have bought some pepper plants and grown some peppers. The first year were jalapeños. The second year were cayenne peppers. And this year were four varieties of peppers. I had Hungarian Wax, Anaheim, Super Chili, and Fooled Ya, a heatless jalapeño not shown here. I'll see what varieties I decide to get next year, usually about April or May.



The plate above shows Hungarian Wax (the yellowish ones), Anaheim (the larger red and green ones), Super Chili (the tiny reddish ones that are really hot!).



The plate to the left are all Super Chili peppers.

Not shown here was another variety of pepper called Fooled Ya, which is a heatless jalapeño that looks like a regular jalapeño.

That Was A Long Time Ago!

30 Years Ago This Fall

In thinking about it recently, 30 years ago was a difficult time for me! Let me explain. Earlier in 1988 (I was 15), I was “interviewed” and tested for a particular program. I was in junior high, the 9th grade specifically (which was in junior high at the time, grades 7-9), and a group came to the school to do a presentation in the assembly hall. The group were people from a high school to promote and gain prospects for the International Baccalaureate (IB) program. I knew that my time was up for junior high, and I would be going to high school the next school year. The school I would go to by district was somewhat a “bad” school (meaning the students) and frankly, I was scared to go there based on a few stories I heard and knowing that I would be unlikely to defend myself. (That’s a whole other story unto itself about that topic!) So, I went through the process to get into the program. Indeed, I was accepted. So that summer, I went to the high school and got out of my way the PE classes. I knew that I did not want to have PE during the regular year. So I got both of the required classes out of the way. In thinking about it, by the end of that summer, I was probably the best shape I was ever in my life! For the main school year, the students in the program would start in pre-IB classes, which were basically accelerated or advanced classes. Now, let me back up slightly. During the early summer, my grandmother was diagnosed with dementia. By the fall, mom would go up to stay with my grandmother who lived in Jacksonville. So, it was just me and dad in Miami for those fall months. It is no secret that dad and I did not particularly get along all that well in the 1980s, and so I had a somewhat hard time. So likewise, my grades suffered greatly in my classes. There was one class that I did get As in and that was my architecture class. But, the rest of them tanked. The program did adjust down a couple of my classes, but by the start of 1989, they were giving me an ultimatum to get my grades lined out or they would kick me out. That would mean I would end up going to the other high school I was trying to avoid!

During the fall, I got the chicken pox and missed the week of school pictures. I was also taking driver’s ed (in Florida at the time, the high schools were teaching driving classes to get a restricted license), but barely passed the class with a D.

[Funny story about driver’s ed. There was a closed course at the school to teach the basics of driving. Later, instructors would take small groups of three or maybe four out on the regular roads with cars clearly labeled “student driver”. At one point, I was driving on some sleepy roads and came to a T. I was to go left and instead of pressing the brake to ease a turn left, I accidently pressed the accelerator while turning left! The instructor in the passenger seat quickly turned the wheel as I was unclear what was happening. After we stabilized and continued down the road, I clearly remember the instructor (who was a coach of one of the sports) say, “Well, that was terrible!” For a little while later, I couldn’t stop giggling from the comment! I am quite certain that I scared the other two guys in the back seat! Even to this day, I still laugh in thinking about that turn!]

I clearly remember going to Halloween Street over in Miami Beach that October. I was dressed as Dracula, but strangely had a very short cape. Okay, so by January, my grandmother was put into a care facility because of the dementia. With her house then empty, mom decided to move up to the house to live in it and take care of it. As for me, relations with dad was kaput and the school “project” of being in the IB program just didn’t work out either. I decided to move up to Jacksonville with mom and go to high school up there. On February 17 of 1989 (my parents’ anniversary), mom, me, and the cat, Gator, were packed and drove the approximately 350 miles to Jacksonville. The cat rode with dad in his car, and mom and me rode in her car. Not long after, I got signed up at the same high school mom went to in the 60s and spent 2.5 years there. To be quite honest, my high school experience there really could not have been better!

Upcoming Issues

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

News from the Past

This article was found in the *Las Animas Leader*, March 17, 1882. Page 3.

Canadian Round-Up.

TASCOSA, TEXAS, March 1, 1882.

We the undersigned ranchers, or representatives of ranchers, on the Canadian river, have this day met to arrange for the spring round-ups and also to appoint two general round-ups on said river for all northern ranchers and others represented at said round-ups to gather their cattle, as no other round-ups will be allowed on the river only said round-ups appointed by said representatives.

The spring round-up to commence on the 1st of May at La Cinta, New Mexico, and work down the river; and on the 15th of May on the east line of Cresswell's range, about forty miles below Adobe Walls and work up the river.

Said ranchers also start an outfit to the Pecos river on the 1st of April to commence work at the lower part of Chisum's range and work up the river as far as necessary.

Also an outfit south as far as Clear Fork of the Brazos and work north.

The general round-up for fall will be determined on hereafter.

RANCHERS, CANADIAN RIVER.

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Ranchers, Canadian River.



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.



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.



Old Tascosa

Since I've been on the topic of Tascosa for a couple of issues, let's include more history of the town itself. (This image shows the back of the schoolhouse.)

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