

December 24, 2018 | 7.9

# de Stolfe Journal Candid

**Merry  
Christmas!**





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**December 24, 2018 | 7.9**

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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](http://www.tophandgraphics.com/rg/journals)







**Publisher/Owner/Editor**  
Robert-George de Stolfe

**Graphics/Layout\***  
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# Candid Comments



**Producer, RG de Stolfe**

## Merry Christmas!

For about a decade plus now, there has been an all out assault against this saying that is so simple, truthful, and accurate! While “Happy Holidays” or “Seasons Greetings” could be accurate in reference to a group of various holidays, those phrases are still no substitute for saying Merry Christmas! Holidays should never be lumped together expressed with one phrase no matter how many holidays that exist in a time period! So, with that, Happy Thanksgiving! Merry Christmas! Happy Hanukah! Happy New Year!

As I have reported before, my fall season has been a busy one of major change, as has my 2018 in general. I am settling into my new job as curator of the Scurry County Museum in Snyder, Texas. This is a permanent position, and I have no plans to leave it anytime soon. In the over two months I’ve been there, I now have a good idea of the things that need doing and am making plans on how to accomplish those tasks. I’ll give more details in later issues next year, but know that I have the job description authorizing me to do these things!

As I said before, 2018 has been a time of change and opportunity, more than I’ve had in a while! This time last year, I was in a position of no job, no livable income, and no real opportunities to get anywhere. My work at Temple Israel in Leadville ended at the end of October 2017, and I did not yet have any job options come available. However, in late January 2018, I did find an option with a company I had never heard of, Duluth Trading Company. Well, I applied like so many other jobs, and I rarely ever hear back from any of them! So, I didn’t think much more about it. But, they did contact me, and they interviewed in February and hired me right then at part time. So, by middle of March, I started the training, then started working at the new store in early May. Well, if that enthusiasm and level of hyped training

had continued into the store environment, I’d probably still be working there. However, various details that were unknown when we started came to light by summer and it was clear that I was not going to have the “up to 30 hours” a week as stated that I depended upon to make the job viable and why I accepted the job! While I’m not going to bash the company, a few things that the company did as policy basically failed. By the time I left six months after opening, about half of the employees who started there had already left. Because of the huge shortage of hours (I was reduced to working one day a week, about 6 hours, for most of four months in the summer), I had no choice but to find a second job. Despite the usual lack of responsibility by potential employers, I still applied for jobs with little hope that I would hear back from any of them. I did come across one job for a museum that has had the same job posted about five times within the last ten years, that of a curator for the Scurry County Museum. The curator job was posted in 2010, 2013, 2015, 2016, & 2018, and I applied all of those times, but I never got an interview. What was different this time was that the previous director left in early 2018, and the museum board later hired a new director who then hired me after the previous curator left. And so, here I am now as a curator living in Snyder, Texas. (This is the first time I have ever had a museum job with that specific title despite doing similar work.)

Other things I did in 2018 include going to Colorado Springs and Leadville in August, going to Florida in late August, back to Colorado Springs in mid September, travelled back and forth between Lubbock and Snyder for about a month (while also still working for Duluth), moved to Snyder in early November, spent Thanksgiving in DeLeon and Stephenville, and spent Christmas and New Years in Lubbock.

So again, Merry Christmas!



Christmas is about God sending to the people a Savior and a Lord; His name is Jesus!



Luke 2:11-12, John 3:7

# Thanksgiving 2018

Last year, I went to see some friends for Thanksgiving who had just moved to DeLeon, Texas. These are friends I've known since early 2005. They live now on some acreage in the "middle of nowhere", Texas. For Thanksgiving 2018, I did a similar repeat by visiting them again to spend Thanksgiving. Now that I live in Snyder, my drive was only a little over two hours to get there. However, that's if I drove straight there. I did make a few stops on the way down. Besides lunch, I made a point to stop at the HEB in Abilene. HEB is a grocery chain based in San Antonio and is very popular with Texans. The Panhandle South Plains does not have any HEB stores, and the closest ones to Snyder are nearly an hour away. Being crowded (as it was the day before Thanksgiving), I drudged

my way around the store and got a few things. I spent Thanksgiving with my friends' family and also took a little side trip to Stephenville to visit the rest of their family. The next day, I went to Stephenville again by myself to visit another long time friend who now lives there again.

I left on Saturday and decided to drive to Dublin. I ended up skipping going there in 2017, so I made a point to go there this year. My main reason for going there was to visit the old Dublin Dr Pepper factory that was forced to shut down by the Dr Pepper corporation. (I wrote about that in my January 2014 issue.) Read more about my visit on another page. My drive back to Snyder was pretty straight forward except for a stop in Abilene for a late lunch.



My friends live on about 30 acres and have some woods, ponds, and pastures with hay.

# Thanksgiving 2018

My friends have chickens. They also have free range guineas that came with the house! (They sleep in the trees at night. There was also a white one last year.)



My friends also have three black cows that followed us to the deer feeder. Typical cattle, always hungry and thinking we're going to feed them!



# Dublin, Texas

Dublin, Texas is about halfway between where my friends live near DeLeon and Stephenville in a 90 degree sort of way. It is a little town regionally known for the world's oldest remaining independent bottling company (starting in 1891) of Dr Pepper. That is until the new owners of Dr Pepper shut them down in 2012. The Dublin Dr Pepper plant made and bottled the drink using cane sugar and only distributed it within a very localized area, about a 44 mile radius. The new parent company decided to sue all of the independent bottlers of the drink and basically shut them down citing "trademark conflicts". (My facts on this are a little fuzzy, but that's what I understand about what really happened.) The plant did shut down for a while, but they regrouped and reopened as Dublin Bottling Works, making their own varieties of sodas still with cane sugar. So naturally, I bought some! (I recommend the peach soda!) They still have the largest collection of privately owned Dr Pepper stuff that probably even rivals what the Dr Pepper company itself has!



# Dublin Bottling Works

Since the company was forced to stop making Dr Pepper, the large Dr Pepper can eventually had to disappear. So, they turned it into a Dublin Bottling Works bottle of craft soda. In this case, Texas Root Beer. Notice that they even calculated a volume for it! 423,218 fluid ounces! (12,516,050 mL)

[Note: the original “can” showed to have the same volume. However, the “bottle” would be bigger and technically would have a larger volume because of the additional neck space.]



November 2018



January 2009



# Dublin Bottling Works

While the company no longer makes or sells Dr Pepper, the factory still exists. They still do tours, and the soda shop and the gift shop are still there. What is new is a Dr Pepper museum across the street with a large quantity of privately held Dr Pepper stuff!

[This is a good example of where corporate greed could not destroy a local institution!]



# Mon Jardin Pas Sur Le Balcon

Okay, so moving to Snyder involved packing EVERYTHING and moving it to the new apartment once I had it. With no exception was also my garden that I had on the balcony of my Lubbock apartment. I did wait until the end to pack the pots of plants. At the time of the move, we had some cold, frigid weather and some of the plants had already snapped because of it, but some of them were still in good shape. I knew that the new apartment had a nice sized front porch where I could put the plants, despite it being north facing.

Snyder is about 1000 feet lower in elevation from Lubbock, and the winter weather has proven not to be as cold nor as snowy. This new climate allows me a winter garden! Since I had some gaps in my pots, I bought a few winter plants and filled in most of the holes while also rearranging the pots. So, with the weather generally staying above freezing, I can have a nice winter garden to carry into spring! I do have to brag about one flower, the purple pincushion! It has survived 115° dry heat and upper 20s cold! And it has taken over half the pot and still flowering!



*My new plants include pansies, ornamental kale, dusty miller, and alyssum.*

*This little bird bath is the same one I had in 2013 while living in Colorado Springs in Dad's house.*



*In the September issue, I mentioned about possibly including The Smoky Years miniseries. The original publication was over 20 weeks. It would take nearly two years at once a month to get completely through it! I'll include a few chapters for you to enjoy and then you can find the rest of them on your own to finish reading. Enjoy!*

**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**

CHAPTER I

This was the crisis—the climax of all that long war. Here they sat, these men who had fought a common enemy for so long: Dusty King, who, with the hoofs of countless cattle, had carved many a Great Plains trail deep into the short grass; young Bill Roper, who had begun following those trails with Dusty King before he was big enough to hold a horse; and old Lew Gordon, Texas man, whose wild marketless herds had been the roots of fortune.

Dusty King and Lew Gordon constituted King-Gordon, the famous partnership that had developed with the great cattle trails; until now their many brands marked far-scattered herds beyond estimate. They were here because of tomorrow's auction of land leases. Under the hammer would go the grazing rights on the Crying Wolf Indian lands—those miles and miles of stirrup-deep grass that King-Gordon wanted, and that Ben Thorpe had to have.

It was curious that their long war with Ben Thorpe should have met its true climax here. The three in this room understood that the outcome would rest upon what the two older men decided here. Possession of the Crying Wolf meant dominance in the north to King-Gordon, or to Ben Thorpe; there was no longer going to be room for both.



"This is an old fight, Lew," Dusty King said. "It goes back as far as that first time you backed me with a little herd, to see if I could make it through to Abilene. Don't hardly seem like we better draw back now."

Lew Gordon stirred, swaying his shoulders imperceptibly, like a stubborn bear. "Credit's going to be terrible hard, this coming year," he said at last.

Dusty King seemed to sprawl a little more loosely; he was playing poker in a way of his own. Swaggering, easy-going, spendthrift-he still was a man who believed invincibly in himself.

"I passed Ben Thorpe in the road, today," he said. "He was looking mighty prosperous. I bet he weighs two hundred and twenty-five pounds now, with his stomach pulled in."

"His backing is terrible strong," Lew Gordon said, his eyes on the floor.

No one knew better than Lew Gordon that Dusty King, in tackling the impossible a hundred times, had a hundred times shown the way for the rest. But Gordon remembered too the poverty of the cattle-poor days before any outlet was found for Texas beef. To risk all they had won, in a single slashing stroke at an old enemy, was almost more than Gordon could bear.

"You know why Ben Thorpe's strong," Dusty King said. "And you know how he got his start. We know why it is that so many Texas outfits stand in Ben Thorpe's name; and how many different ways he's found to jump down on little lonely Texan cowmen and leave them broke or dead. And we know what's happened to many a little outfit that started north, but never brought their cattle through, nor got home."

"Every year," Dusty King said, "since we began driving up the big trails, we've locked horns in one way or another with this one gang. I'm not forgetting who started the Red Crick stampede where Dave and Bob Henry died under piled up cattle; nor the Tularosa shootings, with four more of my boys dead. There's some good cowboys under the prairie, Lew."

Gordon said almost inaudibly, "Never could prove anything."

"His herds have grown faster than ours have grown," Dusty King's expressionless voice droned on. "He's as big as we are; he'll be bigger soon. From the Big Bend to the Tetons, he owns more outfits than he knows the names of. He's never run an honest deal where he could run a crooked one, nor a square trick where he could play a mean one; it's a long time since he rode all night with his rifle in his hands, but Lew, if he isn't stopped—there's plenty he can hire to do his dark-of-the-moon stuff now."

# THE SMOKY YEARS

By ALAN LE MAY

W.N.U. Release



"Dusty," Lew Gordon said, "we've blocked him every way we could."

"That's why he'll get you, and me too, in the end."

Again the silence closed, with behind it the perpetual bawling of the cattle, far off in the spring night.

Dusty King said casually, "Cleve Tanner's here."

Bill Roper saw Lew Gordon's eyes flick up to look at Dusty King.

"Cleve Tanner?"

"Here in Ogallala."

"What the devil's the meaning of that?"

"Cleve and Walk Lasham are the only two of Ben Thorpe's men that raided the cross timbers with him in the old days; the only two he can really trust, now."

"It's natural that Walk Lasham should be here," Lew Gordon conceded; "but Cleve Tanner, all the way up from the Big Bend --"

"Shows you," Dusty King said, "what store they set on the Crying Wolf lands. Ben Thorpe is sold mighty deep into next year's deliveries. Already he's committed for more northern-fed cattle than he can show—unless he can get the Crying Wolf."

Slowly Lew Gordon got a frayed tally book out of his back pocket. "The survey—" Lew Gordon's voice was curiously bewildered—"it's hard to believe there's any land as good as this."

"Their private survey had been made by Bill Roper; it represented weeks of hard riding, and shrewd calculation of the strength and depth of the feed upon the surface of the broken land.

"One place here reads fifty head to the section," Lew said wonderingly. "Fifty head of cattle grazing one section of land! It's past belief."

"This isn't Texas, Lew."

"I figure we might pay as high as thirty cents to the acre," Gordon said, "by the year's lease."

A flicker like that of heat lightning showed for a moment behind Dusty King's eyes; but his voice was low and monotonous as before. "Thirty cents be damned," he said.

Lew Gordon looked at him for a long time. How deep you figure to go?"

"Get the land," Dusty King said.

"Ben Thorpe is liable to go crazy and bid his head off."

"We're looking down his throat," King said for the second time. "The least the deputy commissioner can accept is drafts on Kansas City. Ben Thorpe hasn't realized the value of the land. We'll catch him short and force him off the board."

"At what cost to ourselves?" Gordon demanded.

"At all costs."

Slowly Lew Gordon shook his head. "Maybe thirty-five cents an acre."

Dusty King's voice rose explosively for the first time. "Thirty-five cents," he echoed—"or fifty cents, or seventy-five, or a dollar! Get the land!"

Lew Gordon sighed, and he looked like a man who was weary and old. "You want that land," Gordon said, "even if—"

"At all costs," Dusty King said again.



**"Maybe thirty-five cents an acre."**

Gordon looked his partner in the eyes.

"Go in and bid!"

...

Swinging down the board walks of Ogallala in the cool spring sunlight, Dusty King and Bill Roper looked a whole lot alike. The more than twenty years difference in their ages had not changed Dusty King's loose-jointed swagger, the rakish cock of his old soft hat, nor the cracking ring of the spurs he was believed to sleep in.

The trail years had leathered his face, but they could not diminish his gay exuberance; just as prosperity was unable to take from him the look of the trail. Whatever Dusty King wore, he always appeared to be wearing disreputable saddle clothes.



Perhaps young Bill Roper had picked up a lot of Dusty King's characteristics in the course of an association that had lasted almost as long as Bill Roper's life.

Everybody who knew King-Gordon at all knew the story of Bill Roper and Dusty King. Fifteen years ago, at the age of five, Bill Roper had been found hiding in the brush, like a little rabbit, beside a wrecked outfit on the old trail to Sedalia. It was Dusty King who had found him there; and it was Dusty King who had buried the bullet-shattered body of Bill's father beside that God-forsaken trail.

In the fifteen years since then, Bill Roper had learned guns and horses and cattle, and the tricks of the trail as only Dusty King knew them. He had been able to read prairie signs before he could read print, and if it had not been for tomato can labels, perhaps would never have learned to read print at all. Everything he knew he had learned with Dusty King. There was every reason that he should have grown to look something like the great trail driver who had brought him up.

Now, as they made their way down the muddy street, before the false-fronted wooden buildings, half the cowmen that thronged Ogallala hailed Dusty with comradeship and delight; so that his progress was that of a celebrated character, already famous. The other half—they were Ben Thorpe men—seemed not to see him at all. It was hard to tell which tickled Dusty King more—the warmth of his many friends, or the bitterness of his innumerable enemies.

The bidding for the Crying Wolf lands was being held in a disused store, and here the sidewalk and half the street were filled with knotted groups. Through this crowd Dusty King and Bill Roper waded, Dusty trying to look like something bewildered, from the tall country. Beside the door was posted a hand-bill in black type, giving due legal notice of the

auction of leases, and Dusty stopped to study this with a grave empty face, as if he had never heard of it before.

"Mr. King," somebody said, "they've been waiting for you, fully an hour."

Dusty looked blank. Then he clutched his hat to his head in a startled way, and rushed inside with a clownish representation of haste.

Within, the crowd of plains-country men—bronzed men, saddle-faced men, sometimes bearded men—gave way as King, followed by Bill Roper, shouldered his way to the back.

"Is this the place," King asked, "where the feller is selling the horse?"

The deputy commissioner took his feet off his table. "The sale was supposed to start at two o'clock," he complained.

A little tribute, there. The commissioner—perhaps already in Ben Thorpe's pay—hardly dared start an important sale, without present this slouching, nondescript-looking representative of King-Gordon.

"No word has come from your partner at all," the commissioner said.

"He ain't coming."

Three men who sat in chairs grouped around one end of the table looked at each other. They ignored King and Roper, as hostile dogs ignore an enemy of whom they are not yet keenly aware.

The big man in the light-colored hat was Ben Thorpe -- the Ben Thorpe whose far-scattered holdings perhaps already exceeded those of King-Gordon. Thick-shouldered now, heavy-bodied, he was today more than ever a power feared in the cattle country—still unscrupulous, still menacing, but now of a different sort—a power of wealth, of organization, and of bought-up law.

Beside him, the tall man, lean and narrow-bodied as a slat, was Cleve Tanner; a hawk-faced man, keen-eyed, so cleanly shaven that the tight skin of his jaws seemed to shine. Cleve Tanner, was manager of Ben Thorpe's Texas holdings, the breeding grounds from which Thorpe's whole organization drew its strength.

The other, the man who seemed uncommonly dark, even among these sun-darkened men, was Walk Lasham. He was Ben Thorpe's manager in the north, now; under his poker-faced watchfulness lay Ben Thorpe's northern holdings, the feeding grounds now necessary to any wide operation in the cattle trade.

The deputy commissioner raised his voice. "This," he said, "is a federal auction, to place by public bidding certain lands in the charge of the Indian Department, by the authority of the Secretary of the Interior and the President of the United States; namely certain lands..."

He droned through his preamble perfunctorily; everyone in the crowd knew exactly what was involved. Something more than land was here changing hands. To hold the Crying Wolf would all but mean supremacy in the north. But this thing was bigger than that. The two organizations which here clashed again were the great powers of the trails; behind each of them were whole, counties of Texas mesquite grass plains, great areas of the middle short-grass country, scores of outfits. The struggle between them had developed with the Chisholm trail itself—a decade-long combat between men of diametrically opposed principles and methods. And now—

"This land," the deputy commissioner concluded, "is thrown into blocks. I think, gentlemen, you are already familiar with the placement of the lands. Block 1 includes, as previously agreed, an



estimated one hundred sections, or sixty-four thousand acres, known hereinafter as 'Block 1'; bounded on the north by—"

Cleve Tanner leaned close to Ben Thorpe, whispered, and Thorpe nodded.

"I shouldn't think," said the deputy commissioner, "we need hear any bid of less than ten cents per year, per acre."

There was a moment's silence, and the deputy commissioner got out a big silk handkerchief and mopped his head, as King now let a slow smile come to the surface of his impassive face. A curious rumble ran over the room, and the crowd seemed to sway.

"I got a proposition," Dusty King said. "Nobody is bidding on this land but just us two; nobody means to bid. Throw the whole thing in one pot and we'll bid on the works."

"I'll agree to that," Thorpe decided. The black anger in his face had submerged again, so that he was poker-eyed.

The deputy commissioner was beginning to look like a man who wished he were some place else. "If there are no objections—"

"Fifty cents," said Dusty King. Ben Thorpe's face had turned a curious color, not gray, certainly not bloodless; an odd congested color, like dark sand. "Fifty-five," he said.

"Sixty"

"Sixty-five."

"A dollar," said Dusty King.

"A dollar, five."

"Just in confidence between you and me," Dusty King said; "Mr. Thorpe can't pay that."

"I think my name is good anywhere in the cow country," Thorpe said to the commissioner.

"It ain't good here," said King.

The deputy commissioner slapped his pen down on the table. "Gentlemen," he said, "I'm sorry to do this; but in the interests of the government, and of the Indian Department which I represent, all further bids in this auction will be accepted only as representing American gold."

"Cash on the nail?" King asked. There was no question now about the sweat that stood out on the commissioner's forehead.

"Seventy cents," said King.

"I'm already bid a dollar, five!"

"Sure; but we got different rules now. God knows Thorpe can't back a dollar, five in gold. What kind of shenanigan is this, anyway?"

The eyes of the deputy commissioner went to Ben Thorpe's face again, but there was nothing to be read there. Thorpe seemed so lumpishly still that it was not apparent that he breathed.

"Seventy cents," said Dusty King again in the silence. "Whoop 'er up, boys—I've only begun!"

Silence again through the pack of those saddle-faced men; perspiring silence on the part of the deputy commissioner, dead lumpish silence on the part of Ben Thorpe. Cleve Tanner, his hands locked back of his neck, looked at the ceiling; Walk Lasham sat motionless, his eyes on the face of his boss.

"You—" the deputy commissioner wavered, "you—you can back this bid in gold?"

"Immediate delivery by Wells Fargo," King said. "Right now, in Ogallala."

"Mr. Thorpe," the commissioner wavered, "Mr. Thorpe, will you—do you—"

They waited for what Ben Thorpe would say. His face was expressionless still, as he got up from his chair; but men stumbled over each other to get out of his way, as he walked down the length of that packed room, and out into the street.

The deputy commissioner seemed melted down, unrecognizable now as the crisp little man who had opened the bidding. His face was white and set, and his eyes showed fear.

"Well?" said King.

"The Crying Wolf," the commissioner said huskily, "the Crying Wolf lands—if—if there are no other bids—go to King-Gordon..."

Something like a sigh, a general release of tension. ran through that jam of men.

Close to Dusty King's ear Bill Roper asked, out of the side of his mouth, "How high would we—how high could we have gone?"

"The mask of Dusty King's face broke up; every muscle in his face came into action, every tooth showed as he grinned.

"Seventy cents," King answered him.

**TO BE CONTINUED**

# Snowpocalypse

After moving to Snyder, there has been two or three cold snaps that included temps under freezing and some snow and ice. However, the craziest one happened the weekend of December 8-9, 2018. This was where I was glad to be in Snyder instead of Lubbock! In some parts of Lubbock, they got over a foot of snow, which for Texas shuts down the town! In Snyder, we got an insignificant white sheet that melted off by the next day. Lubbock took a few more days to be clear. But the temps got into the 50s and even 60s over the following days, melting off the snow and ice.

*To prepare for the winter doom, people stocked up on the necessary foods! (Yep, the popular brand of tortilla chips.)*



# RG's Instagram Photos



*Hi-Way 6 Cafe*



*Hungry*



*Seen Better Days*  
[Those are bullet holes.]



*God's Double Rainbow*



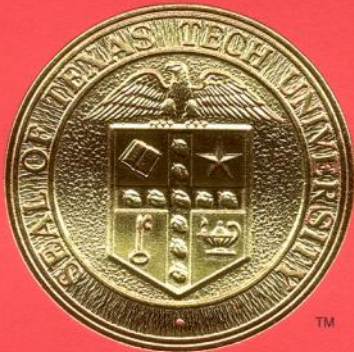
# 15 Years Since Graduation

December 2018 marks 15 years since I graduated from Texas Tech University with a Master degree in Museum Science on December 20, 2003. The education I got appeared like I would be abundantly qualified to have any reasonable museum job right after graduating, and so my hope was that I would start working for a museum within a few months. Of course at the time, I was already working for the American Wind Power Center (now called the American Windmill Museum), but I had no clue that it would end only about eight months later. It was after that job ended that I really understood how cruel and heartless the world can be and how hopeless and helpless I could become! In addition, I eventually and painfully understood how having a

good education meant nothing without the right “connections”! This has been a sore subject with me for many, many years because “connections” are not the validation for employment!

Since graduating, I have had the following museum specific jobs in the last 15 years:

- American Wind Power Center, summer 2002 through August 2004 (including Master internship)
- National Ranching Heritage Center / Ranching Heritage Association, May 2006-February 2010
- Temple Israel Museum, 6 month summers each in 2014, 2015, and 2017.
- Scurry County Museum, 2018-present



Texas Tech University  
COMMENCEMENT

December 20, 2003  
Lubbock, Texas

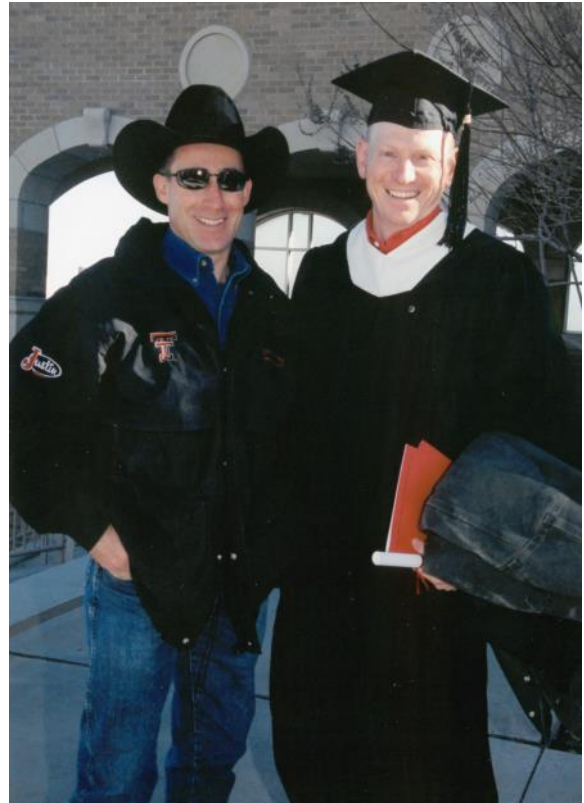
## MASTER OF ARTS

<b>James Donald Belknap</b> , Irving, Texas B.A., University of Missouri - St. Louis, 2001 non-thesis	Museum Science
<b>Robert-George de Stolfe</b> , Flagstaff, Arizona B.S., Northern Arizona University, 2001 B.F.A., Northern Arizona University, 2001 non-thesis	Museum Science
<b>Myra Kathleen Dyson</b> , Lubbock, Texas B.A., Texas Tech University, 2001 non-thesis	Museum Science
<b>Mariko Kageyama</b> , Nagorja, Japan <i>(In absentia)</i> B.S., Nagoya University, 1997 M.S., Kyoto University, 1999 <i>Thesis:</i> "Re-Evaluation of Museum Voucher Specimens in the Modern Biological Research"	Museum Science
<b>Chao-Ling Kuo</b> , Lubbock, Texas <i>(In absentia)</i> B.A., Chung Yuan Christian University, 1995 non-thesis	Museum Science
<b>Jeongheui Lim</b> , Lubbock, Texas B.S., Chungbuk National University, 1991 M.S., Seoul National University, 1993 non-thesis	Museum Science
<b>David Alan Lundy</b> , Dewey, Arizona B.S., Northern Arizona University, 1983 non-thesis	Museum Science
<b>Kathryn Ann MacDonald</b> , Midland, Texas B.S., University of Texas-Permian Basin, 1999 <i>Thesis:</i> "Virtual Pterosaurs: The Use of Surface Laser Scanning and Three-Dimensional Computer Modeling to Create Digital Animation for Museum Research and Exhibit"	Museum Science
<b>Patrice Marie Marshall</b> , Lubbock, Texas B.A., Texas Tech University, 1991 non-thesis	Museum Science
<b>Sharon Diane McCullar</b> , Lubbock, Texas <i>(In absentia)</i> B.A., Chadron State College, 1992 non-thesis	Museum Science

# 15 Years Since Graduation



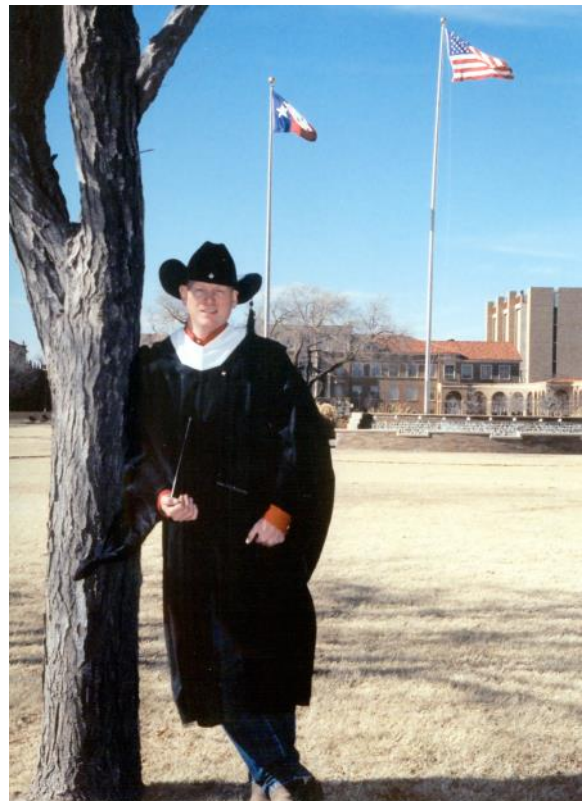
*Mom and me by the seal of Texas Tech University, campus entrance.*



*My friend Chris shortly after the graduation ceremony.*



*This sculpture in the middle of campus is of Will Rogers on Soapsuds.*



*Also in the middle of campus.*

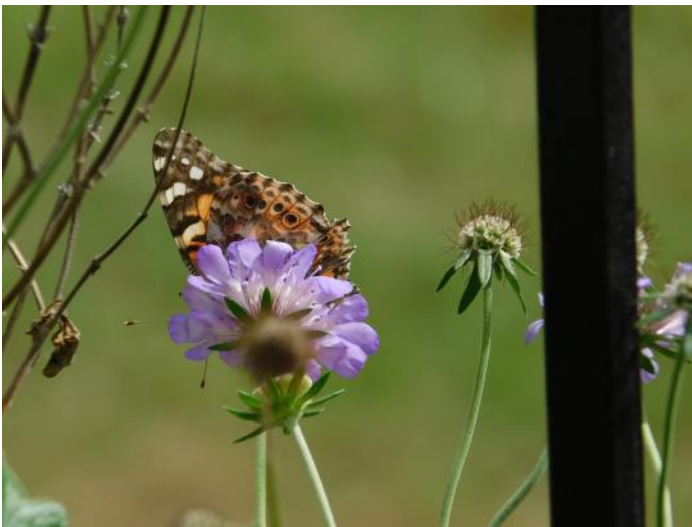
*Dad took these photos on Saturday, December 20, 2003.*

# Playing Catch Up!

*Since I ended up packing house and moving for a new job along with the travel I did in August, September, and October, a few things from the past few months sort of got back burnered when getting these last few issues together. So here are some of the miscellany things I previously wanted to include.*

## Flight of the Monarchs

I had noticed monarch butterflies a few times around my apartment in Lubbock in late September and early October. I was only able to get one not too great photo of one in my balcony garden.



## The Moon on July 4, 2018



## West Texas Walk of Fame

The evening of October 3, I went to the Lubbock Civic Center to watch the induction of the 2018 inductees to the West Texas Walk of Fame. The 2018 inductees were: Josh Abbott, Bob Livingston, Donnie Allison (posthumously), and Garland A. Weeks, FNSS. There was a private reception after the public ceremony. The first inductee in 1979 was Buddy Holly.



## Fancy Fundraiser

On a very thunderstormeously evening of October 5, I attended a fundraiser for a charity I support. This fundraiser was at a private event center on the west side of town. This really fancy barn building with the exposed beam structure and glittery chandeliers was an excellent location for the event!



# Playing Catch Up!

## Bees and Wildflowers

This photo from mid September was one of a bee on some wild flowers. It was near the windmill in New Mexico I stop at every time I go up to Colorado. Not the best shot, but okay, whatever.



## Attempted Garage Sale

On September 9, I attempted to have a garage sale to make some money. Well, attempted anyway.



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## YouTube Winnings Closeup

In the August issue, I reported about winning a contest with a YouTube channel and getting a gift

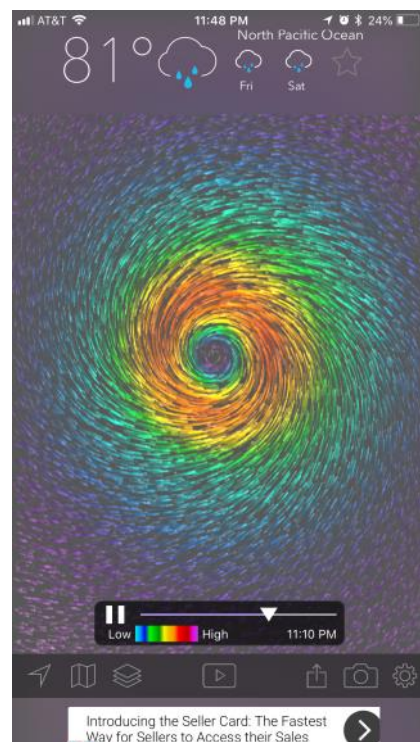
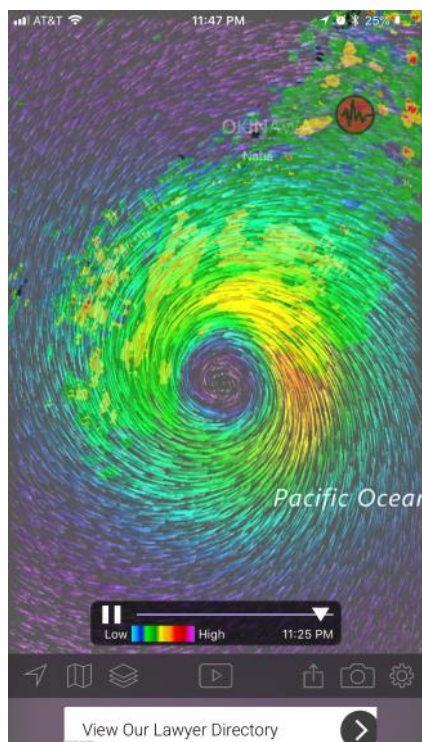
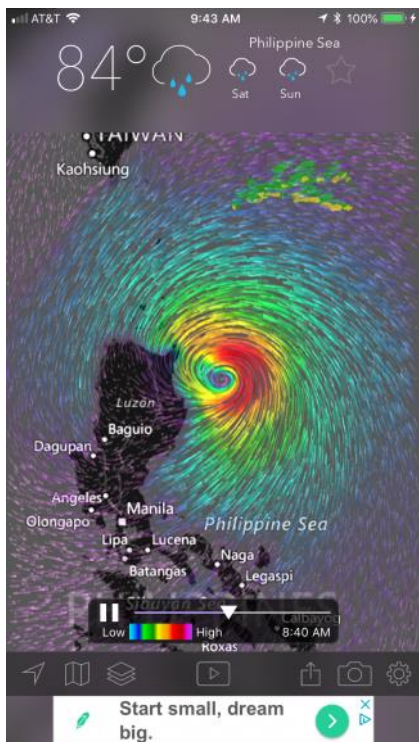
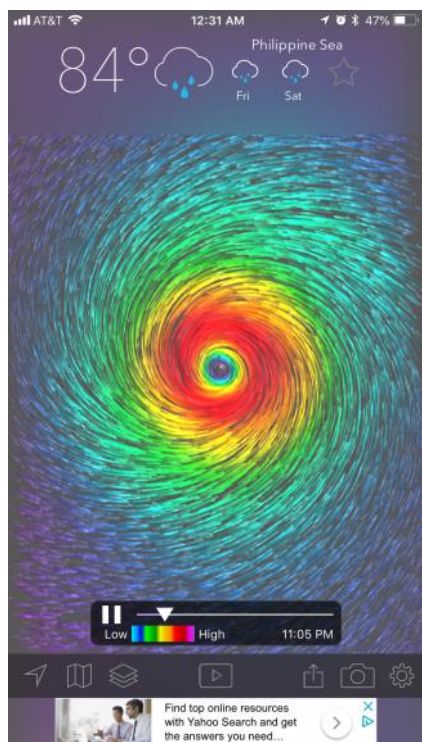
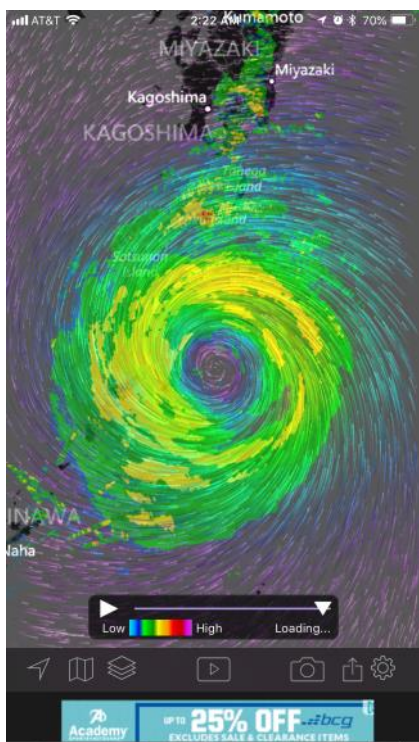
card. With the gift card, I told that I got these bowls and a cookbook. Here is a better look at the bowls. I've wanted the bowl on the right for a while. It is a really nice design! These are 1700s trade bowls (modern made after similar bowls of the time).



# Rough Year for Hurricanes

2018 seemed to be an active year for hurricanes not just in the Atlantic, but also in the Pacific! I have an app on my phone called MyRadar. It is a wonderful app to show radar, wind patterns, earthquakes, and fires around the globe. I took some screenshots of

some of the hurricanes and typhoons, and some of them looked particularly vicious! When you see a clear doughnut shape, it's bad! Unfortunately, I didn't keep track of which one was which. The third image, however, is Hurricane Florence.



# Cool Old Photo

The below photograph is of Miami, Florida in 1908! To look at it, you could think it was any old western town from the turn of the century. It was how the architecture was at that time across the country. In this case, the architecture is mostly of brick and stone since it can withstand the humidity much better. The details are great! Notice a hammock in the upper right, stone lions in the middle left, bicycles in several places, and lots of electrical lines. There is a hotel, restaurant, furnishing store (?), and real estate office. There is a mix of horse drawn buggies and motorized vehicles.

I saw this photo posted in a Facebook page called Cool Old Pic of the Day Club. It is just a page on Facebook to like and show in the news feed. Every day, they post a random old photo. The site claims that they are public domain photos found in a variety of sources, except for any that people submit directly to the site. I've seen lots of great photos on this site since the first time I found it!

[www.facebook.com/CoolOldPicOfTheDayClub](http://www.facebook.com/CoolOldPicOfTheDayClub)



# Overall Good Knowledge

## 10 Cowboy Life Lessons →

Calloused hands usually reveal a soft heart.

Check the corners or ride it twice... you decide.

You can handle a lot more than you think you can.

Strength comes from doing things you'd rather not do.

It's a whole lot better to shrug it off than lug it around.

Most people aren't happy because they are too comfortable.


Beef is perfectly acceptable at every meal.

There's a big difference in the first and second butt chewin'.

Learning from your mistakes is good. Learning from other's mistakes is better.

Never be afraid of failing... it's the only way you get better.

[from [www.savethecowboy.com](http://www.savethecowboy.com)]



**10 Cowboy Life Lessons**

Calloused hands usually reveal a soft heart.  
**CHECK THE CORNERS OR RIDE IT TWICE...YOU DECIDE.**  
You can handle a lot more than you think you can.  
**STRENGTH COMES FROM DOING THINGS YOU'D RATHER NOT DO.**  
It's a whole lot better to shrug it off than lug it around.  
**MOST PEOPLE AREN'T HAPPY BECAUSE THEY ARE TOO COMFORTABLE.**  
Beef is perfectly acceptable at every meal.  
**THERE'S A BIG DIFFERENCE IN THE FIRST AND SECOND BUTT CHEWIN'.**  
Learning from your mistakes is good.  
Learning from other's mistakes is better.  
**NEVER BE AFRAID OF FAILING... IT'S THE ONLY WAY YOU GET BETTER.**

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## Cowboy Ten Commandments

1. Just one God.
2. Honor yer Ma & Pa.
3. No telling tales or gossipin'.
4. Git yourself to Sunday meetin'.
5. Put nothing before God.
6. No foolin' around with another fellow's gal.
7. No killin'.
8. Watch yer mouth.
9. Don't take what ain't yers.
10. Don't be hankekrin' for yer buddy's stuff.

# Upcoming Issues

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

## Balmy Texas Air

I found this nice advertisement for the Santa Fe railway in *The Herald Democrat* (Leadville, Colorado), February 18, 1915 issue. In the deep freeze of winter at ten thousand feet in Leadville, anything but snow and bitter cold would be welcome! I think this is clever advertising to be promoting travelling to Texas with its “balmy air and a garland of flowers”! (Which by the way, is not exactly how winters are in Texas!) The agent posting the ad is JP Hall based in Denver for the Atchison, Topeka, & Santa Fe Railway Company. The stops listed, Fort Worth, Galveston, San Antonio, Dallas, and Houston, are all major cities located in eastern and southern Texas.



**Santa Fe**  
All the way

to  
**Texas**

Fort Worth  
Galveston  
San Antonio  
Dallas  
Houston

If you are going to Texas this winter, go on the Santa Fe. It is the comfortable route South. Fast trains to the land where winter is a breath of balmy air and a garland of flowers.

Write me about the winter excursion fares and for a copy of illustrated booklet, "Texas Resort Hotels."

J. P. HALL, General Agent.  
A. T. & S. F. Ry. Co.,  
601 Seventeenth St., Denver.



## 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 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.)

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