

Nov 06 - HER IBEX HUNT LOCATION

Call Of The Catalan



High rock-encrusted terraces set the stage for Ibex, hunter and camera...

By Wayne Van Zwoll

Picking rocks had been entertaining once, when I was a lad keen to be in the fields, but farming rewards best those who inherit the land or marry into it. I'd done neither. Moving stones no longer seemed as worthwhile as when young muscles and bronzed skin had impressed the ginghamed girl on the adjacent eighty.

Annette was her name—but I digress.

Many rocks here—an hour's drive and 3,000 feet up from the Caribbean coast—had been fitted into terrace walls generations before the first settlers broke sod in North America. I'd never seen stonier soil farmed.

