

# C E N I Z O

JOURNAL



FIRST QUARTER 2019

***FREE***

*“To know that you have enough is to be rich.” ~ Lao Tzu*

Boyd Elder • Poetry • The Story of David L. Anderson • Folkways • Nick Mersfelder  
Great Horned Owl • Photo Essay • The Desert Will Scour Your Soul • Trivia • Big Bend Eats







*Protecting Clients. Conserving the Land.*

www.KingLandWater.com 432-426-2024  
Tammy & James King



**HAMPTON INN OF ALPINE**  
2607 Hwy. 90 West • Alpine  
432.837.7344



**OF ALPINE**

2004 East Hwy. 90  
Alpine, TX 79830  
(432) 837-9597



Carol Morrow 432.386.3434  
carol@ForeverWestTexas.com

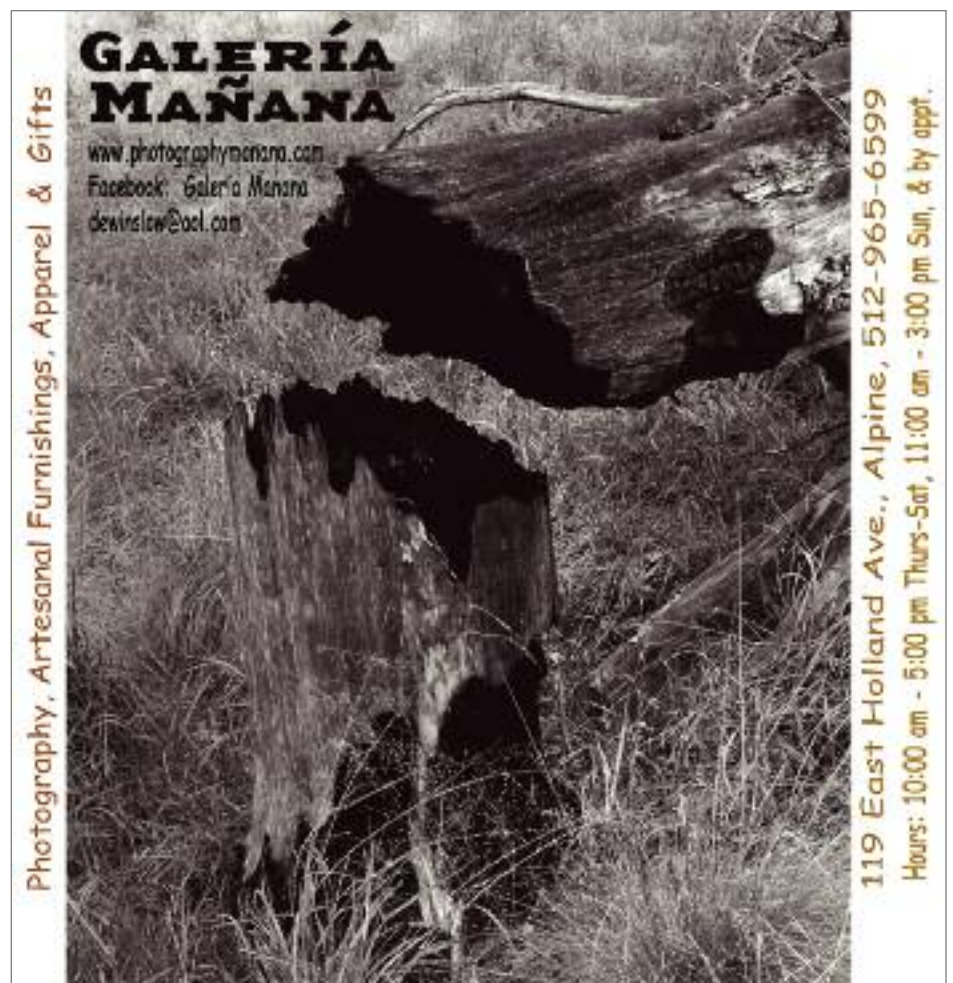
Jason Gonzales 432.294.2169  
jason@ForeverWestTexas.com

Office: 432.837.4663  
308 W Avenue E • Alpine  
Each office is independently owned & operated



**JANUARY 2019**

Cedar Coffee & Supply will be moving  
behind Front Street Books,  
118 N. 4th Street, Alpine Texas



**GALERÍA  
MAÑANA**

www.photographymanana.com  
Facebook: Galería Mañana  
dewinslow@aol.com

Photography, Artesanal Furnishings, Apparel & Gifts

119 East Holland Ave., Alpine, 512-965-6599  
Hours: 10:00 am - 5:00 pm Thurs-Sat, 11:00 am - 3:00 pm Sun, & by appt.





John Ray, MD  
Family Medicine/Ob



Roene McLaughlin, MD  
OB/GYN

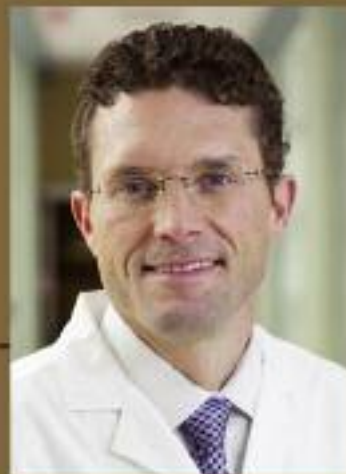


Catherine Harrington, MD  
Family Medicine



Erika Escobar, MD  
Pediatrics

Make an appointment today with one of our caring staff  
at [bigbendanytime.com](http://bigbendanytime.com) or call Big Bend Regional Health  
Clinic at 432-837-0430



Now accepting new  
patients in Midland!

**RUSSELL AKIN, M.D.**

FELLOW OF THE AMERICAN COLLEGE OF MOHS SURGERY

**ACMS** American College  
of Mohs Surgery



**MIDLAND SKIN  
CANCER CENTER**

**Russell Akin, M.D., RPh. FACMS, FAAD**

4214 Andrews Highway, Suite 100B • Midland, TX 79703  
432.689.2512

[www.midlandskincancer.com](http://www.midlandskincancer.com)

## Old Spanish Trail Gallery & Museum

FINE ART MEETS HISTORY ON A HERITAGE DAVIS MOUNTAINS RANCH



OPEN DAILY  
by appointment  
(432)249-1968

FINE ART ORIGINALS  
BRONZE SCULPTURE

Lindy Cook Sevens  
David Loren Bass  
Ginger Lemons  
Dina Gregory  
Wayne Baize  
Tim Oliver  
Roxa Robison  
Anne Eckley  
Priscilla Wiggins  
Joyce Runyan  
Stephen Jones  
and other fine artists

POTTERY GLASS CARDS  
[art@OSTgallery.com](mailto:art@OSTgallery.com)

[OSTGALLERY.COM](http://OSTGALLERY.COM)

PO Box 555 401 Crows Nest Ranch Rd Ft. Davis TX 79734

18 miles SW of Ft. Davis off Hwy 166 and 1 mile N into the mountains of Crows Nest Ranch



**VISIT THE GREY MULE SALOON  
TO TASTE TEXAS WINES MADE BY  
MESA VINEYARDS**

**101 E CALLAGHAN STREET, FORT STOCKTON, TEXAS**

FACEBOOK: @THEGREYMULESALOON

OPEN  
WEDNESDAY TO SUNDAY  
FROM  
2:30PM TO 8PM

WE ARE AVAILABLE FOR  
PRIVATE EVENTS- GRADUATION  
PARTIES, WEDDINGS, ANY  
OCCASION WORTH  
CELEBRATING!  
CALL 432-336-WINE (9463)  
FOR MORE INFORMATION







# Boyd Elder:

## The Most Famous Artlaw You've Never Heard Of

by Stephen K. Peebles

Top image of Boyd Elder's artwork courtesy of KRTS. Photo below of Boyd Elder and his artwork courtesy of Stephen Peebles

A self-described “artlaw” whose alias was “El Chingadero,” Boyd Elder had deep family and artistic roots in Valentine, Texas.

Elder's great-grandfather, William Eli Bell (1861-1919), was among the men who laid out Valentine, which straddles the Southern Pacific Railroad tracks and was incorporated on Feb. 14, 1882.

Bell donated the land and (most likely) drilled the well for the local water works, which was built and operated by Boyd's grandfather, Howard Laben Bell, Sr. (Jan. 15, 1898-Aug. 27, 1956) and his son Howard L. Bell, Jr. The elder Bell also constructed Valentine's first school-

house.

The Bells set up and ran the area's first phone system, with Boyd's Great-Aunt Fannie wrangling the switchboard.

The West Texas desert was Boyd's muse since boyhood, and after his countless escapades in far-flung locales, he invariably returned to Valentine to regenerate and create. Eventually, he parked his Ford pickup and Mercedes-Benz sedan there for good.

“A lot of people think I spend all my time at art openings and red-carpet

continued on page 26



# Table of Contents

8

- 4 Stephen K. Peeples Boyd Elder: The Most Famous Artlaw You've Never Heard Of
- 6 Carolyn Brown Zniwski Cenizo Notes  
Danielle Gallo
- Kleo Belay Nick Mersfelder: A Love Story
- 11 C.M. Mayo Poetry
- 12 Doran Williams Great Horned Owl
- Rani Birchfield Trash Talk
- 16 Ruth Ann Grissom The Desert Will Scour Your Soul

19

- 18 Maya Brown Folkways
- Matt Walter From Out of the Vaults – Museum of Big Bend
- 20 C. W. (Bill) Smith The story of David L. Anderson: Death of a Good Man
- 22 Anna Oakley Photo Essay  
Tony Drewry
- 25 Carolyn Brown Zniwski Big Bend Eats
- 28 Rani Birchfield Trans-Pecos Trivia

*We print CENIZO ~ let us work for you, too.*

*From rack cards and brochures  
to directories and guides ...  
From maps and post cards  
to flyers and magazines ...*

*Our careful customer service  
and Web-based seminars will help  
you create an outstanding publication.*



Call us for prices and details  
210-804-0390  
shweiki.com



**Twin Peaks Liquors**

**BIGGEST SELECTION**  
West of the Pecos

Open 10am to 9pm  
Mon - Sat



605 E Holland Ave • Alpine  
**432.837.7476**  
www.twinpeaksliquors.com



**Music To Your Ears**  
CDs • DVDs • Vinyl  
Games • Special Orders


Mon-Fri 10-6  
203 E Holland Ave, Alpine

**432.837.1055**  
ringtailrecords@sbcglobal.net

**KC's Quick Mart & RV Park**

30/50 Amp Full Hookups • Tent Sites  
• Restrooms • Laundry  
Walking Distance to: Pizza Hut • Penny's Diner  
"All Aboard America Bus Stop"

2803 E. Hwy 90 • Alpine **432-837-5497**



**BIG BEND FELDENKRAIS**  
Guild Certified  
Feldenkrais Practitioner®,  
Movement Intelligence  
Trainer/Teacher,  
Nationally Certified  
Massage Therapist,  
TX License # MT121615  
Gift certificates available

cathy@cathywright.com  
208 W Ave. E #101, Alpine  
832-314-8103

**CatchLight Art Gallery**  
presents:  
**CatchLight Artists' Holiday Show**  
Now Exhibiting  
through January 7, 2019

**"All Nude Review"**  
January 9- February 25, 2019

**NEW WORK by**  
**CAROL H. FAIRLIE**  
February 26 - April 22, 2019



Check our website for  
more show information

117 W. Holland Ave, Alpine  
432-837-9422  
www.catchlightartgallery.com

# Cenizo Journal

Volume 11 Number 1

## CONTRIBUTORS

**Kleo Maxwell-Bellay** has been exploring and enjoying the Big Bend region since moving to Terlingua in 2003. She currently resides in the Davis Mountains. *e-mail: kleomaxwell@gmail.com*

**Rani Birchfield** is a writer at large in the Big Bend region. Born in Kathmandu, she inherited the wanderlust of her parents and loves travel, food and wine exploration, and meeting odd folks of the planet. Have a story to tell or a hot tip? *e-mail: aed@cenizojournal.com*

**Maya Brown** is an herbalist and soapmaker. Her handmade salves, soaps and tinctures are available on-line at: mayamadesoap.com. *e-mail: mayamadeapothecary@gmail.com*

**Tony Drewry** is a photographer and writer, Big Bend guide for Basecamp Terlingua, dog dad to Lazy Dazy, BFF to Anna Oakley, and is rarely found without a camera, a journal, and a cooler full of Texas beer. *e-mail: beerpedaler@gmail.com*

**Ruth Ann Grissom** grew up on a farm in Montgomery County and earned degrees in journalism and social work at UNC Chapel Hill. She's been having a passionate affair with the Big Bend for 25 years. *e-mail: ruthgrissom@bellsouth.net*

**C.M. Mayo** was born in El Paso, Texas. She is the author of several books on Mexico, and a widely published poet and translator of Mexican literature. Her collection of poetry, METEOR, won the Gival Press Award. In 2017 she was inducted into the Texas Institute of Letters. *e-mail: cmmayo@cmmayo.com*

**Anna Oakley** is a graphic designer, proprietor of The Buzzard's Roost tipi rentals, dog mom to

Topo Chico the Chiweenie de Juárez, BFF to Tony Drewry, and is a longtime resident of Terlingua where she's currently living the dream. *e-mail: info@buzzardsroostrentals.com*

**Stephen K. Peebles** is an award-winning journalist and Grammy nominee who has written extensively about Texas music and popular culture. He has interviewed and written about Willie Nelson, Waylon Jennings, Asleep at the Wheel and Kinky Friedman. *e-mail: skp@stephenkpeebles.com*

**C. W. (Bill) Smith** is a writer, historian and curator of the Terrell County Memorial Museum. *e-mail: wsmith1948@yahoo.com*

**Matt Walter** is the Curator of Collections for the Museum of the Big Bend in Alpine. He is also a Lecturer in History at Sul Ross State university. *e-mail: mwalter@sulross.edu*

**Doran G. Williams** lives in the Post Oak belt of Lee County, Texas. He is semi-retired; he spends most of his time writing, minding his veggie garden, and taking care of his flock of laying hens, goats and Barbados Sheep. *e-mail: georgewiley@msn.com*

**Carolyn Brown Zniewski** started publishing at age nine, with a neighborhood newsletter called *The Circle*. From 1992 – 2006 she wrote a recipe column for two newspapers in Minneapolis, MN. In 2013, she started publishing the *Cenizo*. *e-mail: publisher@cenizojournal.com*

**Copy editor:** Rani Birchfield

**Cover:** David Loren Bass

## SUBSCRIPTIONS

*Cenizo Journal* will be mailed direct for \$25.00 annually. Make checks payable to: Cenizo Journal, P.O. Box 2257, Marathon, Texas 79842, or through Paypal at business@cenizojournal.com

## SUBMISSION

Deadline for advertising and content submissions for the Second Quarter 2019 issue: February 15, 2019. Art, photographic and literary works may be e-mailed to the Editor-in-chief at editor@cenizojournal.com or the Associate Editor at aed@cenizojournal.com. For business questions contact the Editor-in-chief. For advertising rates or to place an ad, contact the Editor-in-chief or the Associate Editor. For all other questions contact either the Publisher at publisher@cenizojournal.com or the Editor-in-chief.



# Cenizo Notes

by Carolyn Brown Zniewski, Publisher and Danielle Gallo, Editor-in-Chief



The New Year is upon us. I hope you started yours out with a large helping of black-eyed peas and a slice of sweet potato pie. That should bring you luck and prosperity for the coming year. Many folks make resolutions with the intent of improving their health, fortunes or character. It is a day when tradition suggests we take stock of our lives. There is a Chinese curse, "May you live in interesting times," and I think it applies to these last few years very well.

Every one of us has the opportunity and, if I may, obligation to be good caretakers of our special place here in Big Bend: the land, the animals, the plants and the people. It is by joining together and helping each other that we will continue to have the incredible loving and creative community that we so enjoy. I like to think that the *Cenizo* with its stories, photographs, poems, artwork and advertisements contributes its share to camaraderie here in West Texas.

My resolution for 2019 is to remember what Ben Franklin said: "We must, indeed, all hang together or, most assuredly, we shall all hang separately." Here is to a great year, together.



There are times when I miss the smell of forests so intensely that it pervades my dreams. There is a rich, loamy, acidic odor to the layered pine needles and last year's fallen leaves that I can't seem to let go of, and the smell of snow melting into forest litter in April is something I would recognize until my dying day, even if it takes until then to experience it again.

But I find that when I travel out of the Chihuahuan desert to a forested place, my primary response is claustrophobia. Where the hell is everything? Which way is north? The trees hem in the horizon, usually waaaaay over there fifteen or twenty miles distant, so I can only see a few hundred feet in any direction. I feel crowded and disoriented. Where are the long plains of graceful grasses, bowing primly all in one direction with the wind? Where are the feet of the mountains, firmly planted on the flats? Where does the moon rise?

When I first came to the desert, the open vastness of the space and the nakedness of everything made me feel small and exposed; dizzy, self-conscious, insignificant. Having grown accustomed to squinting at a far horizon, I don't know if I could trade it in for the near-sightedness of forests, no matter how wonderful they smell.

I hope you enjoy this edition of the *Cenizo*, kicking off the last year of the second decade of the second millennium A.D., with some far-sighted glances into the past, present and future of the Big Bend.

Published by Cenizo Journal LLC

P.O. Box 2257, Marathon, Texas 79842  
[www.cenizojournal.com](http://www.cenizojournal.com)

## CENIZO JOURNAL STAFF

PUBLISHER  
Carolyn Brown Zniewski  
[publisher@cenizojournal.com](mailto:publisher@cenizojournal.com)

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF  
Danielle Gallo  
[editor@cenizojournal.com](mailto:editor@cenizojournal.com)

ASSOCIATE EDITOR  
Rani Birchfield  
[aed@cenizojournal.com](mailto:aed@cenizojournal.com)

WEB MANAGER  
Maya Brown Zniewski  
[mayamadeapothecary@gmail.com](mailto:mayamadeapothecary@gmail.com)

DESIGN/PRODUCTION  
Wendy Lynn Wright  
[art@cenizojournal.com](mailto:art@cenizojournal.com)



### Mexican and American Food

Open 6 am to 9 pm Everyday  
Famous Beef & Chicken Fajitas • Ice Cream  
Free Wi Fi • Clean, Fast Service  
Rene & Maria Franco, Owners  
513 O'Reilly Street • Downtown Presidio  
432.229.4409

## ALPINE GUEST QUARTERS



Spacious one or two bedrooms  
Downtown Alpine • Walk to Amtrak

Reservations online at:  
[GuestQuartersAlpineTX.com](http://GuestQuartersAlpineTX.com)  
[AirBnB.com](http://AirBnB.com) • 432.244.8500



### CHIHUAHUAN DESERT nature center

**Shake off your cabin fever!  
Come visit the Nature Center!**

Hiking trails ☼ botanical gardens  
☼ cactus & succulent greenhouse ☼  
outdoor & indoor exhibits ☼ gift shop  
☼ bird blind ☼ mining heritage exhibit ☼

Open Mon.-Sat. 9:00 a.m. – 5:00 p.m.  
ST HWY 118 (4 mi. SE of Fort Davis)  
432.364.2499 [www.cdri.org](http://www.cdri.org)



Charles Hunter Collection, Archives of the Big Bend, [Bryan Wildenthal Memorial Library], Sul Ross State University, Alpine, Texas

# Nick Mersfelder: A Love Story

by Kleo Belay

It's no wonder his parents called him Nicholas, born on December 25th, 1858 in Gimmeldingen,

Germany—a small village close to France known for its impressive grape vineyards. His father was a grape grow-

er. His mother died when he was six. Nick was the youngest of four children. Five years after his wife's death, Andres

Mersfelder crossed the Atlantic with his children and found work as a horticulturalist in Ohio.



Nick Mersfelder began barbering as an apprentice in Cincinnati at 14 and while he accumulated many talents, professions, and hobbies, he never tired of being Jeff Davis County's beloved barber throughout his life and up until his death at 81. He was well known for his collection of shaving mugs, each monogrammed with the names of gentlemen, soldiers, ranchers, politicians, and outlaws, whom he regularly groomed and shaved while likely forming lifelong friendships.

The story of Nick Mersfelder is a love story: the love of a man for a woman, the love of a town for a man, and finally a man's love for his adopted home and community.

No one knows when his rigorous education, love of reading, and study of music began, but it was likely from an early age. It was part of his nature to be a lover of knowledge, a tinkerer, and a self-made man. He most likely carried his fiddle, a notebook, a barber kit and little else as he left his family home and traveled to Texas at the age of 21. Landing in Austin, he opened his own barber shop.

Nick's thrifty and ambitious nature left him dissatisfied with his life in Austin. He was successful as a barber yet unable to save money. After only a couple years in the state's capital, Mersfelder joined the Texas Rangers in 1881 and was sent to Fort Davis, which became Nick's lifelong home.

Though he was born on another continent, in a place very different from the wide expanse and wild country of a territory just establishing county lines, Nick Mersfelder would never again stray from the borderlands of West Texas.

After fulfilling his one-year contract with the Rangers, which mainly consisted of escorting one of the early geologic surveys of the Rio Grande Big Bend Section and a bit of Apache chasing, he set up shop as a barber directly across from the Fort. He quickly became a popular member of the community and the local repair man. His

barber shop was also a tinker shop full of contraptions in need of repair, steadily brought to him by locals from near and far.

With his resourceful nature and spendthrift persuasions, he began to amass the savings he dreamed of when

as Justice of the Peace and served officially from 1904 to his death in 1939.

His home/barber shop, tinker shop, music hall, radio station, gallery, and court house still stand today, and is the home of the Overland Trail Museum in Fort Davis. Much of the museum is

public eye, and lived confident of his intelligence, actions, and independence. Perhaps there was a genius about him in which he gave himself permission to disregard social norms, while consistently acting with kindness, fairness, and compassion for his community. After his death in 1938, there were 34 cars in the procession to the cemetery.

While he was known for his blunt and gruff demeanor, he was even better-known for his many kind and generous gestures towards neighbors and strangers, regardless of race, status, or nationality.

Nick Mersfelder is sometimes compared to Judge Roy Bean, as they were both small in stature, roughly 5'3", and both long-time and fiercely dedicated Justices in the early West Texas Frontier. But perhaps it was his German practicality which set him apart from Bean, as Nick is portrayed as having had a deep knowledge and respect for the law, compared to Bean's looser interpretations.

While Bean was known for his obsession with the actress Lily Langtry and the wild scenes of his frontier saloon, Nick was known as a life-long bachelor who wanted little to do with women. It was widely

known that as women began to adopt shorter hairstyles in the 20s, Nick refused to cut their hair. However, the image of Nick as an uninterested bachelor is merely a benign and simple way to remember a man who did not abide by societal norms in matters of love.

Fort Davis was the county seat of Presidio County when Nick Mersfelder married Betty Dowd in May of 1883. Three years later the same court filed the Mersfelder divorce, due to the infidelity of the young bride, caught with a Lt. Shipp at the Fort.

The marriage was so brief that most accounts of Nick's life don't mention a wife at all. The year Nick Mersfelder



*Mersfelder kept shaving mugs like this one for all his regular clients. Photo courtesy Wikimedia Commons.*

leaving Austin.

With his savings he became the first money lender in the Fort Davis area. Long before he helped to establish Fort Davis State Bank, he loaned at a 10% interest rate. While he was known as a strong businessman who eventually collected every debt owed him, he was also known as a compassionate lender who never pressured payments to be on time, nor refused anyone who asked for a loan.

Nick quickly became a wealthy and respected member of early Fort Davis society. He was convinced somewhat reluctantly to enter his lifetime career as Justice of the Peace. His first terms of service as JP were a result of the previously elected JP resigning or having been removed and Nick appointed. Eventually Nick embraced his position

arranged as it would have looked during Nick's lifetime. In some accounts, Nick also sold hot baths to cattlemen and travelers coming through town. Nick was constantly inventing money-making schemes and was often successful. As a life-long musician who could play many instruments, he often played the fiddle long into the night. He gave music lessons and put on dances throughout the area, for which he charged admission.

Nick owned the first radio in town and also broadcast from his home. He owned the town's first gramophone and shared his substantial recorded music collection with the community via radio as well as by hosting house concerts.

There are many stories about Nick, as it seems he was comfortable in the

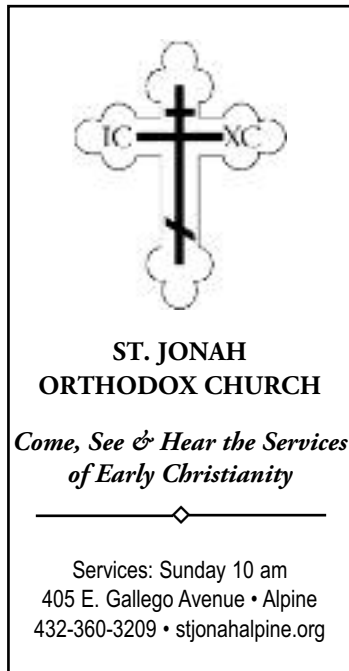
continued on page 10



**Eve's Garden  
Bed and  
Breakfast**

432.386.4165

Ave C & N 3rd • Marathon, TX  
info@evesgarden.org  
www.evesgarden.org



**ST. JONAH  
ORTHODOX CHURCH**

*Come, See & Hear the Services  
of Early Christianity*

Services: Sunday 10 am  
405 E. Gallego Avenue • Alpine  
432-360-3209 • stjonahalpine.org



On-site milling of whole grains for our fresh artisan breads, cookies, muffins and cakes. Light breakfast and lunch. Wine and cheese. Simple foods designed to nourish. Vegan options. Specialty ingredients and picnic options. Fine art by Fran Rowe.

Thurs. 8am-3pm & 5-8pm  
Fri. & Sat. 8am-3pm  
432-386-3772  
116 N. 5th Street • Alpine  
Like us on Facebook!



**AGUA  
ES VIDA**

**DEFIENDE TU VIDA**

WATER IS LIFE DEFEND YOUR LIFE

continued from page 9

was divorced, the woman who would one day become Nick's life-long companion, Belle Keesey, turned eight years old.

Belle was the daughter of Otis Keesey, the first county judge as well as the first superintendent to serve Jeff Davis County. She was 19 when her father moved to California shortly after her parents divorced. Belle remained in Ft. Davis with her mother Adelina, who invested her share of her former husband's estate on what was known as the local "Bawdy" house. It was there some sources believe Nick and Belle began their relationship.

Nick purchased the house next to his own; there lived Belle Keesey lived there after Nick's death, up until her own. In his will Nick left both houses to Belle Keesey, along with an allowance to be paid monthly throughout her life. Belle's husband, Reyes Marquez, worked with the railway and traveled often.

Though she was always known simply as Belle Keesey, and her relationship with Nick was public knowledge, Belle and Reyes lived together in the house next to Nick's and remained married until Reyes' death in 1960. Belle's death came two years later in 1962.

Another self-taught skill and income source for Nick was photography. He was well known for hosting slide presentations of his own work and showcasing slide presentations he ordered from afar. Reports that "pornographic" photos were found in his home after his death may come from a reliable source.

In a photo of Nick in his house, framed photographs line his walls. In looking closely at some of the framed photographs they appear to be the image a woman, her body blurred by some alteration of the photograph of Nick and

For a renaissance man such as Nick Mersfelder, the frontier life of early Fort Davis was a paradise. His passions and interests infused a remote society with culture, music, literature, and lawfulness. He was loved for his devotion to



"Man holds himself at gunpoint" by Nick Mersfelder

his room. As was sometimes the custom of the times, Nick's hanging and framed photos were double-sided.

Which side faced out was determined by his mood, or the attitudes and expectations of whomever was visiting his home.

Nick enjoyed many of life's pleasures. He was one of the founders and shareholders of the Limpia Hotel, where he attended regular meetings of the Fort Davis Literary society. He was known to always have a tobacco pipe burning, even when riding his bicycle around town. Into his later years he preferred a bicycle as his mode of transport, though he owned the first automobile in Ft. Davis, and owned many throughout his life. Again, closer scrutiny of photos of Nick in his house reveal a smoking device on a table in the room. Like most things in life, smoking was not only a habit, but another aspect of life to explore and enjoy fully.

his community and forgiven for his lack of concern for societal norms. Nick's could be considered a story of True Love: A love which transcended boundaries, yet espoused compassion, concern, and loyalty, not only for Belle Keesey, his life-long companion, but for every human being, and for life itself.

*"Art washes  
away from  
the soul,  
the dust of  
the day."*

~ Picasso



**IN THE GUADALUPE MOUNTAINS**

Mountains blush in mist  
dawn's breezes caress the oaks  
distant roar of trucks

Peaks zigzag the sky  
thorns, scat, prickly pear flowers  
fossils underfoot

Deep blue well of day  
by my shoe a lizard darts  
under cream-white rock

Small pine cones scattered  
water burbling upon stones  
wind nudges me home

Sun sinks to the ridge  
sumac's shade lengthens, shivering  
cloud like a squished frog

Birdsong at twilight  
sudden silver on sotol  
shadows sculpt puddles

Like handfuls of salt  
stars in a velvet cold bowl  
oil fields glowing pink

*by C.M. Mayo*



photo courtesy Erik Kilby via Wikimedia Commons, licensed under Creative Commons Attribution-Share Alike Generic 2.0 License.

# GREAT HORNED OWL

*by Doran Williams*

It was an early Fall morning; enough light to see the ground, but not enough to run through the grass. Mark sat in his folding chair on the dam

of his Small Pond, at the edge of the woods, watching a school of goldfish at the surface of their watery universe, shimmering. Mark was not the sole

watcher. A great horned owl glided silently out of the post oak wood-lot to Mark's left, behind him. She swept right by Mark, startling him, just a few feet

away, the path of her glide determined by gravity, genetics, and God, but mostly by the height from which she launched and the topography of the dam.



First, for speed, she launched down, from high in an oak, to the toe of the dam. Then with one stroke of her wings, up and over the dam, then down again to the water and with a strong, final stroke of her wings and the momentum of her launch, she dragged her talons through the school of goldfish (aiming to snag a golden meal), in the sunlit water growing brighter, shimmering. Ms. Owl missed her target. She glided across the pond to a dead branch on the ground near the water's edge where she landed, with a hopping motion turned herself around so she could look back along her flight path, and settled down to watch the goldfish, shimmering.

Ms. Owl was so close Mark's slightest motion could have spooked her, so he sat very, very still, not-blinking, peering intently at her, also sitting very still. He was blown away by the wild beauty of the owl and—being true to his character—had a lot of questions: What is the story of this owl? Is she of a pair of owls, or is she a single owl, not yet committed to a long-term relationship? Or is her mate deceased? Having read that owls mate for life, these questions bothered Mark, who dealt with the bother by asking more questions: What does the surviving spouse of an owl marriage do upon the death of a mate? Waste away in sorrow and loneliness? Look for a new mate? Take to heavy drinking? Find a good neighborhood singles bar to frequent? Join a church?

This was an important matter to Mark, as he was a recent widower, wrenched, by the death of his wife of 25 years, out of a marriage which he'd thought and had hoped would be forever. Mark was not easy with the thought,

and very uneasy about the acts, of seeking a new mate. He was put off by the necessity of being "out there" again. It made him tired and uncomfortable to contemplate the time, energy, and sheer luck which must go into establishing a new life with another woman of close affection and dedication. For instance (he muttered to himself), just how many modern women could he realistically expect to meet who would go with him to an Austin water treatment lagoon—as he strongly enjoyed to do—to stretch out on the ground on their backs to count the shore-birds circling overhead? Really.... He doubted there were many women who could be expected to spend much time sitting with a middle-aged man (himself) on the dam of a small, muddy pond, in a remote area of Central Texas, hoping for the appearance of a shamanistic entity while watching a school of gold fish, shimmering. Going out dancing was not an option: He cannot hold a woman-not-his-wife close enough to dance with her. Practicing the tango was just simply embarrassing. And it made him feel like he was cheating on his deceased wife.

Mark sought guidance in meeting these challenges from all others—men, women, even Owls—who may have gone through this, or be in the same fix, and who might know how to cope.

Mark took a moment to refocus his attention. He was out in the open, there at his Small Pond, exposed. He had no cover, neither from a hunting blind nor a camouflage costume. How long, he wondered, could he sit there without moving, before Ms. Owl noticed him? Not so long, as it turned out. Ms. Owl decided to take a look 'round: swiveling

her head in that unique, kinda scary way owls have of turning their heads, she looked first to her right, then back to center, toward the oaks, then to her left—and Mark almost burst out in laughter as Ms. Owl did a double-take, seeing him there, in his folding chair, looking back at her. For at least 60 seconds, maybe two minutes, neither of them moved. Mark continued to not-blink.

Ms. Owl looked him over. Calmly. He returned her gaze. Calmly. They stared into each other's eyes like lovers might do. Mark detected no fear or panic in Ms. Owl's eyes. He saw in her eyes intelligence, curiosity, comprehension, a strong sense of competency, and what appeared to Mark to be a sheepish sense of humor, perhaps a result of Ms. Owl having not spotted him early on. All those personality characteristics Mark might wish to see in a soul-mate's eyes, he saw in Ms. Owl's. He was not sure what Ms. Owl saw in his eyes, but whatever it was, she seemed not to be comfortable with it. Or maybe, Mark ruefully admitted, he was just boring her, because as he finally blinked, Ms. Owl flapped her wings, lifted her feet from the dead branch, took purchase in the air and glided unhurriedly back across the pond, over the goldfish, shimmering. Then up and over the dam of the Small Pond, to disappear into the deep shade of the oak woods. Mark sat there in his folding chair, wishing wistfully that he too could just fly away.

He was overwhelmed by what had happened, of having shared a full minute or more of intelligent communication with a damned owl. He began to understand that maybe Ms. Owl's visit was much like that of a visit by a shamanistic

entity to someone lost and in need of spiritual help. Initially Mark struggled against that analysis, but ultimately it would prevail. The only downside to this encounter with Ms. Owl was Mark's grudging, bothersome conclusion that she may have found him to be boring. Something told him to expect that response in future encounters with owls as well as with humans. Something told him also that this particular shamanistic entity had a sly sense of humor (for which Mark is grateful) and might be around in future to help out. Reflecting on Ms. Great Horned Owl's visit, Mark had to admit that she was impressive. He wished she had stayed around for a while longer, as he was ready to welcome her to his neighborhood with a friendly "Hello" and a wave of his hand. He might even have given to Ms. Owl—had she stayed around a few more minutes—his contact information, business card, and email address. "We could have scheduled," he thought aloud, "a lunch date for later in the week, perhaps back here at the Small Pond. We've most likely had interesting experiences and knowledge we could have shared. But," he continued, "even though Ms. Owl is gone, I do not feel rejected." Mark stared off into the middle distance over the pond, thinking of Ms. Great Horned Owl, hoping she had someone to hoot at in the coming night, and contemplating the paucity of telephone numbers in the small black book he had taken to carrying. The school of goldfish in the water, shimmering, seemed satisfied that Ms. Owl was gone.

on-line at: [cenizojournal.com](http://cenizojournal.com)

## AYN FOUNDATION (DAS MAXIMUM)

ANDY WARHOL  
*"The Last Supper"*

MARIA ZERRES  
*"September Eleven"*

Brite Building 107-109 N Highland, Marfa

Open weekends noon to 5 pm  
For hours, please call: 432.729.3315  
or visit [www.aynfoundation.com](http://www.aynfoundation.com)

## DAVIS MOUNTAINS NUT COMPANY

Roasted and Dipped Pecans

*You can taste the difference care makes!*

Please stop in for FREE SAMPLES

Hwy 17 in Fort Davis • Open: Mon. - Sat. 9 to 5

Great handmade gourmet gifts!

We ship anywhere year-round

Visit us on the web: [www.allpecans.com](http://www.allpecans.com)

800-895-2101 • 432-426-2101

[dmnc@allpecans.com](mailto:dmnc@allpecans.com)



# TRASH TALK

*Story and photographs by Rani Birchfield*



**D**ON'T MESS WITH TEXAS. Remember that ad campaign? The one born in 1985 in an attempt to clean up Texas roadways? The catchy phrase was pasted on red, white and blue trashcans throughout the state and backed up by billboards and commercials featuring appearances by top Texas names. The first TV commer-

cial aired in 1986 during the Cotton Bowl. It featured blues guitarist Stevie Ray Vaughan picking "The Eyes of Texas" on his strings and was a huge hit. Seen as risqué during the preview at TxDOT headquarters due to Vaughan's earrings and shaggy hair (it was still the conservative 80s), they aired it anyway, the ad exec assuring them that the target

audience would be reached. Within minutes after airing, stations were getting calls to repeat the "music video." Since then, dozens of famous people have been recruited to get people's attention about littering. Everyone from Chuck Norris, Leann Rimes, Shamu, Joe Ely, Eryka Badu, Matthew McConaughey and Earl Campbell to

monsters, bikers, cowboy poets, Willie Nelson and George Strait.

In 2011 an article in *Texas Monthly* reported that the "Don't Mess With Texas" slogan:

*"has even been voted America's favorite slogan, beating out commercial marketing behemoths "Just Do It" and "Got Milk?" in the*



*2006 Walk of Fame contest by Advertising Week. More importantly, it has worked. Even factoring in the increases in population and roads, the stats are impressive: In 1986 TxDOT was spending \$2.33 per person picking up road-side litter. Twenty-five years later, the agency spends \$1.90."*

I've no idea if the campaign succeeded as much as they say it did. Trash spending did go down in the intervening years. But a "favorite slogan" title does not equal clean roadways and lands. Although the campaign is still going, in my observation, in the year 2019, there's more trash than ever.

When my daughter was young, we road-tripped all over the United States because I wanted to take her to all lower 48 states before her 18th birthday. We didn't reach the goal, but we did get to the halfway mark, mostly by car. Up to Minnesota and the Boundary Waters Canoe Area, over to the north side of Grand Canyon, and other points east and south. I can't say I used to notice trash in Texas – I grew up here – but during these road trips I began to notice how much trash there *wasn't* in other places, along other roadways. I realized this on a conscious level one day when I came across a lone fast food bag in the middle of a remote state road somewhere in the north, standing up, a lonely sentinel, a reminder that littering was out of place. This trashy little "billboard" screamed silently in its red and white attire: "Look what's missing here – trash." That's when I began to notice trash in Texas was more pervasive than some of the other states.

Much later, when my parents moved to the tri-county area and I began driving out to visit, once I hit Balmorhea – despite driving through one of the, shall we say, most industrial and inelegant areas in Texas – I was amazed that no trash littered the roadways. Once you hit

the little town off I-10, all the unsightliness, along with the trash, disappeared. From Balmorhea to Fort Davis; from Fort Davis to Alpine; from Alpine to Marfa and points south.... it all seemed so clean. I was amazed. It was like a dream.... Is this really Texas?

Now, however, a decade later, I see evidence of people messing with Texas on a regular basis. I drive to work from the outskirts of Alpine and pick up crap on the side of the road along the way, if not every day, every week. Plastic bags, plastic wrapping and half-empty chip bags. Water bottles. Styrofoam dinner

chewed their –hopefully real – cud not far from them. (Maybe the little ones thought they were sharing a snack, a snack that would fill their bellies now and kill them later.) We couldn't take it, so we turned around at the road to Mitre Peak drive and went back. We pulled off on the side of the road and got out. I held the barbed wire fence open for her while she trudged through the brush and took the plastic away from the unsuspecting cows, hoping neither the adult cattle nor the rancher would be upset about our trespassing and "messing" with their young.



containers with just a pickle or two remaining. Natty Light cans every few hundred yards or so like breadcrumbs from Hansel and Gretel. (I assume this is a chug one, throw the empty can out, chug one, throw it out, type of drinking game. You know who you are – leave that shit in your truck!) I drive to Fort Davis and the Observatory and see trash, the amount of which creeps ever upward.

One day, driving with a friend from Alpine to Fort Davis, we spotted two calves playing tug of war with a long sheet of plastic as their cow mothers

Suffice it to say, the landscape in this region is becoming trashy, plain and simple. A lot of the litter is plastic bags, which disintegrate in the harsh weather out here and turn into hundreds of little, tiny pieces that animals mistake for food. Yes, those damn bags fly out of your hand in the wind. Maybe they blow in from unsecured, overfull dumpsters and landfills – who knows how far they can travel before they get hung up on a Cholla or Catclaw. I imagine that some trash, especially the bags, blows in from jobsites maybe even as far away as the Midland/Odessa/oil-field area on

the high, dusty winds. The amount of trash in that area is appalling. But I digress.

Studies have shown that the profile of the highest litterers is as follows:

- Age - 24 and younger (this number reduces by age bracket)
- Smoking cigarettes
- Going to bars or other nighttime entertainment at least twice a week
- Being single (unmarried)
- Eating fast food at least two times a week

I think now we can add "works in the oil field" to that list, simply because they are a transient group with a smaller sense of ownership and pride in their surroundings.

According to the dontmesswithtexas.org site (circa 2017), approximately 435,000,000 pieces of visible litter accumulate on Texas roadways every year. The site claims that if every person in Texas picked up 2 pieces of trash per month, Texas would be litter free in one year. I don't know if that's an accurate estimate on either the amount of litter or the picking up. Texas has a population of 28.3 million, so I assume that means all of the citizens would need to pick up trash, and one would also assume that during that year, there would be no litter at the end only IF people didn't litter at all during that time period. There are a couple of obvious issues with this estimate: Tiny humans can't pick up trash, for one. Also, have any of

the surveyors been to Midland / Odessa and surrounding environs recently? There are probably 435,000,000 pieces of trash in those two counties alone. So you know what that means, folks.... You must get out there and pick up five or 10 a month, maybe per week, to make up for slackers like babies and the elderly.

Have you littered in your past lives? Have you driven down the road chucking beer cans and soft drinks out the window along with that hamburger

continued on page 27



# The Desert Will Scour Your Soul

*Story and photographs by Ruth Ann Grissom*

In December, as my husband and I packed for a trip to Big Bend National Park, I ran across a quote attributed to Edward Abbey. “The desert will scour your soul.” His words evoke the grit of the desert, but they also embody the promise of emerging polished and pure. The past year had left some wounds on my soul, scars that had calloused into bitterness. If any place

was capable of abrading them, it was Big Bend.

I’ve visited other desert parks – Death Valley, Joshua Tree, Organ Pipe and Abbey’s beloved Arches – but Big Bend is the one that pierced my heart, the one I return to again and again, all the way from North Carolina or Georgia or New York, wherever I’m living at the time. It’s a place of solitude and solace, where

a self-contained mountain range is content to reside in the desert, where the Rio Grande holds the land as if it were a treasure cradled in a palm. Here, Mexico lies to the south, but also to the east and west. It messes with your perspective.

The desert is luminous in winter. The solstice sun hugs the horizon. Grasses are parched and hollow. Backlit

from such a low angle, they glow. So do the golden thorns of Christmas cholla. Yuccas and sotols positively shimmer. Even the humble pads of prickly pear cactus revel in their reflection of the thin, clear light.

There is so much beauty here among the thorns and rocks.

A gentle trail leads us toward the Chimneys, a line of eroded dikes that



has long served as a landmark in the desert. From a distance, it brings to mind the jagged teeth in a coyote's skull. One is etched with Indian petroglyphs – circles, hash marks and squiggles. I wonder at their meaning. At another, a large overhanging rock creates a welcoming shelter.

The remains of a stacked stone wall further define the space. Inside, there are ancient stone metates used to grind

We continue past the Chimneys, on toward Peña Spring.

The surrounding area is cut with washes that channel water rushing off the nearby hills and mountains.

They are dry today, but the monsoon rains finally came this fall, a welcome respite after many years of drought.

The week before our arrival, there was even a substantial snow. I expect there will be a

growth and hunker down in order to survive.

On our return, the sun is setting behind us. Evening turns the Chisos Mountains purple in the distance, the color echoed in the clumps of prickly pear cactus scattered along the trail.

We startle up flocks of black-throated sparrows and multiple coveys of quail. Our presence sends them twittering and clucking into the scrub.

A Northern harrier skims the prickly brush, looking for one last meal to sustain him through the cold descending with the night.

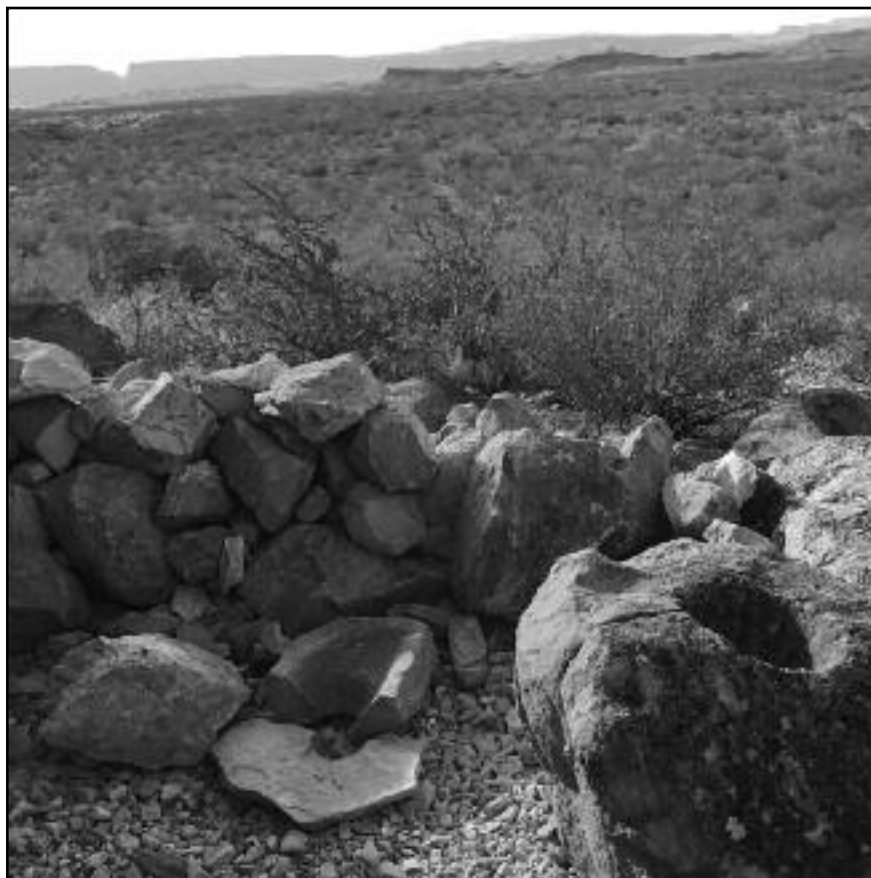
I spot a rock cairn painstakingly arranged in the shape of a heart. I'd missed it on the way in. Carefully selected sticks are laid out in the center to form a capital C. An early Valentine? An ephemeral memorial? A note for a fellow hiker?

The intent remains as cryptic as the petroglyphs, but I do know this: After thousands of years, we're still inspired to leave our special mes-

sages in the desert.

Another day, while hiking the Mule Ears trail, I will notice unusual markings on a large, sprawling prickly pear cactus. It appears someone has used a pocketknife to slash a line and gouge two holes in one of the pads.

The wounds have healed, leaving a smiley face. I normally frown upon defacing a protected, even sacred place, but in that moment, for a moment, I return the smile. I then continue on my way, step by step, along the rocky trail.



mesquite beans or grains.

I think of the women who lived here over the centuries. As they worked, perhaps they gazed across the desert toward Santa Elena Canyon, the dramatic cleft in the distant cliffs, waiting for loved ones to return from a battle or hunt. Their lives must have been riddled with tedium and hardship. I hope there were also moments of pleasure, comfort and awe – the last warm rays of a winter evening's sun, a spot of midday shade in summer, the sight of a thundercloud taller than the mountains and wider than the desert.

spectacular wildflower display come spring.

In the meantime, I'm stunned to find a few bright red blooms atop the spindly sticks of ocotillo.

The large, vase-shaped shrubs otherwise look dead.

Their common name, coachwhip, speaks of cruelty, but these days the branches are more often used as fencing. In the spring, after ample rains, they are plush with small, green leaves.

These are quickly shed when the weather turns dry. It's a good approach to challenging times – sacrifice

## Hebert's Heirlooms & Resale

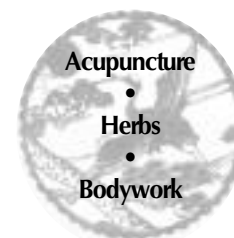


*Antiques & Collectibles  
Old & New*

1250 N. State Street  
Fort Davis  
432-426-3141

hebertsheirlooms@yahoo.com

## WHITE CRANE ACUPUNCTURE CLINIC



Shanna Cowell, L.Ac.

NEW LOCATION:  
1310 E. Ave. H • Alpine  
(Entrance on Jackson)  
432.837.3225

Mon. - Fri. by appointment

## Gallery on the Square

a non profit CO-OP Gallery  
of the Big Bend Arts Council

"Holiday Miniature Show 2018"  
'Fine Deals on Fine Art'  
Now Exhibiting through Jan. 8, 2019

"New Year, New Work"  
January 10 through February 26, 2019

### Print Show

featuring hand-pulled, wood cut prints and more!  
February 28 through April 23, 2019



115 West Holland Ave, Alpine, TX  
432-837-7203  
bigbendartsCouncil.org

## Daniela C. Lara Certified Public Accountant

1701 W Highway 90 • Alpine

(432) 837-5861 • Cell: (432) 249-1040

Fax: (432) 837-5516

Email: dlar449@yahoo.com

Text for appointment • Evenings and weekends only  
Gift certificates available

Elizabeth Malloy, Licensed Massage Therapist  
906 E. Ave. B (Coggins Chiropractic) • Alpine

by *Maya Brown*

## WINTER IS THE TIME FOR BITTERS

In this issue I am talking drinks and syrups. All those wonderful concoctions you can make and have for the winter months that are upon us.

We eat rich, wonderful and delicious food in the winter. Oh, how we love the holiday traditions that focus around food and drinks! There are two nutrients humans need that require a great amount of work to earn: sugar, anything sweet and fat. It is no wonder we want those first! So, after a winter of hiding out from the cold and hard work, combined with the great number of Yuletide celebrations, it's not surprising we feel sluggish, like the filter and carburetor aren't running right. I love tea, bitters and spring plants to kick start everything and help get rid of that sluggish feeling.

### BURDOCK

First there is burdock, lovely burdock. She grows just about everywhere. I prefer the second-year roots dug up in the spring. Peeling the outside removes the bitterest part but I actually like the twang it gives. The first-year roots are easier to dig up, but much less bitter, and smaller. Dig up burdock, clean and rinse the roots off, slice like a carrot and use in any recipe you wish. I love burdock roots in stir-fry. You can also make a really wonderful burdock root tea (recipe below) and drink to your health. You can also eat the leaves in a cooked salad, for instance.

### DANDELION

Do you remember the sheer joy of dandelion flowers? I do. I love how soft the petals are, the perfect green of the leaves and stem and the bright yellow against the grass, like some happiness and oddities showing up. Dandelion roots, much like burdock

roots, are also fantastic in stir fry and tea, but let me tell you about dandelion roots as a slightly roasted morning drink. I hesitate to call it a coffee substitute, because it isn't, and that is unfair to both dandelion and coffee. To make a tea, find your dandelions, pick them (don't throw away the leaves or flowers!), chop up the roots and cook in a cast iron pan until they are slightly roasted. Steep the roasted roots and make as you would coffee. You can use the dandelion leaves and flowers in other foods. Put the flowers in muffins and leaves in salads. I've covered both of those ideas in previous articles.

### NETTLES

If I could get everyone to do only a couple of things, the top of that list would be to drink and eat nettles every day. I like infusing dried nettles in a quart of water overnight, straining and reserving the liquid and drinking it over the day. It is among my favorite drinks and I can really feel the difference when I have nettles. I put about a quarter cup of dried nettles in a quart (large) mason jar, fill it up with water and let it set 4-8 hours. I usually do this overnight and sip on it while waiting for my coffee to get done. There are many more things you can do with nettles, but they do need to be either dried or cooked or you will really understand why their name is Stinging Nettles.



Photo courtesy Maya Brown

### BURDOCK AND DANDELION ROOT TEA

- 1 teaspoon dried burdock root
- 1 teaspoon dried dandelion root
- 2 dried red clover flowers
- Dried peppermint leaves to taste
- 4 cups hot water

Steep and strain to make tea.

### NETTLE TEA

- ¼ cup or so dried nettles
- 5 cups hot water
- A squirt of lemon juice
- Similarly sized squirt of honey or maple syrup

Make a tea as described above, let cool and strain, reserving liquid and adding lemon and honey or maple syrup. Drink the YUM!

### RASPBERRY, ROSEHIPS AND NETTLE TEA

- 1 ½ oz. raspberry leaves (You can grow these assuming you're in the right area.)
- 1 oz. dried nettles. These can grow anywhere.

½ oz. Rosehips, Yep, the ones off your non-sprayed rose bushes, picked at the end of the season.

½ oz. Hibiscus flowers—make sure you get the edible ones. The Mexican Grocers have good ones.

½ oz. dried orange peel. I save my orange peels and dry them myself.

4 cups hot water

Steep and strain to make tea.

You can change things around with any of these recipes as your taste buds, how much you want to grow yourself or not, time and other circumstances dictate.

One of the things I like best about these recipes is that you can grow and harvest the ingredients as well as blend them yourself. They are perfect for gifts. I hope you really groove and get into making your own teas and drinks with recipes you have invented.

As always, with love, Maya



# From Out of the Vaults MUSEUM OF BIG BEND

by Matt Walter

A hand forged railroad tie and bush ax with a 12-inch-long-blade and a 36-inch handle. This particular ax was used in shaping the ends of

railroad ties and clearing brush during the laying of the "Orient of Texas" rail line between Girvin and Alpine, Texas in 1913. Girvin, located between

McCamey and Fort Stockton, grew rapidly when the rail line was built; but the Great Depression and the construction of a new highway a mile distant from it

caused its rapid decline. It is now listed as a ghost town, with no census data.



## Radio for a Wide Range

Serving Far West Texas at 93.5 FM



Become a member at [www.marfapublicradio.org](http://www.marfapublicradio.org) or 1-800-903-KRTS

BEHIND EVERY PROJECT IS A

*True Value*

**MORRISON HARDWARE**

SERVING ALPINE & THE BIG BEND SINCE 1928

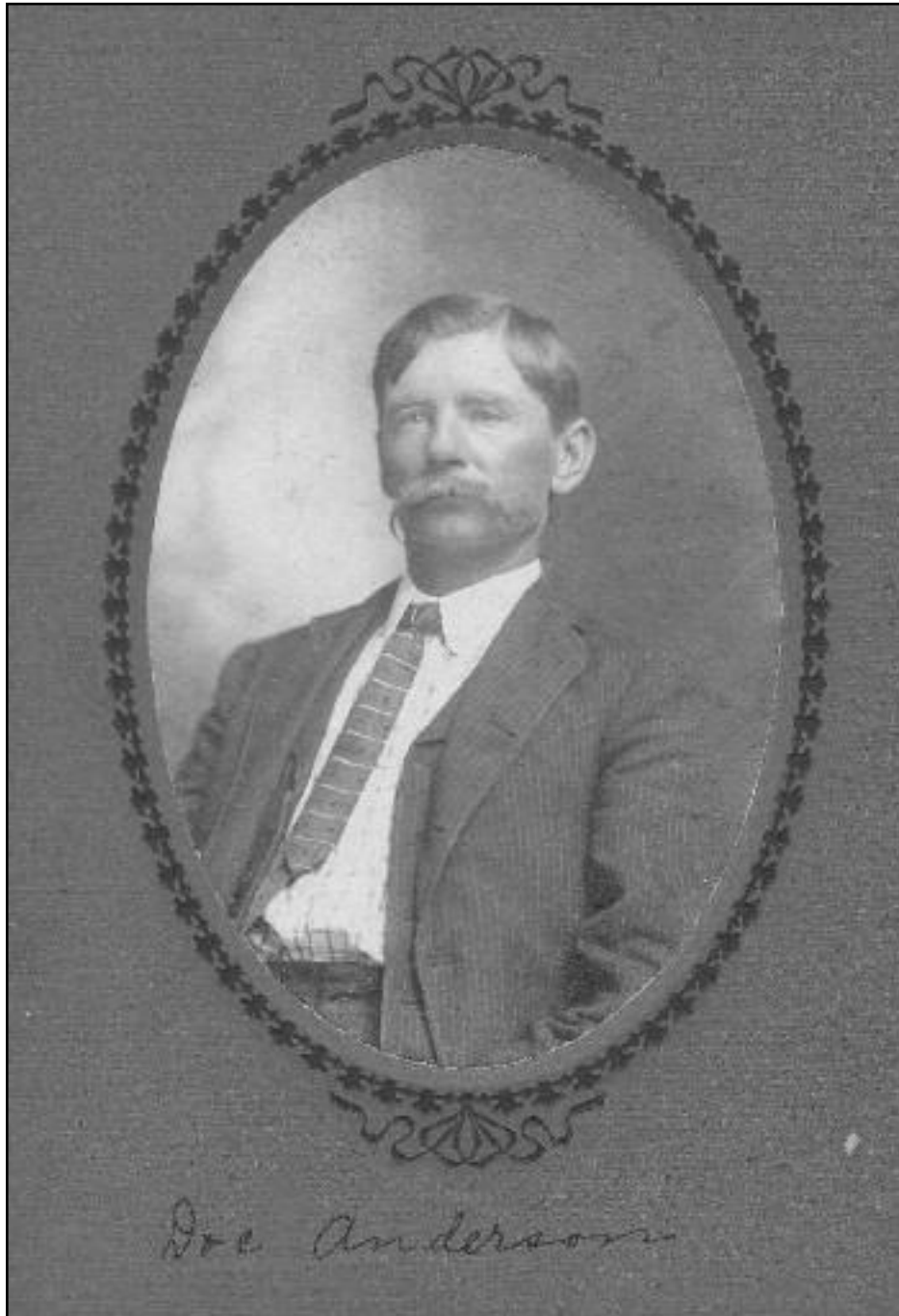
301 N. 5th ST  
432-837-2061

ALPINE, TEXAS 79830  
[www.morrisonhardware.com](http://www.morrisonhardware.com)



# The story of David L. Anderson: DEATH OF A GOOD MAN

by C. W. (Bill) Smith



David L. "Doc" Anderson

Our local sheriffs and deputies are of great importance in keeping our homes safe, aiding us in

times of difficulty and watching out for our community. Many officers of the law have made the ultimate sacrifice

while upholding the law and protecting our community in times of disaster. Many of those officers received their training in the military. Terrell County is very fortunate. We have lost only one officer in the line of duty over the years, but he was a very interesting man.

David L. "Doc" Anderson, a Dryden, Texas rancher and livestock inspector, was the fourth sheriff of Terrell County. An able lawman, he was beloved by his constituents, but he was a tough sheriff in the difficult period of the Mexican Revolution, which raged just twenty miles from Sanderson. During his watch there were murders, cattle rustling, gun-running and smuggling, in addition to train robberies and the general mayhem of a wild little town. It was a tough time, but he was a tough man.

Doc Anderson had a complex past, much more complex than people knew at the time. Before he moved to Terrell County, at age 20, he fell in with Billy the Kid in New Mexico under his real name, Billy Wilson, and was convicted of passing counterfeit currency. He escaped to Texas and disappeared. In 1896, Pat Garrett found him, but secured a presidential pardon for him from Grover Cleveland because he had led an exemplary life after his escape.

In his justification for the pardon, Cleveland remarked, "Since his escape he has established a new home and has, by his reputable conduct, gained the respect and goodwill of his neighbors, who numerous certify to his good character and standing. He was very young when convicted, and developments upon his trial and representations now made to me cause very great doubts in my mind as to his guilt. I am entirely satisfied that the ends of Justice will be answered and a desirable citizen saved to society by the act of clemency I have determined on."

Doc Anderson moved out to Terrell County and became a respected cattle-

man in the area. In 1915, he was asked by the county commissioners to fill out the term of Sheriff J. J. Crawford, who had recently resigned. Doc agreed, and at the next election he was elected to office.

On June 4, 1918, Anderson was called to Harrell's Ex-Pecos County Saloon in Sanderson to deal with a drunken cowboy, Ed Valentine, who was threatening bystanders and taking potshots at the citizenry. Anderson knew the man and realized that he was in a fit of depression. He felt he could just talk with the distraught young man and get the gun away from him.

Ed Valentine had lived in Sanderson for some time and was well known and liked by a number of people, including Anderson. His wife had died recently, and his mother was helping raise his two little girls. Local reports were that Valentine had lost badly at the gambling table and that, for a cowboy who needed money and had drunk too much liquor, events probably pushed him beyond the point of no return.

When Anderson reached the establishment and entered, Ed Valentine immediately fired two rounds at the sheriff, the first taking off his trigger finger and disabling his shooting hand, and a second shot that pierced Anderson's heart. Anderson died instantly, falling back into a chair at a table. In a moment, gunfire began to pour into the building as outraged citizens took up arms outside. Valentine fired back.

The real hero of the story was Bob Gatlin. Gatlin had run stock with Anderson in Dryden and had been appointed deputy there. When he got word that his friend and boss had been killed, he came immediately to Sanderson, coming upon the chaos at Harrell's Saloon. Citizens were still firing wildly, with Valentine returning fire.

Gatlin calmly went across the street to Joe Kerr's store, borrowed a new rifle



Interior of Harrell's Ex-Pecos County Saloon. Man in center is owner F. N. Harrell

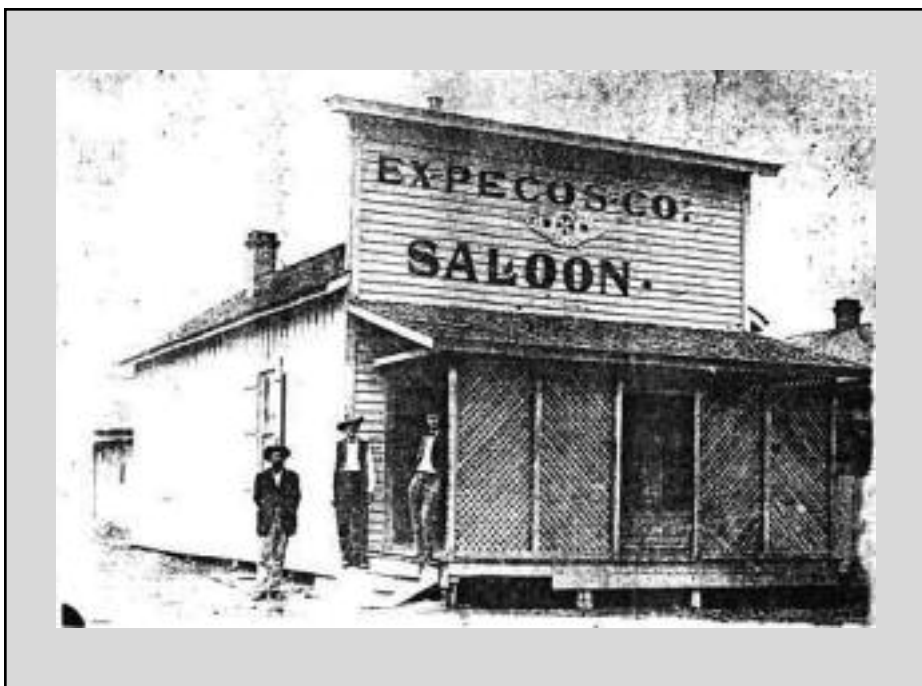
and charged a box of cartridges to his account, then went back to the saloon. In moments the crisis was over: one shot was all it took. He returned the gun to Kerr, who wiped it down and put it back in the rack.

Then he went home to grieve for his good friend.

Sanderson, Dryden, indeed all of Terrell County and Southwest Texas went into mourning.

The popular officer of the law was prepared for burial and moved by

solemn cortege to the railroad station, to be taken to Brackettville, Texas for final rites. In the procession behind the flower-laden casket were men, women, children, the elderly, the high-born and the common, marching to muffled sobs, all paying respect to a good man. A large crowd of mourners traveled to Brackettville to attend the funeral, and it was many days before the melancholy of this tragic chapter of our history had faded.



Exterior of the Ex-Pecos County Saloon in Sanderson, Texas, ca 1916



## Shop Alpine Farmer's Market

Every Saturday morning at 9 a.m. on historic Murphy St. (just East of 5th Street). Get fresh veggies all year plus baked goods, crafts and more!

**For subscriptions  
please see page six**



# Photo Essay

*by Anna Oakley and Tony Drewry: The Dogs of Terlingua*



Rossi

Have a seat on the porch at the Terlingua Trading Company any day of the week, and while you enjoy a cold Lone Star and a tune or three from Uh Clem or Jeff Haislip, you are sure to meet at least a few local dogs as they mingle with each other and people alike, under a hand-painted sign that

reads NO DOGS ON THE PORCH. This is a quintessential Terlingua experience. It's always fun to watch the dogs play, and usually fine to give a head pat if they seem willing or interested, but it is never okay to assume that the dog is lost and needs your help finding its owner. These dogs live around here, and

they know their way home.

Just as much as any of the people who live out here, the local dogs are our neighbors and we know them all by name. Lazy Dazy, Howdy, Mamagurl, Rossi, Kita, Moonpie, Topo Chico, Suka, Maggie, and that's just to name a few. And then there are the dogs of days

past, like Brown Dog, who is probably the most famous and/or infamous dog in the modern history of the town, depending on who you talk to.

Old Brown's origin was unknown, just appearing one day, years ago, like he was born of the desert. It's more likely though that he was dumped off by some

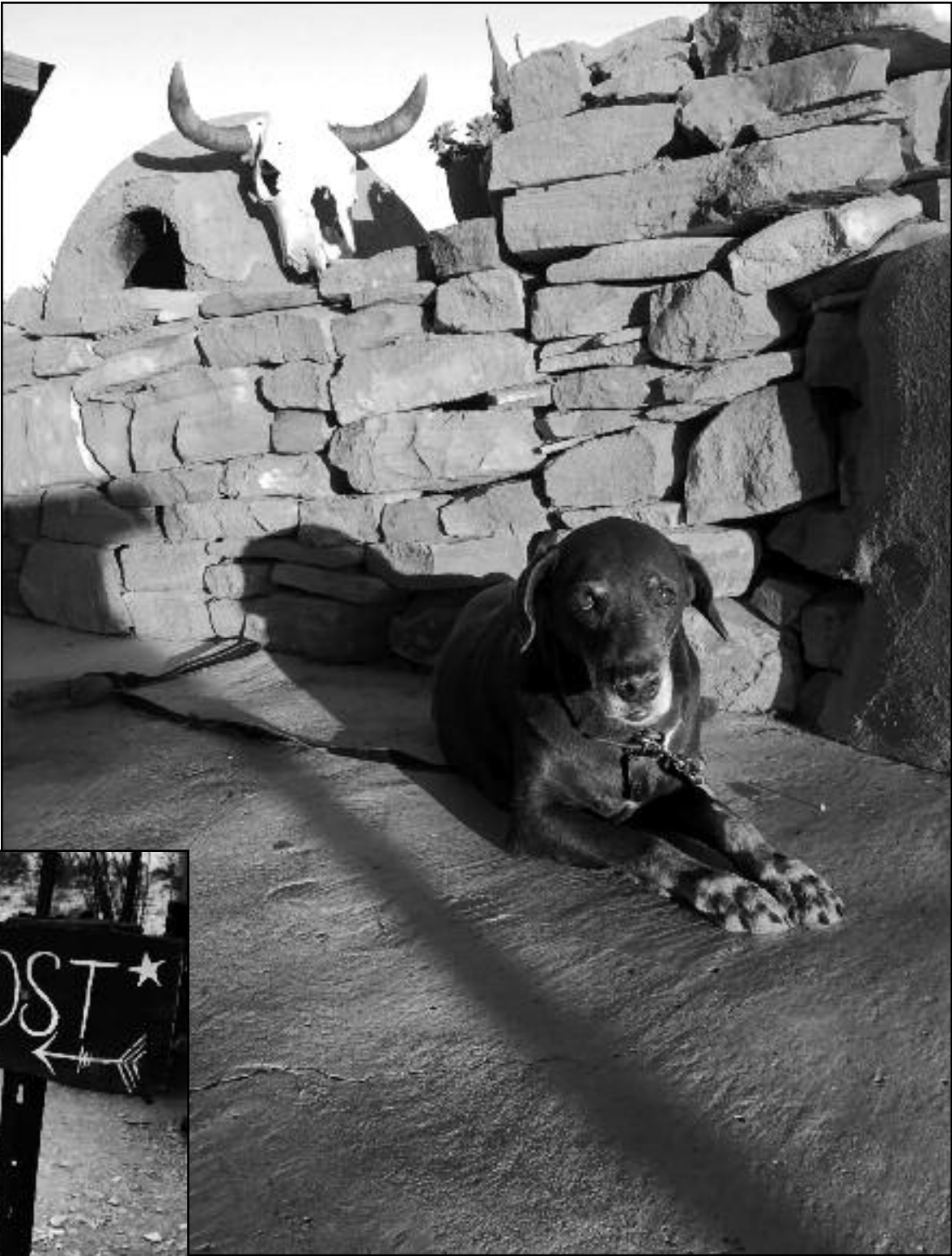


cretin, who obviously had no idea who this dog would one day become. In his younger years, Brown Dog lived free from the boundary of a human home, coexisting with the people of the community he had found himself among. And he was a resourceful survivalist, going at it alone like a desert drifter for some ten years or more. As he grew older, he did finally, and no doubt somewhat begrudgingly, decide he could live with a human companion, a benevolent man who cared for him in his twilight.

In the last year or two of his life, it is said that Brown Dog bit a man in the ghost town, but only because that man had it coming. It turned out that he had actually only bitten the wallet in the man's back pocket, but a fuss was raised, and someone called the cops. Shortly after the alleged incident, Brown went into hiding and successfully evaded the authorities until the coast was clear, like a bandito from the days of old Terlingua. It was a sad day for many when he passed on, and there were even rumors that he would be buried in the ghost town cemetery, but he wasn't. These days old Brown is still remembered in story, a few songs, and even in a film.

The dogs around here are desert dogs, and that means more than you might know. Some may be more inherently suited to life in the desert like Brown Dog, but no matter what the breed, if they are going to survive out here it takes as much effort as any other animal, human, or plant. That is something that can't be learned overnight, or even in a week's time. Life in the desert can be harsh, and this land does not suffer the unprepared lightly.

continued on page 24

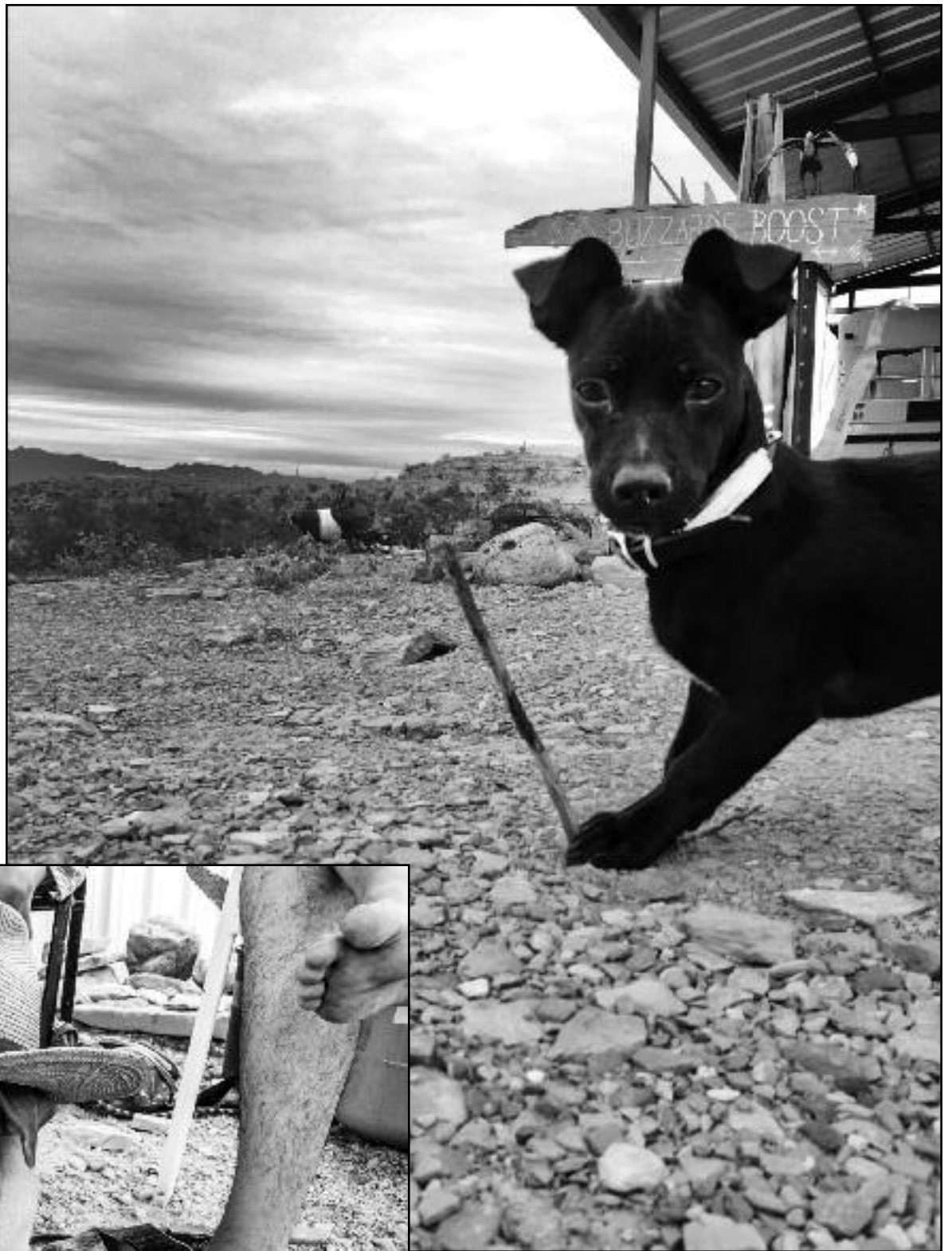


Top: Brown  
Left: Sissy

A desert dog is a special creature, best appreciated in its natural element and without the encumbrance of your city dog or your perceptions about the other dogs you know elsewhere. These dogs of Terlingua, from Chiweenies to Labradors to cattle dogs to downright mutts and more, have been either born into this life or have been indoctrinated into it over some time. Some are shown the way by the human who feeds them, and a few only learn from the dogs they come to know. Each one is unique, adding another layer of depth to the complex fabric of our lives here in the Northern Chihuahuan Desert.

All these dogs share a place in a pack that is widespread in terms of the distance they dwell from each other, close knit in terms of the proximity of the places where dogs and people congregate and the frequency in which they do so, and a sort of controlled chaos in the sense that it is allowed to more or less run unfettered by the constraints of the regulatory norms in a city, but never coming close to the apex of an all-out melee, running rampant through the streets wreaking havoc on all its citizens. Good dogs, you know?

These lovable characters play a daily role in the life and times of Terlingua, Texas, and they all bring us happiness and joy, and when the opportunity arises, the occasional dead buzzard. If these dogs have piqued your curiosity, you are not alone, and you'll soon have a chance to see some beautiful full-color portraits of them and more in the new book, *Dogs of Terlingua*, from two of my good friends, graphic designer Anna Oakley, and photographer Jennifer Boomer. Come visit anytime, and Viva Terlingua!



Top: Topo Chico  
Left: Happy dog with hat



# Big Bend Eats

By Carolyn Brown Zniewski



Photo courtesy Maya Brown

## SEVEN TRUFFLES FOR CHOCOLATE

The earliest archaeological evidence of chocolate or cacao is in 4,000-year-old Mayan pottery, though surely it was a crop for thousands of years before that. The Mayans made a beverage of chocolate, sweetened with honey and flavored with vanilla, as a regular household drink. They used the soft, white flesh which surrounded the beans to make a fermented beverage. It was plentiful and often planted right outside their homes.

By the 1400s AD the Aztecs had conquered most of Mesoamerica and the Mayan culture was in steep decline. The Aztecs loved cacao but because the Aztec communities were in the mountains where cacao trees did not grow, chocolate became a rare, costly and highly desirable bean. In one legend, Quetzalcoatl gave the cacao beans to the people as a gift and was therefore shunned by all the other gods.

Often Aztec rulers would demand cacao beans as payment for rent or as tribute. Only the upper class could

afford chocolate. After the conquest of the Aztec by Spain, Spanish friars returned home and introduced chocolate to the King of Spain. From there it spread across Europe. The clergy so loved the drink that in 1662 the Pope declared that even when fasting one could have cocoa. Chocolate has not lost its image as a special food and drink in the last 356 years. Even

today, we give it as a special gift to those we love. Here are some truffle recipes to try. Make them with a friend or two, have a truffle exchange, let the kids help or stay up until midnight making and sampling them, but enjoy.

### ORIGINAL FRENCH TRUFFLES

- 2/3 cup cream (heavy)
- 12 ounces chocolate chips (or any bittersweet or semisweet chocolate finely chopped)
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract
- 1/3 cup premium dark cocoa

Heat cream to steaming over medium low heat. Remove the cream from the heat.

Add the chocolate and vanilla. Stir until completely smooth. Chill the ganache about an hour until it is hard enough to roll into balls. About a tablespoon at a time, quickly roll the ganache into a ball. Roll the ball in the cocoa powder. Store in an airtight container in a cool place.

### TROPICAL TRUFFLES

- 1 1/2 cups shredded coconut

- 1/2 cup confectioners' sugar
- 4 ounces ricotta cheese
- 2 teaspoons lime zest
- 1/4 cup unsweetened cocoa
- Additional lime zest

Combine coconut, sugar, ricotta and lime zest. Chill one hour or more. Shape into 1-inch balls and roll in cocoa and decorate with lime zest. Store in airtight container in a cool place.

### FRUIT AND NUT TRUFFLES

- 36 chocolate sandwich cookies
- 8 ounces softened cream cheese
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1/2 cup finely chopped walnuts
- 1/2 cup finely chopped dried apricots
- Powdered sugar or unsweetened cocoa

Grind cookies into fine crumbs. Mix cookie crumbs, cream cheese, vanilla, nuts and apricots. Chill one hour or more. Shape into 1-inch balls and roll in either cocoa or powdered sugar. You can use other nuts and dried fruits. Decorate with a small slice of fruit. Store in airtight container in a cool place. You can substitute golden sandwich cookies for the friend allergic to chocolate.

### CALIFORNIA TRUFFLES

- 3 cups semisweet chocolate chips
- 8 ounces softened cream cheese
- 3 cups powdered sugar
- 1 Tablespoon orange juice
- 1 teaspoon orange zest
- Unsweetened cocoa

Melt semisweet chocolate over simmering water. Remove from the heat.

Beat cream cheese, gradually adding the powdered sugar until well combined. Add melted chocolate, orange juice and zest. Chill one hour until firm.

Shape into 1-inch balls and roll in cocoa. Decorate with a small piece of orange peel. Store in airtight container in a cool place.

### RUM OR BOURBON TRUFFLES

- 1 1/2 cups crushed vanilla wafers
- 1/2 cup powdered sugar
- 1/4 cup unsweetened cocoa powder
- 3/4 cup chopped walnuts
- 3 Tablespoons honey
- 1/2 cup rum or bourbon

In a large bowl, stir together the crushed vanilla wafers, powdered sugar, cocoa, and nuts. Blend in corn syrup and rum. Shape into 1-inch balls. Roll in additional powdered sugar. Store in an airtight container for several days to develop the flavor. Roll again in confectioners' sugar before serving.

### GINGER TRUFFLES

- 2 cups crushed ginger snaps
- 1/4 cup unsweetened cocoa
- 1 cup powdered sugar
- 2 Tablespoons honey
- 1/4 cup white wine or apple juice

Combine ginger snaps, cocoa and powdered sugar. Add honey and wine. Shape into 1-inch balls. Roll in raw sugar. Store in an airtight container.

### RASPBERRY TRUFFLES

- 3 cups semi-sweet chocolate chips
- 1 (14-ounce) can sweetened condensed milk
- 3 Tablespoons raspberry jam
- Assorted sprinkles

In a medium saucepan over medium-low heat, combine the chocolate chips and the sweetened condensed milk. Stir until smooth and no chunks of chocolate remain. Remove from heat and stir in raspberry jam. (You may use any flavor jam or marmalade you like.) Refrigerate chocolate mixture until firm. Shape into balls and then coat with sprinkles to match jam flavor. Store in airtight container in a cool place.



affairs,” Elder said, “but I spend a lot of my time on the top of mountains, just looking around, where there’s no distractions, no telephone poles, no trains, no people, no cell phone service.”

He was born Harold Boyd Elder at Southwestern General Hospital in El Paso on Jan. 12, 1944, to Hal Elder of Bogota, Texas, and Billye Lee Bell Elder of Valentine.

Hal was an artist, leather worker, car collector and mechanic, tennis player, wanna-be golfer, and actor (the banjo-picking professional gong-ee on “The Gong Show” in the late ‘70s). Billye had been a public-school special education and physical education teacher with the El Paso Independent School District for 38 years when she retired.

Boyd’s younger brothers, Kenneth Mack Elder and Howard Stanton Elder, were born at the same hospital.

Boyd once described himself as an artistic child, “cursed with the blessing” of a vivid imagination. He grew up in El Paso, but he and his brothers spent as much time as they could in Valentine on the Bell family ranch, including many weekends, holidays and every summer.

Elder attended and studied art at El Paso’s Burges High School. He played hooky for a few months in his junior year on a road trip with friends to Louisiana. Upon returning, he was sent to El Paso Tech (“Where all the kids who got thrown out of all the other high schools went,” his brother Mack, said).

Outside the classroom, Elder studied at the El Paso Museum of Art with noted local artists including Jan Herring and Wiltz Harrison. He also continued experimenting with other non-classical mediums and techniques, including pin-striping hot rods and motorcycles belonging to friends, among them Billy Gibbons, the future Rev. Billy F. Gibbons of ZZ Top.

High school hijinks notwithstanding, Elder won numerous art awards and then a partial scholarship from the Texas Art Association. In 1963 he was accepted at both Art Center Los Angeles and the Disney-affiliated Chouinard Art Institute in downtown L.A.

“When I went to L.A. ... to pick up my scholarship papers at Art Center, they told me I couldn’t wear shorts, and



Photo of Boyd Elder courtesy of Barbara FG, [www.barbaraFG.com](http://www.barbaraFG.com)

I had to get a haircut,” Elder said. “So, I said, ‘Where’s my portfolio?’ And they handed it to me. I took the scholarship papers, tore them up, threw them on the desk, and walked away. I went to Chouinard.”

On full-tuition scholarship at Chouinard, Elder studied with co-founder Robert Graham and Phil Lieder and graduated with a Bachelor of Fine Arts degree in 1968.

Boyd had a studio on Sunset Blvd. “Bobby Fuller ... was my patron, so he sponsored everything,” Elder said. “He paid for the studio. He paid for the paint. And then he was murdered in ‘66 ... that was a really emotional and psychological setback.”

In those heady years, Elder’s friends and supporters in the L. A. art/music scene included fellow Texans Bobby Fuller and Joe Ely plus Rick Griffin, Joni Mitchell, Jackson Browne, Neil Young, “Mama” Cass Elliot, Darryl Hannah, Stephen Stills and Ron Stone.

At Chouinard, Elder met Luann Darling Finlayson, then Assistant to the Dean. After he graduated, the couple moved back to Texas, where they lived in a studio in a converted water tank on Idalia Street in El Paso. They welcomed first daughter Flaunn on Oct. 25, 1968 (her Godmother is Joni Mitchell).

The Elders moved to Valentine; Luann gave birth to Shaula in nearby Marfa on June 10, 1971 (her Godmother is Sandy Sussman). In 1979, Boyd and Luann moved to Kona, Hawaii, where their contentious relationship ended in 1981.

They shared custody of the girls, who grew up with their mother in Hawaii and visited their father on the Mainland each summer for road trips and adventures.

Just before Christmas 1971, “Rick Griffin sent me a present packed in an apple crate and lettered ‘To Boyd’ in

olde English, and inside was the breastbone of a Thanksgiving turkey he’d scalloped and pinstriped,” Elder said. “I had also done a lot of research into how the Indians painted buffalo skulls for the Sun Dance ceremony, where they had black and red dots symbolizing hailstones. They pierced their backs and dragged the painted buffalo skull for the ceremony.”

With animal skulls given to him by local rancher friends, Elder began experimenting with air-brush painting, pinstriping and adding beads, feathers and other symbolic adornments.

Just four months after receiving Griffin’s gift, Elder unveiled his first “American Fetish – RIP” pieces at the infamous “El Chingadero” art exhibit in Venice, California, in April 1972.

Dubbed “The Best Rock Party Ever” by the *Village Voice* in New York City, the “Chingadero Show” was the most historic of the more than 40 art exhibits Elder staged coast to coast during his career. His first in L.A. was “Newcomers 1967.”

Elder suffered a huge setback personally and artistically on May 31, 1973, when a mysterious fire destroyed the Bell Motor Company garage and store in Valentine, an authorized Ford repair shop run for decades by Howard Bell, Sr. and Howard Bell, Jr.

The garage housed many Bell and Elder family artifacts. The garage was also where Boyd kept nearly all his artwork to date.

From those ashes, Boyd rose Phoenix-style. In the next couple of years, with his photo on the back cover of an Eagles album (“Desperado”) and his “American Fetish – RIP” skull art on the front covers of two more Eagles albums – “One of These Nights” and “Their Greatest Hits” – his future looked more incandescent than ever.

While rock ‘n’ roll accolades were

great, they did not satisfy Elder’s tandem quest for recognition and respect as a fine artist. “After the Eagles covers, I wanted to symbolize that the painted skull is a genre, so I married the painted skull with the canvas, and it became fine art,” he said. “There was a whole series of those, including ‘Murderer,’ ‘Lone Star Sunrise’ and ‘Y6 Sunrise.’

“You know I’m a fine artist,” he said. “My studio burns, and what do I do? Make album covers. And there are millions of them out there. But my work is still not in the Guggenheim, or MOMA, or LACMA.”

Long before he died, though, Elder’s legend loomed large among his mentors, peers and friends, as well as younger fans attuned to the rich history of the Texas-California-Colorado-Hawaii art and music scenes of the ‘60s and ‘70s.

Boyd Elder may not have coined the term “artlaw,” but he defined it.

In the early 1970s, “Larry Bell called me and said, ‘You’re going to have a new neighbor, Donald Judd,’” Elder said. “Donald called me either that day or the next and said, ‘Come on over.’ The women cooked. Don and I drank and talked about sleazy art dealers and museums.” Boyd and Donald remained good friends until Judd’s death in 1994. As a stoker of Judd’s artistic flame in the community, Elder most recently created a skull-art T-shirt design for KRTS, Marfa Public Radio, where he was a semi-regular drop-in guest.

Along with “60 Minutes” and KRTS, Elder’s art and exploits have been featured in countless media outlets including KVIA, NPR, Rocky Mountain Musical Express, Texas Highways and *Texas Monthly*. Yet, as writer Sterry Butcher put it, Boyd Elder may have sold more art than Picasso, but he was still “the most famous artist you’ve never heard of.”

For more than a year, Elder had been

collaborating with longtime journalist friend Stephen K. Peeples. Peeples met Boyd Elder and wrote his first story about the artist in 1978. At the time of Elder’s death on Oct. 6, 2018, he and Peeples with producers Tamara Deike and Corey Stewart were developing a career-spanning coffee-table art book, collecting a lifetime of Elder’s art and stories titled *Artlaw: The Greatest Artist You’ve Never Heard Of*, now to be completed in collaboration with his family.

“I’ve always been more interested in what’s ahead than what’s in the rear-view, and that’s still true,” Elder said in the book proposal. “But my supporters have been after me for decades to put together a cross-section of my past works and get these wild tales told. Now’s the time.” With the help of his family, the “Artlaw: Boyd Elder” project will be completed this year as the ultimate homage to the man and his art.

Boyd Elder died Oct. 6, 2018 in San Marcos, Texas of natural causes.

“He was stardust when he was alive and now he’s stardust forever,” said Flaunn and Shaula, who are hosting a few life celebrations in their dad’s honor. “So, tell everybody to start resting up and get ready because we’re going to party hard, and it’s gonna be like a f\*\*\*ing freight train high-ballin’ up the line from the south side of heaven.” One party in November packed The Capri in Marfa; another is coming up at the Chinati Foundation. Watch for the date.

*Written with much appreciated assistance from Flaunn Elder Jamieson, Shaula Elder and Mack Elder. Read more at [stephenkpeeples.com](http://stephenkpeeples.com).*

*Boyd Elder designed the Artwork on page 4 for a t-shirt for Marfa Public Radio’s 2018 pledge drive, collaborating with the station’s DJ John Paul Schwartz. Available for \$35 at <http://marfapublicradio.org>.*

continued from page 15

wrapper and the burnt ends of your French fries? (OK, yes, there was this one time when my daughter was little and her hamburger had the wrong thing on it and she complained and I didn’t feel like hearing complaints and arguing and telling her to just buck up and scrape the offending vegetable off, so I threw the whole thing right out the window for shock value. But this was a one-

time event.) Mostly I recall having big messes in my car and regularly cleaning out the trash, which doesn’t mean I have been not-guilty of littering, but as we grow older, we – hopefully – grow ever more mindful of how we live and how we consume and how we want to leave the place, any place, better than we found it. Even if you’ve littered in the past, this is an easy behavior to change: Just don’t do it. Keep a trash bag in your car. Secure that trash – AND EQUIPMENT I MIGHT ADD – in the bed of your truck. Turn down those receipts if

you don’t need them. Keep a hold of those plastic bags, if you must have them. It’s windy here, people!

By the way, prisoners don’t clean up litter – that’s a myth. You will have to pick up after yourself. And you may have to pick up after dozens of others as well.

This is the first in a multi-part series about trash in the Big Bend region. We’ll go into disposal and recycling next issue. In the meantime, pick up some trash. Get onto people when they throw their Big Gulp cup out the window – make

them turn around, pick it up and dispose of it properly. At the very least, be cautious of the people (like myself) pulled over on the side of the road picking up litter. Thank you for reading. Now, pass this magazine off to someone else to read in the interest of “recycling.”

**DON’T MESS WITH TEXAS!**

*NOTE: a big THANK YOU to the Tierra Grande chapter of the Texas Master Naturalists who were spotted doing highway cleanup on HWY 118 just before this issue printed.*



**Quilts  
Etc.**  
*by Marguerite*

Made in the Big Bend  
HWY 118 • Terlingua  
1/4 mi S of Hwy 170  
432.371.2292



**Black  
Cat  
Vintage**

Art, books,  
comics and  
vintage  
clothing

**Thur-Sat  
12-6**

**108 N. 5th St.  
Alpine  
432.294.0895**

Exploring Marfa, Texas & Environs in 24 Podcasts  
**C.M. MAYO'S PODCASTING PROJECT**

**MARFA  
MONDAYS**

LISTEN IN ANYTIME [WWW.CHMAYO.COM](http://WWW.CHMAYO.COM)

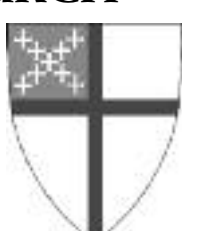
**THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH  
WELCOMES YOU!**

Our mission is to worship God and to seek  
and serve Christ in all people

Sundays - Holy Eucharist at 1:30 p.m.  
and join us for Morning & Evening Prayer, Taize,  
Centering Prayer and programs to deepen your faith!

See it all at - [www.bigbendepiscopalmission.org/calendar](http://www.bigbendepiscopalmission.org/calendar)

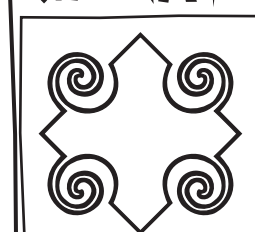
**St. James Episcopal Church, Ave. A @ N. 6th St., Alpine**



A magical  
oasis in the  
Chihuahuan  
Desert  
of Texas

Off the  
Pinto Canyon Rd  
near Ruidosa

**(CHINATI)**



**HOT SPRINGS**

rustic lodging  
camping  
reservations  
required

432.229.4165  
[chinatihotsprings.net](http://chinatihotsprings.net)

Dan and Dianna Burbach,  
Managers

# TRANS PECOS TRIVIA

## GEOLOGIC TRIVIA

by Rani Birchfield

- What feature do the Glass Mountains, Guadalupe Mountains and Davis Mountains have in common?
  - Volcanic formation
  - Dinosaur fossils
  - Elk herds
  - Ancient reefs
- Woodward Ranch was a private ranch that used to be a popular place for rock hunting (it is now closed to the public). What semi-precious stone was the Woodward Ranch famous for?
  - Turquoise
  - Cinnabar
  - Agate
  - Flint
- What is the predominate rock type found in the Davis Mountains?
  - Igneous
  - Limestone
  - Sandstone
  - Metamorphic
- If you are at the Border Patrol checkpoint south of Alpine on Highway 118, what is the name of the mountain you see to the west?
  - Elephant Mountain
  - Mt. Ord
  - Paisano Peak
  - Cathedral Mountain
- The Glass Mountains in West Texas extend from Cathedral Mountain in northern Brewster County to Monument Draw in southern Pecos County, roughly between Fort Stockton and Alpine. Why are they named the "Glass Mountains?"
  - They're made of glass
  - It's a translation from the Spanish "Sierra del Vidrio"
  - Glass was once mined there
  - They contain fossilized shells which give a glassy appearance

**Bonus:** South of Marathon, there is a geologic formation of light grey flatirons that look like wavy ridges. The milky-white chert (of which flint is a variety) is also known as:

- Texas Craton
- Marathon Chalk
- The Ouachitas
- Novaculite

Answers: 1-d 2-c 3-a 4-d 5-b & d Bonus-d



The Junior High and High School of Marathon ISD are

## New York City Bound

Help us get there! Your support can

change young lives. Donate at

<https://www.gofundme.com/marathon2nyc>



# Events MARATHON

2018/2019

Oct. 27	Marathon 2 Marathon	Main St.
Nov. 14	Community Thanksgiving	Elementary School
Dec. 1	Fiesta De Noche Buena	Main St.
Jan. 5 to 6, 2019	New Moon Festival	Marathon Motel
Feb. 9	Fish Fry	Community Center
July 5 to 6	Independence Day	All about town
July 27	Viva Big Bend	Gage Hotel, Eve's Garden
Sept. 7	Quilt & Craft Show	Community Center
Sept. 27 to 28	West Fest	Post Park

*Mark your calendar*

For more details please visit [marathontexas.com](http://marathontexas.com)

## Stone Village Tourist Camp

[www.stonevillagetouristcamp.com](http://www.stonevillagetouristcamp.com)

## STONE VILLAGE MARKET

WHOLE FOODS & DELI COFFEE BEER & WINE

507 State Street Fort Davis, Texas 432-426-2226

Ingredients for your most acclaimed recipes, and provisions  
for your most exciting Far West Texas road trips

OPEN 7am to 9pm

[stonevillagemarket@yahoo.com](mailto:stonevillagemarket@yahoo.com)

# PORTER'S

SINCE 1945

Largest Produce Selection in the  
Tri-County Area  
Hundreds of Natural and Organic Items  
Extensive Beer and Wine Selection  
Friendly and Helpful Staff

104 N. 2ND • ALPINE • 432.837.3295  
101 E SUL ROSS AVE • ALPINE • 432.837.1182  
1600 N. STATE ST • FORT DAVIS • 432.426.3812  
717 S SAN ANTONIO ST • MARFA • 432.729.4375  
504 E. ERMA • PRESIDIO • 432.229.3776  
1807 BROADWAY • VAN HORN • 432.283.2125

[www.myporters.net](http://www.myporters.net)



# SHOP BIG BEND SHOP BIG BEND SHOP BIG BEND SHOP BIG BEND



Lapidary, Fine Silver-smithing, Minerals & Fossils. Paul Graybeal, owner. Ben Toro, assoc. West Texas agates and rare semi-precious gems from around the world. We buy old collections of agates and minerals. Open Mon.-Sat., 10-6, Sun., 12-5 or by appointment.

## Moonlight Gemstones

1001 W. San Antonio • Marfa  
moonlightgemstones.com

432.729.4526



Rocks and fossils - rare, beautiful and strange. Beads galore and supplies for jewelry makers. Geology and Mineral books, used and new. Ethnic Heritage and the absolute best selection of craft and fine art books. You never know what you'll find here!

## Ocotillo Enterprises

205 N. 5th St - Alpine  
Open 7 days: 2 - 6pm

432-837-5353



Contemporary southwestern jewelry. Located seven miles north of Fort Davis on the way to the McDonald Observatory. This is a working studio so come out to shop or order a custom piece. Call for an appointment or to place an order.

## Randy Glover Artisan

42640 State HWY 118 • Fort Davis  
randyglover1.com

432.426.3713



mayamade soap + apothecary for home + family

## Maya Made

mayamadeapothecary@gmail.com



Architectural services for residential, commercial, institutional and municipal projects. Providing sustainable architecture for the Big Bend.

Texas Registration Number 16095 NCARB #49712

## Thomas Greenwood Architect, PLLC

305 S. Cockrell St. • Alpine

432.837.9419 tel  
432.837.9421 fax



Great boutique featuring: Clothing, Home Decor, Gifts, Accessories, Art, Custom Orders, Events & More! Perfect place to stop and shop while visiting the area or on a day around town. Open Tue - Sat 11-6, Sun 1-5

## Emergo Arts Boutique

301 E Holland Ave • Alpine  
emergoarts.com

432.837.4281

# PLEASE SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL FOOD BANK

West Texas Food Bank  
2101 FM 1703  
Alpine, Texas 79830  
432.837.1580



**NEW LOCATION:**  
**FORT DAVIS**  
606 N. State St • 432-426-3203  
Open 7-days a week




Visit our remodeled bookstore with a "Children's Shop Around the Corner"

Best selection of Area Big Bend Books, Current Best Sellers, Award-Winning Fiction & Non-Fiction

Visit us on Facebook!

121 E. Holland Ave in downtown Alpine • (432) 837-3360 • fsbooks.com





# Mysteries Set in the Big Bend

Available at Big Bend book stores,  
on Amazon.com  
and at elizabethgarciaauthor.com

# Art & Wine









## Explore DEL RIO Amistad Oasis

100 QUALIA DR.  
valverdewinery.com

American Airlines  now serving Del Rio, TX

#exploredelrio #discoverdelrio #destinationdelrio #winery #firstfridayartwalk

Need a beautiful and unique venue  
for your upcoming special event?  
We know how stressful it can be to find the  
perfect location in the Permian Basin.

At The Historic  
White-Pool House  
you can have your special event  
without breaking the bank,  
whether it be indoor or outdoor!  
For more information please  
contact us to discuss your special  
day in detail.




1124 E. Murphy St.  
Odessa, Texas 79761  
Phone: 432-333-4072  
Fax: 432-332-9417  
www.whitepoolhouse.org  
Email: whitepoolhouse@outlook.com



BOSTON MARATHON QUALIFIER

**OCTOBER 26, 2019**

Marathon - 1/2 - 10k - 5k

**M2M**

"the hard part is getting there"





Back row: Bob Wright, John Gunn  
Front row: Vickey Wright, Kathleen Walstrom, Pat Quin

## MARFA REALTY

Buying or selling, the Marfa Realty team is here to serve your real estate needs with honesty and integrity.

BOB AND VICKY WRIGHT,  
PAT QUIN AND KATHLEEN WALSTROM

123 North Highland Avenue, Marfa  
www.marfarealty.com  
(432) 729-3962



THE BEGINNING OF YOUR LOVE STORY

BEAUTIFUL VENUES • PLANNING • DESIGN • CATERING • FLORAL • RENTALS

@DASHWEDDINGS

GAGE  
HOTEL

WWW.GAGEHOTEL.COM  
432.399.4000 EXT. 100

## LINDY COOK SEVERNS ART



"Drenched in Dawn" 34" x 36" oil © Lindy Cook Severns 2018

OLD SPANISH TRAIL GALLERY OUTSIDE FT DAVIS BY APPOINTMENT 432.249.1968

THE GAGE V6 COLLECTION MARATHON OPEN DAILY

BIGBENDARTIST.COM

art@LindyCookSeverns.com

OLD SPANISH TRAIL STUDIO 806.789.6513 BOX 2167 FORT DAVIS, TX 79734

# 30<sup>th</sup> GEM AND MINERAL SHOW ALPINE, TX



April 19-21, 2019  
Alpine Civic Center  
FREE Admission

Fri and Sat: 9 am to 6 pm, Sun: 10 am to 5 pm

For more information: 432-729-4526

e-mail: paulgraybeal@moonlightgemstones.com

Chihuahuan Desert Gem & Mineral Club • PO Box 1111, Alpine, TX 79831

