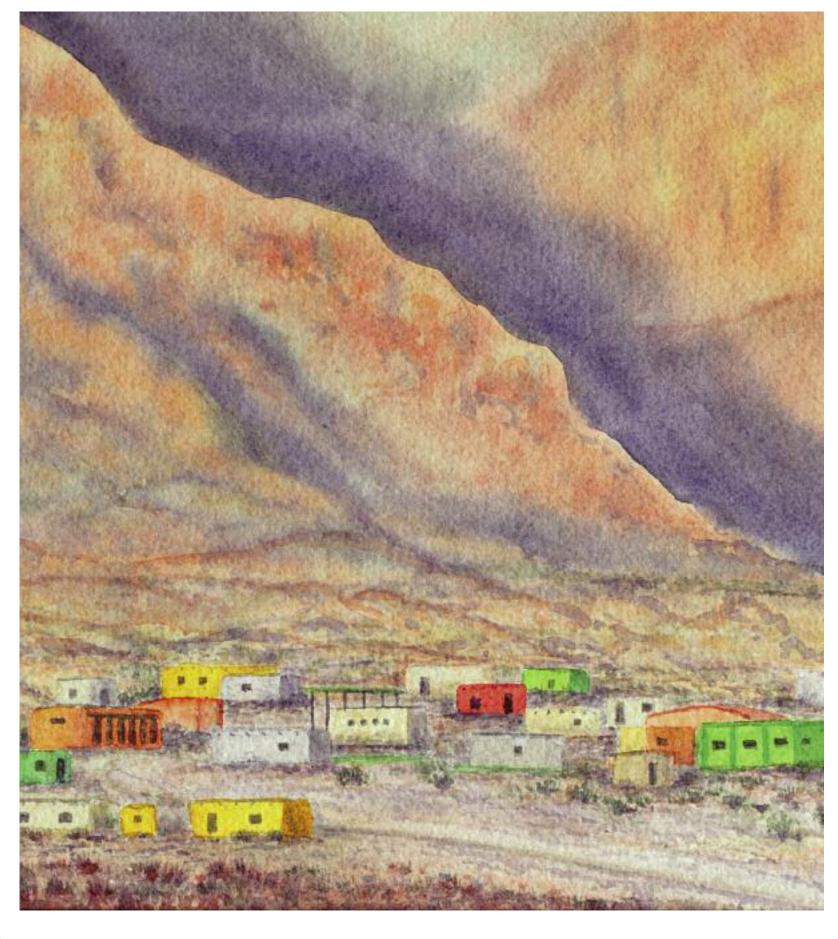
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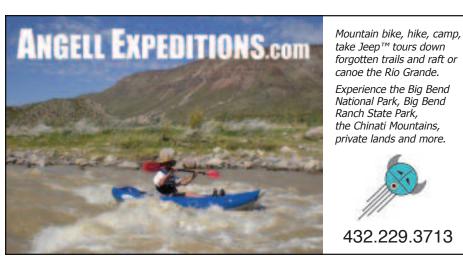
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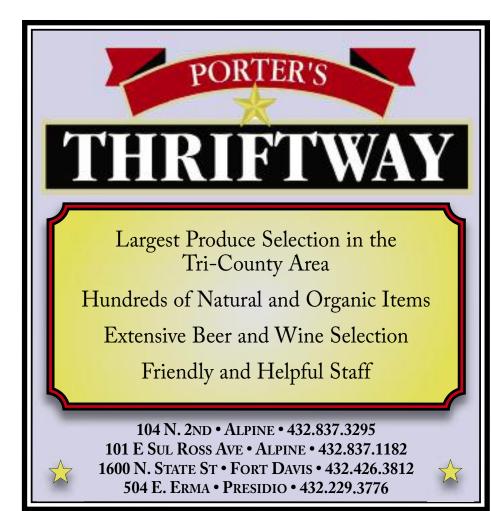
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"Everything in the universe has a rhythm, everything dances." Maya Angelou

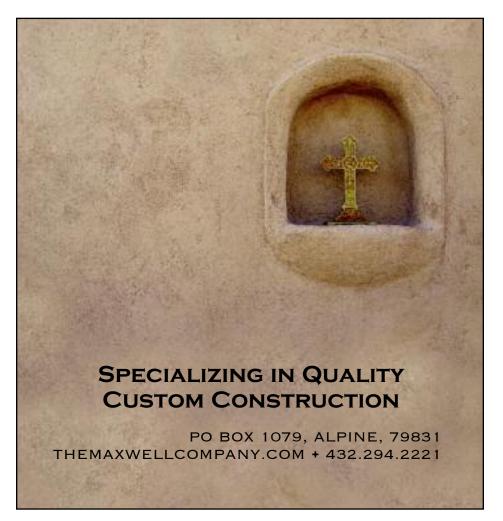
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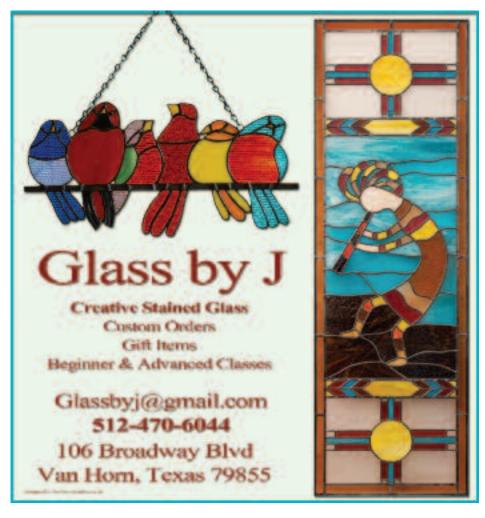




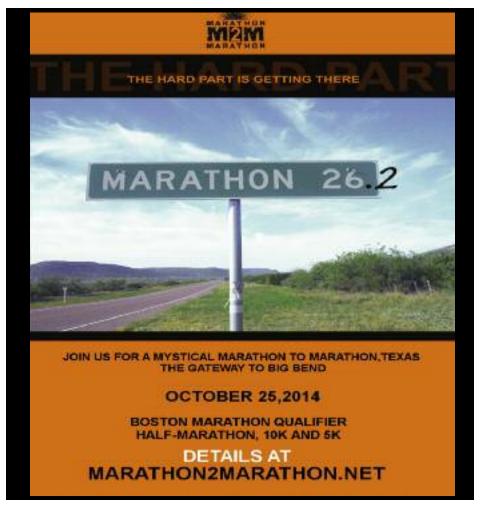












Cenizo



Clockwise from top: Copper Globe Mallow (Sphaeralcea angustifolia) resembles a mini-Hollyhock plant. Eye-catching, Skyrocket ($Ipomopsis\ aggregata$) near McDonald Observatory. A perky Trans-Pecos variety of Verbena. Its cousin grows at Tandy Hills.





Keep It Like It Was

Story and photographs by Don Young

"Help me to be in the world for no purpose at all except for the joy of sunlight and rain. Keep me close to the edge, where everything wild begins." ~ Tom Hennen

y home for the past 62 years has been Fort Worth, Texas. Once Lupon a time (maybe 200 years ago) it wasn't such a bad place to live. In recent decades as the population, industrial activity and dirty air have increased dramatically, my wife Debora and I have felt the insistent pull of the land of big blue sky, the Trans-Pecos region of far West Texas.

One thing we like about Fort Worth, which has helped make living here tolerable, is the Tandy Hills Natural Area, a 160acre native prairie, a postage stamp-sized remnant of what once defined the entire region.

Last August, as Fort Worth and Tandy Hills were looking raggedy, we decided to push the inspiration restart button and

continued on page 26

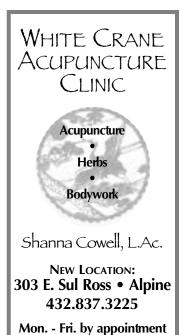
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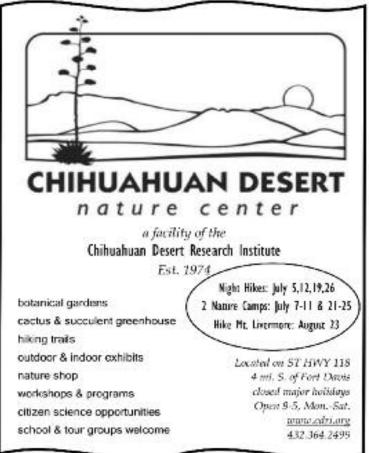




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SUBMISSION

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Art, photographic and literary works may be e-mailed to the Editor.

For advertising rates or to place an ad, contact: advertising@cenizojournal.com

Cenizo Notes

by Carolyn Zniewski, publisher and Danielle Gallo, editor



Tirst a big HELLO to our new ad manager, Trey (William) Darby III. His start was like jumping on a moving train but he hopped aboard and we are glad to have him. Our Webmaster has changed as well and Nectar Computers

will be our new Webmasters.

Midsummer is here and it's the rainy season in Big Bend. Wildflowers are blooming across the grasslands and the sunsets last all evening. It is the season for family trips, adventures and fun. Big Bend has so much for summer pleasure. Theater, music, galleries, star watching, hiking, scenic tours, museums and unique, small town shopping that you will find nowhere else. Browse our ads and you will find the best West Texas has to offer.

Check out the websites of local chambers of commerce for timely information.

We have some of the finest dining available from classic, white table cloth restaurants to coffee shops and special luncheon spots. There is always something to do in the evening as well. Boogie at the local watering holes where local and imported bands keep things lively until late or lay out under the stars and enjoy a sky-full in one of the darkest skies anywhere.

Big Bend Parks can take you back to the time of the dinosaurs or to present day where javelinas and road runners scoot along the highway. Birding in Trans-Pecos is legendary and even the bugs will keep you entertained.

This is the kind of place that makes you understand what an incredible, wondrous world we live in. Let's all try to keep it that way. I know you'll enjoy the summer, Big Bend has something for everyone.



y favorite time of the year has arrived, the time to sit languidly on the porch, justifying the mid-afternoon torpor of Siesta with the joyful refrain, "It's too hot to do the laundry."

This issue has a special focus on children

and families, a timely topic for me as my own little gremlin explores the fascinating world of climbing up on things while studiously ignoring my pleas for caution.

Planting a garden in the Big Bend is a little like gambling with high stakes: it's either devastatingly dry, or the apocalyptic thunderstorms raze the nascent peas with baseball-sized hail. Raising a family here, on the other hand, brings with it the kind of security and community that is seldom found elsewhere. Our communities band together to care for our children, entertain them, teach them and help them understand what it means to be raised in a village. Other, bigger towns might boast more child care options or bigger schools, but what children in the Big Bend have can't be replaced: a huge extended family.

We hope you enjoy the 3rd Quarter edition of Cenizo. Share it with your family!

Correction:

The last line of Sally Robert's Voices of the Big Bend story was inadvertently cut off, and should have read: "Indefinitely or until I kick the bucket," and flashes a 100-watt smile.

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Midsummer Night's Dream Garden Party at the Hotel Limpia

Story and photographs by Susan Pittman

"The best dreams begin with a good book."

Williams, a garden "is nature's way of saying, 'Let's party!" Who can argue? With the Midsummer Night's Dream Garden Party the Friends of the Jeff Davis County Library certainly embrace the idea. It has celebrated a bit of the revelry of the medieval summer solstice late each summer for the past six years.

The Garden Party, held at the Hotel Limpia, has provided a magical subject and stage for the vision of local residents Elaine Harmon and Margaret O'Donnell. Since 2009, Sul Ross's Dona Roman and her theatre students have used talent and creativity to present the artistry of William Shakespeare and other acclaimed dramatists.

It was originally conceived as a midsummer outdoor activity to fill the lull between July 4th and Labor Day. The premier performance, in late August 2008, was presented by three talented Shakespearian readers: local celebrity Roseland Klein, of Marfa Public Radio, Alpine's galloping Scotsman Jim Glendenning, and aficionada of the Bard, Cornelia Langridge. Those in the know say she can quote lines in her sleep. Musicians Marina Azar and McGehee Betty performed Elizabethan music and have remained a popular part of each program since.

Joe and Lanna Duncan, the previous owners of the hotel, hosted the party in the hotel's garden. Given the designated name for the event, "Midsummer Night's Dream Garden Party," the hotel's colorful floral array has made the venue perfect. There, early summer irises and daffodils give way to more boldly-colored purple coneflowers, hollyhocks, and salvias blooming in the midst of fragrant rosemary, shaded by olive and poplar trees. Elizabethans celebrated

Midsummer's Eve, the shortest night of the year, by picking flowers and herbs to dry and use to protect their homes against evil. PhaseSpace, Inc. commission. PhaseSpace is a motion capture company. The troupe rehearsed the project for a several weeks, at both Sul

The present owners of the Limpia, David and Ana Schreiber, have graciously continued the tradition. The Blue Mountain Bistro in the hotel



Dona Roman, director of the Midsummer Night's Dream Garden Party, and her players

Locals who appreciate the nuances of Shakespeare's character study of, if not evil, then villainy, were treated to Professor Gregory M. Schwab as Shylock in *The Merchant of Venice*. It was the highlight of the 2011 season. That production was part of a

Ross and in Los Angeles. It was performed at a Special Interest Groups on Graphics and Interactive Techniques conference in L. A. and in Fort Davis. The Garden Party audience was treated to a professional performance, one certainly well-received.

complex provides refreshments and offers a cash bar for the Sunday afternoon event. Guests are seated under tents or in rocking chairs on a covered porch. They have front row seats and sometimes interact with the performers. In 2010, the balcony of the historic



Midsummer Night's Dream Garden Party will be staged on September 21. The program will be scenes from Shakespeare and from the Greek comedian Aristophanes. The event is free to the public. Donations are gratefully accepted. Stay tuned—September looks to offer a garden variety of events.

Contact information: www.friendsjdcl.org; www.hotellimpia.com; www.blue-mountainbistro.com; www.sulross.edu/theatre

Left: Patrons of the Theatre,
L to R: Rosalinda Crase,
Janice Jobe and Tom Crase
enjoy libations at the Blue
Bistro Cafe
Below: Theatre-goers look
on from the shade of the
balcony as Dona Roman's
players take the stage

hotel, built in 1912, was the setting for the scene by the same name from Romeo and Juliet. The drama that year was not limited to the script. During the familiar exchange between the two lovers, rain began. Actors Amber Bowen and Andrew Ross kept right on. Then it poured. According to director Roman, "They rose above the rain and the noise and really went for it. The audience (sheltered) loved it."

In 2013 the comedies of Moliere and Wilde were added to the Shakespearean playbill. Again there were rain interruptions. This time, unable to wait the downpour out, cast, crew and audience moved into the hotel's ballroom. Without a hitch, the program went on as planned. Outside, the thunder rolled; inside, the audience roared with laughter.

Another early performance especially popular with the largely local crowd was a scene from *Taming of the Shrew*. It featured Fort Davis High School graduates Addie Bencomo, a theatre minor, and her future husband Willie Langham, who wasn't a theatre student. The ad-libbing made necessary by his occasional dropped lines made their Kate and Petruchio exchanges all the more amusing and endearing.

The late August/early September performance date has created a major challenge for Dona Roman and her students, who are returning for the fall semester. Roman must develop a production in a short time. She is quick to praise her students, calling their work a labor of love. Most Sul Ross productions are written by contemporary writers. The students "appreciate the opportunity to work up a bit of Shakespeare and to provide community service, giving their time and energy graciously," Roman says.

Many of the performers are members of Sul Ross's Alpha Iota chapter of Alpha Psi Omega, the national theatre fraternity. Many students have gone on to work professionally in theatre and film. Others have found successful careers in teaching. The students' love of theatre is evident, as is that of director Roman. She has been at Sul Ross 16 years, Director of Theatre since 2005. Since 2006, with the inaugural Annie Get Your Gun, she's been in charge of Theatre of the Big Bend's summer musicals in Alpine. This year's performance, directed by Greg Schwab, will showcase Stephen Sondheim's Into the Woods and will run from June 20 to July 6. This year's



Cenizo







The historic Annie Riggs Museum has undergone a facelift, but has kept its 19th century feel.

Historic Hospitality

Story and photos by Jeremy Gonzalez

pending time with family is an important part of our laid-back desert living. When summer comes around we always find an occasion to cook food on the grill and fill up our ice chests with drinks. That's just the way life is out here, but cook-outs and sweet tea aren't the only things to love about summer in West Texas. There is an abundance of family fun and unique experiences waiting for you just beyond the backyard fence.

My family recently traveled from Dallas to visit me here in Fort Stockton and I wanted to take them to a place that captures the best qualities of this town, a place that demonstrates our rich history and penchant for relaxation. We got in their rental car and coasted beneath the open skies into the historic downtown area. I instructed

Grandpa which way to drive until we pulled up to a baby-blue building sitting on top of a hill. There it was, the lovely Annie Riggs Memorial Museum.

The Museum immediately greeted us with its neighborhood-sized porch that wraps around the building like on a beautiful Victorian home. I can honestly say that this porch is my favorite spot in town. It provides you with a great first impression of the museum, amazing shade to cool off with and a crisp view of the surroundings. It was nice to see Grandpa gazing off this porch with both hands behind his back. I wondered what he was staring at through his glasses. Perhaps he was just admiring how the trees of Roonev Park look like they gradually engulf the rest of the road. Grandma and my sister sat down together on one of the many rustic benches out on the porch. These benches lure you to sit down, breathe easy and let your shoulders just drop. That's exactly what my sister did, but everyone knows that Grandma doesn't take a break. Grandma stays ready for action.

There has been plenty of action lately at the Annie Riggs Museum with their recent renovations. The updates begin on the porch with the installation of some brand-new light fixtures. I was happy to see that the new fixtures still have a great vintage appeal, everything about them just feels right. Big porch, new lights, cool evening breezes...sounds enjoyable, doesn't it? The over-sized porch is just the starting point of the Annie Riggs museum, but I have to say that it's one of the

best features. Can you imagine how many cowboy boots have walked across this deck in past generations? I let that thought sink in as I watched Grandpa's worn Sperrys and Grandma's pink flip flops head toward the front door.

We walked inside like true tourists. Everyone was talking at the same time, Mom wanted us sit down and watch the video, Grandma was looking at all the antique furniture, my sister announced that she wanted a bracelet so that someone would buy it for her, and then our host kindly asked us to sign the guest book.

Annie Riggs is family-friendly and there is so much to be explored. As we took a look around, each family member found something to love. I have always loved the parlor room that sits

illuminated by a chandelier of glowing red glass. Red glass is noted to be a sign of wealth and it's like standing under pink moonlight. Grandpa loved seeing the old phone booth in the religious room, and he shared a story with me that I have never heard before. He told me that when he was dating my grandmother he would use a phone booth exactly like the one on display in the museum. He remembered how it would only cost five cents to make a phone call. Grandma confirmed that his story was true when she said, "He wouldn't talk. I would tell him to say something and he'd say 'Something." The old-fashioned kitchen was Grandma's favorite, it's where Annie Riggs was famous for baking her peach cobbler. I assume that Annie Riggs was like the Paula Deen of West Texas. We were told that she actually owned the very first electric stove in all of Pecos County. Grandma told me that she's watched movies where the hotel only had one kitchen and the guests would all sit down at the table for breakfast. Grandma really enjoyed being face to face with an actual old-fashioned hotel kitchen. After viewing all the Old West kitchen appliances we headed outside to the newlyrevamped Annie Riggs courtyard.

Renovating this historic landmark was a notable project for Fort Stockton, and the most monumental renovation is the completely remodeled courtyard. Fort Stockton has kept this courtyard well-preserved for many years and it now has a brand new look, gleaming with desert sand. As I stood there in the midst of the new courtyard I felt like I was standing out in the Wild West. There wasn't a tumbleweed rolling by or a horned toad darting across the sand, but it felt like true gunslinger territory. The old brick walkways have vanished and the new contemporary sand surfaces have transformed this area into something fresh. It still has that old western feeling, but it now has a cool modern atmosphere.

Another big renovation is the new stage built

on the other outdoor space of the museum. It stands unused and ready for the upcoming Summer Off The Patio Concert Series. This live music event will take place on Thursday evenings at 7:30 p.m., and it's free admission! Wine and refreshments will be served as visitors enjoy some live music beneath the breezy desert night sky. The new director of the Annie Riggs Museum, Melba Montoya, has been a wonderful help to me for getting information and answering questions. She has been very kind and welcoming, and she gave me the schedule for the upcoming concert series as soon it became available. The lineup this year is Drew Kennedy on June 12th, Bill Ward on June 26th, Kenny Maines on July 10th, Casey Yeager on July 24th, Mike Blakely on August 7th, and Junior Vasquez on August 21st.

Before we left the museum we made one last stop at the gift shop where Grandpa and I bought matching arrowhead necklaces. Not only has this visit been entertaining, but it also became personal with our souvenirs. I will always remember Grandpa when I wear this arrowhead necklace and think back on this day. My mom and my sister also bought matching souvenirs. They purchased a pair of earrings that look like little guns. I won't say which one of them is sheriff around these parts, but they both looked stylish.

A wise man once told me, "We are living in the good ol' days today." Let's not think of the past as the good old days, but let's create them here and now. Summertime is known for evenings filled with hammock swinging, s'mores eating and tiki torches glowing. I invite you to bring your family to the Annie Riggs this summer to enjoy a different type of summertime evening with us here in West Texas.

The Annie Riggs Memorial Museum is located at located at 301 S. Main Fort Stockton, Texas. Punch that address into your GPS, throw some beef jerky on the dashboard and come on down!





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Photo Essay

by Jessica Lutz







Boundary of the base of the towering Sierra del Carmen Mountains. A safe haven across the

Rio Grande with old adobe ruins lining gravel dirt roads and horses parked in the yards of colorful homes. In a land that sets with the sun, this community moves to rhythms more aligned with the natural world. Children play with each other and roll through the hills rather than dive into computer screens and televisions. They often look at me with curious and soulful eyes. I look back at these daughters and sons who

will one day soon become mothers and fathers. I often wonder what they will say of us? Visitors from across the border who inevitably bring influences that we hope will add rather than detract from their timeless way of being.







A Life in the Stars

by Jacob Garza

Then I decided to take a summer internship at the Observation the Observatory, I didn't realize where life would take me... It's been a long summer." These are the words of Marc Wetzel, Education Coordinator for the McDonald Observatory of the University of Texas at Austin, who has been living in the stars on Mt. Locke for 25 years. "I'm glad it was in a place so beautiful, so serene, and so peaceful. Up here, I felt like I belonged, like I had a place for myself. I found a life, I found peace." For 75 years the Observatory has been leading research and exploration of our universe, but astronomers who conduct research at the site come only for a few days at a time. Marc lives

I sat down and spoke with Marc outside Plaine Coffee Shop where he told me that during his youth his imagination and focus were being concentrated through the eyepiece of a telescope as he peered into the night sky. He commented, "I would get so excited looking at comets, star clusters and galaxies. I felt like I was Galileo Galilei discovering them for the first time. It was awesome!"

After high school, Marc decided he wanted to become a veterinarian and began to study physics at the University of Arlington. However, he could not forget his passion for looking up at the stars. His curiosity toward the universe landed him an astronomy lab assistant position in the Physics Department. There he learned of the 1988 Texas Star Party and made his first adult decision. He told his parents he was headed to West Texas for a whole week by himself. Upon arrival at the Prude Guest Ranch, he found people with minds much like his own. For the first time he felt comfortable and like he belonged.

At the Star Party he camped with amateur astronomers from around the United States, and accepted an internship at the Observatory for the following summer. In July, the Observatory celebrated "Frontiers of Stellar Evolution; A Symposium Celebration of the 50th Anniversary of McDonald Observatory of the University of Texas at Austin." This was 50 years after Otto Struve, then director, gave his dedication speech saying, "What we propose to do is to study intensively the relatively bright stars of our galaxy--as individuals and not as statistical material." Those words seemed to speak to Marc personally. He wanted to be an individual, not a statistic.

During that festive 50th anniversary summer, he would work in the presence of the brightest astronomical minds in the world. Looking at the serene view that he had from his bedroom window every morning that summer, he felt like he was where he belonged. Because of how well he performed and the knowledge he already possessed from his personal interest in astronomy, the summer internship position was extended to an actual job opportunity. He called his parents and told them he was staying just a little longer.

As time passed, his position became permanent and full-time. He moved into a tiny house with a billion-dollar view at the foot of the big domes. Twenty-five years later you can catch Marc giving educational tours to students, teachers, parents and tourists alike at the Visitor's Center. At some points in the year—such as spring break, Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's—large numbers of visitors arrive at the Frank N. Bash Visitor's Center when the rest of the world takes vacations. With this awkward relationship of a higher volume of visitors during holidays, Marc and his colleagues must carefully arrange who will be off and when. Consequently, more often than not, Marc will be somewhere on Mt. Locke, like the many engineers, technicians, carpenters and machinists who are working to keep things run-

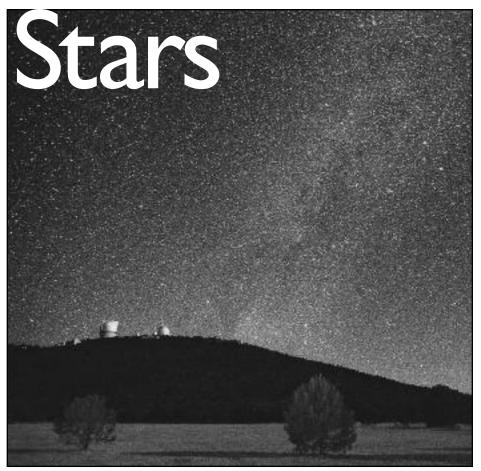


Photo courtesy: Vicki Gibson

ning smoothly. When asked to describe the change over time to the Observatory, he replied, "Even after 75 years, McDonald Observatory continues to be a world leader in astronomical research."

Marc met his wife, Teresa Todd, when she came up the mountain for a tour and they reconnected two years later. They soon married and now have two sons: Shadix and Haden. Being raised on a mountain face offers a special kind of environment for his children. He often finds them playing their days away on the basketball and tennis court, or riding their bikes.

They do not receive cell service where they live, so Marc is sure to remind callers of that in his voicemail message. I asked if he felt raising kids in such an isolated place hindered them compared to a modern city. He explained how teaching children to cross a street in Ft. Davis and crossing a street in a big city are quite different, and the growth and experiences Marc and Teresa's sons can have in the Davis Mountains are something rare. He expressed no sorrow or sympathy for his kids. They attend school in the Ft. Davis Independent School District. His children, running and playing nearby with smiles on their faces,

reminded him that they too are happy on Mt. Locke.

Marc completed a Bachelor of Arts in Communications from Sul Ross State University and now strives toward a Master's in Education. Although he knows what the next step is on his degree plan, he does not know where life will take him. He is okay with that mystery. "Every door I've walked through to this point has lead me in the right direction." Going through high school and moving on to college, men and women morph into someone they may or may not have foreseen. We do not know where we are headed.

When asked for his advice, he says, "Don't go where the money is when you're searching for something like your future. Do what you think you will love. I found I loved to convey and share knowledge with teachers and kids." While at work Marc is reminded by the expressions of excitement on the faces of those he guides of the energy and passion he has always had for the stars.

When Marc Wetzel came to Fort Davis he became who he is now.

Big Bend Eats

by Carolyn Zniewski

igh summer is upon us and the melons are beginning to roll in. Time for some-Lithing cool and refreshing. There is nothing that can compare with the luscious Pecos cantaloupe. When I see an old pick-up pulled to the side of the road with the bed loaded down with sweet-smelling, roly-poly melons I pull over and stop to buy a few. The grower steps up and helps me pick out some good ones while we chat about the weather. In a few minutes I am back on the highway, my car smelling of delicious, musky cantaloupe just asking for a scoop of lemon ice. Because I buy two or three melons at a time, I have a couple additional recipes which require no cooking. I'd like to share them with you.

Cantaloupe Ice Box Pie

(I got this out of the Ladies Society Cookbook from the 1920s)

1 large cantaloupe

8 oz. soft cream cheese

3/4 cup orange juice

1/4 cup honey

2 envelopes unflavored gelatin

9 inch graham cracker crust

Puree the cantaloupe. Beat the cream cheese to soften it further. Slowly add pureed cantaloupe to the cream cheese. Bring orange juice to a boil in a small saucepan. Add the honey and gelatin. Stir until dissolved. Beat the orange juice into the melon mixture. Pour the melon into the pie crust. Cover. Refrigerate for two or more hours. Serve with a dollop of lemon or plain yogurt. The cookbook suggested whipped cream but I like the tang of the yogurt best.

Curry Chicken Salad

2 cups diced, cooked chicken

6-8 chopped green onions

1 small diced cantaloupe

1 cup halved green grapes

Dressing:

1-2 tsp. curry powder (to taste)

1/4 tsp. cumin

2 Tbsp honey

1 Tbsp mustard

1 cup ranch dressing

1 tsp salt (to taste)

Combine chicken, onions, cantaloupe and grapes. Mix dressing ingredients. Pour dressing over salad and toss to combine. Refrigerate until chilled.



Cantaloupe Trans-Pecos Style

Peeled cantaloupe spears Jar of great chili powder

Sprinkle the cantaloupe with chili powder. Enjoy with an ice cold Big Bend Beer.







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Voices of the BIG BEND

Jim Glendinning The Galloping Scot, Author, World Traveler and sometime tour operator.

Story and photographs by Jim Glendinning

CHEYENNE RONDEAUX

Cheyenne Rondeaux placidly observes me as we sit in an office at Alpine Middle School, after being introduced. She was born in Los Angeles on February 22, 2004, and has an older sister, Janae, whom she describes as a "small-time actress," who is married and lives in New Mexico.

Her father, Rodney Rondeaux, is a full-bloodied member of the Crow Nation. He is a movie actor and sometime movie stunt man. Right now he has a lead role in a movie called Mekko. Cheyenne and her mother, Rachel, moved to Alpine around 2009 to be near Rachel's mother, Georgia Waller, who previously was married to author Robert James Waller.

From her mother Cheyenne has inherited a strong love of horses. "I will have horses all my life," she tells me forcefully, "Horses make you feel better about yourself, and happier." Later I asked her, since she was discreetely concealing yawns behind her hand, what she had been doing the day before. She had been working late at home with 10 of the herd of horses which were hers.

On arrival in Alpine, Cheyenne first attended the Montessori School, where she made good, lasting friends. She has now been two years in Alpine Middle School, likes it fine but is still adjusting to the differences between the two schools. Her favorite subjects are Industrial Arts, Science and History.

In Science, she is interested in rocks and minerals and had enjoyed Alpine's recent Gem & Mineral show. What's important about history? I asked her. She became more animated, and stated how she felt the treatment of women in Saudi Arabia was wrong, particularly arranged marriages and the beating of women.

In 2013 she took a road trip with her father to the Crow reservation near



CHEYENNE RONDEAUX Alpine

Billings, Montana, to visit his mother. They spent two weeks there, and she marveled at the green countryside. She enjoyed life on the reservation and was given a Crow ID card. She loved the wild horses, and particularly the leader of the herd, a magnificent big horse called "Cloud." She loves riding, not formal English-saddle dressage, but freestyle, western-saddle including pole bending and barrel racing.

For the History Fair project, she chose The American Indian Movement, under the title "Rights and Responsibilities." She constructed a wooden display board and added pictures, a 3-D pop-out and a tomahawk. She also wrote a text. Her conclusion was that the American Indian Movement has come a long way, but has still further to travel, particularly with regard to diet. She is a careful eater and prefers organic food. She was proud of her effort at the History Fair, which earned her fourth place in



SHADIX WETZEL Fort Davis

the exhibit category and an award of \$75.

Her plan for the future is clear: to proceed to Alpine High School, then Sul Ross's Range Animal Science Department, and finally to Texas A & M University for four years to achieve a degree in Veterinary Medicine. With that clear statement, the interview was over.

SHADIX WETZEL

Shadix Wetzel was born on 4th August, 2001 in an El Paso hospital. His mother, Teresa Todd, was then County Attorney of Presidio County, and the family lived in Marfa. His dad, Marc Wetzel, was education coordinator at McDonald Observatory.

His first school was Marfa Montessori, where he enrolled in 2004. "It was pretty cool", he recollects, nodding his mop of blond hair. He liked the teachers, and got to grips with adding and subtraction, and starting to



TAYLOR LUTTRELL-WILLIAMS Terlingua

read. The same year, his brother Haden was born and the family moved to Jeff Davis County, where his mother is now the county attorney. Today, they live in the McDonald Observatory residential area; Shadix and Hayden travel daily by bus to school in Fort Davis.

School in Fort Davis was good, Shadix explains, but later the school system ran short of money and all sorts of programs were cancelled. Still, he continues, he loves Fort Davis, particularly on Thursday, when the Mountain Dispatch comes out and he can read it while eating his cereal. He has lots of friends at school, and it is not hard to see why: he talks easily and with enthusiasm and has an outgoing nature.

He has an aptitude for music and has played alto-sax since fifth grade - a "really cool" instrument that he loves to play. But now there is no more band (one of the many cuts, despite the band having won 23 competitions).

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However, thinking positively, he plays electric guitar at home, taught by an out-of-town friend by means of video.

Shadix likes all sports but really loves baseball. He is a good pitcher, but not the best, he is careful to add. He always has fun playing baseball, and has an excellent coach (Rick McIvor). He also praises Sara Pittman, his social studies teacher. An optimist, he feels that the worst of the school cuts are now over, and that things will improve.

2014 is the first year Shadix, now in Junior High, entered the Texas History Fair. He named his project "Keeping West Texas Skies Dark: It's Our Responsibility." He had brought his exhibit (which he had some help with) to show me – a very professional four foot high, three panel cardboard construction. Through captions and photographs, the need for reducing light pollution was spelled out – not just for the star gazers and researchers, but for reasons of economics, wastage and lifestyle. Shadix prepared, by himself, a small diorama which was activated by vertical flashlights showing the difference between shielded and unshielded light.

He went with the other Gifted and Talented students in his group to the Texas History Fair in Austin, and enjoyed staying in the Embassy Inn. None in the group advanced to the National History Day level, but Shadix collected a \$75 prize. He's going to wait and see what next year's topic is before deciding whether to compete. Asked about his future career, he said he had no fixed plans but "would go with the flow."

TAYLOR LUTTRELL-WILLIAMS

The young man who greeted me with a ready handshake in the lobby of Big Bend High School in Terlingua wore a bluegrass music t-shirt and red hair knotted in a pony tail. I was there to interview him as a winner in the History Fair, one of three local students who had been successful in the nation-wide competition. It was the first time that I had interviewed this age group for Voices of the Big Bend. We headed for the principal's office and sat undisturbed across from each other at a conference table.

Taylor ("Tay" to family and friends) was born in Bamberg, Germany on 31 March, 1999 where his father, Mark Williams, was serving in the U.S. Army as a sergeant. The family moved shortly after to Alexandria Bay, NY, where

Taylor attended lst grade. From second through fifth grades Taylor, who has a half-sister, a sister and a brother, all older, attended Harmony Science Academy in El Paso, where his father, having left the army, was undergoing training with the U.S. Border Patrol.

At Harmony Science Academy, a charter school with a Turkish founder, Taylor's preferred subjects were Geography, History and Spanish Language. He liked studying and was happy in a classroom, where some of the teachers were Turkish. He developed new interests and a taste for Mediterranean food. He filled the walls of his room at home with maps.

With training completed, Mark Williams was assigned to Big Bend National Park in 2011. Taylor attended San Vicente School (sixth through eighth grade). Later, when his mother Glenda Lutrell took a job as Activities Coordinator at Lajitas Resort, he switched to Terlingua School. Taylor loved the Terlingua music scene and learned to play fiddle, banjo and mandolin. He also learned hiking, rafting on the Rio Grande and became involved with the Terlingua Ghostown communal garden.

His number one interest is music, particularly blue grass music, melodies from Appalachia of Scots/Irish origin (later influenced by African music). He has been playing since age eight. His other interest, "really bizarre" in his own words, is in dairy products, particularly cheese. He described with enthusiasm artisanal cheeses like the American Touvelle, and the Italian semi soft, fruity Taleggio. He learned how to make cheese from Marathon's cheese-maker Sally Roberts and he demonstrates his cheese-making skill at Terlingua's Farmer's Market.

As a straight A student, Taylor took to the History Fair naturally and has competed for four years, advancing from regional to state-wide but no further. His topics have ranged from, "A Cross Loss," about our 2002 border closing, to the schism in the Church in 1040, to this year's subject: "Got Milk?" about raw (i.e. untreated) milk."

Asked about the future, Taylor said he hopes to go to Reed College in Oregon; asked about future History Fairs, he said:" I will, I will get to National." I could have easily spent another hour with Taylor Luttrell-Williams, but he had to jump in a van to go Lubbock for an academic competition.



THE TREASURE OF SAN ELIZARIO: NATIVE SANDERSON ARTIST

Story and photographs by David Stephens

lberto Escamilla is one of the leading impressionist painters In West Texas. He has paintings hanging in collections from New York to Austria to Japan. He is a longtime friend of Cormac McCarthy, the writer of The Road and No Country for Old Men, who is a collector of Escamilla's work. McCarthy recently commissioned him to paint a portrait of Isaac Newton to hang in the Santa Fe Institute. In 2004 Escamilla was inducted into the El Paso Artist Hall of Fame. A few days before I met with him, he celebrated his 36th anniversary of being a professional artist and the fourth anniversary of opening his gallery in the historic art district of San Elizario, Texas.

The El Paso painter was born in Sanderson, Texas. He dabbled in art during high school, but the six-footone Escamilla mostly focused on sports. After graduating in 1962, Escamilla's options were limited: either work on the railroad or get a job as a laborer. Neither seemed appealing, so when one of his athletic coaches told him that the Texas Western basketball coach in El Paso had invited him to try out for the team, he accepted.

He made the team, and walking from his dorm to the basketball gym he would always notice the art students drawing outside. One day he asked to join. "I didn't even know art was something you could study," he says. He remembers walking through rooms full of easels, paints and empty canvases in awe. At the end of his freshman year, he left the basketball team for a spot in the art school.

It wasn't easy. Teachers would look at his early efforts and ask him if he had considered another major. It took time to develop a feeling for what he was doing. After graduating Escamilla postponed the artistic life. He spent several years abroad serving in the army. After his service he returned to El Paso for a job in advertising. Time was hard to come by. "I thought, okay, this is it. My artist's life will be on the weekends," he says. But the easels and

colors kept calling, and in 1977 he quit his job to pursue painting full time. "That was very hard because you have a good job and you just quit," Escamilla says. Not long after, he was calling up friends asking them to buy paintings so he could pay his rent.

His work started to gain momentum when he met his current wife, Rachel, who also became his manager. With her help he was able to tap into higher echeof lons American art world, and secured some shows in New York where he caught the eye of collectors.

He describes impressionism as experimentation of color. In true impressionist style, he likes subjects that give him an opportunity to do just that. "My true love is the gardens," he says, motioning to a compact painting bursting with multicolored flora.

It's oddly counterintuitive. The West Texas deserts don't seem immediately conducive to his desired sub-

ject matter. When I asked him how the landscape affected his work, he pointed to a famous painting of his called "A Trip to my Grandmother's." It is an





example of his early, stripped-away impressionism. The painting is striking, accomplished with only a few colors portraying a windswept desert landscape, and some dark figures, their backs to the viewer, walking into it.

"My palate is much more limited," he says. "That's why my paintings in New York were successful. They were different, and that was exciting." His desire to continue in the tradition of the impressionists and the experimentation of color has become the focus of his work. His gallery represents a vast range of subjects and colors, and he speaks excitedly about the possibility of painting the blue bonnet flower blooming this year.

He applies paint in quick staccato dabs, as opposed to traditional sweeping brushwork. This technique gives his work a remarkable texture, but almost 40 years of painting took a toll on a nerve in his elbow. Seven years ago his hand gave out. "It's wear and tear," he says. His paintings were always large, but since the injury he's made some changes. No commission deadlines, no more massive canvases. A quieter pace.

Four years ago he moved to San Elizario and opened a gallery. A small, unvarnished community, it's a place where you wouldn't normally encounter fine art and that's exactly the idea. "People would come to me

and say 'I feel so bad for you, now that you're here.'

But I feel so honored," he

continued on page 26

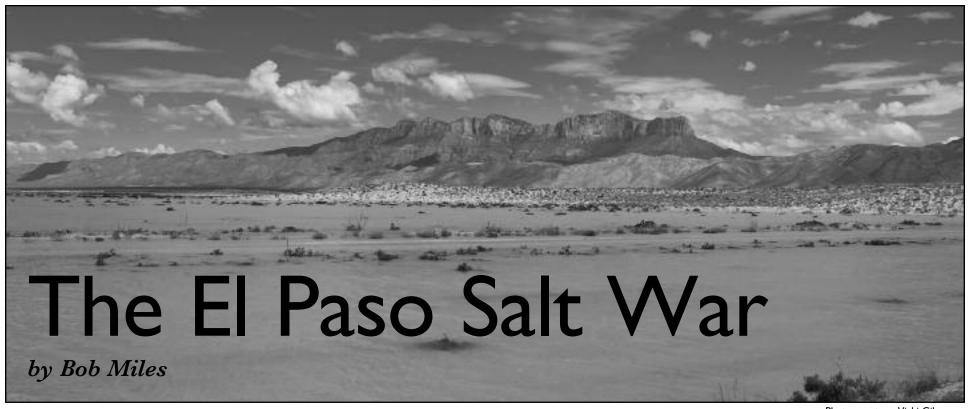


Photo courtesy: Vicki Gibson

Site of El Paso Salt War

Resentment over private control of the Salt Lakes in this region, often called Guadalupe Lakes, in 1877 led to the El Paso Salt War which entailed the loss of many lives and much property.

alt, long used in seasoning and preserving foods, is a necessity for Ithe health of humans and animals. Obtaining salt, however, led to the El Paso Salt War, one of the bloodiest chapters in the early history of the El Paso area. The war actually took place in the town of San Elizario, then the largest settlement in the El Paso valley. By 1877, a combination of factors had escalated into a volatile powder keg. Political rivalries, drought, crop failures and Apache raids all combined with friction between Mexicans and Anglo-Americans. The Mexicans found themselves in a strange and confusing world of these newcomers, now in control of their country after centuries of Spanish and Mexican rule.

Some 70 miles to the East of San Elizario near the Guadalupe Mountains lies a vast salt flat which Spanish law said belonged to everyone. The poor farmers could always rely on the salt in times of need. Under the new American laws, the salt deposits were claimed as private property by Judge Charles Howard for his father-in-law. A fee would be charged

to gather salt there. Howard's former political ally Luis Cardis, an Italian immigrant who had served in the Texas Legislature, and Father Antonio Borrajo, stirred up the population of San Elizario and vicinity (many from the Mexican side of the Rio Grande) in opposition to Howard.

After several fist fights between Howard and Cardis, Howard shot Cardis in the chest with a shotgun as he sat in a rocking chair in Solomon Schutz's store in El Paso, thus lighting the fuse on the powder keg. At the time, there was no military presence in the area. The nearest army posts were at Fort Davis and at Fort Bayard in New Mexico. A hastily recruited Texas Ranger force, Company C of the Frontier Battalion, was put together. The available recruits were not ideal choices by any means, but some law enforcement body was needed. Under Lieutenant John B. Tays, they occupied an adobe house in San Elizario.

Howard was determined to prosecute a group of salt gatherers who had failed to obtain his permission or pay the required fees. He went to San Elizario on December 12, 1877, under Ranger escort. That night a growing mob attacked and killed Charles Ellis, a storekeeper and friend of Howard's. The next morning, the mob attacked the Rangers' house where Howard was being held for his protection,

killing one of the sentries and firing on the house. The siege continued for four days.

Word was sent that if Howard would surrender and give up his claim to the salt, no harm would come to him. Howard agreed to speak with the leaders of the mob, despite protests from Lt. Tays and Howard's friends John McBride and John Atkinson. Lt. Tays accompanied him to the home where Chico Barela, leader of the mob, waited. Atkinson joined them as a translator. An agreement was reached and Atkinson returned to the Rangers to inform them of the agreement. They, too, joined Lt. Tays and Howard, where they were locked in a room, becoming the only Texas Ranger body to ever surrender.

However, Barela had lost control of the mob and Howard was escorted outside to a vacant space between two houses. Five men, all Mexican citizens, formed a firing squad. When Howard realized that further talk was useless, he himself gave the command to fire. One of the mob, a known horse thief, ran forward to finish the job with a machete, missed and cut off two of his own toes! Others hacked at the body. Again over Barela's objection, McBride and Atkinson were taken out and shot. The mutilated bodies were dragged away and thrown in an old well. Fortunately for the Rangers, Barela regained control of the bloodthirsty mob and they were released to return in disgrace to El Paso.

Colonel Edward Hatch took charge of army troops brought from Forts Bayard and Davis.

Sheriff Charles Kerber assembled a posse of hard characters, mostly from Silver City, New Mexico, to help restore order. Heading for San Elizario, the posse committed rape and murder en route. They remained in San Elizario until Christmas, "quarreling among themselves and shooting at each other when no better prospects for homicide were available."

A congressional investigation board met in El Paso in January of 1878. They estimated that some \$12,000 in property damage had been done, but others put the figure at \$31,000. An El Paso County grand jury indicted Chico Barela, Sixto Salcido and four other leaders of the mob, but they lived out their lives safely and peacefully on the Mexican side of the river. Little was made of the international aspects of the affair, even though many members of the mob were known to be Mexican citizens. The incident did lead to the reestablishment of a military post at El Paso. A new agent was appointed for the salt flat property, permission was sought by the salt gatherers and required fees were paid. Peace came once more to an often troubled border, but the wounds were slow to heal.

The Little Library That Could

by Carmen Elguezabal

Library. When you step inside the main entry you are in a modern, state of the art facility. Miss Carmen Elguezabal, Librarian, is there to greet you. Books in both English and Spanish fill the shelves. Free computer access terminals are available to patrons. You might not know this library is celebrating more

than 30 years. It began as The Little Library that Could. Wide community support and hard work has developed it into a full-service public library with high-quality events and programs.

The story began when a small group of Presidio residents, determined to have a local library, met with representatives from the Texas Trans-Pecos Library system at a luncheon buffet hosted by Mrs. Ruth Legate at her residence. It was May of 1982. All agreed that there was sufficient interest for a library in Presidio. By July the City Council approved a resolution to charter the Library and appointed a board. The first members of the City of Presidio Library Advisory Board were Mrs. Ruth Legate, Chairman, Mrs. Betty Van Eman, Mrs. Teresa Leyva and Mrs. Gloria Myers.

In September the Library Board learned that funding from the Trans-Pecos Library System would be made available. The Presidio Library Board developed a budget and plans for a location. In October the American Legion gave the library temporary use of the Legion building. In November Mrs. Gloria Myers and Mrs. Ruth Legate traveled to Imperial, Texas to meet with Texas Trans-Pecos Library System staff members to present the budget and information on the location for the library. The library was

awarded over \$1,400.00. The dream was definitely becoming a reality!

The first Friends of the Library was organized in March of 1983. Its members were Norma and Rick Joachim, Rosa Pelton, Francis Hernandez and Julieta Rodriguez. That same month the library resolution was officially approved by the City Council and Miss Carmen Elguezabal was hired as the

Presidio Activity Center. It is fully automated and has a website at presidiolibrary.org. There is an online catalog and 14 public-access computers available. The number of registered patrons has increased over the past years. Our library patrons visit us from as far away as Chihuahua, Mexico (it has an international relationship with its border Sister City, Ojinaga) and all

In the spring, on the Saturday before Easter, there is an egg hunt in the lovely garden that is behind our building. The children gather at the library for a story. After the story they all get bunny ears to wear, and everyone hops out to the beautiful garden to the Bunny Hop Song. The egg hunt is very successful. The local business community donates candy and treats

for all the children.

In the summer there is a week-long program for the older children. It ends on the last day with a field trip to Fort Leaton Historic Site, where the library holds a picnic and the children are presented with participation certificates. It is well attended.

Along with Consulate of Mexico and the Presidio ISD, the City of Presidio Library hosts its biggest yearly event: El Dia de los Ninos, Dia de los Libros is a celebration of reading at the end of April. This year, with the help and contributions of many community members, it was a very successful day. The highlight was the Dallas Puppet Theater puppeteer, Mr. Pix Smith, who presented a program at each Presidio ISD location.

I am very proud of our City Library. Currently the library has 3,545 regis-

tered patrons with approximately 14,830 library visits during the year. The library's current collection is at 15,922. Our community has come together and built and supported us. We have come a long way from our first luncheon in 1982. Much has been accomplished as we celebrate more than 30 years of serving our community. It has been a learning experience and a challenging process but I am very proud of the accomplishment.

Present library hours are Monday-Friday 9:00 AM-1:00 PM & 2:00 PM-6:00 PM.



Presidio children enjoy the library's annual Easter celebration, complete with an egg hunt and bunny hop

first librarian for the City of Presidio.

In the next few months the library obtained additional funding. Miss. Carmen Elguezabal set up the new facility. On August 2, 1983 the library opened its doors to the public. It was a grand day. One year later, in September of 1984, it moved to the Nieto's building on O'Reilly Street and was housed there until November of 2007. In 2007 it was awarded a USDA matching grant for the construction of a new building. The library is currently operating at 1200 East O'Reilly Street adjacent to the

over the Big Bend region.

The library has some special aspects to it. It serves a large geographical area that includes patrons on both side of the Rio Grande. It has a beautiful garden behind the building that is used for many programs. It hosts two weekly story time programs, one for ages three to kindergarten for which the Presidio elementary school children are bused to the library, and one for toddlers who come with a parent or grandparent. A parent and/or local community member volunteers to read to the children, followed by an arts and craft project.

MAIN STREET CHANGES

by Danielle Gallo

Then I first came to live in Marathon in 2002, I worked at the Marathon Coffee Shop, owned at the time by Connie Vaughn. Marathon's Main Street was where everything happened in town: the two-and-a-half blocks from Mary Baxter's gallery to the Coffee Shop contained the nexus of every person's trajectory within a 30-mile radius. At the center of that web of radiating lines, traced day to day by the 400 souls that call Marathon home, sat Shirley Rooney, Main Street's queen.

Shirley owned and operated Shirley's Burnt Biscuit in the tiny storefront next to the Post Office. Her fried pies and biscuits sustained the early mornings of many a cowboy and county worker, beginning their long days before the sun had peeked over the hills. Her hot coffee and maternal air kept the locals warm all winter, through the late Easter freeze that inevitably takes the young apricots. Shirley knew all the Marathon doings, comings and goings. She knew everyone and all their relatives, their family tree, their provenance, their ambitions. Many times, when asked a question by a visitor about the history of our little town, there was only one answer: "Go ask Shirley."

When Shirley retired from her bak-

ery, having sold it to Don and Jackie Boyd, it was the end of an era. Getting to work at 3:30 in the morning and staying on her feet until well past noon had been a labor of love and independence for her, after working in the kitchen at the Gage Hotel for many years. It was hard to imagine a Main Street without Shirley, but I think everyone was happy to know she would have the rest and relaxation she deserved.

When I look at Main Street now, I think about all the changes that have taken place in the past dozen years. Where Shirley's Burnt Biscuit was, there is now Lechugilla Liquors. Mary Baxter's gallery is becoming the High Desert Emporium. Cottonwood Station became The Famous Burro, which just recently reopened after several years' hiatus, to the delight of Marathon. Nancy Lee has the Coffee Shop, and the sign that Dan Picasso painted on it the year I came to Texas is still there, faded and charming. San Rosendo Crossing is where the old Cowboy Church used to be before it became The Purple Sage Antique Store. And there on the corner is The Rusty Rabbit Antiques. Allen and Sally Haley have just opened a delightful café, Pickle Creek, where Don and Jackie Boyd had been continuing Shirley's legacy with the Burnt Biscuit. Allen makes wonderful little pies, reminiscent of the Queen of Main Street's confections.

I think too about what Main Street will look like as my two-year-old daughter grows. What changes will she witness, to make her nostalgic? When she has guests, will she walk those short blocks and point to where the Gage Hotel used to be? As our demographics change and the oilfields spread in a widening radius, I'm curious about the future of our little towns in many ways. I like to think that decades from now, Main Street will

still be full of tiny, independentlyowned stores, where the shopkeepers sit on benches out on the sidewalk, passing time with friends and neighbors.

Nowadays, when I sit on the sidewalk o u t s i d e Johnny B's or

San Rosendo to catch up on the gossip of the day, I think back to those long afternoons at the Coffee Shop or the early mornings at Shirley's Burnt Biscuit. Shirley Rooney is still a matriarch of Marathon, though she is no longer the Oueen of Main Street. Some of the other faces have changed, but most of the topics of conversation are the same, as is the feeling I get when I go to check the mail at the post office and wind up spending half the day on Main Street. Everything changes, but some things remain—I

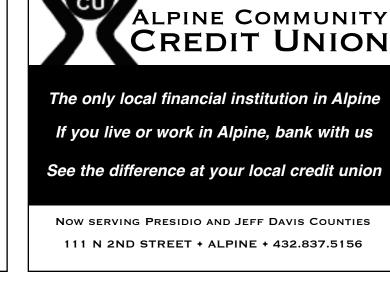


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Desert Wars

He pulled me to him Across the desert seas.

He haunted my dreams, and serenaded my days.

In the tug of war of love, his arms wrapped around me and pulled tight.

Feet dragging in the sand, I crossed the line and dove in.

You win, desert. You win.

by Beth Doolittle

Irrepressible

In the middle of west Texas a place in hardscrabble oil country the city of Midland has a fine stadium complex— a place for minor league baseball a place to take, to watch, the kids

A large stone squats small and homely in front of the baseball field. On it, a plaque says that it came from below what is now center field. It says that legend says that the rock ensures that all who visit there will enjoy themselves.

It is caliche. It is Ogallala. It is breccia a broken-then-reassembled assemblage of angular gray chunks and lesser red blebs and calcareous lumps and crusts, all backhoe-scraped and stuck together in polymictic disorder.

Joy! Offered by a rock that has endured far more than its fair share of stress and strain. Beat to hell and handing out happiness.

"Now see there, kid," he says, "Ain't that some character for ya!"

by David M. Orchard

Drought

Bone-dry, dead ocotillos rasp and rattle

in the desert winds, brittle down to the roots.

by Steve Wilson

Folkways

by Maya Zniewski. Photographs by Chloe Peppercorn.



MESQUITE

Mesquite trees are found in the Chihuahuan and Sonoran Deserts and as far north as Kansas. These wonderful trees have a bad rep for lowering the water table, but in fact they are not guilty of this. It is the Salt Cedar displacing mesquite that is affecting the water table. Bees love mesquite and happily create mesquite honey. The bean pods can be dried and ground into flour. Good for the soil, the trees are a nitrogen fixer, creating more fertile ground where they grow.

Mesquite was an important part of the original peoples' diet and medicine in the South West. The branches, stems, and inner yellow bark can be used as a purgative (laxative). The stems can be used to treat fever. Mesquite pods are used for making eve rinses. Sunburn can be treated topically with a strong boiled (then cooled) tea made from the beans. The pods can be prepared to treat a sore throat or as a tea for insect stings. Mesquite gum, which is released from the trunk of the tree, is used as an eyewash (when prepared correctly) for pinkeye, eye infections and other eye ailments. Mesquite gum is also used for lice, sore throats,

cough, dry or wounded skin and as a fever reducer. The leaves can also make an eye rinse or be used to treat headaches, mouth sores and bladder infections. Quite the one-plant pharmacy!

The pods themselves contain calcium, manganese, iron and zinc while the seeds are high in protein. With gluten free cooking and baking on the rise I expect Mesquite flour to become more popular. Mesquite is filling and is a great ingredient for those with a pre-diabetic condition or diabetes because it does not cause spikes in blood sugar levels. As I am sure you all know, mesquite is a drought-hardy plant but it has other wonderful qualities, it is also helpful in preventing desertification due to over-harvesting of trees for charcoal production and firewood. Mesquite can replace some, if not all, charcoal production. The animals (especially donkeys!) love mesquite beans. So be sweet to mesquite.

Mesquite Cornbread

 $3/\bar{4}$ cup commeal

3/4 cup flour

3/8 cup mesquite flour

2 tsp baking powder

1/2 tsp baking soda

1/2 tsp salt

dash of cumin

1 cup yogurt

1 egg

3 Tbls honey

3 Tbls oil

3/4 cups fresh or canned finely chopped nopales

1/4 cup corn kernels fresh or canned

1 Tbls. finely chopped jalapeños or to taste

1 Tbls. adobo sauce

Preheat oven to 350'. Combine dry ingredients in medium-sized bowl. Add yogurt, egg, honey and oil and stir into the dry ingredients just until combined. Quickly stir in nopales, corn, jalapenos and adobo. Spread into greased 8" by 8" pan. Bake 20 - 25 minutes at 350' until

toothpick inserted in the center comes out clean. Watch this carefully, because mesquite can burn easily. Perfect served with your favorite chili.

Mesquite Meringue Cookies

(Gluten free)

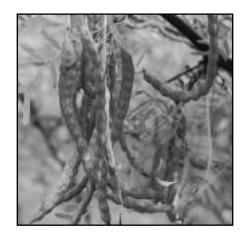
1 cup sugar or 1 tsp powdered stevia (can be less if a less sweet cookie is preferred)

1/2 cup mesquite flour

3 egg whites

1/2 tsp salt

2 tsp lemon juice



Preheat oven to 210'. Mix the sugar and mesquite flour together. Without continued on page 29

CHINATI

The Chinati Foundation is a contemporary art museum founded by the artist Donald Judd. The collection includes work by twelve artists and focuses on permanent, large-scale installations emphasizing the relationship between art, architecture, and the surrounding landscape.

stopping,

The museum is open Wednesday - Sunday. Admission for public tours and self-guided viewing is free of charge to residents of the tri-county area.

SELF-GUIDED VIEWING

The following three artworks are available for self-guided viewing, at visitors' own pace.

Danield Judd, 15 works in concrete, 9:00 AM - 5:00 PM, Wednesday - Sunday Donald Judd, 100 works in mill aluminum, 2:00 - 4:00 PM, Friday - Sunday Zoe Leonard, 100 North Nevill Street, 12:00 - 2:00 PM, Wednesday - Sunday

GUIDED TOURS

Most of the works in the collection are available by guided tour only. Please reserve in advance to secure

Collection Tour, 10:00 AM, Wednesday - Sunday Includes all works in the permanent collection and all special exhibitions.

Selections Tour, 11:00 AM, Wednesday - Sunday Includes works by Donald Judd, Dan Flavin, and John Chamberlain.

UPCOMING EVENTS

Free Summer Art Classes for ages 4 - 13 Monday - Friday, July 7 - 11, Chinati ArtLab

Chinati Presents: World Monuments Fund 2014 Watch Day Saturday, August 2, Sunrise viewing 7 - 8:30 AM, Panel Discussion 3:00 PM, Crowley Theater

Chinati Presents: Sounds Modern, "Neighborhood Notes" Thursday, August 28, 8:00 PM, Crawley Theater

Sunrise at Chinati Sunday, August 31, 7 - 8:30 AM

1 Cavalry Row Marfa Taxes 79843 www.chineti.org 432 729 4362

Lightning the Ideal Donkey

by Carolyn Zniewski

Lightning won his spot being Sporting and clever Herding fun-loving goats in the Mountains and desert. He worked with the cowboys Rounding up stray cattle, Carried packs and water for Countryside travel. He met the "Burro Lady" down Presidio way, They joined up as partners From the very first day.

They roamed along the Rio Grande, Climbed the Chisos Mountains range, Camped the ancient hidden canyons Sleeping under starry skies. She the lady, he the burro, Big Bend nomads—seven years He carried their colorful home.

Retired at fifty, Life at Emma's was nifty, Bucking Helen to Raspa for strawberry cones. But Oh!! They are moving! With no room for Lightning... "I'll take him!" said Zack, "To an IDEAL home."

So:

One sunny Monday In Marathon, Texas Zack got Ideal Lightning, An elderly donkey. He needed a home. Zack hung up his shingle, "Dos Zetas" it said,
To start on the work
That was waiting ahead.
He took up his pick
And he took up his shovel
To hand dig the post holes
For stringing up wire
To make all the fences
To build a corral
For Lightning, the Donkey
That Zack got.

He needed a home.

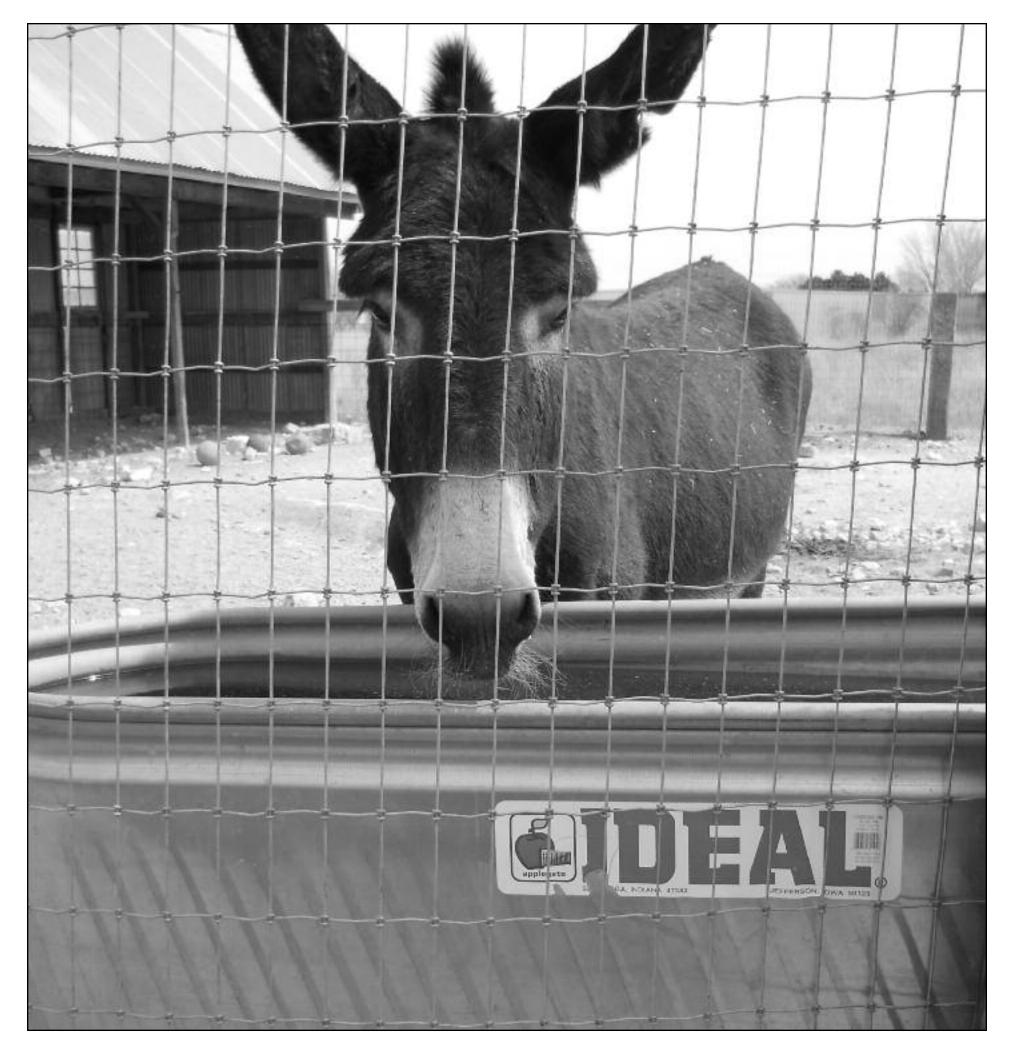
Zack gathered old lumber
From falling down houses
And took up his hammer
And carpenter's saw,
A bucket of nails
And his trusty tape measure
And marked off a spot
In the corner corral.
He sawed and he hammered
To build a fine barn
For Lightning, the Donkey
That Zack got.
He needed a home.

At the end of the shelter was room for a shed
For storing brushes and comb,
Strong rope and a halter.
More lumber, more nails,
With hand saw a-hummin'
And hammer a-pounding,
Up went a tack shed
With one special window,
And a special old door,
For Lightning, the Donkey
That Zack got.
He needed a home.

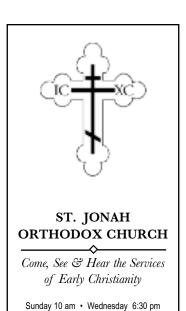
Zack measured the space
For the wide coral gate,
And found the right pieces
Of recycled lumber.
He cut them to size
For a strong handsome gate
Hung on steel hinges
And latched double-tight
Welcoming Donkeys
To come on inside.
For Lightning, the Donkey
That Zack got.
He needed a home.

The small barn was built,
The fencing was finished,
Zack hopped in his truck
And drove into town.
He stopped at a feed store
For six bales of hay
And perfect red paint.
Back at the homestead,
With paintbrush and roller,
He painted the buildings
For Lightning, the Donkey
That Zack got.
He needed a home.

The post holes are dug,
The fencing is strung,
The corral is all built,
The gate has been hung.
The barn is all ready
For wide-ranging weather
The tack shed and barn
Are painted bright red.
The watering trough
Sits next to the hay for
Ideal Lightning, the elderly donkey
That Zack got.
He now has an ideal home.







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bigbendorthodox.org







continued from page 4

take a road trip to the scenic, remote

and mystical Trans-Pecos eco-region of far west Texas, specifically, the Chihuahuan Desert area around the town of Marfa. In

Marfa, at 4,688 feet above sea level, the summer nights are naturally cool and summer days, though hot, feel surprisingly less so than Fort Worth. Average annual rainfall in the Marfa area is about 15 inches in a good year.

As we soon discovered, summer in the Trans-Pecos is also the rainy season. We were greeted with a couple of refreshing thunderstorms as we roamed the back roads.

Back home, as Tandy Hills was withering in the summer heat, the Chihuahuan Desert was spring-like, blooming with an array of colorful wildflowers and very reminiscent of the original

As we neared Fort Davis coming in across the mountains from I-20, the rocky cliffs were beautifully adorned with golden yellow bouquets of Lindheimer's Senna, nicely contrasted by the mud-red granite rocks. The next day we took the aptly named Scenic Loop road between Marfa

and Fort Davis and were amazed once again to see springtime-like scenes in August. The diversity of plant species was equally surprising.

Perky, pink-purple blossoms of a Trans-Pecos variety of Verbena, a common wildflower, grow

out of the rocks along the road. Driving on we spotted the healthy blooms of the lovely Copper Globe Mallow that resembles a miniature Hollyhock plant. Nearby were colorful stands of the red-vellow blooms of Indian Rushpea.

As we approached McDonald Observatory

we were greeted by splashes of eye-catching Skyrocket, one of the reddest reds you will find in the desert.

We were surprised to see thick stands of another prairie staple, Side-oats (the State Grass of Texas) and Blue Grama grasses flourishing alongside the Agaves, Creosote bushes and Ocotillo that define the Chihuahuan Desert landscape.

Our trip to the Big Bend desert wilderness reminded us that there's a lot more to the area than art. Thoroughly refreshed, the trip reminded us of the value of our Texas prairie and our roles in keeping it like it was.



The rocky cliffs of the Davis Mountains near Marfa were beautifully adorned with Lindheimer's Senna.

continued from page 18

explains. "This has been beautiful. One

of my goals from day one was to bring the art to the people. Out here we have farmers come by who have never been in an art gallery. I wanted to make it accessible to the community.'

This genuine desire has undoubtedly contributed to his success, but even at his latest showing at the El Paso Museum of Art, patrons would approach him and ask what he really did for a living. It's rare to get by, let alone be successful, by selling paintings, but in Escamilla's case it's no accident. He never studied under another artist. Self-taught is the only fitting adjective. "It took me ten years to know what I'm doing," he says. The time paid off. The traces of a mentor are absent in Escamilla's work, giving it a beautiful purity. His technique is entirely his own.

"It all has to do with discipline," he says, recalling the hardest lesson to learn as a young artist. With bills to pay, a blank canvas can be a formidable foe. "I would look at it, have some coffee, look at it, do my laundry, look at it, just killing time" he remembers, laughing. "There's always tomorrow, after all."

When young artists seek him out for advice, Escamilla warns them of the fallacy that creative work can only be accomplished when the

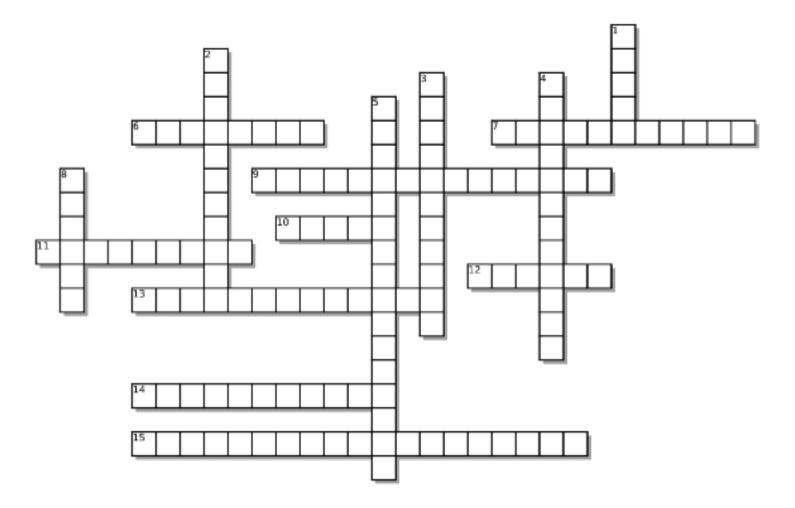
elusive inspiration strikes. He sits back in his chair. "You sit there and you paint. Good or bad just get it done. I had to be tied down. I would paint a line, two lines, a stick figure, anything, but I needed to fill the canvas. It is a job."

When it comes to his painting, his nine-tofive work ethic can be traced back to his early admiration and emulation of the impressionists. He didn't just learn from their techniques. "They all had discipline," he says. 'They were artists first. They were all very human and suffered a lot. I respect their tradition and I continue it. They all believed and had faith. They stayed with it." It's safe to say, after 36 years, so has Escamilla.

Perhaps from hearing us discussing his namesake, Monet, Escamilla's snow-white Bichon Fries jumps into his lap. Escamilla looks up and says, "When I finish a painting I still feel the same excitement I felt 40 years ago. If I ever lose that I'll know it's time to stop." He frees up a hand from scratching Monet's neck and rests it on a blank canvas leaning against the wall. It's a commission, he tells me, a groom's wedding gift to his future bride. "I can't wait to start it," he says, smiling. "That excitement, that thrill, that beauty. It's still there."

Cenizo Crossword

by L.G. Lindsay



ACROSS

- 6 deposits formerly mined in Big Bend which yielded quicksilver or mercury
- 7 some people see 'em and some people don't
- 9 modeled lingually after the "Chinati Foundation" (but much funnier)
- 10 tiny insect often seen feasting within the Spring blossom of a Torrey Yucca
- 11 border crossing in Big Bend National Park with a direct line to El Paso
- 12 irascible snake whose bite is said to be worse than others
- 13 street name for a cactus which will cause you to dismount quickly

- 14 solitary spiny cylinder which captured the heart of the Lone Star State
- 15 public reading room that received an award from the Gates Foundation

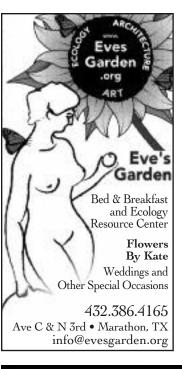
DOWN

- aborigines used this plant to make a fermented drink
- 2 annual meeting on the first Saturday in February when early settlers reminisce
- 3 Marathon bar & restaurant which still seeks recognition
- 4 a desert that gushes with "black gold"
- 5 cultural beacon in Far West Texas
- 8 look for these buttons in the desert

WORD BANK: THRIP, TEXASPETAYA, SOTOL, PIZZAFOUNDATION, PIONEERDAYS, PEYOTE, PERMIANBASIN, MOJAVE, MARFAPUBLICRADIO, MARFALIGHTS, HORSECRIPPLER, FAMOUSBURRO, CINNABAR, BOQUILLAS, ALPINEPUBLICLIBRARY

Answers page 29

Cenizo





www.mirthmarfa.com





2014 Chamber Events

July - Chili Cook-off and Dance at the Post Park **September -** West Fest Cabrito Cook Off at Post Park October - Marathon to Marathon & Quilt Show **November -** Cowboy Social at Ritchey Brothers Building **December -** Fiesta de Noche Buena

- go to marathontexas.com for details -



by Charles Angell

PIONEERING FAMILIES OF THE BIG BEND

1) In 1903 Cipriano Hernandez arrived in the region and started a small trading post/store in what is now known as Castolon. What was the name of the small community prior to it being changed to Castolon?

a) Pueblo Nuevo

c) Glenn Springs

b) Santa Helena, TX

- d) Camp Misery
- The first of the Stillwell family arrived in the Big Bend in the 1870s, establishing a trade route that went into Mexico, crossing the Rio Grande at what is now known as Stillwell crossing. Which Texas town did this route originate from?

a) Marathon

c) Sanderson

b) Presidio

- d) Murphyville
- 3) Harris Smith worked and ran the Fresno Mine, located approximately five miles north of Lajitas, processing cinnabar ore into mercury. Which well-known rancher from inside present-day National Park boundaries was his business partner?

a) Gilberto Luna

c) Homer Wilson

b) Sam Nail

- d) Roscoe P. Coletrane
- 4) Fransisco Solis and sons ran a mercantile store in Boquillas during the early 1900s. He also discovered cinnabar ore that helped to establish which mercury mine?

a) Rainbow Mine

c) Chisos Mine

b) Colquitt Mine

- d) Mariscal Mine
- John Spencer is known for his vast cattle empire during the later 1800s in southern Presidio county. What other notable acheivment did he accomplish in the 1860s?

 - a) erecting the first barbed wire fence c) managing the railroad construction

b) discovering Silver in Shafter

d) patenting the Ensilage machine

Bonus: Which of the above mentioned characters was purported to have lived to 108?

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

continued from page 23 slowly add the

sugar/mesquite flour to the egg whites as they are beaten with an electric mixer. Add the salt and lemon juice while continuing to beat the mixture. Continue beating until stiff peaks form. Immediately after beating drop by tablespoon onto a parchment-covered cookie sheet. Bake at 210' for 60-90 minutes, until cookies are crisp. Be careful not to let the cookies brown. Mesquite has a strong taste in general and especially when overcooked. Watch these cookies and do not allow to burn.

Mesquite Balls

As a treat, a snack or while camping I love these. They are filled with powerhouse super foods and the basic recipe can be easily altered to include what you love.

l cup chopped nuts - pecans (Texas grown of course) walnuts or almonds - your choices.

3/4 cup chopped dried fruit

1/4 cup mesquite flour

1/4 cup cacao or cocoa powder

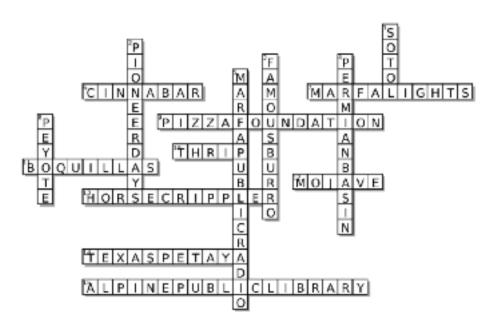
Mix nuts and dried fruit. Mix in mesquite flour and cacao or cocoa. Shape into 12-16 balls, refrigerate until firm and enjoy! You can store them in an air tight container or individually wrapped in waxed paper.

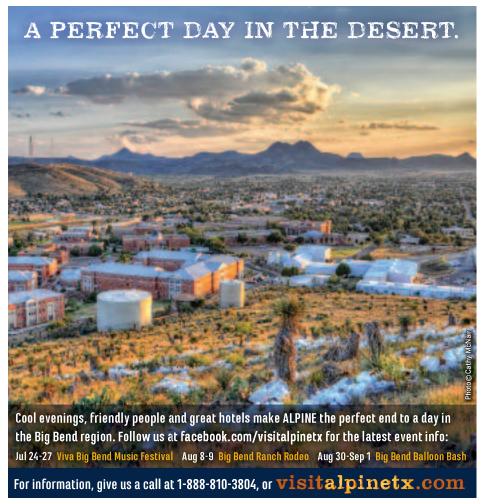
So you get the general idea, you can change around the nuts, fruits and extras to include or not include anything you want. Different nuts and fruits make entirely different tasting balls. You might want to up your protein intake even more so hemp powder would be a good choice, maybe you want to feel fuller for longer so soaked chia seeds are a likely candidate, perhaps you like the bright green super food spirulina in your diet, add it! I keep one kind or another of these on hand for snacking and I love them so!





Cenizo Crosswords Big Bend





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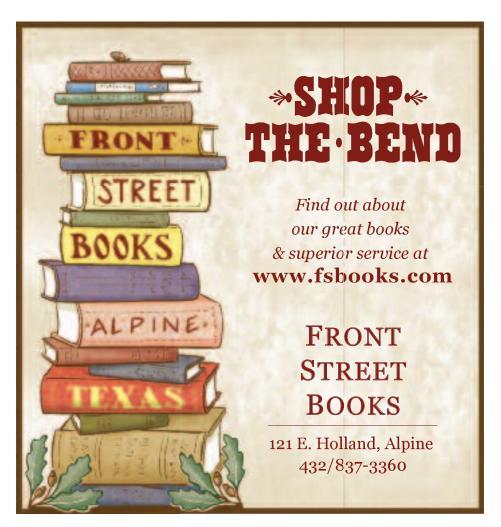
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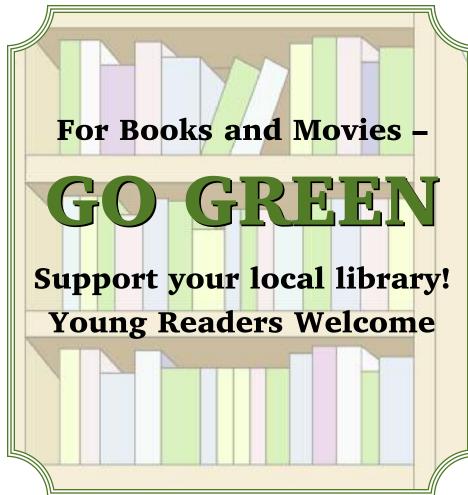
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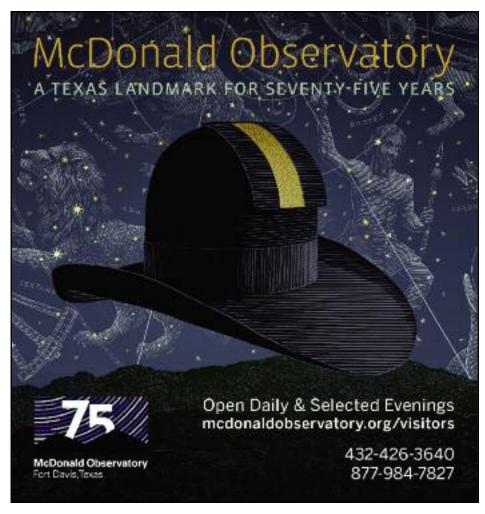


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