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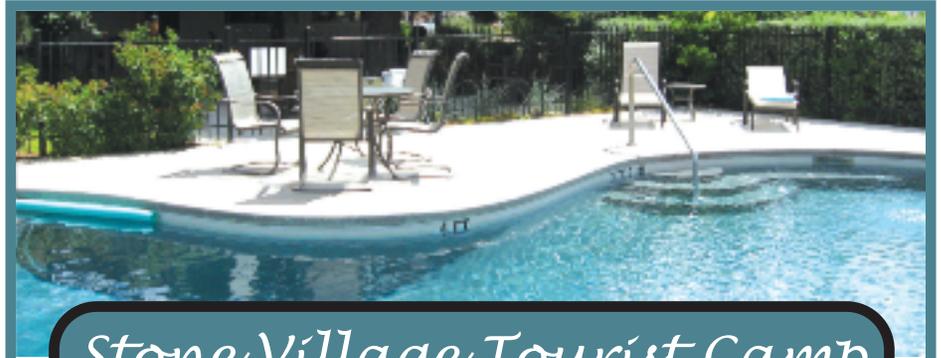


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SMALL TOWN BIG

Story and photographs by Sandra Harper

Spring is here. It's Saturday morning at the farmer's market in Marfa. The cheese maker, the baker, the beekeeper, the egg producer, the jelly and salsa suppliers, the burrito and tamale vendors are setting up their tables. A farmer and backyard gardeners arrange their vegetables. A jeweler, a seamstress, an artist and a medicine ball maker are working on their displays. The Shorthorn cheerleaders set up their fundraising table. Already a

number of visitors to the market are milling about. Farm Stand Marfa, situated in the center of town alongside the railroad tracks under the gigantic ranch shed built by Tim Crowley, is open for business. The Union Pacific freight line blows by with a blast of noise and whistles. Everyone pauses in mid-sentence. Some folks plug their ears with their fingers.

Good friends and strangers; toddlers, tourists, ranchers, artists—all lovers of

Far West Texas—mingle and browse or head to their favorite stands. Strollers wheel through. A posse of bigger children tumbles by. These are some of the best customers. They know the names of the vegetables and the growers who grew them. They know they can sample goat cheese at Malinda's table and buy a cup of lemonade from Alicia. Older folks are a vital part of the market. They are both producers and customers. They visit the market to social-

ize and celebrate the abundance of the desert. They teach us and remember for us. From them we learn the history of Marfa, its twists and turns. Together we track the shifting weather and share stories about the changes in the town.

The market is an expression of the community—from homespun and homegrown to Latino culture and contemporary art. In this mix of local made, Marfa has found a

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CONTRIBUTORS

Charles Angell lives near Ruidosa. Exploring the Big Bend area is both his hobby and his occupation. *e-mail: charles@angellepeditions.com.*

Jameson Crumpler was born and raised in Bowie, TX. He received degrees in forestry and natural resource management in Oklahoma and Texas before moving to Colorado, Idaho, and Nebraska. He now work for Sul Ross State University on the Texas Native Seeds Project. *e-mail: downthehill@att.net*

Phyllis Dunham writes about music, adventure, travel, food, and history. A seventh-generation Texan with Big Bend roots, she was recently lured away from West Texas by a scholarship to the University of New Orleans where she is working on an MFA in creative nonfiction at the Creative Writing Workshop. *e-mail: pdunham1@my.uno.edu*

Jim Glendinning, an Oxford-educated Scot, lives in Alpine. The story of his travels, *Footloose Scot*, has just been published as has *Legendary Locals of the Big Bend & Davis Mountains* for Arcadia Press. *e-mail: jimglen2@sbcglobal.net*

Jeremy Gonzalez is an artist and freelance writer from Dallas, Texas. He loves wildlife, observing nature, and drinking a good cup of coffee. He currently lives in Fort Stockton with his wife and is a student at Midland College WRTTC. *e-mail: jeremyjuan87@yahoo.com*

Sandra Harper, founder of Farm Stand Marfa, is a writer and market gardener living in NYC and Marfa. *e-mail: harpemytx@gmail.com*

Glenn Justice has written extensively over the years about Big Bend history. He is managing editor Rimrock Press and moderates Glenn's Texas History Blog at: www.rimrockpress.com/blog *e-mail: editor@rimrockpress.com*

Barbara Novovitch worked as an editor and reporter for Reuters international news in Washington, New York, Hong Kong and Paris.

She covered West Texas for the *New York Times* and lives in Alpine. *e-mail: bbnovo@gmail.com.*

Chris Ruggia is an Alpine-based cartoonist (jackcomics.com) and graphic designer (vastgraphics.com). He and his wife Ellen own Vast Graphics in Alpine. *e-mail: chris@vastgraphics.com*

Tim Thayer hails from Houston, though the last 15 years have found him a resident of Marathon, where he piddles away his life as a builder, musician and raconteur. He is currently building a home in Marathon to which he intends to attach a museum to house his collection of masks and figures from around the world. *e-mail: babozo1066@live.com*

Larry D. Thomas is a member of the Texas Institute of Letters and was privileged to serve as the 2008 Texas Poet Laureate. He has published several award-winning collections of poetry. His *Larry D. Thomas: New and Selected Poems* (TCU Press, 2008) was a semi-finalist for the National Book Award. *e-mail: larrydthomas@bigbend.net*

Carolyn Brown Zniwski is a food writer and recipe columnist for ten years. She currently lives in Marathon. *e-mail: publisher@cenizojournal.com*

Maya Brown Zniwski is an herbalist and soapmaker who enjoys frequent visits to the Big Bend area. Her handmade salves, soaps and tinctures are available at her website, mayamadeapothecary.com *e-mail: mayamadeapothecary@gmail.com*

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

by Carolyn Zniwski, publisher and Danielle Gallo, editor



It's the perfect season for sitting on my big front porch, looking out over the Glass Mountains at the streamers of the sunset as it stretches out against the sky. All the weirdnesses, tangles and bummers of life slip out of my mind and

I get to thinking about the continuum of life from the very first protozoa to the busy little community of Marathon out here in what folks call the 'Last Frontier.' When I called City Lights Bookstore in regard to Barbara Novovitch's story about Julian Mock the phone picked up with Lawrence Ferlinghetti's voice, "City Lights Bookstore, Welcome to the Last Frontier." That got me to thinking about different kinds of frontiers. West Texas may be the last place in the United States to be settled, but I think we may be a first frontier as well. Creative, experimental, indomitable people seem to gather here; shaping and reshaping their lives as times and situations change. With the internet and drone-delivered goods I can't help thinking that we are recreating small town living. Maybe we can migrate out of the metropolis and back to community. I think the likes of the *Cenizo* and our other local presses, small galleries and personal shops are returning all over. So, "Welcome to the New Frontier!"

Note:

The photograph with "Horsehead Crossing" in the first quarter issue was by Carolyn Miller.



If there's one thing I sometimes miss about being closer to the city, it's the variety of food you can find there: Vietnamese and Indian and Italian and Japanese and specialty grocery stores in every neighborhood, and markets with fresh fish

and vegetables in a rainbow all begging to be prodded and sniffed. When I came to the Big Bend, lo these twelve years now, I had to get used to sometimes just not being able to have spinach.

But something has happened here in Far West Texas over the past dozen years, and I think it's a wonderful thing: our communities have begun to regress somewhat to a bygone time, a time when each small community had its baker, its cheese maker, its butcher, its tamale lady. Now, again, entrepreneurs are springing forth with loaves of fresh-baked bread and handmade cheeses, organic vegetables and delectable canned goods, to fill the great vacuum with something fresh and homemade. The local food movement might have been made for our little desert communities, and all I can say is, thank goodness for our endless growing season.

Now there are farmer's markets in Marfa, Alpine and Terlingua to supplement what my husband coaxes out of the caliche. Further, there has been a great resurgence of interest in native plants and their many uses—medicinal and delicious.

In this issue of *Cenizo* you'll find a few highlights of the many Big Bend food artisans and magicians, and I hope you find their stories as tasty as their wares.

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CENIZO JOURNAL STAFF

PUBLISHER

Carolyn Zniwski
publisher@cenizojournal.com

EDITOR

Danielle Gallo
editor@cenizojournal.com

ADVERTISING

Danielle Gallo
advertising@cenizojournal.com

BUSINESS MANAGER

Lou Pauls
business@cenizojournal.com

WEB MANAGER

Jennifer Turner
webmaster@cenizojournal.com

DESIGN/PRODUCTION

Wendy Lynn Wright
graphics@cenizojournal.com



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Guitarist/Composer Julian Mock. Photo © Luc Novovitch

Alpine's own Julian Mock

Julian Mock began learning the guitar at the age of two from his mother Ruth. As a longtime music educator specializing in teaching children, she taught Julian's two older siblings as well. Together, the five members of the Mock family traveled extensively in Europe, Mexico, and the

eastern United States in the 1970s as a guitar quintet.

Ruth met her husband Jerry in the 1960s when both were attending Florida State University. She was pursuing a master's degree in music education and studying Asian music, and he was working on a master's in

Asian history while also working as a capitol correspondent in Tallahassee. His political column "The Mocking Word" was published in 20 different papers.

Jerry was 38 and Ruth 26 at the time, and she assumed he was a confirmed bachelor. But some months

later, when she was filling out forms for a PhD program, he suggested she join him in filling out a slightly different kind of paperwork – a marriage application. After she received her master's the two were married by her father, a United Presbyterian minister, in Oneonta, New York in 1964.

“My parents bought an Airstream and were on their way to Mexico for their honeymoon,” Julian explained. “But their trip was cut short when the Airstream got flipped over by a twister. Somewhat stranded in the Rio Grande Valley, they decided to settle there. They started teaching, then after a while, my dad found work with the *Corpus Christi Caller Times*. Three children were born; I was the last.”

A few years later they moved to Edinburg, Texas and started the Mock Music School. A major feature was classic guitar orchestras – large ensembles in which guitarists with a wide range of skill level can participate. Guitar orchestras – or “choirs” as they are sometimes known – were popular in Europe, but were a relatively new phenomenon in the United States. The Mocks were among the first to start a guitar orchestra in Texas. At the same time they began publication of a quarterly journal called *Creative Guitar International*. They bought a printing press to print the magazine. In the summers they toured Europe promoting the magazine and investigating possible stories. They published the classic guitar magazine for nine years.

The couple appreciated living in the Rio Grande Valley for its proximity to the Mexican border. They often took a many-hour bus ride to Mexico City for master classes with the late guitar maestro Manuel Lopez-Ramos, who died in 2006.

In 1976 the Mock family moved to Alpine, forming a local guitar orchestra, and later opening a small health food store. Their enterprise was called The Health Basket and Music School.

Jerry Mock passed away in 2008. Ruth moved to the small beachside town of Yachats, Oregon in 2012 with little more than a backpack. She has become known for encouraging those around her to pick up an instrument. She continues to play at every possible opportunity...so much so that she’s been given the nickname “Fiddlin’ Around Ruth.”

Julian lives in Fort Davis and Alpine

with his partner, artist/writer Alyce Santoro, inventor of a textile woven from audio cassette tapes and author of a fascinating book called *Philosophy: A Unified Field Guide*.

Julian played steel-strung guitar for many years. He returned to classical guitar in 2002. He was, in many ways, returning to his roots.

Traditional classical guitarists have found a lack of modern compositions being written for their

title of an eight-minute composition on his latest CD. The name comes from the novel *Her* by Lawrence Ferlinghetti. “I was already in the way of myself wanting to fly or climb just as there is an ecstatic mechanism in birds that makes them fly upwards in spite of worms, but I was in the wrong country.” The book is a favorite of Alyce’s.

This release is Mock’s first since 2002. His earlier album, titled “Sound Travels,” contains 16 compositions for

ed melody and rhythm. He has incredible control of the instrument. He uses a combination of open and fretted notes, which is pretty neat.”

Bennack praises the guitarist’s use of “pull-offs” in “Qualia,” which is dedicated to Julian’s older brother Nelson Mock. The rhythms were inspired by Malian musician Ali Farka Toure.

Bennack also praised “Reynosa,” a romantic-style piece dedicated to Mock’s late father Jerry. Reynosa, Mexico is where Jerry Mock, then 38, purchased his first guitar. The guitar Julian Mock plays on “Ecstatic Mechanism” was made by Mexico City luthier Juan Pimentel for the Mock family in 1975.

Nelson’s two youngsters are continuing the family tradition of learning to play instruments from an early age-- his daughter, 15, is already adept at classical guitar and clarinet and his son, 13, plays cello and euphonium. Julian’s sister Melody, an artist and website designer, plays violin with a Mexican folk trio.

Whether musicians offer romantic harmonies or modern discord, success in the music world, according to Mock, can be challenging. “The traditional path for a performer is to study for many years,

then enter international competitions. Those who win might get recording contracts. I decided pretty quickly I didn’t want to go that route, but it wasn’t until quite a bit later that I started writing.”

Mock will hit the road on a west-coast concert tour in April and May, with dates currently scheduled in Aspen, San Francisco, and Yachats. He also anticipates the release of another CD in 2014. He invites you to listen to a free download of his work.

CDs, sheet music and free download: julianmock.com

Digital copies of “Creative Guitar:” creativeguitarinternational.com.



Guitarist/Composer Julian Mock. Photo © Luc Novovitch

instrument. With the release of Julian Mock’s latest CD, “Ecstatic Mechanism,” classical guitarists now have eight Julian Mock compositions to expand their repertoire.

The aim of his new pieces is to entice the listener as well as other guitarists to explore unconventional rhythms and melodic diversions. Through these new compositions, Mock demonstrates a broad range of sounds that can be coaxed from the classic guitar.

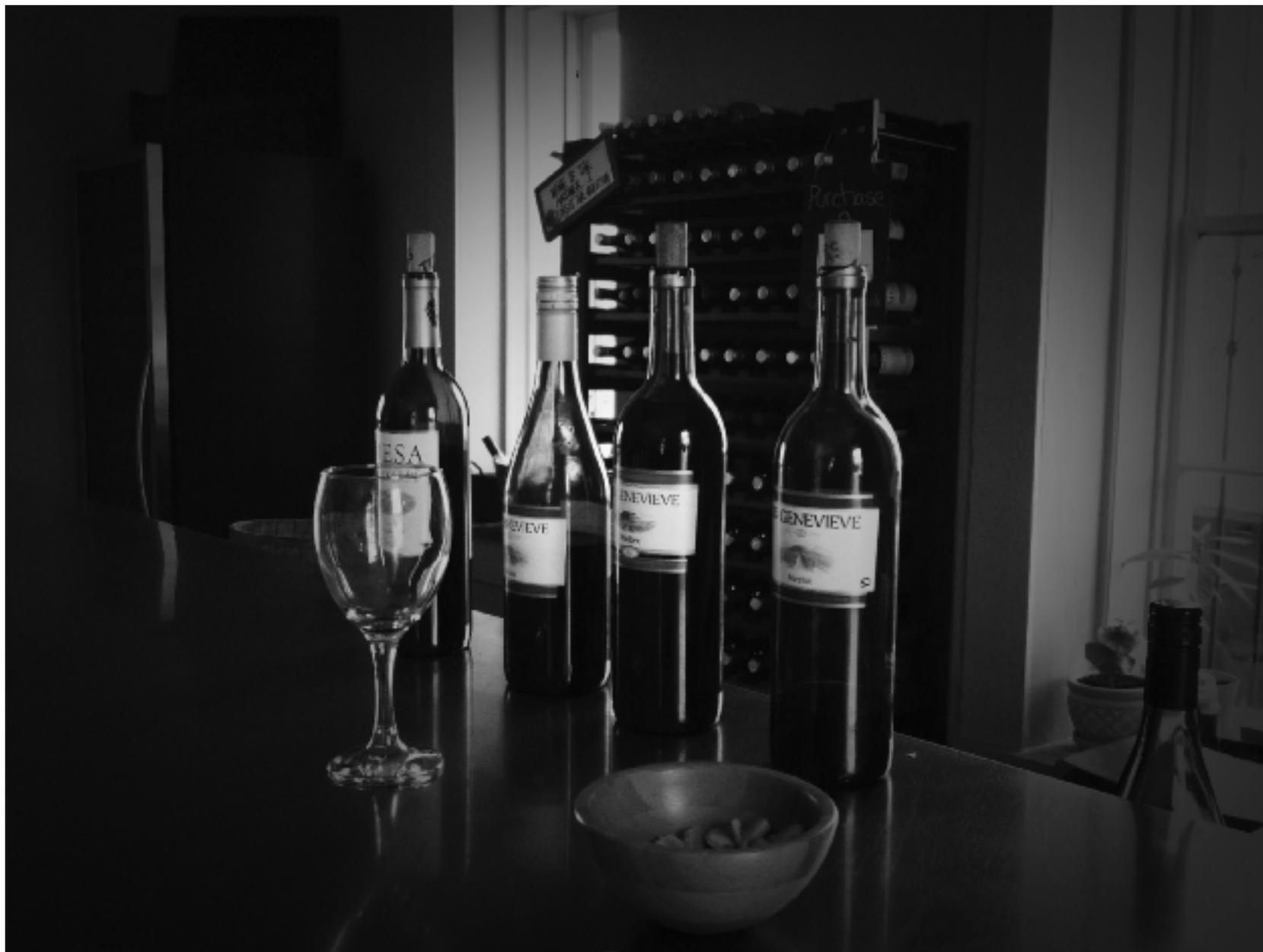
Mock says of his music that he explores “old and new techniques, tonalities, and rhythms ... combining textures and ideas from different eras and places, creating sonic mosaics of polyphonic possibilities.”

“Ecstatic Mechanism” is also the

the steel-string ‘dreadnought’ that were written and recorded in Terlingua.

During a Sunday afternoon concert in January at a private home in the Davis Mountain Resort, Roseland Klein, Marfa Public Radio’s classical music commentator, told Julian she finds his polyphonic compositions “sophisticated” but not necessarily “unconventional.” “They definitely are classical music,” she said.

Steve Bennack, who teaches guitar at Sul Ross State University in Alpine, exclaimed, “Wonderful! He runs the gamut of guitar techniques in his playing. “Spaceship Earth” has an alternate picking technique where the thumb plays an alternating bass line, while the fingers play a syncopat-



The Ste. Genevieve wine tasting room at the Gray Mule Saloon offers a sophisticated taste of West Texas.
Photo: Jeremy Gonzalez

Desert Grapes

by *Jeremy Gonzalez*

Do the finer things exist in the desert? If you're not from these parts don't let a cactus or a tumbleweed convince you that Fort Stockton is desolate and deprived of luxury. Nestled on the corner of E. Callaghan Street sits a simple gray building that doesn't draw much attention to itself from the outside. What sets this place apart is not the outward visual, but the ambiance and comfort of the wine tasting room hidden within. It is the wine tasting room of the Ste. Genevieve vineyard, located right

here in Fort Stockton.

It was a cloudy Sunday afternoon when I walked into the Grey Mule Saloon with my wife and discovered the most refined spot that Fort Stockton has to offer. I knew that this building was an aged historic landmark, so I expected the interior to be worn and antique. My eyes were impressed when we walked through the door and such great design was unveiled. The light, colors and textures all harmonized with the environment and presented us with the ideal space

for mingling and sipping wine. The different rooms and lounges each had a crisp feeling that tempted me to sit down and relax. We stepped out onto the back patio which featured smooth stone surfaces, excellent seating and a steel silhouette of a Grey Mule welcoming his guests outside

Details dazzle, but a group of wine bottles ice-bathing in a metal tub whispered, "It's time to drink some fruit of the vine!" as they glowed beside a sunlit window. Our friendly host Sue arranged an exquisite variety of wines

for me to taste and a wooden bowl of crackers to cleanse my palette. I had to refrain from saying "Ooh la la," so instead I just looked over at my wife with a big smile on my face to imply that I felt fancy. Sue poured me a glass of red wine to start. I closed my eyes and took the first sip. "Foaming wine made from the blood of the grape." The passage from Deuteronomy crossed my mind as I tasted the deep purplish-red Pinot Noir. "I love the word choice Moses made, the blood of the grape," I thought to myself as I



The Ste. Genevieve vineyards outside Sort Stockton are pruned by hand.
Photo: Jeremy Gonzalez

enjoyed its dry finish.

I'm actually a man who favors white wine, so I discussed my options with Sue before we continued. I loved how she actually took the time to educate me on their wines and described the different flavors involved as we shifted colors. The white wine we decided on was the magnificent Chenin Blanc. It was dry with a dash of sweet. The subtle tones of peach and apple danced well together and I absolutely loved the way it tasted. Next up was the golden Muscat Canelli, which was my personal favorite of them all. I took my time on this one and savored the noted flavors of fresh pear, honeysuckle and slight orange. There was a nice balance happening in this wine and it was honestly one of the best blends I've ever tasted. I finished happy with the cupcake of the batch, the sweet Pink Moscato, which is their recommended dessert wine. My wife doesn't drink wine, but she enjoyed reading her Bible out in the cool breezes of the patio with a cold cup of orange-infused water. The Grey Mule is not limited to only serving wine; their additional items include iced water, Sprite, cheese trays, and delicious bread paired with flavored olive oil and balsamic vinegar.

My overall thought is that The Grey Mule Saloon is a good place to unwind at the end of the day. It is a diamond in the rough and a ritzy room in the desert for tasting home-grown wines.

Toward the end of my visit I found out that the Ste. Genevieve winery actually has the largest vineyard in all of Texas. Curious to see it, the following Wednesday I traveled 27 miles east of Fort Stockton to an isolated white building surrounded by majestic mesas. I met up with the general manager, Michel Duforat, who agreed to let me tour their private wine-making territory. He is originally from Bordeaux which is the biggest wine

region in France, so the man knows his stuff. We sat in his office and talked about the inspiration behind it all and he told me, "You gotta love it, for a French man wine is a passion." He then took the glass of red wine off his desk and turned it upside down. My heart bounced off the carpet, but that was the only thing that hit the ground. He laughed and said, "It's a fake glass of wine, it's actually a trophy that was given to me." I laughed and put my heart back into place, and we began the tour.

The building doesn't look very big from the interstate, but as we strolled into the Harvest Room I found myself standing inside a massive factory, gazing up at stainless steel towers filled with wine. Every drop counts in this winery, and as Michel explained the equipment I could tell he genuinely cared about improving the wine quality and developing new products. Michel explained how the Harvest Room only operates at night to keep their grapes as cool as possible, and I started to realize that making wine is a very intricate course of events. I admired Michel's passion and drive for making good wine here in West Texas, and I could tell that he has perfected his craft. We said farewell to the chilled Harvest Room and headed deeper into the winery.

The next place was a very busy warehouse that smelled like a Home Depot drenched in wine. You could hear the sounds of complex machines hissing, fork lifts beeping, and employees chattering as they diligently attended to their duties. There was one machine rinsing off wine bottles and Michel walked through the shallow water on the floor like it was business as usual. "Watch your step," he told me as we moved through this wet section and stepped over some large hoses resting on the ground. I felt myself transform from the snazzy wine tasting Jeremy into tough-guy Jeremy as I followed Michel through the industrial jungle. We came to another machine slapping labels on bottles, and I observed how the employees actually

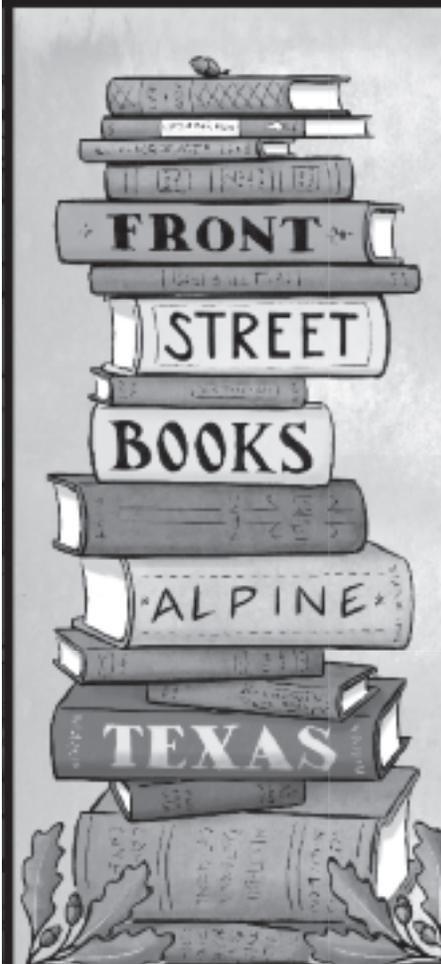
boxed every wine bottle by hand. Behind this scene was a large area that resembled a Sam's Club. There were stacks of wine boxes all shrink-wrapped, placed on wooden pallets and ready to be shipped out. One particular stack caught my attention. It was labeled "For Grey Mule Tasting Room Only." Their vast inventory included many brands from their collection, such as Ste. Genevieve, Mesa Vineyards, Lost Maples, Peregrine Hill, Shadow Brook and many more.

We left the noisy warehouse and walked down a quiet hallway of offices. Michel opened a door and introduced me to some people working inside an all-white laboratory. This is where the new blends are created, microbiology is practiced, and test tubes are embraced by science. I asked Michel if he was hands-on during the creation of new wines and he said, "Yes, but I am not a wine maker, I am a wine drinker." We laughed and then he asked me the question of the day: "Do you want to see the vineyard?" Without any hesitation I replied "Yeah, sure!" and we climbed into his truck.

Michel drove toward the mesas down a winding dirt road, and when

we finally arrived at the vineyard we were three miles away from the winery. I had already been told that the vineyard was dormant at this time and that there were no leaves or grapes visible. I didn't mind. I just wanted to get out there, feel the soil, and experience it all first hand. I stepped out of the truck and inhaled the fresh country air. This was the most significant part, standing among the vines where the desert grapes are born. The transformation from Ste. Genevieve's agricultural labor to an elegant evening at the Grey Mule Saloon is so remarkable! Michel told me that all of the vines are pruned by hand and that it's a very rough task. That's something I didn't think about when I drank the final product. The Grey Mule Saloon and Ste. Genevieve are partners together in providing an outstanding glass of wine from grapes grown right here in the desert.

Before we parted ways I thanked Michel for allowing me to explore the winery and vineyard and I asked him if there was anything he wanted me to tell the *Cenizo* readers. He smiled and said, "Not people. Just tell Mother Nature to leave us alone for a while and let us grow grapes correctly."



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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

ALLAN MCCLANE AND MALINDA BEEMAN

Two persons, from opposite sides of the USA, meet in Marfa, Texas, decide to live together and to make goat cheese. One is a long-time artist and art teacher; the other was previously a builder and a teacher, and is now also a fire marshal and owner of 50 motor bikes.

Malinda Beeman was born in 1949 in Pomona, CA, the second of three children. Her father owned a manufacturing company and her mother was a registered nurse and airline stewardess. At age eight, she decided to be an artist. The family moved to Newport Beach and, following graduation in 1967 from Newport Beach High School, she attended San Diego State University (MA in Art, 1971) and San Francisco School of Art (MA in Art, 1973). Her interest lay in print making, a process that combines a scientific element with an experimental, creative ingredient.

Beeman has been a professional artist (painter, ceramicist and print maker), an art teacher and an arts administrator for 35 years. For 17 years she lived in Houston, creating as well as exhibiting art. She taught art at the University of Houston where she also acted as arts administrator, then moved to the Anderson Ranch Arts Center in Snowmass, CO where she ran the Workshop Center's print division (1991-1999). In Houston she met Tim and Lynne Crowley, who later invited her to Marfa, where she established and ran the Marfa Studio of the Arts (1999-2009), providing visual art classes and activities for children and



**ALLAN MCCLANE AND
MALINDA BEEMAN**
Marfa Maid Dairy

teens. Today, she still makes time to produce as an artist, and has a show coming up at Greasewood Gallery, Marfa this summer.

Allan McClane was born in Chicago in 1950, the eldest of four children. His father was an Air Force fighter pilot and the family was constantly on the move as his father was reassigned to posts from Newfoundland to Vietnam. By 1969, his dad had retired from the Air Force and the family moved to Cape Cod, closer to the family farm where granddad lived.

McClane quit high school in Barnstable and moved to Stowe School in Vermont (1969), a better choice. After a brief stay in a commune in Taos, he returned to the Cape where he worked for his uncles, who



SALLY ROBERTS
Marathon

were major builders. He then moved to Vermont and graduated in education from the University of Vermont (1976). Then followed 12 years of varied teaching in New England, while at the same time maintaining his own construction company. It was his building expertise, experimenting in straw bale construction, which caught the eye of an architect who persuaded him to move to Texas in 1995 and build a 5,000 square foot, three-storey experimental residence in Wimberley, TX.

McClane and Beeman met at a New Year's Eve party in 2000 hosted by the Crowleys. They bought a house and joined life in Marfa. By 2009, looking for a change, they bought 15 acres of land two miles east of town

and got into goat cheese production. With the land and some goats bought, they next put into effect the requirements of Texas Department of Health Services, which inspects the premises monthly. The first batch of cheese was produced in 2011.

Interestingly, they each bring a different but complementary set of skills to the activity. For Melinda, who handles the actual cheese-making, the process is similar to painting – a creative project in motion until such time as it is judged finished. She had taken goat cheese-making classes in 2008-2009. Allan handles the care and milking of the goats. “I know what’s going with my goats,” he says of his Alpine and Nubian goats. Each of the 26 goats in the herd has a name.

Goat cheese making is hard work, even with the recent purchase of an industrial pasteurizer and milking machine. Before, milking by hand took six hours daily; now it takes one to two hours. Then there is the time-consuming cheese production, which comes to 3,000 pounds annually. Marfa Maid Dairy produces three types of goat cheese: Greek semi-hard feta, Marfa Moon soft goat cheese, and chèvre with herbs (six flavors). They plan to add goat yogurt.

There is little time off for during the 10 months of cheese-making activity. All the cheese they make, they have to sell. Fortunately the marketing and selling, which is Beeman's responsibility, has been going well: through stores, at farmer's markets and to restaurants. A business partnership in the right place at the right time is working well, and its artisanal goat cheese adds something to the region's appeal.

SALLY ROBERTS

Z Bar Farm, located a mile south-west of Marathon, is where Sally Roberts lives and works with a herd of cows and goats which provides her income and a menagerie of three cats, six dogs, one orphaned lamb and a javelina named Moe. Since 2009 she has been licensed to make goat cheese and related products. The work is endless and ties her to the farm but, for someone with strong links to the land, this is no deterrent.

Sally Roberts was born in the Alpine hospital, the second child of Ike and Sue Roberts. She came between brothers Joey and Tim. Her father, Ike, is a man of the land, who has worked for the Gage Ranch for 52 years. Her mother arrived from England as an au pair, stayed and married, adding exuberance and an English accent to Marathon.

School in Marathon was easy, and Roberts completed ahead of the school schedule. She couldn't wait to get out of the classroom into the outdoors. In her late teens, she enrolled with the American Field Service and spent a year in Venezuela, where her host family farmed near the headwaters of the Orinoco and where she was able to hang out with some U.S.-educated veterinarians.

Returning to the USA, she enrolled at Sul Ross State University, studying Spanish and Chemistry, with a minor in Range Animal Science. She got permission in 1992 to take time off to travel with the International 4-H Youth Exchange to Germany. There she moved around the country, staying briefly on dairy and pig farms in seven states, and at a stable in Berlin. She also spent time with German veterinarians.

She returned to SRSU and graduated in 1994. Then she took time off for another learning trip. She enrolled with International Agricultural Exchange and spent one year in Australia, "chasing sheep and cows." Back again (1998) in the USA, Roberts was employed at Big Bend National Park as a Fire Effects Biologist Researcher. Working under John Morelock, she took a firefighting course, which she found "more fun than writing a research paper."

In 2002 Roberts started employment with US Forest Service, initially at Portal, AZ. This involved learning

how to rappel into fires from a helicopter. She didn't like heights but reckoned that "if the boys could do it, I could do it better." Later, she became involved in administrative work, resulting in periodic spells of boredom. After eight years, she felt she needed a change.

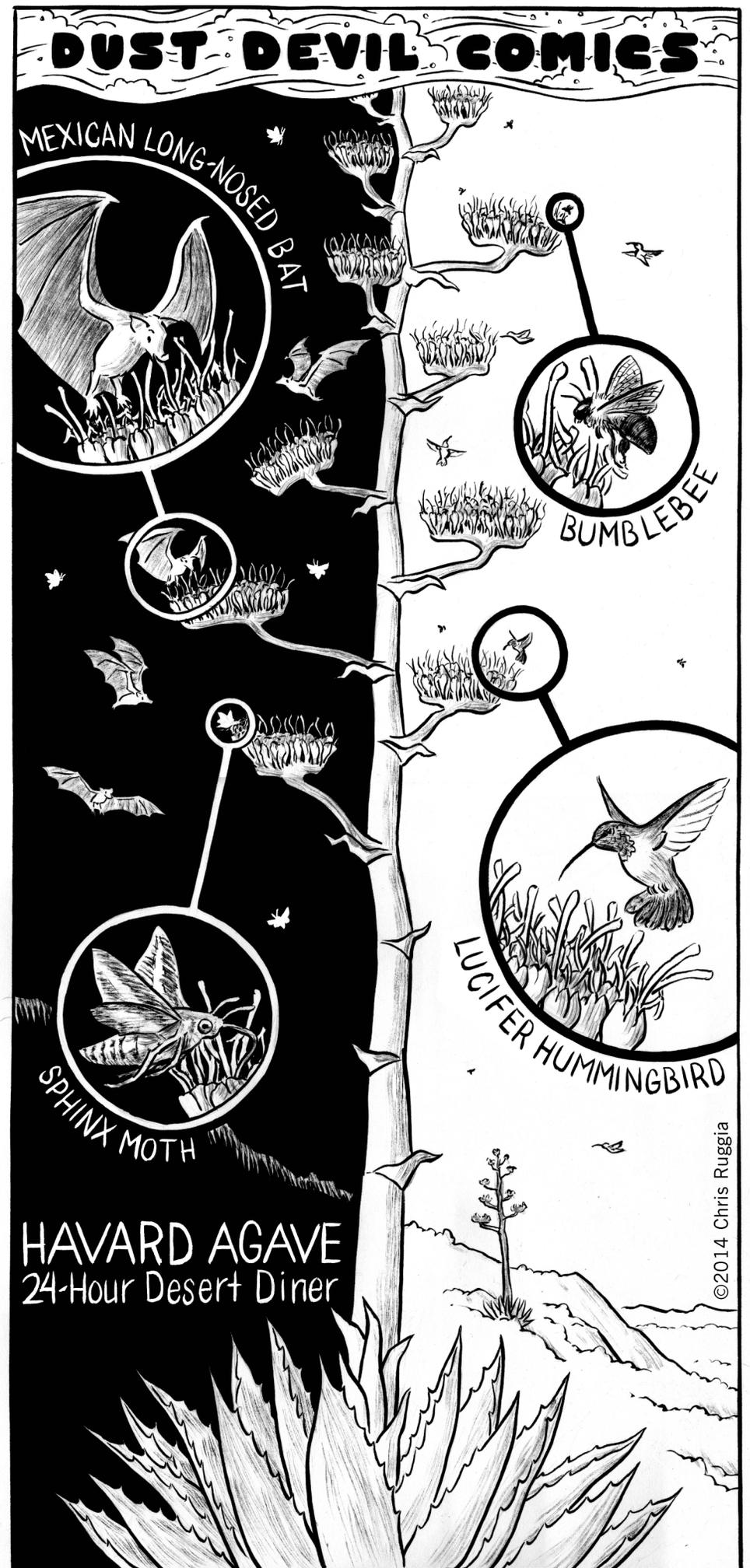
Returning to her ranch roots and wishing to do something productive, she decided to do something with goats. She already had experience of raising goats on a 4-H project when she was 14. Perhaps there might be a business opportunity raising dairy goats? She asked her dad, and Ike surprised her by supplying six Alpine dairy goats.

To learn about goat cheese making, Roberts read a book, took a course and consulted with George Floro, the old-timer of goat raising in Big Bend. While in Germany she had learned something of goat cheese-making. Changing times and demographics in the Big Bend region might mean there was a demand.

She fulfilled the requirements for cheese production in the state of Texas and was licensed in 2009. Singlehandedly, Roberts has built up a good business, helped by Ike, who sells her products at Alpine's Farmers Market. She also ships to repeat customers outside of the area.

Hard life suits her, and her remarks demonstrate it. Work has gotten easier with the arrival of a pasteurizer and two cooling machines, but this remains a labor-intensive and repetitive job. She plans the goat breeding season so she always has milk for cheese making. She has increased production to include cottage cheese and asadero from her cows' milk. From goat's milk she makes yogurt, feta, chèvre, and kefir cheese (aged three months) and lotions and soaps for sensitive skin. She is hugely pleased when one of her lotions improves someone's health.

She is clearly closely connected to her animals, which are fed the best ingredients, including grain with kelp, to produce the best milk. "No, Peggy Sue!" she will say to a goat getting too close, and the goat will back off. She dismisses questions about hard work, saying simply that right now she is pretty busy, selling all she makes. Asked about how long she will continue with goat cheese production, she says "Indefinitely or until I kick the bucket," and flashes a 100-watt smile.



Dragons in the Desert

Story and photograph by Charles Angell

The Trans-Pecos region of Texas is known for having a greater concentration of cave and rock shelter prehistoric artwork than anywhere else in the world, save for southern France. There is such an abundance of pictographs and petroglyphs here that the majority of the sites have never been professionally surveyed or analyzed, and it would be safe to assume that in some of the more remote and inaccessible areas ancient artwork exists that modern humans have yet to gaze upon. Many books have been published recording the various images and symbols that were etched on stone by the early peoples of the southwest deserts, and many different interpretations of these glyphs and graphs have been written. Some of the symbols are self-explanatory, such as four-legged horned creatures, humanoids or spear points. Other symbols can appear to be abstract random lines and squiggles. In the case of petroglyphs, symbols carved or etched into stone, the dozens of hours and effort necessary to create some of the larger drawings would lead one to believe that there is a definite purpose or image being created—who would spend so much time painstakingly creating a shape that represents nothing of significance?

One such random squiggle I frequented upon in my hikes always puzzled me. It seemed so familiar yet I couldn't put my finger on it; at over four feet long it must have taken the artist 20 or more hours to abrade and peck into the hard volcanic rock.

The shape had become my Devil's Tower, intriguing me every time I passed by, and I found myself sculpting it in mashed potatoes. Poring through the many books I have on rock art I finally found it; in my interpretation it appears to be a variation of Quetzalcoatl, the flying plumed serpent. Note in the photos the similarity of this symbol to those found at Hueco Tanks. Nearby is another symbol scratched into the rock, an outlined plus or cross, usually interpreted as the



North Star, also associated with Quetzalcoatl.

Quetzalcoatl was the chief deity of the Toltec civilization of Mexico, known as the plumed or feathered serpent, which later became a deity for the Aztec civilization. Elaborate images of this deity have been carved in pyramids and temples of both civilizations. More simple images have been carved and painted in and around rock shelters in New Mexico, Arizona and Texas. In some images it has a bird's beak and a horn on its head, or perhaps what appears to be a horn is a plume of feathers.

Some of the more detailed depictions are of a large snake with feathered wings flying, much like a dragon. Dragon legends exist all around the world in many cultures and countries such as China, Persia, Eastern and Western Europe, Ancient Greece, and several mentions in Biblical text. Some scholars have posited that fossils of dinosaurs have inspired these legends; are not the Archaeopteryx skeletons that have been found feathered flying

lizards? Some areas of the world insist dragons exist today, such as the monster of Loch Ness, Champ in Lake Champlain, or Mokele Mbembe in the African Congo, all described as a giant reptile or dinosaur.

I have spent some time hiking around the canyons and mountains of San Carlos, Mexico, not far from the site of the Quetzalcoatl image. Some residents there have related to me the legend of a giant 30-foot winged rattlesnake that lives high in a mountain cave; it takes flight at night, feeding on sheep, goats, or an unlucky human if the opportunity arises. Is this legend derived from the more ancient legend of Quetzalcoatl, passed down through oral tradition from the Aztecs to present day? The people who related this story to me certainly believed in a feathered serpent, it was as real to them as the Chupacabra is to others.

Perhaps dragons never existed, but it is interesting to see that a mythical flying serpent has been spoken, drawn and written about in so many separate cultures. In grade school I eagerly

awaited the arrival of the *Weekly Reader*, the kids' newspaper. Being like so many children I was fascinated with dinosaurs, so imagine my delight when it featured an article on the largest flying reptile fossil, found in my home state of Texas! I still recall the artist's rendering of the Texas Pterosaur, with a 50 foot wingspan, placed next to a fighter jet airplane and human for perspective. Present-day fossil analysis has reduced the wingspan of the Pterosaur to approximately 37 feet, but that still makes it a giant flying lizard that surely would strike terror in any creature it glided over. The scientific name given to this discovery was *Quetzalcoatlus Northropi*, and to this day it remains the largest flying reptile discovered; when it stood up it was the height of a giraffe.

Some may scoff at the thought that dragons ever existed, but in the Big Bend their skeletal remains have been found and their images carved in stone. I have seen both and I believe.

WHEN CHIEF QUANAH PARKER SOUGHT PEYOTE

by Glenn Justice

According to Fort Davis historian Barry Scobee, Comanche Chief Quanah Parker showed up in Fort Davis in 1894. He came in search of “The gift-of-God cactus, to lighten the Red man’s burden.”

Accompanied by Chief Rising Star and several other dignitaries from the Indian Territory, Chief Quanah arrived at the Hotel Limpia much to the astonishment of Miss Finck, who worked at the front desk. Scobee described this most unusual occurrence of Miss Finck hearing a knock at the door and was startled to see three Indians standing in the doorway. Mr. Fox, an Indian agent accompanying the party, stepped forward explaining that the chief and his two traveling companions came on a peaceful mission, simply wishing to obtain bed and board while they searched for peyote somewhere in vicinity of Mitre Peak. Quanah had told the Indian agent that Comanche traditions taught that the wonderful cactus could not be found in any other location.

While Scobee’s intriguing glimpse into the past ends there, there is more to the story, much more. Chief Quanah Parker knew every corner of the Big Bend area. Born about 1850 probably near Elk Creek in the Wichita Mountains of today’s Oklahoma, Quanah rose to become the principal Comanche leader during and after the Texas Panhandle - Red River War

In 1836, Quanah’s mother, Cynthia Ann Parker, was taken captive from Fort Parker, Texas. She was nine. Her story became immortalized in the dark but classic John Wayne movie *The Searchers*. Quanah came from an impressive line of Comanche chieftains. His father was Peta Nocona, who died of complications from wounds received during a fight with the Apache. Iron Jacket, Quanah’s grandfather, got his name because he wore a Spanish coat of mail into battle. Comanche legend has it that Iron Jacket had the ability to blow threatening bullets away from him with his breath.

Quanah’s father died when he was 10. Chief Wild Horse of the Destanyuka band took the 10-year-old Quanah under his wing, teaching the boy the warrior ways of the Comanche.

It is not clear at what point the Comanche first used peyote in shamanistic ceremonies. According to anthropologist Dr. Omar C. Stewart, who is considered to be an expert in the study of peyote use by Native Americans, the Comanche probably first learned about peyote as they traveled on the Comanche Trail across West Texas and into Chihuahua. It is here that the young Quanah most likely first encountered the magical cactus. Although Quanah Parker is not credited with introducing peyote to his people, according to Stewart, Quanah was “the most important Comanche roadman in the early history of peyotism.” A roadman is the spiritual guide during a peyote ceremony.

Long before the arrival of the Comanche, the Native Americans of Mexico including the Tarahumara knew of the power of peyote as a natural medicinal drug. Christian Tarahumara also associated peyote with their faith. They applied it to snake bites, wounds, and burns, and thought it cured rheumatism. Its power went beyond that. The Tarahumara believed if a man carried peyote on his person bears could not bite him, deer would not run away and game would become tame and easy to kill.

During the early 1700s Chihuahua experienced a considerable number of investigations into the possession and use of peyote.

U. S. Army Captain Valery Havard, a surgeon stationed in the 1880s near Presidio, became one of the first Anglo physicians to describe the use of peyote and mescal beans in the Big Bend. He noted the beautiful flower produced by the peyote cactus and its presence in most Mexican houses. Although Havard said peyote is mostly an intoxicant, he thought it to be good for the relief of fever. The

good doctor also pointed out that if one chewed the magical cactus a “delirious exhilaration” could be experienced and that peyote in those days was known as “dry whiskey.”

In 1896 an observer saw Quanah sit up all night during a peyote ceremony



Photo courtesy: US national archives

and eat thirty buttons. The following morning he seemed unaffected and alert. He once sent a roadman to Mexico to obtain 8,000 buttons. Perhaps the chief summed it up best when he said, “The white man goes to his church and talks about Jesus. The Indian goes to his tipi and talks with Jesus.”

Perhaps Quanah became a believer in the power of peyote when he went to visit his brother John Parker in Chihuahua about 1885. Previously he had opposed the use of peyote. During the visit a Spanish bull is said to have somehow attacked the great chief, leaving him with a terrible wound that resulted in a bad case of blood poison-

ing and fever. Other accounts state that Quanah contracted some sort of stomach disorder. Whatever the case, a shaman mixed him a strong potion made from peyote juice and he recovered. Apparently Quanah believed the concoction cured him, because after that time he became an ardent supporter of the use of peyote.

As a whole, the Comanche and Quanah in particular never really had much confidence in the Ghost Dance Movement of 1890. The movement was a religious revival that swept Native American tribes from coast to coast in that year, encouraging clean living and the giving up of some old tribal customs, as well as peaceful cooperation with whites. Quanah respected the white man’s religion but when told by the U. S. Secretary of the Interior that he must give up all of his wives except one—he had three—the great chief replied, “Mr. Secretary, you tell them.” Multiple wives and peyote were two things Chief Quanah never compromised. He became quite a successful businessman, making money in cattle and land. But even in his last days he took an active part in peyote ceremonies described as the Half Moon ceremony or the Quanah Parker Way.

Quanah Parker died in 1911. C. S. Simmons observed that not long before his death the great chief conducted a peyote ceremony at his home outside Lawton, Oklahoma. “At about three o’clock in the morning, the silent hour and the time of the greatest manifestation of power, Quanah, the leader, knelt before the altar and prayed earnestly. Then, taking the eagle feathers in both hands, he arose to his feet. I saw at once he was under great inspiration. His whole personality seemed to change. His eyes glowed with a strong light and his body swayed to and fro, vibrating with some powerful emotion. He sang the beautiful song “Ya-na-ah-away” in a most grand and inspiring manner. Then all who were gathered sang together in harmony. They prayed to God and Jesus and sang of a “narrow way.”

Desert Legacy

by Phyllis Dunham

My family ranched in the Big Bend in the 1920s and 30s. As a child, I heard the older folks speak about the Big Bend in tones of reverence, awe and sadness. I heard how their ranch and others had been absorbed into the National Park after they left. Throughout my life, I have returned to the site where the family ranch houses once stood. I feel a deep attachment to the place where my ancestors' dreams flourished and then failed. I went there first as a child with my parents, later as a young woman on adventure, again as a wife in love, and then as a mother bringing her children. In the last several years, I went there mostly alone.

A single mom wanting to live a simpler life and get my youngest son out of a big-city high school, I made the decision six years ago to move to West Texas – the only one of my tribe ever to return. My son eventually graduated from Alpine High and left for college. And then I was offered a scholarship in an MFA program at the University of New Orleans. It was time to go – but not without a last pilgrimage to the ruins of the family ranch. I needed to see it again.

The W. E. Simpson Ranch formed a rough arc around the northeast side of the rugged Chisos Mountains whose jagged peaks rise from the desert below like an enormous crown. My great-grandparents, Walter E. and Birdie Simpson, known to me as Fat Grandpa and Granny, pooled their money with their son and his wife, John and Roxie (my grandparents), to buy the land and some livestock. Walter and Birdie's daughter and her husband put in, too.

According to family lore, the six adults set out from Del Rio with a half-dozen or so horses, a door-less truck with a chuck-box bolted to the flatbed, Fat Grandpa's new Buick sedan, a wood-burning cook stove, their gear, their furnishings, 1,200 angora goats and seven small children. The children



My great grandmother, Birdie Simpson, who was known to all as Granny, standing at the gate of the wood-framed house. A small portion of the adobe where my grandparents lived can be seen in the background on the left.

rode on the chuck-wagon or behind the saddles on their daddies' horses. The ladies rode in the Buick when they weren't driving goats. What is now a three-and-a-half hour drive over smooth asphalt took them nearly two weeks across rocky terrain, down into and up out of every steep gully or canyon that funneled occasional storm water south toward the Rio Grande.

When they arrived at the ranch site, they set about putting the houses, corrals, and garden together. They attached a pulley and pump to the Buick's rear wheel. In the desert, a Buick engine comes in handier for running a water well than for driving. They ate what they could shoot or what came from the garden and hen-house. They supplemented that with flour, sugar, and coffee from town. Town was Marathon – about 70 miles north over a dirt road.

As a child, I begged for stories of their life in the Big Bend. My grandfather told me about the day in 1929 when he arrived in Marathon to find

the bank closed, their money vanished. I imagine how small he must have felt driving back to the ranch through the enormity of the desert to bear the devastating news. My grandmother told me how she got so hot and weary cooking all those meals for all those people. She said, "Sometimes I would lean in the doorway of my kitchen to look at the Chisos, and I would be rejuvenated."

I choose a breezy, cloudless day for my good-bye trip to the ranch. There's a gravesite near the park road that runs between where the corrals and the houses once stood. Park officials built a pull-off for people to visit the grave and read about it. I use the pull-off and the grave to locate the abandoned ranch. It is the grave of Nina Hannold; she and her husband owned the ranch before my family did. I've never seen anyone visiting the grave, but from the tennis shoe and hiking boot prints in the rocky trail dust, I know that people do. Nina's grave is enclosed by a rectangle of incongruous

wrought iron fencing. I read the plaque nearby with its notation that this grave is one of the few visible traces of the Hannold's pioneer homestead and that there are other settlers' stories scattered through the Big Bend, but most of the evidence has been reclaimed by the desert or lost in the vastness. There is no mention of the Simpsons. I turn west off the trail and pick my way carefully among the lechugilla spikes and nodding ocotillo branches toward my family's home a couple of hundred yards away.

Along the way, I sense what I often sense when bushwhacking across Chihuahuan Desert. It reminds me of coral-strewn ocean floor. Except for the whooshing of the wind, all is quiet. And all but the earth itself seems to be in motion. The olive-colored clusters of creosote bush dipping against the pale desert sand resemble fan coral fronds swaying in ocean current. Low, maroon prickly-pear pads with long black spikes are sea urchin-like. Reaching the ruins is always a surprise, as if coming across the scattered detritus of a shipwreck on the sea bottom.

A slanted wafer of crude concrete is all that remains of the foundation of my great grandparents' house. The wood siding and cedar shingles have disappeared. A line of rocks the size and shape of shoe boxes runs parallel to the concrete about ten feet out. This, the outline of the old porch, delineates the area where Granny's cypress rocking chair once held her body on late afternoons. I picture her there, fanning herself in the shade and drinking a cool glass of water from the well, Fat Grandpa in the adjacent rocker reading a newspaper.

I walk past the concrete to an outline of flat stones, precise as a blueprint, that was the foundation of my grandparents' adobe house. In past decades, traces of melted adobe half-covered the stones but is all gone now. Until the 1970s, several feet of their stacked rock fireplace stood intact on



My great grandfather, W. E. Simpson, whom we always called Fat Grandpa, with one of his prized angora goats.

the north wall, but the fireplace was knocked down in a misguided effort to make the land look as it had before people arrived. On the southwest corner of the ruin is a flat stone the size of a doormat, the threshold of my grandmother's kitchen door, the spot where she stood to gaze on the Chisos to be rejuvenated. As I stand on the threshold to see what she saw, an intense ache rises in my throat.

There is little more to my goodbye than that. I continue to explore the ground, occasionally stooping to pick up remnants of their lives: a flattened can aged to a purple-bronze shade, a sprig of rusted barbed wire, a desert-

sanded shard of Mason jar. By law, I am only allowed to hold them for a while. Then I must put them back where I found them.

In April of 1933, a late spring blizzard raged through the Big Bend a few days after the goats had been sheared of their angora coats. All but four goats froze to death in a single night. This time there was no way for the Simpsons to hold on. They packed up and walked away.

There is no park monument to the Simpsons' tenacity, resourcefulness, artistry and love of beauty, no plaque to tell their tale. The scant bits of their existence here are being reclaimed by



My great-grandfather, W. E. Simpson, in the foreground facing toward his brother Luke Simpson and my grandmother, Roxie. The men appear to be laying out plans for a project.

the desert and lost in the vastness.

On the wind, I catch a sweet floral scent and trace it to a low tuft of white flowers bobbing on grayish stems. In violation of park rules, I break off one of the blossoms to inhale its perfume on the way back to my van, thinking maybe I'll identify it later.

Before starting the van for the drive to Alpine, I sit for a while contemplating this place and its meaning for me. I think, let this, then, be my family's Big Bend legacy: a legion of thrifty, somewhat stoic, interesting grandchildren and great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren. Among this tribe are scuba divers, travelers, artists, rodeo riders, mountain bikers, boat-builders, cooks, sailors, writers and furniture-makers who know how to have a good time and can fix their own trucks, plumb their own houses, or sew

their own clothes. Among their common traits are an appetite for adventure, a love of nature, little need for money, a strength and tenderness of spirit, and an ability to start over when such seems all but impossible. I know now why this rocky scrap of land has become my Tintern Abbey and my touchstone.

I look at the little flower on my dashboard, admiring its fragile, pale petals, its powdery, sage-colored leaves, and its ability to bloom on hostile turf. I don't need to know its name.

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.

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 exhibitions are open for viewing at regular times each week. The rest of the permanent collection and special exhibitions are available by guided tour only.

Donald Judd's 15 works in concrete, 9:00 AM - 5:00 PM, Wednesday - Sunday

Donald Judd's 100 works in mill aluminum, 2:00 - 4:00 PM, Friday - Sunday

Zoe Leonard's 100 North Neville Street, 12:00 - 2:00 PM, Wednesday - Sunday

TOURS

Please reserve in advance to secure admission.

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

Spring Break Art Classes for ages 4 - 13

March 10 - 14, 2014

FREE

Community Day & Area High School Exhibition

April 27, 2014

1 - 7:00 PM

FREE

1 Cowboy Row Marfa Texas 79863 www.chinati.org 432 729 4362

Photo Essay

by *Tim Thayer*



Hornbill Bird from the Sepik of Papua New Guinea



Metal Horsemen made by the Dogon People (Mali); and Hasa (Niger)



Naga Warrior's Hat—infamous head hunters, the Naga reside in Northeast India and adjacent Burma



Dan Bird Mask, the docent, Igbo Mask—note the monkey (at right, not in the middle)

I'm pleased to have the opportunity to present a small portion of my collection to the *Cenizo* readers. I began this assemblage twenty-odd years ago with an impetuous purchase from a small import shop in Oregon. The second was procured from a Côte D'Ivoire expatriate in Paris; a few more were subsequently given to me as

gifts, and suddenly I had the start of a "collection," and a passion that I have been unwilling, or unable, to give rein to. I had discovered something very intriguing in the manner in which various peoples from the Earth's far-flung corners chose to redefine the human face and form almost into an abstraction.

As one who has worked wood in multiflorous ways throughout my life, I was taken aback with the skill manifest in the creation of these pieces. I would say that part of the mystery, for me, is that world-wide, from the Inuit of the Arctic to South American native peoples, to China, to Africa, to Southeast Asia, masks are universal fixtures of rit-

ual and custom.

This collection of mine has now grown to approximately 200 pieces, and it is on my agenda to build an extension on my Marathon residence in which to house them, and to have this open to the public for their enjoyment. I hope you enjoy the examples presented here.



Barongo Nail Fetishes from the Democratic Republic of Congo and Angola



Bakongo Witch-Doctor's Mask from the Democratic Republic of Congo



Punu Mask from the Gabon



Lega Mask from Zaire



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Big Bend Eats

by Carolyn Zniewski

Ingrid's Kale Soup



Photo: Leah Cohen

Spring has sprung, the greens have ris,
I wonder where the soup pot is?

This is the perfect time of year for wonderful soups from early garden vegetables. Originally from Kosice, Czechoslovakia (now the Slovak Republic), Ingrid Voelkel, concierge of La Loma del Chivo, has dozens of soup and goulash recipes in her head. Ingrid's Kale Soup is the perfect supper dish when the days are getting longer and everyone in the household seems to have a different schedule. Whether she's cooking for friends in the outdoor kitchen at La Loma or in her large friendly kitchen at home, she knows how to put together a delicious dish with just the right balance of herbs, meat and vegetables.

Several folks gathered at the hostel the other night and enjoyed a potluck and Ingrid's fine

home cooking. She was happy to share her recipe for Ingrid's Kale Soup. She tells me you can add one or two diced carrots if you like. Put them in early so they have plenty of time to cook.

- 1 large onion
- 2 - 3 cloves garlic
- 1 - 3 Tablespoons olive oil
- 1/2 lb. kale
- 2 bouillon cubes or 1/4 cup soy sauce
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 1 teaspoon pepper
- 1/3 lb. new potatoes
- 5 - 10 caraway seeds
- 1 - 2 polish sausages in 2" pieces (optional)

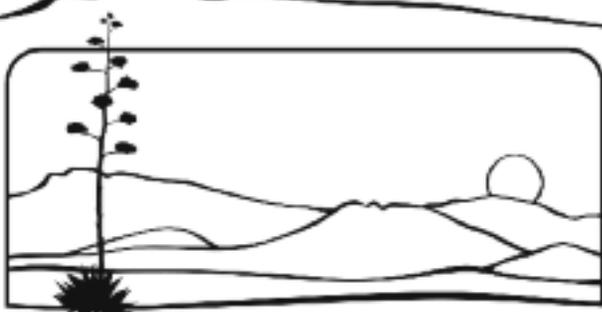
Using a dutch oven or large heavy pot, sauté chopped onion and diced garlic in olive oil until limp and starting to brown. Chop kale into strips, add to onion and sauté another 2 - 3 minutes. Add about 6 cups water, enough to cover the kale. Stir in bouillon, salt and pepper. Cover and simmer gently until kale is soft, about 20 minutes. Dice potatoes into 1/2" cubes and add to soup along with the sausage (for meat lovers) and caraway seeds. Continue to simmer until the potatoes are soft. Adjust salt and pepper. You can serve this right away or keep it hot in a crock pot for latecomers. With hot fresh bread it makes a great meal. Serves 6 - 8. As Ingrid says, "ENJOY IT!" A good recommendation for life as well.

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The Colors

(Coyanosa, far West Texas)

although bleached
to the peeling yellows,
reds, blues, greens,

and lavenders of crayons
reduced to stubs:
the colors of houses

doomed to the brutal
machinations
of desiccation,

are the only surviving
hints of the vital men,
women and children

who called the houses homes.
Even the prickly pears
anchored in hardpan

once the loam of gardens,
their leathery pads drooped
in times of drought, wax purple.

Farm Road 1776

(Coyanosa, far West Texas)

The hamlet
never grew big enough
to make it

to the west side
of the highway.
The small general store,

barely hanging on
behind its façade
of weathered planks,

is kept alive
more by passersby
than townsfolk.

The highway
runs north and south,
the last brittle,

fraying thread
stringing Coyanosa
to the cosmos.



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The Real West



This isn't Lubbock or the Panhandle Plains, nor the monotonous oil-spewing region of Midland-Odessa.

This is the land that time and an ever-changing climate built in dramatic and violent fashion, and in much of this vast space, time also forgot in the same manner. Those forces formed the region known as the Trans-Pecos.

This is the only area in the Lone Star State that contains true mountains. These are high-desert mountains, "sky islands" in the Basin and Range Province, and as such, they are as much a part of the West as any other mountain range. In the high elevations of the Chisos, Davis, and Guadalupe ranges, montane forests of yellow and white pine, Douglas-fir, oak and aspen abound – relics that survived when the fringe effects of the last ice age departed some 10,000 years ago.

With the exception of the Guadalupe, these mountains aren't what you will find in Colorado or Montana or Idaho. However, these desert sentinels are not lacking in their own stunningly scenic beauty, thereby making one feel small but grounded;

not spoiled like some in the more prominent "calendar mountains" of the higher Rocky Mountain states. The Del Norte, Glass, Chinati, Delaware, Franklin, Sierra Diablo, and Christmas Mountains, among others, are all spectacular individuals, each deserving of their names, praise, attention from travelers and locals and admiration of their stories that were, and still are, aeons in the making.

The Glass Mountains, while not as popular as the Davis, Chisos or Guadalupe, still have many notable distinctions. This mountain range is geologically part of the Ouachita Mountains, whose visible and visited portion lie some 600 miles to the northeast, near Talihina, Oklahoma. The rest of the Ouachita Mountains in Texas are buried thousands of feet beneath younger sediments. The Glass are also "the easternmost major range in Texas", and an "exposed part of the largest limestone reef system in the world", as Joe Nick Patoski wrote in *Texas Mountains*. Because of that, this mountain range is the geological standard in which other limestone reef sites around the world are correlated

(matched) for geologic dating purposes.

These mountains were once the source of the largest springs in this part of Texas, Comanche Springs, which fed Comanche Creek. Unregulated diesel pumping of these springs for irrigation beginning in 1951 caused the springs and creek to dry up and cease all flow by March of 1961; this destroyed the habitat and life source for the Comanche Springs Pupfish (*Cyprinodon elegans*), which was listed as federally endangered in 1967.

This is true open country, a place where one can get lost and forget about the time. Such misplacement recalibrates one's internal compass, and if one listens, the land will tell a story more powerful than Hollywood or any *New York Times* bestselling author can craft. It is in this Chihuahuan Desert country that the land gave birth to legends like Judge Roy Bean, known as "The Law West of the Pecos" in the town of Langtry. This sprawling terrestrial giant with a desert southwest climate has taken a merciless beating and seen high death tolls for millennia; its story requires an open mind and a new way to listen, to pay attention to detail

and an ability to savor the fleeting moments. Despite the big scenery that overwhelms most people, renders many silent, and intimidates those from big cities, it is the little things out here that matter most, for they are the foundation of this rugged and sometimes daunting land.

This is Far West Texas, a land that has so far escaped the damaging developments of the ubiquitous oil and gas industry. It's also the land "where the Rockies meet the Appalachians," Patoski wrote, and is quickly becoming the last of the open country.

In the film *Open Range*, the character Boss Spearman takes a look at the wide open land before him and says to his friend, "Beautiful country. A man can get lost out here, forget there's people and things that ain't so simple as this." This is the land that makes a human being humble, and the modern hominid soon realizes he isn't quite as evolved as he prides himself to be; that this society he has helped to shape by virtue of his work towards the common goal of "progress" is unable to match the scenery before him.

Book Review

by Carolyn Zniewski

Legendary Locals of Big Bend and Davis Mountains, Jim Glendinning, Arcadia Publishing, Charleston, South Carolina, 2013.

“Perhaps it is the frontier mentality or the wide open spaces, or living on the Mexican border, but the Big Bend and Davis Mountains region sure breeds some characters.” Jim Glendinning’s book is a collection of 158 short biographies, with photographs, of the people here in West Texas, “the last Frontier.” Settlers started coming about 150 years ago and continue arriving to this day.

If you want to know about Big Bend and the Davis Mountains this book is a perfect place to begin. The folks who have come are resilient, hard-working and creative. They have carved a community out of the Chihuahuan Desert and done a darn good job. The depth and breadth of the society is surprising, and Jim manages to hunt down some fine people and some inspiring accomplishments.

Polo in Big Bend? You bet. In the late 1920s and into the 1930s the U. S. Army in Marfa had a team that played against Mexican polo teams. The citizens of Marfa have continued to do the unexpected, from Hollywood movie sets to becoming an art haven, to public radio. Jim tells the story of the people that made these things happen.

Ranchers came to the area early and when the droughts hit the innovative ranching families developed tourism, hunting trips, and camping to supplement their incomes. The first chili cook-off in Terlingua started as a rivalry between two men and was declared a draw. It has become one of the biggest cook-offs in Texas and continues to grow every year.



The mix of the ethnic and cultural is a little bit of this and a little more of that. From descendants of the buffalo soldiers to early Spanish families, from titled Englishmen to outlaws continuing their lawlessness or coming here to start over, one thing every man, woman and child seems to have in common is a mix of grit, imagination and optimism.

Legendary Locals of Big Bend and Davis Mountains is a fun and fascinating read that you can pick up anytime. The book is divided into sections according to vocation. I loved flipping through the various chapters and reading about the folks, both freshly arrived citizens and long time pioneer families. You can check out the artists and musicians, the educators, businessmen or others depending on your interest and curiosity, or spend the evening reading it from cover to

cover. There is no better way to get to know or get to know more about Big Bend than discovering the stories of an excellent cross section of the people who have made our community the exciting hometowns and countryside that it is.

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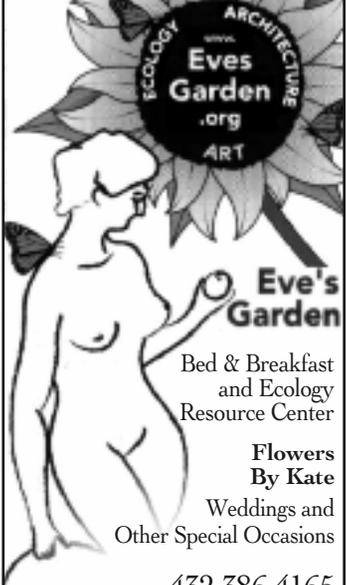


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Prickly Pear: FOOD OF THE DESERT

by Maya Zniewski. Photographs by Chloe Peppercorn.

The desert appears to be lifeless and dull in the winter, but those who reside in the Big Bend know better. There is an abundance of delectable foods on the prickly pear Cactus alone. Indian Fig Opuntia (*O. ficus-indica*), known as Prickly Pear, offers three parts to harvest for food: the flowers (good in salads), the paddles or nopales and the buds or tunas. Here are several recipes with flavors that remind us that summer will be here soon enough. You can garden while the oven or crock pot does the work, then have an after-dinner drink and enjoy the quiet and solitude. All these recipes have the prickly pear as one of the ingredients.

Many of us know about nopales scrambled with eggs for breakfast. Here are some new ways of cooking these wonderful desert edibles. You can go outside and pick your own, otherwise canned nopales will work just fine.

Prickly Pear tunas also make great smoothies. Peel them like you would a tomato, really watching out for those spines.

Prickly Pear Breakfast Smoothie

- 3 peeled and chopped tunas
- 2 cups berries (apple and orange do not work well)
- 1 Tablespoon honey
- 1 cup plain yogurt

Blend well. Makes two servings, share with a friend.

Summer Citrus Salad

Tuna fruit salad with mint is a fabulous summertime treat.

- 2 peeled and sliced tunas
- 1 orange or grapefruit, peeled and sectioned
- 3-4 fresh mint leaves
- 1 teaspoon honey

Mix well. Garnish with Prickly Pear flower petals. Makes two servings.



Slow Roasted Prickly Pear Pork

- 1 (3 pound) boneless pork roast
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 1 teaspoon ground black pepper
- 3 nopales pads, spines removed, cut into strips
- 1 1/2 cups peeled and chopped tunas

Preheat oven to 325° or get out your crock pot. Sprinkle salt and pepper on pork roast and brown in a large pan over medium-high heat until a golden crust appears. This should take about five minutes per side. Place roast in a crock pot or large oven-proof pan, add nopales and tunas. Add salt and pepper to taste. Cover. Roast at 325° for

three hours or until internal temperature is at least 145°. You can cook this meal in a crock pot on low for 6-8 hours or on high for 3-4 hours. Either way, make sure to brown the meat ahead of time. Browning makes everything better.

I serve this with Hawaiian rice. Just do up your rice as usual and add about a half cup of canned pineapple and a quarter cup of dried cranberries for every four cups of prepared rice. Yum!

I also highly recommend having a vodka and tuna blended drink or tuna-infused vodka (both recipes below) with this.

With leftovers (if there are any) you can make a great roast pork sandwich with jalapeño bread. Just add chopped jalapeño peppers to your favorite bread recipe.

Prickly Pear Vodka

It is easy to infuse vodka with prickly pear tunas. Who said science wasn't fun? Procure a clean glass jar with a tight lid. Mason jars work well, but so does any other glass jar, as long as you can get the lid and jar clean. Score the skin on harder fruit and leave softer fruit whole. Remove any spines and wash the tunas well. Cut into quarters. The size of the chopped bits doesn't

really matter, a rough chop is just fine. Add one or two chopped prickly pears to one quart vodka. After three days test your vodka to see if it is the right flavor for you. If you want a stronger flavor, wait another two days. Test again. I like mine infused for about five days. When the taste is to your liking, strain off the tunas and store the vodka in clear glass for a pretty look. Imagine a refreshing tuna infused vodka tonic. This makes great gifts! For a gift you could do a prickly pear basket with your own tuna infused vodka, a bottle of tonic and a potted Prickly Pear.

Prickly Pear Sunshine

Try this recipe if you prefer your cocktail fancy.

- 1 cup ice cubes
- 1 oz. cactus juice schnapps (or other sweet liquor)
- 1 oz. light rum
- 3 oz. pineapple juice
- 2 oz. orange juice
- 1 oz. cranberry juice
- 1 peeled tuna

Blend all ingredients. Makes 1 large drink. YUM!

You can also add a slice of tuna, without the spines of course, to a beer instead of a lime.

Prickly pear lemonade is a great hot weather refresher. Just mix lemonade as you usually would, replacing 25 percent of the water with an equal amount of tuna juice. This makes a lovely pink lemonade. To juice the tunas, peel and chop them and squeeze the juice out using a food mill or a potato ricer. Add a shot of tequila to your glass for the flavors of a second desert plant.

Cranberry Pecan Cupcakes

Frost these cupcakes with tuna juice in cream cheese frosting.

- 1 1/2 cups chopped fresh or frozen cranberries
- 1 1/4 cups sugar, divided

3 cups all-purpose flour
 1 1/2 Tablespoons baking powder
 1/2 teaspoon salt
 1/2 cup soft butter
 2 eggs, lightly beaten
 1 cup milk
 1 cup chopped pecans or walnuts
 1 Tablespoon grated orange peel

Preheat oven to 400°. Toss cranberries with 1/4 cup of sugar in a bowl; set aside. In a mixing bowl, combine flour, baking powder, salt, and remaining 1 cup sugar. Cut in the butter until mixture resembles coarse crumbs. Combine eggs with milk; stir into flour mixture until just moistened. Gently fold in nuts, orange peel and cranberries. Fill paper-lined muffin tins 2/3 full. Bake at 400° for 20 to 25 minutes. Makes about 18 cupcakes. Allow to cool before frosting.

Cream Cheese Prickly Pear Frosting

1/2 cup butter, room temperature
 8 ounces cream cheese, room temperature
 1 Tablespoon tuna juice
 Approx. 3 cups of powdered sugar
 Sliced skinned tunas for top of cupcakes.

Beat the butter and cream cheese together, about 3 minutes, on medium speed until very

smooth. Scrape down the sides and bottom of the bowl to ensure even mixing. Add prickly pear juice and mix well. Slowly add the powdered sugar until you get to desired thickness for spreading. Frost cupcakes and top with a slice of bright pink tuna. Chow down.

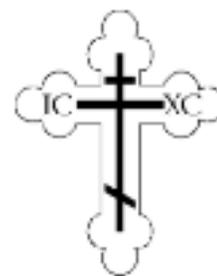
Desert Fruit Sauce

Use this delicious sauce for a variety of desserts.

1/3 cup butter
 3 tunas
 2/3 cup sugar
 1/2 teaspoon each cinnamon, cloves
 and nutmeg
 2 Tablespoons lemon or lime juice

Preheat oven to 350°. Peel and chop tunas. Melt butter in 8" or 9" cake pan. Add tunas, sugar, spices and lemon juice. Mix well. Bake until fruits are soft, about 35 minutes. Serve over ice-cream, pound cake, granola, yogurt, mandarin oranges or fresh fruit.

You can pick an apron full of tunas, clean and peel them and freeze them in storage bags for later use. If you are harvesting prickly pear, please remember to wear gloves when picking nopales and tunas. Leave your gloves on and cut the spines off right away. You'll be glad you did. Enjoy Mother Nature's bounty.



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way to grow a community; to energize a struggling local economy; and to promote interaction among the diverse backgrounds of the town.

The historian and author Cecilia Thompson was one of our earliest supporters. She placed the market within the context of Marfa history and declared it to be an entirely new way for a disparate community to come together.

Cecilia understood the importance of a gathering place. Though small, a market such as ours provides a way to care for one another, to preserve our natural resources and to buy local. Even if you don't go home with a bag of Bob and Leslie's collards—Lynda McKnight's favorite green—Saturday morning at the market is an exciting place to hang out with neighbors and friends. This summer Farm Stand Marfa is celebrating its ninth year. The market began in the summer of 2006 with locally grown vegetables, eggs from the Nut Farm in Fort Davis, honey, Irma's tamales and tortillas, goat cheese produced by the Floros on their farm in Alpine and organic baked goods made by Ganka.

In those days you couldn't find a loaf of fresh-baked bread in Marfa. Certainly not an organic one and definitely not the creative loaves that master baker Ganka pulls from her oven: woven breads, sturdy ryes, breads with nuts and seeds and dried fruits. Before long, Ganka added strawberry tarts, pumpkin cheesecakes, chocolate croissants and apple gallettes to her repertoire. And the town ate them up.

Starting up the market was the beginning of a chapter of intense gardening, of growing vegetables, herbs and flowers to take to market, work I had done in the coastal soil of California

and the rocky outcrops of upstate New York, but never in the desert. Quickly I learned that good growing practices were the same everywhere. In Marfa, despite frigid winter temperatures, I found I could grow cold hardy vegetables year round under floating row covers.

During the market season, March through December, Fridays late into the evening and early Saturday mornings were spent picking, often accomplished with a supportive band of friends who helped me harvest arugula one leaf at a time and wash beets and bag lettuce. We were committed to something new for Marfa—to feeding ourselves locally. Not an easy ambition and not one done without help. The market was at the heart of our dream of producing local food.

I remember the first morning Alicia Morales came to the market. We were located in those early days between the Marfa Studio of Arts and the Pizza Foundation, in a parking lot that Dax Pass had given us permission to use. Alicia arrived with a large tray of burritos. Within minutes they were sold. She turned to her husband Ben and said, "Wait here. Tell them I will be back." She drove home, assembled more burritos and returned to the market. The street was lined with cars. She had to park across the way at Stripes, which was then called Town and Country. She carried the replenished tray of burritos across highway 90 where everyone

was waiting for her. She had barely set the tray down before she ran out again.

"It was exciting," Alicia recalls. "That was nine years ago," I remind her.

"Yes. What a joy I have because I find this. Getting out of the house on Saturday and enjoying the day. I work a lot on Friday. But I have a lot of fun going over there and seeing the people." Folks are still lining up for

Alicia's burritos, her jars of creamy whipped jalapeno salsa and horchata and lemonade laded into cups.

Over the winter a friend who is a chef in New York City visited Marfa for the first time. He loved the Marfa Burrito, Ramona's café south of the high-

way, but he expected to discover more regional food. "Come back in the spring," I told him, "when the market is open."

Alicia makes three kinds of burritos—asado, chile verde and bean and cheese—from recipes and techniques learned in her mother's kitchen. The asado is pork cooked in a red sauce made from dried chiles. The chile verde is made with fresh green chiles. She roasts the chiles, then adds them to a mixture of ground beef, onions and tomatoes. Sometimes she finely chops a potato and stirs it into the mix. And finally, there is the vegetarian's delight, the bean and cheese burrito, tastiest when she uses asadero cheese that is stringy and delicious when it melts.

Alicia was disappointed to have

missed the last market of 2013. The day before Thanksgiving she fell in her home and broke her sternum. The pain she experienced was almost unbearable, but it was a straight break up and down, no punctures to her lungs or damage to her heart. "God was with me," she says. She spent the winter healing. This spring she is back at the market. Nine years later Ganka and Alicia continue to be regulars.

During the first years of the market Martha and George Floro supplied us with goat cheese from their mountain-side farm in Sunny Glen on the sunset side of Alpine. The sign on the gate read Floroland. I have the sweetest memories of my weekly visits to their homestead. Goats and their offspring were everywhere, tucked under trees, corralled in pens and cooling off in the dark barn. They were raising Alpines and Nubians for milk and meat. One day I counted over one hundred animals, so I don't think many of the goats were being eaten. They were more like pets. George once told me that the farm was an expression of their commitment to each other and the ideas they shared about living gently with nature and contributing to the community. "It's Martha," he said, his eyes sparkling. "Her good nature makes it possible." The truth of this was self-evident, as George was a passionate activist and was known for his outspoken ways.

Taking up where the Floros left off, Malinda Beeman and Allan McClane have built a thriving goat farm two miles east of Marfa. Allan cares for the animals and milks them twice a day, and Malinda, Farm Stand Marfa's current manager, produces their Marfa Maid Cheese. At her market table you will find the creamiest cheese spreads flavored with herbs, along with feta, ricotta and soft mold ripened cheese. An artist, gardener and irrepressible



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entrepreneur, Malinda has added cheese-making classes to the activities at their farm.

For many years at the market we have been lucky to feature SW Heritage Beef provided by Bobby and Jane Crockett. Following in the footsteps of her great grandfather, Luke Brite, and four generations of family ranchers, Jane and her husband Bobby raise range-fed cattle. "Here we are in the heart of ranching country, yet you can't get local beef," says Jane. Jane and I have despaired over this frustrating irony since we met, first as neighbors then as market vendors. Local ranchers have been grappling with Marfa's sustained drought and uncertain rainfall for decades. "We had decent rain last year," she tells me, "but it takes several years to recover from drought. If you don't have grass you have to buy feed."

Drought is not the only challenge facing small beef producers. The absence of federally inspected processing plants in West Texas makes it virtually impossible to sell local beef or for that matter any locally raised meat. The inspection plant in Fredericksburg, a five-and-a-half-hour drive to the east, is scheduled a year in advance. In the past the Crocketts have driven 300 miles northwest to Post, between Lubbock and Big Spring, to process their cattle. Quickly the rancher's tiny profit margin is shaved away.

The solution for small-scale local meat producers would be to introduce a USDA federally inspected "mobile slaughter unit," an abattoir on wheels. Fewer than a dozen of these units exist across the entire country, and the mobile slaughter unit in Texas processes and inspects wild animals only.

The market is in full swing after its winter break. Vendors are bringing their fresh-picked greens, something you don't see much of in this part of Texas. Bob and Leslie arrange their table of Asian greens and chard and kale. Consummate gardeners, they have been supplying the market since its first summer. The Taylors, Eleanor and Gregg, come over from Fort Davis and bring beets and beans, endive, parsley and spinach, and flowers in the summer. Wilborn Elliott, who grew up on the Rio Grande in a family of beekeepers, brings mesquite and catclaw honey, and jars of whitebrush after the late summer rains. Jackie Oliver makes peanut brittle and chocolates and decorates cookies to look like the Marfa courthouse. Later in the season she'll make peach preserves. Ganka and Alicia are in their regular spots, their husbands Kosta and Ben always at their sides. A variety of goat cheeses are arrayed at Malinda's table.



Linneas will show you how to exercise with his handmade leather medicine balls. Utilitarian objects of great beauty, the medicine balls are made with the finest chrome tanned leather, the kind of leather used to make baseball gloves. They sit in various shapes and sizes on his table, all of them the same muted gold color that darkens with oiling and use.

In May, Padre Mel drives up from the border town of Redford where he grows blackberries in his backyard. When I visited him one summer, his front porch was piled high with winter squash before my seedlings had yet to put out their true leaves. The season starts earlier along the border.

There are always surprises at the market – maybe there will be desert plants or cupcakes. A welder might bring outdoor grills he made in his shop. Don't fret if you're not growing your own tomatoes. Last summer at the market we drooled over Valerie and Robert's tomatoes. They harvested bushels of red, yellow,

orange and green heirlooms.

Sadly we will miss Julie Mitchell. She passed away in December. In late November I visited with her at the last market of 2013. I had been enjoying her habanero and jalapeno jellies at the market for nearly a decade. Her table was always a cheerful collection of bright red and green jars catching the morning light. They were irresistible. She kept tiny crackers on a small plate. When you sampled the jellies it was like you were at a party. A longtime member of the Cattle Women's Association, she sold packages of their distinctive paper napkins imprinted with the ranching brands of the region. She will be remembered warmly as a steadfast supporter and unflinching contributor to the Marfa market.

Too much wind, too little water, hail that pummels our gardens and late freezes that take our fruit. We live in the desert. We love its extremes. The night sky astonishes. So do the smells of the desert plants, and the sight of the pale golds and greens of the landscape. Pronghorns dart away at the edge of your vision. The mountains are low on the horizon, framing the canyons and dry creek beds.

Not too many people. Not too many cars. We stop in at the market on Saturdays, in that small-town Farm Stand Marfa West Texas way. Come visit.

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TRANS PECOS TRIVIA
by Charles Angell

BIG BEND MOUNTAINS

- The Basin in the National Park is surrounded by a ring of mountains, one being Vernon Bailey Peak. What was the previous name for this peak?
 - Mt. Shasta
 - Old Baldy
 - Gonzalez Peak
 - Emory Hill
- What mountain in Jeff Davis County was found to have a cache of hundreds of Indian arrowheads at its peak, thus giving its name to the specific style of point found in the region?
 - Mt. Livermore
 - Mount Locke
 - Blue Mountain
 - Clovis Hill
- The northernmost point in Big Bend Ranch State Park is Cienega Mountain, approximately 40 miles northeast of Lajitas. What other name does this mountain go by?
 - Swampfoot
 - Franklin Mtn.
 - San Jacinto
 - F Mountain
- North of Study Butte near Hwy. 118 is Packsaddle Mountain, with sharply contrasting dark volcanic rhyolite that intruded through what lighter colored rock?
 - granite
 - tuff
 - limestone
 - trachyandesite
- Closed Canyon is a popular and easy hike on FM 170, the river road. The slot canyon cuts through a small mountain, with the east side called Mesa de la Cuchilla and the western, smaller section called what?
 - Mesa de la Tenedor
 - Rincon Mesa
 - Sierra Ponce
 - Mesa de la Nueve

Bonus: What mountain above took its name from early area pioneer Milton Faver?

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



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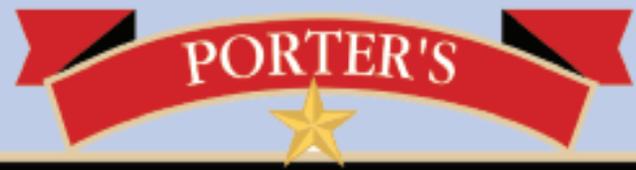
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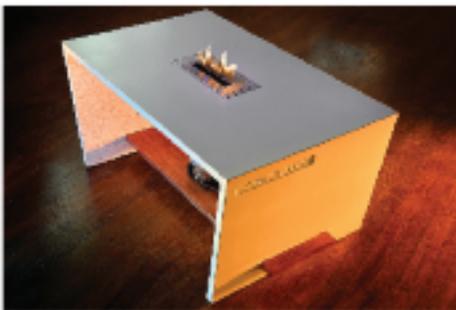
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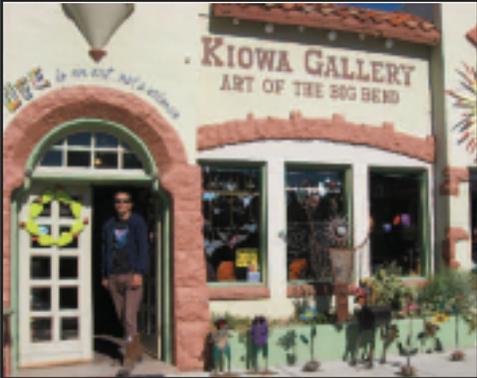
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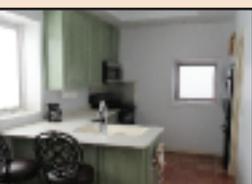


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