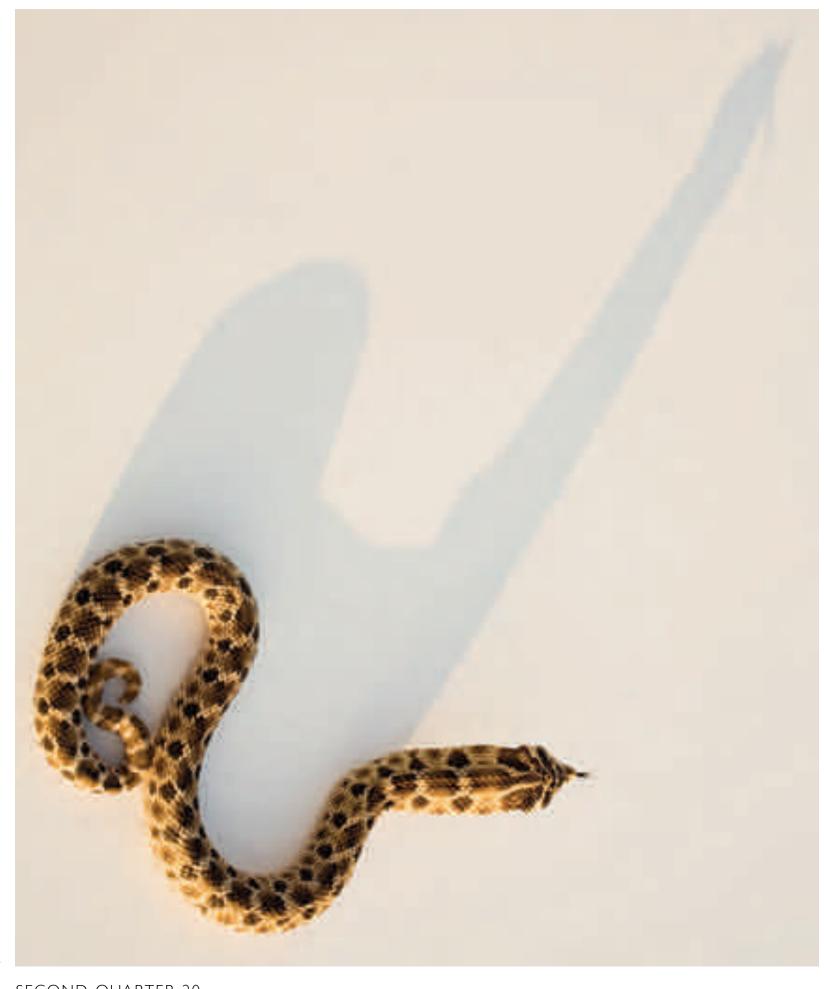
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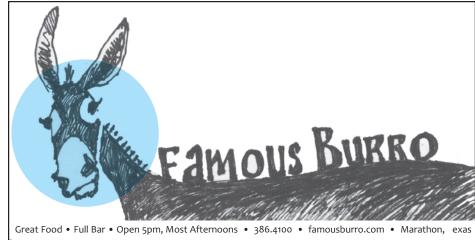


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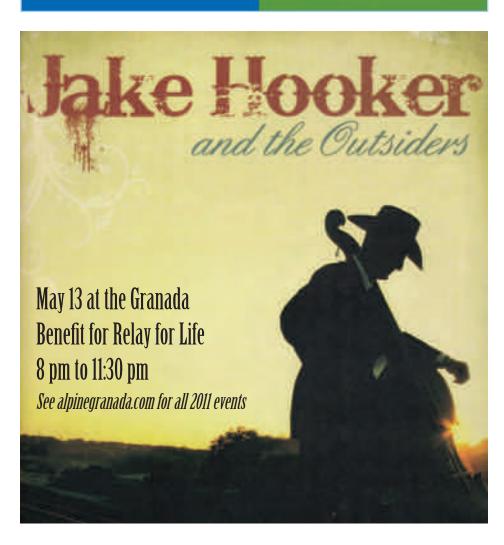
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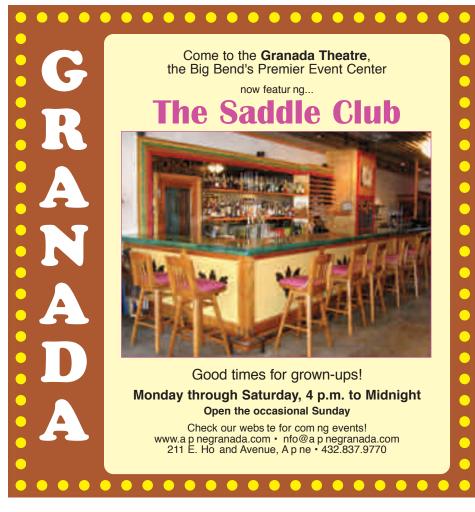


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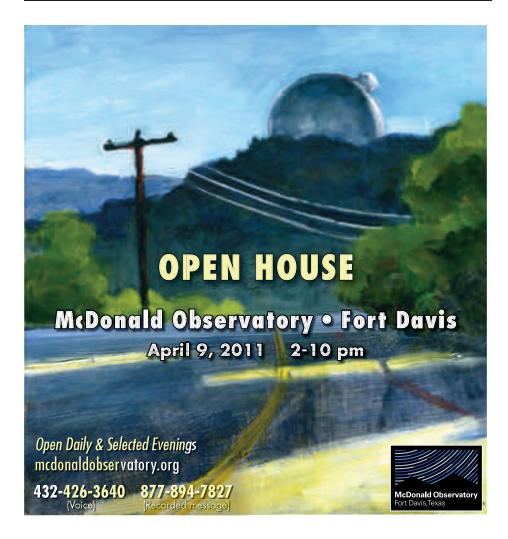


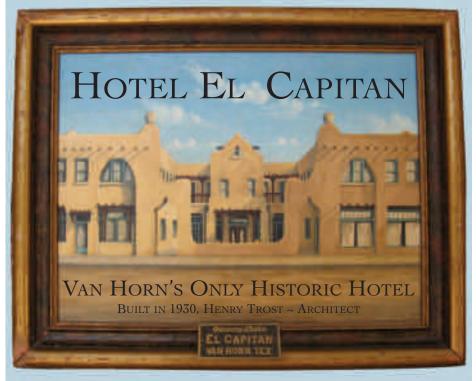
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The Train Called the Sunset Limited

by Warren Taylor

ix days a week at midday, the Alpine area has the exciting event of seeing what has become a rarity. It's a passenger train—the train called the Sunset Limited. This famous train is the oldest named train in America and has the distinction of always being numbered train #1 (westward) and #2 (eastward).

The first run of this train was in 1893, and it opened up service along the route from New Orleans to Los Angeles and originally on to San Francisco. Now the train, under Amtrak, oper-

ates westward on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays and eastward on Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

This train was operated for 78 years by Southern Pacific. Now the Amtrak train runs on Union Pacific tracks. During its long years of service, the "Sunset," as it is known, has seen its share of ups and downs.

In the beginning, the train was certainly the pride of the Southern Pacific line. It was a first-class train with only small private rooms. A second train served along the same route for many years and offered more economical fares; it was called the Argonaut. This train offered chair-car service and what were commonly called "tourist sleepers," which were the old-fashioned fold-down births with the canvas curtains.

In its early days at the end of the 1800s, the Sunset Limited was not a long train with numerous coaches. The wooden cars were very deluxe. They included smoking rooms for men and parlors for women. The train included a diner with specially prepared food. There was a library at the end of one of a coach and a writing room in the last car which featured an open outdoor platform "porch." Short as it may have been, the train also featured a barber shop and shower facility. At that time, the Sunset probably did not operate daily except during peak season. The train usually consisted of five or six cars. The head car also featured space for the U.S. Postal mail car.

The original Sunset Limited was steam-powered and required 73 hours to travel between New Orleans and Los Angeles. Many water stops were required for





the steam engine and to change the locomotives; a single steamer did not make the complete run. The coaches were wooden and without central heating and certainly without air conditioning. The locomotives were coal-powered, a feature that was soon to change to oil to reduce sparks in the engine smoke that could create grass fires along the right of way.

By 1924, new steel coaches were added, which con-



Photos from the Southern Pacific archive, courtesy of Karen Lanier

Clockwise from top left - The Sunset Limited traveling through the Arizona desert. The publicity poster touts the glamour and "out of this world" experience of the train. The color scheme on the diesels, the yellow next to red was intentional, to further carry on the theme of the sunset. Also the general logo of the railroad was a circle with railroad tracks running off into a sunset. So the theme prevailed.

tributed to a superior, smooth-riding quality for the passengers and eliminated the famous squeaking associated with the older "woodys." Air conditioning was soon to be added, and the train soon saw an increased ridership, while maintaining the deluxe appeal. The train was no longer a "bobcat," to use railroad jargon, but was now handling a total of 10 to 14 passenger cars including eight sleepers, a diner and a lounge-observation car.

Diner specialties were broiled red fish, fried oysters with coleslaw, breaded lamb chops with green peas, veal cutlets and a wide assortment of desserts. Orders for meals were not given verbally but written by the passen-

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SPRING & SUMMER FINE ARTS CALENDAR

MUSIC

April 1, 12:00, Studio Theater: *April Fool's Bach's Lunch*, featuring Fine Arts Faculty April 14, 7:30, Marshall Auditorium: *Student Recital*

April 29, 6:00 Dinner, 8:15 Show, Granada Theater: *Jazz Ensemble Gala "The Power of Music in War and in Peace"* (Tickets may be purchased hrough the Fine Arts Office)

May 1, 3:00, Marshall Auditorium, Community Band Concert

May 5, 7:30, Marshall Auditorium, Wind Ensemble and Choir Concert

ART-

April 4-14, Fine Arts Gallery, *SRSU Annual Student Juried Exhibition* April 18-29, Fine Arts Gallery, *Ali Munoz Exhibition*

THEATER

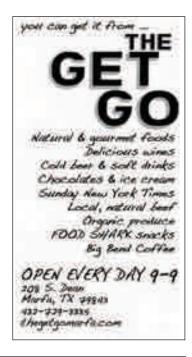
May 2-13, Fine Arts Gallery, Sylvia Davis Exhibition

April 2, 2:00, Marshall Auditorium, *A Wolf's Tale*, Words and Music by Chris Perkins May 4 & 6, 7:00, Studio Theater, *An Evening of One Act Plays*June 17-July 3, 8:15, Kokernot Outdoor Theater, *Little Shop of Horrors*

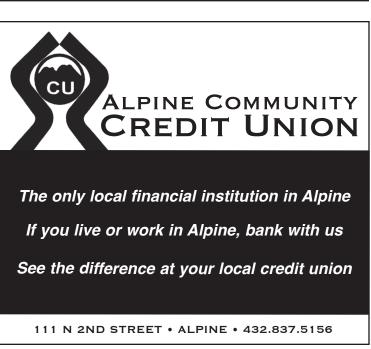
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Cenizo









Editor's Notes



Tve seen my first turkey vulture – and you know what that means – spring is here! Notwithstanding the interesting temperatures we had in February, the cycle of life keeps on and the winter blahs give way to the greening up even of the high desert. As soon as the wind

starts, I'll know the seasons are turning for sure.

If you remember riding the train as a kid, you'll remember all over again with Warren Taylor's tale of the Sunset Limited. Maybe one day we'll go back to riding the train routinely and watching the world go by!

The Big Bend is the stuff that dreams are made of – not to mention mystery fiction. Follow Melissa Keane sleuthing to find what makes the settings in fictionalized Big Bend place settings ring true.

You don't have to look far in the Trans-Pecos to see all kinds of rock – as our poetry selections note. But ancient peoples not only looked at the rocks, they used them for myriad things in daily life from cooking to decoration; Richard Walter explains.

Alpine is not only the place where you go to shop in the Big Bend, it's the place that has been the cultural capital for over a century – from the opening of the Sul Ross Normal College in 1920 through the Great Depression when Dr. Morelock, president of the college and H. L. Kokernot, local rancher, put their heads together to create Kokernot Lodge and Amphitheater, through families like the Crosses, into the present day when we look toward saving the structures from the past as we form a vision for what the city can be in the future. Chelsea Rios, Reba Cross Seals and David Keller tell the stories of Alpine, past

and future.

And across the Rio Grande, a hardy band of wildfire fighters keeps both sides of the River safer. Los Diablos, wildfire fighters from the Mexican side of the river, are an invaluable resource for all of us who live in the borderlands – and beyond. Phyllis Dunham tells us why they're so special.

One hundred fifty years ago this year, the Civil War divided our country. Texas and Old Fort Davis were part of the Confederacy. Meet the people and conflicts of that time here in Far West Texas through the words of Bob Miles.

Photographing the Big Bend is almost a national pastime. But among the artists with a camera is surely James Evans. His new book is a chronicle of his 20 years capturing the land he loves in photographs. Nature photographer Crystal Allbright takes us through the book in her review.

Big Bend citizens who fly the skies, offer hospitality and work for excellence in higher education are our Voices of the Big Bend this time. Enjoy Jim Glendinning's interviews.

Details in the desert are Cathy Hoyt's specialty in our Photo Essay.

More mystery in Charlie Angell's Trans-Pecos ghosts.

Our cover is from James' new book and our occasional art from the fine pen of Michael Nickell, nature illustrator par excellence.

We hope you enjoy this issue, and we urge you to shop with and patronize our advertisers. They make this magazine possible – they pay for every bit of it with their advertising support. And all of us can help keep the Big Bend the special place it is by shopping locally and keeping our sales tax dollars here at home!



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

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Cenizo

Cenizo Journal

Volume 3 Number 2

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Cover: "Mexican Hog Nose Snake" by James H. Evans from his book *Crazy from the Heat*.

Occasional Art: Michael Nickell ~ Creatures of the Chihuahuan Desert, pen and ink on board.

Copy editing: Andrew Stuart











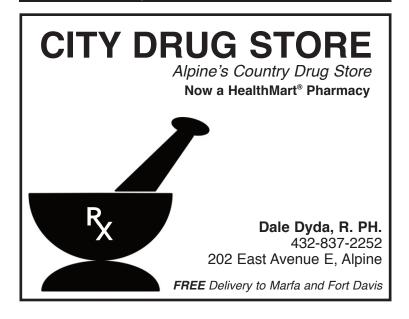


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LOS DIABLOS: Fuego no Puede

by Phyllis Dunham

Wanted: Forty or so men to do dangerous physical labor in harsh conditions and remote terrain. Must be in top phys ical condition and ready at a moment's notice 24 hours a day, 365 days a year. Must be able to leave home and fam ily for weeks at a time and sleep on the ground in all weath er. You will not know when or where you will be deployed until you are deployed. There is no pay unless you work, and there is no guarantee of work. NO BENEFITS.

bviously, this is not a situation for just anyone. However, an extraordinary constellation of circumstances make this necessary work in the Big Bend and the perfect job for the Diablos, the Mexican wild land firefighting team that many experts regard as one of the best ground crews in North America.

In the early 90s Big Bend National Park officials realized that the park's remoteness necessitated utilizing local resources to fight fires. They needed to look no further than right across the Rio Grande, where they found a readily available pool of potential firefighters with all the qualities, if not yet the skills, to fit the niche. And if you're wondering why Mexican nationals were tapped for these jobs instead of Americans, just re-read the posting above.

Legend has it that the Diablos acquired their name because they told park officials that, if they were given this chance, they would fight fire "like devils." And that they have done — to great acclaim and to the pride and the well-being of their families and communities.

With names like Rosillo, Eleasar, Adrian, Osbaldo and Chuy, the Diablos hail from the remote villages of Boquillas, San Vicente and Santa Elena just across the river from the park. These villages are solar-powered and self-sustaining. They have to be. The border villages are closer to Terlingua than to interior towns in Mexico, and the roads and country that separate them from the interior are rough, rocky and inhospitable. The Diablos' families have lived here, in many cases, for generations. Their ties to the not-quite-equally remote ranches and towns of South Brewster County are strong.

Farming and ranching, making wax from candelilla plants and catering to the tourists and park personnel who routinely crossed the border to get a bite to eat or a cold refresco or cerveza sustained the people of these villages for decades. The borders were fluid, and people crossed in both directions routinely in order to work or recreate or visit with family on the other side. When fighting fire for a living became an option, many of the best men on the Mexican side joined up for training that would change their lives and bring prosperi-

ty to their out-of-the-way communities.

Now that those communities are even further isolated by border closings after the 9/11 attacks, fighting fire has become almost the sole source of income for the riverside villages. Restaurants, cantinas and ferry boats were forced to shut shop. When firefighting became the only game left in town, the Diablos continued to protect resources in a country that simultaneously needed them and barely knew of their existence.

This is hardly country for the soft and pampered, and therein is the heart and soul of this unique wild land firefighting program. Not just anyone can do what the Diablos do, especially the way they do it. They are known for their work ethic, their hardiness, their skill and even their style – so much so that when ground teams are needed fast in California, Washington or Wyoming to fight big fires, the Diablos are often invited.

J.R. Sullivan is a veteran firefighter who has worked with the Diablos almost since the beginning and is back in the Big Bend this year working as a Diablo crew boss. He says that it isn't just that the Diablos are so good at what they do, it's also their dedication and their willingness to work on the ground and very close to the fire that set them apart from and above other ground crews. In wild land situations where ground crews need to work steady, hard and fast to keep fires contained, the Diablos play a critical role.

According to Rawls Williams, a former fire management officer with the national park, a timely deployment of "six grunts who can get in the black" can make all the difference between containment and disaster. He tells of seeing the Diablos work steadily in 117 degree weather for days at a time without accident or injury and, furthermore, without whining. The Diablos themselves, as Williams tells it, bring peer pressure to the table that promotes good values and an impressive esprit de corps. It's one of the many reasons that "people just love 'em."

Their sense of pride and style no doubt contribute to their welcome wherever they go. Most seasoned American wild land firefighters go back to town at the end of a shift, dirty and smoky. It's part of their wild-man culture. But not so for the Diablos. No matter how rough and dirty the conditions, each of them keeps a clean yellow firefighter's shirt stashed with his gear to change into for the trip back into town. It's a difference you can't help but notice when you're having dinner with your family at a local restaurant and the Diablos walk in. It gets quiet. Respect is in the air.

Bruce Balderston with the national park's fire management office had never seen anything like



Photo courtesy of the National Park Service

The Diablos controlling a prescribed burn near Lake Meredith near Amarillo as part of a program to improve the ecosystem and prevent future wild fires.

it. One of his first assignments with Big Bend was to drive out to the field to pick up a Diablo crew. As his truck drew closer, he saw not the expected cluster of grubby grunts, but a line of Diablos shoulder to shoulder in clean boots, green pants and bright yellow shirts, each with

his pack on the ground beside him, his pride self-evident.

After so many years, the Diablos are seasoned pros, but their training continues. Each year they must pass the same stringent tests that their American counterparts do, but there is one remarkable differ-

ence in the way they are treated on the U.S. side. Their comings and goings across the border for work are strictly controlled, and park personnel work closely with the U.S. Border Patrol and Immigration and Customs Enforcement to ensure that all paperwork is in the hands of American supervisory personnel at all times. As a result, the Diablos, who are not allowed to carry their own work permits, cannot cross the border for, say, a simple day of shopping with their families in a U.S. border town.

In the meantime, plans are to expand the Diablos and integrate new recruits into the program. By the end of 2011, park personnel hope to have two 20man crews established with new recruits hand-picked and fully trained. Assistance agreements have been put in place recently between local counties and the program so that the Diablos can assist local firefighting programs in Brewster, Jeff Davis, Presidio and Pecos Counties. The agreement is expected to expand to Terrell County soon.

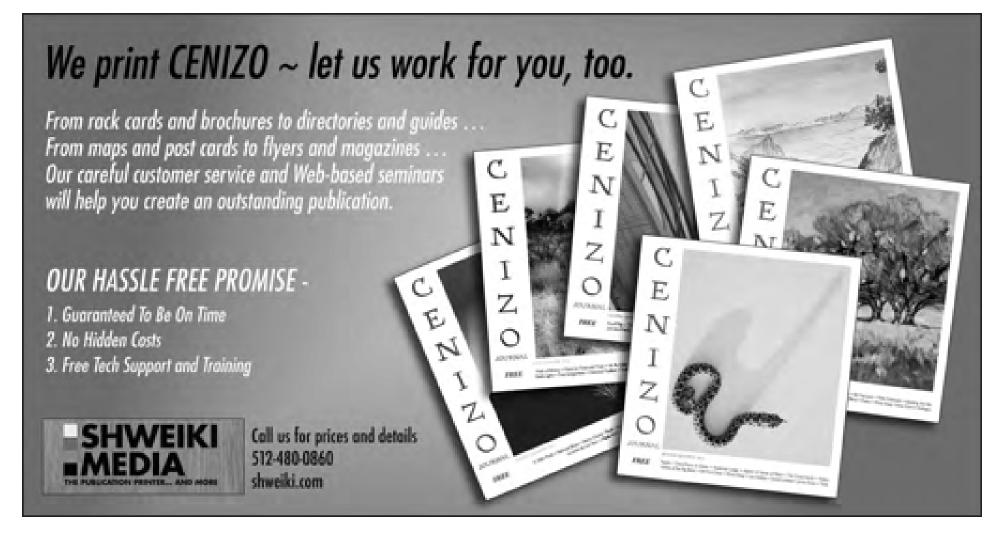
Plans are also in the works for re-opening the crossing at the village of Boquillas. Establishment of an international cross-border park at Big Bend, an idea first outlined by the Franklin D. Roosevelt administration and kicked around for the last 75 years, is also underway. U.S. Interior Secretary Ken Salazar spoke of it when he visited the Big Bend last spring, and Park Supt. Bill Wellman cited the Diablos program as an example of crossborder cooperation at its best. What a beautiful dream. The spectacular ranges and deserts on the Mexico side match if not trump those on this side. Who has hiked the South Rim Trail in the Chisos and not longed to cross that river to tramp the wilds of Mexico?

Recently, I watched a Diablos crew cutting and hauling cane nonstop along the banks of the Rio Grande as part of a river protection program. They slogged with chainsaws through mud and water, with

sketchy footing across layers of cane. It was cold and wet work. Later I visited with them as they came back to headquarters and broke down saws and equipment to return them to prime condition for the next project. Their faces spread into sometimes shy, sometimes hardy grins when we talked about their families, their villages and their work. Some are jokesters. Some are quiet and deeply religious. All are proud of their beginnings and the fact that their work has kept the villages across from the park afloat economically so that their children can attend school and build a future.

The Diablos demonstrate what can be achieved when we use our heads and work cooperatively for the common good. Dreams can happen. And dreams come large and small: a safe and legal crossing at Boquillas, an international park that could set world standards.

Or a shopping trip to a U.S. border town for a proud yet humble firefighter and his wife and kids.



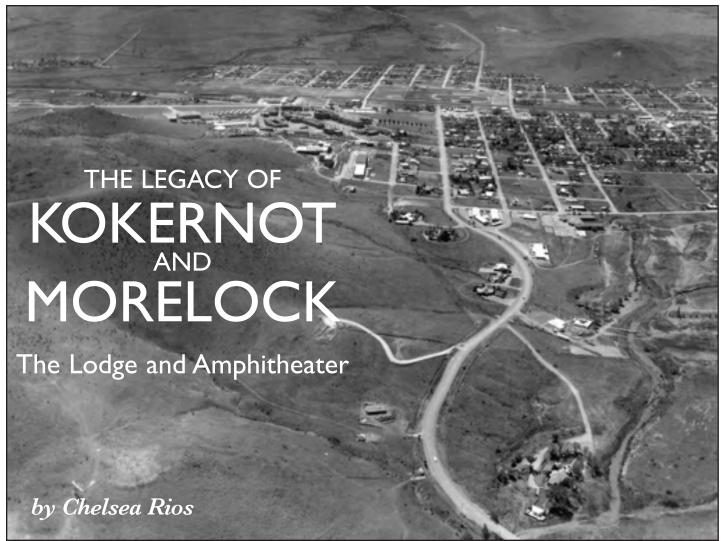


Photo courtesy Archives of the Big Bend, Bryan Wildenthal Memorial Library, Sul Ross State University, Alpine, Texas

A place set apart for rest and relaxation of the students of Sul Ross State University by rancher H.L. Kokernot, the lodge and amphitheater sit by Kokernot Springs (lower right), down the Loop Road from the campus (upper left). Photo dates probably to the 1940s.

ave you ever had a special place where you could go, to escape Lthe torments of everyday life? Nearly every town has a cultural or historical place that influences its residents. Located on the northeast side of Alpine, Texas, along current State Hwy. 223, also known as Loop Road, are the Kokernot Amphitheater and Lodge. From the road, the lodge appears much as it did 80 years ago. The amphitheater however, looks much older than its 77 years. The imprint these landmarks have had on Alpine's history is large, because at one time, the lodge and amphitheater were active places of fellowship, laughter and the coming together of performing arts in the Big Bend area.

It started in 1929 when Horace W. Morelock, third president of Sul Ross State Teachers College, decided that the students of Sul Ross needed a place where they could relax and get away from the pressures of education. The "Annual Scenic Drive" had been a popu-

lar activity for students in the 1920s. They drove through the Davis Mountains in the cars of area residents who were acting as hosts, stopping along the road to enjoy what beauty nature had to offer. Ranchmen supplied land along the highways as rest stops. As time went by, however, some students hiked or picnicked in these areas on their own and became careless in "leaving gates open, fires still burning and sharp-edged tin cans as a hazard to cattle," causing ranchers to close their property to students.

Near Loop Road is the site of Alpine's original water hole, once known as Charco de Alsate and Burgess Waterhole, the water source now called Kokernot Springs. Used by wildlife and Indians for hundreds of years, Kokernot Springs was a primary source of water in the area and was responsible for the founding of Alpine. In 1886, Daniel Murphy obtained the land where the springs are located and leased the waterhole to the Southern Pacific Railroad, which needed the water for its engines.

Murphy built a pump house and a pipeline to the railroad tracks. Shortly after, however, the railroad stopped using the water from the springs. It was in the late 1880s that the Kokernot family acquired ownership of the springs to water their cattle, and Burgess Waterhole became Kokernot Springs.

With no place for the students to go on hikes or picnics, Morelock approached H.L Kokernot Sr. with the idea of using land from the Glenn Kokernot Estate as a haven for the students to spend their leisure time. Kokernot met with Morelock and said to him, "Go down to the springs, select the area that will serve your purpose, set up corners, have the tract surveyed, and I will arrange to get the state a deed to the plot." In addition, Kokernot had three conditions for the land transaction, "the tract (of land) must be fenced, the Kokernots would reserve priority rights on water in case of drought, and every effort must be made to get a highway leading to the park."

After acquiring the land for his project, Morelock invited a group of representatives from the appropriations committee of the Texas Legislature to see the site of his recreational club house. The legislators were at first confused about Morelock's interest in an off-campus project, but as Morelock explained the purpose for the lodge, they grew supportive, and he told them about his lack of funds. The committee saw potential in Morelock's plan and asked him how much money he needed to put the project in motion - Morelock asked for \$10,000, and the money was later appropriated by the committee.

In accordance with Kokernot's conditions, Morelock had the land fenced in and set aside \$2,000 from the initial grant for the state highway department expenses so that a highway presently State Hwy. 223) would lead to the park. Furthermore, following a recommendation by area rancher and civic leader J.D Jackson, a large barbecue pit was constructed next to the lodge.

The rest of the budget was applied to the construction of the club house. The club house, known as Kokernot Lodge, is made up of seven rooms: two restrooms, a kitchen, two visiting rooms, a maintenance closet and a large (24-footby-50-foot) social hall (fireplace included) to be used for dances, get-togethers and performances. The exterior of the lodge is made up of stucco and native stone.

On July 21, 1930, the lodge was opened to Alpine locals and Sul Ross students. The open house concluded with an invitation to the community for an "old western barbecue" held on the lodge grounds.

Over the years, the lodge became a place of concerts and socials, as well as the home of the "Lodge Players" Formed in 1958, the Lodge Players was a drama club limited to freshman who would perform four short plays every year called "floor shows." For eight years the Lodge Players presented shows to enthusiastic audiences. Buffet dinners prepared by the students and directors followed the performances.

In 1933, an agency of the New Deal, the Works Progress Administration (WPA), began work on an outdoor theater for Sul Ross State Teachers College. The outdoor theater was placed on the grounds of Kokernot Lodge, built in the style of ancient Greek theaters and was to be used as a center for the performing arts. The amphitheater itself was built along a sloping bank, allowing audience members to bring blankets or chairs and sit on the grassy steps as they watched

the performances. An 8-foothigh rock fence was made of native stone and served as a retaining wall (and sometimes as seating). The stage was initially constructed to be 39 feet across by 26 feet wide. Underground wiring and hidden lights prevented equipment from taking away the location's "natural beauty." All lighting was operated from an electrical booth at the rear of the amphitheater - considered to be "one of the first to be installed in any theater." This permitted the light technician to view the play. As there was no sound equipment, any music was done by a band which would play in the orchestra pit.

The placement of the theater as a whole was planned strategically. The theater runs north and south so productions in the daytime remained unhindered by the sun. In addition, not a single tree was touched during construction in order to preserve the park's natural setting. This placement was advantageous in that the trees not only provided shade for audiences, but also served as scenic effects for the productions as well as places to hang lights.

In 1934, construction of the amphitheater was complete. On April 28, 1934, the theater was dedicated to the pioneers of West Texas. In an invitation to one "pioneer," Morelock explained that the pioneers' "endurance, their courage, and their faith have transformed the desert into a flower garden and the wilderness into communities of culture and progress." The tribute to the pioneers took place during Sul Ross Homecoming, a time when many alumni would come back to West Texas and when school spirit was at a peak.

The program for the event included a pageant written by W.A Stigler and Mrs. Jeanie M. Frank of El Paso and recognized 48 duchesses representing towns as far away as El Paso and San Antonio. Under the direction of Annie Kate Ferguson, instructor in public speaking, primary education and reading, 300 students from multiple Sul Ross clubs and



Archives of the Big Bend, Bryan Wildenthal Memorial Library, Sul Ross State University, Alpine, Texas, 1934. Inset: Photo by Chelsea Rios, 2010.

The original amphitheater had twelve levels of seating and a lighting booth that enabled the light crew to see the stage. By 1970, a new amphitheater was built up the hill, and the old amphitheater fell into disrepair. Over the years, six levels of seating and the light booth have disappeared (inset).

societies dressed in costume, portraying the "development of the Big Bend from the time of its inhabitance by the Indian basket-makers to the present." The show presented nine episodes, ending with student lines across the stage holding placards symbolizing the numerous organizations present from Sul Ross College. The orchestra pit was used for the first time by the Sul Ross band. Sul Ross organizations that assisted in the production included the Mask and Slipper Dramatic Club, the Sul Ross Band, the Uncas and Sachems (separate societies), the Pioneer Club, Los Tertulianos (Spanish club), and the demonstrative school's choral and speech classes.

Attendance at the "Historical Pageant of the Big Bend" was estimated to be a staggering 6,000 people, minus the locals who were told not to come so that travelers from out of town would be able to view the spectacle. According to the Skyline, "Mr. Herbert Kokernot Jr., furnished meat for a free barbecue in the afternoon and more than 7,000 pounds were consumed." The performance received rave reviews and an "excellent write up" in the San Antonio Express. The following Monday, a second performance was given to 2,000 Alpine locals.

After the pageant, the amphitheater thrived. Not only did the drama department of Sul Ross College use the facility, but so did numerous other organizations such as the Sul Ross band and the theater programs of local high schools.

The works of William Shakespeare have been popular productions at the Outdoor Theater throughout the years. A Midsummer Night's Dream in 1956 followed by Taming of the Shrew in 1957 and The Tempest in 1959 were just a few of many plays performed. Referring to the 1956 production of A Midsummer Night's Dream, it was said, "the magical light of a mountain twilight made a charming setting for the fantasy of the play." One of the few times a show in the amphitheater was ever cancelled was in 1958, when Shakespeare's Twelfth Night was rained out, as rains flooded the entire park

"The most interesting thing about the outdoor theater (amphitheater) is that it was always packed. People came and brought their cushions and their blankets and sat on the ground. The entire audience area (was) completely filled; we even had people sitting on the retaining wall," said Dr. Alice Katherine Boyd, professor of speech and drama from 1955 to 1975.

In 1966, the Outdoor Summer Theatre was established by E. Clayton McCarty, attracting 800 people the first season.

By 1970 a new modern theater designed by McCarty was built by Sul Ross in the vicinity of the amphitheater. In the first three summers of the 1970s, "more than 10,000 playgoers – townspeople and Big Bend tourists alike," showed up for each season. As attention became focused on the new theater, the 35-year-old original amphitheater fell into a state of disrepair.

During the 40 years since the newer theater was built, many changes have taken place at the amphitheater. Originally, the number of terraced steps was 12; there are now only six. What happened to the other six terraces? The stage was originally raised 4 feet off the ground (for the orchestra pit), and columns were on stage left and right. Today the stage is even with the ground, the orchestra pit is nowhere to be seen, and the columns are not as tall. The creek is now adjacent to the amphitheater rather than a safer distance away. It seems that the orchestra pit has either been filled with dirt purposefully, as were the terraces to make them even with the stage, or the changes have occurred naturally due to the placement of the amphitheater in a natural floodplain.

Can we use the theater in the future? Dona Roman, theater director and associate professor of theater at Sul Ross has hopes. She staged the 2010 summer production of *Alicia in Wonder Tierra* at the amphitheater in part to bring attention to the need for restoration. "We hope the community comes together to aid in the restoration of part of Alpine's history," Roman said.

The costs to renovate the amphitheater to Texas Accessibility Standards, including the many aspects necessary to

bring it to full compliance, is estimated to be around \$100,000, according to Jim Clouse, associate vice-president for facilities at Sul Ross.

For almost 80 years, the lodge has been used as a recreational center, a picnic and barbecue site and a meeting place for local organizations, as well as faculty and departmental socials. It currently meets TAS standards but is worn and needs updating.

The Kokernot Amphitheater may not appear the same as it did in its prime, but the fact remains that it is still there, just as the lodge is. With attention from the community as well as assistance in funding, the amphitheater may return as a continuously used setting for more Sul Ross and local productions.

The cultural and historical importance of the lodge and amphitheater cannot be overlooked much longer. Older local residents and former students will always have the memories of nights under the cottonwoods, a refreshing trip to the spring, as well as the smell of barbecue and the sounds of fellowship at the lodge. These experiences should not escape Alpine's younger citizens and students but should be revived traditions.

The Kokernot Lodge and Amphitheater are treasures from the past, to be appreciated by the students of Sul Ross as well as thespians and the Big Bend community for many years to come.

You Can Help!

The Amphitheater has been identified as a 2013 capital improvement in the Sul Ross budget pending adequate funding There is currently no funding set aside, but an account has been set up for this purpose at www.sulross.edu/theatre or checks can be mailed to Dona Roman, Box C 43, SRSU, Alpine, TX 79832.





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Book Review

by Crystal Allbright

Crazy from the Heat: A Chronicle of Twenty Years in the Big Bend by James H. Evans

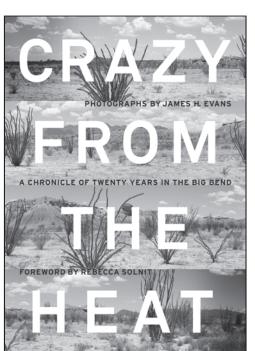
University of Texas Press, Austin (2011) ISBN: 978-0-292-72659-8 \$55.00, hardcover with dust jacket, 192 pp., 131 color and black and white photos

razy from the Heat, photographs James H. Evans, not only chronicles 20 years in the Big Bend, but 20 years of photographic evolution, its rapid transition from film to digital the resistance to the integration. It is also a journal of Evans' journey from professional photographer to artist. Inspired by photography's tenuous hold on the status of art since the turn of the 19th century, Evans takes a hand at leading us through this century, and he's not holding back in this new portfolio.

Crazy from the Heat is threaded with notions

from Evans' first book, Big Bend Pictures, published by the University of Texas Press in 2003. Amidst his beautiful portraits and studies of landscapes, you find hints of his work to be carried on throughout his career - a streaking star here, a flashed ocotillo there. Even a few honored deceased animals. In the afterword for Crazy from the Heat, Evans explains, "Describing myself as an artist has always been somewhat uncomfortable for me, because an artist is not necessarily one who paints, or makes sculpture, or photographs, or whatever. Being or becoming an artist, to me, is more about approach. I think it is something we are all born with and either develop through time, or resist or ignore." So now, as Evans gets a little more comfortable, he opens his engaging ideas to study.

The dust cover explodes with color in rows of a hot afternoon panoramic desert, while opening the pages reveals more of his exploration. A bull snake shares the texture of the road, like Evans' other reptiles have shared the texture of upholstery. A few pages later, he spotlights a small animal on a white stage — emphasizing the sharp



points of grayscale in a Texas horned lizard or the limestone and igneous colors of a hog nosed snake. A dust devil swirls, and soon John L. Guileman holds his hat against an impending storm. Yes, heat often precedes the hope of rain here, the build of enormous clouds with threads of lightning. Lightning across layers of blue landscape or through a rain-drenched windshield or intertwined with the mystery at the Marathon Motel sign. Evans is expanding his repertoire.

His work at night is quite intriguing. Opening the shutter for extended

intervals, he paints the plants and rocks with light, so they come alive against the darkness. Like a dirt-road drive home, headlights briefly expose an ocotillo to remind one of waving tendrils of life in ocean depths. Often he lets the light from the moon and stars do the work, as when they reflect off the churning water of Rough Run Creek as it flash floods at midnight. While making long exposures with film cameras, he shares the time with a digital camera. Among the panoramic images featured in the February issue of Texas Monthly, he explains the use of digital for "Chisos at Night." "Digital sensors are much more sensitive to light, and a moon can provide plenty of light for exposure." These images emphasize a timeless quality, as you try to decipher night from day. The streak of a star or a mention in a title may be your only

If you're unable to experience the full effect of Evans' images in a gallery or a museum, then this hardcover book will be the next best place to lay your curious eyes. Just shy of an 11-inch-by-14-inch frame size, this book opens into a large space, giving comfortable room for many formats—from



Photos by James H. Evans
Clockwise from top: Shafter Landscape #3,
Freddie and Ocotillo & Stars



the digital panoramic to the Hasselblad square, the full-bleed to the white-firamed. DJ Stout and Julie Savasky of Pentagram Design in Austin steer the continuity of the Evans' work. Having fashioned *Big Bend Pictures*, they are intimate with his ideas and visions. Combined with a gift from the University of Texas Press 2010 Advisory Council, this chronicle shows a dedication to high standards and aesthetics.

The foreword is authored by Rebecca Solnit, the acclaimed San Francisco-based writer with 13 books to her name, including the multi-award-winning River of Shadows: Eadweard Muybridge and the Technological Wild West and more recently A Paradise Built in Hell: The Extraordinary Communities That Arise in Disaster. Solnit has been an independent writer since 1988, the same year Evans moved to Marathon to commandeer his independence as an artist. She is an editing contributor to Harper's magazine and contributes to the political site Tomdispatch.com.

Solnit takes a road trip from San Francisco over the Sierra to the high desert with the galleys for *Crazy from the Heat* playing in her head. "I was west. (Where I come from, you get there by going east)." As she brings the galleys from the city to the open spaces, similar yet different from Evans' environment, her lulling comparisons wind through the small towns, the people and the scenery to complement the images and ponder their place in this society. Solnit writes in the foreword, aptly titled "Dirt and Light," "I wouldn't argue that rustic life

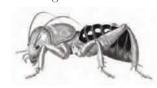


is simpler or better – only different, very different. The very textures in James Evans's pictures speak: the cases of soda and the old hot-water-tank boiler on the back veranda with the boys on the trampoline, the way skin ages in the dry broil of the air as though people over time become closer to reptiles, the ubiquitous dust and the spectacular space."

I find myself thumbing back to images that make me a little uncomfortable – maybe the nude in the sand or the deer in the tinaja. How about Shirley's fried pie exploding in grease? Like a cholla, these images stick in a different place when you try to pull one out, and you wonder why you stepped there in the first place. Still, there is a respectful approach to the nudes and an honored quality to the critters that keep you fingering the 192 pages. Next time, on a float through Santa Elena Canyon, the top of the walls will seem different. And of course, I sigh with awe at the phenomenal portraits – crying for the time not spent with Monte Schatz and wishing to hear the laughter of Jesse Gonzales.

I will miss the "Notes and Stories" found in Evans' first book. You may need to go there and find Ezekiel Hernandez' bedroom to learn about the ghillie suit. In *Crazy from the Heat*, there are no dates by the titles — not even an index: You are only given a 20-year span. As a novel abandons the conventions of normal chronology, the images jump from one idea to the next and then back again, emulating the evolution and production of ideas, using the camera as a journal. Says Evans of his work, "I don't necessarily create anything new but recycle ideas through my imagination."

A shuttle in a loom, a needle in cloth, creating a timeless story of people and nature, night and day. Quilting small ideas into larger ones. Their use measured by how the edges are worn.





All photos courtesy Archive of the Big Bend, Bryan Wildenthal Memorial Library, Sul Ross State University, Alpine, Texas

The Alpine Central School, built in 1910, inspired the first Summer Normal, the predecessor to Sul Ross State Teacher's College. It was demolished in 1970 to make room for the current elementary school.



Dr. Horace Morelock, Harvard graduate and president of Sul Ross for more than 20 years, promoted the college and Alpine and was intrumental in creating the lodge and amphitheater.

ALPINE ~ History and Sense of Place

By David Keller

lpine started out as little more than a boxcar depot rolled off the tracks in a wide grassland valley. With a strong-running spring and the new Southern Pacific railroad, it quickly became a supply post and shipping point for the vast cattle ranches that spread outward in all directions. Anchored by low hills and surrounded by the Davis Mountains, the little town had a sense of permanence. Like it belonged to the land. Only five years after its birth, Alpine was chosen for the county seat. And with a steadily growing population, the quicksilver boom in South County and the new two-story, well-appointed schoolhouse built in 1910, it seemed that Alpine was here to stay.

In many ways, Alpine was indistinguishable from other railroad towns. As in those other towns, the depot was the hub of activity, its nerve center. Beyond that, the town was little more than a collection of houses, a few saloons, churches, general stores, a blacksmith shop—the standard-issue Western cowtown. But when Sul Ross State Normal College opened its doors for the first summer session in 1920, Alpine gained a sense of itself as distinct and unique

among area communities. It stood a little taller.

Had it not been for the accident that Alpine was centered in a vast and unpopulated part of the state, or that the Central School inspired the first Alpine Summer Normal, it is unlikely Alpine would have ever been considered as a site for a college. As important as it was in serving such a large and sparsely settled region, Sul Ross was not popular across most of the rest of the state. Opponents argued that having a college in this remote hinterland was a waste of state funds. As a result, from its earliest days, and intermittently ever since, Sul Ross has had to fight for its existence.

Fortunately the college found a champion willing to accept the challenge. In his efforts to attract students, college President Horace Morelock knew he had to focus on the larger assets of the town and the region. He promoted tirelessly through letters, in speeches at graduations and in the annual publication the *Rossonion*. In a set of foldout postcards printed in the 1930s that highlighted the area, Morelock wrote, "With its delightful climate, picturesque mountains, its lovely homes, paved streets,

"No place is a place until things that have happened in it are remembered..."

Wallace Stegner

pure water, elegant hotel and opportunities for recreation – (Alpine) is rapidly becoming a favorite resort for Texas people who desire rest, recreation and spiritual uplift."

Today, those same assets Morelock championed are perhaps even more relevant than they were in his time, mostly because they are more precious. As most of the rest of the state, and small towns across the nation, succumb to the homogenizing effects of our automobile-based culture, Alpine – largely by accident – retains much of what is special about it. It hasn't been made over into some theme park like Santa Fe or boomed and sprawled endlessly outward like Midland or Lubbock. At least not yet.

Still, like most towns, Alpine has suf-

fered its share of losses. Fires consumed the first two depots, the first Presbyterian Church and the Garnett Hotel and ravaged the entire downtown district three separate times. But if such natural catastrophes were in some measure inevitable, the intentional destruction of historic buildings was certainly not. The demolition of the old Central School in the early 1970s was, by most accounts, the greatest loss. But there have been many others: the old adobe Catholic Church, the two-story brick Hancock Building and a great many homes, especially historic adobes on Alpine's south side.

It's a trend that persists even today. Just six years ago, the stone-cottage village on the Sul Ross campus – built during the Great Depression by Alpine men on the relief rolls – was demolished to make way for a new student-housing complex.

Meanwhile, development inconsistent with the character of the town continues to spread. Businesses sprawl outward along the east and west sides of town, mobile homes invade vacant lots and tracts along its edges and — most recently—the east slope of A Mountain has been carved up for residential devel-



The rock cottages were built by local relief workers and the Civil Works Administration in 1935. Dr. Morelock wrote they would be "a blessing to the community for all time to come." In spite of public outcry, they were demolished in 2005 to make way for the Lobo Village on the Sul Ross campus.

opment, forever changing the nature of the viewshed.

Understanding something of the past, the local history, is a critical part of developing a sense of place. But without the tangible reminders of its setting – historic buildings, landmarks, viewsheds – the story has no physical context. And as places lose their character, they tend to devolve, becoming little more than a mockery of living space: the interchangeable American town. But, in spite of sentiments to the contrary, it is not inevitable, and it doesn't have to happen everywhere. It certainly doesn't have to happen here.

Although Alpine's sense of itself seemed to have faded for a period of time after World War II (repeating a pattern seen across most of the country), in the last 20 years there has been a trend towards recovery. The seed may have been planted as early as Alpine's Centennial Celebration in 1982 and the commissioning of Alpine's history by historian Clifford B. Casey. But it took another decade before a number of historic downtown buildings were restored and reopened and the first Alpine Gallery Night was held, signaling the beginning of what might be termed the "Alpine Renaissance."

As Álpine's focus began to return back upon itself, it also started to gain more outside recognition. The Texas Historical Commission funded a study of the town's historic adobes, after Alpine was determined to have the largest such collection outside of El Paso. Murphy Street was hailed as being perhaps the most intact Old West-styled front street in the state. And the growing array of annual events brings ever more visitors who come to taste what small-town Western life is like in a fortuitously forgotten corner of Texas.

Even though what is special about Alpine remains, it cannot survive the onslaught of unregulated growth and bad development. It will not survive the continued destruction of historic buildings, open space and natural viewsheds. But to reverse those trends involves a substantial commitment from the community and elected officials. It also requires an understanding of the

things we value in our community and a vision of where we want to go.

When most people think about managing growth or encouraging historic preservation, they usually think about codes, restrictions, penalties – rules that force compliance. And those things certainly have their place. But they are not always necessary, and in places like Alpine that have such a strong undercurrent of individual freedom, they're not often well received.

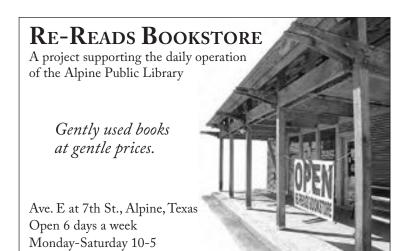
Fortunately there is another model that is less controversial and, at least in the beginning, can go a long way towards initiating a shift in thinking, which is perhaps even more important than a shift in policy. This model is focused primarily on offering incentives, rather than disincentives – the carrot instead of the stick. One of the most obvious incentives is tax relief – reductions (even modest ones) in property taxes for owners of old buildings that retain their historic character. Another is recognition for acts that embellish or enhance the town – for restoring rather than demolishing a historic building, for maintaining or enhancing a viewshed, for painting a mural in a public space.

But perhaps even more important than a set of incentives is a vision and a set of guiding principles towards achieving that vision (such principles could even be officially adopted by the city and chamber of commerce) that can find expression in proclamations, local literature, Web sites, primers for new residents and events (think "Alpine Day"). Such principles would present a clear, basic idea of the things worth keeping and of ways to keep those things intact. A town with a strong identity, and a clear path of where it wants to go, will be a town that prospers and attracts the right types of economic ventures and discourages the wrong ones.

It's easy to lose sight of how fortunate we are to live in a community organized on a human scale, with a sense of secure remoteness, away from the nightmares of the big city and the mind-numbing pall of the suburbs. We live in a rarefied place that hasn't been made over as most of the rest of the country has been. Against all likelihood and the insidious forces of change, Alpine remains true to its past. It is this authenticity – every bit as much as the college on the hill and the panorama surrounding it – that sets Alpine apart today and makes it a place worth living.

As poet Wendell Berry pointed out, "if you don't know where you are, you don't know who you are." If we nourish what is good about a place, we nourish its inhabitants. But if we continue to allow what is important about Alpine to be diminished, we stand to lose more than the character of a place, or even a sense of community. We risk losing something of ourselves.



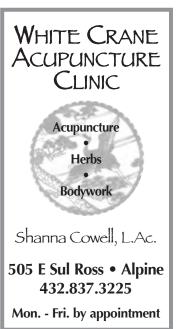




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Voices of the BIG BEND

Jim Glendinning continues the tradition of his popular radio interviews from "Voices of the Big Bend," an original production of KRTS, Marfa Public Radio. The program continues to be broadcast occasionally throughout the region at 93.5 FM.

by Jim Glendinning

eorge Vose was born on May 3, 1922 in Machias, Maine. His father, John Pierce Vose, was a subsistence farmer. His mother, Rebecca Parlin Vose, bore two children. The elder, Irene, lives today in Florida and keeps in touch with George by e-mail.

George attended elementary and high school in Machias. This was the time of Lindbergh's landmark transatlantic flight (1927), and someone gave George a metal model of the Spirit of St. Louis. Fascinated by flying, he would run out of the house if he heard a plane flying overhead. He took his first flight in 1937. In 1939 he graduated from high school and got a job in the local hospital in the X-ray department.

This early hospital experience enabled him to get a job in 1940 at Penn State University as a lab technician. He is proud of his work there in the field of bone density and of the 27 years that followed at Texas Woman's University. More vital to his future was that his earnings enabled him to learn to fly. He scraped up enough money to pay for 160 hours of instruction – at 35 cents an hour – to obtain an instructor's certificate.

George instructed flight cadets from 1943-45, first at Wichita Falls and then as a gunnery instructor in California. He returned briefly to Penn State and graduated in 1951. Then he continued his studies in bone metabolism at Texas Woman's University of Denton from 1951 to 1976, but only until 4 p.m. each day. After that was flying time.

His second job, and passion, was flying. At Hartlee Field in Denton, he tested 2,500 students, for both private and commercial flying. In 1976, he moved to Alpine, where the weather was excellent and the skies empty. Over the years, he



Photo by Jim Glendinning

GEORGE VOSE Terlingua

has flown an astonishing 24,000 hours, all in propeller planes.

Asked about what you need to go flying, he answers, "You need a compass, a map and a pencil." He has taught around 40 local students, by whom his style is described as "hands-off." He divides his time between Alpine and his second home, an airpark 60 miles south at Tauras Mesa where he has sold tracts to other pilots.

George's honors are as varied as his recollections of curious, comic and tragic flying events. He has been honored by the FAA as a master pilot and is a member of the Alaska Pilots Association, of United Flying Octogenarians and of OX5 (Aviation Pioneers).

In addition to instructing, he has had many contracts with agencies and Sul



Photo by Dallas Baxter

LANNA DUNCAN Fort Davis

Ross State University doing aerial tracking of wildlife. He gained recognition as the pilot in Alan Tennant's bestselling book *On the Wing*, an account of a project in 2005 to follow migrating peregrine falcons. "We were the odd couple," says George, dealing lightly with the challenges of an interpersonal relationship. Courteous and quiet in demeanor, with occasional dry humor, George Vose, who never married, is a rare bird indeed – an old-fashioned pioneer of the skies.

anna Tweedy was born on Jan. 28, 1956 in Ligonier, Penn. Growing up, the middle one of five daughters, in a nourishing pastoral environment of creeks and fields, Lanna also experienced home discipline at the din-



Photo courtesy Sul Ross State University

LEO DOMINGUEZ Alpine

ner table. Her father, Malcolm Tweedy, was a diligent teacher and insisted on intelligent conversation at dinner. Her mother, Sally Marie Godfrey, ran the home, keeping an eye on Lanna and her sisters Laura, Leslie, Lucinda and Mynetta.

Lanna graduated from Ligonier High School in 1974 with history and art her strong interests. She continued at Penn State University, graduating in 1979 with a B.A. in education. After graduation, her first professional job was teaching special-needs children in Odessa for five years. She then taught special education at the Lewisville (Texas) Middle School.

In 1988, she received a master's degree in counseling and student services from North Texas State University in

Denton, after which she moved to Dallas, where she was a counselor at the Highland Park Middle School.

The Tweedy and Duncan families had known each other in Fort Davis since the 1950s. Joe Duncan's dad owned the Hotel Limpia, and Lanna's parents lived at the old fort, which "Bish," as her dad was called, was intent on preserving.

In 1978, the Tweedy family moved back to Fort Davis from Ligonier. Joe and Lanna were married in front of the fort, by then dedicated as a national historic site, in 1983.

A decision that was to make major changes to Lanna's and Joe's lives came in 1991. Relishing a challenge and believing in the tourism potential, they bought the Hotel Limpia from Joe's parents. They were now in the hospitality business, an enterprise that would engage them for 20 years, make them the principal hoteliers in the region and require 16-hour workdays. The hotel was upgraded (42 rooms today), and six guest houses were later acquired.

Their son Malcolm was born in 1993. He is currently a senior at Idyllwild Arts Academy in Palm Springs, Calif. studying film production. He has worked with Mark Mathis, co-producer of the Oscar-nominated *Precious*. His parents are "excited and proud" for him and last year drove to California 10 times to visit him.

In March 200l, they bought the Hotel Paisano, a Marfa hotel designed by architect Henry Trost, at an auction, almost on a whim. By that Thanksgiving, 11 rooms were ready. In 2009 they bought another Trost-designed property, the Hotel El Capitan in Van Horn, which had most recently been a bank, and restored it handsomely.

The purchase of the Stone Village Motel in Fort Davis followed, with the imaginative installation of "camp rooms." Finally, the adjacent Stone Village Market was acquired and upgraded to include a deli and whole foods and is thriving.

Gracious as hospitality professionals, they are tireless hard workers, ever mindful of their staff, whom they treat as family. They are equally committed to the community, working with the Fort Davis Chamber of Commerce and the school board, the scout troop and the Presbyterian Church and its project Casa Hogar in Ojinaga, Mexico, a shelter for homeless children.

hange is good – it's what makes us move forward," said Leo Dominguez, leaning forward to add emphasis. We were sitting in his office at Sul Ross State University, where he is associate vice president for advancement and university relations. He had just been assigned a second job: dean of student life.

Born on April 4, 1954 in Stanton, Texas, near Midland, to Isidoro ("Lolo") and Virginia Dominguez, Leo was the second of four children. His siblings — Diana, Tommy and younger sister Bernice — all of whom still live locally. His father was a skilled carpenter who moved around the region. Later, the family settled in Alpine, and Leo grew up helping his dad build houses.

The Dominguez family lived in "Pueblo Nuevo" on the south side of the railroad tracks. Leo's first job as a fifth grader was setting up the pins in the bowling alley on the Sul Ross campus. He loved going to school – first to Centennial School, then later Alpine High School – and was a social person. Team spirit impressed him hugely and was to serve him well in adult life.

In 1972 he was picked to go to Texas Boy's State, a one-week course in government at the University of Texas at Austin. This caused him to choose government as his course of study when he started at Sul Ross in 1973. Twenty-one years later, this interest prompted him to start, with some other farsighted citizens, Leadership Big Bend, which continues successfully today.

In 1976, while still at Sul Ross, he was elected to Alpine's city council. He graduated with a B.A. in political science in May 1977. After a year at North Arizona University in Flagstaff, he returned to Alpine, where he worked as director of housing at Sul Ross from 1978 to 1979 before completing his master's degree in public administration in 1984. He married Elsa Ceniceros in Marfa on July 14, 1979 – "the best thing I ever did." They have three daughters: Maritza, Ariana and Alesandra, who live in El Paso, Florida and Austin respectively.

After Sul Ross, Leo wanted a challenge. Thus he started a 13-year career with General Telephone and Electronics (GTE), which moved him quickly into the higher echelons of the corporate world. He was a natural salesman; selling to him was a "dream." But GTE was breaking up, and, having pulled off a big contract in Venezuela, he took a well-paid buy out in 1994 and came home to Alpine.

He returned to Alpine, reconnecting with small-town life and values, and started his own business called Fashion Express, a women's clothing store. After two years he found his shop squeezed out by competition, and he closed down. Fortuitously, Sul Ross was looking for a director of development, which he describes as basically a selling job – but one selling the dream of education and a better life.

He was the first Hispanic president of the Alpine Chamber of Commerce, and he currently serves on the gas board. He strongly believes in a bright future for Sul Ross once the present budgetary restrictions are addressed and a path forward established.



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OLD FORT DAVIS

Confederate States of America

by Bob Miles

¬he Civil War started 150 years ago this month, but had little - effect on Far West Texas. Texas seceded on March 4, 1861 and joined the Confederate States of America on March 23, 1861. Lt. Col. John R. Baylor of the 2nd Regiment of the Texas Mounted Rifles was given the responsibility for overseeing the removal of all federal troops in Far West Texas. A small detachment was sent ahead of the main force, arriving at Fort Davis on April 25 as the federal troops were abandoning the post. They found the Mescalero Apaches in the area quite friendly at first, with leaders Espejo and Nicholas and their bands visiting often at the fort.

Some of the troops remained at Fort Davis after the arrival of Gen. H.H. Sibley and the main force for the push into New Mexico. Confederate Commissioner James McCarthy, then at Fort Davis, conceived a plan to secure peace with the local Apaches. He invited Nicholas to accompany him to El Paso to meet with Col. Baylor. There they feasted with Baylor, James W. Magoffin and others amid vows of eternal friendship. (Given Baylor's known feelings toward the natives, there must have been

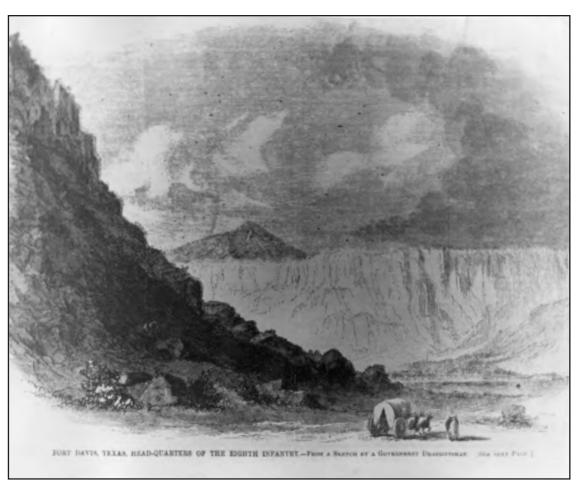


Photo courtesy National Park Service: Fort Davis National Historic Site, Texas

A sketch of the first Fort Davis probably done in the late 1850s or 1860 and published in *Harper's*. This is how the fort would have looked during the early part of the Civil War when Confederate troops were occupying it. (Apart from the dramatically exaggerated mountains!)

Old Fort Davis

Confederate supply point and frontier outpost on Great Military Road from San Antonio to El Paso 1861-1862. After surrendered by U.S. Army, occupied by detachment 2nd Texas Mounted Rifles. Apaches ambushed patrol from Fort 1861. Used by Texas Confederate troops en route to and from New Mexico-Arizona campaign to stop flow of gold to North and gain access to Pacific. Two cannons buried nearby on return have never been found. Occupied briefly California Union Cavalry August 1862. A memorial to Texans who served the Confederacy.

Erected by the State of Texas, 1963

much gritting of his teeth!)

On the return trip by stagecoach, as they approached Barrel Springs, Nicholas grabbed McCarthy's pistol, jumped from the coach and vanished into the brush. A short time later, the horse herd at the fort was stolen and some cattle killed. Lt. Ruben Mays with seven soldiers and seven civilians went after the Apaches. They trailed them into the rugged Big Bend until the Apaches caught them on Aug. 11, 1861. Only one of the guides survived. The location of the incident is not known.

When Gen. Sibley's ill-fated grand plan ended with the loss of the

Confederate supply train at Glorieta near Santa Fe in March of 1862, a long and brutal retreat began back to San Antonio.

Fort Davis served for a time as a way station and hospital for the retreating Confederates. Some of the starving troopers remembered feasting on fresh beef and bread made from the flour at the fort, which was soon abandoned. Diedrick Dutchover was left to look after the post, but he and three or four men and one woman soon found themselves hiding for two days on the roof of one of the buildings while the Apaches sacked the place.

On the second night, they escaped and made their way on foot to Presidio del Norte, leaving one badly wounded man behind. In late August, a scouting party of the Union First California Volunteers found the post abandoned and returned to El Paso. A local tale claims two cannons and some other equipment were buried in the vicinity of Wild Rose Pass by the retreating Texans.

For the remainder of the war, the fort lay abandoned to the Apaches, the occasional bold traveler or courier and Henry Skillman's spy company, which kept the Yankees in El Paso on their toes with rumors of new Confederate invasions.

This month begins the sesquicentennial of the Civil War, and while many events are being planned nationwide for the next four years, none are yet scheduled for our area.



18

Cenizo

The Crosses

~ An Alpine Family

by Reba Cross Seals

Thile there are arguably families more significant to the history of Alpine than the Crosses, I'll bet very few have had so many members stay in the community or leave and return to make Alpine their home. Therefore, I'm having a heck of a time condensing my story into 1,200 words and including mention of all who were significant in Alpine businesses and at Sul Ross.

Even at the present time, there are seven adults who have businesses or skilled positions here, three children in Alpine public schools, one currently in Sul Ross and one on the Alpine ISD school board. It's hard to decide which are more important to mention than others, now and in the past. I have already eliminated ones who moved away.

Older Alpine residents will recognize all these names, as I did not include any who married into the family but did not live here. The story is long, but trying to decide where to sever is difficult.

Ewing Smith Cross and wife, Eula May (Paul), moved their family of five boys to Alpine in 1917 from Goliad. Cross, who had owned a furniture store and mortuary in Goliad, purchased Alpine Furniture from C.W. Livingston, located at 103 W. Holland Ave., which later became the location of White's Auto Store. Soon he traded locations with Shirley Scales' Kandy Kitchen, and the new Cross Furniture Company started business on the ground floor of the Masonic Building at the corner of Fifth Street and Sul Ross Avenue, where the *Alpine Avalanche* office is today.

Cross was a good businessman, but his helpmate was just as astute. She had the knack of decorating hats with feathers, veils and flowers, and soon her



Photo courtesy Reba Cross Seals

Christmas, Alpine, Texas, circa 1936. Left to right: Lois and Tom Cross, Margie and Jack Cross behind daughter, Jackie Louise, Frank Cross, matriarch Eula Mae Cross, teenagers Dorothy and Mae holding little brother Robert (Robo) in front of their parents, Mary Lea and D.L. Cross and Lorena Cross (wife of Frank) holding son, Paul, with daughter, Patricia, the smallest girl in the front row.

straw and felt creations were in demand. She added a small line of belts and stockings and then ladies' clothing, taking up a considerable portion of the store.

In 1930 Ewing sold the furniture part of the business to Storey-Whiteside Lumber Co. and devoted his time to his wife's line. And soon the business was E. S. Cross Furniture & Mrs. E. S. Cross Millinery.

The Cross' second son, Jack, and wife, Margie (Bennett), joined the women's ready-to-wear business under the name of Cross & Cross Dress Shop. The store relocated to 119 E. Holland Ave., next door to what's now Front Street Books, where it remained a successful Alpine business. The store sold in 1961 to Thad Corkins who operated under the Cross and Cross name for years.

Cross' son, Dick Leo, worked as a sales representative for Casner Motor Company, where Bam Motors is now located. It was a Buick and Ford agency that sold new and used cars. Dick's youngest son,

Robert (Robo), remembered that he and his dad, both fluent in Spanish, would often each drive a used car to Ojinaga on weekends, sell the cars and take the bus home.

Dick and Mary Lea (Burke)'s five children attended public schools, and most received degrees from Sul Ross State Teacher's College and married into Alpine families.

Frank, Ewing's third son, was a star athlete at Alpine High School and Sul Ross. He served Alpine as chief deputy county clerk and court reporter for Brewster County in the late 1920s.

Son Tom became an attorney and vice-president in the Lone Star Gas Company in Fort Worth, and after retirement he and wife Lois (Dugger) moved back to Alpine.

My husband, Robert Cross, and I bought the beautiful old house at 205 W. Avenue B, which had been home to three

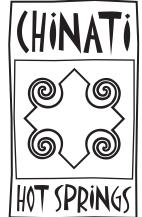
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Photo Essay

by Cathryn A. Hoyt

can't remember ever not having a camera. As a child, I took dozens of _photographs of my dog with a animals. Brownie Box camera, then, as an archeologist, took thousands of photographs of artifacts. Now, with the won-region is the beauty of the details.

ders of digital photography, I have tens of thousands of images of plants and

One of the things that fascinates me the most about the Chihuahuan Desert Drive by at 70 miles an hour and you butterflies, birds and plants. By sharing may not be impressed. But get out and walk, and the wonders of the desert are revealed. For me, photography is about learning. Through my images, I've learned so much – how to identify

my photographs, I hope to inspire others to slow down, take a look and learn to appreciate the details of the Chihuahuan Desert.



Shadow Dune at Monahans Sand Hills

I love photographing sand dunes. The color, patterns and texture of dunes provide endless hours of entertainment. The small fragment of wood in this photograph disrupted the air flow across the dune surface creating what is called a "shadow dune."



Blue-eyed Fly

Since 2007, I have been documenting the pollinators of the Northern Chihuahuan Desert. This photograph was taken as I waded through a field of yellow flowers photographing butterflies. The butterfly I was chasing disappeared, and its place was taken by this spectacular flower fly with a fuzzy golden body and brilliant blue eyes.



Agave

I can't resist photographing agaves. This one really stood out during my late afternoon walk through the Chihuahuan Desert Nature Center's botanical gardens. The light was just right to capture the leaf impression and create a "Christmas tree" effect.





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Poetry

by Bruce Nelson

Leaving Alpine

Testosterone crunches under our tires As we drive small in this very muscular land.

What Herculean weights have been lifted here. What Vulcan strength butted then jerked and raised up.

The earth's body builders hold their poses Poised and proud, bronzed by the sun.

We snap our pictures and admire As we drive back to the maidenly hills of Austin.

1.17 X the Square Root of the Height of the Eye

Standing and staring and figurin' in West Texas I'm calculatin' I can run as far as I can see In 68 minutes with a little left over.
But, on account of the cacti
And other thorny things —
I'm addin' 5 more minutes.

Pyrrhic Victory

The mountains tore off the bottom of the sky. You can still see the disfigured horizon. A border struggle won through convulsive defiance, Open rebellion to the sky's law of gravity, Shredding its clouds, blocking its light.

But the sky, unperturbed, has its enforcers. It scoffs at suddenness, showy outbursts – Taking

its

time

All will be put back in place.

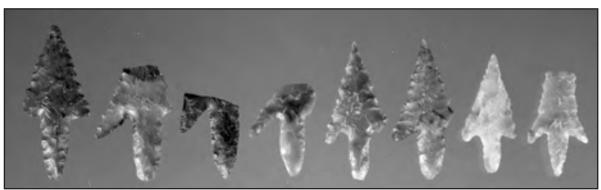


Photo courtesy of Robert Gray, Center for Big Bend Studies, Sul Ross State University, Alpine, Texas

Arrow points made of various colored agates and chert recovered from a rockshelter site in Brewster County.

Rocks, Rocks and more Rocks:

Their Use by Past Cultures in the Big Bend Region

by Richard W. Walter

The Big Bend region is not short on rocks—they are everywhere! And past inhabitants of our area took rocks really seriously. Rocks and minerals were used to make chipped and ground stone tools, as pigments, items of adornment, as heating elements to cook food, as construction material for a variety of features and ceramics, for ritualism and other uses.

Native groups in the Big Bend cared less whether a rock was igneous (formed through the cooling and solidification of magma or lava), sedimentary (formed through sedimentation) or metamorphic (formed by the transformation of an existing rock type through heat and pressure) or that a mineral is distinctive from a rock. (Minerals have a definite chemical composition and a characteristic crystalline structure or may be a compound made up of a number of chemical elements, while rocks are made up of one or more minerals.) They just knew that certain types of stones worked to serve certain functions.

A wide variety of cryptocrystalline materials were available in the Big Bend for the manufacture of chipped stone tools. These minerals have a texture made up of minute crystals and include agate, chalcedony, chert, hornfels, jasper, silicified wood, quartzite and siliceous novaculite, basalt, rhyolite, felsite, mudstone and siltstone, to name a few. The multi-colored Burro Mesa chert occurs in Big Bend National Park, while Maravillas chert, a distinctive black-colored chert, is found near Marathon. Highquality, white novaculite is found in the Caballos Mountains. A variety of beautiful agates are widespread throughout the Big Bend region. Rock quartz occurs in small amounts within the region and is the only known crystalline mineral used by prehistoric groups to make chipped stone tools and ritualistic paraphernalia as well.

All types of rocks were used to make various types of ground and pecked stone tools. The most common types of ground stone tools found in the Big Bend are metates and manos, because people relied on them for the processing of various wild plant materials. Sedimentary rocks used for ground stone included arenite (or orthoquartzite), sandstone and sometimes limestone.

Igneous rocks included rhyolite, quartz porphyry and basalt. Metamorphic rocks included quartzite and schist. In many cases, natural bedrock exposures and large boulders were modified to create mortar holes and other grinding surfaces. Other types of ground stone artifacts include pipes, shaft straighteners and sinker stones.

Rocks and minerals were also used to create items of adornment. Kaolinite, a clay mineral, was by far the most common material in the Big Bend used to fashion beads and pendants. A pendant made of chrysoprase, a green-colored variety of chalcedony, was discovered during an archeological survey in Big Bend National Park. Even sections of fossilized crinoids, invertebrate marine animals, were used for the manufacture of beads.

In most cases, minerals, not rocks, were used for various colored pigments and include malachite (green), hematite (red to orange), cinnabar (red), limonite (yellow), kaolinite (white) and azurite (blue). Pigments were used for body paint, rock imagery (pictographs) and decoration artifacts that include painted pebbles, dart and arrow foreshafts.

Rocks served as heating elements for cooking by native groups of the Big Bend. Igneous stones such as rhyolite and basalt were commonly used, along with some sedimentary rocks such as sandstone and limestone. Heat retention of the type of rock varied, and certain types of rocks were likely chosen to cook cer-

Cenizo

tain types of foods. Cooking stations range from individual hearths, to small roasting features adequate to cook food for smaller family groups, to larger communal roasting facilities that could produce larger amounts of storageable foodstuffs such as agave.

Rocks were a major element for the construction of dwellings, especially those attributable to the Cielo complex, a Late Prehistoric to Protohistoric (A.D. 1000 - 1700) culture within the Big Bend. Cobble to boulder-sized rocks were typically stacked from two to five tiers high around the base of wickiups. Other rock features include stone cairns, cysts, storage platforms, hunting blinds and read-out localities. Rocks were also used for the construction of various types of boulder outlines or boulder mosaics called petroforms.

Rocks were often modified to serve in ritualistic ceremonies. Some pebbles were painted or incised and are believed by some researches to have served in curing and/or fertility rites. Galena (crystalline lead) was used by the Apache in religion and ritualism. Captain John G. Bourke, an aid to Gen. George C. Crook, was hired by the U.S. Army to study the Apache. In his paper "Medicine Men of the Apaches," he states:

"At times one may find in the medicine of the more prominent and influential of the chiefs and medicine men of the Apache little sacks which, when opened, are found to contain pounded galena; this they tell me is great medicine. It is used as face paint and as a powder to be thrown to the sun or other elements."

The most common type of artifact found by archeologists at sites in the Big Bend is made of stone. Most perishable items have long since decayed. A great deal of information can be learned from stone artifacts through a number of special studies. Rocks and minerals contain specific geochemical fingerprints from a given source area. This allows archeologists to determine where a certain type of rock was collected and/or quarried by comparing the geochemical make-up of a given artifact to similar raw material from source areas whose geochemical signature have previously been identified.

This data can give insights on human behavior regarding trade, interaction and mobility. One of these analytical techniques is neutron activation analysis (NAA). This process involves the activation of gamma radiation to stone artifacts. By measuring the energy of the radiation, scientists can determine the presence and concentrations of various elements.

Another type of geochemical analysis is called X-ray fluorescence. The sample to be analyzed is irradiated with primary X-rays and, consequently, excites electrons from the inner energy levels of the constituent atoms. When these vacant energy levels are refilled by outer electrons, fluorescent X-rays are emitted. The wavelengths of these X-rays are characteristic of the elements excited, thus providing

continued on page 27

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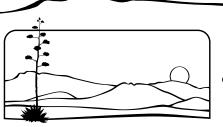
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Photo by Vicki Gadberry

Is it real – or just a place setting? The Oasis Filling Station once reigned along the highway near Fort Davis as a set for Dancer, Texas Pop. 81. It has since disappeared.

Place Settings

by Melissa Crowfoot Keane

Idon't read mystery novels. My entire family, however, inhales them, and years ago, I attempted to join in their obsession. But for me, charming place settings could never quite overcome the creepiness of all those dead bodies.

Recently, however, a bit of Marfa serendipity took me back into the world of mystery novels. On an evening last spring, John DeMers quizzed me about local archeology, as he planned to incorporate rock art into his second Marfa-based mystery. I was happy to answer his questions about petroglyphs, but hesitated when he offered to let me read galley proofs of his first Chef Brett novel, Marfa Shadows. I feared that there would be too many dead bodies for my sensibilities. And I'm defensive about my home town. I figured that some guy from Houston wouldn't be able to "get" Marfa properly. But John's a persuasive fellow, and I was intrigued to read a novel set in Marfa, so I agreed.

Yes, there are a lot of

corpses in *Marfa Shadows* – my suspicion proved to be correct. I stopped counting about halfway through the book when the body count topped 50. But I was wrong about this Houston food writer not being able to capture the feel of present-day Marfa. He got it. In and around all the corpses, DeMers' descriptions of our town rang true. As I finished the story, I started wondering just why his place setting felt right to me.

I went back to the Keane bookshelf to retrieve a copy of Tony Hillerman's Skinwalkers (1988). Hillerman, of course, is famous for his masterful use of the Four Corners area as the setting for his Joe Leaphorn mysteries, and I wanted to discover his methods for myself. After a re-read of Skinwalkers, I could see that Hillerman's successful creation of place hinges on two critical points. First, the setting and the story are intertwined – that is, this particular story could only occur in this particular place at this particular time. *Skinwalkers* tosses together high desert landscapes, professional archeologists, pothunters and a taste of Navajo culture into a tale that could only take place on the Navajo Reservation in the late 20th century.

And Hillerman's details are correct. Because the details are right, they bring the setting into clear focus. Tri-county folks all will recognize the night sky that Hillerman describes in spare, almost scientific language: "the moon was down, and the sky over him was an incredible dazzle of stars humans can see only when high altitude, clear dry air and an absence of ground light combine."

Armed with my homegrown two-point analysis of a successful place setting — intertwined story and setting and accurate details — I read two other mystery novels set in Big Bend country to compare with *Marfa Shadows* to see how successfully the authors conjured up our surroundings. Each of the three authors incorporates aspects of

UPCOMING EVENTS

border life into their stories. Immigration, drugs and relationships among Mexicans and Americans appear in all three novels, and, in that sense, each of the three stories is intertwined with its setting. But some of the weaving is tight and solid, while some is sloppy. And some of the details are flat-out wrong.

Best-selling author Nevada Barr has written a series of mysteries in which retired park ranger Anna Pigeon roams from national park to national park tripping over corpses. In Borderline (2009), Pigeon joins a doomed river trip through Santa Elena Canyon. For me, however, the story and setting didn't intertwine tightly. Much of the tale could have happened on any river trip through any canyon in the American West. And some the details just aren't right. Two examples made me wince. To create danger on the three-day excursion through Santa Elena Canyon, Barr causes the Rio Grande to run high and swift, but the first condition contradicts the second. The Rio Grande running at such a pace would have propelled the rafters through the canyon in hours, not days. Later in the story, after danger and disaster have struck, Anna Pigeon struggles to locate the corpse of the murdered river guide at dusk because the guide was dressed in, "a dark shirt and black silk long johns." Not exactly the outfit a Terlingua river guide would choose to protect herself from the Texas sun.

Former Marfa resident Allana Martin does a tighter iob of connecting her plot to Far West Texas. In Death of a Myth Maker (2001), she depicts a Marfa tipping between old and new. Her female protagonist, Texana Jones, runs a trading post in a fictional town verv similar to Candelaria. In contrast to Barr's story peopled with visitors to Big Bend National Park, Martin populates her border communities with long-time residents and natives – the single important exception being the bad guy. (Isn't it always an outsider who causes trouble around here?)

Her details of small-town life ring true. "That's how invitations are posted around here. We post signs at the two places everyone gets to sooner or later. Everyone is invited and almost everyone shows up." I particularly liked this tiny scene that takes place in Carmen's Café as Texana notices the "glances in our direction as Marfa made note of Jake's arrival and took a reading on the out-of-town lawyer." My single quibble with Martin's place setting is the inclusion of a stop at the Marfa Lights in the opening pages. It felt to me more like an excuse to include this most famous bit of local celebrity rather a crucial part of the unfolding plot.

Arriving in Marfa about a decade after Texana Jones, DeMer's protagonist opens a restaurant in a 100-year-old adobe building (reminiscent of Carmen's) with an attached vegetable garden (reminiscent of Cochineal). Catering to the influx of well-heeled newcomers who expect more than tacos and burgers, Chef Brett serves barbecue "with a variety of unexpected Asian-tinged rubs and sauces, along with elevated Texas comfort food like chicken-fried Kobe steak." And because Brett lived in Marfa as a boy, DeMers can include details of both old and new Marfa. Characters range from the "dishonest rancher, heartless womanizer, absent father and all-round lousy human being" who was Chef Brett's father to the "dot-com zillionaires" buying up local ranches and spending time at the "organic farmers market (and) upscale bookstore."

But does the tale pass my two-pronged test? Yes, if you overlook the body count - the total of people actually murdered around Marfa in the past 100 years is lower than the number of corpses in Marfa Shadows. Other than that little detail, the story intertwines well with the setting. Only in Marfa in the first decade of the new century could a transplanted Houston chef open an upscale barbeque restaurant, re-connect with a now-famous high school sweetheart, get entangled in the art

and drug trades, encounter immigration problems and faceoff with the local small-town sheriff in the same week.

And the details are mostly right. From the Food Shark to Kathy's Kosmic Kowgirl Kafe, DeMers cements his characters' connection to the locale with details that ring true, although I suspect that the Big Bend Sentinel never paid big bucks to subscribe to the Associated Press. John DeMers works hard to draw a faithful picture of the Marfa he has visited so often. All in all, he has done a good job in getting our Marfa down on paper.

Now it's your turn. The next time you read a book set in the Big Bend, use my two-pronged test – intertwined story and setting and accurate details - and see if it rings true!





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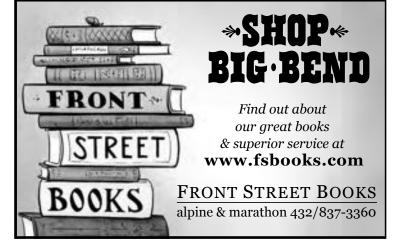
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continued from page 4

ger on a small pad. Custom china was made for the Southern Pacific, and the china included the crest of the railroad at the top and was edged with orange blossoms. Silver was specially made by Gorham and Reed & Barton. Dinner in the diner was a wonderfully special event. Napkins had the company crest woven into the starched damask.

The other train to operate on the line was the "work-horse," the Argonaut. This additional train was begun in 1926 and lasted until 1958. It was a slower train and offered cheaper tickets and services. This train hauled more express and mail and made more stops. Yet for the thrifty-minded passenger who was not in a hurry, this was the train to take. The Argonaut was a 50-hour train between east and west terminals, and the Sunset was by then 42 hours. But even this slower train offered sleeping-car arrangements and a full diner. The Argonaut made a flag stop in Marathon and a regular stop in Alpine and Marfa.

The Sunset survived the Depression and World Wars I and II. During the second war, the famous train was permanently forced to add chair cars to its consist. After World War II, the train was completely modernized again with the glamorous newly styled stainless steel coaches. Diners and lounges became stylish and gave the train once again an image of grandness. The steam locomotives where replaced starting in 1953. With the new power, diesels were changed only twice during the entire route.

The Sunset now was the picture of streamlined beauty, and thus it became a true streamliner. One of the diners was named the "Audubon Diner," a lounge car was named "The French Quarter" and a coffee lounge was "The Pride of Texas." The 1950s proved to be the high point of this train and the pride of the company. The Sunset Limited at this time could easily have four power diesels, a bag-

gage car and as many as 15 passenger cars. In stainless steel, it was a glistering and stunning sight, peaking 90 miles per hour in flat, straight terrain.

But times were to change. Along came the jet airliners and the interstate highway system, and in the late 50s and early 60s passenger headcount began to drop. At mid-point in the 60s, railroads were discontinuing trains regularly. The Southern Pacific was losing money on the once "crack" train. They tried to discontinue the train and were not allowed to do so by the Texas Railroad Commission. This marked the lowest point in the train's history, as the Southern Pacific deliberately tried to discourage ridership. The diner was taken off as well as the sleeping cars, and by 1970 the train was no longer daily. Now the train was down to an engine and three cars: a car featuring vending machines with junk food and two chair cars. Public outrage forced the rail line to bring back the sleepers and diner.

By 1970, the American passenger train had all but disappeared. Gone were such great trains as the Santa Fe Chief, the California Zephyr and the Golden State Limited. The Texas & Pacific saw its last Texas Eagle in 1967. The few trains left were not operated with pride but with an eye to getting rid of passenger service in favor of freight service. The answer to the problem came with Amtrak, created by a bill signed by Richard Nixon on May 1, 1971. And at last the Southern Pacific gladly gave away its famous but tattered train.

Amtrak's first need was to establish the routes for its trains. The Sunset Route was needed to connect New Orleans and Houston with the West Coast, and that meant that the Sunset would be kept. The second need was for equipment to run the trains. Amtrak bought the best of the old equipment and started service. This meant all the passenger trains had menagerie of cars of differing colors. Popular among Amtrak's purchases were the double-level chair cars built by the Santa Fe for the famous El Capitan train which operated between Chicago and Los Angeles. So, these double levels now appeared as the chair cars on the Sunset. These cars, called "Viewliners," proved to be so popular and efficient that they became the standard for what Amtrak built for its long distance trains. Ultimately, the entire train became double-level.

In 1993, Amtrak experimented making Miami the eastern terminus of the train. This simply did not work, due to the train having to yield constantly to freight trains, which made the train ridiculously late at times. Hurricane Katrina ended the Miami route by destroying a tremendous amount of track east of New Orleans. Now the train operates as far as New Orleans with a connection in San Antonio with the Texas Eagle, which runs north to Chicago.

Amtrak wants to make the train, or sections of the route, a daily operation. However, the "cooperating" Union Pacific has put a steep price tag on that notion: no less than \$750 million! Amtrak has always been at the mercy of "cooperating" railroads, which still do not want the passenger train(s) on their tracks.

Currently the train averages about 300 passengers per run. The complete run from New Orleans to Los Angeles requires 48 hours if it's on time. Last year the train carried over 90,000 passengers total. This train usually consists of the locomotive, a baggage car, two or three chair cars, a diner, a lounge car and two sleeping cars.

The Sunset Limited has had its share of ups and downs, but the public can still hope that the existing service will become more dependable and that someday it can be a daily train.



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generations of Crosses, from the family estate in the late 1970s in anticipation of a move to Alpine. But it was destroyed by fire before we returned to the area.

Many Alpine businesses have been influenced by the Crosses through the years. In 1971, Robert and I purchased the Big Bend Wool & Mohair in partnership with Robert and Laura Eaves and W. M. (Buddy) and Prudella McMillan, all originally of Alpine. The partnership continued for several years, with Robert eventually buying out Eaves and McMillan. A thriving business for many years, the firm handled consignments of wool and mohair for subsequent sale to buyers until the general demise of large-scale sheep and goat ranching in the Big Bend area.

After Robert's death in 1996, the store continued operation until 2003 with our son Justin. It is now the headquarters of a Cowboy Church.

Many Crosses attended Sul Ross State College/ University and received more than one degree. Mae Cross Robinson Tarrant represented Sul Ross as a "Sun Carnival Princess" in El Paso in 1942. The 1923 Sul Ross Brand is full of pictures of the sports prowess of Frank, who lettered 13 times. Robert Cross, president of the Sul Ross State University Ex-Student Association in the 1970s and 80s, created the Lifetime Membership Program to generate scholarships and was an Athletic Hall of Fame inductee. I taught as an adjunct. Crosses have been instrumental in the life of Sul Ross since its beginning.

Many grandchildren and great-grandchildren of Ewing and Eula Mae still live in the area. After Robert's death, I married David Seals of Brownwood. I'm now semiretired after 36 years of public school teaching, mostly in Alpine. My son Justin and his wife Lori ranch south of Alpine. Justin works for Customs and Border Protection and serves on the Alpine school board. Lori manages La Vista RV Park.

Stuart Cross, my second son, is assistant manager of the physical plant for McDonald Observatory, and his wife Linda is assistant director of the Sul Ross day care.

Daughter Kimberley, an English teacher in Luling, and her husband, Max Johnson, police lieutenant in Austin, have bought a home in Alpine.

Another Cross descendant who has returned to Alpine is Billy Lee Tarrant, who is district 1 leader of Texas Parks and Wildlife. His wife, Ralene, is an obstetrics nurse at Big Bend Regional Hospital.

An Alpine drama of March 1943 played out in the presence of Mae (Cross), wife of Arin Forest Robinson Jr., who was serving with the U.S. Air Force in Germany while she lived with her in-laws.

Mae's father-in-law, Bob Robinson Sr., worked in Thompson's Grocery on Holland Avenue. One evening, as Robinson came home with the day's receipts, he was followed into the house by an armed intruder who trailed him up the stairs in the two-story brick house on the corner of Holland Avenue and 11th Street, now attorney Mike Barclay's home.

Mae remembered hearing the intruder accosting Robinson on the stairs and demanding money. At the commotion, Mrs. Robinson and Mae each came out of separate bedrooms on the upper floor. Mae saw Mary Beth, Robinson's daughter, run up the stairs and try to fight off the intruder. Mrs. Robinson tried to go downstairs to the phone, but the man yelled he would shoot if she called the police. In the ensuing scuffle, Mr. Robinson was shot, and the assailant ran down the back stairs with Robinson's billfold. Robinson died before help could arrive, and the murderer was never brought to justice.

The history of the Cross family is a long one, and the last chapter has yet to be written on a family who will always call Alpine home.



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identification of elements present in the sample. The XRF analysis has been popular in determining the source of obsidian artifacts from a number of sites in the Big Bend. Although there are some source areas of obsidian in the Big Bend, none is known to be of knapable (shaping by breaking away flakes by chipping) quality, therefore we know the obsidian was traded from outside regions. The XRF analysis tells us that the source areas were from the Jemez Mountains of northern New Mexico and the mountainous areas of central and northern Chihuahua, Mexico.

Ceramics, of course, are made with clay and other minerals used for temper, which is added to the clay in order to reduce rapid shrinkage and/or expansion during the firing process and allows for a more even distribution of heat energy through the ceramic paste during firing and/or use of the vessel. The use of the optically stimulated luminescence (OSL) analysis has been useful in dat-

ing ceramics, especially for ceramics from the last thousand years. The method uses an optically sensitive light in tempers that contain certain minerals. During exposure to light, the luminescence signal within the grains is erased until it is completely removed. Once the grains are sealed from daylight and remain at normal environmental temperatures, the luminescence signal accumulates again, being induced by natural-occurring radioactivity. Dating is achieved by comparing the natural luminescence signal of a sample with that induced by artificial irradiation.

Finding traces of the remains of organisms on stone tools has naturally led to DNA analysis of these residues. The technique enlarges DNA sequences as many as one billion times and has the potential to determine animal genus and sometimes species. DNA analysis can be expanded to include investigations of plant remains on stone tools as well. By combining DNA analysis with other techniques, including how the tool was worn through use and microscopic residue analysis, archeologists can construct a much more complete picture of prehistoric tool function than is otherwise available.

High magnification usewear study analysis entails the use of a microscope capable of magnifications to 200 diameters and optics that use divisions of polarized light to allow three-dimensional views of tool edges and surfaces. The premise of use-wear analysis is that the damage a tool bears may relate to its former function. This has been deduced from experiments with replicated artifacts and has shown that the processing of organic and inorganic materials can cause the edges of a tool to be damaged and its surface to be modified. Therefore, the function of the tool can be interpreted by the comparison of its damage pattern with those of the implement used in the experiment.

Rocks and minerals were an important resource to past cultures in the Big Bend region. As we employ existing and new analytical techniques on the uses of stone by the prehistoric inhabitants of the Big Bend, we learn how their heavy reliance on stone material was no doubt vital for survival.



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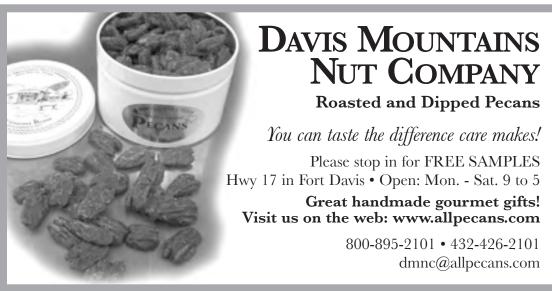


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Trans-Pecos Trivia by Charles Angell

Ghosts and Apparitions of the Big Bend

- 1) Her legend is told all around the Southwest and Mexico, with a common thread. This ghost is said to be heard wailing and crying around rivers, including the Rio Grande, lamenting the loss of the children she drowned in the river. What is her name?
 - a) Rita del Rio
- c) Mala Madre
- b) La Llorona
- d) Lizzy Borden
- 2) Alsate was a great Apache chief in the region whose ghost is said to haunt the Chisos Mountains, one of his hunting grounds. It has been said that his ghost originally appeared to torment the man who betrayed him, allowing his capture and execution. Who was his betrayer?
 - a) Ben Leaton
- c) William Shafter
- b) Cabeza de Vaca
- d) Leonicio Castillo
- 3) Built in Alpine in the 1930s by the Kokernot family, this Spanish-style house has been rumored to be frequented by not one but two ghosts, which are what?
 - a) twin teenage girls
- c) a woman and a little boy
- b) an old woman and her cat d) a husband and wife
- 4) From 1620 to the 1630s Sister Maria de Jesus Agreda, a nun in Spain, claimed to have spiritually visited and ministered to Indians in the American Southwest and Rio Grande Valley, describing the people, their lifestyles and tribal name. Franciscan friars were dispatched to the area she detailed and were astounded to meet natives who said she did indeed visit them frequently as an apparition in the sky and who described her physical appearance, dress and teachings. What tribe was this?
 - a) Jumano
- c) Apache
- b) Pashtun
- d) Comanche
- 5) South of Fort Davis is a gently sloping hill where, legend has it, a woman in the late 1800s would light a signal fire for her lost lover. It is said that the woman's ghost still haunts the hill today. What is the name of this hill?
 - a) Arabella Mountain
- c) Orphan Hill
- b) Castle Rock
- d) Dolores Mountain

Bonus: Which above-mentioned apparition also is said to have appeared as the profile of a mountain?

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



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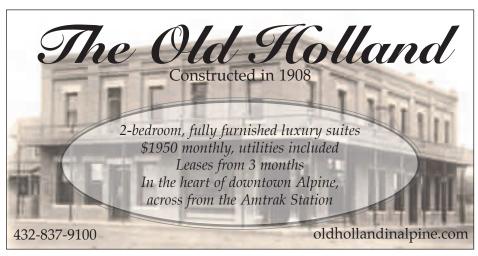
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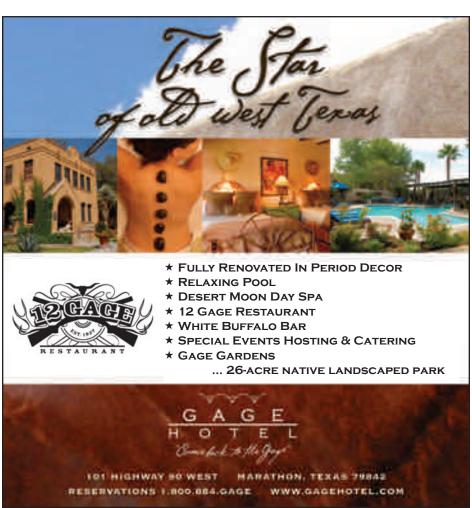
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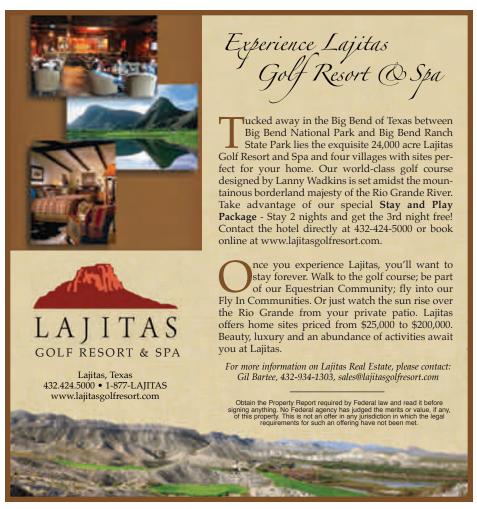
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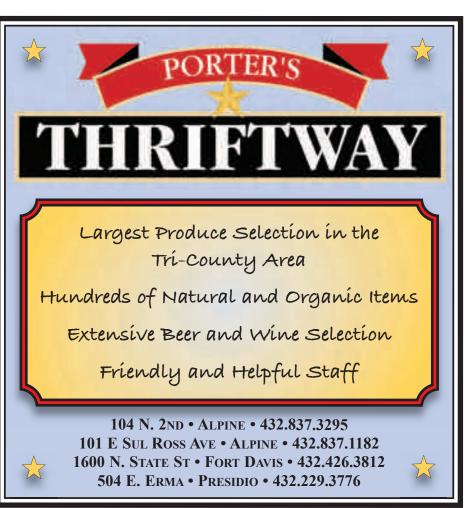
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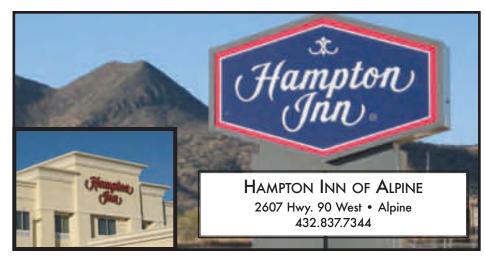
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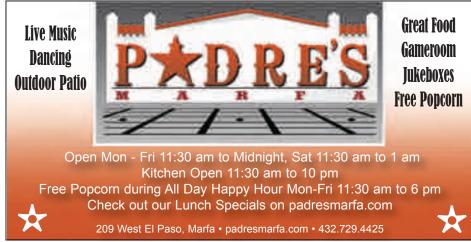


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