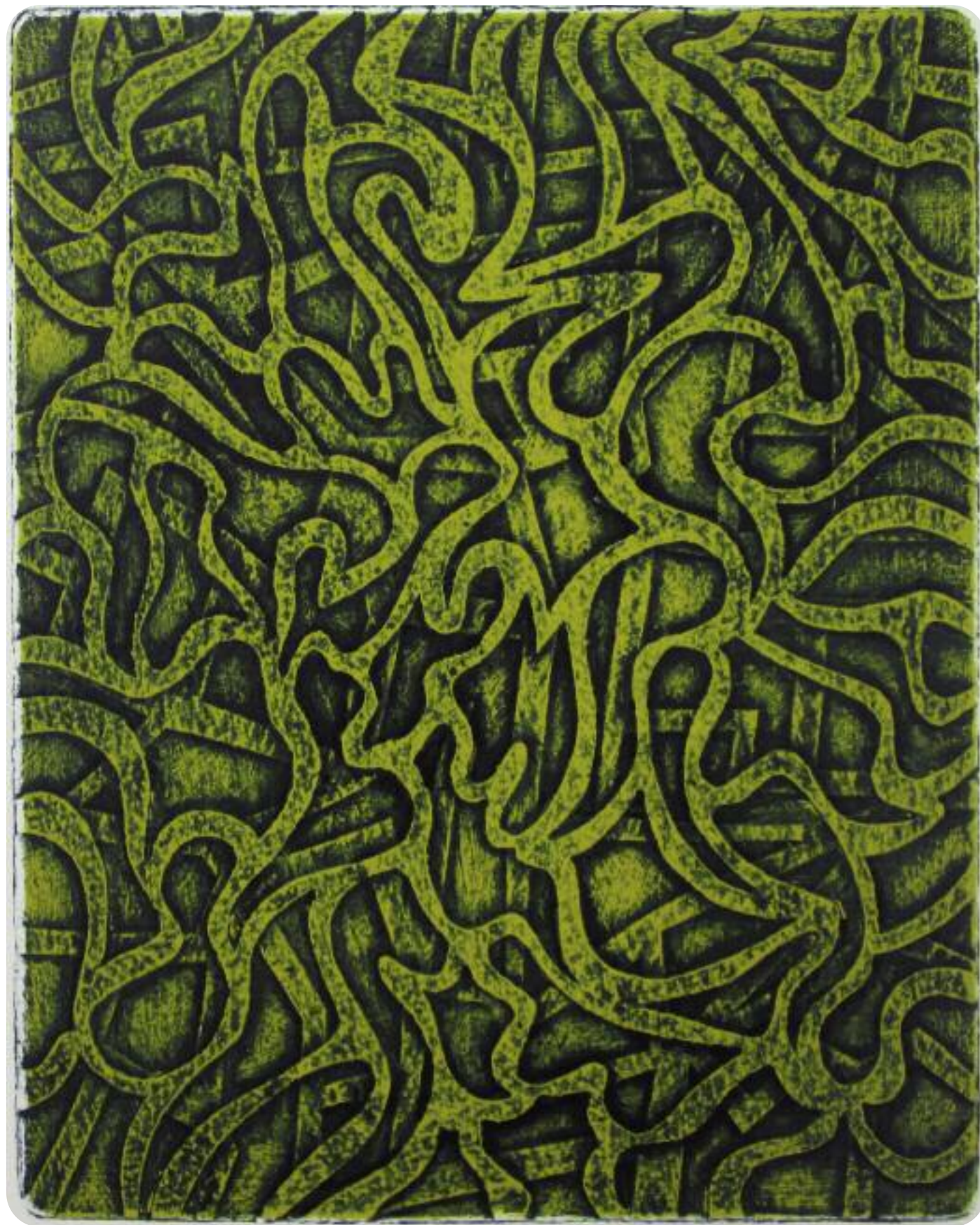


C E N I Z O

JOURNAL



FIRST QUARTER 2018



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The Mystical Horned Lizard • Poetry • Transforming Presidio with Fine Arts • Photo Essay
Scotland – Childhood Memories • Folkways • The Wreck of Old Number 9 • Big Bend Eats • Trivia





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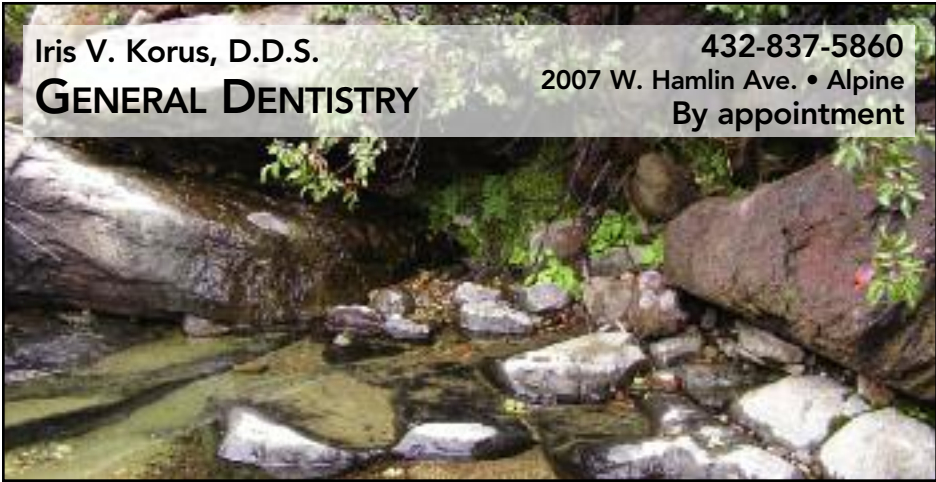
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Transforming Presidio with Fine Arts

By Laurel Holman



"Becero" by Paola Flotte, 11th grade



"Cielo Lindo" - Vanessa Rodriguez, 10th grade



"Giddy Up" by Joe Flores, 12th grade



"Jalapeno" by Tama Carrasco, 12th grade



"#769" by Gabriela Olivas, 12th grade

We are a small, Far West Texas border town, and one of the poorest school districts in Texas, and yet, creativity abounds. The population of Presidio is a little over 5,000 and within a stone's throw of Mexico. The closest Walmart, mall, or movie theater is four hours away. Not that it is a bad thing! However, in this little, dusty, West Texas town, the students excel in the fine arts. We

have an excellent band, drama, mariachi, folklorico and fine arts programs in our district.

The Presidio Fine Arts Festival started about 10 years ago to showcase these amazing students, their creativity, and their incredible talent through a Festival. Several buildings in downtown Presidio are empty, and we thought they would be an awesome place to put the artwork of all the stu-

dents in the district and include former students and local artists as well.

During the festival, we block off the main streets and set up a stage that runs nonstop from 12 p.m. until 2 a.m. with dance groups and bands—all from the area. This is an event that the whole town, and now out-of-towners, come out to enjoy! Every year this party grows. It's a beautiful celebration of life, culture, and talent that is found

in our unique area of Texas. The next Presidio Fine Arts Festival will be held on April 5–7, 2018. Everyone is welcome to come!

Thanks to the growth of social media, I found a new way to promote the success of our students and to share

continued on page 27

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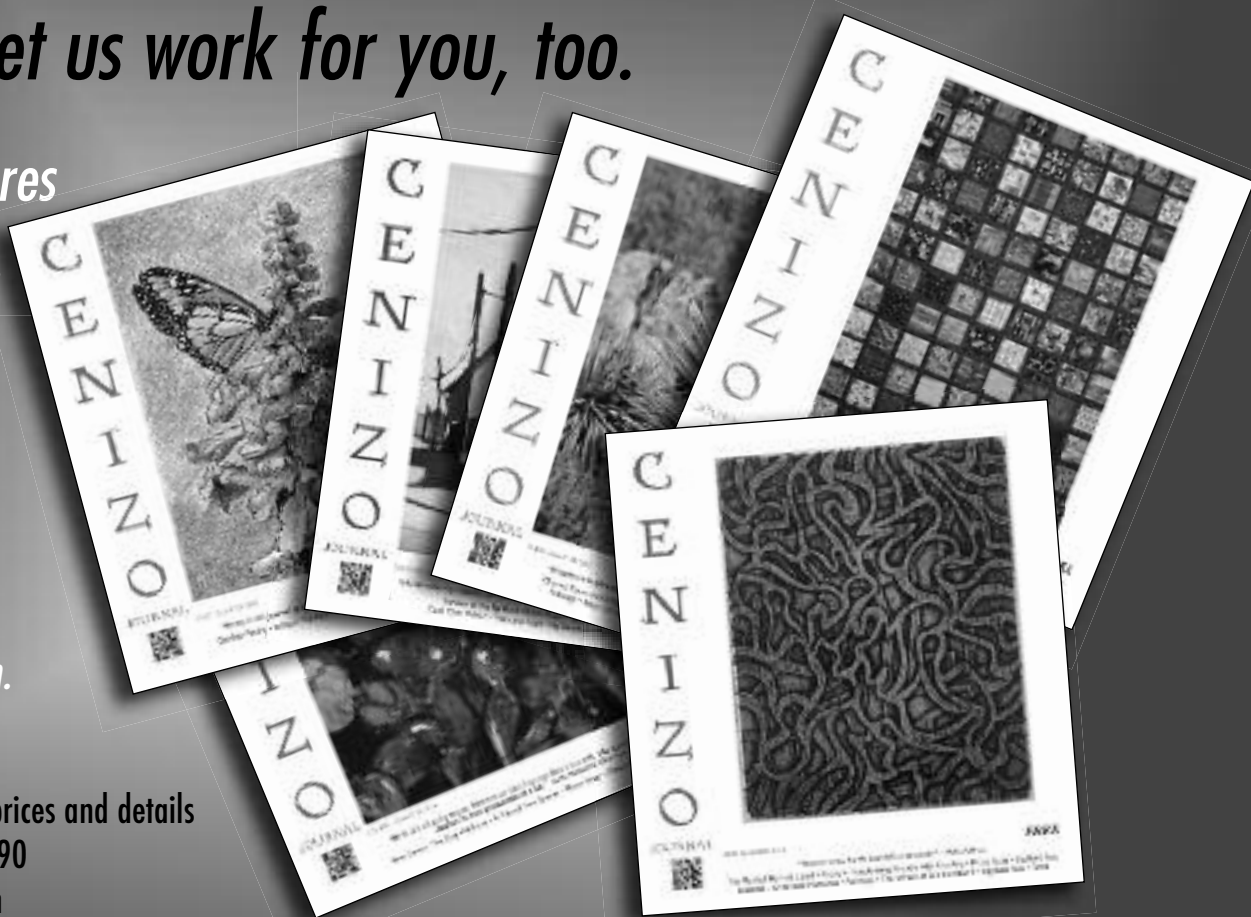
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Cenizo Journal

Volume 10 Number 1

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SUBMISSION

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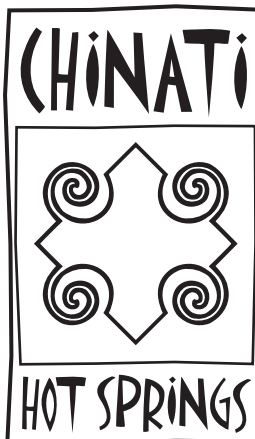
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Cenizo Notes

by Carolyn Brown Zniewski, publisher and Danielle Gallo, editor



The New Year is upon us and I must say I hope it runs more smoothly than it did in 2017. There is a Chinese curse that I often think of when the world seems to be at odds with itself and surprises wait around every corner.

"May you live in interesting times." I think we can all agree that the past year has been interesting, and I for one could do with a little quiet time. This issue has some great articles for you to read that will get you far from the excitement and let you enjoy a good read. For a change from interviews, Jim Glendinning has given us a picture of his own childhood by taking us to his home in Scotland. West Texas's favorite mystic, the horned lizard, puts in an appearance and we learn about two talented women in South County. The photo essay features women as well. As the proverb on the cover tells us, they deliver the goods!

We are starting a new corner of personal ads that I hope folks will use and enjoy. It is called Neighborhood News. It's an opportunity for folks to say hello, post birthdays and anniversaries, congratulate accomplishments and remember old friends who are no longer with us.

My house is for sale and one of the "lookers" said she had changed her mind about moving here because it looked so desolate. I don't see it that way. For me, this is the time of year when, on a warm day, I love to sit on my porch and look out upon the vast desert landscape to the mountains to the north, watch an early sunset that spreads over the entire horizon and bask in the amazing beauty and perfection of Mother Nature. You wouldn't get me in a Dallas high rise for all the books at Front Street Books. Namaste!



Well, we've gone around the carousel one more time, and now 2018 has begun. Winter in the Big Bend is schizophrenic, alternating dry weeks of warm, sunny days and freezing interminable cold snaps punctuated

by frozen pipes. The new year always seems to begin in fits and starts, like the engine of my old pickup truck on a cold morning. The end of the holidays and the long doldrums of January and February put me in a sort of stasis, half-hibernating, waiting for spring to make up its mind. I'm Charlie Brown and spring is Lucy holding the football: I run up to it everytime, naively hopeful against all logic that the winter has really gone, only to find myself flat on my back in the midst of the Easter freeze.

While you're waiting for the weather to settle into the mild, flower-scented days of spring, pass the time with the latest issue of the Cenizo Journal. In these pages you'll find the true story of the great Sanderson train wreck, profiles of famous Big Bend legends such as Beth Garcia, Marguerite Chanslor and the elusive horned lizard, and much more. Enjoy the First Quarter edition, and stay warm out there!

**on-line at:
cenizojournal.com**

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The Mystical, Near-Mythical Horned Lizard

Story and photographs by Jeremy Garcia

I don't understand why people are so obsessed with unicorns when we have living, breathing, mythical creatures right here in West Texas. Folklore stories are told around the campfire about these sacred desert legends, and they're not limited to having only one horn. They're called horned lizards and they're absolutely incredible.

The Texas horned lizard is hands down the most interesting critter you can encounter in the Chihuahuan desert. We should never overlook their rarity. I'll pass on the words that many ranchers have passed on to me, "You just don't see them like you used to." They're nostalgic to those who

remember them in their heyday, back when the population was thriving.

Even though the population keeps rising and falling, specialists believe they will never go extinct during our lifetime. It's the fluctuating population that actually makes them an extraordinary sight for sore eyes. West Texas is lucky to have them – in some regions of Texas they have completely disappeared.

Let me brag on them a little. They resemble dinosaurs, yet they can be held in the palm of your hand. They have an intimidating appearance, yet they're unusually gentle. Most people refer to them as horned frogs or horny toads, but really, they're not even

amphibians. They're reptiles.

In fact, the Texas horned lizard was crowned the State Reptile in 1993, so they're more similar to the Nintendo King Koopa than they are to a frog in a pond. It's their toad-like bodies that have earned them the two popular nicknames.

The only people who really walk around calling them horned lizards are the ones who have done immense research on the species. Amongst those national researchers is local Wildlife Diversity Specialist Russell Martin of Alpine. He works with Texas Parks and Wildlife for the Trans-Pecos district and covers ground from El Paso to Midland, to Sanderson and back.

I talked with Russell about the horned lizards back in July of 2016 when Fort Stockton had an abundance of the spiked creatures in all corners of town. In an interview I published for *The Fort Stockton Pioneer* newspaper, he said, "We don't monitor horned lizard populations per se; I think all the biologists just keep an eye out for them, because we all like to see them. They're neat little critters."

Touching on the increased sightings, he detailed, "The rain has caused an increase in grass production and that extra grass production has meant extra seed production, the extra seed production leads to increased harvester ants, and harvester ants are the

horned lizards' primary food source. They feed almost exclusively on harvester ants. There's this little linkage that's pretty easy and clear, where when you have a good base of native grasses and they get rain, and they produce a lot of seed, you see more ants, and then you see more horny toads."

Fort Stockton had more than a bucket-full of rainfall that year, which allowed me to see a great number of horned lizards during summer 2016. They were all over the place! Front yards. Back yards. Beneath the pallets behind my office. My wife

National Park, my team and I got lost somewhere along the Bowl Trail. Getting back on track, we spotted a tiny mountain short horned lizard. According to old folklore, if you see a horned lizard while lost, it will point the way. I didn't know of this folklore at the time, but strangely enough we found where we needed to be shortly after finding the baby horned toad.

Another fun folklore is the tale of Old Rip, one of the most famous horned lizards of all time. Near Abilene sits the town of Eastwood, where the little legend was born. In

house and the horned lizard was to finally be unsealed.

Anticipation to see whether the horned lizard would be dead or alive drew a large crowd to the occasion of the cornerstone opening. The crowd was on pins and needles, anxious to see if would be alive or just a flat dusty corpse.

As the judge raised the reptile high, it is said that the horned lizard's loose leg twitched, sending the crowd into a frenzy. It wiggled!!

The lizard was named Old Rip, for Rip Van Winkle, and its 31-year hibernation theory is still a standing legacy for



even found a small hatchling inside a local dollar store.

There are three species of horned lizards native to the Trans-Pecos region. The most common one is the Texas horned lizard, which can be found across the majority of the state. Another one is called the round tailed horned lizard, which lives exclusively in the western part of the state. And the third species out here is called the mountain short horned lizard, which can only be found in the Davis Mountains and the Guadalupe Mountains.

While hiking Hunter Peak in the Guadalupe Mountains

1897 Eastwood was laying a cornerstone for a brand new courthouse. The citizens of Eastwood decided it would be interesting to use the cornerstone as a time capsule, and placed various items such as newspapers, coins and a Bible into its small vault.

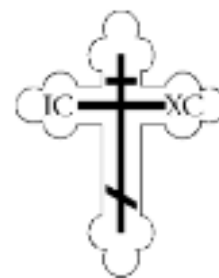
Eastland's County Clerk, Ernest E. Wood, was the one who decided to put a horned lizard that his son had caught into the cornerstone. The last-minute addition turned into a community-wide experiment to see if the horned lizard would survive.

Thirty-one years later, an oil boom brought about the construction of a new court-

Eastwood. While some think it's a hoax and others believe it to be irrefutable truth, the legend of Old Rip brought some fame to all horned frogs at large.

While they may not be as trendy as unicorns, I'd like to see a unicorn wiggle its leg after 31 years of being confined inside a small space. Not likely. Cheers to Old Rip and to all the horned lizards here in West Texas.

The species is state protected; so if you see one, don't capture it. Go chase a unicorn if you want a mystical pet. Leave the horned lizards be.



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A hero came home today
He died on some distant shore
Fighting for freedom and the dream
Maybe we won't have to fight anymore

He seemed so very young
And could have been somewhere having fun
But when the battle was joined
He went to get the job done

I don't know his race or religion
And about that I just don't care
Cause he went to free an oppressed people
Who were living in tyranny and despair

I have little patience for protestors
Though your right to protest is why he fights
And to make sure that some tyrant
Doesn't come and take all your rights

There were hundreds of school kids with flags
Lining the street to the cemetery there
Mothers, fathers, sons and daughters
And a grizzled old veteran in a wheelchair

Cause if you're a true American
And you believe in freedom and right
Then you'll support the ones
Who are in the midst of freedom's fight

He believed in what he was doing
And he might have taken other tours
But he gave up his life
To make sure you can keep yours

And I know one thing for certain
my world is a better place to stay
Cause of heroes still over there
And the one that came home today

Jimmy Counts

Just Along for the Ride

I've got this real good buddy
I guess when he started he was playin'
But I'm just along for the ride
Was what he was always sayin'.

When we went to gather the back forty
The boss asked if he would ride the fence line
He said I'm just along for the ride
So where ever you want me will be fine.

And we were headed to get a cold one
I said you wanna go to a bar that's near
He said I'm just along for the ride
I'll go anywhere there's cold beer.

And we were headed into town
Where do we eat I wanted to know
He said I'm just along for the ride
So I'll eat where ever you go.

Well he and I were lookin' for strays
I was ridin' a bronc that was green
And somethin' happened that day
Made me see what his sayin' might mean.

Now my bronc was a pretty good buckner
And on that day he really blew up
And when he got me bucked off
One foot was hung in the stirrup.

My buddy yelled what you doin'
As I hung there by his side
I said I ain't doin' a thing
I'm just along for the ride.

Jimmy Counts

Catfish & Wild Hogs OR Did You Know a Pig Could Laugh?

It's huntin'season in West Kerr County
And the hunters will all soon be here
They're comin' to shoot a big ol' buck
Just like they do each and every year.

Some come here from the big city
And each year there seem to be more
But the ones that are comin' now
Should hear the tales of the ones before.

Last year a big group came here
Like it seems they've done forever
And they set up a real nice camp
On a hill above the Guadalupe River.

But every time they went to the blinds
Wouldn't you know as sure as you're born
All of the feeders would be empty
The ol' wild hogs had eaten the corn.

Finally they went and caught some catfish
Since they didn't have any meat
Cause none of them had shot a deer
So they didn't have anything to eat.

The fish were cleaned and put on ice
And they were all hungry as can be
So all of them went down to the river
To break wood from the limbs of a tree.

When they got back the camp was wrecked
And it looked to be full of big movin' logs
The ice chest was turned upside down
And the fish eaten by the ol' wild hogs.

Well they had about all they could take
So their old pickup they did load
And when they were headed into town
All the deer were wavin' beside the road.

So sometimes real late at night
When you're away from the city and the crowd
You can hear the deer snicker a little
And them ol' hogs just a laughin' out loud.

Jimmy Counts

Alone
with you
in the shed
behind the house
where your picture hangs

I dreamed of our time together

And slept it away because

There was no alone with you
Because there is no shed
Behind the house with
A picture of you

It was just a dream.

K.B. Whitley



Big Bend Eats

By Carolyn Brown Zniwski

SWEETS FOR THE SWEET

There are two holidays coming up that are traditionally celebrated with candy. Both were originally pagan celebrations. Valentine's Day dates back to Roman celebrations and was renamed for either one or both early Christian saints named Valentine. It was not until 1382 and the poet Chaucer that Valentine's Day became

of spring and rebirth retrofitted for Christianity a few hundred years AD. Both are now promoted as occasions for sweets.

It wasn't until the 1800's that candy became a part of both holidays. We can thank Richard Cadbury of the chocolate company. He developed new methods of refining chocolate. His new process produced a much tastier drinking cocoa but it left an excess of cocoa butter. Mr. Cadbury discovered he could use the "waste" for making chocolate candy. In order to build a market for the candy, he had his workers make heart-shaped boxes, filling the boxes with small chocolate creams as the perfect gift for ones sweetheart. The boxes were luxury keepsakes that were saved for other uses. Until the beginning of the 20th century all chocolates were made by hand and very expensive. February 14 came but once a year so Cadbury started promoting chocolate creams for sale as a treat at the end of Lent on Easter Sunday.

In 1875 Cadbury invented the Cadbury crème egg, still available today. As manufacturing came to candy making the variety of shapes and kinds of candy exploded into the giant selection we now have. The most recent addition was in the 1930's when Forrest Mars, Sr., son of the Mars Company

founder Frank C. Mars developed the M & M. As a late bloomer in the sweets line up it is now colored to match every holiday.

Here are several recipes so that you can put together boxes or plates of

candy for friends and loved ones. Get together with a few folks and spend the afternoon listening to your favorite tunes and being your own candy company. All these are quite easy to make and so delicious they will be happily enjoyed by everyone.

Chocolate Truffles

- 1 pound semisweet chocolate chips
- 1 2/3 cups heavy cream
- 1 tsp vanilla
- 1/2 tsp salt
- 1 cup unsweetened cocoa

Place chocolate in a medium-size bowl. Heat cream to a simmer. Pour hot cream over chocolate, cover bowl and let stand 10 minutes. Uncover and whisk chocolate mixture until smooth. Add vanilla and salt stirring to combine. Pour into a pie plate and let cool to room temperature. Cover and refrigerate until set, about three hours.

Place cocoa on a plate. Using a melon baller or small ice cream scoop, scoop chocolate mixture, roll into balls and cover each ball in cocoa powder. Place on parchment-lined baking sheet. Refrigerate until set, about 15 minutes. You can put each one in individual small muffin papers. Top each one with a red hot.

Chocolate Creams

- 1 cup mashed Idaho potatoes, warm and unseasoned
- 1/2 tsp salt
- 2 tsp any 1 flavor (vanilla/orange/lemon/maple/rum/peppermint) extract
- 2 pounds confectioners' sugar
- 1 pound dark or milk chocolate for dipping

Combine the potato, salt and extract in a four-quart mixing bowl. Sift the confectioners' sugar over the potato while stirring the potatoes. Add about one cup sugar at a time. The mixture will liquefy when the first

sugar is added and then gradually begin to thicken. When it becomes the consistency of stiff dough, knead it even though all the sugar has not been added. The amount of sugar will depend on the moisture in the potatoes. Knead until smooth, cover with a damp cloth and chill about 30 minutes until completely cool. Scoop into 1/2-inch balls. Using a toothpick to skewer the balls, dip into melted chocolate. Melt the chocolate carefully over simmering water. Do not let the chocolate get too hot. Let the chocolates set on parchment paper. Put each candy into a small muffin paper.

Tiramisu Truffles

- 24 ladyfingers
- 2 Tbls sugar
- 2/3 cup mascarpone - room temperature
- 2-3 Tbls espresso/coffee
- 12 oz semi-sweet chocolate

In a food processor, blend ladyfingers until you have fine crumbs. Set aside 2 Tbls to sprinkle on the truffles later. Mix together sugar and crumbs. Beat in mascarpone until fully incorporated. Add the espresso one tablespoon at a time until as thick as cookie dough. Refrigerate 45 minutes to an hour until dough is firm. Scoop into 36 1-inch balls and place them on parchment lined baking sheet. Freeze for 10-15 minutes.

Melt the chocolate over simmering water. Do not over-heat chocolate. Using a toothpick as a skewer dip a cold tiramisu truffle into the melted chocolate and transfer it back to the baking sheet. Sprinkle the truffle with reserved ladyfinger crumbs. Refrigerate for 10 minutes to harden chocolate. Store tiramisu truffles in an airtight container in the refrigerator. Put each candy into a small muffin paper. They will keep for about a week.



a celebration of love. Knights charging off on the crusades would bring back red rose petals for their wives and lovers from gardens in the Middle East. Easter, the second biggest sweets holiday of the year, was the celebration

Easy Peasy Fudge

2 cups sugar
2/3 cup evaporated milk
12 regular size marshmallows
1/2 cup butter
1 cup semisweet chocolate chips
1 cup chopped pecans
1 tsp vanilla

Butter an 8x8-inch pan. Set aside. In a 2-quart saucepan over medium heat, combine the sugar, milk, marshmallows, butter, and salt. Bring to a boil, stirring constantly, and boil stir for five minutes; watch the clock. Remove from the heat, let cool slightly, add chocolate

chips, stirring until completely melted. Mix in the pecans and vanilla.

Spread into the prepared pan. Refrigerate for several hours. Cut into 24-36 squares. Put each square into a small muffin paper.

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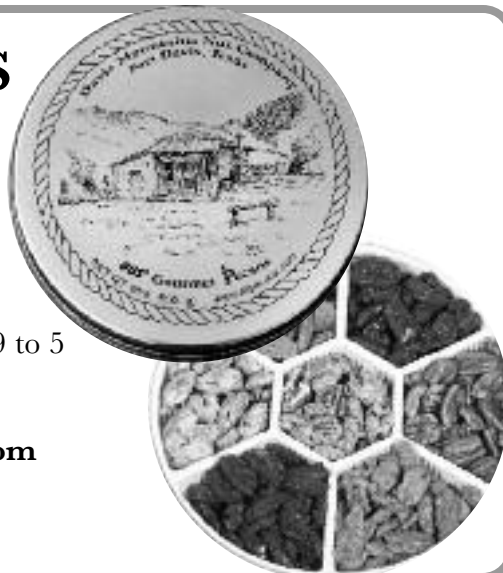
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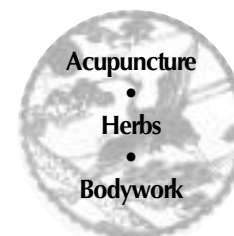
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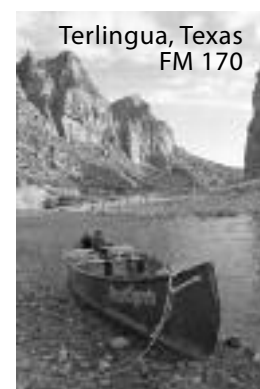
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The Fabric of South County

Story and photographs by Rani Birchfield

If you pass through Study Butte on your way to Big Bend National Park or Terlingua, you've no doubt noticed a sign that says "Quilts Etc." outside a large-ish metal building.

Perhaps you've wondered why there was a quilt shop way out in the heat of the Borderlands. If you pulled in, however, you'd be treated to the latest copy of the *Cenizo Journal* and some Texas

hospitality, along with a stunning array of quilts in every color and size imaginable.

Marquerite Chanslor is the owner and lead quilter of Quilts Etc., in Study

Butte, TX. Along with her own hand-made quilts, she sells for 24 others; 13 quilters as well as photographers, artists, weavers and jewelers. Something that started as a childish

whim became a career in the years after retirement and is now a thriving business.

A native Texan born west of Lubbock on the south plains, Chanslor married right out of college—the same week she graduated, in fact—and went on to work at major companies like Pan Am and Continental. “Things are dif-

ferent now, but back then, they didn’t like to hire women over 35,” Chanslor said. When her husband transferred to Oklahoma (and she was in her thirties and “you went where your husband went”), Chanslor hired on as a buyer for a furniture store.

ferred by RV to Lajitas in autumn and Chanslor sold in the seasonal shop at the resort each October. By the time Lajitas got an “upgrade” and local artists were moved out, she was showing October through December. The last year they were in Lajitas, Chanslor’s husband became ill. After they

even a TV. Sometimes she buys things when she visits central Texas to quilt with friends. “I don’t have any trouble,” she said.

A member of the Chamber of Commerce, Chanslor loves the area and loves promoting it (along with the *Cenizo Journal*, whose cover was graced with one of



returned home he passed away. A few months later, Chanslor opened a shop in Terlingua and a few months after that relocated herself there. The shop has moved around town a few times but the core idea is the same—quilts galore. “It’s been a real good shop for me,” Chanslor said. “I meet lots of interesting people from everywhere.”

Large portions of Chanslor’s supplies were purchased while her husband was sick. He had emphysema for almost a decade, and she squirreled away quilting supplies for the future like people cache dollars to their IRA. When she runs out of something, she has friends that get it for her online, as she doesn’t have a computer or

her quilts for the October 2017 issue). Her family lives elsewhere and she visits a couple times a year, but she stays plenty busy and connected, she said. People visiting the Park and others who overwinter in South County come by and wish her Merry Christmas or just stop by and chat. “I’ve been down here so long now, people who come yearly stop by and visit.”

Visitors that stop often buy her quilts or order a custom design, as she does traditional and modern designs as well as art pieces for schools. Word of her handiwork spreads organically, and now her quilts lie on beds all over the United States. “I’m busy all the time doing what I want.”



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by Marguerite

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Photo Essay

by Pat O'Bryan



What I find unique and interesting about Terlingua are the people, especially, the women. Big Bend is a hard and unforgiving land and the women here give lie to any notion of “the weaker sex.”

I asked several Terlingua women to allow me to photograph them as they worked. All of them have the strong character and determination of spirit which is needed to make an independent life here in the West Texas Desert.











APRES RIDING – Wine Open Spaces

by Voni Graves

Apres Skiing? Not for us. We don't have a lot of snow in the Chihuahuan Desert of the Big Bend of Texas and when we do get a light dusting, it's usually gone within hours, so we don't ski here, much. Not on purpose. What we do is conserve water. The source for our water here in the desert is rain catchment, and with an average annual rainfall of about 11 inches, we've learned to be quite frugal with water. But a shower at the end of an intense day of riding on all-but-impossible dirt roads? That would be priceless!

When we moved here in the spring

of 2006, we didn't even have much of any way to catch water, and the 45-year-old water truck used to haul well water from a nearby bentonite mine had outlived its usefulness. Over the years we've added lots of refinements to our basic 1500-square-foot, 40-year-old, adobe home including water storage tanks and a miniature water treatment plant. Initially we had only a claw foot bathtub, so to conserve water we hung a camping shower on the back porch. You know - the kind that holds two gallons of water and is warmed by the sun. We do have LOTS of sun! Our motorcycle touring

in southern Africa gave us lots of ideas about showering outside. It does help that our nearest neighbor is a quarter of a mile away and on the other side of the highway so we do have complete privacy out back. After being inspired by what recycled wine bottles could be used for, I began to dream of building a unique outdoor shower.

For six long years, I bided my time, saving the wine bottles that we, and many visiting friends, used to celebrate evenings with our large open and empty expanse of desert and sky, viewing fiery sunsets and mountains to the west. Then on one of our rare sunless

days in January, I told Paul this was the day and started bringing my bottle collection to the back porch to begin planning how to do it.

Paul is a problem solver, so seeing my activity, he got into problem solving mode. "How big?" he asked.

"BIG!" I said. He put his arms about three feet wide and asked "Like this?"

I said, "Oh, no. I'm thinking from here to way over there. We've got twelve acres. Might as well use some of it."

"Rocks? Mortar?" he asked.

"Too heavy," I thought. A wood

frame might be nice. But a floor of those unusual but abundant rocks would be perfect - but would take more planning.

So, we began scraping and digging to make a smooth flat surface. Then we arranged the rocks like puzzle pieces to

ized we'd run out too soon with that construction, so we stood them up side by side. Though we tried Gorilla Glue, we found it doesn't take sunshine well, so ultimately we ended up using Lexel, a clear construction and roofing adhesive, applied with a

and drained for those rare but occasional nights it gets below freezing. To conserve water he installed a pull-chain shower head, so once the shower water temperature is adjusted the shower can be turned on with the simple pull of the chain. This



fit together. That took all of the first day. We sifted sandy clay as a bed for the rocks and to fill the seams between the rocks. Once the rocks were in place we wet it all down to set it. Our "soil" is unique and once it has been soaked and dried works just as well as grout or cement might have, without all the bother.

We needed a wood frame to hold the bottles. Drilling holes in rock ensured the base was solidly anchored. Then it was time to measure and create.

Once the frame was up, we started laying the bottles on their sides but soon real-

caulking gun on the adjoining sides and the bottom of each bottle.

"Done," I said as I strolled to the hanging solar shower at sunset.

Not quite! Paul said, "I could plumb this into the house plumbing and we could have abundant hot water any time." He designed the plumbing to go up to ceiling level, then into the house and down to the bathtub pipes. This was close to the water heater so we don't waste water waiting for the hot water to arrive. He also included valves so the outdoor piping can be shut off

led to our pull-wet, off-scrub, pull-rinse shower routine.

We've lost a bottle or two to wind or hail over the years of the shower's life, but they are easily replaceable. We've modified the design by adding a row of bottles to the top to keep our cat, Stormy, from climbing on the roof. But that's another story for another time. Sitting on the back porch. Watching the sun set on our big screen sky. A different show every night. And a shower whenever we feel the need. Wind? That just adds a musical flair with the song of the bottles.

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THE TRAIL OF A WRITER

by Rani Birchfield

When it's time for a change of direction, a call to adventure is sounded, a hail is made and new destinies emerge from the dust. If your Ordinary World is a life of adventure, however, what does it look like when a new journey beckons?



photo courtesy of Beth Garcia

For Elizabeth A. Garcia, the call sounded like arts and crafts, and homespun baked goods. Owner and guide of Big Bend River Tours for 15 years, Garcia took intrepid seekers by raft, canoe and back roads through the rugged beauty that is the Rio Grande. A venture Garcia shared with her husband at the time, she adored the river and knew all the canyons and expans-

es, its moods and whims. River life takes a toll, though, and Garcia sold the business in 2000 when she felt it was time for a change.

"I thought I'd like to be a housewife – I'd never done that. I had a child at home at the time and I thought I'd do recipes, try crafts, all these things." It took about three weeks for Garcia to realize that was not the life for her. She decided to get a "job" and hired on at the Big Bend Motor Inn at the store as a cashier.

While working at the store, Garcia realized the children of Terlingua had nothing to do after school. There was a huge gap in their time, a desultory void in the afternoons between school and when their parents would get home, if the parents even came home. Garcia decided to open the "Terlingua Youth Club." She found an old, falling-down building in a central location that the owner was agreeable to letting them use, and using her own money, Garcia bought snacks and supplies, and someone donated a pool table. The kids were encouraged to do their homework and offered help as needed, and it was checked for completion. Thirty-nine kids came the first day, which was much of the offspring in the sparsely populated area. "We had a great turn out," Garcia said.

"Everything was to show the kids they could get out of Terlingua. If they were asked what they wanted to be when they grew up and they said a waitress at the Motor Inn... well, of course, there's nothing wrong with that, but we wanted them to see different things," Garcia said. They went to the Fort Worth Zoo and Six Flags over Texas. They traveled to San Antonio to SeaWorld to see Aric Bostick, the motivational speaker who encourages people in reaching their potential. They canoed the Rio Grande, as most of the kids had never been on the river a stone's throw from where they live. They had a ball.

In time, Garcia was encouraged to take the necessary steps to becoming part of the Boys & Girls Club of America. Being a part of the national organization would help with funding, grants and general support. (B&GCA is the official charity of Major League Baseball, and Denzel Washington, a former club member, has been the spokesperson for years.) Garcia went to meetings and seminars to educate herself about the B&GCA and the steps to join. In order to be accepted, there was a full audit of the books, management practices, personnel, and the youth programs.

Oftentimes when the seeker crosses the threshold, tests and trials rise up. Perhaps they build character or create focus for the journey. Whatever the purpose is, tribulation does not come dressed as good fortune. Just as the Youth Club got approval to join the

B&GCA, which was quite an accomplishment in out-of-the-way Terlingua, some of the board members turned against Garcia and tried to usurp her with false allegations. Although there was no proof, like any "fake news" (or small-town gossip), it takes a toll on reputations and trust. The case went to court and Garcia won, but during the ordeal, the community stopped supporting the club, which is a necessary part of the structure. (The community needs to put in 25k to get 50k in grants for the BGCA, for example.) The group that started out to benefit the kids lost momentum and the club folded. It was a very difficult time for



photo courtesy of Neil Ragsdale

Garcia. "I went through hell, my health was failing, but all that brought me to writing and I wouldn't give anything for that," she said.

Garcia started writing about the loss and stress as a way to work through the disappointment and bitterness of the battle. She started in 2005 immediate-



photo courtesy of Rani Birchfield

ly after the court mediation as a self-therapy, sitting down at her laptop in an attempt to release some of her negativity. She wrote and wrote and wrote, creating characters, birthing and dying them, torturing and redeeming them. At first the book was literal, Garcia said, but it morphed and grew and turned into the story it is today. Eventually, in 2012, *One Bloody Shirt at a Time: A Deputy Ricos Tale* emerged from the ashes of Garcia's psyche onto bound paper with a cover of Bee Mountain at dusk. "Through that process, I was able to move on and find forgiveness," Garcia said.

Now, eight books and two awards later*, Garcia still "gets away from it all" by writing.

Diagnosed with an illness in her thirties, it began affecting her a couple of decades later. "I'm so grateful that I

found writing; I don't know how it would go if I didn't write. It's so great to have the experience; writing allows me to do all the things I can no longer do, so I have great fun with it. Sometimes I worry as the plots are kind of way out there, pushing the envelope of believability, but it's so fun," she said.

Garcia is currently working on three more novels. One is a Deputy Ricos, her most popular character. "I have lots of books in my head, but people love Deputy Ricos," she said. Originally based on Garcia's daughter, a helper in a time of need, Ricos evolved into her own person, thankfully for the mother-daughter relationship. Garcia is close to her daughter, but that may have stretched the bonds a bit, Garcia said.

Another of the works in progress is

an offshoot of *The Reluctant Cowboy*, an earlier book not based on Ricos. There are five chapters, which at the moment, exist without a plot. "I'm just having fun with the characters," she said. "I want to mess with them, and they want to be written about." Sometimes her characters get stuck and she has to set them aside for a while. Recently one of her characters was stuck in Monterrey, so Garcia left her there for a while until the way out was clear. At other times, her dramatic personae talk to her. "I can hear them talking, and sometimes I have trouble sleeping at night. They do come alive and shape the story," Garcia said. For example, in *Raw Deal*, her latest book, a skeleton of a woman who disappeared from a Chili Cook-Off 21 years ago is found, opening a cold case. Garcia had the murder pinned on one character, but Ricos said the killer was someone else, not the one Beth had in mind. This advice ended the book the best way possible. "It's the most fabulous feeling ever, when I'm in the zone," Garcia said.

A self-proclaimed procrastinator and an avid crossword puzzle addict, Garcia says she tries to write a little every day but has no set page goal or time block to meet. "Since it's something I truly enjoy, I don't have to set a schedule," she said. Sometimes she just writes a little, but other times, she's so into her created universe, she sits for hours and hours, not getting up to eat or even for a bathroom break.

The writing life isn't all fun and other worlds. One must travel back and forth between them on a regular basis for balance and forward progress, at least in terms of getting a book completed. In the writing of *Raw Deal*, Garcia said she had some tough months, which dragged on for over a year. She didn't feel well enough to write and the story languished in the halls of her computer for long periods of time. When she went back to it,

she'd have to reread everything all over again. On the good days, however, Garcia loves when she's "just in it."

Her fan base is mostly right here in the Big Bend region, but it is spreading by word of mouth and through books left in local AirBnBs for guests. She sees an occasional sale from Spain or Australia, gets emails from Alaska, and has two fans in Ireland. "It's hilarious to me to be treated like I'm famous and popular. I love it, I have to say," Garcia said.

One of Garcia's biggest fans is local rancher Jean Larremore. Larremore reads all Garcia's books the minute they come out, while her husband taps his foot nearby, bugging her to hurry so he can read it next. "My husband only reads Westerns; he doesn't read mysteries, but he loves these," Raines said. She buys Garcia's books and ships them all over the United States to friends and family, further spreading the tales woven by the former river runner.

Along with a growing fan base, Garcia now has a full-time companion, a sidekick who (literally) assists on her desk. His name is Biggie, and he's living out the latter of his nine lives with Garcia. Biggie is catching on quick; within a week, Biggie was found cuddling the proof copy of "Raw Deal."

As far as the Terlingua Youth Club and the great and terrible happenings of that time, Garcia says she has no regrets. "It was the best thing I ever did – I'm damned proud of it. Kids have come up to me over the years and say they went to college because of their experience, or done a music program or achieved a scholarship." They tell her she taught them about goal setting and how to get there. And now the books, the worlds she's created... Garcia had no idea she had it in her. And that Deputy Ricos – who says helpers on the journey have to exist in this realm? "I'm so happy that so many people read my books," Garcia said. "They give me so much love; it's so amazing. A lot of the love is aimed at Deputy Ricos but it comes to me – I feel all the love for my deputy."

* *One Bloody Shirt at a Time* won "Best Crime Novel of the Year" from the Texas Authors Association for 2013, and *Border Ghosts* won in 2015. *The Trail of a Rattler* was selected as the best Crime / Mystery novel in the Texas Authors, Inc. contest in 2017. Garcia is a Big Bend Winner. Her books are available at Front Street Books in Alpine, and at her website.

SCOTLAND – Childhood Memories

by *Jim Glendinning*



I was born on a hill farm in Scotland before World War II, the third of four children of Noel and Arthur Glendinning, a sheep farmer of many generations. Dad was the youngest of 12, who graduated with a BSc from Glasgow University and took over the family farm. I sometimes look at a picture of the whole family taken in 1901, dressed up and staring solemnly at the camera. Far removed from me, in years and place.

The farm is located in the Borders region of southern Scotland, home to the Border collie. The hardy hill sheep (Cheviots and Blackface) thrive on the grass which 60 inches of rain produce annually.

The area experienced some hundreds of years of turbulent history before the English and Scottish Crowns exerted authority. The local families, with names such as Scott, Armstrong, Maxwell and Elliot, engaged in constant cattle rustling (“Reiving”) across the border. By the 17th century James VI of Scotland banished many of these families to Northern Ireland (“The Ulster Plantation”).

Growing up on a farm made for a healthy life, tending chickens, helping with the harvest (my father also rented a farm for cattle and crops), and later with the lambing of the ewes in the spring. I was never happier than galloping my pony round and round a paddock in front of the farm house.

My initial schooling was at Lockerbie Academy five miles distant in the town, which in 1988 became known around the world for the Pan American Flight 103 crash.

Two wartime memories stand out. The Scottish First Division took over our farm for pre-D Day training in early 1944, a hugely thrilling sight for a seven-year old boy, who was allowed to ride on a tank.

Other soldiers (Prisoners of War from Germany, Italy and Ukraine) worked on the farm, standing in cold, muddy fields picking turnips and other crops. After the war, we continued to correspond with the German POWs, with whom we got on well.

The end of the war saw the return from a German POW camp of our uncle who had been captured in North Africa by Rommel’s troops. He was an officer, so had been treated relatively well. He looked gaunt, but fit. But he never wanted to discuss his captivity with us eager kids.

A cousin also returned, as a war hero. He had fought behind Japanese lines in Burma, part of General Wingate’s campaign. I was to meet this cousin, James, 50 years later during one of my tour groups to Scotland, a quiet-spoken, thoughtful man far removed from the image of a jungle fighter.

By now the war was over, and a period of national austerity started. I was unaware during this period of growing up, how British politics and society were changing. The Labour Party caused a huge upset when they were elected in 1945. The government nationalized major industries that affected the country for the next 40 years. Our local farming industry was not greatly affected, with guaranteed prices for sheep and a vibrant dairy industry.

Memories of that period, 1940 to 1950, are comforting and benign, with occasional thrills: the first trip abroad in 1951, with an aunt and cousin to Switzerland; being made Head of School (age 12 at my preparatory boarding school); seeing “Oklahoma” in London in 1947, a mind-blowing

riot of song and dance in the grey world of post-WWII England.

I grew up as a young English/Scottish lad, enjoying a stable home life and benefitting from a good education. At core, I felt Scottish. This is where I was born and all around me were signs of how Scotland was different. To this day, the sound of bagpipes stirs something within me, something deep and satisfying. To a lesser degree I felt part English. My mother was English and the schooling I had was oriented towards the English model.

By age 13, I was ready for the more serious stage in my education.

In 1951 I entered “public school” in Edinburgh, following my brother, David. An independent boarding school for boys, aged 13-18, this proved to be a much stronger challenge than my preparatory school.

The “public school” system came from the English model (places like Eton) and was very much intended to produce leaders, with discipline, sporting competitions and strict teaching standards as the key.

The school was set in 300 acres not far from the centre of Edinburgh, and clearly visible from all sides. It was founded in 1854 by a successful Edinburgh businessman and philanthropist as a school for boys from needy families. The main structure was of chateau-like appearance with turrets, gargoyles and a towering spire, with houses for boys’ accommodation scattered around the grounds.

Discipline in the residential houses depended on the younger boys doing jobs (eg polishing shoes or cleaning study rooms) for the older boys. The older boys, known as prefects, also had the authority, with the house master’s permission, of caning younger boys who had committed errors. Cold showers, even in mid-winter, and sleeping in dorm beds with the window open to North Sea winds further reinforced the spartan feel of the place.

My initial challenge, having just arrived with a group of other scared and wary newcomers, happened on a Sunday. On Sunday we had to dress up in a suit with jacket, shirt and tie.

The problem was with the starched collar, which came separate from the shirt and had to be connected with a stud going through the button hole in the front of the shirt. It took some time to master this technique with deft fingers.

In the evening before going to bed we ate porridge, recited a prayer and sang a hymn. Boxing was required for everyone, and long runs were a staple diet. Our rugby team excelled and, during the five years I attended, never lost a match.

We were being trained as future leaders of the country. The problem was that the old British Empire was largely disintegrating before our eyes as more and more countries became



independent. Still, we received a privileged education and many in our number went on to achieve fame. I might mention Tony Blair, as the most famous politician from Fettes. But his reputation at Fettes was never high, and has overall sunk lower in recent years.

Studies were not ignored. Classes took place in large, bare classrooms with hard benches. Teaching was dogged if mainly uninspired. I chose French and German, and took national exams on those subjects, and passed. I also took Russian with a view of joining the Intelligence Corps in the

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Folkways

by Maya Brown Zniewski

THE NEW HERBALISM FROM ANCIENT ROOTS

It is cold here as I write this; our first real snow has come late, but with vengeance. When it was still warm in September, Charles Garcia, Curanderismo and Director of the California School of Hispanic Herbalism, and Ruth

practices of the old ways. It is an exciting adventure to see the resulting blossoming of books, blogs, schools and practices.

At an organic farm in Anoka, Minnesota, a group of students met, learning the history, rituals, herbs,

spirits, negative vibes, little curses have been laid upon me, removing illness and leading goodness towards me. He floats the feather and burns the sage; he holds the stone over my heart. When I rise I feel rooted and calm, cleared of a jumble of bad Juju.

Over the two weeks Charles and Ruth were staying here we spent time sitting around my kitchen table, which was crafted by my grandfather's father, chatting, cooking and eating. We drank the rich coffee they had brought, a dark roast ground finely, talking until all hours, Charles, Ruth, myself and Rowan and Ben who were also hosting. We learned how and why Charles does his work, although to say work is not a fair term to describe Curanderismo healing, it is more of a calling or a summons from God to heal, as it is with the traditional healing methods of most cultures. I make connections, like invisible lines on a map, between the similarities among Curandismo, the traditional healing practices of Celtic people, and the traditional healing practices of peoples from around the world. They are stunning. The prayers are in different languages, different elements are used, different stones, but they all come from the same source. A connection with ancestors and God, Goddesses and Higher Beings. In a strangeness of fate we discover that Ruth McConnell is also my cousin. Not only do I learn so much from Charles and Ruth, I have connected with a cousin.

Charles learned from his family in a traditional way. The healing way of Curandismo is passed from his grandparents, parents and to him going back to unknown generations. Hidden, to keep from complete disintegration, now Curandismo and other practices like it are returning after many generations of practice on the down low. This is a gift, his teaching around the country, like the acorn that falls from an Oak, only to grow hundreds of miles down river. Ruth



Nature's Classroom

McConnell, Healer, made a trip around the county. I was one of the very honored hosts.

For several centuries, Natural Healers, Herbalists, Medicine Men and Curanderismos have practiced their Healing Arts on the down low. Folks passed on the information by word of mouth through friends and family. The modern view was that it was either useless or dangerous magic. Families would maintain traditional medicine as quaint home remedies passed from parent to children, but it was rare that it was written for the public record. In the last 25 – 30 years there has been a renaissance of traditional healing. Herbalists have searched old records and picked the memories of grandparents to rebuild and spread information on a variety of healing

and culture of Curanderismo as Mr. Garcia's family practices it. We sit in a circle, drinks of tea and water and the occasional soda in hand, listening to how Mr. Garcia began his craft and how he teaches. He has a medicine bag, larger than most, made of leather with designs embroidered on it, filled with a silver coin from when money was still an element and a bullet he had specially made, feathers from various birds, stones charged with positive energy, herbs like mugwort and sage, a knife handmade by a true craftsman, other little but important trinkets. I volunteer, excitedly and enthusiastically, to be an example of how Charles helps to heal. I lie on the ground in the middle of the circle as Charles chants a prayer over me and draws out whatever



Charles Garcia

and Charles are back in California now. Charles is walking on the sidewalks and finding the hidden spots of homeless veterans, helping them with herbalism in daily care, leaving a trail of Curandismo in his path. Ruth is visiting with the trees and helping Northern California recover from fires. Just as the veterans will slowly heal and the forest of California will recover and renew itself, the practice of Curandismo, Herbalism and Traditional Medicine is springing forth in new growth.

Charles Garcia's Website: www.hispanicherbs.com

The Wreck of Old Number 9

by C. W. (Bill) Smith

I struck a virtual goldmine of wild tales and improbable events when I became curator of the Terrell County Museum. There is always a clamor for the latest episode in our little horse opera. I may have a way with words, but even I am amazed! Sometimes I run up against cherished local folklore.

My first inkling that I might be in trouble with the train wreck story was when a good friend came to the Museum one day and read me the riot act. He was incensed that I had "butchered" his grandfather's favorite tale. I thought at first that he was kidding, but unfortunately, he was serious. His grandfather had been a long-time railroad employee and had cherished a locally famous tale of death and destruction...the Great Train Wreck of 1905. I had found that tale in our voluminous history book, but when I researched it, the first inaccuracy was the date. There was no passenger train wreck in 1905, but there was one in 1902. It even made the front page of many newspapers around the U. S., maybe even the world, as far as I knew. So, I used the most trusted sources I could find and retold the actual story from historic news articles. No one alive was even born in that time, so period newspapers provided the best source of information at my disposal. The historic facts were every bit as dramatic and filled with pathos and horror as the folktale that had been simmering and recocking for over a hundred years.

In our case, the most celebrated storyteller in our community was a very interesting fellow named W. J. "Willie" Banner. He was a master storyteller, a local rancher born and bred in Sanderson and a baseball aficionado. Banner was a scout for the St. Louis Cardinals because Sanderson, a baseball town, was brimming with talent and even had a semi-professional team. Some of our residents even played in the minor leagues.

So, master storyteller Willie Banner was the best at relating the horrific story of a drunken engineer in 1905 sending his train load of Chinese

detainees to a fiery death near Maxon Siding, 25 miles west of Sanderson. The only problem was, it is impossible to find that story in the media of the times.

In Willie Banner's account, the events took place in 1905. The engineer and his train roared into Sanderson late, and the drunken engineer slammed hard on the brakes, bringing the train to a screeching halt and throwing some of its passengers into the aisles. According to Banner, some 300 illegal Chinese, a trainload, were being sent to San Francisco to be shipped back to China. Reprimanded by the conductor, the tipsy engineer roared away, greatly angered at the dress-down by the conductor, the boss of the train. Banner says the train was going at top speed (possibly 100 miles an hour) to make up lost time, when it reached a hairpin curve just a few miles east of Maxon Siding. For some reason, the train left the track and all the cars burst into flame, incinerating all its passengers and crew. At this point, most of Banner's listeners were reeling and gasping at the horror of immolation, suffering and death. It was a great tale, and apparently it got even better with each retelling!

But, it was mostly invention and storytelling at its best. Instead, the actual account in newspapers of the time was equally horrific. The only account of a fiery train wreck which I could find in that period occurred in the same spot, but three years earlier in 1902. And in the true account there was not even one Chinese involved.

Train #9 was typical for 1902 travelers. It consisted of a baggage car, an express car (like having a UPS or FEDEX truck on the train) a coach and a chair car. In that day, the railroad would promote tourism and, much like travel agencies of today, would book whole cars to people in a community for group tours. On this train, there were tourist cars from St. Louis, Cincinnati and Washington, D.C.

Also on the train was a Standard Pullman car with private rooms and sleeping berths. To complete the train there was a private business or observa-

tion car on the rear, the Pere Marquette, owned by a Mr. Thomas Ryan, an influential Wall Street capitalist and first vice president of the noted Morton Trust Company, who was traveling with family and friends to San Francisco.

According to newspaper sources, the train was late but there was no evidence that the engineer or the fireman were under the influence of alcohol or anything else. By the position of the wreckage, it was estimated that the train was traveling at about forty-five miles per hour when it left the tracks, hardly top speed for an engine which could easily race along at 100 miles per hour.

At 3:30 a.m. on March 7, 1902, Sunset Limited Train #9 approached Maxon, twenty-five miles west of Sanderson, coming down a long incline and entering a hairpin curve. At that point the engine, tender and the first six cars of baggage, express and coaches with sleeping passengers, hurtled from the tracks and piled into an unbelievable mass of twisted metal and splintered timbers. The tourist cars and the Pullman derailed but remained upright and on the roadbed. The Pere Marquette remained on the rails and was unscathed. The cause of the wreck was undetermined, but it was thought at first to be due to rail spreading or a broken rail.

A catastrophic wreck at Baxter's Curve eight miles east of Sanderson a few years earlier (but with few casualties) was due to sabotage of the rails, but there was no evidence of that at Mast Curve, which was later named for the engineer who was killed in this 1902 wreck.

Before anyone knew what was happening, a gas tank on one of the cars ruptured and in seconds the wreckage was engulfed in flames. The all-wood passenger cars of the time used gas-lighting for illumination, they were like time bombs, waiting to go off.

The clerks in the baggage and



express cars escaped death but were severely burned or scalded by the escaping steam.

The greatest carnage was in the forward coaches. Sleeping passengers were killed outright or trapped in the flaming wreckage. Despite the heroic efforts of the uninjured passengers, many passengers in the first two cars were doomed to a fiery death.

Accounts say the survivors raced about in a panic with tatters of burned clothing hanging from their bodies, trying to save the injured. When the upright cars began to smolder and ignite, passengers ran to the Pere Marquette and pushed it away from the roaring inferno.

Capitalist Ryan and his associates were safe, but a first report said that they had perished in the flames. This caused the eastern stock markets to dip until the truth was known.

The death toll from the grisly accident was never determined accurately, but the official toll stood at twelve dead and about seventy-five injured. All but the bodies of the engineer and fireman were consumed by the flames, making a count difficult. Survivors claimed the death toll was much higher, but the railroad never acknowledged a higher toll.

Mr. Ryan reported to Southern Pacific President E. H. Harriman that he didn't believe the accident was due to excessive speed. He examined the wreckage and felt that the engine had failed in some way, but the devastation was so great he couldn't determine the actual cause.

To add a final tragedy to a terrible story, seeing the glow of the inferno, the track foreman at Maxon hopped on his hand car and sped off to the scene of the wreck. Along the way he

accidentally fell to his death on the rocks along the track.

A few weeks after the accident the railroad settled with the survivors, paying out the huge sum of \$73,000. Papers of the time marveled at the speed with which the GH&SA railroad dealt with the claims. Corporate America, then as now, often dragged their feet in paying claims for damages to their customers, but this high-profile case demanded immediate action. One local

said his mother wouldn't ride the train again after the accident. The railroad worked to dispel that fear to maintain ridership.

It is interesting to see how local folktales differ from the actual truth. Willie Banner was a baby in 1902 and based his story on what he had heard from others. Eventually, the tale became so twisted and exaggerated that it hardly resembled the true account. But the art of storytelling has

just enough embellishment to keep your listeners coming back for more. History requires detective work.

As a sad footnote to this story, 92 years later, in 1994, Mast Curve was the location of a fiery collision of two freight trains that lead to the demise of Sanderson as a railroad Division Point and the exodus of employees to other locations, which caused dwindled population in Sanderson and shuttered many of its 100-year-old businesses.

continued from page 4

what we are up to in the classroom. We have our own Facebook page that showcases students' work. We have thousands of followers! Social media both helps build students' confidence and promotes their work. They LOVE having their art posted on the page and seeing all of the comments. The internet also makes it possible for students to enter competitions and showcase their work in places that they didn't have access to before.

The total support of the superintendent, the school board, my principals, and the students' families, has allowed this to happen. They have given me the freedom and

trust to let these kids spread their wings and fly. It is amazing to be a part of this program. The kids here are family-oriented, good kids. We are 99.9 percent Hispanic, and many of our students come directly from Mexico. Some have had to leave their families in Mexico to come (legally, of course) to school in Texas and get a better education. Often, they do not speak English, and language can become a barrier. In fine arts, this is not the case because music, art, and dance are universal languages.

The students have found a place where all can succeed and excel—no matter where they come from. We have had so many success stories from the fine arts department here. We have had artwork

displayed as far away as the Saatchi Gallery in London, England. One of our high school art students won the Congressional Art Competition. Her artwork hung for a year in the Capitol, Washington, DC. Our students have won and placed in state and national art competitions over the past several years. Many have gone on to become practicing artists in their own right over the years.

Besides all of this hoopla and exposure, do you know what the best part is? We have so much fun in class together. The students make me laugh every day. That is why I show up at school and always find my job enjoyable and rewarding.

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British Army. That did not materialize but my passes in national exams helped get me into Oxford University, my next stop.

Five years at Fettes College was a toughening regimen for me. I did not benefit much from the sporting fetish since I broke a knee in my early years. The teaching was sound, and the school was not beset by the snobbery and elitism of some English public schools. The highlight of my five years was not graduating but marching in military uniform through the streets of

Edinburgh behind the college bagpipe band, on the way to

summer camp—a stirring feeling of national pride.



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TEXAS WOMEN

by Carolyn Brown Zniewski

I think Buck Owens, born in Sherman, Texas, was talking about Texas women when he wrote "Cigarettes, whiskey and wild, wild women; they'll drive you crazy." Here are some wild Texas women for you to sort out, some criminals and some heroines and all strong and independent. Multiple choice answers for 1-5 are below question 5.

- 1) This woman owned a ranch in Texas that was in financial trouble. In 1901, in order to get the money to pay the mortgage, she accepted a dare to be the first person to go over Niagara Falls in a barrel. She survived the trip and paid the mortgage with her winnings.
- 2) Captured by Comanche Warriors, this woman became an honored member of the tribe and raised two sons, one of whom became a respected Comanche Chief.
- 3) This wild Texas woman with her partner in crime, cut a wide swathe of robbery and murder across much of the West, often sending "publicity packs" of photos and poetry to local papers. In only four years their crime spree earned them a reputation that has lasted to the present day.
- 4) This six-foot-tall, 250-pound Texas nurse married and buried a total of seven very wealthy husbands. In defense of charges of murder, she stated, "So what? I done the decent thing. You never heard of me not marrying a man. I don't shack up."
- 5) This notorious Texas mother was only trying to be the best Mom ever and help her daughter gain a spot on the cheerleading squad. High school can be tough so to give her daughter an edge in the competition she hired her brother-in-law to murder the mother of Amber, her daughter's strongest competitor, counting on grief to debilitate the competition. The plot was unmasked and Amber won the spot.

- | | |
|------------------------|-------------------|
| a) Bonnie Parker | d) Cynthia Parker |
| b) Anna Edson Taylor | e) Pearl Choate |
| c) Wanda Webb Holloway | |

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



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