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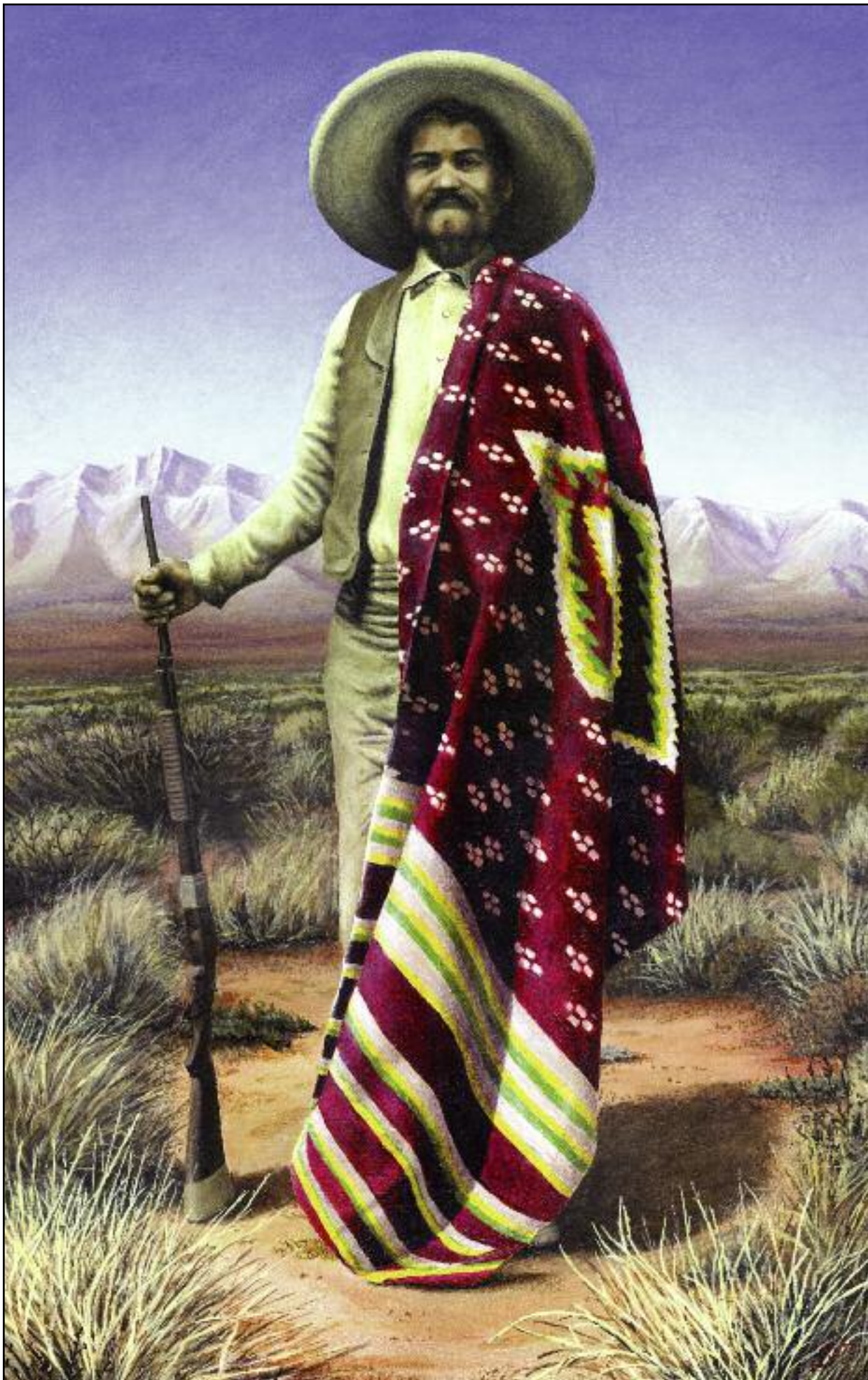
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Leticia Wetterauer, courtesy of CBBS

Scholarship for the Last Frontier

By David W. Keller

In 1987 the Center for Big Bend Studies (CBBS) was established at Sul Ross State University to promote interdisciplinary scholarship on the culture and history of the Big Bend region. The concept was not a new one. By accident or design, the Center was picking up where the pioneering West Texas Historical and Scientific Society had left off some 20 years earlier. Starting in 1926 the Society, uniquely composed of Sul Ross professors and citizens alike, conducted extensive research and published 11 volumes on the region's history, folklore and its natural and cultural history. After the aging Society began to decline in the early 1970s the regional, cultural scholarship fell by the wayside.

That deficiency was remedied by the newly formed Center for Big Bend Studies. Under the guidance of the Center's first director, professor of history Dr. Earl Elam, the fledgling research institution soon gained regional and statewide recognition. In its first several years the Center published the first volume of the *Journal of Big Bend Studies*, started an annual newsletter and

hosted its first academic conference.

After Elam's retirement in 1995, Robert J. Mallouf, who had been Texas State Archaeologist for the previous 14 years, replaced Elam as the CBBS's new director. Under Mallouf's leadership, the CBBS's scope expanded significantly with an upgraded interdisciplinary agenda and a renewed focus on Big Bend archaeology. The CBBS also introduced the first archaeology and anthropology courses to the Sul Ross curriculum and began offering contractual archaeological services.

In 2004 the CBBS launched the Trans-Pecos Archaeological Program (TAP). It was an unprecedented interdisciplinary research project designed to bring our understanding of past cultures of the Big Bend up to the level achieved in other parts of the state. Although broad in scope, the research domains within TAP were designed to address very specific deficiencies in regional cultural studies. Accompanying TAP was the creation of the Friends of the Center for Big Bend Studies—a non-profit

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Cenizo Notes

by Carolyn Brown Zniewski, publisher and Danielle Gallo, editor



Let me introduce you to Rocky, the rocking, reading rabbit I spotted up in McCamey about a year ago. He is on the front cover with Daisy, the young reader. We've finally got him ready to go to work. This issue is full

to the brim with poetry and fiction. As far as I know, it is the first time we have had a majority of fiction in the *Cenizo*. We have some good stories for you.

This is a good time of year to think about reading. The holidays are coming soon and if you are looking for gift ideas there is no better place to go than a local bookstore. One good thing about books is that you don't have to worry about size or color. New or used doesn't matter that much either. Some of the most wonderful gifts can be used books.

Big Bend is populated with dozens of authors, our own Jim Glendinning has written several and has a new one on the way. Lonn Taylor, who has written for us in the past, has a few under his belt as well. There are mystery writers, historians, geologists, cookbook authors and autobiographers writing here in West Texas. I think you could walk down any street in any town in the 432 area code and find a writer or two. This issue celebrates the poetry and short fiction of our area.

Rocky is the *Cenizo* mascot. He sits under the trees in his special spot and reads and reads and reads. He doesn't care how old or young you are, he'll always find something good for you to read. Rocky recommends bookstores new and used and the libraries in just about every town. We are so bookish that many regular shops carry a small selection. Rocky says, "Make mine in print!"



I am continually amazed at how I wake up one morning after enduring an eternity of blazing hot summer days to find that it is simply autumn, as though someone bumped the cosmic thermostat and there it sits at a reasonable number. Suddenly all the flying pests are a little sluggish and easier to swat, though the wasps are busier than ever around the ripening tuna. My brave little pomegranate bush put forth three fruits this year and I find myself checking their blush a dozen times a day—hesitant to pick them too soon, terrified of waiting too long. They are my favorite fruit here.

The first sign of the fall for me is always the first time I notice the angle of the sun changing in the sky, heading further south with all the summer birds, as though it too prefers to winter in Mexico. The porch is suddenly half-bright at midday as the light begins creeping toward the wall of the house, as though stretching in anticipation of keeping us a little warmer when we need it most. And though I miss the long lingering evenings as they shorten, I love the sense of exhilaration the morning chill always brings me. More than anything, though, I love being able to leave the house in the middle of the day with the children. They are infinitely more likely to take naps when they haven't been stuck indoors all day because of the heat.

This is a special issue of *Cenizo*, in which we are showcasing some local talent in the arena of fiction and poetry. Though we do not ordinarily print works of fiction, we do sometimes receive submissions that make us want to make an exception. I hope you enjoy a few good tales in the early autumn evening.

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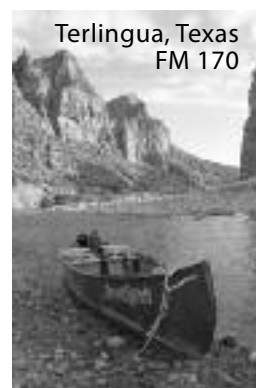
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Voices of the BIG BEND

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

Story and photographs by Jim Glendinning

TERRY BISHOP

"Have you got 15 minutes?" Terry Bishop asked me as we drank coffee in the Enlightened Bean in Presidio. "There's something I'd like to show you." Since I'd come especially to talk with Bishop, I easily agreed to the short diversion.

We drove east on Hwy 170, just past Fort Leaton. There, adjacent to the Rio Grande, was a brand new wetlands project, in which Bishop plays a key part. It comprises 12 acres of pond and marsh, landscaped with 400 trees and plantings of milkweed to attract monarch butterflies, named the B.J. Bishop Wetlands Project after Bishop's father.

The project is a collaboration between David M. Crum of Marfa, who had the idea, Bishop who donated the land, the Trans Pecos Water and Land Trust which secured a \$74,000 grant, and the City of Presidio that provided the grey water. La Junta Heritage Center will manage the project. Work started in 2011, and now it is ready for a grand opening. It promises to attract birders from afar. It combined two major elements in Bishop's life: land use and environmental concern.

Terry Bishop was born on May 20, 1954 in Carrizo Springs, Texas, the eldest child of Billy Joe Bishop, a farmer and a USDA employee, and Marion Catherine Bobo. He was followed by his sister, Tammy Ruth Bishop, who lives today in Presidio.

In 1958, the family moved to West Texas, where Bishop started school in Marfa in 1960 and where his father grew cotton in Presidio. He acknowledges he was a rebellious student, but after graduating from high school in 1971 he persevered and went on to earn a B.A. in Accounting at the University of Texas Pan American in Edinburg, TX.



TERRY BISHOP
Presidio

At college Bishop met Joella Wayland of Mission, Texas, whom he married in 1977. Their son, Jesse Bishop, today is a successful registered nurse in Austin. Bishop subsequently married Juanita Urias, Justice of the Peace in Presidio, by whom he has two boys, Asa (17) and Mason (11), currently going through school in Presidio.

In 1976, following graduation, Bishop joined his father in the farming business, which has occupied him ever since. His father had earlier given up his government job as a soil inspector and jumped into the farming business in Presidio, growing cotton. But there was no money in cotton, so they switched to growing onions, honeydew melons and cantaloupes. At one stage there were 600 acres of onions being cultivated in the rich riparian soil.

But it was a risky business. Finding farm hands at harvest time became



LIZ SIBLEY
Alpine

increasingly difficult. Then there was a virus, from 1999-2001. In 2001 the business closed down and Bishop was left with major debts.

Determined to pay off those debts, Bishop embarked on an experimental plan to raise cash: selling local surface water, which he owned, to a downstream buyer. From 2001-2009 lawyers debated, and finally the court decided in Bishop's favor, the first time ever this issue has been approved.

Since 1968, Bishop had been best friends with Kelly Pruitt, a local artist and sculptor who lived in Presidio and Taos. Pruitt, a dyslexic and self-taught artist, lived outdoors when he could and had a different lifestyle to most people: seeing no doctor, pulling his own teeth and calling his dogs "his family." His fame spread far beyond West Texas through the power of his cowboy and western oil paintings and, at his death (aged 85), he was a

Texas icon. He shared with Bishop an extraordinary connection with the land.

Before his death in 2009, Pruitt called a meeting. He wished to establish a non-profit organization to promote sustainable agriculture, building restoration, art and history on the site, also education of kids about the land. The La Junta Heritage Center is the result of that vision. An experimental pomegranate crop has been planted, with almonds to follow. Nature trails have been laid out; plans are underway to restore the buildings. Bishop, having promised Pruitt, spearheads the operation. More information can be found at www.lajuntaheritage.org

Pruitt's other requests to Bishop was that he bury him, take care of his dogs and take responsibility for his art work. Kelly Pruitt died at 5:15 am on February 15, 2009; by noon he was in the ground, in a grave he had dug himself, wrapped in a bedroll and wearing his cowboy hat. The marked grave is close to some unmarked graves on Bishop's land at La Junta, two miles east of Presidio, where Pruitt had lived on and off for years.

LIZ SIBLEY

Elizabeth Fahey was born in March, 1958 in Sioux City, the third of four children to USAF Captain Joseph Michael and British mum, nee Anne Singleton. Her father died in February 1962, one of the earliest fatalities in the Vietnam War, and the family relocated to England.

Of the four children (Annemarie, Vicky, Elizabeth and Tim), the girls were schooled at convent boarding schools in England and South Africa. The most memorable school was Harry Potter-like Grenville College, in Clare, Suffolk, England, where horsemanship was on the curriculum.

In 1971, the family moved from

Capetown to Houston to be closer to their American family. While her mother worked two jobs, Liz obtained a full scholarship from 1971-1975 to prestigious St. John's School in Houston. Her preferred subject was English, and she was captain of the soft ball team. Overall, Liz recalls "having a great education in spite of myself." The St. John's experience defined her education and led later directly to the Montessori project in Alpine.

Upon graduation at age 17, she enrolled at the University of Texas, Austin, studying French and International Business. She rode her bike to her evening job at Mike and Charlie's Restaurant and made friends easily. At a debutante's party in October 1975, she first set eyes on Hiram Sibley, with whom she later would share her life.

After her sophomore year at UT, Liz moved to St. Croix, U.S. Virgin Islands, for 2 years, shipping her yellow car to use there. She earned \$100 per night as a bartender and enjoyed island life, scuba diving and sailing. Now 21,

she realized she needed to complete her degree, so she reenrolled at UT Austin, graduating in 1981 with a BA in French and International Business.

In October 1981, Liz and her roommate were assaulted by a mugger on an Austin street. While the attacker held a knife to her roommate's throat, Liz swung her hefty purse at him and he fled. The local press made a big story about this example of energetic self-defense by women. Hiram Sibley, hearing of the attack via his mother, flew the young women out to Alpine for some R & R.

The couple were married in 1983 at a large wedding in St. David's Episcopal Church, Austin. A three-month round-the-world honeymoon followed, with the first stop in Clare, West Suffolk at the old family "Bell Hotel." On return to Texas, the couple set up shop in a "beer can trailer" in South Alpine, enrolled at SRSU and started feeling their way through their shared life. Liz and Hiram spent a lot of time outdoors hiking and camping, two of Hiram's favorite activities.

The Sibley family is from Fort Stockton. Hiram, the youngest of three, was born there on January 1st, 1957. Hiram's grandfather and father were respectively a dentist and physician, both passionate about the land, lucky to acquire it and find it productive in oil and gas. The family acquired land around Fort Stockton and ranched for 3 generations. Hiram's father, DJ, was a brilliant, philanthropic man and his mother, Jane (91), has been a major contributor to the arts and social scene in Austin, and continues to do so.

Around the same time that Liz and Hiram's first child Rachel Anne was born (1986), followed by Chris two years later, they decided to start the Alpine Montessori School in Alpine, catering to pre-K and (later) elementary school ages. What followed was a back-breaking fundraising effort, the restoration of a burned-out building west of Alpine and finally the opening of the Alpine Montessori School in 1989, with 12 kids from the family and from friends in the first enrollment.

Liz served as volunteer administra-

tor for 13 years. Over the last 27 years, the school has encountered many challenges, including a change of address and various mortgages, and enjoyed a succession of gifted teachers and friends that give relentlessly. Alpine's Montessori School currently contains 55 students, ages 2 1/2 through 12, and is a proven success.

More recently, the ever-active and creative couple have turned to the Murphy Street Project. Betty Gaddis, who spearheads the operation, cannot praise their involvement too highly. Apart from general support, they have restored and opened two old properties on Murphy Street as bed & breakfast places: the Alpine Studio and the historic Bottle House.

In addition to being in the hospitality business, Liz and Hiram run the Galeria Sibley downtown, are perpetually connected with the Montessori School and, more generally, are a leading force in community activity in our town.



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THE BEER FROM OUT HERE

f t i

The Interview

by *Danielle Gallo*

John licked his first potsherd just downhill from a midden that looked like just another beige wash, even when you were standing right on top of it. It was just a shallow arroyo, hardly that even, more like a crease on the desert, differentiated only by a depth of a few inches and a slightly greater prevalence of smooth round stones than the beige to either side of it.

"Just lick it. Tastes good." The mustachioed man crouching in the paltry shade of a scraggly cedar had a habit of grunting his monosyllables. He was swathed head-to-toe in loose clothing except his feet, which were seated precariously in flip flops. Every inch of him, from the bandana tied under his chin to the frayed cuffs of his generic cargo pants, bore a layer of caliche dust so thick it cracked in the creases of his elbows and knees. His hat was felt, shapeless, and stained black from the brim to halfway up the crown, the sweat even now soaking through the dust, making a wide slick band of clay the color of laundromat curtains, circa 1980. He had clearly gone native...or whatever one goes after too many lingual assaults on ancient artifacts.

John held the little triangle of pottery in two fingers and hesitated. The silence was a pressure on his eardrums, disorienting him, making him wonder if he were going deaf until a crunch of stones under the feet of his companion dispelled the doubt. Sound seemed not to travel well here, as though the air were thick. It fell with a thud without echo and ended with an abruptness that tricked his memory; he wondered anew if he had really heard it or just imagined it.

The potsherd was less than an inch across and about a quarter inch thick. A hint of a ridge ran diagonally up the back where the potter had failed to completely smooth the coil.

His mouth felt dry, but the longer he stared at the little piece of broken pot

the more fascinated he became. Lick it, go on, he thought. It's just dirt, after all, you ate about half a pound on your way up here, wheezing and puffing you fat bastard, you ate a pound last night on the way into camp in that wind. Just do it, he's staring at you, he'll think you're a idiot if you don't, my god, doesn't the man ever blink?

Tentatively, his tongue broke through his lips, sticky and chapping in the February sun. The tip darted out and brushed the sherd, a burst of chalk and alkali assaulting his nose. He shut his eyes tight and just went for it, swiping the flat of his tongue over the smooth, slightly convex front. He peered at the little fragment. His teeth crushed grit as he tried to hide his disappointment.

"Didja think a genie was gonna come out?"

John looked at his guide. A wide grin cracked under the overgrown mustache, making him look rather insane. One eye was opened much wider than the other. "Lemme see," he grunted, and John put the sherd in his outstretched hand.

It had darkened against John's tongue, though it was rapidly paling again as it absorbed his saliva. With the washing a thin black line had become visible from one side of the triangle to the hypotenuse. That was all.

"Nice one. Bout 1500 I'd say," said the archaeologist, holding the sherd about an inch from his eyeball.

"How can you tell?" John asked, wondering if he was being had, if the whole thing was just a joke at the expense of the chubby new kid from Virginia.



Photo by John Seebach, courtesy Center for Big Bend Studies

"Paint," came the grunt. "Don't see that much later than 1550." He continued to regard it for a moment, then licked it himself as John cringed. He continued his scrutiny for a time and then his eyes wandered to the ground, where hundreds of tiny nondescript fragments peeked from the soil and the occasional shade of weeds. The archaeologist sat for a moment, the sherd cradled loosely in his fingers, seemingly lost in thought. Then he placed it gently back into its little caliche bed, stood abruptly and demanded, "You hydrated?"

"Wha...yessir," John replied, standing hastily and brushing a cloud of caliche from his bottom. At least he thought he was, having drunk insatiably for the past two days. His mother had told him he could never be sure, out there in the desert, so he wasn't taking any chances.

"Good," said the good doctor. "What time is it?"

John glanced at his watch. "About 10:30," he replied.

"Good," said the old man, regarding

the boy kindly, the hint of a wry smile playing at the corners of his crow's feet. "Time for a drink then." He rummaged in his pack and brought forth a plastic enema bottle with the word "Gyn" scrawled in black sharpie on the side. Catching the boy's look of alarm, he chuckled and explained, "It's a new one, don't worry. They're flexible, see? Easier on the contents. And the pack mules." Another moment's searching brought forth a pack of powdered grapefruit juice, government issue. The two

were combined in the enema bottle and shaken vigorously. The doctor offered it to John, who only hesitated a moment before accepting it.

It was warm as bathwater, bitter, and gritty. The gin was cheap and did not blend well with the grapefruit. He drank deeply, half-turning to look out over the long mesa sloping gradually away below them. Row on row of cedar and creosote broke the beige to the far mountains, which seemed to hover in a pale haze of dust. It was monochrome; it was silent. He crunched a few grains of grapefruit and caliche in his molars as he handed the bottle back to the archaeologist.

"Welcome to the desert," the old man grunted, lifting it to his lips and taking a few practiced gulps. John turned again to look at the floor of an extinct sea, ocotillo stirring in the relentless sunshine like anemones.

It's going to be a long season, he thought, and a shy little grin crossed his face. He took the bottle back and drank again, looking forward to it.

Old Gods

It was just a passing comment,
how he missed the feel of
that San Juan country,
but I knew that feeling,
there are places like that.
Places that still have the pagan soul.
They have not lost the magic.
There the Old Gods await the time
their healing will once more be needed,
unmindful of the insignificant creatures
moving with destructive persistence
of termites over the land,
creating their own artificial world.

A few sense it.
Most ignore it.
Those who knew it too long gone,
defeated and banished by the blind followers
of the cross and the politics of Rome;
those same fine folks who brought us
conquistadores, crusade and inquisition.
Those with eyes and hearts so set on
their other world they do not know this one;
taking, never giving back.

In some few places,
the followers of the Old Gods remain
and they remember.
The magic is still there.
The pagan soul remains
and the Old Gods wait.

by Bob Miles

Poetry for Living

My Homeland Hills give way to prairies
And back to hills again.
The woods are suddenly thicker
And it begins to rain.
I must be headed to the shore
Where Texas meets the sky.

by Leigh Eaton

Back to the Blanket

I envied him,
My Mescalero friend,
That day he chose
To return to the reservation
And become again what he was.
He had a blanket to go back to
And I did not.

I have since learned
It was not true.
Among the simple, real people
Of my younger days

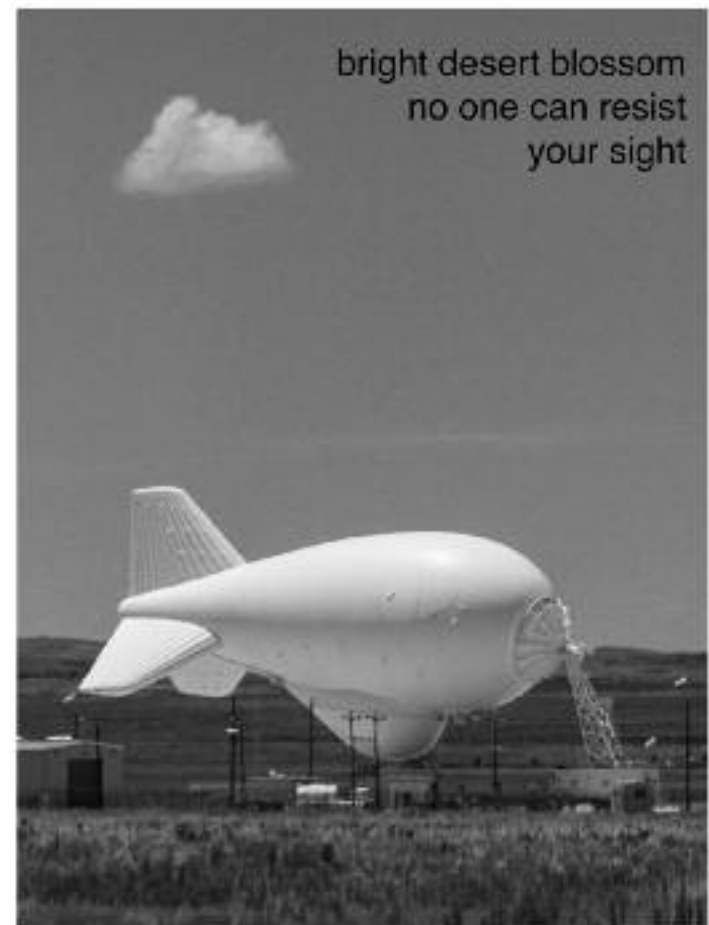
And the majestic mountain beauty
I see around me,
I do indeed have a
Blanket to go back to.

And while it may be true
That you can't go home again,
I can see it from here.

by Bob Miles

Photo Essay

Photos by Mark Muller. Poetry by Leah Billingsley.





look in any direction
there can become here



roadrunner spins empty plains
asphalt just a memory



ground and sky exchange
broken glances



weathered grooves, shadows, rust
the universal epitaph

Presidio Area Spanish Missions

by Bob Miles

MISSION SAN FRANCISCO DEL LOS JULIMES MISSION DEL APOSTOL SANTIAGO

"One of nine missions established in the Big Bend Country by Father Fray Nicolas Lopez, O.F.M. and Don Juan Dominguez de Mendoza in 1683-1684. Maintained by Franciscan missionaries for the civilizing and Christianizing of the Jumano, Julimes and other Indians of this area." (1936)

Texas historical markers recognizing the approximate sites of two Spanish missions stand today at Fort Leaton State Historical Site near Presidio. Both markers bear the same message for the long-gone missions. The exact locations of the missions are lost to history.

After the Aztec Empire fell to Hernan Cortez and his conquistadors, Spain took control of all of Mexico. As the Spanish moved northward, they found the northern portion of the Chihuahuan Desert to be of little interest. They called it the *despoblado* (deserted or uninhabited place), of no value to them for agriculture or mining. One Spaniard wrote that the *despoblado* "...cannot be inhabited nor populated by rational Christians."

That changed after Alvar Nunez Cabeza De Vaca and three other survivors of a Texas gulf coast shipwreck made their way back to Mexico. His account of their seven-year journey and the lands and people they encountered sparked the interest of the Spaniards in the land to their north. Some

evidence indicates that Cabeza De Vaca's group passed through the area known as La Junta de los Rios, the juncture of the Rio Grande and the Rio Conchos, in 1535. They found the natives of the area living in permanent villages in houses made of poles plastered with mud.

They were practicing agriculture.

Apparently two main tribes occupied the area—the agricultural Patarabueye and, at least part of the year, the nomadic Jumano who traveled to the plains to hunt bison and trade with other groups. A number of tribes also lived in the surrounding areas, including Julimes, Chizos, Tabosos, Puliques, Conchos, Cibolos and others.

These were the names the Spanish gave the groups who no longer exist as distinct tribes, having been absorbed into other cultures. These people were often the victims of illegal slave raids for workers in the Spanish mines.

These slave raids, along with increasing pressure from Apaches being pushed southward by Comanches, caused some of the groups to seek help from the Spanish author-

ities. In 1639, a group of several tribes visited the convent of San Antonio at Isleta, New Mexico. The Jumano leader known as One Eye told the priest a mysterious "Lady in Blue" had appeared among them and the Tejas tribe and taught them about Christianity, commanding them to seek missionaries. Her description matched that of a Franciscan nun, later identified as Mother Maria de Jesus, abbess of a convent in Spain who was said to have spiritually visited the tribes over 500 times between 1621 and 1631. Missionaries were sent into Texas, but not to La Junta.

In 1683, another Jumano leader, Juan Sabeata, told the governor of New Mexico, Capitan Domingo Jironza Petris de Cruzate, and Fray Nicolas Lopez, Custos and Ecclesiastical Judge of New Mexico, that a flaming cross had appeared on a mountain-side at La Junta. Juan Sabeata later admitted he fabricated the story to gain Spanish protection from his enemies, but the ruse had worked. The Indians were instructed to go home and build missions and quarters for the priests. This they did



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The markers are in storage and new markers will soon be installed. Photo courtesy of Brad Newton

and several priests travelled to La Junta. They found two missions crudely based on the missions in the El Paso area and dwellings for the priests. These structures were little more than wattle-and-daub *jacales*. The Mission del Apostol Santiago, possibly located on or near the site of present day Fort Leaton, and Mission San Francisco de los Julimes, also near today's Fort Leaton according to the historical marker (but in the Big Bend country "near" can cover a lot of country), and several other missions were

established.

There followed many years of conflict. Missions were abandoned because of revolts by the various Indian tribes, slave raids, Apache raids, bureaucracy, etc.; missions were reestablished, soldiers sent, presidios established and abandoned. In time, the different native groups were Christianized and absorbed by the conquerors, the Apaches and Comanches killed or driven onto reservations and what passes for civilization came to La Junta de los Rios. Those

original missions are gone now, but the work of the priests lives on in the lives of many of today's people in Presidio, Ojinaga and the entire region where the two rivers still flow.

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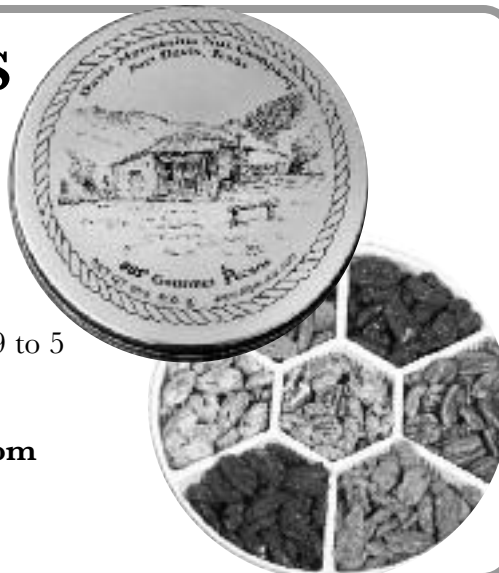
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LECHUGUILLA

by Rani Birchfield

When The Change was full upon the world, and the seas grew, the lakes and rivers and underground caches faded; when the droughts fed the deserts, growing them to immense sizes, the heat cooked the world; and when the famines came bringing their diseases with them, the great, as well as the tiny, migrations began.

José watched the trucks and heavy equipment pull out single-file and head north up the cracked two-lane highway through his binoculars. The old man remained behind – José had no trouble spotting him in the crushed, monochrome landscape. The old man looked ridiculous in his pink hat and mirrored sunglasses, flashing the peace sign to every single vehicle in the convoy from his spot in the sink-hole José thought.

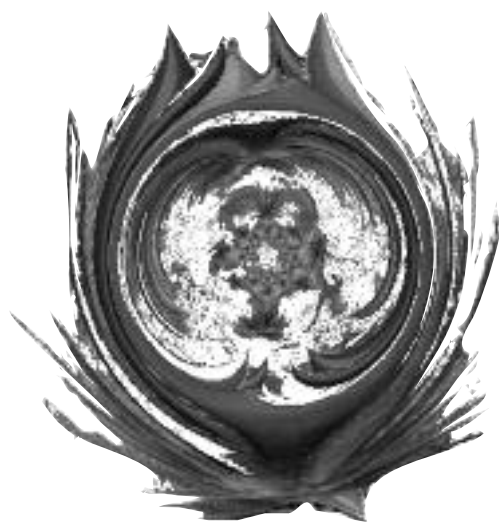
However, the Border Cartel's departure boded well for José – he couldn't stay in this makeshift foxhole much longer. He ran out of food three days ago and hydro yesterday. He figured he stood a better chance of survival with a loco loner than a whole platoon of BC. He had made it this far, avoiding BC and raiders for weeks in his trek from Chihuahua into old Texas – he wasn't about to let anyone get in his way. But he needed supplies.

When José was sure the BC weren't coming back, he roamed the burned-out town. He spotted the old man sprawled out under a flimsy lean-to, his hat over his face.

"One step closer and I'll give you a free sex change," the old man said, not moving.

"Ahh, *muy bien señor*, but if you were on top of your game, I wouldn't be standing over you."

"My feelings about continuing in this hell-hole are ambivalent so, on one hand, I know you're here, and my sorry human nature wants to preserve



"Agave lechuguilla" by Stan Shebs. Licensed under CC BY-SA 3.0 via Wikimedia Commons

my life. But on the other hand, why do I care? Do what you will and be done with it."

"I haven't seen anyone worth talking to in weeks, so I'll squeeze every drop of information out of you before I assassinate you," José smiled. He liked that word. And why not? He was good at it.

"Assassinate, huh? I like that. It makes me feel important. When will you assassinate me, señor? I should like to start planning my last meal. It may take a little longer to rustle up something fitting than it used to. Wait – actually, I have just the thing."

The old man sat up, straightened his hat, and assessed José through his scarred sunglasses. José wore old-school fatigues, no hat, and a dirty bandage covered one of his grayish-blue eyes.

José laughed. It felt foreign to him. *Dios mío*, I am delirious, he thought. "No one dies today, old man. First I want to know how you are here, and what you were doing with the BC. Maybe you're ex-military? That's usually the only type they let in their gang."

"Well, I'm not in their 'gang', but yes, I come and go as I please, a latent benefit of time spent in Special Forces decades ago in Bush's Iraq Wars." The old man stood up and dusted himself off. He pulled out a beat-up flask and handed it to José.

"Name's Thomas."

Desperate for hydration, José took a long pull.

"*Chingao!*" he said, his one eye tearing up. "What's that?"

"A gift from my associates. Not great, but does the job." The old man put the flask back in his pocket without drinking. "What about you?" he continued. "Cartel, by the looks of your ink. I thought most of your kind joined up with the BC."

"My name is José," José bowed as if in ceremony. "Si to both. Ex-cartel. AND ex-Border Cartel. Now just another migrant headed north."

"Defector, huh? I bet that's a story. For another time, though." The old man pointed south. The sky boiled over the hill, angry and red, coming fast. José, distracted by the rare conversation, failed to hear the growing rumble. Thomas led them west and stopped at the edge of one of the trenches dug by the BC.

"Get in," Thomas said. When José hesitated, Thomas pushed him into the deep trench, and José, off balance from hunger, dehydration, and the contents of the flask, tumbled in.

"What are you doing?" José belatedly.

"El Chapo. Stay down!"

As José struggled to climb out of the trench, Thomas ran to a dilapidated barn off to the side and disappeared inside. José crested the trench's edge in time to see Thomas running towards him, masks in hand, a breath ahead of the roaring haboob. As he dropped

into the trench, Thomas tossed a WWI looking mask to José along with a large black bag.

"Cover up, soldier!"

A blast of fiery dust and debris roiled over the hole, offering horrible respite from the beating sun for an interminable hour. When quiet descended and they felt the sun again, the two men dug out from the under the dust covered bags.

"I love a dirt nap," Thomas said.

"So refreshing."

"What did you call it, *ese*? *El Chapo*?"

"Yeah. Short and deadly. Starts somewhere around the Sierra Madres. Fitting, don't you think?" Thomas said. "One of the unpredictable phenomena that developed after The Change. Can travel hundreds of miles past the desert and up into the Drylands. Why? What do you call it where you're from?"

José laughed for the second time that day, surprising himself. "*Bueno*. I will call the red monster *El Chapo*."

Thomas offered the flask again. "Keep it. *Vámanos*. I have food."

José nursed the moonshine as they went, blissfully dulling his mind's razor edge from the last weeks of hiding and traveling and suffering and being suffered upon.

They climbed partway up a hill shaded by the late afternoon sun where someone long-gone carved out a flat-tish spot.

"Nice digs, *ese*! How long you been here? Gonna set up shop?" José asked the old man, looking around at the rusty camp chairs, small fire pit, and various guns encased in plastic, along with a small box containing a variety of flasks and jars.

"Naw, just working my way south."

"South?" José was incredulous. "Why do you want to go south? There's nothing left there, man, nothing. The desert stretches all the way to

the Pacific. Nothing green except pipelines and BC flags.”

“Yeah, well, I’m looking for someone,” Thomas said.

Thomas started a fire while José pulled out a chair and took in the view. To the southeast was the deserted town. Row upon row of dilapidated pipelines snaked over the plain to the north. Farther out, one of the solar fields that populated the wastelands radiated immense heat even under cover of fresh dust. The landscape was blackened ash, colored by the Great Fires. If there was any life left, it was underground.

“So, what’s your story, José? Where’d you come from?”

José decided there was no harm in telling the old man, because sooner or later he’d probably kill Thomas anyway. He hoped for later – he wanted to use the old man and his rapport with the BC as his passport out of the wastelands and into the north.

José said he was born in Chihuahua, years before The Change. “Yes, I’m older than I look. I’m in good shape, no? Legend had it that my great uncle’s uncle rode with Pancho Villa during the heyday of the Mexican bandito,” he boasted. Although he didn’t know his father and money had been scarce, José cherished the memories of his early years with his young mother. She took him with her to the small Mexican cafe where he toyed with lizards and learned the art of knives from the cook.

“I learned English, there, too,” José said.

An old man, perhaps not so old when he came but old to José, had come in every day for breakfast and stayed for lunch. “His Spanish was *no bueno*,” José said. He had taken a shine to José and his mother and so language barriers fell away.

“I wanted the man to marry my mother, but the fates did not allow that,” José said. “*Mi madre* grew tired of waiting – waiting on the American, waiting on the tables. She ended up marrying a reliable cartel captain. That was long before The Change, before the Cartel joined forces with the Border Patrol,” José said, now irritated by the flashback.

José unbuttoned his shirt and pointed to an unusual tattoo.

“See this, *ese*?” he said, steering the subject away from his mother.

“This is a *tatuaje* like the American had. He called it *lechuguilla*. I got it to remember the *pinche gringo* who couldn’t even stick around for his own son.”

“The old man was your father?” Thomas asked, looking away.

“Si.”

“Where is your mother now?” Thomas asked, as he unwrapped a small package and placed it on the fire.

“Dead. Killed during the Cartel Wars in the early days of The Change.” Thomas choked. He pulled out another flask from the box and swilled it.

“What’s that?” José said, nodding towards the undistinguishable meat sizzling over the fire. He drained the last of his flask to wash away the bitter memories.

“Turkey.”

“Oh yeah? Where’d you get it?”

“Turkey buzzard. Hardly any left. A rare treat.”

Thomas and José talked and drank long into the night as the Milky Way continued its eternal migration across the sky.

José was the first to wake as the sun rose, metallic dust in his mouth, a sledgehammer inside his head. I will talk the old man into going north, he decided. And why not? Two were better than one these days. Besides, Thomas might drop dead soon – let the fates decide his destiny – then I wouldn’t have to kill him. And, I kinda like the old dude – he reminds me of happier times for some reason.

José sat up, ignoring the pounding in his head. Thomas slept, *my crudo*, his shirt partway unbuttoned. José cursed, and yanked Thomas’s shirt wide, revealing a faded *lechuguilla* tattoo. Thomas opened his eyes, the same grayish-blue as José’s, and cold as ice.

~ *El fin* ... for now...

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Folkways

by Maya Brown Zniwski

MAKING SMUDGES AND INCENSE

Now is the time to collect that wonderful, instantly-recognizable scented plant sage.

One of my personal favorite things to do with sage and aromatics is to make smudges and incense to share with friends. The focus of this article will be how to make hand rolled incense and bundled smudges.

You can pick wild sage on your own land, but since almost all land in the United States is owned privately by the government or corporations, get permission from the land owner before going on private property. However, collecting plants roadside, as long as they are not endangered, is not illegal in itself, but you could be charged with vandalism. To collect safely and wisely, get permission. Wandering around in the dark with nippers and a bag, basket or box makes people suspicious. Take a good look around to make sure that the area you are harvesting from is not a solid waste dump or an otherwise unhealthy location. Ask yourself, are the plants growing in abundance, are they healthy looking, does this feel right? Assuming the answers are yes, go forward with your Texas Guide to Native Plants or some such book and identify the plants you want to harvest.

The one I use for incense and smudging is White Sage (*Salvia Apiana*), a native of Texas, also referred to as bee sage or sacred sage. Sacred sage is a non-culinary sage used, I imagine, since fire began, to scent and clear old or negative energy from a space. With your loppers trim about five inches of twig and leaves from the bush. Lop off the leaves and twigs that appear to be teenage, you don't want the new born leaves, nor do you want to oldest leaves or branches. You want the healthy teenage ones. If you wish to make smudging or incense bundles with only sage, collect enough sage twigs to make a bundle about two inches in diameter for each smudge.

When you get home, take a two inch diameter bundle of sage twigs and leaves, leaving the leaves attached, and wrap cotton twine tightly a couple of times around the cut end. Moving the twine toward the leafy end, wrap tightly but only for about four turns. Knot the twine to hold the bundle. You want to smell sage, not twine when you burn this. ***When you burn anything snuff it out in water or sand when you are done. Watch the incense and do not leave it unattended. Seriously.***

There are several other kinds of plants and trees you can use for incense making. The combinations are endless: piñon and sage is one of my favorites. Harvesting piñon is similar to harvesting sage, but sappier. The sap from the piñon tree, as with most treesap, will glue itself to you. A list of trees and other plants you might consider using for incense bundles includes: sage, piñon, juniper, pine, conifers of every kind, mesquite and Texas madrone. Experiment and find which trees and shrubs you like best for incense bundles.

There is a second kind of incense I like to make from plants, resins and leaves. It is rolled or cone incense. These require a source of ignition to keep them lit. Charcoal disks are usually employed. For rolled or cone incense you can use tree resins (the sap from piñon, juniper, all the conifers, and any other sap or resin you want.) Both frankincense and myrrh are the sap of trees. Using a binder that ignites, you can make little balls of plant parts and resins. I use guar gum. These can include dust of sandalwood, red cedar, juniper, pines, juniper berries, Texas willow, rosemary (remember the previous *Cenizo* article on rosemary), cinnamon, orange, lemon, lime or grapefruit peels and any other plants you have procured for making incense bundles. You'll want a coffee

grinder that you are either willing to clean out REALLY well after this (I find it takes grinding several cups of raw rice along with a toothbrush and some time) or a coffee grinder that you have decided to dedicate to only incense making. Otherwise your coffee beans will take on a plant taste.

There are two unusual things you'll need for this project. One is guar gum (guar gum is the ground external part of the guar bean.) Check at your local grocer, or you can purchase it online from a company that sells herbs. The other is charcoal disks to burn your incense balls. I highly, highly recommend getting the bamboo or mesquite charcoal. Do not use the petrochemical ones. The aroma will be off if you use the petrochemical charcoal.

These directions are by parts. If you love doing this you can increase the parts from 1/2 teaspoon to a Tablespoon and make as much as you like, increasing the measuring tools you use to represent parts. Usually you want a much larger amount of wood or base, then resins, because resins do not burn easily—they melt more than burn.

Citrus Incense

4 parts well-ground sandalwood, cedar wood, or pine
1 part guar gum
2-3 parts dried lemon, orange peel, other citrus peel
Enough water to make into a paste

Rosemary Incense

4 parts well-ground mesquite wood
1 part guar gum
2-3 parts rosemary



Enough water to make into a paste

Sage Incense

4 parts well-ground piñon wood
1 part guar gum
2-3 parts sage
Enough water to make into a paste

Grind your plant parts and wood in your grinder until finely ground. Some things may not ever really become a powder, juniper berries for instance. I've only ever gotten them smaller, never powdered. That is okay. Add your guar gum and a tiny bit, a few drops really, of water, mix until it's a play dough-like constancy, for Southerners this means a cut biscuit texture. Then roll into balls smaller than a penny. Allow to air dry for about two weeks. I like to package a dozen or so in small gold jewelry boxes to help represent the gift they are.

To use the incense, place a dried incense ball on a charcoal disk and light the disk. Inhale the wonderful scent you have created! Again: ***When you burn anything snuff it out in water or sand when you are done. Watch the incense and do not leave it unattended. Seriously.***

You get the idea. Go outside and smell all those plants! Use your imagination! Try frankincense and myrrh with piñon and orange or sage and grapefruit. Some scents you will love, some you will love less.

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wing that allows tax deductible donations to be made in support of the various TAP research projects.

As a result of TAP, the CBBS has made a range of extraordinary discoveries that have compelled sweeping revisions to the region's written history. Through extensive archaeological surveys and excavations as well as oral history and archival research, the Center has positioned itself as the undisputed leader in Big Bend cultural scholarship. From the earliest known Paleoindian occupations to the settlement period by Hispanic and Anglo pioneers, research conducted by the Center has vastly broadened our understanding of the region's past.

Results of CBBS research projects are shared with both the scientific community and the general public through a variety of presentations and publications. Over the years, the Center has become a publishing powerhouse for the last fron-

tier. Every year since 1989 the Center has published a new volume of the *Journal of Big Bend Studies* as well as an annual newsletter, *La Vista de la Frontera*, which provides regular updates on projects. In addition, the Center has published nearly thirty books on regional archaeology and history, many of which have become local standards, such as *My Goose is Cooked* by Hallie Stillwell and *Bosque Bonito* by Robert Keil.

The highlight of each year is the CBBS's annual conference, held every November on the Sul Ross campus. From humble beginnings, the conference today hosts more than 30 presentations on the history and archaeology of the Big Bend and northern Mexico. This fall will mark the Conference's 22nd year and features a unique lineup of scholars.

In addition to symposia on the Camino Real and the Mexican Revolution, this year's conference is distinguished by the banquet keynote presentation on November 13th by Ambassador of Spain Miguel Angel

Mazarambroz. His talk, *Bernardo de Gálvez: Spanish Hero of the American Revolution*, will focus on the formative years of the famed Spanish Governor of Louisiana (and the namesake of Galveston, Texas) and his contributions to America's fight for independence. After leading the Spanish on a string of victories over the British along the Gulf Coast, Gálvez later served as Viceroy of New Spain, where he instituted visionary frontier policies that had far-reaching consequences on regional native tribes, including those at the La Junta pueblos (present-day Presidio, Texas).

This year, the conference features an added attraction—

a special premier showing of *Texas Before the Alamo*, a documentary film by Bill Millet that showcases Hispanic contributions to Texas history. The film will be shown at the Granada Theater in Alpine on Thursday, November 12th at 6:30 p.m. and is free to the general public.

For more information about the Center, our various projects, or the upcoming conference, visit our website (<http://cbbs.sulross.edu>), or call 432-837-8179.

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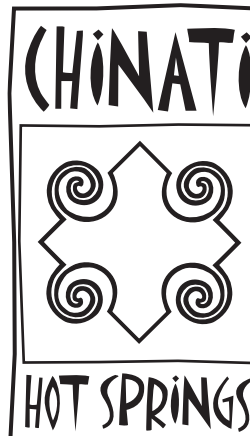
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Black and White

by *Bridget Weiss*

They did not speak the same language. When Cook arrived at Chuy's ranch to work a hunting lease, he approached her with the stiff gaze of the many-times broken cowhand whose age it was impossible to guess. He had no real need to greet a new hire, a white girl in Birkenstocks who drove a Euro minivan. He acknowledged her out of courtesy. Cook doubted they would become friends. But ranch headquarters were 40 miles off the paved road, and it wasn't hard to imagine that at some point she would need his help whether he liked her or not.

"He's invaluable to me but not everyone who comes here likes him," the ranch manager said. "You have to get to know him. If you feed him, why he'll be like a jacket you can't shrug out of." She walked back to the barn. Cook unloaded.

The sun set with no moon to follow. The darkness was a solid, tangible mass that sealed the edges of visibility. Cook carefully lifted her feet on the walk back to her casita and wished for a flashlight. The wind picked up force in the night, and drove itself through cracks in the windows with punitive insistence. Cook pulled a pillow over her head to deafen the monologue, and turned the space heater to high. The wind died in the early morning and she slept.

The first days on the job, Cook didn't want to patronize Chuy. She offered him leftover cookies and tacos. He seemed to be routinely walking by the kitchen window when she was working. Surely he smelled the food cooking, and through the windows of the bunkhouse saw the hunters eating and drinking, and her alone cleaning up after service. Chuy eschewed eggs, cheese, and most vegetables, and would not eat in the kitchen. She catalogued what was left on his plate, and stopped testing his parameters. He ate meat, potatoes and tortillas, and nodded his thanks. Cook felt less alone.

She began to leave small plates for him on the kitchen windowsill, sometimes late at night to hope that he was

still awake too, that together they were tired but almost done. Her need for him grew quickly. In his absence she formulated a friendship based solely upon wishing. She thought of ways she could show him that they were not so dissimilar; surely they saw things the same way, they were both at work.

Their casitas were 20 yards apart; he would hear if she called in panic. His presence even in the absence of acceptance herded her primitive fears into quietude. Cook calmed her interpretation of the wind; it was only a force of the world and had no drive to wreck her. She walked the thousand yards home in the impenetrable dark when the hunters were fast asleep. She knew the return path to the kitchen in the early morning without the moon.

Chuy didn't have to like her so long as he was close by.

It was Cook's position to not overly engage the clients. Interactions subsisted of warm but polite phrases. Thank you, it is my pleasure. What may I bring you? You are kind, I'm glad you enjoyed it.

The hunters left for the day with field lunches. Cook washed the breakfast dishes. It would not be light out for another hour. She put a plate of bacon and potatoes on the windowsill in case Chuy came by unseen in the dark.

The first season, Cook did not understand hunting as a trophy sport - tracking with the requisite of a guide to gift the shot. The trophy bucks were in rut and their muscle was shot through with adrenaline, making them unpleasant to eat.

The ranch manager stopped into the kitchen. "Predator v. prey balance is part of range management, and the leases do bring a small profit. Some deer have to be culled every season to maintain a healthy herd. Every season the balance is different depending on rainfall and temperature extremes," she said.

Cook saw the guides return the beheaded, skinned carcasses to the land, a boon for predators and scavengers.

The ranch was vast, and the owners

intentionally declined the introduction of telephone and internet service. Their sanctuary, leased once a year to hunters, was steeped ten thousand years deep in unnamed lives. The ranch manager taught Cook to look for flakes of flint, chert and jasper shining and backlit by the sun. They licked the unmistakable flavor of the ash of old hearths from their hands.

"Hurrah!" Cook shouted out loud on her solo hikes home. She carried bits of tool flake in her pockets to show the ranch manager. Someone else had done more with less. She was never alone.

And so while the clients were not curious about the food or about Cook, she anthropomorphized the strata that settle through centuries: eroded creek beds showing one thousand years of cooking sites built one upon each other, or servers repeatedly providing food on electric stoves. She was one in a line of cooks and she would not be the last.

Limited interactions between Cook and the hunters drove time free of affection and normalcy. After a few days, the hunters wanted to show Cook pictures of their children and wives, and to say who they were. When the clock struck lonely, Cook was more included in conversation. While it was not what any of them really needed, it should have bridged a gap rather than defining the edges of isolation. Together they grappled the gift of severe topographical beauty. One by one, they left out on the last mornings, all of them by that time simply seeking home.

Chuy and Cook employed minimal social or artificial graces with one another. Devoid of finesse, their relationship provided comfort to Cook. There was sincerity in silence. And so while he never spoke, she felt valued for her kindnesses and willingness to take him for who he was. He began to occasionally pass through the kitchen. Cook pulled a dining chair from the breakfast table after the hunters left and put it by the stove. Chuy accepted the invitation but seemed diminished and

out of place. He watched her work. When a hunter returned unexpectedly, Cook looked at Chuy to see if he would stay and visit but silently he departed with the screen door slamming.

He knew his place. She remembered hers. Then the kitchen echoed the absence of one. Cook stirred the carne guisada, and felt herself becoming smaller and smaller as the ranch grew and rose around her as if to erase or swallow her whole. She wished he would come back.

Cook imagined that Chuy did not readily find joy on the ranch. Austerity and the natural world seemed to critically define his character. She left the kitchen early one morning to see him with a stick chasing a tumbleweed through the wind. The sun rose behind him and lit his silhouette. His movements appeared more like ritual dance than careless play - this his private relationship with the elements and dead grasses. He was agile, fast and many years younger. In kind, the tumbleweed hurtled through the air and bounced off the dust. Chuy performed, thinking he was alone. Cook went back inside and closed the screen door carefully behind her. She was ashamed that she had accidentally espied his spirit. It had not been offered for her to see.

December was cold. The bucks were in rut, they were standing up and easy for the guides to find for the hunters to shoot. For three days the high temperature hit 18 degrees and the winds gusted to 45 miles an hour. The water lines froze and had to be repaired. It was difficult to stay warm even in the kitchen, and the hunters returned with chapped faces and stiff hands. Cook expressed concern about Chuy in his nineteenth-century adobe casita with no heat. "He's so accustomed to it, don't worry about him," the ranch manager said. "He doesn't even use the blankets I buy and leave for him."

The next morning most of the hunters left early for home and Cook had a few hours away before the next

group arrived. It was warming up. She pointed at her hiking boots and ball cap. "Do you want to climb Bighorn Hill with me?" she asked Chuy. He followed about 50 yards behind until his knowledge of the ranch overcame his reticence. He quickened his pace, passed Cook and took a sharp left onto an animal path. She followed him for two hours up a scenic route to the ridge. It was warm at the top. He climbed a boulder, his ribcage rose and fell, and he took in the view.

"Do you want some of my water?" Cook said. The sun burned her skin, it was hot on the mesa. He considered the offer but scrambled down a trail and out of sight. When she caught up with him, he was drinking from a seep in the rock, his face all the way into a crevice surrounded by horse-crippler cactus.

Then Cook realized she had only followed her guide and not taken any bearings of her own. She had no idea how to get home. The bunkhouse did not exist in her line of sight. Chuy seemed content to stay on the hill.

"Crap, I have to go right now, I'm going to be late," she said, wishing in a desperate way that he understood. She

descended a path that looked familiar. Chuy stayed behind. After about 30 minutes, the familiar signs were gone; it was not the same path. She was lost. Chuy appeared on a rock a hundred yards to her right and signaled for her to follow. She hoped this was not yet another adventure hike. They followed a sheep track down a steep face and suddenly the bunkhouse appeared. Chuy had taken a shortcut. They were home.

Chuy liked the arrival of the hunters because he liked guns and shooting. His eyes lit up at the sound of a nearby shot and sometimes he walked off in the direction of the kill. Few of the hunters cared for him; they thought he was simple and they could not communicate with him. Chuy was generally distrustful of strangers and it was obvious. They did not like him showing up at kills and hanging around wordlessly. Most of the hunters wished him away, yet they were civil.

The ranch manager stopped into the kitchen to say she was driving to town and would be back in five hours. "Do you need anything?"

"Five pounds of flour, thank you so much," Cook said.

"Border Patrol found trace on the road and they're sending a chopper. Do you want me to leave you a gun?" the ranch manager said.

"Chuy's in the barn or around here somewhere, right? He'll look after me, I think," Cook said.

"I'm taking my dog with me and she would alert, but yes, Chuy will step up if anything goes wrong. He will look out."

"Aren't these illegals mostly trying to cross and not about drugs?" Cook said.

"Yeah, I don't think they're dangerous either. Just wanted to see if you're okay with today," the ranch manager said.

"Thanks. We'll hide in the cellar if we have to. Seriously, we'll be fine. Have fun in town," Cook said.

Cook worried once home what would happen if Chuy were to get sick or be injured; if anyone would seek

medical attention for him; if it was given that he would die the way he lived – respected and admired by few for his solitary nature and ability to abide the elements.

When Cook returned to work for the hunters the next year Chuy was gone.

The ranch manager said there had been a spate of rattlesnakes sleeping in the sun around the back porch of the kitchen. She'd killed several with shovels after almost walking over them. The third rattlesnake she killed in as many days was a Mojave, a rare species which possess two kinds of venom and are fatal if medical assistance isn't provided quickly. The ranch manager shot at the Mojave with a pistol. Chuy heard the shot and ran to her.

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CHINATI

The Chinati Foundation is a contemporary art museum founded by the artist Donald Judd. The permanent collection includes work by twelve artists and focuses on large-scale installations emphasizing the relationship between art, architecture, and the surrounding land. The museum is open Wednesday - Sunday. Two permanent installations by Judd are available for self-guided viewing, the rest of the collection is accessed by a guided tour.

GUIDED TOURS

Please reserve in advance to secure admission.

Collection Tour, 10 am, Wednesday - Sunday

Includes the permanent collection and special exhibitions.

Selections Tour, 11 am, Wednesday - Sunday

Includes works by Donald Judd, Dan Flavin, and John Chamberlain.

SELF-GUIDED VIEWING

Works by Donald Judd are available for self-guided viewing, at visitors' own pace.

15 works in concrete, 9 am - 5 pm, Wednesday - Sunday

100 works in mill aluminum, 2 - 4 pm, Friday - Sunday

UPCOMING EVENTS

Chinati Weekend

Friday, October 9 - Sunday, October 11

Special exhibition of work by Charlotte Posenenske and Peter Boehr, self-guided viewing of the collection, talks, performances, the annual benefit dinner, and a special sunrise viewing of works by Donald Judd.

Adult Weaving Workshop

Saturday & Sunday, November 7 - 8

Textile artist Suzanne Tick will lead a four-session workshop for adults using non-traditional materials and lap looms.

Sunset at Chinati

Friday, November 27, 5 - 6:00 pm

1 Cavalry Row Marfa Texas 79843 www.chinati.org 432.729.4362

Lou and Hal “A coyote wouldn’t do that.”

Story by Perry Cozzen. Illustration by Gary Oliver.



A few years ago a neurologist who had retired to Dallas rode his Harley off the road that comes down from McDonald Observatory toward Fort Davis, Texas. There's one break in the CCC-built rock retaining wall, and it's just before you get to a hard left turn. The road is banked right to left, and he went through the opening in the wall at about 60 miles per hour, flying over the barbed wire fence like Steve McQueen, didn't leave a trace. The doctor traveled out of control another 100 yards to the bottom of the canyon, hit a great big rock and died instantly.

Weeks went by, and he wasn't found. They checked all the towns between Dallas and Big Bend, and had no luck finding him. He had told his wife he was going to Big Bend, and would meet her there, so no one looked for him around Fort Davis. His body was found about a month later after the Harley was spotted from a Border Patrol airplane.

The doctor was brilliant. He had been the Head of the Department of Neurology at the Mayo Clinic. He had located the area of the brain that controlled speech and how to alter it. He could change the way a voice sounded and he could stimulate the ability to sing. Women's choices were Billie Holiday, Emmylou Harris, Lydia Mendoza, or Janis Joplin; men's were Hank Williams, Sam Cook, George Jones, or Mick Jagger.

Needless to say he made a big pile of money, retired at 50, grew a ponytail, bought a black Harley and got himself an American flag do-rag -- no helmet for this guy. His family called him Captain Joe, the Biker Neurologist. This was his first long road trip. He had only had the bike a couple of months and was raring to go. He told his wife where to meet in Big Bend Park, and left a day ahead of her. He told her he was going to go west until he got behind the sun.

Buzzards were the first to find his body; that alerted the coyotes. The coyote in this tale is the grandson of the coyote that ate the doctor's brain. He was the only one in his litter to receive the gene that allowed telepathic communication with a very few humans, plus he could sense which humans might respond.

Hal, we'll call him, also inherited the ability to read and understand English, and just a little Spanish along with natural coyote intelligence. He started hanging out at Fort Davis State Park.

He noticed Linda Lou dumping trash from the park office. Hal sensed that he might be able to communicate with her.

Lou had worked for the state park system for years but had only been in Fort Davis a few months. She liked the Davis Mountains and wanted to retire there. This was to be her last assignment before retirement. During the years Lou had worked for the park department she had studied and observed coyotes during her off time. Lou knew their sounds, their howls, yelps, yips, and barks, and had read what people thought they might mean. She had also developed a very high respect for their intelligence, survival instincts, and the ability to adapt to almost any environment.

Lou had just put the trash out when she felt Hal's presence. She couldn't see him but she knew he was close by. Hal watched her, moving from side to side. He could see her following his movements. After a few minutes he told her his name telepathically. Linda Lou said her name out loud. She said that the next night she would leave some burger out. Hal barked softly and left.

The next night Lou put out a pound of hamburger and went back inside. Before she left she checked on the meat; it was still there. The next morning when she got to work it had disappeared. This went on a couple more nights. Then the meat was gone before she got in her car to leave. She said Hal out loud a couple of times but no response. Two more days went by with no sign of Hal. On the third night Hal said, "Thanks for the hamburger."

A couple of days later Hal asked Lou if she could put out a few scraps for some of his friends. Lou said, "Sure. Could a couple of y'all howl a little around the campground on Friday and Saturday?" Hal just laughed and left. Lou put out more leftovers and hamburger; it was taken by the time she left.

Friday just after sundown one coyote howled on one side of the park campground, and another howled on the other side. After a few minutes a third coyote joined in, and it continued every five or 10 minutes until 10 o'clock sharp. It happened again Saturday. Lou kept putting out food. Even on her day off she'd put out leftovers and hamburger with a touch of Tabasco. Hal had let her know that he liked a bit of heat.

Hal didn't show up again until the following Sunday night, and they had a big laugh about the howling, and talked

for a while. He told Lou why he could communicate with her, and the story about the motorcycle wreck. Lou told him about where she grew up, her job at the park, and her long time interest in coyotes.

The howling went on for the next two weekends. Lou's boss remarked that it was the same time every week and it stopped promptly at 10. Lou laughed and said, "Oh, I asked them to do that." Her boss just laughed, and walked off, but when he got home that night he mentioned it to his wife. After a couple more weeks of regular howling his wife asked him if he thought Lou could get them to howl at her sister's dude ranch the following weekend. Sure enough coyotes showed up at both places and howled from 8 until 10. Monday morning Lou found an envelope under her windshield wiper with a \$100 bill in it.

Word got around that Lou could get coyotes to howl for you. Lots of people started calling. She got some business cards: "Howl for Hire" with her cell number and email address. Dude ranches, homecoming games, film festivals, chili cook offs, music festivals, calls came in from everywhere. A Midland oilman paid for a month of weekends in advance.

Hal spent most nights at Lou's house, often sleeping close by. One night while sitting on her patio Lou said, "Hal, we're making a lot of money. We need to figure out a way for you to collect your half, as well as do something for the pack. How about this for starters; I'll build a shed in the backyard, put some hay in it, and provide the food." Soon all the coyotes moved into the shed. They started looking healthy with slick coats and fat bellies, show coyotes. Of course they were gone all night, but they had a great place to sleep during the day; out of the sun with water and something to eat.

Hal and Lou spent a lot of time putting together a smooth-running operation. Lou bought a new Chevy Suburban, had it modified so the windows would roll all the way down. The coyotes liked to stick their heads out. Lou also got them all some goggles so the wind didn't burn their eyes.

The two of them usually sat around on her patio talking, Lou having a glass of wine and Hal a dark beer in a bowl. Lou fixed steak tartar with a little Tabasco for Hal and Beluga caviar for herself, along with some olives stuffed with garlic and jalapenos that Hal liked, and homemade tortilla chips.

One night Lou got up and put some Buddy Holly on her boom box. Hal's ears perked up, he said, "I've heard that guy before, wasn't he from West Texas?" Lou just smiled and said, "All my music is by West Texas people. I grew up in Lubbock and most of them grew up there too or passed through there at one time."

"Well I really like that guy, hope you've got some more of him."

Lou just laughed and answered, "Oh I do. I've got everything he ever recorded. I even named the dump 'The Norman Petty Studio and Dump.' I made a little sign for it. Petty recorded a lot of early West Texas music in Clovis, NM but he screwed the artists out of most of their money."

They worked rain or shine and never missed a gig. Things rocked along nicely. Instead of adding more coyotes they raised the price so they didn't get too busy.

One night Hal remarked, "You know I was lucky growing up. I was the runt of the litter but there were only four of us so I didn't get pushed off when it came time to eat. My mother even adopted another pup whose parents got killed. Coyotes do that you know, but there was plenty to eat. This business we've started has made me the leader of the pack, so to speak. I've gained new respect from my folks. I thank you for that. You've made us rich coyotes. Life is great, plus we all really like riding around in the truck; everybody knows I always get to ride shotgun."

Lou answered, "Well, I'm not too good at howling so there wouldn't be a business without y'all. You mentioned that you were the runt. I sort of was too. I was always a little pudgy growing up and kids would call me Fatty, but I would always shout my real name, my real name is Linda Lou. I stuttered a bit until I was 20. I know what you mean. Can I get you another beer, Hal?"

"You know Lou, you grew into a very attractive woman from a coyote's point of view, you look great. We live by smell as well as sight and you smell better than any woman I've ever known."

"Well, thanks for the compliment. Hal, We've got a job Friday night at the meeting of the state park staff from all over West Texas. You know they really enjoy the howling, so we'll probably need four howlers, who do you think you might send?"

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"Probably Buddy, Roy, Delbert, and Waylon, they all work good together and mix it up well, so it's not just a bunch of howling. They put a little rhythm in it with their howls, you can dance to it. We've got another gig Friday in Alpine and one in Marfa for the closing of the film festival. I've got Terry and Lloyd available to take care of the Midland oilman this weekend. I think I'll push off; that second beer made me a little sleepy."

Over the next year Hal and Lou became good friends, spending evenings listening to music, having a few drinks and talking about life and their particular place in the world. Hal taught Lou the coyote language, what the yips, yelps and barks really meant. She taught him the perspective of a human being.

After Lou went to bed, Hal spent most of his nights reading her books -- he was geared to stay up at night. He would sleep during the day while Lou was at work. He started with magazines and a few audio books. He soon moved on; Mark Twain, Woody Guthrie, Kurt Vonnegut, J. D. Salinger and all of Larry McMurtry's books.

Then one night on the patio Hal said, "Lou, when you don't have to hustle so much, you end up with a lot of time on your hands. It's natural to start thinking about making a little art. The other night I was hanging out with my friends and Buddy said to me, 'Hal, we've been practicing a couple of songs, do you have time to listen to us?'" Lou you won't believe how good they are, and they want to sing for you if you'll listen."

She replied, "Of course, I'd love to hear them."

The coyotes joined Hal and Lou on the patio. They sang "Rave On" by Buddy Holly and then "Only the Lonely" by Roy Orbison. Buddy was the lead on "Rave On" and Tanya was the lead on "Only the Lonely." Lou started howling along with them, and made Hal get up and dance with her.

"Y'all have no idea how good you are. I'll get my buddy in town to come out here and record y'all. We'll make a CD to listen to in the truck and around the house. Work up a few more songs."

They made the CD with original tunes in addition to "Rave On" and "Only the Lonely." They had a roaring good time driving around West Texas, all the windows down, music blaring while they sang along. Those that

heard it started calling it "Coyote Country Blues."

Lou and Hal were having a drink one night, when he asked, "I understand some humans don't like others because of the color of their coat, how does that work?"

Lou laughed, "It's not their coat, it's the color of their skin, but yeah that's true, always been trouble about that. I guess prejudice comes in all sizes and colors, but ignorance is always at the root of it. It's not just skin color or race, sometimes it's gender. At one time in Texas a woman couldn't get a loan or buy a house without having a man co-sign. There's prejudice toward gay people, toward people that speak different languages, people with different religions. There's even prejudice associated with political parties. In the end it's always ignorance that causes it, not dumb but ignorant. Even I'm prejudiced, I'm prejudiced against judgmental prejudiced people."

Hal just scratched his ear, and said, "Well, a coyote wouldn't do that."

Another night Hal asked Lou about politics. "Lou, it seems from what I've read that the winner of a political office in Texas is the candidate that raises the most money, is that right?"

She said, "I'm afraid it is, but I wish that wasn't true."

He said, "Well, I've got an idea, what if y'all put a cap on how much they can spend. So much for governor, different amounts on down the line. Then it wouldn't matter so much where they got the money. Seems it would be cheap enough to monitor what they spend. There would be an additional advantage too. The voters could see which candidate managed a set amount of money the best without raising more or borrowing at a deficit. Once the allowed amount was raised they would be free to do their job, and it wouldn't do them any good to raise extra money because they couldn't spend it."

She replied, "That really sounds simple and good Hal, but the law would have to be passed by people that are in office now. They're not about to cut off all that money. Politics pays pretty good, I hear."

Hal said, "Well it seems to be a real poor way to pick leaders, a coyote wouldn't do that."

Another night he asked Lou, "Why do humans have wars? We have territory problems too, but usually nobody gets hurt badly, the loser just moves on to a different territory. War puzzles

me. I've listened to enough TV news and read about it in books so I know that it has gone on forever. It costs a whole lot of young valuable lives, not to mention the tremendous amount of money."

Lou answered, "I sure as hell don't know, I lost a sister and a cousin to war. It's the age old question about why it continues. You'd think people would get sick of it and quit."

"Well, you can bet your chili a coyote wouldn't do that."

"I also lost my husband to war, and I'll never forgive it for that," Lou added.

"My sympathy, Lou."

"Let's change the subject, did you know that the name coyote is an Aztec word, *coyotl*, and that the Mexicans changed it to coyote. Y'all have been around almost two million years, and range from Panama to Alaska? You live around 12 or 14 years, you can run about 40 miles per hour, and jump 15 feet or more. Some Native American people and other Aboriginal people worshiped coyotes as deities. There's also a famous cartoon character named Wile E. Coyote, that's always being outwitted by a roadrunner, but everybody knows the coyote is the smarter one of the two in the real world."

"No, I didn't know any of that. I should read more about coyotes. I do know we survive because we will eat almost anything except a roadrunner. We eat any kind of animal, fish, birds, bugs, rats. In the summer we eat a lot of fruit and vegetables."

"You probably know it, but we sometimes mate with dogs and wolves. That produces a more aggressive animal than a pure coyote. There's less fear of people when the pup has a little dog blood in the mix. A couple of them have threatened or bit people. The most famous time was when your governor shot one of us with a laser sighted pistol while jogging through our habitat. Humans have tried to wipe us out a couple of times, especially in Texas, but instead we've steadily expanded our territory from the west toward the east and we are thriving in all the states now."

Howl for Hire went on for seven years. Eventually they charged \$500 a night. They added a few new customers and didn't lose any old ones. The biggest job was the Super Bowl in San Antonio. Lou took all the coyotes for the whole week and charged \$5,000 a night. They showed up at the reopening of Boquillas Crossing in Big Bend at no charge. Along with their

cousins from Mexico they serenaded reopening the crossing, closed since 9/11.

One night on the patio Hal said, "Lou I'm getting old in coyote years, and I'd like to see a little country while I can still appreciate it." Lou said, "Well, let's plan us a trip. I'd like a little road time too."

About a week later they were set to go. They left early in the morning, with Hal's head out the window, goggles on and Lou with a big cup of coffee and a full thermos beside her.

First they headed to Clovis. Lou stopped at Nor Va Jak Music Inc, Norman Petty's studio. Hal got out and hiked his leg on the front door. They laughed all the way to Fort Sumner.

After Clovis they headed west to the Pacific Ocean. Hal walked out in the water up to his belly and let out a big howl.

They followed the coast highway north to San Francisco where Lou stopped at City Lights Bookstore to buy a signed copy of Allen Ginsberg's *Howl*. When she started out the door Lawrence Ferlinghetti himself stopped her. "Is your name Lou? Do you have a coyote in your truck named Hal?"

Lou stammered, "How did you know that?"

Mr. Ferlinghetti said, "I've been talking to him telepathically the whole time you've been in here. Would you please bring him in so I can meet him?"

Lou and Hal came back in the front door.

Hal raised his paw to Lawrence and said, "Pleased to meet you, Mr. Ferlinghetti, I'm Hal. You're the only human besides Lou I've communicated with and the only one to speak to me telepathically."

Ferlinghetti shook his paw and said, "You're my first coyote conversation. I talked to a rabbit one night for a long time in the '60s but it never responded. Anything in City Lights you'd like to see?"

"Could I see the basement where Kerouac, Ginsberg, and Cassady spent their time?"

"Right this way Mr. Hal, they sat all over the room, not in any special place, but this where it all happened years ago."

Hal sniffed, and looked at every square inch of the room, and finally said, "Thank you so very much Ferlinghetti, it's been an honor to be here. I haven't read all the Beat literature yet, but being here will inspire me

to read as much as I can.”

Ferlinghetti brought Hal 10 or 15 books. “If you want anything else we ship to Texas. We have a policy here that’s been in place since we opened in 1953, we don’t charge coyotes. You’re our first customer.”

Hal laughed, “Thanks so much for the books. Can we communicate through email? Lou is my communicator.”

Ferlinghetti replied, “I’d love to have an ongoing relationship with you Hal. I feel like there’s so much you can teach me.”

Hal shook his hand again. “I can certainly learn a lot from you.”

After San Francisco they headed north along the west coast to Canada, stopping at Muir Woods so Hal could brag to his friends at home that he had hiked his leg on a bigger tree than they would ever see. When they got to the Canadian border a funny thing happened at the inspection station. The drug dog started whining and wouldn’t even leave the building.

They hung around Vancouver a couple of days, and then went all the way across Canada west to east, stopping in a different town every two or three hundred miles until they hit the Atlantic coast in Maine. Hal again walked out in the water up to his belly, and howled.

They followed the Atlantic

coast to Boston, New York, Washington D.C. and finally to Georgia, and then turned back west to Texas going through Fort Worth, Odessa, and south at Pecos. They were gone a month and had seen everything Hal had wanted to see. The coyotes met them at the gate and they all let out a howl. Everyone gathered on the patio, looked at pictures and talked about the trip.

That night, Hal said, “Lou, you’re a hell of a friend to do that for me. I had a great trip and I feel sure I’ve been farther than any coyote has ever been, especially in a truck with a good looking woman driving. Not to mention meeting another human I could talk to and him being a hero of mine to boot. As you know we buried Buddy in the yard not long ago. The rest of my howlers are getting a little long in the tooth, as y’all might say. What do you say we shut this money maker down and kick back for a while?”

Lou said, “That would be just fine with me. You’ve put a lot of money in the bank for me, enough that I won’t ever need any more. There’s plenty of money to care for your friends until they pass.”

“Lou, I love you more than any coyote I’ve ever known.”

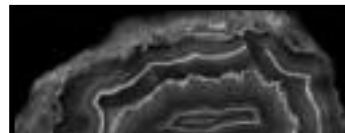
Lou laughed, “Hal, I love you more than any coyote I’ve ever known, too.”

Lou invited everybody to a howler retirement party at

Kokernot Field in Alpine. She served barbeque, iced tea and cold beer from Big Bend Brewery. The coyotes serenaded the crowd. The crowd just went wild, demanding the songs again and again.

At the end folks gave Lou hugs and patted each coyote on the head. Lou passed out CDs.

Lou, Hal and the coyotes lived happily ever after, riding around in the truck, hanging their heads out the windows with their goggles on, playing music, howling, eating lots of barbeque, cheeseburgers and chicken fried steaks with lots of cream gravy on Sundays. Hal slept on the floor at the foot of Lou’s bed every night for the rest of his life. A coyote would do that!



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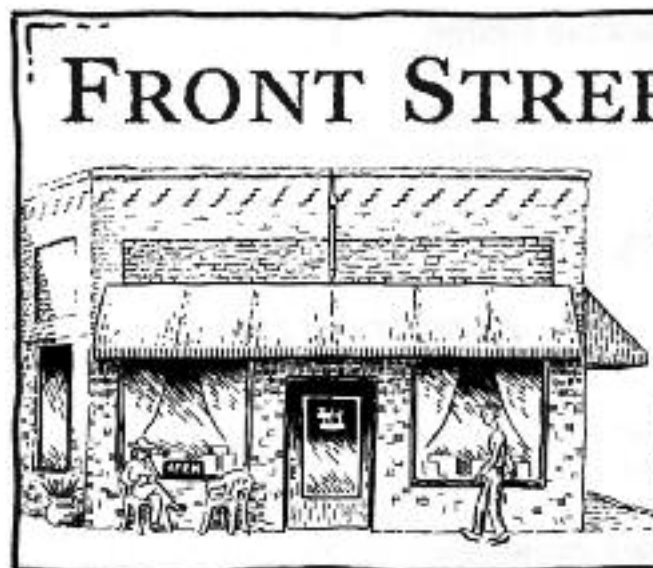
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OVER BURRO MESA and into APACHE CANYON

by C.M. Mayo

I had ghosts on my mind—not in a spooky way, just stray thoughts about long-gone people on a bright, hot morning in the Big Bend National Park. In the foothills of the Chisos, I parked on the road-side. My aim was to hike over Burro Mesa west into Apache Canyon, to a corral where Apaches stashed stolen horses, and to explore an arrow quarry.

The week before in this canyon, two Italian women fended off a mountain lion. Apparently it was a young lion and their screams caused it to scramble off—but that wasn't the kind of adventure I was looking for. I figured my guide, Charlie Angell, could handle any critters better than I could.

Sun blasted down. The only clouds were wisps, as if from a paintbrush dipped in milk. Thorns snagged my jeans. The trail became so faint, I surely would have lost it on my own. Just when the hill dipped, then came another trudge up another rise through whips of ocotillo, lechugilla, biznaga, beargrass, stunted soap trees... Many had been incinerated, probably from lightning strikes.

No sign of burros on Burro Mesa. In two hours in this merciless landscape, we had seen no animal tracks, no scat; one lizard; one butterfly; two ravens.

It began to seem we were hiking not so much to a place but into the past, for this was a soundscape deeply strange to

me. I live in Mexico City, one of the biggest in the world, where the thrum of traffic surges and fades, but never ceases. On myriad saint days, firecrackers pop like popcorn; weekends, the thump-a-thump-a of parties. Helicopters roar; dogs bark.

Less than two centuries ago, Burro Mesa and Apache Canyon, indeed, the whole of the Big Bend, were Mexican territory—Mexico City the capital. But notionally. Maps of the period tell the truer story, a blank space with a name that was a shrug of ignorance or, for those who had heard the stories of kidnappings and scalplings, a drum-beat of horror: LA APACHERIA.

Finally, not that there was any place

to sit, we sat down.

"Drink up," Charlie insisted, handing me another bottle of water.

And this was when, suddenly as that mountain lion must have appeared, a lone figure carrying a pole taller than he was, loomed above us. A Texan in expensive-looking drab olive gear. He'd been hiking for several days, he said brightly—yesterday, the Mesa de Anguila. Mighty surprised to see us. We were the first hikers he'd encountered in the past three days.

And the pole?

For scaring mountain lions. But it didn't weigh much; it was bamboo. After twenty years, its bottom was starting to split—he lifted it to reveal a mass

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of duct tape. From his flask, he drank water, but he did not sit down. In a moment, he and his fabulous pole had disappeared down the hill.

We found the dry stone corral tucked against the mountain, blanketed in shade. It was filled with rubble and brush. Beyond a waist-high forest of creosote, the arrow

quarry would have been easy to miss. It was not a hole in the ground, but a cliff of flaky-looking dark rock. Broken arrowheads lay all about: bone white, pink, orange, some tinged lavender. Before I put it back, I held one in my hand. Who knew how old it was, a hundred, five hundred years?

I tried to conjure an image of the hands that had chipped, so expertly, until this triangle, a form at once unfathomably ancient, life-giving, and deadly, emerged. It was probably a man, probably older than most in his tribe—let's say he had an arthritic knee. A claw strung onto his necklace.

continued from page 21

"I missed my first shot. The snake started striking," she said. "I yelled at him so loud to stop but Chuy grabbed the Mojave by the tail and shook it hard. He fell back and then he ran, but still I didn't think he was bitten."

She put a bullet in the dying snake and went looking for Chuy. She found him sitting in a field with half of his face already paralyzed. He was hyperventilating.

"We carried him to my screen porch and wrapped him in a blanket. I gave him an antihistamine and water and cleaned his wound. The doctor said by the time we got there it would be too late."

Chuy did not want to stay on her porch and the ranch manager honored his request to crawl under a truck to die. She sat by him in the dirt and reached under the tire wells to pet his fur.

"How long did it take?" Cook said.

"About six hours," she said. "I think he had a heart attack from hyperventilation. He was breathing so hard. I wished I had not fired a gun. It is hard for me to tell you this. I cared for him."

"He had been bitten before, hadn't he?" Cook said.

"Yes, years ago, but not by a Mojave. He knew about rattlesnakes and their capabilities. He knew what he was doing. He was trying to protect me," the ranch manager said.

The ranch manager and the cowboy who'd released Chuy from a leg trap the year before dug a hole in a pasture with a backhoe. She touched his fur in departure before weighting the dirt above his grave with rocks against predators and scavengers.

"There was a lot of white fur in your casita last year after you left, and on the spare bed

too. I guess you brought him in when it was cold. That's ok," the ranch manager said.

"I brought him in every night and put him on the extra bed by the heater. I thought I got all the dog hair out. I'm sorry about that," Cook said.

Cook knew the sheep track down Bighorn Hill the next December, and the javelina path home through the thorn bushes from the spring by the cottonwood tree. She stood in the kitchen window as she had the year before, and washed dishes. The natural lines in her thumbs cracked open and began to bleed from saturation and repetition. Cook remembered her unlikely companion who fit onto the upholstered chair by the stove - a tightly wrapped black and white dog with a tail across his nose against the cold.



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Big Bend Eats

by Carolyn Brown Zniwski

Cranberries are an indigenous American fruit. Although I always associate New England with the bright red sour fruit, in fact they grow all across North America in colder regions and in South America as well. Chile produces a large cranberry crop. They need acid soil, a swampy area and a cold winter. A cranberry bog keeps the roots wet, but they do not grow in water. Before farming equipment inventors developed the harvesting tools now in use, farmers and their families gathered the berries using specially-designed wooden racks with long, closely-set tines.

Present day harvesting is in flooded bogs. When the berries are ripe in the fall growers flood the bog. Specially designed, rotating water reels, called eggbeaters, travel through the flooded bog loosening the berries from the vines. Every cranberry has a small pocket of air that causes it to float. Harvesters corral the floating berries and load them into lugs. Ocean Spray Cranberries, the oldest cranberry company, started in the 1930s as three farmers and has grown into a giant cooperative of 900 growers all across North America. It is the largest cranberry company anywhere.

Cranberries are on the table for Thanksgiving and the winter holiday celebrations, but do keep in mind they are a great fruit for all winter long.

When you see them in the produce department in the fall, buy a few extra bags and toss them in the freezer to use all through the season. I love cranberry sauce anytime of the year. They are high in vitamin C and iron. Drinking eight ounces of juice daily can help prevent urinary tract infections, and they are delicious.

Here are three family recipes for cranberry deliciousness.

Vermont Style Cranberry Sauce

1 cup water
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup maple syrup
 1 12 oz. bag cranberries

Put the water and syrup in a 4-quart non-reactive kettle. Bring to a simmer, stirring to dissolve the syrup. Simmer 3 minutes. Add the washed cranberries. Bring to a full boil and boil about 7 minutes until all the berries have popped their skins. Remove from the heat and cool a few minutes. Pour into a serving dish and refrigerate until serving time.

Mrs. Button's Cranberry Pudding

This is an English-style pudding that was originally steamed. The recipe has been in my family for a very long time. Two or three generations ago some grandmother decided to stick it in the oven instead of steaming

it. So here it is, a steamed pudding that is baked.

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup + 2 Tablespoons sugar
 3 Tablespoons melted butter
 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking powder
 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour
 Pinch of salt
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk
 2 cups whole cranberries
 (can be frozen)

Preheat oven to 350°. Mix ingredients together, then stir cranberries into the batter. Pour the batter into a buttered 1-quart baking dish or small bundt pan. Bake for 35-40 minutes until a toothpick inserted in the center comes out clean. Cool and serve with sauce.

Sauce for Cranberry Pudding:

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar
 1 teaspoon vanilla

Combine ingredients in a saucepan and heat over medium heat, stirring, until butter is melted and sugar is dissolved. Serve warm. Make this once and you will make it again and again. Oh boy, it is so good.

Rachel's Cranberry Cookies

1 cup white sugar
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup brown sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft butter
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk
 2 Tablespoons orange juice
 1 egg
 3 cups flour
 1 teaspoon baking powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon baking soda
 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups chopped cranberries
 1 cup chopped pecans

Cream sugars and butter. Mix in milk, orange juice and egg. Stir in dry ingredients. Mix in berries and nuts. Drop by heaping teaspoon onto a well-buttered cookie sheet 2" apart. Bake at 375° for about 12 minutes until light brown. When cool, glaze with:

Brown Butter Glaze:

$\frac{1}{3}$ cup butter
 2 cups powdered sugar
 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons vanilla
 2 - 4 Tablespoons hot water

Heat butter in a saucepan until brown. Stir in sugar and vanilla. Slowly add water until glaze consistency. Glaze cool cookies. These keep well in an airtight tin.



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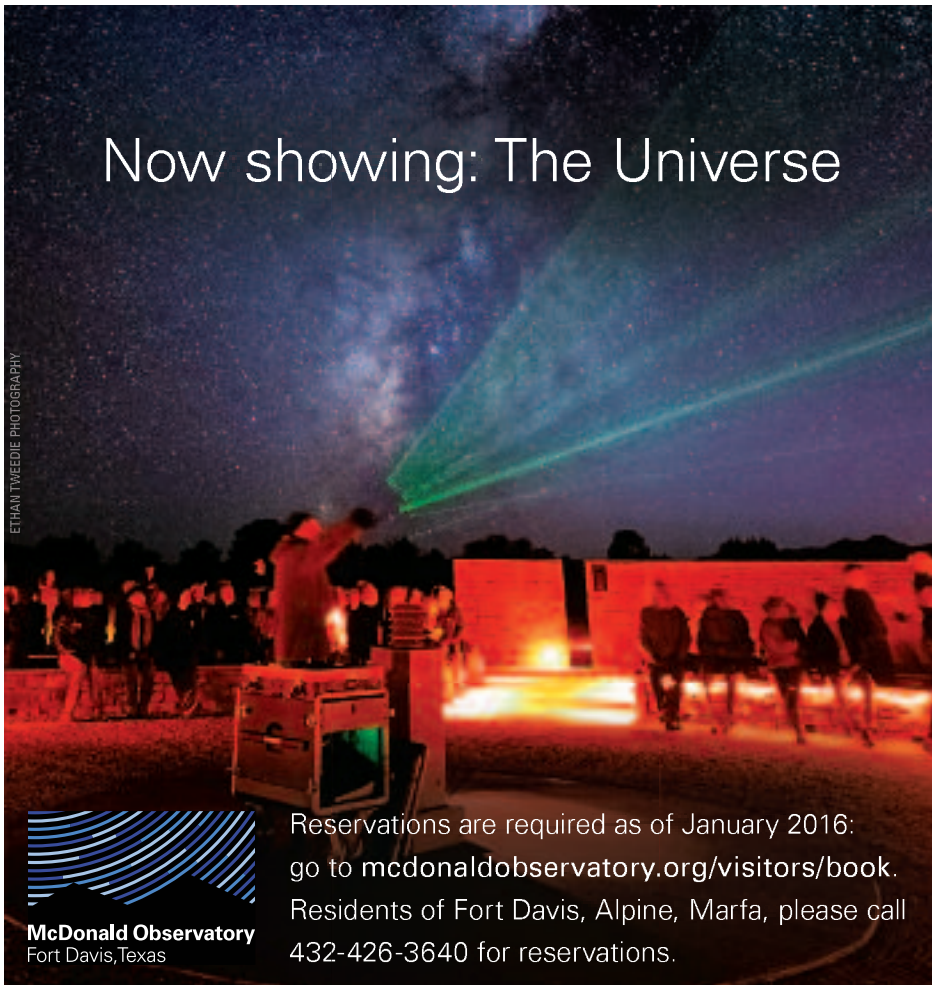
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