

C E N I Z O

JOURNAL



SECOND QUARTER 2017

FREE

"The World is my country, all mankind are my brethren, and to do good is my religion." Thomas Paine

Starman of the Big Bend • Photo Essay • Folkways • Emmitt Domain • Trivia
Cool, Clear Water • Trails and Trials • Big Bend Eats • My Tours To Mexico • Poetry

Need a beautiful and unique venue
for your upcoming special event?
We know how stressful it can be to find the
perfect location in the Permian Basin.

At The Historic
White-Pool House
you can have your special event
without breaking the bank,
whether it be indoor or outdoor!
For more information please
contact us to discuss your special
day in detail.





RANDALL CUSTOM HOMES



The Art and Craft of
Custom Homebuilding

30 years of professional experience
Alpine, TX • (512) 788-1333

randallbuilders@yahoo.com • www.facebook.com/Randallbuilders
www.Randallcustomhomestx.com



HOLIDAY INN EXPRESS & SUITES OF ALPINE

2004 East Hwy. 90
Alpine, TX 79830
(432) 837-9597

TRAPPINGS OF TEXAS

CUSTOM COWBOY GEAR AND WESTERN ART



Water Break, oil, Herman Wolke, 2010

OPENING WEEKEND PARTIES,
SALE AND EVENTS
APRIL 20-22, 2017

Museum of the Big Bend
Alpine, Texas
In The Heart of the Big Bend!

Exhibit Dates:
April 20-May 28, 2017

Sponsorship and Ticket Information:
www.museumofthebigbend.com
432.837.8143



San Jose State University
NORTH THE TEXAS STATE UNIVERSITY SYSTEM



DAVID LOREN BASS



Arroyo Light, 2017 Oil on Canvas 14 x 18 Inches

Paintings of New Mexico and Texas

Greasewood Gallery
El Paisano Hotel
Marfa, TX

V-6 Collection
Gage Hotel
Marathon, TX

Hand Artes Gallery
Truchas, NM

davidlorenbass.com • davidlorenbass@gmail.com



Cool, Clear Water

by *Danielle Gallo*

The San Solomon springs flow ceaselessly, 25 feet below the surface of the pool that FDR built back during the depression. Out of the alphabet soup meant to sustain the nation through lean times crawled the CCC 'the Civilian Conservation Corps,' and they made a swimming pool to rival the greatest in the world,

hewing the stone from local limestone outcroppings, stamping clay and straw in the hot Texas sun to make adobe, fashioning a pool nearly two acres broad to catch the endless gift of water from the ground. The water ripples even in still air, rare pupfish and duck feet creating tiny whorls and eddies. Water can never be still in a dynamic

system: it is a restless mass that seeks its own level, but never quite finds it, all its uncountable parts being pulled and pushed this way and that by unseen microcosms from the silvered surface down to the depths.

The Comanche Springs Pupfish, unique to these springs, are an aberration, really. Some diversifying event in

the far-distant past either killed off all their closest relatives or produced them in solitude, placing them forever in danger of disappearing. With their old, wider habitat destroyed by humans, the

continued on page 25

Table of Contents

4 Danielle Gallo Cool, Clear Water

17 K.B. Whitley Poetry
Jim Wilson

18 Steve Stainkamp Starman of the Big Bend

20 Jim Glendinning My Tours To Mexico

22 Perry Cozzen Emmitt Domain

24 Maya Brown Zniwski Folkways

Carolyn Brown Zniwski Trans-Pecos Trivia

6 Carolyn Brown Zniwski Cenizo Notes
Danielle Gallo

8 Rani Birchfield Gallery on the Range

11 Carolyn Brown Zniwski Big Bend Eats

12 Jeremy Gonzalez Trails and Trials – taking on
Hunter Peak

14 Sam Esparza Photo Essay

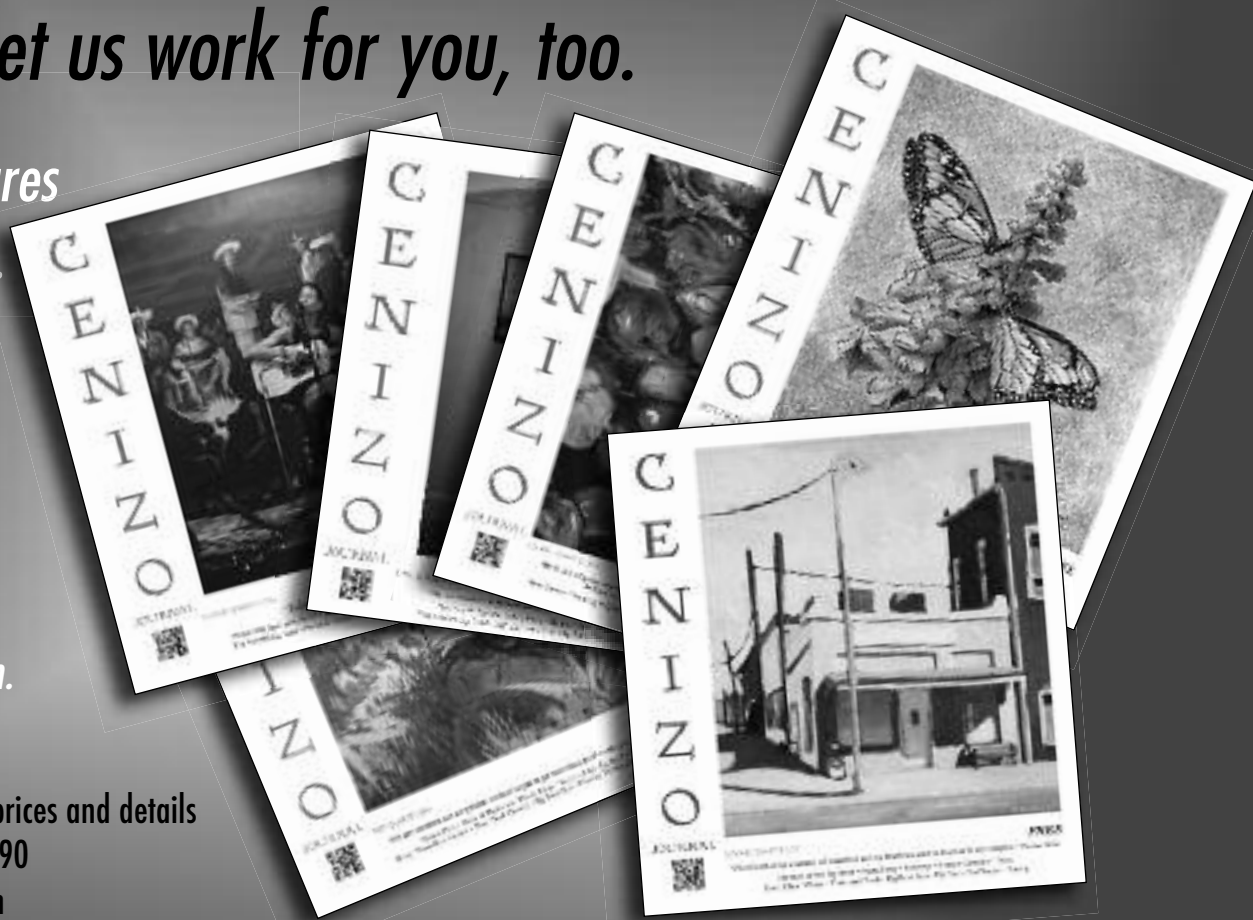
We print CENIZO ~ let us work for you, too.

*From rack cards and brochures
to directories and guides ...
From maps and post cards
to flyers and magazines ...*

*Our careful customer service
and Web-based seminars will help
you create an outstanding publication.*



Call us for prices and details
210-804-0390
shweiki.com





West Texas Kodokan "Old School Jiu-Jitsu" A.K.A Danzan Ryu

Developed in Hawaii in 1924 by Professor Henry Okazaki, the system teaches close quarter tactics for self defense. This is a serious, non-competitive adult art that requires consistent practice over time. We are not a business or a commercial enterprise.

Contact: Merrill "Britt" Pauls at 432-294-0162 for more information.
Member of the American Jujitsu Institute www.americanjujitsuinstitute.com

Escape Massage & Bodywork

432-386-2284

Evenings and weekends only • Text for appointment
Gift certificates available

Elizabeth Malloy, Licensed Massage Therapist
906 E. Ave. B (Coggins Chiropractic) • Alpine

CatchLight Art Gallery

presents:

RECENT WORK

DIANE BAILEY

MARCH 22 -- MAY 15, 2017

RECEPTION: SATURDAY, APRIL 15
3 TO 6PM

"Living Life Circle"

the Art and Tradition of American Indians

a show by Reeda Peel

May 17 - July 10, 2017

Reception: Saturday, May 20, 5 to 8pm



117 W. Holland Ave, Alpine
432-837-9422
www.catchlightartgallery.com

Needleworks, Etc.

Ladies Fine Clothing

Peggy Walker, Owner

Flax ~ Brighton ~ Tribal ~ Double D

And other speciality brands

121 West Holland • Alpine • 432/837-3085
120 South Cedar • Pecos • 432/445-9313
M-F 10 am 'til 6 pm • Sat. 10 am 'til 4 pm

Cenizo Journal

Volume 9 Number 2

CONTRIBUTORS

Rani Birchfield is a freelance writer who lives in the Big Bend region. Prior to coming to Far West Texas, she lived in Dallas and wrote for businesses, helping them create and market their stories. She'd love to hear from you. *e-mail: rbirchfield44@hotmail.com*

Perry Cozzen is a native of La Mesa, Texas and an Air Force veteran. He retired to Fort Davis in 2012, where he writes and takes photographs. *e-mail: perrycozzen@yahoo.com*

Danielle Gallo is a writer who is proud to be the editor of the *Cenizo Journal*. She came to the area in 2002 and currently lives in Marathon with her family. *e-mail: editor@cenizojournal.com*

Sam Esparza is a Southwest Artist and 30-year law enforcement veteran, as well as a military veteran. He works in pencil, charcoal, inks, watercolor, acrylics, pastels and oils. Originally from Marathon, he and his wife hope to return there in retirement. His work can be seen at www.samesparza.com.

Jim Glendinning, an Oxford-educated Scot, lives in Alpine. The story of his travels, *Footloose Scot*, has just been published, as has *Legendary Locals of the Big Bend & Davis Mountains* for Arcadia Press. *e-mail: jimglenn2@sbcglobal.net*

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

Stephen Stainkamp is a seasoned outdoor writer, serious forager/survivalist and along with his buddy, Bubba, is a newcomer to Big Bend. He has traveled all over the USA since his early days at Fort Hood in Austin. He writes Bubba's World for the *Avalanche* in Alpine. *e-mail: stains1767@gmail.com*

K.B. Whitley was born and raised in rural southwest Louisiana where the piney woods of East Texas quit dribbling over the Sabine and Calcasieu rivers, and the flat rice farming Cajun country begins. He retired to Marfa in 1998. He has lived in Marfa for near 17 years, where he has become a strong political activist and a writer. *e-mail: whitley.ken@gmail.com*

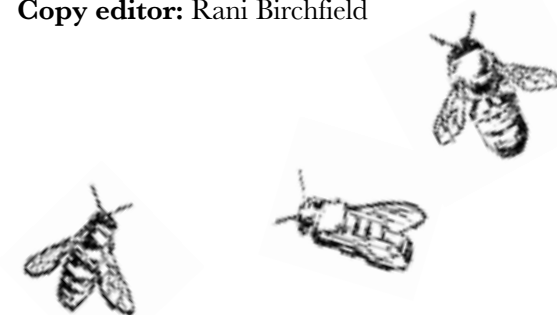
Jim Wilson is a 66-year-old retired Veterinarian living in the country between Austin and Houston. He grew up in Lobo Valley south of Van Horn. He began writing poetry in 2000. He has published five books of poetry. He loves the Big Bend country more than any place on earth. *e-mail: jwilson@abilene.com*

Carolyn Brown Zniewski started her publishing career at age nine, publishing a one-page neighborhood newsletter called *The Circle*. From 1992 – 2006 she wrote a recipe column for two neighborhood newspapers in Minneapolis, MN. In 2013, she started publishing the *Cenizo*. *e-mail: publisher@cenizojournal.com*

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

Cover: Big Bend Sentinel Building, Avram Dumitrescu, acrylic on canvas, 24" x 18".
www.onlineavram.com

Copy editor: Rani Birchfield



SUBSCRIPTIONS

Cenizo Journal will be mailed direct for \$25.00 annually.

Make checks payable to: Cenizo Journal, P.O. Box 2025, Alpine, Texas 79831,
or through Paypal at cenizojournal.com

SUBMISSION

Deadline for advertising and editorial for the Third Quarter 2017 issue: May 15, 2017.

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

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

Cenizo Notes

by Carolyn Brown Zniewski, publisher and Danielle Gallo, editor



I'm sitting on my front porch this early spring day watching three turkey vultures circling their next meal out over an empty field. Far off on the horizon are the Del Norte Mountains. It is a little overcast, keeping the day cool and comfortable and the slight breeze is pleasant against my face. The wildflowers are starting to bloom. With all the rain the past few months the fields and ditches will be filled for several months to come. This is the kind of year that makes me aware of the abundant gifts that Mother Nature provides for us. There seems to be so much difficulty and contention in the world right now that some nights I awaken at 4:00 a.m. with worry and bad dreams. An afternoon like this one here in the midst of the glory of Big Bend lets me contemplate the richness and splendor of the natural environment, reminding me how precious it is and how important it is to protect and enjoy it.

This issue has several articles about adventures that celebrate the interconnectedness of all of nature, from the mountains to the waters to the stars and planets in the heavens, and the art of living well. Folks in the Big Bend know that true wealth is not grand houses and dollars in the bank, but rather good friends and close families, following your passion and heart's desire, and a reverence for all life. It is remembering those things that get us through the rough times. I hope the stories, art and information in this issue provides you with a view of our special world. As my friends who practice yoga say, "May the god in me greet the god in you."



There's something about the first real morning of spring that's unmistakable. There's a heavy dampness just before dawn that lacks the biting chill of our deceptively mild winters, and I can always feel my skin relaxing with what I imagine is a sigh of relief. The roof drips. The soil has that biting alkaline smell of thirsty caliche. By 10 a.m. I've shed my outer layers to bask in a thicker, more benign sunlight. The apricots start blooming, even though I tell them every year to wait until after Easter. Apricots are flighty, and never listen.

It is somehow a little sad and comforting all at once to see last year's hatchlings returning to build nests. The passage of time is so swift in adulthood that it's often jarring to look up one morning and see the sky full of vultures, and realize the small creatures will be stopping at the Post Park on their way north soon. Wasn't I just picking tuna the other day, and lamenting the passage of summer? But it is a marvel to know that the cycles continue despite whatever havoc we humans might be wreaking on ourselves.

I hope you enjoy this issue of Cenizo, whether you're traveling here, have always been here, or stopped to visit a moment and then looked around, only to find a decade had passed. We mark the passage of time by the birds, by the weather, by holidays, and also by each new issue as we put it together for you. Happy springtime, Big Bend!



Published by Cenizo Journal LLC

P.O. Box 2025, Alpine, Texas 79831

www.cenizojournal.com

CENIZO JOURNAL STAFF

PUBLISHER

Carolyn Brown Zniewski
publisher@cenizojournal.com

EDITOR

Danielle Gallo
editor@cenizojournal.com

ADVERTISING

Rani Birchfield
advertising@cenizojournal.com

BUSINESS MANAGER

Lou Pauls
business@cenizojournal.com

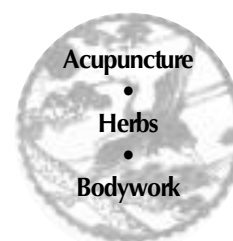
WEB MANAGER

Maya Brown Zniewski
mayamadeapothecary@gmail.com

DESIGN/PRODUCTION

Wendy Lynn Wright
graphics@cenizojournal.com

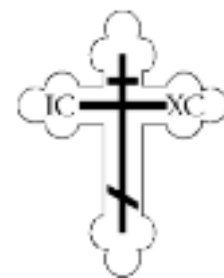
WHITE CRANE ACUPUNCTURE CLINIC



Shanna Cowell, L.Ac.

NEW LOCATION:
303 E. Sul Ross • Alpine
432.837.3225

Mon. - Fri. by appointment



ST. JONAH ORTHODOX CHURCH

*Come, See & Hear the Services
of Early Christianity*

Fr. Nicholas Roth
Sunday 10 am • Wednesday 6:30 pm
405 E. Gallego Avenue • Alpine, TX 79830
432-360-3209 • bigbendorthodox.org

Open 7 days

**Rocks & fossils, rare,
beautiful & strange;
jewelry & supplies;
great books**

OCOTILLO ENTERPRISES

205 N 5th St, Alpine



CHIHUAHUAN DESERT nature center

**Spring in the desert: what could be
better? Come see for yourself!**

hiking trails ☼ botanical gardens
☼ cactus & succulent greenhouse ☼
outdoor & indoor exhibits ☼ gift shop
☼ and our new addition: the bird blind ☼

43869 ST HWY 118
(4 miles SE. of Fort Davis)
Open 9-5, Monday-Saturday
432.364.2459
www.cdri.org

Open Sun.
12:30-5:30
Apr-Oct

Gallery on the Range

Story and photographs by Rani Birchfield

Nested in the hills off the Scenic Loop, somewhere vaguely after Point of Rocks and before the turn off to Valentine, lies a little-known respite from harried small-town life; a place where one can enjoy the beauty of human creativity surrounded by the quiet elegance of nature.

The Old Spanish Trail Gallery and Museum is a new Fine Art Gallery and Museum in Crow's Nest. If you don't know where Crow's Nest is, you're probably not alone. It's back in the hills just past the old cowboy camp meeting grounds if you're headed west. Why would someone build an art gallery way out there, and how is it going to "make it?" I wondered. I made an appointment with the Gallery, cleared an afternoon and drove out.

The road shimmered in the February heat as the stress of the week dissipated in the empty antelope fields. "For Sale" signs dotted the fields of cacti between the occasional houses. Not far past Bloy's Camp, the metal buildings deserted at this time of year, was a rustic metal sign for "Crow's Nest" and the "Old Spanish Trail Gallery and Museum." I turned in as the Border Patrol blimp faded in and out of sight in the blue sky. Signs at choice points in the dirt road let me know I was on the right track. Set back from the road to the side of the campground was a long metal building with the destination sign "Old Spanish Trail Gallery and Museum" on the floor of the long porch.

The Gallery is the vision of Roxa Robison, a lifetime rancher who now rides 4-wheelers instead of horses. Her grandparents bought the land in 1905



and Robison's family has ranched it ever since, preserving a way of life that has its own operating instructions and culture. Robison and her late husband, Tom, had two children, daughter Elizabeth Martin, who goes by "Besa," and son Bill Max whom they raised on the ranch doing "normal" things like branding, working the cattle when they needed it and shipping the calves. It's a step back in time to where a handshake IS the deal, and the land and livestock are respected. "It's just a way of life; you either like it or you don't. Both my children like it and are involved," Robison said.

Along with inheriting a ranch, the love of art was also passed down. "My paternal grandmother was an artist, as well as my mother. Both of my children have artist abilities, though they don't use them much," Robison said. She uses a variety of mediums in her creative expressions; china painting, oils, sculpting, and graphite drawings.

Robison also does clay work and has done a bronze.

"I've always wanted to do this," Robison said. "When I was in fifth grade, I did a sketch on the end of an apple box. In those days we could bring knives to school, and I dug out a design." She used to make little adobes out in the yard and built little houses out of the soil. Kaolin clay is abundant on the premises, which is the material used in ceramics (the main component of porcelain) as well as cosmetics. Recently, a professor from Las Cruces, NM took Marfa students out to the ranch where they gathered the clay, took it back to the "lab" and processed it for objets d'art. "It's a lifelong interest for me – I like to be around people that like to do art."

The vision, although long in the tooth, started materializing in February 2016. One of the barns was in need of major repairs as it was not long for standing. There was an old

restored buggy in the barn and another in process. When it came time to get them out, Robison thought, "What to do, in the interim?" Glen Moreland was called to finish the restoration on the buggy as well as a chuckwagon. A building was started in June and everything rapidly came together.

Wanting to do something that hadn't already been done in the area, Robison found artists who weren't in danger of being pulled from other venues. Lindy Severns, Ginger Lemons, David Loren Bass, Dina Gregory, neighbor and fellow rancher Wayne Baize, a young artist from Texas Tech, Nicole Miller, and most recently, one of Robison's three grand-

daughters, Delaney Martin, joined the group. No one wanted to be tied to a town – Marfa, Ft. Davis, or Alpine – and they knew that they wouldn't get heavy traffic being that far out, but it's a plus that people can visit a ranch without trespassing.

Severns, who has come into her own as an acclaimed local artist, has her studio on Robison's property. Severns and her husband, Jim, both retired pilots, used to camp at Crow's Nest when they were still flying, choosing the spot for its lack of communication with the frenetic world. In 2004 when they quit the piloting life, the Severns went to Crow's Nest to detox because it was far enough out there, but still close to Lubbock, their chosen home-base city. Robison saw Severns painting on previous trips and approached Severns about doing a mural in the ranch kitchen of Robison's private space where they celebrated family holidays. Robison



Rounding a corner, a rest area with three teepees appears just before the steep climb up "Big Hill."

wanted a scene of "The Last Cattle Drive" with sunsets and cowboys. Besa had the hair-raising idea that if they were going to paint cowboys, they should all be people they knew and brought out family albums to work from. Severns was no stranger to portrait painting, but the thought of painting family members from old photographs for people she was barely acquainted with caused her a few nightmares, she said.

Although Robison wanted no part of the portraiture, she asked Severns if they could work on the mural together, which would enable Robison to learn from Severns. A plan to "vacation for winter" turned into a project that took nine months to complete. By the time the 8' x 20' mural was finished, the

Severns were friends with Robison and her family, and had grown roots in Fort Davis. "It was neat because I got to learn the history of the ranch, and it made me jump right into painting," Severns said.

Robison's goal is for The Old Spanish Trail Gallery and Museum to be a Destination Gallery. "We want people to come out and enjoy the view, have a glass of wine, maybe some cheese and crackers. We want to have guest artists, both local and statewide. Robison also has a really good vision for workshops," Lemons said.

The gallery had what Severns refers to as "a mushy opening" in October of last year. After only starting the building in June, that's record time for this area. It was a success with about 250

people coming out.

Even though the "official" Grand Opening isn't until May 2017, the Gallery is already well on its way. They stay in contact via a newsletter and guest book and are looking forward to their first tourist season to be open, but the artists are already selling their creations. Lemon's paintings have sold; Baize sold several; Severns is selling and Robison's sketches sell almost as fast as she produces them. Visitors stay an average of two hours, taking in the peace and chatting with whoever is there that day. "I don't know how to tell you how we get people here, we just do. Artists have their own following and word travels far, even just by word of mouth," Robison said. "We've even had People from Washington

D.C. who've made it all the way out here." The day I visited was a busy one for the gallery: Texas Country Reporter had been out to the gallery, producing a segment on Wayne Baize (slated to air on May 5).

Sharing is a big part of the Gallery and Museum's philosophy. "The purpose of this is to do my art and share the building with other artists. We want people to come and enjoy the space. We're grateful when they buy but we want them to enjoy it," Robison said.

Passive (or purchasing) enjoyment is not the only goal. They will feature

continued on page 10



Music To Your Ears
CDs • DVDs • Vinyl
Games • Special Orders

Mon-Fri 10-6
203 E Holland Ave, Alpine

432.837.1055
ringtailrecords@sbcglobal.net



**Eve's Garden
Bed and
Breakfast**

432.386.4165
Ave C & N 3rd • Marathon, TX
info@evesgarden.org
www.evesgarden.org

CATHY WRIGHT
Learning for Life LLC

*Learn to move,
move to learn*

Bringing the Feldenkrais Method® and Movement Intelligence to the Big Bend region - private and group lessons available. Nationally Certified Massage Therapist, TX License # MT 121615

cathy@cathywright.com
107 N. 6th, Alpine • 832-314-8103

Gallery on the Square
a non profit CO-OP Gallery
of the Big Bend Arts Council

Plein Air Paintings
An Exhibit of Local Plein Air Painters
March 23 - May 16, 2017
Reception: Friday, March 31, 5 to 7pm

"CLAYWORKS 2017"
MAY 18 - JULY 11, 2017
RECEPTION: SATURDAY, MAY 27
5 TO 7PM

115 West Holland Ave, Alpine, TX
432-837-7203
bigbendartsCouncil.org



**Valentine
RADIO.NET**
For Van Horn, Fort Davis, Marfa, and Valentine

continued from page 9

guest artists and offer more workshops in the future. Severns has already filled an advanced plein air workshop this summer, where attendees will get on 4-wheelers and go out into the ranch, paint in

on with another wagon on the way. Robison wants to tell the history of their ranch as well as other families' ranching histories via the museum. "I haven't gotten how I'm going to display everything," Robison said.

The building has a porch on both sides of the long building with forthcoming

Robison politely guided me in her genteel manner.)

As I made the trek back to town a bird soared over the still-lifeless winter prairie and the mountains beckoned in the distance. I was relaxed and hopeful after seeing someone's lifelong interest come to fruition in such a beautiful way. When you



the open air, and at the end of the day head back to the gallery for dinner.

"Part of the beauty up here is we do have Crow's Nest. You can stay in a cabin, or camp and just get away," Lemons said. Crow's Nest was built in the early sixties and has a handful of cabins, tent camping and RV spaces. And it's not just for painters – writers frequently visit the Nest for a quiet and private space for inspiration and to let their imagination soar on the expansive ranch.

Another part of Robison's vision is to get more of the family artifacts and obsolete working tools into the museum. Currently there is the sports car of buggies, a late-1800s early-1900s buggy that came with the ranch, on display, as well as the chuckwag-

chairs for enjoying the outside views. An art gallery and museum on a family homestead – part of a ranch with a working history, with people who know the stories, who are the history – "To me that's a great treasure," Lemon said. "These people are right there at your fingertips. That's kind of the purpose of the porch – so people can come out and share."

Learning about the ranching culture is interesting in itself, especially for a city girl like myself. Cultures within cultures (i.e. ranching culture within the larger scope of American culture) fascinate me even though at times my questions can be faux-pas-ish. (Like asking how big the ranch is – "That's like asking someone how much money they have in the bank,"

need a break or a fantastic piece of art, call over to the Gallery – they'll put the coffee on or chill the wine and have a spot of fresh air waiting for you.

The Grand Opening of Old Spanish Trail Gallery and Museum is Memorial Day weekend with a portion of the proceeds going to Paws for Veterans, an organization that pairs veterans with rescue dogs that have been task-trained for service to help the nation's heroes heal from PTSD, TBI and other post-war medical conditions. For more information, visit oldspanishtrailgallery.com or crowsnestrancho or see their ad in the *Cenizo Journal*.





Big Bend Eats

By Carolyn Brown Zniwski. Illustration by Avram Dumitrescu.

COLD SOUP FOR SPRING DAYS

Gazpacho is a soup made of fresh vegetables and leftover bread. There is also a fruit version developed in recent years. It was brought to Spain by the Moors in 711 AD. The word itself is thought to be of either Arabic or Hebrew origin. It was originally a peasant food made from leftover bread, olive oil, garlic and water. It wasn't until tomatoes and green peppers were brought to Spain from the New World that the cold soup became the vegetable dish, as we know it now.

In Europe gazpacho remained a soup for peasants up until 1930, when French chefs started serving it as a special summer fare. In the United States and Mexico it was served as a cold soup much earlier, first appearing in the cookbook *The Virginia Housewife* in 1824. Until the advent of blenders and food processors it was made using a mortar and pestle. It is an easy and excellent cold soup that can be a light meal when served with crusty bread, fresh fruit and cheese, or as a starter. It is particularly good in hot weather. With the farmer's market tables piled with fresh produce you can use any of the following recipes, or develop a combination of your own making.

Green Gazpacho:

- 2 Cups diced honeydew melon
- 1 Cucumber, seeded, peeled and diced
- 1 Small onion, diced
- 1 Avocado, peeled, pitted, and chopped
- 1 Jalapeno pepper, seeded and chopped
- 1 Clove garlic
- 1/4 Cup balsamic vinegar
- 1 Tablespoon lime juice
- Salt and pepper to taste

Blend in blender or process in food processor. Chill. Garnish with chopped green onion.

Traditional Gazpacho

- 4 Cups tomato juice
- 1 Onion, minced
- 1 Green bell pepper, minced
- 1 Cucumber, finely chopped
- 2 Cups seeded, finely chopped tomatoes
- 2 Green onions, finely chopped
- 1 Clove garlic, minced
- 3 Tablespoons fresh lemon juice
- 2 Tablespoons red wine vinegar
- 1 Teaspoon dried tarragon
- 1 Teaspoon dried basil

- 1 Teaspoon honey
- 1/2 Cup bread crumbs
- Salt and pepper to taste

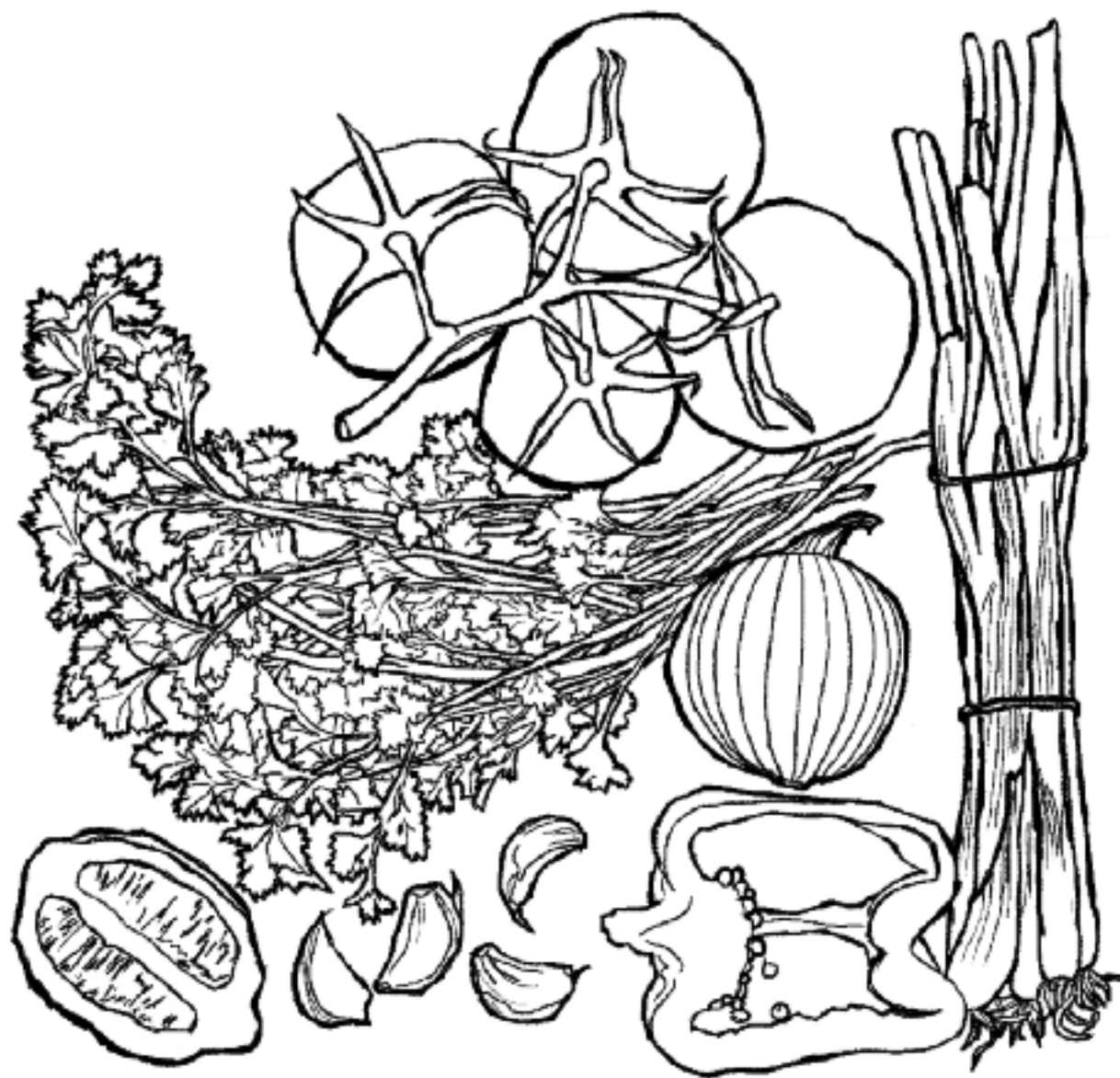
Mix well. Chill at least 1 hour.
Garnish with fresh parsley.

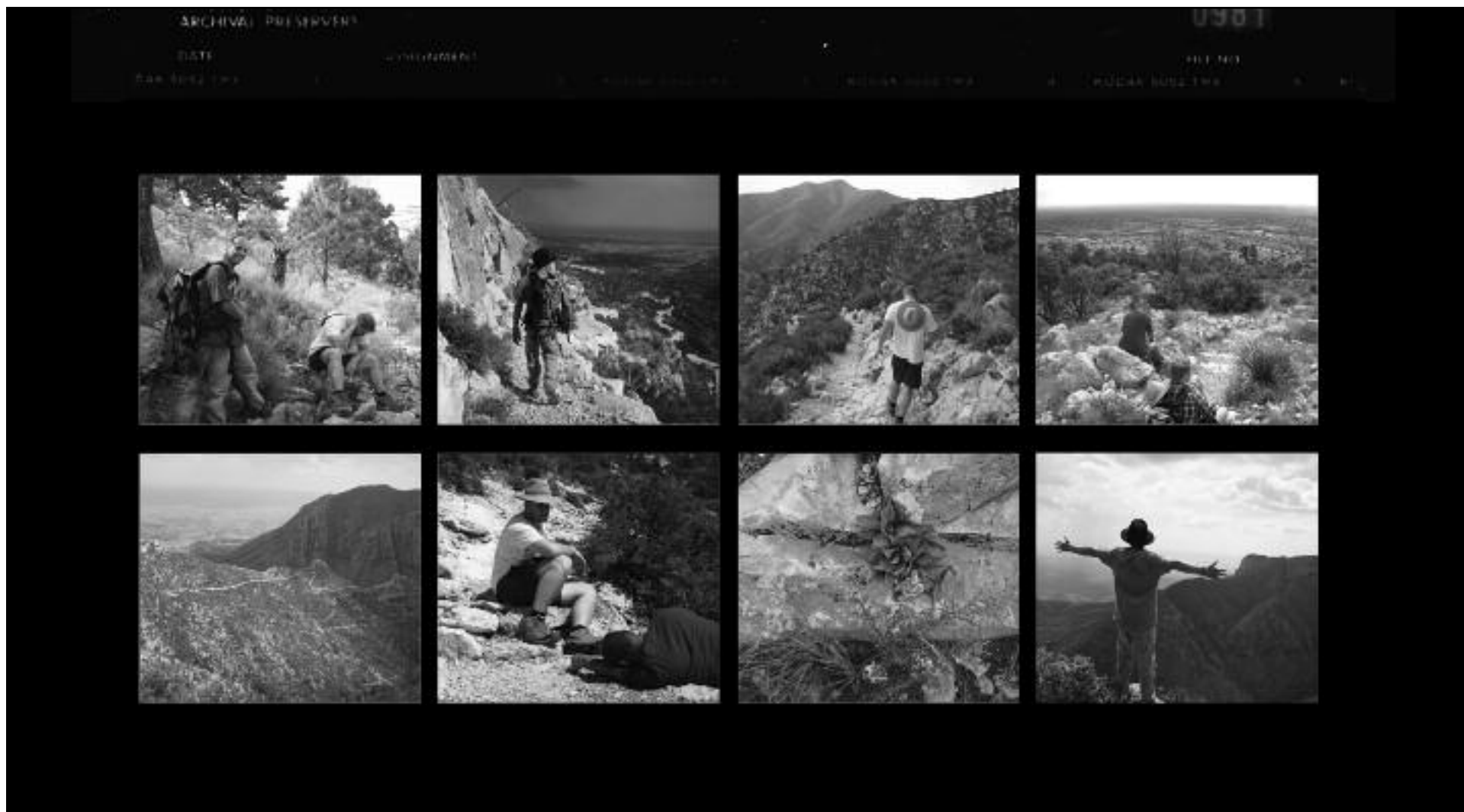
Fruit Gazpacho

- 2 Peaches, peeled and chopped
- 1 Cantaloupe, peeled and chopped
- 1 Cucumber, seeded, peeled and chopped
- 1 or 2 Pints strawberries

- 2 Slices bread
- 2 Tablespoons orange zest
- 1/4 Teaspoon ginger
- 2 Tablespoons honey
- Pinch of salt

Blend in batches in blender. Serve cold. Garnish with blueberries and sour cream.





TRAILS AND TRIALS TAKING ON HUNTER PEAK

by *Jeremy Gonzalez*

This is not the account of three seasoned mountain climbers who dominate hiking trails with ease. This is the account of three regular guys who hiked up Hunter Peak in the Guadalupe Mountains National Park with minimal experience and supplies.

Our adventure began at daybreak. We drank some coffee, threw some breakfast burritos on the dash and then took off to the Guadalupe from Fort Stockton.

Driving to the Texas-New Mexico

border was a serene and talkative trip. We coasted under the open skies listening to the Fleet Foxes as our traveling theme music, and also to motivate us for the day of hiking.

There was a chance of rain and lightning, so we removed climbing the popular Guadalupe Peak from our day plan. After checking in at the Pine Springs Visitor Center and chatting with the kind lady at the front desk, we finally settled on hiking Hunter Peak at 8,369 feet of elevation.

The Guadalupe are their own

breed of beautiful. Approaching a mountain range that shoots up out of flat horizon is an amazing sight in its own right.

The three of us stood at the Frijoles Trailhead looking like a rock band whose tour bus broke down in the desert. My brother Nate wore a red bandanna tied around his head, my best friend Kenny had our only backpack strapped on tight, and I was wearing my black “Indiana Jones” hat dipped toward my brow.

We kicked off the morning making

tracks down the Frijoles Trail over to the Bear Canyon Trail and the two trails had no mercy on our adventurous vibes. That once-relentless attitude within our wolf pack quickly began to fade.

We all became a little worn, a little weathered, but we continued up the steep switchbacks. A mule deer looked down on us from the edge of a cliff as our continuous talking disturbed the natural silence of the National Park.

The increasing altitude immediately took its toll on poor Kenny, who has

never climbed a mountain in his life. He screamed every time he stubbed his toe on a rock and his worn black sneakers didn't prevent him any pain. You'd think the rocks were beating the breaks off that boy from how loud he was screaming and cussing.

I voluntarily took on the backpack just to give him some relief. However, within the first hour of hiking Kenny hit a devastating breaking point.

He laid out on the trail like a dead jackrabbit, collapsed and motionless. We sat down with our fallen soldier for the time needed. He was exhausted from the mental and physical exertion of his first mountain expedition. After doing his most beastly screaming on the ground, he stood back up and agreed to press onward.

The warmth of the West Texas sun made us work up a good sweat. We looked hotter than some goats in a pepper patch. Thankfully the natural world had our backs as we discovered a shady turning point of the Bear Canyon Trail.

The desert scenery smoothly transitioned into a jungle-like canyon, where large boulders and eroded walls offered us a lush refuge. It was the quietest place of the entire day, where we decided to rest up. We all took advantage of the cool shade and sat on the ground together.

Two of us ate peanut butter sandwiches and all of us just submerged in the moment.

After resting in the canyon's shadows we journeyed into another stunning transition of pine and Douglas fir trees along the Bowl Trail. This pleasant woodland trek eventually took us straight up to glory – the summit of Hunter Peak.

That moment of seeing the mountaintop ahead of us was truly exhilarating. Especially for Kenny. The views were definitely earned and we gazed at the scattering of mountains and the vast stretch of flatland around it.

We took some victory pictures, celebrated with some trail mix and then took time to just soak in the Guadalupe. It was 50 degrees and sunny at the top. The cooler temps felt amazing.

Sadly, the wondrous pinnacle of the Hunter Peak mountaintop is not where this story ends. Our descent was as serious as a snakebite.

While finishing off the Bowl Trail, we had a brief moment of getting lost. You don't want to be lost in the woods with only a few water bottles and a small box of trail mix to survive on. We scratched our heads and ventured deeper.

Kenny seemed to be rejuvenated after making it to the top. He took on backpack duty again and things were beginning to get enjoyable for him. Unfortunately, he was about to sit on a large rock but didn't notice that it had a small agave growing out of it. He sat down on the spiked edges of the cactus with full-force.

"CACA FACE!!" he roared at the top of his lungs. His voiced loudly echoed a jumble of cuss words and groans, which caused birds to fly out of the trees. The ruckus of Kenny's mishap carried on until we finally found a trail sign, where we decided to take on the Tejas Trail.

The Tejas gave us a great start and we even found a baby horned toad. The rare little critter was actually a West Texas species called the mountain short horned lizard that specialists

have found exclusively in the Davis and Guadalupe Mountains.

After traveling over the mountain and through the woods, the Tejas Trail abruptly spat us out onto a jagged path of more winding switchbacks.

It was our final transition of scenery, and the area looked like it belonged on a post card. As spectacular as the views were, it was some of the most grueling wandering imaginable, with limited shade.

It wasn't your worn down hiker-friendly dirt path. No, this path was made up of uneven rocks of all sizes that gave our feet some painful stone bruises to go home with. I still salute Kenny for doing this in his sneakers; at least Nate and I had on hiking boots.

Our water bottles were running low and so was our energy. We turned a corner and discovered that the Tejas Trail continued on as far as our eyes could see.

That reality check changed everything. We went from longing for the top to greatly longing for the bottom. We went from admiring eagles to talking to the turkey vultures soaring above us.

"We're not dead yet," muttered Kenny to the vultures as he handed Nate our very last water bottle. We had some fortunate light rain hit us during our hours spent along the strenuous Tejas trail, and things kept getting weirder within our group.

Maybe we were all in a delusional trance of trying to stay alive, but Nate started chanting, "I am an ostrich, I am an ostrich." The Tejas Trail is a real leg-burner, which is probably why Nate tried to convince himself that he could summon and acquire the leg strength of an ostrich.

Suddenly, Nate slowed down and squinted his eyes. I took a step backwards after seeing what his eyes were locked on. We had crossed paths with a rattlesnake.

Thankfully for us, the previous hikers did some major damage to it. It was a disgusting mess. The suffering rattler's intestines were all spilling out of its body as it still squirmed around in blood and dust. Nate took a fast picture and kept walking like business as usual. Kenny's complexion went from sweaty red to pale white as he walked past it as fast as he could.

We kept our eyes on the invisible finish line, and the Tejas Trail finally ended in a vast valley. "Parking lot in view. Parking lot in view," said Nate, who had started saying everything twice after his ostrich moment. I couldn't believe it. It felt like a mirage or an illusion. I wiped the sweat from my eyes; it was real. When we reached Nate's hatchback, I plopped into the passenger seat and said, "That was crazy."

It was a rough day for some amateur hikers, but we lived to tell the tale. We didn't survive without a scratch, but we got up the mountain and it was good for the soul.

We spent time in God's creation unaffected by the day-to-day doings of mankind. We made it back to the car before sundown. We made unforgettable memories that were rugged and wild. We got to breathe in the desert air, smell the pines on our way up to the summit, and we only accidentally left one flannel shirt behind on the trail. If you find it, we don't want it back – mic drop.



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

BEHIND EVERY PROJECT IS A

True Value

MORRISON HARDWARE

SERVING ALPINE & THE BIG BEND SINCE 1928

**301 N. 5th ST
432-837-2061**

**ALPINE, TEXAS 79830
www.morrisonhardware.com**

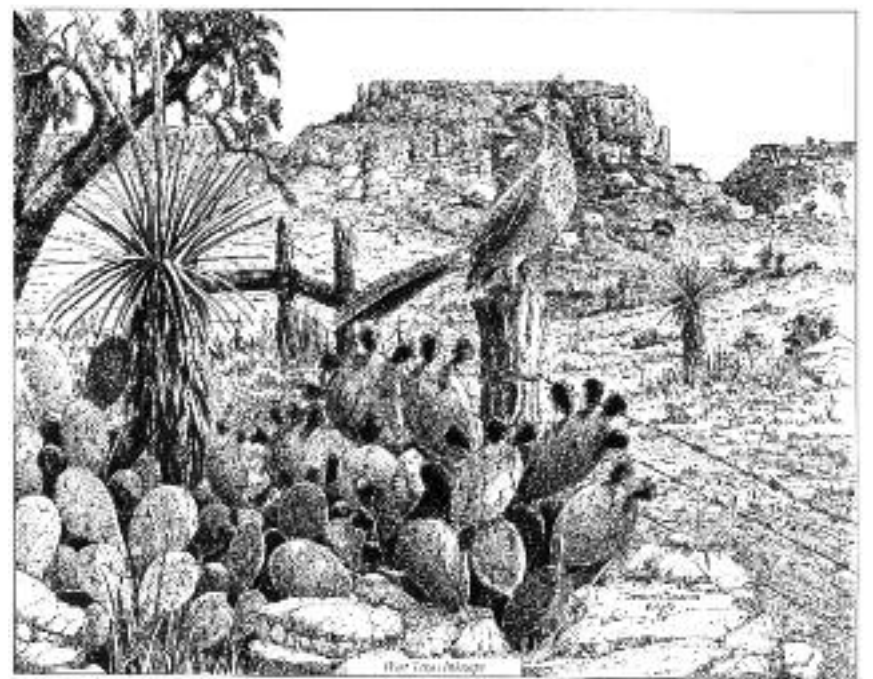
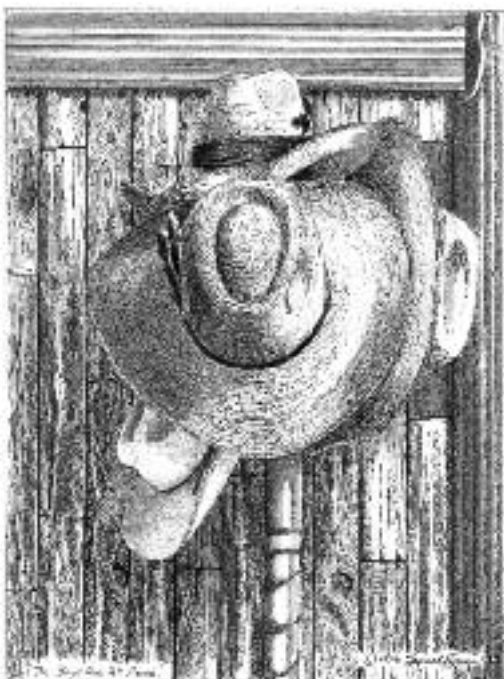
Photo Essay

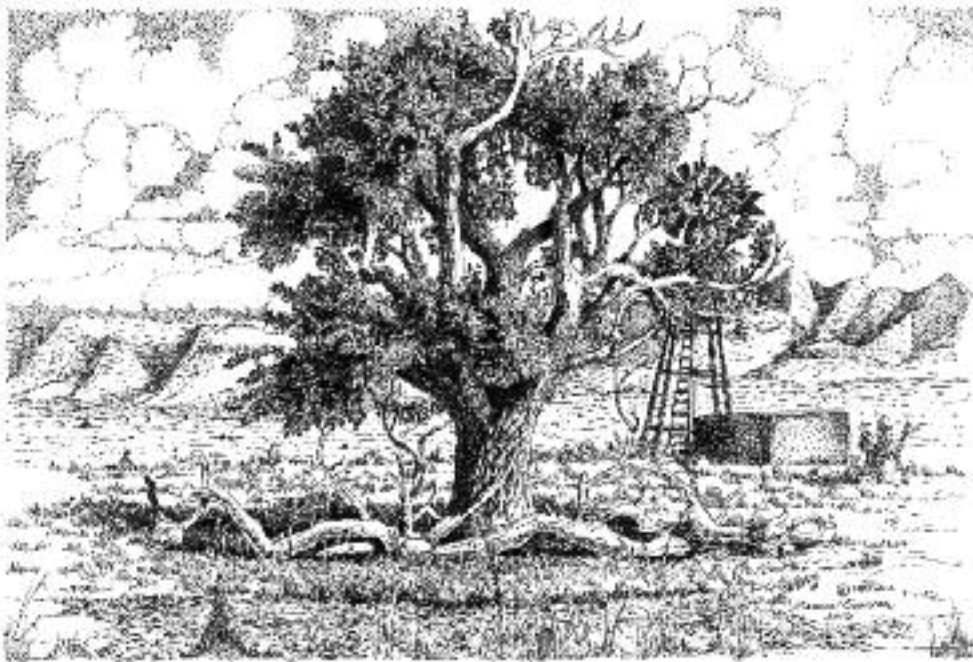
by *Sam Esparza*



With a keen eye for detail, a sure knowledge of his subjects, a deft technique and an instinct for highlighting the familiar in landscape, Sam Esparza captures the essence of West Texas in his pencil sketches. The ruins of an old soldier's quarters beg for exploration, the old tin roof buckled and twisted. The perfect textures of palm hats against a board wall make a still life that is at once quiet and simple, yet also complex and dynamic. A cowboy bulldogs a calf, an ancient tree weathers its storms, and a paisano surveys his domain. In Esparza's work, the West Texas desert comes to life with as much loving detail as nature herself can muster.

Esparza's work can be viewed and purchased from his website, www.samesparza.com.





1

We been
together
So long
I feel like
We are 1

But when
1 of us
is gone
there is
no us

And if
You are
Gone
There is
No 1.

by K.B. Whitley

Survival of the Flittest

Drawn to the aroma of sweet nectar
Beckoning from the bell
Of a blood red, trumpet vine blossom,

Two ruby throated, emerald green, Apache helicopters,
Planning inevitable preculinary combat—
Hover warily at their predestined petal portal.

Dozens of wall flower,
Virgin, bell blossoms
Wink coyly nearby.

Desire—anger—aggression—
Violence—fear—retreat—then—

With all challengers subdued or bluffed
The victor's lust for self-indulgence
Is smugly satisfied.

Natural traits of the animal kingdom.
Don't deny them. Don't apply them.

With a whirl and a flit and a love you,
Rise above them. Admire the grace
Of the single hummingbird spectacle.

Find another of God's creatures
To exemplify proper social interaction.

by Jim Wilson

Alternative Perspective

Might makes right.

Ask
Geronimo
Cochise
Manges Colorado
Seattle
Tecumseh and
Sitting Bull—

Fighting border terrorism
Unsuccessfully
Since 1492.

by Jim Wilson

Starman of the Big Bend

by Steve Stainkamp



Danny Self, owner of the Marathon Motel, with the clamshell telescope on the Motel property.

“And God said, ‘Let there be lights in the expanse of the heavens to separate the day from night. And let them be for signs and for seasons, and for days and years, and let them be lights in the expanse of the heavens to give light upon the earth. And God saw that it was good.’” ~Genesis 1:14-18

Luminary: 1. “a person of prominence or brilliant achievement,”
2. “a body that gives light; especially: one of the celestial bodies.” ~Webster’s Collegiate Dictionary

Daniel “Danny” Self graduated from Midland High School. He spent 30 formative years of his life in Austin, Texas, where he excelled at business. On occasion Danny would leave Austin for family Thanksgiving trips to the Big Bend. “At first,” Danny confessed, “I was not all that impressed. The weather was

wet and gloomy, but as someone smarter than me once said, ‘If you don’t like the weather in Texas, stick around.’ Invariably, by the next morning, gray drizzly skies would have cleared and the sun would be shining brightly.”

“And those stars at night—Wow!”

Over time, Danny fell in love with

Big Bend country, its citizens and its star-studded night skies. He gave in to the call and moved to Marathon in 2000, where he invested in real estate. The new property owner fell in love with the Big Bend, its Dark Skies and starry firmament. Danny explained, “This country’s collective, illuminated city glare eclipses most of America’s

view of the night stars. On initial trips to the Big Bend, away from the big city lights and all that urban glare, I found I could finally SEE the stars!” It wasn’t long before Marathon’s newest resident Danny Self became a serious stargazer.

Danny has owned the Marathon Motel & RV Park at Highway 90 West

since August, 2000 when he bought the 10-acre property from John and Mary Hoover. Marathon Motel & RV Park's web site boasts, "Sunsets, Stargazing and Storm Chasing—We've Got the Sky For You." And brother, that ain't lying.

Since before that auspicious summer and for each of the 16 summers since, Danny has become a stargazer of some repute. The Marathon Motel & RV Park and its proud owner have undergone renovations and paradigm shifts of stellar proportions, which has helped to thrust West Texas astronomy into the night light, if not the stratosphere, sending the art of stargazing in the Big Bend off at Warp Speed. This is spurring star studies in local schools and encouraging astrophotography nationwide by celestial leaps and bounds.

"It didn't happen overnight," Danny said. "But by a series of serendipitous encounters with key players, I evolved into a serious stargazer and dragged my family and circle of friends along with me. What could be more fun," he asked, "but to sit outside with good friends, good music, and a box of wine, searching for constellations and planets, studying the black velvet, star-studded sky!"

Danny discovered that he had relocated to the premiere setting in the United States, where stargazing could be exercised to maximum effect. "The McDonald Observatory in Fort Davis boasts one of the best stargazing programs in the world. Thanks to the McDonald Observatory, its staff and many of their avid associated astronomers, who encouraged me along the way with my love of stargazing. Without the help of men of vision like Bill Wren, Allen Gilchrist, Jim Chandler, Scott Mecca and Larry Roy, I would never have accomplished the things we have been able to accomplish in Marathon with this project."

The story of his stargazing efforts in Big Bend Country began with his love of the skies and developed into a community project in which he takes great pride.

"In the beginning, after I bought the Motel, we had guests—myself and my wife, Mindy—inquire as to the identity of the brilliant lights overhead, nearly every evening. Some guests would break out their binoculars and we'd sit outside and scan the night sky. But I soon learned that far more than binocular optic power would be necessary to

truly appreciate—and study—the firmament high above."

It didn't take Danny long to come to the realization that he was optically challenged. The first serendipitous milestone of his successful stargazing journey came in 2005 with the visit of two guests at the Motel, both serious amateur astronomers. "Those guys really got me off dead-center and years later, after extensive inquiry and research, I realized the second serendipitous milestone of this journey was when I bought myself a 2011 Christmas present: my first telescope, a 9 1/4-inch Schmidt Cassegrain."



Self shows off the little observatory, where stargazers can set up their equipment and control it remotely via the internet. The entire roof of the structure slides away to allow state-of-the-art star viewing of Marathon's dark skies, from anywhere in the world.

Danny's stargazing was no longer relegated to the backseat of binocular power.

The third serendipitous milestone—perhaps the greatest of them all—in Danny's journey occurred in 2013, when the McDonald Observatory donated a powerful, 24-inch Dobsonian telescope to the Marathon Independent School District. "The school has a very real interest in stargazing," Danny said, "but they weren't sure exactly what to do with the telescope." That's when Danny, working with friends at the Observatory, came up with plans for relocating the Dobsonian telescope to the light-challenged back side of Danny's property—in a darkened corner of his Motel & RV Park. "Ours was the ideal location, far removed from the glare of the town's competing urban and traffic lights," Danny said.

Danny's, Marathon's and Big Bend's hope for a world-class stargaz-

ing venue was beginning, at long last, to come to fruition. Far from being in the same league as the Big Boys' Guns (the McDonald Observatory's 107-inch and 87-inch telescopes, or the behemoth 24.5 meter telescope under construction in the Chilean Andes), Danny's stargazing observatory in Marathon is a first-rate small-scale observatory in any astronomer's book. With the delivery and set up of the Dobsonian telescope, other astronomy aficionados around the United States have learned of his stargazing efforts in Marathon, Texas, and rented space here for their stargazing and photo-

graphic efforts from Danny, setting up personal, remote-controlled, astrophotographic telescopes. "Our stargazing plans and capabilities keep growing by light years," Danny beamed.

Marathon's First Annual Star Party was February 28, 2013, and it was a stunning success. Danny believes it will only get better! Conditions in Marathon are optimum for stargazing. With a Class 1 Dark Sky (using the Bortle Light Pollution Scale), Marathon Motel & RV Park boasts some of the darkest skies with the most brilliant viewing in the Lower 48. Crowd favorites include the planets Jupiter and Saturn, and of course meteor showers. Constellations and colorful nebulae, nighttime discoveries and pockmarked, detailed lunar close ups always elicit 'oohs and ahs' from visiting crowds.

"We supply all the accoutrement for stargazing in the Big Bend," Danny said, "without admission costs. All one

needs bring is a Pocketbook Sky Atlas (optional), a map of the stars available from Amazon.com, a bottle of wine and a glass (optional). Come and join us here to observe the brilliant Universe with its myriad constellations, stars, planets and galaxies; weather permitting."

In the 1984 science fiction film *Starman*, a humanoid alien (Jeff Bridges) traveled from the far reaches of space to Earth in an alien craft in response to Voyager 2's Earth probe star message, "PEACE." Ironically, the alien craft was shot down by well-meaning Earth defenders. Yet Starman survived and assumed the form of Karen Allen's deceased husband. The rest of the movie takes us through Karen's fear and mistrust of the alien, earth defenders' pursuit of the "hostile" alien, Starman's torrid love affair, albeit short-lived, with Karen who becomes pregnant by Starman, the near death of Starman and his final rescue from Earth via space ship thanks to his alien pals. Starman was a great flick. Yet that was fiction.

Not to suggest parallels with the film, however strained, between Danny and Jeff Bridges' Starman. Okay, the same good looks are undeniable. Yes, Self made his way to West Texas by circuitous route. Yes, Self helped deliver a star message to Big Bend's residents and visitors. And yes, Self possesses exemplary skills, not unlike the alien's, but Self has never claimed to be of superior intellect. Call him the Starman of West Texas? Danny shrugs and smiles, "I've been called worse." Danny Self of tiny Marathon, Texas, is a luminary in quest of bright luminaries in the West Texas night skies.

Peruse the Motel's web site (www.marathonmotel.com) or better yet, call and make reservations and make plans to stay at the Marathon Motel & RV Park some clear, starry night and enjoy a Star Party with Danny and Mindy Self and friends. You'll be so glad you did. You'll thank your lucky stars!

"When I look at your heavens, the work of your fingers, the moon and the stars, which you have set in place, what is man that you are mindful of him and the son of man that you care for him?"—Ps. 8:3-4





Hotel Rio Vista in El Fuerte. Photo by Jim Glendinning.

MY TOURS TO MEXICO

by Jim Glendinning

I remember clearly the first time I crossed from Texas to Mexico. It was 1994, and I had just arrived in Alpine

and opened a Bed & Breakfast called The Corner House. I was also writing a travel guidebook to the region. David Busey, who was director

of the Alpine Chamber of Commerce, suggested a trip to Lajitas so I could get better acquainted with the region.

Soon after, David and I climbed on

board George Merriman's plane at Alpine's airport and, with George at the controls, flew 40 minutes down to Lajitas, landing on a gravel strip. We



El Chepe train crossing the bridge at Temoris. Mexico file photo.

walked 15 minutes to the Rio Grande, took a wooden rowboat to the Mexican side, and I bought breakfast for George and David at Dos Amigos Café. No immigration controls, no Customs inspection. Then we flew back to Alpine.

What a surprise! A whole new country on my doorstep! Next, I did more research on the border region and wrote a book, *Unofficial Border Crossings from Big Bend to Mexico*, which featured Boquillas, Paso Lajitas and San Carlos. Needing some more pages to achieve book length, I took the El Chepe train across the Sierra Madre, and added “& Copper Canyon” to the title. With each discovery of a place to eat, to sleep or something to do, I got more excited. And, while I had already traveled extensively around the world, there were aspects of Mexico I particularly liked: the music, the color, the sense of family and manners. Lovely people.

It was the late Kelly Fenstermaker of Fort Davis who in 2001 said: “You’ve written a book about Copper Canyon, why don’t you organize a tour?” I replied, “If you get 10 people, I’ll arrange a trip.” With a little more research, I booked the hotels, train tickets and guides, and the next year a group of 10 local residents and myself spent six days on a tour to Chihuahua, Creel and El Fuerte, a tour that still runs today.

I am the only person locally running Copper Canyon tours and am fortunate not to have had any real problems over the years. Part of this is because the people I get on my trips are from

West Texas and can accept the sometimes-unavoidable minor changes during a tour without throwing a fit. I had one accident on a tour— a retired lady from Oklahoma— who slipped on her way to the waterfall near Sierra Lodge, fell and broke her ankle. The hike to the waterfall is 3.5 miles round trip from Sierra Lodge, where we stay. Most people have no problem with the distance and complete the hike safely.

Sierra Lodge, 18 miles from Creel, where we spend the second night on the Copper Canyon tour, is off the beaten track and has been described as a “luxury log cabin.” No large tour groups there. The rooms have kerosene lamps, log burning stoves, thick fluffy towels and bathrobes and flannel bed sheets. At 7,000 feet, that’s just what you need. The folks running it serve margaritas before dinner and Maria the cook makes meals to remember.

An interesting change has happened to me over the years. An inveterate solo traveler, I increasingly see the advantage in joining a small group on a tour and sharing the experience within the group of food, sights or meeting people. The most pleasure I get from running these trips is seeing the delight in other people’s faces, and hearing their comments when they observe something unexpected, new and pleasant in Mexico.

Once the Copper Canyon train trip had become familiar, I looked for another destination. The redoubtable Kelly Fenstermaker had read about Batopilas, at the bottom of one of the canyons. I researched it, booked it.

Again, she got a group together. This will be a real adventure trip, I thought.

With a 3,000-foot elevation drop on sharp switchback bends and tropical vegetation waiting at the end of the road (which goes no further), Batopilas is a small, sleepy town with a rich history. A single street beside the river leads the visitor to the plaza, where the

installed, such as a zip line which crosses the town and river in two stages. I am deeply moved that somebody recently arranged to have one of the new benches in the plaza inscribed with “Jim Glendinning y sus amigos.”

The Riverside Lodge, where we stay, is a block-long, two-story hacienda, formerly the home of a wealthy



Catedral de San Francisco, Chihuahua. Photo by Jim Glendinning.

principal buildings stand: the 19th century church, the *Presidencia* (city hall), a new Museum of Mining and the extraordinary Riverside Lodge hotel.

Batopilas has recently been named a Magic Town by the Mexican Government. Various improvements have been undertaken (e.g. to the plaza) and new visitor attractions

merchant who owned the store during Batopilas’s heyday in the late 1800s, when the silver mine was in full production.

Called “wonderfully weird” by

continued on page 27

Emmitt Domain

by Perry Cozzen



Photo courtesy of Wendy Lynn Wright

Emmitt grew up tough, running money for his bookie daddy on Jacksboro Highway when he was twelve. Up until then, he had it pretty easy. School wasn't hard for him, and he picked it up real quick. His daddy's name was H.J., and he controlled the whole road. He sent Emmitt in with the book and the money and he picked it up, or paid it off. His daddy sat in his big Buick idling, and waited on the boy. It was a hard-running Buick with a big heater on the seat.

Emmitt learned fast, and could do the math in his head, up to several thousand dollars, and down to the quarter dollar. Didn't take Emmitt long to start taking his ten percent. His daddy understood it, admired him for it, and knew he would eventually move on.

The mayor hung out at a fairly clean joint close to downtown. He took a liking to Emmitt. He told him one

day, you can learn the politics game around here if you want to make some real money.

The next election Emmitt stayed close to the mayor, and carried a little money for him too. Fuzzy Brown won big, and ran for the state rep next time around.

Emmitt moved up to a bigger crowd, and the money got bigger. All Fuzzy's friends took a liking to him, and taught him everything they knew. The election was a runaway, as they say.

A few bridges, a little paving on small roads, but it added up to a good amount of money in Fuzzy's campaign fund. Emmitt took care of the money, along with his ten percent plus expenses.

Things moved quicker all the time, and soon Fuzzy was governor. Emmitt had the office by the front door. Lots of people that wanted some little things done by the governor stopped in

Emmitt's office, and spoke directly to him.

The money got a lot bigger, and everything was somehow connected to the state. If you wanted to move some electricity to the cities, if water got pipelined, and if you had to move your natural gas and oil, everybody had to get a permit. Emmitt learned their business, where they were going, and when it happened.

Emmitt went back to Fort Worth for a few days, and ran into an old buddy downtown at the Petroleum Club. He started telling Emmitt that he was involved in easements for pipelines around Midland, and the price per foot to the landowner. It didn't take Emmitt long to add it up in his head, and he knew he wanted in on the deal.

His friend's name was Larry Don, and lived in Midland. They ate lunch, and hung around the bar most of the afternoon. Emmitt asked, "Larry, do

you work on a commission?"

"Yeah, I've just been in it around three years, but it's coming around a little better. Stay in touch Emmitt, I need to go, and head back to Midland in the morning."

"Good to run into you Larry, I may get back in touch about these easements."

Emmitt had met a woman in Austin named Nancy Austin that was kin to the original Austin family. She had worked at the Railroad Commission for 25 years. They were friends from the start, and both of them got together every week just to celebrate happy hour on Friday.

Nancy walked in and sat down with Emmitt. "What've you been up to, Emmitt?"

"I just got back from Fort Worth, and it's been steady on my mind since then. An old friend is in the easement business in Midland, pipelines for natural gas and oil. You must see all of

that, Nancy.”

“Yes I do, we see it early on.”

“I’m thinking about getting in that business. Fuzzy’s term is up this year, and I think he’s about through with it. I’m going to look into it some, but my buddy said all you had to do is register with the Texas real estate folks.”

“Yeah that’s about right, you have to have a good surveyor, and a good oil lawyer. I’m sure you know people that you could ask about getting a little of their business.”

“Would you ever be interested yourself, Nancy?”

“As it happens I retire this year.”

A little time went by, and Emmitt put together some folks that were all experienced people. Larry Don came on board, and told Emmitt about a couple of small pipelines that they could practice on. Nancy retired, and made a fair deal with Emmitt, but still had the run of the Railroad office, and the maps were public.

Emmitt had to put up a little money on the first pipeline easement, but after the first one their company stayed in the black, and started approaching bigger deals. Nancy and Emmitt would get together every day or two, and pick out some good prospects.

“Emmitt, you know there’s going to be a new refinery built in south Texas, and there will be a lot of new pipelines built to it. Here are the maps, and roughly where they come from.”

“Nancy, what would you think about us building the pipelines ourselves?”

“That could be done, the important job would be you handling the money right with the investors.”

“Well, I’ve got a couple of sources.”

Emmitt, Nancy, and Larry Don formed their own pipeline company called “The Pipe.” A year later they built a couple of small ones, and then they started their own

pipeline west to east in south Texas that was 165 miles long, and a 42-inch line. Emmitt had ten investors that put up all the money, and he still operated on his ten percent.

Of course it wasn’t smooth every day. They ran into a few landowners that didn’t want their land torn up, and didn’t need or want the money. If Larry Don came to a dead end, then Emmitt would get involved with the negotiations.

Once Larry arranged a meeting and introduced Emmitt Domain, “No joke, that’s his real name. Emmitt, I’d like you to meet Rod Mitchell, the biggest rancher in this county.”

“Pleased to meet you Mr. Mitchell, I’m sure we can come to some agreement to please us both.”

“Mr. Domain, I want nothing to do with a pipeline, and just find a way around me.”

“You know you’re just going to lose in court fighting Eminent Domain. The state already wants it to go through here, and we just play by their rules. It’ll just be in front of a judge, not a jury, and we know all those judges. After a few years you won’t be able to tell if there’s a pipeline there.”

“Yeah, but you still have the right to come and go on my place forever, and that changes things a whole lot for me.”

The next morning Rod got in touch with his lawyer, and was sitting at his desk by 10:00 that morning. “Rod, I don’t think you have a chance, it’s been happening in Texas a long time, and nobody’s won one yet. They’ll just money whip you Rod, and that’s the state of Texas behind them. No need in you wasting your time here, and me spending your money, I’m helpless.”

When he got home there was a pickup staking out a 250-foot wide opening just inside his fence. Rod got out and walked over to the kid, and told him to pack up his

stuff, and to get off his land. About that time Emmitt pulled up, and walked up to Rod. “Rod, I figured you had been to your lawyer, and I bet he told you the same thing I told you. He could have told you that we didn’t have to wait on the court, and could just go ahead.”

“Emmitt, I intend to talk to my local sheriff, my state rep, the Railroad Commission, and the Governor. They all know me, and I’ve helped them all get elected.”

“Do you realize we’ve paid a right smart more money to all of the judges, the sheriff, your state rep, the Railroad Commissioner, the Governor, and now the President is on our side too?”

“Emmitt, are you telling me I don’t own this land, and it’s been in the family since the 18th century, when it was given to us as a Spanish land grant?”

“That’s right, if we need the sheriff to come out here after we start, he’ll arrest you if you’re trying to interfere with our surveyor, or our right of way.”


“I’m sure everything is in your favor, but don’t be too comfortable. You never know when I may decide to come looking for you, with nothing to lose. I don’t know how you sleep at night taking people’s land away from them. Texas ain’t much of a state these days, is it?”

Emmitt thought every day about what Rod said, about not sleeping at night. He had made a lot of enemies. “The Pipe” had made a great big stack of money, and after three or four years Emmitt wanted out of the business. He decided to leave his Cadillac at the Odessa-Midland Airport/Space Port, left the window down, and the keys in it along with a note. “I’m changing names, don’t know where I’m headed, and when I figure out another name, that’ll be me.”



Exploring Marfa, Texas & Environs in 24 Podcasts
C.M. MAYO'S PODCASTING PROJECT
MARFA MONDAYS
LISTEN IN ANYTIME WWW.CMMAYO.COM

**Murphy St Mercado**
100 W. Murphy St
Alpine
432 837 0914
Monday 9-6 • Wednesday- Saturday 9-6
Sunday 10 -2 • Closed Tuesday

**Offering GREAT BOOKS ON PAPER since 1994**
Where do you buy YOUR books?
FRONT STREET BOOKS
121 E Holland, Alpine
432/837-3360
www.fsbooks.com

Folkways

by Maya Brown Zniwski. Illustration by Avram Dumitrescu.

HONEY

Honey is that great and glorious gift from the humble bumble bee. I cannot imagine a time in human history when we did not forage for and collect this most special of sweeteners.

I could speak here of the chemical makeup of honey, showing the glucose and monosaccharaides that are the same level of sweetness as common table sugar. Place a reminder here that children under the age of two should not eat honey because there is a risk of botulism due to dormant spores that can remain in honey. Mostly I will be waxing on about the fine and tasty uses of honey.

There is a cave painting in Spain (which I have not seen in person) that tells the importance of honey; depicting or instructing how honey is gathered. The importance of honey to the lives of these people 8,000 years ago was so great as to be painted on the walls of their home. In the Nation of Georgia, burial sites up to 5,500 years old have been found to have pots of linden and other honeys. The ancient Mayan people used honey for wound care as well as for food, as did the Egyptians, Greeks and Romans. In Ayurveda (Indian) medicine honey is used for those with weak digestion (honey contains all 22 amino acids, 28 minerals and more). Honey is also used for wounds and sores and as a first-thing-in-the-morning drink when mixed with lemon juice and water. In Chinese Medicine honey is sweet and neutral and is good for the lungs, large intestine, spleen and stomach. It is common in many formulas for medicine. You've heard that saying, "a teaspoonful of honey helps..." well, everything.

I highly suggest making your own honey cough drops instead of buying candy sold to us as cough drops. They are simple to make and you can switch out ingredients to your liking. Try honey, ginger and lemon drops.

Take 1/2 cup raw, local honey. I get mine from a woman down the road. When you buy it get the best quality you can. Two Tablespoons lemon, lime, grapefruit or other citrus fruit. When the cactus tuna is in season, I would love to try making honey, tuna, ginger cough drops. One teaspoon or more (to your liking) grated fresh ginger. I imagine you could use dried instead. You'll need a candy thermometer (or know how to test hard and soft stage for candy), waxed or parchment paper and a tiny bit of oil.

Everything goes into a pan, I use a copper one or stainless is fine. I don't trust glass pans on the fire but you might do well with glass, too. As everything comes to a boil, whisk until it foams and starts building up on the sides of the pan, remove from heat and whisk until foam is reincorporated, then back on the heat. Keep doing this until the thermometer reads 300 degrees (hard crack stage.) CHECK OFTEN! You want hard crack stage. Drop a tiny bit into cold water and check it. If it forms a semi-hard ball when you play with it; it is ready. Pour it out onto a cookie sheet lined with parchment or wax paper and spread pretty thinly. It will do most of the work for you. Let it cool then break into pieces. You can make it into balls to resemble drops before it completely sets but that's a couple of extra steps. Store in a closed container.

Horehound cough drops are just about the same but simmer the horehound leaves in water for about 20 minutes, strain and use the horehound water as a base for the cough drops. Horehound is BITTER as anything and the honey helps cover up the bitterness. You can also add mint or sage for health and flavor. You will develop your own favorite recipe!

In my recipe for elderberry syrup I take a half-cup of dried elderberries,

add a half cup water, one cinnamon stick, 1/4 teaspoon fresh grated ginger and two or three cloves. Simmer gently until the water turns purplish-blue and the berries are all mushy, probably a half-hour. Strain out the solids and add an equal part of honey to liquid. Store this in the fridge. One teaspoon daily makes a great immune booster.

You can also make a fantastic facial cleanser with honey, plain or mixed with clays, activated charcoal, oatmeal, or calming herbs like chamomile and lavender. Grind about a tablespoon of your choice of ingredients, I like oatmeal and chamomile. Mix them with a tablespoon of honey. Using a previously-unused paint brush or makeup brush, apply to your skin. Wash with warm water. You'll want to mix up a fresh batch every time.

I've started making switchels recently, also called swizzys or haymakers punch, among other names. The one I like best is Honoree. It is a mix of honey and vinegar, just like the drink. Honoree, which seems to have originated in either the Caribbean or New England (or I imagine several other places), contains apple cider vinegar (vinegar with the mother, or floaters), honey, lemon, lime or other citrus juice and ginger. I like to add other herbs in my mix, especially peppermint.

Combine 2 Tablespoons unfiltered raw apple cider vinegar, 2-3 Tablespoons honey to taste, 2 Tablespoons grated ginger and/or 2 or 3 minced peppermint leaves. (You can also add sage, cloves, cinnamon, or other herbs and spices to your liking. Reduce the amount if you're doing cloves and cinnamon to about 1/4 teaspoon.) 4-6 cups water, 2 Tablespoons lime, lemon or other citrus fruit juice. When cactus tunas are in season try the juice from them. Mix everything together in a mason



jar, put a lid on it and store in the fridge over night or for about eight hours. Serve over ice with a mint garnish.

There are probably as many recipes for drinks like this as there are families, develop your own family recipe. I really think you'll love it. It is so refreshing on a hot day.

You can infuse honey with flavorful herbs. Try rose petals (please use only organic or roses that you KNOW have not been sprayed. The pesticides used on roses are especially harmful to us.) Pack a glass jar with petals, and then fill again with honey. Let set for a month or six weeks. Use it as you would regular honey. I like honeyed roses on toast or oatmeal. Add it to seltzer water for a sweet drink or you might try it with lime wedges and a shot of whiskey or tequila for a cocktail.

Feel free to visit my online apothecary at mayamadesoap.com

Disclaimer: The purpose of these articles is for information, not to provide health care. Please consult a qualified herbalist or other health care provider for assistance with any health issue.



continued from page 4

sole survivors inhabit the pool and canals of Balmorhea. Is it a weakness for a species that an entire irreplaceable link in the ecosystem can be wiped out forever? Or is it a strength, testified to by their survival in this delicate stronghold of water in a dry land?

There are other species that cling to the modern age with cold rare fins: the Pecos gambusia and a pure genetic strain of what the State Park calls “a rare and declining” headwater catfish. There are tiny crustaceans, turtles, and aquatic snails depending on the man-made canals of the little 50-acre state park.

The San Solomon springs are the largest in a long series of similar artesian springs in the area. Beginning some 400 miles to the north and west, this enormous aquifer system channels water through invisible limestone cracks in the earth’s crust. Some artesian spring water has been shown to be over seven thousand years old—this is the length of time it took each raindrop to fall to earth and be absorbed, then make its way through the secret twists and turns, caverns and crevasses under our feet, before being thrust, merrily

bubbling, into open air. When I touch spring water, I like to imagine that the last mammal it had contact with was a mammoth, before disappearing underground. It makes me feel tangibly connected to an era whose distance behind me I can’t quite wrap my head around.

People have used these springs for at least 11,000 years. Hunters, thirsty travelers, desert-weary nomads have all tasted that water. The Apache routinely watered there, and when white and Hispanic settlers came to the area, the boon of abundant water settled the area quickly with farmers and ranchers. The first canals were hand-dug, though later, in 1927, the springs were dug out and a larger canal system was created by the state.

Before the springs were harnessed for their power to support communities, they emptied into a cienega, a large and rare desert wetland. Between the dredging and the canal building and, later, the CCC’s construction of the pool and park, the cienega was destroyed. Riparian ecosystems are always the most delicate, perhaps because they are so intricate, so diverse, and so desperately needed for the survival of all the ecosystems around them. The loss of the natural wetlands must have been a staggering blow to the biodiversity of the region, much as I imagine

the loss of Comanche Springs to the east must have been. But there were great gains in the region from the wealth of water that flowed from the springs. Reaching peak productions of 20 million gallons per day, the springs provided support for thousands of acres of cotton, alfalfa, melons, cattle, and many other crops vital to the economic health of the area. Around that time, the turn of the 20th century, there were four men who got together to start an irrigation company: E.D. Balcom, H.R. Morrow, and Joe and John Rhea. They lent the town and the future state park their collective name: Balmorhea.

In 1934, five years after the beginning of the Great Depression, the State Parks Board acquired the springs and about 50 acres around them. A year later the CCC arrived and began construction on the 1.75-acre pool and all the buildings that grace the little park today. In the 1990s the park built a new cienega to replace the one that had been destroyed by more than a century of modern use. A second was constructed a few years later. These manmade wetlands are riotous with birdsong, whistling reeds and aquatic life. Paths and boardwalks allow visitors to observe the desert oasis. Little trails twist and turn through canebrakes, meandering around and turning back

on themselves, making the tiny park seem much larger than it really is. A viewing deck overlooks the larger of the two cienegas, but the overriding sense of the wetlands is that they are there for the plants and animals, much more than for the visitors.

There’s something so fascinating about the way thick grasses look under a few feet of perfectly clear water. The canals at Balmorhea are blue and green, reflecting the sky and magnifying the lushness of the wetland. The water is crystal clear, like thick glass, flowing inexorably away from the source through manmade channels toward Balmorhea Lake, where it is used to irrigate thousands of acres of farms and ranches. It emerges from the spring and fills the pool at a temperature between 72 and 76 degrees, year-round.

When I think of Balmorhea, I always think of Comanche Springs. Another artesian spring cluster, this one in Fort Stockton, Comanche Springs flowed at an estimated rate of 35 million gallons a day in 1899. A pool, bathhouse and pavilion were constructed there too in the 1930s. But

continued on page 26

St. James' Episcopal Church, Ave. A and N. 6th St., Alpine
 Holy Eucharist 1st, 2nd, 3rd Sundays 11 am
 Morning Prayer 4th and 5th Sundays 11 am
 Godly Play for ages 3-9, every Sunday, Sept thru May, 10:00 am



The Big Bend Episcopal Mission Welcomes You

Santa Inez Church, Terlingua Ghostown
 Holy Eucharist 1st Saturday 5 pm Sept.- May
 and 3rd Sunday at 4 pm

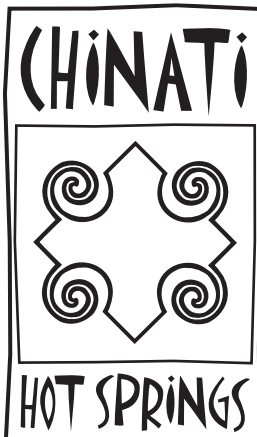
The Rev. Kay Jennings
 432.386.7464

The Chapel of St. Mary & St. Joseph, Lajitas
 Holy Eucharist on 3rd Sunday, 6:30 pm

kayjenningspriest@gmail.com
 bigbendepiscopalmission.org

A magical
 oasis in the
 Chihuahuan
 Desert
 of Texas

Off the
 Pinto Canyon Rd
 near Ruidosa



rustic lodging
 camping
 reservations
 required

432.229.4165
 chinatihotsprings.net

Dan and Dianna Burbach,
 Managers

Christina's World

Folk Art • Jewelry from Around the World

Local Artisans • Fossils

Large Day of the Dead Collection

"Beauty is Critical"

The Boardwalk, Lajitas

Open daily 9:30 am to 5:30 pm



continued from page 25

heavy pumping in the aquifer upstream caused the springs to decline, and they stopped flowing altogether in the early 1960s. From an estimated 1900 liters per second to nothing at all, in a span of sixty years.

When I think of Comanche Springs, I think of Balmorhea. When Apache Corp. announced it had discovered what they estimate to be 15 billion barrels of oil in the immediate vicinity of Balmorhea, the industry rocked. It's a part of the Permian Basin that had never seen much oil activity before. The company announced its intentions to frack on the 350,000 acres of land it had acquired, though it promised, gallantly, not to drill in the state park itself.

Fracking, or hydraulic fracturing, is a process by which fluid mixed with sand or synthetic particles is injected into the ground at high pressure, fracturing the matrix of limestone or shale in which fossil fuels are trapped and allowing

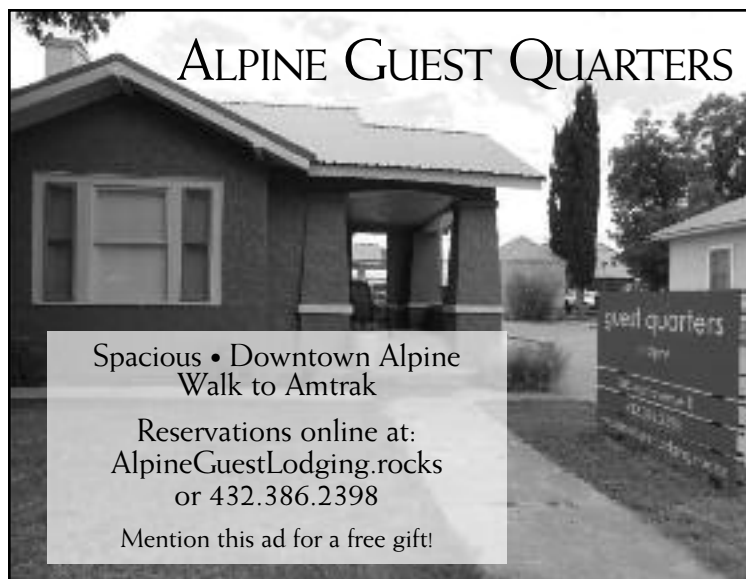
them to flow more readily to the well for extraction. Developed in the 1940s, the process is widely used today throughout the U.S.

The hard thing about fracking is that it takes a lot of water to accomplish it. Water is a scarcity in the Chihuahuan Desert to begin with, and no one really knows how much there is underground, as it tends to be compartmentalized (like our fossil fuels) in separate cracks in the limestone structure underfoot. How it flows and how much of it there is, is beyond our technology to pin down. Farm irrigation and regular oil and gas extraction killed Comanche springs; how much pumping would it take to kill San Solomon?

Groundwater contamination, air pollution and even increased seismic activity are all risks associated with fracking, though the issue is hotly debated and the facts are never quite clear. The oil and gas industry insists, naturally, that the process is perfectly safe and will not affect the flow at Balmorhea. But when I consider the intricate processes that brings that

water gushing from the ground; the hundreds of miles of subsurface cracks, underground caves, recharge points, twists and turns; the endless time (millennia, perhaps) it takes a drop of rain to make the journey to become spring water; the geologic ages necessary to produce the right circumstances to produce an oasis in the desert; when I consider these delicate courses, all of them being crushed and pulverized in an instant to release the flow of oil and gas, I can't really believe it'll last. I can't really believe it will survive.

The first time I went to Balmorhea, I was holding the wall at the side of the pool, idly treading water, when I suddenly felt something brush my leg. I kicked at it and saw a bright cluster of little fish zip away, scattering glints of sunlight on their pale scales. They were there to munch jovially on my bare legs, and I soon became accustomed to being nibbled while I swam in one of the world's largest spring-fed bathing pools. I wonder if they will all be gone in my lifetime.

ALPINE GUEST QUARTERS

Spacious • Downtown Alpine
 Walk to Amtrak

Reservations online at:
 AlpineGuestLodging.rocks
 or 432.386.2398

Mention this ad for a free gift!

continued from page 21

guidebook writer Joe Cummings, it features interior courtyards with kumquat and avocado trees. Bougainvillea spills from the many balconies. The bedrooms have claw-foot bath tubs, and the parlor is an extravaganza of Mexican and Victorian whimsy. A ceiling

region. Ivan Fernandez, in Creel, by age and experience, is the best. We use him for trips to Batopilas. Gustavo Lozano guides us in Chihuahua City on the new three-day trip. In Creel, Chal Gamez, owner of the hotel where we stay, can induce tears in his eyes when describing the history of the town. In Casas Grandes, Diana Acosta and her sister Denise are spirited, funny and well-

Acosta. So a tour was re-born.

I have recently added a new tour: a three-day visit to Chihuahua City. This trip is aimed at those who don't have the time or interest in a longer tour – an introduction. Chihuahua City downtown, where we stay next to the cathedral, has been pedestrianized and tidied up. There is a lot of history here. Father Hidalgo, Mexico's founder, was executed here. Pancho Villa, the local hero, made Chihuahua City his base for a while. Both have memorials. There are impressive art galleries and museums. There is also shopping. The peso has dropped fifty percent recently so I include time for shopping for Tarahumara artifacts and Mata Ortiz pots, as well as everyday items.

Finally, I keep getting asked about safety in the places we visit. First, I would not take myself or others to any unsafe area. Second, the overall statistics of homicides of US tourists in Mexico show that out of 28 million total American visitors to Mexico annually (this includes land border crossers as well as nine million who fly in) there are fewer than 200 homicides. Third, the cartels are alive and well, but I contend they are careful not to target tourists because it brings extra attention on themselves. So, let's go! *Vamos a México!* For tour information, jimglen2@sbcglobal.net.

Richard Hinkel, of Alpine, who has had experience with Elderhostel trips in Mexico some years back, has been on all my trips, with a view to taking over sometime soon. Same trips, same standards.



The parlor at Riverside Lodge. Photo by Jim Glendinning.

fresco denotes the history of Batopilas, a bust of Elvis adorns the piano, a picture of Winston Churchill hangs below a full-nude painting and a Victrola plays Patsy Cline and Mozart. It's a hoot.

For those who are more energetic, depending on the season and the heat (April to October is the hot season), there are options: the hike downstream to the "Lost Cathedral" (a triple-domed church from the 17th century), a hike upstream to the dam that provided the water for generating electricity, or a visit across the river to the headquarters of the Batopilas Mining Company, now in ruins.

A tour guide can make or break the experience of a foreign place to visitors. I have sought out and found some remarkable guides in the

informed. Their mother, Sarah, cooks us a sumptuous meal in the family home, a hacienda close to the pottery village, Mata Ortiz.

In 2015 I renewed a tour to Casas Grandes & Mata Ortiz, still in the state of Chihuahua, but far from Copper Canyon. I had run this tour in 2004, then dropped it for reasons forgotten. I called it the "Ruins and Pots tour." But three years ago I came across the man, Spencer MacAllum, who had discovered the Mexican paisano who, untaught, had learned how to make pots in the old style, and then taught all his neighbors. Spencer MacCallum has a compound of adobe rooms in Casas Grandes, where our group could stay, and he also introduced me to an outstanding young local tour guide, Diana

**Quilts
Etc.**
by Marguerite
Made in the Big Bend
HWY 118 • Terlingua
1/4 mi S of Hwy 170
432.371.2292

**DONATE
TO THE
ALPINE
FOOD
PANTRY**

at its
new location:
**108 1/2 S. Neville
Haines Road**

DESERT OASIS FOR SALE

10.5 quiet, secluded acres in Casa Piedra, one hour south of Marfa. Adobe house, artesian well, garden space, shop, carport and studio.

CONTACT LAUREN MEADER FOWLKES, REALTOR
AT FAR WEST TEXAS REALTY: 432.295.2849

Radio for a Wide Range

Serving Far West Texas at 93.5 FM



Become a member at www.marfapublicradio.org or 1-800-903-KRTS

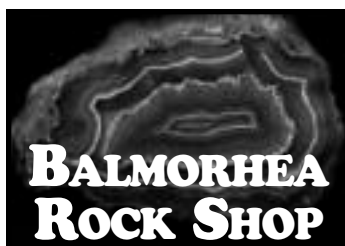
AYN FOUNDATION (DAS MAXIMUM)

ANDY WARHOL
"The Last Supper"

MARIA ZERRES
"September Eleven"

Brite Building 107-109 N Highland, Marfa

Open weekends noon to 5 pm
For hours, please call: 432.729.3315
or visit www.aynfoundation.com



**BALMORHEA
Rock Shop**

102 S Main • Balmorhea

432-375-0214

Jim and Sue Franklin,
Owners

**Shop with us
on-line**

facebook.com/
balmorhearocks



Twin Peaks Liquors

**BIGGEST
SELECTION**

West of the Pecos

Open 10am to 9pm
Mon - Sat



605 E Holland Ave • Alpine
432.837.7476

www.twinpeakliquors.com

**KC's Quick Mart
& RV Park**

30/50 Amp Full Hooks - Tent Sites
• Restrooms • Laundry

Walking Distance to: Pizza Hut • Penny's Diner
"All Aboard America Bus Stop"

2303 E. Hwy 90 • Alpine 432-837-5497

THE CENIZO JOURNAL IS FOR SALE

Publisher, Carolyn Brown Zniewski,
is retiring after five years.
This could be your opportunity to spearhead
an established literary journal in the Big Bend

Interested parties should contact:
publisher@cenizojournal.com

TRANS PECOS TRIVIA

by Carolyn Brown Zniewski
WILDFLOWER TRIVIA

In the 1960s Lady Bird Johnson called on folks to view the plants by the side of the road not as weeds, to be eliminated, but wildflowers to be loved and enjoyed. She loved West Texas and Big Bend and visited here often. One of her dearest, life long friends rests in the Marathon Cemetery, where Lady Bird planted Blue-eyed Grass (*Sisyrinchium*) near the headstone, because her friend had blue eyes. Many wildflowers are named after familiar things. See if you can guess the common name of the following Big Bend wildflowers.

- 1) *Melampodium leucanthum*. A small, white daisy with a yellow center. It blooms in small bouquets along the side of the road.

a) Sweet Sue	c) Blackfoot Daisy
b) Dolly's Daisy	d) Angel Face
- 2) *Corydalis*. An upright many-petaled yellow flower that grows in sandy soil in both sun and shade

a) Baby Chickie	c) Sunny Day
b) Scrambled Eggs	d) Lemon Drops
- 3) *Thelesperma filifolium*. A small, bright yellow sunflower that grows in dry soil in pastures and prairies.

a) Greenthread	c) Gold Button
b) Navajo Tea	d) Little Sun
- 4) *Amphiachyris dracunculoides*. This grows about 3-4 feet tall and blooms profusely with tiny yellow-gold flowers.

a) Bee's Bush	c) Sunday's Best
b) Summer Bouquet	d) Broomweed
- 5) *Ratibida columnifera*. Mixed bunches of yellow, orange or red flowers sit atop a tall, slender stem. The center of the flower extends 1 – 2 inches above the petals.

a) Long Tall Sally	c) Sombrero
b) Mexican Hat	d) Lipstick
- 5) *Gaillardia pulchella*. This is a bushy flower growing along road sides and in fields. The petals of the two inch blooms are red tipped with yellow, darkening with age.

a) Cherry Patch	c) Indian Blanket
b) Red Bird	d) Pinwheel

Answers: 1-c 2-b 3-a and b 4-d 5-b 6-c

PORTER'S

SINCE  1945

Largest Produce Selection in the
Tri-County Area
Hundreds of Natural and Organic Items
Extensive Beer and Wine Selection
Friendly and Helpful Staff

104 N. 2ND • ALPINE • 432.837.3295
101 E SUL ROSS AVE • ALPINE • 432.837.1182
1600 N. STATE ST • FORT DAVIS • 432.426.3812
717 S SAN ANTONIO ST • MARFA • 432.729.4375
504 E. ERMA • PRESIDIO • 432.229.3776
1807 BROADWAY • VAN HORN • 432.283.2125




KING

LAND & WATER

Protecting Clients. Conserving the Land.

www.KingLandWater.com 432-426-2024
Tammy & James King



Deputy Ricos
tales series:
Intrigue in the Big Bend.

Available throughout the area
and on Amazon.


By award-winning author
Elizabeth A. Garcia

LINDY COOK SEVERNS FINE ART

Old Spanish Trail Studio at Crows Nest Ranch SW of Fort Davis

806.789.6513 Gallery & Studio Visits by Appointment 432.249.1359

Lindy@LindyCSeverns.com



The Moment the Desert Turns Golden 12" x16" pastel
BigBendArtist.com

Old Spanish Trail Gallery & Museum at Crows Nest Ranch 20 miles SW of Fort Davis
FORT DAVIS The Bookeller MANDALAY The Gage & V6 Collection
MEXLAND Holland Framing & Fine Arts DALLAS MichelleDuffyFineArt.com

MARATHON

M2M

MARATHON



"the hard part is getting there"

marathon 2 marathon.net

CERTIFIED COURSE AND BOSTON MARATHON QUALIFIER

OCTOBER 21, 2017

marathon - 1/2 marathon - 10k - 5k

SHOP BIG BEND SHOP BIG BEND SHOP BIG BEND SHOP BIG BEND



A haven for book lovers and a Big Bend tradition for 22 years in the heart of Alpine. We offer new, used and collectible fiction and nonfiction along with quiet corners and fresh coffee. Come and enjoy!

Front Street Books

121 E. Holland Ave. • Alpine

432.837.3360
fsbooks.com



We Love Creating Your Custom Order Bouquet!
Your unique Sanderson source for fresh flowers and gifts for all occasions. We also offer a great variety of regional jams, preserves and sauces, jewelry, gift baskets, candles, baby clothes 'n' more!

'Tis the Reason Flowers & Gifts

Hwy 90 - Sanderson

432.345.2222



mayamade soap + apothecary for home + family

Maya Made

mayamadeapothecary@gmail.com



Architectural services for residential, commercial, institutional and municipal projects. Providing sustainable architecture for the Big Bend.

Texas Registration Number 16095
NCARB #49712

Thomas Greenwood Architect, PLLC

305 S. Cockrell St. • Alpine

432.837.9419 tel
432.837.9421 fax



Alpine's pet groomer since 2005. Serving Marfa, Ft. Davis, Lajitas, Presidio and the Big Bend region. We offer full services to keep your pet looking good and feeling great.

Photo - Beau, resident of Marfa, canine companion of Jim & Elaine

Pet Grooming by Regina

1112 E Ave K, Alpine
alpinetxpetgrooming.com

432.837.1737



Lapidary, Fine Silver-smithing, Minerals & Fossils. Paul Graybeal, owner. Ben Toro, assoc. West Texas agates and rare semi-precious gems from around the world. We buy old collections of agates and minerals. Open Mon.-Sat., 10-6, Sun., 12-5 or by appointment.

Moonlight Gemstones

1001 W. San Antonio • Marfa
moonlightgemstones.com

432.729.4526

The Heart of the Big Bend Country

Study Butte/Terlingua is located three miles from the park entrance. We offer five motels, several restaurants, medics, post office, bank, gas station, a great quilt shop, art galleries, assorted gift shops, and wonderful night life.

Big Bend Chamber of Commerce and Visit Big Bend.
432-371-2320 • bigbendchamberofcommerce.org



ORIGINAL ART
JEWELRY
CERAMICS
BOUTIQUE
PHOTOGRAPHY

Premier Art Gallery of the Big Bend since 1994




KIEWA GALLERY
ART OF THE BIG BEND

Tues-Sat 10-5
105 E. Holland
Alpine, Texas
(432) 837-3067

Iris V. Korus, D.D.S.
GENERAL DENTISTRY

432-837-5860
2007 W. Hamlin Ave. • Alpine
By appointment



Old Spanish Trail Gallery & Museum
Fine Art Meets History on a Heritage Davis Mountains Ranch



Contact Us~
We'll Make
Your Visit
Special

gallery@oldspanishtrailgallery.com 432. 249.1968

A Destination Gallery
18 miles SW of Fort Davis off Scenic Hwy 166 & 1 mile N on Crows Nest Rd

401 Crows Nest Ranch Rd Fort Davis, TX 79734
OldSpanishTrailGallery.com

MARATHON, TEXAS
Where the Big Bend & Dark Skies Meet




WWW.MARATHONTX.COM
LODGING - RESTAURANTS - SHOPPING - GALLERIES

GAGE HOTEL
Gateway to the Big Bend



WWW.GAGEHOTEL.COM



FAR WEST TEXAS REALTY.COM

Office in downtown Marfa
111 W. Texas St.
432.295.2849

Professional real estate services for:

- Buyers
- Sellers
- Vacation Rentals

Lauren Meader Fowlkes, Realtor



MARFA REALTY

Buying or selling, the Marfa Realty team is here to serve your real estate needs with honesty and integrity.

BOB AND VICKIE WRIGHT,
PAT QUIN AND KATHLEEN WALSTROM

123 North Highland Avenue, Marfa
www.marfarealty.com
(432) 729-3962

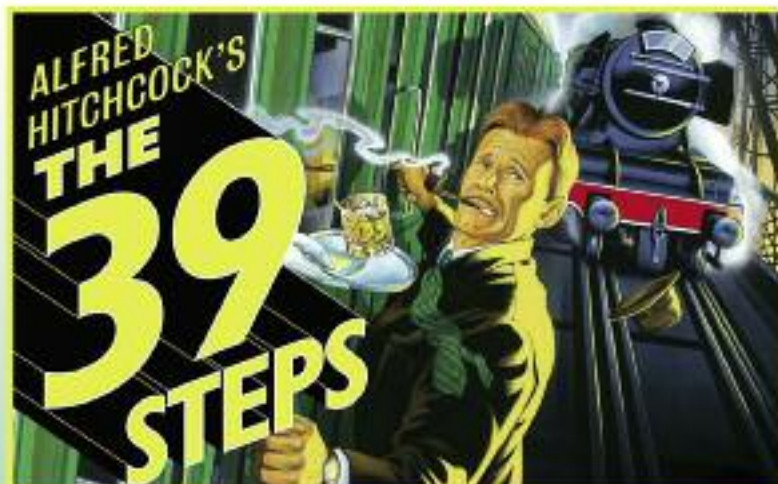


Theatre of the Big Bend SUMMER 2017

Alpine, TX | www.suiross.edu/tobb | 432-837-8218



MEMBER THE TEXAS STATE UNIVERSITY SYSTEM



June 17th- July 2nd Kokernot Outdoor Theatre

Adapted by Patrick Barlow
Based on the novel by John Buchan
and the film by Alfred Hitchcock



July 7th - 23rd Kokernot Outdoor Theatre

Book and Lyrics by Tom Jones
Music by Harvey Schmidt