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Do Roses Bloom in Wild Rose Pass?



Photo credit: Jeff Keeling

by Phyllis Dunham

Wild Rose Pass along Hwy. 17, between Ft. Davis and Balmorhea

There are places that haunt us, for better or worse. Wild Rose Pass is like that for me.

I first saw it in 1986 while travelling with the man I would soon marry, and I was in love. Driving from Balmorhea to Fort Davis on Highway 17, we came around the bend through this furrow in the mountains and were astonished by the sight of a profusion of pink flowers waving in the wind. We stopped. We took pictures. We didn't have the nerve to go through the fence, but we recognized them as roses – small, bright pink roses with five simple petals fluttering along thorny canes draping the hill-sides. We stood there for a while, rocked by the wind, our arms around each other, gazing upon this flourish of nature.

At least that's how I remember it. I also remember that we

wondered what the name of this magnificent place was until we came across the metal plaque mounted on its granite stand at the south end of the pass. It said:

In early days the Indian Trail through these mountains followed the gorge below known as Limpia Canyon. To avoid the floods travelers over the San Antonio – El Paso road, emigrants, U.S. troops and supply trains, and the mail chose this higher pass named for its wild roses.

At the top of the plaque, just below the embossed Texas star, were the words WILD ROSE PASS.

Some dozen years later, on a trip with our children, we returned to Fort Davis. Each of us had something special we wanted to do. For Sam, the youngest, it was a star party at the McDonald Observatory. For Miguel, the oldest, it was a day at the Fort Davis Historic Site.

And for Dee, it was getting up at dark-thirty on a frigid morning so that we could park our behinds on the bone-chilling trunk of our car to watch pronghorns through binoculars. But for me, a big part of this trip was about those roses.

It was early spring, so I didn't think the roses in the pass would be in bloom yet, but I asked the irascible proprietor of our motel about them. "Ain't been any roses in the pass for years," he said, "Prob'ly never was." We drove to the pass anyway, but from the highway, we could see no evidence of blooms or even of bare rose canes. Still, we told the boys about the time that we drove through the pass and saw the roses and how beautiful it was and how happy we were. They were not impressed. "Where do you think they went?" Sam asked. I was

stumped for an answer.

In the years after that first sighting, I had become a bit of an aficionado of antique roses, filling our rock garden back in Austin with specimens of wild or naturalized roses started from cuttings I had rustled from roadsides and old cemeteries and at abandoned farm houses. I became adept at propagating wild roses from six-inch cuttings, nurturing them to fruition, making more cuttings, and sharing them. Still, I always wondered about that little pink rose I had once seen blooming in West Texas. What was its name? Might I be able to take cuttings and propagate that little rose? And I often thought, "If I ever get back to Wild Rose Pass ..."

The spring of 2007, the year I moved to Alpine, was quite mild until Easter Sunday. That morning I awoke to a freeze and

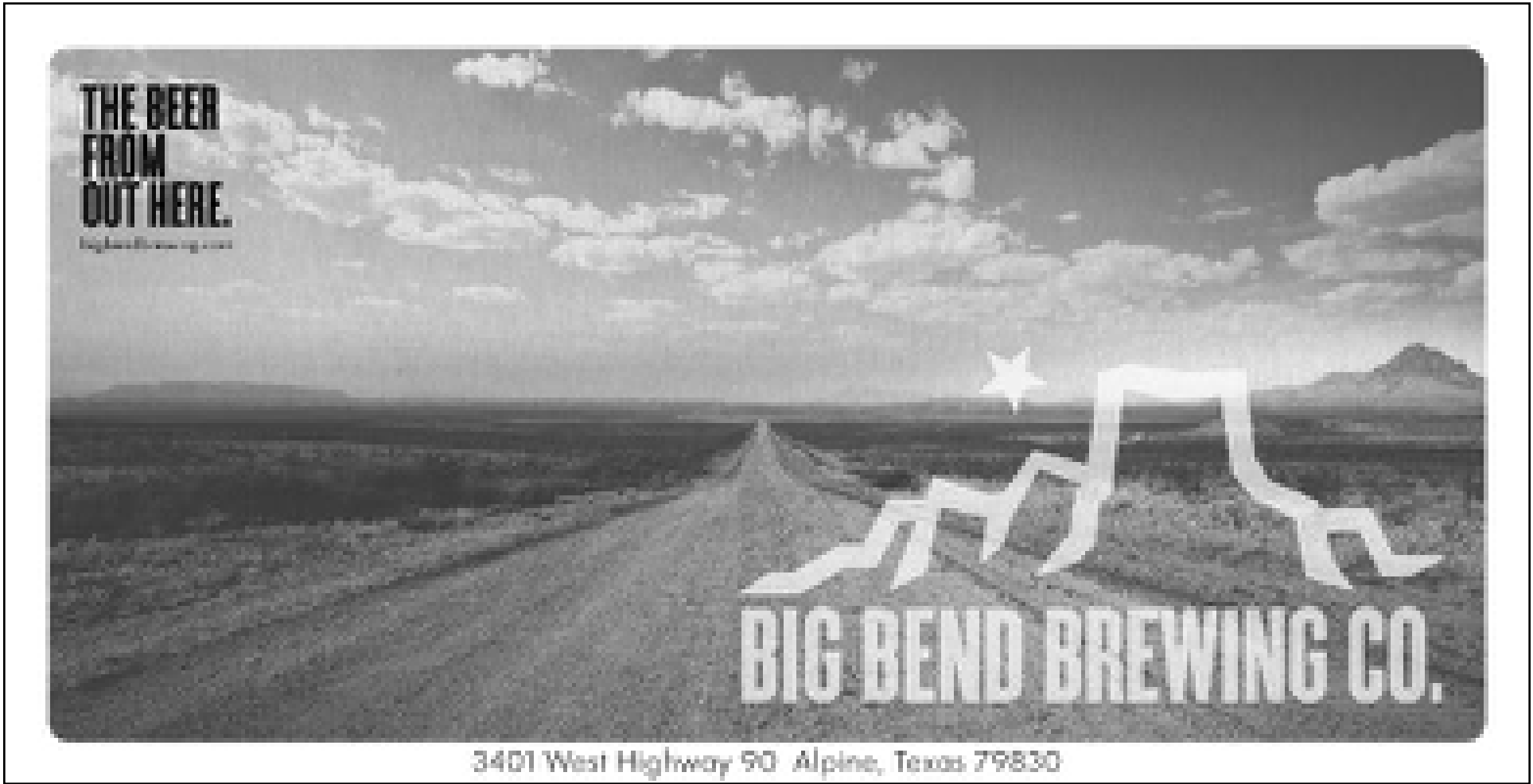
a strangely lifting fog. I had an idea. I called my mother and asked her to go with me to Wild Rose Pass. Knowing that the light was quite unusual and might be good for her photography, I tempted her. "Bring your camera, Mom. We can't do anything else today. We may as well go for a drive and take pictures."

Along the way, we saw odd sights: fog streaming down the steep slopes of Mitre Peak, and more fog flowing along the contours of the rolling waters in Limpia Creek. By the time we made it to the pass, we had just about oooohed and aaahed ourselves out. Once there, our light-hearted mood suddenly shifted. The pass was enshrouded in that strange lifting fog, and the effect was spectacularly eerie. Fingers

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Editor's Notes

by Dallas Baxter



Yikes – Where did 2012 go? And now we have to learn how to write 2013 – it usually takes me well into February! Here's a wish for you to have your best, most healthy and loving year ever.

We start off this issue with Phyllis Dunham's love of Wild Rose Pass. You

may feel the same way about this beautiful spot in the Davis Mountains. Read on!

New folks come into the Trans-Pecos, but there are some treasures who are here now and were here then. One such is Marfa's Brit Webb. You'll love his story by Barbara Novovitch.

You may know C. M. Mayo for her 24 podcast series on the Big Bend. In this issue she's down along the river exploring that most basic and ancient building material – adobe.

Jim Glendinning returns with three very distinct Big Bend voices who bring incredibly diverse backgrounds to their love of public radio as show hosts on KRTS Marfa Public Radio.

Did you know that Front Street in Fort Davis was once part of the important and much-used San Antonio-El Paso road? Bob Miles takes us on a tour of the road then and now.

We may lack water and lush vegetation, but one thing the Trans-Pecos has is rocks! Danielle Gallo explores our mineral riches in her story on mining.

Who? The Great Horned Owl is the subject of Jim Sage's observations.

Working to make all the voices of our history heard is the oral history project conducted by staff

and volunteers in Big Bend National Park. Ron Payne, park volunteer, shares his experience gathering oral histories.

An exciting trip into the land of the Tarahumara in Central Mexico is an experience many who live in the Big Bend have shared. But perhaps not quite like the Santa Semana that Charles Angell lived through on a recent adventure.

It is said that every plant out here either sticks, pokes or stabs you as you encounter it. If that's so, you should know what you're up against in the pastures and mountains of the Chihuahuan Desert. Jean Nance will introduce you!

Marfa seems to be endlessly creative and nowhere more so than in its Chamber of Commerce e-newsletter. What, you say? Yes – it's a place to find the most expressive and evocative images of Marfa things, large and small. Enjoy the photo essay with images by Martha Hughes and Bonita Barlow and a narrative by Jack Copeland.

Poets Nelson Sager, Clarence Wolfshohl and Larry Thomas give pause, enthrall and ponder in this issue.

And to test your knowledge of area ranches, past and present, Charlie Angell offers Trans Pecos Trivia.

Two staff changes to report and people to thank – Drew Stuart and Martha Latta have been copy editor and business manager of Cenizo from the beginning – four years and counting of great work from both of them. Thank you! And hello to Danielle Gallo and Lou Pauls in those jobs. Looking forward to the future with your talents. Welcome!

See you in the spring!

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Deadline for advertising and editorial for the Second Quarter 2013 issue: February 15, 2013.

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

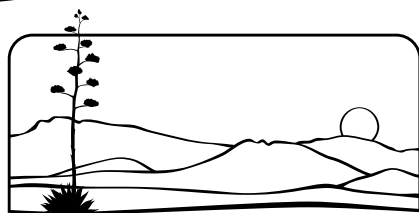
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Cenizo Journal

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Brit Webb's Tales of Old Marfa



Brit Webb in his office at the tire shop on San Antonio Street in Marfa. Behind him are pictures of his brothers, from left, Harold, Gerald and Bascome.

Photo credit: Luc Novovitch

by *Barbara Novovitch*

These days Brit Webb repairs tires and service vehicles at 317 San Antonio Street in Marfa, and if you care to inquire, he can hold you spellbound with tales of West Texas and the 'old Marfa' of the mid-to-late 20th century, before the town was discovered by minimalist artists and big-city television crews.

In 1945 Brit joined his older brothers Harold, Bascome and Gerald, who in 1939 had left the family farm in Clyde, Texas and found work building West Texas airfields. Brit quit school at age 14 and came to Marfa a year later; his brothers put him to work repairing ranch vehicles.

"They had bought a Gulf station down there on the corner (at the red light in downtown Marfa) and also sold Studebakers – they've made a pizza parlor out of it today. We had that for 37 years. I worked there for them – the war was still on."

The two oldest Webb brothers also had a wrecking service and

did body work at buildings across San Antonio Street that had been part of Fort D.A. Russell. These they later sold to minimalist artist Donald Judd, who moved to Marfa from New York in 1979 and spurred the creation of the Chinati Foundation.

All the Webb youngsters grew up on a 120-acre farm between Clyde and Baird, near Abilene. "We grew cotton, peanuts and kids," Brit recalled. "Eight boys and six girls – I was number 10 of 14 children."

The Webbs had come to Texas from Mississippi after the Civil War, said Brit, where his great-grandfather had been a teacher and secretary of state. "But everybody was wiped out after that war and the family moved to Callahan county," he said. His father Edmund then suffered a stroke, and the older sons went out to look for work.

"Bascome approached me about going to high school when I first came here – I told him I'd be 21 when I got out. He said, you're going to be 21 anyway. I

thought about that; it made good sense."

His brothers agreed that Brit could work weekends and holidays, and although he hadn't finished grade school, the Marfa school principal said he could start as a freshman. "I had summer school in Alpine, so I went through in three years."

College didn't interest him immediately. He joined the Air Force for four years, serving 18 months in Japan, and while stationed in Sacramento, California, he met and married a University of Northern Colorado graduate, an Iowa girl. His bride, Laurel, taught home economics. When they returned to Marfa after his military service he signed up at Sul Ross and successfully pursued a B.A. in education.

During the next 30 years he taught or supervised the education of thousands of West Texas youngsters.

"The superintendent in Marfa talked me into taking the fifth grade after I got out of Sul Ross. The next year I went to the junior

high and taught juniors and coached grade school girls' volleyball." The year after that he became the Marfa high school principal.

"Of course I had some of the same kids in fifth, sixth, and seventh through ninth grade – they said, don't worry about it, we'll all go to different colleges. I still have a bunch of those kids as my customers today," he said with a smile.

After five years at Marfa, he became superintendent in Valentine for 11 years, principal at Van Horn for three years, and spent five years at Buena Vista in Imperial, as principal and superintendent. "My last school job was Talpa-Centennial, near Ballinger."

When he returned to Marfa after a quarter-century, his younger brother Bill had bought a Texaco station, and Brit decided to take it over.

"I was going to do this for two years, while my two youngest kids graduated from high school. I've been here 25 years – my two years

got extended,” he said with an infectious grin, his blue eyes sparkling.

Webb’s decades of work as an educator and his initial years as a mechanic at his brothers’ service station acquainted him with ranchers across West Texas. He became particular friends with the Mitchell family. “I was blessed to drive Tom Mitchell and his wife Mamie on several trips to Waco to the Methodist Children’s Home there – the Tom Mitchell home for 30 boys and the Mamie Mitchell Home for 30 girls. That was extremely fortunate for me because my wife Laurel and I had to adopt children, and I asked him to put in a good word for us. They called me a year later and said they had a baby girl, eight days old.”

Webb’s association with the Methodist Children’s Home has continued as well: he’s a member of their governing board and now helps to oversee programs for about 1,400 children from Texas and New Mexico.

That baby girl became his daughter Diane, who lives now in Dripping Springs. He and Laurel adopted three other children: another daughter Krista lives in Round Rock, where the family gathered for Thanksgiving 2012. His son James lives in Marfa; another son died young. His wife died in 2009. Many local friends joined the family to celebrate Brit’s 84th birthday on July 24 of 2012.

Among the ranching families from Marfa’s earlier days, he remembers the Fowlkes brothers, Preston, Manny and Edwin, who had holdings south of Marfa, and the Smith brothers, Kenneth and Teryl, who had ranches to the north of town. Hart and Amy Greenwood “were great friends and customers,” he said. Their ranch is now part of Cibolo Creek holdings.

He recalls the late Courtney Mellard, who ranched south of Marfa, as a major cattle-buyer in West Texas who “shipped trainloads of Highland Herefords to

Iowa.” And during his years in Valentine, he dealt frequently with the Brite family, who still own “probably one of the largest generational ranches in the country,” he said.

But as the years went by, absentee ownership changed the ranching culture. “We don’t know these people because they live out-of-state. Ranching has changed to where they use 4-wheelers. Back then ranch families didn’t earn much, and now it costs lots more to have a family living on a ranch...in earlier years, they had someone to cook and clean, even teachers for the kids. Or they had to move into town for the school year. Even now ranches are just too far-flung to run school buses. Today there are some ranch kids that are home-schooled, which gets them out of a lot of driving. But they still come to town for 4-H. The ranching business has changed a whole lot.”

West Texas cattle have changed too, Webb noted. “The Highland Hereford was famous all over, but now the ranchers have a lot of Angus – they found that certain breeds cross-bred better than straight Hereford. The Brite ranch is still prominent in selling Hereford bulls, but not many have pure Herefords anymore.”

Webb laments that fact: “I don’t think there’s anything prettier than a white-faced calf. Wayne Baize up at Fort Davis is such a good artist,” he said, adding that “He paints Herefords.”

Occasionally Brit sees the children of ranch families he’s known through the years. “Today most of those kids are retiring or have already retired, and I’m still running a tire shop...” His face crinkling into a grin, then a grimace, he added: “The tires and wheels seem to be heavier than they were a few years ago.”

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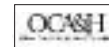
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Story and photographs by C.M. Mayo



Nubian vault under construction, Swan House.

I first spied it from a Jeep on Casa Piedra Road: a huddle of oddly shaped brown buildings baking in the sun. I'd arrived at its modest gate after a mile and a bit of crunching over gravel up from the Rio Grande near Presidio on the U.S.-Mexico border. What interested me then – I was just starting my book on far West Texas, focusing on the probable route of Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca, the would-be conquistador of Florida who got lost – was the landscape. Such raw, open vistas were easy to imagine seeing through that ill-starred Spaniard's eyes. From a cloudless dome, the February sun beat down on the rocks and tangles of mesquite and clumps of small barrel cactus, prickly pear cactus and ocotillo that stretched on for what must have been, for anyone on foot, a merciless number of miles. To the northwest loomed the bulk of the Chinatis, to the east, the jagged and lavender Bofecillos and into Mexico, the Sierra Grande.

"That's Simone Swan's house." My guide, Charlie Angell, rolled down the window to show me the object of our detour. He'd been showing me the sights along the Rio Grande: the Hoodoos, Closed Canyon and the narrow shallows in the river at Lajitas where Cabeza de Vaca, then nearly eight years into his odyssey, may have waded across. Even today, in many places along the river, you could walk right up to the bank and pitch a stone that would thunk onto someone's alfalfa field in Mexico. Coming up Casa Piedra Road, we'd seen no one – just a flash of a jackrabbit. Already Charlie was making the U-turn back to Presidio.

"It's Egyptian," he added.

This, in a land of décor inspired by what I had come to think of as Ye Olde Cowboys and Indians, struck me like thunder. Well, was it like the inside of a Disneyland ride? Did she worship Isis? Once home, I Googled.

Simone Swan, it turned out, is an adobe visionary with a distinguished career in the arts, including many years with Houston's Menil Foundation. Her house is

not Egyptian, exactly, nor a whim but a work-in-progress used by her Adobe Alliance, a nonprofit for teaching earthen design and construction.

And the Egyptian influence? Hassan Fathy. (Not Fathy as in "Cathy," as an Egyptian acquaintance was quick to correct me, but Fot' hee.)

Another Google search brought up the English translation of his book, *Architecture for the Poor*, published by the University of Chicago Press. When I got my hands on a copy, I learned that Fathy was Egypt's greatest 20th century architect, renowned for rescuing ancient architectural features and techniques for building with mud brick, a material he passionately advocated for as abundant and, when used appropriately, comfortable, ecological, sanitary and beautiful. In his cover photo he might have passed for an elderly Mexican lawyer with his halo of gray hair, mustache, red turtleneck and poncho-like burnouse. He squinted from behind his glasses in an expression at once pained and kind—entirely understandable once I learned of his battles with the Egyptian bureaucracy, then enamored of Soviet-style steel and concrete housing, and his nonetheless unyielding commitment to building housing for and with the fellaheen, the peasants who lived in abject poverty.

Born in 1900 into a wealthy family in Alexandria, Fathy did not set foot on one of his own family's many farms until he was in his twenties, and when he did, the wretchedness of its workers' houses shocked him. His solution, in part, was to build with better design and mud brick. Mud could be dug up easily; bricks could be formed of the mud, animal dung and a bit of straw and then left to bake in the sun. The challenge was the cost of timber for roofing and, for brick vaults, timber for propping them up during construction. Egypt imported its timber from Europe. Then World War II broke out.

Ancient Egyptians built vaults, many of which had survived for hundreds, even thousands of years, without using wood, but how? Every one of Fathy's attempts to

construct a roof without wood collapsed in a heap of bricks and dust. But then his brother, who was working on the Aswan dam, mentioned that the Nubians, the dark-skinned people of Southern Egypt and Northern Sudan, roofed their houses and mosques without using wood. In a matter of two visits to Aswan, Hassan Fathy found the masons, barefoot and in turbans, who showed him their technique of roofing by means of parabola-shaped layers of adobe bricks laid at an angle against a back wall. The bricks had extra straw for lightness, and a groove made by the scrape of a finger before they'd dried on one side, so as to give the mortared brick "grab." Mortar was a mix of sand, clay, and water. Using no tools other than an adze and a plank for scaffolding, two men threw up a fine mud-brick roof over a 10' by 13' room in one and a half days.

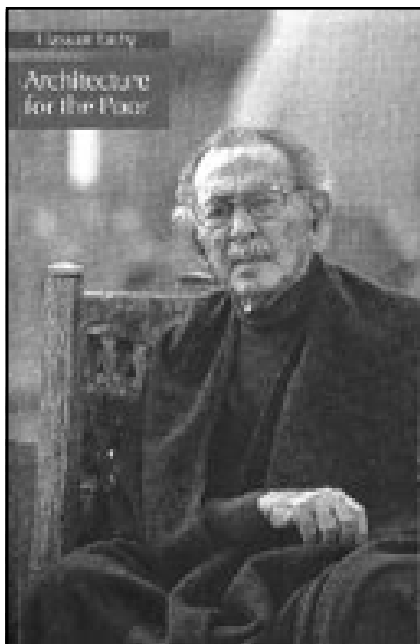
Marveled Fathy, "It was so unbelievably simple."

When Simone Swan was living in New York, a house with two courtyards came to her in a dream. And it seemed like a dream to me that, less than a year after I'd first glimpsed Swan House from the road, I was sitting with its owner in the Nubian vault that was the living room, the shell high above us aglow with the orange light of morning. A graceful eighty-something with a crown of snow-white hair, Simone Swan was telling me how at mid-life in the 1970s she had gone to Paris for the Menil Foundation's exhibition of the surrealist Max Ernst's paintings, and at a dinner party met a filmmaker who had just wrapped a documentary on the world's greatest architect.

Simone laughed. "I said, Hassan *Who?*"

Intrigued, the next morning she bought his book, which she read in her native French. It changed her life.

She had been considering going to architecture school, but inspired by the aesthetic and social vision of *Architecture for the Poor*, she wrote to its author. Fathy answered in his own hand, "I open my country and my heart to you."



Cover of Hassan Fathy's book.

Soon Swan found herself in the shadow of Cairo's Citadel, ensconced in the guest-room of his Mamluk-Ottoman house. She worked on his archive (later taken over by the Aga Kahn Foundation). "When I would pull a book out from the shelves, a cloud of dust would fall on me! Frankly, I thought I was mainly going to write about him. I had no idea that I would become a designer-builder."

Swan House, named in honor of her mother and built in 1997, has the form of an H, the great hall "an exalting

space, like in Italy," as Simone described it, with its 16-foot-high flat truss roof connecting four wings: kitchen and living room, master bedroom and guest bedroom, each a Nubian vault. So there were, as she'd seen in the dream, two courtyards, one open to the sunset, the other to the sunrise, in turn providing relief from the harshness of the northern Chihuahuan Desert's sun and wind.

As part of her workshop, Simone had given us students a tour that also included the domed guest house, two sheds, and then, from the western courtyard, a clamper up the outside stairs to the flat roof with its latticed parapet above the great hall.

Always, everywhere, from the narrow doors and tiny windows, and especially here, from the flat roof: that jaw-dropping view. To the east, a hawk disappeared into the maw of the arroyo. South, on the Mexican side of the river, rose the igneous monolith of the Sierra del Diablo where, as the Indians recalled decades later, Cabeza de Vaca had planted a crucifix.

"How could I resist when I saw this?" Simone said. "I was seduced!"

She'd come to the Big Bend as a guest of her friend from New York, the artist Donald Judd. While driving in from Houston, she visited Presidio's adobe Fort Leaton, then undergoing renovation. Welcomed as a volunteer upon her return from New York, she rented a room in Presidio, put on overalls, and set to making mud bricks, giving talks, and building a Nubian vault. Here on the U.S.-Mexico border, in a climate similar to Egypt's and where she perceived an acute need for more affordable, ecological and attractive housing, she determined to stay, committed to adobe, to "show people what they could

do themselves."

In the three days of the workshop, we shoveled clay and sand through a sieve and mixed mortar in a wheelbarrow. We met Jesusita Jiménez, an expert mason who had worked on almost every aspect of the house. We talked about Dennis Dollen's monograph, *Simone Swan: Adobe Building* and of course, Hassan Fathy.

On a brisk walk across the desert, Simone told me about her childhood on a coffee plantation in the Belgian Congo where "elephants would appear in the jungle." Over coffee in the kitchen, she recounted the successes and travails with Swan House and the local communities on both sides of the border. From the east patio, we watched a full moon rise as thin as a watermark, then a wafer, then, floating in a sea of stars, a marble. Midmorning, doves came to drink from a pan. On a windy afternoon, cold enough to want gloves, balancing on the top of a ladder, I lay bricks in the parabolic arch of another Nubian vault—this one for an office. I hacked up a bisnaga, a type of barrel cactus, to macerate in a bucket of water for the plaster. A carload of us skipped over the border to make abode bricks in a *maestro's* dirt yard surrounded, ironically, by cinderblocks. And each time we returned to Swan House, indeed with each hour, it seemed to emanate like a living thing (charming Sphinx) a subtly different quality of feeling. The walls changed colors, sometimes rosy, sometimes a honey-gray; bright straw-speckled brown; slate. And inside, as one of the participants, architect Paul Dehenny put it, "It is as if the small openings allow only the most beautiful light inside — always pleasing; always just right."

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Listening to Yesterday

by *Ron Payne*

Want to know what it was like when bullets were whizzing during the Glenn Springs raid in the spring of 1916? Wonder what families planted and raised to live on? Did the kids go to school? Where? How did they get there? Who taught? Where did people go to shop? What was it like to work in the mines? What was the pay? Who made the candelilla wax and why? Did the ranchers take to the idea of a Park? You can learn all this from the Oral History Collection at Big Bend National Park.

My wife and I are volunteers at Big Bend National Park. Our job is to work with the Park archaeologist and archivist to make the Oral History collection of the Park more accessible. What we do is not just fun, it is a real contribution to the Park and its visitors.

Duplicating almost a hundred printed interviews which answer those questions has been a slow process. The Xerox 5330 is plenty fast, but it's hard not to read the stories as we go. When we finish our project, though, finding specifics in the narratives will be a lot easier. We are going to create an index of all the oral histories so that casual readers or researchers can get their answers readily. We are privileged to have access to the secured room housing the archive of Big Bend National Park, filled with a fascinating variety of accessions. Along with Cretaceous clams, chalcedony flakes, stone weapons and brass cartridge shells is a treasure of eye-witness accounts where people talk about what their life was like during the first half of the 20th century in south Brewster County.

In the archive room, dozens of reel-to-reel recordings hold these stories. In what looks like a library card catalog are hundreds more audio cassette tapes in twenty drawers, some copies of the older reels. These narratives describe life in the Park when it was ranch land and in its early years as a National Park. These voices cannot speak from within the drawers – they are waiting for us or someone else to transcribe them to a printed page.

Over 100 of the interviews have already been put down in black and white and are lined up in folders in a large filing cabinet. Those are the ones we're duplicating.



Photos courtesy Celestina Amatulli.

You can still visit Gilberto Luna's homeplace on Old Maverick Road in the Park. With a succession of wives, he raised dozens of children there.

Over the course of more than three decades, Park staff and previous volunteers have devoted their time to the collection, preservation, filing, transcribing and printing of this, the Big Bend Oral History Project.

The oral history interviews are done over phone lines and across kitchen tables. They are conducted in the Park and at the homes of the pioneers who made our history. Last year we traveled from the Park to Midland to record one of these rich personal stories. When they are available, we scan photographs and old documents into digital files. These recorded and transcribed narratives are not as complete as memoirs nor as intimate as a recorded conversation between a grandmother and her granddaughter might be, but their contribution to Trans Pecos history will soon be more available for research.

Following a recent interview, an emotional visit took place as the last living child born in the Alvino House, the oldest building in the Park, walked through the very rooms in which she grew up. This visit happened as the result of a relative who visited Castolon, telling us that “Yes, one of Alvino's children lives in [a town north of the Park].” Although we're not fluent in Spanish, the interview went really well with help from other family members. It was a happy moment for all concerned.

Robert Wirt, a volunteer in the Park for more than a decade, has researched and documented genealogies of many of the Hispanic families who owned or lived on the ranches that became the Park. These can be read at his web page lifebeforetheruins.com. Wirt's dedication to this research has been an invaluable contribution to the heritage of those pioneer families as well as to the Park.

Among those family records was a disagreement about the ethnic background of one of the 'grandmothers.' When we went to the home of a descendant, she showed us an official document from a Mexican court, a birth record from the late 19th century. Of course, we made a copy for the Park's archive. From that document, it is now clear that the grandmother's heritage was indigenous: her name, Xochitl, is in the Nahuatl dialect, the Nahuan branch of Uto-Aztecan language from central Mexico.

In the years immediately before the creation of the National Park in 1944, much of its land was purchased by the State of Texas and then became “Texas's gift to the Nation.” Land holdings that were the treasured dreams of Anglo families such as Johnson, Rice, Burnham, Nail, Wilson and Daniels became a part of the Park in the 1940s, but the land belonging to Wayne



Felix Valenzuela's freighter caravans took a week to travel from Terlingua to Alpine in the 20s and 30s hauling out quicksilver and returning with supplies. This drover, whip draped around his neck, hauled water for man and beast on the trip.

Cartledge at Castolon did not come into the Park until 1960. Although the Anglo ranchers had the larger spreads, a significant number of families originally from Mexico also held title to ranch land. On both the larger and smaller ranches, the cowboys and farm workers were mostly of Mexican origin, even though some had moved from further north in Texas to take up residence in south Brewster County. Family names such as Sada, Solis, Villalba, de la O, Celaya, Garcia, Chavarria, Valenzuela, Molinar, Franco, Ybarra and many more owned ranches themselves or lived on the Anglo ranches, or populated settlements like La Coyota, Glenn Springs and Terlingua Abajo.

With the last of the ranch

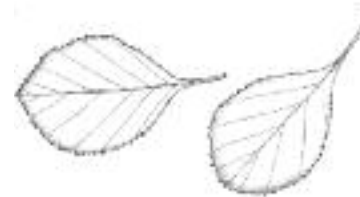
land coming into the Park in 1960, there were families who were transplanted outside the Park scarcely more than fifty years ago. Since the last survivors of these pioneer families are now in their 80s and 90s, preserving their stories, in their own words, is an urgent priority. These early residents of Brewster County, born or raised within what became Big Bend National Park or in its Study Butte/Terlingua neighborhood, now live across the Trans Pecos. Unless and until more of these unnamed, unknown predecessors can be given their due recognition, the history we claim is incomplete. As Howard Zinn has made clear in his A People's History of the United States, this country's story, great

as it may be when heard from its majority white-Anglo perspective, is fully told only when all its people can be heard to speak.

If you know a Big Bend pioneer who can tell a story or are a descendant with a story to preserve, please contact one of the following at Big Bend National Park:

Archaeologist Tom Alex (432) 477-1144

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The San Antonio-El Paso Road

by Bob Miles

San Antonio-El Paso Road

Westward expeditions opened trails from San Antonio to El Paso in the late 1840s. Two routes, called the upper and lower roads, converged at the Pecos River to traverse the Davis Mountains. Henry Skillman (1814-1864) began a courier's service along the road in 1850 and was awarded a U.S. Government contract to carry the mail. He formed a partnership with George H. Giddings (1832-1902) in 1854, and they established relay stations along the route, including one at the new U.S. Army Post at Fort Davis. During the Civil War, control of the area passed to the Confederates, and Giddings continued mail service for the new government.

By 1867 Fort Davis was occupied by four companies of the 9th U. S. Cavalry. After Federal reoccupation, stage and courier routes were more frequently utilized, with travelers often accompanied by Army escorts from Fort Davis and other posts. After the arrival of railroads in West Texas in the 1880s, use of overland roads declined sharply, though the trails did provide access to new settlers and were still used by the army as links between forts. Vestiges of the Old San Antonio-El Paso Overland Road can still be seen in Fort Davis and surrounding areas.

Texas Sesquicentennial 1836-1986



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

A portion of the original San Antonio-El Paso Road (now Front Street) that served as Fort Davis' main street until Highway 17 was built. Most of the buildings are still standing and in use.

This road served as the major lifeline of West Texas and westering traffic until the coming of the railroads. The year 1848 was an important one for far West Texas with the signing of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo ending the Mexican War, confirming Texas's claim of the Rio Grande as its boundary and giving a

large area of country to the United States. Most of this land was virtually unknown and Texas had long sought a way to tap into the lucrative Santa Fe-Chihuahua trade.

Two expeditions were sent out from central Texas to find a practical route to El Paso. The military expedition under Army Lieutenant W.H.C. Whiting

opened the lower route that led from San Antonio to El Paso by way of the Davis Mountains. Henry Skillman began carrying mail between the two settlements and on to Santa Fe and soon began carrying passengers in wagons. Losing the contract to George Giddings, Skillman worked with Giddings to continue the service.

In 1854, the Army established Fort Davis to protect travelers from hostile Apaches, Comanches and outlaws. Travelers and stagecoaches, including the famed Butterfield Overland Mail Company, found this road provided better military protection and more water than the upper road. Much of the original road is now under modern paved highways, but part survives in Fort Davis. The longest unpaved stretch of the original road still in use follows Fort Street from where it leaves the fort to Front Street where it turns left to Court Street. It continues west of the County Courthouse (recently paved to help keep dust out of the restored build-

ing) to State Highway 17.

This stretch served as Fort Davis's main street until Highway 17 was built. Most local businesses were located along the route. A drive along this section of the road reveals a number of the old buildings still standing. Along Fort Street Daniel Murphy's 1855 home, mercantile, freight yard and hotel are long gone, but Nick Mersfelder's home and barber shop (now the Fort Davis Historical Society's Overland Trail Museum) and the home next door that Nick bought for his mistress (and her husband), now a private residence, remain. Then came the 1905 Cheap Cash Store (gone), the 1907 meat market (private residence), the 1908 Granger home (private residence), and the 1905 Holloway Blacksmith shop (gone). Turning left onto Front Street, you pass the 1911 Carmack mercantile (private residence), the 1907 Chacon house (private residence), the 1884 Carlton mercantile (Jeff Davis County Clerk's Office), the 1885 Geege house (gone), the 1906 Masonic Lodge (private residence), the 1884

Scobee house (private residence), the 1883 Abstract office (private residence), the 1880 Presidio County Courthouse (gone), the 1911 Jeff Davis County Courthouse, the 1884 Methodist Church, the 1909 Frank Sproul house (private residence), and the 1909 Rau home (private residence). The vast majority of the structures are adobe.

The road has seen the movements of frontiersmen, adventurers, U.S. troops, gamblers, settlers, forty-niners bound for the gold fields, stockmen, outlaws, lawmen, stagecoaches, camels, retreating Confederate soldiers and the daily activities of the local residents. The marker stands today in front of the Overland Trail Museum, Nick Mersfelder's old barber shop, on Fort Street in Fort Davis.

With the end of the Indian wars and the coming of the railroad, the road's importance faded. Businesses moved to the new Highway 17, but the old section of the San Antonio-El Paso Road continues to serve residents daily, as well as visitors looking for a link to the past.

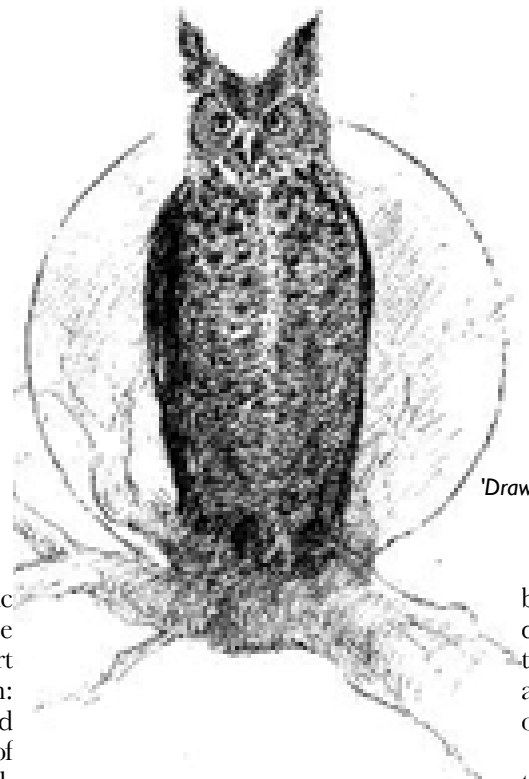
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The Great Horned Owl



'Drawing by Walle Conoly

by Jim Sage

There are two classic sounds in the Chihuahuan Desert that stir my imagination: the howl of the coyote and the deep sonorous hoot of the Great Horned Owl. Today my focus is the Great Horned Owl.

I am hearing the hoot of the horned owl almost every morning now, and it's little wonder that people through the ages have been fascinated and struck with awe by this low, soft hoot which can be heard for several miles.

Perhaps few other creatures have had so many different and conflicting beliefs held about them. They have been hated and beloved, associated with death and witchcraft and admired for great wisdom. Stories of owls have become folklore passed along through the centuries.

In Indian mythology, owls represent wisdom and prophecy. This is also repeated in Aesop's fables and Greek myths. During the middle ages the owl became associated with witchcraft and if the owl called your name, death was imminent. Today in modern societies, where superstition has lost some of its hold, the owl has regained its status as a symbol of wisdom.

The Great Horned Owl is found from Canada to the Straits of Magellan. It is the most widespread of all of the owls. In the far north it may move south in the winter to a warmer climate, but otherwise it does not migrate.

This wise old bird has several distinguishing features. Its yellow eyes do not move, neither up nor down nor sideways. The bird rotates its head 270 degrees in order to see. The eyes are quite large, and if the owl were as large as a human, its eyes would be the size of an orange. If you see the owl

bobbing its head up and down it is not a nervous twitch, but rather it is getting a three dimensional concept of what it is seeing.

This owl is large, weighing three to four pounds, measuring

20 inches in length with a wingspan of close to five feet. The female is a little larger than the male.

A primary identifying marker is the large widely spread ears on top of the head. These are not really ears but tufts of feathers, which act somewhat like a dog's ears. During danger or when irritated the tufts lie flat and when everything is okay they stand upright.

The owl's ears are located on the side of the head, much as a human's, but they are offset and not exactly like a human's. The openings of the ears are angled in different directions and soft feathers surround the ears, which the owl can spread to channel the sound. In addition, the facial disk is shaped like a shallow bowl to help funnel the sound into the ears. Its hearing is so acute that by moving the head about until the sound is equal in each ear, it can pinpoint the direction and distance of the sound in total darkness.

The Great Horned Owl is a ferocious predator. While its favorite food is rabbit, it will attack and kill Canada geese, hawks, skunks, porcupines, cats, dogs, turkeys, raccoon and other owls. I give it a gold star for eating scorpions and centipedes.

With the demise of coyotes in the area, I have not heard their primeval howling for several years; so the eerie hooting of the Great Horned Owl shortly after dark or before sunup is a satisfying substitute.

Just one bit of owl trivia. A group of owls is called a parliament.

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Voices of the BIG BEND

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

Story and photographs by Jim Glendinning

ROSS BURNS

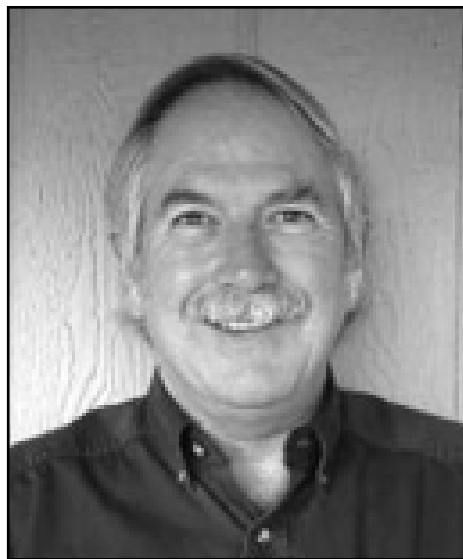
A library man by career choice, with an historian's interest in folk music, Ross Burns is well-placed to host Marfa Public Radio's "I hear America singing," the Saturday morning folk music show which airs at 12 noon. For the past 11 years he has worked in the Brian Wildenthal Memorial Library at Sul Ross State University and for the last five years has been a radio host at KRTS, Marfa.

He was born in February 1950, the youngest of four children of Edward A. Burns, a C.P.A., and his wife Margaret. He enjoyed a good, safe upbringing in Austin and attended initially a special education school due to hearing problems. This was followed by Austin High School where he developed an interest in history and biography, graduating in 1968.

Burns had previously visited Big Bend National Park with his family, so Sul Ross State University was a familiar and easy choice for his next move. These were boom years when S.R.S.U. had a student enrollment of 2,900. He graduated in May 1972 with a B.A. in history, English and government.

In May 1971 Burns met and married Betty Cooper, whose family used to own the Cooper store in South Brewster County. In January 1973 the couple left Alpine so Burns could attend Library School at U.T. Austin, from which he graduated with an M.L.S. in 1977. There followed a series of library jobs, in Abilene, Sweetwater, Waco, Austin and Harlingen through the 1970s and 1980s. Meanwhile, two sons, Bill and Blake and a daughter, Elizabeth, were born to Margaret, who worked in social services and later as a teacher.

In 2002, Burns took up a position at SRSU Library as Director of Library Technical Services, a post which could-



ROSS BURNS
Alpine

n't have suited him better. While dealing with library matters during working hours, he now had time also to develop his keen interest in music. Although he never played a musical instrument, Burns got interested in folk music at an early age, particularly in the histories of the performers, their personalities and background.

The Kingston Trio was the start of Burns' musical education. He became a collector in his teen years of such performers as the Clancy Brothers, Buddy Holly and Johnny Cash. The result of this is seen in the music room at his home in Alpine where he has over 800 LPs, 600 CDs and 200 cassettes. He takes a historian's view that any new musical style will have a link to an earlier trend. His personal musical tastes have been influenced by the likes of the Kingston Trio, Peter, Paul and Mary and Simon and Garfunkel.

When KRTS Marfa Public Radio



ROSELAND KLEIN
Fort Davis

started broadcasting in 2006, Burns was a natural choice to host a folk music program. The historian in him wants to know the origins of songs played on air and relate this to his audience. The weekly program of traditional folk music, "I hear America singing," is in the wise care of its host with a background of 40 years of music experience.

ROSELAND KLEIN

Growing up in the Depression years in Ypsilanti, Mich. was no hardship for Roseland Purcell. She was born in 1928. Her father, Doyle, built houses and her mother Hilda Gray was a homemaker. And Roseland, the eldest of four children, remembers there was always food on the table, supplemented by produce from the garden.

A precocious child, Roseland remem-



DAVID BEBE
Marfa

bers reading, which she taught herself, to the other kindergarten kids. She still corresponds today with a friend from those pre-school years. By age seven, young Roseland was learning to play the violin, one which had been given to her father by a customer in lieu of payment.

She learned to read music before she was eight years old, and was close to her sister Joanne who was nearest to her in age and who played the piano. She progressed easily through high school, a happy and obedient student who loved Latin. She remembers high school fondly, having graduated in 1946 with mostly As.

Roseland worked part-time during the war years and was also a Girl Scout. Her experience was further broadened when she enrolled at Eastern Michigan University, where she studied English and Music. She lived in a dorm, played in a string quartet and graduated in 1950 with a B.S. in Music. The year before, she had

married Norwood (Bill) Eastman, a faculty member who taught poetry and speech, and shortly after they moved to East Lansing.

Two boys, Jerry and Marc, were born in 1952 and 1954, while Bill continued college teaching and Roseland taught in public schools. In 1963 they moved to Chicago when Bill took a lobbyist job with the American Farm Bureau; however, by 1968 the marriage was failing due to the incompatibility of a curious and enquiring wife with a comfortable and conservative husband.

On 29 May 1969, Roseland married Dr. Peter D. Klein, a research biochemist with the Argonne National Laboratory. Roseland also got a job there, as an editor, and found she enjoyed it hugely. Chicago was a great city to live in with lots of art, but in 1980 Peter took a job at Baylor College of Medicine in Houston and they moved. Roseland found another editing job at the Children's Research Center.

Five years after retiring, Peter died from a sudden heart attack in 2000. Roseland, bereft, was sustained by her love of music and her musical friends. In 2002 she followed her son Marc and his wife Maryann to Fort Davis, where they had moved in 1997, and took up residence in the Davis Mountains Resort.

Roseland credits her energy and both physical and mental flexibility to her yoga practice, which she first started in the late 1950s.

A chance introduction to Marfa Public Radio led fortuitously to a radio spot, playing classical music twice a week. Intellectually challenged and always thorough, Roseland prepares assiduously for her morning show, Classical Midday.

DAVID BEEBE

David Beebe was born in Houston in July 1971, the eldest of three sons born to Eleanor and Roger Beebe, an attorney. He went first to a Montessori school in Houston for two years then enrolled at the independent St. John's School. He was a loner, who enjoyed bike riding and listening to the radio.

He credits St. John's, and its great facilities and teachers, with introducing him to English and history. He also learned how to write. But his rebellious personality did not mesh with St. John's structured style, and he was about to be kicked out when he made a move to public Lamar High School across the street. He immediately felt more at home and spent his junior and senior years at Lamar, from which he graduated in 1989.

Beebe had taken piano lessons as a youngster. He joined the Drum Corps and learned to play the harmonica, and he wrote songs in high school. At the University of Texas at Austin he made lots of friends, continued playing music and formed a band. The Banana Blender Surplus Band, which he launched in 1991, soon became popular and busy, touring regionally and occasionally nationally. The *Houston Press* wrote: "The boys in the Banana Surplus Band have a gift of self-awareness and perspective – a decidedly precocious gift."

Their music was Blues/Rock, played with high energy for four to six hours without a break. Beebe managed the band, was lead singer and played the harmonica and later the Farfisa compact organ. The five person band played constantly except when they were in school. Despite the demands of the band, Beebe graduated in 1993 with a B.A. in history, minor in anthropology.

In 1995, he quit the band and at the age of 25 became manager of the Rockefeller Club and later the Satellite Lounge in Houston. But that ended in 1998 when he exited the night club scene and went to lose himself in the Big Bend for a few weeks.

Beebe had previously visited Big Bend National Park as an eighth grader and "the raw nature, open sky and clean air, all the opposite of Houston" changed his perspective on everything. So when he was approached in 2006 by Houston friends with a love for Marfa who wanted to open a music venue, he came on board. It took 18 months for an engineering, design and building team of which he was a hands-on part to rehab, redesign and rebuild the old funeral home that became Padre's Marfa. He then ran Padre's for just over three years, building up a clientele, hiring visiting bands and taking personal charge in the kitchen.

Ready for something new, he sold out to his partners in the spring of 2012. Today he is in his third term as a Marfa city councilman and has opened a commercial recycling venture, combining social experiment and community service. He hosts two programs on Marfa Public Radio, where his boundless energy and love of music are amply demonstrated: the late night show Night Train Express airs Tuesday and Old School & Oldies runs on Friday morning.



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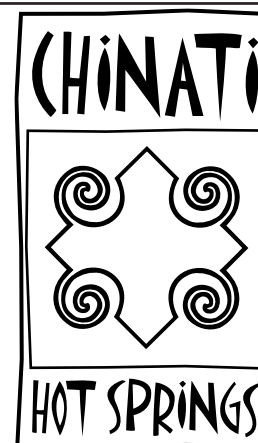
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Photo Essay

by Martha Hughes and Bonita Barlow, text by Jack Copeland



Photograph by Martha Hughes

Marfa

View of Marfa and the Davis Mountains from Pinto Canyon Road (Highway 2810) – the best hike-and-bike trail in Texas.

There are talented and passionate people living in and passing through our little hamlet of Marfa, and one of the beneficiaries of this flow of creativity turns up in an unlikely place – the Marfa Chamber of Commerce e-newsletter.

Even the word "newsletter" generally induces me to glaze over, but when stimulating and beautiful random images of Marfa and its surrounds are donated by readers of this newsletter, we've got a different ballgame.

Just consider these images submitted by resident artist Martha Hughes and visiting artist Bonita Barlow.

The tradition of using reader-submitted photos started with the promotion of the Chamber's first "Turkey Trot" 5k/10k race. Love 'em or hate 'em, everyone remembers those bands of gallineous birds that dominated Marfa's street life for a season or two. There were more entries about those sassy turkeys on MarfaList than there are residents in the entire town. But the larger point is,

as Marfa Chamber board member and vice president Laura Hajovsky notes, a tradition was launched in which "people were so excited to see their photos in the newsletter...seeing Marfa through so many different sets of eyes (or cameras)!"

My reaction to the inclusion of reader-submitted photos in the newsletter is delight in this joyful exploration – our best work often derives in this fashion. For photographer/painter Martha Hughes, it's a chance to express what attracts her to Marfa: "The quiet – the restorative

and mind-cleansing quiet."

It's the Chamber's mission to support Marfa business. If creative participation by our readers can enhance the detailed text and event announcements of its member businesses each week, then the newsletter is doing its bit to support that mission. Don't just take my word for it – once, when we didn't get the letter out, we knew by the sheer volume of complaints that we had a good thing going.

Simple, repeated, geometric shapes—
botanical and architectural.

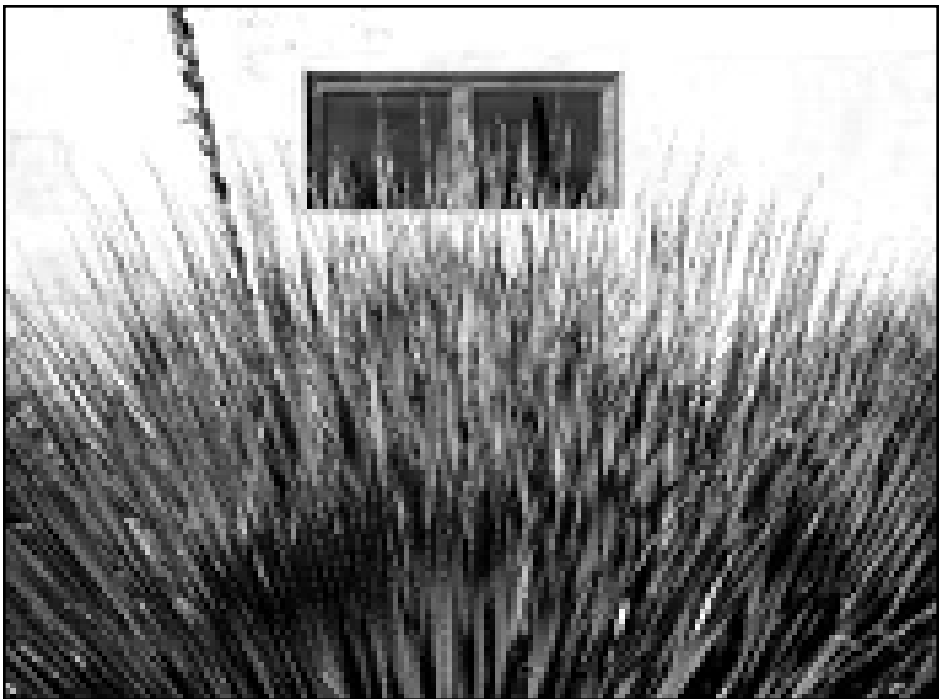


Court house staircase

Photograph by Bonita Barlow

On my first trip to Marfa I went to see the famous lights. On my arrival I found a festive gathering of spectators at a neatly appointed facility. I saw lights out there but really I couldn't tell you what I saw.

The next day I returned to the viewing deck to inspect in the daylight. Unlike the night before this was a peaceful lonely spot. I was tickled by the shadows cast by the observation deck's metal shade ornamentation.



Chamberlain Building, Marfa

Photograph by Martha Hughes

I first visited Marfa about four years ago. And the majestic courthouse pulled me in. Upon finding the gorgeous wooden staircase, my friend and I took off up up up the stairs to the tower. On a subsequent visit I returned to the courthouse. This time it was decked out in American flags in honor of Election Day. Who could resist such a shot?



Marfa Lights Observation Deck

Photograph by Bonita Barlow

Semana Santa, Central Mexico

by Charles Angell



Photograph by Jessica Lutz

Tarahumara men through the square with their Santa Semana dance.

I leaned out on the platform between train cars with my video camera, excited to finally be on the Ferrocarril, Mexico's legendary Copper Canyon rail line.

The locomotive exhaust was overpowering, permeating my clothing and hair with soot, and the cars' rhythmic rock and sway kept me off balance. I was filming the approach to one of the many tunnel entrances carved through an endless chain of mountains and I recoiled back when I realized that the space between train car and rock was less than 18 inches! Being beheaded in Mexico, although not unheard of, is not what I would like to add to my resume of reckless injuries.

I was riding with a group comprised largely of Tri-county locals on the Mexican Consulate's annual Semana Santa trip into the land of the Tarahumara Indians, Barranca del Cobre. Semana Santa, or Holy Week, is the largest celebration of the year for the Tarahumara, who are also known as Raramuri.

Our journey involved bus, train, walking and lots of waiting, but with the sights, sounds and people-watch-

ing, it became one of the more interesting experiences of my life. Every stop we made became the next course in my sampling of roadside and train station food vendors. Nothing disappointing and always hot, fresh and spicy – I'm certain I ate every beast that crawls over the Mexican earth that can be scorched on a grill. The deeper one journeys into the region the greater the canyon depths, the taller the mountains and the further the clock dials back to a simpler, more relaxed way of life.

By day three we reached our destination, Norogachi, a simple village surrounded by mountains with dirt roads, a central town plaza and dominating Catholic church. Semana Santa is a multi-day celebration by the Tarahumara, a combination of their indigenous faith melded with Catholicism. Many of the men wear feathered headdresses, paint their shirtless torsos with varying patterns and hoist scarecrow-type effigies of Jesus, Mary and Judas high upon poles as they dance. Hundreds gather in the plaza for this event and form into separate groups with an effigy leading their team. Drums of vary-

ing sizes are pounded all day and night until it becomes a steady drone similar to swarming bees; floating over this buzzing are the sounds from hand-crafted violins and flutes. As we disembarked from the bus the nuns at the orphanage where we were to stay made it clear that we had to find other sleeping arrangements; a few hours later accommodations were found at a comfortable guesthouse.

We were given the option of spending the night at this guesthouse or retiring a short distance away in a quieter locale. I initially leaned towards a peaceful sleep, but it wasn't long before the rhythmic sounds and cerveza convinced me to do the all-nighter. The groups of Tarahumara, 30-plus each, took turns performing a twirling dance, orchestrated by a leader with a flag, then ran through town after circling several blocks, eventually reorganizing back in the main plaza. Five-gallon buckets of tesquino, home-brewed corn beer, were constantly trotted in by pairs of women in their bright, patterned skirts, the bucket handle suspended between them on a tree limb; this, and tradition, is what fuels the

celebration. Breaks were taken after each round of dancing with gourds dipped into the buckets and copious amounts of tesguino consumed – some in cups and some poured straight from the gourd into the thirsty celebrant's mouth.

Aside from our group there were fewer than a dozen other tourists witnessing this. The other spectators were local residents or Mexicans from the surrounding countryside. At sunset the entire procession danced in a parade to the cemetery on the edge of town where a ceremony of speeches and blessings was performed by leaders, followed by an informal choir of women singing a haunting hymn in their native tongue.

The hundreds-strong group then paraded back into town and increased the frenzied pace of dancing, running and drinking. From the moment I stepped off the bus I noticed a group of sinister-looking gentlemen in identical sequined shirts, taco-hats and snakeskin boots – they certainly took notice of me, a tall gringo with aviator sunglasses. I did my best not to look directly at them but could feel their suspicious stares.

Well after dark, my group of six walked down a quiet dusty street towards the plaza and saw a man passed out horizontally in the road, head lying where a center-stripe would have been if the road had been paved. "That doesn't look good," I thought as we approached, and as if on cue, an automobile eased around us towards him. We watched in horror as the car slowly rolled over his head and a loud sickening POP! was heard. I'm trained in Wilderness Advanced First Aid but wanted no part of dealing with a massive head wound in a foreign land.

After some urging from the group to help, I and three others approached the victim to see what assistance, if any, we could provide. As we performed our initial assessment we realized his skull remained intact, but he did have a gash on his temple. The POP! we heard must have been the tire reconnecting with the road or friction kicking his head out from under the tire. He writhed in pain as we attempted to check vital signs and stanch the bleeding. A crowd quickly swarmed around us. Some in the group were laughing and drinking, with advice to push him to the side of the road, while some women and children wailed in anguish and flailed their arms. Through our panicked broken Spanish we were informed that there was no ambulance, no first-aid kit and no clinic in town. The patient was mumbling, yelling, smiling, grimacing, speaking a language we couldn't understand; his being smashed drunk didn't help, but it provided an anesthetic at least.

Multiple times we begged the crowd to back up and give us room, but it didn't help – the scene became increasingly more raucous, and I could feel the situation slipping out of our hands. Crouched over him with only a headlamp for illumination we were lost in a forest of shoes and legs. Nothing in my training prepared me for a scenario this chaotic. Finally, several of the town elders in full-feathered regalia and paint arrived, calming the crowd somewhat. They helped us load the injured man into the bed of a pickup. We rolled a

blanket to stabilize and pad his head. The vehicle prepared to leave, and we had to explain that someone needed to ride with him to prevent him from bouncing around the truck bed. One of the elders suggested we ride along, but thankfully we found a local who reluctantly volunteered to leave the festivities and assist in this.

Our initial reception upon arriving in town had felt uncomfortable, but after this incident the villagers warmed up to us and seemed genuinely grateful for our presence. Two of the sinister-looking men in expensive attire approached me with grins and actually handed me a cold cerveza. The ice was broken!

The dancing continued throughout the night, and I began filming again at first light. The participants were fewer in number, with many curled around bonfires. Those still celebrating clearly had equilibrium issues from too much tesguino.

As the sun warmed the cool morning air, I became transfixed by a young Tarahumara who seemed determined to prove his worth to the elders with his dance, style and grit. Watching him pirouette and snap the flag, with a small group of acolytes following suit, was one of the most graceful displays I've ever seen. The concentration and pride he demonstrated was inspiring. In our world, where tradition and culture seem to be rapidly vanishing, I couldn't help but see him as the flag-bearer of a proud and unique people, completely focused on representing everything that came before him and what was yet to come. Other dancers and women all seemed to grow silent and watch him as I did, unsmiling but gazing at him with reverence and pride. It seemed like he was carrying the entire populace on his back and still asked for more burden; he appeared unstoppable. For over an hour this continued. Villagers ceased their tasks and gathered around him to witness. I don't know when it ended. The call for departure came, and I had to leave. As I walked busward residents steadily streamed in the opposite direction to join in with the building drumbeats. This final day of celebration crescendoed with a huge fire being built and Judas' effigy being sacrificially cast into it, but our bus left before we witnessed this ritual.

Riding homeward I reflected on the problems and issues facing Mexico. They seem insurmountable, but I find it encouraging that no matter what hardships surround the people in Barranca del Cobre they show a determination to move in a direction they are familiar with – forward, yet unchanging, with no need or desire to alter their lifestyle. I briefly thought perhaps I should retire in this area and start up a local volunteer clinic, but there are many people much more qualified than I for this. One goal I have set that I can accomplish is to return to the Copper Canyon many more times in my life to continue hiking, exploring and experiencing a culture that has remained virtually unchanged for centuries.

(see videos of Copper Canyon on Youtube at Angell Expeditions)




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Thorny Treasures of the Chihuahuan Desert

by Jean Nance

Ouch!! How many times have we all uttered that, or worse, while walking in the Chihuahuan Desert, where every plant in the landscape seems to be armored with some kind of sharp spine, prickle, or needle?

These plants are "well-defended" with good reason, as it turns out, because those sharp defenses protect some tasty and nutritious contents. In fact, some of our thorniest and most useful inhabitants are "indicator plants" of the Chihuahuan Desert; that is, they typify this eco-region and help to define its limits, such as the endemic lechuguilla, our smallest agave.

The sharp-tipped lechuguilla and other agaves, sotols, yuccas, ocotillos, cacti, and mesquites were staples that desert life was built upon.

Archaeological sites such as Hinds Cave in Val Verde County or Carved Rock Shelter in Brewster County give us insights into daily life as far back as 5000 years ago. Carvings, pictographs, and artifacts show a broad botanic history, from wooden artifacts like arrows and lances made from stalks of sotol, yucca, or lechuguilla, to fiber artifacts like basketry and cloth made from agave and yucca leaves.

Hard seeds and pods, such as mesquite beans, were ground in mortar holes, and storage pits were lined with fibrous materials like prickly pear pads and grasses. Stone hand axes and other tools showed evidence of agave harvesting and food preparation.

THE AGAVES

In their encyclopedia of useful wild plants, Cheatham and Johnston say that "whole prehistoric cultures lived and died by the availability of agaves," and then devote an astounding 34 pages to their historical references and uses.

Agaves, a New World family, have been a valuable source of food, fibers, medicine, and shelter for thousands of years, and were even cultivated centuries before European exploration.

After Europeans arrived, agaves were quickly exported to Europe and were cultivated in the Mediterranean by 1586.

Agaves provide two types of food: pulp (mescal) and sap (aguamiel). Pulp can be derived from the heart, leaves or stalk and is a good source of calcium. Slow cooking in stone-lined baking pits was the favored approach for producing the best pulp, which could be made into cakes, syrup or beverages. The Apache glazed dried cakes with agave juice to improve their storage life. Pulp was often combined with other foods, such as walnuts, juniper or sumac berries, or various greens, and you can't mix a margarita without today's best-known product, tequila, which is distilled from cooked agave hearts.

Mescalero Apaches received their name from their regular consumption of mescal for food and drink, including a fermented drink also called mescal. Parry's Agave (*Agave parryi*), commonly called the "mescal agave," was considered a staple food of the Apaches, and is one of the agaves whose range was possibly extended by pre-Columbian cultivation.

Agave sap can be made into unfermented or fermented drinks. The sweet (high sucrose) sap contains vitamins B and C and some amino acids. Agave flowers, seeds, sprouts and nectar are edible. Flowers were often boiled and dried for storage, even though yucca flowers were preferred.

Lechuguilla (*Agave lechuguilla*) seed sprouts are tasty, and some tribes roasted flower stalks over coals, but lechuguilla's best contribution might have been its fibers, woven into items such as ropes, baskets, or matting. Cave evidence indicates that lechuguilla was greatly preferred for fibers, composing up to 94 per cent of netting samples. Lechuguilla's other major use was soap made from roots or leaves.

All agaves have some history of medicinal applications, from treating wounds and snakebites to digestive problems (fresh agave juice is known as a laxative), but their most promising use might come from the chemical precursors to cortisone and other medicinal steroids. In particular, lechuguilla has yielded cortisone in laboratory testing, and root extracts have shown antibacterial properties. Folk medicine prescribed it for treating wounds, infections or snakebites.

SOTOL or DESERT CANDLE

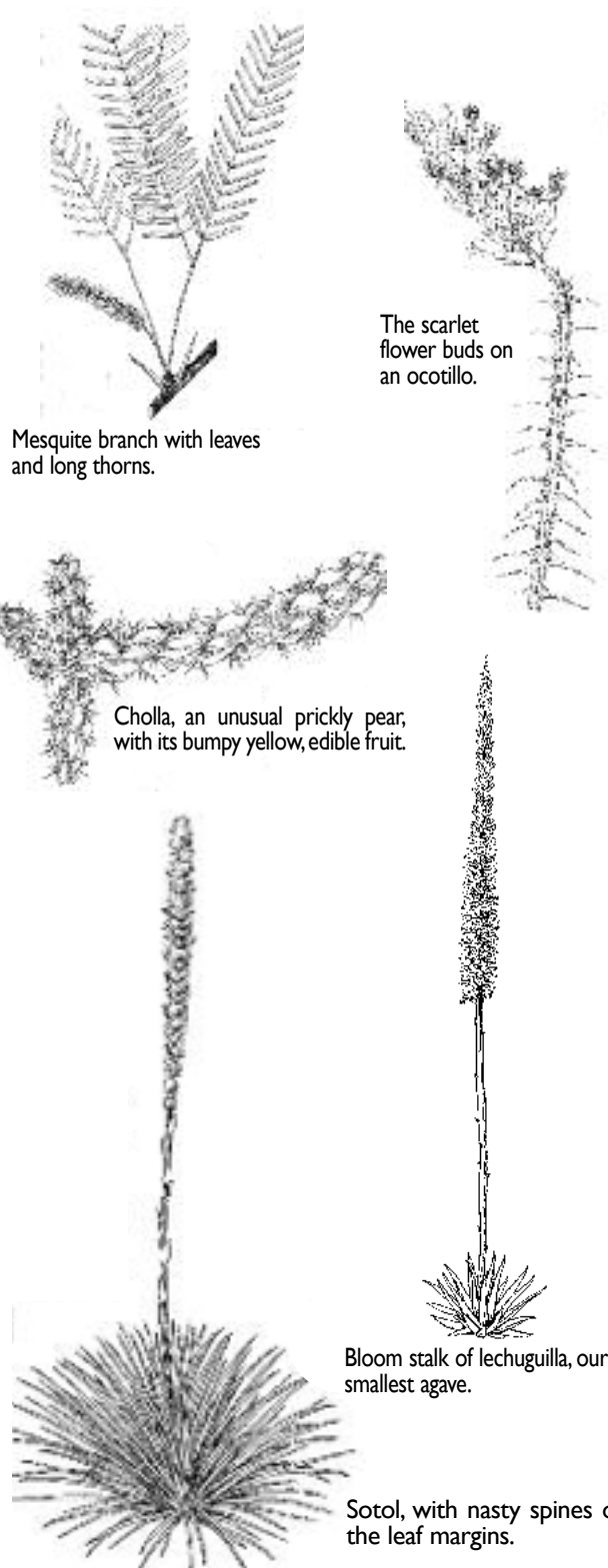
(*Dasylirion leiophyllum*, *Dasylirion texanum*)

Sotol might look like a large grass, but watch out for the sharp sawlike teeth along the edges of the long leaves on this member of the lily family. Sotol ranks alongside lechuguilla and other agaves as a desert staple, and was used in similar ways. Leaves and fibers were woven into cordage and weavings. Dried flower stalks provided materials for corrals, porches, roofs and other structures.

As with agaves, sotol hearts were roasted in a rock "sotol pit" and then eaten or dried, made into cakes or flour or preserved for later consumption. Young flower stalks were also roasted. A stout drink called sotol was made by fermenting the cabbage-like heart, and was a favorite alcoholic beverage of the Kickapoo as recently as the 1970s.

THE YUCCAS

The many species of yuccas were such important resources that they are one of only a few wild plants identified in prehistoric petroglyphs. Fibers might have



Mesquite branch with leaves and long thorns.

The scarlet flower buds on an ocotillo.

Cholla, an unusual prickly pear, with its bumpy yellow, edible fruit.

Bloom stalk of lechuguilla, our smallest agave.

Sotol, with nasty spines on the leaf margins.

Drawings courtesy James Henrickson. Cholla drawing by Ellen Ruggia.

been more valuable than food and were made into cordage, cloth, ladders, sandals, cradles, fishnets, matting and basketry. As recently as World War II, yucca fibers were made into rope, twine, and paper for the U.S. Navy.

Yucca blossoms and fruit are edible but not the roots, whose high levels of saponin are useful for soap making or as a fish poison. Some tribes used roots as a laxative or childbirth aid. Fruits were eaten raw, roasted or processed for winter storage.

Torrey yuccas, or "Spanish daggers" (*Yucca torreyi*), and banana yuccas, or "datil" (*Yucca baccata*), are two of our more imposing Trans Pecos species, somewhat similar in appearance and traditional use. Their fruits are likened to applesauce or dates ("datil" is Spanish for "date"), eaten raw or roasted, preserved or fermented. These species commonly hybridize.

Soaptree yucca (*Yucca elata*) produces an edible flower stalk and blossoms, followed by edible fruits. But the saponin-rich roots give the plant its common name of soaptree, as they provide the ingredients for soap or shampoo still preferred by ceremonial dancers for the luster it gives to hair. It was even thought to prevent baldness!

OCOTILLO

(*Fouquieria splendens*)

This odd-looking plant with the stiff, spiny stems is in the ocotillo family (*Fouquieriaceae*), which has only 11 species in its single genus, with ocotillo being the most widespread and the only one found outside of Mexico. Despite the apparent lack of leaves, ocotillos actually have two types: part of one type hardens into the stiff spines, while the other type produces the many small leaves that appear briefly after a rain. Ocotillo has been grown as a "living fence" (stems grow roots easily and can be planted in trenches), in other structures and for firewood.

The scarlet flowers and fruit pods are edible, and a tasty drink is made by soaking the flowers in water. Stems contain waxes and resins useful for cleaning, waxing, varnishing or conditioning leather. The Apache bathed in a decoction of roots for fatigue and applied powdered roots to swellings and wounds. They brewed tea from flowers for coughs and sore throats.

THE CACTI

Cacti come in a wide variety of sizes, shapes, and spines: shrublike with jointed stems (chollas), flattened pads (prickly pears), or low-growing singles or multiple clumps (rainbow, hedgehog cacti). Their many uses include foods, medicines, dyes and waxes. Cactus seeds contain oil and protein; the stems, pads (nopals), flowers, and fruits (tunas) contain vitamin C, phosphorus, and calcium. Cholla flower buds (*Opuntia imbricata*) have few calories, but a two-tablespoon serving has as much calcium as 8 ounces of milk.

The hedgehog cacti (*Echinocereus spp.*) have some of the tastiest, though small, fruits, but prickly pears (*Opuntia spp.*) take the prize for most valued. In 1995, when Texas legislators declared

prickly pear to be the Texas state plant, they were simply the latest to recognize its worth, both historic and current.

Historically, prickly pear harvest time was a huge tribal celebration and social occasion. The Kiowa documented their 1856 "Prickly Pear Sun Dance" on a hide calendar, where tunas are pictured above the medicine lodge. According to ethnographer James Mooney, who documented the symbolism, the dance was probably held in late fall, at a place with an abundance of ripe fruit.

THE MESQUITES

(*Prosopis spp.*)

J. Frank Dobie was fond of this Mexican adage: "With prickly pears alone one can live, but with prickly pears and mesquite beans, a person will get fat." Indeed, mesquite's sweet pods contain high levels of protein and sugars, plus calcium, magnesium, potassium, iron, zinc, amino acids, and fiber. Fructose and soluble fibers make mesquite touted for its effectiveness in controlling blood sugar in diabetics. The ripening pods taste sweet either raw or cooked.

Mesquite was possibly the most widespread and stable resource available to tribes in the desert southwest. Ethnobotanist Richard Felger succinctly sums up its virtues: "It was utilized for food, fuel, shelter, weapons, tools, fiber, dye, cosmetics, medicine and a multitude of other practical as well as aesthetic purposes: every part of the plant was used."

In southwest Texas, mesquites are the primary source of nectar for honey, and mesquite wood is a mainstay for Texas barbeque. Finally, mesquite's best gift might be to the land itself: as a legume, it enriches soil by fixing nitrogen.

Thorn, spine or prickle, these desert treasures are worthy of our – cautious – admiration!

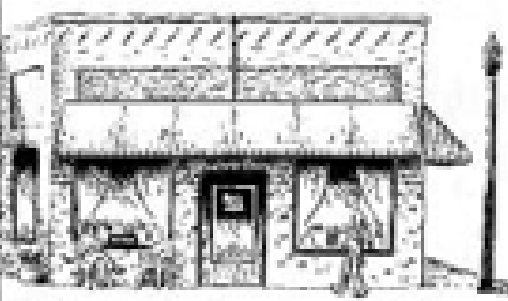
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Mining the Riches of the Big Bend of Texas

by *Danielle Gallo*

The Big Bend has a shortage of groundwater, of topsoil, of timber. In addition to its dry climate and frequently severe weather patterns, it lacks many of the resources necessary for human populations to flourish in large numbers. It is not, in most senses of the word, a hospitable environment.

But it has no shortage of rocks.

Metal and mineral resources abound in the Big Bend region, a veritable geologist's playground. The earth offers riches in forms as varied as fossil fuels and mercury, silver and chert.

The earliest mines found in the Big Bend date as far back as the Paleo-Indian period. Burro Mesa, located in the foothills of the Chisos Mountains in present-day Big Bend National Park, was an important source of high-quality stone known as Burro Mesa chert. This sedimentary rock is excellent for making tools: it flakes easily to a razor-sharp edge and can be readily shaped.

Burro Mesa chert comes in every color, from pinks and dusky reds to greens and mottled blues. Fire was used to break down large chunks of the chert, which were then knapped, or shaped by striking, into suitable blanks, which were later transported to camps for finishing. The deposits of the stone lie above beds of tuff, a volcanic stone formed by the expulsion of hot ash from vents during eruption. Tuff has a light, airy consistency that is easy to dig through. At Burro Mesa, the beds of tuff contain veins of kaolinite, a whitish, relatively soft claystone prized by prehistoric peoples for making beads and pendants.

Burro Mesa chert and kaolinite have been found as far away as 50 miles from the Chisos Mountains, and areas of Burro Mesa show periods of heavy mining. Both Clovis and Plainview points made of the chert date the early mining of the Mesa to 13,000 years ago and perhaps earlier.

Commercial mining of mercury began in the Big Bend in the last decades of the 1800s. The Chisos and the Marfa and Mariposa mining companies were the preeminent producers of cinnabar, the ore in which



Photograph courtesy Big Bend National Park

Mariscal Mine, located in present-day Big Bend National Park, was one of several mercury-producing mines in the Big Bend. In addition to many industrial, medical and defense applications, mercury was also widely used in the production of precious metals.

mercury is found. The Terlingua Mining District was the largest national producer of the metal from 1900 to 1930, providing fully a third of the mercury produced in the U.S. Liquid at ambient temperatures, mercury was used widely in the production of precious metals, in the medical and dental fields, as an electrical conductor and in the detonation of explosives. It was prized particularly in times of war. The Chisos Mining Company went bankrupt in 1942 and was completely dissolved by 1944.

The Mariscal Mine, discovered by rancher Martin

Solis and prospected by U.S. immigration inspector D.E. Lindsay, produced small amounts of cinnabar ore which Lindsay transported to the larger Chisos mining facility for refining. In 1916, as World War I raged and the value of mercury increased, Lindsay's claims were patented by W.K. Ellis, then the owner of the nearby candelilla wax factory at Glenn Springs. The mine was abandoned in 1940.

Mercury is separated from its ore by the simple expedient of heating the ore to 360 degrees Fahrenheit, at which temperature it becomes a vapor.

The vapor was condensed and stored in metal flasks for transport. Mercury is one of the easiest metals to extract from its ore, and yet its refining took a heavy toll on the Big Bend ecosystem, as all available timber within an ever-widening radius of the mines was rapidly exhausted. Eventually a low-grade source of coal was discovered nearby, from which a methane gas could be produced to fuel the furnaces. Mercury is toxic, especially in vapor form, and the discarded slag from mercury mines contain a high level of the metal, as the processing of the ore typically yielded about 95 per cent of the mercury, leaving five per cent in the slag. Because of its volatility, any deposited mercury can be readily re-emitted to the atmosphere and the immediate environment.

When one thinks of 19th century mining in the West, one thinks immediately of precious metals - of silver and gold, boom towns, major population redistribution and a general rush toward the promise of riches. While the Big Bend saw nothing like the rushes experienced in California, it had its fair share of precious metal mining.

The Shafter mining district was mined for precious metal ores, primarily silver, from 1883 until 1952. In 1876, geologist

Samuel B. Buckley surveyed the Chinati Mountains and found deposits of silver, lead, copper, uranium, zinc and mercury. In 1879, three railroads - the Galveston, Houston and San Antonio, the International-Great Northern and the Texas and Pacific - organized a prospecting expedition to Presidio County, which came back empty-handed. In 1880, Col. William Shafter assayed a sample of rock brought to him by John W. Spencer, a local rancher. Having found small amounts of silver in the sample, the two teamed up with Lt. Louis Wilhelmi and Lt. John L. Bullis from Fort Davis and purchased four sections of land around Spencer's discovery. Lacking the technical knowledge necessary to mine the silver, however, they eventually leased and later sold the acreage to speculators from California, who organized the Presidio Mining Company.

Ninety-two per cent of the silver and 73 per cent of the gold produced in Texas during its years of operation came from the Presidio mine. At its peak it employed 400 miners and in 1913 it introduced air drills to make the work more efficient. The mercury-based mill, which extracted the silver from the ore by crushing it and mixing it with mercury and salt, was replaced with a bigger and better cyanide-based mill. This

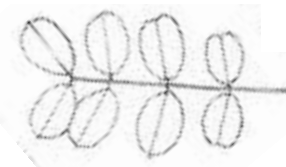
process of chemical separation involves the fine grinding of high-grade ores, which are soaked in cyanide in vats, and the piling of lower-grade ores which are sprayed with the cyanide. The cyanide dissolves the silver and the slag, or spent ore, is discarded. Careful management of mine tailings and water in modern mining operations prevents cyanide pollution of mining areas, but spills of cyanide-polluted water can still occur and are common around the world. Shafter and the mining district flourished until the Great Depression, when the price of silver took a severe downturn. Efforts to revive its glory days subsequent to 1936 failed as the output of silver and lead diminished steadily.

Today, the Rio Grande Mining Company has reopened the silver mine at Shafter, building on exploration from the 1970s which occurred before the last decline in the price of silver. Using chemical leaching to extract the precious metal, the mine intends to produce 3.8 million ounces of silver per year, roughly half the amount produced by the current largest producer in the U.S., in Alaska. The price of silver has tripled since 2009 to roughly \$30 per ounce. The new Shafter mine will produce its silver in 800 pound bars.

Concerns about the environmental

implications of the mining extend beyond the use of chemicals and the safe disposal of contaminated slag. The Rio Grande Mining Company has announced its intentions to void approximately 1 million gallons of water per day into a nearby dry arroyo.

Mining and controversy go commonly hand-in-hand: on one hand towns spring up in the desert, where a dearth of resources prevented their growth in the past. Jobs are created, as well as wealth, and a certain sense of conquering a stingy and inhospitable environment by wringing it for its underground riches. On the other hand, the extraction of resources through mining takes a bitter toll on the other resources of the desert: water, timber, and topsoil, the paucity of which already strains the ingenuity of this harsh environment's inhabitants, human and non-human alike. Yet the pursuit of riches in the ground is perhaps inevitable, as attested by the Burro Mesa quarries at the foot of the Chisos Mountains, where thirteen millennia of treasure seekers have mined before.



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Allison Ainsworth, ANP

Allison Ainsworth is an adult nurse practitioner who offers primary care for men and women over the age of 13. Allison received her MSN while working at Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston. She has worked with over 3,500 patients and also has experience in supervising care for a Nursing Home.

The Bar

(just outside Terlingua, Texas)

for Jeff Alfier

Its crumbling adobe facade
was baking in the glare
of hot, late afternoon sunlight.
We eased through the doorcase
decades doorless, expecting
to find nothing but trash
and debris. To our great surprise,
the dirt floor and roofless interior
was pristine, furnished with a table,
four chairs, and the still recognizable
remnants of a small, wooden bar.
The legs of the four chairs
were dried-mud-caked to the floor,
still sporting flakes of red, yellow,
blue, and green paint bleached
as the eyes of the local who,
a few miles back in Terlingua,
served us cold ale and stout.
We sat at the table, raised
ghost mugs to a sky-roof
bluer than human longing,
and clinked them softly in a toast.
As we swilled our cold,
phantom beverages, we watched
the desert shadows lengthen,
blackier than thick crankcase oil
years beyond the remotest
possibility of changing.

Larry Thomas

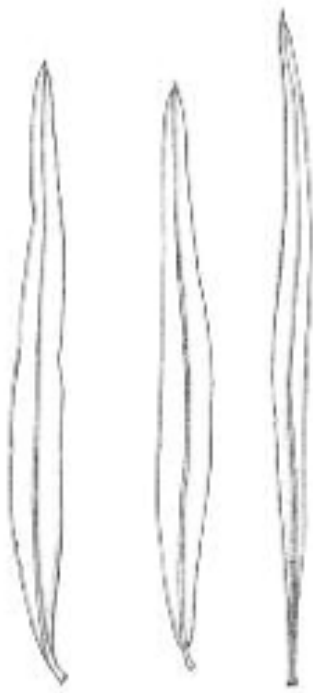
Desert Epitaphs

You can drop off my soul at the world's edge:
so it can find its place along the way
spirits travel, where celestial winds play
songs of release, instead of life's dirge.

Or write my name in sand; let the winds blow
the grains across the flats, buttes, and mesas
that comprise this land, as though the winds know
this essence neither marks nor erases
our fleeting presence, a cryptic symbol
of having been, that desires to come again,
to never really disappear,
too filled with zest for existence
to accept death as the end.

Or let my bones and ashes nurture new
life, on top some peak, or down some canyon,
as a native tree, providing shade.
My spirit yearns to remain, to feel, view –
never fade,
never be done.

Nelson Sanger



I Ride an Old Paint

for Patsy and the horses we have known

Every weekend we'd go to Magee's roping
arena, crossing the treacherous Loop 13 bridge
over the Katy railroad lines, often howling
with the Texas Eagle or freight trains
moving into San Antonio. Every kid
in the neighborhood – the Floyds, Pam Crank,
the Daniels girl, my sister Patsy,
and I – would ride our horses and watch
the old timers and the young practice roping
for hours until the sun set and we
could see no longer.

Once, Mr. Magee
let us take part. Oh, we couldn't rope,
none of our horses were ropers, but he let
us go rip-roaring wild out the chute, our minds
filled with some imaginary steers in front
of us, our right arms twirling in the sky
as if we had a lasso, ready to loop over the steer,
and we would run to the end.

Everyone did it. Guy Floyd led off – he
was the oldest, the daring young man on his half-
Arabian black gelding. Then the girls,
my sister, Pam, Ann Floyd, Dixie
Daniels, then it was my turn.

I had a paint called Texas
because of the marking on his rump.
He was a touchy old horse. When we got
him, his feet had frozen from walking
on pavement too long, but we had nursed
him back to health. He never would carry
two, though. Whenever we tried to ride
double, he would pitch. I could hang on.

This time as I backed
him into the chute, my mind full of steer,
and Mr. Magee dropped the flag. I heeled
him in the flanks, and Texas shot
from the chute, into the air, a bucking
bronco, and we bounced and jolted
and twisted and turned
across the arena. I hung on. The old guys
rang their Stetsons in the air,
whooped and hollered. My friends
yelled "ride 'em, cowboy," and I did
until we settled down and Texas trotted
from the arena, head up, eyes ablaze
with his wild West rodeo ride.

Clarence Wolfshohl

of fog unrolled like flame tips into the bluish sky above, but we could not see the mountains on either side through the dense grayness. In a subdued mood, we turned the car around and headed quietly home.

On a drive down Highway 17 from a friend's cabin at Lake Balmorhea a few years ago, two motorcyclists pulled around me coming into the pass. A minute later I saw one of them standing on the roadside next to his bike waving me down. His nephew had driven off the road and was lying twisted and broken in the ditch among the scattered parts of his wrecked bike. With no cell signal, I flagged down the next several vehicles looking for a doctor or anyone with a signal. Among the travelers were a nurse and an EMT who worked on the young man until help arrived. The ambulance came too late. He died. And I was struck with a sudden awareness that this place was indeed remote, and that remote can mean dangerous. I had that same feeling just after the Rock House Fire swept through the pass, and I saw the charred grassland and cottonwood trees along the creek still smoking from their bases. I felt a longing to see beauty in Wild Rose Pass again.

When I asked about the roses, many old-timers said they had never seen them blooming. My vision from 1986 began to take on a *Brigadoon*-like quality. I know that my mind is as capable of anyone's of playing tricks, but I'm certain that it was not a mirage. An internet search yielded several stories on official Texas historic sites all saying pretty much the same thing: that the pass was named by a Lt. Whiting in 1849 for the Demaree rose growing there. I found nothing about a Demaree rose.

A friend searched through her botany books one morning over coffee. She suddenly turned one of the books around to me, tapping the page, and said, "There's your rose!" According to Dr. A. Michael Powell, author of numerous books and articles on the flora of the Trans-Pecos region, the rose I was looking for was *rosa woodsii*, a native that is quite common throughout the western United States.

Okay, it's common, but does it still bloom in Wild Rose Pass? I consulted Dr. Martin Terry, a botanist at Sul Ross State University. He found the tales of the internet search to be "some admixture of puzzling and sad." But he confirmed my rose to be *rosa woodsii*, a small, pink wild rose, and he suggested that I consult the great Dr. Powell directly.

I also talked to Jeff Keeling, a botanist working on his master's degree at Sul Ross, who had recently completed a botanical survey of over 4,000 plants found on Mount Livermore, one of which is *rosa woodsii*. He agreed to drive with me to Wild Rose Pass to search for it, but lacking access to the land, we found nothing to indicate that the rose still exists there. Jeff suggested

that perhaps I had seen *glandularia pubera*, a plant with tiny clusters of flowers in shades of pink to mauve to fuchsia. He showed me one. Nope. Too low to the ground. Then he suggested that perhaps I had seen a plant called Apache Plume whose bloom is sometimes confused with the McCartney rose. That, too, was a big nope. Too white.

It was clearly time to consult the master, the famous Dr. Powell. I found him in the herbarium in the basement of the Warnock Building on the Sul Ross campus. When I told him my story, he walked to one of the tall gray metal cabinets that stand in rows in the herbarium and pulled out a book of pressings of specimens. There it was. This flattened sprig of a rose, the only *rosa woodsii* specimen in the collection documented as having actually been collected in the pass, was donated by Dr. Barton Warnock in 1956, but it was collected by Barry Scobee around 1935. Dr. Powell says that many botanists have looked for the rose in the pass, but there were always access problems. The famous Dr. Barton Warnock had access but never found it.

So there I was – looking over the shoulder of a brilliant botanist pondering a humble, desiccated rose specimen donated by the fellow for whom the very building in which we stood was named – a rose collected by the fellow for whom Scobee Mountain was named. I felt connected, if only for a moment, to these great men, past and present, through a little flower pressed between yellowing pages.

And I felt connected to Wild Rose Pass, this haunting, frustrating place where I have seen love and death, beauty and destruction, hope and disappointment. Did I see what I think I saw? Can a wild rose that hasn't been documented in over 75 years still exist? Does it?



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HOURS AND TOUR INFORMATION

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 Please view availability and book reservations in advance at <http://www.chinati.org/visit/visiting.php>

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Trans-Pecos TRIVIA

by Charles Angell

Ranches of the Big Bend

- The Cibolo Creek Ranch was founded in the mid-1800s by Don Meliton Faver, who branded his cattle with the lazy F. What mountain in the region is also called F mountain, in homage to his brand?
 - Haystack Mountain
 - Cienega Mountain
 - Chinati Peak
 - Cerro Alto
- The introduction and wide scale use of barbed wire fencing in the late 1880s signaled the end of the open-range era of cattle ranching. What ranch is purported to be the first to utilize barbed wire in Presidio County?
 - La Mota Ranch
 - Hidden Valley Ranch
 - Spencer Ranch
 - Antelope Springs Ranch
- The 1950s movie High Lonesome, starring John Barrymore Jr., was filmed on location in Pinto Canyon and several local ranches. Which one of the following ranches was NOT used for a location?
 - Brite Ranch
 - Nopal Ranch
 - Fowlkes Ranch
 - Walking X Ranch
- John Prude, father of Prude Ranch founder Andrew, first entered the Big Bend on a cattle drive accompanied by what future hotelier of the region?
 - John Holland
 - Pete Paisano
 - Henry Trost
 - Howard Perry
- What Brewster County ranch is most known not for livestock but the prodigious amount of semi-precious stones visitors can find?
 - O2 Ranch
 - Woodward Ranch
 - Sam Nail Ranch
 - Bandera Ranch

Bonus: Which above-mentioned person has a daughter who is now a Hollywood actress?

Answers: 1-b 2-d 3-c 4-a 5-b
 Bonus: John Barrymore (daughter Drew)

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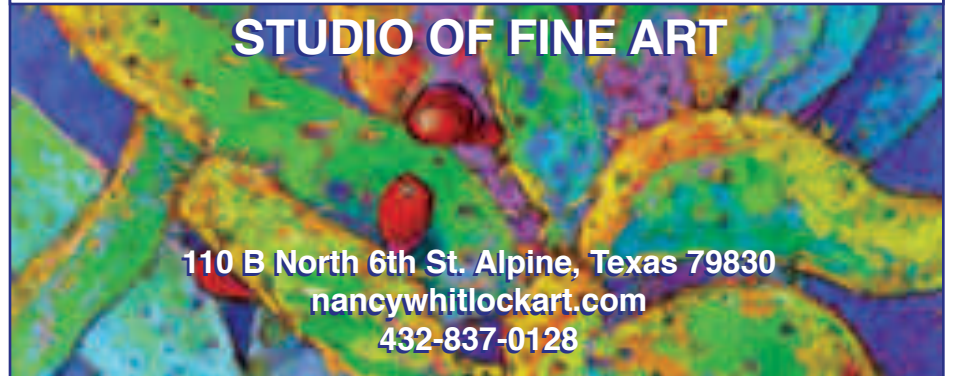
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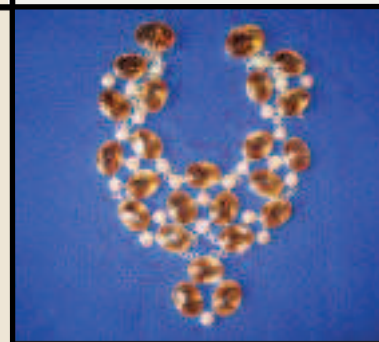
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Amistad National Recreation Area • Excellent Accommodations
Dining & Shopping • Mainstreet City • Sister City Cd. Acuña Coahuila



Del Rio Chamber of Commerce
800-889-8149
www.drchamber.com



Stone Village Tourist Camp

Our 30's era renovated tourist court features clean, comfortable motel rooms, charming camp rooms and a sparkling pool! Conveniently located within walking distance of most restaurants and shops in historic Ft. Davis.

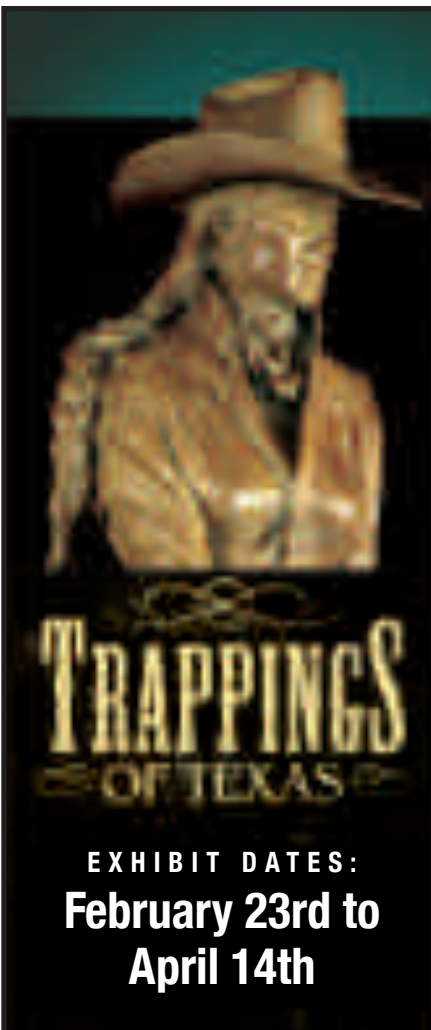
Also available are 5 guest houses varying from late 19th century Victorian to a mountain top Santa Fe style adobe! All just minutes from downtown.

Stone Village Market, our natural food market and deli is located next door to the motel.

Look for details at:

www.stonevillagetouristcamp.com

Then come see us!



**TRAPPINGS
OF TEXAS**

EXHIBIT DATES:
**February 23rd to
April 14th**



**Alpine Agate
Festival**

24th Annual Gem & Mineral Show

April 19 - 21, 2013

**Located at the Alpine Civic Center
FREE Admission**

DOOR PRIZES • KID'S CORNER • FIELD TRIPS • DEMO DEALERS

Sponsored by the City of Alpine and the Chihuahuan Desert Gem and Mineral Club

Contact Paul at 432-729-4526 for more information

Paulgraybeal@moonlightgemstones.com