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JOURNAL



FOURTH QUARTER 2018

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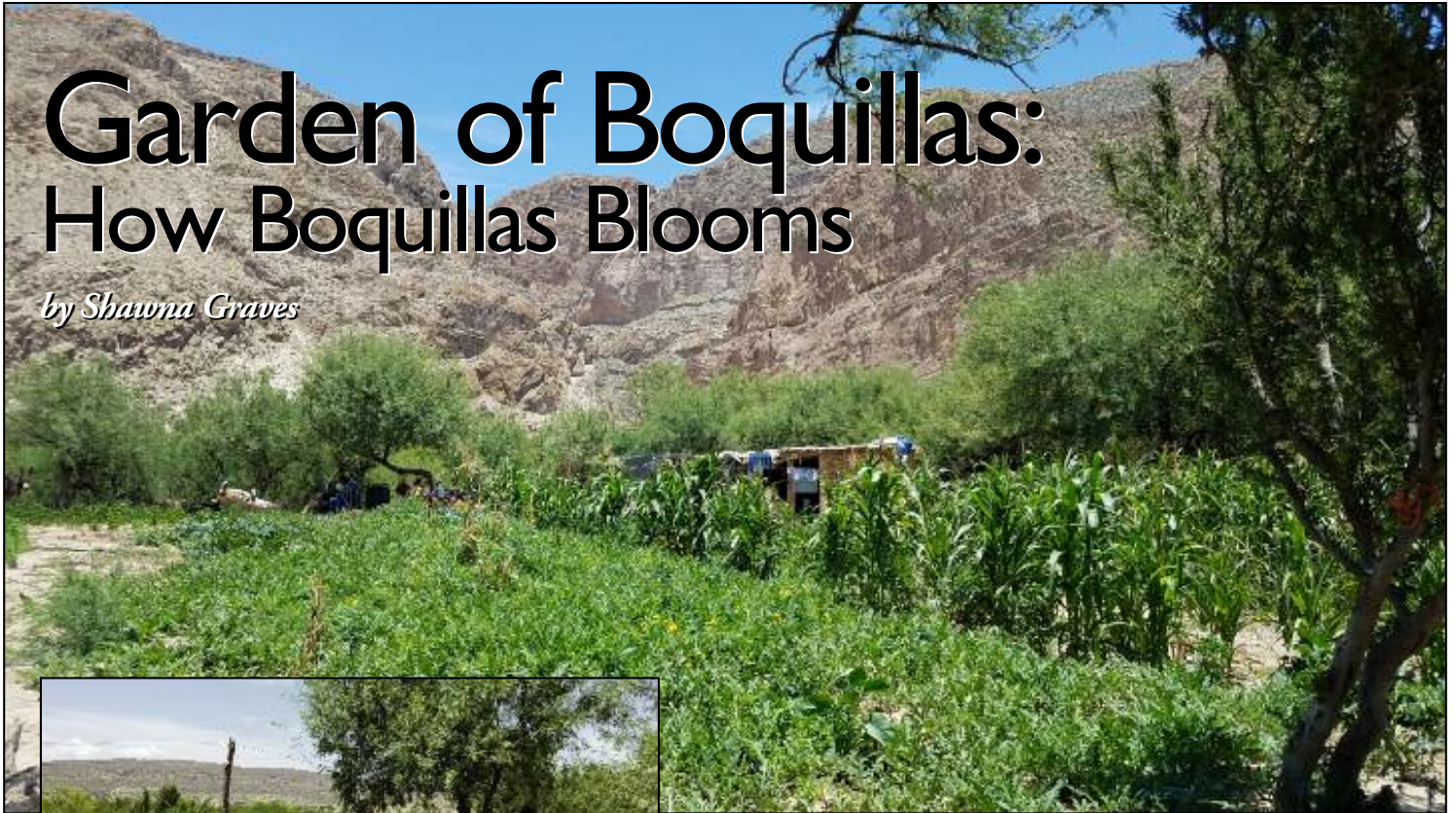
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# Garden of Boquillas: How Boquillas Blooms

by Shawna Graves



A wide angle view of Max's garden, nestled in an opening between mesquites and other vegetation, down wind of Boquillas Canyon.



Friends enjoy the shade of a large mesquite at the garden camp.

Advances in technology have come much faster to residents living in the hinterlands of South Brewster County, namely Terlingua and Study Butte, than they have to those living south of the border at Boquillas del Carmen, Coahuila de Zaragoza, Mexico; but according to Max Sanchez, a Boquillas native, people move to – or stay in – Boquillas for many of the same reasons folks are drawn to Terlingua: “To get away from the bull\*\*\*\*,” he states matter of factly.

Boquillas is frequented by visitors to Big Bend National Park through the official port of entry at Boquillas

Crossing, now in its fifth year of being reopened after being closed for over a decade following 9/11.

The massive Sierra del Carmen mountain range, looming a whopping 8,900 feet high and 45 miles long, creates a formidable barrier between Boquillas and the rest of Mexico. The humble village exists in nearly utter isolation, joined to other populations via an unpaved mountain road leading to Musquiz, the nearest Mexican city several hours away to the southeast, and via the international border to the north. This border does not provide ease of access to the convenience store and gas



A fresh slice of watermelon on a summer day is always a treat, especially in Boquillas.

station located less than a mile away on the U.S. side, but does provide a stream of park visitors. Without a gas station in Boquillas, making the trip to Musquiz is rare, to say the least. Lacho Falcon, operator of a small *tienda* in town, tries to

make the trip often enough to bring back potatoes, onions and other shelf-stable goods.

continued on page 26

## Table of Contents

4

Shawna Graves

How Boquillas Blooms

6

Carolyn Brown Zniewski  
Danielle Gallo

Cenizo Notes

8

Caleb Jagger

Photo Essay

12

Mattie Matthaai

Hotel Ritchey: New Life After  
a Long and Dusty Ride

14

Nyeema Haigler

Summer in the West

Tricia Runyan

Woman in the Post Office

17

Lonn Taylor

In Praise of Perry Cozzen

18

Dorothy Alexander  
Doran G. Williams

Poetry

20

Maya Brown Zniewski

Folkways

22

Rani Birchfield

The Last Artwalk?

Perry Cozzen

'57 Chevys

25

Carolyn Brown Zniewski

Big Bend Eats

28

Wendy Lynn Wright

Trans-Pecos Trivia

24

16



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# Cenizo Journal

Volume 10 Number 4

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## SUBMISSION

Deadline for advertising and content submissions for the First Quarter 2019 issue: November 15, 2018. Art, photographic and literary works may be e-mailed to the Editor-in-chief at [editor@cenizojournal.com](mailto:editor@cenizojournal.com) or the Associate Editor at [aed@cenizojournal.com](mailto:aed@cenizojournal.com). For business questions contact the Editor-in-chief. For advertising rates or to place an ad, contact the Editor-in-chief or the Associate Editor. For all other questions contact either the Publisher at [publisher@cenizojournal.com](mailto:publisher@cenizojournal.com) or the Editor-in-chief.



# Cenizo Notes

by Carolyn Brown Zniwski, Publisher and Danielle Gallo, Editor-in-Chief



Fall is well upon us and as the days grow noticeably shorter everything seems to slow down. The kids have settled into the school year, the garden is scrappy and picked over, the long evenings on the porch are over for the year and the time has come for folks to clean the last of the collection of rocks and weeds out of the truck, toss that old sweatshirt in the rag bag and tidy up the house for the holidays to start in a month.

This issue of the *Cenizo Journal* celebrates living here in West Texas. The Long Horn on the cover was just hanging out behind Matt's house one morning; it is such an iconic Texas animal. The photo essay includes some more of West Texas: ranching, scenery and, of course, a four-legged faithful friend. And what would Big Bend be without some really good stories, excellent artists and a bit of Mexico?

So when you're sitting in your easy chair with your feet up and the dog is curled up by the door, think about the good things in life and grab this issue for some pleasant reading. You are, after all, the folks who know how to live the good life, full of things that really matter.



My youngest daughter toddled off to her first day of school a little while ago, bringing the soporific hum of passing days to a screeching halt for a moment as I realized the passage of time. Suddenly, not only had summer passed, but there were no more babies in the house. A faint glimmer of hope appeared on the horizon as I realized that my children can both now accomplish chores. Diapers and building blocks have been replaced by backpacks and pencils. Everyone is potty trained. Everyone has a full complement of teeth. Most of us can even wash our own hair.

It made me consider the years that have gone by, all the trials and errors, the crayons that defy their washable labels by remaining in faint traces on the walls, all the tiny pants and socks that have been outgrown and passed along. Some measure the passing of life in coffee spoons; mothers do it with discarded onesies.

All this is to say that this is the last quarter of 2018, and very soon we'll be coming upon the tenth anniversary of the *Cenizo Journal*. In the years since its inception it has grown and matured, developed, reflecting always the changing ways of our region, reflecting still the timelessness of this place and those who love and shape it. Looking back toward the beginning and ahead to the future, I'm immensely proud to be a part of it, and I hope that our dear readers feel the same.

Don't forget...



this Nov. 6th!

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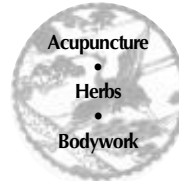
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Cenizo

Fourth Quarter 2018

7

# Photo Essay

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*by Caleb Jagger*

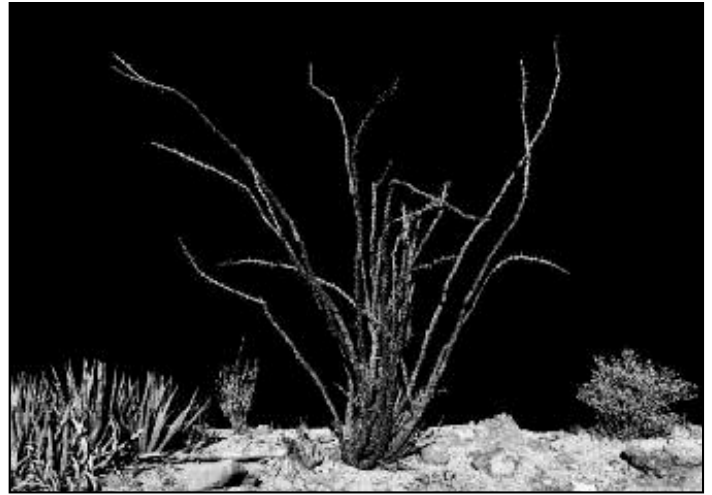


*Bee Mountain, Terlingua Tx*

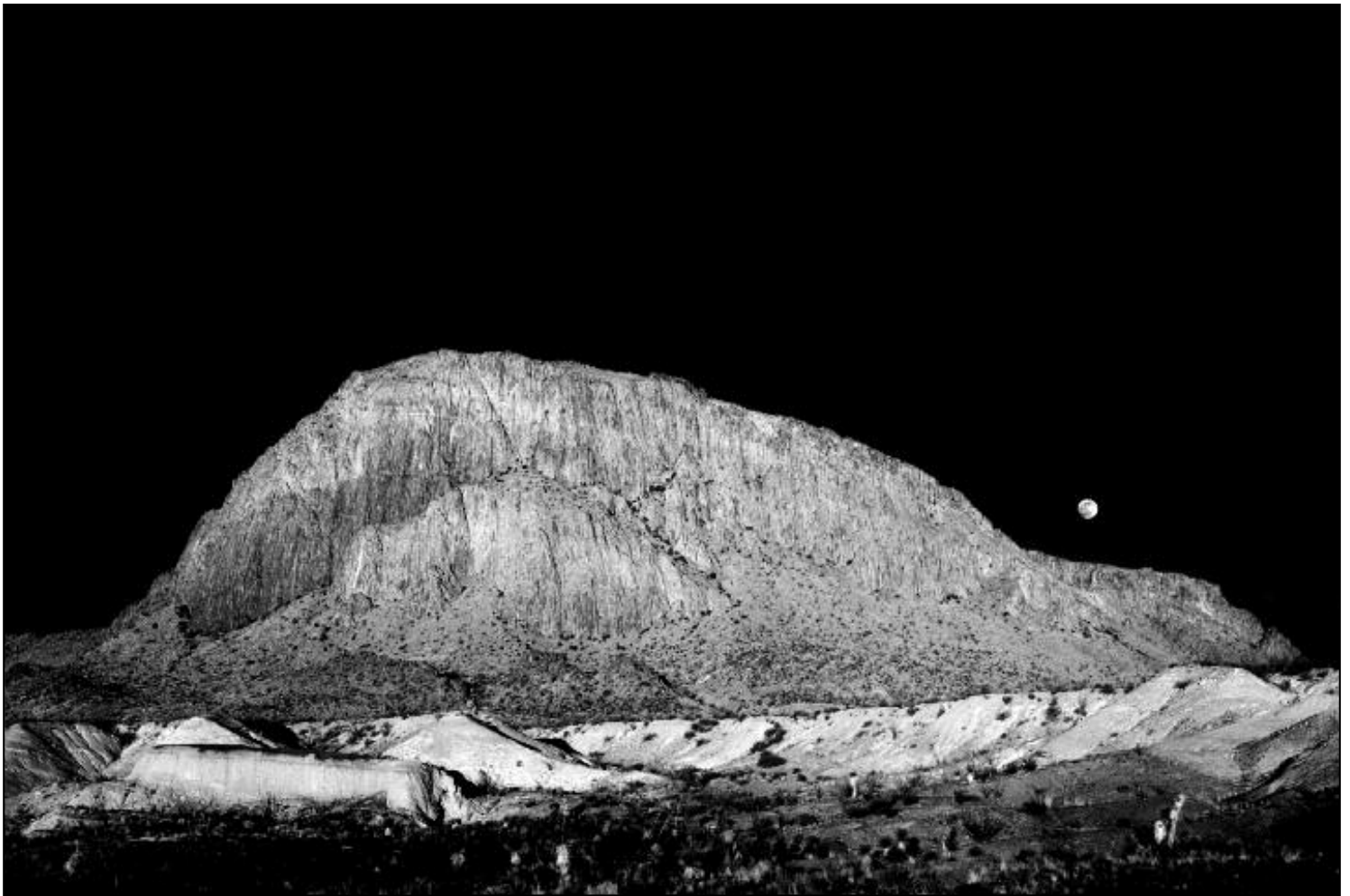


There is a starkness to the landscapes of West Texas, the rolling rain clouds, the bright moon, the endless mountains, the incredible rock formations. The sky is uniquely blue and the formations often are a special red. The air has a special clarity. Nothing explains the awesomeness more perfectly than photographs.

The ranch photos, seen on page 10, were shot using a 4x5 field camera. Ranch folks are very hard-working people and it is a way of life that few people get to see. In West Texas, rural living is a livelihood for many folks. Some have been ranching or farming for generations, while some just live a simple life working with animals and the land.



*Ocotillo, Terlingua, Tx*



*Moonrise over Willow Mountain, Terlingua Tx 2009*



*Far left: Baxter, Terlingua TX 2009  
 Middle: Taylor with son, 06 Ranch,  
 Brewster County, 2014  
 Right: Jaelyn with daughter, 06 Ranch,  
 Brewster County  
 Above: Jetta  
 Below: Glover Branding, Jeff Davis  
 County, 2014*







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# HOTEL RITCHEY:

## New Life After a Long and Dusty Ride

by *Mattie Matthaei*



Photo courtesy of *Mattie Matthaei*

It was dry and dusty and the trail from the ranches south of Marathon to the cattle pens at the railroad station in Alpine was a long one. Driving cattle to market across rocky and rugged terrain was a slow proposition. They ate, slept and rode with the cattle, and by the time the men who chose such an occupation and their mounts finally arrived in the bustling town of Alpine they were tired, dirty and spent. As the saying goes out here, they looked like they had been ‘rode hard and put up wet.’

The stock loading pens were on the south side of the railroad tracks near the

train station at 5th and South Front Street (now called Murphy Street). A stone's throw from the cattle pens on the southeast corner of 5th and S. Front St. was the Hotel Ritchey, then called City Hotel. It was a simple, humble, two-story frame establishment that offered meals, a saloon and rooms for the cowhands, railroad workers and the like. There were ten rooms to rent upstairs off of a central hall and each room was just big enough for a metal frame twin bed and a table with a basin and a pitcher of water. There was no running water, but there was a shared



Photo courtesy of *Texas Historical Commission*



privy out back. Downstairs in the saloon the cowboys could get a drink and a home-cooked meal prepared on a kerosene stove by the live-in proprietors.

Two blocks down was the livery stable. You know that once the horses had been tended to there would have been nothing that looked finer to those cowboys than the Hotel Ritchey. It had a

commercial district of South Front Street was spared, having been built out of adobe and the Hotel Ritchey, though partially built with wood, was also spared. One would certainly have been able to feel the heat of the north side flames from the front porch. Because the Hotel Ritchey building is south of the tracks and situated in an adobe-built

fell into disrepair and most are now gone.

Though the Ritchey received Texas Historic designation in 1965, there were no funds available for restoration and repair. The owners at the time tried appealing to the county, the state and the federal government but by the 1980s it was looking like too much time had passed, making the task more and more daunting. The porch fell off. Then the paint fell off. The roof was no longer keeping the elements out and plywood covered the windows and doors. For the next 20 years it sat there on the corner of 5th and Murphy, decaying. Vandals and thieves added their touches and the future was looking bleak. At one point a demolition permit was applied for, which would have been reasonable since the place had become a hazard. But in the early 2000s a new owner put a new tin roof and a coat of paint on it, and that helped immensely to buy the old building some time, though 10 more years would pass before the next serious attempt would be made to revive it.

2012. I had been living down on the river in Ruidosa for the past three years, having left Austin for so many reasons. In Austin I owned a design-build company and we did a little bit of everything, but the most fun we had was saving old houses, usually ones about to be torn down or that had been otherwise forgotten or overlooked in the frenzy that is the Austin real estate market. Some we moved to new locations because the land under them had been sold; beautiful old farm houses or little bungalows that were in the way of the new owner's plans. I was hooked. I loved old buildings and I loved saving them. So passing through Alpine I couldn't help but notice the building on the south side of the tracks just sitting there, patiently waiting.

It was not hard to find out who I needed to talk to if I was interested in taking my turn at trying to save it: Betty Gaddis Yndo. Betty had been working for years on the revitalization of the oldest commercial district in Alpine on Murphy Street and it was starting to show. Murphy Street was coming alive again after decades of decline. Betty is a force to be reckoned with. She put me in

touch with the owner of the Hotel Ritchey building and before I knew what hit me I owned it. If money for restoration projects was scarce in the 1980s, it was completely nonexistent in 2012. The world was still dazed and suffering from the recession and the restoration of the Hotel Ritchey was going to be a monumental task. I certainly didn't have the kind of money this was going to take, but I had tools and a skill set, so in earnest I began replacing doors, window sashes and windowpanes. I put together a written proposal with the help of the Small Business Development Center. My friends helped too, and Betty was a constant friend who offered pep talks when I became doubtful.

So, for the next five years, I applied for every loan or grant that I could find and shamelessly put my proposal for the Hotel Ritchey in front of anyone who would listen. Finally, in the spring of 2017 a friend put me in touch with someone who put me in touch with an investor willing to take a chance. After that everything moved at twice the speed of light. A fantastic group of people came together to form a true dream crew, and over the next 10 months we rode hard and slept on the trail putting that building together. We were able to open for business on March 30th, 2018,

approximately 68 years after the doors closed on the Hotel Ritchey.

The Hotel Ritchey, 102 East Murphy Street, Alpine, though only partially restored, is one of only a handful of railroad hotels still standing in Texas and the only one in the Trans-Pecos that is open to the public.

The hotel portion is still under construction, but The Ritchey Wine Saloon, Beer Garden and Cafe has been meticulously and lovingly restored and is open for business. Come for a visit and step back in time. In the six months since the Ritchey reopened it has become a local watering hole, social center, music venue, and a great place to enjoy a homemade meal. Hours are Tuesday – Thursday, 5pm-10pm, Friday and Saturday, 5pm-midnight, Sunday 5pm-10pm. For further information call 432-244-7560 or visit us at [www.hotel-ritchey.com](http://www.hotel-ritchey.com).



Photo courtesy of archives of the Big Bend, Bryan Wildenthal Memorial Library, Sol Ross state University

wide, two-story wraparound porch and all the comforts a cowboy could want.

The Hotel Ritchey began as a four-room adobe structure built in 1886 or earlier, making it one of the very first buildings in Alpine, a town that had barely come into existence only three years earlier. A description of the town at the time mentioned "a dozen houses, three saloons, a hotel and rooming house, a livery stable, a butcher shop and a drugstore, which also housed the post office."

The wooden additions to the Hotel Ritchey came quickly as commerce and the town grew with the railroad. Commercial buildings also began sprouting up on the north side of the tracks on North Front Street (now called Holland Avenue). These structures were most often built with wood, while structures on the south side typically were built using the traditional method of adobe construction.

Twice in the early 1900s fires took hold north of the tracks and wiped out the entire commercial district on North Front Street, as the wood structures succumbed to fast-spreading, wind-whipped flames. The corresponding

neighborhood, it has the distinction of being the oldest hotel, oldest saloon, and the oldest wood structure in Alpine. Incidentally, almost all of the oldest buildings in Alpine are south of the tracks.

As the railroads made their way west and towns sprang up, hotels like the Ritchey would have been a common sight near the train stations of those towns. Basic amenities. Nothing fancy. Just a bed, a hot meal and a stiff drink. Later, as towns grew and self-made cattle barons and railroad barons began frequenting the little whistle stops along the railroad, classier hotels like The Paisano, The Holland, and The Gage were built with the help of great architects and abounding resources, and for a while the baron hotels and the working-man hotels did well. But with the post-WWII mid-20th century boom, economies and needs changed. Motor courts became the new choice for travelers on a budget, and the country shifted from train travel to the automobile. The baron hotels had a tough time too, but at least they were considered to have architecturally redeeming qualities. The no-frills hotels like the Ritchey quickly



Photo courtesy of Texas historical Commission



Photo courtesy of Wendy Lynn Wright

# Summer in the West

by *Nyeema Haigler*

“You have to look through the rain to see the rainbow...”  
The first plane I boarded in New York was large and crowded, so

crowded I was only allowed one carry-on bag.

We landed in Dallas, Texas in an airport which was very large and modern.

As I waited for my connecting flight to El Paso, I sat near the cell phone charger station. Sitting there, thinking about the absence of diversity in cultures and

waiting for the connecting flight, left me pessimistic about my journey.

I was born and raised in the Bronx, New York. I graduated from an All-Girls



School of East Harlem in 2016, which I had been attending from the 6th to 12th grades. Growing up in New York City, I am most comfortable in areas diversified in cultures, languages and religions, so coming to this place was like stepping into the twilight zone. As I boarded the plane to El Paso, I noticed it was smaller than the first plane and less crowded; I began to feel ambivalent about my nine-week internship in West Texas, realizing how alone I felt since leaving my family and friends back on the East Coast.

The man sitting next to me on the plane to El Paso tried to spark up a conversation. He was a redheaded, tall, skinny white man with bright blue eyes. While hesitant at first to engage in a conversation with him, I eventually gave in due to his persistence.

The conversation started with him talking mostly about himself, his life and West Texas. After listening for a while, I became engaged. I told him about myself, that I attended an Historically Black College University (HBCU), and that I was in West Texas to study about the Buffalo Soldiers. I went on to explain that a lot of my time was spent around young black students as eager to change the world as I was. I shared with him that I was an English major with an African American minor and was on a Pre-Law educational track. Our conversation then led to me telling him about the court cases that influenced me tremendously, e.g., the Central Park Five case, the Trayvon Martin and Kalief Browder cases. I was stunned to see how oblivious he was to these cases, but then I considered his socioeconomic status, his race and his geographic location, and understood his ignorance.

Finally, I arrived in El Paso, Texas. The airport was decorated with numerous Native American/Mexican/Cowboy cultural icons. My supervisor, Mike, with whom I had been corresponding throughout my sophomore year, picked me up in a truck bearing government-issued license plates.

We went food shopping at the local Walmart and I bought a McDonald's meal for the last time before we headed west to the Guadalupe Mountains National Park.

The drive there was quite long, but I hardly noticed because we were engrossed in a stimulating conversation during the entire 110-mile journey.

He told me about how he studied bugs with six or more legs and I told

him how I hated bugs, point blank, period! He laughed as he proceeded to educate me about the local plants, what made them special, what they were used for and how they survived in the desert climate. We finally arrived at the park and went straight to the Visitor Center/Headquarters; everyone there knew my name and seemed to have been anticipating my arrival.

They all wore huge smiles and shook my hand vigorously.

We picked up keys from my supervisor's office and headed to my new home for the next month and a half. To my surprise, the apartment was reasonably furnished — I had my own refrigerator, separate from my roommate's, as well as my own room. And what could make life even better for someone like me, who's considered a millennial? — I also had WiFi!

The first day, I waited in the living room for my roommate to arrive. I wondered what she would be like, how would she act, would she be nice or snooty? Finally, around 8:30 p.m., a heavy-set white woman with short cropped hair arrived, carrying a lunch box.

We shook hands and she went to her room to prepare for a shower. After showering, she came out and we sat in the living room and got better acquainted with one another. She repeatedly mentioned that she was a "proud redneck," that she was not a racist and that she's been to New York before. Our conversation went along the line of conversations I normally have with white people who haven't spent much time around black people but who are not usually bigoted.

The conversation ended abruptly when she noticed the members of her fire crew gathered in front of the adjacent apartment. She jumped up, insisting that I come with her to be introduced.

We headed outside, where I encountered a large Black man near the grill and a red-haired white man, about average height, smoking a cigarette. I instantly felt relieved seeing Terrell, the only other Black face I would see for a while; I introduced myself to him and the man standing beside him.

They invited us over for dinner, but my roommate declined; she said she had to go to bed early, but she urged me to go and to eat enough food for both of us.

Terrell made grilled chicken, which

was rubbery and tasted funny. I later discovered that it was seasoned with Thousand Island dressing, but I told them that I enjoyed it immensely. After eating I hung around for a little while, then headed back to my living area.

Being from New York City, I've become accustomed to loud background noises at night rather than sounds of silence.

To compensate for the sounds of ambulance and police sirens, the voices of my neighbors who were stacked on top of one another in the apartment complex, low flying helicopters with bright shining lights in search of criminals, I came up with an alternative while attending school in the South. I would play my laptop extremely loudly while watching Netflix and would leave it on all night so that the room would not be completely dark. However, I was relegated to silence that first night, so by the next morning I felt extremely stressed and anxious.

Usually I awake daily at 6:00 a.m. to work out for an hour.

This ritual helps to get my day started and serves as therapy for my anxiety. I received a text from my supervisor, Julie, whom I had not met, but had corresponded with through emails. She texted me that she would pick me up at 8:30 a.m., so I was ready and waiting for her by 8:00 a.m. She was prompt, knocking at my door exactly on time. I opened the door to a white woman about five feet six with a warm, inviting smile. She introduced herself and we headed towards her car.

Our car ride to the Visitor Center for a gym key was pleasant enough.

Though Julie was older than I, she was very easy to talk with and she made me feel comfortable — not enough to tell my deepest, darkest secrets to — but as comfortable as one can be, being a black girl from a New York City public housing project with a middle-class, middle-aged, white Texan woman. That first day, as my supervisor and I became acquainted with each other; she gave me her expectations for my summer internship with the emphasis that she also wanted my summer to be fun. I thought, how cool is that?

The next morning while heading to the gym, I encountered rabbits, snakes and a host of flying insects that kept swarming around my ears. I opened the door to find a garage crowded with equipment, but I didn't mind because I was anxious to start my therapy.

There was no cell phone connection, so I couldn't watch my New York friends on social media as I normally did while working out. A 45-minute workout on the treadmill seemed much longer than it did normally when I am connected on social media. Soon I was interrupted by a middle-aged Native American man covered with tattoos.

We greeted each other, and he walked towards the back where I had yet to explore. Noticing that I was the only one there, he asked if the wall clock had the correct time: 6:50 a.m. I said yes; he laughed and said he was an hour early and was going back to bed. I did not know it then, but it was his first day, and he seemed as out of place as I felt.

After being officially introduced to Curtis, the tattooed Native American, I learned he lived on a reservation in California and was sent there by the reservation to learn more about handling mountain fires. He seemed very interested in my research on the Buffalo Soldiers, so whenever we saw each other, he would inquire about my progress. "You found anything new? How's it coming along?"

As with Terrell and Julie, I also became comfortable around Curtis. He seemed quiet, somewhat shy at first until I got to know him better. I later learned that like myself, he was a little homesick and being around so many white people made him a bit uncomfortable, which is why he cautiously kept his guards up.

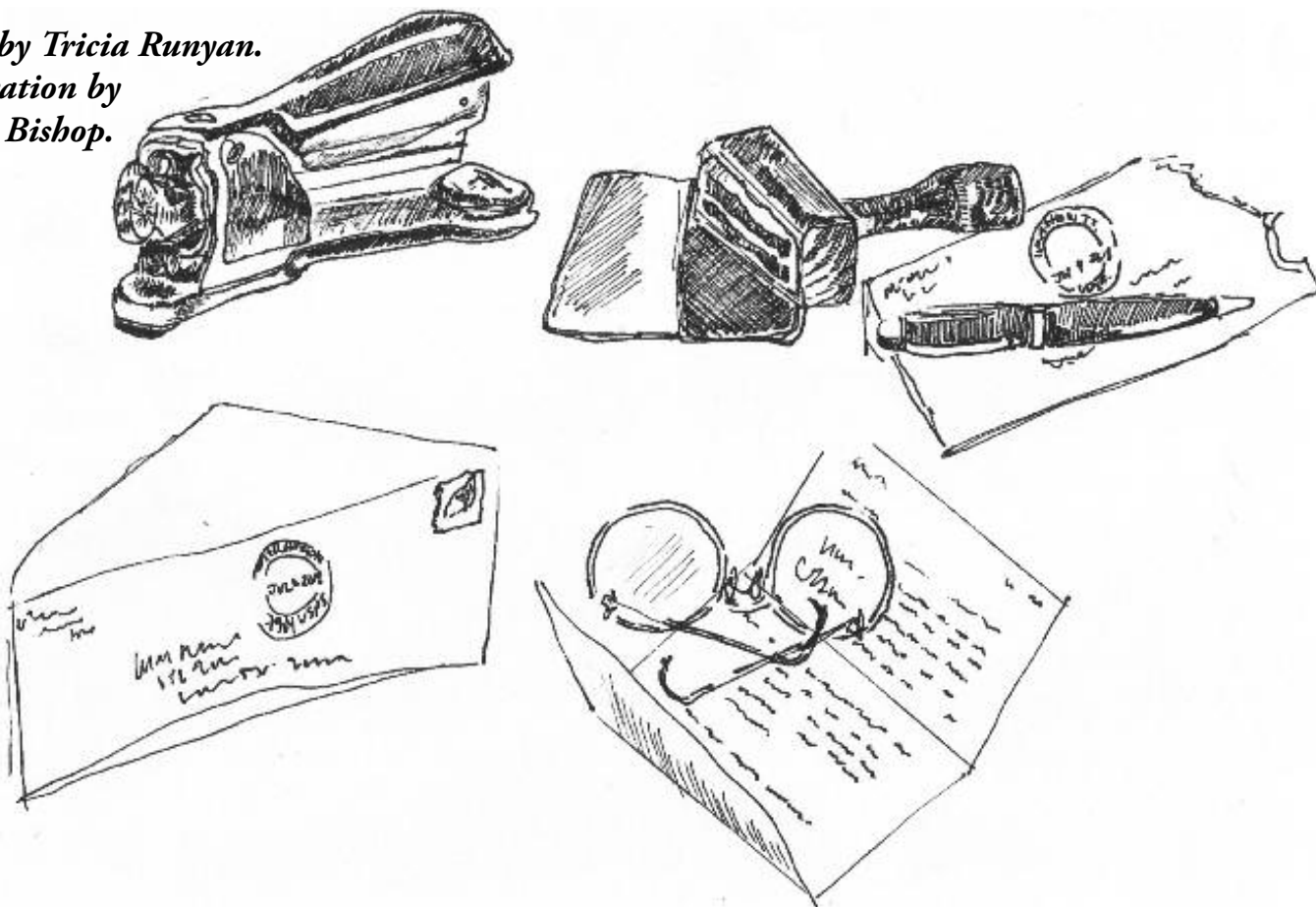
Due to my affiliation with those three people and many of the other kind people there at the Guadalupe Mountains National Park, I've learned a valuable lesson. I learned that often I am too quick to judge; that I should get to know people as individuals and not to generalize groups as all being the same. I am also feeling a sense of independence, a feeling I have yet to experience at college or back home in New York City — it is liberating. I am seeing a part of America that I'd only seen in movies. West Texas is beautiful, the majestic mountains are breathtaking, and I am no longer feeling ambivalent about choosing to come here.



# WOMAN IN THE POST OFFICE

Story by Tricia Runyan.

Illustration by  
Kevin Bishop.



I have no idea why I noticed her – and then him. It was mid-morning on a Saturday and I had rushed in to mail a letter before the window closed. Coming in the front door, something I usually avoided doing because of the long lines waiting to be served, I dropped my letter in the slot and turned to go check my mailbox.

Even though I didn't know her, even though I could only see her back and the nape of her neck as she bent her head forward over the counter at the post office, I could tell that she had misplaced her glasses. Or perhaps she had not had them in the first place. No matter which, she had that definitive posture, recognizable probably by only someone who has been there, of a person who is squinting so as to be able to see something in her hand. Standing

next to her was a man, quite a bit older. He too was looking at the paper and from the lines evident on his face he didn't like what it was that they were seeing.

Presidio's post office is an icon of the town. Never has mail been delivered to doorsteps here. For that reason, it is a gathering place for meet-ups and conversations, though not nearly as much as when I was young. Every morning my grandfather would get in his Jeep and he would nod his head to invite me along. The post office was a community ritual. Men would pull up in their vehicles and take their time going inside. The real purpose of the daily trip was to stand out front and visit with friends to hear what had transpired during the night. My memory is that I was very young and was standing beside him, holding his hand, with my other hand over my

eyes as I squinted up past the sun's rays in an attempt to see the faces behind the voices.

My grandfather's name was Fernando. Fernando Daly. His father was Irish. His mother was Mexican, but she gave birth to Fernando in Presidio, so he was American, bottom line, and later would be the first man from Presidio to serve in the US military – as a cavalry man in France during World War I.

It seems that I have drifted from the original direction of this story. Perhaps it is because I told you that I have no idea why I looked twice and then a third time at her and then the man with her. Most likely it seemed apparent to me that whatever it was that they were reading was causing them distress. Having known more than my share of distress,

my eye is often pulled into other people's moments and without really realizing what I have done, I have quickly concocted a story.

The woman would not have blushed, had she known what I was thinking. In no way was it disparaging. My first reaction was curiosity about what might be so important to stretch forward, hunched, as they were doing, in a public place. Possibly they had been waiting for news about a settlement or a purchase and the mail had brought a response that was not what they had hoped to see. Or maybe someone in the family had written to tell about an illness. That wasn't likely because these days, if they don't use email, the mobile phone has elimi-

continued on page 27

# In Praise of the Nicest Man You Would Ever Know

by *Lonn Taylor*

Story teller, exceptional writer and *Cenizo* contributor Perry Cozzen died June 28, 2018. We will miss him.

Perry Cozzen was the nicest man you would ever know. He was kind, caring, thoughtful, and generous. He was slightly old-fashioned in a courtly sort of way. He stood up when ladies came into the room, pulled their chairs out for them at tables, and took his hat off when he sat down to eat. He was a small man, slightly bent over but infused with wiry strength, honed by

moving irrigation pipe on his family's cotton farm near Lamesa every morning before breakfast in his adolescent years. What we will all remember about him was his smile. It covered his whole face, crinkled his cheeks, lit up his eyes, and wrinkled his forehead. It was often accompanied by a contagious, cackling laugh. Perry Cozzen was a happy man, and it made people happy just to be around him.

by *Lonn Taylor*, for the Big Bend Sentinel



Photo by Caleb Jagger

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17



**MYTHOLOGY OF CATS**

A sign on the lobby door cautions all who enter:  
Please shut the door so Bonnie & Clyde do not escape.

More cats live outside. They permeate the premises  
at Alpine's answer to Santa Fe style: the Maverick Inn.

A dozen or more brindles, blacks, calicos lounge about,  
not necessarily Old Possum's Practical Cats.

Some appear feral, but who knows unless you  
make petting overtures. Like some people we know.

Some say the souls of the dead return as cats.  
Some say Alice B. Toklas, now an old calico tabby,

sits in Père Lachaise Cemetery in Paris  
waiting for Gertrude Stein to come back

The cats are oblivious to the stories.  
They create their own myths,

but won't tell what they are,  
nor comment on that nine-lives rumor.

One, however, a brindle, rubs against my legs,  
lends subtle vibrations of his purring mechanism,

makes unblinking eye contact. Putting aside my doubts,  
I return his stare and glimpse a loving soul I once knew.

*by Dorothy Alexander*

### MY PICTURE FROM YOUR REFRIGERATOR DOOR

Dropped your key in the mailbox addressed to you,  
Seems I won't be needin' it no more.  
There's nothing for you to say, or do,  
'Cept take my picture off your refrigerator door.

Take my picture off that door  
It's hung there now for a year or more  
Behind a magnet with a piggy shape,  
You'd never use anything so permanent as tape.  
All our good times will slip into family lore,  
After you take my picture from your refrigerator door.

Seems like ever-thing just kinda turned to shit.  
I was a cad, you said, insensitive and a bore.  
You hate my cookin' and the ways I use lie and sit.  
You're grossed-out by dust bunnies skitterin' cross my floor.  
Ya can't stand the way I dress and comb my hair,  
You want to make love fast, while I like to be slower,  
Since its clear we're nowhere near the perfectly matched pair,  
You will take my picture off your refrigerator door.

Hope and pray you'll handle this okay.  
Please don't get no idea that I'm sore.  
We'll be alright, we'll enjoy a brand-new day,  
After you take my picture from your refrigerator door.

I havta admit to some prurient curiosity.  
What will happen in a month or more.  
I'm just dying to know, I can't wait to see,  
Who'll take my place on your refrigerator door.

*by Doran G. Williams*

# Folkways

by *Maya Brown Zniewski*

## AUTUMN BEVERAGES

In this issue I am talking drinks and syrups! All those wonderful concoctions you can make and have for the winter months that are upon us.

### ELDER FLOWER CORDIAL

To me the epitome of summer, you'll need:

- 1 oz. elder flowers, dried is great
- 6 cups water
- 2 to 2.5 cups honey (you can use 4 to 5 cups sugar but we prefer the flavor and benefits of honey)
- Fine zest and juice of 3 lemons
- 1 heaping teaspoon citric acid (optional)
- Cheese cloth for filtering

Place elder flowers in a non-reactive pan with about six cups water and honey, heat on medium until everything is mixed together and honey is dissolved into water. Remove from heat and add lemon zest and juice, pour the entire mix into a large mason jar, leave in fridge for 24 hours. Strain through a cheese cloth, kitchen cloth or thin t shirt material. Store in sterilized jars. If I was Martha Stewart, sterilized would have a funny tone to it. I'm not, just use sterilized jars, any glass jar with a lid is great. You can get fancy bottles online or you can use a wine bottle with a screw top—recycling and a justification for buying wine, and less expensive wine at that! Dilute to your liking with bubble or plain water and serve. Yummmmy!

### ELDERBERRY SYRUP

I use dried elderberries because stored correctly they last FOREVER and don't take up room in the freezer.

- 1 cup dried elderberries
- 1/8 teaspoon each of cinnamon,

allspice, ground ginger, and star anise. If I am feeling rich, I also add a vanilla pod.

6 cups water

Pour all ingredients into a non-reactive pot and simmer, with the lid on, for 15-25 minutes. Cool and strain, mashing the berries to get out all the goodness. Add honey to taste, 1-2 cups works well for us. Add an ounce or so of syrup to hot water, cold water, tea, on pancakes, in oatmeal, or directly from the spoon. Elderberries are super-duper immune helpers and are the first thing I go for when I've been exposed to the yuckies during cold and flu season.

### SWITCHEL

This is an older recipe so you can change things around however you would like.

- 2 Tablespoons apple cider vinegar
- 4 teaspoons maple syrup or honey.
- 1/4 teaspoon ground ginger (or one teaspoon grated fresh ginger. You can use garlic too!)
- 8 ounces water

Combine all ingredients in glass jar. Cover and refrigerate until your break time, at least two hours. Stir, adjust sweetness if desired. Add to sparkling water or whiskey.

### GARLIC HONEY SYRUP

I often do this one just like a switchel, with as much apple cider vinegar as garlic honey. No lie, this is among my favorite drinks.

In a small 4 ounce mason jar place a roughly chopped garlic bulb, the whole thing. Cover with honey and put a lid on it. It's really that simple. I have some going in the kitchen right now in preparation for winter. I'm in



*Garlic and honey syrup photo courtesy Maya Brown Zniewski*

Minnesota; we are always prepping for winter. Always.

When you have a cold or cough or have a need, scoop out a Tablespoon or so of the honey and add an equal amount of apple cider vinegar, or add to a squeeze of lemon juice, mix in warm water and take a break. You probably need it.

When you are finished with the honey you can use the garlic bulbs on a ham and make honey garlic ham.

### NOT GARLICKY OR LAVENDER-Y TEA

- 2 cups water
- Juice of 1 lemon
- 2 Tablespoons lavender buds or 1/2 Tablespoon if dried
- 1 teaspoon ginger (or a small peeled knob of fresh ginger)
- 1 to 2 Tablespoons honey or maple syrup
- 2 green tea bags or 2 Tablespoons loose green tea
- 1-2 crushed or bruised raw garlic cloves



'If you are saying, "More garlic, Maya!" Yes, I say! Try it, you might like it.

Combine water, lemon juice, lavender, ginger, honey/maple syrup, garlic (if using) and tea bags in a non-reactive pan and boil. Remove from heat and steep for five minutes. Strain and enjoy either hot or cold.

#### HOMEMADE KAHLUA

Well, technically this isn't Kahlua because it's with rum as a base. Call it tasty coffee vanilla rum if you want. Everyone raves about it either way.

2 1/2 cups strong and hot fresh brewed coffee  
4 cups sugar  
2 1/4 cups rum or vodka  
1 inch vanilla bean or 3  
Tablespoons vanilla extract

If you like the sound of almond

or orange extract use that instead of vanilla. Use what you think sounds good.

Brew coffee, add sugar, let cool, add rum or vodka and vanilla bean or extract. Store in a fancy bottle for three weeks or so, then bring to friends as a winter time gift.

#### ADVOCAT

I'll be real here, I don't actually drink much, or at all, but this advocat (Dutch eggnog) might make me change my mind.

12 eggs  
2 cups sugar  
2 teaspoons vanilla or any other extract you like. Coffee extract might be really good here.  
1 quart brandy  
Measure out sugar and beat with eggs and vanilla until light and fluffy. Pour egg mixture into the top part of

a double boiler and add brandy, slowly, very slowly, while stirring with a whisk or fork until the whole quart of brandy is mixed in. Take off heat and allow to cool. Serve in cups, with whipped cream, because exactly what is needed when it is cold out is boozy eggy whipped cream. Serves eight, more or less, depending on the debauchery of you and your guests.



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21

# THE LAST ARTWALK?

*Story and photographs by Rani Birchfield*



It's November, the weekend before Thanksgiving. The thermometer has turned to a cooler spot on the dial. A holiday spirit has entered the realm, although granted it probably started in the summer at major retailers. What does this mean for the region? It means ArtWalk, the event formerly known as Gallery Night, which will celebrate its 25th anniversary this year in 2018.

Typically there's a featured artist: one artist chosen by the Board of Directors, whose work has transcended and contributed to the region somehow. The artist's work is showcased at Trans-Pecos Banks along with fruit and cheese trays, wine, and melt-in-your-mouth tender-

loin made from local beef. This year, however, the spotlight is on Alpine and the tri-county area's support for an event that's lasted for two and a half decades.

Keri Blackman, the executive director and one of the founders of ArtWalk, believes reaching the silver anniversary is a big milestone for a small town and decided to highlight Alpine and the classic Big Brewster mural that Style Reid painted in 2005 (pictured here). The sponsors and the town have supported ArtWalk so well, she said, making it a staple (and a great start) of the holiday season, that Blackman thought, "Let's blow up Alpine. We'll have t-shirts, coffee mugs, all kinds of new things. It will

be the first time for an Alpine t-shirt." Trans-Pecos will have a special guest which is undetermined as of this writing.

Back in the day, Blackman was an art / industrial technology student at Sul Ross State University working at a mom-and-pop frame shop, now known as Kiowa Gallery. When the owner, Barbara Jones, asked if Blackman wanted to buy it, Blackman accepted and thought she'd continue with frames and maybe add a few pieces of art. Her expectations of the shop (as a freshly single mom) were to pay her mortgage and the owner-financed loan. She decided to quit school and give her all to the small,

hometown art gallery and frame shop.

One of Blackman's professors at the time called her out in front of the class when she told him her plan, telling the other students of her decision to quit. "What grade shall I give her?" he taunted. "I'll give her an Incomplete," he said. "She'll be back." At Kiowa Gallery's 10-year anniversary celebration, Blackman told the story and toasted that professor for challenging her and heightening her determination to make a go of the business.

John Davis, who taught a ceramics class at Sul Ross where he met Blackman, thought it would be cool for a few galleries to have open houses on

the same night. His idea was to invite other galleries so that instead of thirty people attending the opening, they'd maybe get a hundred. He originally broached the idea to Jones, he said, but Jones said no. When Blackman took over, Davis made the suggestion again. This time the answer was "let's try it" and a new era was born. They called it Gallery Night.

Over the years, other businesses joined in, staying open late, bringing in artists, serving snacks and wine, kicking off the rural holiday season in style. A music venue was started which, over the years, has brought in artists like Ray Wylie Hubbard, Bonnie Bishop, and the Derailers. Outside food vendors were invited to set up and a parade was organized. What began as a grass roots organization, a "let's have an art open house and drink wine" affair, flew by the seat of its pants and took on a life of its own. The event turned into a biannual affair for a time, and a formal board was created. "We operated under the Main Street umbrella 501C-3 and eventually became our own non-profit over 15 years ago," Blackman said. As the event grew, the planning started to take at least six months, and as more people attended and other businesses joined in, Gallery Night evolved. Twice a year became one big one once a year and now ArtWalk is one of the major events in the region. "I had no clue that I had it in me, that I would be doing this for so long. I'm not a perfectionist, but I am a control freak. I'm pretty thrilled to have done something like this for so long and have it grow like it has," Blackman said.

The money that is left after the basic needs of ArtWalk, things like music and advertising, goes to fund the arts in the

tri-county area. They prefer to help with supplies and specific projects, Davis said. For example, currently the money is building up the ceramics department at a local high school. They've purchased an extruder and slab roller among other things. "They're funding hand-building," said Rachel Maxwell, who teaches 9-12th grade. They're happy to help anyone who asks, Davis said.



Hall's Last Call Band, ArtWalk 2017, photo courtesy Rani Birchfield

"Montessori, Christian, Public — all schools are welcome."

Another beneficiary of ArtWalk is the Alpine Public Library. ArtWalk holds a silent art auction that was a big money-maker, Davis said, but it got to be too overwhelming along with everything else. So they gave it to the library and now the library runs it, calling it "the biggest fundraiser of the year" according

to their website.

When Blackman made the decision to "retire" and close Kiowa Gallery at the end of this year (December 31 is slated as the last day), she planned on 2018 being the last ArtWalk that she would do. Getting ready to sell the gallery where from the event originated, it was a natural fit to say goodbye to all of it. Blackman said she's still got a lot of ener-

ice like in 2013), this could be one of the largest ArtWalks in the town's history. It will be advertised on eight billboards in Midland / Odessa and, along with the usual local advertising, there will be a large ad in *Texas Highways* magazine and in *Texas Living*, a high-end magazine distributed in Midland / Odessa, Lubbock and San Angelo. There will be art cars again this year along with a parade, and Murphy Street will be closed for a hot rod show. (And Blackman let me in on a secret, a surprise she's working on, and let's just say that you don't want to miss the parade!) There will be music as always, but no big-name artists on a main stage. Last year Blackman experimented with local musicians, strategically placing them throughout town and got a good response. (The free music that happens during ArtWalk isn't really free — ArtWalk pays for it — and Blackman likes the idea of local artists and bands benefitting instead.)

As far as the gossip goes of this year being "The Last ArtWalk," let's just say the rumors are not true, at least not any longer. "My board talked me into staying — and we've worked so hard to get it to this point, it would be tough to stop or turn it over. The sponsor letter has built trust over the years; they (businesses and sponsors) know what ArtWalk does with their money. Retailers, hoteliers, restaurants / bars — everyone's making money. It's a shot in the arm for Alpine's economy," Blackman said. "So, no, it's not the swan song; it's epic that we made it 25 years. It feels like we should really all celebrate."

For more information on ArtWalk, email [info@artwalk.com](mailto:info@artwalk.com) or call 432-837-3067.

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# '57 Chevys

by Perry Cozzen

In the spring of 1956 Billy's grandfather, Bill, leased the minerals and drilling rights on their half-section, dry land cotton farm in West Texas. Gulf Oil paid him \$50 per acre, bringing him \$16,000, and he made a fair cotton crop that year too.

Billy lived with his mother and father on his grandfather's farm. Billy was 11 years old and was already obsessed with cars. His grandfather had taught him to drive at age five in his pickup on their farm—first sitting in his lap, but as soon as he could reach the pedals his granddad moved over, and just let him have it. His final driving test was backing down the dirt road for a half a mile just using the mirrors. His grandfather always said, "This will be my gift to the great state of Texas: one good driver."

They spent most of their days together because Billy's mom had a job in town, and his dad was busy working the farm. His granddad picked him up every morning before his mom went to work, took him to school, and picked him up in the afternoon. After Billy got old enough to work with his dad, he still spent most of his time off with his granddad, just talking, driving around, and playing dominos.

They enjoyed each other's company from the start.

One Sunday morning in that spring of '56 his grandfather said to Billy, "You know, Billy, I was at my sister Mona's house in Big Spring last week, and met the fellow she's going to marry. His name is Ed Cole, and he's chief engineer for Chevrolet."

"We all went out to eat at Carlos's, and Ed told me the new 1957 Chevy will be the last body style built on the frame of the '55."

The '58 is going to be a newly-engineered car from the ground up. They're going to try to do everything they can to sell a few cars in a rebuilding year. Chevrolet wasn't going to build the design at all, but they couldn't tool up in time to build the new model. They're going to offer air-conditioning, tubeless tires, and even a factory-installed electric shaver, of all things. I'm thinking about buying one just for an investment."

Billy, like all boys at the time, read everything he could about cars, and his favorite car around town was the '55 Chevy. He already knew a lot about Chevys and had seen a picture of the '57 coming out in the fall. He told Bill, "Yeah, I've read a little about them. They're going to offer a fuel injected

"Billy, this is what I intend to leave you when I die, and I want you to help me take care of them if something happens to me. Ed said he would ship them to Texas on the train, then we can haul them to the barn, and they won't have a mile on them.

"We can put them up on blocks, so their wheels don't touch the ground, and throw a tarp over them so they never see the sun.

"We'll crank all of them once a month, run them through their gears, and change all the fluids once a year, including the anti-freeze and the gasoline.

We'll check the engine, treat all the

installed exhaust headers, used different cams and different fuel systems. If you've ever heard one winding 10,000 revolutions per minute, you'll never forget it.

Billy's grandfather died in September of 2000, 44 years and one day after he got the Chevys delivered. His father, mother, and grandmother had already died, so Billy also inherited the farm along with the Chevys. His grandfather had made him swear he would sell the cars, and the farm, if they came to him, and to do something else besides farm. Bill's last words were, "Don't bet on the weather Billy. It'll beat you every time, especially around here. Now I'm going to ride on ahead, and I'll wait up for you."

The day his grandfather died Billy went to town and stopped at Jim's Chili Parlor and Domino Hall. He stayed a couple of hours playing dominos. He told his grandfather's friends that their buddy had died.

Vic, another farmer and an old friend of his granddad's, told him, "I'm sure you know your granddad bought a pickup with money he carried out of here. He put his domino winnings in his gas tank every time, which was almost empty because he ran his pickup on butane.

"When he took it to the Chevy dealer, they dropped the tank, and it had \$750 all in silver, which was enough to trade for a new pickup in those days." Billy laughed and said, "Yeah, he told me that story, but not until after it was over. Guess he didn't want to tempt me with those quarters."

In the year 2000 a perfectly restored '57 Chevy would bring \$150,000, and it was the most coveted classic car. Billy's cars didn't have a mile on them, and still had the price sticker on the left rear window. Brand new cars that had never seen the sun, plus he had the first three serial numbers that Chevrolet manufactured that year, and the most expensive models they offered.

When they had the auction two months later an anonymous bidder beat the million-dollar reserve by \$100,000 and sent word to Billy that the cars would stay in Texas.

The auction house told Billy they'd take the hundred thousand for their commission and leave him with an even million.

Billy put that check into his pocket and stepped out into the Texas sunshine. His Grandpa was right, cars were a much better bet than the weather.



'57 Chevy photo courtesy of Brian Snelson wikimedia commons

engine out of the Corvette, along with the four-speed transmission that goes with it if you special order it. They're going to make the 265 engine grow to 283 cubic inches, and it will have 283 horsepower. It ought to be the fastest thing on the road by a long shot."

His grandfather remarked, "Yeah, and Cole told me they had also hired Diana Shore to sing a song called "See the USA in Your Chevrolet."

A week or so went by, and one morning when Bill picked up his grandson he told him, "I talked to Ed Cole last night, and offered him a deal. If I could buy the first three cars off the assembly line, numbers one, two and three, I would pay him an extra \$1,000 apiece. I told him I wanted every option available with the fuel-injected engines and four-speed transmissions, and I wanted a convertible, a two-door hard top, and a Nomad station wagon. All equipped the same, and painted black with red interiors.

rubber, and clean the upholstery every six months, plus keep records of everything we do. I intend to live long enough that maybe they'll be worth something to you as antiques, if nothing else."

That September when the Chevys got there, Billy and his grandfather took a cotton trailer to town and hauled the cars home one at a time.

They started all of them once, and then put them up on blocks in the barn with a tarp over them. Billy would go to the barn on the first weekend of every month and start each car. He let them run forward one mile using all the gears, and then backed them up a mile to zero the speedometers.

The small block Chevy engine in the '57 Chevy became the next generation's favorite hot rod engine, replacing the Flathead Ford. Racers cleaned up the factory castings, polished the heads, balanced the crank, rods, and pistons, and increased the bore and stroke. They also



# Big Bend Eats

By Carolyn Brown Zniewski

The potato is native to the Americas—South America, Andes Mountains to be exact. The folks there domesticated and farmed potatoes at least 8,000 years ago. Wild varieties of potatoes still grow all over the mountains of Southwest South America. There are about 4,000 varieties altogether, both wild and domestic.

You might think some clever food scientist developed instant mashed potatoes, but you would be wrong. Residents of Machu Pichu were freeze drying grated fresh potatoes as a lightweight, portable food to be carried on long trading journeys across the continent.

Spanish Conquistadors brought potatoes to Spain in 1536. They didn't reach Ireland until 1589; it was 1719 when Scots-Irish immigrants started growing potatoes in North America. By then potatoes had spread through the world. Some think it is "nature's most perfect food." Dream interpreters tell us that a dream of eating potatoes foretells a peaceful and comfortable future. Here are several recipes. Sweet Dreams!

## PAPA A LA HUANCAINA OR PERUVIAN POTATO SALAD

2 – 3 lbs small purple potatoes, cooked, cooled and quartered

Dressing:

- 1 yellow bell pepper
- 8 oz. queso fresco, crumbled
- 2 -3 nasturtium blossoms or dash of hot sauce
- 6 saltine crackers
- ½ cup evaporated milk or cream

Blend until smooth. Gently stir in the potatoes.

## POTATO KUGEL

- 1 8 oz. pkg. cream cheese, room temperature
- 4 eggs, beaten
- ¼ cup milk
- ¼ cup flour
- ¼ cup finely chopped onion

- ¼ cup melted butter
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 20 oz. pkg. frozen hash browns - thawed

Combine cream cheese, beaten eggs and milk; mix until smooth. Add all remaining ingredients except potatoes and mix well. Fold in potatoes. Put in a buttered 9-inch pie pan and bake for 45 minutes at 350°. Serves 6-8. This is sometimes called Lazy Latkes because it is one big potato pancake (latke). Serve with applesauce.

## RACLETTE

Boil 2 lbs. petite new potatoes. Place hot cooked potatoes in a casserole dish, dot with a little butter. Blanket potatoes with 1 c. grated Jarlsberg cheese. Cover to let cheese melt. Eat and Enjoy. This is a popular dish in Switzerland.

## POTATO WAFFLES

- 2 cups mashed potatoes (instant work fine)
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 2 cups milk
- 2 eggs
- ½ cup melted butter
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 2 cups flour

Mix potatoes, salt, sugar, milk, eggs and butter. Add flour and baking powder in 2 parts, mixing well. Bake on hot, well-oiled waffle iron until golden brown. Serve hot with butter and your favorite syrup or top with creamed chicken. Makes 8 medium waffles.

## CREAMED CHICKEN

- 4 Tbls. butter
- 4 Tbls. flour
- 2 cups milk
- Salt and pepper to taste

Blend ingredients to make a white sauce, and add 2 cups cooked chicken.



Andean black potato

## FIRE JUMPER POTATOES

This recipe comes from a firehouse cookbook.

- 2 – 3 lbs. yellow potatoes, cut into 1 inch pieces
- Lemon Herb Drizzle:
  - ¼ c. olive oil
  - 3 cloves minced garlic
  - 2 Tbls. minced basil
  - ¼ cup minced parsley
  - ½ tsp. salt
  - ¼ cup lemon juice
  - ¼ tsp. cayenne
  - ¼ tsp. pepper

Mix well. Roast in hot oven or wrap in aluminum foil and roast over campfire.

Good hot or cold.

## STUFFED POTATOES

- 4 large baking potatoes
- 1 cup broccoli
- ¼ cup butter
- ½ cup grated Cheddar cheese
- ¼ cup sour cream
- Salt & pepper, to taste

Pierce potato skins and bake at 425° until tender, 45 to 60 minutes, depending upon size of potato. Steam broccoli until tender. Halve potatoes. Carefully scoop out potato, leaving shell intact. Mix potato with broccoli, butter, cheese and sour cream. Spoon into shells. Reheat at 350° for 10 to 15 minutes. Garnish top with chopped parsley. Makes 4 servings.

continued from page 4

The town only recently received electricity in 2015, thanks to a small solar plant erected by the Mexican government.

Yet Boquillas is a “make-do” kind of place, and its residents are full of optimism and generosity. The intense desert heat is worthy of observation, but never complaint. A guest will be welcomed with the best seat in the garden, even if it is an upside-down bucket, and always a spot in the shade. Visiting offers a lesson in perspective, especially for those willing to take it all in.

Most people cross over to have lunch at one of two restaurants, Falcon’s or Boquillas Restaurant; hang out at Park Bar and have drinks or play pool; peruse local crafts; check out nearby warm springs; or for the truly adventurous, hire a guide and trek through the backcountry of Maderas del Carmen Natural Protected Area – a Biosphere Reserve, as designated by UNESCO in 2006.

Big Bend National Park has recorded just shy of 12,000 visitors to Boquillas in 2014 and 16,700 and still counting for 2018 (for fiscal years starting Oct. 1 and ending Sept. 30). The total tally since reopening is over 73,100.

Max and others have taken notice and are trying to find more ways to accommodate visitors and prosper as a village. For example, Falcon’s Restaurant added on extra motel rooms and Boquillas Restaurant is newly opened. There is more than one willing guide ready to show visitors around town, or to “Old” Boquillas; and a local enterprise named Boquillas Outfitters has a Facebook page to help visitors plan guided trips to the backcountry, including to a mysterious-sounding site called Crystal Cave.

“The town is back to life again,” Max said.

Max is one of the locals with long ties to the area. He was born two miles to the west of Boquillas, on his family’s ranch and farm, as were most of his family, back to at least as far as his father’s grandmother.

Many from those earlier generations came to work lead, silver and fluorite mines, in operation from the 1890s until 1919. Max’s family had been in the livestock business, and they stuck around to continue ranching after the mines went bust.

He remembers his father’s garden – it



Max Sanchez at the location of his family’s homestead a couple miles west of Boquillas. The Sierra del Carmen range looms in the background. “Isn’t this a beautiful place?” Max marveled.

had everything in it, but mostly corn and beans. “I remember a corn cob over a foot long and 20 hundred-pound bags of beans. All the town would go to him,” Max said.

At some point, the family well went dry, and Max said wind and dust took away from them what had been one of the most prosperous ranching operations around, as well as his father’s garden.

Since then, the old homestead fell into disrepair, and beams were taken out to be reused in new structures.

During the post-9/11 decade-long border closure, the village dwindled to only those who could not leave, mostly due to the needs of their livestock. In the five years since the border reopened, population has rebounded to a robust estimate of 300. It’s proof of how much villagers are willing to throw stock into tourism, a legitimate, and hopefully viable, means to make a living in this harsh, rugged and beautiful land.

Max creates distinctive versions of the walking sticks Boquillas villagers are known for making. His walking sticks feature carved owl toppers and roadrunner figurines pecking their way up the shaft.

But he is inspired to do more; so, this year, for the first time in recent memory, he and his primos planted a summer

monsoon-season garden.

Besides Lacho’s store, Max said the only other source of fresh veggies he knew of was through his uncle’s orchard, although this year, strong winds tore up most of his uncle’s plants.

Max is hoping to help fill in the fresh veggie gap in town by growing enough to share, barter, and sell.

The garden, dubbed “Rabbit Ranch” in homage to Max’s father’s “Jackrabbit Ranch,” has already been very successful, producing several varieties of watermelon and squash.

The garden is situated in a well-chosen spot, just downstream from the mouth of Boquillas Canyon (on the Mexican side), and is surrounded by a thick row of vegetation, which slows the violent winds that sometime blow through the canyon. It’s on solid ground, with enough loam in the soil to stay put and not wash everything away like a pile of sand. And it’s near enough to the river to make pumping water to the site practical.

With the help of his primos, Max set up a simple jacal-like encampment made of cedar posts and river cane next to the garden. There’s also a screened-in tent, a couple cots, and a makeshift kitchen set up under a tree.

During the hottest part of the season in May and June, they had to frequently

water and baby the seedlings, requiring that they stay near the garden camp around the clock. In August, they did not have to water at all, thanks to a decent influx of monsoon-season rains. One rain brought a flood high enough to take out a fence – if they’d had a fence, Max explained.

Speaking of fencing, he could really use a fence to help keep livestock out and he’s pursuing a grant program through CONANP (National Commission of Protected Natural Areas, the governing body of Maderas del Carmen Protected Area for Plants and Animals), to hopefully add some shovels, wheelbarrows, and other tools to his kit.

Tending the garden offers a nostalgic retreat for Max, who can often be found with friends under the shade of the large mesquite tree on the garden’s edge, or under the thatched roof of the structure he and his primos built.

He said other villagers always ask him why he spends so much time there – staying a month at a time without coming to town. The answer – he likes the simple life.

This year, Max and his primos have mostly given the garden bounty away, but if they are able to grow more next year, it may turn a little profit.

Next year they will add cucumbers,





Max Sanchez and one of his newest walking stick designs, featuring a hand carved woodpecker.

we like hot," Max said.

He even has visions of building up a soaking place for visitors to come relax in, at a natural pool of warm springs near his garden.

First things first, though, and with that, Max signaled that it was time to slice into a just-plucked and juicy sweet watermelon, a refreshing summertime treat no matter how you cut it.

Summer hours for the Boquillas Port of Entry are Friday – Monday, 9:00 a.m. – 6:00 p.m. During the busier fall season, the hours will be extended. Be sure to bring a passport, and lots of small bills, and be prepared for hot weather in the summer – take water and wear sun protection, if needed.

tomatoes and peppers – chili pequins and if they can get the

seeds, chili cascabels.

"That's a real hot chili, and

continued from page 16

nated the use of letters for such information.

Almost immediately I was telling myself that in fact the news would be ultimately good and that they were straining to come to that part in the paper. Perhaps someone was coming to visit, a relative not seen in years and travelling from a far-away place. They were attempting to read the full letter to see

the date of the person's arrival.

As my imagination plotted, I continued my pace towards my mailbox. There was only one letter inside. The return address was the Presidio County Appraisal District. It was my annual notice of assessed property value. I immediately opened the envelope, spread the pages open and then looked for that number that would determine whether I would need to once again face the PCAD Board to argue their

decision.

And there it was... an amount much, much higher than I had expected. Even though I knew my home has a peculiar value assessment based on their perspective of the adobe home market, I was immediately rattled. I walked over to one of the kiosk counters and placed the papers there, my keys on top of them.

And then reached into my purse for my glasses.

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**ARTISTS OF THE BIG BEND**

by Wendy Lynn Wright

- 1) Caleb Jagger, who is our featured photographer in this issue's photo essay, comes from a creative family. His father, Todd Jagger, is not only a photographer, but also a musician who plays the mandolin. Which band did Todd once belong to?
  - a) The Derailers
  - b) Austin Lounge Lizards
  - c) Asylum Street Spankers
  - d) The 13th Floor Elevators
- 2) Terlingua artist Collie Ryan paints brightly-colored and meticulously detailed motifs on what unique object?
  - a) Car hoods
  - b) Cow skulls
  - c) Hubcaps
  - d) Wine bottles
- 3) This nationally known illustrator, who is also a painter and sculptor, occasionally has his political cartoons published in *Politico* and *The Week*. Who is this Alpine resident?
  - a) Tom Lea
  - b) Tom Jacobs
  - c) Tom Thumb
  - d) Tom Curry
- 4) James Houston Evans, who has been photographing the Big Bend since 1988, published his second book in 2011. What is the title?
  - a) *Desert Time*
  - b) *Crazy from the Heat*
  - c) *Heavens*
  - d) *Big Bend Pictures*
- 5) The Chinati Foundation in Marfa, known for its minimalist art, was founded by Donald Judd and exhibits an extensive collection of his sculpture. Which artist is NOT part of the Chinati collection?
  - a) John Chamberlain
  - b) Dan Flavin
  - c) John McCracken
  - d) Carl Andre

**Bonus:** How many times have my watercolor paintings graced the *Cenizo* cover?

- a) Once
- b) Twice
- c) Three times
- d) Four times

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



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| Nov. 14           | Community Thanksgiving | Elementary School        |
| Dec. 1            | Fiesta De Nache Buena  | Main St.                 |
| Jan. 5 to 6, 2019 | New Moon Festival      | Marathon Motel           |
| Feb. 9            | Fish Fry               | Community Center         |
| July 5 to 6       | Independence Day       | All about town           |
| July 27           | Viva Big Bend          | Gage Hotel, Eve's Garden |
| Sept. 7           | Quilt & Craft Show     | Community Center         |
| Sept. 27 to 28    | West Fest              | Post Park                |

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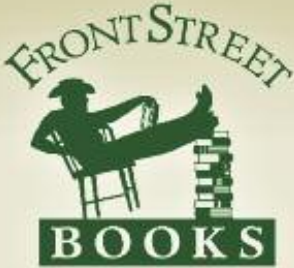
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101 E CALLAGHAN STREET, FORT STOCKTON, TEXAS

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FROM  
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WE ARE AVAILABLE FOR  
PRIVATE EVENTS- GRADUATION  
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OCCASION WORTH  
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