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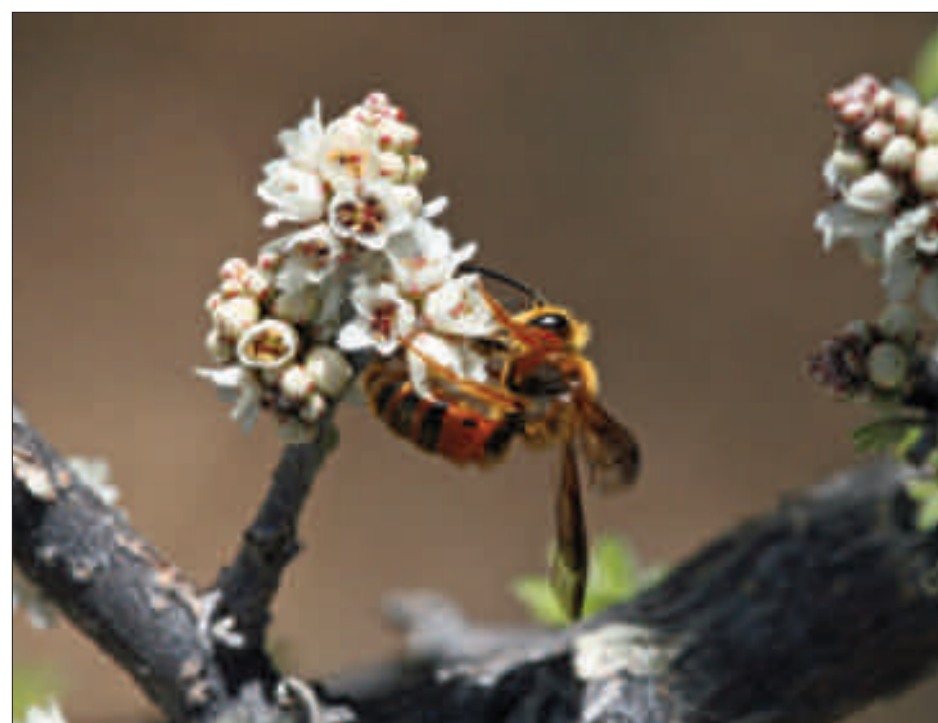
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All photos by Cathryn Hoyt

Top left: A robust red-golden male squash bee, *Xenoglossa*, in a buffalo gourd bloom. In this species it is easy to recognize males because they have a prominent yellow nose. Females return to their ground nests at the end of the day, but males rest in flowers. **Top right:** Our common honeybee *Apis mellifera*, head buried in a Texas persimmon bloom; note the golden and brown banding across the abdomen. Just barely discernable under each wing is a pale mass of pollen attached to the pollen basket on each hind leg. **Bottom:** Tricky tricky! We know it is not a honeybee because of its bright red legs and abdomen. Its heavily pubescent thorax and head suggest it is a bee rather than a wasp. And with no visible pollen basket, it seems to be a male.

by *Cynthia McAlister*

Most of us are familiar with the common honeybee, *Apis mellifera* and the honey and wax produced by the bees. The relationship between humans and honeybees stretches back into antiquity. The European honeybee arrived in North America with European humans and their other livestock.

Bees are the most important pollinating beasts, and when it comes to our food crops, honeybees are essential. The relatively inexpensive diversity of fruits and vegetables available to us year round is largely due to the work of honeybees. Such diverse foods as watermelons, avocados, apricots, blueberries, almonds, vanilla, tomatoes and onions are direct results of bee pollination, and beef and milk products are indirect results, because an important cattle forage crop is alfalfa, which is also bee-pollinated.

In nature, native vegetation is the food crop for wildlife, and every animal is dependent upon it in one way or another. In addition to food, plants provide shelter and nest sites. And, particularly important in arid West Texas, plants help anchor soil and reduce the effects of erosion. Pollination of a crop

of native vegetation is carried out not by honeybees but by our native bees.

Worldwide there are over 30,000 kinds of bees. There are more than 5,000 kinds in North America and more than 500 in Texas, and unlike most organisms, bees reach their peak taxonomic diversity in temperate desert regions, including the American Southwest. We live in a bee diversity hotspot.

There is only one kind of honeybee, and these bees are extremely common and abundant, so they are easy to spot and quickly recognizable. They all look alike: fuzzy little golden brown bodies buzzing softly as they fly from flower to flower, gathering bright yellow loads of pollen.

In contrast to the repetitive morphology exhibited by honeybees, our native bees are highly diverse, and it is surprisingly easy to distinguish them from honeybees. The best way to learn about native bees is to find a patch of blooming native vegetation and start looking. Shrubs like Texas kidneywood (*Eysenhardtia texana*) and bee brush (*Aloysia gratissima*) are highly bee-attract-

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Editor's Notes



I write this with snow falling and the temperatures in the teens – and you may be reading it in the same weather. Winter – the perfect time to sit and read. Glad you're here!

Spring will come and with it the blooms and bugs of the season. Among the most important – our West

Texas native bees. Who they are and how you can help increase their population is explained in Cynthia McAlister's story.

We get used to the scenery as we drive from town to town out here. Tom Gaffney's poetic approach to approaching the Big Bend may help you see things a bit differently.

Now, more than ever, the Starlight Theatre in Terlingua is a destination not to be missed. Phyllis Dunham tells us what's cookin' – in the kitchen and out – in this favorite South-County hang out.

New Voices from a nature writing class at Sul Ross are heard beginning in this issue. Mary Baird profiles Allie Townsend, not only a West Texas pioneer, but the first female Texas Ranger. Angela Greenroy explains the tradition of the Desk on Hancock Hill behind the Sul Ross Campus, and Jim Miller goes with Woody Guthrie to the lost mines of the Big Bend – an experience for Guthrie that shaped his music forever.

Another New Voice, but this time with a camera, is John Daniel Garcia, a Marfa native who takes us under the bridges of Marfa to explore the graffiti he's found there – not something the average tourist, or local, is likely to see.

The moonlit cattle crossing depicted in Style Read's mural in Alpine shows Milton Faver bringing his herd across the Rio Grande into Texas. It's

an event still repeated daily from Ojinaga to Presidio, but now it's by truck and there's a lot more to it, as Barbara Novovitch tells us.

Back with "Voices of the Big Bend" is Jim Glendinning and three community leaders you'll want to know more about – Mike Barclay, Tom Barnes and Marcos Paredes.

Poetry – new contributor Angela Fritz and the reappearance of Bill Stough and Clarence Wolfshohl – often explains the Big Bend experience better than any other way.

If you drive to Fort Davis at all regularly, you've passed the remnants of Manuel Musquiz' 1854 ranch time after time – and the cottonwoods said to have grown from a later rancher's fence posts. Learn the details in Bob Miles' story.

And Charlie Angell tests your mettle as always in "Trans-Pecos Trivia."

Our thanks, as always, to our advertisers, who make *Cenizo* possible. Shop with them. Tell them you saw their ad in *Cenizo*. And thank you for keeping your spending local!

And as we plan for future issues, here's a note from Charlie Angell about a new feature: *Cenizo Journal is accepting submissions for a future column featuring unique stories from persons who have relocated to the region via unusual circumstances. Submit to: charles@angellexpeditions.com. Please keep correspondence to less than 100 words; follow-up interviews will allow for more in-depth details.*

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

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Rachael Waller – "Horses have touched my life through my lens in ways I would have never imagined – from rescue horses to horses that rescue people," Waller says. "The beauty and light in the Big Bend is a magic I find nowhere else." *e-mail: wallerrachael@yahoo.com*

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Cover: Detail of "Cows at a Tank near Marathon" by Luc Novovitch

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Photo by Tracy Lynch

The Chisos Mountains.

In Elephant's Shadow:

Three Entrances to the Bend

by Thomas Gaffaney

I once taught a seminar on writers of the Southwest to Elderhostellers in Big Bend National Park. I wanted to touch on various dimensions of the experience of getting to the park, which I often felt was core to much of the serious literature of the Southwest. And I enjoyed verbally bringing the groups down the three different roads, one of which they'd just traveled to get to the park. So what follows is the experience of one who has just arrived in the park. For those who haven't had this experience, I hope that reading this will prick your interest in the range of responses the unique terrain that leads to the Big Bend can call forth.

Three roads, each with its own music, rhythms. Three approaches, each ushering us,

in its own distinctive way, into the Big Bend. All with a moment – a big bang of a moment – where the real entrance begins.

Hwy. 118 south out of Alpine: the dips and curves through a dappled green of cedar hills budding up our own little country suburbia. Cathedral Mountain. The reassurance of a still-working ranch house. Then there, that last sweeping turn sliding out alongside Elephant's shadow, the mountain within the state's wildlife refuge of the same name, about 15 miles south of Alpine – just there, the land suddenly, expansively, opens up, crossing into a different dimension, where the senses

race out, springing free.

Up and over from Marfa on 67 to Presidio, there catching FM 170 and continuing down the river, it's a mix of town and desert and farm. Then a few miles east of Polvo, the old name for Redford, at the Hoodoos – those weird land-forms twisting up like deformed sculptures on your right – you enter a zone wholly different. FM 170 tightens to lace a run for some 12 miles between the high rims of Mexico and the Bofecillos on the Texas side, when suddenly it tilts straight up. A first-gear climb. The steepest grade in Texas. And topping Big Hill, as far as the eye can see, a vastness sweeps out! Nothing there.

Nothing human. Pure. Only that wisp of a Rio Grande far below that takes us by the hand and winds us back into – what?

South of Marathon on 385, it's a relaxed jaunt through still extant ranch land, the spur off to Hallie's museum some miles down and Santiago Mountain rearing up close on the other side when Persimmon Gap pinches us through to that sense of everything emptied out except the essential. The clean of park land.

Then the road, curving wide left for just a couple of miles past the entrance station and lowering incrementally some 50 feet, coming astride Dog Canyon, simultaneously touches down to bottom, where

again, only now with a fierce decisiveness, it turns south and becomes, in the same instant – runway! A thrust angled slightly upwards, pointed squarely, framing at its end, the Chisos!

Here, as we approach closer and closer, the upthrust of the mountain ring lifting higher and higher, there stirs an anticipation, a muted but insistent drumming, gaining in the blood. As if some long-sought-after quest is about to be achieved in those citadel heights – a mythic castle keep? But whatever it is, this rising sense of imminence, this “about to be,” becomes all the more maddening – we hardly seem to move, constrained as we are by the park speed limit,

45 miles per hour – for the slowness of the approach up the conduit. What expectation the approach churns up!

The entry of FM 170 from the top of Big Hill is of a different order. That classic of desert icons: ridgeline behind ridgeline walking out the vastness. Mist folded into mist. When that sliver of a river far below becomes a guide and winds us back into time. As if we might see, in the reaching before us of that untouched, clean-as-slate space, Alsate and his band of Apaches on horseback crossing at Lajitas. Hunter-gatherers foraging? The Tertiary spewing hot plumes of ash? Dinosaurs lazily grazing the lushness of a shore of the Mesozoic Gulf?

Or is it, as our view extends out, that we are simultaneously dreaming down a vastness in our own psyches, equally mist folding into mist, depth into depth, where we lose ourselves and simply are?

118 south of Elephant resists such flights. Remains firmly physical. A bodily force propelling us across the rolling swells of the O2 flats. This, the middle realm of the passage, taking its name from the cattle ranch it is passing beside, and all that of Alpine and the Double Diamond, all the stuff of our modern times is fading as we move into – we know not what. For there, in the middle of the flats, the sense is of a world emptying out – except for Santiago, the portal mountain, now standing stern and forbidding in its initial profile on our left, while on the far horizon, we see little more than blips of tiny tepee-like projections.

But curving down onto Upper Ranch, beginning there at the sign for the Cowboy Mine, the passage ramps up in earnest, and those little projections on the horizon, as if just emerging, grow up in complexity. Nine Point Mesa lines out left. The Corozones and the Christmas Mountains behind, and behind all, ghostly, the Chisos.

On the other side of the road the scalloped edges of the Solitario pass the eye to Agua Fria Mountain humping up

huge in its mammoth crouch, and Hen Egg Mountain becomes that perfect, great ovoid. Then alongside Adobe Walls, opposite the Longhorn Motel, the road gathers into itself to shoot the roller coaster of that wonder of a disorienting spate of igneous intrusions (a tip of the hat to the columnar beauty of Willow Mountain), makes that final drop beside Bee Mountain into Study Butte and hits the bottom floor running.

Again, as beside Elephant – the land rushing out like a breaking wave.

Only here, it's as if the feel of the physical landscape, that has long accompanied us from Elephant, condenses down, infuses the visual of the Study Butte badlands with a seeming solidity of substance – as if airy space had suddenly been made tactile. Like that within Donald Judd's aluminum boxes in the artillery sheds at his compound in Marfa. Only here it's everything outside, the desert itself. The feel of a hand out the car window is one of slicing through an air that has become a kind of invisible soil. Our bodies, too, somehow breathed-up in their very cells, stand tall in a heightened sense of Being.

What to call, how to deal with these dimensions we encounter entering the Bend? This yearning for the unbound (Holderlin). This baptism of solitude (Paul Bowles). This sense of absence (an obverse of openness), from which presence arises. Presence, the ancient name of Being

(Heidegger).

But already nihilists are screaming foul. Maybe beautiful, but strike that and what remains is just a superabundant quotidian of rock and cactus and raven. Yet they come, the god-possessed, the spirit seekers. Take away the word "imminence" and what they're hearing is God "about to" speak to them.

Take away the scrim of a timeline and that vastness is an exhilarating rush into a new-found freedom. Or murky dives into the deeper realms of Self.

But more than the categories we might append, what is important, at least initially, is the movement these dimensions kick up within our souls, spirits, mind. That's what's so alive! How the bright presence of desert grace revivifies, renews the blood rush of being alive. Then that first step out into the desert space carries within itself a quickened wholeness, the body felt as taking charge of the space it occupies, present to that presence that is all around it.

Still the experience is most noticed, most freshly in our face, when entering. Stealing upon us in that place where we are always silently alone with ourselves. Gazing out the car windows as we penetrate mile after mile. Or stopping, getting out, staring off. Maybe walking off a ways. How it teases, drawing us on. Wanting further, deeper. To take us by the hand and move us out across that ballroom floor that is the dance through desert space.



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THE STARLIGHT THEATRE

Still Dishing it up Terlingua-Style

by Phyllis Dunham

So, I'm sitting at the bar at the Starlight one night listening to some excellent live music and finishing up my meal when I hear, "You stayin' after dinner, Phyllis? Sandy's gonna be on the silks tonight." Now, I may not know what the "silks" are, and I barely know Sandy, but I'm pretty gosh-darned certain I'm in for a good time. This is, after all, the Starlight. This is where I go for the serendipitous and unexpected. I order a margarita and sit back.

Sandy is a Starlight waitress, and, it turns out, the silks are giant red sashes hanging down a good 30 feet from the ceiling of the stage. It also turns out that Sandy will climb these giant red sashes, and, by twisting them around her ankles and wrists and various other body parts, she will put on an aerial show that is part ballet, part Cirque du Soleil, part pole dance, part flying, part contortionism and 100 percent graceful athleticism – all without a safety device. This is a whole new realm of curtain-climbing. And the charge for this entertainment? Nothing. Nada. Zip. It's free. And I didn't even have to buy dinner. Welcome to a fairly typical evening at the Terlingua Ghost Town's Starlight Theatre.

Pull into the dusty, crater-strewn parking lot in front of the Starlight on just about any given evening of the fall, winter or spring, and you'll feel the buzz in the air. Locals and tourists are strung all along the famous front porch sitting, standing, talking, having a cold one, some strumming guitars, some singing and some still staring toward the dying display of sunset color on the distant Chisos Mountains. Step past the funky-beautiful façade of the old adobe building, and you'll enter a world of color and sound, flavor and texture and culture and encounter.

The Starlight is a saloon and restaurant now, but it really was a movie theater back in the 30s. Built of adobe and completed in 1931, it was a place for showing films and bringing culture to the desert for the citizens of the once-thriving mining town. After a few busts, the building sat, abandoned and roofless, for decades before owner Bill Ivey decided to keep it from deteriorating further. Some locals, accustomed to show-



Photo courtesy Starlight Archives

From left, chef Diego Palacios, manager Jason Barrett and Starlight owner Bill Ivey.

ing and watching movies under a starlit sky inside the adobe walls, were initially disturbed when Bill set about re-roofing the building, but he was determined to keep the historic adobe from collapsing altogether. The new, stabilizing roof structure was completed 20 years ago, just in time for its first event: Bill and Lisa Ivey's wedding celebration.

Unwavering in his resolve to preserve as much of the building's history as possible, Bill made sure the interior walls were merely scrubbed back to their original, pock-marked, pale orange stucco and retouched no further. He also preserved the faded mural, painted by Frank X. Tolbert during a long-ago chili cook-off, on the back wall of the stage by furring out an additional wall. The current mural of campfire-lit cowboys under a West Texas sky was actually painted by Styfle Read on the new wall while the Tolbert mural remains untouched behind it.

Around that time, locals Rob and Angie Dean approached Bill about opening a bar and restaurant in the old adobe structure. They named it the Starlight Theatre in honor of its past as a movie house both with a roof and without, and they put together a menu that they hoped would draw tourists and locals alike. They served their famous

"bowl of beans" to provide hearty fare for those on the tightest of budgets and made sure that a good portion of the menu would please the fussiest of tourists as well. Then they built a rectangular bar in the middle of the space, and, because the theater floor sloped toward the stage in the rear of the building, the Starlight's peculiar bar was waist-high on the front end and nose-high on the back side. The dance area near the stage was sloped, too, but that never stopped anybody from cutting a rug if the mood struck. The Starlight Theatre was off and running.

Because few indoor spaces existed where a crowd of Terlinguans could gather, the Starlight immediately became a community center in addition to its duties as a bar and restaurant. Weddings and meetings were held there, and whenever the local school presented the kids' Christmas program at the Starlight the staff removed all the liquor from the bar. The Deans always saw the Starlight as a place where locals could find a sense of community. To that end Angie and Rob created one other tradition that is still intrinsic in the Starlight's spirit – they made a commitment to showcase local talent for their clientele. As a result, the Starlight has a 20-year tradition of providing local music and entertainment

while seldom charging a cover.

Not that famous outside talent hasn't also graced the Starlight stage – or vied to at any rate. Bill Ivey was surprised when he realized that big-deal musicians consider it an addition to their hip- and street-cred to have played the Starlight. Among those you might have seen there at one time or another are Steven Fromholz, the legendary Flatlanders, Willie Nelson and, famously, Jerry Jeff Walker – back in the roofless days. Viva Terlingua!

The famous aside, the most singular quality of the Starlight's unique brand of entertainment is its quirkiness and variety. During the years when Chad Tinney ran the joint, there was a swimming pool on the dance floor for a while, until the smell of chlorine proved too overpowering for staff and clientele. At one point there was also a volleyball court, complete with sand floor. Then there was the time a small circus came to town and ended up playing the Starlight for a month, the legacy of which is that some locals trained with the circus performers and took up juggling, fire-dancing and such. Those trainees now occasionally perform at the Starlight themselves. Remember Sandy and the silks? And since Terlinguans have a knack for entertaining themselves, local theater groups provide original comedy productions from time to time.

Terlinguans are also renowned, or should be, for their resourcefulness in putting together charity events, and the Starlight's current manager, Jason Barrett, takes advantage of that fact for the good of the charities and for the sheer fun of it, too. The Free-Box Fashion Show was a major hit last year. Benefitting a variety of local charities, the show featured local "models" wearing, well, free stuff, some of which came right out of the exchange box on the Study Butte Store porch. Dolled up with elaborate coiffures, makeup and accessories, the models were primed for the catwalk – a stage extension that jutted out over the sloping dance floor. As the crowd cheered, and the models strutted to the pounding music and worked their outfits, raucous bidders vied for the ensembles, some of which sold for hundreds of dollars.

There really is no telling what you may encounter in the way of entertainment at the Starlight. How about a marvelous documentary about the late singer-songwriter Blaze Foley accompanied by some of his musician friends playing his original songs? How about a flair bartender effortlessly pouring a dozen rainbow-colored cocktails from a sideways stack of martini glasses without spilling a drop? How about an outstanding exhibit of art made from local detritus? Rope tricks? Fire dancing? Seen it. At the Starlight. With my own eyes. Jason has plans in the works for burlesque and vaudeville in the future and maybe some comedy, too. Why not?

And all this without a cover? Personally, I love the concept of taking in dinner and a show for the price of dinner alone. Chef Diego Palacios' menu is well worth exploring. It's a point of pride with him that his sauces and dressings are all made from scratch. They're made with love, too. The first thing you notice about Diego is that he's a big guy. The second thing you notice, in rapid order, is that he's soulful. His gigantic Diego Burger could probably be featured on Man vs. Food (big), but his silky, creamy, spinach-and-mushroom sauce on the chicken sauté makes me moan (soulful).

As if that weren't enough, Jason recently hired Kathy Wisdom, the original Kosmic Kowgirl, to staff the bar on weekends. So, even if there isn't much going on on-stage at a given moment, you can always hang out watching Kathy mix it up with and for the customers, flashing her famous smile. Oh, and while the dance floor is still slanted, the restaurant portion has been made level and the bar is normal bar-height. You won't think you're growing or shrinking through-the-looking-glass style. Relax. Have a chat with the San Antonio couple from the next table celebrating their 20th wedding anniversary. Listen to the tales of puma encounters from the guys who just got in from mountain-biking. You'll have a blast, and who knows – you might even get to see Sandy doing an upside-down spread eagle suspended high above the stage from two red sashes. Really.



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New Voices

ALLIE TOWNSEND: Texas Ranger

by *Mary Baird*

Under a case of glass in the Houston Museum of Natural Science sits a holster and Lady Smith .22 gun belonging to the first woman to ever enter the ranks of the Texas Rangers – Alice Townsend. In 1931 Alice, wife of early Texas Ranger Everett Ewing Townsend, was honored for her extraordinary service to the state of Texas and inducted into the organization under the title of “Honorary Ranger.” Every day prior to this celebrated moment had been a life spent pioneering and keeping vigil over the very area we today call home. And that life began with a chance meeting in Marathon.

In 1895 E. E. Townsend was riding down a road after a devastating blizzard when he noticed a buggy down the way abruptly come to a stop. When he approached the buggy, he found two women and an unruly horse terrified out of its wits. Obstructing the buggy’s path were two dead burros, casualties claimed by the bitter cold of the recently departed blizzard.

Townsend assisted one Ms. Alice “Allie” Jones and her companion in calming the horse and proceeded to remove the burros so that the ladies might continue their journey. In speaking of Allie during this first encounter Townsend said, “Allie manifested the same cool courage managing that unruly horse that she has ever since shown when called to the test, and I guess I fell for her right then.”

After their meeting, Townsend, a Ranger who was



Allie Townsend as a girl.

then stationed at Presidio, made sure his ranging expeditions frequented the Marathon area where Allie resided. Before long the duo became Mr. and Mrs. Townsend and, from then on, was perpetually on the move with E.E. Townsend’s rangering duties.

During their first year of marriage, Allie went on horseback scouts with her husband that covered a thousand miles. During their scouting expeditions they encountered every type of weather – dust storms, blizzards, rain and bone-chilling winds.

Hardly any modern woman’s ideal honeymoon, to be sure. But Allie, having been orphaned at age 12, was no stranger to adversity. She ran a clean camp and kept stomachs full. She always made the best of it.

“She was a royal pal and ever strove to do more than her share of the labor,” her husband said. Having the hard times made the good times they had that much more memorable. E.E. Townsend describes Allie looking at the work of “ole Sol” creating magnificent sunrises as if



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

A photo dated 1935-36 of, from left, Lutie Britt, Allie Townsend and Alice Cowan at the Musquiz Ranch ruins.

painting the sky with a paintbrush. She loved to marvel in wonder at the glorious colors that were created and would sit for hours discovering figures in the clouds of the Big Bend.

After many scouting missions, Allie remained at home to look after their daughter Margaret and protect the homestead. "Bye, bye Allie sweetheart," her husband would say as he rode away with a heavy heart to fulfill his duty. Allie worked diligently to keep their home and land in good working order – always a daunting task. She darned socks, sewed buttons and took care of the family. She was never short on adventure, which brought both hilarity and danger alike. When E. E. Townsend would go on scouting missions, which often lasted weeks, he would beg her to seek refuge in more populated towns like Marfa or Shafter. She always refused, insisting that she would keep a fire burning in their home. She was the only English-speaker in the area, and in her husband's absence, she took time to learn the Spanish language and knit close relationships with locals.

Today, it's hard to imagine living that type of life. I don't

exactly inspect the horizon for outlaws prior to opening my front door. If a button needs replacing, there's a chance I might consider the work involved, weigh my options – and favor ordering a new garment online. When my husband comes home from a long day's work, and I'm not feeling particularly productive, ordering a pizza is certainly not out of the question.

Bearing this in mind, as I pore over Allie's biography so lovingly written by E.E. Townsend, it never fails to move me. I can't help but long to have my actions, even those diminutive daily tasks, mean something. While she may not be as well-known as her husband, the part she played in making the Big Bend what it is was significant. As a "guardian of the West" her desire to protect its beauty was equally as profound and resonating as Mr. Townsend's. He said of her, "knowing its beauties, its strange and unnatural elements, as well as its ugliness, Allie was an enthusiastic booster and worker for Big Bend International Peace Park and some day her dream and my dream will come true." Part of their dream did come true in

1944, when 750,000 acres of Far West Texas became Big Bend National Park.

Information surrounding Mrs. Townsend's induction into the Rangers is scarce. Why she was awarded this title so late in life, which of her contributions the Rangers specifically valued and what she did with her title can only be speculated. What is known is that Henry Hutchings, adjutant general, bestowed her with this honor in February of 1934.

Coke R. Stevenson, who was elected governor of Texas just after Allie's passing, wrote of her settling the Trans-Pecos, "It took courage, fortitude and pioneer spirit – a spirit not possessed by every person – to undergo the hardships, privations and obstacles in such an undertaking. Such courage, perseverance and attention to duty has entitled Mrs. Townsend to special distinction and has furnished an example to others of the reward that may be attained by being a worthy, patriotic and courageous citizen of Texas." Her recognition as an honorary Ranger, though a seemingly simple acknowledgment, may have paved the way for other women to enter the force – although it wouldn't happen for almost 60 years.

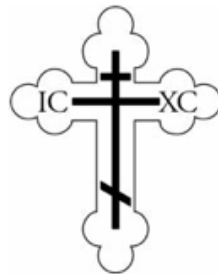
At the age of 66, only a few years after her induction, Allie fell ill and was confined to the hospital. Reflecting on her last days, E.E. Townsend wrote, "I could write many more pages as a tribute to this noble woman, whose love was an honor to me. The doctor had told me that afternoon that barring accident she would be with me another three months. The next morning, answering an urgent call, I returned hastily to the hospital and found that she had just gone – God bless you, Allie Dear, bye, bye sweetheart."



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Photo Essay

Graffiti in Marfa

by John Daniel Garcia



Much of the graffiti is influenced by the gang graffiti seen in cities. This photo also shows the extent of the writings under the bridge, as most of the support columns have been tagged.

My fascination with graffiti has been with me since I was a child. As a precocious 9-year-old on a family trip to Austin, I remember being in awe of the murals spotting downtown and the small tags and stenciled paintings on the underpasses and bridges of the city. A few years later, exploring my hometown of Marfa, I came across a train bridge over a dry creek littered with mostly profane, often hilarious and, at times, profound spray-

painted writings.

“There’s graffiti in Marfa?” is the usual response when I ask someone if they would like to go under the bridge to look at some, whether they’ve been in town for five minutes or five years. The work on the concrete pillars is largely unknown.

Most of the spray-painted collection is peppered with expletives, pot leaves, thuggish script and crude depictions of the human anatomy. There are a few

pieces, however, that show some artistic merit and some that are just plain bizarre. None of the people whose hands held the spray-paint cans are known to me.

I have made it a point to visit the spot at various intervals of my life and started documenting the graffiti over the summer. It’s a highly active area, with something new popping up with each visit – all of which leave me with more reasons to make my way back whenever possible.



Made out of train chalk, this happy piece contrasts largely with most of the obscene graffiti in Marfa.



This piece has a companion on a nearby column stating the artist's travel plans.



A lot of the graffiti under the bridge in Marfa is drug-related. Out of all the mushroom tags, this one caught my eye despite, or because of, the drips and simplicity.

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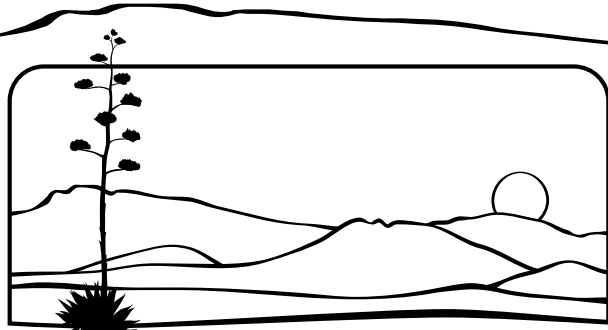


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Photo by Dallas Baxter

Milton Faver driving cattle across the Rio Grande under a full moon. Styfle Read mural, Alpine, 2005

The Texas-Mexican Cattle Connection

by *Barbara Novovitch*

Veterinary workers who certify the health of Mexican cattle at the border, brokers who buy the animals, truckers who transport the yearlings across miles of highway, ranchers who move the cattle onto pastures for feeding – all are aware that the cattle connections between Texas and Mexico ain't what they used to be. It's way more complicated – to assure that only certain cattle breeds come in and that all are free of disease.

In the old days, the cattle deals were usually made between cross-border neighbors, and there were few checks and papers beyond the practiced eyes and hands of the buyer to determine the animals' health.

In the mid-70s, concerns about brucellosis, a breeding disease that can be transmitted at calving time, led to stringent blood tests. Now the United States is considered a brucellosis-free area, and Mexican traders largely provide sexless cattle (castrated males and spayed females). Currently the U.S. Department of Agriculture demands scratch tests for ticks, further close inspection in four hydraulic squeeze chutes (four cattle at a time) and dipping in a 5,500-gallon vat filled with coumaphos, a special insecticide. Then the cattle are released into pens to dry off before loading onto trucks for their trip across the border.

Dr. Bill Brown, port veterinarian at the busiest Texas cattle crossing – Presidio/Ojinaga – has been at his job since 1999, and he's seen plenty of increasing conflict in Mexico spurred by battles between drug lords and the local police or Mexican army. He and his employees work mainly in Mexico.

After U.S. Army service, Brown – born in the Texas border town of Eagle Pass and bilingual from childhood – was schooled at Texas A&M and practiced in Pearsall, then Del Rio and

Laredo for 18 years, then at the Texas Animal Health Commission for 22 years. The last five years at that job were spent in Mexico, in the Mexican-U.S. cattle TB program, working in 21 different Mexican states. He "retired" and moved to Marfa, taking over his current responsibilities just a week into his second "retirement."

All the cattle checked through at Presidio/Ojinaga have a metal ear tag for identification. And since last year, the inspection chute is hydraulic. Another change from the outdoor cowboy days, said Brown, is that "now, the big inspection building is like a greenhouse – heated in winter, cool in summer."

The USDA mandates that Brown maintain a balanced work force, he said, but he could find only one other Anglo to join his team. One man is on horseback, and he furnishes his own horse. One of his men, he added, is 82 years old – "he's scratched more than a million cattle."

It's rough work, and sometimes he or his men are injured. Once a bull struck Brown in the head, and Brown was flown to Odessa to see a brain surgeon. "But the clot on the brain went away," Brown said, adding that he'd also been kicked in the face by a Brahman cow and over the years of dealing with large animals, had suffered injuries to his back, arms and legs.

"It's sure changed from the cowboy days," he said, adding that visual and tactile inspection – not just the dipping that relies on insecticides to be sure the cattle are "clean" – still rank among the most important checks. For example, the United States no longer allows Holstein breeds into the country because Mexican Holsteins have been infected with tuberculosis.

"We enjoy an excellent working relationship with Mexico," he said, "but occasionally, a few

Mexican cattle shippers have tried spraying the white hair markings of the Holstein breed with paint to camouflage them.” He added that the paint will fade and the animals are spotted. “We have to be alert every day. The overall check is if they look sick or if they’re not eating. After that, we look for weak or sick individuals or crippled animals. They have to swim 70 to 80 feet in the vats. We regularly reject about 2 percent.”

All culled cattle are marked with paint on the right hip. The checkers are particularly vigilant against ticks being brought across the border. “We don’t have cattle tick fever in the U.S. anymore. It caused a lot of cattle deaths – and fever ticks used to be a problem as high up from the border as Tennessee, but they’re not now.”

Brown is also in charge of a river-riding crew who bring the cattle in for testing if they, or the Border Patrol, catch any who might be herded or wander across the Rio Grande. He asked for 50 men to patrol the river and got three. “Now we’re doing it with two men. If the Border Patrol catches any drug smugglers, they get the marijuana; we get the pack horses.”

The cattle crossing at Presidio/Ojinaga is the busiest in Texas because Chihuahua is the Mexican state with the most cattle, he explained. During the last fiscal year just over 200,000 cattle were imported through Presidio/Ojinaga. Two other ports in the state of Chihuahua also export large numbers – Santa Teresa and Columbus, N.M.

And a lot of U.S. butchered beef is exported south. Kent Bacus of the National Cattleman’s Beef Association said Mexico is one of the fastest growing markets for U.S. beef. “In 2010, we shipped 248,000 tons valued at \$819 million.” Through August 2011, about 170,000 metric tons had been shipped, worth about \$650 million.

High-end markets are most profitable, but Bacus said cattlemen also seek to market every part of the animal – “We sell everything but the moo.” Some of the high-end beef

cuts go to Mexico, and Mexicans also buy tongue, liver and other variety meats.

Rick Tate, a Big Bend rancher who heads the Davis Mountains Trans-Pecos Heritage Association, said one of the biggest changes in the U.S.-Mexico cattle connection is that it’s now year-round instead of seasonal.

“Fifteen to 20 years ago, you had big influxes of cattle from October to April – you could put 300-pound Hereford calves from several different ranches together and send one load or five loads. You had a lot of inventory to pick from. When they started crossing all year round, that strung the numbers out, and during the slow time it got hard to come up with an even, homogeneous product to sell.”

He added that Mexican cattlemen “for a long time did not take good care of their cattle – they’d have significant death loss before they got to the crossing pens. But the ones that got there and got on this side were the survivors. You got the hardiest of the hardy over here. That was a plus for us and minus for them.”

“Over the years,” Tate continued, “the Mexicans have improved their caretaking – their medicine usage, feeding programs, nutrition in general, to where a lot of that advantage is no longer there. It’s a whole lot more like buying calves out of a sale ring here when it used to be getting a virgin animal that was ready to do anything.”

Mexican rodeo cattle – the Mexican version of longhorns – are also no longer accepted by the United States, he said, because those cattle had to be TB-tested every time they moved. The English breeds – Angus, Hereford, Shorthorn – are considered the top breeds, along with some of the continental breeds – Charolais, Limousin – and cross-breeding with Brahman or Brown Swiss lowers the quality designation. “And then there’s just cattle. It still happens that Mexican traders will buy bulls on this side to take over and improve their herds. Again, to their credit they’re always looking to

improve,” Tate added.

Breeding animals, if going south, “have to have a whole plethora of health papers,” and the requirements change from time to time, rancher Tate said. “The new disease is trichomoniasis – most people call it tric,” a disease that a bull can spread to every cow he breeds.

“On an annual basis there’s somewhere between 750,000 and a million cattle that come out of Mexico for the grazing programs.”

Another change is that cattle are shipped on trucks now, not on trains. “It’s a whole industry making the cattle trailers,” Tate said. “The law in Texas is that truck, trailer and cargo have to weigh less than 80,000 pounds. The empty truck and trailer might weigh 35,000 pounds, so it can only haul 45,000 pounds. That’s still a lot of cattle. It’s significant for the trucking industry. I think they get about \$3.75 a loaded mile. So if you’re going from Presidio to Amarillo – maybe 500 miles – that’s \$1,700 you add to the cost of cattle.”

Cattle broker Charles Sellers of Fort Worth points out that the cattle industry on the U.S. side of the border has become more “corporatized,” particularly in the feeding yards. “There’s lots of forecontracting,” he said. “It’s turned into like Wal-Mart – the producers and dealers are the vendors, they’re selling to the huge conglomerate feed yards. If one has an ear broken or the shoulder is sore, they deduct it from the paycheck. It’s gotten ruthless on the end when they’re sold.”

Still, the result of all the tests and marketing is that the restaurant diner or the patio chef has his steak – or ground beef, depending on the dollars spent – that’s tasty and healthy. Without those checks, that might not be the case.



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by Jim Glendinning

MIKE BARCLAY

On any given day that court is in session at the Brewster County courthouse, a portly, white-haired figure leaning on a cane can be seen in the thick of the action. This is Mike Barclay, who has been practicing law for 53 years and still thrives on it. The irony is that he left Dallas for Alpine 30 years ago for a quieter life. Instead he got busier.

Mike Barclay was born on Nov. 8, 1929 near Alliance, Ohio to William and Daisy Barclay. From his father, a farmer and insurance agent by profession, he inherited a sense of humor and a love of baseball. He was followed by a younger brother, David, who today lives in Florida.

His elementary and high schools were local, and English was his preferred subject. In 1947 he enrolled at Kent State University, from which he graduated in 1952 with degrees in business administration and education. He then left for Dallas to find a job. In Dallas he joined an insurance company, but it was "not a good fit," he says today. In the same year he married Carol Walgenbach, whom he had met at Kent State. Then in 1955, because a friend had enrolled at Southern Methodist School of Law, Barclay decided to do the same. In 1958 he was licensed to practice law.

After working for a few years with two partners, he was ready in 1963 to go solo. Over the next 20 years as a defense attorney he racked up an impressive record, securing reduced sentences for many of his clients facing the death penalty, which earned him the commendation of a judge for "masterful defense" in one particular case. He attributes this record to his aptitude at jury selection. Having a sense of humor, he adds with a chuckle, doesn't hurt. He



Photo by Jim Glendinning

MIKE BARCLAY Alpine

enjoys oratory, relishes intellectual combat and uses courtroom theatrics to advantage. And he thrives on hard work.

By 1983, big-city traffic had become too much, and he was ready to leave Dallas. He and Carol had often visited Big Bend, and they moved to Alpine in 1984. The traffic situation was better, but far from having a smaller workload, the opposite happened. Carol died in 1984, and Barclay subsequently married Kathleen Hutchisson, with whom he had a son, Jake, who attended Sul Ross and currently works in Midland. After Kathleen's death in 1992, Barclay married Alpine artist Barbara Nelson, whose research skills he credits with much of his courtroom success.

Today, at age 82, Mike Barclay still lives for the practice of law. He has plenty of business. Over 80 percent of his

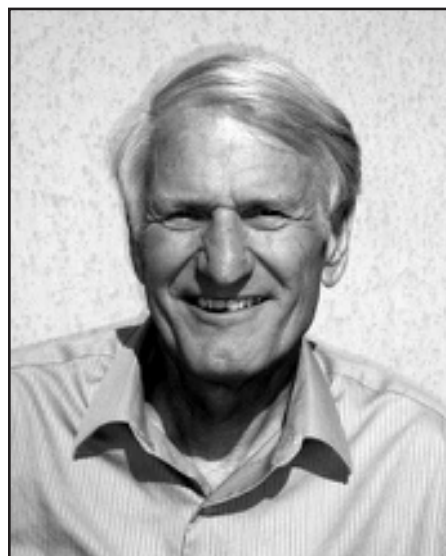


Photo by Jim Glendinning

TOM BARNES McDonald Observatory

court dockets are federal cases about illegal immigrants or drug smuggling. He fights for reduced sentences for all his clients, state-appointed or private, using his shrewd mind and long experience to best advantage. He relishes the intellectual competition of the courtroom and thrives on the use of language to press his client's case. Asked about retirement he says with a grin: "What else would I do?"

TOM BARNES

Tom Barnes affably describes his many years at the University of Texas and McDonald Observatory, laughing often. He doesn't fit the image of a scientist with single-minded focus who has spent 40 years of research in the world of the astronomer as he articulates his



Photo by Jim Glendinning

MARCOS PAREDES Terlingua

world of astronomy clearly and simply, often using his hands to demonstrate a point.

Thomas G. Barnes III was born in Columbus, Ohio on Aug. 17, 1944, the eldest of three sons. His father traveled frequently as an auditor before settling in Marion, Ohio, where Tom graduated from high school in 1962. Already he revealed a keen interest in science, in particular astronomy, and had an academic record that earned him a choice of scholarships from two universities.

He chose the University of Rochester for its science courses and, fortuitously influenced by faculty astronomers, chose observational astronomy, particularly the study of variable stars (stars with changing luminosity), which is important for determining distances to other galaxies. He graduated with a B.S. in

astrophysics in 1966. While at Rochester he married Bobbe Morse, and after graduation they moved to the University of Toronto, where he obtained an M.A. in 1968 and a Ph.D. in astronomy two years later. During the 1970s Bobbe and he had two sons, Jeffrey and Eric. The marriage ended in 1982.

Tom Barnes' first job was W.J. McDonald postdoctoral fellow with the University of Texas, the research unit of which, McDonald Observatory, he says he fell in love with on his first visit. After years as a researcher, he was invited in 1978 to become assistant to the director of UT's astronomy program, an administrative job. He successfully learned the art of leadership in an academic research institute and moved steadily upwards. In 2006 he moved to Arlington, Va. as program manager with the National Science Foundation but returned to Texas three years later as superintendent of McDonald Observatory.

In 1984 Barnes married Sandra Lee Preston; they were divorced in 1997. In May 1998 he married Cyndee Conrad. Today Tom Barnes sees challenges for McDonald Observatory in funding and new regulations. Funding is increasingly tight, yet demand for results remains high. Also, regulations have acquired a new importance since 9/11 and are increasingly time-consuming. Significantly, the facility is now called the McDonald campus of the University of Texas. With charge of 75 personnel and nine research telescopes, 75 percent of Barnes' time is taken with administrative work, while the remainder is divided between variable star research and liaising with other astronomy professionals.

After two years, he sees overall progress despite the drop in tourist revenue due to this year's fires in the region. Another matter which needs constant attention is light pollution. We are lucky, he says. Most of the immediate community is highly cooperative; there are also 22 amateur

astronomers in the region. He extends an invitation to local residents, who enter free, to visit more often and to bring friends who are visiting. With the darkest skies in the continental United States, McDonald Observatory warrants our attention.

MARCOS PAREDES

Marcos Paredes was born in 1956 near Eagle Pass to Benigno and Teresa Paredes, the oldest of 12 children. His father was a small rancher/farmer, who later turned to furniture making. High school was in Marana, Ariz., and he was comfortable with most subjects. But he much preferred being in the country, camping, canoeing and fishing, a preference which he has been able to pursue all his life.

He quit Pima Community College in Tucson in 1974 after a year and a half and on impulse offered to drive a friend, with whom he had shared manual work, to the friend's home in West Virginia. From this arbitrary move came his first job – as a ranger in Cooper's Rock State Park, W. Va. More important was the river guide job he got with Appalachian Wild Water outfitters in spring 1976, which he owed to prior canoeing experience in Texas.

He next worked with two different outfitters in North Carolina. Paredes loved the wild terrain, which permitted a lot of camping and fishing or "just having fun." In the winter, there were jobs on the ski slopes. Three seasons passed in this way. In the 1980s Paredes moved back to Texas' Big Bend and took a job with Texas Canoe Trails and then with Far Flung Expeditions.

It was in Mexico with Far Flung, rafting the wild rivers in the tropical south, that he met a young woman, Susan Boyer, whom he married in 1994 – "the greatest thing that ever happened to me," he says. They started building a two-story rock house in Terlingua, "Rancho Abandonado," a project which continues to this

day. Susan works at Big Bend National Park and also at the Terlingua post office.

Starting in 1982, Paredes pioneered trips into the Sierra del Carmen in Coahuila, Mexico, just across the Rio Grande from Big Bend National Park. These three- to five-day pack trips used horses and mules to gain access to the most remote areas of the range. He escorted environmentalists, parks personnel and state officials. He loved the wild terrain, higher than the Chisos Mountains in the national park. He stopped running these popular trips in 1994 owing to his new position with Big Bend National Park.

In 1989 he had joined the staff of Big Bend National Park, initially as a maintenance person. The next year he was transferred to the ranger division, as Rio District ranger. His responsibilities included patrolling the river by canoe. He held this position until his retirement in 2010 and was described by Jim Carrico, superintendent of Big Bend National Park from 1986 to 1990, as "excellent at his job."

Ever active, retirement to Marcos Paredes simply means another opportunity, this one under his own direction. He founded Rio Aviation to promote air tours around Big Bend from the Terlingua airstrip, now called Fulcher Field, using two Cessnas. If his past luck holds, this venture should fly. He also is running for Brewster County commissioner (precinct 3) in the upcoming elections, hoping to add public service to his long record of generous volunteer activities on both sides of the Rio Grande.



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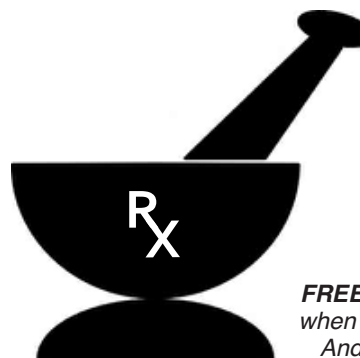
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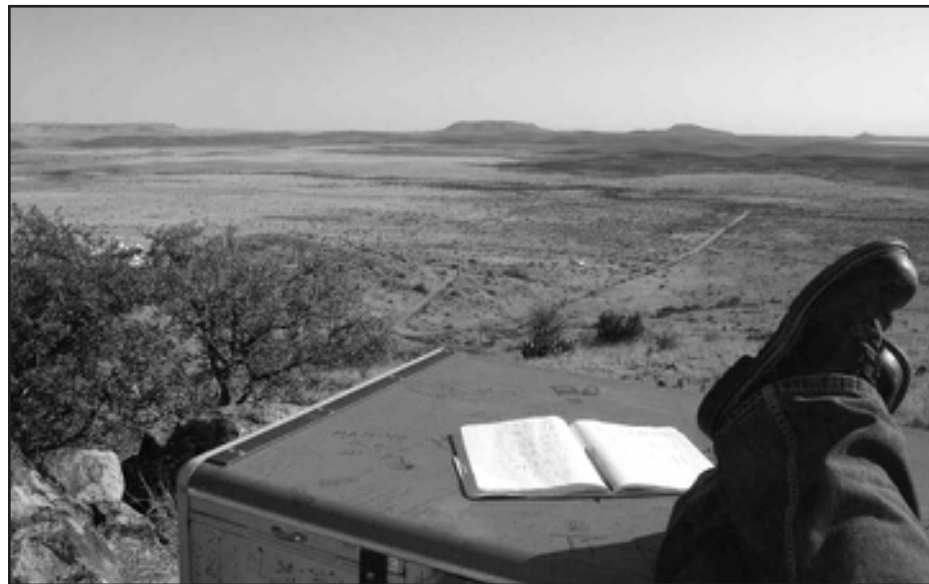


Photo by Angela Greenroy

The Desk, the journal, the hiker and the view.

THE DESK

by Angela Greenroy

"Isn't it mystifying up here?" wrote "Mother Nature's child" as she gazed over the West Texas terrain. "I'm so filled with awe and reverence for this beautiful land. You? O.K, granted people have so many different reasons to come up here: to get away from it all and vent frustrations, to admire, to scoff at life, to rest, to see if there is actually a desk up here. But whatever your reason, make it positive."

"Up here" is a rock outcropping atop Hancock Hill, home to a desk. The Desk is not lovely to look at, but the landscape is. A chair awaits the hiker. This sacred place suggests cleaning out the overcrowded crevices of the mind, extracting uplifting meditations and thought-provoking words.

Who was "Mother Nature's child?" She was a repeat visitor to Hancock Hill in the early 90s, but she represents every student, every local resident and every tourist who comes to share their thoughts in the journals of the Desk. Any person in search of the Desk will find footsteps leading the way. It is the route well-traveled.

There are several rumors circulating around the Sul Ross campus about the origin of the Desk. Several professors claim the Desk was there when they

came to teach during the early 70s. Some believe the Desk has been a fixture on top of the hill since the mid- to late-60s.

Brian Larremore, a campus police officer and also a past student of Sul Ross, says his brother helped to bring a desk up Hancock Hill in the 70s.

But the story found in the Archives of the Big Bend is the one Dr. Kevin Urbanczyk, professor of geology, remembers from the 80s. His classmates and friends, Jim Kitchen and Bill Wagner, were the initiators of this idea and have gone down in the Archives as such. Jim and Bill, along with Travis Miller, carried the Desk up the hill. In the 1999 Sul Ross *Brand*, Jim told a reporter, "We didn't have permission, so we took the desk up at night. There wasn't much of a moon, so we couldn't see the trail by the Bar SR Bar very well. Bill walked straight into a yucca. Once we reached the top, we set it out on the ridge, away from traffic (hikers)."

Urbanczyk has been a regular visitor since that time. Today, he acts as faculty advisor to the Sul Ross Hill Club, keeping the tradition of the Desk and the journals alive for future generations. Urbanczyk explains his motives for doing so: "I'm selfish. I like to go up

there myself."

Urbanczyk states, speaking of Jim and Bill, "The Desk was just an extension of their personas." Both were restless when inside, and they sought a place to go when life in the dorms was too chaotic. Jim Kitchen was a resident assistant at the time, which enabled him to get his hands on stray pieces of furniture.

The Desk became a study nook for many a student seeking solitude. And this is how the journals began. Referring once again to the article in the 1999 SRSU *Brand*, we know that Jim Kitchen left a notebook in the desk that he planned to use during his next study period alone on the hill. He returned to find someone had written in it, and he wrote back. A friend quotes him as saying, "It was just an accident. After that, I decided to leave it in (the desk) and see the response." This led to a random conversation that has spanned at least 20 years.

The Desk is more than a university tradition; it's a continuation of the character of the Big Bend Country. It's a physical object that embodies the people here. It's the desire for reclusiveness — entwined with the longing to connect. It's the spirit of academia that is prominent throughout West Texas. It's the legacy of Sul Ross State University as seen in the journals that date back 20 years. It's the history of Hancock Hill.

Unfortunately, there are many lapses between journals due to wind and rain, rodents eating away the pages and people who could think of nothing to do except destroy. Some of the journals are missing; others are incomplete. Pages have been lost, yet, despite the difficulties, the tradition remains, and it transcends the immediate area of West Texas.

We can never recover pages from the past, but the present and the future are ours for history making. The Desk is an open door, calling out, "Come and get away from it all." The voices in the journal surround each visitor like a great cloud of witnesses, testifying to heritage and extending an invitation to join the choir.



Journal Entries from the Desk

July 29, 1992: "Certainly I am a newcomer to this Peak O'Fun — not an S.R. Student, not even a townie, just an extended visitor. I'm grateful then for the introduction to perhaps one of Alpine's lesser known spots of true peacefulness. Love — CPR"

Oct. 11, 1999: "It has been over 12 years now since I came up this hill and wasn't sure I could make it but am ecstatic that I accomplished it. Instead of complaining, I am grateful that I could make it and that the NOTEBOOK TRADITION is STILL ALIVE. Love to all, Bob Kim"

Sept. 28, 2002: "The old journal is gone which saddens me!! I look forward to reading what I last wrote and compare it to my life now... I hope to go to the archives in a few years and be able to recall my youth in just a few entries. This place captures the whole of you. — KRAZY"

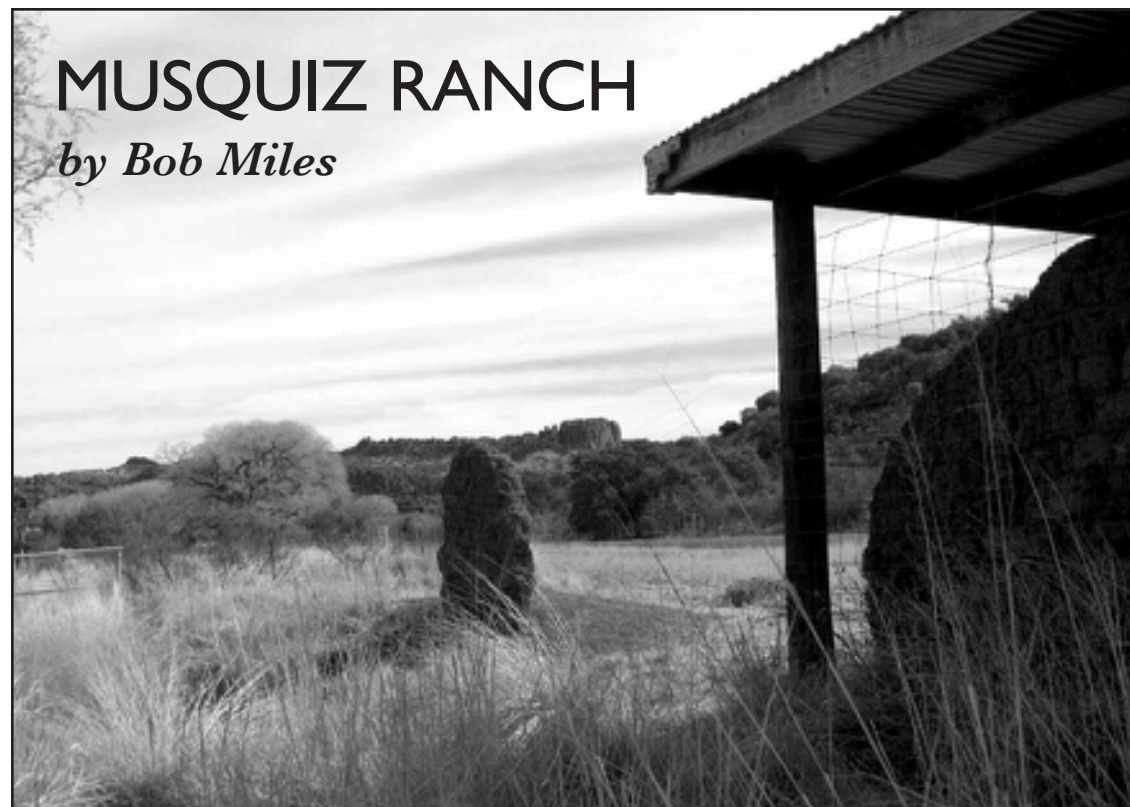
2002 — No date and written on a divider: "Shine like a star like the brightness of heaven. Show others you're light and don't be afraid. Stand tall and bold, don't give up. Live up. — Joanna."

Nov. 27, 2009: "I haven't hiked up here in almost 50 years — used to do it daily since this was our special playground while our parents were going to school. Oh the memories!! Thank you for the desk still being here for all. — Bettie McCauley, Silver City, NM"

March 2010, unsigned: "It's NOT ALWAYS this windy and the grass isn't always golden brown — so keep coming back to the desk, the view, the book of thoughts."

July 4, 2011: "Texans are crazy! But your landscape is beautiful. — California"

2011, date unknown: "Life brings you surprises every day and most of them are hidden, but if you stop and take in your surroundings and absorb the view, God will surprise you with what you can do. Sincerely, Alex, Lauren, and Sharon."



MUSQUIZ RANCH

by Bob Miles

Photo by Dallas Baxter

Remnants of the barn and outbuilding of the Muzquiz Ranch, now protected by a roof. In the distance at the roadside park, cottonwoods reportedly grown from the fence posts used by the Mulhern family, later ranchers in the area.

With the establishment of Fort Davis near Limpia Creek in 1854, some felt the region would soon be safe for settlers. Manuel Musquiz, a political refugee from Coahuila, Mexico, was one of those people. He established a ranch some 7 miles southeast of the fort along a creek that would later bear his name. A large meadow bordered the flowing creek, ideal for crops and grazing for livestock. He built a substantial home, out buildings and corrals. The 1860 Census lists Don Manuel as a farmer with 17 employees, servants and family members and lists his personal estate at \$2,000 and real estate at \$1,000.

Things would soon change. The troops at Fort Davis were nearby, but the Apaches were often nearer and faster. On Aug. 4, 1861, between 100 and 200 Mescalero Apaches, probably under the leaders known as Nicolas, Antonio and Espejo, ran off some 100 horses and cattle from the fort pasture. They also struck the Musquiz Ranch, taking the livestock and killing three people during the raid.

At the time, Fort Davis was occupied by only 25 Confederate soldiers of the Second Regiment of the Second Texas Mounted Rifles under Second Lt. Ruben Mays, an inexperienced 26-year-old. Lt. Mays quickly formed a column composed of six troopers and seven civilians and set out in pursuit of the Apaches. Unfortunately,

Musquiz Ranch

Ruins of the ranch home of Manuel Musquiz, pioneer who settled here in 1854. Abandoned due to Indian raids the deserted buildings served as a Ranger station intermittently 1880-1882 while the country was being cleared of Indians and bandits.

*Erected by the State of Texas
1936*

they caught up with them somewhere in the rugged Big Bend. Only one of the civilian guides lived to tell of the one-sided battle. Most of the Confederates' bodies were never recovered.

While Don Manuel was away from home at the time of the raid, it seems to have been enough, and, as the political climate seemed to have improved for him, he returned home to Mexico. The records

show the Musquiz family had a long and influential history in Santa Rosa (later named Melchor Múzquiz), Coahuila.

In a strange twist, it appears that Manuel Musquiz was, in fact, the uncle of Alsate, one of the last leaders of the Big Bend area Apaches. According to an article in the *Journal of Big Bend Studies*, Manuel's brother Miguel had been captured and raised by Apaches. Alsate was Miguel's son. Things did get complicated on the frontier!

In 1913, Jake Grubb and his brother-in-law W.O. "Buster" Miles (the writer's grandfather) were working cattle in the area when they noticed a disturbance in the ground. A closer examination revealed a freshly dug hole and what appeared to be bone fragments and the remains of a fine coffin. In the bottom of the hole was the imprint of a crock. The tracks of a man, a

continued on page 27



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My Mother Plays Bridge

My mother plays bridge every Monday from 10:30 to about 3:30.
Nearly all the players sport blue hair and walkers with tennis balls and often lament
the lack of young folks with an interest in bridge.
Thus they see their lifetimes whirling about in ever concentric circles.
Causes them to fret, but that goes away when the game starts.

I drop mama off a little before time and head on out to the country to piddle
around on the old home place.
She has it leased to a fellow that Daddy liked, so there's not a whole lot I can do.

But I tinker with fencing, nailing down loose sheet iron on the barn and equipment
sheds, whack brush and so forth.
I get a little dirty, sweat some, wear my hat and slap my gloves against my thigh.
The fellow doesn't overgraze the place so everything is ok.

A year or so before he died, Daddy called me home for a talk.
I was working in Brazil in those days, so I knew it was not a whim on his part.
I had always helped him around the place and could do things his way and really
enjoyed the rural life.
Even thought about coming home to stay some day.

Turned out that he had decided he was not comfortable with leaving the place to
me as he figured I would never stay put, and he was afraid I would sell out and use
the money to fiddle around with Latin women.
So he said he didn't want me there unless I became homeless.

And then he willed his outfit to my brother's son, who is a nice boy but is uncom-
fortable in the country.

Well, until mama no longer needs me, I'll continue to piddle around out there on
my day off.
I don't fiddle any tunes north of the River anyway, so everything is ok.

I'll be glad for the change in weather when it comes.

And when the time comes, I'll head on back south so as not to disappoint Daddy
too much.

William Stough



Desert Spring Break

I didn't know the desert
It was unusual to go without a boat
Because my father loved the water
But we came with tents and my aunt
I didn't know the desert
Just what I saw
When Attenborough talked
And showed animals from far away
I didn't know the desert
But something seemed to burst
Suddenly seeing the mountains
That trapped dragons in their ridgelines
I wanted to know the desert
High in the basin for a cold night
Camped by low cottonwood
Running hard on a canyon trail
I was in love with the desert
And cried that it was just one week

Angela Fritz

The Straight-Shooter

He'd slap his knee and grin a possum smile
whenever we bought the beer and he'd say
"we'd 've called you straight-shooters
back them days." And the beer would trigger
another flow of Pancho Villa tales.

This old greyed man
had ridden with Pershing in those
West Texas campaigns
searching for the last
visions of the frontier
now a paragraph in history.

But Pancho Villa still road
a dusty trail when the beer
flowed and this old grey man
remembered cavalry straight-shooters.

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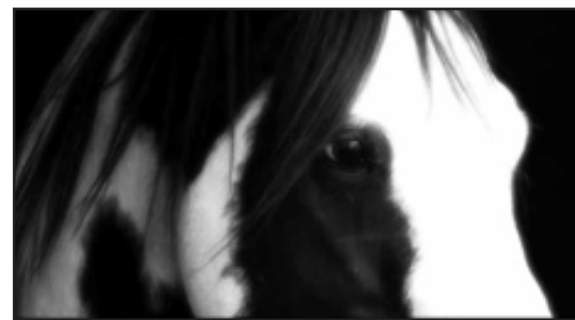
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Running with My Muse



"I was born on the prairies where the wind blew free and there was nothing to break the light of the sun."

~ Geronimo



Story and Photos by Rachael Waller

I was asked to write about horses for this article. I figured it would be easy. I was wrong. Each time I sat down to write, all the stories of all my experiences just muddled together. I then realized, "How does one write about their muse?" I realized I can't. I photograph my muse – because my muse is all that is the world of equus.

I feel this inspiration in the wind and the air, sometimes by smell. It is tactile. It is warm, windy, misty, foggy. It is the smell of fresh sage in the morning as the sun hits it. It is my face buried in a horse's mane as I give it a hug. It is the many voices and ways horses communicate. It is the observation of horses in their environment, an environment they often share with interesting characters.

For 12 years, I have devoted my photography to horses in need. I have stood in the tall yarrow and sage in the Carson National Forest deep in the Jicarillas of New Mexico as a wild band passed me by. I will never forget the rush as the wild horses thundered past me or the time I stood on 76,000 acres as two stallions battled for

territory. The sound of their battle carried for miles through the canyons and trees where others were hiding and watching.

All have since been gathered up by the BLM, and on my last visit, all I could feel were the ghosts. I used to say "when I lay my head down on the pillow at night it is nice to know wild horses still run free." Now I can't say that, for wild horses are threatened. Someday, I fear, they won't be running free anymore, and I will be left without my muse.

My muse appears in moments, whether I am down in the mud with my horses while they roll or doctoring a sick horse or hearing a rescued horse finally nicker as I come to feed. She appears the first time I touch a wild horse or one who had been abused; or when I hike with my herd in the snow, rain or fog or just sit with them as they graze. This muse – the essence of equus.

I have had a lot of turbulence in my life, and if it weren't for the healing power of horses, I would have been lost long ago. They humble us all – just their strength and power is



awe-inspiring – but when they balance that with kindness and affection, it is truly a special feeling to be allowed in to their world.

I was once told by a friend, "You are fearless through your lens." I realized she was right. There are obstacles to getting the shots I want. I am always up close and personal with my subjects, often touching them

to feel their movement, since my eyesight is limited while looking through the lens.

Wild and domestic rescued horses give us something to believe in. They show us hope, determination, survival, fear, strength, trust, love and the power of kindness. I have engaged in many conversations with horses from various places and journeys; I am always grateful to be a part of their lives, for without horses, I am not sure where my life would have ended up. They are true healers, if given the chance. I must listen and watch to really feel what they want to express.

When I am photographing horses, they will often show me their souls in the most unexpected moments. It may be as they turn back to look or gaze

into the distance or the moment they follow me. I see their souls and always try to capture and share that with the world.

Among many of the horses who have joined this journey with me are the Presidio slaughter-bound horses that were seized via the Presidio County sheriff's department in August of this year. It took the help of many people in our community to move the horses from Marfa to my barn, and their upkeep and maintenance is a daily volunteer effort. This was the largest group rescue I have personally done, and, while it is not an easy job dealing with skinny horses, illnesses and a slurry of other things, it is

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Woody Guthrie and the Lost Mines of the Big Bend

by James R. Miller Jr.

The history and folklore of the “Old West” is rife with stories of lost mines and Spanish silver and gold, and the Big Bend region of West Texas differs little in this regard from other lands west of the Pecos.

The Lost Mine Trail in Big Bend National Park takes its name from the tale of a Spanish silver mine that, the story goes, was worked by Apache Indians, enslaved by the Spanish. The mine was supposed to be very rich in silver, but when the Spanish were ordered back from the new border with the United States, the Apaches destroyed the entrance to the mine, and it was lost, only to be remembered as a rumor of vast riches waiting to be found.

Several other tales have been brought to light in Elton Miles’ *Tales Of The Big Bend*, including the “Lost Haystack Mine,” which is reportedly in the area of Haystack Mountain, a few miles northwest of Alpine. Still others suggest that this mine lies approximately 50 miles to the south of Alpine, near Santiago Peak.

However, there is one tale that stands above the rest. For this tale does not end in the usual unrequited search for riches. Instead it is the beginning of a career and life of social conscience the legacy of which has endured for decades and enriched many through its songs and prose.

In the midst of the Great Depression and years of financial hardship for his family, the yet-to-be-famous singer and songwriter Woody Guthrie set out from Pampa, Texas, in the early 1930s, with dreams of the riches to be discovered if only he could find his granddaddy’s “backbony” vein of silver and gold, high in the Chisos Mountains.

Rattling along in an old Model T Ford loaded down with musical instruments, barrels of gasoline and crates of homemade liquor, Woody, his dad Charlie, his Uncle Jeff and older brother Roy rambled off the High Plains down into the magical Big Bend Country in the hope of



Photo courtesy Wikimedia

1943 photo of Woody Guthrie by New York World-Telegram and the Sun staff photographer Al Aumuller.

rediscovering the rich ore that their pioneer forebear, Jerry P. Guthrie, had stumbled upon decades earlier while chasing cows in the steep gulches above Sam Nail’s Ranch.

This journey would later be the impetus for Guthrie’s semi-fictional novel *Seeds*

Of Man. It is clear from the novel that these early years made a deep impression on Woody, and he would refer to his years in the Big Bend throughout his life.

Being used to the hardships of the Great Depression did not prepare Woody and his family members for the travails of

navigation and survival in the Big Bend of the 1930s. Goat trails and wagon roads jostled and shook their Model T to pieces, and at one point they only had reverse gear. Moving backwards, they relied on local Hispanic farmers and miners for directions to Terlingua, Study Butte, up Rough Run to Cottonwood Creek and eventually to Sam Nail’s Ranch high in the Chisos.

Sometimes pushing, and other times pulling, they managed to arrive at their destination. The vast and mysterious country, sparsely populated by generations of Mexicans and gringo newcomers, both amazed and enthralled the troupe of Guthries, but it was playing music and chasing señoritas along the way that became the adventure of a lifetime, giving Woody substance for his tale, as well as the beginnings of the idealism that would inspire his life’s work.

Apart from Woody’s family, one character in his tale seemed to have more substance than the others. An aged Mexican-Apache guide who was wise beyond his years, he was named simply “Rio,” like the river that is the lifeblood of this country. He was a wealth of information and assistance, leading the Guthries from Presidio to Study Butte, and was always overflowing with advice and mystery. Healing one of the travelers one minute and elucidating on socialism the next, Rio explained how the native population had become entrenched as laborers for the newcomers’ business ventures into mining and agriculture and how education and the ability to vote would raise his people from their indigent status.

It is easy to see how a young Woody Guthrie would have been impressed with the idealism of the working classes, reinforced by his years on the road during the Dust Bowl and Great Depression.

Old “Rio” also made a prediction that Woody would not find riches in a hole in the ground, and who knows – if he had, we might have been robbed of a great national treasure.



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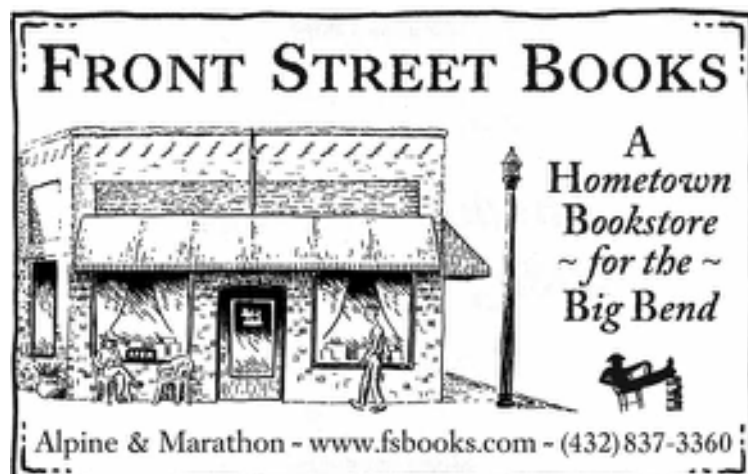
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Bees, cont'd from page 4

tive, as are shrubby members of the sunflower family such as skeleton-leaf goldeneye (*Viguiera stenoloba*). Observe on a warm sunny day, and in short order you will see bees working in the flowers. Native bees vary in size, from miniscule and ant-like to robust, like our big, black carpenter bee. Many have strikingly colored integument (insect skin), like the vibrant copper squash bee (*Xenoglossa*, family Apidae) and the brilliantly iridescent-green sweat bees (family Halictidae); or colored pubescence (insect fur), like bumblebees, with their characteristic black and yellow pattern. Bee abdomens (rear ends) are sometimes noticeably banded, as with honeybees, where the banding is dark brown and golden. The rear end of native bees may be distinctly black and white or have fuzzy cream-colored bands or bright yellow markings.

Honeybees are highly social insects, and the hive itself functions almost as an organism. Individual bees forfeit their lives for the hive, aggressively protecting it by stinging intruders. A few species of native bees live a somewhat social life, with up to a few hundred bees living in one colony, compared to the tens of thousands of honeybees in a hive. Bumblebees are an example of a native social bee. They build wax nest cells and live in annual colonies of a few hundred individuals. However, most native bees are solitary, meaning one female builds and provisions a nest and lays just a few eggs during her short adult life. Many species build nests in cavities in stems, twigs, rotting wood, abandoned snail shells or other suitably sized tunnels. Most native bees nest in the ground, however, excavating burrows several inches below the surface. Soil preferences – amounts of moisture, slope, alkalinity and other factors – vary by species, and reproductive success depends upon the availability of both vegetation and appropriate nesting soils.

Pollen is the ecological tie between bees and flowering plants and key to the critical role bees play in terrestrial ecosystems. The male gamete is housed in the pollen grain, but for the plant to benefit from sexual reproduction, the pollen grain needs to be moved from one plant to another. Along comes a bee, lured by nectar and looking for pollen to provision her nest. As she is busy with her important task of collecting nectar and pollen for her progeny, she is also incidentally pollinating native vegetation. A bee's pubescence contributes to its effectiveness as a pollinator. Fuzzy pubescence has a static charge, and pollen clings to it. It is this pollen that fortuitously attaches itself to the bee that is most available for pollinating the next plant visited. Pollen collected purposefully for her progeny is carried to the nest in specialized structures called pollen baskets. Most bees have pollen baskets on their hind legs. In some, like honey and bumblebees, the basket is a corbicula, a smoothed concavity surrounded by curved hairs. In other species, a dense patch of long plumose (feathery) hairs forms the pollen basket. In one family, that



Photo by Cathryn Hoyt

A common iridescent-green sweat bee working on the anthers of silverleaf nightshade. On the upper half of her hind leg, her pollen basket is loaded with pale pollen.

of the leafcutter bee (*Megachilidae*), the pollen basket is a patch of hairs under the abdomen. Loaded baskets are quite visible and can confuse identification, as bright yellow pollen is easily mistaken for yellow markings on legs, abdomens, backs and heads.

One of our most conspicuous native bees is the robust, shiny-black carpenter bee, *Xylocopa californica* (family Apidae). In West Texas, the carpenter bee takes advantage of dry sotol, yucca and agave stalks for nesting material. Using her strong mandibles (jaws), the female carpenter bee chews a perfectly round entrance hole into the pithy stem and excavates the inside of the stalk, chewing up the fibrous material and leaving a telltale pile of sawdust outside the nest. Once a nest cell is constructed, she provisions it with a mass of collected pollen moistened with regurgitated nectar called bee bread. After a single egg is laid upon the bee bread, she seals the cell with a plug of wood pulp and begins working on the next nest cell. The bee egg hatches in a few days, and the larva consumes the bee bread, growing for a few weeks until it pupates and emerges as an adult bee. If the new adult is female, she flies out to mate, then starts her own nest building. Males do not participate in nest building, but play a different role. At flowers, they land for a quick sip of nectar, but spend most of their time courting females. Hovering around nest holes, waiting for females to emerge, their goal is to live long enough to mate.

News about the plight of the bees invariably refers to honeybees. Although scientists are still dissecting the causes of colony collapse disorder, there is no doubt that bees are suffering from a

variety of human-caused stressors, including the use of systemic pesticides. In the days before agribusiness, native bees supplemented honeybee pollination. Today however, monoculture, overplowing, misuse of chemicals and an over-reliance on one pollinator species, the honeybee, has largely excluded native bees from agriculture.

How can you help bees, be they honey or native? As with all wildlife, the bees' biggest threat is loss of habitat. When wild land is converted for human use and native vegetation replaced by ornamentals and crops, native bees lose their food and nesting resources. While urban gardens do not provide appropriate habitat for all kinds of native bees, new studies show that many bees are remarkably resilient in the face of increasing urbanization and that gardens and municipal green spaces can play an important role in bee conservation. At the local level, bee space is already being provided by West Texas gardens that include native vegetation and nesting sites such as piles of dry stalks and twigs, rocks and patches of undisturbed bare ground, and these gardens likely already

have several kinds of native bees living nearby. Reserving a piece of land under cultivation for wildflowers and shrubs encourages native bees to move in, and they will supplement vegetable garden and fruit tree pollination.

Perhaps the best way to help the bees is to take the time to observe them. Just stand at a blooming shrub and watch and listen. While you are observing the bees foraging in flowers, think about the enormous task they are unknowingly carrying out: the critical ecosystem service of pollination. Go into nature and into your gardens, and get to know your native bees.

In *The Secret Life of Bees*, Sue Monk Kidd says, "Send the bees love." As with most cultural references to bees, Kidd is talking about honeybees, but the sentiment applies for all bees: Send them love.



Musquiz, cont'd from page 21

woman and a burro lead down the canyon toward Alpine, but were soon lost in the rocky ground. Speculation was that some descendants of Don Manuel had returned to retrieve buried valuables, but no one knows for certain.

Over time, other ranchers came to Musquiz Canyon and established homes of their own. For a time in the early 1880s the Texas Rangers occupied some of the buildings for their camp while they cleared out the few remaining Indians, most of whom finally settled on the Mescalero Apache Reservation in New Mexico or in Mexico, where many intermarried and blended into the Mexican

Muse, cont'd from page 24

a very rewarding mission for me.

One of the most poignant moments was when one of the mares miscarried. I found her colt on a cold foggy morning, and I just held him in my arms. He was no bigger than a small dog.

As tough as it can be at times, I wouldn't trade my life amongst the herd for anything else in the world. It's hard work. I go to bed with hay in my hair and sore muscles but also with the sense of accom-

population. The Rangers also dealt with rustlers and other outlaws until the area became safe for more settlers.

Today, most of the Musquiz ranch adobe buildings have weathered back into the earth. The few remaining walls that lie along the right of way of Hwy. 118 near the historical marker are protected by a roof constructed by the Texas Department of Transportation. Nearby a pleasant roadside picnic area is shaded by large cottonwood trees, said to have grown from fence posts placed by the Mulhern family, who once ranched there. The meadow along the creek where Don Manuel's livestock once grazed is still grazed today, and herds of deer and elk and flocks of wild turkeys are often seen, recalling scenes of earlier times.

plishment of another day with saved angels. I lay my head on the pillow with the sounds of sacred hooves on sacred stones passing by my window under our beautiful West Texas star-filled nights.

I never know what the next adventure is going to be with my herds of horses and future herds to rescue and photograph, but I know it is all a learning experience. That is the thrill of this journey. I never know what is ahead, but I know it will come with its share of struggles and victories and, hopefully, with some decent shots.

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Lana Potts, piano

MARCH
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APRIL
Thursday, 4/5, 7:30 p.m.
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Trans-Pecos Trivia by Charles Angell

Origin of Names of the Region

- 1) In 1535, Álar Núñez Cabeza de Vaca passed through the area of Presidio, placed a cross on a mountainside and gave the pueblo what name?
a) La Navidad en Chinati c) Casas Grandes
b) La Junta de las Cruces d) Despoblado
- 2) Flowing southward from the Cuesta del Burro Mountains into the Rio Grande, Cibolo Creek has the origin of its name from the local Native American word meaning what?
a) Javelina c) Bison
b) Gold d) Rocky
- 3) Western gateway to Big Bend National Park, the town of Study Butte acquired its name in the early 1900s from which person?
a) Will Study, miner c) Rubye Study, playwright
b) Diego Luna, schoolteacher d) Orestudy Borglum, geologist
- 4) The Chihuahuan Desert is the largest in North America, over 400,000 square kilometers. The word Chihuahua is derived from the Native American phrase meaning what?
a) uninhabitable place c) many cactus
b) minuscule canine d) dry, sandy place
- 5) Fort D.A. Russell in Marfa, which is now primarily owned and occupied by the Chinati Foundation, was originally called Camp Marfa. What name did it exist by briefly before becoming Camp Marfa?
a) Fort Faver c) Fort Spencer
b) Camp Albert d) Campo de Carlos

Bonus: Which Spanish phrase or word used above means "uninhabitable place?"

Answers: 1-B, 2-C, 3-A, 4-D, 5-B, Bonus: 1-D



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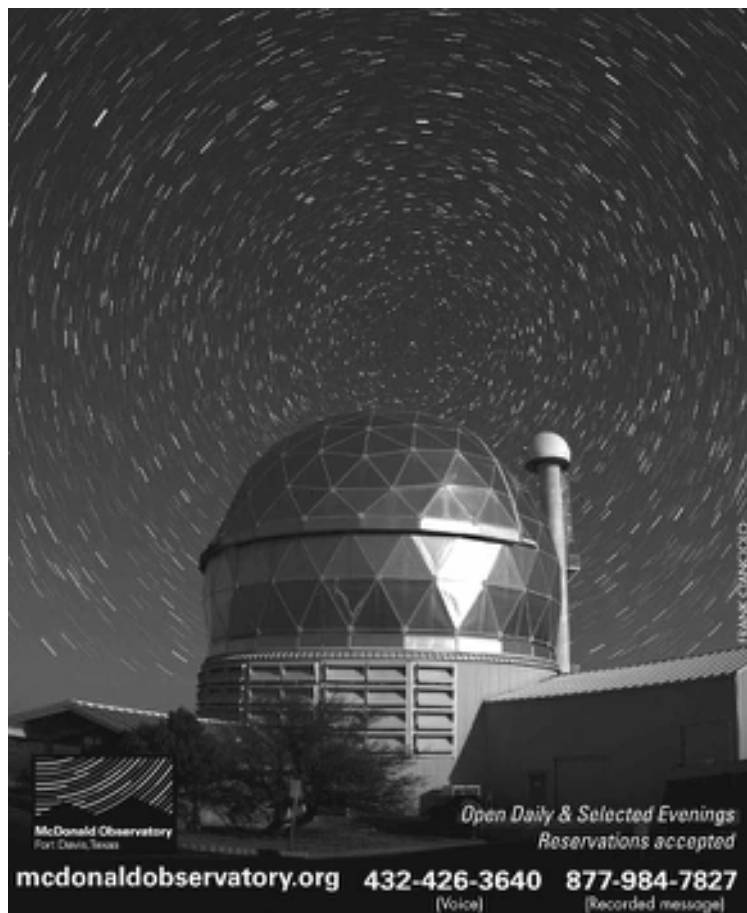
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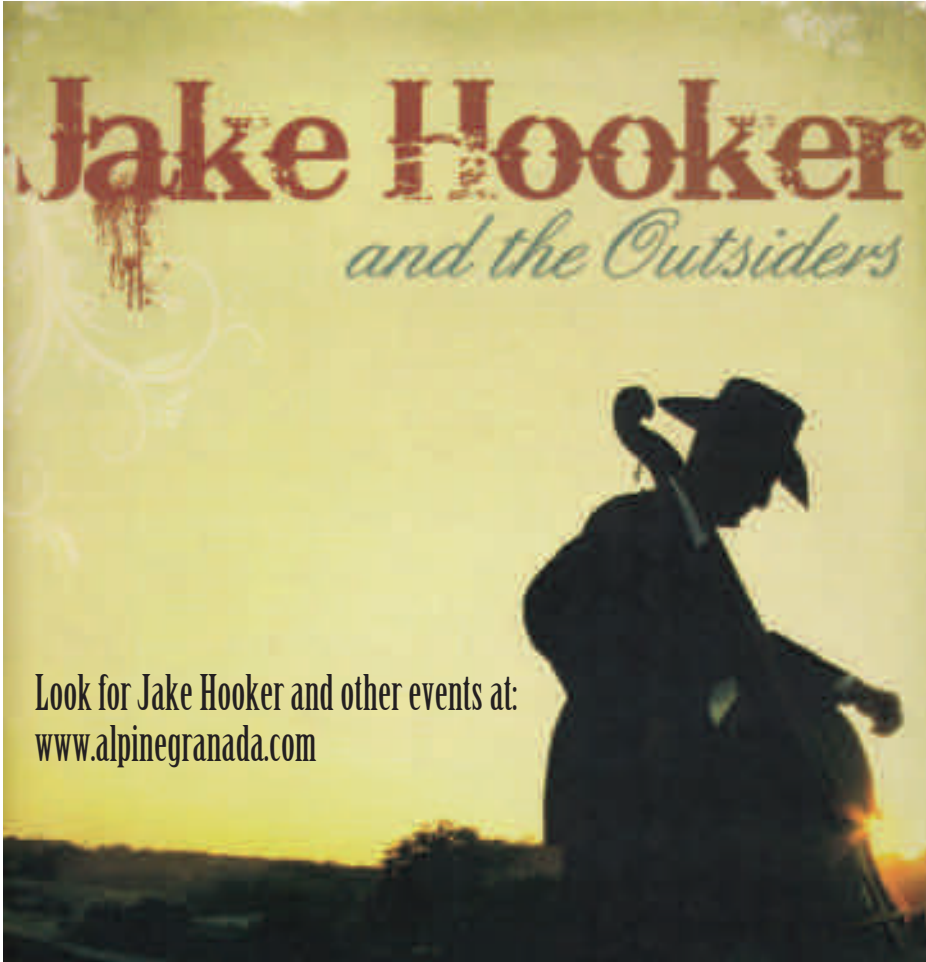
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