

C  
E  
N  
I  
Z  
O

JOURNAL



THIRD QUARTER 2016

**FREE**

*“Service to others is the rent you pay for your room here on earth.” Muhammad Ali*

The Last Prehistoric Buffalo Hunt • Big Bend Eats • Chandler Ranch • Folkways  
Voices of the Big Bend • Little Explorers in the Big Bend • Photo Essay • Poetry • Style Read



Coming soon...  
***A Flicker of the Soul***  
 LYRICS, STORIES AND WRITINGS

A new book by Ken Whitley  
 Available at Front Street Books, Paisano Hotel and Amazon Books

**CELEBRATION**

**ALPINE**  
 704 W. HOLLAND  
 432-837-7479

**MARFA**  
 1309 W. SAN ANTONIO  
 432-729-4682

**LIQUOR**

**FABRICA**  
 PLAN | DESIGN | BUILD

Building for those who care about the details.

[www.fabrica309.com](http://www.fabrica309.com)

**BIG BEND RANCH RODEO**

ALPINE, TEXAS

**AUGUST 12 & 13**

[WWW.BIGBENDRANCHRODEO.COM](http://WWW.BIGBENDRANCHRODEO.COM)

Sanctioned  
 WRCA  
 Ranch Rodeo

**LINDY COOK SEVERNS FINE ART**  
 Old Spanish Trail Studio  
 inside the scenic loop 20 mile SW of Fort Davis  
 By Appointment: [Lindy@LindySeverns.com](mailto:Lindy@LindySeverns.com) 432.249.1359 806.789.6513

[BigBendArtist.com](http://BigBendArtist.com)

**OLD SPANISH TRAIL GALLERY & MUSEUM**  
 411 Crows Nest Blvd. in the MIDLAND TRG  
 open Thru-out & by Appointment

THE EARTH, THE SKY AND THE MOUNTAIN BETWEEN IS A MUSEUM.

FORT DAVIS: The Baukfeiler  
 MIDLAND: Midland Framing & Fine Arts  
 MARATHON: The Gage & V-F Collection  
 DALLAS: Michael Duty Fine Art .com

[Shop.OldSpanishTrailStudio.com](http://Shop.OldSpanishTrailStudio.com)

Now showing: **The Universe**

McDonald Observatory  
 Fort Davis, Texas

Make your reservations online at  
[mcdonaldobservatory.org/visitors/book](http://mcdonaldobservatory.org/visitors/book)  
 Residents of Fort Davis, Alpine, and Marfa,  
 please call 432-426-3640 for reservations.

# Old Spanish Trail Gallery & Museum

*Fine Art Meets History on a Heritage Davis Mountains Ranch*



OPENING  
mid-to-late summer  
2016

Check our website  
for hours and details

OldSpanishTrailGallery.com

18 miles SW of Fort Davis off Scenic Hwy 166  
& 1 mile N into the mountains at Crow's Nest Ranch

**SUPPORT  
TEXAS LAND  
RIGHTS**

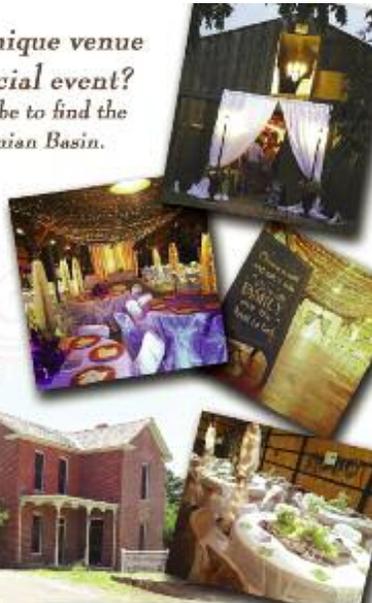
**NO TRANS-  
PECOS  
PIPELINE**



**BIG BEND** CONSERVATION ALLIANCE  
Sponsored by Hallmark Townhouses

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

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



112 1/2 Li. Murphy St.  
Odessa, Texas 79761  
Phone: 432-333-4072  
Fax: 432-332-9417

www.whitepoolhouse.org

Email: whitepoolhouse@outlook.com



# DAVID LOREN BASS



El Polvo Adobe, 2016 Oil on Canvas 12 x 16 Inches

## Paintings of New Mexico and Texas

Greasewood Gallery  
El Paisano Hotel  
Marfa, TX

V-6 Collection  
Gage Hotel  
Marathon, TX

Hand Artes Gallery  
Truchas, NM

davidlorenbass.com • davidlorenbass@gmail.com



# STYLLE READ

*Story and photos by Rani Birchfield*

Texas native Stylelle Read is known throughout the state for his murals depicting local history and lore. His pictorial histories grace the insides and outsides of commercial buildings across the South and the Southwest, but he's most prolific in Texas. Read has become one of our documentarians, illustrating our past and present on oversized venues.

Painted walls go by many names, the most common being murals, street art or graffiti. What's the difference? Perhaps it's money and intent, but Wikipedia (yes, Wikipedia because it's simple and clear) defines Street Art as:

*"visual art created in public locations, usually unsanctioned artwork executed outside of the context of traditional art venues."*

Murals are usually agreements between the property owner and an artist. Payment is rendered to the artist, and the art itself is oftentimes licensed and owned. Street art is more democratic – art for the public not limited to galleries and unable to be "owned" by just one person, although murals have the same overall effect in terms of who can view them. Graffiti is typically spray art done without permission from the building owners. The basic difference is permission – with permission, it's art; without, it's vandalism. (There are, of course, gray areas – think Banksy and Shepard Fairey.)

Humankind has been painting on walls for

continued on page 25



# Table of Contents

4	Rani Birchfield	Stylle Read	15	Johanna Nelson	Salsa Stories
6	Carolyn Brown Zniwski Danielle Gallo	Cenizo Notes	16	Bill Smith	Cyrus M. "Charlie" Wilson
8	Howdy-Nocomo Fowler	The Last Prehistoric Buffalo Hunt	18	Carol Townsend	Photo Essay
9	Maya Brown Zniwski	Folkways	20	Jim Glendinning	Voices of the Big Bend
	Julia Kennedy Kirkland Larry D. Thomas Jim Wilson	Poetry	22	Danielle Gallo	Little Explorers in the Big Bend
12	Jeremy Gonzalez	Rebirth of Chandler Ranch	27	Carolyn Brown Zniwski	Big Bend Eats
			28	Danielle Gallo	Trans-Pecos Trivia



Theatre of the Big Bend

## SUMMER 2016

Alpine, TX | [www.sulross.edu/tobb](http://www.sulross.edu/tobb) | 432-837-8218



### Charlotte's Web

Adapted by Joseph Robinette  
Book by E.B. White



Directed by Marjie Scott  
KOKERNOT OUTDOOR THEATRE  
Weekends, June 17th - July 3rd

A musical based on the motion picture  
Monty Python and the Holy Grail

### Monty Python's SPAMALOT

Music by Eric Idle & John Du Prez  
Book by Eric Idle



Directed by Dona Roman  
Kokernot Outdoor Theatre  
Weekends, July 1st - 24th @ 8:15pm

# HARPER'S Hardware

Presidio's favorite hardware store for almost a century

tools • plumbing supplies • home & garden

Monday - Saturday 7:30 am to 6 pm  
701 O'Reilly Street • Presidio • 432-229-3256

## KC's Quick Mart & RV Park

30/50 Amp Full Thrus - Tent Sites  
• Restrooms • Laundry  
Walking Distance to: Pizza Hut • Penny's Diner  
"All About America Bus Stop"  
2303 E. Hwy 90 • Alpine 432-837-5497

### WHITE CRANE ACUPUNCTURE CLINIC



Shanna Cowell, L.Ac.

NEW LOCATION:  
303 E. Sul Ross • Alpine  
432.837.3225

Mon. - Fri. by appointment

**Eve's Garden  
Bed and  
Breakfast**  
432.386.4165  
Ave C & N 3rd • Marathon, TX  
info@evesgarden.org  
www.evesgarden.org

## AYN FOUNDATION (DAS MAXIMUM)

ANDY WARHOL  
"The Last Supper"

MARIA ZERRES  
"September Eleven"

Brite Building 107-109 N Highland, Marfa

Open weekends noon to 5 pm  
For hours, please call: 432.729.3315  
or visit [www.aynfoundation.com](http://www.aynfoundation.com)

# Cenizo Journal

Volume 8 Number 3

## CONTRIBUTORS

**Rani Birchfield** is a writer and traveler experiencing the small-town, big-sky life of the Big Bend region. She's a coffee addict and beach lover who's coming to face the reality that normal days don't always consist of such things. Ok, maybe the coffee. Feel free to email her and tell her a story. *e-mail: rbirchfield44@hotmail.com*

**Julia Kennedy Kirkland** is a writer, poet, and fifth generation Texan. She lives in Austin with her husband and four children, but much of the dust of West Texas - where her folks live - has found its way into her soul. *e-mail: jkennedykirkland@gmail.com*

**Howdy-Nocona Fowler** was born and raised on the Klamath Indian Reservation in SE Oregon. He has contributed to *The Rocky Mountain News*, *Western Horseman*, *Mules and More* and *Cowboy Magazine*. *e-mail: BurroBill@yahoo.com*

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

**Jim Glendinning**, an Oxford-educated Scot, lives in Alpine. The story of his travels, *Footloose Scot*, has just been published, as has *Legendary Locals of the Big Bend & Davis Mountains* for Arcadia Press. *e-mail: jimglen2@sbcglobal.net*

**Jeremy Gonzalez** is a staff reporter for the *Fort Stockton Pioneer*. He always has a cup of coffee on his desk. His wife is his cure for writer's block, and if he were an animal, he would be a chameleon: colorful, adaptive and chill. *e-mail: tigerwithcoffee@gmail.com*

**C. W. (Bill) Smith** is a writer, historian, and curator of the Terrell County Memorial Museum. *e-mail: wsmith1948@yahoo.com*

**Johanna Nelson** was born in far East Texas and moved to far West Texas when she was 19. Currently she lives a bit north up the Rio Grande in Santa Fe, NM. She paints, works in economic development, cooks salsa and misses

West Texas fiercely. She's currently working on a book of Salsa Stories. *e-mail: salsastories@gmail.com*

**Carol Townsend** With 35 years of experience, Carol's portfolio is filled with the flora and fauna of Big Bend. She sells her work online or at the small photo and crafts shop she shares with her daughter, Bonnie: Cactus Flower on Hwy 90, in Marathon. *e-mail: Cctsflover50@yahoo.com*

**Larry D. Thomas** is a member of the Texas Institute of Letters and was privileged to serve as the 2008 Texas Poet Laureate. His *Larry D. Thomas: New and Selected Poems* (TCU Press, 2008) was a semi-finalist for the National Book Award. *e-mail: larrydthomas@bigbend.net*

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

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

**Maya Brown Zniewski** is an herbalist and soapmaker who enjoys frequent visits to the Big Bend area. Her handmade salves, soaps and tinctures are available at her website, [mayamadeapothecary@gmail.com](http://mayamadeapothecary@gmail.com)

**Cover:** *Road Rules* by Billy L. Keen at Brothers Fine Art in Marfa. Photograph by Rani Birchfield.

**Copy editor:** Rani Birchfield

## SUBSCRIPTIONS

*Cenizo Journal* will be mailed direct for \$25.00 annually. Make checks payable to: Cenizo Journal, P.O. Box 2025, Alpine, Texas 79831, or through Paypal at [cenizojournal.com](http://cenizojournal.com)

## SUBMISSION

Deadline for advertising and editorial for the Fourth Quarter 2016 issue: August 15, 2016. Art, photographic and literary works may be e-mailed to the Editor. For advertising rates or to place an ad, contact: [advertising@cenizojournal.com](mailto:advertising@cenizojournal.com)

# Cenizo Notes

by Carolyn Brown Zniwski, publisher and Danielle Gallo, editor



It's summer and July 4th has always been the most summer of holidays. It is the day each year our country has set aside to celebrate the scrappy beginnings of a democracy.

My history professor, who taught American Colonial History, used to say old Tom Jefferson, Ben Franklin and Jamie Hamilton didn't know what they were really getting us all into when they wrote and signed that Declaration of Independence. They just wanted to be in charge of their own affairs. Rather like a teenager telling his mom and dad, "I'm 18 now and you can't tell me what to do. I'll make my own decisions."

Now we've traveled 240 years down the road and it turns out there is a lot more to running our country than Tom and Ben and Jamie could have ever imagined. This summer will likely be one that goes down in the history books. Likely as not, everyone here in Big Bend has had a few thoughts about the politics of it all. This little journal is a quiet eddy that you can sit back and enjoy without the clamor of worldly politics. Hop into your hammock, read the *Cenizo* and de-stress. That's what we are here for.



I love summer in the Big Bend, when you step outside and you can smell the caliche baking. I love the blast of radiation off the white clay, how the heat awakens every cell of skin, the sunburns on the underside of my nostrils, the shrunken tiles of desert I can lift and crumble between my fingers. Running a hand over the crackling bark of a juniper in July. Sipping water spiked with pink salt from a plastic milk jug gone all pliable in the heat, the water sometimes too hot against my lips. The way small creatures sound like rampaging buffalo in the dry grasses.

Now that I have little ones, I find myself insisting on all the things I used to scorn. Hats, long sleeves, sunglasses, sunscreen. Siesta in the shade until evening, morning expeditions cut short by ten-thirty, drinking from jelly jars (do you know what's IN milk jug plastic?!), checking their temperature, exhorting them to slow down, slow down, slow down. Watch for wasps. Let me check for snakes. Don't touch that tree, there might be spiders or scorpions or evil baby-kidnapping gnomes. I have become a crazy person.

This issue of *Cenizo* is all about getting out and exploring. From the pioneering founder of Sanderson to the newly-revitalized Chandler Ranch, Big Bend history is all about getting dirty and preserving a sense of wonder. Come with us and meet Style Read, who captures the sweeping landscapes and iconoclast residents of the Trans-Pecos in murals fit for Texas; plan a trip with your family that will challenge and inspire you and your little ones; stop for the supreme cooling of a local cantaloupe and meet the stories behind the salsa. We're pleased to have you along.

Visit your local library for great summer reads!

Published by Cenizo Journal LLC

P.O. Box 2025, Alpine, Texas 79831  
www.cenizojournal.com

## CENIZO JOURNAL STAFF

**PUBLISHER**  
Carolyn Brown Zniwski  
publisher@cenizojournal.com

**BUSINESS MANAGER**  
Lou Pauls  
business@cenizojournal.com

**EDITOR**  
Danielle Gallo  
editor@cenizojournal.com

**WEB MANAGER**  
Maya Brown Zniwski  
mayamadeapothecary@gmail.com

**ADVERTISING**  
Rani Birchfield  
advertising@cenizojournal.com

**DESIGN/PRODUCTION**  
Wendy Lynn Wright  
graphics@cenizojournal.com

**CATHY WRIGHT**  
Learning for Life LLC

Feel better when you learn to move better!

Guild Certified Feldenkrais Practitioner  
Certified Movement Intelligence Teacher/Trainer  
Certified Massage Therapist BCTMB, TX License # MT 121615

Serving Brewster, Presidio and Jeff Davis Counties

cathy@cathywright.com

107 N. 6th, Alpine • 832-314-8103

### CatchLight Art Gallery

Presents:

"Optical Digestion"  
New Work by Bonnie Wunderlich

June 23 Through August 8

Closing Reception: Friday, August 5th -- 5 to 7pm

### CatchLight Artists' Group Show

August 10 -- September 26, 2016

Reception: Saturday, September 3rd, 5 to 7pm.



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

**ELLERBEE**  
Educational  
Consulting

Working with students  
and their families  
to help them zoom in  
on the right college  
for the right reasons

- Inventory student's academic interests, career objectives and learning style
- Assess student's admission profile
- Develop list of appropriate schools
- Guide student through the applications process

432.837.4001 • 713.203.2481 • www.ellerbee-consulting.com

*Needleworks, Etc.*

**Ladies Fine Clothing**

Peggy Walker, Owner

*Flaw ~ Brighton ~ Tribal ~ Double D*  
And other speciality brands

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

Cenizo

Third Quarter 2016

7



By Ted Lee Eubanks, Jr./FERMATA Inc

# The Last Prehistoric Buffalo Hunt

by Howdy-Nocona Fowler

*Bison antiquus*, or ancient buffalo, were big, 25 percent bigger than a modern American buffalo. The bulls weighed in excess of 3,500 pounds and were ill-tempered and dangerous – you did not trifle with them. From 18,000 to 10,000 B.C. these ancient buffalo roamed in abundant large herds, throughout West Texas and Big Bend country before they became extinct, ca. 10,000. Back then you didn't just drive to your local store to get meat; you had to hunt it down and get it yourself.

As a kid growing up, I was fascinated by the scientific art renderings done by primitive man regarding hunting these huge beasts with just rocks, clubs and spears. Having worked with and grown up around modern buffalo all of my life, I thought I had a pretty good understanding of what those early hunters were up against. I'm not talking about the gallant Plains Indian galloping across the prairie on his favorite buffalo horse in pursuit of modern buffalo for his evening meal. Nor do I mean the highly-organized tribal hunts surrounding and driving herds over the now-famous buffalo jumps, like the

and-dirty hunts: primitive men on foot with sticks and rocks trying to harvest the meat from an animal the size of a modern three-quarter-ton pickup truck. Just three or four men with simple clubs, maybe an atlatl, and homemade spears not much longer than the average hippie's walking stick, hunting and killing an *Antiquus* bison. Add to the mix a mammal that is not too keen on 'donating' its hide and meat to the tribal cause and it was a very dangerous mixture. Men could be crippled for life or worse yet, end up dead with their families dying from starvation. It took tough men to step up to such a challenge – tough men driven by hunger.

Years ago I was getting ready for a upcoming trip down into old Mexico, so I started walking in the Sacramento Mountains to get into shape. One day while walking I was thinking about the prehistoric buffalo hunters and I came up with a great idea to have my own bison hunt. Although no buffalo were around, there were plenty of range cattle!! Soon I spied my first victim, a Hereford cow munching on grass. My plan was simple: sneak up on that cow

and touch her with my walking stick, kind of like counting coup. Herefords were a good breed to start with, since they ain't much smarter than a sheep. So I put the sneak on old bossy and was doing pretty well, until for some reason she just walked away. I knew she hadn't seen me, but being on foot there was no use trying to catch up to her again. My near success made me even more determined, and soon I was searching for another unsuspecting bovine.

It didn't take me long to get this 'buffalo hunting' down. Soon I had tagged eight or ten head of fake buffalo with my walking stick over a week's time. One day I snuck up behind a big calf on the edge of an arroyo, creeping up to him on my belly through the grass and weeds. I reached out with my walking stick and pushed on his hip. He slowly turned towards the pressure and as he did, he accidentally stepped off the edge of the arroyo. In slow motion he fell into the arroyo, slid down the wall and landed in the soft sand below, unhurt. I was not sure who was more surprised by the outcome, the cow or myself, as he galloped off in surprise. The one thing I had to be careful of when I touched most of those cattle was getting kicked. Most cows would jump and kick at my walking stick or me when I touched them and counted a coup.

In a very short time I graduated from slow dumb Herefords to the more alert and dangerous breeds like Angus and Brangus cattle. These were guar-

anteed kickers and they would attack if cornered. One day I spotted my greatest challenge yet: a big massive Brangus bull. I did not hesitate to start stalking him, and because he was in a wide-open flat with no cover, it made my hunt even tougher, a real challenge. I crawled on my belly for about 75 yards, stopping each time that he lifted his head to chew. It took forever to sneak up on that big son-of-a-gun. Then, after what seemed a lifetime, I was there: ready to 'spear' that massive 'prehistoric buffalo.' Grasping my spear (walking stick) I made my 'kill.'

That's when ALL HELL BROKE LOOSE! The split second I bumped him with that walking stick, he not only jumped and kicked that walking stick out of my hand and sent it flying, but he whirled around and attacked me. He had me pinned to the ground. He blew snot all over the front of my shirt as I rolled to get away, bellowing loudly right in my face. The whole time he had his front feet placed one on each side of my head, throwing dust all over me as he raked his hornless head all over my upper body. As quickly as it began it was over. He spun away and took off across that flat in a dead run!

I lay there for what seemed like forever, taking an extensive inventory of my body parts. It was then and there I changed my vocation from 'Prehistoric Buffalo Hunter' to Team Roper. I'm headed to the store to BUY some steaks; if ya'll need me to pick something up for ya, let me know.

# Folkways

Story and photograph by  
Maya Brown Zniwski

## GOLDENROD

**G**lorious Goldenrod! You know those beautiful golden flowers that grow by the side of the road, in ditches and along the fence line? You do! You've seen them! That is Goldenrod. If you've heard disparaging things about lovely Goldenrod, that she's a waste weed or she causes seasonal allergies, you have heard lies. She is a beautiful and useful flower. I have never met anyone who is allergic to Goldenrod. It is a member of the *aster* family of plants, which includes daisies. Goldenrod has very small, very sticky pollen and as we all know it's the pollen that generally causes allergies. Goldenrod pollen sticks very, very well to bees and to itself but does not float or fly in the air as other kinds of pollen do, so you are highly unlikely to be allergic to it. There is another plant that grows right next to her, without those beautiful golden blooms, called Ragweed. Many people are allergic to that.

Goldenrod's Latin name is *solidago*. There are hundreds of kinds of *solidago*, including common names like winter and Canadian. Goldenrod grows all over North America and in Europe. She is grown in yards all over the world. As if to counteract her reputation as a seasonal allergen, Goldenrod is used to fight seasonal allergies: as a tea, a tincture, in a popsicle, as a salad green or as a vinegar. In earlier columns I've talked about how to make tinctures. Here is a quick recap: cut the top third of the above-ground plant, stuff the chopped Goldenrod in a glass jar with about one ounce of the plant to five ounces of hard liquor (vodka or whiskey is great), put a lid on the jar. Let set for

six weeks. Strain the tincture, reserving the liquid and composting the flower parts. A serving is a teaspoon (30-40 drops) two or three times a day.

You can make a Goldenrod tea by harvesting the upper third of Goldenrod, stalks, leaves and flowers, chopping them up a little and pouring water, just off the boil, over a small handful of the tops of Goldenrod. Wait a few minutes, strain and enjoy! For a therapeutic effect drink three cups a day. For acute situations of ragweed or other pollen-induced respiratory reactions, drink five cups a day.

You can make Goldenrod tea as a sweet tea, hot or cold. Try making Goldenrod tea popsicles: Add a little orange or cherry juice or make fresh lemonade or limeade, for flavor, just as long as you are enjoying Goldenrod. I make Goldenrod honey by infusing the flowers in honey and smearing on toast or on a chicken to roast.

Goldenrod is noted especially for healing respiratory issues like infections, coughs and colds. (Have you ever noticed how many plants are noted for healing lung issues like coughs and colds? I have a theory as to why, but that is for another day, another discussion.) Goldenrod is good for healing skin issues like small cuts, bug bites and rashes. So make that tea, let it cool, place a clean cloth in the tea, squeeze it out and place on the bug bite or rashy area until the cloth becomes warm. Soak the cloth in the cooled tea again. You do not need to make fresh tea every time.

Goldenrod in tea or tincture form also helps with intestinal problems like ulcers, or urinary tract problems.



Goldenrod increases urinary flow, helping your body rid itself of these issues. Goldenrod is also very helpful with liver, vascular, and circulatory health.

In addition to Goldenrod as a tea or tincture, she makes a wonderful salad ingredient, too. Just pluck the fresh, young leaves and add to your favorite salad.

Have you considered herbal vinegars lately? You can add clean, cut up Goldenrod roots, flowers, leaves and stalks to apple cider vinegar. Do

not use metal when infusing the vinegar; metal reacts with the acid and makes vinegar go all wonky. After a couple of weeks strain out the plant parts and use the vinegar in a salad dressing or as you would all your yummy vinegars. She makes a great addition to your garden as well and is a favorite of honeybees. The next time you are headed out walking and spy those happy bright flowers of Goldenrod, do not disparage her, but love her instead.

**Landscape of My Father**

He smiled then, knowing  
there were clouds snagged in his hair,  
slate mountain streams reflected in his eyes,  
desert grit silted between his toes.  
Rocky crags formed in the rifts of his knuckles,  
the hoof beats of a stag echoed in his pulse,  
a blue-gold arid sunrise spread wide across his heart,  
and the harsh cry of all creation sounded  
a wild orchestra in his soul.  
This was his salvation.  
This, his benediction.  
This, his home.

*by Julia Kennedy Kirkland*

**The Tinaja**

Nestled  
in the ancient,  
shrine-like rock  
of Hancock Hill,  
it sparkles

in the primeval  
darkness.  
Is it the lost  
silver coin  
of a god?

Or the stars,  
banished  
from the cosmos,  
assembling  
in their secret,

rock-solid  
sanctuary  
and dropping  
to their knees,  
for worship?

*by Larry D. Thomas*

**Javelinas**

Tusks  
glint in starlight  
like shards  
of sun-bleached bones.  
Swollen

by the presence  
of feral hogs,  
the herd's passage  
down the arroyo  
will jar the darkness

with a distant rumble,  
loudening  
as it descends  
the shuddering flanks  
of Hancock Hill,

raging  
like a black flash flood  
to churn the stone-  
still pondering  
of the water.

*by Larry D. Thomas*

## **Crawling Out From Under Partly Cloudy**

Outside the tempest storms—wild West Texas:  
Thunder and lightning, wind and rain,  
Pea size hail, golf ball size hail, softball size hail,  
And TV touted tornado.

After a forever feeling—  
Angry attack of the elements is repelled.  
Sprinkling straggler raindrops  
Pepper peeled, ragged roof remains.  
Final rolling thunder-guns  
Fire in the distance.

Is it over for the night?  
Sam will tell you on KTAB 32  
After a word from our sponsor,  
If you still have electricity  
If you still have a house  
If you're still alive.

Now truly! Our favoring God choice  
Again has regained control.  
Preserving our and His  
Little pseudo-religious community  
Save a sacrificial bit of sinful materialism.  
We indeed praise the grace of Jesus.

*by Jim Wilson*

## **Annihilation**

I smashed them flat.  
Sixteen, single family homes  
Built and cared for by single moms.

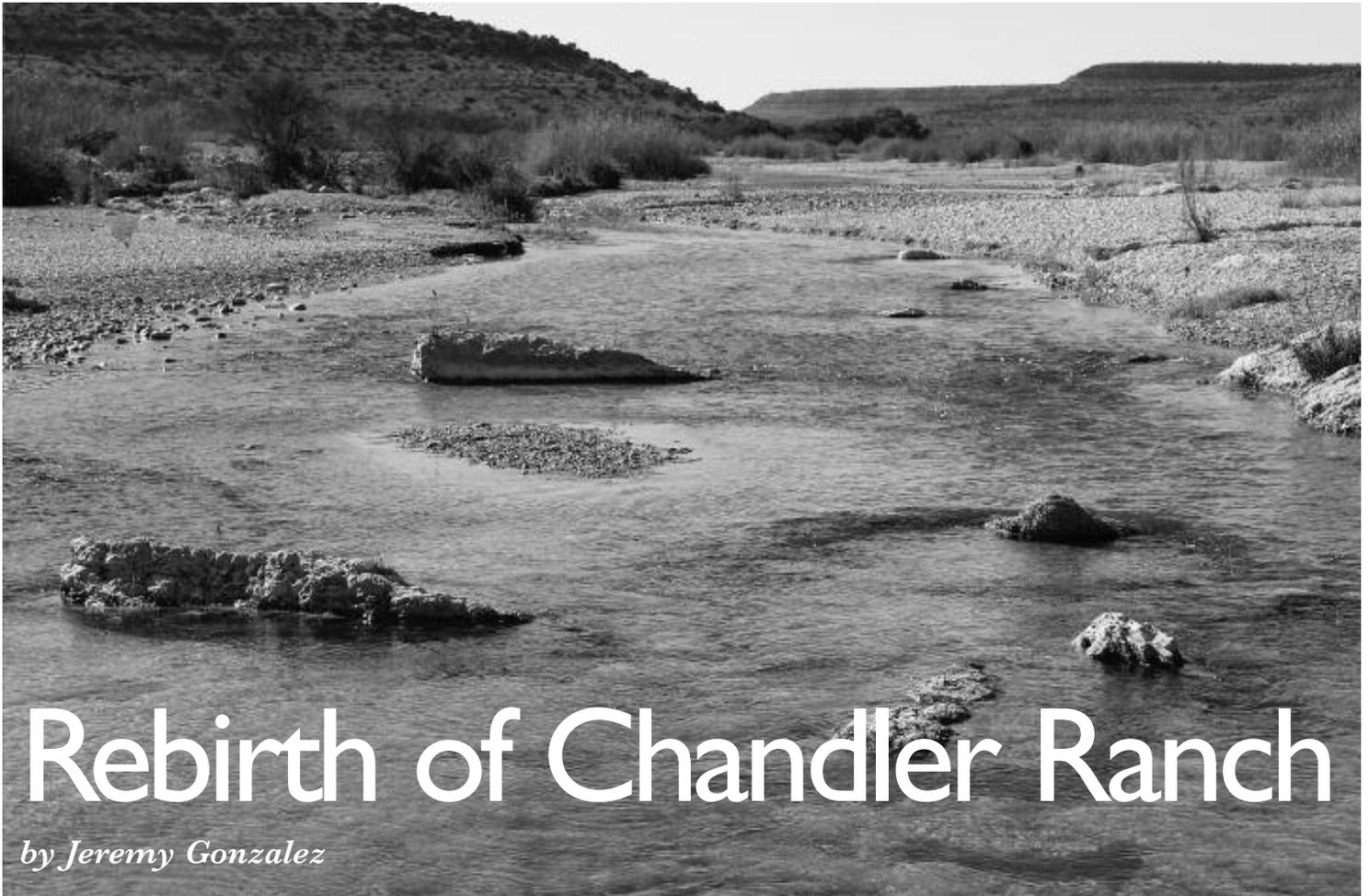
Bulldozed with the children in them  
Off the face of the earth  
No trace remains.

No strip retail plans  
No high rise condos coming,  
They were just ugly.

Red earth, dirt dobber nests  
On white Austin limestone walls,  
They were just ugly.

They had to go.  
No real substantial reason  
Just a human being human.

*by Jim Wilson*



# Rebirth of Chandler Ranch

by *Jeremy Gonzalez*

I spend most of my days sitting in a swivel chair, resting my elbows on my desk while I am typing up stories for the *Fort Stockton Pioneer*. When the office phone rings I never know what great opportunities are awaiting me on the other end of the line.

It was a typical Wednesday morning when I got a special phone call from a nice guy named Joe A. Chandler. The *Pioneer* was going to press for its March 10th issue and he was telling me all about the “rebirth” of a place called Chandler Ranch. My ears perked up when he mentioned that the ranch has some of the purest water in Texas flowing through it. I accumulated a good pile of pink post-it notes as I jotted down the details he shared.

Charlie Chandler arrived in Texas

at the end of the 19th century. He married Minerva O’Bryant in 1903 and soon started ranching. In 1912 Charlie’s son Joe was born. Joe’s grandson, also named Joe, is the present owner.

In 1920 Charlie Chandler acquired a state permit to divert water from “public resources.” He became a farmer that raised grain, sugar cane, watermelons and the first and only cotton ever grown in the county. In the ‘40s and ‘50s he divided his ranch among his children, leaving Joe and his wife Mildred with the guest ranch area that visitors can explore today. On that land Joe built the swimming pool, game room and cabin, and he cleared campgrounds along the creek and river.

The Chandler legacy began back in

the early ‘50s, and in 1954 a handful of guest ranch facilities faced destruction from a historic flood. With hard work and extensive repairs, the ranch managed to recover and flourish as a popular West Texas destination from the ‘60s all the way to the ‘80s. It was well-known for its nine-hole golf course, and the ranch adopted a fun logo of a fish with sunglasses holding a golf club in its fin.

Unfortunately, the ranch gradually fell off the radar as a popular destination. Age and health problems led Joe and Mildred Chandler to close the ranch to guests. The guest ranch remained closed to the public, and for years it was only used for private hunting leases through permission of the Chandlers’ daughters, Charlena and JoBeth.

Grandson and fourth-generation Chandler Joe A. didn’t want to see his family’s guest ranch disappear. He began the work of its restoration in 2014 and has reopened Chandler Ranch to guests. Joe says, “The new wild is where people and nature thrive together.” By the end of our conversation my coffee mug was empty, my notes were gathered, and I took off on my lunch break with a screwy “Ace Ventura” type of smile on my face. I couldn’t contain my excitement. My publisher was all for it. I immediately called my wife and said, “Babe, start packing a suitcase. We’re taking a trip to Chandler Ranch.”

Our journey was a scenic and easy two-hour drive from Fort Stockton to the secluded guest ranch in Dryden, Texas. The approach to the guest

quarters is a rare desert scene of oaks and glistening ponds. As you take Independence Creek Road, it leads you straight into the lodging area, revealing the creek for which the road was named. The Chandler Ranch showcases the actual location where the Pecos River and Independence Creek collide in beautiful harmony. Rolling in from the flat landscape of Fort Stockton, I really enjoyed the elevation of the semi-arid Edwards Plateau region. The ranch land is snuggled within a good scattering of mesas. I had three words to say when I first stepped out of my car: "Aahh, fresh air." The atmosphere of their acreage is so different from any other West Texas journey's end. It's untouched by civilization. It has its own vibe, its own feel; it is a purely private location.

Upon arriving we were well-received and immediately greeted by everyone out on the ranch. We were taken to the Game Room where we all got acquainted. The Game Room is the oldest structure on the property and its makeover was exceptional. For entertainment it has pool, ping-pong, and foosball. There is also a telescope available for stargazers to enjoy at night, enhanced by near-zero light pollution. It has a contemporary kitchen equipped with brand-new appliances and excellent seating, so families can unwind and enjoy some home-cooked meals prepared by Ranch chef Richard Jasso, Jr.

We sat down at an outdoor table with Joe, his sister Anne Vargas-Prada, and his brother-in-law, Jeff Rowes as Richard brought out a pot roast lunch, rounds of sweet tea and rich coconut custard pie for dessert. Richard (who doesn't mind be addressed by his first name) is such a humble chef; he pointed out that life slows down at Chandler Ranch. My wife and I quickly realized that we were in the midst of some truly amazing people. Jeff is an intellectual from Canada who is also a comedian by nature. Everything that came out of his mouth was either extremely profound or extremely funny. One thing he said that really stuck with me was the most significant representation of the ranch's motive.

"We're not competing against other regional attractions or destinations. Chandler Ranch is competing against modern technology, smart phones and video games. We're trying to get parents and their kids to stop staring at

glowing rectangles and just enjoy being outside. There's stunning natural beauty to behold."

We took a break to unpack our luggage and get settled into our luxurious

not take this oasis for granted. Joe Chandler often spotted me sitting in the middle of Independence Creek, filling up my outdoor flask. I probably looked like a nut, but Joe got me. The



Jenny and Charlena Chandler posing with Charlie Chandler, great-grandfather to Joe A. Chandler, and a ranch employee in front of two bucks

lodge, the Cafe Cabin. Honestly, it felt like we were house sitting a wealthy home and we loved everything about it. It was fully modernized, decked out

abounding waters were just so amazing for viewing, cooling down, and even drinking. Yes, I was bold enough to sip on the same waters that I knew



JoBeth, Charlena, Joe B. Chandler, grandfather of Joe A. Chandler, at the old wagon wheels near the entrance of the ranch

with all the goods including coffee maker and mini fridge. My wife Armanda genuinely adored this cabin. She would often slip away to go relax there as I ran around barefoot in my coonskin hat, a bit like Davy Crockett.

I was drawn to the water and did

deer and other wildlife often drank. If that's not the best way to experience a fresh water spring then I don't know what is.

The wildlife outnumbered the human population on Chandler Ranch by a long shot. There have

been sightings of mountain lions, foxes, raccoons, rabbits, beavers, possums, porcupines, bobcats, whitetail deer, occasional mule deer, javelina, turkey, quail, ducks, river birds, armadillo, and more. There even was a rare sighting of a black bear that might have wandered up from Mexico. I'm thinking it followed the aroma of Richard's biscuits, made from scratch and smothered in country gravy.

"There is a lot to be observed and studied out here. Universities send students and faculty to study the freshwater springs, oak tree regeneration, lizards, snakes, birds, mussels, turtles — everything under the sun seems to be studied out here," stated Joe.

The Chandlers, along with Richard, gave us a special, extensive tour of their vast property on a Kawasaki "Mule" 4WD utility vehicle (comparable to a large golf cart). Guests can roam the ranch with a Mule assigned for their stay. It was an absolute honor for us to explore it with the actual Chandler siblings. "I love to watch the large catfish swim out from underneath the big rocks. Sometimes you can walk up to the edge and see a big tail popping out from so many catfish being gathered together. On still days with no wind, the water looks like glass, and you can see the fish perfectly as they swim by. It's fantastic," Ann told us at a spot where she had her brother pull over.

We visited a forested area of oaks where we found Jeff scaling up a cliff. We loved Jeff; he was so unpredictable! We also visited a canopy of oak trees at a spot know as "Shady Oaks," where gangs of turkeys ran wild in the abundant shade. My favorite stop was at the breathtaking bluffs that towered above the beach area at the convergence of Independence Creek and the Pecos River. The Chandler Ranch holds one of the oldest Texas water rights and is the only ranch allowed to pump water out of the creek. The state monitors their water and specialists have recognized Independence Creek's springs as producing some of the cleanest water in the Lone Star State.

In the evening we all sat around the dinner table to have a meal together. Richard whipped up some country-style fried chicken and those scrumptious homemade biscuits. This is the stuff of peace and smiles: sitting with

continued on page 14

continued from page 13

people I just met in the morning and feeling like family by evening. Joe Chandler rolled up his sleeves and made some peach cobbler that would have Paula Deen asking for the recipe. I have never before met a CEO that got in the kitchen and served instead of being served.

We all migrated outside, feeling as relaxed as vanilla ice cream melting on cobbler, and watched the sun go

down. Then we sat under a spectacular view of the starlit sky. Joe and Richard lit a fire and turned up the country tunes, and we stayed up talking about everything from the history of the ranch to the drinks that we order from Starbucks. When my wife and I got back to the cabin, we were so relaxed we sank into the soft sheets. We couldn't help but discuss the highlights of our personal visit to Chandler Ranch. The crystal clear water, the warm sun, the wilderness were all great, but it was the amazing hospital-

ity of the Chandlers and ranch staff that made the whole trip so remarkable.

I woke up just before the sun rose and saw Joe and Richard up and at it. They were warming up by the fire. I scurried over there like a fox chasing a mouse. Joe pointed to Independence Creek, where dozens of deer could be seen standing in its flow. "I told you deer drink out of there." Richard was brewing a pot of coffee at sunrise, as he usually does for guests who spend the night. Mornings on the ranch are fresh and peaceful.

After breakfast, I had the great privilege of meeting Joe and Anne's sweet mother, Charlena Chandler, who gave me an autographed copy of her book *On Independence Creek: The Story of a Texas Ranch*. A stay at Chandler Ranch is an authentic Texan experience with plen-

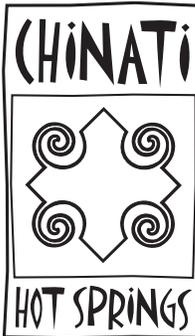
ty of room for adventure. It is without question the hidden treasure of all West Texas destinations. The ranch is hard to capture on camera. It is simply something that you must experience hands-on.

We said our goodbyes and Anne sent us off with a jug to fill with spring water. It was sad to pack up all my legal pads and coonskin hat and head for home. Whoops, I left behind my binoculars. I guess we have to go back and pick them up.

Chandler Ranch cabins and info at [chandlerranch.com](http://chandlerranch.com). Updates and pictures of its construction can be seen at [facebook.com/ChandlerRanchFans](http://facebook.com/ChandlerRanchFans). Their contact email is [info@chandlerranch.com](mailto:info@chandlerranch.com).

A magical oasis in the Chihuahuan Desert of Texas

Off the Pinto Canyon Rd near Ruidosa



rustic lodging camping reservations required

432.229.4165 [chinatihotsprings.net](http://chinatihotsprings.net)

Dan and Dianna Burbach, Managers

on-line at: [cenizojournal.com](http://cenizojournal.com)

## HAMMERFEST FORGE METALWORK STUDIO



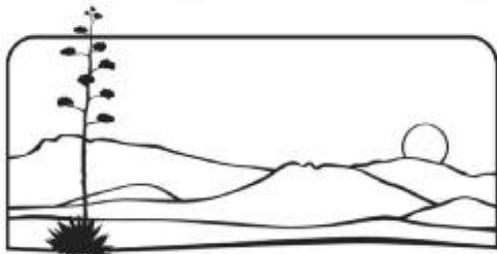
Hammerfest Forge is a source for finely crafted ironwork  
Fireplace equipment • Gates • Railings  
Door and cabinet hardware • Signage  
Furniture • Lighting (electric & candle)  
And much more

Larry Crawford, Metalsmith

830.613.7404

2400 FM 1703 Alpine, Texas

[hammerfest@ymail.com](mailto:hammerfest@ymail.com)  
[hammerfestforge.com](http://hammerfestforge.com)



## CHIHUAHUAN DESERT nature center

Canyon Springs in the Desert:  
What could be better? Come explore!

hiking trails ☀ botanical gardens  
☀ cactus & succulent greenhouse ☀  
outdoor & indoor exhibits ☀ gift shop

43869 ST HWY 118 (4 mi. SE of Fort Davis)  
Open 9-5, Monday-Saturday  
432.364.2499  
[www.cdri.org](http://www.cdri.org)

Open  
Sundays  
12-5  
thru Sept.

## DAVIS MOUNTAINS NUT COMPANY

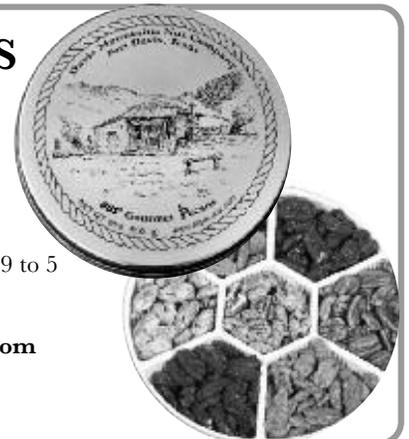
Roasted and Dipped Pecans

*You can taste the difference care makes!*

Please stop in for FREE SAMPLES  
Hwy 17 in Fort Davis • Open: Mon. - Sat. 9 to 5

Great handmade gourmet gifts!  
We ship anywhere year-round  
Visit us on the web: [www.allpecans.com](http://www.allpecans.com)

800-895-2101 • 432-426-2101  
[dmnc@allpecans.com](mailto:dmnc@allpecans.com)



# Salsa Stories:

## Documenting the stories behind salsa on the border

as told to Johanna Nelson

PABLO GARCIA • EL PASO, TEXAS

*Good salsa is about more than mixing together a few chiles and tomatoes because there's a secret ingredient that can't be measured - the story. Every incredible salsa has a story behind it. Ask anyone in West Texas about what constitutes the best salsa and you'll discover deep-seated passions about intense chiles, beautiful stories of family and culture, or salsa philosophies that vary as widely as the salsa recipes. Crafting a delicious salsa is an art form that requires precise tuning and a well-developed process that is sometimes carried on for generations.*

*Salsa Stories is a project that seeks to celebrate and explore the craft of making salsa in far West Texas and the wonderful stories behind it.*

When I was growing up, my parents had this thing that when they were invited to people's homes and the salsa was too hot, it was like disrespect to them, and they thought it was almost offensive. So, that idea has stuck with me throughout my life and when I'm making salsa, I'm always very conscious of the heat level; I never want to make it too hot. For a basic table salsa, I prefer a traditional style and strive for a medium heat level. It's a lot easier to add to it if you decide you want it to be hotter. Or, you can always just make one that's hot to have on the table along with the milder version, too.

I still use my Mom's original salsa recipe from roasted Serrano chiles. My salsa making process is pretty simple. I'll roast around four chiles while I'm boiling the tomatoes. Once the chiles are blackened and soft, I put them in a plastic bag for a couple of minutes, which is a trick of the trade that makes it easier to peel off the skin. Some people like to have black char in their salsa, but I don't care for it. I use a concasse process with the tomatoes and let them boil just until their skins begin to peel. Then, I put the peeled chiles and the boiled tomatoes in a blender.

Next, I'll add a small, fresh onion to

the mix. I'm not looking for a sweet taste when I make salsa, so that's why I don't cook the onion; the longer you cook onion, the sweeter it gets. Then, I add a few cloves of raw garlic, salt and pepper, cumin and cilantro. People tend to misuse cumin a lot because it takes a while for its flavor to release and



develop unless you heat it up. It can taste very different the next day, so that's why you have to know what you're doing when you use it. It's also important to pay attention to the consistency. I like my salsa to be chunky, but not too thick. While you're blending, you can always add a little of the water that the tomatoes were boiled in to help get it right.

If I go to a house or to cookouts, especially when I was involved with the church more, people usually ask me to make the salsa. Most people will always remember a good salsa or ask for the recipe. I think the secret is keeping it simple. When people get competitive, they try to outdo themselves, but with salsa, I think the key is sticking to the basics. I've carried my mom's salsa recipe with me my whole life; I'm glad I can use it to create something that people like and brings them together. Now she's 67, she might have lost a little of her step with age, but I'm positive that she still makes the best salsa.

Our family has been in the same neighborhood in East El Paso for 36 years. Growing up with my brothers and sisters, there were a lot of bad influ-

ences around us. I ended up being involved with gangs and drugs at a young age, but getting into food helped me to turn my life around. I have been in the food industry for about 19 years and currently I'm working on finishing up my Culinary Arts degree from El Paso Community College. It's interesting for me to look back on my life and reflect on all the pieces that led up to where I am today.

My dad worked at ASARCO, the smelter refinery here in El Paso, for 40 years. I would see my mom wake up at 4 a.m. to make his breakfast and lunch every day. When I was younger, I woke up early to be able to sit there and talk to my dad before he went to work, especially during the weekends. I liked watching my mom as she got things ready and would pay close attention to the things she put into his lunch box. Sometimes, I would go through it just to be nosy because I was such a curious kid. After he got home from work, I'd watch her go through the process of cleaning it out. Every time, there was always a small container of Tang and a jar of salsa. I was fascinated by those little details and the images have stuck with me during my life.

I started off in fast food when I was basically a kid. That was the period when I was involved in gangs and dealing with a lot of anger and issues. There was nothing positive around, and I got in a lot of trouble with the law. Eventually, I had to move to Denver, Colorado, to get away. I started working at an Italian restaurant with Keith Brunell who took me under his wing and taught me a lot. From that point, my love and passion for culinary arts really began to develop. No one had ever given me an opportunity before; I was 19.

I met my wife during that time, and we started having children. I had to start working for a temp service, which sent me out to all types of different



restaurants and food establishments, like universities, hospitals, and hospices. As I was working in a children's hospital, my perception of my job shifted and I came to realize how important food was. I recognized that the meal I was making might be the last that someone ever ate. I developed the mentality that everything I made had to be perfect; it became a passion and a force and I tried to do the best I could with every dish.

Eventually I improved and cooking became a part of me, and really the only thing I was good at. Cooking gave me the opportunity to put my personality and drive into it. It also gave me the chance to honor my family's heritage by remembering old recipes or how my mom would cook certain foods. It's important to me to remember my parents' story, like how my mom was a migrant worker and immigrant and my dad worked hard at ASARCO for all those years. During all of that, my mom has always made the same salsa and used the same recipe. And now, I am continuing it on.

Salsa is a wonderful thing to create strong memories. It gives me an overwhelming joy that people like my salsa. The fact that I'm able to share something that has such an important background and tradition for my family is something good that I can offer.

# CYRUS M. “CHARLIE” WILSON

## Father of Sanderson and Terrell County

by *Bill Smith*

The most colorful character to walk the streets of Sanderson, Texas, was Charlie Wilson. Civil War veteran, frontiersman, gambler and wheeler-dealer, he founded the community to make his fortune. Stories of his exploits and antics rivaled even those of the legendary Judge Roy Bean.

Cyrus M. “Charlie” Wilson was born in Fleming County, Kentucky, in June of 1847, but spent his childhood in Paris, Edgar County, Illinois. Andrew Wilson, his father and a blacksmith, was born in Fleming County, KY and his mother, May, in Fauquier County, Virginia. He had a brother and three sisters, and a half-sister from his mother’s first marriage. Paris was and is a sleepy farming community on the Illinois-Indiana border, and his father was a very busy man. Charlie learned skills in the blacksmith shop that stood him well in later life.

At the start of the Civil War Charlie was far too young to enlist. As soon as he looked old enough, he enlisted as a Private in Company H of the 64th Illinois Volunteer Infantry, 1st Battalion, Yates’ Sharp Shooters, on February 3, 1864. He was just 16.

He fought in Alabama and Tennessee, and then joined with Sherman’s army in its siege of Atlanta. In Sherman’s drive to the sea, his company destroyed railroads and engaged the Confederacy at every opportunity, participating in many famous battles. During the conflict he was wounded twice, once in the left hand and once in the throat, but the wounds were not serious. His regiment marched across the south, finishing the fighting at Bentonville, NC.

The distinguished 64th suffered a casualty count of 242 men, over half of whom died of illness. At war’s end his regiment participated in the Grand Review of the Armies in Washington, D.C., and then returned to Illinois. He mustered out on July 11, 1865. He had attained the rank of Corporal. Here his military record ends.



Charlie Wilson and his pugs

After the war Charlie immigrated to West Texas to begin the life of a frontiersman. It was a wild and forbidding place. The Comanches and Apaches were attacking the sparse settlements, stealing livestock and taking captives. Outlaws and criminals used the Big Bend and West Texas as a place to escape the long arm of the law. It was into this dangerous environment that Charlie wholeheartedly cast his lot.

The 1880 Census for Presidio County, Texas, shows that he was a bartender in Fort Davis. This was during the Buffalo Soldier years at the Fort, so it is unlikely that he was soldier at that time, and he does not show up on the rosters of officers of the period.

He was a well-known character in West Texas from the earliest post-war days.

In the early 1880s, the Southern Pacific Railroad in the west and the Galveston, Harrisburg and San Antonio Railroad in the east were building a new all-weather southern transcontinental rail route, which was scheduled to meet at some location in southern Pecos County. In that period Pecos County was huge, encompassing present-day Reeves, Terrell, Val Verde and Pecos Counties. Through some means Charlie saw the surveyors’ plans and was shrewd enough to figure out that a division point would be located roughly half-way between San Antonio and El Paso. Studying the land along

the proposed route, he decided that the natural bowl in the topography where present-day Sanderson, Texas, sits was a natural spot for a town. He filed claim on all the available land in the area. Had he hesitated, the railroad would have gotten that land for free as an inducement by the state for building in the area.

The first thing Charlie built was a tent saloon to serve the thirsty 3,000-man rail crews when they got to town. This won him the enmity of the Southern Pacific Railroad. For the next 30 years they waged an ongoing feud in which he usually gained the upper hand. Much to the chagrin of the railroad hierarchy, he delighted in finding ways to outsmart the corporation.

Tales of his exploits with the railroad were legendary in the small, growing community. When the railroad arrived they found that they had to purchase property from him on which to build the depot, crew bunkhouse and other company buildings. On top of that, he (and the whole town) often swiped wood, coal and water from the railroad’s huge stockpile. To control theft, the railroad banned building on the south side of the tracks and forced the people to relocate to the north.

And then there were the property line disputes. The railroad surveyed their property by the depot and found that Charlie’s Cottage Bar Saloon was sitting partially on railroad property. Charlie didn’t dispute the fact, but when they demanded he close his saloon, he got his own surveyors and found that the last two stalls of the roundhouse sat on his property. He proceeded to close the Cottage Bar and move his operations to the roundhouse. He stood his ground until top officials with the railroad came to make a deal, allowing him to retain his Cottage Bar Saloon in exchange for their roundhouse stalls.

Then there was the time that Roy Bean moved to town to open a competing saloon. In the night Charlie sent

someone to spike Bean's whiskey barrel with kerosene. The next day, one taste sent Bean's customers away, and he relocated to Langtry. He and Charlie remained friends, but always at arm's length. They continually bested each other in a series of pranks and deals. It also earned Sanderson the name, "The town too mean for Bean."

In an early article entitled "A Very Deer Experience" from the *San Antonio Daily Light*, February 6, 1886, the writer reports on a visit Charlie made to the city. He is characterized as "having lived on the edge, and sometimes a bit over the edge of civilization for years," and that he had "met and vanquished the wild and wooly bear, the fierce catamount, voracious wolf, and times without end had settled scores with the treacherous and murderous Comanche and Apache Indians." He had come to town to "see the sights and get polished up a little so as to cut out hated rivals in affairs of the heart." He and a friend went to see the newly improved San Pedro Park and chanced upon the deer pen with the gate open. He went inside to "while away a few moments fondling with those meek and timid creatures." Suddenly, a young buck took offense and jumped him, knocking him to the ground and severely pummeling him with his sharp hooves. Poor Charlie's brand new suit was reduced to rags and the buck "began operations as a sausage factory." Charlie's friend managed to pull him to safety and they beat a hasty retreat. The paper reported, "This morning he is about, smiling, but limping, and said that it was the 'deer-est' experience he had ever had and that the San-tone 'deers' are altogether too belligerent for him, and that he will return to Sanderson, where there is not a woman within a hundred miles. He has had enough coming to San-tone to

mash the girls." Obviously Charlie had a great sense of humor.

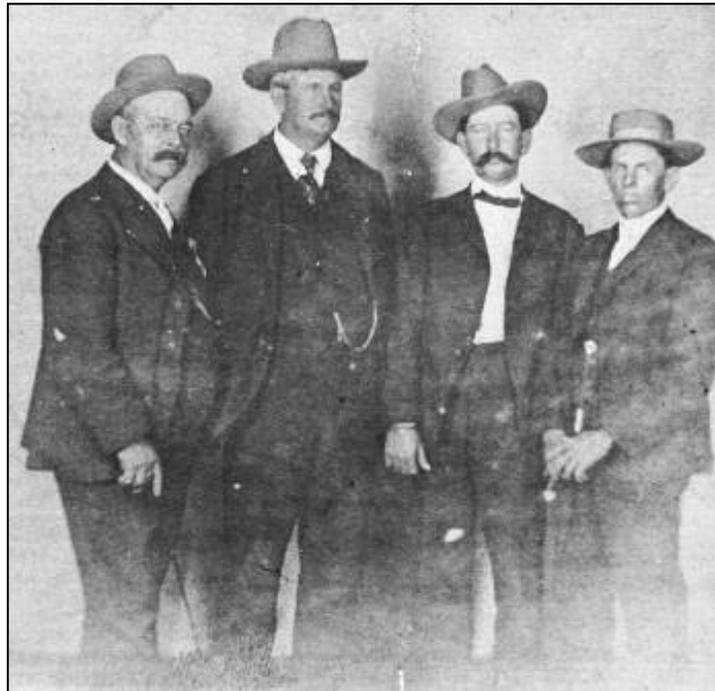
About 1902, Charlie built the wood and adobe Terrell Hotel just north of the depot. Another long adobe building just north of that served as a hotel previously, but he tied the two together

eggs and meat at the restaurant, and one day, Charlie acquired a pet coyote for his saloon, just across the street. He set a trail of corn kernels from the free-range chickens to his bar, and when the chickens followed the trail, it led to his chained coyote, which promptly

Uncle Charlie, as the locals loved to call him, was a shrewd businessman and an inveterate gambler. But the big Irishman, a confirmed lifelong bachelor, had a heart of gold and a soft spot in his heart for children. As his town grew he built public buildings and donated property for the new county courthouse and several churches. He was also a breeder of pug dogs. When a child was born he sometimes gave the newborn a town lot and a puppy for a birth gift. Generous and outgoing, nevertheless he always had a deal going, and not always scrupulously legal.

In 1906 Charlie sold 90 percent of his holdings in Sanderson and the area, and he moved to El Paso. He wanted to move on to Cuba, but old age caught up with him. While in El Paso in 1908, he became ill and was sent to the Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers in Santa Monica, California. As his health problems grew worse, he lost a foot to gangrene. Three weeks later he died, on August 25, 1912. Charlie was laid to rest with honor at what became the Los Angeles National Cemetery. And, for all the wheeling and dealing and profit-taking he had done in his life, his final estate was valued at \$2.30, little more than the change in his pocket or perhaps the liquidation of his personal items at the Home.

Charlie Wilson was a man who exemplified the entrepreneurial spirit of West Texas. Coming to the area during an extremely dangerous period, he carved out a niche for himself and a whole community. Considering the love and admiration which was universally bestowed upon him, it is no exaggeration to characterize him as the "Father of Sanderson and Terrell County, Texas." And, here it is, a hundred years later, and he is still the topic of conversation.



Cyrus "Charlie" M. Wilson, Alexander Watkins Terrell, Texas Legislator for whom the county was named, Joe Kerr, Sr., and W.P. Watkins. 1905

into one big operation. For years Chinese gentlemen ran the hotel, and the building behind was used as their restaurant. Humorous stories from that period recount the Chinese and their cooking and management abilities. The Chinese kept chickens for the

snatched them up and had a feast. Charlie bragged about not having to buy feed for his pet, but one day the Chinese restaurant manager brought over a bill for the missing chickens. Charlie paid up, and the bar patrons hooted that he had gotten caught.

## Christina's World

Folk Art • Jewelry from Around the World  
Local Artisans • Fossils  
Large Day of the Dead Collection

*"Beauty is Critical"*

The Boardwalk, Lajitas  
Open daily 9:30 am to 5:30 pm

Mike  
Green  
Architect  
30+ yrs experience

646.256.8112  
mike@mgreenarchitect.com

Texas License #10917



Cenizo

Third Quarter 2016

17

# Photo Essay

---

*Animalitos by Carol Townsend*



Black Tailed Jack Rabbit

I concentrate my photographic work in and around my hometown of Marathon, Texas. Often at sunrise and sunset I only have to step out my back door to find nature's creatures waiting for me. Please enjoy this sample from my backyard or from just down the road. My neighborhood is filled with wildlife already posing.



Great Horned Owl



Pronghorns Post Road



Above: White tailed deer. Below left: Elk. Below right: Javalina



# Voices of the BIG BEND

*Jim Glendinning: The Galloping Scot, Author, World Traveler and tour operator to Copper Canyon, Mexico.*

*Story and photographs by Jim Glendinning*

## MIKE PALLANEZ

Miguel Pallanez (Mike) was born in Alpine in 1943, the youngest of five children, to Antonio and Virginia Gallego Pallanez. He was preceded by three sisters and a brother, who died at age 18 from pneumonia.

His father was a World War I veteran who worked in a variety of jobs locally. He successfully raised goats for their angora wool and was a stock hauler. He opened a café, El Charo Café, on Harrison Street in Alpine, and also had a hog farm.

Antonio Pallanez died in 1974 at age 80. He and Virginia were sticklers for education and would have been immensely proud of their son's career in coaching as well as of their daughters, who were all involved in education. Pallanez started at Centennial School, attending through eighth grade. He didn't excel in any one subject but recalls "very good, dedicated teachers."

In 1957 he started at Alpine High School. "Everyone got along well," he recalls, "especially the athletes." He played baseball for four years and football for three years. He loved competition and learned that you win as a team and lose as a team.

In fall 1961, Pallanez enrolled at Sul Ross, but suffered a car accident. He re-enrolled in 1963, studying Physical Education with a Minor in Biology, and graduated in 1967. His first job was teaching Physical Education and Science at Centennial School.

Pallanez married Rosie Valenzuela in 1970, whom he met at Centennial School where she worked as a teacher's aide. They married at Our Lady of Peace Catholic Church in Alpine and subsequently had five children: Mary, Julie, Michelle, Tony and Linda. Tony became head baseball coach at Riverside High School in El Paso. Three of his daughters became school teachers like their mother, who was an exceptional elementary school teacher. Linda works in the DA's office.



**MIKE PALLANEZ**  
Alpine

Pallanez's first year at Centennial School was a great success, going undefeated in football, basketball and track in 1967/1968. In 1974 he moved to Alpine High School and restarted baseball, followed by a brief stint coaching at Fabens High School.

Here he enjoyed remarkable success during the 1970s, 1980s and 1990s. Alpine were District Champions in 17 out of 18 years in baseball and in 1994 qualified for the State final four.

Asked to explain the importance of sports competition at the high school level, he replies that putting on a uniform gives you the ability to reach further. In a team, you learn to cope with adversity and how to come back. Competition is the key to improving the man. Coaching is teaching in a different context.

Pallanez's awards include West Texas Coach of the Year (1994) and the Odessa American baseball Coach of the Year (1998). In 2015 he was inducted into the Texas High School Baseball Coach Association Hall of Fame. Pallanez retired in 2008 after



**BETH GARCIA**  
Alpine

Photo by Tim McKenna

coaching from 2001-2008 at Sul Ross. Today he is a County Commissioner. As a man who loved teaching and coaching, Pallanez's message is: "If you love what you do, keep doing it."

## BETH GARCIA

The main characters in Beth Garcia's popular crime novels are tough people living in a rugged terrain. Residents of Big Bend can easily recognize this landscape since they live there. They can empathize with the characters due to Garcia's skill at drawing the reader into the story. How Garcia achieves this is bound up with her own life's journey.

Elizabeth Anne Egger (Beth) was born in Rochester, NY in 1949, the eldest of three daughters of the Rev. Henry T. and Anne Eggers, a teacher. Her father's calling as an Episcopal priest meant the family moved frequently. Her childhood years were spent in Charleston, NC and later in Gainesville, FL, where Garcia attended PK Younge High School.

After graduating from high school in



**CHARLIE ANGELL**  
Presidio

1967, Garcia attended community college in Marianna, FL. She didn't complete the course; instead, she married Ernest Frey, who worked nearby in the US Air Force. The couple eloped to Alabama to marry since she was too young to marry in Florida.

Ernie quit the Air Force and took a job. Garcia gained experience in the insurance business, got a license, and showed an entrepreneurial ability in sales that would help her later. However, their lives were moving apart, and they divorced in 1979. In 1980, Garcia took off for the west and never returned.

In 1984 she fetched up at Lajitas Resort, tending bar. She was hired by Big Bend River Tours at a period when the river ran high and the rafting business boomed. She bought the company in 1988. The business grew, and at one stage she had 43 employees.

In 1983, she married Efrain Garcia, by whom she had a daughter, Margarita. Margarita would later play a role in Garcia's book-writing career, as a part role model for Deputy Ricos,

the tough female protagonist. The profits from the rafting company paid for treatment for a lung disease which she was told, when it was diagnosed in 1985, would end her life in 6 months.

Garcia sold Big Bend River Tours in 2000, and started the Terlingua Youth Club dealing with the after-school needs of local youngsters. This developed in the Boys & Girls Club of Terlingua. The project, which she calls "the most meaningful thing I ever did," was sabotaged by local interests and left her with a huge anger.

She turned to writing professionally. In 2013 she finally completed her first Deputy Ricos book (*One Bloody Shirt at a Time*), and exorcised the anger. Front Street Books placed a big order. The book went on to win "Best Crime Novel of the Year" by the Texas Association of Authors for 2013.

Her seven books all have catchy titles (eg *Darker than Black*, *Beautiful Bones*) and strong covers. She has a dedicated local fan club as well as faithful readers further afield. Carol Wallace of Alpine, one of these fans, says, "She takes us on a ride. I eat up her books." Beth Garcia is brimming with story plots for the

future. I ask if there will be more books. "Oh Yes. Yes Sir!" she replies.

#### CHARLIE ANGELL

From a thriving roofing business in Miami to an expanding tourism enterprise in the quiet desert near Presidio, Charlie Angell gets things done. He was born in Hawaii in 1961. Family life was unsettled since his father was an abusive man. However, after a divorce and a move to Fort Worth in 1964, matters improved for Angell, his sister Ruth and his mother Judy.

Angell's schooling was in Dallas, where the family moved when he was in fourth grade. At Seagoville High School he became captain of the swim team and showed promise in writing. He enjoyed the outdoors and left the city whenever he could for camping and hiking.

Graduating from high school in 1984, he spent a few semesters in community college. Hearing of construction opportunities in Miami following Hurricane Andrew, he headed there in 1992 and found work suited to his high-charged energy. Later he formed a company that came to employ 60

workers.

Around 2001, he was contacted by a lawyer in West Texas regarding a house near Ruidosa, that had belonged to his father, now deceased. He inherited the house, and started to make periodic visits to fix up the house in the borderland of desert and mountains, and few people. He felt super-connected to the area. Running half-clothed through the desert as recreation was much more satisfying than coping with the crime, noise and crowds of Miami.

In 2008 he moved permanently to his Ruidosa property. He threw himself into developing a guiding and rafting company. A timely recommendation from a happy client got his company, Angell Expeditions, a top listing on Trip Advisor. Passionate about wildlife, he worked on learning about the natural life of the area as well as the history. Angell Expeditions offers hiking trips, jeep tours, rafting trips, and Angell later got into the camp cooking business. Pilar Pedersen of Alpine, who ranches near Ruidosa, calls him "a world class guide." Meanwhile, he is always on the lookout for properties to turn into rental houses.

Angell thrives on the solitude and beauty of the desert. His nearest neighbor is one-and-a-half miles distant. He vigorously promotes and tends Angell Expeditions, where he now has 40 boats.

Building a good relationship with Big Bend Ranch State Park, where he caters for events, he also looks to benefit when the Chinati Mountains State Natural Area opens, since this yet undeveloped area is on his door step. He deals increasingly with school groups and Boy Scouts troops.

Angell Expeditions' headquarters in Redford sits on a site of Tapacolme Indians. Angell hopes to get involved with an archeological dig, leading to a book about the area. Already qualified to operate in Big Bend National Park and Big Bend Ranch State Park, Angell recently got qualified as a guide in the Devil's River State Park. Meanwhile, on any day, Angell is somewhere on the move, promoting his Angell Expeditions or looking for a new interest in the region to satisfy his curiosity and drive.

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

*From rack cards and brochures  
to directories and guides ...*

*From maps and post cards  
to flyers and magazines ...*

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



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



Little Explorers in the **BIG BEND**

*by Danielle Gallo. Illustration by Gary Oliver.*



The world is made of nooks and crannies. Traveling the broad rivers of concrete, to and fro, day to day, it's easy to forget that the majority of real estate is still devoid of homes, offices, identical stores and manmade objects. We wear channels through the world with our feet and wheels, but outside the familiar paths there are different patterns worn by wind and water; there are living histories and vibrant traditions still being written. When your family is young, it's all the more important to show your children that the world is more than an endless repetition of macadam and manicured parks.

When I was young in New England, we used to explore the New Hampshire woods and streams. I loved the old stone walls that crisscrossed the forests—reminders of the old farms now covered by young growth. It made me think of the settlers who built them two and three centuries before, clearing the old-growth trees by hand, ploughing rocky soil, piling the stones to mark their fields. I still love to find traces of long-vanished footprints, and the Trans-Pecos is full of them, human

and geologic. Now that I have my own children, I think a lot about the places I want to show them, the landscapes that will shape and inform their concepts of history and the earth.

I often tell visitors to go see Ernst Tinaja. It's a familiar conversation: I say the name, and they struggle to wrap the unfamiliar words into a package that will mean something to them. I write it down, then explain that a tinaja is a naturally-occurring hole eroded into rock by the swirling eddies of passing water. Ernst Tinaja is an arroyo, a watercourse that remains dry in the absence of rain. When it rains, the local topography funnels the water to create a temporary river (or, for those from less arid climates, a creek). Sometimes the water hits a bump. The bump makes the water swirl. The swirl, over time, erodes the limestone, creating a bigger bump. Eventually, a hollow place is carved out of the bed of the arroyo, which holds water when it rains, a precious rarity in the Chihuahuan desert, and an important ecological boon for plants, animals and humans.

Ernst Tinaja is not so much a trail in

Big Bend National Park as it is a pleasant scramble up the arroyo (check the weather forecast first, lest a distant storm place you in danger of a flash flood). The walls of the wide, shallow canyon are strongly layered bands of cherty limestone and sandstone, marking the ebb and flow of ancient oceans. The crazed hump and tilt of these bands are a remembrance of tectonic plates beneath our feet, slow behemoths floating like bumper boats on a sea of magma. The power of the quiet earth is such that massive sheets of stone buck and ripple. Purple and red sandstone swirls reveal fossils everywhere, to the most casual observer. Whole cliffs of swallows' nests are reminiscent of stone-age cities. It is surreal. Timeless. Forty minutes or so from Panther Junction.

For me it's a perfect place to bring children, because there are few places I've been where geologic time and the awesome forces of earth movement are laid so plainly bare to the naked eye. It's one thing to explain to a little one about eons and extinctions and the powers that make and destroy mountains; it's quite another to be able to

point to a stripe of rock, wiggling crazily, and explain that the space between it and the one below it is a million years or an ice age or the receding of a great inland sea.

Not very far to the west of Ernst Tinaja lies the Chisos Basin, and there near the lodge is the Lost Mine Trail. For older children, capable of a sometimes-challenging day hike, the Lost Mine offers mystery, education and sweeping vistas of the desert. The hike takes its name from Lost Mine Peak, which in turn is so called because of the legend of a secret mine whose location was lost when the workers were all killed by Comanche. Many have sought the treasure, but it has yet to be found. The hike is about five miles long, and the way up to the top can be a challenge; but the walk back to the car is delightfully downhill, and the views of Juniper Canyon and the surrounding peaks and forests of the Chisos are well worth the effort.

There is a trail guide available at the

continued on page 24



continued from page 23

trailhead or the visitor's center which corresponds to numbered posts along the way, offering snippets of information about the ecosystems, wildlife and geology visible from the trail. There are also a number of comfortable way-points, designed to allow the casual hiker to stop and rest, drink water, grab a snack, and regale the children with off-the-cuff ghost stories about the lost mine and its unfortunate crew, whom legend says were blindfolded on their way to work each day, so they could never reveal the location. Though children (and less athletic adults) will want to take their time meeting the challenges of the trail, the sense of accomplishment and the stunning views they'll earn upon completing it will make for lasting memories. This is a perfect "first real hike" for young people, and if time at the park is limited, the Lost Mine Trail should make the cut.

Moving north, the San Solomon springs gush into the arid desert at Balmorhea near Fort Davis, spilling 15 million gallons of crystal clear, ancient water into the historic pool every day. Built in the 1930s by the Civilian Conservation Corps, Balmorhea is the largest spring-fed swimming pool in the world. The CCC hewed local limestone and sun-baked adobe bricks, creating a park and a pool nearly two acres in size and 25 feet deep in places. Scuba and skin diving are popular activities for visitors. The seven dollar park entrance fee covers the cost of swimming there for adults (children



Photo courtesy of Wendy Lynn Wright

under twelve enter for free), and camping is also available. The water stays around 70 degrees Fahrenheit year

round.

First-time visitors are often a little startled to feel local fishes nibbling gen-

tly at their toes as they lounge in the pristine waters. The park is home to many species of birds, fish and other wildlife, which find sanctuary in the restored wetlands. The Comanche Springs Pupfish is only found in the wetlands around the artesian springs of Balmorhea. Young visitors can borrow a Junior Ranger Explorer Pack from the visitor's center, which includes a pair of binoculars and a magnifying glass, an animal tracking key, guides to plants, animals and insects, and pencil, crayons and watercolors to use with a journal and sketchbook. A hike through the restored cienegas, or wetlands, exploring and documenting this rare desert oasis, makes a long dip in the springs even more rewarding for the whole family.

Whether the Big Bend is your backyard (and I like to think of it as being the backyard for all of Texas) or a longer trek from home finding a few activities to explore in depth with the little ones will do more than make for a nice vacation. The wheels of young minds turn swiftly with a little grease, and the Big Bend offers history, biology, geology, archaeology (all the Oh gee! stuff, actually), astronomy, peace and quiet, hard work and good exercise as mental lubrication. It's the best kind of playground in the world, the kind that teaches a lot of everything all at once, and some good old-fashioned common sense thrown in with a strong measure of fun. The backyards of the world have grown smaller through the years, but the Big Bend is still here to accommodate all the endless wonder contained in the minds of children.

**FRONT STREET BOOKS**

A Hometown Bookstore  
~ for the Big Bend ~

4th & Holland in Alpine  
www.fsbooks.com  
(432)837-3360

**ALPINE GUEST QUARTERS**

Spacious • Downtown Alpine  
Walk to Amtrak  
Reservations online at:  
info@AlpineGuestLodging.rocks  
or 432.386.2398

continued from page 4

tens of thousands of years. 'Primitive' people used to record snippets of their lives on walls in caves using techniques that experts think may have originated in Africa before waves of migrations off the continent began.

Figurative art is generally believed to have started around 35,000 to 40,000 years ago. Some say this marked a cognitive turn for humankind: The ability to think symbolically allowed humans to let one thing stand for another, i.e. visual representations in drawing and sculpture. This connects the modern-day human – in the loosest of ways – to our ancestors in that we still use symbolism to similarly interpret life today. The most famous ones are overseas in places like Indonesia and France, but even West Texas has some primitive art in the Lower Pecos Canyonlands, as well as other places.

No matter the moniker, if they withstand the climate and the onslaught of time, these paintings give us insight into the psyche of the times in which they were done. We ponder the mysteries of handprints and especially animals – did they eat them, friend them, use them as a connection to the spirit world? Have we come such a small way in the evolutionary process that we still want to paint on walls?

I met Read to talk about his painting history on a smoky morning in May as he worked on the Rangra Theatre mural in Alpine. As mammatus clouds poured in, Read took his phone out to

snap a picture of the firmament – Mother Nature using hues of gray to create rolling textures on her sky canvas – captured on a modern day tool of the contemporary artist.

Read grew up around art. His father, Sleepy Read, worked in a sheet metal shop full-time and a movie house part-time, but in his free time painted abstracts and modern art as well as rural Texas landscapes. Read tagged along with his father when Sleepy ran the projector at the Pines Theater in Lufkin, Texas. While Papa Read painted between reel changes and projector cock-ups, young Read sat outside the door – “It was too hot to sit in the room with dad” – and reveled in watching cartoons and movies. This instilled a love of picture and color early on.

As Read matured, he did a stint as a drawing and painting major at the University of North Texas in Denton, just north of the Dallas/Fort Worth metroplex. Although he didn't pursue his degree to the finish, this introduced him to his lifetime love of the mural art form and his dislike of being too repetitious. “I get bored to death, just painting the same thing over and over,” Read said. Even then, he wanted to keep things from getting stale. During his time at UNT, the class had live models come and sit for the students. “It was the same old hippie ballerina for about two years, occasionally interspersed with a couple other girls,” Read said. The budding artists, weary of the recurring model, one day ventured outside the schoolbox and brought in someone off the street. The

students chipped in for a bottle of wine to pay the model, and that day painted something fresh – a live, nude wino.

In the 70s Read was hired to paint custom vans, training for three weeks on the system and paint style. Read said the vans were mostly generic, none of the doobie-smoking dragons or grim reapers riding unicorns and sporting machine guns that we fondly remember of 70s Shaggin' Wagons. He did, however, paint a plaza scene of the Alamo as it looked in the 1880s on a couple of vans. Read said the important stuff (like the Alamo) was usually on the driver's side, so he probably did a mission scene on the passenger side. He may call his van-painting days generic, but they were unique enough to recognize as his own: seven or eight years later, Read said he saw one of his painted vans over in Juarez.

Read moved up the paint ladder to buses, namely Nashville tour buses, eventually adding Hank Williams, Jr.'s bus to his portfolio.

As Read grew tired of canvases with wheels, he also started becoming allergic to the clear coat used for the finish. He started coming out to Alpine in 1981 and liked it so much he kept returning, eventually living in Terlingua and Fort Davis for a while. While in Terlingua, he worked at a store for Bill Ivey and painted maps and signs and pictures on the side, most notably a sign for the Gage Hotel in Marathon.

Read scored his first commercial wall gig in the stockyards of Fort Worth in the early 90s, and his mural career

blossomed from there. He moved to Cleburne, on the outskirts of Fort Worth, and the rest, as they say, is history. History done in acrylics on a large scale for whomever is willing to pay his price.

Murals depicting the history of a place or time period are Read's thing now, he said. “I'm a history buff and I like to spark the interest in others.” This makes it fun for him to do the research for the rendering of a mural. “I study up on the history to represent what needs to be done without getting too technical,” he said.

Luckily for us masses, who depend upon others to document our place in the annals of the late modern period, Read is versatile enough to do more than just longhorns and western scenes. He did a circa 1930s art deco movie house theme at the Rangra Theatre in Alpine. He's gone blind doing hill country bluebonnet scenes. In San Angelo, Read documented a song – a one-hit wonder – in paint. The Cavaliers were an Air Force “boy group” out of San Angelo, and their teen-tragedy song “Last Kiss” spent six months at number one on the Hit Parade List in 1964. Read painted the band as they were at the height of their fame on the building the song was recorded in.

Five or six years ago, another painter referred Read to a “contest” in central Texas at an African trophy room. The expansive room contained

continued on page 26

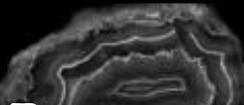


**ST. JONAH  
ORTHODOX CHURCH**

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

---

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



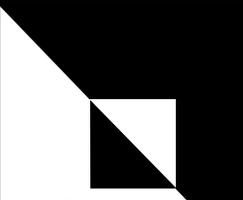
**BALMORHEA  
ROCK SHOP**

102 S Main • Balmorhea  
432-375-0214

Jim and Sue Franklin,  
Owners

**Shop with us  
on-line**

[facebook.com/  
balmorhearocks](https://www.facebook.com/balmorhearocks)



*Quilts  
Etc.*

by *Marguerite*

Made in the Big Bend  
HWY 118 • Terlingua  
1/4 mi S of Hwy 170  
432.371.2292



**Music To Your Ears**

CDs • DVDs • Vinyl  
Games • Special Orders

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

432.837.1055  
ringtailrecords@sbcglobal.net

**Taste and See  
Bakery**

Thursdays 4 - 6pm

- Organic spelt, hard white wheat berries.
- Rye and kamut freshly milled in my stone burr mill and baked into delicious breads, pizza crusts, cookies and other goodies.
- Stone ground flour milled to order for home bakers.

**We use no white flour or  
white sugar in our products**

 us on Facebook

802 E. Brown St. and Cockrell  
Alpine  
**432-386-3772**  
gingerhillery@mac.com

**Twin Peaks Liquors**

**BIGGEST SELECTION**  
West of the Pecos

Open 10am to 9pm  
Mon - Sat



605 E Holland Ave • Alpine  
**432.837.7476**  
www.twinpeakliquors.com

Unitarian Universalists  
of the Big Bend



Sunday Services at 11:00 a.m.  
Children's RE 1st & 3rd Sunday  
Potluck every 1st Sunday

*We believe in the freedom of religious expression.*

1308 N. 5th Street • Alpine  
uubb.org • 432-837-5486  
*The UUBB is a lay-led fellowship.*

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



**The Big Bend Episcopal Mission Welcomes You**

Santa Inez Church, Terlingua Ghosttown  
Holy Eucharist first Saturday 5 p.m. Sept.~ May

The Rev. Kay Jennings  
432.386.7464  
kayjenningspriest@gmail.com  
bigbendepiscopalmission.org

The Chapel of St. Mary & St. Joseph, Lajitas  
Holy Eucharist on 3rd Sunday, 4 pm

**Radio for a Wide Range**  
Serving Far West Texas at 93.5 FM



Become a member at [www.marfapublicradio.org](http://www.marfapublicradio.org) or 1-800-903-KRTS

*Escape Massage*

432-386-2284

Evenings and weekends only • Text for appointment  
Gift certificates by phone!

**Elizabeth, LMT**  
906 E. Ave. B St. (Coggins Chiropractic) • Alpine

continued from page 25

upwards of 100 animals, full mounts (which means the whole animal is stuffed and on display, including an elephant and a giraffe), and the owner wanted murals painted around the collection. A handful of artists each painted a ten foot section of wall. They got paid for a day's work, and the "winner" finished out the rest of the room. A woman from Zimbabwe was chosen for the task. Later, however, the taxidermist called and asked Read to come and add the Cameroon Rainforest to the room as well as touch up what the woman had done. Now, years later, as the owners change up the room again, Read has been asked to come and add more animals and a scene of a village with a plane landing, preparing for the hunt. "I'm just a hired mechanic on that one," Read said. "Someone else is calling the shots, which is nice once in a while."

Read said he's painted eight murals in Alpine, nine if you include the Milton Faver mural that eventually became the Big Brewster when it had to be redone. The Faver mural was done in dark colors over a lime plaster. After an atypical desert day, when five inches of rain fell in two hours followed by a drastic warm-up by the western sun, the mural began peeling and cracking, degrading before its time. Read touched it up, but it was



never the same. In 2005, the scene was changed to the Big Brewster that stands today.

Last year, Read was inducted in to the Texas Trail of Fame for his part in preserving western heritage through his paintings. Getting a plaque in the sidewalk at the Fort Worth Stockyards National Historic site was quite an honor, Read said.

"The years have paid off, sticking with it, doing jobs you don't want to do," Read said. "I feel blessed. The fun part is when you finish and sign your name."

Just like the cave dwellers of long ago, we're still painting animals – or paying people to

do it – albeit with more technical accuracy. Now we also include music and film and other staples of pop culture in our visual history. The materials Read uses today, a mixture of acrylic house paint overlaid with a UV protective coat that NASA developed, will last decades, maybe longer. Will future inhabitants of the Earth gaze at street art and ponder the lives of 21st century artists?

Stylle Read's murals on west Texas buildings may someday speak to our ancestors just as the Pecos Rock Art whispers to us today.

**BEHIND EVERY PROJECT IS A**

*True Value*

**MORRISON HARDWARE**  
SERVING ALPINE & THE BIG BEND SINCE 1928

301 N. 5th ST  
432-837-2061

ALPINE, TEXAS 79830  
[www.morrisonhardware.com](http://www.morrisonhardware.com)



# Big Bend Eats

by Carolyn Brown Zniewski

## THE PERSIAN MELON AKA MUSKMELON OR CANTALOUPE

When I was a child, we ate Persian melons that came up to Minnesota all the way from some exotic location West of the Pecos River. They were so delicious, especially when filled with a scoop of lime sherbet. A colleague of my father's was from West Texas, and when his parents drove up to visit him they would fill their station wagon with crates of melons raised by his uncle. They came much earlier in the summer than the locally-grown melons, but more than that, they were so much more luscious and sweeter than the Minnesota melons we had in late summer. There was no doubt that the melons raised in West Texas were the very best Persian Melons in the world, bar none!

That was in the 1950s. Nowadays Persian melons are called cantaloupe, but the ones grown in West Texas are still the best. Cantaloupe or Persian melons originated in Persia – present day Iraq and Iran – and spread throughout the Mediterranean. When Columbus arrived he passed out melon seeds to the native people. Growing them fit right into the gardening practices of the time.

This time of year Persian melons are on every fruit counter, and although they are delicious just as they come from Mother Nature, here are a few recipes to gussy them up. All these are quick and easy, and only one requires you to turn on the stove. All are so good for enjoying on hot summer days.

### Persian Rose Cream

- 1 small Persian melon (cantaloupe)
- 1 cup coconut cream
- ½ tsp ground cardamom
- 2 tsp rose water
- 2 Tbls agave nectar (or honey)
- Pistachios
- Fresh mint

Use a melon baller to ball the flesh of the melon or cut it into small pieces. Divide into 4 dessert dishes. Mix coconut cream, cardamom, rose water and agave nectar. Pour over melon balls. Garnish with pistachios and fresh mint. I imagine this was served to Scheherazade. It is so very exotic and special.



### Cantaloupe Salad

- 1 cantaloupe
- 2 cups red grapes
- 2 oz blue cheese
- ¼ cup honey
- ¼ cup chopped pecans

Cut cantaloupe flesh into 1-inch pieces, halve grapes, crumble blue cheese and gently mix together with honey and pecans. Let sit for ½ an hour so juices gather. Serve over bib lettuce, garnish with fresh anise, hysop or fresh mint.

### Cantaloupe salsa

- 2 large cucumbers, finely diced
- 3 cups finely diced fresh cantaloupe
- 1 tablespoon extra-virgin olive oil
- ½ jalapeno pepper, seeded and minced
- 1 lime, juice and zest
- 1 small red onion, finely diced
- 1 tomato, diced

- 1 bunch cilantro, coarsely chopped
- 1 pinch salt
- 1 pinch ground black pepper

Mix together and serve with chips. It is a most refreshing salsa on a hot afternoon and goes well with a dark beer or a glass of white wine. Serve it for brunch over scrambled eggs with a mimosa. It is especially good with fish tacos.

### Sweet and Sour Pickled Cantaloupe

- ½ cup kosher salt
- 1 small cantaloupe
- 2 cups honey
- 1 ½ cups cider vinegar
- ¼ cup minced fresh ginger
- 1 stick cinnamon

Cut the flesh of the cantaloupe into 2" pieces and spread in a non-reactive dish. Cover with ice. Sprinkle the ice with salt. Set aside for an hour while the ice melts. Rinse cantaloupe pieces. Using a non-reactive pan, mix the honey and vinegar until honey dissolves, add cantaloupe, ginger and cinnamon. Bring to a simmer and simmer for 45 minutes. Bottle pickles while hot. This should make about 2 pints and will store in the refrigerator for several months. This is an old-fashioned treat. Makes a great treat for the kids.

### Pecos Cocktail

- 2 oz tequila or rum
- ½ cup cantaloupe
- ½ oz lime juice
- 1 oz orange juice
- 1 tsp honey

Combine ingredients in blender with 1/3 cup crushed ice. Blend until smooth. Pour into an old-fashioned glass. Garnish with fresh mint.

### Pecos Bobby Jane

- ½ cup cantaloupe
- 1 Tbls lime juice
- ½ cup orange juice
- 1 tsp honey

Combine ingredients in blender with 1/3 cup crushed ice. Blend until smooth. Pour into an old-fashioned glass. Garnish with fresh mint.

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

**"Clay Works 2016"**  
 June 2 - July 19, 2016  
 Reception: Friday, June 10- 5 to 7pm

**"R3-ReUse/RePurpose/ReCycle"**  
 Annual Show of Turning the unwanted into Art  
 July 21 through September 13  
 Artists' Reception: Saturday,  
 Sept. 3rd, 5 to 7pm



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

Exploring Marfa, Texas & Environs in 24 Podcasts  
**C.M. MAYO'S PODCASTING PROJECT**

**MARFA MONDAYS**

LISTEN IN ANYTIME WWW.CMAYO.COM




**Mexican and American Food**

Open 6 am to 9 pm Everyday  
 Famous Beef & Chicken Fajitas • Ice Cream  
 Free Wi Fi • Clean, Fast Service  
 Rene & Maria Franco, Owners  
 513 O'Reilly Street • Downtown Presidio  
 432.229.4409

high quality garden pottery  
 plants and gardening supplies  
 gift shop with unique items from around the world

**brown dog gardens**

mon, thurs - sat 9 - 6  
 sun 10 - 2  
 closed tues-wed

206 w. murphy st., alpine 432.837.0914



Like

# TRANS PECOS TRIVIA

by Danielle Gallo

## SCHOOLS OF THE BIG BEND

- In 1930 the Chisos Mining Company erected a school to replace the one built in 1907 by Brewster County. It was called the:
  - Quicksilver School
  - Perry School
  - Mariposa School
  - Abajo School
- The Big Bend is famous for its charmingly small towns. How many children were enrolled in Marathon ISD in the 2015-2016 school year, pre-k through grade 12?
  - 72
  - 104
  - 58
  - 37
- Which local Independent School District will begin teaching Culinary Arts to students in the fall of 2016, in conjunction with Odessa College?
  - Sanderson
  - Marfa
  - Terlingua
  - Marathon
- The Fightin' Bucks are Alpine ISD's intrepid sports teams. How many sports, including football, baseball, basketball and volleyball, are played under the Bucks' purple and gold colors?
  - 7
  - 19
  - 9
  - 12
- Marathon's first school, taught by Miss Paxton, convened in a one-room schoolhouse that still stands in the community square, next to the library. What year was it built?
  - 1888
  - 1918
  - 1907
  - 1880

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

ORIGINAL ART  
JEWELRY  
CERAMICS  
BOUTIQUE  
PHOTOGRAPHY

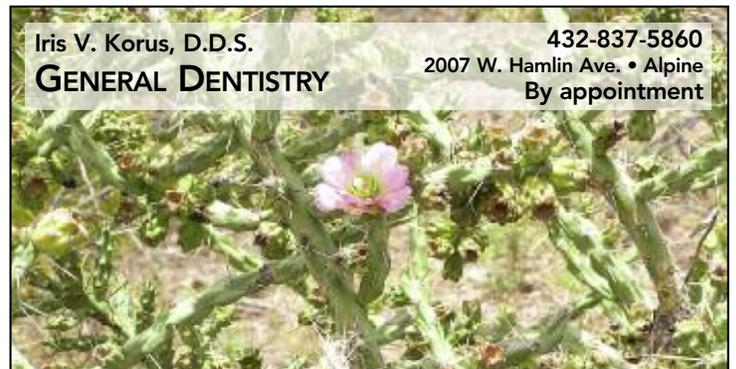
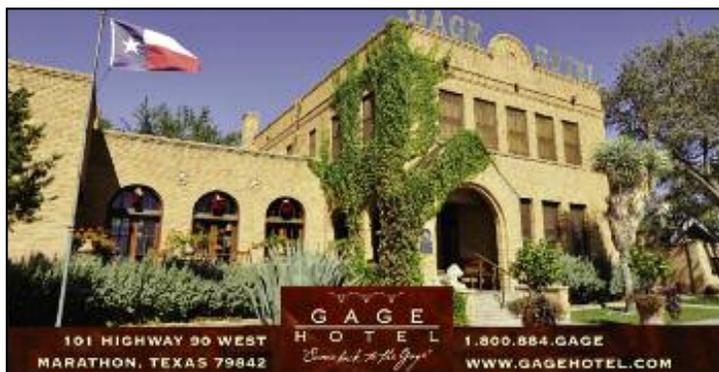
*Premier Art Gallery of the Big Bend since 1994*



Tues-Sat 10-3  
105 E. Holland  
Alpine, Texas  
(432) 837-3067

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

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

101 HIGHWAY 90 WEST  
MARATHON, TEXAS 79842

**GAGE HOTEL**  
*Committed to the Guest*

1.800.884.GAGE  
WWW.GAGEHOTEL.COM

**BROTHERS FINE ART MARFA**

Sculptures  
Paintings  
Drawings  
Photography

by established  
Artists inspired  
by Marfa




208 W. Texas Str.  
Marfa, Texas  
Tel. 432 729 4327

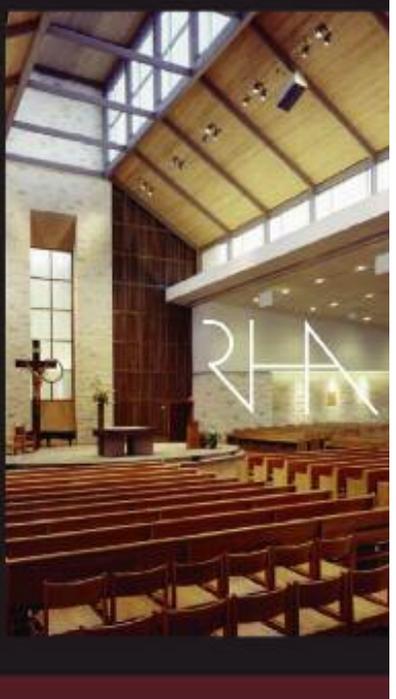
[www.BrothersFineArtMarfa.com](http://www.BrothersFineArtMarfa.com)



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

RHA IS PLEASED  
TO ANNOUNCE  
THE OPENING OF  
ITS ALPINE OFFICE  
SERVING THE  
TRANS - PECOS AREA

ARCHITECTURE  
PLANNING  
DESIGN



RAY+HOLLINGTON ARCHITECTS  
WWW.RHARCHITECTS.COM  
HOUSTON 713.524.6131  
ALPINE 432.837.4001

**SHOP BIG BEND SHOP BIG BEND SHOP BIG BEND SHOP BIG BEND**



mayamade soap  
+ apothecary  
for home + family

**Maya Made**

mayamadeapothecary@gmail.com



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

**'Tis the Reason Flowers & Gifts**

Hwy 90 - Sanderson

432.345.2222



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

**Moonlight Gemstones**

1001 W. San Antonio • Marfa  
moonlightgemstones.com

432.729.4526



Rocks and fossils, rare,  
beautiful and strange.  
Beads galore and sup-  
plies for jewelry makers.  
Lots and lots of books,  
including the latest one  
about the Mystery  
Lights, and a broad  
selection of fine craft  
and art books, and  
much more.

**Ocotillo Enterprises**

205 N. 5th St, Alpine  
Open 7 days, 10 - 6 (variable Sun. hours) 432-837-5353



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

Texas Registration  
Number 16095  
NCARB #49712

**Thomas Greenwood  
Architect, PLLC**

305 S. Cockrell St. • Alpine

432.837.9419 tel  
432.837.9421 fax



A friendly, family  
owned and operated  
business featuring  
furniture, jewelry,  
pottery, art, cowhides,  
soaps, lotions and gifts  
by many Texas  
artisans. Open  
Tuesday - Saturday,  
10 - 6

**The Texas Ranch House Too**

101 W. Holland • Alpine  
fawnkibbe@gmail.com

432.837.4005

# The Heart of the Big Bend Country

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

**Big Bend Chamber of Commerce and Visit Big Bend. 432-371-2320**



**Ride the Devils with Angell!**



Angell Expeditions is now guiding trips on the Devils River State Natural Area, the cleanest and clearest river in Texas! Come float with us for a life-changing experience! Canoe and kayak only.



432.229.3713  
angellexpeditions.com



**HOLIDAY INN  
EXPRESS & SUITES  
OF ALPINE**

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



**Hampton Inn**

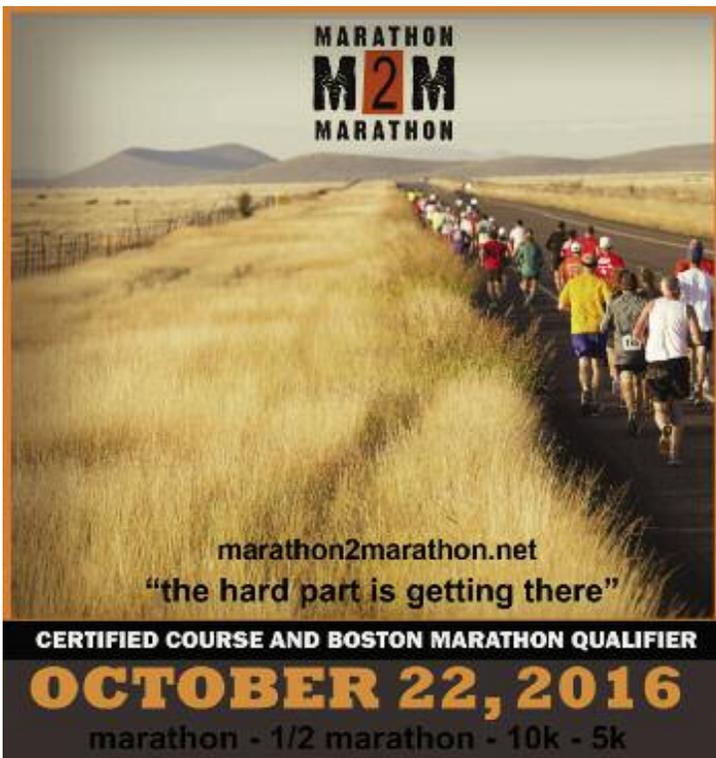
HAMPTON INN OF ALPINE  
2607 Hwy. 90 West • Alpine  
432.837.7344



**KING  
LAND & WATER**

*Protecting Clients. Conserving the Land.*

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



**MARATHON  
M2M  
MARATHON**

marathon2marathon.net  
"the hard part is getting there"

**CERTIFIED COURSE AND BOSTON MARATHON QUALIFIER**

**OCTOBER 22, 2016**  
marathon - 1/2 marathon - 10k - 5k



**PORTER'S**  
SINCE  1945

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

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



## RANDALL CUSTOM HOMES

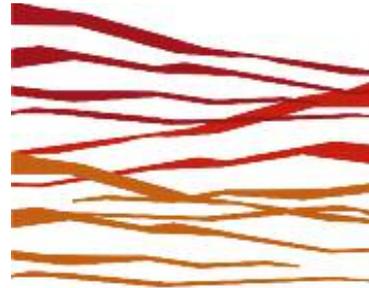


The Art and Craft of  
Custom Homebuilding

30 years of professional experience

Alpine, TX • (512) 788-1333

randallbuilders@yahoo.com • www.facebook.com/Randall builders  
www.Randallcustomhomestx.com



**FAR WEST  
TEXAS  
REALTY.COM**

Office in downtown Marfa  
111 W. Texas St.  
432.295.2849

Professional real estate services for:

- Buyers
- Sellers
- Vacation Rentals

**Lauren Meader Fowlkes, Realtor**



## MUSEUM OF THE BIG BEND

### TPS 25: The International Competition

25th Anniversary Exhibition of the Texas Photographic Society

Exhibit Dates June 3rd through September 4, 2016



© Valerie Carga

- No better place to discover the history of the Big Bend!
- Permanent Exhibitions
- Gift Shop
- Free Admission
- 432-837-8143 - www.museumofthebigbend.com

**Sul Ross State University - Alpine**  
MEMBER THE TEXAS STATE UNIVERSITY SYSTEM™



## MARFA REALTY

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

123 North Highland Avenue, Marfa  
www.marfarealty.com

BOB AND VICKY WRIGHT,  
PAT QUIN AND KATHLEEN WALSTROM

(432) 729-3962