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"The earth laughs in flowers." *Ralph Waldo Emerson*

Theatre of the Big Bend Celebrates 50th Birthday

By Steve Lang

All images in this story are courtesy of the Theater of the Big Bend.

From ancient Greece to modern West Texas, outdoor theatre has transfixed audiences for thousands of years, including the past half-century in Alpine.

Since its formation in 1966, the Theatre of the Big Bend has filled a summer entertainment niche for the vast tri-county region of Brewster, Jeff Davis and Presidio counties and beyond. The theatre provides a summer repertory experience for community actors and musicians, artists and students to work with professionals from Sul Ross State University and elsewhere.

The gala 50th year celebration in 2015 is well underway, featuring a full season of three shows.

"Fifty years of providing summer theatrical entertainment is a significant achievement," said Dona Roman, Sul Ross professor of Theatre, who has acted in, directed and produced ToBB productions for the past 16 years.

"The longevity of the Theatre of the Big Bend is a credit to the countless performers, volunteers and an appreciative audience," said Roman. "We are blessed with very hardy West Texas ranching patrons and a frontier spirit that also describes the tenacity of the Sul Ross theatre and music faculty. It continues to be a really incredible experience."

Despite a sparse population density of 1.6 people per square mile in a territory (over 12,300 square miles) larger than nine U.S. states, the Theatre of the Big Bend has entertained close to half a million people while performing more than 130 productions.

With amphitheater seating constructed on a rocky hillside dotted with native vegetation, the theatre's physical aspects conform to the West Texas environment, and occasionally, involve wildlife in the performances.

The deer and the antelope do not play roles, but three of the former once stood a few feet from director Gregory Schwab, just outside the seating area, intently watching a performance of "Cinderella."

A scorpion and a tarantula comprised "The (arachnid) Odd Couple," but appeared – only briefly before being stomped – on stage in

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CONTRIBUTORS

Charles Angell lives near Ruidosa. Exploring the Big Bend area is both his hobby and his occupation. *e-mail:charles@angellexpeditions.com.*

Rani Birchfield was born in Kathmandu and freelances in various fields. She is passionate about language and learning and digging to China. *e-mail: rbirchfield44@hotmail.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*

Billy Faier has been playing the banjo for 67 years. He plays and sings folksongs and his original music on the patio at the Marathon Coffee Shop. billyfaier.com *e-mail: billyfaier@sbcglobal.net*

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*

Bob Miles is a third generation native of the Davis Mountains area and a retired Texas Parks and Wildlife Department Park superintendent. *e-mail: rmilessr@yahoo.com.*

Carolyn Miller lives in Fort Davis and is the fourth generation in this area - Dr. Bloys (of Bloys Campmeeting) was her great-grandfather. She has published a monthly magazine in San Angelo for the past 20 years. *e-mail: family@wcc.net*

Chris Ruggia is an Alpine-based cartoonist (jackcomics.com) and graphic designer (vastgraphics.com). He and his wife Ellen own Vast Graphics in Alpine. *e-mail: chris@vastgraphics.com*

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

Carolyn Brown Zniewski has been a food writer and recipe columnist for ten years. She currently lives in Marathon. *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, mayamade.net. *e-mail: mayamadeapothecary@gmail.com*

Cover: Carolyn Miller, Prickly Pear in Bloom. Photograph.

Copy editor: Carolyn Brown Zniewski

Corrections:

From Jim Glendinning: In the *Cenizo Journal*, 4th quarter 2014, profile of Missy Cantrell there were several errors: I wrongly called her father Royce Cantrell instead of Royce Franklin; as a youngster Missy broke both collar bones, not one collar bone, after a fall off a horse. I stated she trained a colt a year, which was false. She trained numerous colts over a 40-year period. Her tasty cooking for hunters includes salmon and enchiladas, not salmon enchiladas. For these careless and unprofessional errors, my sincere apologies to Missy Cantrell and our readers.

Cover photograph 1st Quarter: Rabbit, by Carol Townsend, Owner of Carol Townsend Photography. Her work is available at the Rusty Rabbit in Alpine or call 432-244-8432.

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CENIZO JOURNAL STAFF

PUBLISHER
Carolyn Brown Zniewski
publisher@cenizojournal.com

EDITOR
Danielle Gallo
editor@cenizojournal.com

ADVERTISING
Rani Birchfield
advertising@cenizojournal.com

BUSINESS MANAGER
Lou Pauls
business@cenizojournal.com

WEB MANAGER
Maya Brown Zniewski

DESIGN/PRODUCTION
Wendy Lynn Wright
graphics@cenizojournal.com

Cenizo Notes

by Carolyn Brown Zniewski, publisher and Danielle Gallo, editor

First and foremost: Congratulations to our editor, Danielle, father Bob and Big Sister Daisy Jayne as they welcome their new baby girl, Bobbie June, into this world. Hello Bobbie June, we are glad to have you here!

I am surely glad to see spring has finally sprung. We had a little too much frozen rain for my taste. On the flip side, the wild flowers are running riot all across the land and the aloes and cacti in my yard are almost twice the size they were last year, so I shouldn't complain. The farmers' markets are open and bursting with the very best produce and products our communities have to offer.

Folks are back on their porches and patios at cocktail time, enjoying each other's company and the outrageously beautiful sunsets. It's time for spring cleaning and leaving all the windows open to blow the dust and cobwebs out of the house.

The spring issue of our esteemed magazine has a great collection of articles and stories which should help blow the winter cobwebs out of your brain. The 2014 – 2015 season is full of anniversaries. Big Bend National Park celebrates its 70th year, Sul Ross Theater celebrates 50 years of great productions and the Wilderness Act was signed 50 years ago. We recall the Sanderson flood which was 50 years ago this year and last July we celebrated 75 years of research and discoveries at the McDonald Observatory. Now that the weather is warm I know you will be busy with life. All the same I hope you take plenty of time to enjoy our latest issue.

Typing this as I am with a snoozing two-week-old on my lap, I can't help but ruminate over the newness of all things spring in the Big Bend. Much like having a newborn, the changing of the seasons out here in Far West Texas is a true delight, peppered with disruptions. Mild sunny days give way without warning to freezing rain and incessant winds, and once again the blossoms on my apricot tree have capitulated to the fickle assaults of spring. Apparently no one has explained to apricots the West Texas rule about not attempting a garden until after Easter.

As the intemperate weather finally settles into the long warm season, it's reassuring to consider all the Big Bend institutions that have weathered the decades of flood and drought, population boom and bust, to see the turning of the 21st century. This issue features some of those organizations, which have thrived (like the Theatre of the Big Bend) and sometimes survived (like Sanderson after the great flood.)

As the vultures return to air their wings on fence posts and signs, and the wildflowers poke their cheerful heads through the caliche, and the Spring Breakers throng to remind us of the wonders of the Trans-Pecos we sometimes take for granted, it's good to remember that the harshest winters still give way to rebirth, and newness, and the return of the familiar. The handiwork of our pioneers, be they the workers of the CCC in the National Park, the frontier settlers on the border or the educators, artists and musicians who make our region so rich and unique, reminds us of how blessed we are to be residents in, and stewards of, this landscape and these communities.

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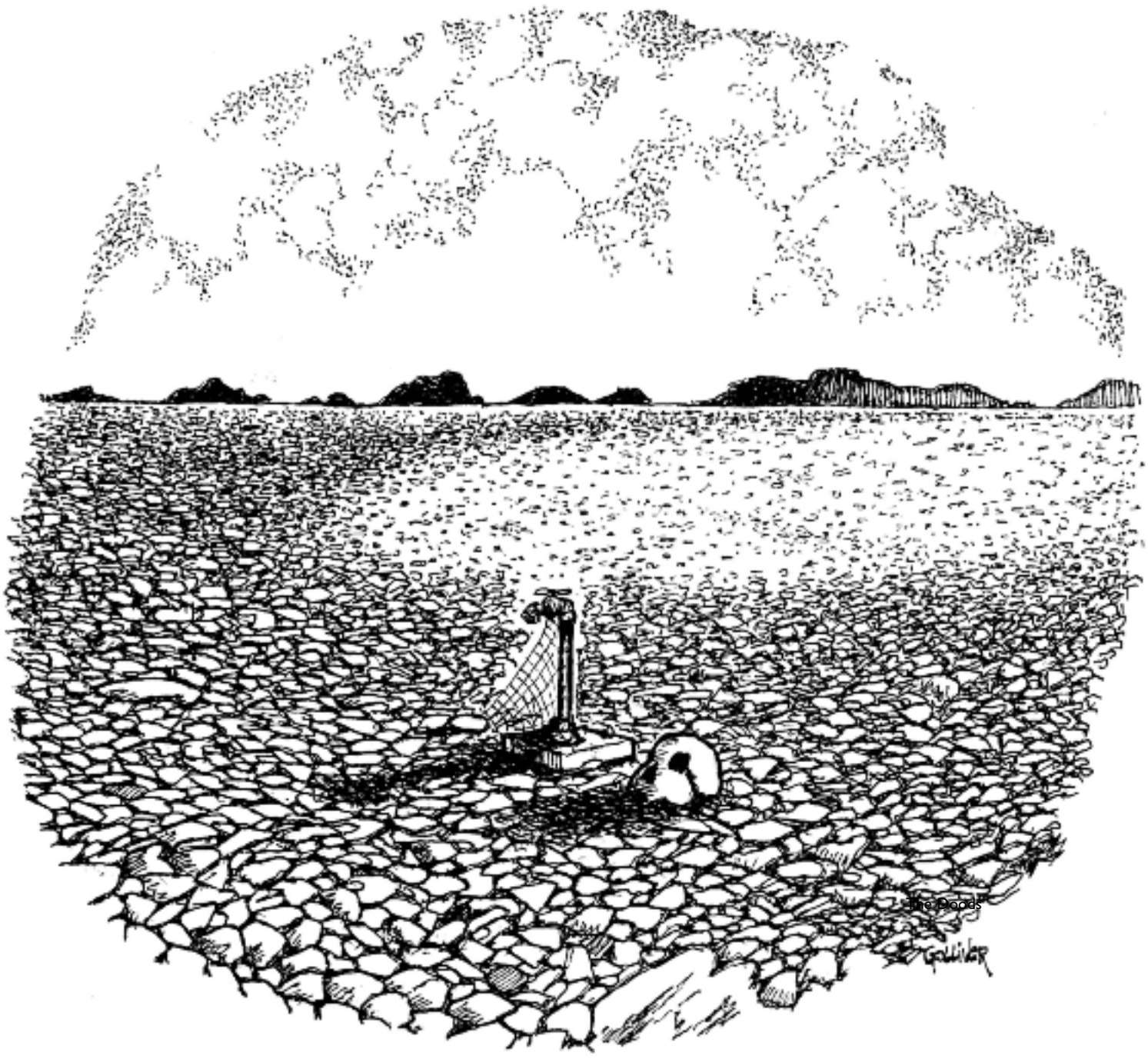
Art, photographic and literary works may be e-mailed to the Editor.
For advertising rates or to place an ad, contact: advertising@cenizojournal.com

The Horned Lizard Speaks

Story by Rani Birchfield. Illustration by Gary Oliver.



This is how it happened. One day, while waiting for a friend outside Panther Junction in Big Bend National Park, I heard a tiny, gruff voice say "What a swell, sunny day." When I looked around, imagine my fantastic surprise when I realized there was a Horned Lizard talking to me. (And boy, did he have a lot to say!) What he said me next went something like this...

"Once upon a time there was a planet called Earth. This planet transitioned through various phases of climate and geology for eons, changing its face many times over. Ice ages came and went over this world; lands collided and separated; seas traded places with mountains and valleys. Millennia ago, after a particular ice age, the frozen world melted, oceans rose, lakes and rivers transformed, and the underground water system called aquifers was left behind. The aquifers were unseen and mysterious, yet part of the interwoven water system that nourished the world. Humans were scarce, coexisting with topside flora and fauna, and all living things held a symbiotic relationship with the rich planet.

"As the planet warmed and glaciers receded the humans found it more and

more manageable to inhabit the terrestrial surface, finding sustenance in other life on the surface. The humans thrived on the bountiful planet and began to roam free over the lands, finding their way to lands they later called the Americas.

"The humans grew more adept at surviving in harsh environments and overcoming challenges to their existence and longevity, allowing them to multiply in large numbers. They began to "conquer" the world, harvesting the land and spreading seeds of both plant and animal life far and wide. Their progress was seen as the noblest manifestation of destiny, and the humans settled arid lands in America thinking the rain would follow the plough. They believed the world would bend to their will and continue to sustain them no matter what they did. One day, the ancient, unseen life force of the aquifer water inside the world was discovered and the humans began to extract it. Over time they built bigger and more powerful ways to go deeper, obtain more, and transport the water farther. Even though it was believed some aquifers wouldn't "grow back," and the humans knew the land above the aquifer supplied much of their food and would be worthless without water, they took with abandon.

"A place called "Texas" was a perfect example for this tale. In Texas flowed many underground aquifers, large and small, as well as rivers and streams. Human intellect grew, along with the desire to possess the land and its resources. Numerous guidelines were needed. A Rule of Capture was instituted in Texas. It proclaimed that landowners had the right to extract water from below their property for any purpose regardless of extraordinary conditions (such as drought) and regardless of the consequences to surrounding landowners. Groundwater Districts were established to govern the aquifers and other water sources for the protection of the water. However, the lack of restraints on the Rule of Capture led to diminished supplies and the deterioration of water quality in many parts of Texas. Policies were adopted to regulate groundwater withdrawals but the differences and inconsistencies in the new policies, and variations in enforcement among the many districts, made the outdated Rule of Capture the prevalent groundwater law. This led to overuse and over-extraction.

"On the surface of Texas, coexisting and interacting with the aquifers, was a grand river traversing an expansive desert on its way to the sea. The river began dendritic in the snow-capped mountains that divided the North American continent. As the humans took over, they dammed up sections of the great river, sending portions of it to irrigate the arid land and bring prosperity to the region. The great river became impaired. As the grand river continued its trek toward the sea, it flowed near a large settlement within a mountain pass where little rain fell. Many people lived in the settlement and took water from the aquifer nearby as well as from the river. Because the aquifer and the river were interconnected, both suffered.

"As the dwindling river wound south, it joined a fuller river known as the Rio Conchos. The river gained momentum, improving its health somewhat. At a point near where the grand river turned east, it went through a sacred place the humans came to call Big Bend National Park. After it left the park, the river's vitality increased due to spring flow from an unseen aquifer.

"Big Bend National Park was a place where great care was taken to protect the natural world and its ecology. Few people chose to live in the area as it was in a large desert. However, due to its harsh conditions, the park retained more purity than other lands. It possessed a singular, majestic beauty with mountains, canyons, and large skies. The hardy humans who chose to live within range of the park learned to adapt to the demands of life in the desert. They harvested sparse rainfall, safeguarded water resources, and worked to manage their lifestyles and community to be as sustainable as possible. This is the end of the tale ….. for now." With that, the horned lizard skittered away into the shade of a rock.

As I sat there in shock but also intrigued, my friend approached, loaded with hiking guides and fresh water.

When I told my friend about the talking lizard, although he may have thought I'd gotten into some sort of hallucination-inducing plant, he humored me by listening. Piggybacking off the lizard's tale, he explained more about water in the Big Bend.

Although West Texas and the Big Bend area are remote, they are part of a larger, interconnected system. The surface water is in relationship with the ground water. The aquifers, although separate, are intertwined with leaky edges and the bottoms of surface water. The architecture of the water system is not fully known. Aquifers could be described as similar to a fine sponge made of rock and sediment, able to hold water for megaannums. (They're not underground lakes and canals, it's not Middle Earth, and aquifers aren't made out of jelly.)

Precipitation that makes it through the long journey from the clouds to the aquifers is called recharge. Rain and snow melt flow into rivers and streams as run off. Precipitation also drains into fractures and filters downward via dry creeks and riverbeds where gravity leads it downstream and to aquifers. Some aquifers are rechargeable, some are not. Jeff Bennett, physical scientist and hydrologist at Big Bend National Park, tells us it's generally accepted that recharge occurs during years with above-average rainfall. In BBNP the average rainfall varies with the elevation, but in Panther Junction average rainfall is about 13 inches per year. In 2014,

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Panther Junction had 13.61 inches of rain, but in 2011 it was less than three inches, and many parts of the park had no rain.

Some of the contributing aquifers to the West Texas area are the Edwards Trinity Plateau Aquifer, which is rechargeable, as is the Igneous Aquifer System, and the West Texas Bolsons Aquifer. However, they won't recharge without sufficient rain. Drought stresses the water table further as the moisture leaves soil and plant life at a faster rate due to hotter temperatures and lower rainfall. Furthermore, as water is lost through accelerated evaporation and overuse, the surface water that remains becomes overloaded with sediment, raising salinity concentrations.

The positive thing in this area of West Texas, Mr. Bennett says, is that large, intact ranches hinder development that would stress the already arid region and deplete the springs further. However, as drought continues and water sources continue to be reduced, no region is immune. Towns, counties, subdivisions, and companies all across Texas are looking far and wide like the Eye of Sauron for the next water source. As drought intensifies and population grows, groundwater – if it's not already happening - will be withdrawn at a faster rate than the recharge rate.

It's the job of the ground water districts to regulate groundwater, and one way they do this is to tie pumping limits to the rate of recharge. However, in some areas, this will eventually leave the springs in the dust because springs also act as a water "loss" from the aquifer. If this policy stands, some springs will diminish, and they're a vital portion of the Big Bend ecology, both for humans and non-humans. The springs nurse the Rio Grande to a healthier state in the Lower Canyons. Springs supply a vital stopover habitat for the migratory birds. BBNP has counted over 450 species from this major migratory bird highway. The birds support the birders, an important part of the tourism economy in the Big Bend. The springs nourish the livestock on surrounding ranches, not to mention the many benefits the springs' replenishment bring to Amistad Reservoir – fish and wildlife survival, drinking water, recreation and more.

Big Bend National Park operates on a Water Conservation Plan to keep track of the inputs and outputs of the water throughout the Park. When well levels fall below a certain point, the park goes into drought restriction. Mr. Bennett says the park has been on drought restriction since last summer, when water levels in wells dropped considerably, as did the flow of springs. Some restrictions included: no outside watering, the lodge/restaurant uses paper plates, wash racks for park personnel and maintenance vehicles are closed and employees are asked to shower using water only to rinse off -- perhaps using the rinse water for outside plants. Visitors are asked to limit themselves to five gallons of drinking water per day. The park already has low flow fixtures, waterless urinals, and has recently installed three 2200 gallon water catchment tanks to feed the plant pen which is used for restoration projects like the grassland restoration effort.

As we paused the discussion to scale a bluff, I wondered, how does the story of the Big Bend National Park continue? Does the Horned Lizard already know the outcome? What can we learn from the desert ecology and water conserving ways of the Park? How well does all of Texas understand and handle the grim outlook of water? Will humans use their intellect to think beyond the way they've been shown, the way of convenient consumption? Can the infrastructure be restructured? Or will short-sightedness and profit motive drive humankind into the dust because they see water more as a commodity instead of what it is – an intrinsic value to ALL life?

Perhaps the next chapter of the tale isn't written yet…..

by Billy Faier

Back in the town of Woodstock, New York, before the Aquarian Festival of Music and Art, or Woodstock, as it quickly came to be called, turned the town into a tourist trap – back in the good old days – pop stars like Bob Dylan, The Band, Paul Butterfield, Van Morrison and The Incredible String Band freely walked the streets of the town unencumbered by gawking fans. At that time I was the M.C. of the Wednesday night poetry reading at the Cafe Espresso, the main hangout of Woodstock's folk and pop musicians.

It was fairly informal. We all knew each other and the same folks showed up every week to read their poetry. As the M.C. I didn't mind the occasional poets who availed themselves of our platform to espouse some cause or other.

One week a man we called No Name, because he refused to tell anyone his name, came to read. He lived in a small Volkswagen bus with ten miniature poodles. No Name took the stage, haranguing us with the evils of eating meat. While most of us were carnivores, we accepted his words lovingly, as we did most of the words and poems of our fellow espousers of radical ideas. But No Name went on and on and on, describing in great detail the horrors of the slaughter house, the agonies of the animals, the avariciousness of the capitalistic owners of the meatpacking plants, the ill health of meat eaters, until the audience (me included) was squirming with impatience and cries of "enough," "get down," "I love pork chops!" and "lets have poodle for dinner," arose from the house.

I knew my audience contained a few characters who would seriously object to me calling time on No Name, and so I contented myself with penning the few lines below. He finally concluded his speech. I then read to the house, much to their delight and my relief, this poem.

If we are what we eat
We were what we excrete.

I say we are what we do
And not what we think we are.

SO

Before you toss your cookies
Espousing diets sectarian

Remember this:

Jesus Christ ate meat
And Hitler was a vegetarian.

A Town Remembers

by C. W. (Bill) Smith

Foundation of motel where the Johnson family lost their lives. All photos in this story are courtesy of Terrell County Memorial Museum.

Rain had fallen steadily through the afternoon and night of June 10, 1965, at times a drizzle, at times the bottom seeming to drop out. A stalled thunderstorm in the hills and canyons of the Edwards Plateau west of Sanderson, Texas dumped as much as 11 inches of rain in that area by sunrise of June 11, according to local ranchers. Sanderson Creek and all its attendant feeders quickly filled up, pushing a mass of water down the watershed, trying to find a way through the brush and mesquite-clogged waterways to empty into the Rio Grande. Each arroyo, ravine and rivulet fed even more water until the flood became a torrent. As the water moved along it took out fences, railroad bridges, telephone poles and scrub vegetation, creating a massive battering ram as it moved downstream to take out even larger structures.

Six miles west of Sanderson a long diversion dam channeled the deluge. The dike had been thrown up in the 1930s when the state was building US Highway 90, to force Sanderson Creek under one large bridge to save money, rather than fording the snaking creek bed with two smaller bridges. As water from the creek rapidly filled the area behind the dam with its narrow outlet, the earthwork soon collapsed in a roar and an even larger wave of water and debris headed toward the hapless town.

Just west of Sanderson the water from two large draws, Three Mile and Red Mill, came crashing into the maelstrom of debris, bridge timbers, telephone poles and cross ties, punching the water into a black mass riding six or seven feet above the already-swollen creekbed, making a canyon-wall-to-canyon-wall battering ram some 15 feet high and five football fields wide. The water swirled with whirlpools, eddies and currents, creating what one man said looked like a veritable tornado of water. Now the water had become a hideous black monster, ready to devour the town of Sanderson.

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Peto Perez was just a 15-year-old kid, that summer. Slim Muller had given him a summer job pumping gas

at his Red Bluff service station. Peto didn't have his license yet and since he lived across town from his new job he got his father to give him a lift to work. He didn't have to be at work until 7:00 a.m., so they left the house at 6:45 a.m. and made their way through the dark streets to the service station.

Had they lived anywhere else it would have already been light, but it had been raining all night and the atmosphere was a thick, muted gray. As they approached rain-swollen Sanderson Creek, Peto looked back upstream and saw something odd. The water in the creek stretched bank to bank, lapping at the top, but that wasn't what he was looking at. In the drizzly gray twilight he just could make out a dark line across the top of the swiftly flowing creek, rising high above the creek bank, like a wall of black iron. From his perspective it didn't seem to be moving.

"What is that?" he asked his dad.

Mr. Perez looked away from the road to where Peto was squinting. He, too, squinted to identify the oddity, then his eyes widened in horror. "That's water, *Hijo*," and he quickly added, "We need to warn everyone!"

Peto could not believe his eyes. The black wall was boiling and writhing, six or seven feet above the already-full creek. It was pushing debris ahead of it, like a giant bull dozer, actually moving faster than the creek water below. Everything was simply blotted out as that massive wave moved forward.

Mr. Perez gunned the engine and sped down the streets nearest the creek, blowing his horn, both of them screaming at the top of their lungs, trying to wake up the neighborhood. Many of these people were their family members. They saw lights go on and heads appear at windows to hear their message, "Get out! Get out! Run to the hills...the water is coming!"

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When the black wall hit Sanderson, it swept away the outlying homes that clustered along the creek. Many folks had stayed awake that night, fearing that the water would jump the creek banks and come into their homes. They breathed a sigh of relief as the water level dropped and they thought the worst was over. Even the officials thought there would be no more problems with the creek that night since the rain was finally abating.

Then, without warning, the water rose rapidly, six to eight feet in just five minutes. The deluge had arrived!

Destroyed home with wool snagged in the weeds.

Though many had evacuated earlier, there were some stubborn holdouts who did not wish to leave, and others who simply did not get the warning. Those folks now found themselves in mortal danger. Some scrambled to rooftops to escape the water. Others were forced to tear holes in their ceilings to get up and out to safety. Still others were horrified to see their adobe homes crumble in the raging torrent, only to find themselves cast headlong into the flood. Trying desperately to find something to hold onto, many saved themselves, but others perished in the black waters.

One young boy, who had been sleeping with his family in a collapsing motel on the creek bank, grabbed for a tree but had to let go when he saw a snake sharing the limb. He grabbed at another tree and saved himself, but watched as his parents and four siblings washed down the creek and were lost.

One young mother saved her tiny daughter by stuffing her into the top shelf of a closet. The tot's father, however, only a few yards away and rushing to get to them, was lost to the flood and his body never found.

Bodies were found clear to the Rio Grande, including a man at Eagle Pass, some 176 miles away, and an infant washed ashore at Laredo, almost 300 miles away.

As a final indignity, the water cut a new channel through Santa Rita and Cedar Grove Cemeteries southeast of town, gouging out tombs, marker stones and caskets and scattering human remains down the creek for miles. Only one marker stone was left standing in Santa Rita Cemetery, and both cemeteries looked as though they had been bombed.

Orchid Cafe detroyed.

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The final tally for the Sanderson Flood of 1965 was 54 homes destroyed, 36 homes heavily damaged, 133 homes moderately damaged, 21 mobile homes destroyed, 27 businesses with major damage, historic hundred-year-old homes and buildings destroyed, a wool warehouse destroyed and many bags of wool burst, creating a surreal landscape of fences, bridges, trees, bushes and destroyed homes, festooned with tufts of wool. The unbelievable destruction at the cemeteries was bad enough, but the worst tragedy was the 26 residents who lost their lives.

Can a small town survive such horrific destruction? It wasn't easy, but recovery efforts began almost immediately, by the citizens, neighboring towns and cities, the Red Cross and state and federal agencies. The boys of Explorer Post 160 rescued 25 trapped and injured children and rendered first aid, all without having to be organized or instructed. They had been training for just such an emergency situation. They and the Boy Scouts of Troop 166 proved invaluable in carrying messages between officials in the blacked-out community and distributing relief items to the 300 homeless citizens.

It took years, but Sanderson returned to a semblance of its former self. Future flooding was

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Above: Railyard decimated. Below: Twisted railroad tracks.

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curbed by construction of 11 monumental catchment dams erected by the U. S. Army Corps of Engineers across the creeks and draws that had fed the maw of destruction. Some folks moved, but most stayed to rebuild their lives in the only home they had ever known. Citizens helped citizens and learned they had a great capacity for compassion and empathy. Families learned to deal with the loss of their loved ones and eventually moved on with their lives.

2015 marks the 50th anniversary of the 1965 Flood. A new memorial has been erected to commemorate the tragedy and solemn ceremonies will be held to remember the dead and dedicate that memorial on the weekend of July 4th, 2015.

Big Bend Eats

by Carolyn Brown Zniewski

Any occasion feels more like a celebration when there is a cake. Most cakes call for eggs, so sometimes folks who eat a vegan diet can get left out when it comes to cake time. There are a few recipes for cakes without either egg or dairy ingredients. Most of them were developed during the depression of the 1930s as an economical solution to tight budgets. Unless you lived on a farm, eggs and milk were expensive. During the Dust Bowl of the 1930s plenty of farmers lost their farms, but they still wanted to celebrate special dates with a nice cake. So here are two of the best recipes for anytime you need a vegan cake or when you are camping or in the middle of nowhere and don't have eggs and milk available. The chocolate cake is perfect for the day you get home after 5:30 and need the cake by 7:00. It's faster and easier than going to the store! And for good measure, here is a gluten-free cookie recipe that I spotted recently. They are all so good that you can make them anytime and be glad you did.

Apple Nut Cake – Vegan

1 cup sugar
3 Tablespoons shortening
1 ¼ cups applesauce
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 ¾ cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon ginger
1 cup chopped nuts

Preheat oven to 350°. Cream sugar and shortening. Stir in applesauce and vanilla. Add dry ingredients and nuts. Mix until just combined. Bake in a well-greased bundt, 8" square or 9" round pan at 350' for about 30 - 45 minutes depending on pan size. Cool. Frost with powdered sugar icing made with a little orange juice.

Crazy Cake - Vegan

1 ½ cups flour
3 Tablespoons cocoa powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup sugar
1 teaspoon baking soda
2 teaspoons vanilla
1 teaspoon white vinegar
6 Tablespoons vegetable oil
1 cup cold water

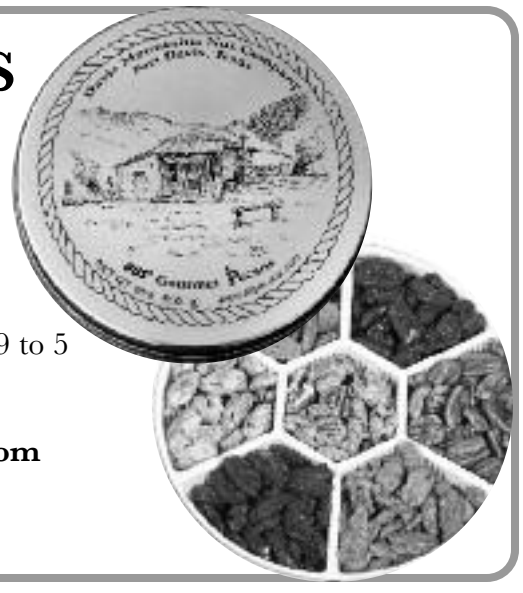
Preheat your oven to 350'. Put the dry ingredients in an 8" square or 9" round pan and mix them a bit with a fork. Make three wells in the dry ingredients. Pour vinegar in one, oil in one and vanilla in one. Pour the cold water over all and stir with the fork until the batter is mixed. Pop it right in the 350' oven and bake for 30 – 35 minutes. Be sure your oven is preheated.

I first made this cake when I was in high school well over 50 years ago. It has stood the test of time. As simple as it is, it is very good.

Nut Butter Cookies - Gluten Free

1 cup nut butter, i.e.: peanut butter, almond, sunflower seed or cashew butter
1 cup sugar or brown sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla, orange or other extract
1 egg

Stir it up. Put walnut-sized balls on the cookie sheet and crosshatch with a fork dipped in sugar. Bake at 350° for about 8 - 10 minutes. These make a great snack anytime. Throw a few in your bag the next time you are running errands or heading out for the day. These cookies are very, very good and so quick to make. Take a few minutes and make a treat for the baseball game or movie night.



The Godmother on the Border

by Danielle Gallo

Maggie Smith and J. Evetts Haley at Smith's store in San Vicente. Photo courtesy Bibg Bend National Park.

The Big Bend hot springs down on the Rio Grande have been a draw for all kinds of people over the centuries, from the Indian tribes who left pictographs and midden piles along the cliffs above the river to the settlers who made the springs their home and business, to the visitors hoping to cure their ills in the warm mineral water, or just relax away their aches and pains.

J.O. Langford built his home on the cliff above the river, hoping to cure his malaria at the springs, which he claimed was a successful endeavor after using the treatment prescribed by local Indians of bathing in the 105 degree water and drinking it. He purchased the land in 1909 and built a bathhouse over the largest springs, charging 25 cents per bath, or 21 baths for five dollars. A Post Office was established at the site in 1914 as well.

The Post Office was discontinued in 1943, but the State and then the National Park wanted the bathing facilities and trading post to be manned during the transition to federal

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Folkways

by Maya Brown Zniewski

ROSEMARY:
Rosemarinus officinalis

Rosemary is a wonderful all-around plant with all kinds of uses. Rosemary is frequently used in xeriscape landscaping because it will grow in climates with little to no water. An example of this is available at the Marathon Coffee Shop. Look in the planter boxes and you'll see huge, glorious rosemary. If you're lucky it will be in bloom with dark purple flowers. This is the largest example I have ever seen in person. It truly makes me happy to see it. I find interesting both rosemary's medicinal uses and the folklore surrounding her. Rosemary is used as a memory enhancer ("rosemary for remembrance"). If you wish someone to remember you, give them rosemary. Other folklore says that rosemary gave The Virgin Mary shelter during her flight from Egypt; hence the name Rose of Mary. The tinted blue flowers are where Mary's cloak touched the flowers, coloring them blue.

Rosemary tops, leaves and soft branches are distilled into essential oil. English rosemary essential oil is considered the highest quality but is rarely, if ever, available in commerce of any kind. Spain, Japan and Italy also produce rosemary essential oil which is of fine quality. One hundred pounds of rosemary tops and leaves are required to produce eight ounces of rosemary essential oils. Lest you think this is only true of rosemary, it takes 60,000 roses (whole roses) to produce one ounce of rose essential oil.

Medicinally, rosemary has traditionally been used as an antiseptic. Rosemary is a primary ingredient in a well-known essential oil blend I call Five Thieves. It is thought to have been created by grave robbers during the middle ages – the plague years – as protection from the *Yesinis Pestis*, the plague. Although I love this blend of essential oils, I doubt the veracity of the tale. Distillation of essential oils has not changed greatly in a thousand years and the availability of the distillate by someone making a pauper's living would not be very likely. Nice sales pitch, though.

Why not blend your own? You can get good quality essential oils from the local market, health food store or online and save a huge amount of money. In a small, dark glass bottle combine 35 drops rosemary essential oil, 35 drops lemon essential oil, 10 drops cinnamon essential oil, 15 drops eucalyptus essential oil and 10 drops clove bud essential oil. Shake well. Use this Five Thieves essential oil blend to make an incredible hand sanitizer. In a four ounce bottle combine two ounces (about one shot glass worth) aloe vera juice or gel, one ounce alcohol (I use vodka or isopropyl alcohol) and up to 12 drops of the Five Thieves essential oils blend. Shake well. Use it as a hand sanitizer. I make a spray to use as a kitchen and bathroom cleanser, combining ½ cup white vinegar, one teaspoon liquid soap and 20 drops of Five Thieves. As a home vaporizer for a cold or the flu, add 10 drops Five Thieves to a pot of simmering water and breathe in the steam deeply.

Do not take any essential oils internally, no matter what you read or hear as a sales pitch. Would you eat the aforementioned 60,000 roses? No, probably not. Then please, do not take essential oils internally.

I love a wonderful rosemary hair rinse. Add a few sprigs of rosemary to two quarts of water. Simmer a few minutes. Cool with the rosemary sprig still in the water. Remove the sprig, reserving the water, basically making a rosemary tea. Use as the final rinse for your hair. Rosemary provides a healthy glow to hair.

You can create a fabulous infused vinegar by infusing apple cider vinegar with a sprig of rosemary. Strain infused vinegar as you use it. The vinegar infusion will get stronger over time, more delicious I think. It is fantastic over a number of dishes. Why not try tacos with rosemary marinated fish? Add rosemary vinegar to salad dressings or in a glaze for chicken. It's a great addition to your bone stock recipe.

My bone stock recipe is fairly easy. In a gallon freezer bag put all your scrap veggies, onion peelings, garlic skins, chicken, beef, fish and pork bones (or the bones of deer or what ever else you have.) Keep filling that gallon freezer bag. Every time you cook, take out that freezer bag and keep stuffing it with all your scraps. When it gets full, which really only takes a month or so depending on how much you cook, empty out the bag into a big pot or crock pot. Add water until the pot is near full, add about 2 Tablespoons of rosemary infused vinegar and any additional herbs you like. Simmer for a total of about 24 hours until the bones are soft. Strain through a sieve or colander, reserving the liquid, that's the good part. The vinegar extracts the vitamins, calcium and minerals from the bones into the stock and finally into your body. I use this stock instead of water in a savory dish. When cooking rice, or making a marinade or soup, it is so good! Oil infused with rosemary can be made the same way as infused vinegar. Is just as wonderful on salads, baked potatoes or in place of any plain oil in a savory dish.

Flavor chevre (goat's milk cheese) like that available in the Alpine or Marfa farmer's market with finely chopped the rosemary leaves. I also make my own super easy rosemary butter. Using room temperature butter, add finely chopped rosemary and mix well. This is about my favorite thing on fresh bread. You can use the stems of rosemary as kebab skewers for chicken or tofu and veggies on the grill or in your oven.

A drink I enjoy is rosemary infused lemonade. Use your favorite lemonade recipe and in the pitcher add a sprig of rosemary per gallon of lemonade. You can also add a few leaves to ice cubes in and serve the rosemary ice cubes your favorite summer drink. As the ice melts the flavors change and combine in a wonderful way.

The same rosemary infused oil that you use for cooking can be used as an intensive reconditioning hair oil. Rosemary is reputed to help with dandruff, hair loss and split ends. It will make your hair shinier and well-conditioned. Use by massaging about a Tablespoon, depending on the length of your hair, into your scalp and brush your hair to blend the oil into your hair. Leave it on for a couple of hours or overnight and shampoo it out.

However you use it, rosemary is a wonderful addition to life!

Photo Essay

Courtesy Forgotten Frontiers/National Archives and Records Administration

Trail work

Left: C.C.C. camp in the Chisos. Casa Grande in the background.

Public Works projects were intended to help relieve some of the economic devastation of the Great Depression while simultaneously improving infrastructure throughout the country. The Civilian Conservation Corps, or CCC, built roads, trails and buildings in National Parks nationwide, including in the Big Bend. These hardworking individuals lived ruggedly in the wilderness and in remote, sparsely populated areas while creating amenities from scratch, so that visitors to the parks and residents of the area could enjoy the stunning landscape and learn from our unique cultural heritage, into the 21st century.

Road construction by C.C.C. enrollees

Clouds in the Chisos . The present site of C.C.C. camp.

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ownership, out of fear the facilities would be vandalized if left abandoned. The State Parks Board contracted with Baylor and Maggie Smith to run the operation during the transition.

The Smiths settled in to Hot Springs in 1942, but it was only two years later that Baylor died, leaving Maggie with the prospect of running the concession alone. A competent woman, she rose to the challenge, despite the many dangers of living in the harsh, remote border region. Etta Koch, who had come to the Big Bend hoping to cure her tuberculosis, was the administrative assistant for the park from 1946 to 1955. Koch recalled that the Park Service wanted Maggie as the concessionaire because of her fluent Spanish and her strong rapport with the Mexican communities across the river, many of whom would travel miles to trade at her store.

While living at Hot Springs, Etta Koch painted a mural in the Livingstone House she rented with her husband Peter. When Maggie saw it, she asked Etta to paint another for her, one Etta entitled "Madonna of the Desert," which she says in her book *Lizards on the Mantle, Burros at the Door: A Big Bend Memoir* she fashioned after a Mexican woman she had seen washing her baby in nearby Tornillo Creek. Another mural soon followed for Maggie's kitchen, of a Mexican boy kneeling by his burro. Though the paint ran out before completion, the murals still remain, visible to visitors today. Continuing the theme, Maisie Lee, now a resident of Marathon, painted more murals to brighten up the guest cabins.

Maggie Smith served as a midwife in the remote Rio Grande community, comprised of the Hot Springs settlement itself and the communities of San Vicente and Boquillas, Mexico. John Jameson, author of *The Story of Big Bend National Park*, talks about one young couple whom Maggie was driving to the doctor in Marathon during the wife's labor. Despite her best efforts, the baby was coming more quickly than Maggie could drive, so she calmly pulled over and delivered the baby in the car. The birth went smoothly, but the husband was so distraught by the experience that he was ill the whole way home to Hot Springs.

Another time, Maggie and Etta Koch were attending a wedding in Boquillas, across the river and a few miles downstream from Hot Springs. Etta describes it as "…a pretty wedding, with men and women siting on opposite sides of the dance floor." Suddenly, one of the guests went into labor. Maggie delivered the baby, and the party continued. Maggie once said that she had "…delivered so many babies, I've lost count."

Known by many as the "Godmother of the Mexican People," or "La Madrina," Maggie went out of her way to help those in need. She was also famous for bringing candy to the children in the Mexican villages on Christmas. Her store was the only one within 175 miles of the border on the Mexican side, and rather than taking advantage of her monopoly, she gladly offered credit to those who could not afford her wares, and bartered readily with others who had skins or hogs but no cash.

The Park Service was a little concerned about how their concessionaire was handling her business, and asked Ross Maxwell, the Park's first superintendent, to look into the matter. According to Jameson, Maxwell was frank in his report.

"Mrs. Smith doesn't keep books," he wrote. "She sends in an order to the wholesaler in Alpine; the mail carrier delivers it to Hot Springs. She pays the bill and if there's any money left, that's profit." Maxwell went on to explain that Maggie's system of barter and trade may be unorthodox, but that she was shrewd and a good "horse trader." On his recommendation, the Park Service accepted her unique accounting system.

Maggie was a generous spirit to those in need, but she was also known for her toughness and entrepreneurial spirit. Jameson notes that she was known to be a smuggler of candelilla wax, an activity he says "added excitement to her life." At the time the candelilla plant was a valuable commodity, the wax produced from it in high demand, and the Mexican government had a stranglehold on the harvesting and production. Poor villagers would harvest the plants and distill the wax to sell to smugglers on the U.S. side of the river. These smugglers would act as middlemen to the refiners further north, selling the contraband

wax at a price that was beneficial to the harvesters, the refiners and the middlemen themselves. Maggie Smith was one such entrepreneur, and Jameson notes that at times "It was not unusual for six or seven thousand dollars to change hands in one evening," as Maggie purchased the wax from her friends and neighbors across the river.

In her memoir, *Tenderfoot Teacher: Letters from the Big Bend, 1952-1954*, Aileen Kilgore Henderson recalls making a visit to Maggie down at Hot Springs: "The Mexicans had just brought a load of candelilla wax across the river. We saw it stacked on Mrs. Smith's back porch. It is illegal to sell or make the wax in the park and illegal for Mexicans to sell it anywhere in our country because their government wants to buy it from them at a low price. But Mrs. Smith lives just on the edge of the park so the officials don't do anything to her, and I guess the Mexican government doesn't know what she's doing."

The National Park closed the Hot Springs concession in 1952. Maggie Smith moved on to the Mexican village of San Vicente and later to Study Butte on the western Park boundary, where she continued to operate stores until her death in 1965.

When the Park made the decision to close Hot Springs, over 1,500 people signed a petition asking the Park to let Maggie stay. Her legacy of generosity and love for her border community makes her a shining example of the best of Big Bend history: not the stone ruins of houses and stores, but the stories of the characters who inhabited them.

Land of Mañana

Story and photograph by Rani Birchfield

When you relocate to the Trans-Pecos region, the remoteness and inconvenience of it forces you to look at things in a different light. If you're a musician who is used to tons of choices in venues and equipment, accustomed to playing with only one band, you learn to groove to a different, sometimes discordant, tune and get comfortable being with multiple partners. Take the band Dry Creek Diggers, for example, which now consists of constants Jim Hall and Gary Oliver, but which like many bands in the Big Bend region has morphed over the last decade.

Jim Hall moved to Far West Texas with his wife, Jan, in the early 2000s. Newly retired, with time to follow other passions, he wanted to give music lessons, repair amps, and find a new band. Coming from the multitudinous music scene of Fort Worth to a dearth of options, he wasn't sure where to hook up with local musicians. His past life as an engineer (playing gigs at night) made him meticulous about the search process; he watched the papers, attended events, and drove around looking behind cacti and under rocks, hunting for the elusive music scene.

Gary Oliver played in a band in college but gave up instruments for what would end up being three decades. He kept his hand in the music world, however, by making art for clubs in Austin and being part owner of the One Knite Dive & Tavern, a popular watering spot where Jimmie Vaughan was the house band and the club hosted top-name performers like The Flatlanders and Willie Nelson. When the popular Austin bar closed in 1976, Gary went to South America with a backpack and an old guitar, where he hitchhiked and picked up Latin influences for his music. After returning to the states in the eighties, as Gary prepared for a cross-country cycling trip to Alaska, he met someone from West Texas who rocked his world. Instead of heading north, he set out for one of the other wide spaces on the map, Marfa, Texas. Although he later traveled the Southwest on a bicycle, Gary never escaped – he ended up in Sal Si Puedes, a scruffy spot on the east side of Marfa where he remains to this day.

Gary started drawing for the Big Bend Sentinel and during the nineties returned to music by writing songs in response to the proposed nuke dump. Picking up musical instruments once more and now in possession of a button accordion, he spent time with locals on Thursdays in the parking lot of the old Holiday Capri Motel.

As Jim cruised through Marfa one day, he saw a sign for "Marfa Music Jam." Jim inquired, and found Wendy Lynn Wright, at the time a nascent musician and the facilitator of the jam held at the old Capri. The first jam Jim attended, Wendy was the only person there. Wendy begged Jim to give it another try, promising more players farther along in their musical prowess next time. True to her word, at the next week's jam, Jim found a dozen or so musicians, as well as groupies. Wendy introduced him to locals Gary Oliver, Billy Faier and Charles Maxwell, to name a few. Finally, Jim found what he'd been looking for – harmony in the desert. Jim and Gary decided to form a band along with Paul Graybeal, Drew Stewart, and Billy Faier and call themselves the Dry Creek Diggers.

In these parts, you don't get hitched with one band – you play the field with different ones. One way to get some action going is to offer to play for free, later graduating to a meal perhaps, and if you're lucky, moving on to making the gas money. That's how Dry Creek Diggers came to play on Thursdays at Cueva's in Fort Davis. Jim talked the owner into "trying" them out for free and Thursday was the agreed upon day due to the star party schedule. No star parties at the observatory on Thursdays meant people were in town. Live music on the patio would give locals and visitors alike a fun way to fill up the evening, dancing on the sidewalk and indulging in purchases made at the package store across the street.

Aside from Dry Creek Diggers, Jim makes himself available to play with other bands. After sitting in with Craig Carter a few times, Jim came home and informed his wife that Craig wanted to go steady. Craig had asked Jim to be his one-and-only bass player. That doesn't mean Jim can't play around, but when Craig has an event, Jim is on bass.

It's good to know you're "The One" so that when you happen upon a poster announcing one of the bands you play with is scheduled for a gig and you're planning to be out of town that day, you know to investigate. Such was the case a few years ago when Jim saw a poster in Alpine advertising Craig Carter's Spur of the Moment Band playing the annual Fireman's Ball in Terlingua. Oops! Jim and his wife had plans to be in Arizona that week. They changed their plans but still had no clue what the venue was. Although the location was unknown until a short time before the event, Pam Weir and her friends made it happen at the Boathouse. As it was a tad neglected, they cleaned like crazy, built a stage, and literally wired the place for sound. They pulled it off as a success. This year the Ball will again be held at the Boathouse on April 18, 2015, hosted by Craig Carter's band.

Music, art, life... they're all a bit different "out here." Haphazard, disconnected, unorganized, and oftentimes spur of the moment. But if you can go with the flow (because really, there is one) and be ready for anything, it may come together… down the line. After all, this is the "land of mañana," but mañana doesn't necessarily mean tomorrow.

Fort Lancaster

by Bob Miles

Texas Historical Commission

Fort Lancaster was established in 1855 by the United States government as a protection to travelers and mail on the Overland route from San Antonio to San Diego. It was abandoned in 1861 and reoccupied in 1866 for a short time.

A few miles east of the little town of Sheffield on State Highway 290 lies Fort Lancaster State Park. Currently administered by the Texas Historical Commission, the 82-acre historic site preserves the ruins of the fort and interprets the frontier military post that helped protect commerce and travelers on the San Antonio-El Paso road.

The mid-1800s were important years for the United States and especially for Far West Texas. The Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo ended the Mexican War in 1848, adding some million square miles of land in the Southwest and California to the United States and finally establishing the Texas border at the Rio Grande. When the news of the discovery of gold in California reached the east, hordes of gold seekers headed west across the new, largely unexplored territory. Native tribes objected to this invasion of their homelands, creating additional problems for the Army which had a treaty obligation to keep the Indian tribes from raiding into Mexico.

In response to these problems. a string of military forts was established along what became known as the Lower or Military Road between San Antonio and El Paso. Camp Lancaster was established on August 29, l855, on Live Oak Creek near the Pecos River crossing. The post was manned by 104 men of Companies H and K of the First Infantry under the command of Captain Stephen Carpenter and two second lieutenants.

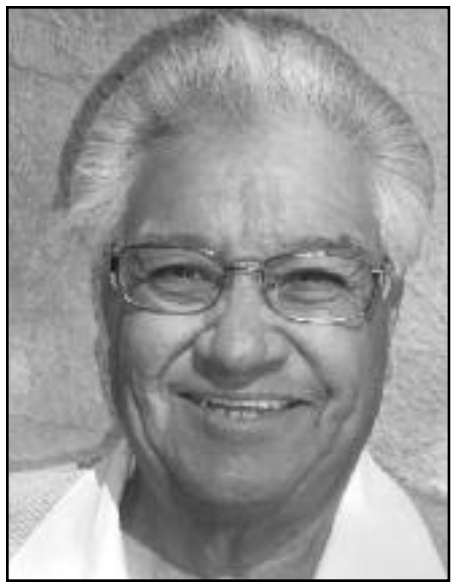
In addition to patrolling the Lower Road between Fort Clark and Fort Davis and protecting travelers, the troops set about building living quarters and other needed structures. The first living quarters for the men were mostly primitive *jacales* –vertical pickets or planks set into the ground and roofed with grass thatch or canvas. Four adobe officer's quarters were constructed and the quartermaster and commissary stores were built with stone walls. The bakery, carpenter shop, hospital and several other buildings were also built of adobe. All were roofed with thatch or canvas. There were also several Turnley Portable Buildings erected on the post. These were an early prefabricated structure. These unassembled buildings could be transported by wagon and assembled in a matter of hours, complete with asphalt covered panels for roofs.

Once the troops had continued on page 27

Voices of the BIG BEND

Jim Glendinning The Galloping Scot, Author, World Traveler and sometime tour operator.

Story and photographs by Jim Glendinning



JOHNNY CALDERON
Marfa

MARJIE ERKKILA
Fort Davis

JIM KEAVENY
Terlingua

JOHNNY CALDERON

Johnny Calderon describes himself as a "war baby." He was born in Marfa in 1942, the first son of Fay and Johnny Calderon, who served with the U.S. Army in Okinawa. He still keeps in touch today with his younger siblings, Jimmy in El Paso and Hazel, who lives in Marfa.

In his early years, after his parents got divorced, Calderon lived with his grandparents. He was a poor student at the Blackwell School in Marfa and later at Marfa High School. But he got recognition as a football player, and also a musician. At an early age he was given a saxophone, could read music in the 6th grade, formed a band called The Rhythm Beats and was privately tutored in music. This got him into the high school band. There was plenty of racial prejudice in those days, but Calderon's personality carried him through.

Graduating from his school in 1961, he first tried trade school in San Antonio and, when that did not work, joined the Air Force. He was in the Military Police, stationed in Okinawa and later in Denver, for a total of almost five years. He met his wife Rosie from Valentine in 1961, married and had two children, Bonnie and Johnny, whose own children he is especially proud of. Nevertheless, in 1963 he and Rosie got divorced.

In 1983, Calderon left the U.S. Air Force and returned to Marfa where he took a variety of jobs. He then embarked on a career in insurance. He had an engaging personality, dressed well and sported a full head of hair. As a result he was a successful salesperson, going door to door. Even today, in the interview, he will break off from the current discussion and, with an engaging smile, launch into a local anecdote. "You can't do without people," he says. In 1984 married Gloria Valdez of Marfa, with whom he still shares a home.

On retirement at age 60, he next worked as Executive Director at the Marfa Chamber of Commerce, but became embroiled in local politics and quit. However, he continued to play music at occasional functions with his band, Johnny & the Cadillacs.

Ever active, Calderon then launched, with no publishing experience, the *Marfa Magazine*. He started by asking tourists and local people if they had any interest in a magazine about Marfa people. In rapidly-changing Marfa, with many newcomers changing the town's demographic balance, the answer from the locals was yes. Since 1962, when he owned a $175 camera and took pictures in Okinawa, he had enjoyed photography. So he was now publisher, editor and photographer.

Marfa Magazine, a large, glossy, multi-color magazine, featured many group photographs of local persons and events, sometimes running to over 100 pages. The colors were brilliant, and the reader never quite knew what would come next. After eight issues, the future of Marfa Magazine is somewhat in doubt. The ever-energetic 73-year-old editor needs to think about his future.

MARJIE ERKKILA

Marjie Erkilla was born in Gloucester, MA in 1948 to Barbara and Onni Erkkila, a second-generation Finn. Life at home was lonely in her early years, but at school she excelled. She started to read early and gained straight A's in class. She loved English and remembers how her English teacher, Miss Beebe, encouraged and praised her, attention she did not get at home. She entered writing competitions, and won poetry prizes on three occasions.

Graduating from Gloucester High School in 1966, she enrolled briefly at a college in Kentucky. This ended early when she quit. Instead, she took up a two-year apprenticeship in metalsmithing with a local professional in Gloucester, Merv Rudow. She learned quickly and became good enough to finish some of Merv's pieces.

In 1967, she married her high school sweetheart, Paul Saalmi, a gifted musician. A daughter, Lisa, was born the next year. Marjie felt suffocated and bored with marriage and in 1969 she was divorced. She was now a single mother, and needed to find a job.

She found three jobs: cleaning work at a local stable; continuing her silversmithing work, which she was good at; and bar tending. But she needed a real job, with prospects, and joined the Gloucester police department in 1975 as the first female officer.

The pay was excellent, and she loved police work. She developed a good working relationship with her colleagues, who trusted her. She was never accepted however by the police administration and worked uneasily with them for 17 years. By that time, she was burned out, and ready for a big change.

Years earlier she had been given a Nikkon FM camera. She started taking pictures, particularly of horses. She adored horses, considering them mysterious, fascinating and gorgeous. She was good enough to win awards for her photos in *Horse Illustrated* magazine. By this time, still in Gloucester, she had a horse of her own.

She had previously been out west, visiting Santa Fe. But when she heard in 1993 that superior agate, vital for the lapidary work she was learning, was to be found in the Big Bend/Davis Mountains region, she loaded a motor home and moved to the Davis Mountains Resort, "the most beautiful place in the USA." It was remote and quiet, and she felt safe.

Once moved in, she acquired an Egyptian Arabian, "the horse of a lifetime," which she rides during the Fort Davis July 4 parade. She found rocks and started working with them. She built herself a jewelry studio and began to sculpt stone outdoors. She was a founder member of the 14-person Catchlight Gallery co-op in Alpine, which has been a wonderful success.

Her jewelry and sculptures have won many awards coast to coast; her work has appeared frequently in magazines, as have her photographs of horses. She was picked to participate in the "Trappings of Texas" in Alpine. All in all, this is a lot better than arresting bad guys in Gloucester, MA.

JIM KEAVENY

Growing up in Bismarck, ND, Jim Keaveny's preoccupation as a youngster was how to get out to a warmer spot. Born in 1972, he was the sixth of eight children of Tani and John Keaveny, an oral surgeon. Each child took piano lessons in classical music from their mother, an experience which stayed with all of them, especially Jim. He had little interest in school subjects and disliked the rules and regimentation. Instead, he started playing guitar and formed a band called The Rogues.

He graduated from Bismarck High School in 1991 and had a minimal taste of college before quitting to hitchhike west with a friend, named Buddy, to Eugene, Oregon. There he hung out with street people, sleeping under a bridge. He found the homeless drifters interesting, and engaged in dumpster diving and panhandling to get food and funds. His street name was Jimmy. He played music when he could and gained enough confidence to start singing. Looking back, he considers this period "the best time of my life."

He returned home briefly to hook up with his friends from The Rogues. By now he was writing as well as playing music. The band moved to Eugene, OR, rented a house, got any jobs going (which were few) and fixed up a garage to practice in. They stayed two-and-a-half years, playing gigs and working on their music.

Music was now the main thing in Keaveny's life. In 1996, the band moved to Austin. He again took a variety of jobs, as a dishwasher, as a prep cook, and later developed skills as a carpenter, which would serve him well in the future. The band split up, but Keaveney persevered on his own. In 2002, he went to Europe and spent a year busking, particularly in Spain where the weather was warm and people liked his folk/country music. He would play for a couple of hours and earn 20 euros, which was enough for his daily expenses.

After a year he came back to Austin. He renewed his work as a carpenter and, when he had enough funds, he toured solo. But Austin was becoming overcrowded. He had visited Big Bend earlier, and had grown to love the high desert. In Austin in 2007, he met Anna Harbor, who worked for a band. They moved out to Big Bend together, and got married at a Drive-Thru marriage establishment in Las Vegas in 2012. Anna played fiddle, and also helped with getting bookings, while they set about building a home. Living in a 14-foot trailer for four years, they built a cabin on Terlingua Ranch, which today is their home.

Jim recently cut his 5th CD ("Out of Time") which has had excellent reviews. He is currently doing a Big Bend tour with his five-piece band, which includes Anna. Next, a European tour is in the offing. Reflecting on life, Jim Keaveny wishes he was still an adventurer. By many people's standards, he already has had a full share, with more likely to follow.

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separate shows. The scorpion's presence attracted notice in *The Wall Street Journal*, but far less than Andy Warhol's allotted 15 minutes of fame locally.

And, during a performance of Agatha Christie's "The Mousetrap," shortly before the murderer's identity was to be revealed, a duck left a nearby pond and waddled across the stage.

"Fabian Marquez (playing Giles Ralston) never broke character," recalled Dr. George Bradley, retired Sul Ross professor of Communication and Theatre, who directed the play. "He grabbed the duck, turned to his on-stage wife (Mollie, played by Kathleen Bowe), and said, 'A duck! What's a duck doing here? I told you to lock the gate!' then tossed the duck through the gate."

Climate and terrain also has human audience appeal. "I really feel the best thing we have going is our topography," said Roman. "On many performance nights, you need a sweater, and here it is July. One year, we used this as our advertising theme – 'The coolest place in Texas; bring a sweater.'"

Theatre in Alpine traces its roots to 1921 with the opening of Sul Ross. In 1934, Kokernot Lodge, a WPA-constructed amphitheater, and the surrounding 35 acres (donated by Herbert L. Kokernot, Sr.), were dedicated for the recreational use of Sul Ross students and faculty. Shakespearean plays were frequently staged at the amphitheater during the academic years.

Featured Sul Ross performers over the years included Allen Ludden, who would gain fame as the host of "Password," and Dan Blocker, who portrayed Hoss Cartwright on the long-running TV series "Bonanza."

In the fall of 1965, E. Clayton McCarty joined the Sul Ross Speech and Drama Department, and with the urging of President Norman McNeil, organized the Theatre of the Big Bend with a repertory schedule the following summer. Financial support was shared by Sul Ross and the Alpine Chamber of Commerce, and the City of Alpine has been an investor ever since.

Plays were performed in the old amphitheater until 1970, when the present Kokernot Outdoor Theater was constructed.

Attendance increased steadily from 800 persons the initial summer to more than 10,000 annually from 1970-72. By 1970, the theatre rotated eight plays throughout the summer, playing four nights weekly from mid-June to the end of August.

Bradley joined the Sul Ross faculty in 1975 and was heavily involved in the summer theatre program for about 20 years, including serving as managing director for a number of years. He actually agreed to start work at Sul Ross in late May instead of September, and in the process, likely kept the Theatre of the Big Bend afloat, filling the vacant director's position.

Bradley praised the community's involvement.

"It's what kept summer theatre alive," he said. "Everybody in the cast pitched in with painting the sets, striking the sets, setting up what lighting we had and doing what they had to do to get it done.

"In those early years, we strived to do shows that people liked," Bradley said. "We had a hard time generating interest and getting enough people, so often we did plays that required just a few cast members."

Interest grew, though, and by 1978, ToBB began performing larger-cast musicals, including "Godspell" and "You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown."

Collaboration of community and university propelled the growth of both summer theatre and the Sul Ross theatre program, Bradley said.

"They helped us and we helped them. If it hadn't been for community participation, we wouldn't have a theatre program."

Retired Sul Ross music professors Dr. Rex Wilson and Ellen Boyd spent many years in charge of musical direction, from piano accompaniment to leading the orchestra to working with soloists and ensembles.

Bill Brooks, who has performed in numerous summer productions during his extensive acting avocation, first got involved with Theatre of the Big Bend in the late 1970s as a trombone player in the pit orchestra.

"Rex and Ellen have been truly significant in my summer career," said Brooks, who first performed on stage in the 1990 performance of "Fiddler on the Roof."

"They worked extremely hard in numerous capacities to make the theatre a success, and it was wonderful working with them."

"It's something I thoroughly enjoy, and I have especially enjoyed this venue, the intimate setting with the audience and the interaction with the students," said Brooks, who is a retired newspaper editor and most recently, media officer for the U.S. Border Patrol.

Brooks most recently performed in 2009 in "Will Rogers' Follies," portraying the renowned humorist's father, and has thoroughly enjoyed his long-standing association.

"I am a big fan of George Bradley, who is a wonderful theater person and an outstanding leader. I have equally enjoyed working with Greg, Dona and Kendall Craig (who played the lead in "Will Rogers' Follies").

Through the life of the Theatre of the Big Bend, steady evolution has occurred, ranging from improved technology and guest artists programs, to budget constraints reducing the number of productions, to the demographics of cast composition. Yet, the focus of maintaining the traditional smell of the greasepaint and the roar of the crowd has never wavered. Over the years, ToBB has performed numerous Shakespearean plays, most of the ever-popular musicals and works by both globally-acclaimed and lesser-known playwrights.

"The Theatre of the Big Bend morphed from four to five shows a summer in the mid-1980s to two shows for years and years," said Schwab, Sul Ross professor of Theatre and an active participant in ToBB for a quarter-century.

"When Greg came in, he did things the students needed (to further their educational and theatrical experiences)," Bradley said. "Thanks to Greg and Dona, the quality of productions has improved a lot."

Presently, the Theatre of the Big Bend produces one major show.

"Due to budget, we have gone to fewer, but bigger shows," Schwab said. "However, the talent pool has increased, and the quality, for the budget, is by far the best theatre you are going to see."

Summer internships and the ToBB guest artist program were established in 2006 with the theatre's unique rodeo version of "Annie Get Your Gun," performed at the San Antonio Livestock Exposition Arena at Sul Ross' Turner Range Animal Science Center.

"Annie Get Your Gun" was the only offering for the 2006 season and allowed the summer theatre to focus all resources onto one blockbuster production. Attendance at the performances broke all previous records.

Productions have evolved to include not only more Sul Ross students, but students from other universities, thanks to the internship program. In addition, children's theatre and bilingual Latino Theatre programs continue to expand the artistic horizon. The Sul Ross theatre program's resident playwright, Liz Castillo, directed the well-received Petra Triology: three bilingual plays by Rupert Reyes, Jr. over the course of three summers. Additionally, "Alicia in Wonder Tierra" by Silvia Gonzalez S. completed the 2010 season with a children's festival in the original amphitheater space.

Subsequent years have featured Pueblo Unido, a Latin-themed series of new works featuring plays from Texas playwrights, films, artwork and music.

"The Theatre of the Big Bend will always be community-oriented," said Roman, "but we want to continue to grow. We really try to be a part of the community and also provide a theatre experience for our students and students from other universities as well."

"The community involvement has been a real plus," said Brooks. "There have been so many volunteers as cast members, crew members, the orchestra and elsewhere, and that is an aspect that really brings the community together. This (collaboration) truly elevates the cultural level of our community."

Roman said that the ToBB continues to play to a wider audience, due to its presence as a major summer tourism attraction.

"We continue to strive to create a broader outreach," Roman said. "We really believe what we do is pretty magical."

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shelter, they devoted their time to the dreary routine of drills and patrol duties. With no nearby settlements, life must have gotten boring for the men. It soon became evident that infantry soldiers were largely ineffective against the mounted Comanches, Mescalero and Lipan Apaches, and so there was limited contact or fighting. Occasional skirmishes did occur, such as the attempted ambush by Apaches of Captain Carpenter and a small party as they were cutting poles at the headwaters of Live Oak Creek. The Indians were discovered before they could spring the trap. There were two minor injuries. Captain Carpenter was wounded in the hand and one private was wounded in the foot. At least two of the Apaches were killed. Two days later, Indians stole all the animals from a supply train between Fort Davis and Camp Lancaster.

In August of 1856, Camp Lancaster was upgraded to Fort Lancaster. On July 9, 1857, Lt. Edward Beale arrived at the fort with his expedition of camels en route to New Mexico to test the feasibility of using the animals in the arid Southwest. Later that month, the monthly express from San Antonio, consisting of an ambulance and wagon escorted by seven men from Fort Davis and a six-man wood cutting detail from Fort Lancaster, were attacked by a band of Mescalero Apaches west of the post. The sergeant in charge of the detail was killed, but the rest of the party was able to make their way back to the fort.

A detachment of 46 men from Fort Davis was encamped at Fort Lancaster at the time and their commanding officer loaded 89 men of the combined forces into canvas-covered wagons. Thus disguised as a provision train, they headed for Fort Davis. The Indians took the bait, some 30 to 40 of them attacking. As the hidden infantrymen opened fire, the hostiles realized they had been ambushed and withdrew. Again, pursuit by men on foot was fruitless. Although it occurred occasionally, such action was rare. Illness and accidents claimed more casualties than battles, and life on the post was often boring.

With the secession of Texas and the beginning of the War Between the States, Fort Lancaster was evacuated and its garrison marched out for the Gulf coast. For a time the southern states attempted to garrison the forts along the Lower Road in Texas, but after the failure of Confederate forces to capture New Mexico the forts were largely abandoned. The structures gradually deteriorated.

In 1968, the Texas Parks and Wildlife Department acquired it as one of its historic sites. Today Fort Lancaster is operated by the Texas Historic Commission. It is open daily from 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. except Thanksgiving Day, Christmas Eve, Christmas Day, New Year's Eve and New Year's Day. A visitor's center and museum (closed for renovation at this writing) informs visitors of the history and attractions of the old fort. There is an interpretive trail and picnic area. Educational programs are offered at various times. For additional information, contact Fort Lancaster State Historical Site at www.visitfortlancaster.com or call 432-836-4391.

TRANS PECOS TRIVIA

by Charles Angell

BIG BEND NATIONAL PARK TRIVIA

1) Big Bend National Park was founded in 1944, formerly Texas Canyons State Park. What year was Texas Canyons State Park established?

a) 1929
b) 1933
c) 1940
d) 1943

2) Who was the governor of Texas that signed the bill authorizing the establishment of Texas Canyons State Park?

a) Miriam "Ma" Ferguson
b) Tip O' Neill
c) Spain Rodriguez
d) Dolph Briscoe

3) The Rio Grande, also called Rio Bravo, comprises the southernmost-boundary of the park, creating its name as it makes a big bend. Approximately how many miles of the river form this park boundary?

a) 88 miles
b) 97 miles
c) 106 miles
d) 117 miles

4) Upon its founding in 1944, who became the first Superintendent of Big Bend National Park?

a) Ross Maxwell
b) Everett Townsend
c) Amon Carter
d) Walter Mischer

5) Big Bend National Park is the largest park, State or National, in Texas, comprising approximately 801,000 acres. Roughly how many square miles is this equal to?

a) 774 sq. miles
b) 901 sq. miles
c) 1252 sq. miles
d) 1535 sq. miles

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

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