

ENCHANTED ROCK

NEWSLETTER

VOLUME 1, NUMBER 2

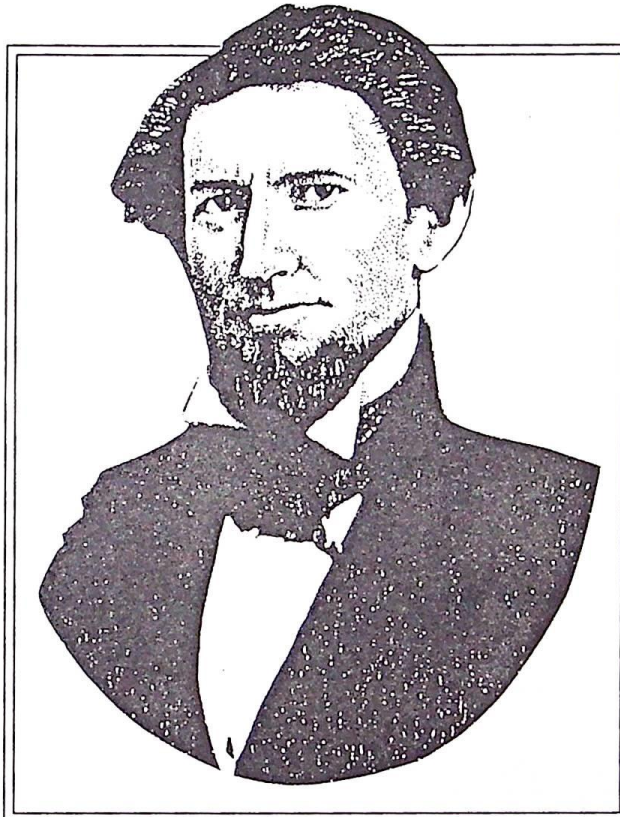
APRIL/MAY 1994

JACK HAYS: THE MAN, THE LEGEND & ENCHANTED ROCK

In 1837, at the age of nineteen, Tennessee John (Jack) Coffee Hays emigrated to San Antonio, where he readily found employment in his profession as a surveyor. At the time the surveyors were also members of a ranging company, or as they were called at the time a spy company. These men were the only protection on the frontier and later came to be known as the Texas Rangers. Due to Hays's courage, leadership, and endurance, he rapidly rose to the rank of captain. In those early days the Rangers that patrolled the frontier, lived

like the Indians they fought, and a position of leadership among the Rangers was achieved only by the consent of the men. As Ranger Rip Ford wrote of Hays in 1885, "No officer ever possessed more completely the esteem, the confidence, and the love of his men."

Hays was an enigma. His boyish appearance and slight build—he was under five foot eight inches tall and weighed barely 150 pounds—belied his attributes as a leader of the hardiest and, of necessity, meanest men on the Texas frontier. Amid the other large and robust Rangers, Hays seemed more like a camp follower. Thin, pale, and restless, he spoke little and ate less. Yet when occasion demanded, he could shoot



Me and Red Wing
not afraid to go to hell
together. Captain Jack
heap brave; not afraid
to go hell by himself.

—Chief Flacco,
Lipan Apache guide

straighter, fight meaner,
ride faster, cuss fouler,
yell louder, and endure
hardships better than any
man in his command.

J. W. Wilbarger, a
Ranger serving under
Hays, wrote in his book
*Indian Depredations in
Texas*, published in 1889:

"Colonel Hays was especially fitted by nature for this frontier service. He was a man rather under the medium size, but wiry and active and gifted with such an iron constitution that he was enabled to undergo hardships and exposure without perceptible effect... I have frequently seen him sitting by his camp fire at night in some exposed locality, when the rain was falling in torrents, or a cold norther with sleet or snow was whistling about his ears, apparently as unconscious of all discomfort as if he had been seated in some cozy room of a first class city hotel; and this, perhaps, when all he had eaten for supper was a hand full of pecans or

Continued on back page.

Bedrock Metates

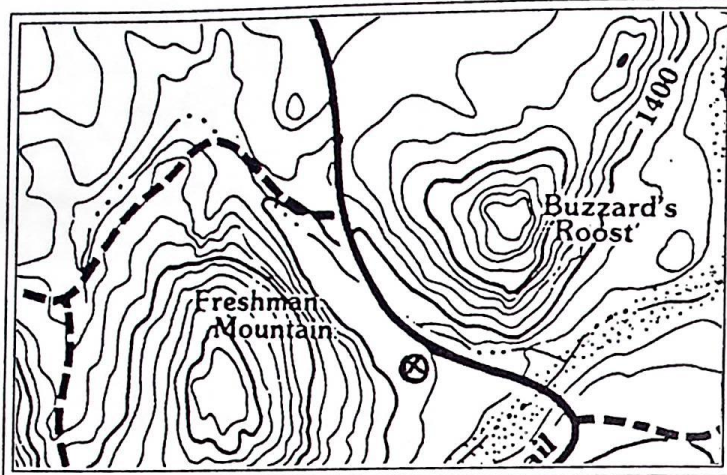
Located near streams, these sites were "kitchen" areas where native women gathered to prepare food.

Bedrock metates are one of the few Indian artifacts on view at Enchanted Rock State Natural Area. The metate and its companion piece, the mano, comprise a two-part tool used for grinding seeds and beans in the preparation of food. These are the earliest "flour mills." In this region they often ground mesquite beans which were used in the preparation of a kind of bread. These tools were used by Native Americans for over 10,000 years. The term metate is derived from the Aztec word *metlatl*; and the mano (which means hand in Spanish) is a corruption of the Aztec word *metlapil*, which, literally translated, means "son of the metate."

The metate is a stationary, concave, slab of stone upon which the food is placed to be ground. The mano, generally slightly larger than fist size, is then placed on top of the material to be processed, and with grinding motion the seeds, beans, or nuts are then pulverized into the consistency of flour.

The bedrock metates at Enchanted Rock are identified by the concave depressions on granite boulders which are, as a result of years of use,

polished smooth. There are numerous depressions in granite, however, if they are not smooth to the touch, they are not metates. Bedrock metates are found in association with campsites. Remember, it is illegal to



collect any material from Enchanted Rock. The fine pieces of flint generally found in association with campsites are called "lithic scatter." These are not to be collected as doing so will destroy the larger artifact which is the campsite itself.

The map above indicates the general location of the bedrock metates which are to be found near the trail in a

small stand of liveoak. A photograph of the basins of bedrock metates can be seen in the brochure "Archaeology of Enchanted Rock State Natural Area" available at the park headquarters.

Numerous other bedrock metates have been located in the Enchanted Rock area, particularly along the tributaries leading into Sandy Creek. As the manufacture of metates and manos require considerable work, bedrock metates are evidence that these sites were favored campsites of the Native Americans. Please treat these sites with the care and respect they deserve.

Metate, Mano, and Mythology

Looking more like facts of nature (rocks) than artifacts of culture (tools), the mano and metate attract little attention. Yet it is with these tools that we can glimpse into the sacred nature of ancient Native American traditions which touched almost every aspect of their lives.

Taken together, these inseparable tools can be viewed as sculptures of deities. The Mother (*metlatl* or metate), and the Son (*metlapil* or mano) are comparable to numerous "Madonna and Child" symbols from other cultures. In each case the Mother is the throne. In her lap is cradled the Divine Son—the redeemer of life and culture. We can add to this

image the plant *teosinte*, an Aztec word meaning "God's grass," which some researchers believe was corn's wild ancestor. Between the sacred mother and the divine child a life-giving sacrament was prepared.

Although many elaborate ritual metates have been discovered in the Americas, the essential shape and function remained unchanged for ten thousand years. This two-part artifact can be considered as one of the few which provided the very foundations of culture in the Americas. After all, it is the path between the raw and the cooked, where humanity charted the evolutionary road to culture and civilization.

Did you hear that peculiar sound?

Researching Enchanted Rock one encounters some unusual claims which aspire to the status of fact. The following is from *Legends of Texas Rivers and Sagas of the Lone Star State*, by Fannie May Barbee Hughs, M.A., 1937.

"Near the head of the Perdenales [sic] is the "Enchanted Rock." Little is known of this singular rock, but legend has it that it is supernaturally illuminated. It is accessible by means of a natural stair which winds around it to the top. As one approaches, an aureole, ghostlike in appearance, envelops him, and as he steps on the stairs, the rock begins a circular movement and the traveler's ears are filled with incredible and peculiar sounds. These sounds challenge investigation."

What is unusual about this claim is that it sounds like a personal account—he stuff of dreams, or experiences similar to those Native Americans report as a result of their vision quests. This report has some unique aspects (such as a spiral staircase which, in mythol-

ogy, one ascends to higher levels of consciousness) not found in other "legends" of the Rock.

Such personal experiences at Enchanted Rock are not as unusual as many of us might think. Generally, the persons with these experiences are reluctant to report them

to anyone for fear of ridicule.

The *Enchanted Rock Newsletter* is interested in researching and, occasionally, reporting such accounts. If you have had any unusual experience at Enchanted Rock please contact the publisher. Your privacy will be protected.

Porcupine among the prickly pear

The rage of porcupines are generally considered to be limited to Canada and northern and western United States. However, George V. Oliver, Jr. notes in his survey report *The Terrestrial Vertebrates of Enchanted Rock and Vicinity, Llano and Gillespie Counties, Texas*:

"Mike Freehling encountered one of these large rodents at Enchanted Rock on 11 July 1976, at midday. The porcupine was resting in the crown of a Texas buckeye in the ravine on the southwestern side of Enchanted Rock and seemed unalarmed by the observer's approach. This species

seems to be increasing in numbers and to be expanding its range eastward in Texas. In recent years I have seen them more and more often on the Edwards Plateau."

Old Timer at ERock

Who was the most permanent resident at Enchanted Rock? Very likely it was Rafe Maner, an emancipated slave who was born in a log cabin between the base of the Rock and Sandy Creek in 1850. He lived in the cabin until his death in 1920. The cabin was later moved across the creek, and then, some years later it was demolished. Those few facts are all we have been able to gather on this unique person.

FROM THE EDITOR

This second issue of the newsletter represents a few changes. First, we have expanded to six pages. We are also proud to present a column by Sonny Solis, the park superintendent, on the critical situation facing the park. The third change is that the press run was reduced from two thousand to one thousand copies. Subscriptions from the first edition simply could not justify a larger press-run. Naturally, subscribers will always receive their copies first. Copies distributed free at Enchanted Rock are essentially a "gift" from the publisher and subscribers.

I should mention that the cover stories of each issue are excerpts from a work-in-progress on the history of Enchanted Rock by the editor-publisher. The stories will not appear in chronological order, partly because some sections are truly "in-progress" and not ready for publication.

I hope you enjoy this issue; and if you can afford to, please subscribe.

The Gift Shop

The park headquarters has a limited, but interesting variety of quality souvenir or gift items. From postcards to posters, patches to t-shirts, and booklets to books, all can be purchased at reasonable prices.

Coming Events

Ira Kennedy will continue his series of free talks at Enchanted Rock on its history, mythology, and archaeology. April 23, (Saturday @ 7 p.m.) Sacred Geography & Enchanted Rock. From the summit of Enchanted Rock, where sunset & full-moonrise can be observed.

May 21, (Saturday @ 8 p.m.) Indian Stone Artifacts & ERock.

Although the newsletter bears the name "Enchanted Rock," it is not produced by the Texas Parks & Wildlife Department. All of the opinions expressed here are those of, or endorsed by, the publisher/editor, Ira Kennedy.

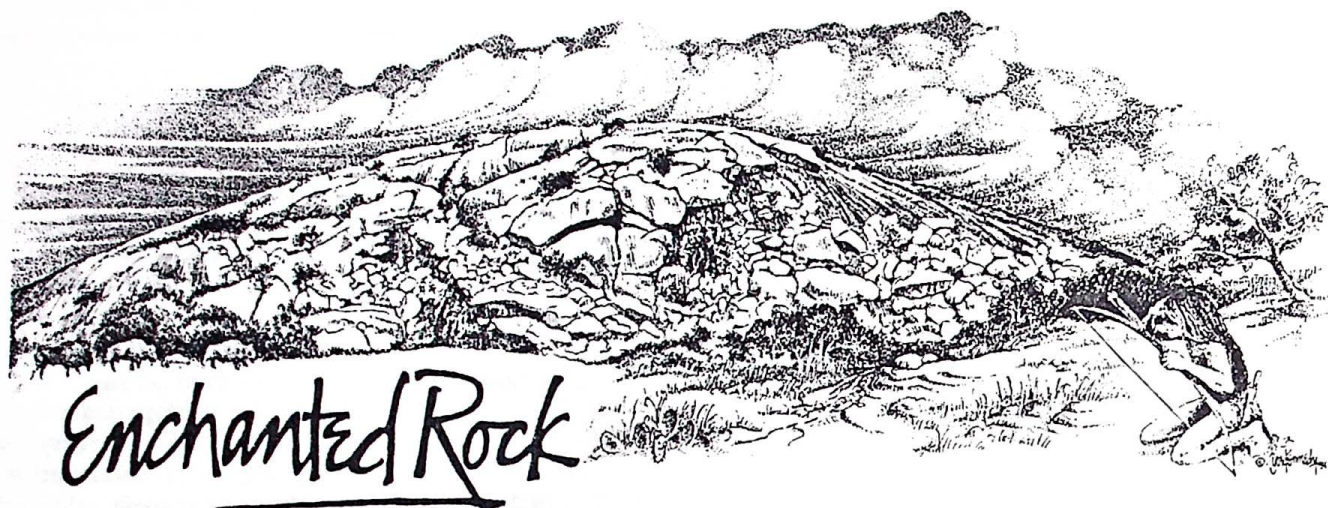
© 1994 by Ira Kennedy. The material in this publication may not be reproduced, in whole or in part, except by brief excerpts for reviews, without written permission from the publisher. Address: HC 09, Box 348, Llano, TX 78643

In the next issue

The legend of the long lost cave at the base of Enchanted Rock and the Spanish treasure within.

KNOWLEDGE ENHANCES APPRECIATION

Support subscriber sponsored information on Enchanted Rock



Since Enchanted Rock became a State Natural Area over ten years ago, no comprehensive information on the history and legends of this remarkable landmark has been available to the general public. In an effort of bring such information to light, the publisher/editor, Ira Kennedy, has devoted over two decades of research in the fields of archaeology, anthropology, mythology, history, and local legend. It has been a labor of love which he has shared through numerous talks at Enchanted Rock, TV appearances such as the *Texas Country Reporter*, plus magazine articles (*Texas Highways*) and numerous feature stories in newspapers. The results of that research will appear in each issue of the newsletter.

The most meaningful way to protect and preserve Enchanted Rock State Natural Area does not lie in rules and regulations, but in a greater understanding and appreciation for this state treasure.

The *Enchanted Rock Newsletter* does not receive funding from Texas Parks & Wildlife Department. And only a limited number of newsletters are distributed to the general public. If you were fortunate enough to receive a copy for free, be assured someone has paid for the production, printing, and distribution of that newsletter because of their care and concern for Enchanted Rock.

Please participate in the growth and improvement of the *Enchanted Rock Newsletter* by subscribing now. If you subscribe before May 30, 1994 you will receive four FREE Enchanted Rock notecards (8 1/2" x 3 1/2") as pictured above in appreciation of your support.

FREE
ENCHANTED ROCK
NOTE CARDS
WITH EACH
SUBSCRIPTION

ORDER FORM

YES, I WANT TO SUBSCRIBE TO THE ENCHANTED ROCK NEWSLETTER FOR ONE YEAR (SIX ISSUES). ENCLOSED IS MY CHECK OR MONEY ORDER FOR \$10. PLEASE BEGIN MY SUBSCRIPTION WITH ISSUE NO. _____

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

ORDER FORM CAN BE PHOTOCOPIED, CLIPPED, OR SIMPLY MAIL A LETTER PROVIDING ALL OF THE REQUIRED INFORMATION WITH YOUR PAYMENT.

MAIL TO: ENCHANTED ROCK NEWSLETTER
 H.C. 09, Box 34B
 LLANO, TX 78643

Are we loving Enchanted Rock to death?

BY SONNY SOLIS, PARK SUPERINTENDENT

As a young graduate many years ago, I can remember having to read many papers dealing with park & recreation issues. At that time I was not fully aware of the implications that are now coming into the light. "Are We Loving Our Parks To Death?" now stands out in my mind as to what the future holds for us. This conversation will be the first of many to you in an effort for us to speak clearly and truthfully about Enchanted Rock State Natural Area.

Before we move into the present let us talk a little about the past, specifically fifteen years ago. In the summer of 1978 the Texas Parks & Wildlife Department (TPWD) acquired the property of Enchanted Rock from Charles Moss, a local land owner. Due to a cash flow problem within TPWD the property was picked-up by the Nature Conservancy for one year while TPWD was obtaining the funds necessary to purchase Enchanted Rock. TPWD gained control in the fall of 1979, and began full park development the same year.

In the spring of 1984 Enchanted Rock State Natural Area was opened to the public. There were those inside the "Department" who questioned that Enchanted Rock would ever gain any substantial visitation. The times they are a-chagin' my friends, and so are the trends.

Ten years have come and gone, and these are my numbers, your numbers, our numbers. Visitation at the end of the first year (1984) exceeded 30,000. In 1989 that figure was up to 232,000. In 1990, 250,000 visitors entered the park. In 1991 the figure continued to climb to over 276,000; In 1992 the visitation reached 301,000 visitors. There were a total of 326,000 visitors in 1993 and that figure is expected to reach 340,000 this year. These figures tell a story of where we came from and where we are going in the realm of park management.

It has not been an easy Spring of '94. We, the stewards of this palace we call Enchanted Rock, are struggling at this point in time to maintain some measure of environmental control on the natural resources of this park. Those of you that have been visiting Enchanted Rock over the many years, are aware of these changes in terms of the numbers of people who now visit the park. As our operating

budgets have decreased over the years our needs have increased. Park staff, park equipment, park operating and maintenance funds have all decreased, while visitation has continued to increase. This park that we all love so dearly, having been built for a capacity of approximately 100,000 visitors per year, is attracting three times the intended visitation. All functions of the park operating and maintenance programs cannot sustain this degree of continued activity.

This park that we all love so dearly, having been built for a capacity of approximately 100,000 visitors per year, is attracting three times the intended visitation.

Are we loving our park(s) to death? The answer is yes, we are. I see this on a day-in and day-out basis. The park staff has evolved into becoming traffic control monitors. Our weekends are filled with road duty, desperately trying to protect the natural resources at Enchanted Rock while attempting to protect

the safety of thousands of visitors that are trying to enter the park.

The Enchanted Rock staff is perhaps the finest and most professional group of individuals I have had the pleasure to work with in my thirteen years with TPWD. The staff of this park consists of nine employees. Nine employees to keep this park functional seven days a week, 365 days a year, including all holidays, and double shifting on Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays. Nine employees to handle the operations, maintenance and all SAR (search and rescue) special operations. Nine employees to 340,000 visitors per year.

As visitor you should be very proud of the work that is being accomplished by the park staff. We have come to know many of you on a first name basis, and you are regarded as an extension of our park family. As the family continues to grow, we ask only for your patience and understanding in searching for the solutions to help us in our mission to protect the natural resources of Enchanted Rock and to serve you the park user as best we can in these difficult times. Please walk softly on this good earth and be respectful of your new friends and family as you enjoy the natural beauty surrounding your every day. Given the opportunity, I would enjoy meeting every one of you; so if we should meet on the road, or on the dome, or late one evening please no formalities, we are all family in this place.

JACK HAYS, CONTINUED

a piece of hard tack. But above all, he was extremely cautious where the safety of his men was concerned, but when it was a mere question of personal danger his bravery bordered closely on rashness."

A year prior to Hays's arrival in Texas, an event occurred in the Indian Queen Hotel in Washington, D.C., that would change the course of warfare against the Indians. There, twenty-one-year old Samuel Colt was examining with pride the patent he had just received for his revolving pistol. Five years earlier, when Colt was a sailor aboard a ship bound for Calcutta, he whittled to while away the time. But he was no ordinary whittler. What he fashioned was his model for the weapon that would play a central role in "the winning of the West."

It is unclear when Colt came to Texas to promote his revolver, either in 1839 or in 1840. Initially he was unable to find a market for his invention. Captain Hays, however, immediately recognizing the tactical advantage of the weapon, acquired several of the "five-shooters" for himself and his men. Hays and his Rangers, particularly Samuel Walker, tested the weapons and even recommended modifications, which Walker was sent back East to supervise.

In the hands of Jack Hays and his Rangers, the Colt revolver represented a sudden and decisive turn of events in confrontations with the Indians. Prior to acquiring the revolvers, the Rangers had to dismount in order to reload their muzzle-loading rifles, while the Indians, with their bows and arrows, could remain mounted and mobile. Also, it was a common plan of attack for the Indians to draw fire and, while their opponent was reloading, to charge the virtually defenseless adversary.

James Wilson Nichols, a scout in Hays's command, gives the following description of the training Hays demanded after the Rangers acquired the revolver. "We kept out scouts all the time, when one would come in another would go out, and those not on scout ware every day practising horsemanship and marksmanship. We put up a post about the size of a common man, then put up another about 40 yards farther on. We would run our horses full speed and discharge our rifles at the first post, draw our pistols and fair at the second. At first there was some wild shooting but we had not practised two months until there was not many men that would not put his balls in the center of the posts.

"Then we drew a ring about the size of a mans head and soon every man could put both his balls in the circl. We would practics this awhile, then try riding like the Comanche Indians. After practising for three or four

months we become so purfect that we would run our horses half or full speed and pick up a hat, a coat, a blanket, or rope, or even a silver dollar, stand up in the saddle, throw ourselves on the side of our horses with only a foot and a hand to be seen, and shoot our pistels under the horses neck, rise up and reverse, etc."

In the fall of 1841 the twenty-three-year-old Hays was camped with his party of twenty Ranger-surveyors on Crabapple Creek, not far from Enchanted Rock. Early the next morning a fellow Ranger, Ben McCullough, overheard Hays talking to his guns--two of Colt's five-shooters. While giving them a good cleaning, Hays murmured, "I may not need you, but if I do I will need you mighty bad." A short time later Hays rode out alone to inspect the legendary Enchanted Rock.

Hays, thoroughly familiar with the Indians and their beliefs, he must have known that if there were any Comanche in the area, they would not tolerate his intrusion on sacred land; furthermore, their reaction to a surveying party would be especially fierce. Needless to say, when the Comanche saw the notorious Jack Hays on their holy mountain with surveying equipment, they were as angry as teased wasps. When the Indians attacked, Hays headed for the summit, where he held out until his companions arrived to finish the fight.

The Comanche hadn't counted on Hays's Colts. With two five-shooters and a rifle he was better armed than ten men with muzzle-loading rifles. Especially when you take into account the element of surprise. The Comanche's old methods of attacking a stranded white were suddenly useless.

According to most accounts, the Comanche lost between ten and twenty warriors in the confrontation. Outgunned and bewildered by the sudden change of events, the Comanche quit the field and sought escape in the labyrinth of Enchanted Rock Cave.

The credit for the victory went to Jack Hays, who couldn't resist the climb to the summit of Enchanted Rock, alone. But the unsung hero of the day was Samuel Colt.

Texas's most renowned Ranger, Hays attained the rank of captain at twenty-three, major at twenty-five, and colonel at thirty-four. In 1849, the year of the gold rush, Hays left Texas for California. He served as sheriff of San Francisco County for four years, and in 1853, President Franklin Pierce appointed Hays surveyor general of California. As part of his duties, Hays laid out the city of Oakland. It is said his last Indian fight was in Nevada in 1846. Jack Hays died in Piedmont, California, on April 25, 1883.

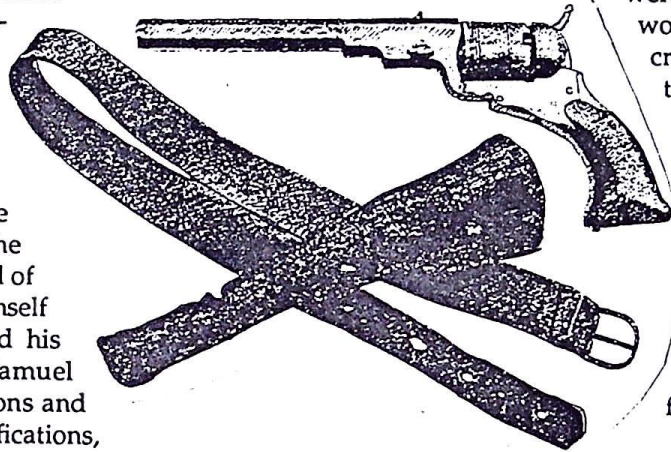


Illustration: The "Texas" Patterson Colt.