

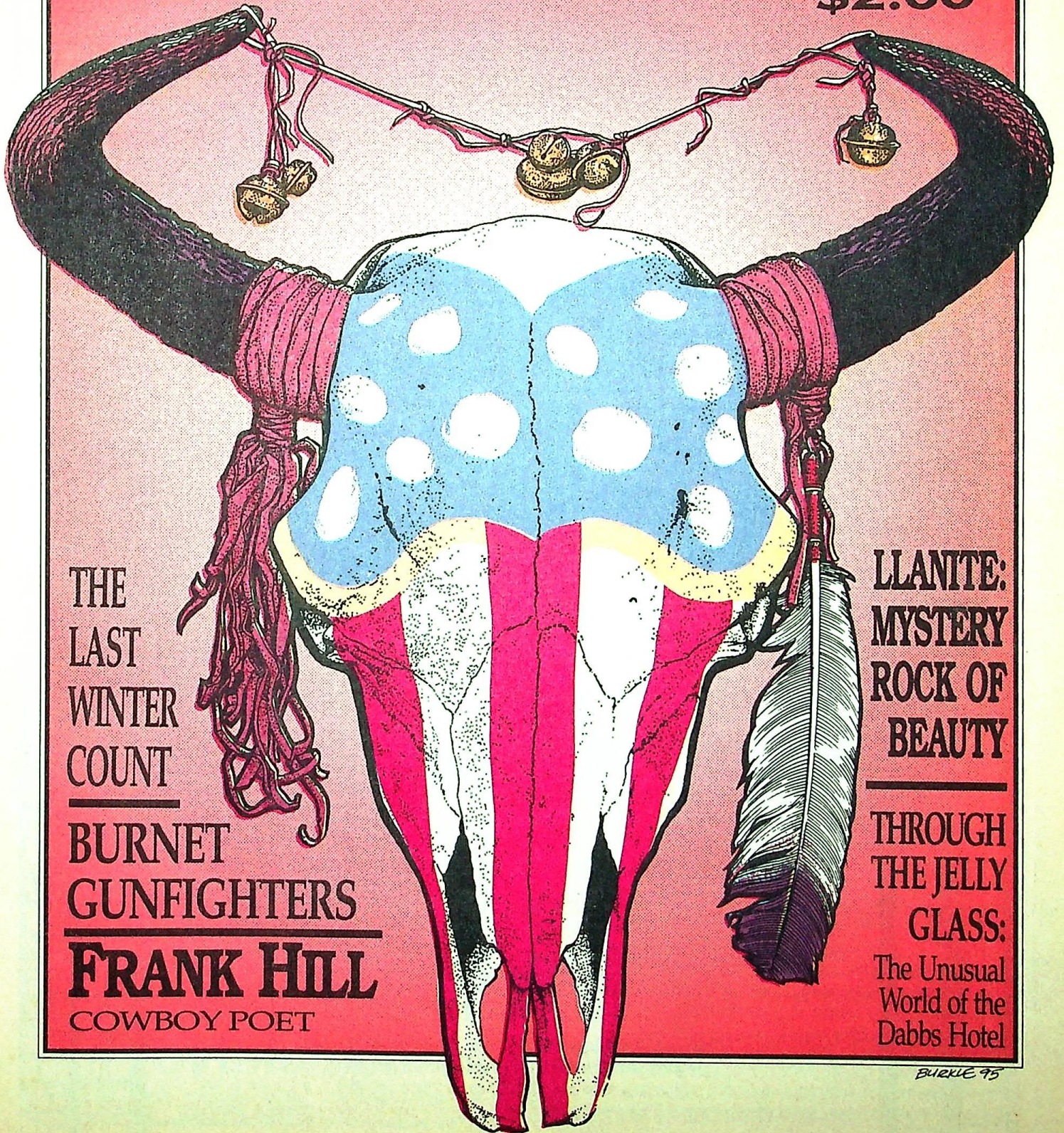
HILL COUNTRY MAP INSIDE: SEE PAGE 7

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VOL.2, No. 3 MAY 1995

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BURNET
GUNFIGHTERS

FRANK HILL
COWBOY POET

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THE JELLY
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The Unusual
World of the
Dabbs Hotel

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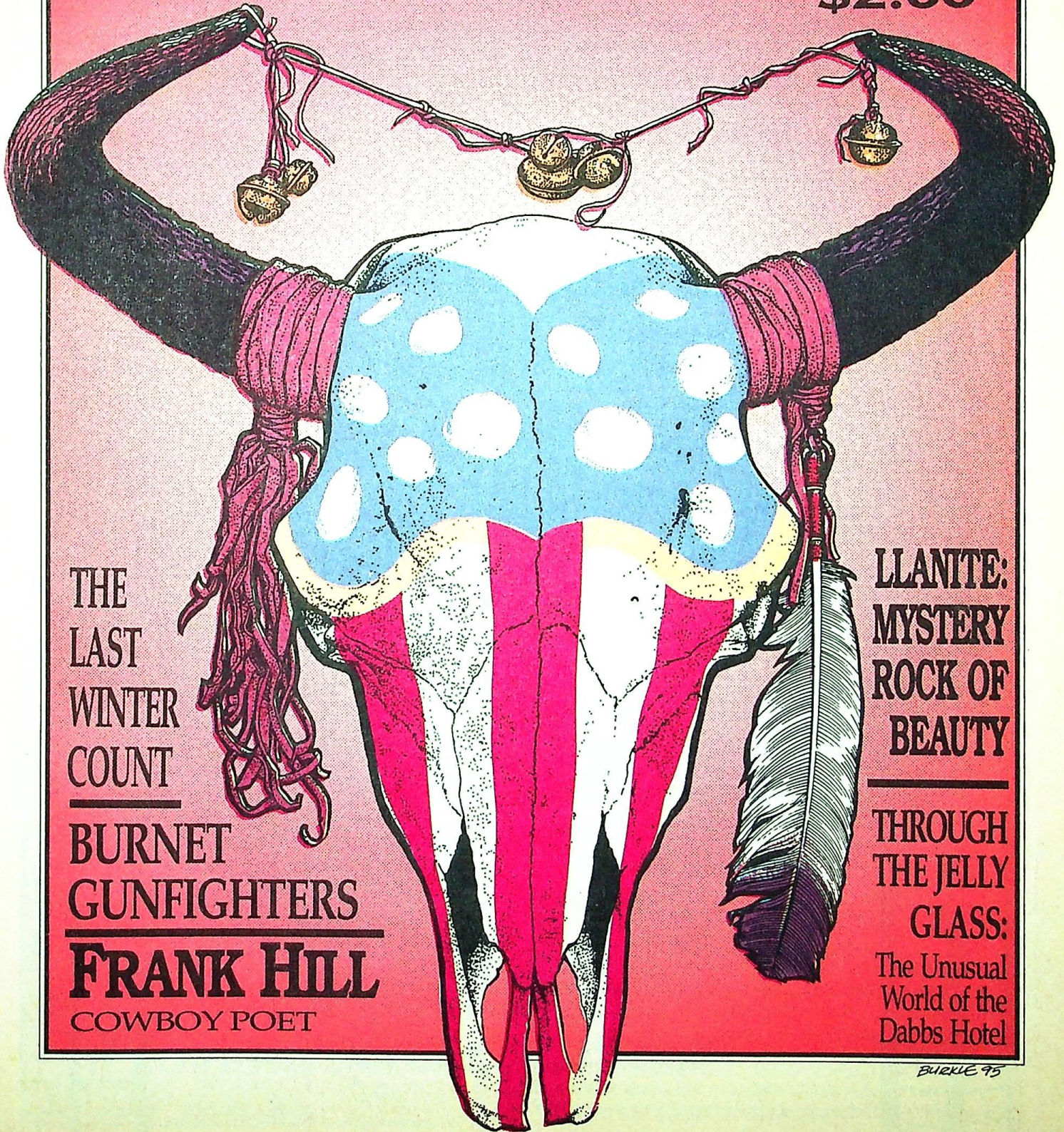
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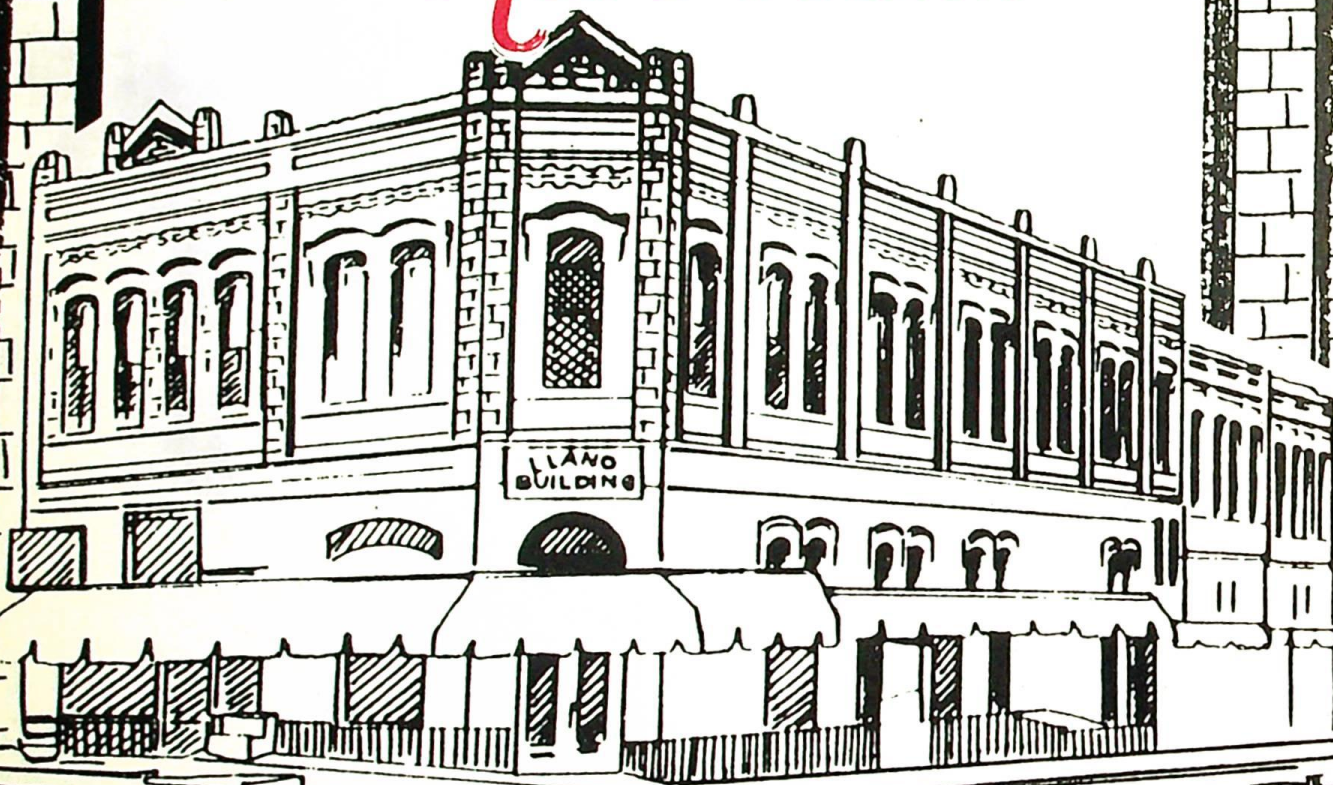
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ON THE COVER: Paying a Memorial Day tribute to all American veterans, we offer this "Pony Soldier" buffalo skull design. According to Indian beliefs, the U.S. Calvary obtained its power from the flag of the stars and stripes. By imitating that design, Native Americans hoped to harness that power for themselves. Art by Buck Burkle.



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WITH AN ORDER OF CROW ON THE SIDE...

Time, according to the cliché, flies when you're having fun. I've observed time also flies on other occasions—like when you're producing a monthly magazine. And time flies less like a dove and more like an intercontinental ballistic missile. Add to that a small production staff, underpaid and unpaid, and mistakes are bound to happen. So it was with our last issue when three stories failed to pass through the spell-check and proofreading process before being set permanently in ink on paper.

I suppose it is the nature of any organization experiencing rapid growth that it should show up awkward, inefficient, and even foolish at times. However, such occasions demand that the problems

be acknowledged, addressed, and corrected. We are expending our best efforts to remedy this problem. There may be typographical errors in the future no doubt. But that they occur so rampantly again—no.

One particularly disheartening error showed up in the concluding paragraph of "on the Trail of VisionQuest." The very last word was, somehow, dropped. So, in its entirety it should have read:

"One last thought—during the plains Indians' rite of passage, it is the responsibility of the family members and tribe to pray for the young people during their passage. Following in this tradition, I believe it would behoove us all to take a moment now and then to pray for the noble souls in VisionQuest."

In an age when the youth of our nation seem desperately in need of our undivided attention, and so few of us are forthcoming, the staff of VisionQuest deserves our highest praise and our deepest gratitude. They have accepted physical hardship as an

innate part of their daily lives and duty. For your dedication, my unmeasured respect. For my errors, my apology.

The worst epidemic of typos occurred in "Developing a Sense of Place" by Stefanie Kawecki. The best and perhaps only way to resolve that travesty is to reprint the article so that the full measure of its message can be appreciated.

IN AN AGE WHEN THE YOUTH OF OUR NATION SEEM DESPERATELY IN NEED OF OUR UNDIVIDED ATTENTION, AND SO FEW OF US ARE FORTHCOMING, THE STAFF OF VISIONQUEST DESERVES OUR HIGHEST PRAISE AND OUR DEEPEST GRATITUDE. THEY HAVE ACCEPTED PHYSICAL HARDSHIP AS AN INNATE PART OF THEIR DAILY LIVES AND DUTY.

And to Sonny Solis, the park superintendent who has been contributing diligently in every issue from the very beginning, please forgive my inattention. I know that if you can survive week after week af-

ter week of unprecedented visitation at Enchanted Rock State Natural Area you can survive a few typos.

The article, "Pancho Villa in the Texas Hills," was written by Dale Fry and deserved a byline.

To all of our advertisers, subscribers, and readers I beg your understanding and patience. I've discovered eating crow is not nearly as difficult as I thought it would be, but if I had my druthers I'd just as soon eat unpopped popcorn.

On a more positive note, I am happy to report that Frank Hill, Hill Country cowboy poet, has agreed to provide *Enchanted Rock Magazine* with material on a regular basis. I must add that, as good as his work is, nothing compares to hearing him in person. He is an original, one-of-a-kind, living treasure.


IRA KENNEDY

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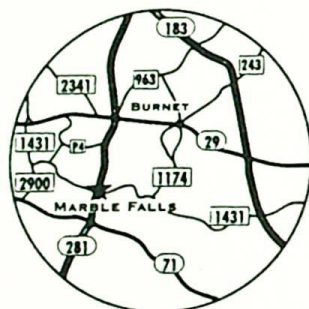
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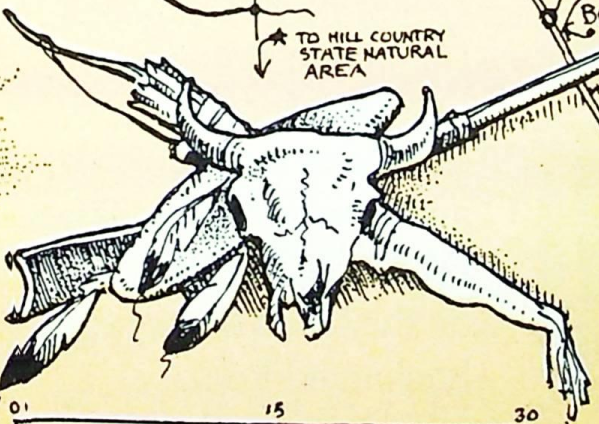
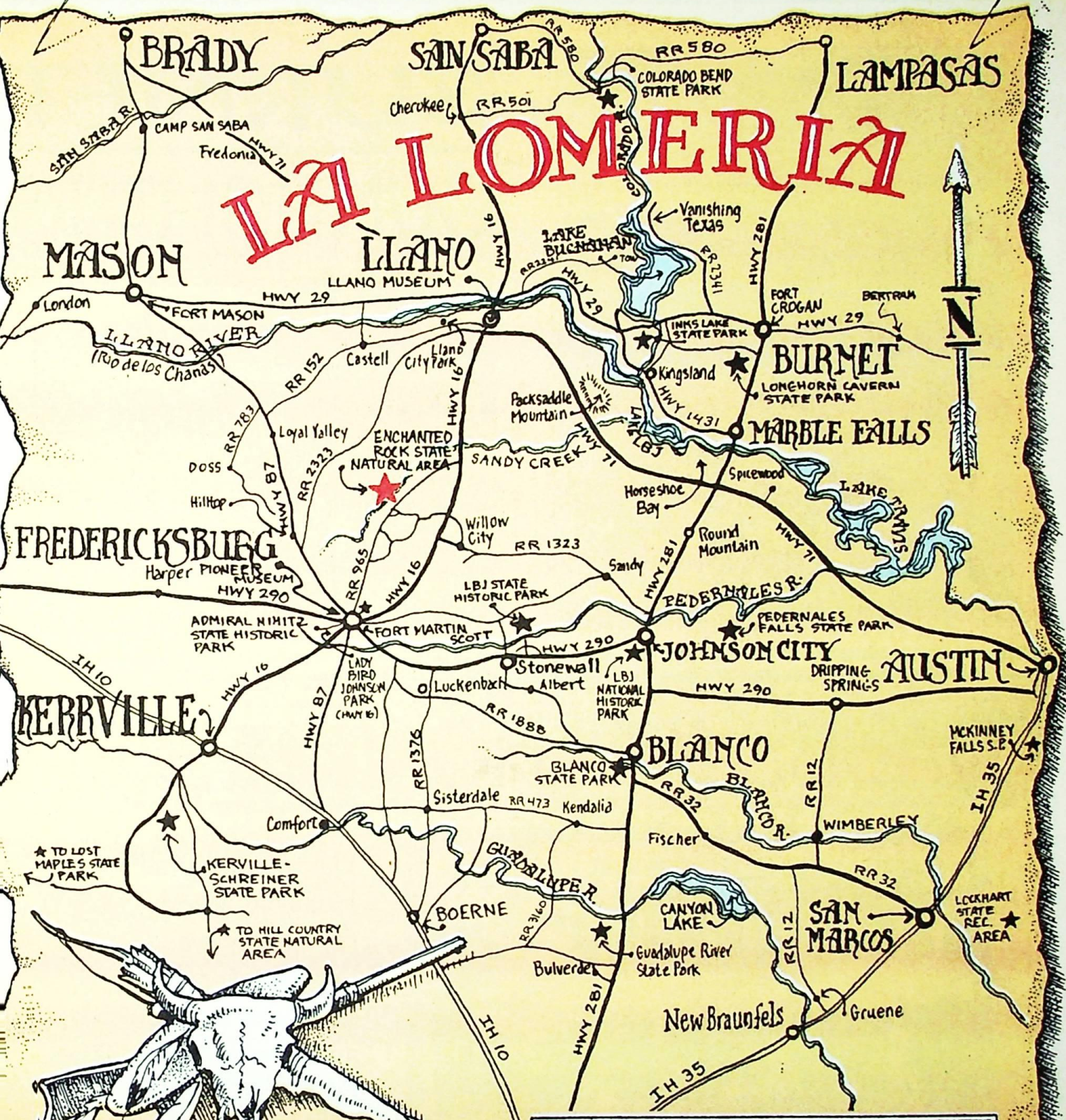
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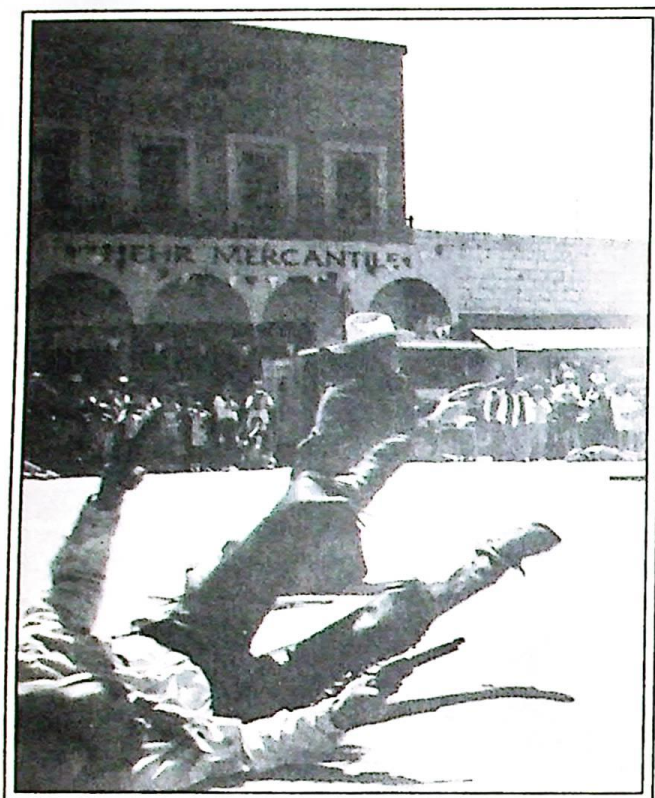


SCALE IN MILES

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MAGAZINE
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ALAMO SAN ANTONIO

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BURNET GUNFIGHTERS

BY DALE FRY

For a thoroughly entertaining trip to the rip-snortin' days of the Old West, a visit to Ole' Burnet Town, where short-tempered gunslingers battle it out with smoking six-shooters and ringing invectives, is a must. And for home-canned jelly on your biscuits, the award-winning performance even includes some right fetching saloon gals, too.

For the past three years, the Burnet Gunfighter Association has staged the event every weekend in Burnet, Texas—located some 50 scenic miles east of Enchanted Rock—and has racked up some impressive awards in the process. During the National Old Time/

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Clyde Barrow (of Bonnie & Clyde fame) standing behind a new Ford V8 in front of the Barrow gang's favorite hide-away on the Llano River. 1930's

(Photo taken by Bonnie Parker)

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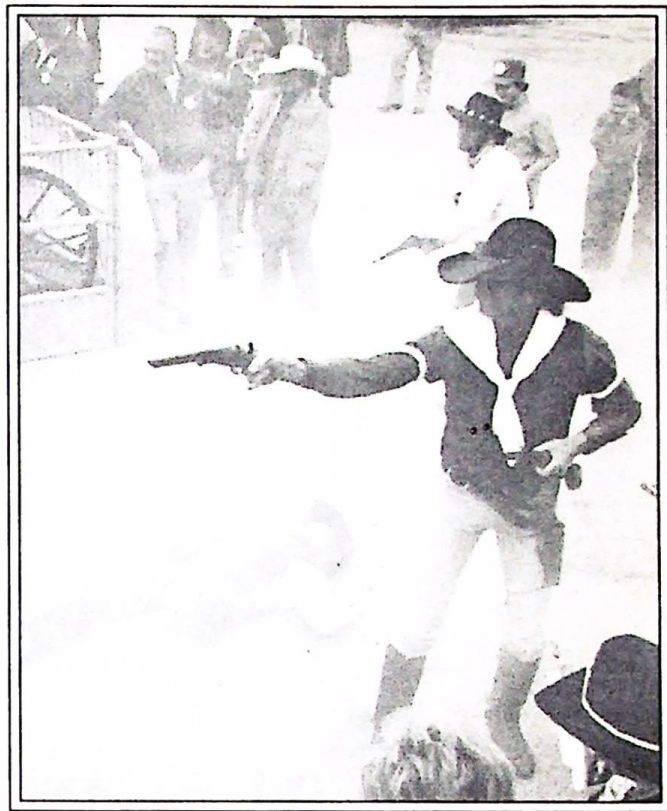
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Old West Gunfighters Association's competition held in Burnet last year in August, the local group garnered first place awards in five out of six categories. These included Best Dressed Actors; Best Female Performer; Best Male Performer; Best Dressed Male and Fastest Draw.

The show begins at 2:30 p.m. every Saturday and Sunday at Ole' Burnet Town, an authentic street scene which the local association reproduced over a one-year period from photos of early Burnet. One of the buildings is a replica of an actual saloon in operation here many years ago. Even though the performance lasts only about 20 minutes, each minute is jam-packed with action—and some pretty hard falls from well-aimed bullets.

But the actors are in action long before the actual performance begins. Beginning at noon, when the old train from Austin, hissing great clouds of steam, chugs into the Burnet Train Station a scant distance from Ole' Burnet Town, the gunfighters and their gals are there to welcome the visitors to both the old and the new Burnet. Garbed in full regalia, they mingle with the crowds, play with the children, spin tales of the Old West and happily answer any questions about their vintage gear.

The performance is free and the bullets are blank, so the entire event offers a rousing good time at no expense to the spectator.



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GRAND THEFT COMEDY

A BOOK REVIEW WITH BRIEF QUOTATIONS IN A MAGAZINE: by IRA KENNEDY

Dale and I were sitting around talking, which (next to writing) is just about as much fun as a feller can have at our age—I can hear Dale say "Speak for yourself," which is his way of saying "I may agree but don't let everybody that can read in on it."—Anyway, we decided this magazine needed a little humor. Well, neither of us are very funny in a humorous way, so we decided the thing to do was to find a writer who was funny and steal that material. Like Picasso (the artist) once said, "Good artists borrow; great artists steal."

Not wanting to be hauled in for grand theft comedy, I decided the easiest thing to do was review a few funny, but out-of-print books.

You know the part in the front of a book where you find the copyright? Well, along with that you'll read something like: "No part of this book may be reproduced for any purposes without permission, except by a reviewer who may quote brief passages in a review to be printed in a magazine or newspaper."

Well this is a magazine. *Texas —Proud and Loud*, by Boyce House, was published in 1945 by the Naylor company in San Antonio. It's a good book. And here's some brief passages:

"A settler from the hills, hearing that a new teacher had come into the community and opened up a school, brought in his boy, Jim, and demanded: "Whut kin you teach?"

The teacher replied, "I can teach Latin, grammar, French, geography, arithmetic, geometry, trigonometry—"

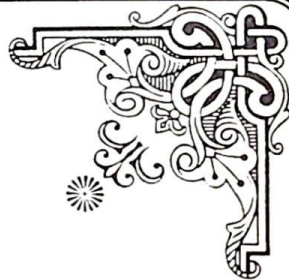
"That's it," the father broke in, "Triggernometry! Jim's the only poor shot in the family!"

"At a banquet, a speaker proposed the toast, "An honest lawyer, the noblest work of God." Someone in the back of the hall adds, "And about the rarest."



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"Of course, the oftenest-told joke along that line is the one about the man who read the inscription on a tombstone, "Here lies a lawyer and an honest man," and he remarked, "Ground must be scarce around here; they're burying them two to a grave."

"The candidate for State office was getting ready to open his campaign.

"Only thing I'm afraid of is they'll find out that my father was hanged," he confided to friends.

"The press agent will fix that up all right," they reassured him—and the publicity man wrote:

"During a public spectacle, the candidate's father fell from a scaffolding and death was instantaneous."

The patient was poor in both purse and physique. He called on a doctor who felt his pulse, looked at his tongue and peered into his eyes, then said:

"I'll examine you for \$10."

"Good," said the man, "and if you find it, I want half."

A road sign:

"This is God's country; don't drive through it like h—."

Actually, the 144-page book covers a variety of topics pretty much along the same vein as those quoted above. It is certainly out of print, but I found my copy (which I treasure) in a used bookstore in Austin.

Many, if not all, of the jokes in this book were being passed around at the time, and the author's job was to compile and edit them. Now that's not plagiarism. Plagiarism is reading it somewhere, then compiling and editing the material.

Here's a joke my 13-year-old son, Brian, told me a few years back: There were three boys who had somehow found themselves alone and adrift on a boat in the middle of the ocean.

As luck would have it, one of the boys found a magic lantern on board and rubbed it. Much to the boy's excitement a genie popped out and said:

"I'm a genie and it's my duty to grant each of you one wish."

The oldest of the three said, "I wish I was home fishing with dad along the Llano," No sooner had the words passed his lips and "poof" he was gone.

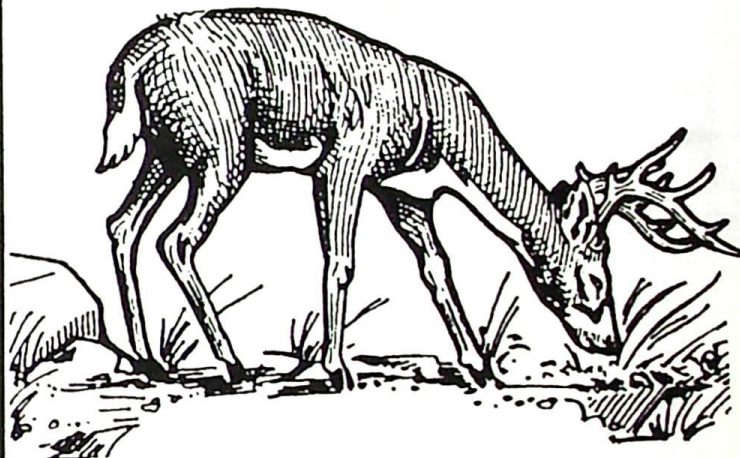
The second boy said, "I just wish I was home with mamma and daddy." And "poof" he disappeared too, leaving the third boy all alone.

Try as he might, the last boy, who was only as smart as he had to be, couldn't think of what he should wish for. Finally, thinking aloud he said, "I wish my friends were here to help me decide." And "poof" there they all were back in the boat.

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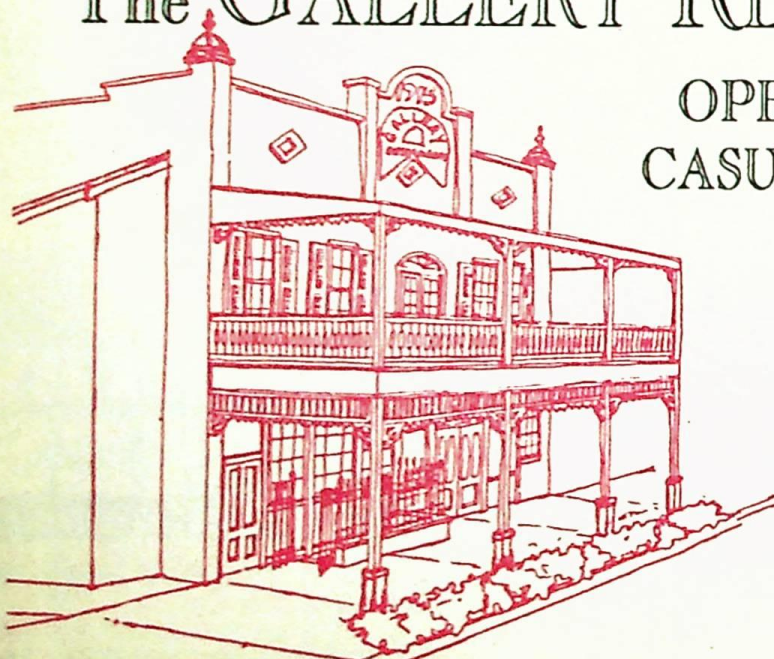
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FRANK HILL

HILL COUNTRY COWBOY POET

Grandson of a cowboy, child of the great depression, Frank's writing spans forty years, with hundreds of songs, poems, and stories. Performing since the 70's, Frank's following first began to develop in the central Texas Hill Country. On the road, he has entertained all over the Southwest. Audiences enthusiastically join in his celebration of self-reliance and independence in modern life.

With sonorous baritone, Frank's vocal style is legitimate and primal. Searching for variations of topical themes, he goes straight to the heart, blending humor with fact, the serious with whimsy, and tragedy with hope. With his fine old acoustic Gibson, harmony and accompaniment approach virtuosity.

In a recent interview symphonic composer-conductor and world music pioneer David Amram, noted that "poet songwriters Peter Yarrow, Ramblin' Jack Elliott, Carolyn Hester, and Gary P. Nunn have been among Frank's supporters for the past fifteen years. Pete Seeger was quoted as saying, "Frank: Keep on Singing!" And Ramblin' Jack

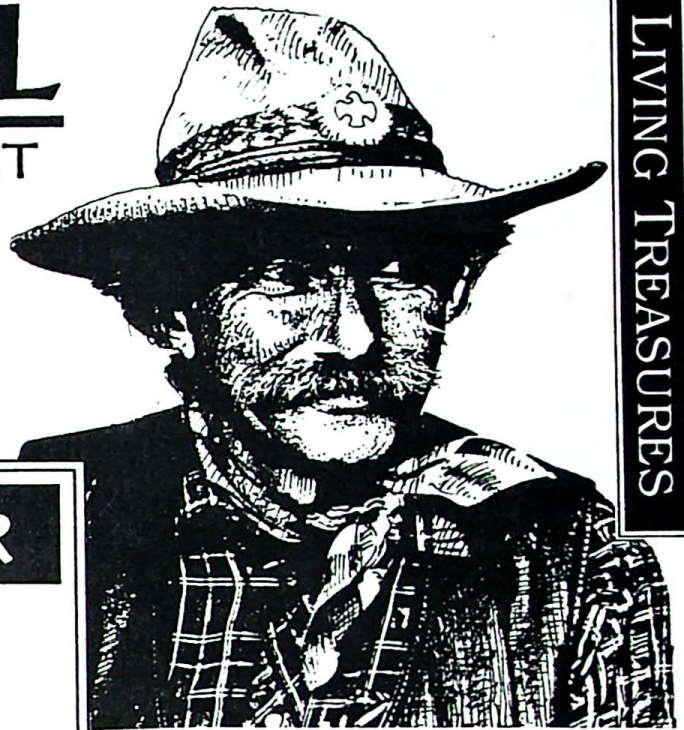
TEXAS STAR

You can paint a picture
You can snap a photograph
You can chisel it in stone
You can mold a plaster cast.
But, you can't capture the color,
You can not draw the line,
You can't reproduce the beauty
Of a Texas springtime.

From the southern green valley,
Where the Rio Grande flows,
to the northern panhandle,
"Neath them Colorado snows;
From the eastern Big Thicket,
Where the Dog Wood blooms,
To the western diamond deserts
Where they still got lots of room.

You can celebrate your birthday
As you age another year.
Throw a big ol' party, yeah
An' drink that Lone Star beer.
Remember the Alamo
And the winnin' of the west;
But the Texas Hill Country,
That's the part I love the best.

You can count up all the round notes:
Eight, quarter, half, or a whole—
And rest at ev'ry roadside park
From here to Mexico.
Save up all your money, boys,
And buy some old guitar;
But you gotta have a fiddle
To dance that Texas Star.



LIVING TREASURES

Elliot observed, "Frank Hill's originality is unlike any entertainer you have ever seen."

Frank's performances include cowboy poetry gatherings, The National Cowboy Symposium, private rodeos, folk festivals, house concerts, Terlingua's Chili Cookoff "behind the store," Gary P. and Ruthie Nunn's Summer Social, rafting the Rio Grande through canyons of the Big Bend with Peter Rowan, and small towns all over Texas.

Since 1990, Frank has "gone home" to the modern roots of Texas music and folklore. Based on western frontier heritage, his poetry stories, and music reflect the continuing cowboy spirit of independence and self-reliance. Audiences large and small request return engagements for entertainment in the afternoon and "outrageosity" all night long. He recently appeared at the Enchanted Rock Magazine Star Party where he entertained the crowd in the Crabapple Crossing Country Store. His next local engagement will be at a private gathering on May the 11th for the Kendalia Ladies Extension Club. Frank Hill is also available in the Hill Country area—preferably for small groups. Phone Frank in Blanco at 512/833-5304 for details.

The drawing is based on a photo by Mac Rowley. Poem from *Lines, Lyrics 'N' Lies*, by Frank Hill.



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THE HISTORY MINE

Hill Country Run
CIRCA 1924

Like the early pioneers, the *Enchanted Rock Magazine* researchers mine the hills. But, unlike their 19th century prospector predecessors, who trailed precious metals and stone, our researchers explore the rugged hills for forgotten history. History so buried by time that it is uncovered at times like flecks of color in a pan. At other times, the history rolls in like nuggets big enough to open vistas of Texas the way it was.

ERock researcher Dale Fry recovered the following text by Smith Haile, a well-known pioneer businessman. This piece was written for the Pioneers' Society in 1924.

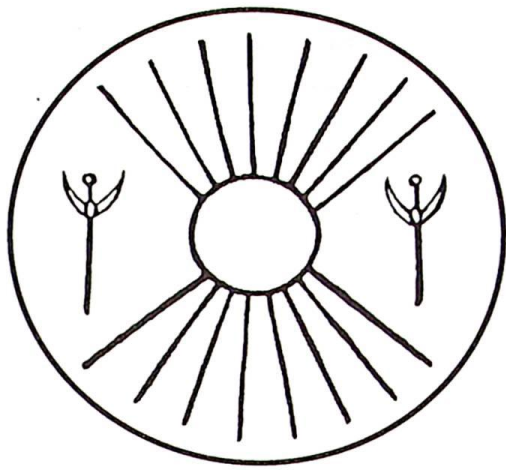
"At Austin I changed railway cars and took a little road which runs up the Colorado River 100 miles or more. I got off at a little place called Kingsland. Here I have relatives and a sister who lives five or six miles from this place.

"After three days of rest at this place, I was taken by auto some 30 miles up the Colorado to a little place called Tow. On my way from Kingsland to Tow, I passed my old home. What sad thoughts were awakened when I gazed upon the barren ground where once stood the two log cabins built by my father so many years ago. Nothing remains to mark the place but two stone chimneys. They have defied the ravages of time and are standing there like sentinels . . .

"At Tow, I stayed a week or more and visited many places of interest, among them the bat caves and lead mines that are being worked in the vicinity . . .

"My brother-in-law at Kingsland said if I would remain longer, he would take me to the Enchanted Rock . . . the next morning we were off, passing many fantastic objects which I had known in my youth before reaching the town of Llano . . .

"We could see the bald face of the giant rock standing far above any of the surrounding country long before we reached it. We parked our machine



This shield was recovered after the fight at Packsaddle Mountain. The design represents the Sun Father and two guardian Thunderbirds who carry the prayers of the people to the Great Spirit. The shield cover (not pictured) depicted a medicine man—indicated by a buffalo-horn headdress. It is possible this belonged to the Indian brave mentioned by Haile.

The fight began at short range and from the suddenness of the attack, the Indians fell back but were soon rallied by their brave chief, who wore a shield that the bullets from the Winchesters would not penetrate.

in a beautiful pecan grove at the foot of this master freak and made our ascent . . .

"On its crest at the highest place stands a monument. It is not known when or by whom it was erected. Around and near the base are many names cut in the rock. Some represent the very oldest pioneers of Texas that have long since passed away.

"The rock is said to contain 640 acres, and standing on its summit, you obtain a view of the surrounding territory. From here I could view many familiar objects. Due south, not more than 15 miles was Legion Valley. A Mrs. Friend whom they

SEE HILL COUNTRY RUN, PAGE 54



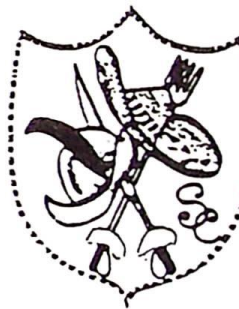
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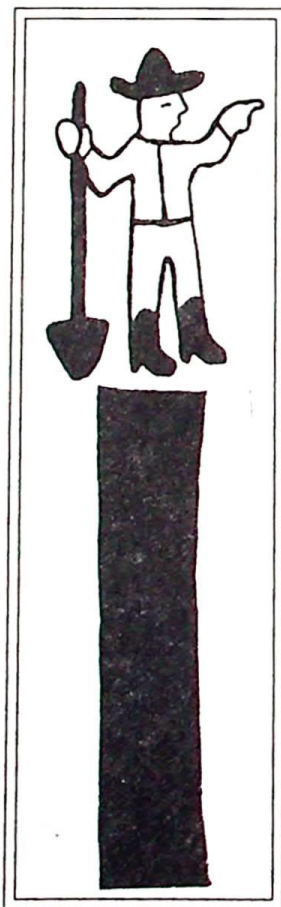
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THE STORYTELLERS

THE LAST WINTER COUNT

THE NARRATIVE OF JOHN GREEN KELLY

"THIS PICTURE
COUNTS THE YEAR
TATSEN AND I FIRST
MET. BEING TRUE
TO THE MOMENT,
I'M SHOWN HERE
AS A PROSPECTOR,
SHOVEL AND ALL.
I'M POINTING THE
WAY HOME. TATSEN
NEVER COULD
FIGURE WHY WE
PUT HEELS, LIKE
ROCKS, ON THE
BOTTOMSIDE OF
OUR BOOTS."
—JOHN GREEN KELLY



INTRODUCTION

"If you want the gospel truth about them early days and my part in them you best get a good hold on that chair 'cause my life was a wild ride commencing the moment the gate swung open." So begins *The Narrative of John Green Kelly*, a little-known manuscript that has thus far been available to only a handful of scholars. Before discussing the controversy that has, for over four decades, kept this work in obscurity, a little background on its author is in order.

John Green Kelly was born somewhere in Texas around 1853 and he died in San Saba of natural causes on December, 1941. His mother was a white captive of the Comanche since her ninth year. She had apparently become so accustomed to the Indian lifestyle she never considered returning to her race. His father, it seems escaped to the Comanche. In his narrative, Kelly says, "I was born and raised amongst the Kwahadi Comanche. Mamma and Daddy was all Indian except for their hides which was white." Later after relating several battles in which he and his father distinguished themselves amongst the Comanche, Kelly cautions, "Now don't go thinking hard thoughts, as our lot was with the Indians back then. We didn't know no other way. We was hard pressed by the Texicans for our land and the only life we knew. I was raised an Indian, and an Indian I was."

During the Battle of Potato Spring on the western frontier, Kelly's parents were killed and Kelly was captured and thrown into an army prison. So convincing was his Indian appearance, Kelly was unable to convince his captors he himself was White. "After my second night in an Army stockade I made my escape," Kelly relates, without further detail. However, later in the narrative Kelly makes an offhand comment, "Once an army guard tried me on and I didn't fit. Now he is numbered with things of the past."

Not knowing what to do or where to go, Kelly headed north for Indian Territory in what is now Oklahoma. On the way he came across Sarah Jane living near the mouth of the San Saba. She was scratching out an existence in a broken down cabin and living, or at least looking like, a White woman. Kelly could tell immediately she was all Indian and, as they were about the same age, they "took up housekeeping" together. Theirs wasn't a migration from one place to another, but from one culture to another.

THE LEDGER

The narrative is but one portion of a complex document that fills the better part of a 320-page ledger. Probably the first entries in the book were the pictograph history or Winter Count of Tatsen, an exiled Kiowa-Apache medicine man. Accompanying each pictograph is a brief explanation in Kelly's hand. The narrative itself literally wraps around the Tatsen material and continues on. The sequence of the stories is not chronological, but anecdotal. Some entries are only a few paragraphs, while others run on for pages. The selection from the entries for this publi-

BY IRA KENNEDY

cation is intended to provide a sample of the larger work, particularly chosen because it explains the genesis of the ledger itself. What is not offered here, and what cannot be transcribed or translated into another medium is the aesthetic effect produced by the combination of pictographs and script. The pages seem to exude the magic of a time and place now deep in the region of myth.

THE CONTROVERSY

In the Fall of 1958 a subcontractor was renovating an old limestone homestead in Llano County, Texas. While tearing out the old floor boards the workers discovered a handmade box hidden beneath a plywood patch in the master bedroom. There was considerable excitement as visions of sudden wealth seized the workers. Their anticipation was put to rest immediately as the sole contents was a dusty old ledger that, in the words of one worker, "was all used up."

The book found its way to a yard sale where it and a stack of old newspapers were tied in a bundle for the selling price of 50 cents. The buyer, a journalist, who insists on anonymity, purchased the lot. Due to pressing business matters it was almost a month before the book's new owner discovered his prize.

Shortly thereafter the book was shown to almost a dozen authorities in the field of Texas letters and history. Immediately, there was strong division among the experts as to the document's authenticity. That academic debate has continued to this day and the claims and counter claims are too convoluted (and even irrelevant) to mention here.

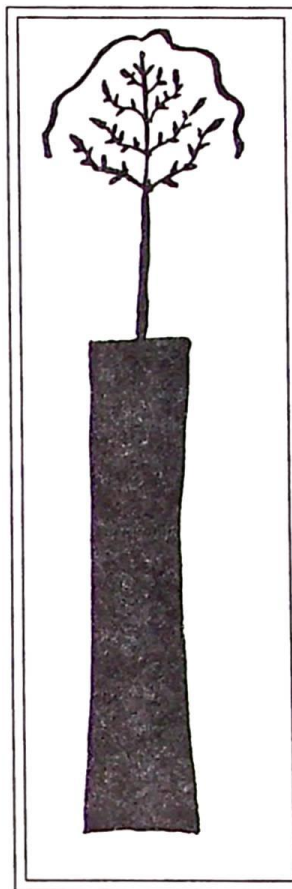
One collector of art and Texas memorabilia has offered \$83,000 for the book. "I don't know if its a forgery or not," the collector said, "but it looks authentic; it sounds authentic; it even smells authentic. I know this, as a work of art it is authentic."

THE NARRATIVE

Many years ago I fell in with one Tatsen, or Antelope Horse, an old-time medicine man amongst the Kiowa-Apache. That was in 1886 and he was living a solitary life back in the hills concealed in a place called the Enchanted Rock on the banks of the Sandy.

I had been prospecting on Left Hand Creek and come up empty. Well, I heard tell of this here mountain of rock so I put for the place and a first-hand look. I was fixing to cross Walnut Spring Creek when I come up on an old Indian. Hostiles had pulled out of this piece of country ten or fifteen years back and this old feller didn't look like he'd hold up in a fight. He was so gaunt he could hardly make a shadow, so I weren't scared at all—just surprised.

He was sitting cross-legged on a granite shelf near a bend in the creek. His head was raised to the



"THIS PICTURE ACCOUNTS THE YEAR TATSEN FIRST CAME UPON THE SACRED MOUNTAIN OR ENCHANTED ROCK. IN TYPICAL INDIAN FASHION THE FLOWERING TREE OF LIFE IS HELD TO BE BIG MEDICINE, AND IF IT CAN'T BE FOUND ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP THEY MAKE ONE TO SUIT THE OCCASION."

—JOHN GREEN KELLY

I HEARD TELL OF THIS
HERE MOUNTAIN OF ROCK
SO I PUT FOR THE PLACE
AND A FIRST-HAND LOOK.
I WAS FIXING TO CROSS
WALNUT SPRING CREEK
WHEN I COME UP ON AN
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**IT WASN'T 'TILL TATSEN
BEGAN EXPLAINING IT ALL
THAT I COME TO REALIZE
HE WAS ONCE A POWERFUL
MEDICINE MAN WHO HAD
BEEN OVERCOME BY A
MORE POWERFUL VISION.
SO, AFTER HE TAKEN ME
INTO HIS CONFIDENCE I
TOO BEGAN FEELING HIS
SENSE OF URGENCY AND
SINGLENES OF PURPOSE.
SARAH WAS A MITE PUT
OFF BY THIS TURN OF
EVENTS, CUSSING US BOTH
BY SECTIONS, THEN BY
HALF INCHES...**

sky. His eyes was closed and he looked to be praying to the Great Spirit.

When a body has enough sense to pray they ought to be left well alone, so I concluded to grant the Indian wide berth. Just then the old boy fell over like he was stone dead. I passed some time in my early years amongst the several tribes of Texas so I felt obliged to repay their kindness by giving the old feller a proper Indian burial.

You can imagine the perplexing situation I was strapped with when I seen the old buzzard was still a breathing but wouldn't come to. I figured him for a gone duck. Or just as likely, he was off in the spirit world and may or may not repair to his mortal form. I chose to give the Indian the benefit of all doubt and hold out till he either come to or passed off the stage. I let every dog wag his own tail and I give people the same consideration. So, I kept my eye skinned on him while he maintained that condition for two full days. I was debating my next course of action when he rose as quick as thought to the same sitting position he held when I first laid eyes on him. I don't know what kicked the lid off, but after he blinked a few times and offered up a right big smile, the old boy started in demanding grub.

Having returned to the land of the living, Tatsen commenced parleying some in sign, then in Sanko, or Comanche. We surmised the only tongue we both savvied enough to make any headway in was Mexican. From then on we come to be fast

friends. He saw fit to live with me and my brood on the Llano for the remainder of his life, or eight years.

My woman was full blood Cherokee—Sarah Jane was the White name given to her on the reservation—and to ol' Tatsen she was akin to a Yankee or outsider. The Kiowa called the immigrant tribes from the east, *Adomko* or Timber People. At times harder names than that was used as they had been at war in the past. Seems the Adomko come just as the buffalo went, and the two events was too close together to suit the Kiowa. They concluded the Adomko was bad medicine and that was that.

The conglomeration of tongues amongst the three of us was a powerful drawback—what with white, red, and brown talk being tossed about—'till we all learned Mexican. After that things improved a mite.

The first few months was pure hell as Sarah bent my ear without letup. When I brung Tatsen home I figured he only had one or two good days left—a week at the outside. Near the shank of the first year it was clear the old buzzard might outlive us all. I stretched the blanket on Tatsen's prospects till we all growed on each other. Despite Tatsen's advanced age he was a tolerable hand with the young'uns as he filled the place of a grandpa, though he was no great shakes as a field hand.

Sarah was a handsome Cherokee squaw if there ever was one, and they was aplenty of them believe me. I never did see her equal. So, when she come up with the idea of rasing a war party the slow way—one by one, from scratch—she found me right cooperative. Afore my fortieth year on this earth we had eight mouths to feed not counting Sarah's, Tatsen's, or mine. They was all healthier than sunshine, but the young'uns didn't measure up as a war party as five of them was females, which was just as well 'cause womenfolk work harder, and boys eat too much anyways.

Well, you'll need to forgive an old fool's flying off from his story as this here is to be the memories of ol' Tatsen, or Antelope Horse, as best as I can recount them.

Time came when I noticed the old buzzard had started in hoarding bits and pieces of paper. It wasn't like him to surrender any facts, so being none too shy myself, I inquired into his new and peculiar habit. It seems Tatsen was transcribing his life's story into Indian picture writing. Seeing all the odd scraps of paper covered in symbols was mystifying for sure, but on the whole it was an unwieldy mess.

Being fully alive to the situation, I made a gift to Tatsen of a store-keeper's ledger with enough pages to last as long as life's lamp held out to burn. I never seen the old boy so moved as he was when I presented him with his ledger or diary. Fact is, the excitement nearly overtook him as he stopped just short of keeling over like he done that first day. The book answered Tatsen's

purpose to a fraction. He spent many an evening drawing by the light of a coal oil lamp. And, like a bear recovering from a winter's sleep, Tatsen seemed possessed of a renewed spirit.

That was the turning point in our affairs. Before that time I figured Tatsen for little more than an old wore out Indian whose time was long gone. Once he started in with that book, he aimed to have at least one person alive that could make sense of it. Being handy singled me out for the task. I was less than a total stranger to Indian picture writing as I had been introduced to it a time or two in my youth—but most of it takes a heap of explaining anyways.

Tatsen was making what is known amongst his race as a Winter Count or picture history. The most important event of the year being rendered with a single picture above a black bar. This was their means to recall what had transpired.

It wasn't 'till Tatsen began explaining it all that I come to realize he was once a powerful medicine man who had been overcome by a more powerful vision. So, after he taken me into his confidence I too began feeling his sense of urgency and singleness of purpose. Sarah was a mite put off by this turn of events, cussing us both by sections, then by half inches, as Tatsen and I passed a good deal of time back in his old haunts near the sacred mountain where I first come upon him. The place stirred his memory something fierce which was more than a little help to the aging Indian. He was past the century mark and his time, like a bucket full of bullet holes, was fast running out.

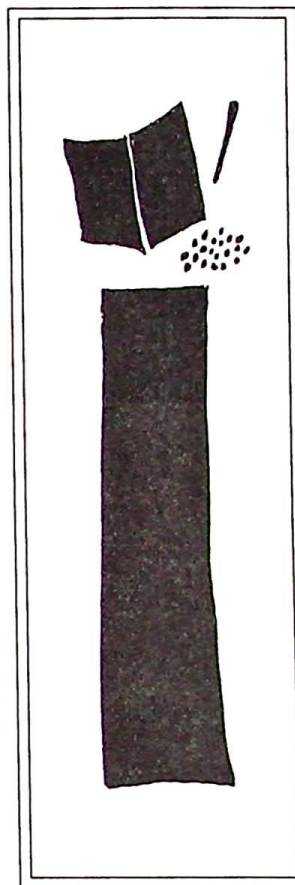
Try as I might I never quite lured Tatsen into an account of his life amongst the Kiowa. Despite our bond of friendship, I secured only these few facts:

Tatsen was born in the year of the treaty for peace between his people and the Comanche. I have it on good authority that was in the year of 1789 or '90. During the next twenty-seven summers he grew into manhood and come to be an eminent medicine man with many cures to his credit.

That short description will have to answer for the history of his early years as Tatsen concluded to withhold any further facts. He held his story as a waste of wind. If I was to pass along one sound piece of advice it'd be this—never try to wear down or outlast an Indian. I spent my opinion on the task. I tried and I lost. Sarah, as contrary as she could be at times, was the model of cooperation up next to Tatsen. But she had been around Whites for some time and our impatience rubbed off a mite.

Be that as it may, the singular event that drove Tatsen from his tribe has been a subject of several conversations, and a sadder story has yet to touch these ears.

When a White doctor fails to effect a cure, blame is



"THE WINTER OF THE WINTER COUNT BOOK. IF THERE EVER WAS AN ITEM BUILT TO FIT TATSEN YOU'RE HOLDING IT. THE PILE OF DOTS MEAN THERE'S A HEAP OF PAGES INSIDE."

—JOHN GREEN KELLY

BEING FULLY ALIVE TO THE SITUATION, I MADE A GIFT TO TATSEN OF A STORE-KEEPER'S LEDGER WITH ENOUGH PAGES TO LAST AS LONG AS LIFE'S LAMP HELD OUT TO BURN. I NEVER SEEN THE OLD BOY SO MOVED AS HE WAS WHEN I PRESENTED HIM WITH HIS LEDGER OR DIARY. FACT IS, THE EXCITEMENT NEARLY OVERTOOK HIM...

THE LAST WINTER COUNT

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

**IN A DELIRIUM NEXT TO
MADNESS, HE ROLLED AND
CRAWLED AND CLAWED HIS
WAY BACK DOWN, THROUGH
BOULDERS AND CACTUS, TO
THE LIFE-GIVING WATERS OF
SANDY CREEK. THERE HE
SUCKED NOURISHMENT
FROM MOTHER EARTH LIKE
A BABY ON A SUGAR TIT.
THEN HE CRAWLED, AND
THEN HE WALKED AGAIN.
HE EMERGED FROM THE
BACKSIDE OF NOWHERE IN
ONE PIECE, BUT HE HAD NO
VISION TO SPEAK OF.**

usually laid at the feet of the patient who, it is held, failed in the execution of the doctor's orders.

Amongst the Indians, cures that come to no effect are no cures at all, and the failure rests on the shoulders of the medicine man. And so it was with Tatsen when his camp was hit hard by a plague of the small-pox. Tatsen had a goodly number of chances to hit upon a cure, but his considerable medicine wasn't equal to the emergency. Unless he could effect a cure he was washed up as a healer.

Imagine, if you can, that day and time with the village under the darkest cloud of death. Where, from every tipi come the wails of mourners. Day and night, night and day, more and more of the same. Men and women cutting strips of flesh and hunks of hair off of their bodies, women chopping off finger joints, all in honor and grief for the dead and dying. Blood and tears covering bodies from head to toe. I've seen such in my time and I swear it was the awfulest sight God or man ever laid eyes on.

Amongst this scene from the bowels of Hell was Tatsen. After fasting for unnumbered days he come upon the final cure in a vision.

Burn everything, especially the dead. Leave all belongings behind, no matter how sacred, in a heap of fire and ash. Leave everything. Walk naked and far away.

There wasn't a soul that threw in with Tatsen on that cure, as they had lost all faith in his remedies.

But he was obliged by his vision to effect the cure for his self. And too, he prayed that some might follow, but none did. So it come to be, on a bony grey-eyed morning, that Tatsen, flat afoot, naked as a newborn, and covered in ashes, in accordance with his vision, left everything he knew. On all sides the constant howls of mourners and the jeers and insults of old friends burned his ears and waylaid his pride.

Tatsen was cut loose from his kin and kind, which was how he come by his name. It meant too that he had no horse under him, and it meant other things to Tatsen over the years. As a fact, Tatsen in Kiowa means antelope horse, or horse that runs with the antelope. From that dark day, 'till he come to live with us, Tatsen hadn't run with another living soul.

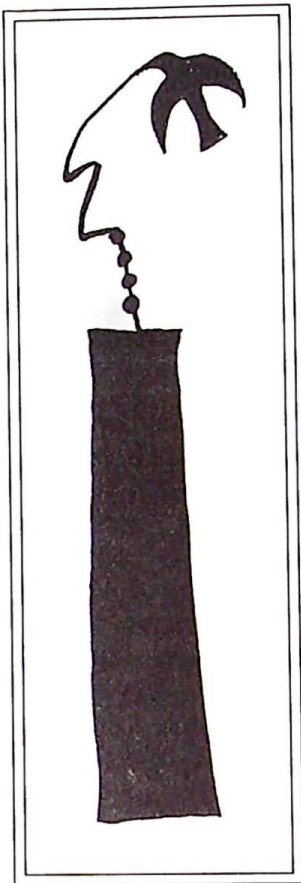
He struck for the place where the sun goes in the winter, seeking a sacred spot and a vision. Tatsen surmised that without a tolerable cure he could never return in honor amongst his people.

With nothing more than a buffalo robe and a few flint tools he fashioned on his journey, the lone Indian espied a great rock in the south. The pink granite mountain, like a sun fell to earth, laid in the distance. There, Tatsen concluded, was a holy mountain where he could come by a vision and a cure for his people.

So he lit out for the mountain, or the Enchanted Rock, with great hope in his heart. Had he known the sad result he might have crawled in a hole and pulled it in after him.

Tatsen passed some time on the land close around the mountain before he dared climb to its summit. As he had left all his belongings in a smoldering heap he had no personal medicine to aid him in his prayers to the Great Spirit. He had no eagle feathers, or pipe, or offering to smoke. First he had to appeal to whatever powers might take pity on him for guidance in the creation of a medicine bundle. Then he had to make ready, inside and out, for his parley with the mountain spirit.

Two long years transpired before the medicine man stood on the banks of the Sandy gazing up to his destination. He prayed a great vision was waiting. So, he held out atop the Enchanted Rock for days, as was the Indian custom, crying for a vision. Tatsen lost all sense of time and his self before he blanked out. He come to and passed out time and again. Then, in a delirium next to madness, he rolled and crawled and clawed his way back down, through boulders and cactus, to the life-giving waters of Sandy Creek. There he sucked nourishment from Mother Earth like a baby on a sugar tit. Then he crawled, and



"THIS HERE IS TATSEN'S SPIRIT HAWK THAT LED HIM TO WATERLOO AND THE END OF HIS DREAM TO RETURN TO THE KIOWA IN THIS LIFE. THE LINE FROM THE MOUTH IS THE TALKING PART. THEM DOTS ARE THE THOUGHTS THAT HOLD ALL WORDS TOGETHER."
—JOHN GREEN KELLY

then he walked again. He emerged from the backside of nowhere in one piece, but he had no vision to speak of. As the years wore on, Tatsen learned a great deal from Gahe, the spirit of the mountain, and gathered much personal power. But when he fasted and prayed for a cure for the spotted sickness he always come up empty.

Finally, in a dream, he followed the cry of a hawk to a place where the red clay was found. Again the cry come in his dream and the hawk directed him back to his camp on the banks of the Sandy and the white ashes of his fire.

As Tatsen pondered the meaning of his dream he wasted no time at all helping it come to pass. In haste he made ready for a journey.

Then low over head come the cry of a hawk, and the whole of his dream was coming to life. He gave his self over to the guidance of the spirit hawk and afore long he found his self again on the summit of the Enchanted Rock crying for a vision.

This time he mixed the white ashes and the powdered red clay in two dried gourds with juices of prickly pear and spring water from the foot of the sacred mountain.

Then he commenced to cover his self from head to toe in the white ash paint. Next he painted big red dots over the whole affair using the red clay paint. That done he give up offerings and prayers to the Great Spirit

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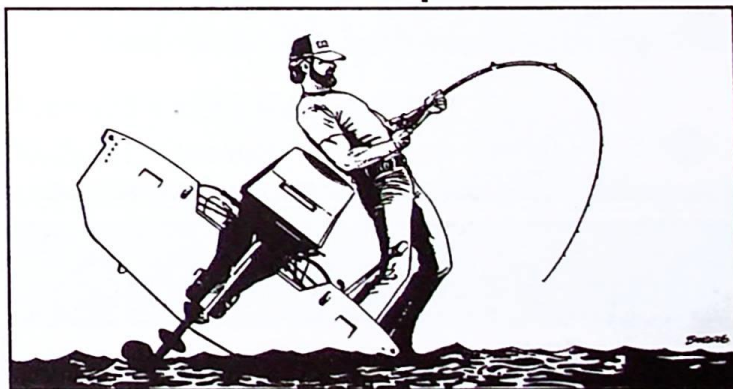
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THE LAST WINTER COUNT

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

hoping to come by a cure. He wasn't long in beholding a vision.

The hawk appeared in the vision and Tatsen followed it in the spirit world down Sandy Creek to where it joined the Colorado. The hawk called again and Tatsen followed the call down the Colorado to a strange and dangerous place, that being the new home of the White intruders.

Then Tatsen come to be wrapped up in a fog or cloud and he could see nothing but the fierce hawk eyes which spoke to him in a voice that come from ever where at once. The spotted sickness was a disease of the Whites, the hawk told him, and the only hope for a cure would come from them.

And then the fog cleared and Tatsen sang for joy while his heart was flopping against his ribs like a catfish in a sack. He was still shy a cure but he finally come by a powerful vision. He had no way of knowing what trials awaited him, but he knew his life hadn't measured up to his dreams and, at any cost, he aimed to hit upon a cure, even if it meant stealing or even begging one from the Whites.

So Tatsen pulled stakes and set his sights on a place he never seen beyond his visions or dreaming—such was his faith. Down the Sandy he traveled till night was closing in. He struck camp without benefit of fire and ate a fare of dried venison and pecans afore sleep overtook him. Neither that day nor in his dreams that night was there the faintest sign of his spirit guide or hawk. Tatsen took up the journey early the next morning and by the shank of the day there was a deep dread on his mind as he was in strange country and there hadn't been the least sign of a hawk.

He had skirted more than a few White homesteads and was as cautious as a cat in the process. Seeing nary a sign of his spirit guide he was divided against his self as to whether he should return to the sacred mountain when a hawk come so low overhead he could feel the wind in its wings.

His heart rose with the hawk and sailed beyond the far trees. So it was that he concluded his second day.

After the sun had fairly risen the third day he was well into the land of the Whites. He was slow making headway as he crept from rock to rock careful not to leave the slightest sign as there was one fierce war going on between the Whites and Comanche, and dander was a constant.

Over a ridge come the reports of gunfire and the yell of Comanche in attack. Tatsen concealed his self in a skirt of timber on a ridge with a grand view of the valley. What he witnessed was a catastrophe for the Comanche as a scout of Whites, being masters of the situation, made short work of their enemy.

The Comanche come in from the northwest hooting

The victors commenced firing a time or two each into everything that held the shape of a fallen Comanche. Two Whites lit into the dead Indians lifting a goodly number of scalps, popping them off one after the other. The main force put for the southwest, cutting dust across the hills with a drove of Indian horses to their credit. Shortly the scalpers pulled out, stacking the landscape behind them tailing the rest of their party along the same line as Tatsen's vision was to take him. Tatsen held out for some time, secreted in a thicket of live oak, afore he was disposed to commence the remainder of his journey.

and yelling, as was their custom, and weaving from side to side. The whole party took on the likeness of a mess of snakes slithering through the valley. The Comanche made fight but to no account as they was quickly disposed of, for the Whites poured on a deadly fire thick as hail. The Comanche were emptied from their mounts to a man, and left upon the ground. As usual the Indians Dogwood switches wasn't up to scratch next to the Whites' fire sticks.

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It never dawned on Tatsen to lay a hand on the dead Comanche. They was allies to his people. What weapons or medicine they carried had failed in their protection and being bad medicine they was worse than useless to boot.

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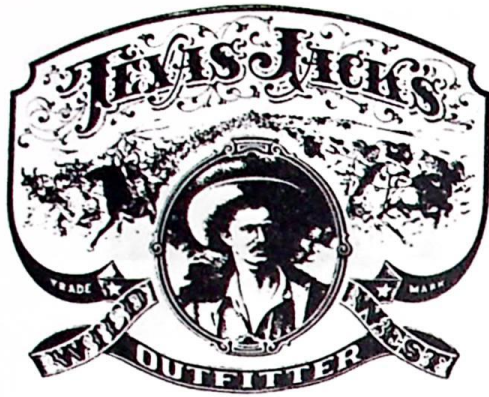
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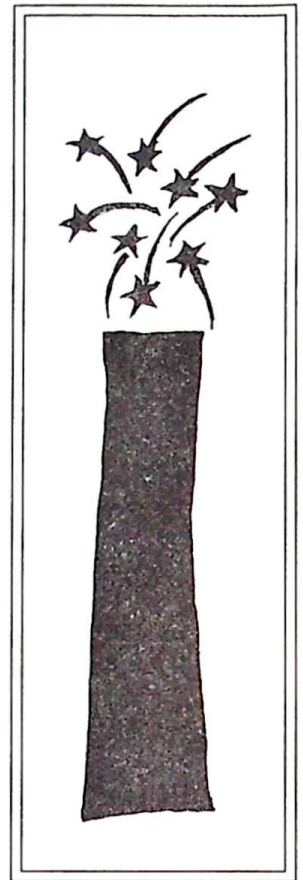
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THE LAST WINTER COUNT

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

"THE WINTER OF
THE STORM OF
STARS. ON THIS
OCCASION FALLING
STARS FILLED THE
SKY LIKE A SWARM
OF LIGHTNING
BUGS. TO TATSEN
THIS WAS THE
SPIRIT TALK OF
DEATH, FOR IT
SEEMED A
CERTAINTY
HEAVEN ITSELF
WOULD FALL."

—JOHN GREEN KELLY



Kiowa rolled him over, ready to finish the deed if need be, Tatsen saw he was Mexican. The man had his note taken in for certain, and on the inspiration of the moment, Tatsen stripped the feller of his suit of clothes. This was accomplished with some difficulty for his duds fit as tight as a bottle. Tatsen tied his booty in a bundle, slung it over his shoulder, and took off like a shot out of a shovel.

The old boy hardly slept at all after that, itchy as he was to conclude his journey and repair to the safety of the mountains. Finally, dead ahead, he came upon the settlement of Waterloo, later to wear the name Austin, on the banks of the Colorado. Under the cover of night he adopted the garb of the fallen Mexican and entered the city. As he did he stepped into a living dream world. All manner of things crowded in on one another, and his thoughts flopped about like a frog caught in a bucket. Such a commotion as he had never witnessed continued well into the night as the Whites went about taking in the many and varied activities of the settlement.

Tatsen's heart was filled with dread. He could make no sense of their words. All told, the Whites looked alike, as did their lodges. If a medicine man was amongst them he was well concealed. These people was from a differ-

FINALLY, DEAD AHEAD, HE COME UPON THE SETTLEMENT OF WATERLOO, LATER TO WEAR THE NAME AUSTIN, ON THE BANKS OF THE COLORADO. UNDER THE COVER OF NIGHT HE ADOPTED THE GARB OF THE FALLEN MEXICAN AND ENTERED THE CITY. AS HE DID HE STEPPED INTO A LIVING DREAM WORLD.

ent world. Tatsen pondered his fix for some time. Would White medicine work on the Indian? The Whites planted themselves in rows of square lodges while the Indians, on the move, passed their lives in round tipis drawn into a circle. Tatsen knew there was medicine in everything, and in everything the Whites was different.

Tatsen's vision fell to pieces in the muddy streets of Waterloo. He wanted no part of these Whites and their medicine. Even if he had a mind to steal the cure, where would he commence? It was a sad fate that befell Tatsen. I reckon the Great Spirit oversized Tatsen's pile as the old boy gave it his best lick but was waylaid by events.

As Tatsen was not equal to the emergency, there was nothing left for the exiled Indian but the sacred mountain and the dreary prospect of an uncertain and solitary future. He was never so empty in body and spirit as he was on his return up the Colorado and thence the Sandy and his adopted home. I have no cause to doubt Tatsen's claim that he wept the whole way.

Soon after Tatsen repaired to his mountain he witnessed something that, after everything else, wore his spirit to a nub. He wasn't the only Indian to see the event. It was the talk of the Plains and come to be called the Winter the Stars Fell, or the Winter of the Storm of Stars.

So plentiful were the falling stars in one night it turned dark into day, showering light bright enough to wake the Indians in their tipis. Stepping outside they watched the heavens fall until daybreak, knowing all along no good would come of it.

Considering all that come to be visited upon the Indians, it don't take a lick of brain work to figure it was a mighty bad omen. Though considerable food for thought, it weren't very nourishing. I know for a fact, Tatsen chewed the bitter end of reflection the balance of his days.

Well, there's more to this story, but it will have to wait a spell. I won't hold off for long though, cause I know this old voice won't last forever.

Pecan Street



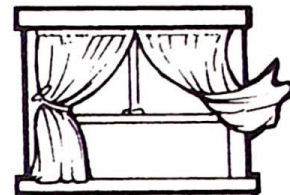
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Entering the unassuming Dabbs Hotel, you find yourself in a world apart. While making your way through the jelly glass filled with Cowboy Coffee, fiction is the main dish, and fact (if you must) is always "on the side." This is Gary's place, and he's built a brisk business polishing his "stories" with the devotion proprietors of similar establishments lavish on silverware.

by CHARLES TISCHLER

The January day was beautiful: record breaking warmth that felt like the finest day of Spring. Ira, the editor of *Enchanted Rock Magazine*, and I were out prowling around the county roads in his red Rocky 4X4 when, near Llano, Ira asked if I wanted to meet Gary at the Dabbs Hotel. "He is a really delightful character with plenty of stories up his sleeve," Ira said to lure me into an enthusiastic, "OK!" Before long we pulled on to the wide dirt street leading from the Llano County Museum and parked in front of the Dabbs.

Built within the first five years of this century, the modest white two story frame Dabbs Railroad Hotel arose to accommodate travelers arriving in pioneer Llano by train. Today she lives again, and the squeaks and groans of her wood frame and floors speak to yet another generation. If you want luxury accommodations you won't find it here. This place is funky, way down-home, and thoroughly unpretentious.

We walked out of the sunlight and into the wide breezeway of the hotel. Gary Smith, the owner, in a rumpled white shirt and disheveled hair, warmly greeted Ira, who then introduced us. We walked back to the dining area with its long table draped with a gingham tablecloth. The room is on an enclosed back porch which offers up river breezes and views of the Llano River and her banks.

"Would you like some Cowboy Coffee?" Gary asked. I was delighted and eased myself onto the plank bench at the

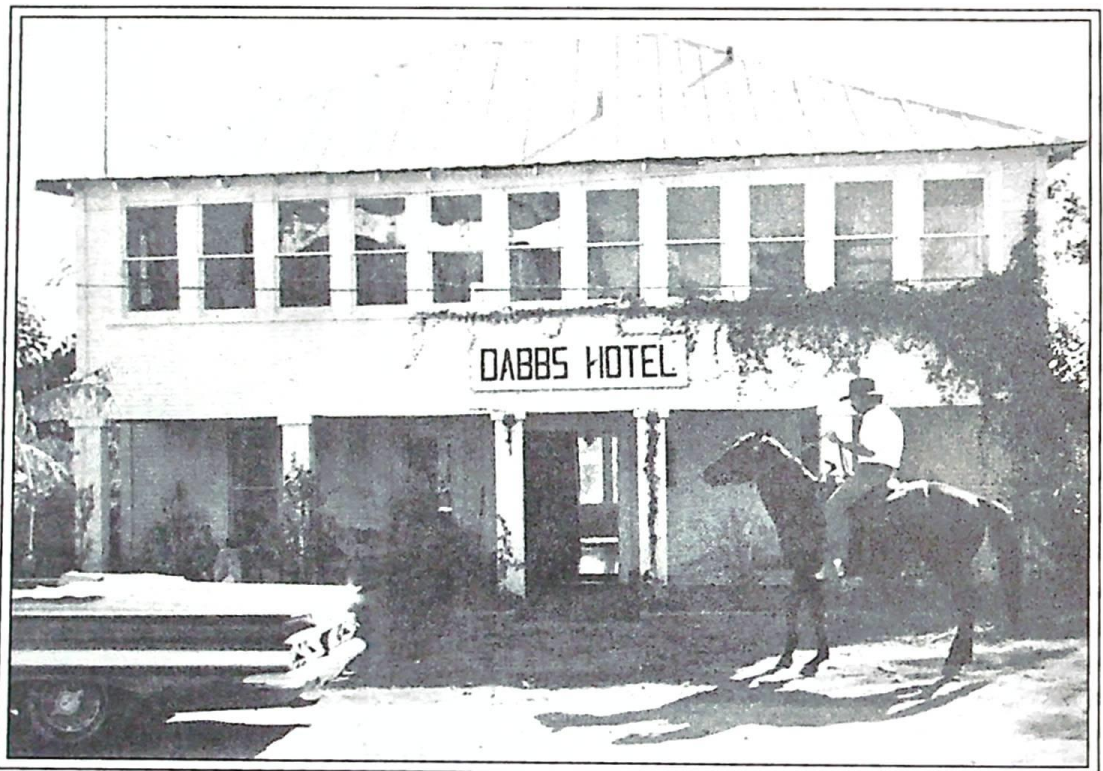
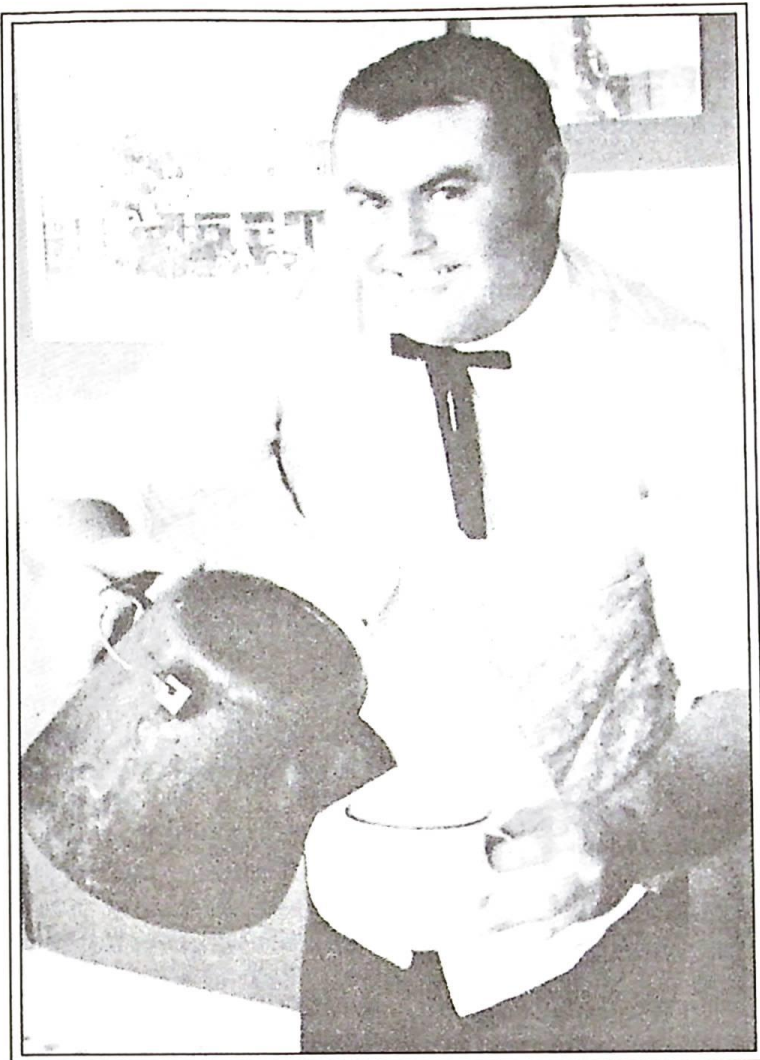


table. It didn't take long for me to realize that Ira was right. I was in the presence of a teller of tall tales. I slipped the small recorder into Gary's pocket and mashed the red record button. Gary was off and running: "This area was originally called the Valley of Crystals, the Llano Uplift. On the original 1836 map of Texas, which is at the end of the room over there, this area was mapped as the Texas Comanche Nation when Texas formed as a country.

"Robert E. Lee, with government troops, came to the Valley of Crystals in 1856 to take control of the frontier from the Comanches with the establishment of Fort Mason 40 miles upstream.

"Early settlers followed troops into new frontiers. In the Precambrian Valley of Crystals they found gold, silver, diamonds, mass amounts of iron ore, traces of every mineral



known to man, including Llanite. Brochures went all over the world of 'Gold! Silver! Diamonds!' found in the ancient Valley of Crystals on the Texas Frontier. This created a mineral rush to Llano, Texas from all over the world. The Austin and Northwestern Railroad, backed by the Southern Pacific, laid tracks to the heart of the Valley of Crystals to gather all the minerals to be railroaded out of this area in 1893. Llano grew into a wild-west frontier town of 10,000 people — hotels! saloons! brothels! and live theater in the Oprey House. Old timers tell stories that there wasn't a tree on the Llano River without a tent under it."

All the while, Gary continued the sacred brewing ritual of his Cowboy Coffee. I was busy trying to fit his compelling description of the Valley of Crystals into any known history. Ira, meanwhile, leaned over the long wooden table taking in the event with an amused smile. He'd heard all of this before. Gary filled the big old blue enamel coffee pot with water and dumped in lots of coffee. He put that on the front burner of the old commercial gas range, throttled the gas flame just to his liking, then turned with twinkling eyes and held forth once more with his unique history.

"There were several waves of mineral mining that occurred. Graphite was a big wave. At one point so much iron ore was discovered in Llano that they called it the Pittsburgh of the West. There were about 20 hotels around

As Gary took me reeling from one story to the next, he hovered all the while around the kitchen, worrying over his huge blue enamel coffee pot while he continued to brew his Cowboy Coffee. He quenched the brew with cold water, which caused the grounds to drop out, and then with a flare he brought out three tall, clear jelly glasses and ceremoniously served up his masterpiece.

town, and the Dabbs Hotel is the last standing of all the railroad-associated hotels.

"The earliest picture I've got of the hotel is from 1914 that shows the richest and most powerful man in the world—the owner of the Southern Pacific Railroad—standing in front of this hotel with his private train crew, fixin' to board their steamer headed to Galveston.

"The history here is unbelievable," Gary continued, (as if I wasn't hard at work on that point already). "Frank Teich, who carved two of the statues on the capitol lawn in Austin, Texas had a studio here. It was called Teichville, and it was an artist studio of stone carvers. If you were a stone carver and you came to the United States you came to Teichville. The Queen of England sent stone carvers here to help with the state capitol, and Teich had a lot to do with helping them organize that.

"In 1943, 250 soldiers would rail in on Friday night from Killeen. Another 250 soldiers would rail in on Saturday night from Killeen, and up to 500 to 700 students from The University of Texas would rail in on the Austin trains on a weekend in Llano, Texas in 1943.

"The soldiers who were staying in this particular hotel found a German spy collaborating with Nazi Germany, and they organized a lynch mob and hung 'im in the front yard. A film company from Houston, hired by HBO, came here about three years ago, recreated the famous Nazi hanging on film and aired it on HBO."

As Gary took me reeling from one story to the next, he hovered all the while around the kitchen, worrying over his huge blue enamel coffee pot while he continued to brew his Cowboy Coffee. He quenched the brew with cold water, which caused the grounds to drop out, and then with a flare he brought out three tall, clear jelly glasses and ceremoniously served up his masterpiece.

I found it strange to enjoy coffee in such a glass. It was no heavy ceramic mug, certainly no Styrofoam cup, but a humble jelly glass that once held the jelly that had accompanied bread and early morning breezes. With Half

and Half from a cardboard container I lightened it to my liking, gave it a simple swirl with a silver spoon then concentrated on that first slurp. The hot coffee ran up the cool glass and warmed my fingers and my lips on its way. It was really good, and so was the second slurp. I was comforted and fortified for more tales from this thoroughly engrossing and entertaining trickster clown. Here, the Texas tradition of tall tales was alive and well.

"One of the other pictures I've got in the lobby here is Clyde Barrow standing behind a new Ford V8, photographed by Bonnie Parker. The woman with her arms crossed, Mellie MacLennen, owner and inn keeper at the Dabbs Hotel, on her deathbed gave that photograph to her nurse and said she'd kept the Barrow gang secret until that day. She said that not only were they her personal friends, but she took care of them for years at this hotel.

"The Barrow gang also robbed trains, so surely they got inside information on payroll shipments from the train crews here at the hotel," Gary elaborated on this story which, as Ira was to inform me later, the local residents take with a whole block of salt.

"The world's rich all owned private steamers (trains). And when the iron boom happened in Llano, private steamers were arriving here on a daily basis from San Francisco, New York, Boston and steaming up from Galveston, after arriving from Europe via boat steamer.

"These were the world's rich, and this was before airplanes, before cars. If you had money you had a private steam train and you would steam from railhead to railhead for entertainment. The circle that we're talkin' about was San Francisco, Galveston, New York, Boston and Llano, Texas.

"To go farther west of here, after you came by public service to the Texas Frontier, you switched over to the Wells Fargo Stagecoach for the trip west into Indian Territory, and 40 miles west of here you hooked up with the San Antonio/San Diego Stage Coach Line.

"So this area is quite unbelievable. The Dabbs Hotel was built as a progressive and extremely modern boarding house and a sanitarium. Sanitariums were a place you went to free yourself from all your troubles. A place of high service and an uplifting atmosphere. Llano has had the second lowest death rate per population since the beginning of the American Census Bureau. Those statistics were advertised on the postcards of the hotels in the 1890's and drew people in sanitarium services from all over the world to Llano. And, to this day people still follow those government statistics here

for retirement. On the average you live 25 years longer in Llano."

And at that moment, Gary, like a migrating bird, landed on a familiar fact—then took flight again.

"Stories from Europeans who entered the Valley of Crystals in the time of early Spanish explorers claimed that crystals that people wear as jewelry now were laying several feet thick all over this whole valley."

I took a sidelong glance at Ira for a reality check, and all I saw was that same amused smile he'd been wearing since I agreed to drop by the Dabbs.

"From any mountain top, you looked into a valley of glittering jewels on a sunny day. The early Spanish explorers said you just walked on crystals as big as your arms. And as a child growing up in Mason, I remember that every flower bed in every country home that I ever saw was ringed with perfectly formed crystals as big as your fist and bigger.

"Every ancient map that I ever studied, and every civilization that I ever looked into in this state had a connection to the Valley of Crystals. This was the central spiritual area. The 1836 map of Texas shows 20 different

tribes hubbing out from here like bicycle spokes. They all were connected by this one ancient valley.

"In 1918 the Dabbs hotel was completely worn out and considered a delapidated and used up hotel. The MacLennen family bought the Dabbs in 1918 and completely refurbished it and brought it back in service. That whole cycle happened six more times. I am the seventh person to come in and completely refurbish the hotel.

"Five years ago I opened the last standing railroad hotel on the Texas Frontier. It has become the most award-winning and endorsed business in the Texas Hill Country. It was listed along with the state capitol and the prestigious Four Season Hotel in the Favorite Architecture category of an Austin poll."

From a valley of crystals as long as your arm and several feet deep, to the credibility of a delapidated Dabbs, Gary weaves his rambling story together with such breathtaking momentum you hardly have time for a question to take shape in your mind. Earlier, Ira had mentioned to me that Gary's guests run the gamut, from professors, politicians, and lawyers to college students, drifters and entire families. When the opportunity arose I asked how his business was.

"More than I can handle," Gary replied. "People can't get to these old-fashioned squeaky beds and funky rooms fast enough! My experience is that young people come here

Gary paused long enough to catch his breath and for me to struggle back into the realms of reality, then continued pell-mell: "Let me tell you the popular amenities at the Dabbs Hotel: A free ghost with every room; squeaky beds; firm beds; soft beds; romantic slides to the middle... and a breakfast of homemade buttermilk biscuits, sweet cream gravy, hash browns, sliced garden tomatoes and Cowboy Coffee every morning."

sometimes six and seven weekends in a row. They just cannot get enough of this old building. Younger people have never had this experience. Ever. I have inner-city kids come here and say they've never seen screened doors in a public business. I usually run just a river breeze through the dining room and the lobby."

Apparently satisfied he had fielded the question to my satisfaction, Gary began again—off on the trail of another amusing tale.

"There was a woman writer who came to the hotel about three years ago. She was real curious about the old train town out front and the history of the trains arriving. She went lookin' around the old ghost train town out front for a couple of hours and it was a busy Saturday with people arrivin' and checkin' in. She came back a couple of hours later and said, 'Wow! There is so much of the old train town still intact. And, by the way, who are all those people up on the porch?'

"And I said, 'Well I don't know; there's tons of people here, and I don't know who-alls out there.'

"And she said, 'Well, you know, I stood under the porch and listened to an old woman in the rockin' chair tell stories for 10 or 15 minutes. She is the best storyteller!'

"And I said, 'Well I don't really remember any older people checkin' into the hotel.'

"And she said, 'Everybody's upstairs setting around her on the screened-in porch talkin' to her.'

"And I said, 'Screened-in porch?'

"And she said, 'Yeah, the big screened-in porch up front, everybody's up there.'

"And I said, 'Sweetheart, the porch upstairs hasn't been screened-in for 60 years.'

"She ran through the lobby, then outside, and looked up at the hotel and she went, 'No! No! No! This isn't the hotel I walked up on. I walked up on the hotel with the porch all screened-in with people sitting up there looking at me!'

"She had seen the hotel as it looked in the 1920s, and actually made eye contact with the people from that era."

His eyes twinkling even more, Gary, grinning to beat the band, said, "Gotcha!"

I finally realized that as long as a listener sat still Gary would spin yarns. Too stunned to move, I listened while Ira smiled and Gary rounded another turn in his tale.

"Pearl was an interesting character. In the early days I leased by the week, and one day she stopped here at the hotel. She was kind of a lost soul wandering from small town to small town milking churches for their hospitalities and living off of some kind of handout from the government. She was from Minnesota. She lived in her station wagon and would kind of pack up her garage sale stuff and move to another town, after the churches decided they couldn't afford her anymore.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 50

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LLANITE: MYSTERY ROCK OF BEAUTY

BY DALE FRY

Call it beautiful, call it extremely rare, call it controversial or call it Llanite—it's all these things and more.

Because this stone, reportedly found nowhere else in the world but in Llano County, has for some 100 years enjoyed international acclaim as a rock of remarkable beauty. Geologists have long sought to unravel the mystery of its unique characteristics while enterprising businessmen have tried, without success, to present the product to the world on a grand scale.

Llanite is a granite, but not just any granite, say geologists. It is widely known among geologists the world over as a distinctive rock because of its rare color combinations. Llanite is a chocolate brown stone mottled with pinkish red hues and highlighted with flecks of sky blue crystals, the only known granite with this particular coloration. Though scientists have applied such terms as "distinctive," "extremely unusual," "particularly beautiful" and "a phenomenon" to the rock in its natural state, this splendid stone comes alive when polished. Its most outstanding characteristic is its tiny blue crystals, which emit a brilliant flash when struck by light, especially sunlight.

The only known deposit of Llanite is found just outside the city of Llano in a series of dikes. They begin just north of the Llano-Lone Grove Road (Texas 29 and RR 2241) about three and a half miles from the railroad. From there they run northward for nine miles and swing sharply to the southwest for five miles, where they cross the Llano San Saba highway (Texas 16) on the southwestern slope of Baby Head Mountain, then abruptly stop.

The entire series of dikes, which take the rough form of a huge question mark, are collectively classified in geological terms as a Precambrian Quartz-Feldspar Porphyry (porfa-ree). This means that the dikes consist of dark stones imbedded with quartz and feldspar crystals, and that the deposit, approximately one billion years old, formed during Precambrian times—the oldest of geological ages.

That this porphyry took the shape of a giant, 14-mile long question mark is strangely appropriate. Controversy has long surrounded this gem of a stone. When was it discovered? Who discovered it? Who named it? What causes its colorless crystals to display, in the words of one

geologist, "an intense silver-blue flash" when light hits their surfaces at certain angles? What element or elements comprise these playful crystals? And, why did the minerals of this porphyry unite in this area only?

Llanite does not owe its uniqueness to the fact that it is a porphyry—or even that it is a blue quartz porphyry. Blue quartz inclusions in stone are fairly common, and porphyries of various compositions abound in the world of geology.

Geologists agree that it is the combination of specific minerals resulting in the colors in Llanite which make the stone special. Consider, for instance, its feldspar content. Feldspar, a common mineral, is usually pasty white or light pink in color—or occasionally it will take on a greenish tint.

Not so the feldspar in Llanite. In Llanite, feldspar appears inexplicably as an entirely different color, a hue difficult to describe. It ranges between pinkish red and rusty pink. Some geologists have described the shade as "pink to red-brick," "red" and "light Indian-red."

According to noted geologist Dr. Virgil Barnes of the Bureau of Economic Geology in Austin, it is "the opalescent quartz, combined with this particular color of feldspar and the chocolate brown groundmass" (the bulk of the rock) to which Llanite owes its fame. Reportedly, these combinations are found in no other rock anywhere.

A local rumour, however, is currently in circulation that geologists have turned up a deposit of the enigmatic stone somewhere in Odessa, Russia. But according to Ed Garner, research associate at the Bureau of Economic Geology, UT Austin, the rumour, to date, is unfounded.

In a recent telephone conversation, Garner said, "I'm not aware of (a deposit of Llanite in Russia) at all. I doubt it. I find it unlikely that the identical combination would exist in Russia. I've never seen any report to indicate it is there. I can't imagine where that rumour could have come from."

For some 85 years, geologists have disagreed over what mineral produces the blue flash in Llanite's quartz. Since 1904, some of the minerals suggested include apatite, ilmenite, rutile, tourmaline and zircon.

In 1988, however, researchers Michael E. Zolensky, Paul J. Sylvester and James B. Paces conducted an exhaustive scientific analysis of the quartz, using the most sophisticated equipment available, which may end the controversy.

In an article which appeared the same year in the *American Mineralogist*, the authors admitted that "an unusual controversy surrounds blue quartz from Llano County, Texas." They then concluded, from the results of their analysis, that the blue in Llanite's quartz is indeed derived from the mineral ilmenite, as suggested in 1904. Apparently the blue flash is caused by refraction of light arising from the ilmenite.

Contrary to popular belief, it was, from all indications, geologist Theodore B. Comstock who discovered Llanite. He came upon it by accident during his geological survey of Texas in 1889, the first state survey ever conducted. To this day, many maintain that the late Professor N.J. Badu, a noted Llano mineralogist, both discovered and named the intriguing stone. (In Part Two of this series, *Enchanted Rock Magazine* will delve into Badu's notable involvement with the Llanite.)

Comstock's report, "Geological Survey of Texas, First Annual Report," contains the first known mention of the elegant rock. Comstock writes this brief description: "An interesting (porphyry)...from Long

Llanite is a chocolate brown stone mottled with pinkish red hues and highlighted with flecks of sky blue crystals, the only known granite with this particular coloration.

Mountain, Llano County, carries much blue opal in scattered grains of the size of morning glory seeds." In the same report, Comstock included a list of 111 other minerals he had discovered during his survey. Writing of the porphyry he had stumbled upon accidentally, he lists its minerals and location as: "Opal. Silica in grains in felsite porphyry. Long Mountain, Llano County."

But, according to Barnes, Comstock was obviously mistaken concerning the location of the porphyry. Dr. Barnes, considered the foremost authority of the Llano Uplift, sketched the location of the Llanite dikes a number of years ago during one of his studies of the

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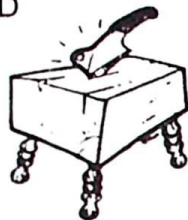
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WITH THE GOOD, COMES THE BAD, AND THE UGLY

All citizens of our nation expect to be safe, whether in a controlled urban setting or an outdoor public lands environment. So, when Yellowstone National Park was established through an act of Congress in the year 1872, one of the underlying provisions was federal protection by the U.S. Cavalry. From that time to the present, park uniforms have mimicked federal protection officers.

As with federally protected parks, our state, county and city parks have instituted park law enforcement programs to curtail the increasing crime encroaching on our public lands. With the movement back to the outdoors, more of our society is reaching for the open door into our public lands, and urban problems move into our parks. Once considered a safe haven, the age of innocence in the outdoors has slipped away from us like the passing of the last Mexican Grey Wolf in Texas. I remember reading stories in the 50s from Lon Garrison's book, *The Making of A Ranger*, and nowhere is there a hint through those years that our world would or could change in those public places that we consider sacred—such as Enchanted Rock.

The Texas Parks and Wildlife Department (TPWD) is a state agency responsible for the enforcement of all cultural/natural resources, and game laws. Broken down to its working components, TPWD game wardens under the Law Enforcement division primarily handle the game laws while the park peace officers within the Public Lands division work the parks. As with any law enforcement program, they work within their jurisdiction, but often can be seen working together for the common good of all.

Increasing visitation from an urban society into our parks increased the need for security. A park visitor's expectation on safety is the same as those held while within their normal geographic space, which would by all accounts be at their homes and near their working environments.

Park law enforcement should be taught, treated and used as a management tool. In the tool box concept of park management, it is only one of many varied resources at the disposal of park managers. In a perfect world, each of

PARK SUPERINTENDENT

us would always live by the creed, "To Do the Right Thing;" but this simple truth is at times lost on some of us. As with any profession, park law enforcement shares its responsibility with the good, the bad, and the ugly of its own actions. Being close to the action, I can speak on this subject with some degree of knowledge and experience.

Enchanted Rock State Natural Area (SNA) at present has no commissioned park peace officer. We work closely with TPWD game wardens, the Llano district constable and the sheriff's offices of both Llano and Gillespie counties for our law enforcement needs. Enchanted Rock SNA embodies the passive form of park law enforcement. Leadership through park management, I believe, is the key to this passive style of enforcement. The record speaks for itself.

The spectrum of park infractions ranges from ignorance to blatant disregard of park rules and regulations. Each incident deserves to be judged on its own merit and weight. At Enchanted Rock, with an average annual visitation rate of 330,000 for both day use and overnight camping, we see a cross section of the domestic problems inherent in our society. Our success rate in handling drug related incidents, public intoxication cases, traffic control problems, vandalism, resource protection and all the remaining problems associated with park management should serve as a model for park law enforcement.

We must temper the park law enforcement program by recognizing that it should provide the best security available for all park visitors, whether few or many.

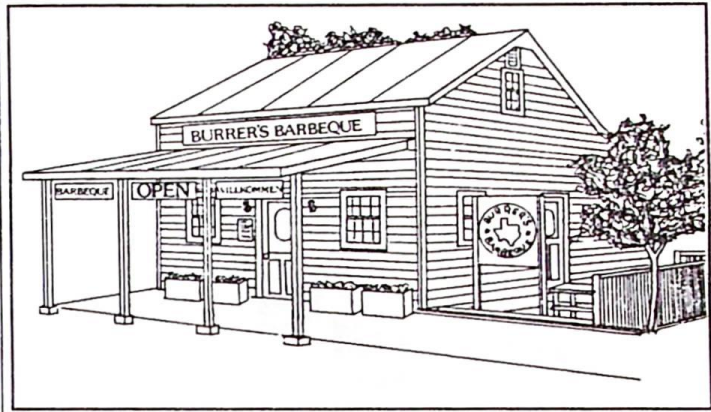
A clearly defined mission statement with an open-minded attitude and an unbiased resolve to do what is right, not what is expected, is the key to success and the respect of its customers. With this responsibility comes the job of providing the public the best park peace officer candidates. The old Latin term, "Sound in mind, sound in body," best represents what we are striving to attain to get the job done right.

Time, money and training—never enough of each—is required to bring to you, our customer, the security you expect in your parks. With your understanding, patience and help, Enchanted Rock has made the leap from the standard park law enforcement program to that of a community park enforcement program, in which all of us share the responsibility of making ERock Country the place to be on any given day. Thank you for your hard work and commitment from all of us who love Enchanted Rock.

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"And Now, Class..."



Do you remember having to sit through science class while your teacher forced you to learn about rocks? Of course you remembered the three basic kinds of rocks for your test: sedimentary, igneous and metamorphic. Hopefully you passed, but you probably didn't have the foggiest idea of what they looked like, except that they were hard and would hurt you if you got hit by one. Wouldn't it have been great if your teacher had taken you on a field trip to Enchanted Rock? Within a short distance of ERock, all three rock types are present.

Sedimentary rocks are those formed by the accumulation of sediment in water. They may consist of rock fragments or particles of various sizes (sandstone, shale) and of the remains of plants or coral (limestone). A characteristic feature of sedimentary rocks is known as layered bedding. Sedimentary beds lie flat. A change in the environment

would cause a subsequent change in deposits. You can still see those major changes in both the color and the texture of the beds. You can observe Cretaceous age (70 million years) sedimentary rocks forming a prominent ridge a mile or so south of ERock. Many of these layers contain fossil sea shells. Certain layers may even have dinosaur tracks. A good rule of thumb to remember is, if a rock has fossils in it—either plant or animal—it is a sedimentary rock.

The second rock type, igneous, was formed by the solidification of molten material that originated within the earth. To further complicate things, geologists have divided igneous rocks into two major types—(1) extrusive: molten rock that reached the surface and BOOM! a volcano! and (2) intrusive: molten rock that cooled before it reached the surface.

You've guessed it. Enchanted Rock is an intrusive igneous rock. When it was still molten, it probably lay

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several thousand feet below the surface where it stopped moving upward, cooled and solidified—about a billion years ago. About 700 million years ago, a 50- by 30- mile "buckle" in the earth's crust pushed up the region from Llano to Mason. Subsequent erosion exposed the ERock you see today.

The third basic rock type, metamorphic, is any rock which was altered by heat or intense pressure—or both—causing new minerals to form and creating new structures in the rock. Thus, sandstone could change into quartzite, limestone into marble and clay into slate. If a clay or shale is converted to a slate, the metamorphism is low grade; if it is converted to a mica schist containing garnet, the metamorphism is high grade.

Keep in mind that ERock is only a small part of a huge granitic intrusion covering 160 square miles. The amount of heat and pressure generated against the surrounding rock is beyond comprehension, and you would be correct if you guessed that as a result, metamorphic rock surrounds the ERock intrusion. Geologists have given this high grade metamorphism around the intrusion a name, also—Packsaddle Schist. With a little luck and a good pair of hiking boots you can find the contact between the granite and the schist near the south edge of the park. A good contact is difficult to find, however, due to vegetation cover.

So don't feel cheated if your science teacher did not take your class on a field trip to Enchanted Rock. You can

With a little luck and a good pair of hiking boots you can find the contact between the granite and the schist near the south edge of the park. A good contact is difficult to find, however, due to vegetation cover.

make up for it now as you drive through the area or climb the rock itself by keeping your eyes open and knowing what to look for. And you won't have a stupid test to dread at the end of your trip.



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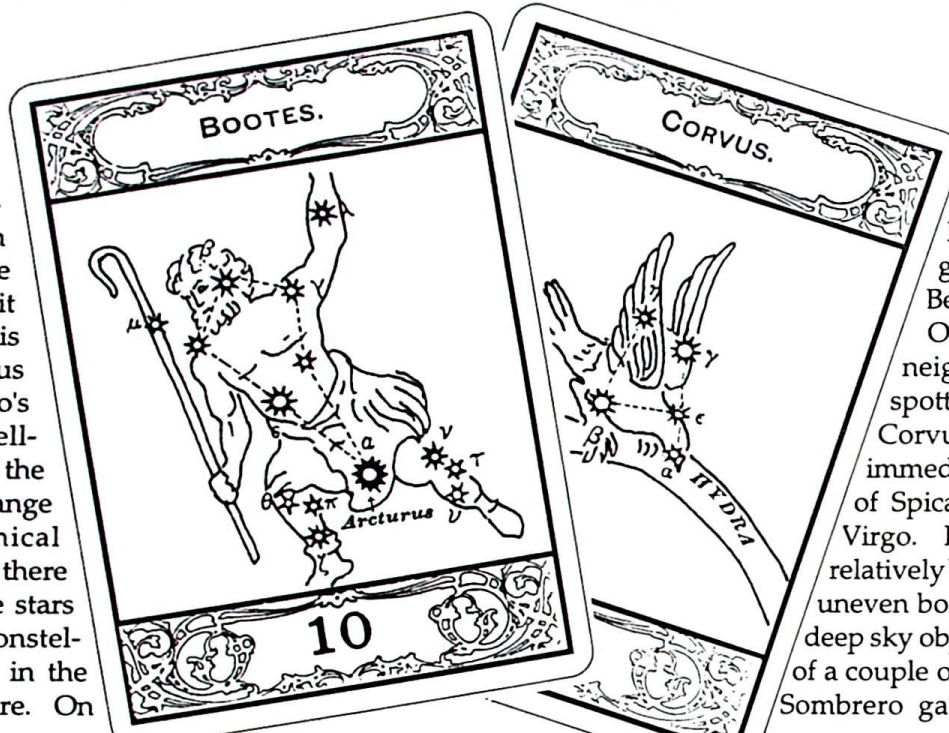
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NIGHTLIFE IN THE STARS OF MAY

In April's article we talked about the constellation Virgo, which now dominates the spring sky, whether it is April or May. This month we will focus more on some of Virgo's neighboring constellations. This time of the year is somewhat strange from an astronomical point of view in that there are fewer naked-eye stars and conspicuous constellations visible to us in the Northern Hemisphere. On



other hand if you have a moderate to large amateur-grade telescope it is a 'rich' hunting season for galaxies in Virgo, Coma Berenices and Leo. One of the obvious neighbors of Virgo easily spotted is the constellation Corvus (the Crow). It lies immediately to the southwest of Spica, the brightest star in Virgo. It is shaped from four relatively bright stars that form an uneven box. Corvus contains few deep sky objects with the exception of a couple of notable galaxies—the Sombrero galaxy and the Ringtail

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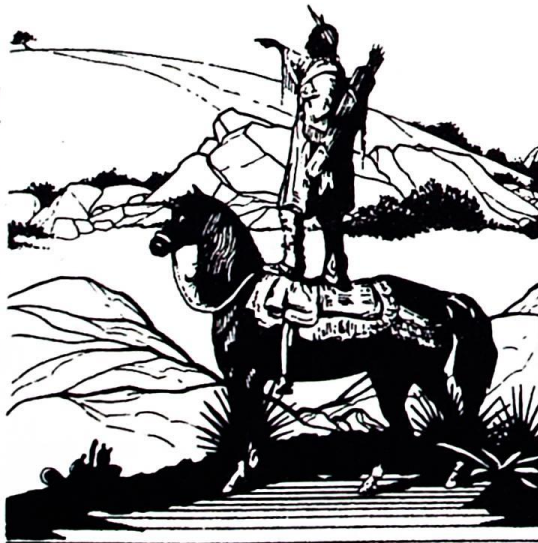
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galaxy. Both are available to moderate amateur instruments. The Navajo Indians note the constellation Corvus in their sky lore. In Navajo legend Corvus is called "Old Man with Legs Spread". I have also heard other Navajo references to the Corvus "square" as "Man with Feet Ajar."

Another close neighbor to Virgo is the constellation Boötes. The golden yellow or topaz colored star Arcturus dominates this constellation. To locate Arcturus (and thus Boötes) trace an imaginary arc in the sky starting with Spica. Trace northeast to Arcturus then slightly back to the northwest to the first star in the handle of the Big Dipper. Arcturus, "The Driver or Guardian of the Bear" is the fourth brightest star in the sky and is one of very few bright star gems of the spring sky. According to Greco-Roman mythology, Arcturus, the driver, drives Asterion and Chara, the two main stars of the constellation Ceres, Ventacici (hunting dogs) in their pursuit of the Great Bear (Ursa Major-the Big Dipper) around the pole star (Polaris). Homer referred to Boötes in the Odyssey, so this name has been used for at least 3,000 years.

Essentially, we have toured the sky from Corvus to the celestial longitude. Look at a sky map, the one in the fold out page of *Sky and Telescope* or *Astronomy* magazines, and trace tonight's route.

Look for the blue/white star Vega rising in the northeast in May. You can see the "keystone" of the constellation Hercules rising in the eastern sky on late May evenings.—a preview of what is to come in the evening sky in June. Jupiter rises around 10:30 p.m. as the month of May begins. Jupiter is now five times wider than Mars or Mercury as it appears in a telescopic view. Jupiter is a wonderful sidetrack from deep sky viewing. Try noting the four Galilean moons, the four pin pricks of light immediately adjacent to Jupiter in a magnified view from binoculars on up. Galileo first detected these four moons at 16 power with his first crude telescope. With a modern scope, you should be able to see color and structure in the Jovian atmosphere. Saturn, the other great show-piece planet is still a morning object. Look for Saturn emerging from the dawn sky about 15 to 25 degrees above the southeastern horizon in May.

The moon phases for May are as follows: first quarter moon occurs on May 7. The full moon is on May 14. The third quarter is on May 21 and the new moon, the favored time for deep sky viewing, is on May 28. So it looks like Memorial Day weekend should be dark. If it is clear, get out and view then.

May meteor showers are of the minor variety. The best possibly for some fireballs occurs on the night of May 5 when the Eta Aquarids reaches maximum. I saw two great fireballs on May 8, 1986 at the Texas Star Party at Fort Davis. They were bright enough to cast shadows from their own light.

Remember, the sky is just outside every night, so go out and behold the spectacle.

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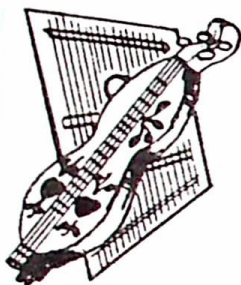
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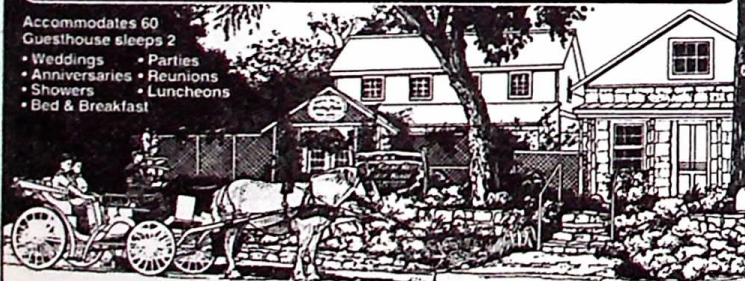
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ECOLOGY & ENCHANTED ROCK

DEVELOPING A SENSE OF PLACE

Beautiful weather, grand wildflower displays and vistas that tug at a wanderer's soul—the ingredients that make spring a season of love. Poet Robinson Jeffers refers to the process of self-identification with the natural world around us as "falling in love outward." This is the kind of relationship we must strive to create in order to develop an ecological self.

A gust of March wind scatters the winter's discards across my path; twigs, grass and other earthly detritus fleetingly somersault over the tops of my well-worn boots. Near the wash of Sandy Creek I pause to capture a wayward strand of hair and ponder this outward love. An impressive floral mass of greenish-yellow panicles, adorning *Aesculus arguta*, the Texas Buckeye, call out for admiration. I greet this small tree like an old friend who I have not seen in a while: noting changes in us both, sympathizing over tragedies and rejoicing in growth. Intermittent wafts of sweet fragrance lead me to a single shrub with small yellow flowers. Bees joyfully work amid the stiff bluish holly-like leaves of *Berberis trifoliolata*, the Agarita or Texas Currant, gathering sustenance and providing pollination for the tart red fruits that will soon follow.

I have come here today to recreate myself. Like a child, I will wander through the unusual granite forms shaped by the weathering and erosive process of time—some so whimsical they look as if they have sprung from the page of a Dr. Seuss story! Some rocks personally serve as bookmarks in chapters of my life. I stoop to watch trickles of yesterday's rain find the path of least resistance through fractured joints and rills, roughly lined with impervious quartz crystals. I am able to trace the silvery line upward to the vernal pools from where it originates. To touch the stone is to journey into time and space. As a naturalist, backpacker and novice rock climber, I have the opportunity to deeply experience the diversity of Enchanted Rock's landscape.

The first step in cultivating ecological awareness is

STEFANIE KAWECKI

The more intimately we can get to know a particular environment, the more we are able to identify with it. This intimacy comes from employing all our senses. Shifting our thinking patterns, "Protecting Enchanted Rock" becomes "Protecting that part of myself that is Enchanted Rock," and eventually "I am that part of Enchanted Rock that has evolved into a thinking consciousness."

to develop a sense of place. The more intimately we can get to know a particular environment, the more we are able to identify with it. This intimacy comes from employing all our senses. Shifting our thinking patterns, "Protecting Enchanted Rock" becomes "Protecting that part of myself that is Enchanted Rock," and eventually "I am that part of Enchanted Rock that has evolved into a thinking consciousness."

Obviously, the best way to get to know an environment is to spend as much time as possible being there, soaking up experiences. The great environmentalist John Muir advised us to look *into* the landscape, not just at it. The intricate interwoven fabric of nature will become apparent only after we become inquisitive. Do you know where this creek begins or ends? From which direction is the wind blowing? What are these flowers' names? Are these fruits edible? Is this bird migratory? Why does this community of small green plants grow only along the trail? What cultures lived here before and how did they sustain themselves? What creature is this? How does my presence impact this area? One of my most favorite questions, introduced by a professor I studied with years ago: What is the "-ness" of this place? A good starting point is with a visit. Bring a sketchbook or camera. Seek out field guides, take a class or enlist the services of one of many knowledgeable area guides. Share your new-found knowledge with a friend.

The pink sky tells me it's time to leave. Before the last light is gone, like young lovers in clandestine embrace, the wilderness and I quickly and silently exchange essential pieces of ourselves.

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VISITORS GUIDE TO THE CENTER OF THE WORLD

BY IRA KENNEDY

Enchanted Rock embodies the paradox of delicate beauty and rugged harshness. It is here wetland and desert species meet. Here too, for over 10,000 years, people have met to celebrate the seasons and ponder this awesome creation of nature.

In the spring, when the creeks are full and the rocks and hills flourish with flowers—and in the fall, when leaves turn golden-brown and the cool winds clear the air—the place is easy to love. But in the winter, when the granite slopes are icy-slick, and in the summer, when they seem to hold all the fire of the sun, The Rock can be uncommonly harsh.

This billion-year-old granite is the hard core around which the land mass of Texas formed. This is the geologic center of Texas. From almost any place in the park you can see examples representing the whole evolution of plant life—from lichen (the slowest growing plant on earth) to mosses, to ferns, to herbacious plants, to shrubs, and finally trees.

Here you will find native plants, like the Basin Bellflower, which are not only unique to this area, but almost non-existent elsewhere.

Here, too, are bedrock monos (stone grinding pits in granite boulders), and patches of lithic scatter (tiny flakes of flint left by Paleolithic Indians). These traces of ancient campgrounds attest to mankind's long tenure and attraction to this place—the holy mountain of the Hill Country. The Center of the World, in the middle of nowhere.

But you can't see the best of this place from the road, or even from the summit of The Rock itself. You have to get up close and on foot to experience this open-air natural museum in its proper light.

When hiking or backpacking at Enchanted Rock State Natural Area, remember, like an animal in hibernation, the rugged, harsh side of nature is here, always. However,

with a few provisions and sensible precautions there is far less to fear in the wilderness than on the streets and highways of civilization.

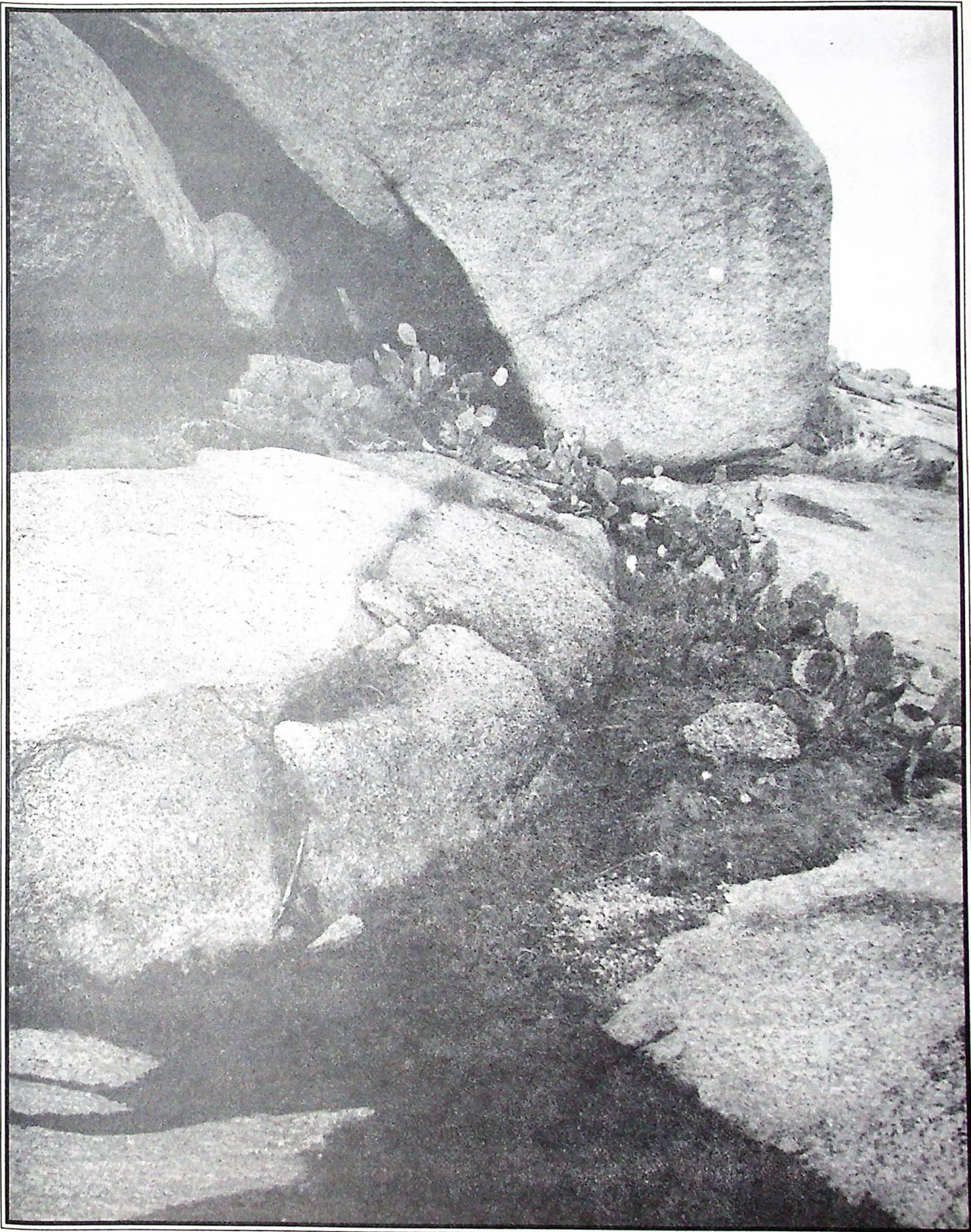
The first hazard, and the one most on the minds of recreational hikers, is rattlesnakes. The best defense is caution. Don't run in the woods, walk. Make a little noise and they'll move aside. Don't step over logs or boulders unless you can see what's on the bottom on

the other side. Step on the log or boulder and look down for snakes. The snake you don't see is usually the one that bites you. Despite frequent visits over the last 25 years, I've never seen a rattlesnake at The Rock.

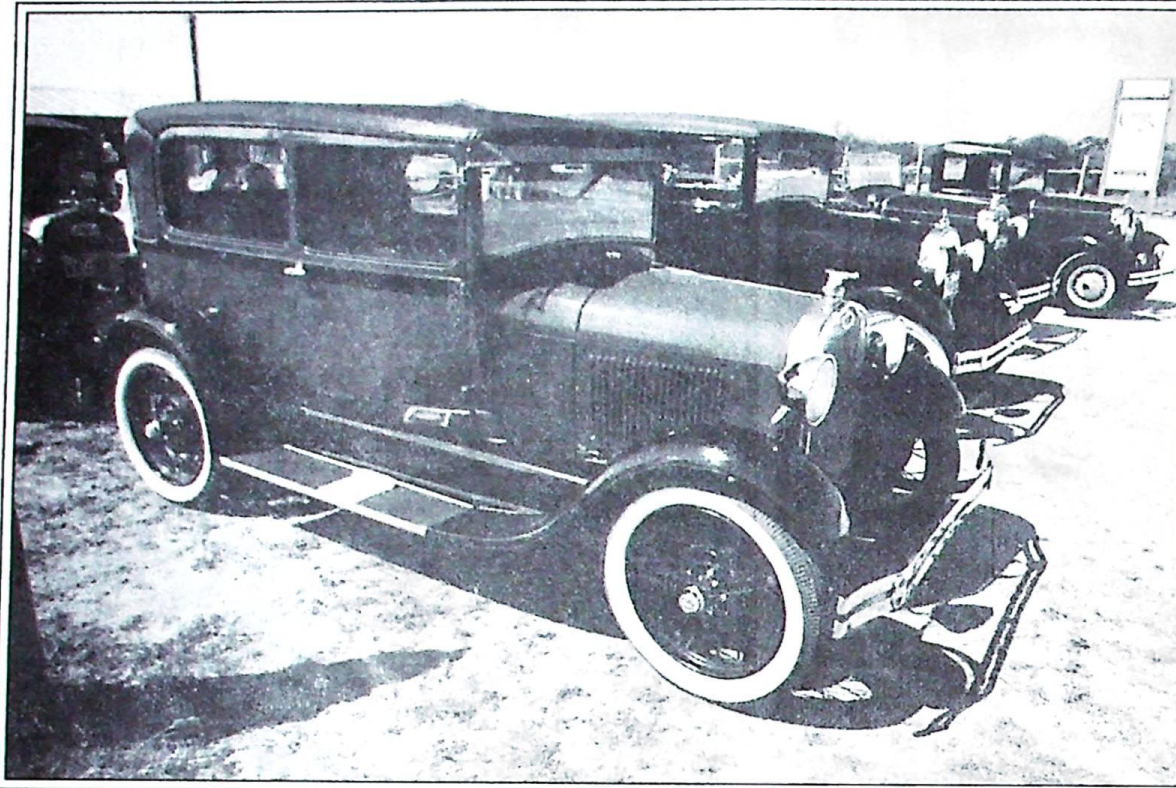
The greatest danger to hikers anywhere in Texas is dehydration and heat stroke. Distances in nature are deceptive. What appears to be a short stroll often turns out to be an ordeal, especially to hikers who start out with little more than a soft drink or beer in their hands. Alcohol actually accelerates dehydration. And soft drinks are wet but not thirst quenching.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 45

These
traces of ancient camp
grounds attest to mankind's long
tenure and attraction to this
place—the holy mountain of the
Hill Country. The Center of the
World, in the middle of
nowhere.



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THE LONE STAR MODEL A FORD CLUB celebrated their 2nd Annual Bluebonnet Tour on April 1, by driving through as much of the area as time permitted. Traveling through Burnet, Llano, and Gillespie Counties, they turned heads with their spiffy machines wherever they went. Photo by Buck Burkle.

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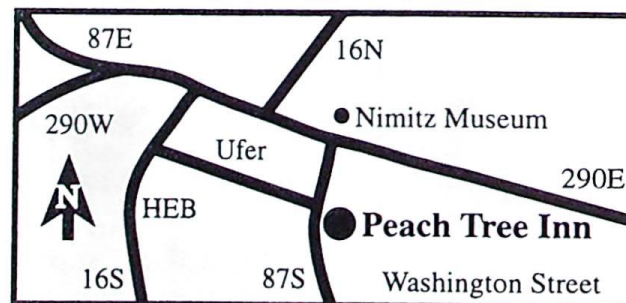
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THE CENTER OF THE WORLD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

For a day hike in the summer, a half-gallon of water per hiker is recommended. Or, assume a water intake of one gallon every ten miles for extended hikes. Symptoms of dehydration include dizziness, slow motion, nausea, drowsiness, loss of appetite, dry mouth, difficulty in breathing, the inability to walk, and finally, fainting.

Drink water, even if you're not thirsty, because thirst, or the lack of it, is no indication of dehydration. Wear loose-fitting clothing as it slows down the rate of evaporation and actually helps cool the body.

Once, I foolishly found myself dehydrated in a rugged, remote area in Burnet County, far from water. My tongue was swollen, my saliva was like chewing gum. I stopped periodically, removed my shirt, twirled it in the air and put it back on. The shirt, considerably cooled, lowered my body temperature and enabled me to reach my destination.

Prolonged rests under such conditions are risky, particularly near midday. If you must stop, don't lie down, especially in rocky areas. The surface temperature of the earth can be as much as 30 degrees cooler one foot off the ground.

When hiking at Enchanted Rock apply sunscreen and always wear rubber soled, not leather soled, shoes.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 51

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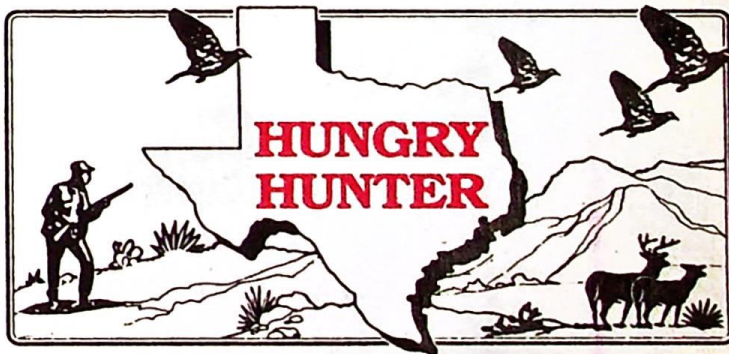
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FORT MARTIN SCOTT

Fort Martin Scott, established in December, 1848 just east of Fredericksburg on the bank of Baron's Creek, was the first of a chain of frontier forts located between Fort Worth and Fort Inge near Uvalde to protect White settlers from Indian hostilities.



Three years earlier to the month, all of the Indians of Texas had automatically become wards of the Federal Government after Texas entered statehood in December, 1845. At that time, the new State of Texas became eligible, according to national policy, for protection from self-sufficient Indians who rebelled against the idea of being wards of anyone in their native land.

The outbreak of war with Mexico that same year, however, delayed government protection for the new settlers. It was not until December, 1848 that Companies D and H of the 1st Infantry arrived under the command of Captain Seth Eastman and set up camp on the west bank of Baron's Creek to begin erecting what would eventually become the 21 buildings comprising Fort Martin Scott.

The Army originally dubbed this first Texas military installation "Camp Houston"—probably after Sam Houston, victorious leader of the Battle of San Jacinto—

BY DALE FRY

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but for reasons unknown, it eventually became known simply as "The Camp near Fredericksburg." Finally, in January, 1850, the installation received for the first time the designation "fort"—and was named after Captain Martin Scott, who had been killed on September 8, 1847, at Molino del Rey in the war with Mexico.

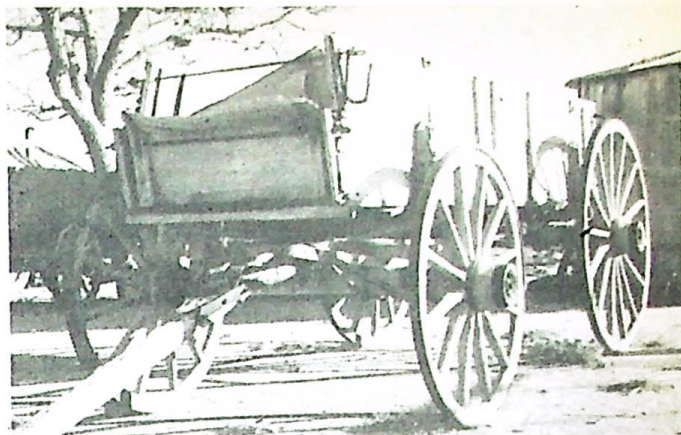
With the influx of settlers into this area of Texas, the frontier rapidly expanded some 50 and 100 miles farther out into the sheltering arms of Fort Mason and Fort McKavett, and Fort Martin Scott diminished to the status of forage depot and way-station. Mounted

The Army originally dubbed this first Texas military installation "Camp Houston"—probably after Sam Houston, victorious leader of the Battle of San Jacinto—but for reasons unknown, it eventually became known simply as "The Camp near Fredericksburg."

soldiers known as "dragoons," however, did continue their role as protectors for awhile, patrolling the area around Fredericksburg and escorting wagon trains. Occasionally they even pursued marauding Indians, but never fought or caught any of them.

It was the recommendation of Army Inspector W. G. Freeman that signaled the demise of the fort. After receiving Freeman's August, 1853 report that read in part, "There seems to me little advantage in continuing to occupy Fort Martin Scott," the Army officially abandoned the installation in December of that same year.

Today, the City of Fredericksburg owns the fort's original site, situated just east of town on U.S. Highway 290, and leases the property to the Fredericksburg Heritage Federation (FHF). The FHF, a non-profit organization, is currently reproducing the buildings of the fort, all of which, with the exception of one structure, disappeared long ago. When completed, the combination fort and park will receive designation as an historical site. At present, it is open to the public on weekends only.



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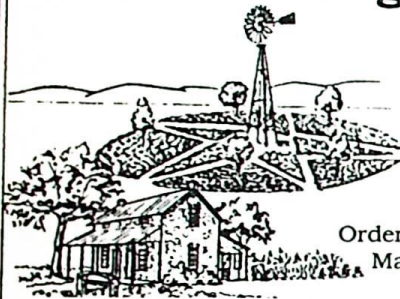


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Landowners can learn from experts about the preservation and restoration of historic structures on their property and explore their potential for historic markers or bed and breakfasts at a one-day conference at the Admiral Nimitz Museum in Fredericksburg.

The "Treasures of the Back 40" conference will be held from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on Saturday, May 13. To register by the May 1 deadline, call the Nimitz Museum at 210/997-4370, extension 221.

"Whether you have an old log cabin, stone building or barn on your property, this informal conference should be of interest to you," Nancy Inman of the Admiral Nimitz Museum, said. "While much emphasis has been placed in the Texas Hill Country on early German stone architecture, many fine frame and log structures important to our cultural heritage are often overlooked as restoration or income-generating projects."

The conference will feature architects, realtors, restoration professionals and local contractors, bed and breakfast owners and representatives of the state's historic marker program. The keynote speaker will be J. David Bamberger, a private landowner and member of the State Task Force on Texas Nature Tourism.

Alex Krueger of the Nimitz Museum said landowners should also find informative presentations on the preservation of family lands through land trusts, tax credits and conservation easements. In addition, a representative of the National Wildflower Research Center will present a session on landscaping.

Tickets for the event are \$25 by May 1 and \$35 thereafter. The fee includes conference registration, refreshments and an evening social where participants can meet one-on-one with the speakers. Co-sponsoring the event with the Admiral Nimitz Museum is the Texas Parks and Wildlife Department.

STARPARTY REPORT

The first annual *Enchanted Rock Magazine* Star Party lured over 75 night-time observers to Crabapple Crossing Country Store four miles north of E Rock.

They gathered to gaze in wonder at celestial bodies brought close to hand through the reach of the huge reflecting telescope and through the expertise of Chris Alton and Scott Mgbroff. A fine campfire and hot salsas and fiery black bean habanero soup from Jeff Campbell's Stonewall Chili Pepper Co. tempered the dark night's chill.

Worried attendees studied the cloudy skies in search of clear. Then came the sound of rolling thunder, the thunder of America's freewheelin' spirit as a proud contingent of fifteen motors representing the Harley Owners Group of Austin arrived flying the stars and stripes on the lead hog. The skies cleared.

As the dark deepened, a tall cowboy strode unannounced into the store. The lines on his face traced Texas trails and Texas smiles. It was Hill Country Cowboy Poet Frank Hill. Ira Kennedy roped him into a spellbinding performance, and

afterwards Ira cinched the poet into steady relationship as contributing cowboy poet for Kennedy's brainchild *Enchanted Rock Magazine* (see page 13).

Folks young and old gathered in the middle of a twenty acre pasture, dark as the devil, guided by a solitary little red light on the roof of an unseen pickup. For some, that night's sky was the first close examination of all of creation.

Conversations continued around the campfire at the store, and friends became fast as they spun their tales.

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THROUGH THE JELLY GLASS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

"Pearl had this interesting thing. She would tell you about twelve extremely negative, horrible stories in a row. She lived here for quite a while, and the regulars got to know her. But after about the twelfth story, people new to the hotel would get this strange look on their faces, and when the regulars saw that look they would say that the new visitors were being 'Pearlized.' At parties and stuff you'd see Pearl latch on to somebody and 'Pearlize' em!"

Gary paused long enough to catch his breath and for me to struggle back into the realms of reality, then continued pell-mell: "Let me tell you the popular amenities at the Dabbs Hotel: A free ghost with every room; squeaky beds; firm beds; soft beds; romantic slides to the middle. A moonlight swim in the river down by Red Rock; refreshing hydro-massages beneath the dam's waterfalls; a late-night walk down the tracks to the old spooky train bridge to lay on your back and watch the Milky Way and the falling stars; open windows on a cool summer eve, bringing river breezes across your bed; and a breakfast of homemade buttermilk biscuits, sweet cream gravy, hash browns, sliced garden tomatoes and Cowboy Coffee every morning."

The hard bench was telling my old bones it was time to get a move on. I looked down into the last inch of my Cowboy Coffee, jiggled the surface and watched the few vagrant grounds swim through the brew. As I raised the glass to take my last sip, my eyes focused through the wide-open window before me and caught the fine wingbeats of a great Blue Heron making its way upstream.

Time was upon us, so Ira and I (thoroughly "Garyized"), climbed back into the Rocky 4X4, Gary with us all the while, asking us to come back real soon. Ira, still grinning, navigated back to Highway 16, crossed the steel bridge (from which we could see the Dabbs Hotel perched on the steep bank of the Llano River) and then headed south toward Enchanted Rock.

LLANITE: MYSTERY ROCK OF BEAUTY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

Uplift. "The only mountain with Llanite on it is Miller Mountain, not Long Mountain," he said. "The Paleozoic rocks are much younger than Llanite, which is of Precambrian age, and therefore Llanite cannot be present on Long Mountain."

Editor's Note: In the next issue, *Enchanted Rock Magazine* will trace the origin of the world's first—and to date only—Llanite quarry, investigate the quirky properties of the stone that led to the failure of the enterprise, and present the views of experts on how to market the defiant rock on the distinctive level that it deserves.

THE CENTER OF THE WORLD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

Dehydration and improper footwear account for most of the accidents in this area. Take along a first-aid kit with band-aids to cover blisters, and tweezers to remove cactus spines. A little food, such as a trail mix of peanuts, raisins and M&Ms is also essential. On extended hikes a lightweight hammock is an excellent addition to any backpack.

Hiking maps are provided at the park headquarters. Take one. You should always have a map of the area you are entering. The Loop Trail, which encircles the major granite outcroppings, is longer than it appears on the map. There are shorter trails which are more interesting and strenuous enough for the average hiker.

Most visitors climb to the summit of Enchanted Rock and if you've never been there it's well worth the hour-and-a-half it will take round-trip. The summit is really spectacular at night, but it's easy to get disoriented in the dark if you aren't familiar with the terrain.


The east face of Enchanted Rock, by way of Turkey Peak Pass, is by far one of the most photogenic of Enchanted Rock's thousand faces. For a longer hike take the trail through Echo Canyon then follow the creekbed which meanders eastward between Freshman Mountain and Buzzard's Roost, then return by way of Sandy Creek. That route is particularly beautiful a few days after a good rain.

For a short excursion try the trail up the south side of Little Rock. To the west of the trail, about midway up, there are numerous rock shelters that are interesting to explore and they offer a welcome relief from the heat. The park is a photographer's paradise and in that respect Little Rock is far more rewarding than the Summit Trail.

Wildlife photographers, or hikers wanting quiet solitude, are well advised to strike out for Walnut Spring Creek or the area northeast of Buzzard's Roost. Most visitors (over 330,000 annually) confine themselves to Enchanted Rock or Little Rock, consequently most wildlife, except for the ever-present buzzards, make themselves pretty scarce in those areas.

If you plan on camping at Enchanted Rock Area, make your reservations months in advance. (See page 47 for details.) Day visitors need not make reservations, however, you may have to wait in line. Park visitation has reached the point of saturation. There are only so many parking spaces and once they're full, the line forms at the rear. I have seen as many as seventy five cars waiting as long as two hours to get inside. Go before noon and your chances of a short wait, or no wait at all greatly improves.

Please remember to take only pictures and leave only footprints. This ancient sacred site is now a state natural area, where everything from rocks to wildlife is protected by law. And by your kind cooperation.



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ECOLOGY & ENCHANTED ROCK

Not Taking Granite for Granted

This is the second in a series of essays that focus on developing an ecological consciousness of the Enchanted Rock Area.

Thick, green morning light filters through my tent and, like a trickster, startles me from a deep and satisfying sleep. I am suddenly catapulted from the hazy world that lay between city and wilderness where I have been teaching people not to fear ball moss, an epiphytic plant taking over the world. Just as soon as my surrealistic dream fades, my eyes focus on the all-too-real stinkbug clasping the ripstop nylon ceiling of my abode. A prehistoric-looking exoskeleton in rigid stance cleverly conceals any thoughts it may be having regarding the commotion I make getting myself dressed in so little space. I laugh out loud; now I'm entirely awake.

Inside the cabin Ira and Buck are conversing over freshly brewed coffee. Reluctantly they accept my unusual offering of strawberry pop tarts, perhaps out of sheer kindness or native sensibility. An Indian once taught me there was power to be had in food gifts. Together we discuss the evening's plans for the *Enchanted Rock Magazine* Star Party, while smoke from last night's fire finds its way through the open door and curls up like an old dog in my lap. A little later, over at the country store, Lucille, Ira's mother, finds a nice arrowhead underfoot the moment she steps from the car. It's easy to see why; her strong Cherokee features and pleasant personality exude a magical kind of magnetism for us all. Buck teases her about finding the point he just lost. The breeze picks up, gently reminding me of my early morning rendezvous with Sandy Creek.

The temperature is so crisp I don't break a sweat even though the intermittent sunshine is glorious. I follow the creek this way and that, stopping frequently to enjoy the gurgling water as it spills over granite rocks and dodges the dry clumps of golden grasses. The faint rustle of the flora adds harmony to the water's lovely song. I photograph algae that swirls like a mare's tail or weaves itself into ropes that lurk like snakes in clear pools beneath the iridescent waterfalls.

Here in the Llano Uplift, where the water is relatively

STEFANIE KAWECKI

pristine, algae is still artform. Back in my neighborhood, creeks suffer from eutrophication, where the water gets too rich from urban runoff causing a sudden proliferation of algae known as algae bloom. The creek simply chokes up. I have witnessed translucent green "fins" created by sheets of algae clinging to bowing grasses where the water has evaporated. Bubbles in the drying verdigris sludge emit a continuous popping sound not unlike milk on rice crispies, yet far from appetizing.

It is midday now and the shadows are taking siestas beneath their plants, rendering the landscape flat through my camera's viewfinder. A single white Prickly Poppy, *Argemone albiflora*, emerges from a crack in a rock and flutters gracefully atop its sturdy, seemingly untouchable stem: a study in contrast. A Blue Hairstreak butterfly lights for only a moment before taking the most circuitous route toward Freshman Mountain. High upon the craggy wall a group of climbers under instruction seem to defy gravity. The ledge on which they're standing is almost indiscernible. The peacefulness of this bucolic scene is temporarily interrupted by several dull blasts from the nearby quarry. If caring people had not worked as diligently as they did, Enchanted Rock could very well have fallen prey to dynamite and diamond saws. This marvelous geological wonderland might have unnecessarily laid down its life to become the next skin of a high-rise somewhere farther away; a place where the cool, inexplicably seductive touch of living granite is surely taken for granted.

When we interrupt the evolutionary process on an old growth forest, a creek, or majestic granite batholith, we deny nature the right to follow its own destiny.

I have a shady spot under this amiable Cedar Elm back at Crabapple Crossing, and from my collapsible camp chair I am content to spend the afternoon reading with the rock looming over my shoulder on the distant horizon. Chris, Ira, Buck and others are setting up the telescopes in the large bluebonnet strewn field. Just as I finish the *Enchanted Rock Magazine* article on eagles, the author himself appears magically out of nowhere with fishing pole in hand. I join Charles for a stroll along the creek, all the while he casts for sunfish as I capture the sunset glow in Kodachrome. We discover a small red thing floating in the water: Is it a petal? I drop to the ground for closer inspection. No, it's a being! I've never seen anything like it before. One thing's for sure, it loves this place as much as I do. The Chile Pequin with legs has changed directions, and against the current swims across the thin, silvery reflection of sky, out of sight.

Stefanie KaweckI studied environmental design and is a naturalist guide in Texas and the Southwest for **Eureka! Adventures**. She currently resides in Austin.

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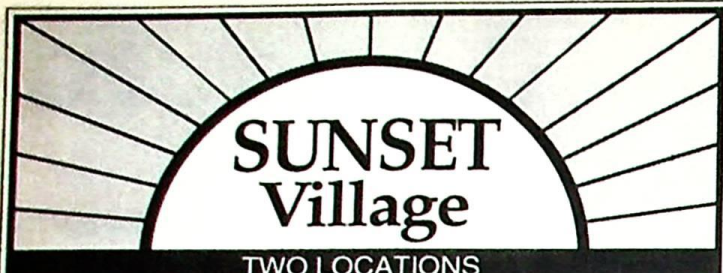
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HILL COUNTRY RUN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

scalped at the time and left for dead died only a few years ago.

"Away to the southeast I could plainly see Packsaddle Mountain. [Editor's note: Haile is mistaken. Packsaddle Mountain is to the northeast and cannot be seen from Enchanted Rock.] It was only five miles away from my old home, and it was here that a posse of brave men, armed with Winchester rifles, headed by three Moss brothers, all noted Indian fighters, were pursuing a band of marauding Indians and came upon them while they were sleeping on the crest of this mountain. There were 22 Indians in the band. The fight began at short range and from the suddenness of the attack, the Indians fell back but were soon rallied by their brave chief, who wore a shield that the bullets from the Winchesters would not penetrate. The battle raged desperately and soon three of the brave whites were wounded. But the fusillade from the remaining five was such that it caused the Indians to waver. It was only after this brave old Indian warrior had rallied his men for the third time that he was killed with a shot in the neck. This ended the fight. The Indians fled in disorder, leaving all of their belongings and dead upon the battlefield.. But I digress...

"Back in Llano, we refreshed ourselves with ice cream which was very good, and should be, for it was at Austin that the first ice cream was manufactured. The ice used at the time was made by the man who invented the ice machine. A monument erected to his memory stands in a little hamlet south of El Paso on the Southern-Pacific Railroad."



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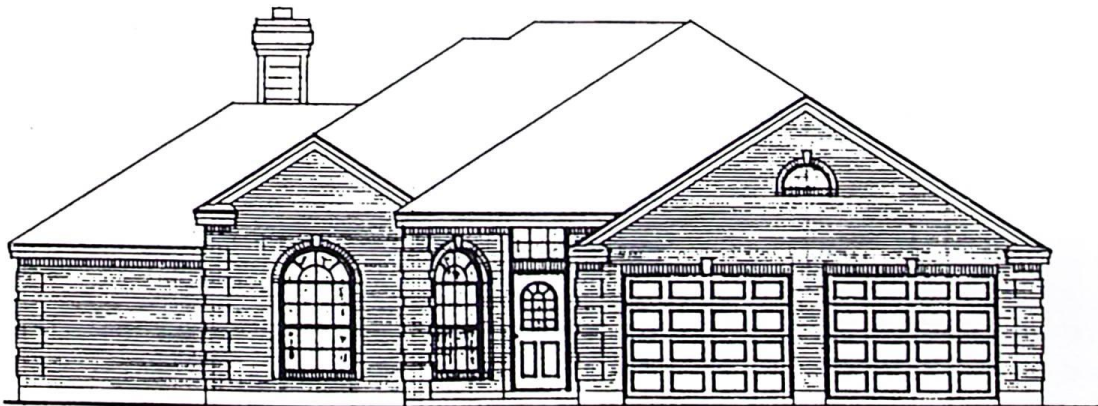
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