HILL COUNTRY MAP INSIDE: SEE PAGE 13

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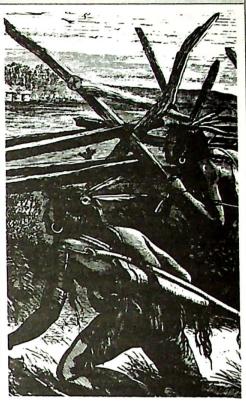
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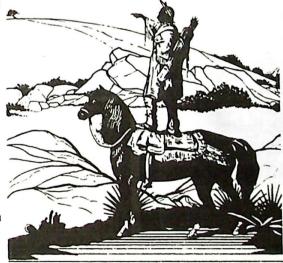
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FROM THE EDITOR

CAUTION AT EROCK

The road near ERock is a high risk area. In the past two months, cars have hit a deer, calf, cow, and feral hog—causing considerable damage to the vehicles, and more than a little trouble for the driver. Motorists should drive this road, like nearly all others in the Hill Country, with caution. And on the weekends and holidays Ranch Road 965 at the entrance to Enchanted Rock State Natural Area is particularly dangerous. Here's why:

In the past two years, weekend day-visits have increased dramatically. This past year that trend has led to a bottleneck at the park entrance. There are only so many parking spaces in the park. Once those spaces fill up, all late arrivals have to wait on the roadside until someone leaves—otherwise, the result would be disaster: traffic jams in narrow roadways, fender-benders, injured pedestrians, and so on...

If you arrive at ERock after noon on the weekend, expect to wait. The later you arrive, the longer you will wait. Beginning around 5 p.m. the traffic starts to clear again. While you are waiting, be patient. It may not help to ask park employees, who are stuck on the asphalt for hours on end, how long your wait will be. It all depends on the number of cars waiting in front of you, and how fast the cars in the park leave. As many as seventy-five cars have backed up outside the gate. It took the last in line two hours to enter the park.

Be careful while you're in line. This is a busy highway with traffic moving in both directions and parked on both sides of the road. People of all ages get out of their cars to stretch their legs, walk the dog, take pictures, picnic, and so on... In the middle of all this, parks employees are trying to answer questions, control traffic, and protect the safety of people, pets, wild

ENCHANTED ROCK

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critters, and property. Under these conditions, it is essential that everyone cooperate with park officials. Failure to do so could result in an injury to yourself or another. The conditions here are so hazardous a serious accident is an unpleasant possibility.

One other note: Please do not call Enchanted Rock State Natural Area to make camping reservations. You can't. All Reservations must be made through TP&W headquarters. See page 34 for details.

IRA KENNEDY

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YES, I WANT TO SUBSCRIBE TO THE ENCHANTED ROCK MAGAZINE FOR ONE YEAR (TWELVE ISSUES). ENCLOSED IS MY CHECK OR MONEY ORDER FOR \$25.

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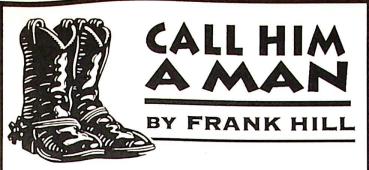
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ou can call him a cowboy, sodbuster, or plowboy; Any handle that fits when you work on the land. Cash crops 'n' cattle, homesteads 'n' saddles, He's the last of his kind, so just Call Him A Man.

Nineteen-seven, when the range was still Heaven; Grasses so deep, horizons so wide, A man built his dreams on his visions of springtime; A home in the valley for himself and his bride.

Through sunsets 'n' cactus 'n' lifetimes of practice He'd ride through the pages of time. Rich in tradition with a poor man's condition, Lucky if he owns a dime.

Years of depression left a blazing impression, River banks and bankers both ran dry. Dust got all his dreams, and the summer sun screams, "You're too young to be old, too proud to wonder why."

His pickup replaces dirt road ruts 'n' traces, Buckboards 'n' singletree wagons. But he still keeps his horses, they help him, of course, Whenever he goes to braggin'.

His autumn years find him all alone, and behind him Are the dreams he'll never fulfill.

But, he always enjoys a beer with the boys—

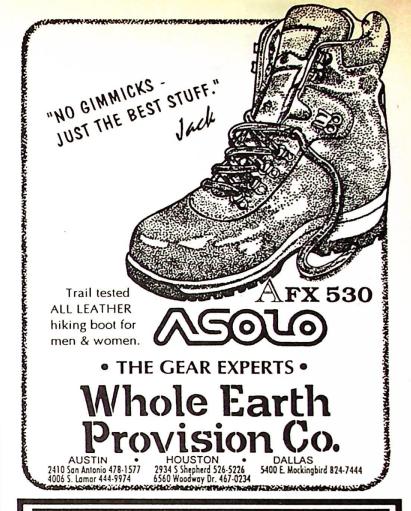
Their lies reinforce each others' free will.

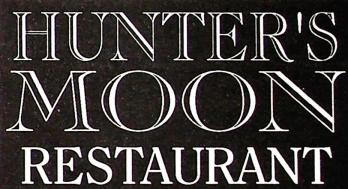
His body is sun burnt, he's bawdy 'n' unlearnt; His wisdom is that of the sage. Wears chaps on his legs, but his thoughts never beg To undo the losses of age.

His "Whoopie-ti-yi-yo," its a-gettin' kind o' slow As it blends with the wrinkles and the gray. But, his visions of Freedom and outlaws who cheat 'em Are still clear as the crystals on his winter's day.

With spirit, unbroken. Heard, but unspoken; Like wind that comes from the cold. With smoke from old chimneys 'n' shadows of mem'ries; Blowin' South, toward Old Mexico.

So, just call him a cowboy, sodbuster or plowboy; Any handle that fits when you work on the land. Cash crops 'n' cattle, homesteads 'n' saddles, He's the last of his kind, so just Call Him A Man.





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LETTERS

Thanks Again...

Thank you for making the Houston Arboretum field trip to Enchanted Rock one that all of us will always remember. Everyone said that your guided tour was the highlight of the weekend.

Thank you for suggesting that we climb the Rock on Saturday night to observe the stars. The stars on that night were big and bright deep in the heart of Texas.

Please come visit the new Arboretum building when you come to Houston.

With much appreciation, Rock Robinowitz

And Again...

Many thanks. I enjoyed your talks on the history of Enchanted Rock and the many other topics that you are so knowledgeable on.

I have sent my son, Sam, a copy of your magazine and am enclosing his name and address so that should you desire, you can contact him when you next visit the Santa Fe, Albuquerque area. Should you get to Houston, give us a call.

Sincerely, M.J. "Bubba" Silver

Copy Please

In case this letter, late as it is, no longer brings any recollection of who I am—my husband and I were in the Houston Arboretum group camping at Enchanted Rock recently. The naturalist, Bob Lever, and I were very much interested in your information about Native American history and your Sacred Geography talk.

I have yet to find a copy of your magazine locally. Today I talked to Susan Sander at our Riverside Nature Center (where I do volunteer work), and she didn't know of the existence of the magazine, but says that she would like very much to have the necessary information. If you could send me one more copy, I'll pass it along and she can approach the board about a subscription.

Rudi and I enjoyed your guided walk and your company before lunch immensely. If there is any chance that you might wander into our area, please be sure to give us a call. The canyon wrens, cardinals, walking sticks and other good people around the house will always welcome the right kind of visitor!

> Sincerely, Jan Winzinger

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ROCK CLIMBERS: Edell Gloor (62), Ruby Morris (86), Jackie Gloor Bailey (41), Gene Gloor (73), and Jlm Balley (55) pause to pose for a memorable picture on the summit of Enchanted Rock.

377 Years on The Rock

Remember, we stopped in after the climb (up Enchanted Rock) for T-shirts and refreshments (at Crabapple Crossing).

I told you about our trip to the top of Enchanted Rock.

You said, "Send me a picture and I will publish it."

This was our second year to climb Enchanted Rock. Last year we started the tradition of making the climb on April 8, which was our 43rd anniversary.

We do it with the Baileys (our children) from Fredericksburg. This year we included another family member, Gene Gloor's sister, who will be 86 on June 15. Her name is Ruby Morris from Eagle Lake. Not pictured is Edell's brother Emmett Wright from Birmingham, Alabama.

The party of six climbers totaled 377 years.

Edell Gloor League City, TX

Information Please

I recently read I could get information regarding Enchanted Rock State Natural Area, including a copy of "Enchanted Rock Magazine" from you.

Please send me a copy of the magazine, as well as any rules/regulations you have pertaining to camping and climbing. Thank you!

> Patrick Florence Albuquerque, NM

More Information

I am writing my second traditional western novel, using the Texas Hill Country as my setting. Would you please send me historical information on the Enchanted Rock? I need to know about the Comanche fears and reverence of the Rock.

> Sincerely, E. Von Flatern Melbourne, FL

Professional Praise

Your magazine is a great contribution to Texas history and folklore!

Nancy Roterts

[Roberts, a resident of Charlotte, NC, is a popular Southern author of more than twenty books and holds a degree in Comparative Literature from the University of North Carolina. She frequently lectures on folklore and creative writing. Currently, she is writing a novel and including Enchanted Rock as one of her settings.]

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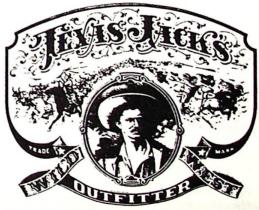
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THE HISTORY MINE

REMEMISCENCE OF WILLIAMS

It is well known that a good many families from Louisiana had settled in Texas prior to the introduction of Austin's Colonists. Few of them, however, left a record of their adventures, hence the value of this brief account written down from dictations of T.J. Williams by his granddaughter.

was born in Arkansas in the year 1807. My father moved to the Washington Mountains when I was very young. We lived there three years; our nearest neighbors were twenty-five and thirty miles. We then moved to Red River, settled at the mouth of what is now called Williams Creek. My parents had six children, three boys and three girls. My youngest brother and sister died while we were there of whooping cough, as we could not get them any medical aid. In the year 1817, this was the first year we lived there, my father and two oldest brothers Daniel and a man named Gabe Martin killed sixty-three bears, the summer following sixty-five buffaloes. In 1818 we moved up Red River three hundred miles above the Settlement, on the west side of the River and camped and commenced to build a large cedar house, when the United States troops came up and burned us out, said they thought we were on the wrong land; they set fire to eight places on our place; then we moved back to Jonesbury near the same settlement we moved from. In 1819 we moved up to the head of Blue River, we moved our cattle with us; we went up there to catch Buffalo calves; did not have much success; moved back to Jonesbury the same year.

In 1820 we started to Texas; had no wagon, depended on pack horses. Mother and my sisters and sick brother Benjamin rode the three pack horses. Father, John

Ingrame and myself walked and drove the hogs and cattle. Father led one of the horses and helped to drive the cows.

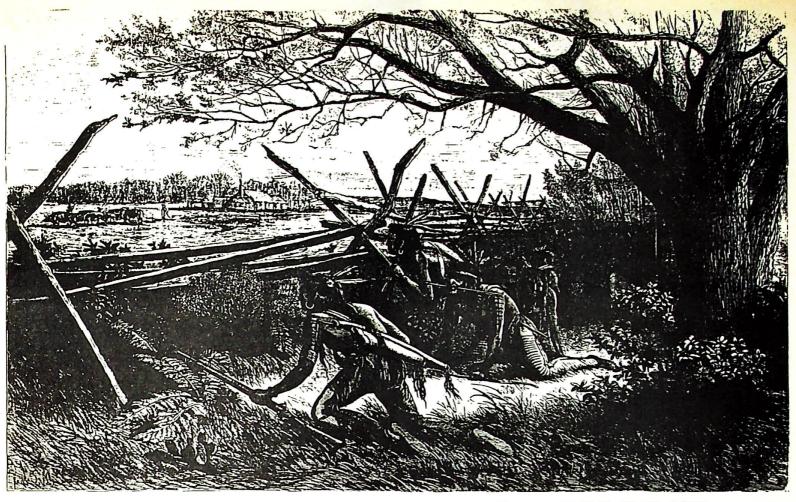
One day John and I went too fast, got so far ahead of the rest, they camped before they got to us. We had to camp alone, and had nothing to eat with us, but an old crazy man came to us and had a duck that he had scared a hawk away from; he gave us half, we broiled it and had a nice supper.

On the 15 day of December we got to the Brazos River, we dined on pecans. We had been without bread for two months. Father started out hunting next day; was gone eight days. Bontic kept us in turkey, and Brother Ben killed two deer, but we lived on pecans and honey most of the time.

Father got home next day after Christmas with two horses loaded down with half dried buffalo meat. All this time we had neither bread nor salt.

On the 27th of December we packed up and moved down the Brazos thirty-five or forty miles, on the east side. We built a camp and cow pen and was splitting rails to make a field. Father went out to take a bear out of a tree, and I went with him.

Next day Johnny and I was out in the bottom killing possoms, and about twenty-five miles, or thirty Tonkways came to us. We took them to the house with us. They were tame. I went out to look out for the horses and



INDIANS IN AMBUSH PREPARING TO ATTACK SETTLERS. DRAWN BY W.M. CARY. 1868

found the colt a few steps from its mother, dead, and covered up with leaves—knowing it to be the work of a panther, I went home for my dogs and gun, the dogs soon trailed and treed it. When I was taking aim to fire, it leaped into the air and fell to the ground, and the dogs covered it. I ran up but found it dead; knowing that the dogs could have not killed it, I was very much puzzled, but, on looking behind me a few steps the mystery was solved, for standing and smiling at my perplexity was a Tonkaway Indian; he had killed the panther with his noiseless but deadly weapon, the bow and arrow. The Tonkaways were friendly with the Whites so I had nothing to fear from him.

Father and Bostic was gone twenty days and Jones and I were the only men left at home to guard the families and stock, which was then in continual danger from the Redskins. When we went to bed at night we did not know what our fate would be before the morrow's sun.

In 1822 Stephen F. Austin landed at the mouth of the Colorado River with some families. Father and Bostic taken the pack horses and went to move them up to the settlement. They moved a family named Fayton. From them Father got a barrel of flour, the first bread of any kind we had seen in eighteen months. Some of the smaller children [torn] the bread was taripons, and [torn] and most

burned up trying to [torn] crawl before Mother could tell them it was really [torn]. [Torn places probably read as follows:- "thought the bread was terrapins and almost burned it up trying to make it crawl before Mother could tell them if was really something to eat."—Editor.]

In 1821 January Father and Mother and sisters Nancy and Mary crossed the Colorado. We were the first family that crossed the Colorado River.

S.F. Austin came the 18 of July of the same year; stayed from Saturday till Monday with us. We lived at the mouth of what is now known as Williams' Creek. We stayed there till the Spring of 1823. [This seems to refer to a Williams Creek, probably in North Texas. Ed.]

Bostic and I went after the rest of the things belonging to Payton. We had a splendid trip and got another barrel of flour for our work. The following are the names of the families that came that time: Brights, Smalley, Ralls, Hunter, Paton and Kinchels.

In July of the same year father had to cross the river for some cause, leaving Mother and my two sisters and myself alone. A party of Tonkaways were camped in our yard, and after dark they began screaming and firing of their guns, crying "Comanches! Comanches! they come!" Well as the Comanches were on the war path you

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TJ WILLIAMS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

can imagine we were pretty badly frightened. We left the house and spent the night in the woods, about two miles from home. It was late the next morning before we returned home, but was so lucky as to find that Father had returned during the night. The Tonkaways told him the Comanches and Towacanoes had been there and frightened us away. But they lied. The Comanches had not been there at all [illegible] raised the alarm to frighten us off, so they could plunder the house. Father was very angry with them, and drove them off from our place.

February 15, 1823, we were again troubled with Indians. They came to Daty's and Rabb's first as they lived above us. The Comanche Indians were about two hundred strong. Wm. Rabb killed them a beef, and sent us word they were coming. As soon as they left, Daty and Rabb taken their families and went to Cumnings Creek.

I was out hunting the horses and met the Indians' advance guard. We had a very strong picket fence around our house and kept the gate bared. The Indians went on home with me. Father let me and three of the Chiefs in, and left the rest outside. One old Chief with a large silver buckle on his hair was highly insulted at not being let in; he went around trying the pickets; finally he found a weak place, where the dirt had been dug away, when we made the chimney. He pulled off a picket and let all the Indians in. They stayed in a while, and he made them all go out except the Chiefs. They said they wanted beef and salt, and powder and lead. Father gave them a large barren cow, but he had none of the other things to give them. We sent John Haddon out to hunt up all the white men he could to come and make a treaty with the Indians, but Haddon only went as far as where Columbus now stands: then we sent Jesse Roberson. The second day four of our men came in sight from hunting the Indians, saw them and all broke for them, some horseback and some afoot. They took them to be Tonkaway Indians, and intended to kill them, but when they saw they was white, they came back to the house again. We had a case of honey hanging in the gallery and one old Indian came along and cut one of its legs off and commenced sucking the honey. Mother saw him and it made her very angry, so she slapped him in the face. He tried to dodge the lick and by so doing fell sprawling on his back. He got terribly mad and the rest of the Indians laughed at him; they thought they were disgraced to be hit by a squaw.

At last we got twenty-three men together James

Ross was head man. We made a treaty with them. They stayed there all next morning; then they left. Next day Father moved the family and his cattle and hogs, and such things as he could across the Colorado River. Next day he went back after the rest of his things. While he was there he saw about fifty of them same Indians coming back; he left with as much [illegible] as possible. The Indians destroyed everything they could on the place; then they went on.

Then Father came [illegible] we moved down to Cumnings about three miles from Columbus. The Tokaways stayed with us; they were terrible afraid of the Comanchees. We stayed there three months and had a small school. Nick Gillard was our teacher; then the Tonkaways commenced getting rite sausy, and we were getting afraid of them; then Robert Brotherton and John C. Clark, and two other men whose names I don't remember, went down to the mouth of Scull Creek to look at the land. Brotherton was horse back, and Clark and the other three men in a canoe. The Cranks and Colks (Indians) got after them; they shot three arrows in Brotherton, and wounded the men in the canoe. Brotherton came up to the settlement

A party of Tonkaways were camped in our yard, and after dark they began screaming and firing of their guns, crying "Comanches! Comanches! they come!" Well as the Comanches were on the war path you can imagine we were pretty badly frightened.

and the other three men escaped in the canebrake; they were all wounded very bad, but they all lived. When Brothereton told us about it we raised 18 men and went down there and run them off; we did not get to kill very many.

An old Tokaway Chief went with us; he had about twenty Indians with him, but they all left us except the old SEE TJ WILLIAMS, PAGE 21





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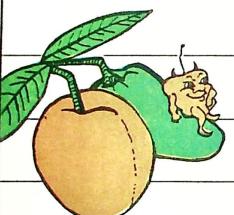
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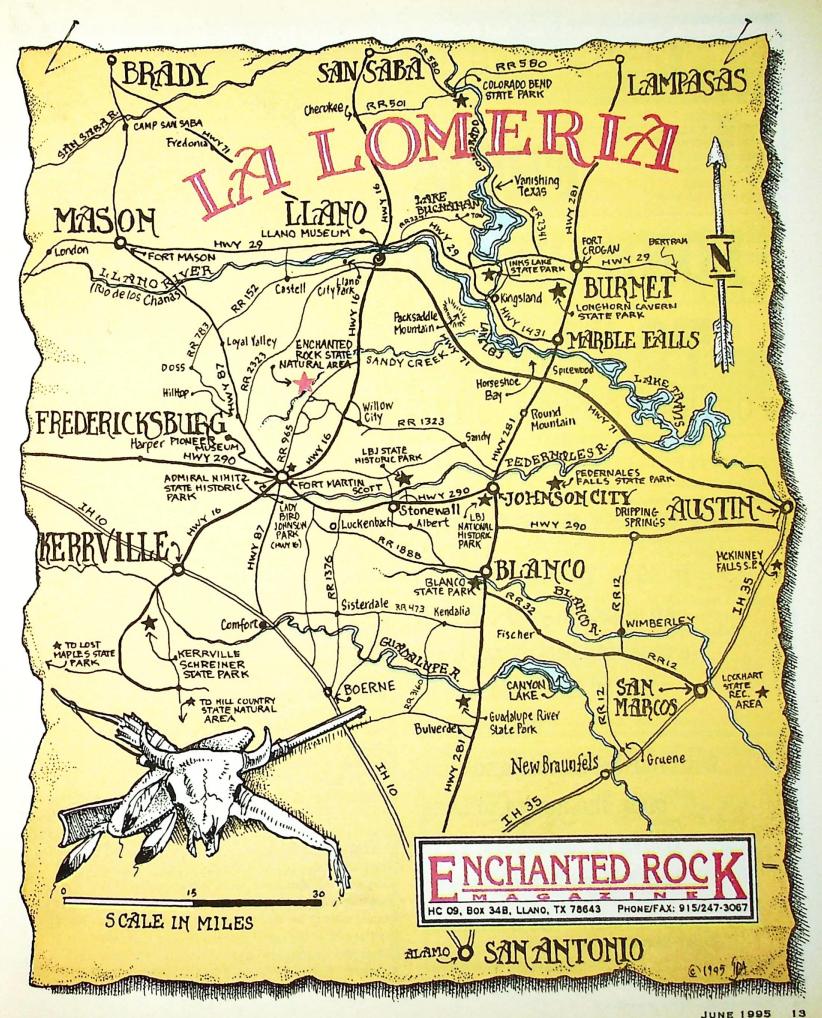
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an eighteen year-old with a teaching certificate from Daniel Baker College in Brownwood.

With her certificate and a job offer she moved to Lone Grove in Llano County to begin her life-long career as a teacher.

DRAWING BY IRA KENNEDY



his was a woman ahead of her time. She was independent in a time when independence in women was not considered a virtue. Her determination to be her own person and fulfill her dreams defined her life and her career. Thelma's underlying strength of character is typical of all great women in history.

Four teaching positions were open in the Lone Grove school system, and Thelma was hired as one of two high school teachers. In addition to her teaching responsibilities, she had to clean the classroom, keep wood in the potbellied stove, sponsor extra-curricular activities, and take part in all community affairs. That included attending church every Sunday and replacing the pastor when he was absent from the pulpit. For these responsibilities she received a monthly salary of eighty dollars.

In those days, the community closely scrutinized its teachers, and in Lone Grove "conservative" and "community" were practically one word. On one occasion a school board member invited Thelma to a dance he was giving for his children in his home. She felt duty-bound to attended the party, but decided beforehand not to set foot on the dance floor. She knew what was expected of her, and not dancing was part of the unspoken contract. Well, once the music started her feet developed a mind of their own, and by the end of the party she had danced more than a few times and thoroughly enjoyed herself. The next day, however, found her worried and wondering if she still had a

teaching job. But she put her fears aside when a board member assured her all was well: her "night out" had not jeopardized her job.

After teaching at Lone Grove for two years, Thelma and all the other teachers were fired. In that time and place, it was not uncommon at all for the school board to fire teachers simply because it wanted new faces in the classroom. This sudden turn of events devastated Thelma. The Great Depression was still doing its worst to the country, and jobs of any kind were scarce. Unable to find work, Thelma, with characteristic determination, returned to college and earned her degree in 1934.

But her time at Lone Grove had been good to her. When she left the community she took with her, to her credit, more than two years of teaching experience; and while there, she had met Bill Faris, whom she married in 1939; and they parted in 1988 when Bill passed away.

Thelma's desire to teach began in earliest childhood, and that commitment has never waivered. She loves children and the teaching profession. Thelma retired in 1976 after five years at Buffalo School in Coleman County and twenty four years in the Austin public school system. It was then Thelma and Bill returned to Llano County, and she began her second career as a substitute teacher. Her dedication was never more clearly defined than when a fellow sub in Llano suggested they get together and ask for a raise. Thelma laughed and replied that she would actually substitute for nothing.

Before she retired from substitute teaching, Thelma's efficiency, enthusiasm, sense of humor, and especially her story-telling abilities, earned her the title "Super Sub." As a story-teller Thelma kept students from kindergarten through the fifth grade spellbound. Even the teachers were enthralled.

Last fall the Llano Elementary School children celebrated Heritage Day, Llano's annual community-wide celebration. Students were encouraged to tell stories of their ancestors and dress the part. Thelma was invited to describe her teaching experience in Lone Grove. In the spirit of the event, Thelma arrived dressed as a 1930s school teacher and spoke to a packed gym of elementary students. At the end of her performance, six hundred people, including the students and staff, rose as one to give her a standing ovation.

Thelma is 82 years old now and no longer substitutes, but she serves two days a week as a volunteer in the elementary school library, telling and reading stories to the children. In years to come, hundreds of former Llano students will recall with fond memories one classy lady who loved teaching and story-telling. Thelma is an unsung hero of the teaching profession, and we are reminded again that one life, filled with dedication and professionalism, really can make a difference.

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THERE'S GOLD IN THEM THAR HILLS!

(BUT NOT VERY MUCH)

o you remember the last time you had a cold and ran a fever? You probably took a couple of aspirins and went to bed and survived to go back to work a day or so later. But there is a type of fever which could not only take years to get rid of, it could also bring you a great deal of fun and outdoor pleasure before you're cured—if there is a cure. What is it? Gold fever!

Gold fever is contagious to both men and women, but for some reason men have less resistance to it. The symptoms are as follows: The victim complains continually of the need for fresh air and sunshine; has a blank expression and is inattentive to family and friends; mumbles to self; frequently checks miner's catalogs and rock shops; and makes secret phone calls to other victims.

The treatment is to load up the shovel, pan and sluice box and head for Gold Country. For those of us who live in East and Central Texas, this means the Hill Country around Llano.

Gold, as defined in a geological dictionary, is a heavy, soft, yellow, ductile, malleable metallic element, its atomic number 79, atomic weight, 196.967 and specific gravity 19.32. In other words, it's a heavy metal.

Because gold is heavy, it will tend to work its way down to the bedrock and get trapped in cracks, crevices or pockets. Knowing just that and using a little common sense, gold can be found in many of the rivers, streams and washes around Llano.

These gold concentrations are called placers. In a dry wash, you must dig down in the gravel until you hit bedrock. Then, with a dust pan and a small broom, carefully brush the dirt from the cracks into your dust pan and dump it into a big bucket. (Some people use a portable wet/dry vacuum.) After you have filled several buckets, you head for the nearest stream and "pan" for the gold.

A gold pan, a circular steel dish ten to sixteen inches in diameter at the top, and from two to two and one-half inches deep, has sides that slope 34 to 40 degrees to the horizontal. You place a pan of your collected gravel in water and stir it by hand to break up any lumps or clay; then you pick out larger stones and give the pan a shake to settle any heavier particles. From time to time you tilt the pan and with your extended thumb push off the surface layer and continue shaking. If you do all of this right, at the end of the

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operation you should have black sand (magnetite) and gold. What a sight when you hit paydirt! An experienced panner can pan about a cubic yard of gravel a day.

When working gold placer deposits in a river or stream, prospectors use gas powered siphons to dredge the sand and gravel in the cracks and pockets of the bedrock on the bottom of the waterway. Prospectors then run the material through a sluice box to catch the gold. Sounds simple; but someone has to dive down and operate the siphon hose.

Once again, people have reported finding gold in many areas of the Llano Uplift, but only traces. I suspect that if there were any significant gold deposits, they eroded away and washed into the oceans eons ago. Traces of gold exist in Cretaceous (70 million years) and Eocene (55 million years) sandstones and limestones in the counties of Williamson, Bastrop, Caldwell, Gonzales, Uvalde and Medina. Geologists believe that most of the gold in the Llano Uplift washed into rivers that eventually deposited it into the ancient Texas coastline.

The only mine in the Llano area that produced documented gold came from the Heath Mine five miles northeast of Llano. After the discovery of gold at that site in the 1890s, the mine operated periodically from 1896 to 1916, creating several shafts (one over six hundred feet deep), trenches and prospect pits. But the enterprise produced no gold in commercial quantities, and suspended operation in 1916.

One interesting site to visit is an arrastre located at the juncture of FM 3347 and Walnut Creek in the very northwest corner of Blanco County. (An arrastre is an apparatus for grinding and mixing ores by the action of a heavy stone dragged round on a circular bed.) This arrastre, twelve feet in diameter and six inches deep, used horsepower and a mill-stone to crush gold-bearing Hickory Sandstone (Cambrian Age—600 million years). The 1887 operation didn't recover much gold, but the historical arrastre is still there for viewing.

Even Sandy Creek, which runs by Enchanted Rock, has yielded very fine flakes of gold in the past, but I'm sure the Park Service would take a dim view of anyone digging up the creek and panning for gold. And I probably don't need to remind you that all the land in the Llano area is privately owned, and you must ask permission from the owners to do any gold prospecting or panning.

So if you happen to catch the gold fever, remember that medication is useless, but the disease is rarely fatal. You may be able to find at least a partial cure here in the Hill Country. Then again, the fever may just whet your appetite for some really serious gold-hunting out in the Wild West.



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YOU THE STORY WOULDN'T OF A LOST BELIEVE ME SPANISH BOAT IF TOLD YA

BY CHARLES TISCHLER

n one perfect clear winter afternoon I happened to stop at a roadside enterprise housed in a conglomeration of buildings. Soon I was talking with the owner of the place. His denim overalls and red plaid shirt shed little light on his savvy of Hill Country artifacts. As my eyes adjusted to the dark I saw out of the comer of my eye a little boat of ancient hand-hewn wood. My travels have taken me to the realms of ancient things on three continents and I was shocked to feel the centuries call to me from that unlikely comer. I didn't say anything right away.

That old hull made everything else in the place seem only shop worn. With a jab of my thumb toward the corner where the boat lived, I asked, "What about that?" That's when the man bent down closer to me, glanced over his shoulder for eavesdroppers, looked deep into my eyes and said low and slow, "You wouldn't believe me if I told you."

"I just might," I said.

The man gathered himself and launched into a rapid-fire tale.

"The Spanish built their missions, you know, like over at Goliad; the 1550's —1644. Same period of time. There was one over at Hunt, which is the headwaters of the Guadalupe. The old mission, Our Sister of Guadalupe, was near there. This boat was deployed in that period of time, of course we have no way of knowin' just when.

"I was at a ranch in '89," the man explained, "and I bought an old log cabin. I broker architectural antiques. And, as I was getting ready to leave, an old man who was the conservator of the estate I was buyin' said, 'There is somethin' up here between the goat barns that you might want. There is an old water trough that used to be a boat; and the story, that was told to me by the previous owners, was thathis dad and his uncle had found the boat down in the river when they were swimmin' as kids.'"

The man dropped his conservator's voice and took

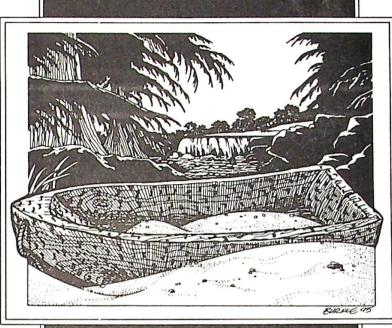
back over the tale, "That would have been around the turn of the century. around nineteen-two. nineteen-four in that range. They found that bow stickin' up out of the sand and they dug it out as kids will, you know. That section of the river was called the goose-

necks and you can see on the maps that it makes about five little curves. And that's where they found this boat and they dug it out.

"Their old man 'wrist augured' the hole in the bow that you can see and then stood in the middle of it, hitched it to his mules, cracked his whip and drove it up to the house. Wouldn't that be a peculiar sight, this old boat draggin' across the field? Anyway, they got it up there and put it on the fence line and used it as a waterin' trough. They didn't care that it was a boat, it was a waterin' trough to them. And I know that keeping the boat full of water preserved it for seventy seven years. All the patching you see is not for keepin'

the water out. That's why the patches are on the inside, not on the outside.

"To make a long story short, I bought it. Didn't pay much for it. I thought it was a watering trough.



"ALL THAT LITTLE BOAT WAS, WAS A ROCKET SLED TO THE SPANISH ARMADA. THAT'S TRUE. THE WHOLE THING IS, THAT BOAT WASN'T FOR FISHING, HECK, YOU CAN THROW A ROCK ACROSS THE RIVER, YOU CAN WADE ACROSS IT JUST ABOUT ANYWHERE. ALL IT WAS USED FOR WAS RAPID TRANSIT TO THE GULF.

When we got it here I inquired about its origin from a friend from the historical society. who constantly comes in and noses around. 'What do you think it is?' he asked me.

"I said, I don't know; I think it's a boat or a waterin' trough, or something.

"The historian said, 'Naw, I think I know what it is; I'll be back in a few days.'

"Three weeks later he came back with a book called the Panhandle Pilgrim. It's the story of the Spanish exploratory period in Texas. As we stood by the unusual object, he went through the whole darn scenario and told me all about it.

"'A raised pointed bow and square stern-who built boats like that?' the historian asked rhetorically. 'Not Indians, and the settler's didn't realize you could use boats like that in those rivers. Spaniards!' he exclaimed. 'That kind of boat was in their drawings. That was their

heritage. Raised pointed bow, square stern. Spanish Galleon. And if you lay it down and look at it, it looks like a little Spanish Galleon.'

"The historian concluded, "The Spaniards at





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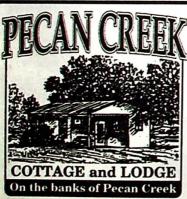


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YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

the Mission on the Guadalupe would wait until the rains would come, a big rain. Then they would launch their craft for the downstream run on the swollen river. And that's where they built their missions—at the headwaters of these rivers."

The man never broke eye contact with me. He paused and then went on, "Where was the Spanish Armada parked? Indianola Bay. Where does the Guadalupe Rivergo? Indianola Bay. And they'd wait for a big rain, hop in their boat, two or three of 'em, and take the boat like a jet sled to the Gulf, that boat was just firewood when they got there. They would then pack train back to the mission with supplies.

"All that little boat was, was a rocket sled to the Spanish Armada. That's true. The whole thing is, that boat wasn't for fishing, heck, you can throw a rock across the river, you can wade across it just about anywhere. All it was used for was rapid transit to the Gulf.

"It's solid Texas Cypress, hand-hewn." The owner took his eyes from mine and gazed at his old treasure, "You know, there's something about that boat."

Something, indeed.

As I drove north toward Fredericksburg I though of little else besides that boat. That boat didn't end up as firewood in Indianola Bay. It was found in a sandbar hundreds of miles from its planned destination. What had happened to the men on board? Had their attempt to surf a wild Guadalupe flashflood backfired? Did these men perish in the roiling floodwaters, or did they survive? Only God knows.

Still, from time to time I ask, what would be said if that old boat could talk? I have no clear answers.

The present day owner of the lost Spanish boat chooses to remain in the background. He is far too busy to stop his important work and to allow gawkers their way. This man is responsible for breathing life back into many relics of the hills and he's way behind. He was kind enough to share this story of the lost Spanish boat.

By the time he concluded his tale I was a believer.



TJ WILLIAMS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

Chief, he stayed with us the whole trip; his name Carita: we were gone eight days.

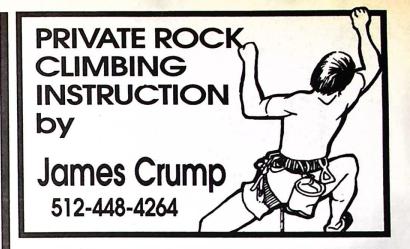
In June 1883 we started to move to Peach Creek; the first day we did not get very far; we stopped, made a big fire and all went to a ranch to water our horses; it was a very dry time, and while we was gone we heard a gun fire. Drawn up there and found that the fire had burned to our guns. but I got them away before they were very badly hurt. the next day we got to a large Lake. Father found two large eagles on it and killed them both, and from that time it has been called Eagle Lake. The next day we arrived at Peach Creek and camped. Father and Bostic and Thomas Jinerson an Mose Morrison cut a path through Peach Creek bottom to the head of Bay Prairie, then they went on the lower end of Bay Prairie; then they went through Caney bottom and went to Cedar Lake; there Father located.

While they was gone an old cow came lowing, and Gill Kuyendall got on his horse and followed her down in the cane break, and came upon the Concaway Indians where they had killed her calf; he began to bent a retreat as fast as he could, and he came back home and raised the neighbor men; they then went back down there; they killed one Indian, but the rest got away.

Father came back home and got his hogs and went back to build a house and to cut the road out so we could come. I stayed with Mother. While he was gone we heard that there were sixty Croncaway Indians come down there to kill all the families on Peach Creek. So, we all left there and went on the Middle Benard, all the other families went with us. The men all got together to fight then, but it was a false alarm, for no Indians came. We stayed there awhile, then went back to Peach Creek; in a few days after that Father came up after us, so we then moved down to Cedar Lake. Father had built a large block house with port holes in the upper story. Several days after we got there we heard dogs barking on the other side of the lake. Mose Morrison had made a raft and had got to the other side of the lake. Mother commenced calling for him to come back, and hearing her screaming, it frightened the Indians and they ran off. They had been camped over there. Father, Bostic, Mose Morrison, Thos. Jimmerson and I went over there. We found a good many things the Indians had left in their hurry to leave, among the rest there was a large bow and a case of sixteen arrows.

Father stayed a Cedar Lake then until he died; we killed sixteen bear that winter; they were very very

CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE





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TJ WILLIAMS

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

fat. That year we killed one that measured seven inches through the fat after it was cured. We killed a good many turkeys and deers and panthers and other game. I killed one large panther by myself.

That same fall two more families moved down there, one named John Bell and the other Harrison. Bell had three children and Harrison two, and Father had three. We had a school there, a man named Thos. Tone taught.

In the spring of 1824, Father, Jimmerson and Morrison started to go over on old Caney to see if they could find a dead cane break to burn off so they could make a field in it. They had not gone more than six miles when they came rite upon the Concaway Indian camp. They got back home as fast as they could, and on the same evening some surveyors came to our house; with them, and the men that was there at the Lake made fourteen men. Father stayed at home and I went in his place. We went to their camp, but they were all gone. then we went on down to Caney River about ten miles, and found them. They were about a mile off when we saw them. We ran there, but found they were on the South side of the river while we were on the east. We commenced shooting at them across the river. They had crossed the creek in large canoe and it got loose from them and the wind blew it on our side; we got in it and crossed over there, but the Indians had all got away.

On the fourth day of July of the same year Father died; he was in his fifty-third year; there were still no Doctors in the country. I suppose Father died of exposure. I was left then with my Mother and two sisters to support and protect.

About the last of July one Sunday morning I stepped out the door, I saw as I imagined to be ten thousand Indians, and I was pretty badly frightened. I called Bostic and we got our guns. they proved to be but fourteen. They all hid except an old Chief; he threw down his bow and arrows, and said "Mego! Mego!" We gave them some green corn and some punkins and they left. About a month after that I wanted to go out hunting, but Mother did not want me to, but I begged so hard she told me, "Well, to go along." I took my gun and put out. While I was gone I heard a terrible noise among the hogs. I went there to see what was the matter, and found a crowd of Croncaway Indians trying to drive them off. Seeing there were too many for one little boy to deal with, I started for home, and the Indians after me. I ran all the buttons off of my

While I was gone I heard a terrible noise among the hogs. I went there to see what was the matter, and found a crowd of Croncaway Indians trying to drive them off. Seeing there were too many for one little boy to deal with, I started for home, and the Indians after me. I ran all the buttons off of my buckskin pants, and could go no further, so I dived into a pile of brush and hid.

buckskin pants, and could go no further, so I dived into a pile of brush and hid. The Indians looked around a little while, then left. Then I made tracks for home. The Indians killed four of our hogs. Well Bostic went to Bay Prerria after men and they went to went the Indians but could not find them.

Then we moved up on old Caney. In Spring of 1825 twelve of us went down to the lower end of Buckner's Prerria to fight the Croncaways, and we got whipped. We killed one Indian, but we did not lose any men. We went back home and got twenty six men and went after them; again we overtook them at Dressing's Point on the Matagorda Bay. We killed eight or nine, and wounded a good many. We were out a week or ten days on this and then went home.

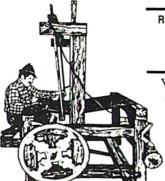
In a few days we heard there were a crowd of Croncaways up at Daniel Rawlles place, we went up there and charged on their camp just below Henry William's place on the river. We killed and captured all but one man. We took one young girl and two boy prisoners. Then we went back home and in five or six days word came that the Indians had killed Mr. Corvenah, wife and three daughters and Mr. Flowers wife and daughter, and wounded one of Mr. Corvenah's daughters. We got twenty five or twenty six men and went for them again; we overtook them at Battle Island some few miles above the turn of Matagoda. We killed a great many there.

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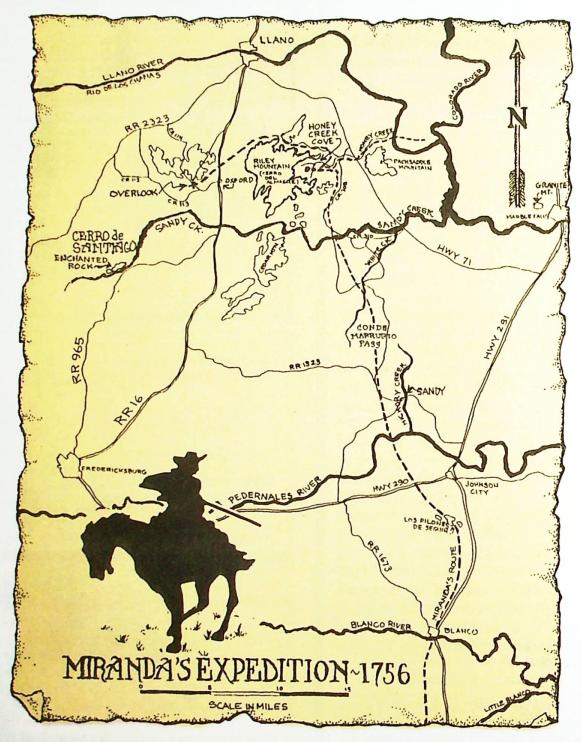


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MEDICINE MAN HILL



BY IRA KENNEDY

MAP BY IRA KENNEDY

eeking legendary silver mines in La Lomeria, or the Hill Country, a Spanish expedition led by Don Bernardo de Miranda, lieutenant-general of the province of Texas, set out from the presidio of San Antonio de Bejar in February, 17, 1756. Known as the Miranda expedition, the twenty-three adventurers were under orders from Governor Barrios to locate two silver mines rumored to be in the area. Miranda did find one, known as Cerro del Almagre or the Hill of Red Ochre; and in the process he came within sight of Cerro de Santiago or Hill of the Sacred One. At least one historian has suggested Cerro de Santiago might have been Enchanted Rock, while others discount the possibility. [See sidebar, page 25.]

We have no record, written or otherwise, for any Indian designation of Enchanted Rock. During the historical period beginning with the Spanish, most guides were Native Americans who spoke Spanish. Cerro de Santiago is Spanish for Hill of the Sacred One. Ending with an "o" makes "the sacred one" masculine, thus we can say, the "sacred man." Among Native Americans anything sacred is said to have, or be, medicine. Therefore, if we were to conjecture on the Indian name for Enchanted Rock we could surmise it was Hill of the Medicine Man, or Medicine Man Hill.

This article is not likely to settle the matter conclusively; however, there is compelling evidence to support the claim that the Cerro de Santiago was indeed Enchanted Rock. If so, in Miranda's journal and subsequent report we find the first mention of Enchanted Rock in historical records. From the time of Miranda's discovery in 1756 to the present, lost silver mines and Enchanted Rock have become synonymous with La Lomeria.

To understand this conclusion we must follow Miranda's journey, by way of his journal, day by day. Only those facts relevant to this search are excerpted from the journal. No facts contrary to this conclusion are omitted.

MIRANDA'S JOURNAL

FEB. 17: "From two in the afternoon until sunset we traveled north, and we arrived at the waterhole they call El Paredon, about four leagues from the Villa."

The Villa de San Fernando was the eighteenth-century name for San Antonio. Miranda and company traveled north generally following the route of present-day Highway 281. The Spanish league was about three miles. However, Miranda's leagues were "guesstimates" which varied between two to under one mile per league depending on the conditions of the terrain, weather, and the condition of his men and horses.

FEB. 18: "I commanded the march to proceed north because the knowledgeable ones assured me that the almgre was discovered approximately to the northwest. Having traveled most of the day on the cited course with difficulty, over very rocky dry creeks and a road of rough cobbles," The expedition covered a distance of six Miranda leagues and camped "at the pass known as Payayas" near Cibolo Creek.

The "knowledgeable ones" were possibly three civilians

Is Cerro de Santiago Enchanted Rock?

A FEW THOUGHTS FROM OTHER SOURCES

ROBERT S. WEDDLE

"From the Indians, [Lieutenant Juan] Galvan's men heard reports of a 'cerro del almagre,' a hill of red ochre, indicating the presence of mineral-bearing ores. Following their return to San Antonio, 10 men left the settlement with Apache guides to seek a profitable mine in the country to the north. Their guides deserted them, however, and the mission was a failure. In the account of the episode [the year was 1753], however, occurs the only mention yet found in Spanish documents of a landmark that might be interpreted to mean Enchanted Rock. The Apaches had deserted the Spaniards because they were gathering for a foray against the Comanches at a place called La Rodilla—'The Knee'—which seems a fair description of the prominent feature."

"Miranda also explored westward "ten leagues" to a high peak called Santiago, which Roderick Patten suggests might have been Enchanted Rock." [Weddle, Robert S. 1979. Enchanted Rock Country. Austin. Enchanted Rock: A natural Area Survey, no.14]

RODERICK B. PATTEN

"Perhaps Miranda traveled ten leagues to where he could see Santiago and camped there for the night of February 28, and then returned to his main camp on February 29. If he did sight Santiago ten leagues from his man camp, the high hill could be Enchanted Rock or some other prominent elevation west of the Riley Mountains" (Patten, Roderick B. October 1970. Miranda's Inspection of Los Almagres: His Journal, Report and Petition. Austin: Southwestern Historical Quarterly 74, no. 2:223-254.)

CHARLEY ECKERT

"The 'high hill they call Santiago' is the subject of considerable speculation. It has been suggested that it might have been Enchanted Rock near Fredericksburg, but that is more southwest than west of the location of the hole. In the far northwest corner of Llano County there is a high, rough mountain, the highest point in the country. Its name, taken from its shape, is Smoothingiron Mountain. Had Miranda continued to explore this vicinity he might well have added another chapter to the legend of the mineral wealth of the red hills. One of the creeks near Smoothingiron Mountain is reputed to contain an elusive but very rich deposit of placer gold."—Eckert, Charley. 1982. The Lost San Saba Mines, Austin: Texas Monthly Press.

"I ALSO COMMANDED THAT ON THE FOLLOWING DAY SIX SOLDIERS BE FURNISHED TO EXPLORE FOR A LONG DISTANCE OFF TO THE WEST, AS IT WAS NOT FEASIBLE TO CONTINUE THE MARCH TO EXAMINE THE OTHER PLACES, BECAUSE MOST OF THE SOLDIERS WERE NOW NEARLY ON FOOT WITH THE HORSES TIRED AND FOOTSORE. AND OF THOSE WHO ACCOMPANIED ME THERE WAS NO ONE WHO WAS ABLE TO SERVE AS A GUIDE TO DISCOVER THE OTHER ALMAGRE GRANDE."

hired by Miranda: Andres Ramon, Joseph Miguel Seguin, and Christobal Chirino—all of San Antonio—and Joseph Antonio Caraveo, a Spanish-speaking Apache guide.

FEB. 19: On the third day, "having left the pass of the Payayas and going past the Balcones, we arrived at the river they call Alarcon [known today as the Guadalupe]. This was an effort because of the many hills and rocks, the many arroyos formed by the hills, and some thickets that contain valuable cedar and oak timber." Miranda estimated the distance traveled at six leagues.

FEB. 20: On the fourth day they encountered "difficulties produced by continual showers...After many hardships because of the many hills, arroyos, and brush, we arrived at a creek generally known as Arroyo Blanco [the Little Blanco]." Miranda estimated they covered eight leagues.

FEB. 21: On the fifth day the expedition Miranda pressed forward "in spite of the many rains," until they "encountered a creek with much water, good level ground on both banks, and much rock and wood, all useful." Miranda named this creek San Antonio de Ahumada. It was, in fact, the Blanco River. This day Miranda and company traveled "four or five leagues."

FEB. 22-23: On the sixth day "notwithstanding the very heavy and continual rains...crossing many swollen creeks and

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thickets of cedar and oak timber, at a distance of eight leagues we arrived at the Arroyo de los Pedernales where we remained that day and the following, the twenty-third. because the heavy rains did not allow us an opportunity to leave."

FEB. 24: On the eighth day of the expedition "Because all the terrain was full of obstacles, many of the horses were tired and footsore from the numerous rocks, and we halted for the night at the pass of the Conde Marrubio, six leagues from the Pedernales."

FEB 25: On the ninth day they crossed a creek called San Miguelito (White Creek) and a stream known as San Miguel (Sandy Creek). "We arrived late because of the broken country and poor condition of our horses, leaving its examination for the twenty-sixth day. This almagre must be about twelve leagues from the pass of the Conde." It is worth noting that Miranda did not estimate the distance he traveled that day—he estimated the distance he traveled plus the distance to the almagre. On the following day Miranda discovered that the Cerro del Amalgre was a quarter-league from his camp.

FEB. 26: "Having made camp on a creek they told me was also called San Miguel, about a quarter of a league before reaching the almagre, I commanded that the examination be made..." [The second San Miguel was Honey Creek, a tributary of the Rio de las Chanas or Llano River. The Cerro del Amalgre is located on present-day Riley Mountain.] "All day was spent in this activity, and... a tremendous stratum of ore was observed."

FEB. 27: "I commanded that the work be continued on the cave of almagre, to which I gave the name and commanded that it be called San Jose del Alcazar. I also commanded that on the following day six soldiers be furnished to explore for a long distance off to the west, as it was not feasible to continue the march to examine the other places, because most of the soldiers were now nearly on foot with the horses tired and footsore, and of those who accompanied me there was no one who was able to serve as a guide to discover the other Almagre Grande." [Miranda was in search of two almagres, or silver mines; and it is apparent from this entry that the knowledgeable ones did not accompany Miranda on this leg of the expedition.]

FEB. 28: "In said camp of San Miguel on the twentyeighth day of said month and year, I the Teniente General, in virtue of what was commanded in the preceding entry, went out toward the west accompanied by six soldiers to examine all the land possible... And having traveled until nearly two in the afternoon we saw the high hill they call Santiago. As it was not feasible to examine it because some of the horses of those who accompanied me were now tired, it was necessary to omit this objective and return to camp."

In Miranda's Report which was filed after his return to



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San Antonio he stated that "Leaving [the camp of San Miguel] toward the west, there are mineral veins again. although they are much scarcer than at San Joseph del Alcazar. I saw these for most of the ten leagues that I traveled until sighting the high hill they call Santiago [Cerro de Santiago, or Hill of the Sacred One], not being able to proceed onward for the reasons cited in the [journal] of the twenty-eighth of February [emphasis minel.

FEB. 29: [This was a leap year and there is no entry for this date. Miranda's omission or mistake has lead to considerable debate as to whether or not he returned to the camp of San Miguel on the 28th or the 29th. In the entry of the 28th he simply states he returned to camp. It should be remembered that during the month of February the days are shorter, and with tired men and horses it is doubtful he could have reached the camp of San Miguel before nightfall. Miranda's report and journal taken together specifically state that he saw Cerro de Santiago at two in the afternoon and due to the condition of their horses they were unable to proceed onward and returned to camp. A reasonable conjecture is that a few members of his party made camp before two in the afternoon while Miranda and another member or two of his group explored a little further. This certainly fits with his pattern of exploration.

Previously, Miranda never traveled more than eight leagues in a given day. On those occasions he had more men and supplies. On this excursion he had fewer men and supplies, but the horses were extremely exhausted. It seems unlikely, to say the least, that he could have traveled twenty leagues that day. A careful reading of subsequent events shows that on those occasions Miranda specifically states "I returned to the camp of San Miguel." It is also significant to remember that Miranda went on this excursion without the knowledgeable ones, or guides, and that he had to describe Cerro de Santiago upon his return. Of all of the landmarks in the area, only Enchanted Rock can be described with any certainty. According to some historians who choose to attribute Cerro de Santiago [see sidebar on page 25] to some other unnamed landmark, Enchanted Rock is southwest, not westerly which Miranda stated as his direction of travel. However, virtually due west of Riley Mountain on a ridge near present day Oxford one can see Enchanted Rock to the south, which is in keeping with Miranda's journal. One other fact worthy of mention is that the Miranda expedition occurred in the winter when the sun sets further to the south.

MARCH 1: "I with only four soldiers explored all of the Arroyo de San Miguel [Honey Creek] as far as its junction with the river they call Las Chanas, which I examined as far as its junction with the Colorado, on whose banks I slept... The following day [March 2] without crossing the Rio Colorado I commanded that the examination be continued northwest between these

TOWARD THE WEST,
THERE ARE MINERAL VEINS
AGAIN, ALTHOUGH THEY ARE
MUCH SCARCER THAN AT SAN
JOSEPH DEL ALCAZAR. I SAW
THESE FOR MOST OF THE TEN
LEAGUES THAT I TRAVELED
UNTIL SIGHTING THE HIGH
HILL THEY CALL SANTIAGO

two rivers [present day Kingsland]. In these activities I spent all of this day. The next day [March 3] I returned to the camp of San Miguel..."

MARCH 4: "In said camp of San Miguel... having seen the examination made and it not being feasible for me to do anything further in a matter of such great importance for the reasons already given and having lost provisions because of the great amount of rain, I, the *Teniente General*, commanded that we return to the Presidio de San Antonio..."

Following his return Miranda filed a report to Jacinto de Barrios y Jauregui, Governor of Texas, dated March 29, 1756. In this document Miranda wrote: "The mines that are throughout the Cerro del Almagre and all its slope are so abundant that I guarantee to give a mine to each one of all the inhabitants of this province of Texas..."

Despite such grand predictions, the ore that Miranda brought back to be assayed proved to be of low grade, and the project was abandoned. Several years later a presidio and mission was established near present-day Menard on the San Saba River. The officer in change of the presidio had ore shipped from the mine on Riley Mountain to the San Saba presidio. There he had the ore smelted down, again without promising results.

This series of events led to legends of a Lost San Saba Mine which inspired individuals such as James Bowie, and institutions such as the German Immigration Society, to explore La Lomeria in search of lost Spanish silver mines. In this respect, Miranda's expedition was one of the most important historical events in the Hill Country, and the first historical mention of Enchanted Rock—Cerro de Santiago.



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BACKROAD

ON THE TRAIL MIRANDA

BY CHARLES TISCHLER

he white trooper eased up the red sand road running through the mesquite thicket and then into the yard at Enchanted Rock Magazine headquarters. Ira Kennedy, ERock magazine editor emerged with haste from his trailer and started talkin' low and fast about needing to retrace a portion of the route of the Spanish explorer Miranda. For years Ira had researched this expedition which had prowled these very hills from can to can't back over two hundred years ago. He was now putting the finishing touches on an article regarding the expedition for this issue.

It seems that one of the earliest recorded remarks about what we now call Enchanted Rock was logged in the journals of the expedition in 1756.

Today Ira was armed with a United States Geological Quadrangle map that he had bought at Miller Blue Print a couple of weeks before on a run to Austin. He was movin' faster than he sometimes does, and in no time at all I was out of the trooper and in the passenger seat of his Rocky 4X4 arranging camera bags, the Mac Powerbook and the maps while we splashed across the little creek crossing and then up to the pavement of Highway 16, about halfway between Llano and the Rock.

As the Rocky hit third I finally got the map straight and highlighted "Oxford", another Hill Country community that lives today mostly in history.

We left the pavement and headed west on the Llano county road. We passed the ruin of a fine stone house with ancient outbuildings, a stone water tank and an Aeromotor Windmill still sailing the Spring Texas breeze. We figured the structures had been a major component of Oxford when cowboys and Indians and desperados of every flavor still rode these granite hills.

Back then we would have been four or five hard days by stage from Austin, the Capitol. Today, by all standards, we

ADVENTURE

We kept lookin' hard back to our left, trying for a glimpse of Enchanted Rock from this ridge or that. We ran over the saddle of a ridge further on we saw in the fine afternoon light, a little further to the west than I had reckoned, the Rock as it stood out in its distant splendor—a faded pink gemstone in the rough in a ragged sea of forest green. A view pleasant enough to have turned the head of a tired Spanish Explorer, as noted so very long ago.

were still "way out yonder" It wasn't long before Ira started yammering about the distance between some ridge up ahead he was familiar with and Riley Mountain, a series of proud hills seven miles behind us.

As we progressed I continued to highlight our route on the finely detailed USGS Quadrangle. At a cross roads we stopped and carefully labeled the county roads that bore no designation on the map.

Storms the night before had cleared a persistent haze and we were continually greeted by close and distant vistas of Legion Valley. At one point we could see great hills way up to the northwest.

We kept lookin' hard back to our left, trying for a glimpse of Enchanted Rock from this ridge or that. We ran over the saddle of a ridge further on we saw there in the fine afternoon light, a little further to the west than I had reckoned, the Rock as it stood out in its distant splendora faded pink gemstone in the rough in a ragged sea of forest green. A view pleasant enough to have turned the head of a tired Spanish Explorer as noted so very long ago.

We slid to a stop and started taking pictures from the road. I wished for a longer lens as I burned a few frames. Back in the Rocky we pow-wowed over the map. We measured the distance from Honey Creek Cove on the back side of the Riley range to the point on the map which we had arrived. The measurements, the lay of the land and the notes as to time and place all jibbed with Miranda's account. Ira had confirmed what he needed for that portion of his article. We drove west.

The sun was about an hour off the horizon when we hit pavement at the county road's junction with RR 2323 as we headed toward Llano. Already the wild animals

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

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Old Tunnel Wildlife Management Area is located in Kendall County, 14 miles south of Fredericksburg. From Fredericksburg take U.S. 290 east to F.M. 1376 (KOA). Turn south and go about 5 miles, turn right on Grapetown Road and go about 6 miles to "T", turn left and go about 3.5 miles to the WMA (on left side of road), 210-868-7304.

Colorado Bend SP

Birding: June 10. Concentration on black - capped vireo and golden-cheeked warbler. Wear long pants and hiking shoes. 9 a.m.-noon, fee \$8 for TCP members, \$10 for non-TCP members entrance and activity fee may apply, reservations required, 20 people maximum, guide D. Stuart of Kickapoo Cavern SP, 915-628-3240.

Colorado Bend SP

Gorman Falls Tour: June, July & Aug. every Saturday & Sunday. Caravan from park headquarters to the Gorman area of the park, then hike to below the falls. From trail head, it's a one-and-a-half mile round-trip over beautiful Hill Country terrain. Substantial footwear with rubber soles is recommended. No pets allowed on tour. No restrooms or drinking water available in Gorman Falls area. Tours are 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. Saturdays, and 10 a.m. on Sundays weather permitting, \$2 per adult, \$1 for children 6 to 12, children under 6 free, activity fee may apply and entrance fee for non-TCP members, guides B. Paddie and J. Taylor, 915-628-3240.

Colorado Bend SP

Cave Explorations: June, July & Aug. every Saturday and Sunday. Discover what speleologists (cavers) experience in the underground world. The crawling tour takes you through several relatively small and progressively more difficult caves. The walking tour takes you to Gorman Cave. Wear old clothes, substantial footwear (feet may get wet) and bring a flashlight. Equipment suggested for crawling: Strap on headlight, knee pads, and elbow pads. Starts 9:15 a.m. Saturdays and Sundays for Walking Tours, and 1:30 p.m. Saturdays for Crawling Tours, resource and weather permitting, \$8 per person to walk and \$15 per person to crawl, reservations required, maximum 10 people per tour, guide E. Young of the Texas Speleological Association, 915-628-3240).

State Parks Adventures

Honey Creek SNA

Prehistoric Cultures of Central Texas: July 22. Interpretive trail walk discussing prehistoric peoples, their culture, and how they used the land's resources. 9-11 a.m., guide archeologist H. Uecker, 210-438-2656.

Honey Creek SNA

Children's Field Trip: June 17; July 15, Aug. 26. Expect wet feet at creek while discovering aquatic insect life. 9-11 a.m., guide naturalist P. Solis, 210-438-2656.

Honey Creek SNA

Ethnobotany Tour: June 24; July 29. Trail walk along Honey Creek Canyon to identify native plants and flowers, and cultural uses for food, medicine, and fiber. 9-11 a.m., guide naturalist P. Solis, 210-438-2656.

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Silver Anniversary Celebration: June 24. In celebration of the park's 25th birthday, come and enjoy historic demonstrations, exhibits, a five-stand sporting clay unit, kids fishing tournament, archery activities, and a pet parade. Food vendors will be available. 9 a.m.-6 p.m., 210-644-2252.

Guadalupe River SP

River Hydrographics: June 24. Learn the geography, geology, and hydrology of the area. Bring your mask and snorkel for a fish eye tour after a dry land based introduction. 1-3 p.m., guide diver A. Furlow, 210-438-2656.

Guadalupe River SP

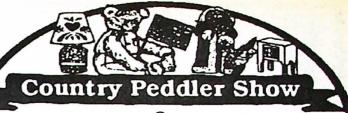
Woody Plant Identification: July 15, 29. Learn to identify common woody plants. Meet at amphitheater. 1:30-3:30 p.m., fee \$6 per person, reservations required, guide naturalist P. Solis, 210-935-4012.

Hill Country SNA

Guided Horseback Tour: June 11; July 9; Aug. 13. Ride focusing on cultural and natural resources of the area. Mount and lunch included. 8 a.m.-noon, fee \$40 for TCP members, \$42 for non-TCP members plus \$1 park entrance fee, guide conservation specialists S. Heavey, reservations required and must be made through Running 'R' Ranch, 210-796-4413.

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State Parks Adventures

Continued from previous page

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The Conservation Passport costs \$25 each and give you the Texas Passport Journal, with listings of adventures and explorations state-wide, free entry to Texas State Parks, a one-year discounted subscription rate to Texas Parks & Wildlife magazine, and guided access to Wildlife Management Areas and other undeveloped lands.

A Passport can be purchased at most state parks, Parks and Wildlife offices, Whole Earth Provision Company locations in Austin, Houston and Dallas and REI in Austin.

STATE PARK RESERVATIONS

When planning a camping trip to Texas state parks be sure to make your reservations as soon as possible. Sometimes parks are filled two to three months in advance. Campsites, shelters, cabins and group facilities can be reserved eleven months in advance. Reservations must be made at least three days in advance.

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ALL RESERVATIONS MUST BE MADE THROUGH THE ABOVE PHONE NUMBER.

Lyndon B. Johnson National Historical Park

JOHNSON CITY, TEXAS

he Lyndon B. Johnson National Historical Park interprets the Texas Hill Country, its influence on Lyndon B. Johnson, and the life of the president. The park traces the history of the 36th United States President, beginning with the time his grandparents settled in the area and continuing with his birth, his growing and formative years, his adult life as president of the United States and ending with his death—all taking place in the same general geographic area.

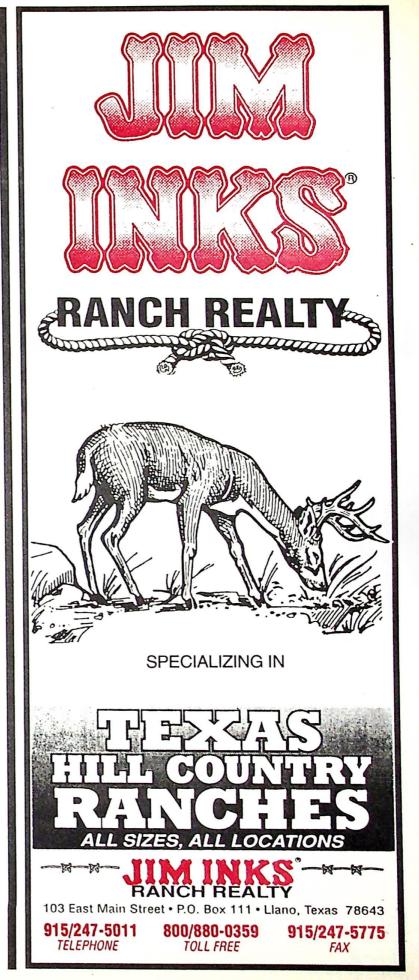
The National Historical Park consists of the Johnson City Unit and the LBJ Ranch Unit located 15 miles west. In the Johnson City Unit are the boyhood home, where President Johnson lived during his formative years, and the Johnson Settlement Area, which his grandfather used as headquarters for his open-range cattle business from 1867 to 1872. The original log cabin still stands, as do several stone buildings which later owners constructed. The frontier heritage, family and community—all had a real influence on Lyndon Johnson's development. Also located in Johnson City is the park's visitor center containing exhibits and films.

The LBJ Ranch Unit contains the Texas White House and associated structures for communications, transportation, and security; the operating ranch with its fields and pastures, show barn, cattle pens and registered Hereford cattle; the house of his birth; the Junction School; and the Johnson Family Cemetery. Visitors can feel the full impact of Lyndon Johnson's energy and power at the LBJ Ranch, scene of serious political decision-making, as well as quiet times with family and friends.

The Johnson City Unit is open year round except for Christmas Day and New Year's Day. There is no charge for visiting this unit of the park. The Visitor Center is open from 8:45 a.m. until 5 p.m., and offers a more informal tour every half-hour. Visitors may take a self-guided walking tour through the Johnson Settlement area from 9 a.m. until 5 p.m.

The main event for many visitors is the bus tour of the LBJ Ranch, an interpretive tour which is available from 10 a.m. until 4 p.m., except on Christmas Day, for a fee of \$2 per person. Children age six and under are admitted free. The tour originates and ends at the Lyndon B. Johnson State Historical park Visitor Center near Stonewall, TX on Highway 290.

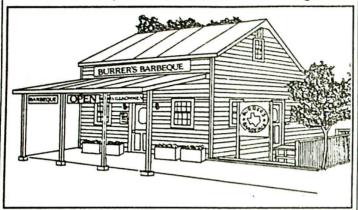
The Visitor Center in Johnson City is located at 100 10th Street just two blocks from Highway 290. For more information, call (210)868-7128, ext. 231, or write to Superintendent, Lyndon B. Johnson national Historical Park, P.O. Box 329, Johnson City, TX 78636.



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ON THE TRAIL OF MIRANDA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

of these granite hills had begun moving. We had seen a good number of deer (one with a bright orange flas streaming from each ear) amongst the myriad yellow spring flowers.

A great blue heron had majestically beat its way across the crystal clear sky in front of us. We enjoyed Scissor-tailed Flycatchers, Vermillion Flycatchers, and Painted Buntings; but it was from the pavement just after a rise not far out of Llano, that a bobcat crossed the road ahead of us and vanished into the brush, cactus and rock. The reddish brown coat, the lumbering loping gait, the stubby tail and its very size left no doubt whatsoever as to the critter's identity.

After fueling the Rocky and getting some big old fountain drinks at the Circle K convenience store south of the river in Llano proper, we headed out of town heading east on Highway 71. After some miles we left pavement once more and rattled over the cattle guard on the road toward the Honey Creek Cemetery. We eased our way along, with the Riley Mountains blocking the low afternoon sun to our right.

We were now running back over the leg of Miranda's expedition as it had progressed North over Sandy Creek and then White Creek. As the Rocky made its modern crossing over the slab of a low water crossing she started a nasty slide, although we weren't goin' fast. The algae had slimed the surface to a hazardous state . . . 'Whoa'!

As we pulled up to the top of a rise past White Creek we could see, clearly, the lights of Marble Falls in the northeast. Ira wondered aloud whether Granite Mountian in Marble Falls (now carved down to nothing by a mining operation) might not have been *La Rodilla*, or The Knee. [See sidebar on page 25.]

By now we had been on the back roads for more than four hours. In the gathering greys of evening the animals seemed to take over. Again and again our way was impeded by herds of deer. And there were jackrabbits showing off the black tips of their towering ears and little cottontails kind enough to pause for a picture. Feral hogs and great black European boars crossed the gravel road before us. They ranged in size from little black piglets, the size of a modest watermelon, to an adolescent calico pig weighing in around thirty pounds. Then there was the boar with tushes protruding a couple of inches from his pig lips.

As it got darker still an armadillo rashly jumped right out in front of us. Ira slid the Rocky to a quick stop as the armadillo slowly made his way off into the darkness.

A moment later we saw a grey fox just off the road in our headlights—and then more and more deer. It was a wild animal convention, and they were all telling me that the hills are still chockful of eyes and ears and hearts that sometime beat fast.

We were getting hungry and by now it was really

dark. Having gone through Conde Marrubio Pass, we finally struck pavement. Then the pavement unexpectedly ran out, and then the dirt road deteriorated, and then there was pavement again. Finally, we crested an unseen rise and gazed upon the twinkling image of nighttime Fredericksburg at seven miles distance.

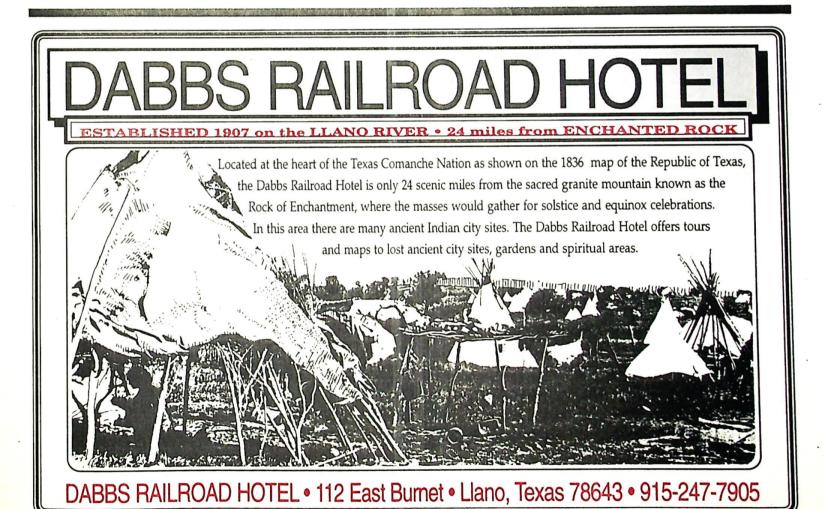
By the time we reached downtown Fredericksburg they had rolled up the streets. Still hungry we headed back past Enchanted Rock and on to our headquarters where Ira rustled up some sandwich fixin's and we reflected on our afternoon adventure. We had traveled across and along the long-gone hoof prints of Spanish explorers, and we had seen so much remarkable scenery we could have filled several rolls of film. We then talked about the little family cemetery shaded by a great and tortured Post Oak. Those headstones told us of little pioneer angels struck down one after another so long ago that the dates couldn't be made out from the locked gate just a few feet away. And all the time a display of billions of flowers — bright yellow and then accented with areas of red and white and pink —their numbers reaching out under the cedars and into the distance.

And then the bobcat, the first sighting for Ira and only the second for me, and all the deer and the fox and the rabbits that entertained us in the last moments of dusk. I was thankful for the adventure, thankful for the surefooted Rocky and htankful to have finally arrived back at Ira's trailer.

We hadn't planned to be gone so long. It had been an unexpected adventure for me, but one whose memories will live long.

As we pulled up to the top of a rise past White Creek we could see, clearly, the lights of Marble Falls in the northeast. Ira wondered aloud whether Granite Mountian in Marble Falls (now carved down to nothing by a mining operation) might not have been La Rodilla, or The Knee.

[Editor' Note: Using the map provided on page 24, it is possible to follow Miranda's route from Blanco to Oxford and be within a mile or so of Miranda's route the whole time. However, this trip requires a four-wheel drive vehicle and considerable caution. Remember, these county roads take you through many local ranches. Stay in your car and on the road, otherwise you will be tresspassing. IK]



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Willie's Coming to Luckenbach

BY DAVE THOMAS



rom the comfortable interior of his bus, Willie Nelson looked tired until I men tioned the Fourth of July Picnic. His eyes lit up. "It's going to be a lot of fun," he said. "We've got a lot of good talent lined up... Ray Wiley Hubbard, Robert Earl Keen, Ray Price..."

It is going to be a lot of fun.

It's also going to be in Luckenbach.

Two months ago, nobody ever imagined that Luckenbach would hold an all-day musical event with 12,000 people attending.

Just goes to show that things move fast in the slow town of Luckenbach.

The 1995 Willie Nelson Fourth of July Picnic is already underway. The music hasn't started yet, but the preparations have. VelAnne and Willie's right-hand-man, Larry Trader, as well as "Jalapeno" Sam Lewis and Maggie Montgomery, are working out the details.

Parking? They're working on it.

First aid? It's in the plan.

Clean-up? Security? Catering for the musicians? They're taking care of all of that.

And who are the musicians? Well, Luckenbach's own Jimmy Lee Jones is one of them. Others include: Kris Kristofferson, Leon Russell, David Allen Coe, Gary P. Nunn, Robert Earl Keen, Ray Wiley Hubbard, Shelby Lynne, The Geezinslaws and Ray Price.

Other performers will join later.

But what about the other Highwaymen? Will Johnny Cash and Waylon Jennings be there? Probably not, but you never know...

Tickets to the event are \$22. That's it. They're going to play from 10 a.m. until midnight. Or at least somewhere around there. You can get tickets from Ticketmaster or through Luckenbach.

The stage is going to be adjacent to the Dance Hall, and the Dance Hall itself will serve as a backstage area.

Willie said the Luckenbach mystique is a big part of the reason for holding the Picnic there.

"About the time Luckenbach was going real good, the song 'Luckenbach' came out and it just sort of became a theme song and it still is for a lot of people.

"Just the idea of the song, what the song says, leads you to believe that Luckenbach is that type of place--and I guess for a lot of people it really is."

VOLUNTEER COUNCIL'S WESTERN GALA '95

KERRVILLE, TX—Kick up your boots and get ready to dance! The Kerrville State Hospital Volunteer Services Council will hold its Western Gala '95: "Under Texas Stars" on June 10 from 6 p.m. to midnight. The gals will be held at the Knights of Columbus Hall on Harper Road near Interstate Highway 10. Nashville Sounds of San Antonio will provide music ranging from country to pop to rock and back to country. Three barbecued meats and all the trimmings will be served with homemade fruit cobblers as desert.

This is the third year for the event, which also features live and silent auctions of items such as trips, golfing packages, western wear, special services and artwork. In addition, Kerrville quiltmaker Ruth Brackeen of Kerrville, has pieced and donated a "Texas Star" quilt for which raffle tickets are being sold. The winning ticket will be drawn at the Gala.

Individual tickets to the Gala are \$20 and may be purchased by calling Kerrville State Hospital Community Relations, 210-896-2211, Ext. 6269

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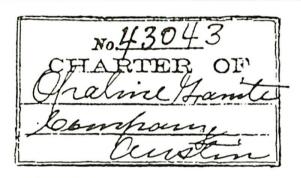
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The name Llanite and that of Professor N.J. Badu, a noted early Llano mineralogist, are so interwoven historically that the two have become practically synonymous. It was Badu who introduced the colorful stone to the world. Convinced of Llanite's potential as a marketable product, he was the first to bring widespread recognition to the stone by polishing it and placing it in exhibitions throughout Texas, beginning in Dallas around 1901. In addition, Badu opened the world's first—and to date only—Llanite quarry 23 years later.

ecause of this, time has produced the generally held—and erroneous—belief that Badu both discovered and named Llanite. But history has established that Theodore B. Comstock discovered the stone accidentally during geological survey of Texas in 1889, the first state survey ever conducted.

There is proof, however, that Badu did christen the rock—but not with the name "Llanite."

In 1924, around the same time that Badu opened his quarry, an article appeared in *The Mining World* which reveals the name Badu chose for the stone. Speaking of Llanite, the author wrote, "The writer's attention was called to it by Professor N.J. Badu, Llano, who was the first, so far as is known, to have specimens polished and placed on exhibition in Dallas several years ago. Mr. Badu gave it the name of Opal Granite, by which it is now known."

The following year, on December 13, 1925, another article about Badu appeared, this one in the Sunday American-Statesman Magazine. This story incorrectly cites Badu with the discovery of Llanite, revealing the tightly connected link which existed between the professor and the stone even then. But at the same time, the writer verifies Badu's name choice as revealed in The Mining World the year before.

Referring to Badu, the author wrote,"...his life has been a continuous association with the mineral deposits of this section of the state...He discovered the Opaline Granite and named it...He has placed his specimens on exhibit at some time in nearly all of the Texas cities."

When Badu opened his quarry the year before, he named it the Opaline Granite Company.

So, if Badu did not name the beautiful stone "Llanite," who did? A long list of references in technical publications—and some in non-technical ones—claim that the credit goes to Joseph P. Iddings.

In 1924, one author reported, "Dr. Joseph P. Iddings was kind enough to prepare and examine microscopic slides of this stone (in 1904) and he proposed the name "Llanite." If the stone is to have a scientific name, and it certainly appears to deserve it, Dr. Iddings' application should stand...But it has been known

for several years as Opal Granite."

Controversy, however, hovers over Iddings' claim to Llanite name fame. According to Daniel S. Barker, professor of geology for 31 years at the University of Texas at Austin, the word "Llanite" is found nowhere in Iddings' 1904 text.

"The name 'Llanite' is commonly attributed to Iddings in his 1904 paper," Barker said, "but I've read it several times, and the word does not occur there."

Indeed, others have read the same report and claim the same discrepancy. The word "Llanite," they say, is not there.

Dennis Trombatore, librarian at the Geology Library at UT Austin, offers one theory, however, that could possibly solve the mystery of the missing word. Trombatore, who has conducted extensive research trying to pin the name "Llanite" to Iddings, thinks Iddings possibly proposed the name during a conversation.

Somehow, says Trombatore, someone could have assumed that the oral remark was a part of Iddings' written report. Word of mouth eventually became the printed word—and therefore eventually an "established" fact.

Dr. Virgil E. Barnes, senior research scientist with the Bureau of Economic Geology in Austin, agrees with Trombatore. In a communique from Dr. Barnes, the noted scientist says, "I read the article (by Iddings)...and, as in all of the rest of Iddings' publications, no mention is made of the name 'Llanite.' So far as I know, (the attribution of the name to Iddings)...must have been from a personal communication (with a fellow geologist) or from a talk that Iddings gave to some society."

And so, a portion of the mystery lives to this day. History has divulged that Badu did not choose the name "Llanite" for the controversial stone. Thus the question remains: Who did? Research, to date, has stubbornly refused to relinquish the answer—if, indeed, the answer even exists.

Even though Badu did not create Llanite's name, it was he who first began to market the exquisite stone through his Opaline Granite Company just north of Llano. A distinction none too grand as it turned out, but a distinction nonetheless.

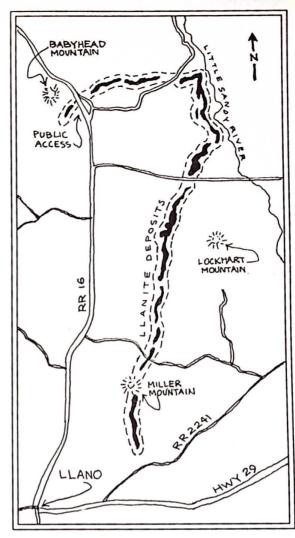
The quarry, which failed after only a few years, has been silent ever since. But various experts say it still carries the same potential today as it did in the early '20s. Capitalizing on this potential, however, requires a much different approach, they say, than the one which Badu and other investors after him took.

To understand some of the possible reasons why the venture never succeeded, it might prove helpful to know something of the man Badu, and of the particular period in Llano's history during which the Opaline Granite Company operated.

Badu was born in Nancy, France in 1860. He attended some of the leading universities of Europe and, as one author wrote, "in every instance had the highest degrees conferred upon him."

But the ambitious Badu was an entrepreneur of sorts, a man of high vision. He came to the conclusion early on that America offered the best rewards for his talents, so at the age of 23 he embarked for her shores.

After a period of time during which he apparently had never chosen one particular profession, but had enjoyed success in various business ventures, he wound up in Austin



INDICATING THE LLANITE DEPOSITS (DARK AREAS INSIDE DASHED LINE). PUBLIC ACCESS IS AVAILAVLE ON THE RIGHT-OF-WAY NEAR BABYHEAD MOUNTAIN ON HWY 16. MAP BY IRA.

MAP

In 1924, around the same time that Badu opened his quarry, an article appeared in The Mining World which reveals the name Badu chose for the stone. Speaking of Llanite, the author wrote, "The writer's attention was called to it by Professor N.J. Badu, Llano, who was the first, so far as is known, to have specimens polished and placed on exhibition in Dallas several years ago. Mr. Badu gave it the name of Opal Granite, by which it is now known."

A few weeks later, on January 24, an article appeared in the Llano News which read in part: "For the past week or more, Prof. N.J. Badu has had several men at work at his Opaline Granite Quarry north of town...making developments...before beginning operation on a large scale...

Prof. Badu stated...he expected to... begin quarrying this highly ornamental stone in large quantities.

It is used almost exclusively for ornamental work, and its brilliant colors make it very desirable in many kinds of art work."

around the turn of the century. It was here that he first heard of the seemingly endless variety of minerals discovered in the ancient hills of Llano County, and decided to capitalize on the potentially lucrative field of mineralogy.

In an article which appeared in the Sunday American-Statesman on April 29, 1928, Badu told the writer, "I had heard of the Llano region and wanted to investigate its possibilities, so after two years I found myself located here..." He moved to Llano around 1895.

It was at this time that Llano had begun to gain fame for its wealth of minerals, and especially for its outstanding varieties of granites. Seeing the possibilities, Badu wasted no time in educating himself on, and investing in, the mineral resources of the county.

It is possible that in the process, he came across Comstock's first geological survey of the state, in which Comstock reported his accidental discovery of the unusual stone later dubbed Llanite. At any rate, Badu apparently became fascinated with the extraordinary properties of the stone, because around 1901, some six years after he arrived in Llano, he was polishing the Opaline Granite, as he called it, and exhibiting it across Texas.

Badu began the first step toward marketing Llanite on February 21, 1922, when he purchased the mineral rights from Lon and Vida Ratliff, on whose property a great quantity of the stone existed. At the same time, the Ratliffs granted him the right to construct roads, railroads and buildings. Then, on

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September 21 of the following year, 1923, Badu bought the mineral rights to Llanite on 300 acres from Mike and Carrie Houston, who lived a short distance away, but chose a site on the Ratliffs' property for the location of the quarry. Then, from all indication, he set about immediately to outfit it with the equipment necessary for operation.

Deed records reveal, however, that four months later, on January 8, 1924, Badu, for reasons unknown, sold the mineral rights on 454 acres and all of the equipment to J.L. Arlitt of Austin for \$10,000—and apparently remained with the company in a supervisory position.

A few weeks later, on January 24, an article appeared in the Llano News which read in part: "For the past week or more, Prof. N.J. Badu has had several men at work at his Opaline Granite Quarry north of town...making developments...before beginning operation on a large scale...Prof. Badu stated...he expected to...begin quarrying this highly ornamental stone in large quantities. It is used almost exclusively for ornamental work, and its brilliant colors make it very desirable in many kinds of art work."

On March 20, another article in the Llano News reported that "M.J. Werkenthin, general manager of the Opaline Granite Company with offices in Austin, was in Llano the first of the week, and he and Prof. N.J. Badu, also of the company, were working out the details in the final installation of all machinery at the quarry. The company expects to be ready to begin filling orders within the next 30 days."

The article goes on to say, "The property on which the quarry is situated has been purchased by J.L. Arlitt of Austin, owner of the local concern, which is to be operated at a later date...For years, (Prof. Badu) has been working for the promotion of this particular stone, and he believes that once it has been placed on the market, it will sell itself."

And so began the odyssey of the Opaline Granite Company, an ambitious one which began with high hopes but ended in bitter failure five years later.

History records that the venture was indeed an ambitious one. One glowing report followed hot on the heels of another in the Llano News between April 17, 1924 and February 25, 1925.

The following are excerpts from a few of the reports: "...much of this beautiful stone is being quarried and shipped to dealers throughout the country...(The) quarry (is) in the finest of shapes...The Opaline people have spent many thousands of dollars here...getting the quarry in proper shape...This particular stone is becoming more popular all the while...The stone is being quarried every day to fill the orders that are constantly coming in...Orders are coming in from many of the larger northern cities...Two other deposits of the stone, which is said to be present in unlimited quantity, are located 12 and 14 miles north of Llano."

One news item stated that the company had received several particularly large contracts. One called for

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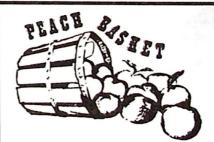
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"one carload of Opaline Granite to be shipped each week" to a concern in New York.

Concerning another contract, the news item read: "So attractive has this stone proven to builders in all sections of the country that the Opaline Granite Company has recently received an order for 16 40-foot columns, each to be cut in three sections five feet in diameter. The stone is to be shipped to Cleveland, Ohio, and the cost of this stone alone will be \$96,000, before it is placed within the building."

Yet another contract called for "700 cars of stone to be shipped to New York City...over a long period of time."

Another news item revealed the company's problem in filling these contracts: "At present, most of the operations are centered on the surface rock...but from it, only stones of usual...dimensions can be secured...for that reason, new operating holes must be opened." In addition, the company had to install "machinery driven by air pressure in the quarry" in order to extract the blocks.

It is not known whether the company was able to fulfill those contracts or not, but several factors seem apparent. The Opaline Granite Company was in need of operating cash, because nine months after receiving the large contracts, Arlitt incorporated the company on February 9, 1925 with a capital stock of \$250,000. Borrowing the money from Security Trust Company, Austin, Arlitt sold 2,500 shares of stock at \$100 each. As principal stockholder, he purchased all of them but two for \$249,800. The other shares went to the company's two



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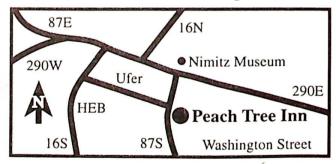
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officers, Werkenthin and E. Von Kalow, both Austinites.

No mention was made of Badu. From all indications, he was no longer associated with the company at this point.

It could also be that Arlitt saw the handwriting on the wall concerning his payroll problems. On May 20, 1925, just three months after Arlitt incorporated, 12 workers filed labor liens totaling \$1,390.29 against the company.

From this point on, newspaper accounts reveal the granite company in a struggle for survival, but offer no explanation as to why. The company closed down several times, then made attempts to come back—each time promising to come back even stronger.

On September 3, 1925, the company hired a new manager, Martyn T. Conrey, who told the Llano News that "in the future the business of this company will be handled from this place instead of Austin as in the past." The following month the newspaper reported: "This company closed down several months ago, but it is the intention of the promoters to resume operations after the first of the year and develop this Opaline Granite on a very large scale."

These promises continued throughout the remainder of 1925 and through 1926. Then, on December 22, 1926, Conrey filed a labor lien against the company for \$621.26.

Nothing more is heard concerning the flagging company until almost three years later. On March 30, 1929, Arlitt sold the Opaline Granite Company, including all its mineral rights and quarrying equipment, to Republic Bank and Trust in

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Austin for \$5,000—for a loss of well over a quarter of a million dollars.

Four months later, on July 4, the Llano News reported: "Mr. Shanks, an experienced granite man from Nebraska, has taken over the Opaline Granite Company at Baby Head, and now has Pat Mayes with a force of men at work, cleaning up and overhauling the machinery there. Fuller and more definite information concerning this plant may be given next week."

Nothing appeared concerning this plant the following week. And, to date, research has only been able to uncover that five months later on December 21, Lon Ratliff filed a lien against the company for \$1,680 "for labor, etc."

Why did the company fail? Several theories are in circulation. Bobby Ratliff, owner of the site with his brother Gerald since 1987, thinks the quarry is "not profitable to work because you can't get large enough pieces out of it without seams or cracks. Usually, about three feet in length and about a foot and a half in width is all you can find without seams. Also, back then they didn't have the saws we have today to cut different sizes from larger blocks. They had to quarry out the exact sizes they needed, which took longer and cost more in labor."

Bobby, who is half owner with J.E. Berry of Llano Memorial Works, has had a little experience in cutting and polishing Llanite, though he prefers "not to fool with it," he says. "It's very expensive to cut and polish, because of its hardness and small sizes. It takes longer."



Dr. Barnes agrees with Ratliff concerning the difficulties encountered in cutting and polishing the defiant stone, but he feels the finished product is well worth it.

Barnes is convinced that Llanite's greatest potential lies in its value as a luxury item justified by it rarity and its beauty. "The rarity of the stone would qualify, in the eyes of someone just having to have it, the cost of quarrying and preparing it for smaller, ornamental purposes such as table tops, for instance.

"Since it is harder than any of the other granites of Llano County, the cost would be considerably higher than for ordinary commercial granite. I still maintain that the additional expense in quarrying and finishing Llanite would be worth it for anyone who especially wanted this very attractive stone."

In an interview in 1989 with the late Ed Immel, a Llano gemnologist and rock hound for over 50 years, Immel said that one difficulty the Opaline Granite Company faced was in trying to extract the stone as you would other granites.

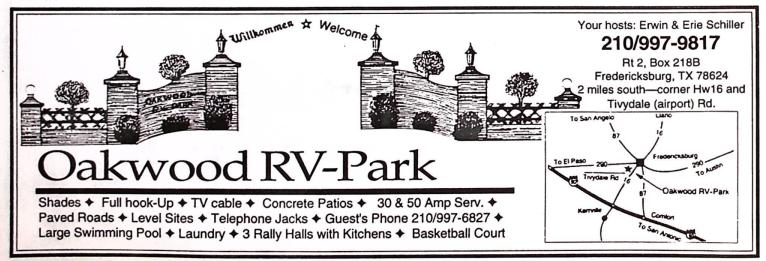
"They tried to treat it like regular granite," he said, "and it doesn't work that way. It doesn't break in straight lines like other granites. It has a different texture and structure. You have to drill your holes and set your charges closer together if you want a large piece of stone with an even surface."

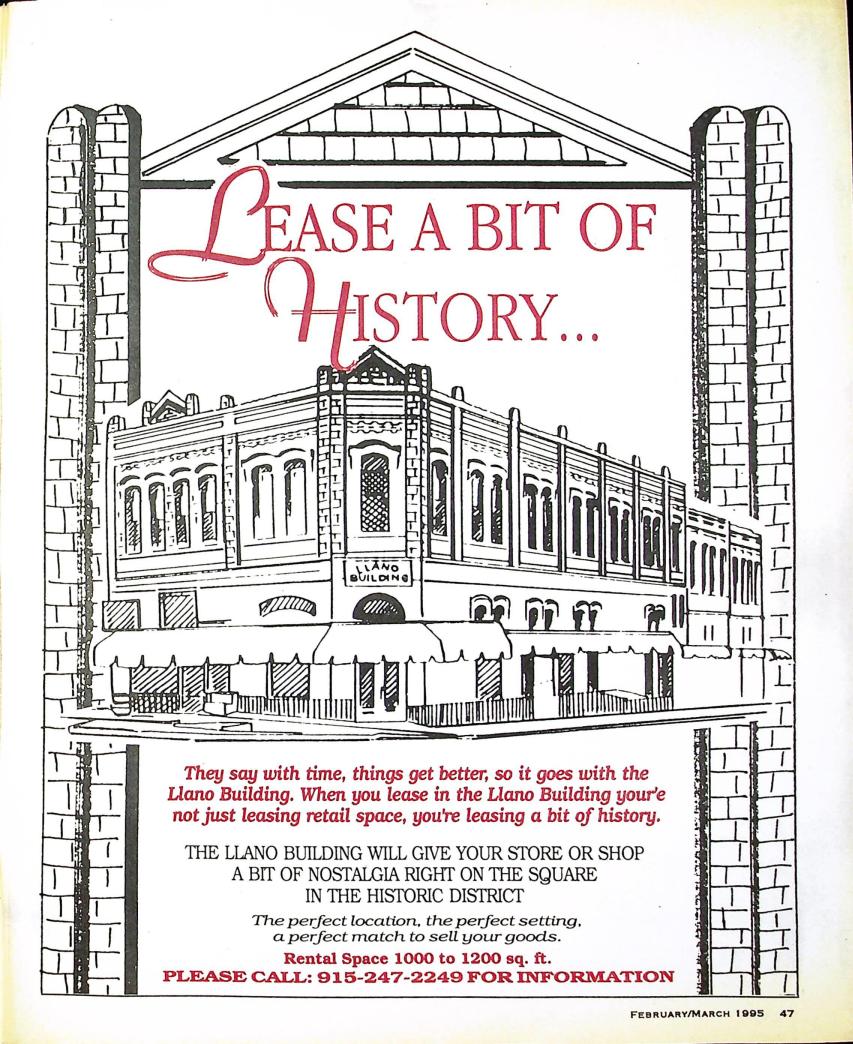
Immel, who was a self-admitted Llanite fan for years, echoed the sentiments of Dr. Barnes, asserting that the value of the stone lies in its uniqueness as a collector's item, and that it should be used to create smaller pieces and promoted as luxury items.

"Llanite is a talking piece," he said, "because it's unique and has great value. It would make beautiful wall tiles, tabletops, lamp bases, that sort of thing, as collectors' items. I've worked with rocks from all over the world for over 50 years, and I've never seen anything like it."

Professor Badu never saw his dreams for Opaline Granite—Llanite—become a permanent reality. But one distinction today concerning the mysterious stone is linked firmly with his name. And that has to do with the bar top in the Badu House in Llano, Badu's grand old restored home which today houses a restaurant, inn and private club. That bar top, it is said, constitutes one of the largest concentrations of polished Llanite in the world today.

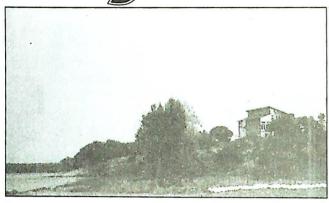
"The Prof," as folks affectionately called Badu, would like that.



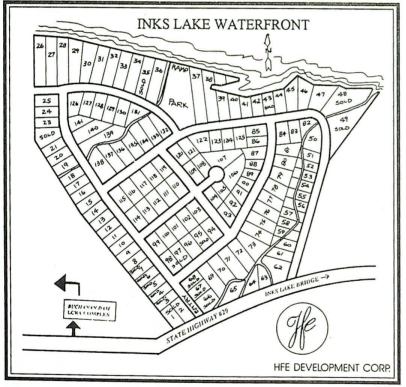


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