

VISITORS: TEXAS HILL COUNTRY MAP INSIDE: SEE PAGE 13

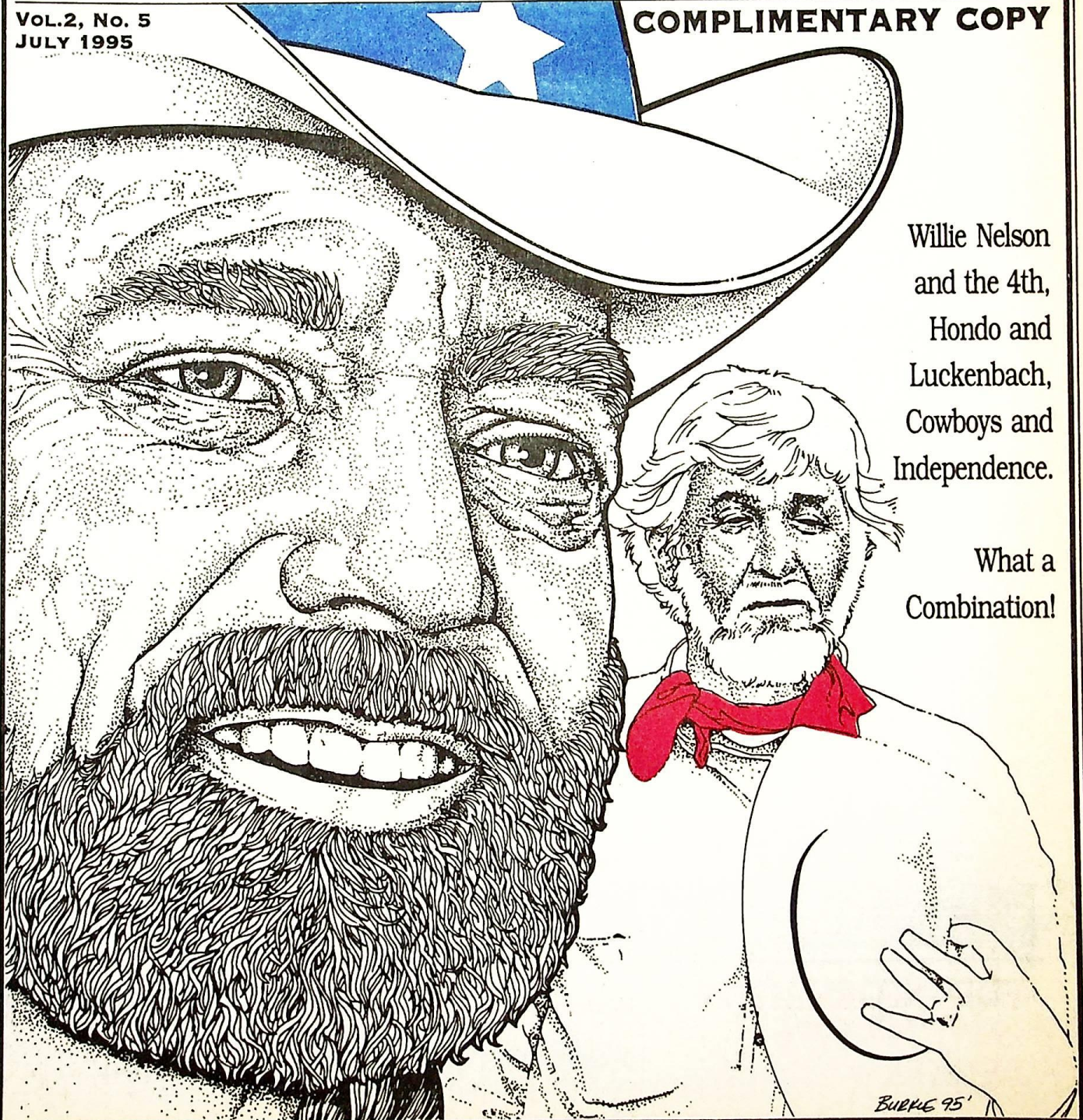
ENCHANTED ROCK

M A G A Z I N E

A NATURAL RESOURCE FOR ADVENTURE, DISCOVERY, AND KNOWLEDGE IN THE HILL COUNTRY

Vol. 2, No. 5
JULY 1995

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Hondo and
Luckenbach,
Cowboys and
Independence.

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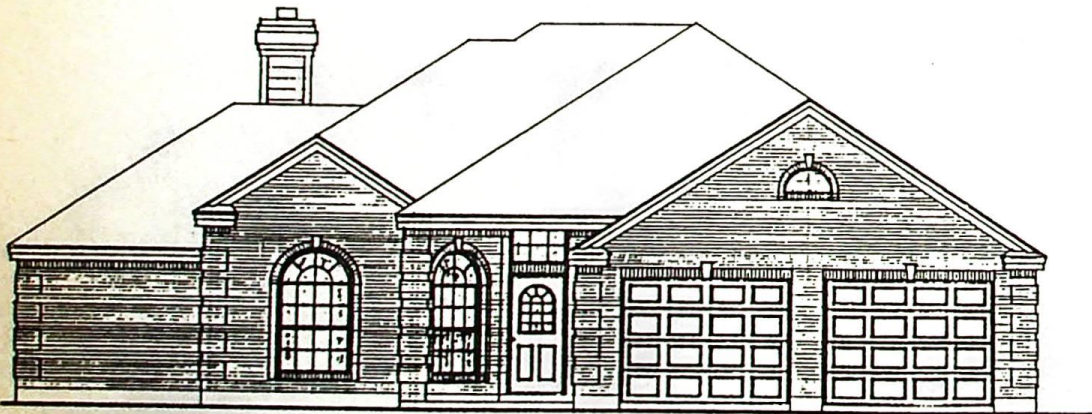
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ON THE COVER:

This cover honors Willie Nelson and the 4th, Hondo and Luckenbach, Cowboys and Independence. What a combination! Art by Buck Burkle.



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Over the last thirty years I have resided in, and worked for, newspapers in Travis, Hays, Blanco, Gillespie, Llano, and Burnet Counties. This experience has given me a unique insight and was instrumental in shaping the style and coverage of *Enchanted Rock Magazine*. At the heart of this experience is the recognition that the Hill Country is a unique geographic and cultural region which is not served by county lines.

Each community has its specific history which must be acknowledged and respected. However, it is impossible to speak to that history without reaching out into other communities. The remarkable heritage of Fredericksburg has its Texan roots that reach from the Gulf of Mexico to San Saba. The economy of Marble Falls is founded on the Colorado River and the creation of the chain dams which formed the Highland Lakes. Llano's unique history was shaped in the early 1700s when Spanish explorers based in San Antonio discovered silver in the area. Each of these communities have always benefited from the blessings of the others.

Today, our shared abundance of wildlife, wildflowers, minerals, and water combine to create the most vital area for tourism in the state. Personally, I prefer to use the term to visitor over "tourist." My reasoning is that today's visitors are educated and adventuresome people who want information on the history and resources of the areas they enter. That information must be intelligent, well crafted, and in depth. I have brought together contributing writers from Burnet, Blanco, Llano, and Gillespie Counties. Together with an exemplary art and sales department we offer the best and brightest local talent available.

After decades of writing for newspapers, and churning out visitors guides, I came to the conclusion that only

a regional magazine would serve the demands of the residents and visitors in the area. Unlike a community visitors guide, *Enchanted Rock Magazine* is not a "throw-away." With its area map, and a size, stitched and trimmed, that is easily perused by visitors while traveling, eating in restaurants, or walking down a sidewalk *Enchanted Rock Magazine* is definitely user friendly. I trust that in time local residents and advertisers will arrive at the realization that *Enchanted Rock Magazine* serves, more than any other area publication, the needs and desires of our homeland in the Texas hills.

Enchanted Rock Magazine continues to improve thanks to the cooperation and vision of our advertisers. Our request to you, the reader, is to thank our advertisers for their contribution. One word from you is of immeasurable value to us.



IRA KENNEDY

ENCHANTED ROCK MAGAZINE

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YOU TAKE A NICKEL

BY FRANK HILL

My Granddaddy taught me all about life,
How to handle the trouble 'n' strife,
Said, "You can pretty much tell 'bout what a man knows
"By the way he handles his dominoes."

Taught me to shuffle them bones face-down,
So you don't know what you're drawin' this round;
'N' all your hustle don't make a damn,
Y' gotta win or lose by the play of your hand.

You Take A Nickel, I'll take a dime;
My down's comin' up next time.
You play the spinner, I'll be the winner;
In this game of dominoes.

Now, your double-five gets you ten to begin,
But my blank-five makes it even again.
Double-blank makes you look like a winner,
But my five-four's startin' to cut off the spinner.

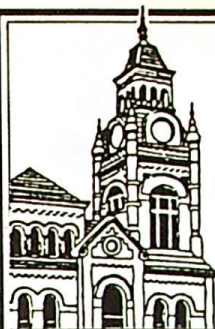
Got the blank-six, five-six in my hand
'N' you gotta try an' score if you can.
But its gonna be increasingly hard,
'Cause you gotta keep goin' to that old bone yard.

You Take A Nickel, I'll take a dime;
My down's comin' up next time.
You play the spinner, I'll be the winner;
In this game of dominoes.

You were thirty-five ahead when I dominoed,
But my Granddaddy taught me somethin' you never know'd:
Said, "Don't try to be the fastest gun in the West.
"Jus' hang-in 'n' out-last 'em 'n' you'll be the best... Son!"

When I laid that last bone down,
Why, the spots in your hand weighed forty pounds:
Double-six, double-four, six-four 'n' ten more.
Count 'em all up 'n' write down my score.

You Take A Nickel, I'll take a dime;
My down's comin' up next time.
You play the spinner, I'll be the winner;
In this game of dominoes.



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RUSSIANS AT EROCK BY IRA KENNEDY



RUSSIANS PAUSE FOR A MOMENT TO POSE FOR POSTERITY AT ENCHANTED ROCK.

Sometime in May I received a call from Peter Gonzalez, one of the organizers of an Austin-based organization, Heart to Heart. Peter said that each year they sponsor a group of young Russian dancers for a month-long visit to the states. During their stay in Texas they give performances in the area. While living in the state with host families, the youths also have an opportunity to enjoy some of the recreational opportunities—from the Texas Rangers training camp to Schlitterbahn. Peter asked me if I would be willing to give a talk at Enchanted Rock. Naturally, I agreed.

Just before noon on June 6, I arrived at the park a little early and waited at the headquarters. Before long Peter came in, introduced himself, and we talked while the group took a short break after their drive from Austin. I learned that I was to give my talk to fifteen teenagers, two adult chaperones, and a translator from Russia. Included in the group would be a few members from the host families.

The young dancers were from Vorkuta, Russia, a city of some 250,000 which was created in the 1950's by Stalin. During the Communist era over one and a half million residents of Vorkuta died while working in the coal mines. Located above the Arctic Circle where, in January, temperatures drop to 40 degrees below zero. The residents see little of fresh fruits and vegetables. To these young Russians, the abundance of produce in American supermarkets is a sight in itself. An apple, to them, is a delicacy.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

Crabapple Crossing

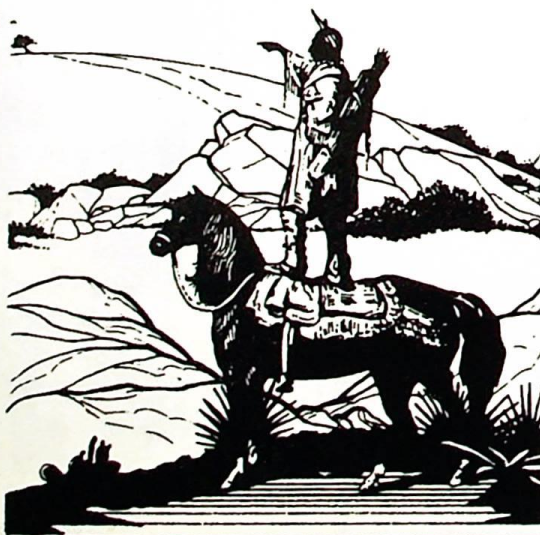
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Sincerely,
E Von Flatern,
Melbourne, Florida

Information Sent

I enjoy your articles about the Texas Hill Country. Your magazine is full of history and facts. I am thinking about subscribing to it too. But I have one small favor to ask.

Someone had told me about an article in an issue that you had published before. It was something about Smoothing Iron Mountain in northwestern Llano County, by a little town called Valley Springs. It told about an old house foundation up on Smoothing Iron, and near it was a cave where an old general was supposed to have hidden some gold. Twenty years later the general finally had a chance to come back to the mountain but he could not find the cave, the mountain had shifted, all he could find were the remains of the old house.

I have found the remains of that old house too, but I need that article or that month's magazine issue to further investigate. I might have misunderstood her on a few things but I hope you understand what article I am looking for. Would you please send that article to me. If you cannot find the article she said it was in last month's (April) magazine. I would appreciate it greatly.

Your fellow reader,
J. Brice Milliorn
Llano, Texas

Information Provided

I visited the Hill Country this past weekend and picked up a copy of *Enchanted Rock Magazine*. I very much enjoyed the articles, especially the ones relating American Indian history.

I would like to obtain a copy of "The Last Winter Count." I would appreciate it if you would provide bibliographic information. Thank you for your help.

Sincerely,
Pat Talley,
Lewisville, Texas

Dear Pat, Please see pages 44 & 45. IK

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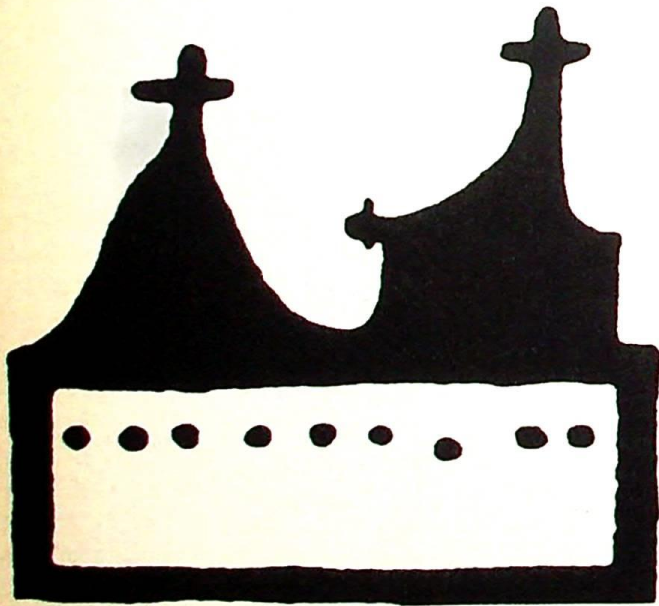
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OF SOULS AND SILVER

BY STEVE GOODSON



THIS INDIAN PICTOGRAPH OF THE SAN SABA MISSION IS LOCATED AT A SITE IN CONCHO COUNTY, SOME FORTY MILES TO THE NORTH. THE ILLUSTRATION (OPPOSITE PAGE) BY IRA KENNEDY OF THE COMANCHE FEATHERED BONNET IS BASED ON A PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE U.S. NATIONAL MUSEUM IN WASHINGTON D.C.

ON A QUEST FOR
LOST SOULS AND SILVER MINES,
THE SPANIARDS VENTURED INTO
THE HILL COUNTRY OF TEXAS.

ON THE BANKS OF
THE SAN SABA RIVER
THEY FOUNDED A SETTLEMENT,
ONLY TO BE BETRAYED BY THE
SOULS THEY CAME TO SAVE
AND LOSE THE MINE
SOME SAY THEY FOUND.

The hills of Central Texas abound with legends of lost mines and hidden treasure. However, many people overlook the fact that the Spanish entered this area at an early date. One school of thought proposes that Coronado entered these granite hills during his search for Quivira in the 16th century. That Coronado strayed this far south is improbable but there are some interesting facts of historical record. One is that the Spanish established a mission and presidio on the San Saba River in the mid 1700's. In doing so, the Spanish hoped to Christianize the native peoples, check French influence in the area and search for the rumored mineral deposits found there.

In *Coronado's Children*, J. Frank Dobie devoted an entire chapter to the presidio, San Luis De Las Amarillas, founded on the San Saba river in 1757. This vignette of history reveals how the Spanish used the peoples of this area, and by doing so, came to be used themselves.

By the early 1700's an immense power struggle was taking shape in what we know as Central and North Texas. The native people of the area had acquired the horse culture, probably from the Puebloan settlements of New Mexico, and had come to subsist mostly on the bison herds which frequented the rich grasslands of Texas. Of these native peoples the eastern Apaches, best known to us today as the Jicarillas, Mescaleros, and Lipans, had dominated the Southern Plains for several centuries. But with the acquisition of the horse, Shoshonean-speaking tribes of the north, known to us as Comanches, began working their way down from their Rocky Mountain homelands to contest the Apaches' control of the Southern Plains.

By the 1750's the Comanches, allied with the Wichita tribes along the Red River, had acquired firearms from French traders who worked their way up river from Louisiana. With these developments, the Comanches expelled the Jicarillas and Mescaleros to western New Mexico. The Lipans, however, would not go so easily. Up to this point the Lipans had taken a warlike stance with the Spanish settlements of Texas and

Mexico. They raided San Antonio and its outlying missions for horses and natives. Now they began looking South to the Spanish for possible allies and a source of firearms with which to fight the Comanche. A party of Lipans entered San Antonio to treaty for peace with the Spanish. The Lipan also asked the Padres to establish a mission in what had been their homelands to the north. The military questioned the motives of these Apaches, but the missionary priests, ecstatic in gaining new converts, agreed to seek approval for the mission.

The Lipan Apaches also brought in silver, in an almost pure form, asking blacksmiths to fashion ornaments for the Lipans to wear and trade. When asked the origin of this silver, the Lipans replied with stories of silver-bearing hills to the north.

In February 1756, Don Bernardo de Miranda, lieutenant general of Texas, left San Antonio to investigate the rumors of the mineral riches to the north. After traveling northwest, he located what he called the Cerro del Almagre, (literally a hill of red earth). In the hill Miranda found a cave that yielded three pounds of ore which produced a good showing of silver. While returning to San Antonio, Miranda met a trusted Apache who told him of richer mines near the source of the Colorado River.

Miranda's reports were so glowing that officials immediately questioned their authenticity. The viceroy in Mexico City requested that Miranda bring more ore from different depths into Mexico for assaying. At this point, Miranda drops from recorded history. His last known assignment was in the missions of East Texas. Rumor has it that he deserted to the French in Louisiana, feeling cheated of his dreams of acquiring a fortune in silver from the red hills of Central Texas. He supposedly was murdered in New Orleans for plots showing the location of his mining activities. No records have been found indicating whether the requested additional ore was delivered to Mexico. Most authorities agree that his Cerro del Almagre was located near Honey Creek on Riley Mountain.

In April 1757, Colonel Diego Ortiz de Parilla set out from San

Antonio with soldiers and priests to establish a mission and presidio on the San Saba. The Lipans assured them that this was their homeland when it was actually land that had been hotly contested by the Comanches and their Wichita allies. This party built a mission of logs with a wooden palisade and the presidio was built three miles away. Colonel Parilla argued that the mission should be built closer to the presidio; however, the priests refused, fearing the soldiers of the presidio would abuse their converts.

The Lipans were hesitant to settle at the mission, saying that they needed time to go north to hunt buffalo to feed their people through the coming winter. While there they attacked some isolated Comanche camps, leaving Spanish articles behind.

A few months after the mission was established an Indian appeared warning of an impending attack. The Spanish prepared for the attack but, after several months passed with no sign of hostiles, they relaxed their watch.

In March 1758, a huge war party of Comanches and Wichitas arrived at the mission demanding entrance. The priests debated the



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OF SOULS AND SILVER

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

wisdom of allowing them to enter but, after receiving promises of peaceful intent, opened the gates. The mission stewards began handing out presents of tobacco and beads to appease their unannounced guests. The Indians also requested admittance to the presidio. One priest and a soldier mounted their horses to accompany an Indian to the fort and rode towards the gate. They were both shot down, and an armed conflict began. Two priests, some of their attendants and some soldiers fled to the mission buildings and killed several of their attackers. The presidio commander sent eight soldiers to reinforce the mission, but three fell to their attackers and the rest were cut off. Two priests, some attendants and soldiers, numbering 27 in all, escaped the Indian attack and arrived at the presidio.

Parilla asked for and received viceregal authority for a punitive expedition against the hostile Indians. In August 1759 he led a force from San Antonio and headed north, crossing the Concho and Colorado rivers. Upon arriving at the Brazos he attacked an Indian encampment, killing 55 and capturing 149 prisoners. Some horses, mules and articles from the mission were said to be found among these Indians.

Encouraged by his success, Parilla pushed on northward past present day Nocona to a Wichita village on the Red River. The Wichitas and their Comanche allies gathered and attacked the Spaniards, promptly defeating them. Parilla and his men retreated in good order but left two cannons on the battlefield. With this defeat, the viceroy removed Parilla from presidial command and made him governor of Coahuila. Captain Felipe de Rabago y Teran became the new commander at the presidio San Saba.

Although Rabago was not as capable a commander as Parilla, he undertook several projects to improve the presidio. He instructed his men to quarry limestone, which replaced the log palisade built in 1757. His men dug a moat and built a blockhouse. Rabago replaced some younger militiamen and brought recruits from Coahuila. The presidio now had stone walls fifteen to twenty feet high. The soldiers built a round tower at the northwest corner for defense of the main gate. Smaller blockhouses projected from the other three corners. These walls surrounded a courtyard 300 feet wide and 360 feet long.

Rabago busied himself and his men by exploring the area to the west, searching for a direct route to Santa Fe. He also persuaded the Apaches to settle at two missions he established on the Nueces River to the southwest.

The presidio did not flourish, however, mostly due to the system enforced by royal authority. Soldiers had to buy their food, weapons, horses and uniforms from the presidial commander, often at exorbitant prices. Often they were forced to work on farms and ranches owned by the commander. The only way a soldier could be dis-

THE FIRST RECORD OF MINING ACTIVITIES ALONG THE SAN SABA IS FOUND IN A VOLUME OF HISTORIA DE MEXICO :
 " IN 1752 THERE WAS DISCOVERED IN THE PROVINCE OF TEXAS, ON THE RIO SAN SABAS (SIC), THE IGUANA MINE, WHICH HAS SINCE PRODUCED GREAT QUANTITIES OF SILVER."

charged was by death or desertion, the latter course they often pursued.

After repeated Indian attacks on the presidio and its supply trains, an epidemic of scurvy broke out in the garrison. Rabago, though only 46 years old, suffered from ill health. His men complained to the viceroy about conditions at the presidio and in July 1768 Rabago removed the garrison to the mission on the Nueces River.

The first record of mining activities along the San Saba is found in a volume of *Historia de Mexico* : " In 1752 there was discovered in the province of Texas, on the *Rio San Sabas* (sic), the Iguana Mine, which has since produced great quantities of silver." Mining activity at the presidio did not end when the Spaniards abandoned it. From time to time independent groups of men worked the mines, always prospecting for leads to new sources of silver. Indians continued to be a constant threat, however.

In 1810 the Viceroy Don Francisco Javier Venegas sent Jose Maria Garcia, as inspector of mines and missions in Texas, to visit the old Presidio San Saba. One of the men in his party, Lieutenant Juan Padilla, carved his name and the year on the gatepost of the fort. In his report, Garcia states that the mine "is near the surface; [that] food and water are convenient; [that] the ore is found in 'iguanas', and is so pure that the Indians, who so well know of its locality, take it in its crude state and beat it into articles of personal adornment." He further recommended that the presidio be repaired and strengthened and manned by cavalry to protect those working in the mine.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

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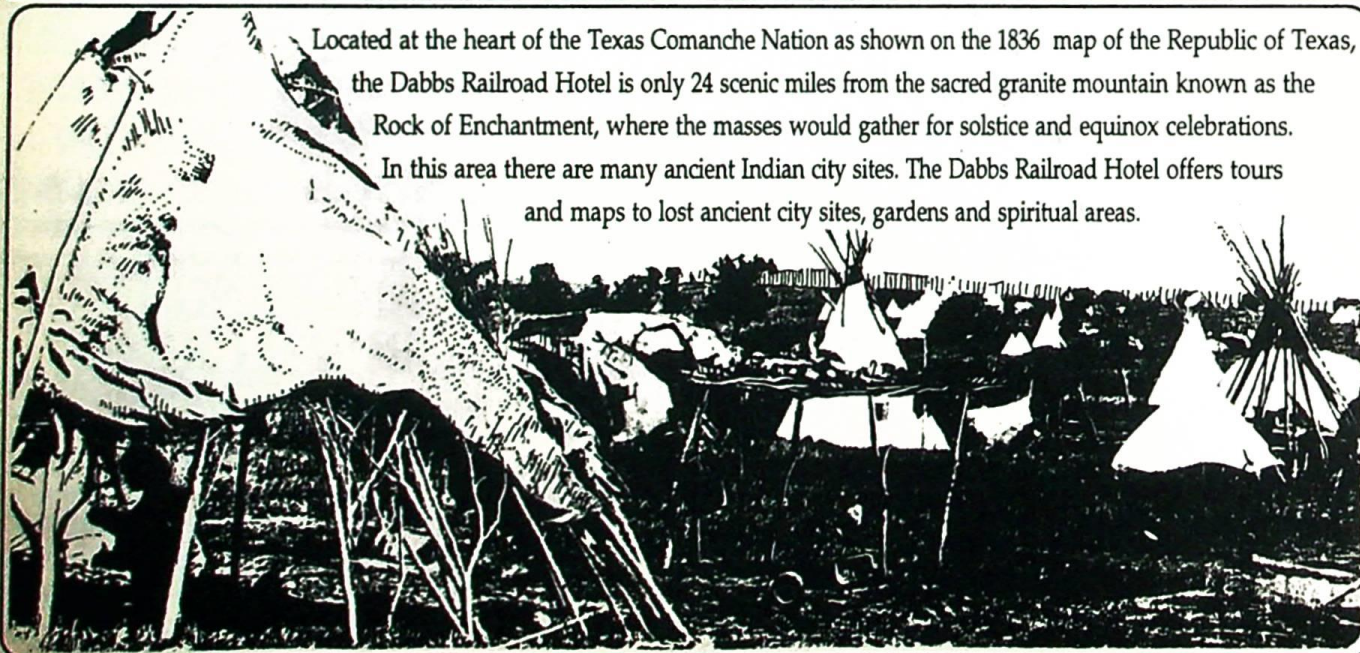


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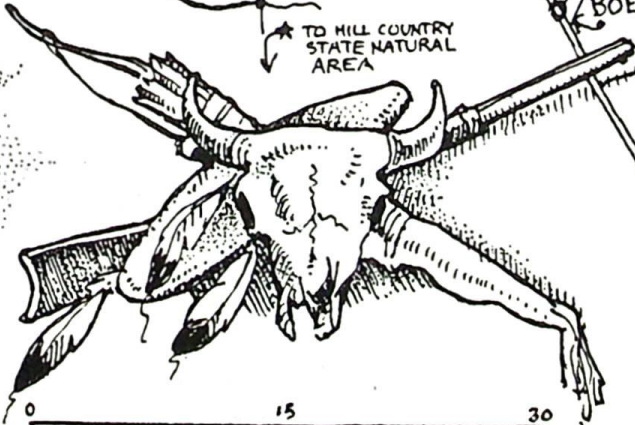
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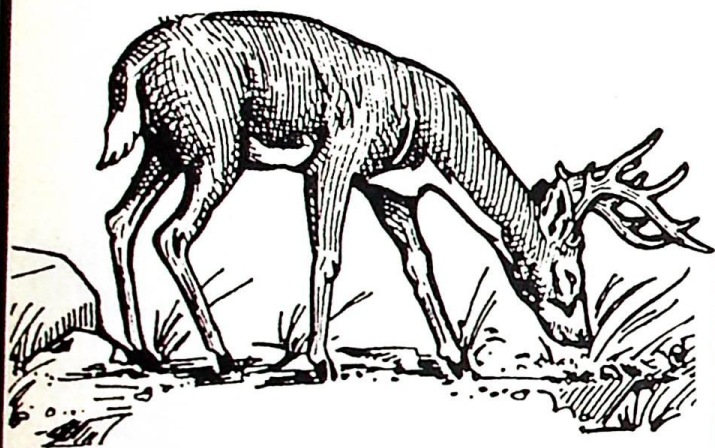
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OF SOULS AND SILVER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

In the Central Archives in Mexico City one can find a report, dated from 1812, from the Royal Inspector of Mines, Don Ignacio Obregon. As inspector, Obregon was forbidden by law to own any mining interest. If he made a false report or was secretly owner of any stocks or shares in any mining project, on conviction for the first offense he would lose his right hand, the second offense, the left hand, and for the third offense, death by garrote.

In his report Obregon states, "The Almagras (sic) mine is found about seventy leagues north of San Antonio de Bejar. "The specimens of ore which I send . . . were taken from near the surface, in my presence, and will show the exceeding wealth of this mine . . . the silver is found in bolsillos (pockets). That taken out is in the form of iquanas, some weighing as much as 25 pounds and almost in a pure state. The geological formations of this region are of a limestone nature, and the mineralogists would not for a moment suspect such a rich deposit of silver exists in this vicinity." He goes on to describe the surroundings, the mining operations once carried on and the mission's destruction. He states that the mine was closed at different times on account of Indian hostilities and closes his report recommending that the old fort be repaired and garrisoned.

From the beginning, the mines around the old presidio and the mine called Los Almagres by Miranda have been confused as one or the other. Several authors suggest that Almagres was the only mine in the area and that it is the mine referred to in the preceding reports. That may be true, but it's hard to believe that these inspectors would recommend manning a garrison 80 miles away from the mine it is assigned to protect. Also, Obregon states that the mine was found in a limestone formation which closer approximates the geological area found around the old presidio at Menard.

Yes, the hills of Central Texas abound in legends of lost mines and treasure. But the real treasure of this land is the rich history which surrounds those of us who are nourished by its past.





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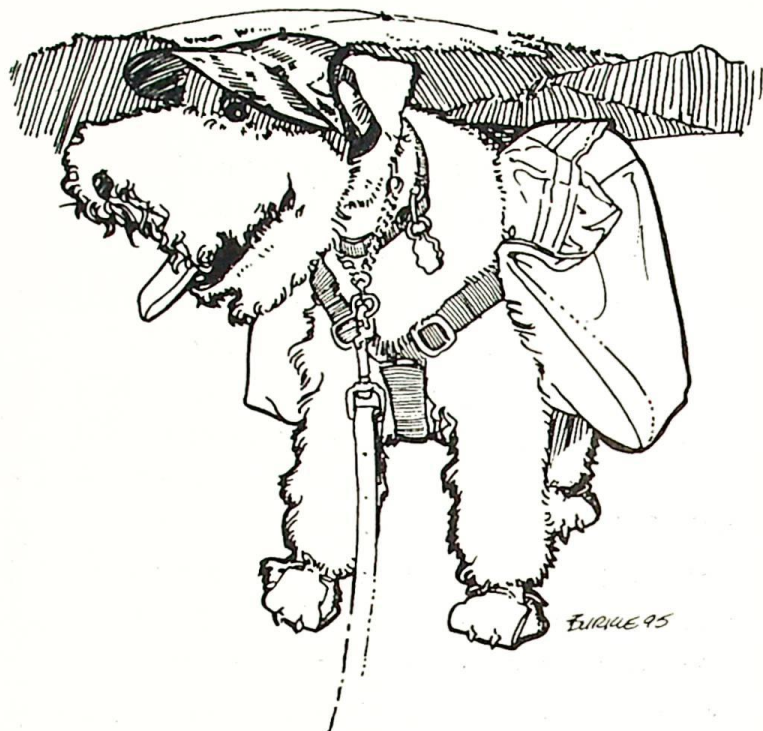
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DOG DAYS ON EROCK

by Charles Tischler



Chester's Cabela's saddlebags carry all of the essentials: water for him and Sammy, a collapsible cup borrowed from the kitchen cabinet, sunscreen with bug repellent (dogs get sunburned, too), and assorted snacks for rest and energy breaks. He sports doggie moccasins, fore-and-aft, and an Orvis sunvisor shields his eyes. (Notice Chester's eyes are wide open and Sammy is squinting like a bandit.)

Having survived a night at the Dabbs Railroad Hotel in Llano, canines Little Chester of Jollyville and his sidekick, Sammy, prepare to ascend Enchanted Rock. Even though equipped with dog gear of the highest technology available—mail ordered from slick catalogs—the

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pair were blindsided by an unexpectedly humid day.

Although it was mid-May, the mercury hit the upper nineties and the humidity neared 100%. Thus, their human companions decided to break off the adventure just after the photo shoot and head back to Jollyville. Other visiting canines have not gotten off so easily.

Yearly, the heat and exhaustion claim the lives of a number of dogs. Beyond the scalding summer granite and withering sunshine, other dangers can confront the unprepared. Sonny Solis, EROCK Park Superintendent, has had more experience than he would like helping to retrieve the dead and dying canine visitors whose owners didn't realize the extent of the dangers at hand. Recently, Sonny talked of canine snake-bite victims whose owners violated the leash rules. (Violation of leash rules is an offense for which expulsion from the Park is guaranteed).

Sonny went on to talk about city dogs whose major physical activities often include several hours of watching CNN with their masters. Overweight, out of shape (like some of us humans know), and with paw pads not tempered to this wild country, these dogs have a terrible time making the grade to the summit. The surface of the granite on the hottest days can seriously burn pads.

Although dogs are welcomed at Enchanted Rock, often, and most especially during the hot months, it would be wise to leave them at home.



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AN UNFINISHED DREAM



THE DREAMER: PROF. BADU, CENTER, SURROUNDED BY BUSINESS ASSOCIATES IN HIS BUILDING WHICH A BANK OCCUPIED AT THE TIME. THE BANK WENT INTO RECEIVERSHIP ON FEBRUARY 28, 1904, AND BADU LATER CONVERTED IT INTO HIS ELEGANT HOME. THE BADU HOUSE WAS RESTORED IN 1983 BY THE LATE AND HIGHLY ESTEEMED AUTHOR, ANN RUFF.

by DALE FRY

Folks remember him as a man of high vision, the mineralogist who drew people from far and near to investigate the vast mineral resources of Llano County. He is known as the professor who strove for years to focus the world's attention on a rare and beautiful stone he named Opal Granite, a remarkable geological composition unique to Llano County. History reveals that as his fame grew, many stories chronicling his outstanding contribution to mineralogy appeared in statewide newspapers and technical publications.

Apparently unaware of another side to Professor N.J. Badu, the dapper little Frenchman from Nancy, France, history has failed to transmit that interesting information. Few

know of the Badu who nursed a great love for beauty—or that this trait led him to dig deeply into his pocketbook and share the glory of nature with not only the local citizens, but all who ventured into his beloved city.

These heartwarming facts come from the memory of local historian Alline Elliott, who was privileged to know the professor in her childhood, and whose grandfather Robert Halliburton worked as the caretaker of two park sites which Badu created with his own money. Under Badu's guidance, Halliburton developed a full block of land, on which Badu's large home sat, into a lush garden open to all. And, as if that were not enough, Badu purchased property on the north bank of the Llano River in downtown Llano for yet another park. He dug even deeper into

A LLANO PHILANTHROPIST'S DREAM OF A FREE PARK WAS SUDDENLY WASHED AWAY IN THE FLOOD OF '35

his pocket and developed that acreage, also. Badu Park, as it is known today, lies just down a long slope from the distinguished gentleman's home, and it, too, was always open free of charge to the public.

Badu originally donated his waterfront acreage to the City of Llano for a park around 1920-1922, according to Elliott. But the city, strapped for funds, could not afford to develop the land, and soon the property lay smothered in almost impenetrable wild growth as the spring-fed waters of the river encouraged its steady advancement.

Undaunted, Badu, a man of refinement and no modest means, refused to relinquish his dream. And so, seeing the city's prolonged financial disadvantage, he decided to fund the development himself as an ongoing project. He hired Robert Halliburton, a diminutive, full-bearded fellow, to first clear the land of bee-brush and mesquite trees. Then, after clearing the property and encouraging the grass to spread, Halliburton ran a herd of his donkeys in the area to keep the grass "mowed."

People fell in love with the park immediately, graced as it was with its hugh trees and the refreshing breezes that wafted across the waters of the river. Long before Badu completed other planned improvements, Elliott says, the shady park became "...a beautiful refuge for travelers or families out on picnics and (for) church outings...and Easter egg hunts. The congregations from different churches spread their dinners under the big trees on Sunday during their meetings in the summer."

Quoting from the book, *Cobwebs and Cornerstones, a History of Llano's Business District* by Sarah Oatman Franklin and Phyllis Whitt Almond, Elliott again points out the park's natural beauty as one of the reasons for its popularity: "The natural resources of lovely large trees and a cool, clear river located near it enhanced its beauty." Elliott adds, "This park was a special place to me, as my grandfather built it and cared for it—and he was my pal." After clearing the land and keeping the grass "mowed," Halliburton later installed swings in the trees and, sometime between 1930-1931, built concrete tables and benches—all at Badu's expense.

Elliott says that her grandfather, proud of his work in the park and of Badu's rapt attention to it, delighted in loading his eight grandchildren in his old mule-drawn wagon and hauling them away for a day's romp in the verdant facility.

"When we came into town to visit," she says, "all of the grandchildren would ride to the park with Grandpa in his wagon. After we moved to Llano from Clint Sawyer's farm at Babyhead,



CARETAKERS OF THE DREAM: ROBERT AND BUELAH HALLIBURTON (1927)

I spent most every Saturday in the park...My memories linger on the wonderful times we had...picnicking and swinging in the big swings Grandpa had strung in the oak trees."

Those carefree times, however, would soon end in a few horrifying minutes. Some four or five years later, on June 14, 1935, a thunderous wall of water swept down the ancient corridors of the Llano River as the notoriously erratic stream rose an unprecedented 42 feet. Halliburton's dedicated labor of years disappeared in a matter of minutes as the raging waters inundated Badu Park, wrenching its cement tables and benches from the ground, uprooting great pecan and oak trees and hurling them all in headlong flight toward the Gulf. Llano's original iron bridge with its wooden road way, located just below the park, also fell victim to the river as its overpowering waters sent the whole structure tumbling downstream.

Eventually the waters subsided and the mud dried up

CONTINUED ON PAGE 35

REUNION

by KENN KNOPP

Dr. Fischer Searches for His Comanche Kin

The author relates his providential meeting with Dr. Fischer at the Friedrichsburg Easter Fires Pageant in 1994.



DR. GUENTHER FISCHER

The summerlike warmth of the clear, sunny day had suddenly vanished in Friedrichsburg. The sun had set. At the time the temperature up in the Texas Panhandle was freezing. And now it was quickly becoming chilly, almost cold, this Saturday Easter Eve in the Central Texas German Hills.

The wary women of Friedrichsburg to this day, from decades of experience, always admonish: "Don't put out the new flowers until Easter has come and is well gone!" And, "If you go to the Easter Fires Pageant, take a blanket to wrap around!"

Three thousand people from near and far were crowding into the Racetrack bleachers at the Gillespie County Fairgrounds enjoying the Volksmusik, the traditional German music played by the Easter Bunny Band as prologue to the annual Easter Fires Pageant.

There was an empty reserved seat next to me. I wondered who would be occupying it; and I also thought that it would be a shame if the seat wouldn't be used. The pageant is always sold out months in advance.

As the lights dimmed and the cast of half a thousand local volunteers began enacting the stories of the founding and the traditions of Friedrichsburg, a distinguished young man came to claim the seat.

Dr. Guenther Fischer had just come to Friedrichsburg and was eager to see the pageant, especially the parts telling about and portraying the Indians and the German-Comanche Peace Treaty. Someone had returned his or her ticket. He happened to be next in line at the ticket counter, and he got the ticket.

Never have I seen anyone so enraptured as he watched the unfolding dramatizations of the Spanish Franciscan missionaries, the Comanche campgrounds and campfire, the German wagon train filled with pioneer settlers, the Peace Treaty with the Indians, and the life and the yesteryear times of German Friedrichsburg.

And then he sensed being home in Germany when the colorful fireworks were set off, the signal for the bonfires on the surrounding hills to be set ablaze. In Germany too, the Easter Fires signal the death of Winter and the coming of new life and productiveness.

And, as in Germany, the lighting of the Easter fire in

the local Catholic church during the Saturday Easter Vigil, begins the symbolization of resurrection from death, victory over sin, and the grace of still another year of opportunity for growth in mind, spirit, and body. In Friedrichsburg, Easter, even more mystically than Christmas, seems to have the edge as the most special time of the year.

During the intermission Guenther Fischer and I got down to meeting one another. Dr. Fischer explained that he was an engineer in the very specialized field of material science at the University of Stuttgart, Germany. Then came the bombshell: he had just come from Oklahoma where for the first time he had been searching for Fischer relatives of both German and Indian blood.

He had come to Friedrichsburg to uncover the history of the son of Gottlieb Fischer, who was kidnapped by the Indians. Gottlieb is said to have come from (but not yet proven) the Heidenheim an der Brenz area of Germany that is now called Baden-Wuerttemberg of which Stuttgart is the capital.

From various sources the father's name is referred to "Theophilo" as well as "Gottlieb". Both mean "Lover of God". As a single man, young Gottlieb is said to have sailed from Bremen on September 8, 1845 on the ship "Weser" landing in Galveston, Texas on November 27, 1845.

Gottlieb first caught his breath in New Braunfels for awhile before deciding to help settle the in the new German colony of Friedrichsburg. Prior to coming to Friedrichsburg he married Sophia Schertz, a native of Alsatia (now a part of France). Sophia was born in 1828 in Riedisheim, Haut Rhin, near Mulhouse, France. Her parents were Joseph Schertz and Anne Marie Wunenburger, who sailed from Antwerp on the Belgian ship the "Jean Keys" on October 26, 1843 and landed in Galveston, Texas. Gottlieb was proud because he had married into the same Alsatian Schertz family that the venerable Jean Jacques von Coll, the right hand man of John O. Meusebach, commissioner of the Texas Verein.

Gottlieb and Sophia lived on a farm southwest of Friedrichsburg in the Pedernales Community on Wolf Creek. The 1860 Gillespie County census lists Gottlieb as being 46 and Sophia 32 years of age. Their children were Rudolph, age 8, born in 1852; Josephine Bertha (Beta), age 6, (who married Heinrich Ruebe, and after his death Hugo Reindl); Rosa, 5, (who married Otto Rabke in 1881); and Arthur Otto, age 3, (who married Mathilda Rabke in 1905).

At the age of twelve, in the spring of 1864 on a Saturday noon, a band of Comanches captured Rudolph. According to family lore, the Comanches had just rustled some horses from the nearby Engelhart Weber farm when they stumbled across young Rudolph and another young boy by the name of Johnson.

It is said that Rudolph told his parents he was going to visit with the Ludwig Kneese children on Nassen Krick (Wet Creek) near the present roadside park at the Koch Pedernales Winery on Highway 16. The two boys tried to hide from the Indians but were caught. They tied the two boys to stolen horses and took them to the Indian camp in the Palo Duro Canyon in West Texas.



THE DAUGHTERS AND FAMILY OF JIM MYERS, THE LATTER-DAY DESCENDANT OF RUDOLF FISCHER, CAPTURED BY THE COMANCHES IN 1864 NEAR FREIEDRECHSBURG

At the age of twelve, in the spring of 1864 on a Saturday noon, a band of Comanches captured Rudolph. According to family lore, the Comanches had just rustled some horses from the nearby Engelhart Weber farm when they stumbled across young Rudolph and another young boy by the name of Johnson.

Some time later, the Johnson young man went with the Indians on a raid into Mexico and never returned. Rudolph may have been with this raiding party of the Indians into Mexico. According to the story handed down to a Fischer relative, Mrs. Charles A. Lott, still living in Friedrichsburg, Rudolph was captured by the Mexicans and placed in a jail in Mexico. His father, Gottlieb, is said to have paid for his release. But, instead of coming back to Friedrichsburg, Rudolph returned to his Indian home. But this story is not in the memory of the Oklahoma Fischers.

Rudolph never returned to his family, even though the Comanches gave him numerous opportunities to do so. Family lore in Oklahoma has it that the Indians occasionally tested Rudolph's loyalty by taking him with them when they ventured near Friedrichsburg.

One story has it that Rudolph even rode near his family's farmhouse one day. As others in the Comanche party stayed back, he sneaked up to the window to take a look at his mother. It is fascinating psychology, however, that Rudolph took an immediate liking to his sudden new life as a Comanche and fully identified with their ways, particularly the excitement of a good hunt. He was also very valuable to the Comanche chiefs. He spoke German, some English and Spanish, and eventually two Indian dialects.

The Comanche chiefs, including Chief Quannah Parker, led their people from the San Saba campgrounds up to Fort Griffin near Graham and Albany, out of the German Hills. They

finally arrived at the Fort Sill Indian Reservation, just prior to one of the last Indian battles in Texas, at Adobe Walls.

The Fischer and Myers Indian families in present-day Oklahoma talk also of their family patriarch, Rudolph Fischer, taking part in the Battle of Adobe Walls, also called Yellow Walls, near Amarillo in the late 1870's.

Rudolph's father, Gottlieb, from the time the kidnaping took place, never stopped trying to do all he could to get his son back home with his family in Friedrichsburg. Gottlieb even offered rewards to bounty hunters. He sent letters to all possible government agencies, especially Indian bureaus but to no avail.

The years went by. Eventually the Indians in the general area of Friedrichsburg were relocated to the Indian reservations of Oklahoma. But Gottlieb Fischer still did not give up his quest to find his firstborn son. Mr. Guenther of the Guenther Flour Mill helped Gottlieb compose a letter to the President of the United States asking President Ulysses S. Grant for his help.

The letter to the president worked. One day Gottlieb received notice that his son Rudolph had been located in Oklahoma at the Fort Sill Indian Reservation. It is said, that from there Rudolph, with his hands tied together with a rope, was forced to return to his father.

Now a hale and hardy young man, and on the verge of taking a wife, Rudolph was not happy at all about having to go back to Friedrichsburg. He grudgingly obeyed. After all, the Indian agency director had no choice but to follow a direct order of the President of the United States.



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There came a time when Rudolph was to help deliver a herd of horses out West. But, upon arriving with the horses near Abilene, Rudolph came to a momentous personal decision. He suddenly changed back into Indian garb, let out an exuberant Indian holler, put his horse in gallop, and rode back to the reservation.

Young Rudolph apparently tried to resume his life amongst his family and kind. He worked as a ranchhand for the prominent Crabapple Community rancher Crockett Riley, near Enchanted Rock. There came a time when Rudolph was to help deliver a herd of horses out West. But, upon arriving with the horses near Abilene, Rudolph came to a momentous personal decision. He suddenly changed back into Indian garb, let out an exuberant Indian holler, put his horse in gallop, and rode back to the reservation.

With his mind totally made up to remain a Comanche, he allowed not one, but two Indian maidens to enter his house — which was the public announcement of a Comanche marriage. His wives names were Tissy-choer (or Tissy-Chauney) and Uny Beitah (or Kah-cha-cha). Between them they had at least thirteen children. And through the years he and his wives adopted into their family as well.


Rudolph Fischer's Comanche name was *Asewaynah*, meaning: "Something Gray". The name also meant something similar to: "Hanging on the side of the horse and shooting." Both Rudolph and his wife Tissy-Chauney died in 1941 and are now buried in the Indian cemetery in Apache, Oklahoma after their original burial plot was to be covered by a water reservoir.

When the Christian missionaries came to the reservation, Rudolph Fischer reaffirmed the Christian baptism spoken for him as an infant in Friedrichsburg. It was a heartwrenching decision. He joined the Catholic Church. As a Christian, he was now obliged to allow only one of his wives into his bedroom. He chose the first one, Tissy-chaouer. The one he did not keep, Kah-cha-cha, had had five children with Rudolph, yet was quite understanding. She later married a man named Tom Tooahnippah. Rudolph's children went to the Catholic school on the reservation.

Dr. Fischer, in sharing the insights about Comanche life and living that he gleaned while meeting with Indian leaders and the Indian Fischer family, explained: "The name Comanche is a Spanish name-tag, not Indian. It means "People".

The Comanches, before their Christianization, did not think of themselves as a 'community' made up primarily of 'families.' Rather, they each had different first names. They all were the Comanche People. When little Rudolph

CONTINUED ON PAGE 37



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The Springs of Eden

BY IRA KENNEDY

Now, I'm going to let you in on a secret, but don't go spreading it around," Jimmy said. "There's this place that's simply incredible. You'll have to see it to believe it." Jimmy Demarest of Granite Shoals is a long-time camping partner of mine who prides himself in locating the best, but least known, camping facilities around. Unfortunately, our schedules seldom coincide these days, so we're constantly planning and cancelling excursions into wonderful wild places. This occasion was no different. We had scheduled a three-day camping trip, but at the last moment weather reports of heavy rains put a damper on our plans.

"Let's pack some food and water and go for the day," Jimmy insisted. "The front won't move in until tomorrow. I tell you, we have to go out there."

I had a mountain of work to do, but Jimmy and I hadn't been anywhere together since I started this magazine over a year ago. He had been talking about this place for months, and every time he would insist I take a look, but keep it a secret.

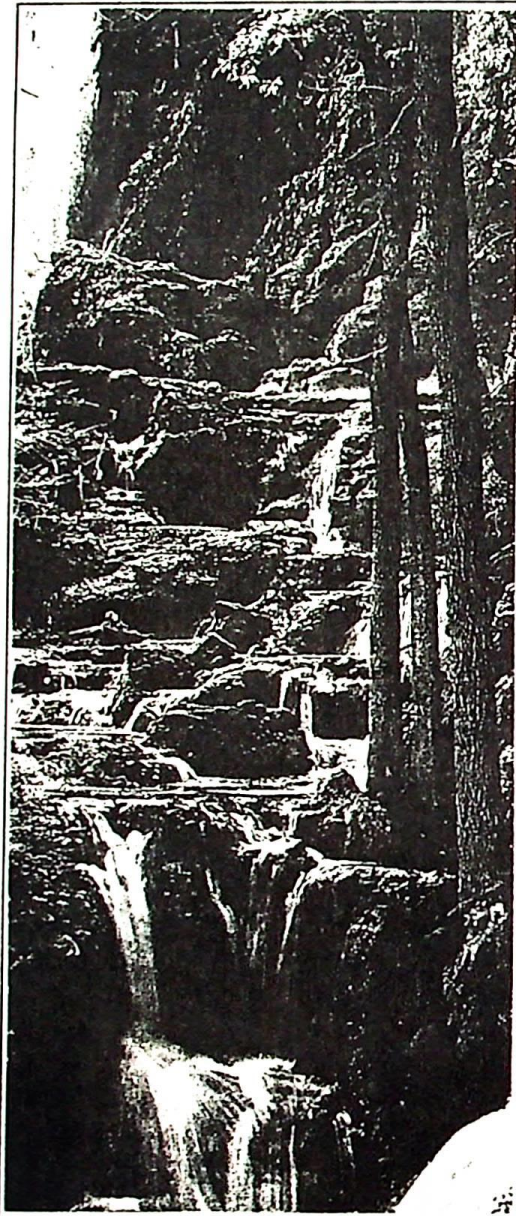
"But writing about secret wild places is my job," I protested whenever the subject came up. "Besides, it's a state park."

"OK. But its way out in the middle of nowhere. There's six miles of really lousy dirt road. Be sure and put that in your story.

And the area must be crawling with snakes, and thick with mosquitoes and ticks. Be sure and mention that too."

I promised; and, at six-thirty on a Friday morning the phone rang. It was my wake-up call from Jimmy. By seven I was on the road headed for Jimmy's place on Granite Shoals, and by nine we were on Highway 281 driving north to Colorado Bend State Park.

Sure enough, the park is way out yonder. FM 580 in Lampasas is poorly marked, so it's easy to find yourself lost and cruising



around in a residential area looking for any way out. After driving for what seemed like hours we made a brief stop at a country store in the community of Bend. I dropped off a few copies of *Enchanted Rock Magazine* and we were on our way. We finally hit the powdery white rubboard road on the last leg of our journey. I commented that the road is really annoying and wouldn't be much fun for a standard two-wheel drive in rainy conditions.

"Be sure and put that in your story," Jimmy said, resigned to the fact that, despite all his objections, I was going to write about the trip.

Near the park we took a little detour to Sulphur Springs Camp. "I just want to check it out," Jimmy said. What we found was a really vital business with a mini-store, cabins, R.V. facilities, campsites, and a spring fed swimming pool all located along the Colorado River. Jimmy chatted with the owner, I left a few copies of the magazine, and we were back on that really lousy road to Colorado Bend State Park. Finally, the road started winding steeply downhill, and in no time we had checked into park headquarters, dropped off a few more magazines; and, after preparing a quick sandwich lunch we headed into the wild.

Jimmy led the way up the Gorman Creek Trail. The weather had been unseasonably hot and humid, and this day was no exception. Among the thick growth of grasses, trees, and vines the air was so heavy you could almost drink it. Half in jest I started making long strokes with my arms—as if swimming and walking at the same time—while Jimmy peeled off his already soaked t-shirt.

Our first stop was at the base of a large limestone cliff with tall, stately cedars some fifteen feet in length growing close by.

I took a drink from my canteen, and the water felt as if it was being pulled directly out into the humid air through every pore in my skin. As I sat there pondering the phenomena, Jimmy was examining the limestone.

"These are the fossils I was telling you about," Jimmy said. "Take a look at this."

"Incredible!" I responded immediately. The whole face of the ten foot limestone outcrop consisted of fossilized leaves. It was as if someone had poured a mixture of leaves and cement into crevices in the limestone only a few days before. I could see the veins in many of the leaves. Others had been folded over from the pressure of the uppermost leaves during some ancient flood. In other sections it appeared as if only the fibrous membranes of the leaves had been turned into stone. We both lamented our ignorance of geology before following the creek further upstream. In the process of writing this article I talked about this place with Jim Chude, our contributing editor on geology. Jim said that what we saw was not actually fossilized leaves, but their imprint; and they were likely some three hundred million years old.

We passed a few pools of water, each with a waterfall cascading over limestone outcrops. The oppressive humidity was no match for the cool spring waters which functioned as one very efficient water cooler. The sounds of waterfalls filled the air as we ventured further uphill and upstream. On both sides the cedar choked canyon rose high and steep, leaving only a narrow strip of sky straight overhead where a few random cotton-white clouds drifted in and out of view.

As we made our way along the side of a steep limestone outcrop we paused to look down into one of the numerous pools about twenty feet below.

"This is just like The Last of the Mohicans," Jimmy commented, "sound effects and all."

He was right. Although this location lacked the awesome scale of the cliff scene in the movie, it had everything else. Before we left Marble Falls I had purchased a roll of film; for some time now I was having trouble with my camera. It wasn't advancing properly and I wasn't sure I was capturing any of this on film. I didn't know beforehand what to expect in the way of photo opportunities, so I spent the balance of the trip, occasionally lamenting my lack of foresight. Following Jimmy's lead I pressed on. Finally, Jimmy said, "This is it."

Beneath us was a large basin where, from our left, Gorman Creek plunged into the jade and turquoise colored pool, clear as glass, twelve feet below. Pristine was the first word that came to mind. Other than that, the scene defied adequate description. Here, far from the noise and chaos of the modern world I found



LEAVES IN STONE, PHOTO BY IRA KENNEDY

Way out yonder,
on the Colorado River,
there's a place
of remarkable beauty.
The word most often used
to provide an adequate
description is "pristine."
Some folks call it
Colorado Bend State Park.

I sat inside the larger grotto, enthralled at the notion of being inside a living spring. Water dripped from the ceiling like rain, while invisible fountains of springwater pushed from the sides and bottom. From the turquoise blue streambed, multicolored pebbles, like rare gems, glistened in the sunlight.

a palpable sense of peace. This is where rivers begin. Along the stairstepped falls of Gorman Creek are the unspoiled springs of Eden.

After stripping down to our hiking shorts we waded into the pool. Fingerling bass gathered around in innocent curiosity, while two or three feet below their crisp shadows mirrored their movements. I reached down and brushed away some debris on the limestone bedrock. Instantly, the water cleared, as bubbles of air released themselves from the impounded caches of leaves and sprang to the surface like carbonated water.

At the upstream edge of the fern-lined pool were two grottos or shallow caves. I sat inside the larger grotto, enthralled at the notion of being inside a living spring. Water dripped from the ceiling like rain, while invisible fountains of springwater pushed from the sides and bottom. From the turquoise blue streambed, multicolored pebbles, like rare gems, glistened in the sunlight. The scene was an unforgettable masterpiece from the hand of the Creator. At one point I glanced over at Jimmy. His knowing smile seemed to say, "I told you this place was incredible." I grinned back and shook my head in disbelief.

As we prepared to leave I said, "I think I could stay here forever."

"Yea, I know what you mean," he replied. "But you know, this scene will keep coming back to you, unexpectedly, over the next few weeks. I haven't been able to get it out of my mind for months."

"You didn't tell me how pristine this place is. My camera

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AT
INKS LAKE

GET HOOKED ON
THE



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is on the blink, and anyway I don't have any more film."

"You'd need a pack mule to carry enough film to do this place justice," he concluded.

As we neared the parking area, several geese waddled over obviously begging to be fed. A doe and fawn emerged from the foliage and came within a few feet of the Rocky 4x4 as we loaded up our gear.

"Man!" Jimmy exclaimed, "They sure put on a good show here. Like it's part of a program or something."

As we returned to our vehicle I rewound the film in the camera. It was then I discovered the source of my camera problems. In my early morning haste I purchased a roll of twelve-exposure film.

A little later, while sitting at a picnic table devouring sandwiches and drinks close to the banks of the Colorado, our attention was drawn to activity on the opposite bank. On a high verticle cliff, tilted back just enough to allow the growth of large cedars, we watched vultures circle in the air, then return to their nests in the treetops. Among them one predatory hawk cruised the shoreline then found a perch in the uppermost branches of a tree mid-way up the cliff so it could eye the shoreline for an evening meal. During the winter months we would just as likely be watching bald eagles performing the same ritual. With that thought we vowed to return in December or January; at the same time we discussed camping here in July. As for myself, I intend to carry along film, film, and more film.

THE FOLLOWING INFORMATION ON COLORADO BEND STATE PARK IS TAKEN FROM THEIR TP&W BROCHURE:

In an area poetically named "Land of Living Waters," the 51,000-acre park features six miles of scenic Colorado River frontage, two spring-fed creeks, picturesque rock canyons and rolling uplands. A wide spectrum of outdoor recreational opportunities includes fishing, boating, hiking, mountain biking, guided nature and caving tours, bird watching, mineral study, and photography.

The present park area has had a history of ranching and lumbering as well as mining for gold and uranium. Floodplain and scarp woodlands support a tremendous variety of wildlife, black-capped vireos and bald eagles are among the park's "specialty items," as are its crystal-clear creeks dammed along their length with striking growths of travertine, a mineral precipitated from calcium-carbonate rich waters.

Two large parking areas by the Colorado River accommodate up to 300 vehicles and include primitive tent camping facilities with drinking water, chemical toilets and a fish-cleaning table. Fires are permitted only in designated areas. RVs and trailers must be self-contained.

Bring a containerized fuel stove to cook with. Fires are not allowed in backpacking areas. The nearest gasoline station is 35 miles away. Bring insect repellent. Pets must be kept on a leash. Open seven days/week year round, except for public deer hunts (call for dates). Busy season: spring white bass run. Camping reservations are not currently accepted

For further assistance, and information contact: Colorado Bend State Park, Box 118, Bend, Texas 76824. Phone: 915/628-3240.

For details on guided tours see "State Park Adventures" on pages 32 & 33.

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The Second Harvest

**In search of advertising
in Fredericksburg, one
writer-turned-salesman
found friends, food for
thought, and a harvest
of fascinating stories.**

Adventure is still alive in the Texas Hill Country, and I have been fortunate enough to have had quite a dose of adventure this spring. Work for this magazine has taken me from forgotten county roads to runs on Ranch Road 1431, where a turkey vulture's tail feathers brushed my windshield and a white stallion ran wild past me in the bar ditch, and then on to behind the scenes in the businesses of Fredericksburg, Marble Falls, Burnet, and Austin.

In early June my Trooper 4X4 pulled my silver twenty six-foot, 1946 Spartan travel trailer (our new magazine office facility) from East Austin to Legion Valley South of Llano. That trailer had not been seen beyond the confines of Travis County for over fifteen years, but she pulled true and proud north on Highway 183, then west on Highway 29 and then south on Highway 16, crossing the Colorado River below Buchanan Dam and the Llano River by way of the old steel bridge in downtown Llano. All the while our Art Director Buck Burkle's Toyota pickup tagged just behind. We snuggled the trailer into a mowed area amongst the prickly pear, beneath the thin and ragged shade of mesquite.

In this country there is a lot of outside left; clean, well-lighted inside is still at a premium.

In mid-June, selling ads in Fredericksburg, Marble Falls, Lake Buchanan and Burnet, I got to know many of the magazine's advertisers and distributors.

In Fredericksburg I passed through Dooley's 5-10-25 and into the darkened back area where Mr. Dooley himself was seated at a worn desk, pigeon holes holding this and that. Behind him a shopping cart held cardboard boxes bearing the insignia of CINSA, the famous enamel operations in Saltillo, Mexico — a special order of dinner plates purchased by a woman from California.

A few days later I was carefully jaywalking across *Haupestrasse*, Fredericksburg's main street, having spoken with the folks at Texas Jack's Outfitters and Burrer's Barbecue. Across the street, at a closed-down service station, used items were being offered for sale by a church group. From across the wide street (designed that wide from the town's earliest days to allow a full team of oxen drawing a freight wagon to turn around full) I spied a collection of

CHARLES TISCHLER

He told me of the little boys of Fredericksburg going out to Fort Martin Scott to collect the horse and cattle manure, taking the load down to the Pedernales to rinse out the kernels of grain that had survived a trip through an equine or bovine digestive system. From this second harvest, flour was ground and bread was baked and eaten.

fishing gear. Even from that distance I thought I could make out the black and chrome of a Mitchell reel amongst old baitcasters and other reels that didn't interest me. I eased up to the collection of stuff, laid my clipboard and ad forms on a table and turned my back to closely examine the little reel. It was a Mitchell 309, the fast-retrieve model of the Mitchell 308, a true classic in ultralight fishing. I pulled the spool and rotated the mechanism, listening for the murmurs of brass bushings and the pinion gear sliding through grease. I turned back and almost bumped into a silver-haired gentlemen, shirt sleeved on that June morning.

"Who is it doing this little newspaper?" he asked, looking down at my unguarded clipboard.

"We are . . . Me and Ira and Dale and Buck and Bill—everybody." I learned that this man is Mr. Jenschke. I bent down to hear him better as he launched into a quiet series of questions like, "What sources to you use in your research?"

"All kinds," I said. "From libraries and archives and family papers and people."

He went on to tell me the titles of what he considered some of the best historical records of this region of Texas. In less than a minute I knew I was talking to a living treasure. Days later I ran across him

CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE

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THE SECOND HARVEST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

in front of his family's furniture store half a block North of Haupestrasse on the Llano Highway.

He was glad to see me. One thing led to another and we were sitting in two of the rocking chairs on the sidewalk out front. As I kept an eye on traffic once again I leaned close. He spoke of Cabeza de Vaca, Coronado, and on until the time his ancestors first cast their shadows upon these Texas hills.

He said a group of four thousand German immigrants left Indianola and Galveston. When the reckoning was completed upon their arrival in New Braunfels on the edge of the Hill Country the party numbered but fourteen hundred.

And, upon arrival in Fredericksburg area the first couple of years cut down the tough German pioneers like the scythe to the wheat. Mass graves, filled with victims of trench mouth, Malaria, various pox and a squadron of infections.

I turned and looked closer at him. His welling hazy blue eyes looked out across the street and on and back in time. In his heart he was with those early travelers in these hills.

He told me of the little boys of Fredericksburg going out to Fort Martin Scott to collect the horse and cattle manure, taking the load down to the Pedernales to rise out the kernels of grain that had survived a trip through an equine or bovine digestive system. From this second harvest flour was ground and bread was baked and eaten.

Later I came across a kernel of insight as I visualized the condition of these Fredericksburg folk. It was heartbreak enough to make a marauding Comanche grieve and sign papers with these poor souls.

But, they all didn't die and they became strong. Very strong.

Later on I walked in afternoon heat across MarktPlatz in epicenter Fredericksburg.

Brand new pavilions are goin' up and I stopped and watched a team of two young men skillfully work the silver V drain sheet metal roof. Two dark carpenters worked on the eaves on scaffolding on the far side of the open structure and an old man in a course straw hat walked the perimeter of the slab daubing something on the ground with a hunk of rag on a twisted wire handle. He was riding herd over the situation.

The two boys above gingerly moved from one section to the next. At one point the older of the two eased down very close to the eaves on that steep, slick roof. He rested his arms above his knees and squatted low. Above and behind him his helper turned on the switch on a funny looking electrical device that started crawlin' down the seam mashing it just so to make the roof sound. When they were finished I yelled up. "What do you call that little crawlin' machine.

He said a group of four thousand German immigrants left Indianola and Galveston. When the reckoning was completed upon their arrival in New Braunfels on the edge of the Hill Country the party numbered but fourteen hundred.

The lead roofer said, "We call it a seamer." Today if you slow down and wander Fredericksburg you will find direct descendents of German immigrants. But, Fredericksburg is changin' fast. The world has found out. The cat's out of the bag.

Today you will just as likely see New York plates and Jordanian military uniforms as representatives of the older families. Its another part of vanishing Texas.

But, a patina of a hundred and forty nine years has witnessed a legacy of gatherings and festivals and competition. The newly arrived visitors might suspect a heightened tourist-created history. In fact, many of the celebrations are firmly rooted in the hard-scrabble existence of the earliest years when when things started turning around, when the farmers got hold of that fertile land and it responded in a land of milk and honey.

Today drive the roads of the Hill Country. And, upon cresting some far flung ridge which reveals a grand and distant view, think of all of the one's who came before. Barefoot, moccasin, or boots, treading in the trail of ox-carts or mounted on steeds they traveled through history and left their fading prints upon the lands above the Balcones.



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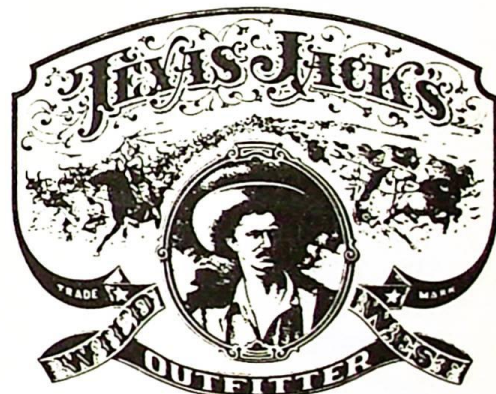


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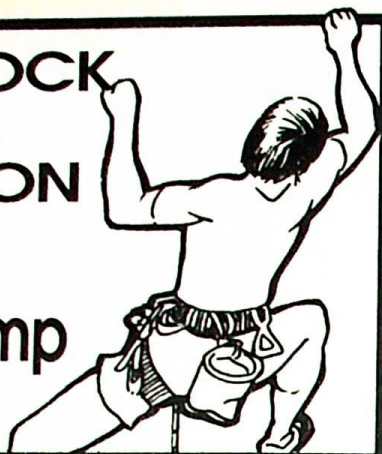
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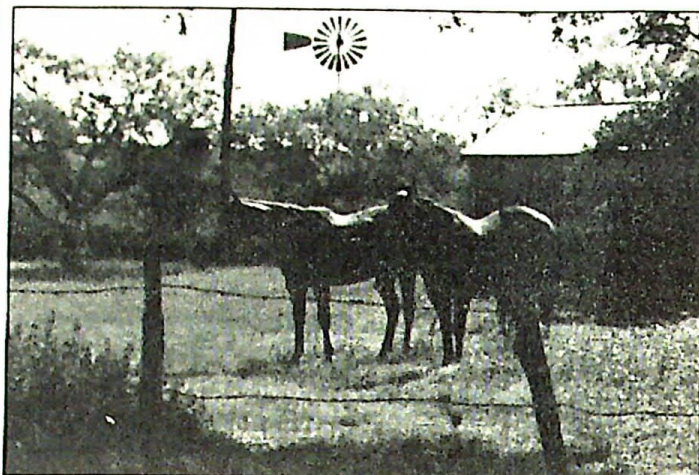
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Running 'R' Ranch

Near Hill Country State Natural Area 210-796-3984.

Old Tunnel WMA

Bat Emergence Tour: July and August. Every Saturday. Texas Conservation Passport (TCP) required. Starts one hour before sunset, reservations required, guide T. Lawyer, reservations must be made through Pedernales Falls State Park, 210-868-7304.

Old Tunnel Wildlife Management Area (WMA) 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 State Park

Gorman Falls Tour: July and August. Every Saturday and 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 the 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 as well as an entrance fee for non TCP members. Guides B. Paddie and J. Taylor, 915-628-3240.

State Parks Adventures

Colorado Bend State Park

Cave Explorations: July and August. 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 at 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.

Honey Creek State Natural Area

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 archaeologist H. Uecker, 210-438-2656.

Honey Creek State Natural Area

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

Honey Creek State Natural Area

Ethnobotany Tour: 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.

Guadalupe River State Park

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

Hill Country State Natural Area

Guided Horseback Tour: July 9 and August 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 specialist S. Heavey, reservations required and must be made through the Running 'R' Ranch, 210-796-4413.

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State Parks Adventures

Continued from previous page

Texas Conservation Passport

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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.

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AN UNFINISHED DREAM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

among the great piles of debris throughout Badu's erstwhile riverside mecca. But after that catastrophic event, the park was never to be the same again. The city could not afford to restore it. Badu probably would have ("He was saddened when his park washed away," Elliott remembers) had not circumstances prevented it. Seven months and two weeks later, on January 28, 1936, the esteemed professor was dead. (Badu's funeral took place in his magnificent home, and his obituary read, in part, "It was more than a citizen that had passed away. A landmark had crumbled into dust.")

But the generous Badu had given the plot to the city in good faith for the benefit of the citizens, and even though those citizens were never to use the facilities again as a park, it was not long after the great flood that the property once more served the people.

"It became a refuge for squatters," Elliott says. "The country was in a deep depression; there was no money, no place to live, no places to rent. People were living in tents anywhere they could find to set one up. So people began to move into the park. They built little shacks out of anything they could find—the city didn't care, as there wasn't enough funds to rebuild the park at that time."

As more prosperous times came, the park's continuing service to the community ended. The advent of WWII brought jobs, and money became available for the locals who, for one reason or another, did not go to war. Consequently, they vacated the tents and make-do shacks of Badu Park, leaving them standing just as they were. Sometime during the war another flood—one much smaller than that of 1935—cleaned the area of these bleak reminders of hard times, and of the park's usefulness to the community.

Ironically, Badu's treasured park never profited from the increased prosperity in Llano. For one reason or another, the city never allocated money to restore it in memory of the great man who had unselfishly nurtured it for so many years. And so, once again it was not long before the encroachment of uncontrolled wild growth claimed the parkland completely, leaving no vestige of what once was there. Soon Badu Park was only a memory. Soon Badu Park was no memory at all...

Badu's ardent love of beauty and of nature was evident not just in his riverside park; his own private/public garden reflected the same aestheticism, too. He called it Town Square Park, and he built it with great care on the block of land he owned across the alley from, and immediately north of, his home. All were welcome to stroll along its paths, to sit on its park benches in the shade of its trees and to enjoy this gracious product of his wealth.

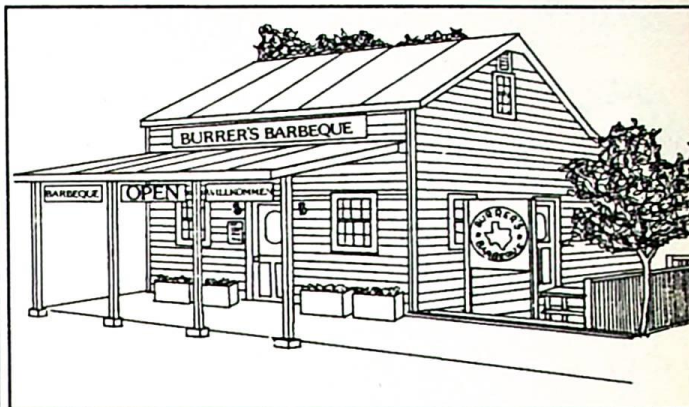
The garden was indeed a bright spot of beauty. "Just north of the Badu house was a beautiful little park with high shade trees with benches to sit on and rest and pass the time away," says Elliott. "This park was completely fenced from Pittsburg Street on the west, Ellis on the north, the alley on the south and Bessemer on the east. The fence was of beautiful

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

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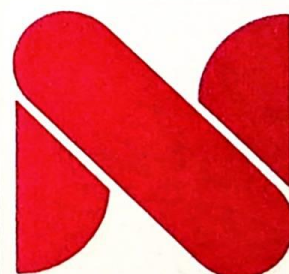
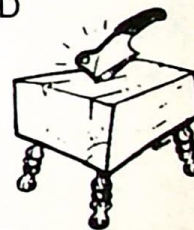
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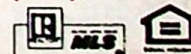
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AN UNFINISHED DREAM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

wrought iron. Professor Badu planted shrubs and roses and flowers along its perimeters, a green lawn in the center and trees throughout. Later he hired my grandfather to tend to the entire garden, which was never locked."

Badu's generosity did not stop with his garden, according to Elliott. He also provided a small, concrete block house across the street from the garden as living quarters for Halliburton and his wife Buelah. (The small structure still stands today, just behind the offices of the Llano County Chamber of Commerce.) Later, Halliburton was able to buy his own home with some of the money he earned from maintaining both Town Square Park and Badu Park.

To this day, Elliott says, she has clear recollections of Badu and his immaculate garden. "When we came to town to visit our grandparents we would go across the little dirt street (now Bessemer) and sit in the park on the town square and visit with Professor Badu. I loved to visit with him. He would come across the little alley from the big Badu house to the park and sit on a special bench under a big oak tree facing the old ruins of the Algona Hotel.

"He didn't talk much and I didn't either, as I was a child of seven or eight, but he was a friendly man. We thought he was a funny little man with his black suit and his black stovepipe hat—and he carried his walking cane. It seemed as if the old fellow had a far away look in his eyes, as if he was saddened when his beautiful park washed away...but he did love children..."

The restful haven, however, like the ill-fated Badu Park, did not share its beauty long. With Badu dead and Halliburton no longer around, soon no face of beauty and order remained. Untended, the flowers, trees and shrubs died. Wild growth, greedily impartial to man's cultured refinements, seized and held reign over the area. The wrought iron fence disappeared. Town Square Park faded into the past.

But there is hope yet for Badu's riverfront park. Some 50 years after the professor's death, the Frank Griggs American Legion Post 370 leased the property from the city in the 1980s, built a new hall beneath the shade of several large oaks spared during the great flood, and cleared the entire area down to the waterfront. The group has kept the grounds mowed through the years, and has even expressed a desire to see the area developed—in keeping with Badu's dream in the 20s—for the benefit of the community.

Some dreams do come true—and perhaps the good professor's grand dreams for his special riverside parkland will be one that will.

Editor's Note: Currently, a committee comprised of representatives from the county commissioners court, the city council, the Llano Riverwalk Theater Group, the Llano Historical Society and the American Legion is working out details in a joint effort to fully develop Badu Park with an outstanding variety of amenities.

REUNION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

came among them he was accepted for his own uniqueness and did not belong to any certain 'family.' He was now Comanche; not a "part" of a family—but belonging to the Comanche People. This individualism made Rudolph proud. This system made the individual tribe members form a very harmonious people.

Two of Rudolph's daughters married into chief Quannaha Parker's family creating Fischer family ties to the famous Comanche leader.

One of Rudolph's last visits to Friedrichsburg was to attend the funeral of his younger brother, Arthur Otto Fischer in 1939. In 1935, however, Rudolph visited Arthur and brought with him his Indian grandson, Jim Meyer.

Descendants carrying the Fischer name in 1995 include Henry Rudolph Fischer (sic) who is still living and belongs to the Comanche-Caddo tribe in Anadarko, Oklahoma. The granddaughter of Rudolph Fischer is Josephine Myers-Wopp, a teacher emeritus in Lawton, Oklahoma, distinguished in Indian arts and crafts at the Southern Plains Indian Museum Crafts Center in Anadarko. She has visited Friedrichsburg a number of times. Still active, she was born in 1912.

Schicksal or destiny, is strange. Rudolph Fischer's mother was Sophia Schertz. A descendant of Sophia's, Mrs. Walter Schertz, now living in Schertz-Cibolo, Texas, once took a course

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under Josephine Myers-Wopp in Oklahoma. But she never had any idea that the teacher was a descendant of Rudolph Fischer, or was related to her by marriage — until Dr. Guenther Fischer of Stuttgart, Germany, knocked at her door one day in 1994. Mrs. Schertz sat spellbound as Dr. Fischer told her the intriguing story of Rudolph Fischer.

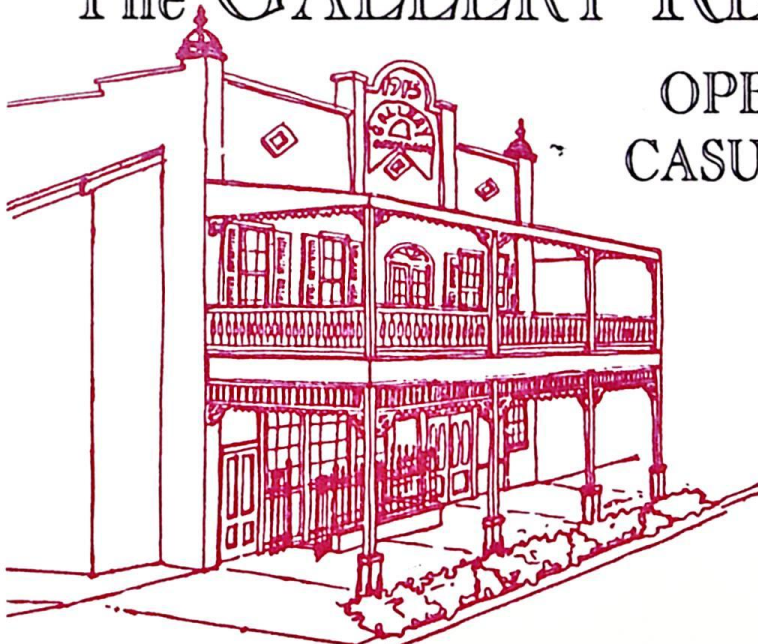
Dr. Guenther visited Friedrichsburg again in May of 1995 showing the Fischer descendants a large scrapbook of souvenirs and photographs that Rudolph Fischer's family gave him to take to Germany.

Before leaving for the airport, Dr. Fischer stated:

CONTINUED ON PAGE 41

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Crossing the Line: Thoughts on Bioregionalism

THIS IS THE THIRD IN A SERIES OF ESSAYS THAT WILL FOCUS ON DEVELOPING AN ECOLOGICAL CONSCIOUSNESS OF THE ENCHANTED ROCK AREA.

One of the delights of a May evening in Austin, especially after a harrowing day in the technologically advanced realm of civilization, is kicking back to watch fireflies. Twilight is a magical time. From my bench I study the flow of nature which disregards all human-made boundaries. From my bench I observe the cycles of the seasons, and regularly watch the colorful cloud-veil of sunset that binds my small home to the desert Southwest. The big sky always reminds me my home is larger than four walls extending well beyond the metes and bounds of any legal survey.

Tonight the reward of pesticide-free gardening manifests in the leafy proscenium of my backyard: a troupe of more than a hundred airborne dancers flicker their phosphorescent abdomens in a ballet choreographed by nature. From the enveloping indigo darkness I make numerous futile attempts trying to predict the whereabouts of the next glow. A gentle breeze relocates a portion of the show into Jane's yard. Relaxed, with eyes projecting the trailing lights in vain, I enjoy the background songs of crickets, frogs and low woofs from my family of canines. These lightening bugs have their own agenda, their own linear sensibility.

Just beyond the cheerful insect milieu, in the shadowy depths along the creek, lurks the abominable *Rhus radicans*. Without respect for my summer of carpentry, it leaps from its home just outside my property, and stealths across the fence

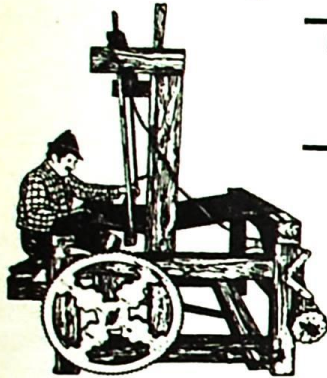
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BY STEFANIE KAWECKI

Bioregionalism is an ecological movement to recognize natural systems do not work within the confines of lines drawn by human invention.

line to taint my existence. Even though I am a naturalist guide who walks the wilds, I get poison ivy from my own place! A friendlier vine, *Campsis radicans*, Trumpet vine, is gently prying the corrugated metal walls of my studio apart. Very much resembling a person's leg, and almost as thick, it enters my ancient artistic structure, bends a knee and makes an exit toward the roof, where it bursts into electric red-orange flowers resembling its namesake. I think it is the only thing holding up the decaying building!

Recently, while away on a trip, a gang of miscreant raccoons entered through the Trumpet passage leaving me with an interesting mess. Every inch of a white sleeper sofa was covered with muddy footprints and my paintings had been toppled over. They discovered the box of childhood games, and proceeded in decorating the space with green plastic monopoly houses, play money, scrabble, dominoes and playing cards (with wilderness scenes). One creative creature left a little "gift" on a shelf near some scrabble blocks that distinctly spelled f-u-n.

Even though invasion of sugar ants in the pantry and raccoons in the studio are frustrating, I never lose touch with the flow of the natural world. I welcome the beauty of nature into my contrived existence. In her book *My Name is Chellis & I'm in Recovery from Western Civilization* (Boston & London: Shambala, 1994), Chellis Glendenning investigates the psychological effects of "the physical fact that humans (are) coming to live behind the enclosure of fences, in shut rooms, by the hand of the mechanical clock." Glendenning, a mental health professional, thinks our "unnatural" external lifestyle has done harm to our inner selves, from a "sense of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40



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CROSSING THE LINE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

exile that grew in our souls as we departed from the wilds and came to inhabit a human-contrived world."

Bioregionalism is an ecological movement to recognize natural systems do not work within the confines of lines drawn by human invention. Nature either ignores the boundary, as in the case of wolves nabbing rancher's sheep or a river flooding out a town's inhabitants when it breaks free of concrete dams and channels to continue its natural course; or it simply ceases to exist, as in the case of the magnificent herds of buffalo that once ranged the Great Plains, along with the indigenous nomadic peoples who followed their path, now stripped of earth-sacredness and relegated to bleak lives on reservations. National Park managers are now coming to realize that park boundaries should take in account plant and animal communities. Cities, such as Austin, are finding out that no one can own a creek or aquifer, and such watery entities need governing by a larger group of people than City Council can preside over. The health of Barton Creek, as well as all other bodies of water, needs to be the responsibility of all those whose lives, lands and livelihoods are touched by it. We need to embrace our locale, protect our environment, promote native plants, get to know our neighbors, expand ourselves to the point of not knowing where each of us begins or ends. Ms. Glendenning says we have come to "be locked into an enmeshed, codependent stage of perception in which every single thing—whether mother, car, football team, microscope, or nuclear warhead—'R'Us." Let's be different, you & I. Let's cross the line to become our neighborhood bioregion first, and then see if we can expand to become the whole Hill Country.

The fireflies must be sleeping now, or perhaps doing a late-night show in someone else's yard. I smell rain, and catch a glimpse of real lightening off in the distance. I'd like to become more like water: flowing, following the path of least resistance, yet powerful enough to carve the Grand Canyon.

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

REUNION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

"You know, the peace treaty between the German colonists and the Comanche People of 1847 has never been broken. I must remind you that a stipulation in of the treaty is that the Indians shall always be welcomed in any German's house in Friedrichsburg.

"Next year, in 1996, for the 150th Anniversary of the founding of Friedrichsburg, the descendants of Rudolph Fischer are looking forward to coming to help you celebrate during Founder's Week May 3-12. You must be careful not to break the peace treaty, which is still in full force and effect. I too, will be back. It will be a great celebration of fine and proud families, truly German and truly Indian."

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Much of the information of this special section came from the collection of stories from Friedrichsburg native, Ken Knopp, and his forthcoming book, *Friedrichsburg, Texas: 1846-1966, Capital of the German Hills*.

Knopp was born in Friedrichsburg in 1934, a descendant of his great-grandfather Johann Knopp and grandfather Jakob Knopp, both born in Eitelborn, Westerwald, Germany, who came to Texas in 1872. His father Jacob P. Knopp was born in Friedrichsburg and was an avid Skat player and storyteller.

Kenn Knopp, an award-winning writer, completed his studies in Journalism and Public Relations at The University of Texas at Austin in 1956. He began his career as an Army journalist in Landstuhl, Germany. It is there that he delved into the archives of the immigration movement to Texas, talked first-hand with German history buffs, and "walked in Agust" — that is, he walked side-by-side with distant relatives in around Eitelborn, called *Die Agust* area, hearing the stories of his ancestors.

Now retired in Friedrichsburg, he is the coordinator for the German Heritage Commission there and is working with his many associates of the *Friedrichsburger Deutschum* to welcome visitors from far and near to the upcoming 150th Birthday Celebration of Friedrichsburg's founding in 1846.

[Editor's note: I have retained, throughout this article, Kenn's spelling of "Friedrichsburg." His spelling is the original version. Also, I have omitted the references following each section of his forthcoming book. Persons wishing those details should contact *Enchanted Rock Magazine's* editorial offices. We will be happy to provide them.

Kenn has kindly agreed to be a contributing editor for this publication, allowing us to reprint other sections of his forthcoming book in future issues. IK]





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Geologists, like lawyers & engineers, etc. have their own language to describe the physical properties of rocks and the geologic framework of the world. It's very possible that the next time you climb Enchanted Rock, you may encounter a group of geologists and a professor or tow lecturing on the geologic absurdities of ER. Don't be misled into thinking this group is talking far above your intellect. It's only a simple language with lots of big words that can be easily interpreted so that anyone with average intelligence can understand, Here are some examples and translations:

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GEOLOGIST SAYS; REALLY MEANS:

- Triboluminescent quartz Quartz that will spark when you hit it with your rock hammer.
- Pleochroic birefringent crystal A crystal that creates a double-image when you look through it and also changes color as you turn it.
- Ditetragonal dipyramidal crystal A crystal that looks like 2 8-sided pyramids with the bases glued together.
- Xenolith A fragment of other rock enclosed within an igneous rock.
- Fulgurite A tube of fused glass (or rock) that results when lightning hits a sand dune (or mtn. top)
- Leaverite A rock so uninteresting you leave it where you find it.
- Droppedite A collection of rock fragments that was once a highly valuable mineral specimen formerly on display.
- Hydroscuzite A name given to any rock your geology professor cannot identify.

The list could go on and on to fill volumes of books. Frequent exposure to these terms during 4 or more years of study make them convenient to use when talking with other geologists, but it's not necessary for the average person to learn a lot of technical language to enjoy rocks. They can simply get a beginner's book on rocks or fossils to get a basic understanding of the geologic world around us



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ABOUT THE LAST WINTER COUNT

by Ira Kennedy

First, let me say that "The Last Winter Count," published in our May issue in "The Storytellers" department is a work of fiction. On the contents page it says "The gospel truth about them early days. Fiction by Ira Kennedy."

I included this story in "The Storytellers" department of the magazine because it is fiction. In my mind, storytellers tell stories. They elaborate on the truth to engage an audience. Texas has a rich history in well-told tall tales. Good fiction is always fashioned from solid facts. At its best, it is more engaging, more convincing than prose. Fiction transcends historic or journalistic prose and reaches deeper into the heart and spirit of its subject. History is, in fact, a version of the truth based on available, and sometimes only comfortable, facts.

How often are we presented with movies and TV programming that, "based on the life of so-and-so, or based on actual events?" The operative word is "based." Nevertheless we accept the story as true. Also, our language is full of such newly coined terms as faction and docudrama.

A little over a decade ago I was invited by the Austin Writers Guild to give a reading. I chose the "Last Winter Count" for the occasion. At the beginning I explained that the piece was a work of fiction. However, after the close of the event several people came up to me and asked if I had simply transcribed a tape recording or if I had, somehow, gotten my hands on a remarkable memoir. Another paradox along this line occurred when I lived in Hyannis Port, Massachusetts. While there I was frequently asked if I was related to The Kennedys. Whenever I said, "no" the reply would be: "Oh, you can tell me. You are, aren't you?" A couple of times after that I replied, "yes." The comeback to that was, "Oh, no you're not."

Back to "The Last Winter Count:" the story is the most polished piece I have ever written. For over a decade I wrote and rewrote the piece. All of the dialect was carefully researched using narratives and histories from early Texans which I compiled into a file folder under the title, "Texian Dialect." The Kiowa Indian traditions are based on numerous books on the subject, including a Kiowa/English dictionary. My desire was to create an absolutely convincing document, authentic in every detail, combining humor and tragedy, faith and despair.

The narrator, John Green Kelly was my great-grandfather, born in Texas in 1858. His wife, Sarah Jane, was my

Cherokee grandmother. I never knew either of them. Great-grandpa John died in 1941 while holding me in his arms. I was three months old at the time. "The Last Winter Count" was a tribute to my ancestors, my understanding of Enchanted Rock, and over thirty years of research in Native American Studies. My personal library consists of some three hundred books and pamphlets on American Indians. Consequently, it is virtually impossible for me to provide the concise bibliography responsible for all of the material in the "Last Winter Count." The principal books contributing to the Texan dialect of the mid-1800's and Kiowa traditions follow this article.

Finally, I would like to say that apart from pieces under the heading "The Storytellers," all articles published in *Enchanted Rock Magazine* are carefully researched; and all sources, if not directly cited in the text are available by contacting our editorial offices. We are a magazine, not a journal and in keeping with that format—like *Texas Monthly*, *Texas Highways*, and *Texas Parks & Wildlife* magazines—we do not follow our articles with a detailed bibliography.

SUGGESTED READING:

The Evolution of a State or Recollections of Old Texas Days, by Noah Smithwick, published by the University of Texas Press, 1983. Noah Smithwick was an old man, blind and near his ninetieth year, when his daughter recorded these words. He had stayed on in "Paradise"—Texas—from 1827 to 1861, when his opposition to secession took him to California. *The Evolution of a State* is his story of these "old Texas days." A Texas classic.

Rip Ford's Texas, by John Salmon Ford, published by the University of Texas Press, 1987. The Republic of Texas was still in its first exultation over independence when John Salmon "Rip" Ford arrived from South Carolina in June of 1836... Doctor, lawyer, surveyor, newspaper reporter, elected representative, and, above all else, soldier and Indian fighter, Ford sat down in his old age to record the events of the turbulent years through which he had lived."

We Pointed Them North, Recollections of a Cowpuncher, by E. C. Abbott ("Teddy Blue") and Helena Huntington Smith, published by the University of Oklahoma Press, 1955. "Because the cowboy flourished in the middle of the Victorian age, which is certainly a funny paradox, no realistic picture of him was ever drawn in his own day; Here is a self-portrait by a cowboy which is full and honest. With the idea in mind of preserving a record, I have kept close to Mr. Abbott's exact words. Nothing is so ephemeral as the language of a trade and a time" —H.H. Smith

Calendar History of the Kiowa Indians, by James Mooney, published in the Seventeenth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology, 1898.

The Kiowas, by Mildred P. Mayhall, published by the University of Oklahoma Press, 1975

Plains Indian Art from Forty Marion, by Karen Daniels Petersen, published by the University of Oklahoma Press. 1971.



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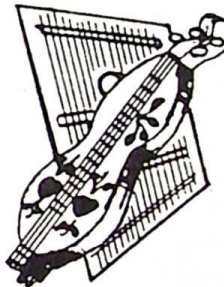
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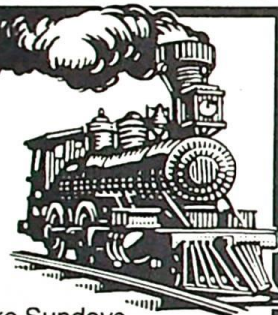
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RUSSIANS AT EROCK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

While Peter and I talked, seated on a bench in the interpretive exhibit, the group began to gather. I was told a few adults and teens from the host families would be among them; despite my somewhat ambiguous preconceptions I saw no differences between the Americans and the Russians.

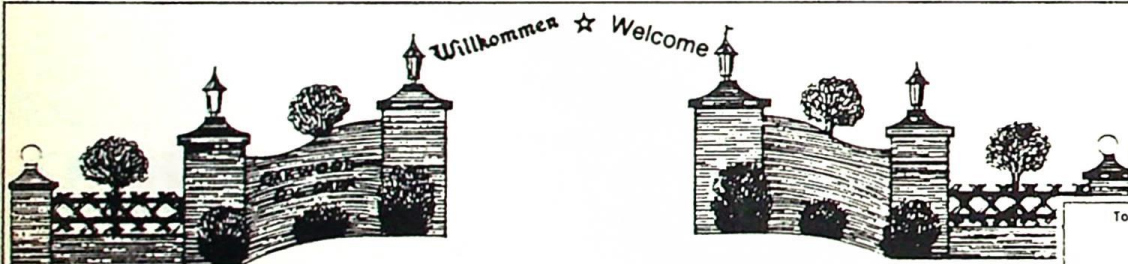
Peter introduced me to my interpreter, Tanya, a young woman who's host family of two years prior had sponsored her stay in Texas so she could attend high school. Upon graduation she received a scholarship and will be attending Blinn College in Brenham in the Fall.

For the first time, I had the rather unusual experience of having to carefully select my words so that they might find easy translation in a language I had never heard. Having given talks at Enchanted Rock to scores of organizations for over a decade, I must say that these young Russians were among the most attentive and polite listeners I have ever had the pleasure to address. Many of our own teens could benefit from their example.

The first part of the talk was held in the air conditioned interpretive exhibit with its many useful visual aids. We then headed for the summit of Enchanted Rock where I gave the final part of the presentation. The Russians were greatly interested in the Plains Indian traditions, and as I concluded, the woman chaperone suggested that everyone in the group find a quiet place where they could be alone for a time with The Rock and the landscape. A few of the teens, I noticed, used their privacy for a moment of prayer.

After we returned to the parking lot, the group made preparations for a picnic. I distributed copies of *Enchanted Rock Magazine*, delighted with the idea that they would find their way to Russia, and said my good-by's. On the drive home I wondered about these young Russians, and the effect their visit to America would have on their lives. We take so much for granted—our freedom and abundant harvests. Meeting these folks from half a world away, learning of their hard lives, and witnessing their exemplary behavior gave me the opportunity to review my blessings—I could only hope that I enriched their lives half as much as they did mine.

An ironic postscript to this story occurred a few days ago when I received a call from Mary Ann Neeley of the Lower Colorado River Authority. She asked if I was willing to give a talk at Enchanted Rock on July 9 to a group of teenage exchange students from Russia. Naturally, I agreed. That evening while watching TV news I learned that a Russian space station with an American onboard had been orbiting Earth for months; and on the 4th of July an American space shuttle will dock with the station in space. We do, indeed, live in a changing world—a global village.



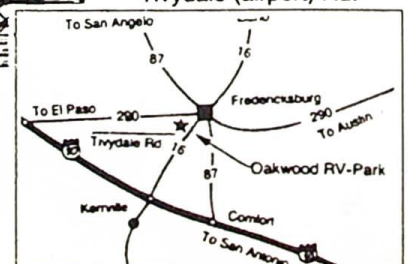
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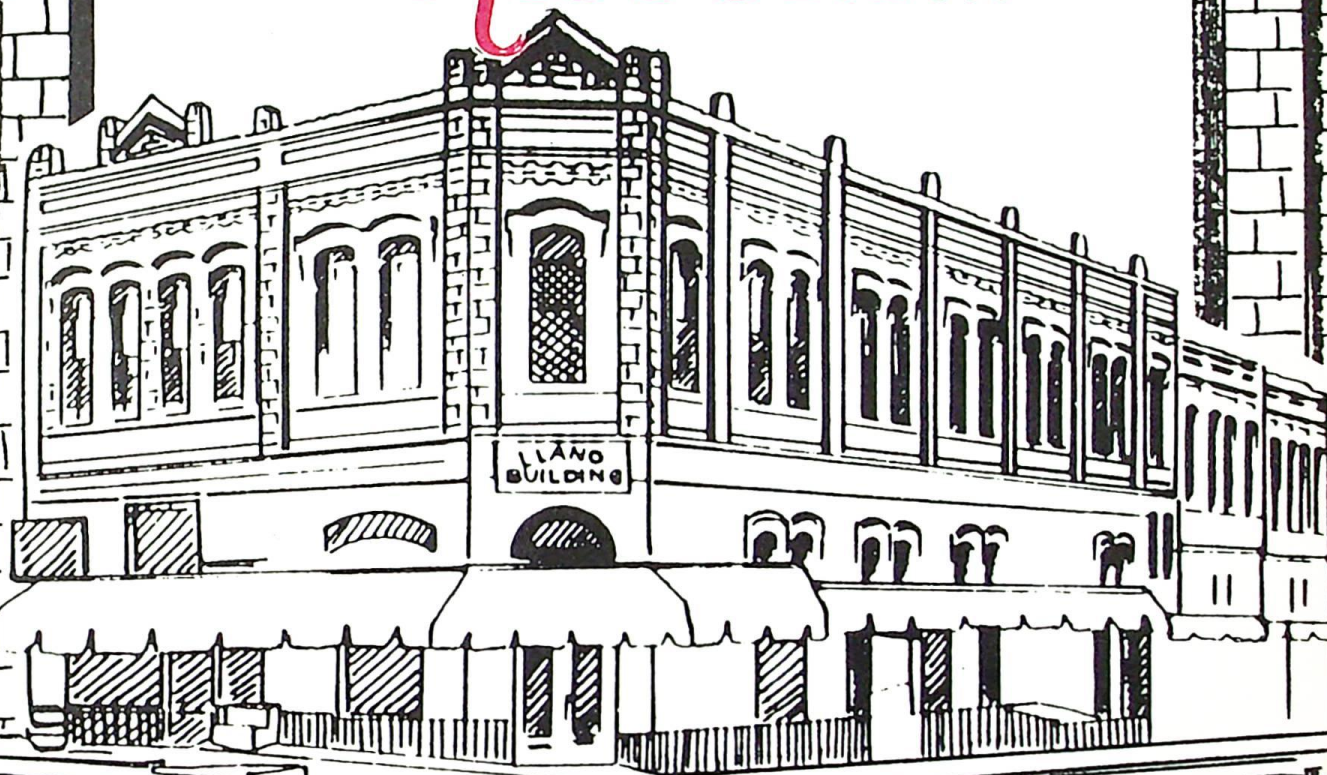
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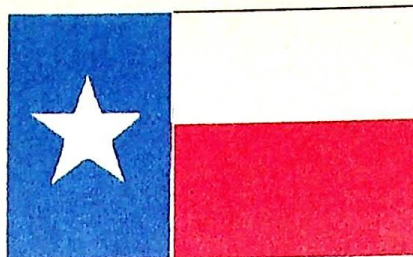
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