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ON THE COVER:

Always found next to water, a Great Blue Heron was chosen to grace the cover of our August issue. Art by Buck Burkle.



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WIND IN THE BUFFALO GRASS

Being a writer or artist in Texas is a hard row to hoe. Of course this is generally a private dilemma that hardly anyone, Texan or not, dedicates a lick of brainwork worrying over. But if you are a native Texan afflicted with the impulse to such endeavors as literature, you know that making a living wage is easier in the pecan bottom than on the printed page. And if you're so inclined and you want to really test the limits of your dedication, stay close to the land, live in a rural area, and take up the labor of recording the stories and history of your people.

If you follow the latter course most publishers will think you're provincial, which is another way of saying you don't live where they do and care about the things they care about. And, pile on top of that, your neighbors are just as likely to wonder why you don't turn to honest work in the fast food business—there are always signs up for part or full-time help.

According to a Native American proverb, "A people without history is like wind in the buffalo grass." One of the sad ironies of contemporary life is that, contrary to the Native American proverb, we assume some access to a vital history. After all, U.S. and Texas histories are taught in schools and universities. But you can pick up any textbook of your choice and look for the names of John Meusebach, Professor Badu, Noah Smithwick, or Adam Rankin Johnson. You won't find them, let alone such place names as Rio de los Chanas, Cerro del Amalgre, Bettina, Oxford, Cherokee, or Luckenbach. Which is why most students from these parts think history boring—they can't find their relations, even in the footnotes. The same holds true for folks in virtually any part of this vast country. In an effort to historically paint the big picture we've lost sight of the significant details and, consequently, severed any real connection to the past. So our youngsters look for vitality in movie stars and athletes, which are just about as nourishing for the spirit as chips and soda pop are for the body.

Having done in history, we also vanquished any sense of place that arises from the true study of the topic. Without a sense of place, the natural sod of culture is busted and we haul ourselves around, rootless, from place to place like hothouse flowers. Homogenized history, and generic language are masquerading as culture; and the only sense of place that matters much any more is the parking kind.

The fact is, our true history, our native language, and a deep understanding of our homeland are all close to being numbered among the things of the past. We deserve better, but the responsibility rests with us. If we don't write and publish our own cultural autobiographies, or support those who do, it simply ain't gonna get done. Like the shattered fragments of a

mirror flung to the four corners of the earth, the clear image of our past is out there, neglected, and gathering the dust of the ages. Some may argue that there's plenty in print already; but to get a handle on it you have to spend months or years in several libraries researching the subject. Much of the story rests in the fading memories of our elders, waiting for someone to write it down. We don't have much time to do this either, for their voices won't last forever.

As a journalist and freelance writer for several decades, I know for a certainty that the writers and their works appearing in this magazine, as good as they are, would be hard-pressed to find their way into print anywhere else. This is an easy point to prove—just read some other magazines and newspapers and judge for yourself. Only through the preservation of our history and language can we arrive at a true understanding of ourselves. From there we can lay claim to our place in the world as authentic, vital, and cultured people.


IRA KENNEDY

ENCHANTED ROCK MAGAZINE

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GOIN' TO SISTERDALE

BY FRANK HILL

In springtime and in fall, I like to take a drive through the Texas Hill Country. There's many a backroad route: Texas State Highway 29 from Burnet to Mason, The Willow City Loop; and U.S. 83 from Junction to Uvalde; just to name a few,

Two of my favorites include one that is short and simply gorgeous; and another that takes a little explanation. The short one is Blanco County Road 410 south from U.S. 290 (just east of U.S. 281) to Texas State Highway 165 which heads on into Blanco. This gravel road is not for expensive luxury sedans or your self contained RVs. But, oh my! It is beautiful

The other favorite starts in Blanco. Go west on Ranch Road 1623 five miles, then turn left on Ranch Road 1888 following the Blanco River up past its headwaters and on to Ranch Road 1376. Then drive south through Sisterdale and on to Boerne. If you ever find a road with more serenity, please let me know.

Catfish swimmin' on the Guadalupe, I'm
Fishin' 'round the bend.
If I don't catch him, you can bet your boots,
I'm goin' fishin' again.

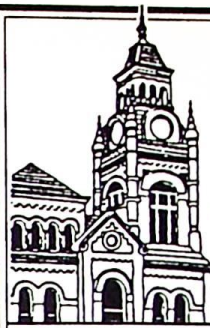
Ol' tom turkey jus' standin' in the field
Contemplatin' the weather.
If he don't watch out, my new straw hat'll get a
Brand new turkey tail feather.

Goin' on down to the Hill Country,
Got the world by the tail.
Goin' on home to see my babe, I'm
Goin' To Sisterdale.

Old cowpoke, sore and broke,
He ain't got no money.
Mosey on down to the Sisterdale Store, try t'
Find hisself a honey.

Eat my breakfast in Comfort Town, drink my
Whiskey in Kendalia.
Goin' down the road maybe 90 miles an hour, 'n' there
Ain't nobody to jail ya!

Goin' on down to the Hill Country,
Got the world by the tail.
Goin' on home to see my babe, I'm
Goin' To Sisterdale.



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LETTERS

Advance Notice

Ira, thank you for meeting with Monty and me on July 4th. We really enjoyed learning more about *Enchanted Rock Magazine*, and we greatly respect the ways in which you have gone about creating this excellent publication.

After reading through most of the *Enchanted Rock* back issues that you gave us, I feel that your readers would enjoy my narrative poem "Bald Eagles at Buchanan Lake." Although you told me that you were familiar with this poem and I therefore assumed Charles Tischler had already given you a cassette copy of the recorded version, Charles has since urged me to make sure that you have both the manuscript and the cassette so you and Frank Hill might consider printing the poem in an upcoming issue. Charles has suggested October or November when the eagles return to Lake Buchanan.

I'd be very honored to have "Bald Eagles at Buchanan Lake" appear in *Enchanted Rock Magazine*, and I look forward to hearing from you in this regard. Please don't

hesitate to call if there are any other ways in which Monty and I might contribute to the ongoing success of your magazine.

Respectfully,
Patricia Long
Austin, Texas

Editor's note: Patricia Long (previously known as Pat Hardin) began her professional career in Austin as part of the folk duo Hardin and Russell. In 1976 she recorded two albums of original songs under that name. The albums, *Ring of Bone* and *Wax Museum* received praise from such publications as *Rolling Stone* and *Billboard*. She has co-written four film scores, including the Slim Pickens/Richard Egan movie *Sweet Creek County Way* (in which she also sang the theme song) and *California Images*, which has been shown frequently on HBO.

Long's "Bald Eagles at Buchanan Lake," which should be considered a regional classic, will appear in the October issue of *Enchanted Rock Magazine*. IK

Crabapple Crossing

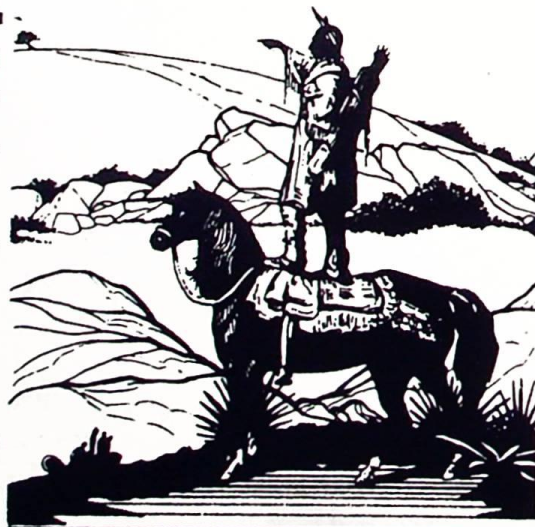
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LETTERS

Keeping Posted

My husband and I just purchased a home in Llano and after reading your July issue, decided this magazine was the best one we could subscribe to and keep up with the area and learn more about its history! We plan to move (to retire!!!!) in hopefully the near future, so keep us posted!

P.S. I've enclosed my check for \$25 for a years subscription...

Sincerely,
Carole Williams,
Howe, Texas

Another Subscriber

My Dallas daughter saw a copy of your magazine and loved it. Please send her a subscription.

P.S. Hi, Charles!

Sincerely,
Katie Nesbitt
Austin, Texas

And Another

Enclosed please find a check for \$25 for a subscription. I think the magazine is great!

Thanks!
Kathryn Meador
Austin, Texas

Top This

After reviewing my Feb/March issue of ERM. I caught your "Roadside Safari: Zebras in the Hill Country" piece. We all know zebra's are pretty common in and around these parts. OK. So how about something really exotic? How about a giraffe. Yep, a giraffe in the Hill Country. It's located about 3 to 4 miles north of Johnson City on Hwy 281 at a place called Exotic Resorts. Looks like a neat new place open for tours. I'm going by there tomorrow and see if I can rent the giraffe around pecan picking time!

See ya in the Hills!
Jimmy Demarest
Granite Shoals, Texas

FRANK HILL

The Hill Country's own cowboy poet, will guest host for *Boots & Saddles*, a cowboy musical show on KFAN, FM 107.9 during the 2nd and 9th of August. The program is produced in San Antonio by Jim Steward of Back Porch Music.

Frank is also scheduled to show up at Pecan Street Cafe in October. He'll stand up and be heard delivering some of the most heartfelt cowboy poetry you'll ever lay ears on.

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HAENGERBAENDE

KENN KNOPP

The Civil War reached as far as West Texas, which at the time was right here in the Hill Country. Taking advantage of the situation the Indians increased their hostilities, Confederate soldiers hanged and robbed any who didn't side with the South, bandits pillaged what the Indians and Confederated didn't, and opportunists and conspirators were lurking everywhere.

In the early days of Friedrichsburg, persons of every type, anti-type and stripe and gripe found their way into the Central Texas Hill Country. Among them was Confederate Captain J.P. Waldrip, a wanton rogue and inveterate criminal. And he was, quite justifiably, blamed for just about every crime and dastardly deed in and around Friedrichsburg prior to and after the War Between the States.

But there are a sufficient number of present-day descendants of the pioneer Germans who, when sworn to secrecy so as not to implicate other present-day descendants, will not deny that it was their land-greedy and envious German compatriots who got the Confederates and wandering bushwhacker to do their dirty work for them.

These "hit men" were called "Die Haengerbaende"--or "The Hanging Bands."

One such "secret" story persists. Karl (Carl) Pape married Maria Meurer, daughter of John Meurer. Carl and Anna Maria had only one child, Peter. They lived in southeast Gillespie County near Blumenthal on the end of what is now Jenschke Lane.¹

One day Carl was on his way to "Dreikrick" (Three Creeks)--which later became known as Luckenbach--to buy from a Mr. Metzger a special cow that was said to provide milk from which Peter would not suffer allergic reaction. That was the last that was ever seen of Carl Pape.

A few months earlier a certain German in the area offered to buy Carl Pape's farm, at any price. But Pape refused.

A number of Germans who refused to sell their land

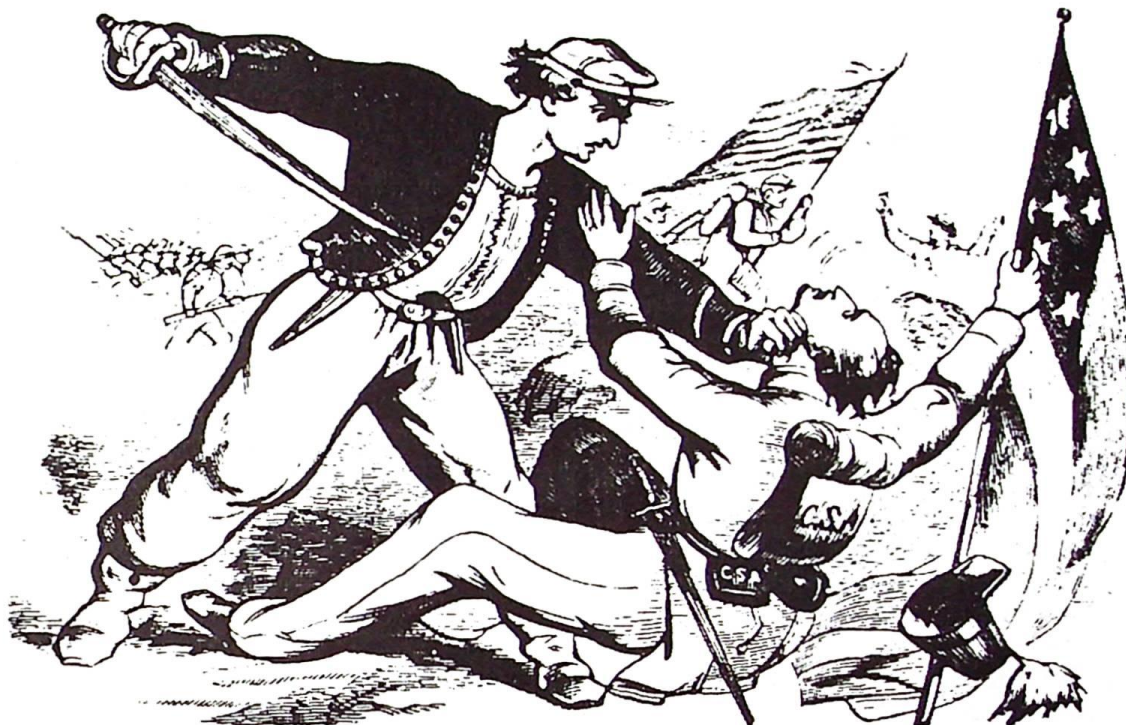
eventually were hung or tied to a tree and shot, or, like Carl Pape, simply vanished from the face of the earth. The Pape family made up the story that Carl must have had a heart attack or some other sudden debilitation, or got lost deep in the woods and died. But in their hearts they suspected that the German who couldn't get their land went into cahoots with the Haengerbaende to do away with Pape. A number of wives thus widowed had no choice but to sell out and move into Friedrichsburg or go live with relatives.

These land-hungry Germans may not have even had to pay the Haengerbaende to do their bidding. The members of the Haengerbaende were pro-South Confederate Anglos--desperados, by and large. All that an informant had to do was to tell a mob member or stooge the name of a German who had voted against secession and was plotting with the Unionists. Of course, at least 95 percent of the Germans did actually vote against slavery and the Confederacy. The Germans of the Hill Country in Friedrichsburg, Kerrville, Comfort and Sisterdale were vehemently opposed to secession from the Union.

The majority of Texas, however, voted to withdraw from the Union, to join the Confederacy and mobilize immediately to defeat the Union forces. The Hill Country Germans kept quietly to themselves until the likes of Waldrip, McDuff and other bands of Confederates started showing up to teach the Germans a lesson.

Waldrip and his gang, covering their faces with a bandana, would usually raid the houses by night, torture their victims and then hang them from the nearest tree. If there wasn't a suitable tree, they would simply shoot their victims and ride off. They

THE HANGING BANDS



stole whatever they could, especially horses.

Not too many months after the memorial service for Carl Pape, this certain German approached the widow Pape again to see if she was now ready to sell out to him. "Nein, danke (no, thank you), dear Carl would have wanted me to keep the farm until our son Peter gets married and needs his own farm." The German went away empty handed again.

The widow Pape eventually married John Schmitdzinsky (now spelled Schmitdzinsky) and with little Peter the three of them moved to the Rocky Hill area halfway between the Pape place and Friedrichsburg. The Pape farm remained with Mrs. John Schmindzinsky until she handed the deed over to her son Peter, who married Sophie Leyendecker on May 14, 1872. Peter and Sophie made their permanent home there.¹

One of the first Texas Germans to break the silence about implicating Germans with the Haengerbaende is a German-Texan himself, Louis B. Engelke.² After much soul searching and searching for the most reliable facts, Engelke wrote the story about the killing of J.P. Waldrip, whom he called "The Werewolf of the Hill Country." The account appeared in the San Antonio Express in 1954.

The citizens of Friedrichsburg and Gillespie County held

Waldrip and his gang, covering their faces with a bandana, would usually raid the houses by night, torture their victims and then hang them from the nearest tree. If there wasn't a suitable tree, they would simply shoot their victims and ride off. They stole whatever they could, especially horses.

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THE HANGING BANDS

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

back their demands for justice for the unrequited blood of the murdered German settlers until they were convinced that the Union had won the war. The pro-Confederate outlaws could not be brought to justice with pro-slavery and anti-German firebrands running the state, and with anti-Union venom and vengeance coming from Austin, just 75 miles east of Friedrichsburg.

But when the war ended in 1865, Gillespie County officials felt brave enough to issue a warrant for mob murder and the arrest of Capt. J.P. Waldrip and members of "Waldrip's Wolfpack." A "Vogelfrel Erlaubnis" accompanied the warrant—that is, the authorities gave the first one to spot Waldrip "free-as-a-bird permission" to shoot him on sight. Waldrip's time of terror lasted from 1861 to 1867.

Engelke tells that it was in Friedrichsburg in 1867, two years after the end of the War Between the States, that Henry Langerhans suddenly became the unidentifiable hero of the entire Hill Country by shooting Waldrip dead with his long rifle from a distance of almost 100 yards. Langerhans had heard that the notorious killer had come to town riding on a mule. (He would probably ride back to his hideout on a stolen horse.!)

Langerhans lived down and across the street from the Nimitz Hotel, which had become a busy watering, eating and drinking place for wagon trains, stage coaches and transient riders--and was popular because of the special beer brewed on the premises.

It was Henry Langerhan's sense of duty that caused him to aim at, pull the trigger and fell the bandit Waldrip under the giant oak tree near the Nimitz Hotel's east side delivery entrance. The tree still stands there today.

A number of people heard the shots and found Waldrip dead on the ground, but only Langerhans and his wife knew who had gotten the drop on Waldrip and killed him. The couple never told anyone, not even their children. After all, Waldrip's henchmen and their German conspirators were all still very much alive and well. No doubt everyone, and especially Henry and Mrs. Langerhans, expected the Haengerbaende to seek revenge for their leader's death. So the Langerhans kept the secret. It was only after Henry died that Mrs. Langerhans told her children who killed Waldrip.

It wasn't until Engelke's article appeared in the San Antonio Express that Henry Langerhans received the hero's credit he so long deserved. And still today in Friedrichsburg, no self-respecting native would mention any of the names of the Haengerbaende members, even if they knew them.

(1)Jenschke, Reuben G.: A Stammtisch conversation in the Old German Bakery, Friedrichsburg, 1995, with this local historian. During this discussion, Jenschke, who possesses a photographic memory, never succumbed to the tempta-

Engelke tells that it was in Friedrichsburg in 1867, two years after the end of the War Between the States, that Henry Langerhans suddenly became the unidentifiable hero of the entire Hill Country by shooting Waldrip dead with his long rifle from a distance of almost 100 yards. Langerhans had heard that the notorious killer had come to town riding on a mule.

tion to reveal the three generation-long secret of the possible identity of Carl Pape's German conspirator.

Since Pape's body was never found, the case was never brought to court. Certain "other Germans" eagerly passed on the cover-up story that Pape had never like the area anyway and had just gone elsewhere, perhaps even back to Germany. But he never showed up in his hometown of Stadtoldendorf,

Niedersachsen, or anywhere else.

(2)Engle, Louis B.: The Story of Captain J.P. Waldrip, San Antonio Express, Jan. 3, 1954 edition, San Antonio, Texas.

In "A New Land Beckoned," the Geues recorded on page 90 that the first Engelke to come to Texas was Conrad Engelke of Stelingen near Hannover, Niedersachsen, Germany, who came to Texas as a single man in 1845, and then married Catherina Depke in Comal County in 1849.

Louis B. Engelke, born in Galveston in 1917, was a journalist and the founder of a leading public relations firm in San Antonio. He is well known for furthering the German-Texan culture and traditions.

He served as president of the largest German heritage organization in Texas, the Herman Sons Fraternal Association. His father Charles and his grandfather Karl Engelke were born in Linden-Hannover, Germany and settled in Galveston, Texas in 1870. Louis married Maxine Cameron of Friedrichsburg and made their home in San Antonio.

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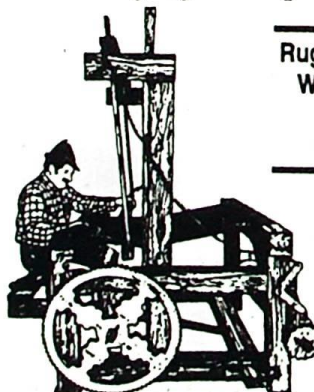
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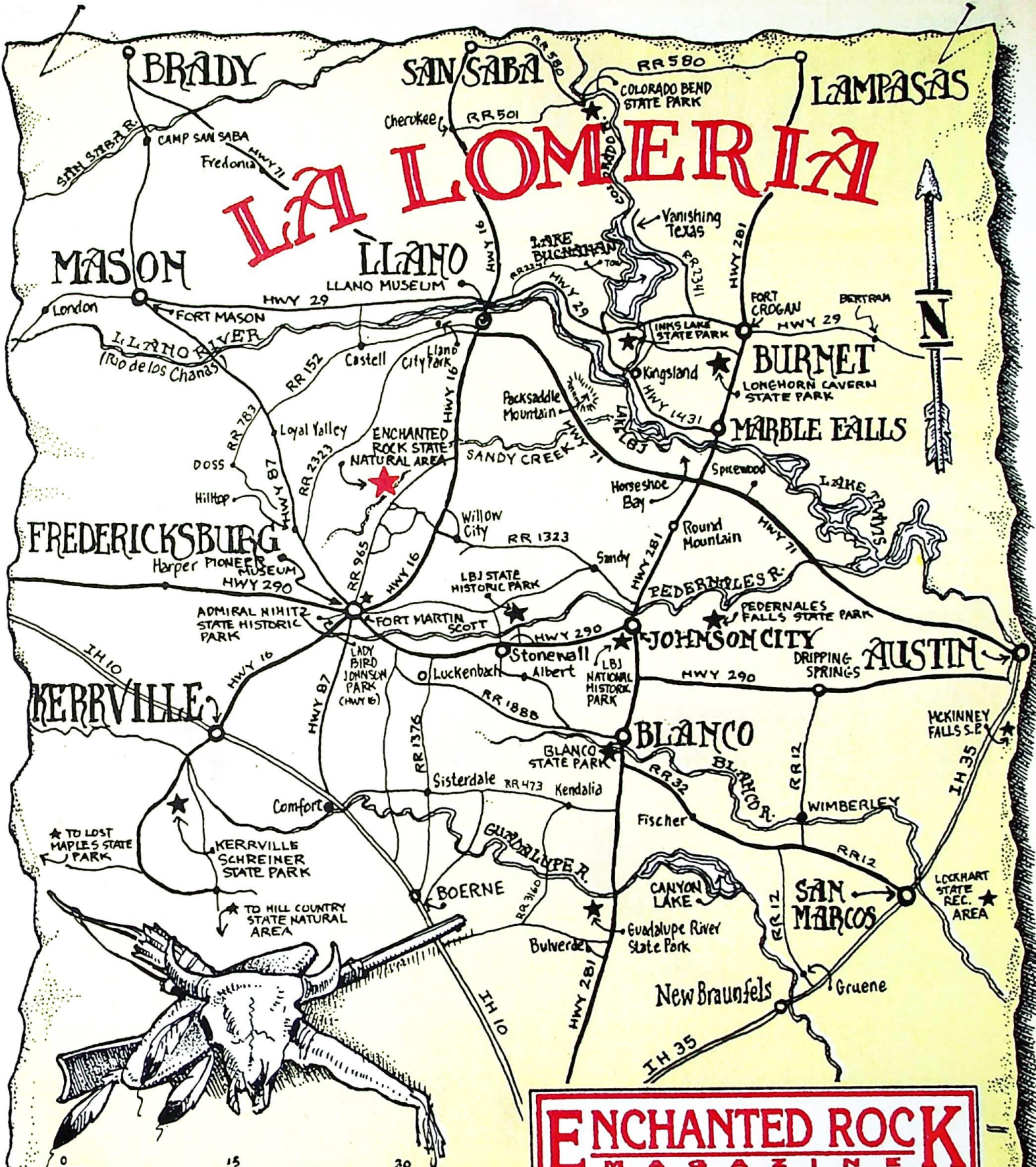
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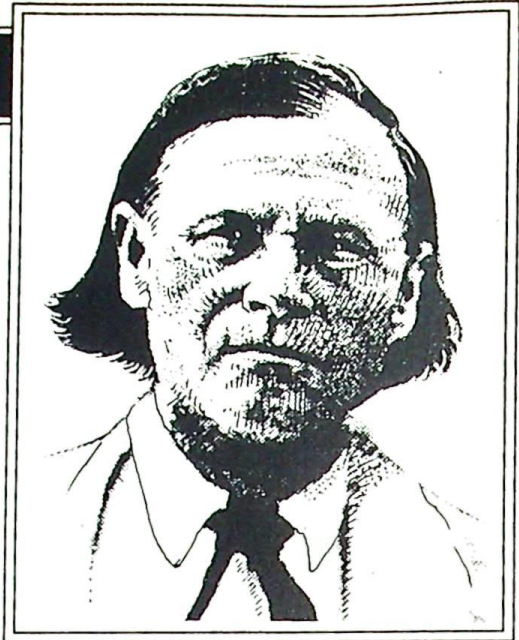
JIM NICHOLS

-VS-

A SECESH,
RING CLICK,
PAPER COLLAR,
KID GLOVE
GANG of
CYOTIES

by IRA KENNEDY

"They came to the shop
and told their business, and I says,
"Well gentlemen, I have said I would
not take the oath without
I was forced to and I consider
a forse-put no-put atal
so out with your oath."



Jim Nichols, a former Texas Ranger who rode with the renowned Captain Jack Hays, was living in Blanco earning a living as a blacksmith and carpenter when, in 1861, Texas held a general election which resulted in the state's secession from the Union and joining the Confederacy. A staunch Unionist, Nichols paid dearly for his convictions. While many Union sympathizers in the area were shot or hung for their beliefs, certain citizens in Blanco brought Nichols to court on trumped up charges of horse theft. He was convicted, then pardoned by the governor, then the pardon was overturned. However, Nichols never served a day in prison. Very likely Nichols reputation as a Texas Ranger, and his unparalleled courage in the face of numerous threats on his life spared him the fate suffered by many of his neighbors. Attorney's fees for the trial essentially resulted in Nichols bankruptcy and forced him out of Blanco County. Before the events mentioned here Nichols was offered \$10,000 by Tom Smith for his place; to satisfy his attorney's fees, Nichols eventually sold his place to Smith for \$1,000. The following excerpts are taken from *Now You Hear My Horn: The Journal of James Wilson Nichols 1820-1887*, published by the University of Texas Press, 1967. Nichols grammar and spelling was retained in the publication of the book, as it is here:

"I never went to town but what I was tackled by someone and I spent my opinion freely, thinking every man had a right to do so, always advocating the union principles and was pounced on by some one as though I was the only Union man in the county. There was plenty others, but they kept their mouths shut as I should have done. I must acknowledg tho that I was a little contrary, for in 1845 I voted against anexation, believing it best for Texas to remain a seperate, independent Republic, but after anexation I found it worked well enough and I become satisfide and could see no good that would accrew from seceding. If it was an eror in me it was an eror of the head and not of the heart.

"The day of election was but a few days off, and I went to town on som business and there was a large croud assembled at the grocery whare there was big talking and biger drinking.

"I stood round awhile haveing nothing to say when one fellow sideled up close to me in order that I might hear him and said, "'Well, boys, the election is close by, and there is a big croud of us has agreed to meete on the ground early and Ill venture a treat for this croud that a union man wont venture to show his head at the poles on that day. We have agreeede that if any dare come we will clean um up as fast as they come, and well do it shore.'"

"The croud hurrahed for Ike. I said nothing but thought thare would be one union vote cast if but one. When the day came I went down early and taken a slip of paper about a foot long and wrote it full from one end to the other, "for the Union" and when the poles was opened I handed it in without folding it up. They taken it, looked at it, showed it to all the judges and clerks, then folded it up, and deposited it in the box, regestered my name, and put on my ticket, "Nomber 1," and I went out."

The election returns in Blanco for February 23, 1961 showed 86 for secession and 170 against. State-wide the results were 46,129 for secession and 14,697 against. In a footnote to the Nichols Journal editor Catherine W. McDowell noted: There were considerable differences in the feelings of Texans concerning participation in the Civil War. In all probability only about one third of the people were staunch Confederates, and a large number did not want to secede at all. Of those several areas in Texas that were predominately loyal to the Union, one of the strongest included Blanco, Gillespie, Kendall, Kerr, and Llano counties."

"After the election the Confedercy was organized and in the year 1861 the war commenced" Nichols wrote. "Thare was a man appointed in every county to administer the oath of allegiance to the Confederate government and Co'l Duff was apointed for this purpose in Blanco County and he apointed a day and the majority met and taken the oath."

In another footnote editor CMcDowell notes: "James M. Duff was a Scottish adventurer and soldier of fortune who had been in the United States Army at one time and had been drummed out because of his actions." On several occasions Nichols was told to attend a meeting so that the oath might be administered, but as Nichols wrote, "I told them that I never would take the oath until I was forsed to do so, and it went on this way for some months... I was busy at work in the shop and saw the Co'l and two other men drive up and git out of the hack loaded down with arms and I thought to myself, "Gone up now." They came to the shop and told their business, and I says, "Well gentlemen, I have said I would not take the oath without I was forsed to and I conider a forse-put no-put atal so out with your oath."

After taking the oath Nichols still suffered abuse and threats of hanging from a group he called "civilized savages or heel flies, secesh, ring click, paper collar, kid glove gang of cyoties." Eventually a meeting was held in Blanco during which a resolution was passed ordering Nichols to leave the

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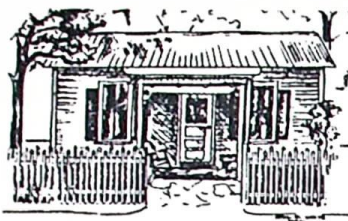
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"You can report that if they want to hang me they can find me right here at the end of two double barrel shotguns.

We can git as many of you as you can of us and the first man that crosses that fence is my meat.

Now you hear my horn."

county or abide the consequences. A contingent of three men was sent to Nichols' place to read the resolution and get his reply. Nichols replied that even if he was disposed to leave, which he was not, ten days would not be enough time to get his affairs in order. One of the messengers said to Nichols, "I would advise you to leave, if you do not the charges will be so high against you they will hang you. I would leave if I was in your place."

"I have done nothing to leave for," Nichols replied, "and rather than have it said that I was running away from a mass of filthy corruption such as that, I wont go if they give me more than ten days."

"We have to report," came the reply.

"Very well," Nichols said, "You can report that if they want to hang me they can find me right here at the end of two double barrel shotguns. We can git as many of you as you can of us and the first man that crosses that fence is my meat. Now you hear my horn."

What followed for Nichols was a series of criminal charges, trials, aquitals and finally a conviction on horse theft. Many of his neighbors were not so fortunate. They were hanged, their homes ransacked, and possessions stolen. After recounting many of their outrages, Nichols wrote: "Now, dear reader, these transactions did not take place out on the plains and by the wild Indians but here in Blanco County and amongst some few civilized people was it perpetrated by this blood thirsty gang of jackkalls, ring click, kid glove, paper collar beasts of prey in human shape."

THE OATH TO THE CONFEDERACY

"I WILL NEVER DO IT"

THE OATH & SAM HOUSTON

After the election of Lincoln to the Presidency in 1860 secessionist fervor reached the breaking point. Sam Houston, then governor of Texas, was opposed to secession. "I wish," Houston said to the U.S. Senate, "if this Union must be dissolved, that its ruins may be the monument of my grave."

Although he campaigned fervently against secession, Houston only seceded in arousing the animosity of secessionists. During a speech in Galveston, Houston told a hostile crowd: "Some of you laugh to scorn the idea of bloodshed as the result of secession. But let me tell you what is coming. Your fathers and husbands, your sons and brothers, will be herded at the point of the bayonet. You may, after the sacrifice of countless millions of treasure and hundreds of thousands of lives, as a bare possibility, win Southern independence... but I doubt it. I tell you that, while I believe with you in the doctrine of state rights, the North is determined to preserve this Union. They are not a fiery, impulsive people as you are, for they live in colder climates. But when they begin to move in a given direction, they move with the steady momentum and perseverance of a mighty avalanche; and what I fear is, they will overwhelm the South."

After the election for secession in 1861, an emissary arrived at the Governor's Mansion with an order for Governor Houston to take the oath for allegiance to the Confederacy at high noon on the following day. After spending the entire night in seclusion deliberating on his course of action, Houston came downstairs the following morning and, upon meeting Mrs. Houston, he said, "Margaret, I will never do it."

The following day Houston told the people of Texas he would resign from office because he loved Texas "too well to bring civil strife and bloodshed upon her." Consequently, Lieutenant Governor Edward Clark was sworn as governor. Houston lived for another two years in retirement—virtually forgotten. On July 25, 1863, bedridden from pneumonia, he fell into a deep sleep waking briefly the following day he said, "Texas—Texas!—Margaret!" and returned to a deepening sleep. He died at sunset.

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WATER

& PARKS IN THE TEXAS HILL COUNTRY



A TYPICAL HILL COUNTRY STREAM SOMEWHERE IN BURNET COUNTY. PHOTO BY IRA KENNEDY

The only way to deal with the Texas summer is to find water then wade, swim, tube, dive, or float. This is how, for 12,000 years, Texans managed to cool down in the hottest times.

If a great hand reached down from heaven to rip the heart—the Hill Country—out of Texas, fine clear water would pour out as though from a great sponge. That's what makes this, the country of eleven hundred springs, so special. These springs are the lifeblood of the Hill Country. They are where rivers begin. Each of these sites provide cold crystalline water which draws all manner of life

to it. And above the Balcones in a thousand other places the fine waters break into the sunshine after their lightless journey of a thousand years. The older the water the better.

Ask any person in these parts what they consider their favorite slice of the Texas Hill Country and most likely it will be a place of living water. Some choose pools at motels, resorts, parks, and backyards. Others are drawn to the seven Highland Lakes of the Colorado,

or to Canyon, or Medina Lake. Over thirty thousand boats are registered in Travis County alone. Fishing, sail, or house—boats have created a lake culture, each with its special way of enjoying water.

One of our favorite haunts in the Hill Country is the two-mile stretch of Llano River between the Slab on Ranch Road 3404 west of Kingsland and to Long's Fishing Camp. Between, the river breaks into many channels, some fast, some slow, some deep some shallow, though mostly solid granite. At one point the Llano drops into some fine rapids with pools below.

Go to Long's and pay the small fee for a shaded picnic sight and head downstream, or simply park near the Slab and make your way upstream.

But, that's only a suggestion. There are a thousand other Hill Country streams that offer up world-class water. If you are lucky enough to call the Hill Country home, or lucky enough to return to the Hill Country time and time again, you'll find your own favorite spots for water.

Whether that spot is the cloistered cool dampness of a tiny Hill Country spring, the engineered waters of Schlitterbahn, the rapids of the Guadalupe, or Frio, or the expansive Hill Country Lakes, over time it will become what you think of when you think of the Hill Country.

The following is a listing of state, county, and city parks where you can camp (▲), swim (✳), or launch a boat (✚). We know we missed a few, but these are some of the best.

▲✳✚ INKS LAKE STATE PARK: Inks Lake State Park is a 1,200 acre panorama of cedar and oak woodlands, wildflowers, and pink granite outcroppings. The park borders Inks Lake, and recreational opportunities at the park include swimming, boating, canoeing, water skiing, scuba diving, sailing, and fishing. Deer, turkey, quail, numerous songbirds, and other species of wildlife are abundant here.

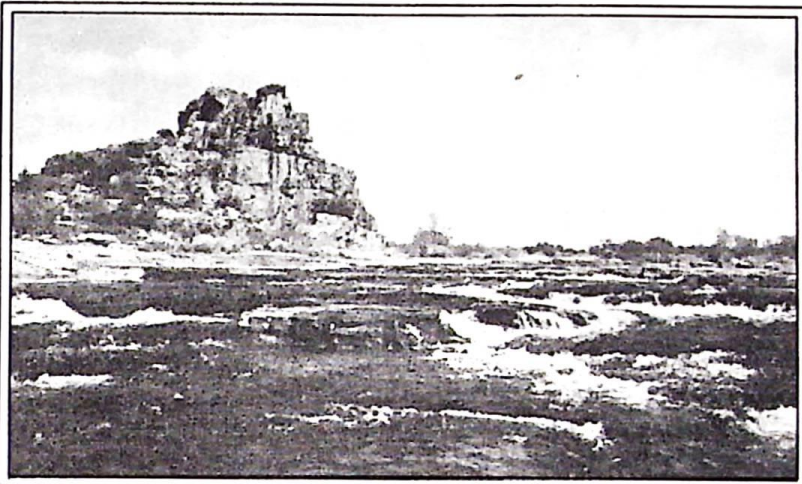
Campsites and shelters accommodate up to eight persons, with a combination of motor vehicles and trailers not to exceed two. Picnic table, BBQ grill and restrooms with hot showers are nearby. There is no lifeguard on duty for swimming. The park also offers two fishing piers and two fish-cleaning shelters, a two-lane boat ramp, a nine-hole golf course with clubs, pull carts and golf carts for rent. There is a playground and concession facility at the park which offers groceries, picnic supplies, canoe, boat, and paddleboat rentals.

▲✳✚ BURNET COUNTY PARK: This small park offers picnic tables, BBQ grilles, a public boat ramp, portable restrooms, and free campsites on a first-come, first-serve basis. There is no lifeguard on duty. Take HWY 29 west from Burnet and drive

for 3.5 miles, turn right on Ranch Road 2341 for approximately eleven miles. The park is on the left.

▲✳✚ BLACK ROCK PARK: A public boat ramp, primitive camping, RV sites, dump station, playground, bathrooms, swimming, and fishing is available at Black Rock Park. A fee is collected for overnight camping. To locate the park go west from Burnet on HWY 29 for approximately 13 miles, turn right on HWY 261 and continue up the road until you see the sign to the park.

▲✳ SHAW ISLAND PARK: This park offers fifteen sites, primitive camping, group camping, no charge, no reservations. To locate Shaw Island Park go west from Burnet on HWY 29 for about 13 miles, turn right on HWY 261, and continue up the road until you see signs to the park.



LLANO RIVER. Photo by Buck Burke.

✚ BURNET PARK: This is a public boat ramp site. There is no camping. To locate the park go west from Burnet on HWY 29 for about ten miles. Turn right on HWY 690, take a left when you see the boat ramp sign.

▲✳✚ COLORADO BEND STATE PARK: This park offers a wide spectrum of outdoor recreational opportunities including fishing, boating, hiking, mountain biking, guided nature and caving tours, bird watching, mineral study, and photography. Among the parks "specialty items," are its crystal-clear creeks dammed along their length with striking growths of travertine, a mineral precipitate 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.

Colorado Bend State Park is located on RR 580 between San Saba and Lampasas (see map on page 13.) For further assistance, and information contact Colorado Bend State Park, Box 118, Bend, Texas 76824. Phone: 915/628-3240.

✳ SAN SABA MUNICIPAL PARK: This 24 acre park includes a small lake, swimming pool, picnic sites and an 18-hole golf course.

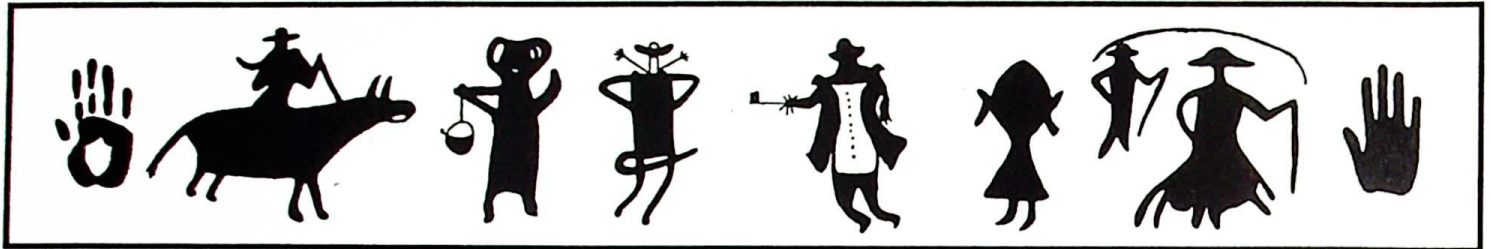
▲✳✚ CEDAR POINT RESOURCE AREA: Covering about 400 acres, the Lower Colorado River Authority's Cedar Point Resource Area is the largest of the few publicly owned tracts on Lack Buchanan. As part of LCRA's Primitive Recreation System—areas left relatively unimproved to retain their basic natural appeal—the Cedar Point Resource Area is ideal for

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

TWO KINDS OF FIRE

EXPERIENCING MCKINNEY FALLS STATE PARK

BY STEFANIE KAWECKI



VERY OLD FIRE

The dark gray, pock-marked stone underfoot radiates the heat absorbed from the morning sun, making the summer afternoon trek less than comfortable. Looking every bit like a lunar landscape, the large expanse of rock appears to be melting, and flowing like lumpy pancake batter down to McKinney Falls, the centerpiece of the lovely 640-acre McKinney Falls State Park. To the surprise of many, Pilot's Knob, a somewhat conical rise which lies in the valley just south of the park, was once an active volcano. Some 80 million years ago, when a large part of Texas was still dreamily submerged in a Cretaceous sea, this churning bump arose from deep within Earth's belly, and pushing its way to the surface. Violent explosions from the fiery volcano's molten rock entering the sea, along with ash strewn for miles, sculpted the new *Terra firma*.

We cross the dusty, linear gray scar where ranger's vehicles ford the creek, and head for the shade of the Smith Rockshelter Trail. My students look like wilted flowers, but act like inquisitive pups. This is a good sign.

PEARLS FOR THOUGHT

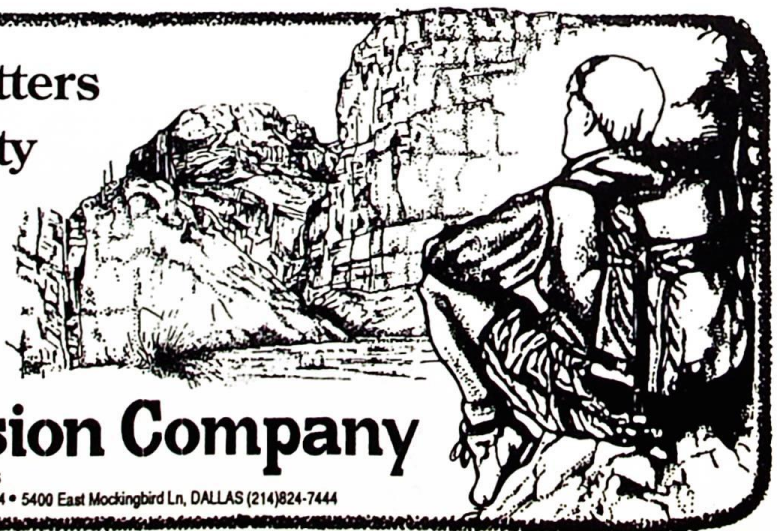
Summer's song has begun: Cicadas, *Magicicada septemdecim*, loud and unseen, perform from the green canopy above, while Onion Creek cuts its channel below, swishing past banks of pecans, cedar elms and bald cypress trees. It is the male cicada that produces the familiar buzzing sound, with the help of a pair of special organs known as tymbals located under his abdomen. Perhaps you have seen and wondered about the ghost of one of these small creatures stuck to a tree or fence. Taking four to seventeen years to reach adulthood, these insects molt their shells, leaving behind crispy memoirs of their existence. We stop to admire a Green Milkweed Vine, *Matelea reticulata*, where, nestled amid the large heart-shaped leaves we find the most unusual flowers: smallish and green, each flower having five perfectly shaped petals with distinctive vein patterns, and a pearlescent dot in the center. It looks as if each flower is held to the vine by florists' corsage pins! Seed pods hang off the vine in bunches like fish on a string. Someone touches them and they fall to the ground, ready to begin again.

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TRUE OR FALSE?

Where the trail dips down, I point out a community of False Gromwell, *Onosmodium bejariense*, another unusual plant displaying white egg-shaped seeds moving up the stem like Chinese checkers. As recently as May, these plants were pendulously laden with greenish-white flowers that look akin to replacement bulbs for Christmas tree lights. I wonder, where do Real Gromwells grow? We pop into the sun and traverse the visitor center parking lot to the upper falls, where scores of families delight in the columns of water falling over the great limestone ledge and uniting with the deep, refreshing pool below. Once again we enter the riparian woodland of Onion Creek, this time following the hike and bike trail. Mustang grapevines curiously twine through the picnic area, and the path is decorated with smashed fruit and animal scat containing the grape seeds. A grouping of Pigeon-berries, *Rivina humilis*, call out for attention in the partially shaded underbrush. Their short racemes present us with beautiful, shiny red berries and an occasional latent burst of white flowers with pinkish glow. Tall stalks of ragweed clasping wilting leaves remind us to take advantage of the pause, and we whip out canteens to replenish lost fluids. To my understanding, the pollen of this ragweed is too large to be airborne, and the allergen culprit is actually False Ragweed, a much smaller, darker green plant with tiny white flowers that pucker like a mouth full of lemon juice.

IT'S OK TO BE SQUARE

Before leaving the creek we spy two virile male chameleons on a tree puffing their pink throats out in a competitive effort to attract the single female perched on a limb below. She has her back to them, and seemingly searches the tangles of green brush for her next meal, paying them no attention. Is this part of the ritual, or are these guys just puffy pink-throated nerds? In the squelching sun of the prairie, spent stands of Purple Horsemint, or Lemon Beebalm, *Monarda citriodora*, rustle in a slight breeze. Their recently faded purple blossoms, appearing in interrupted whorls, have left behind brown three- and four-tiered seed clusters resembling miniature fairy topiaries. Did you know mints are easily recognized by their square stems? This particular one contains citronella, and when crushed and rubbed on the body can serve as a pleasant-smelling insect repellent. Collectively, the class remembers the purpose of sweat as we are temporarily cooled by evaporation.

NEW FIRE

Our circular path leads us to where we began, and a few of us opt for a swim in the pool below the upper falls. After picking our way down the large, limestone boulders to the sandy shore, I wade into the cooling waters until I am completely submerged. Small fish nibbling at my legs keep me in motion. The great orb is much lower in the sky now; shadows lengthen and an overall quieting surrounds the pool earlier congested with boisterous people. I regret having to leave. This time I take a seemingly safer, flatter route out over the piles of wood deposited by past floods. Suddenly, I reach a particularly rotten spot, and fall through up to my shins. Clinging to my wet legs are scores of

**WE CROSS THE DUSTY, LINEAR GRAY
SCAR WHERE RANGER'S VEHICLES FORD
THE CREEK, AND HEAD FOR THE SHADE
OF THE SMITH ROCKSHELTER TRAIL.
MY STUDENTS LOOK LIKE WILTED
FLOWERS, BUT ACT LIKE INQUISITIVE
PUPS. THIS IS A GOOD SIGN**

fire ants that cannot be easily brushed away. Before I can extract myself, I am on fire!

Arriving around 1918 in Mobile, Alabama from their native home in Argentina, these despicable creatures made their way into Central Texas by 1976 and today pose a great threat to both humans and wildlife. With its powerful mandible to steady itself, the fire ant injects an oily venom containing a Piperidine Alkaloid, Solenopsin A, killing the surrounding tissue cells, which later form white pustules. If not dislodged, the ant will rotate in a circle, stinging two or three times more. Painful and itchy, these bites can lead to infection and scarring on most victims. In severe allergic cases it can even cause death.

EPILOGUE

Having sustained a couple hundred bites, it has taken quite some time to regain my energy. I find I am among the unlucky ones susceptible to severe allergic reaction: feet swelling to the point of not being able to wear shoes for several days; stabbing pains in my stomach and joints; fever, heat buildup and tenderness in the lymph glands, neck and back. Feeling much like a bad virus, the stabbing pains in the joints is a clear giveaway to this kind of poisoning.

McKinney Falls Ranger Jim DeBaun says the last major effort to control the fire ants at the park was done a couple of years ago, when the Texas Department of Agriculture came and spread Amdro, one of several commercially available and relatively safe baits which contain a growth inhibitor. These baits are carried by worker ants to the queen and stop egg production, causing a slow failure of the colony. Unfortunately, most fast-acting solutions are highly toxic to the environment and us. Because of the rugged landscape and lack of water supply, removing the infested wood by heavy machinery or burning is out of the question, according to Debaun.

Like visual traces left by a fiery volcano on the McKinney Falls landscape, my limbs are now scarred from miniature volcanic blisters of fire ant bites. Remember, when enjoying McKinney Falls and other scenic hill country spots, take caution around obvious mounds and rotting wood. To learn more about controlling these menaces, call the City of Austin fire ant hotline (512)499-ANTS to find out how to kill fire ants and not creeks.

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WATER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

those who like to "rough it." There are access roads, parking areas, a single-lane boat ramp, fire rings for campsites, and informational signs to help guide visitors, but no tables, running water, or restrooms.

Approximately three miles of shoreline span the north side of Cedar Point and another third of a mile stretches on the southeast side at Maxwell's Slough. There are no designated swimming areas. Roads and pathways, cut into the land long ago, serve as hiking trails. Cedar Point, open year-round and free of charge, is located 25 miles northeast of Llano near the community of Tow. From Llano to the east take FM 2241 and turn north at Bluffton. Travel approximately four miles and turn right on FM 3014, then go .3 of a mile to the main site entrance. From Buchanan Dam, to the south, take Highway 261 to Bluffton and follow the same directions.

▲*† **ROBINSON CITY PARK:** On the banks of the Llano River, the park offers picnic and playground areas, a golf course, swimming pool and fishing. The park also has an excellent swimming hole on the Llano River next to the dam. The adjacent 100 RV camping sites, community center and rodeo grounds are operated by the Llano County Community Center. Located on FM152 about two miles west of the courthouse. For information on camping call 915/247-5354.

▲* **BLANCO STATE PARK:** This 110-acre park is located one mile south of Blanco on U.S 281. Camping, trailer sites, picnicking, screened shelters, fishing, swimming, pedal boats, children's play area, rest rooms, and showers are available. For overnight reservations call 512/389-8900.

* **LBJ STATE PARK:** This 710-acre park (day use only) is open daily from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. in the summer and offers picnic facilities, swimming pool, tennis courts and nature trail. Wildlife displays include Texas Longhorns, white-tailed deer and buffalo. Historic buildings include two restored dog-run cabins of area pioneers, furnished in frontier style, and the Sauer-Beckmann Farmstead (open daily 8 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.; 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. in the summer) where rural life of the early 1900s is interpreted by living history demonstrations. Open daily on U.S. 290 just east of Stonewall.

▲* **LADY BIRD JOHNSON PARK:** A 190-acre municipal park featuring fully equipped RV sites, golf, swimming, tennis, badminton, picnicking plus a small lake for sailboats, canoes, and pedal boats. Located on HWY 16, 3.5 miles south of Fredericksburg.

▲* **SOUTH LLANO RIVER STATE PARK:** Cool clear water, shady trees, and abundant wildlife all make South Llano River State Park an ideal camping spot. The winding South Llano River forms the northern park boundary with 1.5 miles of river frontage. The 507-acre wooded bottomland is home to the white-tail deer and Rio Grande turkey. Campsites accommodate up to eight persons each, with a combination of motor vehicles and trailers not two exceed two; sites have picnic table and BBQ grill. In addition to primitive campsites there are walk-in campsites with picnic tables and firerings, campsites with water and electricity which include back-in parking; and a restroom with hot showers nearby.

A spring-fed scenic stream has sufficient flow for canoeing, tubing, and swimming. Several hiking trails leading into the adjoining 2,123-acre Walter Buck Wildlife Management Area are available.

South Llano River State Park and adjoining Walter Buck State Wildlife Management Area are located five miles south of Junction in Kimble County off U.S. 377 on Park Road 73. For further information contact South Llano River State Park, HC 15, Box 224, Junction, Texas 76849 or phone: 915/446-3994.

▲* **KERRVILLE-SCHREINER STATE PARK:** Located on the Guadalupe River, this 500-acre park offers a host of activities including swimming, fishing, and boating. Campsites, picnic tables, tiled showers and restrooms make it the perfect setting for a day's outing or an overnight stay. Reservations are recommended for campsites. Open year-round, 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. for day use. Screened shelters and RV campsites available. Located south of Kerrville on HWY 173.

▲* **PEDERNALES FALLS STATE PARK:** This 4,800-acre scenic park features picturesque waterfalls, abundant animal and bird life, fishing, swimming, camping, picnicking, and hiking. Located approximately eight miles east of Johnson city on FM 2766.

▲* **LOST MAPLES STATE NATURAL AREA:** While they aren't really "lost," the bigtooth maples for which the park is named are selective in their habitat. Because of their shallow roots, the trees are susceptible to damage by soil compaction and visitors are cautioned to stay on prescribed paths to ensure continued vigor of the maple stands. Fall color is usually at its peak in early November.

Park facilities include campsites with water, picnic areas, restrooms, showers, and primitive camp areas reached by almost eleven miles of hiking and backpacking trails. Swimming is permitted but no facilities are provided. Located four miles north of Vanderpool on RR 187.

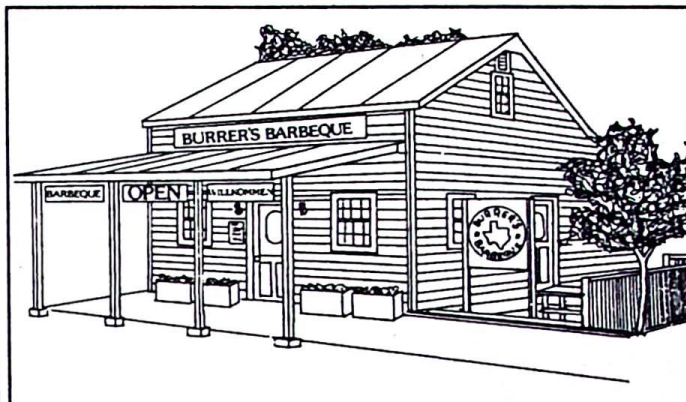
▲* **GUADALUPE RIVER STATE PARK:** This 1,900-acre scenic Hill Country park is bisected by the beautiful, cypress-edged river that flows over natural rapids in the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

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BOWIE

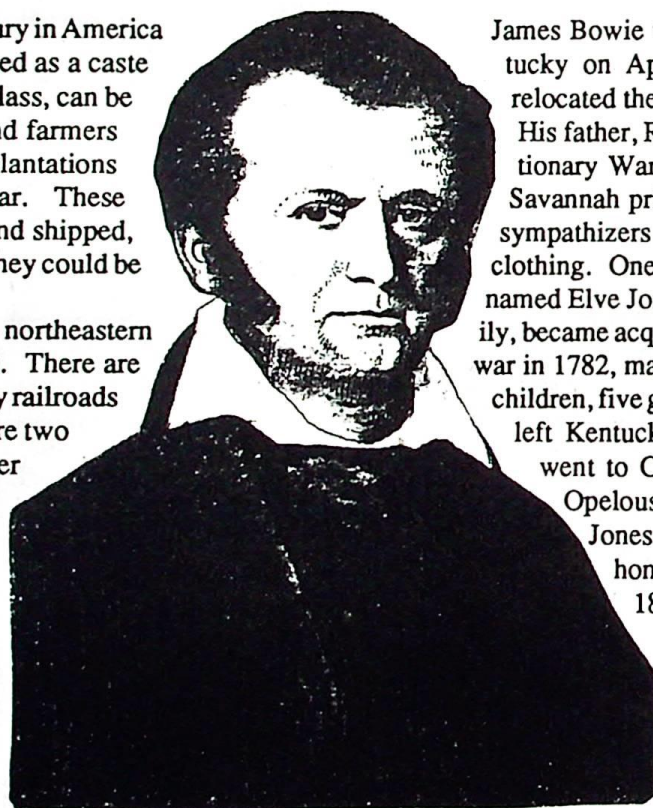
by Steve Goodson

Jim Bowie. The name itself evokes myriad images to a reader's mind. Defender of the Alamo, pioneer leader, slave trader, land speculator, Indian fighter and prospector of lost mines and treasure could all quite correctly be associated with the name Jim Bowie. But in order to separate the myth and legends from the reality of who and what Bowie really was, one must learn something of the environment that shaped his identity as a person.

The South of the early 19th century in America was one that could be described as a caste system. The gentry, or upper class, can be characterized as landholders and farmers who owned slaves and resided on plantations that raised cotton, tobacco, and sugar. These products could be processed on site and shipped, usually downriver, to seaports where they could be readily sold and converted to cash.

The industrialization found in the northeastern states had lagged behind in the South. There are several reasons for this. Lack of quality railroads and lack of an adequate workforce were two very important factors. But one other reason has been offered that merits mention here. Most of these landowners had come to the South from Scotland and Ireland, two countries founded in a strong Celtic tradition.

This Celtic tradition romanticized the gentleman farmer/ruler that became so readily adapted to the South of the early 1800's. Most of the people lived on small farms and plantations basically producing most of their own wants and needs. Eli Whitney's invention of the cotton gin made slavery a workable institution in this region. On the whole a small percentage of the people resided in metropolitan areas and most of these people found employment in trades, merchantry, some manufacturing and shipping.



James Bowie was born in Logan County, Kentucky on April 10, 1796. The family had relocated there, via Tennessee, from Georgia. His father, Reason, had served in the Revolutionary War and was captured in Savannah. Savannah prisoners were allowed visits from sympathizers who often brought them food and clothing. One such sympathizer, a young lady named Elve Jones, of a prominent Georgia family, became acquainted with Reason and after the war in 1782, married him. Elve bore Reason ten children, five girls and five boys. Reason Bowie left Kentucky for Louisiana where he first went to Catahoula, the Bayou Teche and Opelousas, where he died in 1819. Elve Jones Bowie died in Shreveport in the home of her youngest daughter in 1837.

John J. Bowie, Jim's older brother, wrote an article about young Jim that was published in *De Boe's Review* in New Orleans in 1852. "James spent the most important part of his childhood, between the years 1802 and 1809, in Catahoula Parish. About the year 1814, he left my father's house and launched upon his own life. He settled upon Bayou Boeuf, Rapides, and cleared a small piece of land, but his chief means of support was sawing plank and other lumber with the common whipsaw, and boating it down the bayou for sale.

"After reaching the age of maturity he was a stout, rather rawboned man of six feet height, weighed 180 pounds and was as well made as any man I ever saw. His hair was light colored, his eyes gray and rather deep-set — very keen and penetrating — his complexion fair, and his cheekbones rather high.

"His anger was terrible, and frequently terminated in some tragic scene. He was social with all men, fond of fishing and hunting. He roped and captured wild deer in the woods, caught and rode wild and unmanageable horses, and was even known to rope and ride alligators ...

"As the country improved and land property became enhanced in value James sold out his land on the bayou and used the means thus obtained in speculating in the purchase of Africans from Jean LaFitte, the pirate, who brought them to Galveston for sale. James, Rezin (another of Jim's older brothers), and myself fitted out some small boats at the mouth of the Calcasieu, and went into the trade on shares. Our plan was as follows:

"First we purchased forty Negroes from LaFitte at the rate of one dollar per pound, or an average of \$140 for each Negro; we then brought them into the limits of the United States, delivered them to the customs house officer, and ourselves became the informers. The law gave the informer half the value of the Negroes, which were put up and sold in the United States.

"We continued to follow this business until we had made \$65,000, then we quit and soon spent all our earnings. James then went into land speculation and soon made \$15,000. This business necessarily caused him to spend much of his time in the woods, where natural inclination gave the employment a peculiar charm to him."

In the early months of 1819 Bowie was associated with the Long expedition to Texas. James Long had been an officer in the U.S. Army. His wife's uncle, James Wilkinson, a general in the army, along with Aaron Burr had hatched a plot ten years before to pry the Southwest out of Spanish hands and set up a republic. Long and his men eventually met with failure and Long met with death at the hands of an assassin in Mexico. What role Bowie actually played in the formative months of this expedition I have been unable to ascertain; various sources,

however, mention that he had been associated with the main characters of the plot. Much of this originated in Natchez, Mississippi, then the gateway to the Southwest.

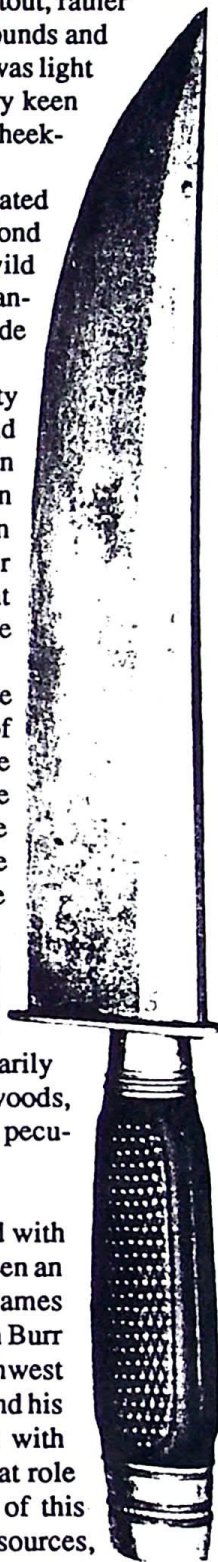
In the fall of 1819, Jim and his brother Rezin entered into a partnership. The brothers owned and improved valuable estates in the La Fourche, the Rapides, and the Opelousas districts. They introduced the first steam mill for grinding sugar cane used in Louisiana. They later sold one of those estates for \$90,000.

Jim, being somewhat of a woodsman, found many opportunities to need a functional knife. His brother Rezin, developed one and gave it to him after an altercation in Alexandria, Louisiana which occurred in 1826. Jim became involved in a political squabble in which he was opposed by the Sheriff of Rapides Parish, Norris Wright.

Wright encountered Bowie on the street and shot him in the chest. Some accounts say that Bowie was armed, others say he was not. The account that claims Bowie was armed related that Jim aimed his pistol at Wright at which point the pistol snapped (misfired). Bowie would have killed Wright with his hands had not Wright been spirited away by his friends. Rezin Bowie then visited Jim and gave him the knife that was to become what is known to us as the Bowie knife. Rezin is said to have told Jim, "here take old Bowie ... she won't snap."

Sheriff Wright and Jim Bowie met again on a sandbar in the Mississippi river below Natchez. They acted as seconds to opposing figures in a duel that transpired over a dispute of election results. The two principles fired at each other, missed, then reloaded only to miss each other again. These two walked forward, shook hands and agreed to stop the duel as they both felt that requirements protecting their honor had been met. At this point a general melee broke out among the standers-by. Wright shot Bowie in the hip then, rushing forward, stabbed him with a sword-cane. Bowie rose up and essentially disemboweled Wright with his knife. From this occurrence, which came to be known as the Sandbar Duel, Bowie's fame as a knife fighter was born.

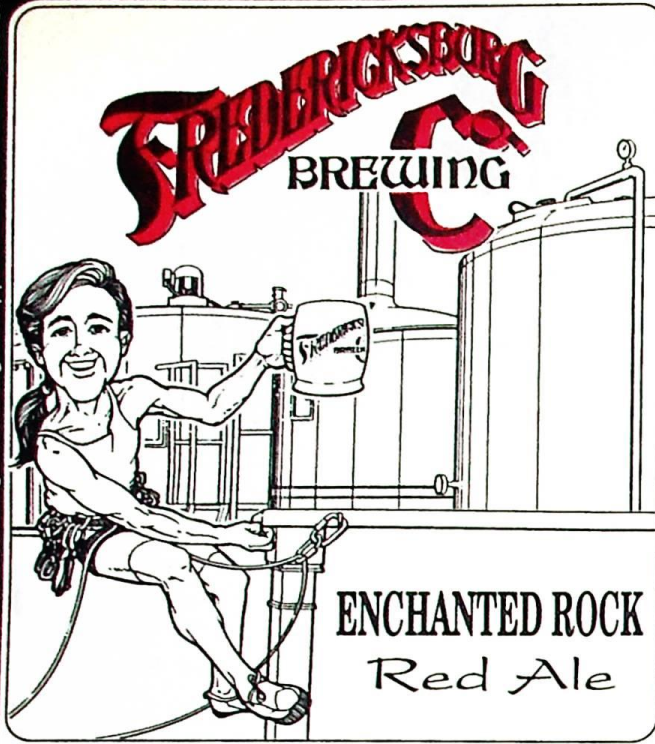
After Jim's death, Rezin Bowie wrote that this was the only duel which Jim participated in. Nevertheless stories abound glorifying Jim's prowess as a knife fighter and defender of the weak. Henry Clay, the famous Congressman from Kentucky, held Bowie in high regard due to an event that happened in a coach on the Cumberland Road. Clay, a man named McGinley, a stranger with a pipe, Bowie and a young girl were all passengers on the coach. The pipe smoker, seated beside Mr. Clay, soon filled the stage with



Jim aimed his pistol at Wright at which point the pistol snapped (misfired). Bowie would have killed Wright with his hands had not Wright been spirited away by his friends. Rezin Bowie then visited Jim and gave him the knife that was to become what is known to us as the Bowie knife. Rezin is said to have told Jim, "here take old Bowie ... she won't snap."

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BOWIE

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

smoke and the young girl began to cough. When she asked the smoker to stop as it was making her ill, the smoker replied saying that he had paid his fare and would do as he pleased. Up to this time Bowie had remained quiet, wrapped in his cloak, apparently lost in his thoughts. But no sooner had these words come from the pipe smoker's mouth, when Bowie sprang up, threw aside his cloak and drew his knife. He seized the smoker by the chin, snapped his head back and applied the blade to his throat, saying "I'll just give you one minute to throw that thing out of the window." This quickly being done, Bowie sat back down and wrapped himself in his greatcoat. When the stage stopped Clay and McGinley introduced themselves to the man in the greatcoat and learned he was Jim Bowie.

Another story is told by the Reverend C. W. Smith, the first Methodist minister sent by the Conference to the State of Texas. Mr. Smith relates, "I crossed the river below Natchez, Mississippi. On the first day after leaving the river I was overtaken by a large man, well-mounted and armed with a rifle, pistol, and knife. When we learned that we had a mutual destination, we rode together, and I was obliged for the company. It did not take long for me to discover that my companion had a full knowledge of the country over which we were riding. I had told him my name and business, but he did not reciprocate. He was a marvelous story teller; this was, he said, his fourth trip to Texas, and he had had many wild adventures in the swamps and prairies. He told me some of them each time we camped for the night.

"Soon after we crossed the border we came to a small village. I proposed to preach here, and the stranger assented, stating that he would attempt to round up a congregation. It was an open air meeting, and, to my surprise, well attended. I was soon apprised, however, of the reason for the large attendance.

"I opened the meeting with a few old-fashion hymns, in which everyone joined, seemingly with a will.

"This gratified me as I was certain then that I had engendered a feeling of good-will among the rough frontiersmen. However, when the hymns were done and I attempted to deliver my sermon, I found myself very rudely interrupted by hoots and catcalls. I could hardly hear myself speak, and was greatly dismayed. My companion, however, who was in the audience, suddenly came up on the platform. I told him that, owing to the interruptions, I was unable to go on, and had better terminate the meeting at once. He then said to me 'Mr. Smith, do you want to preach to these people?' I replied that I would like nothing better, but that I was afraid violence might result. At this he smiled, and there was a look on his face that frightened me, 'If you want to preach here, I will see that you do so without future interruption', he said.

"He then turned to the audience, holding up his hand to quiet a vociferous outbreak.

"'People of Texas', he said, 'Mr. Smith has come a long distance to see you. He has been sent out here by his church. If there are any here who do not care to stay for his sermon, you are free to leave, but in any case, by God, he is going to preach, and you are going to stop this noise so he can be heard!'"

"'People of Texas', he said, 'Mr. Smith has come a long distance to see you. He has been sent out here by his church. If there are any here who do not care to stay for his sermon, you are free to leave, but in any case, by God, he is going to preach, and you are going to stop this noise so he can be heard!'"

"There was a large and furious ruffian right in front of the platform who had been very loud in his rudeness. He seemed to be leader of the ruffians and he got up now, all bedecked out with knives and pistols.

"'And who are you, my fine cock, and where did you drop from?', he shouted.

"'That is immaterial,' replied my companion, 'but my name is Jim Bowie, and I rode from Mississippi with this man, and I intend to see that he gets a square deal.'

"At this, there was a subdued muttering in the crowd, and the ruffian sat down. It seemed that my recent friend was well-known; at any rate, from that time on I can say that I never had a more attentive audience. This was entirely due, I could see, from some motive of fear or respect which they held for my companion, named Bowie."

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LUCKENBACH

EST 1849

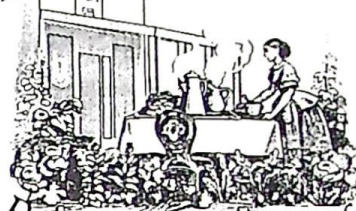
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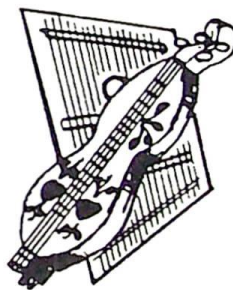
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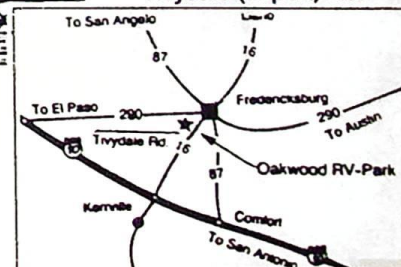
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THE MYSTERY OF BABYHEAD MOUNTAIN

DALE FRY

For over 100 years, the presence of Babyhead Mountain, a rugged hill lying some nine and a half miles north of Llano, has given foreboding testimony to one of the most gruesome—and controversial—incidents to have ever occurred in Llano County. It was here that a search party discovered the dismembered body of a missing child, her head impaled on a stick near the summit of the hill.

The century-long reigning oral account of the atrocity has, curiously, divulged only that the hill received its name after the discovery there of the child; that the bloody head had belonged to a tiny girl; and that people in general believed that the barbarous act was yet another Indian depredation perpetrated to convince the Whites they were not welcome in Indian territory. Time has produced, in addition, conflicting dates to no one's satisfaction as to when the incident occurred.

This scant information has left many people mystified as to how such a monstrous deed could have happened but leave in its wake an abundance of details. In turn, it has veiled the crime in mystery over the years and produced a number of questions: Who was the girl? Who were her parents? Where did they live? Who discovered the body? What exact year did the horror occur? Where is her grave?

Twelve years, however, "new" oral history surfaced that answers most of these questions, revealing the fact that many of the old timers in that area knew these details and passed them on to family members and friends. And, to add even more controversy to the pot, as recently as a few weeks ago, yet "newer" history emerged that points to a conspiracy among Whites. Thus the perplexing questions arise: If these "new" details are true, why did they not wind up in the incomplete and traditionally accepted account? And if the conspiracy angle, which contradicts the traditional version, is valid, why have the facts of the conspiracy remained in limbo all these years?

The "new" oral history not only answers most of the questions, it also establishes a later date for the incident.

In the late John E. Conner's book, *A Great While Ago*, — published just twelve years ago in 1983 (Eakin Publications, Inc., Austin)—Conner wrote an account of the Babyhead tragedy, drawn from oral reports he heard when he was a child.

Conner, an esteemed professor of history at Texas A&I University in Corpus Christi for over 25 years, was born in Llano County in 1883 and grew up in the Pontotoc/Field Creek area not far from Babyhead Mountain "as the crow flies."

The late professor wrote that when he was a small boy he heard "many stories of Indian raids...the mobbing, the maiming, the murders..." and added, "...such were the topics of conversations."

In another place, Conner penned, "The Indians who were in the Packsaddle Mountain battle were sometimes held responsible for the death of Bill Buster's daughter. At least Buster's house was near the point where Pecan (Pecum) Creek enters the Llano River, just below the place where San Fernando Creek runs into it. The child had been captured and carried away. A few days later the remains of a small child were found near the top of a peak in the Colorado Hills (today called Babyhead Mountain) not far from the point where the town of Cherokee was later established. The head of the baby was all that could be distinguished of the body. Bill Wyckoff of Pontotoc found an Indian pipe near the place where the Buster baby had been captured. He gave it to the D.R.T. (Daughters of the Republic of Texas) and I saw it once in their museum when it was in the Old Land Office Building on the Capitol Grounds in Austin." (Capitalizations are Conner's.)

It is a documented fact that the Battle at Packsaddle Mountain took place on August 15, 1873. So, then, Conner's claim that the locals held the same Indians responsible for the death of the Buster child would place the date of the Babyhead Mountain tragedy sometime after August, 1873.

This date, however, contradicts the claims of other historians, who have placed the date much earlier. In his book, *Canyon of the Eagles*, (Taylor Publishing Company, Dallas, 1991), C.L. Yarbrough states that the baby was killed in 1855. *The Handbook of Texas*, c1952, claims that "(Babyhead Mountain) was named about 1850." Yet other historians have figured the same date, about 1850, basing their conclusions primarily on the alleged time frame in which settlers established a community and cemetery in the area and named them both after the infamous hill of death. In addition, a state historical marker erected in 1991 at what is known today as Babyhead Cemetery, lists the

incident as occurring "in 1850s."

Llano historian and author Alline Elliott, however, recently corroborated Conner's date of the baby's death with oral accounts she heard from her late husband Sidney. She says that according to these oral transmissions, the hill, the community and the cemetery could not have received their names "Babyhead" before 1873.

"My husband Sidney told me that when he was 14 or 15 he worked for Bill Wyckoff on Mr. Wyckoff's farm," Alline says. "The farm was at Field Creek about 15 miles southwest of Babyhead Mountain. Mr. Wyckoff told my husband the story of the baby, and said that when he (Wyckoff) was 17, he and "Lib" Pankey (a Field Creek/Pontotoc resident) went with Bill Buster to search for Buster's baby. I've read Mr. Wyckoff's obituary, and he was born in 1856. That would make him 17 in 1873, the same year that Conner said in his book that the baby was killed.

"My husband also told me a story that his father, Bill Elliott, told him. Bill said that his parents told him that when he (Bill) was born (at Babyhead in 1888), the local people had called the hill Babyhead Mountain for only 15 years. That makes it 1873 when the baby was killed, just like Conner said in his book."

Reaching into her prodigious memory, Alline suddenly produces the baby's name. "Her name was Mary Elizabeth. Mrs. Helen Terry of Richland Springs was a relative of Bill Wyckoff's, and she told me that was the baby's name, that she had heard it with her own ears. from relatives." Alline adds, "Mary Pickett, Mr. Wyckoff's great-great-granddaughter, told me the same thing, and that the baby's parents called her Beth. Mary Pickett is still alive and lives here in Llano. I never learned the name of the baby's mother."

Nor indeed has anyone else. That portion of the Babyhead mystery remains to this day. In addition, no one has ever located the child's burial site.

One of the statements Conner made in his book has led Llano historian, Goldie S. Conley, to doubt the accuracy of Conner's memory, since he was almost 100 years old when he wrote the history of the area. Goldie did the research for the state historical marker at Babyhead Cemetery and authored a book, *Cherokee Creek Country* (Eakins Publications, Inc., Austin, 1988).

In a recent telephone conversation with *Enchanted Rock Magazine*, Goldie cited Conner's claim that searchers found the baby's remains (in 1873) "not far from the point where the town of Cherokee was later established." (Cherokee is located in San Saba County about eight miles north of Babyhead Mountain.) She said she questions Conner's statement, "because in 1858 there was a settlement there large enough to warrant the establishment of a post office"

She conceded, however, that Conner's statement could also well be true—depending upon how one interprets the history of Cherokee post offices. According to the San Saba Historical Commission's *San Saba County History* published in 1983, the first Cherokee post office did indeed form in 1858, but "changed locations five times before permanent

This scant information has left many people mystified as to how such a deed could have helped but leave in its wake an abundance of details. In turn, it has veiled the crime in mystery over the years and produced a number of questions.

settlement...(then) in 1878 David Seth Hanna laid out the present site of Cherokee..."

Thus Conner's claim that the Babyhead incident occurred in 1873 "not far from...where...Cherokee was later established (in 1878) could be true.

But as conflicting as these accounts may be, they pale in comparison with the claims of Llano resident Ned Cook. A few weeks ago, Cook, 45, whose ancestors lived in the area during the time of the incident, presented an entirely different version of the famous tale.

"When I was 14, my Uncle David Webster told me that his father, M.L. Webster, told him that a local "mob" of wealthy and powerful ranchers killed the little girl and blamed it on the Indians. They came to M.L.'s father (my great-grandfather, Nathaniel Webster), who lived in Cherokee at the time and was considered an important and influential man, and told him they were going to massacre a whole family of homesteaders. They gave him three reasons why and asked him to participate in it.

"Number one, they considered this particular family poor white trash and they were therefore expendable. I never heard the name of the family. Number two, there had been frequent raids by the Comanches, and ranchers and homesteaders alike wanted the U.S. Cavalry to dispatch a unit in the area for protection. (The government had dismantled some of the area forts and didn't regard the Comanche problem as warranting a Cavalry unit here.) And number three, they wanted to discourage more settlers from coming in and staking homestead claims on their lands. There was a big disagreement over land claims at that time.

"So the "mob" thought up an incident of such horrible

CONTINUED ON PAGE 35

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THE BLIND VISIONARY

BY IRA KENNEDY

When Adam Rankin Johnson first laid eyes upon the marble falls of the Colorado River the area was, apart from the stone artifacts left by thousands of years of habitation by Native Americans, pretty much as the Creator made it. The year was 1854, and Johnson was surveying in the area when he decided the land along the marble falls would make an ideal site for a city. By harnessing the power of the Colorado he envisioned creating a major industrial center. However, the Civil War put his plans on hold. During the war, while serving as a brigadier general for the Confederate Army, he suffered an injury at the battle of Grubb's Cross Roads, Kentucky, which left him permanently blind.

When he returned to Texas after the war, Johnson opened a real estate office in Burnet. For the next thirteen years Johnson's wealth and land holdings increased. With these resources, in 1886, the blind visionary (with the aid of Tom Chamberlain, a surveyor and close friend, his son Robert, Martin Yett and Earl Moore) would plat the city. Johnson's remarkable memory allowed him to envision where such sites as a park and factory were to be located. In 1887 lots in Marble Falls were sold to the public. Although a cotton mill, or factory, was envisioned, and a building built, it was never completed.

The structure of the Marble Falls Cotton and Woolen Mill was completed in 1901, but funding was hard to come by, and construction continued at a snail's pace. Lawsuits from subscription investors, didn't help matters either. Finally, in 1904, John H. Barret the owner of the mill-to-be sold the stone cotton mill building to the Marble Falls Water

and Power for \$5,000 cash in hand.

Although there was never to be a cotton mill in the area, there was plenty of cotton. According to the Marble Falls Messenger of Dec. 21, 1905, "M.H. Reed and Co. of this place sold eighteen thousand dollars worth of cotton last week. That's not bad for one

sale." The Marble Falls community shipped about 4,000 bales of raw cotton a year. Llano produced 8,000 to 25,000 bales, and Bertram about 4,000. The plan was to make Marble Falls the hub for the cotton industry in the area. A brochure published by Standard Realty Company, concluded: "It does not require an

expert to figure out that if the mills in the States isolated from the growing of raw cotton can make money when they have nothing but the lint from which to make their profit, certainly a mill at Marble Falls that can buy the cotton before it is ginned and gin it, making the ginner's fee of \$3.50 per bale, make oil, hulls, cake and meal from the seed and get the full advantage of all the by-products, should make more money than the Northern manufacturer. Does this not look reasonable?"

By 1906 the "city laid out by a blind man" boasted a handsome Main Street, a railroad, hotels, opera house, granite quarry, hardware and furniture stores, a lumber yard, an industrial college, several churches—but no factories.

General Adam Rankin Johnson died in 1921 at the age of 88. In the next decade, the construction of a chain of dams on the Colorado River would inundate the marble falls and end forever Johnson's dreamed for an industrial center.

Today, the lakes developed with the efforts of another visionary named Johnson, Lyndon Baines Johnson, serve as the catalyst for an industry General Johnson never envisioned—tourism.

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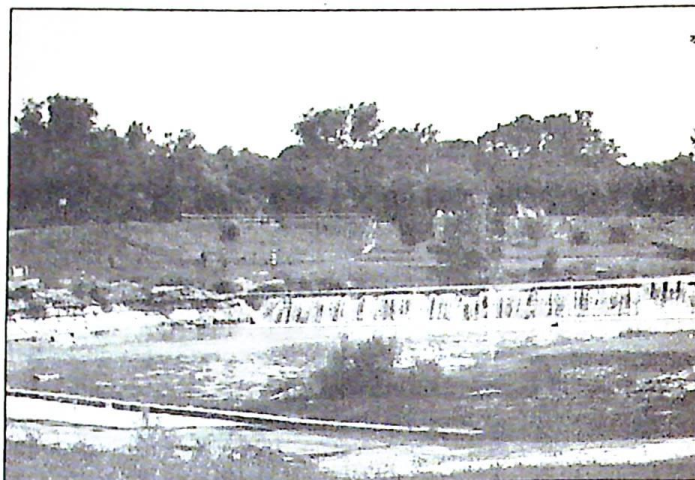
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Old Tunnel WMA

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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 Fredericks-
burg. 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 mem-
bers. Guides B. Paddie and J. Taylor, 915-628-3240.

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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

Children's Field Trip: 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.

Hill Country State Natural Area

Guided Horseback Tour: 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

The material in this article was reprinted with permission from the *Texas Conservation Passport Journal*. The Journal is published quarterly by the Texas Parks & Wildlife Department.

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

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

STATE PARK RESERVATIONS

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

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Except for reservations at Indian Lodge and the Texas State Railroad

**ALL RESERVATIONS MUST BE MADE
THROUGH THE ABOVE PHONE NUMBER.**



BABYHEAD MOUNTAIN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

magnitude that it would show there was a serious Indian problem in the area, and the army would bring the Cavalry in. And at the same time it would solve the problems with the homesteaders. My great-grandfather Webster was an honorable man and told them he wanted no part of it."

Cook says he doesn't know the exact year the "mob" killed the child, or why they did not massacre the whole family as they originally planned, but that the incident had to have occurred sometime after 1867 or 1868, because "my great-grandfather was in the Cherokee/Babyhead area at that time, and he told family members that just a few years later he heard that the little girl had been killed."

Cook says no one ever suspected the "mob" of "reputable" citizens, because they quickly spread the rumour that the Indians had committed the heinous deed.

As in the traditionally accepted version of the incident, no documented proof exists to substantiate this version. But if it is indeed true that a conspiracy resulted in the unthinkable slaughter, it could well explain the conspicuous absence of—and the mysterious aura of silence surrounding—the details. As far as the "mob" was concerned, it was enough that people believed the Indians murdered and mutilated a local child. The victim was, after all, of poor white trash extract, and neither her name nor her parents' names were of any importance. All that mattered to this self-serving "mob" was that they accomplish their ends.

But history reveals—if this version is true—that the only objective they achieved was to come out scott free of blame for the crime. Ironically, even after the bloody butchery of an innocent child (at the hands of savage Indians, of course), the U.S. Army never dispatched a Cavalry unit to the area, Cook says. Whether the incident discouraged the flow of settlers into the area is not known, but it would seem obvious that it did not. This whole region eventually developed into what it is today, and that development, needless to say, required the influx of people.

This startling version could also explain why even those who had knowledge of the details were so close-mouthed about them. Fear of the ruthless power which the "mob" represented was more than enough to guarantee the silence of even the most notorious of gossipers.

Even the significance of Bill Wyckoff's discovery of the Indian pipe at the site of the girl's kidnapping could easily figure into this version. It could be that the "mob" planted the object there to cast suspicion on the Comanches.

It is possible that we may someday solve the mystery of Babyhead Mountain. But during the process of digging out historical data in an effort to come up with the "truth," it is all too easy to fail to see the real, heart-rending truth—that a valuable life met an undeserved end there on that rocky, remote hill today known as Babyhead Mountain.

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THE MILKY WAY, MAGNITUDE, METEORS AND MOON PHASES

August and September are a good time of the year to get out away from city lights and observe our own galaxy, the Milky Way. The dense band of stars that stretch from the southern horizon to the north is actually one of the spiral arms of our galaxy. Under very dark conditions with no moonlight the band of stars appears to be a cloud moving in to spoil your viewing session. Under close observation with binoculars you will resolve many little pinpoints of light—individual stars.

I have found that many of the stars are not resolvable into individual points but seen as a general background glow of light. If you look to the south you will see the familiar shape of the constellation Scorpius, the scorpion. In this general direction lies the heart of our galaxy. Even with professional grade instruments, this "cone" is not visible due to the copious quantities of dust, gas, and stars that lie in the way. I like to compare the view of our galaxy, a spiral galaxy, to the view of a well developed hurricane as seen from a weather satellite. I am sure some of the physics involved is the same. Scientists believe at the very center of our galaxy, as well as many others, is a black hole. This would be analogous to the eye of the hurricane. Spiral arms, like those on a pinwheel, radiate out from a central bulge of material—dust, gas, and stars form the matter of a galaxy. In the central bulge of the hurricane are stacks of moisture.

Where is our little rocky outpost of a planet? About two-thirds of the way out in one of the spiral arms. So when we see the band of stars of the summer Milky Way, we are looking from our vantage point in one spiral arm to the next spiral arm in our "pinwheel." By the way, the pinwheel does spin and travel through space at a pretty good little clip. We're just along for the ride, so to speak, we and our ordinary little sun

and its 200 billion solar neighbors that make up our "garden variety" galaxy.

The month of August is normally recognized for the brilliant display of Perseid meteors that peak in activity on August 12th/13th. This year a full moon all night will spoil the viewing and obscure all but the brightest of meteors. Did you observe the Perseid shower in 1993 and 1994? Both years I observed

throughout the night at Scott Mgebhoff's ranchita near Baby Head Mountain, eleven miles north of Llano. Both years we saw about 400 meteors in the magnitude 0 to +3 range. We also observed brilliant fireballs as bright as magnitude -3 or about as bright as the planet Venus at it's brightest. A few Perseid meteors may be observable during "dark sky" times before and after the peak night of August 12th/13th.

What about this magnitude business I was referring to above? The magnitude system is a method of assigning brightness values to stars and other celestial objects. At a casual glance the night sky reveals differences in star brightness. Stars like Sirius, Arcturus, and Vega shine brilliantly. Others are so dim you can barely see them. Stars differ in brightness because of two

The month of August is normally recognized for the brilliant display of Perseid meteors that peak in activity on August 12th/13th. This year a full moon all night will spoil the viewing and obscure all but the brightest of meteors.

things: First, their true brightness, or luminosity; second, their distance from us. If two stars are equally luminous, but one is further away, the one further away will appear less bright and its apparent magnitude will appear fainter. Meteor apparent magnitude is related to the material the meteor is composed of, the relative speed it burns through the Earth's atmosphere and mostly it's size and weight. The difference between one magnitude and the next is a step of 2.5 times. A star that is magnitude 1 is 100 times brighter than a star of magnitude 6.

The brightest star that appears in our sky is Sirius which is magnitude -1.2, and the Sun at midday is magnitude -27. The faintest stars visible to the unaided eyes under ideal conditions is

magnitude 6.5. I have observed at Baby Head in Llano County a star in the Little Dipper, Ursa Minor, 6.2 magnitude. From the east rim of the Chisos Mountains of the Big Bend at 7,000 feet altitude, Tom Dundlap and I detected the diffuse galaxy M33 (the Triangulum Galaxy) under pristine conditions at magnitude 6.8. This galaxy has been detected only by a rare handful of astronomers with unaided eye. I have seen the planet Uranus with unaided eye at magnitude 5.8. Before the Hubble Space Telescope, the faintest object visible from ground based telescopes (200" scope at Palomar Mountain) was magnitude 22. The Hubble scope can detect objects at magnitude 28.

The foregoing discussion basically outlines a scale of apparent brightness from our sun -27 to bright stars -1.0 at 1st magnitude to ultra dim space telescope objects at magnitude 28. It is a practical, usable system with some practice you will be able to sort celestial objects into its "bin" of apparent brightness.

What about celestial events for August and September? Perhaps the most notable planetary event is the good view of Mercury. The orange-hued world creeps above the western horizon shortly after sunset. Look due west. The planet will be the brightest object in the sky. Binoculars will help at first, then you will be able to spot the planet with the eye alone. This is an inspirational view from the top of the Enchanted Rock. Don't forget a flashlight to help guide your way down after dark. I hyper extended my right knee coming down the ERock one night with the aid of only star light after viewing Venus

and Mercury together in a very close pairing. The ecstasy, then the agony. I can't wait until Saturn appears with its ring again. Saturn's ring is 170,000 miles wide and 1 mile thick. When Saturn and Earth get into certain positions all you can see of the ring system is an edge on view; basically, a black line. In 1996 Saturn's ring system will begin to appear normally. September is bereft of any major or even minor meteor displays. If you stay out late enough you will begin to see star constellations of the Fall season. Look for the Pleiades beginning to peek up over the eastern horizon—a promise of cooler times to come.

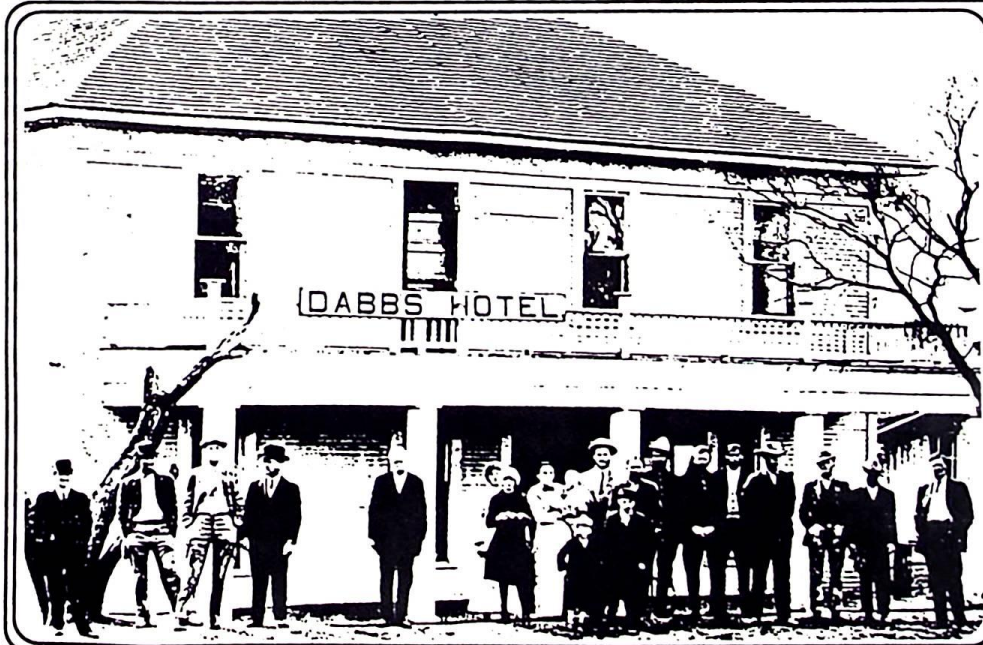
The moon phases for August and September are as follows: **August:** Last Quarter—4th; Full—10th; 1st Quarter—18th; New—26th. **September:** Last Quarter—2nd; Full—9th; 1st Quarter—16th; New—24th.

August 26th and September 24th are weekend days that also enjoy a new moon. These dates make ideal times to plan observing the wonders of a dark sky. You know the drill: get out of that lazy-boy chair and view the sky. The sky is just outside every night; behold the spectacle.



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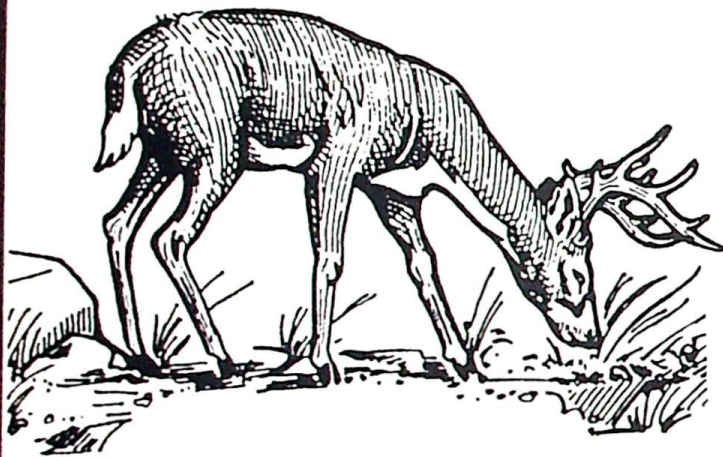
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BOWIE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

By coming to Texas, Bowie left behind litigation in Arkansas over some disputed titles to land that he and brother, John J., had sold. He was not a fugitive, however, for he made frequent visits back to the States to see his family and manage his interests there.

Early in 1828 Bowie came to Texas. His principal motivation appears to have been land speculation. He settled in San Antonio and lost little time in introducing himself to the upper class residing there. On June 26 he was baptized into the Roman Catholic Church and became a Mexican citizen.

After a trip back to the United States, Bowie returned to San Antonio and invested between \$1,000 and \$1,500 in Texas land. He became popular in both social and business circles. On April 22, 1831, he married Ursula Maria de Veramendi, daughter of Don Juan Martin de Veramendi, the lieutenant governor of Texas and Coahuila.

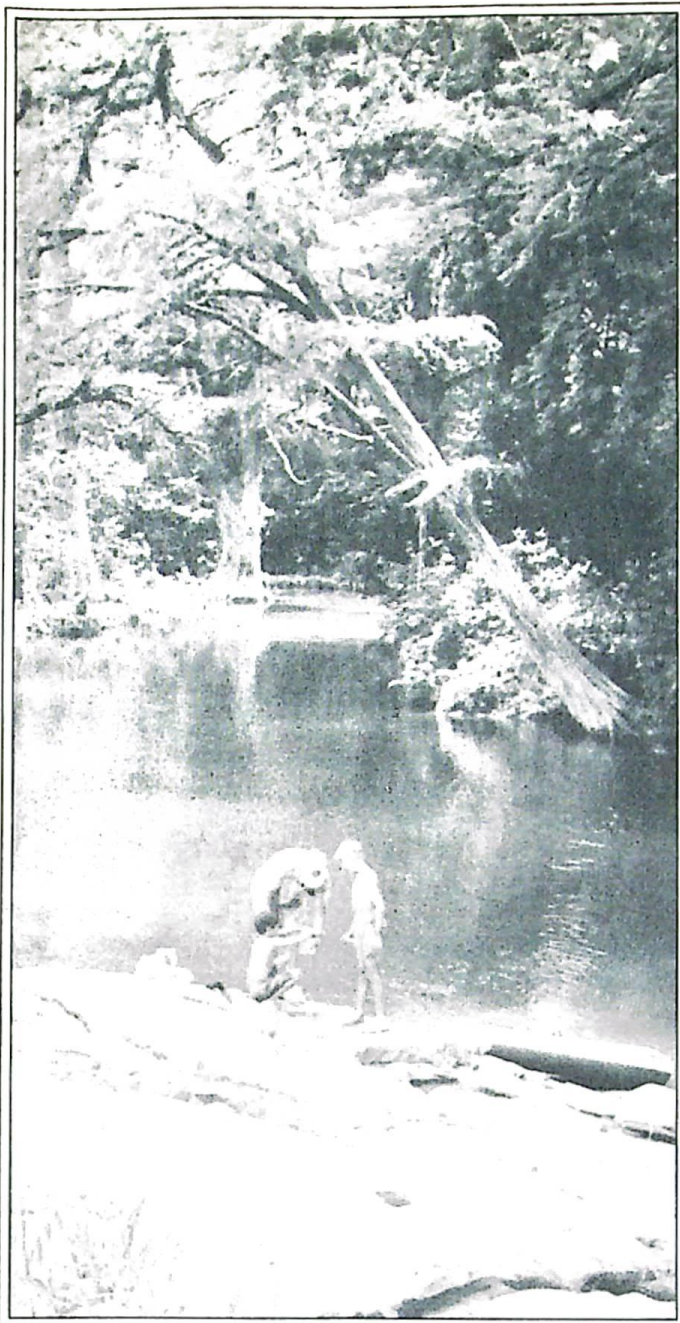
To all appearances, the young couple seemed to be a perfect match. The memoirs of a prominent Mexican citizen of San Antonio alludes that Bowie adopted his wife's people as his own, and even at the time of his death, he considered himself one of the Veramendi sons. Bowie was said to be "consistently courteous, sympathetic, kind and affectionate, and they returned his affection in full measure." Bowie entered a partnership with his father-in-law to develop textile mills in Saltillo, Mexico.

In San Antonio, Bowie learned of the numerous silver mines said to be found to the north and west. Bowie obviously made several trips to the old Spanish presidio on the San Saba River. Early settlers say that an inscription carved into the gatepost of the old fort read "Bowie *con su tropa* 1829." This carving was altered sometime around 1900 to read "Bowie Mine" with the numbers 1829 being cut over to read "Mine."

The story has been told that Jim was adopted into a band of Lipan Apaches headed by a chief named Xolic early in his stay in San Antonio. The adoption ceremonies occurred at the San Pedro Springs at the headwaters of the San Antonio River. Jim awed the tribe by his prowess as a hunter and fighter, leading a war party on a raid to a Comanche encampment near present day Brownwood. At the end of his eleven month stay with these Lipans, the chief showed Jim a mine which was said to have contained a rich vein of silver and the accumulated bullion from the mines in the area of the San Saba presidio. Jim promptly left the Lipans and returned to San Antonio.

TO BE CONTINUED IN NEXT ISSUE





GIANT BALD CYPRESS TREES, falling waters, Maidenhair ferns, and limestone creek bottoms all come together beautifully, for visitors to Krause Springs in Spicewood. Photo by Charles Tischler.

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Time—something we never seem to have enough of. The weekends, or even a week's vacation in the Hill Country, are often too short and seem to fly by; then it's back to work. Some us may have a grandmother who is 89 years old and we say she is OLD. But to Enchanted Rock, 89 years is only a blink of the eye

When you ask yourself the question, "What is time to Enchanted Rock?", you have to adjust your mental process to a concept of what geologists call Geologic Time. The oldest recorded fossils from the geologic record came from a time period called the Cambrian, which is dated from 515 — 600 million years ago. Enchanted Rock is dated at about 1 billion years old.

It is difficult for the human mind to grasp Geologic Time. The easiest way to understand this concept is to hike to the top of ERock, sit down, clear your mind, and imagine a hiking trip through time with each step equal to 1000 years. Your first step would put you back to just before the Crusades. Your second step would put you back to the time of Jesus Christ.

If you look to the prominent ridge a couple of miles to the south, you will see Cretaceous beds which date to when the

dinosaurs became extinct at 70 million years. To hike your way back in time to then, you would have to walk 33 miles! To be able to see Jurassic Park in its original setting, you would have to take a rest at 71 miles. Looking off to the horizon to the west, the low flat ridges are Ordovician sediments. If you were determined to walk back to them in time, you would have to set up camp at 207 miles.

Looking off to the east, the settlement of Eckert, on State Highway 16, sits on the Hickory Sandstone, which is 600 million years old, the oldest sediments with fossils. After a good night's rest, if you pick up camp and continue your journey through time back to when the Hickory Sandstone was being deposited, you would have to wipe the sweat off your brow at 285 miles.

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If you've hiked that far, you might as well go back to when Enchanted Rock was formed about 1 billion years ago. Your journey would end at 476 miles!

The Packsaddle Schist outcrops just south of Enchanted Rock, and if you haven't worn out your time-hiking boots yet and want to hike back to the time the outcrops were first deposited as sediments in an ancient ocean, you can call it quits and go home at 643 miles. That's about the equivalent of walking from Houston to El Paso at 1000 years per step. Such is the concept of Geologic Time.

After you have recuperated from your hike into the geologic past, ask yourself this question, "What about the geologic future?" How long would your journey be, at a thousand years a step, before the last piece of granite in ERock washes down the creek? Much of the sand in Sandy Creek was eroded from Enchanted Rock, and if you have ever seen it at flood stage, it can move tons of weathered granite sand downstream per second. You must remember that as large as ERock is, it is only a small part of a huge granite intrusion covering about 140 square miles. Given enough time, all will be washed out to sea. How long? Only God knows, but I'll bet you would have to wear out a pair or two of time-hiking boots to find out.



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Luckenbach or Bust

by Charles Tischler

"And then one of us would fish down amongst that cold, cold water and haul out the bottles requested. But, maybe we'd come up with a juice when we needed water.

Or we'd come up with a small water instead of a large. By the third plunge your arm would be numb."

July 10. My Trooper eased from the summer glare of the Ranch Road up under the oak shade engulfing the Luckenbach, Texas general store. Eight or nine cars of various colors and shapes were scattered under the shade of oaks along the lane running through town.

I wandered past a group of folks relaxing near the bronze bust of Hondo Crouch, city founder. I then made it through the open double front doors of the old frame structure — down past the stuff both old and new and dropped down a step to the bar area where a couple of local men in sunglasses occupied a small round wooden table and a couple from Dallas sat upon an oaken bench and listened to the bartender sing and play the guitar.

It didn't seem like the same place that had been the setting for the 1995 Willie Nelson Fourth of July Picnic. Six days before, the store had been barricaded. Dixie and I had walked the quarter mile or so from the staff parking lot, lugging a hundred copies of ERock Magazine as party favors. Pickup trucks, custom vans and motor coaches, rolling television stations idled in a pasture and beyond that thousands of folks from the four corners of the world stood, sat, and laid shoulder to shoulder and hip to thigh over a two-acre pasture. Even from the road the music of the day floated on that Luckenbach breeze.

We had volunteered to sell water. Willie's Fourth of July Picnics in the past had become ordeals of summer heat, with thousands of people in the full sun sucking up brew at a world-class rate. But, it had rained hard the night before, but the thirsty Luckenbach soil took in every drop, and the temperature wasn't out of sight. I figured that the water concession might just be the very best way to persevere should the heat become another ordeal.

After checking in with security we crossed the little suspension bridge and found the water concession under the spreading arms of a proud old live oak. And it was here we would stay throughout the afternoon, working with Linda and Corky and Charles and Donna and Dan.

The work site was nothing more than a 200 gallon galvanized water trough. Cases of the water and juice were hauled in by

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VELANNE, MAYOR OF LUCKENBACK

hand truck from across the creek. Great bags of ice would arrive from time to time in the bed of a Cushman utility truck. We'd slice open the big ice bags and dump their load into the trough and then add cases of water bottles, keeping the warm ones on one end and the colder on the other. We'd continually work the icy product with our bare hands.

"Whatcha need?"

"Cold water."

"Big or little?—Bigguns two tickets, little uns one."

And then one of us would fish down amongst that cold, cold water and haul out the bottles requested. But, maybe we'd come up with a juice when we needed water. Or we'd come up with a small water instead of a large. By the third plunge your arm would be stiff from the cold. I can remember Dixie lookin' over at me, with a numbed expression, while she squeegeed the cold water off her left arm with the thumb and index finger of her right hand. And so

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

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LUCKENBACH OR BUST

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

it went, through the afternoon.

Every once in a while I would look over at the beer stand next to our water operation. I could see our own Hill Country Poet Frank Hill, gimmie hat, shorts and skinny legs servin' up brew to the never-ending mob that surrounded his position. There were other living treasures working behind the scenes, all their efforts coming together.

We took and ripped tickets till our cold wet fingers were stained red.

At some point an older lady arrived on the scene not looking so good. We found her a chair and eased her into it. She said, "My medicine is in this vial here", she tugged on a chain around her neck to show a little stainless steel cylinder. Someone unscrewed the cap and rolled out a single pill the size of a saccharin tablet and put it under ailing woman's tongue. She closed her eyes. Emergency medical personnel were dispatched to the scene, but by the time they arrived the lady was feeling better and assured everybody that she was all right.

Later a shirtless, well-muscled, clean cut college boy appeared by the trough. "I'm hypoglycemic. Could I stick my head in that ice water?"

I said, "Go for it dude!" He plunged his whole head and neck into the frigid mix and held it there for a remarkably long time. By the time he surfaced, I helped him to a stump, ripped off the top of one of our juices, which he nailed in a single, long gulp. He rested with his head in his hands. In just a few minutes he assured everybody he was all right, picked up his beer and made his way back to the stage area.

From time to time, there would be a lull in the water business and we would get to trying to guess who was performing on stage. At three hundred yards, the blasting speakers provided great background music. Steve Fromholtz, James Earle Keene, Kris Kristofferson, and later the Geezinslaw Brothers followed by Leon Russell. Each joined from time to time by the chords from Willie's guitar. It felt like a picnic to me.

We were entertained all afternoon by the stories coming from Corky Durst. He and his wife Linda had been there when we arrived. We fell in together as only laborers going about their business can.

Corky's fine German-styled broad-brimmed straw hat, little granny glasses above his full grey and brown beard (along with his pony tail reaching most of the way down his back) came together to form a fine image.

A native of Fredericksburg, over his life Corky had been a Texas Game Warden, a furniture upholsterer, a medical officer in the Air Force and for a time, chief peace officer for the city of Luckenbach, Texas. But now he's mostly looking back, and pulling out tales of talkin' down rowdy bikers during Luckenbach's heyday. He'd calmly

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take 'em on with soft but confident words and a black leather and lead slapper he kept in his back pocket. He said, "Those bikers knew that in the hands of an artist the slapper could cost 'em ten stitches or twenty, or kill 'em before he hit the ground."

He never had to call on that slapper, or on the constabulary from the surrounding settlements. He just took care of business. Then there were more tales of his game warden days and the other adventures in the country with his granddaddy who had raised him.

Today he sweetly served the hordes of thirsty picnickers, serving up the really cold drinks from the depths of that water trough.

The afternoon passed and the sun dropped behind the oaks beyond the stage. Dixie and I cut loose from water duty and eased over the crowded suspension bridge, past thousands of folks, some with maroon Aggie gimmie hats, some with orange and white Longhorn gimmie hats, some with red, white and blue Willie-shirts, and some with black nylon bullet proof vests and shiny silver badges. We got up close to the stage and then I advanced, holding my old black Nikon up asking to be let through. I pulled the pentaprism off the Nikon and held it high above my head, looking up directly on the focusing screen. I could make out Willie and Leon Russell. I wished for a longer lens as I fired a few frames. The huge speaker-driven tune caused my ribcage

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WATER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

park. Wildlife includes white-tailed deer, coyotes, foxes, and amardillos; juniper thickets offer nesting habitat for rare golden-cheeked warbler. Tent and RV camping, restrooms, showers, picnic sites, plus fishing, canoeing, swimming, and hiking are available. Located on RR 46 13 miles east of Boerne

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LUCKENBACH OR BUST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

to keep beat. We figured that was all the fun we needed for a while and made our way through the gathering Hill Country evening back to the trooper in the staff parking lot. We beat the crowd out of town. Things were really just getting underway back at the picnic. We drove into Fredericksburg and wearily took our room at the Peach Tree Inn.

It had been twenty two years since I had attended the first Willie Nelson Picnic, held near Dripping Springs. And it was only now had I felt I had recovered. That first picnic had started for me by sleeping on the ground under the spreading arms of the huge old live oak in the backyard of the stone house on Fitzhugh road that would later be Willie Nelson's home. The first picnic had drawn a bigger crowd and I hadn't spent that August-hot July afternoon in the shade serving cold water. I had toughed it out under the scorching Texas sun, sweating like a pig. That picnic had ended for me in the dark, hauling out my best friend Bubba in a radio wagon. He hadn't quite regained his land legs after his recent duty running landing craft in on Southeast Asian beaches, rescuing marines pinned-down by Charlie.

But, none of that now. The 1995 event was remarkably well run. A good time with very few incidents hardly required the services of the hundreds of police officers from Gillespie County, the Department of Public Safety, and the Texas Alcoholic Beverage Commission.

There is talk of Willie holding his picnic in Luckenbach next year. I'll take the upcoming year to see if I'm in any condition to throw in with 'em. If I am, I will.

DREAMS

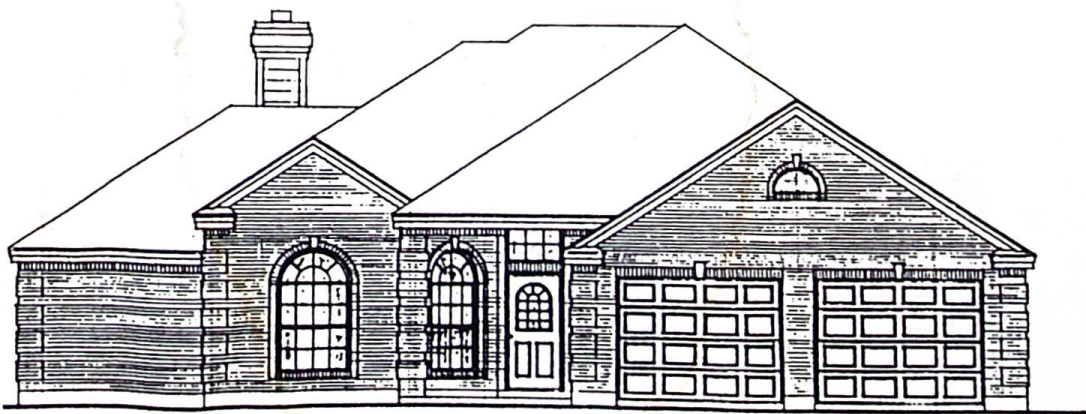
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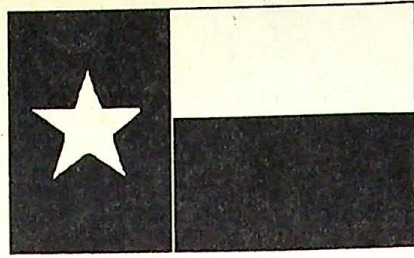
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