

VISITORS: TEXAS HILL COUNTRY MAP INSIDE: SEE PAGE 13

# ENCHANTED ROCK

MAGAZINE

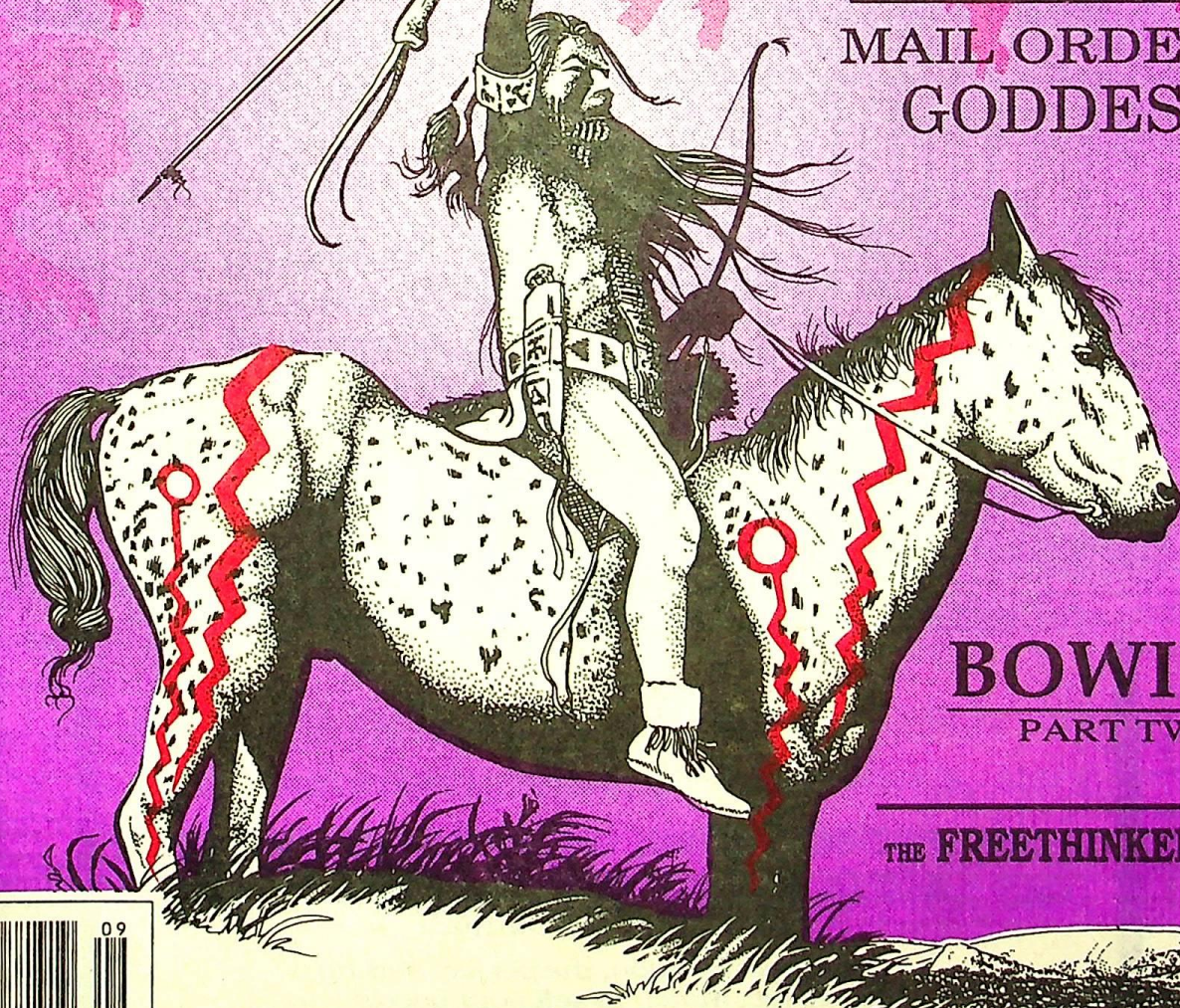
A NATURAL RESOURCE FOR ADVENTURE, DISCOVERY, AND KNOWLEDGE IN THE HILL COUNTRY

VOL. 2, NO. 7 SEPTEMBER 1995

\$2.00

PREHISTORIC  
POTTERY

MAIL ORDER  
GODDESS



BOWIE  
PART TWO

THE FREETHINKERS



BURKE 95

# FAR AND WIDE

**A**s of August, *Enchanted Rock Magazine* hit the newsstands in over 300 locations in Austin thanks to the efforts of Charles Tischler and the services of the Austin News Agency. This is the first step in our long-term plan to find distributors in the Houston, San Antonio, Dallas, etc. Apart from generating revenue for the magazine, this move will assist visitors when planning their excursions and vacations into the Texas hills.

Incidental to our move into the Austin newsstands, but interesting none-the-less, through various contacts we have made in the last six months this magazine has made many long-journeys into foreign countries. For example, in July and August I gave talks at Enchanted Rock to two groups of Russians. I distributed copies to all of the folks present and asked them to take the magazine home and share it with their friends. Charles has done the same with his extensive network of friends and associates in the global village. As a result, like seeds to the wind, *Enchanted Rock Magazine* is in such far away places as Mexico, Costa Rica, Brazil, The Netherlands, Belgium, Germany, France, Norway, Australia, South Africa, and Korea.

Everyone associated with the magazine habitually distributes copies everywhere they go. At a family reunion in San Saba this spring I pressed copies into the hands of anyone that wasn't already holding something. Steve Goodson, a contributing editor, distributes copies in Dallas; Frank Hill spreads copies far and wide on his travels; even my son Kevin, dressed in black shorts, grey t-shirt, and black beret stood outside the Badu House in Llano passing out copies on the sidewalk.

Early on in my association with Frank Hill, while were sitting in Blanco's Dixie Fried Chicken, he said (while holding up a copy of the magazine), "This is the real *Texas Monthly*."

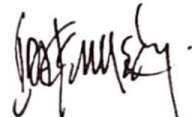
I have no desire to produce a slick publication, perfumed inserts and all; and I'm not fool enough to challenge a publishing institution in Texas. I appreciate the intent of Frank's comment. Implicit in his words was the recognition that, like Texans, *Enchanted Rock Magazine* is down-to-earth. Comparing us to *Texas Monthly* is like comparing a rather large well-tended garden to a huge agricultural enterprise with state-of-the-art irrigation systems and a fleet of trucks to ship out the produce.

I am happy to say that several publishers I know keep track of what we're doing here and some of them wish they

could do the same, but their formats won't allow such. Of particular appeal to one publisher is the quality of our ads, to another it's the design, for still another it's the opportunity to live and work in the country. Whatever their reasons, I appreciate their praise. But it's the day-to-day compliments from local folk that provide the ongoing encouragement.

As a result of our move into Austin, we are already getting subscriptions and queries for unsolicited manuscripts, which we welcome.

As your travels take you to Austin and the other major cities of our state, keep an eye on the newsstands for the latest edition of *Enchanted Rock Magazine*, the guide to "Adventure, Discovery, and Knowledge in the Hill Country."



IRA KENNEDY

## ENCHANTED ROCK MAGAZINE

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# FREEWAYS A-PLENTY

BY FRANK HILL

I rode with your cowboys, hoboed your trains;  
Chopped your high cotton, and I reaped your winter grains;  
Fished your costal waters, and drilled for your black gold;  
Watched your cities prosper, and your open ranges close.

I picked fruit in the valley and I shelled your pecans;  
Painted your streets and alleys with billboards and neon;  
Passed out in Aransas, with nothin' but a song;  
Runnin' from the Federales in Nuevo Leon.

Freeways A-Plenty, so many I can't decide  
Which way to rattle, guess I'll run and hide  
Out on some lonesome prairie where the coyotes cry;  
Go ahead and bury me, ain't a horse left fit to ride.

Ain't a town left in Texas a man on the road can trust;  
Your sons and daughters are "Exes," your rose has turned to rust.  
Found a woman south of Alice, first she spat and then she cussed.  
But it beats hidin'out in Dallas with the righteous and the just.

Your ranches have gone to ground and the dogs of real estate,  
And the chances for a tum-around are a day and a dollar late.  
"Freedom" is a high-rise, reaching for the sky.  
Ain't a candidate down in Houston who knows the reason why.

Freeways A-Plenty, so many I can't decide  
Which way to rattle, guess I'll run and hide  
Out on some lonesome prairie where the coyotes cry;  
Go ahead and bury me, ain't a horse left fit to ride.

I rode with your vaqueros, hoboed your trains;  
Chopped your high cotton, and I reaped your winter grains;  
Fished your costal waters, and drilled for your black gold;  
Watched your cities prosper, and your open ranges close.

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# L E T T E R S

## Interested in Llanite

Thank you in advance for sending me an issue of your *Enchanted Rock Magazine*. The one I want is the continued article about Llanite. I have have Vol.2 No.3, May 1995. I want part two of, "Llanite, Mystery Rock of Beauty." Enclosed is a check for \$2.50.

Thank you again. We love the Llano area and usually spend 4-6 days there in May.

Betty Rosenquist  
Scott City, MO

## More Interest in Llanite

Thank you for the complimentary copy of *Enchanted Rock Magazine* and for the one issue I requested on Llanite.

Enclosed is our check for \$25 to cover one year's subscription to your outstanding magazine. We will be following the growth and success of your quality publication. Good luck!

Pat and Joyce Babin  
Kingsland, TX

## Satisfied Advertisers

We enjoy the articles every month in your magazine and read it from cover to cover! The art work and composition you did on our ad was beyond our expectations. It was the best ad we've ever had in the almost three years that we've been in business.

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Norman & Cheryl Becker, owners  
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In a busy retail store you wear many hats and it can be very time consuming. It is very nice to know that with *Enchanted Rock Magazine*, the Velveteen Rabbit can leave our advertising in such capable hands.

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Advertising Director  
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# LETTERS

## A Mason Writer

I am writing in regard to your publication, *Enchanted Rock Magazine*. I picked up a copy at the Mason County Chamber of Commerce office. An advertiser in the magazine, Ms. Julia Pepper, had told me about your interest in Mason County.

I have been writing a column for the *Mason County News* for seventeen months entitled "Mason County Personalities." The column consists of interviews done in story form.

I have an article written called "The Eye on the Hill," about the establishment of Fort Mason that may be of interest to you.

Would you please send me a copy of the guidelines for the *Enchanted Rock Magazine*? I am enclosing a SASA.

Thank you.  
Emma Gene Jackson  
Mason, TX

## Willing to Help

Great rag! Let me know if I can be of any help to you.

Rodney Nelson Root  
RNR Publication Production  
Austin, TX

## Thanks

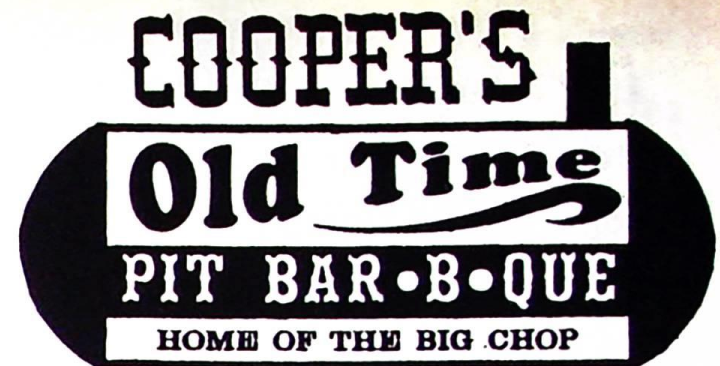
Dear Ira,

On behalf of the LCRA and the Colorado River Watch Network staff, Jill Parrish, Ashley McLain, Cindy Lintz, and myself, I would like to thank you for helping to make the canoe trip by the Russian and Colorado River Watch students and water quality study a success. Your time and effort were greatly appreciated. We all enjoyed your talk about *Enchanted Rock* and the hike up the mountain. Thank you for taking the time to help us understand the beauty of your area.

Your participation was part of the many wonderful receptions and events that were held in communities along the Colorado River. The Russian students continually remarked about the beauty of our river and the hospitality of our people.

Again, thank you for your participation and help. We consider you part of our network and are looking forward to working with you in the future.

Sincerely,  
Mary Ann Neely  
Colorado River Watch Network



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# MAIL ORDER GODDESS

by DALE FRY

**T**hough theories abounded, the general concensus had been that no one was really sure of who designed her, who made her mold, who cast her, or even in what material her creator(s) cast her. During the past ten years, however, new evidence has surfaced which, though it does not answer all the questions, does at least shed new light on some of the old controversies. And in the process asks new questions, the answers to which add yet another theory to the troublesome list.

The list is not only troublesome, but also varied, as revealed in the following accounts:

Officials at both the State Archives and the Austin History Center say they "now think the statue was ordered from a mail-order house."

One theory has it that the man who contracted the ironwork on the building also fashioned the enigmatic lady.

Two Austinites who worked on the capitol say that the figure was cast—in bronze—in the basement of the structure.

An engineer's report states that the statue was indeed cast in bronze, but by a firm in Chicago.

In a thesis written in 1932—which is now in the State Archives—a University of Texas student records that the Chicago firm did indeed cast the goddess—but in zinc, not bronze.

Finally, a woman in Llano, who is now dead, claimed that her father designed an original statue different from the statue in question, built the mold and shipped it to Italy to be cast in zinc, only to lose it on its return trip in a shipwreck.

Who is right?

Concerning which material went into the casting of the statue, the original contract, entitled "Specifications for New Capitol," which the State Printing Office published in 1881, contains a clause on page 12 which could have given rise to the controversy. The clause states, "The statue on top of the lantern (the base above the dome) (is) to be cast in white bronze..." Since no record exists reflecting any change in this specification, it is easy to understand why some would believe that the goddess was cast in bronze.

But historians, on the other hand, have had to reconcile this statement with the references in the State Archives which pinpoint zinc as the material. Hence the controversy: was it bronze, or was it zinc?

This question is at last laid to rest, thanks to a letter in the Austin History Center dated Feb. 9, 1983, which Austinite Edward R. Hamilton wrote explaining the term, "white bronze." The discovery of this letter resulted in a telephone call to Hamilton, a foundry pattern maker and, in his words, "amateur foundry historian."

"Bronze is not white—there's no such thing," Hamilton said over the telephone. "White bronze was a popular synonym for zinc during that period."

This conversation in turn yielded even more information, which arrived by special delivery two days later. Hamilton submitted a copy of an article which appeared in the 1910 issue of a Cleveland-based magazine, *The Foundry*, which is now in the St. Louis Public Library. Hamilton's friend, Margot Gayle, founder and president of *Friends of Cast-Iron Architecture*, discovered the publication and forwarded it to him.

This article, entitled "Ornamental White Bronze Casting," leads one to understand why the original capitol construction contract would use the term "white bronze," as well as why those early planners would select this particular material for use in the statue.

"White bronze," the article relates, "is not an alloy, but a refined zinc of almost absolute purity, and is light gray in color...The fact that when zinc is exposed to atmospheric action it speedily becomes covered with a hard, enamel-like gray coating of oxide, which constitutes a perfect natural pigment, led to its adoption for monumental purposes. The skin which forms over the surface of the metal prevents further oxidation, and the coating is so hard that a well-tempered steel chisel will only cut through it with difficulty."

But where was the foundry located which cast the statue in this white bronze, this most desirable zinc? Several sources place it in the basement of the capitol. According to an article which appeared in the April, 1963 issue of *The Texas Public Employee*, a letter by J.L. Mackrell, a worker on the capitol, describes the shop as a "two-story affair...in the southeast corner of the basement, where I think the Old Lady was made of zinc." Mackrell added, "You can tell all that the old gal was raised of zinc in the basement of the capitol and is a real Texan."

Another account, which supports this claim, appeared in a 1932 thesis, "The Building of the State Capitol" by then-UT student Joubert Lee Greer. Greer tells of a letter that yet another worker on the capitol—C.W. Carlson—wrote to J.L.G., a friend, in April, 1932. "A foundry was maintained in the basement of the capitol," Carlson wrote, "and there they cast the Statue of Liberty, (note the word "statue" instead of "goddess") as well as the other bronze castings and the galvanized cornice work." (Greer also maintains that Carlson was still living in Austin at the time she wrote her thesis, and that she spoke with him at length.)

A brief note in the *Austin Daily Statesman*—now the *Austin American Statesman*—on Thursday, Feb. 23, 1888, verifies that the statue was indeed cast in Austin, even though it makes no mention of a foundry in the capitol's basement. The article reads, in part, "The statue of the Goddess of Liberty...was made in this city under the personal supervision of Mr. J.C. McFarland."

This newspaper article helps to solve one mystery, but establishes another. Its brief allusion to McFarland is one of the precious few which links the man to the Goddess at all—and even then only establishes the fact that he supervised the casting of the statue. Yet, either fate or hasty historians have designated the man as the statue's designer. A placard in a glass display case, located on the third floor of the capitol before the recently-completed restoration began, credited McFarland with fashioning the noble lady.

But what does history divulge of this man? It makes no mention of his being a sculptor. Instead, several references in the State Archives reveal him as the man who contracted the ironwork on the new capitol, and that he sub-contracted from Gus Wilke, the builder of the capitol who in turn sub-contracted from Abner Taylor. Taylor was the one who originally won the contract to erect the state structure.

One such reference to McFarland is found in *Morrison and*

*Foster claimed that her father, who later opened a studio and monument works on the outskirts of Llano, also designed and built the mold for an original statue different from the Goddess of Liberty. She claimed further that the mold was shipped to Italy to be cast in zinc, but was lost at sea in a shipwreck on its return journey. She said she remembered her father speaking many times of the incident.*

*Fourmy's General Directory of the City of Austin* published in that city for the year 1887-1888. On page 170, McFarland is listed as "contractor, galvanized ironwork, State Capitol building, office on grounds." No reference exists here, either, that points to McFarland as a sculptor.

To the contrary, several references gleaned from the State Archives and the Austin History Center prove conclusively that McFarland played a much different role in connection with the statue. Two vouchers discovered in the State Archives also confirm McFarland's supervisory position as stated in the *Austin Daily Statesman*. At the same time, they reveal that the design of the statue did not, as some have thought, originate in Austin.

McFarland issued one of these vouchers to Missouri Pacific Railroad (now Union Pacific) on Jan. 18, 1888 for "plaster statue." The voucher further reveals that the statue—or plaster mold—came in seven pieces, weighed 2,200 pounds and cost \$31.90. The voucher does not, unfortunately, list who shipped the mold, or the city of its origin.

The fact that McFarland used one of Gus Wilke's printed vouchers, stamping his name (apparently with a rubber stamp) above Wilke's name, gives strong indication that Wilke authorized McFarland to do so. (It could be that Wilke was preoccupied with other facets of the capitol's construction and commissioned McFarland to see to the statue.)

Eight days later, on January 26, McFarland issued another of Wilke's vouchers for payment of \$17.35 to J.L. Gilbert. It reads: "Hauling Statue \$5, Hauling Floors Iron \$12.35." McFarland stamped his name above Wilke's on this voucher, too.

A picture begins to emerge, offering a clearer understanding of events connected with the statue when one compares these two vouchers with several items which appeared in the *Austin Daily Statesman* around the same time. (These newspaper accounts are today housed in the Austin History Center.)

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## MAIL ORDER GODDESS

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

According to the first voucher, some company shipped the plaster mold for the statue to Austin via Missouri Pacific Railroad, which arrived in Austin on Jan. 18, 1888. Eight days later, on January 26, J.L. Gilbert hauled the mold, along with a load of iron, to some location in Austin—and J.C. McFarland issued a \$17.35 voucher to Gilbert for his trouble.

Compare these facts with the following articles from the *Austin Daily Statesman*: Three weeks and six days after Gilbert's delivery on January 26, the newspaper reported on February 22, "The statue, Goddess of Liberty, which is to surmount the capitol dome, has been received, and is a beautiful work of art. It will be placed in position in a few days." Apparently the statue was out of the mold and ready now for placement, because the next day—February 23—another item appeared in the same newspaper, and included more detail: "The statue of the Goddess of Liberty, to surmount the new capitol, received Monday by the capitol Commissioners, was made in this city under the personal supervision of Mr. J.C. McFarland. It is 14 feet high, well proportioned, and is a superb piece of workmanship. It will be placed in position sometime this week."

Three days later, on February 26, the *Austin Daily Statesman* reports briefly that "the Goddess of Liberty has been raised to her position on the dome of the capitol."

(Yet another voucher, this one issued from Wilke to McFarland on May 10, 1888, some three months after the placement of the statue, could possibly reveal the amount of money McFarland received in return for his supervision of the statue operation. The voucher shows that Wilke authorized payment to McFarland in the amount of \$95,000 for "galvanized iron work as per contract." Beneath this figure, another figure reveals that McFarland also received \$480.88 for "extra work." Though the document does not say what the extra work was, it is possible that it was McFarland's supervision over the work connected with the statue.)

What does all this mean? Clearly, that between Jan. 18, 1888 and Feb. 26, 1888, within a period of 39 days, the mold for the statue arrived in Austin in seven parts, was hauled to the foundry maintained in the basement of the capitol, where it was assembled and the Goddess cast in white bronze (zinc) under the supervision of J.C. McFarland—and then firmly attached to the highest pinnacle of the capitol building.

What it does not mean is that McFarland designed the statue, because proof of its origin has recently come to light—proof which should at once settle the controversy which has unsettled almost three generations of speculators.

The lofty lady is listed, beneath a drawing of her, as No. 453 in a catalogue which the company of Friedley and Voshardt, located at 194 and 196 Mather Street in Chicago,



The lofty lady is listed, beneath a drawing of her, as No. 453 in a catalogue which the company of Friedley and Voshardt, located at 194 and 196 Mather Street in Chicago, published in 1897. The catalogue cites Freidley and Voshardt as "manufacturers of architectural sheet metal ornaments, statuary, etc.

published in 1897. The catalogue cites Freidley and Voshardt as "manufacturers of architectural sheet metal ornaments, statuary, etc." Information beneath the drawing of the statue reads: "Statues. Height 14 feet to top of head, in Cast Zinc; prices according to size"—and the clincher—"Furnished for Texas State Capitol in Austin, Texas."

Since this 1897 catalogue was printed nine years after the State of Texas purchased the statue from Friedley and Voshardt, it is likely that it replaced and updated an earlier catalogue.

It was Margo Gayle, the same woman who sent Austinite Edward Hamilton the information defining white bronze, who also sent Hamilton a copy of the catalogue. Gayle, a New Yorker who writes an occasional column on cast-iron architecture for one of the newspapers in that city, was doing research in the Library of Congress in Washington some 13 or 14 years ago when she stumbled upon the catalogue by accident.

Knowing that her friend Edward Hamilton was also interested in cast-iron architecture, Gayle sent him copies of the information she had discovered. Hamilton, in turn, sent it to several different agencies but none of them seemed interested, so he filed it away. Then, in February, 1984, he submitted this significant data to the Austin History Center, where it was filed with other information concerning the statue but of which nothing ever came.

The names Al Friedley and Herman Voshardt have long haunted history, their presence exciting much speculation. Some have said Friedley designed the mold for the statue, shipped it to the capitol, then came to Austin and poured the zinc. Others have claimed that both men were responsible for seeing the Goddess placed in position.

Both of these claims could be true. In a letter written by J.L. Mackrell, the same capitol construction worker who reported the presence of the foundry in the building's basement, Mackrell wrote that Al Friedley was "a wizard on making statuary...lions, dogs, deer, eagles, and all kinds or ornaments." It is likely, then, that he designed not only the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

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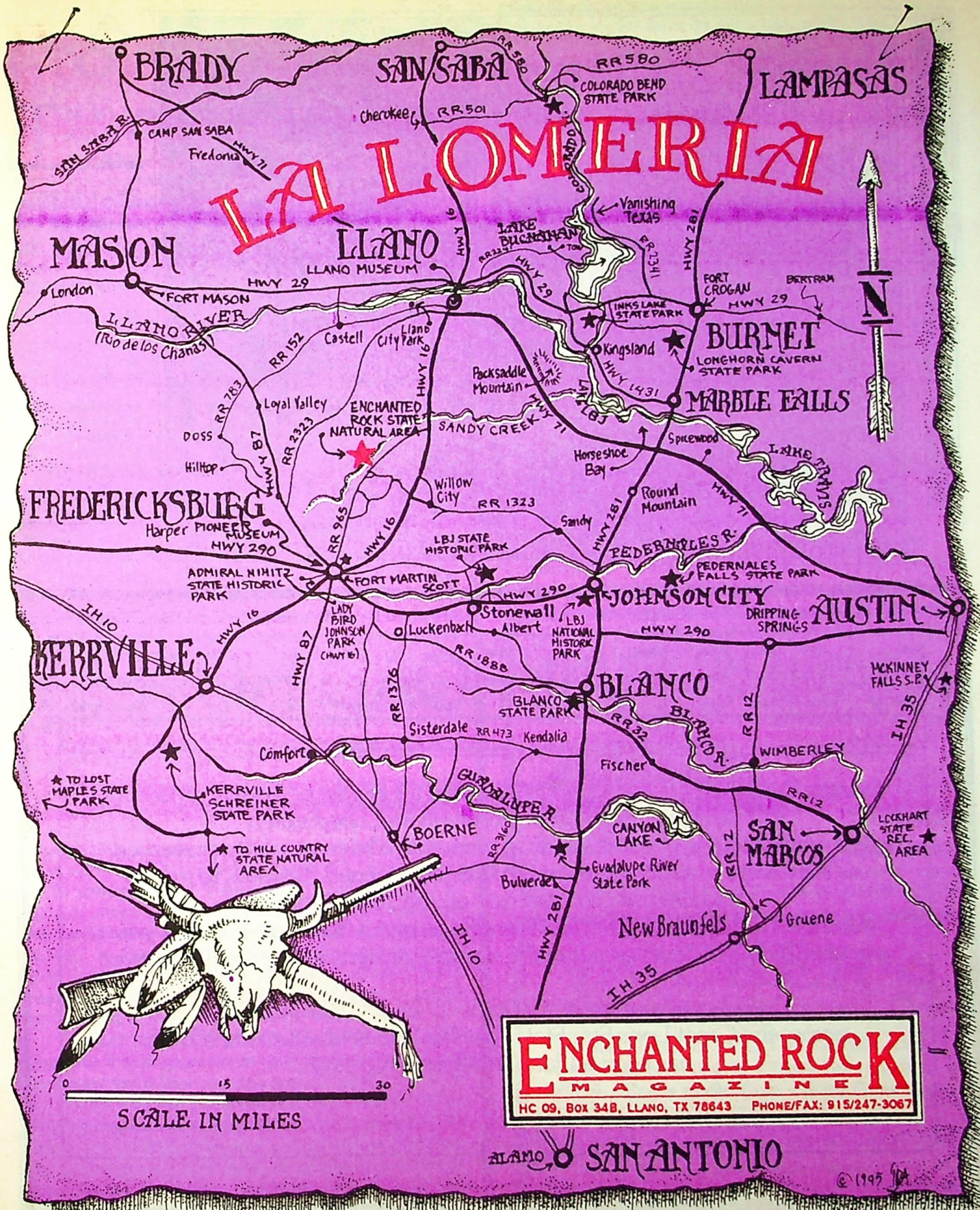
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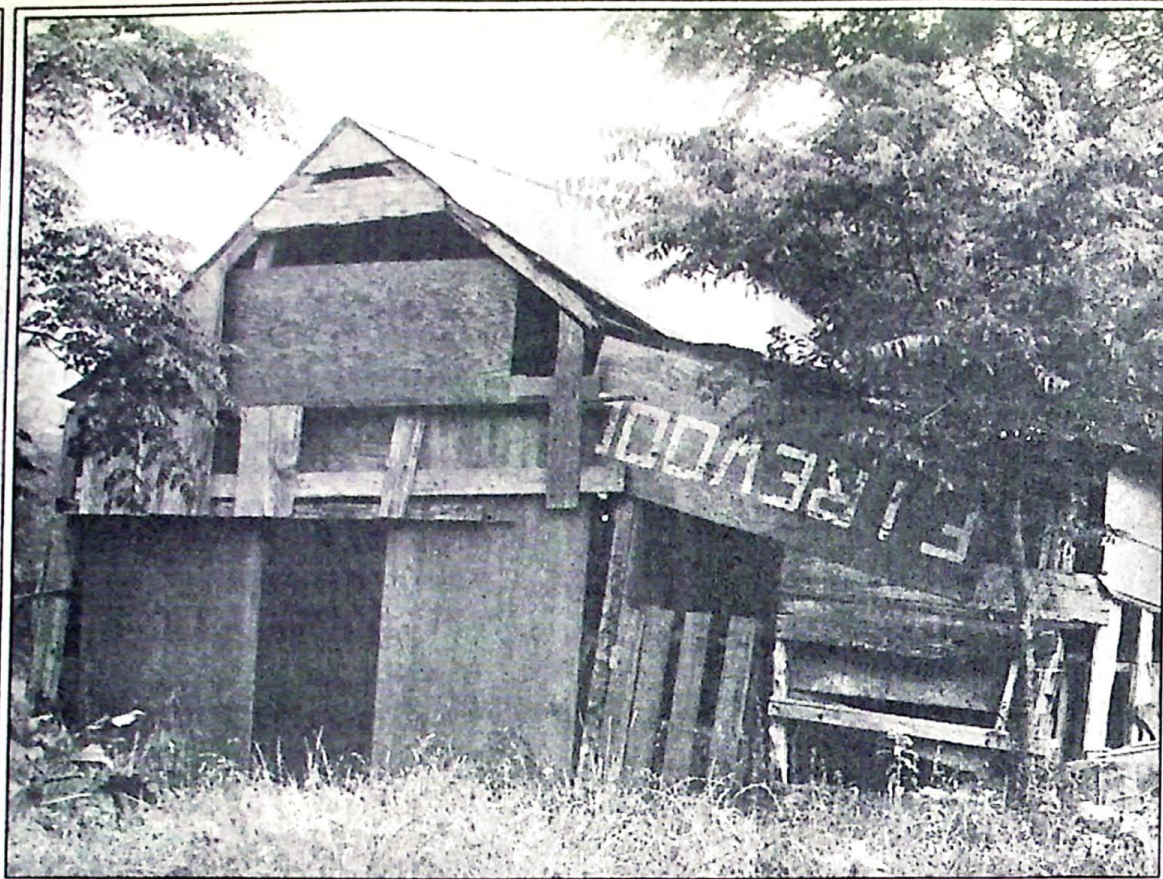
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## HUMMER ROUNDUP

In backyards across Texas, a small but growing army of volunteers is recording the arrival of one of America's best-loved birds, the tiny hummingbird. This month is prime migration time for hummers in Texas, and the Texas Parks and Wildlife Department is putting out the call for more folks to join the Hummingbird Roundup, a network of volunteers reporting hummers statewide.

The Roundup is now in the second year of a five-year survey, and volunteers are finding hummingbirds in parts of Texas where they've never been seen before.

To help Texans identify the various species, TPWD is offering a full-color Hummingbird Wheel that can be hung by the kitchen window. When you spot a hummingbird out back, you can turn the wheel to point to one of 16 color drawings of different hummingbirds. Below the pointer, two windows describe the hummingbird you've seen and where it's typically found.

The Hummingbird Wheel costs \$11.95, and proceeds go to fund research, habitat conservation and management for migratory birds. Send a check or money order to The Hummingbird Roundup, Texas Parks and Wildlife Department, 4200 Smith School Road, Austin, TX 78744.

To participate in the Hummingbird Roundup, send a \$6 check or money order to the same address, and make sure you include your name, address, county and telephone number. In return you'll receive a packet with a survey form, seeds for native plants to attract hummers, and a distribution map. At the end of the year, after survey results are compiled, a newsletter and decal will be mailed.

"The key for identifying and documenting new hummingbirds is to keep an eye on your flowering plants and feeders and know your common species," said Kari Sutton of TPWD's nongame and urban wildlife program. "When anything unusual shows up, you'll be able to recognize the differences and make an attempt at a positive identification. The information collected through the Roundup survey is helping to build a database that will guide research and monitoring needs.

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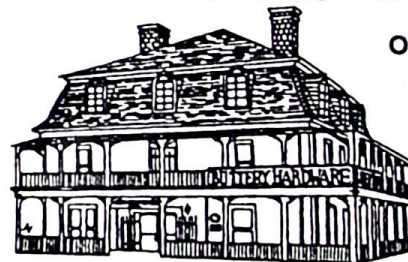
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## MAILORDER GODDESS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

goddess, but all of the other statuary and ornamentals listed in their catalogue, too. And since Friedley had had experience in that art, it seems likely that he also would pour the zinc in the mold for the Goddess he had designed.

This would mean, also, that McFarland, whom Wilke authorized to handle the matter, was there in an official supervisory position when Friedley applied the zinc. It is equally plausible that since Friedley and Voshardt had probably had experience erecting some of their statues, they also erected the Goddess of Liberty under McFarland's supervision.

All of the foregoing is well and good, but the claims of the late Frankie Teich Foster of Llano also deserve serious consideration. Especially since Foster was the daughter of the late nationally famous sculptor Frank Teich, whom Gus Wilke hired to supervise the carving and placement of the stone used in the capitol. (Teich also sculpted two massive statues located on the capitol grounds—the Fireman's Monument and the Confederate Monument.)

Foster claimed that her father, who later opened a studio and monument works on the outskirts of Llano, also designed and built the mold for an original statue different from the Goddess of Liberty. She claimed further that the mold was shipped to Italy to be cast in zinc, but was lost at sea in a shipwreck on its return journey. She said she remembered her father speaking many times of the incident.

This story coincides with others floating around about an original statue having been lost at sea. The name of the country varies, however. One story says the mishap occurred enroute from Belgium; another, from France; and yet another, from Spain. No proof has surfaced to substantiate any of these claims.

Foster's story, however, seems highly plausible. If anyone would know the facts, it seems Teich's own daughter would. This lends a certain amount of strength to her claims and at the same time, since there is no way to prove the assertion, presents yet another theory.

Consider this theory, if you will. Let us assume that Teich did indeed design and build a different mold; that it was cast in Italy—or wherever—and was lost at sea on the return journey. The capitol was nearing completion, and since not enough time remained to build another mold and to ship it abroad again, the state decided to obtain a ready-made mold from the firm of Friedley and Voshardt in Chicago. Since a foundry was already in operation in the basement of the capitol, Friedley was to pour the mold on site, and, along with Voshardt, later hoist the finished product to her permanent perch on top the dome.

Did Teich actually design the original statue intended for the dome of the new capitol? This claim is not hard to believe, since Teich had already established himself as a sculptor of national renown and, because of that, was an important figure in San Antonio, where he lived when Wilke

All of the foregoing is well and good, but the claims of the late Frankie Teich Foster of Llano also deserve serious consideration. Especially since Foster was the daughter of the late nationally famous sculptor Frank Teich, whom Gus Wilke hired to supervise the carving and placement of the stone used in the capitol

hired him to work on the capitol.

In fact, this seems a likelihood, considering the state's ambitious and pretentious undertaking in building the mammoth structure in the first place. Why not a statue by a famous sculptor to adorn the summit of this unprecedented shrine to statehood? An accident at sea kept Teich from claiming her as his.

This much is positive: Some of the questions concerning the illusive lady that once graced this massive dome may never be answered. It is entirely possible that future generations will not only refer to her as the Goddess of Liberty, but as the Goddess of Mystery, as well.

Editor's Note: According to the book, *Texas Capitol, Symbol of Accomplishment* by the Research Division of the Texas Legislative Council (Best Printing Co., Inc., Austin, 1991), during the recent restoration of the capitol building workers found that the Goddess suffered from brittleness, partial recrystallization, severe corrosion and extensive cracking. Because of this, in 1988 the state replaced the original 1888 zinc statue, weighing some 3,000 pounds, with an exact replica in lightweight, weather-resistant aluminium treated to duplicate the original finish.

Dealey Herndon, executive director of the State Preservation Board, told *Enchanted Rock Magazine* that the Goddess removed from the dome is currently on display in the University of Texas' Memorial Museum in Austin. She will remain there until the state completes her new home, a gazebo-like structure to arise on the capitol grounds, hopefully in about a year.

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# PREHISTORIC POTTERY OF THE LLANO UPLIFT

PART ONE OF TWO PARTS

BY CHARLES HIXSON

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**M**any of our readers may be unaware that prehistoric Indians in Central Texas made and used pottery, principally as containers to boil food. This should not be surprising considering how little prehistoric pottery has been found in this part of Texas, and how few whole or restorable pots have been recovered—much less illustrated in popular publications. Nevertheless, excavations in the Llano Uplift region routinely uncover small numbers of potsherds (commonly called sherds). These are the fragments of broken ceramic vessels.

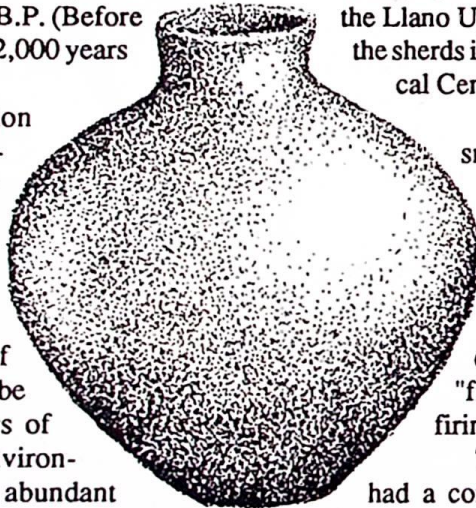
One reason for the paucity of prehistoric pottery in our area has to do with the relatively brief time period pottery was in use, from about 800 to 300 B.P. (Before Present), a mere 500 years out of at least 12,000 years of human presence in Central Texas.

Another, more important consideration involves the kind of societies which inhabited the central and southern regions of our state in prehistoric times; they were composed of small bands of people who subsisted by hunting, fishing, and gathering invertebrates and edible wild plants. This way of life required frequent relocations of the camp site since local resources could be rapidly depleted, even by small numbers of people, in all but the most favorable environments. Long-term storage of seasonally abundant wild foods such as acorns would permit a group to establish permanent camps, but this strategy is not believed to have been practiced in the Central Texas Late Prehistoric period.

The use of pottery by hunter-gathers is unusual but not unique among such societies worldwide. The Andaman Islanders, the Ainu of Japan, and certain Eskimo groups all used pottery to boil food, but their relatively productive environments coupled with an adequate subsistence technology allowed for a more sedentary way of life. In general, the more sedentary the group, the more likely they are to use

pottery. Ceramic vessels do offer an efficient way to boil food but are not well suited for hunter-gatherers with a mobile way of life. Why the late prehistoric people of Central Texas even bothered to use this technology—their predecessors did quite nicely for thousands of years without it—remains a mystery.

**A**rtefact collectors who dig ancient campsites without sound archeological techniques and documentation are some times referred to as "pot hunters" regardless of the kind of artifacts sought. Recently, pot hunters digging for projectile points on a site on the Llano River near Kingsland actually uncovered about a dozen fragments, or sherds, of a prehistoric ceramic pot. These sherds were passed on to members of the Llano Uplift Archeological Society (LUAS). One of the sherds is now on display at the Kingsland Archeological Center.



Although the sherds represent only a very small portion of the original pot, their curvature and surface characteristics allow the tentative reconstruction shown on this page. Before it was broken and discarded some five to seven centuries ago, it had been a relatively large (four to five liter capacity), reddish vessel, with large gray discolorations or "fire clouds," which are a consequence of the firing process.

The pot was probably globular in shape and had a constricted mouth. This latter characteristic, along with the carefully smoothed and polished exterior surface, suggests the pot was used for carrying or storing liquids or loose solids such as seeds.

Most of the pottery of the Central Texas hunter-gathers was, however, used for cooking and was not as carefully made as the Llano River vessel described here. Our pot does share one very distinguishing trait with other locally-made prehistoric pottery: the paste contains abundant particles of crushed bone. Why prehistoric potters would prepare their clay in such a manner will be discussed in next month's installment, along with other aspects of the ceramic technology.

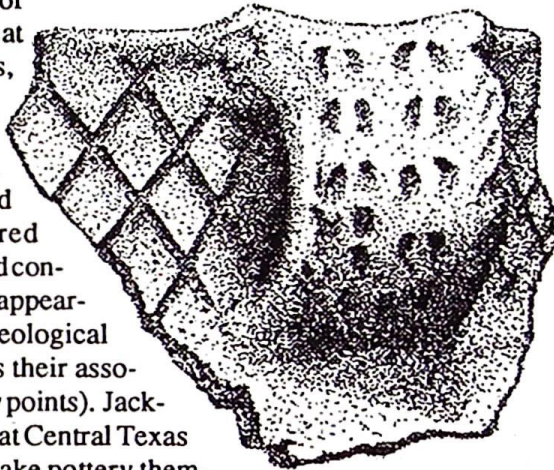


Archeologists have known for over sixty years that prehistoric pottery could be found in Central Texas. J. E. Pearce, an early University of Texas anthropologist, was the first to systematically excavate burned rock middens, mostly in the Austin area. In a 1932 article on Central Texas archeology, Pearce included pottery, as well as the bow and arrow, as defining traits of his "Upper Mound Culture." He suggested that this culture represented the influx of agricultural tribes from East Texas who displaced the indigenous Central Texas people. It was popular at the time to explain culture change in terms of migration, and Pearce's theory regarding the origin of the Late Prehistoric in Central Texas is no longer accepted.

On the edge of the Llano Uplift at Fall Creek Falls, WPA excavations in the 1930's led by A.T. Jackson uncovered over one hundred pottery sherds, and confirmed their late appearance in the archeological record (as well as their association with arrow points). Jackson was certain that Central Texas Indians did not make pottery themselves but acquired it from pottery-producing peoples in eastern and costal regions of Texas. Further analysis of Central Texas archeological collections soon made it clear that, contrary to what Jackson believed, pottery was being made locally.

Texas archeology began to follow national trends in the late 1940's when J. Charles Kelly and others analyzed and categorized previously excavated collections, including one from the Lehmann Rockshelter, located fifteen miles west of Enchanted Rock. This interesting site yielded, in addition to a burial and numerous stone artifacts, a number of pottery sherds with what appeared to be a red coating or slip. Kelly grouped these sherds under the same type name, "Doss Red Ware" in accordance with a classification system developed earlier by Southwestern archeologists. The first part of the type name refers to a nearby geographic feature, in this case the town of Doss, and the second part an important physical characteristic of the pottery. Kelly used the term, "Red Ware" to mean the presumed red slip which covered one side of the sherds.

The Doss Red Ware type name quickly fell out of favor among most archeologists, and all bone tempered pottery from Central Texas is now usually typed as "Leon Plain," as described in *An Introductory Handbook of Texas Archeology*, by Dee Ann Suhm, Alex Krieger, and Edward Jelks. The "plain" designation indicates that this kind of pottery is undecorated, but in fact, a very small percentage of Leon Plain sherds exhibits some kind of decoration, as the next discussed site reveals. Also, bone-tempered sherds, excavated from a Choke Canyon site were



recently reported to have traces of a fugitive, or easily worn, red slip.

Excavations in the 1950's, particularly of rockshelters, by Suhm and Jelks, revealed that Leon Plain pottery was confined to the latter half of the Late Prehistoric (that period of time when arrow points were in general use). This period is now known as the Toyah Phase, and is identifiable by the appearance of the Perdiz arrow point. [Ed. note: Perdiz arrow points, as illustrated below, are available for viewing at the Kingsland Archeological Center.]

The Spencer site, which lies on a terrace above Sandy Creek near the base of Enchanted Rock, has yielded over 250 sherds, two of which appear to be from a nonlocal (i.e. non-Central Texas) pot. These two sherds closely resemble certain Caddoan types in that their exterior surfaces have been roughened by brushing while the vessel was still soft, and their paste has grog (crushed sherd) temper instead of bone. The rest of the sherds appear to come from locally-made pottery in that their paste contains, in addition to crushed bone, minerals common to the Llano Uplift but rarer elsewhere in Central Texas. Many of these local sherds show decoration in the form of incised lines and punctuations (done while the vessel was soft), techniques common on prehistoric pottery from east and costal Texas.

The Slab Site on the Llano River near Kingsland, located about one mile below where pot hunters recovered the sherds discussed at the opening of this article, was excavated by the Texas Highway Department in the early 1980's. While the site attracted attention for the possible remains of prehistoric dwellings, fifty-two sherds were also recovered, all but one conforming to the Leon Plain type. As at the Spencer Site, these sherds contained a mineral unique to this part of Central Texas and is further evidence of local manufacture. The one nonlocal sherd is from a sand-tempered (not bone-tempered) pot, the origin of which is unknown. Sand-tempered sherds occur sporadically across Central Texas and may represent trade pottery from the coast or even Mogollon region of the Southwest where such temper



THE SPENCER SITE,  
WHICH LIES ON A  
TERRACE ABOVE  
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SHERDS, TWO OF  
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CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

# PROWLING THE HILL COUNTRY

by Charles Tischler

"When the cotton was laid by in June, we used to make a covered-wagon trip due west from the edge of the great blackland prairies where I was reared to a point on the Colorado River eighteen miles west of Lampasas. Following the first night's camp on the Leon and continuing our journey, we soon gained sight in the morning sun of broken hills covered with cedar and live oak. To my eyes, which rarely saw a tree except in yards and in creek bottoms, this vast stretch of tree-covered country was a new world opening up like a veritable miracle.

Nor have these eyes by greener hills / Been soothed, in all my wanderings."

—Roy Bedichek  
Adventures with a Texas Naturalist

**W**hen God made the Hill Country he had to make everything in it small so that he could fit it all in. The Hill Country, this land above the Balcones Escarpment, the heart of Texas, with an area larger than Austria, is the region we at *Enchanted Rock Magazine* have staked out as our editorial territory and the region we call home.

Editor Ira Kennedy and I often fall into long discussions as to the outer edges of the Hill Country in order that we might editorially ride fence, to do this country justice and try not to leave out the towns and folks who live far from the centers of the region.

Some edges are so familiar to us, all along the escarpment from above Austin down through San Marcos, New Braunfels, San Antonio, Uvalde to above Del Rio, but the other edges aren't so apparent, especially the Northern reaches of the region. Fingers of the hills reach up in the country west of Waco.

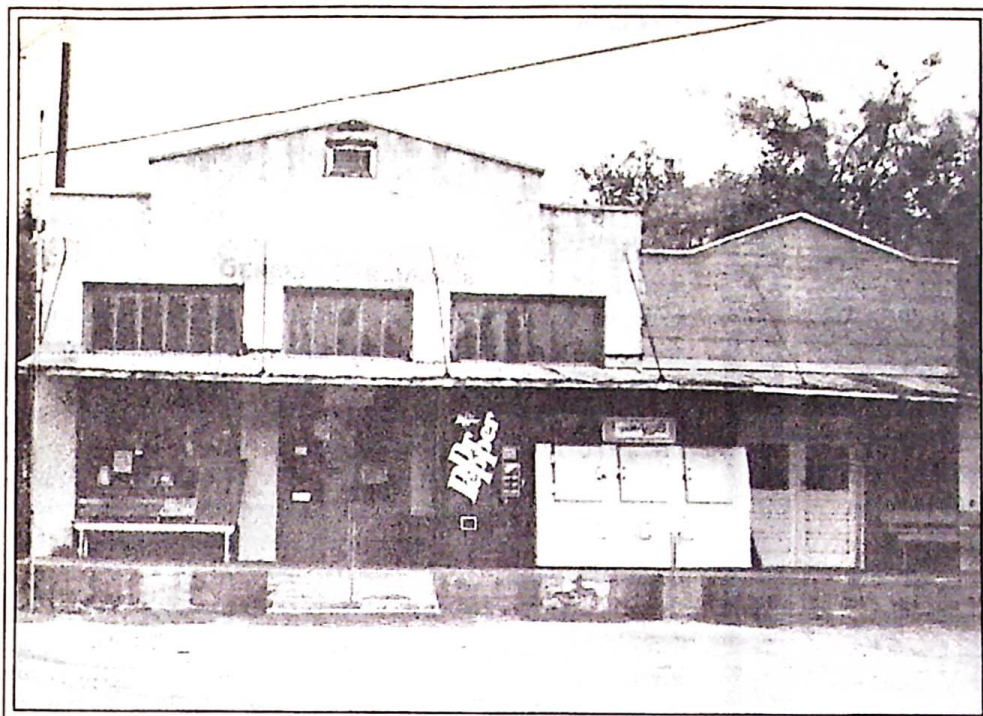
One afternoon in August Ira and I set out in his Rocky 4X4 to check out the lay of the land west and north of Llano, an area sometimes removed from the Hill Country in many people's minds. North from Legion Valley we drove highway 16 to Llano, topped off the tank, grabbed a couple of fountain drinks and headed west on 29 then west on 71. At Valley Spring we stopped at the school next to the post office and read the historical marker. In the distance I could hear the "ticha! ticha! ticha! . . ." of fifty cycling spray heads on a wheeled irrigation system watering a peanut field.

Peanut growing is not usually the agricultural activity that pops into one's mind when thinking about the Hill Country. But in the little farming community of Valley Spring, the traveler is approaching the northwestern edges of the region and the hills start their battle with the neighboring region of the Rolling Plains. And, standing in the Pecan shade of the schoolyard travelers might wonder if they are still in the Hill Country. A

few miles further west the land rises once more and cedar and oak again look out from limestone ledges. We cruise Pontotoc and then pull into the sleeping little hamlet of Fredonia, with the General Store closed for the day and the old gas station closed for good. An old Texaco gas pump reads nine cents a gallon and between the gas station and the store an old border collie mix comes out to meet us and beg a little lovin'. Solitude. Then it was on to Voca where we cross the San Saba River and then past a chamber of commerce billboard shouting "Brady, The Heart of Texas".

Ira and I fall into talk about the phrase "heart of Texas". To us, Enchanted Rock is the geologic center of Texas. In Brady the folks consider themselves at the geographic center of Texas, and that's plenty close, though the exact point is said to lie some twenty-odd miles north of the town on the way to Mercury.

I found Brady charming, a town on one of the less traveled edges of the Hill Country, but a Hill Country town all the same. Out of Brady we headed east on 190 where the region's battle has the Rolling Plains getting the upper hand. Valleys flatten and the land rises. Great buffalo country. Oh, many people think that the buffalo were further north, but the country between the Llano and San Saba rivers were the Comanche's favorite winter hunting grounds. As we rolled along I longed for a glimpse of the thundering herds as it once had been. And, as far as that goes, the greatest buffalo bull taken by Maribeau B. Lamar, the first president of Texas, was at what is now Brazos and 8th streets in downtown Austin on the Balcones Escarpment. One can never tell for certain in the Hill Country. Just three years ago Cheri and David Jones were heading back from Ballinger on 71 and came across a car-struck black bear just outside of Brady. And two years ago I found a porcupine in eternal rest in the bar ditch at Vanderpool. Through Rochelle, Richland Springs, Algerita then across the San Saba river just before Harkeyville all along the way we saw changing country side. Plains and prairies, row crops and pecan bottoms,



An evening in Castelle. Established by the Hill Country's Free thinkers in the mid 1800s. Photo by Charles Tischler.

and a dash of another neighboring region, the Texas Cross Timbers, and then on a high ridge scraggly cedars with their roots in limestone caliche chalk. From the vantage point of the ridge, beyond the rolling plains below, we could see the signature of the dark green hills far off to our southeast through southwest. Through their saddles, ragged lines of more distant hills stand and behind those more lines of hills.

Then we rolled into San Saba, "pecan capital of the world." We passed large warehouse facilities where you could see the little bins ready for the upcoming crop. Signs offering fresh-crop pecans, whole, shelled or cracked and pecan candies and such.

We were getting pretty hungry when we pulled up to The Cactus Cafe where the folks served up good enchiladas with refried beans and Spanish rice, fresh made flour tortillas and plenty of iced tea. Ira bought a copy of the *San Saba News*. Beneath the masthead it said, "the oldest continuous business operating in San Saba County. It seems they've just welcomed a fresh crop of teachers, several of whom were graduates of San Saba schools before going on to college at San Angelo State, Tarleton, and A&M.

After the meal we drove around the old town square and parked near the G&L grocery with its art deco facade. This was a Friday evening around 7:30 and traffic was sparse at best. All the shops were closed. One shiny red pickup with a booming sound system and a teenager behind the wheel peeled out just a little as he turned from the square to head west on the main street. One couple leisurely window shopped. While over on the courthouse square two men conversed on a bench. We walked the streets for a while, examining old limestone buildings and we could see the red brick San Saba hotel just west of the square. As we piled back into the Rocky I promised myself to return to San Saba at pecan harvest time.

We headed south on 16. In golden afternoon sun we

climbed out of the San Saba River valley glimpsing little fields surrounded by thick trees along the fence rows. Ira said, "Looks more like Virginia, than Texas."

And that leads us to further discussion of just what is the Hill Country?

The Hill Country deserves its name, not only for the countless hills, but because of its size. It is bigger than a lot of countries. Its a wonderful blend of places, things and has attracted and continues to attract people from every corner of the world.

Some folks come for a short visit and some end up putting their roots down to raise generations of children. This widespread attraction can be traced to some degree with the atmosphere of familiarity of the hills. In certain places, on certain days, in certain seasons the Hill Country explorer detects the essence of distant places.

There are tiny slivers of Europe hidden in the hills. And, following afternoon showers, when the setting sun finally finds its way under a high ceiling of clouds and sets the country ablaze with golden and pink light, there comes the wisp of the African savannah.

In the shadowed tangle of vines at the bottom of narrow and steep canyons, where the water never stops flowing there are touches of jungle. . . palmetto palms and little Green Kingfishers.

Fifteen years ago last April I withstood a blizzard on the Y.O. ranch west of Kerrville, bitter cold wind, huge snow-

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## PROWLING THE HILL COUNTRY

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

flakes driven parallel to the ground, and I felt a thousand miles further north.

I've talked with Hill Country explorers from France who ran across areas that reminded them so much of their homeland it made them homesick. And to mirror that I can still see in my mind's eye the grassy slopes and wooded areas of Giant Heather in the Ethiopian mountains where I sat one afternoon with my brother Tom and we both agreed the scene looked like the land we once owned out on Trails End Road north and west of Austin.

Every year thousands of visitors travel to Lost Maples State Park on the Sabinal River to fall colors more associated with the image of New England. Again another sliver of a distant place.

And, what about that winter on Lake Buchanan when the Texas Eagle I, piloted by Shawn DeVaney of the Vanishing Texas River Cruise, broke ice all the way from Cedar Point to the falls at Fall Creek with cold Bald Eagles soaring overhead. On that day Lake Buchanan was Alaska.

In the gathering dusk we pulled back into Llano, the deer capital of the world. And, instead of hightailin' it home, we again head west on highway 29 for a run over to Castell. We turn off 29 on to a Llano county road that drops down and crosses the Llano on sculpted living Granite with just enough concrete added to provide a level driving surface. We stop and take pictures. Just another one of the score of places I had seen that afternoon for the first time. The general store at Castell was closed so we headed back to Ira's using this county road and that, navigating by the seat of our pants as this whole adventure had been mapless.

We logged just over 200 miles on the afternoon run. We had visited towns we had never visited before and driven roads that were new to us. And, that is another definition of what the Hill Country is. It is a region where explorers can spend a lifetime of prowling the roads, plying the waters, visiting cities, towns and wild lands, and still at any point there will be new roads, unfamiliar waters, surprising little settlements, and sublime vistas to add to the lifetime mosaic of hill country memories.

We have a long way to go in order to complete riding fence on our editorial region. I look forward to a future expedition studying the countryside, looking for the boundaries of the the Hill Country. High and distant tablelands looking off into Mexico and West Texas will serve as our goal on that run, with remote county roads along the way.



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The Kingsland Archeological Center consists of exhibit areas to showcase artifacts, a field school excavation area on display, and a trail with interpretive displays, allowing visitors to "walk through time." Professional and avocational archeologists will continue sifting through the fragments of this Central Texas time capsule.

The Llano Uplift Archeological Society (LUAS) staffs the Kingsland Archeological Center, which is open to the public for guided tours of the Visitors Center, Display Area and the Interpretive Trail. The tours are held on the second and fourth Saturday of the month between 2 and 5 p.m. A map to the site is located on page 46.

Membership in the LUAS is open to all who are interested in Texas Hill Country archeology, and who agree to abide by the code of ethics of LUAS. Student membership is \$5, Individual—\$10, ect. Write LUAS, P.O. Box 302, Kingsland, TX 78639 for details.

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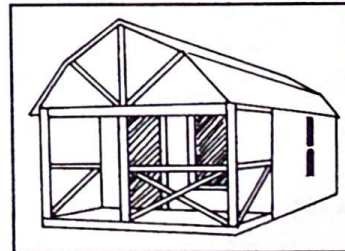
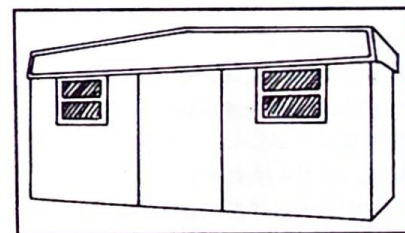
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# BOWIE

by Steve Goodson

Once in San Antonio, Jim immediately began recruiting men to accompany him and his brother Rezin for the purpose of opening the mine. Thirty four men were enlisted for the expedition, but when the day to depart arrived, this number had dwindled to eleven men and a servant. There are several accounts of this expedition, but Rezin Bowie seems to have written the most useful account.

"On the second of November, 1831, we left the town of San Antonio de Bejar for the silver mines on the San Saba River; the party consisting of the following named persons: Rezin Bowie, James Bowie, David Buchanan, Robert Armstrong, Jesse Wallace, Matthew Doyle, Cephas Hamm, James Corriell, Thomas McCash, Gonzales and Charles, servant boys. Nothing particular happened until the 19th, on which day, about 10 am., we were overhauled by two Comanche Indians and a Mexican captive, who had struck our trail and followed it. They stated that they belonged to Isaonie's party, a Chief of the Comanche tribe, sixteen in number, and were on their roads to San Antonio, with a drove of horses, which they had taken from the Wacos and Tawakoni and were returning to their owners, citizens of San Antonio. After smoking and talking with them about an hour, and making them a few presents of tobacco, powder, shot, etc., they returned to their party, which was waiting at the Llano River.

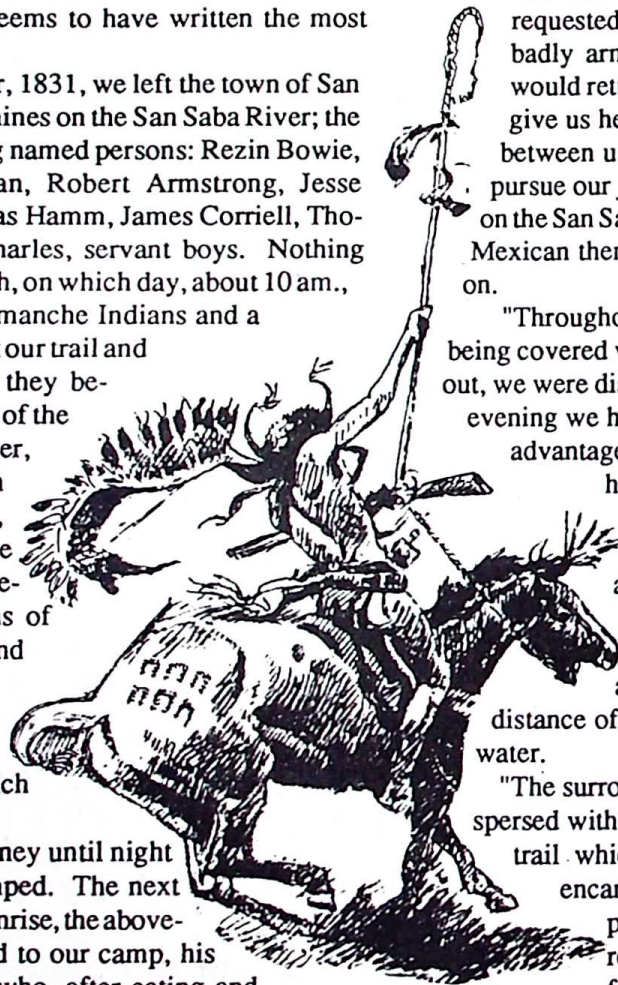
"We continued our journey until night closed upon us, when we encamped. The next morning, between daylight and sunrise, the above-named Mexican captive returned to our camp, his horse very much fatigued, and who, after eating and smoking, stated to us that he had been sent by his chief, Isaonie, to inform us that we were followed by one hundred and twenty-four Tawakoni and Waco Indians, and forty Caddos had joined them, who were determined to have our scalps at all risks.

Isaonie had held a talk with them all the previous afternoon, and endeavored to dissuade them from their purpose; but they still persisted, and left him enraged and pursued our trail. As a voucher for the truth of the above, the Mexican produced his chief's silver medal, which is common among the natives in such cases. He further stated that his chief requested him to say, that he had but sixteen men, badly armed and without ammunition; but if we would return and join him, such succour as he could give us he would. But knowing that the enemy lay between us and him, we deemed it more prudent to pursue our journey and endeavor to reach the old fort on the San Saba before night, distance thirty miles. The Mexican then returned to his party, and we proceeded on.

"Throughout the day we encountered bad roads, being covered with rocks, and the horses feet being worn out, we were disappointed in not reaching the fort. In the evening we had some little difficulty in picking out an advantageous spot where to camp for the night. We however made choice of the best that offered, which was a cluster of live oak trees, some thirty or forty in number, about the size of a man's body. To the north of them a thicket of live oak bushes, about ten feet high, forty yard in length and twenty in breadth. To the west, at the distance of thirty-five or forty yards ran a stream of water.

"The surrounding country was an open prairie interspersed with a few trees, rocks, and broken land. The trail which we came on lay to the east of our encampment. After taking the precaution to prepare our spot for defence, by cutting a road inside the thicket of bushes, ten feet from the outer edge all around, and clearing

the prickly pear from amongst the bushes, we hobbled our horses and placed sentinels for the night. We were now distant six miles from the old fort above mentioned, which was built by the Spaniards in 1752 for the purpose of protecting them



while working the silver mines, which are a mile distant. A few years after, it was attacked by the Comanche Indians, and every soul put to death. Since that time it has never been occupied. Within the fort is a church which, had we reached before, it was our intention to have occupied to defend ourselves against the Indians. The fort surrounds about one acre of land under a twelve feet (*sic*) stone wall.

"Nothing occurred throughout the night, and we lost no time in the morning in making preparations for continuing our journey to the old fort; and when in the act of starting, we discovered the Indians on our trail to the east, about two hundred yards distant, and a footman about fifty yards ahead of the main body, with his face to the ground, tracking. The cry of Indians was given and all hands to arms. We dismounted, and both saddle and pack horses were immediately made fast to the trees. As soon as they found we had discovered them, they gave a war whoop, halted and commenced stripping, preparatory to action. A number of mounted Indians were reconnoitering the ground; amongst them we discovered a few Caddo Indians, by the cut of their hair, who had always previously been friendly to Americans.

"Their number being so far greater than ours, (one hundred and sixty four to eleven), it was agreed that Rezin Bowie should be sent out to talk with them, and endeavor a compromise rather than attempt a fight. He accordingly started with David Buchanan in company, and walking up to within about forty yards of where they had halted, and requested of them in their own tongue to send forward their chief, as he wanted to talk with him, Their answer was 'how de do? How de do?' in English, and a discharge of twelve shot at us, one of which broke Buchanan's leg. Bowie returned their salutation with the contents of a double barreled gun and a pistol. He then took Buchanan on his shoulder, and started back to the encampment. They then opened a heavy fire upon us, which wounded Buchanan in two more places slightly, and piercing Bowie's hunting shirt in several places without doing him any injury. When they found their shot failed to bring Bowie down, eight Indians on foot took after him with their tomahawks, and when close upon him, were discovered by his party, who rushed out with their rifles and brought down four of them — the other four retreating back to the main body. We then returned to our position, and all was still for about five minutes.

"We then discovered a hill to the northeast at the distance of sixty yards, red with Indians, who opened a heavy fire upon us with loud yells. Their chief, on horseback, urged them in a loud voice to the charge, walking his horse perfectly composed. When we first discovered him, our guns were all empty, with the exception of Mr. Hamm's. James Bowie cried out, 'Who is loaded?' Mr. Hamm observed 'I am.' He was then told to shoot that Indian on horseback. He did so, breaking the chief's leg and killing his horse. We now discovered him hopping round his horse on one leg, with his shield on his arm to keep off the balls. By this time four of our party being reloaded, fired at the same instant, and all the balls took effect through the shield. He was immediately surrounded by six or eight of his tribe, who picked him up and bore him off.

"They now covered the hill the second time and commenced a heavy fire with bows and arrows, which we returned

**Bowie returned their salutation with the contents of a double barreled gun and a pistol. He then took Buchanan on his shoulder, and started back to the encampment. They then opened a heavy fire upon us, which wounded Buchanan in two more places slightly, and piercing Bowie's hunting shirt in several places without doing him any injury. When they found their shot failed to bring Bowie down, eight Indians on foot took after him with their tomahawks, and when close upon him, were discovered by his party, who rushed out with their rifles and brought down four of them — the other four retreating back to the main body.**

with the well directed aim of our rifles. At this instant, another chief appeared on horseback, near the spot where the last one fell. The same question of who was loaded, was asked; the answer was nobody; when little Charles, the mulatto servant, came running up with Buchanan's rifle, which had not been discharged since he was wounded, and handed it to James Bowie, who instantly fired and brought him down from his horse. He was surrounded by six or eight of his tribe and borne off under our fire. During this time our enemies had formed a complete circle around us, occupying the points of rocks, trees, and bushes. The firing then became general from all quarters...

"The road we had cut round the thicket the night previous, gave us now an advantageous situation over that of the enemy, as we had a fair view of them in the prairie, while we were completely hid. We baffled their shots by moving six or eight feet at the moment we had fired, as their only mark was the smoke of our guns. They would put twenty balls within the size of a pocket handkerchief, where they had seen the smoke...

"They now discovered that we were not to be dislodged from the thicket, and the uncertainty of killing us at random shot; they suffering very much from the fire of our rifles, which brought down half a dozen at every round. They now determined to resort to stratagem, by putting fire to the grass in the prairie, for the double purpose of routing us from our position, and, under cover of the smoke, to carry away their dead and wounded, which lay near us... Under cover of this smoke they succeeded in carrying off a portion of their casualties. In the meantime our party was engaged in scraping away the dried grass and leaves from our wounded men and baggage to prevent the fire from passing over it; and likewise, in pulling up rocks and bushes to answer the purpose of a breastwork...

"At this time we saw no hopes of escape, as the fire was coming down rapidly before the wind, flaming ten feet high, and directly for the spot we occupied. What was to be done—we must either be burnt up alive, or driven into the prairie amongst

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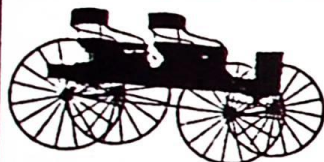
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## BOWIE

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

the savages. This encouraged the Indians; and to make it more awful, their shouts and yells rent the air; they at the same time firing upon us about twenty shots a minute. As soon as the smoke hid us from their view, we collected together, and held a consultation as to what was best to be done. Our first impression was, that they might charge on us under cover of the smoke, as we could make but one effectual fire—the sparks were flying about so thickly that no man could open his powder horn without running the risk of being blown up. However, we finally came to a determination, had they charged us, to give them one fire, place our backs together, and draw our knives, and fight them as long as any one of us was left alive. The next question was, should they not charge us, and we retain our position, we must be burnt up. It was then decided that each man should take care of himself as well as he could, until the fire arrived at the ring around our baggage and wounded men, and there it should be smothered with buffalo robes, bear skins and blankets, which, after a great deal of exertion we succeeded in doing...

"It was now sundown, and we had been warmly engaged with the Indians since sunrise, a period of thirteen hours; and they, seeing us still alive and ready for a fight, drew off at a distance of three hundred yards, and encamped for the night with their dead and wounded. We now commenced to raising our fortification higher, getting it breast high by 10 p.m. We now filled all our vessels and skins with water, expecting another attack the next morning. We could hear the Indians crying over their dead and at daylight, they shot a wounded chief—being their custom to shoot those mortally wounded. They set out for a mountain a mile distant where they deposited their dead in a cave on the side of it. Next morning two of our party left our fortification to where the Indians had lain the night previous, and counted forty-eight bloody spots in the grass where the dead and wounded had been lying. As near as we could judge their loss must have been forty killed and thirty wounded."

After eight days tending to the wounded men and horses, Bowie's party returned in twelve days to San Antonio. There are accounts, from various sources, stating that the Bowies visited a mine immediately before or after the fight and took several mule loads of coin pure silver from a vein found within. There is also an account—attributed to Matthew Doyle—stating that Bowie's silver was gotten from robbing Mexican silver trains from Sonora, Mexico. These trains were said to have traveled from the Presidio del Norte on the Rio Grande to Paisano Pass moving over the Pecos River at the Horsehead Crossing. From there they turned northeast through Castle Gap to the Middle Concho River, near present day San Angelo, then south to the San Saba, Llano, and Pedernales Rivers down to San Antonio. This seems to be an extremely circuitous route for a pack train laden with silver when the well known Camino Real could have been followed from the Old Presidio road for a more direct, quicker and probably safer route.

Bowie was elected a colonel of a company of Texas



Rangers and spend the early part of 1832 in forays against the hostile Indians. In August of that year he became embroiled in a conflict which turned out to fan the flames of the Texas Revolution. This disagreement arose from Santa Anna's rise in Mexico and his support of the Mexican Constitution of 1824 which allowed for liberal immigration laws in Texas. When the commander of the Mexican garrison in Nacogdoches refused to declare support for Santa Anna, Bowie led the party of colonists and Tejanos that captured the town. In April of 1833, Bowie attended the convention at San Felipe which garnered support for the constitution of 1824.

In June of 1833, Bowie sent his wife Ursula, with their two children, to Monclova to avoid an outbreak of cholera in San Antonio. There, in the Vermaendi summer home in the mountains, Ursula, the children, her mother and father all died from cholera within three day's time.

Although wracked by grief over the loss of his family, Bowie threw himself into furthering his interests and the interests of Texas. After a trip back east to visit with his mother and sister, he fell in with William Lacey, an early settler of Palestine in east Texas who stated: "From March, 1834, for eight months I was with Bowie examining lands on the Trinity up to the Cross Timbers (now Tarrant County). He was esteemed wealthy. He seemed to be a roving man—sometimes searching for mines, sometimes fighting Indians, sometimes speculating in lands—and always a gentleman from bottom to top. He was accommodating, kind and always had plenty of money. He was not in the habit of using profane language, and never used an indecent or vulgar word during the eight months I spend with him in the wilderness."

Another settler from Palestine, Archibald Hotchkiss, remembered, "It was generally said that Bowie had been in several violent transactions, but not on his own account. When he espoused the cause of a friend, he would adhere to him to the bitter end, unless his confidence was betrayed. I do not believe he ever had a duel on his own personal account."

Events rapidly developed which culminated in an atmosphere of open rebellion in the province of Texas. These events involved Bowie in the taking of San Antonio in 1835 and in his sharing command of the Alamo and the men garrisoned within. Upon learning of his death there in march of 1836, Bowie's mother said, "I'll warrant you found no wounds in his back."

There are those who believe that Bowie was solely motivated my monetary gain in taking part in the Texas War of Independence and, had he lived, he would have profited from the lands he had invested in. However, it cannot be denied that delaying Santa Anna's army at San Antonio for two weeks assured that Houston would have that time to train and assemble the army that defeated Santa Anna at San Jacinto. The death of the Alamo defenders was the rallying point of the Texas Revolution. Their choice to die speaks for itself.

**DETAILS ON THE BOWIE KNIFE, BY STEVE GOODSON, WILL APPEAR IN OUR OCTOBER ISSUE.**

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# THE FREIDENKERS

BY KENN KNOPP

**W**hile most citizens in Germany during the mid-1800s supported replacing the aristocracy of the kings, princes, dukes, and counts; the highly educated *Freidenkers*—the atheistic, and some times agnostic "Freethinkers"—also wanted to do away with the monarchists because they wanted absolutely no one to be "above" them in any way. They especially wanted to be free from the influence of Christianity—or any other religion as well. Their aim was to create their own "perfect" community where all holdings would be in common, no one would ever again be in need, and need ever again to turn to "God." They were anti-church and anti-God and proud of it; for with such great intellects as they were certain they possessed, they could surely not accede to another person or a "system."

The Freidenkers brought havoc to the *Stammtisch* (the discussion groups) at the gasthauses. They did not flaunt their six-shooters or bust up a saloon after a beer followed by a whiskey or a slug of schnapps. They were much too educated and cultured to get physical. They chose to be verbally violent and take pot shots as the *Stammtisch* discussion groups, in the gasthauses and

pubs. Their highly extended egos did the perpetrating; their wide open mouths (mauls in sarcastic German) did the damage.

The Freidenkers were also referred to as the "Know-it-Alls." They mocked when others wanted to pray or would dare talk of God in their presence. They envisioned "freedom" from religion as well as freedom from domination by church authorities. Many people enjoyed being present to hear them palaver. When things got rough, when they were unable to win someone to their point of view, that was a handy time to think of a chore to do or to go home.

When sufficient numbers of Freidenkers arrived from Germany to Friedrichsburg, most of them did not stay for long. To them, Friedrichsburg was too much like life in Germany all over again. They came to Texas to create their own "perfect" communities where all holdings would be in common, no one would ever again be in need, and no one would ever again feel the need to turn to such a thing as an unseen God. If everyone did their fair share of the chores that needed to be done, then no one person would be overburdened.

Most of them then ventured north of Friedrichsburg into the portal area of the Fisher-Miller Land Grant where they organized their first two communities, Lleinigen



THIS MARKER, SCULPTED BY ELISABETH NEY IS LOCATED IN FREDERICKSBURG. PHOTO COURTESY KENN KNOPP

# THE FREETHINKERS

and Bettina. Not long afterwards Meerholz, Schoenburg, Castell, and Keyserville were settled. But in less than two years their of "visualizing" or theorizing the perfect society in no way reflected their actual behavior and actions. Their excellently designed communal communities, at least in the figments of their imaginations, began to crumble in the face of real and imagined needs of real human beings.

**T**he most notable Freidenker pioneers of the German Hills were Friedrich Schenk, Louis Reinhardt, Dr. Ferdinand C. von Herff, and Peter Bub. Peter Bub, single, and a hard worker for a Freidenker, was from Heppenheim near Mannheim. While riding his horse to Friedrichsburg for supplies he was killed by Indians on August 21, 1847. He had come from Hamburg on the ship St. Pauli and landed in Galveston only a short while earlier on July 4, 1847.

Dr. von Herff, a medical doctor and a purist Freidenker, was also single and 39 years of age when he arrived in the German Hills. He was from the hotbed of liberal thinking, Darmstadt, Hessen, and an ardent devotee of the German philosopher and scientist, Professor Justus von Liebig (1803-1873). Von Liebig, of the University of Giessen, was a friend and admirer of the artist and sculptor, Elisabet Ney, and her husband Edmund Montgomery—who came to Texas late in their careers. Elisabet Ney always tried to further the name of von Liebig in the highest social circles.

Dr. von Herff concurred wholeheartedly with his Latin colony compatriots when "Bettina" was suggested as the name of the village they founded on the Llano River about 25 miles Northwest of Friedrichsburg. A leading female Freidenker and author in Europe, Bettina Brentano von Armin, (1785-1859), loved to run roughshod over established tradition. Bettina von Armin was a "shining light" of feminism who probably gave Elisabet Ney the courage to continue trailblazing in her own

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FREEDOM FROM BEING  
DOMINATED BY THE CHURCH  
AUTHORITIES. MANY PEOPLE  
ENJOYED BEING PRESENT TO  
HEAR THEM PALAVER.**



chosen field, despite the obstinate male gender barriers of half a generation later.

Probably the most ardent pioneer Freidenker was Louis Reinhardt, another dissident Darmstadt student, who agreed to come to Texas to avoid a showdown (and probably spare his life) with the German royalty and their troops. He was one of the hundreds of German malcontents who became more vocal and violent as the German ruling classes let it be known they would not give up their power for a constitution and be subjected to the decisions of ignorant voters.

When the Latin colonies along the Llano River broke up in 1848, and the Freidenkers began blaming each other and riding off one by one—away from the sunset—it was Reinhardt who urged that they leave the Indian stronghold and regroup in Sisterdale. Now in full retreat from Comanche country, having never forgotten or gotten over the murder of their kindred spirit, Peter Bub, the Freidenkers were still obsessed with their dream of a para-

dise of atheistic communism in Texas.

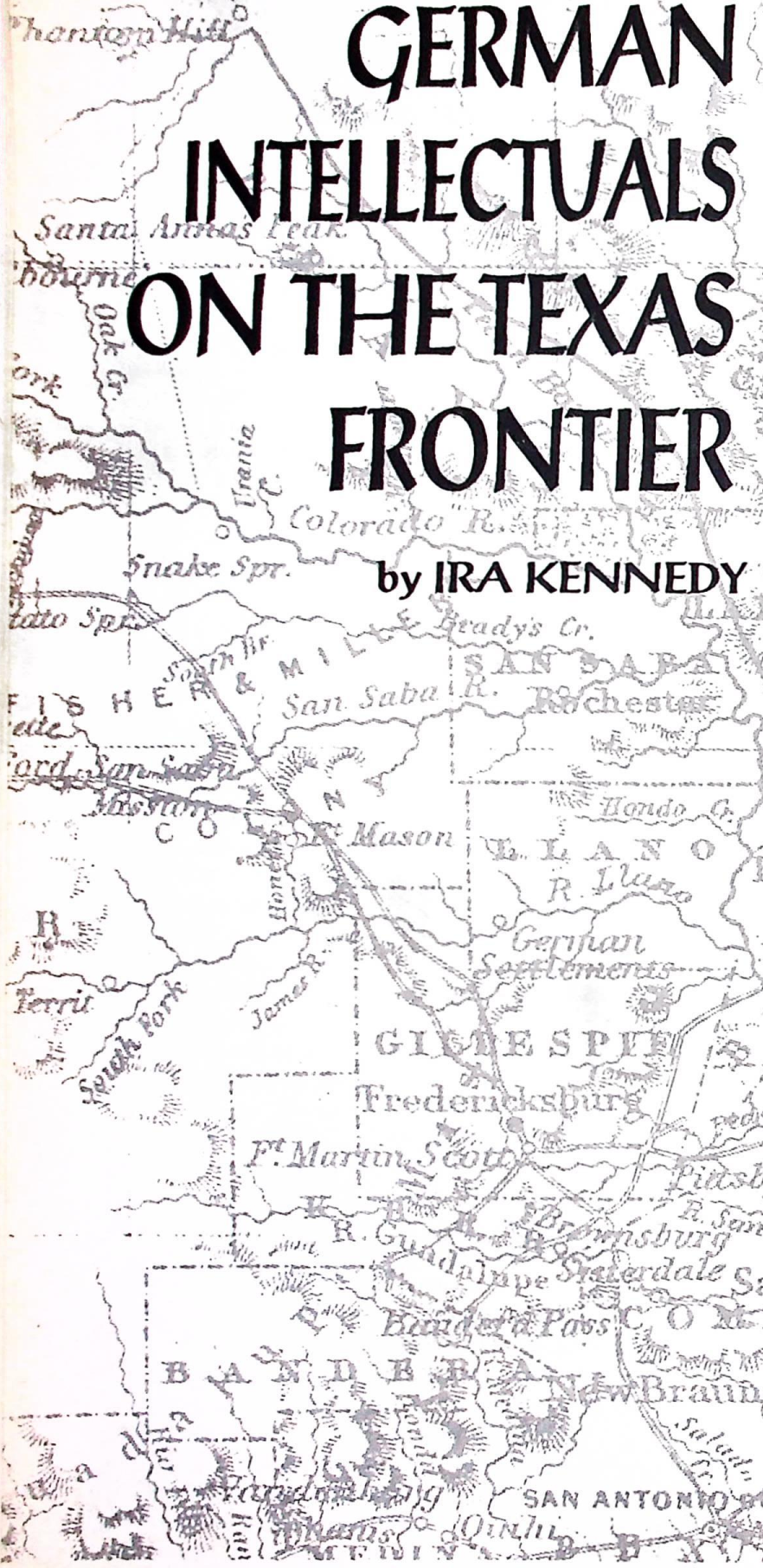
This group went about twenty miles southeast of Friedrichsburg to help with the further development of Sisterdale. The aristocrat and thinker, Ottmar von Behr, had built his home there, including a building that housed a complete library with hundreds of books and a meeting room.

These were the proven purists, proud of their intellect and the mastery of the Latin language which they attempted to make their official tongue. They banished prayer, churches, and anything that might be construed as Christian in their midst.

Soon following them, Dr. Ernst Kapp, a naturopath from Germany, arrived with his wife Ida Kappel and their children Antonie, Alfred, Julia, Hedwig, and Wolfgang. He found a water source and developed a health resort not far from Sisterdale.

It is said that Karl Marx was either related to one of the Sisterdale Latin Society members, or was a close friend. The

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34



# GERMAN INTELLECTUALS ON THE TEXAS FRONTIER

by IRA KENNEDY

The Texas frontier of the 1850s would seem an unlikely place to find communities with a passion for literature, philosophy, music, and conversations in Latin. Just as unlikely would expectations be very high for communists in the Hill Country attempting to establish utopia on the Llano. But, along the Llano River the communities of Castell, Schoenburg, Bettina, and Leiningen were hotbeds for intellectual conversations and revolutionary social experimentation.

Bettina, was named after the leading German feminist of her day, Bettina von Arnim. Founded by Hermann Spiess and Dr. Ferdinand von Herff (a relative of John Meusebach, the founder of Fredericksburg). Using the watchwords "friendship, freedom, and equality," this colony was settled by a group of forty young men from Darmstadt, Germany. Called the Society of Forty, these early communists were idealists who believed brotherly love and good will could replace civil law. The community was supported for one year by the Society for the Protection of German Immigrants, after which their communal experiment would sustain itself. Also called the "Darmstadters" as well as "The Forty," or the "Freethinkers" these intellectuals were ill prepared for the hard work of pioneer life. After their financial support ran out the community dissolved.

All of the utopian communities failed after a short period, and many of their families moved to, or helped settle, the community of Sisterdale, also known as the "Latin Settlement," and later, Boerne and Comfort.

In 1854 a New England journalist, Frederick Law Olmsted, entered Texas, made a tour of the state and recounted the events in, *A Journey Through Texas*. Enroute to New-Braunfels Olmsted met "a free-minded butcher" who "had ridden out early in the morning to kill and dress the hogs of one of the large farmers. He had finished his job and was returning [to New Braunfels]."

The butcher accompanied Olmsted and his party to New Braunfels. "It was sickly on the coast, but here it was very healthy. He [the butcher] had been as well here as he was in Germany—never had been ill. There were Catholics and Protestants among them; as for himself, he was no friend to priests, whether Catholic or Protestant. He had had enough of them in Germany. They could not tell him anything new, and he never went to any church."

Upon arriving in New Braunfels the butcher introduced Olmsted to Mr. Schmitz, owner of the Guadalupe Hotel. Olmsted was astonished by the quality of the accommodations. "There was nothing wanting; there was nothing too much, for one of those delightful little inns which the pedestrian who has tramped through the Rhine land will ever remember gratefully..."

"We then spent an hour in conversation with the gentlemen who were in the room. They were all educated, cultivated, well-bred, respectful, kind, and affable men. All were natives of Germany, and had been living several years in Texas. Some of them were travelers, their homes being in other German

"I think, if one or two of the German tyrants I could mention, could look in upon us now, they would display some chagrin at our enjoyment, for there is hardly a gentleman in this company whom they have not condemned to death, or to imprisonment for life."

settlements; some of them had resided long at Braunfels.

"It was so very agreeable to meet such men again, and the account they gave of the Germans in Texas was so interesting and gratifying, that we were unwilling to immediately continue our journey."

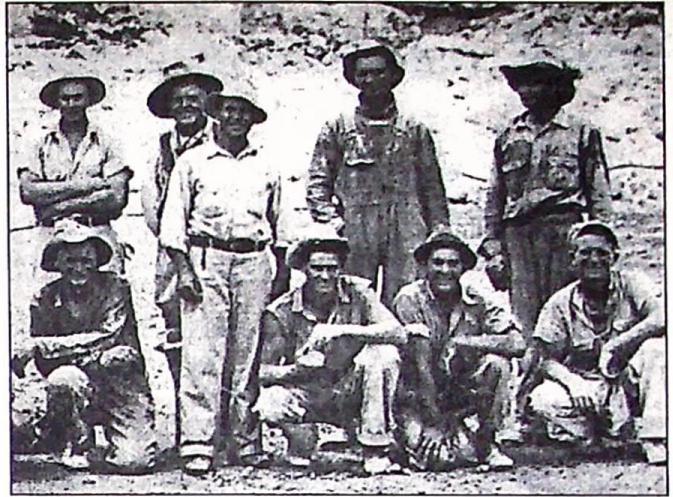
Later in his travels Olmsted found himself in Sisterdale, also known as the Latin Settlement, due to the desire of residents in the community to make Latin their official language.

"Evening found us in the largest house of the settlement, and a furious norther suddenly rising, combined with the attractive reception we met to compel us to stay two days without moving...

"In speaking of his present circumstances, [the host] simply regretted that he could not give [his sons] all the advantages of education that he had himself had. But he added that he would much rather educate them to be independent and self-reliant, able and willing to live by their own labor, than to have them ever feel themselves dependent on the favor of others. If he could secure them, here, minds free from prejudice, which would entirely disregard the conclusions of others in their own study of right and truth, and spirits which would sustain their individual conclusions without a thought of the consequences, he should be only thankful to the circumstances that exiled him...

"After supper, there were numerous accessions of neighbors, and we passed a merry and most interesting evening. There was waltzing, to the tones of a fine piano, and music of the highest sort, classic and patriotic. The principal concerted pieces of Don Giovanni were given, and all parts well sustained. After the ladies had retired, the men had over the whole stock of student-songs, until all were young again. No city of fatherland, we thought, could show a better or more cheerful evening company. One of

CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE



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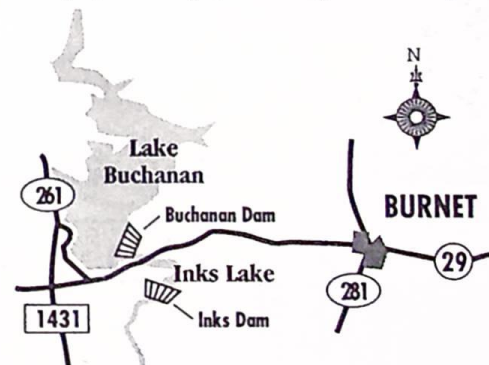
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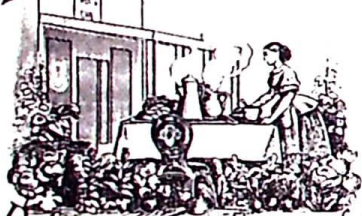
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## GERMAN INTELLECTUALS

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

These Sisterdale settlers, self-constituted exiles from Germany, were not so successful in agriculture as in intellectual pursuits, but they had found their Arcadia in Texas and were content. Social and political freedom enabled them to make the most of life.

the party said to me: "I think, if one or two of the German tyrants I could mention, could look in upon us now, they would display some chagrin at our enjoyment, for there is hardly a gentleman in this company whom they have not condemned to death, or to imprisonment for life."

"In exile, but free, these men make the most of life.

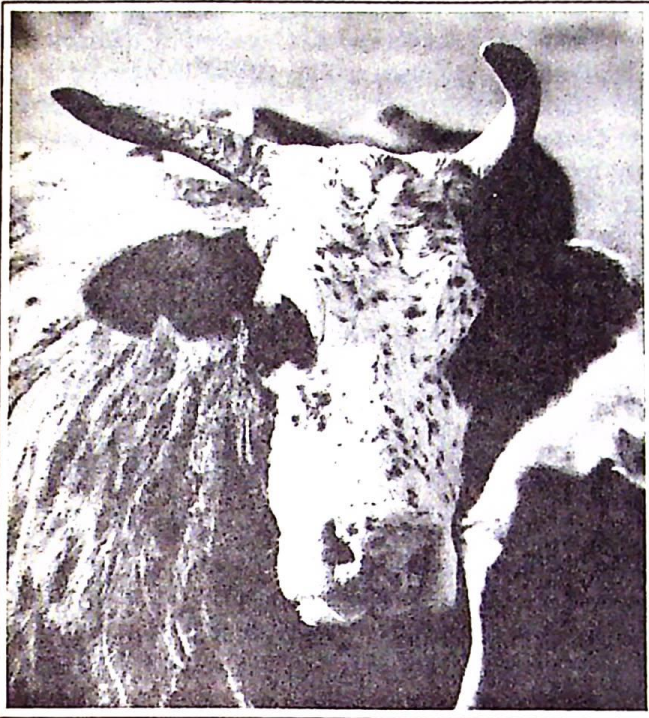
"I have never before so highly appreciated the value of a well-educated mind, as in observing how they were lifted above the mere accident of life... 'their mind to them a kingdom is,' in which they find exhaustless resources of enjoyment. I have been assured, I doubt not, with sincerity, by several of them, that never in Europe had they had so much satisfaction—so much intellectual enjoyment of life, as here."

The cultured, intellectual society of the Freethinkers was not without its attractions, especially to such an educated and informed person as John O. Meusebach, the founder of Fredericksburg. According to Irene Marschall King, Meusebach's granddaughter, John and his wife Agnes enjoyed their occasional visits to New Braunfels, "but a trip with her husband to the 'Latin Settlement' at Sisterdale was a stimulating experience. The men and women constituting the settlement were cultured and intelligent; so conversation was on an intellectual level. Merriment prevailed, too, and they enjoyed waltzing, and singing, and concert music on a fine piano. These Sisterdale settlers, self-constituted exiles from Germany, were not so successful in agriculture as in intellectual pursuits, but they had found their Arcadia in Texas and were content. Social and political freedom enabled them to make the most of life."

"After two years in the Sisterdale area, the five colonists [from Bettina] moved a little farther west and, in time, founded the town of Boerne, south of Sisterdale. In that settlement the Meusebachs found congenial friends. The same held for the settlement of Comfort, which was founded in 1854 by Ernst Altgelt. The Altgelt family and the Meusebachs were closely associated all their lives."

Meusebach shared with the Freethinkers a fondness for Latin. At his home in Loyal Valley he built a trellis-shaded structure for bathing out of native stone and cement with a

## ROADSIDE SAFARI



**THEY WENT THAT-A-WAY.** ON THE ROAD TO ENCHANTED ROCK, THE LOCAL CATTLE HORN TO HELP DIRECT LOST VISITORS. PHOTO BY BUCK BURKLE

fresh coating of whitewash. "When Meusebach would emerge from his frequent baths in this retreat," King wrote, "wearing a white shirt as was his custom, he would recite verses in Latin." "Why in Latin?" he was asked. His answer was, "I speak gratitude to the Romans in their language for instituting a bath of this style, entered by steps." Even Meusebach's tombstone carries the Latin inscription: *Tenax Propositi*—Texas Forever.

Although the utopian communities failed, the theories of communism, and concepts of communes, cooperative communities, and back-to-the-earth movements loaded down with books would, a century later, create more conversation and debate than the German intellectuals of the Texas Hill Country could ever have imagined.

**RECOMMENDED READING:** *A Journey Through Texas*, by Frederick Law Olmsted, University of Texas Press. Olmsted's energetic and detailed account is a classic in Texas literature and an indispensable sourcebook for historians. Olmsted does not romanticize the discomforts of his trip. The cultured Easterner remembers in relentless detail the squalor, brutality, and filth met with in parts of East Texas; but he writes fondly of the civility and cleanliness of the German settlements around New Braunfels.

*John O. Meusebach—German Colonizer in Texas*, by Irene Marschall King, University of Texas Press. King, a granddaughter of Meusebach, presents the full sweep of Meusebach's vigorous life: Meusebach as the young liberal in Germany, as a colonizer in the 1840s, a Texas senator and, later, an observer of the Civil War, and as a Texan who devoted his later years to bringing Texas soil to fruition.

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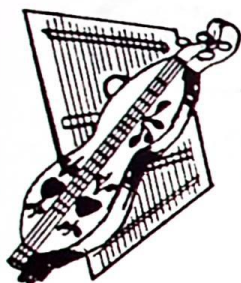
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## THE FREETHINKERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

story has it that Marx himself, born and raised in Trier along the Mosel River, was repelled by the slow and sure rise of industrialism and the "new" monarchy of the money, and became thoroughly disgusted and despairing with Germany. Once a German despairs, look out—the great metamorphosis will begin. Legend has it that Karl Marx almost decided to emigrate to Texas and settle in Sisterdale to be near his relatives, or perhaps his Freidenker friends, who had established homes there.

In this virgin territory of Texas, Marx's friends tried to convince him that they would stand a better chance of proving by fact, from the ground up, that atheistic communism was the answer to the world's woes. No one has yet been able to verify or disprove this unique story; but Karl Marx did not come to Texas, not even for a visit, as far as it is known.

In 1854 there came another opportunity for the Latin Society members to shake off constant threat of contamination from the Christians who were just too close to them for comfort. Making matters even worse, some of them had even succumbed to marrying into neighboring Catholic and Lutheran families.

A wealthy New Orleans cotton merchant, John Vles, owned 4,438 acres of land about 20 miles southwest of Sisterdale on the beautiful Guadalupe River. Vles sent Ernst Altgelt, a newly arrived Prussian to New Orleans, to the Texas German Hills to check out the feasibility of the acreage sustaining a town and of selling his land lot by lot. Altgelt sent word to Vles recommending he go ahead with the plan. Vles gave permission for the survey to be made and the sale of lots to begin. Soon, the majority of those purchasing lots were the German Freidenkers from all around the area, and particularly Sisterdale.

Lore has it that when Altgelt first saw the blue-green pure waters of the Guadalupe, the massive cypress trees, and fertile river-bottoms, he exclaimed, "Hier ist Gemuetlichkeit!" Roughly translated as: "Here it is pleasant and comfortable." But the word being an idiom expressing quite a number of good emotions, and hard for non-Germans to pronounce, he chose the word "Comfort." This word is spelled "Komfort" in German and has the same meaning in English.

The dominance of the German Freidenkers was so great in Comfort, it would be forty years later before the first Christian church was established in the community.

Comfort today, a jewel of a village, continues in its "freethinking" ways. It is one of the largest towns in America that refuses to become incorporated. The present-day Freidenkers in Comfort and Friedrichsburg—well known to the discerning—make their homes in the German Hills. They include outstanding community and area leaders.





# V+50

## Fredericksburg Celebrates WWII Allied Victory in the Pacific

**N**oted author James A. Michener and the sons of World War II military leaders Chester Nimitz and William "Bull" Halsey will join hundreds of other Pacific war veterans here on Sept. 2-3 for V+50, an event to mark the 50th anniversary of the war's end. All three men are Pacific war veterans.

Michener will serve as Honorary Chairman, and William Halsey and Chester Nimitz, Jr. will join former President George Bush and other veterans in Fredericksburg, Texas, the hometown of WWII Fleet Admiral Chester Nimitz and site of the Admiral Nimitz Museum. Admiral Nimitz, with Halsey at his side, accepted the Japanese surrender for the U.S. aboard the USS Missouri in Tokyo Bay on Sept. 2, 1945.

Author Michener joined the U.S. Navy as an enlisted man, rising to the rank of lieutenant commander and serving on 49 different South Pacific islands during the war, primarily as a trouble shooter for aviation maintenance. This experience inspired him to write *Tales of the South Pacific*, which won the Pulitzer Prize in 1947.

"In World War II, the free world stood up to the tyranny of Hitler and Japanese war lords," said Michener. "The Allied victory in Europe, with the powerful assistance of Russia, decided the future in that part of the world, and the overwhelming naval and army victories in the Pacific safeguarded our liberties in that hemisphere."

Nine recipients of the Congressional Medal of Honor, the highest military honor bestowed by the United States, will serve as Grand Marshals of "The Last Victory Parade of World War II" at V+50. This is expected to be the largest military parade in Texas since WWII, with a project attendance of 20,000. About 2,300 WWII veterans and veteran family members have registered to attend the event.

The nine Medal of Honor recipients will follow President Bush in military staff cars to lead the V+50 parade through the streets of Fredericksburg.

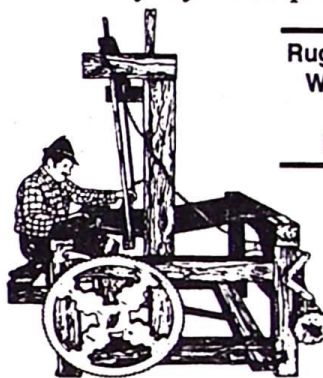
In the morning before the parade, President Bush will preside at a commemoration ceremony at a VIP parade review stand in front of the museum on Main Street. The parade will then run from 10:25 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. on Saturday, September 2. A spectacular Air Show and Field Day will take place at the nearby Gillespie County Fairgrounds and Airport. Tons of WWII equipment, vehicles and aircraft will be on display, with Pacific war veterans on hand to relate their eyewitness stories of how the hardware was used in combat.

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# THE SUNNIEST DAYS

BY K.A. WEST

Every summer youths from around Texas and beyond share the adventure of summer camp in the Hill Country.

Here, memories of the author's experiences at Camp Mystic still shine brightly.

"Look, Karen, there it is."

We had been driving for hours, and I was consumed with eagerness and anticipation. I had spent the whole trip from Houston pouring over the colorful catalogs and brochures which described Camp Mystic, where I was to spend half the summer. I craned my neck to see the sign, an enormous thing set high on a mountain, with huge white letters spelling out the name "MYSTIC." It looked just like that sign in Hollywood I had seen in pictures, and it kindled my excitement even more. As we drove on past the mountain, I remember that I wanted to stop and take pictures but I was too anxious to begin what would be the first of many summers spent at Camp Mystic.

We headed down the winding highway making our way toward the gates and I was awed by the rich rusty browns and vivid greens of the rocky landscape. I imagined all of the deer and rabbits which must have lived amid the twisted trees and low shrubs of all that untouched, undeveloped land. I thought about a painting of Kerrville which hung in our dining room, and marveled at the artist's skill in reproducing what I saw. This was not my first trip to the Hill Country, as I had been several times with my parents in taking and picking up my older brother from a neighboring boys' camp, but this was the first time I can recall really drinking in the ample beauty surrounding me.

We drove up to the gate and as the guard waved us through I took my first look at the rolling green hills and rustic beauty of the camp itself. The musky-sweet scent of pecan and cypress filled the air. Even now, that smell transports me



KAREN, NOW A JUNIOR JOURNALISM MAJOR AT THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS, IS PICTURED HERE ON HER FIRST DAY AT CAMP MYSTIC..

back instantaneously to that place, at that moment.

My father drove the car cautiously through the dozens of cheering counselors, all college girls dressed alike in bright green staff shorts and crisp white shirts emblazoned with the camp logo. As they greeted the procession of new and returning campers, my mother and I mused about which of the girls might be my cabin counselors. My father followed the parade of Suburbans to the office area and stopped the car. All I can recall about the check-in procedure is a succession of smiling faces at the window of the car, asking questions in a whirl of sweet southern speech. The voices directed us past the infirmary, the office, the softball diamond and a large playing field to a row of cabins for the younger girls. My father pulled over when we arrived at the one which bore the name "Jumble House." I was pleased with the name.

We went inside and my cabin counselors, Anna and Stacy, enthusiastically introduced themselves to me and to my parents, and we said "hello" to the other campers and their parents who had already arrived. As I looked around and chose my bunk, I surveyed the other girls unpacking their trunks and setting up their photos with some apprehension. Many seemed to be returning campers who already knew each other, and I suddenly felt a vague sense of insecurity, wondering how easily I would make friends and learn my way around.

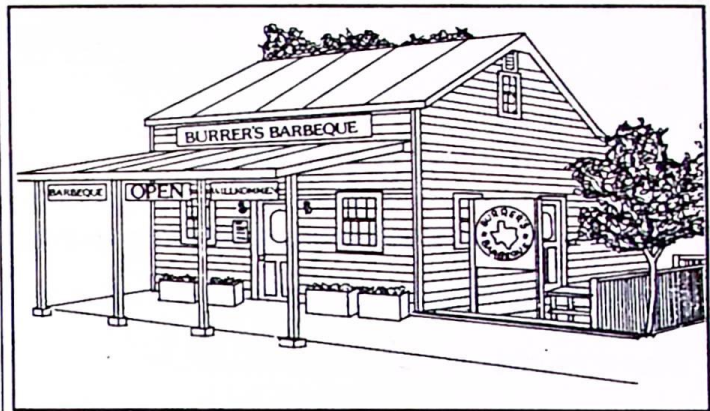
My nervous thoughts were soon interrupted, however, when the time came for my parents and me to say our good-byes. My father offered some heartening advice and words of encouragement, and my mother's eyes filled with tears as she promised

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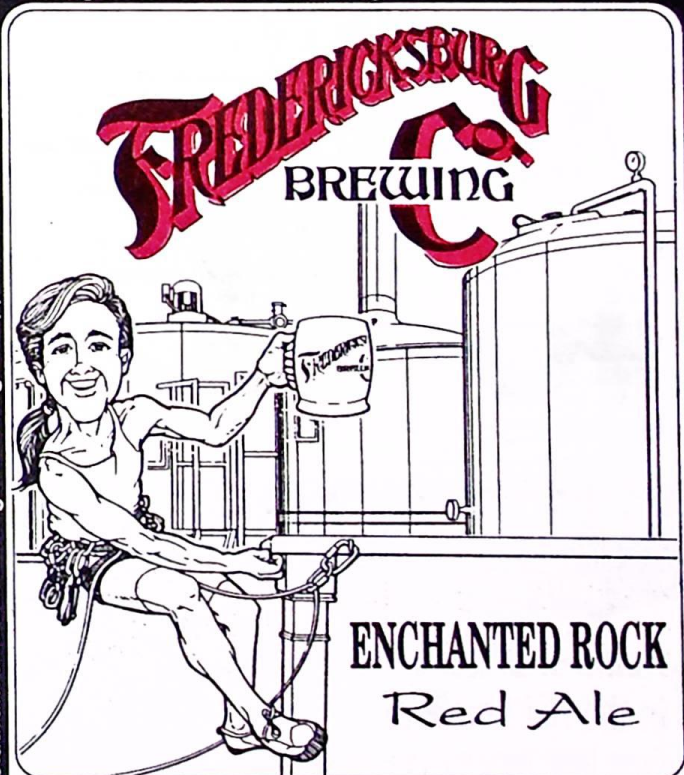
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## THE SUNNIEST DAYS

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

to write often if I would promise also to do the same. I made the promise, and they were gone.

I was soon settled in and set about learning all of the many routines which would become so familiar to me as the summers moved by — such as making the cabin calendar, marking it with special events and a cabin chore rotation chart. Then, after dinner, there was an all-camp campfire on the green of the soft shore of the Guadalupe River. A brief vespers service with inspirational readings and poetry preceded the campfire activities. The campfire continued with welcomes from the owners and main administrators, as well as introductions to some of the staff leaders. The program director explained the registration procedure for activities and I was thrilled with the wide array of classes offered. There was swimming, diving, canoeing, water aerobics, synchronized swimming, and other water sports. Western and English saddle horseback riding were taught, as well as archery, riflery, golf, tennis, and a class called "landsports" which encompassed everything from basket ball to soccer to softball. Also offered were classes in dance, chorus, arts and crafts. I listened carefully and with great excitement planned what I would sign up for the next day. New campers were then informed about the two tribes at Mystic, the Tonkawas and the Kiowas, one of which each girl is to be initiated into by drawing either a red (for Tonkawa) or a blue (for Kiowa) slip of paper from a box. I remember hoping to be a Tonkawa simply because I preferred red to navy blue, and the next day, I was.

By the end of the meeting, the sky had grown dark and the blazing fire shone brilliantly against the blue velvet backdrop, liberally sprayed with the brightest gleaming stars I had ever seen. The whole camp circled around the crackling flames and, joining hands, sang softly to the tune of taps:

*Day is done, gone the sun,*

*From the lakes, from the hills, from the skies.*

*All is well, safely rest.*

*God is nigh.*

We quietly said goodnights to those around us and proceeded tranquilly to our cabins. It was a beautiful way to end the day.

As the session wore on, we enjoyed many special events in addition to our regularly scheduled activities. Some of the most memorable were the dances with boys from neighboring camps who came over on busses twice a session. The girls spent hours jammed into the bathroom primping and perfuming, frantically trying on each other's clothes in efforts to find the perfect outfit. The dances always started with some entertainment, usually silly skits and songs performed by campers and counselors of the visiting camp. Few actually paid any attention to the entertainment, however, as we were all too busy looking over the boys. Invariably they were doused in too much

The girls spent hours jammed into the bathroom primping and perfuming, frantically trying on each other's clothes in efforts to find the perfect outfit. The dances always started with some entertainment, usually silly skits and songs performed by campers and counselors of the visiting camp. Few actually paid any attention to the entertainment, however, as we were all too busy looking over the boys.

cologne and wearing badly ironed shirts, and we mused silently about who would ask us to dance. After the dances, we sat up much of the night pining for the boys we liked trying to impress each other with how many telephone numbers and addresses we'd collected.

Another memorable Mystic tradition was KT carnival. It was one of my favorite days. No classes were held but instead an all-day fair was set up on the playing fields and tennis courts with games and contests, relays and competitions. One year we were surprised with professional clowns in all their bright green and yellow garb who made balloon animals and entertained us with stunts and magic tricks. We also had a "slave auction," and "kangaroo court," and various tribal competitions throughout the term. I enjoyed these events enormously as they broke up the monotony of the daily routine.

The biggest event of all, though, came at the end of camp at a two-day affair called "Round-Up." Essentially, it was a vehicle for parents to see what their children had been doing all summer, and for the girls to compete and perform for a real audience. I participated in several of the exhibitions and games. One which I can vividly recall was a horse show. I had been assigned Redbird, the most uncooperative and nasty-tempered horse of all. During the relay she first would not budge; and when I gave her two sharp heels to the sides, she turned and bit the horse beside me. Fortunately, I remember being amused rather than embarrassed by the incident, even though we'd clearly lost the race. My parents and I have laughed at the pictures many times since.

Though memory tends to favor the good over the bad, not all of my recollections of my camping days are so sweet. There were all of the usual bumps and scrapes one would expect a child to have at camp, and more serious injuries and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 43

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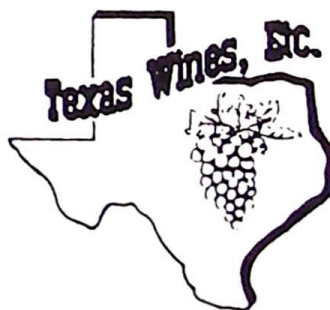
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# THE UNEXPECTED TERRITORY:



## Taking a Walk on the Wayside

---

by STEFANIE KAWECKI

---

If you have lived long in La Lomeria, that glorious stretch of Central Texas, then you have a pretty good grasp of the definition of "The Dog Days of August". Trying to exist from one air-conditioned space to the next, you mournfully stare out the car window at the unattended wayside and while the humidity condenses on your shades, you find yourself longing for the return of a kinder season. Yet for the naturalist, August can present unique opportunities for nature observation. The near intolerable heat provides us with the best excuse for appreciating what I call the "unexpected territory" of Central Texas landscape: the roadside swale, the fallow field, and the vacant urban lot.

No matter whether your contemplation is done from the cool comfort of a moving vehicle or from an array of field guides beside your favorite chair parked in front a fan set at warp speed, the unattended roadside ecosystem furnishes a fascinating area of nature study. All environments are affected by the four ecological principles; diversity, interdependence, adaptation, and change. However, nowhere better can one study the effects of the change than in the seemingly weedy wayside ecosystem.

Human intervention with nature through cultivation, mowing, spraying, grazing, and burning initiates the beginning of a new cycle of growth. As soon as conditions are suitable, particular plants sprout and thrive whose existence require the land to first be disturbed. We call these species pioneers.

Let's take a look at some interesting and prevalent pioneers of the Central Texas wayside. Have you noticed the bursts of pinkish-white fuzz growing on barbed-wire fences during your Hill Country drives? It is rare to see this plant growing anyplace other than along a fence line. Looking more like the downy seeds of dandelions, these flowers are often mistaken for seeds. This vine, *Clematis drummondii*, is appropriately named Old Man's Beard for the silky hairs of clusters of achenes covering the plant. Perhaps you are more familiar with it's relative, the garden variety of Clematis vine. Like all Clematis species, the flower of the Old Man's Beard has sepals instead of petals. You can enjoy this unusual flower into Winter.

Approaching a fallow field you will often notice a sea of white flowers atop erect four-foot stems that branch in perfectly straight Y's. If you chance to get a closer look, the flower reminds one of the poinsettia, with small, white five petal cup-like flowers surrounded by narrow green leaf-like bracts edged in white. This is Snow-on-the-Mountain (such a wonderful name!), *Euphorbia marinata*, which will entertain you through October. Like all members of the Spurge family, it contains a poisonous milky sap than can cause irritation to the skin and eyes of some people. Once, while weeding my yard without gloves and wiping the perspiration from

Human intervention with nature through cultivation, mowing, spraying, grazing, and burning initiates the beginning of a new cycle of growth. As soon as conditions are suitable, particular plants sprout and thrive whose existence require the land to first be disturbed. We call these species pioneers.

my face, I experienced four days of blindness from handling it's kin *Poinsettia dentata*, a similar looking, much shorter plant. After making an emergency trip to the eye doctor, I was relieved to discover I was not losing my retinas, but instead my Mr. Magoo condition was caused by extreme dilation. An excellent ophthalmologist, his first question was "Have you been touching plants?" and produced a photo of the culprit. "Guilty!" I replied, "I am always touching plants!"

Another favorite, *Baccharis neglecta*, will be seen in overgrazed fields and disturbed roadside areas. Just the word neglecta tells you something. A tall, open bush found mostly in limestone soils, but not a stranger to granitic soils, is commonly known by several interesting names: Roosevelt Weed, Poverty Weed, New Deal Weed. I understand that after the great dust bowl, when topsoils had been removed, this is the first thing to come back, thence its many historical names. Look for it to bloom beginning in September, with masses of silvery haired flowers that make the shrub look snowy.

Those small shrubby roadsides with clusters of yellowish berries are the Flameleaf Sumac, *Rhus copalina*. (You may recall that Poison Ivy is also in the *Rhus* family.) These berries have a lemon flavor, and were purportedly used by settlers to make a lemonade. Later in the Fall, when the leaves turn a flaming orange-red, these berries will turn a maroon color, and make very nice dried arrangements for the holiday season.

The last wayside wayfarer I'd like to point out is the Silverleaf Nightshade, *Solanum elaeagnifolium*. These beautiful silvery leafed plants grown in colonies along roadsides and in traffic medians. Blooming into October, these blue flowers, with large yellow anthers will look

CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE

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## TAKING A WALK ON THE WAYSIDE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

I confess to be an incorrigible naturalist, and my book shelves attest to this fact. Forever delving headlong into the natural sciences, this month you will find me stretched out along a sweet, sweet spot on the creek, with the big floppy brim of my straw hat cleverly positioned to conceal from the public eye such an arcane title as "Vegetation Changes Along the Mexican Border"

familiar to anyone who has ever grown their own tomatoes. The Solanacea family boasts of many useful and interesting plants including tomatoes, potatoes, peppers, eggplant, tobacco, petunia: as well as the fabled medieval aphrodisiac Mandrake and Luther Burbank's Wonderberry. It has been told that the Southwestern Indians used the yellow berry of the Silverleaf Nightshade in making cheese, comforting sore throats and toothaches. Reportedly a cream from these berries can cure poison ivy.

Yes — on August's grassy banks, in dappled light filtering through pecan and cottonwood trees not unlike an illuminated scene from a Renoir, many central Texans spend the magical pre-dusk hour, quietly breathing the sweet green air and reading escape novels. Well, some people read escape novels. With particular embarrassment from this deviation, I confess to be an incorrigible naturalist, and my book shelves attest to this fact. Forever delving headlong into the natural sciences, this month you will find me stretched out along a sweet, sweet spot on the creek, with the big floppy brim of my straw hat cleverly positioned to conceal from the public eye such an arcane title as "Vegetation Changes Along the Mexican Border" (1987, R Humphrey) You yawn! Ramona, literary buff and best friend, shakes her head at me in disbelief. Scanning her flyer of closeout books, I spy the title: "Natural History of Vacant Lots" (1987, M Vessel), and grow ecstatic. She rolls her eyes with familiar sarcasm. "Better order quick, there's likely to a rush on that one!"

Perhaps you are one of the fortunate who annually set aside a month for travel to "interesting" places (i.e. cooler climates). Hey—Didn't I see Arctic brochures on your coffee table? If not, why not take this opportunity for a walk (or air-conditioned drive) and visit the pioneers of the Hill Country wayside?



# THE SUNNIEST DAYS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

illnesses as well. Over the years at Mystic I suffered pulled ligaments in my knee, torn ligaments in my ankle, heat exhaustion, poison oak, two bouts of tonsillitis, occasional ticks and innumerable chiggers. There were emotional strains as well. Sessions were long, and though we were kept busy from reveille to taps with daily activities, there grew in us a certain restlessness toward the end of the term. This restlessness sometimes bred catty remarks and girlish competition, bruised egos and hurt feelings. I can recall wishing at those times that there were other campers from my school back in Clear Lake, envying that security which some of the more popular girls shared. Many of those girls also excelled in sports, and my childish intimidation caused me to dread upcoming games which I had been selected to play in for fear that I would mess up in front of everybody.

But these were learning experiences which helped me to cope with social insecurities, homesickness, and relationships with others. At camp I learned confidence and independence, and gained a deeper understanding and appreciation for friendship and camaraderie. As for all of the memories I have taken with me from my adventures at camp, I will hold them dear to me. Those were some of the sunniest days of my life.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

From the Clear Lake area of Houston, Karen West attended Camp Mystic in Kerrville during the summers of her eighth through her fifteenth year. West is currently a Junior at the University of Texas at Austin, majoring in journalism.



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## CORRECTION

In the August issue of *Enchanted Rock Magazine*, a sentence in the article, "The Mystery of Babyhead Mountain," read that Mary Pickett of Llano was Bill Wyckoff's great-great-granddaughter. It should have read that Pickett was Wyckoff's great-great-niece. *Enchanted Rock Magazine* regrets the error.

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# THE CONTINUING SAGA: WHAT IS TIME TO ENCHANTED ROCK?

BY JIM CHUDE

In last month's article on Geologic Time, I mentioned words like Cambrian, Jurassic, Cretaceous, etc. They obviously refer to specific geologic time periods, but you may wonder how they are related to each other, and how Enchanted Rock fits into "the big picture" of Time. The geologists have conveniently constructed a geologic time chart and divided time into Periods and Eras, with the oldest at the bottom and youngest at the top. (see example right.) The divisions between the time periods have been noted world-wide and generally represent mass extinctions of fossils and flora.

At the very bottom of the chart is an Era called Pre-Cambrian. Rocks of Precambrian age do not have fossils. The atmospheric conditions at that time did not lend themselves to an environment favorable to life as we know it.

Enchanted Rock and the surrounding area is a geological paradise. Rocks from all geological Eras and types can be seen from the summit of Enchanted Rock.

There are six basic rock units that are found in the area. Starting from the oldest to the youngest, using the chart, they are: Packsaddle Schist — Precambrian age, 1.35 billion years; Town Mountain Granite (Enchanted Rock itself) — Precambrian age, 1 billion years; Hickory Sandstone — Cambrian Age at 550 million years; Ellenberger — Ordovi-

gian Age at 435 million years; Edwards Formation — Cretaceous Age, 70 million years; and lastly there is a rock unit the geologists call Quaternary Alluvium — Recent Age, less than 1 million years old.

How did such a mixed bag of rocks of different ages wind up in the Enchanted Rock area? What happened to all the other rocks on the chart in between the ones listed above? Geologists have been trying to answer those two questions for years and have thereby published numerous books and papers. The answers are complicated, incomplete, and far beyond the space allowed for this article.

In simplified terms, the Packsaddle Schist is a rock unit about 10,000 feet thick. It originally consisted of sandstones and limestones that were deposited in an ancient ocean. These sediments were then buried deeply and exposed to extreme heat and pressure, which altered them to gneiss, schists, and marble. Then about a billion years ago, the Town Mountain Granite magma was pushed upward into the overlying metamorphic rock by forces at great depth. The magma cooled while still buried and is called an intrusive batholith by geologists.

Next, during *Cambrian* time, the central Texas region underwent periods of uplift and the region was exposed to erosion. So, during *Cambrian* time (600 million years ago) Enchanted Rock appeared on the surface of the earth for the first time. The Hickory Sandstone formation is

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composed of granite sand and looks very similar to a hardened Sandy Creek. Then, the ocean moved in during the *Ordovician* time (435 million years ago) and the Ellenberger Limestone and Dolomite were deposited over the area. Most likely, Enchanted Rock was completely buried by these sediments. During the *Pennsylvanian* Period (300 million years ago) once again, the central Texas region was uplifted and eroded and Enchanted Rock was exposed again. This erosion continued through the *Jurassic* Period (150 million years ago). During the *Cretaceous* time (70-140 million years ago), when the dinosaurs reached their peak, shallow

seas once again covered the region and thick sequences of sandstone and limestone were deposited. Slowly, Enchanted Rock was buried under thousands of feet of sediment.

At the end of the *Cretaceous* period (70 million years), continental elevation once again brought the region well above sea level. Extensive erosion since then to the present has removed most of the older *Ordovician* rocks, but some of these rocks are still found covering parts of the Enchanted Rock batholith and can be seen west of the rock as low flat-topped mesas.

As you can imagine, the geologic story behind Enchanted Rock is very long and complicated. It's like trying to put together a 500 piece puzzle in which you only have 120 pieces and no picture to go by. My guess is that geologists will still be studying and researching the Enchanted Rock area until the end of time and still won't have all the answers.

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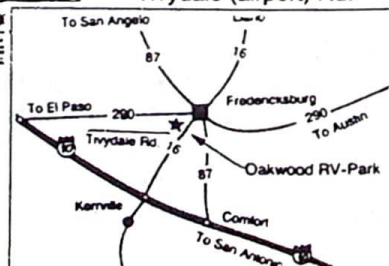
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## PREHISTORIC POTTERY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

is more common.

Last year LUAS vice-president Roger Gibson discovered a large sherd on a heavily disturbed site on the shore of Lake LBJ. Rarely is such a large piece of pottery found in Central Texas, and even more rare is the incised and punctuated decoration and "stirrup" handle. The source of this pot can be pinpointed with certainty to Late Prehistoric Caddo villages on the upper Nueches and Angelina Rivers in East Texas. The people who lived in these villages were the immediate ancestors of the Tejas Indians of the Historic Period.

Archeological excavations in the Llano Uplift region have clearly demonstrated that pottery was made and used by the late-prehistoric people who resided in this part of Central Texas. A small amount of pottery did enter the Llano Uplift and other parts of Central Texas, primarily from the Caddo people of east Texas and perhaps from regions farther afield.

### ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

Charles Hixon of Sunrise Beach is the Archeological Steward in for LUAS in Llano County, as part of a network of volunteers sponsored by the Texas Historical Commission. Part two of this article will appear in the October issue of *Enchanted Rock Magazine*.



(map not to scale)

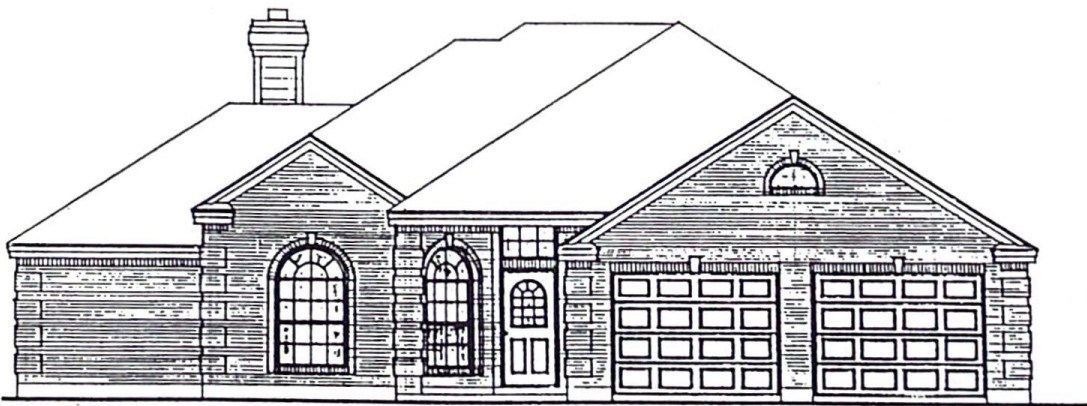
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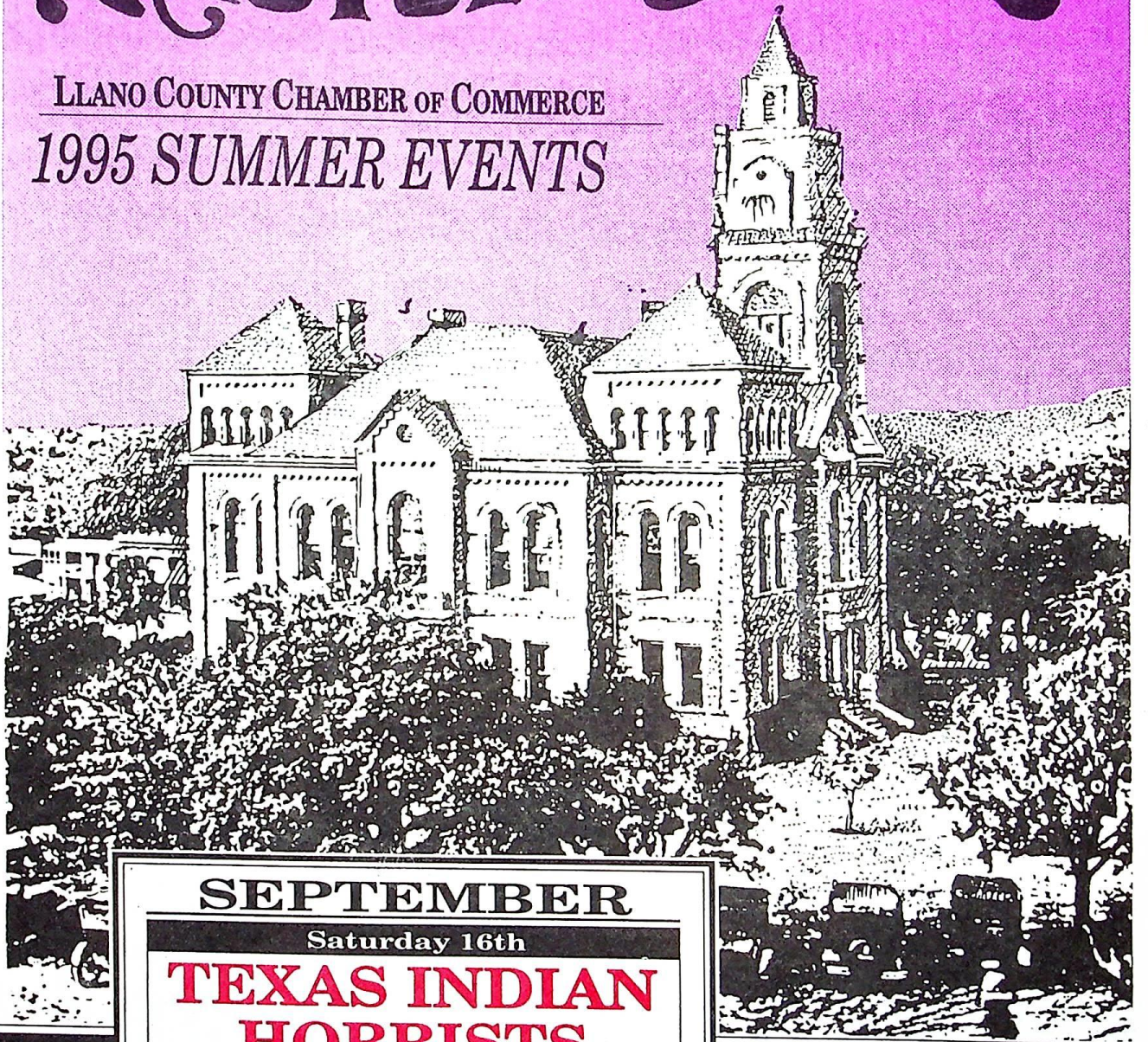
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- 7th • DRT Garage & Bake Sale/Historic Jail
- 11th • Extension Homemakers Fall Harvest Fest
- 21st • 6th Annual Llano Heritage Day Festival and 100th Birthday Party for Historic Jail

FOR ADDITIONAL INFORMATION WRITE OR CALL:

Llano County Chamber of Commerce

700 Bessemer • Llano, Texas 78643

915-247-5354