

HERITAGE OF THE TEXAS HILL COUNTRY

ENCHANTED ROCK

M A G A Z I N E

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

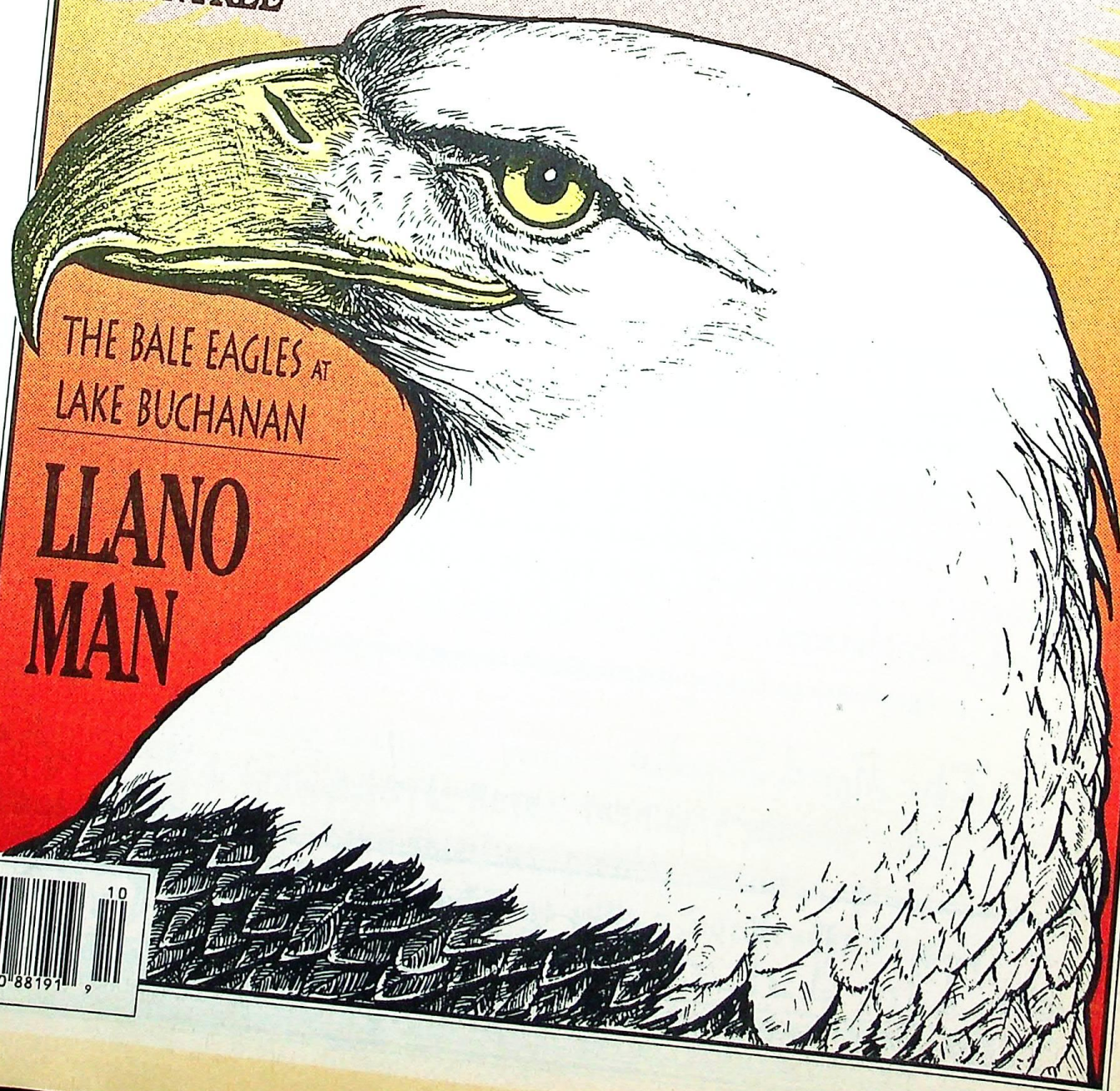
VOL. 2, No. 8 OCTOBER 1995

HILL COUNTRY
MAP INSIDE: PAGE 13

THE PRIEST & THE PRESIDENT

\$2.00

GHOST OF
ROUNTREE



THE BALE EAGLES AT
LAKE BUCHANAN

LLANO
MAN



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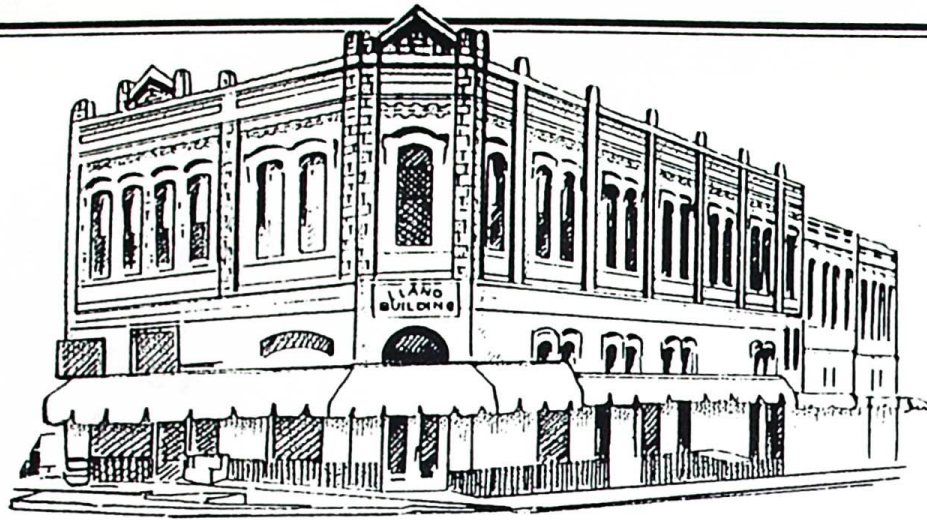
THE PRIEST & THE PRESIDENT


GHOST OF ROUNTREE

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LLANO MAN





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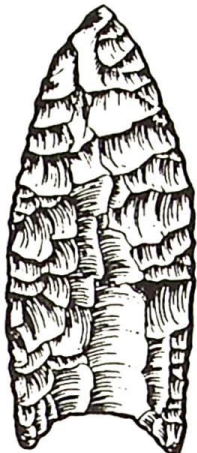
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ON THE COVER: LAKE BUCHANAN BALD EAGLE. Art by Buck Burkle.



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GET LOST

The next time you go to Enchanted Rock State Natural Area it may be temporarily closed. I didn't hear about the new visitation policy in time for the September issue, so many of you may already know the details. If you haven't, in a nutshell, when the park reaches capacity on any given day the staff will turn away everyone until 5 p.m. the same day. When you're turned away you will be given a flyer which explains the details. Although it doesn't say so on the flyer, one of the best reasons for the new policy was the traffic problem created by dozens of cars waiting on the highway for more parking spaces to open up in the park.

I hope the park's new policy doesn't discourage you from visiting Enchanted Rock. I know that many of the best day-trips are spontaneous, and it'd be a shame to permanently reject a visit to Enchanted Rock Country on such occasions. My advice. Go on ahead!

If you're turned away you can still end up with an adventure. In fact, I have a suggestion that'll take you to some of my favorite haunts. And at every turn you'll come upon some of the prettiest land Texas has to offer; and at every stop you'll meet some mighty fine folks.

Basically—turn left when you leave the park. Four miles down the road is Crabapple Crossing Country Store near the banks of Crabapple Creek. They have gas there (nearly always) just in case, plus chips, drinks, barbecue and (my favorite) turkey jerky. If you're really hungry, you can try working your way through their barbecue sandwich. It's definitely Texas-size.

At Crabapple, you'll probably be greeted by a tall drink of water named Buck. He works there part-time on the weekends 'cause he gets paid nearly nothing as art director of this magazine. But he sure is cheerful anyway.

When you leave Crabapple head on up the road to the Highway 16 intersection Turn right there. I hope you brought your camera and some extra film 'cause we're headed for Harry's place at Willow City, and that means driving the Loop. Some five miles down Hwy 16 you'll turn left, but drive slow so you can take in the scenery and see the county sign. Chances are, this time of year, Willow City Loop will be pretty free of traffic. Remember, you're driving through private ranches. Stay on the road. If you don't you're trespassing, and if you get caught you're in for the kind of adventure I don't recommend. This is one of the most photogenic stretches of roadside in Texas—with plenty of cattle and deer, so drive carefully.

Once you reach Willow City you'll come up on a stop sign. Straight ahead is Harry's on the Loop. Like Crabapple

Crossing it's a laid-back, Texas friendly kind of place. Harry and Rosemary serve up home-made burgers and barbecue with dining indoors or out. You'll want to check out their jukebox which gives real meaning to the phrase, "a blast from the past." While there you'll want to sign their guest building. That's right—building. You'll know what I mean once you're there.

After Harry's, head to Luckenbach for some more down-home, funky adventure. To get there you can go through Fredericksburg, or you might want to try your luck on the county roads where you can get lost as many times as you want to. If so, turn right when leaving Harry's and hang another right somewhere down the road. I've added a few lines on our map which probably won't help much, but like I'm fond of saying, "You never know where you are until you get lost."


IRA KENNEDY

ENCHANTED ROCK MAGAZINE

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 PRINTER: HIGHLAND PUBLISHING
 Marble Falls, Texas

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(LORD, HOW I LOVE) A HILLBILLY SONG

BY FRANK HILL

There's songs about the honky-tonks, and the pickups cowboys drive
Sung to ev'ry slap and lick from Broadway Shows to Jive.

Goodness knows, ol' Rock 'N' Roll's gonna eat your kids alive.

So let's scat back down over on home, an' maybe we'll survive.

I still sing songs about hobos and freight trains,

FM' radios can't sell their time without songs of love and pain.

Texas even has a song for kicking hippies and rasin' cane.

But, I'm just a good ol' country boy and I like my music plain.

(Lord, How I Love) A Hillbilly Song.

Makes me feel like God above is a-keepin' me from all wrong.

Scat right back to the music I love; it's waited for so long.

(Lord, How I love) A Hillbilly Song.

Ernest Tubb's still "Walkin' The Floor" up where the Angels sing.

Out on them high west Texas plains, Bob Wills is still the king.

Kitty Wells will always be my country music queen.

Then Elvis and the Beatles started changin' ev'rything.

Play Jimmie Rodgers' 78's from 1929;

Hank Williams, Senior's "Lovesick Blues" a million, million times;

Carter Family gospel licks straight 'n' narrow down the line.

Hillbilly music is a-comin' back if only in my mind.

(Lord, How I Love) A Hillbilly Song.

Makes me feel like God above is a-keepin' me from all wrong.

Scat right back to the music I love; it's waited for so long.

(L.ord, How I love) A Hillbilly Song.

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L E T T E R S

More Interest in Llanite

I discovered your magazine here in Austin at my workplace. I have thoroughly enjoyed it and enclosed is my subscription for a year. The issue I have read is May, 1995. Please begin with June, 1995. If that is not available I need to have the second portion of the article on Llanite copied for my files. I will be glad to reimburse the expense. Hopefully the back issue is available.

Best wishes on your endeavors. I like the format and the expressed philosophy (philosophies). I'm a native Texan with the good fortune to settle in this area after living and working throughout the world while in the U.S. Army. I hope the Hill Country doesn't get loved (and subdivided) to death. Publications such as yours should help preserve this heritage.

Peace & Health
B. Duke Kimbraugh
Austin, Texas

I Like It

I discovered a copy of your magazine, and I think it's very interesting. Would you please send a subscription to the address below.

Thank you.
Mrs. C.R. Morrison
Austin, Texas

A Bowie Relation

I am enclosing a check for \$27.50. One year subscription to *Enchanted Rock Magazine* and, if possible, the March issue with the Jim Bowie story. James Matthew Doyal, often misspelled Doyle, was my ancestor on my mother's side. I enjoy reading about him.

Thank you.
June Myers

Crabapple Crossing

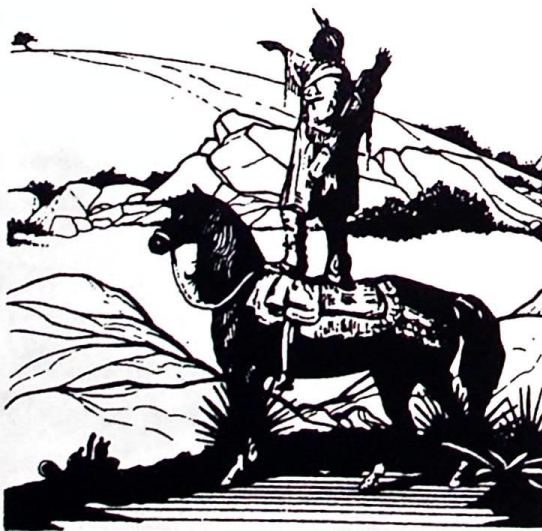
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LETTERS

Impressed

After looking over an issue of the *Enchanted Rock Magazine* we feel that it would be good to have back issues of the publication in our reference library. If you would like to donate copies of the back issues, we would be happy to accept them.

Having these publications on file here in the State Library may help with your circulation. Many people utilize the publications and other books available to them here at the Library.

I was quite impressed with the contents of the issue that you sent us. The Texas Hill Country has always been one of my favorite parts of Texas, and I love exploring and sight seeing throughout the area. I may just have to subscribe to the magazine myself. In addition to the interesting articles, is sure has lots of good advertisements and suggestions for places to go and things to see.

I am not sure what the budget of the State Library is like in regards to purchasing subscriptions to new publications. It seems that our budget gets cut more and more every year. However, if you would ever want to send any other complimentary copies of future issues, I am sure that the Library would appreciate them.

If I can ever be of help to you here at the State Archives please feel free to call on me.

Sincerely,
Donaly E. Brice
Supervisor, Reference Services
Texas State Library
Austin, Texas

Tabloid Journalism

Since my passionate fondness for *Enchanted Rock Magazine* is a little like a love affair, criticizing your editorial choices seems a little awkward . . . sort of like telling a lover that . . . er . . . uhm . . . some of the moves . . . well, they just don't . . . sort of . . . work well! But . . . gulp . . . here goes!

I wish the article "The Mystery of Babyhead Mountain" had not appeared in your magazine. (In the interest of historical accuracy that subject probably deserves further research attention.) But reading that particular article in the midst of enjoying what the magazine has consistently offered (to me personally) felt like watching an excellent public television program about nineteenth century central Texas culture and suddenly having it interrupted by a long blurb of twentieth century sensational "tabloid" journalism!

Don't get me wrong! It's okay to paint the bad guys as "bad guys." And we don't need any sacred cows. (The bad guys can come from any place, be of any color, represent any culture, speak any language in any way, etc. etc. etc. . . . as far as it goes.) I just don't want the magazine to become the place to find investigative journalism directed toward (possible or even probable) historical crimes. I think there is a very fine line between taking another careful look at history . . . which *should* expose calculated cover-ups of what "really" happened . . . and something which smacks of retroactive muck-raking.

Two articles in this same issue of the magazine provide dramatic examples that contrast the two sides of that fine line. "Haengerbaende: The Hanging Bands" and "The Mystery of Babyhead Mountain" both deal with historical murders of convenience to someone or some group(s). But . . . again, to me! — Haengerbaende" feels like history while "Babyhead" feels like yellow journalism. I don't know exactly why I feel that way about them — I just do!

Since I am not a journalist, or an historian, or a critic, or an editor, I am not trained to look for or analyze such subtleties.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42

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THE PRESIDENT AND THE PRIEST

BY KENN KNOPP

**A PRESIDENT FROM THE HILL COUNTRY AND A PRIEST FROM GERMANY
FORM A BOND OF FRIENDSHIP IN THE QUIET COMMUNITY OF STONEWALL.**

Wunibald Willibald Schneider, one of twelve children, was born in the tiny village of Pollenfeldt in Schwabia not far from the regional center of Eichstaett, Germany on March 24, 1907. After the devastation of World War I, Wunibald Schneider set his goal to graduate from the area Forstbaumschule, the gardening and forestation school.

No one had a better "green thumb" or could produce a finer garden than young Wunibald. The more he would attend the flowers, the vegetables, and the hedges and the saplings, the more they would sprout, grow and bloom. It was an endless cycle of ardent caring and productive growth.

At age 21, in 1928, he felt called to join the Salvatorian Catholic Brotherhood in Wuerzburg. Wuerzburg was also the center for growing the herbs and medicaments made famous by the naturalist priest, Father Sebastian Kneipp, who cured his own serious case of tuberculosis with herbs, water, organic foods, and clean air and exercise. With the Salvatorians, Brother Wunibald quickly gained a reputation for "repairing droopy plants" and performing miracles in the congregation's garden. As a minister, for corporal works of mercy, he made regular visits to the sick and the aged.

When the Nazi brown shirts and Hitler's other henchmen began looking around for those to purge and bully, Catholic, Lutheran, and other Christian social workers were added to their hit lists along with their main target, the Jews. The Salvatorian superiors felt they should not risk keeping all the members of their order in Germany. Quietly and slowly they began to disperse their priests and brothers to their various stations in other countries.

Brother Schneider found himself reporting for duty at the Salvatorian foreign missionary center at Christeton Hall near Chester, England. Much to his shock, he and the other working brothers had to live in a rundown horse stable. Each brother had his own stall separated from the other only by a curtain.

It did not take long for Brother Schneider to turn the stable area into a beautiful sight to behold. Gradually the ground of the entire estate became the pride of the area. Under Schneider's direction and green thumb the brothers brought in repeated bumper crops of fine vegetables. They produced more than enough to sell for income with plenty to present to the poor at no cost.

When World War II broke out, his superiors felt that a German would not be safe in England. In recalling the situation,

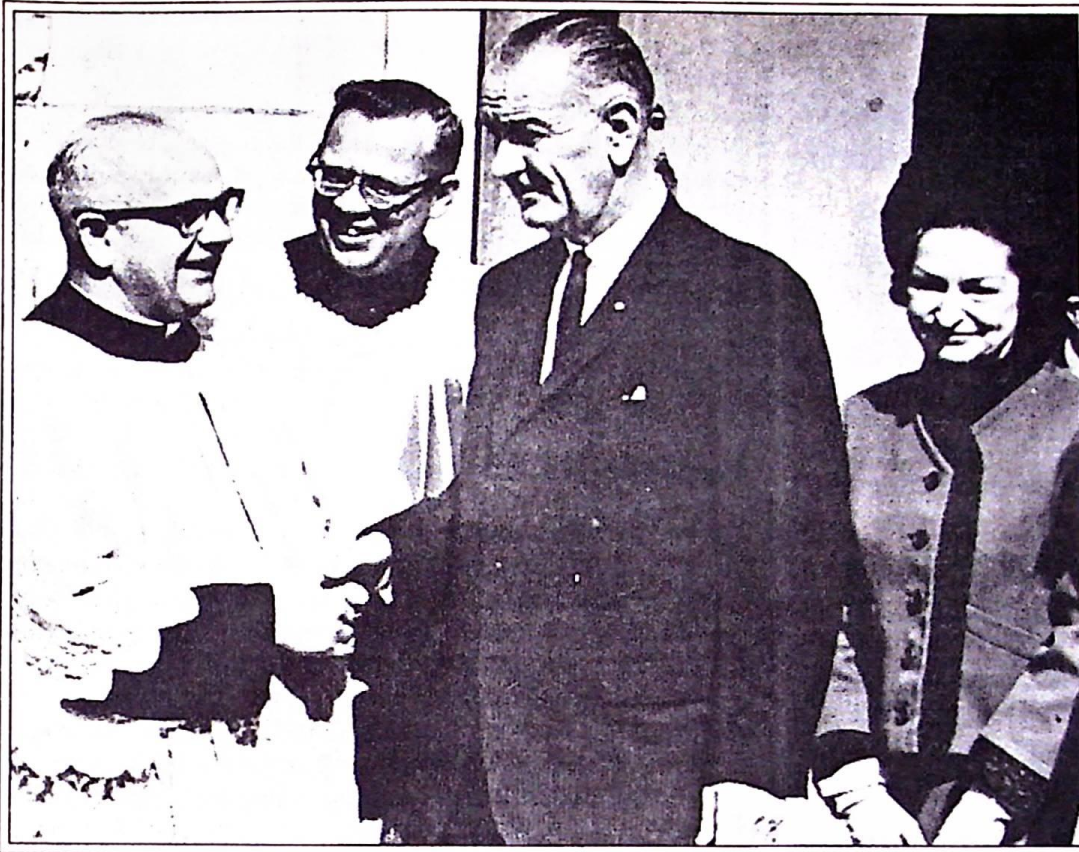
Schneider reminisced, "In Ireland they dislike the English; but, they liked me as a German." So off to Ireland he went. But not for long. Because he was never academically inclined, his being urged to become a priest came as a lightening bolt of fright. He suddenly found himself at the Vatican in Rome studying to be a priest in Beda College, the seminary for those who speak English. He was ordained a priest on April 4, 1953.

Father Schneider clearly recalled his audience with Pope Pius XII following his ordination. Pope Pius XII had been the nuncio of Munich and was surprised to meet a priest from the English seminary speaking German, the pope's second most fluent language. The pope exclaimed, "Sonderbar! You are a German, going to an English college, and soon to be going to Texas to be a pastor there."

The Texas archbishop, Robert E. Lucey of San Antonio, was looking for German speaking priests for his German parishes within a large and sprawling archdiocese. Father Schneider arrived in Texas in November of 1953. "I was disappointed that I saw no Indians or desperados; and didn't arrive in a stage-coach, but on a train. And I was driven by car to my first assignment, the German church of St. Joseph in downtown San Antonio. But never in my life did I believe that in the United States there would be so many still speaking German . . . that so many of these would be German-speaking cowboys!"

In August of 1954, on his way to his new assignment as assistant pastor of St. Mary of the Immaculate Conception Catholic Church in Friedrichsburg, he misjudged a curve and flipped his car near the community of Honey Creek. "But I was not damaged! — my guardian angel took care of me! I always thank God for my guardian angel. If one is not interested in his guardian angel, then the angel may not be all that interested either!"

After Lyndon B. Johnson became a U.S. Senator from Texas, LBJ did not want his Catholic guests to have to go to mass alone. Soon the Johnsons started coming with their guests to church. LBJ was raised in the Christian Church, Disciples of Christ and attended that church in Johnson City. Lyndon's widow, Ladybird, is a life long Episcopalian and has always been very active as a member of Friedrichsburg's St. Barnabas Church. Their daughter Luci became a Catholic. The Johnsons often stated that they felt very welcome and comfortable at each of the area churches and enjoyed going to them all. The secret service agents like it also; because one never knew what church service they would suddenly attend.



PRESIDENT AND MRS. LYNDON B. JOHNSON GREET FATHER WUNIBALD W. SCHNEIDER AFTER ATTENDING MASS IN ST. MARY'S CATHOLIC CHURCH IN FREDERICKSBURG. PHOTO COURTESY K. KNOPP.

The friendship between LBJ and Father Schneider became so deep that Father Schneider would become livid should someone dare to remark about how fast LBJ drove through the countryside. Father Schneider insisted that LBJ never "ever" went beyond the speed limit, all rumors to the contrary! "A president of duh United Schtates would neffer do dat — he must giff goot example!" Everyone bit their tongue to keep a straight face in the good priest's presence. But everyone also knew otherwise, too. But they loved the priest so much they would never contradict him.

LBJ would often come by Father Schneider's parsonage and pick him up to ride through the German Hills to take care of chores and visit with the farmers and ranchers of the area, talking with them about the crops, prices, and conditions in general.

"I like you, Father, because it's in your very nature to tell it exactly like it is!" Father Schneider recalled LBJ telling him.

When Father Schneider left Friedrichsburg to become the pastor in nearby Stonewall in August of 1967 he received this congratulatory letter from LBJ:

"I know that all the people of Stonewall share my joy at your recent appointment. Your prayers have always lent strength and sustenance to our leadership and your friendship has been a blessing on our house.

"Mrs. Johnson and the family join me in extending to you our warmest congratulations. We look forward to the coming years with a gratifying sense of confidence in the moral and spiritual guidance you will bring to our Texas community.

"We pray that you will find the fullest measure of happiness and satisfaction in your new duties. Sincerely, Lyndon B.

"MRS. JOHNSON AND THE FAMILY JOIN ME IN EXTENDING TO YOU OUR WARMEST CONGRATULATIONS. WE LOOK FORWARD TO THE COMING YEARS WITH A GRATIFYING SENSE OF CONFIDENCE IN THE MORAL AND SPIRITUAL GUIDANCE YOU WILL BRING TO OUR TEXAS COMMUNITY.

WE PRAY THAT YOU WILL FIND THE FULLEST MEASURE OF HAPPINESS AND SATISFACTION IN YOUR NEW DUTIES.

**SINCERELY,
LYNDON B. JOHNSON"**

Johnson"

Not many weeks later LBJ invited Father Schneider, along with a few of the neighbors around Stonewall and Friedrichsburg, as he often did, to come to his airport hanger to see the new, smash hit motion picture "The Graduate" starring Dustin Hoffman, who played a student lured into bed by an older woman.

When that scene occurred Father Schneider stood up and scolded the President of the United States for looking at such trash . . . and with his friends yet! "But, Father, I have to keep informed as to what's going on in this world." was LBJ's meager defense. "But it is you, Mr. President, who must give the good example to the rest of the country!" After that, the priest was not so quick to respond to invitations to the airport hanger.

The president and the priest had many discussions, especially about the Vietnamese War. They both agreed that atheistic communism was eating away at the peripheries of the Free World and democracy and communism should not be allowed to encroach any further. LBJ was highly troubled that the North Vietnamese, like ants in a stepped-on nest, would just seem to disappear when bombings took place; only to come out again ready to fight on and on and on.

Father Schneider recalled visiting LBJ at the ranch house. The president had been up all night on the hotline. He told the priest, "Well, father, I thought I had a home run, but it just didn't work out." LBJ was determined to win the Vietnam War and was pre-occupied with it. Father Schneider was almost speechless when LBJ talked about his precarious situation of utmost

CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE

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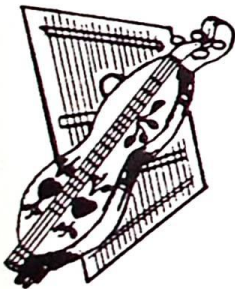
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power and being able to push "any" button, only the snap of a finger away. Father Schneider related now LBJ said he was determined not to ever let that happen.

"Pray hard, Father; but this bombing stuff just isn't going to work out!" LBJ pleaded. At all the masses from then on special prayers were offered up that God would relieve the president, and the country, of this tragic predicament. The good Father also instituted the very special Catholic series of prayer called the Novena which is practiced in time of necessity or emergency.

The Novena is nine consecutive days of persistent petitioning of God. The scriptural example is in Acts 2 when the apostles huddled together after Jesus' crucifixion for nine fearsome days. Much to their astonishment the Holy Spirit filled them giving them wisdom, courage and bold initiative. And the Christian church began in earnest.

Not long thereafter Lyndon Johnson got his answer, too. Calmly and filled with peaceful resolve, he told his staff that he would be reversing all gears to break the impasse in the war. Johnson's next announcement would come as a great shock to Father Schneider as it did to the whole nation. LBJ would not run for another term in the presidency; thus allowing others to deal with the war in other than baseball "home run" terms . . . perhaps football: end runs, or even, to punt — to pull out of Vietnam altogether, or whatever. Another tactic entirely was what was needed. He would retire.

Father Schneider, teary-eyed that his staunch, bold friend came to such conclusions, nevertheless maintained, "It is God's will, the answer to the Novena!" Then he concluded, "President Johnson has been under great stress. He accomplished great things for this country. He looks far too tired and tense. Health may also be a factor, too."

LBJ PROUD TO BE LIVING IN THE GERMAN HILLS

Ludwig Erhard, the chancellor of Germany, was one of a long line of German dignitaries who Lyndon B. Johnson savored bringing to Friedrichsburg and to the Texas White House on his ranch sprawled along the docile Pedernales River.

Lady Bird, too, enjoyed showing the wives and friends of the visitors the wildflowers, the cactus, the wild mustang grape vines crawling over the oaks of the scenic German Hills. Her wildflower and beautification programs made a countryside that was already beautiful explode with even more color and majesty.

LBJ took much pride in introducing the high and mighty from Germany to his local German-Texan neighbors — with names such as Vogel, Weinheimer, Jenschke, Jacoby, Klein, Kusenberger, Maenius, Petsch Lindig, Ruebsahmen, Pehl and many more typical German surnames.

Father Wunibald Willibald remembered well, as associate pastor of St. Mary's Catholic Church in Friedrichsburg, the first time LBJ introduced him to a German industrialist after attending mass one Sunday morning with the First Lady and the secret service crew.

"Father Schneider, this is my good friend; now speak some of your German to him" . . . LBJ blurted out with a big grin. The president's interpreter then asked LBJ if he should interpret what Father Schneider was saying. "Naw, no need for that.

"FATHER SCHNEIDER, THIS IS MY GOOD FRIEND; NOW SPEAK SOME OF YOUR GERMAN TO HIM" . . . LBJ BLURTED OUT WITH A BIG GRIN. THE PRESIDENT'S INTERPRETER THEN ASKED LBJ IF HE SHOULD INTERPRET WHAT FATHER SCHNEIDER WAS SAYING. "NAW, NO NEED FOR THAT. WHATEVER FATHER SCHNEIDER SAYS, IS GOT TO BE NOTHING BUT GOOD!"

Whatever Father Schneider says, is got to be nothing but good!"

Father Schneider heard that. And since Father Schneider's English and ability to handle English idioms was quite limited, the priest took it that LBJ meant that he as a priest shouldn't hesitate to tell LBJ "whatever was for the president's good and the good of the country, even the world." From that day on Father Schneider considered himself obligated to be quite frank about the good of the soul of LBJ and others.

It is said that because of LBJ taking an immediate and instinctive liking to Father Schneider, and by some method of influence one way or another, the Archbishop of San Antonio, Francis Furey, soon thereafter appointed Rev. Schneider to be the pastor of St. Francis Xavier parish in Stonewall just across the river from the LBJ Ranch about ten miles East of Friedrichsburg.

That did it . . . Father Schneider considered that an even more definite sign. He figured that God was now confirming his responsibility toward the Johnsons. If LBJ and Lady Bird ever needed anything at all from him, he would be there for them.

CHANCELLOR ERHARD WAS A WHOLE DIFFERENT KIND OF "GERMAN"

German dignitaries came to Friedrichsburg regularly during LBJ's presidency. The first really enjoyable one was Chancellor Konrad Adenauer who took a liking to the equally-as-jolly mayor of Friedrichsburg, Sidney Henke; and longtime county Democratic chairman, banker and originator and initial developer of the now famed Nimitz Museum, Arthur Stehling.

But now, word came that LBJ and Lady Bird were coming to town again . . . but this time they were bringing with them Germany's most staid, stuffy, and serious-minded chancellor, the very highly esteemed Chancellor Ludwig Erhard. This time they knew from the newspapers and the TV, everything would have to be very prim and very proper. Friedrichsburg's charming dialect just simply wouldn't do! the Chancellor might get the impression that German was being denigrated.

Friedrichsburg's Germans, having been in Texas for many generations since 1845, all know each other well indeed. Only very seldom, and well before Friedrichsburg's fabled popularity as a tourist destination began, did the local Ger-

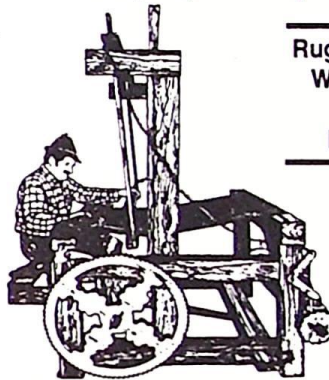
CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

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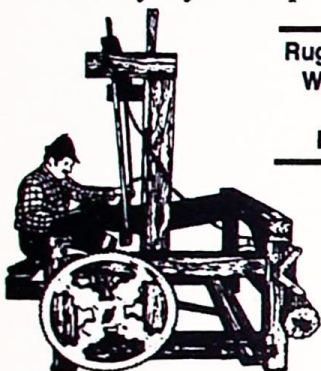
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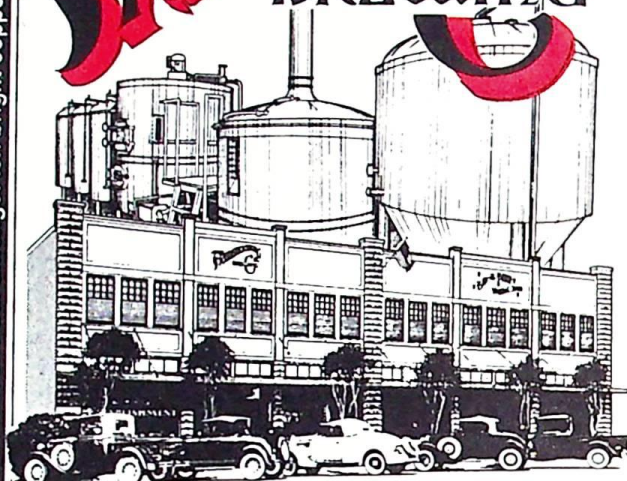
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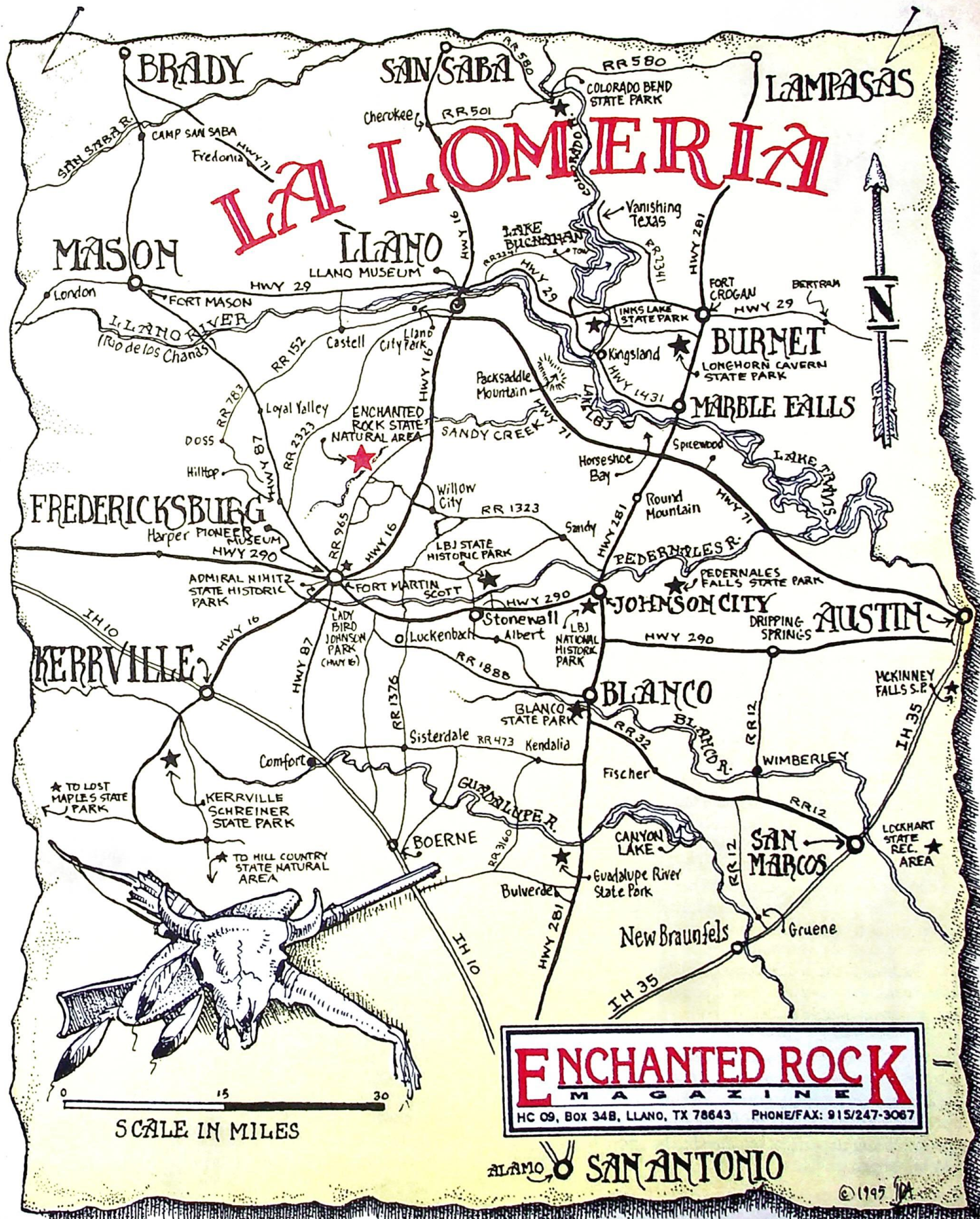


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CERAMIC TECHNOLOGY IN CENTRAL TEXAS

PART TWO OF TWO PARTS

BY CHARLES HIXSON

AROUND AD 1200 A NEW KIND OF COOKING TECHNOLOGY APPEARED IN CENTRAL TEXAS: BOILING FOOD IN CERAMIC VESSELS SET DIRECTLY OVER A FIRE. THIS TECHNOLOGY, WHICH INCLUDED THE MANUFACTURE AS WELL AS THE USE OF CERAMIC POTS, DIFFUSED INTO CENTRAL TEXAS FROM POTTERY-MAKING CULTURES TO THE EAST AND POSSIBLY THE NORTH WHERE IT HAD EXISTED FOR CENTURIES

Before pottery, food was probably boiled in tightly woven baskets or rawhide pouches filled with water. The water was brought to a boil by placing heated stones into the container, replacing them as they cooled with other heated stones until the food was cooked. Stone boiling may appear to be an inconvenient way to cook — and other cooking methods may have been preferred in cultures without pottery — but stone-boiling was a widespread and long-practiced technique for cooking food. And while efficiency alone cannot account for the adoption of a new technology, pottery must have had its advantages once the art of pottery making was mastered.

The pots made by prehistoric potters in central Texas were technologically simple but well suited for boiling food. And though simple by modern standards, pottery was a major departure from the way other tools were made. Unlike weaving and flint knapping, pottery making involves the creation of a synthetic material (ceramic) not normally found in nature. When clay is subjected to enough heat, its crystalline structure is irrevocably altered into a ceramic material, much harder than the original clay and able to retain this hardness as well as its shape on contact with liquids.

Although the technology of making pottery came from elsewhere, the materials needed could be found locally. Clays are widely available and easily collected from cut banks along rivers and creeks. These sedimentary clays — clays which have been transported and deposited by moving waters — often contain silts and sand that reduce plasticity and may make the clays unsuitable for pottery making. However, relatively pure clays were not difficult for the ancient potters to find, but one important ingredient remained to be added before pottery making began.

TEMPER

Perhaps the most distinguishing characteristic of locally-made prehistoric pottery is the pulverized bone which was mixed into the clay before forming the pot. These particles of bone can usually be seen as small flecks of white material on the surface and in the fabric of most pottery sherds from archeological sites in Central Texas. Sometimes these white flecks retain the structure of the cancellous or spongy part of the bone which is relatively easy to crush into a coarse powder, especially if subjected to preliminary burning.

Adding some kind of nonplastic material, called temper, to clay is a common practice of potters, both ancient and modern. Most clays, particularly the common surface clays exploited by prehistoric potters, shrink to some degree while drying, and because pots rarely dry evenly, cracks often develop. Adding temper to the wet clay minimizes shrinkage and also helps the pot withstand the shock of rapid temperature changes which occur during the firing process.

Unlike some more common types of temper, such as quartz sand which undergoes drastic size changes at temperatures within the firing range of prehistoric potters, burned bone tends to expand at the same rate as the clay. This makes bone an ideal tempering material for low-fired wares.

CONSTRUCTION

The pottery wheel was unknown in the New World before Columbus and most pottery was formed using a number of hand building techniques. The one used in central Texas involved coiling thin ropes of clay to form a vessel. Scraping with some sort of tool thinned and further shaped the walls of the pot, and

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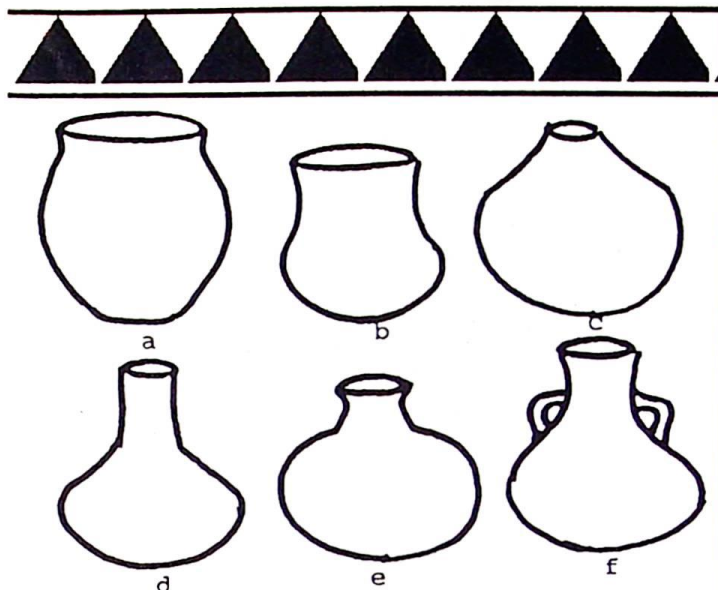
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usually removed all traces of the coils. Sometimes imperfectly smoothed coils can be seen on prehistoric sherds from this area. Coiling and other hand building techniques are still being used in rural areas of undeveloped countries. Studies of these traditional practices have aided archeologists in reconstructing prehistoric ceramic technology.

The complete range of prehistoric vessel shapes and sizes in Central Texas is unknown. As stated in a previous segment, few if any, whole vessels of bone tempered pottery, called Leon Plain by archeologists, have been found. Only a handful of reconstructed pots have been published in the literature, and most of these shapes are shown in the illustration.

From the available evidence, ancient potters of central Texas favored globular shapes, avoiding sharp angles which may not tolerate the stress of abrupt temperature changes encountered during the firing process. Wide mouths, as seen on the first two pots of the illustration, were preferred for cooking jars so the contents could be seen while stirred and otherwise tended.

Narrow mouths, shown on all the other illustrated forms, prevented spillage and protected the contents from pests, useful for storage jars and vessels used to transport goods. The vessels might also be provided with small loop handles, to which carrying straps could be tied.

Vessel sizes tended to be small. Most examples are less than 30 centimeters (12 inches) tall. This reflects small group size and need for portability.

When the pot was in the "leather-hard stage" of dryness, it was polished using a smooth pebble or bone. Polishing not only added an attractive luster, but helped make the fired pot impervious to liquids.

Rarely, some central Texas potters decorated their vessels by brushing the exterior surface while it was still soft,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

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THE PRESIDENT AND THE PRIEST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

mans have to bother about having to put into practice the formal or polite word for "you" — "Sie", and the whole mess of complicated German grammar that goes along with it. When they wrote letters to Germany they wrote to relatives. This meant using the informal form "du" and all the attending grammar this form requires. Also at school, the teachers concentrated on teaching English. Once school was over they all reverted to German . . . and, as the years went by, to their own particular dialect--which included many English words.

Frankly, not too many knew that there was even a "proper" or formal way to say "you" in German-- the 'SIE' form--until a person gives clear permission to address him or her in the common or family way of saying "you", or "Du." When Meusebach dropped his title of baron, and everyone addressed him as "Du" — they took that to mean everyone. Only the fuddy-duddy German teachers, Sunday-school preachers, or an occasional visitor from Germany made an issue about "proper German."

In fact, it was a Friedrichsburg High School German teacher, Herr Bittner, who one day coined the word "Stadtkrick" in a fit of anger. During class he asked a student to translate an English sentence into German. To taunt the teacher, the young man blurted out the sentence in the most bizarre Friedrichsburgese possible.

Herr Bittner, enraged, shouted: "Ihr seid alle in dem selben Stadtkrick getauft! ("All of you have be baptized in the same City Creek!") In other words, they were all ruining the German language the same way!

Everyone was buzzing around. LBJ would appreciate a special greeting ceremony for Chancellor Erhard in the Marktplatz in front of the Vereinkirche . . . all in German. And that meant not in "Stadtkrick German" either!

Stadtkrick, or City Creek German refers to an everyday Freidrichsburger who rattles off his or her own language chock full of words and idioms mixed with white trash English (ain't, got none, etc.), Texanese (crick for creek), and localized German (Das Pferd ist ueber den Azu gejumpf). Gejumpf is Stadtkrick German for "gesprungen." The sentence in English is "The horse jumped over the fence."

Probably the most common Friedrichsburgerese is, "Ich hab' das gut geliked" — which in proper German should be: "Das hatte mir sehr gut gefallen" or "liked that very much."

For a Friedrichsburger who speaks "Stadtkrick" or someone who has not read a German book, magazine or newspaper in years and years, it is easy to slip into this special German everyday slang. One just inserts English into what is to pass as German . . . and everyone has a grand old time. But, they know better than to talk Stadtkrick in front of a German.

The truth is, because of the numerous wars, (especially

ALONG THE WAY, CHANCELLOR ERHARD TURNED TO LBJ ASKING, "MR. PRESIDENT, I UNDERSTAND THAT YOU WERE BORN IN A LOG CABIN." LBJ REPLIED, "NOT EXACTLY, HERR CHANCELLOR, THAT WAS ABRAHAM LINCOLN. I WAS BORN IN A MANGER."

the War Between the States, the Hoo Doo War in the German Hills, and World War I and II), today's Hoo Doo hate-mongers, rednecks, and "real Americans-speak-only-English" freaks, Friedrichsburg Germans will not speak German around strangers, and then only when first spoken to in German.

With all that said, now the most proper German of all Germans is coming to Friedrichsburg, Texas! — the esteemed and exceedingly stern and staid Chancellor Ludwig Erhard. "Ganz gewiss!" someone says as his light comes on, "Vater Schneider kann das tun!" — "Most certainly, Father Schneider can do it!" After all, doing things properly is the only thing Father Schneider knows.

So the heralded day came. LBJ showed the chancellor the impressive bronze statue of John O. Meusebach, Friedrichsburg's founder who hailed from Dillenburg, Hessen, a graduate of geology and law from the University of Halle; and who was appointed to head the Texas Verein in 1845 by no less than the German prince, His Royal Highness, Friedrich Wilhelm Ludwig of Prussia.

After Chancellor Erhard and his entourage had been greeted and presented in the proper German manner in front of the Vereinkirche on Marktplatz Park, off they went in their over-sized limousines through the beautiful Gillespie County countryside of wildflowers and pink peach blossoms to Stonewall, to visit and confer at the Texas White House, LBJ-style.

Along the way, Chancellor Erhard turned to LBJ asking, "Mr. President, I understand that you were born in a log cabin." LBJ replied, "Not exactly, Herr Chancellor, that was Abraham Lincoln. I was born in a manger."

There was a probably a space of silence; as German formalities do not leave room for much levity when gods of such stature as these deign to be in each other's penultimate company. Chancellor Erhard was, of course, far more reserved and serious-minded than his more jovial predecessor, Konrad Adenauer.

No doubt the chancellor's guide tapped his shoe and they broke the bit of silence with a gentle verge of a laugh at LBJ's typically sudden and keen, brazen wit. The chancellor then toured the ranch, the president showing him prize herds of Texas Longhorns grazing placidly on the river bottom;

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

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The first time I saw him he was baiting his hooks
In his old Boston Whaler at dawn
It was a Texas November, a chill in the air
And the last signs of summer were gone
Everybody knew Max around the boat dock up there
In the quiet fishing village of Tow
And the tales he could tell from Big Buck to the Canyon of Eagles
Are still with me now...

And Max would say:

If you care to come up here with me just a piece
We'll snag a few bass if we can
Then wind our way on up the Texas Colorado
Take a look at the lay of the land
And while we're at it we'll stop along the way
Drop in on some old friends of mine
Where roots of great mountains left granite-lined shores
In three billion years' worth of time.

The banks of this river's got all kinds of life
Cactus and yucca and fern
Juniper trees and cedar and oak
And creatures galore at each turn
There's cormorants and kingfishers, bobcats and deer
At midnight the coyote calls
And 'long about sunrise the blue heron waits
In the waters beneath Seldom Falls

See those two great big boulders, that's Mister and Miz Rock
They been married 'bout ten million years
They hold the world's record for golden anniversaries
And still goin' strong, it appears
And there's Devil's Hollow where the waters wash down
To the Crying Man carved in the stone
Some folks'll tell ya there's wolves back in there
And you'd best not go hikin' alone.

On the rim of the canyon of limestone cathedrals
Where the bones of the old ones are laid
Kiowa and Comanche, the Lipan Apache
And the Tonkowa children once played.
Gone are the nations in every direction
Scattered like leaves in the wind
But over these cliffs a spirit remains
Long past the lives of those men.

Now, I could get in my car and drive a long way from Tow
Wouldn't know where on Earth that I am
But some great big ole birds way up north every winter
Fly straight down to Buchanan Dam
I think they got somethin' specific in mind
'Cause it takes a lot more than just luck
To make such a creature come thousands of miles
To the beautiful shores of Big Buck.

Bald Eagles at Buchanan Lake

by Patricia Long

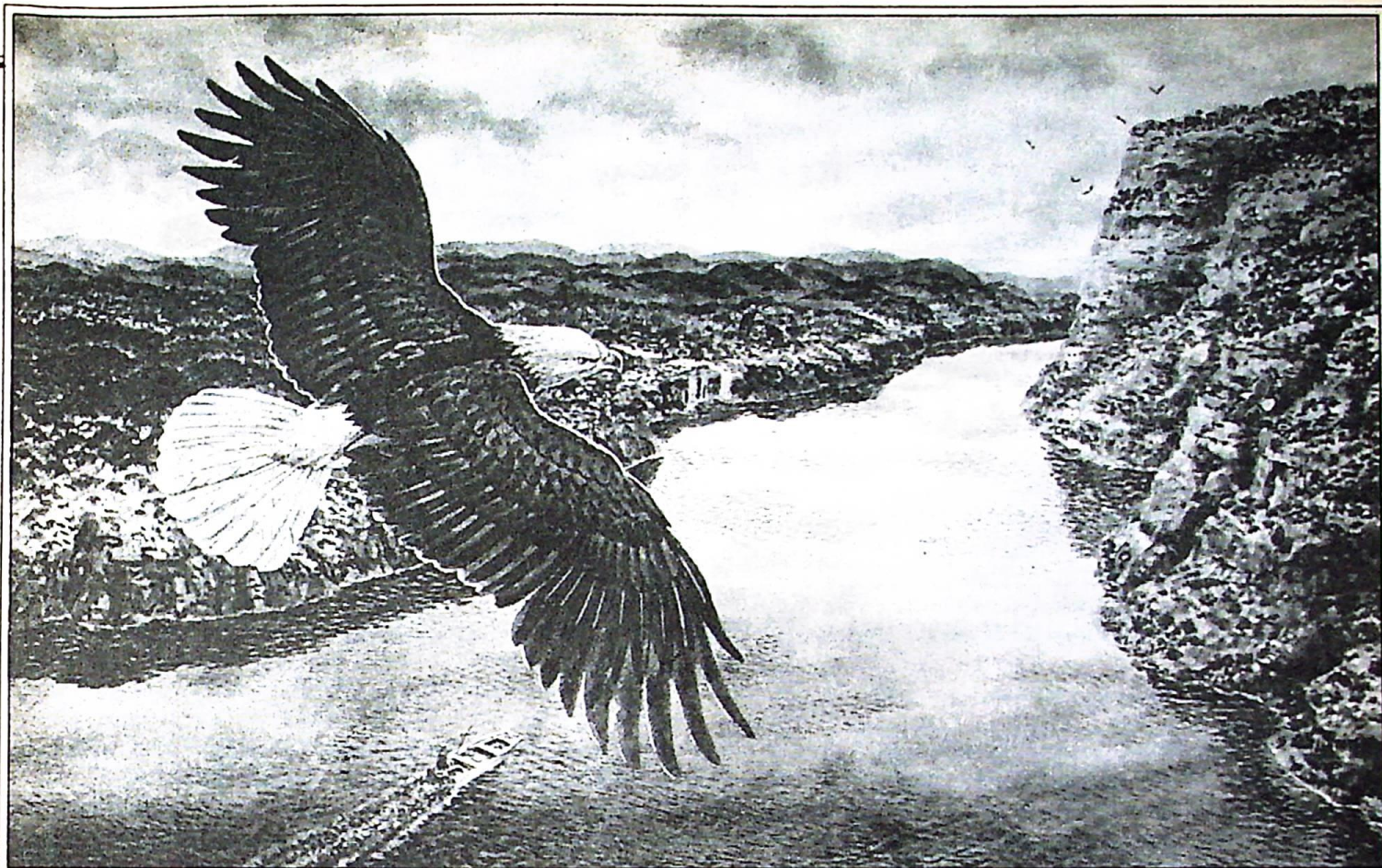
This lake is man-made, you know, and they built that big dam
But the life here, it don't seem to mind
So long as them real-estate hawkers stay out
And we save what Ma Nature designed
'Cause she gave us a gauge like the miner's canary
To warn us, for heaven's sake
We ain't doin' bad here as long as there's eagles
Bald eagles at Buchanan Lake.

Max goes out in his old Boston Whaler
Leaving a song in his wake
Says, "I want you to know that there's eagles up here
Bald eagles at Buchanan Lake!"

Now ya see right up yonder, that's called Buzzard's Roost
Young eagles play there at dawn
If you're thinkin' they look like they don't know you're comin'
Think again, 'cause they're puttin' you on
See, an eagle don't have just a reglar bird brain
'They've got quite a head 'bove them wings
I've seen 'em outsmart the cleverest ole hawk
And they sure have taught me a few things.

There's one I call Boat Follower, he circles around
And watches me throw out my line
One day I was pullin' on a seven-pound bass
And he musta thought "Whoa, this one's mine!"
'Cause he swooped down to the water, his talons all taut
He was just showin' off, was my hunch
But he sure had me fooled and I doubted my eyes
When he soared to the clouds with my lunch.

I been watchin' these eagles since I was a kid
Seen 'em shot down for bounty and sport
And they've been mistaken for "Mexican eagles"
That's what rednecks call buzzards, in short
Now, that reminds me of somethin' I saw
On this river a long time ago
And I mighta been dreamin' for all I can tell
But it sure was a heck of a show:



WATER COLOR BY DON COLLINS

It was late in December and as I remember
I was out there alone at high noon
And the mist in the air did a trick in the sky
Like the circles you see 'round the moon
I was sittin' there thinkin' just as quiet as can be
In the distance heard the crack of a gun
When seven young eagles appeared out of nowhere
And climbed toward the ring 'round the sun.

I turned a clear naked eye to the cold winter sky
'Round the sun was a halo of gold
And I have to believe it was somethin' divine
A vision that must be retold
Though greed is the hunter and death is the hawk
May the symbol of freedom arrive
To waltz in the sunlight above Buzzard's Roost
And show us the way to survive.

One thing you should know and don't ever forget
Is bald eagles ain't here just for looks
Nor glossy reminders of symbols of freedom
On the pages of bird watchers' books
They're playin' a role in the whole scheme of things
They've got a real job here to do
And remember the miner's canary, my friend,
If the eagles survive, we will too.

Now the winter of winters came out there to Tow
And old Max, he sat watching the sky
His days on the river were just about gone
I could tell by the look in his eye
But Max had a passion and he still had a dream
And a way that leaves something behind
It was mid-February when I sat there beside him
And he told me that very last time:

I can get in my car and drive outa Tow
Don't know where on Earth that I am
But those birds in October ride in on a norther
Make a beeline for Buchanan Dam
Don't know how they do it but I sure wanta learn
And I wish more than anything
Come March I could follow them birds when they leave here
Find out where they go in the spring.

And Max, he goes out in his old Boston Whaler
Leaving a song in his wake
Says, "I want you to know that there's eagles up here
Bald eagles at Buchanan Lake!"

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CASSETTS OF 'BALD EAGLES AT BUCHANAN LAKE,' NARRATED BY
STEVE FROMHOLTZ, ARE AVAILABLE. SEE AD ON PAGE 39.

PROWLING THE HILL COUNTRY

by Charles Tischler

ADVENTURE FOR A SONG

When you take a songwriter on an adventure you never know what might happen. Here, Charles recalls the day he took Pat Long to see Max Alexander and the bald eagles of Buchanan Lake.

In 1987 a white Jeep Cherokee Pioneer, with a little 1968 Boston Whaler tagging along behind rolled through Tow on the western shores of Lake Buchanan early one winter morning. Eagle country in Eagle season. Pat Long and I were on our way toward a day of eagle watching among the canyons of the upper reaches of the lake, from Tow to Deer Creek, some twelve or so miles upstream.

We checked in with Max at Alexander's. I introduced Pat as a writer of songs to Max, who has been operating this family fishing camp all his life. With no help from Max we launched the Whaler onto the flat waters of the protected slough, slipping on the frost coating the mahogoney-board seat as as the twenty-year old Evinrude roared its approval of the events unfolding. Down parkas, gloves, long underwear, lots of layers and cold.

Beyond the floating boat docks of Tow I pushed forward on the stick and we reached plane. The Whaler skimmed over the lake waters which were rougher now, beyond the protection of Tow. Cold.

The North wind under cloudless skies beat the waves into a defending army of bumps and jolts as the Whaler hammered against them. We hung on tight. With a forward speed near twenty miles an hour, heading into the wind of twelve, the cold screamed into every nook and cranny of clothing, ripping tears from my eyes . . . evoking silent prayer and sudden exhaltations of a baser kind.

Fall Creek Falls provided us the first respite from the harsh conditions of the open lake. The tall cliffs form a south and east facing pocket. Beneath our keel secretly lay Indian campgrounds and overhead the first Bald Eagles of the day glide by on seven-foot wings. Coffee from a thermos and the intense winter sun prepared us for the next reach of the lake of some three miles to Buzzard's Roost. Cormorants escort us up the narrowing lake.

From beneath Buzzard's Roost we see more eagles,

some in flight, some perched on the big old trees that cover the lower slopes. Seldom Falls is our next landmark, with its high bowl of exposed redish limestone cliff face dotted with prickly pear cactus, yucca and snarly oak.

At the confluence of Deer Creek and the Colorado River we powered past the dead remains of an ancient oak. We cruised beneath

the high cliffs of Deer Creek Falls with more eagles cruising the air currents above us. Then, we carefully eased our way up Devil's Canyon where we again pull out the thermos, whose contents were just luke warm. We talked about one particular feature, a section of limestone with large openings of unknown depth coming together to make a face which years ago I had labeled the Crying Indian, due to a bush draping from the left eye like a tear and the down-turned opening suggesting a mouth agape. All along the way I had been doing my best to share all the place names with Pat, as

At one point a strange current formed a small whirlpool near the resting boat. And, above us a fine ring of silver light around the sun seemed to beckon seven immature eagles who whirled and played high above the little Whaler.

well as yammering on about the earliest inhabitants of the canyons several thousand year ago.

Back out in the main channel we met more eagles, bringing our eagle count up over twelve. And we started making our way to the old ford below the Tanyard Crossing. It was there we killed the engine and drank in all the color and brilliance of that fine winter day. At one point a strange current formed a small whirlpool near the resting boat. And, above us a fine ring of silver light around the sun seemed to beckon seven immature eagles who whirled and played high above the little Whaler.

The run back to Tow was kinder than the trip upstream and into the wind. And, by mid afternoon, we had the whaler back on the trailer for the road trip back to Austin.

It had not been just another day on Lake Buchanan. But a day that still stands out in my mind when all the elements came together as though showing their best to the writer of songs.

Months passed and turned into years when Pat called me to say a song had been completed, which she entitled "Bald Eagles on Buchanan Lake." (You see, the old timers around Tow still refer to Lake Buchanan as Buchanan Lake, one of the myriad details that had not escaped the dilligence of Pat's perception and pen.)

I visited her at home where she performed the piece, accompanying herself on her grand piano. I was so pleased. The spirit of the Canyon of the Eagles came to life through this work. The accuracy of the picture her words painted left me in awe of her ability to capture the treasures of the hills for others to enjoy.

While to the casual observer seeing the cassette tape on sale in Austin Bookstores and at the Vanishing Texas River Cruise, it might be just another offering of the commercial kind, to me the cassette is a time capsule that will continue to serve as the most intimate of guides to those who venture into wintering eagle country.

As we go to press for this October issue of *Enchanted Rock Magazine*, I look back over my shoulder at sixteen years of observing and appreciating the Lake Buchanan Bald Eagles. I look forward to my seventeenth eagle season with renewed hope for the ongoing wellbeing of these magnificent birds. When this odyssey started the Bald Eagle was firmly entrenched on the Endangered Species List of the Federal Government. Through the work of thousands of unsung heros throughout the lower 48 states the Bald Eagle is coming back, and as a result has been removed from that dubious list. And concerning the Lake Buchanan Bald Eagles specifically, the Lower Colorado River Authority is in the process of creating the thousand-acre Canyon of the Eagles Park, on the eastern shores of the Lake across from Tow. These eagles have finally become indelibly woven into the fabric of the culture of Texas. Through continued work we have a great deal of reason to think that generations in the future will have the opportunity to see the eagles first hand.

Fredericksburg in October

It's time for **Oktoberfest** in Fredericksburg. The celebration combines the traditions of the Old World with the best of Fredericksburg. Twirl across the floor to non-stop polkas, waltzes, two-steps and line dances. Taste the best of many cultures, from sausages and strudel, to nachos and tacos, plus your favorite beverages. You can wander through fascinating displays of handcrafted art and heirlooms while experiencing Fredericksburg at its finest. Oktoberfest is a fund-raising event for the Pedernales Creative Arts Alliance, a non-profit organization.

The festivities will be held downtown from October 6 -8. Admission Friday night is \$5, Saturday - \$6, and Sunday - \$5. Children ages 6-12 - \$1 and under 6 are free.

The **Fredericksburg Chorale** will present its annual Pops Concert on October 15 at 5 p.m. at the Old Peanut Factory. The concert will include songs from Hoagy Charmichael, My Fair Lady, Paper Moon, and many others. There will be a buffet (German Foot) after the concert. Tickets are available for \$12.50 from Chorale members or by calling 210/9970212

Continuing on the chorale scene, the **Fredericksburg Children's Chorale** will have a fund-raiser at Ken Hall Bar B-Q on October 26 at 5:30. There will be a silent auction and a regular auction. Both the Fredericksburg Children's Chorale and the Primary Chorale will sing. A \$5 ticket included brisket, all the trimmings and drinks. Call 210/997-0212 for ticket.

Moving from music to food and wine, The 5th Anniversary of the **Fredericksburg Food & Wine Fest** will be held on October 28 at the Marktplatz in downtown Fredericksburg. A full-course celebration of Texas food, wine, music, an auction, and food court highlight the event. The festivities begin at noon and last until 7 p.m. All proceeds go to the redevelopment of Marktplatz. Admission is \$10 for Adults and \$5 for anyone under 21. There is no wine sampling for minors; however, the adult ticket includes a complimentary wine glass and free food and wine tastings.

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PREHISTORIC POTTERY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

covering it entirely with striations. The pot may be further decorated with incised lines or punctuations made with a fingernail or stick. In addition to decoration, roughening the surface may also have made an otherwise slick pot easier to handle.

FIRING

After the pot had completely dried it was fired in a bonfire of wood and or brush. This firing method, with the fuel in close proximity to the pottery, resulted in a pot with a variety of colors depending on the amount of iron oxides in the clay and how they reacted with the fire. Because common clays contain relatively large amounts of iron oxides, (particularly here in the Llano Uplift region), the color of the fired pot may be red or brown where air could circulate over the surface, or gray where oxygen deprived. If burning fuel came in contact with a pot, a permanent black carbon stain or "fire cloud" resulted.

The pots were probably fired at or less than 700 degrees Centigrade (around 1300 degrees Fahrenheit), about the maximum temperature attainable in a small bonfire. This was fortunate because higher temperatures may cause the calcium carbonate in the bone temper to decompose into calcium oxide. Calcium oxide absorbs moisture from the air and expands in size creating palls or cracks. Preliminary burning of the bone may reduce this effect in that the expansion occurs before tempering material is added to the clay to make the pot. Quick firing and the gases given off by the burning fuel may also slow the decomposition of the calcium carbonate. In any case, spalls are not generally found on Leon Plain sherds.

USE IN COOKING

Pots fired at low temperatures are fairly porous and liquid contents can be absorbed into the walls. In some cases, this porosity can be advantageous in that drinking water is kept cool due to the evaporation of the moisture on the exterior



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Cabeza de Vaca, while living among hunter-gatherer bands in the coastal area of Texas in the 1520's, described what were yaupon holly leaves being toasted and boiled in ceramic pots.

surface of the pot. Seepage in a cooking pot is, however, generally undesirable and numerous sealing techniques, such as coating the interior of the pot with resin were (and are) practiced. There is no evidence that such post-fire sealing was ever used by prehistoric potters in Central Texas. Through use, cooking pots eventually seal themselves as food residues become trapped in the walls of the vessel.

Porous pots can generally take the shock of rapid temperature changes, but they are also very fragile. Pots with minor cracks (usually vertical cracks along the rim) were repaired by drilling two holes, one on either side of the crack, then lashing the holes together. Leon Plain sherds with drill holes are rare but do occur.

What kind of foods were the prehistoric people of central Texas cooking in these pots? Some archeologists believe that bison were more heavily exploited during the time period in which pottery was in use. Agriculture was not practiced in the Llano Uplift region (and most of Central Texas) in prehistoric times. Corn may have been acquired in small quantities from farming communities to the east or north. Oak trees are abundant in Central Texas and ground acorn mush may have been cooked by boiling in ceramic pots. Certainly, many other kinds of wild plant foods as well could be made palatable by boiling.

Pots may also have been used to prepare the so called "black drink", a beverage made from yaupon holly, used medicinally and ceremonially by some southern Indian societies. Cabeza de Vaca, while living among hunter-gatherer bands in the coastal area of Texas in the 1520's, described what were yaupon holly leaves being toasted and boiled in ceramic pots. It is unknown whether or not this custom was practiced among Central Texas Indians.

Recently, laboratory techniques have been developed for examining and identifying the kinds of fats absorbed into the walls of cooking and storage pots. Presently, distinctions can be made between the fatty residues of animals and those of plants. However these tests have not been made on Leon Plain pottery. Further development of this type of analysis may provide more specific identification of the kinds of foods cooked in pots by prehistoric peoples, both in Central Texas and elsewhere.



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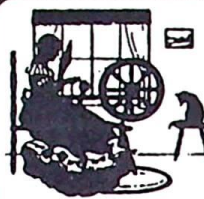
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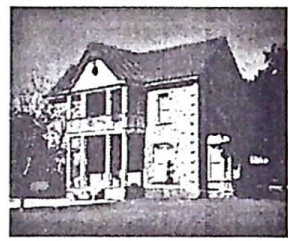


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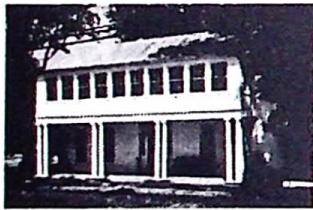
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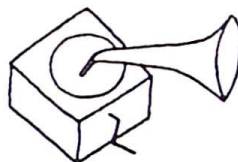
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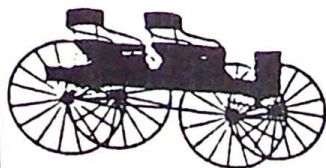


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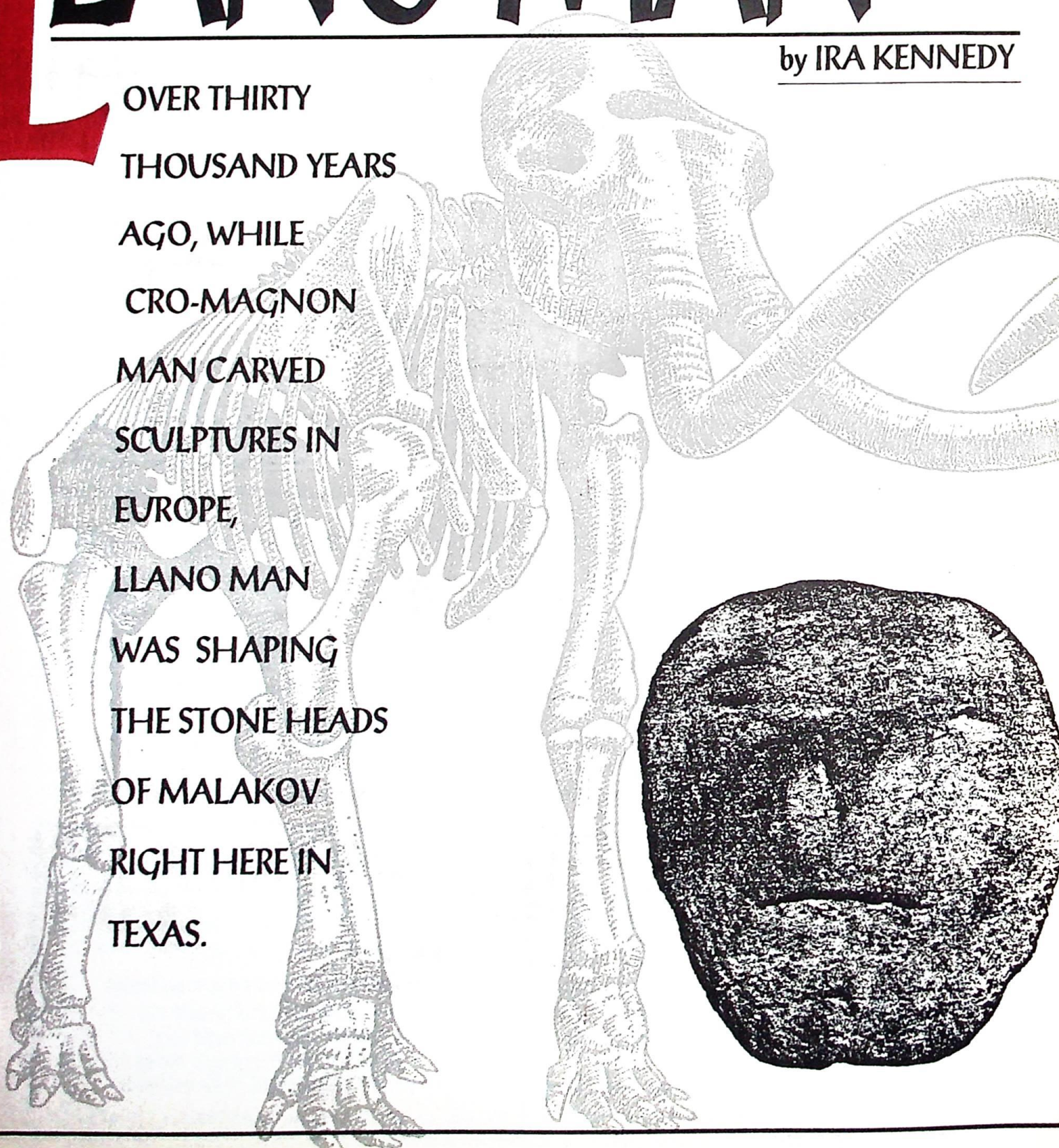
ANTIQUES & COLLECTIBLES



L LANO MAN

by IRA KENNEDY

OVER THIRTY THOUSAND YEARS AGO, WHILE CRO-MAGNON MAN CARVED SCULPTURES IN EUROPE, LLANO MAN WAS SHAPING THE STONE HEADS OF MALAKOV RIGHT HERE IN TEXAS.



The history of early man is often depicted with graphs, charts, reconstructed skulls, and artists renderings which imply two million years of gradual, progressive change—like a bridge across a River of Confusion. In fact, what we have is a series of stepping stones with wide gaps between the various stages or types, and some stones branch off into the river and lead nowhere. Just as we are about to reach the opposite shore the last two stones are conveniently placed allowing us to stand on the solid ground of the present. The next to last stage is represented by the Neanderthals which just don't seem to fit in the scheme of things; but without them our path of stepping stones will leave us stranded and confused.

The first remains of the Neanderthal were discovered in 1856 by limestone miners quarrying a cave near Dusseldorf, Germany in the Neander Valley. Tal or Thal means valley in 19th-century German—thus the name Neanderthal. The artifacts of these people were primarily simple, crude stone tools shaped from cobbels using a technique known as percussion flaking where large flakes were knocked off on one end of a stone to form a sharp cutting edge. These tools were hand-held. There was no hafting,

which allows for the tool to be attached to a shaft or handle; however the Neanderthals were the first humans to bury their dead.

"Mystery surrounds the Neanderthals," Kenneth F. Weaver wrote in his November, 1985 *National Geographic* article, 'The Search for Our Ancestors.' "Neanderthals seem to appear on the scene in Europe perhaps 125,000 years ago. They disappear—some say quite abruptly—at some time between 30,000 and 40,000 years ago... All we know is that they disappeared, and that by 30,000 years ago a robust version of modern humans [Cro-Magnon] had replaced them everywhere."

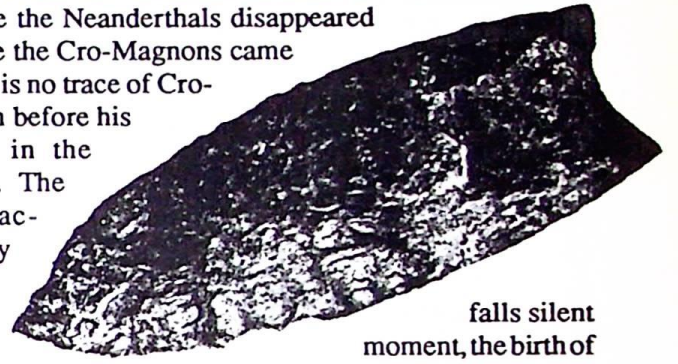
"What fascinates me about the fate of the Neanderthals is the paradox of their promise," James Shreeve wrote in 'The Neanderthal Peace,' which was published in the September, 1995 issue of *Discover*. "Appearing first in Europe about 150,000 years ago they had spread throughout Europe and western Asia. As for Neanderthal appearance, the stereotype of a muscled thug is not completely off the mark. Thick-boned, barrel-chested, a healthy Neanderthal male could lift an average NFL linebacker over his head and throw him through the goalposts. But despite the Neanderthal's reputation for dim-wittedness, there is nothing that clearly distinguishes its brain from that of a modern human except that, on average, the Neanderthal version was slightly larger."

The last steppingstone toward modern humans was found with the type known as Cro-Magnon. The relationship between the Neanderthal and Cro-Magnon is still the topic of debate and speculation. "In spite of the ideal conditions of preservation in the caves of Europe and the Near East," Jeffery Goodman observes in *American Genesis*, "which have given us a rich horde of ancient skeletal material, NO one knows where the Neanderthals disappeared to, nor where the Cro-Magnons came from. There is no trace of Cro-Magnon man before his appearance in the Middle East. The generally accepted story of human evolution at its crucial fully modern man."

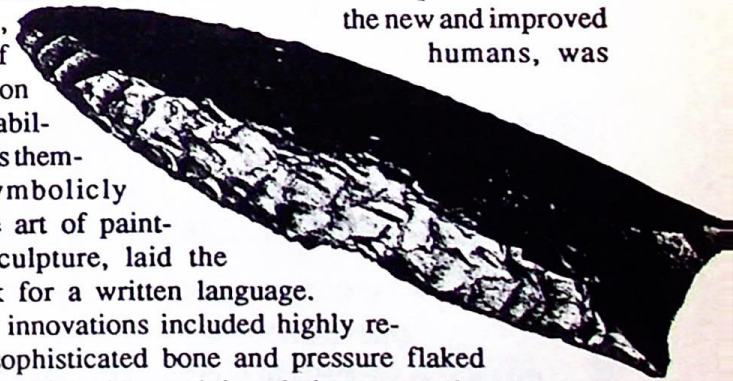
In 1868, near the Hotel Cro-Magnon in Les Eyzies, France railway workers uncovered the remains of the first anatomically modern human. Named after the location where they were first discovered, the Cro-Magnons were distinguished, with "a well-defined chin, a vertical forehead lacking pronounced brow-ridges; a domed braincase; and a slender, lightly built frame, among other, more esoteric features" [James Shreeve]. Arriving around 40,000 years ago, the Cro-Magnons abruptly displaced the Neanderthals and, like a bolt of lightning, populated the earth.

There is a commonly held assumption that the behaviors which sets humans apart from other animals is the ability to make tools. We now know that contemporary apes are toolmakers as well. What was unique to the Cro-Magnons, the new and improved humans, was their invention of art. This ability to express themselves symbolically through the art of paintings and sculpture, laid the groundwork for a written language. Their other innovations included highly refined and sophisticated bone and pressure flaked stone tools and jewelry, and the atlatl, or spear-thrower.

"When art first appeared, presumably around 40,000 B.P. (before the present), it spread quickly. Within a mere 5,000 years—barely the blink of an eye on paleontological time



falls silent moment, the birth of



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LLANO MAN

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

scales—the work of early artists popped up in several corners of the globe. Archaeologists have found more than 10,000 sculpted and engraved objects in hundreds of locations across Europe, southern Africa, northern Asia and Australia." ("Ancient Odysseys," by Michael D. Lemonick, *Time*, February 13, 1995.) What is missing from this observation is any mention of America, where sites of equal antiquity have been discovered. But, it is difficult for authorities on the topic of early man to accept the fact that humans, contemporary to the Cro-Magnon, were alive and well in America.

The question that immediately arises is: If early man was in America say 35,000 years ago, how'd he get here?

In the November 1985 issue of *National Geographic*, Kenneth F. Weaver wrote: "In Australia Alan G. Thorne of the Australian National University has found anatomically modern remains more than 30,000 years old, possibly much older. By then peoples from both China and Indonesia had found ways to travel considerable distances by water.

"Thorne believes that these same peoples could have reached the New World by sea. The conventional view, however, is that early man reached Siberia perhaps 30,000 years ago and crossed much later over the Beringia land bridge into North America. Such a land bridge would have been exposed during periods when the great ice sheets had absorbed enormous amounts of water and lowered sea levels."

The ice bridge, commonly known as the Bering Strait, was exposed approximately 12,000-14,000 years ago. The conventional 12,000 year-old time line for early man's entry into America is based on the availability of a land bridge and the presence of Clovis type spear points which were found by archaeological amateurs in 1932 in Clovis, New Mexico, near the Texas border. The spear points were located in association with the bones of extinct horses, camels and at least four mammoths. These mammoths were ancient elephant approximately twelve feet to the shoulder with massive ten foot long curving tusks and tall enough to stare eyeball to eyeball with someone looking out of a second story window. [See illustration on page 26.] Clovis points have been located all over North America, and fluted obsidian points very similar to Clovis have been uncovered at the Fell's Cave site on the southern tip of South America.

The Clovis point [illustrated on page 27] employs a marked advance in stone tool technology—from percussion flaking of the Neanderthal type to pressure flaking where the entire tool is finely worked. This advance in the reduction of stones for tools is remarkable in that it exceeds necessity in its form and reaches a level of refinement associated with art.

"The earliest cultural relics so far discovered in Texas—and they are among the earliest so far found anywhere in the Americas—have been given the name Llano complex by E.H. Sellards. Llano man was a specialist in hunting an extinct species of elephant (*Elephas columbi*), and one of the

There is no evidence that Cro-Magnons descended from Neanderthals. In fact, neither the Neanderthals or Cro-Magnons appear to have any direct anatomical ancestors. And, in Texas, the long-headed Llano Man steps out into the world from nowhere as well.

avored habitats of this animal was on the Staked Plains (Llano Estacado) of Texas and New Mexico. The sites so far investigated seem to be near what were once water holes, probably spots where game was surprised, killed, and butchered. Several kinds of tools of stone and bone have been found at these places, but the characteristic implement is a flint spear or dart point known as the Clovis Fluted point." [W.W. Newcomb, Jr., *The Indians of Texas*.]

Another curious aspect of Llano Man was the shape of the skull. Llano Man was *dolichocephalic*, or long-headed. Briefly, what this means is that, when viewed from above, the skull was markedly oval; greater in length from front to back than from side to side.

"In 1953 the fossilized physical remains of what appeared to be a Paleo-American were found in a "blowout" (a depression left by wind-shifted sands) on the Scharbauer Ranch near Midland," Newcomb reported in *Indians of Texas*. "The skull fragments and the few other bones which were recovered were those of a woman, so she has appropriately been dubbed "Midland Minnie." ...Whatever Midland Minnie's age, her remains are modern and are in no way primitive or less human than those of modern man. The skull is exceedingly longheaded, as are those of most other presumably Early Americans, and if longheadedness turns out to be characteristic of Paleo-Americans, then it may have a bearing on their racial connections."

Round-headedness doesn't occur in America until approximately 10,000 years ago. It seems another paradox of history is that the longheaded Llano people and the mastadons they hunted seem to disappear at the same time. You can add to the puzzle, and confusion, that according to the Bering Straight scenario America was populated with migrating bands of Mongoloid stock, who were round-headed. Were they the ancestors of Llano Man? Not likely. Did they displace Llano man; and if so where did Llano man come from?

There is mounting archaeological evidence that humans arrived in America well before 12,000 years ago. However, the academic establishment is reluctant, to say the least, to

CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE

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LLANO MAN

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

accept any of these finds. Sites have been excavated in South America which have been dated at 14,000 years old. In *New World Archaeology*, published by *Scientific American* Edward P. Lanning and Thomas C. Patterson wrote in their 1967 article, "Early Man in South America:"

"If man indeed lived in South America as early as 12,000 B.C., he must have been present in North America at a still earlier date...contemporary knowledge of early man in North America is far from complete and indicates that we should be busy searching for cultures older than the Clovis complex. We propose that some North American stone industries that include bifacial tools and edge retouched artifacts may precede the Clovis complex."

What Lanning and Paterson are referring to is a pre-projectile point culture which is a natural precondition to the Clovis complex. The tool kit of a pre-projectile point culture would look much like that of the Neanderthal—hand-held percussion flaked choppers, hammerstones, and scrapers. In the absence of such a culture, we would have to assume that man arrived in the New World with the Clovis artifact in hand.

I first became convinced of a pre-projectile point culture in Texas twenty years ago while residing near Zorn, just South of San Marcos. I lived on a 45-acre place which had a deep dry wash on the eastern side of the property. At the time I was very familiar with archaeological sites, the wide variety of stone tools, and so forth. For two years I scoured the property looking for artifacts and I found plenty, especially in and near the dry creek. All of the tools were hand-held choppers, hammerstones, and scrapers which were fashioned by percussion flaking; but never any projectile points, drills, knives, burins, or other pressure flaked tools. I took the artifacts to a university-tenured archaeologist with a Phd who expressed interest in the site, but, ultimately he was too busy teaching or, during the summers, working at an archaeological site somewhere in the Mid-East.

A pre-projectile point culture would, of necessity, be older than 12,000 B.P., and would technologically mimic the tool-to-art transition found in Europe between the Neanderthal and the Cro-Magnon. Because no Neanderthal-type skulls have been found in America, the assumption is all Americans are direct descendents of the European Cro-Magnon. It's easy to get confused at this juncture, because there is no evidence that Cro-Magnons descended from Neanderthals. In fact, neither the Neanderthals or Cro-Magnons appear to have any direct anatomical ancestors. And, in Texas, the longheaded Llano Man steps out into the world from nowhere as well.

Cro-Magnon and Llano Man, half a world apart, separated by continents and oceans in an Ice Age environment, were contemporaries. What proof do we have of this? There are two sites in Texas which were dated at 30,000 to 40,000 BP.

One site is mentioned in Newcomb's, *Indians of Texas*: "The most peculiar and certainly the most exotic remains of Paleo-American man ever to turn up in Texas, and probably anywhere in the New World, are the three carved stone heads found in ancient gravels of the Trinity River near Malakoff an

Trinidad in Henderson County. [Illustrated on page 26.] In 1929 the first of these carved heads was found by a gravel contractor at the bottom of a gravel pit. In 1935 the second and smallest head was recovered by another gravel contractor, and in 1939 the largest and most peculiar carving turned up in the course of a joint Texas Memorial Museum and WPA excavation of Pleistocene fossils... These fossils and the long period of time it must have required to lower the flood plain 60 to 70 feet suggest a considerable age for the carvings." Fossils of extinct mastadons, horses, and camels were at that site, from the same strata or level as the sculpted heads, and were dated at approximately 30,000 to 40,000 B.P.

Lewisville, Texas, just some seventy miles from the location of the stone heads of Malakof, is the site of another remarkable, and controversial, archaeological find.

"Near Lewisville, Texas, twenty miles northwest of Dallas," Goodman writes in *American Genesis*, "nineteen hearths were uncovered as a result of earth-moving operations. A chopper tool, a stone hammer, stone flakes, a Clovis point, and burned bones of big and small game animals were found within the hearths. Snail and mussel shells and hackberry seeds showed that red meat was not the only thing on the menu. A burned bone which came from the same hearth as the Clovis point was submitted to the Humble Oil Company Laboratory for radiocarbon dating. An age of at least 37,000 years was indicated. This dating was confirmed by a UCLA radiocarbon date on hearth charcoal of at least 38,000 years."

The presence of this Clovis point, which was 26,000 years ahead of its time, became the bone of contention between the Bering Straight adherents and anyone audacious enough to entertain another possibility. The Clovis point "contaminated" all other findings. Researchers who were willing to accept the findings backed away. "Shocked archaeologists, skirting libel, suggested that the Clovis point might have been "planted" in the hearth it came from, according to Marie Wormington of the Denver Museum," Goodman tells us. "Arguing against the possibility of a hoax, Wormington points out that 'Archaeologists who have worked closely with the individuals involved in the excavation (W.W. Crow, R.K. Harris, and members of the Dallas Archaeological Society) are completely convinced of their integrity and competence.' Furthermore, Alex Kreiger of the University of Washington, who saw the hearth before it was excavated, states that 'there was no evidence of disturbance in the hard-packed clay surface such as should have been present had an object been intentionally introduced into the hearth.' This would also rule out the possibility that the point was tumbled into its location by the earth-moving operations that led to the discovery."

Apparently, to twist a phrase, for some to accept a +35,000-year-old American, a little sound proof is enough; but for others no proof will do. If Llano Man was in the American southwest around 40,000 years ago, the Bering Straight scenario (which, by the way, was a two-way bridge) becomes a moot point. This article barely scratches the surface of the truly ancient archaeological sites in North and South America. In time, more irrefutable sites will be uncovered, and when that happens virtually all of the texts on the subject will have to be rewritten.

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Madam Candelaria

by STEVE GOODSON

**Sent to San Antonio
by Sam Houston to nurse
Jim Bowie back to health,
Madam Candelaria
found herself inside the Alamo
with the Texas revolutionaries and
Santa Anna's armies outside.**

One of the most interesting accounts we have of San Antonio in the days of the Texas Revolution is related to us by an elderly Mexican, Madam Candelaria. Born in 1795 in the Presidio del Rio Grande, the daughter of a native Mexican mother and a Spanish military officer, Andrea Castanon grew up in the state of Coahuila/Texas in the early 19th century. At the age of three, Andrea moved with her family down the Rio Grande to Laredo. At an early age she married Candelaria Villanueva. It is not known how many children they had, but at the time of her death she was survived by three girls and a boy.

In 1813 her husband, along with many Tejanos (native Texans of Hispanic descent), became involved in the Green Flag Revolt. This was one of the early attempts by the Mexican people to throw off Spanish-Royalist rule. Unlike other rebellions in Mexico, this revolt deeply involved Texas in several major battles fought near San Antonio and Goliad. This insurrection introduced to Texas a young military officer of Spanish descent and Royalist leanings, Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna.

In the Battle of the Medina River, Madam Candelaria's husband was killed along with 707 other revolutionary sympathizers. Santa Anna commanded one of the flanks at the battle, and was also directly involved in the severe reprisals waged against the families of the insurrectionists. This severe treatment, along with her husband's death, sparked in Madam Candelaria a lifelong bitter hatred against the Mexican government.

After her husband's death, Madam Candelaria began operating a hotel in San Antonio to provide for herself and her children. This hotel became a popular place for the many travelers passing through San Antonio to meet and rest while on their journeys between Mexico and the Anglo colonies in East Texas. In her hotel, Madam Candelaria befriended Jim Bowie, Sam Houston and other Anglos who had come to Texas seeking their fortunes. Madam Candelaria, by nature a revolutionist, came to sympathize with the Tejanos and Anglos struggling against Santa Anna's takeover of the government in Mexico. So it was that in December, 1835, she welcomed the army of Texans that expelled the Mexican soldiers commanded by Martin Perfecto de Cos (Santa Anna's brother-in-law) from San Antonio.

As the end of her life drew near, Madam Candelaria was interviewed by a writer from a St. Louis newspaper. I have taken this information and the following quotations from a pamphlet published in 1933 by Maurice Elfe which the writer based upon the aforementioned interview:

Madam Candelaria recollected that the Texans had many fandangos, celebrating the expulsion of the Mexican soldiers occupying San Antonio. She recalled that when Davy Crockett arrived with his Tennessee volunteers, the Texans extended a warm welcome with bonfires in the streets; that Crockett made a speech which was followed by loud cheering and a great supper at her hotel with lots of singing, story telling and drinking.

Madam Candelaria also remembered Jim Bowie's descent into ill health. Bowie commanded the volunteers present at the defense of the Alamo. Sam Houston had sent Bowie to destroy the old fortress, but Bowie came to believe that the Alamo must be held as the first bastion of defense against Santa Anna's impending invasion of Texas. Bowie's illness has been diagnosed as typhoid pneumonia, tuberculosis or malaria. It was characterized as causing intermittent high fever and coughing. His condition worsened radically as the result of an injury he suffered while helping mount a cannon up an earthen ramp as one of the artillery placements in the Alamo plaza.

It was at this time that Madam Candelaria received a letter from Sam Houston asking that she personally nurse their friend, Jim Bowie. So it was that in February, 1836, when Santa Anna arrived with his army in San Antonio, Madam Candelaria found herself in the Alamo with the Texas revolutionaries.

Her recollections support that Travis responded to Santa Anna's demand to surrender with a single cannon shot. She also recalled the arrival of the Gonzales volunteers, and Travis' speech and drawing of the line in the courtyard, asking for all those willing to die in the Alamo's defense to cross. I value most those quotations attributed directly to her which paint a fearful, yet heroic, picture of the last resistance of the Alamo defenders on the morning of Palm Sunday, March 6, 1836.

"At this time, we all felt that we were doomed, but not one was in favor of surrendering. A small herd of cattle had been driven inside of the walls, and we found a small quantity of corn that had been stored, the great front door had been filled with sandbags, and there was a bare hope that General Houston would send reinforcements.

"There was just 177 men inside of the Alamo, and up to that time no one had been killed, though cannon thundered against us and several assaults had been made. Colonel Travis was the first man killed...The Mexican infantry charged across the plaza many times and rained musket balls against the walls. Up to the morning of March 6, the cannon had done us little damage, though the batteries never ceased firing. Colonel Crockett frequently came into the room and said a few encouraging words to Bowie.

"I sat by Bowie's side and tried to keep him as composed as possible. He had high fever, and was seized with a fit of coughing every few minutes. Colonel Crockett loaded Bowie's rifle and a pair of pistols and laid them by his side. The Mexicans ran a battery of several guns out on the plaza and instantly began to rain balls against the sandbags.

"It was easy to see that they would soon destroy every barricade at the front door, but Crockett assured Bowie that he could stop a whole regiment from entering. I peeped through a window and saw long lines of infantry followed by dragoons filing into the plaza, and I notified Colonel Crockett of the fact. 'All right,' said he. 'Boys, aim well.' The words

had barely left his lips before a storm of bullets rained against the walls, and the very earth seemed to tremble beneath the feet of Santa Anna's legions.

"The Texans made every shot tell, and the plaza was covered with dead bodies. The assaulting columns recoiled, and I thought that we had them beaten but hosts of officers could be seen waving their swords and rallying the hesitating and broken columns.

"They charged again, and at the time when a dozen steps from the door, it looked as if they were about to be driven back, so terrible was the fire of the Texans. Those immediately in front of the great door were certainly in the act of retiring, when a column that had come obliquely across the plaza reached the southwest corner of the Alamo, and bending their bodies, ran under [cover of] a wall to the door. It looked as though 100 bayonets were thrust into the door at the same time, and a great sheet of flame lit up the Alamo.

"Every man at the door fell but Crockett. I could see him struggling at the head of the column...Crockett was one of the strangest men I ever saw. He had the face of a woman, and his manner was that of a girl. I could never regard him a hero until I saw him die. He looked grand and terrible, standing at the front door and fighting a whole column of Mexican infantry. He had fired his last shot and had not time to reload. The cannon balls had knocked away the sandbags and the infantry was pouring through the breach. Crockett stood there, swinging something over his head. The place was full of smoke and I could not tell whether he was using a gun or a sword. A heap of dead was piled at his feet, and the Mexicans were lunging at him with bayonets, but he would not retreat an inch...Bowie raised up and fired his rifle. I saw Crockett fall backward. The enraged Mexicans then streamed into the building, firing and yelling like madmen. The place was full of smoke, and the screams of the dying, mingled with the exultant shouts of the victors, made a veritable hell. A dozen or more Mexicans sprang to the room occupied by Colonel Bowie. He emptied his pistols in their faces and killed two of them. I threw myself in front of him and received two bayonets in my body. One passed through my arm and the other through the flesh of my chin...I implored them not to murder a sick man, but they thrust me out of the way and butchered my friend before my eyes.

"All was silent now. The massacre had ended. One hundred and seventy-six men, the bravest men the world ever saw, had fallen and not one asked for mercy. I walked out of the cell, and when I stepped on the floor of the Alamo the blood ran into my shoes."

Madam Candelaria died in 1899. Some years before her death the Texas legislature appointed a committee to investigate her claim of having been in the Alamo at the time of the bombardment. After the committee questioned witnesses and reviewed old records, they reported that no doubt could exist that Madam Candelaria was inside the walls of the Alamo nursing Bowie when the battle was fought. With this finding the legislature granted her a pension of \$100 a year.

Almost everyone loves a good ghost story, and it would be hard to find a community that does not claim at least one. Each generation of citizens delights in getting together and shivering together over chilling tales of dubiously departed souls who, displaced and discontented, cannot decide whether to remain in the other world or in this one. Rankled and forlorn, the spirits, people say, clank about bemoaning their indecision, haunting the place where their untimely death ushered in that unrest.

The community of Llano is no exception. It, too, is partial to its partially departed and doubleminded spirits, and has held on to its hair-raising tales of hovering ghosts and howling malcontents like a dog assiduously hoards its bones.

One of these tales involves the 120-year-old Rountree house still standing approximately 18 miles west of Llano near the rural community of Prairie Mountain. Folks have claimed, for approximately the past 102 years, that the place is haunted by the ghost of its original owner, Robert F. Rountree, an early Llano teacher, surveyor and rancher who, they say, was murdered there by some unknown assailant in 1893. Folks claim also that even before Rountree met his mysterious end, the spirits of Indians stalked the infamous site.

But small wonder. Indeed, several accounts of tragic death, including that of Rountree and of a local group of Indians, surround the history of the site like the strands of a tightly spun cocoon—and this, of course, provides the basis for a good ghost story. The only one of these accounts ever verified, however, is the one concerning Rountree's death, which occurred when the man was only 46 years old.

The legend goes that this particular ghost story began some 18 years before Rountree's murder. Sometime between 1875 and 1888, during the time the house was under construction, workers reported hearing strange utterances which sounded eerily like Indian chanting. The sounds came from somewhere within the structure's 20-inch stone and plaster walls which were slowly taking shape.

It is said also that Rountree's children told of actually having seen the ghosts of Indians in the house and, on one occasion, coming up the steps. These reports led people to speculate that either a group of Indians had met death in a battle

nearby, or Rountree had had the audacity to erect his home over their graves. Some even claimed that "on clear, crisp nights when the moon was just right," you could hear their savage screams.

While these reports provide an open playground for lovers of the macabre, no one has ever come up with proof to support the spectacular claims. One account pertaining to another death at the site is true, however, and this fact became the basis for yet another ghost story which many still repeat today, 102 years later.

This fact is the demise of Robert F. Rountree, whose untimely death gave birth to controversy which time has never laid to rest: Who was the murderer? Why did he kill Rountree? History is silent on the subject, and to this day the answers, wrapped in the unyielding arms of the past, remain a mystery.

In his book, *Llano, Gem of the Hill Country, a History of Llano County, Texas*, the late historian Wilburn Oatman, Sr., says only that Rountree "was ambushed and killed a short distance from his pasture gate one night, as he was returning to his ranch in his wagon with supplies for his family." He offers no clue to either the motive or the identity of the assailant.

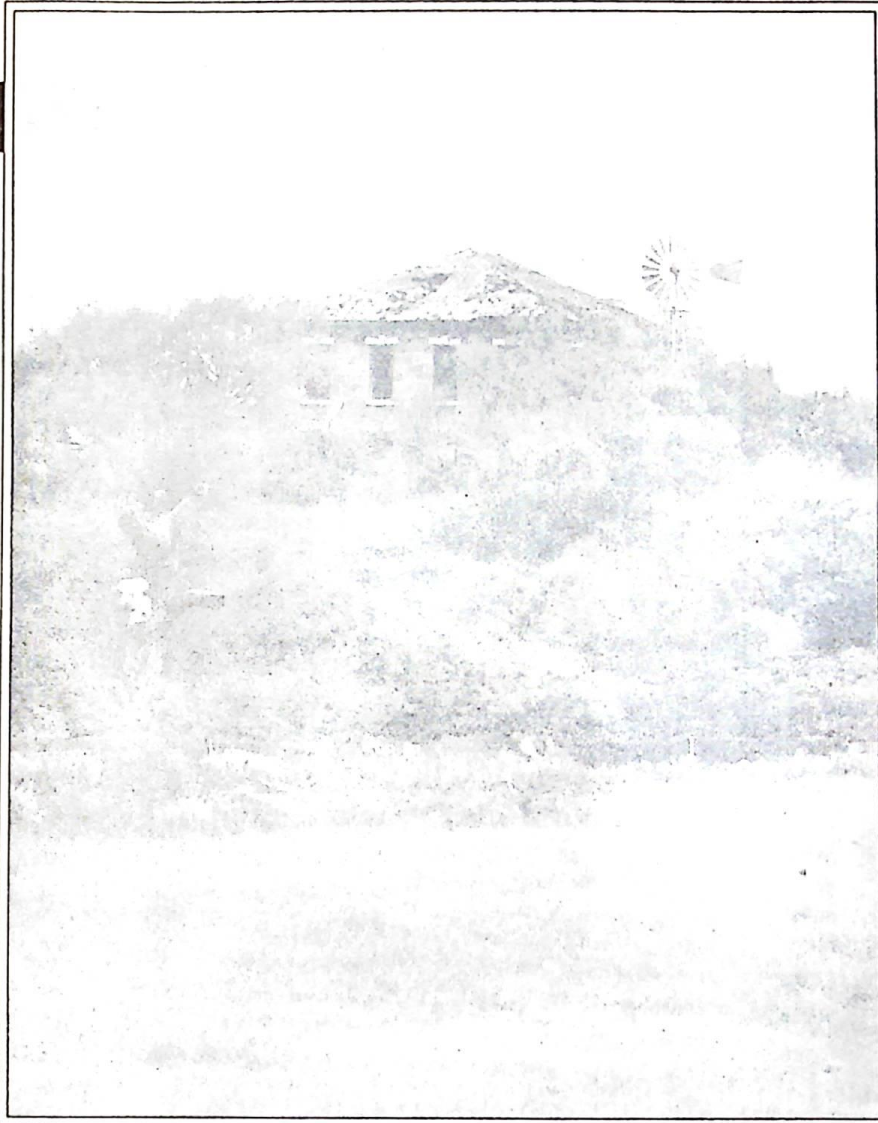
Oatman's son, Wilburn Oatman, Jr., a Llano attorney and historian, says he vaguely remembers his father theorizing on the case when the junior Oatman was a boy. He says that his father left the impression that Rountree "was a pretty hard land owner, a straight-laced man. He was against cattle-thieving and everything that went with it. I think my dad figured Rountree may have had some knowledge of someone's wrong-doing and they were afraid he would turn them in, so they killed him. But this is only supposition. No one really knows."

Over the years, however, time has produced several twists to the tale. It is anyone's guess which is true—if, indeed, any of them are. According to one account, Rountree had been away on a two-week trip selling cattle. Returning home, he reached the entrance to his ranch just at sunset. When he stopped his horse-drawn wagon to open the gate, masked men robbed, then shot him, leaving him for dead.

At this point hearsay offers even more conflicting versions. One is that the horses delivered Rountree's dead body in the wagon to the house a few hundred yards away. Another claims he did not die immediately, but drug himself moaning along the dirt road toward the house, crying out to his family for help.

THE GHOST OF ROUNTREE

BY DALE FRY



During the time the house was under construction, workers reported hearing strange utterances which sounded eerily like Indian chanting. The sounds came from somewhere within the structure's 20-inch stone and plaster walls which were slowly taking shape.

PHOTO BY CHARLES TISCHLER

instance, holds that the best place to hear Rountree's ghost is not in the kitchen but on the road running from the gate to the house—especially at sunset—for it is here that his desperate spirit roams the most free, bleeding, calling, pleading for help...

These are the legends, filled to the brim with horror and with a dread associated with the tragic figure of Robert F. Rountree. A dread which somehow seems cruel, which somehow leaves one with the haunting conviction that somewhere down the line, time denied the man the dignity due him. It is one which remains, nevertheless. Lovers of the mac-

cabre, reluctant to examine the known facts and to leave them be, have seen to that.

Several concrete facts are definitely established. One is that Rountree did die near his residence: at the gate, on the road, in the wagon, wherever. Probate records filed in the Llano County courthouse on August 10, 1893, exactly three weeks to the day after the man's death, prove this conclusively. And, fact number two, he died on July 20, 1893. The official record states only that "Robert F. Rountree...died on the 20th day of July, A.D. 1893 near his residence in Llano County, Texas."

One of the greatest tragedies of the whole affair is that Rountree left behind him a wife and six children ranging in age from one to eleven years.

Another is that he lived to enjoy his magnificent new home only a few years after its completion. Workers began building it in 1875 and put the finishing touches to the imposing structure 13 years later in 1888.

Five years later Rountree was dead—at the hands of a murderer whose identity, to this day, remains a mystery.

But as differing as these accounts may be, they apparently gave rise in a short period of time to other tales--bizarre stories which the teller could only repeat in frightened, knowing whispers. Some 25 years later, by approximately 1918—or possibly earlier--people were exhorting others to avoid both house and grounds. By then it was a "known fact" that Rountree's ghost lurked about the shadowy premises moaning and sometimes visibly demonstrating its discontent.

Some ten years ago, the late Frankie Teich Foster of Llano, then in her 80s, recalled the warnings well. "They used to say the Rountree house was haunted," she said. "When I was young and we were going out that way everyone would say, 'Don't go near the house because it's haunted.'"

"They said his ghost would return. They would hear him in the kitchen rattling dishes and moaning. Seems like I remember hearing they had a baby who died, and that the baby would return and haunt the place, too—but I'm not sure."

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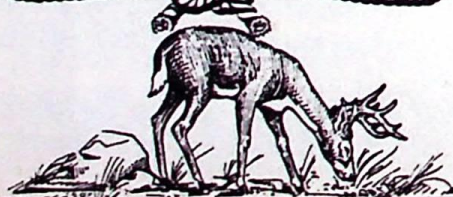
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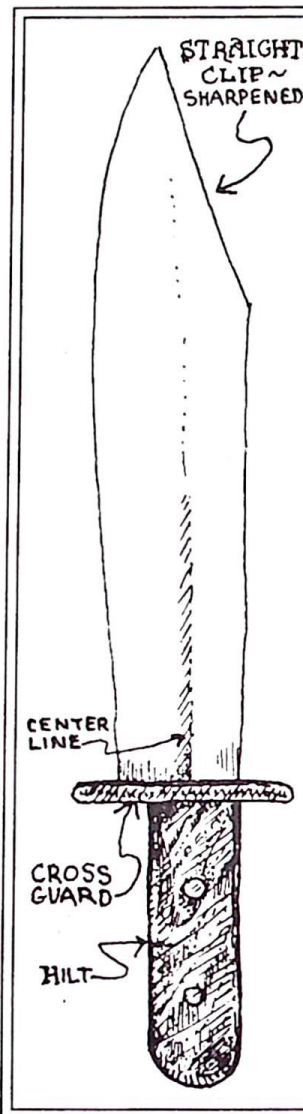
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The Bowie Knife

by STEVE GOODSON



The knife Bowie used at the Vidalia sandbar was called by several sources "a big butcher knife." Rezin Bowie said that this knife was made on one of the Bowie plantations by their blacksmith from an old file. Blacksmiths used old saws and files to make knives because of the quality of metal and their reluctance to waste the material. Also, by the time a saw or file is old enough for someone to think about using it for something else, it has been tempered repeatedly by its use. Anyone who has used a file or saw knows it heats up as it is used. This repeated heated and cooling tempers metal which helps strengthen it and makes it hold an edge better when it is made into a knife.

The knife Bowie brought to Texas had a crossguard, this being added as a result of an accident which one of the Bowie brothers had, resulting in a badly cut hand. While in San Felipe de Austin, Bowie took his knife to the blacksmith to have copies made. This blacksmith, Noah Smithwick, came to know Bowie and his knife well. He said the knife was about ten inches long and two inches broad at its widest part. Smithwick set up a factory making duplicates

as there was a great demand for them.

Some of these Smithwick Bowies are still around today in museums and private collections. A Smithwick Bowie is ten and a half inches long, two inches wide and a quarter inch thick. This knife has a straight clip, three inches long, sharpened and it tapers to the point, which is at the center line of the blade. This knife has no metal stiffer. There is no ricasso, which is a small unsharpened area between the hilt and the blade where the knifemaker's name or trademark usually goes. The knife has a straight iron crossguard with a full tang, this being the projection off the blade which fastens to the handle of the knife. Smithwick's trademark was a spread eagle near the crossguard with N. Smithwick in capital letters in a semi-circle over the eagle.

ROADSIDE SAFARI



FRANK HILL SINGIN' STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART AT THE GRAND OPENING PARTY FOR HARRY'S ON THE LOOP. PHOTO: IRA KENNEDY

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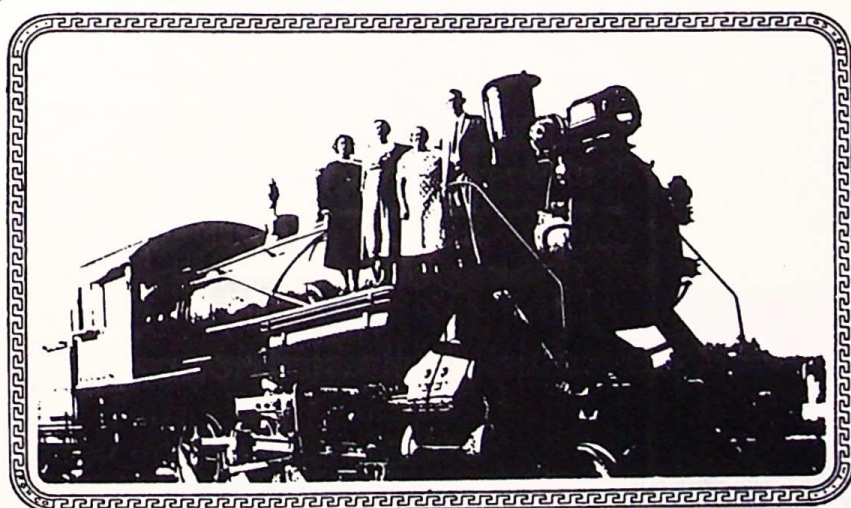
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THE PRESIDENT AND THE PRIEST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

and the wild turkey and the whitetail deer on the "North Forty." Every hospitable Texan worth his salt will kindly warn visitors to "watch your step, there are rattlesnakes in these here parts."

The tour included LBJ's wooden frame birthplace, refined but refreshingly unpretentious. The delightful homestead where LBJ was born is filled with family artifacts and keepsakes, located on a glorious knoll overlooking the serene Pedernales River a few hundred yards down below, along with the Johnson family graveyard.

ON AIR FORCE ONE TO GERMANY

In 1967 Father Schneider said an Army General called him on the telephone from Washington, D.C. interrupting the priest's favorite card game of pinochle he was playing with a society in his parish.

If he could arrange to take a short leave from his parish, President Johnson wanted him to come along on a flight to Germany. He would be flown from Texas to Washington. There Father Schneider would be accompanied by General Lemnitzer, Commander of NATO on Air Force I to join President Johnson to the funeral of Chancellor Adenauer.

"There were real, full-sized beds on that plane. And when

I woke up; we were in Köln!" the priest related as he shared his amazement.

Meeting Father Schneider at the airport were Colonel Cross and Colonel Smith, who escorted him to Villa Hillenbrand in Bad Godesberg near Bonn where President Johnson was staying.

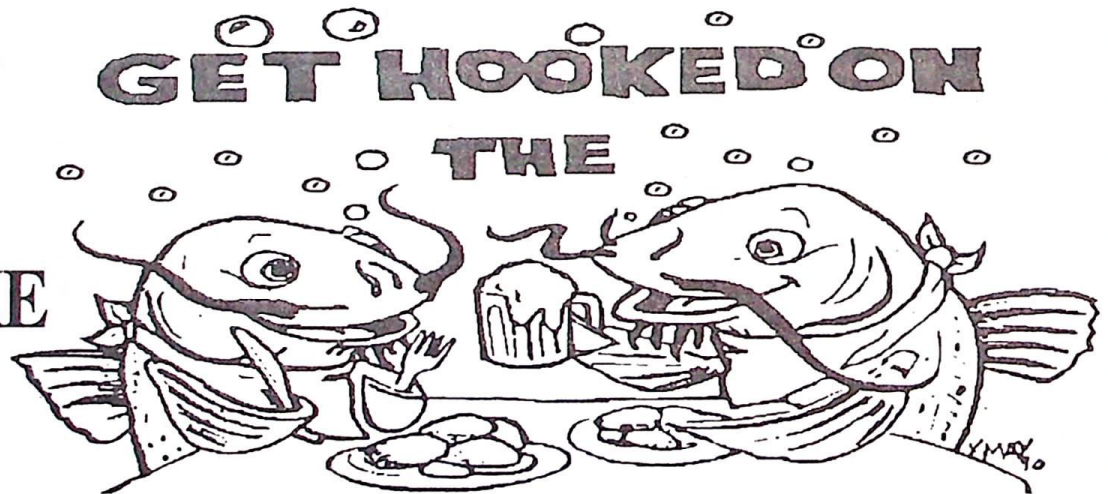
Presidential aide Marvin Watson, who as later sworn in as Postmaster General of the United States at the Hye, Texas, general store and post office near the LBJ ranch, greeted Father Schneider at the villa and told the president of Father Schneider's arrival.

"Bring him up!" hollered LBJ. When the priest entered the president's room he was taken aback. "This was the first time I ever saw a president in bed!" related Father Schneider.

Then in a magnanimous gesture, the president asked Father Schneider if he would like to go to the Augsburg area to see his relatives, now that he had come this far. Colonel Cross would see to it that the priest would be flown to München. Father Schneider's eyes lit up in gratitude. But he turned down the offer, saying, a bit perplexed, that there were just too many relatives to see. Not wanting to hurt any of them, he decided to stay with the president.

It was during this time when Father Schneider was shocked to have one of the German words he had taught LBJ come back to him. LBJ expressing his great admiration for Dr. Adenauer added, "The Chancellor was a good man and not a Dickkopf!"

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FATHER SCHNEIDER WAS INTRODUCED TO GENERAL DEGAULLE, BRITISH PRIME MINISTER WILSON, AND NUMEROUS OTHER HEADS OF STATE. FATHER SCHNEIDER WINCED WHEN HE NOTICED PRIME MINISTER WILSON LEAN OVER TO LBJ AND WHISPER, "WHO IS THIS FATHER SCHNEIDER?" TO WHICH PRESIDENT JOHNSON REPLIED FOR ALL TO HEAR, "WHY HE'S THE PRIEST OF THE LBJ RANCH, MY PASTOR!"

(not a blockhead or sourhead). Father Schneider was amazed that the president even used the work in such exalted company.

FATHER SCHNEIDER GETS LOST, AGAIN AND AGAIN

All during the various activities of the trip Father Schneider had a special knack of getting lost from the president's entourage. Once the German police were called to help find him and bring him back. LBJ got a great kick out of this. Because it kept happening repeatedly, LBJ finally assigned an aide to keep Father Schneider close by and in tow.

Even during the funeral mass in the Köln Cathedral President Johnson would turn around once in a while to be sure that Father Schneider was in his place and not separated from the American dignitaries. The German press, it turned out, completely misinterpreted these gestures of LBJ as being "inattentive" during the mass.

After the liturgy of Christian burial an official reception took place in Köln's Kuerzenicht Halle. There Father Schneider was introduced to General DeGaulle, British Prime Minister Wilson, and numerous other heads of state. Father Schneider winced when he noticed Prime Minister Wilson lean over to LBJ and whisper, "Who is this Father Schneider?" to which President Johnson replied for all to hear, "Why he's the priest of the LBJ Ranch, my pastor!"

As the reception lingered, Father Schneider's patience languished. Once more he became "lost." A bewildered secret service agent caught up with him and sighed, "Thanks be to God, I've found you!" Then the agent told the priest that President had given the agents a full-blown tongue lashing in the famous Johnson tradition for having let Father Schneider get separated from him again. And from then on they never let Father Schneider out of their sight.

A FAITH BACKED UP BY WORKS

Another milestone that Father Schneider happily shared was when President Johnson greeted Pope Paul VI in 1968 at the United Nations in New York City. The First Family sent a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40



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THE PRESIDENT AND THE PRIEST

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

picture of this event to Father Schneider personally inscribed, "With love and devotion from the Lyndon Johnson Family."

During one of LBJ's weekend respites at his Hill Country ranch, the president asked Father Schneider, "Why is it that some of the people around here don't like me?" The priest replied, "You know how some of these farmers and ranchers are around here. They think you might have gotten up in the world a little bit!" And the good priest went on to quote the Bible, namely Matthew 14:57, where even Jesus had found the most resistance was from those of his own hometown:

"No prophet is without honor except in his native place, indeed in his own house. And Jesus did not work many miracles there because of their lack of faith." (*New American Bible*)

Of the many things Father Schneider appreciated about LBJ and Lady Bird were the frequent compliments and words of encouragement they gave him concerning the flowers blooming in beautiful profusion around the rectory and the spacious country church grounds. The priest would spend many an hour tending to them. He followed a careful plan so that there would be at least one type of flower blooming during every season of the year.

Lady Bird, too, internationally renowned for promoting beautification and cleanliness, worked side-by-side with Father Schneider as active members of the Stonewall Beautification Club as part of Lady Bird's "Beautify America" program.

In 1976 Father Schneider was again awarded the Senior Gardener Plaque which he had won previously in 1972. A year earlier, in 1971, he won the first place Traveling Plaque in the New Yard category. It was always a delight for the pastor and his neighbors to be photographed while receiving the awards from Lady Bird Johnson personally.

Father Schneider always liked to point to LBJ's many accomplishments as president. He liked to describe how LBJ's political beliefs were translated into action, how the economy was healthy and that LBJ's civil rights programs defused what could have been a very explosive racial struggle if not outright race war in many parts of the United States.

"Even though he was a Catholic, I want to say that President Kennedy probably could not have maneuvered or accomplished what President Johnson did," stated Father Schneider, adding that each president, however, was unique and had certain roles to play for the general welfare of the country.

"How soon people forget!" Father Schneider would mumble with a frown. "It was LBJ's grit and determination that Medicare was finally put into real effect, as well as three long overdue civil rights acts, and the treaty passed to halt the spread of nuclear weapons." Father Schneider's

DURING HIS PRIVATE AUDIENCE WITH THE POPE, FATHER SCHNEIDER HANDED TO THE POPE THE SECRET DOSSIER FROM PRESIDENT JOHNSON. ACCORDING TO FATHER SCHNEIDER, JOHNSON FELT THE CHURCH WAS TRYING HARD TO HELP BRING ABOUT PEACE IN THE WORLD AND WANTED TO ENCOURAGE THE POPE'S EFFORTS AS BEST HE COULD.

greatest disappointment was the day that LBJ announced he would not run for re-election.

THE PRESIDENT'S ENVOY TO THE VATICAN

In July 1967 Father Schneider's blood pressure jumped. He found himself right in the middle of a "top secret" operation and was sworn to secrecy by no other than President Johnson himself.

Father Schneider told of the incident only in 1977. He could have done so earlier without betraying the president; but, just to make double sure of his loyalty to LBJ, he waited many years.

LBJ had Father Schneider bring Pope Paul VI a personal message of encouragement, urging Pope Paul to make his now-famous trip for peace to Asia, Australia, and the Philippines.

The Pope's envoy in the Secretary of State section of the Vatican, Bishop Paul Marcinkus, came to Stonewall, Texas to meet with President Johnson. This meeting at the LBJ Ranch was held with the purpose of laying the groundwork for the pope's trips and messages which would be exchanged between the various national leaders in behalf of world peace.

During his private audience with the pope, Father Schneider handed to the pope the secret dossier from President Johnson. According to Father Schneider, Johnson felt the church was trying hard to help bring about peace in the world and wanted to encourage the pope's efforts as best he could.

Also during the audience, Pope Paul told Father Schneider that he liked President Johnson very much and that LBJ was a very good man. The pope admired the way the LBJ stood up to atheistic communism. In the area of social justice, too, the Pontiff gave President Johnson extra high marks.

After Father Schneider returned to his parish from Rome, he found out that LBJ, too, could keep a secret. Unknown to Father Schneider, President Johnson arranged with the pope that a special photograph would be taken of the audience between the pope and Father Schneider. One day

CONTINUED ON PAGE 45

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LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

I'm just a reader with a reaction. But I'll try to examine my emotional reactions to the two pieces. I'll do that because . . . *if* my reaction was not unique . . . and *if* there were others who did not appreciate the article that bothered me . . . and *if* they did not communicate with you . . . maybe you need to know this. I know that I feel a strong *need* to take some responsibility for doing whatever I can to protect my vested interest in keeping ER Magazine the kind of publication I love to read! (Ain't that a masterful rationale for gettin' puffed up with the importance of my own opinions!)

"Haengerbaende" quotes specific people (plural!) as sources, quotes and cites previously published material to official court actions. While "Babyhead" documents a lot of historical sources — ALL of these deal ONLY with the questions he outlines in the third paragraph: "Who was the girl?" Who were her parents? Where did they live? Who discovered the body? What exact year did the horror occur? Where is her grave?" Thus fully 60% of the text . . . and all the substantive data . . . deals with those issues and does not even ask or address . . . "What happened to her? or Who did it?"

The theory . . . that she was killed as part of a conspiracy to falsely malign Indians with blame for such an atrocity . . . is raised merely by the claim of ONE individual recalling stories passed down in his family. (As a big fan of oral history, I consider that scant justification for considering that information from that single source "newer" (oral) history".) The author quotes no other sources verifying having heard those stories — either in that family or from other independent sources who recall hearing similar stories down in their families who were contemporaries.

Furthermore, this theory smacks of attributing motives (which seem plausible in the context of the way current society works) . . . but retroactively applying them to people who lived in a different era. "Haengerbaende" speaks of murder motivated by a phenomenon probably as old as humanity itself — killing somebody to gain their property. Okay, I can imagine that in the mid 19th century . . . or any other century! But murder to try to get the government to establish a military fort or to discourage tourism or to bolster zero population growth!?? Come on! That smacks of action taken after consultation with "spin doctors" hired by twentieth century chambers of commerce or political action groups. Give us a break! Did the conspirators fax their proposal to M.L.'s father; or did they make him pass through a metal-detector to make sure he wasn't wired when they talked to him?

Finally (I'm sure you're grateful to hear that word at last!), I really think that what the world needs now . . . is absolutely NOT another tenuous "conspiracy theory". But that's another soapbox. (Go ahead, ask me sometime what I think of the proliferation of conspiracy theories.) No? Well, I'll give you the bottom line anyway: I think con-

spiracy theories have historically done much more to support tyranny than to defend freedom.

Thanks for taking the time to read this. (Well, I guess that was a fair request — since I read you every month and look forward to lots more wonderful issues — with NO MORE articles like this PULEEEZ!)

Sincerely,
Linda C.

EDITOR'S REPLY

First, I consider both Kenn Knopp and Dale Fry living treasures who have proven their worth through decades of diligent research in their respective local histories, and their recognized contribution to their communities. I respect your "emotional response" and your conclusion that Knopp's piece "feels" like history and Dale's "feels" like yellow journalism. As you say, "I don't know why, I just do." I think both articles are braiding the last tattered threads of oral history into their respective topics.

Unlike most other publications we publish history, oral histories, journalism, fiction, mythology, and poetry. This can be confusing. But, in order to capture the total picture of our heritage in the Texas Hill Country, it is necessary.

While journalism demands corroboration and opposing points of view, histories do not. Oral history frequently has a single source—the person doing the telling. Also, when hearing stories about their relations, many people learn very late in life about a skeleton in the family closet—usually from a single source, and frequently true.

As for history, corroborative sources come from within the culture of the history being presented. When recounting a war, the conquered never ask the opinion of the vanquished regarding the facts of the victory. And once that history is established, any variation will be accused of "retroactive muck-raking" or "revisionist history." The reality is, much that has passed for history needs to be reconsidered and rewritten.

You won't find references in any history book to the "Hacngerbaende." The only reference in print was a newspaper article. Furthermore, in Knopp's article he writes, "A number of people heard the shots and found Waldrip dead on the ground, but only Langerhans and his wife knew who had gotten the drop of Waldrip and killed him. The couple never told anyone, not even their children...It was only after Henry died that Mrs. Langerhans told her children who killed Waldrip." There you have it—a single source for a fact in the article that "feels" like history. And that piece too could be considered by some as retroactive muckraking.

As a student of Texas history I know that Texans frequently dressed up like Indians and committed atrocities, with motives as varied and complex as any twentieth century crime. Further, on the Texas frontier military bases were as sought after by residents of an area as they are today. In both stories

which are under discussion the underlying motive was to unlawfully obtain property. If I understand you correctly, you seem to be saying that twentieth century motives are somehow different—the sophisticated work of "spin doctors." If I have learned anything it is that the actions and motives of human beings, and communities, run the gamut from sophisticated to stupid regardless of time or culture.

Addressing your objections to, "conspiracy theories." They are the stuff of journalism, history, and oral histories. Conspiracies are distinctly human. And I don't agree that "conspiracy theories have historically done much more to support tyranny than to defend freedom." I'd like to discuss this with you someday to understand the basis of your belief. If conspiracy theories were ignored by professional writers and law enforcement officers, the behavior of politicians and organized crime syndicates would eventually reduce freedom to nothing more than a romantic chapter in an otherwise forlorn history.

Lastly, I appreciate your desire to keep *Enchanted Rock Magazine* the kind of publication you love to read. The fact is I heard both praise and complaints on *both* articles. However, as editor, the final decision is mine. I am proud of, and grateful for, the work of all of our authors in this magazine.

I thank you for the opportunity to address issues which may be on the minds of others too kind or timid to object. —IK

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THE PRESIDENT AND THE PRIEST

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

quoted you as saying "the young men felt it was beneath their dignity, so I told them it is not beneath the dignity of the President of the United States to pick up beer cans." How he laughed when he spoke of your defense of Mother's Stonewall Beautification Program and how he loved you for it. He simply could not have been more proud of the way you groomed your yard or warmed his heart.

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"As for me, I am a phenomenal and fortunate young woman to have known 25 years with a devoted father who was an inspiration larger than life. My world has been very blessed by his love and guidance and by your friendship. And he would like that for there was no virtue he cherished more than loyalty."

"Devotedly, Luci"

AUF WIEDERSEHEN, VATER SCHNEIDER . . .

Friends from far and wide converged on tiny Stonewall for the retirement party and farewell tribute for Father Schneider on May 1, 1977. He bade farewell to the German Hills of Texas to become the spiritual advisor to the Sisters of St. Joseph at their garden and farm in Thannhausen near Augsburg, Germany. The head of the retreat center and farm there was his sister, Mother Mary Bruno. Also nearby the sisters operate a center for 2,000 severely retarded individuals. The truth is that Father Schneider did not return to Germany to rest. There was much work to be done yet alongside his sister and the Sister of St. Joseph and the precious souls left in their care.

Attending the tribute was Archbishop Francis Furey of San Antonio who presented Father Schneider an oil painting by Hill Country artist Guy Botto. It was a field of Texas Bluebonnets surrounding a huge liveoak tree, so typical of the Pedernales River valley and the German Hills. He placed it over his desk in the office in the Thannhausen convent.

Father Schneider died on May 21, 1984 and is buried in the cemetery of the Sisters of St. Joseph on the grounds of their institute for the especially handicapped just outside Thannhausen-Schwabia, Germany.

References:

- 1) Author's personal interview with Rev. W. W. Schneider in his rectory in Stonewall near Friedrichsburg beginning May, 1977 for several years; and also while he was in "retirement" in Thannhausen-Schwaben, Germany on two separate occasions.
- 2) Dallek, Robert, historian and author of LBJ, Lone Star Rising, speaking at the LBJ School of Public Affairs, Austin, Texas; heard by the author on C-Span TV, April 15, 1995.

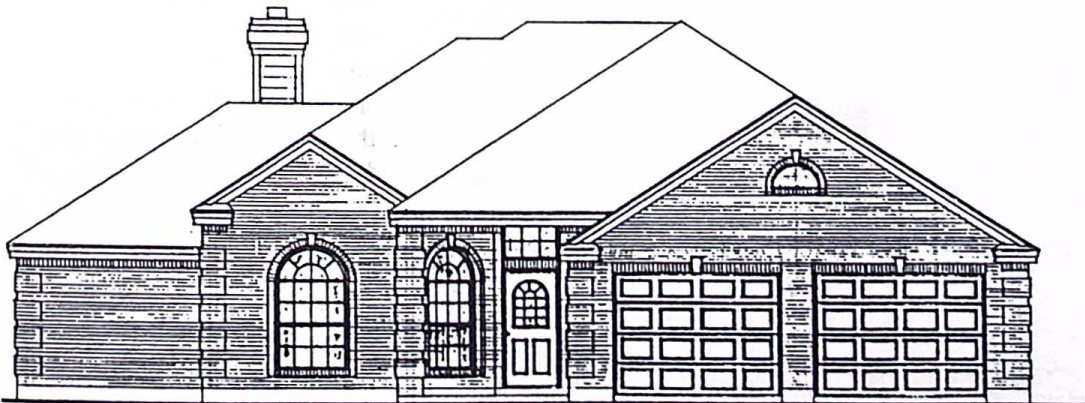
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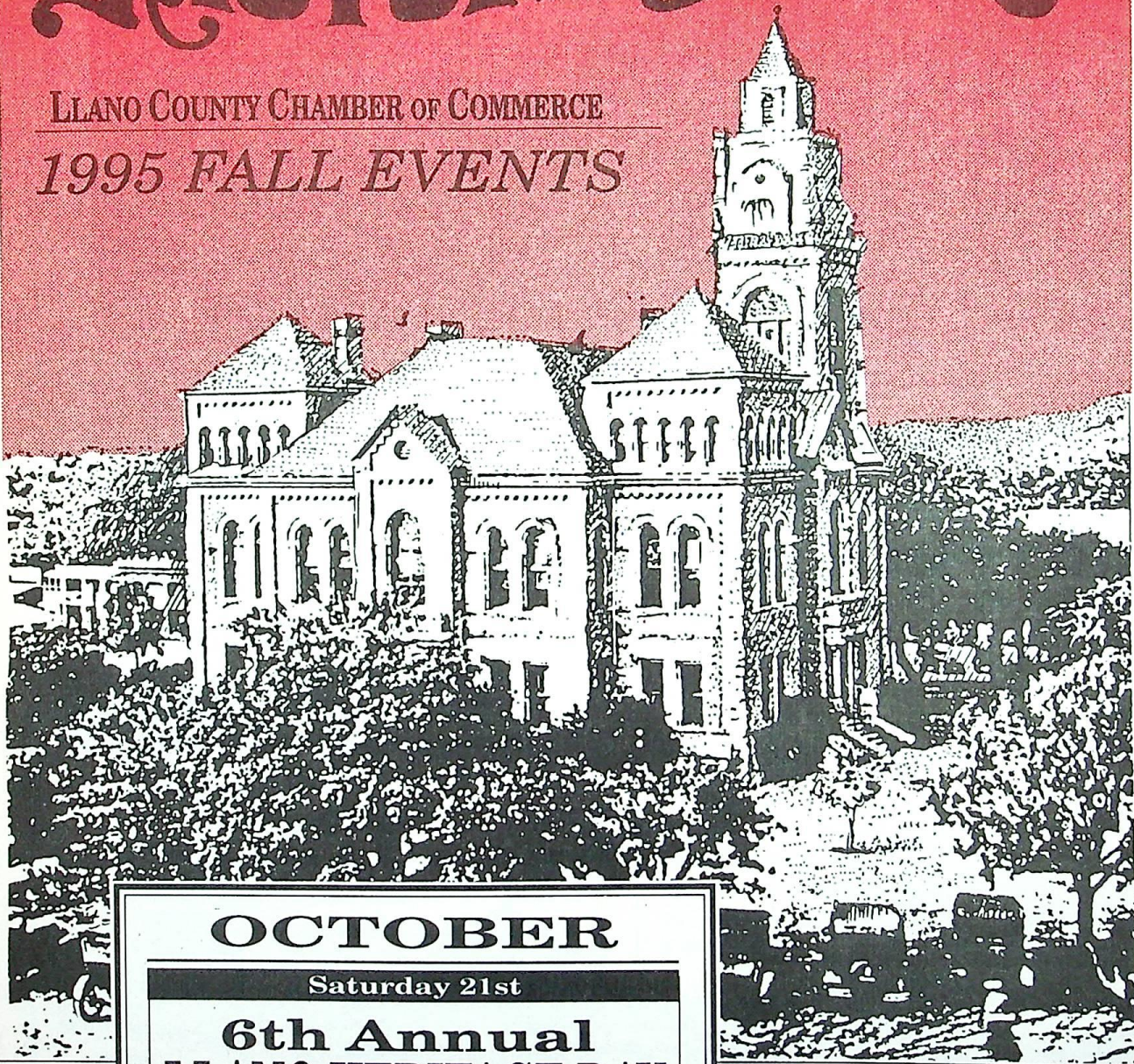
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