

HERITAGE OF THE TEXAS HILL COUNTRY

HILL COUNTRY  
MAP INSIDE PAGE 13

# ENCHANTED ROCK

M A G A Z I N E

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

VOL. 3 NO. 3 May, 1996

## The Capture And Death of GERONIMO

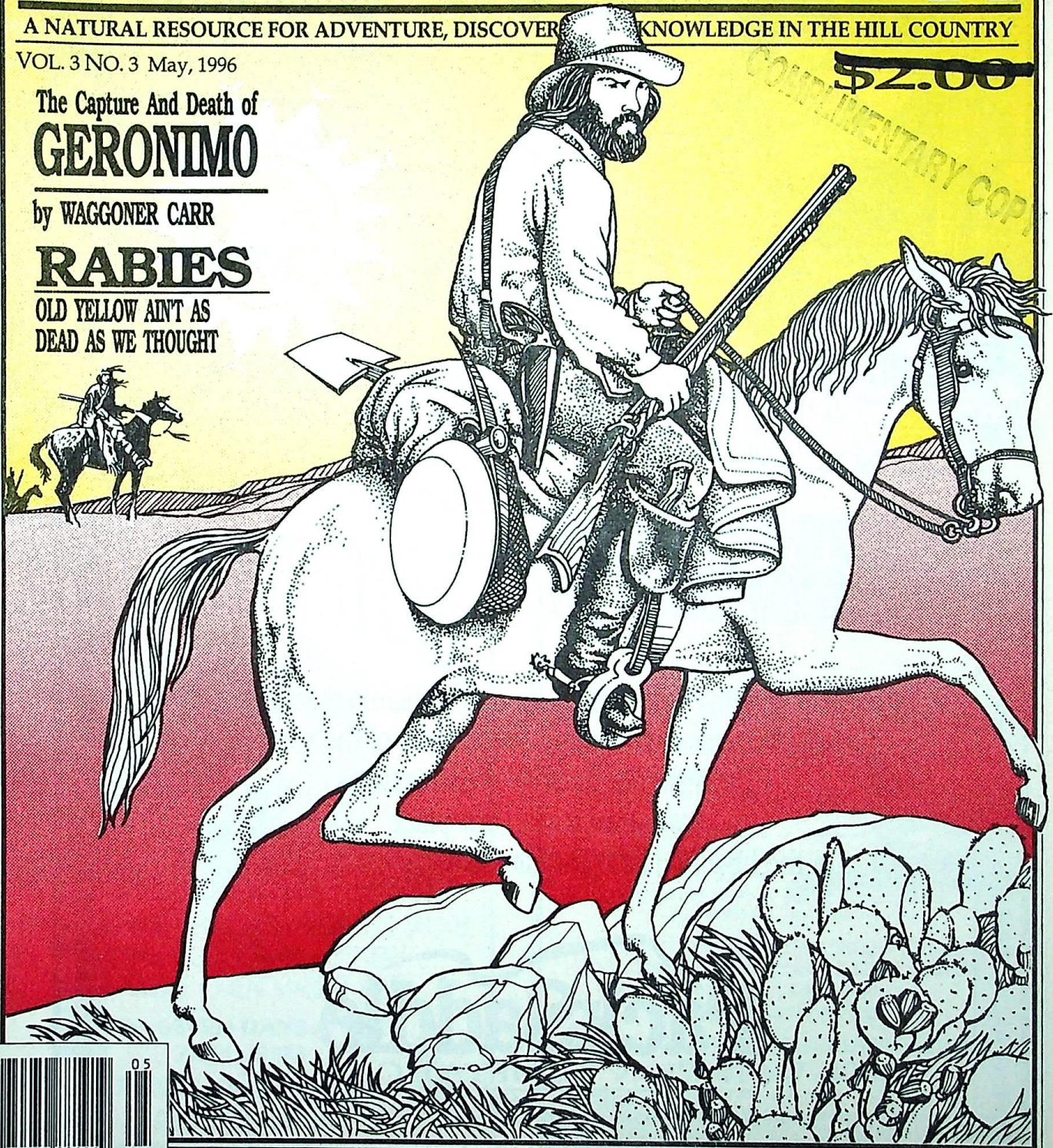
by WAGGONER CARR

## RABIES

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DEAD AS WE THOUGHT

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BURKE 96'

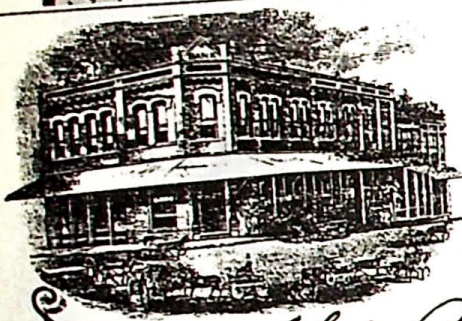
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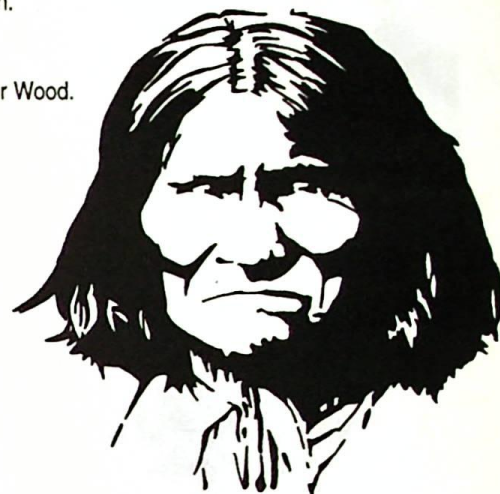
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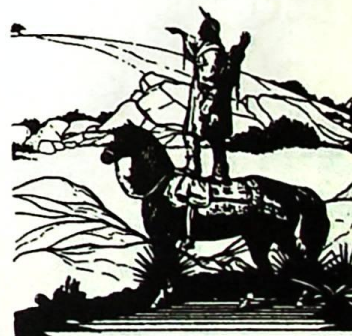
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## FROM THE EDITOR

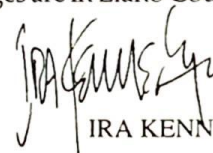
# FOOD, AWARDS & ERRORS

**T**hrow the feed bag in the car and head for the Hill Country, cause it's cook-off time. This is the opportunity to taste the best of Texas' two national dishes—chili and barbecue. From May through July, virtually every town in the area is hosting a cook-off complete with crafts fairs, unusual contests, and live music. We'll do our best to provide information on these events as most, if not all communities, use the proceeds to fund essential projects and organizations.

On another subject, Managing Editor Dale Fry has won both the Gold and Silver awards from the Llano Chapter of the Daughters of the Republic of Texas for contributions toward preserving our Texas heritage. Dale will receive his award on May 9th during the DRT's Annual Statewide Convention which will be held at the Arlington Hilton Hotel. Congratulations, Dale! You've truly earned the award and we're very proud of you.

**WIR HAVEN GEGOOFED!** That's Fritztown German for goofing up. We inadvertently misspelled the last name of Susan Crenwelge of Rocky Top Bed and Breakfast of Fredericksburg as Grenwelge, which is how most of them spell the name here in Llano County. Our Apologies.

By the way, according to contributing editor, Kenn Knopp, whose mother is a Crenwelge in Fredericksburg, the correct German spelling of that name (in Germany, that is) is Grenwelge. However, when one of the "Grenwelges" of Bruchweiler, Rheinland Pfalz, Germany arrived at the Port of Galveston in 1845 his pronunciation of the name was such that the clerk thought the name began with a "C". Not wanting to create a scene, but just wanting to get on with the trek to the Texas Hill Country, he then became Crenwelge and never changed it. Most of the Crenwelges are in Gillespie County; while most of the Grenwelges are in Llano County.



IRA KENNEDY

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209 EAST MAIN, LLANO, TEXAS 78643 PHONE/FAX 915/247-3708

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**915/247-3708**



# AIN'T NO ROCK 'N' ROLL

by **FRANK HILL**

(Jez love dem ol')

Greezy and Asleep are the kinds o' wheels that keep on  
Truckin' down the back roads of my mind.  
Commander's lost in space, Planet Earth is losin' the race,  
Soon there won't be room for our kind.

Ain't No Rock "N" Roll at the Armadillo  
World Headquarters of Texas music sound.  
Hardly nothin' left but sweet dreams of Jerry Jeff  
And ghosts of our Lost Gonzos haunting ground.

You could not write them all on the bricks of City Hall—  
The names of the pickers who played your fav'rite song.  
They took the deepest part of my Lone Star Texas heart,  
And ev'ry Cosmic Cowboy knows that's wrong.

(But we had)

Ten good strong years; now there's nothing we're bound to fear;  
Makes no diff'rence if you lose or if you win.  
Our time is lyet to come, lit won't matter where lyou're from;  
Together, we'll all be found in the ozone again.

Ain't No Rock "N" Roll at the Armadillo  
World Headquarters of Texas music sound.  
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And ghosts of our Lost Gonzos haunting ground.

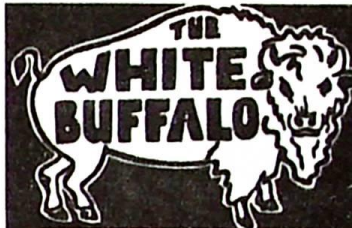
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## LETTERS

### RESEARCHING PACKSADDLE

I stopped by last Wednesday, March 20th, and talked to you about the Texan-Indian battle at Packsaddle Mountain. I'm enclosing an article I had mentioned to you about a writer in Northern Alabama who is a Cherokee descendent and who wrote of his personal reactions to the infamous Trail of Tears. Since you too are partially Cherokee, I thought you would be interested in what Jerry Ellis has to say.

Furthermore, I mentioned another source about the battle on Packsaddle Mountain, and it is "Battle of Packsaddle Mountain," by Hazel Oatman Bowman, *The Cattleman*, January, 1944. I've sent off for it as well as the book (Indian Depredations of Texans) you showed me. If you are interested in pursuing the topic more, I would like to compare notes with you. After our talk, I visited the site but did not get to walk up onto the mountain and see the monument. Hopefully, the next time I'm in Texas, I can contact the owners and do such.

Finally, upon reading your complimentary issue, I'm sending \$25 for a year's subscription, eager to read more about the Hill Country (my place of birth, childhood rearing, and hopefully retirement and final rest.) Please send the issues to my home address.

Sincerely,  
Dennis Samson  
Birmingham, Alabama

### FROM BUCK SPRING

We all enjoy the magazine so much. You all are putting out an educational as well as entertaining publication and it serves this area well. Keep up the good work!! Mr. Lupton would like a subscription sent to his office.

Yours truly,  
Carol Sheppard  
Buck Spring Ranch

### DEAR IRA

You introduced yourself to me when I was driving through Willow City and stopped at Harry's for a cold drink and directions. I picked up one of your issues of *Enchanted Rock Magazine*, and have thoroughly enjoyed reading its various stories. I would be proud to have my works published alongside the talented writers you have found.

Toward that end, I am enclosing a short story, "Grandpa," which was previously published in *Lone Star Literary Quarterly* (Fall 1993), and a short personal essay, "Look, Ma, No Hands," about the new telemedicine system. I think your readers will enjoy them. If you care to print one or both of them, I would be pleased.

Sincerely yours,  
Judy Woodard  
Austin, Texas

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## LETTERS

### DESCENDENTS OF PIONEERS

I was given 3 pages of the article by Kenn Knopp in one of your magazines and will add the following in regard to the comment on page 26 of the Indians visiting with Grandmother Houy.

Grandmother Houy (Dorothea Minges Houy) was born in Germany and came to Texas on her honeymoon with husband Ernst Houy, leaving Germany November 15, 1845. She died on February 19, 1910 at age of 91. When the Indians came to the house one of the men always asked to hold one of the girls and that was when Grandmother was apprehensive.

Truly yours,  
Carl A. Houy  
Harper, Texas

### DEAR IRA

Thanks for selecting my story as the winner of the Clixlan Writing Contest and for all the great prizes. I especially liked all the back issues of *Enchanted Rock Magazine*. It's great to see the rapid success of your magazine. I hope it continues to grow with the same speed. I enjoyed talking with you at Harry's. It's good to know there are people who cherish the Hill Country, and want to preserve its history so others can come to appreciate it as well. I've been telling anyone who will stand still for five seconds about *ERock Magazine*.

Thanks again, I like to think I can count you and the folks at the magazine as my friends.

Best of Luck,  
Kelly Holligan  
Austin, Texas

Thank you for a wonderful talk. There are some other audiences that would love to have your insight. I would like to get together again. Appreciate it!

Thera Scott  
Any Seasons Travel  
Midland, Texas

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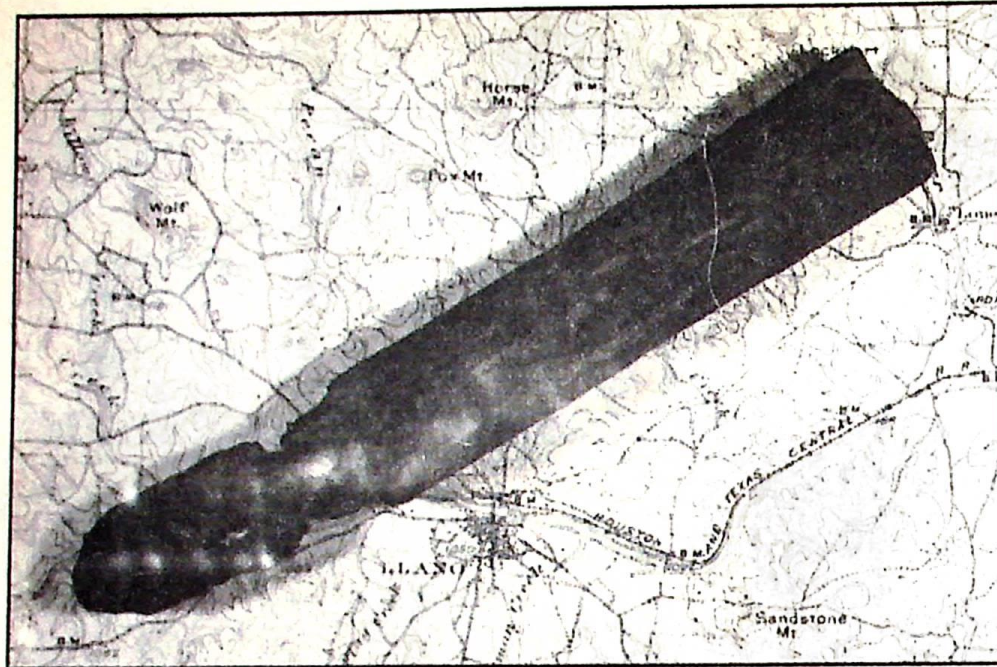
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## I.D. THIS KNIFE

In about December, 1981, I was having a concrete porch built. We had ordered concrete from Llano, Texas. As the truck was pouring concrete into the form, I was standing beside the trough or chute carrying the concrete into the form. I noticed a rectangular sort of lump coming down the chute. I thought it was some kind of stick or something, and being fearful it might interfere with the structural soundness of the porch foundation, reached over and grabbed it, throwing it on the ground, out of the way. Later, after the concrete had cropped off it, I noticed it was something besides a stick, and cleaned it off, to find this old knife type of relic. It reminds me of eating utensils I have seen in museums that had been used by the Mexican Soldiers during the Texas Revolution.

If you can get it aged or otherwise identified, and it has any Historical significance, I will put it in the Llano Museum since it obviously came out of the sand obtained in the Llano riverbed by the firm making the concrete. [The dimensions of the knife are 6 3/8" long x 1 1/16" wide at the base of the handle.]

Marvin Foster  
Cherokee, Texas

## A CALL TO ALL NATIONS OF THE WORLD

# WORLD PEACE AND PRAYER DAY

**I**, Arvol Looking Horse, 19th Generation Keeper of the Sacred White Buffalo Calf Pipe for the Lakota, Dakota and Nakota Nation ask that all Nations upon Mother Earth declare June 21st, 1996, World Peace and Prayer Day. According to spiritual leaders and Elders who gathered at the United Nations to present their prophecies—and again at Six Nations, Canada—the "signs" of Indigenous people's prophecies have shown themselves. The prophecies tell us it is time to begin Mending the Sacred Hoop and begin global healing by working toward peace and harmony.

The birth of the White Buffalo Calf lets us know we are at a crossroads—either return to balance or face global disaster. It is our duty to return back to the sacred places and pray for world peace—if we do not do this our children will suffer.

At Grey Horn Butte [Devil's Tower], before the White Buffalo Woman brought the Sacred Pipe to our ancestors, a Seer was travelling the Sacred Black Hills—PaHa Sapa, "the heart of everything that is." The Seer came upon a large tipi. When he went in the tipi, he saw the Sacred Pipe in the North and the Sacred Bundle of Bows and Arrows in the

South. According to the Star Knowledge there are six stars which designated six sacred sites within the Black Hills—these places are sacred places to pray. We are told there is a sacred place every hundred miles around Mother Earth. We ask all people to return to these places and pray from their hearts with us. The ceremony begins at 10 a.m. South Dakota (Mountain) Time.

We ask all Peoples to begin organizing their own ceremonies at their sacred sites or in the manner which they pray so that they will be praying at the same time as we are from their own spiritual center.

So far, we have spoken to leaders from around the world and each has committed to work towards supporting June 21st, 1996. We ask all people of all faiths to respond and support our efforts towards world peace and harmony—our circle of life where there is no ending and no beginning. May peace be with you all. [For more information contact: Gladys Looking Horse Box 687, Eagle Butte, South Dakota 57625]

## ENTRANCE FEES TO STATE PARKS TAKE A HIKE

**T**he Texas State Parks system will be changing from vehicular entry pricing to per-person pricing at all state parks on Wednesday, May 1, 1996. Per-person pricing will affect everyone over 12 years old who visits a state park. Children aged 12 years and younger will be admitted free into the parks, except for some special tour admissions.

The rates at each state park will vary depending on the park. At Enchanted Rock SNA the rates are: \$3 per person; Educational School Groups 50-cents per person; \$75 for group shelter; \$9 tent camping, 8 person max. per site; \$7 primitive camping, 4 person max. per site. 2 vehicles per site; add \$2 per site for each additional vehicle.

Questions? Call 1-800-792-1112.



## MUSIC SPOTLIGHT: THE BEN BECKENDORF BAND



BEN BECKENDORF BAND (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) BASSIST, STEVE SPANGENBURG, BEN BECKENDORF AND DRUMMER, JEFF WALKER.

Former Armadillo World Headquarters stage manager Ben Beckendorf will light up the Lone Star skies with his brand of Texas blues rock for an evening of great dancing and listening. Beckendorf, the son of legendary artist Charles Beckendorf, now makes his home in nearby Fredericksburg. Six albums to date, the most recent having been just released, finds Ben's band in constant demand across the state. Beckendorf has performed with numerous rock veterans, including Ted Nugent, Eric Johnson, Carlos Santana, Stevie Ray Vaughn and Willie Nelson. He is joined by his 20 year sidekick, Bassist Steve Spangenburg, and Drummer Jeff Walker.

### ROCKIN' THE ROCK Summer Concert Series

Guitar slinger, Artist, Fredericksburg native Ben Beckendorf will kick off a series of live concerts at Crabapple Crossing Store Saturday, May 25th. The concerts, labeled the Rockin' the Rock Summer Concert Series, will consist of five shows, free to the public at the Crabapple Crossing Store in their new biergarten on the back porch overlooking beautiful Crabapple Creek. The event is being sponsored by 107.9 FM KFAN, d&h productions, Mountain Valley Springwater, Crabapple Crossing Store and ERock Magazine. The store will feature cold beer, hot Texas BBQ and cool Texas blues, as well as campsites being available along the creek.

The store is open all day, the music begins at 9 pm. Upcoming concerts are: The Gary Delz Power Trio, June 15th, Monte Montgomery, July 6th, Debbi Walton, August 17th, and The Samurai Surfers, August 31st.

## IN WILLOW CITY

On Saturday, May 18, Harry's is sponsoring an **Indian Arrowhead Collectors Gathering** starting at 2 p.m. If you have a few points or an entire collection bring them along, swap stories, and points. If you're just curious, come on out and visit with the folks who know what it's all about. Ira Kennedy of *Enchanted Rock Magazine* will display his collection of over 100 quality pieces representing most types of arrowheads found in Texas.

On Saturday, May 25th, at 1 p.m. Harry's is having their monthly **Washer Pitching Tournament**. Cash prizes and

the entry fee is \$20 per team.

Harry's is also holding their CASI sanctioned **First Annual Chili Coof-Off** on June 22 with awards for cooking and showmanship; plus live entertainment with Rick Perry, Trey Hickman and anyone else who cares to show up. There will also be stick horse races, water balloon toss, tortilla toss, washer tournament, and tattoo contest. Bring your lawn chair, keep your critters on a leash, and leave your coolers somewhere else. The event is co-sponsored by KFAN-107.9 FM and *Enchanted Rock Magazine*.

## LLANO SPECIAL OPPORTUNITY CENTER SEEKS GRANT

The Seventh Annual Llano Charity "Crawfish" Open, held on April 19th and 20th, lived up to their expectations attracting some 5,000 visitors and grossing a little over \$80,000. After expenses the bulk of the money will go to the Special Opportunity Center. Funds will also go to Meals on Wheels and other organizations.

"We try to give money to people who don't have the ability to raise it themselves,"

spokesman Kirk Winfrey said.

"The major commitment of the Special Opportunity Center will be opening a recycling center. It will create jobs and income for the clients while providing a important service to the community we don't have at present," said Winfrey.

The Center has applied for a grant from LCRA for approximately \$65,000 for the purchase of a building and land. The

organization has already received a \$25,000 grant from CAPCO for the purchase of recycling equipment.

"This grant is extremely important to us," Winfrey said, "we're moving ahead on the project and already have an agreement with Central Texas Recycling Association to sell the materials for recycling. We're keeping our fingers crossed."

THE CAPTURE  
AND DEATH OF

# GERONIMO



Captain Roberts.

GERONIMO.

NANA.

Lieutenant Maus.

Interpreter.

Captain Boring.

General Crook.

GENERAL CROOK'S CONFERENCE WITH GERONIMO.

by WAGONER CARR

In late 1951 when I was a young attorney in Lubbock, Texas, waiting for the world to discover me, a man came into my office and introduced himself as Robert Geronimo, the only surviving son of Chief Geronimo of the Apaches. He said he had been told that I was an honest lawyer and he needed my help. He had ridden a bus from the Mescalero Indian Reservation, near Ruidosa, New Mexico, a trip of several hours. He had less than an hour before he had to catch a bus for the long trip back.

**M**r. Geronimo was interested in my filing a lawsuit in his behalf and other Apaches against all movie producers, book and magazine writers, etc., who had portrayed his famous father as a bad, blood-thirsty leader of the Apaches when, in reality, he was only trying to protect his people and their possessions from the White man invaders. I have always had a kind feeling for these native Americans, believing they were badly mistreated by the early-day pioneers of our country. Mr. Geronimo's appeal to me was a definite challenge and an unusual opportunity to, at least, partially correct a long-standing wrong.

I listened carefully during the few minutes available before he had to take that bus back to the reservation. He requested that I visit him at the reservation so he could escort me around to interview the aged Apaches who had personally known his father. I accepted his invitation.

On February 8, 1952, I, my wife, Ernestine, and our small son, David traveled to Ruidosa, New Mexico. On February 9 and 10, Robert Geronimo accompanied me on the reservation as I talked to the older Apaches he had referred to earlier. For clarity, I will now proceed to identify the Apaches I talked to and, following that, I will relate the stories they told me about Chief Geronimo.

We visited with Eugene Chihuahua, age 73, a member of the Chihuahua Apaches. He lived in an isolated area with his second wife and half-son. It was an arduous trip to his home, taking more than an hour through canyons and over mountains on a narrow, rocky road. His father was Chief Ben Chihuahua. Eugene said he was between 7 and 8 years old when he and another little boy were hunting rabbits with bows and arrows. Eugene's father, Chief Chihuahua, and his braves were off hunting. Suddenly troops of the U.S. Army attacked the camp. The troops shot the other boy but Eugene was pulled to safety by his uncle. The woman and children were captured and taken to Fort Bowie, Arizona, where they were held prisoner for two weeks. Chief Ben surrendered himself and his braves in order to be with their women and children. Chief Ben stayed in jail at Fort Bowie for approximately one week when they were all put on a train and carried to St. Augustine, Florida, where Chief Ben was questioned at length by the Army. Chief Ben had at one time been an army scout. Later he was allowed to leave Florida to go to Bowie, Arizona. On the way there, Eugene's mother and others were killed. Eugene and Chief Ben were among the survivors.

Sam Kenoi was about the same age as Eugene Chihuahua. He knew Chief Geronimo in Arizona. Sam was in Geronimo's band of Chiricahuas. They were with the White River Netnai Indians. Sam said he was too young to fight the White man before Geronimo surrendered. He was only 9 or 10 years old when the whites sent him and others to St. Augustine, Florida. He knew Eugene Chihuahua in Fort Apache. In 1887 Sam was sent to Mt. Vernon Barracks in Alabama. General Howard and General George Crook brought Geronimo and his group there, too, in 1888.

Sam had heard Chief Geronimo speak of Robert as being his son. Sam first saw Robert in Fort Sill. He knew that Robert was born in Mescalero in 1889. At that time, Sam was in Mt. Vernon Barracks, Alabama. He came to Fort Sill in October, 1894, where he stayed until 1913 when he moved to Mescalero with Eugene and the other Indians.

**Geronimo was taken to Camp Bowie and imprisoned. He and others were then shipped to San Antonio by train and then to an internment camp in Pensacola, Florida. They were being held as prisoners of war. All the children were sent to an Indian school at Fort Carlisle, Pennsylvania, where 27 died in the first year alone.**

He attended Chief Geronimo's funeral in 1909. Sam served in World War I and was a member of the American Legion in El Paso, Texas. Sam seemed to me to be in good health and, I felt, would make a good witness in court.

Rufus Sago, age 52, spoke good English. I had two interviews with him, one just before a council meeting and the other the next day at his home. Rufus is the maternal grandson of Charles Martine. He was born in 1900 in Fort Sill, Oklahoma. His father's name was Jim Sago. At the time Rufus was born, Chief Geronimo was held as a prisoner of war in Fort Sill, and as a young boy, Rufus often heard Geronimo and Martine talk over old times. Chief Geronimo knew Rufus and called him Grandson. According to Rufus, Geronimo called all the young Indians "Grandson". Since Geronimo died in 1909, much that Rufus told me was based upon talk in his tribe and hearsay. Rufus first knew Robert Geronimo as a young boy when Robert visited his father, Chief Geronimo, in Fort Sill. He knew positively that Robert was Chief Geronimo's son and the Chief had mentioned this fact in Rufus' presence. Rufus moved to Mescalero in 1913 at the time Eugene Chihuahua did. His grandfather on his father's side was Tom Chiricahua who died in 1926 at Mescalero. Tom was a scout for the U.S. Government. Rufus received a check for his grandfather's services in the amount of several thousand dollars but the check was sent back to the government because of Tom's death.

Edwin Yaikwia was a very old man probably over 100 years of age. He was hard of hearing and needed his sister to interpret. His sister was not present and after about 3 minutes of my questioning, using Robert as an interpreter, he seemed so exhausted that the interview was discontinued. I left doubting that Edwin had enough strength to tell his story in court. I was convinced this old man had a wealth of information as to the true facts which would be the basis for our lawsuit.

Mollie Belin was of an unknown age but very old. She apparently could not use her legs for moving around. I found her sitting on the floor next to her stove cooking bread, her legs extending stiffly straight out in front of her small body. She knew only that she was born in Fort Stanton, New Mexico. She was in Fort Sill when Chief Geronimo died. She was in Mescalero when

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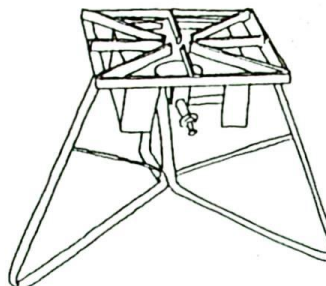
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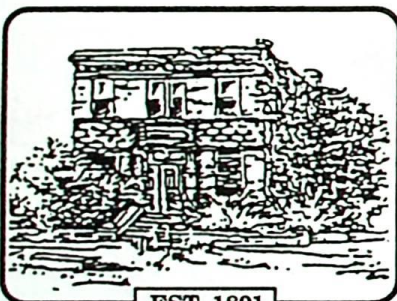
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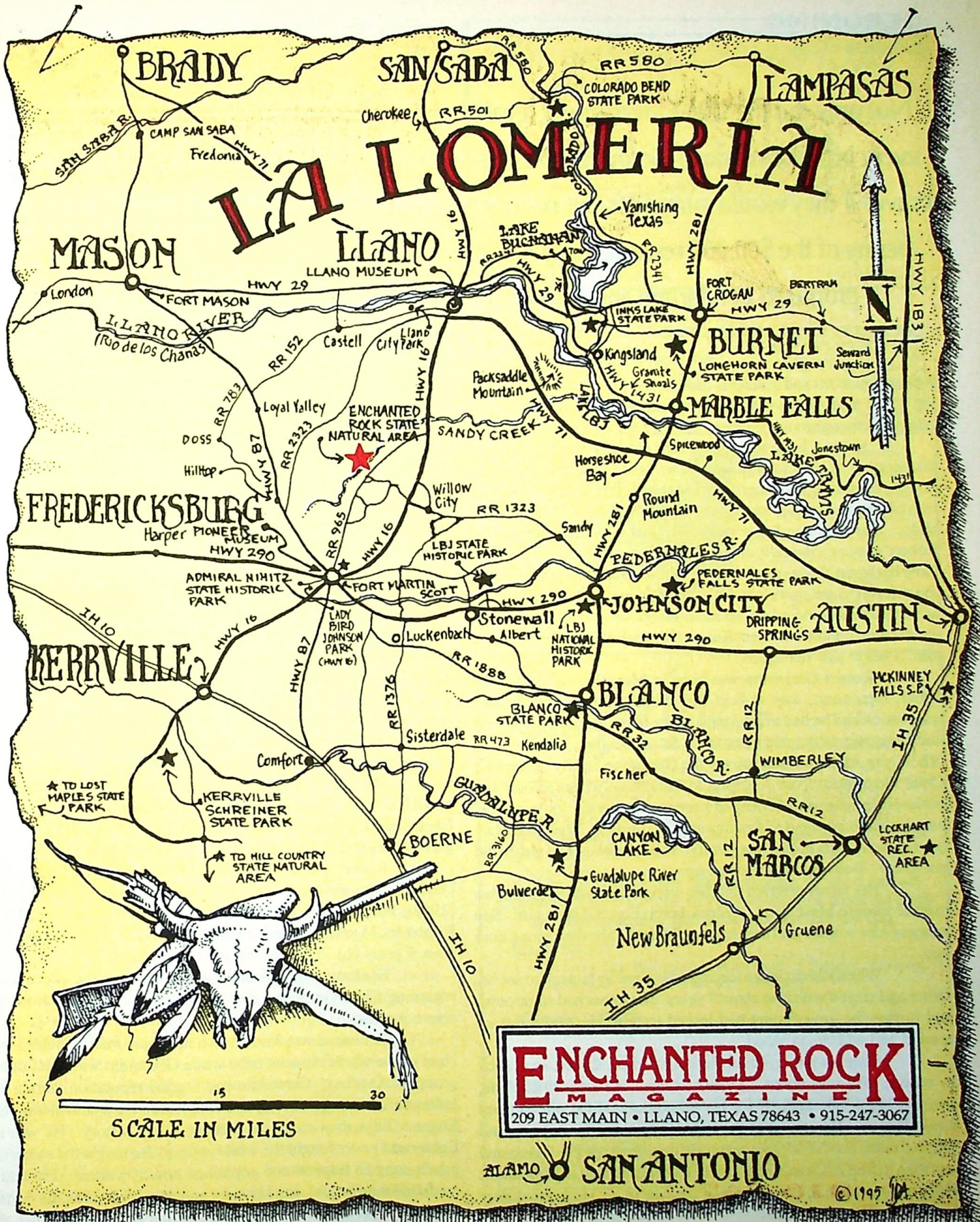
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## Not only did the U.S. Government break every promise made to Geronimo and his braves if they would surrender, but not one penny of the \$60,000 reward was paid as promised to Martine and Caykahta.

Robert was born and knew his mother and knows that Robert was the Chief's son. She did not know either Geronimo or his wife before their capture.

Helen Chatto was also a very old lady and was the least cooperative of all I interviewed. She stated in Indian language, interpreted for me by Robert, that she made the rounds from Florida to Alabama to Fort Sill and on to Mescalero. She was then a small child. She said she knew positively that Chief Geronimo was Robert's father. She said she would be glad to talk and tell all when I saw her again. It was raining at the time and I felt that perhaps since she refused to get in the car out of the rain and didn't want to take us in the house, she might be more receptive to questioning later under better conditions. Sam Kenoi told me she knew more than she told. I never saw her again.

Robert Geronimo was born in Mescalero in 1889. His father, Geronimo, was at Fort Sill at that time on the military reservation and he had a farm and a house there. Earlier, his parents had been moved to Alabama from St. Augustine, Florida. The officials in Alabama later moved the Geronimo family (except for Chief Geronimo) from Alabama to Mescalero where Robert was born. His mother and father had been married in the "old country" which constituted land in Arizona and Old Mexico. There were two boys and two girls born to the family. The oldest boy and girl he did not know. Both died a long time ago.

His father married another woman in Alabama when his mother went to Mescalero. He took her to Fort Sill with him. She was an older woman and they had no children. She died a long time ago.

When Robert was a teenager, he went by himself to see his father and stayed with him about 7 years. His father had some cows and horses the government had issued to him. He would just sit around and whittle on wood.

After his father, Chief Geronimo, died, Robert went back to school. He was about 22 years of age. He went to Carlisle, Pennsylvania. He applied for his schooling and the government paid his way. He stayed at the school for about three years and worked in the East about two years. He then went back to Oklahoma and then to San Angelo, Texas. In 1917 he went back to Mescalero. He was away from Mescalero about 10 years in all. He married after he went back to Mescalero.

The record of Robert's birth was kept in the Indian Agency Office which burned in 1902 and again in 1908. Robert lived with his mother until she died in 1950. His father never lived in Mescalero. His mother and father never visited each other but they considered themselves still married. They both spoke of each other to Robert. Robert called Chief Geronimo "Father".

The white men hated Chief Geronimo. They said they would kill him if he ever left the military reservation at Fort Sill, and he never did leave. His father told Robert he led the life where he would have to sleep with one eye open and the other one shut. There was always someone waiting for him. His father told him he killed white men because the white men drove all his people out of the country and killed them. He was desperate but not afraid of anyone. Later on, he became afraid of everything and everyone. He was Chief of the Apaches. There were some Apaches in New Mexico, Northern Mexico and Arizona.

Chief Geronimo's father was killed by a white man when the chief was a small boy. His mother was killed too. Chief Geronimo had to go live with brothers or uncles. He grew up with the troubles of the country. The Indians were blamed for the deeds of the white man and the Mexicans. They were very unfair to the Indians.

Chief Geronimo was very brave and not afraid of anything. Whatever he went after, he got. After a while, the tribal people realized how brave he was, and he became the head of the tribe. There were plenty of Indians in his tribe. There were more than 10,000 Indians at one time in New Mexico, Arizona, Oklahoma and Northern Mexico. Cochise was a friend of his father. Geronimo was one of the counsellors for Cochise. He did not agree with Cochise. Chief Geronimo did not call Cochise by that name. He called him Natche. He said Cochise was the son of Natche. Chief Geronimo was older than Cochise. Natche was the same age as Geronimo. Geronimo was Natche's Lieutenant.

Robert attended the funeral of his father in Fort Sill, Oklahoma. He was buried on the reservation. His mother did not ever go there.

His mother died in Mescalero in 1949 when Robert was about 60. None of her folks were living. She could not speak or read English and she relied upon him to tell her things out of the newspapers and magazines.

Robert is married to Maud Geronimo. They have five children, three girls and two boys: Martha Geronimo, 30 years old (1952); Weida Miller, 25 years old and married to Samson Miller; Robert Jr., 18 years old with a reputation of riding wild horses; Eva Ann, 9 years old. They all resided in Mescalero.

For brevity and clarity I will now relate the information regarding Chief Geronimo and the Apaches I acquired from the above Apaches.

Geronimo was known as a medicine man. Cochise was chief of the whole Apache tribe while Geronimo was chief of his group of Apaches. Geronimo had a good reputation among the Indians and was a good man and well liked. He would always tell Eugene Chihuahua about his medicine man history. He was no fighter and never fought the white people. He taught the medicine man's song to Eugene and explained how it worked. He said a medicine man would sing his song and pray and sometime during that time a nerve in his body would twitch or move and then the

medicine man would watch to see what happened. Thereafter, on other cases when the nerve moved, the medicine man would be able to predict that would happen. Eugene said he used the medicine man's song on himself and it worked. Geronimo always told Eugene how he escaped this and that and would hide from the white soldiers. Eugene would ask Geronimo how many Whites he had killed and Geronimo would always laugh and say that he had never killed or fought anybody but always ran and hid.

Geronimo died in 1909.

United States Army officers wanted Chief Ben Chihuahua, father of Eugene Chihuahua, to get four other men and hunt Geronimo but they refused. All had surrendered but Geronimo and his bunch.

In 1886 the U.S. Army promised to pay \$60,000 to Martine (Rufus Sago's grandfather) and another Indian leader named Caykahta if they would help the army find Geronimo and get him to surrender. Martine and Caykahta were close relatives of Geronimo. They agreed. They hunted Geronimo and found him close to Chihuahua in Old Mexico. The U.S. Army dropped back while Martine and Caykahta advanced into Geronimo's presence. Geronimo's braves were ready for battle, but Geronimo told them to hold their fire when he recognized Martine and Caykahta, who were his relatives. (Indians called their relatives "brothers"). Martine and Caykahta told Geronimo that all the Apache groups had surrendered or been captured and that Geronimo's group was the last; that they were receiving excellent treatment, that they were furnished the good clothes they were wearing and that it was a much better life than a life of running and hiding as Geronimo and his group were doing. Geronimo had planned to make peace with Old Mexico and to carry his group down there to live. The Mexican Army appeared while Geronimo was speaking with Martine and Caykahta, and Geronimo informed them that since they were 10 days late and he had a chance to talk to his relatives he had decided to go back to his country and surrender.

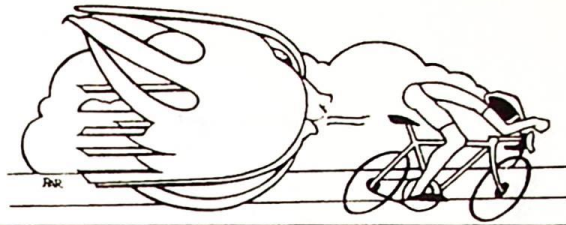
From there Geronimo was taken to Camp Bowie and imprisoned. He and others were then shipped to San Antonio by train and then to an internment camp in Pensacola, Florida. They were being held as prisoners of war. All the children were sent to an Indian school at Fort Carlisle, Pennsylvania, where 27 died in the first year alone.

Not only did the U.S. Government break every promise made to Geronimo and his braves if they would surrender, but not one penny of the \$60,000 reward was paid as promised to Martine and Caykahta.

Later Geronimo sent a letter from Pensacola, where the Apaches were dying like flies in the swamps, to Chief Ben in Alabama asking Chief Ben to see about getting him and his group to Alabama. Chief Ben gave the letter to the commanding officer at a prison camp near Mobile, Alabama, and the commanding officer told Chief Ben that this would be arranged. Geronimo then came to Alabama with the other Apaches and with his first wife (Geronimo had two wives, the second wife being Robert's mother). Geronimo also came with Chappo, his son (who was dead in 1952), and with Jasper Kensia, Sr., a friend. This was the first time Eugene Chihuahua saw Geronimo. Later, in 1894, they

Continued on page 44

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# THE EFFECTS OF THE CIVIL WAR UPON A TEXAS FAMILY

by ELIZABETH WHITTEN-GANN

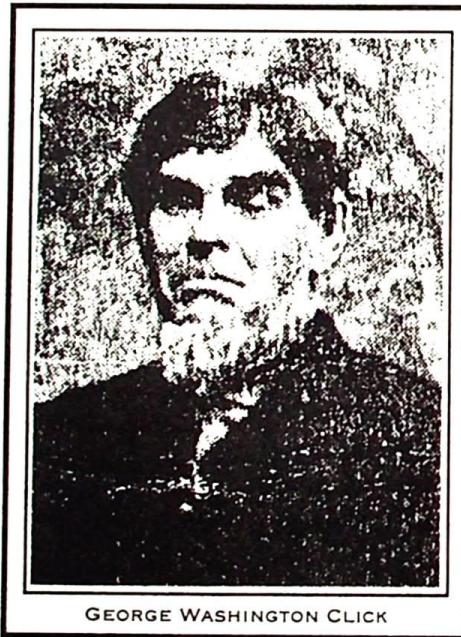
**T**he effect of Abraham Lincoln's election was the secession of most southern states. The official withdrawal of Texas from the Union did not surprise the citizenry. The majority of Texans, traditionally reputed for their individualism, naturally supported states' rights. The Federal government's ban on slavery compromised this belief, thus incurring the indignant wrath of Texans, who felt more closely allied to the agricultural South than to the industrial North. Representatives of the populace met in a special convention in February 1861 to repeal the 1845 annexation ordinance. The Texas Congress officially withdrew Texas from the United States of America on March 1. Countless reams of paper have been used reporting and extrapolating the events of the Civil War. The supposed causes of the war have been recorded, the battles have been studied, and the results have been analyzed. However, the Civil War was not merely a series of detached problems to be solved by historians. The life of virtually every American living at that time was affected. Whole families were caught up in the conflict and in its effects.

One such family to become entangled in the War Between the States was that of George Click. Born in Tennessee in 1794, he came to Texas between 1832 and 1835. George brought his wife Temperance Hawkins and their ten children to settle in the area southwest of Nacogdoches. This area became Houston County in 1837. Temperance died in 1845 at the age of 49. George found another wife by 1848. His second wife, exactly half his age, was a widow with two children. She had been born Laura Elisabeth Augusta Laabs in Statten, Prussia. She and George eventually added seven children to their family.

All of George's living children from his first wife had married and had children by the time the Civil War intervened in their lives. The oldest daughter Nancy had married William Terry

Davis in 1838. He and their two infant sons had died. She had remarried to John (or Joseph) Landrum. Their son William (Bill) had been born about 1853. Nancy's second husband had died, obviously before 1857, because that's when she married Asel Reeves, an immigrant from Charleston, South Carolina. Although they had married in Gonzales County, they lived in Houston County during the Civil War. Nancy's brother George Washington had married Rebecca Washington Walker and had moved to Llano County, where a settlement was named in his honor. Andrew

Jackson Click, his wife Mary Ann Newman, and their children had lived for a time in Houston County, but had relocated near Centerville, first in Limestone County, and finally in Freestone County. Catherine Click had married Charles Birmingham, had three children, and had died before 1847. Her husband remarried and their children, Mary Jane, Edward, and Nathan, were raised by her relatives. Malachi had found his bride in Guadalupe County and brought her home. James Lossen, his wife Mary Landrum, and their children lived very close to George and Augusta. Elisabeth had married James F. Reneau, apparently while that gentleman resided in Crockett during the early 1840's. Sometime during the mid-1850's, the Reneaus had moved to Gonzales County. Elisabeth's sister Nancy lived with them. It was during this time that Asel Reeves had been added to the Click clan by his marriage



GEORGE WASHINGTON CLICK

to Nancy. Elbird (or Elbert, or Albird, or Albert) had spent enough time with the Reneaus to find a bride — Lydia Brown. They married in Gonzales County but soon moved back to Houston County. Elbridge had also visited with the Reneaus, probably looking for a mate. His search appeared to have been an unsuccessful one, for his father wrote to him, advising Elbridge to come home where the girls were not so hard to please. Elbridge had gone home, and had married a local girl, Mary Pruitt (or Prewitt). Only one of George's first group of children did not live to experience the effects



of the Civil War — Nathan had died of pneumonia in 1854.

Like the Click clan, other early Houston County settlers' families had grown during the period between the Republic and Secession. The population had increased as a result of the enlarging of families from the addition of new settlers. In 1847 there had been 1,929 people in the county. By 1860 there were 8,058.

As political events progressed towards war, the common folk in Houston County went about their lives. Most, like the Clicks, were farmers who also raised horses, cattle, and pigs. Farming was the essential occupation, and the first crop planted by any farmer, and the one on which his very existence depended, was corn. It was used to feed his family as well as his stock. Cracked, it fed chickens. Ground, it was baked into cornbread, fried into hoe-cakes, or boiled into mush. Or, bleached with ashes as a substitute for lye, and swollen by soaking, it occasionally became hominy. Corn could yield molasses; it could be popped. If available, sugar, milk, honey, butter, gravy, salt, yeast, eggs, soda or spice could change its character. Corn was cheap, nutritious, and easy to grow in newly broken ground. Most people initially found it edible and usually grew to like it.

There were two means of grinding one's own corn at home. One was the mortar and pestle method. The other involved using a cantankerous contraption known as an Armstrong Mill. The latter method caused a great deal of noise, both from the machine and from the unhappy operator. This home grinding apparatus was used by people in the neighborhood of the Clicks. One unfortunate corn grinder, deafened by the machine's din, did not hear the approach of another man. Consequently, the corn grinder, who had been courting Mary Jane Birmingham, was shot in the back and killed by her father. The victim had been grinding meal for Charles Birmingham's family when he met his untimely end. Certainly most corn was processed more peacefully.

Once a corn crop was assured, additional ground was allotted to other produce. The first common vegetable was the sweet potato. Pumpkins, melons, peas, cabbages, and turnips, became increasingly popular as years passed. Vegetables were served without condiments, except for salt. The Clicks and Reneaus regularly bought coffee and salt, and occasionally purchased sugar and ginger. These seasonings made more palatable their usual fare of game or pork.

Raising hogs was relatively easy, for they required only a wooded area in which to thrive. They could fatten on the mast. Only infrequent feedings of corn was necessary to keep them from going wild. Pork could be cured and safely kept for a long period of time. Beef had to be eaten fresh, or sun-dried into thong-tough strips.

Cattle were more important to the early settlers for their hides than for their meat. Wild cattle were abundant in early Texas. These descendants of Spanish stock bred with the Anglo farmers' own stock and developed into a range-hardy strain. Where pasture was good, a settler's herd increased with little care on his part. The most difficult work was keeping them herded in a manageable area and preventing them from mingling with other herds. George Click's cattle occupied so much of his time that he was reluctant to visit those members of his family who lived outside Houston County. In the area of the Trinity River in which the Clicks settled, cattle were a very important business. Sale of their hides provided cash with which to purchase other necessary items. George and all

Secession curtailed the printing of southern state banknotes, as the Confederacy insisted on printing its own money. The Confederate Congress neglected to authorize any denomination of currency smaller than the one dollar bill. This proved to be extremely inconvenient to Texans, who had to buy a dollar's worth of stamps to mail one letter. They used the remaining stamps as change. The Post Office Department obligingly printed stamps in several values to facilitate their use in trade.

his older sons raised cattle.

Herding cattle required horses. Elbridge, Lossen and Elbird did more tending and breaking horses than they did herding cattle. Settlers and travelers needed horses. If driven to the distant point of New Orleans, horses brought large profits.

Corn, hogs, cattle and horses were essential to early settlers. So was cotton. It was seeded, carded, spun and woven by the women into durable homespun. Bark and berries provided dye. Ladies' clothing might be dyed blue, purple, yellow, or red. Men's clothing was usually dyed a dark, rich brown. Socks and stockings were knitted from the cotton yarn, dyed or natural. Frontierwomen prized calico and gingham for Sunday dresses and shirts respectively. Cotton flourished in the hot summers of Texas. As cotton production rose, the excess found a ready market in England. Cotton became Texas' strongest link with the South. Because of the huge profits to be made from cotton, Texas farmers grew more and more of it. The early spring rains encouraged the young plants. The hot sun matured the bolls quickly.

Although the rainy period of spring was good for cotton, it was not healthful for people. Would-be settlers in Texas were almost always stricken by malaria during the first warm spell of weather. Thus, this debilitator generally hit the family as the first crops needed tending. The survivors then spent their next winter battling starvation and, very likely, recurrences of the "racking fever chills." Malaria, yellow fever, dengue, and typhoid were all common in the Trinity area of east Texas. Heavy rainfall and extended periods of warm weather combined to encourage prolific insect life. People still did not know that mosquitoes carried the diseases listed above. But they did know that mosquitoes were among the most obnoxious of God's creatures. Pieces of flannel soaked in camphor oil tied to the bed was common means of dealing with mosquitoes. Few people could afford mosquito nets. So the settlers lived with the pungent aroma of camphor in the air and swatted — and scratched — for, besides mosquitoes, fleas were

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## THE EFFECTS OF THE CIVIL WAR

Continued from previous page

prevalent pests. Some relief from malaria in Texas came during the 1850's when quinine became available in most areas. The doctor who treated Malachi probably had quinine. It can be inferred that the supplies of camphor purchased by the Clicks and Reneaus were used to ward off mosquitoes. In spite of camphor or the supposed availability of quinine, George Click lost Malachi to "bilious fever," a contemporary name of malaria, in September of 1861. The disease claimed other victims in the area, and most of the Click clan suffered from "the schills (sic)."

At the time the Clicks were battling the effects of malaria, they also began to feel the effects of the war. The first mention of the Civil War in correspondence among the members of the Click family was in a letter from George to his daughter Elisabeth and son-in-law James F. Reneau in Goliad. The letter, dated September 22, 1861, contained only one reference to the War: "...times is hard, owing to the war." By February 22, 1862, the effects have become more noticeable. James Lossen remarked in a letter to the Reneaus that people in his neighborhood were still suffering from the chills, that prices had begun to go up, and that money was scarce. The only way Lossen could get cash was to sell pork or beef. The quotation of prices of various items in his letter is very interesting, especially when compared to previous price lists and to price lists in the war. The following items, bought by James F. Reneau in Gonzales County in 1859, had been priced thus:

coffee	.16 per pound
calico cloth	.16 per yard
tobacco	.20 - .30 per plug
unbleached domestic	.15 per yard
sugar	.20 per pound

Lossen quotes the following prices for February, 1862, in Houston County:

pork	.05 - .06 per pound
beef	\$12 - \$14 per pound
corn	.50 - .75 per bushel
salt	\$12 per sack
coffee	.33 per pound

The Reneaus were experiencing similar economic pressure in Goliad in 1862, according to an unfinished letter to the Click clan also written in February.

Higher prices were due in part to inflation. In the forty years preceding the Civil War, circulation of state banknotes had multiplied five times. In Texas, currency from several states was accepted as legal tender, the rate of discount varying according to prevailing economic conditions. Secession curtailed the printing of southern state banknotes, as the Confederacy insisted on printing its own money. The Confederate Congress neglected to authorize any denomination of currency smaller than the one dollar bill. This proved to be extremely inconvenient to Texans, who had to buy a dollar's worth of stamps to mail one letter. They used the remaining stamps as change. The Post Office Department obligingly printed stamps in several values to facilitate their use in trade. The practice was soon made unnecessary by inflation.

As supplies of state banknotes were exhausted, the rate of inflation increased because the Confederacy issued a steady stream of monies having no more basis than the hoped-for victory over the North. On May 18, 1862, George wrote the Renaughs, complaining, "...we have nothing but Confederate money, and some other paper trash which is not worth having...."

George's price list reflected the upwards spiral of inflation:

calico	.45 - .50 per yard
brown domestic	.45 - .50 per yard
coffee	.75 per pound
salt	\$12 - \$15 per sack

George and his family had come to depend on their home produce to escape the effects of the continued rise in the cost of living. He was grateful that the "fine crops" of the preceding year had provided them with enough corn for home use. He boasted of the copious corn harvest along the Trinity. A surplus existed because bountiful mast had removed the necessity of supplementing the stock's winter feed with grain. Therefore, George was confident of keeping meat, milk, and bread on the table.

By the spring of 1862, the Civil War was having effects more direct upon the Clicks than through the economy. Mr. Click wrote James Reneau that George's grandson Edward Birmingham, sons Lossen and Elbridge, and son-in-law Asel Reeves had to muster every two weeks. The first three would be sworn into their company on May 19th. George did not believe that Asel would have to go because of his age — about thirty six.

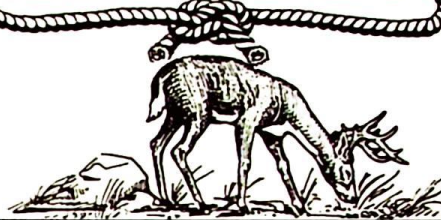
Soon after Fort Summer had been attacked, Jefferson Davis had asked Texas to supply 3,000 troops. Soon, the figure had been increased to 5,000. Even though Texans did not believe that they would be needed east of the Mississippi, by early 1862, fifteen regiments of volunteers had gone into service. This meant that about twenty thousand troops were on active duty when the first conscription law was enacted on April 16, 1862. That first Confederate conscription law applied to men between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five.

While Asel was exempted from service because of his age, Edward Birmingham and his uncles Elbridge and Lossen were not. They joined the company of Thomas Neville Waul. Waul probably had been born on January 5, 1813, near Stateburg, South Carolina. He had taught school in Alabama and had studied law in Vicksburg, Mississippi, before buying a plantation on the Guadalupe River in Gonzales County, Texas, in 1850. He had made his living there by being a farmer-rancher and lawyer. He almost certainly had been acquainted with James Reneau, Asel Reeves, Elbird, and Elbridge Click during the 1850's.

On May 13, 1862, Colonel Waul was organizing a legion in Brenham, Texas. His seasoned troops came from Nichol's regiment and J. E. Kirby's battalion, the enlistment terms of the troops therein having just expired. Elbridge Sevier Click, his younger brother James Lossen, their nephew Edward Birmingham, and Martin Landrum (Lossen's brother-in-law) were among the new recruits enlisted in the Legion. Waul's Legion initially consisted of one battalion of cavalry, one battalion of infantry, and one battery of light artillery. Officers of the

Continued on page 42

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# 25th ANNIVERSARY: KERRVILLE FOLK FESTIVAL

THURSDAY 23rd MAY—SUNDAY 16th JUNE 1996

# A VIEW FROM ACROSS THE OCEAN

by ARTHUR WOOD

On the stroke of 3 pm Central Daylight Time, come the Thursday preceding Memorial Day holiday weekend, the 25th Anniversary Kerrville Folk Festival will officially begin. The acres of the Quiet Valley Ranch in the West Texas Hill Country will once again become a veritable musical Garden of Eden, commencing as always, with a Ballad Tree Session on Chapel Hill. Over the last quarter of a century, the Festival's 66 year old Producer/Artistic Director, Rod Kennedy, has presided over this tribute to and celebration of, the singer-songwriter's art.

The initial pair of Festival's, respectively of three and four days duration, took place in the Kerrville Municipal Auditorium. With "Sold Out" signs posted both years, a larger venue became the obvious and only solution. In 1974, the event took place in the Outdoor Theatre at the Quiet Valley Ranch (located ten miles south of Kerrville on State Highway 16), and the Festival fluctuated between four and five day affairs of the ensuing seven years. In 1981, Rod Kennedy launched the eleven-day-long Kerrville Folk Festival, and six years later added a further week of concerts to the schedule. To mark the passing of a quarter of a century at Kerrville, the duration of the 1996 event will be an awesome twenty five days.

There were twelve scheduled main stage performers on the inaugural Kerrville bill, plus a surprise guest appearance by the already legendary Peter Yarrow. This year, the number of artists performing at the Ranch will be some ten fold in magnitude. Based on Yarrow's suggestion, what had developed into an internationally respected and influential showcase for emerging songwriters, the New Folk contest, was an integral part of the 1972 event. It featured some two dozen prospective folk stars of the future. Over the last two and a half decades, a veritable legion of New Folk participants, (and winners) have moved on to achieve national and international acclaim. Lyle Lovett, Robert Earl Keen, Nanci Griffith, Darden Smith, James McMurtry, Chuck Pyle, Jon Ims, Hal Ketchum, David Wilcox and Tish Hinojosa, are but a few of the latter aggregating. They know all about propagation and harvesting their own crops at the Quiet Valley Ranch.

In the late seventies, a core of Kerrville regulars expressed concern over the number of professional writers and performers who were securing much coveted slots in the finals of the New Folk contest. The self interest of "winning at any cost" had supplanted the basic philosophy of "simply taking part in the spirit of brotherhood." Responding to this concern, Bobby Bridger (a New Folk winner) proposed that an area of the ranch be set aside where players ranging from the casual beginner to the main stage performer could present their songs in a non-competitive environment. The daily, 3 pm. to 5 pm Ballad Tree Sessions became an entity. An informal and spiritual communion, in word and melody. "Come Festivaltime, y'all be there on Chapel Hill at 3 pm each day, you hear....."

Timewise, the 25th Anniversary celebration bears the prospect of some eighty four hours of mainstage concerts in the Outdoor Theatre, twenty two hours of Sundown Concerts at the Threadgill Theatre and twenty eight hours of Ballad Tree Sessions. Supporting those principal events will be the aforementioned New Folk concerts (a personal favorite, featuring the raw and vibrant talents of new songwriters... On three occasions so far, they have never failed to astound this scribe), Children's Concerts, a Blues Project, Songwriters School, Folk Masses, The staff Concert and sundry other associated events.


Spiritually, the Kerrville Family will reassemble in the campgrounds and theatre, for three and a half weeks, in an event which ultimately transcends the celebration of the singer-songwriter's art I referred to in the opening paragraph. While not wishing to incite any ghosts from the summer of '67, "You have to attend the Festival to appreciate the microcosm which the Quiet Valley Ranch becomes." The latter has, however, been my experience. The Quiet Valley Ranch truly becomes a self sufficient, self regulating community. It is also a magical piece of this planet. One where countless dreams come true.

Foolhardy as ever, where will you find me . . . front row, stage right, during late May and early June this year? Answer, in my Texas Hill Country home from home . . . and there, I will savour every second and every minute of the five hundred and eighty five hours of the 25th Kerrville Folk Festival. All because of the vision and tenacity of the inspirational Rod Kennedy, the support of his stalwart back-up crew and many, many truly inspirational songwriters.


With regard to those mainstage performers, if Mr. Kennedy were to cast a backward view over his quarter century long sojourn, the permutations and possibilities for the 1996 concert schedule are seemingly endless. If Kerrville Festival folklore is to be believed, The Flatlanders (Joe Ely, Butch Hancock, Jimmie Dale Gilmore) turned up at the 1972 event and were given an unofficial mainstage slot. With the passage of time, some Texas tales become larger than life. In his own right, Willie Nelson played the 1973 Festival. Already a respected songwriter and local hero, with a slew of minor solo hits under his belt, a matter of months later Nelson had ascended to galactic superstardom. Steve Earle played bass for Guy Clark at Kerrville 1975. Texas Fever, featuring Ray Wylie Hubbard appeared at the first Festival. Prior to teaming up with Andrew Hardin, during the late seventies, Tom Russell was part of a duo with Patricia Hardin. Hardin & Russell performed at the Festival in 1976 and 1977. These days, Patricia Hardin (Long) is domiciled a mere hundred miles from the Quiet Valley Ranch. Vince Gill was a member of Bluegrass Revue when they performed at the Quiet Valley Ranch in 1975. Current Nashville solo star, David Ball, appeared alongside Walter Hyatt and (Des) Champ Hood, as Uncle Walt's Band in 1980. When Syd Straw appeared at the 1989 Festival with the David Halley Band, they closed their set with Led Zeppelin's "Stairway to Heaven." Based on the latter event, the title Folk Festival is something of a misnomer. That the music successfully eclipses a profusion of styles, genres, whatever, is an undisputable truth. Not occasionally, but constantly. As for eclectic, the instantaneous reply would be, always. And finally in this paragraph, let's not forget what Pete Lawrence's portable Sony Walkman did for the campfire singing career of Michelle Shocked, circa 1986.

There are countless, personal and career spin-offs from meeting like-minded people within the boundaries of the Quiet Valley Ranch. I guess the cliché would be, "A friend made at Kerrville, is a friend for life" . . . Yet that is truly the case . . . whether you're a Kerrvirgin (a person attending the Festival for the first time), all the way through to the legion of time-served regulars. The New Folk panel of judges at the 1986 Festival comprised Tom Russell, Katy Moffatt and Pat Alger. It was their first (social or professional) meeting. Ever. Over the subsequent decade, Moffatt and Russell have regularly collaborated as songwriters and their catalogue

currently features some fifty compositions. Russell co-produced Moffatt's most recent trio of solo albums. Recently, Alger and Russell began a songwriting partnership. While taking a shower at 6 am one Kerrville Saturday morning, I casually mentioned to the only other guy in the communal block how much I admired Michael Smith's music. Backstage that night, I was introduced to Michael's close friend, record producer and regular touring companion, Anne Hills. She proceeded to inform me that in a few weeks time Michael would be in London, England. He had written music to accompany a new production of Steinbeck's. "The Grapes of Wrath," for the Chicago based, Steppenwolf Theatre Company.



**From the dark  
strumming shadows  
in the flickering half light  
of a smoky campfire,  
I have heard performances  
which surpass anything  
you will ever hear on a stage  
anywhere on the face  
of this vast galaxy.  
An occasion where  
the power of the song  
becomes omnipotent  
and it's dollar earning  
potential counts for zip.**



## A VIEW FROM ACROSS THE OCEAN

Continued from previous page

On Saturday 24th June 1989, following a matinee performance of the play, I interviewed Michael Smith in the forecourt of the Lyttleton Theatre at the National Theatre Complex on the South Bank, London. At Kerrville, total strangers engage in conversation as if they were long lost friends and magic happens. By the way, in the aforementioned Steppenwolf production, the part of Tom Joad was played by Gary Sinise.

When it comes down to nourishing the body and purchasing gifts for the folks back home, along the boundary of the New Outdoor Theatre are food and drink concessions stands, as well as

a crescent of stalls and booths selling clothes, recordings, jewelry, ice cream and much more. Hell, take me to the Smoothie stand, I can taste it already (it's a pureed concoction of ice and your choice of fresh fruit).

Returning to the subject of the spiritual, they remember their own at Kerrville. Within the confines of the Outdoor Theatre and on Chapel Hill, a number of trees have been planted in memory of performers and festival staff who are no longer with us. Those performers include Robert Saw, B.W. Stevenson, Stan Rogers, John Vandiver and Austin based freelance music journalist Townsend Miller, while festival staff memorials include Bones, Bob Adams and Maggie McLean.

And finally... let's not forget those post mainstage musical gatherings on the Quiet Valley campgrounds. A nightlong Kerrville tradition... the campfire song pickin' sessions. A place where fans, amateur pickers, (professional) musicians on the rise and already established artists from the mainstage can mingle and pass the guitar. From the dark strumming shadows in the flickering half light of a smoky campfire, I have heard performances which surpass anything you will ever hear on a stage anywhere on the face of this vast galaxy. An occasion where the power of the song becomes omnipotent and it's dollar earning potential counts for zip. I concluded my July 1991 Kerrville article, in the British publication "Country Music People," with the comment "If heaven ever descended to earth, one of the essential gigs on that tour would sure as hell be the Kerrville Campfire." Half a decade on, nothing has changed that view. And probably, nothing ever will.

"It has always been a search for the next adrenaline rush, the shiver down the back, the hesitating intake of breath and maybe even, a tear at the edge of the eye, which those perfect songs bring....." Thank God for them all.

[Arthur Wood's quarterly publication, *Kerrville Kronikle* is available for \$10 per year in U.S. dollars. Mail subscriptions to 127 Pinewood Drive, Bartley Green, Birmingham B32 4LG, England.]



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# THE ROAD WHICH LED ME TO THE QUIET VALLEY RANCH.

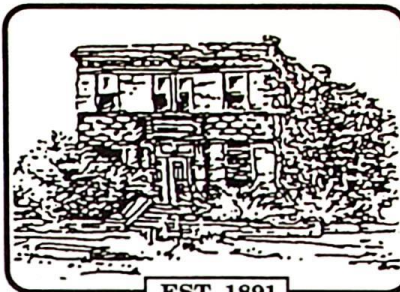
by ARTHUR WOOD

**R**umor has it that my maternal grandfather was a demon with a set of bagpipes. Ask me to hold a note in company, and the resulting sound would clear the immediate area in seconds flat. In spite of a total lack of skill in the latter area, for as long as I can remember, I have always loved music. Numerous genres. The affair began in the early fifties with radio. During the sixties, via the profits of an "after school job," life was filled with vinyl of my choice. And of course, the Beatles. In the early seventies, I moved to Central England from my native Northern Scotland.

The road which eventually led me to the Quiet Valley Ranch came into view in 1977, when an astute friend played me "Joe Ely." The decade of songs featured had been composed by Ely, Butch Hancock and Jimmie Gilmore. The Dale in Jimmie's name surfaced later. Who were these people? Where had they come from? For a debut effort, these were oven ready songs of the first order. Where my recent musical diet had consisted of Burritos, Byrds and Buckacre, my focus was changed forever in an instant. Defining the difference would be hard. Poetic. Real life lyrics. Less ornate musically. They all come to mind, yet they don't even pretend to scratch the surface. It proved to be the gateway to a whole new universe. Not just musically. Poets and novelists were discovered and devoured over the ensuing years.

In 1978 I began subscribing to a now defunct, British fanzine titled *Omaha Rainbow*. For Peter O'Brien, the editor, "Joe Ely" obviously struck the same chord. The pages of his publication soon overflowed with the exploits of this trio of writers and countless other Texas musicians who became our heroes. From Issue 17 (Summer 1978) onward, the inner back cover of each *Rainbow* featured the Lomax Gold Record Collection. The debut No. 1 in this ongoing Top 50 chart was, appropriately, Joe Ely's interpretation of Butch Hancock's "West Texas Waltz." The final chart in Issue 41, Autumn 1988, still carried the introductory logo, (a quote from the foregoing Hancock classic) . . . "Only two things are better than milk shakes and malts, and one is dancin' like the dickens to the West Texas Waltz; and the other is something that's close to perfection." Ely was still there at the end, with Hancock's "Boxcars" holding the No. 8 position. Over the decade, many of the twenty five *Rainbow* charts (doesn't that seem too much of a coincidence?), featured tracks from the Kerrville "Live Highlights" recordings. I was intrigued. I wanted to be there. I needed to see and hear for myself. I eventually made it to the Quiet Valley Ranch at the age of 40 in 1986. It was the 15th Anniversary of the Kerrville Folk Festival. It was the year of the Texas Sesquicentennial celebration. It was also the first occasion on which I had boarded an aircraft. Not truly knowing what to expect, it proved to be eleven days of magic joined end-to-end. In 1989. And In 1992. this year I'm returning for another refuelling session.....

In 1988 I began publishing an interviews, reviews and news fanzine dedicated to the Festival titled, *Kerrville Kronikle*. Published when time allows, with steady support from Mr. Kennedy and his staff, nineteen issues have appeared to date. As a tribute to Peter O'Brien and his pioneering work, each issue features a chart, aka "A Kerrverts Festival 50."



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It just so happens, that I was told how that came to pass...

Long ago, before the Germans stumbled in, the Comanche Indians moved about unhindered. When the winter winds made the Llano Estacado uncomfortable, they moved south to the Hill Country and stayed in sheltered spots.

One of their favorite areas was on what we call Coal Creek down in the Loop.

In one of these camps lived a young brave called Tall Tree. He was strong and courageous. The Elders watched him grow, because in him was the stuff of which chiefs are made.

The unmarried girls of the camp watched him, too. Those from other camps would make up feeble excuses to visit their friends and would invariably end up loitering around the tepee of Tall Tree's parents.

The girls also tried to follow him when he went hunting. He enjoyed the game for awhile, but hunting was serious business, and soon he would just outrun them.

On this occasion, he had done just that, or so he thought. He sat on a rock among the high cliffs above the creek, to catch his breath. From behind him, he heard a demure cough. He whirled around, but was immediately arrested by the sight of the young girl, also trying to catch her breath.

"You run swiftly, Tall Tree," she said breathlessly.

"So do you... I have not seen you before. What is your name?"

"Blue Flower. My father's camp is further along the creek. He doesn't want me to be out alone, but sometimes I can sneak away." She smiled at that. It was, to Tall Tree, as if the sun had risen again. He had to force himself to look away.

"You are foolish to ignore your father's wishes." He tried to

speaking in a scolding tone, but he wasn't sure it was working.

"My father wishes me to know only the circle of his tepee, but the world doesn't stop there. Does it?"

The hunt was over. He told Blue Flower that he would lead her back to her camp. The path he chose, however, was round about; along the tall cliffs, through shadow dappled groves of oak. They walked all morning, lost in each other, but not alone.

The spirit of the valley listened and watched them; and grew jealous. She had fallen in love with Tall Tree the moment he had stepped onto the hem of her green grasses. She had guided the plumpest deer onto his path, and poured for him the sweetest water.

She flew to Blue Flower's camp and sought out her father. In the guise of a hag she approached him.

"Your daughter is very bold, Great Chief," she said in a raspy voice.

"Why do you say that, old woman?" He looked up from the fletching of his arrows.

"Because she walks on the cliffs with a young man, and no chaperon. It is unseemly."

"You have seen this?" He said, suddenly angry, and ashamed that a stranger should be bearing this news.

The old woman nodded.

The chief called to his sons. They came instantly.

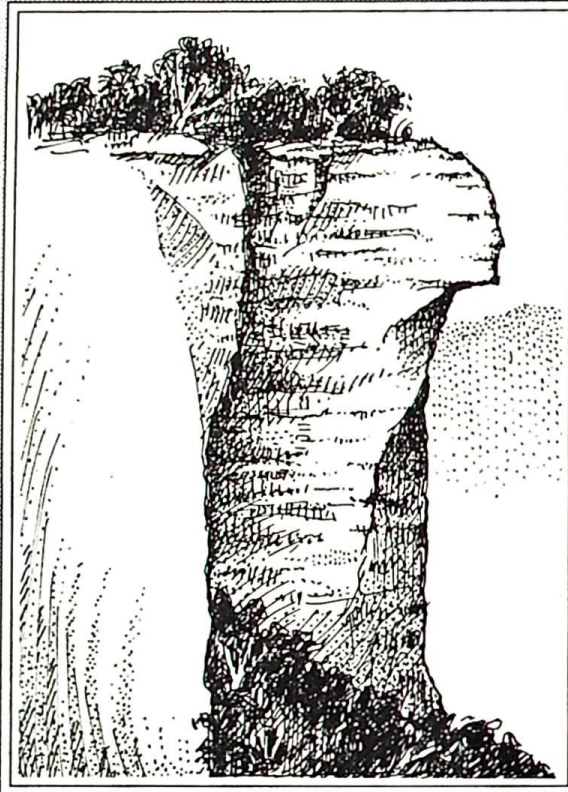
"A brave walks alone with your sister along the tall cliffs. Find them and bring them both to me."

As the two boys sped off, the chief turned to speak to the hag, but she was gone as suddenly as she had appeared.

Tall Tree and Blue Flower sat on sun warmed rocks and shared a meal of berries that she had gathered. They spoke but little now, for their thoughts had become as one. So it is with lovers.

Spirit watched as the brothers ran up to the pair. She was sure that Blue Flower would be yanked away, and maybe even beaten.

The brothers stopped short, though. Tall Tree was well known



BY CORK MORRIS



and well respected among all the Comanche. One such as he would take no liberties with a girl alone. In fact, she was as secure in his honor as she would be at her father's fire.

"My brothers." Blue Flower stood. "What is wrong?"

"A crone said that you were alone here with a young man. She did not say it was Tall Tree." The two looked at the ground, sheepishly.

"You did as you should, warriors." Tall Tree stood also, and spoke seriously. "It is I that should look down. I have behaved disrespectfully toward your family. Let us go to your father, and I will ask him to look upon me with favor, so that I may see your sister again."

Blue Flower smiled her sunrise smile again as Tall Tree's hand brushed against hers.

Spirit became enraged. She had ruled this valley forever and nothing had been denied her.

She transformed herself into a lion and leapt upon the young girl, knocking Tall Tree to the ground. The force of the impact sent Blue Flower tumbling over the edge of the cliff.

Instantly the brothers nocked and let fly their arrows as truly as their anguish. The lion slid shakily against a rock; slowly the lion became the crone and then the mist itself was gone.

Tall Tree scrambled to the edge and began to climb down.

He reached a spot about fifty feet below the rim, where the girl had landed.

Her head was cradled in the lap of a woman stranger who was, at once, radiant and wan. Her face was unlined but spoke of much time.

Tall Tree knelt, and took Blue Flower's hand, hoping for sign of life, but knowing there would be none.

The woman brushed loose strands of hair from the young girl's face, then spoke softly, "My daughter, Spirit, has killed your love Tall Tree. And the brothers have killed my daughter. It is balance, as it always is."

"Earth Mother. You have the power. Bring my love back."

"And the balance? I have power, warrior, but the spirit of the valley is dead and without spirit, the valley will die. Your people will have no place to winter. Do I breathe life into your love, or the Valley? You choose."

"Mother, how can I make this choice?"

"Are you not a warrior? Is not every beat of your heart a choice for you?"

Tall Tree looked at the still form of the young girl, and through her into his own heart.

"If I choose the rough path will you grant me a favor?"

The woman nodded.

"Make Blue Flower the spirit of this valley."

Earth Mother smiled at the youth's wisdom and nodded.

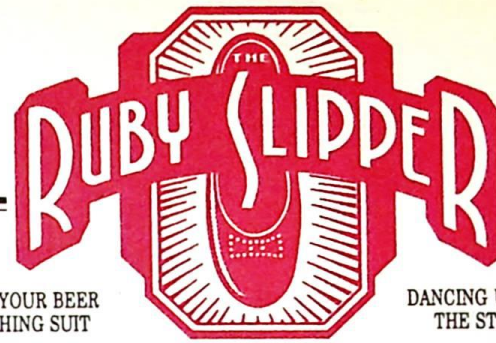
"...And your favor?"

"Make me into a hard rock on this spot, so that she and I can live here together, forever."

"So be it." Earth Mother held the lovers' hands.

And so it is.

There is another sentinel at the east end of the Loop. It is a little harder to spot, but then again, that is the lot of a sentinel. It's also another story.



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BY STEVE GOODSON

In 1568 an English sea captain and crew were stranded on the Gulf Coast of Mexico. One year and three thousand miles later they returned to England after trekking through Mexico, Texas and beyond.

Historians have recounted how the Spanish conquered and claimed parts of Mexico, Central and South America and the lands surrounding the Gulf of Mexico during the 16th Century. We have also learned how pirates and privateers of different countries preyed upon the Spanish galleons carrying the gold of the New World back to Spain. A lesser known fact is that there was a thriving trade in slaves in the New World at this time. The Spaniards needed slaves to toil in their mines and on their plantations in order to bring the products of their colonies to overseas markets. Indian captives were used as slaves at first as they were the easiest to acquire. But Native Americans did not make good slaves as they often sickened and died from the abuses and diseases they were exposed to by their masters. So, as the Spanish Crown increased their demand for New World goods, the need for slaves increased. With this increasing need, the Spanish colonists were less discriminating about who they acquired these slaves from. And, as is often the case, a group of men surfaced to fulfill this need. The best slaves to meet this need were found in Africa and the men best prepared to participate in this trade were English.

In October of 1567 Sir John Hawkins, a sea captain, set sail with six ships from the port of Plymouth, England for what later came to be known as Africa's Slave Coast to do some trading. Hawkins purchased six shiploads of slaves from the dominant tribes along the coast and sailed for the New World.

Now trade with Spanish America, especially for the English, was strictly forbidden. The Spanish colonies were forbidden by royal decree to trade with any country except

Spain. All of this meant nothing to John Hawkins, who knew that all he had to do was show up with the slaves the Spaniards wanted, bribe the authorities into looking the other way while he sold his goods and sail home with a load of New World gold.

Hawkins sold his shiploads of slaves in Cartagena, South America in July of 1568. He then turned his small fleet northeastward into the heart of the Gulf of Mexico to prey on Spanish shipping for, after all, he was a pirate first and foremost, albeit an enterprising one. Think of it. He'd already made a fortune from the slaves he'd sold. Now he could profit from any goods or ships he could pounce upon on his way home to England. He knew he'd be attacked if Spanish authorities found out about his activities as soon as they could locate him. This John Hawkins was certainly not a timid man.

All went well for Hawkins as he plundered a few ships and took some hostages. But, as he reached the western tip of Cuba, a great tropical storm caught his tiny fleet, driving it toward Florida and then back across the Gulf. When the wind finally stopped blowing, the six English ships were badly damaged and only a few miles off the Mexican coast.

Hawkins' ships were in serious need of repair and refitting, and the closest and best harbor was Vera Cruz. There, with the trade of his hostages and a good amount of gold, his ships were refitted from Spanish stores. This took too long, however, as someone chose to notify the authorities. As Hawkins' ships cleared the harbor of Vera Cruz, they were attacked by a squadron of Spanish men of war.

Hawkins was able to beat off the attack but he lost four ships in doing so. The two remaining ships, the Judith and the Minion, were separated. The Judith, under the command of Francis Drake, sailed for home and arrived in



January of 1568 without notable incident. The Minion, under Hawkins' personal command, picked up the survivors of the other ships and set out for England.

"With manie sorrowful heartes wee wandred in an unknown Sea by ye space of fourteene dayes tyll hunger enforced us to seek ye lande," Hawkins later wrote. The Minion was badly overcrowded and under provisioned. The sailors decided that "if they perished notte by drowning, yet hunger would enforce then to eatte one another." At this point, October 1568, 114 men volunteered to be set ashore some 30 miles north of Tampico, Mexico.

Many of these men turned South, opting for capture by the Spanish. The rest of them went north knowing only that the English possessions in the New World lay somewhere to the northeast.

So began one of the most incredible (and least known) adventures to have ever been told: an eleven month trek across some 3,000 miles of wilderness. Only three of the sailors survived to return to England, showing up in Cape Breton, off Nova Scotia in September of 1569. The three sailors, Ingram, Richard Browne, and Richard Twide, were picked up by some French fishermen and returned to England in November of 1569.

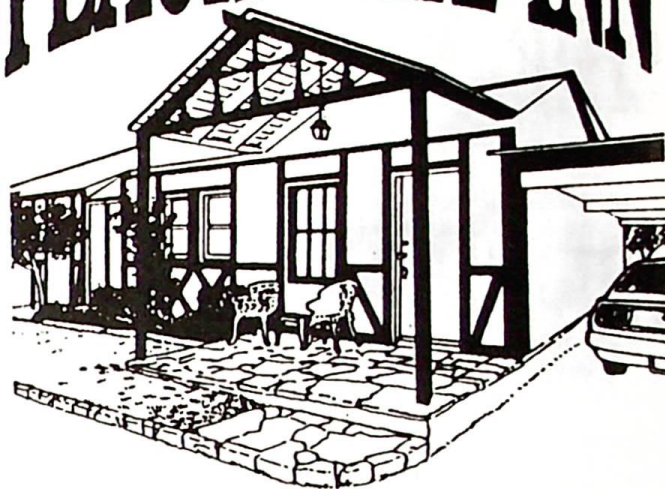
Ingram's account of the journey, *The Relation of David Ingram of Barking in the Counties of Essex, Sayler (sailor), was published in 1582. He relates how they turned inland and turned northward crossing the Rio Grande River probably near present day Camargo, Mexico. He continued northward and from his description of the country probably reached the Hill Country before taking a more eastward course. According to Ingram, he saw "greate rockes of Chrystal, Rubies, being four inches long and two inches broad." He also told of "a greate abundance of Pearles" and "sundries pieces of Golde some as bigge as a man's fist."*

What did Ingram see? He was a sailor, not a geologist or jeweler. "Pearles" there most assuredly were, from the coast acquired in trade between the natives from native oyster beds that had been largely undisturbed since time unknown. The fresh water streams of Texas also abounded with pearl producing mussels, some of which can still be found today.

What about rubies? What Ingram might be describing is actually a garnet. You can find garnets. Sapphires and topaz as well in the Central Mineral Region of the Hill country around Llano, Brady and Mason. As far as the "Chrystal" goes, you can look at any of the granitic regions in Central Texas and the rivers that flow through them and see nice deposits of quartz crystal ranging from

Continued on page 36

# PEACH TREE INN



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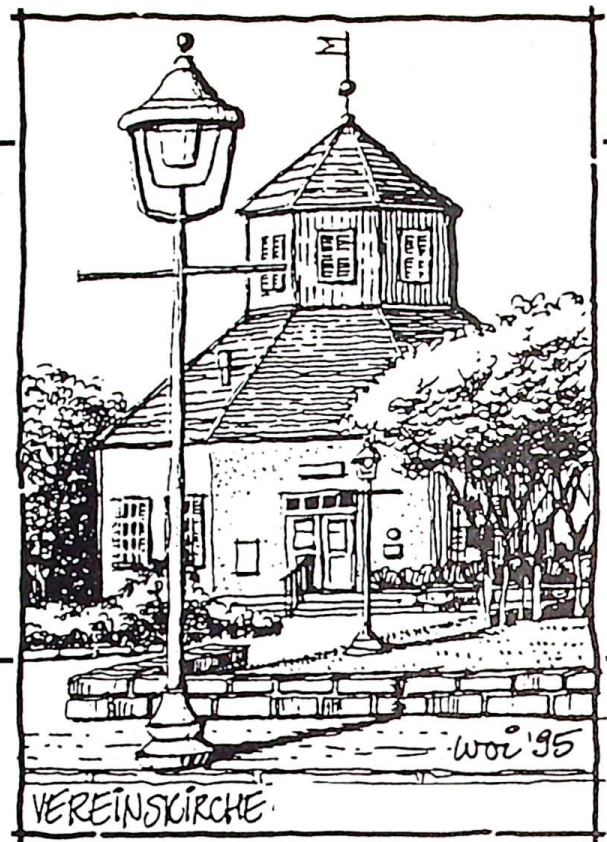
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# THE VEREINSKIRCHE OF FRIEDRICHSBURG

BY KENN KNOPP



**I**n October of 1846, about five months after Friedrichsburg was settled, Dr. Schubert is said to have designed and supervised the construction of the Vereinskirche that was completed in early 1847 after the immediate needs of the pioneers were taken care of. He is thought to have designed the structure from his recollections of the round or octagonal Castle Garten Immigration which greeted him at New York City's harbor.

The Vereinskirche of Friedrichsburg was planned so that it satisfied most all the promises made to the immigrants by the Adelsverein in Germany: they would have a church, school, city hall or meeting place, etc. Very ingenious: these would all be one building.

The Friedrichsburger Vereinskirche was a regular octagon with sides 18 feet long and about 18 feet high. Its outer walls revealed the traditional German fachwerk or cross timber construction which was captured by artists' renditions. It was only later reconstructed with plastered walls, away from the center of the street and onto Herzog Adolphs Platz (Duke Adolph von Nassau Place, the Protector of the Adelsverein)—where it now stands on the Marktplatz or Market Square.

The roof of the original Vereinskirche was such that, after a rise of 10 feet of cupola of the same height and width was erected. This formed an 8-sided roof six to seven feet high which came to a point. A typical German-style weather rooster was placed on the tip, but it was knocked down by lightning in 1862. There was no fire; but it was then replaced

by a lightning rod on a plain Christian cross. It was located in the middle of San Saba Street, now called the Hauptstrasse or Main Street.

The Adelsverein officers in Germany, in honor of Friedrichsburg's founding, and having received the plan for the Vereinskirche, sent from Germany a large 80-pound bell that was placed in the Vereinskirche's belfry or the center of the watchtower. After the various Christian denominations, one by one, left the Vereinskirche to build their own churches, the bell became the possession of the last group to "own" the Vereinskirche, the Lutheran congregation which now calls itself Holy Ghost Evangelical Lutheran Church.

This congregation was awarded the Vereinskirche by the courts as well as ownership of the bell. However, opposing Lutherans, who now call themselves Bethany Lutheran Church, were awarded the ownership of the original church records of the Vereinskirche, as long as members of Bethany permitted other Lutherans to copy the entries in the Vereinskirche Kirchenbuch, the church records, whenever they wanted to do so.

By the way, the first Lutheran congregation to leave the Vereinskirche became called Zion Lutheran Church. The date was January 13, 1853. They wanted to separate "in order to protect themselves from unorthodox notions not of the true Lutheran faith."

Little by little, the fachwerk Vereinskirche in the middle of San Saba Street became less and less used, and neglected. The Catholics had long since also left to build first

their log cabin church and school; and then the Marienkirche in 1863. By the latter part of the century, the city officials decided to tear the old, venerable Vereinskirche down. The actual year of its levelling was 1897.

Smitten with remorse, and feeling somehow they had let down the memory of their pioneers, a movement began during the Great Depression of 1929-1934 to construct a replica of the Vereinskirche near its original site, but this time not in the center of the street. The site was in the center of the Herzog Adolphs Platz, now renamed the Marktplatz.

The new Vereinskirche was dedicated in 1934. Its original tiny school bell is shown proudly inside as part of the Gillespie County Historical Society's archive museum therein. Docents volunteer their services to keep the shrine open to visitors from far and near. No visit to Friedrichsburg is complete without a pilgrimage to the heart and soul of the city, the Vereinskirche.

While its original planner and overseer, Dr. Friedrich Schubert, turned out to be a scoundrel of the first sort, not a medical doctor after all, but a murderer on numerous occasions in Germany, New York, and in Friedrichsburg, he fled back to Germany in 1848, where he wrote some 50 books, one entitled "Friedrichsburg, Texas," under his pen name Armand. By the way, the other names he went by in the USA were Dr. Strubberg, Freiherr Baron von Brueckenau, Dr. Schubbert, and Dr. Schubert.

Schubert Street in present day Friedrichsburg is only two streets over from the beautiful Vereinskirche, which he is said to have planned, designed, and constructed. So he was not "all" bad after all.

Documentation and references of the above statements are available from the author through the offices of this magazine.

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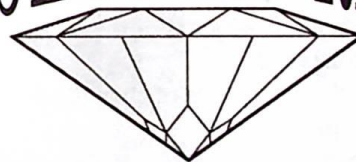
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# THE DAYS THAT SHAPED COUNTRY MUSIC

## An Interview with Ray Austin

BY BEAU BURTON

**T**he post-depression cloud was lifting. The countryside, where legends were born, began to experience the warmth of an awakening. With a fresh pulse of optimism in the songs of the day. Things looked a little better for Texans. The Texas of the early 1900's was a place where music wasn't prepackaged in a cellophane wrapper, live music was the only music in town, and even if you had a radio you wouldn't care about the top 10.

Many factors shaped the music of Texas. Story-songs in the country-western style of Texas music were promoted by our neighbors to the East — Louisiana. The neighbor state played a big role in promoting Texas music. When the music of the South was in its growing stages, the differences between Texas' and Louisiana's music was less defined while Louisiana had more organized musical events. Texas had the money and the right climate to start an industry. The state's strong support for live music fueled the movers and shakers to do all they could to get their hands on and promote this new industry. Newly acquired electronic gadgets, the new business of radio, and all the talent of the South, shaped the sound that is country music today.

The Texas music scene of that era wasn't just the work of a few well known country stars, but more the combined efforts of many devoted lovers of Texas music tradition. This style of music that soon branched out to all parts of the U.S. was spawned by a Texas-Louisiana relationship.

One man who rode the tide of change and innovation is Ray Austin. Ray's unique perspective gives us a look at events that shaped country music, and along the way he spills the beans on why country music sounds the way it does.

I couldn't help but notice how Ray's life of happenstance was like the Forrest Gump character. Ray seemed to show up just in time for musical history to be made.

### INTERVIEW:

BEAU: So Ray, tell us some of your life growing up with music.

RAY: I guess it all started when I was 10 years old, and I had to sing three part harmony with my two big sisters. It was then that I decided I should play an instrument, and coincidentally at the same time I started playing, the Louisiana Hay Ride began.

BEAU: In what part of Louisiana was the Hay Ride taking place?

RAY: Shreveport was the headquarters; the importance of it at that time was that it was broadcasting the music on live radio shows.

BEAU: Was the music heard throughout the South?

RAY: The big midwest or people from there said they got some of that.

BEAU: A.M. radio punching through, huh?

RAY: There weren't many high powered radio stations in 1948, but everybody was coming up from the Depression and the music business was in a real dynamic state . . . We had been doing what's called Texas Swing, or Cowboy Jazz and that was where country music was going, until the Louisiana Hay Ride came around . . . the hay ride emphasized newcomers to the music scene, and drastically changed country music all over the world. People like Hank Williams.

BEAU: What type of instruments were used in these groups?

RAY: It was real simple, mother Maybell Carter brought one of the first electrified instruments into that area. It was just her big ole Gibson arch-top guitar that had a slide-on pickup they preferred to use a dobro for slide guitar, but later on the lap steel came in.

BEAU: So Ray, who were some of your influences growing up?

RAY: I think I was definitely changed by Hank Williams, because he was the first country star of any nature I had ever got close to. I was just so lucky to be there at KWKH on Saturday mornings, and I'd be the only one around watching Hank's radio show. He'd show up with his new suit and shiny boots and at 8:00 in the morning. I just couldn't believe someone would dress like that.

BEAU: Are you telling me he was dressed like a cowboy pimp?

RAY: Well, he said he had gone to California and spent his last nickel buying that suit. He came to Shreveport broke and didn't have a band with him at the time, but they hired him to sing on the Hay Ride and he came along and just changed everything.

BEAU: Would you say he was affected by the music of the region?

RAY: Well he would say sometimes when he did a song, it was something he borrowed from an old Negro spiritual or he got the idea from there.

BEAU: What other influences were changing country music then?

RAY: These people from Texas like Jim Reeves came into Shreveport and really added a big influence to the whole country music thing. Up until then country music was more of West Virginia Mountain music type. Hank brought in a bluesy sound and Jim Reeves kinda did a torch song. He was so smooth, he really set a new style for country too.

BEAU: Sounds like the roots of country music were shaped by everything that was going on in Louisiana and Texas. To skip way forward in time, I understand you moved to Orange, Texas, a place that was a real power center for country music influences.

RAY: I moved there in 1977, and the Cajun music was real prominent, and Clifton Cheiner played there alot.

BEAU: Were there any nonmusical folks that helped that scene along?

RAY: Yeah, there was Huey Meoux; he was down in the Golden Triangle area. East Texas, and West Louisiana, but the center of the music was really in East Texas. The music had to have elements of both styles. Honky tonks like the Sparkle Paradise or Club 88 were popular then, and some of those places were real roughhouses. I wouldn't go in without a bunch of other people; you had to show some power- or someone would just jump on you!

BEAU: Any of your family involved in the music business?

RAY: Well, yeah, a cousin of mine, Joey Long, really stood out in the South.

BEAU: Many folks don't know, unless they were from the Houston area, that Billy Gibbon's guitarist of ZZ Top, claims Joey as one of his biggest influences, and one of the best Texas style guitar slingers that ever lived. I understand you also lived in Memphis, and got involved in the music scene there?

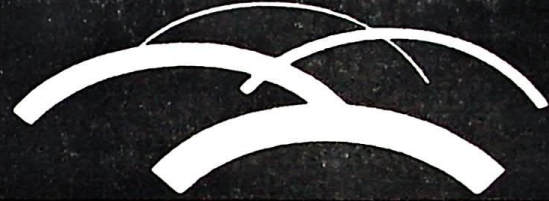
RAY: Yeah, I played with people like Charley Rich, Scotty and Tiny Moore. It had the Memphis sound they called it sometimes. It was often a Fender guitar, with the reverb turned up so far on the amp, it would just pop.

BEAU: That is still used today in Texas-style music, the clean Fender guitar with lots of reverb. So what made you move to the Hill Country?

RAY: Well I've been living in and around the Hill Country and in Luckenbach off and on. It's just the most relaxing place I've ever been. So many Texas pickers come through Luckenbach, and I've

met a lot of the songwriters too. About the time I got here in 1986, there was a 10 year anniversary get together of Hondo's death. Jerry Jeff Walker was on as the host, along with Don Patterson. I was allowed to play, most likely due to a good word from Sam Lewis, but I soon meet Billy Joe Shaver, a great songwriter, and I was doing some of his music, and didn't even know it, things like, "Ole Chunk of Coal" and "Georgia on a Fast Train." Seems I asked Billy Joe why he wasn't more successful than he was, and he said you know every time one of them guys walks and puts his arms around me and says "Boy, I'm gonna take you to Nashville", I just punch him out.

.....And who can blame him? Viva Texas!  
Thanks Ray.



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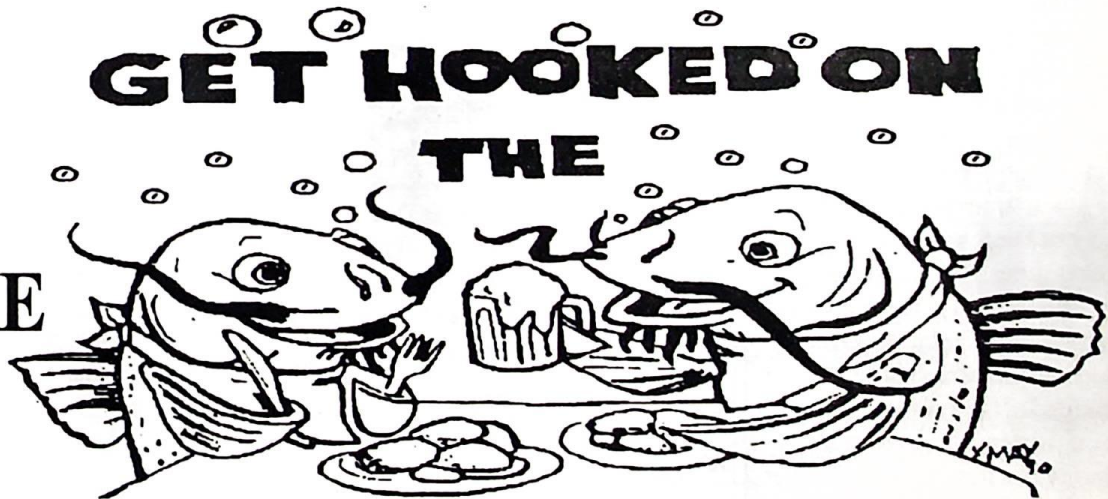
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# On Guard, Old Yeller Ain't as Dead as We Thought

by CHARLES TISCHLER

Last year I packed a .22 caliber Ruger Single Six while chaperoning a camp-out on ranchland near Enchanted Rock. There was already talk . . . "see a 'coon in the daylight, shoot him; he's probly got rabies." Then later in the season I heard the tale of a woman camping at the Enchanted Rock State Natural Area who was forced to beat to death a rabid grey fox hell-bent on attacking some little girls under her charge.

Last fall Dixie and I were sneaking back into the Hill Country on our return trip from Old Fort Griffin. I had just seen my first volunteer cedars on a fence row twenty miles out of Hico and was drinking in the Hill Country atmosphere as we paused in Hamilton.

We walked the dogs on the courthouse square and enjoyed the deep pecan shade and the hilly layout of the town. And then I saw a notice on the courthouse door . . . QUARANTINE. It said that it was a violation of the law to transport animals that had not been vaccinated across county lines. I looked down at my little Sammy, the white and tan long-coat Chihuahua. I could make out the rabies tag he sported at the end of his lightweight leash. "You better not lose that tag Sammy, or they'll bust you for sure." He just kept grinning, confident of his well-being.

Although I should have perked up then, it wasn't until early this spring that Buck Burkle, art director of *Enchanted Rock Magazine* said, "Hey, did you hear about that man who was attacked by a rabid coyote over at Long's Camp?"

"He was there with his daughter when a coyote came up out of the river bed and started heading toward the little girl. The man got

in between them and the coyote bit the hell out of him. He picked up the coyote and threw him down the bluff onto the rocks in the river channel, but the coyote kept trying to climb back up and get at 'em again. By this time other campers were throwing rocks and stuff to keep him down in the river. Somebody finally brought a gun and killed the coyote. Now the man's taking shots. It's all in the River City Tribune outa Marble Falls."

The hair on the back of my neck stood up. It's back. It really is back. I read the vivid newspaper account of the coyote attack and thought back to my days camping way back in the wild granite country. If I had been in such a situation, would the little .22 pistol

have dropped a charging mad coyote? I wasn't even nearly sure.

All this caused me to give my daddy a call, tell him the tale and revisit rabies, something he had been only too familiar with in his years (1940s-1970s) as a Hill Country veterinarian.

"Once I got a call from a man way out near Spicewood. 'Come treat my cow; she's runnin' all over the place!'

"I got out there and walked over to the fence. This was the family milk cow, a sweet brown Jersey. It had always been tame and gentle, but there it was running around like crazy in its yard, chasing chickens, attacking anything or anyone who tried to get close.

"Well, aren't you going to get in there and treat her?' the owner asked. 'Hell no, I'm not going in there to treat her, because she's got rabies.'"

"Oh! No! . . . She can't have it!"

"She has it. She'll be dead soon, and then I want you to put her head in a wash tub and take it to the State Health Department in Austin to be tested. Be sure you don't get blood on you."





A few days passed and the man came into the office there in Austin on the southwest corner of East 1st Street and Waller Creek.

Daddy said, "That poor man looked real bad. The test had come back and she was hotter'n a .45 pistol barrel. He said, 'I got my huntin' dogs; I want you to treat 'em.'

"There is no treatment, you're goin' to have to shoot every last one of 'em.

"Oh! No!"

It turned out that the man finally talked about a coyote his dogs had tangled with a few weeks back. He didn't think any more of it until the sweet brown cow went nuts.

During the early 1950s, when rabies vaccination of pets was not nearly as prevalent as it is these days, I can remember going through what we called the Rabies Scare.

I was about five years old, but I still clearly remember Mother telling me the tale of the Mad Russians in Paris while she drove me up Burnet Road in our 1954 Chevrolet, driving away from "the office."

It seems there was a group of seven (I believe) Russians who had been attacked near their homes by a pack of mad wolves. They were shipped by the Russian authorities (18th Century) to Paris where they were studied by some of the greatest medical minds of the time. They were put on public display in an iron cage and raged like demons scratching and clawing at each other and at the very bars themselves until death finally relieved them. I can still see those Russians in my mind's eye.

The 1950's Rabies Scare featured newspapers throughout Texas declaring a Public Health Emergency . . . there were reports of children taking shots in several Texas towns and cities.

That was after Daddy had moved his practice to 5315 Burnet Road, to the white wooden surplus barracks with the white stucco facade.

For a period of about three weeks the Animal Hospital went crazy with people and their dogs and cats lined up clear out of the waiting room, across the front of the building and to the silver pipe stand which held aloft the black and white sign out near the street. Every morning a large shipment of rabies vaccine would arrive from the suppliers. Each animal had to be looked at and vaccinated, tagged and then the rabies certificate had to be filled out. It was a breakneck pace day after day. Folks got to arguing about their place in line and at one point a man drove up and just let his dog out with no leash. Immediately a running dog fight broke out, with owners pulling leashes and yelling their dog's names.

Daddy's assistant at the time, back before Sam came to work there, became so addled after thousands of certificates that he turned to an customer and asked, "What color is that dog?"

A couple of weeks into the Rabies Scare Daddy called Dr. Carl Heather, with the State Health Department who also worked every other Saturday at Daddy's Animal Hospital.

"I was worn out and Carl took off from his state job and let me take Mama and the rest of you down to Houston to get away.

"When we got back Dr. Heather brought me two grocery sacks crammed full of money and threw them down on the examining table. He said, 'I don't know how much is there, but that's how many we did (In the early 1950s the cost of the annual rabies vaccination was a dollar and a half).'"

Some time before that, a man had brought in his dog, insisting

## **In Old Yeller, a boy's dog tangles with a wolf, protecting the family farm. The boy ends up havin' to shoot that dog, his best friend in the whole wide world.**

it was choking to death on a bone. Daddy told him, "That dog's got rabies, he doesn't have a bone in his throat." But the owner wouldn't believe him so Daddy ran his hand down the dog's throat, no bone. For his trouble he received thirty days of painful injections in his stomach, he still carries residual scar tissue from the treatment of those bygone times.

The Disney movie, *Old Yeller*, starring Fess Parker was hitting the movie houses about that time, breaking the hearts of millions of viewers and scaring the pants off of everybody when it came to rabies.

Well, the real incidents upon which that classic film was based came from the family stories of the Hill Country writer Fred Gipson, from Mason. If you never saw the movie or haven't read the book it will break your heart anew and allow you to sample some of the best writing to come out of Texas in the last one hundred years.

In *Old Yeller*, a boy's dog tangles with a wolf, protecting the family farm. The boy ends up havin' to shoot that dog, his best friend in the whole wide world.

The setting of *Old Yeller*, the book, was in the Texas Hill Country of the 1860s. This was after the Civil War, when and where the American West existed in all its glory, including the lack of all the modern medical defenses we rely upon today.

On August 18, 1994, Texas Governor Ann Richards declared a public health emergency after rabies claimed its fifth human victim in Texas. Since then over 2,000 Texans have received the series of five injections after having been exposed.

Rabies continues advancing in Texas today, coming up out of the Rio Grande Valley and Val Verde County in two forms—the coyote strain out of Starr and Hildalgo counties, and the grey fox strain from Val Verde County.

In addition, East Texas skunks and bats throughout the state provide more reservoirs for the disease specific to their populations.

In 1995 the State Health Department performed 14,150 tests on animals suspected of being rabid. There were 590 positive tests. These included 80 coyotes, 123 bats, 137 fox, 69 skunks, 41 raccoons, 25 cats, 55 dogs, 6 horses, 21 bobcats, 23 cows, 9 goats, and 1 sheep.

An airborne assault on the disease is being carried out across 47 Texas counties. Hundreds of thousands of doses of oral vaccine are being air dropped in a strategic move to tighten a purse string of immunity against the advance of the outbreak of the coyote and fox strains of the disease. Governor Richard's Public Health Emergency is still in effect.

I still harbor some nagging doubt whether the word has gotten out

Continued on page 35

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# LLANO EVENTS

**May 11:** Llano Volunteer Fire Department Bar-B-Q at the Fire Station—303 West Main. Billy Proctor Band plays from 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. Proceeds benefit the new Northside Fire Station.

**May 11 and June 22:** Bud Lite Team Roping at the Rodeo Arena next to the Community Center. Starts at 9 a.m. and lasts all day. Proceeds benefit the Community Center.

**May 18:** Reward \$1000.00 For the Best Bar-B-Q at the 7th Annual Llano Chamber of Commerce Bar-B-Q Cook-Off. Saturday, May 18, 1996... Llano City Park on the banks of the Llano River (Cash Prizes in all Categories). Art & Crafts Show, plus Live Music with The Billy Proctor Band. For information and/or entry forms write or call the Llano Chamber of Commerce, 700 Bessemer, Llano, Texas 78643, 915-247-5354. Note: Arts, crafts & food booths limited to the first 30 applicants. Deadline for booth applications / May 8, 1996.

**May 25:** Llano Memorial Hospital Foundation Benefit Dance at Oestreich's Rose on Hwy 29 West. Featuring Johnny Dee and the Rocket 88 of Austin. Concert from 8-9 p.m./Dance from 9 p.m. to midnight. 1950's Costume Contest & Dance Contest. Advance tickets \$10—at the door \$12. For more information call Angela Daniel 915-247-7846

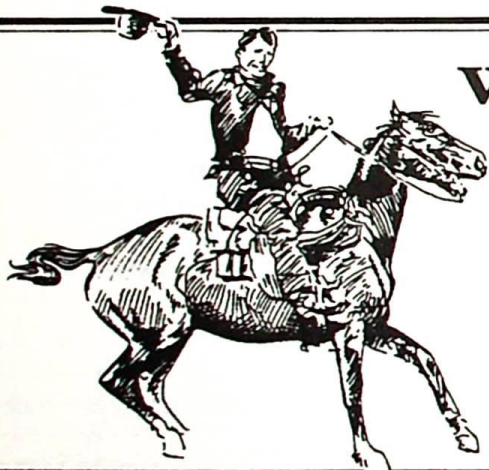
**June 1 & 2:** Barrel Racing at Rodeo Arena next to Community Center. From noon till much later. Benefits the Christian Womens Professional Barrel Ralcing Association and the Texas Hill Country Barrel Racing Association. For more information call Llano Chamber of Commerce.

**June 7:** 61st Annual Llano Rodeo Parade

**June 7&8:** 61st Annual Llano County Rodeo

**June 13 thru 15:** Texas Indian Hobbyists Association Summer Meet.

**NOTE:** Dates are subject to change, please contact the Llano Chamber office to verify dates, 915/247-5354.



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# County of Llano

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# LLANO COUNTY CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

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HOME OF ENCHANTED ROCK

## ON GUARD

Continued from page 33

sufficiently. And it seems high time that we all had our noses rubbed in the real and present danger of this Biblical disease that again prowls the Hill Country.

All those who encounter animals while at home or away should take note of any departure from their normal behavior and take heed. Hikers should keep on their hind legs... practice a heightened sense of awareness. Report any incidents to local authorities.

Just last week, Chester, our Wire-Haired Fox Terrier and I visited our veterinarian for all his yearly shots and his pet registry. We were getting ready to pull out of the parking space when Ann, the veterinary assistant, came out on her break and approached the Trooper.

"Hey, I've got some bumper stickers that say, *Vaccinate Your Coyote*. I'll bring one in for you."

I promised her that I would put it on the Trooper and I then turned to Chester who was still grinning over his 1996 Rabies Tag and his successful escape from the vet's office. But he was ready to cut the yammer and head back to Jollyville.

All this is certainly not going to keep me hiding in my Jollyville home, and I'll continue to fish the Llano from "can to cain't." But, every once in a while easing up onto a beaver lodge way out yonder, the rustle of the tall harsh grass snaps my attention and I scan my surroundings before returning to my fishing.

For information on rabies contact the Zoonosis Control Division of the Texas Department of Health, 1100 W. 49th, Austin, Texas 78756. For free rabies vaccinations contact your county health department.



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1933

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**6:30**

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## INGRAM'S WALK ACROSS TEXAS

Continued from page 27

milky white to crystal clear. And now for the "Golde". There's also a lot of iron pyrite- fool's gold - in chunks " as bigge as man's fist" found in the same area. To the untraveled eye - remember, Ingram was a sailor - iron pyrite looks more like gold than the real thing in its natural state.

Ingram recounts seeing "a greate plentie of Buffes (bison), Bears, Horses, Kine (cattle), Woolves, Foxes, Deare, Goates, Sheeps, Hares (probably jackrabbits and conies —rabbits). His relation may be the earliest account of horses and cattle in Texas. This would seem to indicate that the spread of these Old World species occurred earlier than most historians think.

What could he have meant by "Goates" and "Sheepes"? He probably saw antelope on some of the prairies he crossed, but could he have seen bighorn sheep this far south?

Proceeding eastward, Ingram must have met natives of the Caddo Confederacy, as he speaks of seeing "Kings" carried on large "sumptuous chaires by men deare to him." Ingram recalled that they and his companions "never continued in any one place above three or foure dayes." He said that the first native chief that saw them "caused them to be stripped naked, and wondered greatly at the whiteness of their skins, let them depart without further harm".

Certainly Ingram's navigational skills as a sailor served him well on dry land. He almost assuredly had a compass and could navigate by the stars. But to have crossed over rivers and through mountains ranges traveling 3000 miles on foot in less than a year is an amazing feat. One attested to by the fact that only he and his two companions survived. His glowing descriptions of the land caused him to be named "the first Texas braggart in the English Tongue" by Dr. Thomas Cutrer, a historian of English Texans.

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BY JEAN HACKETT

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Crushed beneath tires  
Into clumps like powdered sugar  
Dusting fence posts and glazing car windows  
In dry response  
To travelers who venture where few now go

Show us where the ones who came before  
Plied stones from the fields  
And piled them heavy into rock walls  
Where they crucified themselves with mesquite thorns  
Looking to create their vision of God's country  
By burning bushes

Wind us downward past quarries  
And homesteads where they dug in  
Ordering what they could into orchards of peach and  
pecan

Leaving the rest to rattlesnakes  
And the blooming wildness  
Of springtime pink, blue and red

Guide us through shadowy villages  
Where burnt-out chimneys and porches stand silent  
Echoing with dialects of German no longer  
Sung as cradles are rocked  
Swinging a new generation forward  
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Far and away beyond the Hill Country  
And back again

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# BLAZING NEW TRAILS



KENNETH POLLARD, PARTICIPATES IN THE RECREATION OF THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE BUFFALO SOLDIER.

**T**he Community Outreach Project of the Texas Parks and Wildlife Department's educational programs is directed to inner-city communities and the youth of Texas. The Programs blend natural and cultural patterns of early Texas and explain how those patterns influenced the way of life.

One program, on the Texas Buffalo Soldiers, is part of the Outreach Project designed to emphasize our multi-shared western heritage about the 9th Cavalry and the 24th Infantry Buffalo Soldiers, Vaqueros, Negro Cowboys, Women Pioneers, Native Americans and others in Texas during the 1800's.

In 1866 and 1867, soon after the Civil War, Congress organized the 9th and 10th Cavalry Division and the 24th and 25th Infantry Regiments for western duty against the Indian Nations.

Buffalo Soldiers were stationed at frontier forts and other military outposts from Texas to the Dakota territories, to help with the westward expansion of the U.S. The heroic deeds of most Buffalo Soldiers were

never known beyond the campfires of their comrades. However, the Indians knew the worth of the Buffalo Soldier. Like the buffalo itself, he had strength and courage. Their accomplishments and endeavors are part of the heritage of U.S. and Texas.

The mission of the Community Outreach Project is to inform and involve new constituencies in the activities and programs of the Texas Parks and Wildlife Department. This involvement will provide the new constituencies a service and a tangible long-lasting product that builds a solid foundation for social and economic prosperity.

Another Outreach Program, "Blazing New Trails", is an outdoor educational program designed to emphasize outdoor skills training and instruction that includes the Texas State Parks. Park Rangers and other Department personnel and volunteers teach camping, hiking, fishing, hunting and other outdoor skills.

The Community Outreach Project also has ongoing cultural research that identifies minority citizens, sites and properties having historical significance in Texas. The research includes archival, genealogical, oral history, land ethnography. Research is also ongoing on the 9th Calvary and 24th Infantry soldiers, the first Negro regiment to arrive in Texas after the Civil War.

For more information on the Buffalo Soldiers and Black Medal of Honor winners we suggest you visit the following National and State Historical Parks:

- Fort Concho National Historic Landmark  
San Angelo, Texas
- Fort Richardson State Historical Park  
Jacksboro, Texas
- Fort Davis National Historic Landmark  
Fort Davis, Texas
- Fort Griffin State Historical Park  
Albany, Texas
- Fort McKavett State Historical Park  
Fort McKavett, Texas.

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In Honor of the 150th Anniversary: 1846 - 1996

# DIES UND DASS... THIS AND THAT... ABOUT FRIEDRICHSBURG

From the Stammtisch Collection,  
by KENN KNOPP

## TOMBSTONE IN DER STADT FRIEDHOF

The grave marker in the City Cemetery for Felix Oestreich, born February 22, 1888, reads only as follows: "Gone Without Notice. God Only Knows How and When. Buried July 26, 1953."

## FRIEDRICHSBURG'S GOING TO AMOUNT TO SOMETHING!

Bob Gates opened Friedrichsburg's first real bookstore in 1975. He knew that he was going to like living in Friedrichsburg from the moment he walked into Knopp & Metzger's Grocery Store. Before the store closed down in deference to the big chain supermarkets, one of the owners, Jimmy Metzger, always chatted with him and never failed to give him nuggets of thought to take with him.

One day the two were talking about the prospects of Friedrichsburg and whether or not the city would one day amount to something. "I just know that Friedrichsburg has a good future ahead of it," remarked Jimmy, "because more and more people are coming in and asking for canned dog food!" (Those who kept pets were feeding them with their table scraps.)

Gates also remembers the day when he picked up a little carton of fresh blackberries and took it to the counter to pay for it. "You know you can get these same blackberries over on Milam Street for 49 cents a carton!" the woman clerk advised him. He declined saying he didn't mind paying more for them, 51 cents a carton.

In fact, Bob Gates was such a faithful customer of Knopp & Metzgers that one day after he had picked out the items he wanted and went to the counter to pay for them, the clerk noticed, "Bob, you've forgotten the onions!"

## THE REALLY WILD, WILD GAME DINNER

Bob Gates, as an agreeable newcomer, also agreed to serve on the annual Wild Game Dinner's Wild Game Procurement Committee. The Wild Game Dinner raised funds for the Heritage Federation to restore the historic buildings of the city. He put a notice in the paper for those who had extra wild game in their freezers to give him a call. One lady from the Cherry Mountain area gave him a call. She had some wild game to give him if he would come get it.



Bob went the fifteen miles from Friedrichsburg, over a number of cattle guards and rocky roads, and opened a number of gates to get to the lady's ranchhouse. The lady cheerfully handed him the frozen package. He thanked her and asked her, "What kind of meat is it?" She replied, "Vell, vie don't really know dat, vie neffer effer saw one like dat before." He accepted the contribution gracefully, however, and brought it to the preparation committee. They looked it over really well and sniffed at it well. Once they got over the shock of not knowing what it was, the chairman made the final decision: "Vee vill put it in duh chili." Everyone at the dinner loved it. In fact the chili ran out early.

#### TALKING ABOUT CHILI...

Planning for the subsequent visit of many members of the Comanche Nation from Oklahoma and other states to the 150th Anniversary Celebrations in May, 1996, one of the members of the Comanche advance party wondered if the Arthur Otto Fischer house was still standing. The inquirer was the granddaughter of Rudolph Fischer, who was captured by the Comanches in 1854 and never came back to Friedrichsburg again except for short visits. She remembered her uncle Arthur's imposing two story house at 207 S. Adams Street, especially its pretty white picket fence.

When consulted, one Friedrichsburg old-timer knew precisely where the old house was, recalling that after Arthur Fischer sold the house to the Pfeil family it later became a cafe. He blurted out, "Oh, I know vare dat house vas. It used to be a good cafe for good home cookin'. E fry-one called it 'Duh Chili Haus' because it vas a place ver effen da' Catholics cudt go dare to eat chili on a Friday and not be sinning." The house is still standing and is located next to the Klinksiek's Machine Shop & True Value Hardware Store.

#### FRIEDRICHSBURG'S HIGHLY RESPECTED JUDGE SAGEBIEL

Roberta Stieler Smith Warren, the county's grand dame of them all, tells the story she heard from no other than the noted newsman, Walter Cronkite, about his experience in the Deluxe Restaurant of Friedrichsburg. He had spent the night in Friedrichsburg in preparation of interviewing President Lyndon B. Johnson at the Texas White House at the LBJ Ranch.

The earlier in the morning, all the more crowded is the Deluxe with both workers and retirees who get up early. The cafe was packed. Cronkite sat on a stool at the counter. He waited and he waited. The German ladies waiting on the customers filled their orders one by one very methodically and without a smile.

After waiting for an eternity, Cronkite just had to speak up, "Ma'am, would you please wait on me? I'm Walter Cronkite and I've come down to interview LBJ at the ranch and I'm about to be late." To which the waitresses replied, "Mister, I don't care if you're Judge Sagebiel, you're just going to have to wait your turn!"



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## THE EFFECTS OF THE CIVIL WAR

Continued from page 19

Legion were Barnard Timmons, Lieutenant Colonel of Infantry; Leonidas Willis, Lieutenant Colonel of Cavalry; Allen Cameron, Major of Infantry; and William Edgar, Captain of Artillery. The staff was composed of H.B. Andrews, Quartermaster; Robert Broadnax, Ordnance Officer; Dr. Edward Randall, Surgeon; and Lieutenant Oliver Steele, Adjutant. Other members of the staff included John G. Ashe, H.B. Adams, Adolph King, and M. S. Munson.

On the 18th of August, the entire complement of twelve companies of infantry began to move towards Monroe, Louisiana, in order to join General Van Dorn in Mississippi. They crossed the Mississippi River at Vicksburg on the first of October. Elbridge took the opportunity of the respite from marching to write to his father and brother-in-law, whom he knew would be concerned regarding his welfare. Elbridge's letter to James Reneau presented an image of a happy and healthy young man who was thoroughly enjoying the adventure of war. Army life had so agreed with Elbridge that he had gained weight in spite of all the marching. After some banter regarding what he supposed would happen next, Elbridge related the prices of selected goods in the Vicksburg area.

shoe	\$12 per pair
boots	\$25 - \$35 per pair
watermelons	\$1 - \$2.50 each
Turnip greens	.50 per serving

James had bought a pair of men's brogans (work boots) for \$1.50 in December, 1850, and a pair of men's shoes for \$1.88 in July, 1857. The remarkable five hundred percent surge in the price of footwear by 1862 was caused by the almost total inability of the South to supply herself with manufactured goods. The agricultural southern states had triadically relied on the more industrial northern states for factory-made items. Secession had cut off these importations. Suddenly, all that had been imported must be produced in the South — and as quickly as possible. Shifting from an agrarian economy to an industrial one was not an easy task for people unskilled in such matters.

Texas, so far to the west, and so lacking in transportation, suffered greatly from the scarcity of machine-made products. But as necessity is the mother of invention, Texas set about filling the demand for manufactured articles. There had been few tanneries and fewer than a half dozen textile factories in Texas when the War began. Civilians required a reliable and continuous supply of leather products and cloth. Soldiers had to be outfitted with boots, harness, belting, saddles, and apparel. As the War continued, one Texas tannery succeeded in processing several hundred hides a day. Penitentiary inmates produced about a million yards of cotton and wool fabric. This was a prodigious feat when one considers "the near-medieval conditions" under which they were forced to work. In such circumstances, the availability of footwear or clothing at any price was fortunate.

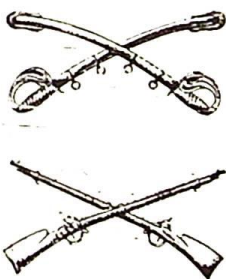
Keeping a decent pair of shoes or boots on his feet was not the only topic of Elbridge Click's concern. He wrote that the general health of his company was not good. Five or six of his camp-mates were definitely ill, although Elbridge claimed that

they were not dangerously so. He did not seem to be seriously distressed. He was more anxious to hear news from home. To make sure mail would reach him, Elbridge reported that Waul's Legion was scheduled to leave Vicksburg for Holly Springs on October 7.

Rejoining the battalion of cavalry which had arrived earlier, the Legion marched to Holly Springs. By the time Waul had reached his destination, the Battle of Corinth (which was not one but a series of battles) had occurred. At Holly Springs, the cavalry permanently became part of General J. R. Chalmers' brigade and the infantry was divided into two battalions, each containing six companies. One battalion was led by Lieutenant Colonel Timmons and Major Cameron; the other was headed by Lieutenant Colonel James Wrigley and Major Steele. George Click's sons and grandson were in Company F, commanded by Captain W. D. Hicks.

Back in Texas, George fretted about his young relatives while trying to accumulate sufficient stores to last through the winter. The summer and autumn of 1862 had not been as kind to Texas farmers as the previous year had been. A long drought had turned a potentially good crop year into a near disaster. Many crops and animals had been lost. State militiamen had been allowed to return to their homes to save what they could of the crops. Corn became increasingly expensive due to crop failure and heavy demand by distillers. Poor families who had not harvested enough corn could not afford to buy any. They drought undoubtedly had caused difficulties in Houston County, but that was not the greatest matter weighing on George Click's mind. He waited apprehensively for news of Waul's Legion or for a letter from one of the boys at Holly Springs.

— To be Continued next month —



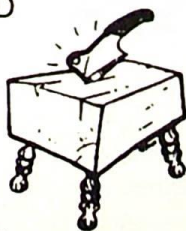
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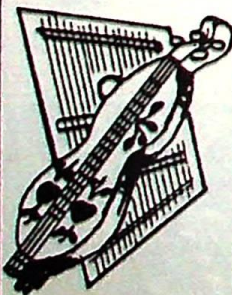
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## GERONIMO

Continued from page 15

were all moved to Fort Sill, Oklahoma. Geronimo called Eugene "Grandson". Geronimo's second wife (Robert's mother) and man (Charlie Smith's father) were allowed in 1889 to leave Geronimo in either Alabama or Florida and return to Mescalero. (There were six or seven Indians who made the trip). Geronimo's second wife was pregnant at the time. In 1889, soon after she arrived in Mescalero, Robert was born.

Eugene first saw Robert Geronimo at Fort Sill while Robert was just a small boy. One day when Chief Geronimo brought Robert on horseback to Eugene's house, Geronimo told Eugene to take care of Robert. Eugene said he would if his wife would agree. She agreed provided Robert turned out to be a good boy. Robert turned out to be a good boy and Eugene contacted an army lieutenant who arranged for Eugene to adopt Robert there in Fort Sill. From then on, Robert lived with Eugene and his first wife. Eugene says that the reason Chief Geronimo gave Robert to him was because he (Chief Geronimo) was living with his first wife and she did not want her stepson, Robert, around the house. Thereafter, Eugene sent Robert to Carlisle, Pennsylvania to school.

Before World War I began the Army needed the Oklahoma Reservation, and General Hugh S. Scott gave everyone the choice of where to go. Eugene chose to go to Mescalero. Robert, then in school at Carlisle, decided to stay in Oklahoma because he had acquired some 150 acres of farmland there at the time Oklahoma was opened for settlement. In 1913 about 300 Apaches went to Mescalero at the same time as Eugene. Later, Robert also went to Mescalero.

Sam Kenoi came to Fort Sill in October, 1894. He visited with Chief Geronimo many times. After the chief arrived in Fort Sill, he was confined in a cell. In the middle of the cell was a wooden table. He paced around the table so often to relieve his boredom that his thumb, resting on the table, gradually wore a groove in the top. To get out of the cell from time to time he agreed to go to several World Fairs with other Apaches where the chief would be exhibited at a side show and customers would purchase tickets to view him. For example, when attending the St. Louis World Fair, Martine, Caykahta, Rufus Sago and his mother went there with him. Rufus and several little Comanche boys danced Comanche dances there while Martine, Caykahta and Geronimo sat side by side to be viewed by paying customers.

In the cold winter of 1909, Chief Geronimo drove his wagon and horses to a local store to buy groceries. While there he bought some whiskey to take back to his little house. On the long return trip he began sipping on the whiskey, became drunk, fell out of the wagon and rolled into a snow-filled ditch. The team and wagon proceeded to the reservation. Upon discovering that the chief was missing, a search was made the next day and he was found still lying in the snow where he had fallen the previous day. Sometime later, Sam Kenoi, who lived near the chief, noticed there was no smoke coming out of the chimney at Chief Geronimo's house. When he went over there, he found the chief lying on the floor next to a little wood stove. There was no fire in the stove. Geronimo's old wife was sitting by the stove doing bead work using a magnifying glass. Geronimo was out of his head and

could not talk. He was spitting blood. He was in a very pitiful state since he had no where to spit and spitting on his own clothes. Sam told the old lady that Geronimo was sick and dying and asked her how long he had been like that. She said nine days. She did not seem concerned. She was too old to know what was happening. Sam got an axe and chopped wood to build a fire in the stove. He got Benedict, a scout, to come over to Geronimo's house. Geronimo could not talk. The old lady did not seem worried. She did not seem to know he was dying. The scout got an ambulance and put Geronimo on the stretcher. The next morning, February 9, 1909, Geronimo died of pneumonia. Sam went to the funeral which was one of the largest any Indian ever had in Fort Sill. Lots of white people were present. At the time of his death, chief Geronimo was 80 or 90. No one knows his exact age because Geronimo said himself he did not know when he was born.

Sam described Chief Geronimo as a good natured man. He was not blood-thirsty like the movies depicted him. He never burned nor did treacherous things. He was blamed for many acts which he did not do. Geronimo fought only for his country and in defense of his own rights. All Indians respected him. He was known as a medicine man.

As to the story Rufus Sago told me about the \$60,000 reward the government had promised his grandfather Martine and Caykahta for the capture of Geronimo, Eugene Chihuahua said a Comanche Indian named Willie Odicy told Martine about the offer of the reward and Martine said he would get it sometime. However, Martine never received it before he died. Odicy said he had actually seen the \$60,000. Eugene told me that two other Comanches, Albert Atackeny and Willie Supenter, both of Fort Sill, Oklahoma, could tell me more about this. I never talked to those two men because Robert Geronimo forbade me to assist Rufus Sago in collecting the long unpaid reward. He did not look with favor on my helping collect the reward for those who had let the U.S. Army capture his father, Chief Geronimo.

The potential lawsuit Robert originally traveled to my Lubbock law office to talk about was never filed. Legal research revealed that the law did not protect the memory of the dead. The survivors would have to show personal injury to the reputation of the one filing the lawsuit. We agreed that the burden of proof would be too difficult.

I reduced my Mescalero investigation efforts to writing and retained them in my law office file.

In 1993, forty-one years after my interviews with the above Apaches, I learned that Chief Geronimo's great grandson, Robert Lance Geronimo, lived on the Mescalero Apache Reservation. I copied my law office file and took it to the grandson on October 20. I found him to be a very pleasant young man, married, 26 years of age and finance officer for the Mescalero Elementary School. I am sure none of the aged Apaches I interviewed still live. His grandfather, Robert, who came to see me in Lubbock, is deceased. I felt I handed Robert Lance Geronimo information about his famous great-grandfather he had never seen before. It was an historical moment I shall never forget.

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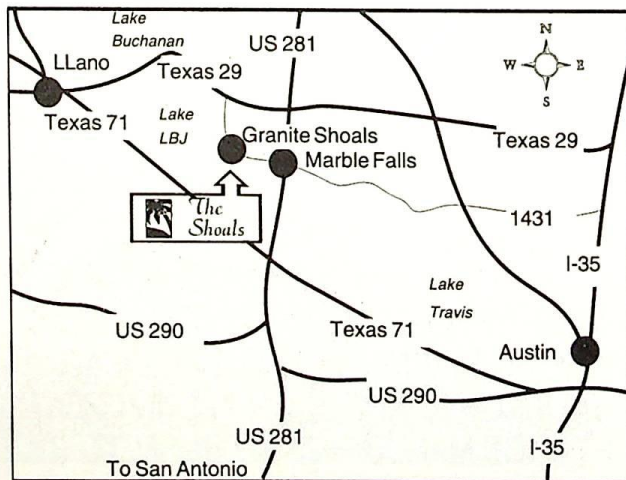
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