

HILL COUNTRY  
MAP INSIDE PAGE 13

HERITAGE OF THE TEXAS HILL COUNTRY

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VOL. 3 NO. 4 June, 1996

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TREASURES  
OF THE SAN SABA



BURKE '96



# EROCK WRITER GARNERS AWARDS

**I**n early May, Llano journalist and historian Dale Fry garnered two awards from the Daughters of the Republic of Texas (DRT) during their 105th statewide convention held this year at the Arlington Hilton Hotel. The DRT annually selects two recipients, one for the Gold and one for the Silver, from each of its ten districts in the state.

Dale received both Gold and Silver Awards for his various efforts over the years toward preserving our Texas heritage. In this, the second year of the awards, he was the only nominee of 19 others statewide to receive both awards.

Aline Bradley of Granite Shoals, president of the Llano Chapter of the DRT, presented Dale the Gold Award for the collection of historical writings in his book, *Goddess of Mystery and Other Central Texas Stories*, published by Odgen Press in 1992. He received the Silver Award for his efforts locally in helping preserve Llano's early Texas image "in keeping with the historical objectives of the DRT."

Dale served on the committee for the Llano County Historical Commission which resulted in the placement of Llano's entire downtown section in the National Register of Historic Places as a National Historical District. In addition, he has sought actively in his writings to focus attention on Llano's historical assets in an effort to help enhance the local economy through increased tourism. Currently he is the managing editor of *Enchanted Rock Magazine*.

Bradley read two congratulatory letters originating in New York, one from the managing editor of Simon and Schuster Audio Books and the other from the Richard R. Valcourt Literary Agency.

The DRT, a prestigious organization of women whose ancestors were citizens of the Republic of Texas before it received statehood in 1845, is best known for its role in saving the Alamo from demolition in the 1920s. It has maintained the world-famous shrine since.

The Llano Chapter of the DRT serves as custodian of the historical Llano County jail. It has relocated Doolittle Chapel, which once served as a church and school for Llano's Black citizens, to a site behind the massive jail. The chapter currently is seeking contributions and grants to restore both the chapel and the jail.

Dale's award-winning book *Goddess of Mystery and Other Central Texas Stories* is available through Odgen Press, P.O. Box 188, Tow, Texas 78672 for \$21 plus \$2.50 shipping and handling.

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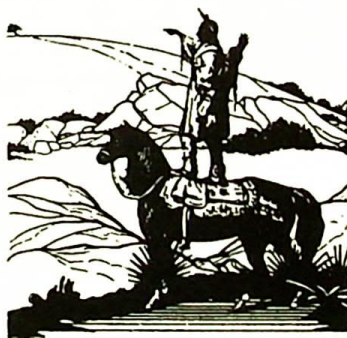
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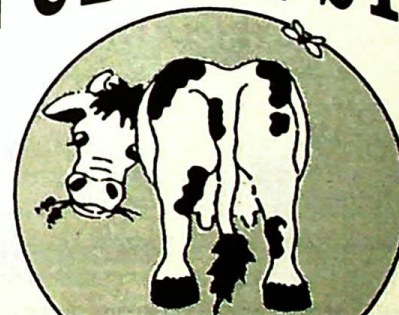
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## TREASURES FROM THE HISTORY MINE

**Y**ou never know when fortune is going to look down on you and smile; and sometimes its grin is as wide as Texas. And wide it was, in the middle of last month, when a gracious lady, Eva Yarbrough from Cherokee, dropped by the office offering some photocopies of the *San Saba News* — if I was interested.

"Sure," I said, not knowing what to expect, but always willing to review anything for publication. I had a call waiting in the other room, so while I took care of that Eva went back out to her vehicle to pick up the material.

When I returned I was astonished to see, sitting on the coffee table, a box packed tight and brimming with large spiral binders. Before me were carefully filed copies of the *San Saba News* from 1887 to 1906. I thanked Eva for her time and interest and went back to work. Later that evening and for several days thereafter I read, page after page and volume after volume, remarkable stories about San Saba and surrounding communities. I say "stories" because, now, the items—no longer news—have the ring of history, legend, and myth. By the time I made my first run-through, the binders bristled, top, bottom, and side, with yellow post-it notes.

The stories, long and short, along with advertisements and notices brought into vivid focus a time long past here in the Texas Hill Country. The dramatic panorama of the frontier opened up with every turn of the page. From the frenzied activity of dreamers searching for gold and silver in San Saba, Llano, and Burnet counties, to the life and death of Jesse James. From trail drives to gun fights, from community socials to social causes—it's all in the *San Saba News*, alive and well.

Eva's loan of this material is a veritable history mine, and from time to time we will bring back into print numerous accounts that promise to delight and enlighten. Eva's diligent research and her passion for history is a gift to us all; and my gratitude defies expression.

For this issue I have selected from hundreds of pages in the *News* some remarkable pieces on the Lost San Saba or the Lost Bowie Mine.

As early as 1756, when Don Bernardo de Miranda discovered silver at *Cerro del Amalgre* (the "Hill of Red Ochre"), on what is now Riley Mountain in Llano County; and after the establishment of the *Mission Santa Cruz de San Saba* and—three miles downstream—the *Presidio de San Luis de las Amarillas* along the banks of the San Saba River near present-day Menard, Spanish and Mexican prospectors followed rumor and legend into the heart of the Hill Country seeking abandoned Spanish mines.

In 1821, Stephen F. Austin heard and repeated stories of a gold dust mine on the Llano River and an abandoned Spanish silver mine on the San Saba. So Texicans came in droves loaded with all manner of mining equipment.

And again, in 1853, after several Texas newspapers reported that "gold veins enclosed by the Colorado on the east, the San Saba on the north, and the Llano on the south are as rich as any in California," prospectors renewed their quest. They turned the earth topside-down, dug great pits, and burrowed deep for all the gold and silver the Spanish left behind or missed altogether—and a few are still at it today.

Present-day treasure hunters may find new leads in this issue, and readers familiar with J. Frank Dobie's seminal works *Coronado's Children* and *Apache Gold and Yaqui Silver* will sit up and take notice. Anyway, most everyone loves a good treasure story. So here you have it.

  
IRA KENNEDY

## ENCHANTED ROCK MAGAZINE

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# DRY TIMES AND TEXAS WEATHER

BY MARVIN FOSTER  
CHEROKEE, TEXAS

Farmers and Ranchers agoin' broke,  
we're in a drought, sure 'nuff.  
Feed bills a mountin', cattle are pore,  
Too dry to plant, it's real tough!

Texas Weather is hard to predict  
Folks don't know what to expect.  
Usually we carry a slicker and a coat,  
If we don't use 'em, what the heck?

How do we know what's comin' next  
'Cause the Almanac won't tell us much.  
Radio's outdated, so we all watch TV  
To learn 'bout high-pressures and such.

Meteorologists' predictions are awful  
Some folks believe 'em, I don't.  
It's always a 50-50 chance for rain,  
'Cause either it will or it won't.

Now there's a yankee prairie dog,  
Up north in the Quaker State,  
Comes out of his hole in February,  
To forecast our Spring weather's fate.

But down here in Texas we've learned  
How to know that Spring weather's about.  
'Cause Winter ain't gone, and Spring ain't sprung  
'Till the old Mesquite trees bud out!

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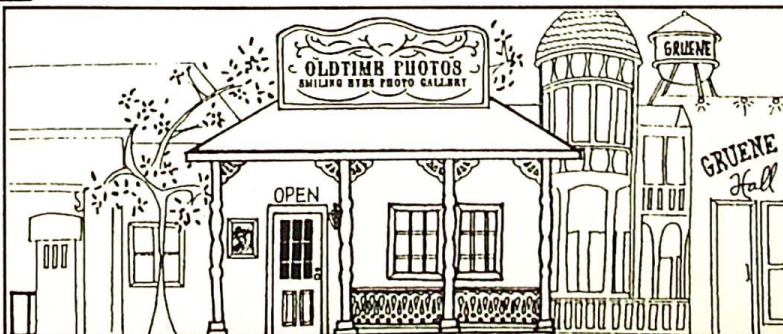
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INDOOR/OUTDOOR FAMILY DINING

## LETTERS

### DEAR ENCHANTED ROCKERS

After discovering your magazine in the racks of Barnes and Noble and the Bookstop here in Austin, it has become the object of my monthly pilgrimages to those hallowed shrines. I have really enjoyed your most recent articles about the Texas Revolution – that is one of my favorite subjects. And from the sound of the editorials, it sounds like ya'll really have fun along with the work of publishing a magazine. My goal now is to trek down to Llano to visit your office sometime. Last time I was in Llano was about 10 years ago when I refereed a high school basketball game... and they ran me out of town...Just Kidding!

A while back I wrote this poem about a well-known landmark in Waco, Texas where I was born and raised. Even though it is out of the immediate Hill Country area that you serve, I did notice that even the Baylor University Library subscribes to *Enchanted Rock Magazine*, so maybe it is not completely unreasonable to send this to you. For me, this effort is a once in a lifetime event. I am not as proficient nor as productive in poetry as Frank Hill whose cowboy poetry captures the laid back, easy going, straight-talking nature of regular folks we have all known at one time or another. I kinda picture someone like Frank Hill reading my poem even though it is not in his style; I'll bet he has a good voice for telling a story.

I was born and raised in Waco, and as a kid I always remembered hearing about the legend of Lover's Leap. Today Lover's Leap is a landmark in Cameron Park. The legend recounts the story of an Indian brave and maiden who jumped off the bluff because of their love for each other. Growing up in Waco I never gave the legend much thought. As far as I was concerned Lover's Leap was just a nice place to go for a picnic. Oddly enough I have never seen anything written that documents the legend....surely there must be something. So I probably took some "poetic" license in tellin' the story. But the thing that intrigued me (these many years later as I wrote the poem) was the feeling and emotion between the Indian brave and maiden from the legend – things which are not normally mentioned in the recounting of the legend. So I took a shot at telling not only what might have happened according to the legend of Lover's Leap as I remembered it being told to me, but also I tried to tell what might have been felt by the Indian lovers. Something that I would have known nothing about were it not for a very special woman in my life.

Well, I hope you like the poem, but if you don't, at least it didn't cost you anything. And hey, keep up the great work on *Enchanted Rock Magazine*. I'll see ya in our local bookstores.

Yours truly,  
Garland Bullock

(See Bullock's poem on page 43)

### THANKS

I appreciate your sending me *Enchanted Rock Magazine* and have enjoyed every issue that I have seen...

Thank you,  
A.C. Greene



## LETTERS

### ON CRABAPPLE

Please send me the *Enchanted Rock Magazine*. I am enclosing my personal check for \$25 for a subscription to get on your mailing list. I am also enclosing a short narrative about my historical background related to the settlement of this part of the State of Texas. Thank you for having an interest in our area.

Sincerely,  
Ruby Pearl Schmidt Knutson  
Fredericksburg

I am a granddaughter of Mathias Schmidt and Julchen (Julia) Katherine Roos. My grandfather came from Prussia (Germany) in 1846. My grandmother came to this country with her parents, Heinrich Roos I, from Bruchenweiler, Germany in 1852. Heinrich Roos and his wife settled in the Palo Alto community, raised their family and are buried there.

Mathias and Julchen (later known as "Mutter" Schmidt) were married in 1859 and established a home just north of Fredericksburg in a valley known as "Schmidt's Dale" which is now owned by their great-grandchild, Gerald Schmidt.

Mathias Schmidt purchased a place and moved his wife and family to the Crabapple area after their first child, Louise, was born. He had cleared the land and built a log cabin. He later added a three room stone addition, where Mutter Schmidt raised her eight children. Mathias and Julchen Schmidt had nine children, the first four were daughters followed by three sons and two more daughters. One of the daughters, born in 1861 died in infancy. My father was the youngest son. He, and others, received 20 acres of the home place from his mother in her will when she died in 1915. She is buried in a cemetery, St. John's, which is located within the ranch property.

In 1877, my grandfather and a neighbor, David Crockett Riley, ran a foot race to determine the location of the school house to be built in the area. My grandfather won the race and the Crabapple School was built in it's present location which is adjacent to the homestead. Shortly after the race, my grandfather developed "dropsy" of the heart and died of complications on

January 9, 1878. He is buried on the ranch near the old homestead.

The Crabapple School, and the St. John's Lutheran Church which was built in 1897 are now maintained by the Crabapple Community Club. The School and Church site has been designated an Historical site by the State of Texas.

My son, Donald Lee Knutson, has leased the homestead and plans to retire from TWA and live on the ranch. The next Schmidt reunion will be held there. The Schmidt family reunion is held every year but the location changes every two years.

This year, the reunion was held on Sunday, April 29, 1996, at the Norman Grenwelge cabin on the Llano River near Castell.

Ruby P. Schmidt Knutson.



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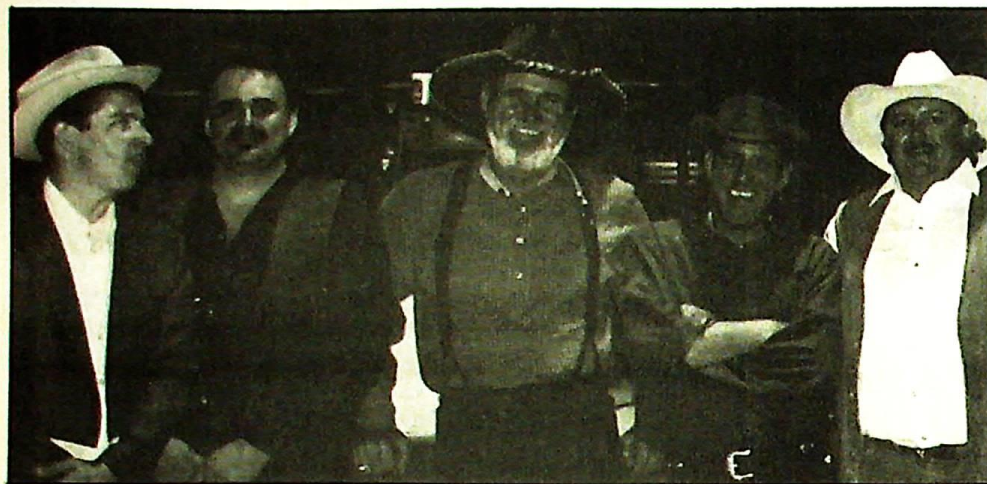
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# GREAT TEXAS HILL COUNTRY HONKY TONK TOUR



THE TEXAS HILL COUNTRY BAND: (LEFT TO RIGHT) WOODY PRICE, BEAU BURTON, JIMMY LEE JONES, GABBY BROWN, AND RANDY ROSENBAUM.

**J**immy Lee Jones and the Texas Hill Country Band are living up to their mentors' twist on country music. The outlaw country music of the 70's, by artists like Willie Nelson, Waylon Jennings, and Billy Joe Shaver are considered a point of reference for this Texas Band.

Jimmy, a native Texan from Crane, shies away from the popular Nashville sound. Country music on the radio has little to do with country music created in Texas, he confesses. Just don't call it "country rock". It's "goat rock". In dance halls around the state Jimmy Lee Jones and his Texas Hill Country Band take the stage like an invading army—hitting them with everything and taking no prisoners.

They've opened for a variety of country stars, including: Willie Nelson, Robert Earl Keen, Billy Joe Shaver and Gary P. Nunn, but Jones and the THC band are working toward being stars in their own right. And with a new album recorded at Willie's recording studio, things are looking promising.

Lively and strong, just like the songs he sings, Jimmy pushes the limits, where others fear to tread. Jimmy Lee does get around. One could have seen him on CBS *This Morning* or Austin Community Television, performing his special brand of country music. "Goat Rock" is what Jimmy calls their special brand of country boogie. "The whole idea was just to

ignore the commercialized pop-country stereotypes", Jimmy says.

Joined by Woody Price on guitar and mandolin, Randy Rosenbaum on bass guitar, Beau Burton on drums and Grant Brown on harmonica, these guys spend their weekends playing the hell out of some great country songs, keeping the Texas music tradition alive. The new compact disk produced by Beau Burton is

## Jimmy Lee Jones Records at Willie's Cut n Putt.

**L**ast month's *Luckenbach Moon* poked some fun about Jimmy Lee's new recording contract with Capitol Records saying that he had signed a new contract where he received 10 CD's for one penny and only had to buy one at the regular price for a whole year. Jimmy Lee's a good sport and we are proud to announce that he really and truly is recording his newest album at the Pedernales Country Club.

The Album will contain Hill Country, Goat Rockin', Texas Music, served up by the powerful vocals of Jimmy Lee and backed up by the hard-hitting Texas Hill Country Band.

The THC Band consists of Beau Burton on drums, Randy Rosenbaum on bass, Woody Price on mandolin and guitar, and Grant Brown on harmonica, and features Maggie Montgomery providing background vocals. Also appearing on the album will be the rockin' accordion of Ponty Bone, and

pure Texas music soon to be available to everyone who needs their goat rocked at home.

The Texas Hill Country will get a good dose of the boys, when they kick-off the Great Texas Hill Country Honky Tonk Tour 96. There are performances going on throughout the summer, including a stop at Willie Nelson's 4th of July Picnic in Luckenbach, where they are scheduled to appear for the second time in a row. For times and places here's the Tour Schedule:

- 5/31 Kendalia Hall, - Kendalia
- 6/7 My Place, - Boerne
- 6/8 Bruno's Curve, - Comfort
- 6/14 Luckenbach Dance Hall, - Guess Where??
- 6/15 Devils Backbone Tavern, - San Marcos
- 6/21 Gould's Station, - Fredericksburg
- 6/22 Neighbors, - Boerne
- 6/28 Racoon Saloon, - Boerne
- 6/29 Colorado's, - Round Mountain
- 7/4 Willie's 4th of July Picnic at Luckenbach
- 7/5 Fuzzy's Corner, - Buchanan Dam
- 7/6 The Bar, - Johnson City
- 7/12 Menger Creek, - Boerne
- 7/20 Harry's on the Loop, - Willow City

guitar work by Danny Cowan of San Antonio. Beau Burton is producing the album and it will be engineered by Larry Greenhill.

Upon completion of the album the group will take to the road for a Texas Hill Country Honky Tonk Tour. See Jimmy Lee, our weekday bartender, in the Luckenbach bar, to sign up for his mailing list and receive dates and places. The tour will find Jimmy Lee in the Luckenbach Dance Hall on June 14th and will stop off back in Luckenbach on July 4th for Willie Nelson's Picnic to be held the second year in a row in the tiny burg.

The title song of the album, "Big in Texas" was penned by the late, great Wayne Kennemer. Other songs were written by Jim Brissom, the Singin' Tree Man from Dallas. And the anthemic "I'm Not Leavin' Texas" was written by Jimmy Lee.



# GARY DELZ POWER TRIO



THE GARY DELZ POWER TRIO: PICTURED LEFT TO RIGHT ARE BASSIST, KIT GRIFFIN; DRUMMER, GARY DELZ; AND GUITARIST, TOM BURNS.

**D**rummer, promoter, recording artist Gary Delz will bring his eclectic Texas flavored Blues Rock act, The Gary Delz Power Trio, to the Crabapple Crossing Store for the Rockin' the Rock Summer Concert Series on Saturday, June 15th at 9 pm.

Gary Delz, the former tour and sessions drummer of legendary Texas songwriters Gary P. Nunn and Don Walser, recorded and travelled throughout the United States behind these powerful Texas country icons before returning to the Texas Hill Country and forming his own act, The Gary Delz Power Trio.

Gary and his wife Tamara now reside in Marble Falls and promote Texas music and musicians out of their d & h productions company, and tour as the Power Trio across the Lone Star state.

The Gary Delz Power Trio began as Gary Delz and The Super Blues Party in 1992 and changed members and title at the beginning of 1995 to the Power Trio. Their debut EP release, "Live at Lakefest" with the Super Blues Party, proved a good seller across Central Texas and received favorable rotation airplay on eclectic FM stations such as Fredericksburg's 107.9 KFAN. Their Power Trio 1995 debut CD "Unknown

Territories" features a greater variety of songs about the Lone Star State, including a remake of Gary P. Nunn's "The Nights Never Get Lonely" and an instrumental written by Delz titled "Flight of the Colorado" which is a tribute to the beautiful body of water Delz was raised on in his native Kingsland.

Guitarist, vocalist Tom Burns of Dallas fronts this explosive blues act. Burns, the son of composer pianist Glenn Burns, grew up in Oak Cliff with a jazz singing mom and Dizzie Gillespie as his godfather. Early jazz influence and instruction rubbed off in Tom's smooth vocals as can be heard on the Power Trio's latest single "Susie Cool", also written by Burns. Burns' fiery stratocaster slinging guitar work is the product of sharing stage and friendship with the late Stevie Ray Vaughan back in Oak Cliff while still playing around the Dallas blues scene. Bassist Kit Griffin of Angleton rounds out the powerhouse act on bass guitar and like Burns, holds a vast background in jazz theory, thus giving a wonderful creative bottom to this bluesy Texas Trio.

The Band has gone from playing backyard parties to performing on the Texas Festival circuit in just one summer. Major upcoming 1996 appearances include The Memorialfest Jazz and Blues Concert of Marble Falls, and Lake Fest of Grand Prairie.

It was Delz who first approached Crabapple Crossing Store owners Ricki and Donna Bauman about doing the summer concerts in the store's biergarten. Delz had observed the large numbers of attendance at E Rock and a large percentage of the visitors were college age. After the Power Trio had a good success on the college radio market and in college venues last summer, Delz felt offering Blues Rock at the store would give the people something to do at the end of a great day at the Rock. After visiting with the Baumans at the store and seeing the back porch and great Texas night skies, Delz knew it would be the perfect setting for the concerts, and scheduling and renovations to the store began. The Power Trio will definitely promise music fans an evening of Lone Star Blues not soon to be forgotten.

The Gary Delz Power Trio is booked through d&h productions of Marble Falls, 210-693-8459.

## ROCKIN' THE ROCK SUMMER CONCERT SERIES

The Gary Delz Power Trio is the second band performing in a series of live concerts at Crabapple Crossing Store. The concerts, labeled the Rockin' the Rock Summer Concert Series, will consist of four 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 include: Power Trio June 15, Monte Montgomery, July 6th, Debbi Walton, August 17th, and The Samurai Surfers, August 31st.



# STARS RETURN FOR KERRVILLE'S 25th FESTIVAL



TISH HINOJOSA

**Enchanted Rock Magazine** invites bands to send their bios, photos, and upcoming bookings. Area Chambers of Commerce and non-profit organizations are asked to send their schedules of events with the following details: date, name of event, brief description, hours, location, admission price, address and phone number. Deadline for all materials is on the 15th of the month prior to publication. No materials will be returned.

**J**oining this year's 25th anniversary Kerrville Folk Festival lineup, May 23-June 16, are popular alums Michael Martin Murphey, Nanci Griffith, Robert Earl Keen, Patty Larkin, Riders in the Sky. Co-sponsored by Whole Foods Markets and Southwest Airlines in association with Schlotzsky's Kelis, the anniversary festival celebrates 25 years by expanding to 25 days at Rod Kennedy's Quiet Valley Ranch located nine miles South of Kerrville on Texas Highway 16.

The lineup also includes stellar singer/songwriters Tish Hinojosa, Trout Fishing in America, Sara Hickman, Eliza Gilkyson, Guy Clark and Kevin Welch. Stalwarts Odetta, Tom Paxton, Peter Yarrow and the original Limelighters join young contemporary artists such as Dar Williams, Ellis Paul, Catie Curtis and Susan Werner. In addition, 32 New Folk finalists from 18 states will compete for the six Award Winners' spots.

The Kerrville Folk Festival began in 1972 over three days with 13 performers and a crowd of 2,700 and by last year it had grown to 18 days, 100 performers and 30,000 fans.

*Acoustic Guitar Magazine* lists the festival on it's List of the 25 Great Festivals of the world, and it was called one of "America's most exciting destinations" in this month's *Life Magazine* Great Escapes travel section.

It's a summer camp for adults, who gather around the traditional campfires with such names as Camp Cuisine, Camp Nashville, Crow's Nest, and Camp California. More than 1,000 songwriters make up a significant portion of a typical campground family and they share their songs at the campfires.

For concert schedules, ticket prices and camping information, call 1-800-435-8429 weekdays or write P.O. Box 1466, Kerrville, Texas 78029.

## HARRY'S COOK-OFFS

**H**arry's on the Loop in downtown Willow City is holding a CASI sanctioned **First Annual Chili Cook-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*.

The **Great Goat Feud Cook-Off** will be held at Harry's on the Loop on Saturday, July 20th. The event will feature a head-on challenge between the Winfery's and Chism's of Llano. Anyone else wishing to enter the Open Goat Cook-Off and show the Llano boys up are welcome. The entry fee is \$20 per team.

Also on the schedule of events is a Washer Tournament and the very live entertainment of Jimmy Lee Jones and the Texas Hill Country Band playing their own brand of "Goat Rock." There will be a \$5 per person cover charge. Please leash pets, leave coolers or glass and bring a lawn chair.

The event is co-sponsored by KFAN-107.9 FM and *Enchanted Rock Magazine*.

On August 3rd there will be a **SPECIAL** fund-raising event at the Badu House in Llano benefiting the Special Opportunity Center Recycling Program. Keep your calendar clear and stay tuned for exciting details.



# WILLIE NELSON'S FOURTH OF JULY PICNIC RETURNS TO LUCKENBACH

by DAVE THOMAS

**W**illie's coming back, and this time, he's bringing Waylon with him. Last year, Willie Nelson brought over 13,000 people to this tiny Hill Country town for his somewhat annual Fourth of July Picnic. When asked if he'd consider doing it again, he said "How can we have so much fun and not go back?"

So Willie's 17th Fourth of July Picnic will get back to the basics... again, in beautiful downtown Luckenbach. It will be an historic event. Twenty years after the legendary song was released, picnic-goers will get to go to Luckenbach with "Willie, Waylon and the boys" for the first time ever.

Because, while Willie has been several times, Waylon Jennings has never been to Luckenbach.

Never. Not once.

But he'll be there this Fourth of July, along with Robert Earl Keen, Leon Russel, Ray Price, Doug Supernaw and a whole slew of other musicians. Texas' most famous sons playing a Texas-

sized event in Texas' most famous small town - you can't really call yourself a true Texan unless you've seen it.

Willie Nelson's manager, Larry Trader, said the Luckenbach mystique helped make last year's picnic a success. "There's a karma there," he said, "there's an aura there that sort of melts in with what we try to do...and makes people happy—that's the feeling that everybody gets in Luckenbach."

Tickets will be \$20 (plus tax and service charges) and are available from Star Tickets at 1-800-966-7469 and Ticketmaster at 1-800-995-0255. If you don't have a credit card, or just want an excuse to go to Luckenbach, you can pick up tickets at the Luckenbach bar. Luckenbach City Manager VelAnne Howle said the town is making some minor changes this year to make things easier for the picnic-goers.

"We're going to have more locations for people to buy beer and soda and water, so they won't have to wait in line as long," she said. And with more liquid refreshments available, it makes sense

that Luckenbach is going to double the number of Port-a-Potties they had last year.

Parking will be much the same this year, with locations a mile or two north and south of Luckenbach on F.M. 1376. Picnickers will park in fields and travel by bus the last few miles to the south end of the town loop. Parking fees are expected to be \$5 or \$6.

VelAnne said that last year's picnic attracted "a real nice crowd" and stressed that the picnic isn't the kind of rowdy event it was in the 70's. It's not near as wild as it used to be. We've grown up. It's an all-American patriotic kind of deal.

While the hot Texas sun and the large crowds make the event not suitable for small children, the picnic is a family oriented event. The gates open at 8am and the concert is expected to last from 10:45 am to 10:30 pm, rain or shine.

"Let's go to Luckenbach, Texas, with Willie, Waylon and the boys..."

## Antique Machinery Show

**T**he 11th Annual Antique Machinery Exhibition will be held on June 29th and 30th, 1996 in Stonewall located on Highway 290, halfway between Johnson City and Fredericksburg, across from the LBJ State Park. Events, sponsored by the Fredericksburg Antique Tractor & Gas Engine Club, include: antique gas and steam tractor parade with pulled competition, children's pedal powered pull-sled event, wheat threshing, horse drawn baling, grist mill grinding, blacksmithship and demonstrations, saw mill demonstrations, all sizes of gas/kerosene engines ranging from small one-lungs to large multi-cylinders. Also, crafts and other special events. Gates open at 8am both days. Admission: Adult \$3, children under 12 free. Lunch and refreshments available, free parking, shade and camping. Contact John Friesenhahn 210-659-3742 or 420 Lori Lynn, Schertz, Tx. 78154; Albert Meier 210-644-2462 or Harry Seidensticker 210-995-3343.

## San Antonio & Early Texas

**F**or heritage, few destinations rival San Antonio and its environs. The "Grand Lady of the Plaza," the Menger Hotel, serves as home base. Get an insiders look at the 1850s hotel (oldest west of the Mississippi), opened by longtime hosteler Mary Menger.

Take a walking tour of Old San Antonio's historic sites. Inside the Alamo, relive those days of struggle from the view of the heroic women of the Alamo. Then slip away in time on a stroll along the romantic Riverwalk, ending the day with a riverside dinner at a quaint Mexican restaurant.

Day two, tour Sebastopol State Historical Park in Seguin, with the 1850s Greek Revival home of widow Catherine Leggett. Break for lunch in Gruene at the Old Grist Mill restaurant, the last structure built by early settlers Ernest and Antoinette Gruene. Then head to Castroville, the "Little Alsace of Texas," for a delightful swing through town. Stay in the historic Landmark Inn, where you'll dine on specialties from France's Alsace region.

Date of tour June 14-16

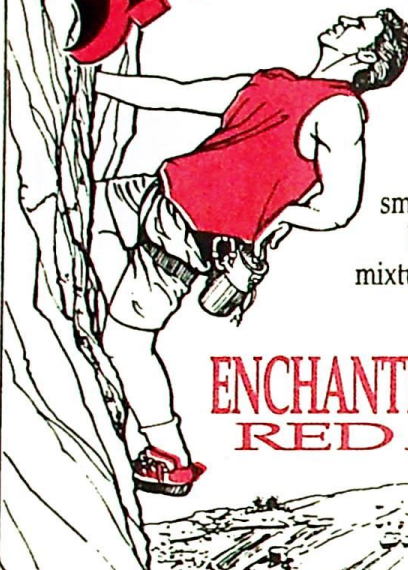
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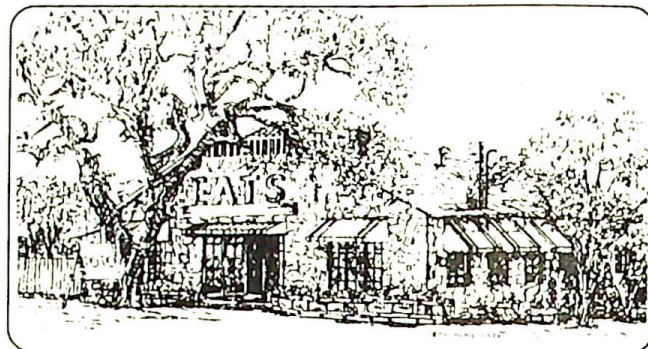
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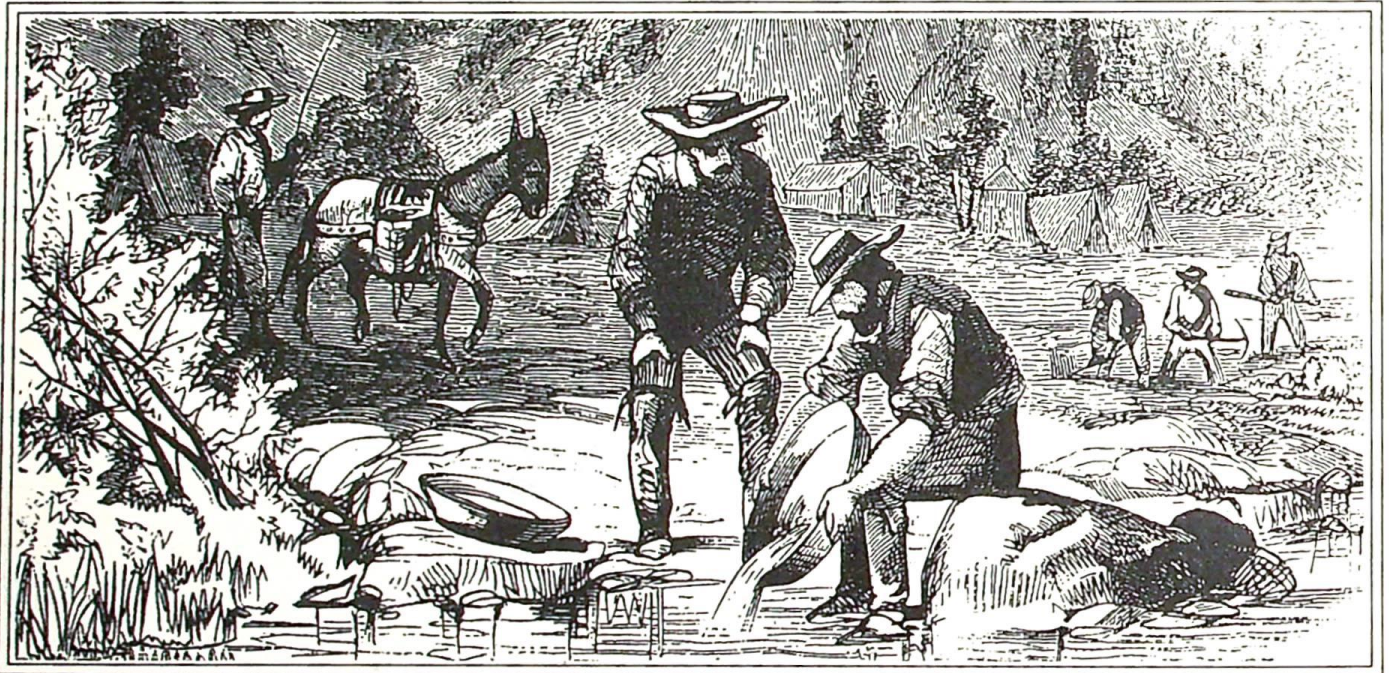
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# TREASURES OF THE SAN SABA



Since the 1700's, stories of abandoned or lost Spanish mines and buried treasure in San Saba and adjacent counties have fired the imaginations of thousands of treasure seekers. The following items, from the San Saba News, convey well the excitement these stories generated around the turn of the century.



## **San Saba Mines. June 24, 1887.**

Mr. A. Fitzgerald, a capitalist of Mexico, who has experience as a miner, has purchased of Mr. Rufe Hoover of Hoover's Valley, 640 acres of land for which he paid \$10,000. He says the signs of gold and silver are very promising. A specimen of the silver ore may be seen at his office.

In personal interview with Mr. Fitzgerald, he informs us that he has 45 years experience as a miner, and he believes his purchase will realize millions of dollars. That the specimens indicate rich gold and silver both; that the veins being fissure veins are inexhaustible. He thinks, are at least two miles long. The purchased land is mountainous, and about 14 miles southwest of Burnet. Mr. Fitzgerald has a partner whose interest is one fourth. He will return next week with an eminent French chemist, and will begin operations as soon thereafter as possible.

This mine was operated once before by inexperienced amateurs, some 10 or 12 years ago. Mr. Mabry showed us a fine specimen of pure gold he took from the place.

Burnet and Llano counties are wild with excitement over the discovery of valuable deposits of gold and silver recently found there. For several weeks there has been a considerable influx of prospectors and speculators, and rumors of every description have been rife. These have now, so far as Burnet county is concerned, settled down to a positiveness that gives no room for doubt. Gold is there and there in large quantities. The people are in a perfect fever of agreement, the recent developments being the talk of everyone. To particularize, then, it seems that in the Hoover Valley 15 miles from the town of Burnet, and in the same county, are situated what are known as the old San Saba Mines. These were operated long years by both the Spanish and Mexican governments but have for many decades been lost sight of. Now, it seems that Mr. Fitzgerald, a mining expert of 45 years of experience, and who has been for the past five years engaged with the San Jose mines, in the state of Tamaulipas, Mexico, has devoted a great part of his time to searching through the records of the Spanish and Mexican governments and was so successful in his search that he was able to locate the San Saba mines to a foot. On Wednesday last he arrived in Burnet, and was from there driven fifteen miles to Hoover's valley, and within a quarter of an hour after his arrival was on the exact spot he was looking for, and has been looking for all together eight years, having devoted three years to the study of the Spanish government records before his association with the San Jose mines.

Mr. Fitzgerald did not say much about his business there, and his silence was golden. He merely offered \$10,000 cash down to the owner or owners of Hoover's

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Valley. The offer was accepted and the money paid. No intimation however of the full meaning of this transaction got abroad until the parties went to the courthouse to have the deed of sale recorded. Then the news spread like wild fire, and the whole country was soon aflame with excitement. Mr. Fitzgerald is now 73 years of age, and has no superior as a mining expert. Thirty-eight years ago he located the "Ducktown" mines of northern Georgia. His acute instinct in searching for mineral deposits is the result of 45 years devoted to that business, and it has never failed him. The present "find" has many times been looked over by prospectors and seeming experts, but they in each and every instance claimed only the quartz deposits. Mr. Fitzgerald came forearmed with the knowledge that the gold and silver is to be found in the iron ore deposits, and not among the quartz. These he found, and the specimens he has had assayed showed a yield of \$240 worth of gold to the ton, exclusive of the silver and iron.

## **Kirkpatrick. August 19, 1887**

D. W. Kirkpatrick has struck what is believed to be a rich gold deposit. It was found in his well about 50 feet below the surface. If it should prove to be the precious metal it will be a bonanza for San Saba, as the quantity seems to be abundant.

## **John Haas. November 10, 1899**

John Haas, of the Bowser country, was in our office Monday morning, and said that Dr. Kelso, the treasure hunter, is still at work in his yard, digging and blasting for a treasure of \$6,000,000, buried there when Maximilian invaded Mexico in the seventeenth century. He said Dr. Kelso located the place of the supposed buried treasure



**"When we found the gold  
everybody lost his senses.  
Some began to fill their pockets.  
They were so much elated that  
they opened a keg of mescal,  
and in a few moments many of  
them were wildly drunk,  
and they insisted on dividing  
the treasure on the spot."**

by a chart he secured in Mexico. He said in the search so far a boat, a coffin, and a tray, and three hearts built of masonry have been unearthed. Mr. Haas takes the bright side of the question and says if the treasure hunters find no gold, he at least, will have one of the finest tanks in the country. The hole when completed will be 75 feet long, 55 feet broad, and from 12 to 14 feet deep, and it is where the water from a large slope will run into it.

### **The San Saba Klondike. July 19, 1901.**

John E. Haas, the gentleman on whose land the famous San Saba County Klondike is located was in San Saba Tuesday and reported that work on the Klondike was suspended last week; that camps and lot fences were taken away, leaving every appearance of an abandoned hope. In the summer or early fall of 1899 a stranger, calling himself Dr. Kelso, made his appearance in the Bowser settlement in the northwestern part of this county, and with a chart staked out a point on the home place of Mr. Haas under which, according to the directions of Dr. Kelso's alleged chart, lay buried an immense treasure, concealed there hundreds of years ago. Having located the treasure Dr. Kelso then enlisted the attention and support of several citizens of that community, promising them shares of the great treasure for their labor in helping to unearth it. Among those who took an active interest in the enterprise were the four Maxwell brothers, W. Abraham, W.H. Johnson and his son, Joe Johnson. The latter two, though are said to have given up the task after a few months of hard work. Mr. Haas the owner of the land, was to receive one seventh of the treasure when unearthed. So, now after about twenty months of hard labor, these men are no nearer the foot of the rainbow than they were when they started. The experience is theirs, the doctor is said to be gone, and hole in the ground is Mr. Haas's. And this hole is no little thing either; it is 130 feet long, 70 feet wide and on an average about 12 feet deep, there being one pocket about 30 X 30 and 12 feet deep. This means twenty months work for six men, two teams besides their board, blasting powder, and wear and tear on tools. A conservative estimate of the cost of this labor of the men and the teams at 16 ENCHANTED ROCK MAGAZINE

\$1.50 each per day, making allowance for off days and bad weather, will reach in the neighborhood of \$6,000. All this was done on the word and representation of a stranger, and now, perhaps, the men who made the long, laborious search express no regrets, yet the lesson is plain that these men could have used their time and labor on their farms and ranches to much better advantage, and doubt if another treasure dreamer and mineral rod speculator should come into their homes soliciting their aid to disturb the rock ribbed bosom of the old nature he would receive poor encouragement, and perhaps a kick on his southern anatomy that would cause his breath to stun the northern breezes.

### **Buried Treasure of San Saba is Found. Oct. 4, 1901.**

So says a story published in the *News Tribune*, of Detroit, Mich., in its issue of July 7, 1901. The story purports to have been written at San Saba, and it is illustrated with the scenes that are described in it, one scene being very much like the "Klondike" up in the Bowser settlement. The considerable search for "The Lost Mine,"...and for buried treasure has been made in this part of the State we all know, but that any treasure has been found we have not yet heard. Mr. N.D. Lidstone, on his trip North last month, secured a copy of the paper containing the story and very kindly remembered to bring it to the News. Below is given the story:

"The buried treasure of the ruins of San Saba, Texas for which Texans have been seeking for more than a century has been found and some of it carried away by a small party of Mexicans.

Fortunes have been spent and many lives have been lost in searching for the vast sum of gold and silver that was known to have been in possession of the old mission when San Saba was surprised by the Indians and every soul but a mother and her little babe massacred. The walls of the fort are still standing. The enclosure and the region of country for many miles in every directions is honeycombed with holes that fortune hunters have made in searching for the gold.

Several times in the last half century, parties of Mexicans have visited the various ruins in the valley of the San Saba, and some of them were bold enough to admit that they were searching for the millions that their country men buried when the fierce Comanches swept over the land. Some of the people asserted that the amount lost was not less than \$2,000,000; others insisted that there were seventeen burros loaded with treasure, and that it was buried at a place known to the Texans as Bowie's Fort.

It is now believed that the latter was the correct theory. It was here at Bowie's old fort, or Loma Grande, that the last party searched. Here they camped for ten days, and here they dug a great hole under the wall of the old fort, and here they quarreled and fought with pistols and knives, killing two men and leaving one badly wounded.

This wounded man was found by a cowboy, and he has since told the whole story of the discovery of the buried treasure.

When the cowboys found him Pedro Sanchez, the wounded man, had in his bosom a bar of pure gold, which



weighed ten ounces. He said that he secreted the gold bar about his person while helping his comrades take the treasure from the excavation under the walls of Fort Bowie. He was taken to the house of John Miller, about four miles from Fort Bowie, where he was cared for. Neighbors visited him and when his story became known the wildest excitement arose. At first an effort was made to keep it a secret.


Sanchez asserted that the man who had conducted the expedition from Mexico had said that they had found only a part of the wealth that the old padres and the governor of the province had buried in the fort. The leader was Francisco Yorba. He was a descendant of Gov. Yorba, who was in power at the time that the Indians massacred the inhabitants at Fort San Saba, and he was in possession of an old chart which, Sanchez said, was found recently in the archives of Montclava. After finding the gold bar and the coins in the dirt at the foot several citizens followed the trail of the fortune hunters to the crossing of the San Saba. One man found a small gold bar where the Mexicans crossed a small creek, and this created so much excitement that the Texans would have followed further; but when they came to consider the matter it was easy to see that the fortunate argonauts had been gone long enough to put themselves far beyond the Rio Grande.

Because few of them could speak Spanish fluently they sent for Fanny Ranes, who was raised in Monterey, through their ready interpretation of the wounded man's words they learned the whole story, and it was enough to set them wild. All efforts now to keep the matter a secret were abandoned, and the entire neighborhood turned out with plows, scrapers, picks and shovels to dig into the ruins of Loma Grande, and they often continued their labors until late at night.

This is the story of Pedro Sanchez.

"Our Leader, Senor Yorba, brought ten men with him from Mexico. He had an old chart which he often consulted after we crossed the Rio Grande. We went straight to the ruins of San Saba near Menardville, and we were surprised to see the walls of the fort still standing. We camped there one night; Senor Yorba told us that several thousand people lived there during the latter part of the last century. They enslaved the Indians and forced them to work in the silver mines. The wild Indians came to the rescue of the slaves and one evening they swooped down upon the fort and massacred every soul in the place except one woman and her child. This woman was in a vineyard; she ran to Loma Grande at night, carrying news of the terrible battle. The treasures of the province were at Loma Grande, and a caravan of many burros was just ready to start to Montclava.

"Yorba told us that his grandfather, who was governor, in the presence of several priests, buried about half a million in gold and more than a million in silver inside of the fort. He said he could go straight to the spot where the gold was buried, but he was not sure about the silver. It was concealed in a separate place from the gold. The chart had faded, and the part describing the locality of the buried




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silver was indistinct.

"When we found the gold everybody lost his senses. Some began to fill their pockets. They were so much elated that they opened a keg of mescal, and in a few moments many of them were wildly drunk, and they insisted on dividing the treasure on the spot. Senor Yorba tried to reason with them. He told the men that there was enough to make them all rich. There is not less than half a million in the pile, he said. If we make any mistake here the Texans will take it away from us, he added.

A big desperado named Manchata rushed to the pile of gold and began to put bars into a sack. Senor Yorba shot him dead. That started the battle. Another man was killed, and I was wounded, as I thought, fatally. I ran into a thicket where there was a pool of water. There I stayed bathing my wound until I was discovered by the vaquero Americano.

When Sanchez learned that the Texans were searching for the buried treasure he told Miss Ranes he remembered that Senor Yorba had said the Mexicans poured cement over the pile of bars after they were thrown in a hole in the ground, and that an aged priest came out of the mission and threw a gold cross and a bust of a saint into the hole.

The people who are searching for the treasure naturally supposed that the bust referred to was life size, and they have since been elated greatly, and at the same time much puzzled by the finding of a fragment of a sculptured head about the size of an orange. This was picked up by some children who were playing about the pile of dirt that had been scraped out of the fort. It was impossible to find the place in the enclosure from which the fragment had been taken. Many believe that this is the head of the saint that was buried over the silver by the aged priest.

Tradition has it that the silver was thrown into a deep well and hastily covered with dirt. Possibly the bust of the saint was thrown in the hole when it was nearly full. Careful investigation fails to discover any trace of this traditionary well. If this theory is correct the treasure hunters may have to remove the dirt to a depth of 100 feet before they uncover the silver bars.

A few days ago they formed a company to search for Spanish treasures and the Lost Silver Mines of San Saba. Fanny Ranes was made secretary of the concern and money was raised quickly to defray her expenses to Mexico, where she hopes to induce Senor Yorba to return to Texas and assist in the search or furnish such information as he may possess to the company under guarantee that he shall share alike with other members in all treasures or mines that may be discovered.

In the last century fortune hunters who have searched for the famous hidden treasures of San Saba, have confined their attention and labors to the closure around the old fort near Menardville. James Bowie, one of the heroes of the Alamo, visited this fort in 1832 and inscribed his name on one of the stone gate pillars. The Indians attacked his party, and they were forced to seek protection at Loma Grande where a desperate battle was fought, lasting several days.



The treasures were under their feet if they had only been aware of the fact. Thousands of dollars have been wasted in the search for the mines and treasures of San Saba. Only a few years ago a San Antonio company sent costly machinery to the old fort for the purpose of draining the river bed and a slough. Their engineer accomplished this work, and was repaid for his labor by finding some old brass cannon the Indians had torn from the bastions and thrown into the river.

The old Spaniards must have made rich discoveries in this region or they never would have constructed such a costly fort and dug such a wonderful canal in the heart of this Indian Country, 1,500 miles from Mexico. They never passed over the fine agricultural valleys of the southern part of Texas with the intention of cultivating the rugged, barren plateau of the San Saba. The tools found about the fort and in the bed of the river show that the Mexicans were engaged in mining. Never was a plow or a hoe found in that country, but the river bed was covered with picks, drills, sledge hammers and other mining tools.

The walls of the old fort are six feet high and two feet thick. They inclose four acres of ground. The south wall runs along the shore of the San Saba River. A few years ago one would have filled a large basket with arrowheads, broken beads, pistols and bayonets in the course of one evening's walk about the fort. It is probable that the Spaniards made a desperate resistance in defense of the place, but they were overpowered by countless swarms of the Indians.

One peculiar feature about Fort Bowie interests archaeologists. The horseshoe shaped works on the top of the hill were constructed evidently by the Spaniards, but the massive stone wall lower down on the side of the mountain is believed to be the remains of an Aztec temple. The well-dressed stones in this wall are about four feet thick and often six feet long. The Spaniards found this wall, or rather two walls, forming a right angle here when they came. The early Spanish explorers, so the tradition runs, found pieces of silver and gold about this old ruin. This circumstance induced them to prospect the country, and it is said that a lucky adventurer fell upon an old trail which led to the now famous Lost Silver Mine of the San Saba."

## About the "Lost Mine".

Editor of the News: In your issue of October 4, 1901, I saw an article in reference to the Old San Saba Mines or Buried Treasure supposed to be located at or near the old San Saba Mission on that river. This story brought back to me an incident in Monterey, Mexico, either in 1881 or 82. I was in that city at the time and one evening while sitting on a vacant seat on the Plaza De La Colon, a place of resort for all who enjoy the refreshing air and music for which that city is noted, a very aged, but neatly dressed Mexican, or Spaniard, sat down beside me. I noticed his neat costume, and as well his intellectual appearance. I entered into

Continued on page 32

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# THE EFFECTS OF THE CIVIL WAR UPON A TEXAS FAMILY

by ELIZABETH WHITTEN-GANN

In Holly Springs, the Legion was receiving Confederate refugees from Corinth, who had been straggling out of the environs of Corinth since May. They had not been well treated by the residents of northern Mississippi. Water buckets had been hidden to prevent Rebels from drinking from the wells around Corinth. The soldiers had dug their own wells only to find whitish water which their horses would not drink. The animals periodically had had to be taken to nearby streams for fresh water, but the men had drunk the opaque water from their wells. They had had flour and had mixed it with the water to make biscuits. They also had had pickled beef, which had never been really edible. They had suffered from the water and the food but had kept ready for a fight from Halleck, who had approached with a sizable army from the Tennessee River. Towards the end of May, the Confederates had begun to pull out of Corinth and move southwest towards Holly Springs. Once away from the immediate vicinity of Corinth, the half-starved soldiers had found rare opportunities to vary their rations. One man had gladly paid a dollar for a meager repast of cornbread and buttermilk. Most others had not experienced such luck.

The soldiers had continued to fall back from Corinth. They had not rested much. The sick, usually victims of malaria, had been hauled along so that they could die among friends, which had frequently been the case. Federal Generals Ord and Hurlbut had intercepted the retreat from Bolivar, Tennessee, and had prevented the Grays from controlling the Hatchie River Bridge, the only convenient means of escape. Confederate General Van Dorn had been caught with his bedraggled Rebels between Ord and Hurlbut on one side and General Grant on the other. The Grays had burned other bridges to slow down the Union Troops' advance. Confederate General Price had seen that the Rebels would have to swim the river -- and lose their supplies -- or take their chances on the transport wagons. There had been a skirmish at that point. Price had managed to get the wagons out by making a bridge from the gable of a mill lain across the mill dam. Price had spent an entire night directing the wagon train and artillery across his make-shift bridge by the dim light of a bonfire. Once General Price had moved his army across the Hatchie River, the Grays had hurried on, not taking time to form an orderly retreat. Some units had lain in ambush to slow the pursuing Union soldiers. There had been a running battle nearly all the way to Holly Springs.

At Holly Springs in early winter, the Corinth veterans had mingled with the troops from Texas. Everyone stayed active to keep warm. Snow had fallen in mid-October and temperatures had been extremely low all autumn. There had been no fighting, so the men had been able to relax for a while. When General Washburn had come out of Memphis with a large force, the Grays had had to march out in a cold rain to stop the Union advance. There had been a "lively little engagement" near Oakland on December.

The members of Wauls Legion were now seeing some action. They were to see a great deal more because of Ulysses S. Grant. General Grant, with about 75,000 men, headed toward Vicksburg by way of the Mississippi Central Railway. Holly Springs was the Union Supply Depot for the whole area of the Trans-Mississippi. The Grays therefore wanted to destroy the Holly Springs connection. General Van Dorn led the brigade which took Holly Springs on December 20th. The Confederate forces were split and sent into town by two roads. The Union infantry near the railroad on the east side of the city gave up without a shot being fired. A group of mounted Federal cavalry, posted as guards on the west side of town, were similarly taken. The townspeople were overjoyed at the triumph of the Confederates who had lain outside the city for so long. The Confederates were ecstatic at the plunder they found at the supply depot. The soldiers took some clothing, blankets, provisions, arms and ammunition, and small supply of much needed medicine. What stores were not readily portable were burned because there was not time to move them out. Union horses were movable, and the Grays happily exchanged their tired, thin beasts for the fat Union mounts. Having accomplished their objective, the Rebel forces departed south towards Grenada.

It was at Holly Springs that Waul's Legion joined Price's army and the general southerly retreat of Confederate troops. Travel was complicated by the arrival of a norther accompanied by rain. Some of the men suffered from the flu. There had not been time to get medicine to relieve this condition. Sick and cold, the men marched on. The third Texas Brigade, also part of General Price's army now, cut the telegraph lines and tore up the Memphis and Charleston Railroad between Holly Springs and Davis Mill before continuing towards Grenada. Elbridge and Lossen Click, Edward Birmingham, and Martin Landrum, as well as many other men in their company, fell ill and were sent to the hospital at Winona, about twenty-five miles south of Grenada. The health of the whole army had suffered from exposure, poor food, and illness. Pneumonia struck the weakened men.

On Christmas day, Elbridge wrote home from the hospital at Winona. His letter to his brother-in-law James in Goliad began positively, assuring his relatives in rather colorful terms that he was improving and would soon leave the hospital. Elbridge then disclosed the worst news: his brother Lossen had died on December 6. He also reported that his nephew Edward and Martin Landrum had been in the same hospital but had recovered and had rejoined their company. Several others had not been so fortunate. Fourteen or fifteen men had died and many were still in the hospital, unfit for duty. Elbridge had heard that the Rebels, after having given the Yankees all the ground south of Corinth, would make a stand at Grenada. The probability of such an engagement was negligible, according to Elbridge. Disgusted with that subject, he quoted



local prices for the Reneaus to compare with those in their area.

corn	\$1.25 per bushel
potatoes	\$1.00 per bushel
salt	\$20.00 per bushel
bacon	.40 per pound
pork	.25 per pound
beef	.15 per pound
butter	.50 per pound
chickens	\$8 - \$10 per cage
eggs	.50 per dozen
squirrels	.25 each
peanuts	.25 per quart
apples	.25 per dozen

Whiskey was too high to warrant a discussion. Elbridge also stated that meals at one local tavern were \$1.00 per plate. He did not quote the price of a serving of bread and beef at another tavern, but declared that it would have been cheap if there had been enough of it. Another important bit of information in this letter was Elbridge's guess that the Union forces were headed for Vicksburg.

Indeed, Vicksburg was destined to become the greatest battle in the western zone. And Elbridge, his nephew, and many of his friends were fated to be involved. In February 1863, Waul's Legion was transferred to Fort Pemberton on the Yazoo River. Union General Washburn led an expedition down the Tallahatchie River with the intention of taking Vicksburg from the rear. But Waul's Legion stood gallantly in the path, and repulsed the Federal attempt. Perhaps Elbridge felt more pride in Confederate strategy at this victory. The proximity of Grant to Vicksburg made the Rebels amend their plan to push the Blue-Coats northward. One change was the separation of Captain Voight's company from Waul's Legion to provide protection from Fort Pemberton. The remaining eleven companies of infantry proceeded towards Vicksburg. Later, Voight's company moved to rejoin the Legion but was caught by the Federals at Yazoo City. With Voight's men on their way to prison in the north, the rest of the Legion hurried to defend Vicksburg. Waul and his troops arrived just in time to be trapped by Grant's siege. The Legion was placed in reserve where the Jackson Vicksburg railroad ran through the fortifications. Brigadier General Stephen D. Lee's brigade were on the front line. The Confederate army dug in while Grant awaited the arrival of Admiral David Porter and the gunboats with which he'd determined to pound Vicksburg into submission.

While the Blue and the Gray armies formed their battle plans on January 1, 1863, George Click received the news of Lossen's death. Lossen was George's youngest child by Temperance Hawkins and had been a great favorite of his father. The day following the arrival of Elbridge's sad report, George wrote to his daughter and her husband in Goliad. The depth of his sorrow still exists in the letter he penned almost exactly one hundred and twenty years ago.

George, now sixty-nine years old, saw no hope for better times in his near future. All men to age forty-five were being called, which meant his son-in-law Asel Reeves would have to go to war. Another of George's sons, Elbird, had joined the Confederate Army and was stationed at Port Lavaca on the Texas coast. George had cause to be concerned for his safety, for there was news of fighting at Galveston. Mr. Click summed up his feelings, writing, ".... it is a dreadful time." In spite of the grief he felt, George sent the Reneaus the customary price list.

corn	\$2.00 per bushel
coffee	\$2.00 per pound
meat	.16 - .20 per pound

In April, James Reneau heard from his father-in-law in answer to a query concerning the profitability of hauling a load of salt to Houston County to sell. George replied that James could expect to get either leather or money in exchange for salt. Untanned hides could be exchanged for

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IN WEEDS. HER BEHAVIOR SHOCKED AND  
ANGERED HER FATHER-IN-LAW.  
HE FORESAW PROBLEMS RESULTING FROM  
THE MIXTURE OF THE CLICK STOCK, BUT  
WAS MORE INCENSED BY HER SHAMEFUL  
FLIRTATIONS SINCE THE DEATH OF HER  
HUSBAND. GEORGE WAS HURT THAT  
THE MEMORY OF HIS FAVORITE SON  
COULD BE HELD SO LIGHTLY.**

leather also. Reporting on family members, George wrote that Asel had not yet gone to war and that Asel and Nancy's son Niles had been kicked in the head by a horse. Surprisingly, the little fellow had survived. George had received a letter from Elbridge and Edward, who'd written that they ".... enjoy a Soldier's life as well as ennybody." Jackson had written George from Freestone County that he was well. Elbird's last account from Port Lavaca was that he, too, was in good health. George lamented the rising prices and the fact that a great deal of his land was worn out. After recounting the deaths of some of their mutual acquaintances, George requested quick answer from the Reneaus.

Also in April, the Reneaus heard from Asel and Nancy Reeves. They related their son Niles' mishap. They passed along favorable health reports from Elbridge and Edward in Mississippi, Elbird at Port Lavaca, and Jackson in Limestone County. Asel was glad that he had been exempted from service due to his having to care for his wife's brothers' stock. The Reeves' report on inflation was disquieting: four or five Confederate dollars were worth only one cash dollar. Reneau was advised that salt would indeed bring a high price and that hides could be exchanged for leather, as George had previously stated.

Reneau had made his living by hauling freight as early as 1843. During the Civil War, Reneau continued his hauling, taking advantage of shortages in different areas by supplying such articles as were currently in demand. Salt was one item always in demand because it was used to cure pork as well as to season other victuals. Texas was fortunate to have this resource in abundance. There was sufficient to supply not only to Texans but also a large part of Confederate states. This meant a good business for freighters like Reneau.

One Click in Houston County was less concerned with salt than she was with the shortage of fabric with which to make clothes for her husband. Mary Pruitt Click expected Elbridge to return soon from the war. He would need new clothes. Material not being readily available, she intended to spin thread and make the necessary garments herself. Although the growth of cotton was not mentioned in their correspondence, that crop was apparently being raised by the Clicks. George moved his family across the Trinity to a place near Madisonville in the early spring of 1863, probably in search of fresh land on which to plant cotton. While George planted and Mary spun, Elbridge was besieged at Vicksburg.

Vicksburg was strategically important to both sides. The Confederates knew that they must hold Vicksburg or lose control of the Mississippi River and the rail connections to the Southwest. Union leaders realized the same thing. General Grant had brought his forces as far as the area of the Mississippi between Yazoo Pass and Young's Point. Back in Washington, results were being demanded of the general. Grant

knew that he had better be successful. If his plan to take Vicksburg failed, he would be isolated in enemy territory. After several plans had failed him, Grant actually did sever the attachment to his Memphis base and moved his whole force to Millikin's Bend northwest of Vicksburg. Admiral Porter's fleet transported the army to the Louisiana side of the Mississippi. Then Grant marched his men south to Bruinsburg, where Porter, who had successfully run past the Vicksburg batteries, again transported the army across the river. Grant succeeded in dividing the Confederate forces of John C. Pemberton and Joseph E. Johnston. The latter was shoved aside and held by the third Texas Brigade. Pemberton was pushed into Vicksburg. The city was officially under siege. Grant had big gunboats in the river both above and below Vicksburg. Heavy ordinance bombarded the town. The reports of these big guns could be heard for many miles, dawn to dusk, for days. Citizens and soldiers alike inside Vicksburg sought shelter from the bombs.

The Confederate troops had excavated a gully around the entire landbound side of the city. On May 22, the Union forces breached the ditch and drove the Twentieth Alabama Regiment from the fortifications. Volunteers from Waul's Legion were requested to save the fort where the enemy had cut through. Major Oliver Steele, leading Captain L.D. Bradley and Lieutenant James Hogue and their companies, gallantly retook the fort and captured sixty Bluecoats. Again the two armies were stalemated.

For six weeks, the two enemy forces faced each other. Inside the battlements, conditions grew steadily worse. Most of the citizens of Vicksburg had taken to living in caves and the soldiers received only half rations. Whatever privations Elbridge, Edward and Martin endured, they could not get word of their plight to their relatives in Texas. By the middle of June, George was frantic with worry. He had had no word from them since February. Terrifying rumors had reached Texas that all of Company F had been killed except for four men. George had heard that Elbridge was dead. He, like other Texans, knew that the armies had been fighting at Vicksburg for several weeks. George was concerned over the conflicting nature of information from the Trans-Mississippi area. Some reports said that the Grays were winning; others stated that the Yankees were "committing great depredations in Louisiana, burning up plantations and running people from their homes."

While varying accounts from the east were rife, there seemed to be an absence of communication from the Texas coast. George feared that Elbird had met with some disaster, for no letters had come from Port Lavaca in a long time. Hoping that Elbird had been able to get a letter to the Reneaus, George begged them to pass along any news they might have concerning Elbird.

After some remarks on crops and the weather in Houston County, George wrote of ever increasing prices:

coffee	\$5 per pound
flour	\$35 per pound
domestic	\$2 per yard
calico	\$3 per yard

In four years, the cost of coffee had risen over 3,000 percent. Domestic fabric had risen over 1,000 percent and calico had been inflated over 2,000 percent. George blamed the escalated-cost on the lack of hard money. The availability of nothing except Confederate money made life "hard and troublesome" for everyone.

The Civil War had brought financial difficulty to the Click family. It had brought death. It had brought fear and worry. Now the pressures caused by the War brought discord. Lossen's widow had wasted no time in weeds. Her behavior shocked and angered her father-in-law. He foresaw problems resulting from the mixture of the Click stock, but was more incensed by her shameful flirtations since the death of her husband. George was hurt that the memory of his favorite son could be held so lightly.

The safety of their son remaining in Mississippi was not ascertained until the middle of August, when he arrived at his father's house. Elbridge



had brought his ailing nephew within one hundred seventy miles of home before having to leave him. Edward was too ill to travel. Anxious to get him home, George had his grandson delivered by stagecoach so that he could recover under the watchful eyes of his family. George wrote the Reneaus that Elbridge and Edward had been in Vicksburg when the Confederate forces there had finally surrendered on July 4, 1863. Both boys and Martin Landrum were paroled prisoners of war until legally exchanged. Sadly, the Click boys had lost Houston County friends at Vicksburg. The neighborhood abounded in widows.

George was not pleased by the marvelous recuperative powers of the widows in his vicinity. One young lady who had made a premature adjustment to being without a husband, was Elbridge's wife Mary Pruitt. Upon hearing the rumor that her husband had been killed at Vicksburg, she had ceased her spinning and had proceeded to sell Elbridge's best horses in order to finance clothes for herself. She had quickly succeeded in attracting a new beau. George believed that Mary would have remarried very soon, had Elbridge not reappeared. Seeing how things were, Elbridge moved in with his brother-in-law and sister Asel and Nancy Reeves. Because the stock had been mixed, and because Mary was uncooperative, Elbridge had not been able to move what few of his horses remained. There would be more trouble concerning the horses.

In the midst of this disharmony, another situation had been developing which complicated the lives of the Clicks: the sudden influx of Negroes into East Texas. Most were coming from Louisiana and Mississippi. They were present in such numbers that it was rumored that the state militia would be called upon to keep order. George doubted that troops would be requested, but he glumly predicted racial trouble all over the state. The large black population made George feel that his section of the state was overcrowded. He was dissatisfied where he was but knew of no better place to which to go.

Elbridge was another discontented Click. He wrote the Reneaus that he would like to join them in Goliad but needed someone to help him move his horses. Mary had sold all the broken mounts, so Elbridge did not even have one to ride. He would have to break some for that purpose as well as to sell. Selling horses was his only means of livelihood. Fearing that Mary would interfere further, Elbridge requested that James come and help him transfer the herd to Goliad. James obliged, for both Elbridge and Edward were in Goliad in December.

George wrote his Goliad relations on December 22, to inform them of a birth in the family. George and Augusta had had another son born on November 25. He was named Henry Lossen, partly in honor of James Lossen. Having sired a fine son at the age of sixty-nine gave George some cause for pride. His happiness was augmented by having his son and grandson back in Texas. However, about the time that the boys in Mississippi were coming home, Asel was leaving.

Asel had journeyed with Waul's Legion, which had been reorganized under Timmons, and served near Galveston. The Legion went first to Velasco, where Asel saw the boats of the Federal blockade. Since the Legion had reformed, Elbridge and Edward had been at Goliad. Their captain, W.D. Hicks, was expecting them to rejoin their company. Martin Landrum, of the same company, told Hicks that Elbridge and Edward would certainly arrive soon. George was again afraid for the safety of his son and grandson. He had heard that deserters were being harshly dealt with. He used an incident at Angelina as an example of the "bad consequences" which might be incurred if they did not hasten to their company. George was sure they would be safer in the Legion than in Goliad.

Texas had seen considerable action along her borders during 1863 and George expected this to intensify. The Texans had been unsuccessful in keeping the Bluecoats out of the mouth of the Rio Grande. With the Grays once again in control at Galveston and Sabine Pass, more determined efforts could be made against the Yankees. Elbird had been among the Confederates who had vainly tried to

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remove the Blues from Indianola. Having failed, his unit had moved to Laluria Land in Calhoun County and had been surrounded by Yankoes.

Nearby, Company F of Waul's Legion was having more trouble with Confederate deserters than with Union troops. In February 1864, Martin Landrum wrote his mother that the Legion had achieved a "glorious victory" over the local militia which had been trying to desert en masse.

If the militiamen were tired of the war, the citizens of Texas were even more weary of it. In May, Nancy Reeves lamented to the Reneaus that there were widows and orphans enough, yet the war showed no sign of coming to an end. The crowding of thousands of additional Negroes into the Trinity River Bend area in Houston County was making life even more intolerable to the Clicks and their neighbors. Citizens and soldiers shared a desire for the war to cease.

Martin Landrum had given up chasing deserters and in April had become one himself. He and his friend John Chandler, another Houston County boy, had been home about two weeks when one Cap Sessre arrested them and put them in jail. Sessre received thirty days furlough for every deserter he caught, so for sixty days he was exempt from active service. Fortunately for Landrum and Chandler, they were placed under the guard of Asel Reeves and another friend W.E.F. (Bill) Dupree to be returned to their command for trial. George related to the Reneaus the farcical attempt to deliver the culprits. Reeves, Dupree, and the two prisoners left the jail at night riding on top of the stagecoach. At daybreak, Chandler dropped his hat. He pretended to get off to pick it up, but instead disappeared into the brush. Nonchalant, the guards and the remaining prisoner atop the coach again proceeded. A little further down the road, Chandler rolled off the stage and escaped. Landrum and Chandler, well-practiced in doing double-quick marches, made their way to Chandler's father's house, got horses, and left East Texas far behind them. George was amused and gratified that Cap Sessre had failed to accomplish any real

harm. Cap had already earned a great deal of Click rancor by befriending Elbridge's ex-wife. Disappointed that any Click had avoided disaster, Mary Pruitt attempted to taunt her former father-in-law with the promise that her beau Sessre would be paid in gold if he should ever have to go into Mexico to return Elbridge to justice. George was not intimidated by her threat. Her audacious behavior had placed her beneath his contempt.

Like his wife, George was tired of hearing how the Rebels were defeating the Yankoes. Regardless of which side was winning, too many lives had been lost. George -- like other Texans -- wanted peace. The war's end would bring better economic conditions. Confederate money was not worth much, and there was hardly any trade being transacted, so there was very little to be bought if money had been available. George complained that his family had been reduced to relying solely on what they could grow themselves.

The only member of the Click family known to have made a profit during the Civil War was James F. Reneau in Goliad. He had been a freight hauler during the early days of Crockett. When the War between the States began, his services were in greater demand than ever before. The items enumerated in James' various store bills and receipts for oxen prove him to have been quite active in the business of freighting. Occasional correspondence from him and store bills from Brownsville and Matamoros confirm that he was among the wagoners illegally hauling cotton to the Mexican border. Freighters profited by the rising cotton prices to such an extent that they spurned hauling practically any other merchandise. The fifty percent return on their cargoes lured them to the Mexican border. They formed wagon trains for protection against robbers and the effects of the rough terrain on their teams and wagons. Reneau had to make a circuitous journey of approximately four hundred miles through a region teeming with bandits, cactus, mesquite, and treacherous streams that

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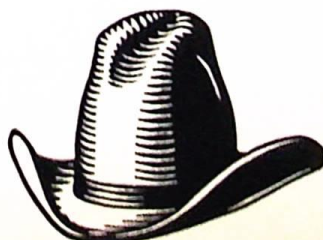


turned into raging torrents after the slightest shower. If he were lucky enough to not be detained by robbers or slowed by breakdowns or the loss of oxen, James could traverse the distance between Goliad and Brownsville in about four weeks. He bought oxen while on the trail more than once from men also known to have been freight haulers, proving that he was not traveling alone but in a trail of wagons bound for the same destination. It is certain that he was armed on these journeys. His purchases of gun lead, powder, and caps reveal that his weapon was of a percussion type. Despite the dangers inherent in his work, James continued freighting throughout the Civil War. The business was lucrative enough to furnish his family with ample store-bought supplies and to pay for the private education of his children.

Freighters like James Reneau were helping to keep the South alive. The Union became almost desperate to shut off the trade taking place through Texas to the Mexican border. The blockade was effective in stopping direct Confederate trade with Europe, but the border trade and Texas industry were sustaining the Confederacy. In the spring of 1864, General Nathaniel P. Banks launched a powerful force of 25,000 seasoned troops and many gunboats up Red River from Alexandria, Louisiana. Banks was to be joined by General Frederick Steele and an additional 15,000 men. The Confederate war industry in eastern and south-central Texas would have been military plums. But Generals E. Kirby Smith, John B. Magruder, and Sterling Price scraped up every available male able to shoulder a weapon and threw them between the advancing Union forces and Texas. General Richard Taylor, with 11,000 troops, found himself directly in the path of Banks at Mansfield, Louisiana, fifty miles south of Shreveport. Taylor hurled his men at Banks' and the result was a rout. The Grays did not experience success at Pleasant Hill, but Banks had had enough. He pulled back east of the Mississippi, preserving the honor of the defender of Texas.

John S. Ford led the Confederates against the Union forces in South Texas and succeeded in expelling them from the state. The last battle of the Civil War was fought on Texas soil. In the spring of 1865, the Bluecoats tried to recapture Fort Brown in South Texas. Ford repulsed this attempt and defeated two Black regiments and a unit of dismounted Union cavalry. From his prisoners, Ford learned that his success had come a month after General Robert E. Lee's surrender at Appomattox.

The Civil War was over. Damage to Texas property was minimal. Texans had produced good crops throughout the war and were looking forward to better times. There were negative results as well. Most Texas families, like the Clicks, had lost sons to the war. Families had been divided. The large population of Negroes sent to East Texas for safekeeping suddenly became permanent residents, resulting in a diaspora of White families, some of the Clicks among them. George's younger children married and moved west. Only George and Augusta remained in Houston County. When Augusta died, George joined his son Andrew in Freestone County. The last Houston County Click, James Hamilton Click II, grandson of James Lossen who had died in Mississippi, died childless in 1970.



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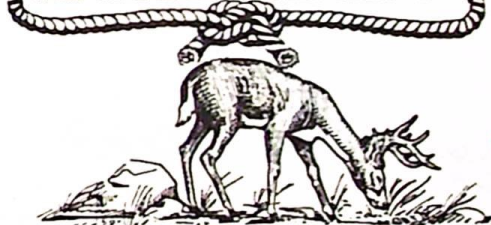
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# IT'S ALL BALCONES FAULT

BY CHARLES TISCHLER, Editor-At-Large

**T**he Balcones Escarpment, like a ragged incision cut across the chest of Texas, runs eastward from Del Rio and then northward through the cities of San Antonio, New Braunfels, San Marcos, Austin, Georgetown, Salado, and Waco and becomes less and less visible until it runs beneath the earth's surface into Oklahoma.

The importance of this abrupt rise in the earth's surface cannot be over estimated. It is classed as the most important topographic feature in Texas, wringing Gulf moisture from the Texas clouds. The further west into the Hill Country, the less rain, 'til up beyond Mountain Home no surface streams flow and windmills pull ancient water from underground rivers.

When it comes to the Hill Country, you have to draw the line somewhere and that was done for us by the powers of the earth as old sea beds rose half a mile into the Texas sky, exposing a ragged range of cliffs and bluffs and canyon mouths that the first Spanish explorers likened to a series of balconies and labeled it *Los Balcones* on their earliest maps.

If one studies the lay of the Texas land and the patterns that human populations have drawn upon it, one will discover a line of defenses that closely traces the Balcones Escarpment from Fort Hood, the largest army installation in the United States, to the five military bases of San Antonio and finally to McLaughlin Air Force base outside the town of Del Rio on the Rio Grande.

Along this line stands the capitol of Texas and the altar of Texas Independence, the Alamo.

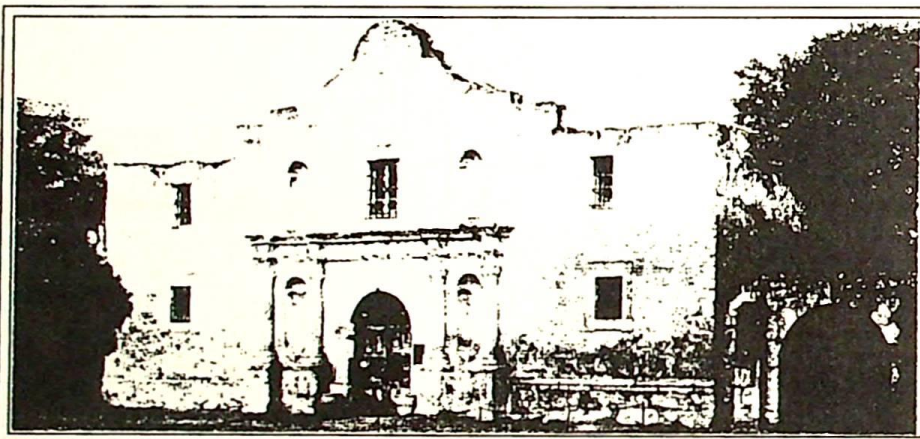
It was along this line that my wife Dixie and I traveled this spring to revisit old haunts and prowl along and beneath the Escarpment's edge.

From our home in Jollyville, north and west of Austin proper, we traveled south along IH 35 to San Antonio where we had reserved a room at the Menger Hotel, next door to the Alamo.

The Menger, established in 1853, proudly preserves a long

standing Texas tradition as a base of operations in San Antonio and still serves in that capacity for modern day explorers of Texas' oldest city.

Behind the thick limestone walls, the Menger's grand lobby, with its high ornate ceiling, overstuffed chairs and grand piano, is lined with fine old display cases which hold bits of history letting today's visitors taste the events both large and small that have become woven into the culture of Texas.



There are letters to and from the Texas frontier and old photographs of hotel guests from a hundred years ago. In one case rests a gold pendant and chain. It was carried there by General Robert E. Lee, who saw fit to ride his horse into the lobby where he was greeted by a throng of mid-19th century well-wishers including the

hotel manager who lifted his two-year-old daughter up to the mounted general. General Lee produced the pendant and gave it to the baby girl. She kept it forever, and the story goes, five of her children left their teeth marks on its solid gold case.

Down the hall from the lobby the cozy Teddy Roosevelt Bar, with its ornately carved dark woodwork, still serves as a watering hole taking today's travelers back to the time when our once future president recruited his roughriders for that long-long journey from San Antonio to San Juan Hill and into the everlasting glory of the pages of world history.

On the second floor, a darkened door way is labeled, *Roy Rogers Suite*, and I wondered about my childhood hero and his adventures in ol' San Antone.

From the Menger, Dixie and I struck out across the Alamo Plaza and down to the riverwalk. It was Friday night and the river walk was bustling with every kind of human that ever drew breath. There were the young military recruits with short hair and crisp uniforms passing by visitors from five continents. We heard German, French, Spanish and English and other tongues I couldn't



make out.

We found a riverside table at El Rio Cafe and enjoyed a dinner of enchiladas, rice and beans while aggressive pigeons stood watch over and then invaded just-abandoned tables for an avian battle over tostados and other crumbs left behind. While we dined at the water's edge, river barges slid by filled this time with hyperactive high school students on their senior trip, and the young woman pilot of the craft who searched the eyes of those ashore and silently mouthed "Help me, help me."

Dixie and I reminisced over the adventures this little urban stream had afforded us over the years. Like the time a decade ago when we were aboard one of the riverboats and a little local boy swerved his bicycle to avoid some pedestrians and ended up in the drink. Our pilot stopped and rendered aid and I leaned way over the side and pulled the kid's bike out of the river by its high rise handlebars.

We finished up at the restaurant and settled the picante sauce with a stroll past Planet Hollywood and the Hard Rock Cafe, too crowded and too loud for my liking, but obviously a mecca for thousands of folks every week.

We then eased along under the old oak trees and heard the "who cooks for you?" call of the White Winged Doves nesting just above us and continued down stream to La Villita with its little shops and amphitheater, but in my mind I was back when General Santa Anna's artillery emplacements thundered from La Villita and battered the old Hill Country limestone walls of the Alamo now hidden by Hiltons and other highrises.

When William Barrett Travis drew his sabre and etched that famous line in the dust for those assembled to cross over and die for Texas, his blade drew that line not in the khaki-colored South Texas sand, as depicted in the movies, but in white Hill Country caliche on the very edge of the eroded Balcones Escarpment.

Had it not been for the Balcones Escarpment, the Spanish would not have established their missions there, and before them the Native American inhabitants would not have been able to flourish for more than ten thousand years. And, before them, perfect sparkling waters could not have rushed to the surface in thousands of springs. It's still all Balcones Fault... and while I am not the first to turn that phrase, the more I ponder it, the more of the truth of it is revealed.

Dixie and I wandered back toward the Alamo and the Menger, along the trajectory of Santa Anna's cannonballs. We went to our room and got into our bathing suits and then eased out into the courtyard and past the swimming pool to the gurgling hot tub. I tried not to groan too loudly as I lowered my old broke bones into the bubbling tub and let the water jets trace the old sites of surgeon's work. It was great. Soon I was cooked and limber and suggested we take a dip in the pool to cool back down.

Side-by-side we took the first step into the pool and froze in mid-stride. We turned and looked at each other as the seemingly colder-than-ice water held our feet locked. In unison we backed out. From beneath a nearby umbrella I heard, "Rather short swim."

The next day it was Huevos Rancheros for me and Eggs Benedict for Dixie in the Menger's restaurant, and then later a rendezvous with Don, Irene, and Lia Nored... old friends. They took us to lunch at the incredible new River Mall, where the day before Dixie and I had stood enchanted by the haunting sounds of

Continued on page 46



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# LLANO EVENTS

**June 7:** 61st Annual Llano Rodeo Parade and Rodeo. Parade begins at 4 p.m., followed by Boy Scouts Barbecue on the courthouse square. Advance tickets: Adults \$5 and Kids \$4. Tickets on the square: Adults \$5.50 and Kids \$2.25. The rodeo begins at 8 p.m. at the Rodeo Arena next to the Community Center. Advance tickets: Adults \$5 and Kids \$2. Tickets at gate: Adults \$7 and Kids \$4.

**June 7&8:** 61st Annual Llano County Rodeo. Rodeo begins at 8 p.m. at the Rodeo Arena next to the Community Center. Advance tickets: Adults \$5 and Kids \$2. Tickets at gate: Adults \$7 and Kids \$4.

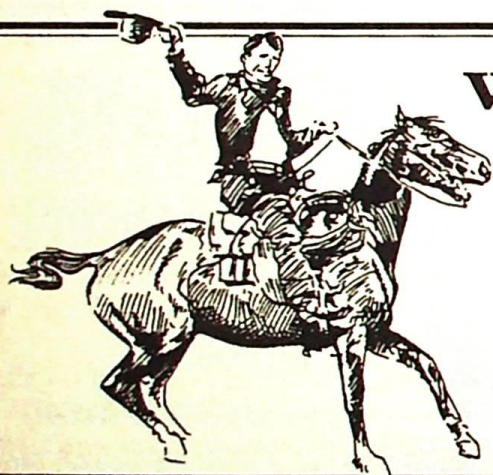
**June 13 thru 15:** Texas Indian Hobbyists Association Summer Meet will be held by tradition at Robinson City Park. Indian dances begin at 8 p.m. each night. No admission. Bring lawn chairs. Absolutely no alcohol allowed.

**June 15th:** The City of Llano, in conjunction with the Llano Golf Association (LGA), will conduct a ribbon cutting ceremony to officially open the city's new nine holes of golf on Saturday morning, June 15. Also planned are other activities throughout the day. Call Golf Pro Ronnie Humphrey at 915-247-5100 for time and particulars, which at press time were not available. The public is invited.

The LGA will hold its first tournament featuring 18 holes of golf on the following weekend, June 22-23.

**June 22:** Bud Lite Team Roping all day at the Community Center and Rodeo Grounds at Robinson City Park.

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



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# The Teenager Who Helped Capture Santa Anna

by DALE FRY

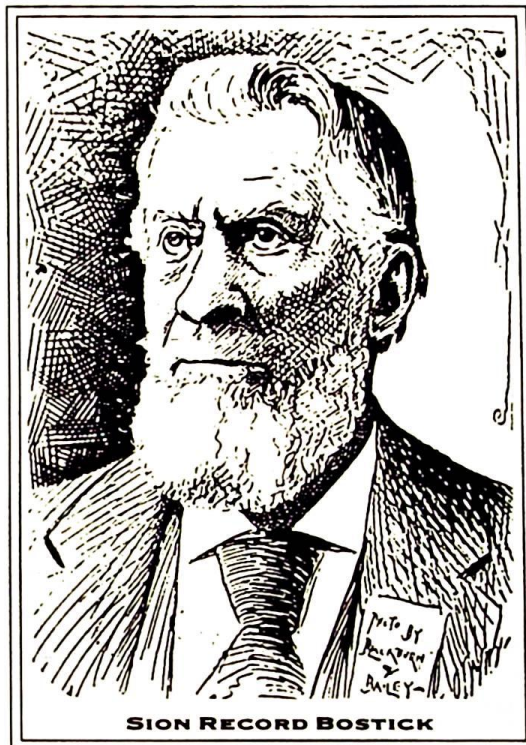
**I**n the San Saba Cemetery, located on State Highway 16 a few blocks north of downtown, lies the grave of Sion Record Bostick, a little-known hero and a fearless veteran of numerous battles who gained an important place in Texas history beginning 161 years ago. A short distance from his grave stands an historical site marker relating the feisty soldier's exploits.

He is best known, however, for his role in helping Texas achieve independence from Mexico. Fighting in several decisive sieges that culminated in the defeat of Santa Anna's army at the now-famous Battle of San Jacinto, it was Bostick who, along with several other men, captured the disguised Mexican general as he was trying to escape after the battle. Bostick was only seventeen at the time.

Dolores Storm, co-owner with her husband John of Storm's Restaurant in San Saba, is well acquainted with Bostick's exploits. Her step-father, Calvin Grant Bostick of Lampasas, the great-grandson of Sion, related the stories to her many times.

"I've heard about Sion from my step-father since I was a small child," Dolores says. "My real father died when I was about three; I don't even remember him. Calvin has always seemed like my own father, so, instead of being Sion's step-great-great granddaughter, I feel more like his own great-great-granddaughter.

"Sion was always bigger than life to me. I remember the first time I saw the famous painting in the state capitol in Austin, the one showing Santa Anna, Sam Houston and a group of men under a tree. My step-father took us to the capitol; I guess I was seven or eight years old. Sion is in that painting. I was extremely impressed that a painting of him hung in the capitol.



"As I got older, it was amazing to me as an adult that Sion was so young to go to battle—he was only seventeen. He was a little bitty guy, but he was a crack shot and always ready to fight anybody."

History bears that last statement out. In his book, *Tall Men With Long Rifles*, author James T. DeShields quotes Creed Taylor, who tells of seeing "in the midst of the fight (the Battle of San Jacinto) a blue-eyed, fair-haired boy of about seventeen carrying a long hunting rifle and dressed in a buckskin hunting suit and fur cap. This youth never fired without taking careful aim, and everytime his long gun blazed, he would duck his head and look under the smoke to see if he had got his man." Taylor learned after the battle that the youthful marksman was Si Bostick, as

he was known at the time.

But it is not surprising that the young Si was so good with a rifle. By the time he was participating in the Battle of San Jacinto he had already fought in two other skirmishes when he was only sixteen: the Battle of Gonzales in October, 1835, and, a month later, the Siege of San Antonio De Bexar.

After the Siege of San Antonio De Bexar, Si returned home to Columbus, where he was living at the time, for only a brief interval between battles, as it turned out. Four months later, on March 21, 1836, after learning that Santa Anna's Mexican Army had massacred Fannin and his men at the Alamo, the young soldier immediately enlisted to help stop Santa Anna's murdering and pillaging march through Texas. Little did Si know at the time that he would be one of the group of men who would capture the Mexican general.

Historians have disagreed over the number of men in the group that captured Santa Anna. Indeed, official records even contradict Bostick's own account, which he wrote on May 31, 1900, just two years and five months before he died on Oct. 15,



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1902. In the article, which appeared in the *Quarterly of The Texas Historical Association* in October, 1901, Si claimed there were only three, including himself. He wrote the following:

"I was at home at Columbus, but on the 21st day of March, after the Alamo had fallen and Fannin and his men had been massacred, I re-enlisted at Columbus under Captain Moseley Baker, who had a company in Colonel Ed Bureson's regiment of Houston's army, then retreating before the victorious Mexicans.

"Baker's company was sent to San Felipe to guard it, and Houston's army crossed the Brazos above San Felipe at Groce's (Ferry). My company crossed the Brazos at San Felipe and threw up some little fortifications. After the Mexicans crossed the Colorado river, General Houston ordered us to cross over the river and burn San Felipe. The people had already abandoned the place, leaving everything they had in the houses and stores. We obeyed our orders, but remained in camp on the east side of the Brazos opposite San Felipe, and placed a picket guard on the west side to give notice of the approach of the Mexicans.

"In a few days, the Mexicans came up. One morning about sunrise they captured Simpson, one of our pickets. The other three pickets, Jack (James) Bell, I.L. Hill, and (George W.) Pettus got away and crossed the river in a dugout. We had some skirmish firing across the river at them. We would not let them cross, and they went down the Brazos and crossed at Richmond. We were ordered to join Houston at Donoho's below Groce's outside of the Brazos bottom in the edge of the prairie.

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"The scouts reported that Santa Anna had gone down to Harrisburg on Buffalo bayou, where he never halted, but, after burning the place, moved on down the bayou to a point opposite the San Jacinto river, or rather below there. Houston's army followed, found Harrisburg burned up, moved on down the bayou, and went into camp just above the mouth of the San Jacinto river. The Mexicans came back up the river and some skirmishing took place on the 20th. They camped that night not far from Houston's army.

"The next day in the evening Houston ordered us to attack the Mexicans. Sherman on the left commenced the fight. We were all on foot except a small cavalry force under Lamar. We moved down a slope slowly, but when we started up a long sloping ridge (the Mexican breastworks were on top of it), we all went in double quick. Everyone of us was yelling: 'Remember the Alamo! Remember Fannin!' In a little while the Mexicans broke and ran. Just back of their camp was low marshy land and a kind of lake. Many of them tried to cross, but they bogged down, and we shot them. A few got through, and we captured them next day.

"Captain Moseley Baker told me on the morning of the 22nd to scout around on the prairie and see if I could find any escaping Mexicans. I went and fell in with two other scouts, one of whom was named Joel Robinson, and the other Henry Sylvester. We had horses that we captured from the Mexicans. When we were about eight miles from the battle field, about one o'clock, we saw the head and shoulders of a man above the tall sedge grass, walking through the prairie. As soon as we saw him we started towards him in a gallop. When he discovered us, he squatted in the grass; but we soon came to the place. As we rode up we aimed at him and told him to surrender. He held up his hands, and spoke in Spanish, but I could not understand him. He was dressed a common soldier with dingy looking white uniform. Under the uniform he had on a fine shirt. As we went back to camp the prisoner rode behind Robinson awhile and then rode behind Sylvester. I was the youngest and the smallest of the party, and I would not agree to let him ride behind me. I wanted to shoot him. We did not know who he was. He was tolerably dark skinned, weighed about one hundred and forty-five pounds, and wore side whiskers. When we got to camp, the Mexican soldiers, then prisoners, saluted him and said, 'el presidente.' We knew then that we had made a big haul. All three of us who had captured him were angry at ourselves for not killing him out on the prairie, to be consumed by the wolves and buzzards. We took him to General Houston, who was wounded and lying under a big oak tree.

"The remainder of the story of the battle others have told. It is history. I have told what I saw as a young private; I was not seventeen years old. The causes of the discontent and the troubles with Mexico I did not then know. History tells all that. As a boy all I knew was that we had a row on our hands, and they wanted to fight. I thought I could kill Mexicans as easily as I could deer and turkeys."

Thus ends Bostick's published account of the event. But according to information compiled in 1968 by Bostick's granddaughters Josie and Delila Baird of Rotan, five other men

Continued on page 42



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

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## TREASURES OF THE SAN SABA

Continued from page 19

conversation with him about the date of the cathedral just in front of us, which dated back to 1714 or 1716, I do not now remember which. This he informed me was the year it was completed, and that the building was, perhaps, in course of construction for 50 or more years, as is very often their custom. I asked him how long he had lived in that city, to which he answered that he was born and reared there, with the exception of a few years spent in Texas, while very young, with his father, who was engaged in the mining business. This opened the channel in which I was seeking information. I asked, "Were there ever any mines that paid worked in that country by the Spaniards?" His answer was that with one exception (El Mino Real) in Old Mexico, that the Old Mission San Saba was the richest mine owned by them. To give you an idea he said. "The company that worked it paid to the Catholic church a royalty on \$2,000,000 for one year's out put. This was demanded by the church in those days." I asked him again, "What is your opinion in regard to so much buried treasure in the section?" He said, "young man, " for I was young then, "I will venture to say that including both the coin and bullion, there is more money now in the earth of Texas than is in circulation at present. I asked again, (illegible) by which one could recur a correct location or plat of any parts deposit? He answered in the affirmative and proceeded to inform me how to proceed, but as it required some out lay in money, and as my means were limited at the time, I postponed any further investigation, and as I unfortunately came to this county and embarked in the farming business, it has continued to deplete my resources until they now amount to simply an 0. I will omit his instructions; too, until some future time.

The conversation between him and me was in Spanish and he never knew but that I was one of his countrymen.

### Found in Menard. April 4, 1902

In the summer of 1891, an old veteran miner of some 60 years experience found in Menard country a mine, that is supposed to have been worked by the Spaniards. The mine is in the bluff of Las Moras creek on the east side and some three miles from where the stream empties into the San Saba river.

The mineral is a clay formation of different colors, but principally in a red. Yellow and pink can be seen in the mine, which is a tunnel running on a level from the mouth and at different angles. This tunnel is about 240 feet deep and cut from 4 to 10 feet wide by 6 to 15 feet deep, principally thru this clay formation. The top of this tunnel is black dirt that seems to have been wet, in time, and fried which makes a hard stuff like adobe. Under this is a layer of pulverized stuff darker in color, about 6 inches thick.

The tunnel is a two story affair, the best mineral being found in the lower compartment. This mineral can be plainly seen with the naked eye. The ore is found in



immense quantities and thought to be very rich. Observer in Mason Herald.

### The Bowie Lost Mine. July 31, 1902

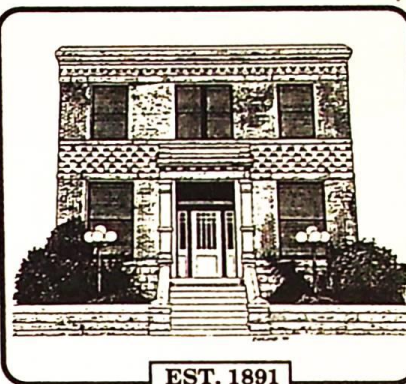
A San Saba citizen, whose name the Bulletin could not learn without risk of running across a request to not make the item public, thinks he has discovered the Bowie lost mine. There is nothing surprising in this statement, for many men before him have thought they had made the same discovery, and many men have spent months in a vain search for this mine reputed to be fabulous in its wealth. The surprising thing though, is that he has been able to so interest capitalists and speculators that they held a meeting yesterday and after listening to the discoverer wired for an expert geologist and will pursue the investigation until they learn just what there is in it.

### Lost Spanish Silver Mine. July 14, 1904.

The lost mine has been found, so said a dispatch to the daily papers from San Angelo a few days ago: - W.C. Jones of this city, claims to have discovered the long lost Spanish Silver mine which was said to have been worked about three quarters of a century ago by Spanish monks. The mine is located among the bluffs on Celery creek, which flows into the San Saba river. Mr. Jones claims that the mine was hidden by the monks when they were obliged to abandon it, changing the course of the creek so that it ran over the opening. Mr. Jones gives the credit for the discovery to his partner, Joe Cluff. They expect to make their fortunes by working the mine.

### Las Almagres, and Bowie Mine. December 10, 1908

F.M. Ramsey has returned from Llano where he sold to R.H. Downman his iron interests amounting to about \$15,000. Mr. Ramsey came from California to Texas in 1873 and secured this property. At that early date he thoroughly investigated the old Mexican traditions regarding mines formerly worked by them in the Llano mineral belt. He got information from the companions of Bowie who were then living. There were Cephas K. Hammand, Matthew Doyle, also from Cabui, a Mexican who was Col. Bowie's servant. From them and also from Mexican history, Mr. Ramsey completely identified the location of two of these mines...one a very rich silver mine known as Las Almagres, and the other the old Bowie Mine. The title to the lands on which both of these mines are located has been in dispute until recently and both will soon be reopened. Mr. Ramsey, while normally a stockman, has always been a mineral crank and has recently made some very successful investments in mines in California and South America. He expects to open up some of the gold prospects in Llano soon.



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# A TEXAN FOR THE MUSIC

## An Interview with Larry Trader

BY BEAU BURTON

**I**t seems any country music fan I talk to knows some type of trivia on their personal favorite musical performer. Where they were born, stories about their family life and even obstacles in the life of that star who may have indirectly shaped musical history. Still, when we think about country music artists who are successful today, we often overlook people behind the scenes who help put them there. The focal point of a musical act is always the person fronting the group. The lead vocalist is always in the spotlight, but what few folks know, is that the musical experience we take for granted takes a lot more skilled personnel to complete the package, than is required in a typical campfire picking and grinning session. Not to take away from campfire pickin or anything, but we, the country music consuming public, would be unfulfilled if we didn't get our high dollar show. Whether it's live concerts or CD's, the general public seldom realize all the hard work, of behind the scene folk, it takes to pull off the music we enjoy everyday.

In this edition of Texas Country Music we will hear from Larry Trader. I was very lucky to get to talk to Larry, and maybe a few of your readers have heard of him. But, for those of you who haven't, I'll do a brief rundown.

Larry Trader, a native Texan from San Antonio, has been a mover and shaker in this business of country music since the fifties. From where I sit, this guy has given as much of himself to Texas-style country music as any name a country music trivia buff could rattle off. During country music's infancy, country music legends performed for hundreds, not ten thousands of dollars for one show. If you were into the business back then, you would have had a great love for the music and the life. Such is the case for Larry Trader. This man, never to be sold short for his business savvy, started out promoting and booking Ray Price in the fifties.

There are always lots of tough calls, moving a show from town to town, and that was Larry's first contribution to Texas Country music. He was a vital link in Ray Price's organization during the rise and successful early days of Ray's career. Larry's story doesn't stop there, it just begins. He soon teamed up with Willie Nelson performing many of the same duties he had provided to Ray Price. A well-seasoned promoter manager, he was just what Willie needed to keep his Texas country musical style going strong. Today, Larry remains part of the Nelson team and is a driving force behind Willie's Luckenbach 4th of July Picnic.

In the following interview with Larry, you'll read his

words, stories and antidotes' about his forty-plus years in promoting a Texas country music experience. All of you aspiring musical types pay close attention to what this man has to say and the rest can pick up some philosophical points on life and living in the unpredictable world of the music business.

**LARRY:** I got in the business back in the fifties. I worked for Ray Price and my job was something similar to the road manager today. I made sure we got paid on gigs. One night I asked Ray, I think we were in Tucson, about selling pictures (we used to sell them for a quarter) and he said, "sure." Darrel McCaw was the frontman; he'd invite the audience to buy the pictures as I went through the crowd. He would use a little hook line and say, it's a picture of the chief's horse, and then he'd say, no, it's the chief that we got on sale tonight. I found it was sort of educational... And even running down the highway eating cold pizza and drinking hot beer was something I felt I wanted to do.

**BEAU:** Was it something you felt you had to do?

**LARRY:** It was, and being around Ray it made it that much more inviting. Of course I was lucky enough to get there with Ray, when he had "Heartaches by the Number" "The Other Women", "Night Life", all great songs, you know his popularity just mushroomed... But during the sixties it was a mutual agreement that I left Ray, and went to work for Willie, and I've been with him since then. I guess it's just my calling, you know, to be in the entertainment business. I've met a lot of great, great people, and a lot of not so great... I could call 'um other names but I'd rather not. With Willie, it's been the most exciting time of my life. I don't look at it as a job, I look at it as a spot I want to be. Willie is a very patient man, very understanding and creative; he gets one line of a song and then writes the song.... I didn't know how long I would last, cause I'm not a picker. I do my plying by making sure we get paid and the money is right. I've seen a lot of times when they would try to beat you, too. 'Course that goes with the business.... but today I haven't heard of any spots or places beating out the entertainers as much as they were back in those days. Well, we were in entertainment, but it was survival as well, and we'd have to sell pictures and stuff to buy fuel for the buses. It was interesting, you know. Everyone has bad nights, and if you happen to be one of those that had a bad night, then you go to get paid, then "the club owner just left" or "he'll be right back", and I think everyone in the business has experienced that.



**BEAU:** When was the big turning point in the country music style? I know the mountain thing such as the Carter family represented was predominant....were artists like Ray and Ernest Tub, a push to change?

**LARRY:** I think it was probably before that. See, in this business it all works in cycles, like when Willie, Waylon and Chris came along, they put like Webb Pierce, Stonewall Jackson, Porter Waggoner, and all those heavies, no pun intended, on the back burner. Willie and Waylon and those guys finally got there in the seventies, and now you got your Garth Brooks, Alan Jackson, and they all wear hats, that's the new trend. They were rock and rollers that didn't take off so they came over to country music which is great because they've exposed country music to millions; that could have never been accomplished in the media. I'm a country music fan, but there's only two kinds of music, good and bad, regardless of what you do. Now when people go into a record store looking for some new artist, they go to the western section and they see Willie Nelson, or someone, they see the cover, take it home, and that makes a fan. Well today the growth of country music has just gotten so big, they've got four or five buses, two or three, eighteen wheelers, production on those shows are pretty expensive.

**BEAU:** Yeah hundreds of thousands of dollars per show.

**LARRY:** Yeah, but they sell that much in T-shirts, caps, and what have you, which still today off-sets the price of the fuel for the buses. It's been an experience I appreciate, because you learn to survive by your talents and in this business it's who you know...Back in the sixties and seventies I'd book Ray and it was no problem, but when I'd try to book Willie, they'd say, We love Willie but we can't use him, longhair and tennies you know." I'd say "Whats that got to do with it, it's still the same person?"

**BEAU:** Are you saying that Willie would draw a different type of crowd, or his image was notorious?

**LARRY:** Well both, in those days; still, Willie was responsible for putting the rednecks and the longhairs together, and getting them to understand that we're all just people, there's nobody different, we all put our pants on one leg at a time.

**BEAU:** It seems today that the music industry leans toward the pop thing; do you think they're missing the basics?

**LARRY:** Well Nashville has changed; today it's not tradition, it's the bottom number.

**BEAU:** So the bean counters got control of the business?

**LARRY:** Just show me the bottom number, it looks good, let's do it, but back then, we could play the venues and survive, whereas today they got slots for you.

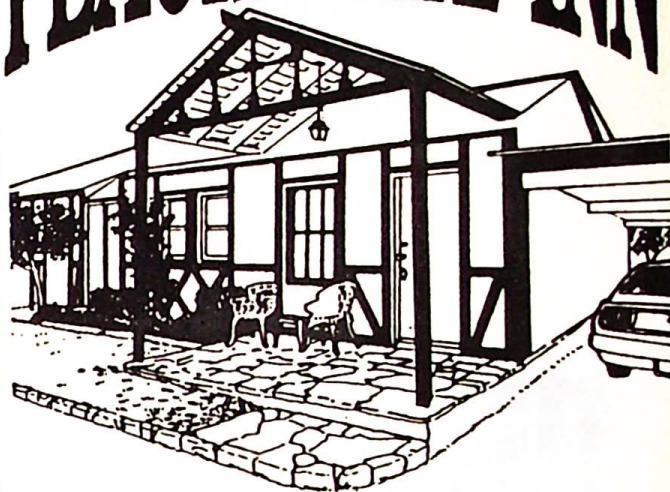
**BEAU:** Are you saying it's kinda a way to control competition?

**LARRY:** Yeah, unlike today it used to be the business was more downtown; trying to find the companies is tough.

**BEAU:** You mean you need to drive to Japan?

**LARRY:** But these new artists are great; they're nice folks, if you can get to them to say hello. You know, they got all that security around them, you can't get within a block of um even if you get back stage.

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**BEAU:** It seems the artists today are not as involved in the writing or producing of their music as much as their predecessors.

**LARRY:** Back in those days Ray Price owned Pampered Music. They had all the songwriters. They had them all, the great ones. They had a little barn next to the office that they put up egg crates on the walls, with one mike to do demo's. One time Willie showed up to do some work and the person didn't show up, and they said, "Come on Willie, you can do the demo's." And that was some songs that was in a house fire in Tennessee. Willie's dad found them, and that was the album I got in sixty one, the "Face of a Fighter."

**BEAU:** Who were some of people who you looked up to, when you went to work for Ray Price?

**LARRY:** You know, I'd never been to a country dance, I played golf, people say hustled golf, but to answer your question, I looked up to Ray, and I loved Willie from the time I met him, and I didn't meet him until I'd heard Faron Young's "Hello Walls" and Willie recorded for Atlantic back in those days. In Golf it was Tommy Bolt, that I still look up to, he's my hero, or like Fred Foster who is the head of Monument Records, where a lot of the greats were, he's a great man.

**BEAU:** Early on were the publishing corporations a more powerful force in final songs that were sold to the public?

**LARRY:** Well unless you had creative control. The label still dictates what they want to hear. They're listening a little more to the artists these days.

**BEAU:** Still, it's a bit of a compromise, maybe more so now, than before.

**LARRY:** Well that end of the business is a dark-kept secret, and it's a dog-eat-dog business. There's a lot of ups and downs, and if you can't visualize success, you'll never be a success. You gotta keep working toward your goals, and don't let nothing detour you. There's a thing, you have to be lucky, you have to be at the right spot at the right time, when something takes place, if you're not, they just wave at you. But I think that that's what makes it so challenging to try to find that niche.

**BEAU:** So when did you find your niche?

**LARRY:** I still haven't. I'd rather be doing this....If I could have been a civil service worker, postman or something, I'd been retired, maybe dead by now, but in this business the unpredictable is what keeps everybody going, and when you set your goals to a certain project, and it works, man, there a high there's that you can't explain!

My sincere thanks to Larry Trader for his time and insight into country music. In the next edition you'll read about Willie's Second 4th of July picnic at Luckenbach that Larry was instrumental in making happen. Until next time, Adios Vato's, Beau Burton.



# WELCOME HOME

BY JOHN ROW

It's like we've been here forever  
in this quiet valley  
Making music and love  
And everybody says "welcome home"  
Like long lost children we  
Have spent our whole lives  
Getting back to the source.

This time is full of moments  
when everything works  
And the circles embrace melodies and lyrics  
And no one says "cool"  
Quite like Fat Jack.

It's been a long journey  
And I have crossed an ocean  
Five times  
To get here.

Internationally-touring British poet and storyteller John Row on the 1996 25th Anniversary Kerrville Folk Festival.

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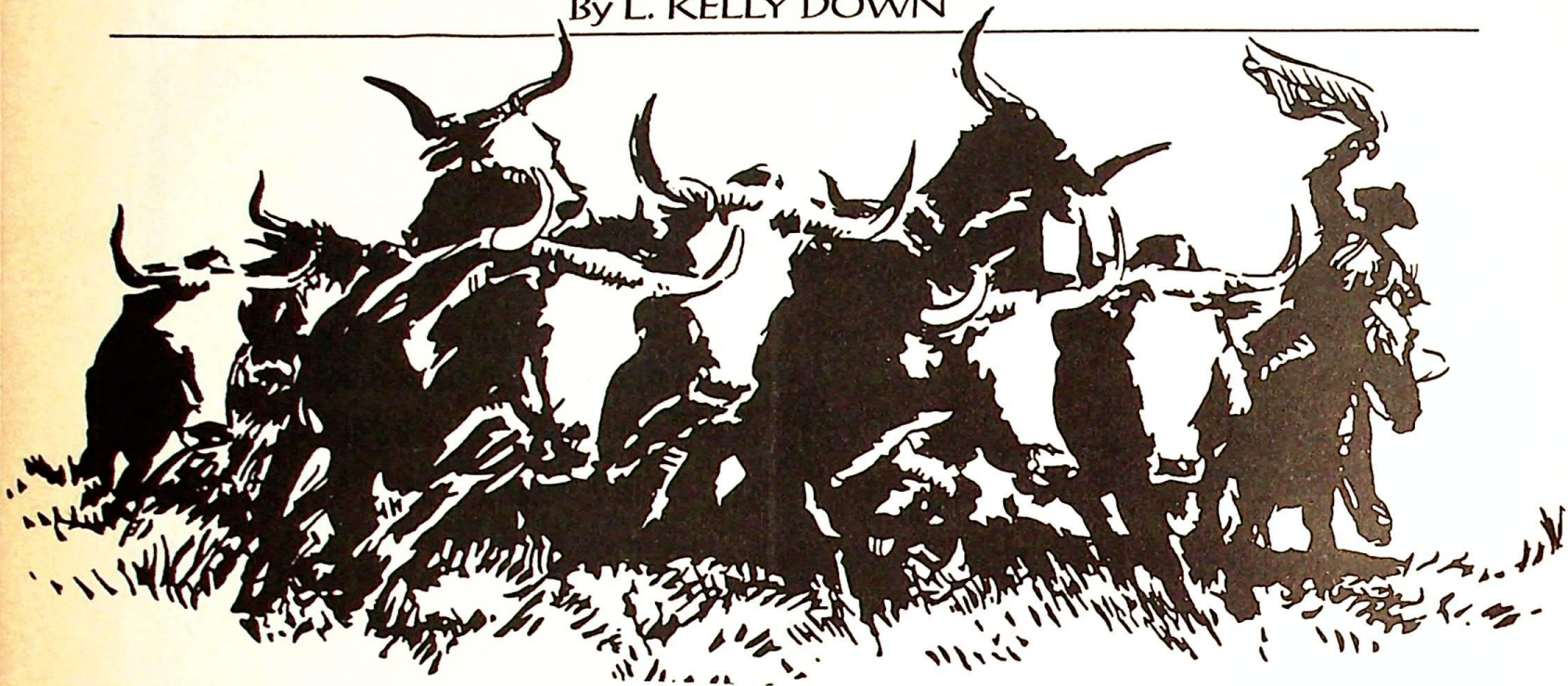
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# Trail Drives' Hidden Dangers

By L. KELLY DOWN



Everybody's seen a hundred times — a hundred times the dangers the traildrivers had to overcome going to Abilene. River crossing, quicksand, snakes, lightning, stampedes, horses that fall in gopher holes, Indians, rustlers, horsethieves, being plain sick and dying. These have been on TV, the movies, and in books for over a hundred years. Some of the dangers that they don't know is what the old trail drivers told. One of these hidden dangers I'll tell you about today. Go get another cup of coffee and sit a spell.

Now when I was young boy growin' up on the Matagorda, old men who had ridden the trails to Abilene, Wichita, Dodge City, were my mentors. They told of times to us now long ago, but to them these were days that were as real as yesterday is to us. Shanghi Pierce, a giant of a man in body and power cast his shadow yet on the flat grasslands of the Matagorda and the lands of the Colorado. His trailboss was Clay Mc Perrin. And Clay was one of my mentors. Mr. Clay always had peppermint candy canes for the young cowboys and time to tell us of steering the trailherds north.

First you had to gather the cattle. You got your own together and then you got all of them from the nearby areas. Mr. Clay would buy cattle, steers, from Beeville to the Sabine River. They'd all be branded with the trail brand then they'd start 'em north. Some years they'd have three thousand to six thousand head of steers. They headed north when the grass in the spring started to grow. And they drove the herd slow so the cattle would fatten up on this new grass. Ten to fifteen miles was good.

Each time Mr. Clay got near a town, or somebody was going south, a traveler, he sent a note to Mr. Shanghi, on where he was and

when he expected to be in the Abilene. Mr. Pierce would ride to the nearest railroad and be in the Abilene say ten days before the herd was. That way he could go down, meet the herd, get to know the cattle, know the cattle prices, and figure out what he wanted to sell 'em for, and he'd be ready for the cattle buyers. This got to be a regular thing. Everybody knew that Mr. Pierce did that.

On one trip Mr. Pierce got into Kansas City. He always laid over a day or so, just to kinda rest up, lift a few, eat out in the company of the fair ladies. . . just kind of unwind before he went west to the Abilene. Don't you know he was having a good time. Anyway, this time he was met by some cattle buyers. They bought Mr. Pierce wine, food, and had nice lookin' ladies around. They partied. They told him what he believed was true and what he told upon himself: He was the "Webster of Cows". So he knew they must be some smart. Then they said, "Well, why finish this party? We've got a railroad car—a private car—let's just go on to the Abilene. So they did. They partied all the way to the Abilene. When they got to the Abilene there was a fancy buggy waiting and a chuckwagon and had these fancy tents that the King of Persia would have just killed to get a hold of one of them.

So off they go to meet the trail drive, ladies and all. What the cattle buyers had kept from Mr. Pierce is that cattle prices had jumped since the last time he had a report. Yep, you know what happened. Mr. Shang sold the cattle to the cattle buyers two days out of the Abilene. These cattle buyers drove 'em two days and made fifty thousand dollars a day off of Mr. Shang.

Now, most from the Matagorda, or even south of the Red would have turned to old Judge Colt, but not Shanghi, no siree. He laughed.





He told these cattle buyers he loved a deal like that. He was a dumb Texan and they were smarter than bankers. He told 'em he liked 'em pullin' those kind of things on him and he'd buy the drinks.

They partied in Abilene and then they got in their private car and they partied all the way back to Kansas City. They partied in Kansas City and all this is paid for by Mr. Pierce.

Now here Mr. Clay would always smile. He slapped his legs. He started laughin'. Plum out loud he'd laugh and then he'd ask us boys, "What do you think happened next?" 'Course we never knew.

Well Mr. Shang told these cattle buyers there were three herds comin' up right behind him. And the owners of these herds were even dumber than he was. And, that he'd put up a hundred thousand dollars, the cattle buyers would put up a hundred thousand dollars, he'd go meet these three herds and they'd split three hundred thousand dollars right down the middle. A hundred and fifty thousand dollars each — profit. So they did. They got their money in one big suitcase and he had his in one big suitcase. They came to the train station and they partied in Mr. Shang's private car this time. Now this private car was on the end of the train goin' to the Abilene. The cattle buyers got off and were standing on the platform as the train to Abilene left. There was another train right next to it and it was going to Texas. It had a private car on it. And guess who stepped out on the platform after that train to Texas started? It was Mr. Shang. He let it get about fifty yards down and then he hollered. You could hear him a mile. He said, "You Yankee Sonofabitches, here's my money!" He held his up. "And here's your money!" And he held the other one up. He said, "I've got mine and I've got yours. If you Yankee Sonofabitches want to play with men, come after yours in Texas!"

That was a danger that nobody's got on television, in the movies, or in the books, so far. So that's for you from old L. Kelly Down. Someone get out the dutch oven biscuits and, by the way, pass the cane syrup please.

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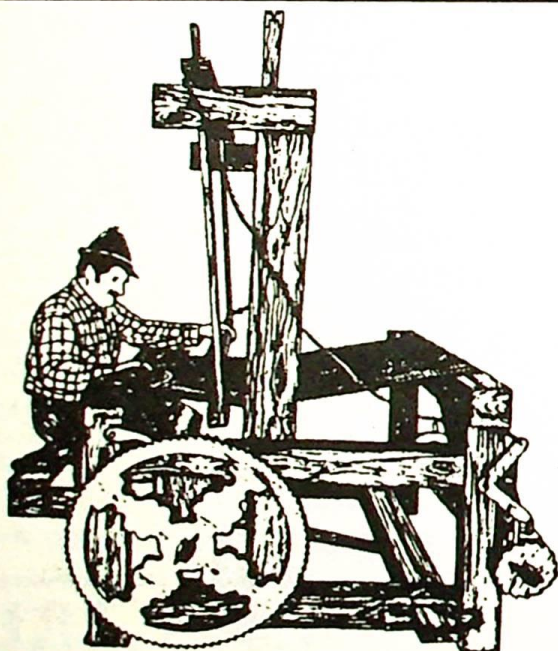
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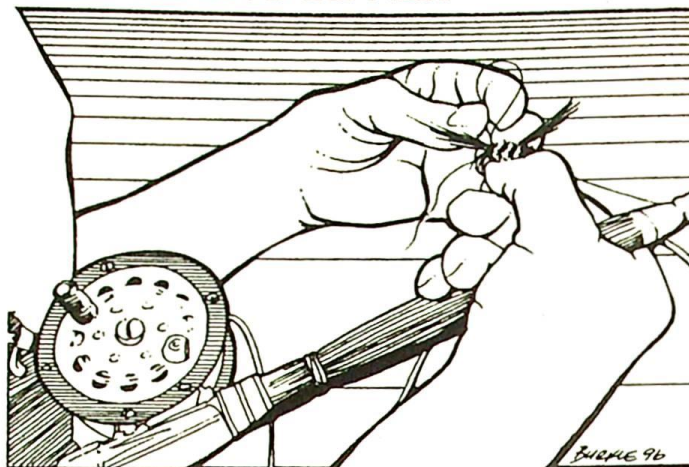
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## PARIS IS NICE, BUT IT'S NOT THE LLANO RIVER



by CONSTANCE WHISTON

My heart was pounding—The Louvre could wait. Each drawer slid open to delight my longing eyes. Flies! Salmon flies, trout flies, streamers, nymphs — breath taking! Who would have thought *Au Martin Pecheur*, The Kingfisher, fly fishing shop would be right across the River Seine from the Louvre? My business companions chided me. "This is the chance of a life time! This is Europe, Paris, France and you want to go home early to fish!" The whole point of going to the Kingfisher was to take French flies back to Poncho, Laura, Billy and Diane, my fly fishing pals in Texas.

Hotel St. Jacques in the Latin Quarter was perfect; friendly, reasonably priced and on the Left Bank. Everything was wonderful, the city, the food, the shops, the French people, but it was not the Llano River. I'd lie in my hotel room (the one with the balcony view of Notre Dame) and dream of casting a fly into the clear cool water of the Llano. In the back of my mind I knew I'd leave as soon as this business trip was over. Mason was calling me; the 87 bridge called; my heart ached for the convergence of the James and the Llano. No one understood, but maybe you people reading this, will. Connie at the Mason Bank will; Billy Tremble will; the ancient Chana Indians after which the Llano was named, will. There are a few of us.

It's the thick carpet of bluebonnets in spring and the song of the red wing black bird; the "whites" running outside Kingsland; huge flocks of turkey flying over my head at dawn and, a week before Paris, the bald eagle that Billy and I saw at the 102 crossing. I can't say enough, yet I want to keep it secret.

All these thoughts drifted in and out of my mind giving me euphoric recall while walking the historic, Saint Germaine to my subway stop. No matter how fast the Metro to Orly International Airport was going it couldn't go fast enough to get me home to my pickup truck so I could park next to the sweetest place on earth. My heart belongs to the Llano River and maybe some day I'll get to live next to her. Then I'd go to sleep at night dreaming of casting that black French Woolly Bugger into her smiling face, wake up walk out my front door and do it. Paris was nice but my heaven on earth is the Llano River.



# SMOKEY KLAERNER

by KENN KNOPP

Sheriff Alfred "Smokey" Klaerner of Gillespie County was highway patrolman, game warden, alcohol controller, and enforcer of all laws, in those days. One day a car with two "strange" ladies drove extremely fast down the Hauptstrasse (Main Street). He hailed them down, got out of his car and asked them, "Vom where do you vimmen come from?" he asked very suspiciously.

"We come from Philadelphia" replied one of them.

"Vy den, do you haff on your auto, Pennsylvania license plates?"

\*\*\*\*\*

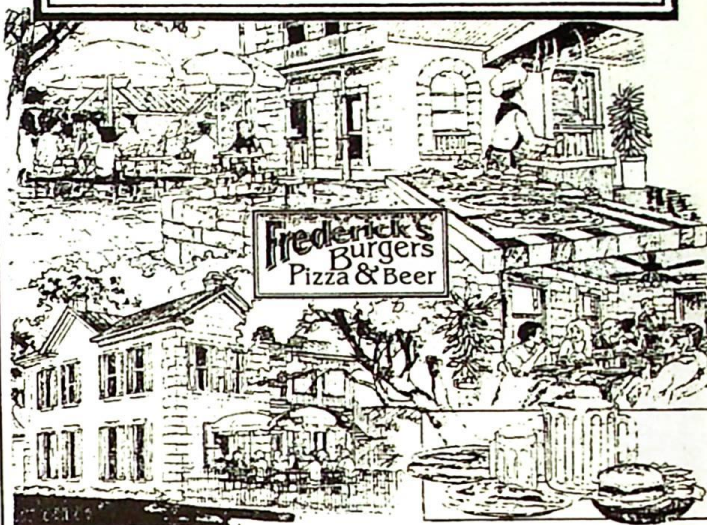
A legend in his own right, banker-lawyer, Arthur Stehling tells about him and Smokey being in another city (well outside the German Hills) on some "law" business and trying to order lunch in a restaurant. "I chust want a blain schtake, unjuns, and some moos." (moos is Friedrichsburg German for jam). The waitress didn't understand and asked him to repeat it. Smokey repeated, louder, "Vell, like I chust toll you, I vant a blain schtake, unjuns, and some moos." Still not understanding the waitress started guessing: "Oh, you want a round steak." To which Smokey retorted, "Ach no, none of dem fancy tings; chust a blain schtake, unjuns, and moos." At that point the lawyer Stehling settled the whole thing by asking the waitress to, "Please bring us both a steak smothered in onions and some jam or jelly."

\*\*\*\*\*

On another day, Sheriff Smokey Klaerner again asked Arthur Stehling to go with him to pick up a prisoner in Laredo. Their discussions were always in German. At the Laredo Police Department, Klaerner signed the necessary papers for the extradition . . . and then went to the waiting room where they waited, waited, and waited some more. All the while they heard nothing but Spanish being spoken. Finally, Smokey turned to Stehling and said in German: "Listen to them. always speaking in Spanish; don't they know this is the United States of America?"



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## THE TEENAGER WHO HELPED CAPTURE SANTA ANNA

Continued from page 31

besides Bostick were in the scouting party that captured Santa Anna. The Baird women wrote as follows:

"There are a number of printed records describing the capture of Santa Anna and listing Sion Record Bostick as one of those who made the capture and returned him to the camp of General Sam Houston. Among the published records is one by Dixon and Kemp, *The Heroes of San Jacinto*, page 185. It states in part, 'Mr. Bostick, according to Service Record No. 410, re-enlisted in the army...and served until May 25, 1836. He, with James A. Sylvester, Joel W. Robinson, Joseph Vermillion, Charles P. Thompson and Alfred H. Miles, captured General Santa Anna on April 22 (1936).'

"One of the more recent accounts is in a book published in 1959, *The Day of San Jacinto*, by Frank X. Tolbert, pages 165 and 185. This book is already out of print and listed as a rare book in much demand. The compilers were able to locate a copy through a company that specializes in finding rare books. It is now in the possession of G.B. Bostick of Matador.

"Tolbert lists the same six men given by Dixon and Kemp. However, he states that some went on hunting (after capturing Santa Anna) and did not return to camp with the prisoner. This might account for the difference in the number of men listed."

Si Bostick's fearlessness and love of soldiering is reflected in the last paragraph of his account of the capture of Santa Anna:

"In 1842 I helped General Burleson whip the Comanches at the Plum Creek fight, and in 1848, during the Mexican War, I went out again under Claiborne Herbert. Still later, in 1861, I went again, this time to Virginia, and served in Hood's brigade in the Fifth Texas. During the war with Spain I was very much troubled because I was too old to go."

In another account of Si Bostick's life, descendants Jimmie Bostick McCright and Roberta Meneley Dettman write that "Bostick was called 'The Old Veteran,' after he moved to San Saba County in the 1880's, where he and his wife (Mary Indiana Rhodes Bostick) owned and operated the Bostick House, a hotel on the northeast corner of the square in San Saba.

"Mrs. Alma Ward Hamrick in her *Call of the San Saba* mentions Bostick as follows: 'Many older citizens recall Mr. Bostick as an upright old gentleman who frequently talked, but not boastfully, of his part in the capture of Santa Anna. She tells that his old cap-and-ball pistol (was) sold to a collector, ex-ranger, Dud S. Baker of Alpine, a long time sheriff of Brewster County and personal friend of Mr. Bostick's.'"

Si Bostick died at his home in San Saba on October 15, 1902, at the age of 83. The citizens of San Saba erected an historical marker in honor of "The Old Veteran" on Saturday, April 21, 1973.





## EXPLORE THE HEARTLAND

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### Exploring Blanco River Country!

Saturday, June 29, 9:30 am - 4 pm

Spend the day in Blanco River Country for treasured sights and scenes you might not have discovered.

Meet at the Gem of the Hills Community Center, known for its energy-efficient construction, for the day's orientation. Trek to the headwaters of the Blanco River with local historians and naturalists.

After a Good Eating picnic at the headwaters, return to Blanco's Historic Square for a visit to some special businesses: Knoll's Blacksmith Shop, Maggie Lambeth's Rare Texana Books and a leisurely interpretive walk of the Historic District.

### Brunch and a Tour of Texas Specialty Cut Flowers and Brieger Pottery Studio!

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### 3rd Annual Blanco Heritage Picnic and Dance by the Light of the Moon!

Sunday, June 30, 5:30 - 10 pm, Stetlers Ranch, Blanco

Cool off after a long summer day with your feet in the river and a cold drink in your hand. Enjoy a "Good Eating in the Heartland" treat IN THE RIVER! Featuring local producers and caterers.

Watch the night sky light up with the full moon as you dance to the fiddling of Leo Nelson, Sam Davenport and sometimes Fran. Listen to informal talks on the links between heritage, preservation and stewardship.

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## TWO POEMS

by "Ruffer" Allan Raymond

### Horses

Paint horses aren't really painted  
and Pintos aren't always beans.  
Arabs tend to get testy. Appaloosas  
are spotted.....and seen.  
Clydesdales are huge and they pull hard.  
Percherons, enormous but kind.  
Mustangs are wild, as they should be.  
Broncos buck hard in a bind.  
Thoroughbreds are thoroughly rapid.  
Palominos, blonde with long tails.  
Stallions are all the above breeds,  
mainly, primarily, males.  
Horses in Spanish are Caballos.  
In any language they all can run.  
Be it Hack, Mare, Dobbin or Calico  
Horses eat hay and are, dun.

### Tail of the Black Cow

I don't want to be a black cow in Texas,  
Laying under a tree.  
I NEVER want to be that black cow in Texas  
With all those black flies on me!

My tail could reach around and swat 'em.  
Or I'd shake and they'd leave for awhile.  
But being a black cow in Texas? Hey!  
Did you ever see one of them smile?

There are red cows, Guernsey and Longhorns,  
Holsteins and Shorthorns and Heifers;  
They will lay there in the shade, having it made.  
A black fly on them?....hardly ever!

I'm going on a cattle drive to Alaska.  
Up where it's freezing, and there is snow.  
It could be drag, icy winds, no green grass;  
Black flies on my ass? We don't think so!





# LOVERS LEAP

by Garland Bullock

There they met, the brave and maiden children of different tribe and clan,  
Standing with their hearts exposed grasping love in each other's hand.  
Travelling different pathways to the rocky bluff that they now walk,  
Choosing each above tradition caught between the dove and hawk.  
Gazing in her eyes he knew the happiness of being near.  
Never would he leave her side, nor let his breath succumb to fear.  
Feeling him beside her now brought comfort to her aching heart.  
The spirits would not harm them here nor tear their youthful lives apart.  
Looking behind, aghast they saw approaching warriors of their kin  
Coming toward them, faces taut, to punish the lovers for their sin.  
The looming separation brought a hapless and unsettled throb.  
A mutual glance appeared to voice a leap into the Arms of God.  
If they could not together be within this span of mortal life,  
In death their hearts would play and sing among the heaven's celestial lights.  
A leap of love would be required, awaiting both of them to take.  
A leap of trust, just as desired, bidding one's self to forsake.  
A safer way would surely be to leave and henceforth grow apart.  
Yet, each lover could not bear to break the other's precious heart.  
The leap of two appeared as one to those approaching from the south.  
As they arrived, the bodies found lying at the Brazos mouth.  
Even in death the two would part; their bodies borne on separate travois,  
To elders, families, left bereft with tribal customs to employ.  
Yet, on the bluff above the river from which two lovers, joined, did leap,  
A space remains, where together, two hearts forever will meet.

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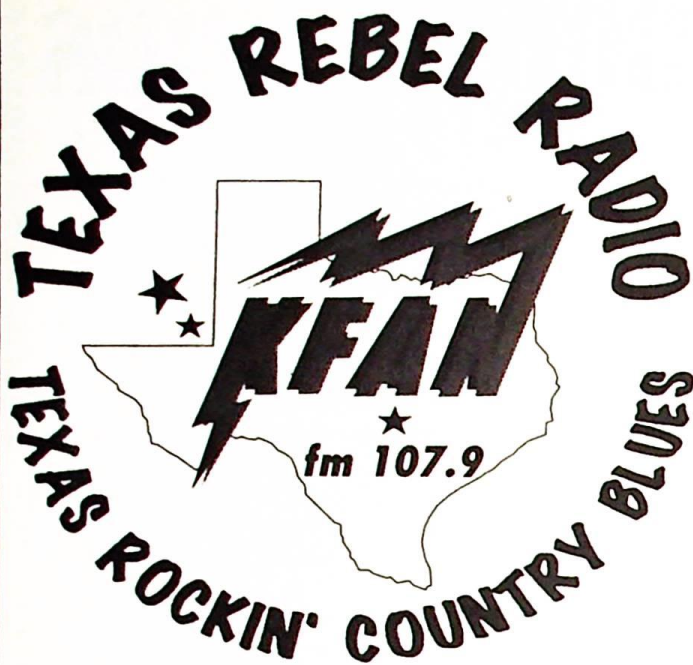
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## IT'S ALL BALCONES FAULT

Continued from page 27

Andean Folk Musicians at work on their strangely strung guitars and reed flutes.

Travelers from across the globe have come to San Antonio and boy, they are having fun.

After a good visit with the Noreds, we retrieved the Trooper from the parking lot and made our way south through the historic King William Road neighborhood to the Lone Star Brewery.

I've been coming to San Antonio since I was little, but I had never visited the brewery and the famous Hall of Horns, Fins, and Feathers. In the parking lot was a sign describing the artesian springs from the Edwards Aquifer that provide the "purest brewing water in the world".

We paid the five dollar admission and made our way to the Buckhorn Saloon, where we were cheerfully served up cups of Lone Star Bock, which were sipped as we viewed room after room of the incredible collection of hunting and fishing adventures from around the world. We saw thousands of deer antlers and then head mounts and full dioramas including Mountain Gorillas, Cape Buffalo, African Lion, Impala, even a two-headed calf locked by the taxidermist in their quandary for all time.

Back in one corner was a display tribute to the greatest shootists who ever lived, Ad and his wife "Plinky" Topperwein. The son of a gunsmith in Boerne, Ad grew up with a gun in his hand and the hard-wired sense of putting a projectile through a target that would eventually amaze audiences around the world. An old photograph showed Mr. Topperwein sitting atop a huge heap of two and one half inch square wooden blocks, each scarred in mid air by hot lead, over 70,000 in all, putting him in the headlines, record books and *Ripley's Believe it or Not*. Plinky became the world's best shotgunner with tens of thousands of consecutive hits before bleachers of onlookers. From the 1930's through the 1950's, the Topperweins, sponsored by Winchester, put on shooting exhibitions far and wide.

Out beyond the buildings there is a big pond, with guardrails and dime-operated gum machines dispensing fish food. In the pond swim hundreds and hundreds of huge beautiful blue-black Channel Catfish brought to a feeding frenzy as the fish food pellets hit the surface. They'd mash in on one another so close all you could see was gaping white mouths, blue whiskers, and sets of beady eyes, some of them six inches across. I kept feeding the machine and Dixie kept feeding the catfish . . . she started developing favorites and did her best to be fair to each of those beggars. After a quick trip to the gift shop for more dimes I became afraid she was going to put her whole retirement fund in those machines.

The sun was sinking lower as we made our way from the Lone Star Brewery over to the San Antonio Mercado Square. It was the 4th of May, the day before *Cinco de Mayo*, and the Market was jammed with revelers knocking back beer by the yard and munching heljotes, the roasted corn on the cob . . . but we could feel the pull of home and it was time to head back to Jollyville.

We had seen and enjoyed so much in our twenty eight hours in San Antonio. It seemed again that anything is possible in the Hill Country. I've even heard there are Killer Whales feeding just a little further back in the hills . . . after years of denial I have begun contemplating a future Hill Country rendezvous with Orca.



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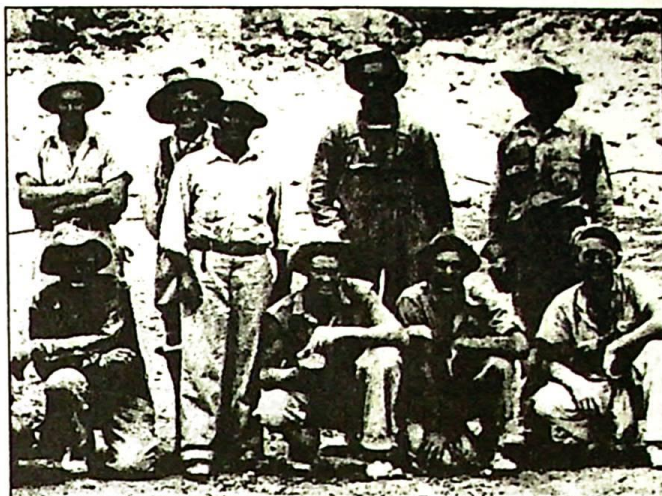
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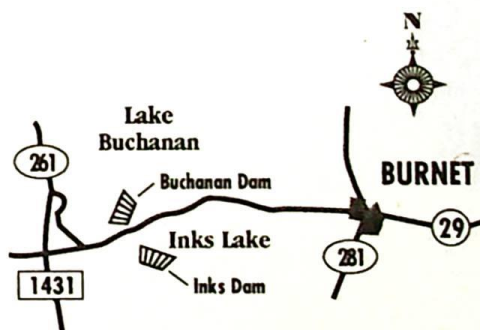
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