

HILL COUNTRY  
MAP INSIDE PAGE 13

HERITAGE OF THE TEXAS HILL COUNTRY

# ENCHANTED ROCK

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

VOL. 3 NO. 5 July, 1996

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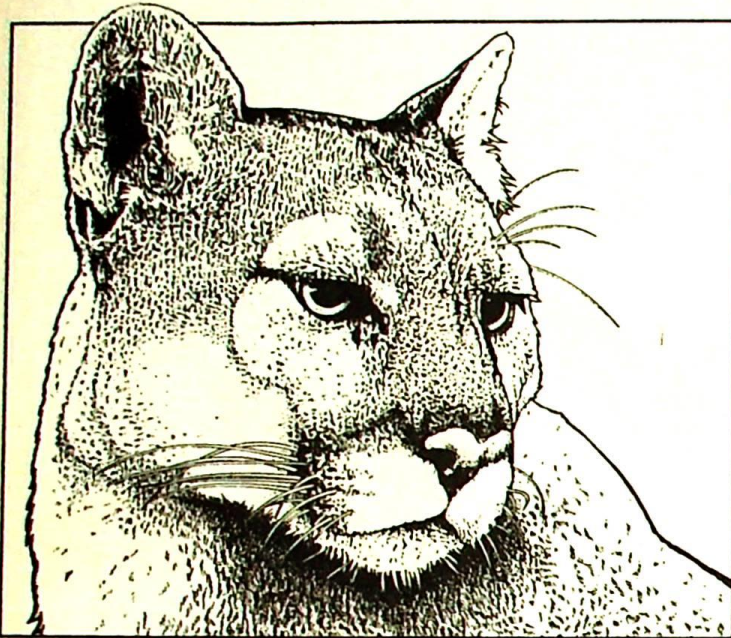
THE BLOODY  
OF HANDS  
ALICE TOD

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ROY B. INKS  
& DR. VON  
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BURKE 96

## PROWLING THE HILL COUNTRY



by Charles Tischler, Editor-at-Large

At the top of a westward looking watershed where the limestone breaks into a steep forested ravine there still runs a spring of clear water mantled by maiden hair fern. The mountain lion lives there serenaded from his den by the traffic sounds of a busy ranch road. They have always lived in these lairs in the ledgestone.

I'm not going to reveal the watershed, for I've been sworn to secrecy, but mountain lions continue prowling the Hill Country far and wide.

One old timer once brought out a set of plaster casts of the deep paw impressions left in the soft soil from just outside his family's Hill Country home. And, just down the way, soon after the first television came to the valley, a mountain lion would steal up to the low window and peer through the panes at the flickering images across the darkened room.

Those lions were blessed to have found such friendly stewards of their country.

I've prowled the Hill Country all my life and I still have yet to see a mountain lion. They are that secret. My oldest brother Tom saw one on the Dry Creek back in fifty nine, but that was back before hills busted up and everybody moved to Austin.

When I was little, our family had some bottomland and mother told me of the mountain lion who cried the most haunting song while she watched over my little sister Ann and her friend Ellen. Mother scooped the two little girls up, piled in the car, and headed back to town. She felt certain that the mountain lion was attracted to the little yammerings of the kids.

Ask around and you might hear other tales of the mountain lion, cougar, puma, panther, painter, or catamount like the kind that inspired our Art Director Buck Burkle to render him on the cover of this issue.

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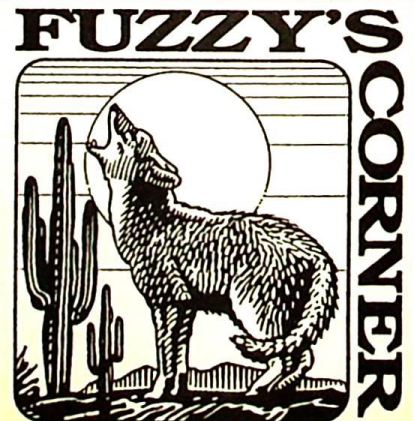
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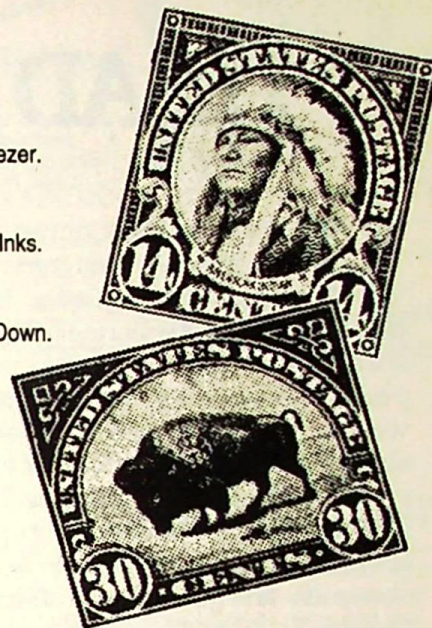
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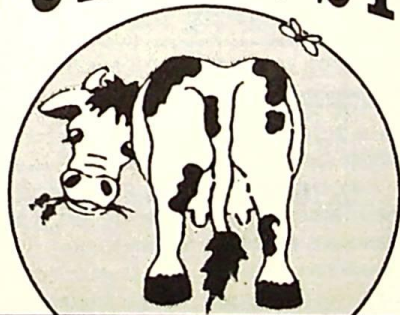
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**ON THE COVER:** *Mountain Lion, Cougar, Puma, Panther, Painter, or Catamount:* by Buck Burkle.

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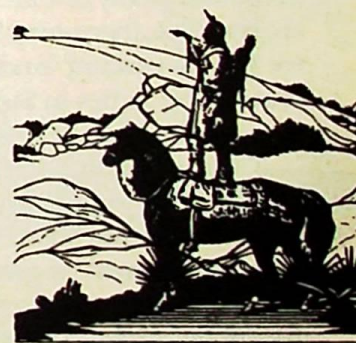
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# HEAD FOR THE HILLS

**H**ere in the Hill Country, conversation about the weather is as common as refried beans on a Mexican platter. In every coffee shop, cafe, and watering hole you'll hear talk about shallow stock tanks, high feed prices, and low cattle prices. But country folk generally talk about the weather, especially in Texas, where there is nearly always too little of one thing or too much of another.

But lately drought talk is everywhere. All the TV weathermen have been serving up is doom and gloom about the drought. The same holds true with broadcast newsmen and journalists. Here at the magazine Charles, Buck, and I have a different picture. Of course we have the opportunity to prowl about in the hills for a look-see. And what we see holds a lot of promise for day tripping, swimming, fishing, and such.

Now don't misunderstand and go saying "He's all wet." I know the picture isn't pretty for ranchers and farmers. And some rivers, like the Pedernales, are so dry you can step across them in places—in other places you can swim in the same river.

Charles and Buck have found plenty of water in the Llano which you can read about in his story on page forty. As for myself, I've been cruising around with the Intrepid Day-Tripper and we've seen lots of green and plenty of water. When she and I went down to Sisterdale, then on to Welfare and back up to Mason we saw a verdant landscape. (We also met some remarkable ladies in Sisterdale which I'll be writing about in the August issue.)

On another occasion this month, Ms. Intrepid and I left from Llano and turned right at Cherokee enroute to Colorado Bend State Park. From what we saw, San Saba County was as green as Ireland. We had both been in Ireland before, so the comparison is more than metaphor. At Bend we splashed around, chest deep, in the crystal-clear spring water of Gorman Creek. We had a picnic of gourmet sandwiches, strawberries, and wine which she, not I, prepared for the occasion.

All this to say, if you plan it right and ignore all the pessimistic talk you can still have as good a time as ever here in the Texas Hill Country.

By the way, in Sisterdale, we were told that awhile back a few of the locals hired an Indian to do a rain

dance—and it worked. Maybe we should all call the governor and tell him to hire the fellow so he could just go ahead and waltz across Texas.

In any event, the important thing to remember is that summer is *vacation* time, and with the price of gas being what it is, we might think about day trips and weekend adventures right close to home. There is enough to do and see in the Hill Country to fill up a lifetime—not to mention untold issues of a magazine. By the way, before you leave home, turn that air conditioner way down, or off, and what you save on your utility bill will cover some of the costs of the trip.

As you go through the pages of this issue you'll read in editorial copy and ads about all the exciting events in the area. Load up the auto and head for the hills. We'll be looking for you.



IRA KENNEDY

## ENCHANTED ROCK MAGAZINE

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

**EDITOR & PUBLISHER:** IRA KENNEDY

**EDITOR -AT-LARGE:** CHARLES TISCHLER

**ART DIRECTOR:** BUCK BURKLE

**PRODUCTION ASSISTANT:** KARRIE GILMORE

**COWBOY POETRY:** FRANK HILL

**COUNTRY MUSIC:** BEAU BURTON

**CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:** KENN KNOPP

STEVE GOODSON

**ADVERTISING SALES:** KENN KNOPP

J.L. "SKIP" KNOPP

LEE ANN CLARK

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**915/247-3708**

# GOODNIGHT ON COWBOYS

Taking all in all, my life on the trail was the happiest part of it. I wish I could find words to describe the companionship and loyalty of the men towards each other. It is beyond imagination. The cowboy of the old days is the most misunderstood man on earth. Few young people of the younger generation realize that the western men—the cowboys—were as brave and chivalrous as it is possible to be. Bullies and tyrants were unknown among them. They kept their places around a herd and under all circumstances; and if they had to fight they were always ready. Timid men were not known among them—the life did not fit them. Today many of the richest and greatest men of Texas were cowboys. Of the hands I employed there are now at least three millionaires. Fewer cowboys have been tried for crimes than any other class of men.

—Charles Goodnight,  
"Managing a Trail Herd"

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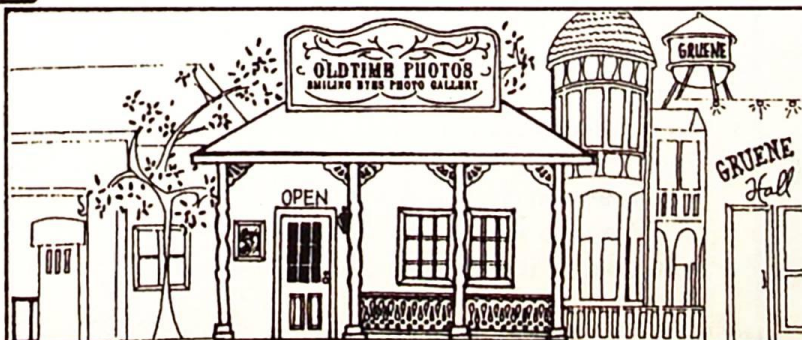
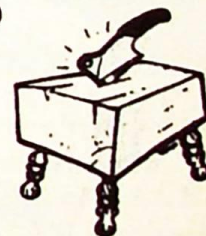
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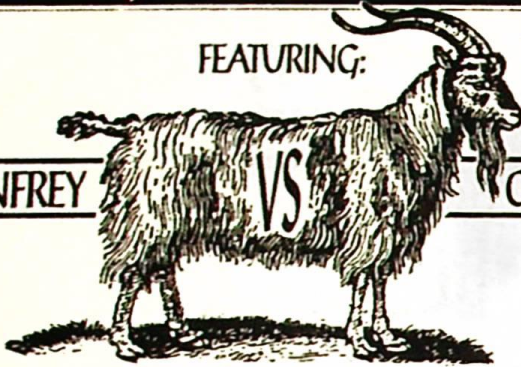
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## THE BADU HOUSE PRESENTS



### DEEP-FRIED TURKEY COOK-OFF AND BLUES JAM SESSION

SATURDAY,  
AUGUST 3RD  
1 P.M. - 11 P.M.

FEATURING THE CLASSY BLUES OF  
ELLIOTT FIKES, DOC POINTER AND DONNA MENTHOL

THIS IS A FUND-RAISING EVENT FOR THE  
SPECIAL OPPORTUNITY CENTER'S  
RECYCLING PROGRAM.  
(SEE DETAILS ON PAGE 8)

## LETTERS

### DEAR IRA

Many thanks for talking with our teachers during the Hill Country Tour. The teachers were most appreciative. One teacher wrote regarding the tour: "This is the best workshop or seminar that I have attended! I learned so very much. I can't wait to incorporate much of the material learned on the Tour into my lesson plans and curriculum." Another teacher wrote: "This is by far the best source of information I have received in years. It has renewed my overall interest in history. I even started thinking about working on my M.A. in history."

Thanks again for sharing your knowledge with our teachers.

Sincerely,

David De Boe

Director of Educational Services

The Texas State Historical Association

Austin

### IRA/CHARLES

Enjoying the Texas heat!! I like it. Ah, the feel of pure heat on my skin just makes me want to run with the coyotes. Anyway, I am sending you a copy of the CTCC (that would be the Central Texas Climbing Committee) election results. The top seven "Big Dogs" will represent the ERock climbing community for the next two years with regard to climbing issues at Enchanted Rock SNA. This being the ERock news, I thought you would consider knowing, and perhaps publishing the results in an upcoming issue.

On two different notes, one (1) I would like to thank you both and the ERock magazine staff for donating a generous supply of the magazine for a \$1.00 resale as a form of a donation collection fund. The magazines are greatly appreciated, thank you. Secondly, TPWD and ERock SNA have been moving at what seems to be "light speed" this past year. "Per Person Pricing" was initiated 1 May 96, and the "capacity policy" in place at ERock has stemmed the tide thus far. I do believe we (as in all of us) are beginning to take back ethical and environmental control of this place we love so dearly. If it is agreeable to you both and your staff, I have no objections to an oral interview on the "Conditional State of Enchanted Rock" as a question & answer format for the magazine. This I will leave to your best judgement. My regards to everyone at the magazine for a safe and Happy 4th of July.

Respectfully,

Sonny Solis

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Park Superintendent

See story on page 46]

Enchanted Rock State Natural Area

# LETTERS




## GOOD MORNING!

Looks like my subscription will run out next month -- oh no!! I can't miss one single month of my favorite magazine and have enclosed my renewal check.

Thanks for all the enjoyable reading!

Sincerely,  
Carole Williams  
Howe, Texas

*Gästehaus*



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THE BADU HOUSE PRESENTS

# DEEP FRIED BLUES

**H**ighlight Saturday, August 3rd on your calendar. When the day arrives, head to Llano for **Deep Fried Blues**—the First Annual Deep-Fried Turkey Cook-Off and Blues Jam Session at the Llano City Park. This fund-raising event, for the Special Opportunity Center's Recycling Program, is sponsored by the Badu House. Among the park's grassy, tree-shaded grounds, guests can kick-back and enjoy the classy blues of Elliott Fikes, Doc Pointer, and Donna Menthol, plus food and drinks, while contributing to the Special Opportunity Center's Recycling Program.

Two awards are up for grabs in the cook-off. **The Judges Award** will be decided by Fran Merritt, J.P. Dodgen, Skeet DesChamp, and Joe David Yates—all of Llano, where people know the finer points of deep-frying a whole turkey. **The People's Choice** award will be determined by a toothpick count. Turkey from each team will be carved up in a pan so the public can sample and vote their choice by leaving toothpicks in officially designated ballot pans. The toothpicks will be tabulated and the team with the most wins the award.

Deep Fried Blues was organized, with the help of numerous co-sponsors, to raise funds for the **Special Opportunity Center's Recycling Program** in Llano. "The major commitment of the Special Opportunity Center will be opening a recycling center," said Kirk Winfrey, spokesperson for the group. "It will create jobs and income for our clients while providing an important service we don't have at present."

**Deep Fried Blues** will be held between 1 and 11 p.m. Admission is \$5 per person, children 8 and under \$2. Dinners are \$5 a plate (children under 3 free), with all the fixin's—featuring deep-fried turkey, and award-winning barbecue by Wayne Chism.

Bring lawn chairs or blankets; and please, no pets or coolers. For additional information phone 915/247-4304.

# THE ELLIOT FIKES BAND



**T**he Elliot Fikes Band is one of Austin's most versatile bands. Their music spans the spectrum from Blues, R&B, Funk, Soul, Jazz, and country, all arranged to their unique sound. They entertain with music that's HOT, those unforgettable OLDIES, and their own ORIGINAL tunes.

Elliott arrived in Austin in 1990, after touring the country playing with great musicians. He played with such greats as The Coasters, Big Joe Turner, Joey Dee and the Starlighters, and Little Anthony and the Imperials. Elliott formed his own band in California, Colorado, and now heads this exciting Austin band. Elliott plays Tenor, Alto, and Soprano Saxophone, as well as contributing with his soulful vocals. Elliott's style is truly unique, and has gained him recognition wherever he performs.

Larry Schramm plays bass guitar and contributes a strong vocal style. He offers a broad range of musical

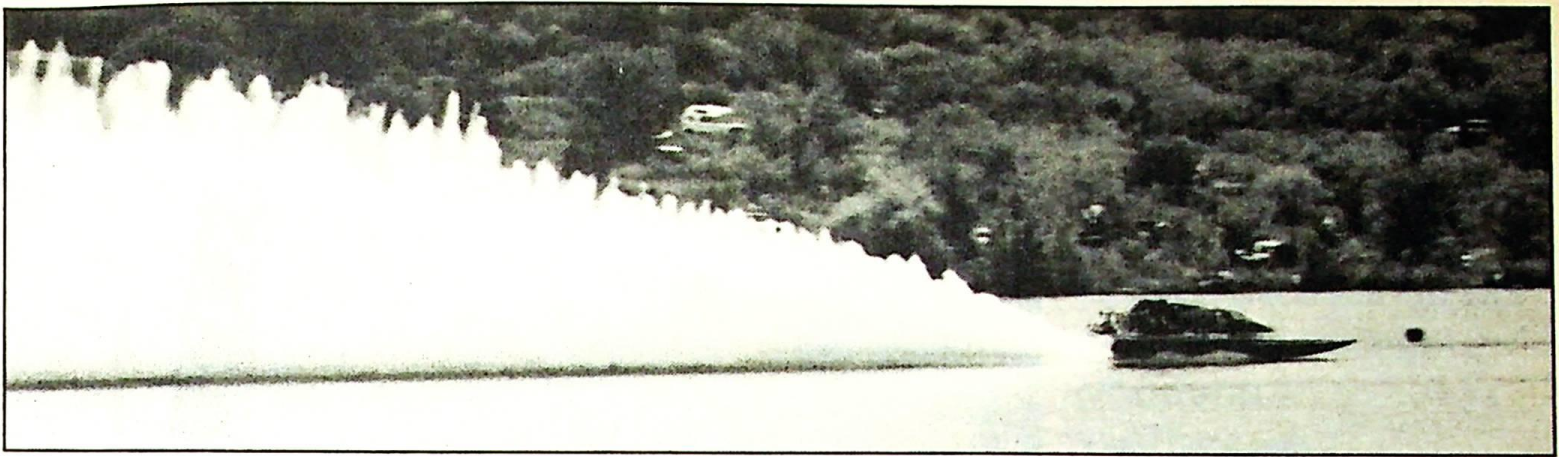
influences, having performed for television on the Nashville Network. Larry's energetic stage presence creates a synergy that is a driving force for the band.

Andy Bullington is a skilled guitarist and composer. He adds his original tunes to the band's repertoire, giving an even more diverse sound to their music. Andy has complemented a number of Jazz, R&B, and Rock and Roll bands in Austin and his home state of Virginia.

Christopher Bennett adds his talents on drums and percussion. Chris has played professionally since 1968. He came to Austin in 1982, and is active in the local R&B and Jazz scene. Christopher's diverse style has involved him extensively with studio work in the Austin area.

Elliot Fikes is booked at the Badu House on August 17.





# 1996 LAKEFEST DRAG BOAT RACE

America's Largest Boat Race Brings Positive Changes to This Year's Agenda

**R**acers from all over the United States and Canada are making plans to be a part of the Largest Drag Boat Race in America in Marble Falls, Texas, August 16-18, 1996. In just five short years the Lakefest Drag Boat Race has become a favorite race site for many, many racers and spectators alike. Lake Marble Falls is located on Highway 281, which is just 45 minutes from Austin and 85 miles from San Antonio.

"The changes brought to the event this year will be positive not only for the racers, but especially for our spectators," states Donna Klaeger of the event's Executive Committee.

"One thing that will be easy to spot is the new scoreboard, which will sit on the water to tell everyone who's racing and what their elapsed time is as they

cross the finish line."

According to committee member Ken Dollar, "Another great addition will be the "circle boat" and "air chair" exhibitions. This means that no matter what the weather or circumstance, there will be something going on for our spectators at all times—no down time."

The Chamber is excited to have Diamond P Productions return to film the races. The races will be aired at later dates on cable TV, Speed Vision.

Race director, Gary Ott, notes the biggest change for racers will be the change of the race sanctioning body. This year, International Hot Boat Association (IHBA), headquartered in Phoenix, AZ, will set the guidelines for racers. The Lakefest Committee strives to bring the finest program to their spectators and racers. Ott states, "IHBA

sponsors the World Finals every year and we feel that they run a first class organization. We have had very good response from racers about the change and look forward to bringing a top quality race program to our spectators."

The Chamber of Commerce Lakefest Executive Committee has continued to grow from its core of five members, of which all are still active. This organizational committee works year round. Committee members, Barry Burton and John Kemper, state, "The success of Lakefest is attributed to many, people. Sponsors such as Taco Bell, Budweiser, and Coca-Cola play a major role. Non-profit organizations help man concessions, thus enabling the Chamber to contribute over \$20,000 per year for the past three years to local charities. But the backbone still comes from local volunteers.

Some 20,000+ spectators will enjoy races this year on Lake Marble Falls and invites you to come share in the fun. Times and ticket prices are as follows.

|                      |         |      |
|----------------------|---------|------|
| Friday Test and Tune | 10 a.m. | \$5  |
| Sat. Qualifying      | 8 a.m.  | \$12 |
| Sun. Finals          | 8 a.m.  | \$15 |

Children 6-12 \$5 a day (under 6 Free).

Advance ticket sales:

(prior to 8/15) All three days only \$20

Contact the Marble Falls/Lake LBJ Chamber of Commerce for tickets: 1-800-759-8178.

## 1st ANNUAL BAR-B-Q BRISKET COOK-OFF

FRIDAY JULY 5TH AND SATURDAY JULY 6TH

Come join us for the 1st Annual Bar-B-Q Brisket Cook-Off at 2341 North Main in Junction, Texas (I-10 and North Main Exit 456). With ten acres of Parking and Cooking area there's room for everyone. There will be a \$1,000 1ST Prize, a \$250 2ND Prize, and a Trophy for 3RD Prize. With games and a lot more. Motel and Campsite accommodations available. For more information call (713) 645-0688 or (915) 446-4357

Soverign Sawyer has been on the sick list ever since the night of the 16th. He said he had no idea eating 125 oysters would hurt anybody.

*San Saba News,*  
November 29, 1901.

G.M. Gray found on his ranch on Pecan Bayou the other day, the petrified foot of an Indian brave. It is in perfect form, showing the distinct outlines of the ankle bones and the foot, which was evidently encased in an alligator moccasin at the time of Lo's death. Other petrified bones on an Indian skeleton have been found by Mr. Gray near the place where the foot was found, which were washed from their lodging place by the heavy rise of last year. The petrified foot weighs eight pounds and is on exhibition at Conlson's drug store.

*San Saba News,*  
November 15, 1901.



THEY'RE ALREADY GATHERING AT HARRY'S:  
BACK ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT, WAYNE CHISM, TREY HICKMAN, JIMMY LEE JONES, ROSEMARY HICKMAN, BART FREEMAN  
FRONT ROW: LIN WINFREY, DEVIN EVERETT, AND KIRK WINFREY. PHOTO BY BUCK BURKLE.

## HARRY'S GREAT GOAT FEUD COOK-OFF

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 Winfrey'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*.

### NOTICE

*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.

# SADDLE UP AND RIDE WITH THE "SADDLE PALS"!

**O**lden Tymes will not be forgotten, and neither will Buck Toff. They are the featured characters in "Saddle Pals," a new cartoon about the old days of cowboying in the 1930's which will be featured every month in *Enchanted Rock Magazine*. Olden is a stickler for getting the ranch work done. Buck often gets a little lazy. This and other differences of opinions creates some humorous situations. But don't take our word for it, look them over and you'll know why folks can't forget the antics of these two saddle pals.

The cartoon is by Texas artist, Graham Ward, who spent much of his youth in rural east Texas and west Louisiana among farmers and ranchers who raised sheep and cattle.

Ward was born in Newton County, Texas and graduated from Silsbee High School (near Beaumont) in 1949. He was in the U.S. Army during the Korean War and served 18 months overseas.

His career as a cartoonist began during high school. He did comic book art for Charlton Comics during his senior year.

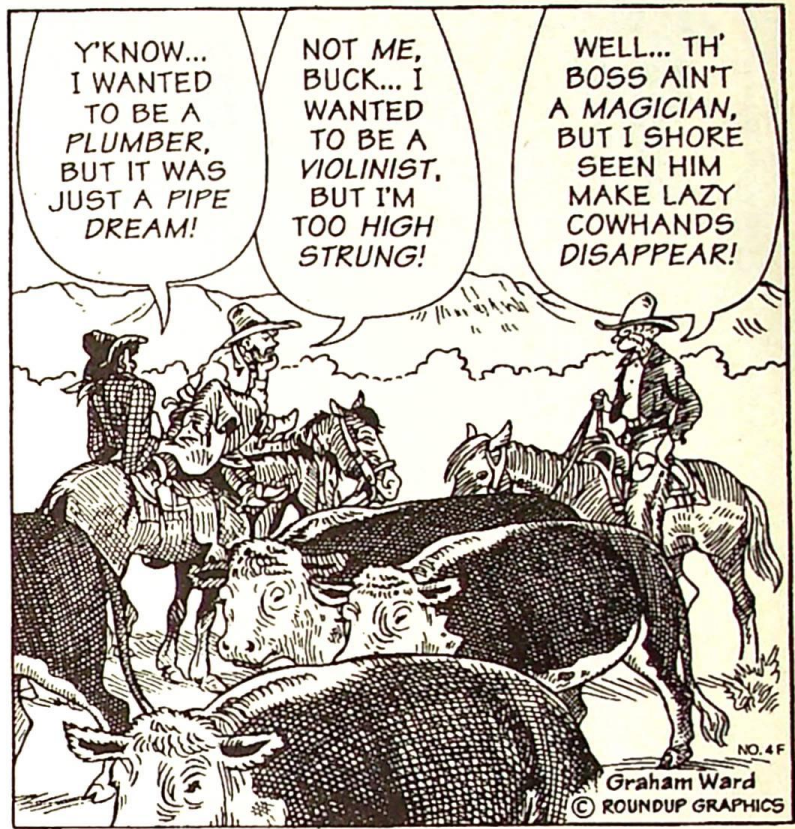
After being discharged from the Army, Ward studied art in Austin and soon worked as an advertising artist for Gulf States Utilities in Beaumont. Later, moving to Houston, he did story illustrations and cartoons for *Horseman* and *Western Outfitter* magazines as well as free lance illustrations for major advertising agencies.

Now, with "Saddle Pals" as his main interest, he spends much of his time doing the work he enjoys the most... cartooning.

Saddle Pals is available from Roundup Graphics. For information write: Roundup Graphics, 1911 Junction Highway, Kerrville, Texas 78028.

## SADDLE PALS

By Graham Ward



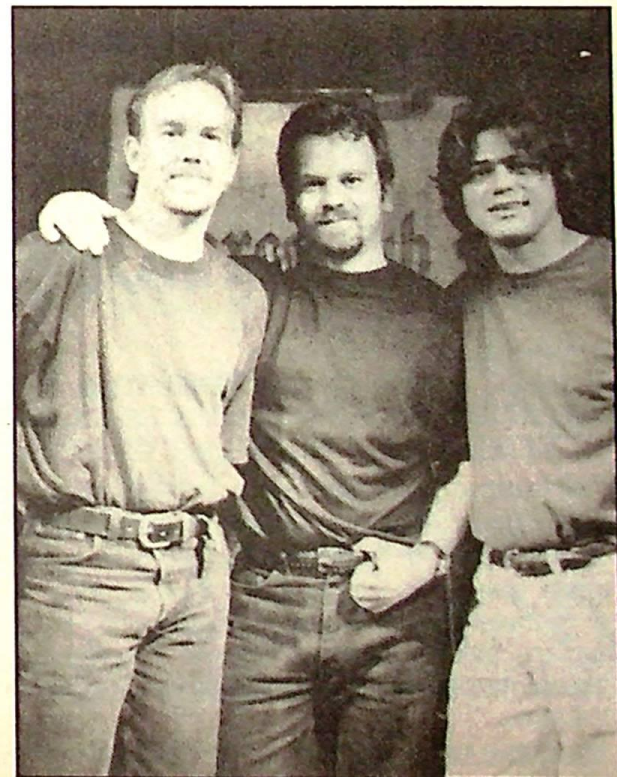
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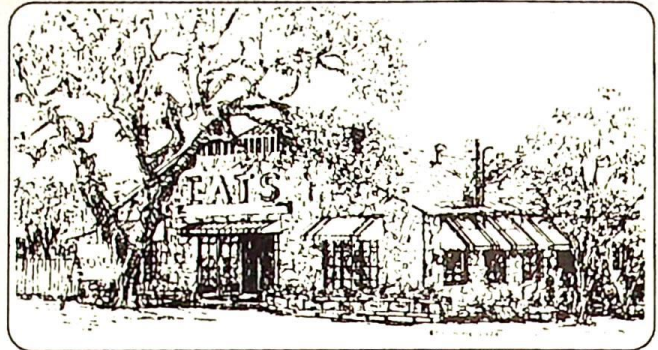
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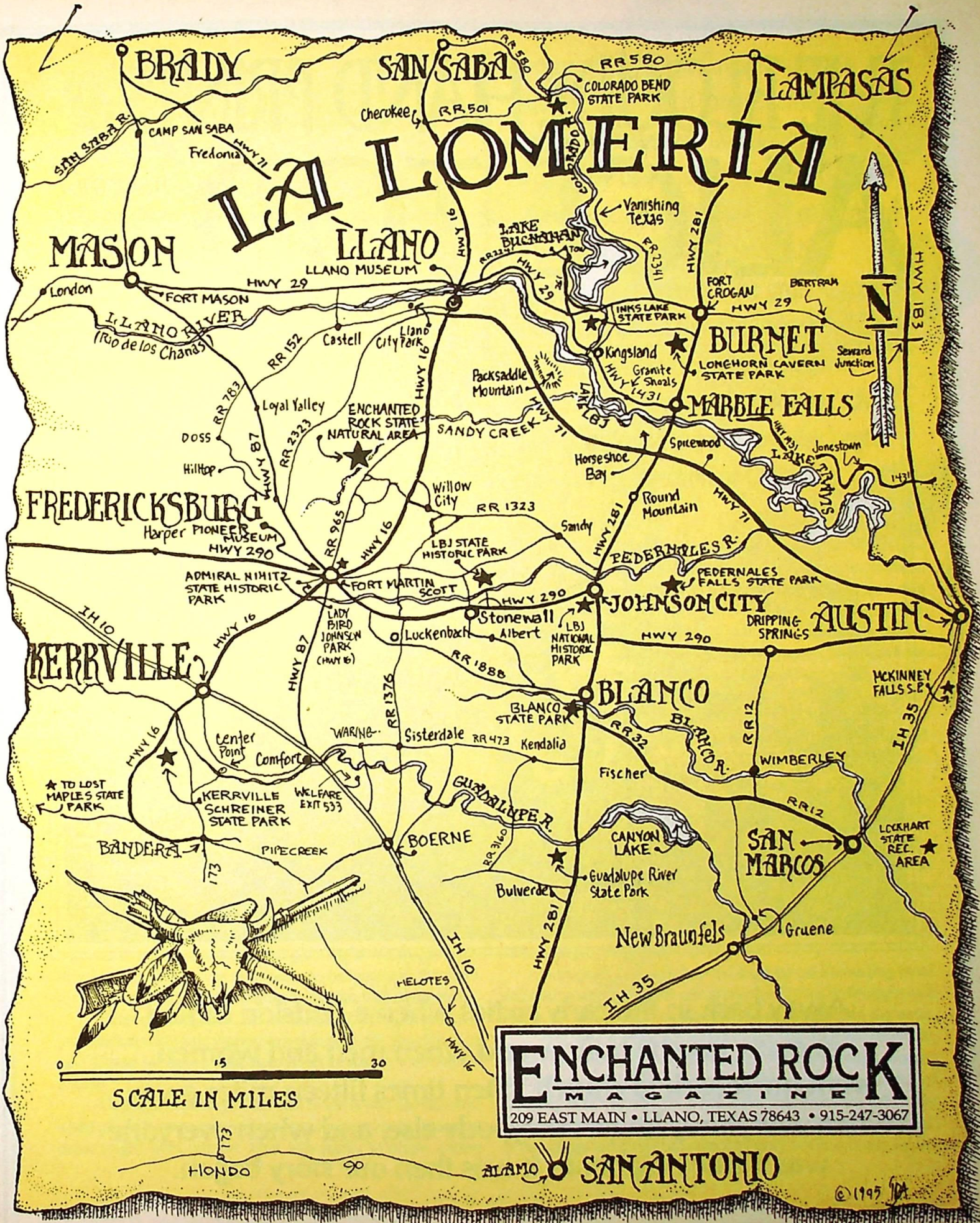
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# THE BLOODY HAND PRINTS OF ALICE TOD

FROM THE  
SAN SABA  
NEWS, 1900

BY LEMON SQUEEZER



Away back in the early sixties when a Redskin lurked  
in every brushy hollow and when men and women  
went horseback to church, often times fifteen miles away,  
when everybody knew everybody else, and when everyone  
was a true neighbor - it was then our story began.

**J**ohn Tod and family lived in Mason county near Spice Rock. One morning he and wife and older daughter—Alice by name—started to church several miles away. Mr. Tod was mounted on a good sized horse and his daughter rode behind him. Mrs. Tod rode a beautiful bay mare known the country over as John Tod's race mare. It was one of those "airish" mornings in early April, and the riders cantered along.

Some three miles on their road is a rough thicket of blackjacks, post oaks and briers. Through this thicket and near its edge next to the road ran a deep hollow. Just as our little party of church goers got to the blackjack thicket they slackened speed and Mrs. Tod began singing a "meeting" hymn and she was a "powerful hand to sing with spirit and understanding". Suddenly out from the brush a dozen redskins sprang, making the woods ring with their yells. It is said the yell of the Comanche will reanimate a dead negro. Mrs. Tod's pony shot forward like a bullet, and though she came near being unseated Mrs. Tod was soon out of harms way. Mr. Tod's bridle rein was seized by a giant buck who endeavored also to pull him from his horse.

John Tod was a powerful man and a good horseman as well. In the scuffle Tod's pistol fell from the scabbard, but nothing daunted he used his heavy iron handled quirt as a club and knocked the Indian down while another blow on the redskin's bare knuckles freed his bridle rein. His horse, a spirited one, no sooner free than he "got faster". During the struggle with the Indian in front, two other Indians from behind seized Alice and bore her into the thicket.

To return single handed and without arms would be madness.

Tod rode in a gallop till dark and summoned seven men well mounted and armed with cap and ball pistols also one double barrel muzzle loading shot gun and one citizen rifle.

Just as the moon rose these men left Tod's house, taking with them "Old Maje" John Tod's nigger dog. The dog was to trail the Indians during the night: when day light should come a dog was unnecessary, because our frontiers men, any of them, could follow an Indian trail in daytime.

After running here and there and all through the black jack thicket Old Maje uttered a prolonged bark as much as to say "Come on boys," and started off at almost a due north course.

Day was breaking in the east when it was decided that a halt of a few hours was very necessary in order that man and beast might hold out for what was likely to prove a long

Upon a still further search he found a child's shoe, a much torn testament, a metal spectacle case and sticking to a scraggy live oak bush the foot part of a lady's stocking. This last Tod recognized as belonging to his daughter Alice.

Continuing to examine the ground round about Tom found that the Indians had divided themselves into two parties.

One going in the direction of Rose's Mill now Sloan and the other and the larger going in the direction of Cherokee.

chase. A meal of black coffee, jerked beef and cold biscuits was soon disposed of and all but one man lay down for rest and sleep. The lone watcher, was after two hours, to arouse one man to take his place and he in turn to sleep. 9 o'clock a.m. was the hour to renew the chase. Each man spread his saddle blanket up on the thick mesquite grass for a bed, and turned his saddle bottom upwards for a pillow, for covering he had the blue sky above him. Two minutes and "Big Sam" was snoring. "Big Sam" was a nick-name for Dave Gunter who stood seven feet two inches in his stocking feet and who could answer a question in one breath and be sleeping soundly in the next.

"Wake up, Bill" your time to stand guard, and the first guard shook Bill not very gently by the shoulder. Bill continued to sleep and the sleepy guard shook him again and this time so vigorously that Bill yawned and growled, "Get away, I ain't been asleep a minute." Bill was just about a sleep again when he was seized by the heels and drug off his pallet in short order. Stretching his limbs for a few moments Bill said, "Alright, I'm ready for business."

A pack of coyotes that had kept up an unceasing howl since our party first made camp sneaked away at the approach of day. Already the mocking birds were singing in the trees.

Bill saw a cloud of rapidly moving dust approaching camp from the west. It might be a bunch of mustangs coming to water or it might be Indians. Bill was just in the act of arousing his companions when a sudden wind blew the dust far to one side enabling the watcher to see a large "cavayard" of mustangs led by a high stepping gray stallion come racing

**Back in the sixties when the Indians use to  
come raiding every bright moon  
they had a regular route by which they  
always came into a community and also a  
like route to depart by. For instance, they  
would come in from the west if they were  
Comanches from Mexico, and from the  
Waluppe Mts. if they were Apaches.**

along. Once they came within two hundred yards of the camp; the gray reared, squinted, pawed the earth with his forefoot, wheeled and the whole heard was gone like the wind.

It was now nine o'clock and Bill made haste to awaken his companions. As no one had undressed on retiring but scant preparation was needed before all were again ready to renew the chase.

"Everybody ready? Mount!" Called out John Tod.

Old Maje a little sore at first soon warmed up and again took the lead on the Indian trail.

Tired and hot John Tod and men reined their thirsty horses in to the Goose pond.

Within less time than is taken in its telling saddles were off and the horses were staked on the green mesquite grass. A quick hot fire of small mesquite limbs was kindled in a trice and the little black coffee pot soon began sending up a cloud of steam. To a hungry tired man what is more delicious than the aroma from a pot of boiling coffee?

Old Maje had become so sorefooted several hours back that it was only by being "clear grit all the way through" that he got as far as Jack Lathaus on Deer Creek. Where he was left in the care of these good people while John Tod pushed rapidly on.

As soon as a few mouthfuls of biscuits and broiled beef had been disposed of nearly every one stretched himself upon the rank grass and soon was in heavy slumber. Not so for John Tod: he walked around the Pond looking for any signs that the escaping redskins might have made. He counted some sixteen distinct and different horse or pony tracks around the edge of the water.

This showed that the Indians had considerably increased their number since the chase began. He also found their camp fire behind a small patch of live oaks. Raking in the ashes he found live coals. Upon a still further search he found a child's shoe, a much torn testament, a metal spectacle case and sticking to a scraggy live oak bush the foot part of a lady's stocking. This last Tod recognized as belonging to his daughter Alice. Continuing to examine the ground round about Tom found that the Indians had divided themselves

into two parties. One going in the direction of Rose's Mill now Sloan and the other and the larger going in the direction of Cherokee.

The question now was, which trail must they follow? Their party contained too few to think of dividing it, was it not reasonable to suppose that the larger party of Indians kept the prisoners? Towards Cherokee would then be their course.

More than an hour had elapsed since Tod and men stopped for food and rest. Time was pressing, they must be off. Ten minutes more found them galloping over the hills towards Cherokee. A coyote ran out of a Sumac thicket seventy-five yards ahead, quick as a flash Big Sam drew his six shooter and the wolf rolled over snapping and biting his side.

"Pooty good shot, Sam!" Said one, could you do a red skin the same way?" "Jes' give me a chance and I'll show you," said Sam.

For sometime the Indian trail had been getting dimmer and dimmer and John Tod had got to thinking that it was only a question of time and a short time too, when the trail would entirely disappear.

Ben Davis, who had been silent until now, rode up from the rear to the side of Tod.

"Boss, did you know that our Indian Trail was just about played out? And it's my opinion by the time we reach the bald hills just this side of Buffalo that our Indian trail will be clean played. What do you think?"

"Just what I've been thinking for quite a while, Ben. Them red devils must have split up two and two and gone back. Curse the scoundrels, I wish that we could only come up with 'em!"

**B**ack in the sixties when the Indians use to come raiding every bright moon they had a regular route by which they always came into a community and also a like route to depart by. For instance, they would come in from the west if they were Comanches from Mexico, and from the Waluppe Mts. if they were Apaches. By one route they crossed to the south side of the river at the Barber crossing some three miles above the mouth of Deep Creek, then on through Llano and Burnet counties [in the last named county they usually staid longer then they did in any other county], sending out squads from the main band at intervals of time to depredate through the different settlements. In Burnet county their route began to bend back to the west on through Lampasas and this county. In this county they either came out by the mouth of Richland or crossed the river back of Tom Sloan's field at what is known as the Comanche ford, and so they continued to bend their route until it ran into their first trail coming east. And then they returned to their homes. Sometimes they would reverse their route for a short distance. Usually three Indians on foot came on down the river as far as this place. It is said that one of these Indians made an immense track while the other two made small tracks. Before white men lived in this county the Indian had a big camp at the Twelve on what is generally known as the Henderson Springs; also one not quite so large on Turkey Creek. And at this last place they often encamped long years after they gave up this country to the white.

We must now get back to our Indian trailers. We left them on the bald hills where so many of our creeks have their heads.

"Well, yonder is the head of Buffalo and I ain't seen any sign



of the trail for a good many minutes." Ben Davis addressed this sentence to John Tod as if he were asking him a question. Tod understood him and replied.

"It's my opinion now that they the Indians have suddenly turned; some of them maybe, going as far as San Saba town while others have cut in higher up the San Saba river, and still others have gone back to the first part of the gang that split off from the main band this side of Deer Creek. I now feel perfectly satisfied that the smaller bunch of Indians had Alice, and now after it is too late to see that we should have followed the trail leading towards Rose's Mill. Howsoever we will go on now until we strike Cherokee Creek. Maybe so we can find the trail again or, who knows. Perhaps the scamps have made a raid on the settlers of Cherokee and we'll be just in time to ketch em."

"I tell you Boss, them dare devils have played it old on us this time, and mind what I say, we'll never no more, ketch em than a rabbit!"

"Hello! Look! Yonder is fire, Indians set the fire. Everybody ride up!" And away galloped towards the burning prairie. Indians often set the grass on fire behind them to obliterate their trail.

The wind rose rapidly and the grass being rank and thick and dry the fire came swift as a race horse. Ever and anon a flame of red fire would shoot into the air, curve and strike the ground a hundred yards ahead of the burning grass. Almost instantly this would spread a hundred yards wide and ran ahead of the wind as madly as the fire behind.

Night was rapidly approaching and it then soon became evident to our Indian trailers that this fire was no trifling affair. It was a fact that should the fire overtake them their death was almost a certainty.

Up spoke John Tod, "Quick! No time to lose, let us make for the Big Pond, (now the Henderson Pond near the head of Wallace). It is the nearest water that I know of. If the fire ketches us before we get to water somebody will shore git his whiskers singed!"

"Gee Whiz! John Tod, singed whiskers did you say! Some poor mother's boy will get a free pass to old Satan's country and Sara Jane will be a widder or Ben Davis a lair."

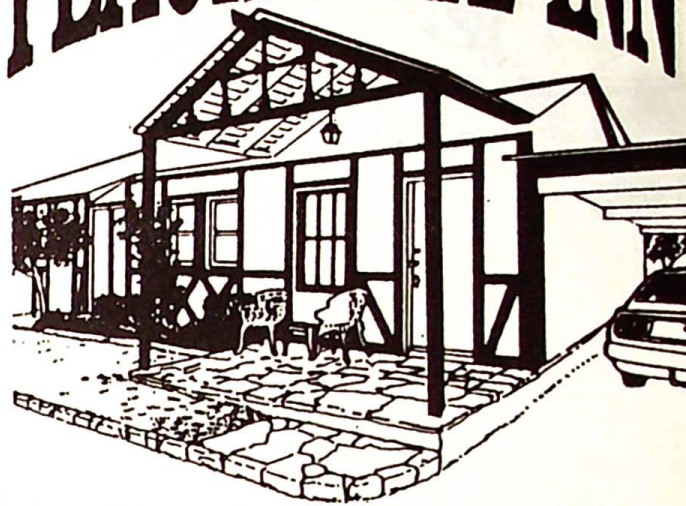
These tough old frontiersmen wheeled their already tired ponies and galloped rapidly towards Big, (now Henderson) Pond. If their horses had been fresh it would have been a different thing.

On came the mad flames roaring, leaping, bounding, rolling and sweeping everything before them. If the fire burned more slowly coming up the long, steep hillsides so must also these gallant riders also ride more slowly till they reach the crest of the hill.

The fire had rapidly gained on them until but a hundred yards divided men from fire. With quirt and spurs every man was urging his pony to do his best.

Just now Big Sam's pony stepped into a hole in the ground and over he went, Big Sam landing lightly on his feet by the side of his horse. He urged his pony to rise but to no avail; the poor beast only groaned. Ben Davis drew rein, wheeled close up beside Big Sam. Quick as thought the latter sprang up behind Davis and again they were flying for their lives. Only a moment was lost but their companions had got some yards ahead.

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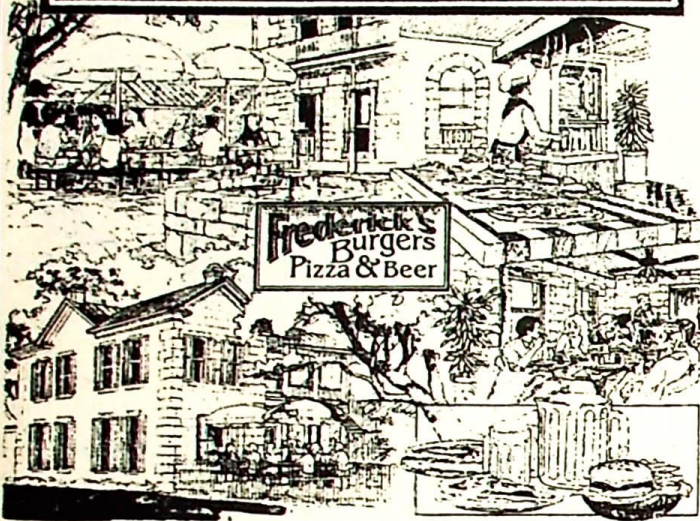
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Davis' horse already well nigh exhausted soon began to show such signs of distress under his double load that both men saw that it would be impossible for them to reach the Big Pond. Big Sam wanted Davis to leave him and save his own life but this Davis would not agree to, but told Sam to jump to the ground, catch his saddle strings or his horses' tail with one hand and to hold on and that they would either both get away together or die together.

Now the smoke and heat was so thick and intense that breathing was a burden. By tying their big red handkerchiefs over their mouths and noses they managed to breathe a little. Their companions were perhaps two hundred yards in advance of them.

"My God! But must we be burnt to death! Came out of the parched lips of Big Sam."

"Never give up, old man, and Ben Davis gritted his teeth and cruelly dug his spurs into his poor jaded pony."

"God, but I can't stand it but a mightily little longer!"

The pony stumbled, recovered himself, stumbled again and fell, gasped and rolled over dead. The two men fell down upon the ground flat with their faces to the earth. On came that sea of fire, men and horse are left behind a charred and blackened heap. Six men are left now racing for their lives. See, there's the Pond only a quarter of a mile away! Can they hold out two minutes - one minute longer?

Yes, thank God, the Pond at last! And they rush into the water belly deep to their exhausted ponies.

The mad fire stopped only at the water's edge, parted and went round either side of the pond and still madly races onward.

Stiff and sore from their recent exertions but somewhat renewed in the physical man and beast our frontiersmen bent their way towards Rose's Mill the next morning.

By the middle of the forenoon they reached Rose's Mill, and here they learned that the Indians two nights before had left almost everybody a foot, stealing nearly every horse in the settlement. Captain Hambric and his small band of rangers had set out after the red rascals that very morning. The Indians were on their way back to their homes and were moving with the speed of the wind.

It had been John Tod's intention to secure fresh horses in the vicinity of Rose's Mill and to continue and chase but now there were no horses and his own were too much jaded to think of ever overtaking a band of red skins mounted on fresh horses.

Kind friends prevailed upon Tod and men to remain a couple of days at rose's Mill and rest up their horses.

The next morning at four o'clock the people of Rose's Mill were startled by the cry of a woman begging relief. Two large bull dogs belonging to the Mill had set upon her, but she had contrived to escape their fangs and was standing on the top round of an old ladder leaning against a tree for the chickens to climb to roost upon.

Mrs. Hutchinson was in a pitiable plight indeed; barefooted, her feet cut and bleeding from the sharp stones, her scant clothing was torn into shreds. Her face was haggard and her eyes had that restless freighted look of a poor hunted animal. When taken into the house she cried and laughed by turns, then shivered as from an ague, and at last swooned. Kind hands attended her and she was at last put to sleep in a nice bed. At ten o'clock Mrs.

An old wrinkled ugly oh so ugly! squaw took me and rubbed me all over with some kind of stinking oil and made me drink hot, bitter sweet, yellow looking tea. A little while after drinking this tea I would go to sleep and not wake any more till in the evening.


Hutchinson awoke, took food and related this story:

Six months ago the Indians made a raid through Mason county killing and driving away stock, burning houses, killing men and children and taking us poor women captives. God knows we would much rather have been killed! After being captured I was tied on the back of a wild pony and the pony was led by an Indian all night and we must have traveled all night and we must have traveled seventy or eighty miles to the west and camped at daylight at a big spring where were many other camps. No doubt this was Kickapoo Spring in the southern part of Concho county. Before many hours had gone by several hundred Indians had come to our camp, some of them driving ponies, some of them leading ponies with women tied upon their backs just as I had been. Some of the Indians had white men's and girls scalps tied to their belts. One big ugly Indian uglier than any picture of the Devil that I have ever seen had twelve scalps four of which were fresh. An old wrinkled ugly oh so ugly! squaw took me and rubbed me all over with some kind of stinking oil and made me drink hot, bitter sweet, yellow looking tea. A little while after drinking this tea I would go to sleep and not wake any more till in the evening. Every morning she would rub that stinking oil all over me and twice a day she would make me drink about a pint of that yellow tea. At first I cried and tried to get away and once jumped on the old squaw, scratched her in the face, bit her and pulled out hands full of her coarse black hair. The old buck Indians laughed and grunted and patted me and jeered at the old squaw. But she was too strong for me, she threw me down on the ground and choked me nearly to death and tied my hands so tight that the raw hide strings cut through the skin on my wrists. It seemed to me that every time after I drank the yellowish tea I cared less and less about getting away from the Indians. After a week I was strong and well and had lost all desire to leave the Indians. One morning my old squaw led me to the biggest tent in the Indian camp, opened the flap, which answered for a door and pushed me within and then went away. I did not know what to do. I looked around me and curled up like a dog was that big ugly Indian. He opened his little black snaky eyes and looked straight at me. I couldn't move nor couldn't say a word to save my life. After a few minutes he pointed to a buffalo robe close by and without knowing why I did it I got on the robe and in three minutes was sound asleep.

The next morning when I awoke the sun was shining high




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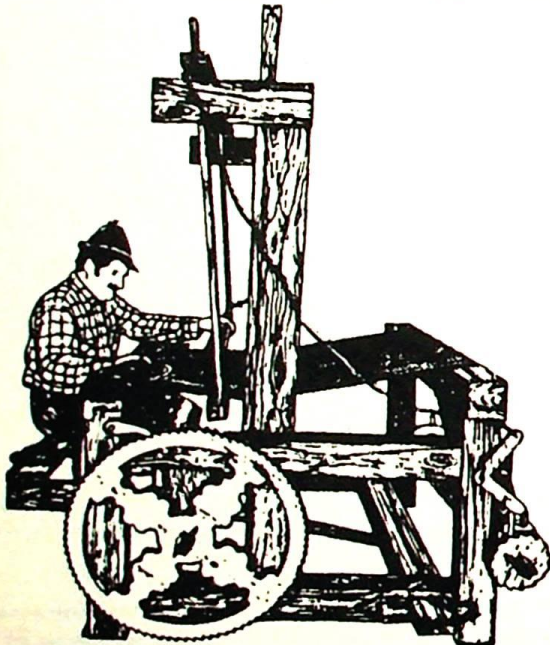
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up in the heavens. The old ugly squaw took me and again made me drink the yellow bitter sweet tea but did not rub the stinking oil on me. Some days she would use the oil and some days she would not but always I had to drink that nasty tea.

For over a week the buck Indians did nothing but eat and sleep. The Indians had lots of beef and this the squaws would roll around in the ashes and coals and then rake out on the flat rocks for the Indians to eat.

I know that I am telling no story when I say that that big buck whose tent was my home could and did eat as much of that half raw meat beef as any pack of half starved hounds in Texas. Whenever an Indian had gorged himself he always went to sleep right away and slept for several hours.

After about two weeks the beef was all gone and the Indians killed and ate some old ponies that they had. At last all of the meat was gone and the Indian boys would go out and bring back deer and antelope. The squaw that watched over me showed me how to grind acorns and pecans and dried grasshoppers into a kind of meal. This I did by putting the mixture into round deep holes in the rocks at the spring and pestling it up with the lower bone out of a horse's fore leg.

When the pecans, acorns and grasshoppers were ground as fine as corn meal we would put a little cold water into it, pat it out into small cakes, and bake it on a hot flat stone. And it made better bread than you might think.

One morning I awoke early and heard a terrible racket and commotion outside. Lifting the tent flap and looking out I could see about three hundred Indians dancing, hollering, beating on old tin cans and just cuttin up generally. And they had a lot of ponies tied all around about and these ponies were making nearly as much racket as the Indians were. With lances the Indians killed three old ponies that were no account much and if you will believe the honest truth, in not over an hour and a half nothing but the hair, hoofs and big bones of those three old ponies was left.

The moon had begun to shine a little about sundown. All of the buck Indians, excepting some old men, left our camp. Some of them rode horses but a good many of them went on foot. They were going down into the settlements to steal horses from the whites.

That night as I lay on my buffalo skin bed it came over me all at once to get away. At first it scared me to think about it and I tried to go to sleep but my eyes got so wide open that I had to sit up. I was decided, so I laid my plans. I could hear the old bucks snoring away like so many hogs and I guessed that the squaws were asleep too but I must be certain of it. I crept on hands and knees to every Indian pallet in that camp.

I forgot to tell you that the big Indian had a nice pony mare that had got her foot dreadfully cut on a sharp rock a few days before. And though the rest of the Indians wanted to kill her for meat the big Indian would not let them. I had washed the poor animal's sore and wrapped it up with a piece of old calico that the old squaws gave me. I pulled nice green grass and fed her and petted her until she would let me catch her anywhere and would follow me almost like a dog. This was my plan to get away: Catch Doxie - that's what I called her - and follow the trail that the Indians made until I got close enough to the settlements that I could find

One morning I awake early and heard a terrible racket and commotions outside. Lifting the tent flap and looking out I could see about three hundred Indians dancing, hollering, beating on old tin cans and just cuttin' up generally. And they had a lot of ponies tied all around about and these ponies were making nearly as much racket as the Indians were.

my way to some house. Doxie was lame yet but I hoped and prayed that she would carry me over half the way. I found a big rawhide string which I intended to use for a halter on Doxie. I slipped out of that camp as easily as a cat could. I would crawl on my hands and knees to the shadow of a tree and lie flat down and listen for a spell; then I'd crawl again, stop and listen, and some times my heart would beat so hard that it seemed to me that it would wake the sleeping Indians. At last I got far enough away from the camp that I stood up and fairly flew. All at once down I went and it seemed that I made noise enough to wake the dead. I lay still for a long time, my heart thumping so hard that I could hardly get my breath. At last I quietly got on my feet and began to look for Doxie.

Doxie could see in the dark better than I could, for in a minute I heard her snicker. I called to her softly and very soon she was standing by my side. I patted her neck and slipped her halter on. In another second I was on her back. The mare limped less than I thought for. I turned towards the way the Indians had gone and soon we were on their trail. I felt so good that I just cried, and leaned over and kissed Doxie on the neck.

Mrs. Hutchinson paused for a minute, and then resumed:

Once I thought I heard somebody after me, but I felt no fear of being overtaken as long as Doxie held out. After awhile I came to prairie country and the floor was level as a pond. Nobody but just me all alone on that big prairie, and it night! Was I afraid? I don't know. I don't believe I was just then, anyway. I was so happy in getting away from the Indians that I just simply forgot to get scared.

It was a constant surprise to me that Doxie got over the ground so easily and so quickly.

It began to grow light in the east. Not very far away I could see timber. I guessed that I could find water and hide away and sleep for awhile. I thought it likely that the Indians would stop

Continued on page 42



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# ROY BANFORD INKS

## HE LIVED LIFE IN HIGH GEAR

By Mildred Inks Dalrymple and Jim Inks

**L**ong before the automotive experts in Detroit had designed a reclining front seat for their two-door sedans, Roy Inks in Llano, Texas had converted a Ford demonstrator off his show room floor into an emergency ambulance. Since the nearest hospital was in San Antonio or Austin, Llano emergencies had previously experienced a long and uncomfortable ride for help. Roy began his ambulance service to take a young girl with a badly broken arm to San Antonio. His mechanics flattened the back of the front passenger seat, added a cot mattress, and the Llano ambulance was born. It was a voluntary no-charge service, and typical of Roy Inks' ingenuity and involvement in his community.

He was take-charge, do-it-now high gear guy whose infectious optimism and fun-loving nature generated enthusiasm for whatever he was involved in. He had been born in Hoover's Valley in 1887 and was the second oldest of a large family, but he came to Llano as a very young boy to live with an Aunt and Uncle who had no children. He lived with Maggie and Lee Watkins and attended Llano schools until he graduated in 1903 at sixteen. He then went to work for Nelson Davis, Inc. a wholesale grocery business based in Austin. Roy was travelling salesman, assigned to the Central Texas area, including Llano. He was well suited to a sales career and while achieving success in business, he also made a wide acquaintance of friends of both sexes. Ten or more years passed in pleasant experiences which all came to an abrupt end when the United States entered World War II. Roy enlisted and was sent to Camp Bullis in San Antonio for officer training. His years of independence did not prepare him for army routine and discipline, and it is reported by an acquaintance that he made one brash remark to an officer and was busted to private.

While he was at Bullis, he managed to continue seeing a girl from Llano he had been courting. She was Myrtle Moss. Myrtle arranged to visit a cousin, Myra Slater who was living in San Antonio, and was engaged to an officer at Camp Bullis. The two couples shared many enjoyable evenings, and when Myra and Capt. Alfred Petsch were married Roy and Myrtle were their only attendants.

After Roy's discharge from the army, he returned to his job with Nelson Davis, Inc. and was in charge of a branch grocery warehouse which he opened for them in Llano. He

and Myrtle were married on September 6, 1919. They had two children: Mildred, born in 1920, and James Moss, born in 1921.

Roy decided to give up his travelling and bought into partnership with George M. Watkins, who owned the Ford dealership in Llano. A few years later he was able to buy out Mr. Watkins and the dealership became the Roy B. Inks Motor Company. One of his flamboyant advertising stunts was to drive a Ford car up the steep slope of the solid granite Enchanted Rock. Myrtle was even more terrified when she learned that Jim, their young son, was in the car with him. Also as a reassurance to the women who were apprehensive about driving the gear shift cars when the Model A was introduced, he allowed his 12 year old daughter to demonstrate how easy it was.

In addition to Ford cars -- first the Model T, then the Model A and finally the V-8 -- Roy also was the dealer for Stromberg Carlson radios and Kelvinator refrigerators, which were new products on the market. Few people had radios, so when a program of particular interest was to be broadcast, Roy placed a set on the grass between the garage and the adjacent gasoline station so everyone could listen. Crowds gathered to hear programs such as the Dempsey vs Tunney fight, national elections, Will Rogers and Amos and Andy.

There was large wooden structure in Llano on the banks of the river called the Opera House. Roy was the manager for several years. He introduced the first moving pictures there. They were silent and a pianist played appropriate accompaniment. The reels had to be changed periodically while the audience waited in the wooden fold up chairs. The Opera House was also the scene of high school basket ball games, a skating rink, and many Saturday night dances with live orchestras. These orchestras were big name bands that travelled the state and Roy and Myrtle attended dances in nearby towns as well as all those in Llano.

The Ink's were part of a group of friends whose social activities included weekly bridge games, deer hunts, and camping and fishing on the Llano River. They visited Roy's family who had moved to Austin soon after he started living with the Watkins, and spent many weekends with Myrtle's brothers families on their Llano county ranches. They also made periodic trips to Houston with several other drivers to bring back new Fords. They were local delegates to all of the



**ROY BANFORD INKS**

AUGUST 5, 1887—AUGUST 4, 1935

**As a young man, Roy's hair had been quite dark but before he was 30 it turned grey and before 40 was white. The premature gray hair, and olive complexion and brown eyes made him a very attractive looking man.**

state Democratic conventions and once were state delegates to the National Democratic Convention. They attended the Chicago World's Fair in about 1929. Several seasons Roy helped sponsor a semi-pro baseball team by hiring some of the players, and the whole Inks family never missed a game.

As a young man, Roy's hair had been quite dark but before he was 30 it turned grey and before 40 was white. The premature gray hair, and olive complexion and brown eyes made him a very attractive looking man. He was always well dressed in double breasted suits and a Panama hat and usually had a cigar in his mouth. His conversational language was sprinkled with "hells", and "damns" and other profanities but they were so habitually and casually used they seemed irrelevant rather than irreverent. His extrovert personality and fun-loving nature made the Inks' family the center of many social activities.

The office of Mayor of Llano was a non-paying, time-consuming and unprestigious job but somebody had to do it. Roy was elected and held the office for years. His interest in politics stemmed from his interest in people and the community rather than personal political ambition, but it also gave him a close association with many of the state office holders. As mayor he brought his usual zeal into the task and was not satisfied with status-quo.

A Llano News article of 1929 cites his accomplishments in glowing terms. The City Cemetery was run by private

## **CEDAR LODGE**

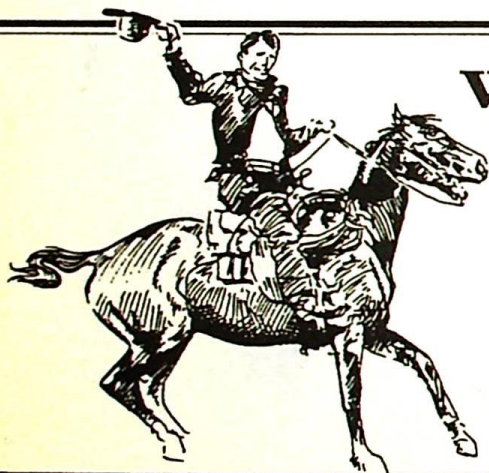
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subscriptions was a blight on the landscape until Roy urged the City to take over the management. With a paid custodian and the city street grader to maintain the roads, the cemetery became a place of pride. His next step was to get the city to support the municipal band. But the most vital of his programs was to organize and fund a Fire Department. A fire hall was built. A fire truck, chemical tanks and thousands of feet of hose as well as all other needed equipment replaced the futile "bucket brigade" which had previously existed. The insurance rate for home and business owners was materially lowered. He also had street lights installed and initiated a street-paving program. All of these and other reforms were accomplished with a minimum of dissension. A few citizens thought it was too much too fast and objected to the taxes necessary to support the new projects, but these dissenters carried little weight.

It was fortunate timing that all of this was done before 1929, because that was the year the bottom fell out of the U.S. economy. Llano did not escape the great depression. The only bright hope for Llano became first the economic salvation of the whole Central Texas area, but later be the worst catastrophe of all.

**A** dam on the Colorado River had been in the planning stages for many years and was finally approved as a private enterprise to furnish power. It was to be financed by a power mogul, Samuel Insull. On April 15, 1929 Samuel Insull Power Interests awarded the Fegles Construction Company of Minneapolis a contract to build a dam on the Colorado River 20 miles from Llano. The Dam was to be 137 feet high and 9000 feet long and completed by March 1933. Executives, engineers, and construction foremen moved their families to the village of hastily-built houses on the Llano countryside of the dam site. Men from Llano and Burnet were quickly hired as laborers. The "dam" families were integrated into Llano schools, churches and social life. The infusion of their payroll money was a boom to the economy. Roy sold them cars, refrigerators and radios and entertained them both personally and officially. They became close friends.

Prosperity did not last long. In July, 1932, with the dam 40% complete and \$3,748,000 spent, the Insull interests went into receivership and the Insull brothers absconded to Switzerland. All work on the dam stopped. The whole country was in the midst of the worst depression it had ever known. There were no jobs anywhere. The Fegle's Construction Company workers had no place to go. They at least had houses and gardens at the dam site, so most of them stayed on, hoping that some way could be found to finish the dam.

The Llano merchants were as charitable as they could be, but it was a bleak time. Roy joined others in lobbying efforts with the state and federal officials to get funding to finish the dam. For the remainder of 1932 and all of 1933 he spent much of his time in Austin and in Washington on this cause. But in 1933, another financial blow struck. A bank

Continued on page 31

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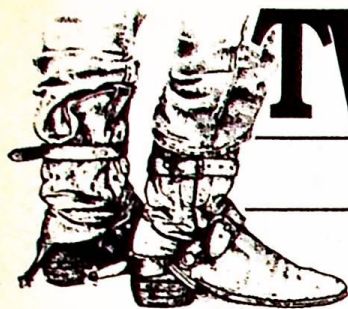
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ON THE HISTORIC SQUARE IN LLANO



# TWO COWHAND TALES

by L. KELLY DOWN

## WHEN CATTLE PRICES ARE LOW, WHO SUPPORTS WHO?

**S**ure cattle prices are low, ain't first time and won't be the last. I heard Stonie say that last Thursday a rancher took three calves in his trailer, put a sign "Free" on side, went inside to get a cool one, came out and there were four! Now that I, being mostly honest, can only say this story was told to me by Stonie, who speaks most of the time close to the line. I don't rightly know. But, now here is a low cow price story that is an actual fact, as it sure happened in my family.

I was just born, or getting ready to, when my grandfather who leased the Northern Ranch needed money for payroll and food for the ranch. Now the Northern was 13,500 acres in the Matagorda that he leased, they would have sold for three an acre but who wanted Texas land? Anyways they gathered a pasture, took the entire herd to Markham and

worked the calves out there in railroad pens. They loaded three railroad cattle cars with 400 to 500 pound calves.

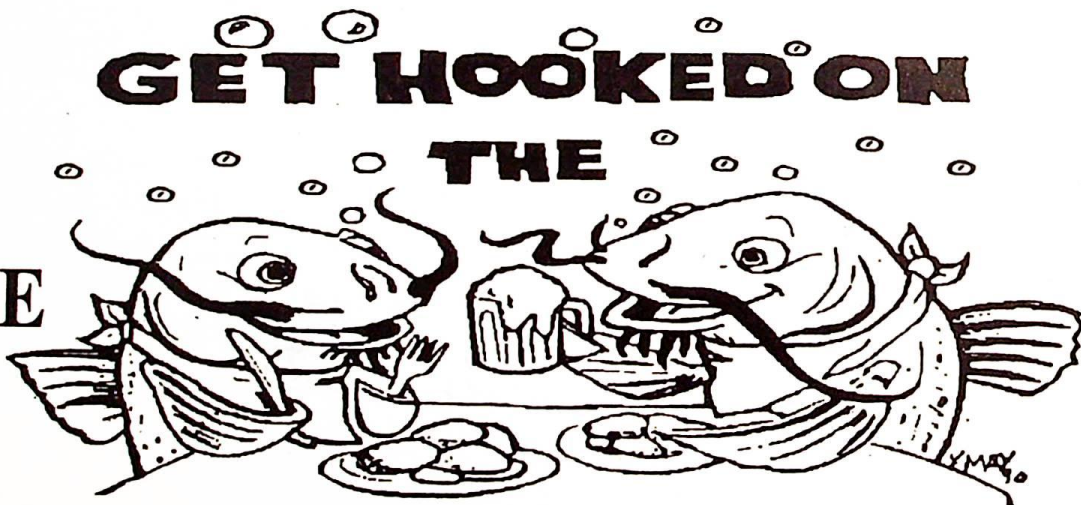
My father got a pass to watch the calves on the trip, so's he could get them up if some fell, give water and feed. By law, if the trip went for a set number of hours the cattle had to be off loaded, fed, watered, and rested. He rode with the train crew in the caboose.

When the calves were sold at Cassidy and Son in the Fort Worth my father wired my grandfather, "Send money, the calves didn't sell for enough to pay railroad the freight bill." Papa did. But when my father got back he found everyone wanted to throw in the towel. Sure now, no money a'tall, no sowbelly, no beans, no flour or cornmeal, and none of the local banks would loan a fool cowman a dime.

My father went to the Bay City, capital of the Matagorda,

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**I was just born, or getting ready to, when my grandfather who leased the Northern Ranch needed money for payroll and food for the ranch.**

walked right into Sisk Hardware and Grocery on the south side square. "Mr. Sisk" he asked Mr. Jim Sisk, "The Northern needs \$100.00 cash money and a grub stake for two weeks, can you help?"

Mr. Sisk didn't even ask how he would be paid back. He reached right up, pulled out one of his little bolt and screw holding drawers with \$100 cash money, then loaded the model T pickup with food. And a 13,500 acre ranch was back in business. The next week cattle prices went up some, and they shipped again. Mr. Sisk got his money as his bill was paid first don't you know!

Mr. Sisk has been gone a long time, as has my grandfather, plus my father for quite a spell. So, I guess now you know why I point out the bolt and screw drawers in Sisk Hardware to my grandchildren when we shop there on Saturdays in the Bay City. Yep, pays to know who has stake in cows, who knows who is in the cattle business, and who supports who.

Pass the biscuits please.

## KEEPING TOP COWHANDS

**N**ow everyone who has tried to work cows with drugstore cowboys knows it ain't no fun. I'm guessing even old Abraham, who had a nice herd according to the Good Book, must have had the same problem. So you see it ain't a new problem, same has been true for a long time. I ain't a speaking of these head and heels fellows, I'm talking about hands that learned, as we tried to do 50-60 years ago, to think like a cow—a real hand don't you know!

Down at Old Fools Coffee Shop this morning, kinda early, five or so, (I can't sleep late no more), we got around to cowhands after weather talk got slow. I told them of how old Shanghi Pierce of the Matagorda solved his cowhand problem. Everyone agreed it seemed just the way after chewing on it awhile. That is except Leroy—but Leroy don't agree to nothing—just to be cranky, you understand. Now if you pups will scoot over and let old L. Kelly Down get a little more on the fire

Continued on following page

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## TWO COWHAND STORIES

Continued from previous page

and fill this here tin cup with some java I'll tell you how old Shang did it. Thankee

Now this ain't something I was around to see for myself as I ain't quite that, old. It was told to me by Mr. Clay McSparrin, Mr. Pierce's trailboss, when I weren't no older than you girls. It's true as Mr. Clay was known to speak close to the line, that's for sure.

Seems Mr. Lou Wolf of Markham in the Matagorda was the best example of what Mr. Clay spoke of. This here is his story.

Mr. Lou was a orphaned child in the Matagorda and Mr. Pierce took him in. He weren't over eleven or nine year old at the time. Mr. Shang made him a cooks helper on the chuckwagon going with the trailherd to the Abilene. The wagon would be way ahead of the herd. That was so as to have the coffee hot and biscuits browning by time Mr. Clay and the hands got them steers down for night. Now, drive the same way, even today and there ain't no trees. So back then Mr. Lou ran and walked all day a throwing buffalo chips for a fire into a rawhide sling under the wagon.

A few years passed and Mr. Lou was a top hand and drew top hand wages. He was growin' into maturity. I can't say he grewed up cause he didn't. When I worked for him cowboying—I was about twenty years old back then—he

stood about five foot two with his boots on and he was over eighty or so at the time. Fill my cup again and I tell you what Mr. Shang did. Thankee.

You see a good cowhand always wants his own spread and cows. That, fellows, is a fact that follows just like night follows day. Mr. Shang weren't about to lose a top hand like Mr. Lou, so here is what happened.

Mr. Shanghi let Mr. Lou work for half hard money and half to be paid in cows. Also Mr. Shang told Mr. Lou when he had enough cows he would give him 2,000 acres in the Matagorda south of Markham—half Colorado River bottom and half prairie. A few years pass and Mr. Lou got 200 or so cows to eat and pay taxes from so he quit Mr. Pierce—or did he?

If a man raised you up, gave you your start, let you work for your cows, and then gave you land enough to run them on, would you say no if he only asked for a few days working cows for free? I should smile not!

So you girls get the picture? It's more like Mr. Pierce was planting cowboys instead of corn. He knowed right were to go to get hisself out of tight on top hands. Do you reckon Mr. Shang was Webster of People like he was Webster of Cows? Makes me wonder when folks need top hands in other things today if this wouldn't work.

Now lets talk of important things like the fair ladies, dutch oven biscuits, cane syrup, and more fair ladies. Fill me up again. - Thankee.



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# TWO POEMS

by "Ruffer" Allan Raymond

## BLUE NORTHER

The wind turned sharp. Color it blue.  
A Canadian cold front sliced on through  
Four or five states of translucent hues.

The sky was blue. Paint it black.  
Clouds hunkered down. The thunder clapped.  
Birds flew low, their wings pulled back.

Small things hurried, seeking shelter  
Pets, all creatures Helter-Skelter  
For burrows, lairs there, altogether.

The Norther' came. Color her mean.  
Pushing on through like a haughty Queen.  
That caused the uproar, the icy scene.

The storm blew South. Paint it over.

## DOGS

Pugs are somewhat pugnacious.  
Afghans aren't always on beds.  
Huskies, up in the Arctic  
Are bred, to be pulling a sled.

Chow Chows are relished as guardians.  
A Corgi won't welch on a bet.  
Labradors love to retrieve things  
Mostly from water, and wet.

Boston, a Terrier, that's, noble.  
St. Bernards in snow to their knees  
Rescue people lost in a blizzard  
Who would otherwise, possibly, freeze.

Shar-Pei wrinkle at random.  
Dobermans do in a pinch.  
Chihuahua, tiny but feisty  
Are nervous and often will flinch.

Beagles are legal for hunting.  
Chesapeake Bay at the moon.  
Bassets have numerous assets  
But repeatedly bark out of tune.

Pointers get to the point right away.  
Pit Bulls aren't really the pits.  
Basenji, tremendously friendly,  
But, an improbable, vocalist.

Dogs come in all shapes and sizes.  
With fur coats or virtually hairless.  
They hold pedigrees, from old ancestries,  
Mongrel, Mutt, who would care less.

Our neighbors three pups are at home here.  
So we taught them to sit, stay and lead.  
Or play fetch the ball, we love them all,  
They love us too.....and, we feed.

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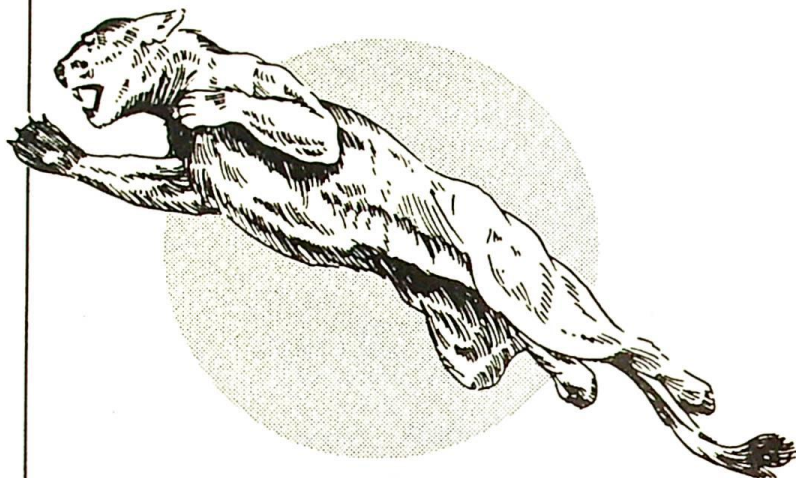
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# CROCKETT AND THE PANTHER

FROM THE ATLANTA JOURNAL, CIRCA 1900



**W**hen Davy Crockett was on his way to San Antonio to fight for the independence of Texas—this in the year 1836—one night found him on the banks of the Navasota River and his horse broken with fatigue. What happened at this point we let Davy tell:

"Near the margin of the river a large tree had been blown down, and I thought of making my lair in its top. While beating about the branches I heard a low growl, as much as to say, 'Stranger, these apartments are already taken.' I discovered an enormous Mexican Cougar, some five paces away. Rays of light darted from his large eyes.

"One glance satisfied me there was no time to be lost. I fired. The ball struck him on the forehead and glanced off, doing little except infuriate him. He sprang at me. I jumped aside and hit him with the barrel of my rifle. He made at me again and I drew my hunting knife, for I knew he must come to close quarters. He seized my left arm and began to tear the flesh. When I thrust my knife into his side he let go.

"Smarting with his wounds, he came at me again, and he pressed so close that stepping backward my foot caught in a vine. I fell, and he was on me like a nighthawk on a June bug. He seized my right thigh, and, since the hinder part of his body was toward my face, I grabbed his tail with my left hand. With my right I stuck my knife into his side, and summoned all my strength to hurl him down the bank of the river. He resisted. At last I worked him to the very edge and he lost his balance. He fell, but he dragged me with him. Fortunately at the bottom of the bank I found myself upper-most. I aimed a desperate blow at his neck. He struggled a few moments, and then his loosened strength told me I was saved.

"I returned to the treetop and made myself as comfortable a bed as a weary man need ask for. Next morning fifty Comanches joined me, and some of the warriors discovered the body of the cougar and began skinning it. The chief noticed how many stabs were about it, and when I told him of my struggle, said: 'Brave hunter, brave man,' and wished to adopt me into his tribe, which honor I declined."—Atlanta Journal.

## ROY BRADFORD INKS

Continued from page 25

holiday was declared by President Roosevelt. Both banks in Llano closed their doors, but the citizen's National Bank of Llano went into receivership and never reopened. The depositors' accounts were frozen. Roy was hard hit. Both his business and personal accounts were involved. Eventually some depositors recovered a part of their funds but Roy did not live that long.

He continued to work towards completion of the dam, but his business was suffering because no one had money for new cars and many people owed him money they could not pay. His father-in-law ordered a new custom-made Lincoln which kept the Inks' family afloat – but just barely. Roy talked of going back to work for Nelson Davis & Sons, but his optimism that conditions were bound to improve kept him in Llano.

The financial problems he was experiencing were not reflected in his attitude or life style. For her 15th birthday, Roy and Myrtle gave a dance for Mildred. The new cars were all moved from the show room and crepe paper streamers and balloon transformed it into a gala ball room. A live band played for guests from Llano, the surrounding towns and Austin. It was a happy occasion for the teenagers and a memory that Mildred would cherish all her life.

Meanwhile Roy's efforts on behalf of the dam became almost an obsession, and as a result he was appointed a Director on the Lower Colorado River Authority.

In the summer of 1935 there was a flood on the Llano river. The bridge was washed away and the town was isolated for several days. Electricity was out. Motorboats were the only means of transportation in or out of Llano and between the north and south sides. Roy was one of the people who furnished continuous boat service from one bank to the other. The Llano River flood waters augmented by other tributaries to the Colorado created disaster all the way to the Gulf, washing out bridges, inundating homes and destroying crops.

This was the catalyst needed to remove the last obstacles to funding for the completion of the dam. Roy and the other members of the LCRA went to Washington for the final passage of the legislation. Roy became ill and developed pneumonia enroute home. He was in Llano only a few days, then was rushed to San Antonio to a hospital, but it was too late. He died on August 4, 1935, the day before he would have been 46 years old.



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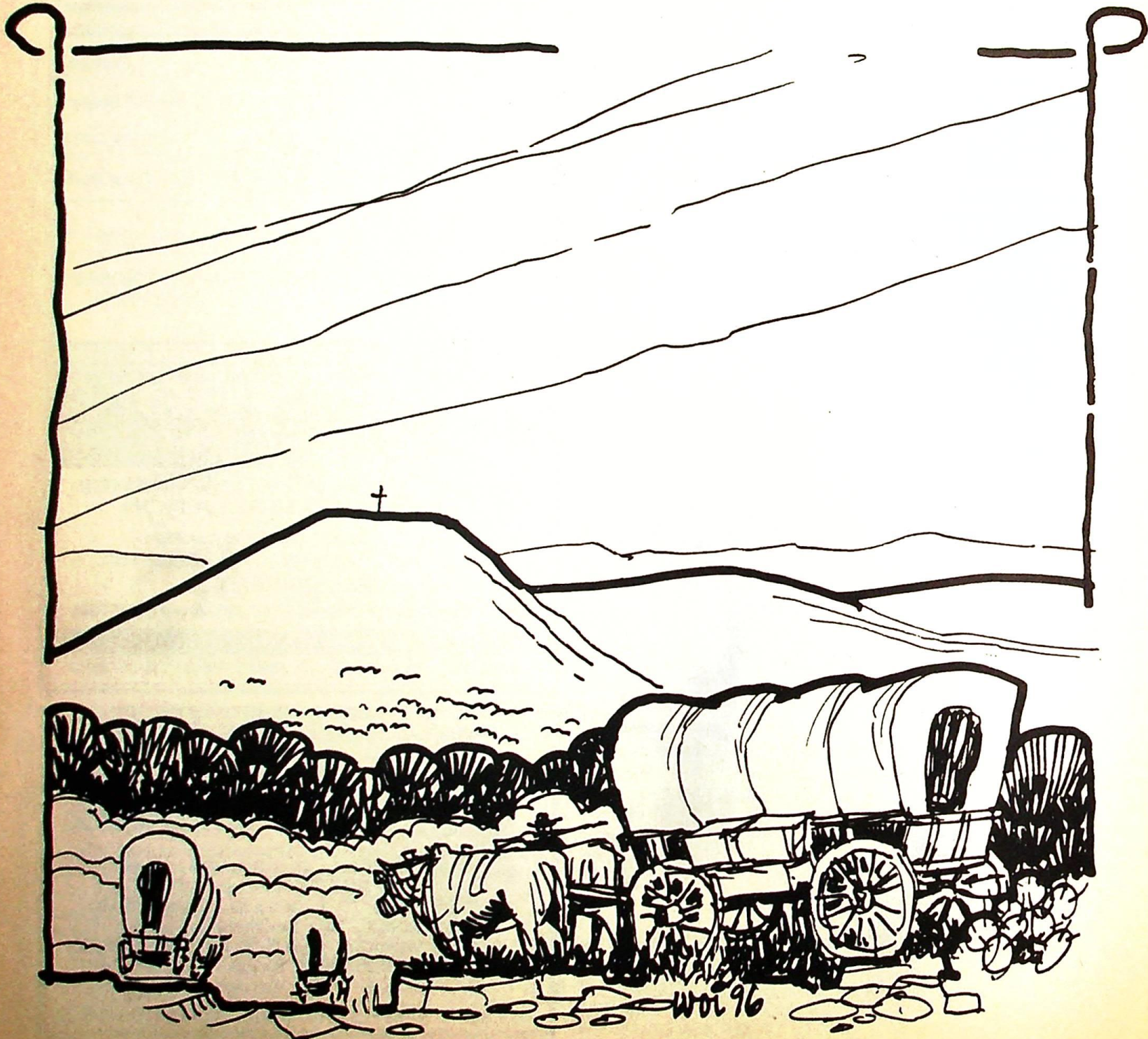
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PIONEER GERMAN-TEXAN NATURALIST SURGEON -- HEALER AND INDIAN PEACE KEEPER

by **KENN KNOPP**





**M**edical doctor von Herff was indeed a most important member, and undoubtedly a pillar, of a colorful and amazingly erudite group of liberal-hearted Germans whose grit, and in-herent faith in each existing human, helped to open West Central Texas for colonization in the 1840's. What's more, his story will prove that he helped to give birth to the medical system, kicking and screaming, in the face of many self-serving, jealous private practitioners who did their best to prevent the modern hospital system.

Von Herff and his amazing group of compatriots sadly but confidentially left Germany because the bloated ruling classes cared much too little about the welfare and dignity of all the types and levels of existence in their spheres of influence – their exact responsibility!

Doctor von Herff finally decided to go to Texas because it was semitropical and his naturalist, botanical curiosity led him to believe he might come upon new herbal medicines and cures. He also did not disagree too much with the utopian ideals of the other gentlemen who wanted to give "power to the people" a chance to work. Actually, he was no communist, as that was the reverse extreme of a monarchist. In Texas, in practice, he was a Republican with a Democratic heart as pure as gold.

Von Herff attempted to show, and proved, that there could exist a respectable German society that could satisfy those of prominence, power, and the proletariat as well. Instinctively he set out to build a more respectable German colony in Texas more in keeping with the state of his inherited Catholic and Huguenot Protestant conscience. Furthermore, he taught us the amazing rewards that are the result of caring and being at least minimally charitable and fair to whomever predestination places around us—or even smacks into our faces; regardless how beastly or beauteous, refined or repulsive.

As a result of discovering such a Wonder-Mensch as Dr. Herff, the Indians, too, completely respected him. He eagerly treated them when they came to him, helping them so often that they even allowed him into the inner circles of their own "medicine doctors". They went out of their way to protect his life and property as best they could, in the same way they respected the Meusebach-Comanche Peace Treaty of 1847 – -because the Germans of Friedrichsburg and the general area kept every provision of the treaty. Let the good doctor's story tell itself.....

#### FROM FRANCE. TO BELGIUM, TO GERMANY, TO TEXAS....

Ferdinand Ludwig von Herff was born in Darmstadt, Hessen on November 29, 1820. His father, Baron Christian Samuel von Herff (1794-1853 of Darmstadt became the chief justice of the supreme court of the Land of Hessen. His grandfather: Vollrath Friedrich von Herff, born in St. Goar am Rhine in 1750 and died in Giessen, an early German educational



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Continued on following page

**Germans have always been fascinated with the American Wild West, Indians, cowboys, and vast landscapes. The Adelsverein with its head office in Mainz was now ready to carry out the mass migration to Texas. Its public name was "The Society for the Protection of German Immigrants to Texas", (also called the Texas Verein).**

center, in 1815. His great-grandfather was Johann Daniel Herff (1705-1760) who was the mayor of St. Goar. Great-great-grandfather: Abraham Heinrich Herff (1655-1729) oversaw the tax collecting in the city now called Bad Kreuznach. Great-great-great-grandfather, Johann Friedrich Herf (1629-1682) was an important government official and elector in industrial Frankenthal. His 4th great grandfather was Jehann Herff (1584-1635) who headed a brewery in Worms.

Herff family documents state that the origin of the family was French with an early reference to a Count Renaud de Gueldee in 1288 who gave a title to one Lambert de Herves. Also, during the Hohenstaufen dynasty, which included the choosing of the French king, a Herve de Douchi was integral in the court of the king. However, in the mid-1500's the descendants left the Catholic Church, became Huguenot Protestants and fled into Belgium settling in Guettick. Then they decided to move to Germany for even more religious freedom. The family name, then, for adaptation purposes evolved from Herve, Heef, Heerff, and finally to Herff.

It was Vollrath Friedrich von Herff, Vollrath—meaning high judge—whose valued services were rewarded by the Duke so that he and future members of this Herff line could add the esteemed title "von" to their family name. Christian von Herff brought further distinction to the family when he received the title Baron.

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Ferdinand graduated from the Giessen Gymnasium, similar to the U.S. high school—but closer to the American junior college program with a strict curriculum—went to the University of Berlin where he excelled not only in academics but in extra-curricular fitness and lusty student Bruderschaft or fraternity goings on such as guzzling beer, duelling so as to earn those heralded scars, the "macho" thing to do at that time—and still today—to prove manhood and valor.

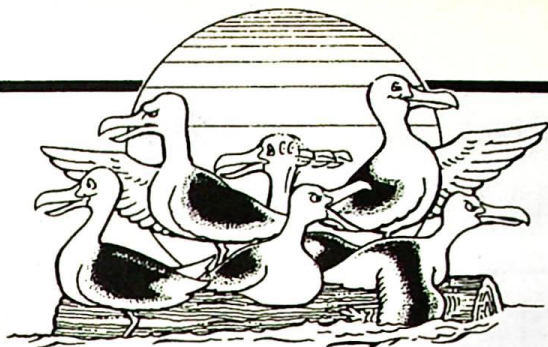
His education was topped off in Bonn where he was intrigued with the exploratory sciences. But after befriending Alexander von Humboldt, he would, as the famed naturalist did, take up a permanent interest in botany, and the pursuit of finding plants and other substances with healing powers. In the genre of the former professor of the Minden, Germany preparatory school and who opened a Kurzentrum or health center, in Sisterdale, Dr. Ernest Kapp of Sisterdale; and Dr. Ferdinand Roemer of Hildesheim and his famous Texas visits as a botanist-geologist; and Germany's still famous father Sebastian Kneipp—Dr. von Herff was convinced that sun, fresh air, water, plus absolute cleanliness was the key to healing and health. He could not employ these principles confined to peering in a microscope in an enclosed laboratory. Finally, in 1842, he successfully passed the rigid examination of the University of Giessen to become a medical doctor specializing in surgery.

Also at Giessen he was in the philosophical domain or aura of the mystical Justus von Liebig whose name seems to come up with almost all the Friedenkers and intellectuals who came to Texas in the mid and late 1800's. Dr. Professor von Liebig of the University of Giessen was also devoted to the famed sculptor, Miss Elisabeth Ney, and she to him. She would not be too far behind Dr. Ferdinand von Herff in coming to Texas. Dr. Liebig was a leading pharmacologist in Germany in addition to his spreading popularity as a philosophic guru.

**THE EVER INCREASING ATTRACTION  
OF TEXAS...AND GERMANY "LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT"**

Semitropical and Indian-occupied, Texas for a number of years already had been captivating the spirit of adventure and discovery for many a German, some legitimate, some renegades. The plot of the English-German concubinal aristocratic arrangements envisioned the American South, Gulf Coast, and Mexico as a perfect place that could be relatively easily overtaken by immigrant settlers for the purpose of imports and exports, and a fine place to dump the unemployed proletariat of Germany. And, while they were at it, the liberal agitators!

Just as importantly, such a scheme would rid Germany of those utopians infected with the virus of democratization and pragmatism exacerbated by the teachings of Hegel, Schopenhauer, and the likes of Justus von Liebig. Democracy, or Democratic Republicanism, as occurred in Italy and in France was anathema to the royalty of Germany....they



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would do their best to prevent to naive idea of "voting".

A large group of royals met at Count Carl Castell's castle in Biebrich am Rhine, just outside of Mainz. They, who came to be called the Adelsverein, the Society of Noblemen, formally chartered a company in order to begin their formidable task of creating a German colony in the New World, Texas. Everyone would benefit. But, most importantly the monarchy in Germany must survive at all cost.

Individualism was buttressed by the liberal professors and philosophers. The perception that individualism would be smothered also, if the encroaching industrial revolution continued to create "a few rich and fat tyrant bosses" doing the bidding of the monarchy; and a lot of peons doing the slave labor in the factories and the mines. Thus, the way out of the dilemma—socialism if not outright communism.

In Texas, it appeared that one could do as one would. The German royals found out differently. No set form of government had yet jelled in Texas since the Republic and the State was begging for inhabitants to provide a tax base. The Germans just had no idea just how much town hall democracy had already become ingrained in the New Americans who had come from all over the world to get a fresh start in Texas. Even so, the Adelsverein believed they could send so many Germans to Texas they would be able to influence by sheer numbers.

The Virgin forests, and those fascinating, ever-surprising and ingenious Indians—so hale and hearty. The flora and fauna were also an alluring mystery. Germans have always been fascinated with the American Wild West, Indians, cowboys, and vast landscapes. The Adelsverein with its head office in Mainz was now ready to carry out the mass migration to Texas. Its public name was "The Society for the Protection of German Immigrants to Texas", (also called the Texas Verein).

As the royals brutally repressed the fomenting social revolution in all parts of Germany, they ignited the social consciences of the enlightened and the frightened. The latter simply could not provide properly for their families or live for very long, slaving-away in the mines and the factories – that is, if they were lucky enough to find any work at all.

To confound the situation even more, the mid 1840's saw a great famine spread throughout Europe including the Irish Isles. The drought was devastating to the crops for food; food for the animals, then ultimately food for the people. It was called the Great Potato Famine.

This was the right time for the Adelsverein. Prince Solms-Braunfels stepped into the middle of the intellectual and liberal groups, including those in Darmstadt where Dr. Ferdinand von Herff was a practicing physician and building a fine reputation. A dubious but silent assembly listened to the charismatic spell of Prince Solms he very carefully geared to the liberals and social agitators. Although Dr. Herff was basically in sympathy with the liberals, he was not prepared to support a revolution. If

An enthusiastic band of first volunteers in and around the Darmstadt area, numbering forty, made a deal with the Adelsverein. They would go to Texas. The Adelsverein promised them each \$14,000 as well as provisions for one year. Another source says the amount was \$10,000. Both sums seems quite high considering those times. Perhaps the Adelsverein and the prideful utopians put their own special glitz on the amount to make them both look good.

shooting should begin it would be his task to tend the wounds. Prince Solms revealed to the doctor the intriguing professional possibilities that Texas offered the doctor's adventuresome and exploring mind.

At the same time perhaps the soul of Dr. von Herff was signaling his conscience: The same way that his ancestors in France had caused them to become Huguenot Protestants in the face of the Roman Catholic system, that seemed to them to be ignoring basic Biblical perimeters and grounding. The Huguenots objected to the church becoming too enmeshed with world political and financial control and influence, especially in retaliation of the crusaders to the Holy Land who eventually betrayed the Church. Yielding to the temptation, the crusaders began confiscating the treasury of the Holy Land; and laundering their freshly confiscated wealth in the machinations of their secret lodges and temples of cultic ersatz religion simultaneously developed into banks and money lending, for special favors of power and position.

THE FORTY - DIE VIERZIGER: "WE'RE OFF TO TEXAS!"

The visit of Prince Solms to Darmstadt created great interest and hope in the development of the new German Colony in Texas. Unlike the Spanish, French, Dutch, and especially the English, the Germans had not been too keen on peeking beyond their own horizons and establishing distant colonies.

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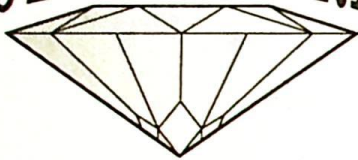
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utopians put their own special glitz on the amount to make them both look good.

In return, for whatever amount of money and provision provided, the forty must only locate on the Rio Llano about thirty miles above Friedrichsburg. They were to form the gateway town into the vast Fisher-Miller Land Grant: the Adelsverein had already bargained for in Texas. In addition, the colonists must also do their best to convince at least two hundred families to come join them in their settlement where the Llano and Elm Creek join. The location is now in Llano County bordering on Mason County, which turned out to be a little piece of Hill Country paradise with ample wild game, fish, and nearby clearings for cultivating crops and raising cattle.

The Adelsverein set their plan into action. From European ports the ships would land in New Orleans, Galveston, and finally their own special port Carlshaven, later renamed Indianola, between Corpus Christi and Houston. From Indianola the immigrants would go 150 miles inland to the first German way station, New Braunfels set up in 1845. There they would rest and regain their strength before proceeding due north to Friedrichsburg, the second German immigrants station founded in 1846. From Friedrichsburg, The Forty would go on to the Llano River destination and make possible the beginning of the habitation of the vast land grant purchased for the thousands the royals hoped were yet to come.

About a fourth of the volunteers to go to Texas backed out eventually. But not Dr. von Herff. He signed his name to the contract with the Adelsverein on January 11, 1847 along with the others. He assured his girlfriend, Mathilde Klingelhofer that once things were safe in Texas, he would be back to fetch her.

The Forty were a diverse group, which was important, if they were to have a successful settlement. They were of course the Freidenker, freethinking agnostics and atheists, along with confirmed and practicing Lutherans and Catholics. Virtually all of them were at the very least willing to try out the long theorized idea of communal living, so that each and every one of them were pleased in the satisfying of their needs and expressing their talents to the fullest.

Dr. von Herff, by consensus, was the designated leader of Die Vierziger along with his friend and insider of the Adelsverein, Hermann Spiess. Spiess worked closely with Prince Solms in publicizing the cause and signing up the immigrants. Von Herff and Spiess would proceed to Texas first, shortly before the rest of the immigrants to set things up, especially to secure the promised funds and provisions. Prince Solms had already left for Texas as the Commissioner General of the project headquartered in New Braunfels.

Solms experienced, first-hand, the roughshod independent spirit of Texans with their "Sez who?" retorts. These individualists, from all parts and ethnic

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backgrounds and classes, forced His Royal Highness, the Prince, to figure out quite fast that the monarchical system simply would be a joke to Texans. Such bondage they had long cast off! He became disgusted when even some of his German "subjects" caught on to the "Texas spirit".

This realization had the effect of pouring cold water on the entire project. Solms soon decided to resign his post as he found a definite distance brewing between those he favored and those he ignored or punished. He met his successor Baron Otfried Hans von Meusebach in Galveston. Meusebach had already reached New Braunfels, but upon learning the Prince had just left for Galveston enroute to Germany, Meusebach backtracked hastily to Galveston out of courtesy.

Arriving in Texas in April, 1847, Die Vierziger began their arduous trek inland with the long, welcome respites at New Braunfels and at Friedrichsburg. They established long and lasting friendships in both places that would endure for years. In fact, many would later have weekend homes or "Sunday Houses" to get away to...and to seek the pleasures of the company of those more in line with their interests, and to converse in German and Latin.

It may have been possible for Dr. von Herff and his associates to witness the official signing of the Meusebach-Comanche Peace Treaty when both sides met the second time in order to ratify the treaty officially on the banks of the Pedernales River just outside of Friedrichsburg on May 9, 1847. None of them, however, were signatories, which makes it also probable they might have just missed the great event. Although their names are not associated with the treaty, they would, however greatly help to prove that non-Indians could and would keep their word. They were the closest to the Indians, for they found themselves living only a few mountain ranges away from the Rio San Saba Valley stronghold of some three to six thousand Comanches.

PART 2 TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH



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SOMEWHERE ON THE LLANO BELOW CASTELL JIMMY DEMAREST OF MARBLE FALLS FINDS PLENTY OF KAYAKING/FISHING WATER FOR HIS JUNE ADVENTURE. PHOTO BY BUCK BURKLE.

# Don't Let all the Drought Reports Convince You the Hill Country Has Dried Up and Blown Away

By CHARLES TISCHLER, Editor-at-Large

**T**here's more water than you might think in the Hill Country this summer, considering the ongoing reports of inches of rain below normal. But, this is Texas, bred on seasons of too little and too much, whether it be precipitation or temperature. Don't let all the drought news keep you on the couch. If your goin' ta be a Texan; ya gotta cowboy up!

There is, as of June 27, plenty of water in the Llano River . . . warm and rushing over polished granite.

Just recently the Colorado River in the hamlet of Bend, above the Colorado Bend State Park, was running high and brown. There have continued to be a series of thunderstorms in the watersheds of the Colorado, the Llano, and the San Saba Rivers.

In mid-June, on a run from Lake Buchanan over paved and unpaved county roads to Lampasas, Bend and San Saba, the hills were green. The trees and grasses had not been burned back to brown.

At the Methodist Campground on Rough Creek where, in 1853, newly arrived settlers prayed with their muzzleloaders at the ready, we paused to read the historical

marker. Down the list of the names of the founders of the Campground was the name Low.

I turned to Ed Low who had lured me onto this run. "Yeah that's my great-grandfather. And my father came here when he was a kid and I first came here when I was four or five and that was fifty years ago."

The same huge pecan trees that provided shade to the first campgoers buffered the early summer heat. Ed told me that the campground is still available by reservation for family reunions and other group activities. I pulled the Trooper onto the low water crossing of Rough Creek and paused to study the pools downstream. Water lilies slid over a healthy flow of good water . . . I thought back to reports of alligators in the San Saba Rivers more that fifty years ago. After all, water lilies and alligators go together like peaches and cream.

We drove on to San Saba where we explored the little county roads along the river and drove as far as the community of Pecan Grove. Thousands of giant pecan trees over green Coastal Bermuda grass cover the river bottoms.

Two days later I found myself aboard the Vanishing



Texas River Cruise's Texas Eagle II for the evening boat ride on Lake Buchanan. We were making the same route up to Deer Creek that focuses on wintering Bald Eagles from November to March. Those aboard logged an impressive list of wild animals and birds drawn to the narrowing river channel up in the Canyon of Eagles.

There were hundreds of Turkey Vultures, 29 or so White Pelicans, 30 Rio Grande Turkey, a couple of dozen African Cattle Egrets, and a brilliant flight of Great White Herons settling over the crown of a huge river oak. Great Blue Herons were always within sight. A pair of Red Tailed Hawks seemed to be nesting among the highest bluffs of Buzzard's Roost, almost three hundred feet above the river.

The passengers seemed to enjoy the hairy creatures even more than the feathered ones and would call out in glee over spotting one or more of the little black, white and brown runaway goats that have called these canyons home about as long as the feral hogs that ran in their numbers from the passing Texas Eagle II. Deer eased down to the river to tank up for the evening, hardly paying attention as we powered by. Then there was the lone raccoon below Seldom Falls, arguing with himself about having another drink.

As we headed back down stream cormorants flew past, headed up stream for the night.

It very well could be that drought conditions will deepen. And if that becomes the case the rivers could shrink significantly, but they're looking pretty good now.

And if the heat gets unbearable seek out a spring or a pool, whether it be the spring-fed limestone basin on the little creek that forms the southern boundary of the Colorado Bend State Park or one of the many city-operated public swimming pools in the more substantial Hill Country towns.

In San Saba at the Mill Pond Park the City operates a 180,000 gallon pool with two diving boards and a kiddie pool and giant pecan trees to provide afternoon shade. Hours of operation are from 1 to 6 pm daily, and from 2 to 6 pm on Sundays. Admission is a dollar and a half.

In Llano, the Robinson City Park two miles west of town on Main Street also has two diving boards and a kiddie pool and is open Tuesday through Sunday from 2 to 7 pm. Saturday night is Family Night with the hours extended to 10 pm. Water Aerobics for women only are held very Tuesday and Thursday evening from 7 to 8 pm.

Beyond the city pools, several low water crossings of the Llano offer public access to those looking to get wet. And, there are private camps on the Llano including Long's Fishing Camp off of 1431 north of Kingsland, beyond the RM 3434 junction. Above Castell, Leifeste campground provides dense shade, clear waters and a shuttle service up to the 87 bridge for a day-long kayak or canoe run back to the camp. Keep looking. Invest in a copy of *The Roads of Texas* and start marking it up (you'll need a magnifying glass to make out the numeric designations on some county roads).

**Beyond the city pools, several low water crossings of the Llano offer public access to those looking to get wet.**

**And, there are private camps on the Llano including Long's Fishing Camp off of 1431 north of Kingsland, beyond the RM 3434 junction. Above Castell, Leifeste campground provides dense shade, clear waters and a shuttle service up to the 87 bridge for a day-long kayak or canoe run back to the camp.**

Just yesterday, at the Llano County Road 103 crossing I found myself submerged and hanging on to polished granite as thousands of gallons of barely cool rushing water drove the summer heat from my core. Buck Burkle, *Enchanted Rock Magazine's* Art Director, and I had arrived without our bathing suits. It didn't take long for me to empty out the pockets of my shorts and remove my leather belt. It felt good. And when I stood up the breeze hit me, and I was covered with goosebumps in the ninety degree Texas heat.

And to bring you further up-to-date, as I was just working on this piece I was interrupted by a fine shower that came in three waves and sent runoff down Main Street in front of *Enchanted Rock Magazine* Llano headquarters. There's four tenths of an inch in Buck's rain gauge on the railroad ties out behind our building.

If you have questions about water recreation contact chambers of commerce or the local city offices, you and your crew will find just what is needed to perk up a summer Hill Country adventure.

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## ALICE TOD

Continued from page 21

not far off and rest also; so I quit the trail now and turned for the nearest brush that I could see. There was nice running water in the creek. I took Doxie's halter and made it serve for hobbles and the little mare was soon grazing on the nice green grass nearby. I found some water cress by an old log in the creek and hastened to eat some of it, for I was very hungry. I had two little cakes made of the acorns, pecans and dried grasshoppers but I intended saving them to the last minute. I also found a good many wild onions and gathered a handful of them, some of which I ate.

Presently I began to be very sleepy and chancing to look about saw a very thick clump of chaparral and gumelastic bushes. In the middle of these was a tolerably clean place, and into this I crawled, raking the dried leaves together, and soon was asleep.

Something was tickling my nose. I was not good awake yet but put up my hand to scratch my nose and this act awakened me fully.

At first I didn't know where I was but very quickly found myself. I sat up much refreshed, though pretty sore and stiff. A slight noise nearby attracted my attention and I saw two little black eyes, those snakey eyes that I knew so well. Standing and leaning against a pecan tree was that ugly red scoundrel with his eyes fastened upon me. If I could, right then and there I would have died. They say that the good Lord tries us and that we must not oppose our puny will against His mighty arm, but to trust Him and to be humble, I have always tried to have faith and to believe that everything was for the best, but my faith sure dwindled now; and humble? Why, I wasn't humble worth a cent! I was mad - madder than a wet hen. I railed out at the ugly beast, the Indian, but he never said a word, nor did he move; but just stared with them devilish eyes fixed on me. I tried with all my might to withstand his eyes, but what was the use? It was just like a snake charming a bird.

At last he pushed me, grunted and pointed up the creek. A half mile up the creek we came to where the Indians were camped. When they saw me they all set up a big laugh. Doxie was standing fifty yards away and snickered to me. The big Indian had come down the creek a little before daylight to shoot some turkeys that roosted there and had seen me as I came up. He hid himself and watched me until I went to sleep and then took Doxie away.

We staid in camps all day except some of the Indians hunted a little, but about sundown we started towards the settlements again. We traveled fast nearly half the night. The big Indian took most of the Indians and headed down towards the north star. The rest of the Indians, all on horseback, turned towards the south. When it was nearly daylight we stopped again. About two o'clock that evening the other Indians began coming in. They had a few ponies that they had stolen somewhere, and the last ones to come in brought a young girl tied to a pony. Poor girl, she was nearly dead. I did all that I could for her, which was but little. She told me that her name was Alice Tod and that her family lived in Mason county, near Spice Rock, and that that very morning her father and mother and self were on their way to church, and how the Indians had waylaid them, took her

About two o'clock that evening the other Indians began coming in. They had a few ponies that they had stolen somewhere, and the last ones to come in brought a young girl tied to a pony. Poor girl, she was nearly dead. I did all that I could for her, which was but little. She told me that her name was Alice Tod and that her family lived in Mason county, near Spice Rock, and that that very morning her father and mother and self were on their way to church, and how the Indians had waylaid them, took her captive and killed her father and mother.

captive and killed her father and mother.

The reader knows that John Tod and wife had escaped the Indians, but Alice thought, as was natural that both had been killed.

It was sundown again, continued Mrs. Hutchinson, and we were again moving. The most of the Indians went off in a southeasterly direction, but the big Indian and two or three others and Alice Tod and myself kept our faces fair to the north star. I rode on Doxie but the Indians made Alice walk. Poor girl, she was weak and faint, and sometimes she would stumble and fall. The Indians would laugh, pull her hair and sometimes punch her with a stick to make her get up. At last she fell and though they kicked her and pulled her hair she did not move. I started to go to her but they would not let me. After a minute she came to - for she had fainted and the big Indian lifted her on to Doxie's back and we moved on. I was walking now.

Alice's hands were still tied together and it was hard for her to hold on horseback. Once she would have come off but the big Indian caught her, pushed her back straight, tied her feet together underneath her horse and then we traveled faster.

For some time we had been traveling through a rough, brushy country, and every step we took it got rougher and brushier. We could just see the faintest red in the east when we came to a high rock bluff and a nice running little stream of water. Here we stopped.

"Poor Alice" said Mrs. Hutchinson, "was so faint when we stopped that she was unable to stand without support". I spread a buffalo robe and got her on it. She went to sleep presently but she had fever and waked herself several times by screaming.

At last about noon she got quiet and slept well. I had not



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## ALICE TOD

Continued from previous page

slept a wink since the day before and was glad to get an opportunity to do so.

Shortly before sundown I awoke. Alice was still sleeping but the big Indian rolled a large stone off the bluff near by and it made such a racket that she awoke. She was considerably refreshed but still weak. I told her that if she would walk around a little that she would feel better presently. I helped her to get up and she walked two steps and said she could go no further, and put her hands still tied together against the bluff and leaned her forehead against them. Her wrists were crossed and tied hard and tight with green rawhide which was now hard from the sunshine and cut the blood out of her wrists. While Alice was leaning against the bluff moaning that ugly devil of an Indian passed close to her and kicked her so hard that she fell down flat. And dear folks, I swear it most solemnly, that when her hands were spread out upon the rock bluff the whole print of both hands was left in blood!

It is a fact that at the present day the prints of crossed hands can be seen on the bluff a short distance from Turkey Creek spring. Some who have seen these hand prints, and claim to know, say that they are blood stains. About thirty-five years ago these bloody hand prints were first seen by white men, and they are just as clear and distinct to day as they were then. Every finger is complete, not a single wrinkle is missing. They are perfect - they are the Bloody Handprints of Alice Tod.

Resumed Mrs. Hutchinson, I would have carried Alice and put her back on the Buffalo skin but the Indian drove me away with a big stick.

Away into the night I could hear Alice moaning and crying and I determined to get away from the Indians or die trying. It must have been about one o'clock when I crept to Alice and gently shook her. She was awake and whispered and asked me what I wanted; I told her I was going to get away from the Indians or die trying and that I would help her all I could. She put her arms around my neck and kissed me but said she could not walk to save her life and that I must get away and get the men folks to come and rescue her. I could hardly bear to leave her but then, she could not go and I must. We embraced, she said God bless you and help you my dear and I silently began moving away from the Indian Camp. I crawled through prickly pears, devil catchers, over sharp stones, over hills and hollows and through brush until I was almost scratched and cut to pieces. At last I thought that I could hear chickens crow and listening closely I was certain of it. Once more I felt happy for I knew that somebody lived near and that I was almost safe. After awhile I heard lots of chickens crowing and also heard a dog bark. I can tell you that I was not long in coming here after that.

So ended Mrs. Hutchinson's story.

Alice Tod was never heard of afterwards.

[EDITOR'S NOTE:

Lemon Squeezer was the pen name for an anonymous writer in San Saba around the turn of the century..]

## LLANO EVENTS

- July 4** 6th Annual Chamber of Commerce July 4th Party in the City Park
- July 6** Independence Day Celebration/Fall Creek Vineyard
- July 6&7** 2nd Annual Chamber of Commerce Blow-Out Golf Tournament at City Park. This "Firecracker Classic" Golf Tournament features a Guys & Dolls Four Member Scramble. First place:\$700/Second Place: \$500/Third Place: \$300. Entry Fee: \$60 per Person—\$240 per team. Field limited to the first 40 teams. Each entry includes dinner after Saturday Plan. Entry fee does not include Carts & Mulligans. Carts available at \$16 per 18 holes (Private carts are welcomed). There are other fastastic prizes to win. For more information call 915/247-5100. Send reservations to Ronnie Humphrey, CH 10, Box 34, Llano, TX 78643.
- July 10** Buckle Series Team Roping at the Llano County Arena an the City Park.
- July 27** Castell V.F.D. Bar B-Q
- August 8, 9 & 10** 4th Annual Chamber of Commerce Bluegrass Music Festival
- Llano Riverwalk Theater Group....Presents "Win a 4-wheeler".** Our theater group is raffling a 4-wheeler with trailer. Only 1000 tickets are being sold. \$10. each or 3 for \$25. Contact any member of the group. Or stop by the chamber office.

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## Hill Country Habitats

Friday, July 12, 2 - 10 pm

Begin with an overview of Hill Country geology, hydrology and habitats with regional specialists.

View a Dusk Emergence at one of the region's special-access bat caves. Enjoy a Good Eating in the Heartland picnic supper as you watch thousands of these helpful creatures in flight.

Visit with naturalists in an informal discussion about the research and growing body of knowledge of Central Texas bat populations.

Cost: \$30/person, \$25/friend

## A Crash Course of Hill Country Geology and Hydrology!

Saturday, July 13, 6:30 am - 10:30 pm. Start the morning with a sunrise breakfast at Enchanted Rock! Tour the Llano Uplift from a geologist's perspective.

After lunch at the Fredericksburg Brewing Co., learn about aquifers with a visit to "The Cave Without a Name." On the way back, relax and dine at a local vineyard with a Good Eating in the Heartland supper

Cost: \$80/person, \$70/friend

## Along the Garden Path: Brunch and Conversation at the Fredericksburg Herb Farm.

Sunday, July 14, 10:30 am - 2 pm  
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## THURSDAY JULY 4TH

- 9:30am Children's Parade, Sponsored by Lion Tamers, 2900 Shopping Center
- 10:00am Land Parade, Sponsored by Kingsland Lion Club
- 11:00am American Legion BBQ, American Legion Post 437
- 7:00pm Community Patriotic Concert, Sponsored by Kingsland First Baptist Church, First Baptist Family Life Center

## FRIDAY JULY 5TH

- 9:00am Superplay of Texas opens on Chamber Grounds. Playscape including Ball Pit, Web Crawl, Punching Room, Rope Climb and more!!
- 9:00am Poker Run Sign up on Chamber Grounds til 2PM
- 9:00am Kingsland Aqua Boom Retail Sale, til 5PM
- 9:30am Arts and Crafts show on the Chamber Grounds.
- 9:30am Baby Boomer's Pageant, Chamber Grounds.
- 10:30am Flip-n-swim Youth Dancers, Hot Shotz and Lazers til 11:30AM
- 11:30am Small Wonders Puppet Theatre presents The Rock -N-Roll Review
- 1:00pm MUSIC FEST BEGINS: Larry Salinas and the Country Aires Country meets Modern Top 40. Til 3PM
- 1:00pm Dunking Booth, Come Dunk Your Favorite Personality Chamber Grounds til 3PM
- 4:00pm Llano EMS Fish Fry, Kingsland Community Center til 8PM
- 4:00pm Third Degree - Cajun Zydeco - Hot-N-Spicy Cajun til 6PM
- 4:00pm Poker Run Cards turned in on Chamber Grounds
- 5:00pm Poker Winner announced
- 5:30pm Drawing for Retail Shopping Spree
- 8:00pm FREE Dance and Bad Rodeo til Midnight.


## SATURDAY JULY 6TH

- 12:00pm Lake McQueeney Ski Bees Show 2900 Bridge
- 12:00pm Lion's Club Concession Opens at 2900 Bridge
- 1:15pm Wacky Raft Race, 2900 Bridge
- 2:30pm Timed Slalom Obstacle Course (Jet ski's & Personal Water Craft)
- 3:30pm Water Volleyball Tournament
- 5:30pm Boat Parade, begins at 1431 Bridge
- 7:00pm Lake McQueeney Ski Bees Ski Show 2900 Bridge
- 9:20pm Drawing for 1996 SEA DOO and Tractor announced on KHLB 106.9FM
- 9:30pm FIREWORKS!! 2900 Bridge, Synchronized with Patriotic Music at Bridge and on Radio KHLB

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## "The Envelope Please ...."

BY SONNY SOLIS

Park Superintendent, Enchanted Rock State Natural Area

**S**o you have been waiting for the Central Texas Climbing Club election results? Among our (that would be Sonny and the ERockers) many duties of being mother, father, friend, foe, mediator, security, judge, baby-sitter, rescuer, land stewards, etc., we welcome and are honored to act as election officials in this bi-annual democratic electoral process. So we count, recounted, retro-counted, counted backward, counted by hand, counted by computer, even let my dog Listo Amigo count with his Euclidean background in mathematical analysis. The results of the vote count are detailed below As always anyone of the candidates can "demand" a personal recount of the ballots by request to the election officer (that would be me/S. Solis - aka The Cheetahman) by appointment only.

A special thanks goes to Ross Ferguson (an ERocker) for building the data base and compiling the vote totals. This election year the entire candidate list & vote totals are being released and made public to offset any speculation by the climbing community and users of Enchanted Rock State Natural Area. Congratulations to the "Magnificent 7" ... Mike "The Hammer" Lewis, Keith "Hot Shorts" Guillory, Rick "The Iceman" Watson, Jeff "A Boy & His Dog" Steinmetz, James "The God Father" Crump, Scott "The Woof-man" Harris, & Gail "The T-100" Billings. To all the candidates & those who took the time to vote this was your election, these are now your representatives. To those who did not vote or enter into the process do not complain or whine, you will find no sympathy among those that voice an opinion and follow through with an action plan.

ELECTION RESULTS: From the 93 ballots cast two were disqualified. The top seven candidates are:

|                           |    |
|---------------------------|----|
| Mile Lewis of San Antonio | 68 |
| Keith Guillory of Austin  | 66 |
| Rick Watson of Austin     | 63 |
| Jeff Steinmetz of Austin  | 57 |
| Scott Harris of Austin    | 53 |
| James Crump of Houston    | 49 |
| Gail Billings of Austin   | 46 |

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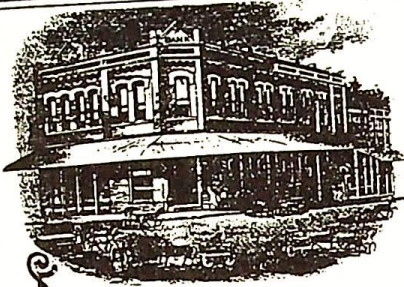
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