

HERITAGE OF THE TEXAS HILL COUNTRY

ENCHANTED ROCK

MAGAZINE

HILL COUNTRY
MAP INSIDE PAGE 13

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

VOL. 3 NO. 6 August, 1996

\$2.00

A TRIBUTE TO
DR. VON HERFF
PART TWO

SISTERDALE

BIGFOOT
Wallace

COWHAND from LLANO



BIRKBE 96

BECKER VINEYARDS OPENS ITS DOORS

Becker Vineyards, the Hill Country's latest estate winery between Stonewall and Fredericksburg, had ample reason to celebrate. Its Grand Opening fell during the 4th of July Celebration, band music, and its first wine "testings" by critics that resulted in plaudits for their initial offerings.

The Becker Vineyards family is composed of Richard, his wife Bunny, daughter Clementine, and sons Will and Joe. Reina Schumann is manager of the tasting room. The weinmeister is Bill Blackmon who joined the vineyard team from a West Texas winery. General manager is Jim Brown who projects that within a year more than 7,000 gallons of Becker Vineyards wines will be offered for sale.

Their vision that began in early in 1992 became a reality during the grand opening when "tours and tasting" began being offered on an every day basis, Monday-Saturday 10am to 5pm and Sundays from 12 noon to 5pm.

Becker Vineyards is located three miles west of Stonewall off highway 290, turning at Jenschke Lane and another turn onto Becker Farms Road.

Most people are not prepared for the massive limestone main building that greets them suddenly. The 10,000 square feet, three story building is an architectural gem designed to replace the original 19th century German stone barn on the farmstead. This building features the largest underground wine cellar in Texas with a storage capacity of 15,000 gallons.

The adjoining buildings include the historic 1880 Peese family log house and a nearby milkhouse. As development proceeds, the Peese Haus will be available for bed and breakfast.

"Our congenial neighbors like to tell us about how they produced wine from the earliest days they arrived from Germany," related Richard Becker. "On our estate is the site of an ancient stand of native mustang grapes which grow wild all over this area. Virtually each family had their own way to make their own wines."

Giant liveoaks, wildflowers, and long grapevine rows complete the enthralling setting in bench land above the Pedernales River in the Stonewall Valley.

The tasting room features antiques, the relaxing comfort of a large stone fireplace, and a hundred-year-old bar that came out of Achtzehn Inn's Green Tree Saloon on South Flores Street in San Antonio. It is here that visitors may sample Becker Vineyard's wines, including its first-produced wine, "Muscat Canelli" that won the "Peoples' Choice" award as the Best Texas White Wine at the KLRN Fine Wine and Cuisine Tasting in Austin recently.

Becker Vineyard's French vinifera grapes were first planted in 1992, including six clones of chardonnay, six clones of cabernet sauvignon, merlot, savignon blanc, and Rhone varieties including viognier, syrah, grenache, and mouvedre. The summer of 1996 harvest includes four acres of viognier, the first commercial harvest of this grape in Texas.

Large tour groups are welcomed but advance notice is appreciated by calling 210-644-2681, fax 210-644-2773, or writing Becker Vineyards, P.O. Box 813, Stonewall Texas 78671-0813.

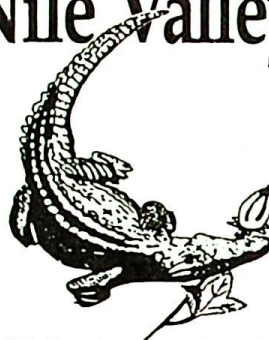
INMAN'S EXXON

FULL and SELF SERVICE
GAS STATION SERVING LLANO
SINCE 1945

915-247-4755

1102 FORD • LLANO, TEXAS 78643

Nile Valley Herbs Inc.



- Fenugreek
- Gum Arabic
- Harjel
- Henna
- Hibiscus
- Senna

**TO YOUR HEALTH
HERBS FOR YOUR BODY, MIND
& SOUL**

1506 Juliet Street • Austin, Texas 78704 • 512-422-6907

BUY • SELL • TRADE

SWAP SHOP

NEW LOCATION

From Kerrville go east on Hwy. 27 (A.K.A. San Antonio Hwy.) exactly 8/10 mile past V.A. Hospital on hill at right. Directly across from Hwy. From the Texas Lions Camp.

**Furniture • Appliances • Tools • Dishes
Books • Antiques • Collectibles**

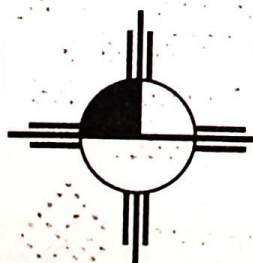
*YOU NAME IT, WE GOT IT! IF WE DON'T
IT AIN'T WORTH HAVING!!*

Open Monday-Saturday 9AM to 6PM • 210-896-4477

BUY • SELL • TRADE

BUY • SELL • TRADE

BUY • SELL • TRADE



Retreat in Rustic Elegance

Indian Mountain Ranch Bed & Breakfast

Between Historic
Glen Rose & Hico

817-796-4060 • FAX 817-796-4090

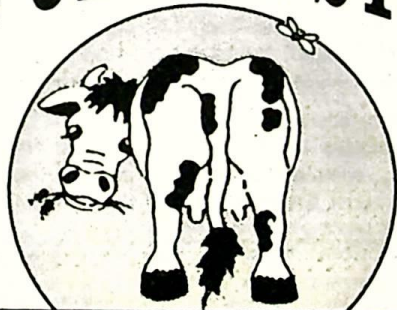
TABLE OF CONTENTS

- 5 GET ON HOME NOW! GO ON!**
Two Men, Two Horses and Three Dogs, by Charles Tischler
- 14 A TRIBUTE TO FERDINAND LUDWIG VON HERFF**
Part Two of a Two Part Biography of the Pioneer German-Texan, by Kenn Knopp.
- 20 SISTERDALE**
A Trip Inside One of the Oldest Communities in the Hill Country, by Ira Kennedy.
- 24 SOME HILL COUNTRY SUMMER DELIGHTS**
A Review on Ice Cream, Barbecue, Wine and Drama, by Marybeth Gradziel.
- 26 THE MAVERICK BRAND AND ANOTHER STORY**
More Down-Home History, Wit, and Wisdom, by L. Kelly Down.
- 28 BIGFOOT WALLACE**
Braveheart in Texas, by Steve Goodson.
- 30 A YOUNG MAN'S DREAMS**
An Interview with Trey Hickman of Willow City, by Rod Hebert.
- 32 A COWHAND FROM LLANO**
An Old-Timer's Account of Youthful Experiences in the Early Days, by Ernest Turbiville.
- 42 LOOKIN' BACK AT LUCKENBACH**
Pondering the Past and Future of an International Landmark, by Beau Burton.



ON THE COVER:
Jes Showin' Off by Buck Burkle.

THE UDDER STORE



NO UDDER LIKE IT IN THE HILL COUNTRY

FISHING LICENSE • FULL LINE OF FISHING TACKLE
LIVE BAIT • GROCERIES • LOTTERY • BEER
WINE • MEAT MARKET • DELI • VIDEO RENTAL

**OPEN: SEVEN DAYS A WEEK
7AM - 9PM**

Phillip & Donna Stewart
915-379-1466



ROUTE 1 BOX 44 • TOW, TEXAS 78672

Crabapple Crossing

COUNTRY STORE • RV SITES • TENT CAMPING

Relax in the shade on
our scenic country
porch and beergarten
to enjoy our
homemade barbecue
and a refreshing
cold drink.

**ROCKIN' the ROCK
Summer Concert Series**

**Saturday August 17th • 9PM
DEBBIE WALTON**



- Oak Shaded Tent Camping Sites along Crabapple Creek
 - RV Sites with Water Hook-up & 30AMP Electricity
 - Hot Showers & Clean Restrooms
 - Camping and Picnic Supplies

CALL FOR OVERNIGHT RESERVATIONS

915-247-4260

HC 9, BOX 39 • LLANO, TEXAS 78643

**ONLY 4 MILES NORTH OF THE
ENCHANTED ROCK PARK ENTRANCE**

ATTENTION ALL WALMART SHOPPERS...

Enchanted Rock Magazine is now available in the periodical section of the store. That's right! The Hill Country's own home-grown monthly has distribution in Walmart stores in Marble Falls, Fredericksburg, San Antonio, Kerrville, San Marcos, Lockhart, Killeen, Hondo, Round Rock, New Braunfels, Seguin, Bastrop, Lampasas, Boerne, Austin, College Station, and Georgetown. That's seventeen towns and twenty eight locations. I know this news may be underwhelming to some folks; but in the circles I run with—Walmartists all—the occasion is right up there with a Pulitzer Prize.

Also on the magazine sales front, there is more good news to report: In addition to Austin distribution through Anderson News/Austin, another distributor, Fine Print Distribution, has agreed to handle our publication. Fine Print has over 2,000 retail accounts in all fifty states, including Barnes & Nobel Bookstores, Bookstop, Bookstar, Doubleday, Scribners and B. Dalton Booksellers, Borders Bookstores, and Hastings Books, Music and Video Stores.

In a recent letter from Christopher Parkman, the Senior Buyer for Fine Print, he wrote: "It has come to our attention that your magazine has been distributed into the Barnes & Noble chain stores. As you may be aware, Barnes & Noble is switching from local wholesalers to direct distributors for all their magazines. As of July 1, 1996, these stores are only accepting shipments from direct distributors like Fine Print Distributors... Dan Beaver, the magazine buyer for Barnes & Noble, requested that I contact you regarding this change. He express a strong interest in continuing to receive your magazine and asked that I offer our services so that your title may still be available to these stores."

Thanks, Dan.

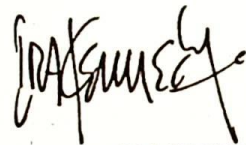
In the past, I worked for the American Botanical Council as art director for their national publication, *HerbalGram*, an 80-page full color quarterly on the medicinal uses of native plants. I remember when Fine Print began distribution for that publication and the resulting boost in subscriptions. *Enchanted Rock Magazine* now has almost 300 subscribers, but we always need more.

On another front, Tenlee and Tom Lund of Boerne have signed on as concessionaires for advertising sales in that community. The Lunds are professional publicity

specialists, and with their assistance distribution of the magazine will become available in Kendall County as well.

All of this is good news not only for *Enchanted Rock Magazine*, but for our advertisers too. I can't think of another publication in the area with distribution and sales in so many communities and business locations.

In the past year, copies of *Enchanted Rock Magazine* have been spread far and wide—from Australia to North Pole, Alaska; and from Russia to Germany. In the coming year we hope not only to be state-wide, but nation wide as well. But we can't do this without the help of advertisers and subscribers. Please, join us in this adventure. And to all of our current advertisers and subscribers, my heartfelt "Thanks." Without your support we wouldn't have made it this far.



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

CAMPFIRE STORIES: L. KELLY DOWN

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: KENN KNOPP

STEVE GOODSON

ADVERTISING SALES: KENN KNOPP

J.L. "SKIP" KNOPP

MARYBETH GRADZIEL

PRINTER: HIGHLAND PUBLISHING

MARBLE FALLS, TEXAS

Although this magazine bears the name "Enchanted Rock," it is not produced by the Texas Parks & Wildlife Department. *Enchanted Rock Magazine* is published monthly. All rights reserved. Unsolicited manuscripts are welcome. All materials, including advertisements, are copyrighted and may not be reproduced without permission from the publisher.

© 1996 *Enchanted Rock Magazine*.

915/247-3708

Get on home now! Go on!

by CHARLES TISCHLER

Otto Friedrich Crenwelge, of Fredericksburg was a rancher, farmer, and drover during the years around the turn of the century.

The Crenwelges lived on a farm about three miles north and west of the town, where they raised all manner of foodstuff and feed, and while the farming and ranching provided most of the needs of the Crenwelges, cash money was never plentiful.

Every once in a while Mr. Crenwelge and his one of his seven sons would ride to several neighboring ranches and to round up goats, sheep, and cattle, sometimes more than a thousand head. Then the man, the boy, two horses and three dogs would start driving the herd to San Antonio, some eighty seven miles south. It was mostly up to the dogs to keep the cattle down in the canyons and moving. The drive took about a week.

After selling the livestock at the Union Stockyards, Crenwelge walked out to where the two horses and three dogs were waiting. He took off their bridles and tied the reins to each saddle horn and attached a note to the saddle that read, "Bitte, Lass' Mein Pferd durch, let my horse through" He then addressed all five animals.

"Alright you dogs and horses! Get on home now! Go on!" The animals turned tail, and started heading north. Within a few days the horses and dogs would show up back at the Crenwelge place in Fredericksburg all alone.

Several days later, having heartily participated in the nightlife and good times of San Antonio, the two men arrived in Fredericksburg by train carrying what money was left from the drive.

LUCKENBACH

EST 1849
TEXAS

Sunday, September 1st
Luckenbach Laborfest
w/Jerry Jeff Walker, Robert Earl Keen
& More. Tix on sale Sat. July 8th thru
STAR Tickets 800-966-7469 2-10 P.M.: \$25

Saturday, Aug. 3rd
Mark David Manders' 2nd
Annual Road Trip from Hell!
9 P.M.\$5

Open 10-9 Sometimes later, 1-9 Sundays
We're on Wednesdays closed. Information: 210-997-3224
From Fredricksburg: Take 290 5 miles East to KOA
Turn right on FM 1376 & drive 4.5 miles & TURN RIGHT

HILL COUNTRY PECAN SMOKED BAR-B-Q

OPEN JAM TUESDAY NIGHTS

LIVE MUSIC!

All aboard for some Kerrville history and a unique taste in legendary Hill Country BAR-B-Q. The old Kerrville railroad depot is the setting—and if you're

a BAR-B-Q expert, you gotta try Choo-Choo's. Slow pecan-smoking provides a flavor and aroma you just won't believe. Slightly sweet. Unbelievably tender.

**615 Schreiner
Kerrville**

**Carry Out
896-4414**



"Don't need no teeth to eat our beef"

Travel & Outdoor Outfitters to the Texas Community since 1969

Clothing • Luggage • Footwear •
Travel Guides • Camping and
Expedition Gear • Fine and
Fun Gifts.

Whole Earth Provision Company

2410 San Antonio St., AUSTIN (512)478-1577 • 2934 S. Shepherd, HOUSTON (713)546-5228
4006 South Lamar, AUSTIN (512)444-9974 • 6560 Woodway Dr, HOUSTON (713)467-0234 • 5400 East Mockingbird Ln, DALLAS (214)824-7444



HARRY'S



COWBOY JUKEBOX REAL BAR-B-QUE

ON THE LOOP

☆ BEER - BBQ - AND MORE ☆

**Unsere Speisekarte koennen
Sie auch in Deutsch haben!**

**INDOOR & OUTDOOR
FAMILY DINING**

CALL FOR BBQ CATERING

OPEN: 11:30 AM - 9 PM WEDNESDAY THRU MONDAY
CLOSED TUESDAY

210/685-3553
WILLOW CITY, TEXAS 78675

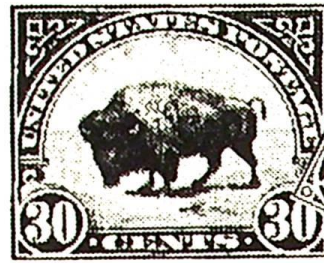
**Thinking of a
Fall Garden?**

The very best is at
Geo Gardens



GEO GROWERS
6300-C Highway 290 West
in Oak Hill
512-892-2722

LETTERS



RE: ALICE TOD

Lemon Squeezer was Mr. Jim Sloan, son of Thomas Alan Sloan and Emma Henderson Sloan, early day settlers of the Sloan Community. Their great-granddaughter, Christine Pool Bessent, lives in the house they built over 100 years ago. This house is very close to the site of the treaty negotiations between the Comanche and John O. Meusebach. Christine and her brother and sister are great-great-grandchildren of John O. Meusebach and own the land where the terms of the treaty were determined.

Lemon Squeezer wrote a news column for Sloan Community for many years.

I Love Enchanted Rock Magazine!
Patsy Marshall Stewart,
Great Granddaughter of
John O. Meusebach

THE ANSWER IS, YES.

A friend gave me a copy of your July Issue. Once I read "The Bloody Hands of Alice Tod" by Lemmon Squeezer, and "Roy Banford Inks—He Lived Life in High Gear" I rated your magazine excellent. By the way, I have a question: Is Inks Lake near Buchanan Dam named after Roy Banford Inks?

Sincerely,
Rev. Pat Marron, Pastor
St. Elizabeth Ann Seton
Catholic Church
Leon Springs, Texas

CRENWELGE
Motors

Chrysler • Plymouth • Dodge • Dodge Truck
Jeep • Eagle • GMC Truck

210-896-4835
301 MAIN • KERRVILLE, TEXAS 78028

CRABAPPLE COMMUNITY ANNUAL HOMECOMING

The St. John Lutheran Community Association of Crabapple (Gillespie County) Texas invites all former members, newcomers, neighbors, and friends to attend the Annual Homecoming Service, Sunday, Sept. 29th, 1996 at 10:30 a.m. at the church at Crabapple.

Following the service, a chicken barbecue and covered dish meal will be served in the Crabapple Community Center Hall. Bring a dish and eating utensils. Drinks will be furnished. A short meeting, fellowship and visitation follow in the afternoon.

Plans for the upcoming 100th Anniversary of the St. John Lutheran Church Building (to be celebrated in 1997) are being formulated. The Planning Committee would like to put together a history booklet of the church, its people, events, lifestyles and achievements. Please pass on the invitation to any former pastors, church members, and/or descendents to write about the adventures, hardships, loyalty, courage, talents, or whatever memories they can contribute to the booklet. For more information, contact any committee member.

Virginia Clark, 23 Sagebiel Ranch Rd., Fredericksburg, TX 78624—210/685-3348

John Oehler, 110 E. Orchard, Fredericksburg, TX 78624—210/997-5385.

Louise Krueger, 146 Keese Rd., Fredericksburg, TX 78624—210/685-3284.

Joe Rusche, 230 Dee St., Fredericksburg, TX 78624—210/997-6218.

Raynell & Mable Wilke, H.C. 61, Box 124, Fredericksburg, TX 78624—210/685-3385

HILL COUNTRY ONE HOUR PHOTO

Horizons Photography

Bring Your Vacation Film To Us!
Receive 10% Off Processing
And All First Time Prints

936 F. Junction Highway
Kerrville, Texas 78028

210/257-2666



VANISHING TEXAS RIVER CRUISE

"The Premier Ecological Tour of Texas"

Experience 2 1/2 hours of Scenic Beauty along the banks of the Colorado River.

Saturday Sunset Dinner Cruise

Call for Reservations
(512) 756-6986 • Lake Buchanan

Specializing in Vintage Time Pieces

DICK DORER



Certified Master Watchmaker

210-997-3320

1-800-997-3321

128 East Main Street • Fredericksburg, Texas 78624

THE EXOTIC

BIRTHDAY PARTIES
FAMILY REUNIONS
CLASS PARTIES

4 MILES NORTH of JOHNSON CITY
on HIGHWAY 281
210-868-4357



RESORT ZOO

OVER 500 ANIMALS

GUIDED TOURS DAILY
PETTING ZOO

PICNIC AREA AVAILABLE

9AM till 7PM • 7 DAYS A WEEK • INQUIRE ABOUT GROUP RATES

The NIGHT RIDERS OF SAN SABA

—FROM THE SAN SABA NEWS. MARCH 10, 1899

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

"We the dark riders of San Saba county do solm swar that if we cant let our hogs go free you shall not have any gras for your cattle and we will so your fields in Jonson gras, so we will give you sixty days to hav it repealed.

We mean biznes."

A MAN WAS BROUGHT INTO THE ACCIDENT HOSPITAL WHO WAS THOUGHT TO BE DEAD. HIS WIFE WAS WITH HIM. ONE OF THE DOCTORS SAID, "HE IS DEAD;" THE MAN RAISED HIS HEAD AND SAID, "NO, I'M NOT DEAD YET," WHEREUPON HIS WIFE ADMONISHED HIM, SAYING, "BE QUIET; THE DOCTOR OUGHT TO KNOW BEST."

—SAN SABA NEWS, JAN. 13, 1899

"I'VE HEARD MY FATHER SAY HE COULD HAVE GOT A LEAGUE OF LAND FOR A PAIR OF BOOTS, BUT HE DIDN'T HAVE THE BOOTS, AND IF HE HAD HAD THEM, HE WOULDN'T HAVE TRADED BECAUSE HE COULD USE THE BOOTS AND THE LAND WAS WORTH NOTHING."

—A.F. MOSS
LLANO COUNTY, TEXAS

The above notice was found posted on the Sloan road near Cal Montgomery's residence. This is a pretty play in a civilized community. The devil who will be a party in giving such a notice will shoot you from the bush, will steal anything he can get his hands on, will perjure himself, and do anything that is low down and mean. The penitentiary is his home and the sooner he gets there the better for the community in which he lives. All good citizens will gladly aid in seeing that he gets a free pass to his future home.

Several fires were started in different pastures last week. Every circumstance seems to point to some individual or individuals as purposely putting these fires out. Many were fully persuaded, that the fires did not get out in the ordinary manner, but they did not absolutely know it until Monday morning when three notices were found posted between San Saba and this place. These notices are to the effect that if pasture men don't let hogs run in their pastures that their grass will be burned.

Putting it in plain English it means this. "You fellows that have pastures and cattle must whack up with us, give us a part of what you have or by thunder we'll take it all!" These notices are signed, "Night Riders." A man that will wilfully burn another's grass will, having an opportunity, burn a house, in fact, he will hesitate at no wrong doing so far as he is not afraid. He has the anarchist spirit in him and it is only his laziness, or cowardice, that restrains him from the worst crimes of anarchy. Years ago men were forbidden to fence land with wire and if they did fence it was cut down. But law and order must prevail. Right may be thrown to the ground for a time but it must and will rise again. The same principle is involved now that was in the wire cutter's day. We have the same man with us today that we had then. He no longer cuts wire but he burns grass. Wrong doers have been caught up with and brought to justice. What has happened may happen again.

Yours for law, order and justice.

—Lemon Squeezer
(Jim Sloan)

FOUND IN MENARD

—FROM THE MASON HERALD, 1902

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

The mineral is a clay formation of different colors, but principally in a red. Yellow and pink can be seen in the mine, which is a tunnel running on a level from the mouth and at different angles. This tunnel is about 240 feet

deep and cut from 4 to 10 feet wide by 6 to 15 feet deep, principally thru this clay formation. The top of this tunnel is black dirt that seems to have been wet, in time, and dried which makes a hard stuff like adobe. Under this is a layer of pulverized stuff darker in color, about 6 inches thick.

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

The ALL AMERICAN COWBOY GET-TOGETHER

Cowboy singers, cowboy poets, chuckwagon cooks, western artist and craftsmen and people who love our western culture are gathering in Bandera from all across American for two days of continuous entertainment, plus the chance to buy, sell, and swap a variety of western products and collectibles. Spectators will also have the chance to eat a delicious meal, cooked over hot coals at any one of the several wagons in the chuckwagon cook-off.

The All American Cowboy Get-Together will feature singers and poets from as far away as California, Idaho, Arizona, New Mexico and all over Texas. Headlining the musical performances will be the very entertaining cowboy harmony group, Spirit of Texas, along with the popular Hays County Gals. The event will be held Saturday, August 31st and Sunday, September 1st from 10:00 a.m. to 7:00 p.m. as a benefit for the Bandera Junior Livestock Show Association.

With a ranch rodeo Saturday

SADDLE PALS

By Graham Ward



night, a Bull Riding Sunday, and seven clubs in Bandera where good boot scooting music by live bands will be going on, Bandera looks like the place to be for cowboy fun on Labor Day weekend. For more information about the All American Cowboy Get-Together phone Rudy Robbins at 210/796 3269.

I HAVE ESTABLISHED A DAILY STAGE LINE FROM GOLDTHWAITE TO SAN SABA. WILL LEAVE GOLDTHWAITE AT 8:30 A.M. AND ARRIVE AT SAN SABA AT 12:30 P.M. WILL LEAVE SAN SABA AT 3 P.M. AND ARRIVE AT GOLDTHWAITE AT 7 P.M. WILL CARRY EXPRESS PACKAGES EITHER WAY AS LOW AS POSSIBLE. FARE EACH WAY \$1.

-J.H. MULLIGS

-SAN SABA NEWS, MARCH 17, 1899

GRAPE STOMPIN "TEXAS STYLE"

Come on out to Hill Country Cellars' 6th Annual Grape Stomp. We will be gathering on Saturday, August 24 from noon to 8 p.m. and Sunday, August 25 from noon to 6 p.m. Lots of fun, food, artisans, crafts, plus live music by Ponty Bone and the Squeezetones to be enjoyed by all. This event is for the whole family to enjoy. Categories in the Grape Stomp

will be divided into youth, adult and pairs. Show your hidden talents as you stomp those grapes "Texas Style" to Cajun music.

Admission is free! Take a short drive north on Hwy 183 just past FM 1431. The Winery will be on the right. Call for more information any day from noon to 5 p.m. at 512/250-2000

THE LLANO GUN, KNIFE & INDIAN
ARTIFACTS SHOW WILL BE HELD ON
AUGUST 10TH & 11TH AT THE AMERICAN
LEGION HALL ON BESSEMER STREET. ON
SATURDAY THE EVENT WILL BE FROM 9 A.M.
TO 6 P.M.—ON SUNDAY FROM 9 A.M. TO 4 P.M.
ADMISSION IS \$4—CHILDREN UNDER 12 ARE
FREE WITH PARENTS.

THE NATIONAL COWBOY SYMPOSIUM &
CELEBRATION OF THE CULTURE OF THE
AMERICAN COWBOY WILL TAKE PLACE AT
THE LUBBOCK MEMORIAL CIVIC CENTER
SEPTEMBER 5 THROUGH 8TH. FROM A
PARADE OF HORSES TO COWBOY CULTURE
AWARDS HOSTED BY BARRY CORBIN. IT'S ALL
HAPPENING IN LUBBOCK. THERE'S A LITTLE
OF EVERYTHING: A COWBOY DANCE, COWBOY
POETS, SONGS, STORIES, AND FOOD; A
CHILDREN'S COWDOG SHOW, CHUCKWAGON
COOK-OFF, CELEBRITY TEAM ROPING. PLUS
WESTERN ARTS AND ARTISTS.

SAVE TEXAS CEMETERIES NOW!

by Karen R. Thompson

As we race ever closer to the year 2000, I ponder what condition our historic Texas cemeteries will be in. After all, that is only four years away! It is obvious we have neglected this vital part of our Texas heritage.

My concern is for all burial sites—not just our well-known heroes of San Jacinto and noted pioneers from the "Old 300," although those are very important—but all of our Texans make up the rich tapestry that we call Texas.

Cemeteries represent our past in all areas of life, every race and culture, every religion and economic background. We have not discriminated: We have neglected them all!

No government entity in Texas is charged with the protection and restoration of our cemeteries. There is no one to call for help.

Help must come from us, each of us!

We need better laws - and folks to enforce them. We must let every official in Texas know that we are concerned about the loss of our heritage.

We have organized Save Texas Cemeteries, Inc. and some of the areas we are working on include: An inventory of every cemetery in Texas and establishing a computer database; a newsletter, "The Gravestone Speaks," to keep better informed. There will also be a hotline to report problems, help stop destruction and neglect. Another goal is to have a STC county chairperson in every county to provide taxation, legislation, deeds, and surveys...etc. For a membership application see page 46. For an STC program, speaker, or for further information contact:

Karen R. Thompson, 7203 South Ute Trail, Austin, Texas 78729—(512) 258-5688. Fax (512) 258-7116.

THE LODGE
AT
TURKEY COVE
A Waterfront Hideaway

Stars on the
water.....

August 3rd - *Wraggle Taggle Gypsies*
August 10th - *Al Barlow*
August 17th - *TBA*
August 24th - *Thad Beckman*
August 31st - *Terry Hendrix*
CD Promo Party - Two Dollar Shoes
September 7th - *Wraggle Taggle Gypsies*
7PM to 10PM, ON THE PATIO, NO COVER

OCTOBER is the perfect time to get away for a couple of days

As fall descends upon the Texas Hill Country the beauty and serenity of Canyon Lake begins to glow in a splendor unlike any other. A special atmosphere calms the senses and gives wing to tranquillity. To make it more special we are offering our guests premium rates and dinner for two in our own HomeWaters Restaurant.

Your 2 night stay at the Lodge in October includes dinner for two

ONLY \$125.00

(Add \$25.00 for Kitchenettes)

...quite a deal for a quiet get away at the most beautiful lodge on the lake. Book your stay early, you will be glad you did. (Based on double occupancy. Does not include room taxes, gratuity for waitstaff, or alcoholic beverages with the meal. Normal room rates apply for single night stays. Subject to availability.)

2386 Colleen • Canyon Lake, Texas 78133 • 210-899-2744

HOMEWATERS
Casual Lakefront Dining

Country-rocker Jerry Jeff Walker will host the First Luckenbach Laborfest over the Labor Day holiday weekend on Sunday, September 1. The outdoor show will also feature performances by Junior Brown, Jack Ingram, Robert Earl Keen, Charlie Robinson, and Todd Snider. Tickets are on sale state-wide through Star Tickets (512-469-SHOW or 1-800-966-SHOW) on Monday, July 8. Jerry Jeff's performance is sponsored by Miller Lite Beer.

The show will be co-hosted by Jerry Jeff and Austin comedian Kerry Awn, and is designed as a family-style entertainment, featuring booths, armadillo races and carnival type attractions. Food and Beverages will be for sale on site.

Jerry Jeff Walker himself needs little introduction to music fans. The author of the pop music standard, "Mr. Bojangles" and hundreds of other songs, Jerry Jeff has become an iconic figure in Texas music. A resident of Austin since 1971, Walker continues to tour coast-to-coast and internationally, singing the praises of Austin, the Hill Country and all things Texan.

A benchmark of the mid Seventies "progressive country" era in Texas music, the album was recorded live in the Luckenbach dancehall and featured songs (including "Gettin by," "Sangria Wine," "Desperados Waiting for a Train," "London Homesick Blues" and "Up Against the Wall Redneck Mother" which are still staples of Jerry Jeff's concert sets, and singalong favorites of two generations of fans.

Twenty years later, in 1993, Jerry Jeff and the Gonzo Compadres returned to the Luckenbach dancehall to record an anniversary album, Viva Luckenbach, for his own Tried & True Music independent record label. Jerry Jeff's 27th album, Scamp, will be released by T&TM this fall.

His performance at Luckenbach Laborfest is part of a year-long promotion between Jerry Jeff and Miller Lite Beer, and is part of his "Life Is Good" concert tour.

LABORFEST INFORMATION:

Time: 2 pm to 10 pm (Gates open at 12 noon)

Venue: Luckenbach, Texas (Outdoor Stage)...NOTE... There will NO access to the town of Luckenbach except for ticket holders.

Parking: Parking on site, for a \$2 fee

Tickets: Available through Star Tickets

JERRY JEFF WALKER TO HOST THE FIRST LUCKENBACH LABORFEST



JERRY JEFF WALKER AND THE GONZO COMPADRES: L-R, JOHN INMON, BOB LIVINGSTON, FRED KRC. LLOYD MAINES, JERRY JEFF WALKER

(512-469-SHOW or 1-800-966-SHOW) and Luckenbach, Texas (210-997-3224), beginning on Monday, July 8. Tickets are \$25 (plus service charge) general admission. Note -- Tickets are required for all children over age five.

Restrictions: YOU CAN BRING -- still cameras, blankets, lawn chairs.

YOU CANNOT BRING -- Weapons, fireworks, ice chests, video recorders, audio recorders, pets, alcohol, or soft drinks... NOTE Water, food, and beverages will be available for sale on site.

Camping: None available on site; there is a KOA nearby at the intersection of U.S. 290 and FM 1376; for lodging information contact 210-997-6523.

JOIN THE WILD CAVE TOURS EVERY SATURDAY AND SUNDAY IN AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER AT COLORADO BEND STATE PARK. THE CRAWLING TOUR TAKES YOU THROUGH SEVERAL RELATIVELY SMALL AND PROGRESSIVELY MORE DIFFICULT CAVES. THE WALKING TOUR TAKES YOU TO GORMAN CAVE. THE TOUR STARTS AT 9:15 A.M. SATURDAYS AND SUNDAYS FOR WALKING TOURS AND 1:30 P.M. SATURDAYS FOR CRAWLING TOURS, RESOURCES AND WEATHER PERMITTING. \$10 PER PERSON FOR WALKING TOUR AND \$15 PER PERSON FOR CRAWLING TOUR, RESERVATIONS REQUIRED: 915/628-3240.

ROCKIN' THE ROCK SUMMER CONCERT SERIES

Debbi Walton is the fourth band performing in a series of live concerts at Crabapple Crossing Store on August 17th, just four miles north of Enchanted Rock State Natural Area. The concerts, labeled the **Rockin' the Rock Summer Concert Series**, is free to the public at the Crabapple Crossing Store in their new biergarten on the back porch overlooking beautiful Crabapple Creek.

The event is being sponsored by 107.9 FM KFAN, d&h productions, Mountain Valley Springwater, Crabapple Crossing Store and *Enchanted Rock Magazine*. The store will feature cold beer, hot Texas BBQ and cool Texas blues, as well as campsites being available along the creek.

The store is open all day, the music begins at 9 pm. The final concert in the series will be The Samurai Surfers on August 31st.

THE HIGHLAND LAKES BEST KEPT SECRET

ANTIQUES PLUS
1000 HIGHWAY 1431 WEST
MARBLE FALLS 210-693-3301

BEYOND BEYOND
CORNER OF HWY 2147 & HORSESHOE BAY BLVD.
210-598-2250

CAROL'S COTTAGE
108 MAIN STREET, MARBLE FALLS
210-693-7668

COPELAND'S ANTIQUES
903 2ND STREET/SECOND & MAIN
MARBLE FALLS, 210-693-1106

HISTORIC HARDIN-USSERY HOUSE
700 NORTH MAIN STREET
MARBLE FALLS, 210-693-8401

MAIN STREET EMPORIUM
204 MAIN STREET, MARBLE FALLS
210-693-7037

BETTY O'CONNER ANTIQUES
416 MAIN STREET, MARBLE FALLS
210-693-5482

PAST & PRESENTS
212 MAIN STREET, MARBLE FALLS
210-693-8877

STAR OF TEXAS
202 MAIN STREET, MARBLE FALLS
210-693-8547

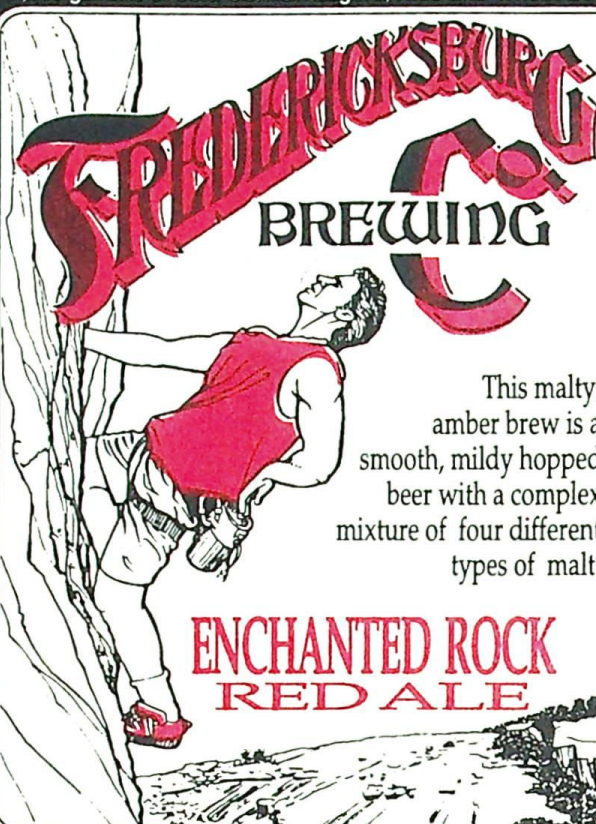
POMEGRANATES
115 MAIN STREET, MARBLE FALLS
210-693-8975

MICHAEL'S SODA FOUNTAIN & ANTIQUES
216 MAIN STREET, 210-693-4250

**THE MARBLE FALLS
& HORSESHOE BAY
ANTIQUA DEALERS ASSOCIATION**

7,000 gallons of cold German Lagers, Ales and Wheat Beers.

Old Restaurant and bar amongst ten bright copper and stainless vessels.



Rock Fireplace, enclosed Bier garden, seating for over three hundred.

This malty, amber brew is a smooth, mildy hopped beer with a complex mixture of four different types of malt.

**ENCHANTED ROCK
RED ALE**

Lodging in twelve "Bed and Brew's" (B&B's) above the brewery.
245 East Main • Fredericksburg, Texas 78624 • 210-997-1646

BECKER VINEYARDS

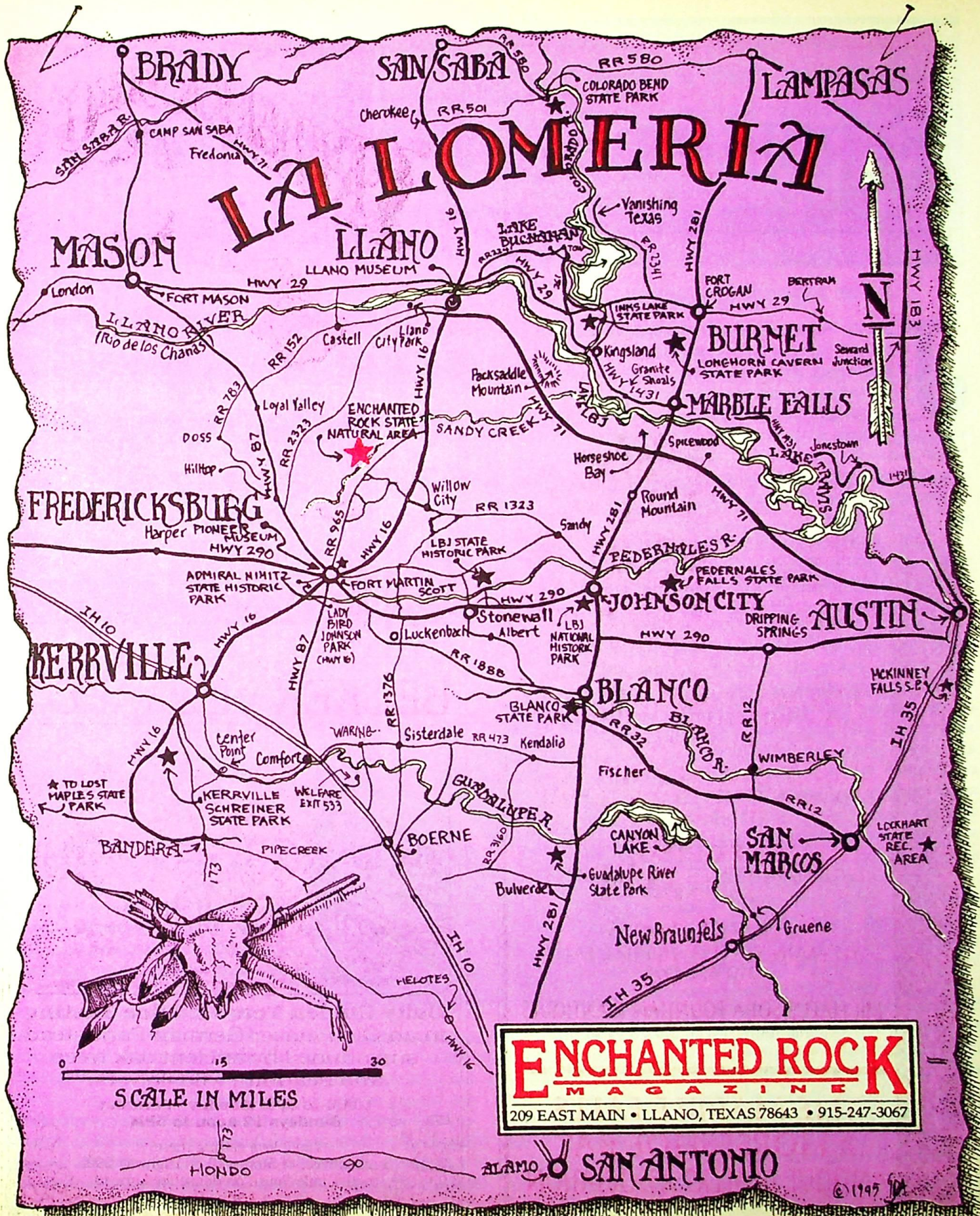


Daily Guided Tours & Wine Tasting
in an Old Pioneer German Farmstead
surrounded by ancient oak trees
and beautiful wild flowers.

10AM to 5PM Monday - Saturday
Sundays 12 noon to 5PM

You'll love getting there:
3 miles West of Stonewall on Highway 290,
then 1 mile South on Jenschke Lane to
Becker Farms Road.

210-644-2681



LA LOMERIA

ENCHANTED ROCK
MAGAZINE
209 EAST MAIN • LLANO, TEXAS 78643 • 915-247-3067

SCALE IN MILES

PART TWO OF TWO PARTS

A TRIBUTE TO FERDINAND LUDWIG VON HERFF

PIONEER GERMAN-TEXAN NATURALIST & SURGEON.....HEALER & INDIAN PEACE KEEPER

by KENN KNOPP

Dr. Herff Helps Found the First German-Latin Settlement: "Bettina am Llano"

John O. Meusebach and Dr. Ferdinand Herff had both by now become, if not exactly trusting of one another; enthusiastic about their mutual goals—to find freedom and unfettered opportunity in the new land called Texas. It is said that the two might have been distant relatives and were not too keen about each other. Both immediately saw that "titles" such as Baron, or Von Herff, would inevitably be problematic, even ludicrous, within the boundaries of this new, roughshod, daring-and-do "Lone Star State".

The "pride" every German years for—seems to occur almost with the first breath of the fresh Texas air upon stepping on a Texas dock. Or, if not that quickly, it is the effect of the sheer expanse of the woods, the vast plains, lakes of beautiful wildflowers and the awesome mystery of the granite mountains, fertile valleys, and wild game galore just about everywhere. For the German compressed into a comparatively small country in Central Europe, experiencing "Texas"—can be a stunning moment of awesome surprise and exhilaration.

They both soon dropped their royal titles in Texas; which proved to serve them well. Baron Otfried Hans von Meusebach changed his name to John O. Meusebach; Dr. Ferdinand Ludwig von Herff began using Dr. Ferdinand Herff, of course keeping the medical doctor designation to signal that his mission was to be at the ready for those in need of medical attention. "Dr. or M.D." had no connection with royalty!

The Vierziger—the Forty (liberals who were paid to get out of Germany for favoring democracy)—led for the third way station to the main land grant above the Llano River. Two previous way stations were established successfully: New Braunfels (1845) and Friedrichsburg (1846).

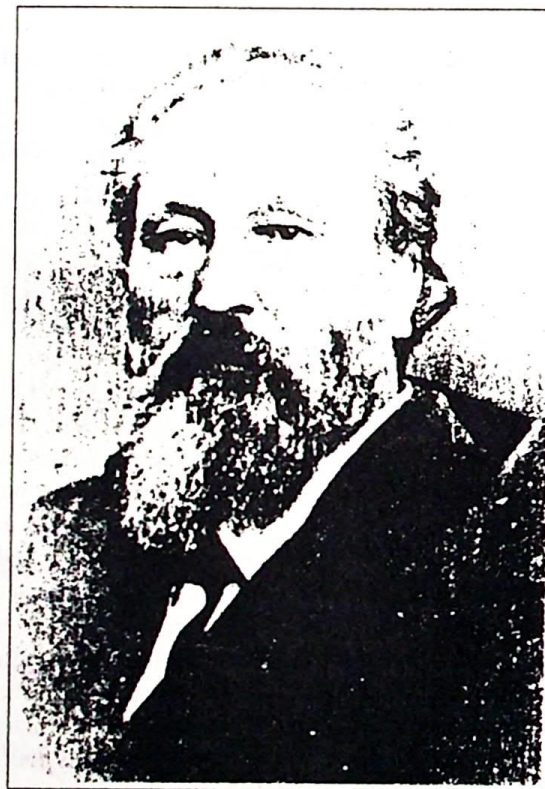
14 ENCHANTED ROCK MAGAZINE

They founded a new town in 1847 and it named Bettina on the Llano; or in German, Bettina am Llano, as a tribute to controversial but admired (only by the likes of the Vierziger, that is), Miss Bettina von Armin. She was one of Germany's first and foremost feminist-activists who authored books and gave lectures on the kind of democratic social justice that the Vierziger likewise envisioned for all. Bettina von Armin was also famous, perhaps infamous, because of her rather curious relationship with the heralded German poet, Goethe. Goethe, however, was able to keep everyone's spirits up, royals and agitators alike.

The Peace Treaty between the Germans and the Comanches was also achieved as Bettina was being settled. Bettina, on the Llano River, was now the closest German village to the Comanche headquarter camp, on the San Saba River. It was time that things began to happen to test it all out. Meusebach and others from Friedrichsburg, and perhaps Dr. Herff and others from Bettina, traveled from Bettina to points beyond with no trouble at all from the Indians. But then, the Indians would do their testing, too. The treaty assured both sides that they could all come and go as they pleased, do business, and ask for help. None has told the story on Herff better than Meusebach's granddaughter, Irene Marschall King:

"Just after Bettina was settled, Dr. Ferdinand von Herff, a surgeon in the colony successfully removed a cataract from the eye of a chieftain. A great oak tree served as an umbrella for the operation. The Indian chief was nonplused when Dr. Herff would not accept an Indian girl brought as a token of gratitude."(4)

Sometime later as more settlers arrived from Germany,



DR. FERDINAND LUDWIG VON HERFF
(1820-1912)

Meusebach, Herff, Spiess and others selected the exact site for a companion village for Bettina three miles West, also along the Llano River. It was named, probably at Meusebach's suggestion, Castell, in honor of Count Carl Castell one of the most enthusiastic and ardent workers in the Adelsverein. Castell survives to this day and is a spectacularly beautiful and peaceful little village. It even has a sister city in Germany, too, also by the name of Castell, in to honor of the count.

Other communities they founded under "communal" or quasi-communistic principles were Leiningen, Meerholz, and Schoenburg. They were not far apart which enabled them to create a type of buffer zone just in case one village might come under some kind of health contagion or threat of attack by desperadoes, white, brown, or red.

But it did not take long for the "one for all, all for one" ideal of the smooth-palmed, utopians to peter out. And, the Indians had their mavericks too. Bettina's most dependable and hardest worker, Peter Bub, was ambushed and scalped as he was enroute to Friedrichsburg to purchase winter provisions. This incident alarmed the Germans on the Llano, indelibly frightening them, and waking them up to the inescapable fact of the existence of outlaws and renegades no matter where one lives and on all sides.

The Native Americans and the ever increasing German Texans, New Americans (such as the Scotch-Irish, Mexicans, et al), would cause such things as the Peter Bub killing to happen so as to apply "eye for eye, tooth for tooth" revenge by taking justice into their own hands.

Die Vierziger and their followers could not have been more ill-suited in their new role as pioneers. Had they been really concerned about the proletariat (the working class), they would have brought some along, especially farmers. But they didn't. Such work was way beyond their ken, try as a few of them did. Also, they did not set up a police force or authorize town Strongmen to "make" them work or suffer the consequences. No doubt, they started blaming each other for what needed to be done; but to no avail. It was useless to call in Meusebach, the Texas Vereiner Commissioner General as well. This was the Free State of Texas now--specially away out in the sticks of the Hill Country. State or Federal garrisons had not yet been set up yet. All too many of the German Texans had quickly learned the comeback: "Sez who?"

The one who was the busiest all the time was Dr. Herff, especially with the Indians who were amazed by him and who flocked to him with their illnesses, cuts, bruises, broken limbs and operations. Dr. Herff and the others were mystified. To their amazement they discovered that the squaw was in reality a captured Mexican girl. She eventually became the admired wife of Hermann Spiess. Dr. Herff's closest friend and associate.

In the meantime, Dr. Herff was given the singular privilege of witnessing how the Indians treated wounds and infections by first cleaning them with fresh water and then placing packs of healthy river algae on the wounds followed by spiritual incantations and ceremony. For this event the doctor would be forever grateful and would pass on this information to colleagues, his children and their children. It made the trip to Bettina and the New World adventure all the more worthwhile; for there were no antibiotics at that time.

Shortly thereafter, the pie-in-the-sky listlessness of most of the Vierziger and their penchant for wine, ramblings—much of the

Just after Bettina was settled, Dr. Ferdinand von Herff, a surgeon in the colony successfully removed a cataract from the eye of a chieftain. A great oak tree served as an umbrella for the operation. The Indian chief was nonplused when Dr. Herff would not accept an Indian girl brought as a token of gratitude.

time in Latin—into the theory of theories, forced all the villages to go tilt and shut down slowly but surely within a year of their arrival. The village of Castell was an exception. Soon they would have to earn, buy or raise their own provisions. The thought made them shudder.

All along, Dr. Herff had only one vivid memory of Germany that constantly haunted him—his girlfriend. While a few of the settlers decided to stay on the Llano River, others such as Gustav Schleicher went to Friedrichsburg and then to San Antonio where he was elected to the Texas House of Representatives. Hermann Spiess assisted John O. Meusebach loyally throughout the German Hills Before living in New Braunfels. The idea of inhabiting the Fisher-Miller Land Grant from the Llano to the Concho began to disappear; and ultimately was abandoned after the Adelsverein shut down within the year from internal bickering in Germany and mishandling or stealing of funds. Few of the royals forked over the financial backing they so readily promised. But for more than twenty years thereafter Germans toiled to provide the necessary means in order to make the voyage to Texas on their own, with or without official permission.

Dr. Herff packed his bags, informed the Indians he was going to get his wife so they would not have to worry about him anymore for not having one. He assured them he would be back. He arrived in Friedrichsburg, rested and said good-bye to his friends there at least for a full day with a good night's sleep. But he was happy to leave because of the troubles brewing between a certain Dr. Schubbert there and the town's leaders and ever increasing citizenry. He returned to Germany to pursue his true love. Mathilde Klingelhofer. They married in short order. That he had come so far for her shattered any doubts she may have had about their relationship. It would be forever!

Germany then was in the thick of rebellion against the monarchy by the proletariat and the idealists. This time it was not just marching, singing, and hold up signs. It was shooting at each other. The young couple, Ferdinand and Mathilde, made their plans to go to Texas to live where the peace and the West had already been won; or at least more so than what was happening in the turmoil of Germany and Austria.

However, he never resigned as a physician in the military just in case he decided to return to Germany and stay. Suddenly he was

snapped up to serve during a short-term emergency. What he went through there ended any doubt about where he would live and raise his family—Texas. He knew it would be years and years yet before Germany would be united. The royals and their enemies would never resolve their difference peacefully. He had a family to raise. He knew that his friends and the State of Texas desperately needed his services. He had much more medical discoveries to come across and to apply. He was 28 years old at that time. The year 1848.

Returning from the areas of conflict the surgeon went to Darmstadt, where he and his wife carefully tended to inheritances and gathered in their funds as they could. Their voyage was pleasant. But the shock of the crudeness of the dock at Indianola and the long brutal ox-cart ride to the New Braunfels waystation sent shivers down Mathilde's spine. But the voyage on the whole and ever present sparkling gleam in the eye of her beloved was nevertheless worth whatever she must do to remain a part of it all.

Having sold his land in Bettina prior to making the trip back to fetch Mathilde in Germany, Herff was now keeping his eyes and ears open, and chin up, in locating a place to make their home. Again, Dr. Herff's services were in critical need, everywhere, since fevers and cholera, occasional Indian attacks, accidents, and Texan against Texan brawls and shootings were on-going. At the same time, the charming Mathilde was becoming a fine housewife and gained many girlfriends with whom to chatter in German, reminisce, and sew within the quilting circles of New Braunfels. They stayed put there as the news of his medical practice being there attracted Germans and others from all directions of the Hill Country. Many in Friedrichsburg, too, made the arduous trip to New Braunfels, to avoid having to deal with the infamous Dr. Schubbert in Friedrichsburg.

THE HERFFS DECIDE TO SETTLE IN SAN ANTONIO AND BOERNE

Eventually Herff's friendship with Gustav Schleicher resumed in San Antonio. After taking Mathilde for a look-see in San Antonio, they also met up with other Bettina associates which cemented their decision to move to San Antonio. Old buddy Hermann Spiess was there, too, after the Texas Verein ceased to exist. Even John O. Meusebach married a countess in New Braunfels and they made their home in Comanche Springs, now taken over by Camp Bullis on the outskirts of San Antonio.

Letters by Dr. Herff to his partners in 1847 and 1849 have been preserved and were given to the Boerne Area Historical Preservation Society by a descendant, Juanita Herff Chipman in 1980. These letters were published in full in the historical vignettes of Boerne area historian Garland A. Perry who has permitted these observations to be made:

Dr. Herff was quite upset that this stock (investment shares) in the Adelsverein went up in smoke when the German royals, one by one, declared their venture hopeless because the royals were not able to enforce German-style monarchism in Texas. While the letters show that Dr. Herff was bitter about the royals renegeing on their promises by withdrawing their financial support, he was nevertheless eternally grateful to them for enticing him to leave Germany. In Texas he found freedom and fulfillment.

He considered the following persons arrogant, cheating scoundrels....but credited them with eventually overcoming such traits and rising above such reputations: once they were able to

shake themselves free from the influence and control of the German monarchists and their lackeys: Baron von Meusebach, who became John O. Meusebach in Texas; Darmstadters by the names of Hans and Hesse; Hermann Spiess, the Adelsverein's last commissioner before going bankrupt; and Gustav Schliecher, who went into politics. For awhile Dr. Herff avoided these latter two, but eventually, as he did with the others, forgave them since the Adelsverein's Emigration mess was as hard to unravel as a ball of twisted twine.

The move to San Antonio would be accomplished soon. In the meantime, word spread throughout the German Hills that Herr Doctor Herff, the fine surgeon, was again in their midst. Patients came steadily into New Braunfels from throughout the area including Friedrichsburg and the village of Austin. They would simply prepare for the move to San Antonio very carefully and gradually.

There was great joy when the Herffs became the parents of a baby boy they named John to honor a forebearer. The birth delayed their moving, but in April of 1850 they moved to their new home along the San Antonio River. They were well aware of the realities of the very diverse ethnicity of a growing but depression ravaged San Antonio with a population just short of 10,000. Yes, there were plenty of patients, and most were very poor. There were other more established physicians, too. Sometimes the competition was not nice. Professional jealousy was rampant.

Mathilde often soothed her worries over finances by singing as she played her treasured piano. One day she was asked to give piano and voice lessons. That opportunity brought in the extra pennies to tide them over the financial hump. Dr. Herff's practice slowly improved as he buckled down and persisted. Two years later in 1852 a second son, Ferdinand Herff II, was born.

Herff's knowledge of Indian dialects proved most helpful. Once the Indians found about it, he again became busy with surgical operations, including the removal of cataracts. It did not take long when even Texas Rangers came to the doctor with their medical needs. From then on his San Antonio practice was set. In 1854 a third son, Charles was welcomed into the household. The youngest learn naturally when they have so many older siblings around. In the Herff house English, German, Spanish, and French were taught and spoken, and probably punctuated with an occasional interesting expression in Indian dialect.

DR. HERFF'S SURPRISE VISITOR FROM WUERTEMBERG!

From the archives of Duke Paul Wilhelm von Wuerttemberg is a notion that he stopped for a visit in San Antonio on April 1, 1849. In his diary he then adds that the next place on his itinerary was New Braunfels. This was time when Ferdinand and Mathilde were still living in New Braunfels but were also in the process of moving into the home they had bought in San Antonio some time earlier.

The duke mentions his visit the Protestant clergyman of New Braunfels, the Rev. Louis Cachand Ervendberg. Cholera had ravaged the area few years prior. Families were decimated, now contending with extremes of heat and cold, travel fatigue, and lack of vital, varied nutrients—with antibiotics yet undiscovered: orphans were multiplying. Both the Ervendberg and Herff were deeply preoccupied seeing to critical needs of the children in the Waisenhaus (Orphans Home) and other survivors of the area who were struggling to just get by.

Rev. Ervendberg was deeply concerned with scientific farming

and the collecting of specimens. New Braunfels historian, Everett Anthony Fey maintains that those who knew Ervendberg and his endeavors feel that he deserves an honorable place in the company of the naturalists of the Texas frontier. (5) Rev. Ervendberg collaborated closely with Ferdinand Lindheimer, the master, in these endeavors. Therefore it is not surprising that Duke Paul would be eager to visit with Ervendberg, Lindheimer, and Herff.

Irene Marschall King, recalls her grandfather meeting Duke Paul. She also makes a point in her book that the real destination, after visiting San Antonio, New Braunfels and Friedrichsburg was Sisterdale. This was the place for the particularly learned or more intellectually inclined German such as Herff who was more pleased and fulfilled in this community. She writes:

"Sisterdale was called the "Queen City of the Guadalupe" because of the quality of graciousness that emanated from her people. Visitors came to the community while it flowered during the 1850's; among them was Prince Paul of Wuerttemberg, a botanist."

Duke Paul then made his way to what he refers to as "the little village of Austin". He then travels to Galveston, staying at the Hotel Fremont before setting sail on the SS Louisiana headed for New Orleans and back to Germany. (7)

"THE GERMAN-TEXAN FRIENDSHIP TRAIL 1845-1855"

The State of Texas at Large Leans Toward Secession - The Civil War Horrors Approach

The Texas Rangers were composed primarily of Anglos who had come to Texas from the Southern states and settled at first in far North and East Texas, such as Nacogdoches, Harrisburg which became Houston, Galveston, Dallas, Waco, and the eventual Capital of the state, Austin. The Old South caste system, a sloppy version of the English monarchy, of classes of people and the legality of indentured slavery made Dr. Herff sick at his stomach. As for Dr. Herff "high class" and being rich was okay; but those finding themselves in such a position must also be at the service of those not so fortunate.

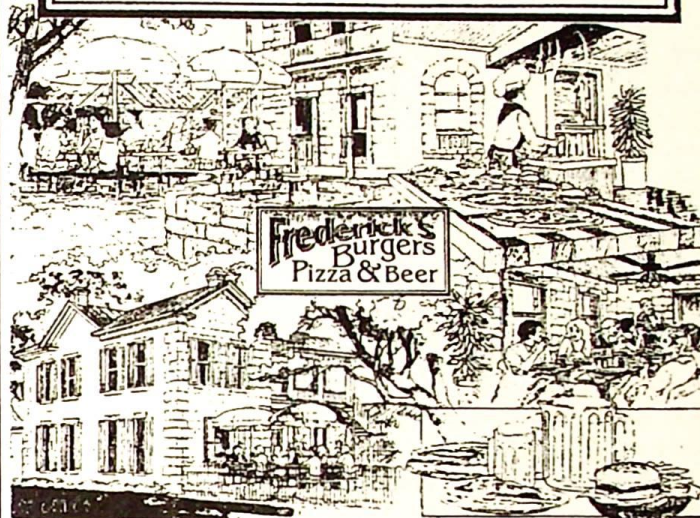
He and most of his German friends decided they should try to stay as neutral as possible rather than buck the tide. That's what he did in Germany too. They even agreed not to downgrade Southern values: slavery, segregation, and the secession movement publicly. The way they actually voted was another thing. Because the German vote against secession was too heavy through the region, all Germans were held in suspicion when the state vote approved secession and the mobilization of the military against the Union.

Dr. Herff, confronted with yet another catastrophe, busied himself by continuing to treat everyone, Unionist or Confederate. He even tolerated the Texas Rangers, actually now Confederate troops, when they took over part of beloved ranch near Boerne, the family's favorite getaway retreat. The Rangers even built a prison camp on the property. Those who stood their ground and refused to serve the Confederacy were brutalized and murdered.

Still it would be General Robert E. Lee, personally, who would give Dr. Herff the gift of an armchair for exemplary medical service on behalf of the Confederacy. (8) "Gee thanks!" Dr. Herff must have chuckled to himself.

The Herffs bought their Boerne ranch from their old pharmacy friend Friedrich Kalteyer who decided to move from Boerne to open a pharmacy in the more prosperous San Antonio. Kalteyer's

Frederick's Burgers Pizza & Beer



Frederick's Burgers, Pizza & Beer:

Your place to relax in a warm and friendly atmosphere while enjoying your favorite American & Italian foods. Open flame, Mesquite broiled, fresh (never frozen) beef. Stone oven wood-fired pizzas. Home grown herbs and spices. Farm fresh produce and old world family recipes promise to excite and satisfy. Dine in one of Fredericksburg's most beautiful historic homes, or in the "Bush Garten" under the shade of a huge century-old tree. Help yourself to a wide selection of imported beers and fine wines. Dress casual and bring the kids, you can afford it at Frederick's! Fresh, healthy food! Historic ambiance! Great Prices! ...Oh, by the way, there is no tipping at Frederick's and self service refills on soft drinks are free! And there is more...

Frederick's Bed & Breakfast:

Located on the second floor at 310 East Main in the Heart of Fredericksburg's main street activities. You are always welcome to spend romantic, enchanted evenings in an authentic historic limestone home. Turn-of-the-century, rustic yet cozy and comfortable rooms or suite. Call (210)990-8185 for reservations and information!

210-990-8185
310 East Main • Fredericksburg, Texas 78624

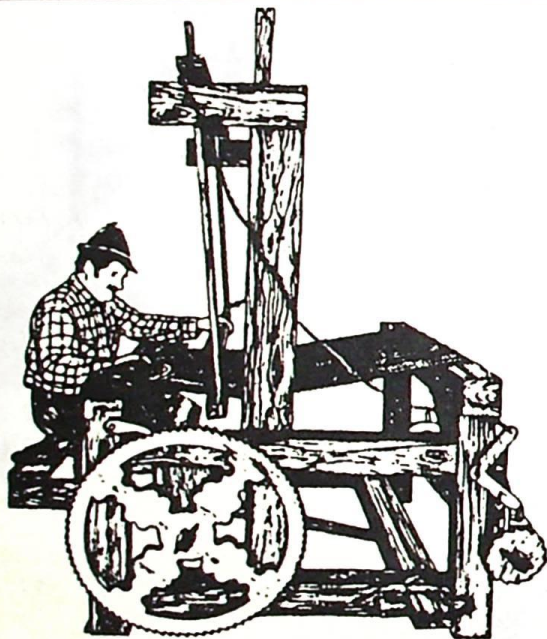
Ingrid Haas Hand-Woven Rugs

Berber Style
MADE FROM

Hill Country Sheep's Wool

All of our rugs are custom made
and hand woven in any style and
pattern in our workshop.

Rugs - Wallhangings - Saddle Pads
We also sell our own spun wool
Table Linens from Austria
Lace Curtains from Germany



Visit our Main Street Showroom
and look for our hand loom
in the window.

INGRID HAAS HAND WEAVING

210-997-3175 • 1-800-533-6981

242 EAST MAIN STREET • FREDERICKSBURG, TEXAS 78624

daughter, Mina, married Adolph, the fourth son of the Herffs. Adolph had been born two years before the Civil War began. Yet another son, Baldwin was born in 1861. Sadly the infant died in an accident when the maid left the baby unattended. It was a heartwrenching time for the family.

Having made it safely through the Civil War, Herff was left with never-to-leave memories of treachery, brutality, and senseless; and inevitable struggle between irreconcilable philosophies and systems. Herff had no intention to gloat as the Unionists proceeded to reorganize and get on with their lives from the broken pieces of the Confederacy debacle, which many of the Germans also attributed to the German royals and their English counterparts. German intermarriages with the English royals and their compatriots and trading partners in the Old South and Mexico were always the subject of discussion in the circles of German Texans, especially such an independent and wise one as Dr. Herff. The First World War was would later also reveal even more hints of these entangled schemes.

CHAOS AND CHOLERA AFTER THE CIVIL WAR

After a rather lengthy visit to Germany, where he was enticed by pleas for his services in a veteran's hospital filled with casualties of the German and Austrian war, Dr. Herff gladly performed the duties. He was glad to do it; because after boarding ship for the voyage to Germany he discovered he had forgotten to take the bulk of money he and Mathilde would need in Germany. The brief stint in the German medical corps enabled the Herffs not have to continue putting a friendly squeeze on their rather surprised but condescending old friends.

When they returned to San Antonio, conditions were not much better than in Germany. San Antonio's worst cholera plague in history was taking a heavy toll of lives. It was two years after the Civil War, 1867, and the Reconstruction activities were scary for everyone, replacing Confederate sympathizers with Union ones, some not at all too fair.

Then, one by one, close friends and associates died. Wilhelm Friedrich, a chemist from their days at the University of Giessen, was critically injured when his San Antonio gunpowder factory blew up with him in it. Wilhelm died in sheer agony from the burns. Then another university friend, the Austrian Count Ladislaus Uhjazzi, who fled to San Antonio for political reasons. From large family holdings in Austria, he lived luxuriously in San Antonio—his splendid home a gathering place for the elite in all fields of favor. Then Austria suddenly reformed its laws making it impossible for refugees to transfer funds out of the country. It was not long when he was forced to let his large household staff go. Then he killed himself. It looked to Dr. Herff that the future was to be bleak; and foreboding years might be in the offing.

There is a German saying, "*Immer, wenn man glaubt es geht nicht mehr, kommt von irgendwo ein lichtlein her.*" It means, "Always, when one believes one can no longer go on, there comes from out of nowhere a tiny ray of hope."

To Dr. Herff's heavy and very sensitive spirit came the sudden surprise—San Antonio leaders and people were finally listening to him. He had pleaded with the city's health practitioners about getting on with basic improvements in its sanitation programs. The cholera epidemic opened the officials' eyes. Then the "Lichtlein"

—the ray of hope—got even brighter. The city was suddenly willing to offer financial and other aid for a hospital.

The tide of indifference was turning and it was a memorable and joyful year when Dr. Herff helped to plan and build the city's now famed Santa Rosa Hospital in 1869. He teamed up with the Sisters of the Incarnate Word and the Blessed Sacrament to bring together a staff. The entire city rallied to its support in every kind of way, funds, food, and materials things. Then to Dr. Herff's added amazement, the Catholics founded academics and colleges with discipline and a thorough European-style formal education. The Alsatian-Lothringen order of the Sisters of Devine Providence, too, offered their services in training the staff and workers for the hospital. Then the Brothers of Mary came from German St. Louis, Missouri, to open St. Mary's University; and the Ursuline Sisters opened their special academy. The backing for the hospital looked promising for Santa Rosa Hospital.

Dr. Herff engulfed himself with the practice of medicine and surgery for many more years at Santa Rosa. Even up to his 90th year he cared for the health facility as he did for his large and wonderful family. Dr. Ferdinand Ludwig von Herff died on May 18, 1912 at the age of 92. His wife, Mathilde, had died two years earlier; and both are buried side by side in San Antonio.

Two of his sons also became distinguished physicians in San Antonio. They were Dr. Adolph Herff (1858-1952) and Dr. Ferdinand Peter Herff (1883-1965). The other boys also went on to lead fulfilling lives that brought honor to this family line and continues to do so today.

Not a day that went by in the practice of medicine did the doctor forget the lesson that he learned from the Indian Medicine Man at Bettina am Llano; wash and scrub yourself thoroughly, clean the wound well, then get freshwater algae and pack it on the wound.

How sad the Indians were rounded up and then led far, far away never to be able to show Dr. Herff their esteemed friendship and deepest appreciation, especially in his waning years; at least in this life.

NOTES:

(1) Herff, Ferdinand Peter, manuscript, edited by Barber, Laura L.; the Doctors Herff: A Three Generation Memoir, Trinity University Press, San Antonio, Texas, 1973. vol. 1, pp3-5. Both of these volumes were written by a most illustrious physician and published posthumously. While these books might go into much medical detailing, those interested in the history of frontier medical treatment, also involving the Indians, would undoubtedly find them indispensably informative.

(2) Perry, Judge Garland A., *Historic Images of Boerne, Texas*; Perry Enterprises, publisher, P.O. Box 200, Boerne, Texas 78006, 1982, p.103. Our thanks is extended to Judge Perry for sending us the photograph of Dr. Ferdinand Herff from his personal archives.

(3) Herff, Ferdinand Peter, *Ibid*, Vol.1, p9

(4) King, Irene Marschall; *John O. Meusebach, German Colonizer in Texas*, The University of Texas Press, Austin Texas, 1967 & 1987, p. 120

(5) Fey, Everett Anthony; New Braunfels: *The First Founders*, Eakin Press, POD 90159, Austin, Texas 78709, 1994, vol. 1, p. 337

(6) King, Irene Marschall, *Ibid*, p. 153

(7) Prince Hans-Werner von Schsen-Altenburg, came to Friedrichsburg, Texas to this writer's office completely unannounced, November 24, 1995. An historian he was collecting additional information about where, and with whom, Duke Paul Wilhelm von Wuerttemberg visited on his three extensive trips to North America, and always the German Hills of Texas. He was preparing a book in appreciation of the duke's life and his accomplishments in botany. Prince Hans-Werner would like to know if other colonists, including the dukes royals, as the German would say it, Wuerttembergers, might have enjoyed meeting with the duke. He feels it would be interesting to discover who and where their descendants are today. Contact with the prince can be made through Kenn Knopp, 407 N. Cora St., Friedrichsburg, Texas 78624; fax 1-210-997-0107.

(8) Herff, Ferdinand Peter, *Ibid*, Vol. 1 p 56.

Aldorf Biergarten & Restaurant

Fredericksburg's premier biergarten, specializing in German, Mexican and Texan dishes. Dine in our authentic biergarten or our pioneer rock house.

Hosts: **210-997-7865** Corner of
Ron Fisher Main & Orange
Cameron Baird 11-9 Daily • 12-4 Sunday

301 West Main Street • Fredericksburg, Texas 78624



Gästehaus


KAISER AM BARON
Bed & Breakfast
on Baron's Creek
210-997-6316 • FAX 210-997-9864
304 South Washington • Fredericksburg, Texas 78624



Fredericksburg

INN & SUITES

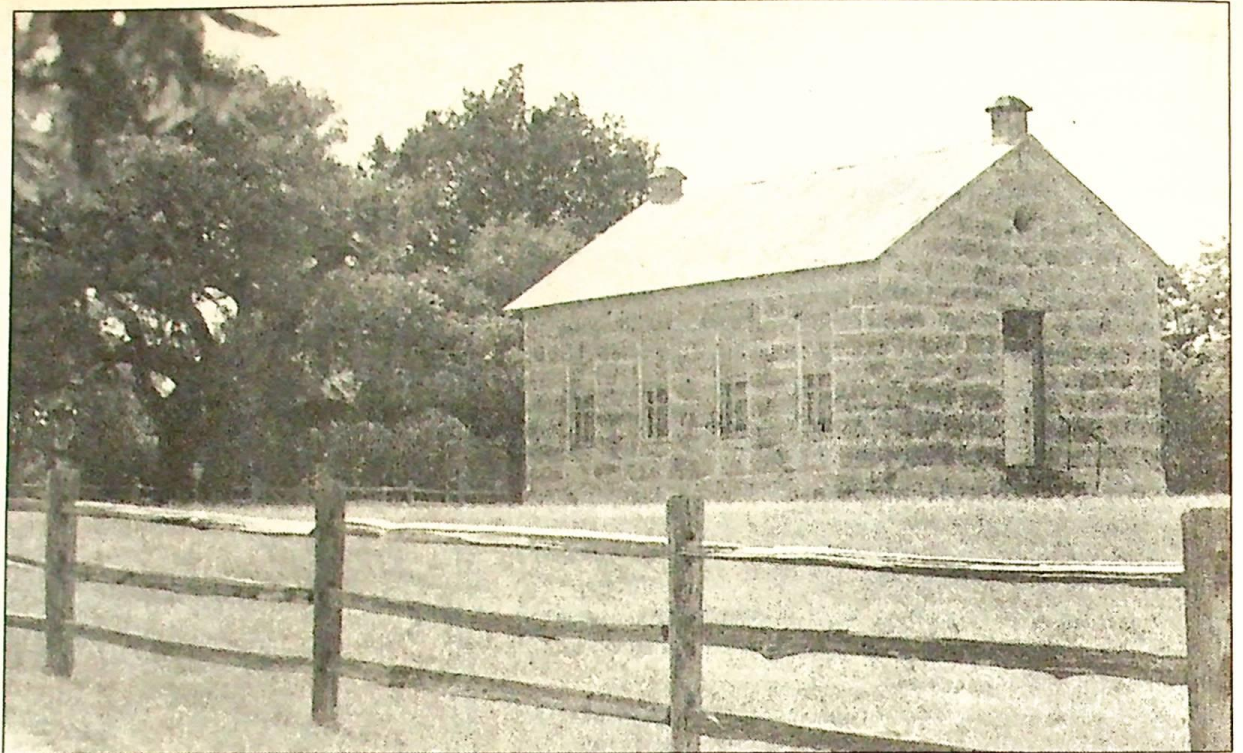
Reservations 1-800-446-0202
210-997-0202 • FAX 210-997-5740
201 South Washington, Hwy 87 S. • Fredericksburg, Texas 78624



Hill Country Lodging & Reservation Service

104 North Adams St. • Fredericksburg, Texas 78624
1-800-745-3591 or 210-990-8455 • Fax: 210-990-8363
internet: <http://www.lnstar.com/mall/hclodging>

SISTERDALE



Nestled in the Texas hills between Luckenbach and Boerne is an interesting wide spot in the road called Sisterdale. Established in 1847 by a Latin community of Germans, it soon became the meeting place for the intellectuals, artists, and scientists on the Texas frontier. Today that heritage is carefully guarded and preserved by a mother and daughter.

BY IRA KENNEDY

We could have gone anywhere in the Hill Country. Despite the dire predictions of insufferable heat, the late morning was cool, our schedules clear, and our plans sketchy at best. Mostly we were to end up in Mason at Zavalas for dinner. I had never been there, but the Intrepid Road-Tripper recommended the place and she hadn't steered me wrong before. As for myself, I wanted to cruise through Sisterdale, take a few pictures, and copy the history I remembered reading in the local, and only, bar and general store. The idea was dirt simple and required an hour of our time. I know Sisterdale was in the opposite direction from Llano—our home base—but that was part of the plan. Go where you're headed roundabout, maybe get lost, or arrive later than you planned. The notion of going on a road-trip, or even out to dinner, and treating the whole affair like a business meeting with scheduled times for arrival and departure may be fun for some. But where's the adventure?

Road-tripping doesn't really start until you get past familiar territory, and that happened for us just south of Luckenbach where ranch road 1888 cuts back east to Blanco. Before us was Sisterdale and beyond. Now, don't misunderstand, I had been to Sisterdale before with Harry and Rosemary of Willow City. That's how I knew what little I did.

(A writer with a little knowledge can be a wonderful source of information. But don't plan your life around what you hear.)

All along the way Ms. Intrepid and I waxed eloquent over the landscape, tightly hilled and deeply green. And we marveled, as we all must, over "how on earth?" did the Germans ever managed to maneuver ox-drawn wagons through this piece of land and settle down. But settle they did. Sisterdale was founded in 1847 and soon became a pre-eminent center for intellectual activity among the elite attracting everyone from Prince Paul of Wurtemberg, to John Meusebach, the founder of Fredericksburg. Even today, this tiny hamlet has attracted notable artists from Peter O'Toole to George Strait. At the risk of sounding "out there" I am struck by the notion that Sisterdale resonates with the artistic temperament. But who knows? I look

THE SISTERDALE SCHOOLHOUSE (LEFT) AND THE INTERIOR OF THE OLD DANCE HALL (RIGHT) OFFER GLIMPSES INTO THE WAY THINGS WERE, AND STILL ARE, IN THIS HISTORIC COMMUNITY. PHOTO BY IRA KENNEDY.

for meaning under rocks and in lost and forgotten places.

When we pulled into town, the normally empty street was packed, especially up by the volunteer fire department where a reunion was in progress. We parked near the Old Dance Hall and I commenced taking pictures. I was pondering the intrusive "No Trespassing" signs posted on the building when two teenage boys, all energy and curiosity, charged by.

"Check it out!" one of the boys would say to the other. Then we'd follow behind as they went to peer through each window. Around the right corner of the building we all discovered a missing plank which allowed us to view the interior from one end to the other. I held the wide-angle lens up and was stunned by what I saw. Ambient light filtered through dusty windows, across the dance floor, and intermingled with the old wooden tables and chairs. Any moment I expected Rod Serling to walk to the center of the room and invite us into the twilight zone.

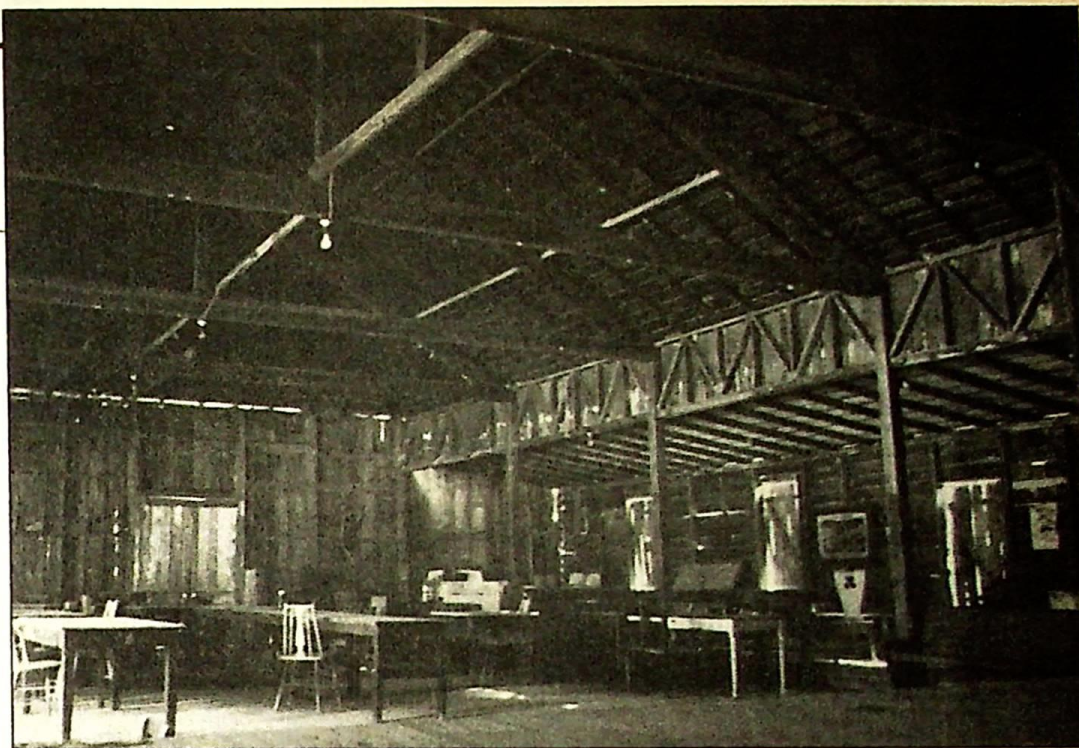
"Look here." I said to the boys. They shared the view through the lens somewhat surprised at my offer.

From there we went around behind the dance hall and discovered an old his-and-hers outhouse, plus an extraordinary stone building not visible from the road. Then we walked on around the other end of the dance hall with its classic ticket booth, made especially by and for film-makers. The boys went their way and Ms. Intrepid and I headed for the only watering hole in town.

The bar was long and narrow with all manner of treasures hanging from the walls. Immediately to the left of the entrance was a large mural/history of Sisterdale from 1847-1947. Approximately four by five feet wide, the high points of the towns history were painted in script, with small well-rendered graphic illustrations intermingled.

At the far end on the right of the room hung a large Indian's profile with war bonnet cut out of plywood and covered with flint arrowheads. Nearby was an old color print of The Jersey Lily, Judge Roy Bean's place west of the Pecos. Distributed by Pearl beer, the print was everywhere when I was a child, and next to "Custer's Last Stand," which hung everywhere as well, it was one of my favorite pictures at the time. All around were mounts of deer, many sporting old gimme-hats. Old boots, and chaps hanging from the walls completed the picture of a place firmly rooted in the old west.

The place looked as though it had never been new, but simply constructed from other, older bars. Three women sat



around a card table at the far end of the room.

"I'll be with you as soon as we finish this hand," one of them spoke out.

We assured her we were in no hurry, then one of the women, who evidently wasn't playing cards, walked right over to me and said, "Enchanted Rock."

Before I could think of a reply she added, "I'm Leatrice Hebenicht. Last Thursday, you gave a talk at Enchanted Rock for the Texas Historical Society. We were there."

We were then introduced to Val Woolvin, the distinguished, obviously cultured, owner of the establishment since 1978.

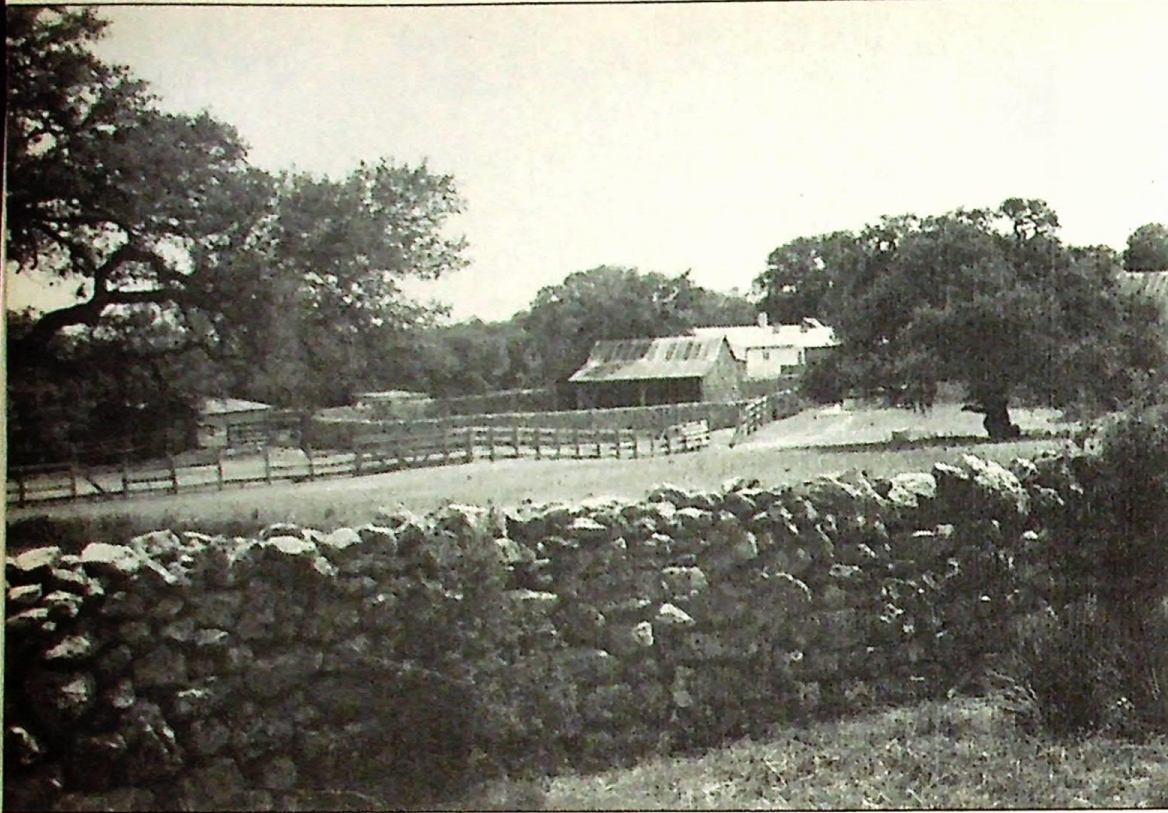
Val joined our table for a chat. We discussed the celebrities who visited Sisterdale, but mostly about the talk was of the low price cattle bring at auction and the high price for meat across the counter. When I asked her if there was anything else she might want to tell me for an article she replied, "No. Life goes on. The same thing."

Later on we were introduced to Leroy Kneupper (76) and his young grandson Cody, who from all appearances was busy becoming a cowboy. Leroy's parents were both 101 years old when they passed away the same year, only three months apart. It is believed at the time they were the oldest couple in the area.

The talk turned to bowling, so I took the occasion to mention my childhood experience setting pins in the Blanco Bowling Alley when I was eleven and twelve back in the fifties. At the time folks from communities all around—Fisher Store, Twin Sisters, Spring Branch, Johnson City, Albert, and numerous other small towns—would gather in Blanco for the annual nine pin tournament.

We talked of Roland Bindseil who owned the bowling alley, and the Red & White grocery and feed store in town. It seemed to me at the time that Mr. Bindseil was the richest man

THE FENCE OF JESUS MEANDERS AROUND THE RANCH FOR APPROXIMATELY ONE AND A QUARTER MILE. PHOTO BY IRA KENNEDY.



as Roy Lee (Leroy's son), took Jesus under their wing and taught him how to read and write.

"When Jesus worked for Roy Lee," Leroy said, "Roy Lee taught him English and a few words in German. He could print good in Spanish," Leroy concluded. Roy Lee, in case you can't guess, is Leroy's son.

As a young man Jesus went back to Mexico and, with his education and masonry skills, operated a successful business. But when the peso was devalued he lost everything and returned to Sisterdale and the place of his childhood.

Today, Jesus assists Val and Jennifer to rebuild, restore, and preserve historical relics, large and small. Ms. Intrepid and I have

in the world, since nearly everyone had to spend money in the bowling alley with its restaurant and bar, or the feed and grocery store. As the talk continued we agreed that I must have set pins for Leroy back when I was a boy and he a younger man. By the time we finished our conversation we were fast becoming old friends.

Ms. Intrepid and I then explored the rest of the establishment. In the back, on the other side of the building, was a dining room with long tables covered with red checkered tablecloths. On the walls were several primitive murals of deer, turkey, and the like. On one side there was a small stage. Standing off to the side was a large cutout of George Strait signed by the musician himself.

When Ms. Intrepid asked about the used text books that filled several shelves near the stage Val told us about the schoolhouse. It was nearby, setback from the road among low sweeping live oaks. When Val bought the place it was filled with haystacks and old school primers. She asked if we would like to see the schoolhouse now that it was restored. Her daughter Jennifer would take us. By the time Jennifer, carrying a baby pappose-like, led us out the school we had also been offered the opportunity to visit their cabin, church, and a few other structures on the ranch where they raised registered longhorns.

On our personally guided tour, private gates swung open and doors to treasures were unlocked. After visiting the schoolhouse we followed Jennifer through the ranch gate, down a tree-lined lane where stately longhorns grazed in a field nearby. Through the green rolling pasture a massive and extensive stacked limestone fence meandered its way to the main house. It was the fence of Jesus, a Mexican laborer who first lived and worked on the ranch as a boy. In time Val and neighbors, such

discussed frequently this remarkable mother and daughter team and their persistent, unsung efforts to save a piece of Texas history. Jennifer showed us the Catholic church they purchased in Waring and had moved to their place. Their battle with the church termites alone costs \$400 a year. Like the cabin—really a classic log house from the middle nineteenth century—the church is decorated with authentic artifacts.

After visiting the church we passed another building, nearby, which they recently moved onto the place for restoration. Without benefit of grants or subsidies these two women, like Jesus and his great wall, have taken on more than they will ever see completed. Their special calling is enhanced by their relationship—mother and daughter. Between them they share a common purpose, coherent plan, and a dedication that will span the generations.

Apart from all of her other duties on the ranch, and the joint restoration projects, Jennifer is starting a newsletter to preserve and promote the history of Sisterdale.

When we drove out of Sisterdale enroute to Welfare, Ms. Intrepid and I were silent for a time as we pondered the nonchalant tenacity of Val Woolvin and Jennifer Agold.

Our next stop was Po-Po's in Welfare—another place I had been to once with Vicki Griffin and Jeff Campbell of the Stonewall Chili Pepper Company, and it remained on my short list of places to revisit. Like many out-of-the-way establishments in the Hill Country, Po-Po's is an oasis complete with a story enshrined within its walls. In this case the added attraction is a collection of over 1,400 plates covering the walls of the entrance-way, dining room and bar. Owned by Jerry and Jenny Tilley since 1983, they have managed to combine a level of quality in service, food, and atmosphere that has turned the place into "the place to meet."

Ms. Intrepid and I sat at the serpentine bar for mixed drinks and an oyster cocktail appetizer with fresh horseradish. I had always been disinclined to let those things slither down my throat before, but I was on an adventure; and the result was a tasteful milestone in my otherwise pedestrian culinary habits.

Shortly after we arrived, a distinguished elderly gentleman made his way to the bar supported by his cane which he hooked on the counter's edge. He was, Werner Weiboldt, a regular, who tapped a time or two with the cane's handle on the bar and attention was lavished. Werner ordered Saousa Silver, (tequila on the rocks) which the waitresses periodically sipped while chatting amiably with the old man. Werner ordered the special of the day—salmon—which he shared with everyone who cared for a taste. As we visited he told us of his wife who was in a home for the elderly. He clearly missed her and found in this place a substitute for the companionship he dearly longed for.

Werner asked if we had ever met Jerry the owner of the place. I told him that indeed I had, and agreed Jerry was capable of holding forth with some very amusing stories.

After Welfare we headed for Mason, making a short detour by Doss—too hungry to slow down and check out their local business we promised ourselves we'd do so next time around. I didn't know it at the time, but on August 17, Doss is having their annual fair. And that date seems as good a time as any to return.

We arrived at Zavalas, one of those restaurants out yonder that has yet to be discovered, around five in the afternoon. Located on highway 29 on the west side of town, the place offers some of the best Mexican food in the area. Their green sauce is highly recommended—but you'll have to ask for it, and it's hot.

After leaving Zavalas we picked up 152 and cruised by Castell to drop off magazines at the general store. Unfortunately it was getting late and the place was closed so we left a stack on the front porch and headed down 105 from Castell. From there we picked up 109 to 2323 and returned to Llano.

Ms. Intrepid and I have returned to Sisterdale since then and took the opportunity to visit Boerne, Waring, Bergheim—all strikingly photogenic, so don't forget your camera. Boerne is one of those clean, quaint, thriving Texas communities which abounds with antique stores. Near Waring we discovered a low-water crossing on the Guadalupe River with a remarkable stand of old cypress trees.

At Bergheim, the place to stop is the Bergheim Store, also known as the Engle Store (established in 1903). According to its historic marker: "A native of Austria, Andreas Engle (b. 1864) migrated to Texas in 1885. In 1900 he purchased land here and build a cotton gin around which an agricultural community developed. In 1901 it became a post office and he named the town Bergheim, German for "home in the hills." The store is the place to visit if you want to know what's happening in the area. It was there I learned that in July of this year the 5th Annual BBQ Cookoff was held in Anhalt where Gary P. Nunn and Geronimo Trevino played at their historic dance hall.

As this adventure suggests, road trips to little-known, out-of-the-way communities are where adventure and memories are waiting. But you have to get out and about to find them.

SISTERDALE 1847-1947

—FROM THE MURAL IN THE SISTERDALE BAR

As far as is known the first German family to come to America was Freidrich Ernst [who] landed in Harrisburg April 3, 1831. Later settled on banks of Mill Creek, establishing first German settlement in Texas. Later New Braunfels, March 21, 1845. In 1847 Nicholas Zinc left New Braunfels with wagon settled on north side of stream of Sister Creek erected a log cabin and called the settlement Sisterdale. That same year Ottomar Von Behr came from New Braunfels land built a log cabin on south side of Guadalupe. Among other settlers were Ernst Kapp who established a sanitarium at his home. The main door of the house was constructed of stout planks in which an iron nail was driven every inch in order to resist tomahawks of the Indians. The Comanche Indians roamed through the country. So far as known only one murder was committed last raid on stock was made in 1871.

Andrew Longbein came to Sisterdale in 1863 and purchased the Kapp place. In 1873 Gus Longbein bought it. George Friedrich now lives there. Edward Degener moved to Sisterdale and purchased the original Nicholas Zinc homestead. He was elected and served as congressman from the 4th congressional district in Washington 1870-74. He died in 1891. Fritz Abell lived in the old Zinc home. Dr. Adolph Donay was an earlier settler. Later he founded the German newspaper "San Antonio Zeitung." Dr. Ferdinand Herff spent much time in Sisterdale.

Among others making their home during 1847-53 were Emil Dressel, Julius Dressel, Rudolph Dressel, Dr. W.J. Runge, August Seimerig, Baron Westphal, Rudolph Carstanjen, Louis Von Donop, Ernst Altgelt Von Meuseback, Adolph Newbert, Ulrich Rische, Sr., F. Brunskow, and many others.

The social life of Sisterdale was most refined [graphic of musical cleft inserted in copy]. A vocal quartet was organized at the home of Herman Runge in 1852. This quartet participated in the Saengerfest held by all the German settlements in New Braunfels October 16-18, 1853. For this purpose a "Saengerhalle" was built on the banks of the Guadalupe in that city, the first one in Texas.

After 1855 the original settlers began to drift away. Many remained until the hardship and hatred of the Civil War began. About the only ones remaining during the Civil War were Ottomar Von Behr and a few others. A few old timers came back and in December of 1859 the settlers of Sisterdale and Boerne secured organization of Kendall County. George Wilkins Kendall was among these and the county was named for him. A charter was granted Kendall County by the State of Texas in 1862.

Following the Civil War there was a steady development of farming and ranching. Sisterdale is a progressive community to this day but the Latin community passed into history 85 years ago.

SOME HILL COUNTRY SUMMER DELIGHTS

by MARYBETH GRADZIEL

When the late summer sun beats down on our dusty hills on a hot, sultry day, even the most sophisticated palate begins to crave a scoop or two real, old-fashioned, hand-dipped ice cream. On a cone or eaten with a spoon, ice cream beats the heat like nothing else...

Fortunately, the Hill Country has some wonderful old-fashioned soda fountains. Visit Cappuccino on the Square (the Court-house Squared on Highway 16) in Llano for the best of both worlds. In addition to exotic coffees from around the globe, baked goodies, soups, salads, and sandwiches, this cafe serves delectable frozen treats from a marble-top soda fountain — Yum!

Kerrville also has an old-fashioned soda fountain on Highway 16 just north of the river. Pampell's Fountain is always packed, but never too busy for a friendly word or two . . .

Even more old-fashioned, Burg's Corner on Highway 290 just east of Stonewall offers incredibly delicious peach puree sundaes in their red barn fruit growers co-op. A.J. or one of his helpers will ladle pure peach essence over either vanilla or peach ice cream. Savor the flavor and keep shopping through the store for farm-fresh produce, or walk outside to the on-site artist's studio for a bit of exercise.

The Popocatepetl Special Dessert at Po-Po Family Restaurant, in Welfare, just north of Boerne on IH-10, has a mountain of ice cream scooped over a home-made brownie, covered with shipped cream and drizzled with fudge sauce. Entirely appropriate, since the restaurant was named during the 1930's in honor of Popocatepetl, a volcano near Mexico City. Local residents and visitors from Austin and San Antonio remember coming to the restaurant as children with their grandparents, and today return with their own children.

Po-Po's serves memorable meals to be sure — authentic Boudin Cajun sausage, award-winning fried chicken and light-as-a-feather catfish, and justly-famous old-fashioned hamburgers are part of their extensive menu. The juicy charbroiled chicken breast is also highly recommended—even the teenage girl in our group ate every bite! Everything is fresh and home-made, from salad dressings to died-and-gone-to-heaven hot biscuits. There's also a very nice selection of wines and beer, including San Antonio's own Salado Creek—a luscious full-bodied amber brew. And, should you not be quite up to a mountain of ice-cream (one Popocatepetl Special was huge enough for our party of five!), try fresh-from-the-oven warm black berry or peach cobbler a la mode . . .

**ON THE
WATER
AT
INKS LAKE**

**GET HOOKED ON
THE**



**CATFISH BARGE
Restaurant**

"Casual Dining on Inks Lake."

LOCATED JUST OFF HWY. 29 AT THE INKS LAKE BRIDGE • BUCHANAN DAM • (512) 793-6860

You're also invited to join the fun in at Blazing Guns at Roaring Gulch August 2 and 9 for the season's final melodrama by RQA productions in Wimberely.

Boo, hiss, cheer, and throw popcorn in the intimate Old Opera House. Everyone, youngsters to geezers, shares the stage in this mistaken-identity spoof.

At last! I have finally found the train to barbecue heaven—Choo Choo's Bar-B-Q at the old railroad depot off Highway 16 in Kerrville. Vaughn and Elsa make everyone feel more than welcome, with a/c indoors and a breezy porch out back. All their barbecue—beef, chicken, ribs, sausage and turkey—is so tasty and tender it really does melt in your mouth. Delicately smoked over pecan and walnut wood, this juicy meat needs no sauce, but Choo Choo's home made sauce is excellent, as is everything else—bean, potato salad, cole slaw—all made here, from scratch. Vegetarian plates are also offered, and some folks stop by for the fresh-brewed ice tea. Out on the back porch, Garden Glove Anne creates remarkable oil paintings 'most every afternoon. A gregarious group of guitar pickers is apt to be found out there in the evening, and you're invited to join in . . .

You're also invited to join the fun in at Blazing Guns at Roaring Gulch August 2 and 9 for the season's final melodrama by RQA productions in Wimberely. Boo, hiss, cheer, and throw popcorn in the intimate Old Opera House. Everyone, youngsters to geezers, shares the stage in this mistaken-identity spoof.

Before or after the Kerrville Wine & Music Festival Labor Day weekend at Quiet Valley Ranch, take a winding lake shore road to Slaughter-Leftwich Winery, just west of Austin in Hudson Bend on Lake Travis. Balmy breezes play with the young grape vines out front—a mini-vineyard for aesthetics rather than practical purposes. As with almost all other local wineries, Slaughter Leftwich grows the bulk of their grapes elsewhere, in West Texas.

Here, in wooden barrels inside the rustic winery perched high on the limestone cliffs, those grapes are transformed into award winning wines, a process affable vintner Jim Johnson is happy to describe in detail as he shows visitors around.

Browse through the photo album in the tasting room after the tour and glimpse weddings, parties, and other happy occasions celebrated on the winery's beautiful ground. (The bucolic facility is available for a very reasonable fee.) And remember to purchase your favorite wines, by the bottle or the case, to share with a few special friends.

Burg's Corner, Hwy 290, Stonewall, 210/644-2604
 Cappuccino on the Square, 825 Ford St., Llano, 915/247-4902
 Choo Choo's Bar-B-Q, 615 Schreiner, Kerrville, 210/896-4414
 Pampell's Fountain, 701 Water St., Kerrville, 210/257-8454
 210/537-4194
 Melodrama by RQA Productions, Wimberley, 512/847-9170
 Slaughter-Leftwich Winery, Hudson Bend. Austin, 512/266-3331



THREE HORSE TRADERS

BUY, SELL, TRADE

PRIMITIVES - WESTERN DECOR - COLLECTIBLES
 BARN WOOD - FURNITURE - SKULLS - HORNS
 ARTIFACTS - SOUTHWESTERN ARTISTS - METAL ART

609 West Main, Fredericksburg, TX 78624
 R.L. (Buster) Beseda (210) 997-6499



Oakwood RV-Park

In the Beautiful Hill Country

New Park - Shaded - Full Hook-ups - TV Cable
 Concrete Patios - 30&50 Amp Service - Paved Roads
 Level Sites - Telephone Jacks - Laundry
 Large Swimming Pool - Basketball Court
 Rally Building - Guest's Phone 210-997-6827

210-997-9817

Route 2, Box 218B • Fredericksburg, Texas 78624

RV REPAIRS & SUPPLIES

WE OFFER A FULL SERVICE REPAIR SHOP AND PARTS WAREHOUSE.

ROAD SERVICE AVAILABLE

KELLER EQUIPMENT COMPANY

210-997-2118 • Nights- 210-997-9303

1122 State Highway 16 (Kerrville Hwy.) • Fredericksburg, Texas 78624

Gästehaus Schmidt

Put Yourself In "Our" Place

Reservation Service Office

Guest Houses and Bed & Breakfasts

210-997-5612

231 West Main • Fredericksburg, Texas 78624

THE MAVERICK BRAND

AND ANOTHER STORY

by L. Kelly Down



You pups called me a maverick the other day. Well I got our new pretty single school marm to tell me what it means now. She said old Webster calls it a nonconformist, so thankee. But weren't always so. So sit yourself down—no, the fair ladies ain't going to leave the dance yet, leastwise till you hear the fiddling stop—so listen how Maverick come about.

If you're ever down on the old Matagorda just drift down to the salt water. Look south across the bay, you'll see a smiggin of land looks like a island out there but it ain't. Its the peninsula. Now its got what we called "cuts" back long ago but they is just where channels is across so the tides can work back and forth the water in the bay - these cuts mostly are two, three hundred yards across - is more than a cow will want to swim.

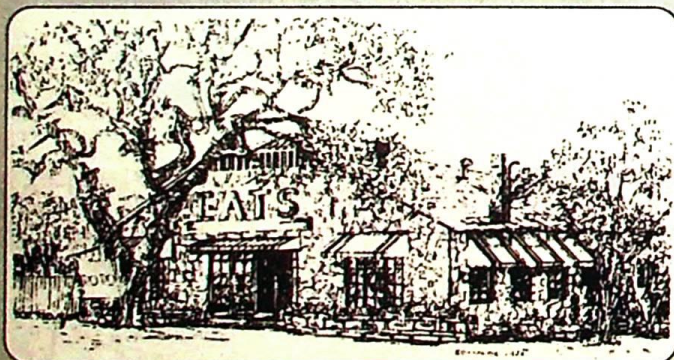
Old Sam Maverick, who ranched the whole peninsula, didn't see no need to brand none of his cattle that he had there, they couldn't get off he figgered. But in September of 18 and 75 a big hurricane come along, kilt a bunch of folks at Indianola and tide got so high it covered clear up to the Sargent and you know its six to ten miles from the beach. So Maverick's cows had to swim or drown. Some drowned to death but a bunch got to mainland.

Now Mr. Clay McSperrin, trail boss for Mr. Shanghi Pierce, was rounding up steers later that fall and come across them Maverick cattle. They was spread all over from the Freeport to the Victoria, which is a fair piece. When a unbranded steer that was for sure over a year old was drug

PO • PO

FAMILY RESTAURANT

*A Texas Tradition since 1929...
"As You Remember it!"*



Over 1400 Collectors Plates
• STEAKS • CHICKEN • SEAFOOD •

210-537-4194

7 miles north of Boerne,
take the Welfare Exit #533 off IH-10



EST. 1891

THE BADU HOUSE

**THE HILL COUNTRY'S PREMIER INN,
RESTAURANT AND PRIVATE CLUB.**

UNEXCELLED FOR FINE CUISINE

August 3rd - DEEP FRIED BLUES

August 10th - TBA

August 17th - ELLIOT FIKES

August 24th - DEBBIE WALTON

VISA, MASTERCARD & AMERICAN EXPRESS ACCEPTED

915-247-4304

601 Bessemer • Llano, Texas 78643

out Mr. Clay would say "that a Maverick" and he got the trail brand and Mr. Clay sent the money to Mr. Maverick. But the Pierce Ranch weren't only one taking trail herds to the Abilene and some of others weren't near as careful like. Some slapped a trail brand on the steers, and sent Mr. Maverick no money, and as we use to say "threw a long loop" on the unbranded cows and young calves and put their own brand on them. Lots of fair sized herds hot started that a-way. So for the next thirty year or so something that weren't marked to belong to anyone but could be made yours just by claiming it, were a Maverick.

Then them dime cowboy stories written by them New York City fellows, who hadn't never seen a cow outside a zoo, grabbed right on to the Maverick word. They made it mean, not a outlaw, but so close you wouldn't want to bet on the difference. But it were saved by real cowboys like Zane Gray and pulled up to mean someone who don't follow the bunch, more or less rides on a line by himself, don't you know.

So a big storm one hundred twenty some year ago and a honest trail boss gives us a well known word—even a show on the picture box and it is known all over the world. Maverick!

You ladies think that if old Sam Maverick were named Schwartzenager it would have turned out the same? Now go to the dance, the fair ladies are a-waiting, and I need to add some starter for my biscuits in the morning. Get!

Was the Olden Days Better?

Now, down at the old Fools Coffee Shop this morning early—so early, wasn't a man there under sixty—Leroy got on how the olden days, when we was pups, was better than what the young folks got today. Mostly Leroy's trash talk is that, trash but it got the talk going downhill. Everybody throws in their points on how good it use to be.

But before it got to going too strong, old Joe, our resident ninety-seven year old WWI Vet shut it down with this.

"Do you think laying in a hot bed where you can't sleep was good? How about pumping your water, the cold rooms in winter, cutting firewood, and running to the two-holer in the morning was that better than the cool in summer and warm in the winter, running water, and lights that don't need coal oil?"


That friend turned the herd don't you know. In less than two shakes of a dogs tail the bad things of long ago was a falling so fast Earl, our retired lawyer fellow, couldn't write them on his coffee napkin fast enough. Building a book I believe.

Leroy tried to turn it back but saw it was too strange, so he shut up. Knowing Leroy, you knowed it must be strong a piling up on him to shut his mouth like that.

Everyone agreed, now was way better than the polio every summer, boils, hooping cough, mumps and measles—which don't even start on how the old timers died of being sick.

Ole Joe capped it when he asked, you fellows ever knowed a man to get old if he was always a looking over his shoulder?

Leroy left - didn't even stay for toasted biscuit halves and cane syrup.



The PLATEAU Cafe

The Famous Plateau Cafe
Historic Eating Establishment
—INDOOR & PATIO DINING—

Fine dining served in a true Texas Environment

- Hill Country Cuisine
- Mouthwatering Hamburgers
- German Specialties
- Vegetables Galore
- Fresh Fish & Seafood
- Homemade Desserts

312 West Main 210-997-1853



GEORG'S RESTAURANT

Offering a New & Varied Menu of
Daily Specials for Breakfast & Lunch

OPEN 7AM - 2PM • Closed Tues. & Weds.

210-997-3787
905 EAST MAIN STREET
FREDERICKSBURG, TEXAS 78624
(Formerly The Deluxe Restaurant)



☆ Complimentary Tasting Room ☆
Texas Wines & Beers ☆ German Beers & Steins
Texas Specialty Items ☆ Picnic Supplies

210-693-5628
217 1/2 EAST MAIN • FREDERICKSBURG, TEXAS 78624

DUTCHMAN'S MARKET, INC.

- MEATS - FRESH and SMOKED
- CHEESES
- JERKY and SAUSAGES
- PICNIC SUPPLIES



Monday - Friday 8AM - 5:30PM
Saturday 8AM - 3PM
Sunday 9:30AM - 3PM Nov. & Dec. Only

LOCATED ON HIGHWAY 290 WEST
RT. 1 BOX 255-F • FREDERICKSBURG, TEXAS 78624

210-997-5693

BIGFOOT WALLACE

by STEVE GOODSON

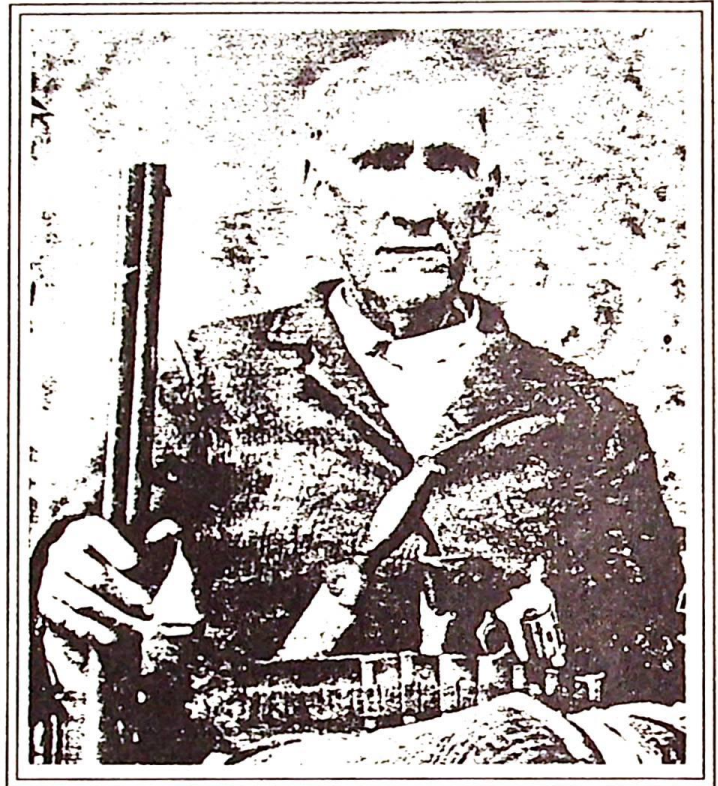
As I watched Mel Gibson's production of *Braveheart*, I remembered the Texas connection to that story of Scotland's struggle for freedom. If any of you have ever been to Mt. Bonnell outside Austin, you'll recall an historical marker that relates how an early frontiersman, Bigfoot Wallace, spent several weeks in a cave on the mountain, recuperating from an illness he contracted in what was the early frontier settlement of Austin. This pioneer whose given name was William Wallace was a descendant of a Scottish Clansman, William Wallace.

The Texan we know as "Bigfoot" Wallace was born William Alexander Anderson Wallace in Lexington, Virginia, on the third day of April in the year 1817. He weighed 13 lbs. at birth and his nurse said he could kick harder and yell louder than any baby she had ever seen. The Wallace family were of Scottish origin having come to America two generations before with the arrival of Bigfoot's grandfather Samuel sometime before the Revolutionary War. All the Wallace men served with the American forces in fighting the British, and all of them died except Grandfather Samuel. All of these men were of large stature and great physical strength. It is said that the family descended from the famous Scotsman Sir William Wallace, regent of Scotland and leader of the Scottish army in their war for freedom against King Edward of England. The family also is said to have been related to Robert Bruce, rightful King of Scotland through grandmother Elizabeth Bruce.

Young William grew up, along with his six brothers and three sisters, on the farm of his parents, Andrew and Jane Ann, near Lexington, Virginia. William recalled later that he took to the woods at an early age enjoying the freedom that the unsettled land offered. As William grew to early manhood, he found the land became more settled with fewer wild lands for him to roam in, fishing and hunting. He, along with his cousins and brothers, began to listen to the tales of the unsettled lands found to the West where the opportunity to homestead and enjoy the open country still existed.

Several of William's family preceded him in coming to Texas. Two of these, his brother Sam and a cousin also named William, joined the Georgia Battalion and eventually ended up with Fannin's men at Goliad. They along with most of their compatriots were shot down in March of 1836 by their captors, General Urrea's Division, during the Texas Revolution. So it was Wallace's wish to avenge their deaths that brought him to Texas the following year. He'd already heard of Santa Anna's defeat at San Jacinto, but came ahead anyway hoping in some way to exact revenge.

Wallace landed at Galveston and eventually arrived at the small settlements of Bastrop and La Grange, going on extended trips hunting game or pursuing hostile Indians from which both



settlements suffered greatly. By April, 1838 he relocated to San Antonio and remained until 1839 when he moved to the small town of Austin pursuing the promise of plenty of work to be found with high wages.

When Wallace first arrived in Austin there were few houses. The town mostly being made up of tents and shanties. Wallace recalled later that it seemed to him that the majority of the population was made up of gamblers. He was soon employed by a man named Woods to deliver hewn logs at a salary of \$200 a month and board—an excellent salary for the time and place. He worked at this for two months, rafting logs from high up the Colorado River from the flats along the banks. One day he went down to the spring to get some water and found numerous fresh Indian tracks and, fearing for their safety, went and told his partner that they had better float their raft downriver. That night they rafted down three miles and tied up under a bluff and spent the night. Some weeks later a party of Germans were killed by Indians when they went upriver after more timber.

Austin, being as it was on the edge of the frontier, was a great base for Wallace's ranging expeditions. He spent extensive periods traveling up the Colorado River alone hunting and then looping back into town from the north all the while learning more and more

of the land surrounding the settlement. At this time Wallace went into partnership with an Irishman named William Fox, renting a house and contracting to haul rocks from the surrounding hills to build houses. It was during this period that Wallace came to be known as "Bigfoot."

At this time there was a famous Indian that preyed upon the settlers in and around Austin who the inhabitants named "Bigfoot" due to the size of the track left by the huge native. He would sneak into the settlement killing whoever he could—stealing horses and whatever goods he could lay his hands on. His track was quite distinctive being fourteen inches long, and the big toe in his right moccasin always being out and leaving its imprint in the sandy soil that surrounded Austin. This Bigfoot Indian had been wounded in the knee by a settler named Tom Green some years previous and this wound caused him to wear a hole in the toe of his moccasin.

When Wallace first arrived in Austin there were few houses. The town mostly being made up of tents and shanties. Wallace recalled later that it seemed to him the majority of the population was made up of gamblers. He was soon employed by a man named Woods to deliver hewn logs at a salary of \$200 a month and board—an excellent salary for the time and place.

Wallace pursued this Indian many times but never succeeded in getting a shot at him. Later on it was determined this Indian belonged to the Wacos, a subtribe of the Wichita Nation. He was six feet-eight inches tall and was killed by a friend of Wallace, Ed Westfall, on the Llano River some years later.

One night in 1839, this Bigfoot Indian stole into Austin and entered the kitchen of a man named Gravis, and then went up to the house where Wallace and his friend William Fox lived. The next morning Gravis, seeing that his house had been broken into, trailed the Indian to Wallace's door and accused him of breaking into his kitchen. Wallace also wore moccasins and made a large track but became angry at being accused of this crime. He made Gravis come up and look at his foot after it had been placed in the footprint

Continued on page 46

Pecan Street



- SOUPS
- SALADS
- SANDWICHES
- QUALITY BAKED GOODS
- FRESH COFFEE
- ESPRESSO

Nan Hanus - Proprietor
(210) 833-5737


Bakery and Cafe
"On the Square" @ Blanco, Texas

306 Pecan Street • Blanco, Texas 78606

IN HISTORICAL DOWNTOWN LLANO

Cappuccino

On the Square



- EXOTIC COFFEES FROM AROUND THE WORLD • CAPPUCCINO
- SOUPS, SALADS, SANDWICHES • FRESH BAKE SHOP GOODIES
- OLD FASHIONED ICE CREAM TREATS • MARBLE SODA FOUNTAIN

BROWSE OUR CHARMING SHOPS

Antiques • Collectibles • Gifts • Arts • Crafts

OPEN: Monday - Friday 8AM-5:30PM • Saturday 9AM-6PM

1905 LAUTERSTEIN BUILDING
825 FORD STREET • LLANO, TEXAS 78643 • 915-247-4902

MERLE NORMAN

We Know How Beautiful You Can Be!

MADA B. WEST

CONSULTATIONS FREE

Polished Llanite Historical Marker

Open 9:30 - 5:30 Monday - Saturday

104 East Main • Llano, Texas 78643 • (915) 247-4976

BE INSURANCE SMART ▼

Farm Bureau Insurance is your one-stop source for quality protection. In fact, we offer broad coverage for your Auto, Home, or Life Insurance needs, and we back it up with prompt, professional attention, and a fast, fair claims service. Plus, we'll sit down with you and conduct a non-obligation review of your total insurance needs. It's just that simple. Call today.

FARM
BUREAU
INSURANCE

HELPING YOU *is what we do best.*

KIRK WINFREY
BILL WOOTAN
PAM WINN

303 East Highway 71
Llano, Texas 78643

915-247-4161

THE DROUGHT OF 1996

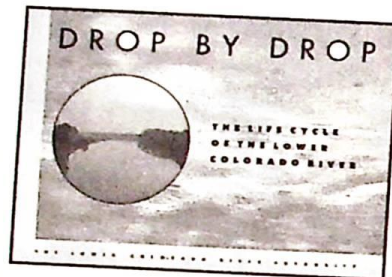
The drought of '96 has raised awareness about the value of our water resources. It also raises questions about what will happen as we place greater demands on these resources.

To help answer these questions the Lower Colorado River Authority has published a booklet called "Drop by Drop: The Life Cycle of the Lower Colorado River."

For a free copy call the LCRA at 1-800-776-5272, Ext. 3235; in Austin 473-3235.

LCRA
THE POWER TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE.

P.O. Box 220
Austin, TX 78767-0220



LLANO'S OWN

Burger Bar CafeTM

Burgers • Mexican Food • Salads • and the **BEST** Chicken Fried Steak in the Hill Country.

DRIVE THROUGH SERVICE

Open: 10:00AM - 9:00PM Monday-Saturday
CLOSED SUNDAY

Shannon Johnson & Tracy Leverett - Owners/Operators
608 Bessemer (Hwy 16/71 North) • Llano, Texas 78643 • (915) 247-4660

JIM INKS
RANCH REALTY

915-247-5011
(24 Hours)

915-247-5775
(Fax)

1-800-880-0359
(Toll Free)

Jim Inks
BROKER

RANCHES LAKE PROPERTY HOMES SMALL ACREAGE
103 East Main Street • Llano, Texas 78643

A YOUNG MAN'S DREAMS

An interview with Trey Hickman by Rod Hebert of KFAN



COWBOY POET, FRANK HILL AND TREY HICKMAN. PHOTO BY BUCK BURKLE

All across America, young men dream of being doctors, lawyers, or bankers. In Texas the dreams of young men often turn to careers as cowboys, veterinarians, or musicians. Interviewed by Rod Hebert, of KFAN-FM 107.9, Trey Hickman of Fredericksburg is pure Texan.

Trey how long have you been playing?

Trey: About 10 years.

Wow, 10 years! How old are you?

Trey: Fourteen.

So you've been playing most of your life - over half your life.

Trey: Yes sir.

So what got you into playing the guitar? Was it someone you saw pickin' one night or just a fascination in the instrument?

Trey: Well, my grandparents bought me this guitar and I got to messin' around with it, and I didn't know how to play, I was just strummin'. My mom got me into lessons, and I got in to playing classical stuff and I learned a couple of chords. Then I had to quit when I my guitar teacher moved away. Then after that I hung around Luckenbach and picked it up from there; and then from there I just kinda taught myself from books and all. Just recently I've been learning all the scales, from that learning all the chords, down the neck bar chords, just mainly teaching myself.

Who were some of your influences in guitar?

Trey: Stevie Ray Vaughn, George Straight, Garth Brooks, Jimi Hendrix and Rich McCreey.

What about some of the local people? Who were your idols on guitar around here? The Hill Country you know is famous for our musicians.

Trey: Ted Frumpkin, Rick Perry, and Stan Easley—big time! Stan Easley is so good.

Indeed he is, indeed he is! Now a bird told me you got a chance to play with Asleep at The Wheel one time, Is that true?

Trey: Yeah. Me and my dad were backstage partying and all and I was bout 8 and Ray Vincent called me up there and well we just played dueling Banjos with him, that was about it.

Who else have you played with?

Trey: Gary P. Nunn. He called me up there on the speaker. I went up on stage and strummed a couple of chords. I wasn't plugged in or anything, but it was a lot of fun.

I bet it was. So what other things have you got going on?

Trey: I like to team rope, and bull rope, saddle bronc, bare back bronc. I play the guitar everyday as much as I can. Whenever there's a Rodeo I go. I like to hang around the Rodeo's a lot.

Are you a cowboy?

Trey: Yea

You play guitar everyday - do you play for relaxation or other enjoyment?

Trey: Well mainly whenever I get bored I pick it up, something to do, relaxes my nerves.

So what else is going on with your playing? Is it something you want to do as a career?

Trey: I don't know...if it works out O.K. - then yea and then I'm gonna go with it. I wanna go to Tarelton in Stephenville and get a degree in Agriculture. I think maybe be a veterinarian.

Well a pickin' vet—that could be something. Is it a good way to pick up chicks?

Trey: Kinda, sorta.

The girls always flock to musicians. I always wanted to be a musician, then I realized I had not talent so I got into Radio

Trey: The girls kinda flock to me anyway.

On a more serious note you talk about bullriding, do you have a favorite bullrider you look up too?

Trey: Tuff Hederman, Tod Murray, and Terry Don West.

Is this something you like to go watch or something you actually do?

Trey: Both- I like to watch and participate.

How you'd get into that - its kinda dangerous for a young man like you, 14?

Trey: Hangin' around rodeos and it looked exciting. So, one day after this rodeo we asked this guy if he'd put a couple of little steers in. This was when I was little—and I tried it out and really loved it and so I kept on doing it.

How do you manage to keep your grades up in school?

Trey: Well I never do homework, its pretty easy for me.

You never do homework but you talk about getting into college? Do you have a good GPA.

Trey: B's and C's.

Is that right? That's pretty good. So you got time for the girls, time to bullride, schoolwork and guitar?

Trey: Yep.

Where do you see yourself in 10 years, a vet, bullrider....?

Trey: Living down in Stephenville, roping and riding.

Pickin'?

Trey: A little bit.

Well, Trey, thanks for your time, I know it's a school night—work night for me. So we'll wrap it up with that. Thanks Trey Hickman, and Good luck.

Trey: Thanks.

INMAN'S

KITCHEN & CATERING

BBQ RESTAURANT

"HOME OF TURKEY SAUSAGE"

Call for seasonal hours:
(915) 247-5257 or 247-5473

Highway 29 West • Llano, Texas 78643

ROBINSON HOUSE BED & BREAKFAST

A BEAUTIFULLY RESTORED 1915 VINTAGE HOME

915-247-3125

- Four Bedrooms • Private Baths • Full Breakfast
- Community Living Room
- 1/2 mile from the City Park on the Beautiful Llano River
- Surrounded on 3 sides by a 18-hole Golfcourse
- 2 1/2 miles West of Llano on FM 152

WE ARE SCHEDULED TO OPEN MAY 1st CALL US FOR MORE INFORMATION
Bill or Brenda Schneider, Owners • Llano, Texas 78643

STONEWALL

PIZZERIA & GRILL

101 WEST MAIN • LLANO, TEXAS 78643

**PIZZA • SALADS • SUBS • PASTA
BURGERS • CHICKEN FRIED STEAKS**

Dine-In or Carry-Out • Delivery after 5:00PM

WE DO IT THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY - FROM SCRATCH

915-247-2240

OPEN: Monday-Thursday 11AM-9PM • Friday-Saturday 11AM-10PM • Sunday 11AM-2PM

ON THE HISTORIC SQUARE IN LLANO

HILL COUNTRY VIDEO

LLANO'S LOCALLY OWNED & OPERATED VIDEO SPECIALTY STORE

FREE MEMBERSHIP ••• NO REWIND CHARGE

OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK

Monday - Thursday 10:00AM - 10:00PM

Friday - Saturday 10:00AM - 10:30PM

Sunday 12:00 noon - 9:00PM

Janet & Jason Hackworth

512-793-2280

409 EAST YOUNG • LLANO, TEXAS 78643

A COWHAND FROM LLANO

An Old-timer's Account of Youthful Experiences in the Cow Country in the Early Days

by ERNEST TURBIVILLE

REPRINTED FROM: THE TEXAS MONTHLY, FEBRUARY 1929

[Originally entitled: A BOYHOOD IN LLANO]

When I was a boy in Llano County, Texas, horses occupied the important place in the scheme of things that automobiles now do. In the cow country we were entirely dependent on horses. A man had to be mounted to take his place among men.

Long before I worked out at \$5.00 a month the money to buy my first pony, I used to watch a herd of wild mustangs that sometimes ranged not far from our ranch house. A mustang, I will explain to the new generation in the West, is any western wild horse. A bronco is any horse unbroken to bridle and saddle, and a cayuse is a Spanish pony. There must have been over one hundred animals in this herd, led by a big black stallion. I enjoyed getting as near as I could approach and watch them, dreaming that some day I might catch one. There were a hundred horses to be had just for the asking—and the catching. Every cowboy and rancher chased mustangs but few caught them. I have seen captured mustangs that had been run until they had lockjaw.

My mother had told me above all things to stay away from those wild horses, as I valued my skin and my life. But I loved to watch the old stallion throw his head in the air, sniff the breeze and dash off, tail hoisted and mane flying, while the rest of the herd followed as best they could. The old boy never got too busy grazing to scent danger; he was like a mother looking out for her brood.

The headquarters of this herd was over at Pack Saddle Mountain, a wild place covered with cedar brush, the retreat of outlaw horses, cattle and men. The mountain was so named from its resemblance to the shape of a pack saddle. It was the scene of the last Indian battle in that section, an account of which is found in Captain Dan Roberts's "Ranger and Sovereignty." In that direction the mustangs

always headed when pressed by the cowboys. One day I was riding along near the crest of a knoll not far from home when I saw the mustang herd swinging by on the alert like a rabbit jumped up by the hounds. They were passing on the opposite slope from where I was, and so did not see me. I stopped and sat on my horse unobserved, staring at them with great longing. They were strung out over considerable length, the black stallion leading and a mare bringing up the rear, coaxing along a young colt that followed her with its awkward, angling stride. When I saw that colt coming, a big idea hit me all of a sudden. Jerking the rope off my saddle when the herd had all raced by, I spurred out from behind and roped the colt. It offered no resistance but at once fell in close beside the comforting presence of my horse. The mother ran on a little way, started back, whinnied a time or two, then raced on to overtake the other mustangs.

I cannot remember a greater thrill or a prouder moment in my life than when I led that colt home and told my mother where I had gotten it. To this day I can close my eyes and see her throw up her hands in despair at my story. She reminded me in positive words how often I had been told to stay away from those horses, said she would never see any peace again for worrying about my capers, and finally declared that I would be turned over to the mercy of my father. But what about colt? Would I be allowed to keep it? That was the subject uppermost in my mind. Mother set me at ease on that point. There was no undoing my mischief, we would have to keep the colt because there was nothing else to do with it.

We raised my mustang, feeding her by hand until she was old enough to graze. She seemed in no way different from our other horses until after she had her first colt. Then



mother warned me one day that my mare seemed unusually restless, and the next day she disappeared. You must know that in Texas back in the seventies and eighties there were no fences, so that a stray animal could go as far as its inclination led. I hunted far and wide for my mustang and her colt, and had just about given up the search in bitter disappointment when I met a man who told me he had seen them about twenty-five miles away. My father and mother insisted that I give it up as a fool's errand, but I could not be satisfied till I had followed up this clue, as I was especially attached to my first horse. I did, after a lot of hard riding, come up with them, but it was all for nothing. I could no more catch them than I could have caught a coyote on foot, so hit the trail back home with a heavy heart at having to confess defeat.

The strange part of this tale is that some time later my mare came back, bringing her colt and seeming as civilized as ever. The call of the wild came to her again after her second foal, when she left as before and returned as before, taking both her offspring along. I kept her for many years but had to learn to shut her up after each foaling time.

II

In those days "going up the trail" was an experience that every man and boy was keen for. Our fathers had seen the first drive from Texas to the new Union Pacific country in Nebraska. "Going up the trail" meant driving a herd through to the north plains country and there selling or pasturing it. It meant making a journey like that of the settlers who took the Oregon trail. It meant hardships like those endured by an army on the march. Yes, it took good men to go up the trail.

Before we were sixteen Henry Smith and I used to talk about this experience. We often had notions and we thought they were ideas. One day Henry asked, "How'd you like to go up the trail next spring, Earnest?" "Fine, let's go." "All right we'll just go."

This manly decision reached, we had a little matter or two yet to arrange before it was exactly settled. First, we asked Rile Sharp, the drive foreman, if he would take us on his next trip. "Yes, I reckon I could use you boys if your folks will let you go," was his answer. Henry already had permission from his elder brother, with whom he lived. I induced Rile to talk to my father the first time they were together, and the great experience was arranged.

When the day came to leave for the North, Henry and I felt like heroes that had joined to go to war. We got our horses ready, put them with Rile's bunch and bade everyone a solemn farewell. As we rode away, Henry in a gush of enthusiasm said to me, "Ernest, I'm a' goin' to pat 'em on the back as long as they'll bawl."

Looking back from the last range of hills overlooking home, Henry remarked that he bet they would have lots of fun down there that summer.

We had not been out long before we discovered that our experience was not by any means to be all fun. We hit the trail all day, took our turn standing guard at night, and in case of stormy weather were all in the saddle, on watch. A stampede of two or three thousand head of cattle is something to be avoided at all costs.

The memory of that first watch comes back to me across the years. I don't think I was every sleeping sounder than when I was awakened that night by the man that I was to relieve. When I

At first I was cold. By the time I became warmed up I was lonesome. As I rode I sang snatches from Old Black Joe and Buffalo Girls, but the songs only made me homesick. Then I got to wondering what father would say if I went back home. The moon was out of sight now, and the outlines of the cows appeared indistinct in the gloom. I had no timepiece, which made the time seem to move slower. And I could not keep my thoughts in cheerful channels.

shook off my blanket and got to my feet I shivered a little from the shock, for the air was very crisp. Having been posted beforehand on what I was to do, I had picketed by horse close by. In a few minutes, and without any conversation I had taken up my beat around the herd.

The cattle were huddled close in the bedding ground, which had been selected the evening before by one of our cowpunchers who had ridden ahead of the herd and found a suitable place to throw them for the night. Nearly all of them were lying down, only here and there I could see a few standing. The moon was hanging low in the West and would soon go down. It must have been somewhere around two o'clock. I could perceive my partner riding slowly along on the other side, and I heard his unmelodious voice humming a song. Off a little distance in the other direction some night birds in a mesquite bush were singing.

At first I was cold. By the time I became warmed up I was lonesome. As I rode I sang snatches from Old Black Joe and Buffalo Girls, but the songs only made me homesick. Then I got to wondering what father would say if I went back home. The moon was out of sight now, and the outlines of the cows appeared indistinct in the gloom. I had no timepiece, which made the time seem to move slower. And I could not keep my thoughts in cheerful channels.

At length I observed more movement among the cows, then detected in the East streaks of light that indicated dawn was coming at last. Before long I heard the cook stirring, and then the odor of frying bacon tickled my nostrils. It seemed that the boys were an unnecessarily long time at their breakfast. The early morning is the zero hour for a boy who is away from home and homesick. It is then his spirits and his courage reach the lowest ebb. And so I chafed and meditated till the rest of the men were in their saddles and I was told to go and get my grub, saddle my day horse and go to work. As though I was not already at work.

By the time my partner of the watch and myself had our breakfast over the chuck wagon was loaded, the mules hitched and the cook ready to go on to the noonday stop. In the meantime the other hands were getting the herd spread out on the trail. It was generally the custom to push the heard for the first few days out, in

I was so tired and sleepy that a good bed would have looked better to me than much fine gold. But just as soon as we had bolted our supper we had to be up and about, untying our slickers and getting into them ready for the storm. Hard as it seemed to drag my weary bones back into the saddle, I was better off than the hands who had remained with the herd. We four had at least satisfied our hunger. By this time it was necessary for all hands to be on the job. The thunder was rolling in a constant mumble, and the lightning played ominously along the horns and backs of the restless, huddled animals. Darkness was falling—a bad hour for a storm because none of the cattle had yet lain down.

order to tire the cattle and make them easier to control. For that reason the beginning of the drive was the hardest part of it. Henry had expected to be made a pointer—to ride at the head of the herd and blaze the trail. Instead of that, Rile put him to covering the right wind, while my job was on the flank, keeping up the stragglers—a place where there was nothing else but work and more work.

On the drive the herd was drawn out for perhaps a mile or more, extending one or two hundreds yards in width. It was necessary, of course, that the cattle graze as they traveled, so that an average days drive was only from ten to fifteen miles. When the weather was dry, the dust cloud raised by a large herd on the trail could be seen for twenty miles.

I didn't like the dust, but when it rained that was worse. About the third night out, when we bedded down the herd a cloud was rolling up in the West threatening rain and wind. Rile sent half of us to supper while the others held the herd. I was so tired and sleepy that a good bed would have looked better to me than much fine gold. But just as soon as we had bolted our supper we had to be up and about, untying our slickers and getting into them ready for the storm. Hard as it seemed to drag my weary bones back into the saddle, I was better off than the hands who had remained with the herd. We four had at least satisfied our hunger. By this time it was necessary for all hands to be on the job. The thunder was rolling in a constant mumble, and the lightning played ominously along the horns and backs of the restless, huddled animals. Darkness was falling—a bad hour for a storm because none of the cattle had yet lain down.

Raised up as I was in the cow country, I knew something of

COOPER'S

Old Time

PIT BAR • B • QUE

HOME OF THE BIG CHOP

Featured in:
TEXAS MONTHLY • SOUTHERN LIVING

"Llano is the barbecue capitol of the world."
"COOPER'S is the best joint in town."

-TEXAS MONTHLY MAGAZINE

DINE IN - TAKE OUT - CATERING

915-247-5713

Terry & Karen Wootan, Owners

604 WEST YOUNG (HWY. 29W) • LLANO, TEXAS 78643

**TERRY WOOTAN
REAL ESTATE**

"THE HILL COUNTRY RANCH FINDERS"

RANCHES • RESIDENTIAL • COMMERCIAL



**Terry Wootan
Broker**

915-247-5711

FAX 915-247-3052

506 West Young • Llano, Texas 78643



REAL CHICKEN, REAL GOOD!

**OPEN: 7 DAYS A WEEK
10:30AM to 9:00PM**

915-247-3600

608 West Young • Highway 29 West
Llano, Texas 78643

stampedes and the dread with which all cowmen regarded them. I had only been in the saddle a few minutes before I felt a rush of cold wind, followed by a few big, scattering rain drops. Then the rain come, sweeping over us in gusts so strong that I had to turn my back to it. I could hear the other hands shouting to each other, and saw through the dazzling play of lightning how the cattle were shying and seething. Rile had wisely placed me on the windward side of the herd. Most of the men were bunched on the other side where the break would most likely occur if the cows made a dash.

I have never felt a colder rain than that. It went through me as only an early spring rain in Texas can do. After about three-quarters of an hour the storm began to abate, but we stayed with the herd till ten o'clock before any of us turned in. When at last I desposed my frame on the cold, wet ground, I knew that one of my illusions was destroyed for good—the notion that going up the trail was one big lark.

During all this time Henry had been having the same kind of experience as I had. We had been kept so busy that there was little opportunity afforded us to converse with each other. The following forenoon, however, while we were easing the cattle along and allowing them to graze, I saw Henry sitting with one leg over his saddle horn in a dejected attitude, and rode over to where he was. There was far-away look in Henry's eyes that contrasted strongly with his eager expression a few days before when he had declared that he would pat them on the back as long as they bawled. I think I detected a suspicious moisture about his eyes as he solemnly said to me, "Ernest, let's go back home." Now, as may easily be imagined, I was not exactly in a happy frame of mind, myself, that morning. I needed sympathy, and so answered that of course if he wanted to go back I guessed I'd have to go along with him.

We rode on ahead to where we could see Rile Sharp, the foreman, and Henry told him of our doleful decision. Rile expressed no surprise; he must have anticipated some such action. He merely took out his check book and said to Henry, "Who will I make this check out to?" Then to me: "And how about you?" Our monetary consideration attended to, Rile told us to rope our other horses and be on our way. I'll always believe that he expected us to turn back, and so took along enough help to allow for the defection. Somehow I felt a bit disappointed that our service could be dispensed with so easily. But that was soon forgotten when we had turned our horses' heads toward home. Homesickness is easily cured; we had been given the only prescription.

III

Another experience of my boyhood is unforgettable. We were gathering cattle and someone brought the news that a San Saba outfit was rounding up a large herd in our neighborhood and driving it away with many Llano brands included. This was serious information. The San Saba County ranchers had a bad reputation in Llano County. They were considered in our section to be bad men—men whose habit was take what they wanted, when they wanted it. It was customary when an outfit was gathering cattle in another neighborhood than their own to permit a local man to cut the herd for local brands. These men were ignoring that custom.

Arch Martin, the captain of our round-up, at once asked for some of the other men to volunteer to go with him and cut the San Saba herd. No one volunteered. They all considered such a move dangerous, expecting that the San Saba men would resent Martin's proposal. When no one spoke up, I volunteered to go along, being

LLANO

GUN, KNIFE & INDIAN ARTIFACT SHOW



BUY ★ SELL ★ TRADE

• GUNS • KNIVES • COINS
• INDIAN ARTIFACTS

DATE: August 10th & 11th
TIME: Saturday 9AM to 6PM
Sunday 9AM to 4PM



AMERICAN LEGION HALL • BESSEMER STREET • LLANO, TEXAS

OLD LIBERTY

BED & BREAKFAST

A 1923 Restored Motel with a Homey Atmosphere!
This Place will take you back to the good old days!

- Private Entrance and Bath
- Rooms of the 1840s to 1950s
- Books, TV, Coffee in Rooms
- Full Country Breakfast
- 5 Large Shade Trees
- Pets Allowed with Small Fee
- VISA, Master Card and Discover Card Welcome
- 10% Discount with this Ad
- Reasonable Rates

MASON, TEXAS 78656 • 915-347-6685

RICKETSON

REFRIGERATION

Refrigerators • Freezers • Heating • Air Conditioning
SALES and INSTALLATION

We service all makes and models
Authorized YORK Dealer - TACL #B006111C
FREE ESTIMATES


CHARLES KIRKLAND - SERVICE TECHNICIAN • 915-247-3965

DONALD RICKETSON - OWNER

907 BESSEMER AVE. • LLANO, TEXAS 78643 • 915-247-4913

STORM'S

RESTAURANT and GIFTS



Famous for Old Fashioned Hamburgers & Milk Shakes

- Fresh-cut French Fries
- Drive-in Speaker Service Outside
- Inside Dining Room

BROWSE OUR CHARMING GIFT SHOPPE
FILLED WITH UNIQUE ANTIQUES AND GIFTS

707 WEST WALLACE • SAN SABA, TEXAS 76877 • 915-372-5717

THREADGILL'S



1933

**SITTIN-N-SINGIN-N-SUPPER
WEDNESDAY EVENINGS**

6:30



**6416 NORTH LAMAR
AUSTIN, TEXAS**

JIM BERRY

HILL COUNTRY RANCH SALES



**HORSESHOE BAY OFFICE • 6810 RR 2147 WEST
210-598-1022 FAX 210-598-1671**

**MARBLE FALLS OFFICE • 607 HWY 381
210-693-1122 FAX 210-693-5826**

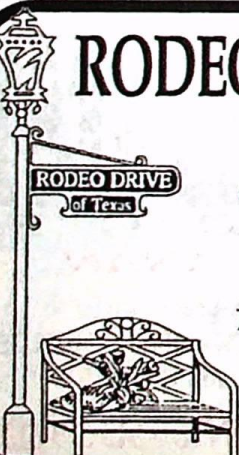
RODEO DRIVE of TEXAS

WOMEN'S CLOTHING
Size 3 to Plus
CHILDREN'S CLOTHING
Boys & Girls Sizes
Gift Items • Tanning Bed
Sterling Silver Jewelry
Brighton Belts & Accessories

Barbara Gilger - Julie Gilger - Kelly Reavis

915-372-3967

207 East Wallace • San Saba, Texas 76877



We had not gotten far before I realized that my partner was a weak sister. He began to complain about this and that, his saddle galled him, he knew we would lose our way, and besides we didn't have a chance to find water in such a God forsaken country. By noon he wanted to turn back, and when late in the afternoon there was still no water in sight, he was in despair, nothing but a liability to me

anxious to get in on all the fun that was to be had. Though I was just a boy, Mr. Martin accepted my offer, and we set out immediately to intercept the San Saba drive while it was yet time to do so.

This man Arch Martin was one of those stout-hearted Texans who feared nothing on or under the earth. By the time we came up with the San Saba drive they were well along toward getting out of our section. Martin accosted the first cowpuncher riding the flank of the herd, and asked to be directed to the boss. We found him near the head of the herd. Martin told him in a courteous but direct manner that we had come to cut his herd and get all of our own brands. I had small notion at the time of what we were doing, but afterward heard men wonder that we got away with it.

"Well, if you want to cut the herd you'll have to do it on the go," was the answer Arch got. "You can cut 'em but we can't hold the herd for you."

This was after all more concession that Arch had expected, so he made the most of it. He told me to start cutting from the tail of the herd while he took the head. I went to the task with all the speed I could. The fact that although only a boy I knew all our brands was not unusual. Every boy knew the brands, just as nowadays every boy can tell a Chevrolet from a Hudson. The herd was strung out for a mile or so and traveling along at a good gait. As fast as I cut cows out I turned them back. I continued cutting out familiar brands over a stretch of several miles. At length Mr. Martin rode back and said that his horse was played out. Mine being in the same condition, we had to knock off and return home, although there were still, no doubt, many of our cattle in the herd. Cutting, you must know, is the hardest work that a cow pony ever has to do. When a hand is cutting he must change mounts about every two hours.

IV

My second journey "Up the Trail" did not end as ingloriously as the first. On this occasion we took the trail to deliver a large herd to Southern Colorado. I was very young man then—about nineteen, I think—but my experience was sufficient that I had been pronounced a cow hand.

In the dry, almost desert country in New Mexico we got in a pinch for water. When we made camp on a certain night I saw that

the drive boss was plainly worried. He called me over to where he was sitting by the fire and told me and one of the other hands that he wanted us to go ahead early next morning and find water. We could note the position of the north star and chart ourselves accordingly, he said.

Next morning, before the herd was thrown on the trail, we were on our way north, each of us well mounted and with a pack horse between us. We had not gotten far before I realized that my partner was a weak sister. He began to complain about this and that; his saddle galled him, he knew we would lose our way, and besides we didn't have a chance to find water in such a God forsaken country. By noon he wanted to turn back, and when late in the afternoon there was still no water in sight, he was in despair, nothing but a liability to me. Near dark we found a small water hole, almost dried up but enough for our horses, and there we camped for the night. It was a cloudy night. I could not tell by the stars how accurately I had steered our course. I was, of course, thoroughly disgusted with the weakling that was with me. Though he was much older than me, it was clear that if our mission was performed I would have to do it. I had been sent to find water and I had no intention of going back with out finding it.

When we resumed our search at dawn the next day, our course continued through a hot, dry, hilly country with nothing in sight to relieve the monotony of the landscape. As the hours slipped by I began to feel anxious. Toward the middle of the forenoon I heard a sound that made my heart beat faster. I told my companion that it could be nothing else in the world but a rooster crowing. Following the direction of this welcome sound we saw a wisp of smoke and came on a nester's hut and dug-out in the side of a small canyon. As we rode up, an old man came out, called off his dogs and told us to get down. He had a Winchester in his hands, and peered at us suspiciously through a hedge of whiskers that hid his eyes and mouth till they completely concealed all his facial expression. We were not slow in telling our business, being particular, incidentally, to disabuse the old man's mind of any notion that we had any connection with the law. I felt a great deal more comfortable when he set his rifle down and told us to water and feed our horses. There was well and pulley in the yard.

The old nester had bet the government \$24 against one hundred and sixty acres of dry land that he could stay on it for three years, and was, he admitted, about ready to concede that the government had won the wager. He was one of those southwestern pioneers who had survived by dint of "diggin' for his water and climbing for his wood." His conversion was eloquent with reticence about his past. He knew were water was to be found. As we had thought, the Canadian River was near and he was willing to pilot us to it.

Leaving my useless partner at the dug-out, I went with the nester almost immediately to get the location of the river. Arrived there, he further volunteered to guide me back by the nearest route to our herd. Time was now important. The herd was two days' drive from the river at the closest point, with not enough water on the way to be worth considering. When we put this information before the drive boss, the boys were just hitting the trail on the morning of the third day from my departure on the search for water. The bedding ground the night before was by a small water hole that was now nothing but mud. All day we pushed the cattle with all the speed possible, dinner being eaten on the go. That

Plantation Gardens

ANTIQUES

*Furniture • Plants • Collectibles
Western • Primitives • Crafts*

WE BUY ESTATES DEALER DISCOUNT

Sue Broyles

Business - 915-372-3707 ☆ Residence - 915-622-4258

608 WEST WALLACE (Hwy 190) • SAN SABA, TEXAS 76877

SUGARBAKER'S

VISIT OUR NEW GOURMET FOOD AND
GIFT STORE IN DOWNTOWN SAN SABA!

COFFEE & TEAS • SALSAS • PASTAS • JELLIES
PECANS & CANDIES • GADGETS • COOKWARE
POTTERY • CHINA • STATIONERY & CARDS
BABY & CHILDREN'S GIFTS • HOME ACCESSORIES

OPEN: MONDAY - SATURDAY 9:00AM - 5:00PM

VISA • MASTERCARD ACCEPTED

413 EAST WALLACE • SAN SABA, TEXAS 76877 • 915-372-3484



Contact:

Gene Hall Reagor

915-247-4074

Llano, Texas 78643

- CENTURY OLD WORKING RANCH
- FIRST CLASS COUNTRY LODGE & COTTAGE FOR UP TO 14 GUESTS
- VERY REMOTE SCENIC AREA
- IDEAL FOR ARTISTS, BIRDERS, ROCKHOUSES AND PHOTOGRAPHERS
- CLIMB BEAUTIFUL DUTCH MOUNTAIN FOR A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF NEARBY ENCHANTED ROCK.

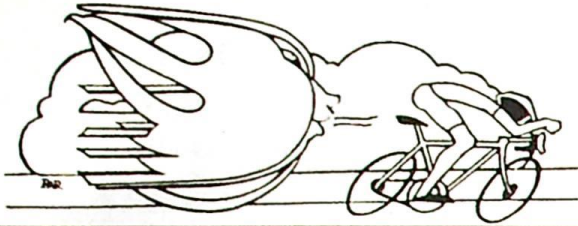


LAKE FRONT COTTAGES • 3 WAY RV HOOK-UPS
BOAT RAMP • BOAT DOCK • FISHING DOCK • FISHING SUPPLIES
ALL COTTAGES ARE FULLY EQUIPPED AND AIR CONDITIONED

CALL ABOUT WEEKDAY DISCOUNTS - 915-379-3131

Ronnie & Donna Skelton - Proprietor • Tow, Texas 78672

WITH THE WIND CYCLING TOURS

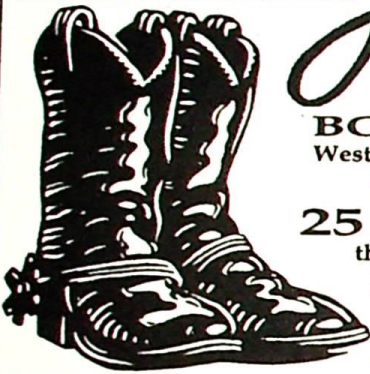


WAYNE RAYMOND
906 CHERRY HOLLOW DR.
FREDERICKSBURG, TX 78624

DAY RIDES
25 - 100 MILES
210-997-6341

SALE

Harry's



BOOT SPECIAL!
Western, Roper's and Work Boots
Month of August Only

25 to 45% OFF
the Already Discount Price

DON'T MISS OUT ON THIS SALE!!!
All Purchases are Final

San Saba 915-372-3636
Comanche 915-356-3151

Lillie's ANTIQUES

HONEST, FRIENDLY SERVICE

Glassware & Collectibles
Furniture & Primitives

OPEN: 9AM - 6PM • MONDAY - SATURDAY
1PM - 5:30PM • SUNDAY

303 BESSEMER • LLANO, TEXAS 78643
North End of the Bridge in Historical Llano

BARGAIN BOOKS

OVER 40,000 BOOKS OF ALL KINDS

HARDBACKS and PAPERBACKS

210-693-5628

1612-B HIGHWAY 281 NORTH
MARBLE FALLS, TEXAS 78654

The end of the Colorado drive found the cowpunchers with their pay in their pockets, turned loose on their own. Mine was a free and easy life for a while. I had taken up with Olden Lovelace who had come along with our crew from Llano County. This Lovelace was full-grown man, a Texan altogether capable of taking care of himself at all times and in all company.

night the herd was very restless, milling around and bawling till all hands had to be up at midnight to hold them.

At four o'clock the next morning we started the drive. About noon the thirsty leaders sniffed the water and broke into a trot. The herd soon became scattered over a long stretch. No use trying to hold them together. The weaker animals and the calves trailed farther and farther behind, some dropping out entirely from exhaustion. The nester and I were at the head of the drive to point the herd, though they needed no pointing now. It was a scene of dust and noise and confusion. The larger steers and cows were running ahead and bawling, mouths open, slavering. It somewhat resembled a stampede, though the cattle were actuated, not by fear but by pressing, burning thirst. The leaders reached the water and plunged into its cooling current by three o'clock, while the tail ends were not all there by dark. Some never reached the goal, but left their hides and bones to mark their trail.

The end of the Colorado drive found the cowpunchers with their pay in their pockets, turned loose on their own. Mine was a free and easy life for a while. I had taken up with Olden Lovelace who had come along with our crew from Llano County. This Lovelace was full-grown man, a Texan altogether capable of taking care of himself at all times and in all company. We were wandering leisurely back toward home, about as free from care as two cowpunchers with plenty of health and some money can be. One morning we woke up in Carlsbad to discover that our combined financial resources amounted to something like seventy-five cents. Of course we had our saddle horse and pack horse between us. But they were not to be classed as resources. A horse in those days was a necessity.

We went into council. It would not do to go back home broke. We must make some money some way, so we went out to see what two improvident but ambitious punchers might run into. That was forty years ago. And I have not been in Carlsbad since, but I am sure I could go back there now and point out the corner where Olden and I were standing when two men approached and asked if we wanted to work. They were ranch men, not friendly or cordial looking by any means, but we could not afford to be particular. What they wanted was two men to break a bunch of horses for them. I had it on my tongue to decline with thanks any such a job

as that, but Olden, who being older was a sort of stepmother to me, answered without hesitation, "Shore, we'll do it. When do we start?" You see Olden was a man of decision. He had no trouble deciding for two. We were told that our pay would start immediately at \$30 a month, which was about double the wages of a cow hand on the range. We would have to stick around a day or two till our employers were ready to go out to their ranch. And, what was of pressing concern to us, they took us over to a restaurant and gave orders that we were to be fed at their expense.


That restaurant still sticks in my memory. It had a dirt floor, a greasy counter and smoky walls. The keeper, who was cook and waiter as well, came paddling out from the kitchen barefoot. His cooking was an outrage, but we were not particular then. When I was young man on the range, to me food was food. I only rated it by quantity. After we had struck up an acquaintance with the old restaurant keeper we asked him about our new employers. His report was not reassuring. "All them men has got is lots of horses and a bad reputation," he told us. I was in favor of giving up such a dubious proposition but Olden wouldn't hear of it.

In a couple of days we were told by the ranchmen that they were ready to go. Their place was some fifteen or twenty miles from Carlsbad. What they expected of us was simply stated. They had something over one hundred head of unbroken horses that they wanted ridden at least twice each and marked so that they could be sold as animals broken to the saddle. Our instructions were, in brief, to ride 'em, cowboy. Having shown us what they wanted, the two ranchmen left us by ourselves at the ranch house.

Now Olden, being a resourceful young man, knew how we wanted to proceed. He informed me as though I had been his son, that I was not to get out of doing my share of the work. Here's the way we'll work it, he outlined to me. We'll corral a bunch of these horses and you can have first pick; you pick one out and I'll ride him. Then I'll choose one and you'll ride him. We will just make it turn about till they're all broke." I assented. There was nothing else to do.

The weeks that followed brought the hardest work that I ever did or expect to do. Those horses proved to be tough meat. Some days I was so bruised and sore I could hardly walk. I was thrown, kicked, dragged, bitten and walked on. None of them had ever felt a rope before, and they were as mean and dangerous as Comanches. But we rode them and I stuck to our fifty-fifty arrangement.

There was one big gray in the herd that towered over every other horse. We tried to maneuver him into the corral but he had always managed to get away from us. Finally, one day we got the gap closed on him, to Olden's great delight, for it was his turn to pick one for me. I regarded my task with consternation and misgiving, and suggested that we let the gray go. "Not on your life," was Olden's unrelenting response. "You rope that horse and ride him, just like I would if it was my turn." We got him roped and put a hackamore on him—that much was accomplished. Outside the corral where we did the riding some large rocks were laying, to which we were in the habit of anchoring our ropes to snub the horses down. The added advantage in this was that the rocks were movable. They were sufficiently heavy to hold a horse from running away but not so solid as to throw him with great force. The ropes we used were some forty feet or so in length. At my first opportunity I hitched my rope near its end to the most convenient rock. The gray made an impetuous dash, running twice the rope's length. When he came to the end of



PARDNERS


THE HIGHLAND LAKES' PREMIER NIGHT CLUB

COUNTRY WITH A TOUCH OF ROCK

OPEN: Wednesday - Saturday 7PM to 2AM
 "We have the BEST DRINK SPECIALS
 in the Highland Lakes area."

Mike Mathys - Owner
For Reservations • 512-793-2467
 HIGHWAY 29 • BUCHANAN DAM, TEXAS 78609

**ARE YOU GOING TO WALMART?
IT'S ACROSS FROM**



Joyce & Doug Gillow
210-693-6531
 2407 HIGHWAY 281 NORTH • MARBLE FALLS, TEXAS 78654



MOUNTAIN MADNESS

GUIDE SERVICE & CLIMBING SCHOOL

Scott Harris

512-443-5854 • FAX 512-443-7271

CALL FOR FREE BROCHURE • AUSTIN, TEXAS

**LIVE MUSIC
EVERY
SATURDAY
NIGHT**

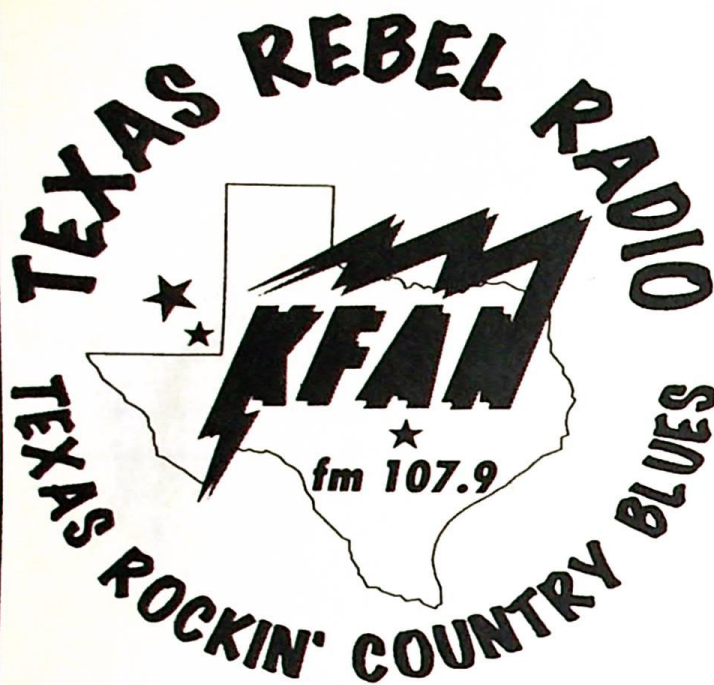
✧
WASHER & DART
TOURNAMENTS
✧

A gathering place for locals and a
welcomed refreshment stop for
visitors to the area

• MUSICIANS WELCOME •
512-793-2280
 SOUTHEAST CORNER OF RR 1431 and HWY 29

FUZZY'S CORNER





**RADIO LIKE YOU'VE
NEVER HEARD BEFORE**

**AMERICANA
STATION**
of the
Southwest

HOOTIE AND THE BLOWFISH
JOE ELY • STEVE EARL • JOHN PRINE
DWIGHT YOAKUM • EMMY LOU HARRIS
JOHN HIATT • MELISSA ETHERIDGE
BB KING • BONNIE RAITT • ALVIN CROW
BOB MARLEY • JIMMY BUFFETT
AUSTIN LOUNGE LIZARDS

FRITZ BROADCASTING INC.
P.O. BOX 311 • FREDERICKSBURG, TEXAS 78624
210-997-2197

his slack the unexpected happened. The big gray turned a somersault in the air, came down on his back with a heavy thud, kicked convulsively once or twice, then lay quite still. He was stone dead. His neck broken by the fall. When we had examined him Olden and I looked at each other a minute or so without speaking a word. I confess my first sensation was one of vast relief. "Well, Olden, I broke him," was what I finally said. And his words were, "I'll be damned."

When we rode a bronc we clipped his forelock to mark him. But this was not the only sign of our mastery that were visible. The ropes generally marked them quite legibly for future buyers. And then we had no scruples about using our spurs when their civilizing influence was needed. One animal in particular, I remember, showed so much evidence of having matched his will against ours that one of our bosses was moved to ask as he looked the bronco over, "Boys, did that one kick very much when you skinned him?"

A brilliant idea occurred to us after we had endured a lot of violent pitching. We took the bronco out to a very stony hillside near the corral to ride them. There they would do very little pitching. The stones were too hard on their feet.

One or other of our employers came out every week or two to see how we were progressing. They nearly always asked us if we needed any money, and gave us some even though we told them we had no place to spend it. I was holding my own with Olden and he admitted it. But I was not willing to continue breaking horses indefinitely. There came a day when I told Olden that I was through. He could stay as long as he pleased but I was quitting. When I put it that way he at once announced that he would go with me.

When our employers came again we informed them of our decision. Since we had nearly finished the task anyway, they said little, only asked how much they owed us. I was about to answer that we were already overpaid for our serviced when Olden named some figure, which they promptly paid. When we left to pursue our interrupted course in the direction of Llano we had money in our jeans again. The woes of the world weighed lightly on us.

Near the finish of this my first long journey from home, I came with Olden Lovelace into the old town of San Angelo. San Angelo in those days was one of the frontier places that Hollywood tries to reproduce on the screen for this generation. On the day that we rode into that thriving burg there was some special occasion afoot. The streets and places of business were full of cowpunchers in all conditions of inebriety, enjoying a frolic. We quite naturally gravitated into one of the principal thirst-quenching emporiums that were the pride of San Angelo. It had a long bar, well-lined with thirsty, loud and bragging cowpunchers. The beer and other liquor being dispensed there had been hauled overland from Austin, at that time the nearest railway point.

We joined this group, quenched a long-standing thirst and amused ourselves observing the men about us. None of them carried guns, at least not visibly. The law against toting fire-arms was being enforced. It was a good-natured, peaceful bunch of men—that is until we were joined by a big, broad, important looking man who came into the saloon in a way to impress us that he was somebody. Passing down the bar by several spaces where there was plenty of room for him to be served, this worthy went down near the rear and deliberately and discourteously shouldered a small, unoffending man who stood there sipping his beer. He was

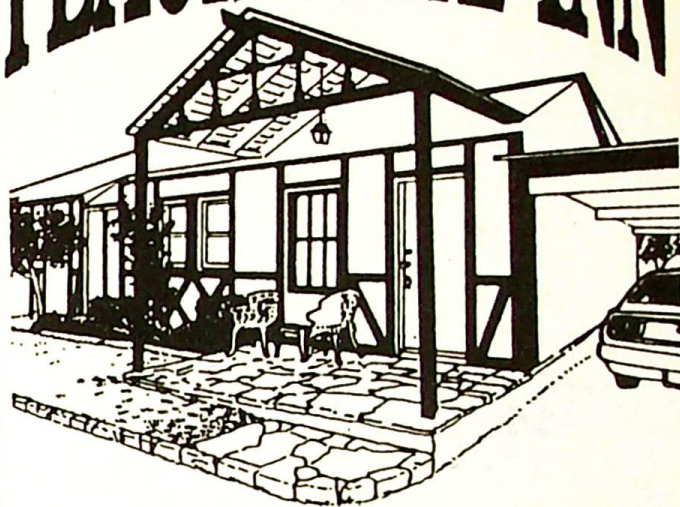
I saw the big man make some kind of a move toward Olden, and then Olden cut loose. There was plenty of action then for a few minutes. Olden went through the big man in whirlwind fashion. Through the tangle of flying fists I saw the gentlemen knocked down two or three times, kicked in the seat of his pants, thrown through the door into the street and his hat tossed out after him.

plainly hard and wanted it to be known. The man to whom he had gone out of his way to be rude protested mildly against the indignity, only to get himself loudly and roundly cursed. There was nothing the little man could do about it. The matter had to rest right there. But the incident had interested Olden Lovelace. Olden was a stickler for fair play. He loved a contest but he wanted it to be well-matched.

"I think I'll go down and get acquainted with this gentlemen" he remarked to me. I tried to keep him from mixing in this affair, reminding him that we were strangers there and that this big fellow had the ear marks of a bad man—one it would be well to let alone. But Olden insisted he only desired to meet the gentlemen, and with that walked down to where he stood. With every courtesy he said, holding out his hand in friendly greeting, "My name is Lovelace." The stranger stared at him insolently for a minute, ignored the proffered hand and asked, "Well, what of it?" "Oh! I only wanted to be friendly and make your acquaintances," Olden answered. "I'm not making any more acquaintances," was the rejoinder. Something else was said. I saw the big man make some kind of a move toward Olden, and then Olden cut loose. There was plenty of action then for a few minutes. Olden went through the big man in whirlwind fashion. Through the tangle of flying fists I saw the gentlemen knocked down two or three times, kicked in the seat of his pants, thrown through the door into the street and his hat tossed out after him. Yes, as I have intimated previously, Olden was very self-reliant, capable young man. His antagonist rose from the ground, felt to see if any bones were broken and then broke out in a stream of abuse, mixed with threats of the dire deeds he would do when he came back. Olden only told him to run along home—that he would be waiting. But we never saw the gentleman any more.

This introduction to San Angelo put Olden ace-high with the boys around the saloon. Cowmen as a rule have little use for one who would put any kind of indignity on a weaker man, and corresponding respect for one who asserts right against might. I shined in Olden's reflected glory. They all thought that since I was Olden's partner, I must be a plumb fighter like him. And I said nothing to disabuse their minds on that score. It's no business of mine to correct people's wrong notions.

PEACH TREE INN



Classic Motor Court Quiet - Clean - Quaint

- Cottages around a manicured courtyard
- Huge Pecan shade trees
- Victorian lights, park benches, waterfall
- Beautiful pool - playground, horseshoes
- Picnic Area
- Phones - Remote TV
- Covered parking

Two (2) blocks South of Fredericksburg's Main Street
Serving the Hill Country Travelers Since 1939
American Owned and Operated

From

\$29.25 + TAX

Sunday thru Thursday

**Free AM coffee, juice and sweet roll
Fresh from Andy's Dinner.**

Allen and Jan will make every effort for your stay to be as pleasant and memorable as possible.

For Reservations

1-800-843-4666

210-997-2117

**401 SOUTH WASHINGTON
FREDERICKSBURG, TEXAS 78624**

THE BUSINESS CENTER

Printing & Office Supply of Llano



ON LLANO'S HISTORIC SQUARE

RUBBER STAMPS • FAX SERVICE
COPIES • OFFICE SUPPLIES
OFFICE FURNITURE

915-247-5457

729 Ford Street • Llano, Texas 78643

FROSTY MILLER

RANCH REALTY, INC.

915-247-3997 • FAX 915-247-3675

Frosty Miller - Broker • Anytime 915-251-6671 • Pager 512-756-5837
• ASSOCIATES •

Kenneth Brandenberger 915-247-4822 • C.W. Capps 915-251-6639 • Wanda Houston 915-247-5079
Kandace Smith 915-239-5549 • Tim Dockal 915-239-5574

• **LLANO COUNTY**

New highly restricted subdivision offering 6 to 100 acres, water available, owner financing, joins Llano city limits.

• **SAN SABA COUNTY**

525 acres- Remote, end of road place, great tree cover, excellent hunting for turkey and big bucks. \$575 acre

• **MCCULLOUGH COUNTY**

3279 Acres- Deer fenced, steel corrals, 1 large field, game managed for 10 years for trophy bucks, 160 class B & C bucks turkey, dove and quail. \$600 acre

• **MASON COUNTY**

800-1500 acres- Both sides of the Llano River, terrific views, great hunting. \$1,250 acre

LLANO OFFICE 307 Bessemer • Llano, Texas 78643 915-247-3997 • Fax 247-3657	PONTOTOC OFFICE PO Box 13 • Pontotoc, Texas 76869 915-251-6671 • Fax 251-6506
--	---

We have many other ranches in this area and in South & West Texas.
GIVE US A CHANCE TO FIND YOUR RANCH FOR YOU.

LOOKIN' BACK AT LUCKENBACH

by **BEAU BURTON**

Here it is 1996, and is it just me? Could be I'm the only one that may have noticed? Seems more and more I end up, enjoying a live band out at the Luckenbach Dance Hall. Well, maybe it's because many of my favorite musical artists' play this hall, and I'm spoiled. If acts like Joe Ely, Billy Joe Shaver, Delbert McClinton and Ray Wylie Hubbard don't float your boat, then maybe you've never tuned into what the Texas Hill Country's most famous little town and dance hall, have to offer. Although music industry meccas like Nashville and Los Angeles downplay any place in Texas being connected to musical bliss, more and more you find them ready to do a little Luckenbach name-dropping in their video's. Still this tiny town that keeps much the same population, continues to grow as a "must see" tourist stop for country music fans searching for Eden. There is of course much more to this picture than meets the eye.

In the early 70's the old "Imagineer" himself, Hondo Crouch, nurtured a down-home, folksy, country-wise philosophy and style. Individually Hondo started a movement. One thing for sure, Hondo wanted everyone to look at life with hope and zeal. From his story telling to children, to his mischievous observations, Hondo was anything but politically correct. Hondo's tendency to lean toward the less traveled road, is at the heart of the charm that is part of Luckenbach's image today. Believe it or not, some folks find this inspirational.

With a pebble in a pond effect, the ripple spreads out to those who empathize with the human experience. The pebble Hondo cast into the pond is most evident to country music fans, more so than to writers and philosophers: Everyone and their dog has heard the Waylon tune "Luckenbach Texas;" and few, if any, folks know that Hondo himself was a real American humorist, like one of his big inspirations, Will Rogers. It was Hondo's wit that brought Luckenbach it's legendary status.

Hondo turned conventional thinking into unconventional ideas: "You can't forget memories." His creative approach to his life, has had a significant influence on many Texas singers and songwriters. Hondo set the stage, driving home progressive thoughts as a way to express his god-given freedom. This spirit of freedom inspired others. Maybe that's why Gary P., Ray Wylie, Billy Joe, and many other less predominant figures enjoy a association with "the Bach", as some call it. A clue to the atmosphere at Luckenbach during Hondo's time, is on a sign that still hangs behind the bar today. "Our Customers are the Board of Directors". To me that tells us a lot about where Hondo thought peoples priorities should be. Could this desire be more universal than we realize? Taking things too seriously, wasn't a part of Hondo's image. It was his views, of a progressive country atmosphere that still attracts musical artist from near and far. People come from all over the world to visit Luckenbach. And from it's humble beginnings as a post office-

LNB



Llano National Bank

"Home Owned and Operated"

For Complete Banking Services

Phone:



915-247-5701

MEMBER
FDIC

1001 Ford Street • Llano, Texas 78643

LLANO EVENTS

August 8, 9 & 10 4th Annual Chamber of Commerce Bluegrass Music Festival.

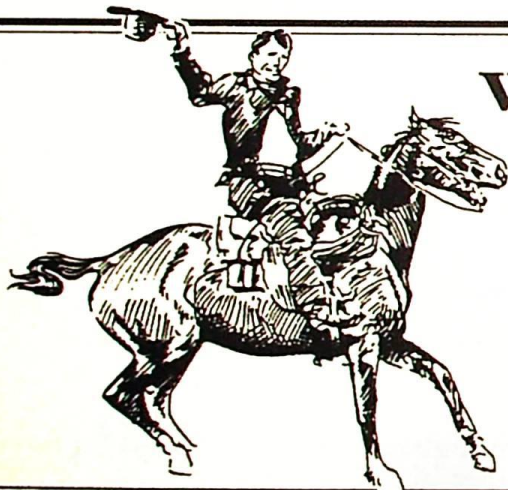
Llano Riverwalk Theater Group....Presents "Win a 4-wheeler". Our theater group is raffling a 4-wheeler with trailer. Only 1000 tickets are being sold. \$10. each or 3 for \$25. Contact any member of the group. Or stop by the chamber office.

For more information contact the Chamber office at 915-247-5354

SPECIAL OFFER

For two or more subscriptions to *Enchanted Rock Magazine* send ONLY \$20 per subscription to the magazine at 209 East Main, Llano, Texas 78643 with the names and addresses. If this is a gift subscription tell us and we will send an Enchanted Rock note card in your name with the first issue. OFFER EXPIRES 9/30/96

20% DISCOUNT



WELCOME
TO THE

County of Llano

'REOPENING THE
TEXAS FRONTIER'

VISIT HISTORICAL LLANO ON THE BANKS OF THE LEGENDARY LLANO RIVER

ENTIRE DOWNTOWN LISTED IN THE NATIONAL REGISTER OF HISTORICAL PLACES

EAT • SLEEP • SWIM • SHOP • DANCE • FISH • GOLF • RELAX • ENJOY

LLANO HAS IT ALL!

LLANO COUNTY CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

700 Bessemer ☆ Llano, Texas ☆ 915-247-5354

HOME OF ENCHANTED ROCK

DANGER!

This is a column you might want to read. It is about the dangers of the Hill Country.

by KEVIN KENNEDY (age 9)

Starting with snakes, the ones you see alot that are dangerous are rattle snakes, coral snakes, copper heads, water moccasins, and cotton mouths. Water moccasins and cotton mouths live in the water but they can come out and chase you. A poisonous snake looks like it has a triangular head.

Next are scorpions. Watch out for them because they like dark places; so in the morning, shake out your shoes, shirts, other pieces of clothing, and your sleeping bag. Parents, watch out. They can be fatal to little children and small animals.

And now bugs. First spiders: black widows like dark places so shake out your shoes and stuff because they are poisonous and can be fatal. Brown recluses like dark places too, so you know the procedure and they can be fatal as well. And now centipedes: they are long and have hundred legs and are poisonous so watch out! They come in to your tents and sleeping bags and they sting when they get you.

Next are ticks. They live in trees and grass and can get in your socks and underwear. And they can give you lyme disease. And watch out for chiggers too. They make you itch when they inject an irritating venom in you but do not hurt. They like to live in tall grass.

And now plants. Poison ivy has a red stem and three leaves on each stem. It can make you itch and some people get real sick and have to take a trip to the hospital.

P.S. Watch out for wild animals that don't run away from you because they may have rabies.

FREDERICKSBURG EVENTS

August 10 and 11: Para-Mutual Horseracing meet, Gillespie County Fairgrounds

August 13: Country Music Showdown, Music and singing contest, Marktplatz park, downtown.

August 17: Doss, Texas, Old Fashioned Community Fair and Celebration.

August 23: 150th Anniversary Celebration: Gillespie County Fair Parade, downtown Fredericksburg, to open the 106th County Fair at the Fairgrounds, Hwy. 16 S. Oldest County Fair in Texas! 7pm to 9pm Dancing, singing, and shunkeling to the Erkheim German Band at the open air pavilion. or in the Biergarten if it rains.

9pm to 1am Country Western Dancing, Open air pavilion.

August 24: 10am to 1am County Fair and Horse Races: exhibits, judging of products, arts and crafts, livestock. Music and dancing into the wee hours. Paramutual Horseracing begins at 1pm.

August 25: 10am to 7pm County Fair. 1pm Paramutuel Horseracing.

August 25: Annual Lyndon B. Johnson Birthday Celebration, LBJ Historical Park, Stonewall Texas.

KNOPP NURSING & RETIREMENT HOMES

Family owned and operated • 30 years of dedicated service
Irene Luckenbach - John - Jerry - Jane
PRIVATE-MEDICARE-MEDICAID • VA CONTRACTS AVAILABLE

- Registered & LVN Nurses
- 24 Hour Care
- Private & Semi Private Rooms
- Doctor of Your Choice
- Special Diets
- Oxygen & Intravenous Therapy
- Central Heating & Cooling
- Telephone & Television
- Bedside Pushbutton Call Service & Intercom
- Fire Detection Sprinkler System
- Recreation Areas
- Enclosed Courtyard
- Weekly Church Services
- Activity Director
- Full-time Social Worker
- Speech, Physical & Occupational Therapy
- Beauty & Barber Shop
- Hospice
- Personal Care
- Affordable Rates
- Security Systems

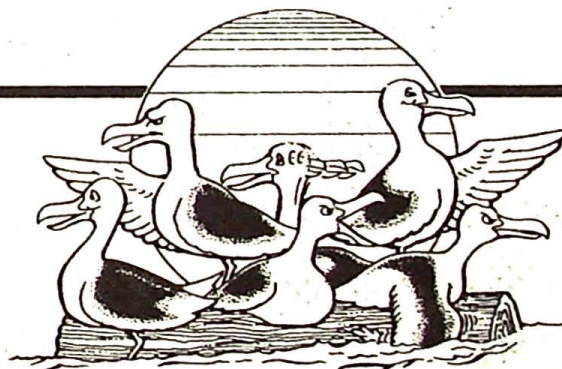
HOME NO. 1
1208 N. Llano Rd.
210-997-3704
Residents 997-1997

HOME NO. 2
202 Hollmig Ln.
210-997-8840

KNOPP Care Center
202 Hollmig Ln.
210-997-7924

RETIREMENT CENTER
103 E. Trailmor
210-997-4426
Residents 997-7712

LUCKENBACK
Retirement Apartments
202 Hollmig Ln.
210-997-3704



VILLAGE QUICK STOP

OPEN: SEVEN DAYS A WEEK • FROM 6AM - 10PM

- GROCERIES
- HARDWARE
- BEER & WINE
- LOTTERY
- GAS & DIESEL
- BAIT
- PICNIC SUPPLIES
- FISHING SUPPLIES

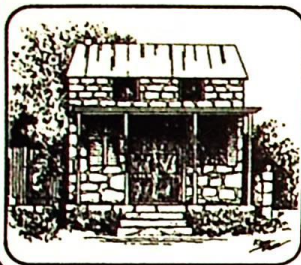
WE STOCK A LARGE
SELECTION OF
PLUMBING AND
ELECTRICAL
SUPPLIES.
AUTO, BOAT AND
LAWNMOWER
BATTERIES.

DENVER and EVA HEFFINGTON

915-379-1482

BUCHANAN LAKE VILLAGE • TOW, TEXAS 78672

Bed and Breakfast of Fredericksburg



**Come as a Guest...
Leave as a Friend!**

Fredericksburg's First B&B Reservation Service. Unique & comfortable accommodations in town or in the country. Carefully chosen private homes, separate guest cottages & country homes. Specify with or without hostesses.

Call or write for our free brochure:
211 West Main Street
Fredericksburg, Texas 78624 • 210-997-4712



HILL COUNTRY CELLARS

Tasting Room - Open seven days a week - 12PM to 5PM

Afternoon Tours - Friday, Saturday & Sunday - 1, 2, 3, & 4PM

Winery 512-259-2000 • 1-800-26-GRAPE • Fax 512-259-2092

1700 NORTH BELL BLVD. • CEDAR PARK, TEXAS 78613

Located on Highway 183 • Just north of FM1431

SAVE TEXAS CEMETERIES INC.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

TELEPHONE _____ FAX _____

Memberships: Individual/\$20; Individual & spouse/\$25; Student/
\$10; Nonporfit Organization/\$30; Commerical Corporation/\$100

Make your checks payable to: Save Texas Cemeteries, Inc. and mail to
Save Texas Cemeteries Inc., P.O. Box 202975, Austin, Texas 78720-2975

Main Street Tea Room and Jeanie's Desserts

*Home of our famous
Llano River Bottom Pie*

11AM - 4PM Monday-Friday

11AM - 3PM Saturday

915-247-4561

111 West Main Street • Llano, Texas 78643

BIGFOOT WALLACE

Continued from page 29

of the huge Indian. This convinced Gravis and he apologized to Wallace and left. Meanwhile Wallace's roommate had come to the door and heard the whole conversation. While Wallace was standing in the big track, Fox laughed at his friend's dilemma and called him, from that day forward, "Bigfoot." Their neighbors in the small town soon heard the story and the name stuck. When the name "Bigfoot" was brought up they would ask whether the speaker meant the Indian or "Bigfoot Wallace."

Wallace later recalled that, when he lived in Austin, forty people were killed there and that he helped bury twenty-two of them. Most of these settlers were killed by the Bigfoot Indian and his gang which normally numbered eight members. After Bigfoot Wallace and some of his friends had killed three of these Wacos and wounded some others the Indians finally left the area.

In the final months of 1839 a "flux" broke out in Austin (probably cholera—a disease which ravaged other settlements on the frontier at this time due to the unsanitary water conditions found there) which Bigfoot caught and which caused him to lose his hair. He was cured of the disease by an old French lady named Tetar who made and fed him a thin porridge of toasted flour and thin milk—a remedy still used effectively in third-world countries. Wallace had been engaged to be married before he got sick and decided to leave town as soon as he could travel to keep his loved one from seeing him without his hair. Bigfoot left town and went to a cave he had found on nearby Mt. Bonnell. He stayed there hunting and fishing as he recuperated and began to grow his hair again. His housemate, Fox, came to check on him from time to time, always sticking his head in the cave and asking, "Hello! Bigfoot are you dead yet?" After learning that Wallace was doing better he would load up the meat that the hunter had procured and take it back to Austin to sell. After some weeks of this, Fox brought Bigfoot the news that his sweetheart had run off and married another man to which Wallace replied, "I'm glad she's gone. A woman that can't wait until a man's hair grows out I don't want." This experience pretty much soured Bigfoot on matrimony and from that time on always said that he never had the time to get married. It does seem that as a result of this incident, he dedicated his life to making the country around him safer for those who were unable to defend themselves.

CONTINUED NEXT MONTH.



BRENDA W. SCHOLIN, GRI

Executive Properties
Relocation 1-800-658-5609
Office 512-448-4111
Residence 512-346-6478
Fax 512-448-4822
Digital Pager 512-860-8060



KELLER WILLIAMS
REALTY

3755 Capital of Texas Highway South
Suite 179 • Austin, Texas 78704

An Independent Member Broker

24 REASONS

WHY YOU SHOULD SUBSCRIBE, READ, SAVE, TALK ABOUT,
SHARE, ADVERTISE IN, AND PRAY FOR
ENCHANTED ROCK MAGAZINE

1. The very best guide to the Texas Hill Country.
2. State and national award-winning writers.
3. Copied by well-respected publications.
4. Secrets of the Hill Country revealed.
5. Tales of Cowboys, Indians, Texicans and Tejanos.
6. Legends of conquistadors.
7. Used in Hill Country classrooms.
8. Family histories and the way it was.
9. Adventure, discovery and knowledge.
10. Antidote for the leading edge.
11. World-class artwork.
12. Daytrippin' adventure maps.
13. Endorsed by the *Austin Chronicle*.
14. Endorsed by the *Austin American Statesman*.
15. Endorsed by K-EYE, Channel 42, Austin
16. From hunter-gathers to today's adventures.
17. Looks nice on your coffee table.
18. Subscribed to by Baylor University Library.
19. Subscribed to by Texas A&M. Library.
20. In eight University of Texas at Austin Libraries.
21. Available at over 100 newsstands in Austin alone.
22. Cowboy poetry.
23. No smelly ads.
24. No guards at the office doors.

HOW TO ORDER A SUBSCRIPTION:

It's \$25 a year. Make out a check to the magazine, write your name and address on a piece of paper, and mail it in. Thanks.

Think About Birthdays and Christmas:

It's \$25 a year. We'll send a nice card of Enchanted Rock to those on your lists along with their first issue. OK, so Christmas is still a long way off. Get an early start.

SPECIAL BACK ISSUE OFFER:

A collector's set of all previous issues: Vol. No. 1 thru Vol. 3 No. 5. While our supply lasts —ONLY \$60.

ENCHANTED ROCK MAGAZINE

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



MARK T. VIRDELL, BROKER
801 BESSEMER • LLANO, TEXAS 78643 • 915-247-5782

Looking for property in the
Hill Country area?
We have many
quality properties for sale.

THESE ARE JUST A FEW:

2,275 acres near Colorado Bend State Park. Highway frontage, majestic liveoaks, springs, creek, some improved grasses, great working and hunting ranch. Reduced to \$725 acre

147 acres, Llano County, county road frontage, post oaks & live oaks, 3 wells, 1 modular home & new 3/2 rock home with more features than can be listed. Call for details.

169 acres, Llano County, hilltop ranch overlooking Lake Buchanan, great views, secluded location, a bowhunters dream.

Immaculate low maintenance 3/1 home on 1/2 city block, large shade trees, a stone's throw from the Llano River. \$75,000

2 Acres on th Llano River, great waterfront, only \$24,000

11 Acres NW of Llano, 1B/1B country style home, well & wet weather creek with views of the surrounding Hill Country \$47,000

5+ Acres on Johnson Creek, 24'X24' finished building, 30 GPM well, lots of oaks, a great "GETAWAY!" only \$35,000

20 Acres of beautiful Hill Country, out building, electricity, fenced great tree cover and wet weather creek. \$38,000

5+ Acres with 3/2 home. Many beautiful trees, 5 GPM well, seclusion, but paved access. \$65,000

2.5 Acres on Llano River with 3/2 mobile home \$29,500



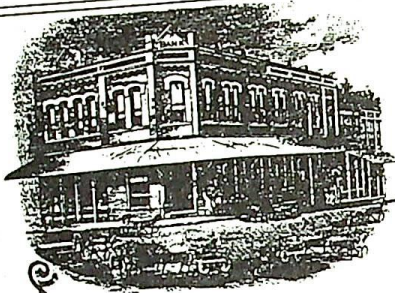
Teresa Bauman- 247-3137 • Bob D. Weber- 247-3562
Sue Seeliger, Broker Associate- 247-4044
Roy Winburne- 247-4751 • Sherrie Virdeill- 247-5881

TOP QUALITY BRIDLES • SPURS • BLANKETS • GROOMING SUPPLIES • WESTERN WEAR

AS & SOUTHWEST • BRIDLES

ROPING AND BARREL

TEMPTING GIFTS



Llano, Texas

19

Gift Certificate

Llano

or order \$

DOLLARS

PackSaddle
TACK N' TEMPTATIONS
719 FORD STREET, LLANO, TEXAS 78643

FROM: _____

ROPING AND BARREL RACING SUPPLIES • WESTE

GANT SOUVENIRS OF TEXAS & SOUTHWEST • BRIDLES

Offering only the best in blouses, t-shirts, belts, and jewelry
—all with a western flair; plus everything from bridles
to spurs, blankets to grooming supplies.

PackSaddle Tack n' Temptations
located in the historic Llano Building.

PackSaddle

TACK N' TEMPTATIONS

719 FORD STREET, LLANO, TEXAS 78643
915/247-2206

TOP QUALITY BRIDLES • SPURS • BLANKETS • GROOMING SUPPLIES • WESTERN WEAR