

HERITAGE OF TEXAS

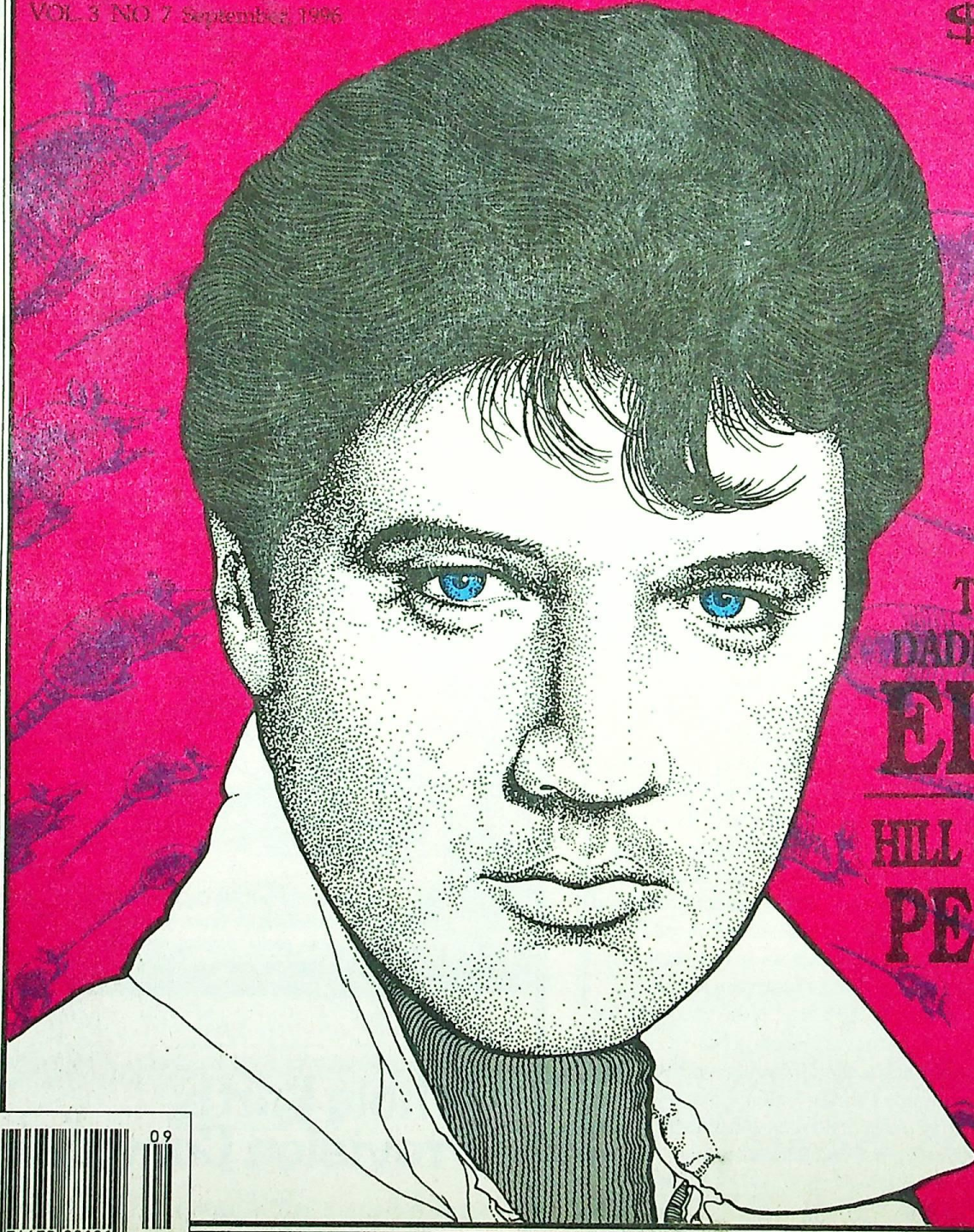
ENCHANTED ROCK

M A G A Z I N E

A NATURAL RESOURCE FOR ADVENTURE, DISCOVERY, AND KNOWLEDGE IN TEXAS

VOL. 3 NO. 7 September 1996

\$2.00



THE NIGHT
DADDY FOUND
ELVIS
HILL COUNTRY
PEARLS



BURKE 96

HILL COUNTRY DELIGHTS ALONG HIGHWAY 281

by MARYBETH GRADZIEL

Next time you think of driving down the fast lane on Interstate Highway 35 between Dallas/Ft. Worth and San Antonio, give yourself a break and take beautiful, driver-friendly Texas Highway 281 instead. You'll enjoy gorgeous Hill Country vistas and friendly folk who have the time to give you the attention you deserve, and wonderful places to stay, eat, and visit that beat any high-dollar tourist trap on the I-35 frontage roads—no contest!

High in the Hill Country southwest of Fort Worth, between Hico and Glenn Rose, there's a little piece of paradise: **Indian Mountain Ranch** bed and breakfast and retreat center. Wild quail flutter along the roadsides, calling across rippling fields of tall wild prairie grasses. Horses graze, manes blowing in the cool breeze, and butterflies play tag with countless colorful wildflowers. An old grandfather bullfrog croaks, deep and resonant, from the muddy banks of a meandering creek. Up the winding, crushed-limestone driveway, past the white fence and swinging ranch gate, is the main house—a large, hospitable, two-story structure sculpted from native wood, unpainted to gloriously flaunt every curve of grain and knothole. A clear, limestone swimming pool beckons, and a babbling brook in the poolside water garden literally laughs away any residual stress.

Val Fletcher Taylor, Glenn Longino, and Val's son, Keith, built the ranch house—open, airy, and full of light, life, and beauty. Balconies and bedrooms surround a common area downstairs which easily changes from lecture room to dining area to literary salon. Generous porches, upstairs and down, ease the transition from inside to out-of-doors. Original art, Indian drums, and Western folk art is everywhere—a magnificent wrought iron wagon wheel chandelier, horse-shoe curtain holders... Treasured, hand-pieced quilts spill over the upstairs balconies, and comfy couches invite lots of leisurely snuggling, whether with books, cats, or close friends. Ceiling fans and tile floors keep the house cool in summer, and wood stoves keep everyone cozy all winter. Val is a superb cook, and Glenn grows an immense garden—all organic and chock-full of old-timey fruits and vegetables. Whether it's an overnight stay, a weekend, or a week-long retreat, Indian Mountain Ranch remains a sacred and soothing space today, as this mountain top has been for eons to the Comanches and other Native Peoples.

Head south from Hico toward Hamilton on Hwy 218, watching for **The Dutchman's Hidden Valley Country Store**. Fortunately this fascinating treasure trove of collectibles is fairly well marked with roadside signs—it's all too easy to go zooming by. Soon the "Dutchman" will open a buffalo ranch across the road, as well as a new shop in Hico. There are numerous other

Continued on page 44

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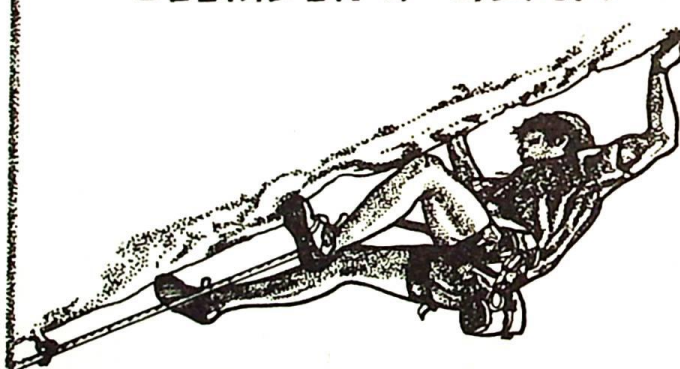
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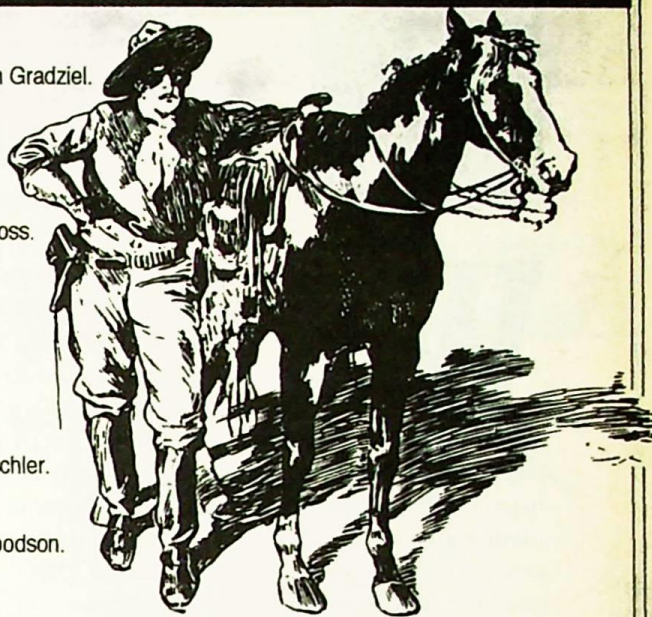
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ON THE COVER: "He's Still The King" by Buck Burkle. Armadillos from an "Alternate Route" by Jim Franklin, whose work will be available at Threadgill's World Headquarters soon to be open at Barton Springs Road and Riverside Drive in Austin.

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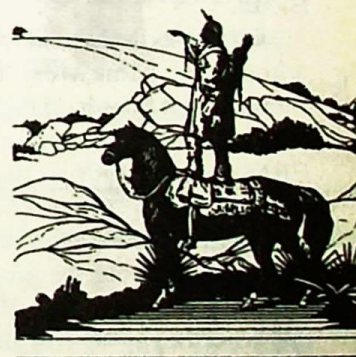


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FROM THE EDITOR

A PRESENT FROM THE PAST

With this issue, we owe a larger debt than usual to the old *San Saba News*; and to Eva Yarbrough of Cherokee who was kind enough, a while back, to leave us photo copies of back issues from 1887 to 1906. While looking for a few items to fill space on pages eight and nine, Ms. Intrepid (who is lending a highly competent, unseen hand) and I, came across a plethora of interesting items. We chose a few humorous pieces from the May and June issues of 1899. And you can't imagine how much more is there.

Back then, the correspondents from the various communities around San Saba, for some reason I have yet to fathom, used pen names on their columns. I suspect everyone knew who they were anyway—such secrets aren't easily held in small communities.

There was Santa Claus and Regulus from Bend, Observer from Harkeyville, Frontier wrote "Cherokee Locals", Cherokee Chief also penned articles from Cherokee, Gimlet provided articles on Lower Cherokee, Uncle Jim hailed from Richland Springs, Tanta Bogus wrote for Latham, XXX was the correspondent from Velma, Omnes from Algerita, Bert Bleak from China, Eureka covered the community of Colony, Farmer Boy was from Wallace Creek, and Lemon Squeezer from Sloan.

Our favorite here at the office is Lemon Squeezer, whose real name was Jim Sloan. Patsy Marshall Stewart, great granddaughter of John O. Meusebach, was kind enough to inform us of his true name. [See ERM August, 1996 letters column.] If any of our readers know the identities of the other writers mentioned, please write us.

We read about the great flood of June, 1899, when the San Saba River rose 28 feet until "heavy rains from the west began to roll down their colossal walls of water, and in less than two hours 40 ft. on the plumb was registered at the Creasy and Moore mill." The coverage of the *San Saba News* on that event is a book in itself. So too is the smallpox epidemic the following year. As we followed the stories, from issue to issue, the people and places of the past began to live. While those early Texans had their share of shootings, thefts, arsons, marriages, births, and deaths, they also found the

resources to present news events of a lighter, humorous nature—something that is dearly lacking in today's news coverage.

One of the most remarkable aspects of reading "old news" is that the events become as vital as today's news stories. It's easy to get caught up in the *San Saba News* and feel compelled to read on, searching for the conclusion of one event. In the meantime, another surfaces and, you're pulled further and further along.

I would be remiss if I didn't mention U.M. Sanderson, Editor and Proprietor of the publication. He published more than a community newspaper, he printed a literary event. In subsequent issues of *Enchanted Rock Magazine* you can rest assured we will bring back to the reading public items from this remarkable periodical. We are also interested in receiving copies of other newspapers from the turn of the century. If you have some please contact us here in Llano.

Ira Kennedy
IRA KENNEDY

ENCHANTED ROCK MAGAZINE

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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.

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915/247-3708

DROUGHT OF '96

By Jean Hackett

My burning eyes stray
Beyond the Willow City Loop
Following the dry creekbed
Through stunted, slow-baked grass
That moves like a mirage
In the wavy heat.

Early last spring, only the cactus flowered
Providing a blazing yellow warning
To prepare us for what was to come:

A year-long summer

Held fast by the Sornoran Desert

Early last spring, 5 feral black pigs and 1 brown
Drank here at the deepest turn in Coal Creek

Now baked hard

So the searing wind can't even raise dust.

August deer wander into town

Searching for something green to eat

And the wasps and hummingbirds drink together

From whatever puddles they can find.

Now the afternoon sun glows yellow-white

And it feels like the end of the world

Has reached these hills.



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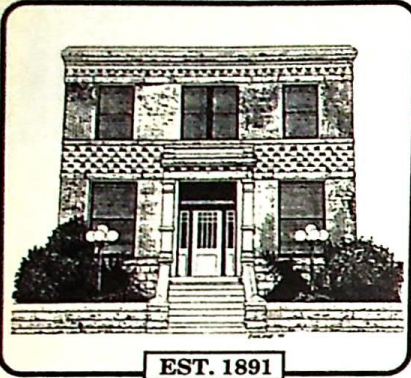
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THE HOUY CLAN

In 1845 Ernst and Dorothea (Menges) Houy sailed from Germany to Texas. I publish *Die Houy Zeitung*, a quarterly newsletter for the Hill Country Houy Clan, and attempt to keep track of the descendants of the couple (my great grandparents) that settled in Fredericksburg and qualified for Lots 140 & 141 of the original 10 acre lots awarded by the German Emigration Company. So far we have collected names and basic data on 1,180 descendents (including spouses) of Ernst and Dorothea. I felt this background information would be helpful in explaining the following request.

One of my cousins sent me a copy of an article by Kenn Knopp, "The Native Americans Meet Their German-Texan Neighbors." Unfortunately I don't know the date or edition of your magazine. Mr. Knopp made reference to a story passed on by the Houy family, it dealt with the Indians that stopped by the Houy homestead, and the Houy's concern for their children. I made reference to a similar story in Volume I of our Houy Family Genealogy, but Mr. Knopp's telling contains details previously unknown to me. I would like to find out if Mr. Knopp remembers his source, and obtain that name if possible. My goal is to contact him, or her, and obtain more information for our family history books. We can't afford to wait for another generation to pass to preserve these vignettes concerning our heritage. It is likely the source was one of my cousins, so I also need to find out if they receive our newsletter, and will agree to add their tales to the Houy Family stories already in our collection.

Additionally, I just picked up a copy of your August 1996 magazine and as a result I am pleased to include a subscription check with this letter.

Sincerely,
Edward W. Houy
Sunrise Beach, Texas

TO IRA

Thanks so much for your most interesting talk. I have always enjoyed your magazine.

Thanks again,
Kingsland Genealogy Society

CLICK PLEASE

Dear Sir:
Enclosed is my check for \$6. which I understood you to say would cover costs of back articles re your research on Click. I sincerely appreciate this courtesy. Please tell that handsome son who was with you at Kingsland on Tuesday how much I enjoyed his "Danger!" article in the August issue. A very well done piece for a 9 year old!

Sincerely,
Ms. Loisteen Kearney
Lampasas, Texas

PAINTER, ROYCE ROBERTS' LANDSCAPES FEATURED IN FREDERICKSBURG



Frontier Galleries began featuring the art of Hill Country artist Royce Roberts in its Fredericksburg Main Street store announced Donna Porter, owner of the Fredericksburg studio. The Porter family also operates a studio in Odessa. The Texas landscape is artist Royce Robert's favorite and most noted subject. His oil paintings are realistic and true to the vivid colors of the Hill Country in the style of European masters.

Born in Arkansas, he moved to Houston in 1948 where he was a barber. With his paintings and sketches from his youth on, he began to decorate the walls of his barber shop. A TV producer in Houston featured the "barber-artist" which resulted in a rush to buy every one of his paintings.

An art gallery owner, also in Houston, offered to buy all the paintings Roberts could paint. That marked the end of Robert's barbering career. In 1977, Royce and his wife decided to move to Burnet in of inspiration for his paintings.

Two of Roberts' paintings were chosen to be presented to Governor Preston Smith when Smith left office. *The Eyes of Texas* TV show featured Roberts and his painting in April of 1979. He won a special award for one of his paintings in the Texas Ranger Hall of Fame show and sale. His works have been featured in newspapers, specialty magazines, and on the covers of telephone directories across the state.



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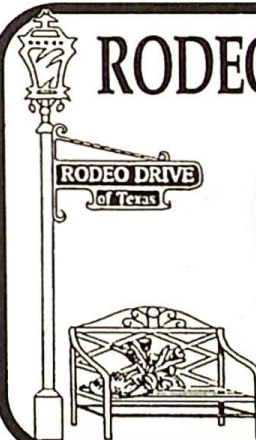
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"HONEST CHARLEY"

GOES TO JAIL

from the *San Saba News*,
May 19, 1899

A CROWD OF CAMPERS, AMONG WHO WERE SEVERAL YOUNG LADIES, WERE AT DORAN SUNDAY. THE FACT BEING KNOWN TO THE BUDDING MANHOOD OF SAN SABA, WILL MOORE, GEO. HOLMAN, JIM DOFFLEMYRE, W.H. KIMBROUGH, TIM GODFREY AND DORSEY PINNELL LEFT HERE SATURDAY AFTERNOON WITH THE UNEXPRESSED PURPOSE OF MAKING GLAD THE HEARTS OF THE VISITING LASSIES. THE RIVER WAS FLUSHED WITH A THREE FOOT RISE, SO THE WOULD BE WOOLERS HAD TO CROSS THE BRIDGE AND GO BY RICHLAND SPRINGS. THEY GOT TO RICHLAND SPRINGS WITHOUT GETTING LOST, BUT AFTER THEY LEFT THAT PLACE THEY WERE LIKE THE MARINER AT SEA WITHOUT A COMPASS. THEY HALTED THEIR FORCES AT PETE DAVENPORT'S AND HE GAVE THEM INSTRUCTION. THEY FOUND W.H. GIBBON'S HOUSE TWICE DURING THE NIGHT. THEY JOURNEYED ALL NIGHT AND SLEPT NOT, AND NEXT MORNING AFTER THE SUN HAD BEEN UP AN HOUR THEY DROVE INTO CAMP DORAN. THE LONG NIGHT WITHOUT SLEEP HAD WORN SOME OF THE FRESHNESS OFF THE BOYS, AND THEY WERE NOT SO ANXIOUS TO SEE THE GIRLS AS THEY HAD THOUGHT. THEY DIDN'T STAY LONG.

—SAN SABA NEWS
JUNE 23, 1899

Charley Gartage, better known as "Honest Charley" had a series of unfortunate experiences Friday night of last week. He is a freighter and came from Goldthwaite that day. When he reached the Odd Fellows Cemetery his favorite horse, "Roan," fell dead in the road. This is supposed to have set Charley wild and he took to drink to drown his sorrows. He came on to town and told several that his best friend was dead and that he intended to kill himself.

After 9 o'clock he went to the home of Jeff Estep and said he had killed his best friend and intended to kill him [Mr. Estep] but Mr. Estep refused to place himself in a position to be killed. Charley started away and discharged his gun. He then went to the home of J.H. Beveridge and wanted to kill Mr. Beveridge, but Mr. Beveridge's family prevailed on him not to go out.

He then returned to his quarters between the jail and J.D. Estep's store, and set up the most pitiful wails for God to take his life. A crowd gathered about his quarters to see him and hear him, and Sheriff Neal also arrived on the scene and stationed himself in a place convenient to capture him if he lighted a lamp, but Chas. seeing someone in his yard came out with his double barrel shot gun heavily loaded with buckshot. When Mr. Neal saw him come out he asked him to hold up, but instead of "holding up" he cocked his gun and threw it down. Neal

called to him "don't do that" and as he called Charley shot, the load taking effect in a tree near Mr. Neal. Neal then shot a winchester at him. Charley then shot again at Neal but missed. Neal shot twice in return and one shot took effect in the flesh part of Charley's lower right arm. Charley dropped his gun and Neal quit shooting.

Charley was placed in jail and Saturday he was put under a \$500 [bond] to await the action of the grand jury.

GRAND EXCURSION TO AUSTIN

The Austin and Northwestern Rail Road will sell round trip tickets on June 4, 5, and 6th from Llano to Austin, good to return when the witnesses in the Ford and Trowbridge cases are dismissed at the following rates:

For 150 or more \$3. and for a less number \$4. each.

This will give the people of San Saba county a rare opportunity to visit Austin. See our grand capitol, lake and dam and the 150ft. electric towers, etc., and will probably be the last opportunity in long time.

—N. Leituaker
San Saba News,
May 26, 1899

THE TWO T.B.'S DEBATE CALF WORSHIP

The two T. B.'s, Thaxton and Hart, visited Cherokee last Friday and Saturday. They say that we people over here may fall down and worship the golden calf, but as for them, they intend to worship at the shrine of the red Durham and bald-faced Hereford Calves...

...T. B. Hart visited the Llano metalliferous hills and went home with a sack full of fine gold and silver ores. He

says that he will return later with his pick and shovel.

He says Tom may worship a red Durham and a bald faced Hereford, yet, he thinks there is gold under this ground over here. Says Tom is interested too because he heard him talking in his sleep—heard him say "Four dollars and a half a ton right at the surface."

—*San Saba News*, May 19, 1899

TURKEY EATING FROGS ON WALLACE

from the *San Saba News*,
May 12, 1899

Wallace Creek in the early days of San Saba county was a bold running stream, as clear as crystal, and filled with all kinds of fish. Its valleys are very fertile, and many fine farms are now in cultivation. There used to be a big spring at the head of the Creek and the Indians were in the habit of camping near it when on their hunting expeditions. 'Twas there a treaty was once made with them by the whites. To make the treaty binding a big flat rock was placed in the ground with the name of the tribe and date of the treaty carved on it. When gathered there, in order to make that treaty, the Indians would ride off in a southeasterly direction and be gone three or four hours and return with some kind of metal that they melted and moulded into bullets. It was said to be silver. J.S. Williams, one of the early settlers and one of the fathers of San Saba, told this scribe about it more than thirty years ago and we spent two days trying to find the place where they got the metal. We believe it will be found sometime and this county will be noted for its rich gold and silver mines.

Last week while visiting T.B. Thaxton at his fine farm and ranch in Wallace, we noticed that the water only stood in holes along the stream. We heard while there a remarkable tale concerning the big frogs that occupy the water holes. Frank Comar, who has a home in the valley, heard a disturbance near the water where a flock of turkeys were making a

terrible noise about something. Mr. Comar went down there and found that one of the big frogs from the pond had gone out on the bank and caught a young turkey and had it about half swallowed. He tried to kill the frog but couldn't. Mr. Joe Campbell, son of G.W. Campbell, then and there declared war against the frogs as he loves chickens himself. He has since killed three of the big web foot turkey thieves.

— Frontier

Anon. writer for the San Saba News

THE NEWS HAS BEEN RECEIVING SOME PRETTY SEVERE CRITICISMS OF LATE ON ARTICLES IT HAS PUBLISHED. IF THE MEN FROM WHOM WE GET OUR NEWS ITEMS WERE PERFECT WE, PERHAPS, WOULD NOT MAKE SO MANY MISTAKES. IF THOSE WHO DO KNOW THE TRUTH ABOUT AN EVENT OR AN INCIDENT THAT IS ALMOST SURE TO GET INTO THE PAPER WOULD COME UP LIKE MEN AND TELL US THE WHOLE TRUTH BEFORE THE PAPER IS PUBLISHED IT IS PROBABLE THAT THE "WHITE" WOULD NOT APPEAR SO "BLACK." IT DEPENDS, THOUGH, ENTIRELY ON WHOSE OX IS GORED, HOW THE THING SOUNDS OR LOOKS IN PRINT, AND, OF COURSE, AFTER IT IS PRINTED IT IS TOO LATE FOR ANYTHING BUT KICKING. IF, THOUGH, WE DO AN INJURY TO ANYONE BY ANY REPORT WE WILL GLADLY PUBLISH ANY CORRECTION WE MAY MAKE.

—SAN SABA NEWS, MAY 26, 1899

SADDLE PALS

By Graham Ward



**WILSON, THE JEWELER,
IS THE MAN TO HAVE REPAIR
YOUR ORGAN IF YOU WANT IT
DONE RIGHT.**

—AD FROM THE
SAN SABA NEWS
MAY 5, 1899

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TAB GRAY

In the wide open Texas Hill Country where Tab Gray was raised, his grandmother used to 'shush' him when she thought he sang too loud in church. Tab says the preacher told that well-meaning woman her grandson was making a joyful noise, and she should let him sing it out! He has been doing just that ever since.

This Texas bred maverick grew tall where cactus and rattlesnakes required a cowboy to have fast footing and determination. By the time his size-one boots had exploded to a size eleven, Tab had two-stepped his way into the heart of many music-lovin' fans. Like a breath of fresh air, his "Tex Appeal" C.D. blends emotion packed ballads with toe-tappin' honky tonk. His heart felt sincerity and contagious energy has electrified crowds from iron-curtained Eastern Europe to Central and South America, just as they continue to do in Texas Dance Halls and Tab's favorite Austin night spots.

"Music is my life." Tab says, "I can't remember when I didn't want to sing. I sang in the shower, on the bow of the boat, alone in a darkened church at midnight. One of the most memorable times was in a Bulgarian amphitheater on the shores of the Black Sea. Those people could not understand a word I was singing, but when I was finished there were hundreds of roses on the stage and I thought, 'Hey, this is what I want to do: sing for people and know that I've touched their lives!'"

Tab will appear at Crabapple Crossing Country Store in the near future. For Booking info write Tab Gray, P.O. Box 2360, Austin, TX 78701, or call 512/454-9885

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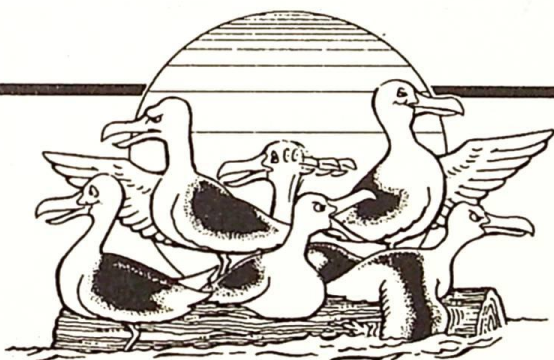
RESEARCHING THE PAST WITH THE KINGSLAND GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY

Attend an All Day Seminar with Guest Speaker Mary Ann Hoppe on Tuesday, March 11, 1997 from 8:30 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. Hoppe has been involved with genealogical research since 1975. She is a member and served as officer with the Permain Basin Genealogy Society and as a member Wood County Genealogy Society of Ohio; Caney Valley Historical Society of Caney, Kansas; Benton County Historical Society of Bentonville, Arkansas; Yates County Genealogical and Historical Society of New York.

Hoppe searched and proven family lines for acceptance in First Families of Ohio and Pioneers of Kansas. She is currently writing history of the Howard Family descended from Thomas Howard who fought in the American Revolutionary War.

Special topics to be covered include land records, homestead records, and how to organize your research so it is usable and quickly located.

The seminar will be held at the Kingsland, Texas Community Center, HWY. 1431. COST: \$20./person Preregistered by March, 5, 1997. \$25./person at the door. The fee for the Seminar includes a catered lunch at the Community Center. Vendors will be invited. For further information contact Edward W. Houy, Kingsland Genealogical Society, P.O. Box 952, Kingsland, Texas 78639.



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SAM HOUSTON

The words in ALL CAPS in this story are hidden in the puzzle. Hidden words may be spelled up, down, across, or on a diagonal; they may also be sdrawckab.

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S O F F I C E B L E N E C S
A N A T T N O A A E C I W T
N S R R A E R N D T L V T W
J I E I M E D I G B T R A K
A A D B N Y S E U R U L V E
C N C E A E A P C H E I E E
I N G K R N E D O E R S E R
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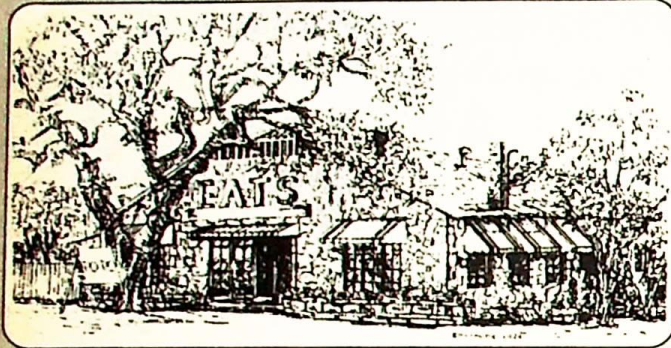
Born in VIRGINIA, SAMUEL HOUSTON grew up in TENNESSEE where he was adopted by a CHEROKEE TRIBE. Later he opened a SCHOOL. He fought the CREEK Indians with ANDY JACKSON, and was HURT badly in BATTLE. On leaving the ARMY, he studied LAW and ROSE to the OFFICE of District ATTORNEY. He took a SEAT in CONGRESS and became GOV. of Tennessee. When his wife left the SCENE he moved to TEXAS and FARED well as an INDIAN trader. In the Texas REVOLUTION he was SOON made GENERAL. He defeated SANTA ANNA, becoming the HERO of SAN JACINTO, and WON the war for the NEW REPUBLIC. TWICE he was its PRESIDENT. When Texas became a STATE, SAM became a SENATOR. He RAN for governor to HOLD Texas in the UNION, but it did SECEDE, a dark DAY for Sam. Find the TEXAS EXTRA! Clue: We didn't COVER Houston's place of retirement.

PUZZLE ANSWERS ON PAGE 47

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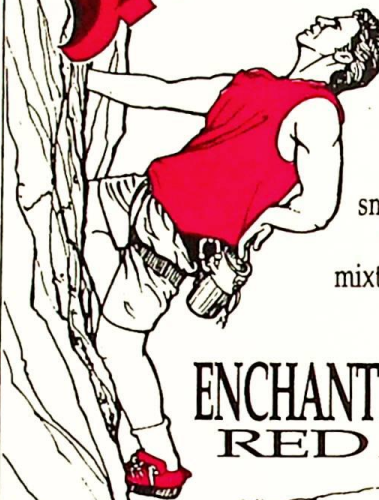
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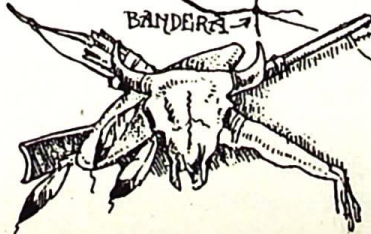
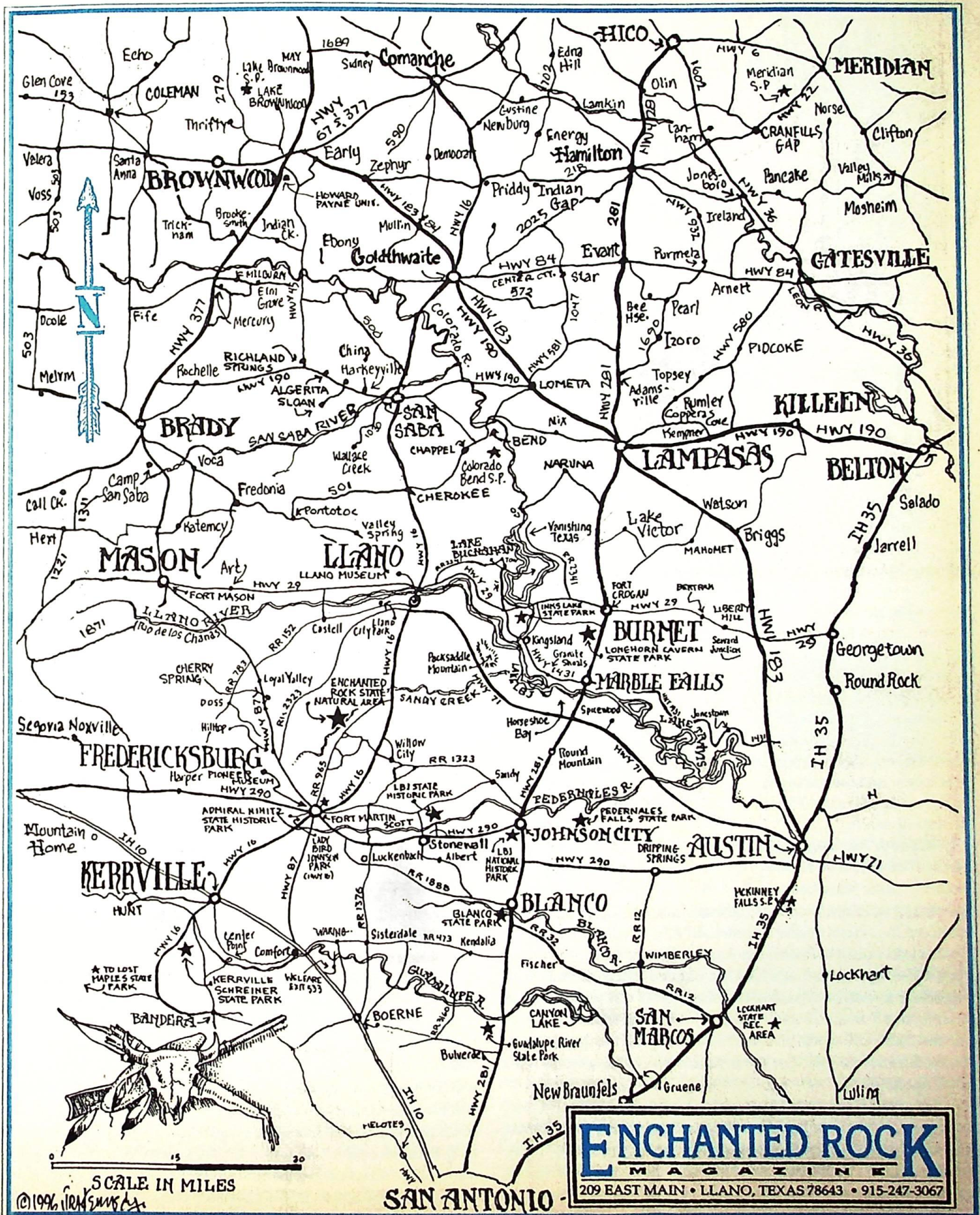
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HILL COUNTRY PEARLS

BORN IN
DARKNESS,
THEY SHARE
THEIR COLORS
WITH THE STARS

by IRA KENNEDY

Reprinted with permission from TEXAS MONTHLY, October, 1985

Wayne Casey emptied the contents of a brown paper bag. Thousands of pearls, carefully sorted in plastic bags according to size, color, and shape, covered the kitchen table. The white, pink, lavender, and purple gems, with an estimated value of \$55,000, seemed to emit an inner light. They were the result of one summer's diving in lakes throughout the Hill Country.

There are more pearls in Texas than most people would believe. Pioneers often used the mother-of-pearl shells of freshwater mussels to adorn graves, and finding pearls was very common. The Spanish explorers who invaded and looted the Gulf Coast encountered Indians of various tribes who adorned themselves with pearl bracelets and necklaces. Hernando de Soto and his companions emptied several Indian sepulchers, and one raiding party made off with 350 pounds of pearls.

Casey, a hardy, barrel-chested Hill Country diver, has been harvesting mussels from the Highland Lakes since 1978 and has collected thousands of pearls from Lake LBJ and Lake Buchanan. He was introduced to freshwater pearls by pure chance. Returning from a fishing trip on Lake LBJ, he noticed fifteen scuba divers unloading several boatloads of mussels. The divers were filling an order from a Tennessee shell company for about six hundred tons - almost \$250,000 worth of shells. The enterprise intrigued Casey, and he asked for a job. For the next few weeks he went to work cleaning shells.

"It's a real messy job, like cleaning hogs or something," Casey observed. "You can imagine, all that mud and shells, water steam, and everything. One day I looked down by my feet and said, 'Those are pearls, aren't they?' A guy said 'Yeah, they are.' I picked up one and asked what it would be worth. He said you could take it to

a jewelry store and probably get about fifty dollars. They were paying me five dollars an hour, and fifty dollars seemed like an awful lot of money." Casey laughed. "Those pearls were just being stomped in the mud. The divers' interest was in the shells, and they just didn't have time to mess with the pearls. I asked if I could have them, and they said sure. So right after I got off work I collected about four hundred eighty pearls."

Pearl diving turned out to be less lucrative than Casey first imagined. The cost in time and effort spent researching the subject and buying equipment ran pretty high. After seven years and

thousands of pearls, he is only now reaching the break even point.

Casey is the unofficial spokesman for a handful of Hill Country divers, as tough and independent a breed as Texas has produced. They are a secretive bunch. Though questioned about the details of their avocation, they offer tight-lipped responses or outright lies. They say that

they're diving for Indian artifacts, a boat motor, or whatever pops into their heads. Many refuse to display a diver's flag, because of the attention it arouses.

Exploring to depths of twenty to forty feet, the pearl divers work for hours in murky darkness amid the unseen dangers of abandoned trotlines, submerged barbed wire fences, and motor boats racing overhead. Diving flags often go unnoticed by boaters whose craft skip across the surface like flat stones. On one occasion a diver's air hose got caught in a prop, and he was jerked to the surface at about thirty miles per hour. If they hear a motor, the divers settle on the lake bed like listless catfish and wait.

In the Highland Lakes mussels are generally found in muddy, mushy silt. Even before the first mussel is removed, visibility is limited to a few inches beyond the face mask. When divers work

Exploring to depths of twenty to forty feet, the pearl divers work for hours in murky darkness amid the unseen dangers of abandoned trotlines, submerged barbed wire fences, and motor boats racing overhead. Diving flags often go unnoticed by boaters whose craft skip across the surface like flat stones.

a particularly productive area, so much silt is stirred up that they see nothing but a dense, dark amber haze; they must search the bottom like blind men.

The freshwater mussel divers in Texas fall into two distinct groups - pearl divers and shell divers. Although a pearl can wholesale for thousands of dollars, such finds are rare. The shell divers are in the majority, and they make the big money.

A state permit for pearl diving costs \$20 and there is no limit to the quantity of shells that can be harvested. Twentieth-century commercial harvesters have adopted a method the Indians devised to collect mussels, with considerable improvement in technique and efficiency. Known today as brailing, the process was simple. The Indians dragged cedar branches over the beds, knowing that the mollusks opened during feeding. Once disturbed, the mussels would clamp shut and inadvertently attach themselves to the boughs.

Five big American companies buy shells for about 20 cents a pound and sell them to the cultured-pearl industry in Japan for about \$1 a pound. A 3,820,000-pound harvest of Texas shells was bought by an American shell company over a four-year period - at a cost of about \$764,000. A single diver can collect between 1000 and 1500 pounds of shells a day. In a drought year, when mussels are easier to find and gather, harvests are considerably greater. In one summer fifteen divers can harvest, at 20 cents a pound, \$250,000 worth of shells, and the state gets little more out of it than the divers' fees—about \$300.

Between 1963 and 1970 the Texas Parks and Wildlife Department issued an average of two permits annually. Between 1970 and 1977 no permits were issued. Suddenly, in 1978, when out-of-state shell companies began buying Texas shells, 205 permits were sold. In 1980 the state issued 520 permits. Both 1978 and 1980 were drought years.

Ancient marine predecessors of today's mussels fossilized over the millennia, helping to form the limestone strata common in the Hill Country. Because of the warm, alkaline, calcium-rich drainage, the area is the perfect habitat for freshwater mussels. They rely on water-borne elements to produce their nacre, a viscous secretion that hardens and creates pearls.

After the Mississippi River and its tributaries, the next largest center of freshwater mussel harvesting is the Colorado River of Texas and its tributaries, the Concho, San Saba, and Llano Rivers. Among the Highland Lakes, Lake Buchanan is considered by pearl divers to be the most productive; there, about one shell in ten produces a pearl. One pearl in ten will have some value, and one in a thousand will be a collector's gem worth a few, possibly several, thousand dollars.

A novice outfitted with diving equipment may search a thinly populated mussel bed for an hour and bring up only half a dozen mollusks. In the same area Wayne Casey can stand in chest-high water, carry on a conversation, and every minute or so casually drop one mussel after another into a basket-lined inner tube—without ever going underwater. Barefooted, he can find a mussel, determine whether it is alive or dead, dig it up, and slide the shell up one leg with the toes of the other, bringing it within easy reach. Wayne has learned where to go and when. He uses the method of harvesting appropriate to whatever area he is working. Most important, he has developed the industry contacts necessary to market his finds.



WAYNE CASEY, HAULING IN A LOAD OF FRESHWATER MUSSELS IN HIS QUEST FOR PEARLS. PHOTO BY IRA KENNEDY.

Determining the value of a pearl is a skill not learned overnight, and setting a price is as subtle as the colors of the pearl itself. In the pearl business the motto might be "Let the seller beware." Novices seldom know true values of pearls. One buyer paid a naive teenager \$200 for a pearl worth more than \$20,000.

Japan's interest in the shells of North America began in 1912, when pearl expert Kokichi Mikimoto discovered that the shell of the three-ridge freshwater mussel, with its creamy white mother-of-pearl, made the best nuclei for cultured pearls. The shell is cut into beads, which are inserted in saltwater oysters. The oysters coat the irritant with nacre, forming the pearl. Although mollusks create natural pearls in exactly the same way, cultured pearls have a head start, are uniformly round, and can be mass-produced. Cultured pearls are mother-of-pearl beads with a pearly veneer.

Unlike cultured pearls, natural pearls aren't just round. They take on many shapes with names like "turtleback" and "biscuit", as

Continued on page 46

A COWHAND FROM CLICK

by CORA MELTON CROSS



HENRY MORGAN SMITH, KNEELING OVER A ROPED CALF ON THE BATTERS RANCH IN LLANO COUNTY. MR. BATTERS, STANDING, OVERSEES THE WORK. THE MOUNTED COWHAND ON THE LEFT IS WILLIE SMITH (HENRY'S OLDEST CHILD). THE COWHAND ON FAR RIGHT IS PERCY FRANCIS PALMER FRANKLIN, BROTHER-IN-LAW OF MR. BATTERS. HIDDEN IN THE BACKGROUND, FAR RIGHT, IS CHAIRLIE SMITH AND HIS DOG. CHARLIE WAS THE SECOND SON OF HENRY. PHOTO (CIRCA 1902) COURTESY OF MADA WEST.

" I can't think of anything that gives me more pleasure today than I used to get rounding up longhorns in the spring with everything green and pretty. Or following the trail in the fall when the leaves were most as bright as flowers."



A brazen sky with a sun like clanging brass and the earth cracked and glowing like tiles of beaten copper. Miles of dust, heat-tortured air; a sky white as bleaching bones and rocky ridges where gnarled oaks spread their branches low along the ground to hoard the cool root soil and lift their leaves for light and strength. Dwarfed cedars, casting purplish shadows and tender ferns hugging huge boulders for protection, to crumple into rusty gold with the first frosty breath. Clumps of chaparral—bluish mist in the springtime and hazy gray in the autumn. Sweet scented woody earth and from the to most rim of the rise a wealth of amber light dripping and flowing into gullies and ravines, leaping like a child at play to spread a shimmering mantle across miles of prairie in a jumbled mass of wild flower color.

Deer feeding with longhorn cattle and mustang ponies; stupendous droves of buffalo, thieving, murderous bands of Indians, covered wagon trains and cowboys whanging away at the same old treadmill. The smell of burning campfires, sizzling bacon and boiling coffee in the air. And the long trail lying far and away with tired men learning through torturous days in the saddle to replace foolishness and fret with kindness; thereby glimpsing a quiet moment "neath the stars--the great unhurried God who gets to everything in His own good time.

That was the Texas of Henry Smith's boyhood and trail driving days or the way the picture worded itself in my mind as he talked at length of frontier life when danger stalked red-handed with adventure, hard work and simple pleasures through a land that was at once beautiful, resourceful and perilous.

Smith said in part: "Seems sort of strange to me that cowboys in general are considered tough 'hombres' for no better reason than that they lived in the open, for the most part on the back of a cow pony or a mustang bronc, that divided time and united efforts in bucking, sidwinding and sunfishing until his rider landed on the ground often with his body and 'map' scrambled like a skillet of eggs. If he happened to hit lucky he got up to straddle him again and beat him over the head with a wet rope until he settled down to a lope that was good for all time to come. Some folks never seemed to think that a fellow could appreciate looking at a hillside of bluebonnets or miles of prairie all covered with yellow, white, red and a most every other color of wild flowers. But he was supposed to never miss smelling every dead carcass on the range, drink from all the boggy water holes, ride like blazes 'cross sunburnt grass, sagebrush, broomweed, alkali wastes and belly deep sand without rhyme or reason. As a matter of fact, he did do that, all of it, but not to the exclusion of everything else. I can't think of anything that gives me more pleasure today than I used to get rounding up longhorns in the spring with everything green and pretty. Or following the trail in the fall when the leaves were most as bright as flowers."

Henry Smith's opinion about cowboy life is worth while; for he has belonged ever since his legs were long enough to stride a horse far enough to hold him on.

It was in 1847 that Smith's parents joined a covered wagon caravan bound from Tennessee to that part of Texas now termed Llano County. But after a month of listening to the monotonous creaking and rumbling of the wagons over rough sod roads, whinneying horses and lowing cows, answered by newborn calves that had been hustled into wagon troughs until legs grew strong enough to travel, and the various other nerve-racking accompaniments that contrive to make a trip of endurance almost unendurable; the Smiths pulled to one side and pitched their tent temporarily in the Red River Valley, then a broad expanse of waving grassland. In 1854 they again took up the trail where they had left off the year previous and made for their first objective—the Llano county of today. Here the long dreamed of Smith cattle ranch became a reality, with substantial housing for what eventually became a family of eight children and their parents. Of these several boys and girls Henry alone survives.

Relates Horrible Murder by Indians.

"When my oldest brother Charles went through four years of service in the Confederacy without a scratch, we sort of felt like he was bullet-proof," Smith said. "But I reckon that sense of security made us suffer all the more when we learned of his terrible suffering and tragic death. It happened in 1865 about five miles east of Fredericksburg, on Palo Alto Creek, as he was returning from Kerr County in a covered wagon. He wasn't afraid of the devil himself, oftentimes remarking in the few months' interval between his homecoming from service and the time he was killed, 'that anybody who could get through that blue-coat hell could live always.' But he reckoned without the crafty maneuvers of the fiendish redskins. He had camped on the bank of a creek, evidently wholly unaware of the nearness of a band of Comanches that were scouting to find

HENRY MORGAN SMITH



Henry Morgan Smith was born on January 14, 1864, in the Sandy Valley Community [now known as the Click Community]. He was the eighth child of Drury Jackson Smith, born in South Carolina, and Siambra Westerman, born in Tennessee. His parents came to Llano in 1856 and are buried at Comanche Creek Cemetery on the Blanco/Llano County line.

Henry was two months old when his mother died. His oldest sister Nancy Ann (Smith) Barnett, wife of Rev. J.F. Barnett, nursed him as she also had a small son. His father married Mary Jane Russell March 23, 1865.

After Henry's oldest brother Charles was killed by the Indians when he was camped on Palo Alto Creek north east of Fredericksburg, his family moved to Bell County, returning to Llano and the Click Community, after his father's death on October 17, 1878.

In the 1880 census of Llano County, we find Henry living with his sister Mary Josephine, and brother Carey P. Smith. He was sixteen now. His sister Rebecca Caroline (Smith) Burke lived near by.

Henry died on June 13, 1940 and is buried in the Llano Cemetery in Llano, Texas.

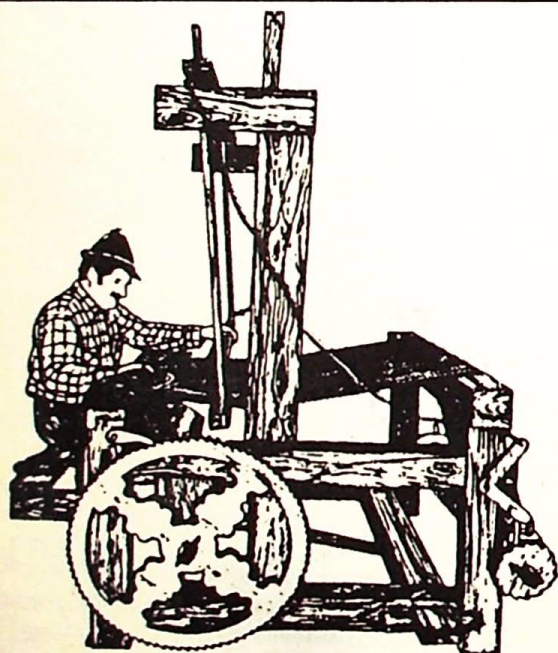
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whether he was alone or not, drawing closer with every move as they discovered that he was.

"From all indications he was preparing to cook his supper when the attack was made. Just how it all happened nobody will ever know, but he must have suffered mortal agony, for some folks living about amile away said they heard his frantic calls for help. But realizing that the cause was more than likely Indians, they were afraid to risk going to him in the dark. Early the following morning they went to where they judged the cries came from. Cautiously approaching the wagon, which they saw was half-charred, they discovered brother's body, perforated with bullets and prickly with arrows as a porcupine with quills. Not content with that, the fiends had slashed it until recognition was almost impossible. They had stolen his horses and set fire to his wagon which, for some unexplainable reason, failed to burn completely, then made a safe getaway. Seems almost unbelievable in this time of splendid facilities for news transference, to say that while the scene of the killing was but twenty-five miles distant, we did not hear of it for a week. Now a thing like that would be broadcast all over Texas within two hours."

Rides Line Near Fort Concho With Blocker Outfit.

"I stayed with my parents helping to run the cattle and ranch until I was 20 years old, then I struck out for myself. The years of 1883 and 1884 I worked in a line camp in Concho County for John Blocker. Our line—imaginary, of course—had a camp located midway of it and we worked from there five miles each day, up and down the Concho River. Our object was to keep the cattle on the north side. If they succeeded in crossing the river we went after 'em. And the colder the weather the more certain they were to drift across. Work? Well, I'll say it wasn't anything else. The more it sleeted and snowed and the heavier the freeze, the surer the cattle were to drift in big bunches. Not just the Blocker holdings, we turned back thousands of head belonging to men who ranched almost unbelievable distances away. The winters both of those years were unusually hard. The river froze almost entirely across in places where the channel was deep and the stream moved slowly.

"It was pretty tough going sometimes when we sighted a Blocker steer on the far side to hit the icy water and turn him back to home grazing. But we plunged in as if we never thought of taking anything but ice cold baths. Blocker's road brand was a left-handed 7. That is a 7 made backward and we didn't let many that wore it get out of our range. Line-riding was a great institution for the cattlemen on the Texas frontier and for the life of me I don't see how they could have made out without it. There wasn't a fence of any kind excepting pole or rail corrals, and in that prairie country not much timber growth to make 'em of. Anyhow, it wouldn't have been practical with the number of cattle run then on open range. Barbed-wire was, for the most part, unknown. And there was nothing to keep the immense herds of cattle in West Texas from drifting clean to the Gulf excepting the line riders. And believe me, when an old blue norther headed across the prairie country, bringing sleety, snowy cold with it, those old longhorns didn't fail to drift before it.

Work? Well, I'll say it wasn't anything else. The more it sleeted and snowed and the heavier the freeze, the surer the cattle were to drift in big bunches. Not just the Blocker holdings, we turned back thousands of head belonging to men who ranched almost unbelievable distances away. The winters both of those years were unusually hard. The river froze almost entirely across in places where the channel was deep and the stream moved slowly.

"Old Fort Concho was running full blast those days, garrisoned with negro soldiers. And you can guess just about how much use a West Texas cowpuncher had for 'em. Not one of the Blocker men in that line camp but took pleasure in keeping 'em in hot water all the time. The nearer boiling it was the more we enjoyed it.

"The Government had a number of large-sized, well-made boats that were kept chained to the river bank for use in emergencies. And we boys were just itching to get hold of one from the time we discovered 'em till we did it. Took us some time to find one far enough away from the post to be safe to make a try for. But when we did we went after it without a minute's wait. Two of us were selected, me being one of them, to file the chain, tow the boat downstream to where we could climb in and use the oars so they could not be heard at the fort, the remainder of the outfit, guns in hand, rode guard along the bank and the way we paddled that boat after we got in it was a caution. A beaver would have been ashamed of his speed alongside of us. When we got to a point near the camp we chained her up and believe it or not, we kept that thing the balance of the winter. Many a fine boat ride we had in it and many a high jinks we cut in the water when we rocked it till it landed us overboard. Generally such pranks ended in a water fight, with hunks of ice for weapons, and we had to keep busy to prevent freezing.

"Whether the boat was ever missed at headquarters, and of course it was, we never knew. Anyhow they didn't suspicion us of being guilty or we'd have heard something about it. I reckon it was a good thing they didn't too, for I can see how that more than one in that camp was a 'spoilin' to make a first-class target out of one. And he would have done it at the slightest provocation."

(CONTINUED NEXT MONTH.)



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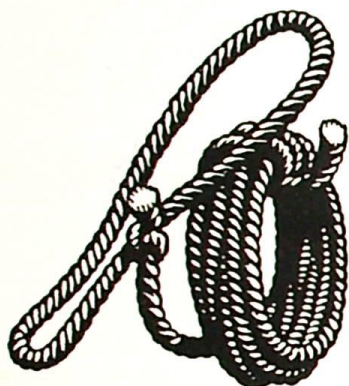
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COWBOY TALES

by L. KELLY DOWN



COWBOYCOLORS

You fellows is way wrong in thinking like Hollywood that all the trail drive hands was white folks. Girls you better put a lid on that talk. Way before Texas was in the Union cattle was worked by Indians — like the Wacos — the Latins, the Mexicans, and in South and East Texas, by African-Americans.

Back then, black men was top cowhands. After they was freed, most stayed with cows. All these colors plus white guys put their brand not only on cows but most of the cowboy stuff we use today.

Now ladies, a good example of how your skin color don't count for much if you know cows is Danial W. "John 80" Wallace, a blackman born in 1860 in the Victoria County, on the O'Danial Ranch there. He got the handle "John 80" later cowboying for Clay Mann in the Mitchell County. Mr. Mann's brand was "80" and so as to show how honest Wallace was people got to calling him "Honest John of the 80" which "John 80" was the short. That's what I was told long ago.

Old "John 80" Wallace took to trailing early. He was fifteen year old when he rode 250 miles to Coleman County with a herd— got fifteen cash hard money dollars for that drive. Before he were eighteen he had more brands and earmarks in his head than most courthouses has registered today.

Why was so many folks making trail drives? Well thats easy— buy full growed steers for three or four dollars here then drive them to the A bilene and get thirty-five or forty. From there they was shipped by rail back east, Kansas City or Chicago most likely. So blacks, whites, browns, yellows, purple, polkadotted, and green— all of every body wanted some of that sweet stuff, don't you know.

Anyways, "John 80" was like Mr. Lou Wolf of the Matagorda, a top hand that wanted cows and a spread of his own. He got to saving something

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town of Loraine. He knew cows, so by 1936 he'd been cowboying for other folks for about 28 years and for himself for some 33 years or some 61 years, all told. He had nearabout 10,000 acres he owned and fenced. He died in 1939 at age of 79. Last I heard his kinfolks still has cows on his place—a few oil wells too, which everyone knows cows do good in the shade of.

When I were a pup, way younger than you ladies, I was taught cows by the black cowhands of the Matagorda. Lordy—they sure talked and worked cows. My teachers were the Brown Brothers, of Markham and Preacher Williams from up Wharton County way, near Old Shanghi Pierces' headquarters.

While these that learned me didn't own as many acres as Mr. "John 80" Wallace, they sure worked cows like he did. All top hands! When it came to working cows back then it wasn't the color of your skin that a trail boss look to. It was how your sat a horse, throwed a loop, and how cow smart you was, thats a fact for sure. Same thing as now!

I bet you a skillet full of biscuits, plus enough cane syrup to dunk them in, if you go to where cows is being worked today, most places you'll find a slew of black and brown cowboys doing all the jobs needed to be done. That's close to the line as I can speak.

Ya, fill my coffee up again, and past a plate of the SOB stew—it's sure good tonight! (That's "Gentlemen from Odessa" stew if you has to call it at a church-house party.) Don't slip up now and get your mama mad at me! Enough ex-wives on that load for me!

COWBOY BEER JOINTS

A few more years on you girls and you will be raring to go to where they sell cool ones. Now there's beer joints and beer joints and then the ones I calls "Cowboy Beer Joints" - captials please!

Now you can take off down any road in Texas, for sure here in the Hill Country, and before long you'll hit a beer joint. I been making them all—Just to learn you fellows the straight of them—the only reason—that's a fact! But they all ain't the same, that's for sure. First off if they ain't got "Beer" all by its lonesome as biggest thing on sign, keep on going—they ain't right for a fisty fellow like you is. Next if it ain't so dark when you get inside that it takes five minutes to see—walk out! And when you gets to the counter or table a nice woman type ain't taking your order—leave. If she ain't got, or her lady boss don't have, a beehive hair do and a cigarette dangling out side of her mouth—real red lipstick on it and her—leave.

Now best time to find a Cowboy Beer Joint is about dark-thirty on cattle auction day. Just look for cattle trailers and pick ups—they is cow people in that one. They spending that profit or drowning their sorrows, thats for right, no matter what year or season. How's the biscuits doing? O.K.!

Best is if you see men with chaps, boots, and spurs, maybe some blood and lots of cow processed grass all over them—that's where you'll be welcome as dutchoven biscuits on a blue norther morning.

Be real carefull and speak soft and low, don't brag cause they will call you on it. A Cowboy Beer Joint can be as sweet as a fair lady's kiss or as painful as you ever dreamed—and be real careful about that little guy in the corner—he will kill you dead not just bust you up some.

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THE RANCH HOUSE DEMON & THE DOUBLE CROSS

by A GHOST WRITER

There have been, and are, any number of supernatural goings on in the Texas Hill Country...the Ghost of Luckenbach, the Gruene Ghost, the Six Mile Lights, the Willow City Witch, the Castell Creature, the Stonewall Treasure... to name just a few of the more mysterious manifestations.

The names and places in the following story have been changed; because every detail of this story is true.

And as far as is known, all the persons involved were still alive in 1996—more than twenty years after these events took place. All names and the location of this bizarre story have been changed in order to prevent identification of actual persons and being able to find the real location where it all took place.

It was a very hot summer in 1974. Few people in Friedrichsburg and Gillespie County went out in the sun unless they absolutely had to. An unusual ordination had just taken place at St. Mary's Catholic Church in Friedrichsburg—that of a clerical deacon. With Vatican II the Pope also brought back the ancient office of the permanent deacon. Restored was the right of the deacon to be married and at the same time be a member of the Catholic clergy as it was in the first thousand or so years of Christianity. We will simply call this person in the story, the Deacon.

The Deacon's phone rang. "Do you believe that a ghost or angry spirits can occupy a house?" The caller asked him. "Yes, I do," the deacon responded and went on to explain: "Let's just call such a critter a 'Fallen Spirit'—since we know from the Bible that one-third of the angels of heaven, exercising their free will the same way we humans do, rebelled against God. They were led by the beautiful but vainglorious Lucifer, the leader of the angelic choir. They were cast out of heaven and had no choice but to make their abode in the earthly sphere.

"If you really do have an angry demon at your ranch house, in one way it's a very good sign. Under certain circumstances these fallen spirits have their rights of territorial imperative," the Deacon explained.

"What on earth do you mean?" asked the caller. The Deacon responded that it would take too long to explain, but that it would be best to get together in his office or at the caller's house. "Can you come out to our ranch house tonight? We're desperate... why not come for supper and we can tell you what all's been happening to us." The Deacon agreed.

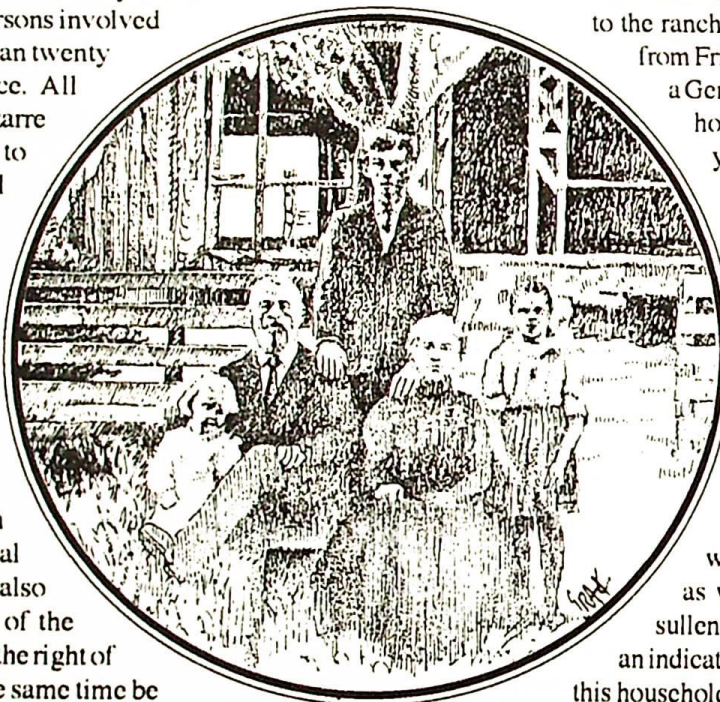
The Deacon opened and closed five gates to get to the ranch house located about twenty miles from Friedrichsburg. He was surprised to see a German family living in such a rundown house. There were no flowers in the yard; nor was there the usual well tended German vegetable garden. Several dogs barked a bit, but happily welcomed the Deacon by jumping up to be petted. Several cats scatted in separate directions. The front door creaked strangely; which made entering the untidy living room a very ominous event.

For the sake of anonymity, we will call the young couple "the husband" and "the wife". There were teenage children in the household as well. But they were so quiet and sullen, the Deacon viewed their behavior as an indication that things were not quite right in this household.

The dogs stayed outside, but the Deacon noticed that the two cats had found their own way back into the house and stayed very close to the wife. The husband saw the Cats and grinned. "Let me show you something, Deacon. I will hold one of the cats as we take you through the house." They all went in the kitchen; then the rumpus room (a den with a TV), the kid's bedroom, and then the couple's bedroom. Just as they were entering the couple's bedroom the cat let out a shriek, jumped out of the husband's arms and scampered away.

"None of the pets will go in this room!" The husband declared. "See that picture on the wall over there? It either falls off all the time or it gets weirdly crooked. And regardless of what we do, it ends up being the opposite of what we want," he went on to explain.

"Honey, maybe the Deacon is hungry and we should eat supper while the food is hot. You can start from the beginning and tell him all about the situation."



WHEN IT ALL STARTED HAPPENING.....

They explained that strange things were going on at the ranch even during the many years their great grandparents, and grandparents lived there. "My grandfather would be awakened from a deep sleep in the middle of the night. Opening his eyes, he would see a bright light shining and forming ovals, as if to urge him to follow. Once, he put on his robe and slippers and actually followed the light out the door. The light always stayed well in front of him. If he would proceed faster, the light would also go faster.

"He followed the light out the yard gate and into the pasture. His wife caught up with him and shouted for him to stop. When he stopped, he looked down and was horrified to see he was just about to step over a cliff. The light disappeared and they returned to the house shaken, frightened, and mystified."

The grandparents decided then and there to move into Friedrichsburg. Nothing strange ever happened to them again. The ranch and its cattle and sheep needed tending so the children and grandchildren volunteered to help. The ranchhouse stayed empty for awhile; until one grandchild and his young bride asked if they could stay there and in turn take care of things. The grandparents agreed.

"Deacon, from the moment we set foot to live in this house, we had the strange feeling that we were intruders" the husband explained. The wife added, "Even while taking a bath I felt as if someone, or something, was watching me. This peculiar feeling of being violated made me shudder with goosebumps. But, we talked each other into believing it was all just our imagination, being so alone and so deep here in the woods. So we kept on keeping on, determined to ignore the feelings we had.

"But all hell broke loose after we decided we would go back to attending the Catholic church. When we returned from church, that's when we noticed the picture on the wall started to do things. What really alarmed us, the hair on the backs of our house cats looked like they'd been electrocuted when they attempted to come into our bedroom. They never tried to go into the bedroom again," the husband related.

The wife took out her hankie to wipe her tears. "We thought we might be going out of our minds. But when we really got worried was when we shared our happenings with our grandparents who used to live here. Grandfather asked if we had seen the strange glowing light. I told him we hadn't. But, when we told him that the strange stuff started happening after we started going to church again, his mouth opened as if he was startled."

"Opa (German for grandfather) then told us that the lights he had seen did not appear to him either—until he and Oma (grandmother) also decided to start going to mass again. They hadn't been churchgoers for many years. They never connected the lights with anything spiritual or supernatural. But when we all connected the goings-on with returning to the church, we felt we should talk to a priest about it," declared the husband.

"The grandparents went to the priest but he said he didn't believe in such things and that they should just ignore it, and that everything would be alright if they would just keep on receiving the sacraments. But when we took over the ranch we had a very uneasy feeling in our own home. It wasn't long before we were constantly bickering—we never did that before. Then, we knew

Their grandparents decided then and there to move into Friedrichsburg. Nothing strange ever happened to them again.

The ranch and its cattle and sheep needed tending, so the children and grandchildren volunteered to help. The ranchhouse stayed empty for awhile; until one grandchild and his young bride asked if they could stay there and in turn take care of things. The grandparents agreed.

something was really wrong when the cats would go into all the rooms in the house but would not enter our bedroom! My husband just laughed at me when I told him that whatever it was it was keeping us from enjoying sex. And someday or another I felt that 'it' was keeping us from having another child which we both wanted very much."

THE DEACON SUGGESTS DELIVERANCE

"The house, or at least your bedroom is very likely being possessed by a fallen angel. Angel is used so often referring to the good. But the Bible often talks about bad angels—and we more often refer to them as demons. Anyone who ignores the commandments of God and sins lets a spirit-angel into his or her soul—and household. God cannot interfere with free will. God can do nothing but allow the evil spirit to make its home in one's mind, soul, or body, or in the home of someone where the fallen spirit feels at home. It's the same principle with a virus or an infection of bacteria. And it takes the antidote to get rid of it.

"Let's just say a roaming, fallen angel found your ranch house a very comfortable place to be. Your grandparents sinned against the first commandment, especially when they had already received the sacraments of reconciliation, baptism, Eucharist, confirmation and matrimony. With all those graces, they chose to disobey the very first commandment to keep holy the Lord's Day. And the same holds true with both of you.

But your grandparents renewed their personal relationship with the Lord, and that made the demon, who was so comfortable in the house, very upset. Demons distance themselves from the things and persons of God for as long as they can. Even the demon said to the Lord Jesus, "Our day has not yet come; why are You here now?" Then Jesus cast the demon, actually legions of them, out of a paralytic.

Then you two moved into the ranch house. Everything was

Continued on page 29

THE NIGHT DADDY FOUND ELVIS

by CHARLES TISCHLER



ELVIS PRESLEY, BILLED AS ONE OF THE WESTERN ENTERTAINMENT WORLD'S YOUNGEST "FIREBALLS," IS SHOWN HERE WITH TWO MEMBERS OF HIS LOUISIANA HAYRIDE CREW, SCOTTY MOORE AND BILL BLACK, LEFT TO RIGHT.

On the sultry evening of August 25, 1955, a capacity crowd of three thousand men and women jammed the Sportscenter at the corner of Barton Springs Road and South First Street in South Austin, Texas. They had come to see the twenty-year-old Elvis Presley, who only a few months before had been able to give up his truck driver's job and hit the road with Horace Logan's Louisiana Hayride.

An Austin promoter, Owen "Big D" Davis, who had been bringing wrestling, boxing and music to the Austin Coliseum since 1945, had recently opened the Sportscenter. Tex Ritter, Fats Domino and the Ink Spots had already performed in what was the leading

venue south of the Colorado River. Big D was in charge.

Shell, Owen Davis' granddaughter, was not quite four years old, but she still remembers the night that her daddy, Charlie Davis, found Elvis.

Elvis' first song had driven the women wild. And, about half way through his second song, "Mama Loved the Roses", ladies' undergarments commenced hitting the stage. That was all it took. In a heart beat fist fights broke out amongst the men. The mess hit the fan. The women took the stage and Elvis disappeared beneath an ocean of screaming, crying moaning women.

The fifty Austin police officers, backed up by Big D, who had

wrestled under the name Eddie O'Shea, as well as his son, Charlie Davis, a Golden Gloves Boxing Champ, were used to keeping control at wrestling matches and were not strangers to punches being thrown. These men were no 1990's pencil-necked geeks, some of them were veterans of the sands of Iwo Jima, the Battle of the Bulge and Korea—but they were no match for the rioting women.

Big D got to the telephone and called for more police. Eventually two hundred county and city officers and Austin firefighters arrived and successfully cleared the building. Shell says her most vivid memory was from her vantage point of the stool in the safety of the ticket office.

"I can distinctly remember the wave of blue APD uniforms pushing and shoving the last of the mob out the great big double steel doors... and then them slamming those doors shut and the loud clang of the heavy iron bar dropping into place."

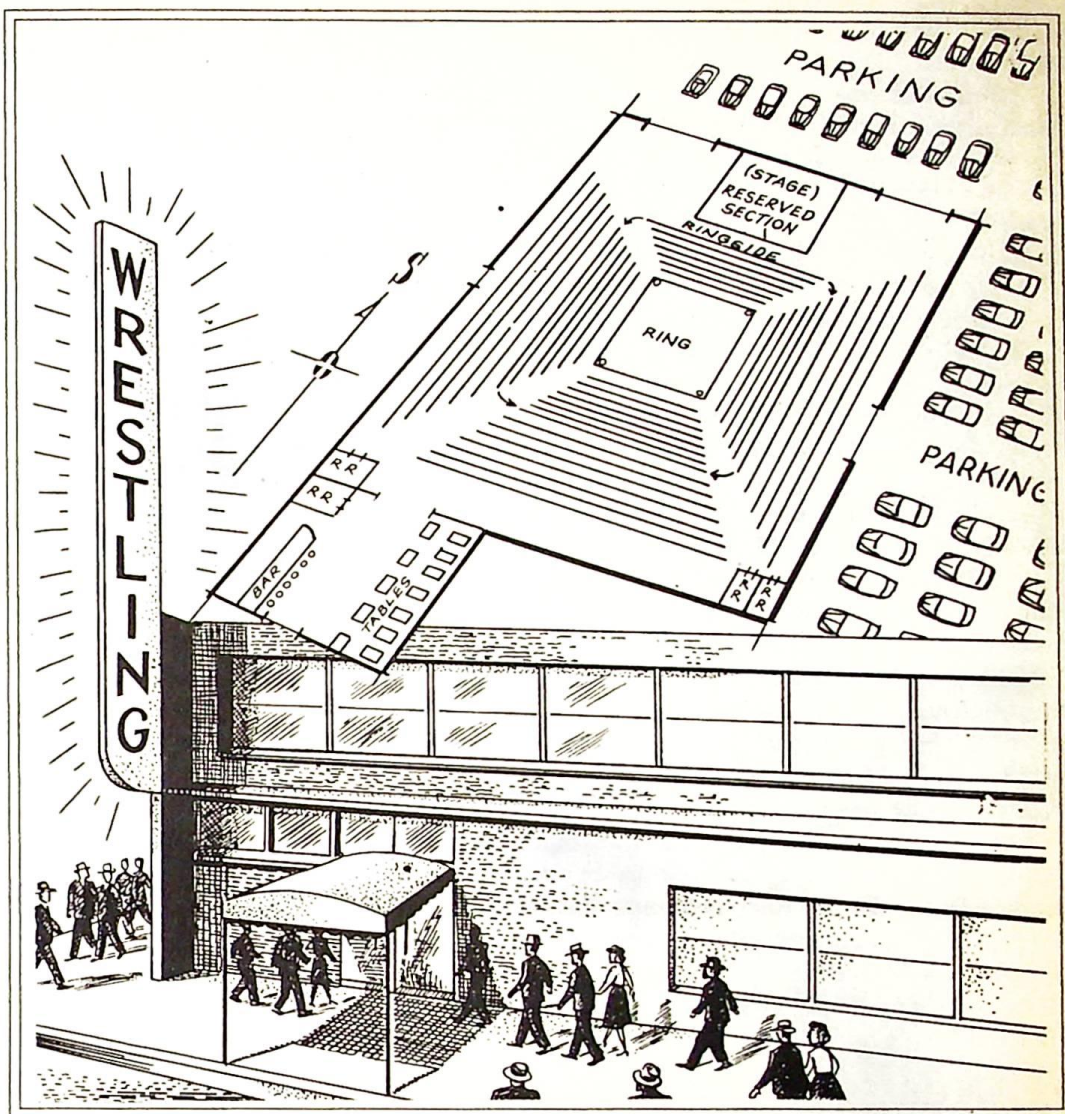
Inside the smoke was beginning to clear. Big D was trying to account for everybody. Then he asked, "Where's Elvis?, Hey!, Where's Elvis?" He turned to his son, "Charlie, go look for Elvis."

Behind scattered hay bales, great gold drapes hung at each corner of the stage. Suddenly, Charlie could see a bare foot sticking out from where the drape touched the floor. He approached and pulled back the fabric to discover the young and frightened Elvis. The only stitch of clothing left on that poor boy's body was the stretched-out elastic waist band of his underwear, which he still clutched. Well, they got Elvis dressed and paid the band fifty dollars total, as per the contract.

Years later, John Bustin, the Austin entertainment writer, remembered Big D coming into the editorial offices of the *Austin American Statesman* the next morning and telling him that the crowd had ripped the heavy screen doors off their hinges. Big D was no fan of The King.

Biographers report that toward the end of 1955 Elvis' attitude toward women changed. And within a few months Elvis was far away from that piece of ground at the south east corner of the crossing of the old Fredericksburg and San Antonio Roads on the south banks of the Colorado River. Colonel Parker ran the show and The King was born.

Big D continued to bring class acts to the Sportscenter including Nat King Cole and Fats Domino. One of the Davis family stories recounts the night Fats performed. Upon arriving at the Sportscenter, the star discovered that the piano provided was not up to par and absolutely refused to go on without a Baby Grand piano. The



"I can distinctly remember the wave of blue APD uniforms pushing and shoving the last of the mob out the great big double steel doors... and then them slamming those doors shut and the loud clang of the heavy iron bar dropping into place."

opening band continued to play, while back in the office Big D and his wife Margie frantically telephoned around. Soon a truck from the J. R. Reed Music company arrived with a Baby Grand and the show went on.

The Sportscenter continued to feature World Wrestling Competition, with the likes of Ray Gunkle, Bull Curry as well as lady and midget wrestlers. The stage also afforded local performers such as The Hungry Mountain Boys and Willard Dyer a place to play. A

search of the business records of the Sportscenter produced receipts with the last dates recorded sometime in 1959.

Ten years pass... 1969: The Sportscenter crowds have long since disappeared. The big old vacant building sits idle.

Eddie Wilson, an Austin boy who found himself managing Austin's legendary rock group, Shiva's Headband, was looking for a place for the band to play and record. One evening Eddie found himself in the alley behind Cactus Jack's Cafe on Barton Springs Road. As he peered across the alley he discerned a long, tall wall and he figured a huge room was on the other side. Eddie investigated further. He crossed the alley and then made his way to the far side of the building where he found a couple of doors that were easily opened. He peered into the darkness of the cavernous void. It seemed huge, but he couldn't make out much in the gloom. Eddie went out to the parking lot and then returned in his 1968 Dodge Charger which pulled into the building through a garage door that closed behind him. He killed the engine and hit the highbeams.

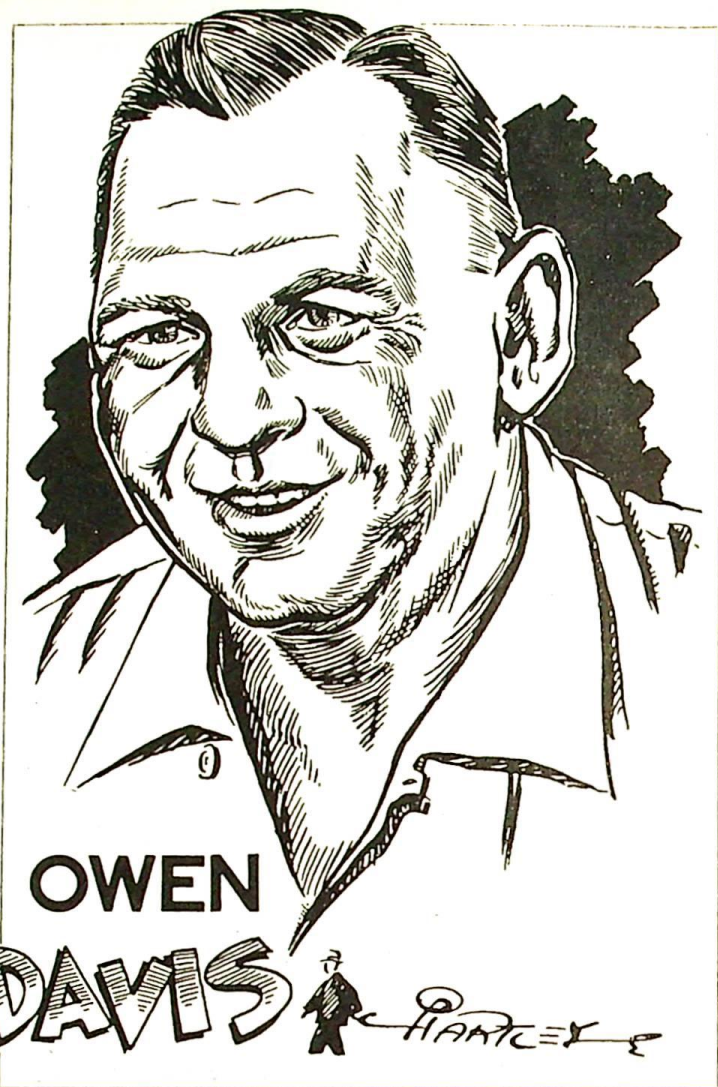
Even the car headlights didn't flood the building with light. But, Eddie knew he was on to something special. He sensed a spirit about the old place. Did those lonely old walls whisper? The more Eddie looked the more Eddie saw... Musicians could perform on a low brick and concrete stage with plenty of other room; including room for a beer garden out back. Eddie had a vision and Eddie had a dream. He set out to realize both.

Within one year the Armadillo World Headquarters opened its doors. And for the next ten years those walls hummed with the tunes of some of the greatest performers of the twentieth century. From Shiva's Headband to Little Richard to Ravi Shankar and from Asleep at the Wheel and Willie Nelson to Count Basie and Fats Domino (who seemed to be one of the few stars to have performed on that same stage while it was known as the Sportscenter and then later as the Armadillo World Headquarters).

Little did the thousands of young revelers, fans, regular Armadillo-goers, or even Eddie Wilson, know that on a hot August night, years and years before, those walls hummed a different tune... It was "Mama Loved the Roses" until the song was shattered by the banshi wails of a legion of women who were over-the-top and out of control, absolutely transported by Elvis' young, innocent animal drive. It was Elvis, giving it everything he had on that same stage with its hay bales and great golden drapes that hung at the back. It was the man who would be King.

Those walls reverberated as they had never before and would never again. The walls heard the song break down and they heard the band members break and run, and they heard the cries of a young man (he was just a boy, really) and they heard the cacophony, like three thousand souls aboard a vessel on fire and taking on water. Those walls heard the clashing cymbals hitting the floor and the bouncers and the blue-shirted policemen hollering for order and many a South Austin epithet bellered out by the good old boys in the midst of the fray in their last vain attempts to defend the rapidly eroding honor of their wives and sweeties.

All these things happened on a little area on the globe that first served the great wandering herds of bison and the earliest hunters who trailed them. Later it was the scene of the great cattle drives up the Goodnight and Chisolm Trails with thousands of longhorns sometimes bunched up waiting to cross the Colorado just above Shoal Creek. On maps of the City of Austin from the late 1800's this



was the intersection of the old San Antonio and Fredericksburg roads.

Around the turn of the century all the land between the Armadillo and the river, and downstream for a considerable distance, was planted in spinach. At harvest the spinach was loaded into thousands of bushel baskets and stacked into rail box cars between layers of ice from the ice plant on the north side of the river. This was the first time in history such a scheme was executed. When the spinach train arrived in St. Louis the spinach was repacked in layers of ice and then sent on to New York City where the fresh spinach was quite a hit in that city's markets. For that season at least, Austin, Texas was the Spinach Capital of the World.

In 1977, within a few months prior to his untimely and tragic death, Elvis returned to Austin for a performance at the City Auditorium, catty-corner across the street from the site of the old Sportscenter. He looked huge yet ravaged, in pitiful shape. But, he took care of business and the ladies went wild. This time The King had his security force to keep order, but he shared the silken scarfs with which he wiped his brow.

In my mind's eye, I see a long white limo, with a police escort making it's way over the Congress Avenue bridge then on to Barton Springs Road past the muraled walls of the Armadillo. Did Elvis remember that night at the Sportscenter? His best friends said he never forgot a thing.

The big structure had originally been built to government specifications with a domed steel-roof and heavy brick walls and there was a rifle range in the basement. Eventually the structure was leased to the Internal Revenue Service for the storage of tax records. One day in the early 1950's a fire broke out and the building and all its contents burned until the steel roof knelt to the ground and the heavy walls crumbled. The building was soon reconstructed in roughly the same dimensions as the original, but with a slightly different roof design. The first business to open there was Owen Davis' Sportscenter all shiny and new.

The Armadillo closed its doors on New Years Eve 1979 and just by happenstance, Eddie Wilson's new restaurant, Threadgill's out on North Lamar, opened on New Years Day 1980. For the next sixteen years Eddie and his Armadillo tribe have not only provided world class southern comfort cookin' but they have maintained in that place the reverence and spirit to the times back in the 1960's when those walls hummed the tune of Janis Joplin's first public performance while the place was being run by Kenneth Threadgill.

Over the years, the young Armadillo-goers have grown old

and more respectable. As they look back over the good old times they enjoyed in Austin, they long for the Armadillo, now a vacant lot in front of tall shiny office building.

A while back, Eddie Wilson started looking around for a second location for his Threadgill's Cafe. One day he received a call on his cellular phone while in traffic. He was told that the Marimont Cafeteria building might be available at the corner of Barton Springs Road and Riverside Drive. Eddie leaned his head against the steering wheel of his Ford Explorer and laughed a long and deep laugh. In his mind he was transported back to the very same piece of ground where he had first stumbled across the old building all those years before. Eddie leased the building.

In July of this year I pulled the Trooper into the parking lot of the vacated Marimont Cafeteria building. Workers were in the process of tearing off parts of the facade and a big construction dumpster held all manner of stuff removed from the building. I reached into the back seat of the trooper and retrieved an eleven-by-seventeen-inch xerox copy of an old program from the Sportscenter I had recieved from Shell. I locked the Trooper and then made my



Every so often a newcomer to the Country music scene stirs up a fuss with a different kind of record, an unusual singing style or a "gimmick" of one sort or another. The latest sensation these days is 19-year-old Elvis Presley, a handsome, strapping Mississippi boy who's a ball of fire when it comes to putting over a tune. Recording on the Sun label and a regular member of the KWKH "Louisiana Hayride," in Shreveport, young Presley is enjoying the reality of his own life's dream: to sing for people and hear the spontaneous applause that means he's a hit.

When Elvis was a youngster down in Tupelo, Mississippi, folks used to stop him on the street and say, "Sing for us, Elvis." and he would... Standing on the street corners, in the hot Mississippi sun... or in church... or at school... anywhere someone wanted to hear him, he'd sing. Now the same thing is happening all over again. When he's recognized on the street or at any public place,

people call out: "Sing for us, Elvis."

"That's All Right" and "Blue Moon Of Kentucky," Elvis' first Sun waxings, were also him first professional work of any kind. He's a self-taught musician and worked out his unique style while listening to records and picking out the tunes on a cheap (\$ 2.98) guitar. One day he drifted into a Memphis recording studio to make a personal record—just to get an idea about how he sounded—and was heard by Sam Phillips, prexy of Sun Record Company, who thought that with a little work and polish the boy might make the grade as a commercial artist. Several months of hard work did the trick, and "That's All Right" and "Blue Moon Of Kentucky" had an astounding reception all over the nation. The disc also represented something new in records" the unusual pairing of an R&B number with a Country standard.

Just 19, Elvis has been out of high school but one year—and the big (6 footer) blonde guy likes nothing better than to spend an afternoon practicing football with some of the youngsters in his neighborhood. Other hobbies of Elvis' include movies, listening to records—and eating! Stories of the singer's appetite are many. His girlfriend, Dixie, declares that recently, at one sitting, he ate 8 Deluxe Cheeseburgers, 2 Bacon-Lettuce-Tomato sandwiches—and topped it off with three chocolate milk shakes.

Since the release of his two-sided hit, Elvis has been making personal appearances and bringing the house down every time. As the featured entertainer at the grand opening of a new business arcade, he played to a wildly enthusiastic audience of more than 3,000—who couldn't restrain themselves and started dancing and jitterbugging when Elvis sang "That's All Right". At the recent Jimmie Rogers Day celebration in Meridian, Mississippi, Elvis was called back for encore after encore, singing such tunes as "Milk Cow Blues Boogie", "You're A Heartbreaker" and his latest pairing: "I'm Left, You're Right, She's Gone" and "Baby, Let's Play House".

There's no doubt about it—this youngster is a real "Folk Music Fireball".

[Graphic and text from the Sportcenter program of August 25, 1955. The cover carried the headline "Proudly Presents—Horace Logan and his—Louisiana Hayride starring Elvis Presley." The cover art is used here on page 24.]

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ON THE HISTORIC SQUARE IN LLANO

way under the yellow caution tape and into the building. A crew was working on a low brick wall with sledge hammers. I found Eddie at a long folding table signing stock certificates. He looked up over his rimless glasses and gave me same friendly greeting I had come to know. Then he said, "Whatcha got?" I handed him the piece of paper.

I watched him closely. I as he looked at the Sportscenter program. Shell had told me the story about the night her daddy found Elvis. She was a little miffed that no mention had ever been made about the Sportscenter when looking back at the history of the Armadillo World Headquarters.

Eddie's head jerked up and down as he scanned the date on the document and then looked into the young eyes of Elvis in the photo and then he studied the address, 501 Barton Springs Road. He realized he was holding the smoking gun evidence that Elvis had actually played there before. He marveled at the write up and the description of Elvis as the Folk Music Fireball.

Eddie lowered the document and looked at me. His graying bushy eyebrows arched high in wonderment. He said, "This makes the hair on the back of my neck stand up. It gives me goose bumps. When the Armadillo first opened, the mailman, who played bass in a local band, said that Elvis had played here, but I didn't know anything about the Sportscenter. This is the proof. I feel kinda' like the spirit of Elvis has come to help out the spirit of Janis with the opening of the Threadgill's World Headquarters here.

"We're going to have an Armadillo World Headquarters Museum here and I want this program to have a place of honor."

Come September, Threadgill's World Headquarters with its Armadillo World Headquarters Museum, will open with the hope of letting older Armadillo-goers and a whole new generation of revelers share in the spirit of the place. It's a coming together of the style of Threadgill's and the spirit of the Armadillo. Armadillo artist Jim Franklin is busy at work on eighty linear feet of running and leaping armadillos, a foot and a half high, shoulder-to-shoulder, which will be mounted below the eaves of the new Threadgill's World Headquarters. It'll look like armadillos are boiling out from under the roof. There will be a place for a beer garden and for musicians to perform. There will be live radio broadcasts and all kinds of other plans are in the works. Excitement is creeping through Austin as progress continues.

On Tuesday September 10th, 1996 the *Enchanted Rock Magazine* will hold a press conference there at the new operation. Our task will be to bring the story to the world of the night Elvis played the Sportscenter. We will notify the Austin media and see just how far this little Hill Country Secret can go. The way I figure it, there are lots and lots of folks across the world who will get a real kick out of the tale. There are others who will attach greater meaning to the discovery. This gives the disciples of Elvis yet another point on the map to visit as they retrace the steps Elvis tread.

That evening *Enchanted Rock Magazine* will hold an open house get-together at the banquet facilities of Threadgill's out on North Lamar. We'll have our writers in for the occasion and Buck Burkle our Art Director and Ira and lots of our family and friends. The evening will serve as a celebration of the first anniversary of our magazine on the newsstands of the capital city and the expansion of our distribution, as well as an open invitation to the readers of Austin to come discover *Enchanted Rock Magazine*.

THE RANCH HOUSE DEMON

Continued from page 23

fine and dandy. The demon loved living with you as your house guest. Or maybe you were it's guest. You, too, defied God—breaking your baptismal promise by ignoring the First Commandment. Your special house guest felt right at home with you. Then when you decided to return to the sacraments, your houseguest knew what the ultimate decision would have to be made: to look for another homestay, or break your home and marriage apart and chase you away as it did with your grandparents."

The Deacon made the following suggestion: "Since the pastor doesn't believe in this kind of thing, and we do not know the extent and depth of the infestation, I will bring the matter up to the Interfaith Prayer Group that I attend, and maybe the Archbishop. Those who feel so called can then come along with me and we will see if we can pray and sing the unwelcome visitor out. Prayers, songs, and commands in the name of Jesus is the prescription called for by the Bible."

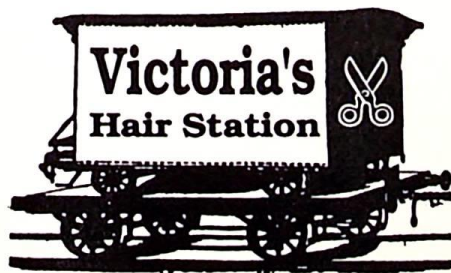
The couple agreed, feeling nothing ventured nothing gained. Little did they know what was in store for them.

Most of the prayer group members agreed to accompany the Deacon to the ranch house. But on the very day they were supposed to go to the ranch, the Deacon received a letter from the Archbishop of San Antonio. The letter officially interdicted ordained Catholic priests and deacons from performing exorcisms on their own within the archdiocese. The archbishop explained that any suspected demonic possession of person or habitation should be reported immediately to the archbishop who would then send a trained and tested exorcist to investigate and to make further recommendations.

The Deacon called and explained the situation to the Catholic husband and his wife. So as not to disobey the archbishop and violate the line of spiritual authority, the Deacon asked his Catholic members of the prayer group, as well as the husband and the wife who had returned to the church, not to take part in the deliverance service. All the Catholics agreed to stay out in the yard where they would back up their Protestant friends with prayers and the singing of hymns.

The Protestant members of the prayer group decided that, not being bound in spiritual authority with the Catholic archbishop, his letter of caution did not apply to them; and they had the responsibility as Christians to cast out demons in the name of Jesus Christ.

—TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH—



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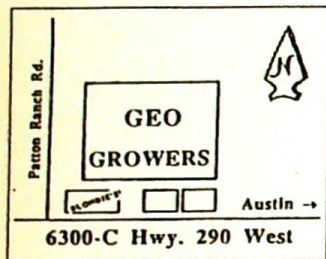
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CHUCKWAGON SUPPER & SHOW IN FREDERICKSBURG

by **KENN KNOPP**

It has been a long time in coming. Numerous Indian tribes left their home places to make the trek to the Hill Country for their Spring and Summer hunting grounds. In the semitropical lush hills were American black bear, innumerable white tail deer small enough they could handle properly, flying wild turkey, bobcat, and other animals galore.

Hunting was the very first lure of the hills and remains so today. Then, when the Germans arrived, people from near and far would come for the German oompah dancing every weekend, the **Schuetzenfests**, the horseracing, and the festivals such as **Oktoberfest** and **Kristkindlmarkt**.

All these events, and others, set the stage for the next demand from the ever-growing number of tourists: traveling to the German city of **Fredericksburg**, they would build up a ravishing appetite for German food that awaited them.

Because of its location in the scenic center of the state, by 1996 one million annual visitors were coming to Fredericksburg requiring an array of lodging facilities, including Bed & Breakfasts that will soon top 300—earning the city the title of the B&B capital of America.

When "Asleep at the Wheel" band member, **Johnny Nicholas** married a Fredericksburger and bought a rundown filling station out in the middle of the hills between Fredericksburg and Cherry Springs. From the **Hill Top Cafe** he started cooking his own version of his family's Greek and Cajun foods. Nicholas caused an added sensation when he sat at the piano and sang his special brand swingin' and ragtime tunes that capped off a great dinner with great entertainment. Fifteen years later he is still packing in loyal patrons from far and wide.

Then **Sonny Chance**, a Houston expatriate, bought the Schaefer House Cafe Building in downtown Fredericksburg. He stunned the city and delighted locals and visitors alike by creating a distinguished, beautiful **Gallery Restaurant** downstairs and a creme de l'creme second floor ultra fancy restaurant called "**The Blue Room**" accessible by elegant elevator. A delightful combo plays "beautiful music" and dance music, a rare treat in this day and time.

Now comes the September 20th "Grand Opening" of the Musical Crider Family's "**Circle C Chuckwagon Supper & Show**" nearing completion one mile South of Fredericksburg on Highway 87 South. It will not be a bar, or a restaurant, or a

Because of its location in the scenic center of the state, by 1996 one million annual visitors were coming to Fredericksburg requiring an array of lodging facilities, including Bed & Breakfasts that will soon top 300—earning the city the title of the B&B capital of America.

dance hall, but an entertainment center for families, young and old. Conceived by the Crider Family, some who are professional musicians, they and others who are first rate cooks round out the sensational supper and show.

The whole idea of the Circle C is to honor the traditions, of the heroic and talented trail riders of days gone by. Back then, when it was time to eat, the hands would gather around the chuckwagon. When the food was ready, the cook would clang the iron triangle and everyone would line up to be served a hale and hearty supper.

After supper the musicians, poets and story tellers, magicians, or what-not would gather around the campfire to do their thing. The history books relate how those days, and nights, along the trailride proved to be some of the best times of the cowhands' lives.

Nowdays, in the American West, "Chuckwagon Suppers & Shows" can be found in virtually every state. Here in Texas, the Criders will offer a supper and show each evening, Monday through Saturday. The Circle C doors will swing open at 6pm and the dinner bell will clang around 7. After supper the entire family will present a stage show featuring original Western music with beautiful harmony in the tradition of the Sons of the Pioneers and the Chuckwagon Gang. There will be something for all the members of a family.

The Chuckwagon Supper is prepared much like it was on "on the trail" with your choice of red or white meat, beans, potato, biscuit or cornbread, applesauce and desert, plus tea, cowboy coffee, or lemonade—all this and an hour and a half of entertainment for only \$13.50 per person, half-price for children under 12. Reservations are recommended for the Grand Opening Supper & Show on Saturday, September 20. Credit card holders can make reservations by calling 1-210-997-9893.



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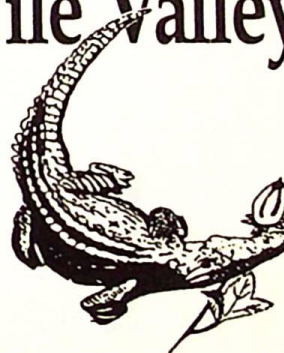
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BIGFOOT WALLACE

by STEVE GOODSON

In 1840 Bigfoot left Austin and relocated to San Antonio and joined the company of Texas Rangers serving under the command of John "Coffee" Hays. Hays was very particular about the men he enlisted requiring that each man have courage, good character, be a good rider, a good shot and have a horse worth \$100. Hays put together a band of men many of whom are remembered to this day—Sam Walker, Ben McCulloch, Ben Highsmith, Kit Ackland, Ad Gillespie and Creed Taylor. During the years of 1840-1841, Hays and his company of men spent most of their time pursuing horse thieves, rustlers, bandits and marauding Indians.

San Antonio became full of rumors about an invasion force from Mexico in 1842. Santa Anna had returned to power in his homeland and, anxious to regain some sense of honor after the defeat of his forces at San Jacinto, actively moved to invade and retake the richest country to the North. Santa Anna had much to gain and little to lose from just such a venture. Texas was in the midst of a great struggle of diplomatic recognition, not only from the United States, but also from Great Britain and France. This was all part of a political posturing which would eventually result in Texas remaining a Republic or becoming a part of the United States. By invading Texas, Santa Anna could show Europe and the United States that he still hoped to affect the policy of the weak, independent nation of Texas. He could also keep the troublesome Mexican Army busy by involving the often independent-minded generals with the invasion of Texas.

On September 11, General Adrian Woll—a Frenchman serving as a mercenary in the army of Mexico—invaded San Antonio with a force of some 1200 men. Bigfoot was not in town at the time having been sent to Austin by Captain Hays for some ammunition which was suddenly in short supply in San Antonio. Captain Hays and his Rangers were out "on a scout" at the time Woll's men took San Antonio and were almost captured when they attempted to enter the town. Volunteers gathered at the small village of Seguin and met Woll's forces on Salado Creek. The Texans, under the command of Matthew "Old Paint" Caldwell took up their position

in the cover of a dense grove of Pecan trees and began firing upon the invasion force. After several attempts to drive the Texans from their position Woll and his men retreated and immediately headed back to San Antonio. After a few days, the Mexican force began their retreat, while being pursued by a force of 500 Texans. They met in a skirmish on the Hondo River about 40 miles southwest of San Antonio and after Hays' Rangers charged Woll's position and were not supported by the rest of the Texans forces

due to some question of who was in command the Mexicans forces made their way back to the Rio Grande.

In response to this invasion, Bigfoot—along with Captain Hays and the rest of the Rangers—joined the Somerville Expedition which marched to Laredo and arrived in December of 1842. The force of 750 men captured the town easily and encamped about three miles down the river. The next day, part of the army returned to Laredo and plundered the town. This disgusted Somerville and he along with Hays and most of

the army returned to San Antonio. Bigfoot, Sam Walker and Ewen Cameron stayed on with the remaining force numbering some 300 men. These men spent two weeks marching down the river looking for some Mexican soldiers to fight and finally at the small village of Mier on December 24 got their wish. A force of 2000 Mexicans attacked the Texans and after several sharp, fierce battles the Texan invasion force surrendered.

The Texans were rounded up and forced to walk southwards to Mexico City. They temporarily escaped under the leadership of Ewen Cameron and immediately headed north, but made the fatal mistake of leaving the road they had marched in on, fearing to meet the enemy in front or in pursuit of them. Their route led them into the mountains where they soon learned there was no water and little food. The Texans soon realized they would have to return to the road and civilization to obtain food and water. Upon doing so, they were recaptured by the Mexican Cavalry. Of the 193 men who made the escape, five died of thirst and starvation, four got through to Texas, and three were never found or heard from again.

After some thought, the president declared that every 19th man was to be shot. The prisoners were forced to draw from a jar which contained 159 white beans and 17 black ones. The 17 doomed men were marched out, blindfolded and shot. The remaining prisoners were marched to Mexico City and incarcerated in Perote Prison.

The prisoners were then marched in chains to Saltillo where orders were received from Santa Anna declaring that they were all to be shot. The officer in charge refused to do so, stating that he would resign his commission first. The British consul got wind of what was going on and met with Santa Anna pleading for clemency. After some thought, the President declared that every 19th man was to be shot. The prisoners were forced to draw dried beans from a jar which contained 159 white beans and 17 black ones. The 17 doomed men, who drew the black beans, were marched out, blindfolded and shot. The remaining prisoners marched to Mexico City and were incarcerated in Perote Prison. After an imprisonment of nearly two years the Texans were freed at the request of Santa Anna's wife while she was on her deathbed. During their imprisonment, forty of the men had died from disease brought on by the poor conditions in the prison.

Bigfoot and four companions walked to Vera Cruz and received free passage for New Orleans from the compassionate captain of their vessel. From there, he returned to Texas via the port of Galveston and traveled to La Grange in an ox drawn wagon. He then fell in with a man named Carr, who was driving a herd of cattle to San Antonio. Bigfoot stayed in San Antonio a while but soon determined to settle on the Medina River to farm and hunt, where he arrived and built his cabin in 1845.

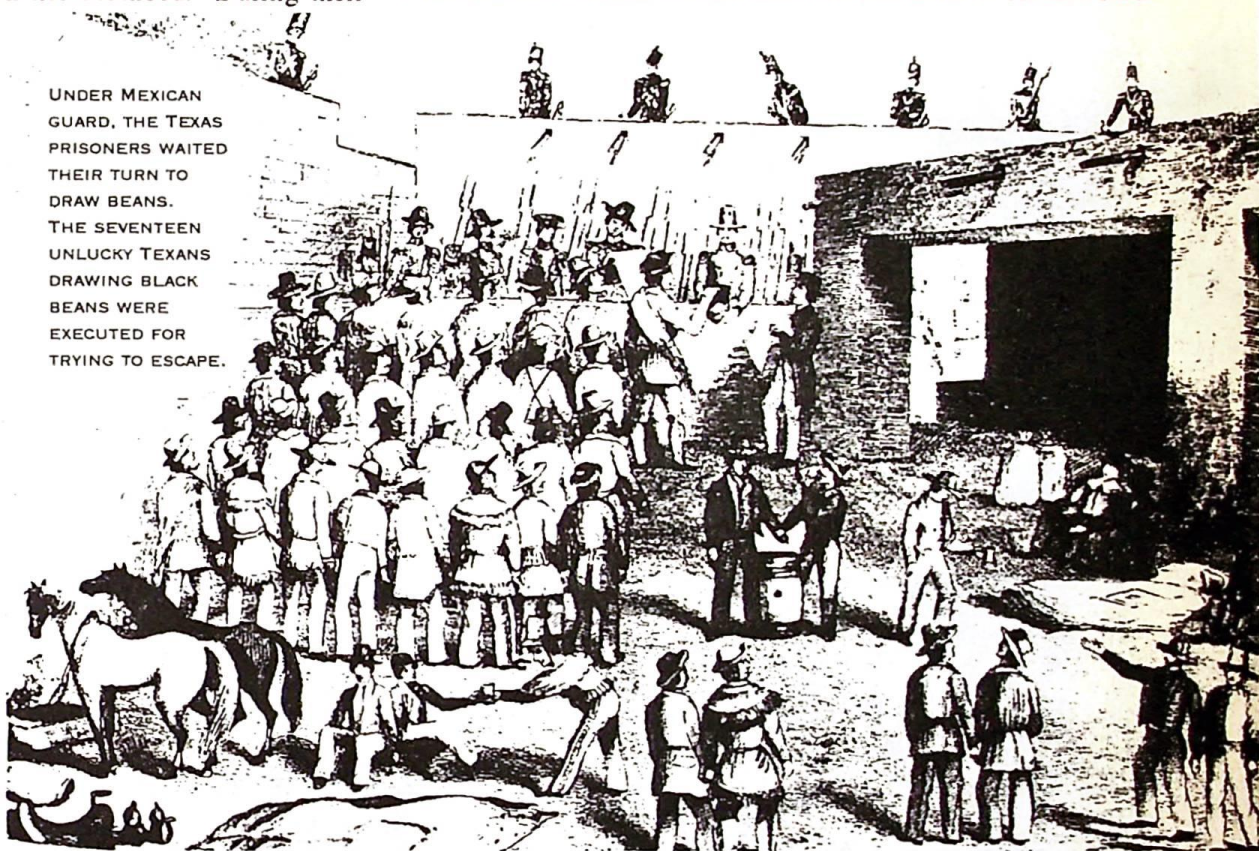
Bigfoot wasn't much of a farmer though and, after several failed crops due to dry weather and his own negligence, he joined up with Hays' company of Texas Rangers to fight hostile Indians and bandits. Bigfoot, out on a scout with two companions, came upon a horse thief who refused to be captured and was subsequently shot and killed. To serve as a warning to the lawless element in this wild country, Bigfoot cut off the man's head, put it in a leather sack and attached it to the saddlehorn of the thief's horse. He then took the man's stiffening body and set it upright in the saddle and bound it to the terrified horse with rawhide straps and set it loose. The horse ran wild, bucking and pitching, trying to free itself from its awful burden. Soon tales were heard, told by terrified cowboys and their vaquero counterparts, of a headless horseman, El Muerto, who could not be killed. Years later after the horse was finally worn out enough to be run down and captured by some fearless rider, the animal was freed of its' awful burden. The body was perforated by numerous bullet holes lending credence to the frightened cowboy's tale avowing to their having shot the headless rider.

While Bigfoot was a Ranger, a treaty was made with the Comanches at Fort Belknap, and a portion of Hays' men was sent

there to be on hand in case of trouble. Ad Gillespie was with this group and had been in a fight on the Pinta crossing on the Guadalupe River with some of these same Indians. During the fight, he had shot an Indian in a hand-to-hand struggle, and in turn had been lanced by the Comanche. Each fighter had thought at that time that the other would not survive and when the battle was over, left the field.

While the talk for the treaty was in progress, Gillespie laid down on the ground and went to sleep. Wallace soon noticed an Indian standing near and intently gazing on the face of the sleeping Ranger. Not knowing his intentions, Bigfoot walked up and asked the Comanche why he was looking at the sleeping man. The Indian told of the fight at the Pinta crossing and showing the scar where he was wounded said that this was the man who had done it. He also said

UNDER MEXICAN GUARD, THE TEXAS PRISONERS WAITED THEIR TURN TO DRAW BEANS. THE SEVENTEEN UNLUCKY TEXANS DRAWING BLACK BEANS WERE EXECUTED FOR TRYING TO ESCAPE.



he wounded the white man with a lance, and could put his finger on the spot. Bigfoot told him to do so. He complied by pointing and saying "there" as he indicated the place with his finger. Gillespie was now awakened, and Bigfoot said, "Take a look at your old partner, Ad." After being told of the previous conversion, Gillespie laughed and said, "He must be the one" and lifting up his shirt showed the old lance wound in his chest.

In 1846 Wallace joined the Ranger company that served with the forces of the United States during the War with Mexico. Wallace was commissioned as 2nd Lieutenant and served in the Battle of Monterrey and in the assault on the Bishop's Palace. Soon after this, part of the rangers were sent back to Texas for frontier protection and Bigfoot was one of these. After his period of enlistment was up Wallace returned to his cabin on the Medina.

In 1850, Wallace contracted to carry the mail from San Antonio to El Paso, a distance of some 600 miles 500 of it totally unsettled. This was part of the old Butterfield Stage line and Bigfoot hired six guards to ride up close to the rear of the stage in order to protect the extra stock the stage took along in case of attack or accident. The

Dutch Pete was so full of curiosity that the couldn't be still.

He kept crawling out onto the planks and peeping out at the Indians to see what they were doing. Finally, he crawled out too far and fell through the planks right into the middle of the Indians. The rest of the men leaped down from above shouting and firing their guns. All the Indians took to their heels, leaving all their gear and the deer meat, roasted to a turn.

worst part of the trip was the crossing at the Devil's River due to the distance from civilization and the terrain being surrounded by high bluffs, lending itself to the ease of an ambush. One day as the stage party had stopped at noon just above the painted cave at the river crossing, they were set upon by 27 Comanches dug in high on the bluffs. Bigfoot's party began to immediately defend themselves, but the Captain soon realized that the defenders were just wasting ammunition as the Indians were so well protected by their position in the rocks. He told the party to cease firing and save their bullets but it was difficult to do so as they were continually fired upon by the hostiles. Bigfoot said, "Keep cool, they will show themselves directly, when they find out we will not shoot." Soon the Indians

began to partially show themselves, thinking the white men were cowards. "Now, boys!" Wallace said, "run and tumble down under the stage like you were nearly scared to death." The Indians yelled, calling them cowards and squaws and continued to fire upon the men, wounding one of them. The Indian chief and four of his men came out in full view and Wallace yelled, "Now boys, every man for his Indian, take good aim and fire." All five Indians fell and the Comanches soon retired. Wallace failed to deliver his mail only one time, on an outgoing trip to El Paso. On that occasion he lost all of his mules and his whole outfit had to leave the stage, and walk to El Paso, a distance of 80 miles.

After finishing out his mail contract with the Butterfield Stage line, Bigfoot relocated his homestead to the less populated area on Chicon Creek. While out on a hunting trip with some friends, one of which was named Dutch Pete, Bigfoot and the others came upon a small uninhabited cabin after hunting all day. They decided they would spend the night there; and in order to avoid all the skunks and snakes that came in at night, they slept on some wide boards that laid across some rafters in the top of the little cabin. They had almost gotten to sleep when six big Indians came into the cabin, built a fire in the fireplace and proceeded to broil a deer which they had killed. Dutch Pete was so full of curiosity that the couldn't be still. He kept crawling out onto the planks and peeping out at the Indians to see what they were doing. Finally, he crawled out too far and fell through the planks right into the middle of the Indians. The rest of the men leaped down from above shouting and firing their guns. All the Indians took to their heels, leaving all their gear and the deer meat, roasted to a turn. "By God," Bigfoot ex claimed, "that was

"To stand in front of the Weeping Icon is like nothing on earth. There are no words with which I can describe what happens when people encounter the Mother of God in this intimate situation."

—Anonymous Pilgrim to New Sarov
History of the Icon

On May 7, 1985, an Icon of the Mother of God was discovered weeping Myrrh by one of the Monks in a small Chapel at Christ of the Hills Monastery. The Monks' first step was to discern if the manifestation was authentic and to notify their ecclesiastical superiors. All attested to the miracle's authenticity.

The Monks see her tears as a sign of distress over how far we have all gone from Christ.

Great miracles have come as a result of anointing with the Tears of this Icon: cures of cancer, leukemia, blindness, mental illness, and the most precious gift on earth—the gift of peace of mind—given to many, many souls.



Pilgrims Flock to Monastery

Hundreds of thousands of Pilgrims flock to Christ of the Hills Russian Orthodox Monastery, nestled on a mountain top six miles southwest of Blanco, Texas and overlooking the Blanco River Valley.

In the words of the founder of the Monastery, "The Mother of God calls all people to her Son. The Mother of God calls all to repentance, fasting, prayer and an other-worldly way of living. Like St. John the Baptist, her cry is, 'Make straight the way of the Lord, Christ is coming again.'"

Visiting Hours

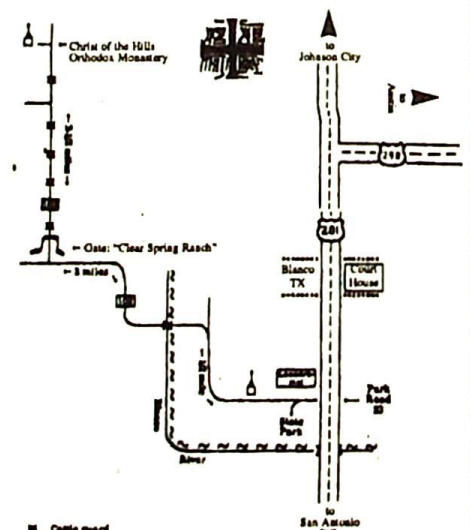
10:00 am—6:00 pm

June, July, August:7 days per week
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Matins4:30 am
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Akathist1:15 pm
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Sunday Divine Liturgy10:00 am

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the best meat I ever tasted."

Another one of Wallace's stories was about his friend Ed Westfall concerning the time they were in a tight spot in a Indian fight, and as they jumped over a brushy fence he ran his ramrod into Westfall's eye. Westfall remarked, "this is a hell of a place to punch a fellow's eye out!

Bigfoot spent the rest of his life protecting the families that made their homes on the headwaters of the Frio River and after he got older and was less able to see after himself, he was taken in by two of these families and lived with them, the Thomases and the Bramlettes. In her recollections of those times Miss Fan Bramlette speaks very fondly of the old frontiersman. "For two generations he took as much interest in wielding the rod as the parents did in our family. He had a habit of going down to the tank we had for watering the cattle to take his bath. He would take an old leather-bottomed chair, wade out until the water was about waist deep, and then sit in the chair and bathe. When my son Ewell Cochran and my nephew Gus Leuthy were about nine years old, they thought it would be great fun to hide in the surrounding brush and shoot as near to him as they could with their slingshots. They thought this would make him believe the Indians were after him. The old Captain never said a word or let on that anything was happening, but calmly finished his bath, dressed, and came back to the house. On the way, however, he got a nice, long, flat board which he hid in his shirt. Tilting his chair back against the kitchen door, he opened up his newspaper and began to read, all the while keeping one of his eagle eyes out for the scamps as he called them.

"After sneaking around for awhile, the boys saw the Captain reading the paper and thought he had forgotten all about the Indian playing. Anyway, it was about time for lunch, so the young men ventured in. The Captain sat perfectly still until they were about even with him; then he reached out those long arms and grabbed both of them. He put one small boy's head between his legs, holding him like a vise while he poured it on the other one. Then he turned him loose and served the other likewise.

"The young men felt very much sat upon so they started looking for some way to get even. Now the Captain was very much interested in raising fine chickens, and whenever he found anyone having extra good ones, he would get a setting of eggs, bring them home, and set them under one of his own setting hens. In this way he had built up a flock of fine chickens. He doted on one especially noble rooster and had often taken the boys out to ask them if they had ever seen anything so beautiful anywhere else in the country. Still smarting from the indignity of the Indian escapade, they decided that an injury to the rooster would really aggravate the old man; so they caught Mr. Rooster and pulled off every feather, leaving only the long tail feathers.

"It wasn't long before Mr. Wallace spied his rooster and called the whole family out to see the wreck. When I saw what had happened I said, 'Captain, I'll beat the dickens out of those youngsters', and he replied, 'Don't. I want to attend to them myself. What I want you to do is get something to make him a coat so the sun won't burn him.' We made him the coat, and with the Captain herding him under the shade, it wasn't long until he was again covered with beautiful feathers, and the new ones were so much prettier than the old that the Captain said, 'By God, I think I'll pick the whole flock!' Needless to say, he attended adequately to the boys, who about gave up trying to get ahead of the old man."

Mrs. Bramlette was attending the old Captain when he died. "He had been feeling bad for several days but was never confined to his bed. He ran a slight temperature and seemed to have some cold, but never appeared alarmingly ill. The day before he died he said he was feeling much better and sat out in the yard in his chair, which he liked to lean up against the wall. When he came in, he and father and Colonel Holcombe sat up late talking in the front room where I had put a single bed for Mr. Wallace because of the fire in the fireplace there. He seemed to sleep well that night. I was in the habit of going in through the night to see if he wanted water or anything since he had been having the cold. The morning he died my father had come, as he usually did, to get his cup of coffee early, and he and Colonel Holcombe and Mr. Wallace were talking, Mr. Wallace still sitting on his bed and putting on his shoes. I had gone into the kitchen when I heard Daddy say, 'Foot, Foot! What's the matter?' I ran in to see, and Dad and Colonel Holcombe were laying him back on the bed. Colonel Holcombe said, 'He's gone.'

"I tried to argue that he couldn't be dead so quickly, but he was, poor old dear, and the next day we took him and buried him in the graveyard at Longview Cemetery. In about a month his body was taken up and taken to Austin where he was buried with military honors."

If you would like to learn more about William "Bigfoot" Wallace, whose name is interwoven throughout several important periods of Texas history, look for A.J. Sowell's book *The Life of Bigfoot Wallace*. Also, Mrs. Frances Bramlette Farris' book, *From Rattlesnakes to Road Agents*, is instrumental in describing the area and people of this era.

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LAST DAY OF SUMMER

By Dyanne Fry Cortez

"You're not gonna believe what happened," Javier told me, as I parked by car just east of Luckenbach General Store.

"Somebody's guitar fell into a campfire," I hazarded, standing up and stretching my legs. It was Labor Day 1992, the day after the Kerrville Wine & Music Festival. As usual, Luckenbach had become a way-station for Kerrverts who couldn't face returning to their other lives just yet. Javier and I were driving separate vehicles, and he'd arrived there ahead of me.

"Guess again," he said.

"Let's see... Rod Kennedy ran off the Turtle Creek crossing and totaled his car," I said. Taking shots at the producer of the Kerrville Music Festivals was considered hip in our crowd, especially after the Wine & Music Festival. Some of us thought Rod had gotten to be too much of a wine snob.

Javier shook his head. "Wayne Kennemer."

"Wayne had a wreck?" I said. Javier nodded, and I saw he wasn't kidding.

"How bad was it?"

"Nori said she'd call tomorrow and let us know when the funeral is."

Funeral. What was he telling me? That Wayne was dead?

I looked up at the venerable live oak trees that shade the picnic tables, the washer pit, the back-porch bar. Their spreading green branches were heavy with maturing acorns. September, sure enough. But nothing was supposed to be dead yet.

In fact, the whole countryside appeared to be bursting with life and joy. Sudden Creek had dried up again, but the trees along its bank were exuberantly green. Those odd ones that look like Texas walnuts but aren't—the ones that drop yellow chaff on our tents in spring—were putting on green, waxy berries. Creek beds on the road leading away from Quiet Valley Ranch stood tall with common reed in full head, fingers of green-purple grain streaming gracefully in the wind. Trailing starbursts of Old Man's Beard shone white on the fence rows, catching and holding the slanting sun; and the luminous green-and-white blooms of Snow-On-The-Prairie dotted the fields. Prickly pears were deep purple-red, just begging to be made into jelly or wine.

We'd paid a farewell visit to our swimming hole on the Medina. The river was running clear and cold. We sat in one of the rock whirlpools below the low-water crossing, enjoying the rush of water coursing through the tunnels and cascading down our backs. The bald cypresses were loaded with green cones, too, and their needles weren't turning colors yet. Well, maybe just a few of them, just barely.

It was, I think, the most beautiful Labor Day I've ever seen. But Wayne never saw the sunrise. The newspaper said he lost control of his vehicle between 3 and 6 a.m., a few miles north of the Bandera pass. It rolled three times and came to rest upside down on top of a fence. It said he wasn't wearing a seat belt, and didn't say much else.

You couldn't call it a festival related fatality. (In 25 years, we've had remarkably few of those.) Wayne hadn't even been to this year's Wine & Music Festival. This was unusual, but not unheard of. He lived in Kerrville year-round and had a Country and Western band that played around south and central Texas. For a while, he and Janice had a restaurant in Medina, too. Someone said they'd been gearing up to reopen the place. What was he doing on a country road at three in the morning? It could have been any of a number of things. It could have been any of us.

Two days later, driving back to Kerrville for Wayne's memorial service, I found myself thinking of Sonny Shanks from Larry McMurtry's novel *Moving On*. The brash, often obnoxious cowboy who drove a custom hearse, gave Patsy Carpenter a hard time, and turned charming and gallant just often enough that she couldn't write him off as a complete jerk. Sonny survived two decades of traveling crosscountry, riding bulls and broncs and partying to excess, only to lose it on a Los Angeles overpass one New Year's Eve. He was about fifty, I think. Just Wayne's age.

It's not the first time this Kerrville family has brought to mind a McMurtry novel. His books are full of swaggering and eccentric characters, set against bits of Texas backdrop that are so real, I could swear I've been in the house next door.

Nancylee Kennedy was at the memorial service, crying and gnashing her teeth.

"I'm mad at him," she said. Rage, we agreed, is the second stage of grief.

Most of the people there knew Wayne better than I did. Mostly, he was a friend of my husband's. I'd sat around a few campfires with him, reviewed his album, "Texas Style" — and one year, he'd worked part of my shift at the festival office while I dashed into town to do some laundry. Javier, on the other hand, was a buddy from way back, and had felt it necessary to drive down and pay our respects.

"After all," he said, "I was following his lead when I made my first play for you."

Wayne was drunk when he first met Janice, but not too drunk to be impressed. He wanted to impress her, too. "Darlin," he said, "I'll bet you I can pee real close to your boot, and not get a drop on it."

No one has ever told me whether she agreed to this bet, but Wayne went ahead with it anyway. Trouble was, his aim was off. He peed in the top of her boot. I can't imagine why she married him (or ever talked to him again) after that.

Javier says the *Kama Sutra* explains it all. "The book says that if you want something, you should mark it with the vilest excrement of your body," he tells me. Less braxen than Wayne, he settled for sweating on me at the Sesquicentennial Ball. He still claims it worked.

The service was held on a private ranch, in a grove of trees on the low bank on Town Creek. A rough timber cross, eight feet high, stood at the water's edge. At its base, the ashes of Wayne's discarded body sat quietly in a box draped with a Mexican serape, a guitar leaning up against its side. The top of the box was decorated with a pair of cowboy boots, a worn felt hat, a kerchief, a bundle of sage, and sheaf of long-stemmed roses. On the other side of the calm water, a caliche bluff rose.

A few yards away from the water, "Texas Style" was playing

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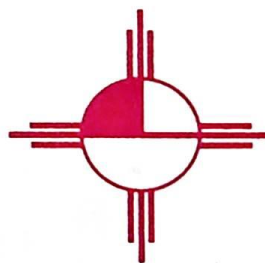
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on a public address system. There was table decked with flowers, a guest book to sign, and several rows of folding chairs. But there weren't nearly enough chairs for all the people.

The widow wore red cowboy boots and blue denim dress. A lot of the women had on boots. Before it was over, I envied them, A sign on the way in had warned about fire ants, but warnings didn't help much. You had to stand somewhere; if you stayed in one spot too long, the ants crawled up your legs and chewed through your pantyhose. It seemed uncouth to be slapping and fidgeting while the prayers were in progress. But life goes on, with all its pleasurable and not so pleasurable sensations. I suppose we go to funerals, in a way, to be reminded of that.

Kinky Friedman, a friend and neighbor in the Hill Country musicians' circle, opened the service with a song. Wayne's band stepped up next and played a few old-fashioned country tunes. Two or three people gave testimonials, including a former mayor of Kerrville and a woman who stressed Wayne's Native American interests and told the story of the sacred pipe.

Joan McKee, the Unitarian minister who does last-Sunday services at the Folk Festival, led the prayers and gave the sermon. She explained to us, as preachers always do in these circumstances, that death is not an end, but a beginning... that there is no death really, just a transition to the next stage of the journey. In view of that, she called on Wayne's band to close the service with a traveling song. So help me God, they played "Orange Blossom Special."

It's not the first Kerrville memorial service I've been to. Every year on Chapel Hill, we pause in silence to mark the passing of at least one member of the tribe. We plant trees in honor of those who've gone before. Nearly every tree on Quiet Valley Ranch is a memorial to somebody.

When the Folk Festival reconvened in the spring, we'd do all that for Wayne too. But this was different. This event, held directly after the fact, was the "real" service, the hometown service, the one for relatives and business associates and friends. The official sendoff, so the speak.

It let me know that my generation, the one that broke all the molds back in the Sixties, will persist in setting its own traditions until we tumble irrevocably into our graves.

Sonny Shanks would have been proud. I'll bet Wayne, wherever he is, was pretty dang pleased. And McMurtry? He would have put it in a book.



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AUSLANDER

by SAM LANHAM

Hey, Juniper! (or "cedar," as most of us name you)
You've been in the Hill Country
Since before the last Ice Age
And still we call you "Intruder," "Outsider."
How does it feel to be called Outsider
By those you predate by thousands of years?
To be known mainly as an allergy causing nuisance
And the focus of debate over what
Landholders have a right to chop down?
You never will be a native.
Even if you marry a live oak tree
And settle down to stable family life
People won't speak to you
In a friendly way.
Even when you are a windbreak
Or a noise barrier
Or shade
Or firewood
Or fence post
Or lend your heart to the carver's knife
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People don't love you
Or carry on about your beauty
Or mention your usefulness.
You're an intruder, an outsider, an auslander,
Pure and simple.
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That ridiculous habit
Of offereing shelter
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—May 1996

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Take a good listen to legendary recordings of country music, and it would be hard to miss Jimmy Day's influence to the sound. A southern boy born in Alabama and grew up in Louisiana, began his musical career the same time country music's personality was shaping. Even as a teenager Jimmy was an original player, and his contributions shaped the musical careers of legends; the likes of which we'll never see again.

It would be hard to cover the stories of his various escapades within the space I have to work with. So I'll give you a brief overview of the man I believe to be the coolest steel guitar player in country music history — Jimmy Day.

From his early days performing with Webb Pierce and

smooth, soulful touch that Jimmy brings to a song has not gone unnoticed. Jimmy Day's place in history was recognized when he was inducted into both The International Steel Guitar Hall of Fame in 1982, and the Texas Steel Guitar Hall of Fame in 1986.

All of the music that Jimmy Day touches stands as a testament to a true artist that has shaped country music's sound for decades. I was lucky enough to interview Jimmy so that you can get a glimpse of this remarkable man.

Beau: Do you think the country music pioneers aren't as strong an influence in today's country music as they should be?

Jimmy: Well some of the kids today that are playing different

types of music are listening to the old guys, but when I started out it wasn't called country music it was Hillbilly music, Bluegrass and Western Swing.

During the beginning of your career in music, did French Caberet music have much of an effect on musicians around you?

Oh yea, there are still guys that try to play Django Reinhardt licks, and they can just try!

That guy did a hell of a job for a man whose fretting hand was mangled by fire.

Who knows what he would have been like if all his fingers worked! I've had Sugarfoot Garland show me some of those Django licks. He was the guy that wrote "Sugarfoot Rag". He was probably one of the best pickers that ever came 'round. There's a lot of kids that play at it, but they don't get it.

It's kinda like everyone playing Jimmy Rodgers songs, but no one gets his signature guitar licks.

Yea his own grandson plays his music with a Rock-n-Roll beat, and I just wanna slap him...to play those songs, it's just not authentic without the guitar licks. Jimmy Rodgers always did his just a little out of tune.

Alot of great people have committed some out of tune stuff to recordings.

On the ending of "Crazy Arms" I went a quarter step sharp on the very last note and let it slip back... we just left it on there. That was back in the days if one person needed to do it over, everyone had to do it over, and by that time they're not going to do it over. I guess Ray had that recording figured out. 'Cause between 1951 and 1956 he had about twenty-something straight number one hits. I played on two or three of 'um. I missed "Wondering" but I played on "Don't Do It Darlin'" and "Sweet Loving You."

Weren't you in your twenties when you recorded with the Everly Brothers?

"Yea, I played the guitar parts on steel guitar and there was a bunch of guitar players pulling their hair out trying to get the guitar parts. It took a while for them to figure out that it was steel guitar, because back in those days they didn't put the name of the players on the records.

I heard you started playing with Elvis?

When I started with Elvis I was twenty and he was nineteen. He turned twenty and I turned twenty one on the road together. I

JIMMY DAY

"A COUNTRY MUSIC ARCHITECT"

An Interview by Beau Burton

Faron Young, to his still active performing as a member of Ray Price's band, Jimmy has always been a musical encore for country greats. Greatness was all around him from his start. With The Louisiana Hayride, he was part of a movement, that offered country music's its most serious influences; all this can be traced back to Jimmy's contributions on records that can be heard on songs like Ray Price's "Crazy Arms", Willie Nelson's "Shot Gun Willie," and even on cuts by The Everly Brothers — to name a few. He recorded so much, he says it's hard to keep up with them over the years. He mentioned to me one time, that if he did the same song over again somebody completely different could have a hit recording on it one more time.

In Jimmy's day he played with most of the greats. Here's a partial list of those he recorded and performed with: Ray Price, Webb Pierce, George Jones, Ernest Tubb, Patsy Cline, Jim Reeves, Willie Nelson, Porter Wagoner, Leon Russell, Sammi Smith, his school-boy friend Floyd Kramer, Commander Cody and Elvis. Yes that's right! All folks know of Elvis, but the King got his musical experience right along side Jimmy Day. He and Elvis were just two very straight laced young men playing the south together, paying their dues, and shaping music history in America.

Creating a style that still holds true today, Jimmy lives up to the greatness of his mentors. He says it was Shot Jackson and Speedy West, who inspired him to play steel guitar the way he does. Nowadays, it's Jimmy and Buddy Emmons, that are referred to as the best steel guys around. To me, comparing the two is like apples and oranges. Someone once said that Buddy Emmons plays steel like he's mad at it, and Jimmy Day plays like he's making love to it.

For myself, the steel guitar coming from popular Nashville recordings today sound less like making love, and more like killing cats; Seems a man with Jimmy's resume should be a reference point for all country pickers, not just steel guitar wannabes. The

worked the last months of '54 and all of '55 with him. Lots of people say that they've played with Elvis and Hank, but I'd say, 'I got my pictures, show me yours.'

So when did you get started playing steel guitar?

Well, I started trying to learn about '47 or '48. I didn't have a Dubro, I just had an old cheap flat-top guitar with the strings raised. Then I got a little six-string lap job. I had it up until I started playing with Webb Pierce. I was playing on the Louisiana Hay Ride then, so my dad said, we needed to get me a Dubro. So we hit all the pawnshops in Alexandria and found a little double-neck Fender, for \$120 dollars. That was a whole month's pay back then. Soon I got a triple-neck, and a four-neck, because back in those days you had to have different tunings for each chord a song was in.

When you were playing back then what kind of tuning were you using?

Well I'd use C6, D9, and I'd use the inverted tuning that Speedy West used. That's how he got the train whistle sound in "I'll Never Be Free". I heard that and went, 'How in the hell is he doing that?' I got a chance to meet Speedy West and Jim Reeves when they were coming to Shreveport to record. That was about the time me and Floyd Kramer started doing some playing out in California. It was some trip going back and forth then. People in the music business complain about their buses, but your talking to a guy who did whole tours five- or six-hundred-miles with seven guys in a '51 Buick. We'd all be sleeping four guys in the backseat. It got to where we'd turn over from the left to the right side all at the same time. Man, I appreciate anywhere I can lie down. Sometimes we'd only stop in a motel for two out of six shows to shower and then go to the next one.

Tell us about one of the wackiest things that happened to you on the road.

Well I was on the road with Ray Price. Johnny Paycheck was playing bass guitar at the time and we played a show in El Paso. So after the show, of course, we went across the border to Mexico, and Ray wanted us back at 3 a.m. in the morning. Well, we didn't make it back until 6 a.m. — me, and Sweet Pea! And we'd bought all of these pickled eggs from this beer joint in Mexico. We finally got back on the bus with this sack of eggs, were going down the road real good, when this truck that belonged to railroad does a U-turn right in front of us. The driver tries to miss the truck and we just fly right off the road. I mean through the air, high off the ground! It flew a pretty good distance. Someone measured and said it was close to sixty feet. Well, the bus just crashed to the ground and those eggs went all over everything. There was about a five gallon bucket of bolts that they picked up from the bus. Anyway, we got the bus back on the road and limped on in; but the bus was broke in half — you could see the road going by under neath — so we just got another bus when we got to the next town.

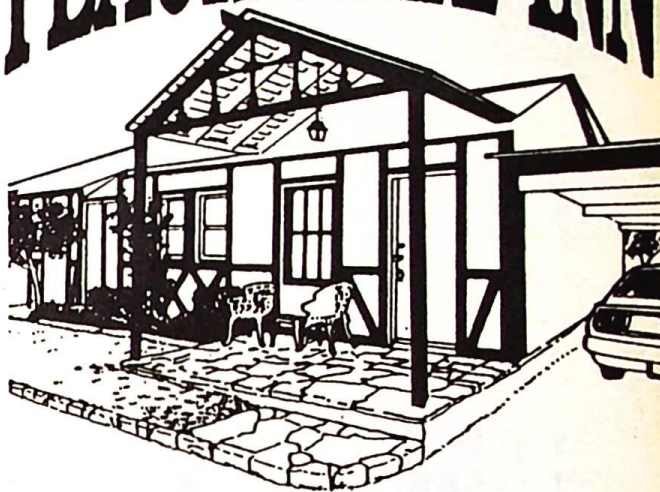
No one was hurt bad?

Nothing too bad, but that bus sure was a mess!

My thanks to Jimmy Day, one heck of a character, and the king of steel guitar. Until next time. Buy Texan!



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THE CAT BRANDING

As told by R.A. Vest to his daughter, Mildred Vest.

The Beesley land joined the Vest's land on the west, and their homes were not too far apart. The Beesley folks always had enough cats and kittens to supply the whole Slick Mountain community. They had several mama cats, and would never kill any kittens. They believed the old superstition that for every cat killed, a cow would die. Harve Vest told of seeing a cat so badly torn up by the Beesley's dogs, that he, Harve, begged Wylie Beesley to kill it. Wylie refused, so when Harve killed it with a club, Wylie was frightened and horrified.

The neighborhood was tired of finding tiny baby kittens, sometimes with their eyes barely opened, left on their doorsteps every few months.

One cool fall afternoon, Bob Vest was breaking the 10-acre piece (a partly wooded area of the Vest's field) with a one-horse walking plow. A deep ditch, 10 or 15 ft. deep, ran from the Beesley's woodland through the Vest's field, cutting off this 10-acre piece from the rest of the field, so that it had to be farmed separately. There was no crossing over the ditch for several hundred yards.

When Bob was at the north end of the row, and turning to go south, he noticed Kate Koger (sister of Nell, who later married Finn Westerman) riding old "Bad Boy." She got off at the gate, at the Beesley's end of the land, the public wagon road. Kate stalled a bit, and then remounted Bad Boy and rode back to her own home. Bob could not guess why Kate had acted so strangely.

He plowed on, and soon noticed another strange occurrence. Two small Beesley girls, Emma and Effie, were running across the Vest's field, toward their own home, as if something were after them. Since Bob had not seen the girls approach, he figured they had followed the bottom of the ditch into the field. But, why would the girls be in such a hurry to avoid meeting him, when they were usually eager to be friendly?

About sundown a cool norther blew in. When Bob reached the furrow's end, near the ditch, he heard a half-grown

kitten yowling as if it were lost. On the next, and last round, at almost sundown, he found a group of kittens, smaller ones, waiting for him at the end of the row. When he plowed, Bob carried a plow whip made of rawhide, with a leather strip at the end—a "cracker." The whip was tied to a stock handle with a piece of baling wire. Bob carried the whip with a leather thong around his wrists, letting it trail behind the plow when not needed to make the team go. He popped this whip to scare the kittens and ran them back toward the Beesley's house.

While Bob was tending to the team, and milking the cow, the kittens showed up again, this time at the house. While Bob, Harve, and older brother, George, were eating supper, Ma was feeding the kittens. She could never stand for any living thing to be hungry. George remarked that "somebody ought to brand those Beesley's cats and take them home."

This suggestion was not wasted on the two younger brothers, Bob and Harve, who soon made up the Beesley's "—J", with a baling wire. When the kittens came to the fireplace to warm, they each got a "hair brand" (not deep enough to burn the skin.) About bedtime Bob and Harve went varmint hunting, with the cats in a sack, slung over Bob's back. They walked to the back of their neighbor Beesley's house and emptied the sack.

A few days later, Shank Simpson's daughter, Bertie (later Mrs. Ellis Sessom), told Bob that she had played with these same kittens at the Beesley's. Kate had carried them to the end of the land and emptied the sack the day Bob had seen her when he was plowing. The Beesley girls had brought them down the deep ditch and left them on the Vest's place. Bob could not see the girls approach, but he saw them run across the field, to prevent the kittens from following them home again.

About this time, Harve was working for Jim Gephart, on what is now the Winkel place, about a mile west of Valley Springs. One evening they had worked late and were unharnessing their

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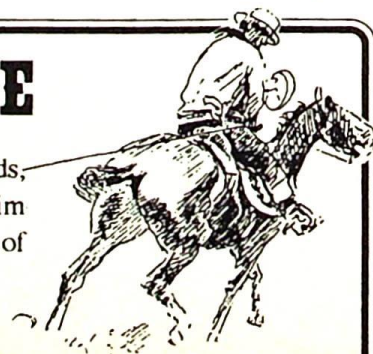
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While Bob, Harve, and older brother, George, were eating supper, Ma was feeding the kittens. She could never stand for any living thing to be hungry. George remarked that "somebody ought to brand those Beesley's cats and take them home."

teams, when the bright moonlight showed up some small kittens rubbing against their legs. After supper the cats came into the house to warm themselves by fire. Harve picked one up to look for the "hair brand", by turning it on its side and smoothing the hair back, and sure enough, the old "—J" still showed!

Harve recounted to Jim how the cats got branded, and Jim Gephart, being a great joker, and prankster, appreciated the story. Harve remembered seeing Dora Beesley drive by in her buggy, to get the mail at Valley Springs, that afternoon. He had wondered why she stopped the horse and looked in her buggy box at the rear when she was 'bout even with the turn off to Gephart's.

In those days a white cat was rare, and more fearsome to superstitious folks than a black one. An old white cat had haunted the Gephart barn for some time. The boys left the smokehouse door open, with food inside. When they were sure the white cat was inside, they shut themselves inside too. They rolled the cat up with a gunny sack—not a easy task! They then went to Jim's brother's house and gathered up cats for another branding. After this, the white cat wore "—J" burned into its hide, from shoulder to hip! This time, Bob had to be persuaded to help Harve deliver *two* sacks of cats to the Beesley's place.

Avery Cates, who was first cousin to the Vests lived on the Mud Springs, and some of the Beesley cats showed up at his place. Having heard the cat-branding story, he and Amos Tuckness, his neighbor, held a round-up and branding of their own. Later, Walter Chew, and the Davis' remembered seeing a large white cat, with the "—J" branded deep on her side.

Harve recalls that Charlie Beesley and Bob Vest (who were near the same age and born neighbors) could never agree, nor stay apart. Harve was a scrapper himself, and he enjoyed a good fight. He listened while Bob and Charlie had a "spat" over the telephone, at which time they agreed to meet near their adjoining field fence, by a designated plum thicket, where each vowed to whip the other.

Harve slipped out and hid in the cotton rows to watch the fight. Bob walked up to the fence; Charlie rode up on his horse and dismounted; Bob got over the fence. The boys had a real "cuss" fight, while Harve laughed in the cotton rows. Charlie said the boys had disgraced the Beesleys by branding the cats. It wouldn't have been so bad to take them (cats) back unbranded. At this, Bob asked Charlie why he didn't get on to Harve, who was the real culprit, instead of himself, and Charlie answered, "But, Harve would fight!"

Don't tell me boys didn't have their fun in the old days!

★

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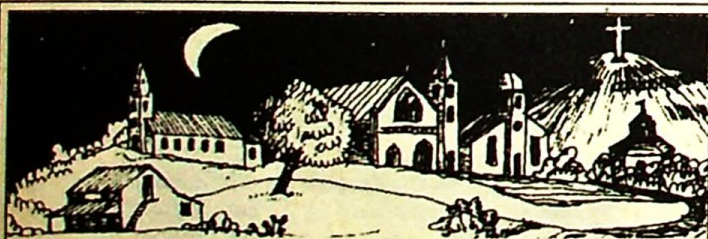
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HILL COUNTRY DELIGHTS

Continued from page 23

spots to stop, eat, and shop on Hwy 281—and we'll explore more of those another time.

But we're on our way to a wild time at the **Exotic Resort Zoo** four miles north of Johnson City—137 acres of woods, small lakes, and a beautiful spring-fed creek—a natural habitat for animals from all over the world to breed and raise their young in the company of appreciative humans. There are giraffes, zebras, deer, antelope, bison, water buffalo, elk, ostrich, rhea and other immense birds—all well-fed, curious, and friendly. Hold a young fox, stroke an elderly kangaroo and feed exotic babies in the petting zoo. Go alone, bring the family, or plan ahead for a memorable party or family reunion.

I'd heard of **Charles' Restaurant** for years, but never realized it was the unobtrusive dining area for Charles Motel on 290 just east of the 281 intersection in Johnson City. My favorite honkytonk singing cowboy asked my best friend out, and took her to Charles' Restaurant for the best chicken fried steak in Texas. Other friends raved about a great place for chicken fried steaks on the way home from the Kerrville Folk Festivals. Charles' Restaurant may look unassuming, but it's worth looking for at lunchtime, when they do indeed serve superlative chicken fried steaks and other down-home delectables until 2 pm. Inside, it's a step back to the Johnson era, with a warm welcome, homey cafe decor, and sketches and photos of LBJ hang on the walls. As delicious as lunch is, the locals swear that breakfast is even better, so we'll have to be back early some morning very soon...Now, it's back on Hwy 281 south past Blanco (subject of a future column in itself) to Canyon Lake.

As with Indian Mountain Ranch, call ahead for reservations and directions to **The Lodge at Turkey Cove**. This rustic resort, nestled into an arm of Canyon Lake, boasts a lush, green lawn where deer love to frolic and feed - even eating out of your hand, if you're lucky. The lake beckons for a mid-day (or midnight) swim after gourmet dinner at the resort's HomeWaters restaurant. Try tender Tournedos Carla Jean - juicy Angus beef filet on pate, borderlaise mushrooms, shrimp - a salad of fresh field greens with piquant house dressing, and sinfully rich Chocolate Silk pie: luscious cream cheese and chocolate in a crunchy pecan crust.

Self-described "tres chic mama and papa" innkeepers Brenda and Jay point out that autumn is gorgeous on the lake. They cater to families, parties, informal get-togethers, business meetings, and retreats, with personal service for all, whether barbecue for two hundred on the front lawn or tea for two on a private balcony. Weekends, there's wonderful live music, and Sunday brunch is perfect post-church or pre-float.

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Dutchman's Hidden Valley Country Store, Hamilton, 817-386-3018
The Exotic Resort Zoo, Johnson City, 210-868-4357
Charles Restaurant, Johnson City, 210-868-4222
The Lodge at Turkey Cove/HomeWaters, Canyon Lake, 210-899-2744



TAYLOR MAN FINDS GOLD IN LLANO COUNTY

FROM "A SAN ANTONIO PAPER" CIRCA 1912

A few weeks ago D. F. Brooks of this city, formerly a miner and gold hunter of California, received a letter from a friend, H. J. Rowland, who is postmaster at Leander, giving him the location of a long lost or hidden mine in the mountainous region of Llano County.

Being an enthusiast on the subject of mining and having previously prospected in that region, Mr. Brooks left at once for the place indicated and has just returned over-zealous in his faith. He says he has discovered in Riley Mountain, west of the Packsaddle group in Llano County, an old Mexican or Mormon gold mine, and the remains of an old smelter a half mile west of Honey Creek and three miles west of the Packsaddle Mountains. The ledge, he says, is a true fissure, forty-five or fifty feet deep. The mine has a six-foot entrance, and both the foot and hanging walls are "pockety". In the center an eighteen inch pay streak of decomposed sugar quartz is yellow as gold itself. Other ore is red, resembling hog iron. At the old smelter Mr. Brooks unearthed considerable slag and found melted silver buttons as large as peas. Mr. Brooks thinks this ore is free milling and that he has found a treasure.

A history of this mine has been given to Mr. Brooks by Luke Moore, a Texas Ranger, who moved to Llano County in 1853. At that time there were only nine families living in the territory. When Moore first found this shaft a hackberry tree grew in the mouth of it. When the tree was cut down for building purposes, the sap marks showed the tree to have been of eighty years growth. According to this the mine was worked something like 140 years ago. Several nuggets as large as peas have been found along the creek, and one as large as a walnut.

Mr. Brooks has secured an option on "the find" and is now in correspondence with capitalists at Houston and elsewhere with a view of reopening and developing the hidden mine. He has some of the ore taken from the shaft.

"It is interesting," says Mr. Brooks, to converse with Mr. Moore and have him tell of his frontier experience in the Llano Country, fighting Comanche Indians, wild animals, Mexicans and Mormons. He was a member of Captain Hays Texas Rangers and tells of capturing a Comanche Chief whose headgear was made of nine different kinds of furs sewed together with sinews of deer. On either side of this queer headdress were two eagle claws and in the center a two year old buffalo horn shaved down or scraped until it was as thin as cardboard. These Indians were of the Quanah Parker tribe, the chief of which now lives in the foothills of the Wichita Mountains, four miles west of Gache Oklahoma.

Mr. Brooks says the Llano people are awakening to the development of the mining interest of that section, and that a new mining company has recently been organized to work the Packsaddle mine there. The company has bonded the land and claim for \$25,000.00 paid to the owner of the land.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This article was obtained from a typewritten manuscript in the vertical files at the Llano Public Library. No other information was indicated regarding the date and source of the manuscript. IK

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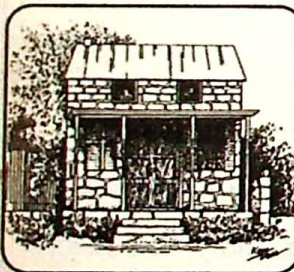
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HILL COUNTRY PEARLS

(Continued from Page 15)

well as asymmetrical, or baroque, shapes like wing, petal, pear, strawberry, and snail. A wing pearl, which is long, flat, and tapered at one end, does not fit the common conception of a pearl. Out of ignorance, novices often discard those pearls, which sometimes are worth several hundred dollars.

Regional preferences also affect the value of a natural freshwater pearl. "I had a long talk with an internationally known pearl dealer," Casey said while holding a large, lustrous, baroque pearl up to the light. "He bought a pink pearl from me, said he could go right up to New York and sell it. But a baroque pearl I had didn't interest him at all. He said, "Wayne, if you take the pearl and go anywhere in Tennessee, you can sell it in a minute and get what you want for it."

"Tennessee likes big baroque pearls. It's a pearl center. The American Shell Company is there; so is the Tennessee Shell company. Anytime you find big shell companies, you are going to find pearls. Where you find natural pearls, you'll find a lot of baroque pearls and people who have developed a taste for the baroque.

"In the Mediterranean countries orange, yellow, and golden hues are preferred because they compliment the skin complexions. San Angelo, Texas, right now is the best market for purple pearls. They're more common up there, and people go there to buy them."

After assessing size, shape, color, luster, and orient (the refraction of light through the multi-layered pearl), the dealer must consider flaws. A perfectly round natural pearl is rare, so matched pairs are almost nonexistent. However, two nearly matching wing pearls, for example, will make exquisite earrings; sold together, they can command a higher price than they would separately.

Apart from the simple and universal notion of making a quick buck, pearl divers are often afflicted with something called pearl fever. When the thrill of the find combines with an irresistible desire to retain possession of the pearl—specially those of extreme beauty, size, and value—any schemes of easy money are forgotten. Wayne Casey has the fever. And he's not interested in finding a cure—just more pearls. He reads everything he can find about natural pearls; his favorite article is a report by freshwater mussel authority George F. Junz, published by the United States Fish Commission in 1897. Casey's knowledge is encyclopedic, his enthusiasm infectious. But beneath it all, like an irritant nucleating in a shell, is a single, perplexing problem—waste.

There is a ready market for pearls and shells, but the meat of the mussels is anything but tasty—Casey has already tried eating it. He once packaged and marketed the meat for bait. "You sell all you can the first time around and don't go back," he said. "It just sits there on the shelf. Merchants can't give it away." He is working on donating the meat to the San Antonio Zoo, but questions about nutritional value, cold storage, and transportation have yet to be answered.

The pearl and shell industries in the United States may be small, but together they are a multimillion-dollar enterprise that relies on a natural state resource and public waters for existence. In Texas, except for the \$20 license fee, pearl and shell harvesting are totally unregulated and poorly monitored. The quantities of shells

Apart from the simple and universal notion of making a quick buck, pearl divers are often afflicted with something called pearl fever. When the thrill of the find combines with an irresistible desire to retain possession of the pearl—particularly those of extreme beauty, size, and value—any schemes of easy money are forgotten. Wayne Casey has the fever. And he's not interested in finding a cure—just more pearls.

removed from streams are unknown. It's only because mussels sometimes contain pearls that they inspire any interest at all. They are not cute and furry, they taste worse than gar or armadillo, and they're hardly ever seen.

Some people fear that every word written about freshwater pearls threatens the mussels' existence. But a given area is seldom completely depleted by shell divers. Once the concentration of mussels becomes too sparse, the site is abandoned, and over the years it usually has time to recover. But overharvesting combined with habitat modification and population could place the normally prolific mollusks on the endangered list; several North American species are already included. An out-and-out pearl rush might inspire officials to regulate and protect mussels. Casey believes that if the current harvesting and environmental standards aren't improved, some species of freshwater mussels in the Texas Hill Country are headed for certain extinction.

★

SAM HOUSTON													
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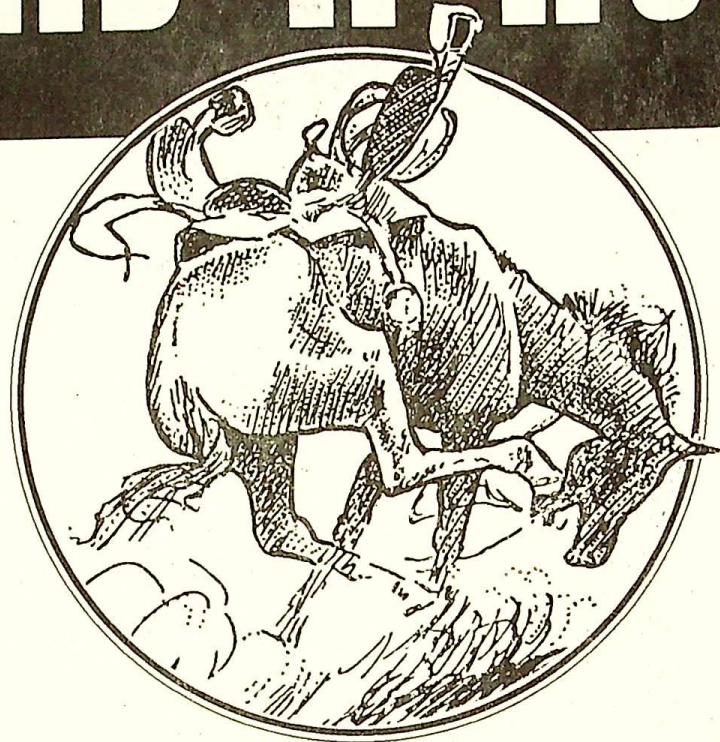
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