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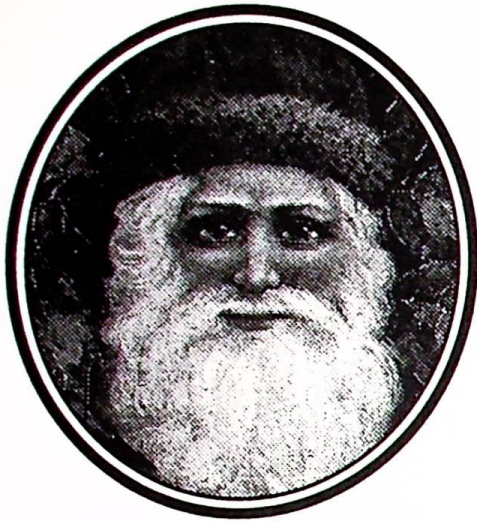
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by IRA KENNEDY



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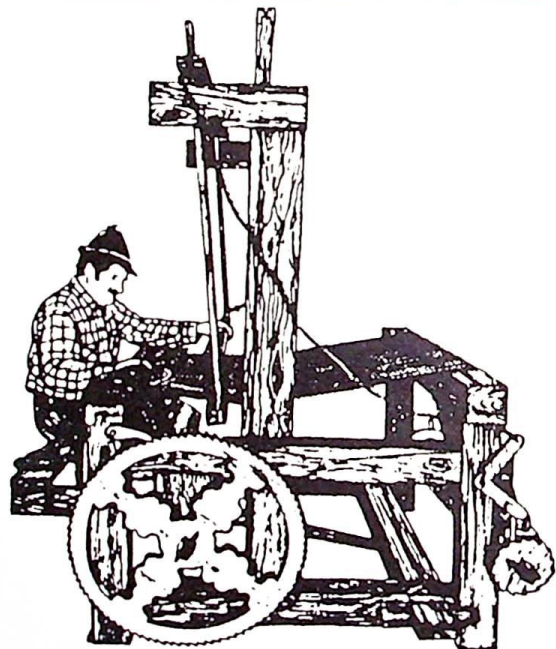
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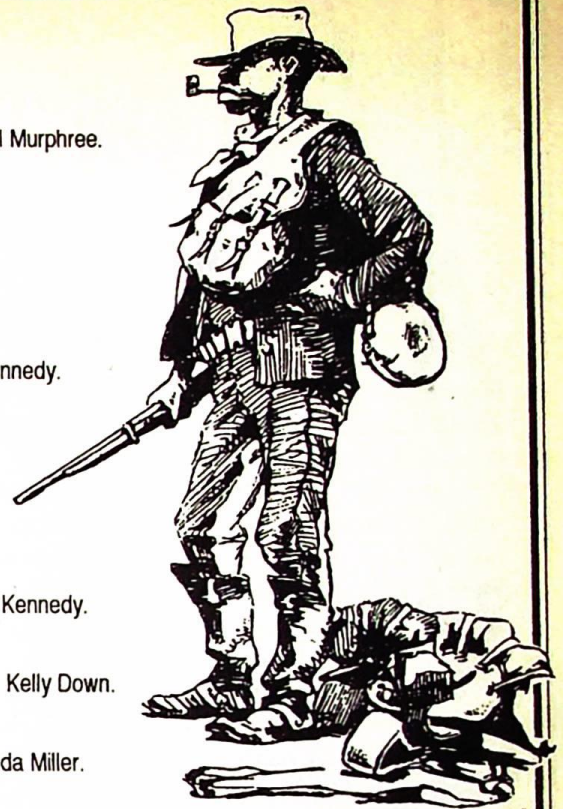
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(After a drawing by Frederick Remington.)

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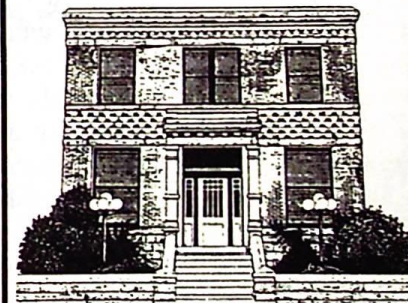


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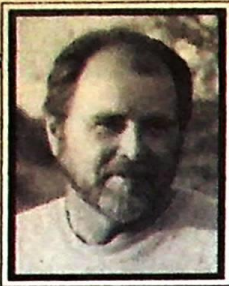
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FROM THE EDITOR

ON THE FRONTIER TIMES

A few months ago Val Wollvin of Sisterdale [see ERM Aug. 1996] sent my way a copy of *Frontier Times* "published monthly at Bandera, Texas, by J. Marvin Hunter." This particular issue came out in February of 1925. Brown with age, the magazine contained remarkable, well-written, first-hand accounts of life on the Texas frontier.

Attempting to track down J. Marvin Hunter, or his relations, I contacted the Bandera Public Library. A librarian informed me that Hunter was deceased as was the magazine. She suggested I contact the Frontier Times Museum in the same city. I was told by a staffer at the museum that the publication was bought by a company in Austin. I called Austin and was given a number in Minnesota. That call turned out to be a dead end. Making the phone rounds once again I, somewhere along the line, came up with the name and number of Steve Gragert at Western Publications in Stillwater, Oklahoma.

From Steve Gragert I learned that Western Publications (publishers of *True West* and *Old West*) not only holds the copyright to *Frontier Times* but is actually reprinting facsimiles of the magazine on a quarterly basis. Publisher Gragert kindly agreed to grant us permission to reprint a few articles which you will find in this and upcoming issues.

Western Publications in Oklahoma is doing Texas a extremely valuable service by continuing to keep in print the works of Mr. Hunter. His dedication to collecting and printing first-hand accounts of early Texans was of immeasurable service to our culture. Along with all of the other projects planned for this magazine, I hope to present a biographical sketch of the remarkable J. Marvin Hunter and his career. For subscription details to *Hunter's Frontier Times* or Western Publications' other magazines please see the last paragraph of "Buried Treasure in Hamilton County" on page 9. I recently received a letter from Western Publications which I would like to share:

Dear Ira:

Thanks for forwarding the sample issues of Enchanted Rock. The layout and concept look great. Would you consider a subscription trade with Hunter's Frontier Times or True West? Let me know. I would be happy to set you up.

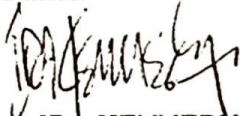
Good luck and best wishes.

*Sincerely,
Steve Gragert
Publisher*

Needless to say, I'll take Steve up on his offer. But more important than that, to me, is the recognition and esteem of a peer who is in the business of bringing to the public the history of the west and our noble (and sometimes ignoble) ancestors.

Y'ALL COME

On November 23rd out in Willow City—just north of Fredericksburg on Highway 16—Harry's on the Loop is holding a Brisket Cookoff. The event is co-sponsored by KFAN-FM/107.9 and *Enchanted Rock Magazine*. I'll be out there with magazines and stories. The place and the event is down-home, laid-back, country style where musicians pick and grin under the shade of stately pecan trees. If you've never seen a washer tournament here's your chance. There's not much hope of the event ever making it on The Wide World of Sports, but folks around these parts take the game seriously. Hope to see you there.


IRA KENNEDY

ENCHANTED ROCK MAGAZINE

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915/247-3708

IN A DIFFERENT STATE OF MINE

by RUTH ALLAN RAYMOND

Ah' moved to Texas from Colorado. Friends said, "Hey! Don't go."
But after ten long years down that old dirt road, me or the mud
had to go.

Ah'm *outta'* here and that's no lie! Ah' said for ah' was candid.
And drove as far as Lubbock, where I did find life, on another planet.

Now the language wasn't a problem. Ah' mastered the art
of the drawl

And soon called everybody, "Darlin'" but my favorite was "Y'all."
Then down off the cap to the Hill Country, "Too hot up here!"
Ah' cussed!

And left the cotton fields behind me in a powdery trail of dust.

What got me next was the humidity. It dampened things profusely
And when the dew point rose to the occasion? Ah' wore ma' jeans
more loosely.

Insects! Insects ah' had *never* met introduced themselves at leisure.
There were spiders big enough to shoot at... and... a nasty thing,
a Chigger!

The new house sat under Live Oak trees amongst the cacti,
sage and cedar.

Those trees pollinated *everything!* Ah' got allergies *and* fever.
Boy, did ah' miss ma' friends in Pagosa Springs. The wild women,
and even Sheriff Tom.

Ah' thought ah' could handle bein' homesick, but it was lonesome
all day long.

One day a cowboy stopped his horse and ah' was sniveling
into ma' hanky.

He said, "You're gonna' meet mice folks in Fredericksburg,
even tho' you are a Yankee."

Well, ah'll get used to the blue norther's and remember the Alamo,
But deep in ma' heart there's a memory, of a mountain

And

Newly

Fallen

Snow.

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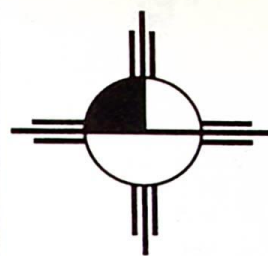
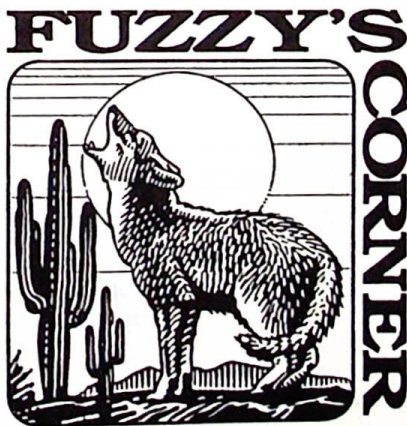
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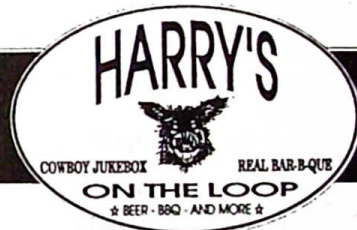
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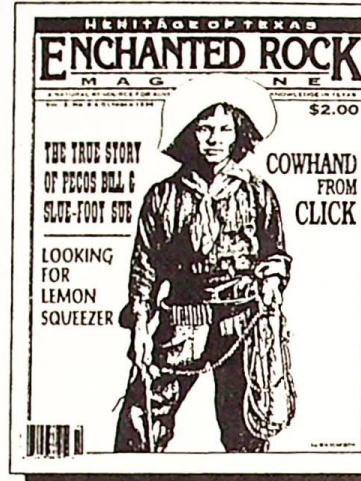
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ENCHANTED ROCK MAGAZINE

209 East Main, Llano, Texas 78643

LETTERS

AN INVITATION

Sunday, after church I was eating at the Mexican restaurant on the Richland Road in San Saba. They gave me one of your magazines, which I like very much. I, too, am interested in old things. An old church and school house (in one) was here when I bought my place here on Brown Creek in 1965.

Let me tell you a little of our history. My dad, Robert Lee Stansberry, was born in Clay County near Roam, Georgia in Sept. 1865. Came to Indian Territory in about 1873 with an immigrant wagon train. They split up, and his bunch went to Arkansas for about 3 years, and finally about 12 miles south of Weatherford, Texas. My dad was working on a big ranch called the YL, close to the Kansas line, when they opened up the "Oklahoma Run" in 1889. He got a 160 acre allotment not too far from Ft. Sill, Oklahoma. My mother's folks were from Kentucky and got a claim a few miles apart. My mother, Elizabeth Cornett, was born in Clay County, Kentucky, close to Boling Green. They were married Oct. 1890. First child, born one year later in 1981 (October). Nine children was born, part in Oklahoma and part in Texas. I, the youngest was born in Shamrock, Texas on November 22, 1913. We moved to San Angelo in 1916 close to Ft. Concho. Our dad bought two small ranches, 27 miles S.E. of San Angelo (8 1/2 sections in all). We lived there till 1922—then moved to Clovis. We moved back to the ranch 12 miles S.E. of Christoval in December, 1926.

It was built in 1885, is in good repair. My partner, Tomas Riojas lives there. I hired a man, Tressa Charles in 1968 or 1969. His wife died in 1970. He married again in 1973. We lived together till he passed away in 1995, 22nd day of September. I will enclose a picture of him. He was born in a cave on the West Fork of the Nueces River about 20 miles from Bracketville, Texas on September 7, 1901. He was 1/4 Indian. I went to World War II in Jan. 1943—Got discharged at San Pedro, California Dec. 5, 1945. Ranched in Arizona 1946 & 1947. Moved to Van Horn, Texas on a 17,815 acre deeded ranch and had 20 sections leased joining me.

If you will come to see me, I will give you plenty to write about. Tressio and I moved into a big log house we built in 1988 near Goldthwaite. Moved in in October.

William Stansberry,
Mullin, Texas

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A PONY, A MAP & SAN SABA

by PERU, Pen name for an anonymous author

It is now twelve years since the writer of this, broken in health and fortune, caught the first glimpse of San Saba town. Coming from Louisiana to Marshall, the terminus of the Southern Pacific railroad, he bought a pony and a map, made for San Saba, some four hundred miles distant, his objective point; traveled roads when he found them and a south-westerly course when he couldn't till at length, worn out with sickness and fatigue he reached San Saba. It was said to be the only town in that part of Texas built without the aid and protection of a military force and the writer had a curiosity to see it and its people, and a desire too, perhaps, to settle among them, far beyond the jars and discords of civilization. About 4 o'clock Saturday evening he entered by the Brownwood road and found the town nearly as large on the map as it was on the ground. It was called a "town" as a matter of courtesy doubtless, and the fact of its being built without military protection wasn't after all no great thing to brag about.

Saturday at that time was a great day in San Saba. As many men as could be spared in the remote settlements would come together for protection against marauding bands of Indians, and do their milling and trading on that day. Cattlemen and their hands would also come in to trade and for general recreation. Those "hands" were usually adventurous spirits who feared nothing on the earth, or under the earth—laws and Indians included.

Upon our entrance some twelve or fifteen of these were making a pony race—a kind of extemporized steeple chase from the grave yard to the old Doby Saloon, the terms being that the last man in the saloon should "set 'em up" all around. A fellow on a little Spanish mule that got frightened, outran the crowd but couldn't hold him up till he got forty yards or more by the saloon. Finding that he would be the last one in, he started across the

square in a lope, and the others noting the dodge, sent two of their number in hot pursuit who succeeded in "roping" the escaping rider back in triumph. There was a good deal of jibing at the expense of the loser but it was given and received in the most perfect good humor, and he proceeded at once with the business "before the meeting". Each of these had a revolver strapped around him and a Winchester rifle hung to his saddle. In fact we found everybody thus equipped—for a person was liable to meet a band of hostile Indians at any time and in any place, and once met, cold lead was the compliments exchanged, quarter being asked or given by neither side.

And it is a fact worth noting that not a single homicide except in Indian fights occurred in San Saba till the carrying of arms was prohibited by law. Whether the ill feeling engendered among men sometimes was spent in frequent encounters with Indians or whether the early settlers were exceptionally good natured—certain it is, that the writer never found a people who seemed to move among each other with less friction. They were hospitable to a degree unknown elsewhere—went to each other's wedding uninvited but not unwelcome—rode twenty miles to a dance—and equally as far to visit a sick acquaintance, and when misfortune overtook one, he was generously aided. But few of these pioneers are left, or at least they form but a small percentage of the population, and we can therefore, discuss them with greater freedom.

Well, having recruited and rested up we engaged in the only legitimate business carried on outside of town—the cow business. In the first days of April, '71, we, in the company with eight others, twenty four ponies, and a "grub" wagon, started for Brady. At that time Brady, a creek many miles long—now dotted with ranches—didn't contain a single inhabitant. The cattle from the north drifted there during the winter and the good shelter and fine grass made it a sort of cow paradise, and

Continued on page 18

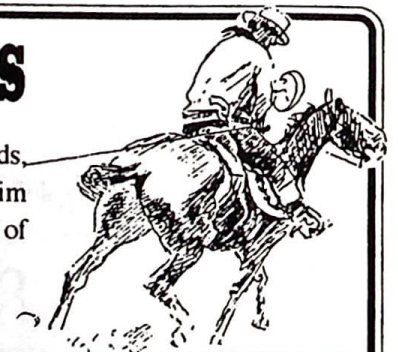
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Undiscouraged by the fact that for 40 years searchers have sought in vain for the vast treasure of gold which tradition says is buried near Hamilton, scores of residents of that county yet dream of finding the gold secreted by Jesuit priests in 1832, just before they were attacked and slaughtered by outlaws. The tale of the treasure never grows old. It is the favorite story told to several generations of children: and, needless to say, the value of the treasure increases as time goes on.

Back in the days before, the coming of Stephen F. Austin to this state, the principal Spanish missions were located near San Antonio. However, there was one mission on the Red River, the Loyola Mission near the present city of Denison. There was a great amount of traveling between the San Antonio missions and the one on the Red River, and this route the pack trains took is now a state highway.

This route passed from San Antonio through the present city of Austin, veered up the Colorado River, and branched near Marble Falls into the present county of Llano. Thence it went into Lampasas county and crossed the chain of Central Texas Mountains near the present village of Evant. This pass is known today as Gholson's Gap and is the lowest place in the mountains. Near the Gap, the mountain shrubbery changes to large trees, the whole atmosphere is dark and dank and the old air of tragedy still seems to haunt the place.

Across the mountains and ranging northward, lived a band of horse thieves composed of renegade Indians and white outlaws. This band was later known as the Langford Gang and was active until just before the Civil War. By the early settlers they were much to be feared as the Quantrell and James gangs in Missouri and Kansas.

According to the story, a band of Jesuit priests were engaged in the transportation of gold from the San Antonio missions to the one on the Red River. The gold was carried on pack donkeys and 40 men were in the outfit. Soldiers were carried along as guards and pickets were placed out at night. The expedition had passed through the rough country on the Llano and on the third night out camped on the Lampasas River, near the present village of Adamsville in Lampasas county.

Here the priests were met by scouts of the outlaws and the outlaws made the priests believe they were friendly travelers who had lost their way. These spies spent the night with the expedition and early next morning they took leave. A short distance from the camp of the priests, however, they doubled back on their tracks, passed around the slow moving pack train and joined their companions in the pass.

It is about 35 miles from the ford on the Lampasas River to the Gap, and the caravan hoped to camp that night at the springs in the pass. They arrived at the Gap after sundown, and while going through the preparations for the night's encamp-

ment, they were completely surprised by the outlaws. After a fierce but short combat, all of the Spaniards were slain. When the smoke of battle had cleared away, the bandits turned their attention to the 12 pack mules, and imagine their consternation when they discovered that the burros were loaded with sand. The Jesuits had become fearful of spies and had buried their treasure somewhere between the river and the Gap.

Thus the story goes, and for the last 40 years, with varying degrees of intensity, there have been searches made for this buried treasure. The story was strengthened by the finding of an old packsaddle near the chalk cliffs of the Lampasas River, and today the old cronies of the mountains, while sitting around

BURIED TREASURE IN HAMILTON COUNTY

by **BILL MURPHREE**, IN THE HOUSTON CHRONICLE, NOVEMBER 30, 1924

REPRINTED WITH PERMISSION FROM THE FRONTIER TIMES, FEBRUARY, 1925

Across the mountains and ranging northward, lived a band of horse thieves composed of renegade Indians and white outlaws. This band was later known as the Langford Gang and was active until just before the Civil War. By the early settlers they were much to be feared as the Quantrell and James gangs in Missouri and Kansas

their simple cabin fires, fire the imaginations of their children by the declaration that some day the treasure will be found.

(EDITOR'S NOTE:—The above story of the buried treasure in Llano, Lampasas, Burnet or Hamilton county, has been handed down from generation to generation, and is probably true in fact, but we must differ with the writer as to the cause of the Jesuits fear of white outlaws, and we are inclined to doubt the date given. However, it may have been 1832, but at the early date there is no record of an outlaw gang, other than wild Indians, operating in that section of the country. We publish the story for just what it is worth, and will let the reader form his own conclusion. JMH, *Frontier Times*.)

Frontier Times is available in reprint retaining the original format, from Hunter's Frontier Times, PO Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076-2107 or by calling 1-800-749-3369. A one-year subscription is \$14.95, two years \$26. Reprints are mailed three issues at a time on a quarterly basis.



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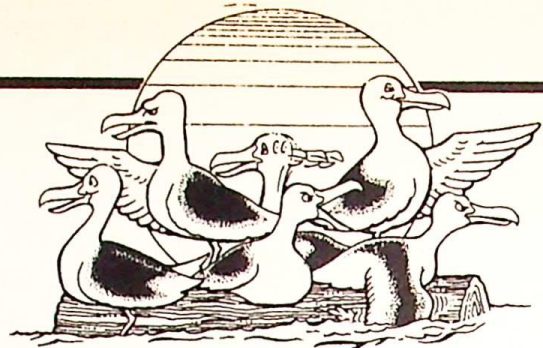
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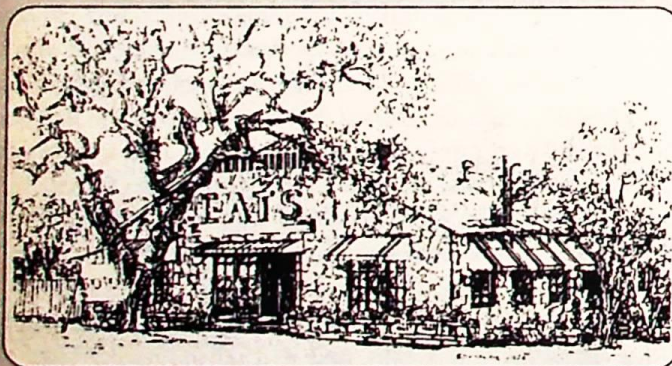
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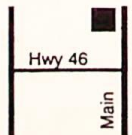
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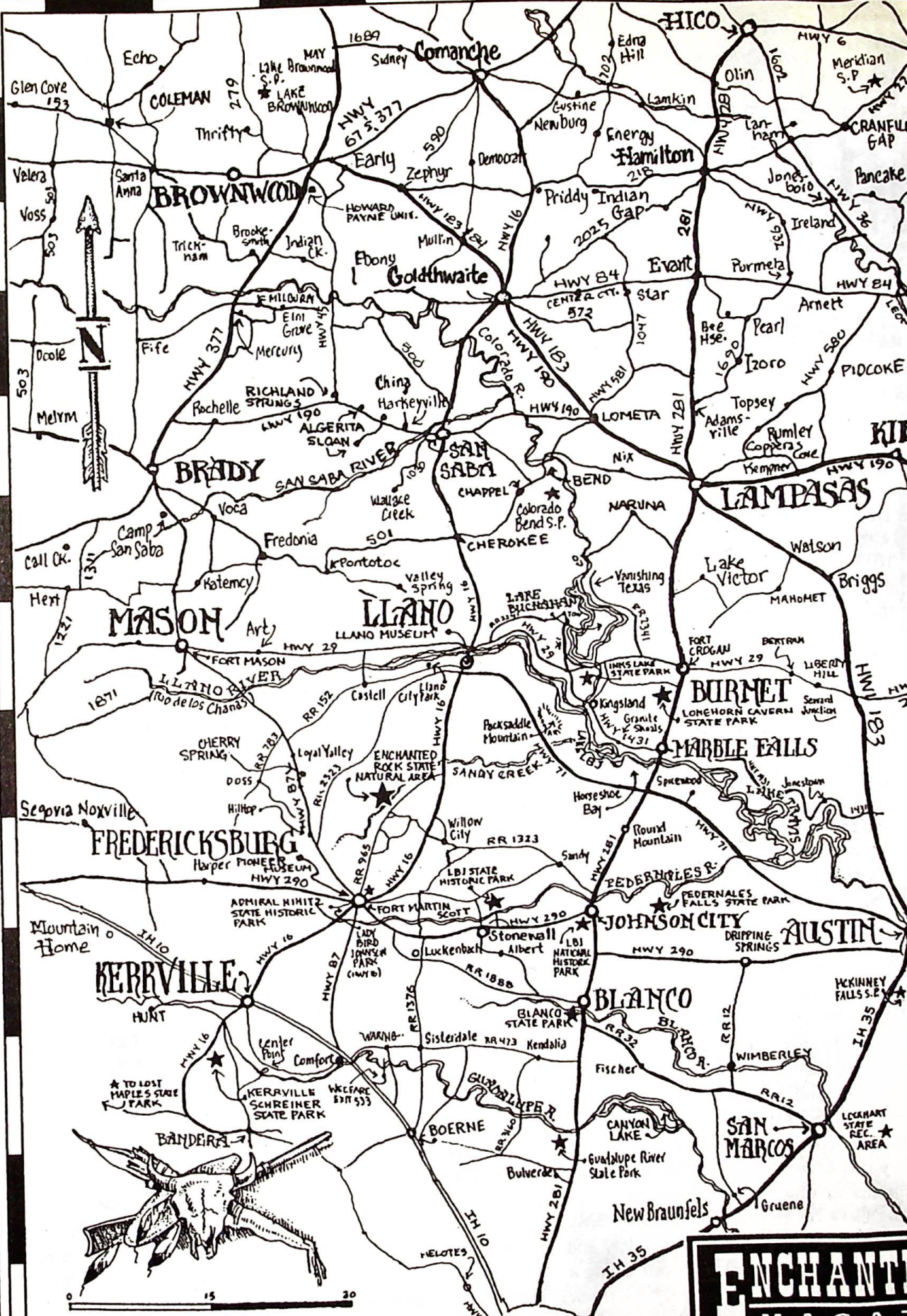
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PARDNERS TOGETHER

THE TRUE STORY OF PECOS BILL AND SLUE-FOOT SUE

BY WARREN LEWIS

HOW BILL AND SUE GOT TO BE PARDNERS

Well sir, seein's how they'd got theirselves hitched and all, Slue-Foot Sue and Pecos Bill figg'ed they'd orghta find out somethin' 'bout each other. Soon as Slue-Foot come down from Heaven by way of the Moon and Billy's ropin' rope to Texas, her 'n' our boy

Bill went on out to their l'il ol' cabin on the Pecos, and by the time they got there, it was dark.

Boy-oh-boy, did Billy have honeymoonin' somethin' pow'rful on his mind! Time Sue got the buckboard unloaded and the horses unhitched and foddered, the water drawed and in at the door, and the coffee pot a-bilin', our boy Bill was rarin' to go.

"Bedtime!" he crowed like young rooster, and the way Pecos Bill said the word made it sound like somethin' to brag about. He'd done stripped fer action and was a-standin' there with nothin' on but his long-johns, his chaps, his boots, his ten-gallon hat and a great big grin. Billy, don't you know, were a might shy, so he was keeful not to show his whole hand at onc't. "After all," he thought to hisself, "it were a mercy on the woman to bowl here over with more'n she could handle."

"Whoa-up there, cowboy." says Sue. "Not so fast." Sue didn't appear to be bowled over hardly a-tall.

Billy, payin' her no never-mind, he'llers: "Let's slap leather together, my honey, and hope it don't slap back." Then he whips off his hat, twirls it acrost the room like as if he was playin' horseshoes, makes an easy ringer on the fifty-point buck head mounted on the wall, and jumps up onto the bed, a-yodelin' "Ride 'em, rope 'em, brand 'em. Let's hit the hay, pardner." Billy commenced to hoppin' around, a-swingin' his quirt this way and that, sech that Slue-Foot had to dodge just to keep from taking a blow up side the head.

"Now jist a danged minute there, pardner." Sue says back at him, bearin' down a mite on the "pardner" part. "First of all, my

mamma told me don't never git into bed with no man a-wearin' spurs. And 'sides that, you 'n' me's got a heap o' talkin' over to do first, 'fore we go giddy-up, a-ridin' and a-hookin'. And as fer the brandin', wellsir, you kin jist fergit all about the brandin'."

"Talkin' over? What we got to talk over?" Billy scratched his head. "You jangle my spurs, woman. And I think you're gonna like my boots."

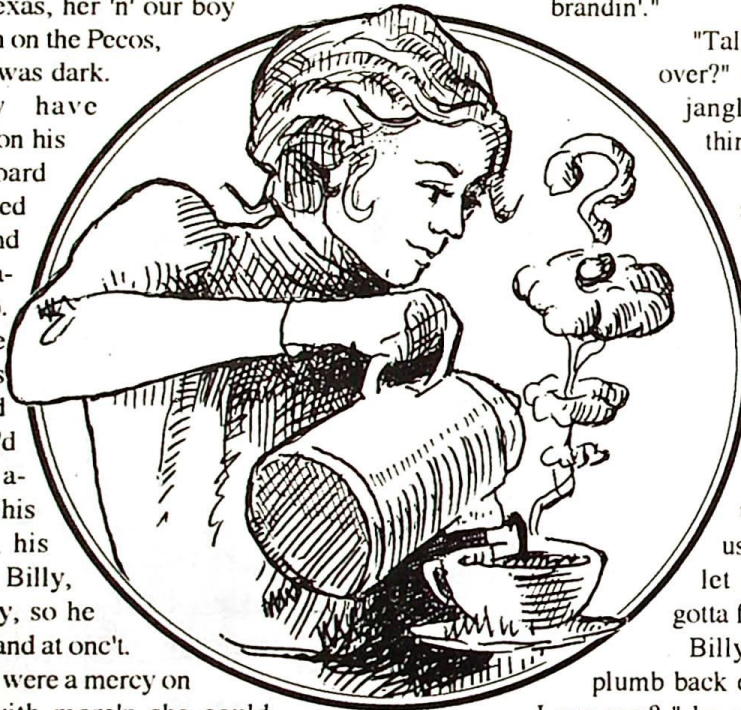
Sue wadn't one of them stingy women, and, truth be known, handsome Billy, famous with the ladies, jangled her spurs a plenty, same alike. Suzie, howsomever, was a mite on the keeful side, so she said: "I can see y'r all threaded up, cowman; and I don't mind tellin' ya, my britches could use some mendin'. But afore I let you go pullin' my trigger, I gotta find out if you love me, first."

Billy, I can tell you, was throwd plumb back on his haunches: "Love you?

Love you?" he cried. "Course I love you. I married ya, didn't I? Y'r my wife, ain't ya?" I got my brand all over ya, don't I?" Bill'd used all of them arguments sev'ral times before on sev'ral different women, and they'd always worked. He didn't stop to study whether they would work this time, though, and he never had been one to let palaver slow him down. "Why woman," Bill boasted, "its my duty to make a mamma of yer." And jist to prove he were a gentleman, Billy bent over and taken off his spurs, jist like the lady'd asked.

Bill's point about makin' a mamma outa Sue, howsomever, weren't exac'ly the best argument that a man wearin' nothin' but chaps and longhandles and boots could've made to a woman, leastways not at a time like that, not to a woman like Sue.

"You sashayed into my life, young son, but you ain't



gonna two-step all over me," says Sue. "There ain't never be a horse that couldn't be broke, ner a man that couldn't be throw'd."

Bill takin a quick and keerful look at her outa the corner of his eye, and he was jist as quick, now, to take Slue-Foot at her word, so he nodded and said, "Yes'm."

"Tell me somethin' 'bout yerself," says Sue, and she taken a potful of steamin' hot coffee off the woodstove and sat it on the kitchen table, and then she turned to fetch a plateful of sugar cookies from the pie safe.

"I weren't 'xac'ly thinkin' 'bout coffee 'n' cakes," mumbles Billy.

"How's that?" says Sue, squintin' at him through the steam over the top of he coffee mug.

"I said, there ain't a lot to tell," says Bill, takin' what he could git and helpin' hisself to a cup o' the Java. "You prob'y already heard most of the whoppers they tell about me." Naturly, if there was one thing that Pecos Bill bragged about more'n he did about his lariat and what he could do with it, that was Bill's reputation itself. As ever' cowpoke knows, what folks says about you and thinks you can do, is a durn sight more important that what you can do indeed. A chance to go a yarnin' to the mighty-fine woman about his fav-o-rite subject did more to raise Billy's spirits than the promise of honey in the comb had done.

"Not ever'body has spent their life a-studyin' Pecos Bill," says Sue, and she dipped a crisp sugar cookie into her coffee, held it up all soggy and steamin' till it bent over double, and then—jist before it broke and fell off—she licked it in.

Wellsir, that right there started Bill in to lyin' worse than a preacher. Billy figger'd it was time to eddicate that gal, so he commenced to tellin' her all there was to tell about hisself.

He told her about how he was born and raised over in East Texas. Bill told about how Ol' Man—Bill always called his pappy "Ol' Man"—had lit out fer Texas, jist as soon as he'd heard there was sech a place; and about how Bill was born the day they crossed the Sabine River.

"When was that?" asked Sue, thinkin' to find out how old a feller she'd got herself hitched to.

"Cain't rightly say," said Bill, "but I guess it was about the time General Sam Houston discovered Texas." (Bill never had been much of a historian.)

He told her about how Ol' Woman—that's what Billy always called his ma—had raised him on a mixture of onions and whiskey and cornpone, and about how he'd slept on a b'ar skin fer a cradle, and about how Ol' Man's double-bitted woodaxe had been Bill's first play-pretty. Bill told Sue about the time his folks "come dang near to losin' me."

"B'ars or Eendians?" asked Slue-Foot.

"Twern't neither," said Bill. "B'ars 'n' injuns weren't no threat to Ol' Man ner Ol' Woman neither. Herself, she kilt forty-nine Comanches with a broomhandle 'fore milkin' on a Sunday mornin' onc't; and Ol' Man, he et raw b'ar meat fer breakfast purt near ever' day. No ma'am, it weren't nuther b'ars ner injuns; it was East Texas skeeters that like to done us in."

"I'm listenin'," says Sue, and poured herself and Bill each another cup.

"Well, I'll tell ya, it was like this: One mornin' Ol' Man

"I don't rightly know," says Sue. "I was always partial to the idee that I drifted ashore in the saltfoam and the seaweed down on Padre Island. I like the Gulf. 'Course, Mamma could've jist whelped me or hatched me or calved me whatever is proper to say about human younguns. I never did pay no nevermind to no human babies nohow. Critters is more my line."

was choppin' firewood, and Ol' Woman was renderin' a warsh pot full of lard, a-fixin' to make some lye soap, when all of a sudden it got dark, and there was the dang'dest singin' and hummin' you ever did hear... "

Bill told about how the swarmin' black cloud of skeeters had come down on 'em, so thick on Bill's his folks couldn't see him no more. "It was like a Gulf storm had blowed in, and the sky got dark, and the air got heavy, 'cept'n it was thick with skeeters, not rain clouds. It got as dark as the insides of a cow." Bill takin a slug of Sue's coffee, a-watchin' her over the rim to see if she was buyin' his windy.

"Ol' Man felt his way to the wagon and got out his shotgun, figgerin' that he'd shoot it off in the air and skere them skeeters away. He pointed the muzzle straight up and pulled both triggers at onc't. Ol' Doublebarrel blowed a hole up through them pointy-billed insects straight up into the sky, and, jist fer a little bit, let some sunshine in—like lookin' up out of a dark room through a stove pipe. Then, the hole closed up agin, and the skeeters re-commenced to hummin' and a-suckin' my blood.

"Then, Ol' Woman got the idee how to save me from them varments, so she turned over the warshpot, poured out the b'ilin' hog fat, and turned her kittle upside down on top o' me. Naturly, I commenced to hollerin', so Ol' Man tossed his axe under the pot with me, so's'n I'd have somethin' to keep me quiet. Well, them dadburned skeeters jist kept a-buzzin' and a-buzzin' round the pot, tryin' to figger out how to git at me—I musta been a real sweet baby." Lookin' sidelong at Sue, Bill could see that she would make one hell of a poker player. She was stoneyfaced, and Bill couldn't tell whether she was bitin' his bait or not.

"After a little bit, they all backed off. Ol' Man 'n' Ol' Woman thought they'd whupped them skeeters, fer shur. But then d'rec'ly, one of 'em comes divin' down outa the sky at that warshpot like a bat outa hell. 'Ding!' he goes, and hits the pot, ringin' it like a school bell, and rams his bill clean through the cast iron. I'm here to tell ya, soon as I seen that li'l beak a-stickin' through the warshpot at me, I jist naturly taken the axe and bradded that sombitch over. That skeeter was stuck to that pot tighter'n a fat tick on a skinny dog.

"And then, one after the other, them varments—they was too big to call 'em bugs—hit the pot. Each time, there'd be this 'Ding!' and one more skeeter'd ram his beak on through, and

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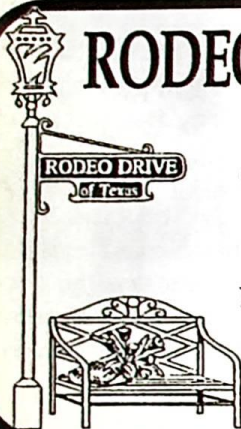
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each time, I'd brad it over. Ol' Man 'n' Ol' Woman and the other brats was jist a-standin' there, marvelin' at what was goin' on. What with all the buzzin' and dingin', I recon they couldn't hear me inside a-tappin' away with the axe.

"Now, skeeters is the hardest thing of all to count; but after 'bout a double passle o' them critters was stuck to the warshpot, with their li'l wings all a-flappin' together, they jist naturly lifted the dang pot right up and flew off with it. All the other skeeters was follerin' close behind, thinkin' that the skeeters that was stuck to the pot had me kotched inside. Ol' Woman watched her warshpot fly away, and wondered how she was gonna render her b'ar grease and her lard, anymore. But Ol' Man said he reckoned that pertie'ler kittle was more like a sieve now that it was a warshpot, anyhow, and besides, it was worth a hundred warshpots to him to find out that he had sech a smart brat."

Pecos Bill leaned back in his chair, took another sugar cookie off the plate, and smiled at Slue-Foot, admirin' hisself.

"That's a purty good yarn," says Sue, smilin' back at him. One thing Slue-Foot liked about Bill was his yarnin'. She figgered if he could do anything else as good as he could lie, he'd be a keeper. After men cain't do anymore what they're proudest of, and even when they git too old to work—Sue had already figgered this'n out— they're still worth havin' around if they can spin a yarn worth the tellin'.

"So where'd you come from, then?" asks Bill, figgerin' he needed to find out a little more about Sue.

"Shucks," says Sue, thinkin' back on it, "No where special, I guess. Mamma said she found me behind a cabbage leaf; and Pappa always said he found me one day when he thought he was diggin' a tick out of his black-and-tan coonhound's ear, but it turned out to be me, instead. The preacher said that the angel brung me, but my big sister said that it weren't angels, it was whoopin' cranes. My big brother—who, I guess, never told the truth a day in his life—one time said that *he* was the one that found me, under a rock in the river, when he was lookin' fer hellgrammites; and another time, after Auint Mollie Bailey's Travelin' Circus had passed through the country, he told me that Pappa'd kotched a circus monkey that'd got loose, and Mamma scalded it and scraped all the hair off, and that was me."

"Well, which way was it?" asks Billy, beginnin' to git a little confused.

"I don't rightly know," says Sue. "I was always partial to the idee that I drifted ashore in the saltfoam and the seaweed down on Padre Island. I like the Gulf. 'Course, Mamma could've jist whelped me or hatched me or calved me whatever is proper to say about human younguns. I never did pay no nevermind to no human babies nohow. Critters is more my line."

Bill didn't have nothin' to say back to that. He jist kindly looked at Sue fer a while, all a-wonder. She shur was a purty thing to look at, he thought. Besides her changeable eyes—which I've already told you about—she had the thickest and wiriest head of red hair that ol' boy ever had seen. It was a purtier color red than a white-tailed deer gits to be in the summertime, and she wore it sometimes in braids wrapped around her head (like on her weddin' day, with the axe-handle to hold it in place), and sometimes in one big fat enchilada down her back (when

she worked), and sometimes in braided roper on either side of her hair (which she tied up with two little dainty bobwire bows). Sue's hair was so fat and so strong, whenever she needed a hobble fer'r horse, she'd jist pull out three hairs from her head, braid 'em together, and loop 'em around his feet—that horse wadn't goin' nowhere.

And right beneath Sue's eyes on each cheek was a dense thicket of pink and brown freckles, so purty and so speckldy it made you think of quail feathers, and which—at the moment—Pecos Bill was studyin' as clost as he dared.

"Yo're as purty as a speckled pup and a doe deer, all rolled up into one," sighed Billy. Ah, that Pecos Bill could be a honey-tongued rascal, when he taken a mind to.

"Yo're not half-bad yerself," Sue smiled, and topped off Bill's coffee cup, takin' up the conversation. Sue liked a man who'd talk, first, and she had a few yarns of her own to tell, as well. "I reckon the only thing ever happened to me like yore skeeter yarn was the time I was tendin' my bees when we lived in Central Texas."

"Bees?" says Bill, thinkin' he'd rather hear about honey.

"When I was jist a shavetail of a girl, it was my chore to look after the bees while they was makin' bluebonnet honey. I'd drive 'em back to their hives. 'Cept one evenin', I could tell that one of my bees was missin', and figger'd that she'd get et by a ringtail or a polecat. Come to find out, howsomever, that she was et by a b'ar."

"Grizzly?" asks Bill, tryin' to he'p out.

"My lands, no," says Sue, lookin' funny at Bill and laughin'. "Pecos William, you know better'n that —there never was no Grizzlies in Central Texas. All we ever had was l'il ol' harmless brown honeyb'ars."

"Well I didn't say it *wuz* a Grizzly, jist that I reckoned it coulda *been* a Grizzly," Bill countered, his authority on b'ars and lynin' somewhat shaken.

"It could not neither," Sue crossed him, darin' him to step acrost her line.

"Could too!" he argued.

"Could not!" she spat back.

"Could!"

"Couldn't!"

"Too!"

"Not!"

"It could too, dunnit!" he tried to high-trump her.

"No sech a thang!" she seemed purty shur of herself.

"Well, I say it *could*!" Bill appealed to the highest authority he knew.

"The *Hell* you say, Pecos Bill!" she hollered at him.

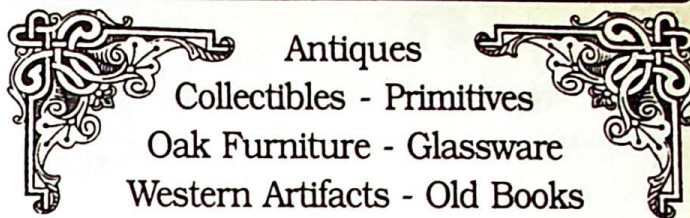
Tarnation, thought Bill. Ever'thing else, and the woman could cuss, too.

Slue-foot squinted down on Bill, and she said: "Looky here, young son, I ain't no liar, and this ain't no whopper I'm a-tellin' you."

"No ma'am." This time, Bill commenced to back-paddlin'. After all, it was her yarn, not his'n. Besides that, Bill thought he could see stars a-fallin' and fire-crackers a-poppin' in them famous eyes o'hers. Our Bill wern't no fool, even if he was a cowboy, and he had learnt his lesson on the first day of school.

Continued on page 39

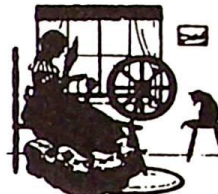
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"Well, sir, I've always given the Lord credit for taking a hand about that time for I don't believe anybody else could have managed things so successfully for my welfare. Be that as it may, I met and shortly afterward married Miss Mary Click, one of the prettiest and sweetest girls God ever made. She agreed that she was taking on a might big load when she started in to managing me, but she was willing to make a try at it, so we settled down on that same ranch and began life anew.

That was in 1889, and we spend most of our life right there. Happy as two love birds we were, and still are for that matter. She was her mother's baby, and I was mine, and having been used to petting, we understood the need of it, so we have kept it up with each other, even while we were raising our fine family of an even dozen children. Of our seven boys, four are associated with a motor company at Llano.

The firm came pretty near working in the whole Smith family, for one of our five girls is a bookkeeper for the outfit, and I sort of loaf around there when I have any time to spare. Another boy is a cattleman, the only one of the bunch to take after his father. But they are all mighty fine children for all that.

A PECAN AND FRUIT ENTHUSIAST

"Twenty-eight years ago I decided I had saved and prospered enough to make the home wife and I had dreamed of all that time; so I bought a ranch on the Llano River, five miles west of Kingsland, which I had sort of salted down for reference years ago. The land is just as productive as I was satisfied it would be, and I have more than 200 native bearing pecan trees on it. I have never grafted or budded any yet, but have given some serious thought to it. The grade I have is fair, not little undesirable nuts, but good-size thin-hulled, and how those trees do bear. Last year's crop was more than 10,000 pounds, which I sold on the trees at thirteen and one quarter cents a pound. Just like finding that much money to an old cowboy who is used to

working for every dollar he has. Of course, it is no oil gusher, nor anything like that; but it certainly is easy money, with no work or expense attached to it. All I do is keep an eye on the trees until the nuts are ready to thresh and weigh them when they are gathered. You know, when I think how us old-timers used to ride along the

river bottoms and fill our pockets with pecans to eat while on herd, it seems peculiar that not one of us ever gave a thought to them ever having a commercial value. No more did we about the land they grew on, and it could have been bought for a song then. Not much of anything gets by these days without bringing in a revenue; seems like they think more about the almighty dollar that they do about family, friends or anything else.

"I have another hobby, and that's raising good fruit and vegetables. Believe me, I have a reputation in my community for 'riding' my hobby successfully, too. I have five varieties of peaches and three of plums, and I also have nectarines, pears, apricots, apples, crabapples, Japanese persimmons, figs, quinces and grapes.

"My wife enjoys seeing a well-filled pantry as much as I do growing produce to fill it, and since I bought her a big steam-pressure canner you won't find many that beat our well-stocked shelves. There's nothing produced on that ranch that can't be put into jars or tin cans, except that confounded chicken feed, that is not stored in sufficient quantity from year to year to tide us over a drought and short crops. She certainly takes the cake for canning, preserving, jamming and jellifying, and has the art down to perfection.

"You know that famous lecture called 'Acres of Diamonds,' about the fellow who owned a farm that he considered too poor to work so he sat down without even making an effort to prove he was wrong, and was almost starved to death, when an enterprising man came along, bought the place for next to nothing,

Continued on page 18



went to work, watched the corners, got rich and dies a millionaire? Well, that applies to me; not that I ever laid down on a job, neither is there any immediate cause for expecting me to fit into the millionaire class; but in other ways the shoe fits to at 'tewity.' I chased around trying to run down or overtake prosperity, until I finally saw that I could do neither one, and the best thing to do was to make a home for me and mine, do all I could to make good, raise my living, and be happy under my own vine and fig tree.

"That's what I am doing right now, and I am here to say that if folks would get that thought to working steadily and apply it practically 365 days in the year, using the brains God gave them to manage, keep in close touch with nature's means of keeping them healthy and strong, steer clear of the many nerve-racking professions and enticing ways of trying to make a fortune, and be happy with a good living and a peaceful home, the world at large wouldn't be crying 'hard times,' as it is now. And according to my way of thinking, we would have sturdier boys and more dependable girls, mother's hair wouldn't turn gray overnight waiting for what might happen, and father wouldn't have to wait until his 'rand down' trying to set a pace for the young bloods in the community, so he could get the car to make a business trip to town.

"I am 67 years old and have never paid a fine or had a case in court. I reckon almost everybody in Llano County or town know as much about me as I do myself. And if I have an enemy in either place I don't know it. Everybody is my friend, and I wouldn't know what to do if they weren't; so you see Providence, which is another name for God has taken care of me.

POSTSCRIPT

Henry Morgan and Mary Elizabeth Click Smith, had sixteen children. Twelve lived to adulthood and married (M.). Willie Smith died at age twelve.

Charlie M. Selma Grenwelge
Annie M. Lawrence Leverett
Oliver M. Daisy Williams
Clark M. Maudy Ratliff
Claud M. Lola Leverett
Calvin M. Ila Mc Donald
Leslie M. Annie Williams
Ruby M. Damon Latham
Pearl M. George Harmon
Zella M. Leonard Alexander
Siambra M. Elmer Gray
Earl M. Kathryn Overstreet

They had 33 grandchildren and numerous great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren.

Charlie served in World War I
Earl served in World War II
Both served in France.

This concludes "A Cowhand from Click" a tribute to a pioneer family. Grandpa and Grandma Henry Smith. Both are buried in the Llano cemetery along with eleven of their sixteen children. Willie and one other are buried at Comanche Creek Cemetery, Ruby in California, and two others at Honey Creek Cemetery. — Mada Beth Smith

LETTER OF PROPOSAL

This charming letter was written to Mary Click, age 16 and the youngest daughter of George Washington Click, one on the most prominent settlers in Llano County at the time. The Community of Click, now abandoned, was named after Mary's father. As earlier installments have shown, Henry, age 25 at the time he wrote this letter, was an orphaned child who grew into adulthood as a cowhand. His position in society was, to say the least, below the high standards of the prestigious Clicks. In this letter, Henry, age 25, proposes to Mary, age 16, and The spelling, syntax, and capitalizations have been preserved to honor the character of the original document. The poem "Sigh little heart," penned by Henry, was included as part of the letter. IK.

May the 18th A. D. 1889

Dear Mary

As I know I will never get to see you anymore unless you except my parposition) I wright to you and trust to a chance of getting to send this letter to you know I love you better than anybody in the world if you still love me come to me and we will Be Happy to gather. I am ready to take you anytime why can't we marry next week we will have to run away when we Do marry and I think the Sooner The Better—trust me Mary and we will not be separated any longer. Don't you think you would be Happier with me than you are now Marrie I will promise you on my word and honor that after we are married I will quit my wild ways and settle down and be a sturdy man and further more I will promise you that I will do everything in my power to make friends with your parents and the rest of your connection I will treat them so well they will be bound to like me after a while... Marie, if you get this letter give me an answer if you have gone back on me tell me so and I will never bother you anymore. But I hope you still love me for I know you once did and I believe you do yet if you do come with me and we will make friends with the old folks after while for I know I can make friends with them don't you think I could if I would be good enough So now is our time decide what I must do... for if I get you I get Happiness and pleasure if I lose you I loose all forever.

So not knowing weather this will be exceptable if not I will loose... if you get this answer as quick as you can for I will be miserable until I hear from you but hopefully I do hear, that you will be ready to go with me at once if you are as Such Happiness...

So, Bye, Bye, until I hear from you

As ever your Henry

[Signed H. M. Smith]

P. S. excuse Bad writing my Pen is worn out

Sigh little heart

But do not break

Choose who you please

But mind who you take

Henry M. Smith

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A PONY, A MAP & SAN SABA

Continued from page 8

therefore a rallying point for cowmen in the early spring. We struck the creek about twenty miles above the mouth, and the valley from this point to its head is from one to two miles wide, along an inclined plate, stretching seventy miles to the westward the gradual and almost uniform rise extending to the horizon to double the usual distance. Our first view of it was from one of its high flanking hills. The short green grass and flowers of every hue covered the valley. Here was nature pure, simple and inimitable. No wonder the Indian fought furiously to prevent the white man from desecrating this beautiful "garden of the gods".

Towards noon the cattle began to come in for water, and in two hours the valley was one living, moving, animated panorama.

Now was our time. Four of us galloped straight across the valley and four remained on this side. The cattle were as wild as deer, and would flee from an approaching horseman in the greatest terror. On reaching the foot hills the leader turns to the right, next west in a long swinging gallop, and when about two hundred yards off, the next one strikes out after him; the second having gone two hundred yards, the third joins the pursuit and so on. There is a corresponding movement among the four men on this side of the valley. The cattle, frightened beyond measure, run from either side, meet in the middle of the valley and stop. After running about three miles the leaders, still pursued by their respective followers, describe a curve, the one to the right, the other to the left, and meet at the end of this

"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

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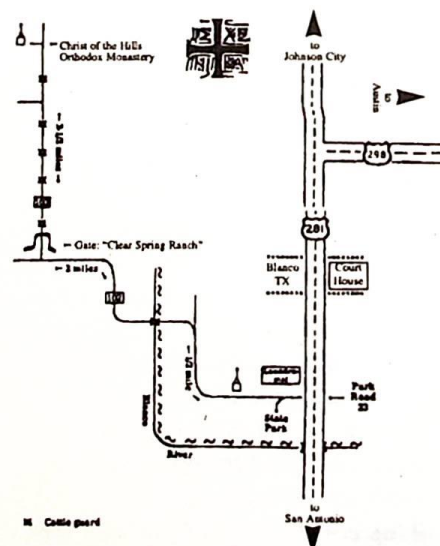
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September—May:closed Tues. & Wed.

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Third Hour7:30 am
Akathist.....1:15 pm
Vespers6:00 pm
Compline8:30 pm
Vigil (Saturday Night)8:30 pm
Sunday Divine Liturgy10:00 am

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windrow of terrified bovines. The leaders make a momentary halt, to enable their followers to close up, turn on either side, gallop on down about a hundred yards from the cattle and forty yards in advance of the next man behind, who keeps still nearer to them, two men being at the end rolling up the line. We advance in this way till the first starting point is reached, when the leaders swing together and meet at the lower end of it, then for a few minutes all ride in a circle around the cattle and the "round up" is finished, and they stand as quietly as if in a corral. At this time every horse and every man is dripping with sweat, and we ride around awhile in a walk to cool off. Now come the "cutting out". Every one of these has a brand burned with a hot iron on its hide, and an ear mark, which is a matter of record in the county of the owner's residence and we wanted only such cattle we had authority for [illegible section, approximately two lines] ride to the "grub" wagon, near which the loose horses are grazing, and saddle two fresh horses, expert in what was to follow. These are called "cutting out ponies". They return, ride into the herd, drive out twelve or fifteen head, at random, about two hundred yards from the main herd, stop them and place two men in charge. Two other men are placed in the interval between the herds, the remainder stay and hold the big herd.

Now the "cutters" ride in among the cattle, each finds one that he wants, drives it quietly to the edge, drives the spurs into his horse—cow tries to get out of the way and is thirty yards from the edge before she knows what's the matter. She then tries to get back, when the pony, springing, twisting and jumping half a dozen ways at once, heads her off, drives her a little further—when the man in the interval gallops up and drives her to the cut out "bunch". This is repeated till the herd is cleaned. It is then turned loose. The nucleus is cut out of the "cut", which is driven on up the creek, fresh horses are saddled—we all move on, and then comes another "round up".

This was the first time in life that I saw perfect horsemanship. Three and a half years with Jeb Stuart made me think that I could show those Texans how to ride. But after that day's work I was satisfied with a back seat in this kind of circus.—PERU

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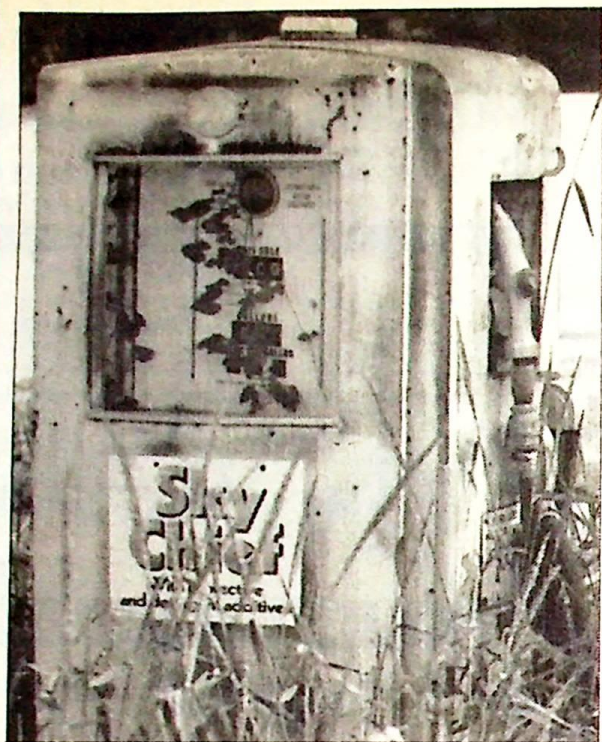
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ALMOST EDEN



PHOTOS & STORY
by IRA KENNEDY

Bugscuffle and Whistleville have not only disappeared from all maps, but even locals in the area scratch their heads or shrug when asked about their location. You can pass through them, headed northwest from Llano on the way to Eden, and not know you've ever been there.

As part of our ongoing plan to search out places that have disappeared, or about to disappear, Intrepid Day Tripper and I headed out from Llano on Hwy 71 to Brady—almost to Eden if you're driving some distance. Brady is "the heart" or geographic center of Texas. At least that's the claim, which seems fair enough given the irregular shape of the state.

As usual, on our excursions Ms. Intrepid drove while I kept an eye out for photo ops and studied the our map-book, *The Roads of Texas*, published by Shearer Publishing of Fredericksburg.

VALLEY SPRING

Our first stop, a mere fifteen or so miles from Llano was Valley Spring. On such trips it's a good idea to stop at every wide spot along the road, otherwise it's easy to miss the magic along the way. It's also worthwhile to read the historical markers. They're well-written and as informative as most guide books. We pulled into Bauman's General Store where, like Johnny Appleseed, I dropped off current issues of the magazine before going back on the road. If you're by this way looking for a bite to eat, or a cold drink, you'll find it here.

Across the highway we noticed two white wood-frame churches on what was probably, years ago, the main road through town. There the United Methodist and the Church of Christ, both crisp white in the morning sun, almost mirrored each other. Nearby an old abandoned cafe and general store showed the on-going effects of time. Painted on the buildings, though barely visible, were the words Cafe, Groceries, Fossil Gardens, Souvenirs, and Gifts. Driving around the little loop toward 71 we came back upon the historic marker. "O.C.J. Phillips first settler arrived in 1853. Whistleville combined with Bugscuffle to form Valley Spring with a post office established in 1878. Birthplace of James Field Smathers (1888-1967) inventor of the electric typewriter."

Ever since reading that historic marker I've been going around astounding folks with my thorough research on the area—at least until I explain my source. Like most locals I'm guilty of passing right by the markers in the immediate area, assuming whatever it says I already know.

PONTOTOC

Having uncovered that little piece of Hill Country trivia hiding in plain sight we continued northwest on 71 to Pontotoc [Paw-nee-talk] which is a slightly wider spot on the road than Valley Spring. At the general store in Pontotoc we dropped off more copies of the magazine and drove, in a few short minutes every street in town.

On my quest to take a picture of every dilapidated building before it disappears altogether I focused on an old limestone structure across from the post office. This shell of a building was the San Fernando Junior College between the years 1882 and 1897. After the college shut down the building housed a public school until 1927. But it was in the Pontotoc post office where we found a treasure in the form of an elderly ex-windmill maker, Lewis Waldon, who, along with his wife run the post office.

Apart from providing all of the details just mentioned, he added, "There's an historical marker out on the highway that has all of this information on it."

"The name Pontotoc comes from Mississippi. A man brought it with him when he came here. That was W. R. Kidd back in 1857. I've lived here all my life. Seventy years last Sunday. I climbed windmills for twenty one years. I sold the business in 1982. I'm out of that now. I don't feel that old until I start trying to work. Then I do."

Just up the street is a row of low limestone buildings which once housed a grocery store, saddle shop, barber shop and a theatre on the north end. Today about a hundred folks live in the community. A steady stream of cars pass through this tiny hamlet barely slowing as they pass. Once, back in 1890 there were nearly twenty businesses in Pontotoc including a gin mill, two doctors and a hotel.

"I wrote a book that's coming out this month or next—*A Dog Called Friday*—it's short stories, mostly dog stories from hounds down to chihuahuas. I've got another little hobby, too. I make airplanes."

From the post office we walked out to the front yard of the house on Hwy. 71. There, hanging by strings from branches, were several carefully detailed, hand-made airplanes—British, American, Japanese, and German—he spends about four hours on each plane

"They're just to hang up and look at. I came in from church a couple of weeks ago and when I looked up at the front door I was missing five airplanes. I finally went over here at the store and that man had my money for me. They're twenty dollars each. One man had bought five and he left a hundred dollars.

After taking a few more pictures we said our goodby's, promising to drop back by.

"Do that," Lewis said, "we're always here."



ABOVE: TODAY ONLY A STORE AND POST OFFICE REMAIN OF WHAT WAS ONCE A LITTLE VILLAGE WITH TWO CHURCHES, BLACKSMITH SHOP, DRUGSTORE, BARBER SHOP AND TWO STORES. ONE OF MY FAVORITE DILAPIDATED BUILDINGS STILL STANDS HERE. APART FROM THAT THERE ARE A FEW RESIDENCES AND NOTHING ELSE. OPPOSITE: ONE OF SEVERAL ABANDONED GAS PUMPS IN FREDONIA.

FREDONIA

Our next stop, Barton Springs, was less than ten miles on up the road. Well, the community isn't Barton Springs today, but Fredonia. It was settled back in 1886 by W.L. Hayes and Jack Latham. There was once a gin and a mill here too, but its long since gone as are most of the other businesses. There's still the Fredonia General Store and post office. If you want to visit this place you'd better hurry. Progress has been putting the hurt on these communities for a long time. They're kept open by devotion, tenacity, and a few very special people.

Ms. Intrepid and I visited the general store for a soda and a little news. They're open from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. six days a week—closed Sundays—and serve lunch from 11 a.m. till 2 p.m. We were a little too early for lunch so we passed out more copies of the magazine and fished for stories.

I asked the postmaster and owner of the general store about the community and the building. She asked me not to use her name. "Just put postmaster," she said.

"I wrote the archives in Washington D.C.," she told us, "and they said the post office has been here since 1886. It hasn't always been in this building. Around 1889 it was moved to this building which was built before then. There was once a newspaper here, *The Fredonia Kicker*, which lasted from 1908 to 1910 when it was bought out by the *Mason County News*."

The Postmaster was kind enough to let me look at a copy of,

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The Communities of Mason County, published in 1986. This is where I discovered that Fredonia was first called Barton Springs. Seems most of these communities had several names before settling on one, only to start the slow process of disappearing as if they had never been. Not that this is the fate of them all, but back when they built highways all the traffic zoomed on by. Then the schools were consolidated and the small community schools closed down. With that, more and more folks moved closer or into the larger towns to live and shop. For those who stayed, there was little left for them to hold on to except the land. Now, with low cattle prices, high feed prices, and ever increasing taxes they're on truly hard times.

Fredonia, is easy to pass by, as it is on a little loop just off highway 71. A drive around the loop in downtown Fredonia and back out again probably takes no more than three minutes at ten miles per hour. Abandoned businesses, fading signs, and gas pumps overgrown with ivy all tell the tale. But if you want to meet some real decent people, get a glimpse of things the way they once were and still are, give these little communities your time and money. That process enriches everyone.

Leaving Fredonia it became abundantly clear we were in the heart of peanut country. Ms. Intrepid and I wondered why in San Saba you can buy all manner of pecan products, but here in peanut country you'll never see a sign offering peanuts—fresh, roasted, or brittled. Peanut harvester were everywhere, but outside the fields there is nary a peanut in sight.

KATEMCY

Following Highway 71 due west we came upon Katemcy where, back around 1874, several families began to cluster together forming a community. They settled along Katemcy creek, named after a Comanche chief Ketemoczy who once had a winter camp at its headwaters. The first name for the place was Cootsville Community in honor of Andy Coots, one of the first settlers in the area. A post office was established in 1883 and the name was changed to Katemcy.

Today only a store and post office remain of what was once a little village with two churches, blacksmith shop, drugstore, barber shop and two stores. One of my favorite dilapidated buildings still stands here. Apart from that there are a few residences and nothing else. From there we hit highway 87 & 377 and headed north toward Brady with a brief detour at Camp San Saba.

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CAMP SAN SABA

Some eight miles up the road we saw the signs for the historic marker at Camp San Saba just before the San Saba River bridge. After a short jaunt on a calache road we found the marker, but no camp. Nearby was a stone and woodframe two story building which served as the Masonic Lodge at the Camp San Saba community. The building was built sometime around 1877 after the camp itself was no longer in comission. The camp was formed around 1860 by the Texas Rangers to protect the area against the Indian raids. These men later became part of the Confederate Army and were sent to Harrisburg, Texas.

It was near here that John Meusebach, founder of Fredericksburg, signed his treaty of peace with the Comanche back in 1847. Today there are several attractive residences in the community, but no commercial operations that Ms. Intrepid and I noted in our travels. As we returned to the highway, just before crossing the San Saba bridge, we noticed a beautiful roadside park with access to the river. It is one of the prettiest spots along the way and I can imagine the crowds it must attract during the summer months.

BRADY

We chose Brady, "The Heart of Texas" as our destination. In 1876 the town was chosen as the county seat of McCulloch County by a total of 19 votes, county-wide. Today the population is over 20,000. Richards Park, a twenty-two acre shaded area on Brady creek offers complete camping facilities as does nearby Brady Lake. The McCulloch County Museum, downtown, is said to be worth the visit. However, it doesn't open on Saturday until 1 p.m.—again we were early.

Ms. Intrepid and I ate lunch at The Cafe on the Square. The place is owned by Barbara Bolton, a friend of Ms. Intrepid's. Back in 1924 this was the Farmers & Merchants Bank which operated for ten years. When Barbara took over the building it was crumbling fast. All the windows were broken and boarded up, but the structure was sound.

Today, the restaurant is clean and well lighted gathering place. It has high ceilings, with fans, and the walls were tastefully painted with floral motifs. Another touch which almost goes unnoticed are and the bases for all the tables which are made from old sewing tables. After a pleasant meal and conversation with Barbara we headed roundabout to Llano and got *really* lost—but that's another story.

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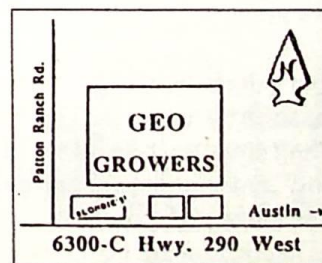
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LLANO

HILL COUNTRY DELIGHTS

by MARYBETH GRADZIEL

Llano: The Deer Capitol of Texas could just as easily be called Llano: The Dear Capitol of Texas. You'll not find nicer people anywhere. The National Register of Historic Places has designated downtown Llano as an official "Historic District" and you can get a handy, free, easy-to-understand "A Walking Tour of Llano" brochure available almost anywhere in Llano or from the Chamber of Commerce. A short walk around the Courthouse Square can easily stretch into hours of shopping and swapping stories with all sorts of hospitable folk.

Using the "Walking Tour" as my guide, I began my adventure at The Badu House, a classic Italian Renaissance-style inn built in 1891. The Badu House, originally the First National Bank of Llano, was converted into the Badu family home by French mineralogist N. J. "Prof" Badu in 1899. Today The Badu House is a bed and breakfast, club and a restaurant. Six rooms and a two-bedroom suite are beautifully furnished. Continental breakfasts are complimentary, but adventuresome early-risers can also take a short walk around the corner to **Jeannette's Homestyle Bakery**. You'll need to get to Jeannette's by dawn to buy their exceptional pastries—gone almost as soon as the bakery opens at 7 AM. Hours later, I sampled perfect chocolate chip cookies, scrumptious lemon bars—luscious, creamy tart filling in a light flaky crust, and Llano River Bottom bars—a rich confectionery contrast of textures and tastes: dark chocolate around melted marshmallow, sprinkled with nuts and completely delicious.

After such sweet decadence, nothing will do but a walk around Llano. Just across the street is the **Llano County Museum** this interesting pioneer museum is housed in the old Bruhl Drug store. Built in 1922 the museum gives a glance of Llano when it was a "boom town". On exhibit are numerous Indian artifacts, some from Enchanted Rock; early Texas artifacts; rocks and gems. You will also enjoy an exhibit about the game of Polo and the world's greatest Polo player, Llano's own Cecil Smith.

There are any number of other delightful stops in downtown Llano, most of them housed in historic structures. **The Merle Norman Cosmetic Studio** building dates to 1883. Drop in and visit with Mada West, a friend and staunch supporter of *Enchanted Rock Magazine*, who knows as much as anyone about the history of the area and is happy to share her knowledge. I continued my meandering at **Pinckney's**, just east of the square in a beautiful old building and offering a fascinating selection of books, antiques, collectibles, coffee and cigars. The books range from old and rare to recent publishings and share space with interesting black & white postcards, jewelry and other antiques. Do visit the restored patio room in back.

Pinckney's is also the only shop open in Llano on Sunday's.

A block away from Pinckney's is the **Fraser House**, another of Llano's historic buildings. Built around 1900 by William Fraser, a master stone cutter from Scotland brought here to Texas to complete the capitol building. This charming two storey granite building is now a bed and breakfast featuring four rooms all elegantly decorated.

PackSaddle Tack 'n Temptations has just moved into The Llano Building on the southeast corner of Courthouse Square. This structure was, around the turn of the century, Home National Bank. Offering horse gear, jewelry, unique clothes, kid's stuff, curio's—this shop is well named. Best of all, PackSaddle boasts a resident artist, Mary Hussey, who has set up her studio in a corner to paint bluebonnets and other rustic scenes.

Town Square Emporium, overflowing with clothing, collectibles, and gifts—most with a Texana theme—is right on Courthouse Square. The Emporium also sells original leather suits and dresses like the show-stoppers created for Miss Rodeo, and light-hearted Mexican furniture. You'll find more clothing, collectibles, and gifts at **The Gingerbread House**, including super-comfy "foot spoiler" slippers and all manner of vests. The Emporium and Gingerbread House are two of the oldest buildings on the square, dating to the 1870's.

The Velveteen Rabbit recently moved into The Acme Dry Goods building, constructed in 1892. While renovating, the Hunleys found an 1889 Waco newspaper tucked under shelving. The 100-year old brass cash register is still in use, and antique fixtures display all manner of clothing for women, men and children, shoes, cards, knick-knacks and religious items.

The **Llano Uplift Rock Shop**, on the west side of the square, is a treasure trove of crystals, minerals, jewelry, and all things lapidary. Retired engineer Billy Hazelwood fills pages with intricate mathematical calculations before custom cutting

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each stone. "Bring in a stone and I'll facet it for you." He works with stones from around the world as well as local crystals and minerals, and has even faceted Llanite—this man is a master.

The Market, featuring a wide selection of quality gifts and collectibles occupies the lower floor of the Masonic Temple, organized in 1860 and built in 1907.

There are also delightful eateries and cafes all around the square such as **Main Street Tea Room**, offering Jeanie's Desserts and is the home of the Llano River Bottom Pie as well as delicious homemade specialities for lunch. Nearby, **Stonewall Pizzeria** serves great pizza and sandwiches. And, be sure to drop by **Cappuchino on the Square** for a refreshing soda fountain treat or a pick-me-up of their wonderful coffee selections. (See *Enchanted Rock Magazine*, August, 1996 Page 24),

Charlie Neal's, the restaurant at **The Badu House**, is really something special. It was, in fact, their superlative burgers and stuffed twice-baked potatoes that first lured me to Llano and inspired this column. The delicious weekday lunch buffet changes daily, but you really must experience dinner, either in the elegantly appointed dining rooms or in the Llano Badu Club—a luxuriously-furnished hunting-theme club with a huge bar of rare native Llanite, the largest in the world. Conversation is always scintillating—from tall tales to Texas history, well-oiled, and with a little local gossip.

But the food—Oh, the food. First, our barkeep created the quintessential Martini, made from Sapphire Gin with Texas spiced olives from Stonewall Chili Pepper Company. Then Chef, Kim Dittrich, quickly grilled a melt-in-my-mouth ostrich steak with sauteed mushrooms, barely wilted baby spinach leaves, onions and the barest hint of garlic. Crusty fried potato wedges and a crisp green salad with a house dressing complemented, but did not distract.

From the altogether-too-tempting dessert tray, I thoroughly enjoyed the Oreo cookie crusted pecan tart, baked by award-winning chef, Brenda Pfluger McLain, it was so perfectly delicious that I was actually tempted to lick my plate. Next time, I may sample the Rack of Lamb (one dinner companion raved that The Badu Rack of Lamb beats even what he has eaten in New Zealand), fresh grilled quail, grilled chicken Caesar salad, Texas goat cheese with Stonewall Chili Pepper Company Salsa Del Diablo Vinaigrette, deep-fried crawfish tails or the fillet of beef, grilled and topped with forest mushrooms flamed in Scotch and Espanola sauce... The perfect conclusion to a wonderful day exploring Llano, downtown.

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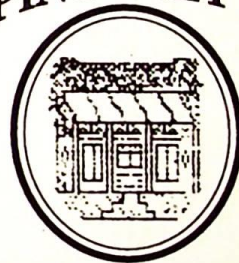
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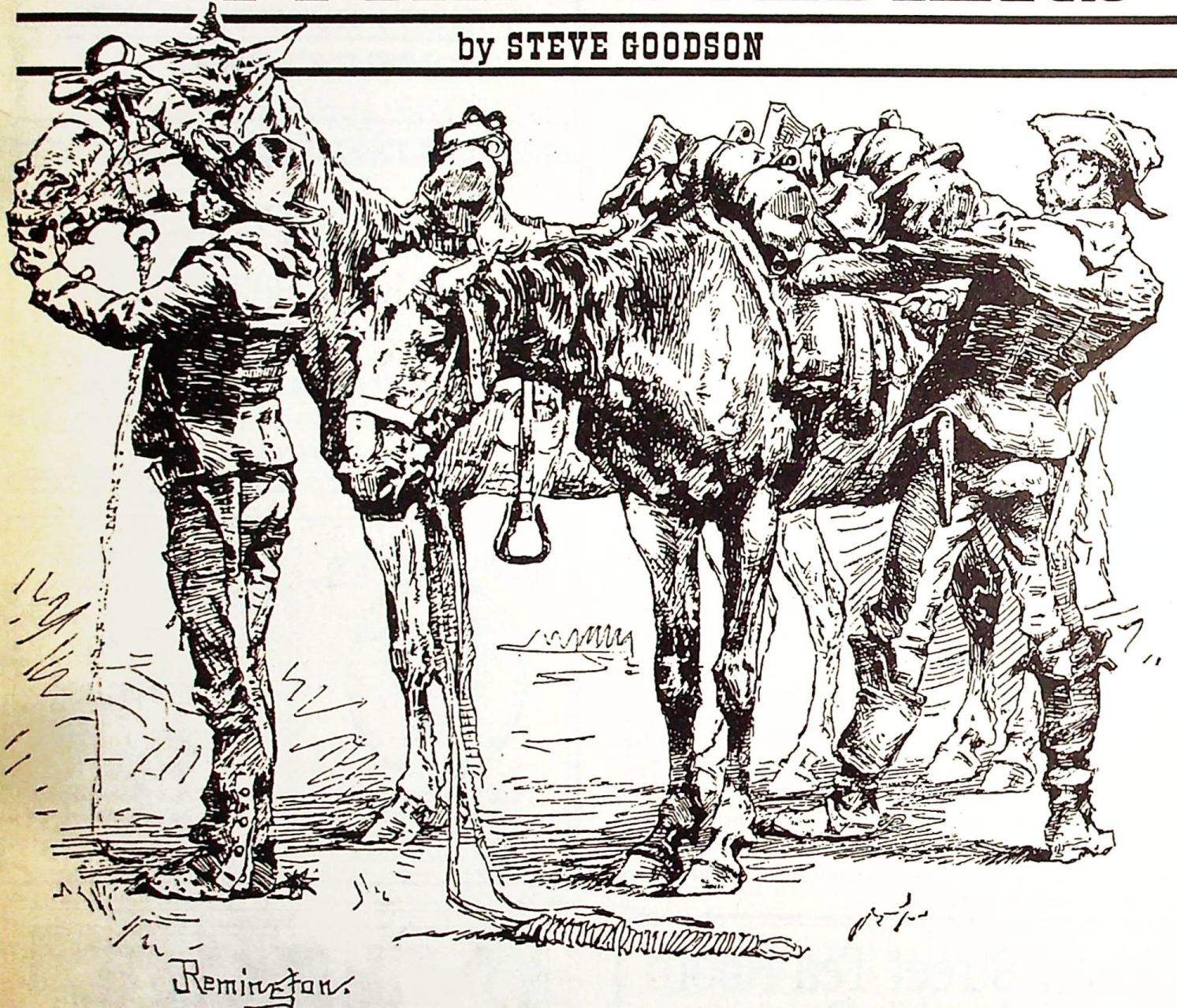
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PART ONE OF TWO PARTS

BUFFALO SOLDIERS

by STEVE GOODSON



Last spring my two sons and I loaded up our camping equipment and headed out to Cedar Hill State Park about 10 miles Southwest of Dallas. The occasion for this trip was special, as the facility was celebrating the opening of the Penn Farm Homestead first settled in 1859 when John Westley Penn bought property and built Farm structures. As part of the opening festivities, the Texas Park and Wildlife Department Community outreach Programs sent Kevin Good to enact a program relating the

history of the Buffalo Soldiers, the Afro-American Troops who joined the U. S. Army after the Civil War.

I asked Kevin to direct me to some good source material. I was able to acquire these titles from the library and really enjoyed developing my knowledge about the people and the stories that revolve around this period in our history. This is the story of some brave men and women who took advantage of an opportunity to better themselves and their lives.

The War Between the States brought many changes to the North and South. Neither side believed the war would be of long duration nor would be prosecuted as strongly as it came to be. The South experienced numerous victories in the first years of the war, beginning with the Battle of Manassas and continuing through Lee's defeat of General McClellan on Yorktown Peninsula thereby turning back the Northern campaign to take Richmond, Virginia in an attempt to bring an early end to the strife. By the latter part of 1862, a definite need for even more soldiers had become plain to Northern leaders. Some people began to suggest that the U.S. Army recruit and train the many Afro-American refugees that were daily arriving from the war-torn South.

The idea of training former slaves and freedmen to be soldiers was not a popular concept and it was met by stiff resistance on all sides. But, as the bloodshed continued and the casualty lists grew longer, necessity dictated that the experiment should be attempted and the President ordered the army to recruit and train Afro-Americans for active military service.

The South also used Afro-Americans to further their war efforts. Slaves were utilized by the Southern armies serving wherever manpower was needed—as litter bearers in the medical corps to constructing emplacements for artillery in defensive positions. In fact, by the end of the war many Southern leaders also saw the necessity of arming and training their own slaves for military service. It is a little known fact that legislation to do just that was introduced and debated in the Southern Congress in the final months of the conflict.

So it came to be that by serving with military forces many Afro-Americans were able to encounter opportunities which had previously been denied them. The War brought opportunity to people who had never had the chance to get off the plantations and learn more about the people and the world around them. The fact that they took advantage of these opportunities is obvious in the records of their meritorious service during the War. By the end of the conflict 180,000 had served in the Union army and taps had sounded over the bodies of 33,380 of them who had given their lives for freedom and the Union. Many of the stories of former slaves refer to the lesson that they learned during service in the War.

"I was born January 5, 1840, and the first sensation of my life was the falling stars in 1849. All the slaves and their masters got together and began a mighty fixing for the Judgement Day. Of course our masters had a greater cause for fixing up things, than we poor slaves did, but we followed their advice.

"Well, the next was the '56 Border Ruffian War, and the comet in 1860 just before the Civil War. Well, we all got scared at the comet as its tail reached from West to East. It did look frightful. As we think of it now we believed it was a token of the great Civil War and the completing of our freedom, four million of us.

"Well, I come now to the War of the Rebellion. My master was a general in the rebel army, and he took me along as his body servant and I was with him all through the war, was with him in twenty-nine battles.

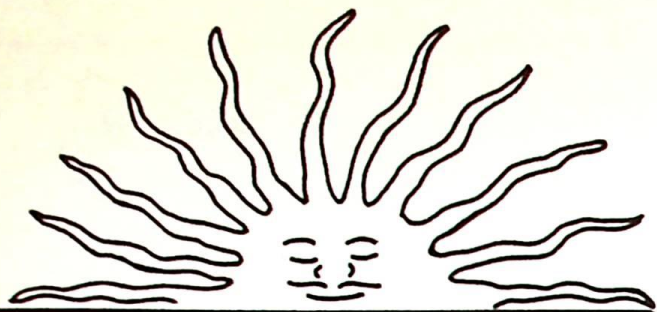
The Tenth fought an ongoing battle with the army for suitable mounts, supplies and equipment. Most quartermasters were not disposed to sending the former slaves foodstuffs and supplies they felt belonged with the white troopers. But despite all these difficulties, the Tenth Regiment of Cavalry, U. S. Army took shape and moved West.

"On one occasion my master's regiment was whipped by General Bank's black soldiers and they captured several hundred of our soldiers and they slaughtered most all of them, crying "Remember Fort Pillow."

"We were with General Forrest at the shameful massacre at Fort Pillow of six hundred colored troops. And in several battles after that I saw our rebel soldiers reap what they had sown at Fort Pillow.

"I told my master that the black men done our men like we did them at Fort Pillow, and I asked him why it was that way, as they had slaughtered his son and several boys who were raised with me, and his son that was raised at my mother's breast with me, all was slaughtered as the result of the Fort Pillow massacre. Being a slave and ignorant, I could not understand it and master did not enlighten me on the subject, and I never really understood it till I saw Master Robert E. Lee hand his sword to General Grant at Appomattox Court House."

After the war came to an end in 1865, the military realized the advancements that the Indians had made in the West while most of the manpower had been sent East to serve in the army. Consequently, the military's focus turned to the land lost to settlers in the West. As a result, the army sent out recruiters to find volunteers to serve in the Indian Wars that were then raging on the Great Plains. The usefulness of Afro-American soldiers was not forgotten as orders came telling the enlistment personnel to recruit enough Afro-Americans to form four regiments—two of cavalry and two of infantry. Many young Afro-Americans were eager to enlist because the army offered more opportunity for economic and social betterment than they could realize in civilian life. Thirteen dollars a month was meager pay but was more than most of them could expect to find in the private sector. And, when food, clothing and shelter were added, a better life seemed assured.



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One of the regiments of cavalry—the Tenth—began forming at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas and completed the organization further West at Fort Riley, Kansas. General William T. Sherman selected Colonel Benjamin Grierson as commander of the Tenth. From the beginning, problems plagued Grierson as he set about the task of training men in order to form an effective fighting force. Recruiters continuously sent men unfit for duty in the military. Officer procurement also turned out to be a formidable task. Many officers did not wish to serve with Afro-American soldiers, realizing the huge responsibility and the terrible risks they would run if the men turned out to be unfit as cavalymen. Officers who had been able to hang onto their commissions after the war were not anxious to so readily put them on the line again. The Tenth fought an ongoing battle with the army for suitable mounts, supplies and equipment. Most quartermasters were not disposed to sending the former slaves foodstuffs and supplies they felt belonged with the white troopers. But despite all these difficulties, the Tenth Regiment of Cavalry, U. S. Army took shape and moved West.

Regiments consisted of twelve troops or companies made up of some ninety men. Each troop served under the command of a captain, a lieutenant and several non-commissioned officers. Each regiment was assigned a chaplain whose duty it was to teach the troopers to read, write and cipher. Many of the former slaves took advantage of this opportunity as several of them left diaries and records of their service in the military. The narrative used previously is one left by a member of the Tenth Cavalry, Private Reuben Waller.

"Well, while being with Stonewall Jackson's cavalry, I engendered a great liking for the cavalry soldiers, and on July 16, 1867, I went to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and Colonel L. H. Carpenter was raising the Tenth U. S. Cavalry, and I enlisted on the sixteenth day of July, 1867, for the Indian War that was then raging in Kansas and Colorado. Well, we plunged right into the fights—Beaver Creek, Sand Creek, Cheyenne Wells, and many others. One great sensation was the rescue at Beecher Island, on the Arickare Creek, in Colorado, September, 1868. The Indians had surrounded General Forsyth and fifty brave men, and had killed and wounded twenty men, and had compelled the rest to live on dead horse flesh for nine days on a small island. Colonel L. H. Carpenter, with his Company H. Tenth U. S. Cavalry, was at Cheyenne Wells, Colorado, one hundred miles from Beecher Island. Jack Stillwell brought us word of the fix Beecher was in and we entered the race for the island, and in twenty-six hours, Colonel Carpenter and myself, his hostler, rode into the rifle pits. And what a sight we saw—thirty wounded and dead men right in the midst of fifty dead horses that had lain in the hot sun for ten days.

"And these men had eaten the putrid flesh of those dead horses for eight days. The men were in a dying condition when Carpenter and myself dismounted and began to rescue them.

"By this time all the soldiers were all in the pits and we began to feed the men from our haversacks. If the doctor had not arrived in time we would have killed them all by feeding them to death. The men were eating all we gave them, and it was a plenty. Sure, we never gave a thought that it would hurt them.. You can imagine a man in starvation, and plenty suddenly set



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before him. He can't think of the results until too late. That is the condition that Company H, Tenth Cavalry, fixed for the Beecher Island men. We were not aiming to hurt the boys. It was all done through eagerness and excitement.

"God bless the Beecher Island men. They were a noble set of men.

"Now, I shall explain this fight as told to me by the men at the time I rescued them. There were two thousand Indians under the great Chief Roman Nose. They were preparing to raid Kansas and Colorado, and there were no soldiers within two hundred miles and all Roman Nose had to oppose him and his two thousand braves was Major Forsyth and fifty scouts, all dead shots and armed with the famous Spencer seven-shot carbines, a very deadly weapon. The Indians surrounded Beecher, Forsyth and fifty men on this island, which was not protected by anything but a sandbar.

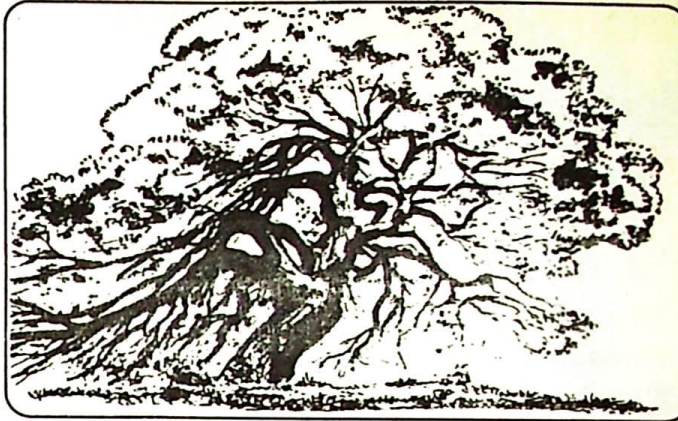
"The men dug rifle pits in the sand with their spoons and pocket knives. Well, the Indians shot their fifty horses in about forty-five minutes. Every horse was dead, and the men made breastworks of the dead horses till they could dig rifle pits in the sand, but before this was done, five men were killed and several wounded, and by this time they had dug deep pits in the sand, and had good rifle pits with high banks of sand. You know a bullet can't have good luck going through ten inches of sand. After Roman Nose had killed all the horses, he was sure he had the fifty men at his mercy and so he fixed up a grand charge that he thought would be fatal to the white men, but he had better not have ever made the charge. It was the greatest mistake that Roman Nose ever made.

"He had several rounds with him and he was always careful about mistakes when he met regular soldiers, he was too smart for us. We most always had "heap too many" (buffalo soldiers) and I suppose he thought fifty white "heap little," but also his fatal mistake.

"Well, now to the fight as explained to me by the rescued men. After the horses were all killed and five men killed, the rest of us by this time were well concealed in the sand pits. The grand charge formed. Here they come, one hundred yards away, two hundred in number, three hundred in ambush, open forty-five Spencer brand new carbines. Roman Nose and his grand charge is wiped off the face of the earth. Only thirty-five brave scouts did this job so you see by the brave stand made by the Frosyth and Beecher scouts, hundreds of lives of settlers of Kansas and Colorado were saved from massacre and destruction, by the brave stand of fifty men.

"Let me say here that I had many fights with the Indians for ten years after the Beecher fight, and I never saw anything to equal it. I say it was the greatest fight that ever was fought by any soldiers of the regular army at any time, not excepting the Custer fight or the massacre at Fort Phil Kearney, and I say further that in all the fights we had with the Indians, I mean the regular army, we never killed as many Indians. I saw Lone Wolf, who was in the Beecher fight and he told us that they lost four hundred killed and fatally wounded in the Beecher fight. Well, after the fight and rescue we stayed at the island three days. We buried the five men who were killed. Lieutenant Beecher, Dr. Mooers, Louis Farley, and others, with military honors. We

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- | | | |
|--------------|---------------|------------|
| Bonanza | Gunbarrel | Roundup |
| Bronco | (City) | Spur |
| Cactus | Gunsight | Stagecoach |
| Cayote | Lariat | Stampede |
| Circle Back | Lobo | Star |
| Cow Creek | Loop | Stranger |
| Cut 'n Shoot | Lynchburg | West |
| Draw | (Mule)shoe | |
| Fate | Point (Blank) | |
| Flint | Ropesville | |

THE BUFFALO SOLDIERS

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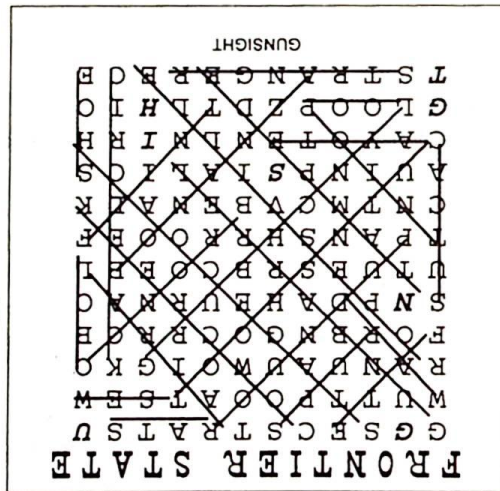
used the funeral flag of Company H to bury the dead, which flag I now have in my possession."

By allowing their dead to be buried under the funeral flag of a troop of the Tenth Cavalry, the Beecher scouts recognized the brave troopers who had fought through the Indians in order to rescue them. The Tenth Cavalry was rapidly winning an honorable reputation for themselves and the officers under which they served.

It was about this time that the Indians began calling the Afro-American troops "buffalo soldiers." There has been much conjecture about why their antagonists called them this. Some have attributed it to the Indians' opinion that the black troops resembled the buffalo with his dark face and broad nose. Others have said that they were named this because the troopers' hair resembled that of the buffalo. However, even the curliest hair of the buffalo does not resemble that of these long-ago soldiers. I think the most believable explanation is that the Indians respected the fighting ability and the tenaciousness of the Afro-American troopers and their officers. To all the Plains Indians, the buffalo was a very sacred creature worshipped and revered by them in their ceremonies and rituals. By its very nature, they would not have associated the name of their most sacred animal with something or someone they did not respect in the utmost sense of the word.

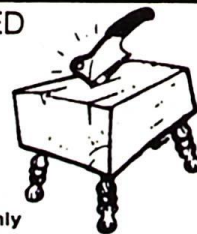
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by Bill Mosley

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| Bronco | (City) | Spur |
| Cactus | Gunsight | Stagecoach |
| Cayote | Lariat | Stampede |
| Circle Back | Lobo | Star |
| Cow Creek | Loop | Stranger |
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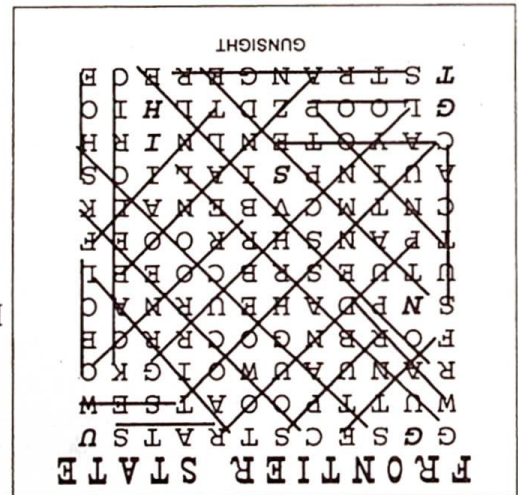
used the funeral flag of Company H to bury the dead, which flag I now have in my possession."

By allowing their dead to be buried under the funeral flag of a troop of the Tenth Cavalry, the Beecher scouts recognized the brave troopers who had fought through the Indians in order to rescue them. The Tenth Cavalry was rapidly winning an honorable reputation for themselves and the officers under which they served.

It was about this time that the Indians began calling the Afro-American troops "buffalo soldiers." There has been much conjecture about why their antagonists called them this. Some have attributed it to the Indians' opinion that the black troops resembled the buffalo with his dark face and broad nose. Others have said that they were named this because the troopers' hair resembled that of the buffalo. However, even the curliest hair of the buffalo does not resemble that of these long-ago soldiers. I think the most believable explanation is that the Indians respected the fighting ability and the tenaciousness of the Afro-American troopers and their officers. To all the Plains Indians, the buffalo was a very sacred creature worshipped and revered by them in their ceremonies and rituals. By its very nature, they would not have associated the name of their most sacred animal with something or someone they did not respect in the utmost sense of the word.

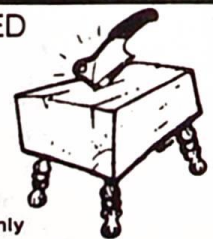
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THE WINFREY CONNECTION

by **IRA KENNEDY**

You never know what you'll turn up when researching family history. There's always the hope that, somewhere in the distant past, the family ties will take in someone famous, either living or dead. Well, when I first heard this story I was skeptical. But it seems certain that the Winfreys of Llano and Gillespie Counties have a historical relationship to a famous person, not in the past but in the present.

It wasn't until an article, "Oprah's Amazing Roots" appeared in a 1994 edition of the *National Enquirer* that the Winfreys of Central Texas realized that their great-great grandfather owned the great-great-grandfather of Oprah Winfrey. That well-researched article, states that Absalom Winfrey, "who came from Georgia" brought his only two slaves "Constantine and Constantine's future wife—Violet—when he moved, in 1850, to Poplar Creek, Miss., and settled down with his wife Sarah Lucinda."

Confirmation that Constantine was the great-great-grandfather of Oprah was provided to the *Enquirer* by various sources including Dr. Winthrop Jordan, professor of Afro-American studies at the University of Mississippi, Basil Palmertree whose "family lived near the Winfreys for more than 100 years." Laura Winfrey Henson, "Oprah's second cousin who still lives on Constantine's land," plus several other relations and neighbors.

"After the Civil War, Constantine and Violet were freed," the *Enquirer* noted, "They took Absalom's last name, Winfrey, and moved a mere half mile away." According to the article, after the Civil War, Absalom Winfrey's sons, James and William, were blamed for the killing of a black woman and her child. "The boys took off. They never returned and the white Winfrey name died out locally." The *Enquirer* has the white Winfreys settling in Temple, Texas in Bell County to escape prosecution.

In a document passed on to *Enchanted Rock Magazine*, dated April 20, 1987, a relation to the Texas Winfreys detailing her genealogical research wrote:

"My main find was the identity of the father of J.D. Winfrey. His name was Absolom F. Winfrey. He was born in Clarke County, Georgia between 1813 and 1815. Sometime before 1842 he married a woman named Sarah, who was born in South

Carolina between 1820 and 1822. They had at least eight children." Of the eight, two were sons—James D., born in Georgia in 1844, and William, born in Georgia in 1846. "Around 1850, Absolom's family moved to Choctaw County, Mississippi."

Two of the Texas Winfreys, Lin of Gillespie County, and Kirk of Llano County, provided *Enchanted Rock Magazine* with background information and a Winfrey genealogical chart. Great-grandfather, James D. Winfrey who fled to Texas to avoid prosecution settled in Bell County, Texas where his son Sidney Alfred (B. June 21st 1878; D. February 24th 1939) was born. Sidney Alfred had two sons, Sidney Samuel (B. Nov. 1908) and James Crawford Winfrey (B. Sept. 24, 1910). James Crawford married Margaret Rhodes on Oct. 21, 1933 and they had 3 daughters and 2 sons—Lin and Kirk.

The *Enquirer* article and the material provided to *Enchanted Rock Magazine* provide convincing proof that there is a connection between Oprah Winfrey and the Texas Winfreys.

Along with the material in the April 20, 1987 document was the following background details on Absalom Winfrey, his sons, and their service in the Confederacy:

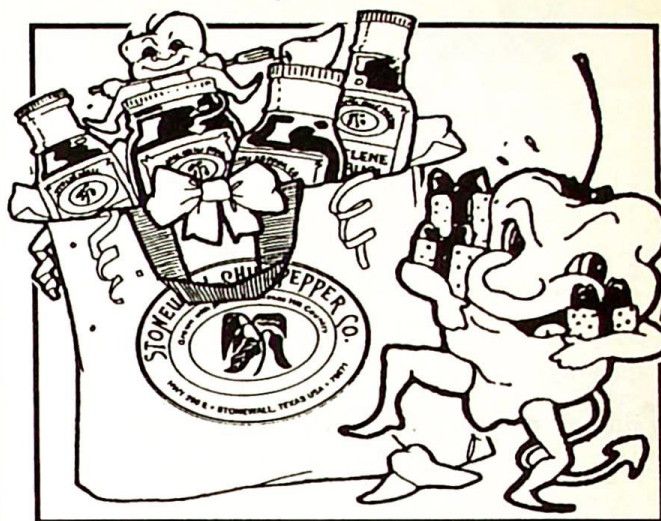
"The Confederate records in the National Archives have some information about the service of Absolom, James and William in the Civil War. The most interesting information concerns Absolom. The records say that he was five feet and eight inches tall, with fair complexion, dark hair, blue eyes. He enlisted in a light artillery unit at Vaiden, Mississippi in January 1862, and was made a quartermaster sergeant. His unit (the "Vaiden Artillery") probably served at the Battle of Shiloh and was at Vicksburg when the Union laid siege to the city in the spring of 1863. He was one of the many Confederate soldiers taken prisoner on July 4th. Four days later he signed a parole promising not to engage in any military activity until he was exchanged. The exchange came five days before Christmas, after which he was given an extended furlough.

"In May 1864 Absolom was sent to the Three-Mile-Creek Arsenal near Mobile, Alabama. On August 10th, he was admitted to the Ross Hospital in Mobile because of periodic fever. He was admitted again on August 31st because of a weakened condition, which was later diagnosed as typhoid fever. In December 1864, he applied for a disability discharge, which was granted on January 2, 1865. His certificate of disability referred to "a partial paralysis of the lower extremities," the result of "a violent and protracted attack of typhoid fever."

"The Confederate records say that James Winfrey enlisted at Vaiden, Mississippi at the same time and in the same unit as his father. He was a bugler with the rank of private. The records don't say for sure that he served at Shiloh, but some family records that Mother gave me say that he did. The records do say that he was mustered out in May 1862, which was a month after Shiloh. The reason given for his discharge was listed as scrofula (tuberculosis of the lymph nodes).

"The records say that William Winfrey, James's brother, enlisted on February 1, 1864, less than two months after his father was released by the Union army. He was recruited as a bugler private into his father's and brother's unit at Enterprise, Mississippi. On May 4, 1865, after Lee's surrender, William's unit surrendered at Citronelle, Alabama, just north of Mobile. He was paroled six days later at Meridian."

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COWBOY TALES

by L. KELLY DOWN

Fair ladies don't hop around in their talk likes we does, they stays on and worrrys a story till it's rubbed smoother than a rock in the Llano. Sooner than later one of them smooth mouth newspaper fellows—you know how they likes fair ladies—they grabs it and slap! It's in writing.

TALES THEY FORGOT

Sure I can talk and mix biscuits too, leastwise as long as I got some of this here preacher sipping whiskey to oil up with every now and then. Lets see what did you girls ask? Oh, yeah, what happens to some stories that makes them remembered and some better ones gets forgot? Well, first off, some ain't got a mature type feisty gentlemen, like myself, to pass them on. But even back when most folks had campfires and none of these picture boxes, the mostly juicy ones got kilt by women folks. Then other good ones lost out cause they weren't told right—no side dressing a-tall. Story telling ain't something you jumps right in like a swimming hole. You got to set and learn how, best is if you is lucky like you girls is some folks like me to point you right.

Best all over is if you got a few fair ladies around—and you got to be good at talk if you expect them to stay. How you looks don't seem to count much with fair ladies—if they is what you is trying to herd—but talk sure do. Fair ladies don't hop around in their talk likes we does, they stays on and worrrys a story till it's rubbed smoother than a rock in the Llano. Sooner than later one of them smooth mouth newspaper fellows—you know how they likes fair ladies—they grabs it and slap! It's in writing. Why if'n I could have learned to put stories in papers like they does, no telling how many ex-wives I could have had, not even a-speaking the bunch of the future ex-wives I could be a enjoying now. You look for a fellow that can write pretty—they is fair ladies around somewhere for sure.

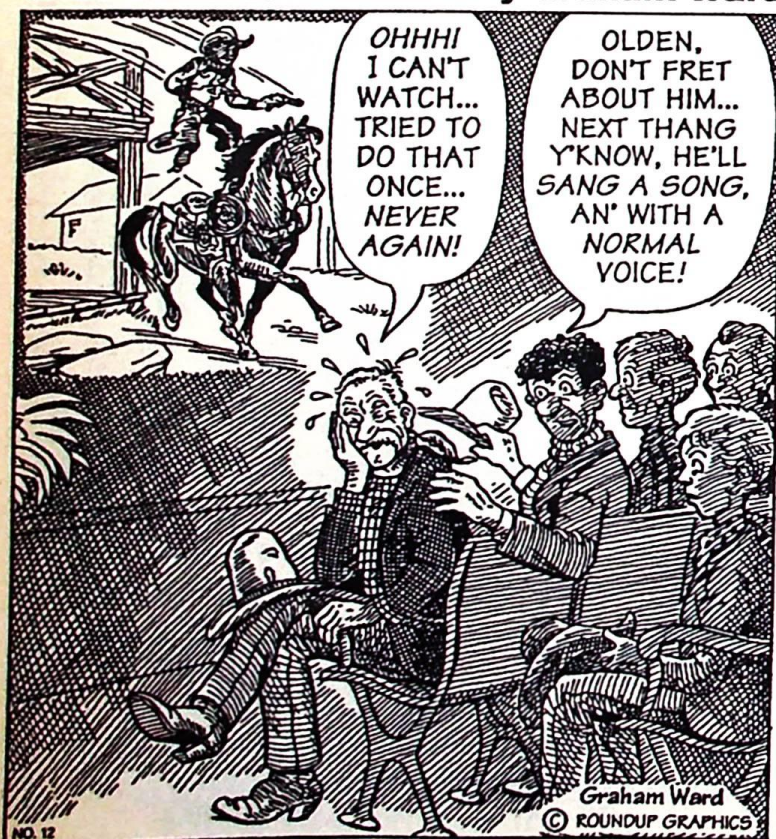
So tales that is remembered is sure to be ones fair ladies likes. Them they don't, well you be real lucky if they gets to your grandson's grandkids. Most that don't toe the ladies line is as gone as a nickel beer.

So if you wants a story to stick, tell it with fair ladies around—and it don't hurt none to slip it to one of them smooth mouth news guys—if the ladies let it pass he will write it up. Look how long the story about that pretty gal named Helen got told on—yeah, the one got herself stolen on purpose and took to Troy. That were so long ago even dirt was young.

Why, I do believe these biscuits is ready—nice and brown on top. Remember what old Luke said, put more coals on top than bottom side. See, old dogs does learn new tricks—lets eat.

SADDLE PALS

By Graham Ward



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MOONEYED COWBOYS


No, girls you're all wrong, a mooneyed cowboy ain't one that is in love. How does I know? I knows cause this child were one. Throw another log on and I'll tell you of mooneyed cowboys. Yeah, fill this cup as long as you is up and a-pouring. Now you know how big the Llano is now, takes in all the hill country and a tad to the North and East. In the early days there were more big spreads than now—some are still big. I'm speaking 'bout ranches that is measured in miles not acres, I should smile they was big.

Before they got rid of them pesky screw worms and using spray rigs instead of dipping vats, there was enough daylight to do all that had to be done in a day. You had to round up a pasture, drive the herd to a set of pens; then cool them down, make sure they was watered so they wouldn't hit the dipping vat dry. Why? Well, the vat was a long concrete hole in the ground and the water had stuff in it to kill flies, ticks, and such. But it would kill cattle too if they drank while swimming to the shallow end. Kill people too, everyone big enough to die, don't you know.

Next you had to let the cattle drip dry. After all the herd was dipped, you took them back to the pasture. If it was five miles from the pasture to the pens, and pasture had say five square miles, it was hard to get done in daylight. It got daylight around six and dark around eight—was 14 hour—which weren't enough. So you got up at three, splashed cold water, ate some light bread biscuits, cream gravy and some strong coffee then caught your horse. By five you better be in the pasture or close. Come daylight everyone was spread out and moving the pasture cattle to one roundup place. Then to the pens, work and dip, dry, and drive them back to pasture. You held them, say, thirty minutes so all the momma cows found their calves, then back to headquarters for supper. Cook had it ready. A quick dip in a horse trough, you then jumped in bed—being ten or so. This went on all summer.

So both there and back you rode in the dark,—you and your horse better both be able to make out where to go—that, pups was a mooneyed cowboy. Some jobs still like that.

Look at them live oak coals. It's just right for dutch oven biscuits—get some cane syrup and we'll have some quicker than a preacher at collections time.



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Story & Photos

by **GLENDAMILLER**

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Originally established in 1852 by five companies of the 8th Infantry, Ft. McKavett has a history rich with tales of Indian battles, outlaws, adventurers and settlers. Located 23 miles west of Menard, Ft. McKavett is one of the very few state historical sites not surrounded by modern day civilization. Visiting Ft. McKavett is like taking a trip back in time. Wander around the limestone structures and peer into the refurbished quarters of officers and soldiers. Experience the isolation of Ft. McKavett and imagine the difficult life of the hardy men and their families who faced danger, hardship and tedious boredom to open this small corner of American West to civilization.

During this time stationed at the fort, Dr. Redford Sharpe was quoted " ...there is no more healthy post on the Texas Frontier as Fort McKavett." Around the same time General William T. Sherman inspected the fort and declared it to be "the prettiest post in Texas." The same can still be said today. The night sky around the fort sparkles with the grandeur of stars rarely seen while surrounded by city lights.

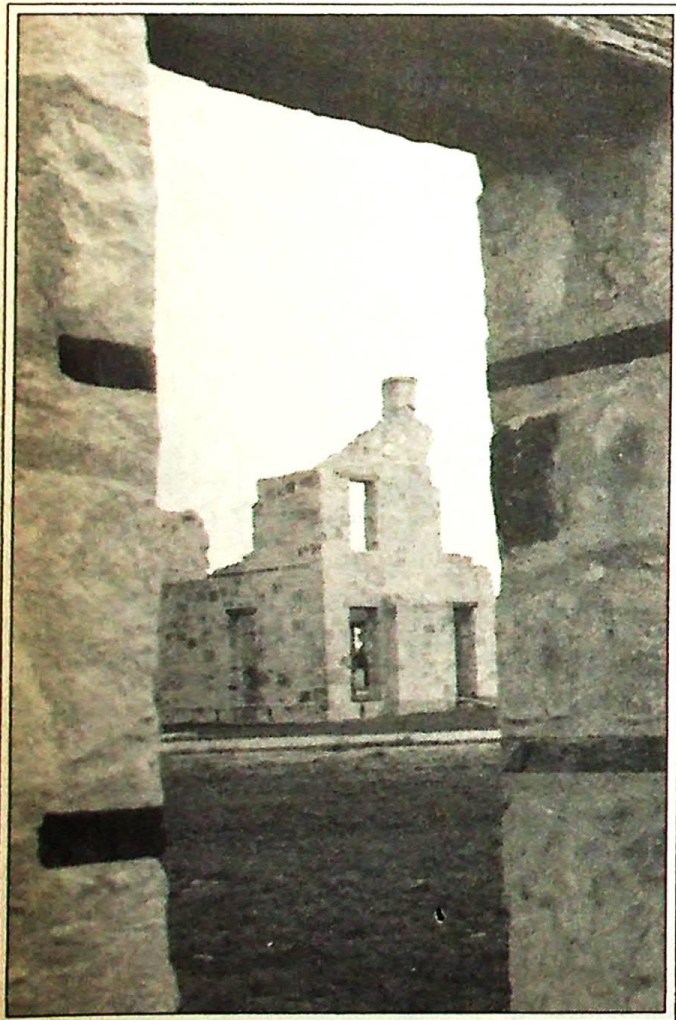
More than mere ruins and empty buildings, Fort McKavett has something to offer just about everyone. Wildlife thrives along the 1/4 mile historical trail leading down to the military lime kilns and government springs. Walk quietly along the path and you may encounter wild turkeys, white tail deer, raccoons, armadillos, maybe even black buck antelope.

Artists flock to the fort with their easels. Join them and let the quiet atmosphere and romantic, historical surroundings stimulate your creative senses.

Home to many reenactments, uniform and weapons demonstrations, and once even a wedding, history buffs will love seeing the buildings as they were and learning the stories of the times. Explore the civilian cemetery dating back to the 1850's. There is even a soap opera plot or two to be found in the history of the fort. Ask about the Humpty Jackson War, a true tale of romance, murder and suspense.

Open seven days a week from 8 am to 5 pm, the staff offers guided and self-guided tours. Other facilities available include an interpretive center, picnic tables and grills and wildlife observation and photography. Special arrangements may be made for group camps. Re-enactors from the mid 1850's are especially welcome.

For more information please contact Mrs. Bullimore or Mr. Quiroz at P. O. Box 867, Ft. McKavett, Texas 76841 or (915) 396-2358.



CHRISTMAS PAST AND PRESENTS

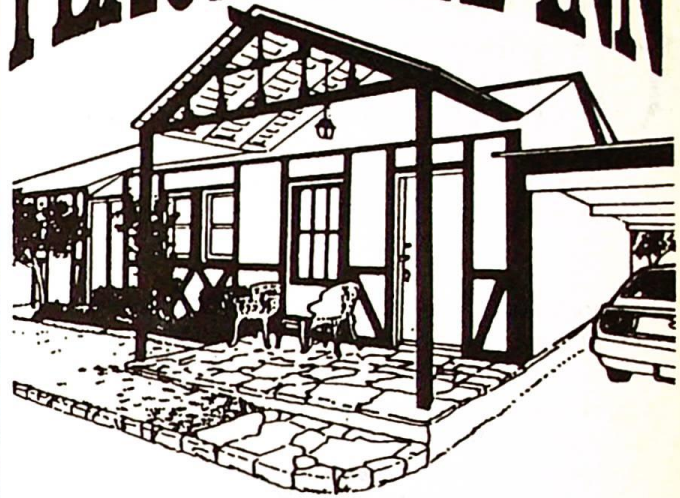
To a correspondent of the *Galveston News*, Capt. L.P. Sicker, Quartermaster of the Texas Rangers, described an old time Christmas dinner, saying: "The following good things were enjoyed by Company D for Christmas in 1876 on the San Saba river. All the boys understood that game must be had, and several days before Christmas a number of them went on a hunt and they brought enough into camp for some 40 men to dine on—six big bucks, 18 big, fat wild turkey gobblers, about 50 big mallard ducks and 3 wild geese. In addition to these a fat cow was killed and hung up for side dishes. Early Christmas morning after all had partaken of egg nog, preparations for dinner were commenced. When all had been completed we sat down to the following menu: Baked melt, stuffed with inside tenderloin; sweet bread, marrow-gut, kidney fat, bread crumbs seasoned with onions, pepper, etc., roast turkey stuffed with bread, roast venison, etc. mallard duck, baked brown with gravy; beef brisket, spitted before the fire; beef ribs, roasted before open fire, etc. That was 'good eating' and the rangers did full justice to the meal." [Reprinted from the January 3, 1902 copy of the *San Saba County News*.]

The article failed to mention whether gifts were exchanged amongst the Rangers. Perhaps if those ol' boys were alive today they'd just as likely give subscriptions to each other of *Enchanted Rock Magazine*. Then, they could share stories month by month. And those with fading mem'rys, could read other tales and maybe a spark would fall on their dimmer recollections and more stories would follow.

Even today, the stories of the early times in Texas appearing in this magazine prompt more stories by the elders of the area to call or write regarding what once was. As it is, we have more than we can print, but print all we can. Given the nature of gathering this material, it's hard to say what's coming next, so if you want to keep up with the past you'd be better off subscribing. Some folks in the area like to pick up their copies for free at participating advertisers, but as the magazine gets more and more popular copies are becoming scarce. The best way to reserve your copy is to subscribe; and the best way to share what's inside is to give those folks who care about Texas their own subscription. They'll be glad you did.

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TERRY THEIS: MASTER ENGRAVER OF FREDRICKSBURG

BY: KENN KNOPP

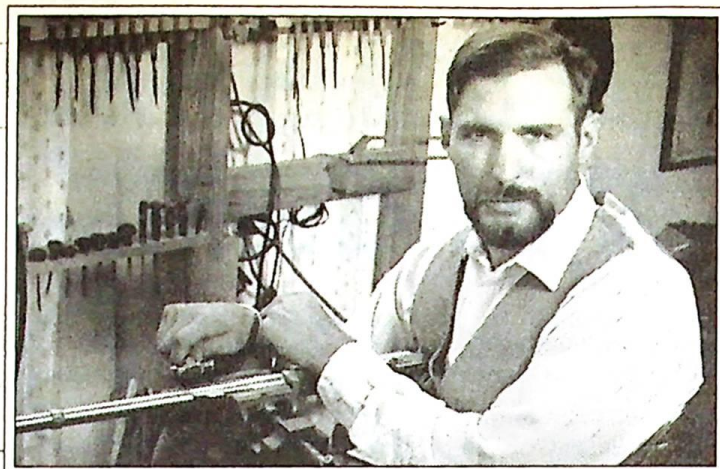


Photo: Marc Bennett of Fredericksburg

Ignoring the computer, automation machines and every New World duplication device, Terry Theis of Fredericksburg adheres to Old World techniques. As one of the world's most reputed engravers, his intricate, detailed designs can be found in the finest collections of the world: knives of all kinds and sizes, guns, rifles, other firearms, and occasional belt-buckles and jewelry. His artistry lifts the piece into the special realm of heirloom.

Heinrich Theis, Terry's German ancestor, left Hellenhahn-Schellenberg in Hessen on November 18, 1845 and landed at the port of Galveston on March 15, 1846. He moved to the German Hills developing a combination farm and ranch at Honey Creek near the famed old Anhalt Dance Hall. Family members then moved to Wetmore below San Antonio. Terry's father, Vernon Theis, bought a ranch in Gillespie County near Harper. From there, Terry discovered the artisan mecca of Fredericksburg where he eventually located his home and Main Street Studio.

After a stint as a rock mason and plying his artistry to leather, especially saddles, it was a natural next-step to engrave special designs on knives and firearms. The secret of Terry's success was his apprenticeship. Who are his mentors? "My favorite engravers on this side of the ocean are Tommy Kaye and Frank Hendricks who have been a great help in teaching me key techniques. After that I created my own recognizable style."

In 1993 Theis received an apprenticeship grant from the Texas State Arts and Crafts Educational Foundation. He had long admired the work of Erch Boessler of Bavaria, one of the world's most renowned engravers. Theis wrote to Boessler and after a series of letters Theis was invited to Boessler's home in Germany.

During this period Theis also had the opportunity visit numerous masters in Central Europe as well as special shows and historic museums. Returning to Fredericksburg, Theis brought with

him his own now signatory version of German lief scrollwork made especially impressive with 24-carat gold inlay.

"It's not always what I want, but," explains Theis, "half the fun is getting to know the person who is ordering or commissioning the piece. I show the person a wide variety of styles, or they come with their own design. "But once we agree on the design, I begin to work it up on paper. Next I use the chisels and gravers. A graver is a tool that cuts into stainless steel or other metal. I then start "punching" or getting the shapes clear and true. When I do this part

of the work, I don't drink coffee that day," said Theis.

Theis also enjoys preserving regional motifs, especially those of Texas, such as the state flag, armadillos, and his very favorite, the prickly pear, which demands a fine attention to detail with all its delicate thorns.

But Terry Theis is no slave to tradition. He created a sensation in the field of engraving when he engraved a rifle with subjects of the Mexican woodcutting artist Jose Guadalupe Posado. "I chose Posado's work because

of his unique skeletal images, the Calaveras, that are deeply rooted in ancient culture, such as Mexico's Day of the Dead observance," he explained.

His commissions come from two main sources: hunters, some of whom have bonded for many years with their rifles and knives; and from referrals by gunsmiths who tell their clients about Terry's artistry. As to how much it costs to commission Terry; a deer rifle with a special engraving may run from \$500 to \$1,000. Knives cover a smaller space and usually cost about \$300. The most popular are handguns with intricate design work and gold inlay that can cost up to \$3,000.

Terry welcomes visitors to his Main Street studio. He asks that people call him first at (210) 997-6778 to arrange for an appointment, or write in care of P. O. Box 535, Fredericksburg, TX 78624-0535



PARDNERS TOGETHER

Continued from page 15

Checkin' to make shur that all his body parts was still in place and all in one piece, Bill helped hissself to another sugar cookie, smiled, and thought it best jist to keep on listnin'.

"Well then, like I was sayin'," Sue simmered down enough to git on with her yarnin', "I could tell right off I was gonna have to go b'ar trappin'. So, I loaded up my buckboard with a few hundredweight of my finest bluebonnet honey fer bait, hitched up my best pony, and went huntin'. I hadn't gone more'n a hunderd and fifty miles, when I noticed I'd gone and sprung a leak in my honey pot, and about a thousand hummin'birds was foggin' after me behind the buckboard. That many hummin'birds had naturly attracted other varmints, and 'fore I could keep it from happ'nin', a great ol' big white racer snake jumped up and swallerd one of them purty li'l ruby-throats. And about the time he had him down, here come a roadrunner, and roadrunners loves nothin' better'n lizzerds and snakes fer dinner, so he upped and et the racer who'd et the hummin'bird. Wellsir, all the commotion had stirred up a pack of javelina hogs, and one of them pigs commenced to feastin' on the roadrunner that et the racer snake that et the hummin'bird. And about the time the hog'd had his supper, a mean-looking wolf sneaks up behind the javelina and starts in to eatin' pig. That wolf'd no more'n et the hams and backstrap off'n the hog that et the roadrunner that et the racer snake that et the hummin'bird, but a panther—bigger'n any panther that I ever did see in East Texas—comes a-paddin' up behind the wolf. She takes his tail-end and haunches in the first bite, and was a-workin' her way forward up his backbone."

By this time, Bill was leanin' forward in his chair, swallerin' Sue's yarn hook, line, and sinker. His eyes was bugged clean out of his head and his jaw had gone slack. All he could think of was how glad he was that Sue weren't no liar, 'cause if she had've been, he knowd he would't've had no chance agin her in a yarnin' contest.

"I can tell you, right about then was when I commenced to reckon that I might be in some kind of a fix, what with all them varmints after my honey. So I whupped up my pony, and I skeedaddled. Trouble was, jist as I was about to make my git-away, up comes the woolliest giant of a b'ar anybody ever did see in them parts..."

"Now, there, gol-dang-it, I *told* you it was a grizzly." Bill risked all in his defense of the truth.

"Pecos William!" She brung him up short agin. "It weren't no Grizzly b'ar, it was a *Meskin* b'ar—and a big 'n', at that—rangin' north from the Coahuila Mountains. Anyhow, in no time, he finished off the panther that et the wolf that et the hog that et the roadrunner that et the racer snake that et the hummin'bird, and then he jumped up on the back of my buckboard and he et the few hundredweight of honey I had left over. And when he was done doin' that, he cast his eye on me, thinkin' he'd have a sweet-bite fer dessert after his honey."

Sue watched with a twinkle in her eye to see if Bill taken her meanin'—which he ordinarily would've done, 'cept fer the moment, Bill was more worried about b'ars than he was about



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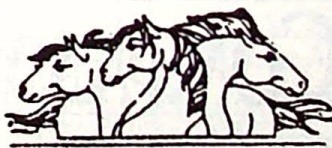


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PARDNERS TOGETHER

Continued from previous page

honey. All he could think about was Sue's tale, that b'ar, and what was gonna happen next.

"All this time, o' course," Sue went on, "I was drivin' like fury to put tracks 'tween me and that critter, but when yo're a-carryin' the b'ar with you, it's kinda hard to git away from him."

"Stands to reason." Bill agreed right solemn-like.

"Bout that time, that Meskin b'ar taken a big leap right at me. I ducked as best I could, o' course, thinkin' the while that I was a dead woman; but come to find out, it weren't me he was after, anyhow—it was my pore l'il ol' pony. That b'ar sailed clean over me, landed on the back of my best pony, and started in to finishin' off his supper of panther-meat and honey with some tender pony. But the funny thing was, as that b'ar et his way forward on my pony—commencin' from the hindquarters and eatin' his way up to the head—he jist naturally et his way right into the pony's harness and halter. 'Fore he knowed what'd hit him, I had me a b'ar hitched to my buckboard. So, I jist whupped 'im up and drive 'im on home, easy as pie. Onc't I got 'im to the house, I unhitched him, reached down his throat, and jerked the carcass clean outa of the hide. We had more b'ar meat than we could eat all winter, and I had me a soft b'ar-skin rug to bundle on, the which—I guess you prob'ly already noticed—is a-lyin' over there in front of the fire, if you'd care to j'ine me on it."

Slue-Foot taken the dumbfounded cowboy by the hand and led him over to the fireplace, where her b'ar-skin was all laid out and lookin' mighty invitin' in the firelight.

The yarn that Sue had jist told was as good a one as Bill ever had heard, and better'n most of the windies he could tell. No doubt about it, he had married hisself one fine woman. But how she had got him from a tale about b'ar-huntin' onto a bed was too fast fer Bill. Sue was holdin' all the trumps, now and Billy was follerin' suit.

When they was settled on the rug, Sue looks real sweet-like at Bill, and she says: "I hear tell you was raised by coyotes. I'd admire to hear 'bout that."

The offer to tell another lie kindly brought Billy back to his right mind, so he started in to jawin' agin.

"That come about when Ol' Man 'n' Ol' Woman was movin' from East Texas to West Texas. I reckon I was about four year old at the time. Ol' Man had set up the town that they nowadays calls Dallas, but, one day, Ol' Woman taken note that she could see the neighbor's chimbley smoke and hear the neighbor's rooster a-crowin'. She said the country was gittin' too thickly settled, and it was time to move on. They packed ever'thing they owned into the wagon, hitched up ol' Spot 'n' ol' Buck, the ox-team, piled us seven youngest brats on top, and taken off. The seven big kids had to walk, but since I was the littlest, I got to ride.

"When we got out to West Texas, they come to the Pecos River, which at the time of the year was at floodstage, a good two inches deep and nearly that fer across. Ol' Man said he'd ford it or bust, and jist as the wagon was pullin' out of the river up on the fer bank, danged if the tail-gate didn't come loose, and I fell plumb out of the wagon and into the river. 'Course I swum out,

all right, but by the time I did, they'd already drove off, and what with thirteen other brats, they didn't miss me till about forty mile later on. Ol' Woman said she reckoned one kid more or less wadn't worth turnin' back fer to see about. Ol' Man said he figger'd I could take kere of myself, and if I couldn't, I wadn't worth goin' back fer, no how. So that's how come they call me Pecos Bill."

"Cause you fell into the river," Sue nods. "I got that part, but what does any of that have to do with coyotes?"

"I was comin' to that part—" Bill keeps on a-lyin'. "Weren't nothin' I *could* do but take up with the coyotes—out west of the Pecos, ain't nobody to take up with *but* coyotes. I learned how to talk coyote talk—I learned how to growl, and I learned how to yip, and I learned how to howl with the best of 'em. I'd sit around on all-fours, jist like them dogs does; but I could run twic't as fast as they could, 'cause they had to drag around four legs, whereas I only had to use two. I'd run ahead of the pack, pullin down jackrabbits and antelopes, and one time I pulled down a forty-eight point buck, bit a hole in his neck, and shared out the venison with all the other coyotes. Then one day, I jist happen' to've landed me two Grizzly b'ars. I had one under each arm, and I was mortally a-squeezin' the livin' stuffin' out of 'em..."

"Which is why you thought my Meskin b'ar might've been a Grizzly," Sue slipped in.

"Keereckt" says Bill, grinnin', and still thinkin' that it was a Grizzly, but not sayin' so, and talkin' fast. "When an old prospector comes a-walkin up jist about the time I tore off a hind leg and commenced to havin' some breakfast.

"A game scrap, son," says he, and then he asks, "Who ye be?"

"Me?" says I, 'I'm a varmint'

Sue laughed, and stirred up the fire: "You got that part right."

Bill paid her no nevermind, and kept on beatin' his gums: "Naw," says the old prospector, 'Ye ain't no varmint—ye'r a hooman bean.'

"No sech a thing," says I 'and I can prove it: I'm a coyote.'

"How come?" says the prospector.

"Don't I go nekked?" I asks him.

"Shor ye do," says the ol' prospector, 'anybody can see that. But so does the Injuns go nekked; and they ain't no coyotes. That don't spell nothin'.'

"Don't I have fleas?" I asks him, and then I says, 'And don't I howl all night long?'"

"Shor ye do," says the ol' prospector, 'shor, ye've got all kinds of fleas, and ticks, too, and ye spends yer nights a-howlin'. So what. All Texians has fleas. And nearly ever nothin' neither.'

"Well, jist the same," I says, 'I'm a coyote.'

"Naw, ye ain't no coyote," says the ol' prospector. 'A coyote's got a tail, ain't he?'"

"Yeah, a coyote's got a tail," I answer back.

"But ye ain't got no tail," he answers back. 'Jist feel around and see if ye've got a tail. No tail, no coyote.'

"Shur'nuf, I had to give it to him—I didn't have no tail. 'I never did notice that before,' I tells him, and right then is when I taken a nation to throw in with the human outfit."

Sue chuckled to herself quiet-like, and then she says: "Well, coyote man, I ain't never squeezed no grizzly b'ars to

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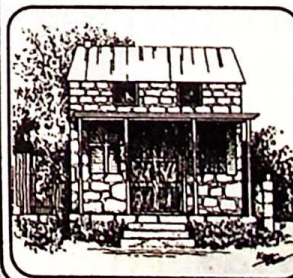
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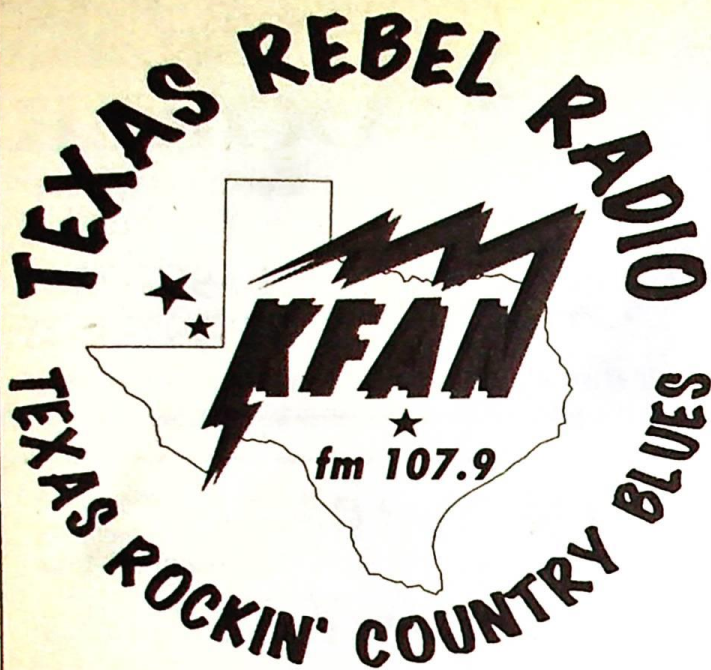


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death, and we'll soon see whether you've got any fleas and what yore tail is made of, so how would you like to do some howlin' tonight, pardner?"

Wellsir, Slue-Foot and Billy, Both of em bein' breedin' stock, naturly said and done a lot more things on their honeymoon night than I probly oughtn't to tell ye about right now. Mebbe some other time. Bill did say, later on, that Sue'd show'd him some new tricks with his lariat that he never had knowd about before, and it was the only night of his life that he was ever that sober and that drunk all at the same time. Black and bitter coffee and a plateful of sugar cookies'll do it to you ever'time, I reckon. I never did hear what Sue said about the night.

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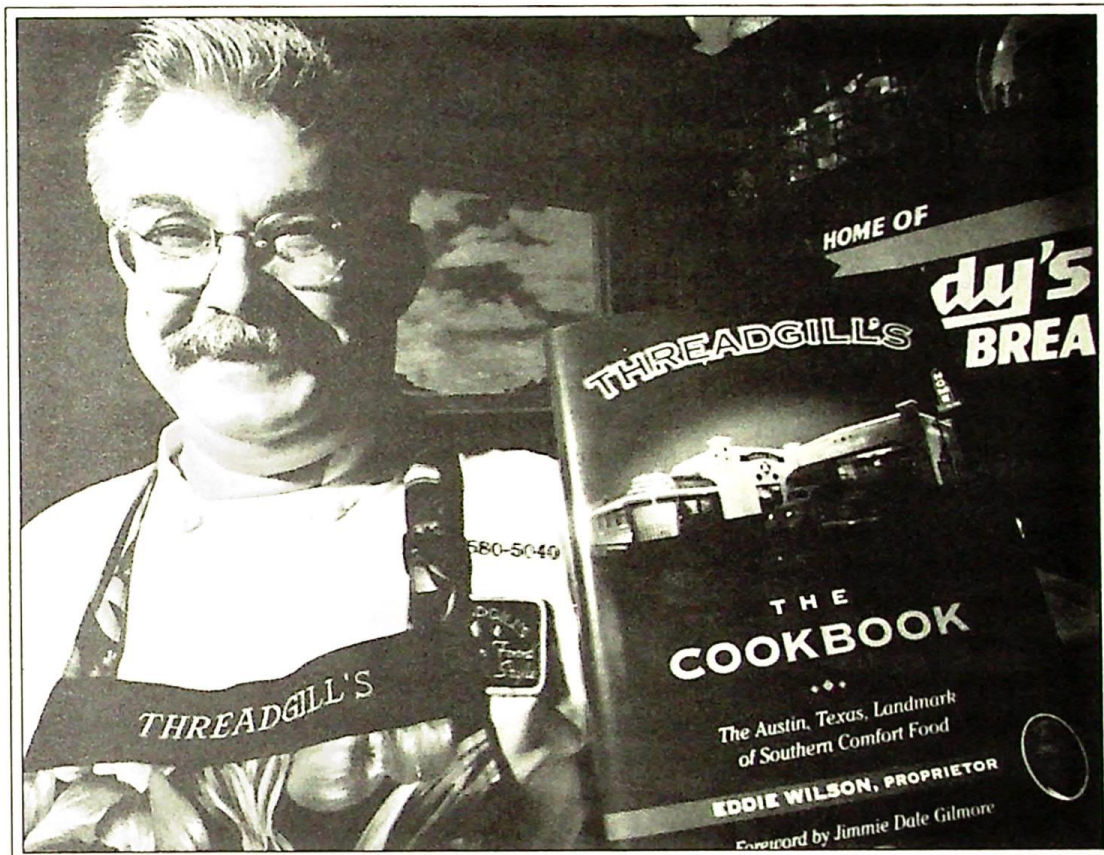
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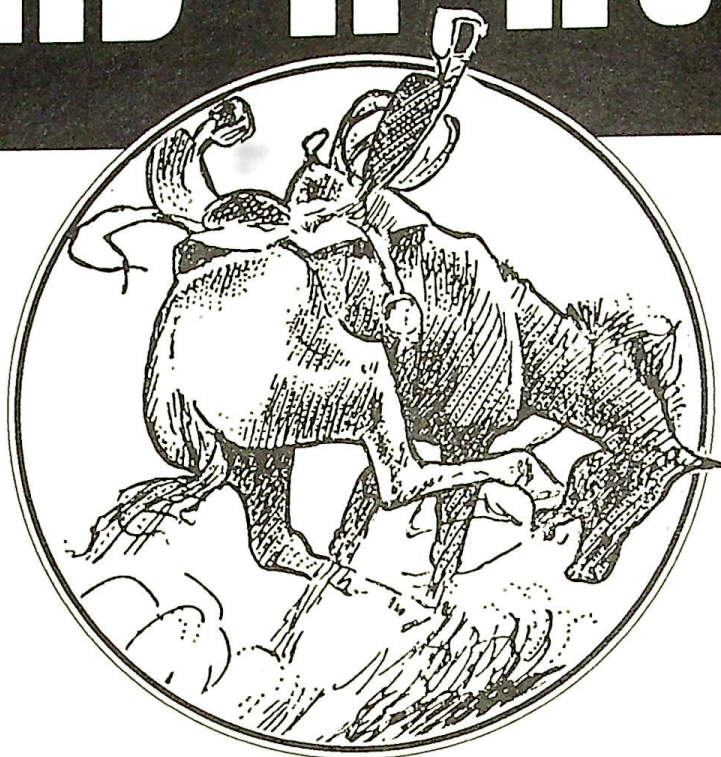
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