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Vol. 3, No. 10
DECEMBER 1996

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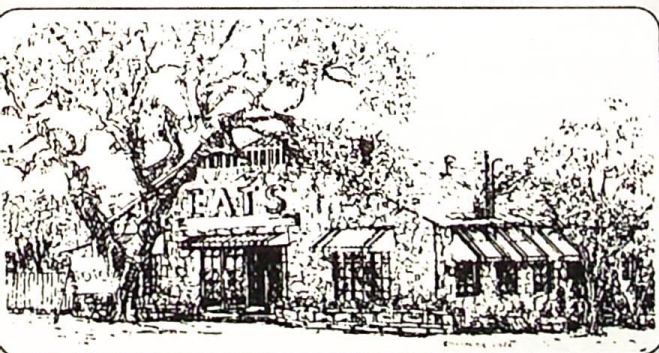


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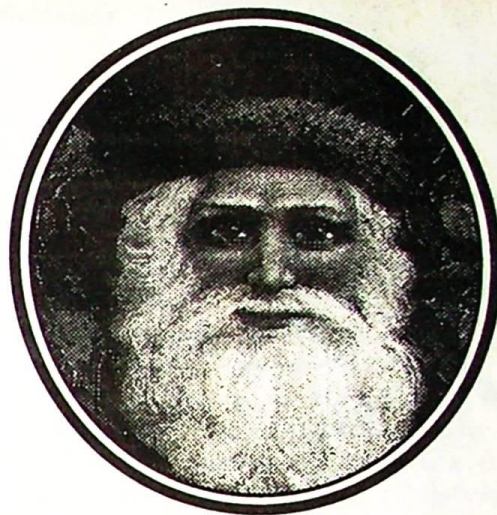
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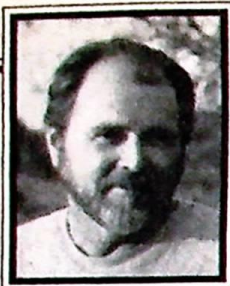
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FROM THE EDITOR

REMEMBERING

Commonplace lives, given time, can stand in an extraordinary light. So it was with the life of Sarah Harky Hall, whose memoir, *Surviving on the Texas Frontier*, was recently published by Eakin Press in Austin. In October, Maridell Henry, great-granddaughter of the author, dropped by our office. By chance and circumstance, Maridell had inherited the responsibility and care of the original narrative which she transcribed from the document for publication. I offered to read the book, out of courtesy—and respect for her enthusiastic recommendation.

I have read numerous memoirs of men about the early days in Texas. And, as compelling as they are, I never was given a clear picture of day-to-day frontier life—but Sarah Hall, who was born near Richland Springs in San Saba County in 1857, takes the reader back to those early days when the Indians and buffalo still roamed the Hill Country.

Her's is not a light-hearted story. It could have began, "It was the worst of times, then things got really bad." For Sarah's life was one of hardship and disappointment piled upon suffering and responsibility. The fifth of thirteenth children—she her younger brothers and sisters were orphaned in her twelfth year and Sarah took on the responsibility of raising the family with some periodic financial help from her older brothers.

Sarah's is an incredible story which I found impossible to put down once I started. The self-sufficiency of the settlers on the frontier is difficult to comprehend today. At one point in her narrative—during the 1880s—she tells her younger sister, "Annie, let's go over in Jim's field and plant some cotton to make us some mattresses."

Maridell Henry and Eakin Press have been kind enough to allow *Enchanted Rock Magazine* to publish the first three chapters of the book in this and subsequent issues of the magazine [see page 8]. It is my hope that reading these chapters will inspire folks to buy their own copy and share it with others. It is through such stories that we gain a clearer picture of who we are. For without a history we lead one-dimensional lives. Such stories put our culture in perspective. We can see what we've lost, what we've gained, and perhaps provide some direction for the future.

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PLACING IN THE COOKOFF

The *Enchanted Rock Magazine* Brisket Cookoff Team, led by Mike McPherson, captured Second Place in the cookoff at Harry's on the Loop in Willow City on November 23rd. We had a great time watching Mike cook while visiting with old and new friends.

CHANGING PLACES

We're moving the offices of the magazine back out in the wilderness come January 6th. We'll still be in Llano County, but further south—somewhere between Six Mile and Oxford. This move places us over the Enchanted Rock Batholith—the geologic heart of Texas where this adventure first began almost three years ago. As soon as we have more details we will provide them. In the meantime, use the current address and phone number.

IRA KENNEDY

ENCHANTED ROCK MAGAZINE

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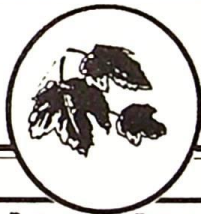
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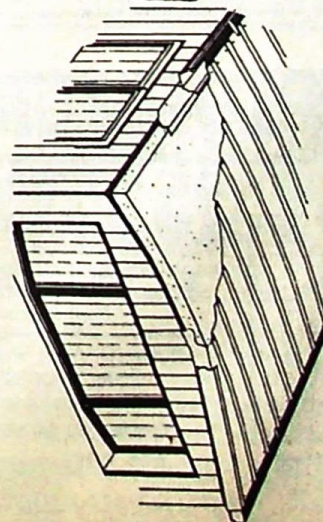
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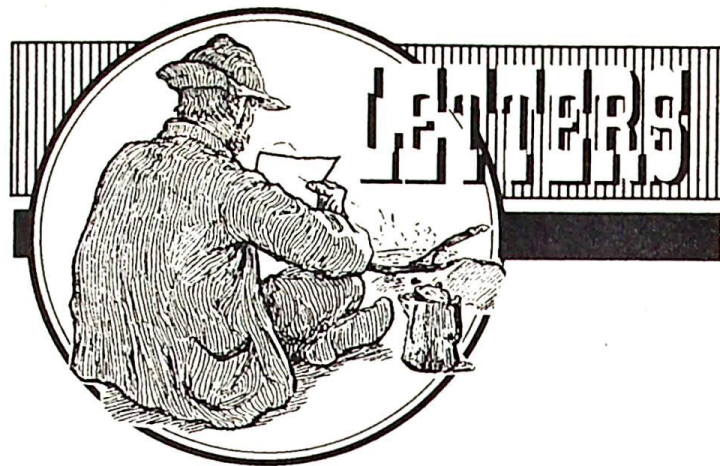
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FROM LEMON SQUEEZER III

James Allen Sloan—who changed his name to Jym Allan—was born November 6, 1867 on the south bank of the San Saba River in a log cabin (not the 2 story house as stated in your article "Looking for Lemon Squeezer" -Nov. '96.). This cabin stood near the mouth of the Sloan irrigation ditch. His parents were Thomas Allen Sloan and Emma Ellen Henderson Sloan.

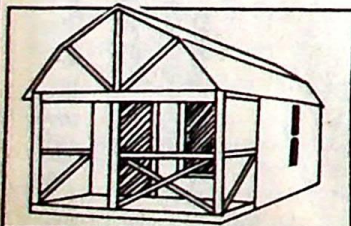
He attended Rock Shoals (later changed to Sloan) Public School until 1890 and that Fall entered the State University at Austin as a freshman in the Academic Department, leading to a B. S. Degree. In the Fall of 1891 he entered Professor Buckman's Alamo City Business College at San Antonio for eight months.

Jym returned to his father's ranch and worked there until 1901 when a severe drought forced a shifting of livestock. Thomas Sloan bought a ranch on the divide between the San Saba and Llano rivers in Kimble County. Showers had fallen all the year in this area and pastures were fine where as cattle were eating sticks on the Sloan Ranch in San Saba country Jym Sloan drove a herd of stock cattle from the drought stricken San Saba Ranch to the Kimble Ranch. The herd consisted of over 500 branded cattle. The herd arrived at the new ranch about June 1, 1901.

The next day Jym and the cook, Bob Simpson, drove the chuck wagon into Junction, for stock salt and supplies; leaving orders for the ranch hands to round up the cattle and distribute them over the ranch at the various watering places. Late that afternoon, when the wagon was nearing its return to the ranch, they met a deputy sheriff with Elmer Creech, one of the cowboys, and the deputy told him that John Litman (a negro boy who helped drive the cattle to Kimble from San Saba) was hiding in the brush wounded, and was waiting for Mr. Jym to see him safely into camp. A little after dark John came in, he had a trench cross his left shoulder which a pistol bullet had plowed, also the calf of one leg had a bullet mark across it. Eyewitnesses said that John and Elmer had a dispute about whether or not a certain cow was the mother of a missing calf; that one of them wanted to cut the cow out and the other one wanted to hold her in the herd. The two boys went over the ridge, one trying to cut the cow out and the other trying to turn her back into the herd. This went on until they got out of sight of the other cowboys and then several shots were heard. Presently, Elmer returned to the herd and said that John had run his horse into a brushy canyon and disappeared.

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The next day they all went to Junction. Dr. Birt attended John's wounds and Elmer was placed under bond to appear before Junction's next Grand Jury. Jym Sloan went back to the ranch and all the other boys returned to San Saba.

Jym Allen Sloan was named after his maternal Grandfather, James (Jim) Henderson who bought all the land on the San Saba River that lay under the Sloan irrigation ditch from A. J. Rose. This ditch was dug by Rose and furnished water to turn a grist and saw mill. The springs which feed this ditch were (are?) known as Walnut Springs. Rose bought the land from the German Colonists Land Grant brought about through Meusebach's treaty with 20 Comanche Chiefs.

James Henderson paid \$10,000 cash for this property. He paid in cash but the contract called for gold and Rose would not accept the cash so the resourceful Jim Henderson rode to Austin converted the cash to gold, bought a wagon and team and hauled the gold back to Mr. Rose, but this is a completely different story and I've got off the track on just who Lemon Squeezer was.

Sincerely,
Lemon Squeezer III
Talpa, Texas

STANDING CORRECTED

As a writer and historian, I appreciate good stories that tell about this wonderful state of ours, and in particular the Texas Hill Country. You are doing an exceptional job and I look forward to getting *Enchanted Rock Magazine* regularly.

I have lived around and roamed the Hill Country and Highland Lakes area for more than 50 years, and I never get tired of reading about its history and development.

In the November, 1996 issue, there is a misconception concerning Camp San Saba (Page 23) and the peace treaty that John Meusebach signed with the Comanche Indians. Meusebach and his party met a delegation of chiefs near Camp San Saba on Feb. 4, 1847, and this group led him and his companions to the main encampment on the San Saba River. The peace treaty was actually signed on March 1-2, 1847, near the Sloan Community in west San Saba County. The official granite Texas State Marker is located in a grove of oak trees just off Farm to Market Road 2732. Few people today recognize the importance of the treaty. It allowed some 5,000 people to begin moving on to the land, that was available to the German Immigrants through the Fisher-Miller Grant. The peace treaty was never broken.

Best wishes for continued success with your magazine.

Sincerely,
Ross McSwain
San Angelo, Texas

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BORN IN A PERILOUS TIME



by **SARAH HARKEY HALL**

SURVIVING ON THE TEXAS FRONTIER: CHAPTER ONE — REPRINTED BY PERMISSION FROM EAKIN PRESS, AUSTIN, TEXAS

**I hope my reader will not think my story absurd or incredible.
What I am going to write is real facts of my life up to the present year, 1905.
I write this for the benefit of my children; that they may realize
the benefit of patience and endurance.**

My ancestors were of fine descent. My father was quarter German; my mother was an English lady, born in West Virginia. My father was born in North Carolina. They moved to Texas in the year of 1853 or 1854 and located in San Saba County in the valley of Richland Creek, one mile east of Richland Springs among the recently vacated wigwams of the Comanche Indians. This was the spot where I first saw the light of this unfriendly world on March 2, 1857. When I reflect back to my extreme early childhood, I behold those lovely grandeurs of valleys and glades, all covered with fine mesquite grass, and behold the scattered live oak trees clothed in their evergreen, and the mesquites here and there and the great herds of fat cattle, deer, and buffalo rushing down the glades to water, it seems almost a thousand years ago.

Here among the cruel tribe of the Comanche Indians, my father settled with my mother and four children; two brothers and two sisters, older than myself. He erected a log cabin, bought 160 acres of land with one near neighbor; always expecting an attack by Indians. He toiled late and early. Oftentimes, when he knew the Indians were all around, he would wait until after dark and take his team and Mother and the little ones and slip to his near neighbor. On his way there, he would hide his team in a close thicket which he had selected for this purpose. They would often keep watch all night with the little ones shivering with fear, thinking every move an approach of Indians.

I was born in this perilous time and, by nature, I inherited all caution and care. My first recollection is of fear of

Indians; sitting up at night listening to the whistle of the Comanches all around and shivering with fear and trembling. We were taught never to get but a short distance from our little hut, for it was no uncommon thing to get news of some family being massacred in the most horrible and cruel manner, with the capture of the women, and perhaps some little innocent girl being carried off with them. At the same time they would have the scalp of father and brothers to present to the captives and if they showed any grief, their torture was only increased until relieved by death. We would often venture out to the old vacated wigwams to gather trinkets left by the Indians; beads and such like. We always had strand after strand of them, which our childish hearts enjoyed. Although, once we were missed by our parents, we would hear the call, "Come here children, you will be picked up by the Indians," then we would take to our heels.

My father soon put in a farm and began to try to farm with poor success, but never an entire failure. He always raised something. Although, in those early days that country was very droughty. My father was very intelligent and full of energy; killed game, such as bear, deer, antelope and turkey. We had plenty of meat always. He would dress the deer skins and my mother would make coats and pants of those dressed hides for my brothers, and would sometimes make whole suits for men and sell them. When my brothers' pants would wear out over the knees, she would re-cover that part with a new piece of buckskin, which she called "foxing their britches". My father bought a couple of milk cows and a few sheep and from this sheep wool my mother carded and spun thread and wove cloth for all

necessary uses.

My earliest recollection was the fear of Indians and trying to catch the sunshine through the cracks of our little log cabin, and the horror I felt to the humming of the spinning wheel. My parents were both very industrious; always had something for every child to do. My oldest brother was a great help to my father. When he was eight years old he could plow, chop, and drive oxen well. He was very manly. My father was very punctual in every respect. In a few years, the few neighbors were in need of a schoolteacher, and my father was employed as their teacher. He was a poor man, but with patience and endurance, he prospered fast. He was a wood workman and a cooper. He could apply himself anyway he wished; was so jovial and kind and full of life, everyone was his friend. He was a very small man in stature, but I thought him the greatest man on earth. I really loved him better than I loved my mother.

I always thought my mother was not as kind to me as I wished her to be. I was a very frail, delicate child full of sympathy for everything and everybody. My father always doted on me and favored me in everything. My mother was not so patient, was fretful, but now I can realize her condition. Her children were like stairsteps and such a burden to card and spin and weave every thread. We all wove and made our clothes by hand. No wonder I thought her impatient. My oldest sister soon became a great help to her; could spin fling [sic] at eight years old.

I was the baby nurse. Oh! the hum of the wheel and the rattle of the cards made me weary. I knew my long weary day had begun sitting by the cradle; rock, rock all the long summer days. So sleepy I would get, I would fall over asleep but was soon awakened with a button willow switch. I thought the baby awfully cross. My father made me a nice little chair to nurse in. I would take the little brother up and rock him until I was so tired. I moved up close to the fire with him, but he cried the more. Finally my mother took him and he still cried. She began to examine him to find the cause of his fretfulness and I had blistered the poor little fellow's feet on the bottom where I had rocked over the fire. I was too small to discern his feet over the coals of fire. I was so sorry I could have shed tears, but my mother scolded me severely. I never did any wrong on purpose. I always told the truth about everything, although my mother punished me often when I was innocent.

She taught my older brother, then me, myself, our ABC's while carding. I learned faster than him and I would run to the workshop to where my father was always employed to tell him my progress. He would dote on me. Oh, my heart would leap in my bosom for joy. This was before I was old enough to be nurse. I stayed with him in the shop. I would assist him in many ways; would turn the turnlay [sic] for him to shape up nice pieces of furniture, and turn the grindstone to sharpen his bits. I learned by observation to sharpen all kinds of tools, yet I was very young.

This is the first of three chapters that will be reprinted in *Enchanted Rock Magazine* from **Surviving on the Texas Frontier**. Reprinted with permission from the publisher, Eakin Press. To obtain copies of the book (\$19.95 hardback) contact your favorite bookstore, the publisher, Eakin Press by calling 1-800-880-8642, or writing P.O. Box 90159, Austin, TX 78709, or you may obtain autographed copies from the editor, Meridell Henry, P.O. Box 1627, Kingsland, Texas 78639, great-granddaughter of the author.

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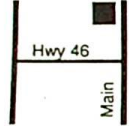
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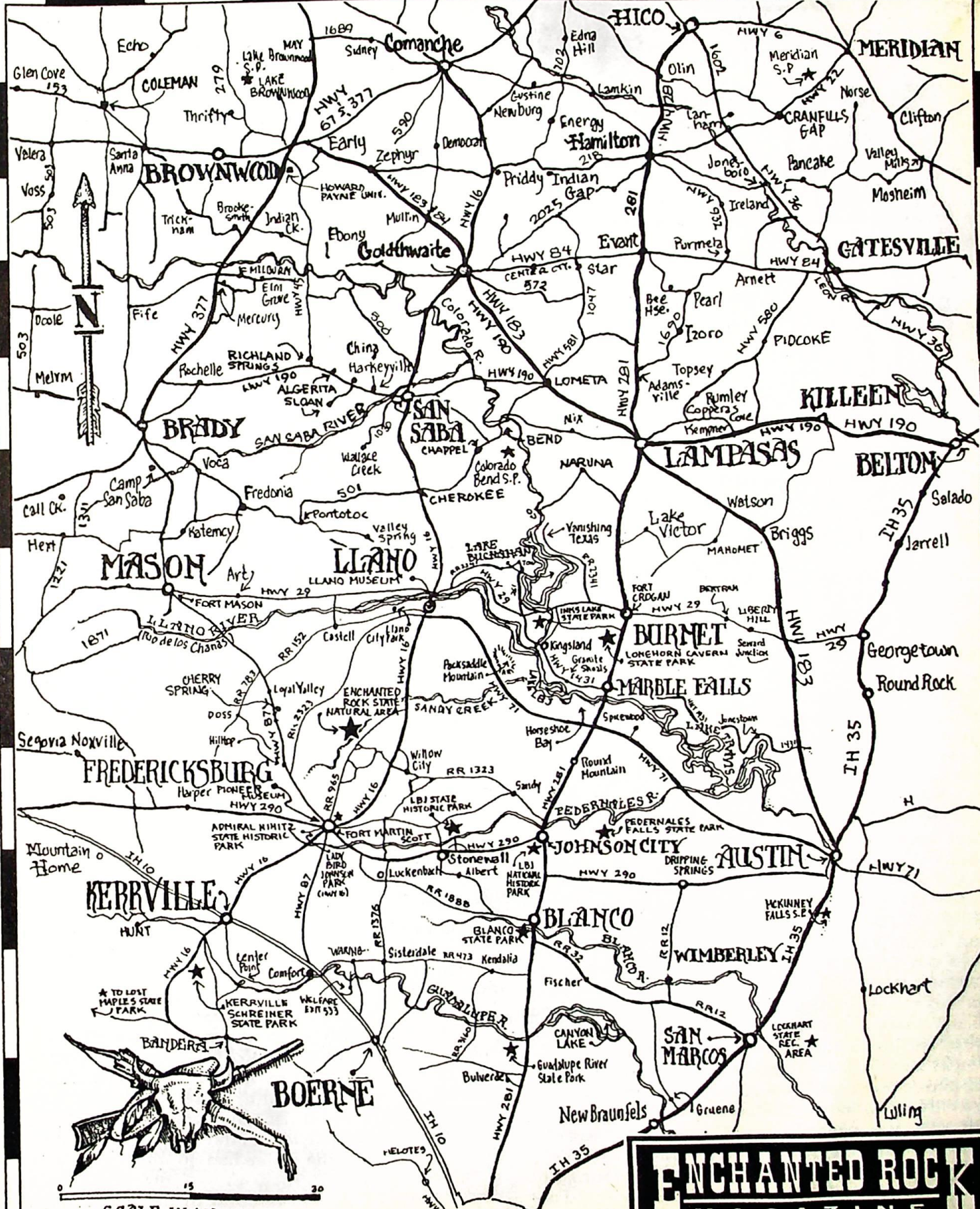
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PARDNERSTOGETHER

THE TRUE STORY OF PECOS BILL AND SLUE-FOOT SUE

BY WARREN LEWIS

SLUE-FOOT SUE AND PECOS BILL GO INTO THE COW BIZNESS

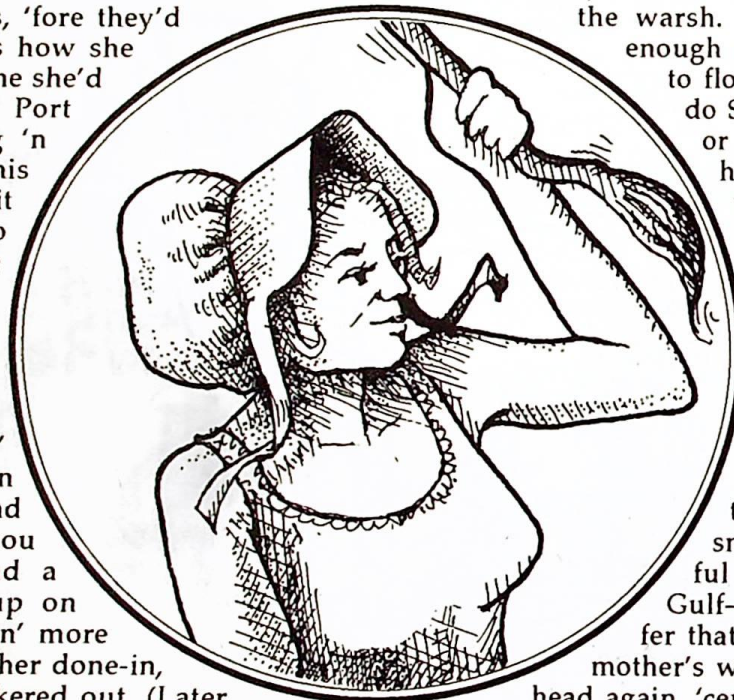
Next mornin', Slue-Foot got up 'fore breakfast, like she always done; fact is, she even got up 'fore the chickens. (Later on, ol' Billy said he wisht he'd knowd about Sue's early risin' habits, 'fore they'd got hitched.) Sue allowed as how she hadn't felt so fine since the time she'd went tarpon fishin' down at Port Aransas; she'd landed a big 'n that time, too, she said. This mornin', as I was sayin, Sue hit the ground runnin', and in no time a-tall, she had the coffee pot a-bubblin, the biskits a-bakin', and the sidemeat a-fryin'.

"You got nothin' better to do than sleep?" Sue kicked Bill's foot, where it was stickin' out from under that b'ar-skin rug that ol' Billy was now kind of all rolled up inside of, or you might say tangled. Bill had a pow'rful hard time wakin' up on most mornin's, and this mornin' more 'n usual. Pecos Bill was altogether done-in, you might say, and plumb tuckered out. (Later on, Bill said he'd worked harder on his weddin' night than on most trail drives.) I reckon that woman shivareed our boy Bill good and proper. Anyhow, he finally crawled out and made it up all right. The smell of b'ilin' coffee, a pan of biskits brownin', and sidemeat cookin' up crispy, was somethin' that Billy—ner anybody else, fer that matter—cain't never resist.

Bill was downin' the last of the second pot, and thinkin' about an after-breakfast nap, when Sue ups and says: "Now we're married, wat we gonna do about it?" And what she meant by that was not what Bill, still sore from the night before, at first was afeared she meant. Nosir, the sun was up, and Slue-Foot thought it was time to go to work. (Later on, Bill said Slue-Foot was the out-workin'est work-crazy danged workwoman he ever *did* see.)

Bein' that it was a Monday mornin', Sue got out her smooth warsh paddle and her lye-soap and her bluin', and she set right to work a-doin' the warsh. Trouble was, 'tweren't

enough water in the Pecos River to float a waterbug, much less do Sue's warshin'. So, like it or not, Bill found hisself a-haulin' water to keep Sue's warshpot filled up, which she kept a-b'ilin' over a fire of buffalo chips all day long. Bill fetched water from ever' where—from the Texas Colorado, till it run dry, and from the Colorado Colorado, till it run dry; and then, Bill even tried to fool Slue-Foot by sneakin' in a few bucketsful of salt water from the Gulf—but Sue was too smart fer that. She offered to turn his



mother's warshpot up on top of his head again, 'cept this time, she said, she

wouldn't bother to empty out the b'ilin' hot water. Bill found out real fast that Sue weren't the kind of woman you mess with, and that's how come of the old Eddard's sayin' that you hear all over Texas these days: "Don't mess with Slue-Foot."

It was also Billy's job, when he wadn't haulin' water, to gether up them nice dried-up cow-patties to keep Sue's warsh fire stoked. So, after a few Monday mornin's of haulin' water and totin' buffalo chips, Bill's mind jist naturly set to work on a plan to make life easier. First off, he dug some artesian wells, but the water had so much gyp in it, all the clothes dried crusty brown and brittle, and they cracked to shivers flappin' in the wind. That gyp water turned Sue's white sheets as rusty as a West Texan's smile; and besides that, the water

comin' up outa the ground was so cold, it kept Bill a-hoppin' to pile on prairie coal enough to hot it. Bill seen straightway that his plan would have to be more scientific.

Billy borried Sue's grubbin' hoe, the one she used to root up mesquites with and cedar breaks and prickly pears, and he set to diggin'. Now, ever'body already knows that Pecos Bill dug the Rio Grandy River single-handed, but prob'ly nobody has ever told you before the reason why he dug it, and why he dug it where he dug it. Why he dug it was to keep his warsherwoman a happy wife, and to get hissself out of a lot of work. And where he dug it was from the Rockies to the Gulf, so that by the time that cold Colorado mountain run-off had snaked its way acrost the meltin'-hot sands of New Mexico and the hotter flats of West Texas, it'd be steamin' ready fer Sue's warshpot.

Sue was mighty obliged, but she said she had a question fer 'im: "Young son," says she, "if y'er so danged smart, how come you ain't rich?"

Slue-Foot had heard tell about all of Bill's many enterprizes and inventions, and seein' that it wadn't all lies, she got it into her head to put him to work on somethin' that would pay. 'Course ever'body already knows how Bill it was—one day when he was fiddlin' around with nothin' better to do—who first put thorns on mesquite trees. And then, when those turned out to grow so well, he picked 'em off the trees and stuck 'em onto rusty lizzerds and invented the horny toad. Billy it was, fu'thermore, that whipped up the first centerpede and the first tarantula and the first stingin' lizzerd, makin' use of the same trick he'd used with the mesquite trees. For a joke on some of his friends, Bill stuck mesquite stickers on a worm to make a centerpede, on a woolly spider to make a tarantula, and on some desert shrimps to make stingin' lizzerds, or scorpions, as some folks calls 'em. You'd have to say that some of Pecos Bill's inventions was better'n others, 'cause it was Bill, after all, who did also invent the ropin' rope, the brandin' iron, and the six gun. Yessir, some of Bill's inventions was more famouser than others, and some of his bizenesses got him into a lot less trouble than the others did.

To give you a fer instance, that time Bill taken out a contract to supply the Southern Pacific Railroad with firewood, he like to got hissself strung up. Billy hired a few hundred Mexicans to chop and haul the wood to the railroad line, and then, as pay fer the job, Bill give each Mexican a quarter of all the wood they'd chopped. 'Course, it didn't take the Mexicans no time a-tall to figger out that it weren't much of a deal, and that they had way more cordwood than they needed to cook their tortillas. That's when Billy agreed to take it off their hands, and he never even charged 'em a cent fer his trouble, neither. Billy always was gen'rous that way. Now, Mexicans is sweet people, but they ain't dumb, and it was a long time 'fore Billy could travel South of the Border agin without runnin' a risk of bein' invited to a Mexican necktie party.

Billy done better at U. S. Gummit work. In record time, he built the line fence that marks the boundary from El Paso to the Pacific, and the way he done that was by roundin' up a whole herd of prairie dogs, and settin' them little critters to diggin' holes, which, by nature, a prairie dog jist loves to do anyhow. Whenever one of them dogs would finish a

Now, Norther was Pecos Bill's amazin' squatterhound. She could run faster'n a deer, she could bark a bear up a tree; and onc't she'd set down on a covey of quails, wouldn't nothin' move that dog till the feathers was skun off and the quails was fryin' in the pan.

nice hole and settle down to live in it, along would come ol' Bill and kick the pore ol' prairie dog outa his hole, stick a fence-post in it in place of the prairie dog, and move that four-footed gentleman posthole-digger on down the line to keep up the good work. Bill done hissself so proud with the prairie dogs, it put him in the mind to use badgers to prospect fer gold; but, as fer as I know, Bill never got rollin' on that one. He did use the badgers to grade roadbed fer the railway, though. Trouble was, badgers can be a ornery lot—they was always wantin' to take out after Bill's prairie dogs, and he had to spend a lot of time chasin' the badgers back to their own camp.

Bill's other most famousest money-makin' scheme had to do with harvestin' buffalo robes. Billy learned how to do it from the Indians, after he and Norther'd been runnin' with a bunch of Kiowas on a huntin' trip. Now, Norther was Pecos Bill's amazin' squatterhound. She could run faster'n a deer, she could bark a bear up a tree; and onc't she'd set down on a covey of quails, wouldn't nothin' move that dog till the feathers was skun off and the quails was fryin' in the pan.

Tell you what: You buy me another Lone Star, and I'll take time out from my lyin' and tell you a true story about Bill's dog. Onc't upon a time, when Bill was still a young whipper-snapper, and him and Norther was out quail huntin, they was creepin' through the shinnery, and ol' Norther had jist spied a nice covey of about twenty quails all hunkered down with their tails together under a bush; so, she naturly squatted down and went on point. Jist as Bill was drawin' a fine bead with his double-barrel, .12-gage to take a skillit shot and bag the whole dang covey with a single cartridge, up run Bullfrog Doyle, tellin' Billy that Santy Anna had the Texicans cornered in the Alamo, and Bill's help was needed mighty fast.

Now, as ever'body already knows, Bill didn't git to San Antone in time, else we'd've won the war right there, and could've skipped the Battle of San Jacinto. Howsomever, Billy lit out in sech a all-fired hurry, he plumb fergot about pore ol' Norther. And then, what with settin' up the Republic of Texas, and all, it wadn't till after the winter and spring and summer and into the next quail season that Billy remembered where he'd left his dog.

"Oh sh..., sh..., shugar!" says Billy, who was still too young in them days to cuss much, and he lit off to find his pooch. When he got back to West Texas and out in the



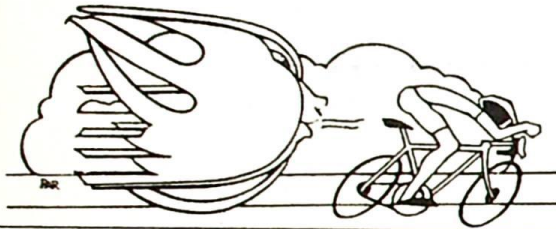
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shinnery, shur 'nough, there was ol' Norther, still on point—she hadn't moved a hair. And as fer them quails, they hadn't moved a feather or an inch. Naturly, it bein' a year later, each pair of birds had hatched out about twenty more chicks, and they'd all growd up, so that Billy's skillit shot bagged him some two hundred mighty fine quail. The best part of it—which Billy hadn't knowd the year before—was that Norther had been in the family way herself, and now she had a litter of eight of the finest quailhound pups that Pecos Bill would ever live to see.

Anyhow, as I was sayin, Bill put ol' Norther to work in the buffalo robe bizness. Norther would run down a buffalo and hold 'im by the ear, till Bill could ketch up and skin that critter alive. Then, Bill would turn the buffalo loose to grow a new hide—thataway, you didn't have to shoot the pore brutes, like them fancy hunters from back East always done. Bill said he thought it was a waste to kill the whole animule jist to git the hide. Bill done all right with his buffalo robe bizness, till spring of one year when he harvested the hides too early, and a blue norther come down late out of the Panhandle and froze all them naked buffaloes to death.

It was mighty sad to see 'em go, and that's why ther ain't many buffaloes left in Texas today. 'Course, it hurt Billy to see all them blue buffaloes, but not so much that he couldn't figger out how to turn a profit. He jist tumbled all them frozen carcasses into the Salt Fork of the Brazos, and by the time spring come and the meat thawed out, Billy had all the pickled buffalo he could sell in Kansas City.

Wellsir, when Sue seen what a clever feller she'd hired to stud, she reckoned there jist wadn't no stoppin' her 'n' Bill, when they put their minds and their backs into it. So, they decided to go into the cow bizness together. And the first thing they done was build a big ranch house with a big yard around it. That yard was so big, and the driveway was so long, to git from the yard gate to the front porch, Bill and Sue kept a string of fast saddle horses at stations along the way to make it convenient fer visitors. Bill and Sue was always hospitable when company come, and they always tried to git you to stay as long as you could. Sheriffs and brand inspectors and revenewers, fer instance, almost never ever did leave.

The next thing Bill and Sue done was stake out New Mexico and fence Arizony fer a calf pasture. Then, they hired on as many hands as thy could find: Mushmouth and Fat Adams, Pretty Pete Rogers and Legs and Bean Hole (the cook) all throwd in with Bill and Sue's outfit about this time. Curly Joe and Moon Hennessey and Bullfrog Doyle had already been ridin' with Bill since shortly after his coyote days.

Now, ever'thing was all set up and ready to go, 'ceptin' fer one bad thing: Could't no good kind of cows live in sech a t'rrible country as the Great Southwest. Either there was too much drouth or too much flood, either the grass was too short or too long, or the winters was too cold or the summers was too hot. Livin' in Texas, like my momma used to say, was always feast or famine. An then, even if you did find some cows that was scrawny enough to stay alive by eatin' nothin' but mesquite beans and prickly pears, first the Indians, and then the Mexicans, would rustle yer stock, and after that the Easterners and the Englishmen would come along steal 'em from you fer pennies. 'Bout the onliest way a honest cattleman could

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keep hissself a sizeable herd was to steal 'em up outa Mexico, but that, of course, could git you into hot water with the Mexiquitas.

Now, Slue-Foot was as hard-workin' a cowhand as the next feller, and she decided to do somethin' about the fix they was in. That time, they was havin' a drouth in Texas, and Bill and Slue-Foot, though they didn't have near enough money, they had a whole lot less to eat. It had got so dry and hot, you could hear the prairie dogs of a mornin' brushin' their teeth with caliche dust fer toothpowders and garglin' dry sand fer mouthwarsh. The grass got so short, not even a jackrabbit would leave his hole without takin' his lunchbucket, or at least a canteen, along with him. What with the water that skeerce and the grass that short and everbody's herds a-dyin' from the drouth, Bill and Sue—smart Texans that they was—calculated that it was time to git theirselves some more cows.

So when Pecos Bill heard tell they was good stock to be had down Mexico way, he allowed as how he sure would like to git his hands on some of them cow-critters. And when Slue-Foot heard him say that, knowin' that Bill wadn't exac'ly as popular in Tequila Land as he migh've been, she knowd ther weren't but one way to keep Bill from goin' back to his rustlin' ways, and mebbe have 'im die of Mexican lead piznin'. Slue-Foot herself would have to git Bill's cows fer him.

Slue-Foot Sue put on her Sunday-go-to-meetin' dress and her best frilled bonnet, scooped what little cash money they had left into her saddlebags, and taken off in the buckboard fer South of the Border, where there never is enough money, but there's always plenty of cows.

Sue made it a point to git all fancied up whenever she went out to do dealin's with some of them good ol' boys. Sue knowd that then they seen a lady comin' all purty'd up, they'd commence to speculatin' on her frills, a-ponderin' on whatever it was she was either a-hidin or a-pointin' to, and git it in their heads that they could put one over on her on account of her not bein' a man. Right then is when Sue always made her best deals. Slue-Foot Sue could git more out of a man with a pot o' rouge and a little powder than a highwayman ever got with a six-shooter.

Sue told Billy she thought she'd be back about supptime, and that she'd admire to see some grub on the table when she got home.

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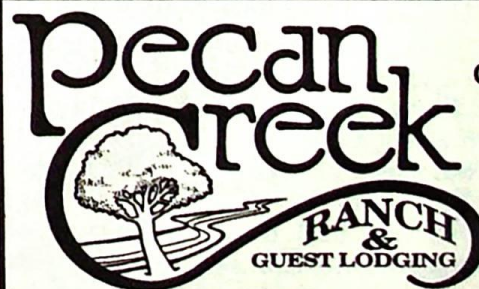
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That last longhorn was a bruiser of a bovine brute—
a one-eyed brindled bull, and meaner-lookin' than all
the rest. His hide was so tough, he didn't hardly have
no ticks on him, 'cause the ticks couldn't chew
their way though the leather; they jist naturly broke
their teeth whenever they tried to take a bite, so they
starved to death instead and fell off on the ground.

Shur'nough, when Sue got down to Mexico, she found herself a whole herd of the rangiest, orneriest-lookin' longhorns, with the longest, sharpest, twistiest, meanest-lookin' horns you ever did see; and they was fer sale cheaper'n frijoles. The ol' boy she bought the cattle from was busy grinnin' and bowin' and lookin' at Sunday finery and frills, whilst Sue was buyin' herself come mighty fine steak on the hoof. Ol' Sue, she paid the Mexican, like she orghta, and started drivin' her beef back to Texas.

When they got to the Rio Grandy, the drouth up in Texas had done broke. Some hurricane or other had blowd in from off the Gulf, the rains had come, and the river was all riled up and on a tear. That muddy li'l ol' creek that some folks calls a river was a yard-'n' a-half deep and about three miles wide and rollin' lickity-split fer Brownsville. If'n Sue had've drove them longhorns into the river, ever'body down in the Valley'd've had free beefsteak—all they could eat.

So ol' Slue-Foot, she sat herself down on the riverbank to think a spell, while them longhorns grazed on Mexican cactus, gravely sand, and river rocks. Purty soon, Sue said she thought she had it figgered out.

She upped and grabbed one of the tick-infested cow-critters by the tail, swung her up into the air, wheeled her round and around her head a few times, and then she let 'er rip. Slue-Foot Sue flung that longhorned bovine clean across the Rio Grandy River at floodtime all the way from Mexico to Texas.

Now, whilst that animule was a-sailin' through the sky, Slue-Foot hit the trail back to town fast as greased lightnin' and found the telegraph office. She sent a wire to ol' Billy, and told him to git hold of Curly Joe, the foreman of their southmost spread—the one they called the Big Bend. Sue told Bill to tell Joey if he seen a longhorn come flyin' down out of the blue, to go and brand it, 'cause it was her'n.

Purty soon, a wire come back fer Sue from Bill, tellin' her that, yes indeed, Curly Joe had seen a kind of a mean-lookin' longhorn come a-flyin' up from Mexico, and he'd wondered if mebbe Sue hadn't sent it.

By that time, Slue-Foot was feelin' downright braggadocious. On her way back down to the river, she said "Buenos Dias" to ever' Mexican she met, and with a twinkle in her eye, she said that she knowd they'd all seen a horse fly, but she wondered if'n they'd ever seen a longhorn fly. Not a one of 'em said they had.

Before Sue sent any more longhorns a-sailin', she taken off her fancy duds, right down to her bloomers. She'd

already found out that a Sunday-go-to-meetin' dress ain't the best thing to wear when you're swingin' a longhorn cow-critter around your head by the tail. Some clothes, like some folks, is purty to look at, but they jist ain't fittin' fer honest work.

One by one, Sue flung all them other bovines—several hundred head of 'em—by their tails across the Rio Grandy, till they was all on the other side, 'cept one. That's when Sue went back into town and sent another wire. You should've seen that Mexican telegraph operator's eyes roll out. He never had sent a telegram fer nobody dressed only in bloomers and a bonnet before. Slue-Foot wired Billy to git the biskits in the oven and to look fer 'er when he seen her comin'. After that, she turned her horse loose, so's he could find his way home, and then she give the buckboard to the telegraph operator fer his trouble. That telegraph operator was more amazed this time than he had been the other time. Nobody in bloomers and a bonnet had ever give him a buckboard before.

Wellsir, that's about all she wrote to the tale of Slue-Foot Sue and the flyin' longhorns, 'ceptin' fer the last part. Ol' Sue went back up to the river, rolled her Sunday-go-to-meetin' dress up under her right arm, and picked up the last longhorn by the tail with her left hand—Sue was a lefty, all right; but I reckon you'd already guessed that.

That last longhorn was a bruiser of a bovine brute—a one-eyed brindled bull, and meaner-lookin' than all the rest. His hide was so tough, he didn't hardly have no ticks on him, 'cause the ticks couldn't chew their way though the leather; they jist naturly broke their teeth whenever they tried to take a bite, so they starved to death instead and fell off on the ground. That bull was so tough, when he did finally die, they didn't have to tan his hide ner cook the meat—the whole danged critter weren't made up of nothin' but boot-leather, bones and beef jerky.

Sue wheeled that gentleman cow around and around and around her head about a half-a-dozen times and flung him out across the river, jist like she'd done them others. 'Cept'n this time, when she let him fly, she shifted her bundled-up dress to under her left arm and grabbed on to that longhorn's tail with her right hand as he flew past her, and she hitched herself a ride. That one-eyed longhorned ornery mossback brindled bull, with Slue-Foot a-hangin' on behind, flew through the air so fast, folks down on the ground that seen ol' Sue a-sailin' overhead in her bloomers said she looked like the tail of a shootin' star on a hot August night.

The flew so fast, I'm here to tell you, they'd no more'n got started but that they landed. When Sue, all dressed up in her bonnet and bloomers, come a-draggin' that bull by his tail up to the front of the cabin, Bill was jist takin' the pan of biskits outa the stove. When Bill seen Sue come stridin' in her bloomers and bonnet, he looked at her and sighed with a satisfied mind: "Sue, you orta dress up more often." And that's how Slue-Foot Sue come to fling a whole herd of longhorns across the Rio Grandy from Mexico to Texas, and git home in time for supper.

Handy as it was to bring up stock from Mexico that-away, Slue-Foot and Bill decided—'specially now that they had a plenty of stock—that there jist had to be a easier way of makin' a livin'. That's when they put their heads together and come up with the first scientific feed lot that anybody had ever seen in them parts. 'Fore Slue-Foot Sue

and Pecos Bill happened along, hadn't nobody ever noticed that you could breed cows to git 'em to come out the way you wanted 'em. So, Bill and Sue hatched the idee of goin' into the scientific cow bizness together—breedin' 'em and raisin' 'em and fatnin' 'em up for market. As fer as I know, long before yer Red Brangus and them other half-breed cows, Bill and Sue was the first ones that bred up a special breed of cow jist right fer West Texas.

It all started out one day when Sue was a-studyin' mountain goats and mountain sheep, and she taken note that most of 'ems legs was either shorter or longer on one side or the other, and she figgerd it was that way 'cause they was always standin' on some mountainside or other. Puttin' 2 and 2 together, Sue calcalated that what works fer sheep and goats would probly work fer cows, too. So, Sue and Bill culled their herd fer any short-legged dogies, and commenced to breedin' a whole new kind of *mountain cow*.

Spring of the year, jist as soon as a cow'd calve, Bill and Sue would start that calf eatin' his way up and around a mountain on the tender young grass, the short-legged side on the up-hill side, and the long-legged side on the down-hill side, to keep 'im from rollin' down the hill. Then, another calf would git born'd, and they'd start that calf in right behind the first one, eatin' his way up and around that same mountain, and so on with the next calf and the next, till Sue and Bill had a whole string of lop-sided dogies a-grazin' their way up half the mountains 'tween Pecos and Santa Fe.

Now, since them little caffies was short-legged on one side and long-legged on the other, there weren't no way they could turn around and come back down the mountain, so they jist had to keep on eatin' and a-climbin', and eatin' and a-climbin'. And that's what made Bill's and Sue's scientific cow-ranch so easy to ride herd on. Them yearlin's didn't have no choice but to take care of theirselves, eatin' their way up and around the mountains. You didn't need no fences to keep 'em from runnin' away, and you didn't have to go huntin' fer mavericks and stray dogies, which made Bill and Sue and the whole outfit happy.

All you had to do was git them lop-sided baby calves aimed right, headed up the mountain in the springtime, and then sit back and wait fer the beef to fall. It was easier'n pickin' peaches or shakin' pecans from the trees. End of the feedin' season, when each fat full-grownd yearlin' had et his way up to the top of the mountain, then—'cause they couldn't turn around or go some other way, and 'cause they couldn't climb no higher—each one jist naturlly taken his turn a-rollin' down the mountainside, butter-ball fat,

down to the bottom where Bill and the boys and Sue was waitin' to ship 'em off to Kansas City. Weren't no time a-tall till Slue-Foot Sue and Pecos Bill was as rich as a dog's insides from sellin' Texas veal to Easterners. And as a matter of fact, it's on account of Sue and Bill's mountain-grownd calves that certain select cuts of beef is called "mountain oyschers" back East.

Soon as Bill and Sue got their ranch to workin', they put up a great big sign so's ever'body would know whose place it was: "Two Pardners Ranch" the sign said, and then it said: "Pecos Bill and Slue-Foot Sue's Scientific Cow Ranch." Sue and Bill both agreed, their partnership in scientific cow ranchin' was a heap sight better'n rustlin' or chasin' stray dogies or flingin' up longhorns from Mexico.

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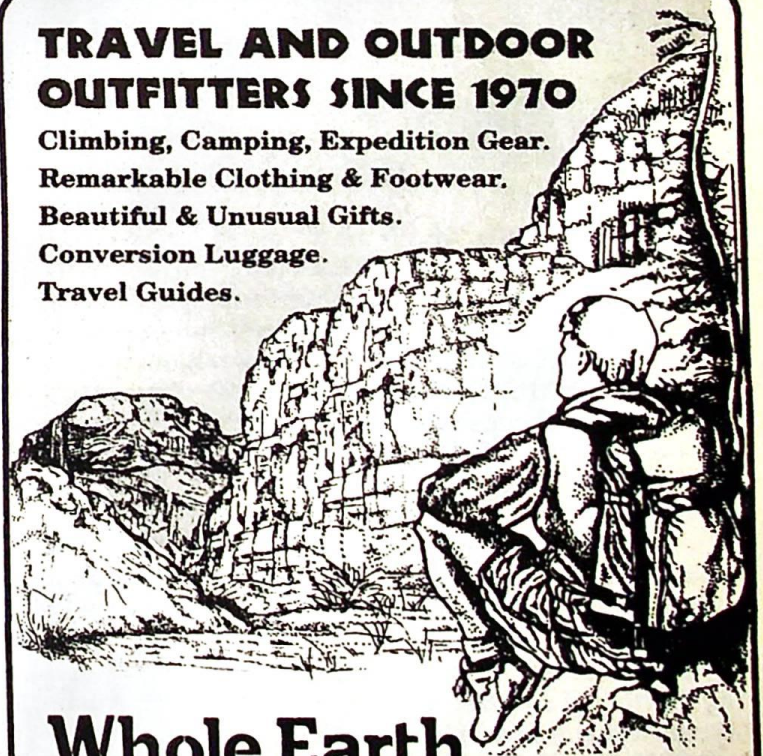
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INDIAN RAID IN BURNET COUNTY



by GEO. HOLLAND

ORIGINALLY TITLED "PIONEER DAYS IN BURNET COUNTY." REPRINTED WITH PERMISSION FROM THE FRONTIER TIMES, FEBRUARY, 1925

The pioneers who came to Texas from 1840 to 1855 to cast their fortunes in the young Republic, that afterward became the brightest star in the brilliant galaxy of States, have practically all passed to the Great Beyond. We who now enjoy the rich and bountiful blessings of this great state owe a great debt to those pioneers, a debt we can never repay, but we should embalm in history their noble and self-sacrificing deeds to be treasured up for the coming generations.

Samuel E. Holland was one among the very first permanent settlers of Burnet County. He was born in Troupe County, Georgia, December 6, 1826. In December 1846 he, with others arrived in Northeast Texas, driving a spike team of three horses after a seventy-one days drive. Then following the drag of civilization in Texas they came to Austin, then a small village, and camped for a time near where the great granite capitol now stands. The rumble of the Mexican War was charging the atmosphere at that time and Mr. Holland joined the ranks, going to Mexico immediately. He was in the battle of Buena Vista and was also engaged in other battles of that war. Indians were depredating and Mr. Holland's regiment was sent back to protect the frontier. He

was engaged in several skirmishes with the Indians and was then honorably discharged from the army in 1848. He then came to Burnet County which was then on the Western Frontier. When he arrived, soldiers under Robert E. Lee were stationed at old Fort Croghan.

Mr. Holland liked the country and decided to, and did, purchase 1280 acres of land three miles south of the present town of Burnet, which is situated in Hamilton Valley. This tract of land was greatly desired by General McCullough, Mr. Holland paid fifty cents and acre for the land—today much of it is well worth \$100 an acre. In the latter part of 1848 Mr. Holland with all his personal property, a mule and a wagon, moved to his land, later married, raised a family of fourteen children and prospered. In his declining years he divided the land among his children and others who now enjoy the blessing of our present generation.

The County of Burnet was organized in 1852 and Mr. Holland was the first Treasurer-Clerk of the county, and was the first man married in the organized county; married Miss Mary Scott in October 1852, and a son, George, was born to the union and he now is in his seventy-second year and bears the distinction of having been the first

white child born in Burnet county. Mrs. Holland died March 3, 1855. In September, 1855 Mr. Holland married Miss Clara Thomas. Ten children were born to that union, four boys and six girls. On Jan. 8, 1887, the second Mrs. Holland died and in September, 1887, Mr. Holland was again married to Mrs. Susan A. McCary. Three boys and three girls were born to that union.

Mr. Holland lived on his 1280 acre tract of land from 1855 to 1890 and engaged in farming and stock raising. He represented his district in the Texas Legislature from 1890 or 1890, when his eye sight failed. He continued to take keen interest in

the earlier days of his life, Mr. Holland fought Indians on the frontier through Gillespie, Blanco, Llano, Mason and Burnet Counties. During those earlier days the country was also infested with desperadoes and outlaws and he was quite a factor in helping to drive them out or bringing them within the confines of the law.

After the close of the Civil War, Mr. Holland, ever the law abider and the law enforcer, helped carry his part of the country through the troublous days of reconstruction when Texas was infested with political Carpet-baggers, political sharks, scalawags and cut-throat bands. However, Mr. Holland was sharked out of some \$70,000 during those times.

Sometime about 1869 Mr. Holland bought the Mormon Mill, which was located seven miles South of Burnet on the falls of Hamilton Creek, paying in the neighborhood of \$3,500 for the entire property and moved his family there in August 1869, leasing his home place to George P. Pankey, 1646 acres at \$300 per year.

At that time Mormon Mill was the grinding place for the people from Williamson, Blanco, Gillespie, Llano and Burnet Counties, some coming from Mason, San Saba and Lampasas counties. Many of these customers had to spend several days for coming and going to and from having their grinding done.

After sixteen months Mr. Holland sold the Mill to Jas. T. Moore for considerably more than he had paid for it. He then made arrangements with his lessors with provisions for moving back to his home place just south of Burnet.

While on his way to make such arrangements he encountered twenty-three Indians who had the day before raided the country in the old Smithwick Mill section, some fourteen miles down the Colorado River from the present town of Marble Falls, and in the raid had encountered some white children and Negro children in a field. The children all succeeded in hiding out in the timber or undergrowth, except a Negro girl who was captured and made prisoner.

Mr. Holland had heard of the raid and knew that the Indians were somewhere near and on the warpath, but supposed them to be somewhere to the South or Southwest.

The night before Mr. Holland was to start to his old home just south of

Burnet, his mother-in-law, Mrs. Elizabeth Scott and her son, Henry, had spent the night with him, and as he was preparing for the trip, Mrs. Scott, who lived on Oatmeal Creek some miles east from Mr. Holland, asked him to wait just a little while until she and her son could start, as part of the journey lay over the road which Mr. Holland was to travel. The three of them traveled together for some miles when they arrived at a point where their respective destinations lay in different directions, Mrs. Scott and her son, Henry, to turn or go on East, Mr. Holland then turned West across Hairston Creek and directly rode near, but did not see the Indians who had just stripped and stabbed to death the Negro girl whom they had made prisoner the day before. While this was taking place Mr. Holland rode leisurely along, headed North and as the wind was from the North he did not hear the Indians until they were close behind him. Thinking he heard a rumbling as if rapidly running horses were somewhere near, he looked back and saw the Indians coming. Spurring his fat, lazy, bay pony into a run, and reaching for his old Navy Colt, loaded with only four cartridges, he found it hung in his holster, the Indians having first let him ride on until he came out on a sparsely timbered hill, so finding himself with all odds against him he continued to spur his pony and finally succeeded in unloosing his pistol from the holster. By that time seven Indians on horseback, armed with pistols were almost upon the heels of his pony. Two of the Indians were riding faster horses than was Mr. Holland and ran up on each side of him, shooting all the while, the five just behind doing likewise, and Mr. Holland using all four of his cartridges with no more on his person, although he had powder and caps. Of all the shots fired none took effect unless it was Mr. Holland's last shot. He thought his last shot probably took effect in the body of the horse ridden by the Indian who rode almost against Mr. Holland's left side.

The other sixteen were probably armed with bows and arrows but were behind the other seven. As Mr.

Holland sped on he recognized old Negro Mingo Dale who was headed toward the cedar brakes from whence Mr. Holland had come. Old Mingo had heard the shooting and had stopped his wagon and team to look and listen. As Mr. Holland passed he shouted "Get to the brush." By that time Mingo had turned his team and had taken a pecan standard from his wagon frame and was flaying his team with all his might, the team running at full speed, the wagon hitting the road in high places. The Indians were then shooting at the Negro, and Mr. Holland was probably 150 or 200 yards ahead looking back watching the savages, for he did not have any more loads in his pistol. Mingo kept flaying his team but never drew his pistol, as the Indians drew closer, Mingo yelled "For God Almighty's sake Mr. Holland, go to the brush or the Indians will get us sure." By that time Mr. Holland was very near the edge of a dense thicket. He jumped from his horse and ran into it, a moment or two more and Mingo jumped from his wagon and joined Mr. Holland, his team still going full speed up the road. Mr. Holland told Mingo to

Mr. Holland was probably 150 or 200 yards ahead looking back watching the savages, for he did not have any more loads in his pistol. Mingo kept flaying his team but never drew his pistol, as the Indians drew closer, Mingo yelled "For God Almighty's sake Mr. Holland, go to the brush or the Indians will get us sure."

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hand him some bullets for his pistol, these Mr. Holland whittled down to fit his empty Navy Colt's, for Mr. Holland and Mingo expected to give fight from the thicket. Strange though it happened, the Indians continued the flight after Mingo's fleeing team, finally caught them, cut them loose from the wagon and went on up the pathway. After waiting some little time in the thicket, Mr. Holland and Mingo came cautiously out of the thicket and went on up the road some seven or eight hundred yards to where Mr. Holland's widowed sister, Mrs. Ruda Covington, lived with several grown sons. There he secured another horse and a rifle and then sent Mingo on the run to the little village of Burnet to tell men of the encounter and for them to form a band of men to head toward the North Gabriel out North and East of the little town. For Mr. Holland's opinion was that the Indians headed that way, but as we shall see he miscalculated upon their maneuverings.

After leaving his sister's home and after having sent Mingo to give warning, Mr. Holland proceeded on his way to the old home place. Meanwhile, the Indians had turned Eastward about three-fourths of a mile and had come together for a consultation and in the meanwhile two Negroes, who had been to old Mormon Mill for grinding the day before, were jogging along walking by their ox teams and had at that time arrived near to where the Indians had come together. The Negroes had a dog with them and their dog scented the Indian band and gave the alarm. The Negroes then saw the Indians and broke to run to the little settlement just west of them. The Indians gave chase and soon it was a race for life. The Negroes out ran for some distance, jumped a fence, screaming at the top of their voices as they ran toward two or three houses

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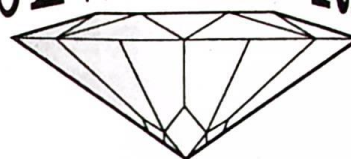
situated near Coon Spring. The men-folk of the little settlement were all off from home that day at work, most of them away down in the cedar-brakes.

Mr. Holland, who was then riding on the North, heard the screaming of the Negroes. Of course he supposed it was caused by the Indians from whom he had just escaped. He wheeled his horse, felt for his pistol and sped toward the screaming, for he knew it would never do to let the Indians reach the little settlement, for the women were alone and he could not hope for re-enforcements. He intended to meet them before they reached the first house, which was occupied by the Coon family. As he raced toward the screaming Negroes, the advance Indians saw Mr. Holland, and recognized him and fell back. No doubt in their savage minds they regarded him as an uncanny specimen of white flesh, since the fierce battle with him earlier in the morning had proved his miraculous escape from their fusillade of shots at such close range. Meanwhile, Farrel Coon and Henry Par' the two Negroes, came up all but scared to death of breath. Mr. Holland asked, "Why didn't you for they were both well armed. They replied Holland, them thar' Injuns didn't give the nearest house, occ that one of the wc helped the other i Mr. Holland and o. place to which Mr. Houa. they being within less than one mue of it. Mr. Holland sent the Negro out East across Hay Branch to hunt for his horse. The Negro found a horse almost dead which the Indians had left and later another horse was found that had been ridden down and left. The men whom Mr. Holland had bade Negro Mingo to warn to band and go to North Gabriel had gone but missed running upon the Indians for the savages had turned west crossing Hamilton Creek at Government Crossing, some four and one-half miles southwest of the town of Burnet, thence on into Llano County, plundering, murdering and burning as they went through the sparsely settled country. On that raid the Whitlock family of the Eastern part of Llano county were murdered. Mr. Whitlock was far out from a settlement and had taken up land on the Indians' main passage way and in revenge they found Mr. Whitlock plowing in the field, killed and scalped him and took his team. It is supposed that his wife and four or five children saw or heard the Indians when they came upon the husband and father in the field and their screaming caused the Indians to find them, murder them and then burn the house. Some people thought that one of the little Whitlock boys was taken prisoner, as no trace of him was found in the burned ruins, and though search for him through the reservations failed to reveal any trace of him, the supposition was that he was killed on the way to the reservations, his body buried and covered with rocks or else burned.

The tracing of this noted Indian raid took place December 6 and 7, 1870. Mr. Holland's encounter taking place December 6, 1870

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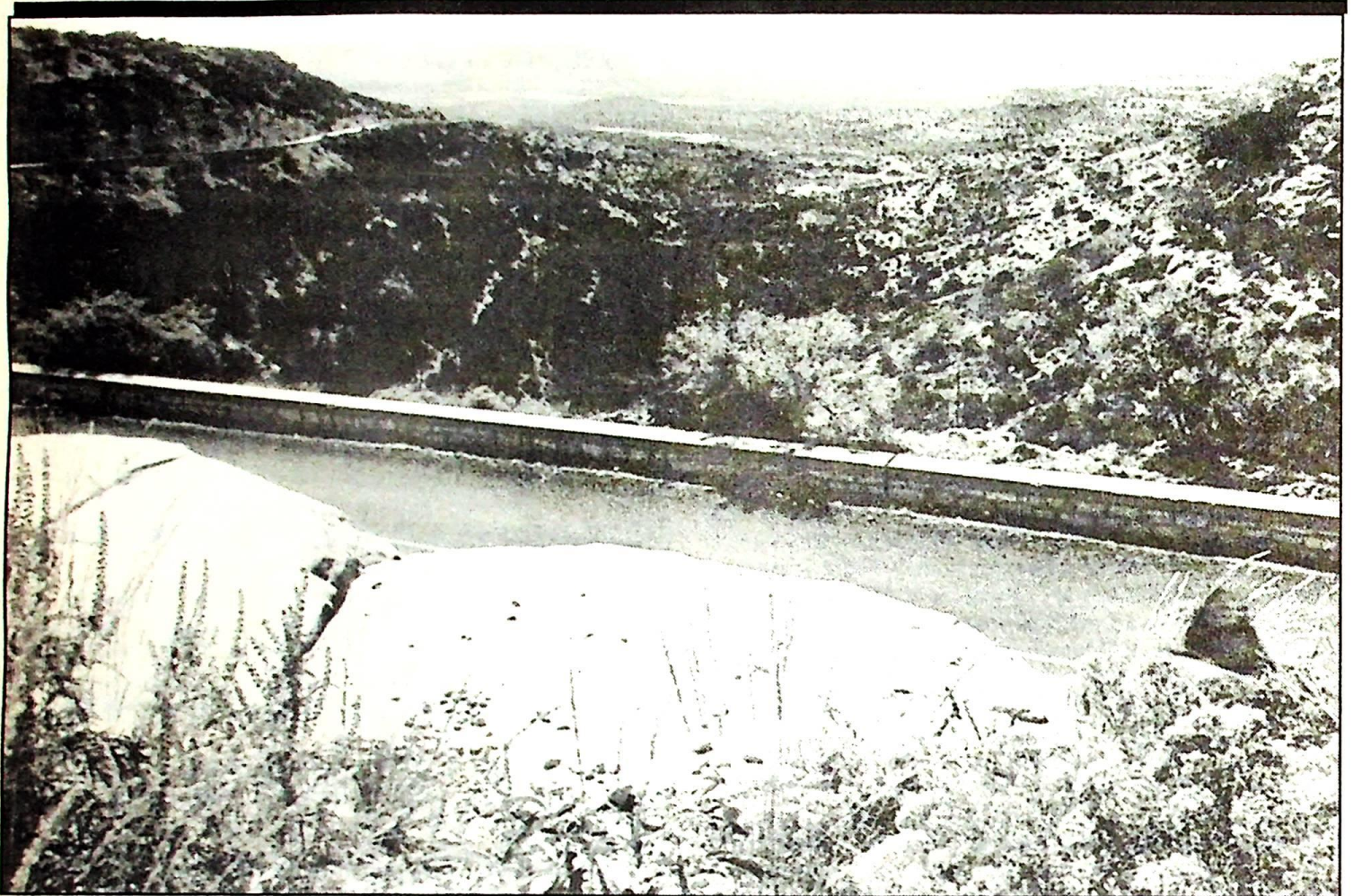
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MARATHON RUN

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VIEW FROM LANCASTER OVERLOOK, THE WESTERN MOST HILL COUNTRY ABOVE THE PECOS RIVER. PHOTO BY CHARLES TISCHLER.

BY CHARLES TISCHLER, EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The sun was bright and the south wind was blowing as my wife Dixie and I climbed into the trooper in the parking lot of the Albertson's supermarket there on Anderson Mill Road, just southwest of our home in Jollyville. This trip had been in the works for more than half a year. As I slid into the driver's seat and admired the sparkling clean glass all around. I finally felt like the trip had started.

We were heading west to explore the Big Bend country, with the first night's stay planned in Marathon, almost 400 miles west. Dixie had never been out there and it seemed the best place for us to get away. All the chores had been done and Buck and his dog, Buddy, were coming in to take care of K-9s Sammy and Chester and the cats. I had finally washed the trooper the night before and she was vacuumed and armoralled. I had even used the foaming brush twice and in the long process of spent \$3.75 scrubbing months of bug juice off her leading edges.

We headed west on Anderson Mill Road and then west on Ranch Road 620, the road that runs from I-35 to Highway 71 at Bee
22 ENCHANTED ROCK MAGAZINE

Caves. Austin's Friday morning traffic had just about run its course, and within minutes we crossed the Colorado River just below Mansfield Dam, came on past Lakeway, and then at Bee Caves headed West on 71.

In no time I could see there was going to be a problem. The Monarch and Snout butterflies were well into their autumnal migration and each had battled this far south on their way to the wintering grounds in central Mexico. Today they were fighting a fifteen to twenty mile an hour breeze, but were still able to make headway if they kept about grill high, just above the tall grasses and bright yellow flowers. The speed limit changes to seventy miles an hour just west of the Pedernales High Bridge there at Paleface. I brought the trooper up to speed and mashed the cruise control button. After over twenty years of fifty-five mile an hour speed limits on Texas' roads it felt like a crime. On west past Spicewood and across Highway 281 into Llano County the road runs through huge ranches in the country beneath Packsaddle Mountain.

Snap. Another Monarch bites the dust and leaves its yellow

signature on the windshield. I grumbled my concern and guilt over the Monarchs. The winter before a rare freeze killed off millions in the high valleys of Mexico. The Snouts on the other hand, smaller and dingier, had produced a record brood because the drought conditions of 1996 killed off a particular wasp which usually keeps the Snout populations in check.

The sun shone brightly on Llano as we made our way up Ford Street, Highway 16, and crossed the Llano River on the picturesque steel bridge. The Llano was running clear over polished granite and clean sand on its way to the Colorado, only 30 or so miles left to go. Then it was left on Highway 29 and west again, not taking the turnoff to Brady, but with sights set on Mason and Zavalas Restaurant for a Hill Country lunch. It was fried fish Friday and the locals at Zavalas who filled the parking lot with battered pickups, minivans, and late model full-sized sedans came inside and filled their plates with hand battered catfish, coleslaw, fries and hush puppies. Dixie and I went Mexican — hers the steak tampiquena and mine the carne guisada and the hot homemade flour tortillas and coffee.

Well fed, we continued west on Highway 29 to Menard and there we picked up Highway 190. Just west of town, we paused at the Presidio San Saba, strangely tumbled ruins of a WPA project that commemorated the establishment of the Presidio during the reign of Spain over Texas. The faded information at the kiosk between the golf course and the ruins said that the original Presidio had been made of logs and nothing remained of the failed attempt to wrestle the country and all her wealth from the native tribes who in 1769 drove those early Europeans back out of the hills all the way to the Balcones Escarpment. Mention was made of irrigation canals from the earliest period (still in evidence back closer to the town of Menard), but there was no time for that on this run.

We continued west on 190 and paused at the historical marker telling about Peg Leg Crossing. Then, just a little further west a large porcupine lay dead on the yellow center lines. We discussed turning around and retrieving a few quills as we had done on the last car-struck porcupine we had found almost two years earlier near Vanderpool. A single quill from the Vanderpool porcupine still rode in the map pocket on the driver's side in the Trooper. We kept going.

We had chosen the Highway 190 route for several reasons. On earlier trips out west we sometimes traveled to Kerrville and I-10; other times we drove 290 west through Fredericksburg and Harper, then catching I-10 east of Junction. But on this trip I didn't want to struggle with the transcontinental traffic, the overloaded compact cars with Florida plates, and the eighteen wheelers Pacific Coast bound. I was also trying to retrace the route I had followed on my first trip to the Big Bend with Tim Ballew on Labor Day weekend 1969. Traffic was almost nonexistent, and we were making good time. The migrating butterflies continued their trek from right to left across the road, sometimes seemingly attracted to the orange reflectors on the center stripes. We topped off the gas tank in El Dorado and took the time to drive around the few streets where abandoned architecture told of more robust times.

The rolling valley peanut fields near Menard had given way to the high plateau, and the first evidence of the petroleum industry started popping up in the form of small-scale pumping operations widely scattered before the flattened horizon. Out west of El Dorado we turned south on Highway 163 and headed toward

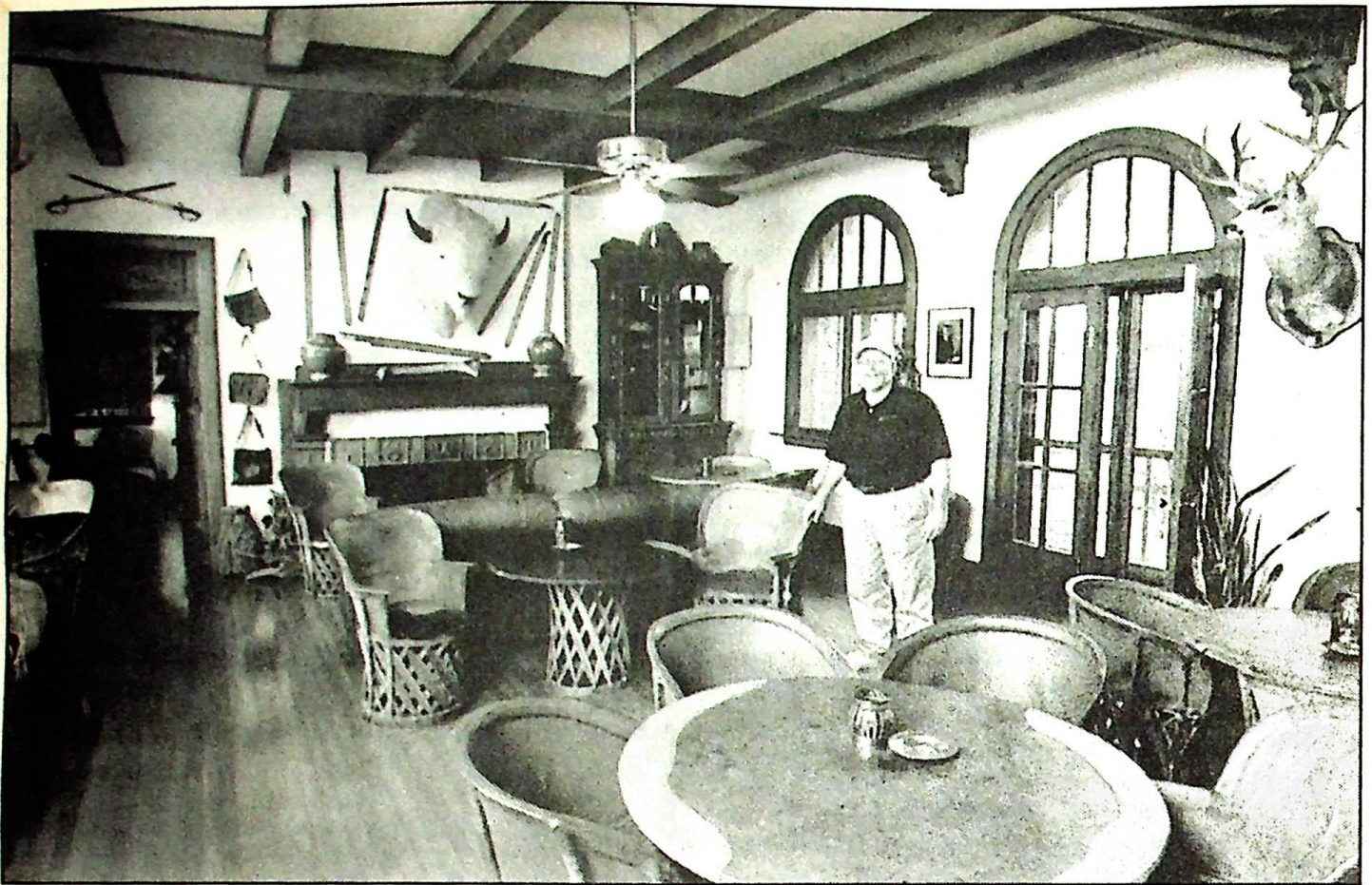
WE GOT OUT AND I STARTED READING THE HISTORICAL MARKER. "HIGH LONESOME STAGE STOP," A MILE NORTHEAST OF THAT LOCATION, HAD PROVEN ESSENTIAL IN THE LATE NINETEENTH CENTURY AS A WAY STATION BETWEEN OZONA AND POINTS NORTH. THAT OCTOBER DAY THERE WAS JUST THE WEST TEXAS SUN AND WIND AND BLOWING GRASSES FOR COMPANY.

Ozona. Another historical marker at a little picnic area on the right beckoned us and we pulled in.

I was still fiddling around, getting ready to turn off the ignition, when through the driver's side window there appeared a young orange and white short-haired cat emerging from under a bench there at the picnic area. The way the picnic area was laid out the cat was almost eye level with me. He repeatedly rubbed his head on the underside of the wooden bench and kneaded the air above the concrete slab, exhibiting his warmest greetings. I could see he wore a flea collar . . . Oh kitty, what adventures have you already had? I turned to Dixie and said, "Look at that."

We got out and I started reading the historical marker. "High Lonesome Stage Stop," a mile northeast of that location, had proven essential in the late nineteenth century as a way station between Ozona and points north. That October day there was just the West Texas sun and wind and blowing grasses for company. I tried to read the marker in its entirety but was distracted by the cat who had escalated his affections from kneading patterns in the tops of my Red Wing boots to full frantic nursing behavior on the cuff of my right pant leg.

I had already looked at the cat closely enough to rule out any profound skin diseases so I picked him up and gave him another once over. He was in good shape, and from the feel and texture of his abdomen it seemed he was far from starving to death. From the dirt on his front claws that he continued to flex as he seemed compelled to do, I figured he had been hunting, maybe finding mice and rats out on this high grassland. I whirled him around and by the condition of his plumbing, judged him to be seven or eight months old. He was purring like a Briggs and Stratton motor. All the while I was pondering what to do . . . I thought about our menagerie back in Jollyville, I thought about the long, international journey that lay before us and I thought about options, all of which I ruled out one by one. As I continued to hold him, I gazed down the lonely highway and there, a few hundred feet further south, was a mail box and a ranch gate. Then to the east I could make out a stand of trees, a power line and the hint of buildings and water tanks. Dixie and I agreed on a plan of action. She got back into the trooper and put a towel over her lap. I threw the cat on the driver's seat and he moved on over onto Dixie's lap and commenced to nursing the buttons on her denim shirt. I climbed in and we crossed the highway, past the mail box that said CHILDRESS, and down a fine little paved road maybe a mile in length. There were herds of fat



IN THE LOBBY—GENERAL MANAGER, BILL STEVENS, OF THE GAGE HOTEL IN MARATHON. PHOTO BY CHARLES TISCHLER.

sheep and then a ranch headquarters, and then Dixie said, "We can ask that lady over there in the yard." Sure enough, in the front lawn area of an old ranch house I could see a figure hunkered over, working on a dead Oleander with a bow saw. A worn straw cowboy hat only half-covered long grey hair. We stopped and I extracted the cat from Dixie's blouse, got out and walked toward the yard gate. The person in the yard looked up. He was a fully-bearded Hispanic ranch hand, with long grey hair over his shoulders and the fullest grey beard I had ever seen on such a man.

As I walked toward the gate where we had disturbed him, I held the cat out in front of me. I spoke English, asking if he knew the cat. He looked confused. I realized I was in the wrong language, but continued with gestures saying 'park' and pointing toward the picnic area to the west. Communication was accomplished and he stepped forward and took the cat. The last time I saw the two of them, the man was gingerly carrying the cat toward another house. I wasted no time in getting back in and heading out the road, remarking that it was in God's hands now, and wondering what the future might bring to the pair of them.

Within fifteen minutes we had come off the high plateau and were rolling into Ozona, the county seat of Crockett County, with a Chamber of Commerce sign announcing Ozona is the biggest little town in the world. I've always felt special about Ozona; it was there on that first trip to Big Bend 27 years earlier that Tim and I had bought some snacks and soft drinks, having discovered we had left our sack of groceries in Tim's kitchen back in Austin.

On this trip Dixie and I remarked about the well kept homes

under pecan trees and the nice courthouse square that seemed to politely ask us to stay longer, but there were miles before us and we merged onto I-10, keeping an eye peeled for the exit for the old Highway 290 just a few miles west. We exited I-10 and pulled up to the intersection at the overpass. There was a Highway Department sawhorse and sign that read 'road closed'. But, this is the way I had wanted to go . . . to take Dixie down the old road where the Western-most Hill Country Canyons give way to the Pecos river. I said, "Well, let's see how far we can go." I pulled around the sign and started making good time across the flat top of the Edwards Plateau. Further along there was an intersection and another sign saying 'road closed'. We continued. Just at the Lancaster Overlook, the road was fully barricaded.

We pulled into the overlook and got out. I was satisfied. Before us in the afternoon haze was hundreds of square miles of West Texas framed by the limestone ledges of Government Draw with its scrawny mesquite, cedar and oaks mixed with the vegetation of the Chihuahuan dessert.

The historical marker there at the overlook recalled the passing of ancient tribes and later Spanish Explorers and later still, mounted marauders of every ilk. The treacherous route down the southern edge of the precipitous draw had felt the hooves of old time bison, the metal shoes of Army Mules, and the old world pads of the camel corps on their way to Ft. Lancaster. It had felt the hooves of yoked oxen on the long trek from old St. Louis to Chihuahua City that still laid so very far to the west.

I had been thinking about and remembering that very place over the 27 years since I had been there my only other time. To our backs was the Texas Hill Country in its broadest sense. We stood at the western-most edge of a huge block of limestone from which our finest rivers are born and fed by springs of the best water. At our backs was the heart of Texas from High Lonesome to San Antonio.

For the past year and a half this is where *Enchanted Rock Magazine* had drawn its western boundary of editorial territory. But we had just recently cut the strands demarcating that territory and had redrawn the magazine's focus to the outline of Texas from the Rio Grande to the Red and from the Sabine to Guadalupe Peak and beyond. This was my first editorial journey over the line. And, while my birthplace and my heart lie in the Texas Hills, I felt a lift of freedom. We got back in and as we were exiting the parking area, a white Texas Department of Transportation work truck approached. I lowered my window and had a pleasant conversation with the burly lone workman at the wheel. He said the caliche beneath the road bed had given way and TxDoT was patching things up. On the way back to the interstate we encountered several official vehicles from sedans to big trucks headed out to Government Road to reconnect the link to Ft. Lancaster. Back on I-10 we drove through sleeping little Sheffield and then climbed southward on Highway 349 and then southwestward on Ranch to Market road 2400 and then south again on highway 285 to Sanderson. And all this way the butterflies had continued to meet their maker on the leading edges of the trooper, leaving nasty remains of rusty brown and yellow splatters on the white paint. At the Diamond Shamrock Station I worked on the windshield and bent down and checked my radiator through the grill. The house flies in Sanderson have learned to feed on the butterfly juice of traveler's cars and they swarmed around me as I scrubbed the windshield clean.

The sun was getting low and there came that melancholy evening feeling of realizing how far you are from home. From Jollyville, Sanderson feels way out yonder.

We headed west on highway 90 and before the sun set we arrived at the Gage Hotel in Marathon. We had heard recently that the Gage was a great place to stay, but we really weren't prepared for such a tasteful oasis.

Over fifteen years ago J.P. and Mary Jon Bryan rescued the Gage and the block of western store fronts along old Highway 90. They pumped a bunch of money into it, added on a wing of adobe guest rooms, a swimming pool and a courtyard. The original two story brick section of the hotel had served as ranch headquarters for the Gage family back in the twenties and thirties. Out here there are plenty of holdings that by area surpass a surprisingly long list of sovereign countries in other parts of the world.

Today the traveler enters the lobby area through double-hung screened doors when the weather's right and steps into nothing short of a living museum of the old West. Rawhide tables and chairs invite the traveler to sit a spell and marvel at the myriad artifacts on display. Above the fireplace, framed by Tarahumara drums and their sticks, the mounted head of a White Buffalo kept watch. We soon met Bill Stevens, general manager of the Gage operations. When asked about the White Buffalo he confidently said, "One of seven in the world"

Bill went on to say that Mr. Bryan had bought a western
Continued on page 36

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BUFFALO SOLDIERS

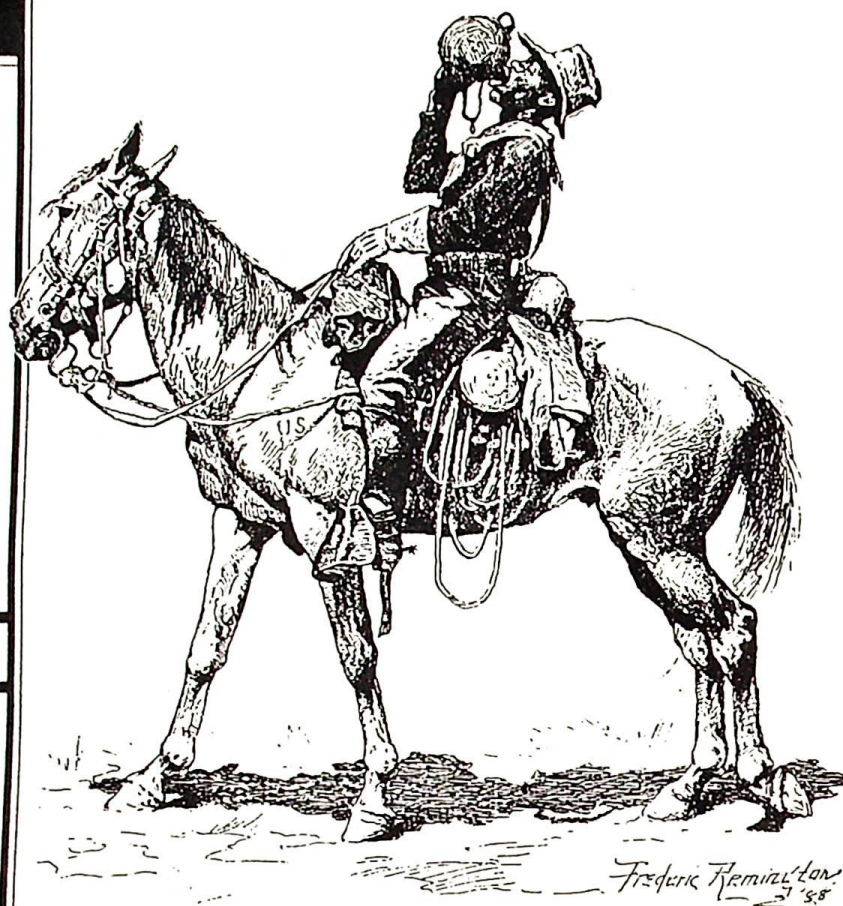
by STEVE GOODSON

The Tenth's regimental headquarters remained at Fort Riley until April 17, 1868, when they moved to Fort Gibson, Indian Territory. The Tenth's duties here were much the same as they had been in Kansas, patrolling the surrounding area for

renegade bands of Indians and guarding roads used by work details stringing telegraph lines and railroad construction crews. The Tenth remained at Fort Gibson until the end of March, 1869, when General Sheridan ordered them to Camp Wichita, a site selected by him as suitable for a military outpost.

The Tenth began constructing the installation on a beautiful grass prairie located near Cache Creek and, the following August, it was named Fort Sill. Their duties here were to hold the country from which the Indians had been expelled and to keep the Indians within the boundaries assigned to them. Whisky peddlers and horse thieves complicated their duties greatly. The Comanches and Kiowas soon rebelled at being forced to remain in an area which was only a small portion of the lands they once claimed. The Indians were definitely unwilling to cease their raids into Texas, an activity which quickly enraged the settlers there. Life at the post soon fell into the routine of countless patrols around the reservation and along the Red River. The Indians even attacked the garrison at Fort Sill several times.

Temperatures had pretty much reached the boiling point when General Sherman arrived to assess the situation. He undertook a tour of the frontier military posts in Texas and at first everything seemed to be relatively quiet. However, Sherman was on hand when a bloodstained teamster staggered into Fort Richardson with the story of a massacre which occurred on the same road that Sherman had just used to arrive at the outpost. During the afternoon of the previous day, a war party of about one hundred Indians attacked ten wagons about twenty miles west of Jacksboro. According to the teamster, seven of his eleven companions had been killed. He and



four others managed to escape into some nearby timber.

Sherman angrily ordered Colonel Ranald Mackenzie, the commander at Fort Richardson, to take every available man to locate and apprehend the renegades. Colonel Mackenzie arrived at the scene of the massacre during a heavy thunderstorm by early evening of the next day. He found seven mutilated bodies, one of which the Indians had chained to a wagon pole and burned to a crisp. Mackenzie left a small detail to bury the dead and continued to pursue the renegades, but the rain and accompanying mud hampered his efforts.

Sherman suspected that the raiding party had originated from the reservation at Fort Sill. He arrived there on May 23 and, joined by Colonel Grierson, went to the reservation agent, told him about the raid and demanded his help in identifying the culprits. The agent, a Quaker named Lawrie Tatum, called the chiefs into his office the next day while they were at the agency to receive their rations. Tatum told the chiefs about the raid and asked them if they knew who had done it. A Kiowa, known as Satanta, stood up, berated the agent for the many wrongs his people had suffered at the hands of the whites, accused the agent of cheating the Indians and then demanded guns and ammunition. Satanta boasted that he had led the raid and that Satank and Big Tree had accompanied him.

Tatum went to Sherman and Grierson and told them what he had learned. The two officers decided to request a council with the Kiowas, hold it in front of Grierson's house and apprehend the guilty chiefs there. Grierson ordered a detail of Buffalo Soldiers to

go to the stables located near his house and wait there saddled and mounted, ready for action. He then told them to remain concealed until he gave a signal at which time they were to deploy into defensive positions to prevent escape and any resulting bloodshed. As an added precaution, a dozen troopers armed with Spencer rifles were stationed inside Grierson's house behind the shuttered windows facing the front porch.

These preparations had just been completed when Satanta arrived. Under questioning from Sherman, he readily admitted his part in the raid, but, as he saw Sherman's temper rising, he first began to alter his story, then got up and attempted to leave. Grierson's orderly drew his pistol and told the chief to sit down, which he immediately did. Just then twenty Kiowas rode up with Satank to take part in the council. Sherman told them that the chiefs who had led the war party were to be arrested and sent to Texas for trial. Satanta flew into a rage and clutched a pistol under his blanket. At this moment, Sherman gave a command and the shuttered windows flew open revealing the Buffalo Soldiers with their carbines cocked and ready. In the face of such overwhelming odds, Satanta calmed down at once.

Grierson then signalled to the troopers concealed in the stables. The gates opened and two companies trotted into position, one on the left and one on the right. Another detail covered the front and back of the house with one detachment quietly moving into place behind some nearby Indians who had gathered to observe the council.

At this point, a Kiowa named Lone Wolf arrived. he got off his horse carrying two Spencer carbines and a bow with a quiver of arrows. he strode up to the porch, tossed the bow and arrows to one warrior, a carbine to another, cocked his remaining carbine, then turned and faced General Sherman. At this moment Colonel Grierson grabbed Lone Wolf's carbine and shouted to the interpreter to tell the Indians that violence would not save their chiefs. For a split second, it looked as if the porch would become a slaughter pen. Satanta screamed an order to the warriors and they put down their weapons, allowing the Soldiers to take the chiefs to the post's guardhouse.

With the wagon train affair resolved, Sherman left for Fort Gibson, escorted by a troop of Buffalo Soldiers. Colonel Grierson and the Tenth Cavalry had impressed the general with the new post they were constructing. Sherman later told a fellow general that it was one of the best he'd ever seen.

In April and May of 1873, seven companies transferred to military outposts in Texas. Three companies went to Fort Richardson, two to Fort Griffin and two to Fort Concho. These outposts were part of a line of forts established in Texas to protect

the growing frontier and provide forces to deal with Indians, Mexican bandits and revolutionaries and assist the local authorities in keeping the peace. Texans, in the throes of Radical Reconstruction implemented by the North after the War Between the States, were not apt to welcome anyone in a blue uniform, however, much less an African American in a blue uniform.

There was trouble from time to time between parties of Buffalo Soldiers and the people who lived in the small towns that grew up around these forts. There's blame to be placed on all sides, as it often is in situations such as this. The populace that lived in these small towns was, often as not, made up of outlaws, prostitutes and gamblers. To say that there was often a general contempt for the law and those whose duty it was to enforce it would be, at best, an understatement. These troopers, whose fate it was to be transferred to Texas, found that their new assignments involved more than just keeping the peace on the reservations. Any Indian that they encountered on their patrols was to be considered hostile and were treated as such, as all Indians had been removed to Indian Territory. At first their main adversaries were Comanches, Kiowas and bands of Southern Cheyennes riding the old war trails into northern Mexico. But, as the 1870's drew to a close



The Apaches had been driven out of Texas by the Kiowas and Comanches many years before. But they continued to struggle to hold on to their strongholds in the mountains of the Big Bend, New Mexico and northern Mexico. From these vast mountains, the Apache nation developed into some of the most relentless guerilla fighters the West has ever known. Even the Comanches refused to pursue and attack the different bands of Apaches that would from time to time sweep down from their mountains to raid and plunder any unsuspecting parties they came upon.

they encountered a new enemy, perhaps the most deadly they had ever met, the Apache.

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The Tenth Cavalry's single greatest adversary in the Trans-Pecos was a Mescalero Apache chief named Victorio. Victorio and his band dwelt in the mountains of Mexico, the beautiful Sierra Madres. Here in this incredibly rugged country, he and his warriors could feel secure in their strongholds from any attacks by Mexican or American forces.

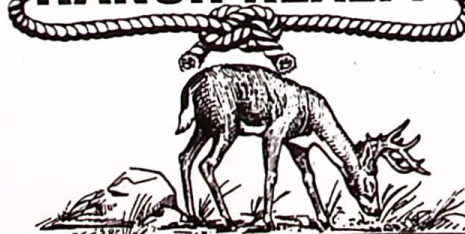
time to time sweep down from their mountains to raid and plunder any unsuspecting parties they came upon.

What developed pretty much established a pattern for the next eighteen years. The military would make peace with the various bands of Apaches who would remain on their reservations as long as they were well fed, sober and happy. For those of us who know anything about this region in this period know that many times the efforts made by the government to care for these natives were at best ill informed and misdirected. Throw into the equation the ranchers, miners and speculators who were eager to take advantage of the many opportunities offered by the newly opened country and you have prospects for a very dangerous, volatile situation, ripe for violence. Thrust into the middle of all this came the Tenth Cavalry Buffalo Soldiers.

Col. Grierson quickly realized he could not patrol the vast area that made up his theater of duty. He soon learned that these raiders had established many different routes by which to enter and leave the country. What Grierson learned to do was send patrols to spy on activities at the preferred mountain passes, river crossings and springs. Life in these barren lands revolved around the water holes found from one place to another. As Grierson and his men learned more about the Apaches and the watering places that connected their war trails, they found themselves to be more and more effective in their efforts to keep the peace.

The border with Mexico had to be dealt with also. The Apaches had developed the tactic of attacking on one side of the border and then fleeing to the other side into a fine art. After Grierson and his officers contacted the military authorities in Northern Mexico and began to coordinate movements and communications

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between their two forces, they were able to seriously effect the Apache's border "shuffle". This took an extended period of time, however, with degrees of varying success.

The Tenth Cavalry's single greatest adversary in the Trans-Pecos was a Mescalero Apache chief named Victorio. Victorio and his band dwelt in the mountains of Mexico, the beautiful Sierra Madres. Here in this incredibly rugged country, he and his warriors could feel secure in their strongholds from any attacks by Mexican or American forces. Victorio did have to come down from his mountains, however, to acquire weapons, food, horses and supplies by raiding the settlements in New Mexico. Victorio soon learned that the arrival of Grierson and his Buffalo Soldiers at Fort Davis meant that raiding north of the border would be met with much less success and more danger for himself and his warriors.

In late July, 1880, Victorio crossed the Rio Grande and met Grierson's Soldiers at a place called Tinaja de las Palmas. Grierson's men stopped the Apaches and forced them to retreat into Mexico. Victorio waited and prepared to make another effort to cross. Grierson and his Buffalo Soldiers waited and watched across the river.

After the battle at Tinaja, Grierson shifted his troops upriver to join his forces at a place called Eagle Springs, which was eighteen miles to the northeast. They spent the next few days scouring the country for signs that Victorio had recrossed the Rio Grande. Grierson's knowledge of the country and his enemy led him to guess that Victorio would try to cross at a different place further downriver. He decided that Victorio's next attempt would take him up an old war trail which skirted the Van Horn mountains. Leaving half his command at Eagle Springs on August 2, Grierson made for the springs at Van Horn Wells.

The next day, August 3, a patrol met Victorio's war party and engaged them in a running battle over several miles. The patrol did not have the manpower to bring Victorio's men to bay, however, as they soon left the Buffalo Soldiers behind and headed northwards into New Mexico. Now, Grierson know that Victorio would have to head for a wide valley called the Salt Flats as the only water available in that area were some springs located there. Grierson and his men knew that they had to get to those springs first to stop Victorio. Before dawn on August 5, they began a desperate race to a place called Rattlesnake Springs located on the Salt Flat.

The cavalry's route led them east of a small spur of hills, the Baylor Mountains, which penetrates the center of Salt Flat from the south. Victorio and his warriors were somewhere to the west. By

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THE BUFFALO SOLDIERS

Continued from previous page

midnight Grierson's men had ridden sixty-five miles over some of the most rugged land found in the southwest in just twenty-one hours. As daylight broke the next morning, Grierson learned that he had won the race to the springs. He and his men could take up their positions and await Victorio and his men.

Early in the afternoon Victorio approached the springs, travelling up an arroyo where Grierson had placed two companies of Buffalo Soldiers. The Apaches charged at first but retreated after the Soldiers were reinforced by two more companies of Buffalo Soldiers. During the pause which followed this initial skirmish, the army supply train came into view, further down the valley. The temptation proved too great for the Apaches and they roared down from the ridge of mountains where they had taken refuge and attacked the train. The guard which accompanied the wagon train counterattacked and drove the Apaches back into the hills over the same route they had used to enter the valley. The Battle of Rattlesnake Springs was over. Victorio let his warriors back across the Rio Grande. This was the first time he had been met, defeated and forced to return into Mexico without raiding the settlements first.

The Buffalo Soldiers went on to establish themselves as an effective military force in Texas, New Mexico and Arizona and continuing on into the Spanish-American War fighting at San Juan Hill in Cuba with Teddy Roosevelt. In fact, I've heard that they're the ones who really won that battle and carried the day. It wouldn't surprise me. From these first regiments of infantry and cavalry

came a long line of Congressional Medal of Honor recipients, some of the best, most dedicated men who've ever served in the military. During their service in the West, the Buffalo Soldiers had fewer deserters, and dishonorable discharges than their counterparts did. It's all a part of the record, a record that few can equal even to this day.

MORE ABOUT THE BUFFALO SOLDIERS?

The Black Military Experience in the American West, edited by John M. Carroll
The Buffalo Soldiers, by William H. Leckie
The Lance and the Shield, a novel by Elmer Kelton

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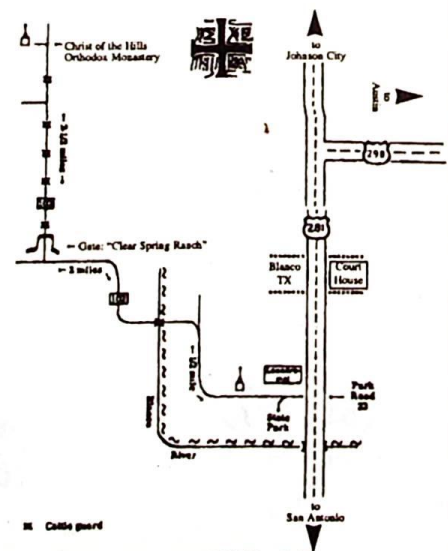
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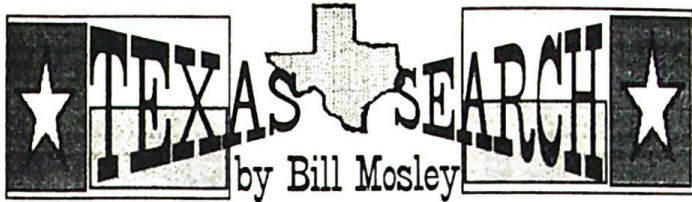
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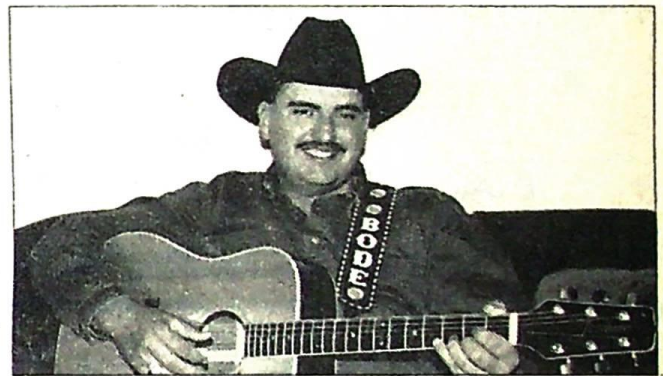
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HILL COUNTRY DELIGHTS

by MARY BETH GRADZIEL

At Christmastime, as so many other times, the best things in life really are free. Carolling, Nativity Scenes, Santa Claus, the magical flash of holiday lights seen through drifting, deep winter mists....The Hill Country and surrounding small towns just naturally seem to capture the essence of Yuletide. Hop in the car and take off for an evening of enchantment. **The Hill Country Christmas Lighting Tour** winds through Fredericksburg, Blanco, Boerne, Bulverde, Burnet, Lampasas, Llano, Marble Falls, Mason and Round Mountain. Each community tries to outdo the other with lights and other holiday decorations. Call now for a brochure and map: (210) 997-6523.

Christmas Lights of the Blackland begins in Elgin and continues through Bartlett, Coupland, Granger, Hutto, Taylor, Thorndale and Thrall with seasonal lighting and events December 1 - 25: (512) 365-8485 or 285-4515. Giddings goes all out for **Santa's Lane of Lights Hayride** November 29 - January 4. Enjoy wassail and cookies around the campfire at Ledbetter Bed & Breakfast on Pioneer Trail: (409) 542-3455. **Wimberly's Christmas on the Square**, November 22 - December 26, features beautifully decorated shops, light displays, tree lighting, and a visit from Santa on the town square. (512) 847-2237. **Marshall's Wonderland of Lights** is world famous. More than seven million lights decorate the town, which has bus and carriage tours, live entertainment, and Santa on the Square December 1 - 30: (903) 935-7868. **Marble Falls' Walkway of Lights**, November 22 - January 1, has over a million lights on the shoreline, reflecting in the water: (800) 759-8178.

All are welcome at traditional celebrations in small towns around Texas, where County Courthouses are festooned with lights and holiday shopping is a treat rather than a chore. There's plenty of parking and genuine cheer in Fredericksburg, Boerne, Llano and Blanco and other Central Texas towns. **WeihnachtsFest** welcomes visitors to Boerne with carols and refreshments at local shops, a parade December 6, December **Chili Cookoff**, **Christmas Fair** December 7-8, a **Hill Country Variety Show** December 13-14 and a **New Year's Dance** (210) 249-8000. Visit beautiful **Bastrop** December 5 for an old-fashioned **Christmas Parade** from Fisherman's Park downtown to the Courthouse. Santa poses for photos with youngsters. The **Bastrop Historic Homes Tour** is December 14. **Blanco** sings Christmas with a county-wide community choir performance December 8: (210) 833-5164 and Christmas Cantata, December 15: (210) 833-5030. **The Blanco Tour of Homes**, December 12, begins with a wonderful holiday dinner at Pecan Street Cafe before visiting beautiful historic homes

in the Blanco River Valley: (210) 833-5737.

The San Antonio Lighting Ceremony and River Walk Holiday Parade celebrates the season with trees and bridges covered with more than 50,000 Christmas lights, November 29-December 11. Santa Claus arrives in a boat during the floating river parade: (210) 227-4262. Pancho Claus is the honored guest at **Fiesta Navidenas and Feria de Santa Cecelia** in San Antonio's Market Square November 29-December 22. There are pinata parties, and a blessing of the animals: (210) 207-8600.

The **Old Gruene Christmas Market Festival**, December 7-8, offers shopping and feasting, a tree lighting ceremony, photos with Cowboy Kringle, live entertainment and over a hundred craft vendors: (210) 620-5077 or 629-6441.

INTERESTING, ENTERTAINING, BUT NOT SO FREE:

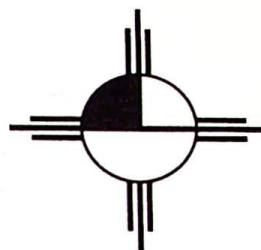
The Hill Country Flyer, a 1920's steam train lovingly restored by volunteer Central Texas train buffs, makes trips from Cedar Park to Burnet. November 30-December 22, Santa rides the flyer with candy canes for all good big and little girls and boys. It's about a two hour train trip each way through breath-taking Hill Country scenery where friendly folk wait at railroad crossings to wave at travelers and, like as not, some of Santa's helpers will chase the train along the tracks in true Texas style. Burnet's courthouse square, restaurants, and shops are all decked out for the season, with low small-town prices and an endless selection of antiques and curios. Pack a picnic basket or buy snacks on the train. If there's a nip in the air; bring a blanket or two to snuggle into on the trip back: (512) 477-8468.

The **4th Annual Kerrville Music Awards**, December 4 at the Texas Federated Women's Clubs Historical Foundation in Austin is a black tie & boot dinner for 200 hosted by Eliza Gilkerson with great live music entertainment. Friday, December 6 there's the annual **Songwriters' Circle at Lubbock or Leave It**, and the 13th Annual Christmas Reunion is December 7 at the Waterloo Ice House, 6th & Lamar: (800) 435-8429.

The annual **Armadillo Christmas Bazaar**, December 12-24 at the Austin Music Hall, offers hand-crafted gifts in every price range and evening entertainment: (512) 447-1605

For generations, parents have taken their children underneath the **Giant Christmas Tree** in Austin's Zilker Park to spread their arms and spin until the entire universe seems to itself spin around the youngsters. It's a romantic date for couples, too: (512) 397-1463.

Visit Jourdan-Bachman Pioneer Farm December 13-14 & 20-23 for **Christmas and Candlelight Tours** in an outdoor living history museum depicting the life of rural pioneer families in Central Texas: (512) 837-1215. **A Victorian Christmas at the O. Henry Museum**, December 14-15. Enjoy a Victorian setting while viewing the museum to musical and entertainment. Refreshments will be served: (512) 472-1903. Don Walser, Don Edwards and other cowboy poets tell and sing the favorite holiday tales and tunes when Texas Folklore Resources presents **A Cowboy Christmas** December 20 at Bates Recital Hall: (512) 471-1444 or 477-6060. **A Tuna Christmas**, wonderfully wacky and truly Texas, returns for a holiday run at the Paramount Theatre December 31-January 5: (512) 472-1128. Merry Christmas Y'All!

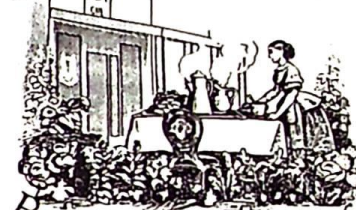


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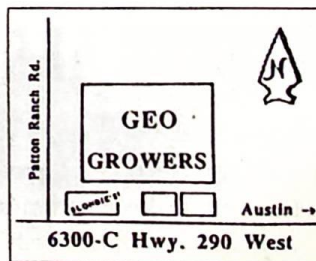
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COWBOY TALES

by L. KELLY DOWN

Word got back to a game warden on how much deer sausage, backstraps, deer chili and other stuff I cooks up for folks. That game warden he lit into me with questions without no get settled in talk a-tall. They done figgered out I must be using meat from at least two hundred deers and he were hot and heavy to get me in front of the Judge. When he shut up long enough to pull in his breath I got in edgewise.

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BAR-B-Q COOKOFFS

No! No! You fellows ain't getting me to sign on your Bar-B-Q cookoff team. Why over half of the Old Fools down at our coffee shop would be down on me if I did. Yeah, Leroy is on a different one each and ever year—but ain't one that gives him a invite back cause of the down talk he do. Why he would talk down the Lotto if he won that. But you know all you need about Leroy.

Main reason I don't cotton to Bar-B-Q cookoffs is I love my night sleep and cool ones in the proper place in the day. Cook teams mostly don't sleep while cooking and sure has to have cool ones a lot all the night through.

Next, I ain't real sure that the fuss over the mix of sopping sauce and blend of wood they guards so ferocious is real smart like. Why a few years ago I saw two real good friends have a nice friendly fight right in the supermarket in town. Seems one believed the other was trying to see what he was buying for his sop and eating sauce. Other times peoples drives, I bet, one thousand miles just to pick up just the right blend of wood to give just the right flavor to they meat. You would believe the fair ladies would be smarter, but I do think they get the Bar-B-Q crazies just like the boys do.

They soak the meat in all sorts of mixes, then the fire got to be just right hot, and this sauce goes on first, then another later with more now and then. Naturally, the last is when they take it to be judged.

Do it work? I ain't saying—only thing I knows is the Bar-B-Q place downtown that everyone agrees is best in the Hill Country uses wood from right here, cooks only 3-4 hours, and gets they eating sauce from a store ready mix. But they got a owner that has to make a profit, not just bragging rights by ten experts.

But them ten on the Bar-B-Q teams I notice also is the same ones as them that fry turkeys, make too hot chili, and catfish fries—so it ain't the cooking—it's the chance to tell tales—I has some each morning with my dutch oven biscuits. You girls do notice ain't no dutch oven biscuits cookoffs? Maybe when I kicks the bucket some will try biscuits, but till then they know best they could do is second place—the secret I'll tell just you girls now is how long you mash the dough, that's a fact.

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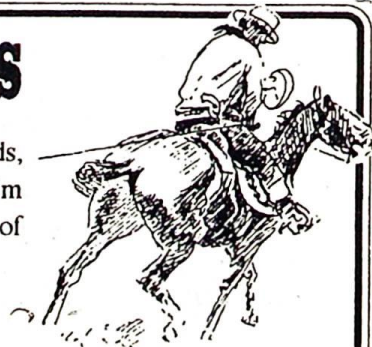
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GOOD DEER MEAT CHEAP

How you boys like my dutch oven biscuits with the venison sausage? Sure good ain't it? I makes near about a thousand pounds every year. Got to the way peoples comes from all over to eat breakfast with me. Sure takes lots of meat. Word got back to a game warden on how much deer sausage, backstraps, deer chili and other stuff I cooks up for folks. That game warden he lit into me with questions without no get settled talk a-tall. They done figgered out I must be using meat from at least two hundred deers and he were hot and heavy to get me in front of the Judge. When he shut up long enough to pull in his breath I got in edge-wise.

I told him I ain't done him or no body wrong, ain't broke no laws a-tall, much less hunting ones. He cooled off some, got a cup of coffee and I told him how I got so much deer meat.

I told him in the Fall of each year I finds a rancher who don't take too good care of his cows. Then I buys the calfs that are old for their size—so not too much fat on their bones and they is cheap too. Next, I gut shoots them in the pasture with the biggest rifle I has handy. I let them lay four or three hours. Then clean they insides out right there on the ground, hauls them in back of my pick-up about fifty miles or so over to the Willow City Loop. Leaves them out in the sun for a couple of hours and has a few cool ones with Harry and his friends there at Willow City. Then I takes them home and hangs them from a limb of my big live oak tree for a day or so. After taking them down I throws them on the front fender of my pick-up and drives to Dallas and back. Now the hide is ready to be pulled off and insides washed out real good.

Next off, you got to have a few hogs to mix half and half for sausage so get some of them, then cuts up the calfs and hogs and mix the meats. Then make sausage, cut backstrap steaks, chili meat and such.

That game warden ask if I ever used any deer meat a-tall. I told him years ago I tried one deer and made sausage like you would do out on a ranch, but people didn't cotton to it—said it didn't have no wild game flavor or weren't good venison sausage. So, they pays for breakfast—they gets what they like.

Funny thing that game warden was green around his gills when he left—must been feeling poorly all of a sudden—him nor none of his friends comes by no more for breakfast made from my cheap deer meat. But enough, fair ladies does make life interesting. You ain't finished. Where you boy's going?

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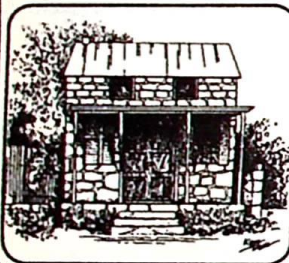
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MARATHON RUN

Continued from page 25

museum in Cheyenne, Wyoming, and that's where many of these treasures came from.

We made dinner reservations at the Hotel's Glass Mountain Bar and Grille next door, and then lugged our stuff up to our room, number 16 on the second floor toward the front of the hotel.

Number 16 overlooks the restaurant next door and through the open window we could see folks enjoying their evening meal. Number 16 has its own bathroom, a tall double bed with Mexican blankets, a tiffany lamp on the bedside table, and a black cavalry saddle on an old wooden rack. It was cowboy to the core.

That evening we dined on well prepared mexican dishes and I got up a couple of times to more closely examine the fine western art and artifacts . . . a magnificent collection by any standard.

The Gage is full of life again, and it seems rather unfair to say it is a tourist stop . . . it's much more a way station for travelers that can serve as a base of operations for explorers or as a destination in and of itself.

After the meal Dixie and I strolled past soon-to-open store fronts and then walked down a side street to Captain Shepard's Inn, another property operated by the Gage. The large, white, two story adobe home was built in 1899 by a former sea captain, Albion Shepard. Today travelers can stay in one of the five large bedrooms or in the original 1890's Carriage House which has been converted to a 2-bedroom, 1-bath bunkhouse.

We walked back to the hotel and prowled around the grounds, checking out the wing of newly constructed guest rooms surrounding a courtyard with more artifacts, saddles, and driftwood.

This was just the first day of a five day run, and we talked about our plans for tomorrow. It would be on west to Alpine to check out Sul Ross University where Dixie had once planned to attend school and then on to the National Park via Study Butte and across the Rio Grande at Castolon to Santa Elena, Mexico. We had dinner plans for the Starlight Club in Terlinqua and reservations for that night and the next at the Chisos Mountains Lodge. We talked our way back to room 16 where sleep finally overtook us. The cool Trans Pecos night was punctuated occasionally by Southern Pacific freight trains laboring through town just across highway 90.

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CHRISTMAS ON MY MIND

by RUTH ALLAN RAYMOND

It's long way to the ranch my friend. We had to move you know.
And it's Christmas eve and we're here where it doesn't snow.
Take my hand and come with me. Put your boots on at the door.
We'll use my imagination and besides, and furthermore

Just imagine eight white horses and silver bells, and a sleigh.
Here, take my winter jacket, it will be cold along the way.
But you do not believe me, keep faith and do not fear
The angels are going, too, and they're already here.

See the star in the eastern sky? Keep an eye on it tonight.
And up went the sleigh, the earth fell below. What a cosmic flight
Right into the heart of the milky way. Every star was shining,
Pegasus and Little Bear, all the planets were aligning.

The horses raced through a cloud and there was the ranch below
And the valley was covered with a blanket, of newly fallen snow.
I've miss the touch of a snowflake, on my face and in my hair
And watching them fall from the sky, in one's, in two's, a pair.

The sleigh had landed softly, and playful stars fell too
Right there in front of us, lighting the path and off they flew.
I saw that everything was as it was, and felt the mountain air.
As we walked to the shed, seeing a light in the window there.

Inside, the goats lay still and two shepherds watched the fire.
And in the center, a man and a woman dressed in strange attire
Stood by a manger watching the babe, a halo circled his head.
We'd come to the ranch just to be here and found a miracle instead.

The horses stood were close by, all the silver bells rang out in song.
And Angel voices rose up, and sang for the gathering throng
Down along the river three riders had followed the star
And bowed low when they rode in; My friends, I know who you are.

Too soon the sleigh brought us here, and now it is Christmas Day.
A day to rejoice and give thanks. We both knelt down to pray.
I'd only thought about going, or just keep Christmas in my mind
But found true meaning in the words, God Bless All Mankind.

Merry Christmas and a Joyous New Year

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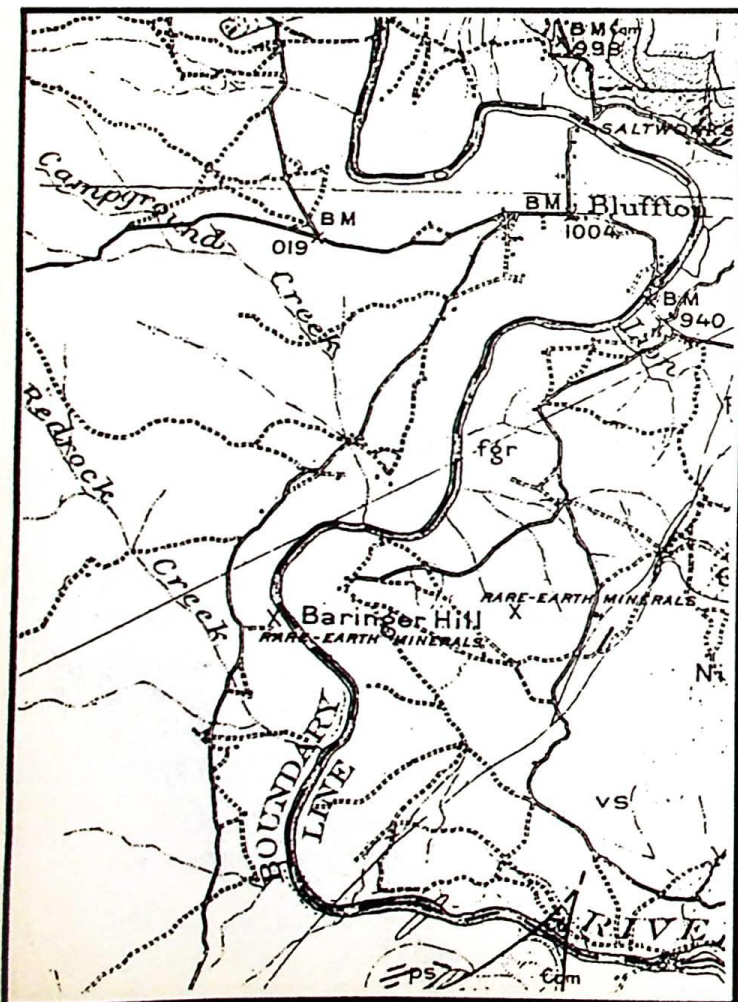
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SUNKEN TREASURE OF LAKE BUCHANAN?

THE STORY OF BARINGER'S HILL

by JEAN HACKETT AND ROBERT WILKES



These days Lake Buchanan looks a little low. Cracked mud flats and ghostly tree stumps create a damp, stinking moonscape on what is usually the lake bed. During the Drought of 1996, water-skiers, fishermen, and anyone who gets water from the lake looked to the skies and prayed for enough rain to raise the lake level. Not so for geologists and rock hounds. Secretly, they wish the lake would continue to fall—by about ninety feet or so—far enough down to expose what the United States Geological Survey has described as one of the greatest deposits of rare-earth minerals in the world: Baringer Hill.

Despite its geological significance, Baringer Hill was really only a "mound" thirty four feet high and covering a few acres of floodplain, visible only because it proved to be more resistant to erosion than the surrounding granite. Prior to the construction of Buchanan Dam in 1937, it was located on the west bank of the Colorado River, twelve miles from Kingsland, just downstream from Bluffton, between Redrock and Campground creeks.

Virgil Barnes, a senior geologist from the Bureau of Economic Geology in Austin and professor emeritus at the University of Texas, visited the area on a number of occasions during the 1930's out of curiosity and to collect rocks from around the burned remains of the Baringer homestead. As he recalls the place, by that time, it was just a mass of milky quartz that "looked like a lot of other places in the Hill Country, except that it stood out like a sore thumb."

To those who visited the area soon after its discovery, Baringer Hill made quite an impression. Frank L. Hess, who wrote a study of the area's rare earth elements in 1907, describes it as being composed of "granite of supreme quality, having interlocked crystals of clear quartz and brown colored microcline. . . with distinct white bands. Between the bands, the quartz is glassy and clear." Like Barnes, he mentions a large forty foot wide quartz mass in the center of the pegmatite, but he also describes other geological wonders, such as a cavity "lined with 'smoky' quartz crystals reaching 1,000 pounds or more in weight" and sheets of mica up to three feet across and an inch thick.

Baringer Hill was named for John Baringer, a young carpenter who acquired the land in 1886 as part of a swap, when a Mr. Wills was unable to pay him the \$50 due for a house he'd just had him construct. Mr. Wills considered the hill the most worthless part of his farm, and most likely felt he'd come out ahead on this deal. What good was a chunk of rocks in the middle of a floodplain, anyway? Baringer, however, soon realized he had something of

interest. In 1887, he stumbled upon an outcropping of heavy, greenish-black ore while prospecting. Evidently, once this deposit was discovered conventional wisdom about the area also changed some. Between 800 and 1,200 pounds of the mineral were carried off as curiosities by local people in the late 1880's

When Baringer stumbled onto the ore, no one knew what it was; nothing like it had ever been seen before in these parts. That was about the change. Late in 1887, Professor N J Badu of Llano sent ore samples to Philadelphia and New York. Badu was one of those flamboyant characters who seem to flourish in Texas. A geologist by training, he is best remembered for numerous schemes to promote Llano and its surrounding environs in just about anyway possible. No doubt, he had high hopes for the mysterious greenish-black rock from Baringer's Hill.

Sure enough, the samples were found to be composed primarily of a radioactive yttria mineral, known as gadolinite, that had previously only been found in small amounts in Russia and Norway. Because they were so rare, yttria minerals were extremely valuable. In 1887, pure yttrium brought \$144 an ounce. In comparison, pure gold brought \$19 an ounce on the London Exchange that same year. Because the minerals from this deposit were so valuable, they were wrapped in tissue paper, packed in iron-bound boxes, and shipped by express at 100 pounds a box. At best, obtaining each pound of ore cost ten dollars.

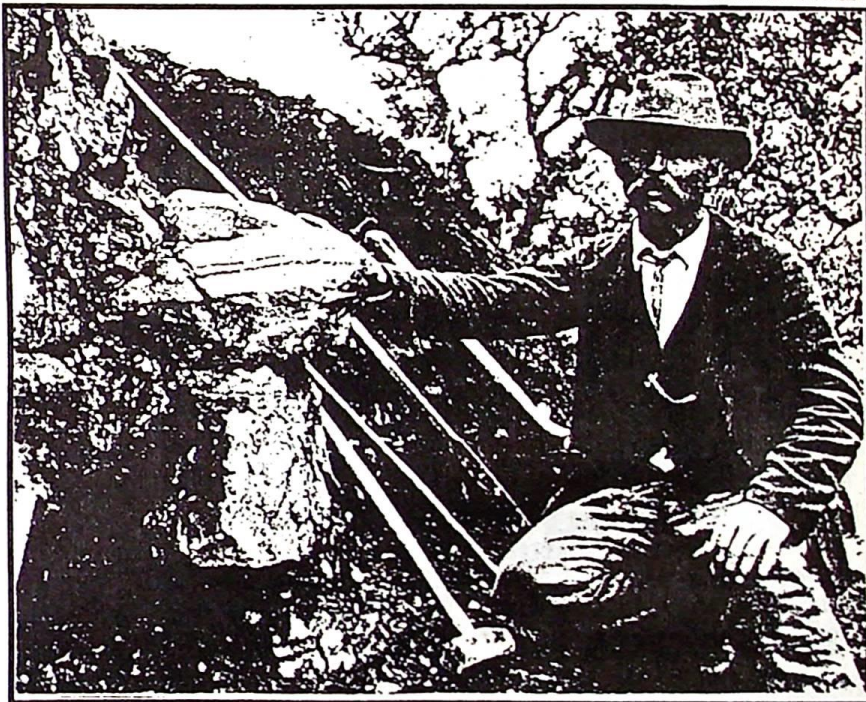
As is true when anything of great economic value is found, the discovery of gadolinite at Baringer Hill triggered the interest of the rich and famous, in this case, two of the most important inventors of the nineteenth century: Thomas Edison and George Westinghouse. The race for control of the area began when William E. Hidden, a Newark, New Jersey mineralogist with connections to both companies read a newspaper account about the discovery. At that time, Edison and Westinghouse were looking for gadolinite to use in the creation of a filament for electric light bulbs, but had found no accessible sources of the mineral. Never one to miss an opportunity, Hidden dispatched Dr. William Niven, a Scottish born Texan, to investigate Baringer Hill in 1889. Niven identified forty-seven minerals there, including five previously unknown rare earth elements: fergusonite, monofergusonite, thorogummite, yttrilite, and rarest of all, nivenite.

Hidden then commissioned Niven to buy the land. In 1889, during Niven's second trip, Baringer agreed to sell his land through Hidden and Niven to the Piedmont Mining Company of London, England (which was owned by Edison). Depending on the source, the company paid him either \$5,000 or \$10,000 in gold because that was the only way he would take anything in exchange for his land. The gold was picked up in Burnet by Baringer and seventeen year old Tad Casner of Llano County, who was serving as his body guard.

Although Edison experimented with all forty seven

As is true when anything of great economic value is found, the discovery of gadolinite at Baringer Hill triggered the interest of the rich and famous, in this case, two of the most important inventors of the nineteenth century: Thomas Edison and George Westinghouse.

WILLIAM E. HIDDEN POSES BESIDE MASS OF GADOLINITE FOUND ON BARINGER'S HILL.



Baringer Hill minerals, by 1903, the company could find no use for any of them. Amazingly, during the same year, a German chemist named Hermann Nernst, working for Westinghouse, developed a street lamp that used raw gadolinite as a filament.

Initially, the Nernst lamp had a life of only two hours. Soon, this number was increased to seven hundred hours by another Westinghouse engineer, Marshall Hank. The lamp's design was also modified to accommodate a filament consisting of 25 percent yttria and 75 percent zirconia. These ingredients were made into a paste, squirted into strips, baked, and then cut into the proper lengths. When the mixture was cold, it was nonconductive, but after being heated, it became a conductor that gave off a brilliant light with wavelength penetrating deep into the infrared. With its technical problems solved, the Nernst Lamp Company, no doubt a subsidiary of Westinghouse, decided to put the



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lamp into production and bought Baringer Hill through William E. Hidden.

During the winter of 1902-03, the Nernst Lamp Company sent Hidden, himself, to begin excavation. For four months that winter and six months the following year, a dozen or so miners worked full time for the company, including Tad Casner and Baringer, who was probably once again somewhat of a laughing stock for not getting as much money as he could for the land. Work was slow because the minerals appeared in pockets. The miners struggled to remove ore using picks, shovels, and dynamite to quarry rock from open forty foot deep pits around the edge of the mound. Despite the difficulty of their task, the men made progress. By 1904, they had blasted away the top of the hill. A thirty foot high quartz pillar, however, was left standing in the middle of the quarry because it contained almost no rare earth minerals.

Hidden and the miners made many curious discoveries about the minerals at Baringer Hill. Masses of purple and green coarsely crystallized fluorite up to 400 pounds were fairly common, as were enormous crystals of feldspar, some over five feet in diameter. From a cavity big enough to hold a horse, the miners removed a 600 pound single smoky quartz crystal which measured 43 x 28 x 15 inches.

Other rock samples were radioactive, such as a seventy-three pound double crystal of gadolinite. Even seemingly common minerals could be radioactive. For example, in a 1905 publication, Hidden mentions that much of the fluorite from Baringer Hill exhibited "brilliant green light when strongly heated and viewed in the dark," and one piece was "self-luminous at night without heat."

More ominous still were crystals taken from areas where the rock matrix contained radiating lines that resembled stars. The stars possibly formed when rare earth elements crystallized from the magma before the quartz in the matrix, thus causing the quartz to crack as it accommodated itself to the incompressible crystals.

Hidden writes that while removing a mass of mixed zirconium-yttrium-uranium and thorium ore from one of the stars, his hands and face began to burn as if from the effect of strong sunlight. After two or three days of mining, he felt soreness in the parts of his hands and face that had been directly exposed to the minerals.

Because the effects of radiation were not well understood at the turn of the century, Hidden could only speculate as the cause of his curious symptoms. He reports: "My assistant (Mr. J. Edward Turner) asked me "if these minerals could be poisonous?" As no arsenic was present... The thought came to me that this action might be the work of a radio-active element and it is offered now more as a suggestion than as a proven fact."

William Hidden was not the only employee Nernst-Westinghouse sent to work at Baringer Hill. In 1903, Marshall Hanks, the engineer who had improved the Nernst Lamp, arrived to run the mining operation. At least in his writings, seemed to find no fault with the Hill Country or its inhabitants, Hanks did not think Hanks was unpopular with the miners because of them. In addition, he had heard

In 1904 Westinghouse had enough gadolinite to suit its needs and decided to recall Hanks. Availing themselves of this last, great opportunity, the miners decided to play one final trick on their boss. At that time, Wells Fargo was in charge of shipping Baringer Hill ore out of Kingsland by train, so the miners brought the Wells Fargo express agent in on the prank. The agent convinced Hanks that the only way he would get out of Texas alive was to mail himself to Pennsylvania in a crate of ore.



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many stories about what murderers and scoundrels Texans were. The miners, therefore, took every opportunity to play pranks on this "green as a gourd" Yankee.

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After he was loaded up, the miners pretended to search for him in the baggage car. Just as they threatened to shoot at the crates to flush him out, the agent bellowed out, "You fellows better not mess with Wells Fargo. Get out of this baggage car." Hanks escaped in the crate and always believed the miners had wanted to kill him. Like Hidden, his life does not seem to have been cut short due to exposure to radioactive materials, and he went on to have an illustrious engineering career in Pennsylvania.

For several years, the Nernst Lamp Company continued to annually extract a few hundred pounds of yttria minerals from Baringer Hill. Eventually, however, Nernst ceased operation as newer technologies surpassed the lamp.

From the time the mining operation ended until the building of Buchanan Dam flooded the area, Baringer Hill was of interest primarily to mineralogists. One of the best collections of minerals from the area was that of Tillie Badu Moss, Professor Badu's daughter. Among her specimens were pieces of quartz which had been beautifully colored through exposure to radiation. The University of Texas at Austin also possesses a number of rocks from Baringer Hill, including the 600 pound smoky quartz crystal that so impressed William Hidden. For many years, it was displayed on the Little Campus at UT until renovation began in the 1970's. Like many other exotic Texas mineral specimens, it is now squirreled away as part of the geology department's Barron Collection.

Other crystals found their ways into museum collections across the country. For instance, the Smithsonian Institution has a large, faceted piece of gadolinite that was

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once part of a neckdrop. Supposedly the radioactivity from this gem led to the premature death of its original owner.

Although more amazing specimens of rare earth elements remain embedded in Baringer Hill, don't count on being able to go out and collect them any time soon. Every year, the Colorado River brings in several thousand acre-feet of silt, which will continue to bury the area ever deeper until the lake is topped off with sediment in approximately 320 years. Unfortunately, the Lower Colorado River Authority has no immediate plans to "drain the lake—for the rockhounds' sake."

Hope springs eternal, however, because other deposits of rare earth elements exist in the Hill Country. There are at least half dozen other plutons exposed in the area, each one covering thirty or more square miles. Previously unknown rare earth elements are also still being discovered from time to time. For example in 1975 a 5 x 5 centimeter sample Texasite, a radioactive apple green mineral, was discovered in the Clear Creek pegmatite in Burnet County. Who knows what's out there? Perhaps the next magnificent collection of minerals like Baringer Hill lies just beneath some pasture, road, or hill.

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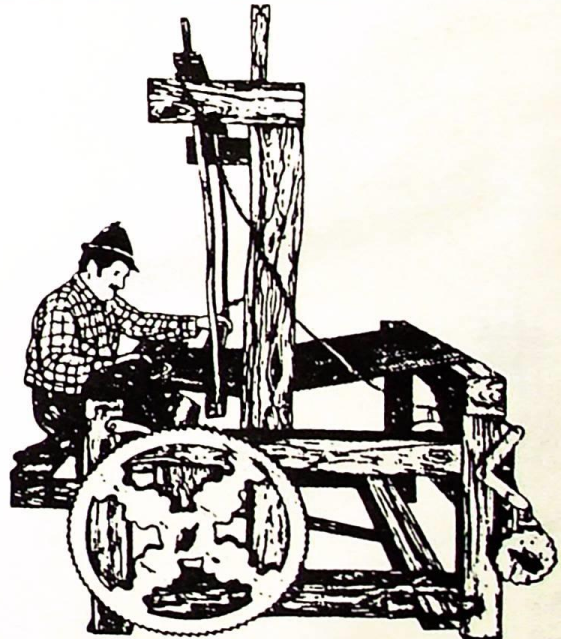
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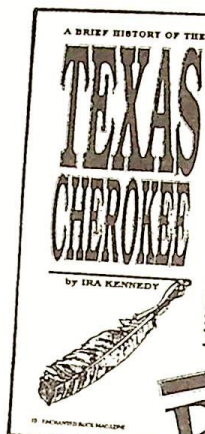
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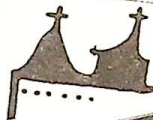
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OF SOULS AND SILVER

BY STEVE GOODSON



ON A QUEST FOR LOST SOULS AND SILVER MINES, THE SPANIARDS VENTURED INTO THE HILL COUNTRY OF TEXAS ON THE BANKS OF THE SAN SABA RIVER. THEY FOUND A SETTLEMENT ONLY TO BE BETRAYED BY THE SOULS THEY CAME TO SAVE AND LOSE THE MINE SOME SAY THEY FOUND

PART TWO OF TWO PARTS BOWIE

by Steve Goodson

PREHISTORIC POTTER THE LLANO UPLIF

BY CHARLES MALSON

More than 100 years ago, the first pottery was made in the Llano Uplift area. The pottery was made of local clay and was decorated with geometric designs. The pottery was used for cooking and storage. The pottery was found in the Llano Uplift area, which is now part of the Llano National Monument. The pottery was found in the Llano Uplift area, which is now part of the Llano National Monument. The pottery was found in the Llano Uplift area, which is now part of the Llano National Monument.



LLANO MAN

BY IRA KENNEDY

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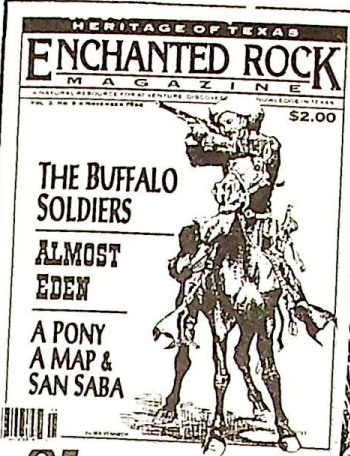
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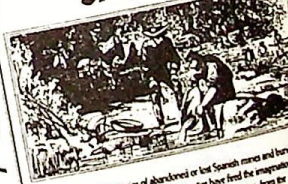
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