

HERITAGE OF TEXAS

ENCHANTED ROCK

M A G A Z I N E

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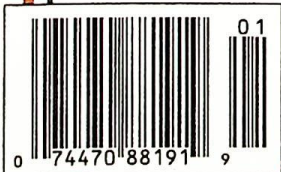
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THE HANGING
OF BOB AUGUSTINE

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THE CAMELS
OF CAMP VERDE



by IRA KENNEDY

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BEAUTIFUL BLANCO

BY MARYBETH GRADZIEL

Even though Highway 281 conveniently cuts right through downtown Blanco, it really is true that 'There is no fast lane in this nice little Hill Country town'. Beautiful Blanco, named for the river that leisurely winds its way through town before traveling to the Gulf of Mexico, is an easy-going hang-out for plain-spoken people. "We don't do some slick Jet-Set get-away. We are a nice, little town that simplifies the Texas Heartland—hardworking, friendly folks living in a little piece of heaven," say the folks at the Chamber of Commerce. "A little piece of heaven" is also an apt description for the site of the Hills Monastery, the Russian Orthodox Monastery just west of town, where Christmas comes on January 7.

Despite its lack of pretentiousness, Blanco has no shortage of amenities. The town and surrounding countryside has playgrounds and RV parks, cozy motels and fine Bed & Breakfast establishments, including **Chandler House**—a beautifully restored country house serving exquisite gourmet meals from its on-site organic garden. Blanco also boasts an abundance of wonderful eateries—*ERM* readers have recommended more restaurants for review here than in any other town. We'll start with three:

Pecan Street Cafe, on the east side of Blanco's historic courthouse square, is the perfect place to start your day with fresh ground coffee specialties, breakfast tacos, pancakes, waffles, and yummy baked goods. "People drive from miles around for lunch or a piece of our apple caramel walnut cake," says Claudia, the cheery waitress who brought me refreshing blueberry-cranberry iced tea, a steaming bowl of chunky chicken enchiladas, a toasty corn muffin and delectable mushroom quiche. The owner, Nan Hanus, is a stickler for the freshest, locally-grown produce, and her attention to excellence shows. Pecan Street Cafe is also an unofficial community center where locals meet to share the latest news, and there's even a little artsy gift shop with wonderful one-of-a-kind treasures. The in-house bakery turns out treasures, too. I picked a peanut-butter chocolate cake as big as my hand for dessert on-the-road. Intensely rich nutmeg in a sweet chocolate crust, it took two days of nibbling and every crumb was marvelous.

Pat Roper's diners at **Rio Blanco Cafe** think nothing of driving from Austin and San Antonio to enjoy some of the best Mexican food anywhere. Their sunny, breezy deck overlooking the Blanco River is wonderful for sipping margaritas, wine or beer, as well as for lunch and dinner. Inside, it's cozy and comfortable with a rustic Mexican decor. Again, fresh ingredients are a priority. My creamy guacamole salad, from perfectly ripe avocados, could have been a light meal all by itself, especially since it was accompanied by excellent Pico de Gallo and crispy tortilla chips. My attentive waitress, Erin, brought extra napkins and kept me well supplied with hot tortillas to wrap around a delicious house specialty, Rio Blanco Chicken—marinated,

grilled and served with fluffy, spicy rice and wonderful beans. All this and dessert, too? I just couldn't resist trying "Worm Dirt"—rich, creamy chocolate pudding covered with chocolate cookie-crumb "dirt", and jelly worms—great fun.

This time of year, is perfect for authentic German food at **Little Blanco Inn**, south of town on Highway 21. New owner, Elfi Jepparelli, moved here from Frankfurt about a year ago, where she owned several restaurants. She also brought a collection of more than 150 German CD's, and German-Texans stop by for the music as much as the food. We sampled Fresh Champignons—fresh mushrooms in a creamy garlic sauce, zesty Tomato Basil Soup and spicy Serbian Bean Soup—all excellent. From a selection of schnitzels, we chose satisfying Zigeuner Schnitzel—pork loin smothered with bell peppers, mushroom and onions in a traditional gypsy sauce—accompanied by spicy red cabbage with just a hint of cloves and a potato dumpling.

Many visitors are drawn to Blanco en route to **Christ of the Hills Monastery**, home of the miraculous "Weeping Icon" of the Theotokos, Christ's mother. This peaceful spot in the high hills west of town hosts retreats several times a year and welcomes reverent visitors daily. Because the Russian Orthodox monks still follow the ancient Gregorian Calendar, they celebrate Christmas on our January 7. All are welcome at the all-night vigil January 6 and the 7 AM Christmas morning liturgy. Russian icons and other spiritual items are offered in the Monastery's well-stocked gift shop.

Downtown Blanco is home to art galleries, antique stores, a bowling alley, and **Blanco Valley Health/Sacred Grounds Coffee & Juice Bar**. Sherri Stockwell, a massage therapist, offers samples of such delectables as blueberry lemonade at her store which stocks all sorts of health foods and health items as well as organic coffee. Right next door, is **Broken Arrow Gallery**, with an incredible selection of fine Native American art, artifacts and jewelry. At the **Mercantile**, antiques and more on the west side of the Square, you can visit Blanco's original stone-hewn jail, from which no prisoner ever escaped. But, after all, who would want to escape Blanco? This is a place to put down roots, as has the second largest live oak tree in the county. With a circumference of seventeen feet and a one hundred and fifty foot canopy, this ancient tree is estimated to have been around back when Columbus convinced the King of Spain to finance his first trip to the Americas. It's still growing in Blanco, where time often seems to stand still...

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FROM THE EDITOR

THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE

Boxes are stacked in the hallway, five high. The bookshelves are empty and the walls are blank. We're moving to northwest edge of the Enchanted Rock Batholith. Some say it's in the Middle of Nowhere, others claim it's the Center of the World. I figure it's both. The batholith is the part of The Rock you don't see, like the underside of an iceberg. This is the Center of Texas around which the rest of the state took shape. And Texas, as we all know, is the Center of the World. So there you have it.

The place we're moving to, near Bull Head Mountain, has two creeks running through a savannah of oaks and mesquite. It's a place where the little things get notice and take on a deeper meaning. Like predicting the weather according height of dirt Dobber nests and the first buds on mesquite. The stars, the streams, the sounds—they're clearer out there, and I'm hoping the place works the same on me.

I hatched the idea for this magazine while living on the southern edge of the batholith, less than a mile from Enchanted Rock. Then I moved to the northeast, then to the north, and now the northwest. That's six years worth of living and moving, (kinda circular around The Rock) so I plan to stay put for awhile. A long while.

Moving on the New Year has its advantages. It's like opening a new book; turning a new leaf. A time for planning and starting fresh. From our new home in nature we'll venture out in January and watch the bluebonnets grow. We'll give you our forecast in the February issue. So far, conditions have been perfect for a spectacular season of wildflowers. The rains softened the hard seeds, then the freezing weather with ice and snow cracked them for germination. With decent rains early in the year we'll more than make up for last year's disappointing crop.

If you're not lucky enough to live in the middle of all this, you'll want to start planning your visit now. Things will get booked up pretty fast—some places already are. Naturally, we encourage you to check out our ads for Inns, B&Bs, RV parks, and campgrounds—They are all quality establishments. And, please, don't forget to mention that you saw their ad in *Enchanted Rock Magazine*.

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In March we'll recommend some special, out-of-the-way Bluebonnet trails and direct you to some of our art galleries in the area. Along with all this we'll still offer up our usual fare of Texian history and cowboy yarns. We have a few treasure stories up our sleeve too. So be on the lookout.

If you like what we're doing and you don't have a subscription, we'd sure appreciate hearing from you. It takes both our advertisers and subscribers to make this magazine happen. With their support we have reached out to over fifty counties in Texas and over thirty states nationwide. And we intend to lay claim to more territory. The real story of Texas—it's pioneer tales, its legends, and its myths—don't get much space in print these days. I heard somewhere that it's through the telling and retelling of stories we maintain an identity as a people. The way I see it, if we don't keep the memory of our ancestors alive, we're not likely to be remembered at all.

IRA KENNEDY

ENCHANTED ROCK MAGAZINE

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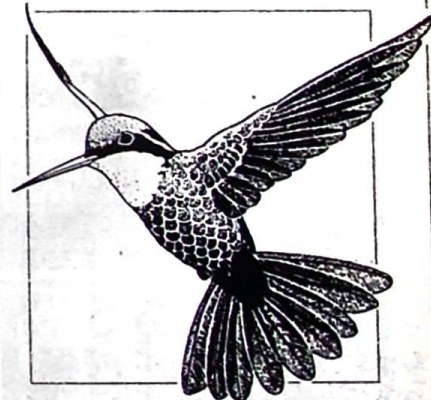
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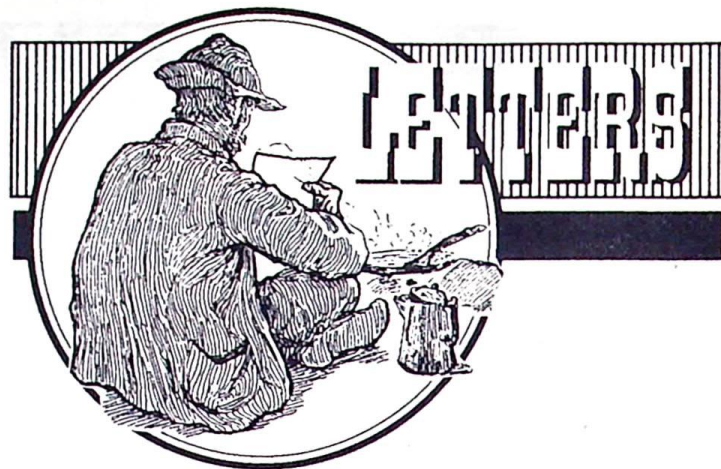
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INVITATION TO A BAT CAVE

I recently had the pleasure of reading several issues of your magazine while visiting Mason, Texas. As you probably know, The Nature Conservancy of Texas owns and manages the Eckert James River Bat Cave Preserve in rural Mason County. The Preserve and its four to six million Mexican free-tailed bat residents represent one of the Hill Country's most significant and impressive bat caves and one of the 10 largest maternity populations in the world, respectively.

While the bats have returned to Mexico to overwinter, the population will return to Mason County next May. Visitation to the Preserve, which is open to the public for four evenings each week from Mid-May to early October, contributes substantially to the local economy, and I believe that an article on the Preserve would be a well received story for your magazine.

If you would be interested in doing a story on the bats and the Preserve, please contact me in Austin, at the address or telephone number provided on this letterhead. Thank you, in advance, for your consideration and for the excellent support you provide to the regional economy.

Sincerely,
T. James Fries, Director
Texas Hill Country Bioreserve

KISS MY GIRLFRIEND?

Excellent issue (12/97), as usual. My interest was especially piqued by Jean Hackett and Robert Wilkes' article: *Sunken Treasure of Lake Buchanan*. I have placed it in my file: "If the Hill Country is not the Center of the Universe, you can Kiss my Girlfriend".

To wit: Those elements that compose gadolinite: primarily yttrium, with zirconium and several other trace elements have been in the news of late. I'll get back to that.

While Edison and Westinghouse were experimenting with raw gadolinite as a filament for lightbulbs, they noted, as the article said, that gadolinite didn't conduct electricity when cold, but when heated, it did. A young immigrant, who had previously worked for both of those men, noticed an odd thing. Though the compound did not conduct electricity when cold, if you got it really cold it began to conduct again. Nickoli Tesla's

patent #685,021 of 1901 outlined the compound and the process. However, since the refrigerator hadn't even been invented yet, Nickoli couldn't get it very cold.

In the late 1980's there was a "race for the superconductor" by most of the physics labs on the planet. Superconductors make possible our computers, digital sound systems, stealth technology, etc. The faster the conductor, the faster machines work.

The big problem was finding a "high heat" superconductor, i.e. one that does not have to be cooled to -800 or -900 degrees Fahrenheit.

Well, some local boys from the University of Houston won the race. Would you care to guess what the superconductor compound was? Okay, I'll tell you. Yttrium, barium (next to zirconium on the Periodic Chart of Elements), and copper. Sounds like gadolinite to me.

Let's run a wire from Enchanted Rock to Baringer's Hill and see what happens.

All the best,
Cork Morris
Fredericksburg, Texas

P. S.: regards to Ms. Intrepid

KEEP 'EM COMING

John and I greatly enjoy news of the Texas Hill Country. Keep the issues coming. Please extend our subscription as it expires 1/97. Also, enter a subscription for John's brother and wife for a Christmas present.

Cheryl Wilkins
Elgin, Illinois

TO WARREN LEWIS

I got your Texana this afternoon. I'm in awe. This is so good. I laughed out loud in several places. This would make a good book on tape or talking book. I bet you would make a good guest commentator on National Public Radio. I don't know if you listen to NPR. Anyway, I really loved this piece you wrote. I'll try to get a subscription or copies of the magazine. *Texas Monthly* is a bit glossy. I read a number of episodes in their serialized novel on the internet but couldn't keep up with it.

Joyce Deckler
Fort Worth, Texas

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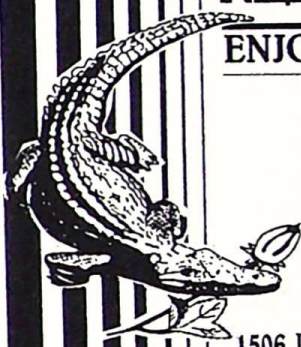
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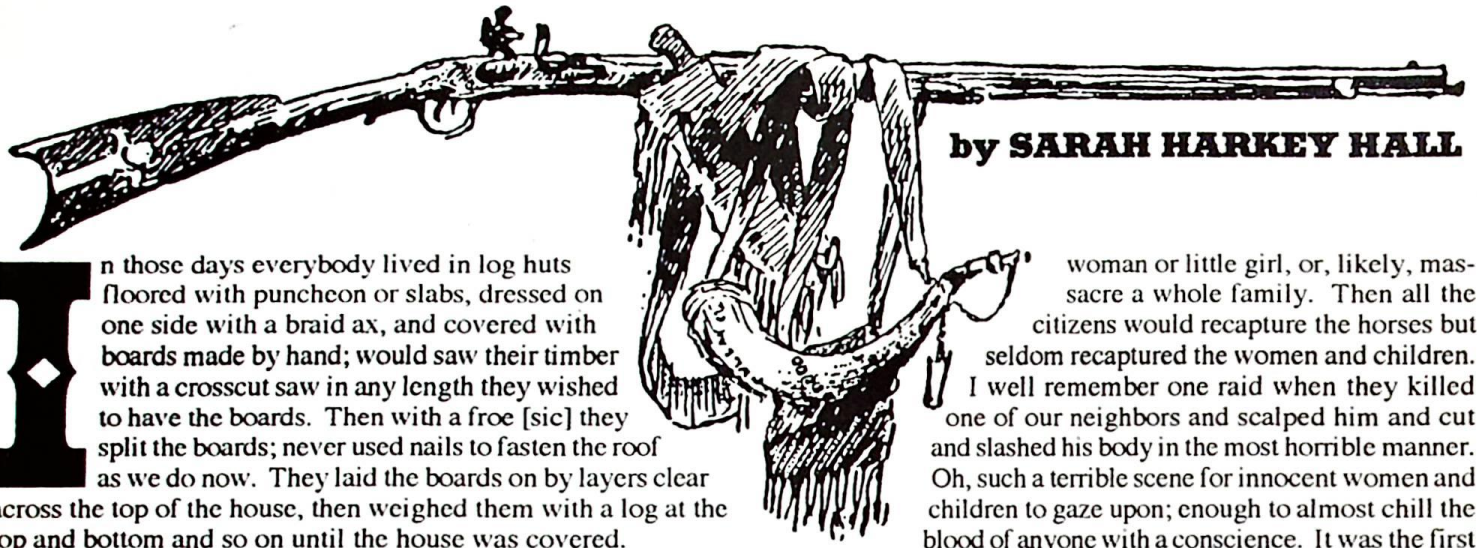


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BUILDING A LIFE ON THE FRONTIER



by SARAH HARKEY HALL

In those days everybody lived in log huts floored with puncheon or slabs, dressed on one side with a braid ax, and covered with boards made by hand; would saw their timber with a crosscut saw in any length they wished to have the boards. Then with a froe [sic] they split the boards; never used nails to fasten the roof as we do now. They laid the boards on by layers clear across the top of the house, then weighed them with a log at the top and bottom and so on until the house was covered.

As I've already told you, my parents prospered with their rough commodities. Now, they had a nice bunch of cattle, though small, and sheep, hogs, goats and a few head of horses [my father] had raised from one brood mare which he kept locked in stables every night from the Indians. My mother had a flock of geese which gave the very small children employment to keep those geese, which was a task. They loved mesquite beans and when once they got to running after them, it was a task to turn them back.

My father's success enabled him to erect a better house.

As the country slowly developed, there were more conveniences. There was a sawmill erected on the San Saba River and plenty of timber for sawstock [sic] of elm and post oak so he cut and hauled timber with his ox team to the mill and had lumber sawed to build a frame house. In the summer of 1861 he completed the frame house. Now, as you will see from the dates given, I was four years old. My mother raised fine beets that spring. I would go with her to her garden after those nice beets. I longed to see her place them on the table to serve, for I did relish nice pickled beets. I would gather the fallen nails my father and Mr. Gunter, the hired hand, dropped. In the fall he built a chimney to the house and on the top stone he cut the date of the building on it, so I know I am not mistaken in my age at that time. Our new residence was the most important building in all the county. He cut two small windows, twelve by fourteen inches, in the south and north with plank shutters.

My father felt that his family was safer now when he had to make a chase after the Indians, which was often. Every man in the surrounding county went except guards left to defend the women and children. The Indians would rush in and take every horse possible and kill and scalp someone, capture some

woman or little girl, or, likely, massacre a whole family. Then all the citizens would recapture the horses but seldom recaptured the women and children. I well remember one raid when they killed one of our neighbors and scalped him and cut and slashed his body in the most horrible manner. Oh, such a terrible scene for innocent women and children to gaze upon; enough to almost chill the blood of anyone with a conscience. It was the first corpse my eyes ever looked upon, and it is still fresh in my mind. The citizens rushed off in pursuit and in several days came upon the Indians, made their charge, and they scattered in every direction. One very large Indian was chased so close he took to a thicket. The citizens surrounded the thicket and watched their chance to put in good shots. He could talk a little English and would say, "Indian won't kill poor white man in thicket, don't kill poor Indian in thicket." One neighbor was crawling in the thicket to get near him when, instantly, an arrow zipped and the spike struck his forehead and struck the skull and doubled up.

They closed in on him and then killed him. He was their chief and was wearing plaits of some white lady's hair, decorated with beads. They scalped him and brought his scalp in. All the rest made their escape. We now had one neighbor above us on the creek and one below us.

My father would raise wheat and corn, more or less every year, and provided the best he could for his family. My oldest brother now began to do quite a good deal of farm work while my father was continually busy in his shop making wheels, reels, warping bars and looms for manufacturing cloth.

As the children increased to my parents, the more labor was increased. When night came on, we knew our tasks were at hand. Our light consisted of dogwood sticks my brother, older than me, and myself would bring in every eve. Then we had to pick wool until late. Mother would kust [sic] or card, father would teach my older brother and two older sisters, and all us smaller ones picked wool. He always rose early; everyone to work by sunrise. As our brain and strength enlarged, our labor increased. Every year he found us more helpful to him.

When I was very young, he put me to dropping corn. He went one round with me,

One very large Indian was chased so close he took to a thicket. The citizens surrounded the thicket and watched their chance to put in good shots. He could talk a little English and would say, "Indian won't kill poor white man in thicket, don't kill poor Indian in thicket." They closed in on him and then killed him. He was their chief and was wearing plaits of some white lady's hair, decorated with beads. They scalped him and brought his scalp in. All the rest made their escape.



showed me how to step to drop it regular, and went about his work. I was ever after the corn dropper. My oldest brother laid off the rows, I dropped the seed, my next older brother covered it. I have gone to bed oftentimes and felt as if I was cut in two just above the hips, that part cast away. I could sleep. I never complained, though I never saw a well day. My father was very kind to me; never scolded or whipped me.

All through the summer our time was employed, not a minute to lose, preparing for winter. Often Mother would sew late hours at night and then some of us children would suffer with cold before she could possibly clothe us. Father made our shoes, if we had any at all. He taught us by the fire on cold winter nights, after all preparations were made for winter. I learned very fast; soon could read well and was studying a reader called *The Texas Reader*. Some beautiful pieces were in it. I had good understanding for a little child. I would become absorbed in some of the reading, I would break forth in sobs.

I always knew my lesson and was anxious to the Father call, "Come, Sarah, recite your lesson." I was born with the gift of the reading the expression of the eye. I could see in his expression he was so delighted with me. My heart was full of joy when he was near. Mother tried to teach me to spin, and it seemed impossible. I would try my best, but I feared her and I would get nervous and I could not learn. My father watched awhile and said, "Mother, I'll teach Sarah to spin." Oh, how my heart leaped for joy. He took hold of my hand at the spindle and my right hand on the rim of the spinning wheel and in twenty minutes I could draw out a thread. I was of a temperament that I could not bear to be scolded, and was amiable in everything I tried to do. I wanted to be loved, not chastised. My two older sisters would envy me, call me "Father's little lady." It would grieve me for them to talk to me so. I was too young to know he was really partial to me.

He enjoyed vocal music so much and understood rudiments of music and every Sunday morning he had singing. Mother was a fine singer. While neither one was in the church, they were both very moral and taught their children to be moral. I don't remember ever being at church, but twice, until I was fourteen years old. Once I remember being at a camp meeting, it seems. I don't know how old I was; then again at a funeral of a home boy. They never had any preaching, but the few neighbors loved each other with brotherly love and kindness; never had any hardness whatever. They took a great interest in each other's welfare; all united in love toward each other and would neighbor fifteen or twenty miles, but always had several escorts. They never went alone and a spy always went ahead.

This is the second of three chapters that will be reprinted in *Enchanted Rock Magazine* from *Surviving on the Texas Frontier*. This chapter was slightly edited for space. 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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FORT GRIFFIN PAYROLL ROBBERY

BY EDWIN GIBSON

"WE RODE OUT, JOINED
THE INDIANS AND WENT
TO WAYLAY THE WAGON.
WE AMBUSHED IT, KILLED
THE SOLDIER ESCORT AN'
TOOKEN ALL THE GOLD.

THE INJUNS ONLY
WANTED BLANKETS AN'
SCALPS AN' HORSES AN'
THINGS. WE HAD DONE
PRETTY GOOD ROBBIN'
STORES AN' STAGE
COACHES AN' NOW THIS
GOLD ROBBERY WAS
THE BEST DIDOE
WE EVER PULLED."

When I was twelve years of age, I joined the Boy Scouts. One evening at one of our scout meetings in the Methodist Tabernacle, several of the boys were wandering around outside. They noticed a faint glow coming from an old tumble-down log cabin across the street. They crept through the bushes surrounding the building and peered inside. Immediately they ran back to the Tabernacle and told the scoutmaster what they had seen.

All of us trooped across the street and to the tumble down cabin. We crowded inside. There was a small glow from a tiny fire in the old fireplace. On a ragged pallet lay an emaciated and very old man, white bearded and unkempt. His eyes were sunken deep in their sockets, and there were hollows in his cheeks and at his temples. The clothes he wore were as ragged as the pallet.

Some of the good people of the town came and took the old derelict away. He was fed and clothed and cared for by them, but what finally became of him I never know.

Years later, when I was nineteen years of age, I was in Quanah, Texas for a two week stop-over on my way to California I stayed at the Colley Ranch. Old Grandpa Colley had lived in my home town of Eastland, Texas at the time the old derelict was found by the boy scouts. Grandpa Colley filled me in on the details concerning the old derelict. The two old men had had many conversations and Grandpa Colley told me the other man's story.

As I remember, the words were:

"Me and two friends had hooked up with a band of renegade Injuns in the early 1870's" according to the old man. "We robbed a couple of stages and a couple of stores in small towns. We wound up in The Flats at Fort Griffin where we heard about the Fort Griffin Payroll wagon. It

was due to arrive at the fort in a day or so.

"We rode out, joined the Indians and went to waylay the wagon. We ambushed it, killed the soldier escort an' taken all the gold. The Injuns only wanted blankets an' scalps an' horses an' things. We had done pretty good robbin' stores an' stage coaches an' now this gold robbery was the best didoe [a mischievous trick or prank] we ever pulled."

According to the old bandit, "We rode south, then east, then south and west and so on to lose any pursuit. We went mostly south. We looked back from hills, but nary a soul did we see followin' us. We built a big fire that night an' celebrated our good luck. Ever'body got roarin' drunk, 'ceptin' me an' a Injun friend o' mine. When ever'body fell down dead drunk, me and the Injun saddled up our cayuses, loaded the pack hosses with all the loot, and' set all the other hosses loose so's we couldn't be follered. I reckon as how the two white men an' the Injuns was caught by a posse or the army an' wiped out, since't they was a-foot.

"The two of us rid the rest o' the night an' most of the next day, zig-zaggin'. We stopped on top of a hill in late afternoon an' buried

the gold an' goodies near the hill with a big flat sand stone on top. Next day, I marked the spot an' we rid off. We robbed another stage, an' I was caught an' sent to the pen for life.

"When I got old and dyin'-like, they let me go to save the cost o' buryin' me. I come back here to look for the gold coins I buried, but the prairie is all growed up in bushes an' scrubbery. I ain't even been able to find the right hill, so I cain't find the gold."

FORT GRIFFIN—Located on the Clear Fork of the Brazos River north of the present community of Albany on Hwy 283, Fort Griffin was established in 1867 to protect frontier settlers from the Indians. The fort was abandoned in 1881. Today this is the site of Fort Griffin State Historical Park, a 506-acre parkland featuring the official state-maintained Texas Longhorn herd, plus the ruins of several old fort buildings and three restored buildings. Camping, trailer facilities, picnicking, fishing, nature study and a hiking trail are available



Later Billy didn't mind driving to town but the time wasn't right. The reasons for going didn't quite stack up to what was happening right then, which wasn't much, if anything. Besides, Later Billy was no fool. It was about ready to flood, and there was at least a mile of muddy road before the dry creek bed crossing up near the paved road. Flash Flood Creek, that's what Later Billy called the big dip in the road with the flood marker.

Later Billy didn't see how anybody could argue against all that, but Lacey did. Lacey could argue for or against anything. And at that moment she wanted "some Taco flavored Dorritos and a six pack of diet soda. And some hot dogs for supper. And buns."

"I ain't goin'," Billy said, "so forget it."

"Give me some money and I'll go."

"I gave it to you Lacey, I gave it *all* to you."

"What about the ten you won on A&M?"

"I spent it gettin liquored up before comin home yesterday."

"No you didn't," Lacey said, "I found it in your pockets this mornin'."

"Aw, Lacey. You goin through my pockets again?"

"Just gonna wash em. I don't want you gallivantin around in dirty clothes. What will people think of me?"

"Lacey, how can I gallivant on ten dollars?"

"I remember when you could gallivant on less."

"That was a while back, and you were gallivantin right along with me. Ahead most of the time."

"I don't gallivant," Lacey asserted, "I socialize."

"Sometimes I just wanna gallivant," Later Billy said almost whispering.

"Sometimes? Ever day, Billy, even now. That ain't normal."

"It ain't as easy as it once was."

"If it weren't for me you'd be hangin out at the Bar None Bar and Bar-B-Q," Lacey retorted in her most adult-to-child tone—like she was doing Later Billy a favor explaining just how much his life had improved under her guidance. Lacey even had Later Billy eating with his fork instead of that filthy old pocket knife.

"Well," Later Billy said, thinking less about a no-win argument than who might be at the Bar None. "Any woman that would send her man out in the middle of a flood, and risk his gettin

drowned for a bag of Dorritos and six pack of soda just ain't..."

"The hot dogs," Lacey interrupted, "and the buns. Oh, yes, and a can of beans. Ranch style."

"That's supper?"

"You got any better ideas?" Lacey asked.

"Tuna fish. What about that can of tuna you bought?"

"I bought that for you. I don't like it."

"That's it," Billy said relenting. "Where's them pickup keys?"

"You've got em," Lacey said, "I put em in the pocket with that ten. I decided not to wash."

LATER BILLY

BY IRA KENNEDY

"Well," Later Billy said surrendering all argument. "Where are my pants?"

"Where you left em."

"I left em on, you took em off, remember?"

"Which ones are those you got on now?" Lacey demanded.

"These are the jeans you started to wash last week. Couldn't find no clean jeans."

"How can I wash?" Lacey asked, like Later Billy was soft in the brain. "It's nearly floodin out."

"OK. Lacey. OK. OK. I'm headin to town this minute," Later Billy said shaking his head "No" underneath his old black Stetson with the rattlesnake hatband.

"You ain't wearin that hat," Lacey said. "Ever time you wear it you don't come home till the next day. Wear that one over there."

"Lacey, That's made a straw. It'll ruin."

"OK. But you come straight home."

"Now why wouldn't I?" Later Billy

said as sweet as he could. Almost as sweet as that second piece of pecan pie Lacey was cutting into. "I'm as hungry as you," Later Billy sighed as he made for the door knowing all along that wasn't the last word.

"Now what did I tell you to get?" Lacey asked remembering how forgetful her man was. She was always so busy remembering for him he hardly ever bothered.

Later Billy recited the list on his way out the door. As quick as it closed he heard Lacey shout, "Get the big bag."

Later Billy raced to the pickup, started her up and headed out. Raindrops pelted the pickup like a swarm of beetles. Back toward town, which was where the rain was coming from, it was as black as the insides of a cow—except for the constant bolts of lighting.

Later Billy held to the middle of the muddy road as best he could. It was bad. If he went too slow, he'd get stuck. Too fast and he'd end up worse.

As Later Billy pulled up to Flash Flood Creek it was at one-foot on the marker. When he eased across and up the slippery slope of road on the other side he heard the roar of the flash flood. He had seen it happen here before. A wall of water with all manner of debris churning around and poking out every now and again. It was kind of magical and scary all at once. As quick as thought, Later Billy was out on the main road headed for town and the Bar None Bar & Bar-B-Q. Once there, he called home for the first time in creation.

"Honey?" He paused a moment trying to think of the right words, not that there ever were any with Lacey.

"You wreck our truck?" she said more as a statement of fact than a question.

"Well, no..."

"Then why you callin? I'm hungry."

"Well, that's just it. Right after I crossed the dip it flooded good. I can't get back till tomorrow—not even then if the rain don't let up."

"You did this on purpose." He could hear Lacey stomp her foot rattling the dishes in the cabinet clear across the room. "You knew all along you'd get stuck in town."

"I tried to tell you. Remember?"

"You coulda explained it better. What am I supposed to do for supper?"

"Lacey. Honey." Later Billy said soft and gentle like, while the bartender slid a longneck right into his open palm. "There's always that tuna fish."



PARDNERS TOGETHER

THE TRUE STORY OF PECOS BILL AND SLUE-FOOT SUE

BY WARREN LEWIS

HOW SLUE-FOOT SUE INVENTED THE ARMADILLO, AND WHY

Slue-Foot Sue could punch cows as good as the next feller, but she said she didn't really like longhorns all that much. They smellt funny, she said, and, she said, she liked the way horses smellt a lot better. And besides that, longhorns is mean— Sue said she liked critters with a sweeter disposition better. Truth to tell, Sue liked all kinds of varmints, and through the years she kept a smart 'eal of the plesenter ones around the house fer pets—coyotes and cougars and javelina hogs and Gila monsters. The onliest critter Sue never did cage up fer a while was a godaphroe—godaphroes is *too* ornery, even fer Slue-Foot Sue. (One of these times I'll have to tell you just *how* ornery a godaphroe can be.) Onc't upon a time, Sue put a shy Milamo bird in her chicken coop. Only problem was, that shy Milamo bird was so shy, whenever you looked in there, you never could see it.

But to git on with my yarin', after Billy and Sue got The Two Pardners Scientific Cattle Ranch up and workin', and them dogies was a-rollin' down the hill into dollars, Sue retired from the cow bizness and went into a different line of work. Slue-Foot Sue set herself up an armadillo ranch instead.

Now, as ever'body knows, up to that time there never had been no armys yet. That was the one critter that the Lord God had decided not to create on His own—not that He needed no help, you understand; but knowin', as He did, that ol' Adam wouldn't've knowd what to call it anyhow, He jist overlooked whippin' it up. Inventin' the armadillo was somethin' that the Almighty left up to Slue-Foot Sue.

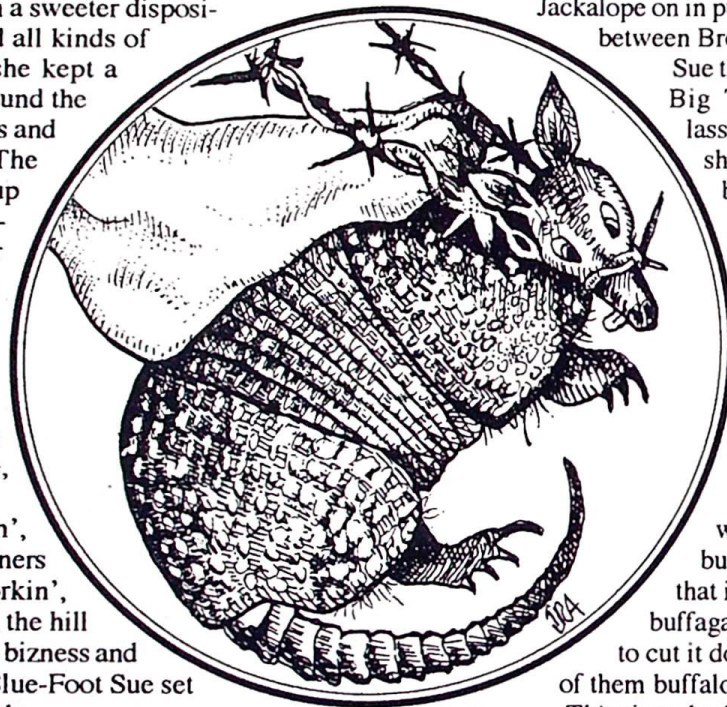
Straight off, Sue taken thought and worked her out a plan ahead of time. On account of she was aimin' to build what would be the most perfectest animule possible fer Texas, Slue-Foot commenced by breedin' together all the best critters from ev'ry part of the Great State. She crossed first this critter with that, and then the other with somethin' else. First time she tried, she crossed a jackrabbit with an antelope. Wellsir, what she got was a big jackrabbit with horns, but that didn't quite suit Sue's idee that she had in mind. Still 'n' all she liked the varmint well enough, so she

thought she'd keep it. Bein' that it was part rabbit, it bred fast, and bein' that it was part antelope, it could run fast, and that is why West Texas to this good day is overrun with Jackalopes that can run like hell. As is well known, you can see a stuffed Jackalope on in purt' near any bar or honkytonk between Brownwood and El Paso.

Sue tried agin. She went over to the Big Thicket in East Texas and lasso'd herself a alligator, which she crossed with a High Plains buffalo. That time, Sue was aimin' to get the hide right; but what she got instead was a buffagator—a big wooly-lookin' lizard with horns; and furthermore, the beast weren't the right size fer what Sue had in mind when she started. So, she thought about crossin' the buffagator with a horny toad, which would've sized it down all right, but would've give it more horns that it needed. So, she crossed the buffagator with a prairie dog, instead, to cut it down to size a mite, and git rid of them buffalo horns at the same time.

This time, both the wool and the horns was gone, but Sue wound up with two extries that she hadn't counted on. The critter could dig holes in the ground like a prairie dog, and the 'gator scales showed up agin. And what's more, to Sue's wonderment, the scales was all rowed up in nine even rows. Even tho' it didn't come out the way Slue-Foot'd planned on, she thought her patchwork critter looked kindly nice, what with its li'l pink nose and its li'l round and pointy ears and it's li'l blind eyes. Seein' as how she had now got herself a nine-banded prairie buffagator, Sue thought she might jist as well call it by that name, kindly scientific-soundin' and all. So whilst she was countin' the rings on the first batch to make shur that each animule had jist the same amount—*always* nine rings, and nary a band more ner less—Sue was wonderin' if anybody at the University down in Austin would know how to say "nine-banded prairie buffagator" in Latin.

Sue's varmint was a marvel of nature, a little bigger'n yer



basic ordinary barn cat, and the amazin' thing was, this critter could live in the desert and under ground, and walk under water, and eat grass or grubs or anything else that didn't eat it first, and it had a hide on it like the armor plate on the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*. Let me tell you, on account of that rock-hard hide, there wadn't many four-footed folks—not even bobcats and panthers—was willin' to break their teeth on Sue's critter, tryin' to eat one.

Sue thought about breedin' her "nine-banded prairie buffagator" next with a javelina hog, to give it tushes; or mebber with a badger, to put some more muscle into it. But, on second thought, Slue-Foot reckoned that her invention was mighty fine the way it was, even if she didn't rightly know what to call it. So Sue went straightway into production, and 'fore long, she had a whole passle of them boney little beasts bread up, and onc't Slue-Foot had herself sizable herd, she set about to put 'em to some good use. First thing she done was to hitch about forty-'leven of 'em up together, usin' bobwire fer tackle and reins. Sue done that 'cause nothin' else, ner rope ner rawhide, was tough enough to hold them flinty little suckers in check. That done, Sue commenced to plowin' with 'em.

Slue-Foot gathered up the tail-ends of all them bobwire reins and wrapped 'em around her fists and hollered, "Giddyup!" Them little bullets fired off, all in a row, a-gruntin' and a-snortin' and a-rootin' and a-diggin', like so many hard-nosed hogs in harness, and quicker'n Billy hisself could've done it, Sue had dug herself up a garden. With them forty-'leven armored little plows a-harr'in' and drillin' ever'thing in sight, Sue had churned up garden enough fer all her black-eyes and okry and sweet corn in a single pass.

Wellsir, when Pecos Bill heard the commotion, he come out lookin' to see what was kickin' up all the dust. Ol' Bill, he stood there a-watchin' Sue chase after her several span of wired-up self-propelled cultivators, and he commenced to laughin' at the sight.

"At's a dilly of a critter, ya got there, Sue," says Bill, a-slappin' his knee. "Yessireebob!" — Billy was a-holdin' his sides and hee-hawin', while Sue was a-sweatin, geein' this-a-way, and hawin' that-a-way on her varmints — "Yessiree Bob!" says Pecos Billy, "'At's a armored dilly of a critter, all right."

'Course, you've prob'ly already figger'd out that was how come the ol' army got his name. Bill taken one look at Sue's so-called nine-banded prairie buffagator—half alligator, half buffalo, and half prairie dog—and that armored dilly of a quadruped has jist naturly been called a "armadillo" ever since.

After Bill had had his laugh, he went back into the cabin and thought he'd take hisself a nap. He'd already seen all the work bein' done in one day that he cared to see. But Sue and her team of armored dillies hadn't even got started yet.

Now the long and the short of it is this: On the same day that Slue-Foot Sue invented the armadillo, Sue herself become the first sod-buster. She hitched up them little four-footed dirt-chewin' hot-blooded hole-diggin' self-startin' tillers-of-the-soil, and danged if they didn't disc-plow their way clear to South Texas. They dug up the whole consarned Rio Grand Valley, and Sue planted orchards of orange trees and grapefruit trees, and in the in-between rows, she planted both kinds of melons, both mush- and water-, and onions in the sand.

Sue's many-fold span of iron-clad armys was movin' so fast, what with herself on the hoof, she couldn't hardly keep up with 'em. So she picked out the two biggest little ponies among 'em, kicked off her buffalo boots, and planted a bare right foot on one humpin' boney back and a bare left foot on the other, dug in

Seein' as how she had now got herself a nine-banded prairie buffagator, Sue thought she might jist as well call it by that name, kindly scientific-soundin' and all. So whilst she was countin' the rings on the first batch to make shur that each animule had jist the same amount—*always* nine rings, and nary a band more ner less—Sue was wonderin'if anybody at the University down in Austin would know how to say "nine-banded prairie buffagator" in Latin.

her toes, and rode off Roman-style, a-whoopin' and a-hollerin' and a-whuppin' up them armys with her bobwire reins as fast as they could go.

When they come round by way of Corpus on their way up to Houston, they turned over a three- or four- hundred mile stretch of Gulf Coast, and Sue planted the first rice crop. After that, they rooted their way clean through the blackest soil on earth, and Sue turned all of East Texas—'ceptin' fer the Big Thicket, o'course—into the whitest cotton fields in the Southland. And after that, they headed out acrost North Texas and up towards the Panhandle, barefoot Sue ridin' Roman the whole time.

Them little hard-shelled rascals quarried the earth from Dallas to Armarillo, wheeled around and, leavin' Lubbock in the dust, come to a halt at the edge of the Cap Rock; and that's where Sue drilled in the first fields of winter wheat. Right then, them little pink noses and them little blind eyes taken note that they had plumb missed Central Texas; so they made another pass—meanwhile raisin' the worst sandstorm that ever had blowed into Abilene from off the North Plains. This go, Sue scattered cornfields by the mile, and acres of maize and sorghum, and oat patches, and more wheat and more cotton, and more melons and onions, and you name it. Ever'where she harrowed the open range, Sue left behind her—and behind her army of little rootin' tootin' dillies—a Lone Star State spread out with golden fields and ripe croplands.

And that ain't all. I might as well go ahead and tell you that at the same time Sue was sowin' the rich seed of the wealth of Texas farms and ranches, she was also scatterin' behind her, in the fence rows, along the farm-to-market roads, and in the corners of her fields, the little wildflower seeds that growd up to make Texas so beautiful in the spring of the year. Bluebonnets and Indian Paintbrush and Buttercups and Queen Ann's Lace, Mountain Laurel and Sunflowers and Black-Eyed Susans and Bluebells, and a whole lot more, sprung up behind Slue-Foot wherever she and her team of armys plowed the ground.

That evenin', Sue was plumb tuckered out. All she wanted to do was go home with her armadillos. Hummin' a Country Music tune, she come round by Amarillo and Abilene; she left

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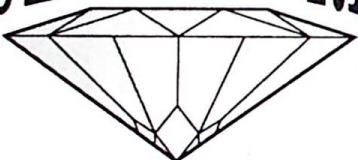
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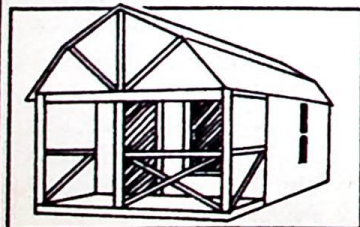
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behind her the friendliest people and the purtyest Texas she'd ever scen. But that, my friend, is where the story turns rough and ugly and mean.

By the time Sue had seeded all of Texas, pulled her critters to a halt in front of the cabin back out on the Pecos, hopped off her two big armored hulks, and unhitched her team, Billy's naptime was over. He come out of the house, a-yawnin' and a-scratchin', and he looked around, and his eyeballs plumb rolled out on his cheeks. Golden wheat was a-wavin' at him from the North, while cotton was fillin' out the bowls in the East, and sweet oranges and juicy grapefruits was oozin' sugar on the vine all over South Texas. And the Bluebonnets—they was ever'where, hundreds and hundreds of square miles of Bluebonnets at a stretch, a purply-blue sea of wildflowers with frothey white-caps, and here and there a splash of red-orange Indian Paintbrush, and the whole movin' ocean of flowers a-wavin' in the wind from East to West and South to North, all over the Great State. The only place the woman hadn't plowed up and planted was the rocks and cactus out in the Far West of the Big Bend; and she might've done that, too, if the daylight had lasted.

Right then is when ol' Pecos Bill started in to cussin': "What in the Sam Hill ...!" he hollered, and then he said a good bit more.

They'll let you print most anything in books, anymore, but what Billy said to Sue on that occasion, nobody ever has wrote down in a book and nobody prob'ly never will, and if they was to, wouldn't nobody 'llow you to print it, nohow, lest decent and respectable folks might read it. But I'm here to tell you, that Billy, he rared and he tared, and he roared around the cabin, and he tore up the ground, and he hollered, and he did carry on somethin' awful. He told Sue about her mother, and he wondered about her father. He made reference to her cookin' and to her East Texas way o' talkin'. He cussed at the way she mounted her horse, and he cussed at the way she walked, and he cussed at some of the other things that she both did and did not do by day or night. Bill raised so much cane a-yellin' at Sue, the prairie dogs come up outa their holes to see what in tarnation was goin' on—which is most unusual fer a prairie dog.

Bill yelled and hollered and cussed at Sue, he shook his doubled-up fist in her face, and he called her ever' worst name he could think of, toppin' off the list with the worstest of all: "...and what's more," he hollered, tho' by this time he was purt' near out words and all but winded—"you ain't no better'n a filthy, low-life, post-hole diggin', bobwire-stringin' soddy-livin' squatter! Yo're a sod-bustin' settler, a sheep-herder, and a dirt-farmer!" Speakin' fer the cattleman, Billy had a point there. His woman had played him false. You couldn't rightly say she'd been an unfaithful wife, but she might as well of been: She'd turned her spurs back into ploughshares, and she'd become a farmer instead of a cattle woman, and what's worst than that?

Now, Sue was tired; she'd put in a good day's work already. So, whilom Pecos Bill was doin' his nip-ups, ol' Sue, she jist stood her ground, a-listenin' to his caterwallerin'. Hands on her hips, eyes kind of squinty-like, a set smile on her mouth, she was waitin' to have her say. Mater of fact, she was jist about to take a mind to tell him: "That's Twic't!"

If'n Bill hadn't've been so mad, he might've noticed that Sue's eyes had already commenced to changin' colors, and if'n he had taken note, he might've been more keeful. But Billy weren't through cussin' yet, and after he finished chewin' Sue out good, he commenced to railin' on her critters. They didn't look like no dillies no more.

First thing Pecos Bill done was to kick the army nearest to

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him as hard as he could—he pert'near kicked it to Kingdom Come. 'Course, he like to broke his foot at the same time. It didn't take Bill hardly no time a-tall to figger out that kickin' Sue's armor-plated dillies ain't never the thing to do. Billy hopped around on one foot fer a piece, a-cussin' and a-rubbin' his broke toe, till it all come over 'im agin how mad he was—and now, with his sore toe, he was madder'n he was before. So he picked up that army and he rolled 'im up into a hard ball and give 'im a mighty heave. Ol' army, he jist ricsoshayed around the Rockies and bounced offa Pike's Peak and come rollin' on back to Texas. A flyin' trip to Colorady hadn't done that army no harm neither—nothin' ever does. Armys is harder to crack than a native pecan.

When Bill seein' how Sue's armys bounced and rolled, it jist got him that much madder still, so he taken it into his head to drown all them armys dead. He gethered up as many of them hoppin', skippin, jumpin', twistin' li'l cusses as he could ketch (a whole armload)—which is no mean feat, as any Texas kid can tell you that's ever tried to rodeo one a them squirmin' varmints by the tail—and he dumped 'em in the Gulf somewheres 'tween Corpus and Galveston. 'Course—as any Texas kid can tell you that's ever tossed one a them pint-sized iron-sided submarines into a stock tank—them armys didn't have no trouble with all that waters. Armys has two ways of crossin' Jordan—they can either fill theirselves up with air and float, or else they can sink to the bottom and walk on out to the other side. Wellsir, seein' that they was in the Gulf and not in some stock tank ner crossin' a river, and the tide and waves would have washed 'em down to Mexico if'n they'd tried to float, Sue's armies jist sank on down, hit sand, and started marchin'. And they didn't stop marchin', neither—they jist kept on a-comin', a-walkin' on the bottom of the water due north and a little east, till they walked up on the beach somewheres over near New Orleans. I reckon all that saltwater must've mixed 'em up a little bit. Anyhow, quick as they seen that they wasn't in Texas no more, all them armys jist naturlly lit out as fast as they could travel, headed West; and when they got to it, they jumped into the Sabine, and walked acrost the bottom of the river jist like they done the Gulf, and come up on the other side; and then without botherin' to shake the water off, they jist kept on a-keepin on, till they got back home to West Texas, though some of 'em must've stopped off along the way.

Wellsir—and this ain't no lie, neither—po'r ol' Billy was commencin' to begin to git a little angry by this time. Seemed like there weren't nothin' he could do to stop Sue's armored army of omery armys. So Billy done the only thing he knowd to do—he

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run into the cabin, grabbed his shootin' iron, and commenced to blazin' away at Sue's nine-banded prairie buffagators. 'Course, that didn't do 'em no harm, neither. Ever'time Bill'd fire, them little critters would jist jump right straight up into the air, and Billy's bullets would go zingin' underneath their bellies and plow up the dust on the other side. Oh, he may've hit one or two; but afore he could do much damage, all forty-'leven of them bone-plated imitation gophers had jumped right straight up and come right straight down and had dug theirselves clean out of sight down into their holes in the ground. Some folks says, it was Pecos Bill's fireworks that taught Sue's armys how to jump, in the first place, and that they been daincin' like that ever since. No two ways about—Sue's armys carryin' on like that made Billy feel as mean as a polecat with his stink hole all plugged up.

Wellsir, when Billy seen that he couldn't do nothin' to Sue's varmint, he decided to take it out on the woman herself. So he whips out his shootin'-iron agin, takes aim in her general direction—I don't mean to say that Billy ever really did aim to shoot Sue dead—mebbe jist graze her a little bit and give her a good scare.

Anyhow, quick as Bill got off his first shot, Sue whips out her own piece, and, shootin' from the hip, she returns his fire sech that her shot butted heads with Billy's bullit in flight, and the two charges exploded together in mid-air.

Not to be out-done, Billy taken aim a second time, and this time right at Sue, and he fires off another round.

Sue—jist as calm and cool and collected as can be—steps aside, holsters her firearm, ties a loop in one end of the ba'bed-wire reins she was still a-holdin' in her other hand, fashions a lasso, twirls it around her head a couple of times, and ropes that danged cartridge as it was flyin' past.

That last bit of faincy work was jist too much fer ol' Billy—he wadn't smilin' no more. The third shot, he taken point-blank aim right at Sue right 'tween the eyes—as tho' he meant to hit her—and he pulls the trigger.

That time, Sue caught Billy's ball in her teeth, spit his load out into the palm of her hand, and then she tucked that pellet into her shirt pocket. "Thanky fer yer ball, my boy," says Sue, tuckin' Billie's wad away jist in case she ever might need a extry load. "Good balls is hard to come by, and a woman cain't collect too many of 'em."

Sue musta knowd that Billy didn't really mean her no harm; and, when it come to gittin' that boy's goat, Slue-Foot Sue was smarter'n a one-eyed 'coon in a holler tree playin' hide-n'seek with a pack o' hounds.

I don't have to tell you, Pecos Bill was more'n a little upset by this time. It was worse enough that Sue had invented a movin' target that Billy couldn't hit. And worst than that, Billy couldn't even seem to take it out on Sue herself. But the worstest part of all went right down to the cob: Bill, you've got to understand, was a cowpoke, whose woman had gone and turned sod-buster on him, and then she wadn't even polite enough to let him shoot her. Bill knowd in his bones that if he let Sue git away with bein' a farmer, the open range would git cut up and hemmed in with ba'bed-wire fences, and the free life would be over, and the Old West days would be gone forever. Problem was, Billy was smart enough to know there weren't nothin' he could do to stop her.

Now, some folks gits real sad when they think on what onc't was and used to be but what never will be no more—Texas in the olden days 'fore all them damnyankees moved down here; Texas, the Lone Star State, back when the only light you had to look at in the dark of night was the blazin' stars; Texas—the wide-open

spaces, the buffaloes, and the freedom. Pecos Bill could dig a river, bulldog a tornado, and rope a whole herd of longhorns at a single throw, but there was one thing that even Billy couldn't do, and that was roll back time and stop what they nowadays calls "progress". But Billy didn't git sad, he got mad.

In a gnat's eyebrow of time, Pecos Bill kind of went outa his head and turned into a ragin' cyclone of a man. He stormed from one end of Texas to the other, flat out a-bawlin' like some yearlin' calf that's lost his mamma. He rained and he hailed and he flooded the Great State with his tarnation till the rivers commenced to overflowin'. It was the only time in history that the Canadian, the Red, the Sabine, and the Rio Grandy all overflowed their banks on the same day, and all the other rivers in between besides. He wailed and he walled and he gnashed his teeth—and that's a fact. He chewed the ground up and spit it out and chewed it up some more. He chewed the Cap Rock like corn on the cob, and the place where he chewed it the most, in afteryears they called it the Palo Duro Canyon. What I'm tryin' to tell you is that when tender-hearted Billy thought about the passin' of the West, it kindly made him cry.

Wellsir, to put an end to my lyin', by the time ol' Billy got over his mad enough to see where he was, and to see the Texas that wadn't no more and would never come agin, that boy was plumb lost. Bill had strayed from home like some bawlin' lonesome dogie. The plain truth is that Billy had flat cut out on Sue fer a spell. Nowadays, married folks on their way to bustin' up would call what Bill and Sue went through at this time a "trial separation"—it only lasted 30 or 40 years, but they meant it while it lasted, and them was misrable years of livin' apart fer Bill and Sue, and mighty hard on 'em both. If you'll buy me another Lone Star to keep my whistle wet, I'll tell you the rest of the story later on—about how Pecos Bill went off and got hisself in trouble, and about how he come a-dragin' in one day, years later. And in the meantime, there's a whole passle of yarns to spin about Slue-Foot.

Anyhow, when Billy skeedaddled outa there, Sue jist stood still and watched and waited fer his dust to settle. Then, she went to the well to wash up. Slue-Foot had chores to do and supper to git.

"He'll come home when he gits hungry," Sue said to herself.

Next day, Sue and her army of forty-'leven little armored dillies set to work agin, tendin' her many fields. Even if his name was Pecos Bill, Slue-Foot Sue thought to herself, she weren't about to let no ill-tempered trigger-happy bawlin' loud-mouthed cryin' cowboy keep her from gittin' her chores done.

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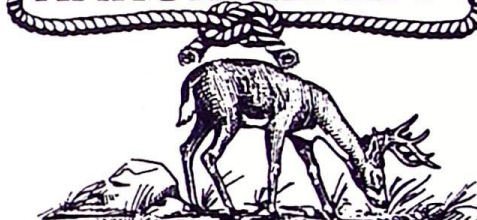
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THE CAMELS OF CAMP VERDE

BY KENN KNOPP



Chris Emmett was probably one of those youngsters who stumbled across a camel picture or heard others talk about the great camel experiment in Texas in the 1860s. Emmett grew up in Energy, Texas, a farming and cattle raising community in Comanche County near Brownwood.

His early curiosity about the camels of Texas had really never been satisfied. He never heard the whole or real story about their importance to Texas and to United States military history. But a chance deer hunting venture in 1929 brought him to Camp Verde in Kerr County.

On this hunting trip, Chris Emmett stumbled upon the very spot that enabled him to find the mother lode of information about the camels of Texas. The result was to become an important book in a string of fascinating publications that would win Emmett numerous honors and awards. *Texas Camel Tales*, originally published in 1932 and reprinted in 1969, is the definitive work on the subject. Both editions have long been out of print.

In April of 1856 ships loaded with camels began landing at the Port of Indianola in Lavaca County. These ships belonged to the U. S. Government which was undertaking a "transportation experiment" overseen by Jefferson Davis, the U. S. Secretary of War who suggested the project.

For years the vast desert-like lands of in West Texas and

the Panhandle caused gigantic hardships. Whether it was migrants, the pony express, stagecoaches, military movements, or gold rushers, these vast, waterless territories were treacherous and often fatal. As if the weather and long distances without water weren't enough, there were also hostile Indians and American outlaws that had to be dealt with. The southern routes through the American West simply had to be opened and made safer.

Secretary Davis and his military advisers concluded that if camels were the answer to the caravans of the deserts of the Sahara and other continents, why not in the arid semitropical Texas, and the Far West of America? Thus, Congress passed one of its most curious legislative proposals, "The Camel Appropriation Bill". It would be the task of the US Navy to get the camels from the far off continents to Texas; and the US Army to carry out the experiment.

Lieutenant Colonel Robert E. Lee was dispatched to Texas and stationed at Fort Mason in 1856. While making his priority the protection of the ever-growing Texas population from the Indians, Lee was also to see that the camels would be protected, too.

Secretary Davis and his military advisers concluded that if camels were the answer to the caravans of the deserts of the Sahara and other continents, why not in the arid semitropical Texas, and the Far West of America? Thus, Congress passed one of its most curious legislative proposals, "The Camel Appropriation Bill."

The officers who went to Tunisia to buy the thirty-three camels from that country's Pasha had quite a time of coping and tending to the camels aboard ship. It seems that the camels became virulently seasick and were even more "disgusting" in this regard than humans. But as soon as they arrived at the Port of Indianola and their feet felt the solid Texas soil their attitude adjusted immediately.

Wire reports based on articles of the *Indianola Bulletin* of April 12, 1856, reported that workmen there were busy building ten-acre enclosures for the camels which were to be trained for immediate service on the Western plains. The camels were saddled with "back packs" to accustom them to heavy loads and the new terrain. Their handlers reported that after the first month or so the camels could easily transport up to 1,500 pounds on their backs.

Charge d'Affaire, Major Henry C. Wayne, gave the order on June 6, 1856 that the Texas Camel Drive from Indianola to San Antonio was officially on. In this report to Jefferson Davis, Major Wayne was ecstatic at the reaction his camels had to the lush grasslands, "luxuriating and improving in appearance" from Lavaca Bay on up to Victoria.

For a generation afterwards, when South Texans were asked what was the most memorable moment, the most typical answer was, "...when the herd of camels came into view and passed by my house." Wherever Major Wayne decided to camp, the people of the area came to see the camels for themselves. The big hit of this free circus was usually the one lone baby camel which seemed to be having a very good time exploring in the New World.

Chronicler Chris Emmett interviewed an elderly witness, Miss Pauline Shirley near Victoria who told him, "We invited Major Wayne over to our house for supper. He invited me to come and take a ride on one of the camels. He also gave my mother enough clipped hair from the camels which she knitted into a pair of socks she sent to the President of the United States, Franklin Pierce. The socks stank so, that she first had some of our Negroes put the socks in the sun and to wash time over and over

again... "

The camel caravan arrived in San Antonio near the headwaters of San Pedro Creek on June 18, 1856. Major Wayne reported to Washington that the utility and the cooperation of the camels was excellent; and, the Indians had made no attempt to steal or injure any of the camels.

Taking Major Wayne's report into consideration, the quartermaster-general informed him from Washington that his next step was to find a permanent camp for the camels and quarters for the personnel. Wayne saw that directive as an opportunity to assess the greater question—that of breeding herds of Texas camels.

In mid-July of 1856, Major Wayne left the flat land below San Antonio and made his way through Comanche Springs and Sisterdale to Fort Martin Scott, the federal garrison just outside of Friedrichsburg. Fort Martin Scott was established on a branch creek of the Pedernales River. The purpose of the fort was to challenge any serious Indian threat from the Comanche to the north.

Major Wayne then obliged a request to inspect a site between San Antonio and Kerrville called Green Valley or Verde Creek. Green Valley was situated twist and between numerous streams and a strong, beautiful river, the Guadalupe. The fine grazing land of Green Valley would be preferable to the rather rocky Pedernales area around Fort Martin Scott.

On August 30, 1856 he named the site as Camp Verde. The camels now had a permanent home. The camp was to be a US Cavalry post under the direction of Colonel Robert E. Lee, who was located alternately at Fort Mason and at the departmental headquarters in San Antonio.

Records show that the personnel had to forego the cowboy terms, such as corral, for *Kahn*, a term common to the camel's native land. The camel's stalls or sheds were known as a *Pise* which were built in exactly the same size and shape as they were across the sea.

Major Wayne began the experiments straightaway. He had the camels carrying supplies to and from Camp Verde to San Antonio and other points. Camels with their packs were always accompanied by horse (or mule) and wagons. The Major claimed in his official reports that if *only* camels had been utilized, the trip to San Antonio would have taken two days instead of the usual three—the horses' need for water slowed them down.

Another report maintained that six camels were able to transport, over the same ground and the same distance, the weights of two six-mule wagons; and the camels gained forty-two and one half hours in time compared to the mules. Then, the camels were put to the big test: heavy sacks of oats were loaded on the camels' and they were taken across mountain ranges that were impassable for wagons. A heavy rainstorm made the test exceptionally difficult, but the camels arrived at their destination in a time that surprised everyone.

It was now 1857 and everyone in the US Army knew that secession was imminent. Major Henry C. Wayne was recalled to Washington because of his sympathies to the Confederate cause and assigned elsewhere. He did not get to oversee the second ship load of forty-one camels that arrived at Port Indianola, Texas on January 10, 1857.

In the late 1850's, responding to the publicity that camels were desired in Texas, ship loads arrived at Texas ports. Chris Emmett's research indicates that these camels were the perfect cover to deflect attention of other "commodities" to

Texas ports, namely African slaves. Texans were growing more and more wary of accepting slaves as Federal Law prohibited their importations.

After awhile the demand for camels was filled and many were turned loose and became the dread of cattlemen. When horses sniffed the presence of camels the horses bolted as if they were frightened by rattlesnakes.

Just as Fort Martin Scott boosted the welfare of Friedrichsburg, and Fort Mason generated the town of Mason, Camp Verde attracted a storekeeper, a doctor named Nowlin, who set up his office halfway between Comfort and Kerrville in what is now called Center Point.

One evening, Indians raided Dr. Nowlin's stables and took with them four horses and two camels. The cavalry and some civilians found a fresh Indian trail that led all the way to the Concho River near present day San Angelo where they battled it out with a different band of Indians with stolen horses and other items. They never did recover the camels or Dr. Nowlin's horses.

Around this time, the officials in Washington were getting virulent complaints from pioneers who found travel in the Northwest, West and into California extremely perilous. Thinking the camels would help solve the problem, Lieutenant Beale was instructed to lead a wagon train with camels from Camp Verde to California. The Beale expedition, and camels, made the return trip back to Camp Verde. But nine of the camels remained in California with their progeny, out in the wilds. They were seen as late as 1890.

In 1859 orders were received for a contingent at Camp Verde to ready twenty-four camels to explore the unknown territory of the Big Bend region of Texas. The absence of sufficient water had defeated many an expedition into that deso-

late and arid land. The camels seemed to have an uncanny ability to find water at just the right time. On one stretch the caravan traveled one hundred and ten miles in almost four days without water—much to the astonishment of the military superiors.

In 1860, the rumblings and maneuvering of impending conflict between abolitionist states and slave states were accelerating. Everyone was not only having to choose sides but they had to worry about what would happen to their livelihoods, property and funds.

On February 4, 1861, Colonel Robert E. Lee was relieved of duty and ordered to report back to Washington. Lee refused to fight against his home state, and joined the Confederacy. On the 28th of the same month Texas Confederates from San Antonio marched into Camp Verde. The Unionists at the camp were placed in the Prison Canyon outside of San Antonio.

At Camp Verde, the Confederates were in urgent need of salt. Texas seaports were blockaded, so the Confederates would load bales of cotton on the camels in exchange for salt obtained at the Salt Lakes near Kingsville.

In early 1865, it was clear that the South would not win the Civil War, and Confederates not living in Texas began to leave so as to make their way home. Ranchers near Camp Verde had their eyes on the Confederate land, the quartermastery, and the camels. In March of 1866, the Unionists retook Camp Verde and began carrying out orders from their superiors to sell the camels. They found buyers from the circus for a few.

Bethel Coopwood and his partners were the highest bidder and became the proud new owners of the remaining sixty-six camels. The Coopwood brothers were Confederate sympathisers who made their home in Hermanas, Mexico during the war; although they made frequent visits to their families in San Antonio. After the war, Bethel took the state law exam and

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passed it easily.

Between Camp Verde to San Antonio a few camels escaped. Rewards were offered and in short order people began bringing them to Coopwood. Now, Coopwood had a problem—for he had not the slightest idea what he intended to do with his camels. Learning about the camels, the Ringling Brothers Circus came to San Antonio and bought five of them from the Coopwood brothers. The US Post Office then contracted with Bethel Coopwood to carry the mail from San Antonio to Mexico City by camel. Gradually, thieves menaced the mail caravan, and the losses robbed the Coopwood's and their partners of their anticipated profits.

The Coopwoods decided to cancel their contract with the US Post Office and divide up the camels. To make matters worse for the Coopwood venture, the US Government claimed Coopwood's camels (at least those he brought into Texas from Mexico after the Civil War) were "stolen goods" and the Government seized these camels and led them into Arizona where they were turned loose.

Years later, General Douglas McArthur remembered vividly that around 1885, when he was five years old, seeing a camel wander nonchalantly into Fort Selden, New Mexico, from the desert.

Finally, Bethel Coopwood moved from Mexico to a farm in southern Travis County and brought with him his remaining camels. Coopwood remained a lawyer and a camel breeder. What a sight it must have been to see Coopwood ride into Austin; or ride from his farm all the way into San Antonio and back in no more than five hours.

According to Coopwood's descendents the camels were once the hit of Austin's Mardi Gras parade. The *King of the Carnival's* float was drawn by thirty-two camels, each camel was led by a costumed Negro holding a lighted torch. Chris Emmett concludes his own marvelous story: "The camel experiments had come to a close." Chris Emmett wrote, "There was many a childish heart broken and buckets of tears shed when the camel herd, and [the favorite camel] Old Katie, gaily bedecked by the loving hands of her childish friends, was driven away. The herd was sold to a circus."

After Henry C. Wayne (the Confederate officer who so efficiently oversaw the camel experiment) was released from a Union prison he received the First Class Medal of Honor from the *Societe Imperiale Zoologique a'Acclimation de Paris* for his fine efforts and achievements with the camels.

Visitors to the area will want to stop by the Camp Verde General Store. It's present owner, Mary Walters Allen, has operated the place since 1968; however the store was established in 1856 as a post office. They're open Monday thru Saturday from 8:30 to 5 p.m. and on Sundays from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. The General Store has fishing equipment—which you can use at the nearby Verde Creek. The creek is available to the public along with a nearby state park picnic area. The store also has, old fashioned pickles, real Texas foods, their own honey, jewelry, Texana books plus, ice, soft drinks, beer, and other sundries.

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TWO MEN

DESPERATELY WOUNDED



by MRS. LULA FRYE

REPRINTED WITH PERMISSION FROM
THE FRONTIER TIMES FEBRUARY, 1925

I will give you a brief history of some of the hardships the early pioneers had to undergo, particularly some of the experiences of my father, W. J. Miller, or more familiarly known to the people of West Texas as Bill Miller. His parents were Joseph and Elizabeth Miller, natives of Indiana, but they had removed to Washington county, Arkansas, where J. W. Miller was born June 11, 1841. Six years later the family moved to Bastrop, Texas, and engaged in the cattle business. In 1859 my father was married to Miss Dallie Vandever, from Kentucky, and to them were born three children, Zack T., Lula J., and Emma A. Miller.

Father moved to McCulloch county where cowboys were in demand and accepted a position with Mr. Frances of Llano county who had moved his cattle to range in McCulloch county, and here he worked a year, when he and his brother, F. M. Miller, took charge of a bunch of cattle belonging to A. W. Morrow and managed them eight years.

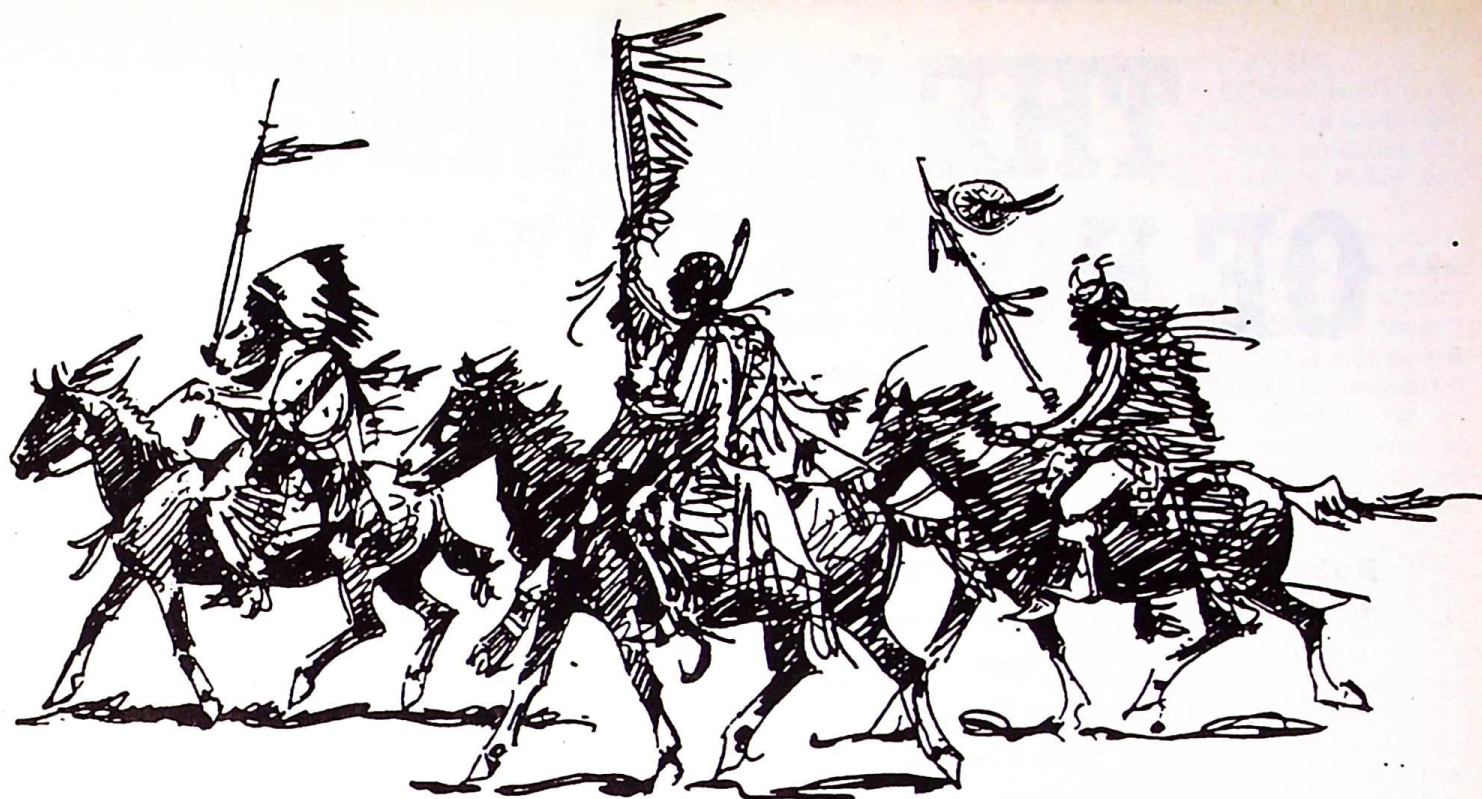
The first long drive father made was over the trail leading to Missouri in 1867, the herd driven numbering 570 head which were readily disposed of and he returned home. Eleven days after he returned from that drive he was in one of the most desperate fights with Indians recorded in the annals of border warfare. In company with Mr. Morrow he was returning from a short trip and encamped for the night near Major Rose's place on the San Saba River.

About daybreak they started for home and had traveled about eight miles when they discovered a band of Indians driving some cattle. The Indians discovered them at the same time and came yelling and shooting showers of arrows. Father was driving four big fat horses, and they became frightened and ran away, and he could not manage them. The Indians ran up close and whipped the horses with their bows, while other Indians were shooting at him. The team neared a bluff and in trying to check them the wagon struck a ditch and father's pistol bounced to the ground. This left him unarmed, except a knife.

Morrow was busy fighting the Indians all the time father was trying to control the horses, but both men were badly wounded before the horses ran into a ditch and had to stop. Father and Morrow jumped out of the wagon and hastily cut the horses loose, and Morrow jumped on the first one released and started to make his escape, when an Indian shot the horse and Morrow was thrown to the ground. He called to father and said he was killed and begged him not to leave him to the mercy of the savages.

As father ran by Morrow he reached down and caught him by the hand and pulled him up on the horse behind him, but just as they started to run an Indian squaw rushed up and shot father in the left cheek with an arrow, severing an artery. He jerked the arrow out and used it as a switch to urge his horse forward, and they ran about a mile, when he told Morrow he was bleeding to death and could go no further. They dropped from the horse, and the Indians rode around them several times and went away leaving them for dead.

Father had twenty-seven wounds on his body, face and head. He had on a woolen overcoat, and when he dropped



The first long drive father made was over the trail leading to Missouri in 1867, the herd driven numbering 570 head which were readily disposed of and he returned home. Eleven days after he returned from that drive he was in one of the most desperate fights with Indians recorded in the annals of border warfare. In company with Mr. Morrow he was returning from a short trip and encamped for the night near Major Rose's place on the San Saba River.

from the horse he fell with his face on his arm and the heavy coat stopped the flow of blood. They remained here several hours, and just before night, when it began to rain and sleet, they crawled to a cedar thicket, built a fire and kept from chilling to death.

Mr. Morrow had twenty-two wounds, and they both suffered terribly for water. Their clothes were saturated with blood, and they were in a weakened condition. At daylight father told Morrow he must have water or he would die. Mr. Morrow, who could still walk, placed father high up on a boulder to remain there while he went for water. He was afraid if he left him on the ground the wolves, which had been prowling around all night, would kill him.

Morrow then went to the river, a short distance away, and when he was gone, father thought he would never return, and as his fever was high and his throat and lips parched he could stand it no longer, so he slid off the rock and dragged himself along until he came to the river and getting to the waters edge he drank until he had quenched his consuming thirst. As long as father lived he talked about that good water. He had lost so much blood and was in such a weakened condition that he came near freezing to death while on the bank of the river.

Presently he heard the sound of horse's hoofs, and thought the Indians were returning, but soon discovered it

was some cowboys hunting for him. They had found the wagon and trailed them by the blood. The boys unsaddled their horses and took their saddle blankets and made a stretcher and carried father back to the place where Morrow had left him and found Morrow there with his boot full of water which he had brought to relieve father's thirst. The cowboys then sent to Major Rose's for an ambulance, bed and pillows, and brought the wounded men home.

When they cut father's clothes off the were so stiff with blood the doctor stood his pants up on the floor. Father never turned himself in bed for more than three years, and he carried one of the arrow spikes in his body from the 17th day of January, 1868 until September 24, 1874 when it was removed by a surgeon from Galveston, after which he improved very rapidly.

He was a man with an iron constitution and despite his affliction, he gathered his cattle in June, 1872, and drove them to Colorado. One of the Indians' arrows had penetrated his lungs, and he finally contracted tuberculosis, from which he died in 1902.

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THE HANGING OF BOB AUGUSTINE

FROM MEMOIRS OF CHARLES ADELBERT HERFF;
EDITED BY LISA WALLER ROGERS



Bob Augustine was a devilishly handsome man—if you overlooked the fact that he was slightly bowlegged. Being bowlegged was about the only thing Bob had come by honestly in all his thirty-five years. It was true that Bob had spent half his life in the saddle. But that's about the extent of his integrity. Because Bob Augustine was no respectable cowpuncher. Bob Augustine was a notorious desperado.

Unfortunately, he was just the sort of man that women fall in love with. He was strong and fearless, of course, and he cut a manly figure. But it was Bob's "tender side" that really got the maternal instinct going. He had soft, brown, gazelle-like eye with eyelashes at least half an inch long. He sported a small, black moustache. His pearly-white teeth set off his fine mouth. When he smiled the corners of his mouth curled upwards, making him look just like a shy and innocent girl. He could be charming. He was gallant. Bob was a favorite with the girls of San Antonio.

Bob always wore his hat. It was a big hat—a big, brown, beautifully ornamented Mexican sombrero. And out from underneath this big hat tumbled Bob's long, wavy, pitch-black hair. Bob parted his hair right down the middle and let it fall naturally over his broad shoulders.

Bob was a fussy dresser. He always wore a spotless, white ruffled shirt topped by a red neck-tie. His coat was made of yellowish-brown buckskin. Its front and back were covered in gorgeous embroidery, a testament to the skills of Bob's many girlfriends. His pants were of gray corduroy with black leather trimming running down the seams. He kept his boots highly polished. Their tops were decorated with a red Lone Star on a white background. They had high heels that had been fitted with long Mexican spurs. Every time Bob took a step, the silver spurs clinked.

As a rule, Bob was pleasant to talk with. His voice had a musical quality that was pleasing to the ear. But that same voice that was one minute so musical and pleasing could suddenly be transformed into a loud, coarse, hard, and grating one were someone to say something that made Bob mad. Thus enraged, his eyes jumped from mellow to savage in an instant. He became a menacing tiger. You never knew when someone was

going to set off his hair-trigger temper. And it was woe to him who did. Bob's bullet always found its mark.

About three months before his death, Bob gave a public exhibition of his expert marksmanship. It took place on the Alameda, a tree-lined promenade just to the south of the Alamo church. First, on foot, Bob stood with a six-shooter in each hand. Without ever taking aim, he planted a bullet in the center of a different tree each time. He then repeated this performance from the back of a galloping horse. Out of twenty shots, Bob never scored a miss.

Everybody went out of their way to be exceedingly courteous to Bob following this demonstration. Bob Augustine was indeed a very dangerous man to trifle with; nevertheless, the Vigilantes kept their eyes on him.

For some time, Bob managed to stay just this side of the law. But the day came when the temptation to misbehave proved too strong for him, and he no longer could resist its pull. So, one late Sunday afternoon, Bob jumped on his fiery pinto mustang stallion and rode over to Military Plaza. He entered the Green Bull Saloon. He downed several shots of tequila. This started him going some. Then he charged over to Madam Candelaria's Fandango, where he danced and swung some of the señoritas around and drank some Vino de Parral. He became rowdy and sang some ribald Spanish songs.

He left the fandango and rode over to the Chihuahua district. There he attended a rooster fight and several dog fights and tanked up some more. He was now gloriously drunk. It was dark. He swung back on to his horse, and, yelling and howling, rode through town making all kinds of mischief. He shot out the lights in a resort on East Street. He shot off door knobs. With his horse frothing and neighing, he chased a fleeing man and shot him in the leg.

Still mounted on his exhausted horse, he turned abruptly

onto Dolorosa Street and, with lightning speed, rushed into Military Plaza. He gave several blood-curdling wolf howls and, while still on horseback, charged the chili stands that were set up in the middle of the plaza. He knocked over the tables. Chili, bowls, tortillas, ladles, lanterns, and bottles went flying. He then jumped off his horse and began to chase the chili queens in every direction. When he caught them, he grabbed them by their long, black hair, whipped out his sharp Bowie knife, and, with one quick motion, cut off their beautiful tresses. With a terrific horse laugh, he threw their tresses high up into the air.

Bob was having a ripping time when Bill Lyons, the City Marshal, heard the commotion quite a distance away on Main Plaza. Risking his life, Bill rushed over, pounded upon Bob, caught him by his own long hair, twisted his arms behind him, and marched him off to the Bat Cave.

The Bat Cave was the jail in the back of the Courthouse on the northwest corner of Military Plaza. It was nothing short of a medieval dungeon. It was dark, smelly, foul, and filthy. It was the perfect breeding ground for anything writhing and crawling. Lice, cockroaches, bedbugs, ants, earwigs, spiders, and blowflies called the Bat Cave home. Prisoners were fettered in iron chains in cells with dirt floors and no water.

Bob was thrown in jail; the news spread like wildfire. "They've captured Bob Augustine!" Trial was set for the next morning in the second floor courtroom of the Courthouse.

Court could not be held, however, until the thousands of bats which made their home between the canvas ceiling and the roof were driven from the courtroom. It wasn't as if anyone really minded the bats zigzagging and fluttering around the courtroom. They did not lodge in women's hair as everyone had always said they would. That was a myth. The little creatures were harmless. But the clicking noise they made could be very irritating, especially during a court proceeding. As a result, it had become routine procedure to send two men into the courtroom in advance of the judge, the jury, and the spectators. Using 2 X 4 scandlings with planks nailed across at the top, these two he-men would pound on the ceiling until all the little flittermice were (temporarily) evicted.

By the time the court convened Monday morning, there was a thick crowd both inside and outside the courtroom, Judge Pro Tem Brewer was sitting in the corner, with outstretched legs, feet resting on the table, smoking homegrown tobacco in his corncob pipe.

Judge Brewer looked like a cross between an owl and a shrimp. The owl part was his head. It was big and bullet-shaped. He had an enormous hooked nose on which were perched a pair of large, silver-rimmed glasses, which always appeared to be giving off a glitter. He had broad shoulders, large hips, and a black moustache. His small feet were crossed and

wigwagged back and forth like a shrimp's tail.

In the center of the room stood a table about twelve feet long and four feet wide. It was covered with a smooth, green cloth like a billiard table, and, was, no doubt, the setting for some lively after-court games of Poker and Monte.

The acting recorder began the session by saying, "Mr. Seffel! Bring in Bob Augustine." Mr. Seffel, the peace officer, was a great big bear of a man. He had Herculean strength. He used to be a blacksmith for the government. Once, though, while he was shoeing a mule, the mule got ornery and bit Mr. Seffel on his arm. Mr. Seffel doubled up his fist and whacked the mule between the eyes. On the spot, the mule dropped dead. The government wanted to discharge Mr. Seffel, but the commanding General Post interceded on his behalf. The general himself had been bitten by a mule several years before while serving in the federal army. He felt that he was the best judge of what a mule's bite felt like.

Officer Seffel escorted Bob into the packed courtroom. Bob carried his big, brown sombrero under his arm. He took a seat directly across from the judge.

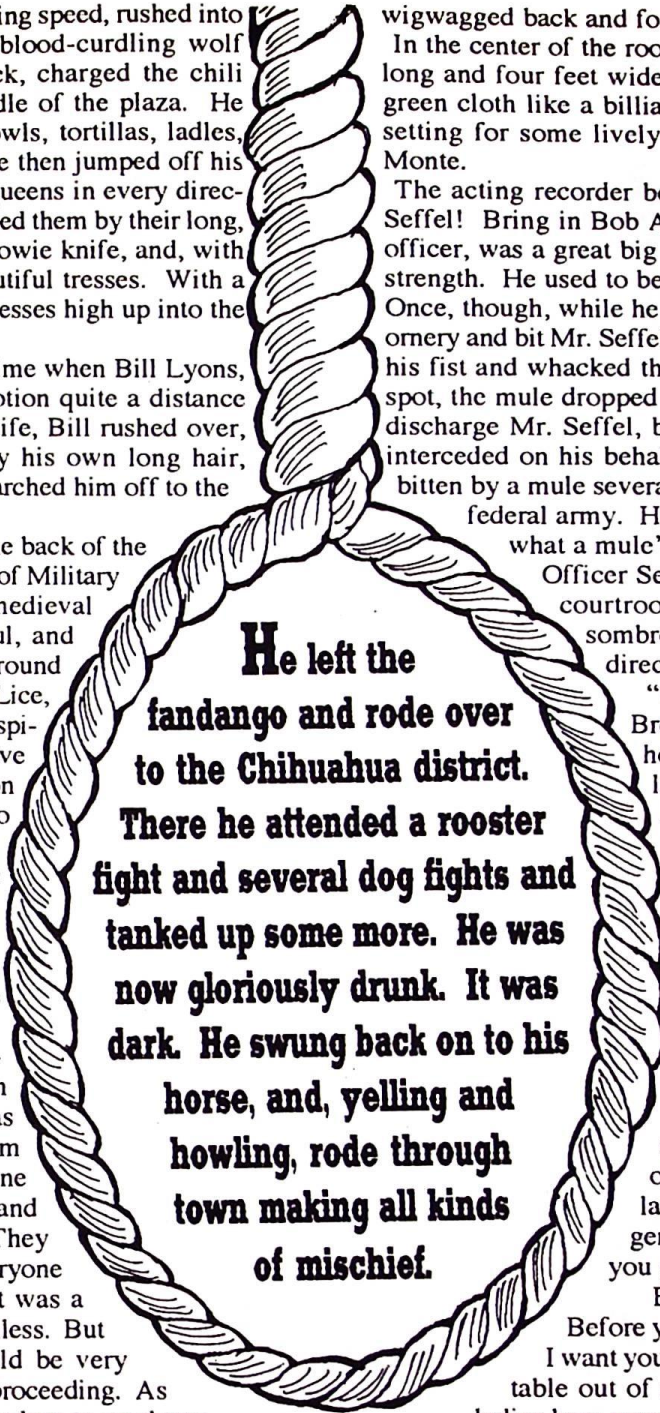
"Good morning, Bob," said Judge Brewer. "Bob, I see you done played hell again over there in Chihuahua last night and, as you can see, I am Judge Pro Tem today and I will pass sentence upon you and tell you before hand if you are in the least guilty I am going to put it to you this time but good. You are charged with behavior unbecoming a gentleman. You raised hell in Chihuahua last night, yelled and howled like a hyena, shot off door knobs, shot out lights, shot a fleeing man in the leg, knocked chili stands over, frightened the wits out of the gals, cut off their tresses and laughed like a hoss and played hell in general. Now, Bob, I want to ask: Are you guilty or not guilty of these acts?"

Bob replied, "I refuse to answer.

Before you ask any more of them questions, I want you to take them hoofs of your'n off the table out of consideration of the many refined ladies here present." The judge reluctantly put his feet down. The courtroom erupted in wild laughter and applause.

That got the judge's dander up. With a vigorous *WHACK*, he struck the table with his gavel and shouted, "Order in the court! We don't want any of these demonstrations in this here trial. Officer! See to it that there is not another disturbance of this kind. Just put them out of this courtroom. Put them in the Bat Cave if they resist."

Officer Seffel, ever ready to do his duty, turned to the crowd, and with his German-laced English said, "You all have done heard vot der Tsutch said a leetle vile ago yet. He vants no more of monstrations in dis trial—if you make monstrations once more again I vill crap you by der collar or vack you one on der calabaza wid my shilulah. If you disist me, I'll stick you in



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PROWLING BIG BEND

THE SECOND LEG OF A THREE-LEGGED JOURNEY



CASA GRANDE FROM THE CHISOS MOUNTAIN LODGE, BIG BEND NATIONAL PARK. PHOTO BY CHARLES TISCHLER

by **CHARLES TISCHLER**, Editor-at-Large

Dixie and I woke up kinda early in room 16 of the old Gage Hotel in Marathon. It was Saturday of the Columbus Day weekend. The journey of the day before had separated us from our Jollyville home by almost 400 miles. We felt like we had been gone from home for weeks. The atmosphere, the cool air itself, was exceedingly different here at 4,000 feet than that of the modest upland of the Jollyville Plateau some three thousand feet lower. The Jollyville Plateau is the divide country between the Brazos and the Colorado, with both rivers running south and east to the Gulf. Here in the Trans Pecos country of Texas all the running water finally reaches the Rio Grande.

I got dressed and eased downstairs to the coffee maker I had seen the evening before. I was not alone in the coffee quest. Along the curb in front of the Hotel rested seven Harley

Davidson motorcycles. Their riders were inside readying themselves for their run toward Marfa and Ft. Davis. Coffee was in order to crank up to the challenges of the unfolding day.

Now these weren't the raunchy bikers I used to see at the old Armadillo Beer Garden in Austin back in the seventies. These bikers ranged through their forties and fifties and were gracious gentlemen beneath their black leather jackets. At the coffee maker we introduced ourselves and as I turned to acknowledge and shake hands with a curly headed Hog Humper, he said his name was Kuykendal. I didn't let go of his hand. I leaned forward and asked, "Kuykendal?" I said, "My daddy used to play polo against Bill Kuykendal at Camp Mabry. Daddy's only job was to keep Bill from scoring."

He worked out of my grip and grinned . . . no, we're from East Texas. We talked a little more and then I fixed a cup of coffee for Dixie who was still getting ready back up in the room.

At breakfast in the Glass Mountain Bar and Grill, where we had eaten the night before, it was Huevos Rancheros and more coffee in a little side room decorated with old Remingtons, Russells, and Winchesters, more of the incredible collection of real things from the old west that is now the brand of the Gage Hotel operations in Marathon. At a table next to us a three generation family, a man, a boy and two silver-haired ladies enjoyed themselves and each other with the patter of memories of foreign travels and word games and gentile teasings. The two older ladies remarked to each other that they were well pleased with the way the Gage had come along under the stewardship of the Bryans. The ladies' history in that region recalled when Marathon and the Gage had slept soundly.

The family had come to count cattle on their holdings in the region. And when they got up to go, the ladies sported broad-brimmed sisal hats and smiles. The man was glancing over the bill and replied to a little teasing from me that yes, he was a land baron. There was lots of land and it was barren.

The morning coolness and beautiful blue sky brought us energy as we pulled out on to Highway 90 and made our way past the rest of Marathon. Alpine lay 32 miles ahead and one of the major planned stops was to be the campus of Sul Ross University. Dixie wanted to finally visit the college that she seriously considered attending after two years at the Cisco Junior College. She ended up going to Southwest Texas in San Marcos, but had sometimes wondered over the intervening thirty years of what it was like and how it might have been.

Alpine sprawls along a broad valley and Sul Ross University stands above on hillsides to the north of the town. Student housing, from little stone cabins to more traditional dormitories around back, and the academic and administrative buildings lent an air of cleanliness and rugged order. Oh, it seems a fine place to learn. We drove around just a little and then I got out to photograph the handsome main entrance. Then we topped off the Trooper's tank and bought a bag of ice and within minutes we were climbing out of town headed south on Highway 118. High dry mountains appeared near and far and on the left, right, and before us — expanses that swell your chest and lead to daydreams of cowboys and Indians and treasure hunters of days long gone.

We finally got to Study Butte (pronounced Stooddy) with its scattering of a couple of motels, river rafting operations and quickstops, and noted the turn off to Terlinqua in the plans for that evening. We crossed a low bridge and drove past the sign announcing Big Bend National Park. I was a little frustrated to find the guard station closed, which meant we would need to drive an additional thirty miles or so to Panther Junction for our park permit. But, it wasn't long before we had the cash register receipt taped to the windshield and were heading back toward Study Butte and then making the turn from the main road to the Ross Maxwell Drive toward Castolon down on the Rio Grande.

The country was feeling wilder and wilder and the badlands geology added to the sense of remoteness. The little paved road closely followed the lay of the land. We drove on past Mule Ears and down onto the Rio Grande flood plain. Just beyond Castolon was a prominent sign saying "Santa Elena,

The country was feeling wilder and wilder and the badlands geology added to the sense of remoteness. The little paved road closely followed the lay of the land.

We drove on past Mule Ears and down onto the Rio Grande flood plain. Just beyond Castolon was a prominent sign saying "Santa Elena, Mexico."

Mexico." We left the pavement and headed down the sandy road through broad thickets of *Huisache*. And then there was a parking area with maybe a dozen cars and trucks and Jeeps from several states and Mexico. I changed into my heavy hunting boots, and dug out the Nikon and the twenty millimeter lens and the light meter. About that time a blue subcompact pulled in with just a driver aboard. Dixie and I started our way on through the *Huisache* thickets. Then there was an older couple and a man coming out toward us. We soon learned they were from Scotland and had just returned from across the river. There was a mention of soldiers with assault rifles on the other side. We continued down the sandy path. It wasn't long before I knew someone was coming up behind us. I turned and there was the man from the little blue car. We said hello and continued until we could see the river. I stopped.

The Rio Grande was up and angry—Cafe au Lait and running high and swift. I turned to Dixie and said, "Mama, there ain't no life preservers between here and El Paso, whata ya think?"

She said it was OK and we stood and watched a boatman from the southern shore make his way along the eddies upstream. Then guiding his fourteen foot Arkansas Traveler, propelled by a set of bright yellow-handled oars, he came stroking into the current, until the swiftest waters drove him down stream. The craft entered the eddies on the Texas side where he snuggled the semi-v bow into a little notch in the bank and helped the three of us aboard.

The boatman's name was Saul and his mighty strokes carried us upstream until he began the crossing and we ended up a couple of hundred yards below against the Chihuahuan shore. The man from the little blue car stood there on the bank with a twenty dollar bill in hand. Saul looked a little dismayed so I forked over the other two fifty and we agreed to settle up over a meal in the little restaurant in town. As we made our way up the steep bank, past worn corrals and over to the foot of the main road through town, we passed men working on an old Evinrude outboard on another open aluminum boat. No go.

I remembered Santa Elena from just a few years ago when



WARM SMILES GREET VISITORS AT MARIA ELENA RESTAURANT, SANTA ELENA, MEXICO.
PHOTO BY CHARLES TISCHLER

my son Josh and I had traveled that way. And it was from those grand adventures that the route had been determined for this Trans Pecos run.

Poor little Santa Elena had served as an agricultural community until the Mexican Revolution early this century and then had been reestablished in 1951, the year I was born.

Today Santa Elena lies scattered along the river valley. The rough dirt road runs away from the river past modest homes, a school, and, on the right, Maria Elena Restaurant where Dixie and I dined on enchiladas with the man from the little blue car and then enlisted the aid of Victor and Enoc, two aspiring tourist guides with whom we spent the better part of an hour touring the town's streets and looking at the collection of old items and fossils on display in the school house museum.

We stopped at a little store and enjoyed a cold Coca Cola and bought a round for our little guides. Dixie brought out an assortment of little plastic farm animals which were eagerly snatched up and she also produced bubble gum that was

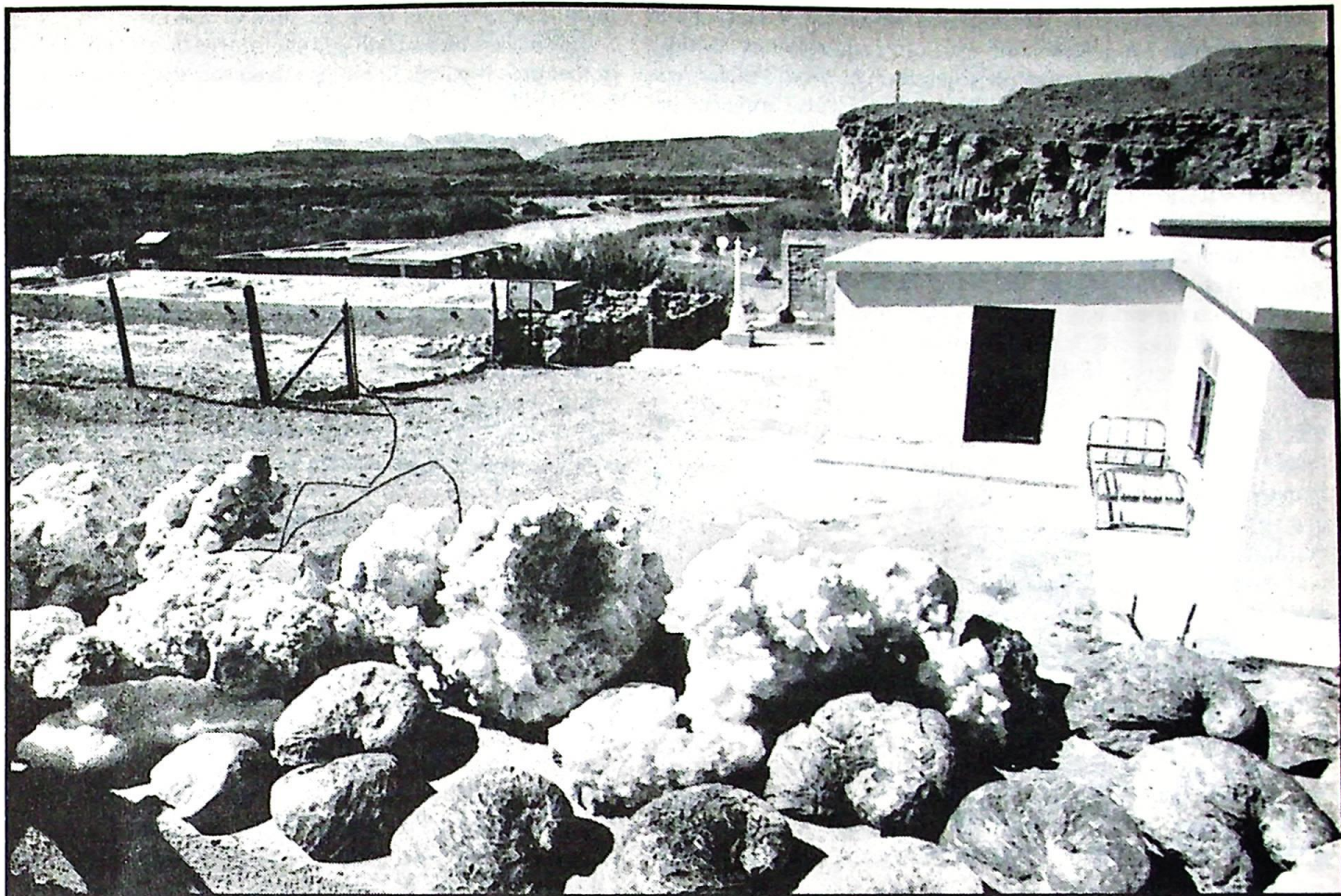
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enjoyed not only by our guides, but by their little brothers and sisters and a couple of scrawny dogs who had joined us in the shade. Then it was back over the river and through the huisache forest to the Trooper and then back up the Castolon road and then left back through Study Butte and left again to Terlingua, the mythical West Texas ghost town now populated by a rough and tumble assortment of loners, from cowboys to Indians who gather on Saturday evenings on the long boardwalk that runs in front of the Far Flung Adventure River Expedition headquarters, the Terlingua Trading Post

and the famous Starlight Theater. There were a couple of guitars and plenty of boots to stomp time and the freedom that accompanies disappearing Shiner Bock in that place west of the Pecos. Bawdy ballads and course laughter culminating in coughing fits reminded me of Luckenbach, way back east, except for the trees and the greenery.

From the covered plank walkway the townspeople take in a million dollar view of the Chisos Mountains out beyond the badlands and watch the sun's evening rays beat themselves to death in golden glory.

At one point, a rider approached on his trail motorbike with his loyal red healer cow dog on the gas tank. The pair of them pulled up on the gravel and the dog dismounted and visited with the dogs already on site. The rider, wrap around sunglasses and a blue bandana tied about his head and a good share of worn leather, stomped into the Trading Post, ordering the healer to stay as he entered. In a few minutes he came back out and mounted the bike, taking a long pull off a Shiner, which he then stashed in a saddle bag. As he hit the electric start, he nodded



BOQUILLAS DEL CARMEN OVERLOOKING THE RIO GRANDE. PHOTO BY CHARLES TISCHLER

to the healer who leapt into her forward position of designated driver. The pair of them rode off into the gathering dusk.

We went into the Starlight Theater, now serving the community with dining and drinks, and found stools at the bar where over a frosted mug I talked with Max, soft spoken and in his white-haired seventies, flashing back to secret bombing missions in South East Asia and his later career riding herd over our nation's nuclear arsenal.

Dixie and I walked down past the buildings where we were beckoned to come take a look at a collection of concrete creations displayed behind a fence wire stockade. It was Spider's Yard Art and Spider proudly pointed out some of his latest creations, turtles and birdbaths with little steps leading to the deep end so the little birds could easily access the water as it evaporated in the West Texas Sun. Spider, middle aged with tattoos of his namesake on his forearms, said his concrete creations just kept coming and now were in yards across the region. He said, "I was even in Texas Monthly, the Unabomber issue back in June."

We decided that the enchiladas from the Maria Elena restaurant would serve as our supper as well as our lunch and so we headed into the Big Bend darkness, back into the national Park. A coyote crossed the road ahead of us. Then we turned right and started climbing toward the Chisos basin and lodge where reservations were holding our room. It was nine thirty

when the trooper pulled up in front of the place. The doors were locked, so I walked around the side and looked through the window to see folks in the office, counting the day's take. I tapped on the glass and startled a man with a cane. He soon recovered and said to come around and he would let us in. We picked up our key and then drove to the front of our motel-style room just across a parking lot from the visitor's center. The cold mountain air of the basin some three thousand feet higher than the desert that surrounds it hurried us into the room where I activated the heating system. Our conversation turned to tomorrow's plans for another river crossing into old Mexico. Sleep came easily.

The next morning we enjoyed fresh brewed coffee and a breakfast of yogurt and cereal and then walked the Handicapped Loop Trail that overlooks the Window that affords a hundred mile view of distant mountains and desert. We continued our walk down the trail to the camping area below the lodge and I showed Dixie the camp site where Josh and I stayed on an earlier adventure.

We headed for the rest room facilities and there came across a park maintenance man with whom we fell into conversation.

Will Hill, in his worn park uniform, leaning against the tailgate of his maintenance truck, kept us entertained with stories of bears and mountain lions and a wedding he once had at Señor Falcon's Restaurant across the river in Boquillos del

Carmen. He admitted he had acquired somewhat of a reputation in the region, for it was with his late father-in-law George Smiley, a retired newspaper photographer, he would make runs into Old Mexico where they would enter caves and bring out bat guano. He said he and old George would talk about the wild old days, and as George's health began to fail they touched on George's wishes for his last resting place.

George told Will that he wanted to be buried in a pine box on his ranch down between the park and the Stillwell Ranch. He said he wanted to be buried on his left side so he could see into Old Mexico for eternity.

Well, old George finally passed in a hospital in Odessa, and after telling George's wife the old man's wishes, Will arrived to claim his father-in-law's remains. The hospital refused to turn George over to Will, but Will persisted and with the aid of a local funeral home operator, became designated as the cemetery manager on the ranch. The mortician kept George in a body bag overnight in a cool room, and Will spent most of the next day building a pine coffin. By the following morning the mortician said the body bag was beginning to swell some and it was time to get on the road. Will, accompanied by George's son, loaded George and the coffin into his pickup and headed south. Along the way they picked up a case of beer and by the time they left pavement George turned to his brother-in-law and told him that George had loved to drive the ranch road at break neck speed and if he wasn't geared for that kind of running he had better get out, because Will was going to give George one last wild ride. But the brother-in-law remained, and they flat tore up the miles of rough road throwing up rocks and dust with George just about

gaining his freedom from the pickup bed.

Will said he had hell getting George to stay on his left side, in that pine box, but finally the deed was done and later on they built a little wrought iron fence around the site, with just enough room for George's wife to join him when the time came.

I could have stood there all day but Dixie turned to me and softly said, "We'd better go." We had a river crossing ahead of us and the sun had climbed high in the sky.

Within an hour we were heading through Panther Junction with *Gringo Honeymoon* by Robert Earl Keen blasting on the Trooper's stereo. That song is actually a factual account of a trip to Boquillos and we enjoyed living the dream. The Rio Grande was still running high and fast at the Boquillos Crossing and I shuttered to see the boatman paddling a fourteen foot jon boat from the Mexican side. As we seated ourselves I asked the boatman if his name was David and with a surprised look he said it was. I had remembered him from the time Josh and I had crossed over. I picked up a paddle and put what I had into it, not wanting David to become too taxed in the rapid current. Then we were on the gravel bank and could see a couple of battered pickup trucks, three saddled horses and a bunch of saddled donkeys in the first shade south of the river.

"Mama, you want to ride in a pickup, on a horse or a donkey?" Dixie said a donkey and in no time we had saddled up and were plodding along the dusty trail up to the town. Children ran out beseeching us to buy their trinkets and startling our mounts. We rode up past adobe huts, each with a photovol-

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—Anonymous Pilgrim to New Sarov
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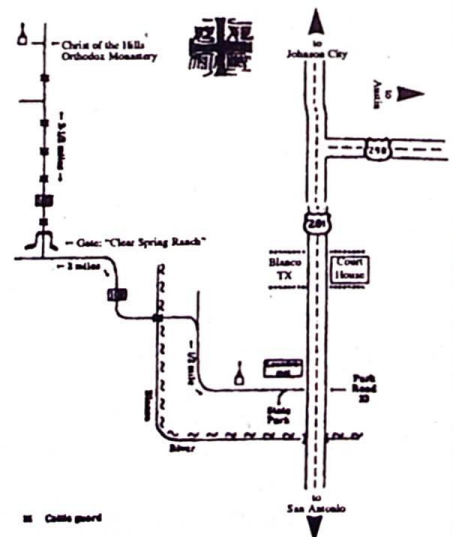
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Will, accompanied by George's son, loaded George and the coffin into his pickup and headed south. Along the way they picked up a case of beer and by the time they left pavement George turned to his brother-in-law and told him that George had loved to drive the ranch road at break neck speed and if he wasn't geared for that kind of running he had better get out, because Will was going to give George one last wild ride. But the brother-in-law remained, and they flat tore up the miles of rough road throwing up rocks and dust with George just about gaining his freedom from the pickup bed.

taic array mounted on a pipe stuck in an old 55 gallon drum. This arrangement provided 12 volt power enough for a little light and maybe a radio. The saddle was way too small for me and bruised the inside of my thighs. We rode into town and tied our donkeys to the hitching post across from the first place on the left hand side of the dirt street.

Dixie again broke out bubble gum and plastic animals and was soon fending off an onslaught of little kids wanting their share and another. I stepped back and laughed as Dixie grappled with more than she had bargained for.

We crossed the street and joined a pretty good little crowd at Falcon's restaurant, an open air arrangement of red and white enameled tables and chairs. There was a group of co-eds from The University of Texas and a group of boys from A&M and a couple from Koln, Germany. We ate burritos and enjoyed Carta Blanca in the shade overlooking the Rio Grande and the southern extremities of the park across the river.

A platoon of Mexican soldiers, looking as shop worn as the few items in the dusty curio shop next door, walked by, lugging their heavy long-barreled assault weapons . . . a seemingly heavy burden for them to bear. We settled up with the lady at the restaurant and walked up the main road just far enough to get the lonely feeling of a long, long rough road into Mexico. Then it was back on the donkeys and back over the river and back up the road toward the basin, with a little side tour down a mile or so of the four-wheel-drive-only road toward Glen Springs, just to give Dixie a taste of the off road adventures Josh and I had survived on our earlier runs.

Back in the basin we met up with Ranger Carver, who had inquired as to what I was smoking in my pipe, and said he too had smoked Borghum Riff while trying to get off Camels some time ago. We talked of black bears and mountain lions (we laughed with him over the story of the young mountain lion that had killed and consumed a skunk on the sidewalk in front of the



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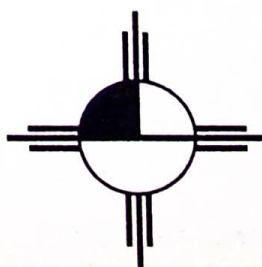
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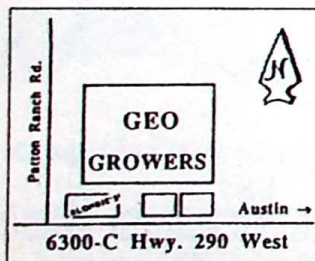
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visitor's center some time back) and drunks and autopsies and such until his walkie talkie crackled and said, "Grey Jeep Cherokee, obvious consumption . . . high rate of speed". And he was off.

We dined that evening in the restaurant there at the lodge. The folks were friendly and the food was reasonably priced and good. We walked along one trail and stood still as a beautiful Whitetail Buck browsed just a few feet from us. The sun went down and the stars came out and we sat out behind our room until a skunk came strolling up in the darkness and inspired us to retire for the night. The next day we would turn back eastward with our sights set on Langtry and Del Rio and another crossing of the Rio Grande into the land of manana.

Big Bend National Park continues to serve Texas as a friendly place way out yonder where the traveler can choose between sprawling desert badlands, the Rio Grande River and the high mountain terrain with evergreen forests and strange rock formations.

(By the way, if you wish to stay in the Chisos Mountains Lodge you had better call months in advance.)

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by Bill Mosley

THE TEXAS ARMADILLO

Words in ALL CAPS in the story below are hidden in this field of letters. Hidden words made be spelled up, down, across, or on a diagonal; they may also be sdrawckab.

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 R N N L R A S N P E R S M N
 M S A E E M R Y E A U G R E
 A E N N B M S S M T N U A E
 D C T E X A S H C B A B Y T
 I T N M D M N N A R O E M F
 L S I I R R I D A I S L S I
 L N M E E C A S E I R L S F
 O A R S M O L G G D E Y D R
 I R A E R I I H S N O U T U
 L R V L A D T O N G U E O O
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A VARMINT has newly WON a place among the unofficial SYMBOLS of TEXAS. DASYPUS NOVEM-CINCTUS, the NINE-BANDED ARMADILLO, is a NOCTURNAL MAMMAL that will EAT WORMS, INSECTS, and SNAILS with its long TONGUE. The keen sense of SMELL in its NARROW SNOUT offsets its poor EYESIGHT. Its ENEMIES are the WOLF, CARS on the ROAD, and the FARMER, who wants it to get RID of BUGS, but not to DIG TUNNELS in his GARDENS or where LIVESTOCK can trip in them. A BABY 'dillo is born in a litter of FOUR of the same sex and can grow to weigh FIFTEEN pounds. The CREATURE has ARMOR, but also a soft HAIRY BELLY & short LEGS which can RUN to a FINISH line. Texas Extra: Get your AUNT a SEAT in the REAR for this event, the ACME of Texas festivals, just in CASE she wants to see one.

SOLUTION ON PAGE 37

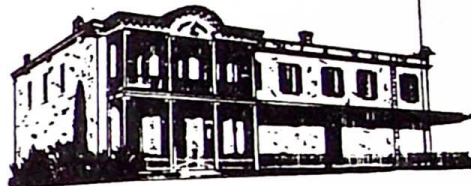


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COWBOY TALES



by L. KELLY DOWN

Got me a little place and wham, I learned about owning land.
Taxes! Now, taxes they ain't like sweet talking your banker
with big lies about how good you is—no sir.
They just lays there a-growing.
They grows enough and they eats your ranch.

ALWAYS DIE BROKE

I should smile I been rich. How do fellows think I got all my ex-wives—on looks? Sure none wanted me for my dutchoven biscuits neither—they all didn't like campfires that much. Mostly dirt, bugs and such around you see. To answer your last one—I do believe I been what you might call rich a couple of times, near so maybe five or six. Got broke counting this one four times—but one is the one I were borned with.

Been to that eating place in Monte Carlo—one on top of that Hotel so as you could look over this little harbor full up with old men's boats. Sure had some fine looking fair ladies as crews though. I surmised that them boats is safer with young people as crews—reckon that is it?

Anyways, when I was neigh on as old as you girls I wanted a big ranch, good cows, and some fine quarter horses. I figgered that was the best life a cow hand could want. Got me a little place and wham, I learned about owning land. Taxes! Now, taxes they ain't like sweet talking your banker with big lies about how good you is—no sir. They just lays there a-growing. They grows enough and they eats your ranch. Even if your pappy left you a spread already a-running, them local taxes mostly make you pay the full price every 50 or so years—so that ain't real fun with the little bitty bit you *may* make on cows.

If you is up and down like most is—you ain't going to put much back till you and your poor old overworked wife is both over forty or so, them early years is *Hell Years*—that's what I calls them.

Check the peach cobbler, I got to wet my whistle. That's better. I don't rightly understand how a sip of preacher whiskey makes a campfire so much better, but it do.

34 ENCHANTED ROCK MAGAZINE

Anyhow, where was I? Oh, yeah. Them *Hell Years*. Well, that's when they is over, you makes you move. You go for the brass ring. if you work like the devil and then gets lucky, you may be rich for a spell. Rich people just naturally draws bankers, lawyers, them smarts that claim to know how to lower you taxes plus make you money work for you. Now, unless you is a bunch smarter than both a Dallas banker and a New York Lawyer—you going to get broke again, they helps you to get so; and that's good.

Why is it good to get broke again? Well, first off you can move back to our Texas Hills, go to see and talk to real folks that take you as you is.

Next, you can talk weather, cows, local elections, how much rise them lakes downstream will get if the Llano or Pedernales get on a flood of 30 feet. Also, a cool one in a cowhand beer joint is sure more fun than them ten dollar beer ones in New York City. Most of them make you wear a coat and tie just to come in and pay them hard money.

And your kin. They will lay you out good, go to the nearest Bar-B-Q place, have a cool one or two. They ain't going to fight over nothing cause you ain't got none. You will be remembered where it counts—at a good eating family gathering, the Old Fools Coffee Shop, and naturally, by most of the better fair ladies. Believe me boys, you will have lots of more loves for fair ladies that you chases and they got away than what you knew—they all talk of you. To have chased them all you would have slept only two hours a week—that's the best way to be remembered—by lots of fair ladies.

Put on another pot of coffee, and we will eat in awhile. Little Mike, you got them biscuits ready like I learned you—good.

No girls—rich folks that ain't got nothing more to they name when its time to move on they is same as a being broke natural-like person. The ones to feel sorry for is them poor folks that's rich that don't die broke. They never knew if they friends were paid to be one or was one for real.

COWBOY CREDIT

Now days the world runs on credit. When I were a pup to owe something on credit were kind of like having the town drunk in you family. Even loans at a bank you didn't tell around, even if most had some kind of a bank to pay. Most people that wanted something real bad they put cool one money in a mason jar until they could pay cash type hard money. Peoples who lived in the depression still do.

No, no, I ain't against credit—got me so much it would break me to use all of it. I stayed with some credit, but credit at a place you get groceries and gasoline, I stays away from. Food and gasoline is real hard to take back. Even a post hole digger at the feed store on credit is better.

Use to be what was call Cowboy credit. It was same thing as what is called a grub stake in gold prospecting, you see. If you knowed a man were a top cowhand, he was good for the most credit. Others that fell on down the line got less until you come to the green hands from New York City—they got none a-tall.

No, boys, I ain't got nothing agin New York City folks—kind of like to hear them talk fast. Funny speaking is nice to figger out on a slow night. Them is in the same slot as the prunepickers

from Calafornee—Some likes our real life and stays, some goes back home. Don't take long, neither way.

Cowboy credit you can't find on no list of who got some and how much. Them that gives a cowhand credit got to look the man in the eye and see if he is good for it, if he is up and coming and speaks close to the line, and he be good for whatever he needs. Lost that had good credit that way don't no more—you has to see them kind of eyes, too.

Cowboy credit I has got and gave, but I must say I never failed to pay them that gave me some and so far ain't none I gave run out on me. Some ain't got enough yet so I ain't been paid in full but they comes by once in awhile—eats my biscuits, tells me they adventures, and that's all anyone who gives credit can expect of a man. Use to be a saying: "I will owe you to my grave, but I'll never beat you out of any loan."

I guess when it gets so many people all huddled up together like in Austin, Houston, and Dallas, its hard to find credit where what you is now is what counts, not what you was, and what you are doing in upcoming years count like it does with cowboy credit.

Let me give you a good example. Mr. Tom Poole, who was a steer man in the Matagorda, got broke again. None of them Kansas City Banks he run money through would back him again. Same for Houston Banks. He took himself over to Victoria, found a bank that were mostly owned by cow folks. He asks for a loan to buy 4,000 or so steers. He told this story years later when I was a cowhand for him. He said he nearly fell out flat when that banker said yes.

While them bank people was making out notes and papers, he and that banker were making small talk. Mr. Tom asked why the Victoria bank loaned him money when them big city banks were nice but turned him down flat. The banker told Mr. Poole that if he had asked for money to buy mama cows the bank would have said no, too. But the banker said that he knowed steers, so it were safe to risk money on him. Mr. Poole never said how much he got in that loan, but hit on this point hard—that if you knowed one thing good you could always get cowboy credit.

Heck yes! I got some cowboy credit myself right now. How do you think I got all this cast iron cooking stuff plus fixings for peach cobbler and biscuits—not to speak of cane syrup you boys gobble up every meal—sure ain't on my pretty hair cut that a fact. Yes, you makes money on stuff you knows good and lose it in stuff other folks knows better.

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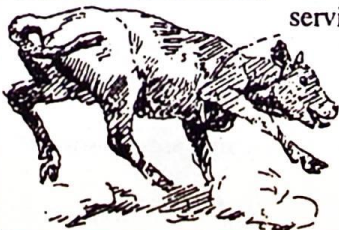
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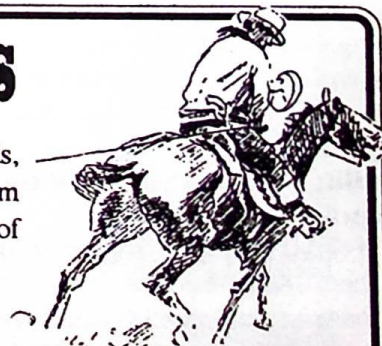


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THE POWER OF FREDDY

BY: BEAU BURTON

Got a craving for the real thing? Few and far between are things which are pure. In today's world of the super-hit song, it's very refreshing to hear someone just play a time-tested, traditional style of music and make it hot. If you want some of that action, you'll need to catch Freddy Powers, live or on record

Lucky for us Hill Country residents, Freddy spends time playing the Austin area alot more these days. If you happen to make it to one of his shows, you'll see why Freddy is such a highly admired artist. Producer, songwriter and performer, Freddy has won five BMI Awards for number one songs, received the prestigious CMA Triple Play Award for writing three number one hits in a twelve month period and he has appeared on "Austin City Limits". From the great Merle Haggard, to our Governor, and Willie Nelson, Freddy has been up to his neck in some historical recording projects recognized as Country Music milestones.

In this interview, you'll gain insight into the world of a Country Music great. And if you would like Freddy's latest album, "The Hottest Thing In Town" just phone (888) 732-3422 to get your copy.

Beau: Well, Freddy, you've been in the music business for how long now?

Freddy: Well, I started in it when I was real young. Just a kid in family bands, you know, with my brothers. Everybody in my family either played something, or tried to. Out in West Texas, in Seminole, if you didn't play guitar or do something, you'd go out of your mind. There wasn't anything else to do and as my dad used to say, "Everything that crawls, bites, everything that flies, stings and every bush that grows out there, has a thorn on it". That's just about telling the whole story. I got my start playing over in Hobbs, New Mexico. They had those old Honky-Tonks that hired bands. Lots of people would come through there, like Bob Wills. That's when I got interested in songwriting. All of those old acts would come through and I'd get to see 'um live,—closest thing to "show biz". That was in the middle '50's.

BB: Was it then when the bug hit you to become a songwriter?

FP: The way I started writing was with the Milburn Brothers. They're out of Nashville. They had some kind of hits out there on the Grand Old Opey, and I wrote a song with them. I soon found out that I was signed up with a publisher that was really unscrupulous. I never saw any money from that. I don't know what happened back in those days. I didn't have an idea on how to collect any money, I sort of got disenchanted on

selling songs until the 1980's, but I had been playing all of those years; I had a show band. Then Willie Nelson and I got together and dreamed up the "Over The Rainbow" album. Willie was an old friend of mine for many years, and we decided to do this Djongo Album.

BB: In the French Cabaret style?

FP: Right, and when this album came out Merle Haggard really liked it. When I ran across him in Reno, when I was out there with Willie and Merle came over—we sort of got thick and I wrote this song "I Always Get Lucky With You." Merle said that that song had a hit title. I'd been singing it in the casinos and people had liked it. Merle re-wrote it and put it on the "Big City" album. George Jones did it and it made number one. So I had a number one album and a number one single starting off my deal with Merle. So he asked me to come up and stay a year or so. He was interested in learning how to play swing and jazz guitar. Merle liked me and my stand-up bass player, so we did the Bread and Butter Band. Anyway, I stayed up at Lake Shasta on my houseboat, right next to Merle. That's where I wrote most of my songs.

BB: That must be a very inspirational spot.

FP: You bet. Almost 20 songs were written in that period. When I'm composing I never sit down to write. I get up every morning, have a cup of coffee and just play my guitar, and if I'm ever gonna get an idea, that's when it's gonna come. A lot of songwriters ask, how can I get my songs out, and I say if you've got a good enough song, you can't hold that song down. If the song is in the upper category, like "Misery and Gin", and "Night Life", that song will escape. Just take it out and play it. On the other hand, critique is important for an songwriter. If you ask somebody, "...well what do you think about that song", that could just kill the song, he'll drop it right then and there. Just be your own judge. Because I've written songs, played it and gradually a metamorphosis happens. I don't know how many times it has happened to me, and I'll always have a doubt in my mind.

BB: Are there some composers that you model yourself after?

FP: The Biggest influence in my life is Django Reinheart. In the 50's I was introduced to Django. I was drawn to that firey

acoustic rhythm with Stephen Grappelli on the fiddle. What people don't realize, is Western Swing was framed right out of that style of music. I'm not saying that Django is the king of Western Swing, but he's up there with Emit Miller. He had a band back in the Milton Brown days. Johnny Gimble gave me some Emit Miller stuff and believe it or not, that's where a lot of the Bob Wills came from. I also heard on a song on an Emit Miller tape "Got A Feeling That Blue, Oh, Lord" just like Hank sang. Years before Hank dit it! As far as writing goes I guess I like Cole Porter, Johnny Mercer and one of my favorite all-time writers, Fats Waller. The stuff that I sing, that's all my style. What I write is reminiscent of that style of music. Most of my music you don't hear on the Country radio station, they're not as easy to pitch because that particular style of music is not in fashion right now. Realizing what has happened to my generation, and where my musical indoctrination occurred—at the ol' country dance. Each week it would be at one ranch or the other, all of them good people, church people, but on Saturday they would loosen up. That was my training ground and the training ground for all great country musicians. Now-a-days it's different. The young people see the stuff on the music video channels—they get a black hat and mimic things that they see on television, and that's just not "me" talking. All of this sounds like the same face, the same band, and instrumentally there's nothing that stands out. Used to be, I could hear a record on the radio, and hear the steel guitar and say "yea—that's Billy Bird" or tell who was playin' the fiddle by the style of playing. There's only two people that are identifiable in Country Music—Willie Nelson and Chet Atkin. If you listen to Mark O'Conner and Ricky Skaggs out of the album environment, you couldn't recognize them from anything that comes out of Nashville.

BB: What is the attraction to the Hill Country?

FP: The thing that I really like about Austin is that is an acoustic town. Quite possibly the accoustic music capital of the world. It could be the peoples' ears are just blown up. But it's hard to have a local music scene when the raido sations do the stuff straight out of Nashville. It makes it difficult for an area to bust off it's own music scene with that influence hangin' around—maybe good things are happening. I think people are wanting to go back to the old country style.




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An Armadillo Race

BOB AUGUSTINE

Continued from page 25

After he had scrutinized half of the jury in the menacing manner, Bob said, "Men, I tell you what I am up to. I am taking in my mind a photograph of y'all. I want your faces so stamped on that brain of mine that I shall not forget. If you fellows dare to convict me, as sure as I, Bob Augustine is sitting on this he'ah chair I'll manage to git out of the Bat Cave and I'll make ever'one of you bite the dust."

der Pat Cave vare you vill hev to liker wid der lice, gallinappers, ants, spiders, earwickers, and blowflies!"

Fresh laughter broke out. Officer Seffel went red in the face. But before he could exact punishment, he was interrupted by the judge: "Seffel, this demonstration is meant for you, you certainly gave them a stiff talk. This here court really extends to you, such an efficient officer, its thanks."

The judge turned back to Bob. "Now, Bob, I ask you again in all kindness. Are you guilty or not guilty of these charges?"

Bob said, "you heard what I said before. It's for you to find out. What the hell are you here for anyway?" He cursed and pounded his fist upon the table. "I want you to understand that I am a free-born Texican. I demand a jury."

The judge was surprised by this response. Nevertheless, he said to Officer Seffel, "Seffel, go out there and bring in twelve men."

After about an hour, the twelve men came shuffling in. The judge told them to take a seat. One of the jurors looked around and said, "Where are we all going to sit? There is only four chairs in here."

The judge shrieked at Officer Seffel, "What became of them chairs?" He came to find out that the Mexicans had had a dance at San Pedro Springs Park, had borrowed the chairs, and had not yet returned them.

One of the jurors had a suggestion: "Let's go over to

Moke's and fetch some of them boxes standing on the sidewalk to sit on." Mr. Moke was a local merchant known for his charity. The odd thing about Mr. Moke was that, although, he was an orthodox Jew, he always got the contract to supply the different military outposts with ham, bacon, and lard.

When the jurors returned with Mr. Moke's boxes and everyone was seated, the judge continued. "Now you fellows I will appoint you all as jurors. Your pay will be two dollars per diem and you will now have to decide whether Bob Augustine is guilty or not guilty. He won't plead either way. We have our witnesses and Bob can get his own. But, first of all, I want to ask Bob if he wants a lawyer to defend him."

"I don't need no lawyer," Bob shot back. "I can handle that jury myself."

Then one of the jurors asked the judge if the pay of two dollars a day included dinner. He was told that, if the case went past noon, the city would pay for his meal. Judge Brewer went one step further and sweetened the pot: "Mr. Seffel and Bill Lyons will take you all down to Mr. Ernst's Restaurant where you will get full bellies."

Seeing that the jury was clearly pleased, the judge returned to the matter of Bob Augustine. But he was so flustered that he forgot to administer the oath to the jurymen.

The judge addressed the jury. "Gentlemen of this here jury. Bob Augustine is charged with playing hell over in Chihuahua last night, firing off his six-shooters in every direction, shot a fleeing man in the ..." He was interrupted by Bob.

"Judge, hold that big trap of your'n a minute, I want to have a good look at this he'ah jury o' mine." He folded his arms and leisurely looked every man full in the face. He made a point of scanning each one of them from head to foot, which caused great discomfort among the jury.

After he had scrutinized half of the jury in the menacing manner, Bob said, "Men, I tell you what I am up to. I am taking in my mind a photograph of y'all. I want your faces so stamped on that brain of mine that I shall not forget. If you fellows dare to convict me, as sure as I, Bob Augustine is sitting on this he'ah chair I'll manage to git out of the Bat Cave and I'll make ever'one of you bite the dust."

And then he wheeled around and pointed his finger at the judge. "Judge, I want you to know that this counts for you, too. ¿Sabe?"

The judge tried to conceal his fear but he was no actor. He fidgeted around, crossing and recrossing his (shrimp tail) legs nervously.

The jurors were dumbfounded. They sat in stunned

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silence until one of them motioned for the judge to step over. They gathered in a cluster. The proceedings were interrupted for some time. After a brief delay, the huddle broke up and the judge stepped forward.

"Bob," announced the judge in a booming voice. "We have had a preliminary powwow in regard to your doings yesterday and we have decided that you are not guilty. It is true that you shot out lights, you shot off door knobs, and shot a citizen in the leg, knocked the chili stands over, cut the chili queens tresses off and laughed aloud like a hoss, but didn't kill nobody and who we blame is that lowdown dog who sold you that rotgut whiskey and if I had that fellow here right now it would tickle me to death to help hang him, and so would this jury, wouldn't you, men?"

Of course, every juror agreed with the judge. "Yessiree, we would," said one. "You bet your boots we would," chimed in another. "You bet your sweet life and don't you forget it." and "I should snicker," added others.

The judge pronounced Bob a free man.

Bob said, "Judge, I want to thank this noble jury with all my heart and soul. But, judge, I want you to fork over them two six-shooters o' mine, what they took from me last night."

"You can have your two popguns," said the judge, "but there won't be no cartridge in them. Two rangers will see you ten miles out 'er San Antone 'n the next place where you can git yer ammunition will be New Braunfels, 'n furthermore, don't n'ere show that phiz of you'rn in San Antone. It won't be good fer yer health."

Bob said, "Is this treating me, a citizen and a good taxpayer, fair?"

"Un'ner the circumstances, it is damned fair enuf," answered the judge. "Put that in yer pipe and smoke it and think it over."

After this, Bob left his seat, and moved among the crowd. He shook hands with some of his friends, a fair number of them being ladies.

Although everything had settled down, no one seemed to be leaving the courtroom. Everyone appeared to be waiting for something to happen. Bob, however, was too busy laughing and ridiculing the trial to take the pulse of the crowd.

While the trial had been going on, about two hundred men had gathered on the south side of Military Plaza. Bob had not noticed them before. But, on his way toward the door, he caught a glimpse of them out the Courthouse window.

"What are all of them men standin' yonder for lookin' over he'ah? I don't like the looks of 'em," said Bob. After a

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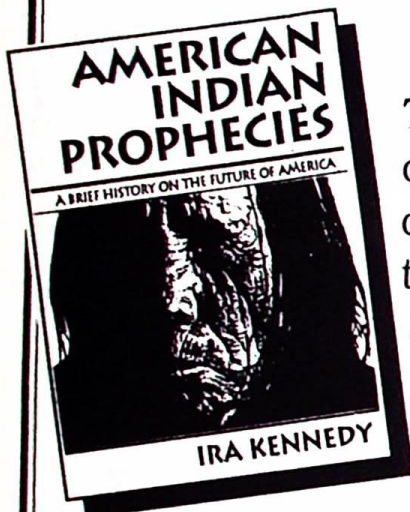
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brief pause, he shouted, "Judge, put me back 'n the Bat Cave."

The judge refused to do so. Bob grew more nervous. Then in company with two rangers, Bob went downstairs. But Bob could not stop thinking about that crowd outside. When he passed an open window, Bob stuck his head out for a better look.

It was his undoing. Two vigilantes, George Schroeder and Fritz Schreiner, were standing on the other side of that window. Immediately, they pounced upon Bob. They caught him by his long hair and yanked him out of the window to the ground below.

This was not lost on the crowd outside. It gave a tremendous shout and surged forward yelling, "Hang him. Hang Him. Break his bones in him. Skin him alive. Burn the —!"

Bob began a most unearthly bellowing. He pleaded most pitifully. "Please don't hang me out of consideration for my momma. What will she think when she hears her Bob was strung up on a rope? Please, Please don't hang me—shoot me. I'll stand up like a man. Please..."

Someone shouted, "Let's hang him yonder on one of 'em trees in front of the priest's house." They rushed Bob under one of those trees. The crowd was growing quite restless and wanted to get at Bob themselves.

Bill Tobin called out, "Listen, you men. Let's keep order here and respect the law and give everyone a chance to see the hanging around here."

Some of the men brought out two coils of rope from Mr. Moke's store. They tied the ends to a tree, stretched it in a double row to two hitching posts and a Mexican carreta, then back to another tree, thereby forming a triangle. Bob was placed inside that triangle with armed men, to keep the crowd off the helpless man.

The crowd was chanting wildly now, both in English and in Spanish. "*Que muerra!* Kill Him! *Que le quemem!* Burn Him!" Bob was still standing under the tree pleading when Bishop Dupuys came out of his house to see what was the matter.

Once apprised, Bishop Dupuys begged the mob not to hang Bob in front of his home. It was also a Catholic boarding school and orphanage for girls. The building was sanctified, he said. But this mob smelled blood. They taunted the priest; they mocked him, spat on him, called him a sky pilot, a devil chaser and other vile and dirty names.

At last, the bishop arose, holding his hands above him saying, "Almighty God in Heaven. Forgive them. God forgive them, for they know not what they are doing." Ignoring their insults, he turned his back on the scene, walked towards his house, opened the door, and disappeared inside.

Meanwhile, Bob's hands had been tied behind his back but his legs were left free. The noose was put over his head. Jake Richards tied the rope to the pommel of his pinto mustang's saddle.

He was just about to pull up when a Frenchman by the name of Jules Poignsard wobbled up and said, "Bob Augustine, I am a Frenchman and like all ze Frenchmen I loaf my vine and beer. You know ze Bull's Head Saloon on Marquette Street? Vell, I entere-red ze saloon and I stepped up to ze countaire and I said, 'Bartendaire, give me a glass of beer.' You turned around end you said: 'Vot ze hell you vant in here?' I responded, 'Bob Augustine, you moast remembaire dat zis iz free counterie.' You took your beeg fiste and eet me in ze mouze."

Then, pointing to his mouth, he continued, "Theeze teeze you knob-ed out from my goams, I fell on ze floor, end you abused and kicked me in a vary abominable man-nair, end I sty in

ze bade for tain day, but ze objecte of my viseete is ziss: I coam ere to forgeeve you, I mean zis viz all my art end soul—so, I beed you good-bye, Bob Ausgutin. Zis is all I hev to say before your espirit departs froam zis ere vorreld.”

While all this was going on, Jose Penalzoza, one of the leaders of the vigilantes, had been ringing the bell at three minute intervals to notify the waiting nervous public. It was said that Jose Penalzoza always carried a rope under his hat just in case an occasion for hanging might present itself.

Then, Penalzoza shouted, “Jacka! Yanka him ope!” Bob went up. Penalzoza kept ringing that bell more and more vigorously as Bob was going up. He kept that bell going for about half an hour after Bob had breathed his last.

The hanging was ghastly to behold. It was disgustingly fascinating. The mob stood fixed to the spot and stared as if hypnotized. Bob’s blood-shot eyes bulged out, his tongue came out and turned purple. Each spectator felt as if Bob was looking at him individually. When the death struggle came, there was a heaving of the chest, a tremor passed over the whole body, his legs convulsively spread outwardly, and something snapped and cracked as if his bones were breaking.

It was a rule in those days that whenever a hanging took place, the body was left hanging until after school hours for the benefit of the women and children. On this particular afternoon, the women and schoolchildren of San Antonio visiting Military Plaza found not just Bob Augustine’s body hanging from the priest’s tree but three other men as well.

Two days after the hangings, Bishop Dupuys had his twelve beautiful elm trees cut down.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

Lisa Waller Rogers has been involved in education since 1978, teaching school for ten years and working in various aspects of the textbook publishing business for eight. She recently served as associate editor for *Stories in Time*, 1997, a Harcourt Brace social studies textbook series, now being sold in Texas schools. She has written articles for publications such as the *Instructor*, the *Mailbox*, the *Austin American-Statesman*, and *Texas Highways*. She lives in Austin, Texas with her husband, daughter, a dachshund named Jimmy Fargo, and eighteen cats.

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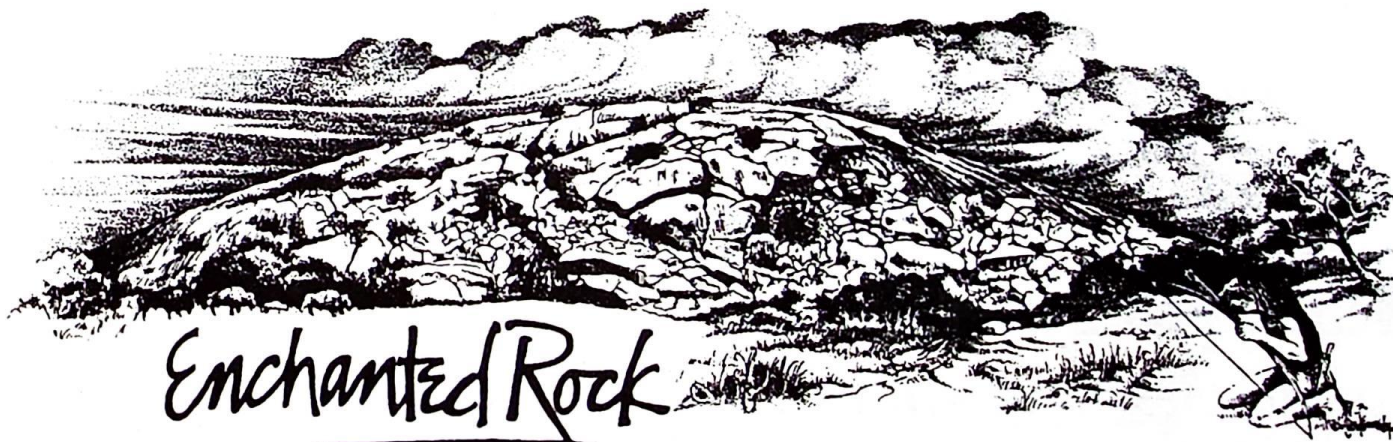
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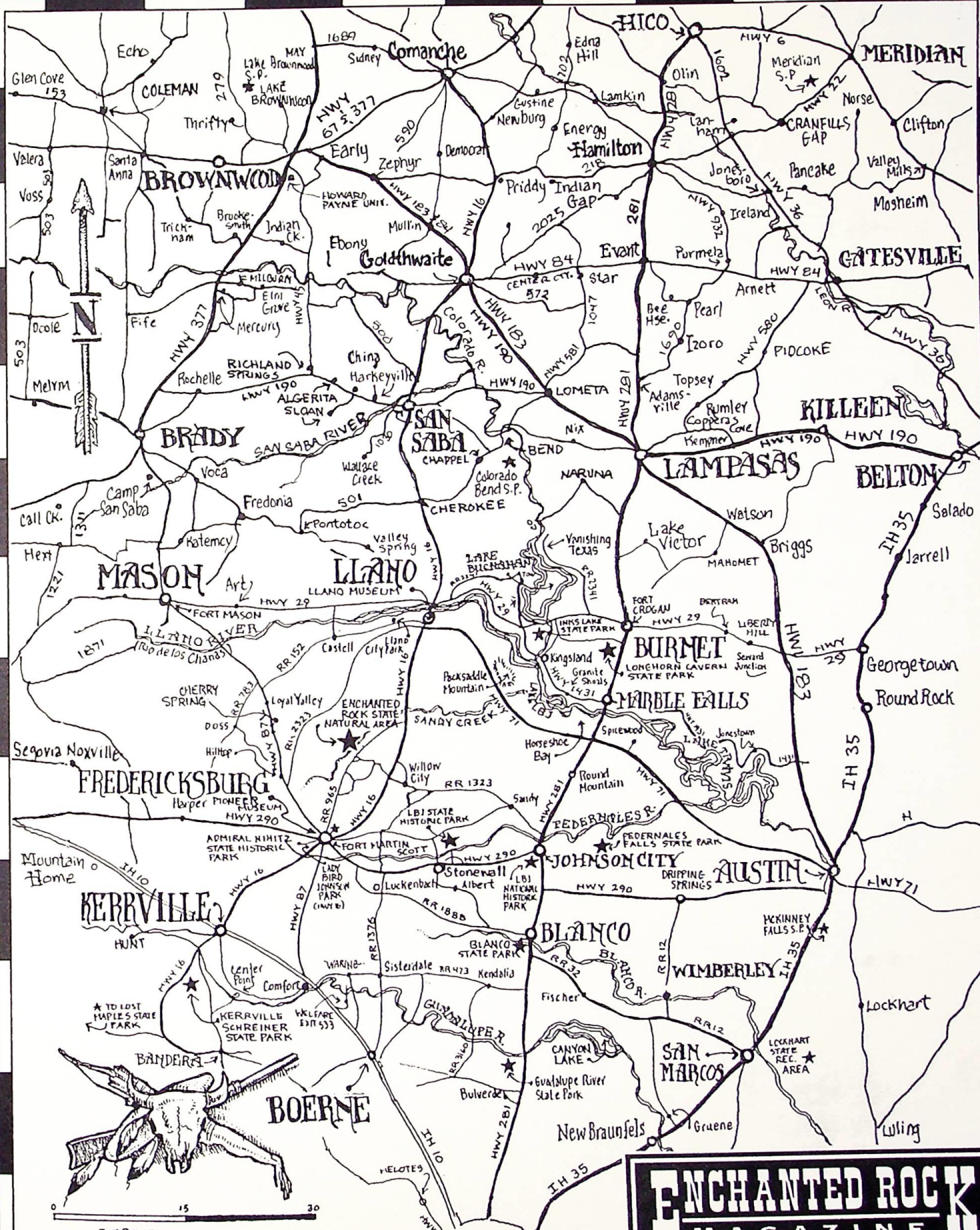
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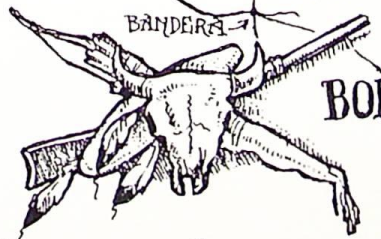


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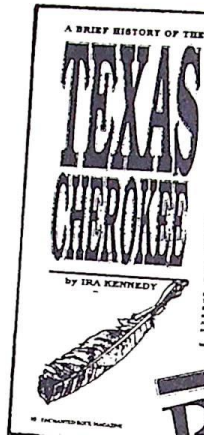
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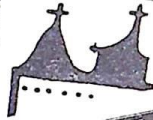
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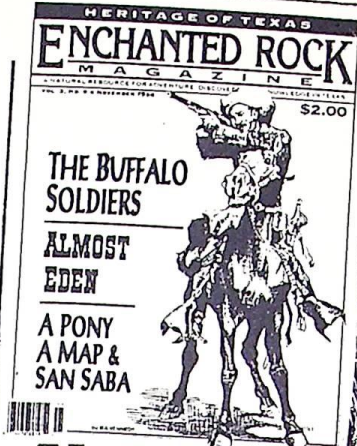
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BOWIE

BY STEVE GOODSON

PREHISTORIC POTTER THE LLANO UPLIF

BY CHARLES HIXSON

OVER THIRTY THOUSAND YEARS AGO, WHILE CROMAGNON MAN CARVED SCULPTURES IN EUROPE, A LLANO MAN WAS SHAPING THE STONE HEADS OF MALANOV RIGHT HERE IN TEXAS.

LLANO MAN

BY IRA KENNEDY

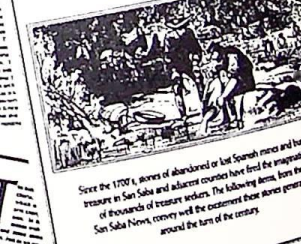
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ENCHANTED ROCK MAGAZINE

HERITAGE OF TEXAS



TREASURES OF THE SAN SABA



Score the 1700's, stores of abandoned or lost Spanish mines and treasure in San Saba and adjacent counties have fired the imaginations of thousands of treasure seekers. The following items, from the San Saba News, convey well the excitement these stories generate around the turn of the century.

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