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# ENCHANTED ROCK

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VOL. 4, No. 1  
MARCH, 1997

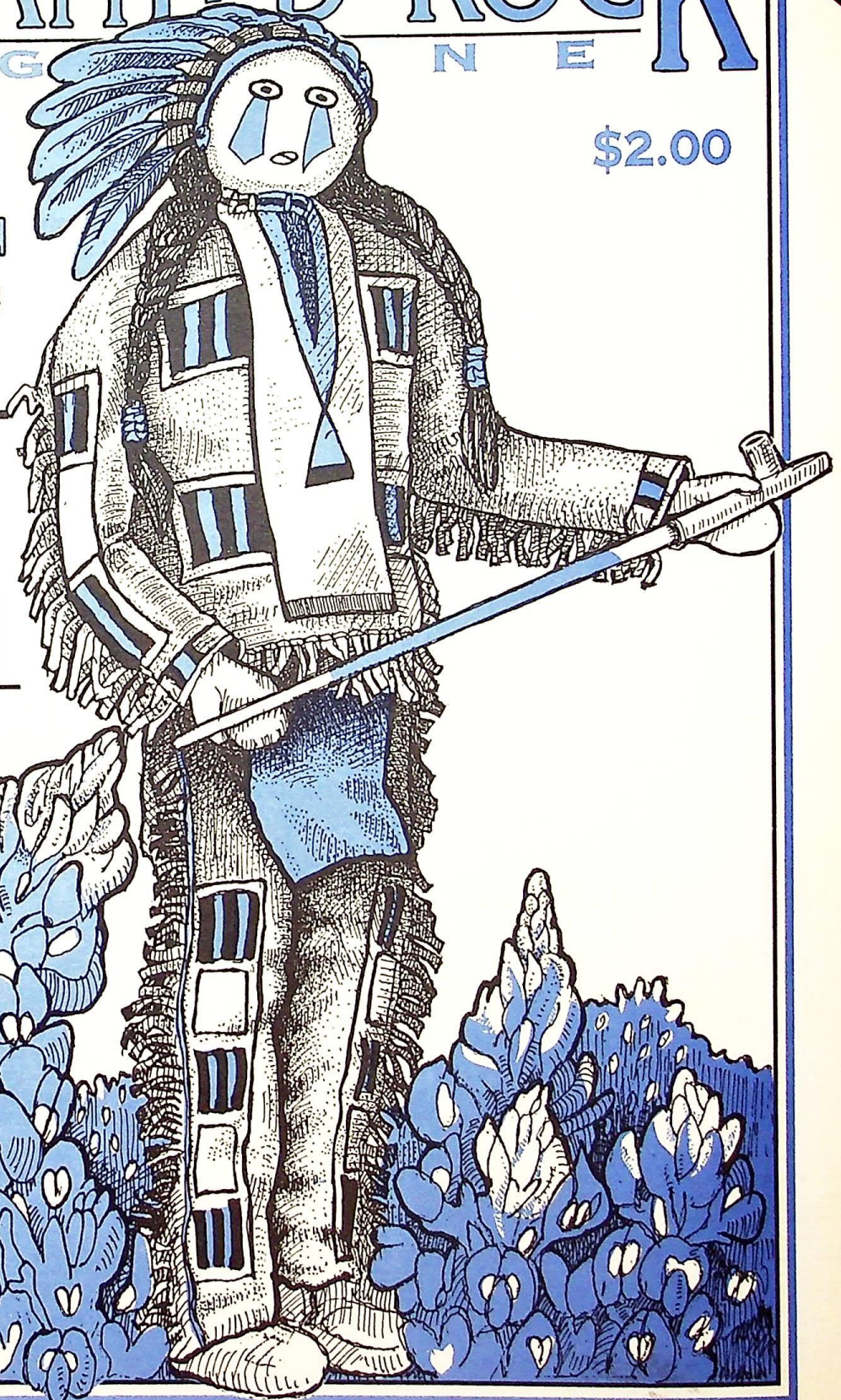
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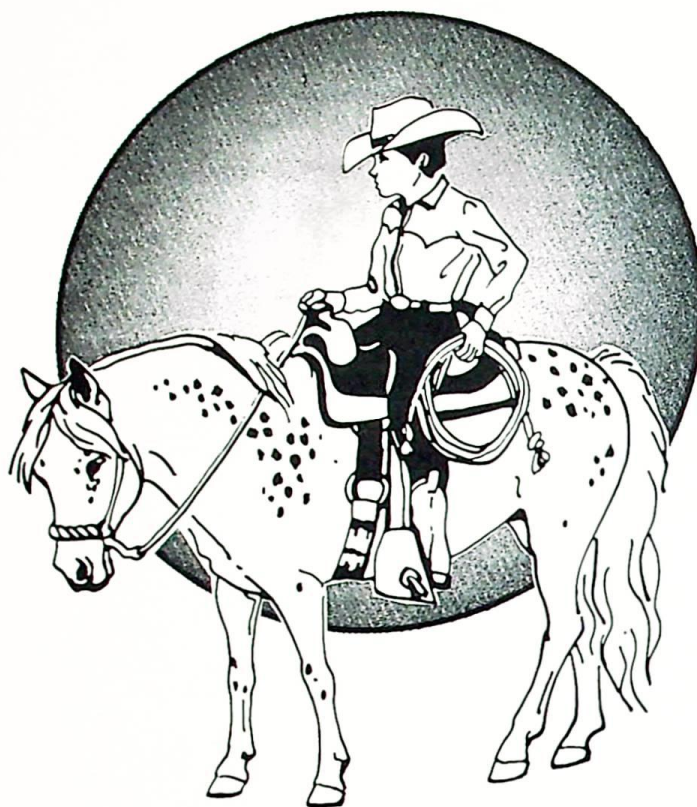
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by IRA KENNEDY







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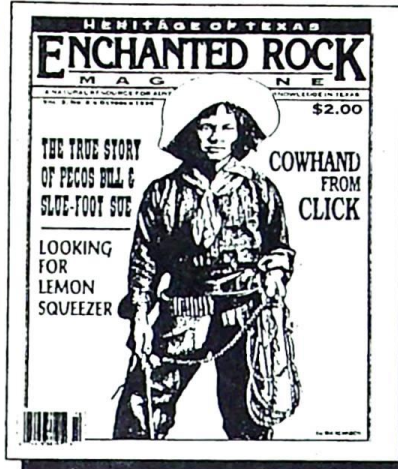


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## FROM THE EDITOR

# BORN TO WRITE

**T**exas writers of history and folklore are hard-pressed to find a magazine willing to print their stuff, no matter how good it might be. In fact, as far as I know, we're it. Consequently, we receive submissions and queries on a regular basis. We also actively seek permission from other publishers to reprint stories which deserve to live again. In this issue we present to our readers the work of two authors which warrant special mention.

**Hazel Oatman Bowman** was more than a writer. She was the biographer of a county. Born in 1901, she dedicated her life to the written word. Starting out as an English teacher, she later became a news correspondent for the Associated Press, the Austin American and the San Antonio Press. But it was through her articles for *The Cattleman* that Hazel left a legacy in print that is worthy of a Pulitzer Prize.

Hazel lived in a time when the people who settled in and around Llano were still alive to tell their story, and she traveled the country far and wide collecting first hand accounts of the prominent pioneers in the area. From shoeing horses to training polo ponies, from history to hog dogs, she captured the facts and flavor of a time that was passing into history. Hazel had the gift to take a mountain of details and present them in plain, and at times poetic, English. At the time of her death on May 10, 1951 she was still writing.

I would like to thank the Oatman Family for their kind permission to reprint "The Indian Battle on Packsaddle Mountain." [See page 36.] *A Collection of Stories, Biographies, and Articles Written by Hazel Oatman Bowman* is available through the Oatman Family Enterprises, at the Oatman Law Office at 915/247-4117.

**C.F. "Charlie" Eckhardt** recently sent us a letter and story. After reading what Charlie had to say I wasted no time getting him on the phone. I was delighted. He is not only writer of clear, unaffected prose, but a spellbinder of a storyteller. As a historian he is definitely not the armchair variety. Charlie goes to where it happened and gets the feel and lay of the land. And all this comes together in everything he writes.

Charlie had inquired about our guidelines. Apart from having the manuscript double spaced, which is the standard everywhere, and I told him that we didn't have any. I've always believed that if a person was knowledgeable and enthusiastic about their subject, and if they could hold an audience when they told it, they could write. Dee Harkey,

born in San Saba, wrote in the preface of his book, *Mean as Hell, The Life of a New Mexico Lawman*, "Before I undertook to write this, I asked a friend about getting some educated person to do the writing, and he said, 'Hell, no, Dee, don't do that! You'll lose the flavor and tang of your story if you do.' And to my reply that I didn't know what to write about or how to say it, he said, 'Just tell the story of your life from the time you were born until you retired from public service. Tell it just as you have told parts of it to me. It's the *story* people will be interested in, not the *words*. They can find plenty of them in the dictionary.'"

Dee's book, plus that of his sister Sarah Harkey Hall (selections of which appeared in the Dec-Feb issue of *Enchanted Rock Magazine*) are proof positive that our guidelines and those of Dee's advisor are more than sufficient.

Anyway, I could have listened to Charlie all night. Since our first conversion he has sent several excellent pieces which will appear here on a regular basis. Charlie's letter appears on page seven; and his story, "Cousin Dobbin's Last Fishing Trip," is on page 32.

Back to our guidelines—Cowboys and Indians, history, mystery, treasure and travel. That's what we like. You'll get a subscription for your story.

*Ira Kennedy*  
IRA KENNEDY

# ENCHANTED ROCK MAGAZINE

P. O. BOX 355, LLANO, TEXAS 78643 PHONE/FAX 915/247-3708

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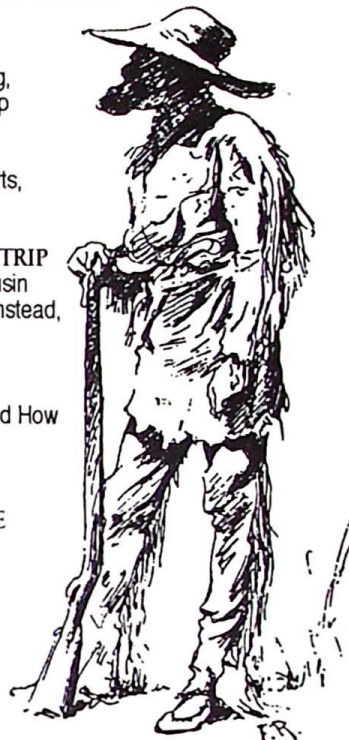
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DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF JAMES E. CORNETT, AKA L. KELLY DOWN

- 9** GEORGE WILKINS KENDALL  
Kendall County's Founding Story,  
by Elizabeth Gray Hudson
- 11** HLL COUNTRY MAPS  
Fill The Cooler, Grab Your Camera—These  
Maps Are 'Must See' For Bluebonnet Treckers
- 16** THE LEGEND OF THE BLUEBONNET  
The Definitive Story of The Origin Of The  
Specis, By Cork Morris
- 18** TRACKING BLUEBONNETS  
Where To Find Them And A Little History  
As Well, By Ira Kennedy
- 19** THE ROADS OF TEXAS  
How To Become A "Roads Scholar",  
By Randy Eads
- 20** PARDNERS TOGETHER  
Slue-Foot Drives A Few Head North,  
By Warren Lewis
- 28** THEY WEREN'T ALL GERMANS  
The Danes Settle In Old Fredericksburg,  
Part One Of Four Parts, By Kenn Knopp
- 30** GOLIAD REVISITED  
Fannin's Last Stand, Part 1 Of Two Parts,  
By Steve Goodsen
- 32** COUSIN DOBBIN'S LAST FISHING TRIP  
A Game Warden Tries To Out-Fox Cousin  
Dobbin, But gets His Come-Uppance Instead,  
By C. F. Eckhardt
- 34** COWBOY TALES  
How The Bremmer Came To Texas And How  
To Figger When Your Calf Was Born,  
By L. Kelly Down
- 36** INDIAN BATTLE ON PACKSADDLE  
MOUNTAIN  
5 Young Men Battle Savages in Llano  
County, By Hazel Oatman Bowman
- 42** INDEX TO ADVERTISERS



C  
O  
N  
T  
E  
N  
T  
S

ON THE COVER: WARRIOR DOLL, by Ira Kennedy.

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**BUCHANAN DAM**

Cattfish Barge, Page 14  
Fuzzy's Corner  
Gallery of the Hills, Page 14  
Picadilly Circus, Page 6

**ENCHANTED ROCK AREA**

Crabapple Crossing  
Country Store, Page 12

**FREDERICKSBURG**

Basic Crafts, Page 23  
Main Street Book Store  
Gastehaus Schmidt, Page 10  
The Pioneer Museum, West Main

**LLANO**

Badu House, Page 19  
Cattfish Barge, Page 14  
The Old Feed Store, Page 34  
Merle Norman, Page 31  
Olen's Ice Box, Page 6  
Packsaddle Tack N Temptations, Pg. 2  
Pinckney's, 110 East Main

Stonewall Pizzeria, Page 33

**MARBLE FALLS**

Beyond Beyond, Page 39  
Buffalo Gals, Page 38  
City Jewelry, Page 38  
Main Street Emporium, Page 39  
Past & Presents, Page 39  
Pomegranites, Page 39

**WELFARE**

PoPo Family Restaurant, Page 10

**WILLOW CITY**

Harry's on the Loop, Page 12

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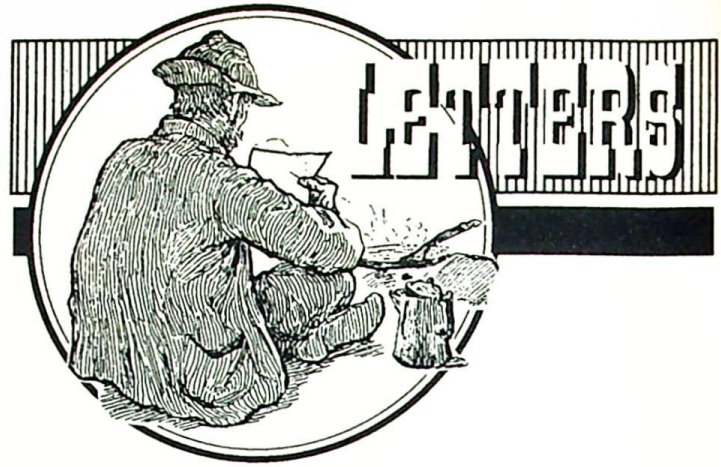
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### IRA & COMPANY

Please find enclosed a check in the amount of \$25 to begin our subscription to *Enchanted Rock Magazine*. On our trips to the Hill Country we always try to pick one up. Please make sure my subscriptions includes the January '97 issue. I don't want to miss part 2 of Marathon Run. I have a web page about traveling in Texas via motorcycle, Texas GS Adventures. If you're interested, it is located at: <http://web2.airmail.net/rer100gs/randy.htm>

I am including a copy of an article I wrote for the BMW Motorcycle Owners of American Owners News magazine about *The Roads Of Texas*. If you would like to use it or modify it for more general appeal, feel free to do so. I'm sure Cathy Shearer would appreciate it. Keep up the good work on the magazine.

Sincerely,  
Randy Eads  
Roysce City, Texas

[Eads's article appears on page 19]

### FOR YOUR CONSIDERATION

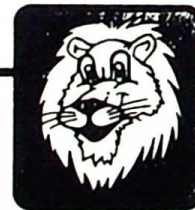
Enclosed is \$25 for a year's subscription to *Enchanted Rock Magazine*. Also enclosed is an article published in *Frontier Times*. I read in your magazine you have permission to reprint articles. I'm not sure this is the same publication.

A. T. Jackson was one of the pioneers of Texas Archaeology. This writings and research are in the Archives of the University of Texas. Dr. Lewis was A. T. Jackson's grandfather and my great-great grandfather.

There are many descendents in Llano and central Texas as well as over the U. S.

[ERMag is seeking permission to reprint  
"A Double-Barrel Pioneer".]

Carmen Pennington  
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## FROM AUNT SUKI

I am Jim Cornett's aunt and would like to get the back issues of the magazines he had articles in. John, his brother, said he talked to you, and that it sounded as though he enjoyed what he was doing in Llano. Those two "boys" and my 2 nieces were the nearest to children that I had.

The magazine is a treasure and I've enjoyed reading it very much.

P. S. I was Jim's "Aunt Suki"

Sincerely,  
Gladys Tuley  
Markham, Texas

## FROM A WORKING WRITER

Dear Mr. Kennedy:

I've just seen my first copy of *Enchanted Rock*, and have thoroughly enjoyed it. I'm a writer by trade, and I'm particularly interested in any magazine that publishes historical and folklore articles about Texas, because those are my specialties. I'm currently the book review editor of *The Tombstone Epitaph*, I've written for *The Epitaph*, *True West*, *Frontier Times*, *Civil War Times*, *Guns & Ammo*, *Louis L'Amour Western Magazine*, several other magazines in this country, and for magazines in England, Switzerland and Australia. I'm also the author of two books by myself—*The Lost San Saba Mines*, published by the now-defunct Texas Monthly Press, and *Texas Tales Your Teacher Never Told You*, published by Wordware Publishing—and co-author of a third, *Unsolved Texas Mysteries*, with Wallace O. Charito and Kevin R. Young, also published by Wordware. I write a weekly column on Texas history, legend and lore for the *Seguin Gazette-Enterprise*, and for a time I was half the radio team of "The Old Buzzards" on KCTI Radio in Gonzales. I've also been a finalist for Western Writers of America's Spur award for short fiction twice with "Beef For Uncle Sam's Injuns," published in *New Frontiers II* from TOR books in 1991 and "131 Blue Jay Road," published in *Louis L'Amour Western Magazine* in 1995.

I'm a working writer. That means I don't work unless I get paid for it. Obviously, I don't know what *Enchanted Rock's* rates are, but having been raised on a hardpan and cedarbrake ranch just west of Georgetown and having lived through the drought of the '50's on that ranch, I've always kinda figured every dollar I get is one I didn't have before. I'd be interested in your writer's guidelines and an idea of your rates.

Sincerely,  
C. F. Eckhardt  
Seguin, Texas

[Eckhardt's article appears on page 32]

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## 8th ANNUAL LLANO

# CRAWFISH OPEN

**T**he eighth Annual Llano Charity Crawfish Open scheduled for April 18th and 19th promises to provide enough food, fun, and entertainment for everybody in the Hill Country. The brainstorm of a group of Beaumont hunters and local Llanoites, the Llano Crawfish Open was first held in 1989. Over the years a friendship began between the two groups and the success of the open really took off.

Following success, the group realized they needed a goal to serve the entire Llano County area. That goal became The Llano Special Opportunity Center for mentally and physically challenged adults. Though the center receives a limited amount of funding from the state, their needs are still great, the remainder of the funding must come from the community.

Now, in their eighth year of continuous growth, the Crawfish Open plans to cook up over 7,000 pounds of crawfish, 3,000 pounds of barbecue for the "must attend" event in the Hill Country. Plan for a weekend of day-and-night fun along the banks of the beautiful and legendary Llano River. One band on Friday, and two on Saturday will provide live entertainment.

Boiled crawfish, potatoes, corn and barbecue will be served at the Llano City Park on Friday from noon to 6 p.m. and again on Saturday from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. The plates are \$7 for adults and \$5 for children under 12. Followed by the Friday Night Dance at the city Park Pavilion from 7-11. Admission is free.

The Saturday Night Dance will be held at Oestreich's Rose from 9 pm to 1 a.m. on the west end of Llano on Hwy 29 with CMA artist Kevin Eagan. Admission is \$10.

In addition to the cookout and dance, the event includes a Sporting Clay Tournament, Golf Open Tournament, and Washer Pitching Tournament. Top prize

for the golf open is a 1997 auto. For golf tournament information phone the Llano Golf Course and ask for Ronnie Humphrey at 915/247-5100. For sporting clay information phone Sandra Overstreet at 915/2388-4934 (day) or 9015/247-5017 (night).

## 14th Annual Burnet

# Bluebonnet Festival

**L**ike bluebonnets bursting into bloom, the 14th Annual Bluebonnet Festival will unfold a colorful celebration, and everyone is invited. There will be something for everyone at this family oriented event, from April 10-14 in the friendly little town of Burnet, Texas, nestled at the foot of the spectacular Texas Hill Country.

Those eager to get out and enjoy the color, beauty, and unspoiled air of the Texas Hill Country can take part in several fun competitions. Participate in the 5K/10K Bluebonnet Fun Run, the Bicycle Tour or the Golf Tournament. Children will be kept entertained by joining in the Children's Fun Run and the Bicycle Decorating Contest. The Pet Parade provides what children love the most, critters of all shapes and sizes. Kids and grown ups alike, will enjoy a delightful parade around the square with over 100 entries followed by a carnival full of rides and excitement.

For creative competition, there is the Bluebonnet Festival Outhouse Chariot Race on the Square. In this wacky event, contestants will race their best outhouse-like contraptions. The Old West Town provides the backdrop for a re-creation of an authentic shoot-out by the Burnet Gunfighters where visitors are sure to get

For additional details contact Kirk Winfrey at the, Llano Farm Bureau 915/247-4161. To find the Llano City Park (also known as Robinson City Park) drive 3 miles west of the courthouse on County Road 152 on the way to Castel.

caught up by seeing history come alive. A street dance is also sponsored by the Gunfighters so, you never know what brand of special entertainment you will encounter.

Entertainment is provided continuously either by land, air or rail. Different types of music, and dancing will be on-going during the arts & crafts vendors on the square. Diving from the skies, Highland Lakes Squadron of the Confederate Air Force, showing off their aircraft and flying skills at the fly-in. A Destruction Derby on the fair grounds add thrills and chills to the auto fan. The Hill Country Flyer, one of the last authentic steamtrains in the world, arrives during the festivities depositing passengers eager to join in.

Other fascinating and historic sites can be discovered near Burnet. Longhorn Cavern State Park and the Highland Lakes in considered to be one of the most ancient geologic areas of the world. Original settlement Fort Croghan has been restored to give a view of Texas frontier history.

Spring is perfect timing for this annual event during the peak Bluebonnet season and during the Bluebonnet Arts and Crafts trail is in full bloom in Central Texas. The variety of wildflowers blooming across the fields and along highways make every mile eventful.

Come see for yourself why people call Burnet the jewel of the Highland Lakes.



**G**eorge Wilkins Kendall was one of the shapers of the Hill Country to which he was devoted. He was born August 22, 1809, at Mount Vernon, New Hampshire. Young George became determined to study printing and by age 29, Kendall was in New Orleans founding the New Orleans Picayune. His fame as the first war correspondent, followed his coverage of the Mexican War in 1842.

He acquired a farm near New Braunfels; and in 1845, purchased the land he called "Post Oak Spring Ranch" a few miles east of the Cibolo Creek near what was to become Boerne. On one of his trips to Europe in 1849, George met and married the lovely Adeline de Valcourt, the daughter of Colonel de Valcourt of the French army. It was not until they had three children that he brought her to the beautiful, but frontier country he loved. Not favorably impressed, Mrs. Kendall, nevertheless, adapted and graciously welcomed all travelers to their home. This charming lady was to become one of the most loyal citizens of Texas.

On this land purchased from the Republic of Texas, Kendall was to distinguish himself as the father of sheep-raising. Ottmar von Behr had brought from Germany a small flock of Saxony sheep which he crossed with Mexican stock. Kendall in turn purchased a fine breed of Merino bucks from France to replace the inferior Mexican breed. In time his flock consisted of tens of thousands. These brought about a thriving industry in San Antonio, developing the largest market in the world, and processing the finest wool.

An abolitionist, Mr. Kendall would not buy slaves to work his place. Because of his great admiration for the energetic Germans, he hired their young boys as shepherds. This practice alone with his close work with them to develop a superior breed of sheep, endeared him to the Prussian transplants. Great distress racked him when the Indians killed three of his men.

In a letter to a friend, in later years, Kendall reported, "I am enjoying the finest health. I have here, at my frontier home among the mountains, grown young again. I have pasturage for 20,000 sheep, and any number of cattle, and to see all this space covered with them is what I am working for. I do not bother my head about Kansas, or brother Brigham Young, or politics of any kind; don't care who is president; fear God, but hate the Indians for stealing my horses;...try to keep my feet warm and

# KENDALL COUNTY'S GEORGE WILKINS KENDALL



by **ELIZABETH GRAY HUDSON**  
BOERNE AREA HISTORICAL PRESERVATION SOCIETY

my head cool, and smoke my pipe in peace with all mankind."

A signer of the petition for a new county, Mr. Kendall worked with Erastus Reed, a Boerne resident who served in the Texas Legislature, to carve a new district out of parts of Bexar, Comal, Blanco, Gillespie and Kerr Counties. In honor of his tireless devotion to the area and its interests, the citizens named it for him.

Kendall died in 1867 at the age of fifty-eight of pneumonia he contracted in a blizzard, tending to his flocks. The epitaph on his grave in the Boerne Cemetery reads, "Printer, Journalist, author and farmer; eminent in all. Clear head, stout heart, strong hand; a man of many friends' most beloved by those who knew him best."

#### MORE ABOUT GEORGE WILKINS KENDALL?

- Jacob De Cordova, *Texas: Her Resources and her Public Men*, Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott, 1858
- "The Polish Texans," San Antonio, Texas, Institute of Texas Cultures.
- Mrs. Clifford Mooers, "George Wilkins Kendall." A Short Biography in the Edith A. Gray Library.



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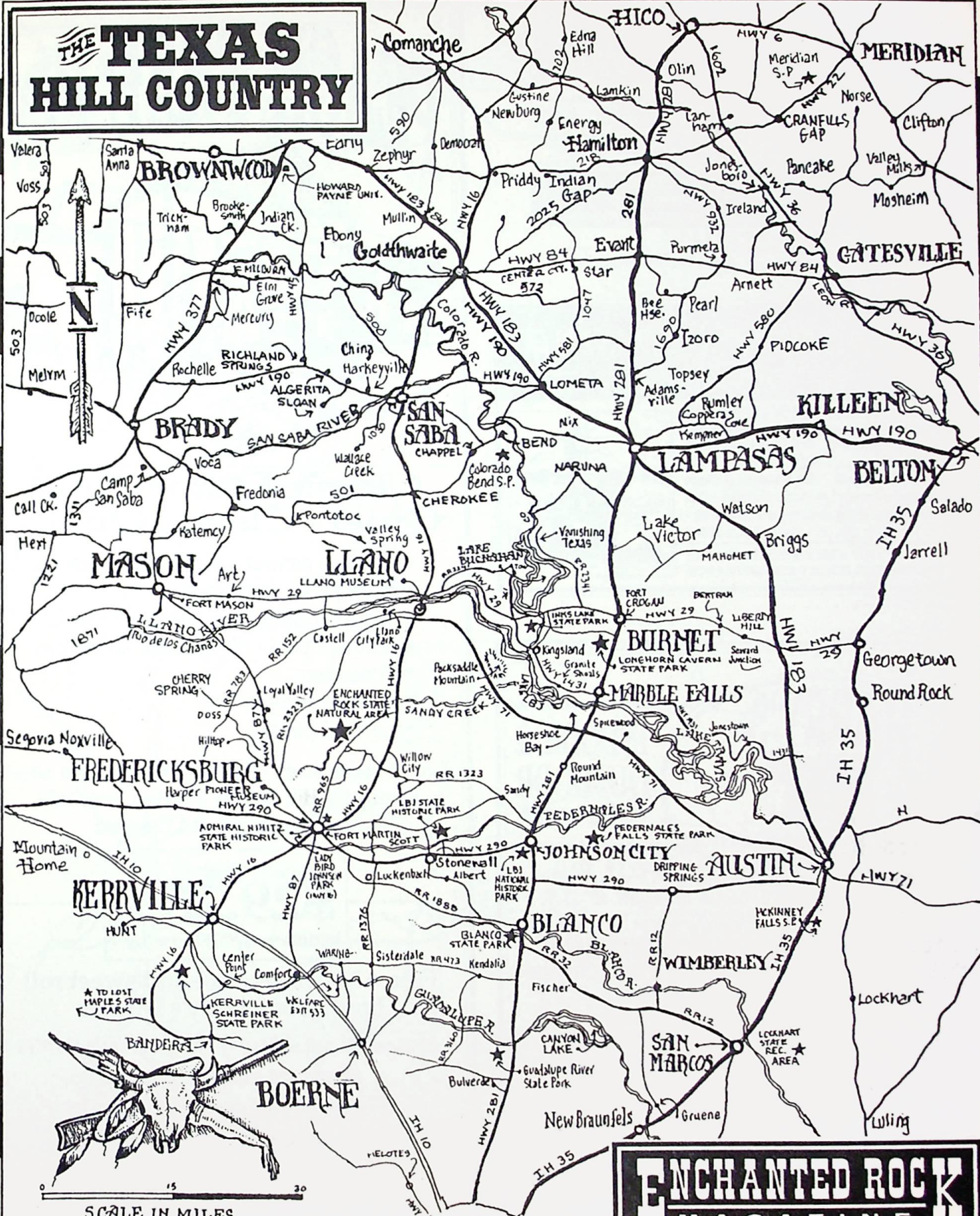
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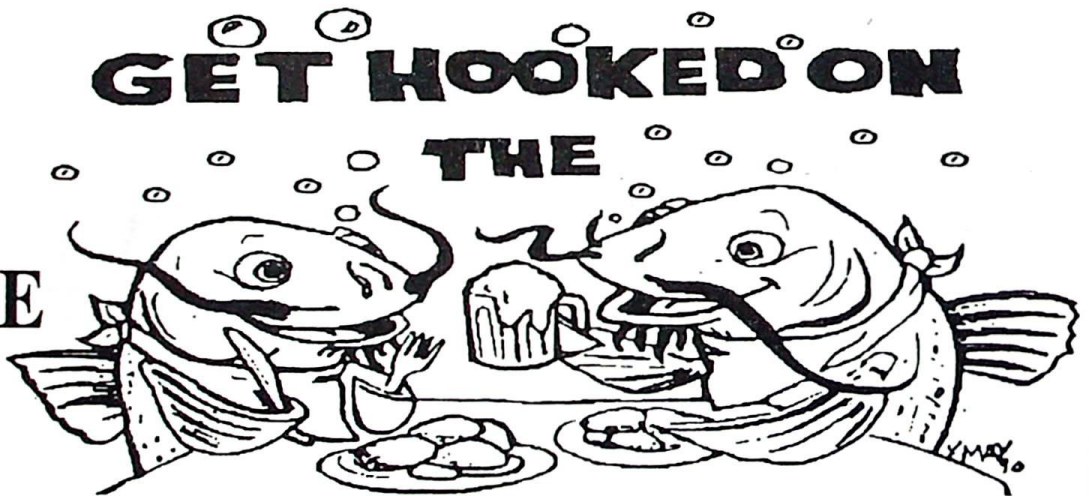
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




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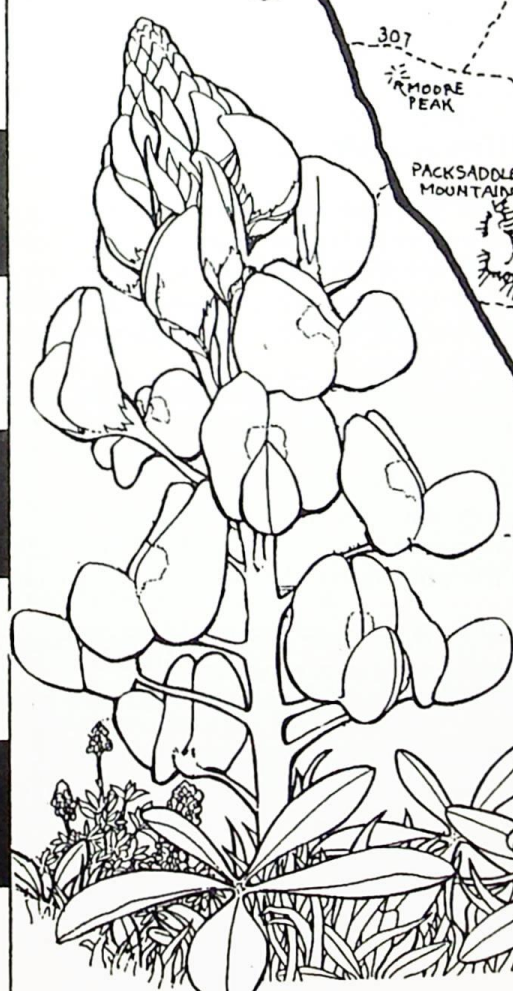
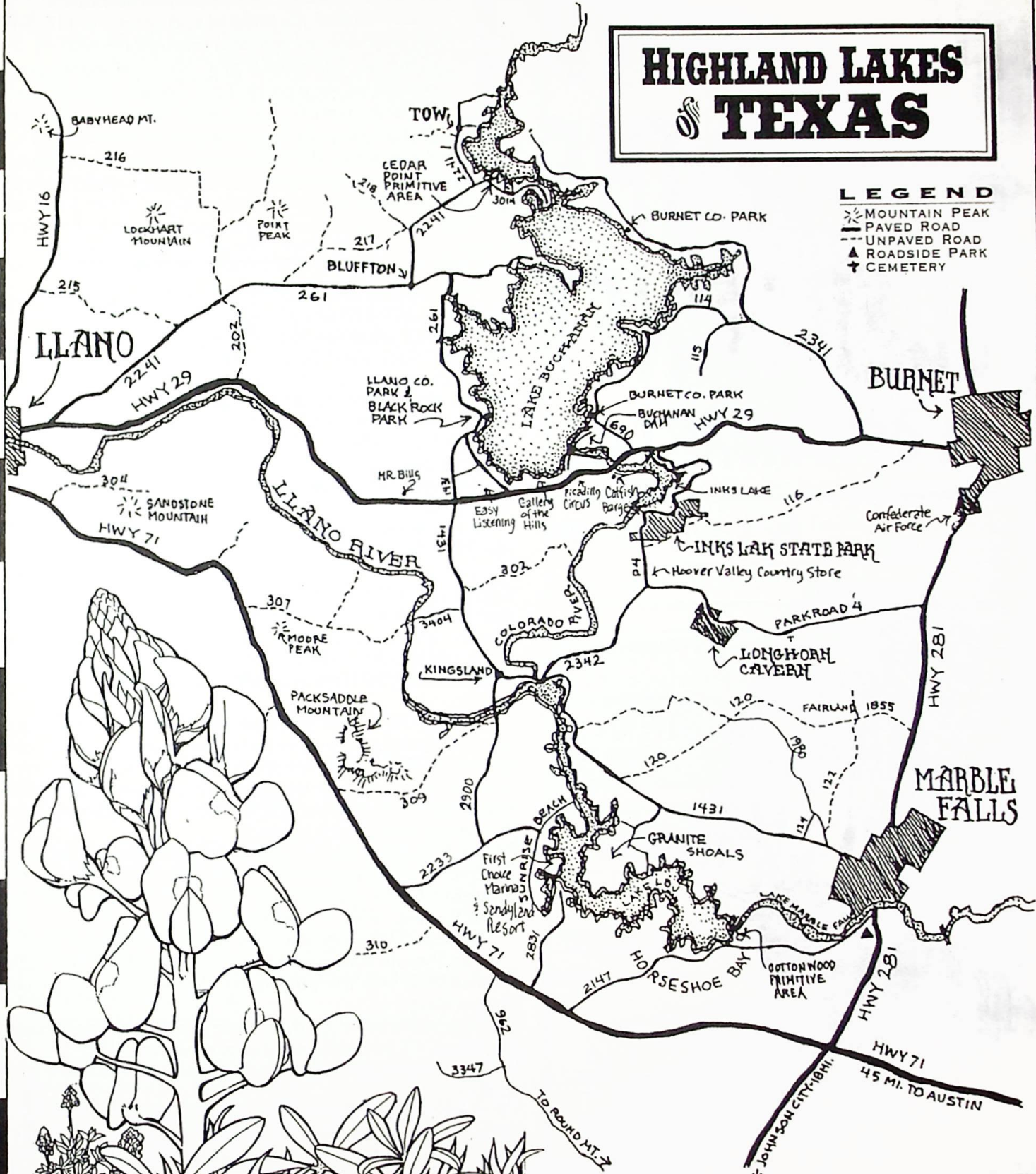
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# THE LEGEND OF THE BLUEBONNET (A COMANCHE TALE)

by CORK MORRIS



Last year, the drought and odd weather played havoc with the farmers, ranchers and me. I sorely missed the lakes of springtime wildflowers that ease me into and through the heat of summer. I decided that a great conjuring was needed so we wouldn't get a repeat performance (or lack thereof). As so often happens, when I try that magic stuff, I get slapped in the head by history. I ran across this little story that has probably been told a thousand times, and nothing I could do will improve the tell.

With help, however, we can get spring.

"Great Spirit, the land is dying. Your People are dying, too." The line of dancers sang.

"Tell us what we have done to anger you. End this drought. Save your People. Tell us what we must do so you will send the rain that will bring back life."

For three days, the dancers danced to the sound of the drums, and for three days, the people called, Comanche, watched and waited. Even though the hard winter was over, no healing rains came.

Drought and famine are hardest on the very old and the very young.

Among the few children left was a small girl named, She-Who-Is-Alone.

She sat by herself, watching the dancers. In her lap was a doll made from buckskin. A warrior doll. The eyes, nose and mouth were painted on with the juice of herbs and berries. It wore beaded legging and a belt of polished bone. On its head were brilliant blue feathers from the jay that flitted among the trees in summer. She loved her doll very much.

"Soon," She-Who-Is-Alone said to her doll, "the medicine man will go off by himself to the top of the hill to listen for the words of the Great Spirit. Then, we will know what to do so that once more the rains will come and Our Mother will be green and alive. The buffalo will be plentiful and the People will be rich again."

As she talked, she thought of the mother who had made the doll, of the father who brought the blue feathers. She thought of the grandfather and grandmother she had never known. They were like shadows.

It seemed long ago that they had died from the famine.

The People had named her and cared for her. The warrior doll was the only thing she had left from those distant days.

"The sun is setting," the runner called as he ran through the camp. "The medicine man is returning."

The people gathered in a circle and the medicine man spoke.

"I have heard the words of the Great Spirit," he said. "The people have become selfish. For years they have taken from Our Mother without giving anything back. The Great Spirit says the People must sacrifice. We must make a smoke offering of the most valued possession among us.

"The ashes of this offering shall then be scattered to the Four Winds. When this offering is made, drought and famine will cease. Life will be restored to Our Mother and to the People."

The People sang a song of thanks to the Great Spirit for



telling them what they must do.

"I'm sure it isn't my new bow," said a man as he left the circle.

"It can't be my special blanket," said another woman.

As the evening grew dark they all went to their tipis to talk and think over what the Great Spirit has asked.

Everyone left the circle except She-Who-Is-Alone. She held her doll tightly to her heart.

"You," she said, looking at the doll, "are my most valued possession. It is you that the Great Spirit wants."

As the fires died out and the tipi flaps were adjusted for the night, the little girl returned to the tipi where she lived, to sleep and to wait.

The night outside was still, except for the deep call of the Owl. Soon, everyone in the tipi was asleep, except She-Who-Is-Alone. Under the ashes of the fire, one stick still glowed. She took it and crept silently outside.

She ran to the place on the hill where the Great Spirit had spoken to the Medicine Man. Stars filled the sky, but there was no moon.

"Oh, Great Spirit." She called, "Here is my warrior doll. It is the only thing I have from my family who died in this famine. It is my only possession. Please accept it."

Then, gathering sticks, she started a fire. She watched as the sticks caught and began to burn brighter and brighter.

She thought of her grandmother and grandfather, her mother and father, and of all the People who had suffered and gone hungry. Before she could change her mind she thrust the doll into the fire.

She watched until the flames died down and the ashes had grown cold. Then, scooping up a double handful she offered them to the Wind.

East, to where the Sun faithfully rises each day.

South, to where the People come to escape the bitter winter gales.

West, to where her family and other of the People lived now.

North, where the buffalo would grow thick and fat in the summer.

She slept there, on the hilltop, until the morning sun woke her.

Rubbing the, too little, sleep from her eyes, she looked out over the fields and stretching out from all sides, were the ashes had been taken by the wine, the ground was covered with flowers—beautiful flowers. They were as blue as the feathers in the hair of her doll, as the feathers of the jay who flits in the trees of summer.

When the People came out of their tipis, they could scarcely believe their eyes.

They gathered on the hill with She-Who-Is-Alone, to look at the site.

They were in no doubt, the flowers were a sign of forgiveness from the Great Spirit.

The People began to sing and dance their thanks to the Great Spirit, and a warm, gentle rain began to fall. Their Mother began to live again.

From that day on, the little girl was known by another name, One-Who-Truly-Loved-Her-People.

Every spring, the Great Spirit remembers the sacrifice of the little girl and fills the hills and valleys of the land with beautiful blue flowers. To this day.



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# TRACKING BLUEBONNETS

by Ira Kennedy



oad your cameras, pack your cars and head for the hills. It's Bluebonnet season—that time of year when we celebrate spring and the state flower all at once. In case you haven't heard, the Bluebonnet was a late comer in the contest for votes at the state legislature. Back on March 7, 1901, when the matter was up for a vote, the cotton boll, or "the white rose of commerce" was running neck and neck with the bloom of the prickly pear advocated by John Nance Garner who later became vice-president of these here United States. Garner lost out on his flower of choice but got stuck with the name "Cactus Jack" for his efforts. Seems a few stalwart ladies from the The National Society of the Colonial Dames of America in the State of Texas stepped forward lobbying for the bluebonnet. The problem was few of the menfolk knew what flower was under discussion.

Part of the confusion was the many aliases of the Bluebonnet at the time. Some called it 'el conejo' or the rabbit, others called it Buffalo Clover, and still others said it was the Wolf Flower. Seems so many of them political types in Austin knew so little about flowers it took a painting of bluebonnets by Mode Walker of Austin to show the politicians exactly which purdy flower they were arguing over. Needless to say the Dames with their painting won out.

Course after that another debate raged for years as to which species of bluebonnet was the actual state flower. Well, in 1971 the matter settled democratically when the legislature decided that all six species and "any other variety of Bluebonnet not heretofore recorded" were all the official state flower(s). Naturally the whole matter never should have been left up to men in the first place. Seems most of us just naturally gravitate to things thorny.

Now that we've dispensed with matters political and historical lets get on the fun part.

The Bluebonnet crop this year is likely to make an indelible impression on everyone, even on the old-timers. Although Bluebonnets, being the state flower, get top billing the variety and beauty of the other flowers such as the Indian Paint Brush, Indian Blanket, Mexican Hat, Wine Cup, and Black Eyed Susan—just to name a few—all together make a stunning mixture. And if you've never seen Texas wildflowers in full bloom before you're in for an experience.

Interstate Highways 10 and 35 hold, like a wine glass, the



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best of Bluebonnet country. Within that area are Highways 16, 71, 281, 290, and 1431 all of which are noted for wildflowers, consequently these roads are likely to be about as thick with cars and people as flowers. If you need a little elbow room you'll want to strike out on your own. You'll need a good map plus the spirit of adventure and discovery. That's why I've included three

maps in this issue. I also recommend the Shearer publication, *The Roads of Texas*, (see sidebar) which I always take on a day-trip

A few county roads, such as the renowned Willow City Loop just north of Fredericksburg, will be (for good reason) thick with cars. Other routes, such as the little-known Click Route southeast of Llano, offer the opportunity for a close-up view with hardly any traffic, but for that one you need a four-wheel drive vehicle 'cause you'll have to ford Sandy Creek twice and there's no low-water crossing. If you're not geared for that kind of running, try Ranch Road 2323 which runs south from Llano to Hwy 87 northwest of Fredericksburg. It's a beautiful drive with several photogenic buildings along the way.

Bluebonnets are always plentiful around the Highland Lakes, as is Ranch Road 965 that runs from Fredericksburg past Enchanted Rock toward Llano. If you happen to go that way, or anywhere else for that matter, drive carefully. There are photographers, artists, sightseers, children and pets all along the roadsides. When traveling on county roads remember many of them go through private land. Stay in your car, or on the roadside. And please, don't litter.

We will continue our coverage of wildflowers next month and include a guide to selected art galleries in the area. The Bluebonnet Trail runs through the months of March and April. If you want to really take it all in you might want to stay over in the area. Please note our index to advertisers for listings of lodging, dining, entertainment, and shopping. And please mention you saw their ad in *Enchanted Rock Magazine*.



# THE ROADS OF TEXAS

BY RANDY EADS

Unless you are more fortunate than I am, sooner or later other obligations such as work, school, kids, etc., will ultimately limit your riding opportunities. When this happened to me I began to look for ways to get the most enjoyment out of the chances that I had. Instead of long tours through several states, my trips had become weekend rides around my home state of Texas.

Past experience had shown that roads in close proximity to each other sometimes differed greatly in riding enjoyment. I started looking for ways to plan my rides to make sure we found the good roads and avoided the boring ones. The solution was to become a Texas Roads Scholar.

Now that I knew the solution, all I needed to know was how to accomplish it. The main thing I needed were maps that showed a lot of detail. The first one I tried was the map handed out at the Texas State Line welcome centers. This was better than the map in my atlas, but not all of the Farm-to-Market roads were shown on it.

Then I discovered that the Texas Department of Highways and Public Transportation had maps for sale at a reasonable price that were larger than the welcome center maps. Of particular interest was the availability of County Maps. A complete book containing all 254 Texas Counties in the 10" X 14" size was only \$20.00. A real bargain if I ever saw one.

Now I had the detail I was looking for. These maps showed the curves in the roads and the rivers and creeks. I discovered that usually a road running along a river or creek generally had more curves and elevation changes, just what you need to make a good ride. There was only one problem, the book was in inch and a half thick. It was great for studying at home, but a little too hefty to carry in a saddlebag.

Then in 1988 I discovered the ultimate solution. The folks at the Texas A & M University Cartographic Laboratory and a company called Shearer Publishing created an atlas of Texas titled, *The Roads Of Texas*. It is based on the county maps from the Texas Department of Highways and Public Transportation. This book is about the same size and weight as a standard road atlas, but has the same detail as the previously mentioned county maps. It is probably the best \$12.95 I have ever spent.

Now I had something that easily fit in a saddlebag and showed all of the roads and all of their curves, bridges, cemeteries, cattle guards, gates and the various types of road surfaces. It also contains a listing with addresses and phone numbers of all State and National Park facilities and some interesting glimpses at Texas History.

Without this book I might never have discovered Green's Sausage House in Zabcikville, Texas (oops, that's another story). I am now on my second copy, having worn out the first after many miles in the saddlebag of my beemer.

Whether you have a Sport Tourer or a GS, you can find the roads worth riding, either paved or unpaved. It allows you to get off the beaten path and still know where you are going.

*The Roads Of Texas* is currently available in its second edition. You can find it at most bookstores or at stores specializing in maps. It may also be ordered direct from Shearer Publishing by calling 1-800-458-3808



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# PARDNERSTOGETHER

## THE TRUE STORY OF PECOS BILL AND SLUE-FOOT SUE

BY WARREN LEWIS

### SLUE-FOOT DRIVES A FEW HEAD NORTH

**D**urin' the time that Pecos Bill was off kickin' up his heels, like I said, the onliest boys from Billy's old outfit that stayed on with Slue-Foot Sue was Curly Joe and Moon Hennessey. Slue-Foot, like I also said, hired on a few more hands, and they was the ones that helped Sue clean ol' Pancho Villa's plow.

Now back in them days, cowhands that was fresh off a cattle drive or otherwise outa work had a way of kind've driftin' around from spread to spread, and sometimes they might settle down fer a spell and even do a little work fer their supper, if there wadn't nothin' better to do or a poker game up. And that how come've Slue-Foot Sue's bunkhouse bein' mostly more full than it was empty of strayed dogies. Sue had all the help she could use, if'n you can call *that* help.

Trouble was, some of them good ol' boys was purty mangle. Curly Joe, o' course, was right much of a gentleman—he never did cuss in front of a lady, and he always said "Yes-ma'am" and "No-ma'am" to Sue, like his mamma'd learned him. But as fer Moon Hennessey, when it come to cussin' and showin' no respect at all fer ladies or the preacher or a horse, Mooney was the worstest of the lot.

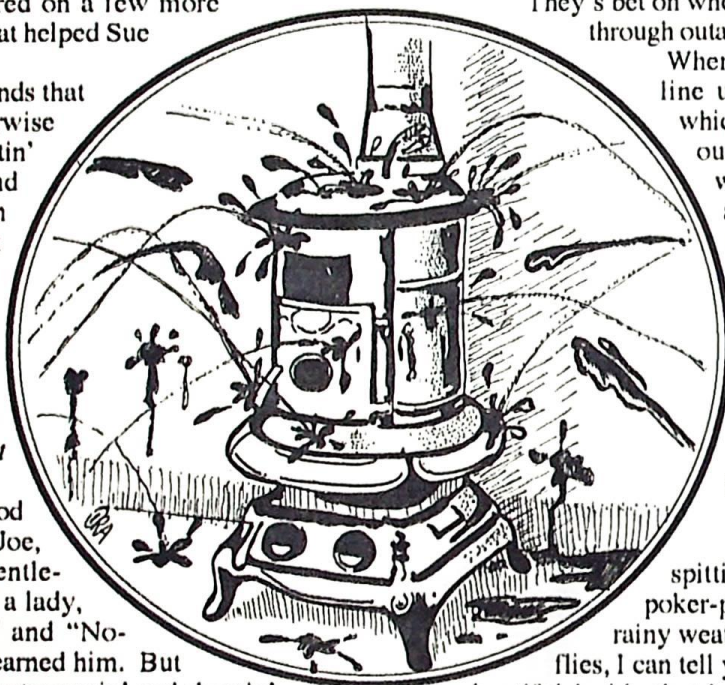
Of a wintertime durin' a rainy spell or a cold snap, them sorry sons would hole up in the bunkhouse like a pack of javelina hogs all plied up in a waller underneath the roots of a mesquite tree, and they wouldn't come out fer love ner money ner even when it thundered. They was so lazy, they wouldn't've come out if'n a whole passle of polecats had moved in with 'em; and after a while, mangle and rangy as most of 'em was, it begun to smell so pow'rful that any decent self-respectin' polecat would've skeedaddled right outa there.

One rainy month one winter, when it was too wet and too cold outside fer work—jist the contrary of how'd it'd been back in the summertime, when it was too hot and too dry outside fer work—Sue's patchwork outfit got into gamblin' fever and commenced to bettin' on any chance that offered. They played poker of all

kinds, and black-jack, and faro, and monte; they even played fish and old maid. They'd bet on which one of two flies on the wall would scratch either his right or his left hind leg first.

They's bet on whether the next man to come in through outa the rain would be a Irishman.

When the weather'd let up, they'd line up on the porch and bet on which one could spit the farthest out into the yard. And then when it started into rainin' again, they'd go back inside and bet on which one could spit a stream of tabacey juice the farthest acrost the bunkhouse and hit the stove. And after that, they'd bet on which one's spit would sizzle the loudest and b'ile the longest, and then they'd argue about who'd won.



Wellsir, 'tween the spittin' and the sweatin' over the poker-playin' and the bettin' on the rainy weather and the Irishmen and the flies, I can tell you, it was beginnin' to smell beautiful inside that bunkhouse. And considerin' how much beer them boys guzzled and tabacey they chawed, you can calculate fer yerself how many world's records that got set and broke and set agin.

Then, as much fun as they was already havin', it come supptime. What with all that heavy labor, all the boys agreed that honest work did make a man hungry, so they trooped on over to Slue-Foot's kitchen to git themselves a full belly.

Slue-Foot Sue herself was a mighty fine cook, and that is widely known. Slue-Foot was famous fer her cookin' 'cause she knowd what a man likes to eat. She made her biskits with Gladiola flour, and they was the kind that was crusty and golden-brown on the tops 'n' bottoms, and light and fluffy and melt-in-yore-mouth hot and steamin' on the insides, as white as a maiden's brow, till they turned yellor and drippy all soaked up with butter, and then dark purple when you piled on Sue's delectious dewberry preserves. Um-hm, I am here to tell



you, Sue's biskits and dewberries was a treat.

This pertic'ler night, Sue was fixin' to bar-b-que up some steaks, and she had several nice ones all laid out on the table by the backdoor, ready to slap on the fire. Each one was bigger'n both yer double hands all splayed out, and they was three-by-three—a good three inches thick and weighed mor'n three pound apiece.

As the boys come into the kitchin and smelt that promisin' mesquite smoke and walked past where Sue was a-cookin', Moon Hennessey stopped and eyed all them marbledy red slabs of dead steermeat, his mouth all a-waterin' and his stomach a-growlin', and he picked out fer hisself the biggest, reddest, marblediest, beefsteak of 'em all.

"Gnarggh-haachh, ptuey," Mooney, with catarrhal acclamation—as they told it afterwards—spat a bull's-eye on the steak he'd picked out. "That'n's mine," he said.

Slue-Foot stopped in the middle of what she was doin', looked at Mooney right sharp-like, put her hands on her hips, and spat back: "Gnarggh-haachh, ptuey." Her aim was as good as his: "You can have it," she said.

All the boys hee-hawed at that, and set down and fell to—even ol' Mooney, thinkin' hisself as smart, I guess, as his louse had been thinkin' he was, didn't take no notice of Sue's eyes. She'd gone straight back to her cookin'. but her famous eyes was a-goin' through their changes, and this time they was as blood-and-fire red as the mesquite coals she was bar-b-quein' over, and as sizzlin' mad as burnt-black charred-crisp steak fat. Moon Hennessey a-spittin' on Sue's steaks right 'fore supper, I reckon, weren't exac'ly that ranchwoman's idee of a proper *horsedoover* (I'm talkin' Frenchy talk, now don't ye know.) Sue didn't say a mumblin' word—as was her wont—but she was thinkin' plenty. Slue-Foot had jist about had all she wanted of that pertic'ler bunkhouse full of cowboys. She was already so fed up with Moon Hennessey, she was about ready to go ahead kill 'im and tell God he died.

After they had all et as much as they could hold, and Mooney was feelin' his fodder, he jumps up from the table and runs over to where Sue was sittin', studyin' the leftovers on her plate. That horse wrangler with commush fer brains starts into actin' like he's gonna smooch Sue up, and the, danged if he didn't go and pull the stupidist stunt of all: Moon Hennessey goes down on one knee, like yer supposed to when you pop the question to a gal, and he pulls open the front of his shirt—bears his breast, so you might say. Sue—'n ever'body else, fer that matter—could see them little wiry little curly manly brisket hairs of his a-crawlin' out at the top of his red-flannel longjohns, like so many fishin' worms a-crawlin' out of a bait can. It was deesgustin', even fer ol' Mooney, but I reckon he thought Sue'd be real impressed.

"Slue-Foot, m'darlin'," Mooney commences so sweetly, you'd've thought he was gonna sing a hymn, "a woman that can cook as good as you can, needs a husband to cook fer. Sue, m'honey, I want you to marry me."

Whoa, Nellie! How them buckaroos did hoot and holler when they heard Mooney say that, 'cause they all knowd that even if Mooney was sweet on Sue (which he was), they also all knowd that Slue-Foot would've married Sittin' Bull afore she'd've married Moon Hennessey.

Hard-headed Harold—the feller who never had but one good idee in all his born days, and this weren't it—he commenced to traipsin' around the kitchin like he was wearin' a ball gown, and yodelin': "Oh, girls, we'll all make sech lovely

Later on, ever'body agreed that Mooney had to've been joshin', 'cause he didn't have an ice-cube's chaine in hell to turn that woman's head. Nobody disagreed that he shouldn't've did what he done (which he done anyway) and couldn't've meant what he said ('cept that he did mean it), and that even Mooney should've been smarter than he was (which he wadn't), and that he should've knowd better (which de didn't).

bridesmaids." And ever'body else jined right in: It was "Oh, ladies," this, and "Oh, girl," that. Matter o' fact, all them bearded ladies was havin' so much fun, even Curly Joe took a shot: "Harold, my darlin', always a bride's maid and never a bride, please marry me, and I'll be yore pride."

"Oh, Curly, Sweet Curly," Harold trilled back at him up high in his nose like some Irish tenor singin' *Danny Boy*, "You've made me the happiest girl in the world." How them waddies did carry on, makin' fun of Slue-Foot and Mooney.

Ol' Mooney, he didn't pay them cowboys no never mind. He was bent down on one knee, a-lookin' up right earnest-like at Slue-Foot, the same way a sorry dog watches a bigger dog gnaw a bone" The slobber was drippin' down his chin, but somethin' down deep inside must've told him he weren't never gonna git a bite of that bone. Later on, ever'body agreed that Mooney had to've been joshin', 'cause he didn't have an ice-cube's chaine in hell to turn that woman's head. Nobody disagreed that he shouldn't've did what he done (which he done anyway) and couldn't've meant what he said ('cept that he did mean it), and that even Mooney should've been smarter than he was (which he wadn't), and that he should've knowd better (which de didn't).

Slue-Foot stood up right where she'd been a-settin', looked at Mooney, and said, slick and cold and grey as gun-metal: "Don't you call me *darlin'*, Moon Hennessey, 'cause I ain't yore darlin. And I ain't yore honey, neither." And then, she walked out of the kitchin. Out in the dark on the porch, Sue commenced to studyin' the Texas night sky and all them stars shinin' brightly above her.

"Aw, darlin'," Mooney kept it up, when he ort't've left it go: "Aw, darlin'..."

And then all them other adle-pated cowthieves chimed in, eggin' ol' Mooney on. "Aw, Darlin," they all hollered, and, "Mooney, won't'cha marry me. Mooney, my honey. Mooney, my darlin'."

The Irishman and the Swede wouldn't give it no rest: "Y'er the bootifullest Swede e'er thar be; with that hole in y'er nose, won't ye please marry me."

And the Swede answered the Irishman: "Marry yew, dat's vat I'll do. Mick and Swede, dat's von fine breed."

All them other rustlers just flat busted out in applause, when they heard the rhymnin'. Cowboys, as is well known, could be right fit poets, when they taken a mind to it.

I reckon that Mooney must've thought that this was his only



chance. Horses go loco when they graze on Jimson weed, and Mooney had been a-grazin' on thoughts of Slue-Foot-Sue in his mind. Matter of fact, he was fuller of Sue than he was of Sue's cookin', and Mooney could eat more free grub than any three men, and he had a gut on him to prove it. Now, like a team of run-away mules, Mooney taken the bit in his teeth and follered Sue right out onto the porch.

All the boys was climbin' over one another to see out the winders, or else they was crammed up into the doorway on top of each other, a-carrin' on and a-makin' more noise than a pack o' black-and-tan and liver-spotted coonhounds at full bay. Them as wasn't a-proposin' marriage to somebody else was a-whoopin it up to git Mooney into as much trouble as possible. Somebody said: "Mooney, darlin'. Moooooney, darlin'. If Slue-Foot won't have you, Mooney, I will." And then somebody else said: "Who gives this no account cowboy?" And then somebody else said: "I do." And then they all said: "I do. I do." And then they all hollered some more.

What with all the ruckus, and his thoughts on Slue-Foot about as peaceful as a Panhandle sandstorm, Mooney had gone slap-dab crazy with bodaciousness: "Suzie, darlin'" he started in on her agin, "You know that worthless Billy ain't never comin' back." And as he spoke, Moon Hennessey done a t'rrible thing: That fool put his arms around Slue-Foot Sue. Then he started to go on: "I'd admire to ..."

Back in them thar days in the Old West, you never pointed a gun at nothin' ner nobody that you didn't aim to shoot, and you never touched a woman that you didn't aim to wed or bed or pay fer or steal. But Slue-Foot Sue was already wedded, she picked her own beddin' times and places and men, she weren't fer sale, and she couldn't be stole. It'd be hard to say which one thing was worser that Mooney done—puttin' his arms unbidden around Slue-Foot, or sayin' what he said about Pecos Bill, but I reckon it don't matter much, 'cause either which one was bad enough. And whatever it was that Mooney would have admired to have did, nobody ever found out.

"That'll jist about do it." That's all she said with words, but as she said it, Sue turned on Mooney and put a fine point on her speech with a well-aimed fist. A left hook come up from way back, caught him in the chin, lifted that cowbody clean outa his boots, and sent him bassackwards over the porch railin' and onto his backside, smackdab into the middle of a stand of Sue's prize prickly pears that was growin' in the flower bed. And now the hollerin' really did start, when the boys seen Slue-Foot sock it to ol' Mooney—hell, you could hear them boys hee-hawin' clear to Big Spring and back. And as fer Mooney, it taken a week and all the hot-melted candle-wax on the place to pick the cactus needles outa the rosy cushion of Moon Hennessey's backside.

Slue-Foot hadn't said that much, like I told you, but that don't mean that she weren't thinkin' nothin'. Truth is, Slue-Foot Sue had herself one powerful think that night. Sue stood out on the porch till way past midnight, a-lookin' up at the "stars at night" that's so "big and bright, deep in the heart of Texas," and wonderin' if'n anybody had ever counted 'em afore. Sue reckoned not. And that's when she had her idee: "There's room enough in the sky fer all them stars, but they ain't room enough in Texas fer all these here male-critters." Then, with that satisfyin' thought, Slue-Foot went inside, bunked down fer the night, and slept with a smile on her face, even when she was snorin'.

Next mornin', Sue said to Rosarita, her Messikin gal:

"Rosie, git the chuckwagon ready to roll. I've taken a mind to drive a few head north. I'll be back with a better outfit in a month's time."

"Si Senora," said Rosarita.

And then, jist afore she vamoosed, Sue added: "Fill up the wagon with all the Lone Star it can carry."

"¿Senora?" Rosarita wondered at what Slue-Foot had said. "Si Senora"—but she done what she was told.

Sue knowd that she'd need a special remuda of mounts fer the drive that she had in mind: not cowboys, but cowgals; not buckaroos, but buckarettes; not a herd of cow-thievin' maverick cayuses, but a drove of fine-blooded, smooth-ridin' saddle mares, like herself. Slue-Foot was aimin' to head up the Calico Trail, and by the time she got back to her place on the Pecos, Sue'd rounded up a even dozen of the finest women in the West.

Sagebrush Nance Apperson, that lady who'd stampeeded from her own weddin' and had to be brought back hog-tied to marry Big Charlie Lofkin in the Big Horn Basin, she said she'd be ready to hit leather and ride with Sue, jist as soon as she could give Big Charlie the slip.

Mrs. Montague Stevens, the high-born Englishwoman from out at Magdalena, she come a-drivin' up in her buckboard, crackin' her blacksnake whip, dressed in her black lace gown by Worth, wearin' her engraved ruby ring that was said to be a stolen idol's eye, and sportin' tall ostrich feathers in her hat; and lopin' beside her was Czar and Czarina, her two full-blooded Russian huntin' hounds. Mrs. Montague Stevens said that she was ready to do her part to keep the West tidy and clean and smellin' sweet.

Big Alice from The Cowboys' Rest Saloon, famous in all the parts around Ogallala, she come along, too, in case the herd Sue had in mind to head up needed some comfort along the trail. (Big Alice always had been big-hearted that way.)

All three of Chief Crazy Bull's Comanche squaws let off chasin' him around that tree with their skinnin' knives long enough to lend Sue a hand, willin' to turn their knives from red meat to white, fer a spell.

Dorothy Scraggs, who'd advertized in the Marysville papers fer a husband to marry, had got one, and later on changed her mind when she found out what a bad devil she'd got, she signed on with Slue-Foot on account, she said, that she agreed with Sweet Betsy from Pike.

"How's that?" Sue asked.

Dorothy recollected Sue of the part in the song about when Sweet Betsy dined with a miner, and her lover Ike got jealous; then Dorothy she sang the last verse:

This Pike County couple got married, of course,

And Ike became jealous, obtained a divorce.

Betsy, well satisfied, cried with a shout,

"Goodbye, you big lummix, I'm glad you backed out."

"That's me," hollered Dorothy.

Sue grinned and understood.

Slue-Foot gave a invite to sev'ral of Brigham Young's wives out in Salt Lake to come along on the drive, too, thinkin' that if anybody'd be glad fer a chance to git even, it'd've been them Mormon ladies. But no, said the female Saints, Brigham kept 'em all too busy and too well satisfied fer them to go galavantin' around the country with Gentile women.

The only woman Sue'd sorely wanted to git to go along with her but couldn't, was Ma Ferguson, who, at that time, was too busy runnin' the State of Texas to go on a cattle drive. But to show that her heart was in the right place, the Lady Governor



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wrote up a proclamation, and named the middle day of May "Calico Trail Day," so that women all over the Great State could have a vacation-day from their menfolk, if they took a notion to. And that is why, to this good day, Texican womenfolks takes a day off in mid-May—and sometimes more'n one.

Wellsir, the Great Calico Cattle Drive started somewheres out west of the Pecos. First of all, Slue-Foot cleaned out the nest of critters that was hole'-up in her own bunkhouse, and she headed them cayuses in a north-east direction, more or less towards Dallas, where she'd heard there was a considerable herd to be had. The onliest waddy from Billies's old outfit that Sue let stay on the place was Curly Joe—outa loyalty fer Pecos Bill, you might say. Slue-Foot let the ol' Swede stay, too—Sue kindly like the ol' Swede.

Slue-Foot given Moon Hennessey the honor of bein' the bellwether. "I always did think," Sue told Mooney, "that when the time come, you orta be the first one to go." Sue smiled when she said it, but ol' Mooney didn't know whether to smile back and say "Thank-you, Ma'am," or not. Whichever way it was, howsomever, when Slue-Foot said "Git!" Moon Hennessey got.

At the start-up, even roundin' up all the strays she could find in every bunkhouse, bar and barn all over West Texas, Sue didn't have no more'n about a thousand head. But by the time they got to the crossin' of the Trinity River—right there where Central Texas stops and East Texas starts—Slue-Foot's drive had swelled by a good two thousand more.

As they had passed near Abilene, a whole big herd of preachers come a-runnin' as fast as they could go, and kickin' up a mighty cloud of dust, too, I can tell you. Jumpin' Jeerusalem! How them preacher-fellers could run. I reckon they'd had a lot of practice gittin' outa towns fast. And right behind the rev'rend stampeed come a whole congregation of the distaff armed with brooms and Bibles and song-books and warshpot paddles. The fair-minded women of Abilene, fed up with preachers' promises, was makin' their contribution (as you might say) to Sue's cattle collection, and not makin' no denominational distinctions of any kind amongst Methodists of Babdists or Cam'elites.

From south'ards, they musta been a lot of sen-oras and sen-origas down San Antonio way that thought this was a mighty fine time to trade up their tortilla-eatin', tequila-swillin', siesta-takin' hombres fer somethin' better. The herd of Pablos and

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Jose's, Estebans and Jesus-Marias that stretched out from Waco to San Angelo looked like what was left over from General Santy Anny's army after the Battle of San Jacinto.

From Austin, a tiny little ol' scrawny-lookin' bunch—no more'n a couple of hunderd—come stumblin' in, all of 'em sent by Ma Ferguson. She'd been aimin' fer some time, she said, to clean out that nest of horny toads and sidewinders they call the Texas Legislature.

And from over in deep East Texas, a long line of black bucks and red-necks come a-stragglin' up together in what is said to have been the first in-te-grated activity since Reconstruction days. Black sisters and white sisters alike knowd a good time when they seen one to do a little spring cleanin'. Naturly, the women also knowd that shuckin' off the menfolk fer a spell would last about as long as a skillit stays warsht or till the dust balls up agin under the bed. Still and all, ever'body knows that a pair of fresh undershorts feels finer'n frog hairs ever' onc't in awhile, and nobody minds when you ask fer a clean plate and some more beans.

Sue's drive taken on its biggest new bunch in the stagin' area at the Trinity crossin', 'cause that's where the herd from Dallas and the herd from Houston come together. Even in them days, there was so many lawyers and doctors and real-estate agents in them two big towns, that the gals from Big D and the gals from Buffalo Bayou got the same idee at about the same time. 'Course, as ever'body knows, both of them places filled up agin' in no time with more lawyers and more doctors and more real-estate agents then they'd had before or that anybody needs. But that didn't make the women of Houston and Dallas no nevermind. After weeks of nothin' but beans and taters, a change to taters and beans tastes good. Peace fer a spell is better'n no peace a-tall.

All acrost Okie-homa and up through south-east Kansas, Slue-Foot and her hard-ridin' outfit of killer women kept 'em headed up and movin' out. Dorthy Scraggs was prob'ly the omeriest one of the lot, which is understandable when you think on her alivin' all them years with ol' jealous Ike. Whenever one of them two-legged dogies would stray from Sue's herd, thinkin' mebbly so to slip away in the sagebrush and sneak back to Texas, Dorthy would ride that maverick down into the dust, and either bulldog 'im or rope 'im. Then Sagebrush Nance Apperson would come a-ridin' up and hogtie that sucker—jist like ol' Charlie Lofkin done her on her weddin' day.

Both Dorthy and Nance argued with Slue-Foot around the campfire that they orgha at least git to brand the runaways. But Sue said she thought that weren't a very good idee. Sue said the whole point of the drive was to git some fine Kansas City lady or some Yankee woman from back East to put her own brand on one of these here mavericks, and she wanted her stock in the best shape possible when she got 'em to where they was goin'.

Sue and her bunch didn't have hardly no trouble with stragglers a-tall, what with Mrs. Montague Stevens bringin' up the rear in her buckboard and crackin' her blacksnake whip and sickin' Czar and Czarina on any slow-footed travelers that had a mind to lag behind. Mrs. Montague Stevens could make that blacksnake crack as good as any mule drover or bull breeder. Whatever high-heeled, fancy-booted buckaroo in his tight jeans and cowboy hat that didn't move along fast enough to suit Mrs. Montague Stevens, he would feel the flick of that blacksnake lickin' at his bec-hind; and if he give her any of his lip, she could make that blacksnake crawl through the air and pop a belt buckle off without even steppin' down outa her buckboard.



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Then, with no belt to hold 'em up, them fellers' britches would generally work their way south till they was down past the knees. It only taken a few times, watchin' them fellers strugglin' to make headway with their feet hobbled with their own jeans and their cheeks a-blushin'; at the crack of that blacksnake aforementioned, fer most of yer smarter compadres to figger out that it was better to keep a eye out fer them tall ostrich feathers and to keep as fer ahead of Mrs. Montague Stevens as they was able.

Fer as I know, nary a brandin' ner a cuttin' ner nothin' else untoward happened along the whole drive, but it is very likely that the most persuasive argument to keep a feller headed north and placidly on the move was the sight of them three Comanche squaws and their skinnin' 'n' scalpin' knives. Ridin' their little pinto ponies, they always taken the points or scouted on ahead, but ever one't in awhile, one of 'em would draw her shiny blade and hold it up so's it glinted in the sunshine. Thinkin' how pleasant it was to keep their scalps in place and on tight, there weren't a man among 'em who wanted to git crossways of ol' Chief Crazy Bull's three Injun women.

Truth to tell, it sounds worse'n it was. Sue was a wise trail boss that knowd that the only way to drive a herd fast is slowly. There was plenty to drink—they crossed many a river—and although there wadn't much to eat, range grass under the right conditions can be mighty tasty. Besides, most of them fellers was well-provisioned fer the journey. Some of 'em had been soft-livin', broad-bottom preachers; others was pork-fed politicians, or double-dippin' doctors, lawyers, and real-estate agents; and if they wadn't that, then they was some hard-working', good-cookin', sweet-lovin' woman's well-kept man; and the rest of 'em was either bunkhouse bums fat as pigs or beer-drinkin', barstool-ridin' cowboys heavy in the gut and overlapp'd in the saddle bags. Like them camels that the U. S. Army tried runnin' acrost the deserts of the Great Southwest, these fellers could go many-a mile a-drawin' on their humps and handles afore they needed refuelin'.

And what's more, Slue-Foot, who knowd the heart of man better'n any woman alive, had done had the foresight to invite Big Alice of Ogallala along fer the drive. Ever' n ight, when the dogies retired, a few dozen of the better-behavin' ones would find theirselves chosen to be among Big Alice's select company—a kind of trailwise election that Slue-Foot foreordained and predestinated on a nightly basis, somethin' to fill that ol' devil John Calvin's black heart with envy, and make all them preachers re-think their religion.

And better'n that, if possible, was Slue-Foot's own thoughtful bounty. Knowin' that you can ketch more flies with beer than you can with honey, Sue doled out her chuckwagon load of Lone Star in nightly rounds to all them other, unlucky fellers who hadn't found no favor in Big Alice's favors. It was a matter of some considerable debate which way or the other was better to go: On the one hand, most fellers couldn't do more'n a half-a-dozen times whatever it was them other fellers done of a-evenin' with Big Alice. On the other hand, nary a one of them thirsty fellers ever stopped at six beers a night, when somebody else was buyin', and all the Lone Star he could drink was free and on the house. Nosir, you'd have to agree, motly herd tho' they was, Slue-Foot Sue's Great Calico Trail Drive was well-oiled and mostly orderly all the way from the Pecos to the Mighty Mo.

And, too, not to be fergot is the whole reason fer the drive in the first place—a point which Slue-Foot did not fail to noise

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abroad. Ever' one of them sorry sons knowd that he was on his way to Kansas City, where the whole flower garden of Eastern womanhood would be in bloom, each one of them damsels a-waitin' and a-palpatatin' fer the first crack at a genuine-article Texas cowboy. As is well-knowned, there's been nary a Kansas-City gal that could ever resist the charms of a real man from Texas. We may've lost the War to them Union boys, bein' out-numbered and out-gunned like we was, but in a fair fight man-to-man, Johnny Reb can steal a Yankee woman ever'time.

Wellsir, when Sue's herd crossed the railroad trestle near the stockyards, and Kansas City was jist over the river, they was like ol' Bossy of a evenin' milkin' time when she come in sight of the barn" Them boys commenced to runnin'. When they seen that field full of about ten thousand prize heifers a-waitin' on the other side—all single women of Kansas City, and not a few of the married ones, too, includin', it is said, even a preacher's wife or three, all come out to meet 'em, and ever' blessed one of them sweeteners of our cup of human unhappiness bonneted, be-ribboned, bustled, and busty—Sue's whole herd stampeeded acrost that bridge like a lot full of lost calves that's strayed from their mammas. They was a-bawlin' fer glory without so much as a backward look or homeward thought.

There ain't no call, I reckon, to tell you how it all ended in Kansas City. You can figger out fer yerself how deighted them Kansas City gals and all them other Yankee women was, now that they had a full supply of Texans to pick from. And with all that gratitude comin' back their way, Slue-Foot's round-up soon fergot the troubles they'd left behind 'em on the trail.

Slue-Foot and her female outfit lit out the very next day, headed back to Texas. They figgr'd they hadn't lost nothin' in a faincy-daincy place like Kansas City, full of silly women carryin' frilly parasols that didn't keep off neither sun ner rain, and dandied-up dudes that smelt better'n the women did. The Calico Gals had already done the job they had came to do: That bunch of ringtail cats they'd been rarin' to git shut of, was now let loose in the Yankee henhouse, so there wadn't no Texans left fer them hard-ridin' women to have no truck with, and they had even less use fer them damnyankee fellers. So, they headed out.

When they all got back to Sue's place on the Pecos, Slue-Foot throwd a big shindig and bar-b-que fer her lady wranglers, Curly Joe and the big Swede doin' the cookin'. Slue-Foot and her gals enjoyed a Lone Star and a steak as much as the men did, and after they had et, they j'ined in some lady-like games of their own, ever'one of 'em a-hollerin' and a-carryin' on like school girls on the first day of vacation. The sportin' event that raised the most dust was the cow-patty toss—each one them calico cowgals sailin' out a few of the driest, flatest, smoothest cowpiles she could find as fer as she could fling her'n. They each one taken sev'ral shots at it, but with Slue-Foot Sue in the game, it jist naturlly weren't no contest.



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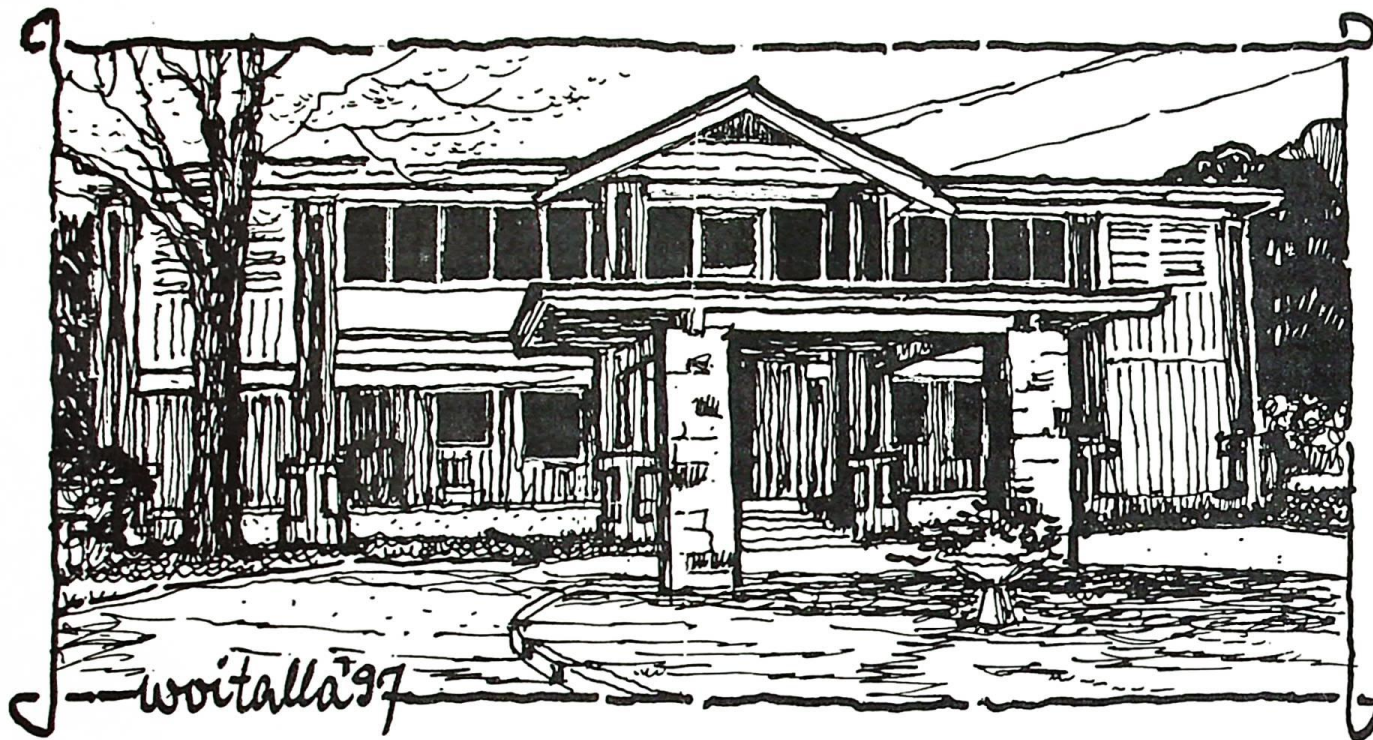
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# THEY WEREN'T ALL GERMANS

## THE UNDAUNTED DANISH PIONEERS OF FREDERICKSBURG



THE MATHISEN HOUSE AT ROCKY HILL

by KENN KNOPP

**W**hile the early settlers of Fredericksburg, Texas were primarily from Germany, the next largest group of European immigrants came from Denmark. Then came the English, Irish, Swiss, Austro-Hungarians and Belgian-Flemish. The Great Potato Famine of the 1840's that brought terror and upheaval to Ireland was not limited to the Emerald Isles but included virtually all of Western Europe, including lower Scandinavia. The famine was a prime catalyst to migration, but not the only reason to say good-bye to hearth and home.

There was the mystical lure of democratically free America and its awesome visions and everyman promises in its constitution; the ever-obstinate heavy-handedness of recalcitrant European imperialists; and the endless feuds and intertribal wars that wasted vast numbers of young boys just to determine master and slave dominance to protect feudalism.

Sometimes, thank goodness, enough gets to be enough, even when living in God's wonderland of Scandinavia. Repression of the liberal or democratic spirit was occurring in Scandinavia also. The Scandinavians loved to swoop down into the lower countries to scoop up spoils, such as the almost never

ending Thirty Years War that Sweden spearheaded. Their subjects, too, like those in Germany and other parts of Europe, found the constitution of the United States of America fascinating—and untamed Texas frontier individualism particularly enticing.

The following Danish pioneers are presented here to give long overdue credit to the other nationalities that joined with the Germans in first settling Fredericksburg and the Hill Country beginning in the spring of 1846.

**CHRISTIAN ANDRUS MATHISEN** was born on September 21, 1870, in Stenderup, Denmark, the son of Mathis and Maren Andersen Ludwig Mathisen. Known as an ingenious agrarianist, or scientific farmer, Christian decided to follow, also, the rigid standards of apprenticing as a blacksmith when he was 16 years old. At age 20, in 1890, being the curious, cautious, but brave person he was, he decided to spend his "Walzer" or post-apprenticing period before getting serious about a permanent career or commitment to marriage by visiting American and seeing Texas for himself.

Within the next year his letters to his parents were so







# Goliad

PART ONE OF TWO PARTS

## REVISITED

by STEVE GOODSON

The prisoners shuffled out of their quarters and into the courtyard formed by the high walls of the fortress called Goliad. It was around eight o'clock and they felt the cool morning breeze upon their stubbled faces and saw the sun begin to light the sky of what promised to be a glorious spring day they couldn't help but feel a little hope for what had been a seemingly hopeless situation. The guards who had summoned them from the burned out church which had been their quarters for the past nine days, were conscripts from the Yucatan peninsula deep in Mexico. The few prisoners who could speak Spanish attempted to ask the soldiers when they would be set free and returned to their homes as had been promised. But their keepers could not or would not reply as most of them were Mayan Indians and unable to speak much Spanish. As their eyes adjusted to the light of the new day, the prisoners noticed that the cannons which up to this time had been pointed toward the gates that opened to the fortress had been swung around and now faced them. Many of them refused to believe, however, that this signaled any ill intent towards them. It was Palm Sunday, March 27, 1836.

These 342 men were people of varied backgrounds and talents who had come united by their dreams of overthrowing the existing government and establishing a new home and career in the land called Texas. Many of them were from Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia and Alabama. Most of them had only been in Texas for a few months coming in response to the call for "every able bodied man, each with his rifle" to assist the Texicans in their struggle for independence. By land and sea they arrived at Goliad and under the command of a young Georgian, Colonel James Walker Fannin, Jr.

Fannin had come to Texas as a slave trader hoping to realize the profits that one could make by selling human contraband (slavery was illegal in Texas and Mexico) to the cotton farmers located along the Brazos River and the Texas coast. Being one of the few men in Texas who had any military experience (he had attended the military academy at West Point), Fannin soon found himself selected to command the garrison located at Goliad. But, he quickly grew to dislike commanding these men as most of them were volunteers in the militia, and militiamen traditionally lacked discipline, preferring to elect their own officers and holding "regular" army officers in contempt. It seems that Fannin also lacked the charisma needed to command respect from such a loosely knit set of soldiers. By the time the Mexican army arrived, Fannin's command was in trouble.

"Our commander is Col. Fannin, and I am sorry to say the majority of the soldiers don't like him," a private named J. G. Ferguson wrote. "For what cause I don't know whether it is because they think he had not the interest of the country at heart or that he wishes to become great without taking the proper steps to greatness."



*Colonel James Walker Fannin, Jr.*

Obviously, Fannin wanted and needed structure, and everything around him was chaos. As the cold north winds blew against the walls of the fortress, the Colonel came to realize that he was destined for defeat unless he could produce and execute a clear course of action. As the Mexican army approached, his desire to command and lead these men left him. He wrote the governor, "Will you allow me to say to you ... that I am not desirous of retaining the present, or receiving any other appointment in the army ... I am a better judge of my military abilities than others, and if I am qualified to command an army, I have not found it out."

The Colonel also expressed disappointment at the failure of the existing Texican settlers to rally to his support. "They had been called ..." he wrote, "I have but three citizens in the ranks, tho' I have called on them for six weeks, not one yet arrived ..." At least on paper Fannin remained willing to fight, "... I must now play a bold game—I will go the whole hog. If I am lost, be the censure on the right head ... I am too mad ... to do any thing but fight."

Fannin's letters describe his confused mental state and explain his inability to formulate and stick with a clear plan of action.



His indecisiveness must also be blamed on the Texican's refusal to be led. The alcalde of Victoria later wrote of the men that Fannin was in charge of, "The major portion of his command were volunteers from the United States, who had come, they said, to have a brush with the Mexicans, and they feared that by leaving Goliad they would lose their opportunity for so doing. In justice to the lamented Fannin it may be said, doubtless with truth, that he found himself utterly powerless to control his insubordinate though brave and generous men."

So the Colonel and his men did not react until the Mexican army was upon them. By then it was too late. After it became obvious that the major portion of the attacking column had arrived, Fannin led his men out of the fort under the cover of an early morning fog. The Mexican scouts did not discover their departure until noon of that day. The Mexican cavalry quickly rode out and pinned down the slow moving column about a half mile from the timber that runs along Coleta Creek. The Texicans formed a square in the middle of a slight depression in the prairie, a decision they soon came to regret. They fought bravely, but soon had about 40 to 50 wounded and their situation rapidly grew worse when they ran out of water by the end of the day.

After listening to the cries of the wounded all night, Fannin, who had been wounded in the thigh, called for a council with his officers. The Texicans felt that they could break through the surrounding lines, but this would mean abandoning their wounded comrades, a decision no one wanted to be responsible for. Surrender was agreed upon and they sent out a courier carrying a white flag to request a parley to determine the terms they would be given.

Did Fannin and his men surrender without any assurance of safety and fair treatment? A physician, who was later spared from the massacre, Dr. James Barnard, kept a journal which states, "... a capitulation with Gen. Urrea was agreed upon, the terms of which were that we should lay down our arms and surrender ourselves as prisoners of war; that we should be taken back to Goliad and properly attended to, and that all private property should be respected. These were the terms that Col. Fannin distinctly told his men on his return had been agreed upon, and which was confirmed by Major Wallace and Captain Dusangue, the interpreter ... I am thus particular and minute in regard to all the incidents of this capitulation, and especially what fell under my personal observation, because Santa Anna and Urrea both subsequently denied that any capitulation had been made, but that we surrendered at discretion (without terms). We were also told ... that as soon as possible we should be sent to New Orleans under parole not to serve any more against Mexico during the war in Texas ... "

Urrea knew Santa Anna's standing orders that any prisoners were to be treated as "pirates" and, if found bearing arms, would be executed, but he obviously thought that these men would be spared. He personally mentioned to Fannin that the Mexican government did not execute prisoners who appealed for clemency. Urrea attempted to intercede with the president and was quickly told to execute every one of the prisoners. The Mexican army archives hold a document with Fannin's signature, in which he surrendered unconditionally. But it is absolutely certain that these men, and at least some of the Mexican officers, believed that the prisoners would be treated fairly.

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**T**his tale was told to me by my granddaddy. My granddaddy was a coldwater Methodist preacher. We all know preachers, especially coldwater Methodist preachers, don't lie, especially not to their grandsons, so it's got to be true.

A distant cousin of mine, who died long before I was born, was a feller named Dobbin MacPhail. That was his real name, too. Dobbin wasn't a nickname as far as I can tell. He's buried in the Schuyler-Colfax cemetery over in East Texas, and it says Dobbin MacPhail on his tombstone, and Dobbin doesn't have quotations marks around it, so Dobbin was, as far as anybody can prove, his actual, given name.

Dobbin MacPhail, in the ebbing years of the last century, was renowned as the greatest fisherman in all East Texas. From any body of water larger than a half-gallon Mason jar, Dobbin could extract fish. In fact, he could pretty well extract all the fish in it.

Fishing tackle, in East Texas in those days, didn't consist of rods and reels. Only amateurs fished with trollines. There were three methods of real fishing—telephonin', shinin' and dynamitin'. You telephone fish by hooking a couple of long wires to the contacts on an old crank-telephone generator, putting sinkers on the ends of the wires, dropping them over the side of the boat, and spinning the crank. Don't ever try it from an aluminum boat, by the way. You shine fish by pouring a jug of the worst rotgut moonshine you can get into the creek. Dobbin's fishing tackle, however, consisted of a one-pound stick of 60%-nitro dynamite with a four-inch waterproof Bickford fuze in it.

Understand, please, that these fishing techniques weren't legal when Dobbin and his cohorts were fishing with them, and they aren't legal now. However, when Dobbin and his counterparts started fishing with them, the enforcement of game laws was something of a hit or miss thing. There weren't any game wardens then, the sheriff enforced game laws. He was generally too busy chasing pig thieves and dealing with wife-whippers to worry too much about how a feller caught his fish.

Every now and then the high sheriff would stop at Dobbin's while he was cleaning fish. He'd notice the legal, 100-hook troline Dobbin had hanging in the fish-cleaning shed. Then he'd count maybeso 300 fish. "Dobbin," he would say, "how's a feller go 'bout catchin' three hunderd fish on a hunderd-hook troline?"

Dobbin would reply "Treble hooks. I bait ever' point." That would usually be the end of it.

Eventually the state of Texas got around to hiring some game wardens to enforce the game and fish laws, and the state didn't go about it halfway. It didn't hire any fancy-pants college boys, nossir. It hired some of the most successful poachers and fish telephoners, shiners and dynamiters in the state and put them to work catching the rest. There's even a rumor it tried to hire Dobbin, but he wouldn't sign on.

# COUSIN DOBBIN'S LAST FISHING TRIP

---

by C. F. ECKHARDT

Dobbin MacPhail brought to grief every game warden assigned to his part of East Texas. Everybody knew Dobbin was dynamitin' fish. All you had to do was stand on a town square someplace in East Texas, and when there was a big boom back in the pines, the ground shook, and the churchbells dinged a little bit, everybody in town said "Well, Dobbin's fishin' agin." Catching Dobbin in the actual, criminal act of dynamitin' fish, though, was the trick. Nobody could catch Dobbin dynamitin' fish.

Finally the state assigned a special warden just to catch Dobbin MacPhail. That was his job—catch Dobbin MacPhail red-handed, in the act of dynamitin' fish, so the state could make an example of him for the rest of the fish dynamiters and telephoners and shiners. He set to work to do exactly that.

Dobbin, of course, knew about this. There wasn't much that went on that Dobbin didn't find out about, especially if it had to do with those pesky game wardens. Nevertheless, bright and early one morning he set out from his home, his corncob pipe aglow in his mouth, a bushel basket in his hand, and a bright red stick of dynamite sticking out of the back pocket of his blue-duckin' overalls. The warden, who'd been sleeping in the bushes for weeks, just waiting for this chance, followed him.

Dobbin went deep into the pines, the warden following at a respectable distance. He smoked his pipe down and shook it out, repacked it with Prince Albert, and relit it. The warden hid in the bushes, waiting.



**Fishing tackle, in East Texas in those days,  
didn't consist of rods and reels.**

**Only amateurs fished with trotlines.**

**There were three methods of real fishing—  
telephonin', shinin' and dynamitin'.**

Dobbin put down his basket, knocked out and refilled his pipe yet again and lit it, and finally took the dynamite out of his back pocket. At that point the warden yelled, "Gotcha, Dobbin MacPhail!" and jumped out of hiding. "Got me fer whut?" Dobbin asked.

"Dynamitin' fish."

Dobbin scratched his head and looked around. "You know, I don't see no fish," he said.

At that point the warden realized he'd been just a mite previous. He stomped up to Dobbin and jerked the dynamite out of his hand. "Just whut wuz you gonna do with thisere dynamite an' that-air bushel basket if you wa'n't gonna dynamite fish?" he demanded.

"Well," said Dobbin, "I sorta figgered to blow that stump over yonder an' pack 'em chips home fer kindlin'. Liable to get kinder col' this winter, an' I'm gonna need a power a kindlin'."

"Dammit, Dobbin," the game warden shouted, waving the dynamite around, "I know you come out here to dynamite fish. You know you come out here to dynamite fish. I done caught you at it."

"I don't see no fish," Dobbin said, mildly. The warden began to rant, turning red in the face and hollering a lot, and waving that dynamite around. Dobbin took his pipe out, and the next time the dynamite went past he touched the glowing bowl to the four-inch waterproof Bickford fuze. The fuze began to sputter, then to sizzle. After a little—there was maybe three-quarters of inch of fuze left—Dobbin said, just as mildly as before, "Warden, don't you reckon you better get rid of that 'fore it goes off an' hurts somebody?"

The warden looked at the sizzling dynamite in his hand, turned just as white as he had been red, and flung the dynamite into the only safe place to fling it—the pond. There was a terrific bang—a good, old fashioned Dobbin MacPhail sort of bang—and water went everywhere. When the splashing and the smoke cleared, the surface of the pond was covered with dead fish. "Warden," Dobbin said, as mildly as ever, "whut you reckon we oughta do with all them fish you done dynamited?"

Dobbin MacPhail, they say, retired from fishing after that. He always insisted there was no way he could go one better than getting the state's own game warden to dynamite his fish for him.

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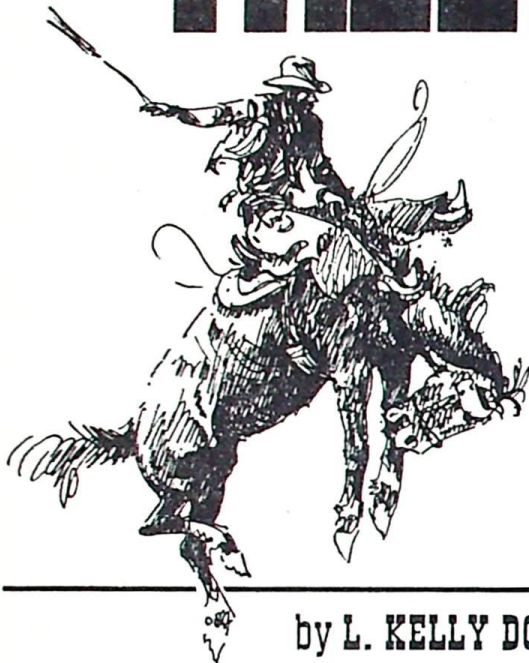
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# COWBOY TALES



by **L. KELLY DOWN**

Best time to buy cows is like now when the price is way low. You sell when doctors and lawyers is a buying and buy when they is selling and you will be the smartest cowman around. Happens that way every time, that's a fact.

## HERD BULLS

**Y**ou fellows now a days just take for granted good bulls for your cows. It weren't always so. Now everyone knows the right bull can add another pound per day of weight gain on say 40 calves. This extra now with low cow prices is the difference between you goin to see your banker or him trying to find where you is hiding out.

There were a time when Texas Tick Fever near-a-bouts ruined Texas cowmen. That's when up north they passed laws keeping live Texas cattle in Texas. None could be sold live up there. One answer was dipping vats you ran cattle through about every three weeks to kill ticks, but that sure was a lot of work don't you know.

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Why bremmers? Well, first off, they throwed off ticks lots better than cows here. Next, they sweat all over not just they nose like the mainly English Herefords most people had for beef cows. Then they was like a horse and could shake they skin and keep flies away some better. A double plus was they could be out in the summer heat eating away while most Herefords, Angus and Shorthorns was in water holes with only they nose and eyeballs sticking out. Them bremmer mama cows would clean they calves of screw worms as best they could while most others didn't even notice. That were another plus.

Them bremmers was just under native longhorns when it came to eating most anything if a dry spell hit. They and Longhorns would get fat on pasture the rest of the cattle would be dead as a door nail on—the story was that you could put them on a concrete floor pen and they would keep getting fat.

For years the Hudgins and Pierce Ranches would only sell females to each other—the rest of the ranches got only bull calves. But them bulls more or less broke the ice, don't you know. They showed not only Texas cowmen what a difference a bull would make in the calf crop, but the rest of the U. S. of A. cowmen, too. Soon everyone got to keeping records and all breeds of cow raisers they found the best bulls—a real herd bull. Better the bull—better the profit—that friend is like dutch oven biscuits—don't take much learning to figger out quick which is the best.

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That's a fact.

## BY THE HAIR OF A CALF'S TAIL

**L**ooks to me like you boys made some good buys on them growed up cows in this lot. Them big bellies they be gone by this time next year cause down on the coast where you got them they had to eat lots of grass to keep in shape. Here in our Hills theres more strength in grass so they will not have to eat as much and they will have flat bellies. Best time to buy cows is like now when the price is way low. You sell when doctors and lawyers is a buying and buy when they is selling and you will be the smartest cowman around. Happens that way every time, that's a fact.


What about that pen of two hundred Louisiana calves over there? Well you is happy with your buy so lets not speak of them a-tall. You sure you wants to know? O. K. here it is.

You say them calfs was borned in first of summer and was just pulled off they mamas? Well let me be a monkeys uncle if they didn't get borned early last winter—I'd say for sure they saw the New Year's day, not born after Easter. They are closer to ten months old than the five you said you were told when you bought time.

How does I know? Well when a calf is born his tail has just some short puffy hair on the end, like is all over the rest of him. If he is a doggie—no mama—and has to try to get milk from the few cows who will let him, he ain't going to grow much. Even when he can handle grass with the slow start he don't ever do good and catch up.

But one place on a calf that will grow near-abouts the same speed, no matter how he eats, is the hair on his tail. See how long the tail hairs are on the two hundred you just turned out in that pasture. They got hair on they tail that's nine-ten month old size and long. So they going to be smallish all they life. You better find a rich lawyer or doctor and make them a real deal—they can't tell how old they is. More or less like if human type peoples had to wait till they is say fifteen year old for they gets biscuits, red beans and cane syrup, don't you know. A good cowman can tell within two-three weeks how old a calf is, and that girls is a fact, just by the hair of a calf's tail.

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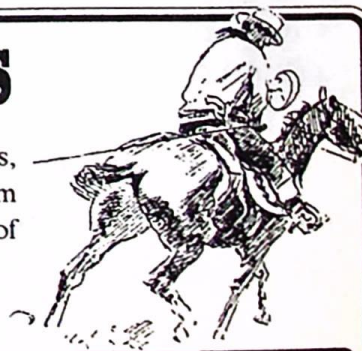
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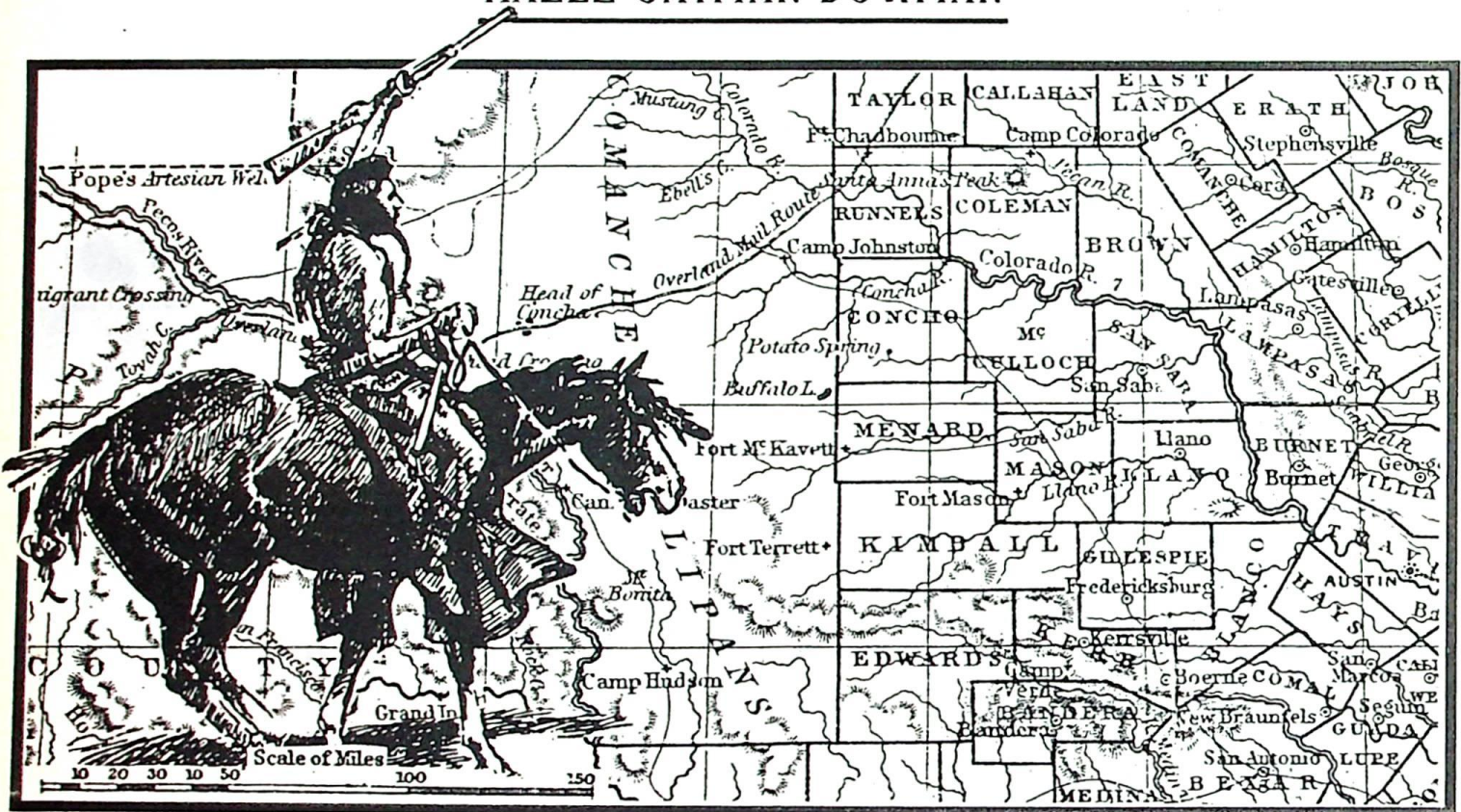




PART ONE OF TWO PARTS

# INDIAN BATTLE ON PACKSADDLE MOUNTAIN

HAZEL OATMAN BOWMAN



IMAGINE EIGHT YOUNG COWBOYS ON THE TEXAS RANGE MANY YEARS AGO HURRIEDLY BANDING TOGETHER FOR CONCERTED ACTION, FOLLOWING AN INDIAN TRAIL HORSEBACK FOR MILES ACROSS ROUGH COUNTRY AND FINALLY WAGING A FURIOUS BUT DECISIVE BATTLE WITH THE MARAUDERS, ONLY TO WAKE UP IN THE COURSE OF A VERY SHORT TIME TO FIND THEMSELVES HEROES IN THE EYES OF THEIR TOWNSMEN AND COUNTRYMEN. THAT, IN BRIEF, IS THE STORY OF THE HISTORIC PACKSADDLE MOUNTAIN INDIAN BATTLE IN LLANO COUNTY ON AUGUST 5, 1873, WHICH THE LATE CAPTAIN DAN ROBERTS, AN EARLY-DAY TEXAS RANGER CAPTAIN, DESCRIBED LATER AS "THE MOST GALLANT AFFAIR I HAVE EVER KNOWN, EXCEPT THE BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO."

REPRINTED FROM: A COLLECTION OF STORIES, BIOGRAPHIES AND ARTICLES WRITTEN BY HAZEL OATMAN BOWMAN (1901-1951)  
Published by *The Cattleman*, a magazine established in 1914 and published in Ft. Worth, Texas, devoting its publication to cattle and horse raising, biographies of people of noted character germane to the Western population of Texas, and still publishes such articles.





**T**his stirring incident, more than anything else, perhaps, shows the spirit of the Texas cowboy of the early days. At least it is indicative of those brave and daring sons of the frontier, who blazed the trail for successful cattle-raising in Llano county in the years to follow. William Edwards, one of the oldest retired ranchmen and former trail-drivers in Llano county today, who came to Llano in 1874, said recently: "When I came here, the Packsaddle fight was already over, but everybody was still talking about it. They thought the men who fought in it were real heroes—and they were. People still consider them heroes."

It was the expression of tribute by Captain Dan Roberts, quoted above, which was set down in writing and dispatched in later years to Austin and then on to Washington, that won for the late Stephen Boyce Moss, a hero of the gallant fight, a mere pittance of \$20 as a Government remuneration for his services as an Indian fighter during the frontier days in Texas. Yet it can well be assumed to Mr. Moss and his comrades had no thought of future reward to fame as they quickly banded for action on that moonlight night in August, 70 years ago and laid plans for what proved to be the last desperate encounter with the Redskins in Llano county.

### ALL YOUNG MEN

Stephen Boyce (Steve) Moss, whose death occurred in 1932, was 25 years of age at the time of the fight; and his older brother, James R. Moss, the leader of the band of fighters, was 30. E. D. Harrington was only about 20. All of the participants were young men, bold and adventuresome. They possessed an innate gameness. In them was bred a spirit of gallantry and courage—a spirit which was exemplified by their forgetfulness of self in their concern for others. They manifested a deep love for their country and a readiness to fight for it and for the protection of their homes and their possessions whenever it became necessary.

These daring young men were not unfamiliar with the depredations of the Indians, who for 10 or 15 years had made living hazardous in the Llano country. Human lives had been lost, property had been wilfully plundered and destroyed, horses and other livestock had been stolen.

It is a matter of history that some of the most outrageous crimes of the Indian days took place in the Llano River Valley, which was one of the last stamping grounds of the Red Men in Texas. After being driven from first one part of the state and then from another, they happened upon this comparatively new and virgin land along the Llano River. The woods thereabouts were replete with wild game of various kinds, and fish abounded in the clear bold streams and creeks. There were miles and miles of unfenced land on which livestock could graze and fatten. It was a veritable land of plenty, and the Indians naturally were reluctant to give it up. Nor did they propose to leave it without a fight. So it was the stubborn struggle for possession of this particular section that

THE MOST DETAILED RECITAL, HOWEVER, IS THAT WHICH WAS GIVEN BY MR. HARRINGTON, WHO RECALLED THE FACTS VIVIDLY EVEN AT HIS ADVANCED AGE. IT WAS HE, TOGETHER WITH W. D. GEORGE, BOTH OF WHOM WERE WORKING FOR JIM MOSS, WHO DISCOVERED THE ARROW IN OLD DUTCH, THE MILCH COW, WHEN THEY WENT TO THE LOT TO MILK LATE THAT AUGUST AFTERNOON. AFTER QUICKLY NOTIFYING THE REST OF THE MOSS HOUSEHOLD OF THEIR DISCOVERY, MR. HARRINGTON AND BILL MOSS STARTED ON HORSEBACK AFTER THE HORSES THAT HAD BEEN TURNED OUT, HOPING TO REACH THEM AHEAD OF THE INDIANS. JUST AS THEY SIGHTED THE HORSES, THEY SAW THE RED MEN COMING TOWARD THEM AT FULL SPEED.

brought about some of the Indian outrages and history-making events, such as the battle which took place on historic Packsaddle Mountain.

The late Miles Barler, a well known pioneer and a deputy sheriff of Llano county during the early days, recounted in his autobiography: "I came to Llano in 1857. I married and for about four months lived with my father-in-law, John Buttery, who lived close to where the passenger depot now stands. Many a deer and turkey have I killed there from the yard and cow-pen fence. There were no Indians in the country at that time, but in about 18 months they broke out on us and we had it with them for about 15 years. They killed about 40 persons during that time."

Two days before the Packsaddle fight a band of about 20 Indians came down on the South Llano, where a man by the name of Kirkpatrick and three other men were building a house. While the men were at work on top of the structure, the Indians crept up between them and their camp and fired on them. Being cut off from their arms, they jumped off the house and sought safety in the cedar brakes. Then the Indians gave their attention to the horses. They made other raids that night and the following day in the Beaver Creek and Legion Valley section, stealing a number of horses.

### INDIANS SHOT A COW

It was believed that these same Indians comprised the band that participated in the Packsaddle Mountain fight. The James R. Moss ranch was located in that vicinity, and it was there, late in the evening of August 4, that an arrow was found piercing the hind leg of a gentle milch cow. This incident precipitated the battle, which took place about noon on the following day, according to the story that has been handed down through the years by Llano pioneers.



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The late E. D. Harrington, the last survivor of the fight, whose death occurred in Pantano, Ariz., in 1940, gave the writer an account of this historic event several years before his death. He said: "Our Captain, J. R. Moss with seven other men made the company—Robert Brown, Stephen B. Moss, W. B. Moss, Eli Lloyd, Arch Martin, Pink Ayers and myself. W. B. Moss, Lloyd, Martin and Ayers were all wounded in the battle."

W. B. Moss went to his grave in 1926, still carrying in his body the lead from an Indian's weapon, the wound having almost cost his life at the time of the Packsaddle encounter, and causing him a certain amount of pain and discomfort until his death 53 years later.

The three Moss brothers who took part in the battle were sons of the late Matthew Moss, who came to Llano in 1857 and settled on a league and labor survey granted him for his services in the Battle of San Jacinto. The old, original Moss ranch, where James R. Moss was living as a bachelor when the Packsaddle fight took place, is located on Sandy Creek, in the southern part of Llano county, about 15 miles from the town of Llano.

Captain James R. (Jim) Moss, who was selected as leader of the band of cowboys because of his experience in the Civil War, set down in writing in later years a brief account of the battle, parts of which will be quoted later in this story.

The most detailed recital, however, is that which was given by Mr. Harrington, who recalled the facts vividly even at his advanced age. It was he, together with W. D. George, both of whom were working for Jim Moss, who discovered the arrow in Old Dutch, the milch cow, when they went to the lot to milk late that August afternoon. After quickly notifying the rest of the Moss household of their discovery, Mr. Harrington and Bill Moss started out on horseback after the horses that had been turned out, hoping to reach them ahead of the Indians. Just as they sighted the horses, they saw the Red Men coming toward them at full speed. They managed to bunch the horses together and get them started toward the ranch, but were followed for some distance by the Indians.

### STOOD GUARD ALL NIGHT

"When we had run about 400 yards, I looked back again," Mr. Harrington said. "The Indians had turned off to the east, so we ran the horses in the lot and stood guard all night. We decided that someone would have to go to Cat Town after Eli Lloyd and George Lewis. About nine o'clock that night Steve Moss and Bob Brown went after the two boys. They got back about two o'clock. I stood last guard, at got Chock (W. D. George) up at 3:30 in the morning. We cooked breakfast and ate at four o'clock. About five we all went to the lot and saddled our horses and started. Captain Moss appointed me trailer and told me to go where I last saw the Indians. We went there and found a plain trail.

"We went east until we got near Cedar Mountain, then south-east through Cut-Off Gap (near the Llano-Gillespie county line) and from there to the top of Bee Rock Mountain. At a little spring there the Indians had stopped and broiled meat and had left quite a number of broiling sticks lying around. It looked as though they had been there some time.

"From Bee Rock Mountain we followed the trail north off the



"BOYS, YOU SEE THAT SMOKE UP ON THE MOUNTAIN? THEY'RE CAMPED UP THERE, AND WE'RE GOING AFTER THEM. IF THERE'S ANY OF YOU THAT DON'T THINK YOU CAN STAND TO BE SHOT AT, HERE'S THE PLACE TO TURN BACK."

mountain into Cut-Off Gap, and then a little east through Jack Martin's ranch. There Bill Moss and Lloyd went by Martin's and picked up Pink Ayers and Arch Martin. In a pasture just a little west of Uncle Jim Wilson's house we saw there the Indians had stopped at the field and cut all of his pumpkins."

In general, up to this point the Indians had been traveling in an easterly direction. At Sandy Creek, where the water was still muddy in their horses tracks, it was presumed that the Indians held a council and decided to go north to Packsaddle Mountain to rest up for the night before striking the settlements below. On the way to the mountain they had crossed all the high points such as Spy Knob, in order to give their look-outs a chance to spy back on the trail.

From Sandy Creek, the trail led straight to the ridge. The cowmen had trailed the Indians a distance of some 25 miles from the point where they started. At the foot of the mountain it is said that time Jim Moss stopped the men with this admonition: "Boys, you see that smoke up on the mountain? They're camped up there, and we're going after them. If there's any of you that don't think you can stand to be shot at, here's the place to turn back."

The story goes that Pink Ayers, who had been in the Llano country only a short time, having come to Texas from North Carolina, answered that he was as yet untried, that he had never fought, but that he was not going to turn back. The others in the party said nothing.

"I'll go ahead," were Captain Jim Moss' words as he turned and started up the rough, narrow canyon.

Next in line was E. D. Harrington, followed by Steve Moss, Bill Moss, Bob Brown and Arch Martin. Pink Ayers, who was having considerable trouble with the white mule he was riding, came last.

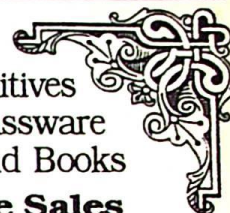
### CAUGHT INDIANS NAPPING

Captain Jim Moss, in his account of the battle, wrote as follows: "Our horses were pretty much jaded and we were leading them up the mountain when we saw the Indians. Their horses were

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grazing in a little flat directly between them and us, so we mounted our horses and put the spurs to them until we got between them and their horses, some of the boys firing as they came up, but as the mountain was very steep and rough our men strung in one at a time.

"The Indians had two or three hundred pounds of beef roasted and laid out on a big, flat rock and were sitting around in a circle eating (all but six who lying under some trees, probably asleep). When they had gotten their arms and opened fire on us, we were not more than 30 steps from them and had them cut off from their horses, so we dismounted and turned our horses loose, and then the fight commenced in earnest on both sides. But the Indians did not stand long before they fell back behind a ledge of rocks and tree tops, where they formed a line and charged back on us, coming up amongst us; but it wasn't long before they had to give way and help some of their men off.

"One buck, bolder than the rest, advanced alone some distance to the right of the others, and without firing his gun, which, however, he held grasped in an upright position seemed determined to make his way to the horses. He came within a few feet of the cowboys, some of them firing at him, when suddenly he turned and retreated to the edge of the timber, fell forward stone dead, but, as we afterward found, he still had his gun grasped tightly in his hand.

"About this time three or four Indians started up a chant and began to file off under the bluff; the others followed suit, and almost in a twinkling of an eye nothing more was seen of them. On inspecting the battleground, we found three bodies. Four of

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our men were wounded, William Moss being shot in the right arm and shoulder, the ball raging through the breast and coming out on the left side. Arch Martin was shot in the left groin; Eli Lloyd three slight wounds in the arm, and Pink Ayers two balls in the hips. It was estimated that there were 20 Indians, 17 bucks, two squaws, and a boy. They did not shoot an arrow at us, and were armed with guns and pistols the same as we were."

### BILL MOSS SHOT BY INDIAN

E. D. Harrington, in describing the fight, said that after the Indians had been sent scampering over the bluff, about seven or eight came back and opened fire again as they tried to reach their horses. He said:

"When the Indians charged back, they came up within one hundred feet, or less. There were three or four to Jim's right, two in front of me, and one in front of Bill. The two that were shooting at me had pistols, and the one shooting at Bill had a Winchester. Bill had emptied his pistol. The hulls had hung, and he was bent over trying to punch at him, but the two were making it so hot for me that I didn't get a chance to shoot Bill's Indian until I had put the two that were shooting at me to flight.

"Just as I got a chance to shoot, I saw the Indian taking good aim at Bill. Just as the Indian shot, I shot him. Then I ran to Bill and tried to set him up, but he was so nearly dead that I called Steve to come to me. We picked him up and carried him about 25 or 30 feet to a small live-oak sapling. When we set him down, he gave a terrible groan, and I knew what he wanted. Looking toward the Indians' camp I saw a canteen hanging on a snag. It was full of water, so I took it to Bill and gave him a drink."

Mr. Harrington told that later during the fighting he went over to see how Bill Moss was. "He threw me his pistol and told me to load it, saying 'I have one good hand yet.' But I told him to sit still and we would do his fighting for him."

After the cries of the Indians could be heard no longer, attention was given to the wounded. The four men were helped onto their horses and the company began their descent of the steep mountain trail. It is said that so intense was Bill Moss' suffering that it was almost impossible to hold him on his horse. With all the haste possible, the party headed for the John B. Duncan house on Honey Creek, about three miles away.

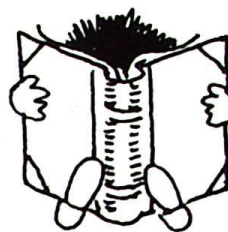
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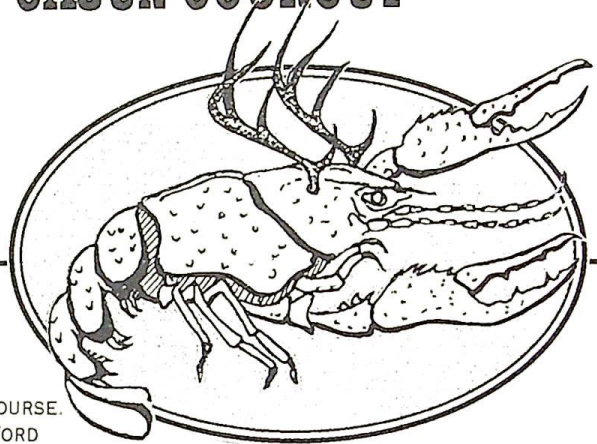
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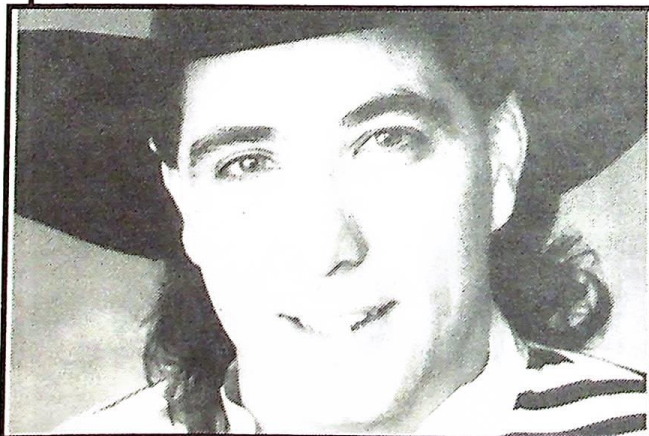
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