

TEXAS ★ HISTORY & ADVENTURE

# ENCHANTED ROCK

M A G A Z I N E

VOL. 4, No.2  
APRIL, 1997

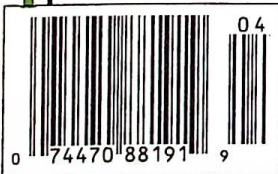
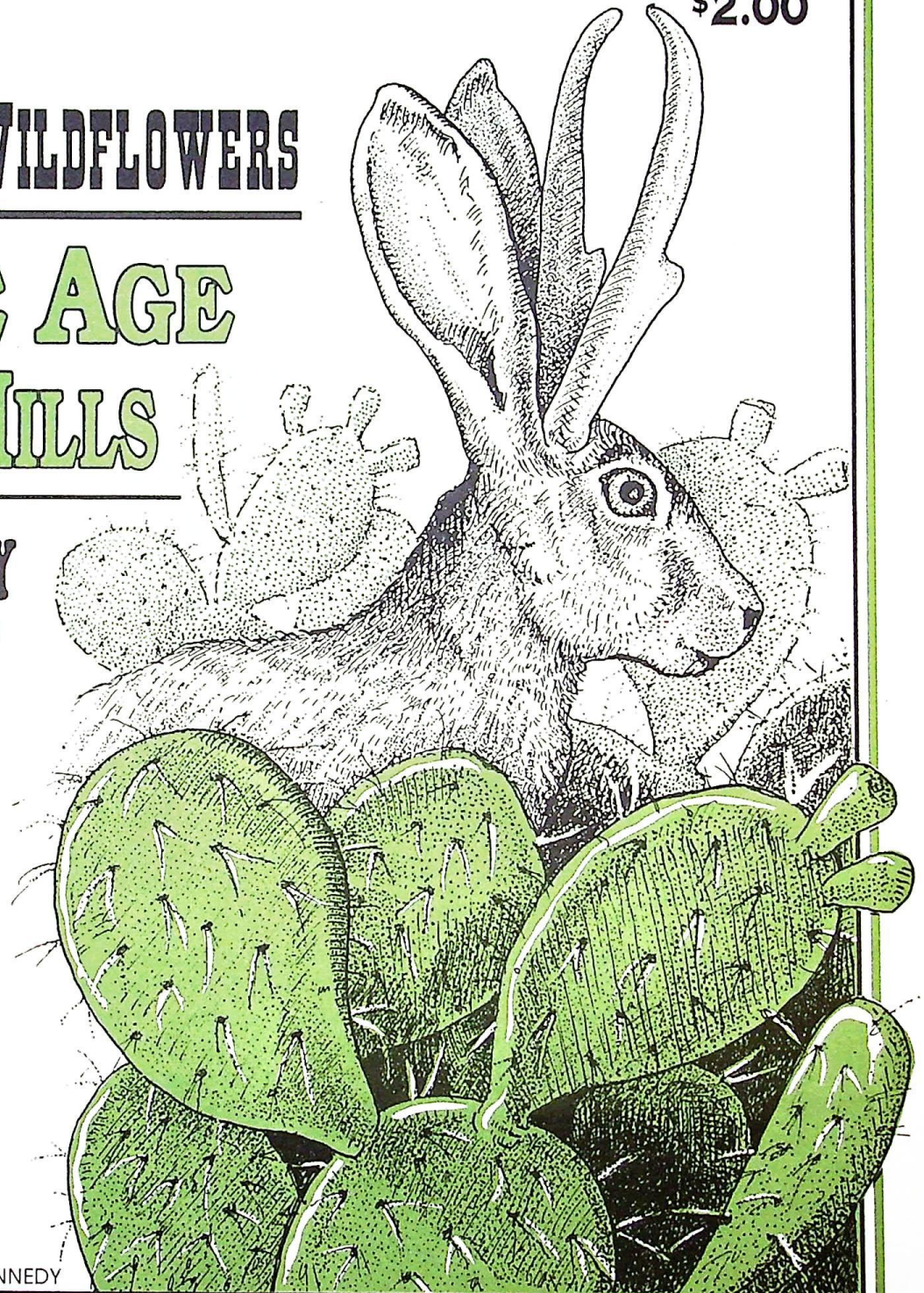
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**A RIOT OF WILDFLOWERS**

**STONE AGE  
GRIST MILLS**

**THE HIGHWAY  
GHOST OF  
BLANCO  
COUNTY**

**SLUE-FOOT &  
PECOS BILL  
REUNITED**



by IRA KENNEDY



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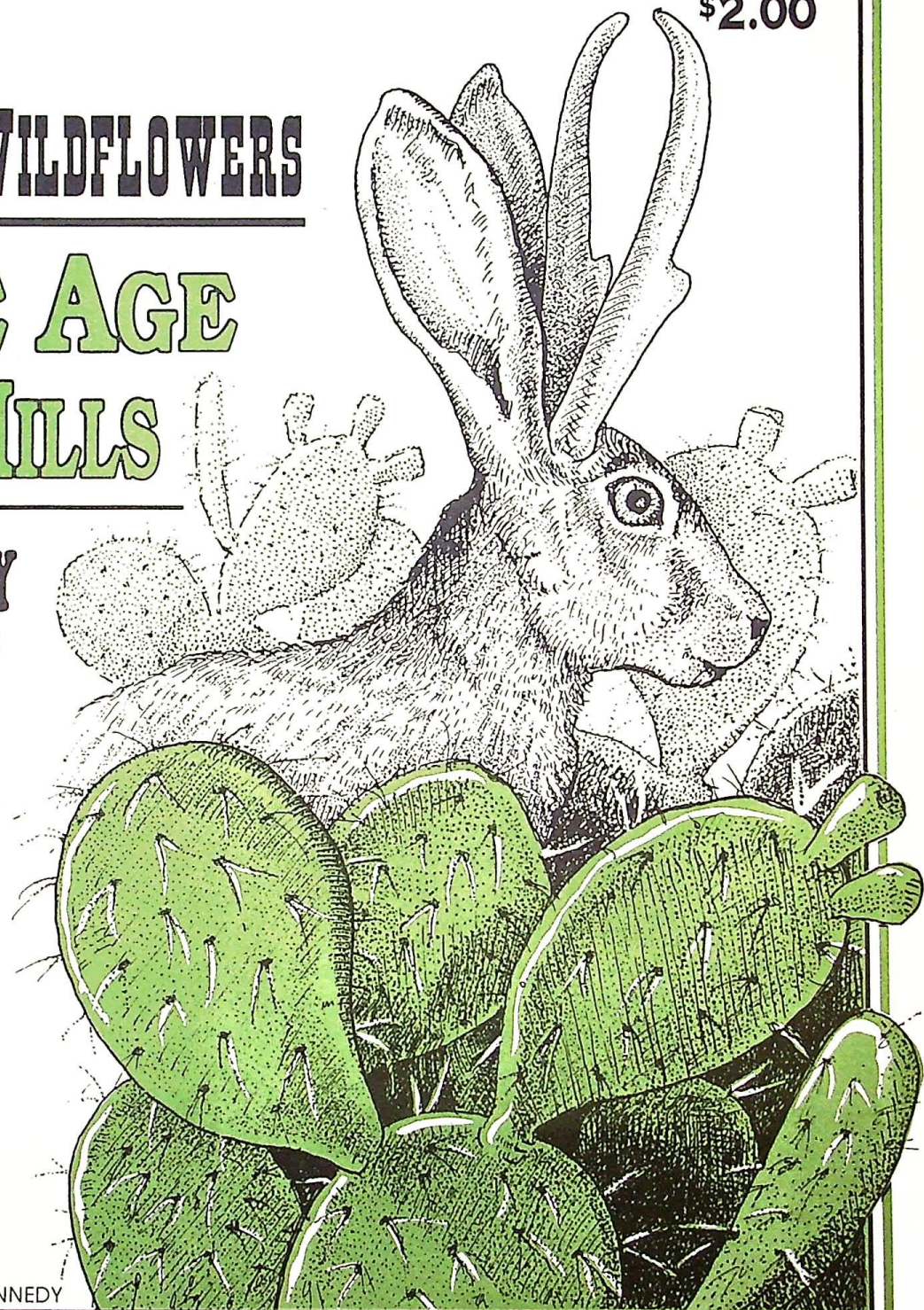
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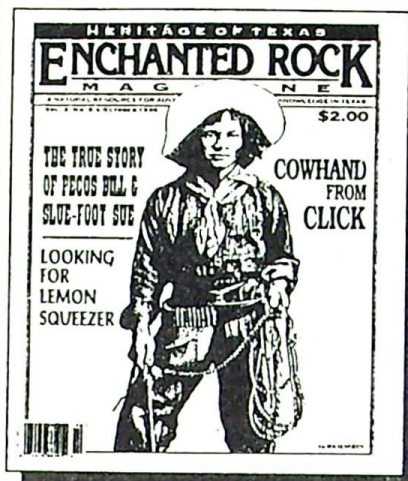
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## FROM THE EDITOR

# JACKELOPES & BUFFAGATORS...

**R**ARE MAPS and ruins. Those are the topics of conversation when Warren Lewis or Steve Goodson are around—which was the case, on two separate occasions last month. Each time I fired up the barbecue pit, iced down some beer, and commenced, in the best Texas literary tradition, to swap a few tales. The taller the better.

### WARREN LEWIS

Finally, after months of correspondence and conversation over the phone, I was able to put a face to Warren's name. And when he saw the red-headed Ms. Intrepid he said "Slue-Foot!" Seems she matched to a fraction the image he held of the fiery and fiercely independent First Lady of Texas legend.

Since Warren's one hundred percent factual account of Slue-Foot Sue and her partner Pecos Bill, has about run its course, he has turned to researching and writing about mythological Texas critters. Whether it's the esoteric Hill Country Quiller which "can fly any which way they want to—bottom-side up and forwards, top-side down and backwards, or any way at all;" or the well-known Jackelope, Warren is trapping stories on all of them. If you have any suggestions for Warren let us know.

### STEVE GOODSON

When Steve stayed over for a weekend we delved into our favorite topic—that being the legend of Jim Bowie and the Lost San Saba Mine. Almost a year ago Steve was given a photocopy of an old map depicting Bowie's 1831 battle with the Indians which is believed to be on Calf Creek in McCulloch County some twenty-five miles east of the San Saba Fort.

We had been talking about following Bowie's trail for years, and here we were—on the road. With the "Bowie map", which looks more like an Indian pictograph with longhand notations written in the penmanship of the period, and Shearer's *Roads of Texas*, plus several accounts of the battle, we headed for Menard.

We made some interesting discoveries, which I won't relate here. Steve will be writing a piece on that for a future issue. Anyway, the terminus of the trip was the remains of the old fort which today is almost surrounded by a golf course. Despite the incongruity of the scene, the landmark is well worth the trip.

The adventure confirmed, once again, that a clearer understanding of the past is found by using historical accounts as a guide book, and the land itself as a guide.

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History becomes up close and personal, and the process serves to fix in the mind the otherwise impersonal facts.

### WRITER'S CONFAB

Ms. Intrepid and I have discussed for several months the idea of inviting all of the writers who have appeared in *Enchanted Rock Magazine* to a writers confab. When we presented the idea to Warren and Steve they gave it their enthusiastic approval. So, we've set the date for the second weekend in June.

The authors will gather on Friday and Saturday; and on Sunday the public is invited to meet the writers. For the writers we'll provide a Saturday brunch and an afternoon barbecue. We're still ironing out the details which will appear in the May issue of the magazine. If your work has appeared in the magazine and you don't get an invitation by the 15th of May, please call. If you're interested in meeting the scribes on Sunday you'll need to send a self-addressed stamped envelope so we can mail a detailed map to our home in the country.

IRA KENNEDY

## ENCHANTED ROCK MAGAZINE

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

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### SHARING HISTORY

**W**hat a fabulous magazine. I've heard of a magazine called *Enchanted Rock*, but could not imagine how wonderful it was until I picked up a copy at the Emporium in Llano. I soon learned that we are neighbors of sorts. My family owns a ranch just west of Bullhead and northwest of Enchanted Rock. We share a fence with David McDavid on his west and on our east. Bullhead, Watch Mountain and Enchanted Rock have been a part of my life forever. My daddy was a cowboy for the Moss family to make extra money as a boy.

My family, grandparents, great grandparents, uncles and aunts are part of this country's history. Yes, I agree it's the center of the world. My dad often told us that it was in fact, heaven.

I have many stories, letters, etc. about the area that stretches from the Crabapple Community in Gillespie County to the communities of Prairie Mountain and Six Mile. You see, I'm a retired (as of last year) Texas History teacher. These stories and the ones from your magazine are the true aspects of Texas history. Even though I was born and raised in San Antonio, my parents spent every weekend and summer vacations at the ranch in Prairie Mountain. We were taught to love the land and give thanks for our roots there. My husband and our two children and their families also continue to come from afar to reunite with the true meaning of life in Llano County.

I'm enclosing a check for a year's subscription and am looking forward to a long and interesting read for a very long time with your magazine. I am also sharing my copies with the Texas History teachers at Canyon Vista Middle School in Round Rock I. S. D. They will be thrilled to have a departure from the boring textbook accounts of our state's history.

Sincerely,  
Pat Mueller, Austin, Texas

[Editor's note: We have asked Ms. Mueller to forward to us the address of Canyon Vista Middle School so that they can receive a copy of their very own]

### NEW SUBSCRIBERS

Thanks to newsstand sales, subscriptions have been coming in on a regular basis. Thinking our readers and advertisers will find this list as interesting as we have, we decided to include our new subscriber's cities and states in every issue beginning with April. We extend our welcome this month to new readers in Lackland, Minnesota; Baltimore, Maryland; Redmond, Oregon;



## AUTHOR'S PANEL

I have been very favorably impressed by the quality of *Enchanted Rock Magazine* and I would like to congratulate you on the success which you are achieving. I would also like to invite you to participate in an author's panel which will focus on Regionalism in Literature. The other members of the panel will be: Elmer Kelton, author of numerous books about the Southwest and six time winner of the Silver Spur Award, and Robert Darden, author of sixteen books including *The Way of an Eagle* and *The End Zone*. He was gospel music editor with *Billboard Magazine* for ten years.

The purpose of the panel is to highlight the importance of regional literature. Many of the old stories, and old ways, to say nothing of old people, who added so much texture to the fabric of our past are disappearing. Perhaps the only way we can hold on to the language, stories and traditions which make up our literary heritage is through regional literature. Based on what I have seen of your publication, I think you would bring a fascinating viewpoint to the panel.

The panel will take place at 1:00 PM at Star High School in Star. We will be linked to nine other high schools by an interactive television link. Other school districts participating include: Brady, Rochelle, Goldthwaite, Lohn, Priddy, Cherokee and Mullen.

I am looking forward to your participation. Please examine the enclosed contract and if it is acceptable please sign and return to me.

Sincerely,  
James L. Coffey  
Education Specialist  
Education Service Center Region XV  
San Angelo, Texas

[Editor's note:  
Signed, sealed  
and delivered.]

## GOOD BYE TO A FRIEND

Jimmy Cornett was a good friend and he was very funny. He wrote stories—lots and lots of stories. So many stories that it could fill this magazine for two years. His pen name was L. Kelly Down and he was a good cook. Also, he knew he didn't have a lot longer to live so he made the best of time he had. He only looked about fifty years old and he was very, very strong.

He told me and my big brother, Brian, stories of when he was in the Marines. My favorite story was when they were doing mail call and one of these guys got a box, and inside the box there were Hershey's chocolates and the Major came in and said to that guy, "Do you like chocolate?" The guy didn't know what to say to the Major but, "Yes, sir." Then the major asked, "Do you like it a lot?" And he said, "Yes, sir." And then the Major said, "Then eat it." And he shoved every one of those chocolate bars in the guy's mouth—one bar at a time. The guy didn't like chocolate much after that.

But my good friend Jimmy Cornett is dead. And I want to say good-bye right now, "Good-bye. J.C. I miss you."

Kevin Kennedy [age 10]  
Llano & New York City

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\$45 including free camping.

Mainstage concerts at the Outdoor Theatre begin on weekend nights at 6 p.m. and run till midnight or later. Headliners in 1997 include Tish Hinojosa, John Gorka, Cheryl Wheeler, Jimmy LaFave, Peter Yarrow, David Amram, Darden Smith, Native American performer Bill Miller, Katy Moffatt, Martin Sexton, Sara Hickman, Vance Gilbert, Tom Paxton, Allen Damron, The Sundogs from Berkeley, and a reunion of Shake Russell and Dana Coeper.

Other highlights of the festival include the now traditional campfire sing-

ing in the campgrounds, the nationally recognized New Folk competition for emerging songwriters, six two-hour children's concerts starring performers like Trout Fishing in America and the crazy Russian sextet Limpopo, folk song services on Chapel Hill on Sunday mornings, and the Saturday morning Texas Hill Country bicycle rides. More than 80 crafts booths surround the main theater area along with food and beverage stands, and booths selling t-shirts and more than 100,000 recordings by the festival performers.

For those planning to stay overnight in Kerrville area motels, festival organizers remind patrons that most accommodations sell out a month or more in advance. The festival itself has been known to sell out and to turn latecomers away at the gate, especially on Saturday nights.

## 1997 RIVERFEST

**C**ookoffs, canoe races, water festivals and other outdoor fun will be the featured attractions at Riverfest 1997, being held through May in 20 communities along the Colorado River Trail.

There are currently about 40 parks and other recreational sites along the Colorado River Trail, including 19 that have been added since the creation of the trail through a cooperative program involving the LCRA, the Texas Parks and Wildlife Department and local communities.

Communities along the trail will be hosting various events along a 500-mile stretch—from a cow camp cook-off in San Saba in the heart of the Texas Hill Country to an inner tube race in Bay City

in the Texas Coastal Plains.

Some of the highlights of the Riverfest include:

- **14th Annual Bluebonnet Festival** in Burnet on April 10-13th.
- **5th Annual Bluegrass Festival** in Llano on April 11-12th.
- **10th Annual Yesterfest** in Bastrop on April 19th.
- **Buchanan Arts & Crafts Fair/Buchanan Dam** on April 26-27th.
- **Run Through the Wildflowers and Arts of the Heart Festival/Tow** on May 3rd.
- **21st Annual Cow Camp Cook-off/San Saba** on May 3rd.
- **Springfest/Marble Falls** on May 9-11th.
- **Blanco Classic Car Show** on May 17th.

For more information on Riverfest, call toll-free, 1-888-TEXAS FUN.

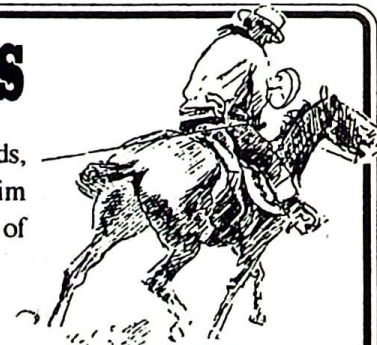
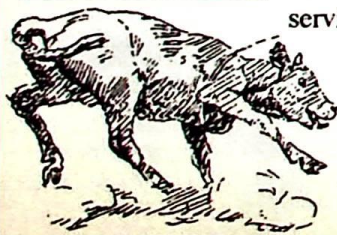
### CALLING ALL WRITERS

**T**he West Texas Writers and West Texas Storytellers Guild is sponsoring the second Annual Short Story Contest. Entry Deadline is May 1, 1997. Money awards are offered in two story divisions: Children—ages 6-15 and Adult—age 16 and up. Stories are to be written for children. Story forms: Fairy Tales, Comedy, Mystery, Modern, Old-fashioned, or any others. Styles: Prose or Poetry. No illustrations, please. For information call: Mrs. J. L. "Ritzie" Williford at 915-699-7820. For writer's guidelines send a SASE to: Children's Short Story Contest, P. O. Box 7555, Midland, Texas 79708.

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**I**n the year 1846 Colonel William S. Wallace, Pucket, Bud Flint, Casner, James H. Henderson and one whose name is not remembered, left Travis county on a surveying expedition in the upper part of Comal county, now in the county of Kendall. When in the midst of their work, near the head of Simmon's Creek, some seventy-five or eighty Comanche Indians were seen by two of the party. They went to find the others, and if possible, to secure a safe position from the inevitable attack of the Indians. They succeeded rounding up the others and finding a deep ravine. The crest of the gulch had smooth and level ground. They took position, all except old Mr. Pucket, who was out hunting that morning, and had been cut off from the camp by the Indians.

The gully was deep enough to hide the party from the sight of the Indians if they approached within a few yards of them. The only point from which they could be seen was straight down into the bed. In the bottom of the ravine there was a large amount of loose rocks. They set about making a strong wall that gave a shield from that direction. Colonel Wallace then ordered the little band to hold their fire, even if attack was eminent.

The Comanche, after rifling the camp and getting everything except the arms and horses that were with the surveying party, stole all the provisions and what ever was left in the camp, and then they began a charge on the ravine. There were some thirty odd braves on horseback and about the same number on foot. They had a few guns, but were armed mostly with spears, lances, bows and arrows.

In a flash, they surged in like a rushing tornado threatening to overwhelm the little party in a single blow. But try as they could, the Comanche could not detect the whereabouts of the surveyors. The Indians again, upon arriving within about one hundred yards of the little party, and fearing the party would shoot at them to draw their fire, made a circle and fell back some distance and then came rushing, as before, to about the same place they had reached in the first charge. Failing to draw the fire of the party, they returned, as before, and then, stopped, just out of gun range. They made a third and final charge, and this was when Colonel Wallace, the commander of the squad, ordered the party to reserve their fire as before, but he would shoot. Wallace fired, but it seemed to have no effect on the Indians, the only thing that happened was it caused the enemy to circle as before, and then retreat some two hundred yards, where they stopped and held a long parley and moved off together.

After remaining for some time in their hiding place, the party broke into a run and went to the head of Simmon's Creek,



## HOLD YOUR FIRE

going down the creek to its mouth in Curry's Creek. From there down to the Guadalupe—being well protected by brush wood—and then on to New Braunfels, which they reached that night.

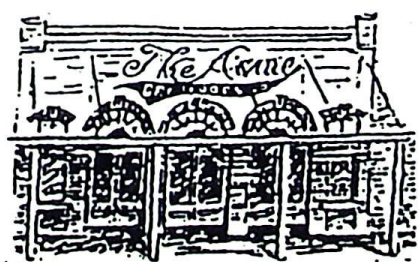
They supposed that poor old Pucket was killed by the Indians, so they sent a courier to Jack Hays, at San Antonio, for a search party of rangers to find and bury Pucket. Accordingly, a Major Chevalia and fifteen rangers were sent out to locate the missing man, but failed to find the lamented Pucket.

The fact was, Pucket was not chased by the Indians, but being on a speedy horse, he dodged the enemy by hiding in the cedar brake, and then made his way safely to Austin. Because the Indians so outnumbered the party, Pucket had no hope for the safety of the surveyors, and supposed they were all killed.

The United States dragoons had just been stationed at Austin, so the commander sent fifty dragoons along with Pucket to bury the fated band of surveyors. Meanwhile, after arranging for the burial of Pucket, the little band of surveyors left New Braunfels for Austin.

Now, imagine, if you can, the joyous feelings of the two doomed parties, when they met each other on the Rio Blanco, safe and sound.

Original title: "All's Well That Ends Well," Adapted from: Indian Depredations in Texas, available from Eakin Press, Austin, Texas.



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# STONE AGE GRIST MILLS

## ANCIENT FOOD PROCESSING IN THE LLANO UPLIFT

BY CHARLES HIXON

IN THE LATE SUMMER OF 1937, ARCHEOLOGIST ARTHUR WOOLSEY ALONG WITH A TEAM OF WPA RELIEF WORKERS FROM AUSTIN SPENT TWO WEEKS EXCAVATING A LARGE PREHISTORIC CAMPSITE ON THE COLORADO RIVER IN LLANO COUNTY THAT WAS ABOUT TO BE FLOODED BY A NEW RESERVOIR NAMED LAKE BUCHANAN.

**T**he site, temporarily known as Site #9, was one of many excavated that year as part of a large project of salvage archeology organized by University of Texas anthropologist J. E. Pearce. Even though the project got a late start, a considerable amount of information was recovered about the prehistoric inhabitants of the basin of Lake Buchanan. The sites excavated by A.T. Jackson at the base of Fall Creek falls received the most attention in the final report, in part because of the many exotic artifacts found there, but Woolsey's site yielded some interesting remains that shed light on ancient food processing technology in central Texas.

Situated on nearly level ground near the mouth of a major creek and not far from a salt water seep, Site #9 was a favored camping area for bands of prehistoric hunter-gatherers. Among the many artifacts recovered by Woolsey and his workers were several hundred *manos*, small hand-sized river cobbles used to grind wild plant seeds or nuts into a flour or paste against a stone slab called a *metate*. Many of these *manos* were, in Woolsey's own words, "well shaped" and even "beautiful," probably indicating that they had been worn considerably through long and intense use—this class of artifact in Central Texas is rarely intentionally shaped.

More often, *manos* were used to grind food against the level surface of a convenient rock outcrop, the resulting wear incidentally creating an oval-shaped depression called a "bed-



rock metate." Bedrock metates represent the most common archeological feature in the Llano Uplift region, and *manos* are most common class of artifact in the region—more common than projectile points—and both clearly indicate a long-lived and efficient method of converting wild plants into a reliable food source.

Evidence was found at Site #9 that another method for processing plants, one not nearly as common in Central Texas as the *mano* and *metate*, was being practiced in ancient times. Near the edge of an outcrop overlooking the Colorado River, Woolsey found a small hole about 7 1/2 inches in diameter, and about as much deep, bored into the coarse sandstone. Called a mortar hole, this is a well-known type of archeological feature where seeds and nuts would be pulverized into a paste or meal with the up-and-down motion of a wooden or stone pestle.

Mortar holes are frequently encountered in the arid regions of North America west of the Llano Uplift, and are numerous in the drainage of the Colorado River beginning a hundred miles or so upriver. But this kind of feature was once thought absent, or at least extremely rare in eastern part of the Hill Country. No other mortar hole was found during the survey of the Basin of Lake Buchanan undertaken earlier in 1937 by Jackson, and it was thought at the time that this isolated feature was the eastern-most example or outlier of the well-documented mortar hole tradition to the northwest.



In the past few years, four other mortar sites in the Llano Uplift have been brought to the attention of archeologists. All of these are to the south of Site #9, and, because of the geographical separation from those to the northwest, as well as their somewhat different shape and associated features, may represent a tradition distinct to the Llano Uplift. It is curious why these features are so much rarer than the bedrock metate—was their use confined to a short time period in prehistory or did they have some specialized function which set them apart from other food processing feature? Dating these bedrock features is particularly difficult, if not impossible, by standard archeological methods and these questions may not be answerable. We also must wonder if these Llano Uplift “mortar holes” were even intended simply as food processing features, that they had a very different function.

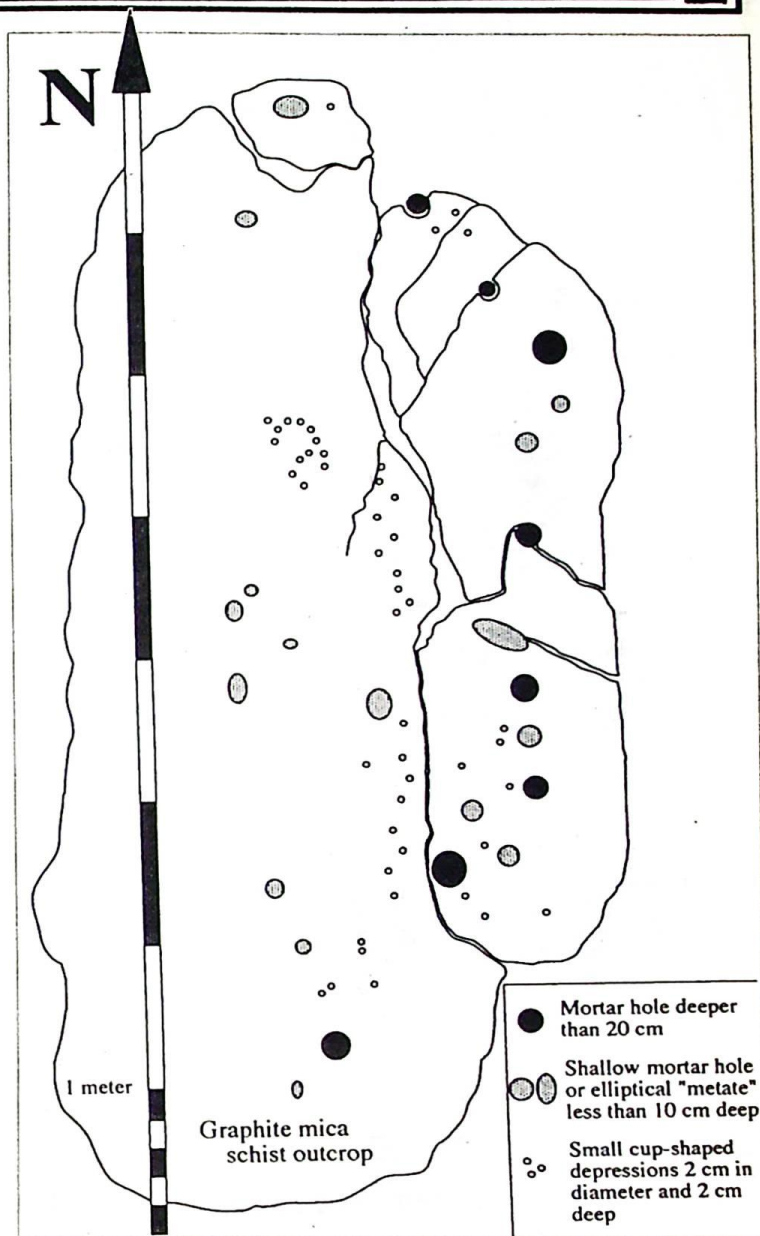
#### AN UNUSUAL MORTAR HOLE SITE IN BLANCO COUNTY

One of these recently discovered sites stands out from the others because of the large number of mortar holes and other unusual features ground into the surfaces of tight cluster of rock outcrops over looking a small creek in Blanco County. For some reason, the prehistoric Indians chose to single out one particular outcrop eight meters long and four wide for so many holes that it resembles a giant petroglyph—a type of rock art produced by pecking or carving designs. At the time the rock was first observed by archeologists, some of the smaller holes appeared to be arranged in simple, abstract patterns. In a careful drawing made later (see illustration) by members of the Llano Uplift Archeological Society, there does not seem to be any clear designs, and a primarily utilitarian purpose, that is, for food processing, is the probable explanation for these features.

The rock outcrops at this site are geologically complex, being composed of graphite mica schist through which runs an horizontal seam of much harder granite-like pegmatite. The schist is a dark gray, nearly black rock filled with small grains of glittering mica, a mineral often confused with gold by visitors to the Llano Uplift today. Over time, these outcrops have experienced much cracking and shifting, and now have a jumbled appearance with many dislodged boulders having fallen down towards the creek below. These fallen rocks bear the traces of mortar holes made when they were still part of the outcrops above, and this fact, along with the eroded appearance of many of these features, presents a image, perhaps unjustified, of great antiquity. There is also evidence that the mortar holes themselves contributed to the instability these rock outcrops since many of the cracks have formed through the deeper mortar holes.

The exact number of mortar holes and other grinding features on these outcrops is difficult to count because many of the rock exposures have been covered by soil deposits washing downhill or, in the case of the lower-lying rocks, by sand and silt carried in by the creek during floods. A canopy of live oaks and other trees covers the outcrops and has left a thick carpet of leaf litter, further obscuring possible archeological features.

Just the visible features alone probably number in the



ROCK OUTCROP WITH FOOD PROCESSING FEATURES, BLANCO COUNTY.

**FOR SOME REASON, THE PREHISTORIC INDIANS CHOSE TO SINGLE OUT ONE PARTICULAR OUTCROP EIGHT METERS LONG AND FOUR WIDE FOR SO MANY HOLES THAT IT RESEMBLES A GIANT PETROGLYPH—A TYPE OF ROCK ART PRODUCED BY PECKING OR CARVING DESIGNS. AT THE TIME THE ROCK WAS FIRST OBSERVED BY ARCHEOLOGISTS, SOME OF THE SMALLER HOLES APPEARED TO BE ARRANGED IN SIMPLE, ABSTRACT PATTERNS.**



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hundreds, and these are mostly shallow holes less than 15 centimeters (six inches) deep. The ten deep mortar holes known at this site range in depth from ten to eighteen inches, and are clearly the most impressive features. The space bored by these holes forms a upside-down truncated cone, and this differs from the mortar holes found to the northwest, the sides of which are more or less parallel.

All but two of the deeper mortar holes are found along the edge of the outcrop shown in the drawing. Several of these holes have been bored completely through the outcrop into a crevice below, perhaps making them useless to the ancient millers. Sixteen other shallow mortar holes are also found on this outcrop, although some have a pronounced elliptical shape and may have been used as metates or milling stones, meaning that food was ground with a back and forth or rotary motion instead of with an up-and-down pounding motion.

It is not known how these holes were bored into rock, the interior surfaces of which are extremely smooth. Schist is a fairly soft rock, but in one instance on an adjacent outcrop, a deep mortar hole was bored well into the seam of pegmatite. Perhaps a small shallow mortar hole was begun by pecking out a depression with a harder rock, such as a quartz cobble, and then the repeated pounding of food with a stone or wooden pestle over time gradually wore the hole deeper. Another prehistoric site on a larger creek several miles away has four deep mortar holes ground into several outcrops of sandstone. There are also a couple of roughly-shaped shallow holes which may or may not be natural in origin. Archeologist Bruce Nightengale has speculated that these are the beginnings of mortar holes, that the prehistoric people either pecked out these holes or else sought out natural depressions to begin processing food.

More numerous, though, are the small cup-like depressions arranged in groups, or singly or in pairs near the larger mortar holes. Numbering around fifty, they occur only on this outcrop and not on the others at this site, and to my knowledge have not been recorded at any other site in the region. They are similar to the holes on pitted stones or "nutting stones", small stone slabs with a slight concavity pecked into one or both of its surfaces. These artifacts are generally believed to be devices to hold nuts while they were being cracked, although other functions have been proposed. Nutting stones are somewhat rare in Central Texas, becoming more common as one moves east.

The depressions on the outcrop are smooth, even where they have not been exposed to erosion, but this does not necessarily preclude the possibility that they were made by pecking. Their subsequent use, perhaps to hold nuts for cracking, would have worn them smooth.

If the small cup-like holes did function as nutting stones, one could easily envision the prehistoric people cracking acorns or other nuts to remove the shell, and then placing the kernels into the mortar holes to be ground into meal. Most acorns contain bitter tannins which must be leached out before being consumed as food, and this leaching process is more easily carried out if the acorns have been crushed beforehand. Attributing such a function to these features is based on ethnographic information on certain Indian groups in California collected during the last century.

It has been estimated that at the time of contact with Europeans over three-quarters of the native population of California subsisted primarily on acorns, and they used a wide variety of mortar holes, bedrock as well as portable ones made from small boulders or wood, to crush the acorns before leach-



ONE INTERESTING TYPE OF MORTAR HOLE FEATURE THAT APPEARS UNIQUE TO THE LLANO UPLIFT INVOLVES THE TYPICAL BASIN TYPE OF METATE WITH A CONICAL MORTAR HOLE BORED INTO ITS CENTER. ONE OF THESE IS KNOWN IN A GRANITE EXPOSURE ON CREEK WEST OF LLANO, AND SEVERAL MORE HAVE BEEN REPORTED ON A CREEK NEAR ENCHANTED ROCK.

ing out the tannins with water. At one site in the Sierra Nevada, and now a state park, over a thousand mortar holes were bored into a single limestone outcrop, both a testament to the importance of acorns in the aboriginal diet and the dense populations this abundant food source made possible.

As the above example illustrates, much about what archeologists infer about past people comes from making analogies with the practices of people about whom there are written accounts. All that is really known about these features bored into these rock outcrops is that they were not made by natural forces and that they are most likely prehistoric. Drilling such holes into rocks was not generally done by early pioneers, and similar (and sometimes identical holes) are strongly associated with prehistoric sites in the American Southwest.

It is always possible that is a totally different explanation for these holes. Two hundred fifty kilometers (180 miles) to the east in Austin County, a number large prehistoric cemeteries have been excavated. One of these cemeteries, dated to two thousand years ago, contained almost 150 burials. Over the chest areas of two of these burials were scattered coarse particles of graphite mica schist as a ritual offering. The nearest source of this material is in Blanco County where the Mortar hole site discussed above is located. It has been speculated that the holes were bored by the local prehistoric people in order to "mine" powdered and granulated schist. The schist would then be used in exchange or trade with far away peoples who would prize the exotic, sparking material.

As was already noted above, one of the mortar holes has been bored completely through the schist and well into the layer of hard granite-like pegmatite, and other holes in the region occur in different types of rock. Clearly the primary purpose for these features was not the extraction of schist, although there is always the possibility that some were put to a secondary use for mining minerals for trade.

## ANOTHER TYPE OF MORTAR HOLE FEATURE

The mortar holes of the Llano Uplift are found in the common types of rock of the region, including the already mentioned schist, granite, and sandstone. All the known holes are conical in shape and have a diameter of around seven to eight inches. One interesting type of Mortar hole feature that appears unique to the Llano Uplift involves the typical basin type of metate with a conical mortar hole bored into its center. One of these is known in a granite exposure on creek west of Llano, and several more have been reported on a creek near Enchanted Rock. The mortar hole found by Woolsey at sight #9 appears from a photograph taken at the time to be of this type, unfortunately it

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40

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# THE HIGHWAY GHOST OF BLANCO COUNTY

by C. F. ECKHARDT

It was 1964 and my good friend John L. Tolleson, now of San Antonio, was a freshman student at the University of Texas when it was the only 'University of Texas' in the state. Home, to John, was the family ranch in Kendall County, and he was headed home. He left Austin going south and west, weaving in and out through the maze of back roads that connected such places as Oak Hill, Camp Ben McCulloch, and Dripping Springs, intending to come out on US 281 at Blanco. Once in Blanco he turned north up 281 toward Johnson City, where he would turn west and be on the homestretch.



**I**t was fall—late fall, in fact. To be specific, the date was October 31. Hallowe'en night, sometime between ten PM and midnight. John, however, didn't give Hallowe'en a second thought, because what he was thinking about was the weekend and the date he had with his sweetheart. He got to Blanco, turned north, and lined out on the dark highway to Johnson City, on the final leg of the backstretch in the run for home.

North of Blanco 281 climbs into a low range of almost-conical hills. The largest of those, today, is called Sugarloaf. Many years earlier they were called *los Pilonos de Seguin*.

Today, as you crest the hills, you encounter a huge 'Charles Restaurant, Johnson City' billboard.

It was close to midnight and John wasn't letting any grass grow under the wheels of the '57 Chevy V-8. Then, about halfway up the climb to where the Charles' Restaurant billboard stands, he caught something in the headlight on the west side of the road. He slowed—it might be a deer, and as any experienced hill-country driver knows, only God knows what a roadside deer'll do next and even He isn't completely sure.

The figure resolved itself as he approached. It was a man, and he appeared to be signaling frantically for John to



**It was good dark when they arrived, probably sometime around nine in the evening. They entered the jail suddenly and requested the jailer give up the keys. The request was emphasized by some unknown person sticking a .45 up the jailer's nose while two more stuck equally-large sixshooters in his ears. The sixshooters were cocked. The jailer gave up the keys.**

stop. 'Maybe there's been an accident,' John thought as he tapped the Chevy's brakes.

Getting closer, he could see that the man was shabbily dressed. He wore what John took to be khaki pants and a long-sleeved blue chambray work shirt—a 'Washin'ton blue,' they used to be called. There was a stain on the shirt on the right side, and as John got closer he could see the man had a cut on his neck and the stain was apparently blood. Whoever this was, he'd been hurt bad and needed a doctor—and it looked like he needed one fast. John slowed even more—and then he saw something else. In his right hand, held by his side, the man had a butcher knife nearly two feet long.

Injured man or not, that was enough for John. Fred Tolleson didn't raise fools. John put his foot in the Chevy's carburetor and left the would-be hitchhiker in a cloud of smoking rubber and asphalt.

It was nearly two years later before John heard the other end of the story. He heard it in the Jailhouse Barber Shop in Blanco, while waiting to get a haircut.

Sometime back around the turn of the present century—nobody remembers on which side of the century's turn, and the courthouse war in Blanco County seems to have done away with the record—a man named Lackey, who lived in Johnson City, took a considerable dislike to a number of his relatives. Why he took this dislike to his kin seems to be lost in the mists of unrecorded history, but it was a thorough dislike—so thorough that he got himself a pig-sticker and commenced to carving up his family connections. How many of his various cousins, aunts, uncles, nieces, nephews, brothers, sisters, in-laws, and/or parents he managed to whittle into bloody toothpicks before he was caught and arrested is arguable, but rumors circulate that it was someplace between six and nine.

He was captured, the carnage stopped, and he was transferred to the jail in Blanco when it was still the county seat—the very jail that housed the Jailhouse Barber Shop where John was sitting. There Lackey languished behind bars while Johnson City seethed.

Eventually—and legend holds it was on Hallowe'en—



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**The exact phrasing of Lackey's final statement has been lost, but the sense of it was 'If you fellers'll give me a knife an' turn me loose I'll go back to Johnson City an' finish off the rest of my worthless kin, an' then you can hang me all you want to 'cause I won't care.'**


Johnson City decided, pretty much *en masse*, that Blanco wasn't going to do justice by Lackey and it was up to the good folks of Johnson City to see justice done. A bunch of 'em got their horses and a wagon, strapped on their sixshooters, pulled their bandannas over their noses, and headed for Blanco.

It was good dark when they arrived, probably sometime around nine in the evening. They entered the jail suddenly and requested the jailer give up the keys. The request was emphasized by some unknown person sticking a .45 up the jailer's nose while two more stuck equally-large sixshooters in his ears. The sixshooters were cocked. The jailer gave up the keys.


The masked men removed Lackey, tied him hand and foot, and threw him into the bed of the wagon. Then they started north for Johnson City.

The old wagon road from Blanco to Johnson City parallels US 281 anywhere from 75 to 400 yards to the west of the present highway. It wound in and out of the hills rather than climbing them. Somewhere along the old wagon road, about even with where John saw the man with the knife, they decided to do what they'd come to do. They stood Lackey up on the tailboard of the wagon, put a lariat around his neck, tied it off to a limb, and asked him if he had any last words.

The exact phrasing of Lackey's final statement has been lost, but the sense of it was 'If you fellers'll give me a knife



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an' turn me loose I'll go back to Johnson City an' finish off the rest of my worthless kin, an' then you can hang me all you want to 'cause I won't care.' Apparently that didn't set woo well with Judge Lynch and the assembled court, because they drove the wagon out from under him and let him hang.

Lackey didn't die easy. He didn't drop far enough to break his neck, so he flopped and struggled at the end of the rope. The lariat was too thin for a hang-rope—most hangmen used 1" or 1 1/2" rope—and in his struggles Lackey ripped the skin on his throat open. He bled profusely, all down the right side of his shirt.

Finally Lackey quit struggling and hung limply. The Johnson City justice committee, having accomplished its purpose, went home and dissolved itself. The next morning the sheriff found his jailer locked in Lackey's cell and Lackey gone. He set out north along the road to Johnson City and found Lackey's body, still hanging from the tree. The body was cut down and brought back to Blanco, where it was buried on the county in an apparently-unmarked grove. A coroner's verdict of 'death at the hands of a person or persons unknown' probably marked the end of any investigation.

There are those, though, who insist Lackey doesn't rest easy in that unmarked grave. John hasn't been the only one to see a man in tan pants and a blue chambray shirt, blood down the right side of the shirt, a knife half-hidden in his right hand, trying to hitch a ride to Johnson City on a fall night. Truckdrivers tend to avoid that stretch of 281 on Fall nights between about ten PM and one am, but most of them don't like to say why. Some will say "football traffic." Once in a while one will admit having almost picked up a feller with blood on his shirt, carrying a big knife, on the side of a hill on the way to Johnson City. Has Lackey found the knife he wanted and, having found it, is he trying to get back to Johnson City to finish off the rest of his kin?

(A note: There is considerable evidence to indicate that at least some appearances of 'Lackey's ghost' can be attributed to high-school boys from Blanco, who are rumored to have impersonated the legendary spectre from time to time. However, since the bloody-shirted figure has appeared on night when Blanco High was playing out-of-town games at considerable distances, it seems apparent that not all 'Lackey's ghost' appearances can be explained as high-school pranks.)



**JIM**

*Laubhan*  
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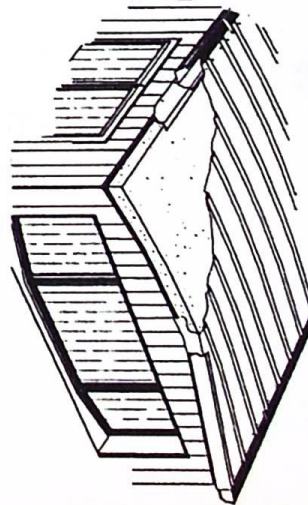
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# COWBOY TALES



by L. KELLY DOWN

## EIGHT GRADES IN ONE ROOM SCHOOLS

**N**o! No! that's plum wrong! One teacher did teach eight grades. But no one grade had more than 4 or 5 kids in it. Biggest I ever heard was 30 tops in the whole school. Sure weren't 50 to a 100 like you boys was told. Sure I know I went to a one room school, that's a fact. You know Leon? Well him and me we started out in first grade together. The school was about 6 miles south of town where that highway park is now. Only thing left is the old pipe from the water well and two filled up concrete holes where the boys and girls outhouses were.

Leon lived maybe 2 miles from that school and me a tad over 3. Heck no we didn't walk, we was cowhands—and cowhands dearly hates to walk anywheres. The school had a stable you put your horse in, took off the saddle—threw a little hay in and a handful or so of corn. Watered them up in the lunch hour every day. Some kids rode three or four to a horse to that shed—we couldn't call it a stable cause it weren't one proper like—held must maybe 8 horses loose and 10 to 12 tight. There were the two outhouses and only other thing besides the flag pole was the pitcher pump on the water well.

Then the school house—all this on maybe an acre of ground—it was called a one room school but it weren't. Had a boy and girl coat room one each side of the door you comes in on. Then another kind of unfinished one back of teachers desk., which was the front where all the action took place. Oh, yeah the mainest thing in front were the big wood burning stove. The unfinished type room were the "wood room" where firewood and kindling were kept dry. Behind teacher's desk were the blackboard near about covered the whole wall.

When it were time for your class you had to set on this long bench and right under the teacher's ruler hitting distance. You dern tooting them teachers believed the Good Book about sparing the rod and spoiling the child. The mean ones could lay it on where it stuck awhile.

Best thing on schooling was that setting at the desks facing the teacher you could hear and see all the other grade's lessons. You got a review of your early years and an inkling what was a-coming to fall on you ahead.

About every couple of weeks—never more than a month all the families around—with kids or not—they had a covered dish supper and cards or dominos. Some played 42, better games than them "pro" ones in the town pool hall. Did I eat?—do hogs love slop?—I had a tad of everything and flat layed into them cakes and pies.

Did we have a eating place with a kitchen and cooks like now. Well you got to eat whatever your mama put in the gallon tin cane syrup bucket—plus what you slipped in by you self. You bet your last two bits that near bout every kid had cornbread or biscuits—store bought sliced bread? No sir—that was for when the preacher came by you house on his rounds—not for some kids lunch bucket.

Would I want schools now to be like them days? Let me tell it like this—them leaders that went to them schools plum run dry on us and look what we got running things now.

Do I want to let you fellows have supper with me? Look and see if the dutchoven biscuits is close and the peach cobbler is starting good—cut me some wood for morning and if you is nice you can eat. Best worker gets most cobbler.

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There's more to the wildflower experience than Bluebonnets, and if you're headed for this part of Texas in April or May you're in for a spectacular experience. (If not, you'll hear the stories and see the pictures from friends). All you need is a car, road maps, companions, and a camera. Fill up your gas tank, take the maps on the following pages, load up the car with family and friends, and if you don't own a camera, those recycled Kodak cameras work just fine. You might want to try the panoramic.

It really doesn't matter much which roads you take because the wild flowers are thick everywhere. Highways 1431, 290, 281, 71, 29, and 16 are the main thoroughfares and you can't but help to travel those; but it's best to branch out and explore. During the last two months we've done just that and we have a little advice, and a few exceptional out-of-the-way drives to pass along.

If you're looking for Bluebonnets, they're most plentiful in the northern part of the Hill Country. From Fredericksburg take highway 16. Beginning at Willow City the Bluebonnets don't confine themselves to the bar ditches, but spread out into the fields. Once you cross Sandy Creek the hillsides turn blue.

For an out-of-the way drive, take County Road 113 between Oxford and 2323. Oxford isn't even a wide place in the road, but you'll spot the turnoff by the historic marker and the field of solid yellow flowers nearby. There's hardly any traffic at all on 113 and the unspoiled landscape is exceptional. The Click Route just north of the Oxford Cemetery on County Road 315 passes through some awesome hills, but you will definitely need a 4-wheel drive. The dirt road crosses Sandy Creek twice, the creek is up, and there are no low water crossings. So be warned. Or, you can drive by both buildings in Click by taking the Sandy Valley Loop (County Roads 308 and 310 south of highway 71).

All the roadsides from Llano to Burnet and from Tow (rhymes with cow) to Marble Falls will be laden with wildflowers; but County Road 309 just south of Packsaddle Mountain is a treasure. On this mountain in 1873 the last Indian battle in these parts was fought (see story on page 27). And, this time of year, you might see hang-gliders soaring down from its summit.

Remember, when driving county roads to stay on the right of way. You'll be passing through ranches and private property and folks in these parts don't take kindly to trespassers.

# A RIOT OF WILDFLOWERS

by IRA KENNEDY



ROYCE ROBERTS AT THE EASEL. PHOTO IRA KENNEDY

In Texas, bluebonnets and paintings have been linked together ever since Mode Walker's still-life of Blue bonnets settled the Great State Flower Debate on the floor of the Texas legislature back in 1901. Forget the fact that Bluebonnets are harder to paint than a newborn baby's face—regional artists can't resist the challenge.

Good bluebonnet paintings are so few and far between, most folks settle for second best, or third-rate. Having studied "Art", I know, no matter how excellent, Bluebonnet paintings aren't likely to end up in the

Continued on page 26



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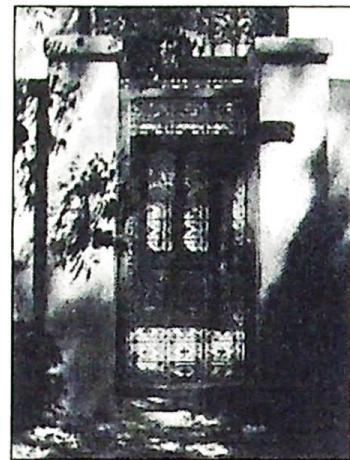
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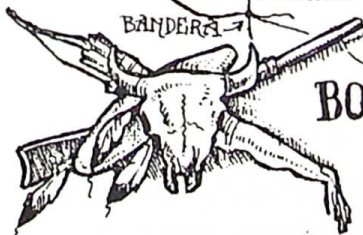
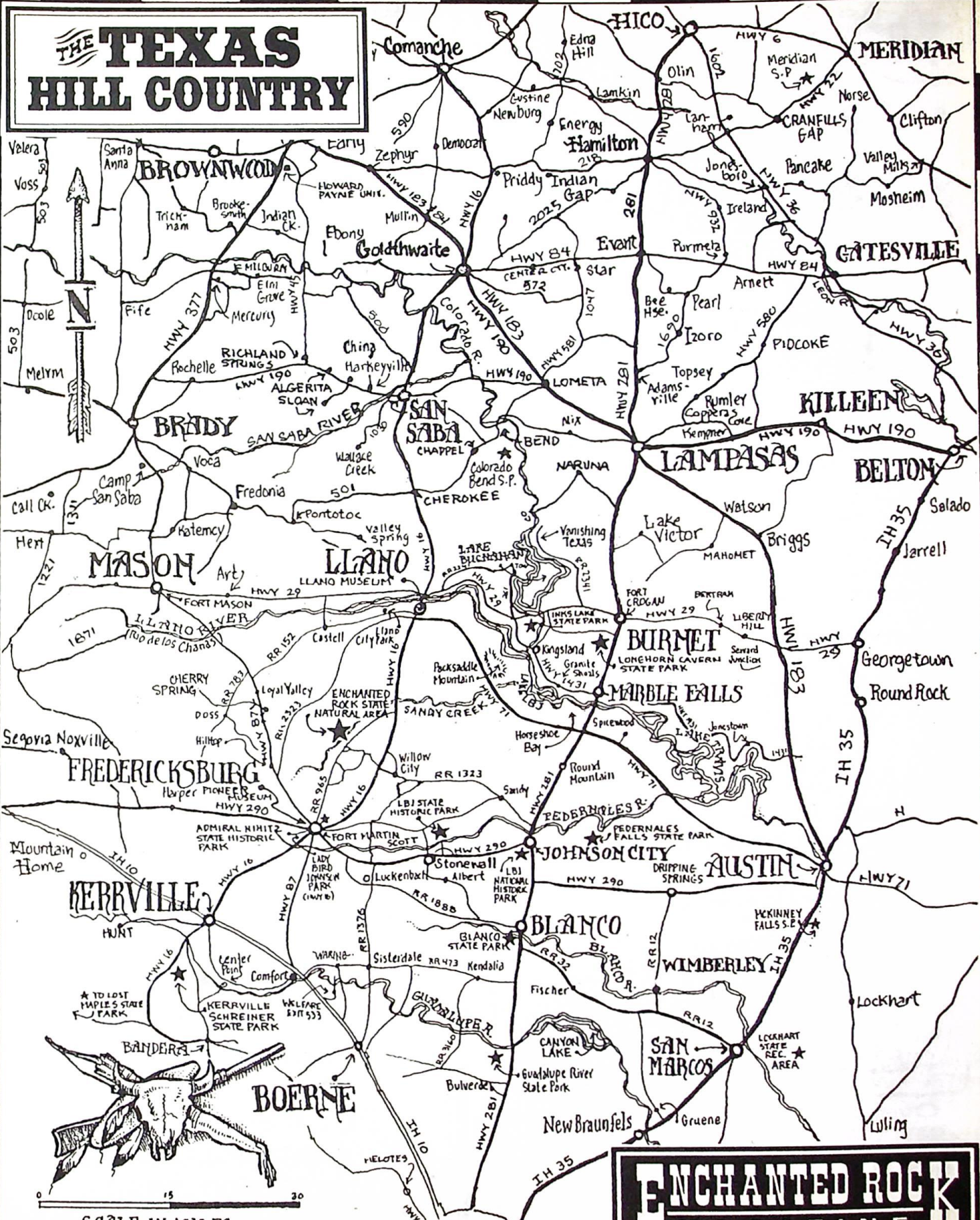
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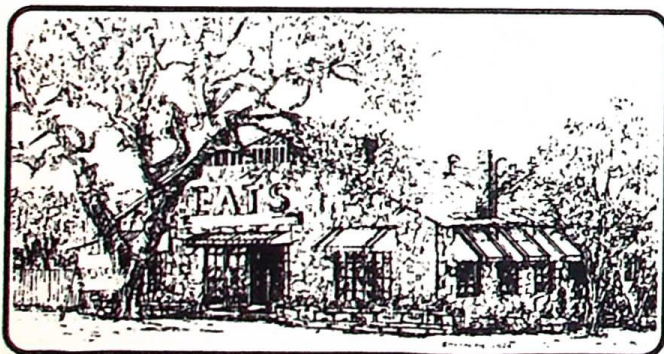


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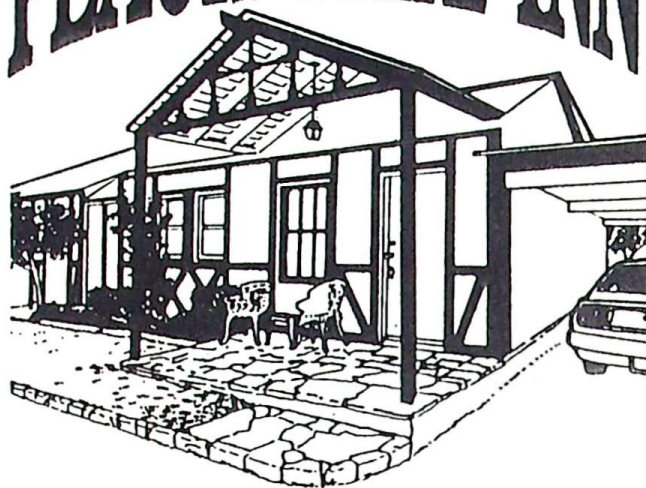
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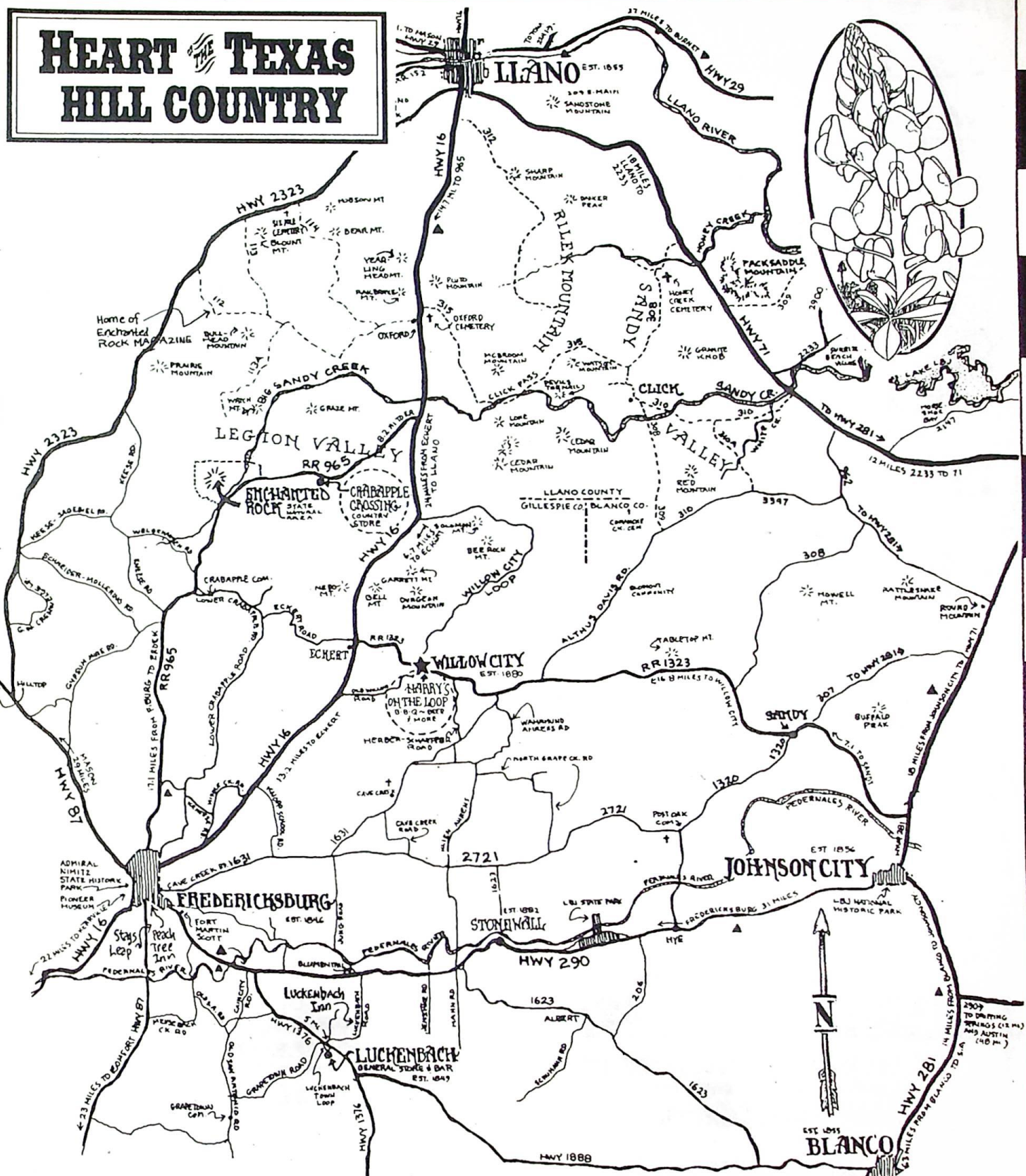
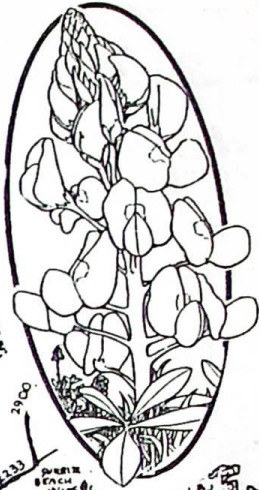
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# HEART OF THE TEXAS HILL COUNTRY



- LEGEND**
- ☼ MOUNTAIN PEAK
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  - - - UNPAVED ROAD
  - ▲ ROADSIDE PARK
  - † CEMETERY

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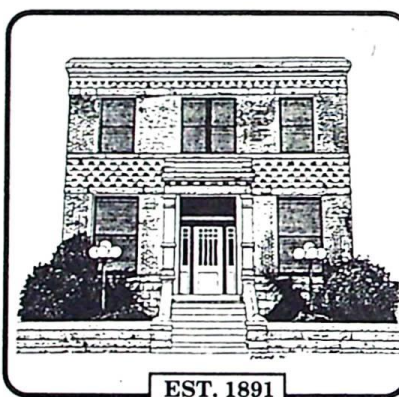
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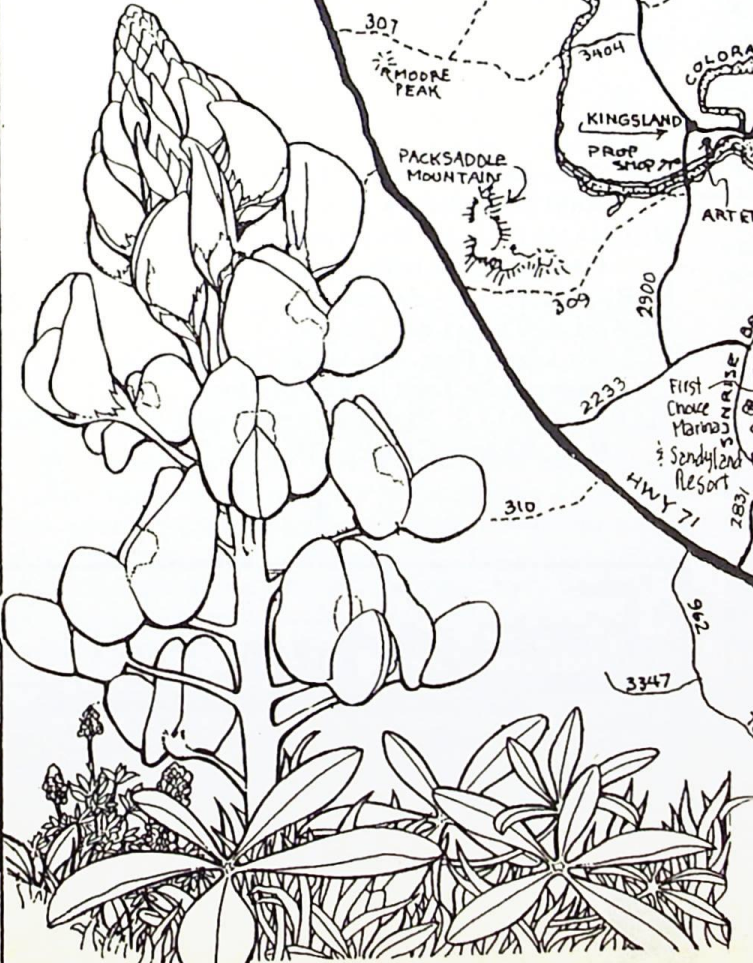
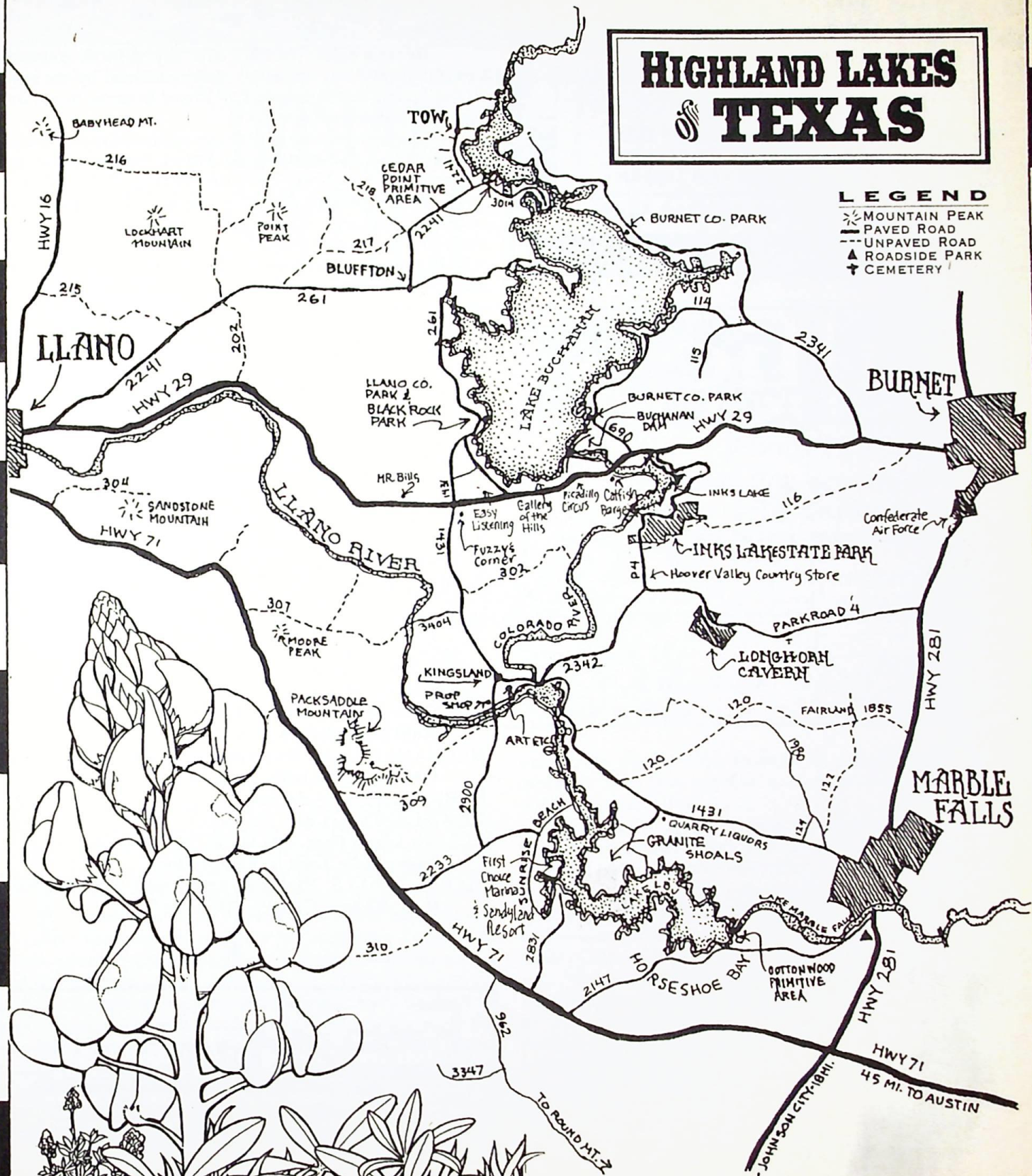
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## LEGEND

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## A RIOT OF WILDFLOWERS

Continued from page 19

Gugenheim.

Being a native Texan, I saw my share of Bluebonnet paintings and was definitely underwhelmed by the results. Then I came across the work of Royce Roberts, hands down, the best bluebonnet artist ever.

The first painting of his I saw reminded me of the times I stood transfixed studying the French Impressionists in the museums of New York. But I was in Marble Falls and this was a bluebonnet painting. From a distance his style seemed tight and highly detailed. But up close, I could see how the painting was built in layers of washes and dabs of color. As a writer for the *Highlander*, Marble Falls' only newspaper at the time, I tracked down Royce at his place out in Burnet County and came back with a feature story.

Royce's studio was out in a barn by the house where he worked on several paintings at once. After completing the story I went back several times to talk and pick up tips from a master. Just to see his paintings in their various stages was a lesson in itself.

Today, Royce's paintings and prints can be seen at numerous galleries in Texas including the J.R. Mooney Galleries in Austin's Arboretum, and in San Antonio; Sherwood's Gallery in Houston; Larry Prielop's Gallery in Salado; Gallery of the Hills in Buchanan Dam; and Art Etc. in Kingsland. Most recently I saw one of his prints at the San Antonio International Airport. The experience was like running into an old friend in a crowd of strangers. If you like wildflowers and paintings you owe it to yourself to see the work of Royce Roberts. And if you don't like Bluebonnet paintings his work is likely to change your mind.

While you're driving around drop by a few galleries for the complete day-trip experience. Here are some of the best:

- BLANCO: **Broken Arrow Gallery**, 400 3rd Street  
**Rain Bird Gallery**, 109 Main  
BUCHANAN DAM: **Buchanan Arts & Crafts**, Hwy 29  
**Gallery of the Hills**, Hwy 29  
KERRVILLE: **Aves del Sol**  
KINGSLAND: **Art Etc.** Hwy 1431  
LLANO: **Llano Fine Arts Guild**, 503 Bessemer  
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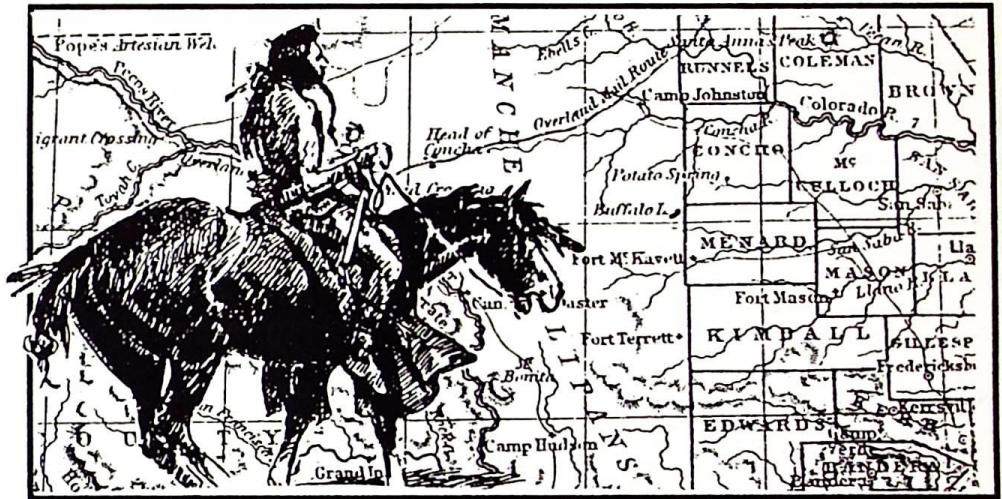


PART TWO OF TWO PARTS

# INDIAN BATTLE ON PACKSADDLE MOUNTAIN

HAZEL OATMAN BOWMAN

CAPTAIN DAN ROBERTS,  
AN EARLY-DAY TEXAS RANGER  
CAPTAIN, DESCRIBED THE  
PACKSADDLE MOUNTAIN INDIAN  
BATTLE IN LLANO COUNTY ON  
AUGUST 5, 1873, AS 'THE MOST  
GALLANT AFFAIR I HAVE EVER  
KNOWN, EXCEPT THE  
BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO.'



## SCALPS AN INDIAN

**A** sidelight to the actual battle was an experience of Mr. Harrington, who was left behind to bring up the horses. He recounted it in these words: "I turned to getting the Indians' horses and ours together. When I started them north, they went up beside the battle ground, so I went up there to turn them back. At that time I saw the old chief on the ground. I said, 'Old boy, when you folks kill our people you always take their scalps, so I'm going to take yours.' I stepped off my pony, went into my pocket for my knife, and scalped him, taking his ears. By the time I hung it on the horn of the saddle and stepped on my pony, the horses had gone back down the battleline. When I had gotten down that way, I saw another Indian, the one that Bob and I killed, and I said to my self, 'One scalp is lonesome.' So I put in a few minutes and got a mate to the chief's scalp.

"By this time the horses were all around the Indians' camp. I went to picking up and putting on a horse bows, quivers, shields, blankets, Indian lariats, and anything that I could, including the old chief's breastplate. When I had gotten as much as I could handily, I rounded up the horses and started off the mountain. When I got to the brakes, to where I could look off, I saw the boys about two miles ahead, I think, I battled the 24 horses with all the power that I could and finally got them off the mountain. After that I had no more trouble until I got to Honey Creek. The horses

were so dry that I had some trouble in getting them started from the creek. But I soon got them to Duncan's ranch, where the rest of the boys had stopped."

The ranch house of the late John B. Duncan, Sr., where the wounded were carried and given medical attention that day, was a stately, two-story stone structure, perhaps the finest residence in that part of the country during the early days. It stood as a symbol of the opulence of this pioneer family of Llano County until a number of years ago, when fire destroyed all except the walls of the structure.

Viewing the ruins of this old building, in which can be seen the floor plan, with the massive fireplaces at each end, one can picture the scene on that hot summer afternoon, when a tired, battle-worn group of men, arrived there with their wounded comrades. They were ushered into the big hall, the main entrance and no doubt the coolest room in the house. There they were given first aid. Bill Moss, it is said, appeared almost dead. The others were also suffering from their fresh wounds, as well as from exhaustion.

Mr. Harrington was sent to town horseback for a doctor, borrowing a horse from Mr. Duncan. He left the ranch about five-twenty o'clock that afternoon, he said, and reached Llano, a distance of about 12 miles, at six-thirty. He got Dr. C. C. Smith, a pioneer Llano physician—a large, grey-haired man who was a well known character in Llano County during those days. The two men left Llano about seven-thirty.



A LARGE FLAT ROCK WAS DISCOVERED NEAR THE EDGE OF THE MOUNTAIN SOME DISTANCE FROM THE SCENE OF THE FIGHTING AND ON IT WERE FOUND A MIRROR AND SOME WAR PAINT. THE SUPPOSITION WAS THAT PRIOR TO THE FIGHT A SPY WAS STATIONED THERE, SINCE A LONE INDIAN WAS SAID TO HAVE RUN FROM THAT DIRECTION AFTER THE SHOOTING STARTED AND TO HAVE JOINED HIS COMRADES IN BATTLE.

"We got back to Duncan's at nine-thirty. The old doctor had a good horse, but he couldn't do anything but single-foot. I rode ahead to get him to come as fast as possible," Mr. Harrington related.

Dr. Smith held out little hope for Bill Moss, but due to his strong constitution, this big, robust son of the frontier recovered and in a week's time was able to leave the Duncan place and return home.

A. F. Moss, pioneer Llano ranchman, and only living brother of the three Moss heroes of the Packsaddle fight, tells that someone came to their home on the night of the battle, bringing the news. The next morning he and his father set out in a wagon for the Duncan ranch. A. F. Moss was nine years old at the time, but he well remembers the scene which greeted them upon their arrival. Dr. Smith was extracting a bullet from Arch Martin's hip. He had no anesthetic, or anything of the kind. Finally, after enduring the pain as long as he could, Arch Martin asked Dr. Smith: "Can't you whet that d— old knife a little bit?" Because of the poor means of caring for the wounded men, Mr. Moss still marvels at their recovery.

Captain Jim Moss, in his story of the fight, included the following: "Our wounded were carried to Mr. John Duncan's on Honey Creek, where they were taken in and cared for with as great care as if they had been his children, and you may feel sure that there will be a warm place in our hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan as long as we live."

Mr. Harrington referred to this pioneer couple as "Uncle John" and "Aunt Josephine", and thus they were affectionately known in their later years.

Even in those days of slow communication, news of the Packsaddle fight spread quickly. People came from Llano to view the battleground, and to gather trophies. The late Ed R. Beason, County clerk at that time, who visited the site immediately, gathered some of the trophies, and hastened to Austin to report the incident, and to tell of the deplorable condition which the marauding Indians had brought about in Llano County.

A large flat rock was discovered near the edge of the mountain some distance from the scene of the fighting and on it were found a mirror and some war paint. The supposition was that prior to the fight a spy was stationed there, since a lone Indian was said to have run from that direction after the shooting started and to have joined his comrades in battle. The fact that he failed to warn the band of Indians of the impending danger naturally led to the belief that he had fallen asleep at this post of duty. Otherwise, stationed at this particular spot, he would have seen the group of white men as they ascended the mountain and all would have been killed.

The Packsaddle Indian fight was commemorated with the erection of a rustic stone memorial on the battle site on August 5,

1938, which was the 65th anniversary of the event, and with appropriate services, honoring the eight heroes, one of whom, E. D. Harrington, was present for the unveiling. Funds for the monument were donated largely by the descendants of the men who participated in the fight, and it was presented to Llano County.

The granite plaque, erected on a rustic base of native stone, bears this inscription:

"Packsaddle Mountain Indian Battle site, August 5, 1873. In honor of pioneers who fought Llano County's last Indian Battle—Steve B. Moss, W. B. Moss, James R. Moss, Pink Ayers, Robert Brown, E. D. Harrington, Arch Martin and Eli Lloyd."

## CLIMB RUGGED TRAIL

Those who attended the dedicatory ceremony reached the mountain top by means of the same rugged trail followed by the cowboy-fighters, who surprised the Indians so completely on that August noon-day, 65 years previously. The site had already been located several months in advance by the late Ed Moore, a Llano pioneer, whose death occurred last year [1943]. He had remembered the place during the long intervening years and gave the historical committee of Llano County invaluable assistance in locating the site of the battle. Although he was driving cattle up the trail at the time of the fight, his father lived four miles, as the crow flies, from the mountain, and told him the facts upon his return home. He visited the scene of the encounter almost immediately, and also heard the story recounted many times by Jim Moss, for whom he later worked as a cowhand.

With Mr. Moore as guide, the location group ascended the mountain by the same ravine traveled by the eight heroes and their mounts. Arriving rather suddenly on the mountain top, one could see how it was possible for the pursuers to take the Indians by surprise. There was very little underbrush to be found, and scattered about were trees, large and small. There was some dead timber here and there—trees that were old no doubt at the time of the battle and which had later died.

Some distance from the exact site of the fighting was the flat rock, which Mr. Moore recalled as being the one on which the spy was said to have been stationed that day. It could be seen why this particular location had been selected, for it afforded a wonderful view of the canyon and country below, which gave all the more credence to the supposition that the Indian spy had fallen asleep.

Standing there by the large rock, and drawing somewhat on the imagination, one could picture the redskin as he sat complacently before his mirror, painting his brown face with the bright colors that he and his tribe loved so well. Then, this pleasurable rite performed, and being well filled with a meal of roasted beef and warmed by the August mid-day sun, he stretched out on the smooth, warm rock. Soon came sleep—and dreams.

Whatever Indian dreams he might have had while the eight men were prodding their horses stealthily up the mountain side were rudely disturbed by loud whoops and the crack of weapons. With the realization of that was happening must have come a sense of humiliation also over having failed in an important duty. So, feeling doubly revengeful, he apparently vented his wrath on the first person he encountered—the big, burly fellow stooping down toying with his gun—W. B. Moss. It happened to be, for some say that it was the Indian spy who gave Bill Moss his almost-mortal wound. At any rate, that is the version given by W. H. Roberts of Llano, who says that Bill Moss was wounded while stooping down, reloading his six-shooter, and that he was shot under the right arm by the spy as he came up from behind him.



## PINKY'S MULE A HERO

Mr. Roberts, one of the few pioneers left to tell the story today, was 12 years old when the battle took place and was living on a ranch in Blanco County about 25 miles from Packsaddle Mountain. He heard the story on different occasions from Jim and Bill Moss, E. D. Harrington and William George. The last named was left behind at the Moss ranch to guard the horses the morning of the fight.

In relating the story to the writer, Mr. Roberts said, "You saw the rock—and don't you know that spy was bound to have fallen asleep that day, else everyone of the men would have been killed before they got up on top of the mountain. That was all that saved them—that and Pink Ayer's white mule." Then he added this interesting side light to the story.

"Why, when the fighting was the hottest, a bullet struck Ayers' mule and scared him so that he charged right in the middle of the Indians, making a figure eight back and forth. This frightened the Indians, and while they were directing their attack on Ayers and his mule, the others had a chance to cope with the Indians. Several of them told me afterward that Ayer's white mule absolutely saved the day. The animal was shot twice, but was not killed."

Although the belief then prevailed that the Indians were Comanches, Mr. Roberts thinks that they were Apaches, since they were said to be of heavy-set, stocky build.

Ed Moore related that after the fight his father and his brother-in-law, Dick Duncan, saw five Indians in the shade of a tree near the mountain but there were no horses in sight. Unable to reach their ponies at the time of the skirmish, the redskins had been forced to retreat on foot, carrying their wounded with them. Some time later the bones of an Indian were found north of the battlefield and what was believed to be an Indian grave was found nearby.

In connection with the Texas Centennial, and through the efforts of the Llano County Historical Committee, a roadside marker was placed on the Birdtown road, two and one-half miles from Packsaddle Mountain, directing the way to this historic spot in Llano County, 16 miles from the town of Llano. The inscription on the marker is as follows:

"On the Packsaddle Mountain, in a battle fought August 5, 1873, Captain J. R. Moss, Stephen B. Moss, William B. Moss, Eli Lloyd, Arch Martin, Pink Ayers, E. D. Harrington, and Robert Brown routed a band of Indians thrice their number. The last Indian battle in this region."

## MOSS WIDOW STILL LIVING

Still living in Llano today is Mrs. William B., Moss, 79, widow of the Packsaddle Indian fighter, who was present when the dedicatory services were held on top of historic Packsaddle Mountain. Mrs. Moss came to Llano County one year after the battle, and she and Mr. Moss were married in 1883. She still resides on the well known Bill Moss ranch, 10 miles from Packsaddle Mountain, having lived there for the past 60 years. Mrs. Moss says that her husband often said that he felt sorry for the Indians after the fight, that he never heard so much crying and taking-on in all of his life.

Having heard the incident recounted many times by her husband, she tells the following:

"Mr. Moss was riding again in a month after the fight. He was shot in the point of his shoulder, and the bullet settled in the small of his back. He always suffered from it. He stayed at Duncan's ranch several days, then came to his ranch; he was living in a cedar-log house. He was shot as he emptied his pistol. He was knocked out, then came to and sat up under a tree and watched the

fight. All that saved the white men was that the Indians were so excited and were shooting too high. They didn't know the white men were there until they heard the shooting. Some Indian shot a horse in the neck, but it wasn't killed; that was proof that they were shooting too high. Some of the Indians were asleep, and some were sitting around, eating. The white men surprised them. They turned their horses loose and they got with the Indians' horses on down off the point of the mountain.

"Mr. Moss spent all of his life in Llano County—fighting the Indians and trying to civilize the country. From the time he was big enough to ride a horse, he was fighting the Indians. He was 23 years old when the Packsaddle fight took place."

Mrs. Moss says that her husband, in the later years of his life in particular, considered the Packsaddle battle an important and heroic event, especially since it brought an end to the Indian depredations in the Llano section.

Some claimed that the Indians believed Bill Moss to be the "big captan" because of his giant stature, and for that reason he bore the brunt of the shooting. He is said to have been the first to open fire on the redskins when the party of white men reached the mountain top.

Jim Maxwell of Burnet County, but formerly a long-time resident of Llano, tells that the late Tom Long, and early-day trail-driver of Llano, went up the trail with a herd in 1876, and stopped at Fort Sill, Okla. When he was talking with parties there, and old Indian came and told him that he was in the Packsaddle fight at Llano and that he and one other Indian managed to get to Fort Sill after the battle. He told also that they all left the mountain barefooted and afoot, with no guns or anything.

According to Mr. Maxwell, the Indians who took part in this historic battle had good guns, which they had obtained from Fort Sumner and in Arizona, including 16 pistols and four Winchesters. Also he said that 24 pair of moccasins were found on the battlefield, after the redskins had made their retreat, which led to the opinion that there were 24 Indians in their band.

One account of the battle gives this information:

"The Texans all used Winchesters save W. B. Moss, who used a Colt-Ranger pistol. He began firing at the Indians before dismounting. Firing two shots, he dismounted and joined his comrades, all of whom, save Pink Ayers, had dismounted. Ayers and his mule were both shot."



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PART TWO OF TWO PARTS

# GOLIAD REVISITED

by STEVE GOODSON

COLONEL JAMES WALKER FANNIN, JR.



**F**rancisca rode her horse up to the front of the column of Mexican soldiers. She was anxious to see the young officer who had requested that she accompany him and the army to make war on the rebellious Texans. He was 34 year old Captain Telesforo Alvarez, from Toluca, and paymaster of the 6th Company of General Jose Urrea's Regiment of Cuatla, numbering almost one thousand men. Young Francisca must have caught his attention as he walked the streets of Matamoros helping his army arrange the necessary preparations for the invasion of Texas. No one can be sure of what attracted Telesforo to this young woman, known as Panchita to her friends, but she is remembered as beautiful and high spirited, having a will of her own and a strong sense of pride and justice and a person who knows what is right and what is wrong.

Panchita found Captain Alvarez in the company of the other officers of the regimental command, who were surveying the scene before them. They had arrived at Copano Bay and were looking at the group of newly captured prisoners. Reining the horse to an abrupt halt, she exploded into a torrent of Spanish upon discovering Major William Miller and his 75 volunteers, their arms numb from being bound so tightly that the flow of blood was restricted. She demanded their immediate release, ordering the ropes removed and that they be given food and water.

Miller and his recruits from Nashville, Tennessee, had landed at Copano Bay on March 23. The were captured by the Mexicans after mistaking them for the Texans they were sent to reinforce, surrendering without resistance before unloading their arms and ammunition. The grateful young men murmured their thanks through parched lips as Panchita moved among them bringing water and checking the injuries caused by the tight ropes.

Panchita then returned to Colonel Francisco Garay, the officer in charge of the camp, and pleaded with him to disobey Santa Anna's order of immediate execution of any prisoners taken since these men were not armed when captured. Garay (sometimes spelled Guerrier) was aware of the order and would not have challenged it were it not for the woman's impassioned plea. Garay, a Greek by birth, had come to Mexico as a mercenary to serve as an officer in the regular army. He was unaccustomed to being ordered to execute unarmed prisoners. After hearing Panchita's pleas, he decided to march Miller's men to Goliad, where hundreds of other prisoners already awaited death. If the execution became necessary, it would be done there. Garay granted Miller's men a reprieve.

As the Mexican soldiers prepared to take the prisoners to Goliad, Captain Alvarez must have wondered why this young woman cared so passionately about the fate of these Norte

Americanos who had come to the Mexican provinces to foment rebellion. He recalled their arrival at San Patricio during the first week of March where she had discovered a young boy from Georgia, Reuben Brown, who was about to be taken out and shot. Brown, one of Dr. Grant's men who had been sent out to procure horses for a raid into Mexico, had been captured by General Urrea's cavalry. The boy, luckier than those killed for their attempt at escape, was caught by a lasso, then tied to a horse and taken to San Patricio where he was confined for a week. Panchita had thrown herself between the youth and his executioners, then she and a priest had begged for his life. Brown confirmed this later, recalling that "I was taken out to be shot, but was spared through the interposition of a Mexican lady, named Alvarez." Telesforo could understand her wanting to save the life of one reckless, foolish youth, but what was in her character that made her care so much for this group of 75 men?

Major Miller's men arrived at Goliad a few days later, accompanied by Panchita and her young captain and the rest of the soldiers. Sgt. Issac Hamilton, a volunteer from Alabama who had surrendered with Fannin earlier, was among the first men to see Panchita. He watched in amazement as the beautiful Mexican woman on horseback rode up and dismounted not far from where he stood. Speaking a few words to the guards at the chapel where the wounded Texans were, she wasted no time in easing their pain and suffering. She called for water to give the injured, checking the dressings on their wounds, doing what she could to make them more comfortable. Issac Hamilton didn't know that he would soon owe this young woman his life.

Panchita then went to the fort's commander, Colonel Nicolas Portilla. Portilla sat agonizing over two dispatches that had been sent to him by his superior officers. One from his immediate commander, General Urrea, who advised him to keep the prisoners busy with duties around the town and the fortress. It said to treat them well. The second dispatch, which had just arrived, was from Santa Anna ordering the immediate execution of all prisoners "taken with arms in their hands." Portilla was not pleased that Urrea had left him at Goliad to oversee the execution of the prisoners.

Panchita begged for the lives of the prisoners. When it became obvious to Panchita that Portilla intended to carry out the slaughter, she argued that many of the prisoners possessed skills that would prove useful to the army. Surely the doctors, blacksmiths and carpenters should be spared for no other reason than that. Portilla felt that he could justify that with his superiors. She then took up the cause of the men captured at Copano Bay with Colonel Miller. They had not been taken with "arms in their hands." Portilla gave in on this point also. He was a regular army man who had served Mexico honorably during



The boy, luckier than those killed for their attempt at escape, was caught by a lasso, then tied to a horse and taken to San Patricio where he was confined for a week. Panchita had thrown herself between the youth and his executioners, then she and a priest had begged for his life. Brown confirmed this later, recalling that "I was taken out to be shot, but was spared through the interposition of a Mexican lady, named Alvarez." Telesforo could understand her wanting to save the life of one reckless, foolish youth, but what was in her character that made her care so much for this group of 75 men?

his entire military career and he had no stomach for this type of business. He would relent as much as he could.

Colonel Garay, hearing of the impending executions, sent for some carpenters who had assisted him that day. He hid these men under some tarpaulins that lay on the floor of his tent. Garay also sent for two doctors, named Shackelford and Barnard, to come to his tent, telling them he needed their talents to treat some wounded men there. Panchita was able to smuggle a few prisoners out of their quarters and hide them in her tent. Colonel Miller's men were removed from the rest of the prisoners and the Mexican soldiers tied strips of white cloth around their right arms in order to identify them.

The next morning, the prisoners wondered why Panchita and other women wept as the soldiers lined them up into three separate columns to start on what they thought would be their road to home and freedom. Suddenly, she darted among the men of one group and threw her arms around a boy, pleading for his life. After speaking with the wife of General Urrea, Panchita took fifteen year old Benjamin Hughes out of the ranks of doomed prisoners and returned him to the fortress. The rest of the prisoners were marched off to their deaths.

The three columns were each sent down a different road; one following the road to San Antonio, one the road to the Coast and one towards a ford across the river further to the South. The prisoners were told different stories by their escorts, that they were being sent out to gather firewood or to drive cattle. Others were told that they were going to Copano Bay. The columns were marched down each road about one-half to three-fourths of a mile when their guards ordered them to halt and began to pass through the ranks, aligning themselves on one side of the prisoners. When they were told to kneel, some of the prisoners suddenly began to realize what was happening. Some stood there and accepted their fate while others made a mad dash for freedom across the surrounding prairies, where many of them met their deaths at the end of long Mexican lances held by the horsemen sent to prevent just such an escape. Some were able to reach the San Antonio River and conceal themselves there. The survivors told of hearing the screams of the wounded as they were dragged out of the fort and shot. A low wail escaped the women who observed the scene, huddled against the walls of Goliad. Their prayers intertwined with the moans of the dead and dying rose with the gun smoke that circled upwards, into the sky. Three hundred and forty-two men died.

That evening the survivors remaining at the fort noticed

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many of their guards crying, unable to eat their meals. Be assured that the people who witnessed the horror of the events that took place on that day were never able to forget them.

Issac Hamilton was among those who had escaped the massacre by reaching the timber surrounding the river. Though wounded severely, he was able to join up with several of his friends and spent days wandering aimlessly in search of food, water and the road home. After his wounds became infected and it was obvious that he could not continue on, he persuaded his friends to leave him behind. He made his way to a river, found a submerged canoe and was able to make it to Dimitt's Point where he left the water to search for food in a deserted town. He was spotted by Don Placido Benavides, once a leading supporter of the revolution. Benavides had been with Grant's men but had been able to escape and head to Goliad to warn Fannin and his men. Benavides' support of the Texans had cooled somewhat when the call for allegiance with the United States became popular with the rebels.

Benavides remembered Hamilton as one of Dr. Shackelford's men and quickly loaded him into the wagon he was driving. But when some Mexican lancers approached, he feared for the safety of his family and he surrendered Issac to them. The young man was placed on a horse and rode eighteen miles to Victoria where he was found by Panchita Alvarez. She observed some guards forcing Issac to draw water from the river, something his wounds caused him to be unable to do. After failing his task repeatedly, his guards beat him severely. Panchita went to her husband, who ordered the beating stopped and allowed her to care for the wounded man. She later assisted Issac in his eventual escape, hiding a horse in the woods where he was sent to bring in some cattle. When he tried to express his thanks, she told him to perform some kindness in her name as repayment.

What prompted Panchita Alvarez to risk her own life in her attempts to help the doomed Texans? Was there something that occurred in her life, maybe some unexpected act of mercy bestowed upon her, that caused her to act as she did? The reasons for her unexpected acts of kindness remains a mystery to us to this day.

After the war was over, Panchita and her husband returned to Mexico where they had two children and lived in Matamoros until Teleforo's death. Her son Matias then brought her back to South Texas, where she lived into her nineties, died and was buried in an unmarked grave somewhere on the King Ranch. All that remains besides the memories of Francisca Alvarez is a small, carved figure of her which is displayed in the old fortress at Goliad.



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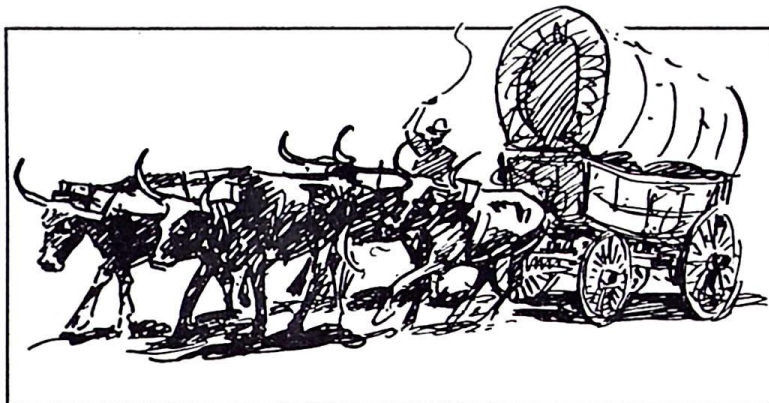


# THEY WEREN'T ALL GERMANS

## THE UNDAUNTED DANISH PIONEERS OF FREDERICKSBURG

by KENN KNOPP

**E**rasmus Frandsen (Frantzen), possibly from the city of Odense, Denmark, was born in 1814. A professional seaman aboard the vessel Everhard, his ship left the port of Bremen, Germany on September 27, 1845, bringing its first group of immigrants to Texas under the sponsorship of the Royal German Adelsverein.



Aboard ship Erasmus fell in love with Johanna, the young daughter of Heinrich and Anna (nee Hasse) Spiller from Wendhausen in the Kingdom of Hannover, Germany. It was a long voyage of three months before the Everhard landed at the port of Galveston, Texas on December 9, 1845.

Johanna loved Erasmus but told him flatly that she was not about to marry a seaman who would be away from home most of the time. Erasmus agreed to give up his seafaring career. But he was under a contract that required him to stay in the port of New Orleans, a stopover en route to Galveston; or, he had to go back to New Orleans from Galveston.

The Spillers stayed in Galveston to await Erasmus' return to claim the hand of his newly betrothed. He boarded the USS Sam Ingham at the port of New Orleans and arrived in Galveston on December 15, 1845. Theirs was a Christmas time wedding on Galveston Island. The Frandsens and the Spillers then joined other Adelsverein immigrants on a smaller ship that took them along the Gulf Coast down to the port of Indianola. Erasmus Frandsen was 31 years old and his wife Johanna was 20 when they set foot on Texas soil.

Due to the war between the US and Mexico, wagons were in short supply; consequently many German immigrants were forced to stay in Indianola for months awaiting transportation and teamsters to carry their household goods to the new settlements in the Hill Country.

Stopping for a well deserved rest after reaching the New Braunfels way station, the Frandsens joined a wagon train of settlers who made their way to Fredericksburg, about 50 miles north. They staked out farmland along Grape Creek near what later would be called Luckenbach, about 7 miles from Fredericksburg.

Finding himself in the thick of a large settlement of Germans, and married into one of the German families, Erasmus, fluent in German, easily assimilated by changing the spelling of his name from Frandsen to Frandzen and later Frantzen. Be-

tween 1846 and 1868 the Frantzens bore 12 children while living in the Grape Creek area. I

Descendent, Alex Frantzen, Sr. (1905-1993) recalled that the Danes of the area adapted to the German milieu of Gillespie County. But the Danes particularly relished switching to Danish whenever several of them wanted to speak their real mind about a

German in their midst. He remembers his grandfather speaking about the Danes getting together by themselves at a place south of Luckenbach called "Ratbach". The picnic area was an idyllic spot except for an occasional rat that raced by, thus the name "Rat Creek".

At the Danish picnics they would spend hours speaking their native language. Frantzen also recalls that everyone would bring freshly caught fish from the creeks and the Pedernales River. At the picnic they would prepare the fish in the traditional Danish way.

Alex Frantzen, Sr., was, as others of the clan, a particularly outstanding and prosperous citizen. He is well remembered as the owner of the popular City Cafe in Friedrichsburg's Stadtzentrum, the downtown center. His hot, creamy oyster stew and the all around community favorite, chicken and dumplings, were a especially relished by locals and travelers alike. Frantzen hired only mature male waiters who were required to wear black trousers, long sleeve white shirts, black bowties, and a service towel hanging from the left arm. The waiters were considered professionals; and stayed in Frantzen's employ until their retirement.

Today, one of Alex Frantzen, Sr.'s sons, Lester Frantzen, belongs to the Frantzen, Kaderli & Klier Insurance Agency, reflecting the interesting blend of pioneer names and nationalities—Danish, Swiss and German.

Frantzen family chronicler, Larry Frantzen, noted in his family history that some 1,100 direct descendants of Erasmus and Johanna have been identified.

### NEXT MONTH:

After Erasmus Frandsen settled in the Grape Creek Community, he wrote to his close friend, J. F.G. Striegler telling him about life in the Texas Hill Country. He urged Striegler to come to Gillespie County. Johan's curiosity could not be contained as he knew Frantzen was not prone to overstate his case.



# PARDNERS TOGETHER

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

BY WARREN LEWIS

### HOW SLUE-FOOT SUE TAUGHT PECOS BILL HIS MANNERS

**L**ike I told you about the time that Slue-Foot Sue invented the armadillo, it made Pecos Bill so mad that he skeedaddled clean outta Pecos, leavin' Sue to do all the chores by her lonesome. Now, this is the part of Billy's story you've heard tell so much about, and there ain't no call fer me to go tellin' all them same ol' yarns agin; so we'll jist graze 'em a little. That first night after Bill cut out on Sue,

he had a burr under his saddle; that boy was all het up and feelin' mighty ornery. He'd been so blind mad, he taken the wrong horse; and after singlefootin' about two hundred miles down a West Texas dry gulch, that derved cayuse stubbed his toe on a mesa and broke a leg, leavin' Bill to hoof it on alone. Bill, he slung his saddle over his shoulder and set off on down the draw, a-cussin' and a-swearin'. (Bill was jist naturally gifted at cussin' and swearin'.)

All of a sudden, a ten-foot rattler rared up in front of 'im, and set his tail to singin', jist a-spoilin' fer a fight. Secin' as how Billy had fergot his trusty ol' twelve-foot rattlesnake lasso at home, he figger'd he jist might have a need fer another one, even if this'n was a mite short. So he grabbed that serpent by the neck—which is easy to do, secin' as how snakes is mostly all neck—and to be fair about the fight, he let the critter have the first three bites. But then, Billy commenced to flailin' the everlastin' pizen clean outa that reptile. He picked up the rattler by his rattlin' end like a bullwhip, and he slung him this-a-way, and he cracked him that-a-way, and he whupped him around and around his head.

"Snake," says Billy, "I'm gonna teach you yer manners." Fact o' the matter, Bill was all fired up and feelin' mighty feisty.

Purty soon, ol' rattler noticed that Bill was whuppin' him so hard, he'd already stretched out another yard and a piece longer—that sucker was already goin' on fourteen feet—so he hollered uncle, and that was that. Then Bill coiled his new lariat up nice and tight around his left shoulder, shouldered his saddle on the other, and walked on down the arroyo another hundred miles or so. As he strolled along, Bill would lasso the odd Gila

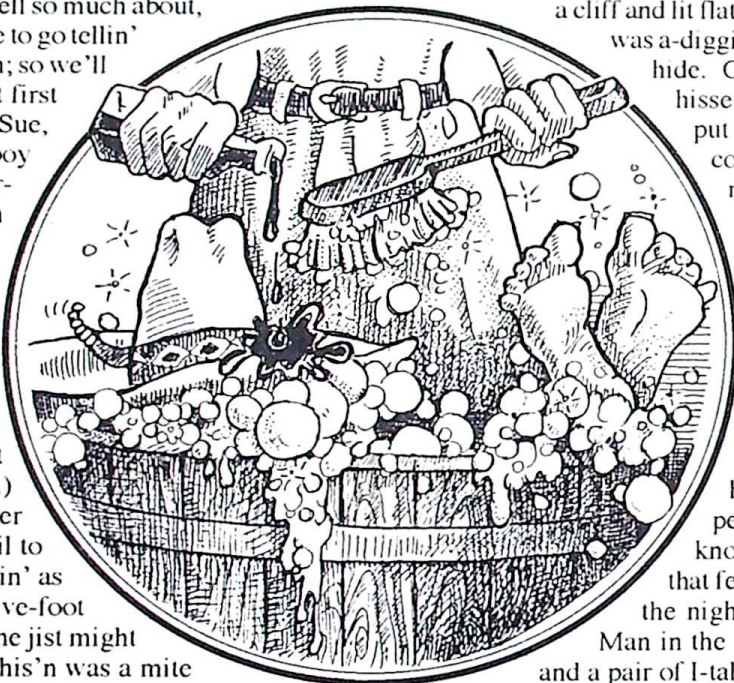
Monster or godaphroe, jist to teach his new snake how to behave like a proper lariat. It takes any lasso a certain amount of breakin'-in time to learn how to rope smart.

'Fore long, a big ol' she-mountain lion flew off a cliff and lit flat a-straddle of Bill's neck, and was a-diggin' her claws right into Billy's hide. Ol' Bill, he kinda chuckled to hisself, laid his saddle down and put his lasso snake aside, and he commenced to takin' that catamount apart. Now, this here pussy weren't no ordinary cougar. She weighed more'n three growd steers and a yearlin', and she is said to have been the very lion after which they named the State of Nuevo Leon down Old Mexico way. Wellsir, in about two minutes, Bill had jist about sallivated that perticular pussycat. Hell! He'd knocked so much serenity into that feline that the cat fur a-foggin' the night sky made it look like the Man in the Moon had sprouted a beard and a pair of Italian handlebars.

"Whoa-up, there, Billy," squalls the mountain lion, "Cain't you take a joke?"

Weren't nothin' wrong with Pecos Bill's sense of humor; matter of fact, he was the only one still laughin'. So, he saddled up the lion like a mare, cinched his girt right tight around her furry belly, and went sashayin' on down the creek, a-quirtin' that pumacat with his rattlesnake rope. I tell you, that threesome was one beautiful sight, and an earful to listen to: Billy was a-whoopin' and a-hollerin' and a-laughin' about bein' free and off the hook and on his own agin, the cat was a-squallin' and a-screechin' and a-boundin' a hundred feet at a bounce, and the rattler was a-rattlin' and a-singin' and a-grinnin' some kind of snaky grin.

Now, it weren't but a short spell after that till Pecos and his snake and his cat come in sight of a bunch of what looked like cowpokes all hunkered down around a campfire next to a chuckwagon. Bill come splittin' the air into camp, grabbed his





roarin' cougar by the ear, jerked her back on her haunches, and set her to purrin'. He tied his rattler around his neck like a spiffy bowtie, stuck his thumbs into his belt, and give the outfit the once over. Them ol' boys—I want you to know—sat real still, sayin' less than nothin'.

Quick as he was lit, Bill could see that he hadn't rode into no ordinary bunch of wranglers. I got this story from my Uncle Poochy hisself, and he got it from one of them desperados hisself, so he ought to have knowd, and his was of puttin' it was, "That bunch of no-accounts was a real hard herd of hand-picked hellions." They was the shur-nuf meanest, most omeriest bunch of gun-totin' hombres in all of West Texas. They was as one-eyed, scar-faced, gap-toothed, cut-throat, blood-thirsty, black-dog, bank-robbin', horse-stealin', murderizin' a congregation of cowpokes as you ever did see.

"Evenin' girls," says Bill, eye-ballin' the sityation. Then, him bein' by this time both hungry and thirsty, Billy steps over to a warshpot full of beans and chili peppers that was a bubblin' on the mesquite coals, scoops up a few molten handfuls, and swallows 'em whole. Next, he washes the frijoles down with a gallon or so of b'ilin'-hot coffee that he pours straight outa the pot right down his gullet. After that, to show 'em he was quality folks, Bill tears of a double handful of near-by prickly-pears, and wipes his mouth clean on the cactus pads. And then Bill says: "Who in tarnation is the boss around here?"

A great big bald feller, 'bout seven feet tall, packin' eight Mexican pistols slung around him, and with nine Bowie knives stuck into his belts and boots, stands up, takes off his hat, and says real slow and keeful-like—and he smiled when he said it: "I reckon I used to be, stranger, but you are, now."

Wellsir, Pecos Bill throwd in with this outfit, and that's when things took a downward turn fer our boy Billy. They done all right at first—they traveled on out West to Californy fer a spell; and up to the Northwest so's Bill could swap yarns with Paul Bunyan; and after that on up to Alaska, where Bill discovered gold in the Klondike. And when they got back to Texas, Bill tried to teach his desperado outfit a thing or two about the cow bizness. But them good ol' boys, singleminded like they was and ready to die anyhow, favored train-robbin' to cowpunchin'; that bunch jist couldn't seem to git the hang of honest work.

Billy, on the other hand, could pick up new tricks faster'n a young pup, so he learned a smart 'eal from his new compadres. It's a true fact and a sad one, but Bill sorta kinda went wild durin' this time of his life. It is well-known that he had already invented the six-shooter, and that he perfected both of King David's favorite pass-time, namely cow-rustlin' and wife-stealin'; but now ol' Bill found new uses fer his famous talents in bank-breakin' and train-robbin'. Nobody ever did count up jist how many sidewinders he gunned down, but anybody ever tells you that Billy kilt women and children is a waggin' dog's tail of a liar. The Billy I've heard tell about was a tenderhearted feller underneath it all, and he never kilt nobody that didn't have it comin'. He made it a rule never to kill a tourist or a Easterner out of season. He didn't take scalps, neither—Billy was too civilized fer that, and practical, besides; nosirec, Billy always skun out the whole hide and tanned it: No sense wastin' good belt-leather.

The worstest part of it, howsomever, is that Pecos Bill newly taken up with women at about this time. Now that Slue-Foot was out of Bill's mind some of the time, one of Billy's strengths, as you might say, come to be Billy's one weakness. It all started out in Californy, o' course, like so much does, when Billy was pannin' fer gold in the Painted Desert. Our Bill turned out to be a man with major minin' interests: On the weekends, when he

**Bill taken to doin' somethin' to no self-respectin' cowpoke in his right mind don't never do. It was pow'rful tragic, but the truth compels me to tell you that Bill started drinkin' mixed drinks. His favoritest liquid lightin' had been a jigger or two of strychnine with a nitroglycerine chaser, but then, when the old bait began to lose its bite and the dynamite its kick, Bill started in to mixin' in some fish-hooks and stirrin' it with bobwire.**

taken trips to Hollywood, he come to be a expert at minin' them platinum blondes. Bill could tell at one glance whether she was a virgin metal, a mother lode, or jist a common ore.

Women! Some of 'em he loved, and some of 'em he married, and some of 'em he jist plain made mad. He fooled around with the whole bodacious breed like he was tryin' to fergit about that one woman—and I mean none other than Slue-Foot Sue herself, o' course. Now, as ever'body knows, you cain't mess around with women and keep a clear head. It follers as nat'ral as daylight does the dark, when Billy taken up with womenfolk, the very next thing he done was take to drink.

Pecos Bill and beverage alcohol! My lands a-livin', but I reckon more lies has been told about Pecos Bill's drinkin' ability than about his gun-slingin' and his womanizin' put together; and I don't aim to repeat no lies. Some historians tells it that Billy drank so much firewater—and sech t'rrible stuff—that he plumb drank hisself to death. But, there ain't no truth to that, o' course, or else the rest of this story couldn't be told. On the other hand, it is a true fact that, after a while, Bill had drank so much rotgut that ordinary hooch jist didn't have no kick in it fer'im no more. So, instead of drinkin' his likker straight, like a cowboy orgha, Bill taken to doin' somethin' to no self-respectin' cowpoke in his right mind don't never do. It was pow'rful tragic, but the truth compels me to tell you that Bill started drinkin' mixed drinks. His favoritest liquid lightin' had been a jigger or two of strychnine with a nitroglycerine chaser, but then, when the old bait began to lose its bite and the dynamite its kick, Bill started in to mixin' in some fish-hooks and stirrin' it with bobwire. Mixed drinks! Nosir, no doubt about it: Bill had got hisself into a sorry state.

Pecos Bill knowd he had to mend his ways when his concoction of fish hooks and bobwire commenced to rustin' and repeatin' on him. Ol' Bill's barroom burps ricocheted like rifle fire and rattled the whiskey bottles on the shelf. It got to where no gun-slinger would take 'im on no more, and no sheriff could arrest him" Bill didn't have to draw his shootin' iron on you; he'd jist belch you over with his rusty breath. I've heard tell that Bill's breath got so pow'rful, he could tarnish a lawman's badge at twenty paces.

Now, some of Bill's friends worried considerable about that boy, whereas some of 'em sided with Sue. Some of 'em said that Billy orgha mend his ways and straighten up and fly right, and some of 'em said that Sue had knowd what she was lettin' herself



Ol' Bill, he jist sat up on top of that hump-backed weather critter as purty as you please, like he was at a Sunday School pick-nick. He gouged it in the withers with his spurs and floppt it acrost the ears with his sombrero, all the while a-rollin' hissself another smoke with his other hand.

in fer in the first place. Some of 'em said that Bill was aimin' to drown his sorrows, but Bill hissself said that, no, that wouldn't've done no good, 'cause Sue knowd how to swim. Some of 'em said Pecos Bill was gonna drink hissself to death and leave Sue a widderwoman, and some of 'em said Slue-Foot'd be a sight better off, if'n he did, even if he didn't leave her nothin' but a memory of the miseries and of the troublemaker that he was.

A few folks said that they wadn't gonna take sides; they said that, onmery as Billy was, when it come to ropin' or lyin', drinkin' or drivin' a hard bargain, Bill and Sue was jist about a whatness. Pecos Bill was famous fer his many women, no two ways about that, but I've heard tell that Slue-Foot Sue made more'n one lonesome cowboy hanker to settle down, afore she sent him on his way—'course, I don't know much about sech goin's on as that.

One part of this sad story that ever'body does know is true is what a sorry mamma Sue herself turned out to be. Sue's 'n' Bill's brat, Big Foot Wallace, mostly raised hissself, they say, and nobody ever did accuse Sue of bein' overly motherly. But it ain't my place to go passin' no judgements. This 'ere's history I'm a-tellin' ye, and I'm bound by the truth not to tell more'n I know; after all, I ain't no preacher.

Some of Bill's and Sue's friends said that they orghta jist go ahead and git a devorce, and some of 'em said they orghtn'ta. Them as thought they orghta, asked Judge Roy Bean of Langtry, dispenser of Law West of the Pecos, if'n it'd be legal and proper, and would his honor do the honors?

Judge Roy said, "Hell, yes! I married 'em didn't I? Then I can by-God un-marry 'em. A man's gotta right to correct his own mistakes, don't he?"

Them as thought Sue and Bill orghta stay hitched, come hell or high water, no matter what, told Judge Roy he orghta pack Bill up and send him back to Sue, will he or won't he.

Judge Roy said that life had taught him that when a body starts in to thinkin' that they're a person of some influence, they orta try orderin' somebody else's dog around.

In that case, some said they thought Judge Roy orta send a marshal out after Billy, 'cause he wadn't living up to his marriage vows.

Judge Roy said that he didn't have enough marshals to ketch all the outlaws by that description. He said he'd hanged aplenty, not knowin' fershur if they was legal guilty or not, but he'd gone ahead and strung 'em up anyways—jist on gen'ral principles—'cause even if they wadn't guilty of what the law said they was guilty of, they was anyhow by-God guilty of somethin' else. In Bill and Sue's case, Judge Roy said that ev'ry quarrel is a private one, and outsiders ain't welcome. Besides, said Judge Roy, he wouldn't keep 'em together agin' their own say-so, 'cause him

and the Constitution didn't believe in no "cruel and unusual punishments".

The main problem with lookin' to the law fer an out was that Sue acted like she didn't care, one way or the other. Billy could come back or die, she said, whichever way he wanted: "He can belch or go blind," said Slue-Foot, "and it don't make me no never-mind." Sue said Billy could go before the judge, if he wanted to, but that she was too busy to waste her time a-worryin' over the likes of him, or weepin' or wantin'.

As fer Billy, it weren't no use sendin' the law after him, nohow. It ain't legal fer a feller to stand up in court if he ain't sober, but the onliest way you could ever git Bill to tell the truth was to git him drunk, 'cause if he was sober, you knowd fershur he was lyin'. Drunk or sober, Bill weren't fit fer swearin' in ner testifyin'.

One evenin', Billy was drunker'n a hoot-owl in the full-moonlight—he'd downed a couple gallons of his fav-o-rite toddy, and he was feelin' no pain—when he decided to light up. Now, Billy had the habit of usin' a bolt of lightin' to fire up his cigareets, so he stumbles of this 'ere saloon he was in, lookin' around fer a storm so's he could git a light. When he seen a thunderhead a-risin' over Kansas, he reeled on up thataway, rollin' his smoke as he went. You have got to know that Billy must've really been drunk that time, or why else would he have gone to Kansas?

Wellsir, ol' Billy sticks his smoke between his teeth, and the next time the lightnin' struck ground, he leans over into her. Trouble was, Billy'd drank so much wolf pizen, he weren't exac'ly steady on his feet, and so he leaned a mite too fer. Instead of lightin' up his cigareet, the danged thunderbolt horned in on Billy's ol' long nose, like some golderned lightnin' rod, and set it ablaze; then the pow'r shorted out on his silver belt buckle, melted his spurs, sent sparks runnin' up and down his bowed legs, tickled his private parts, and even knocked his hat off his head.

Well, I guess you could say that that burnt Billy a little bit. (Har, Har!) Billy got so bleary fightin' mad, he taken it into his head to git even with the storm, the lightnin', and all pow'rs ever'where. Matter of fact, he aimed to knock the wind right outa that thundershower. So, jist as soon as the storm let down a twister, Billy eared that cyclone down and climbed up on its back.

The twister, bein' unbroke and never rode before, commenced to pitchin' and rarin' in ways that is altogither past my ability as a historian to tell you about, and would be unbelievable anyhow, if it hadn't been fer the many reliable witnesses in Kansas, Indian Territory, the Texas Panhandle, New Mexico, Colorado, Mormon country, and Arizony that all seen it, and didn't mind tellin' the truth, even when others doubted. Worst than ridin' the Widdemaker (if sech a thing can be), that black she-devil of a twister back-flipped and side-winded, knockin' down mountains and tyin' rivers in knots, suckin' prairie dogs up right outa their holes, and sweepin' the country clean in a zig-zag line from northeast to southwest—which, as ever'body knows, is jist bass-ackwards to the way them suckers usually runs. Some folks says, that perticler cyclone was the windiest wind that ever was knowd in them parts—it was the one that swiped all the trees clean off the Staked Plains, which used to be a heavily timbered area.

Ol' Bill, he jist sat up on top of that hump-backed weather critter as purty as you please, like he was at a Sunday School pick-nick. He gouged it in the withers with his spurs and floppt it acrost the ears with his sombrero, all the while a-rollin' hissself another smoke with his other hand. Out in West Texas, judge Roy Bean of Langtry seen Billy pass over on his tornado, and he said that he



would've had that boy arrested fer drivin' a cyclone whilst under the influence, 'cept his jurisdiction didn't cover acts of God—which, said the Judge, is what cyclones is, 'ccordin' to ever' insurance policy he had ever read. Besides that, Judge Roy said, there wasn't no ketchin' him nohow.

Wellsir, when the storm seen that it couldn't buck Pecos Bill off, it headed out towards Arizony with another plan. Out in the desert, it jist naturlly rained itself out from under him, and let poor ol' Billy drop. The thunderstorm itself poured out so much water all over the Southwest that it warshed out that dry gulch that they nowadays calls the Grand Canyon. As fer Bill, he come flyin' down outa the sky in Californy, and the spot where he hit bottom they call Death Valley. There's a hole in the ground out yonder more'n a hundred feet deep below sea level, which they'll show you, if you go out there, and you can see fer yerself the print of Pecos Bill's hip-pockets where he landed on his butt in the granite rock.

You will agree that it had been a mighty rough ride, even for Pecos Bill. And when he busted on them rocks, I guess it must've knocked some sense into his head. Right there and then Billy realized that when you find yerself in a hole, the first thing to do is stop diggin', so Billy taken a notion to go home to Slue-Foot Sue, if she'd have him, and mend his ways thereafter. Billy picked hisself up, dusted hisself off, and started hoofin' it towards home-sweet-home with Slue-Foot Sue in their l'il cabin on the Pecos.

Slue-Foot seen Bill a-comin' several miles off, and she smelt him afore that. Slue-Foot had been diggin' herself a well, tryin' to find water in West Texas, which was a sizeable undertakin', even fer Slue-Foot Sue. She'd dug down past the salt water, and past the gyp water, and past the oil, and she was still a-diggin', when Bill's stink came within reach of Sue's nose. Sniffin' the stink, Slue-Foot pulled up on her diggin' right fast, figgerin' that she had dug plum through up under some Chinaman's outhouse. When she climbed back up outa her well and looked around, she could see Bill's breath a rilin' up before him; it darkened the sky like a sandstorm. Runnin' with the desperados, like he'd been doin', Bill hadn't taken a warsh fer a considerable spell, and he hadn't been sober fer longer years than that, but stink or no stink, Sue thought to herself that she was pow'rful glad to see Bill still in the land of the livin'.

Now you might wonder why it was that after all them years, Sue taken Billy back. I spec' that Sue wondered that herself from time to time. Truth to tell, Sue had missed the boy a smart 'eal. It wadn't that Sue had suffered over much in Billy's absence: You can jist about always stand more'n you think you can.

And it weren't as a man that Sue had missed Bill—Lord knows. Sue could've had any man she wanted, and as many as she wanted, and I reckon in fact that she did. As Sue always said, "Jist 'cause a woman takes off her boots and goes wadin', don't mean that she aims to swim across the Gulf." But like Slue-Foot herself told Dorothy Scraggs and some of them other women durin' the Great Calico Trail Drive, Sue figgerd she needed a man steady about the palce about like a catfish needs a buckboard. Nope, it weren't fer his maniliness that Sue welcomed Billy home.

Sue did give in that doin' the chores would've been a sight more pleasant, havin' Bill around—like the time she'd had to fix the barn. Not that Sue couldn't move it by herself, once she got it settled on her back, but if she'd had Bill on the other end, it'd've been easier on the barn. Nosir, it weren't on account of work, neither, that Sue taken Bily back. Nosir, nosiree, it weren't fer



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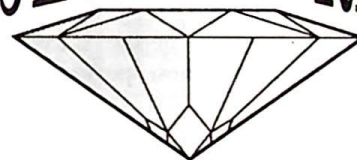
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misery ner love ner money that Slue-Foot taken in her stray cowpoke; instead, it was on account of she liked 'im. Sue had to admit that she'd kindly missed list'nin' to Bill's yarns, fer he was a right convincin' liar. "Afterall," Sue said to herself, "we used to be pardners, and I reckon we still is."

"Howdy, Sue," says Billy.

Ol' Slue-Foot, she didn't say nothin'. Slue-Foot weren't one of them silly gals that lets loose a thundershower ever'time somethin' affectin' takes place. She didn't whine and Sue didn't blubber; nuther did she ride Bill too hard about whatever it was he'd been up to while he was off on the loose—Sue's friends and neighbors had told her enough prattle to where there weren't much left to be curious about. She did ask him one thing, though: "Did you find ary a good woman out there?" Sue asked Bill.

"Nary a one as good as you," Bill answered Slue-Foot straight up with solemn honesty.

After that, Sue never did ask Bill about his mischief, ner preach at him about his habits, ner jaw about how sorry lookin' he had got to be; she jist set about doin' what had to be done. Sue told Bill the god-awful truth: "Bill," says Sue, "you stink."

To herself, Sue thought: "Pecos William, I am gonna teach you yet manners." But Slue-Foot didn't say that to Billy, neither; she reckoned that Bill was smart enough to figger that out fer hisself, given time.

Now, jist as soon as Bill seen Sue a-comin' at him, that sidewinder commenced to chinflappin' and tyin' to wiggle hisself out of the fix he could see he was about to be in. "Now, Suzie," says Bill, a-grinnin' and a-sidln' around and a-tryin' to wiggle his way around that woman like a basket full of puppies, "I may've got to drinkin' more'n was good fer a feller, but I swear, it weren't my own doin'."

"Yer the one did the drinkin', ain't ya?" Sue put it to him straight.

"Waall, I 'llow as how it must've been me, but it wadn't my fault." The woman'd already started him into lyin', so Billy reckoned he'd better make a good job of it. Billy never did lie, unless he had to, and when he didn't have a damn good like, he always stuck to the truth. So he said, "You know very well that I never was one to drink much, 'ceptin' if I was by myself or with somebody else, and on this here perticler occasion, it was a rattlesnake's fault."

"A rattlesnake." Sue wadn't buyin' none of it, o' course, but she knowd it'd prob'ly be a purty good yarn, so she give him a little rein and let him have his hear.

"Yes *Ma'am*, a rattlesnake. I was out tryin' to do some fishin' in the Great Salt Lake, but I weren't hardly ketchin' nothin'—somethin' kept gittin' my bait; turtles, I guess. Wellsir, when I finally run clean outa bait, I started lookin' around fer some more, and what I wanted was a frog. I must've looked fer about a hour, and after a while, I seen a kind of smallish-lookin' rattlesnake a' tryin' to swaller a great ol' big ol' bullfrog, and I says to myself, "Self," I says, "You are gonna git yerself that bullfrog, even if you do git snakebit fer yer trouble. Ya see, I had that bottle of snake-bite medicine that I carry in my hip-pocket, jist in case—Ol' Rock 'n' Rye it was—so I wadn't worried overmuch."

"No, I don't guess you was," says Sue, not eggin' him on exac'ly but not stoppin' him, neither, and tryin' not to grin.

"I planted my foot on that snake's rattlin' end, and I taken a holt on that frog's hind legs, and I jist naturly yanked them two repiles plumb apart, the one from the t'other. But then, instead of fangin' me, like a decent self-respectin' rattler orght to have

did, that gentleman clouded up and commenced to boo-hoo'in' like some sob-sister at a weddin'. I couldn't he'p feelin' sorry fer the critter, so I says to him: "Son, it ain't so t'rrible as all that." And I says to 'im, I says: "Buck up, ol' feller." And I give him a snort out of my bottle, jist to make him feel better. Wellsir, that snake, he takes a swig and he licks his lips and crawls away with a big grin on his face." Sue kept on listenin', holdin' her peace.

"So then, I baited my hook with the frog, throwd my line back in the water, and settled down fer a afternoon siesta, since the fishin' had been so pore. And after a spell, jist as I was either almost gonna git a bite or else doze off—I couldn't tell which—I feels somethin' tappin' me on the boot. I looks down, and dadburn if it ain't that same ol' rattlesnake back, and this time he's carryin' *two* frogs in his mouth. Wellsir, I jist naturly had to let him know how grateful I was, and, o' course, I couldn't let him drink alone. We run outa Ol' Rock 'n' Rye 'fore we run outa bullfrogs. And that is how—I'm her to tell ya—it was a rattlesnake that started me in to drinkin'."

"Rattlesnake, indeed." That is what Slue-Foot said to herself. The Lord God hadn't believed Adam and Eve's yarn about no snake, neither, so Slue-Foot knowd to take in Bill's windy not with no pinch but with a whole block of stock salt. "Rattlesnake, indeed," she thought, but what she said to Bill was this: "I reckon any excuse is a good excuse when what y'er lookin' fer is a excuse." It didn't make Sue no never-mind how that boy had got started in to drinkin'; what she was studyin' was how he was gonna stop. So Slue-Foot wasted not time a-tall gittin' on with Billy's re-formation of manners, rattlesnake or no rattlesnake; and bein' that it was a Monday mornin', she commenced by givin' him a well-deserved scrubbin in her warshwater.

Right off, Sue lasso'd Bill with his own twelve-foot rattlesnake lariat, the very one he'd left behind. Next, she hog-tied him with some bailin' wire she had handy, jist in case he taken a notion to offer protest.

Bill thought he could tell that he wadn't much gonna cotton to whatever it was that Sue had in mind, but he had already resolved on takin' him medicine.

Slue-Foot taken her double-bitted woodaxe and split his jeans off 'im, so stiff they was with assorted grime, the two halves could stand alone. Then, holdin' 'im at arm's length on the end of her smooth warshpaddle, Sue dunked Bill in her warshpot full of b'illin' water, in and out a few times to soak him clean through; commenced to rub him up and down her scrub board with a five-pound hunk of lye soap, and she flung in a gallon of bluin' fer good measure, so that if he did come clean, he'd be white 'n' shiny, too. Now, ever'body knows how pow'rful lye soap is—it don't suds up much, but it can clean the horns off a horny toad and soap the diamonds off a rattlesnake's back; and it scoured the first several layers of dirt and skin right off of ol' Billy, too, but even lye soap weren't strong enough to cut through that ancient filth all the way down to Billy's crusty hide. So, Sue jist skipped the soap part, opened up a half-a-dozen cans of lye she had layin' around fer soap-makin' purposes, and she poured 'em all over 'im, so's the dirt kindly bubbled up and commenced to fallin' off in slabs.

By this time, what with the b'illin' water and lye-soap fumes and all, Bill was beginnin' to sober up considerable, but he still smellt like the steep end off the back porch of a El Paso bar. Sue was aimin' to cure Bill onc't and fer all of his drinkin' habit, so she didn't bother with no black coffee, like folks does when they come in off a binge; instead, Slue-Foot went straight to a more lastin' remedy. Yessiree, ol' Sue wanted that son as



clean on the inside as he was soon to be on the outside, and Sue'd been to enough Protracted Series of Gospel Meetin's in her time to know that a good babtizin' was what Billy needed the most. If the preachers could git you to Heaven on Revival fer soap and babtizin' fer hot water, Sue reckoned that she could use the same to make life on earth with Pecos Bill a little more tolerable.

So, Slue-Foot stepped over to the Gulf with Billy, him still trussed up with bailin' wire like a boar shoat on his way to a pig roast, and somewhere between Houston and Corpus Chrischy, Slue-Foot buried our boy Bill in a watery grave. You'd've thought Sue were a churchaChrist, or at least a Babdist. The first time, she held him under fer about a hour and a half. That was probably the fastest time any land animal ever learned to breathe salt water, but Billy done it, and when Sue finally did let 'im come up fer air, he surfaced a-spittin' and a-spoutin', with Gulf shrimps stickin' outa both his ears, oyschers up his nose, and a sting ray down his pant. Ol' Bily, he may've been half drownded, but he was stone cold sober.

"I'll let you go," Slue-Foot told him, "if you can remember that the next time you git drunk, I'll finish the job and drownd you dead. Do you think you can remember that?"

Bill gargled somethin' back at her, but what with that red snapper stuck in his mouth, Sue didn't quite ketch what it was that Bill was a-sayin'. So, she dunked him under fer another hour or so, to see if it would clear up his speech any. Bill thought fer shur that the was a goner, that time.

When she let 'im up a second time and put the question to him agin, Bill not only managed to git out a purty soppo "Yes Ma'am" but he also wagged his head up and down a smart 'eal, so that, even if Sue didn't hear 'im, she'd see that he was feelin' soberly agreeable.

Sue thought about not dunkin' him the third time, but all that water a-flying around had got her wet, too, and all of a sudden, Sue felt Bill's ball of lead in her shirt pocket, cold and pressin' on her breast. It was the bullit that she had caught in her teeth that last time when Bill hadn't exac'ly behaved like a gentleman, when he'd took a shot or two at Sue and her armys. So durin' Billy's third drenchin', Sue made out like she wadn't gonna let him up, this time. She kept Bill under the salty brine fer so long, he drank enough of the Gulf so that you could've walk acrost either to Galveston or to Pardre Island without gettin' yer feet wet. I've heard people say that Pecos Bill actually prayed, that time, like Jonah. When Sue did let Bill draw breath agin, and she asked him if he thought he could be more keerful in the future which way he pointed his shootin-iron, Sue got total and solemn agreement from our boy Bill. Pecos Bill was as wet as a jellyfish and as meek as a lamb.

Wellsir, that's about all she wrote, as fer as gittin' the lovebirds back together agin. Sue carried Bill back to Pecos, untied 'im, and let him pull on his other pair of jeans. And ever thereafter, whenever it seemed like to Sue that a kind of a wanderin', thirsty look come into Billy's eye, or she taken note that he was actin' more ornery than usual, she'd say somethin' about hankerin' fer some seafood. Ol' Billy'd sober up agin faster'n a quail can hunker down when a chicken hawk flies over. Slue-Foot Sue had taught Pecos Bill his manners, all right, and Billy was back home where he could tell by the strength of her arm and the aim of her smooth warshpaddle that his woman loved him.

**CONTINUED NEXT MONTH**

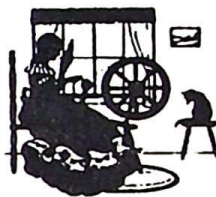
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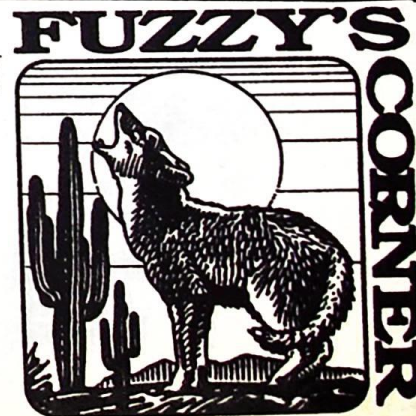
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## STONEAGE GRIST MILLS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

is now at the bottom of Lake Buchanan and will not resurface even during the most prolonged drought.

The combination of metate and mortar hole may represent a two-step food preparation process where seeds and nuts were first cracked in the mortar and then ground to a finer consistency on the metate. It is also possible that these mortar holes were bored into existing metates, to take advantage of an already ground collection basin.

As was stated earlier, and based on practices of the native peoples of California, the mortar holes may have been used to pulverize acorns into a paste so that the bitter tannins could be washed away with water. All the mortar hole sites known in the Llano Uplift are within easy access to a perennial stream or river. At the site in Blanco County discussed above, the majority of the mortar holes are in the horizontal outcrop with the easiest access to the creek below.

And if all these features did function as receptacles for pounding wild seeds and nuts into meal, some sort of pestle would be needed, and if made of stone, would survive to become part of the archeological record. In the basin of Lake Buchanan, hundred of narrow stones resembling pestles were recovered during the 1937 project, and twenty-seven were excavated from Site #9 where the lone mortar hole was found (although apparently not in direct association with this feature). Jackson and Woolsey had some doubts about whether or not these artifacts functioned as pestles and referred to them in their report as "pestle-like."

The pestle-like stones illustrated in the report were small, naturally formed river cobbles less eight inches long, and they

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would not have been easy to use with the deeper types of mortar hole. The only evidence noted by Jackson and Woolsey that indicated these stones were actually utilized by the ancient people was that some had battered ends as through they had been used as hammer stones, and few had incised designs. Multiple kinds of use can be attributed to many prehistoric artifacts, and this evidence does not necessarily preclude their use as pestles - they in fact resemble in size and shape many California examples. A microscopic study of the wear patterns of these "pestles" would probably determined if and how they were used.

Larger pestle-shaped stones are generally absent from the Llano Uplift - none have been reported from any of the other mortar hole sites in the area - and it is probable that wooden pestles were used with the deep holes. These postulated wooden artifacts would not have survived because of the relatively humid climate of Central Texas. It is likely too that wooden mortars were in use during prehistoric times but have long since decayed. A few wooden mortars, and at least one with its wooden pestle, have been found in sheltered locations in the drier Lower Pecos region of Texas.

It is remarkable how common artifacts and features used to process food are in the Llano Uplift, especially when compared to adjacent parts of Central Texas. Perhaps the ancient hunter-gatherers here had a slightly different adaptation and were able, because of superior raw materials - hard metamorphic and igneous rock - with which to make grinding implements, exploited wild plant foods to a greater degree than could otherwise similar hunting-gathering groups outside the area.

Perhaps, too, there were certain species of plants which were more common in the Llano Uplift, and which required more processing to make into a suitable food. The seed pods of the mesquite tree, a potentially important food source, are fairly tough and would need processing before eating. Long before ranching activities promoted its spread, early travelers such as the German scientist Ferdinand Roemer in the 1840s, noted the presence of mesquite trees in the Llano Uplift.

Probably, it was simply a case where people could be wasteful with tools made from local rocks. There was no need to carefully curate a granite mano when another suitable cobble could be found in the nearest creekbed, and any rock outcrop was a potential metate. This also explains why flaked stone artifact are so common in the Texas Hill Country. With an almost inexhaustible supply of high quality flint, broken projectile points and other similarly made tools were often simply discarded and new ones manufactured.

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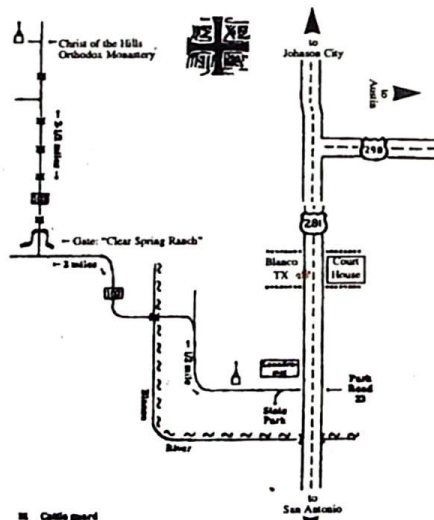
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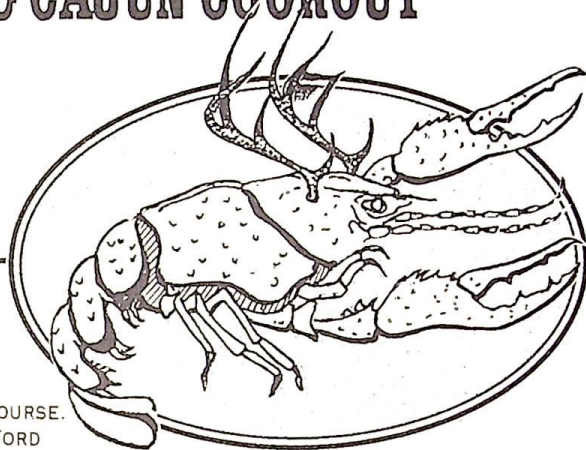


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