

TEXAS ★ HISTORY & ADVENTURE

ENCHANTED ROCK

MAGAZINE

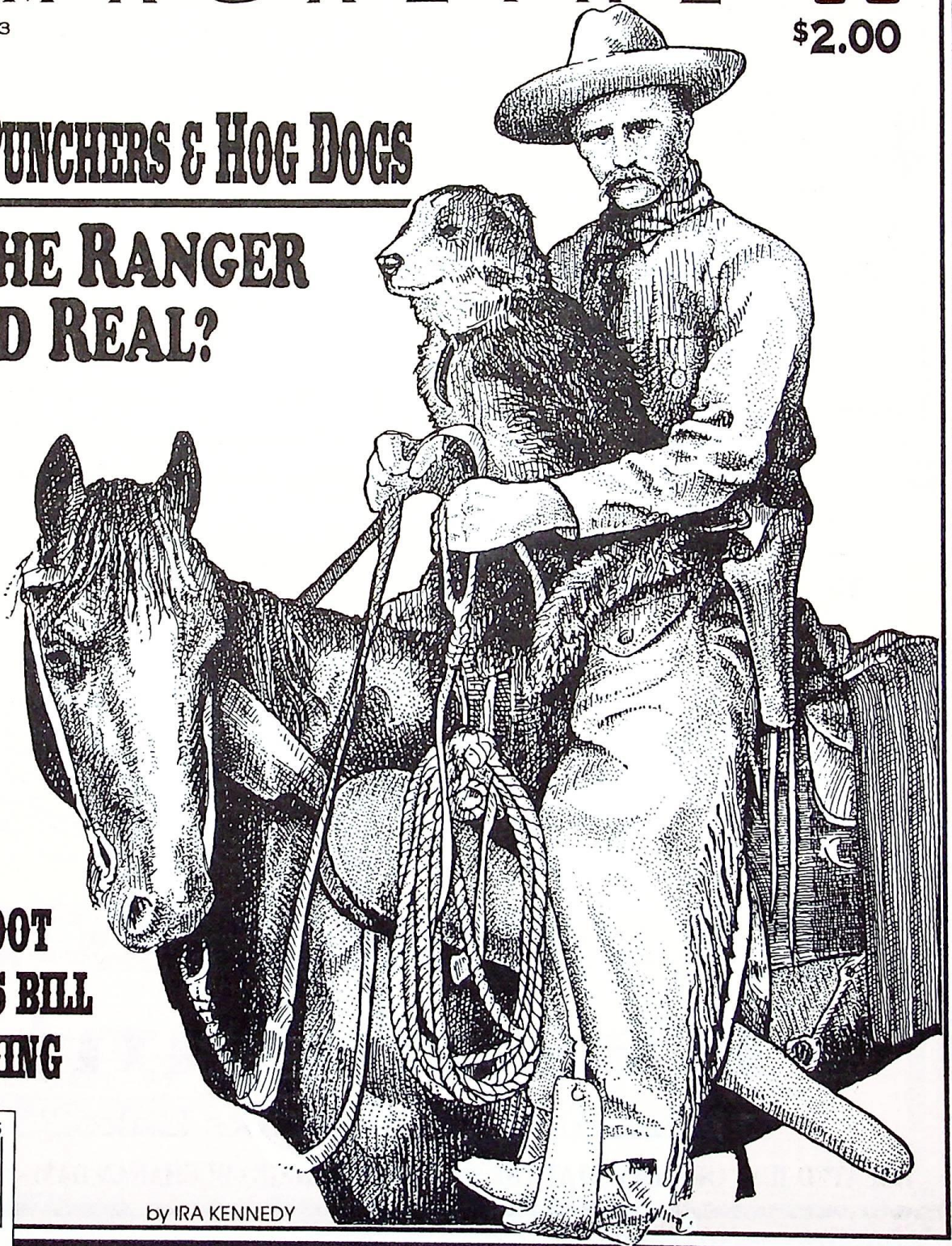
3 CENT-TEX MAPS INSIDE

VOL. 4, No.3
MAY, 1997

\$2.00

HOG PUNCHERS & HOG DOGS

IS THE RANGER GOLD REAL?



SLUE-FOOT & PECOS BILL GO FISHING

by IRA KENNEDY



COOPER'S
Old Time
PIT BAR-B-QUE

HOME OF THE BIG CHOP

ONE OF THE BIG THREE IN TEXAS BARBECUE...

...The brisket takes six to eight hours, and it fairly explodes with the robust flavor of meat and smoke. Everything else is fabulous too.

—Texas Monthly

Featured in
 TEXAS MONTHLY • SOUTHERN LIVING
 LLANO IS THE BARBECUE CAPITOL OF THE WORLD

DINE IN - TAKE OUT - CATERING

915-247-5713

Terry & Karen Wootan, Owners

604 WEST YOUNG (HWY. 29W) • LLANO, TEXAS 78643

**TERRY WOOTAN
 REAL ESTATE**

"THE HILL COUNTRY RANCH FINDERS"

RANCHES • RESIDENTIAL • COMMERCIAL



**Terry Wootan
 Broker**

915-247-5711

FAX 915-247-3052

506 West Young • Llano, Texas 78643



**GOLDEN
 FRIED CHICKEN**

REAL CHICKEN, REAL GOOD!

OPEN: 7 DAYS A WEEK

10:30AM to 9:00PM

915-247-3600

608 West Young • Highway 29 West
 Llano, Texas 78643

**ON THE
 WATER
 AT
 INKS LAKE**

**GET HOOKED ON
 THE**



**CATFISH BARGE
 Restaurant**

"Casual Dining on Inks Lake."

LOCATED JUST OFF HWY. 29 AT THE INKS LAKE BRIDGE • BUCHANAN DAM • (512) 793-6860

HILL COUNTRY PECAN SMOKED BAR-B-Q
OPEN JAM TUESDAY NIGHTS
LIVE MUSIC!

All aboard for some Kerrville history and a unique taste in legendary Hill Country BAR-B-Q. The old Kerrville railroad depot is the setting—and if you're

a BAR-B-Q expert, you gotta try Choo-Choo's. Slow pecan-smoking provides a flavor and aroma you just won't believe. Slightly sweet. Unbelievably tender.

615 Schreiner
 Kerrville

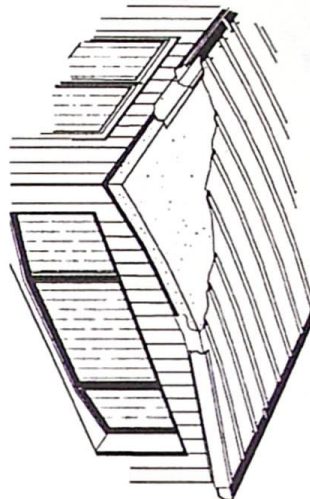
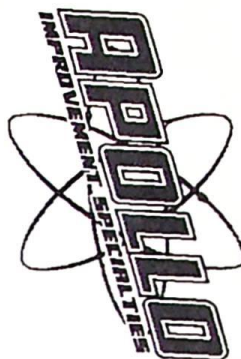
Carry Out
 896-4414



"Don't need no teeth to eat our beef"

2906 B MORMON MILL RD.
 MARBLE FALLS, TX 78654

1-800-333-9562



NO MORE COATING..
NO MORE LEAKS..
NO MORE NOISE..
 MORE INSULATION MEANS MORE ENERGY SAVINGS. MORE COLOR CHOICES MEANS A MORE ATTRACTIVE HOME. COMPLETE WITH FULL SIZE ALUMINUM GUTTERING & DOWNSPOUTS...

MOBILE HOME OWNERS
AN APOLLO INSULATED ROOF GIVES YOU MORE.

ENCHANTED ROCK MAGAZINE IS IN 23 STATES AND 89 TEXAS COUNTIES

**IN ADDITION TO
 BARNES & NOBLE,
 BOOK STOP,
 & WALMART STORES,
 YOU CAN FIND
 THE MAGAZINE OF TEXAS
 AT THE FOLLOWING
 LOCAL BUSINESSES:**

IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO RETAIL ENCHANTED ROCK MAGAZINE IN YOUR PLACE OF BUSINESS LET US KNOW. WE WILL PROVIDE A HANDSOME HAND-MADE WOODEN COUNTER OR WALL RACK FOR A POINT OF PURCHASE DISPLAY.
 PHONE: 915/247-3708

- BOERNE**
 Read all About It
- BUCHANAN DAM**
 Fuzzy's Corner
 Gallery of the Hills, Page 22
- BERTRAM**
 Jimmy's Antiques, Page 36
- ENCHANTED ROCK AREA**
 Crabapple Crossing
 Country Store
- FREDERICKSBURG**
 Basic Crafts, Main Street
 Main Street Book Store
 Gastehaus Schmidt, Page 18
 The Pioneer Museum, West Main
- GRANITE SHOALS**
 The Quarry Liquors
- KINGSLAND**
 Art Etc. Page 16
- INKS LAKE**
 Hoover Valley Country Store,
 Page 22
- LLANO**
 Acme Dry Goods, Page 9
 Badu House, Page 18
 Cooper's Bar-B-Q, Page 2

- Eva's Holtzer House, Luce St.
 Lillies, Page 24
- The Old Feed Store, Page 24
- Merle Norman, Page 37
- Olen's Ice Box, Page 7
- Pinckney's, East Main
- Stonewall Pizzeria, Page 7
- Saphires and Petunias, Page
- MARBLE FALLS**
 Bargain Books, Highway 281
 Blue Bonnet Cafe, Highway 281
 Buffalo Gals, Page 9
 City Jewelry, Highway 281
 Joey Martin Sporting Goods
 Main Street Emporium, Page 35
 Past & Presents, Page 35
 Pomegranates, Page 35
- WELFARE**
 PoPo Family Restaurant, Pg. 20
- WILLOW CITY**
 Harry's on the Loop, Page 6
- SISTERDALE**
 Sisterdale General Store
- SUNRISE BEACH**
 Sandyland Resort
 Sunrise Beach Marina & Lodge



FROM THE EDITOR

STAR NET

Television has come a long way since I my parents bought their first one in 1949. Back then we only received one channel and the reception gave a new meaning to "snow." I remember when I *thought* I saw my first color TV. It was in Blanco, in 1952, and a local appliance dealer pasted a rainbow colored piece of plastic over the screen. I figured the color was just a little snowy and it would straighten itself out just as soon as it was hooked up to better antenna. Boy, was I fooled.

My Grandma Rosa, born in 1902, accepted television with all the wonder and grace that was natural to her till we put men on the moon and televised the event. She declared to her dying day in 1980 that it was all coming out of Disneyland. She couldn't understand why the politicians, in cahoots with the networks, would try to pull such a stunt. The whole affair took its toll on her wonder, and she wasn't the least bit graceful when anyone tried to convince her otherwise.

Today, I live out in the middle of nowhere, down miles of dirt road, but on the corner of the house there is an iddy-biddy satellite dish that picks up over a hundred channels. I never could have imagined this abundance ten years ago; and, likely as not, Grandma Rosa would never understand why anyone would want or need so many choices.

Last month, in Star, Texas, I turned a new corner in my TV life. Star is small town just west of Goldthwaite. And it was there where, along with two other writers, Elmer Kelton and Robert Darden, we met for a panel discussion on 'Regionalism in Literature'. Elmer Kelton has published over twenty books including *The Good Ole Boys* which was made into a movie by, and starring, Tommy Lee Jones. On top of that Kelton has a dozen awards any one of which would be a major accomplishment for most writers. Robert Darden has published over a dozen books, most of which focus on sports and religion. He also wrote *Mad Man in Waco*, which was, naturally, about David Koresh and the Branch Davidians. Until 1994 Darden was the Gospel Music Editor for *Billboard Magazine*.

Now, what's really interesting about this whole affair—apart from my chance to meet some big-time writers—was that it was an InfoNet Video Conference between several high schools: Brady, Cherokee, Evant, Goldthwaite, Lohn, Lometa, Mullin, Priddy, Rochelle, and Star. All of the students in these locations could not only see the panel, but they could be seen everywhere else when they asked questions.

The event, which I believe was both educational and

entertaining, was sponsored by Education Service Centers 12 & 15 out of Waco and San Angelo respectively. Apart from special events such as this, the InfoNet is used to enhance the curriculum between the various schools and allow high school students to earn a few college credits at night. I was pleased and honored to participate with the sponsors, students, and panel and hope to be invited back again someday.

On my way home I stopped by Grandma Rosa's grave in Goldthwaite to tell her what I had just been up to. I didn't figure for a moment that, if grandma heard me, she believed a word I was saying—at least not until I returned home that afternoon.

Seems L.C. Schnieder, our yarn-spinner of a landlord, was over fixing one thing and then another when I arrived. Unable to contain myself I related to him pretty much what I'd said to grandma. That's when he told me about his grandma who dropped by for a visit during some family affair. She was sitting in the living room, way off to the side, watching TV. Someone suggested she move her chair over for a better view.

"Oh, no," she replied, "I can't let them see me dressed like this!"

IRA KENNEDY

ENCHANTED ROCK MAGAZINE

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

EDITOR & PUBLISHER: IRA KENNEDY
PUBLICATIONS MANAGER: HOLLY SCOTT
COUNTRY MUSIC: BEAU BURTON
CAMPFIRE STORIES: L. KELLY DOWN
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: KENN KNOPP
 STEVE GOODSON
 CORK MORRIS
 WARREN LEWIS

ADVERTISING SALES:
FREDERICKSBURG AREA &
AUSTIN AREA 512/601-2381: MARYBETH GRADZIEL
MARBLE FALLS/LLANO 915/388-3251: LEE CROMWELL
BURNET/LAKE BUCHANAN 512/756-9406: NANCY WALKER
MASON/SAN SABA 512/756-6239: REGINA HIBLER

Enchanted Rock Magazine is published monthly. All rights reserved. Unsolicited manuscripts are welcome. **All materials, including advertisements, are copyrighted and may not be reproduced without permission from the publisher.** © 1996 *Enchanted Rock Magazine*. Subscriptions to *Enchanted Rock Magazine* are \$25 per year. Send your name and address along with a check to the address above.

915/247-3708

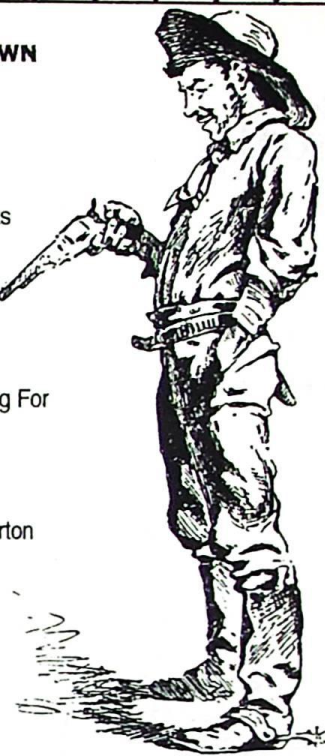
ENCHANTED ROCK: LOCATED IN CENTRAL TEXAS, ENCHANTED ROCK WAS, A SACRED LANDMARK TO THE AMERICAN INDIANS FOR OVER 10,000 YEARS. CONSISTING OF SOME OF THE OLDEST ROCK ON EARTH, ENCHANTED ROCK IS THE SECOND LARGEST GRANITE DOME IN THE UNITED STATES AND IS THE CENTRAL CORE AROUND WHICH THE LAND MASS OF TEXAS FORMED.

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

- 8** TIPI ETIQUETTE AT KERRVILLE
A Multi-Cultural Encounter, and Miss Manners
Is Nowhere In Sight, By Dyanne Fry Cortez
- 10** HOG TALES
All You Need To Know About Hog History in
Llano County, By Ira Kennedy
- 12** IS THE RANGER GOLD REAL?
Terror And Discovery In A Hill Country Fog,
By C. F. Eckhardt
- 16** COWBOY TALES
A Lesson Learned In Fredonia,
By L. Kelly Down
- 17** ON THE ROAD TO THE KERRVILLE
FOLK FESTIVAL
A Roadside Primer For Provisions,
By Marybeth Gradizel
- 19** HILL COUNTRY MAPS
Part of Our Special "Pull-Out and Go" Section
for The Kerrville Folk Festival

- 25** THEY WEREN'T ALL GERMANS
The New World Becoms The Striglers,
By Kenn Knopp, Part Three of Four Parts
- 26** HOG PUNCHERS & HOG DOGS
Long Forgotten Lore Remembered,
By Hazel Oatman Bowman
- 30** PARDNERS TOGETHER
Slue-Foot Sue And Pecos Bill Go Fishing For
The Whiffle-Poolfe, By Warren Lewis
- 36** SONG WRITER OF THE TEXAS HILL
COUNTRY
Rex Foster Bares His Soul, By Beau Burton
- 38** INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

ON THE COVER: HOG PUNCHER AND
HIS HOG DOG, by Ira Kennedy.



CONTENTS

- Security Gates
- Home Automation



- Custom Stereo & M&S Intercoms
- Central Vacuums

**Locally Owned
and Operated**

David Brinkman, President • Licensee #B-4913

**24 Hr. Security
Monitoring**

(915) 388-6177

PICTURE THIS:

TOP-QUALITY ILLUSTRATIONS
OF YOUR BUSINESS OR HOME

(SEE PEACH TREE INN AD ON PAGE 20)

PLUS BROCHURES, LOGOS, ETC.

IRA KENNEDY

915/247-3708

TEXAS' BEST BBQ

During the month of March, a barbecue SWAT team consisting of *Texas Monthly* editors Joe Nick Patoski, Patricia Sharpe, and John Morthland, plus Austin freelance writers Jim Shahin and Richard Zelade, racked up more than 10,000 miles crisscrossing the state, eating at 245 establishments, gaining a cumulative 12 pounds, and risking life, limb, and clogged arteries to determine the fifty best barbecue places in Texas and ultimately to declare the Big Three of Texas barbecue in their May issue: Kruez Market in Lockhart, Louie Mueller's in Taylor, and Cooper's in Llano. The barbecue gang initially devised a five-point rating system, but ended up including only those places with a ranking of 3.5 or better.

Cooper's received full page coverage in an article entitled, "Really, It's The Pits," stating that "The brisket...fairly explodes with the robust flavor of meat and smoke. Everything else is fabulous too."

Finishing in the top fourteen with a 4.5 rating was **Harry's on the Loop in Willow City**. According to *Texas Monthly* Harry's, "Mesquite-smoked brisket: sensational. Pork ribs: meaty and delicious. Custom-made finely ground pork-and-beef sausage: spicy and good."

When you check out *Texas Monthly's* May issue you may not agree with all of their choices. In fact, if you do, your barbecue credentials are suspect, since true connoisseurs always defend the honor of their favorite pits no matter what anyone else thinks. According to *Texas Monthly*, "We'll vouch for the places listed here because what they serve is worth arguing about. And if it isn't worth arguing about, then it's not Texas barbecue."

As for Cooper's and Harry's, we've always known their barbecue was tops, and it's exciting to see our friends land the accolades of *Texas Monthly*. We extend our appreciation for TM's in-depth article on barbecue and barbecue joints. It is a must-read for all barbecue lovers. And, our congratulations to Cooper's and Harry's for a job very well done.

WHERE ON EARTH?

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. We extend our welcome this month to readers in Zionsville, Indiana; Chicago, Illinois; Durfield Beach, Florida; Tulsa, Oklahoma; Lakewood, California; Arkadelphia, Erueka Springs, Arkansas; and in Abilene, Austin (2), Burnet (3), Cherokee, Corpus Christi, Fredericksburg (3), Houston (5), Jonestown (2), Leander, Llano (6), Mirando City, Pflugerville, Richland Springs, San Angelo, San Marcos, San Saba (3), Sidney (2), Waco, and Wimberley, Texas.

SECOND ANNUAL
CHILI COOK-OFF
WILLOW CITY, TEXAS

SATURDAY, JUNE 21st
STARTS AT 11:30

INDOOR/OUTDOOR
FAMILY DINING
210/685-3553
OPEN 11:30 A.M.
TO 9:00 P.M.
CLOSED TUESDAYS

BRING YOUR
LAWN CHAIRS,
BLANKETS, ETC.
LEAVE PETS,
GLASS, AND
COOLERS
AT HOME
\$5 COVER

CASI Sanctioned Chili Cook-Off
ENTRY FEE: \$16 • Turn-in time 2:00 p.m.
NON-FOOD VENDOR SPACE \$10

WASHER TOURNAMENT & LIVE MUSIC with
• THE FIVE SWINGING RICHARDS \$5.00 Cover
• LISTEN TO KFAN FM 107.9 FOR DETAILS

ENCHANTED ROCK
MAGAZINE
P.O. BOX 355, LLANO, TEXAS 78643 915/247-3708

CO-SPONSORED BY
KFAN-FM 107.9 AND
ENCHANTED ROCK MAGAZINE

WILLOW CITY, TEXAS 78675 • 210-685-3553

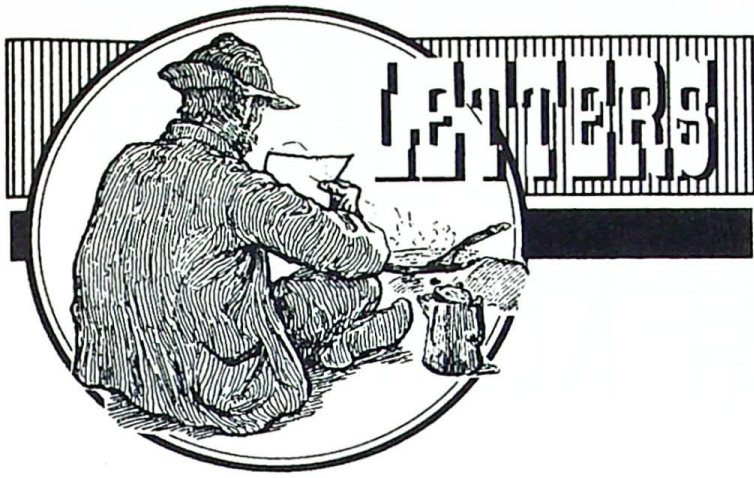
Treats & Eats

50% OFF

ANY ONE TREAT

OFFER EXPIRES JUNE 15, 1997

LLANO: 400 WEST YOUNG • 915/247-5913
KINGSLAND: HWY 1431 WEST • 915/388-3160



FOUND IN BUDA

Yalls magazine is highly entertaining and enjoyable for all its colorful stories and rainbow of services. Please keep this coming our way. I found your magazine recently in the grocery store at Buda!

God bless you,
Kevin McLeod, M.D.
Arkadelphia, Ark.

ARK. AGAIN

Please send me your wonderful magazine. Enclosed is a check for \$25.

Thank you!
Z. Reeder
Eureka Springs, Ark.

THE METHOD

Warren Lewis visited us recently and told me you would send us a complimentary subscription of *Enchanted Rock Magazine*. We have been procuring our issues using the scrounge method, so we have holes and uncertainties. We'd really appreciate a subscription. And so would our library patrons! Keep up the good work—your magazine is unique and wonderful.

Sincerely,
Diana Collins
Marble Falls Library

Diana, the library's subscription will begin with this issue. Let us know what back issues you need so we can help fill in the blanks. IK



WINNER OF NATIONAL, STATE,
AND LOCAL AWARDS.

P.O. Box 241, Stonewall, TX 78671
1-800-232-2995/FAX 210-644-2377

HOT STUFF!

Do you like your salsas hot, with all natural ingredients, and no artificial flavors or preservative? If so, you will love our homegrown and produced salsas, sauces, preserves, and chili pepper candy from Stonewall Chili Pepper Company. Send for our FREE catalog.

FORD STREET INN

A BED AND BREAKFAST ESTABLISHMENT

Located three blocks from the Llano historic district, the Inn offers two bedrooms with private baths; full or continental breakfasts; AND a large backyard with pecan trees. A casual room features a massive bar of Argentine quebracho wood. TV, backgammon and pro-style dart boards.

**FEATURING AN INTERNATIONAL BREAKFAST
WITH A TEXAS FLAIR!**

• OLD-FASHIONED FRONT PORCH WITH SWING • QUEEN SIZE BEDS
• COMPLIMENTARY AFTERNOON TEA/SHERRY • NONSMOKING ENVIRONMENT

1119 Ford Street, Llano, Texas 78643 • Reservations: 915/247-1127

OLEN'S ICE BOX

WE SELL FISHING & HUNTING EQUIPMENT
BY THE BOTTLE, CASE, KEG, JUG OR BARREL

**CHECK OUR WEEKLY SPECIAL
FOR ALL YOUR PARTY NEEDS**

OPEN MON-SAT: 10 A.M. - 9 P.M. **915-247-4027**
HWY 16 NORTH, ON THE SAN SABA HIGHWAY
1502 BESSEMER, LLANO, TEXAS 78643

STONEWALL

PIZZERIA & GRILL

101 WEST MAIN • LLANO, TEXAS 78643

**PIZZA • SALADS • SUBS • PASTA
BURGERS • CHICKEN FRIED STEAKS**
Dine-In or Carry-Out • Delivery after 5:00PM

WE DO IT THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY - FROM SCRATCH

915-247-2240

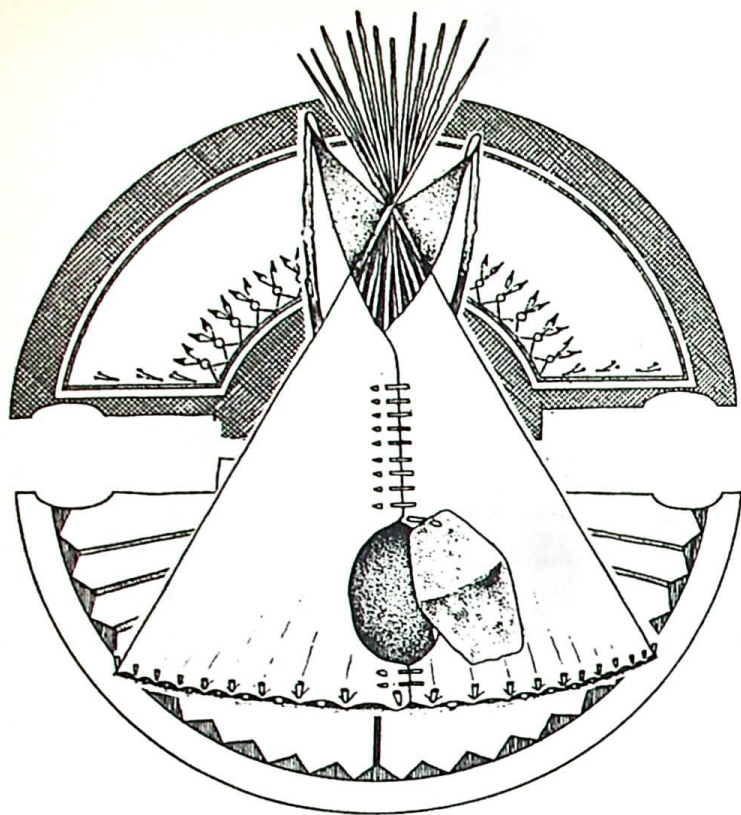
OPEN: Monday-Thursday 11AM-9PM • Friday-Saturday 11AM-10PM • Sunday 11AM-2PM
ON THE HISTORIC SQUARE IN LLANO

Highlander Club

**PRIVATE CLUB • MEMBERSHIP AVAILABLE
POOL • SHUFFLE BOARD • DARTS • BIG SCREEN TV**
Hours: Mon.-Fri.: 3-12 p.m. • Sat.: 3 p.m.-1 a.m.
Sunday 12-6 p.m.

512/756-0139

401 BUCHANAN DRIVE • BURNET TX 78611



TIPI ETIQUETTE AT KERRVILLE

BY DYANNE FRY CORTEZ

Floyd Red Crow Westerman faced my Sioux-style tipi at proper hailing distance. He was hailing my husband, who wasn't there. Three men stood with him. None of them had spotted me, coming up behind them with a tub of freshly-washed dishes from the camp utility sink. "Javier!" Floyd called again.

"He went into town," I said.

Westerman turned and gave me his movie-star smile. "Oh, hell! I'm Floyd."

As if we'd never met, I thought. Chances are, he can't remember whether we have or not. Maybe all white women look alike to him. He's probably trying to figure out whether I'm the same wife Javier had the last time he came by.

"This is Larry Long... John Trudell... and Quiltman," Westerman added, introducing his companions.

It was mid-week at the Kerrville Folk Festival, 1991. All four of these men were performers at the Festival of the Eagle, a four-day mini-event honoring Native American music and culture. I'd already recognized Long, who'd played two concerts the day before. He's a dark-haired, freckle-faced white man who has done a lot of work with the Pueblo tribes of the Southwest.

Trudell, the legendary Santee Sioux poet, head of the American Indian Movement at Wounded Knee, was scheduled to perform that night. He was an intense-looking dude with dark John Lennon specs and a punkish haircut, short in front and long in back. He shook my hand cordially enough, but no smile broke the grim line of his jaw.

Travel stress, I thought. A few days at Kerrville will mellow him out. As the week went on, I learned that he more or less always looks that way.

Quiltman, who turned out to be Trudell's drummer and lead singer, had a dark, wide face. The ends of his thin black braids

were tied together in front of his chest. He wore lightly-tinted glasses and a black hat with a wide quilled band.

Westerman had his long gray hair pulled back in a loose ponytail. I noticed he was wearing the hair ornament Javier had given him the day before: a feather decorated with a quilled medicine wheel.

He had played Kerrville's main stage in 1989, the first year Javier and I had been there with our tipi. He'd returned a celebrity this year, riding high on the success of the hit movie *Dances With Wolves* and his role as Chief Ten Bears.

"Where'd you say Javier was?" he asked.

"He drove into town for lunch—about three hours ago. He should be back just any time."

"Well, we'll look for him later," said Westerman. "We just wanted to visit a man in his tipi."

Celebrity or no, I always feel edgy around Floyd. When he visited our camp in '89, I was almost paralyzed with fear of committing some *faux pas*, some obscure violation of tipi etiquette, in his presence. He lectured Javier on the sacredness and proper use of the stone pipe we'd picked up in trade... told us how Andrew Jackson had tried to wipe out whole tribes with smallpox-infested blankets... and looked critically at the length of each and every lodgepole.

"How many? Seventeen?" he asked gently. And then, almost grudgingly, "Yes, that's right."

On stage, he makes jokes about Christians, "New Age Indians," and General George Armstrong Custer. Of course, everyone makes jokes about Custer. Still, it's obvious that white people have many habits that offend Floyd Westerman. Having been white from birth, I never know when I'm going to manifest one of them.

Now here I was, standing in the meadow of the Quiet Valley Ranch campground, wondering if there was some taboo against four men visiting a woman in her tipi. I reminded myself that in the traditional culture of most Plains tribes, the woman owned the lodge. Surely I had the right to set some rules in my own house?

"Would you like to come in for a bit?" I said.

Floyd beamed at me. "Would that be all right?"

"Sure," I said, and let them through the doorway.

"Hey, it's hot in here," Floyd said. "Maybe you should roll up the side."

Ah, yes, the natural air-conditioning. I went around to the north side, where part of the canvas was loose from the stakes, and rolled it waist high. I hoped it wouldn't just roll itself back down; Javier had a way of propping it up that I'd never quite

mastered. A breeze wafted through the opening, pulled upward by the chimney action of the smoke flaps.

I ducked under the raised wall, not bothering to walk around to the door, and found that my guests had made themselves at home. Long was in one of the low chairs near the door. Trudell and Westerman sat on the bed. Quiltman was sprawled full-length on the serape-draped twin mattress that serves as our guest couch.

"Feels good in here, doesn't it?" someone said.

They smoked tobacco and spoke of current events in their different corners of the country. Floyd was doing a voice in the Captain Planet TV series. Someone they all knew had gotten out of prison; they said his stay had aged him far beyond his years. They talked as if prison were a simple fact of their universe, a place where any of the Native American activist friends might be expected to spend some time. I thought about the "Free Leonard Peltier" T-shirts and bumper stickers that were on sale in a craft booth at the Threadgill stage just up the hill.

Quiltman admired the ozan and liner piece that sheltered our sleeping compartment, and wanted to know where we'd gotten them.

"I build longhouses in Oregon," he said. "This is neat."

Trudell found a stalk of sage lying next to the candle-in-a-bucket that serves as our "fireplace" in warm weather. He held it close to his face.

"Did you want to light that?" I asked tentatively, not wanting to sound like a New Age Indian. He didn't look offended, but shook his head.

"No. Just smelling it is enough."

Eventually, I relaxed enough to poke a little fun at my spouse Javier, who still hadn't come home. "He goes into town almost every afternoon," I said. "His parents live there, and they have (ahem!) a hot shower. But I only get to spend a few days at the Folk Festival every year. Once I'm here, I really don't like to leave the ranch."

Floyd smiled at me with something like approval. "You get used to this life, it's hard to go back," he said.

"Who's singing?" someone said suddenly, straining to hear the faint sounds from the stage. "Is Mitch Walking Elk on next? We'd better head back up there."

They rose and wafted out the door like smoke from a fire, not tripping or getting in one another's way as white visitors often do. Only Larry Long's abandoned drinking cup remained as evidence that anyone had been there at all.



THE GENUINE
Buffalo
GALS
TRADING COMPANY
Not-So-General Store

- Handcarved Rosewood Furniture
& remarkable Goods for Getting or Giving
- Double D Home Collection
and Ranchwear
- Portmeirion - Botanic Garden
Birds of Britain & Complete Angler

Becke Thomas & Kelly Holmes
700 Main Street • Marble Falls
210-693-8130

**GATHERING OF THE SACRED PIPES
SUNDANCE**
AUGUST 10-17, 1997

Two meals a day will be provided but you are requested to bring your own dish, cup and eating utensils. In respect to Mother Earth, no plastic or styrofoam products please. For further information: 612-724-3129 or fax 612-724-8090
SACRED PIPESTONE QUARRIES, PIPESTONE, MINNESOTA

STEP BACK INTO THE PAST
OFFICIAL TEXAS HISTORIC LANDMARK

MC/V/D

The Velveteen Rabbit Ltd.

At

The Acme
DRY GOODS CO.

Serving the Hill Country since 1910.

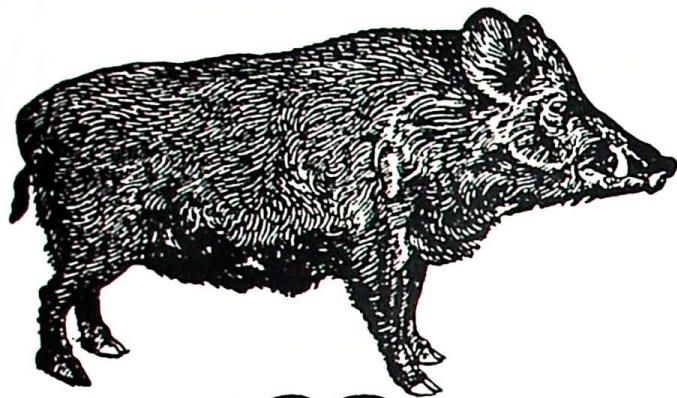
YOUR

Brighton

DEALER

HANDBAGS
SHOES
BELTS
WALLETS

Phone 915-247-4457
Fax 915-247-4248
109 W. Main St. • Llano, TX 78643



HOG TALES

by **IRA KENNEDY**

**Although hogs don't
figure prominently
in these stories,
without them
a few folks might
not have ended up
so soon dead
or crippled for life.**

Our first story took place in Oxford just a few miles north of Enchanted Rock back in the 1890's. Today a historical plaque and a cemetery mark the place that once had high hopes of being a town. I don't know where this story originally appeared, or when. I was given a barely legible photocopy with no credits attached except the author's name: Charles R. Porch.

HOG WILD IN OXFORD

"The old general store at Oxford was the typical unpainted rectangular box made of wood and with the tall facade of small town stores and saloons of that day. It was a small store and crammed full of all the supplies needed for the community and on top of that at, it served as the social center. The merchandise left only a narrow aisle down the center of the store, and the counter-tops were used in lieu of chairs, especially by the older men, who never seemed to get too old to back up to the counter, place both hands on the counter-top and hoist themselves up.

"Jim Thomas and Bryant Porch were young men who lived as neighbors in the ranching area known as Legion Valley near Oxford. Only Sandy Creek separated their places. The start of bad feelings is said to have been over hogs, but it all added up to the spark that flared into gunfire that day in the general store.

"It started out as a fist-fight, was broken up and thought to be ended, when one of them suddenly came in the back way and one in the front way—armed with pistols.

"At least two men, both old Confederate soldiers, A.J. "Squire" Johnson and Russ Ward, remained seated on the counter-top during the exchange of fire down the narrow aisle. When a bullet came too close, Squire Johnson called out, "Look out there, boys! Be careful where you shoot!"

"It was over when both young men fell wounded—both shot in the mouth. They were carried out on the front porch and placed side by side, face down. A bullet fell out of each mouth. Local jokesters later told the story ending "and when they could no longer shoot bullets at each other, they spit them!"

"Both lived through it all, thanks to the good luck of missing a really vital spot and the ineffective weapons used.

"Bryant was left with a not unsightly scar and Jim, who was also wounded on the side of his neck, carried the pieces for years after the battle. He was never able to turn his head—he had to turn his entire body, but he lived to be an old man and sired four daughters.

"Bryant died a young man, the victim of a farming accident. When Jim was told of his untimely death, he bowed his head in sorrow and pity.

DON'T MESS WITH CLICK HOGS

Our next story is part of a hand-written document some two pages long tracing details of the Click family. A note at the top of the first page says: "The following information was given to me by Mr. John H. Click... by telephone."

Here is the hog part:

"In the winter of 1858-1859 some people by the name of Pool said the Clicks and their kin couldn't come into the Trinity River bottom and get their hogs. The Clicks and others went into the bottom and got their hogs, but left the Pools dead.

"George Washington Click II went to the judge and pleaded guilty. The Judge told him that there was nothing to be gained by sending an elderly man to the pen. But he was giving the Clicks and their kin, and the Pools and their kin, ten days to leave the county.

"All except George Washington Click III and the Walkers and a few others moved down toward Houston." [The Clicks and the Walkers settled in Llano County and formed the community of Click.]

TAKIN' THE BACON TO MARKET

This story was told by J.W. "Old Okra" Walker to Cora Melton Cross for the *Semi-Weekly Farm News* in 1930.

"My brother Riley had cooked up the plan of hauling bacon from the home settlement to Fredericksburg and loading back with ranch supplies for the settlers and was making good money driving a yoke of oxen to a big heavy wagon which he walked beside most of the time, the better to prod and gee and haw his team. On the line of Gillespie and Llano Counties, a rough, narrow cut through underbrush and timber on the side of Bell Mountain, behind a clump of big boulders, a bunch of Comanches lay in wait for him. Riley under the wagon, squatted down behind the front wheel and shot between the spokes until it got too hot there; then he dashed into a near-by thicket and fought as long as his ammunition lasted. There he was found, on February 26, brutally murdered. What became of the oxen we never knew. The spokes of the wagon wheel showed what a fight he put up, for nearly every one was broken, or splintered, and the underbrush in the thicket was shattered to bits. He was buried on Crabapple Creek near the grave of a cousin previously killed by Indians."

According to another version of the same story as told by James Moore, R.A. Walker and D.E. Moore set out on the morning of February 22, 1870 to haul a load of bacon to Fredericksburg. About four miles from Llano the two heard a gunshot. D.E. Moore told Walker he believed it was an Indian signal, but Walker suggested it was just the Waldrip boys out hunting. Keeping an eye out for Indians they proceed on for a short distance when they were suddenly ambushed by fifteen Indians.

In this version of the story, Walker was killed straight away and Moore's arm was shattered by an Indian's bullet. Moore made a futile attempt to get to his gun, but the Indians were all about the wagon, so Moore lit out toward Llano. He was pursued by three of the Indians for about two miles when they suddenly gave up the chase. After Moore reached the safety of his home he lay ill for three months before regaining his health. But he had lost entirely the use of his wounded arm and hand.

HOME FROM THE HOG SALE

This story was related to me by Frank Smith after we visited the Comanche Cemetery near the community of Click a couple of years ago.

James Wilson was an early settler in the eastern section of Sandy Valley, back in the early 1870s. He supplemented his ranching income by smoking hogs and taking them to market in San Antonio by wagon where he would sell his hogs for gold and goods and return home.

In western movies, outlaws held-up wagons at gun point. In real life they would follow the wagon, wait for its driver to camp for the night, and dispatch him to the great beyond while he slept. This was not an uncommon event. The first grave in Willow City was that of an unknown pioneer who was found shot to death under a live oak beside his empty wagon. It was assumed he was returning from Fredericksburg with store-bought goods and cash money. There was no sign of a struggle, and if it hadn't been for the bullet hole in his head you'da thought he passed away in peaceful slumber.

At least two men, both old Confederate soldiers, A.J. "Squire" Johnson and Russ Ward, remained seated on the counter-top during the exchange of fire down the narrow aisle. When a bullet came too close, Squire Johnson called out, "Look out there, boys! Be careful where you shoot!"

Aware of this danger, Wilson made his two day return trip to Sandy Valley non-stop. When he arrived back at the ranch he headed straightaway for the bed where he fell into a deep sleep. In the meantime Indians attacked the ranch, burning the barn and killing all of the cattle. As this was going on the wife tried to wake her husband. But to no avail.

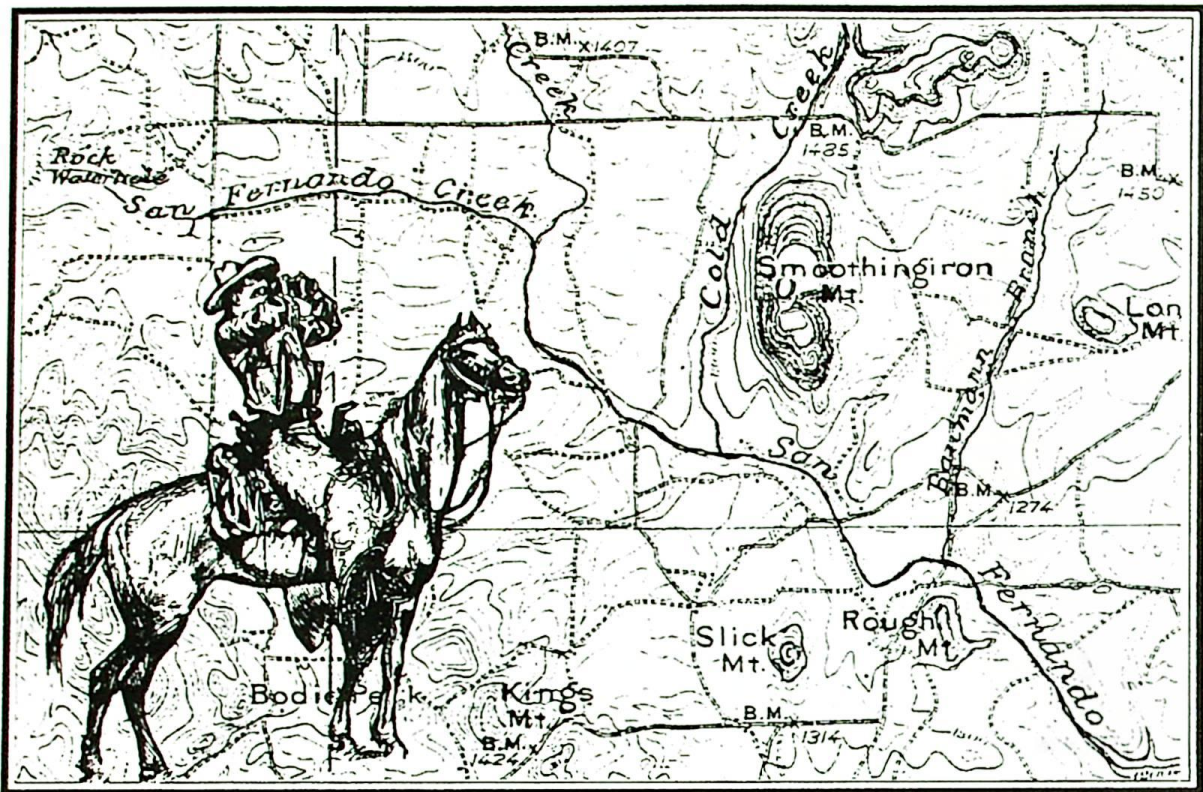
Their son, Jim Wilson (Frank Smith's uncle) was eleven or so years old, quickly sized up the situation and grabbed daddy's rifle. He then opened the top section of the dutch door in the kitchen and poked the muzzle out toward the direction of the approaching Indians. Evidently the Indians decided enough was enough and lit out before any of their number were wounded or killed.

POSTSCRIPT

I've waited some time to relate these stories, and I would like to thank Mada West of Llano for bringing them to my attention. There is another connection between two of these stories. As I noted earlier, the first grave at Willow City was that of an unknown Texan. The same is true for the Comanche Cemetery near Click where an elderly man traveling through the countryside became ill, died, and was given a Christian burial by residents in the community.

IS THE RANGER GOLD REAL?

by C. F. ECKHARDT



Lost in a fog while protecting the Texas frontier, two rangers found a stream paved with golden pebbles. Although they were never able to relocate their treasure, the place may not be that mysterious after all.



J Frank Dobie told this story in *Coronado's Children* as one of those stories to be told, but not necessarily to be believed. According to the tale as Dobie told it, somewhere around where Hamilton now stands, sometime 'before the War', 1840's, maybe 1850's, two rangers set out from camp early one morning. Their assignment was a typical one, we can suspect, though Dobie didn't detail it. In all likelihood, they were sent out to 'cut for sign'. They would make a wide circle to the west of the camp. If they 'cut sign'—found a probably-hostile Indian trail leading southeastward, toward the settlements—one would follow the trail at a respectful distance and mark it, while the other returned to camp to report. The ranger force, if large

enough, would then split. Perhaps a fourth would head for the settlements, to warn the people there and prepare a reception. The rest would follow the trail at a faster pace, in order to hit the enemy from the rear.

For about two days the rangers rode west, then south, scouting the country, 'cutting for sign'. The first night they slept on the ground, using their saddles for pillows and their saddleblankets for groundsheets, the second the same. Each night the hobbled their horses to keep them from wandering off.

On the third morning they awoke in one of the Hill Country's pea-soup fogs. That's all Dobie says about the fog, really, but a Hill Country fog is a thing of terror. You don't see yards away in a Hill Country fog, you see feet away if you're lucky, inches away if you're not. It's easy to become bewildered

The country and times were dry, and what appeared to be promising streams mocked them with dry sandy beds lined with green desert willow. They took cartridges out of their pouches, split the paper, and removed the bullets, to suck on them to generate moisture in their mouths.

in a fog so thick it seems you can cut chunks out of it with your pocket knife. I remember a deer season morning with a much thinner fog. I followed the fence to my stand, knowing the fog would burn off by 10 AM—and whether I was more startled than the doe I nearly stepped on or she was I can't say, but she vanished into the gray blanket before I could bring my rifle to my shoulder.

Being isolated in a really thick fog, even on familiar ground, is a strange, disorienting condition. You're unable to see any landmark in the distance, any familiar way-marker until you're on top of it. If you miss a way-marker trying to get from, say, the house to the barn—the corner of the fence isn't where your sense of direction and your mental calculation of ground covered says it has to be—your sense of direction spins crazily and a horrible feeling, a mixture of absolute panic and utter despair, hits you in the pit of your stomach. You realize, suddenly, that you are lost—and only blind chance or the lifting of the fog, which may be hours away, will allow you to regain your bearings.

That's what it feels like to lose your bearings in a Hill Country fog even when you know where you started, you know where you're going, and you know the ground under your feet like you know the plan of your own house. I know. From experience.

The two rangers were in unknown country. They'd been navigating by sun and stars for two days, in country neither had ever been in before. What I felt when I missed the corner of the garden fence back in 1959 and couldn't be sure where I was, knowing that the yard fence was no more than fifty steps behind me, can only be a tiny part of what those two men felt when they awoke in that fog.

The two rangers were nothing if not practical men. Horses have a sense of direction that seems unaffected by darkness or fog. They left camp in search of their hobbled horses.

It didn't take them long to realize that they'd lost not merely their horses, but their camp as well—their saddles, their rifles, their food, and their all-important canteens. They also lost each other. In searching for the horses, they got separated in the fog.

J. MICHAEL SIMS
 Featured Artist
 Celebration of the Arts, Wimberly

STONE MAN BONE MAN

SCULPTURE
 A NEW COLLECTION

BONE, STONE & WOOD
 BORN OF ANGELS

See You at the KERRVILLE FOLK FESTIVAL "Angel Mike"
 1-800-484-2889/ACCESS Code 7667 • RAINBOWELK @ aol.com

While your in Blanco

Please visit the

BROKEN ARROW ART GALLERY

*There you will find a powerful ensemble of images
 and objects in the spirit of
 Native America.*

*Featuring 'The Wounded Knee Memorial Display' by
 Walter Stewart.*

and

Cranberrys *Antiques, Arts, & Collectibles*

*Primitives, Old West, American and English
 Furniture, Glassware, figurines, and other
 fine Antiques and Collectibles.*

'Someones past....could be your future.'

Located at Town Creek Mall
 on the Old Courthouse Square



OPEN 7 DAYS
HOURS:
SUN 1-6
MON-SAT 9-6

1-800-727-JAMS

New Canaan Farms

P.O. Box 386, Dripping Springs, Tx 78620 FAX: 512-858-7513

CRENWELGE

Motors

Chrysler • Plymouth • Dodge • Dodge Truck
Jeep • Eagle • GMC Truck

210-896-4835

301 MAIN • KERRVILLE, TEXAS 78028




LLANO NATIONAL BANK

"Home Owned and Operated"

For Complete Banking Services Phone:
915-247-5701 MEMBER F.D.I.C.

1001 Ford Street • Llano, Texas 78643



NILE VALLEY HERBS INC.

ENJOY HOT HIBISCUS TEA

- KERBY LANE CAFES
- MADAME NADALINI'S
- MARTIN BROS.
- MOTHER'S CAFE
- SUN HARVEST
- WEST LYNN CAFE

512-442-6907

1506 JULIET STREET, AUSTIN, TEXAS 78704

They found each other again, whether by design or accident we don't know. Rather than simply sitting down and waiting for the fog to lift or burn off, they began to search together for their camp. We don't know how long they wandered in the fog, but when it finally burned off they were on totally unfamiliar ground. They recognized nothing—not a single landmark was familiar. Their own backtrail was such a maze they gave up trying to follow it.

A need asserted itself—water. The sun was blazing and they hadn't tasted water since leaving camp. The country and times were dry, and what appeared to be promising streams mocked them with dry sandy beds lined with green desert willow. They took cartridges out of their pouches, split the paper, and removed the bullets, to suck on them to generate moisture in their mouths.

Towards late afternoon they spotted, in the distance, a line of green that looked promising. They stumbled towards it, expecting to meet with disappointment once more.


This time the promise wasn't false. A cold, clear stream nestled in the greenery. The two men fell on their bellies, sucking life itself from the stream.

As they sated themselves one ranger suddenly stopped drinking. He stared into the clear water, then plunged a hand in and withdrew it. Then he said a magic word—"Gold!" In places the creek bottom appeared paved with golden pebbles. They retrieved and bit them, and the pebbles deformed, showing tooth marks. This was not the deceptive pyrite called 'fool's gold' but the real thing.

Gold is a wonderful thing, but life is even more precious. Rather than load their pockets, the rangers took a sampling. That evening they crept up on a turkey roost, shot one with a revolver, and roasted it over an almost-smokeless fire of dry windfall oak.

The next morning they followed the creek downstream until they came to a long, high, very rough hill. At last they had a landmark from which they could take a back-bearing. So long as the hill remained behind them they were not walking in circles. Then, on the upstream end of the hill, they spotted a dead post oak. Sticking in the oak was the rusted head of a pickaxe, the rear point pointing upstream along the creek. The handle had long since rotted away. They were not the first to find the gold-bearing creek.

Civilization lay to the southeast, that much they knew.



Contact:
Gene Hall Reagor
915-247-4074
P.O. Box 488
Llano, Texas
78643

- Charming country cottage for 2
- Secluded hunting lodge for families or groups
- Fishing • Birding • Artifact and rock hunting • Photography

Taking their direction from the sun and keeping a careful eye on the long, rough hill, they set out afoot. Late in the afternoon they topped a small rise and, in the distance, saw at last a familiar landmark—Packsaddle Mountain.

Once the rangers reached civilization they had their gold samples examined. They were pronounced 'drift gold'—placer gold washed down from a major lode, which according to 'those who knew', was sure to be very rich. The rangers, however, could never find their long rough hill and spring-fed creek again.

If you drive northwest out of Llano along Texas 71 toward Brady, just before you reach the village of Pontotoc you will pass, on the south side of the road, a long, rough hill. It's called Smoothingiron Mountain and it's the highest point in Llano County, just at the northwest corner. Alongside Smoothingiron mountain flows Cold Creek—so called because it's spring-fed and has cold water in it year round. When all the other creeks in the area are dry, Cold Creek, being spring fed, continues to flow. If you follow Texas 71, 14.6 miles to the southeast—a long day's walk for a couple of seasoned frontiersmen—you'll top a small ridge. In the distance you'll catch your first glimpse of Packsaddle Mountain, nearly 20 miles away. Examination of USGS topographical maps of the area indicate that Smoothingiron Mountain is the only 'long, rough hill' with a spring-fed creek alongside it in a 30-mile radius to the north or west of the ridge from which you first see Packsaddle.

Whether or not the story is true, I don't know—but the geography is right.



Hand-Woven Rugs

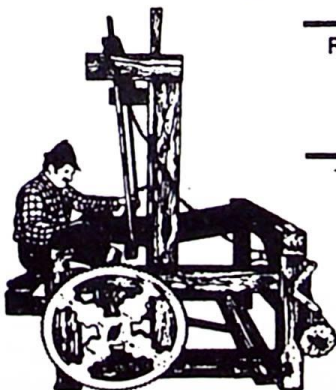
Berber Style

MADE FROM

Hill Country Sheeps Wool

Custom Made in any style and pattern

All our rugs are hand woven in our workshop at Fredericksburg on our hand made Loom.



Rugs - Wallhangings - Saddle Pads
We also sell our own spun wool
Table Linens from Austria
Lace curtains from Germany

Visit our Main St. showroom
and look for our hand loom
in the window

HAAS HAND WEAVING

242 East Main Street
Fredericksburg, Texas 78624

210-997-3175 • 1-800-533-6981

Specializing in Vintage Time Pieces

DICK DORER

Certified Master
Watchmaker



210-997-3320
1-800-997-3321

128 East Main Street • Fredericksburg, Texas 78624



Hill Country Lodging & Reservation Service

104 North Adams St. • Fredericksburg, Texas 78624

1-800-745-3591 or 210-990-8455 • Fax: 210-990-8363

internet: <http://www.lnstar.com/mall/hclodging>

KNOPP

NURSING & RETIREMENT HOMES

FREDERICKSBURG, TEXAS

Family owned and operated • 30 years of dedicated service

Irene Luckenbach - John - Jerry - Jane

PRIVATE-MEDICARE-MEDICAID • VA CONTRACTS AVAILABLE

- Registered & LVN Nurses
- 24 Hour Care
- Private & Semi Private Rooms
- Doctor of Your Choice
- Special Diets
- Oxygen & Intravenous Therapy
- Central Heating & Cooling
- Telephone & Television
- Bedside Pushbutton Call Service & Intercom
- Fire Detection Sprinkler System
- Recreation Areas
- Enclosed Courtyard
- Weekly Church Services
- Activity Director
- Full-time Social Worker
- Speech, Physical & Occupational Therapy
- Beauty & Barber Shop
- Hospice
- Personal Care
- Affordable Rates
- Security Systems

HOME NO. 1
1208 N. Llano Rd.
210-997-3704
Residents 997-1997

HOME NO. 2
202 Hollmig Ln.
210-997-8840

KNOPP Care Center
202 Hollmig Ln.
210-997-7924

RETIREMENT CENTER
103 E. Trailmor
210-997-4426
Residents 997-7712

LUCKENBACH
Retirement Apartments
202 Hollmig Ln.
210-997-3704

ART ETC. COMPLETE ART CENTER & GALLERY

QUALITY FRAMING SINCE 1987

- Custom Framing & Matting • Gifts
- Original Art & Prints • Art Classes
- Ready-Made Frames • Art Supplies

915/388-3442 or 800-410-3442

443 Hwy 1431 • Kingsland, Texas 78639 VISA/MC/AmEx/Disc Accepted here



Southern Cypress

LOG HOMES

Cypress The "Wood Eternal"



P.O. BOX 670, KINGSLAND, TEXAS 78639

Always wanted
a **Log Home**?
Make your **dream**
come true!

MODEL HOME SHOWN
BY APPOINTMENT
Charlie Flack
915/388-6743

GIESECKE & ASSOCIATES REAL ESTATE, INC.



If you are interested in buying or selling in the area and want a hard-working, ambitious agent on your side call Dana Vann.

Bus.: 210/693-2030 • Pager: 512/715-7825

Fax: 210/693-6811

E-Mail giesecke@tstar.net

DANA VANN

Sales Associate

701 HWY. 281 • SUITE C • MARBLE FALLS, TEXAS

Main Street Tea Room and Jeanie's Desserts

Home of our famous
Llano River Bottom Pie

11AM - 4PM Monday-Friday

11AM - 3PM Saturday

915-247-4561

111 West Main Street • Llano, Texas 78643

COWBOY TALES



by L. KELLY DOWN

BUILD YOU BARN FIRST

Other day I got to back tracking that *Enchanted Rock* fellow, yeah, Ira. I took after the same trails that he and Ms. Intrepid had run. I been around here so long—you see that there 60 foot pecan tree—well, I saw the squirrel bury the pecan. But I ain't never knowed there were so much I didn't knowed about them long gone towns. I heard about Fredonia alot but never knowed it were real close. Them young traveling-around pair were right, it was there.

On that trip I slipped over to the store on the bend—got a soft drink and a hamburger. Now, these here two, not old, but say mature, cow hands they come in and after we all said 'Howdy'—we broke bread together. Naturally, I told them how I found Fredonia—that friend, started it fast.

These two got to talking about this here old town and that old town then they switched on me. They ask if I knowed they were more old barn rock foundations than homes and more homes than old towns. That seems to ride right except for barns more than houses. I asked polite like—WHY? And they learned me fast.

You see it were like this. A barn you had to have, 'cause in the early days all the work and money centered up on the barn. That is where you put your ears of corn, schucked it, then took the corn off the cob with an old time hand-crank corn sheller. Then you ground it for hogs, chickens and corn meal for human type folks. Lots of hay, oats, peanuts and such got in the barn. In a cold spell it were a place for your horses and cows.

A barn was big enough for box suppers and dances. And if'n I heareded them right a little sparking up in the hay loft—I think I did 'cause they sure laughed and come alive right then in their story. I bet lots of good-life long-marrying started in a barn like that.

I being the one a-learning good, I talk about campfire cooking—I does have a tiny interest in that you know. They got finished, we all said—'see you around'—never say good-by to any cowhand—not only is it bad luck, it means like it say 'GOOD-BY'—ain't seeing you again on this here earth. Some peoples that were shot up nice—them was the last words they heareded. The hangman always said it.

Anyways, barns was for making enough money to get ahead of the banker man then you build you a house. That house don't make money; it costs it. Wonder do them college folks teach you to build you a barn first?

I is going to dig around in some of them old barns. If them first dutchoven biscuits were like mine, they will be around when the Llano rocks is worn down. I know cause I lost a couple of eating-type teeth on mine. That boys is a flat out fact-for-sure!

ON THE ROAD

8-PAGE MAP INSERT

TO THE KERRVILLE FOLK FESTIVAL: PACKING PROVISIONS

by MARY BETH GRADZIEL

The Kerrville Folk Festival is just about perfect in so many ways: great live music 24-hours a day all over Quiet Valley Ranch; wonderful folks, fresh air and the beauty of nature everywhere; interesting booths with unique art, musical instruments, crafts, clothing, gifts, toys and food. The music and fun go on all day and night, but the food booths close when the stage shuts down. This can be problematic unless you come prepared with a cooler full of goodies. Fortunately, that's easy to do with a few quick stops along the way.

With any luck and a little bit of rain, the wildflowers will still be bursting into bloom along the Hill Country highways. Roll down your windows and enjoy their sweet scents. Just west of Dripping Springs on Hwy. 290, you'll also smell the mouth watering aromas of fresh baked breads, scones, kolaches and cookies. Look to your left for the **WildFlour Bakery**. Crumbly-rich coffee cake, spicy-sweet gingerbread, muffins, tart lemon and lime squares, juice, bottled water, and soda—you'll find it all at Marcia and Leroy Boessling's little bakery in the wildflowers. When complemented on her delicious baked goods, Marcia says, "I just know what I like. When I get it like I like it, it's ready."

TWO TEXANS FINALISTS IN KERRVILLE NEW FOLK COMPETITION

Thirty-two finalists selected from six hundred entries in the 1997 Kerrville New Folk Competition for emerging songwriters includes two Texas-based writers: Jeannie Perkins from Garland and Mike Sumler from Houston. Winning writers came from sixteen states and Canada and will compete for the Six Award Winner slots at the outdoor theatre state on Saturday and Sunday, May 24 and 25.

The widely recognized competition was conceived by Peter Yarrow for the old Newport Folk Festival and adapted to the Kerrville event by founder-producer Rod Kennedy the first year of Kerrville Folk Festival, in 1972.

Former New Folk Winners include Nanci Griffith, Lyle Lovett, Hal Ketchum, John Gorka, Tish Hinojosa, David Wilcox, Lucinda Williams, Darden Smith, Jimmy LaFave, Robert Earl Keen, and Joel Rafael among many others.

Each of the six Award Winners will receive \$250 from the non-profit Kerrville Music Foundation. Judges include David Amram (New York), Alisa Fineman (California), and John McVey (Nashville, Tennessee).

The competition is part of the May 22-June 8 Kerrville Folk Festival. For more information about the Music Foundation or the Kerrville Folk Festival, call (210) 257-3600.

Just a little further west, on the opposite side of Hwy. 290, pull into **New Canaan Farms** to continue stocking your larder with spreads, salsas, chips and crackers. New Canaan Farms, seven miles west of Dripping Springs, ships tasty jars of Texas Hill Country specialties all over the world—from their famous peach jams to jalapeno jellies, mustards, and all kinds of sweet, spicy, and saucy condiments. Sample jams—Peach Jezebel, Strawberry Almond, Cactus Sangria, Old Austin Apricot, Blushing Peach, and Lemon Fig. Take a guided tour, enjoy complimentary fresh lemonade or coffee, and browse the gift shop.

Juicy peaches and other farm-fresh produce entice travelers from Johnson City to Kerrville. Stop at Lady Bird's favorite—**Burg's Corner** next door to the LBJ Ranch, Hwy. 290 in Stonewall, for memorable peach puree sundaes. One of their top products is their exceptionally delicious Amaretto Peach Pecan Preserves and Peach Preserves produced by the Gillespie County Fruit Growers CoOp.

Don't forget to stop by one of the numerous **peach stands** on your way to Fredericksburg.

Spicy dried beef jerky from **Dutchman's Market** just east of Fredericksburg on Hwy. 290 has been a long-time staple of my Folkfest camp. Domestic and wild game sausages and jerkys hang from the roof in this bustling country store—all perfect pick-me-ups when you want to make the rounds of late-night campfires. Drop in at **Opa's Smoked Meats** in downtown Fredericksburg just south of Main Street to stock up on the succulent smoked turkey jerky and other traditional German meats and cheeses. Like New Canaan Farms, Opa's will also ship their specialties to your friends and family. Also on Fredericksburg's Main Street you'll find **Best of Texas Specialties** in Fredericksburg. Among their wide selection of Lone Star products you'll find **Stonewall Chili Pepper Company's** salsas, jellies, preserves, all of which have won numerous awards over the years in Texas and at the Fiery Food Show in New Mexico.

Now you're all set for Kerrfest and 'most any other kind of camp out or picnic. You can even use your goodies to lure famous musicians to your late night camp site. In that case, you'll need to get extra of everything and plan to restock, because musicians get mighty hungry in the wee hours. Fortunately, more great food is just a short drive away...

WildFlour Bakery, Dripping Springs: 512/858-5037

New Canaan Farms, Dripping Springs: 512/858-7669 or 800/727-JAMS

Burg's Corner, Stonewall: 210/997-5693

Dutchman's Market, Fredericksburg: 210/997-5693

Opa's Smoked Meats, Fredericksburg: 210/997-3358 or 800/543-6750

Best of Texas Specialties, Fredericksburg: 210/997-0123

INMAN'S

KITCHEN & CATERING

BBQ RESTAURANT

"HOME OF TURKEY SAUSAGE"

Call for seasonal hours:
(915) 247-5257 or 247-5473

Highway 29 West • Llano, Texas 78643

Gästehaus Schmidt

Put Yourself In "Our" Place

Reservation Service Office
Guest Houses and Bed & Breakfasts
210-997-5612
231 West Main • Fredericksburg, Texas 78624



Aves del Sol, Inc.

A Fine Art Gallery of Avian Images

"THE FINEST GALLERY OF BIRD ART I HAVE EVER SEEN."
—ROGER TORY PETERSON

ORIGINALS, PRINTS & PHOTOGRAPHS
REPRESENTING INTERNATIONALLY ACCLAIMED
ORNITHOLOGISTS AND PAINTERS OF BIRDS

- ORIGINAL HAND COLORED HUMMINGBIRD AND TOUCAN LITHOGRAPHS BY JOHN GOULD
- ORIGINAL ARTWORK PUBLISHED IN NATL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY FIELD GUIDE TO NORTH AMERICAN BIRDS AND MANY OTHER FIELD GUIDES AND PUBLICATIONS.

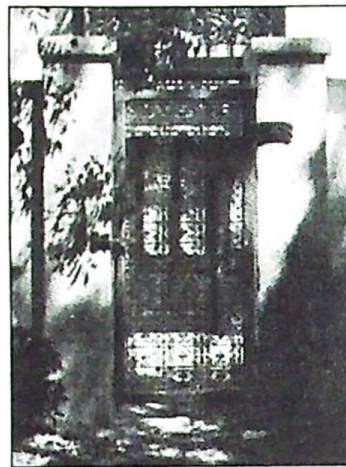
MARK & KATHLEEN WITHERS
BY APPOINTMENT

P.O. BOX 748 • KERRVILLE, TX 78029
210/257-2837 • FAX 210/257-2091

EMAIL: kwithers@kvc.com Visa and MasterCard accepted
Visit our website at <http://www.prizim.com/avesdelsol>



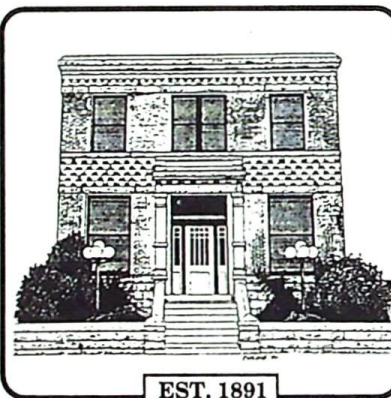
*Beauty and Elegance
in the Historic District.
Fredericksburg's premier guesthouse-
five secluded suites in a century-old villa.
Luxury, grace, privacy...*



the Austin Street Retreat

408 W. Austin
Fredericksburg, Texas 78624

Reservations 210-997-5612 Ask for the Austin Street Retreat



EST. 1891

THE BADU HOUSE

**THE HILL COUNTRY'S PREMIER INN,
RESTAURANT AND PRIVATE CLUB.**
UNEXCELLED FOR FINE CUISINE

Live Music & Dance on Saturdays

Featuring

- May 2: Tab Gray • May 10: Bishop Jones Trio
- May 17: Beth Williams • May 24: Blue Midnight
- May 31: Elliot Fikes

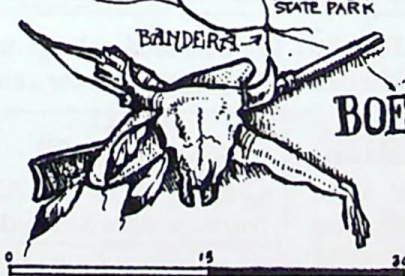
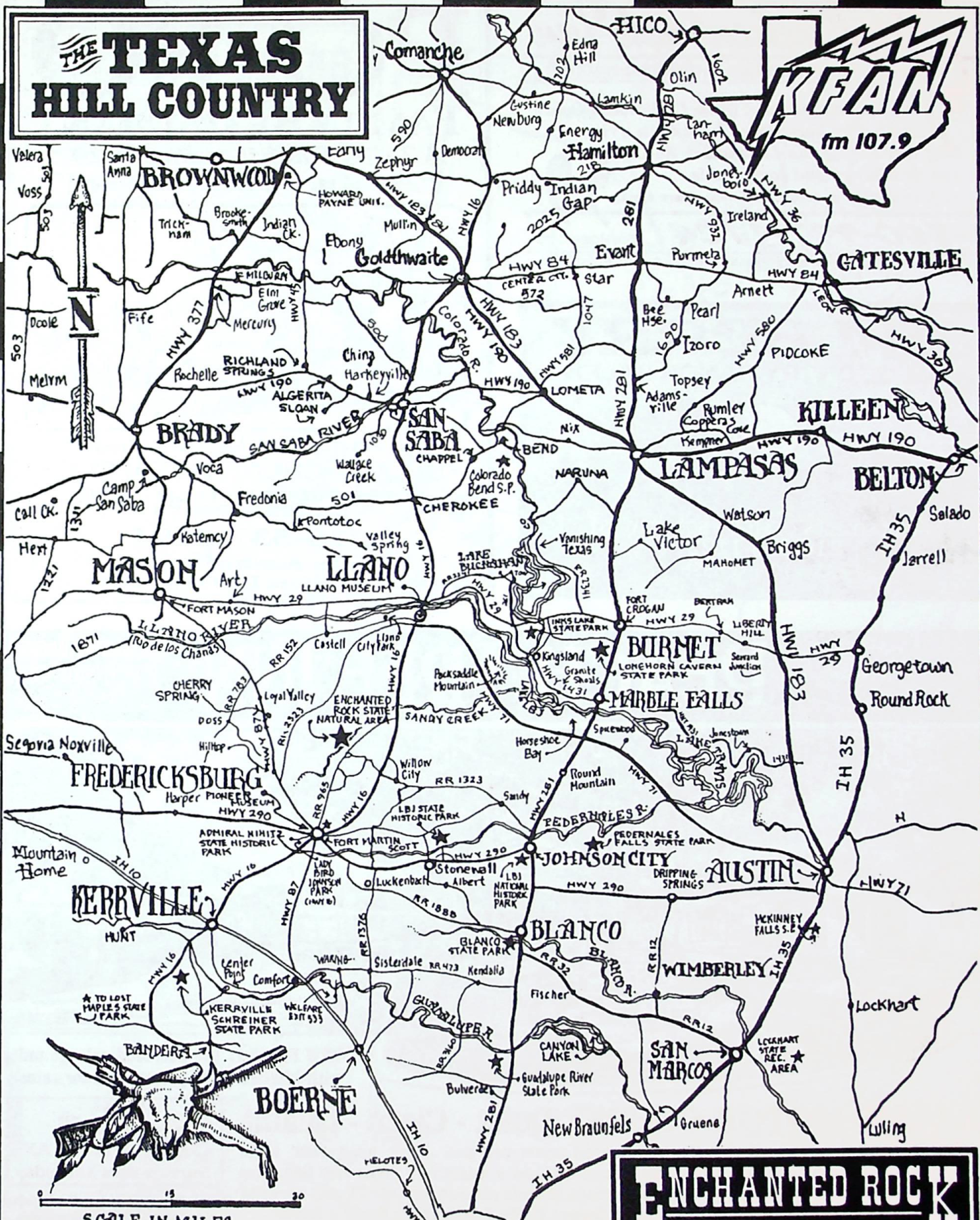
Come try our new lunch menu! Tues.-Sat.
Club & Restaurant Open Nightly

VISA, MASTERCARD & AMERICAN EXPRESS ACCEPTED

915-247-4304

601 Bessemer • Llano, Texas 78643

THE TEXAS HILL COUNTRY



SCALE IN MILES

SAN ANTONIO

ENCHANTED ROCK
MAGAZINE

The Luckenbach Inn

ARRIVE TO A FREE SPLIT OF CHAMPAGNE AND FRESH FLOWERS IN YOUR ROOM

Less than a song away (from Luckenbach Dance Hall), The Luckenbach Inn sits on a rise overlooking Old Luckenbach Road... simply adorned and comfortable, rich with charm and class. —Southern Living

1-800-997-1124

VISA/MasterCard

<http://www.sg.net/~theinn> • email: theinn@hctc.net

AmExp/Disc.

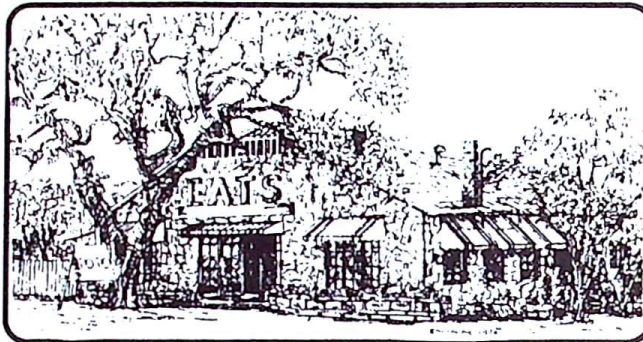
JIM BERRY HILL COUNTRY RANCH SALES

MARBLE FALLS OFFICE • 607 HWY 281
210-693-1122
FAX 210-693-5826

PO • PO

FAMILY RESTAURANT

A Texas Tradition since 1929...
"As You Remember it!"



Over 1400 Collectors Plates
• STEAKS • CHICKEN • SEAFOOD •

HOURS: TUES-SUN: 11 AM - 10 PM
CLOSED MONDAYS

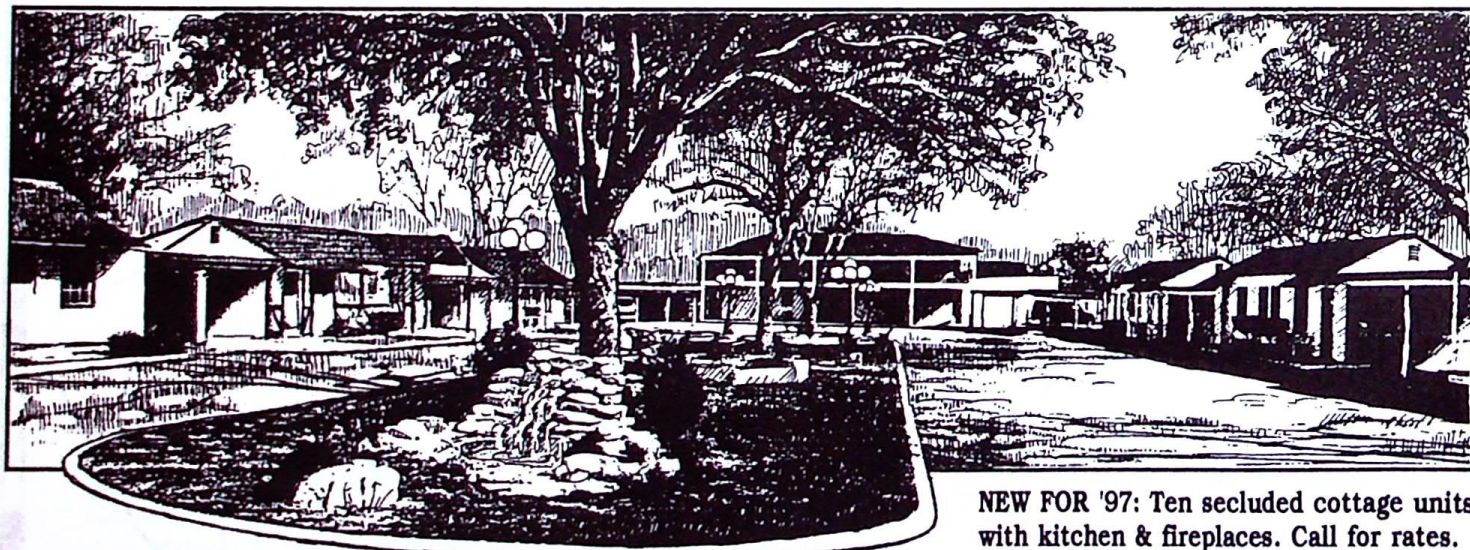
210-537-4194

7 miles north of Boerne,
take the Welfare Exit #533 off IH-10

401 SOUTH WASHINGTON,
FREDERICKSBURG,
TEXAS 78624

PEACH TREE INN

RESERVATIONS:
1-800-843-4666
210-997-2117



NEW FOR '97: Ten secluded cottage units
with kitchen & fireplaces. Call for rates.

CLASSIC MOTOR COURT: Quiet - Clean - Quaint

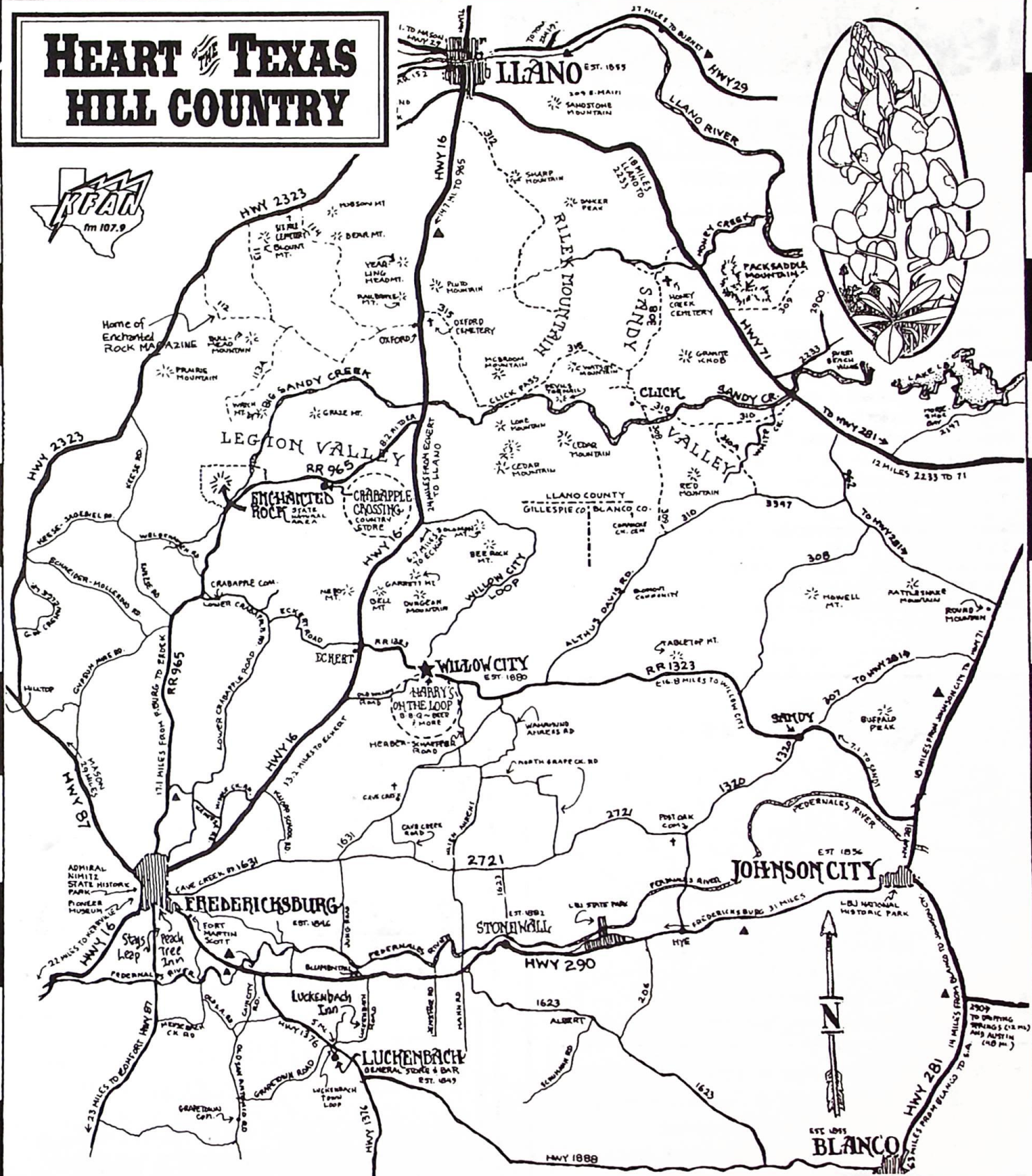
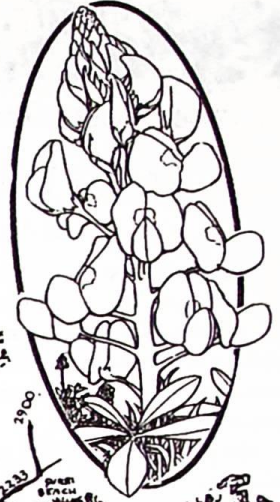
Facilities include cottages around a manicured courtyard and picnic area with huge Pecan shade trees, Victorian lights, park benches, and a water fall. Enjoy our beautiful pool, playground and horseshoes. Accommodations include phones, remote TV and covered parking. **Free Morning Coffee & Juice, plus Sweet Rolls Fresh from Andy's Diner.**

Two (2) blocks South of Fredericksburg's Main Street. Serving the Hill Country Travelers Since 1939. American Owned and Operated.

From
\$29.25 SG
+TAX
Sunday thru Thursday

Allan and Jan will make every effort for your stay
to be as pleasant and memorable as possible.

HEART OF THE TEXAS HILL COUNTRY



LEGEND

- MOUNTAIN PEAK
- PAVED ROAD
- UNPAVED ROAD
- ROADSIDE PARK
- CEMETERY

Welfare (EXT 533)
Sisterdale
BOERNE

ENCHANTED ROCK

MAGAZINE

©1997 ENCHANTED ROCK MAGAZINE. THIS MAP MAY NOT BE REPRODUCED BY ANY MEANS WHATSOEVER WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER.

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



Gallery of the Hills

**EXPERIMENTAL WATERMEDIA WORKSHOP
WITH
MARY JO HARDING, NWS
MAY 19-23, 1997**

This workshop will help the painter, both beginner and more advanced to turn to the creative "right brain state" for approaching new ideas. Work will be with watercolors or acrylics to experiment with many materials and techniques. Design, composition and color exercises are covered as well as critique of completed works.

Mary Jo Harding, NWS, has a BA in Fine Art from UT Austin and post graduate studies at Western Oklahoma State College. She has studied with Frank Webb and Robert E. Wood and has won numerous awards and is an elected Signature member of the National Watercolor Society. She was recently awarded "Best of Show" at the Austin Waterloo Watercolor Group Fall juried show and the Silver Metal Award by the San Antonio Watercolor Group. She is an exciting and inspirational instructor.

CLASSES ARE \$150 (\$30 DEPOSIT). CALL FOR DETAILS.
Surf the "Net" for Gallery of the Hills at <http://www.inetport.com/lakes/gal>

512-793-2341

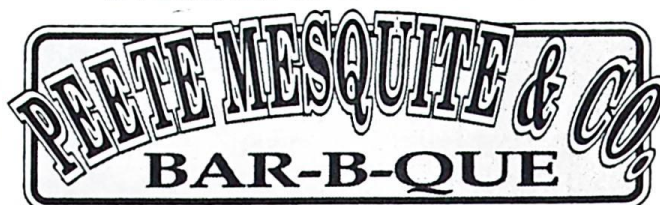
Laura Carlton & Loretta Box



• Original Art • Fine Prints • Custom Framing
• Artist Materials • Art Lessons • Gifts

OPEN: 9:30 A.M. TO 4:30 P.M. WEEKDAYS • 10 A.M. TO 4 P.M. SATURDAY
HWY 29 WEST • (NEXT TO COSTAL BANK) • P.O. BOX 602, BUCHANAN DAM, TEXAS 78609

**VOTED THE #1 BAR-B-QUE RESTAURANT
IN BURNET COUNTY FOR 1994**



"Where the Finest People Meet."

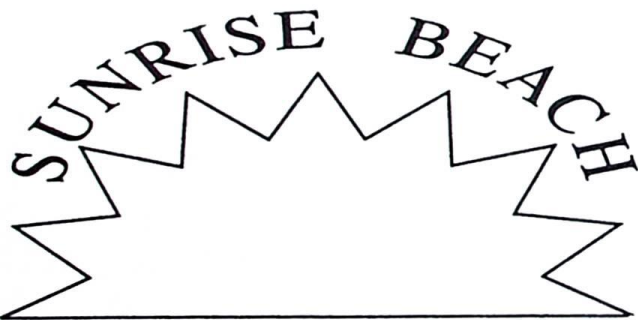
**COMPLETE SELECTION
OF BAR-B-QUE
SPECIALIZING IN RIBS**

210-693-6531

GOING TO WALMART?

Stop and see us - Right across the street

2407 HIGHWAY 281 NORTH • MARBLE FALLS, TEXAS 78654



MARINA & LODGE

on Lake LBJ
667 Sandy Mountain Drive
Sunrise Beach, Texas 78643

- 2 & 3 Bedroom Suites w/Private Boat Slips
- JET & Pontoon Boat & SeaDoo Rentals
 - On Water Fuel & Service
- Certified Boat & SeaDoo Mechanics
 - Buy & Sell Used SeaDoods

**SPECIAL MAY SALE
OF SEADOO ACCESSORIES**

915/388-9393



A LITTLE BIT OF EVERYTHING






Ya'll come and see us!

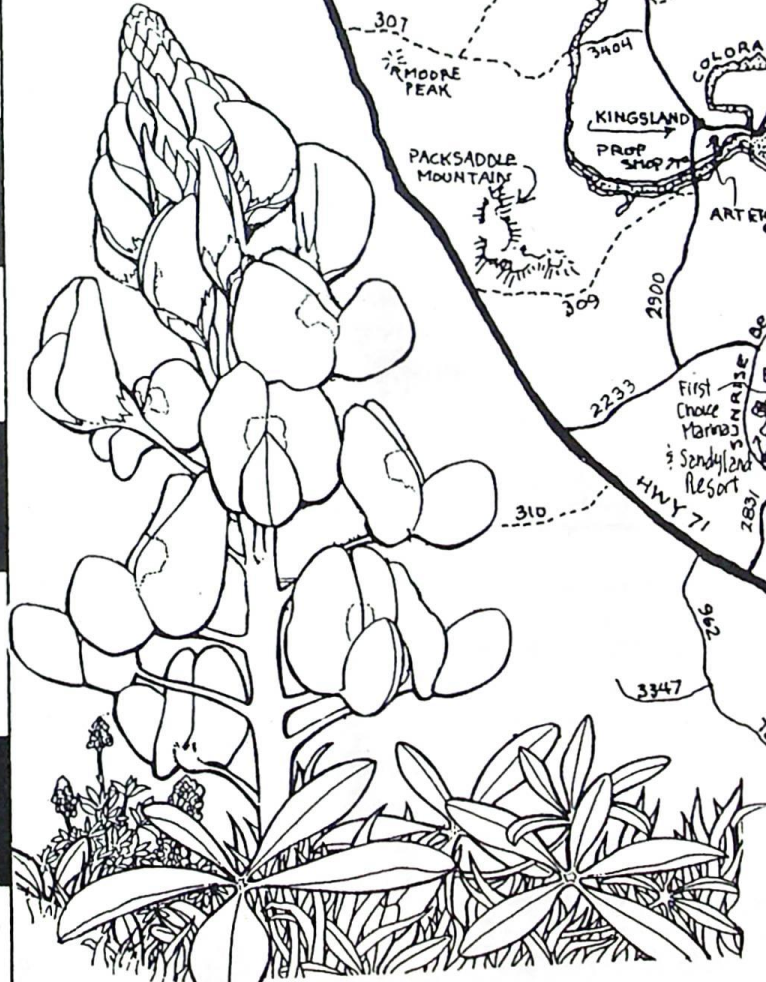
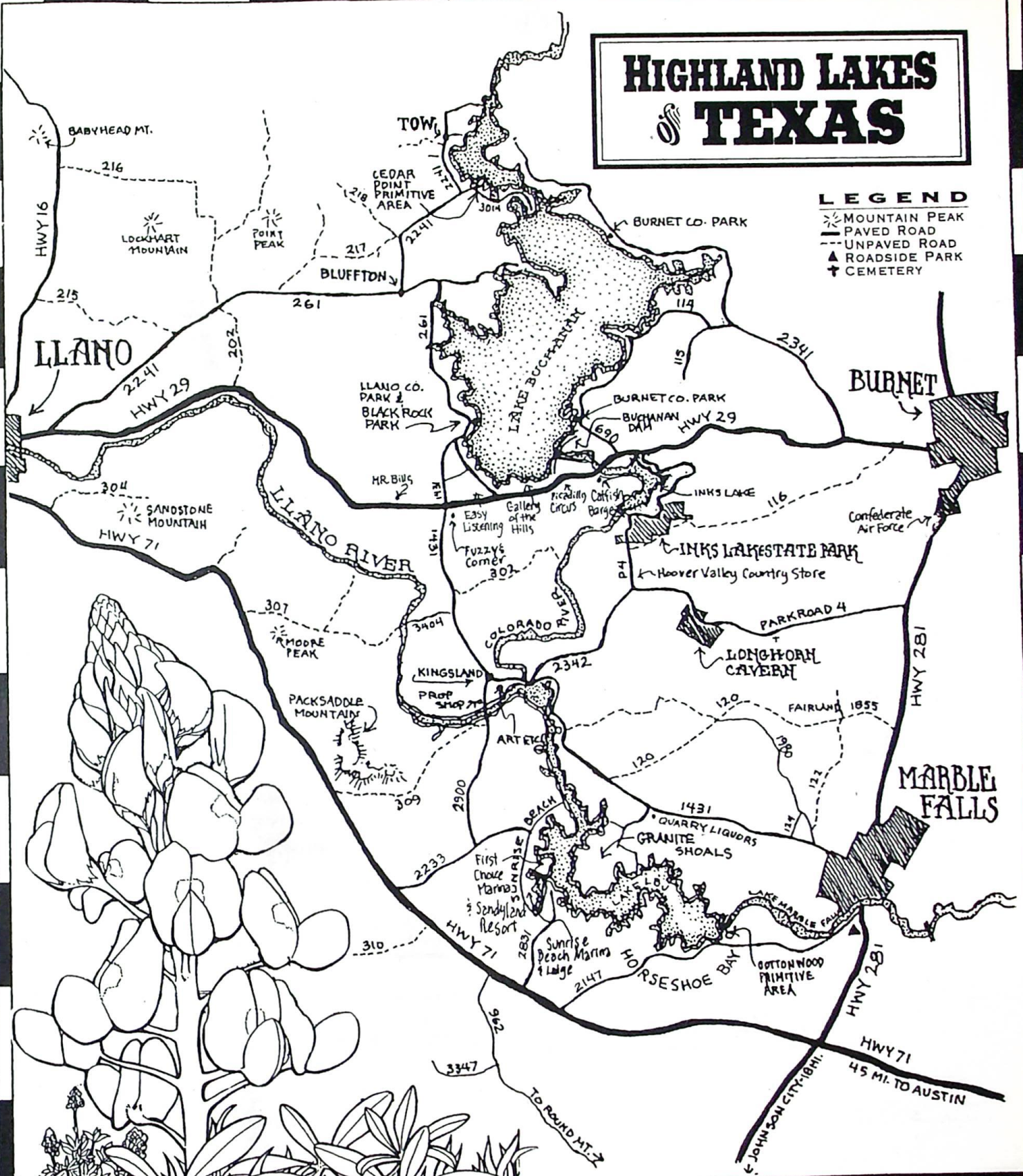
- ICE COLD DRINKS & BEER
AND A LARGE SELECTION OF
- GROCERIES • TACKLE • ICE
- LOTTO • T-SHIRTS & HATS
- GAS FOR BOATS & AUTOS

ON PARK ROAD 4 BETWEEN LONGHORN CAVERN
& INKS LAKE STATE PARK

HIGHLAND LAKES TEXAS

LEGEND

-  MOUNTAIN PEAK
-  PAVED ROAD
-  UNPAVED ROAD
-  ROADSIDE PARK
-  CEMETERY



ENCHANTED ROCK
MAGAZINE

SAPPHIRES AND PETUNIAS ANTIQUES ETC.

• ANTIQUES • COLLECTIBLES • PRIMITIVES • WROUGHT IRON

305 Bessemer
915-247-2234

LLANO, TEXAS



Landmasters Real Estate

100 SUNRISE DRIVE • SUNRISE BEACH, TEXAS 78643
Toll Free 1-800-306-8629 • 915-388-4555

We have many great waterfront homes on beautiful
Lake LBJ. We have what you're looking for!

Here are just a few of our choice properties available:

- 2/1 Condo with covered boathouse, storage, fishing pond, swimming area & picnic area. \$67,000.
- Fully fenced, beautiful yard with shade trees, 2 decks & 3 boatlifts make this 2/1 furnished home a perfect getaway: \$125,000
- Excellent open water & a great view are just a few of the amenities with this 3 Bdrm. 2 Bth. home: \$182,500.
- Immaculate 3/3 home on 100' on Colorado arm of Lake LBJ. Guest house, 2 boat houses, beautiful yard, trees. \$265,000



Multiple
Listing
Service
MLS



"WE ARE THE MASTERS IN OUR FIELD."

THE OLD FEED STORE ANTIQUE WAREHOUSE TOP QUALITY

FURNITURE ♦ GLASSWARE
WESTERN COLLECTIBLES ♦ JEWELRY

502 BESSEMER, LLANO, TX 78643

915/247-2438

LLANO'S OWN

Burger Bar Cafe

FRIDAY- All You Can Eat Catfish. Includes all the delicious catfish you can eat, along with hushpuppies, french fries, homemade beans, tarter sauce, and homebaked peach cobbler with ice cream.

ALL FOR ONLY- \$7.95 + Tax • CARRYOUT- \$6.95 + Tax

Burgers • Mexican Food • Salads • and the BEST Chicken Fried Steak in the Hill Country. • DRIVE THROUGH SERVICE

Open: 10:00AM - 9:00PM Monday-Saturday

608 Bessemer (Hwy 16/71 North) • Llano, Texas 78643 • (915) 247-4660

Lillie's ANTIQUES

HONEST, FRIENDLY SERVICE

Glassware ♥ Collectibles
Furniture ♥ Primitives

OPEN: 9AM - 6PM • MONDAY - SATURDAY // 1PM - 5:30PM • SUNDAY
BUY & SELL

303 BESSEMER • LLANO, TEXAS 78643 • 915/247-4618
North End of the Bridge in Historical Llano

FARM
BUREAU
INSURANCE

WE INSURE ALL KINDS OF FOLKS

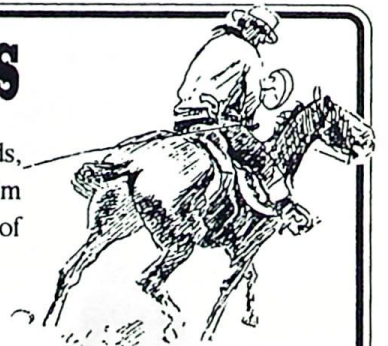
In fact, we offer broad coverage for your Auto, Home, or Life Insurance needs, and we back it up with prompt, professional attention, and a fast, fair claim service. Plus, we'll sit down with you and conduct a non-obligation review of your total insurance needs. It's just that simple. Call today.



HELPING YOU IS WHAT WE DO BEST

KIRK WINFREY ★ BILL WOOTAN

303 EAST HIGHWAY 71, LLANO, TEXAS 78643



915/247-4161

THEY WEREN'T ALL GERMANS

THE UNDAUNTED DANISH PIONEERS OF FREDERICKSBURG

by KENN KNOPP

Svendborg, Denmark was Johan Frederick Gottlieb Strigler (Striegler) home before he and his wife Jensine Amalie Adamine Fredericke (nee Lange), decided to come to Texas. Both were 41. Johan was a talented musician, an inventor, a textile manufacturer, and held the position of special assistant to the mayor of Svendborg. Johan and Jensine were not able to resist Frandsen's beckoning in his letters from Texas, despite operating their factory which produced linen from hand-woven Flax and owning two farms, on the island of Jutland. The long famine and depression of the 1850's caused them to rethink the status of their welfare. Johan arranged for his wife's brother to take over their holdings.

Trusting Frandsen, Johan and Jensine packed their trunks and accompanied their eleven children for the trip to Hamburg, Germany where they boarded the ship Gutenberg on August 3, 1855. They arrived at Indianola, Texas on October 2 of the same year. After a short stay in Indianola they finally found their way to Erasmus Frnadsen's farm near Fredericksburg.

Leaving Denmark, was not an easy decision for Johan and Jensine. Both came from reputable and established families. Johan, with his keen mind, invented a special loom. The Texas-Dutch historian John L. Davis, picked up Johan's trail of endeavors and wrote: "With the family were two servants and two young men who had previously worked in Johan's linen factory.

"... One of these young men, William Otte, was the finance of Antoinette, the eldest daughter. Agreeing with Antoinette that the Atlantic Ocean would not separate them, Otte stowed away on the ship,. Well out at sea he revealed his presence and was welcomed by the family. Otte was one of Johan's employees from the linen factory."

William (Ernst Nicolous Dettlefsen Wilhelm Otte born in Holstein, Germany, January 17, 1824, then moving to Den-

mark) and Antoinette were married by a Lutheran pastor in the Vereinskirche on Fredericksburg's Marktplatz in the spring of 1856. They lived on a farm and ranch in the Luckenbach community where he operated a cotton gin. Antoinette died unexpectedly from influenza in her forty-seventh year in 1893. William later married Clara Usener of Fredericksburg.

The Strieglers, enjoying their reunion with the Frandsens were able to find land a few miles north of Grape Creek in the Rocky Hill community halfway to Fredericksburg. He built his home near the Pedernales River and was accepted by the U. S. government as a mail contractor. During the Civil War Johan was elected county commissioner. The Strieglers had 13 children, two being born in Texas. Johan died at age 59 on November 13, 1872.

A story is told about one of Johan's sons, Arthur, born in Naskov, Denmark in 1840. In addition to Danish, he was also fluent in English, French, German and Spanish. He was an interpreter during the Civil War in Louisiana. About 1890 he decided to visit with relatives in Denmark. While making the rounds he spotted Marie Lorentzen who lived in Copenhagen. They became friends. But Arthur, ever so cautious, debarked again for Texas.

The two wrote to each other. She replied to one of his letters accepting his proposal of marriage and began preparations for the voyage to Texas. They were married in 1892 in Galveston, staying there until the "voyage lag" had subsided. The couple made their home on the farmstead at Rocky Hill. They had three children.

Esteemed Fredericksburg teacher and local historian, Ella A. Gold, has written of Johan Striegler, "...he had lived an active, fruitful life; he had met the challenge of the New World. The fruits of victory from his championship—the blessings of being an American—those he left to his children and his children's children.

LITTLE BLANCO INN

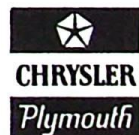
The Best German Food in the Hill Country
GUARANTEED TO BE WUNDERBAR

DAILY LUNCH SPECIALS W/SOUP OR SALAD: \$5.95
Also Available: Party Room for Meetings or Special Occasions.
Hours: 11 a.m. to 10 p.m. • 7 Days a Week

210/833-4132
Located on Hwy. 281 • 2 Miles South of Blanco

CRENWELGE

MOTOR SALES



SALES & PARTS
COMPLETE SERVICE
CENTER



"SERVING THE HILL COUNTRY SINCE 1940"
413 W. MAIN, FREDERICKSBURG, TEXAS 78624
210/997-4331 • 1-800-314-9333

HOG PUNCHERS & HOG DOGS

by HAZEL OATMAN BOWMAN

In the words of Luke Moss, a Llano ranchman, herd driving is a thing of the past, but there will always be a need for hog dogs as long as hogs are raised on the range, because range hogs can not be worked any other way. There is just one way, and only one way, and that is with dogs.

Truly almost as much can be said about the hog-punchers of Llano County, though their praises have long been unsung, as have those of the valiant hog dog. That is due to the fact, perhaps, that the method of working hogs with dogs is indigenous to a very small strip of country, namely, the post oak, granite section of Llano county and its near environs, where hogs are raised almost exclusively on the range and where hog-proof fences are found. In the farming area, for instance, hogs are raised in fields and are gentle, and the need for hog dogs does not exist.

True, dogs have been used by man since the beginning of time for the handling of livestock and the term stock dog is not uncommon. Yes as far as the writer has been able to learn, this specially trained type of animal, known as the hog dog, and the method of his use, in working and driving hogs, are not found anywhere save in Llano county and the immediate vicinity—the home of the post oak acorns, the sweet variety so palatable to and fattening for hogs.

Along with the resumption of hog activities came a revival of hog dog stories, reminiscent, to a great extent, of the old times when hogs were driven by the thousands in Llano county and were of the wild type which required the use of dogs. These yarns, told by the so-called hog men about the fine hog dogs they have owned and their particularly remarkable feats—experiences that are common, every day occurrences in Llano county—sound fantastic and unbelievable. Even those which actually happened are as incredible almost as those which admittedly are highly exaggerated to



begin with. These stories, like the hog dogs, also belong to the Llano acorn country.

The general principle of hog work is the use of a good drive dog in the lead. He stays out in front of the hogs, barks and plays around, making them fight back, as they are naturally inclined to do. As they make their repeated charges, the dog leads them on. Thus they can be driven easily in this fashion to any desired place. If a hog runs off from the bunch, the dog goes after him, catches him by the hind leg, or "hams him" flips him over, and heads him back toward the rest of the hogs.

Thus anyone, even a person not familiar with this method of handling hogs, can readily see that hog work is interesting. Ranchmen who like it describe it as the prettiest work in the world,

and some even state that they prefer it to working cattle, which, they admit, is saying a lot. J. L. Renick says, "A good lead dog and one behind are worth a half-dozen men. One man can drive a bunch of hogs anywhere."

However, as opposed to this method, is the opinion of a neighbor of his, who argues that a dog should not be used in the rear of a bunch of hogs. "The hogs will be wanting to fight him, and won't drive well," he says. "If the dog behind barks, the hogs will turn and go in the opposite direction."

Hog men will speak often of the two different kinds of dogs—the catch dog and the drive dog. Some dogs catch by the leg, some by the ear—but whichever method is used, they claim it does not take long for a dog to learn the science of handling a wild, fighting hog. Good hog dogs can be trained never to catch unless they are told to do so. A good catch dog has been described as one that is not afraid to go to the meanest hog in the world.

However, Joe Freeman claims that it is not a good policy to let a dog catch a hog. He gives this reason:

"They should bark around them and scare them, and make them think they're going to catch them, and they'll go on back with the bunch. If the dog catches the hog, he will get mad and refuse to go. He will fight till he gives out and then go off in the thicket and lie down and you can't do anything with him. Once in a great while it is necessary to catch in driving or working hogs. Lots of people think that a hog dog has to catch a hog, but that's far from a hog dog. If you want a dog for service, don't let him catch. Dogs scare hogs by barking and they make them follow that way. Of course, there's no objection to catching if the hog belongs to your neighbor and you want to get him before it gets dark.

"You want a dog that won't quit a bunch of hogs, but will go ahead with them through a wire fence, or anywhere, and stay with them. When you get to a wire fence, and are not able to follow on horseback, if the dog quits his job, you lose your hogs. He must stay with them till you get there. I don't think I ever saw a hog dog that would bite a person. They're not vicious."

The old-time hogs raised around Llano have been described as long toothed, long bristled razor-backs, as wild as anything could possibly be. The prevailing colors were blue-black, and a sandy red. Joe Freeman of Llano says, "In the early days there were worlds of hogs and they had to be worked altogether with dogs. They required a dog for everything we did with them. We used any and all breeds. The old-time wild hogs wouldn't rally. They would continue running like Indians. It would take a Thoroughbred to keep up with them. There were some that it was not possible for any dog to run, no matter how good he was.

A. F. Moss, a veteran ranchman of Llano, relates: "The main way of handling the old wild hogs was to catch them. A good hog dog will hold onto a hog and risk his life. I've seen them get a wild hog hemmed up in the rocks, and they wouldn't turn him loose till you got there if they bled to death. The dog would hold on until he would be so weak you would have to take some of your clothes off and wrap him up. In ten days he would be as good as new. If the dog had turned the hog loose, it would have been just too bad."

A story of the hog work carried on in the Llano section long ago would not be complete with mention of the activities of the late A. P. (Pritchett) Brown and Ben Ligon, the latter having been an early-day sheriff of Llano county. They are credited with being the first men to engage in the business on a large scale, and their operations at the turn of the century are best known by Seth Smith, 67, of Llano, who worked for them eight years, from about 1898 to 1906.

According to Mr. Smith, these men bought hogs in the Llano

After being used over scattered pastures all day, the animal would be tired and footsore, and would whine at the horse's heels and seem not to want to follow as they started in toward home, whereupon his master would take him up on his horse and carry him in.

section, and as far west as they were to be found in any quantity. They began buying them in the fall when the mast hit, and drove them onto acorn range, where they worked them, throughout the winter. As they fattened, they were brought to Llano and shipped to market. They were usually ready for market by the first of January, and by the middle of February, all had been sold. Instead of the modern method of truck movement, the hogs were necessarily driven long distances, and during hog-working season the good hog dogs came into use.

In the winter of 1903-04 the Llano buyers started receiving hogs on the Colorado River, east of Llano, and worked on through the county west to Castell. From there they drove the hogs through the Little Devil's River country to the headwaters of the Guadalupe, thirty miles above Kerrville, where they wintered some two thousand head. There the acorns were of a greater variety than those found in Llano county.

In that rough country dogs were necessary, Mr. Smith relates, and they had to be good. One, a champion drive dog, known as old Pup, was a Shepherd, owned by the well known Llano Pioneer, the late Louis Deats. Mr. Brown had two good drive dogs. They were slick-haired, and one was called Red. Mr. Ligon had a good Shepherd and Mr. Smith had old Blue, a good drive dog, of Shepherd and hound cross, that was blue-speckled and small.

"These drive dogs had to be biddable but not too severe," Mr. Smith said, in recalling his days of hog-driving. "Go on, Catch, Come back, and Look out, were the only words a dog understood. You take a drive dog that works in front—if he is back of the hogs and they get scared and you say, 'Go on,' he won't stop until he gets in front and he holds them there. They go to work then. If it's a wild bunch, the dog will stay in front all the time and you can make him take the hogs anywhere. The wilder the hogs, the better the dogs like to work because the hogs will fight more. The dogs get more thrill out of it then. If the hogs are really wild, the men have to stay back out of the way when gathering them in the woods. When herd-driving them, you have to stay behind and keep moving them on like you do in driving cattle. It's just like trail-driving. Hogs are bad to drive in a big bunch. They slip out the side of the herd. You have to have men flanking them, some one in the back and pointers for the herd, just like for cattle. If you want a dog to catch you you call, 'Catch,' or 'Come back,' if you want him to come back. 'Look out' is something a dog soon learns to understand once he gets in a tight place."

In the fall and winter of 1904-05 they leased the masts belonging to A. F. Moss and his older brother, the late C. T. Moss. The hogs were kept on the range and the crew of hog-punchers camped on Sandy Creek. Four or five men were kept working the hogs all winter, Mr. Brown and Mr. Ligon dividing their time with

them. When they were not at work, their dogs were kept in camp and allowed to rest.

Mr. Smith describes the dogs that he and his contemporaries used as easily-trained stock dogs. Some took readily to training and turned out to be good, while others of the same stock were too hard-headed to train or were not interested in the work. They would rather run rabbits than hogs. The early ranchmen kept breeding up these dogs, using those that proved good as basic stock, until the natural characteristics and instincts, or those which they cultivated and developed as a result of their use and training, became fixed and hereditary.

"A dog is not hard to train if he likes the work. If he doesn't you might as well give him away. Some young dogs being trained get cut by wild hogs. As they get older, they learn to be careful, especially if they get a few scratches. Sometimes even a good, well-trained dog will get hemmed up where he can't get away and will be killed by a wild hog. There are only a few of the old hog-punchers left that were with the old bunch—there used to be a lot of us."

It is said that Albert Smith claimed that all good hog dogs originated out of his stock, and that his dogs were bred down for several generations. He and A. F. Moss were partners in the hog business for several seasons, from about 1895 on for the next few years, during which time Mr. Smith lived at the Enchanted Rock nearby and attended to all of the hog work.

"My father contended if you wanted to judge a dog and his prospects for making a good hog dog, all you had to do was watch how he carried his tail when working naturally with hogs out on the range," S. E. Smith tells. "If he carried his tail curled up over his back while hunting a hog, he usually was not much account. But if he carried it dropped, that was a good sign. It's pretty much that way, too. He always knew just what his dogs were going to do. He had lots of patience. I've seen his dogs make some terrible busts, but he could take them and finally work it out of them."

To many ranchmen, a hog dog means a Lacy, so named for the late George Lacy, a pioneer of the Marble Falls section, who introduced this particular type of animal into the Llano-Burnet section around 1895. He brought the first Lacy dog from East Texas and adapted him to hog work, he being well known both as a hog man and a dog man.

Now, a majority of the hog dogs used in the Llano section have Lacy blood in them, and are direct descendents of this original cross of the blue and the yellow dogs. Indeed to many, a Lacy and a hog dog are one and the same. Kinley Murchison, who describes the Lacy simply as a good breed of stock dog, says, "People call a dog a Lacy if he looks at a hog."

"A Lacy will either be a valuable dog or he will blow upon you and turn out to be worthless. You are lucky to get one good Lacy out of a bunch. Sometimes one looks like a wonderful prospect, but when he is put to work, he takes a fit of running rabbits. A hog man doesn't want a hog dog that will fool with a rabbit. That makes an old hog-puncher madder than anything for a hog dog to jump a rabbit. Sometimes the dog get tired and figures that's all the hogs he need to work and takes off after a rabbit. When you get a bunch of hogs ready to pen, a dog can really get a fellow out of humor if he runs off after a rabbit. He's so out of humor his dinner doesn't even taste good."

A Llano stockman, who is considered exceptionally good at working hogs, uses Lacys, but states that there are other good hog dogs, such as Shepherds, some hounds and Collies, though the last named are considered by some to be too timid for hog work. He estimates that more Lacys will make good hog dogs, taking them as a whole, than any other kind. Because of the expert training which

the basic stock of Lacy dogs had from their masters, and due to their large amount of experience, their characteristics have been handed down by a rather careful breeding process, and even by inbreeding, which their owners claimed made for good stock in dogs, until most of the Lacys are "naturals". Even as young puppies they show a natural instinct for fighting hogs and often are found with a little pig hemmed up in a corner of the fence, barking and playing with it. Thus he begins his role as a hog dog.

Luke Moss loves his dogs and his dog stories, and he loves to tell them. He says:

"One thing in training a hog dog, you have to have more sense than the dog to start with. Lots of people don't. I've seen some dogs that knew more than the man who was working them. It takes patience and training. The dog must be sensible and naturally good to start with. Collies usually are too timid; they get insulted and get their feelings hurt when they are scolded, and tuck their tail and run off. They have to be hard-headed."

Then A. F. Moss related a story showing the cleverness and ingenuity of the type of hog dog used on the Moss ranch. They were working a bunch of wild, skittish hogs, trying to pen them to cut out the salable hogs and mark the rest. Luke Moss was doing the work. His prize dog at the time was a Shepherd, named Herman, that barked and snapped at the hogs repeatedly, trying to get them to follow him through the gate, but of no avail. As some one has aptly said, "When you get to a gate and start penning a bunch of hogs, their heads are always on the wrong end."

In this instance the work of penning the hogs was left to the dog, Herman. In the bunch were an old sow and her litter of pigs. The dog snapped at the sow time and again, trying to get her to fight back at him as he barked and played around in front of the gate, but she refused to budge. Finally, Herman grabbed one of the little pigs in his mouth and ran through the gate, with the old sow right on his heels. Naturally the rest of the hogs followed her into the pen, and the dog jumped back over them and scampered out of the pen and out of their way, his job neatly done.

"That showed the dog was smart enough to know what Luke wanted him to do, and was smart enough to do it," said Mr. Moss. "That's just one of the many occurrences that sound unbelievable, yet they happen every day in working hogs."

Mr. Moss also tells of the time when a pig ran off from its mother and the rest of the litter, and was trailed by one of the dogs, and brought back in his mouth, a distance of a mile and a half, to the rest of the bunch.

"Little pigs are born wild, like deer. As they get older, they get gentle," said Luke Moss. "If they run off, it's the dog's duty to run after them, nip at them and get them back into the bunch. I've had a dog get 20 little pigs all back together in two minutes."

"With the right kind of dog you can drive any hogs, if they rally and fight, no matter how wild. The main thing is for a dog never to quit. That is something that won't be tolerated—if you call on him to do something and he doesn't do it. He must not work until he is tired, and then quit, but must keep on working until he hasn't any life or strength to keep going. Dogs like their work. They show it by going back to the same place where they worked hogs last. They will always do that, and it shows they like their work, or they wouldn't go back."

This was proved once when a large herd of some 2,000 hogs had been driven from the Moss ranch to the shipping pens in Llano, a distance of about seventeen miles. The main dog used on the drive was Jet, and a few days later he was found back at the shipping pens in Llano, where he had last worked hogs.

Joe Freeman tells a story about a group of hog men vying with each other as to which had the best dog. Each one told of his

wonderful dog and how well he could trail. Finally the party broke up when a man told of owning a dog that had such a cold nose that he took a back trail and wound up at the bed where a nine-year-old boar was born.

"It's wonderful work. I'd rather work hogs if I have a good dog than do anything else. They're the smartest things you ever saw. A drive dog is always in the lead. If he doesn't go in the lead at first, he's barred. He won't be any good. It's just instinct for them to go in front. They have lots of vim, and want to do something all the time. If you keep them tied up and don't give them work to do, they will kill stuff, just because they want to do something.

Mr. Murchison tells of selling an extra fine hog dog to Gray Fowler of Llano. During trapping season the dog disappeared and was one for several months. His owner advertised for him, offering a reward of \$25 for his return. After some time had elapsed, the dog showed up again at the Fowler ranch with a short chain fastened to his neck. When Mr. Fowler learned who had been keeping the dog all that time, he asked why he did not return him and collect the \$25 reward. The man replied, "Why, at that time I was making \$25 a night hunting with him."

Carl Moss says that some men claim they can train their dogs to work without barking. "But I never did think that was a very good sign of an honest man—it sounds like he doesn't want anyone to know he's driving hogs," he surmised.

A young hog man of Llano ventures the assertion that a good hog dog can count just like a person. This is his explanation: "If hogs scatter and one gets lost from the bunch, a good dog knows it, and will leave and go after him. He will circle until he picks up the trail, and he will bring it back. If another one has strayed off in the meantime, he knows it and will go and bring him back. He can tell whenever there's one missing, and he knows when he has all of them back together. That's why I say a hog dog can count just like a man."

H. W. (Rube) Williams returned to his ranch home in Llano county in March to resume ranching, which he left shortly after the cattle slump in 1921 to take up polo. About the first thing he did after getting located on his ranch was to start looking for an experienced hog dog. He wanted another as good as the one he owned some years ago, he said. He marked his hogs cropped the right, and this particular dog was so good that he went into the woods and marked all the neighbors' maverick hogs.

The expression that a good hog dog is worth more than a man is frequently heard. Indeed, there are times when the man must stay out of sight and out of the way entirely. If he rides up to a bunch of hogs on the range, they will scatter in all directions. But let a well trained dog rally them, drive them along for a while whichever way they will go, and soon they are going in the direction desired.

The same thing is true when penning hogs. It is impossible to force them into a pen; it takes a dog and his clever work. He may go through a gate twenty times or under and over a fence time and time again before he can get a hog to run at him. Finally, when one starts, the others follow. The dog will not quit working until he is called out of the pen. Too, when hogs are turned out of the pen, the men should keep out of sight.

"Hogs will run from a man, but they won't run from a dog," says Luke Moss. "Turn the hogs out with the dog in the lead and turn them over to the dogs to handle. Two dogs can do the work of several men. You can have fifty men but they're no good without dogs. A team of two dogs are used generally. If there are more than two, they are ordinarily more severe. They usually all pile on one hog."

This fact was borne out very forcibly on one occasion when

a group of men in a neighborhood got together to work hogs, each bringing his own prize dog. The result was that they lost all of their hogs. The dogs very promptly piled en masse on one hog, and let the rest of the bunch run off.

"You get to thinking a good deal of your dog," says Carl Moss, in telling about W. H. Ligon, a pioneer Llano stockman, who believes in taking good care of his hog dogs. It is his practice, at the end of a hard day's work gathering or driving hogs, to return home late in the evening, carrying his dog up in front of his saddle. After being used over scattered pastures all day, the animal would be tired and footsore, and would whine at the horse's heels and seem not to want to follow as they started in toward home, whereupon his master would take him up on his horse and carry him in.

Usually a harsh master has a poor hog dog. Yet that does not mean that hog dogs are not fighters. They have to be. Indeed, it is this fighting quality, indicative of a valiant heart, that make them the serviceable type of animal that they have proved to be, and many a gallant hero has given his life in the service of his master—performing for him, at his beck and call, this most dangerous of all ranch work.

REPRINTED FROM: A COLLECTION OF STORIES AND ARTICLES WRITTEN BY HAZEL OATMAN BOWMAN (1901-1951) Available through the Oatman Family Enterprises, at the Oatman Law Offices at 915/247-4117 in Llano, Texas.

This article, which has been substantially edited due to space limitations, was originally entitled "Hog Dogs and Their Ranch Uses," and appeared in *The Cattleman*, 1941.



MOTOR SPORTS
915-388-3760

- CLUTCHES • AIR CONDITIONING
- FUEL INJECTION • COMPUTER ANALYSIS
- ELECTRICAL • TUNE-UPS
- BRAKES • EMISSION SYS.
- STEERING & SUSPENSION
- CARBURETOR REPAIR COOLING SYS.

**HONEST, RELIABLE REPAIR
MUSTANG & CORVETTE
SPECIALIST**

3302 R.R. 1431 KINGSLAND, TX 78639

PARDNERSTOGETHER

THE TRUE STORY OF PECOS BILL AND SLUE-FOOT SUE

BY WARREN LEWIS

SLUE-FOOT SUE AND PECOS BILL GO FISHING FOR THE WHIFFLE-POOFLE

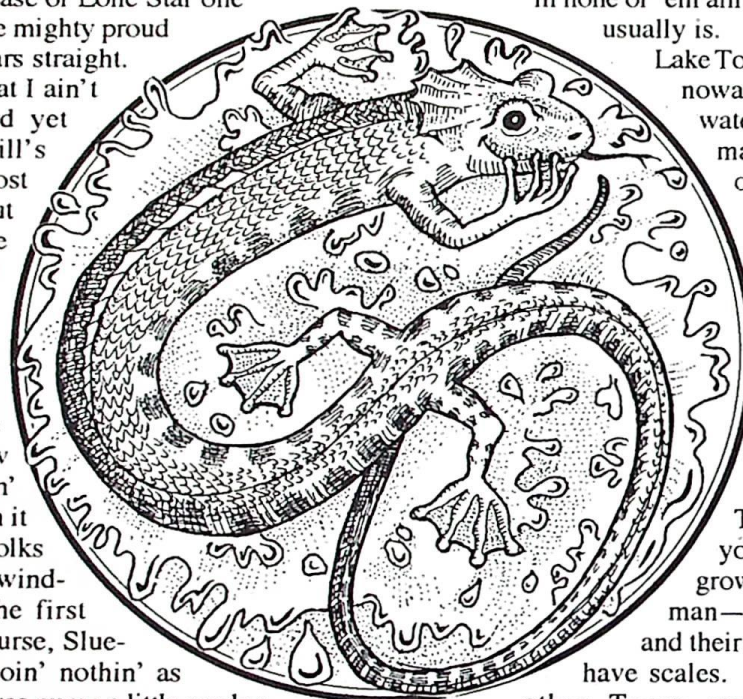
Wellsir, there's a whole heap more yarns folks tells about Pecos Bill and Slue-Foot Sue, and if you'll buy me a case of Lone Star one of these times, I'd be mighty proud to set them other liars straight. It comes to mind that I ain't hardly said a word yet about Sue's 'n' Bill's kid, Bigfoot Wallace. And then, most folks don't hardly know nothin' 'bout Slue-Foot's gallivantin' around the countryside, but the truth is, our gal Sue was a widely traveled woman. And then there was the amazin' time that the wind stopped blowin' in West Texas fer one solid year, and Slue-Foot had to rope her a whole herd of cyclones and train 'em to blow on her windmills to keep 'em a-turmin' and pumpin' water. Lookin' back on it all now, you'd have to say that—as folks nowadays would put it—with them windmills, Slue-Foot Sue'd invented the first "alternative source of energy". 'Course, Slue-Foot didn't have no idee she was doin' nothin' as fancy as that. All Sue wanted to do was pump a little garden water the best way she could think of.

Hell, there's a lot more stories about Slue-Foot Sue, but fer now, you'll jist have to be satisfied with hearin' about the time that Sue taken it into her head to have a Whiffle-Poofle fer a pet, and her and Bill went fishin' to ketch one. 'Course, it'll cost ya another bottle of Lone Star.

Whiffle-Poofles ain't ornery and they ain't mean, and they ain't pertic'lar hard to ketch, neither; you jist gotta know how. Dudes from back East, and even doctors and lawyers from Dallas and Houston, has tried to ketch 'em on rods-'n'-reels and other fancy tackle; 'course, they never even got a nibble. Thing about it is, a whiffle-poofle's might-near as bashful as a shy Milamo bird—and you already know how shy *that* is—so that's why they like to stay hid at the bottoms of bottomless lakes. 'Course, mostly in West Texas, we ain't got no bottomless lakes—jist stock tanks, them little pond-lookin'

doo-lollies that's sort of dredged out and dammed up, and that'll hold water as long as it keeps on rainin'. Fer as I know, the water in none of 'em ain't bottomless, though the mud usually is.

Lake Toyah, out south of Pecos, which nowadays ain't nothin' but a big waterin' hole that had a little human help, does happen to be one of yer more or less bottomless lakes, or leastways it was deep enough fer this here Whiffle-Poofle that Slue-Foot and Bill went after. A Whiffle-Poofle is a sort of a cross between a slippery eel and a Gila monster, with a little bit of mountain boomer throwd in fer good measure—a sort of West Texas water-goin' dragon, you might say. Some of 'em grows up to be as long as a short man—about Okie-sized, I'd say—and their color is blue-green, and they have scales. But they ain't nothin' like other Texas rare breed, the club-tailed



glyptodont.

So, Bill and Slue-Foot got into their rowboat, and Bill naturly taken his post-hole diggers and his oil can with 'im, and they rowed out to the middle of Lake Toyah. Now, fer any of you that doesn't already know it, post-hole diggers is a contraption that you ordinarily digs post holes with when ye're a-aimin' to build fence. Them diggers has got two long handles at one end, which you hold in yer two hands and work back and forth, and can work up some mighty fine blisters, if y'er a ignert greenhorn and don't know what-the-hell y're a-doin'. And at the other end, there's a set of steel jaws that bites up chunks of dirt and rocks, which you lifts up outa the hole and drops over to one side, a bite at a time the deeper you dig yer post hole, till you git to the bottom or China, whicheverone comes first.

So, like I was sayin', Bill commenced to diggin' a hole right straight down right into the middle of the lake, which is

where he knowd that Whiffle-Poofle would be. Bite after bite, sweatin' and gruntin, Bill worked his diggers, liftin' out those bites of water and pilin' 'em to one side till he had a purty good-sized hole dug in the lake and a considerable pile o' water beside the hole. Then, him and Sue started puttin' their Whiffle-Poofle bait down that watery abyss.

Now, fer Whiffle-Poofles, you don't use minners ner sink-bait ner cut-bait ner clodhoppers ner even y'er grandma's biskit dough; what you do use is yarns—jokes, you might say—stories, tall tales, windies, whoppers, or even lies. The one thing a Whiffle-Poofle cain't do without is a yarn, and the funnier the better.

First off, Bill told two or three good'ns about Pat and Mike, the two crazy Irishmen. He told the one about peaches havin' spraddlin'-legs 'bout as funny as he ever told it. And then, him and Sue got real quiet and listened down the hole. They could hear the ol' Whiffle-Poofle a-snorin' down at the bottom of that bottomless like. All their jawin' hadn't even woke 'im up yet.

Then Sue taken a crack at it. On account of the Whiffle-Poofle's being a critter, when figgerd he'd cotton to stories about other critters. So she told the one about Jim Creador's ornery rooster, and the one about the cow-pony that always brought his owner fresh hot coffee of a mornin', and the one about how the king snake and the rattlesnake each took a-holt of one another's tail, and commenced to swallerin' each other till they both et the other one up and disappeared.

Come to find out, Sue had figger'd the Whiffle-Poofle all wrong. He liked the tale about the cow-pony, all right; but seem's how the rooster ends up in a pot with some dumplin's, and the snakes git et, ol' Whiffle-Poofle didn't think too highly of them stories hardly a-tall. He jist started swimmin' away from the post hole. Like I said, bait's the main thing when y're fixin' to ketch a Whiffle-Poofle.

Quick as she could, Sue changed her tune, and told the one about the time—Bill could've told it jist as good on hisself—when Sue was fightin' in the Boer Wars, and a big ol' yeller-n-black striped tiger-cat taken out after her, and she clumb a tree, only to find out that there was one e-normous python snake up at the top of that tree. (Sue paused and aimed a ear down the hole, to see if the Whiffle-Poofle was still a-listnin'. He was.) As Sue climbed on up a little higher in that tree—she went on yarnin'—the ol' tiger-cat come right on up behind her; and purty soon, the python started slidin' down to meet her. Wellsir, as the tiger kept on a-climbin' higher, and the python kept on a-snakin' down lower, purty soon, said Sue, they all met in the middle.

Jist at the right time, Bill asked Sue the question that he knowd the Whiffle-Poofle would've wanted him to ask: "What happened next, Sue?" asked Billy.

"They et me, o' course," said Sue.

Bill and Sue commenced to hee-hawin', expectin' the Whiffle-Poofle to j'in in. But when they listened down the hole, all they could hear was the Whiffle-Poofle turnin' over, gettin' hisself more comfortable, fixin' to go back to sleep. 'Bout the only enjoyment the Whiffle-Poofle had got out of that one was that the critters had won a hand, fer a change.

Bill and Sue tried all kinds of jokes and tales, and a few times they even bordered on out-right prevarication. And it was only by accident that they finally stumbled into what it took to tackle that Whiffle-Poofle's funnybone, and that was the weather. Seein's how the Whiffle-Poofle was parial to keepin' cool at the bottom of bottomless lakes in West Texas, mostly what

So, like I was sayin', Bill commenced to diggin' a hole right straight down right into the middle of the lake, which is where he knowd that Whiffle-Poofle would be. Bite after bite, sweatin' and gruntin, Bill worked his diggers, liftin' out those bites of water and pilin' 'em to one side till he had a purty good-sized hole dug in the lake and a considerable pile o' water beside the hole. Then, him and Sue started puttin' their Whiffle-Poofle bait down that watery abyss.

bothered him was the weather—how hot and dry it got, or how cold and frozen, and how wet and cool he hoped it would stay. Wellsir, that started Bill and Sue in to lyin' fer shur, each one a-tryin to out-yarn the other; and the Whiffle-Poofle got to laughin'.

"Dry?" says Billy, upp'in' the ante on Sue's last windy. "That weren't dry. You wanta know how dry it got? I'll tell you how dry it got. It got so dry fer about twenty years onc't, I had to throw a bucket of water up on the top of my cabin jist to see if the roof leaked!"

"You call that dry?" Sue calls and raises Bill right back. "That kind of dry is downright wet. Dry is what it was the day I went skinny-dippin' over near Marfa. I'd shucked off all my clothes, and I taken a runnin' leap, and I was sailin' out into my dive, along come this'ere drought and a sandstorm and dried up the creek right out from under me. I thought fer shur I was gonna knock my brains out on the rocks!"

They could hear the Whiffle-Poofle chucklin' at the bottom of the hole.

"But I was in luck, that time, 'cause 'fore I could hit the bottom, here come a gully-washer, and the creek come down in a roar and filled that dry hole up with water . . ."

The Whiffle-Poofle cackled at that.

"That ice would've broke my neck, too," Sue was lyin' good, by this time, "if the weather hadn't warmed up agin right quick. The sun come out and dried up the creek till the mud cracked, but at least I had a soft place to land in."

"That was lucky," agrees Bill.

"Yeah, but that weren't the worst part. Comin' outa my dive, the sun give my nekked be-hind sech a burn, I couldn't stand to sit down in my jeans fer four days!"

The Whiffle-Poofle liked Sue's yarn a awful lot, and Bill and Sue knowd they had 'im goin'.

"If you wanta talk about hot 'n' cold," Bill carries it on up a little higher, "I'll tell you about both. It got so hot out in West Texas onc't that the rattlesnakes all dried out, and when they went into that zig-zaggin' they do a-tryin' to crawl, they couldn't bend theirselves without crackin' in two. Any baby chicks that didn't have the bad luck of bein' laid hardboiled, hatched out that spring already Southern fried. Lordy! It got so hot you had to stand the butter in the sun fer an hour to git it hard enough to cut. And then, it got as cold that winter as it was hot

That was the time the wind blowd so hard, it blowd the feathers clean off the chickens—we had to feed the hens buckshot to weight 'em down and keep 'em from blowin' away. And the day after that, the wind blowd even harder. I had one ol' layin'-hen that had turned her tail to the wind, and she laid the same danged egg five times! That was the same day the wind was blowin' so hard from the west that the sun was three hours late goin' down."

the summer before. One night it got so cold near Lubbock, when I started to light my cigarette, the flame on my match froze stiff. I had to wait till the sun come out the next mornin' so I could blow it out. Hell, I've seen it so cold in Amarillo, some sunshine froze and fell down right on Polk Street and broke into little bitty bits and pieces. And that natur'ly puts me in mind of another time when the sun come out so fast after a cold snap, and made ever'thing so hot, a cornfield nearby full of popcorn started in to poppin' and covered the ground all around with hills of popcorn that looked like drifted snow. Danged, if half my herd didn't die of the heat stroke, and the other half got mixed up, thought it was winter, and shivered theirselves to death with the cold."

"Snow Drift?" Sue crows, keepin one ear cocked down the Whiffle-Poofle hole, "You wanta hear about a snow drift? I'll tell you about a snow drift. Onc't when I was up towards the Panhandle, the wind was blowin' so hard and the snow was fallin' so thick and fast, I knowd I'd have to bed down underneath a drift to keep from freezin' to death. So I tied my horse to a little bush, and rolled up in my blanket fer the night. Next mornin', when the norther'd blowd over and the sun come out, the snow had gone and all melted, I looked around, and danged if my horse wadn't gone, too. But then, I heard a whinny up over my head. That little bush I'd tied my horse to the night before turned out to be the top of a forty-foot-high cottonwood that had been driftin'-in. But now, the drift had melted, and my horse was danglin' from the top of that tree. I had to shoot a good bridle in two jist to git 'im down and keep the dang-fool cayuse from hangin' hissself!"

"I've heard tell of worse snows than that," boasts Billy, warmin' to the task and listenin' to the Whiffle-Poofle yukkin' hissself slap-dab silly down below, "but the coldest it ever did git was when I was ridin' with the Goodnight outfit, and ol' Colonel Goodnight come out to give us our orders one mornin'. It was so cold, the words froze as they fell out of his mouth. We had to break 'em off, one at a time, and rub 'em 'tween our hands and blow on 'em to warm 'em up so's we could tell what the man was sayin'. And then, one o' them ol' boys had a mouth organ that he liked to play, but all day long when he blowd his tunes, the notes froze and got stuck in the harmonica. That night, back at camp, he had to drop the dadburn thing in the coffee pot to unfreeze it. And when the coffee started in to bubblin' and the

steam came out, so did the tunes. All them froze-up songs that buckaroo had played all day long come a-b'illin' out, one right after the other, like a steam calliope at the State Fair in Dallas. It shur was nice havin' a serenade whilst we et our grub that night durin' suppertime."

"That's purty cold, all right," agrees Sue, not givin' the Whiffle-Poofle a chance to ketch his breath, "but it don't even come close to how cold it got up on the Staked Plains, onc't when I was diggin' post holes. I had to use a ice pick instead of a crowbar, and then when I stuck what I thought was posts in my holes and strung my wire, next spring, come to find out my fence posts had been froze-up rattlesnakes. Danged if them critters didn't unfreeze theirselves and crawl off, carryin' several hundred miles of my best bobwire with 'em."

The thought of Sue's rattlesnakes unfreezin' and carryin' off her bobwire fence was jist more'n what the pore ol' Whiffle-Poofle could stand. He was laughin' so hard, he started hickuppin', and he got to hickuppin' so hard, he couldn't hardly ketch his breath. Which meant, sooner or later, he'd have to come up to the top of the water; and that's when Bill started in paddlin' real easy-like towards the bank. And as he rowed, the Whiffle-Poofle jist kept on a-laughin' and a-follerin'; and Bill and Sue jist kept on a-baitin' 'im with more and more yarns.

"Cold's one thing," says Bill, "but Sue, I'll bet you never did see the wind blow, not the way I seen it. Why, up in Lazbuddie, where I bunked fer a spell, the foreman had to put the bunkhouse on hinges, so that when the wind would blow and flatten it out agin' the ground, afterwards we could push it upright agin. And that was the same place where they'd hung up a hundred-pound loggin' chain from the corner of the house. If the chain was hangin' anywhere under a forty-five-degree angle, they knowd that it was jist a gentle breeze a-blowin' and it was time to shut the door and close the winders."

By this time, the Whiffle-Poofle was flat out wallerin' in laughter, and he would've jist about follered that boat anywheres Bill would've rowed.

"Awwh, that ain't no wind a-tall, Bill," says Sue. "Wind is what we had when I was farmin' that time out near Muleshoe. It'd come at us from the southwest one day, and blew all the barbs on my bobwire clean up to one end of the fence; and then it'd come at us from the northeast the next day, and blow all the barbs on my wire plumb down to the other end of the fence. Why, the wind blowd so hard one day, it blowd the cast-iron lids clean off my cookstove; and the day after that, it come back fer the rest of the stove. That was the time it blowd so hard, it blowd the feathers clean off the chickens—we had to feed the hens buckshot to weight 'em down and keep 'em from blowin' away. And the day after that, the wind blowd even harder. I had one ol' layin'-hen that had turned her tail to the wind, and she laid the same danged egg five times! That was the same day the wind was blowin' so hard from the west that the sun was three hours late goin' down."

Bill said he had to agree—and so did the Whiffle-Poofle—that he never had heard tell of no wind any stronger'n that. "But," says Bill, thinkin' about what would convince a Whiffle-Poofle, "what counts is how dry it gits when it gits dry, and how muddy it gits when it's rainy." The Whiffle-Poofle agreed with that, too, and so he jist kept on a-swimmin' in the direction that Bill was a-paddlin', so's he could hear the next yarn.

"Why, one time it got do dry," says Bill, "you could walk

acrost the Pecos River when it was full to the brim without gittin' the soles of y'r boots wet. Hell, it got so dry that time that when the minners was swimmin' upstream to breed, they each one had to carry a canteen along with 'em to keep so's they could take a drink of water. And that weren't hardly no drought a-tall compared to what they had down on the Brazos, back when they was tryin' to run a paddle-wheeler up 'n' down her, like on the ol' Mississip. The only kind of a boat that would work was the kind that would run on a light dew or float on dust—why, you couldn't even see the river bank fer the duststorm that the paddle wheel kicked up. And that reminds me of the time I was shacked up down near Ozona, when I taken a mind to grow me some 'maters. I got me a wagon, loaded it with manure and some good dirt, and planted my crop in the wagon. Then, I started watchin' fer a cloud, thinkin' that sooner 'r later, one of them dry bastards'd let loose of some water. And ever'time I seen one, I'd hitch up my two fastest mules to the wagon and light out after it. I drove that consarned 'mater patch back 'n' forth from Junction to Van Horn, up to Monahans and down to Del Rio, a-tryin' to ketch me come rainwater!"

"Did ya make ary crop, that year?" asks Sue, impressed with Bill's perseverance.

"Hell, yes," says Bill, "I got a whole hatful!"

"Well," laughs Sue, almost as tickled as the Whiffle-Poofle, thats how dry it got. Now I wanta hear how wet it got."

"You wanta hear how wet it got. Well, I'll *tell* you how wet it got." Bill was laughin' too, pert' near as hard as the Whiffle-Poofle.

"Very well, young son,"—Sue cain't stop laughin' now—"jist how wet *did* it git?"

Slue-Foot was hee-hawin' so hard, she come mighty high of turnin' the rowboat over.

"Well, I'll tell ya, Sue," says Bill, "it didn't hardly git wet that time a-tall, but it shur as hell got muddy!"

At this point, the Whiffle-Poofle rose to the surface of the water, hankerin' to know jist how muddy that was. In the meantime, Bill was paddlin' faster-n-faster, headed fer the bank, and the ol' Whiffle-Poofle was doin' a fast backstroke, but barely able to keep up, he was cacklin' so loud.

"Oh, Yeah?" says Sue, "well, jist how *muddy* did it git, then?"

"It got *so* muddy," answers Bill, "that all the horses with long tails in my remuda couldn't go to sleep."

"And how some o' that?" asks Sue, like she didn't already know.

"All the horses with long tails got sech a heavy weight of mud-balls stuck to their tails, it kept the hide all along their backsides pulled tight, and up over their necks and 'tween their ears; their skin was so that they couldn't shut their eyes and go to sleep. When I finally cut the mud-balls off'n their tails, their eyelids snapped shut like a outhouse door. Them ponies was so plumb tuckered out, the jist fell down on the ground right where they was standin' and went straight to sleep and slept like Adam, havin' his rib took out. And that weren't all, neither, not by a long shot."

Bill was paddlin' faster, now, and lyin' as fast as he paddled. Little by little, they was gittin' nearer the bank, and the Whiffle-Poofle was jist about a gone, though he didn't know it, yet; and if had've knowd it, he wouldn't've minded.

"No?" says Sue, "What else?"

"It got so muddy that time," Bill finished up, "I was ridin' down a lane one day, and looked over into the ditch, and I seen a brand-new ten-gallon Stetson hat a-layin' there right on

FROSTY MILLER

RANCH REALTY, INC.

915-247-3997 • FAX 915-247-3675

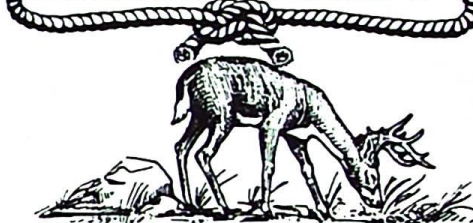
Frosty Miller - Broker • Anytime 915-251-6671 • Pager 512-756-5837
• ASSOCIATES •

LLANO OFFICE 307 Bessemer • Llano, Texas 78643 915-247-3997 • Fax 247-3657	PONTOTOC OFFICE PO Box 13 • Pontotoc, Texas 76869 915-251-6671 • Fax 251-6506
--	---

We have many ranches in this area and in South & West Texas.
GIVE US A CHANCE TO FIND YOUR RANCH FOR YOU.

JIM INKS

RANCH REALTY



915-247-5011
(24 Hours)

915-247-5775
(Fax)

1-800-880-0359
(Toll Free)

Jim Inks
BROKER

RANCHES LAKE PROPERTY HOMES SMALL ACREAGE
103 East Main Street • Llano, Texas 78643

FIRST CHOICE MARINA

CENTRALLY LOCATED ON LAKE LBJ

BOAT SLIPS FOR RENT
LIGHTED, COVERED, ELECTRIC LIFTS

LEE & CAROL CROMWELL
OWNERS • ON PREMISES

218 SKYLINE DRIVE • SUNRISE BEACH, TX 78643-9272

915-388-3251

M&O AUTO REPAIR

SERVING LLANO SINCE 1971

EXPERT BODY REPAIR & CUSTOM PAINTING

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC CARS & TRUCKS

FRAME STRAIGHTENING & WIRE WELDING

FREE ESTIMATES

INSURANCE CLAIMS WELCOME

1008 BESSEMER, LLANO 915/247-5433

JIM

Laubhan
& ASSOCIATES

T-SHIRT SPECIALS

PHONE OR FAX FOR PRINTED INFO:
512-249-8126

HELP!

Does your child need help with study skills, academic tutoring and self-esteem? Call "Miss Carol" now to arrange a schedule. Certified Tutor. You come to me, or I'll come to you.

\$25 per hour plus drive time

915/388-3251



PRINTWORKS

"YOUR HILL COUNTRY PRINTER"

- ONE TO FOUR COLOR PROCESS PRINTING
- DIRECT MAIL
- BUSINESS CARDS & LETTERHEAD
- COMPLETE GRAPHICS DEPARTMENT
- FREE HILL COUNTRY DELIVERY

We specialize in quality and cost savings

314 MAIN STREET
MARBLE FALLS, TEXAS 78654
210-693-3024 FAX 210-693 6283

top of the mud. Wellsir, I reaches fer my trusty ol' ropin' rope, thinkin' I might jist as well have me that hat as the next feller. And about the time I git it lasso'd, this'ere feller underneath the hat hollers out: 'Hey, what're you doin' with my hat?' That was the first I knowd there was a head in that hat, and it was a-movin' through the mud. So I hollers back at him, does he need any help? And he hollers back at me, no, he don't think he does; he was jist a-passin' through the country, he says, and he come to a bit of a ditch, but he's ridin' a mighty fine horse, he says, and he thinks he'll make it through the mud all right."

Slue-Foot 'lowed as how Bill's yarn must've been what they calls a "dirty joke", what with the mud and all, and secin', as how the mud in that yarn was as deep as it was, Bill's story, Sue said, must've been about the dirtiest joke and the deepest mud she ever did hear tell of. And that ol' slap-happy Whiffle-Poofle, if he'd've had breath enough to say so, he'd've agreed.

By now, they was hard by the bank of the lake, and jist before the rowboat bumped on the rocks, Billy picks up his oil-can and he starts in to oilin' the top of the water. And as quick as the boat come ashore, Billy jumps out and keeps a-pourin' on the oil, till he's gits hisself a oil slick runnin' from the water over the rocks and onto the land.

Shur 'nough, the ol' Whiffle-Poofle had got up sech a head of steam from laughin' and swimmin', and swimmin' and laughin', that when he hit that oil slick, he jist natur'ly started to slide, and he didn't stop slidin' till he was out of the water and on dry ground. That critter was belly up, flat of his back, and landed. Tears was runnin' down his cheeks—they was—and not tears of sadness, neither. Dyin' is a t'rible thing to a Whiffle-Poofle, same as it is to a human, but not if you die laughin'. And the ol' Whiffle-Poofle jist couldn't stop laughin' at all them yarns about the West Texas weather—the mud and the rain and the snow and the sun and the wind. Ol' Whiffle-Poofle, he jist natur'ly turned up his toes and solemnly laughed hisself right on in to Whiffle-Poofle Heaven.

Slue-Foot was kindly disappointed. She had aimed right along to have that Whiffle-Poofle fer a pet, like I already said. On the other hand, Sue had to agree that, since you gotta go when you gotta go, goin' out a-laughin' is the best way of all to go. Anyhow, after Bill skun the Whiffle-Poofle out and tanned his hide, Sue got herself a nice pair of blue-green ridin' gloves, and Billy got hisself a fine belt.

JESSE JAMES REAL ESTATE

HOME OWNED AND OPERATED

- 300+ LBJ waterfront, 3/2 brick, 1800 sq. ft. home, super buy, \$225,000.
- 252 ac. Southeast Llano Co. 3 wells, tank excellent with 2000' Agent \$1700/ac
- Resort/camp, 61 ac. 1000+ waterfront, 50 RV hookups, 8 cabins, pool. \$485,000.

SOLD

512-793-2851

HIGHWAY 29 • 1/2 MILE WEST OF BUCHANAN DAM • OPEN SEVEN DAYS A WEEK

WANTED

BUYERS & SELLERS
RESIDENTIAL
LAKE HOMES
RESORT PROPERTY
RANCHES
MARINA PROPERTY
COMMERCIAL &
INVESTMENT
PROPERTIES

Wellsir, that was the end of the Whiffle-Poofle, and it's the end of this yarn, too, 'cept that it does put a feller in mind of how Billy hisself come to die. Some folks says that he got shot by a jealous husband, and other folks says he got gunned down by an angry woman. Other folks says he died of "solemncholy" one time up in Cheyenne, onc't his cowpunchin' days was over and there wasn't no more big herds of longhorns to drive up north. These folks says that Billy, havin' nothin' better to do, went to see one of them so-called rodeos, and when he seen what passes fer bronc-bustin', bull-doggin', and calf-ropin', these days, he crawled off into a prairie-dog hole and jist never ever did come out agin. Still other folks says that he smoked hisself to death—and that could be, considerin' what Billy smoked. Most folks have heard that Pecos Bill drank hisself to death—which, o' course, as I have said before, is a outright lie: There weren't nothin' a cork ever kept inside a bottle that could kill Pecos Bill.

Nosir, the truth is—and it's a curiosity—that Pecos Bill died the same way the Whiffle-Poofle did" Billy died a-laughin'. One fine day, one o' them fancy fellers from up Boston-way come down to Texas all duded out in a mail-order cowboy gitup. He said that he'd been to school at "Hahvahd" (that's the funny way them fellers talks, don't ya know); and he said he was fixin to make a study of cowboy lore and Wild West legends. He said he wanted to know if anybody by the name of Pecos Bill ever had lived really.

Wellsir, ol' Billy took one look at that greenhorn, and he listened to the peculiar way that feller talked and to his redic' lus question, and then Billy jist naturly laid down right there and laughed hisself to death, jist like the ol' Whiffle-Poofle.

As fer Slue-Foot Sue, I don't rightly know how she come to die, if indeed she ever did. Like I said, ther's a passle more yarns about Sue, but I ain't never heard a single one about her a-dyin'. I've heard tell that, after Billy passed on, Sue went on down to Lost Canyon, that spread out in the Big Bend country that Bill's Ol' Man and Ol' Woman staked out. It's on a creek that empties into the Rio Grandy somewhere, through nobody knows fer shur right where. They say it's a fine, wide valley, with year-round springs a-flowin' in it, and buffalo still a-grazin' on the grass, like in the olden days. I guess if Sue ain't died yet, she's still a-livin' there. She prob'ly has a little garden, and runs a few head of cattle.

THE END

MAIN STREET EMPORIUM



Antiques
Collectibles - Primitives
Oak Furniture - Glassware
Western Artifacts - Old Books

We Handle Estate Sales

210-693-7037

204 MAIN • MARBLE FALLS, TEXAS 78654



PAST & PRESENTS

Antique Toy Showcase

Wendy Davis - Owner

210-693-8877

• Antiques • Majolica & Redware • Victoria Gifts
• Old Garden Statuary & Garden Furniture
• Antique Prints & Lithographs p.m.

Open: Monday-Saturday 10 a.m. - 6 p.m. Sundays 12 p.m.-5 p.m.
212 Main St. • Marble Falls, Texas 78654

Pomegranates

MARBLE FALLS

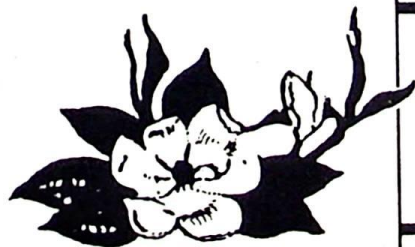


RARE FINDS • ANTIQUES
COFFEE • TEA • DESSERTS

Marjorie Chatham - Owner

210-693-8975

115 MAIN STREET • MARBLE FALLS, TEXAS 78654



LANDSCAPE & XERISCAPE
INSTALLATION
& MAINTENANCE
FOR THE
HIGHLAND LAKES AREA

MAGNOLIA LAWN & GARDEN
NANCY WALKER

512/756-9406

LANELLE'S HAIR AFFAIR

PRESENTS
PERFECT SOLUTIONS
for Hair - Body - Nails
with these quality retail items:

Bain De Terre: Body & Hair
Redkin: Body & Hair
Vavoom: Hair
Matrix: Body & Hair

O.P.I.: Nails
Hairpothics: Hair
Graham Webb: Hair
Glycologic: Body

915/247-4902 830 Ford Street, Llano, Texas 78643

PROP SHOP

PROFESSIONAL REPAIR SPECIALISTS

- MOST PROPS EXCHANGES
- SPECIAL METALS
- SKEG REPAIR/RE-HUB
- HELI-ARC WELDING

Robert & Evelyn Wittig
93 River Oaks Dr.
(formerly Euel Moore Dr.)

915/388-6287 

RT. 1, BOX 187 A-K, KINGSLAND, TEXAS 78639

Heart of the Heart



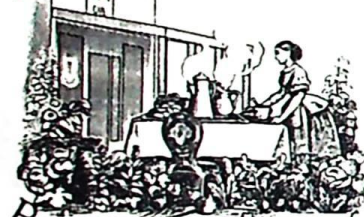
Guest Cabin

Enjoy panoramic views of 30 miles of Oak Canyon filled with oak and bluebonnets while relaxing on the front deck of this secluded Mason County lodge 3 miles from Fredonia. Hike the trails, look for arrowheads, and at night you can gaze at the stars deep in the Texas hills. The Lodge is one bedroom but can sleep 4 to 6 people. Comfortably furnished country-style, with all the amenities including a fully-equipped kitchen and wood burning stove.

Call Randy or Beverly Baker for reservations: 915/429-6222

HEART OF THE HEART GUEST LODGE

Pecan Street



Bakery and Cafe
"On the Square" Blanco, Texas

- SOUPS
- SALADS
- SANDWICHES
- QUALITY BAKED GOODS
- FRESH COFFEE
- ESPRESSO

Nan Hanus - Proprietor
(210) 833-5737

306 Pecan Street • Blanco, Texas 78606

JIMMY'S ANTIQUES

BERTRAM, TEXAS 78605

512-533-2985

ALSO AT

ANTIQUE EMPORIUM

LAMPASAS, TEXAS 76550

(ON THE SQUARE)

512-556-6843

SONG WRITER OF THE TEXAS HILL COUNTRY

AN INTERVIEW WITH REX FOSTER

by BEAU BURTON

Good song writing can be like a stiff cup of black coffee. Like a morning jolt to the nervous system, a song can provide a wake up call for those paying attention. When a song stylist like Rex Foster spins a musical web, others see their own pain and triumphs in Rex's real-life mirror. Though he's quick to point out he's had his share of mistakes, Rex has it all together today, and people are taking notice, in the states and abroad.

Rex takes real life situations, breaks them down into puzzle-like pieces, and puts the whole thing back together in under four minutes. Seems to me it's in Rex's genes, to just keep putting the puzzle together enough times, so others can figure it out. Not only does Rex Foster speak to the human condition, he can take you places with his keen insights or amuse you with back handed lyrical verse. Either way you're in Rex's world. A place that many of his peers maintain a bleary-eyed vigil.

Beau Burton: What started your move into music?

Rex Foster: Actually it was a function of getting out of theater. Woody Guthrie, Joan Baez, Bob Dylan, and Ray Charles were going on. Dylan was the big thing when I was in college in 1964. Drama was a way for me to analyze humans and what makes them tick; it helped me interpret other people's work and understand what was going on around me—the push-pull dynamics, which I also found in song writing. I became much more interested in music because I don't like the team sports. About the time I was falling out of the team spirit, I was looking into people like Woody Guthrie. He was living the complete other side of the coin, and interpreting life through a very simple style of music.

BB: I can see how drama can be a problem for an independent person.

RF: Well, I'm basically shy, and I've come up with a term for myself—I'm clinically sensitive. I could have been hospitalized at points in my life for being sensitive, for having my raw emotional feelers out there.

BB: Has there been any of your works that made you uncomfortable?

RF: Yes. I've written a couple of things that are real uncomfortable for me. One of them I put on a CD — *The Abandonment Song*—it's not a personal story, but it's uncomfortable to me because it touched so many people, everybody asked me about it. I wrote another song that I won't perform, about a drive-by-shooting from the standpoint of the father of a four year old little girl killed in the line of fire.

BB: Seems these are songs that more or less slap the listener around. I can see your point, why give them the same thing all the time? You're bringing up concepts that people might need to relate to in their lives.

RF: That's why I did *The Abandonment Song* on the 'Believin' CD, because there are a lot of people out there that need to hear that song—for their own recovery, for their own development

and growth, and also for some people doing the abandoning. Songs are like mirrors, we look into them and relate or we don't.

BB: Is there one song that represents your own personal growth?

RF: Yes, the song 'Freedom'. Across the board it would state my case because basically the song says that our freedom is a state of mind. We grow into our freedom.

BB: Do you think there are any artistic advantages to living in the Hill Country.?

RF: I think it's a personal call, it has to do with where we're from—city folks that are born in a city hospital and raised in a suburban setting and go to schools in cities, wouldn't have the same answer for you. My grand parents were country people. And when I was ten years old my parents moved to Comfort, Texas, to a ranch with the Guadalupe River running through it. We had horses, cows, sheep, goats, chicken, pigs, I raised it all.

I live in the Hill Country, I make a modest living as an artist, and it's hard for me to leave. Like when I have to get in my Suburban and drive to Washington, D. C. for the Folk Alliance. What a chore. But I have a lot of fun between here and there. On the other side of the coin, the city is a challenge because of the people—you can't get away from them. I don't sit here in my own paradise to keep it all for myself. Well, it's a gift and I know I could walk out that door right now and do two or three things to screw it all up—Beau, I could chunk it all. The knowledge of that is the gift, I think.

BB: Would you say that your musical direction now is different than when you started?

RF: No, I think what I've been trying to do with music has always been about the same, except now I'm starting to write with other people. Writing with other people hasn't really been my style up till now, but I've realized I've been short changing myself. Let me rephrase that; not so much short changing myself, but growing into a place where I'm blending with other people. I never wondered if a song was good enough for so and so to do. I was always more concerned with "can I perform the song". So, I'm having a blast now writing songs with John Ims for example, who almost always has in mind the person he's writing for. It's a whole different thing, writing a song for another performer, you have to build it, and structure it in a way that's simple but not predictable, and that's a tough job.

If you want to talk to Rex, via Email you can at Agarita@Sat.Net. On the Internet; it's <http://songs.com/homa/rxfhome.htm>

Thanks for some great insight Rex. Beau Burton saying: "don't turn that dial, turn on your search engine and find your dose of Rex".

PackSaddle

TACK N' TEMPTATIONS

Gifts and Gear for the horse,
for the cowboy lifestyle,
'for a cowgirl's western charm.
Enticing western gimmicks & indulgences
that'll make the little 'uns want to grow up to be cowboys.

729 FORD STREET, LLANO, TEXAS 78643 • 915/247-2206 • FAX 915/247-2322

HILL COUNTRY

Embroidery

DESIGN IT... LOGO IT... PERSONALIZE IT...
MONOGRAM IT!

719 FORD STREET, LLANO, TEXAS 78643 • 915/247-2045


We now have a selection of heat transfers for T-Shirts & we're always getting more.

Plus a wide variety of colored T-shirts in stock for Kids & Adults up to XXXL

MERLE NORMAN

We Know How Beautiful You Can Be!
MADA B. WEST
CONSULTATIONS FREE

Polished Llanite Historical Marker
Open 9:30 - 5:30 Monday - Saturday
104 East Main • Llano, Texas 78643 • (915) 247-4976



THREE HORSE TRADERS

BUY, SELL, TRADE

PRIMITIVES - WESTERN DECOR - COLLECTIBLES
BARN WOOD - FURNITURE - SKULLS - HORNS
ARTIFACTS - SOUTHWESTERN ARTISTS - METAL ART

609 West Main, Fredericksburg, TX 78624
R.L. (Buster) Beseda (210) 997-6499

The Best Baked Goods are at

WildFlour Bakery

Marcia & Leroy Boessling
512/858-5037

2201 Hwy. 290 West
Dripping Springs, TX 78620

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

HELPING ENCHANTED ROCK MAGAZINE
PRESERVE THE HISTORY AND ADVENTURE OF TEXAS

ANTIQUES

Buffalo Gals, Page 9
Jimmy's Antiques, Page 36
Lillie's Antiques, Page 24
Main Street Emporium, Page 35
Old Feed Store, Page 24
Past & Presents, Page 35
Pomegranites, Page 35
Saphires and Petunias, Page 24
Three Horses Traders, Page 37

ART GALLERIES & SUPPLIES

Art Etc., Page 16
Aves Del Sol, Page 18
Broken Arrow, Page 13
Gallery of the Hills, Page 22

AUTOMOTIVE

Automotive Specialists, Page 29
Crenwelge Motors, Fredsburg, Page 25
Crenwelge Motors, Kerrville, Page 14
M & O Auto Repair, Page

BANKING & COMMERCIAL SVCS.

Llano National Bank, Page 14
Printworks, Page 33

BUILDERS & SERVICES

Apollo Improvement, Page 3
Southern Cypress Log Homes, Page 16

CAMPING & FISHING SUPPLIES

Hoover Valley Country Store, Page 22

CLOTHING

Hill Country Embroidery, Page 37

CLUBS & ENTERTAINMENT

Badu House, Page 18
Harry's on the Loop, Page 6
Highlander Club, Page 7

COMMERCIAL ART/SERVICES

Ira Kennedy, Page 6
Jim Laubhan & Associates, Page 33

COUNTRY STORES

Hoover Valley Country Store, Page 22

FOOD & FOOD ITEMS

Badu House, Page 18
Burger Bar Cafe, Page 24
Catfish Barge, Page 2
Choo Choo's Bar-B-Que, Page 3
Coopers Bar-B-Q, Page 2
Dairy Queen, Page 6
Golden Fried Chicken, Page 2
F redericksburg Brewery, Page 40
Inman's Kitchen, Page 18
Main Street Tea Room, Page 16
New Canaan Farms, Page 14
Nile Valley, Page 14
Pecan Street Cafe, Page 14
Peete Mesquite, Page 22
PoPo's Family Restaurant, Page 20
Stonewall Chili Pepper Co., Page 7
Stonewall Pizzeria, Page 7
WillFlour Bakery, Page 37

GARDENING

Geo Growers, Page 39
Magnolia Lawn & Garden, Page 35

GIFTS & JEWELRY

Acme Dry Goods Co., Page 9
Dorer Jewelers, Page 15
Haas Hand Weaving, Page 15
Packsaddle Tack n Temptations, Page 37

INSURANCE & HOME SECURITY

Brinkman Security, Page 5
Farm Bureau, Page 24

LADIES FASHIONS

Acme Dry Goods Co., Page 9

LODGING

Austin St. Retreat, Page 18
Badu House, Page 18
Ford Street Inn, Page 7
Gasthaus Schmidt, Page 18
Heart of the Heart Guest, Page 36
Hill Country Lodging, Page 15
Luckenbach Inn, Page 20
Peach Tree Inn, Page 20
Pecan Creek B&B, Page 36

MARINAS & BOAT SVCS.

First Choice Marina, Page 33
Prop Shop, Page 36
Sunrise Marina, Page 22

PACKAGE STORES

Olen's Ice Box, Page 7

PERSONAL CARE & SERVICES

Lanell's Hair Affair, Page 35
Merle Norman, Page 37
Miss Carol, Page

REAL ESTATE

Giesecke & Assoc., Page 16
Frosty Miller, Page 33
Jesse James Real Estate, Page 33
Jim Berry Real Estate, Page 20
Jim Inks Ranch Realty, Page 33
Landmasters Real Estate, Page 24
Terry Wootan Real Estate, Page 2

RETIREMENT HOMES

Knopp Nursing & Retirement, Page 15

TOURS/EVENTS

Christ of the Hills Monastery, Page 38
Boneman Exhibit, Page 13
Sacred Pipe Sundance, Page 9

"To stand in front of the Weeping Icon is like nothing on earth. There are no words with which I can describe what happens when people encounter the Mother of God in this intimate situation."

—Anonymous Pilgrim to New Sarov
History of the Icon

On May 7, 1985, an Icon of the Mother of God was discovered weeping Myrrh by one of the Monks in a small Chapel at Christ of the Hills Monastery. The Monks' first step was to discern if the manifestation was authentic and to notify their ecclesiastical superiors. All attested to the miracle's authenticity.

The Monks see her tears as a sign of distress over how far we have all gone from Christ.

Great miracles have come as a result of anointing with the Tears of this Icon: cures of cancer, leukemia, blindness, mental illness, and the most precious gift on earth—the gift of peace of mind—given to many, many souls.



Pilgrims Flock to Monastery

Hundreds of thousands of Pilgrims flock to Christ of the Hills Russian Orthodox Monastery, nestled on a mountain top six miles southwest of Blanco, Texas and overlooking the Blanco River Valley.

In the words of the founder of the Monastery, "The Mother of God calls all people to her Son. The Mother of God calls all to repentance, fasting, prayer and an other-worldly way of living. Like St. John the Baptist, her cry is, 'Make straight the way of the Lord, Christ is coming again.'"

Visiting Hours

10:00 am—6:00 pm

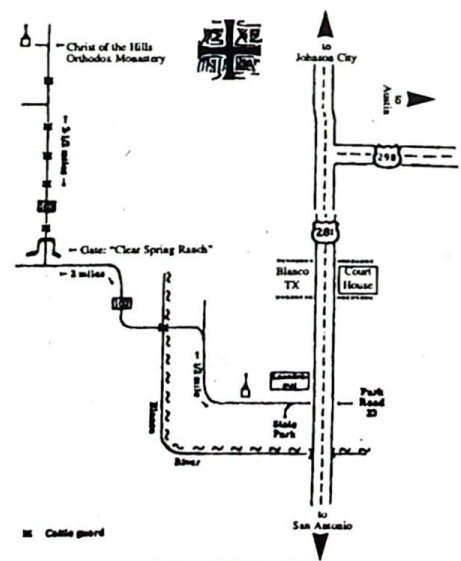
June, July, August:7 days per week

September—May:closed Tues. & Wed.

Services

Matins4:30 am
Third Hour7:30 am
Akathist.....1:15 pm
Vespers6:00 pm
Compline8:30 pm
Vigil (Saturday Night)8:30 pm
Sunday Divine Liturgy10:00 am

PLEASE DRESS MODESTLY:
NO SHORTS, WOMEN SHOULD WEAR DRESSES OR LONG SKIRTS.
NO SMOKING ON THE PROPERTY.
PLEASE SPEAK SOFTLY AS MONASTERIES ARE QUIET PLACES.



Christ of the Hills Monastery
New Sarov
Blanco, Texas 78606-1049
(210) 833-5363

Thinking of a Spring & Summer Garden?

The very best is at
Geo Growers



GEO GROWERS

6300-C Highway 290 West
in Oak Hill

512-892-2722

TEXAS FOR SALE



THE REAL TEXAS

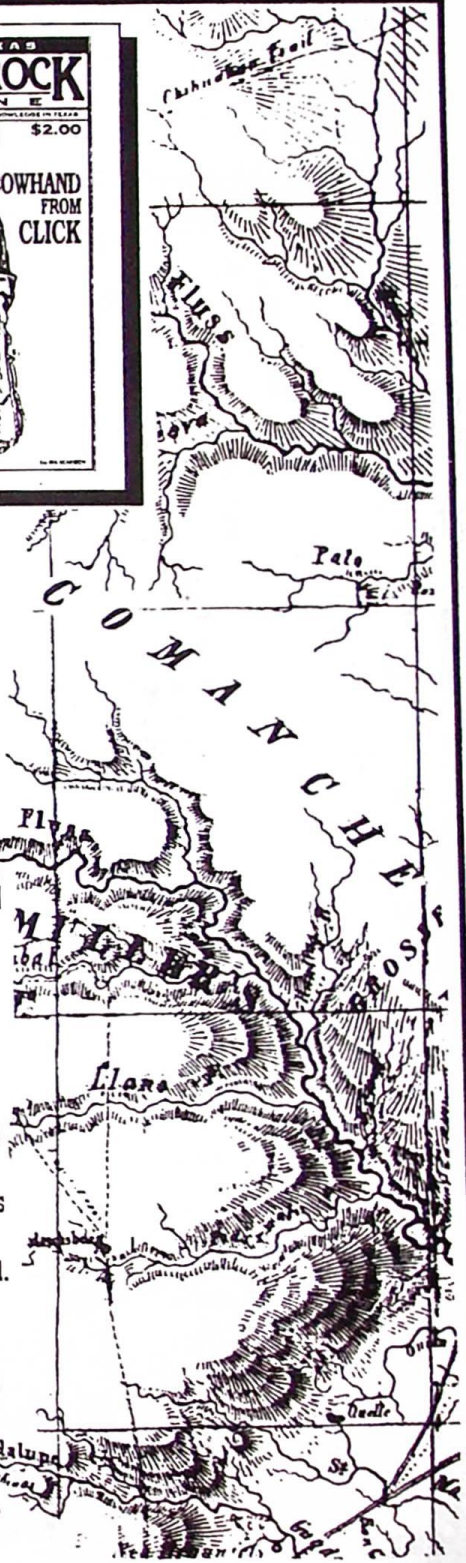
**COMING OUT
MONTHLY**

Explore the adventure of
TEXAS from past to present.
From early hunter-gatherers
to today's adventurous road
trips. It's all about Cowboys
and Indians, history,
mystery, treasure and travel.

★
A one year subscription is
ONLY \$25. Just send us a
check along with your
name and address and
we'll take care of the rest.

ENCHANTED ROCK MAGAZINE

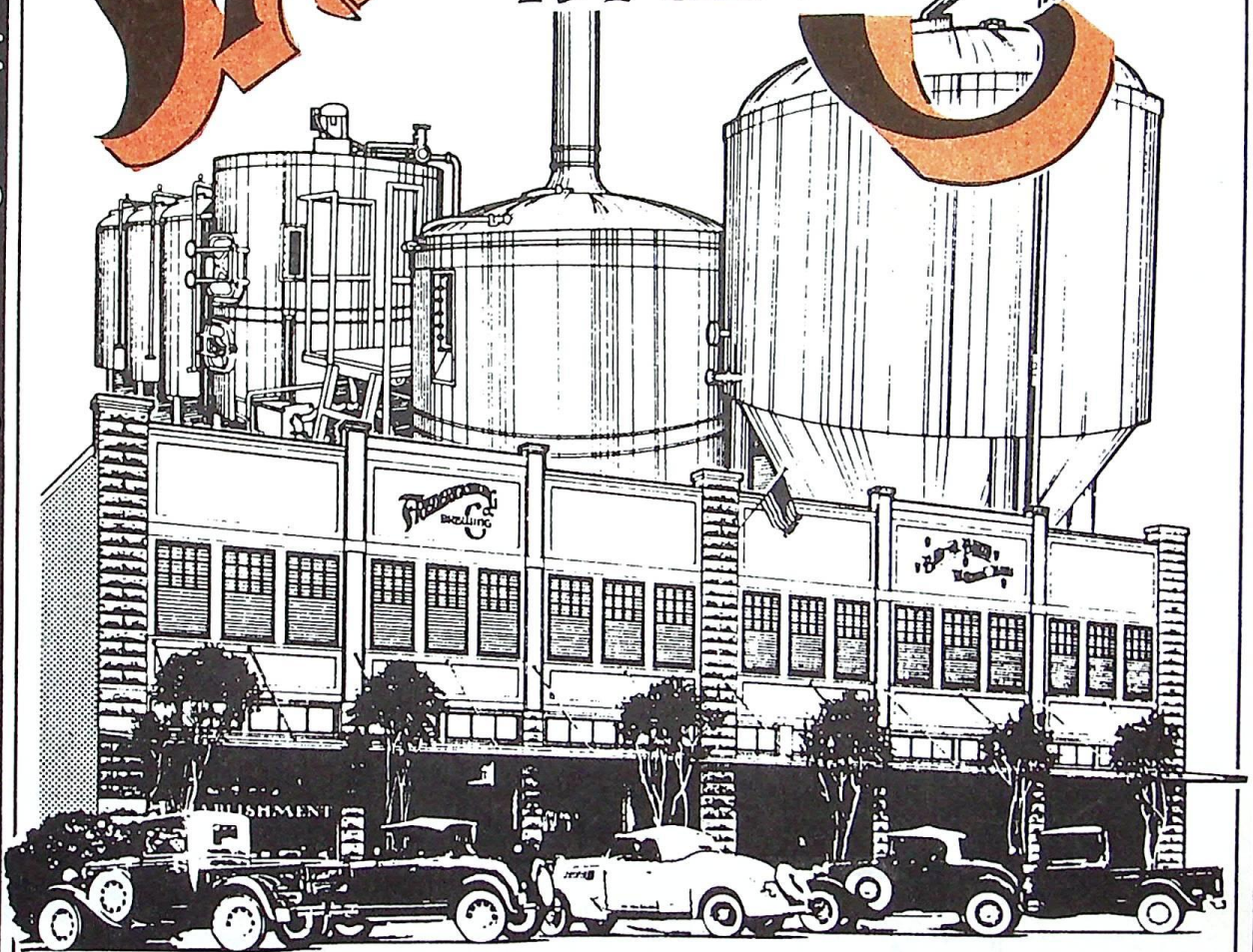
P.O. BOX 355, LLANO, TEXAS 78643



7,000 gallons of cold German Lagers, Ales and Wheat Beers.

Old Restaurant and bar amongst ten bright copper and stainless vessels.

FREDERICKSBURG BREWING



**Exceptional Restaurant • Lagers & Ales
Bed & Brew Rooms • Meeting Facilities**

Lodging in twelve "Bed and Brew's" (B&B's) above the brewery.
245 East Main • Fredericksburg, Texas 78624 • 210-997-1646

Rock Fireplace, enclosed bier garden, seating for over three hundred.