

TEXAS ★ HISTORY & ADVENTURE

# ENCHANTED ROCK

MAGAZINE

Vol. 4, No. 7  
SEPTEMBER, 1997

\$2.00

PULL-OUT  
2-MAP INSERT

**WEREWOLF  
OF DEVIL'S  
RIVER**

**DISASTER  
AT GOLIAD**

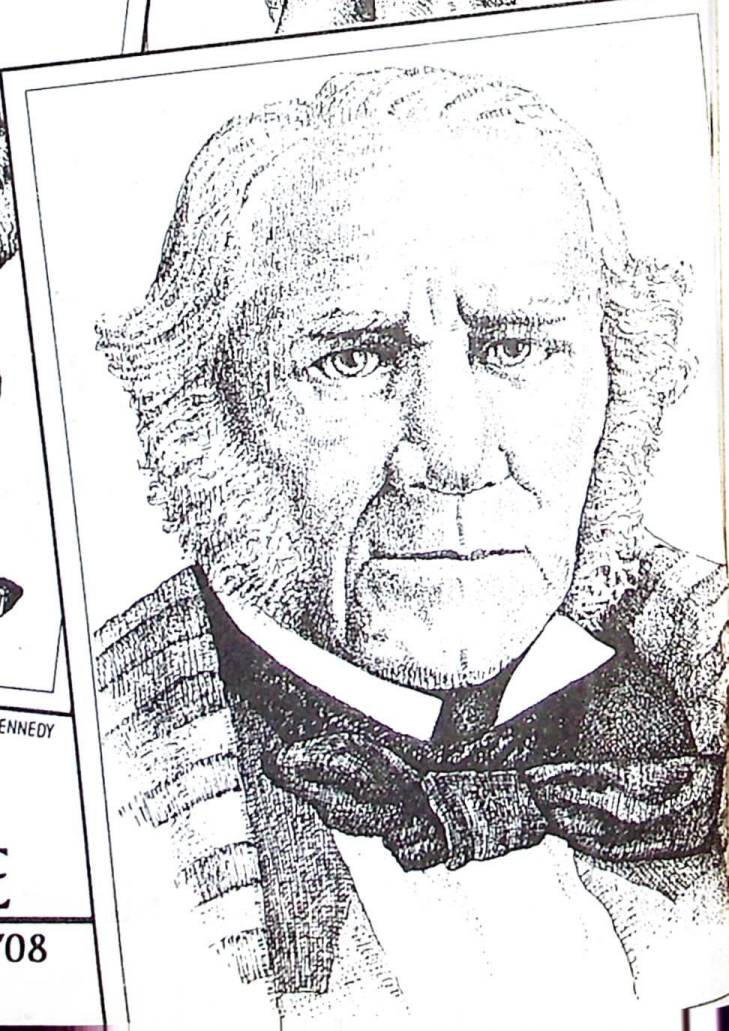
**HORNED TOADS,  
MASON BATS  
& 10 TOP TOURS**



BY IRA KENNEDY



**IF YOU  
LIKE**  
COWBOYS  
& INDIANS,  
TREASURES  
& LEGENDS  
IN TEXAS,  
YOU'LL LOVE  
ENCHANTED  
ROCK  
MAGAZINE.



ILLUSTRATIONS © 1997 IRA KENNEDY

**TO SUBSCRIBE:**

Subscriptions are \$25 per year (12 issues). Two subscriptions are \$20 each.  
Send us a check plus the name(s) and address(es) and we'll do the rest.

**ENCHANTED ROCK MAGAZINE**

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



# 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

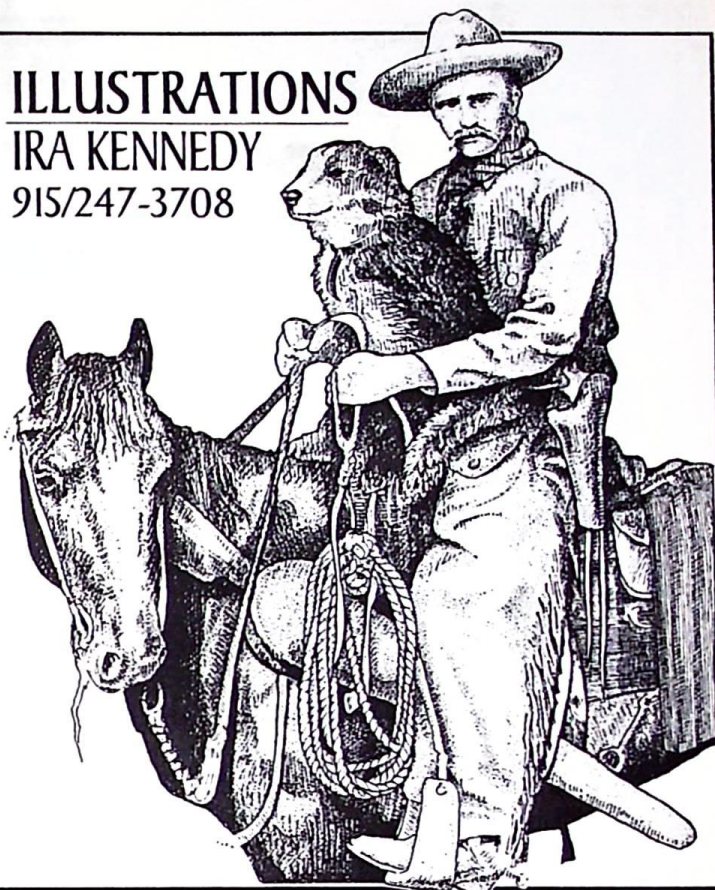
EMAIL: [kwithers@ktc.com](mailto:kwithers@ktc.com) Visa and MasterCard accepted  
Visit our website at <http://www.prizim.com/avesdelsol>



## ILLUSTRATIONS

IRA KENNEDY

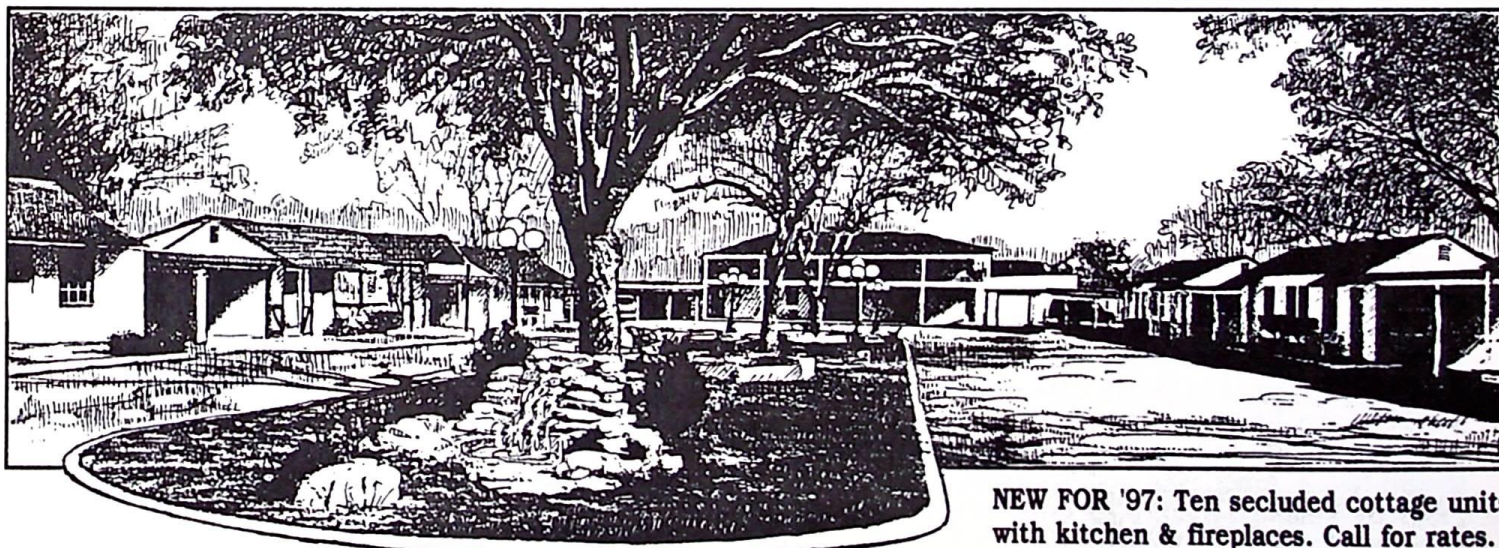
915/247-3708



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

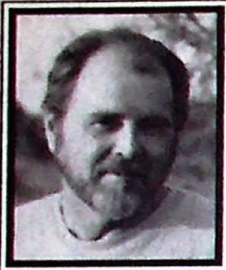
Facilities include cottages around a manicured courtyard and picnic area with huge Pecan shade trees, Victorian lights, park benches, and a water fall. Enjoy our beautiful pool, playground and horseshoes. Accommodations include phones, remote TV and covered parking. **Free Morning Coffee & Juice, plus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

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

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.

American Owned and Operated.



## FROM THE EDITOR

# ON EXHIBITION

**A**rt is a subject most folks don't ponder for long. They know what they like and that's that. As for myself, my earliest recollections centered around the topic. As a child of five and six years old in Japan I spent hours copying pictures on the numerous scrolls and ceramics my parents collected. Later, I labored over the drawings in the Prince Valiant comic strip.

The numerous schools I attended in the states and Germany gave the subject of art little or no attention. My talents didn't go unrecognized. My dad wanted me to be an architect. My mom, back in the fifties collected all of the leftover capsules of paint-by-number oils from her lady friends so I could turn out a few paintings. Not until my freshman year at Southwest Texas State Teachers College did I meet anyone who knew or cared about art in any serious fashion. I spent all of my free time, and then some, in the library studying the works of French Impressionists, American Abstract Expressionist, and a host of others.

My other studies suffered from this single-minded passion, and after two semesters on scholastic probation I joined the Navy. As a cryptographer at Lemoore Naval Air Station in California I passed the better part of four years working in solitude. During the long hours of the mid-watch I turned out drawing after drawing. From there I attended the Academy of Art in San Francisco at nights while working at Bankers Mortgage Company during the day. All the time I had one overriding desire—to move to New York and become a successful artist.

Well, in 1965 I made the move and during my five years there I had two solo exhibitions, participated in two group shows at the United Nations building, and finally was asked to participate in a group show, "The Art of Money," at the Chelsea Gallery along with Andy Warhol, Larry Rivers, and others.

Early in 1970 I realized my interest in art had turned toward Native Americans, and the works of Thulstrup, Frenzeny, Remington, and other artists of the 1800s who contributed to *Harpers Weekly*.

During the last twenty years I have applied the techniques and sensibility of the early American artists while

**Enchanted Rock:** Located in Central Texas, Enchanted Rock was, and is, a sacred landmark to the Native Americans. Consisting of some of the oldest rock on Earth (one billion years old) 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.

working on several area newspapers including courtroom drawings for two trials in San Marcos for the *Austin American Statesman*.

The years of training as a journalist and artist finally came together in this publication. As an artist, writer, and a Texan I am finally delving into the topics that interest me most.

Recently, I attended Laura Carlton's exhibit "Dreamers: Spirit of the People" at the Gallery of the Hills in Buchanan Dam. I have long had an interest in Indian rock art, in particular that of the Lower Pecos River. Carlton's paintings incorporated, with skill and sensitivity, those images using contemporary techniques.

While there, I was invited to hold an a solo exhibition at the Gallery of the Hills. Needless to say, I accepted. The show, to be held sometime in November, will be the first significant presentation of my work in twenty-seven years. A specific date will be announced soon, and I hope to see you at the opening.

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**

Dedicated to the Memory of James E. Cornett, aka L. Kelly Down

- 8 Horned Toad Tales  
Everything you always wanted to know about these lizards and a few facts you never figured on, by Jim Harris.
- 10 A Town Rich in Bohemian Spirit  
Located within 100 miles of Austin, San Antonio, and Houston, Weimar's historic setting is the perfect day-trip, by Susie Kelly Flatau.
- 12 The Werewolf of Devil's River  
Werewolves in Texas? You might oughta read this before discounting the idea altogether, by C.F. Eckhardt.
- 14 Mexican Mommas on Maternity Leave  
The Mason County Bat Cave is a refuge for Mexican mommas, by Chris Solek
- 18 What Was the Alamo Flag?  
We're putting our bets on Davy Crockett's flag, by C.F. Eckhardt
- 19 Top 10 TPWD Tours  
The editor's choice as part of our four-page 2-map insert, by Ira Kennedy.
- 24 Disaster at Goliad  
Part two of two parts on Fannin's fiasco, by Steven L. Yuhas.
- 33 Maverick  
What does it mean and how'd it come to mean that? by L. Kelly Down.
- 34 The Next-to-the-Last Battle at Enchanted Rock  
The continuing adventures of Slue-Foot Sue. Part two of two parts by Warren Lewis.



ON THE COVER: The Werewolf of Devil's River, by Ira Kennedy

## WE'RE IN 23 STATES AND 89 TEXAS COUNTIES



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

**BLANCO**

Stonewall Chili Pepper Co., Pg. 31

**BUCHANAN DAM**

Gallery of the Hills, Page 21

**ENCHANTED ROCK AREA**

Crabapple Crossing, Page 18

**FREDERICKSBURG**

Main Street Book Store

Gastehaus Schmidt

The Pioneer Museum

**GRANITE SHOALS**

The Quarry Liquors

**KINGSLAND**

Art Etc.

**INKS LAKE LLANO**

Hoover Valley Country Store

**LLANO**

Acme Dry Goods

Cooper's Bar-B-Q, Page 39

Lillies Antiques

The Old Feed Store

Merle Norman, Page 29

Olen's Ice Box, Page 7

Pinckney's, East Main

Stonewall Pizzeria, Page 6

Saphires and Petunias, Page 6

**MARBLE FALLS**

Bargain Books

Blue Bonnet Cafe, Hwy 281

Buffalo Gals, Page 27

Joey Martin Sporting Goods

Pomegranates, Page 30

**WELFARE**

PoPo Family Restaurant, Page 23

**WILLOW CITY**

Harry's on the Loop, Page 40

**SISTERDALE**

Sisterdale General Store

**SUNRISE BEACH**

Sandyland Resort

Sunrise Beach Marina & Lodge

# JIMMY'S ANTIQUES

BERTRAM, TEXAS 78605  
512-533-2985

ALSO AT  
**ANTIQUÉ EMPORIUM**  
LAMPASAS, TEXAS 76550  
(ON THE SQUARE)  
512-556-6843

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

## 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

## SAPPHIRES AND PETUNIAS ANTIQUES ETC.

• ANTIQUES • COLLECTIBLES • PRIMITIVES • WROUGHT IRON

305 Bessemer  
915-247-2234

LLANO, TEXAS



### ON BABYHEAD

Please enter a subscription for me. Find, enclosed, a check for \$28 which includes \$3 for a back issue on Baby Head. I teach fourth grade, and we do historical research as part of our program. A child has family interests in Baby Head so we "need" that issue.

Thanks so much for your magazine—it's the only one I faithfully read cover to cover.

Sincerely,  
Aileen Roberts  
San Saba, Texas

### FROM THE WRITERS CLUB

I would like to thank you again for your splendid talk to our writers club. I do not believe we ever before had more visitors than members in attendance. I hope you saw the articles in all the local papers and it resulted in interest and subscriptions to your magazine. I hope it resulted in interest and subscriptions to your magazine.

Thanks again,  
Janet Bold  
Bluffton, Texas

### WELCOME

We extend our welcome this month to new subscribers in: Charlotte, NC, Solvang, Menlo Park, CA, Laugulin, NV, and Dallas, Granbury, Brownwood, San Saba, Houston, Baytown, Beaumont, Shiner, San Antonio, Bluffton., Burnet, Fredericksburg (2), Georgetown, Llano (2), Sunrise Beach, Marble Falls, Austin (3), El Paso, Smithville, Midland, and Odessa (2), Texas.

## FOUND IN CLEAR LAKE CITY

I recently came across your publication at a Barnes & Noble Super Bookstore in Clear Lake City. After reading the magazine, I immediately thought of sending you a story I wrote several years ago for my, as yet, unpublished autobiography. The story is about a vacation trip my family took in about 1939 to the Texas Hill Country. On that trip, we visited the Enchanted Rock and several other places. It was a very special trip for me in that I experienced a near-death incident. I hope you can use the story.

I enjoyed your magazine.

Sincerely,  
Buck A. Young  
Baytown, Texas

[Mr. Young's story will appear in the October issue. IK]

## SPECIAL INTEREST

I would like to take the *Enchanted Rock Magazine*. It will be of special interest to me—my Great-grandfather was Mathew (Mark) Moss who fought at the Battle of San Jacinto. My grandfather was James Ragsdale Moss, Capt. of the group at Packsaddle Mountain.

I look forward to good reading.

Jean Moss Goulding  
Gerogetown, Texas

[Please see the Next-to-the-Last Battle at Enchanted Rock on page 34 for another view of the legendary Moss's.]

## THE GREAT GOAT FUED SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20TH

The Winfrey's and Chism's are at it again with the **Second Annual Great Goat Fued Cook-Off**. If you're a goat cooker you'll want to enter the **Open Goat Cook-Off** held on the same day. First place will be awarded \$150, and second place \$100/ Music will be provided by Jimmy Lee Jones and the Texas Hill Country Band. A traditional down-home Washer Tournament will be held and everyone is invited to enter.

If you want to compete in the Open Goat Cook-Off you need to call Harry or Rosemary for details. Bring lawn chairs and, please No pets, glass, or coolers. The festivities begin at 11:30 a.m. Admission is \$5. Children under 12 free.

The event is cosponsored by KFAN-FM/107.9 and *Enchanted Rock Magazine*.

For information phone 830/685-3553.

## 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



*Southern Cypress*

LOG HOMES

Cypress The "Wood Eternal"



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

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

P.O. BOX 670, KINGSLAND, TEXAS 78639

# 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

# HUNGRY HUNTER

HOMESTYLE  
COOKING  
SUN-THURS  
6 AM-9 PM  
FRI&SAT  
6 AM-10 PM



'DEER CAPITAL OF TEXAS'

DAILY LUNCH BUFFET  
NIGHTLY  
SPECIALS  
FRIDAY CATFISH  
\$6.95

(ALL YOU CAN EAT)

702 WEST YOUNG, LLANO TEXAS 78643

# HORNED TOAD TALES

ARTICLE & ART BY JIM HARRIS

Just about any place except Texas—and sometimes even here—when you mention the Horned Toad, some self-appointed Guardian of the English Language will spring out of the bushes to correct you. “You mean Horned lizard!” (s)he proclaims with all the fervor of the truly righteous. “It isn’t really a Toad.” So, before this article goes any further, let me explain that I know perfectly well that Horned Toads aren’t really toads. I also know that sea horses aren’t really horses, guinea pigs aren’t really pigs, hot dogs aren’t really... well, maybe that one’s questionable. But you get the point—they may be Horned lizards in the zoology books, but in plain Texas English the critters are Horned Toads.

**T**here are several (ten to sixteen, depending on which reference is consulted) species of Horned Toad, ranging from Canada to Guatemala. Three of these are native to the Lone Star State: the short horned, the round-tailed, and, of course, the Texas. The short-horned type is fairly rare in Texas, only occurring in small pockets of the westernmost areas, while the round-tailed is found primarily in the Trans-Pecos and Panhandle regions. The Texas Horned Toad lives throughout Texas (makes perfect sense). The Texas variety is the “original” Horned Toad; it was the first to be scientifically documented. It also has the longest horns of the family, which is appropriate—Texas Longhorns, you know—but it’s not the biggest species. The regal Horned Toad of Arizona claims this honor, sometimes reaching seven inches in length while the Texas rarely exceeds five. Most others are much smaller, ranging between two and four inches. As a boy I used to classify the two common types in my neighborhood—the round-tailed and the Texas—simply as The Little Kind and The Big Kind, respectively.

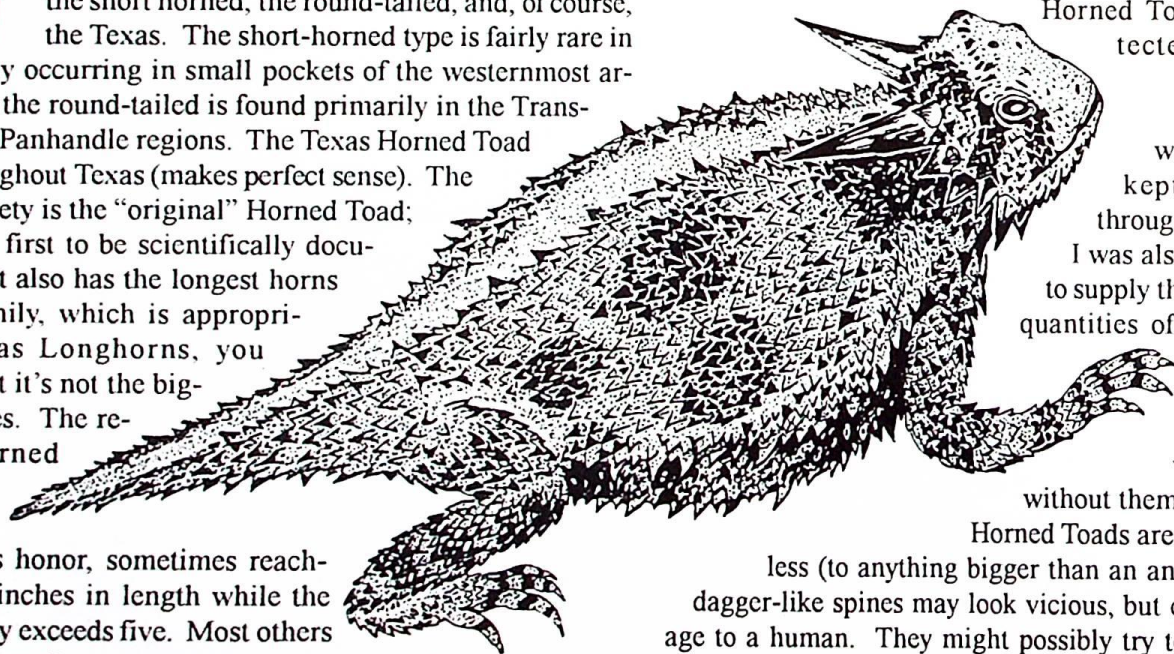
Unfortunately, Horned Toads are much more rare today than they were a few decades ago. My childhood hikes through the west Texas deserts invariably turned up a Horned Toad or two;

I rarely see any now. Over-collecting and habitat loss are partly to blame for this, but the widespread use of agricultural pesticides is likely to be the most serious of the Horned toad’s problems (this is probably a good time to mention that all species of

Horned Toad are now protected by law, and shouldn’t be captured or otherwise molested. I kept them as pets throughout my youth, but I was also willing and able to supply them with immense quantities of live ants. Most people aren’t and the animals will usually die without them.).

Horned Toads are completely harmless (to anything bigger than an ant, at least). Their dagger-like spines may look vicious, but can’t do any damage to a human. They might possibly try to bite, but even if they do, their jaws are relatively weak and they don’t have any teeth. And, despite a disturbingly common misconception, they are definitely not poisonous in any way.

All the different types of Horned Toad look pretty much alike. It’s not always easy to identify the species of a particular Horned Toad, but the fact that it is a Horned Toad would be obvious even without the horns. No other lizard native to this continent





has the flat oval body, short tail, and fringe of pointed scales along its sides. Coloration can vary from nearly white to nearly black, but tends to be in subtle, earthy tones. Unlike some of the gaudier lizards which show themselves off with flashy colors, the Horned Toad's complexion is designed for camouflage. Although it can run reasonably fast (for an animal with a physique like the top half of a hamburger bun), it prefers to avoid trouble by hiding. Remaining still and flattening itself out (even more than usual), makes the little lizard seem to disappear into the ground. In loose sand, the performance becomes more than illusion—the Horned Toad can completely bury itself in less time than it takes to tell about it.

As mentioned earlier, Horned Toads are particularly fond of ants—in fact, when given the option, that's all they eat. Other prey such as beetles and grasshoppers are only taken when ants are unavailable. They generally swallow the ants whole—with jaws and/or stingers intact and presumably in perfect working order—and it doesn't seem to bother them the least little bit. However, whatever protects a Horned Toad's inside is woefully lacking on its outside. These lizards will take up a position near an anthill and do their level best to depopulate it—until one of the inhabitants manages to sneak up behind its enemy and launch a counterattack. The Horned Toad's reaction is one of obvious pain.

The most celebrated Horned Toad in the history of Texas (or anywhere else, I would imagine) was an individual known as "Old Rip". I'm neither gullible enough to say his story is true nor cynical enough to say it isn't—my only comment will have to be that this is the way I heard it...

In 1897, a Justice of the Peace named Ernest Wood was dedicating the cornerstone of the new Eastland County courthouse. Along with the usual items sealed in cornerstones in those days—a Bible, a newspaper, a few timely photographs—Judge Wood added a large Horned Toad that his son had been playing with (the man's motives for doing this are somewhat unclear to me, but I have to assume he thought it would be funny. Even keeping in mind that this was long before most people grasped the concepts of endangered species and animal rights, I still don't think it was funny.)

Flash forward to 1928. The old courthouse is being demolished to make way for a bigger and better one, and all the local dignitaries are on hand for the opening of the cornerstone. Old Rip's supposedly mummified carcass is removed with the rest

of the memorabilia. There, in the bright Texas sunshine and in full view of a large crowd, including city officials and members of the clergy, the Horned Toad awoke from his thirty-one years of suspended animation.

The following year, after being exhibited throughout the country and having a private audience with President Coolidge, Old Rip passed away. His body was embalmed and put on display in the new courthouse, where he lies in state like King Tut in his golden sarcophagus. There have since been other tales of other Horned Toads in similar situations, but none were ever revived in front of such an august body of witnesses. Even so, most men of science take the story of Old Rip's resurrection with a grain of salt.

Another bone of contention among naturalists for many years was whether or not Horned Toads can shoot blood from their eyes. Until the act was actually captured on film, many learned people flatly refused to believe it. I had my own

doubts for a long time; I've handled Horned Toads by the hundred since I was a small child, and I've seen the blood-squirting trick done exactly once—when I was a college student. I was on my way to a dance on campus and was taking a short cut through a parking lot when I spied a particularly large Horned Toad crossing the asphalt. Never one to put my social life ahead of my reptile collection (friends called my dorm room "a zoo" for more reasons than one), I took the time to capture this magnificent specimen. While I was admiring my

prize he expressed his annoyance by ejecting a double stream of crimson fluid all over the front of my new white cowboy shirt.

To reiterate, that was my one and only firsthand experience with the phenomenon, although others seem to witness it on a regular basis. Some people, apparently, need only take a walk through the countryside and every Horned Toad within a mile will seek them out and squirt blood on them. I guess I just don't have that gift.

I have to confess that the logic behind the process escapes me, anyway. One would assume that the ability to squirt blood from the eyes is supposed to be used for self-defense; I've even read that this will "repel predators". But is a predator with the intention of killing and eating something going to be adverse to the sight of its victim's blood? That doesn't make a whole lot of sense, does it? Perhaps the key to the success of the maneuver is the element of surprise—I'll admit it certainly surprised me.

**H**orned toads are completely harmless (to anything bigger than an ant, at least). Their dagger-like spines may look vicious, but can't do any damage to a human. They might possibly try to bite, but even if they do, their jaws are relatively weak and they don't have any teeth. And, despite a disturbingly common misconception, they are definitely not poisonous in any way.

# A TOWN RICH IN BOHEMIAN SPIRIT

by SUSIE KELLY FLATAU

All too often, travelers pass through a Texas town unaware of the rich culture and history that is part and parcel of its existence. I ought to know, I have been one of those travelers for too much of my life. But, by the grace of a higher being, or maybe it was just that good old mid-life "wake up call", I have become intrigued by small towns.

One such unique place which piqued my curiosity is Weimar, Texas, which lies within approximately 100 miles of Austin, Houston, San Antonio and Victoria. Literally, it is the center of a wagon wheel of day trips. My curiosity sent me digging into its history, and I found the search well worth it.

The land on which the city is now located was granted to Henry Austin on May 31, 1831, by the Spanish Government and is known as the H. Austin Five-League Survey. Its first inhabitants came from Southern states, and were later joined by immigrants from Germany and Czechoslovakia.

Weimar was incorporated on July 21, 1875. The main business section, included an Opera House built by Tom Insall, a Masonic Hall, the Weete Hotel, W. A. Baar's Blue Store, J. J. Holloway's Bank, T. A. Hill's Bank, Bock's Drug Store, the J. A. Ha. Lumber Company, and other businesses which have long since disappeared.

By 1989, Weimar could boast of a population of 1,600, an effective system of water, a well-equipped fire department, an electric light plant, a city telephone plant and telegraphic and telephonic communications, and shipments of 14,000 bales of cotton yearly. As well, a large cotton seed oil mill was operating along with a cattle market which was thriving. Forty or more stores were in business, and churches and schools were bountiful.

In 1948, an act of community spirit resulted in a "diamond" of an institution which remains a central part of the town today. Veterans memorial Field, a lighted baseball field and the first between Houston and San Antonio, was built. It offered a grandstand seating for up to 4,000 spectators, making it the finest ball park in the area.

After its completion, semipro baseball came to Weimar. A team made up of locals and college students were supported by business men and the town. Semipro ball continued until 1952 when the emphasis was shifted to youth-oriented baseball, and adult ball returned to the amateur level.

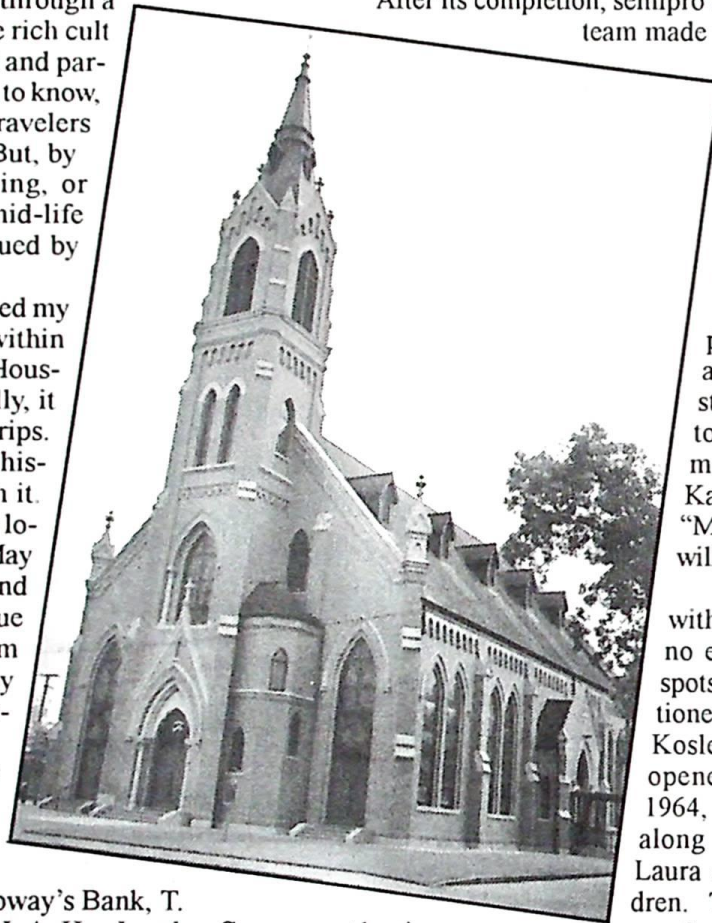
Many of the old time, semipro ball players still live there and are eager to share their stories with anyone who wants to listen. If you visit, you might want to ask for Al Kasperek—this man is literally "Mr. Baseball" and is always willing to talk about "the game".

As no town is complete with a popular eatery, Weimar is no exception. One of the hot spots, formerly Bennies' Confectionery, is Bennie's Cafe. Bennie Kosler, the current mayor who opened the family business in 1964, owns the store and runs it along with the help of his wife Laura and two of their grandchildren. They provide a comfortable spot for locals and visitors.

gathering  
Across the tracks and located on Main Street, the local Chamber of Commerce will provide you with the directions and information you need to make a journey through the town informative and memorable.

After chatting with the chamber employees, a walk down Main Street will lead history and folklore lovers to the Weimar Heritage Society Museum which opened in 1991. Located in the old Hill Bank building, built in 1924, the museum traces Weimar's history from its earliest recorded times. To capture the past, the museum's designers have artfully assembled collections of donated and loaned local treasures in vignettes similar to the style used in the Smithsonian.

Other exhibits include textile, baseball and military rooms. Upstairs is one of the latest museum additions, the Texas Room, designed for research. A unique feature is a wall of photo-





**ST MICHAEL'S CATHOLIC CHURCH, (FAR LEFT)** BUILT IN 1914, OFFERS A GOTHIC DESIGN AND ELABORATE STAINED GLASS WINDOWS. ITS 144-FOOT SPIRE CAN BE SEEN FOR MILES AROUND. **ST. MICHAEL'S TWO-STORY WOODEN SCHOOL, (ABOVE)** BUILT IN 1919, IS BELIEVED TO BE THE OLDEST TWO-STORY, WOODEN SCHOOL IN TEXAS STILL IN OPERATION AS AN ACCREDITED SCHOOL. PHOTOS BY SUSIE KELLY FLATAU.

graphs capturing every courthouse in the state of Texas taken in one year from 1976 to 1977 by Dr. Willie Youens, Jr. and his wife. Books written in Czechoslovakian are also housed in this room

After the museum visit, it would be refreshing to sit down at a soda fountain and sip on a cold drink at one of the town drugstores located on the same street. Almost next door to the museum, stands Zatopek's Drug Store, currently owned and run by John and Sharon Anders. However, if that fountain is full, then Farmer's Drugs, owned by John and Rickie Bonner, is just down the sidewalk.

Revitalized, you might want to check out some of the local churches. Four of the eleven churches in the area have congregations ranging from 83 to 100 years old. Oldest is the Trinity Evangelical Lutheran Church built in the New Bielau community in 1886. Twenty eight years later, St. Michael's Catholic Church was constructed. Its Gothic design and elaborate stained glass windows reflect the beauty of the town and its citizens.

Across the street from St. Michael's church stands St. Michael's two story wooden school, built in 1919, which is believed to be the oldest two story wooden school in Texas still in operation as an accredited school.

In keeping with the agricultural influence integral to Weimar, Kasper's Meat Market, a one family business since 1917, produces the famous Weimar sausage along with jerky and their "half-and-half" homemade pork and beef sausage. According to Johnnie Kasper, they still make their sausage the old fashioned way by grinding the meat separately and then mixing it together with salt and pepper and garlic. For decades, the Kasper's have kept regulars from Dallas, Houston, San Antonio, Austin and Victoria coming back for more.

If you decide to hang around for a night, there are a couple

of choices for lodging. The Weimar Inn, like the museum, is housed in a bank building. Cindy and Arthur Nelson, along with Cindy's parents, have creatively transposed the back portion of the Flatonia Bank into four luxurious suites. Every night's stay includes a full breakfast and freshly baked kolaches and cinnamon rolls at the Nelson's popular Corner Bakery just a few blocks away.

If its rooms are booked, the another option is the Weimar Motel. Built in the 1940's as a roadside court and motel, it is still in operation under the same owner, Ella Cernosek. As if untouched by time, the motel is attractive and extremely clean, and the rates are reasonable.

Just a few last notes. Next year, 1998, Weimar will observe its 125th anniversary at their annual festival, the Weimar Gedenke (a German word that means "remember" or "think about"). At that time, they will also celebrate the 50th anniversary of the Veterans Memorial Baseball Park and the old-time semipro baseball players who are a part of its legacy. Dates for the Gedenke will be June 12-14

Other notable dates for Weimar events are: St. Michael's Spring Festival, April 26; St. Michael's Harvest Feast, August 9th; and the Catholic Daughters Bazaar, December 5.

All in all, Weimar represents one of the many quaint Texas towns that are often overlooked as travelers speed down the interstates to reach the "big cities". So, I dare you to slow down, get off the interstates and meander through the Texas backroads to experience the people and their history that are important to our Texas heritage.

Susie Kelly Flatau is a free-lance writer out of Austin, Texas. She also writes for the Oak Hill Gazette.

**T**raditional Lycanthropy—'werewolfism' if such a word can be said to exist—holds that it is possible for a human being to turn into an animal, usually a wolf, or some thing very like one. It is a long-held, deep-seated belief in much of Europe and Western Asia. There have even been,

from time to time, suggestions that a rogue virus strain very similar to, but not exactly identical with, rabies, that can cause a physical and mental disruption in the human metabolism that causes the sufferer to grow coarse hair where hair does not ordinarily grow and to suffer delusions in which the sufferer believes himself—or herself—to be a wolf. There is no scientific basis for lycanthropy, and the supposed 'rogue virus' has never been isolated.

But what about people raised by wolves?

We all know about Romulos and Remus, the twin boys raised by the wolf, who were allegedly the founders of Rome. And then, of course, there's Mowgli of Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Books fame, the stories that gave the Cub Scouts "Akela" as a name for "leader." Last, but not least, there's Al Capp's Wolf Gal of the environs of Dogpatch in the Li'l Abner comic strip, that one of gorgeous face and figure who had trouble keeping boyfriends because her family—a wolf pack—had a bad tendency to eat suitors.

Mowgli and Wolf Gal are pure fiction for sure, and the jury's likely never to raise on Romulus and Remus. Have any people really been raised by wolves?

The history of the John Charles Beales colony in Texas would have made a great subject for Gilbert and Sullivan if the ending hadn't been so tragic. Back in 1834, Beales, an Englishman long resident in Mexico and married to a Mexican citizen, obtained the single largest grant ever awarded to any impresario determined to bring new settlers to Texas. It was also the last grant ever awarded by Mexico, because just a little over two years after

Beales began settling it, Mexico didn't own Texas any more.

By that time, thought, the Beales Colony on Las Moras Creek was a dead issue—in more ways than one.

The colony was established almost, but not precisely, where the town of Brackettville now stands. Brackettville is there because the Army established Fort

Clark there during the latter half of the 19th Century. Fort Clark was where it was because the springs there were the only sure water where the United States Cavalry could establish a post in the otherwise godforsaken brush country of South Texas. Beales' colony was not only established way the hell and gone out in the middle of nowhere, but it was set almost directly athwart one of the Comanches' favorite pathways into Mexico.

To make matters worse, John Charles Beales was apparently a sonofagun of the first water. It appears that he was, from the beginning, trying to set himself up with a feudal fiefdom in the middle of the Texas brush. The only person in the colony permitted to possess a wagon after the colonists arrived at the site was Beales' brother-in-law, who charged 'whatever the traffic would bear' and then a considerable sum atop that to bring food and necessities to the colonists. Beales' manager—Beales himself was something of an absentee landlord—tried

to prevent the colonists hunting game for food, insisting that all the game belonged to Beales and they would have to pay for it in cash or in labor, and tired to force the colonists to pay for the trees they cut to build their dwellings. This didn't set any too well with the Englishmen and Germans in the colony, and it didn't set at all with the few Americans who'd joined Beales' effort in New York.

Though—miracle above miracle—the Comanches never raided the Beales colony directly, a combination of wild windstorms and drought that destroyed crops pretty much did it in by the winter of 1835-1836. Before Santa Anna even left

# THE WEREWOLF OF DEVIL'S RIVER

BY C. F. ECKHARDT



Mexico, the Beales colonists were abandoning their homes and heading back for at least the more settled part of Texas, if not home.

Not many of them made it. The last party was wiped out by Comanches at a campsite that sounds very much, from contemporary description, like the banks of Espantosa Lake. Two women and four children were taken as prisoners by the Comanches. The two women, both English, were later ransomed at Santa Fe, but their children were never recovered and their fate is unrecorded. Everyone else was murdered and scalped.

George Dent may have been either an Englishman or an American, but whatever he was, he knew beaver trapping. He came to Texas with the Beales party but apparently struck out on his own, taking his young wife into the Devil's River country in search of the furbearers.

At that time beaver were common in Texas even as far south as where Victoria and Corpus Christi stand now, and of course the rage for beaver hats made beaver pelts as good as gold. When beaver were taken farther north—or at higher elevations—their pelts were better, so George Dent and his wife pursued the elusive rodents into the high country up on the Devil's River, considerably above its junction with the Pecos. There, above where the Cavalry would establish Camp Hudson, nearly a half-century later, they found a fortune in fur. Dent built a brush-arbor shelter and began to trap, skin, and stretch beaver pelts.

Nature took its course and Mrs. Dent became pregnant. She should have been taken to Bejar, Dent realized, but the trapping was just too good. The temptation to stay 'just a little longer' grew too great, and 'just a little longer' became 'entirely too long'. Mrs. Dent went into labor with the couple's first child.

Getting to Bejar—or even to Dolores, the Beales settlement on Las Moras Creek (abandoned, but Dent had no way of knowing that)—was out of the question, and Dent knew about as much about delivering babies as the average 19th century male—nothing if not less. He went for help, to a gathering of Mexican shepherders over on the Pecos. Shepherders usually had their wives with them, and a woman who knew what was going on was sorely needed.

According to legend, the shepherders and a couple of wives started back to Dent's camp with him, and on the way a vicious electrical storm blew up. As Dent rode into his camp, a bolt of lightning struck him, knocking him from the saddle and killing man and horse.

Mrs. Dent, too, was dead—but she had delivered her child. It was nowhere to be found. Surrounding the brush arbor and inside next to the bed—wolf tracks. The wolves had gotten the infant and, surely, killed and eaten it. The shepherders buried George Dent and his wife in shallow, unmarked graves in the beaver country up the Devil's River.

Ten years later, folks weren't so sure the wolves had killed and eaten that child. They took it, yes. But killed and ate it?

People started seeing a strange apparition in the Devil's River country—a young woman who ran on all fours, had hair all over her body, and roamed with a pack of wolves. Trackers—including those peerless trackers of even Apaches, the

**P** EOPLE STARTED SEEING A STRANGE APPARITION IN THE DEVIL'S RIVER COUNTRY A YOUNG WOMAN WHO RAN ON ALL FOURS, HAD HAIR ALL OVER HER BODY, AND ROAMED WITH A PACK OF WOLVES. TRACKERS INCLUDING THOSE PEERLESS TRACKERS OF EVEN APACHES, THE SEMINOLE NEGRO SCOUTS OF FORT CLARK REPORTED FINDING WOLF TRACKS, AND AMONG THEM SMALL, DELICATE PRINTS OF HUMAN HANDS AND FEET,

Seminole Negro scouts of Fort Clark—reported finding wolf tracks, and among them small, delicate prints of human hands and feet.

A hunt was organized—and a curious creature was captured. It was without question a human woman, her body covered with fine hair but otherwise stark naked. While she could stand and to some extent walk erect, she preferred to move on all fours—and could do so with almost unbelievable speed. She spoke no human language, only yapped—or howled with the tremolo of a wolf. She was bound hand and foot and taken to a small settlement near Camp Hudson, where she was locked overnight in a shed until her 'civilizing' could begin.

That night the wolves came—by the dozens or maybe even the hundreds. The tore into the livestock, hamstringing horses and pulling down cattle. The men went out with their guns to chase the wolves out of the stock—even the guards on the shed. When morning came a corner of the shed had been torn away. The woman in it was gone.

She was sighted a number of times after that—naked, running on all fours with the pack. She was never again captured. After a time she was seen no more.

It is, of course, biologically impossible for a human woman to breed to a wolf and bear offspring. This has been scientifically proved time and time again. Yet there are—or there were, until the early years of this century—wolves in the Devil's River country with peculiar eyes and peculiarly-shaped heads. Old timers described them as having 'damn' near human-lookin' faces.'





# MEXICAN MOMMAS ON MATERNITY LEAVE

BY CHRIS SOLEK—PRESERVE MANAGER

The first time I saw the cave, I was surprised at its small size and unassuming appearance. It didn't have the grandeur of Carlsbad Caverns in southeastern New Mexico, nor did it contain the intricate limestone formations typical of such caves.

What was all the excitement about?

**W**hat this cave lacks in size, it makes up for in another very special way. It is the summer home to an extremely large number of bats, an estimated four to six million of them. The Eckert James River Bat Cave Preserve, located outside of Mason, Texas, boasts one of the few caves in the United States which the Mexican Free-tailed bat (*Tadarida brasiliensis mexicana*) chooses as a nursery site for the birth and rearing of its young. It is one of the largest maternity colonies known to exist. The nightly emergence of these bats from the cave during the summer months is an awesome natural spectacle which should be appreciated by everyone at least once in their life.

The Mexican free-tailed bat is so named because its tail extends beyond the membrane which surrounds it, making the tail partially "free"; most species of bats have their tail completely enclosed by this membrane. There are six species of free-tailed bats in the US. This species is migratory, spending the northern winter months in caves throughout central Mexico. The female bats begin to arrive in Texas in late February and early March, most already pregnant. Migratory groups from Mexico are continually arriving from this time until early June. By the end of June, most of the females will already have given birth. The males also migrate, but play no part in the raising of the young. They tend to form smaller "bachelor" colonies under bridges or in old buildings. One can find males in caves with the females in

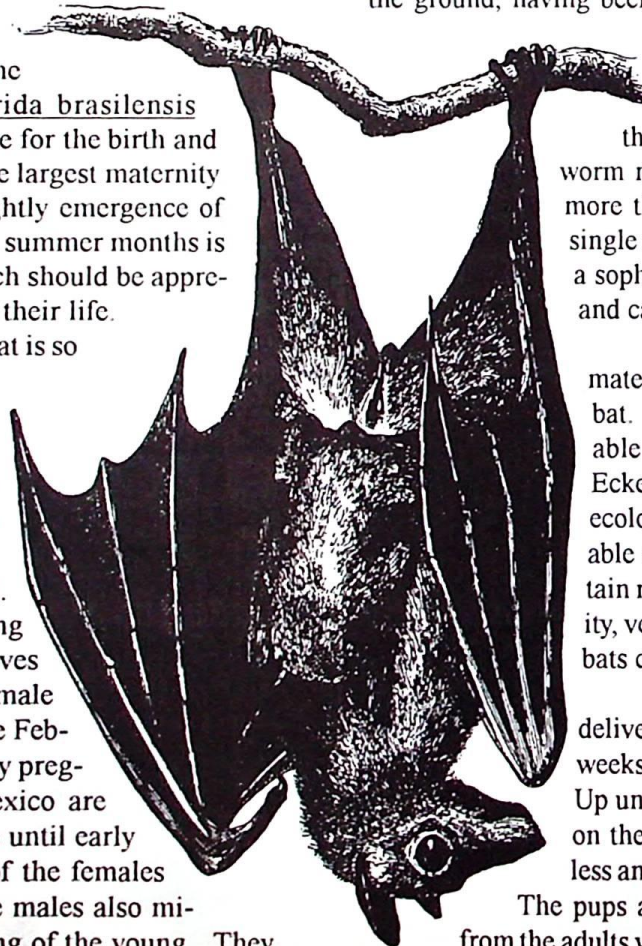
the early part of summer, but they tend to leave as the babies are born.

Mexican free-tailed bats are insectivorous, feeding mostly on moths and beetles. They prefer to forage high above the ground, having been found at altitudes of almost 10,000 feet. The bats consume enormous amounts of insects nightly, some of them notorious agricultural pests like the fall armyworm moth and the corn earworm moth. Nursing mothers can consume more than their body weight of insects in a single night. They make use of echolocation, a sophisticated type of "bat sonar", to locate and capture their insect prey.

Caves are almost always chosen as maternity sites of the Mexican free-tailed bat. Not all of the caves in Texas are suitable for this purpose, a reason why the Eckert James River Cave is so vital to the ecology of the species. For a cave to be suitable as a maternity site, it must fulfill certain requirements such as the proper humidity, ventilation, and ceiling height before the bats consider using it.

After the babies (called "pups") are delivered in June, it takes about five to seven weeks for them to start flying on their own. Up until this time, they are totally dependent on their mother's care. They are born hairless and nurse on milk supplied by the mother.

The pups are placed in a separate roosting area from the adults within the cave, termed a "creche". The mother bats have the uncanny ability to locate and feed their biological offspring when they return from their nightly feed-



ing forays. Both odor and vocalizations play a part in reuniting both mother and pup.

As the young become independent, they must learn to fly and fend for themselves. By September, some of the bats already start to leave Texas for their winter roosts in Mexico. Come late October, the cave is virtually empty. The famous colony under the Congress Avenue Bridge in Austin is also a maternity roost for the Mexican Free-tail bat, though the population there is considerably less than that at the James River Cave (around 750,000). This is one of the instances where a man-made structure also serves as a maternity site. There are other maternity caves scattered throughout central and south central Texas, mainly in the Hill Country.

Besides the Mexican free-tailed bat, the James River Cave also supports a sizable population of the cave bat or cave myotis (*Myotis velfer*). While numbering far less than the Mexican free-tail (an estimated 20,000), this species also uses the cave to rear its young. The cave myotis young are born earlier than those of the Mexican free-tail bat. It is also an insectivorous species, but tends to forage closer to the ground among the trees and bushes than the Mexican free-tail bat.

The specialized cave environment has produced a community of living organisms which rely on the bats and bats' droppings (guano) for survival, and is termed a "guano ecosystem". There are millions upon millions of carnivorous beetles (*Dermestes carnivorous*) living and feeding on the cave floor. There are also various species of ticks, mites, and other beetles which live in the cave, some of which are unique members of these "guano ecosystems". The guano itself supports a bacterial fauna which only recently is being appreciated for its diversity and usefulness to people.

In 1990, the James River Cave was donated to The Nature Conservancy of Texas (TNC) by Richard Philip Eckert and Virginia Eckert Garret. The Eckert family has been ranching the land surrounding the cave since the early 1900's. The preserve is now cooperatively managed by TNC and Bat Conservation International (BCI). The cave's value as a maternity roost for the Mexican free-tail bat was recognized early on by the W. Philip Eckert, who passed this appreciation on to his descendants. Today the cave is one of the few in Texas both protected as a nature preserve and accessible to the public.

The Eckert James River Bat Cave Preserve is located approximately 16 1/2 miles south of the town of Mason, in Mason County, Texas. Part of the drive to the cave is paved, but the rest will require negotiation dirt roads and some stream crossings. The final stretch crosses the James River itself, but the crossing is accessible to passenger vehicles most time of the year. A pamphlet with detailed directions and a map to the cave can be found in several locations throughout Mason. The Information Center kiosk on the courthouse green in the center of town is probably the easiest place to pick up one. Most of the restaurants and convenience stores around town also have maps. A visit to the Mason Chamber of Commerce located on the courthouse square will not only provide directions to the cave, but can also give additional information about the preserve and other sites of interest around Mason.

The evening emergence of the bats is impressive at

**I**n 1990, the James River Cave was donated to The Nature Conservancy of Texas by Richard Philip Eckert and Virginia Eckert Garret.

The Eckert family has been ranching the land surrounding the cave since the early 1900's.

The preserve is now cooperatively managed by The Nature Conservancy and Bat Conservation International. The cave's value as a maternity roost for the Mexican free-tail bat was recognized early on by the W. Philip Eckert, who passed this appreciation on to his descendants. Today the cave is one of the few in Texas both protected as a nature preserve and accessible to the public.

any time of the year, but the end of July and early August, when the young bats begin to fly, provide especially prime viewing experiences. Not only are there peak numbers during this time, but visitors are usually treated to sights of predators such as red-tailed hawks, snakes, and raccoons feeding on the emerging bats. By this time the bats are also exiting the cave much earlier than in the beginning or end of the summer. Being quiet when visiting the cave is important so as to minimize disturbance to the bats, and will allow a better opportunity for seeing other wildlife in the vicinity.


The preserve will also be opened one or two Saturday mornings a month for visitors to watch the return flight of the bats. The in-flight is equally impressive, though quite different from the evening emergence. The bats fly into the cave from high altitudes, traveling at high speed. Some people liken the event to water being poured into the mouth of the cave. One has to arrive at the cave very early to see this (around 5:30—6:00 AM). Please call the preserve manager in Mason for specific dates and times.

#### **FACTS AT A GLANCE**

The Eckert James River Bat Cave Preserve is open to the public free of charge from Thursday through Sunday from 6 PM to 9 PM during the summer only (usually from mid-May to mid-October). Peak visitation periods are on holiday weekends, so if you are from the local area, try planning your visit to the cave at other times. Out of town visitors mostly come on Friday and Saturday nights. Thursday and Sunday evenings tend to see the smallest crowds.

As the Preserve Manager, I will be present at the cave during these times to provide information about the bats' biology and assist visitors. I'll even catch a bat in a net as they exit the cave in order to give visitors a closer look at this unique species. A short, interpretive trail leads to the cave. Be sure to

**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

**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                      PONTOTOC OFFICE  
307 Bessemer • Llano, Texas 78643      PO Box 13 • Pontotoc, Texas 76869  
915-247-3997 • Fax 247-3657              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.

**GRAB BAG ANGELS**  
by Hālo Jewelry



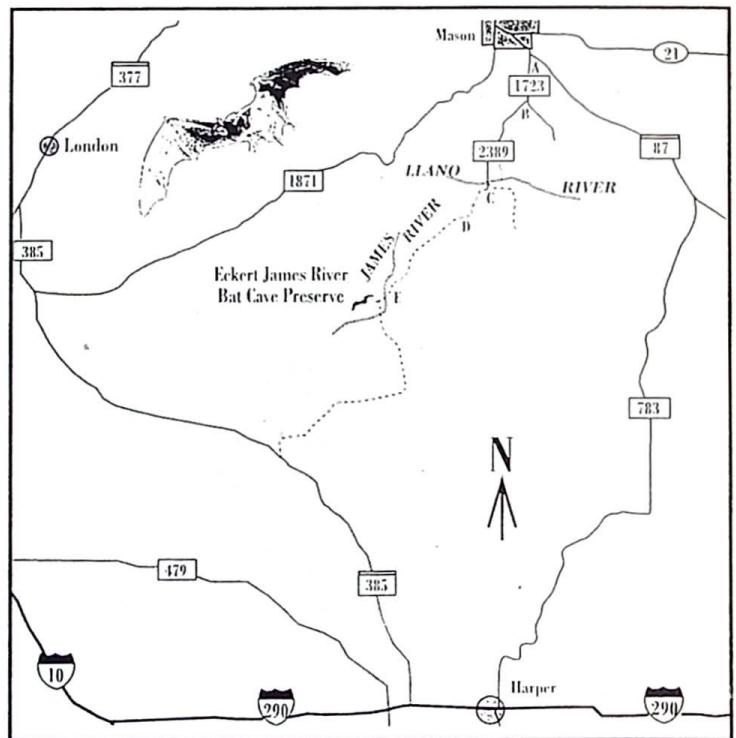
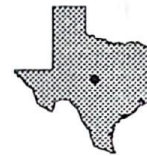
Beautifully  
Handmade  
Guardian  
Angel  
Pendants

\$12.50 each/tax and shipping included.  
Check or money order only  
30 DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE  
P.O. BOX 123 • 390 ALDINE BENDER • HOUSTON, TX 77060

pick up a free trail guide at the start to learn more about the bats and the other animals and plants found within the preserve.

Limited seating is provided near the cave mouth for visitors to hear the interpretive program and view the bats. The public is not allowed to enter the cave. There are no other facilities at this remote preserve, so come prepared. A flashlight is recommended for walking back to the parking area after late night emergencies, and remember that no flash photography is allowed near the cave. The trail is not wheel chair accessible.

For more information, directions, and recent emergence times, please call (915) 347-5970 during the summer (mid-May to mid October) or (512) 327-9472 during the rest of the year. A visit to the Eckert James River Bat Cave is guaranteed adventure, and promises to leave a lasting impression on all visitors.



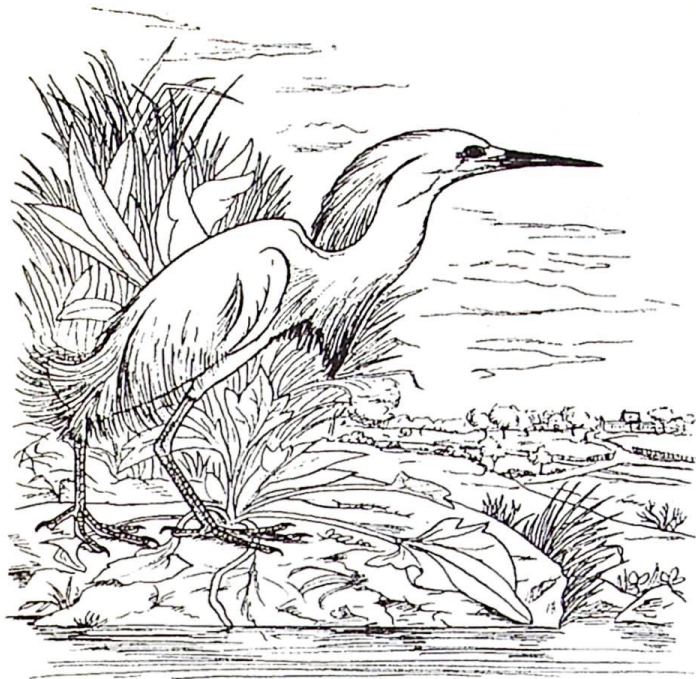
**Veinnaches Wahn**  
A Christmas Memory from  
the pages of the past

- 24" tall with numbered brass plate
- Custom made w/memento
- Handmade & one-of-a-kind with real fur, & all natural materials.

**Marilyn Winfrey**  
P.O. Box 342 • Llano, Texas 78643 • 915/247-5956







# TO PRESERVE AND PROTECT:

## THE NATURE CONSERVANCY OF TEXAS

**T**he Eckert James River Bat Cave Preserve is one of 34 Texas preserves managed by the Nature Conservancy, one of the world's largest privately owned nature sanctuary systems. Working only with willing sellers and donors, the Conservancy protects remnants of the striking landscapes unique to Texas, along with the special plants and animals which inhabit them.

Since 1965 the Conservancy has acquired over 113 sites unique to natural areas in Texas—from the Lower Rio Grande Valley to the rolling Blackland Prairies, from the mountains of the Trans-Pecos to the wetlands of the Gulf coast. Of those places, they currently own and/or manage 34 as private nature preserves—57,000 acres in all. Another 76 projects, completed in cooperation with public agencies or other private groups are managed as state or national parks or wildlife refuges. Enchanted Rock State Natural Area is included in their long list of successful projects. An additional 42 sites are protected by 130 private landowners who

belong to their Texas Land Stewards' Society.

Of all the Nature Conservancy of Texas' fund-raising dollars, 93% go directly towards the cost of purchasing and managing natural areas. The remaining 7% is used for administration and overhead. This is one of the lowest overhead of any nonprofit organization.

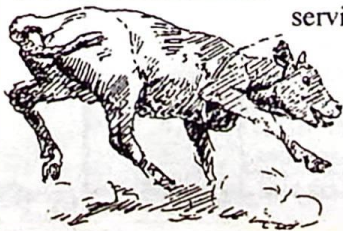
The Texas chapter of The Nature Conservancy was initiated in the 1960s by a handful of volunteers. The chapter's first purchase was the Attwater's Prairie Chicken National Wildlife Refuge in Colorado County. Today, The Nature Conservancy of Texas employs a professional staff of over 50, and has protected over 320,000 acres of ecologically unique lands through acquisition and 150,000 acres through cooperative work with private landowners, for a total of 470,000 acres in Texas.

If you are interested in supporting their efforts (membership is \$25 or more) contact: The Nature Conservancy of Texas, P.O., Box 1440, San Antonio, TX 78295-1440. Phone 210-224-8774.

**FARM  
BUREAU  
INSURANCE**

## WE INSURE ALL KINDS OF FOLKS

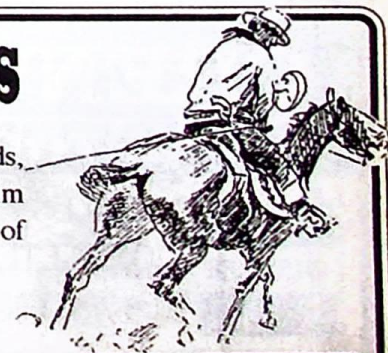
In fact, we offer broad coverage for your Auto, Home, or Life Insurance needs, and we back it up with prompt, professional attention, and a fast, fair claim service. Plus, we'll sit down with you and conduct a non-obligation review of your total insurance needs. It's just that simple. **Call today.**



**HELPING YOU IS WHAT WE DO BEST**

**KIRK WINFREY ★ BILL WOOTAN**

**303 EAST HIGHWAY 71, LLANO, TEXAS 78643**



**915/247-4161**

# WHAT WAS 'THE ALAMO FLAG?'

BY C. F. ECKHARDT

**W**hat happened to the flags captured at the Alamo after the siege is a mystery. The surviving Alamo flag, the silk guidon preserved (in badly deteriorated, and continually deteriorating condition) as a trophy of war in Chapultepec Castle was just that. It was a guidon. It was the company guidon of the New Orleans Grays. In 1839, in one of those tantalizing bits that sometimes surfaces, an Englishman visiting in Belgium commented that he saw "the flags taken at the Alamo" on display in a Mexican diplomat's office. Unfortunately, that's all he wrote about it. He didn't describe the flags, nor did he name the Mexican diplomat.

Mexican chronicles of the battle state that the 'Alamo flag', which would certainly indicate the overall banner under which the defenders fought, was "torn from the mast". If it was, it certainly wasn't the New Orleans Grays' guidon, the hoist portion of which shows no sign of having been 'torn from the mast'.

What flag was it, then, that was "torn from the mast" on that awful morning of March 6, 1836? It certainly wasn't the Lone Star banner we know today, for it wasn't adopted as the flag of the Republic of Texas until 1839. The famous 'Constitution of 1824' banner, which was the Mexican tricolor with the eagle-and-snake replaced with 1824, has its adherents, but the ground beneath them is shaky and they know it well. Likewise the 'Coahuila y Tejas' banner, which was the same tricolor with the eagle-and-snake replaced with two large 'stars' (actually, many-pointed sunbursts) one above the other, has its adherents

and rests on shaky ground.

What about David Crockett's flag?

Davy had a flag?

As we used to say when the movies were black and white, "You betchum, Red Ryder!" He had it made in East Texas, on his way to Bejar.

Crockett's flag seems to have been of 'standard flag' proportions—that is, a three to five ratio, hoist to fly. It consisted of thirteen red and white stripes, seven red and six white. Centered in the flag was a white star certainly large enough to be noticeable, with the black letters T-E-X-A-S between the points.

Crockett's flag was one that certainly would have appealed

to most of the Alamo garrison. The red and white stripes were reminiscent of the Stars and Stripes, and by far the majority of the defenders came from the United States. The single star in the middle was the Lone Star, which Texicans had already begun to adopt as a symbol. The word *TEXAS* was, after all, what the fight was all about.

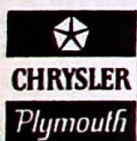
For precisely the same reasons it would have been absolutely infuriating to the Mexicans. The red and white stripes symbolized those who would later come to be called "Those damned big-footed creatures from the north." The single star with *TEXAS* around it symbolized the 'foreigners' of all persuasions who were trying to take Mexican soil.

Was Crockett's flag the one the Mexican soldiers "tore from the mast?" Unfortunately, we'll probably never know—but it's as good a candidate as any and better than most.



## CRENWELGE

### MOTOR SALES



SALES & PARTS  
COMPLETE SERVICE  
CENTER



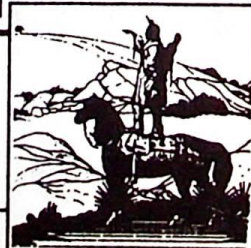
"SERVING THE HILL COUNTRY SINCE 1940"  
413 W. MAIN, FREDERICKSBURG, TEXAS 78624  
210/997-4331 • 1-800-314-9333

## Crabapple Crossing

COUNTRY STORE • RV SITES • TENT CAMPING

RELAX ON OUR SCENIC PORCH & BIERGARTEN

• Oak Shaded Tent Camping Sites along  
Crabapple Creek • RV Sites with Water Hook-  
up & 30AMP Electricity • Hot Showers & Clean  
Restrooms • Camping & Picnic Supplies • Call  
for Overnight Reservations: 915/247-4260 •  
HC 9, Box 39 • Llano, Texas 78643



ONLY 4 MILES NORTH OF THE  
ENCHANTED ROCK PARK ENTRANCE

## EDITOR'S CHOICE

# TOP 10 TPWD TOURS

**NUMEROUS STATE PARKS IN TEXAS OFFER INTERPRETIVE TOURS TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC. OF THE 71 TOURS SCHEDULED FOR THE MONTH OF OCTOBER, I HAVE SELECTED TEN. THE BASIS FOR THE SELECTION WAS PRICE—ALL EXCEPT ONE ARE \$5 OR LESS—AND GENERAL INTEREST TO OUR READERS. THE DESERT SURVIVAL WORKSHOP, AT \$300, IS A LITTLE OVER THE TOP FOR MOST OF US, BUT IF I HAD THE SPARE CHANGE I'D SIGN UP.**

**ROCK ART TOUR**—Hueco Tanks State Historical Park, El Paso: Every Saturday & Sunday. Go on a tour of the interpretive center and view several popular rock art sites in the park. 10 a.m.-2 p.m. and noon-4 p.m., fees \$2 TCP members, \$4 nonmembers, \$2 children 12 and under. 915/857-1135.

**FATE BELL CAVE DWELLING TOUR**—Seminole Canyon State Historical Park, Comstock: Every Wednesday thru Sunday. Take a walking guided tour to see some of North America's oldest pictographs and cave dwellings. 10-11:30 a.m. 3-4:30 p.m., fees \$3 adults, \$1 children 6 to 12. 915/292-4464.

**MONARCH BUTTERFLY TAGGING**—October 4, 11, 18, 25 at Honey Creek State Natural Area, Spring Branch: Participate in a nationwide study to learn more about this amazing butterfly. All equipment provided. 9:30 a.m.-noon, 830/438-2656

**CELEBRATION WEEK**—October 10 at Lubbock Lake Landmark State Historical Park, Lubbock: The annual 10-day celebration week, featuring programs on ancient cultures and life ways on the Southern Plains. 9 a.m.-5 p.m., fees \$2 non-students, \$1 for students. 806/765-0737.

**STAGECOACH RIDES**—October 11 at Fanthorp Inn State Park, Anderson: Ride on a replica of the 1850 Concord stagecoach over the old stagecoach

roads in Anderson. Tour the inn while listening to dulcimer music. 1-4 p.m., fees \$4 adults, \$2.50 children 12 and under. 409/873-2633.

**ANNUAL LIVING HISTORY SPECIAL EVENT**—October 18, Fort Lancaster State Historical Park, Sheffield: Living history re-enactors will portray frontier life. Infantry, calvary, buffalo soldiers, corps of engineers, camel corps and period musicians will bring Fort Lancaster to life. 8 a.m.-5 p.m., fees free to TCP members, \$2 non-members, free to children 12 and under. 915/836-4391

**RANGER CAMPFIRE**—October 18 at Copper Breaks State Park, Quanah: Join in for some storytelling, a starwalk and a living history program. 2-9 p.m., fees \$2 adults, \$1 senior citizens, free to children 12 and under. Reservations available but not required. 817/839-4331

**DESERT SURVIVAL WORKSHOP**—October 24 at Big Bend Ranch State park, Presidio: Three-day workshop on desert survival techniques using only materials at hand. Emphasis on water location, primitive fire making and cooking, shelter, aiding rescuers, tool making and survival psychology. 8 a.m. on Oct. 24 till 5 p.m. on Oct. 26, 8 a.m. on Nov 21 till 5 p.m. on Nov. 23, fees \$291 TCP members, \$300 non-members, reservations required, 915/229-3416

**DINOSAUR WALK**—October 25 at San Angelo State Park, San Angelo: Hike back in time to tracks left over 200 millions years ago by Permian vertebrates. Three-mile total hike. 1-3 p.m. In addition to the park entry fee the tour fees are: Free to TCP members, \$2 non-members, \$1 children 12 and under, reservations available but not required. 915/949-4757

**CIVIL WAR CONFEDERATE CAMP**—October 25 at Sam Bell Maxey House State Historical Park, Paris: Join members of the 9th Texas Infantry and 1st Choctaw/Chickasaw Dismounted Rifles for a demonstration of the Confederate soldier's life. 8 a.m.-5 p.m., fees \$1 adults, free to children 12 and under. 903/785-5716



## TEXAS ROCK ART INSPIRES ARTIST AT LAKE BUCHANAN

Inspired by Texas prehistoric rock art, Laura Carlton of Buchanan Dam has created a series of paintings based on pictographs located at Seminole Canyon near Langtry and along the lower Pecos River. Carlton bridges the vast expanses of time and culture by incorporating pictographs and shaman figures using contemporary techniques of watermedia and collage.

"The astounding beauty and aesthetic sensibility of the Native Americans who created these paintings haunted me after visiting some of those locations along the Pecos River. I made a few on-site studies, and later I found myself incorporating more and more of the images in my work," Carlton said. "The rock art of the Pecos River has an elegance of line and color we seldom associate with prehistoric artists."

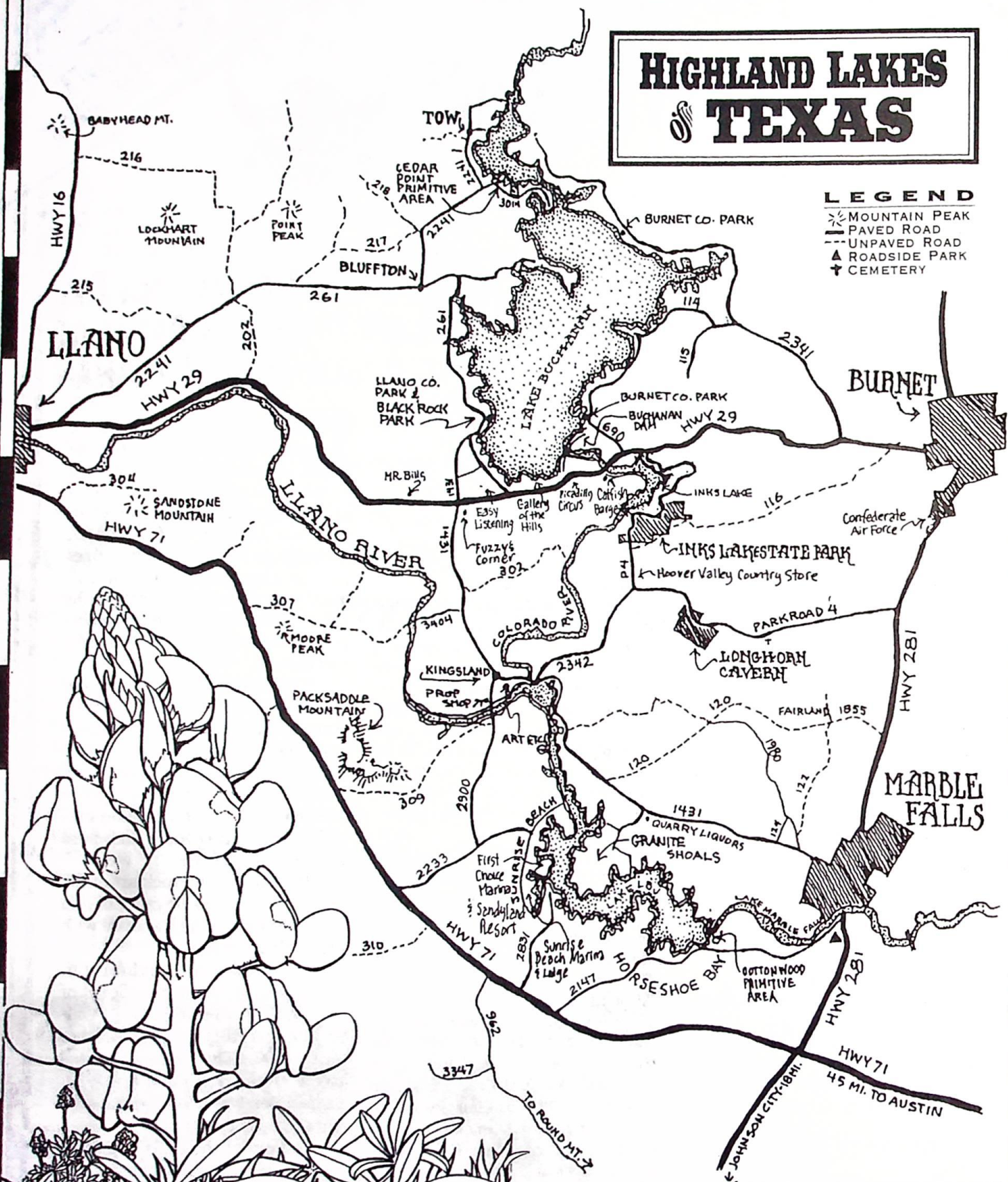
Carlton's solo exhibition, "Dreamers & Shamans—Spirit of the People" will be held at the Gallery of the Hills from September 7-30, 1997. The public is invited to the artist's reception on Saturday, September 6, 1997, from 2:00 p.m. to 5:00 p.m.

Gallery of the Hills is located on Hwy 29 west at Buchanan Dam. For more information call 512/793-2341

PULL-OUT  
2-MAP INSERT

# HIGHLAND LAKES & TEXAS

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



**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

# JIM BERRY

## HILL COUNTRY RANCH SALES

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

# Der Lindenbaum

GERMAN  
RESTAURANT  
& BIERGARTEN



AUTHENTIC  
GERMAN  
CUISINE

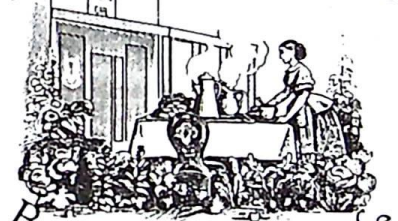
**Chef-Owner Ingrid Jünger-Hohmann**

OPEN 7 DAYS - 10:30AM - 10:00PM • NEAR THE NIMITZ MUSEUM

**FOR RESERVATIONS CALL: 210-997-9126**

312 EAST MAIN • FREDERICKSBURG, TEXAS 78624

# 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

## STROLL THROUGH THE PAST

**E**njoy a leisurely stroll through the Historic District and discover 151 years of Texas, German and Frontier history, folklore and architecture, including a visit to the Schandua House. So get on your feet... and say: "I DID IT!" **Summer Tours:** in the morning and evening and by appointment. For specific times and reservations check our Web site or call ahead.

### HISTORIC TOURS OF FREDERICKSBURG

P.O. BOX 413, FREDERICKSBURG, TEXAS 78624

e-mail: [kktours@ktc.com](mailto:kktours@ktc.com) • Web site: [www.ktc.net/kkfbgtour](http://www.ktc.net/kkfbgtour)

**830/990-0155**



# Gallery of the Hills

## DREAMERS: SEPTEMBER 6-30, 1997

### SPIRIT OF THE PEOPLE



Contemporary  
interpretations  
of the native  
spirit in  
collage and  
watermedia

## LAURA CARLTON OPENING RECEPTION

2-5 P.M. SEPTEMBER 6, 1997

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

# PRINTWORKS

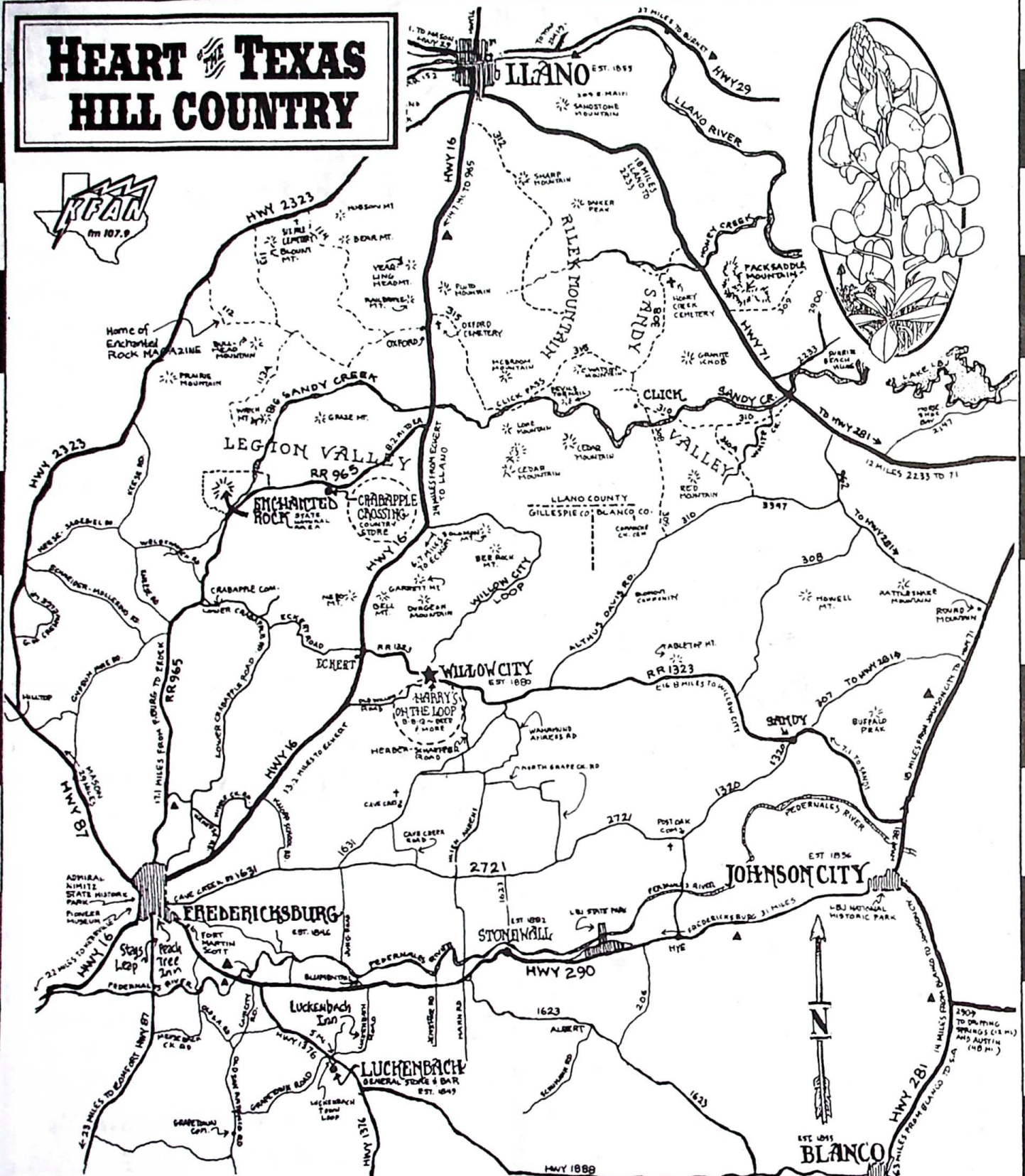
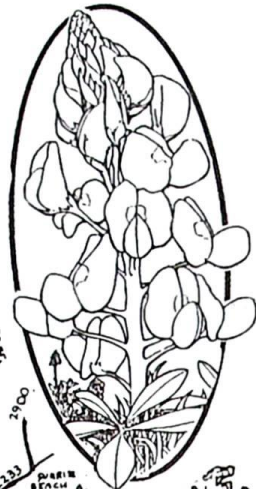
"YOUR HILL COUNTRY PRINTER"

- 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

# HEART OF TEXAS HILL COUNTRY



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

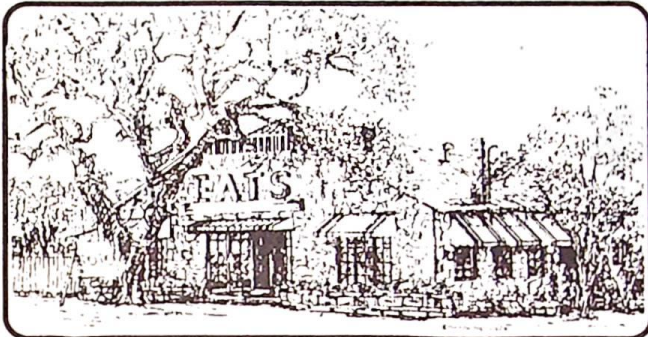
**ENCHANTED ROCK**  
MAGAZINE

©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

# 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

# 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

EMAIL: theinn@luckenbachtx • WEB: www.luckenbachtx.com AmExp/Dlsc.



OPEN 10-9 DAILY  
(Sometimes later...)  
SUNDAYS NOON-9  
BEER, WINE & FOOD AVAIL.  
210-997-3224

FRI. & SAT. NIGHT PICKERS CIRCLE.  
HILL COUNTRY MUSICIANS JAM  
EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON

"EVERYBODY'S SOMEBODY IN LUCKENBACH!"

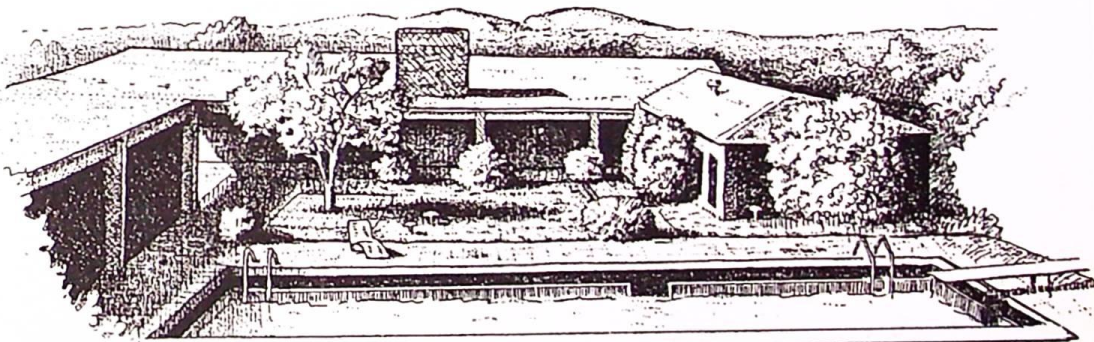
- SAT. OCT. 4TH: CHILI BALL with GARY P. NUNN 9PM—\$10  
27TH ANNUAL LADIES STATE CHILI CHAMPIONSHIP
- SAT. NOV 1st: HUNTER'S BALL!
- SAT. NOV. 29: THANKSGIVING REUNION with MONTE MONTGOMERY 9PM—\$5
- SAT. DEC. 27: COWBOY CHRISTMAS BALL

830/997/3224

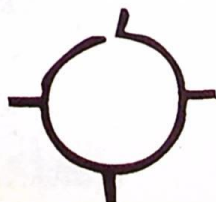
# DISCOVER ENCHANTMENT

Discover "Enchantment" for yourself during a weekend or week-long stay at Enchanted Rock House. View The Rock from the patio, or experience the feeling of standing on the sacred rock of Native Americans less than two minutes away at Enchanted Rock State Natural Area.

The traditional "Texas Ranch House" (the Big House) enjoys a beautiful view of Enchanted Rock on one side and a Texas-sized swimming pool and courtyard on the other. Relax around the pool after a day of exploring Enchanted Rock and it's many caverns and rock outcrops. All rooms have private outside entrances and baths. Floor to ceiling glass brings each room distinctly different views. The interior of the main house includes



the Great Room, decorated in southwest ranch style. Several conversation areas are positioned throughout the room. A 12-foot fireplace welcomes all when the weather gets chilly as sometimes happens in the Hill Country. TV and several board games are available for those wishing a diversion.



**ENCHANTED ROCK HOUSE** HOSTS: BEVERLY & DENNIS GILLMAN  
A TRADITIONAL BED & BREAKFAST • RETREAT CENTER

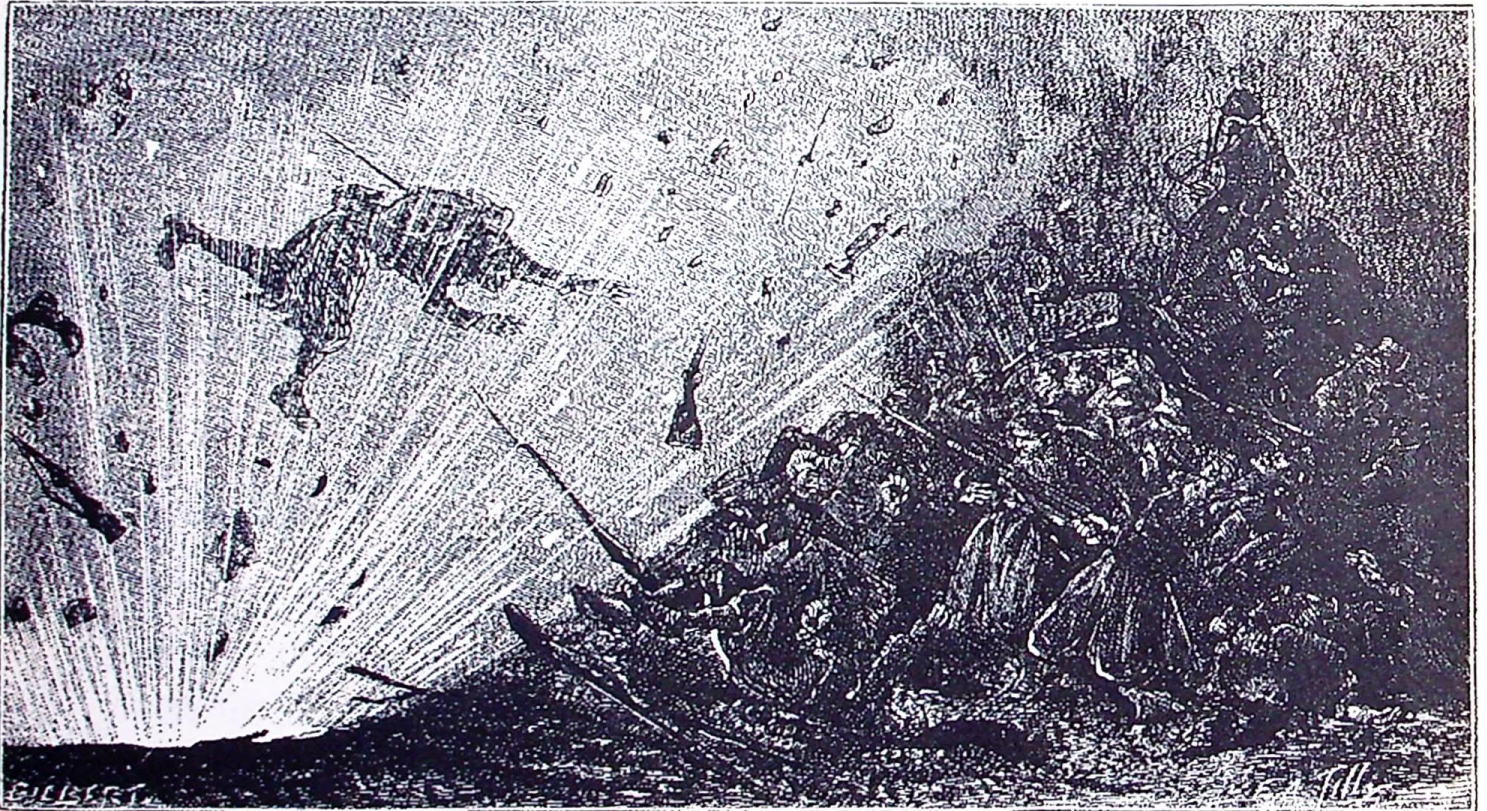
15497 R.R. 965, FREDERICKSBURG, TEXAS 78624 • PHONE/FAX 210/685-3406 • WWW.EROCKHOUSE.AOL.COM

DISASTER AT

# GOLIAD

BY STEVEN L. YUHAS

PART TWO OF TWO PARTS



In 1836 the Texas Revolution had begun. In early February Colonel James Fannin received information that General Urrea had been sent with a division of men to take Goliad while Santa Anna marched on the Alamo. Fannin became vacillating and indecisive. He divided his forces time and again in an effort to compensate for the tactical errors of his previous decisions. Every act seemed to play directly into the hands of the Mexican forces.



**5 MARCH 1836:** Surrounded, with all requests for assistance ignored, Travis and his men at the Alamo are annihilated. No Prisoners.

**6 MARCH:** News comes from Washington-on-the-Brazos, the new capitol, that effective March 2nd, Texas became a Republic. The new Lone Star flag was raised on a pole next to the battered original.

**8 MARCH:** A volunteer soldier from Refugio arrives pleading with Fannin to send a party of men to rescue several families before General Urrea's men arrive. Fannin was unable to make up his mind to once again reduce his forces.

**10 MARCH:** Fannin sends Captain Aaron King and thirty-odd men with a number of wagons and carts to evacuate the families at Refugio. Once in Refugio, King and his small force encounter the lead elements of Urrea's army, consisting of a company of cavalry supported by a complement of Karakawa Indians. But, instead of retiring to Goliad, King holed up in a church to do battle, sending a rider to Goliad for reinforcements. The Mexicans and Indians surrounded the church and opened fire. Both sides held their own until sundown, when firing became reduced to sniping at each other. The men lounged and slept until it was their turn to become a sniper.

**11 MARCH:** Fannin sends the Georgia Battalion under the command of Colonel Ward with 150 men to King's rescue. A little after midday the Georgia Greys make their way to the mission, driving the Mexicans off. Ordered back to Goliad by Ward, King refuses to leave. He waited 24 hours to go after the force that had him under siege. Colonel Ward, unable to stop him, decided to remain at the mission and wait for King's return before returning to Goliad.

After drawing King out in the prairie, the Mexicans rode to join Urrea and left the Indians to act as a delaying force. King and the Indians danced around the prairie without results. Finally, King broke off the action and made a brief camp. He then headed off into the night to meet Ward in the morning.

While King was playing tag, General Urrea sent a sizable force to Refugio and surrounded Ward.

**12 MARCH:** Urrea began moving the rest of his division from San Patricio towards Goliad. Unexpectedly, the encountered King's force headed for Refugio. King's men were about to cross a stream and barely had time to take up positions in some post oaks before the Mexicans charged. They repelled the first, second, and third attacks. The charging Mexicans fell away or were knocked backwards to lay almost unseen in the tall grass. At dusk the bodies of many Mexicans lay before the Texans, who only had two wounded. General Urrea sent two officers forward and offered an honorable surrender, which King immediately rejected.

That night, King gathered his men and made preparations to sneak out through the Mexican outposts. As the men slowly crept forward, out of the night came whoops and shots from the

The battle had been raging all day, but an hour after the courier delivered the message to Ward, General Urrea opened up with a small cannon and commenced to blow the oak entrance doors off the mission. Wood splinters and shrapnel zipped through the cloister of the church. They then turned the cannon to the walls and firing positions. The concussions knocked adobe plaster from the inside of the walls. The position was becoming untenable. Realizing the gravity of the situation, ten men volunteered to go out and seize the cannons.

Indians. Alerted, the Mexicans rushed to circle the now vulnerable force. Two men made it out, the rest were kept under guard until daylight. The morning would bring the Grim Reaper. He would find all except those few whose names weren't written in the book of death.

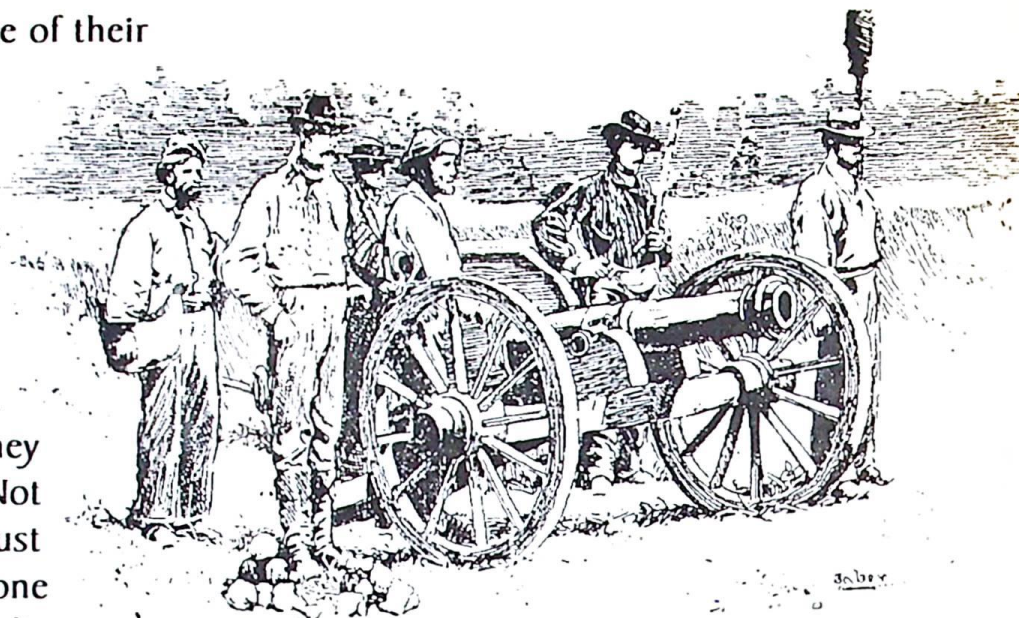
A German Officer serving with the Mexican Army found two of King's soldiers to be of German descent. He effected not only their releases, but those of several local Texans who had joined up with King. The rest of the men were summarily shot, speared with lances, stripped naked, and left on the prairie for the vultures and coyotes to devour.

**13 MARCH:** Houston rushed a dispatch rider to Fannin with new orders. "You are to fall back on Victoria with your command and such artillery as can be brought off with the expedition. All that can not be taken is to be sunk in the river or otherwise destroyed." Fannin knew he must obey the order, but decided to await the return of Ward and King before departing. Fannin then sent a courier to Refugio directing Ward to abandon his position and force his way back to Goliad. The courier never returned. He was in fact captured, but allowed to continue on, because Urrea wanted Ward to come out in the open.

The battle had been raging all day, but an hour after the courier delivered the message to Ward, General Urrea opened up with a small cannon and commenced to blow the oak en-

The brave Poles, because of their exposed position took the heaviest losses. Several of the Mexican cannon had been designated to do nothing but silence the Texas artillery. Each time a cannoneer fell, there was another to take his place.

When replacements ran out, they doubled up on their duties. Not a man deserted his gun. Just before dark, there was only one cannoneer left standing.



trance doors off the mission. Wood splinters and shrapnel zipped through the cloister of the church. They then turned the cannon to the walls and firing positions. The concussions knocked adobe plaster from the inside of the walls. The position was becoming untenable. Realizing the gravity of the situation, ten men volunteered to go out and seize the cannons.

All of the rifles opened up with covering fire as the men came charging out of the entrance way, leaping over dead Mexicans and yelling for all they were worth. When they reached the cannon, rifle butts, knives, and pistols killed or dispersed the cannoneers. The men grabbed the trails and dragged the cannon halfway back and left it pointed at the enemy. When all ten men returned unharmed, a cheer went up from the men in the church that shook the rafters.

**14 MARCH:** Ward, knowing the message had been intercepted, still decided to follow instructions. Between midnight and four, with clouds hiding the moon, his men crept out of the church and headed south. He correctly concluded that Urrea would be waiting for him on the road to Goliad and if Fannin left Goliad, he would probably head for Victoria. Unfortunately, Ward had to leave his wounded behind. Come morning, Urrea's troops were still firing at the church. It didn't take long to realize that Ward was gone. Once in the church, they brutally killed all of the wounded with their bayonets.

Still worried about Ward, Fannin sent riders to Refugio but they came back without information. Fannin was in a quandary. First, it was hard to believe that the Alamo had fallen. Then, in a matter of days, Johnson's, Grant's and King's commands had been wiped out and he still didn't know the whereabouts or status of the remainder of Ward's force.

Nothing could have aided the Mexicans more than the fragmentation of volunteers into small groups to be gobbled up superior forces.

**17 MARCH:** Fannin was still waiting for Colonel Ward when Captain Frasier, who lived in Refugio, stepped forward. "Sir, if you give me a good mount, I'm positive I can get through and bring back any news." Fannin sent him on his way, still pondering whether to stay and defend the fort, wait another day for Ward's men, or obey Houston's order to withdraw. That afternoon, Captain Frasier came back with a complete accounting of what happened to King and Ward. However, the words "survivors taken out and shot" and "wounded bayoneted where they lay" seemed to have no effect on Fannin.

Many of the troops were now grumbling that it was already too late to withdraw. Fannin finally decided to leave the next morning.

**18 MARCH:** While they were preparing to leave the fort, a detachment of Mexican cavalry was spotted riding close around Goliad. Colonel Horton and his men immediately mounted up and rode out in pursuit. Both units disappeared over a rise. A few minutes later Horton's men came galloping back with a larger force of Mexicans behind him. Horton gathered up the rest of the mounted men in the fort and again chased the Mexicans out of sight. By now most of the men were on the walls watching this "sport" and cheering them on. All day long they sallied back and forth. After all of the bravado was over, neither side had lost a man. The main thing accomplished was a day lost, allowing Urrea's army to close in on the fort.

Intending to move out that night, the advance party found the ford at the river crossing blocked by Mexican forces. The choice was made to wait until morning to force their way across the river.

That evening the troops were in good humor, laughing and retelling the events of the day. While the merrymaking was going on, the oxen were left harnessed to the carts without being fed or watered.

**19 MARCH:** The cold morning of the 19th came with a dense fog. There seemed to be no sense of urgency and the men were in good spirits. The order was given to move out and one by one the fog swallowed them as they went out the gate. Fannin ordered all of the provisions burned, but by some oversight, no provisions were set aside for the trip. They also over looked carrying grain and water for the animals. This was the second time this grave error was made. Their few wagons were loaded with five-hundred rifles and ammunition. Disobeying Houston's orders to leave the larger cannon behind, they attempted to take all nine. This severely restricted their rate of march and it was ten o'clock before the last horse went under the gate.

The abandonment of the strongest fort in Texas had begun. Considering the damage done by a small body of determined men at Bexar and the Alamo, one wonders what would have transpired if they had consolidated their forces to stand against Urrea at Goliad.

By daylight, the ford across the river had been abandoned by the Mexican forces. The first of their problems started with forgetting their provisions. The rest continued when they were crossing the river—the largest cannon broke down in the middle of the ford. Not having been watered or fed and left in their harness all night, the oxen were especially unruly. They stopped in midstream quenching their thirst, stomping at the water when the cursing drivers tried to get them to move. Due to the loss of carts that went with Captain King at Refugio, the few carts they had were overloaded. At the crossing, trying to lighten the load, most of their personal belongings were thrown away.

Once across the river, to provide early warning, a company of horsemen were put out on both flanks. Another four men were sent out to act as rear guard. The column managed to travel four or five miles without incident. The fog allowed three companies of Mexican cavalry to come close on to the rear guard before they were spotted. All four men swung into their saddles and rode hell bent for the column. Only one of the four riders, a German by the name of Ehrenberg, came sliding into camp. The other three went by at a full gallop, their horses throwing up clods of prairie grass and blowing long puffs of steam. As they charged by, the riders continued to whip their horses on without even glancing at the camp.

Fannin, believing the Mexican force to be a scouting party elected to continue on. About a mile further on, an ammunition wagon broke down. A little more than a half mile in front of them was Coleta Creek. There was a good stand of timber to offer protection and access to water. Calmer heads recommended that the load be transferred or abandoned and continue on to the woods where their more accurate fire and cover would give them a better chance than the open prairie.

Fannin still believed that Colonel Horton or Captain Duval would let him know when the main body was approaching, so he formed a square to take the time to effect repairs. Besides, Fannin resented anyone suggesting his course of action, so he remained on the open prairie.

In spite of Fannin's decision, the New Orleans Greys were

**LNB**



**Llano National Bank**

"Home Owned and Operated"

For Complete Banking Services

Phone:



**915-247-5701**

MEMBER  
FDIC

**1001 Ford Street • Llano, Texas 78643**

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

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  
"Historic Bed & Breakfast, & Guest House Accommodations"  
104 North Adams Street Fredericksburg, Texas 78624  
800-745-3591 (local 990-8455) FAX 210/990-8363

# 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. Trallmor  
**210-997-4426**  
Residents 997-7712

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

The cold morning of the 19th came with a dense fog. There seemed to be no sense of urgency and the men were in good spirits. The order was given to move out and one by one the fog swallowed them as they went out the gate. Fannin ordered all of the provisions burned, but by some oversight, no provisions were set aside for the trip. They also overlooked carrying grain and water for the animals. This was the second time this grave error was made.

going to go on through. But while they argued, the Mexicans cut off their route of march. Using carts and dead animals to form a barricade, a small square about an acre in size was formed. The men had barely set to their tasks when a large body of cavalry hurled themselves at the Texans. The battle began with the Texas artillery taking a fierce toll of the enemy.

The accurate fire from the artillery brought down dozens of horses and men. The gray and red bursts from the exploding shells scattered the horses of the dragoons, broke their formations and forced them to withdraw to a tree line. By the time the initial attackers regrouped, more Mexican cavalry and infantry had arrived. Urrea apparently wanted to keep the pressure on and immediately launched a three-sided attack.

One of the Texas wagons carried several hundred spare rifles. Anticipating the next attack, each of the men picked up one or two extra rifles. Primed and loaded, they were propped up against the makeshift barrier.

The Mexican cavalry came in from both flanks, the infantry straight down the middle. The Polish artillery immediately grabbed the carriages of the cannons and moved to fire on both flanks. Inside the square, the only sounds to be heard were the commands of the officers and the grunts of the men as they manhandled the guns into position. The men moved with precision, well drilled in each step of firing. The first rounds were on the way long before the dragoons were in rifle range and were right on target.

When the first rounds of artillery exploded among the charging cavalry, horses whinnied and shied sideways. Some tumbled forward, throwing their riders to bounce and land in awkward positions. Riders hit with the heavy bullets of the long rifles were knocked askew, pulling their horses down with them while trying to stay in the saddle. Each time the gray and brown smoke cleared, it revealed kicking and wounded horses, with sorely wounded men staggering to the rear.

The men inside the barricade leaned and crouched behind their makeshift protection, reloading as fast as they were able. The acrid smell of gunpowder filled their nostrils, while shouts and screams of the wounded filled the air.

The Mexican infantry came boldly on, firing without aiming, while the carefully aimed shots from the long rifles used by the volunteers took a fearsome toll. The capability to grab an-

other rifle and fire again without reloading, tripled their firepower. The men sweated and toiled under the fear of the occasion, their lips growing dry and parched. Bullets and shrapnel snapped and popped the air like popcorn. Not a man shirked his duties, barely aware of the havoc that rained about them. The withering fire stopped the momentum of the attack. When the smoke cleared, it revealed a field strewn with dead bodies and struggling wounded.

Before the first group returned to their position, Urrea sent his lancers in from the rear. Once again, the skilled and gallant Poles manhandled their guns into positions and rained a devastating barrage on the horsemen. It was a close replica of the first charge. Again, horses and men alike tumbled to the ground.

Enemy reinforcements continued to arrive. Later in the day, Mexican artillery was moved up to close the range, making the situation more perilous, as they held the high ground and could shoot down into the square. Canister and shot again filled the air in and around the square. Although there were no more charges, the firing was continuous until nightfall. By that time the Mexicans had been reinforced to over a thousand men, while the Texas outriders failed to return.

Colonel Fannin, destaining to take cover, was wounded in the hip and had a rifle shot from his hands when a ball struck it below the hammer. The brave Poles, because of their exposed position took the heaviest losses. Several of the Mexican cannon had been designated to do nothing but silence the Texas artillery. Each time a cannoner fell, there was another to take his place. When replacements ran out, they doubled up on their duties. Not a man deserted his gun. Just before dark, there was only one cannoner left standing.

As darkness approached, the fight dwindled to harassing cannon and sniper fire. After the sun went down, it became bone chilling cold. A damp, heavy mist hung over the field. The Texas position became completely ringed by burning camp fires. All night, the defenders were regaled with music, laughter and taunts from the Mexican lines. The only sounds from the camp were the cries of the dying and wounded. They were without food or water. The dehydrated wounded suffered the most from lack of water. Trying to sleep on the cold damp ground proved useless, so the men started digging a trench around the inside of the perimeter. It would not only give added protection, but the exertion would help keep them warm through the night. Out on the prairie on that cold March evening, many a soldier on both sides would go to his Valhalla.

The leaders assembled to decide their next move. It boiled down to three options: (1) Abandon the wounded and equipment and fight their way to the safety of the woods. (2) Stay with the wounded and fight to the last man. (3) Surrender under honorable terms.

The fate of Johnson's and King's men hung in the back of their minds. But the cold facts were in front of them. They were out of food and water and had taken serious losses while the Mexicans were growing stronger by the hour. The majority of men wanted to fight their way out, while the officers leaned toward surrender. It was agreed to wait until morning. Then, if an honorable agreement could be made, to surrender. If not, then to fight to the last man.

# 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

## 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

## 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

Glycloguic: Body

915/247-4902 101 EAST LUCE STREET, LLANO, TEXAS 78643

## BURNET COUNTY BARBEQUE & CENTRAL TEXAS CATERING



**REAL PIT COOKED BAR-B-QUE**  
**WE PUT THE HEAT TO THE MEAT**

**512/756-6468**

**HIGHWAY 29 W., BURNET, TEXAS 78611**

## Pomegranates

MARBLE FALLS



RARE FINDS • ANTIQUES  
COFFEE • TEA • DESSERTS

*Marjorie Chatham - Owner*

**210-693-8975**

**115 MAIN STREET • MARBLE FALLS, TEXAS 78654**



**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

## 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**

**20 MARCH:** By morning, Fannin had 9 dead, and of the sixty wounded, forty were disabled. There was no relief in the fire from the Mexicans. Even so, the New Orleans and Mobile Greys were still planning to fight their way out, but before they could act, a white flag was raised. The Greys were furious. Colonel Fannin and Major Wallace with Captain Dusangue to act as interpreter, went forward to meet the Mexican Commanders. The terms agreed upon were put in writing and a copy given to both parties.

There is still historical disagreement on the terms of surrender as there were several versions, written both in Spanish and English. The Texas version was that they would be treated as prisoners of war with their private property respected and the arms of the officers returned to them upon their parole. That the prisoners be paroled or exchanged as soon as transportation could be arranged.

The Mexican version was that the Texans were to surrender to the discretion of the Mexican forces. That the Commandant Fannin and the wounded be treated with all possible consideration and finally that the whole detachment be treated as prisoners of war, subject to the disposition of the supreme government.

However, General Urrea was under personal orders from Santa Anna to issue terms of unconditional surrender and execute all prisoners. At some later date, to justify his actions, General Urrea added a postscript that stated he could not accept any terms other than unconditional surrender.

Unknown to anybody fighting for the independence of Texas, a letter from the Mexican Minister of War on the disposition of rebels fighting in Texas had been sent to the Mexican Ambassador in Washington on December 30, 1835. It deemed all persons coming into Texas to aid the rebels were to be considered pirates and would be treated as such. The letter was not made known to the public until March 1836. By that time the war was over.

Just as the signing was completed, there was a stir among the Mexican troops. Colonel Horton had emerged from the east. Instead of the five or six-hundred men he expected to find at Victoria, he could only muster an additional forty. Horton looked down at the white flags and surveyed the twelve-hundred troops with Urrea. The Mexican cavalry immediately mounted up in pursuit. Horton, seeing he could be of no assistance, departed and lost the Mexicans in the shelter of the heavy woods along the Guadalupe.

The Mexicans then moved in to pick up the weapons. One of the Greys was heard to say, "They shot my brother down at Refugio and I'll be damned if their goin' to do it to me. I'm at least goin' to take some with me."

It wasn't long before there was a tremendous explosion. Both sides immediately flung themselves to the earth. It was strangely quiet as the smoke from the exploded powder wagon slowly drifted overhead. There were only minor wounds and burns because the lid to the powder wagon was open, directing the blast up instead of out. For a while, no one could find the cause. Then an unrecognizable body was found near the wagon. A role call revealed that the man's name was Johnson, from the

New Orleans Greys. No one knew if he ignited the powder to blow up the camp or just happened to be standing nearby when the explosion occurred. The loss of the powder being the only consequence, the Mexicans put it aside. It was time to become a prisoner.

The men were sullen, mad at themselves and the world. They knew they had fought well. This wasn't what they expected or deserved.

The wounded were left on the field until carts could be sent back for them. Doctors Barnard, Field and Shackelford remained behind to tend to their needs. The grumbling men were formed up and marched back to Goliad. The main doors of the church were opened and the men jammed into the barren cloister. The area was so small that only a few men could sit or lay down. Packed that close, fresh air became a premium. Only the vaulted ceiling kept the air from being unusable.

**21 MARCH:** For the men at Goliad, the morning brought no relief or food, just water to drink. Later that day the first of the carts carrying the wounded started coming through the gates. One the trip in, their guards admitted to a loss of four-hundred men killed. No one could guess at the number of wounded. The stretchers were placed in the open quadrangle of the fort.

**22 MARCH:** This was a busy day for all concerned. At Goliad, the Mexicans relented and brought water and six ounces of beef for each man. Small fires were built inside the cloister, but because of the crowded conditions, many men couldn't get to the fires and had to eat raw meat. The smoke compounded the contamination of the stifling air, so the fires were put out. Two days of misery were alleviated when the prisoners were marched out into the open quadrangle of the fort. Still under heavy guard, at least they could stretch their limbs and breathe.

While Fannin's unit was dealing with life as POW's, Colonel Ward and his force of one-hundred men inadvertently made contact with Colonel Juan Morales' force of five-hundred men coming up from San Patricio to join General Urrea. Morales dogged Wards' heels all the way to Victoria. When they reached the banks of the Guadalupe outside of Victoria, Ward's men were ecstatic, but the joy turned to groans when the scouts found Victoria occupied by Mexicans. They then turned west in hopes of joining Fannin, but ran head on with General Urrea's force headed for Victoria.

Ward established a defensive position between Victoria and Dimmitts Point. They fought the good fight until they were almost out of ammunition. A council of war was held to decide their fate. Colonel Ward wanted to fight his way out, fearing they would all be slaughtered upon surrender. The men voted to surrender under the same terms that Fannin's men had been offered, released as prisoners of war with transportation to New Orleans on the promise never to fight in Texas again. Once the surrender was completed, the men were marched off to Goliad.

The situation continued to deteriorate, when a few days later a detachment of seventy to eighty volunteers from Tennessee landed at Copano. Just as they off-loaded the ship, they were surrounded and captured without a shot being fired. Rounded up, the detachment was also marched off to Goliad.

## JESSE JAMES REAL ESTATE

**HOME OWNED AND OPERATED**

WANTED

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

\* 5 "Pettied Acres", LLANO, reduced \$36,000 for fast sale. Very nice 2200 sq. ft. brick home, large slab and brick for game room, workshop, storage, RV port, large man-made lake common area, NOW ONLY \$189,000.  
 \* REDUCED \$50,000 very nice 3/2 5/2, brick home with over 360 feet of lake L.B.J. boat dock with lift, great view of Lookout Mountain, seller says "Sell It!" Never Has Flooded. \$175,000.  
 \* 536+- ACRES, 22 miles north of LLANO, Hwy. Frontage, old ranch house and barns, 2 wells, 2 or 3 dirt tanks, lots of deer. Owner finance available, 9% interest, 15-20% down, \$1250/acre.

512-793-2851 • www.web-vertisers.com/jjrealty • e-mail: jessejamesweb-vertisers.com  
 HIGHWAY 29 • 1/2 MILE WEST OF BUCHANAN DAM • OPEN SEVEN DAYS A WEEK

## THINKING OF A FALL GARDEN?

**THE VERY BEST IS AT GEO GROWERS**

COMPOST & SOIL

### GEO GROWERS

6300-C Highway 290 West  
in Oak Hill

## 512-892-2722





**WINNER OF NATIONAL, STATE,  
AND LOCAL AWARDS.**

1201 N. Main (Hwy 281-N),  
Blanco, Texas 78606  
1-800-232-2995

## 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.

# 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**

**23 MARCH:** Keeping up the facade of not executing the men under the terms of the surrender and to return the prisoners to the States; the Mexican forces took Colonel Fannin and several others to the port of Copano to secure transportation to New Orleans. There were no ships in the harbor, so they returned to Goliad.

It was on the 25th that Ward's unit came through the gate at Goliad and was placed with Fannin's men. Ward refused to be put in a private room with Fannin. He felt the defeat was his fault and elected to stay with his men.

**26 MARCH:** General Urrea takes the main body of his troops in pursuit of the Texas located further north. In his absence, he left Lieutenant Colonel Juan Nicolas de la Portilla in charge of the prisoners at Goliad.

Colonel Fannin returned from Copano and the camp is buzzing with rumors that he had gone to arrange transportation to the States. When and from where became the topic of conversation. Then the men received an extra portion of beef, a pound of raw meat instead of six ounces. Twice during the day Mexican dispatch riders came in. It must have been disturbing news, because the mood of the guards changed for the worst.

If the Texans had known what the messages said, their own mood would have changed drastically. The first dispatch to Colonel Portilla was from Santa Anna. When the Generalissimo, still in San Antonio, found out that his orders to execute the prisoners had not been carried out, he angrily ordered all of them to be put to death no later than the 27th—tomorrow.

A few hours later another courier galloped into Goliad. This message was from General Urrea, directing Colonel Portilla to treat the Texans with consideration, especially the leader, Colonel Fannin. The Texans were to be put to work in a useful manner and given an equal portion of the available rations.

Portilla debated long into the night over which order to obey. Santa Anna was in pursuit of General Houston's army which was retreating north from Columbus along the Colorado. His immediate Commander, General Urrea was also headed northeast to cut the rebels off. At dawn, on Palm Sunday, Portilla made the decision to obey His Excellency, Santa Anna. Under the pleading of the wife of one of his officers, one Senora Alavez, the surgeons and those not captured under arms, including the Tennessee detachment, were to be spared. Portilla made the decision knowing that it would incur the wrath of Santa Anna.

**27 MARCH:** Once it became known that the prisoners were to be executed, a few kindly individuals made every effort to save as many prisoners as they could. Some were saved out of past favors, some out of humanity, but the majority were saved by Senora Alavez. Obtaining what food and water she could, the Senora tended to the captives. She bribed guards to release a few of the men, while hiding others. Afterwards, she kept in touch with the survivors sending messages and providing food and clothing for them. Later, Senora Alavez became known as the "Angel of Goliad".

Morning came cold and gray. While the sun couldn't penetrate the high clouds, the wind scudded the lower clouds to-

wards the horizon. It began drizzling, making the already soaked ground, slippery with mud. There was no breakfast, but there was a formal formation of the Mexican troops. They lined up in their shabby, worn uniforms trying to look as military as possible. The Officer in Charge came forward with written orders in his hands.

The order given, four-hundred prisoners were marched out of the fort in three different groups. One group was taken on the road to Bexar, another on the Corpus Road, and one toward the lower ford. Most of the captives thought they were being marched to the transportation that would take them home. The Mexican soldiers were unusually quiet. When they did speak, it was in whispers.

The first indication that they were going to be shot came when they were stopped five-hundred yards down the road and lined up before the guards. On the march, the guards had been on their flanks. Now they were all gathered together on one side, facing the Texans. The Officer suddenly began talking rapidly in Spanish and one of the Texan's shouted, "By God, they're gonna' shoot us!"

Then things happened fast. Someone shouted, "Long live Texas!" One of the men broke ranks and charged the firing line, tackling one of the shooters, another Texan followed close behind. Then there was the thunderous roar of a volley being fired. Some of the shots just plain missed, while other men were shielded by the men in front of them. In the confusion of men falling in the thick smoke from the muskets, those who could, took off at a run with the Mexican's in hot pursuit. Most of the men that tried, made good their escape.

Later, the men in the church were dragged outside and shot where they lay. Then Colonel Fannin was brought out alone and shot through the head. He crumpled over on his right side. The bodies were stripped naked and thrown into a grotesque pile about a quarter mile away. Heaps of wood were stacked on the men and set afire. As no attempt was made to bury what was left of the bodies, vultures and wolves came into take care of the remains. It wasn't until Santa Anna was defeated at San Jacinto on April 20, 1836 that the Texas militia came to Goliad to bury the remaining bones in a common grave.

The exact number of men executed at Goliad is unknown, but an accepted figure is 380. This was more men lost than the battles of the Alamo and San Jacinto combined. There is no accurate count of the survivors, but over twenty were saved by Mexicans, and close to thirty escaped.

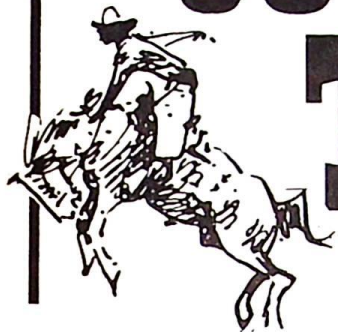
In retrospect, all of the volunteers who fought for Texas independence fought with distinction and valor. The disaster at Goliad was caused by petty personal bids for power and glory, inept leadership, and poor tactics.

Few care to remember Goliad. They would prefer to remember the Alamo and the defeat of Santa Anna at San Jacinto. The men who perished at Goliad were no less brave or gallant than the ones who gained glory. These men should not be forgotten.





# COWBOY TALES



L. KELLY DOWN

## MAVERICK

**Y**ou pups called me a maverick the other day. Well, I got a new pretty single school ma'am to tell me what it means now. She said old Webster calls it a nonconformist, so thankee. But weren't always so. So sit yourself down—no, the fair ladies ain't going to leave the dance yet—leastwise till you hear the fiddling stops—so listen how “maverick” come about.

If you're ever down on the old Matagorda, just drift down to the salt water. Look south across the bay, you'll see a smiggin' of land looks like an island out there but it ain't. It's the peninsula. Now its got what we called “cuts” back long ago, but they is just where channels is across so the tides can work back and forth the water in the bay—these cuts mostly are two or three hundred yards across—that's more than a cow will want to swim.

Old Sam Maverick, who ranched the whole peninsula, didn't see no need to brand none of his cattle that he had

there, they couldn't get off the island, he figgered. But in September of 18 and 75 a big hurricane come along, kilt a bunch of folks at Indianola and the tide got so high it covered clear up to the Sargent and you know it's six to ten miles from the beach. So Maverick's cows had to swim or drown. Some drowned but a bunch got to the mainland.

Now, Mr. Clay Mc Sperrin, trail boss for Mr. Shanghai Pierce, was rounding up steers later that fall and come across them Maverick cattle. They was spread all over, from Freeport to Victoria, which is a fair piece. When an unbranded steer that was for sure over a year old was drug out, Mr. Clay would say “that's a Maverick” and he got the trail brand and Mr. Clay sent the money to Mr. Maverick.

The Pierce Ranch weren't the only one taking trail herds to the Abeline and some of the others weren't near as careful like. Some slapped a trail brand on the steers, but didn't send Mr. Maverick no money. As we used to say they “thrownd a long loop” on the unbranded cows and young calfs and put their own brand on them. Lots of fair sized herds got started that a-way. So for the next thirty years or so something that weren't marked as belonging to anyone, but could be made yours, just by claiming it were a “Maverick”.

Those dime cowboy stories written by them New York City fellows who hadn't never seen a cow outside a zoo, grabbed right on to the Maverick word. They made it mean, not an outlaw, but so close you wouldn't want to bet on the difference. But it were saved by real cowboys like Zane Gray and pulled up to mean someone who didn't follow the bunch, and more or less rides on a line by hisself, don't you know.

So a big storm one hundred twenty some years ago, and an honest trail boss, gives us a well known word—even a show on the picture box—and it is known all over the world. Maverick!

You ladies think that if old Sam Maverick were named Schwartzengger it would have turned out the same? Now go to the dance, the fair ladies are a-waiting, and I need to add some starter to my biscuits for tomorrow mornin'.

Get!

## Oompah, Oompah, Oompah...

**A** bang, a toot, a yodel, three stages, and seven oompah bands kick off the Oktoberfest fun on the Fredericksburg Market Square. You won't want to miss the Walburg Boys with Ronnie Tipplet, an authentic Alpine yodeler, on his talented accordion, plus the German styling of the Sauerkrauts, and the oompah music of the Terry Cavanaugh Band.

If you looking for more music, stroll over to the two other stages featuring all evening long, the talents of Dutch Treat, Oma and the Oompahs, and Rennie & The Happy Travelers. Of course, Oktoberfest is more than music. What German festival would be complete without such

mouthwatering favorites as wurst, kraut, German potato salad—and a savory selection of Mexican and Cajun dishes?

For those early Christmas shoppers there is a crafts show with over 55 booths offering handcrafts of wood, pottery, fashion, stained glass, and jewelry. While the parents are shopping or cutting a rug in the polka contest, the kids can check out the carnival with live puppet shows, clowns, storytelling, face painting and sand art.

Oktoberfest is held on October 3, 4 and 5. Fest hours are 5 p.m. to 12 midnight Friday; 10 a.m. to 12 midnight Saturday; and 10 a.m. to 6:30 p.m. Sunday. Admission is \$6 each day, \$1 for children 6-12, and under 6 are free.



# SLUE-FOOT SUE & THE NEXT-TO-THE-LAST BATTLE OF ENCHANTED ROCK

PART TWO OF TWO

BY WARREN LEWIS

At the summit of Enchanted Rock Slue-Foot explained about the White man to the Mountain Spirits, in an effort to save the whole wide world. "Howdy, y'all!" said Slue-Foot. "I'm mighty proud to meet you gods. What's yer names? Anytime I can do ye a favor, jist speak right up—I'd admire to he'p ye out."

**W**hen Sue looked straight at the Old One that Paintbrush called Bird-God-from-the-South, quick like a rabbit, he wadn't there, no more. He jist popped clean outa sight, like some kid's big soap bubble floatin' on the breeze. And when he did, seemed like the drummin' skipped a beat, but then it started agin. The woman that Paintbrush called "Sham", she faded into the night, too, 'cept that Slue-Foot thought she could see Sham a little longer than she seen that other feller.

Then Mountain Bluebell, seemin' more like a reg'lar person than like a ghost, come over to Sue, stuck out her hand, and said: "Do not be afraid. Old Ones accept your gifts. Come with us."

Mountain Bluebell taken Sue by one hand, and the one that Paintbrush called Son-of-the-Giver-of-Life taken her by th' other hand, and afore Sue knowed it, she was up in the air, the three of 'em stretched out acrost the sky above Enchanted Rock, holdin' hands and flyin' like three kites tied together. Fer a while, they jist floated in the night sky, onc't in a while doin' a nip-up or a dive, and risin' on the warm air like a dag-burn flock of turkey buzzards with their wings strecht out wide. Slue-Foot could see Paintbrush down on the Rock. It'as kindly like they was a-daincin' with her, them in the air, her on the ground. Whenever Red Paintbrush would walk forward, the three up in the air would back off; whenever Red Paintbrush would step back a few paces, the three in the air would move forward.

The two holdin' Sue's hands didn't day nothin' to her, and

it was jist as well, 'cause she couldn't've heard nothin' they said on account of the wind whistlin' in her ears. What with the wind and all, Sue couldn't hear the drummin' no more, neither, but at the same time, seemed like her feller turkey buzzards was a-tellin' her things. All of a sudden, she was understandin' stuff about Enchanted Rock that she hadn't even heard tell of before. She knowd how big it was and that it run straight down a hunderd miles or more. She knowd how old it was—ten thousand times ten thousand years—the kind of time they talk about in the Bible. Enchanted Rock, Sue finally come to understand, was older'n Adam, however long a time that may be. And the higher up they flew, the more Slue-Foot could see.

Long time ago on her weddin' day, Slue-Foot Sue had flew up to Heaven Itself, bouncin' on her bustle right on up to the Pearly Gates; and after that, she come down by way of the moon and Pecos Bill's ol' long ol' ropin' rope, but that time, Sue'd been so bizzy with bustles and ropes, she hadn't taken no notice of what she could see down below. This time, Slue-Foot was lookin' to see what she could see, and what she seen was somethin' that no other ord'nary livin' human-bein' has ever saw—not even Pecos Bill when he was a-straddle of that twister that carried him clean out to Californy. From the Panhandle to the Rio Grande, from the Gulf to the Big Bend, Slue-Foot Sue seen Texas. I mean to tell you, she seen it all, and she seen it all at one time. Furthermore, she seen that the rest of Texas hangs on to Enchanted Rock like a kid floatin' on a inner-tube in a stock tank. And that's how-come of Slue-Foot



beginnin' to understand that if Enchanted Rock went down, it'd take all of Texas with it.

Right then was when Slue-Foot thought she heard the one that Paintbrush called Son-of-the-giver-of-Life a-talkin' to her: "If White man keeps my people away from Holy Mountain, then I must leave Long Cave. If I leave Long Cave, then Holy Mountain will sink."

Slue-Foot thought to herself, "That'd be t'rrible," but seein' that these Indian gods seemed to want to do all the talkin', Sue didn't say nothin' back. Later on, when Slue-Foot put her mind to it, she figgerd out the meanin' to all the Indian talk. What they was tryin' to say was that Llano County, a-straddle of Enchanted Rock, is squat on the most solidest ground on earth, but the way you keep it solid is by bein' friendly to yer neighbors. You wouldn't think that keepin' the ground beneath yer feet has anythin' to do with how you treat yer neighbors, but it does.

After a while when they was headin' in fer a landin', and Slue-Foot couldn't see much more than jist Llano County down below, Sue noticed the lights—lots and lots of lights. It was Indians carryin' torches and a-movin' towards the Rock along the trails that spiderweb out from the Rock in all directions. The Rock was the center, Slue-Foot could see, and there must've been five, mebbe six, thousand Indians, all on the move together at onc't, a-comin' to the Rock. "My Lord!" Sue said to herself. "I didn't know there was that many Indians left in Texas."

"Not everyone who is Indian looks like Indian," said Red Paintbrush. Her and Sue was now a-standin' side-by-side down on the Rock, alone, with no gods. Mountain Bluebell and Son-of-the-Giver-of-Life had plumb disappeared, and so had the six thousand Indians with their torches. The drummin' had stopped altogether.

"Where'd they all go?" askt Sue. She figgerd it must've been ghost Indians that she seen, 'cause now there weren't a Indian in sight, 'ceptn Paintbrush.

"Not everyone who looks like Indian is Indian," said Red Paintbrush.

"Well, I reckon," said Sue.

"Now," said Red Paintbrush, "Go to Llano, talk to White people."

The mornin' sun was already turnin' the gray granite back to pink.

That mornin', Slue-Foot had rode into Llano, wisely leavin' Red Paintbrush at their base camp outside of town, but she come to find out that the meetin' had been called at the W. B. Moss place, so she rode on out. When she got there, seemed like jist about ever'body who'd fought the Battle of Packsaddle Mountain, and was still alive to tell about it, had gathered at the Moss place, 'ceptin' fer ol' W. B. hisself, who'd taken off on a trip to Austin, a few days before. But Mrs. William B. Moss was there, o' course, and she was mighty proud to see Sue.

"Come on in, Sue-Honey," said Mrs. William B. Moss, "It's been a while."

All them other Moss boys was there, too: Cap'n Jim Moss and Charlie and Steve, and A. R. Moss was there, even though he'd been too young to fight at Packsaddle.

E. D. Harrington and Robert Brown and Eli Lloyd was there, and so was Cap'n Dan Roberts. Cap'n Dan, he hadn't fought in that last and most-famous battle with the Indians, but he talked about it so much, you'd've thought he did. Pink Ayers was there, too, though his mule had

died. And a posse of others had rode out from Llano, gettin' theirselves purty likkered up along the way. Seemed to Sue like they was fixin' to do agin at Enchanted Rock what they had did at Packsaddle Mountain. Oh, it was a rarin' and ready bunch, I can tell you that.

That afternoon, Arch Martin said: "There ain't so sech a thang as Injun gods, I tell ye. Demons, mebbe, but not gods.



All of a sudden, she was understandin' stuff about Enchanted Rock that she hadn't even heard tell of before. She knowd how big it was and that it run straight down a hunderd miles or more. She knowd how old it was—ten thousand times ten thousand years—the kind of time they talk about in the Bible. Enchanted Rock, Sue finally come to understand, was older'n Adam, however long a time that may be.



Nosiree Bob, there ain't but one God, and He ain't no goldang Injun. Ghosts, that's what they is—ghosts of dead Injuns that was kilt on the Rock." Arch Martin was still jawin' about Indian ghosts up on the Rock, when Eli Lloyd said he agreed with Arch: "I've heard tell of one band of braves," said Eli, "that defended theirselves up there fer years, 'til they was finally starved out and massacred. Now, their ghosts is up there, a-hauntin' the Rock."

Several others agreed with that, too, as Cap'n Dan passed around th' lil' brown jug.

**A**rch Martin went on that he'd heard about a Indian chief that had sacrificed his daughter up on the Rock, but that had displeased the gods so much, the Injuns sez, that the gods damned the chief to wander over the Rock for all eternity.

But then, Pink Ayers pulled ol' Arch up short: "I thought you said there ain't no Injun gods. What gods was it that damned the old chief, if there wadn't no gods?"

"Yeah, that's right," said several.

But before Arch could take up fer hisself, Robert Brown put in that he'd heard tell that there was White folks's ghosts up there, too. "Some White woman, trying to git away from the Indians, ran up on the Rock, and now she can be heard a-screamin'," said Robert.

"That's gotta be Mrs. Webster," E. D. Harrington reckoned.

"Naw," said Cap'n Jim Moss, "Mrs. Webster got away and lived to tell about it."

"Well, I don't know who it was, but I know all kinds of folks that sez they've heard screams and groans and creaks and whistles. And others've seen lights."

"*Spirit-fires*, that's what the Injuns call 'em," put in Arch.

"Aw, shucks," said A. R. Moss, "Them noises ain't nothin'. That creakin' and groanin' is only the Rock a-sluffin' off its skin—it sheds like a snake, and when it does, the rocks pop and crack and slide down the side. And the whistlin' and screamin', that ain't nothin' but wind in the caves."

"Oh, yeah?" Cap'n Dan wanted to get his two-cents worth in. "How 'bout them voices? And how 'bout the drummin'? And how 'bout them lights? People've heard voices 'n seen lights—and some boys from Llano here said that they heard drummin' out there on the Rock, jist last night."

Some of the boys from Llano said that Cap'n Dan got that right.

"Well, I 'spect there was drummin and voices and lights. I 'spect that it was Injuns out there a-drummin' 'n Injuns a-talkin' 'n mebbe even Injuns that struck 'em a light," said A. R., grinnin' like a polecat that smelt somethin' funny, but 'llowin' the jug to pass him by.

"Well, now, there you go." Cap'n Dan come right back at him. "Them Injuns ain't got no call to go out to the Rock. Drummin' like that's agin the law, or at least it orta be. 'N

besides that, Injuns got no respect fer private prop'rt'y. Why, they'll crawl right over yer fences and break 'em down."

"I didn't see no fences out at the Rock," Slue-Foot spoke up fer the first time.

"No ma'am," said the Captain. Ever'body always got mighty respectful whenever Sue had her say. "That's 'cause the Injuns broke 'em down," says the Captain.

"How come anybody built a fence 'round the Rock, in the first place?" askt Sue.

"Not 'round it," Cap'n Jim Moss explained. "At it. Ain't nobody'd be loco 'nough to build a fence 'round Enchanted Rock. It'd take a goldang idiot of a gov'ment man to try somethin' as all-fired foolish as that. 'N then he'd prob'ly turn right 'round and charge people good money jist to git in." Har-har. The very idee of chargin' folks good money jist to look at a rock was purty funny, all right, so ever'body laughed a big laugh and agreed that nobody would ever be foolish 'nough to build a fence around the Rock. "Some settlers out there," Cap'n Jim finished up, "did build 'em a lot fer their milch cow, but the Injuns broke it down, tryin' to get some free milk."

"One fence leads to another," said Sue, 'n nobody could argue with that.

"Jist like a damn thievin' Injun," said Cap'n Dan, several others agreed, as they pulled the cob on another brown jug.

Then Mrs. William B. Moss spoke up and said: "Bill always says that he kindly feels sorry fer them people."

"How's that?" asked Slue-Foot.

"Well, they've done lost all their land, the buffaloes are gone, and we've purty much whipped the stuffin' out of 'em. Ever since Packsaddle Mountain, there hasn't been hardly a Indian in the county to speak of," said Mrs. Moss, "and what few there be, is pore as Job's turkey."

"I was out at the Rock last night," said Sue soberly, "and I heard the drummin'..."

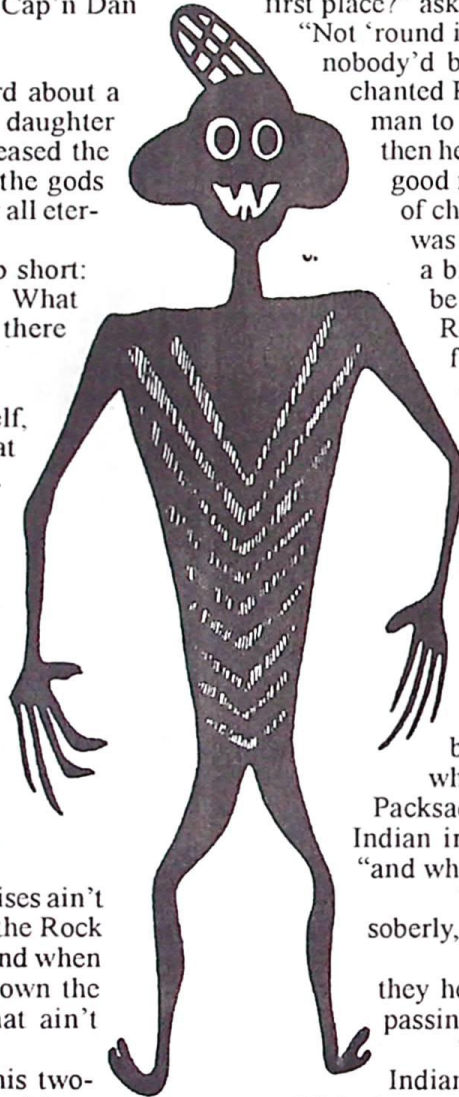
Whoa, Nellie! Ever'body sucked in air when they heard Sue say that, they even slowed down passin' the jug around.

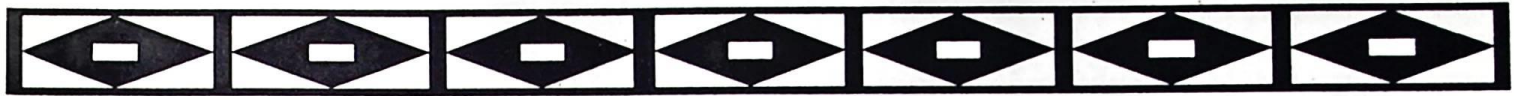
"... and I counted five, mebbe six, thousan' Indians, all a-movin' towards the Rock..."

With that, most of the party jist holler'd with laughter, even if it was Slue-Foot Sue who'd said it. Five thousand Indians? Six thousand Indians? No sech a-way! Wadn't nobody willin' to believe that there was that many Indians left in Texas, much less in Llano County, not even if'n Slue-Foot herself had swore it on a stack of Bibles.

"... and even if they weren't nothin' but ghost Indians," Sue went on, "leastways they wadn't armed. Nary a bow ner a arrow did I see, and no artillery, neither." Sue didn't let people speakin' outa turn keep her from sayin' her picce.

But that's when the hollerin' and cob-poppin' and 'sputin' and speculatin' started up in earnest—six housand Indians all together in one place, but not on the war-path, and mebbe even ghost Indians, at that. The gen'ral conclusion was that Slue-Foot Sue had gone slap-dab loco. Billie had





been gone too long, some of 'em said, and what Sue lacked the most was a good man to straighten out her lariat.

"You girls are a purty brave bunch," sez Sue, a-reinin' herself in, "but what y'all needs is a little more likker."

Now, what them sorry sons was a-fergittin' was that Slue-Foot Sue could've whupped the livin' daylight outa ever last one o' them likkered-up rowdies, one at a time—or all together at once—and with one hand tied behind her back. But this here was a political sity'asion, 'cause these was Sue's neighbors, so she sheathed her claws on this occasion.

"I'll tell ye what," Sue made 'em a offer. "I'll take the two Cap'n's here, with me, and we'll go out 'n spy on the Indians tonight. If th' Redskins come unarmed, then ever'body here has to agree to leave 'em in peace and go home. You boys'll believe the word of two Texas Rangers, I reckon. Cap'n Jim, Cap'n Dan, are ye game?"

"Sue's got a plan," said Mrs. William B. Moss. "And the rest of you boys can settle down here fer the night. We'll bar-b-que a cow, and there's a coupla jugs left in the spring house that you fellers ain't kilt, yet. Git a couple more jugs in you, and ye'll make a fine posse."

**A**nd that was the way it was. Thanks to Mrs. William B. Moss, ever'body agreed to Sue's plan, includin' the two Ranger Captains. It was the gen'ral opinion that Mrs. William B. Moss was a most gracious lady, by which they meant that there wadn't no good reason to turn down free beef and free drinks.

That night, Slue-Foot Sue, Cap'n Jim Moss, and Cap'n Dan Roberts snuck up on top of Turkey Peak where they could git a bird's-eye view of whatever was takin' place over on Enchanted Rock, but at a safe distance.

Acrost the valley from where the three spies was a-standin', they could see the top of Enchanted Rock, and it was a-crawlin' with Indians—and not ghost Indians, neither, but real-live Indians. There was full-bloods and half-breeds and part-Indians, and there was Indians that looked more like Black men, and there was sort-of-Indians that didn't even look much like Indians at all. Down at the foot of the Rock and streamin' up the sides, there was more and more Indians and sort-of Indians still a-comin', and each one a-carryin' a torch light. All along the trails, they was a-pourin' in from the north 'n' the south, the east 'n' the west. Sue figgerd that she was seein' agin what she'd saw before, and them ghost Indians from last night turned out to be the real-live Indians that she was a-lookin' at right now.

And the Indians and the sort-of Indians that was already there on top of the Rock and all found 'em some nice soft com-

fortable piece of pink granite to sit on, 'n' they was drummin' up a storm and a-singin' and a-moanin' and a-carryin' on somethin' awful, 'cept none of it sounded much like a war-cry. All them Indians and sort-of Indians had come to the Rock, jist like Red Paintbrush said they would, to do their drummin' and explain the White man to the gods.

"God-almighty!" sez Cap'n Dan, "It's a gol-darn church service."

"Yep," agrees Cap'n Jim, "it ain't nothin more'n a bunch of Indians mindin' their own darn bizness."

"Where'd they all come from?" askt Cap'n Dan.

"Danged if I know," says Cap'n Jim, "but not from Llano, I can tell you that."

"And a right sizable bunch they be," Sue opined, rememberin' that nobody at the Moss place had believed her count. "Tell me, Cap'n Jim, how many Indians was it that you eight fellers went up aginst that day at Packsaddle Mountain?"

"When it's as over, we counted 24 pairs of moccasins and 24 ponies," Cap'n Jim replied, keepin' his eye on the Camp Meetin' underway over on yonder hilltop.

"Three-to-one—easy odds fer a Texas Ranger." Sue knowed how to do 'rithmetic the Texas way, but then she went on: "There's three of us here, and 20 more back at the ranch eatin' bar-b-que and a-suckin' on jugs. I figger 'bout half of 'em by now might be able to sit a horse, with luck. So if there's five or six thousand Indians over there, that's more like twenty-or forty-to-one, this time. How do ye like them odds, Cap'n?"

At the sight of all 'em Indians, Cap'n Dan was stone cold sober: "No ma'am, I don't reckon I do."

"Well, gents, whadya think?" Slue-Foot pressed her point. "Shall we raise the call to arms?"

"Aw, shucks, Slue-Foot," said Cap'n Jim, with a twinkle in his eye, "they'd prob'ly beat us to death with their drumsticks, anyhow."

Cap'n Jim and Cap'n Dan rode on back to the Moss place and let the boys know that the Indian Wars was over. Sue rode out to the camp that her and Red Paintbrush had pitcht, but when she got there, she seen that Paintbrush, her pony, and her gear was gone. The only sign that let Sue know that a Indian had been there was a stalk of Mountain Bluebells that somebody had left on a cold rock in the ring 'round where their campfire had been. Slue-Foot taken those posies with her back out to her place on the Pecos, and she pressed 'em in her mamma's Bible. And that is how the Next-To-Last-Battle of Enchanted Rock ended—the one that they never fought.

**A**crost the valley  
from where the three spies  
was a-standin', they could see  
the top of Enchanted Rock, and  
it was a-crawlin' with Indians—and  
not ghost Indians, neither, but real-  
live Indians. There was full-bloods  
and half-breeds and part-Indians, and  
there was Indians that looked more  
like Black men, and there was sort-of-  
Indians that didn't even look much  
like Indians at all.  
Down at the foot of the Rock  
and streamin' up the sides,  
there was more and more Indians  
and sort-of Indians still a-comin', and  
each one a-carryin' a torch light.

# INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

HELPING *ENCHANTED ROCK MAGAZINE*  
PRESERVE THE HISTORY AND ADVENTURE OF TEXAS

## ANTIQUES

Buffalo Gals, Page 27  
Jimmy's Antiques, Page 6  
Pomegranates, Page 30  
Saphires and Petunias, Page 6  
Three Horse Traders, Page 29

## ART GALLERIES & SUPPLIES

Aves Del Sol, Page 3  
Gallery Of The Hills, Page 21

## AUTOMOTIVE

Crenwelge Motors, Page 18  
M & O Auto Repair, Page 31

## BANKING & COMMERCIAL SVCS

Llano National Bank, Page 27

## BUILDERS & SERVICES

Southern Cypress Log Homes, Pg. 7

## CAMPING & SUPPLIES

Crabapple Crossing, Page 18

## CLUBS & ENTERTAINMENT

Harrys On The Loop, Page 40  
Luckenbach, Page 23

## COMMERCIAL ART/SERVICES

Ira Kennedy, Page 3  
Printworks, Page 21

## FOOD & FOOD ITEMS

Burger Bar, Page 6  
Burnet BBQ, Page 30  
Catfish Barge, Page 39  
Coopers Bar-B-Q, Page 39  
Der Lindenbaum, Page 21  
Golden Fried Chicken, Page 39  
Hungry Hunter, Page 7  
Inman's Kitchen, Page 7  
Pecan Street Cafe, Page 21  
Po Po's Family Restaurant, Pg. 23

Stonewall Chili Pepper Co., Pg. 31  
Stonewall Pizzeria, Page 6

## GARDENING

Geo Growers, Page 31

## GIFTS & JEWELRY

Dorer Jewelers, Page 28  
Halo Jewelry, Page 16

## INSURANCE & HOME SECURITY

Farm Bureau, Page 17

## LODGING

Enchanted Rock House, Page 23  
Ford Street Inn, Page 29  
Hill Country Lodging, Page 28  
Luckenbach Inn, Page 28  
Peach Tree Inn, Page 3  
Pecan Creek B & B, Page 30

## MARINAS & BOAT SVCS.

First Choice Marina, Page 30

## PACKAGE STORES

Olen's Ice Box, Page 7

## PERSONAL CARE & SERVICES

Lanell's Hair Affair, Page 29  
Merle Norman, Page 29  
Ms. Cromwell, Page 29

## PRINTERS/PUBLISHERS

Enchanted Rock Magazine, Page 2  
Printworks, Page 21

## REAL ESTATE

Frosty Miller, Page 16  
Jesse James Real Estate, Page 31  
Jim Berry Real Estate, Page 21  
Jim Inks Real Estate, Page 16  
Terry Wootan Real Estate, Page 39

## RETIREMENT HOMES

Knopp Nursing & Retirement, Pg. 28

## TOURS/EVENTS

Christ Of The Hills Monastery, Pg. 38  
Harry's on the Loop, Page 40  
Historic Tours Of Fredericksburg, Pg. 21  
Luckenbach, Page 23

SEE PAGE 3 FOR PARTICIPATING  
ADVERTISERS WHO DISPLAY  
ENCHANTED ROCK MAGAZINE  
FOR RETAIL SALE

"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

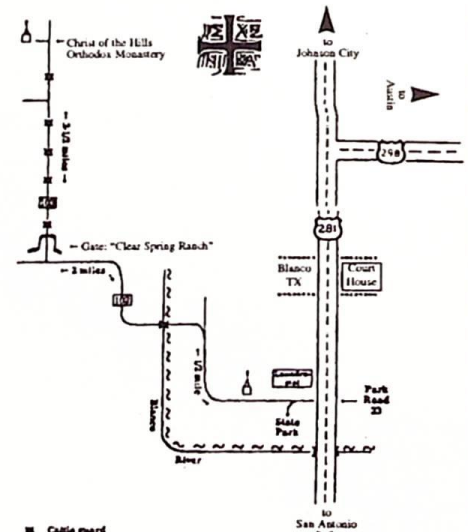
June, July, August: .....7 days per week

September—May: .....closed Tues. & Wed.

### Services

Matins .....4:30 am  
Third Hour .....7:30 am  
Akathist.....1:15 pm  
Vespers .....6:00 pm  
Compline .....8:30 pm  
Vigil (Saturday Night) .....8:30 pm  
Sunday Divine Liturgy .....10:00 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

# 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



OPEN: 7 DAYS A WEEK  
10:30AM to 9:00PM

915-247-3600

504 West Young • Highway 29 West  
Llano, Texas 78643

ON THE  
WATER  
AT  
INKS LAKE

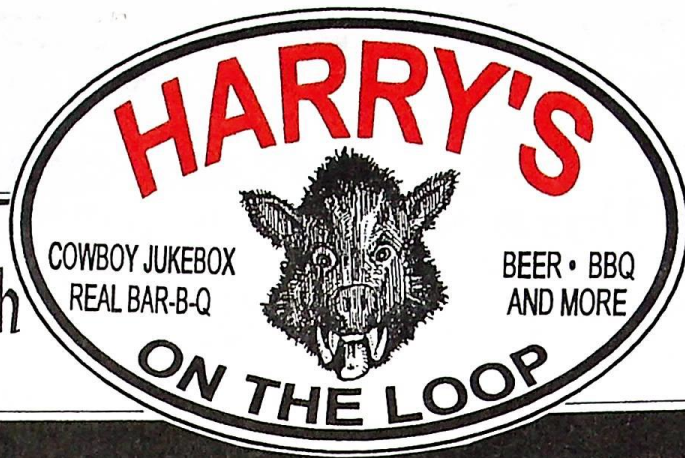
GET HOOKED ON  
THE



# CATFISH BARGE Restaurant

"Casual Dining on Inks Lake."

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



SAT., SEPT 20th

STARTS @ 11:30

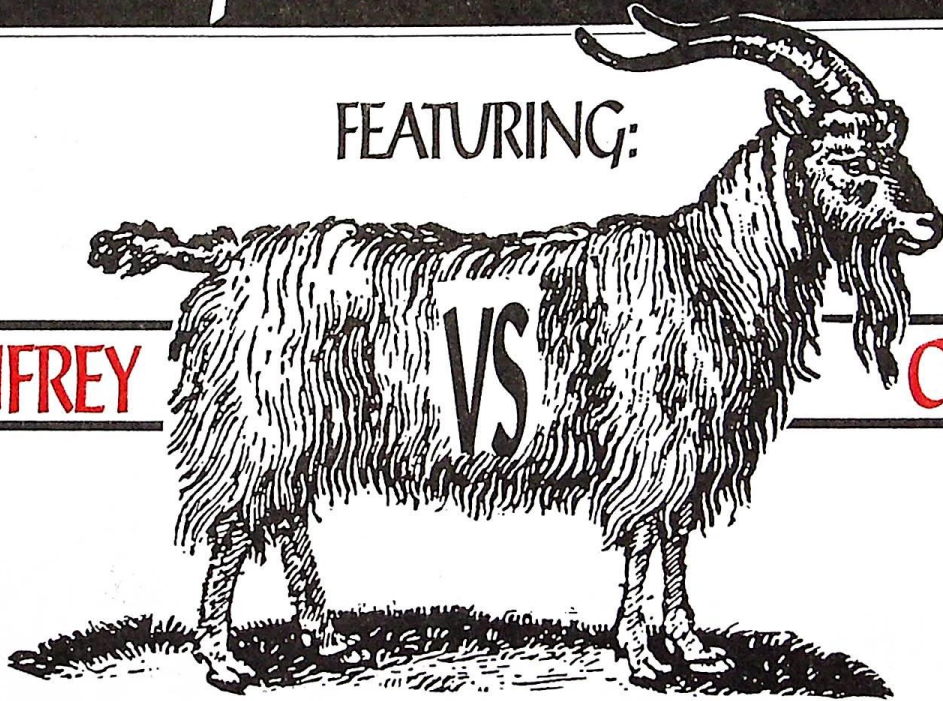
# GREAT GOAT FEUD COOK-OFF

FEATURING:

**WINFREY**

**VS**

**CHISM**



## OPEN GOAT COOK-OFF

CALL FOR ENTRY DETAILS

WASHER TOURNAMENT

★ BRING LAWN CHAIRS ★ NO PETS ★ NO COOLERS OR GLASS

LIVE ENTERTAINMENT BY

**JIMMY LEE JONES AND THE TEXAS HILL COUNTRY BAND.**

\$5 PER PERSON

WILLOW CITY, TEXAS ★ 210/685-3553

OPEN 11:30-9:00 P.M. WED. THRU MON. (CLOSED TUESDAYS)

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