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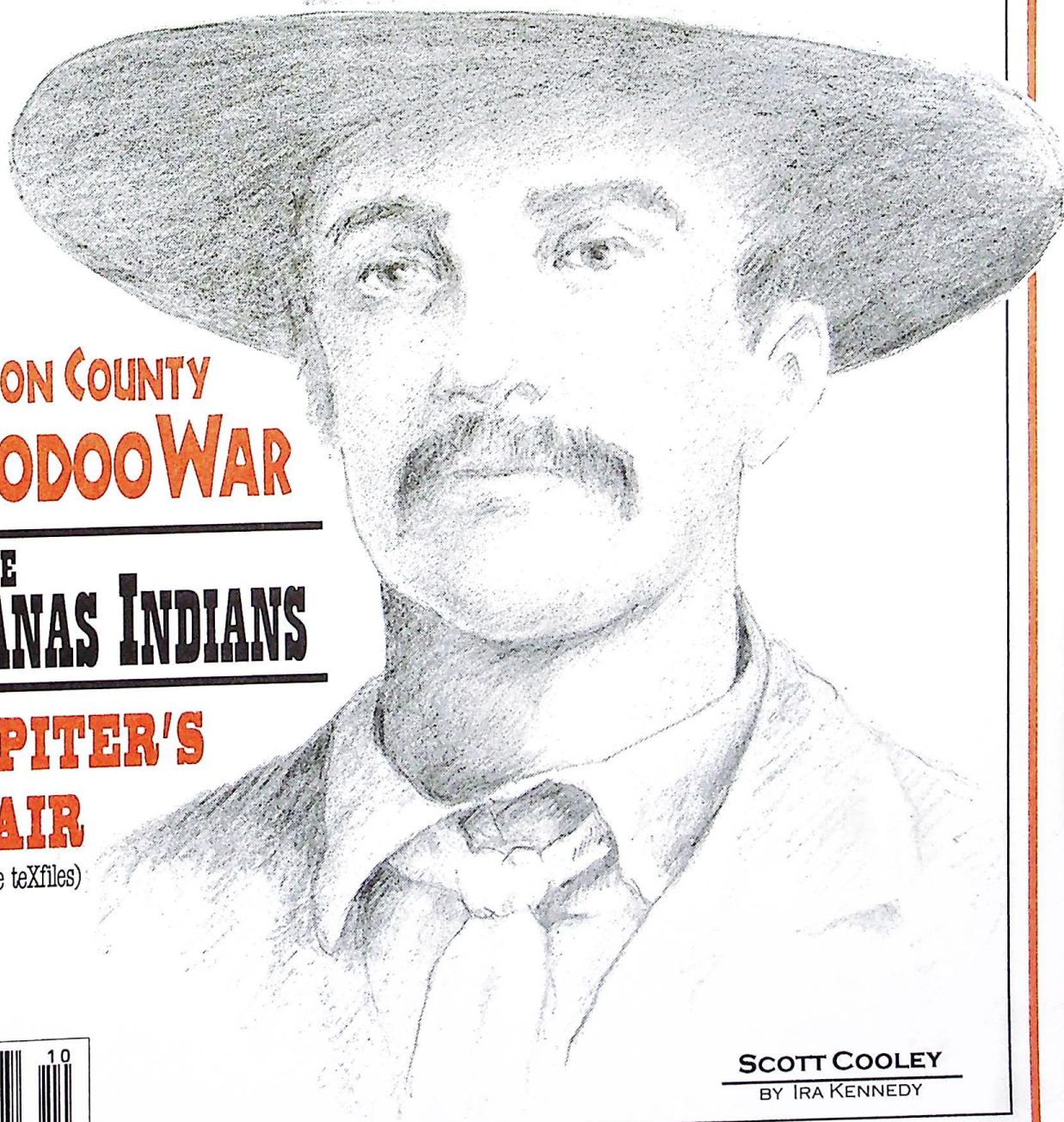
# ENCHANTED ROCK

M A G A Z I N E

PULL-OUT  
HILL COUNTRY MAP INSIDE

VOL. 5, NO. 3  
SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 1998

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HOODOO WAR

THE  
CHANAS INDIANS

JUPITER'S  
STAIR

(from the teXfiles)

SCOTT COOLEY  
BY IRA KENNEDY



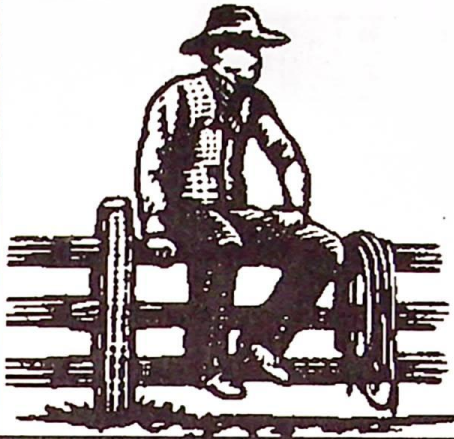
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## FROM THE EDITOR

# SEEING THE LIGHT

**L**ater Billy had more than his share of problems, what with Lacy organizing his "office" so's she could find everything, but leaving him totally disoriented. All those piles and scraps of paper on the dining room table, and the notes he had taped to the walls were geographical landmarks corresponding perfectly to the neural links in Later Billy's, now addled, brain.

"I'm confused," he commented to Lacy. "It's like someone stuck an egg beater inside my head gave it a good whirl and then fried up the whole mess."

"I thought you liked omelets?"

And with that Lacy turned and walked back into the kitchen (which belonged to her in the same way and to the same degree that the barn belonged to Later Billy). There was no use pretending, Lacy always got in the last word. Kicking dirt clods and anything else in his way, he headed straight for his sanctuary.

All in all, he knew that his writing life, if it was to continue, would have to be pursued somewhere other than the dining room. There, in the barn, in a moment of extreme clarity the solution presented itself and said, "Here I am!"

Having solved such a momentous problem Later Billy figured he'd done enough work for one day and decided to celebrate at the Bar None Bar & Bar-B-Q.

Walking in from the full light of day into the Bar None was, well, an experience.

"I could see better with my hands covering my eyes," Later Billy announced as he entered the windowless bar flailing his arms about like he was blind.

"I wouldn't mock the blind if I was you," a voice from the dark warned.

"I've seen the light," he replied, "and it wasn't from no bulb neither—which evidently is in short supply. Set 'em up all around," Later Billy told the Sonny the bartender knowing full well, it being so early in the day and all, there couldn't be more than two or three customers. The others would follow suit, then more would show up and do likewise. Later Billy called it "Investment Drinking."

Anyway, it wasn't long before he laid out his plan to all who would listen. He was converting the tack room into an office. Ever since he'd quit ranching and taken up "the writin' life" the regulars in the Bar None Bar & Bar-B-Q were about equally divided on the notion that he was either a genius or a fool. Seeing as how he had recently traded off his horse and everything that went with it for Joe Bob's computer his idea

seemed reasonable enough. Then the questions started.

"What about electricity? I thought them chickens been roostin' in there? There ain't enough room in there to cuss a cat. Don'tcha need a telephone line for your Internet thing-a-ma-jig? Who's gonna clean up the filth what's already there? Have you cleared this with Lacy?"

They coulda gone all day without bringing up Lacy.

On the long ride home made longer by the fact that Later Billy was driving his "pondering speed" which was around 40 mph, he realized that Lacy, who once waded into Flash Flood Creek to test the water while he sat in the pickup, would just as likely help him get set up in the tack room. He knew she'd do most anything for him, but he'd have to approach the subject at just the right angle.

That evening at the dinner table Later Billy screwed up his courage and said, "Honey, I been thinking. If you was to move your sewing room out to the tack room, I could move my writin' in there."

"Have you lost your mind altogether? If any movin' is gonna get done, it's your writin', as you call it, that's goin' out to the tack room."

"Well," Later Billy said, "I ain't one to argue."

"Best not." Lacy commented.

*Ira Kennedy*  
Ira Kennedy

## ENCHANTED ROCK MAGAZINE

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**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.



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

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### Good Stuff

I am a subscriber to E-rock and just took a look at the new web site. Good Stuff! I can't tell you how much I enjoy your magazine. It makes me feel like I'm at home; even though I have been living elsewhere in the state for several years now. I am assuming that the llanotexas server is run by you and I would like any information you have about pricing for web hosting services.

I am in the process of designing a web page for a small antique shop in the Hill Country and feel that llanotexas would be good hostsite for such a small page.

Thank you for your time in advance.

Regards,  
Chris Masey

### Site Approval

Great looking site! I just posted a message in the Guest Book. I know there's a lot of blood, sweat and tears in those pages, and a whole lot of work. Love the cooking section from Ted Bishop -- he's a trip! I miss working with you but there I'm still pushing a Texas site here. Hope Pam and I can at least get down your way (when the weather cools -- if it ever does!)

Keep up the great work,  
Gerry Barker

Gerry Barker is the former webmaster of Virtual Texan, the website for the *Fort Worth Star Telegram*. He currently works for the *Dallas Morning News*. Ted Bishop is the Editor/Publisher of the *Town Tattler* in Electra, Texas.

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## Nailed

Ira, you not only see the big picture, you see the nail it's hanging on.

Ted Bishop

## Watch Jerry Drake

Well, you got another site inseparably connected with Texas proper in llanotexas.com. Jerry C. Drake's article "Kings of the Texas Hills, The Elusive Chanas of the Llano Uplift", was a complement to the site, as well.

Keep an eye on him, I believe he's got more where that one come from.

Bill Townsley

## WOW

All I can say is "wow"!! What a great website!! It really does bring the essence of ER Magazine to the World Wide Web. I'm really proud to have a piece of my work as a part of it. Thanks.

Also, the index of back issues was a good idea. There are several I need to order!!

Best wishes,  
Jerry C. Drake

## Welcome, Kent S. Kirkman

Kent S. Kirkman joins KXAM-TV 14 as Advertising Account Executive for the NBC affiliate in the Hill Country. Mr. Kirkman is no stranger to the Hill Country area. Prior to joining KXAM-TV 14, he worked for eight years as the General Manager of KHLB AM-FM Radio in Burnet, Texas. Kent started his broadcast radio career in Dallas after graduating from TCU in 1984. "I've worked in every facet of the radio business and I am looking forward to the opportunities and challenges that television in the Hill Country pose. KXAM-TV 14 is a great station, committed to the communities it serves. Our business owners have wanted to advertise on KXAM-TV 14 ever since it signed on nearly eight years ago. Now they can," commented Kirkman.

KXAM-TV 14 signed on the air in September of 1991 and has been simulcasting KXAN-TV 36 programming and provides local Hill Country news updates to viewers in Llano, Burnet, Blanco, Gillespie, Mason, San Saba and Lampasas counties.

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# JUPITER'S STAIR

from the texfiles



PHOTO BY STEVE GOODSON

by Cork Morris



"The combination isn't working," I said, rattling the padlock in frustration. "It's been changed."

"I thought you said no one ever came up here."

"No. I said I didn't think any one came here. Can't you shoot the lock?" I smiled, hopefully.

She didn't figure that deserved a response.

I shrugged, and looked up at the ten foot gate. The gate was shorter than the fence that disappeared in the distance, in both directions. It also had the least amount of barb wire. I reached up to start the climb over.

"I can shoot you, sir. That's trespassing." She had a very strong grip for a small woman.

"Don't you want to see it?"

"See what?"

"The top-secret laboratory."

"Oh, Lord. That's why my partner said to meet you here."

Though her foot didn't move, I could tell she was mentally tap-

**H**ere, I know, was the rub. As one stands in an incredibly remote and harsh terrain, with only the occasional contrail to tell you that you haven't fallen off the ends of the earth, it is difficult to bring up quantum mechanics and sell it.

One must build a stairway, each step taking you further from the rugged, spiritual; yet solid reality of Central Texas granite, to the more visionary and unseeable world of physics.

Yet, the facility perched atop Bullhead Mountain, was just that. A vision. An incomplete dream of some very smart and powerful people.

If you come upon ancient ruins, like Chaco Canyon or the pyramid complex at Giza, you instantly ask: Who did this, how did they do it and why did they stop. The same is true of the more modern ruins at Bullhead. With the help of my two friends from the basement of the FBI building, I knew I could find out.

It began in the late 1980s, when Kenneth Shoulders, with a million dollar grant from the Jupiter Toy Company, (huh? You ask. I'll come back to that) went looking for a secure and remote location to look into the feasibility of condensed charge technology.

In brief, (I am physics-ly impaired, but I'll try) condensed charge theoreticians believe that lightning is composed of particles, called by Dr. Shoul-

ders; "EV's". These EV's, when compressed into clusters a millionth of a meter in diameter would contain an incredible amount of electric energy which could power many incredibly small devices, or, I guess, one incredibly big one.

If you were a "gear head", as a teenager, there was a great little trick you could play on your un-gear headed friends. There was, in the ignition systems of most pre-1970's cars, a tiny device called a condenser which sent an instant, powerful charge through the spark plugs that would ignite the gasoline in the cylinders; blah, blah, blah. If you held this thing with insulated pliers you could charge it from a working spark plug wire and toss it to the unsuspecting. They would see God in their pain, but be really unharmed because it had volts, but no amps. EV clusters are a similar theory.

The problem comes when you try to keep these like-charged EV's in a cluster. As we should all know from high school science (if you didn't spend all your time in auto shop) like electrical charges repel each other, so theoretically EV clusters are impossible.

So here comes Dr. Putoff and a little seen quantum event called the Casimir Effect. To whit: If EV's, from say—lightning—were injected between two dense metal plates and subjected to a powerful electromagnetic vacuum, the pressure of the vacuum would overcome the natural electric reaction to repel. You would have within these clusters, millions of particles vibrating at nearly the speed of light. Just what sort of box one would put these scary little dudes in, I do not know, but that was their plan and installation of the equipment was begun.

Embedded in granite  
on Bullhead Mountain in Llano County,  
a riddle, wrapped in a paradox,  
and sealed in an enigma stands  
as mute testimony to a dream abandoned.  
It was the perfect assignment for Cork Morris.

ping it. "Despite what you may have heard," she said with hard learned patience, "entering, would require a federal warrant or probable cause that a crime has been committed, or that a danger..."

"Ah-ha," I shouted. "Danger to the public."

The infamous raised eyebrow. "Convince me."

"It's a long story."

She pulled a bottle of water from her voluminous dark coat and sat on a rock. "Convince me."

Though it was only May, El Nino had turned the Hill Country of Texas into an inferno. I had no desire to sit on this side of the gate, when I knew there was shade on the other side. Add to that, we were standing on the same granite formation that included Enchanted Rock: arguably the largest heat-sink in the galaxy. I had to intrigue her quickly.

"Have you ever heard of Kenneth Shoulders?"

"Sounds familiar, actually."

"How about Harold Putoff?"

Eyebrows up. "Physicist! I have a textbook of his on lasers...oh, Lord."

"What?"

"Dr. Putoff also did some work for the government on ESP. My partner should be here soon, I guess. That's his field of interest."

"Well, that's not what this is about. It's about producing usable electricity from lightning."

"Was Ben Franklin here, too?"



She stood up quickly, and tossed me the water bottle. Looking somewhat like "The Shadow" in her coat she lithely scampered up one side of the gate and down the other. Looking somewhat like "The Incredible Hulk", I followed.

The gravel road quickly deteriorated into a rutted track as it tilted upward. There were scars of bulldozers and demolition in the surrounding granite, but erosive wear was beginning to smooth all the wounded surfaces.

She pointed to our right. "What's all that?"

"Building material. Adobe brick and clay roofing tile." I sauntered that way. There were stacks of the stuff.

"That clay tile is very popular all over the southwest."

"Yes, it is, except..." I flipped over one of the tiles. Printed in raised letters was the device, 'Tuile de France'. "These were imported from France."

Her lips puckered to say—why would they import them to the terra cotta center of the world—but she was not about to deign to ask me a question. We continued up the road.

It widened a little, more construction scar evident.

"This was the Helipad." Rock and debris had been cleared to about a thirty yard circle. Gravel base material had been brought in to level it all, but grasses and wildflowers had elegantly begun to take it back.

"Dr. Shoulders was a helicopter pilot, too," I offered.

Not impressed.

The road tilted further and running water had rutted it unusable to all but foot traffic. After another few minutes of huffing we reached an intersection.

She looked at me, and raised the eyebrow again.

"Well," I answered, "to the left is the machine shop. Up that grade to the right are the labs."

While she decided on our route, I absently kicked a stone. It thudded hollowly against its target. It had once been buried under the road, but the infrequent, though heavy, rains had exposed it.

Eyebrow.

"EMT electrical conduit. Non-metallic."

She scanned the surrounding rocks and began to pick out the light grey tubing from the darker grey of the granite. It wove over, under, and around the great boulders that surrounded us. It was everywhere, like threads of a web. She began to follow it toward the machine shop.

"What's the white pipe?"

"Fluid. Water, I hope, The little stuff is supply, the bigger stuff is drainage."

I gestured at a series of man-made depressions that bordered the road.

"These seem to be some sort of storage ponds. See how the supply pipes seem to end, or start, at them." She nodded, n-bling.

"Up there," I pointed up the face of the mountain itself, where the conduit darted among the boulders. "Those little sheds are full of electrical transformers."

We had reached the shop. She peeked through a window. It was disappointingly empty. One almost might say immaculately empty.

"Where's the equipment?"

"Auctioned off, when they shut down. The locals got most of it. Like new condition.."

She turned abruptly and headed down the road toward the labs. I found myself hard pressed to keep up with her, but I had to see her next reaction. The piping that went up the steep grade was the only thing that might suggest that a road had been there. It had been blasted out of the granite. At times the edges were so tall that it was almost like a tunnel. Finally she saw the tile roof, the adobe-like concrete block, and, as we crested the top, the solid granite outcropping into which it was built.

The building was about forty by sixty and sixteen or so feet at the peak. Its straight eaves and square edges seemed incongruent with the smoothness of the mountain around it.

"It looks like a Howard Johnson's restaurant," she said lowly.

"Church's Chicken."

"Pardon me?"

"If it looks like any restaurant, it better be Church's Chicken, because they paid for it."

"No Way."

"Way." She was hooked in the story now.

George W. Church founded his chicken empire in San Antonio in 1952. By 1968, George Jr. (Bill, to his friends) had expanded it nationally. In 1969 the Church's were bought out.

Now Bill, was an amateur scientist and interested in science in general. He wasn't so much interested in marketing products of technology, but more in seeing what technology could do. He formed a company called Jupiter Toy in 1974. (Just what little inside joke that name is about would be interesting to know. I don't.)

Jupiter Toy still exists in a corporate way (according to the Attorney General of the State of Texas). They have officers and addresses, etc., but nobody's answering the phones.

A subsidiary of Jupiter Toy, was Jupiter Technology, under which the Bullhead project fell. They were based in Austin in

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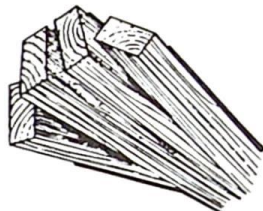
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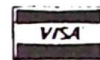
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the late 80's and early 90's, but their corporate stuff has expired.

They got their grant of a million dollars, and promptly began to spend it. Several fellows in Llano and the surrounding area worked up at Bullhead for several years, building the roads and structures that remain. Beside the machine shop and the main lab, there is an incomplete lab building. In all, it seems quite surreal, as if a construction crew would be arriving soon to finish up. The materials are there, reinforcing rods jut from the walls, empty conduit waits for wire to be snaked through it...

"Some one takes care of this place on a regular basis." Her breath fogged up the lab window she was peering through.

"What makes you say that?"

"This place is spotless. There isn't even dust on the floor. It's the same with the machine shop."

This really hadn't occurred to me, and the thought of the sort of person who would mop floors in limbo (named Igor, of course) didn't really appeal to me.

A shadow leered over us where we stood at the front of the building. I remained motionless, but readied myself for the imminent death blow.

"There you are," she said petulantly. "Have you seen all this?"

He nodded. "The coolest thing is up here, though." He gestured over his shoulder, up the mountain.

How those two could walk around in trenchcoats and suits in this heat was beyond me.

He led the way up the dome of Bullhead's "back". We passed more conduit and transformer sheds, but gradually they ended in anticlimactic empty tubes.

We wended our way through crevices and cave's of boulders to a cramped defile [ed. note: any narrow valley or moun-



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tain pass]. A stairway of massive beamwork began at the far end and disappeared upwards. Though stoutly built, it had been there for some time, and the weather had been working as it had all over the complex. Nevertheless, we began the climb. It shivered and creaked under our weight. At intervals it was cabled into the rock itself.

A few steps from the top of the stairway, the Hill Country unfolded itself in front of us. Buzzards watched the interlopers from their roost only yards away. Seemingly touchable, Enchanted Rock loomed to the south. Though 200 feet shorter than the Rock, at 1625 feet, Bullhead Mountain seemed to tower over everything in sight. But for the haze of Mexican smoke, one might see a dozen Texas' counties. A one million dollar stairway. Fitting for a vision.

"What do you have there?" He asked me.

"A compass," I said innocently.

He walked over to look at it, as did she. It pointed firmly north.

He smiled and nodded to me.

"What?" she asked, clearly fed up with me.

He took the podium. "Llano County is almost all iron ore. You can't really get a compass to do much more than spin around here. Except on top of this rock, and that one over there."

They turned to go.

"Funny you should mention that, Mulder." I said. Did you ever hear about the Department of Defenses' plan to turn Enchanted Rock into a sonar beacon for U. S. Navy submarines?"

"Oh, Lord," she said.



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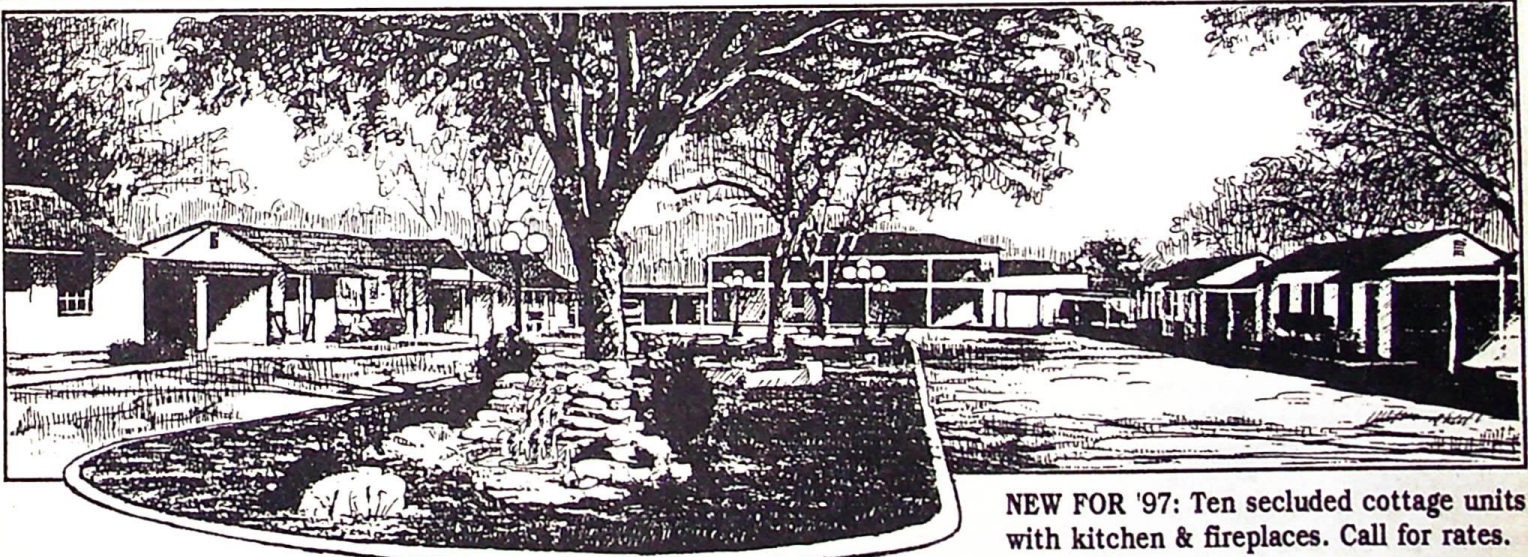
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**KINGS OF THE TEXAS HILLS:**

# **THE ELUSIVE CHANAS OF THE LLANO UPLIFT**

**BY JERRY C. DRAKE**

*It is a tradition of popular folklore in the Texas Hill Country that the name of the Llano River was derived from a little-known Indian tribe called the Chanas. Not very much is known about the Chanas as a culture. Time has chosen to forget this once proud people, leaving us with only a few passing memories recorded in rare and ancient texts. But the Chanas were very real... a living chapter of Texas history who's story deserves to be told. Who were these elusive people, these former kings of the Texas Hills?*

---



If you go to most any guidebook on North American Indian tribes, you will probably not find a listing under the name Chanas. Most historians and anthropologists know this tribe as the Sana or Zana people. However, the name of the tribe was pronounced "Chanas". The Spanish and French travelers who explored Central Texas in the 17th and 18th centuries used numerous variations on the spelling of the tribe's name, but we can be sure that they were all referring to the same group of Indians.

It is quite likely that the Llano River really did get its name from the Chanas people. The word llano, in Spanish, has a very specific meaning: plain. Anyone who has ever driven through the Riley Mountains, in the heart of the Llano Uplift, can tell you that the Llano River certainly does not flow through a plain! Some historians disagree that the Llano River was named for the Chanas, as it has often been assumed that these people tended to inhabit an area further south and east than the Llano country. However, the Chanas appear to have been a wandering people, roaming across the hills and arroyos of Central and South Central Texas, following the diminishing herds of bison. As well, population pressures from the invasion of the larger Lipan-Apache and Comanche tribes in the Llano Uplift more than likely pushed the Chanas people permanently out of the region by the early to middle 1700's.

It was sometime shortly after the year 1716 that the Llano River first became known as the Río de los Chanas. In 1756, when Bernardo de Miranda y Flores entered the Hill Country in search of the fabled Los Almagres Mine (later known in legend as the San Saba Mine) he referred to this river as the Río de los Chanas. By 1789 it was known as the Yanes, then in 1796 as the Llanes, and finally by 1808 it had received the name Llanos. However, the region was traveled infrequently and some explorers were referring to it as the Río de los Llanos as early as 1772 and as the Río de los Chanas as late as 1796. It is important

to remember that the word llano, in Spanish, is pronounced "ya-no". With this in mind it is easier to understand how the river, and the modern city and county, all received their name.

The Chanas people were a sub-group of the Indian tribe that would be known, by the close of the 18th century, as the Tonkawa. In order to understand the culture of the Chanas people one must look to what we know of the Tonkawas for guidance. It is believed that the Chanas spoke a variation of the same language used by the Tonkawas in more recent times. This language is largely unrelated to any of the others found in the area of Central and South Central Texas. At least one prominent historian believes that this language is akin to that of the Coahuiltecas, a larger tribe who lived further south on the Texas Gulf Coast. However, as we have a limited knowledge of the Coahuiltecan language, this theory is little more than a guess. It has been suggested, as well, that the Tonkawa languages are related to the Hokan linguistic family found on the Pacific Coast. It is for this reason, among others, that the Chanas and their other pre-Tonkawa kin are believed to be the direct descendents of some of the earliest people to enter the New World from Asia. In view of one Tonkawa myth, which states that the ancestors of the tribe were separated, in long ages past, from another group of mysterious kindred that lived "on the other side of the big water" further south, this is a compelling idea. Who were these kindred, known as the Yakwál or "Drifted People"? Perhaps they were the Aztecs or Toltecs, or perhaps a race of people even more ancient.

Europeans first encountered the Chanas in the year 1690 when Father Damián Massenet discovered a band of them living, along with some other Tonkawa groups, about 25 miles northeast of San Antonio in the vicinity of a streambed known as the Arroyo del Cibolo. The homeland of these peoples was referred to by the Coahuiltecas as Xoloton, and as Bata Coniquiyoqui by the tribes of the east. The significance of these names have long since been lost to history.



While the Chanas seem to have been a relatively peaceful people, who got along quite well with the Spanish invaders, it is interesting to note that they did not seem to be on good terms with everyone. In 1716 Domingo Ramón reported that the Chanas were considered to be enemies of the Tejas people. The Tejas are the tribe of Indians from whom the state of Texas gets its name—and they were famous during Spanish Colonial days for their friendliness.

The Chanas built up a rather close relationship with the Spanish. In 1721, it was delegates from the Chanas tribe who reported on Louis Juchereau de Saint Denis' activities in Texas. Saint Denis was the French commandant of Natchitoches in Louisiana. He had called a meeting of thirty of the most prominent regional Indian tribes just a few miles away from San Antonio. When the Marqués de San Miguel de Aguayo passed through San Antonio, shortly thereafter, he gave the Chanas presents as a reward for providing this valuable information regarding a possible threat. Aguayo also reported that, at the time, many of the Chanas were living in the area of what is modern day San Marcos.

By the year 1740 members of the Chanas tribe had begun to take up residence in San Antonio. They chose as their home what would become the most famous mission complex in all the United States: Mission San Antonio de Valero, better known as the Alamo. It is reported that many of these Chanas people had been mingling and intermarrying with other Tonkawa bands before entering into mission life. Up until around the year 1749 the Chanas continued to drift into the Valero. By 1793 the Chanas were listed as one of the most prominent tribes at the mission. They are referred to in the mission records under the name "Zana", but these are none other than the Chanas.

By the time Spanish rule ended on this continent the Chanas were known collectively, along with other bands who shared their culture, as the Tonkawa tribe. The word Tonkawa, itself, is a Waco word that simply means "they all stay together". The Tonkawas referred to themselves as the Ticksanwatic or Titskanwatitch, which means something like "the most human of the People". It seems that pressure from other tribes, namely the Comanches and Lipan-Apaches, along with decimation of the bison herds and a decreased population due to European diseases, created a need for these tribes to form a more intimate alliance. Not all of the Chanas culture seems to have faded with the organization of the larger Tonkawa tribe, however. The Tonkawas utilized a system of totemic kinship. That is to say, they organized themselves into clans based on descendancy from some mythical creature or other legacy. One of these clans was the Sanux. It is quite likely that Sanux is simply a variation on the Chanas-Sana-Zana theme, and that the members of this clan were the direct descendents of the Chanas people.



The descendents of the Chanas people, as members of the Tonkawa tribe, went on to blaze a colorful trail in the annals of Texas history. The Tonkawa were noted ritualistic cannibals. They performed several ceremonies in which they consumed the bodies of conquered enemies. They also venerated the scalp of the fallen victims as especially prized trophies.

Although fewer in numbers than many of the other Texas tribes, the Tonkawas were able to distinguish themselves in battle. Some of them even fought on the side of the Texas forces during the Mexican War of the 1840's. As well, Tonkawas were noted Indian scouts for the United States military throughout the latter 19th century. Many Tonkawas chose to live in the vicinity of Federal installations during this time period.

In 1859 about 245 Tonkawa were relocated to Fort Cobb in Indian Territory (Oklahoma). They were sent to live on the Wichita Reserve along with several other unrelated tribes. Sadly, in 1862, many of these Tonkawas were murdered by other tribes during what has come to be known as the "Great Massacre". After this wholesale decimation of the tribe, many Tonkawas wandered throughout Texas, some choosing to settle at Fort Belknap. The Tonkawas had mingled heavily with the Lipan-Apaches since about 1820, and the group at Fort Belknap was a mixture of these two tribes. Finally they were assigned their own reservation lands in northeastern Oklahoma in 1884. They settled there, establishing a governing body and other social systems common to self-determinate reservation life. However, the tribe was but a mere shadow of

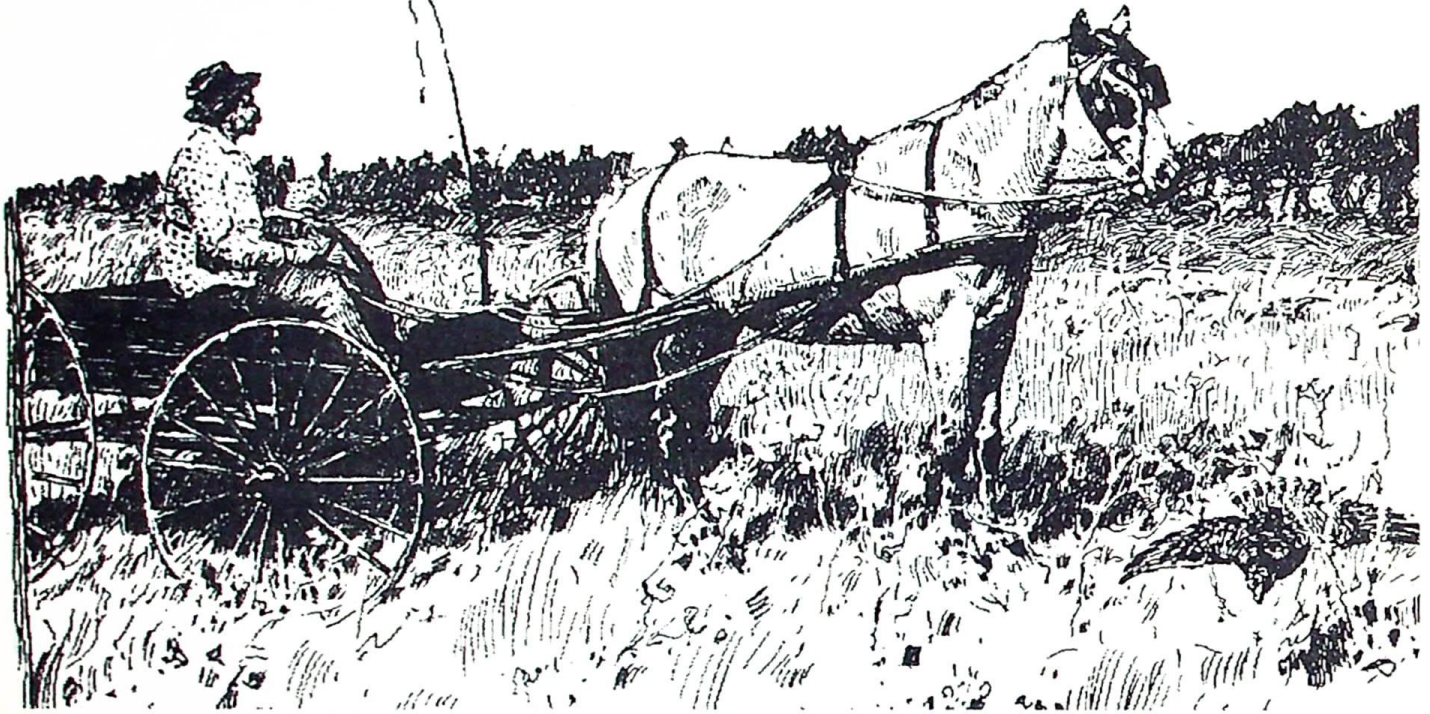
its former self. Descendents of the tribe are still active in the community of Tonkawa, in Kay County, Oklahoma, namely through the Tonkawa Tribal Committee. As well, a separate band of "Great Massacre" survivor descendents was reported living north of Sabinas, Mexico in 1927. However, this author has been unable to determine the present-day status of these people.

It has been estimated that as many as 40,000 Texans living today can trace their ancestry to the Tonkawa tribe. Needless to say, this is a diffused mix of people, most of whom are more Anglo or Hispanic than Tonkawa. This author is one such descendant, tracing ancestry from the Lipan-Tonkawa mix. So in essence, the legacy of the Chanas people, as well as the other members of the Tonkawa tribe, lives on in many of us today. Our Xoloton or Bata Coniquiyoqui--our homeland--may very well lie somewhere deep within the Texas Hills. If you feel an especial kinship to the grandeur and beauty of that place then, just maybe, the spirit of the Chanas lives on within you too.

Dedication: This article is warmly dedicated to Gary and Eric of the Dabbs Railroad Hotel, Llano, Texas, and to the brothers and sisters of the Titskanwatitch Tribe of Texas.



PART TWO OF TWO  
**THE HISTORY OF  
BLANCO COUNTY**  
BY JEAN COX STANLEY



**T**he first school in Blanco County was a log house in Pittsburg, near the present town of Blanco. Shortly after this, a number of other schools were opened in the county. One student described her early schooling in this way; "I sat on a split log with my feet on a dirt floor. The windows were constructed so that when the tops were opened they could be used as desks. When the windows were closed, logs the length of the building held the shutters in place as a protection against the Indians."

Some of the early schools had ten month terms. Others were open for a full year with a tuition for each student. The Blanco High School charter was granted in 1874. By 1880 there were four teachers living in Blanco.

I attended the Mountain View School as well as my brothers and sisters from grades one through seven. One year we had no teacher for the Mountain View School and the students went out to the Flat Creek School, some three miles from our home. I was allowed to skip school that year since the distance was too great for me to walk. I attended part time if it was convenient for someone to take me.

Newspapers were important to the pioneers. The French historian Alexis de Tocqueville marveled that "Every frontiers-

man seemed to live with an axe in on hand and a newspaper in the other." He said; "Many of the early pioneers lived worse than peasants but did not think as one."

One of the earliest news sources was a Blanco County weekly, *The Stinging Bee*. It was hand printed between the years 1860 and 1870 by a man named Harrison. In it he told "...the truth and nothing but the truth." He read this paper to a crowd who gathered on the square on Saturday mornings. After the reading, some men were afraid to go home because their excesses were exposed.

In 1857, eleven Masons living in the Blanco area met and organized Twin Sisters Lodge #216 and named it *Ancient True and Accepted Masons*. It met at Hodges Mill on Curry's Creek in Comal County. In those days, the meetings were held on or near a full moon. Without headlights on their buggies, the members had to make use of the available light on their return home.

Blanco County has a unique settlement several miles east of the town of Blanco. Peyton Colony is off Ranch Road 2325. It was founded about 1870 for former slaves. Many of the people living in the colony came from the Luling-Lockhart cotton area. In 1996, a number of families continue to live in this colony.

Our family had friendly ties with several of these fami-



lies. Isadore Upshaw, a woman living in the colony, was working for my parents when my father died. She continued to be thoughtful and caring of my mother for many years. Isadore visited with mother when she was in the rest home in New Braunfels.

The first automobile came to Blanco around 1912. My mother told of seeing her first one as a high school student in Blanco. She said people ran out of their business' to take a look. One article I found about the first car is told by a car owner's daughter. She said her father had to spank her to make her go to see the car. She probably felt about the car as we would now if a space ship was landing in our area.

What I remember about the early cars is that they had running boards that you stepped on to get into the car. The open cars were very cold in the winter months. We had an aunt and uncle and their family who visited us from San Marcos. When they prepared to leave we heated bricks for them to put their feet on so they would not get too cold.

Flat tires were a common thing. Car owners had to carry a cold patch kit along in order to fix the tires. The cars had to be cranked to start them. This meant getting in front of the car, putting the crank into the crankshaft end and turning the crank until the motor started.

Another thing remembered is that cars had no direction indicators. To let another driver know what you were going to do, it was necessary to hold your hand and arm out the window. Then you put your arm up, down or straight to give your signal. This was a common practice up through the early or middle 1950's.

The horse and wagon or buggy were still being used in our area as a means of transportation until about 1935. As children, we used a wagon team or walked to the places which we might go. We did have a car but were not old enough to drive. Our mother never learned to drive.

World War I began for our country in 1917. Men from Blanco County came to its aid. For some, it would be the adventure of a lifetime. For others, their last adventure.

My father had recently married and was not one of the first to be called. He was in defense work. I have heard him tell of a very bad flu epidemic at that time. Many people died. He felt lucky that he survived. He would have been next to be called when the war ended.

One story that I was told recently is that he was called up, issued a uniform and turned in the uniform the next day. The war had ended without him.

People who had telephones in the early part of the 20th century found these devices useful in getting messages to family and friends. They were also the perfect tool for eavesdropping on gossip. Everyone was on a party line. There was a crank box on the wall. Every ring could be heard and that was the time to lift the receiver off the hook to find out who called and what they had to say. Everyone had a different ring. This was a "code".

I remember a time when we had no phone, but our neighbor across the field did. When someone wanted to get a message to us, he would ring our neighbor. The neighbor then called us to the phone or to come for the message.

Molasses making may not seem a very important development in the Hill Country. It is a memory that stays with me very vividly. We had a molasses mill and vat on our place. We used it for our own purpose and for neighbors who did not have the equipment. These neighbors brought their cane to be pressed and the juice cooked and made into molasses.

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make use of the available  
light on their return home.*

Some farms had tractors to power their mills. At our place we had a horse that was hitched to a pole and driven round and round to keep the mill going so that the juice could be pressed out of the cane.

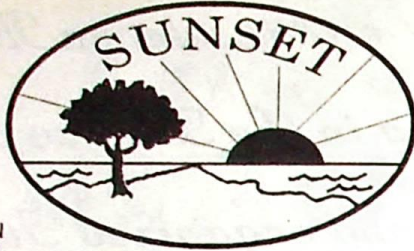
Electricity did not come to the rural Hill Country until 1939, and later than that in remote areas of Blanco and Comal Counties. It is hard to describe what a difference it made in the average person's life. Now people had electric pumps for water wells and power for washing machines and radios. On the radio you could get hooked on Maw Perkins, an early day soap opera. They advertised soap—hence the name "soap opera".

Now, the women could have electric irons. No more "sad irons". Ironing was one of the chores my mother did which took time and hard work. The irons had to be heated on a wood stove. Often the irons got soot on them and this could be transferred to the clothes. In turn the clothes had to be rewashed. My mother kept several heavy irons on the stove so that one would always be hot. She had the habit of putting her finger to her tongue and then putting her finger on the iron to test its heat. My oldest sister saw her do this, misunderstood the procedure and stuck her tongue on the iron. Ouch!

Mother and my brother Curtis were interviewed by Robert Caro, who wrote the book *The Years Of Lyndon Johnson: The Path To Power*. An excerpt appeared in *Readers Digest*. One of the last paragraphs in the excerpt tells something about the "Three Hundred Men" who brought the Hill Country into the 20th century. My brother Curtis could tell stories about this de-



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velopment. Many men and boys lined up to apply for the jobs of extending electric lines, about one third of them were hired.

Many of the jobs were given to men who had wanted electricity but had been unable to raise the \$5 deposit for connection. They paid this out of their wages. I do not know if this deposit was taken out of my brother's wages or not. At any rate, he applied for a job, even though he was only seventeen and the minimum age for employment was eighteen. The employer said, "Let me feel your muscles." After doing so said, "You'll do."

Brown and Root, the well known contractors in Texas were given the contract to construct the electric lines. They had to hire men who were known to be hard workers. The poles that carried the lines had to be sunk in rock. Brown and Root's mechanical hole digger failed in the hard Hill Country rock. Men had to do it with manual labor. For this work, they were paid forty cents per hour, which was a good wage at that time. Franklin Roosevelt's "New Deal" public projects helped to pull the nation out of the great economic depression.

More can be found about electricity and its benefits as well as other public projects in the full edition of Caro's book.

Electricity brought easier times to the people of Blanco County. The depression years were coming to a close and electricity eased the work load a great deal, at least for the women. But just as the Hill Country people thought they were in for easier times, a catastrophic event took place—World War II started for the United States with the bombing of Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941.

This event made a big difference in Blanco County, as it did in the whole nation. Many young men, including my brother Curtis enlisted in the military. Once again, it was hard times and happy times for the families at home as they waited for news of their loved ones. No news was often good news. Telegrams of missing in action or death were the greatest anxieties. Many basics of life were rationed. Stamps or coupons were needed to get tires, gas, sugar and shoes.

War and the aftermath of it changed our world in such a way that it would never again be the same. The girls and women in the service and defense work were experiencing a new life. They felt independent, perhaps for the first time. More women were working outside of the home than ever before. They became accustomed to having their own income and not dependent on husbands and fathers. Many would not be satisfied with being "just a housewife" after this. The war liberated women more than electricity had.

I was in high school at this time. Several of the girls in my class were dating local boys who were in the service. Four of these girls married while still in school or shortly after graduation.



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ing, but before their boyfriends were shipped out. I have had contact with several of these classmates since graduating. They have good marriages, in spite of their early age of marriage.

I never considered marriage at such an early age, but the war probably affected my destiny in life. Most of the young people were in the war or in defense work. In our family, my sister Margiery (Parge) and my future sister-in-law, Lillian Weber, as well as Frank Weber, my brother-in-law, were in defense work.

Since so many were involved, it created a real shortage of help for other jobs. Just out of high school, I was invited to teach at a small country school. This I did for two years before attending Southwest Texas University at San Marcos. After some college, I returned to teach at the same school I had taught in earlier. Here I met my future husband, Bruce. He had just returned from the war and was living with his parents on their ranch.

After marriage, I turned the job of teaching over to Bruce and we started our family. He taught for thirty years in Comal County, the county from which Blanco County evolved.

At the present time, Blanco County is increasing in population, as is all of Texas. This is not necessarily for the better. People do not know their neighbors, nor have the concern for them that they once did. To quote Sam Johnson, President Lyndon Johnson's father, "The Hill Country was a place where people knew when you were sick and cared when you died." This previous concern could have resulted from necessity. The early families had to depend on each other in times of illness or childbirth, as well as for a social life.

This was the situation when the first Coxes came to the area. Soon after came the Hudsons and the Wagners, all from my father's side of the family. My mother's family, the Prices, lived in or near the Blanco area a number of years. My family was well represented in the area.

My father, A. M. Cox, divided his ranch among his children. On our acreage we have a small cabin. Bruce and I enjoy spending time there as do our children and grandchildren. Two of our grandchildren are hunters and had the experience of shooting their first buck while hunting with their Grandfather Bruce.

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Reading about it might make the pioneer life sound romantic. But it was hard, and only the determined stayed and survived.



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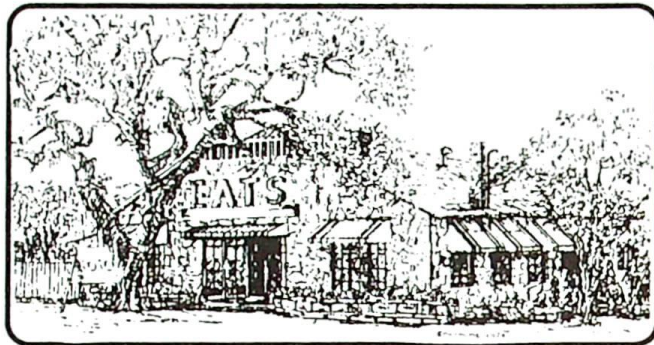


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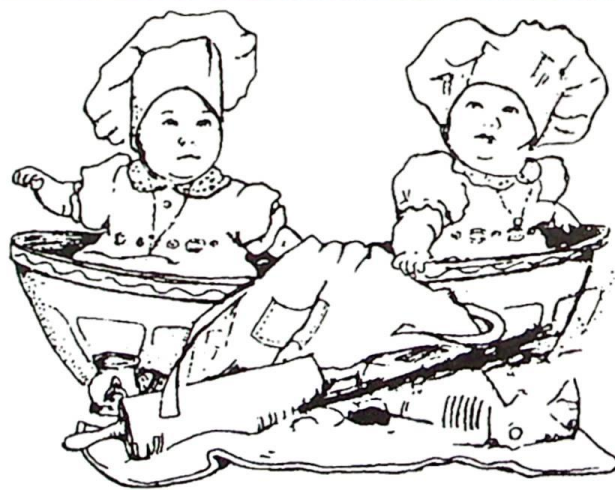


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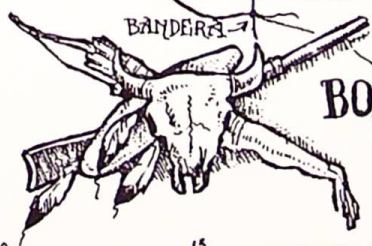
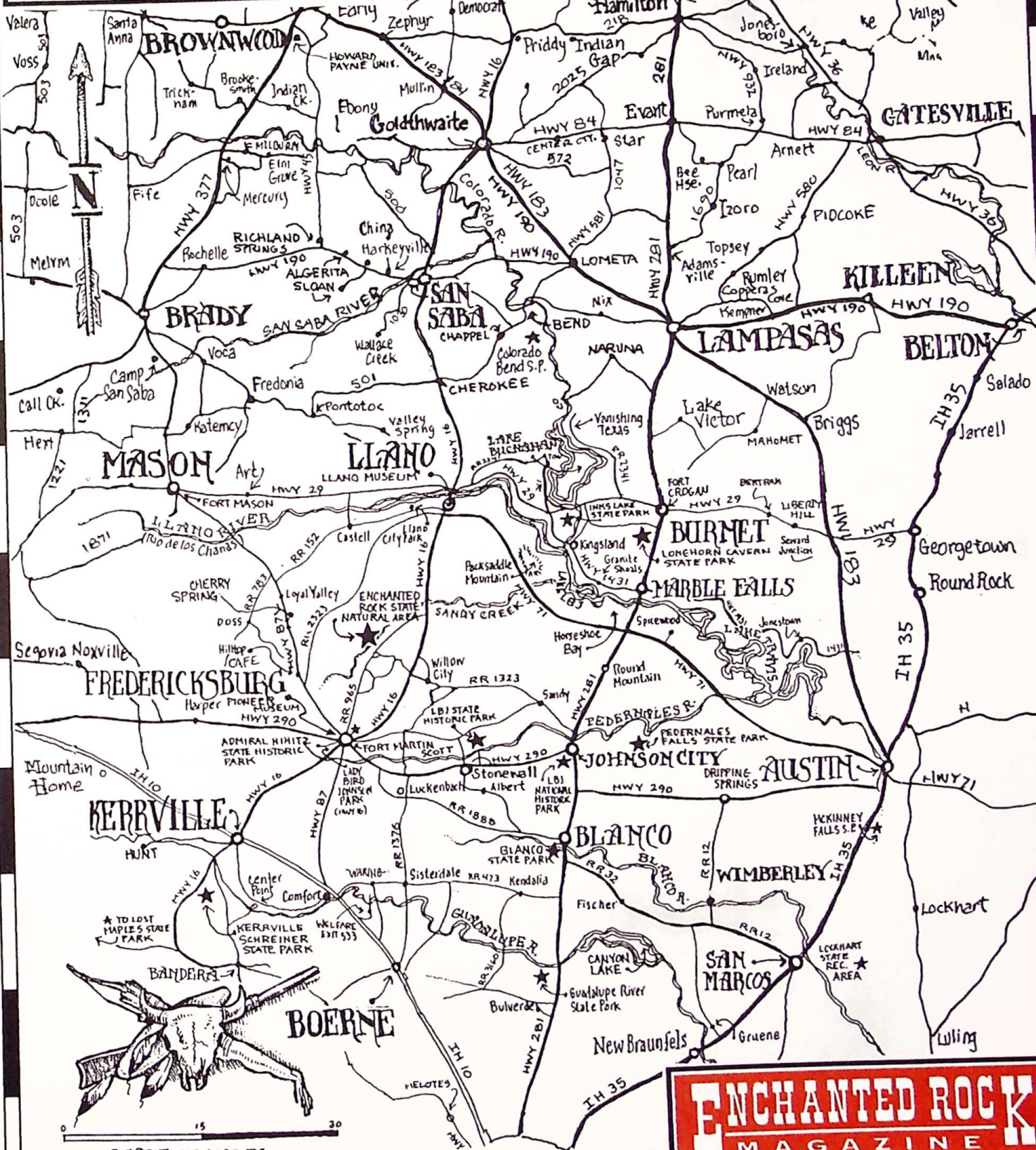
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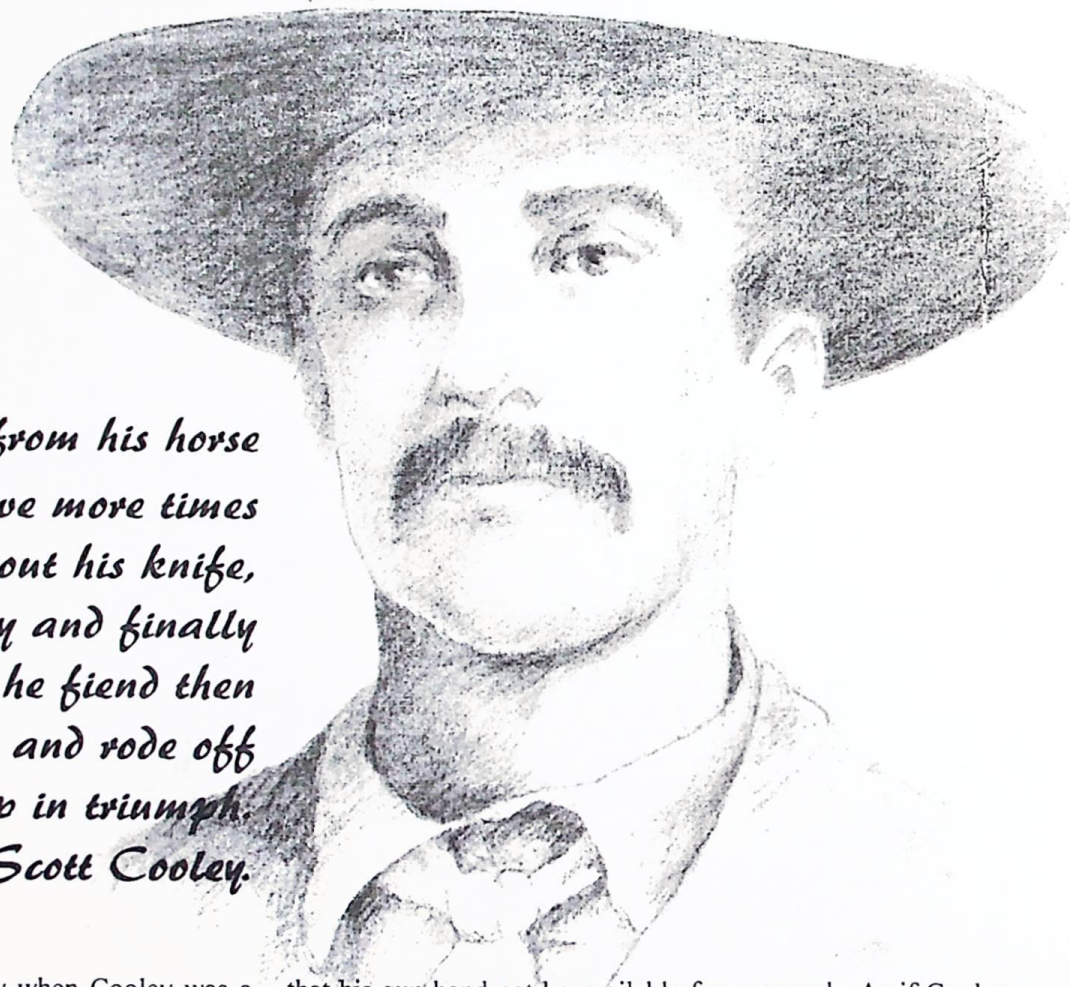
# TERROR IN THE HILLS

## THE MASON COUNTY "HOODOO" WAR

Part Two of Two Parts

by Glenn Hadelor

*The man then leaped from his horse and shot Wohrle five more times before taking out his knife, mutilating the body and finally taking his scalp. The fiend then remounted and rode off waving the scalp in triumph. This man was Scott Cooley.*



**W**illiamson had befriended Cooley when Cooley was a young boy and Mrs. Williamson had nursed him through a serious bout with Typhoid Fever. Cooley grew into a stout, powerful young man who had served with distinction in the Texas Rangers. He was known to suffer from fits, supposedly due to a snake bite, but was otherwise a well liked young man.

He was farming in nearby Menardville when word reached him of Williamson's murder. Upon receiving the news, Cooley had reportedly burst into tears and vowed revenge on the parties responsible. After the killing of Wohrle, Cooley was never the same man. His presence unnerved people as he wore his hat down low over his eyes and would take notice of no one in particular. He even refused to shake hands with anyone for concern

that his gun hand not be available for a second. As if Cooley weren't enough, he surrounded himself with a band of other desperadoes. George Gladden was a known gunman in the area, Moses and John Baird were two cowboys of dubious reputation from Burnet County, and a drifter who sometimes called himself John Ringold but was better known as Johnny Ringo. The band made their headquarters at Gladden's place in Loyal Valley and proceeded to terrify the surrounding area. They stopped off at a saloon operated by a man named Eckert one day, where Cooley ordered a round of drinks for his boys. When Eckert demanded payment Cooley reached into his pocket and tossed Wohrle's scalp on the bar. The stunned bartender backed away and quickly acknowledged that the drinks were on the house. Later some of the gang barged into John Meusebach's store and fired several



shots at the feet of the dignified old German statesman, one of which grazed his leg.

The next target of Cooley's gang was Carl Bader. Carl was Peter Bader's brother and it is not certain whether his murder was an act of revenge or a case of mistaken identity. On August 19, Cooley's band showed up at Bader's farm in Llano County and found him working in the field. Before Bader had a chance to run Cooley and Ringo shot him down where he stood.

In Mason, Clark and his allies were trying to determine what their next move should be, when word of Bader's death reached town. It was decided that they could no longer wait to take action. Clark hired a local gambler named Jim Cheney to go to Gladden's place and try to convince the band to come to Mason. Cheney succeeded in locating George Gladden and Moses Baird, and the two agreed to make the trip to Mason. Cheney left the two riders behind him and raced back up the road. As Gladden and Baird approached Keller's Store on the Llano River east of Mason, they saw Sheriff John Clark standing outside. A gun battle developed and shots began pouring at Gladden and Baird from behind a stone wall. The two were badly wounded but managed to ride about a mile back up the road to Beaver Creek with Clark's men pursuing them. There Moses Baird died and Gladden was found too badly wounded to fight. Peter Bader was ready to finish Gladden off but John Keller swore he'd kill anyone who attempted to shoot the wounded man. Bader then satisfied his vengeance by removing a gold ring from the finger of the dead Moses Baird, along with the finger itself.

The shoot-out at Keller's Store was the breaking point for many of the citizens of Mason who had attempted not to take sides in the feud. Their desperation was displayed in a letter published in the San Antonio Herald which read "All Hell has broken out up here.... We fear this is but the beginning of a bloody solution to the stock problems which have become so serious as of late." Petitions began circulating requesting that the Governor send state troops to restore order. In September of 1875 the call was answered as a company of Major John B. Jones Frontier Ranger Battalion was dispatched to Mason County. No sooner were the Rangers sent than the next wave of violence shook the streets of Mason.

Around September 24, Gladden had recovered from his wounds enough to ride again. Cooley's band slipped into the town of Mason as Johnny Ringo and another man named Williams rode north to the home of Jim Cheney on Comanche Creek. Cheney greeted the men nervously uncertain of what they knew of his involvement in the Keller Store ambush. He invited the two to join him for breakfast and began to wash his face. When his face was covered with a towel, Ringo quietly pulled his gun and shot Cheney off the porch. Meanwhile Cooley and the others appeared that morning at a store owned by David Doole. Doole was an Irish merchant friendly with most of the Germans in the area. When Doole saw the men he met them with a rifle from inside the store and refused to come out. The party then

rode to the west side of town and made themselves at home at Tom Gamel's saloon. They had nothing to fear from the law; by now there was none.

On September 28, Major Jones arrived at Keller's Store and was surprised to find Sheriff Clark and a large party of men had turned the store into a fort. Clark informed Jones that word had come from Loyal Valley that Cooley's band was on it's way to "Burn out the Dutch". Jones decided to go to Loyal Valley and investigate. On his arrival he found the whole town closed up and quiet as death. The few people he could find would tell him nothing despite the fact that everyone knew Cooley's band was in Mason hunting for Dutchmen.

Back in Mason, Cooley, Gladden, and Baird were watching the streets from Gamel's saloon. They noticed three mounted men conversing with David Doole in front of his store. The horsemen were Dan Hoerster, County Brands Inspector, along with his brother-in-law, Peter Jordan, and Henry Pluenneke, all well known Germans.

Doubtless Doole warned Hoerster of the presence of Cooleys men, but Hoerster and Jordan were not men to be intimidated. They turned their horses up the street from Doole's Store and began riding toward Gamel's saloon. When Cooley saw this, he picked up another man named Bill Coke and with

---

*"Hoodoo": It's an old an old term for bad luck or what brings it, and in 1875 Mason County had plenty of both. People would bolt their doors and post guards for fear of what might come with the next day; but, this terror was not wrought from the usual frontier threat of Comanche raiders or wild beasts, those had been subdued for some time. No, this fear was of their own neighbors, and perhaps even one time friends. So bitter were the passions that spawned this strife that it even divided the Texas Ranger Company sent to quell the bloody affair.*

the rest of the gang left the saloon out the back door. The three mounted men continued up the street, past the Southern Hotel where a number of guests were on the porch taking in the morning sun unaware of what was about to erupt in their presence. As Hoerster, Jordan, and Pluenneke passed a barber shop across from the hotel the gunfight exploded. A blast from a shotgun struck Dan Hoerster in the neck knocking him from the saddle. The shot spooked Jordan's greenbroke horse which reared making him a difficult target. A shot meant for him only grazed his head causing a deep gash above his left eye. Both Jordan and Pluenneke hit the ground and began returning fire. They took cover in the Southern Hotel where the guests had scattered like quail when the fight began. Jordan saw a figure carrying a box of cartridges run between two buildings. He fired and the cartridges "went everywhere" as the man stumbled. Several shots from Cooley's gang hit the Hotel slightly wounding two of the guests.

When the shooting subsided Jordan and Pluenneke retrieved Dan Hoerster's lifeless body from the street and took it into the hotel. Cooley's gang rendezvoused at Gamel's saloon where they had a quick drink and then went to their horses which had been brought around back by a black cowboy named Booker. The gang mounted and thundered up the street past the Southern Hotel where Jordan again exchanged shots with the riders, wounding George Gladden in the hand.

That afternoon Major Jones reached Mason. He found



the town in chaos with no law and by now little order, as no one knew who they could trust. Jones set about trying to restore the faith of the citizens. He sent out three parties to pursue Cooley's band. They each returned empty handed. The next day a posse headed by Sheriff Clark captured Bill Coke on Mill Creek. He was sent with six deputies including Miller, the gunsmith back to Mason. Coke was never heard from again. The deputies said he had escaped, but it was later said that he had suffered the mob justice that now replaced the law in Mason County.

Whether Coke was the victim of the mob or not, his disappearance along with another old grudge was enough to bring Charley Johnson back into the story. When Johnson was arrested with the Baccus boys, he had been relieved of a beautiful six-shooter. After he was acquitted of all charges he asked that it be returned, but Miller who had possession of the gun had sold it to pay for coffins for the Baccus brothers and Abe Wiggins. When word came of Coke's disappearance, Johnson rode out to Miller's place and ask if he still had his gun. Miller replied that he had sold the gun; with that Johnson pulled his pistol and said "well then I guess this one will work". Miller attempted to run but Johnson dropped him with his first shot. As the wounded Miller lay on the ground, Johnson closed in to finish the job when Miller's wife ran to her stricken husband and covered him with her skirt. Johnson holstered his gun and rode away. Thus Miller's wife saved him from becoming another victim of the war.

The affair had now truly become a war. A correspondent to the *Austin Democratic Statesman* indicated how divisive the conditions were: "there stands the situation at this time. No arrests have been made and every man about Mason is afraid to open his mouth one way or the other. Neighbors are afraid of each other, and will not travel the road in company with any man...Apprehension is that the worst has not yet come."

Major Jones himself was having difficulties in restoring order because as he wrote: "The national prejudice is so very bitter here; American against German and vice versa", that no one will cooperate. Neither was his ranger company immune to the divisiveness of the feud. As they continually returned to Mason without Cooley or any of his men the situation became apparent. Cooley had been a ranger and some of Jones men had known him. They were also Anglo-Texans and needless to say, had little sympathy for the Germans. Some of the rangers had reportedly even met face to face with Cooley and told him that they didn't care if he killed every damned Dutchman in the county. Frustrated, Jones finally formed his company and told them that if any of them could not pursue Cooley for any reason he would grant them an honorable discharge. Seven men stepped forward, of these three accepted discharges rather than pursue Cooleys band.

To further add to Jones's problems, letters were now being received by the Governor's Office claiming that Jones was siding with the German element against the stockmen. All of this on top of claims and counter claims that Cooley's band was making threats to wipe out their enemies, while Sheriff Clark's men were molesting innocent people in their search for Cooley.

It seemed more and more that Scott Cooley was invincible, then in December of 1875, he and Johnny Ringo were captured by Sheriff A. J. Strickland of Burnet County. Word soon spread that Cooley's many friends in the area were on their way to break him out. Strickland transferred Cooley and Ringo to Austin where the two were received as celebrities by the townspeople and the press.

With Cooley and Ringo locked up, and the Rangers on the hunt for the others it appeared as if the violence was at an end, but one more slaying was to come. Peter Bader had been hiding out on San Fernando Creek in Llano County. When Gladden and John Baird found out where he was, they prepared an ambush on the road between the town of Llano and Castell. As Bader traveled up the road one evening in January of 1876, the two waited behind a granite outcrop and Baird got his revenge for his brother's death. He later proudly displayed the gold ring Bader had taken from his dead brother saying "Bader cut my brother's finger off to get it, and I cut Pete's finger off to get it back."

Although Cooley and Ringo would eventually break out of jail in Lampasas, the worst of the violence was over. The terror in the hills, however, remained. In the Summer of 1876 Cooley's band was again reported stealing livestock in the Mason area and many residents remembered he had made a vow to kill Sheriff Clark. Cooley had missed his chance. While Cooley and Ringo were incarcerated, Sheriff John Clark had been indicted for complicity in the disappearance of Bill Coke. After the charges fell through, Clark resigned his position and vanished from Mason County as mysteriously as he had arrived.

The rampage came to an end in the fall of 1876. Scott Cooley had eaten dinner at the Nimitz Hotel in Fredericksburg when he suddenly fell ill. For a time it was believed he had been poisoned by sympathetic Germans, but it is more likely that the "Brain Fever" that had plagued him most of his life, had now ended it. It also may explain many of his actions in the latter days of his life. William Scott Cooley died at about 21 years of age and was buried in Blanco County. A granite tombstone, today adorns his grave, giving testimony to his better deeds. It reads simply "Scott Cooley - Texas Ranger".

The remainder of Cooley's gang also soon disappeared

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from the scene. John Baird fled Texas to Lincoln County, New Mexico, where he met with a violent end. George Gladden and Johnny Ringo, were both captured at the Mosely Ranch near Castell, in November of 1876. Gladden was the only member of the gang to be brought to trial for his crimes. He was convicted of the murder of Peter Bader and sentenced to ninety-nine years in prison. He was pardoned in 1884, after which he left the state.

John Peters (Johnny) Ringo, a.k.a. John Ringold was held for the murder of Jim Cheney until late in 1878, but was eventually acquitted. He then left Texas and drifted to Cochise County, Arizona, where he embroiled himself in another feud with the famous Earp Brothers in Tombstone. On July 13, 1882 he was found in Morse's Canyon leaning against a tree with a bullet wound in his head. Some historians believe he was slain by the notorious gunman Buckskin Frank Leslie, but other stories hold that Ringo was haunted by violent flash-backs of the deeds he had seen in Texas. These caused him to drink excessively, and when he could no longer drown his demons, he took his own life. If this is true, than Johnny Ringo was the last man to die as a result of the Mason County War.

The members of the Hoodoo mob were never known with certainty, though it is doubtless that many prominent Germans were participants. They did not escape punishment, for the war also left victims among the living. The venom it had brewed was not easily vanquished from the memories of the survivors. Jane Hoerster recalls that as late as the 1920's when she was a girl, no one dared talk about the matter. She well remembers Peter Jordan as "the nice old man with the bullet scar over his eye", though no one would explain how he had come by it. Jordan perhaps suffered the longest from the feud. In his old age he lived with his children and would rouse the house with his nightmares when he would awaken frantically crying "the band!, the band is on their way!". He could only be coaxed back to sleep after his children reassured him "it's all right Papa, we have men standing guard." The terror, for him and perhaps others like him, ended only with his death in 1942.

By the time I had completed my interview with Jane Hoerster, the Mason Library had long since closed. I stepped out on the front porch as Jane locked the door. A steady rain had begun to fall and I commented that "a rain in late June is a real blessing in this area." "Yes, she said, "you know it seems like it rained more here when I was a girl." "Well," I replied, "things change." I climbed into my truck and drove down to the town square, where a stately sandstone courthouse has replaced the one dating from the feud. I circled to the southwest corner of the square and I looked up the rain slick street, to where Dan Hoerster had been gunned down, and Jordan, and Pluenneke had made a desperate fight for their lives. Then I turned east and headed up Highway 29 toward Llano. It ocured to me that what I had discovered that day was a true tale of Texas. A story of desperation, prejudice, murder, and revenge. The story had been played out many times before in the history of the State and would be again. I looked out my window as I drove past ranches owned by Hoerstes, Kothmans, and Jordans, and thought how the rain made the country seem greener and more peaceful than ever. Things change, and sometimes for the better. Long gone is the terror in the hills, along with the memories of the "Hoodoo" War.

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## ADVENTURE INTO THE PAST

by Christine Varnell  
& Verna Mae Holland

**W**hile doing family genealogy, Chris discovered a book entitled *LLANO, Gem of the Hill Country: A History of Llano County, Texas*. This was a great find. On page 26 the information on Field Creek starts and on page 27 there is a diagram of the town of Field Creek (birthplace of my grandmother, Alice Elizabeth New Henry). This book is a very good source for our family's genealogy, as we have a number of family members who live in this area. Mentioned is "Bill (William Armstrong) Eaker" who arrived in this area sometime in the 1850 or 1860's. He was my great great great grandfather. Also mentioned is other relatives of ours: James Hoy; Felix, Mike and Amos Eaker, and Bill New.

This book further tells that William A Eaker died in 1884, and was buried alone under a tree northwest of Field Creek. So how does a genealogist react to this information? We *must* find this grave.

In May, 1997, Chris, Jenny Varnell and I, (Verna Holland) set out to search out our elusive on-the-move relatives. We went to the Court Clerk's Office in Llano, County Seat of Llano County, Texas. Our cousin by marriage, Betty Hoy (Wife of Lynn Hoy) is the County Clerk here. Also with the help of a lady named Evelyn who works here, we were able to find lots of good information. We asked if anyone knew the location of William Eaker's grave. No one knew, however, we were referred to Mr. Carroll Osbourn who does a lot of history, genealogy work and Cemetery research. We went to his home and asked about William Eaker's gravesite. He suggested we contact a local stonecutter, Mr. Berry. He was not aware of the gravesite but had us talk to his wife. Mrs. Berry said there was a grave on the Panther Creek Ranch, but she did not know who was buried there.

The ranch is west of the sign on the highway marking "Field Creek". There is an "A" frame house with a green roof—the gravesite is west of the house and north of a creek (if I wasn't to turned around). We obtained the name of the ranch caretaker, Mr. McCloud. We went to a little store in Pontotoc, which is nearby. Chris called and told the rancher that we would like to take a look at the grave on the ranch. He told us he didn't know who was buried there. We made arrangements for him to come to the store to meet us. He told us to follow him, but after we crossed part of the field we would have to leave our vehicle and ride with him in his pick-up. This we did. Can you imagine the thoughts going through our minds on the drive to the ranch. Would this be our grandfather's grave? Would it be marked so that we would know it was his? Would it be partially readable and leave us forever in doubt?.

Chris and Jenny climbed into the pick-up-bed- I climbed into the front seat—shared it with Mr. McCloud and a *gun*. It was at this moment that I thought of my mother's words "Don't get into



Can you imagine the thoughts going through our minds on the drive to the Ranch? Would this be our Grandfather's grave? Would it be marked so that we would know it was his? Would it be partially readable and leave us forever in doubt?

vehicle's with strangers". Not only was I in one, but so were my saughter and granddaughter. Not to fear. We were in good hands. Mr. McCloud was extremely polite and helpful.

As we neared the gravesite, we could see as iron frame around the grave. Then we could see that the corner of the base holding the upright portion of the marker was broken and the stone with the engraving was laying on the grave. You can imagine our excitement when Mr. McCloud turned the stone over, and we could see the writing and know our search was over. Mr. McCloud told us there had been a tree nearby, and that it had blown over during a storm several years ago. We surmise that may have been what broke the corner of the base of the marker.

Also of futher interest, is the fact that this book mentions that Bill Eaker was the grandfather of General Ira Eaker. General Eaker was my grandmother, Alice New Henry's half-cousin. See pages 149 and 150 of this book. Also refer to the book, *The Shoe Cobbler's Kin, Genealogy Of The Peter (Ecker) Eaker, Sr: Family, 1701-1976*, starting on page 301, paragraph 3D. In this paragraph it is mentioned that William Eaker was buried in a lone grave in a pasture at Field Creek, Texas. Also that one of General Ira Eaker's early memories, is of going with his grandmother to visit his grandfather's grave.

On Sunday, September 6, 1998, at 6:30 P. M., The Daughters of the Republic of Texas, Hiram Bennett Chapter, Mesquite Texas, will have a memorial service for Mr. Eaker. Chris Varnell, his great great great great granddaughter, and her husband, Gil Varnell will unveil a new grave marker, which will display the old grave marker, an Original Citizen of the Republic of Texas Seal, and will be engraved so that future generations will know this is his grave.

All in all, this has been an exciting adventure into the past. My grandmother was a special person in my life and it is exciting to look across the field and trod the land thinking that at sometime her eyes and feet were where mine are.

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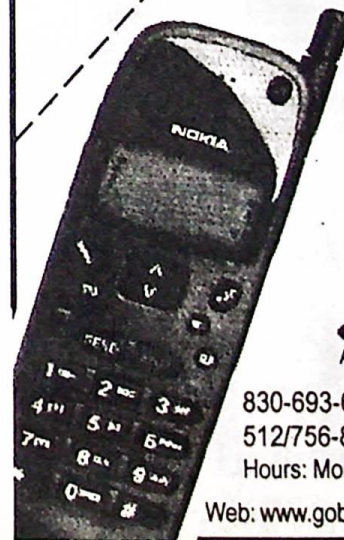
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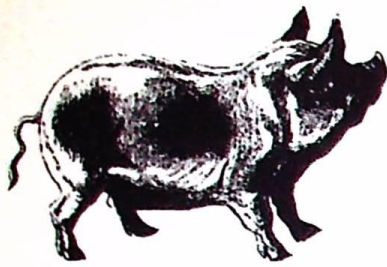
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# SQUARE MAYS AND THE SOW THAT MADE MISCHIEF

BY C. F. ECKHARDT

**T**hey tell this story up around Wimberly. I'm not sure what Squire Mays' real name was, but his wife's name was Aunt Polly. He come to be called 'Square' Mays when, after he was elected Justice of the Peace, he commenced to put on airs. He put up a sign that had his name on it, suffixed by 'Esq.' 'Esq.' is short for Esquire, which is usually abbreviated to 'Squire'. However, up around Wimberly they decided to pronounce it 'Square' and Judge Mays became known as Square Mays forever more.

Square Mays was apparently not an industrious man, and his wife, Aunt Polly, had to nag him considerable to get him to chink the chimney. The mortar was falling out and she was sure something bad was going to happen—either the chimney would fall, or it wouldn't draw, or sparks would come out of it and set the house afire, or something. She pestered Square for weeks to chink that chimney.

Finally, one afternoon, he decided he'd been pestered enough. He got out his wheelbarrow and got a sack of cement and mixed up some mud. He laid the ladder up next to the chimney, filled

his hod with mud, got his pointing trowel, and climbed the ladder. Carefully—for Square Mays was a careful man—he began to chink the gaps between the stones in the chimney.

This took a while, but Square Mays wasn't in a hurry. he had all afternoon, and a whole wheelbarrow full of mud to work with. He used up a hod, maybe two, and wasn't finished.

Just below the house, resting in the shade of a fig tree, was an old sow. She was known as a cantankerous ol' gal, and Square Mays saw her eyeing him. The more he worked, the more that sow eyed him. Square was absolutely certain that sow was up to no good at all.

"Aunt Polly!" He called.

"What do you want?"

"You see that ol' sow down there? I want you to get the boys to run her off into the pasture."

There is very little more fun than chasing a hog, and on the average a feller doesn't get to chase a hog just for the fun of it. It runs the fat off the hog. When their mother showed up actually wanting her sons to chase a hog, they were delighted. The boys

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and Towser, the family dog, went out to chase the mischief-studying sow into the pasture.

The sow, who'd been minding her own business in the leafy shade of the fig tree, suddenly found herself beset by two large, yelling boys and a barking dog. She took to her heels.

Hogs can run amazingly fast, and—if animal behaviorists are to be believed—they're among the smartest of four-footed animals. Whether they're smart or not remains to be proven to me—anything that smart out to be smarter than to taste as good as ham, bacon, sausage, and pork chops taste. I will, however, concede the speed and a certain low cunning to the species.

The sow really didn't want to leave her leafy, shady bower. She took a wide detour—a circle around the house—and tried to get back to it. In the meantime, Square was even higher up the ladder, a hod of mud on his shoulder, trowel in hand, chinking the chimney.

The sow's fourth and fifth circles around the house were tighter than the previous ones. One the fifth one she passed between the wheelbarrow full of mud and Square's ladder. Square went on chinking the chimney.

On the sixth circle around the house, she cut even tighter. She wasn't a small sow—she probably weighed three hundred pounds—and she smashed into the foot of Square Mays ladder.

The result was predictable. When a missile weighing upwards of three hundred pounds encounters, at a speed of ten or twelve miles per hours, a flimsy ladder, the ladder is going to come down. It did—and so did Square Mays.

The sow, of course, was immediately forgotten. The boys went to see if daddy'd gotten himself kilt fallin' down might near plumb from the top of the chimney like that. While one got the old man out from under the hod of mud—it fell, naturally, mud-side down square on top of his head—the other went to get mamma.

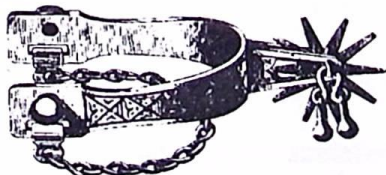
Square looked bad. He had chinking mud—cement mortar—in his hair, all over his clothes, in his eyes, in his ears, and in his mouth. He sputtered and spat, coughed and wiped. Aunt Polly got an old towel and tried to wipe some of the mud off, mostly the stuff out of his eyes, ears and mouth.

It took Square a while to get his breath back—it had been a long fall. One of the boys brought him a dipperful of water and then something a mite stronger—for medicinal purposes, of course. At last he could quit panting and say something.

"You see, Aunt Polly. You see." He sputtered. "I tol' you that dern ol' sow was a-studyin' on makin' mischief."

The story of Square Mays and his mischievous sow has become a storyteller classic around Wimberly, Texas.

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# WHEN THE NICKEL WAS KING

by BILL BRIDGES

**N**ew York newspaperman Ed Wallace—an avid chili lover—claimed that during the Depression, “the five cent bowl of chili saved more lives than the Red Cross”. He might have added, that free saltine crackers and tomato ketchup also played their nutritious parts. Not those anemic cellophane-wrapped packets of crackers universally used in food establishments these days, but the generous bowlsful that used to sit along the counters and on the tables of diners, chili parlors and hamburger joints all over the country.

A hungry man could get into these and pull out a stomach filling helping with one hand.

During those hard times, many a bowl of chili was stretched into a day’s rations with such generous additions of free crackers and ketchup. It was kind of a contest of survival between a customer and proprietor, but in the code of those days, it was kept to a sporting proposition, with victory going to the fleetest.

I remember with affection the little Greek who ran a place called “Same Old Sam’s (Since 1925)” on Washington Avenue in Houston in the thirties. It was catty-corner across the street from where the Bridges family ran a movie theater in the building of a gone-broke bank.

Sam would get set when he saw a hand as big and hairy as a grizzly paw dig into the cracker bowl, and convey about a dozen saltines to the area above a nickel bowl of chili (hamburgers were also a nickel), where they were methodically crushed and allowed to dribble down into the chili. If the hand started back towards the crackers, Sam moved with desperate speed, shifting the cracker bowl down the counter and out of reach, achieving a Mexican stand-off at least for that occasion.

Out of necessity, Sam was very quick on his feet. Given the time and circumstances, it may have been the chief reason he managed to stay in business.

Our movie house across the street from Sam’s was called the Midway, because it was about halfway between the section called

the Houston Heights and downtown, the streetcar line turned off the esplanade in the middle of Heights Boulevard and onto Washington. The Waugh Drive bus—a motorized Tinkerville Trolley—which ran between Washington and Westheimer, ended its northern run at the corner by Sam’s, where the driver might have a cup of coffee and a cream horn before starting back to Westheimer.

Although apt, Midway was rather a long name for my father to choose. In those lean days, he weighed a possible name for one of his theatres against the cost of putting it into neon, and the fewer the letters and the easier they were to form, the cheaper the sign. His triumph in this line was a theatre he called the Zoe, downtown on Texas Avenue, behind the Chronicle Building. A lot of movie houses were named Bijou, for the same reason, and I’ve wondered if the man who named a place in the California desert Zyzzx wasn’t once a Depression era movie house owner.

Before the Crash, like a lot of people in those days, my father was on his way to becoming rich, with a growing chain of theatres (some with both movies and vaudeville) in downtown Houston, and more planned. We lived then in a house out on Navigation Boulevard, at the corner of Wayside Drive, that he bought because he sized the property up as a prime location for a movie house when the time was right.

Before they were taken from him, he owned the Crown on Main Street and the Royal on Texas Avenue. The house went, too, of course.

After the hard times hit, there was a succession of movie houses like the Midway, in buildings whose only virtue for showing movies was their low rent. They were equipped with seats and projectors gotten on credit from suppliers with warehouses full of these, repossessed from defunct theatres, like my dad’s.

The ex-bank which housed the Midway had marble columns



**When the last show was over, on the nights  
the bill changed, we took down the old lobby and  
outside displays, and thumbtacked up the one-sheets  
and three-sheets (lithographed billboard posters)  
and movie stills for the next attractions.**

**Then we'd go over to Sam's and eat,  
like showbusiness people do,  
before we went home.**



and walls which made visibility bad and the acoustics terrible. (I understand a disco inhabits the place these days; for them the acoustics may be an asset.)

We all worked at the Midway: my Dad ran the projectors upstairs, my mom cashiered the tickets and kept the books, and I ran the candy counter and popcorn machine. In the good old days, my dad had let me run the Crown's popcorn machine for fun.

At the time we opened the Midway, I was about eight; I could just see over the glass candy case, and I had to stand on a stool to load up the popper on the popcorn machine, first with oil, then with about a cup of popcorn topped with salt from a carton of Morton's. I remember that at the wholesale house on Commerce Street, a 24 count box of nickel candy bars cost seventy-two cents. The five-cent Powerhouse bar, which came out about that time, was bragged on by the maker as weighing a full quarter-pound. A burlap sack of popcorn went for about a dollar and popped enough to fill a room, a real profit maker, at a nickel a bog. Nickels, you may have guessed, were the universal coins of exchange in those days.

During intermissions between movies at the Midway (double features, naturally) I butchered candy and popcorn up and down the aisles, while my dad projected lantern slide ads on the screen, which he hustled from the neighborhood merchants. (Don't think TV commercial "snack breaks" are anything new.)

On school days, my mother would run both the ticket booth and the candy counter until I got there on the Waugh Drive bus from Woodrow Wilson grammar school, located in an area south of West Gray, where we rented a duplex apartment. The streets were named for doughboys killed in World War I, names like McDuffie and Dunlavy.

I would get a coke and a hamburger from Sam's and a Mr. Goodbar from the candy case, and eat my supper in the theatre office. After this I was supposed to do my homework, while business was slack in the late afternoon. What I usually did was read a Street & Smith pulp magazine, like *War Aces*, *Doc Savage* or *Wild West Weekly*, which I bought at the drugstore next door with pennies scrounged from my school lunch money, and snuck into the office stuffed inside my shirt.

When the last show was over, on the nights the bill changed, we took down the old lobby and outside displays, and thumbtacked up the one-sheets and three-sheets (lithographed billboard posters) and movie stills for the next attractions. Then we'd go over to Sam's and eat, like showbusiness people do, before we went home.

I still remember the look of horror on my grammar school teacher's face when, in the course of giving us the low-down on good food and health habits, she asked me what time my folks put me to bed. With all the aplomb of a showbiz veteran, I answered, "Oh, around midnight." Catching her look, I thought I'd better reassure her that I wasn't deprived, so I quickly added, "After we eat a bowl of chili."

Now for my folks and a lot of others, those times were certainly no picnic, but what with all the Sam's chili and popcorn and Mr. Goodbars I got to eat, I didn't feel deprived at all.

And because my dad owned a movie house, I was the most popular kid at Woodrow Wilson, and later on, at Sidney Lanier Junior High.

After that, at Mirabeau B. Lamar High, my popularity waned somewhat, when the boys discovered that girls represented the possibility of something infinitely more exciting than Hopalong Cassidy or the Three Musketeers. ★

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by DIANA FINLAY

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**T**here is an undisputed realness that sets cast iron cookware in a class by itself. It is the cookware of choice in the kitchen, over the campfire and on the outdoor stove around here. Is there anything more real than cast iron cookware?

And cast iron came by its reputation honestly. No fly-by-night, newfangled cookware, cast iron has a rich and glorious history.

It is one of the oldest types of cookware in existence today. Columbus brought some with him to the New World in 1492. Cast iron utensils were made and used in the Baronial kitchens around 1500 at about the time that cooking became a fine art. And even before that, during the reign of Edward III, from 1327-1377, iron pots and skillets were considered part of the "crown jewels." By the middle of the century, the use of ironware was highly regarded throughout Europe and was becoming highly popular in America as well.

In the early 1700's, Dutch traders traveled door to door selling household items to settlers. One of their most popular items was a camp oven which became commonly known as Dutch oven, taking its name from

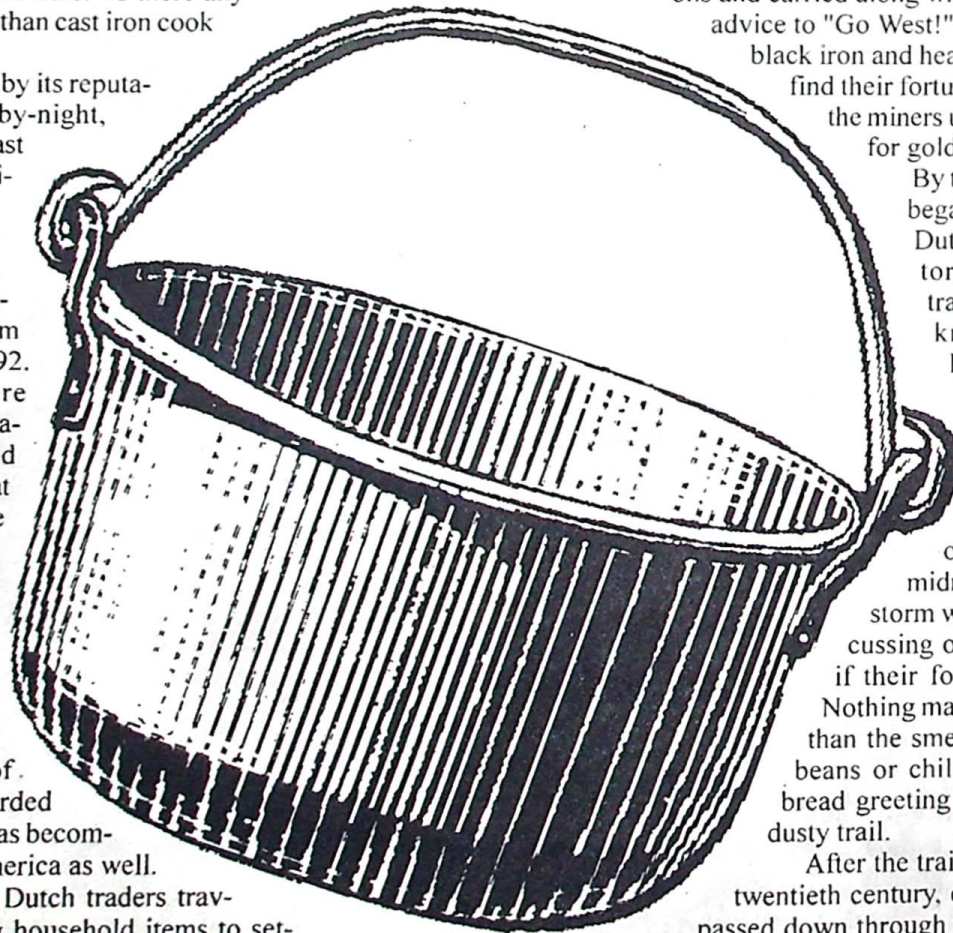
the men who sold it. Lewis and Clark carried black iron cookware on their expedition to the Pacific Northwest in 1804. Cast iron skillets were fastened to the backs of covered wagons and carried along when families heeded the advice to "Go West!" The '49ers loaded their black iron and headed out to California to find their fortunes in gold and many of the miners used small skillets to pan for gold when they got there.

By the time the cattle drives began, cast iron skillets and Dutch ovens were mandatory for cooking on the trail. Chuck wagon cooks knew the value of the long-lasting iron for the rugged trail and also knew that nothing could beat it for flavorful cooking.

Cooks knew that the only thing worse than a midnight stampede in a rainstorm would be the disgruntled cussing of the hungry cowhands if their food wasn't up to snuff. Nothing made the cowboys happier than the smell of a big pot of pinto beans or chili and a batch of camp bread greeting them at the end of the dusty trail.

After the trail drives and on into the twentieth century, cast iron cookware was passed down through the generations. It had stood the test of time...

Until something awful happened. Someone mistook "shine"





for "clean" and introduced aluminum cookware to the world. And worse than that were lightweight Teflon pots and pans in avocado green and harvest gold and other such gaudy colors that invaded our mother's kitchens. It looked like an era had come to an end for cast iron. The masses wanted something new... shiny... modern... They thought "progress" meant.

But thankfully, common sense still has a foothold in the kitchen and both feet in the fire at the campsite... And many highly acclaimed cooks still realize the value of cast iron cookware. Cajun Chef Paul Prudhomme told me, "I have been cooking with cast iron all my life. We had a big pot and a little pot and two skillets when I was growing up. That's what I learned to cook on. Even today, the three pots most used in our house are still iron skillets."

Jigs, an old West Texas camp cook, confessed that there isn't any real secret to cooking in black iron. He said, "The main thing is to measure everything real careful and throw in by the handful from both sides of the pot. It'll all come out fine."

Whether the magic is in the cook or the iron pot, no one knows. But for some reason, cast iron has a special quality all its own. Maybe it's that historical quality that traveled from the Mayflower to the chuck wagon—the first choice of kings and cowboys is the first choice in my kitchen and chuck box as well.

Here's the deal about cast iron. It's porous. It will absorb anything you put into it. This is why it must be properly seasoned. The suet or lard or bacon grease used for the seasoning process fills the pores and gives the skillet a surface slick and smooth, better than Teflon. Better, because you don't have to baby iron like you do other non-stick cookware. Very little grease is required for cooking and the utensil is repairable if it gets messed up. There is an element in the iron that keeps grease from turning rancid. And after a few years of loving your ironware, it will have built up a hundred layers of seasoning.

While some of us were luck enough to inherit a love for this culinary black magic, some folks may shy away from cast iron, as they are reminded of an old and abused rusted albatross taking up room in the corner of the garage.

Start right there. Let that new project be reclaiming that heirloom cast iron camp oven. Begin by removing the rust using steel wool and hot water. This will require the most effort but don't give up. It is well worth the effort.

Once you have removed the rust, proceed as you would with a brand new cast iron skillet or pot. Using a paper towel, grease the inside of the pot with beef suet, lard or bacon grease. Never use vegetable oil, as some brands make a sticky, tacky coating on the utensil. Also, lightly grease the outside of the pot and the lid. Place the utensil in a 250° oven for two to three hours.

After repeating this procedure a couple of times, turn off the oven and let the pot sit in the cool oven overnight. Remove from the oven and wipe it out with a clean, dry cloth and you are ready to go. Your skillet or pot should have at least three coats on the inside and one coat on the outside before you begin using it for cooking.

By the way, DON'T leave the lid on the pot during this process or you will have to use a crow bar to remove it. And never store your pot for any length of time with the lid on.

And once your pot is seasoned, NEVER USE SOAP! And never use metal scouring pads or, heaven forbid, the automatic dishwasher for cleaning. The secret is to always clean it while it's hot. Serve the food in another dish and clean the pot while it



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is still warm, using very hot water. If you have to clean a cold pot, heat it up first. The heat will open the pores and make the clean up a lot easier. If it is seasoned well, nothing will stick to it but if something does, fill it with hot water and set over medium heat. Use an egg turner to scrape the gunk off if necessary. In most cases, whatever is stuck will float off in boiling water.

One of my favorite camp cooks, Joel Cliett, suggested his tried-and-true method of cleaning up after a campfire meal by getting the skillet back on the fire and burning it clean. If this sounds odd to an "unseasoned" cook, a professional chuck wagon cook told me nearly the same thing about fifteen years ago. "After you finish cooking, just put the pot back on the fire and get it real hot. Pour some cold water in the pot and let it boil. It will break up all that is stuff and float it on. And if nothin's stuck on it, just leave out the water. Just get the pot hot and burn it clean, Turn the pot upside down on the fire and let it dry. Then grease it and wipe it out with a towel and that is it. Don't use soap.

Remember when you purchase cast iron, you are buying a heirloom that your grandchildren's children will cherish. Any cook would be thrilled to have Granny's bean pot or Aunt Ella's skillet. There is a lot to be said for permanence in this disposable world of paper plates and plastic forks.

When it comes to black iron, you can't improve on perfection. As I look at the skillets hanging in my kitchen, (some are at least 50 years old) I think of the glorious stories they could tell, the love that someone before me felt for them, and the wonderful meals they have provided for all these years.

And what would you give for a little back magic?

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Several years ago when some friends were getting married, we gave them a brand new Lodge dutch oven along with this note. At last word, their marriage has held up and we hear that their dutch oven has earned a pretty fine patina...

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A fine cast iron pot is a lot like a marriage. Both will require a lot of attention at first... and a lot of love and respect forever. In return for your care and attention, the cast iron pot will give you years of service and become an heirloom to pass down through the generations.

Cast iron, like love, will last forever if treated right. It isn't something you can just take home after the wedding and put on a shelf. You have to keep it out and respect it... use it and show it off.

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Sure, there are easier, more convenient types of cookware in these days of Teflon-coated aluminum and non-committal relationships... but they don't have the staying power of cast iron. They are the meaningless affairs of the culinary family. They are the "poached eggs and wine sauce"... while cast iron is the "meat and potatoes" of life.

Harsh words in a marriage are like harsh soaps in a cast iron pot. They wear away the finish and diminish some of the shine... just as soap will dull the finish of your wedding pot.

Pride—and that little bit of extra care that you give a cast iron pot in the beginning—is so important. True, it will take some time to season the pot, but you will find that just as the iron pot will gleam from the fruits of your extra attention—so will your marriage for years to come.

After a few years of use, your pot will develop a familiar, well-worn patina that no new store-bought fancy aluminum can match. And it will be a luster that you have brought on yourselves. Oh sure, you may see some that are flashier or prettier, or not so old fashioned... but they won't hold a candle to the one you have at home.

Kent and I were given a brand new cast iron Dutch oven when we were married and instructions on how to season it and care for it.

During those first few temperamental years of learning how to live with one another, we had our share of rough roads. But instead of slamming doors and leaving, I would head for the kitchen and season the pot. Sometimes after one of those arguments, I'd find Kent in the kitchen standing over the stove, adding another coat of oil to the pot.

Now, I'm not sure whether it was because I had such a temper or because we ate a lot of meals cooked in the pot... but after 10, these many years of marriage I can only say that our wedding pot is very well seasoned!

Through those first few months—or years—if you'll remember the pot and season it when you need to blow off steam, not only will you learn to put up with one another, you'll have one fine Dutch oven before you know it.

And years from now when you pass this wedding pot on to your child and his bride, you'll laugh at those hard times as you remember the struggles.

In the meantime, many plenty of pots of fine chili or stew warm your hearts on those cold winter nights—and may love, patience and understanding warm your home forever.

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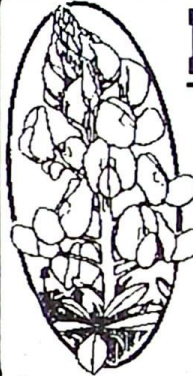
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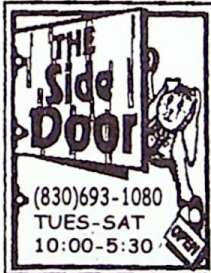
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