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PIONEER HISTORY
OF
BANDERA COUNTY



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PIONEER HISTORY
OF
BANDERA COUNTY

Seventy-five Years of Intrepid History

BY
J. MARVIN HUNTER
Author "The Trail Drivers of Texas"

*"A people that take no pride in the noble
achievements of remote ancestors will never
achieve anything worthy to be remembered
with pride by remote descendants."*

—Macaulay.

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FOREWORD.

Bandera county has a wonderful history. During the seventy-five years that have passed since white people settled this region, history has been in the making. Many tragedies have been enacted, many privations endured, many dangers experienced during this long span of years—three-quarters of a century. We have yet living with us some of the hardy pioneers that came with the first settlers, men and women who are today nearing the century mark, but still active and full of life. Volumes could be written to recount the deeds of daring, the thrilling experiences, the hardships and sufferings, the heroic achievements of the early settlers of Bandera county, and then much would be left untold. The rising generation ought to know something of the cost of the blessings we today enjoy, and it is the purpose of this volume to place on record a correct history of these pioneers, and tell of the sacrifices they made in order to redeem this great land from the hands of the roving bands of Indians who had always claimed it.

We cannot place a marble shaft at the head of the grave of each pioneer that has fallen in defense of the frontier, but we can place to record in a book a correct and authentic account of what our frontier people had to undergo. We cannot afford to leave things so sacred to memory alone, for time changes all things,

and soon these matters would all go into the forgotten past, with the passing of the old pioneers. In this way we will hand it down to coming generations, and thus not only perpetuate the fondest memories of the friends of the past, but it will also be a source of interest and pleasure by bringing up those thrilling scenes, for their excitements give a spice to life that it would not have without them.

OUR PIONEER WOMEN.

It is pleasant and right to recount the noble deeds of our fathers, but far more pleasant to say something in praise of our gentle sisters, the heroines of the pioneer; she who rocked the cradle bed of childhood; our first, last and faithfulest friend. We would feel remiss in a chivalric duty did we fail to note her share in the great work of discovery and improvement, and it is only proper that we should record some encouraging word to her aspirations and advocate her claims to a just and proper place in the history of our great state. The trophies of the years that pass are a few immortalities gleaned from its sepulchre. Epochs, events, characters, that survive: oblivion is the common goal of the race. Whatever has contributed to human weal has been remembered, memorialized by cenotaph and mausoleum and remains with us on History's page. Their deeds shine on the pages of history, like stars blazing in the night, and their achievements have long been celebrated in song and story. Romulus and Remus founded an empire and their names are immortal. Columbus discovered a new world and he stands unique in the sublime faith and courage which impelled him over an unknown sea.

Honor has been rather partial in bestowing her gifts and fame has placed her laurels chiefly on masculine brows, forgetting the countless heroines who were worthy of recognition. It is with great pride that we call attention to the fact that the pioneer women of Texas have proved themselves competent to fill positions other than presiding at the festal board, or beating out the rhythm of their blood with sandaled feet on polished floors, or strewing flowers in the path of the conqueror as he returns from the bloody carnage: for many noble names have swollen the list of those who have proven to the world that woman can be true and great even in the arduous duties incident to pioneer life. Bravely she has gone to the unprotected frontier, with no shelter but the crude cabin, the dug-out or the open camp, where the winds whistled, wolves howled, where Indians yelled, and yet within that rude domicile, burning like a lamp, was the pure and stainless christian faith, love, patience, fortitude and heroism. And as the Star of the East rested over the manger where Christ lay, so, speaking not irreverently, there rested over the roofs of the pioneers a star of the West, the star of Empire, and today that empire is the proudest in the world. The pioneer woman, though creature of toil and loneliness and privation, she endured it with a constancy as changeless as the solitude and danger about her. She has borne her part in all the vicissitudes incident to the outposts of the borderland and her hands have assisted in kindling the fires on the confines of civilization to guide the wheels of empire outward, onward. Of necessity, the pioneer woman sacrificed more than the pioneer man, the finer texture of her being was less

adapted to the rugged environments of pioneer life. However, as the tides of the ocean are forever faithful to the mysterious attraction of the moon, so woman has followed man across seas, over the mountains and into the deserts to witness his adventures and share his achievements. Those who lay the foundations of empire and extend the outposts of civilization are worthy of all honor, and especially is this true of the pioneer woman. If Texas today boasts of statesman or warrior, of patriots and freemen, of a civilization and a social fabric into which is inwrought the elements of permanency and progress, she owes it largely to her pioneer women who founded the first homes, worshipped in the first humble chapels erected to God on these western hills and boundless prairies now crowded with temples and churches and schools and institutions of learning, while the multitudinous tramp of a million feet are still heard in the distance coming this way to enjoy what these pioneer mothers purchased by their sacrifice and privation. It was not given to many of these leaders to enter into the fruits of their labors. This splendid civilization we enjoy today, the social vines that shelter us, the civic boughs whose clusters feed us, all spring from the seed sown, and the harvest of tears reaped by our pioneers, our old settlers. These pioneer women were familiar with much that has passed with the years, so rapidly have conditions changed. Be it said to their honor that in humble homes and with few advantages she did well her part; there was something in the lullaby that she sang to her children at twilight, in the sublime simplicity of her teachings that fostered a sturdy manhood and patriotism which was inwrought

into the stalwart republic, the precursor of the Lone Star State. She has been scalped and tortured by the savage, and her blood has reddened these plains and valleys as an oblation on the altar of empire. Her life and the tragic scenes through which she passed are each a romance where daring and adventure and sacrifice are the chief actors on its eventful pages.

All that is noblest in man is born of woman's constancy and deathless devotion to him. Knighthood found its inspiration in the pathos of her love and the charm of her smiles. Woman loves man, is jealous of his freedom, his liberty, his honor, and for him she sacrifices all. Heart and soul are the smallest things she immolates on any altar. The pioneer women of Texas robbed themselves out in drudgery and toil that their beauty might reappear in the structure their devoted hands built to liberty and progress. They buried themselves in these western solitudes, that from these living sepulchres might come the great pulse-beat of a mighty nation, buoyant, chivalric, progressive civilization. They gave up the comforts and pleasures of society, severed the tenderest ties of the human heart, home and kindred, the old altars where they prayed, the graves of their loved and lost, these the dearest things to a woman's heart, that we today might enjoy in their fullest fruition what they lost. We may well be proud of the temper of these Texas heroines; their dear old hands it is true were familiar with toil, but they wrought faithfully and well, and their dear old hearts beat the prelude to the grand march of the empire. Their feet beat out the trail over the trackless prairie and across rugged mountains which has since widened into the great thoroughfares

of commerce and travel; their tender hands planted the first flowers on the graves of those whose bones first reposed under Texas soil. God bless you, our dear pioneer women. We treasure you as trophies fresh from the field of victory; may your declining years be rewarded with the gratitude and appreciation of all who enjoy the blessings and privileges of this great country; may your last days be as the calm eventide that comes at the end of a quiet summer day when the sun is dying out of the west. We believe and admit it today that woman is heaven's "ideal of all that is pure and ennobling and lovely here, her love is the light of the cabin home." It is the one thing in the world that is constant, the one peak that rises above the cloud, the one window in which the light burns forever, the one star that darkness cannot quench—is woman's love. It rises to the greatest height, it sinks to the lowest depths, it forgives the most cruel injuries. It is perennial of life, and grows in every climate, neither coldness nor neglect, harshness nor cruelty can extinguish it. It is the perfume of the heart; it is this that has wrought all miracles of art, that gives us music all the way from the cradle song to the last grand symphony that bears the soul away on wings of joy. In the language of Petronius to Lygia, "May the white winged doves of peace build their nests in the rafters of your homes," may the gleams of happiness and prosperity shine on the pathway of your remaining days, and may the smile of an approving God be a lamp unto your feet and a light unto your pathway, guiding you safely across the frontier of time to a safe place beneath the shade of the trees on the other side.

TIMES HAVE CHANGED.

It is frequently said and sometimes believed that our old settlers are inclined to be forgetful of the past. But we do not believe they are even a bit forgetful of those happy days of long ago, the days of their youth, and the customs and manners of those early times. They are glad now and then to turn off the electric lamp and resort to their first love—the light of their fathers—the long to be remembered tallow candle.

The present day modernism, with all its excitements, does not keep the old pioneers from wandering back to the old stage coach, with its “four-in-hand,” the rude picket house that sheltered the family and provided protection from hostile bands; the ease and comfort of the old rawhide bottom chair; the pole bedstead, fringed with its calico curtain, and, not upon china rollers, but always had its place in its own corner, and the sleeper on awakening had the pleasure of looking into the depths of a great fire-place, ornamented with a mantel made from lumber whipsawed from the beautiful cypress, placed high, almost out of reach, and on which the old wooden clock, wound up every day with a crank, with its constant tick almost regulating the rising and setting of the sun. Held in reserve were the andirons, some of polished brass, others black from long continued use; and do not forget the crane swinging in and out with its many pots and kettles, and greatest of all, which every old pioneer refers to with haughty pride, the corn bread tak-

en from the skillet and lid—the aroma of the black coffee pot penetrating every niche of the room. Sitting quietly by is the old red rocker of our grandmothers, and hanging from its back might be seen the “black reticule,” and protruding from its folds the stem of a much worn pipe. The baby’s cradle, made out of a hollow post oak tree, sawed down and split open, planks nailed in the ends and rockers put on, was within easy reach. The dining table was made out of three-foot post oak boards, and the spinning wheel was the piano in that frontier home.

The old pioneers were not without music. The violin in the hands of some of the men, and the manipulation of the broomstraws, could not be surpassed—causing the terpsichorean to glide more smoothly over the puncheon floor, where, above all could be heard the words, “Swing your right hand partner half way round and all promenade.” These expressions may seem a little odd to this fast moving “two-step” age, but you must remember that the early settler was not surrounded with the advantages of today.

The wooden axle wagon, with its tar bucket, was the mode of conveyance. Calicoes, not silks, were in demand; boots and spurs were indicative of everything that was strong—shoes only for the fair.

Just mention these things to an old timer, and you will be quick to see the sparkle come into his eyes dimmed by the passing years, his form will become erect, the furrows of care on his brow will soften and his voice will become young again, for he is living over the old scenes of his happy youth. The faces of his early associates, the boys and girls of the frontier, will appear to him, the scenes of his childhood in vivid

distinctness will be brought into view, and his recollection will reach back across the span of years to the time when these things were. Would you, then, accuse the old pioneer of forgetting? The struggle and progress and the indomitable pluck of the early settlers of Bandera county will be the priceless heritage of our children to the remotest generation.

“Proud is that person who can trace
His ancestry to patriot sires—
Who, for the birthright of a race,
Lit Freedom’s everlasting fires.

“The races rise and fall,
The nations come and go:
Time tenderly doth cover all
With violets and snow.

“The mortal tide moves on
To some immortal shore,
Past purple peaks of dusk and dawn,
Into the evermore.”

BANDERA HAS A BEGINNING.

In the early spring of 1853 A. M. Milstead, Thos. Odem, and P. D. Saner, with their families, came to Bandera county and camped on the Medina river, where they engaged in making cypress shingles. They lived in tents for awhile, or until rude cabins could be provided. P. D. Saner and family came from Tennessee. Along about this time Mrs. Rees and her sons, Sidney, Adolphus and Alonzo, and a daughter who afterward married Judge Starkey, arrived in this county and located homes. The Witt family came here about the same time. Messrs. Milstead, Odem and Saner purchased the Hendrick Arnold Survey, consisting of half a league of land running from Bandera Creek to the Medina River. Mr. Saner built a house on the river, just above the site of Bandera's present school building, and lived there with his family. Other people began to come in, and a settlement was soon formed. In the fall of that same year, Charles de Montel established a horse-power sawmill here, which afforded employment for a number of men. A commissary store was put in, two or three cabins were erected, and the settlement became a village which was, from the start, called Bandera. Associated with

Mr. de Montel was John James, a surveyor, and the firm, which became known as James, Montel & Co., platted the townsite of Bandera. Previous to the location of the town, and when the three original families were still living in tents on the banks of the Medina, came Amasa Clark, who is still with us, and now in his 94th year.

On March 1, 1854, Elder Lyman Wight's company of Mormons, numbering about 250 persons, reached Bandera, and tarried here for a time, later removing to a point several miles below the village and established a camp on the Medina River, known for many years afterward as the "Mormon Camp." The site of this camp is now covered by the waters of Medina Lake. The Mormons remained there several years, but when their leader, Elder Wight, was claimed by death the colony disbanded and scattered. Of the remnant that remained here George Hay is the only one of the original company that is living today. Mr. Hay is now 86 years old, and quite active, being Justice of the Peace of Bandera Precinct.

In 1855, through the agency of James, Montel & Co., a number of Polish colonists were induced to locate here. There were sixteen families in the colony. Of the original Polish colonists only a very few are yet living, they being Mrs. F. L. Hicks, Mrs. John Adamietz, Mr. and Mrs. John Pyka, John, Gabe and Joe Anderwald, Mrs. Jake Postert, Charles Haiduk, Mrs. Frances Moravietz, Mrs. Joe Kalka, Mrs. Anton Anderwald, Constant Dugos, and possibly a few others. A full account of the coming of these colonists is given in the narrative of Mrs. John Adamietz.

Shortly after the arrival of the Polish colonists,

August Klappenbach, a German, built the first store building and postoffice in Bandera. This building still stands and is a part of George Hay's residence. It was constructed of lumber sawed from cypress timber, and John Dugos, one of the Polish settlers, was employed to erect it. Shortly afterward the large building now known as the Riverside Inn, was erected by A. Savery, and later acquired by H. C. Duffy. It was also built of native cypress lumber, and is yet in an excellent state of preservation and in constant use, being one of Bandera's popular hotels.

With the gradual growth of the village the need of a school was soon felt, and accordingly a school house was built on the site now occupied by Clements Kalka's home, and P. P. Pool, afterwards the first county clerk, was the first teacher. About twenty pupils were enrolled, and the tuition was \$2.00 per month.

At that time Bandera county was attached to Bexar county, but in 1857 the organization of this county was effected, and the following officers were chosen: O. B. Miles, Chief Justice; William Curtis, Sheriff; Irvin F. Carter, Tax Assessor and Collector; P. P. Pool, County Clerk. At that time Bandera was in the 17th Judicial District, and Judge Thomas Buckner was District Judge, and George H. Noonan was District Attorney.

Thus Bandera had a beginning, and new settlers kept coming in and locating in different parts of the county. Among the early settlers was Capt. Charles Jack, who purchased a large body of land in Bandera and Medina counties. He established the Jack Ranch, still known by that name, a few miles north of Ban-

dera, and employed A. Moncur, William Ballantyne, Robert Ballantyne and Eugene Oborski to make rails and build a fence around 320 acres of the land. These men received \$3 per hundred for splitting the rails.

O. B. Miles was one of the first settlers here and was quite prominent in the affairs of the community, being Chief Justice for a number of years, and lending material aid in the county's development. Later came Charles Montague, Sr., grandfather of Frank and Joe Montague, prominent citizens of Bandera today. Mr. Montague purchased from Milstead and Sauer a greater portion of the Hendrick Arnold half league and established a ranch thereon, the old home ranch now being occupied by Frank M. Montague.

In 1844 Castroville was established on the Medina River, about 35 miles below the present site of Bandera, and that town became quite a trading point. But this was the remote frontier for a long time, and the settlers were wholly at the mercy of the Indians, except for such protection as they themselves provided. The establishment of Camp Verde in 1856, where United States troops were stationed, afforded some relief, and created a greater feeling of security. On March 29, 1860, Robert Ballantyne raised a company of minuet men, from among the citizens here, and greatly aided in protecting the settlers. Judge George Hay has kindly furnished me with the names of the members of this company, and they are here given: Robert Ballantyne, lieutenant commanding; Francis Towle, first sergeant; August Pingenot, second sergeant; George Hay, first corporal; Joseph S. Curtis, second corporal. Ten privates: Richard Bird, G. W. Lewis, James Sier, Charles W. Wheeler, John

Thomas McMurray, Thomas L. Buckner, Laomi L. Wight, Heber L. Chipman, Thomas L. Miller, and Leonard Estes. This company of rangers was commissioned by Governor Sam Houston. Of this company only two are known to be living, Richard Bird, in Iowa, and George Hay of Bandera.

When the Civil War came on, this company disbanded, and some entered the Confederate service. Later a Frontier Battalion was organized, with O. B. Miles as enrolling officer. Those who enlisted were: Charles Montague, Jr., Andrew Mansfield, Anton Anderwald, Richard Bird, William Ballantyne, W. A. Walker, John Walker, James Walker, Thomas Bandy, James Bandy, John Bandy, Oscar Johnson, and others.

After the Civil War, and during reconstruction days, Bandera continued to grow, despite many difficulties and discouragements. The hardships and privations of the early settlers, and glimpses of some of the tragedies that were enacted here are given in succeeding chapters of this book.

BANDERA PASS.

Bandera Pass is a noted gap in the chain of mountains about ten miles a little west of north of the town of Bandera. This pass was named for General Bandera, a Spaniard, who, in 1733 defeated there a large body of Apaches, who made these mountains their rendezvous for attacks on the Spanish missionaries around San Antonio.

Several battles have been fought at Bandera Pass, probably the most noteworthy being the desperate fight there in 1843 when Col. Jack Hays and his rangers defeated a large party of Comanches. In this fight the Indian chief was killed, and his grave is yet to be seen at the north end of the Pass. Hays' force numbered altogether about 40 men, among them being Ben McCulloch, Kit Ackland, Sam Walker, George Neill, Ad. Gillespie, Sam Luckey, James Dunn, P. H. Bell, Mike Chevelier, Ben Highsmith, Lee Jackson, Tom Galbreth and Creed Taylor. Five rangers were killed in this fight, and six wounded. Lee Jackson was one of the rangers who lost his life. It was a very desperate encounter, being fought hand-to-hand, and the Indians outnumbering the white men more than five to one. Many Indians were wounded and slain. They finally withdrew to the north end of the pass and the rangers came back on the south side and there buried their dead at a water hole. The exact location of the graves of these men is unknown at this time. Tom Galbreth, one of the men wounded in this fight, has a son living at Devine.

Some of the men above named became famous in the history of our state.

CAMP VERDE.

Camp Verde, on Verde Creek three miles north of Bandera Pass, was established in 1856 for frontier protection and as a camel post. The idea of using camels for transportation on the Texas frontier was fostered by Jefferson Davis, who induced Congress to pass the act establishing this post and sending to Egypt to secure camels. Eighty camels and twelve Armenian drivers were brought here, but the experiment was a failure after ten years trial. The soft, spongy feet of the camels prevented their use in these hills, and in the course of time the government sold most of them for \$12 to \$14 per head. Some of them escaped and grew wild, some were taken to Mexico to be used by a transportation company, and some were taken to California. Amasa Clark, who lives near Bandera, worked with these camels and has two pillows made from camels' hair which he secured while there.

Among those in command of this post at different times were Gen. Robert E. Lee, Gen. Albert Sidney Johnson, Major Bowman, Lieut. Wheaton, and others. It was from here that Gen. Johnson started on his expedition to operate against the Mormons in Utah in 1857.

There is now but little left of the old post. The officers' barracks building has been slightly remodeled and is occupied as a dwelling by Mr. W. H. Bonnell, who owns the property. The other buildings have all been torn down and removed.

BLADEN MITCHELL.

Bladen Mitchell came to Bandera county from Manassas, Virginia, in 1856, and located a ranch on the north side of the Medina river, at what was then known as the Ten Mile Crossing, later called Mitchell's Crossing, but now covered by the waters of the great Medina Lake. Mr. Mitchell had a large bunch of good horses, but the Indians made frequent raids and soon got them all, so he turned his attention to cattle raising, associated in this undertaking with E. C. Lane, better known as "Stuttering Lane." Mr. Lane owned sutler's stores at Camp Verde, Fort Mason, and Fort McKavett, and furnished the money to buy cattle. This partnership continued for a number of years. Mr. Mitchell later moved to Bandera, and while living here he formed a partnership with Andrew Oliphant, a lawyer, and they embarked in the sheep business, leasing land in Kinney county, near Spofford Junction, on which to run their flocks. Oliphant moved to Eagle Pass and remained there. The sheep venture was not successful and Mr. Mitchell returned to Bandera and became deputy sheriff under Buck Hamilton, which place he held for a number of years, and when Sheriff Hamilton died Mr. Mitchell was appointed sheriff to fill out the unexpired term. At the time of Mr. Mitchell's death the following appeared in the *Bandera Enterprise*:

"Died at Utopia on the 20th day of April, 1890, Bladen Mitchell, in the 56th year of his age. Born in Virginia on what is now historic ground—the battlefield of Manassas. About 1854 he emigrated to Texas, and for the last 33 years he has resided almost con-

tinually in Bandera county, where he started a horse ranch about the year 1858, which was broken up by repeated raids of Indians who took from him in all about 400 head of good stock, the last raid being in 1869, when in one month they stole about 150 head. In 1867 he was desperately wounded with a poisoned arrow in a fight with Indians near the old Downs ranch, having gone thither in search of Dr. Downs to dress the broken leg of a friend, Chas. Scheidemontel. Known by all the old settlers of the country and by nearly all the later arrivals, he was loved and cherished by all. His ranch was a home to which all were welcome, and he sped the parting guest with a God-speed. Noted for his hospitality, his genial, kindly manner drew to him friends from all parts of the country. Reared in the Episcopal church, through life he remained a consistent member of that faith. Honest and upright in his character, gentle and kind in his manners, he was known only to be loved and he was loved best by those who knew him best. Aye, even in his last illness which was only troubled with the fear that he might become troublesome to his friends. Living, he was the true friend, the gentleman who could not be guilty of an ignoble act because his own conscience forbade it. 'Noblesse oblige' was to him, perhaps unconsciously, a rule of life. Dying, he has left no blot on his name, but a memory that will be loved and honored so long as those who knew him shall live, and a character which they will emulate."

INDIANS KILL ASSESSOR McMURRAY.

John Thomas McMurray was serving his first term as tax assessor and collector of Bandera county in 1861, and while on an assessing trip was killed by Indians on a draw to the Seco below the Joe Nye ranch. George Hay, of Bandera, gives the following version of the murder of Mr. McMurray:

"John Thomas McMurray came into my store one day and told me he was going over on the Hondo and the Seco to assess taxes, and was going alone. I told him he might encounter Indians, and advised him to go with the mail carrier, but he said he was not afraid. McMurray had belonged to our ranger company and I knew him to be a very brave man. He had a crippled arm caused by the accidental discharge of a shot gun, which somewhat incapacitated him, so we elected him tax assessor and collector. After leaving me that day I never saw him alive again. He stayed all night at a ranch over on the Seco, and next day, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, while traveling along he came upon two men who were in camp and eating a late dinner. These men were coming from the Frio Canyon to mill at Bandera. They invited McMurray to take dinner with them, but he said he was in a hurry and did not have time to tarry, so passed on, and when about a mile from this camp he was attacked by a large party of Indians. He quickly turned and started to run back to the men who were eating dinner, but was killed before he had gone very far, being shot in the back with arrows. The campers heard the yells and saw the Indians, and became frightened and hastily left, going back to their homes. Whether or

not they knew McMurray had been killed I do not know, but they never stopped until they reached the Frio. The weather was bitterly cold, it being winter time, and when word was brought to Bandera several days afterward that McMurray was missing, a searching party composed of P. D. Saner, Robert Ballantyne, O. B. Miles, myself, and others went out to the ranch of Henderson C. McKay, where we stayed all night, and the next morning we started out and found the body, laying face down. McMurray's pistol and assessment book had been taken away by the Indians, but he had not been scalped. We buried him there, and ever since then that draw has been known as Dead Man's Hollow."



AMANDA DAVIS KILLED BY INDIANS.

In 1854 Richard Davis, with his family, was camped on the Medina river, eight miles above the present site of Bandera, where he was making shingles. One day when his three daughters, Amanda, Susie and Lucy, went to a spring to get water they were attacked by three Indians who were concealed in the high grass, and Amanda was shot with arrows, one of them passing through her heart. The other two little girls outran the Indians and reached their camp in safety. Mr. Davis and Kit Stanford followed the Indians on foot for some distance, but did not overtake them. The body of the murdered girl was brought to the sawmill settlement for burial.

CAPTURED AN INDIAN.

It is said that Big Foot Wallace once captured an Indian boy and when he carried his captive to Castroville one of the citizens there begged Wallace to give the boy to him. Wallace, in his characteristic way, replied: "This is my Injun. If you want an Injun go and catch one. Thar be plenty more whar this one cum from."

Joseph B. Hudspeth, an early settler of the Hondo Canyon, eighteen miles west of Bandera, heard a disturbance on his premises one night, followed by the furious barking of his dogs, and going out in the moonlight to learn the cause he discovered a blanket lying on the ground not far from his front door. Thinking some of his family had left the blanket out in the yard he stooped to pick it up, when to his great surprise the blanket suddenly rose up and began to move off. There was an Indian under that blanket, and Mr. Hudspeth grabbed him in a gripping embrace and called to his wife to bring his gun to him quick. Mrs. Hudspeth lost no time in fetching the gun and seeing the struggle her husband was having, she placed the muzzle of the gun against the Indian's head and tried to pull the trigger but the gun failed to fire. Mr. Hudspeth finally overpowered the savage and took him into the house where it was found that the Indian was just a boy about 13 years old, but very active and strong. He was nearly naked having only a breech-clout and the blanket. Next day the Indian boy was brought to Bandera, and it was learned that he was a Tuscalero Indian that had been captured by the Coman-

ches when he was six years old. He had been on a raid with the Comanches, and becoming separated from the band had become lost and at the time was trying to steal a horse from Mr. Hudspeth on which to make his way back to the tribe.

The young Tuscalero was turned over to Polly Rodriguez, a well known guide and trailer for the rangers. He remained with Rodriguez many years and was known to all of our early settlers.

RICHARD M. WARE.

Richard M. Ware was an early settler in Sabinal Canyon, locating there in 1852. In 1866 Mr. Ware and Charles Durbin started to Bandera to get meal. The distance was forty miles, and it was the nearest mill from this canyon. On the way back, and when nearly home, in the lower part of Seco Canyon, they saw a drove of horses coming up the valley towards them driven by a band of Indians. Just above where the old Bandera road crosses the Seco a man named Myrick had built a house, but it was vacant at this time. Ware and Durbin made a run for this house, and were discovered by the Indians who came yelling and shooting at them. The white men beat the race and got inside the cabin, and prepared for a fight, but the redskins did not attack. After remaining in the house for some time and when all seemed quiet outside, Mr. Ware stepped out to reconnoiter, when he was fired upon by an Indian concealed behind a liveoak tree, the ball passing just over his head. Next morning the Indians had disappeared.

LIFE STORY OF MRS. ANNIE E. BROWN.

WRITTEN BY MRS. L. HICKS, TARPLEY, TEXAS

I was born in Thibadeauxville, La Fourche Parish, Louisiana, in 1838. My father was a slaveholder and owned an interest in a steamboat company. When I was four years old my mother died, but with the help of servants and my old black "Mammy" nurse, my father kept me until I was seven years old, when he, too, was claimed by death. Then I was taken into the home of my guardian where I grew up with his children. We received our education in the plantation home, having private tutors who taught English, arithmetic, spelling, writing, reading, French and Latin. Public schools in the South at that time were very scarce and poorly attended, most people either keeping tutors or else sending to boarding schools.

When I was 18 years old I was given my portion of my father's estate, and went to live with relatives at Alexandria, La. Here I again took up the study of French and Latin, having finished my other studies in the home of my guardian. Life on the plantations was usually quiet. We had time to read, study, do fancy work, and take recreation. The large plantations placed neighbors several miles apart, yet we would have company perhaps two or three times a week. We traveled on horseback or in carriages. Our amusements were riding, picnicking, dancing, fishing parties, and boating.

While at Alexandria I met Mr. Brown and we were married November 25th, 1859. At this time Mr. Brown was a clerk in a wholesale house in Shreveport, but growing tired of this work, and the country

being in a state of turmoil and on the verge of civil war, we decided to go to California, so we set out for Austin, Texas, intending to go from there to El Paso, and on to California. We expected to fall in with one of the immigrant trains, as we did not care to make the long journey alone. We had converted all of our property into money before leaving home, and traveled to Austin in a light spring wagon. Here we spent a month, when we learned that we could not go to California via El Paso on account of hostile Indians. We then decided to go to Eagle Pass, cross over into Mexico, and follow what was then called the Southern Route, but before we started we learned that we would not be permitted to enter Mexico unless we carried cotton. Accordingly Mr. Brown bought a wagon and five bales of cotton, and we set out, but when we reached Eagle Pass we were not permitted to cross, so we had to sell our cotton on this side and come back. Two months later we reached Souse Creek, four miles below Castroville, and being worn out with our long journey, Mr. Brown left me to board with a family named Beipert, while he went to San Antonio and engaged in hauling cotton to Eagle Pass. I stayed here four or five months, and when my baby girl was one month old I rented a room from Mr. Christian Santleben and went to housekeeping during Mr. Brown's absence.

One day, while sitting in my room—my baby was on the bed—a strange man suddenly entered and addressed me in German. I replied that I could not speak that language, but would call the lady of the house who would talk to him. He then uttered an oath and said, "I can talk as good English as you."

I thought he was drunk, so I went and called Mrs. Santleben, who was sick in bed, and when I told what he said she at once arose and remarked that he must be a crazy man who had been at large. She went into my room and found him standing over my baby with a long knife in his hand. She asked him what he was doing there. His reply was, "My mission in life is to make angels for God." With rare presence of mind, realizing that she had a desperate lunatic to deal with, Mrs. Santleben hastened to say, "You cannot make angels unless you first take the sacrament. Come, and I will give you bread and wine," to which he replied, "That's so," and walked from my room into a hallway adjoining it, and while he was eating what Mrs. Santleben prepared and set before him, Mary Santleben and I took the baby and escaped through a back window and ran into a cornfield and hid. But I could not bear to leave the old lady alone with that crazy man, so giving the baby to Mary, I told her to go to the nearest neighbor for help, and I went back to the house. The man seemed to have forgotten the baby and while he was still eating, Mrs. Santleben and I quietly left the house and went out on the prairie where we could watch until he left. We were afraid he would set fire to the house. Finally he came out, and catching sight of us, he drew his knife and started running in our direction. We had some distance the start of him and ran our best, dodging behind trees as much as possible. Mrs. Santleben, being old and ill, fell time after time, saying she could go no farther, but each time I helped her up and urged her on. Finally we came to an arroya where we managed to hide, and, not finding us, he went on down

the road toward San Antonio. The help we sent for never came. This was during the Civil War and only very old men and young boys were left in the homes, and as there were only two boys at the place where we sent for help they were afraid to come to our assistance, as they knew the crazy man and were afraid of him. We learned later that he reached San Antonio and entered a home there while the family was at supper. He turned the table upside down, and announced that his mission "was to make angels for God." These people called in the officers and it took eight of them to conquer him. He was sent back to the insane asylum and I think died there.

After this Mr. Brown took two more loads of cotton to Eagle Pass and brought back dry goods, sugar, coffee, etc., which he sold to the merchants in San Antonio, reserving what we would need ourselves. One day while in San Antonio he was arrested and thrown into the guard house as a deserter from Sibley's Brigade, when as a matter of fact he knew nothing of this brigade. He had friends who soon secured his release. He then began freighting for the government to do which he had to purchase a heavy ox-wagon that would carry a certain amount of cotton, and drawn by three yoke of steers. He was to take the cotton to Eagle Pass and bring back supplies for the government. He had never driven oxen before, but started out and managed to get as far as Kincheloe Prairie, somewhere near Sabinal, and camped there, hobbled out his steers and went to sleep. Next morning he hunted his oxen but could not find them, so had to leave his wagon on the prairie. He searched

for these oxen about three months, but never found them. After this he came back to Mr. Santleben's and made arrangements for the use of his teams, agreeing to give Mr. Santleben half of his earnings. He continued in this work until the war ended.

While Mr. Brown was at this work I had another fright. We had left Santleben's house and rented a house from a man named Katisky, who had a grown daughter. This girl came to my house one morning and said, "Something dreadful has happened. So bad I cannot tell you." My thoughts naturally turned to Mr. Brown, and I was sure he had been killed. She led me to the door, and a short distance in front of her home I saw the body of a man hanging from a tree. At the sight of this I collapsed. The manner in which she had informed me of the finding of this body caused me to jump to the conclusion that it was my husband hanging there. I was unconscious all day, but next day was told the particulars. We did not learn the dead man's name, but he had charge of a train of negro teamsters going with cotton to Eagle Pass, and was hanged by a vigilance committee that thought he was running his negroes into Mexico to keep from giving them up. I think this was done by Trumbull's committee, but do not believe they were actuated by love of liberty in this instance.

While hunting his oxen out on the Frio river, Mr. Brown became acquainted with a Mr. Woodward, who owned a place on the Medina, eight miles from Castroville. He told Mr. Brown that he could have all he could make on this place if he would stay on it and look after his ranch, so we moved thereto. Here

were on the main road where large wagon trains passed loaded with sugar, coffee, and other supplies for San Antonio. We often exchanged corn, meat, and other products with the teamsters for provisions and dry goods.

Afterward we rented a farm, half and half, with some German boys. Here we planted a corn crop, also a garden—our first garden in Texas. A drouth struck us, and on the 26th of July we cut down our corn for fodder. The next day it rained! The German boys did not cut their corn, and raised a fairly good crop. Disgusted with this venture, and having spent about all the money we had brought with us from the east, we again decided to move, so we went to Devine and “squatted” on a piece of land about two miles from that place. We received a very cold welcome to our new home, as the night we arrived there (in January) we had the heaviest snow I have ever seen in Texas. Mr. Brown had to sit up all night and build big log-heap fires to keep us warm. The children and I tried to sleep between two feather beds. Our new home was near that of Capt. “Big Foot” Wallace, who we found to be an excellent neighbor, and we soon became fast friends. After we had been here some time Mr. Brown made a trip to San Antonio, returning home one night about 12 o’clock. He had driven a horse and a mule on the trip, and when he reached home he just turned them out. Early the next morning a neighbor came over to borrow a horse to ride, saying he had staked his own horse out and he had gotten away. Mr. Brown went with him to get the horse he had used the night before, and a short distance from the house they found the mule with

three arrows sticking in his body. The mule soon died. They never found the horses, for the Indians had taken them away. No other depredations were committed at this time, but later the Indians killed a boy, Issaac Galbreth, who had gone to look after a horse he had staked some distance from his home. His mother heard his screams and ran to him, but he was dead when she got there. The mother stayed with him while her daughter went for help. This daughter is now Mrs. Heath of Hondo.

Some time after this two of our neighbors, Mr. Whitley and Mr. McCrey and their two sons, went out on Black Creek hunting. While the boys were away from camp the Indians killed Whitley and McCrey. They were brought to Devine for burial.

Times became very dull, and Mr. Brown hired a negro boy to do the work about the place while he went to San Antonio to seek employment. Failing to secure work there he went to Fort Worth, where he was stricken with typhoid fever. While convalescent he secured a position, started back for the children and I, expecting to move us there to make our home. But while on the road he relapsed and died, and I was left to fight life's battles alone.

I traded the improvements on my claim to Captain Wallace for a pair of fine horses and put the negro boy to freighting, and thus made my living for awhile, but at last the negro married and I could not keep him longer. Then I took boarders, Captain Wallace being one of them. With the money I managed to save from keeping boarders I bought lumber and built a house about four miles above Devine, thinking I would make my home there. I had purchased the

land from a lawyer, Russel Howard, of San Antonio, but when I had it surveyed, to my dismay, I found my house stood on land belonging to a man whose heirs lived in France. I tried to trade for this land, but could not do so. However, I planted a cotton crop, but as it was a dry year I raised only a few hundred pounds. Accompanied by my daughter, Mary, and a neighbor's daughter, I took this cotton to Castroville to have it ginned, expecting to make the trip in a day. But I lost the tire and felloes from one of my wagon wheels and was compelled to stay overnight to have it fixed. We started home next morning, and met a party of our neighbors who had become uneasy about our safety, fearing the Indians had killed us.

Discouraged by the drouth and also somewhat frightened by hearing of the finding of the bodies of two dead men in a pasture near mine, I again determined to move. Mr. Lewis, one of my neighbors who owned all of the land where Devine now stands, had sold out and moved to Bandera county. The family came back and gave me such a glowing description of the cool, full flowing streams, fine grass and picturesque mountains, that I decided to come here. Mr. Dave Lewis promised to move my effects, so on November 25, 1876, we started, with Mr. Lewis and Sharp Whitley driving for us. Again I was greeted by a storm, a Texas "blue norther," accompanied by sleet and ice. We had expected to reach Mr. Lewis' house that night, but were compelled to stop at Barnes Bluff, near the old Rothe ranch, and seek protection from the storm. The men sat up all night to keep up the fires or we might have frozen. The next day we

reached Mr. Lewis' home on Williams Creek, in Bandera county. Here we spent a very quiet winter with his family. Soon after we came here Deputy Sheriff Phillips was killed by the Indians at Seco Pass, about four miles from where we were staying. We lived with the Lewis family until spring and having filed on land as a homestead, I felt that I should go and live on it, as the law required it, and, over the protest of my neighbors, I took my son and camped under a large oak tree. While here Grandpa Cazey came and begged me to leave; said he was afraid he would have to come and pick up my bones some day. I replied that if it was to be my fate I would just as soon have him pick them up as anybody, but this was my home and I intended to stay.

When summer had passed I got Grandpa Lewis to take me and my son back to Devine, where I had rented out my place, to get my share of the crops, and while down there I traded that land for a yoke of steers and a big ox-wagon which I knew I could sell when I got back to Bandera county. When I returned I found my neighbors had erected a log cabin for me during my absence. It was not quite finished, the roof not having been put on. About this time Sam Cazey and Jim Lewis prepared to go over on the Sabinal River to make cypress shingles. Sam Cazey asked me to take charge of his place while he was gone, which I did, and spent the winter there, and taught the neighborhood school for three months. I had nine pupils. Most of the neighbors paid tuition in trade or work. Mr. Hudspeth paid money, and Jim Lewis paid me with shingles with which I covered my house and the next spring I moved back to it.

The following year a family named Ellis moved into the county. Mrs. Ellis was an invalid, and I was engaged to take care of her. I had done a great deal of nursing but never before for wages. I remained with the Ellis family all summer and in the fall they sold out to Mr. Ross, who in turn sold to Mr. Tucker.

The following spring I was employed at the Maverick ranch, and remained there three years. When the Mavericks sold out, Mrs. Maverick urged me to go to San Antonio with them, and I went there to follow my profession—that of nursing. I secured all I could do, and often had to refuse work for lack of time to do it. I nursed for about thirty years, most of the time in San Antonio. I always nursed under specific directions of a doctor, some of them being old Dr. Cupples, Dr. Ferdinand Herff, Sr., Dr. Adolph Herff, Dr. Barnitz, Drs. Kingsley, Dr. Jones. I made several trips to Boerne to nurse. We went by the old stage coach, leaving San Antonio in the morning, arriving at Leon Springs for dinner at the Aue Hotel, and reaching Boerne some time in the afternoon. I also went to Kerrville and nursed under Dr. Palmer, who still lives there. In all of my nursing I never lost a patient. I went to Del Rio to nurse a lady, and while there I was in a terrible storm, which wrecked a new Episcopal church and several shacks. The house in which I was staying was badly damaged and my patient was made very ill. In caring for her I dislocated my back, from which I suffered very much, and the injury prevented me from nursing for nearly three years.

While I was in San Antonio I invested \$300 in a loan association, which afterwards went broke. Before I returned to my home on Williams Creek, I tried to get my money back, but they refused to pay me. However, with the help of Mr. E. H. Terrell, in whose family I had nursed, I succeeded in getting my money back. After paying my bills there I reached home with about \$125, with which I bought lumber and built another house on my place, my daughter and her husband occupying the log house there.

When Mr. E. H. Terrell, of San Antonio, was appointed minister to Belgium by President Harrison, I was engaged to accompany them to Belgium as nurse and companion. Our first stop was at St. Louis, where we spent a week with Mr. George Maverick, a brother to Mrs. Terrell. Then we went on to New York, where we spent two weeks while Mr. Terrell was in Washington getting everything in readiness to assume his duties abroad. As we came to New York our route took us through Johnstown, Pa. As we left Johnstown I remarked that I would not live in that place for all the wealth in the valley. The rest of the party laughed at me, but the first news we heard from America when we landed at Havre, France, was that Johnstown had been swept away by a flood.

I was very seasick while we were crossing the Atlantic. We landed at Havre, and went from there to Paris, where we spent nearly a month waiting for the former minister to finish his work so we could move to the legation. Then we went to Brussels, Belgium, and Mr. Terrell entered upon his duties. Here we remained all of that year and until the summer of

the next year, when Mrs. Terrell, the children and I traveled in Switzerland. Our first stop was at Basle, the "Gateway to Switzerland," where we spent awhile sightseeing. Then Mr. Terrell joined us and we went to Berne, and saw the world famous "Pit of Bears," and also the "Apostles' Clock." From Berne we went to Anterlarkin, a beautiful little city at the foot of the Alps, with a lake on either side. Here we spent two months, and saw a great many wonderfully beautiful sights. Mr. and Mrs. Terrell went everywhere, climbed the Alps, and saw everything, while I kept the children. I made many short trips with them. While here I saw snow fall in August. When we returned to Bussels Mr. and Mrs. Terrell resumed their official and social duties. I had the care of the children, and remained with them a year and a half longer. Learning that Mr. Terrell was expecting to be transfered to Russia I asked them to release me so I could return home, as I had always entertained a horror of Russia and could not bear to think of going there. So I left my good friends and sailed for home, making the long journey alone without any trouble, except I was very sick as long as I was on the ocean. I was indeed glad to reach old Bandera county once more, and remained here for sometime. Later I went to Eagle Pass to do nursing, and made several trips into Mexico, going to Monclova and Terreon. On one of these trips I was in a railroad wreck, but escaped unhurt.

I returned to Bandera county to take care of my cattle, and follow ranching once more. When I moved up from Devine in 1876 I had two fine horse collars which I traded for a cow and calf. I gave

this cow and calf to my son. I also had a 60lb feather bed which I traded to Jim Lewis for a cow and calf, Mr. Lewis also agreeing to floor my cabin, which up to this time had only a dirt floor. This was in 1877. These cattle had been on my range all these years and had increased so I had to have more range. I purchased a piece of land from Street Hudspeth, and to pay for it and fence it I borrowed \$700 from my son. In 1916 he wished to go to Arizona, and needed the money, and I let him have the cattle to pay the debt, and he sold them. It was a very lucky deal all around, as three years of drouth followed, and if we had kept the cattle they would have died of starvation. From the first cow that I ever owned I am sure I have sold \$1,000 worth of stock, and I still have one of her descendants, which I am milking today. After paying my son, I was free from debt and had 480 acres of land. For several years I tried farming, and then rented out my land for awhile, but it was unsatisfactory, and I decided to sell out. I sold my original pre-emption, 160 acres on the head of Williams Creek for \$950, and in the fall of 1920 I sold the balance of my land, except 74 acres on which I have built a house and cultivate a garden and raise cow feed. I received \$10 per acre for the last land I sold, and put the money out on interest and the income is sufficient to keep me in comfort the balance of my days. I live alone from choice, that I may feel free to work when I please, play or read whenever I wish, and do as I like.

I have seen Southwest Texas and Bandera county change from a wilderness to a land of cultured homes; have seen the prairie schooner replaced by the auto-

mobile; have lived through the Mexican War, the Civil War, the Spanish-American War, the Philippine War, and the World War, and I hope there will never be another. The pioneer homes here had but few comforts, no luxuries. Their beds were made by driving stakes in the ground and placing split rails across; on this was placed a shuck or feather bed. The women sewed by hand, but I was fortunate in having a sewing machine. We cooked in the open fire-place. I have seen many great changes, too many to mention. I am now 83 years young, and I believe I have lived in one of the world's most interesting periods. Through it all I can see the work of an All-Wise, All-Powerful Creator, and I am content.



The Old Duffy Hotel in Bandera

KILLING OF THEODORE KINDLA.

In the summer of 1872, Theodore Kindla, aged about 25 years, was a sheep boss for Judge J. B. Davenport, who ranged his flocks over in Sabinal Canyon, below Utopia. One evening Kindla left camp, and went to look for a water hole, intending to move his sheep to a new range the next day. When only a short distance from camp he was attacked by several Indians, who roped him, shot several arrows into his body, lanced him several times, and while he was still alive the hell-born savages scalped him and peeled the skin from the soles of his feet. They left him then and passed on up the valley. After they were gone Kindla got up and, though horribly wounded, made his way toward his camp, but after going about 200 yards he fell and expired. A Mexican herder, who saw the Indians coming, concealed himself in some bushes and witnessed the tragedy, but was powerless to render aid as he was unarmed. As soon as he felt safe to venture forth he went to the fallen man and finding him dead, hastened to give the alarm, but it was late the next day before help came, and the body was so badly decomposed that burial was made where the unfortunate man fell.

Theodore Kindla was the son of John Kindla, a pioneer citizen, and was a half-brother to Ernest F. Kindla who now lives in Bandera. Phillip Mazurek, also a well known citizen of Bandera, remembers Theodore Kindla quite well, and says he often associated with him during his boyhood days. They hunted together, worked together, and were boon companions,

CAME TO TEXAS IN 1850.

W. H. White, who resides in the Pipe Creek community, Bandera county, gives the following narrative for this book:

I was born in Anderson county, Tennessee, Dec. 25th, 1834, and came to Texas with my parents when I was 16 years old. We reached Rockwall January 1, 1850, where father rented a farm. Later he bought a place 18 miles east of Dallas and lived there four years, then moved to Denton county. In the early part of 1859 we moved to San Antonio, which at that time was only a small place. When the war between the states broke out I cast my lot with the Confederacy and served until the war ended, then returned to San Antonio. I was married in 1865 to Miss Mary Ann Reynolds, and we have six children: George White of Pipe Creek; James and William White of Girard, Texas; Joe White of Austin; Mrs. Lydia Sherman of San Antonio, and Mrs. Laura Churvi of Houston.

I located on Pipe Creek June 12, 1870. The first night we were here the Indians killed one of my oxen and crippled another. The population of the county at that time was small, but this was a beautiful country, game was plentiful, the future looked good, and I "stuck it out" and endured the hardships with the other settlers. For fifty-two years—more than half a century—I have lived on Pipe Creek in Bandera county, Texas, the best place on earth. I came and found this region a trackless wilderness, infested with wild beasts and wild men; but the old dangers have passed away and today I behold a land of contentment, where happiness reigns supreme.

THE KILLING OF BERRY BUCKELEW.

From A. J. Sowell's interesting book, "Texas Indian Fighters," we get the following account of the killing of Berry C. Buckelew, the father of L. B. C, Buckelew, who lives near Lima, in Bandera county:

"Berry Champion Buckelew was born February 15, 1824, in Laurens county, Alabama, and came to Texas in the early fifties from Arkansas. He had four milk cows, and these he broke to the yoke and worked them to his wagon to Texas, and then traded for some young steers and milked his cows. In 1856 he settled on Laxson's Creek, but soon after moved to the Sabinal Canyon and lived at the Blue Water Hole on a ranch of Judge James Booker Davenport, and kept some stock for him on shares. During this time he went back to Laxson's Creek, where his nephew was making shingles and carried a load to San Antonio and sold them. With the proceeds of the sale of the shingles Mr. Buckelew bought supplies and started back home, and in the evening of January 26th, 1866, he arrived at Cosgrove's ranch on the Seco, and ate supper there about sundown. His team was very tired, and he borrowed a yoke of oxen from Cosgrove to pull his wagon on home. But a curious thing happened. He was unable to hitch the oxen to the wagon, although they were perfectly gentle. They continually plunged and tried to get away, and were finally turned loose and Buckelew started on home, the distance being five or six miles. Before he started, however, Cosgrove told him he had better not go, as Indians were in the country and he had seen two of them. This was on Friday evening, and Buckelew

left the ranch about dusk. On Saturday morning Mr. Cosgrove saw a horse across the creek in a flat and sent a negro after it, thinking it was one of his, but when the boy came back he said the horse did not belong to the ranch. Cosgrove went over to look at the horse and found that he belonged to Buckelew—one he led behind the wagon to drive up his oxen on every morning while camping on the trip. Mrs. Cosgrove said: 'I will bet anything the Indians have killed Mr. Buckelew.' Her husband thought not, and said she was too easily scared. On Sunday some cowmen ate dinner there, and Mrs. Cosgrove told them she believed Buckelew was killed. Redmond Givens, hearing all this, went over on the Sabinal to the Davenport ranch and asked Mrs. Buckelew where her old man was. She answered that he had not yet returned from his trip. Givens then told of the circumstances of his passing the ranch, and an alarm was at once raised. Givens went up the canyon to Waresville after men to help hunt, and got Ben Biggs, Joel Fenley, Wilson O'Bryant and others, and they closely searched the road on both sides back to Cosgrove's. The body was found one and a half miles from home, some distance from the road, down in a gully, as was also the wagon and team. One ox was dead, having been shot by the Indians, but the other three were still hitched to the wagon, alive but unable to get out of the ravine. Mr. Buckelew was lying on his back and a pile of rocks was under his head, and three arrows were in his body. It was evident that he was walking beside his wagon when the attack was made, and the Indians came up in his rear and shot one arrow into his back, and as he whirled around to con-

front them two more were sent into his breast. Probably then the team left the road and ran away, and he followed, trying to get some protection from the wagon, until it went into the ravine and the oxen stopped from inability to proceed any further, and here the Indians killed him, beating his head badly in doing so. The body was taken home by the men who found it.

"Berry Buckelew, Jr., who still lives in Bandera county, was six years old when his father was killed and remembers well how he looked when laid out, and went up and kissed him. He thinks his father lived until just before the body was found, and that he placed the rocks under his head himself. His reason for this, and a very good one, is that the body was still warm when found, although having been there two days and nights. It is likely that the led horse broke loose when the team ran, and came back to Cosgrove's.

"After the killing of her husband, Mrs. Buckelew went back to Bandera, bought a lot in town, and sent her children to school. Here after a time (in 1868) she married James W. Siers, a veteran of the Mexican War, and then moved back to Laxson's Creek."

DR. EDWIN M. DOWNS.

One of the prominent citizens of Bandera county in the early days was Dr. Edwin M. Downs, who brought his family here in 1857 and located a ranch on East Verde Creek, about five miles from the village of Bandera. He built a substantial two-story stone

dwelling, which later was destroyed by fire. Dr. Downs owned an immense body of land extending from the East Verde to West Verde Creek and including what is known as the Peach Tree Water Hole, so named by the early citizens finding a peach tree growing there. Dr. Downs entered the Confederate service as a surgeon, and was located at Ft. Inge, Ft. Lancaster, Ft. Stockton and other army posts. After the war he returned home, and disposing of his holdings here he started to California with his family and a large party of immigrants, among them being William Curtis, who was Bandera county's first sheriff, Joe Curtis, Mr. Snow and a man named Bowers. Two of Dr. Downs' sons, Ed and Henry Downs, are now living on the Nueces.

While living on East Verde Dr. Downs, accompanied by his son, Ed Downs, and Bladen Mitchell, started over to Mitchell's ranch to attend Charles Scheidmontel, who had sustained a broken leg. They were attacked by a party of Indians, and Mitchell and Ed Downs were wounded, Mitchell being shot with a poisoned arrow. They outran the Indians and got back to the Downs ranch, and sent Calvin Dutcher to Bandera. A party of men went out there, among them being George Hay, Robert Ballantyne, and O. B. Miles, arriving about three hours after the fight. They followed the trail of the Indians for some distance, but the savages had such a good start they could not be overtaken. Both Ed Downs and Bladen Mitchell recovered from their wounds.

At the time of this fight Dr. Downs was partially paralyzed, and had been in that condition for some time, but he attended all patients he could get to.

EARLY DAYS IN OLD BANDERA.

Judge C. W. Harris, of Medina, is one of the old timers of Bandera county, is Justice of the Peace of Medina Precinct, owns a nice home and a valuable body of land there. He kindly furnished me with the following:

"My grandfather, Charles Jack, came to Bandera in 1857 and bought the A. Ebner Survey, about five miles north of Bandera, on the Bandera and Center Point road, the place still being known as the Jack Ranch. He improved the place as rapidly as possible, putting 200 acres in cultivation and working the same with slave labor up to about the close of the Civil War. He left Texas in 1866, and died in St. Louis, Mo., in August, 1867. I wish to here mention a feat performed by him which is known by the people living in Bandera at the time. In 1858, or 1859, he threw his saddle on a bay mustang pony, at his home near Bandera, and rode him through to his old home near Genesis, Illinois, unaccompanied by any one except a chance stranger here and there along the trail for a few miles. I remember when he arrived at his home, and I rode that pony many times. His name was Jim, and he lived many years after that long journey. My grandfather returned to Texas after a short time, and we did not see him again until 1866, the war having cut off all communication between the two sections of our country.

"I left my home in Chicago in October, 1871, reaching Bandera in November, 1871. I came by rail to New Orleans, crossing the Mississippi on the ferry to Alexandria; thence by rail to Brashen City, now

Morgan City; thence across the Gulf on one of the Morgan Line steamers (The Josephine) to Galveston; and thence by rail to Columbus, the terminus of the railroad; thence to San Antonio by stage 160 miles, it taking me several hours longer to travel the 160 miles than it did to come from Chicago to New Orleans, about 1200 miles. I stopped in San Antonio a short time, then took the El Paso stage for Boerne. 'Pap' Howard, known throughout West Texas, was the driver. After remaining in Boerne several days I, with P. D. (Pat) Saner, Sheriff Standerbach, and two other gentlemen whose names I do not remember, came over to Bandera on horseback, traveling a trail from Boerne to the Bandera and San Antonio road at the Prather place. This would hardly be considered a road now, as it consisted of two trails close enough together for a wagon wheel to run in each trail. Between Boerne and the crossing of Bandera Creek there was just one house in sight of the road, that being the home of Marion Hodges and it was in Kendall county. The next house was on Bandera Creek, on the James Ranch now owned by J. A. Miller, and I think Andrew Mansfield lived there at that time. Arriving in Bandera we put up at the hotel of Mrs. Hay, mother of Judge George Hay. Schmidtke & Hay ran a general merchandise store in the rock building now occupied by Henry Stevens as a residence. General merchandise in those days included merchandise not now sold on the open market but obtainable by the worldly-wise in any town that pretends to be up-to-date, at somewhat higher prices than in the good old days. Bandera Lodge, No. 324, A. F. & A. M., occupied the upper floor over the

Schmidtke & Hay store, it having been chartered in June, 1870. There was a blacksmith shop where the Noonan store is now, and Charlie Gersdorff worked there. The Riverside Inn belonged to H. C. Duffy and was occupied by him and Charles Montague, Jr., as a residence. In the spring of 1872 Geissel & Scheidemontel opened a saloon where the Lincoln building now stands, and, to the best of my recollection, it was some grand opening. In 1873 E. Huffmeyer opened a store where the Montague residence is now located. His brother, Adolph, afterward went in with him, the firm being known as E. Huffmeyer & Bro. They built and for many years occupied the building now used by W. J. Davenport & Co. At the time of my arrival in Bandera the public officials were Judge Thornton, district judge; T. M. Paschal, district attorney; (the district court then had jurisdiction in probate matters, and if there was a county judge I do not remember him). Wm. E. Westerfield was district and county clerk, Thad C. Rine was sheriff, and I think Chas. Montague, Sr., was county surveyor, as I know he was doing most of the surveying at that time; I have forgotten the names of the assessor and treasurer. Chas. Montague, Jr., was justice of the peace, and was elected district and county clerk in 1872, holding that office about thirty years. H. C. Duffy was the only attorney-at-law in Bandera then, and right here I want to say that my friend, Colonel Duffy, is the only man I have ever known that I never saw angry. He was always in a good humor, and loved the human family. At the time of my arrival and for some time thereafter, there was not a resident minister of the Gospel or a practicing physician with-

in the county, but to the best of my knowledge and belief the morals and general health of the people were fully as good then as they are now. I am confident I can verify this statement by the people of that day who are now living.

“In the spring of 1872 Pat Saner and I sold to Sam Jones and P. C. (John) Clark the G E and Circle S brands, estimating the cattle at 700 head, for a consideration of \$5.00 per head cash. There were a great many three and four-year-old beeves in the herd, but it was considered a good sale. Pat Saner did all the trading—all I had to do with it was to rake half of the money into a shot sack, that being my interest in the brands. The money was counted out in Mexican doubloons, Mexican twenties and Mexican dollars on the table in the office of the county clerk, which was in the log part of the house now occupied by Judge Hay, the hotel of Mrs. Hay occupying the rest of the house. At that time Bandera received mail weekly. It came from San Antonio to Comfort by stage, and Joe Heinen, brother of J. P. Heinen of Bandera, carried it on horseback through Elm Pass to Bandera every Wednesday, waiting an hour or so, then returning to Comfort. I remember of only two newspapers that came in the mail—the Galveston News and the Louisville Courier-Journal. We used to read them just a little at a time to make them last until the next Wednesday. I believe Bandera's first newspaper was started by a man named Stevenson in 1878. He sold out to John Guthrie in 1881, and the name was changed to The Bandera Bugle. Mr. Guthrie ran the Bugle until some time in the early 90s, when he moved to Boerne and acquired the Boerne Post, which he

conducted up to the time of his death. The motto at the masthead of the Bugle read: 'Who tooteth not his own horn the same shall not be tooted.' In the early 80's William Hudspeth, attorney, and D. F. Chambers, a Methodist minister, started the *Bandera Enterprise*, which they later sold to George and Charles Fee. Chas. Fee died shortly afterward and George Fee owned and managed the paper until his death, then the plant was leased to different parties by the Fee estate until it was destroyed by fire. I was a paid-up subscriber to all three papers from their start to their finish, and have started in with the *Bandera New Era*, our present county paper, on a like proposition. In April, 1881, I brought my wife to Bandera, having gone to Chicago and married. Our six children were born in Bandera, one at the Buck Hamilton House, and five on the corner now occupied by Mansfield's store. Their names follow: Leila G. Berueffy (nee Harris), Ft. Worth; Roy S. Harris, El Paso; W. Guy Harris, San Antonio; Hart James Harris, died in July, 1888, and buried in Bandera cemetery; Don M. Harris, Corpus Christi; Nell Shelley (nee Harris), Corpus Christi.

"I have spent a little more than fifty years of the seventy-two years of my life in Bandera county, and should I, perchance, live seventy-two years longer, I shall not change my residence. And again, if, when time is no more, I should be allowed to choose my abiding place for the endless ages, I would come back to Medina."

THOMAS A. LAXSON.

Tom Laxson and his brother, Jesse Laxson, came to Bandera county from Middle Tennessee in 1857, and located on a tributary to the Medina river about 11 miles above Bandera. This stream afterwards took the name of Laxson's Creek. Jesse Laxson lived there until 1870, when he moved to Atascosa county and died there in 1912.

In 1866 Tom Laxson was married to Miss Rufana Chipman of Bandera, Justice of the Peace Oborski performing the ceremony. They have four children living, David Laxson of Elgin, Jesse Laxson of Beaumont, Miss Hattie Laxson and Perry Laxson of Bandera.

Mr. Laxson joined Capt. Bill Adams' Company, Second Texas Cavalry for frontier protection, enlisting at Piedras Negras Creek near Uvalde, and was stationed at Ft. Lancaster. While there he says he was taken desperately ill and was treated by the old Bandera county physician, Dr. Downs, who saved his life. While stationed at Ft. Lancaster, Mr. Laxson was one of escorts provided for the overland mail between San Antonio and El Paso. When his enlistment expired he re-entered the service, being transferred to San Antonio, and South Texas posts. He was at home on furlough when the war ended, and therefore never "surrendered."

Mr. Laxson has seen many "ups and downs," during the many years he has lived in Bandera county, but he delights to meet his old comrades of bygone days and recount the thrilling events of pioneer days in old Bandera county.

CHARLES DE MONTEL, SR.

Along in 1835 there came to the United States from Germany a young man named Charles Scheidemontel. He was of good family, well educated, and ambitious, and having read and heard of the wonderful opportunities in free America, he ran away from the Fatherland and came to Philadelphia, where he tarried for awhile, then came to Texas, which at that time had begun the task of throwing off the Mexican yoke to become a republic. Sam Houston's little army needed men, and Charles Scheidemontel enlisted with the Texans. He reached the San Jacinto battle field just after the glorious victory had been won, and helped to guard Santa Anna while the Mexican dictator was Houston's prisoner. While in the army Mr. Scheidemontel often met General Houston and became intimately acquainted with him. One day the General overheard some of the soldiers taunting the young German about his long name, and after reprimanding the tormentors, he called Scheidemontel to him and gave him authority to shorten his name to Montel, or de Montel, and he did so, thereafter being known as Charles de Montel.

After Texas gained her independence he spent a number of years in San Antonio, and became associated with John James in the work of surveying the Henry Castro grant and the Bexar district. When the first Castro colonists reached Port Lavaca in 1843, Charles de Montel piloted them to their new home on the Medina river, and was present at the founding of Castroville in 1844. The same year he was married to Miss Justine Pingetot, a daughter of one of

the colonists. Fifteen children were born to them, seven of whom are still living: Charles de Montel of Camp Verde, Ed de Montel, Mrs. Pauline Taylor, and Miss Mollie de Montel of Hondo, Robert de Montel of Castroville, and Oscar de Montel, who is now in South America.

Mr. de Montel resided at Castroville until his death which occurred some time in the 80's, when he was in his 76th year. His wife died in 1898. A short time after locating with the colonists, Mr. de Montel built a sawmill at Castroville, later moving it up the river to about where the Mormon Camp was afterward located, and after running it there awhile he moved it to the present site of Bandera in 1853. Having acquired a large body of land here, Charles de Montel, John James and John H. Herndon induced some Polish colonists to settle on the land, and thus established the settlement that made Bandera. Mr. de Montel often traded with the Indians and was held in high regard by them. It is related that the Indians once stole some horses at Castroville. Sometime later a friendly Indian rode one of the horses into the town and when the horse was recognized the Indian was seized, a rope was placed around his neck, and the colonists were preparing to swing him to the limb of a tree, when Mr. de Montel came up. The Indian explained to him that he had secured the horse in a trade with other Indians, and soon convinced Mr. de Montel that such was the case, and he was released. Mr. de Montel convinced the colonists that no man, though an Indian, would hardly steal a horse and then deliberately ride the animal back into the community from which it was stolen.

CHARLES F. SCHMIDTKE.

Charles F. Schmidtke was one of the pioneer builders of Bandera. He was born in Koenigsberg, Germany, in 1839, and came to the United States in 1856 to escape military service, which was compulsory in that country. He was 17 years old when he landed in New York, and secured a position in a flour mill on the North river a few days after arriving in this country, receiving a salary of \$40 a month and his board and washing included. This was big money to the young emigrant, whose wages in the old country was only a very small sum each month. In 1860, when the war between the states broke out, he was offered a bounty and a bonus to enlist in the army, and he became a private in Company C, 18th Regiment, New York Volunteer Cavalry, serving in the ranks two years, but when it became known that he was a miller by trade he was taken out of the army and placed in a mill. When the war ended Mr. Schmidtke came South and for a time stayed in San Antonio, later going to Castroville, and then came up to Bandera and secured employment in F. H. Schladoer's mill. This was in 1867. Schladoer owned a grist mill and a sawmill, and after working here several months Mr. Schmidtke went back to San Antonio and secured a good position in C. H. Guenther's flour mill. In 1868 he was married to Miss Amelia Oelze at San Antonio. Mr. Guenther paid him \$75 per month and furnished a house for the newly married pair to live in. After a year in the Guenther mill he decided to remove to Bandera and go into business for himself. Mr. Guenther offered him \$100 per

month and the foremanship in the mill to remain with him, but he declined the offer, and came back to Bandera in 1869 and purchased a little grocery store from Eugene Oborski, which was located about where Mrs. John Adamietz lives. A short time after he had embarked in the mercantile business, George Hay came and invited him to move his stock of goods down to his place and go in partnership with Hay & Davenport, who operated a store in the building now occupied as a residence by Henry Stevens. Thus the firm of Schmidtke, Hay & Davenport was formed. Schmidtke soon bought out the Schladoer mill, and then he and Mr. George Hay bought the interest of Judge J. B. Davenport in the store and the firm became known as Schmidtke & Hay, the store being managed by Mr. Hay, while the mill was operated by Mr. Schmidtke. They also had the postoffice in the store. They began a system of improvements on the mill, putting in saws to cut shingles, and turn out good lumber. They also put in a flour mill and ground wheat, the power being supplied by a turbine water wheel in the river. People from Hondo and New Fountain brought in loads of wheat for them to grind, and it often happened that many of the patrons had to wait over several days on account of so many people being in line ahead of them. Later on the firm erected a cotton gin in connection with the mill, and successfully ran it several years, until a flood washed it all away, and it was never rebuilt.

The firm's mercantile establishment prospered, and H. H. Carmichael came in as a partner, and two substantial stone buildings were erected, one for the

store and the other for a saloon. These buildings now belong to the Bandera County Ranchmen & Farmers' Association, and are used as warehouses in which to store wool and mohair.

In 1875 Mr. Schmidtke went to Junction City and established a branch store, remaining there about a year, but owing to ill health he was forced to sell out and return to Bandera. He had contracted illness from exposure while working in his mill here, and he was never afterward well. He finally sold his interest in the store at this place to Carmichael & Hay, and bought a ranch, the property that is now occupied by Dr. J. M. Rappold, and moved his family there and lived there until his death, which occurred in 1884. His funeral was conducted by the Masonic Lodge of Bandera, of which he was an active member.

Surviving Mr. Schmidtke are only two children, Charles E. Schmidtke of Bandera, and Mrs. Emma Oates of San Antonio.

CHARLES DE MONTEL, JR.

Charles de Montel, Jr., was born at Castroville, Texas, February 3, 1848, and grew to manhood there. He was the eldest son of Charles de Montel, one of the founders of Bandera. In 1888 he was married to Miss Annie Steinle, and to them were born six children, three sons and three daughters. They are Lee and Richard de Montel of Bandera, Frank de Montel of Camp Verde, Mrs. Flossie Pue of Bandera, Misses Annie and Aileen de Montel of Camp Verde.

Mr. de Montel, now in his 74th year, is living on

his ranch a few miles above Camp Verde, where he and his good wife extend the genuine frontier hospitality to all visitors. He moved to this ranch in 1900 and engaged in stockraising, which he has successfully followed for many years. Mr. de Montel well remembers when Indians made frequent raids into the settlements and stole horses, and he often assisted in scouting expeditions. He says he was out cow-hunting one day and while returning home he discovered two Indians waiting in ambush for him. He rode on, apparently unconcerned, until he reached a certain point, then took a different course and made a wide detour to get home, successfully eluding the Indians. The German and French settlers around Castroville lived in constant dread of the hostile Indians, who would come down the valley on their raids, murdering people, killing stock and driving off horses. Being born and raised on the frontier, Mr. de Montel was inured to the dangers and hardships of those perilous times. Early in life he became an expert rider, and rode with more ease on the back of a mustang than he enjoys in a Ford car today. He could wield a lariat or shoot a rifle with precision, and though he is now past three-score and ten, his good right hand has not lost its cunning, nor is his aim untrue. In cow-camp, in the branding pen, on the trail, or breaking broncos, he was right on the job. He made several trips up the trail, when cattle were driven to the northern markets, and had a full share of experience that fell to the lot of the real cowboys—trips full of excitement and thrills incident to stampedes, round-ups, night-herding, thunder storms, swollen streams, etc., that the so-called cowboy of today never sees.

MRS. AMELIA SCHMIDTKE.

The subject of this sketch was born in Darmstadt, Germany, November 6, 1845. and came to America with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Oelze in 1858. They came across the ocean in a sailing vessel and were thirteen weeks on the water. Landing at New York, they worked their way to San Antonio, where they located. Mr. Oelze drove an express wagon in that city many years, and amassed quite a sum of money in this line of business. Miss Amelia Oelze was married to Charles F. Schmidtke in 1868, and a year later, with her husband, moved to Bandera and lived in a house near where Mrs. John Adamietz now lives. After the death of Mr. Oelze, her mother came to make her home with Mrs. Schmidtke, and resided here many years, her death occurring January 17, 1885, and she was buried in the Bandera cemetery.

In 1884 Mrs. Schmidtke's husband died, and she was left with two little children, Charlie, aged 14, and Emma, aged 6, but with the assistance of friends she bravely took up the management of the home ranch, and soon paid off an indebtedness of over \$1,000 which the husband was owing at the time of his death. Her death occurred February 21, 1914.

THE BUCK FAMILY.

E. Buck, Sr., was among the pioneer settlers of Bandera county. He was born in New York state, and came to Texas when a young man, reaching Bandera in 1873, bought a homestead and located at

Pipe Creek, where he remained until 1880, when he went to Del Rio and spent several years in that region. He died in San Antonio about fifteen years ago. His widow returned to Bandera to make her home, and died here about twelve years ago. Mrs. Buck, nee Ralston, was a native of Ireland, and came to the United States when a small child. Ten children of this family are living, eight of them today residing in Bandera county, and being among our most prominent citizens. They are: Eben Buck of Bandera, Mrs. Laura Callaham of Houston, Mrs. Harriett Newcomer of Pipe Creek, Mrs. Annie Callaham of San Antonio, Frank Buck of Bandera, Walter Buck of Pipe Creek, Robert Buck of Pipe Creek, Dan Buck of Bandera, Mrs. Mamie Buck of Bandera, Mrs. Cora Mansfield of Bandera.

Eben Buck, the eldest son lives near Bandera, and says he remembers when they moved to this county in 1873, and settled on Pipe Creek. Their neighbors there during the early days were Silas Shirley and family, Mrs. Mathilda Newcomer and sons, John and Jack, Marion Hodges and family, W. H. White and family, J. L. Andress and family, the Prather family, Uncle Jerry Scott and family, John Scott and family. The first postmaster was A. M. Beckman, who also conducted a store at Pipe Creek. J. W. Hamilton later built a store there. Mr. Buck recalls that he stopped at Hamilton's store one day just a few minutes after two robbers held up the storekeeper, John Scott, Jim Holman and an Englishman named Williamson. There was considerable excitement over the daring hold-up, although the robbers secured only \$7.00 in money.

He also remembers the grasshopper pest in the spring of 1873. Corn was about knee high at the time the swarms of grasshoppers arrived, but in a few hours they cleared the fields.



JOHN KINDLA CAME WITH COLONISTS.

John Kindla, with his wife and three children came over from Poland in 1855 with other colonists, and located at Bandera. A short time after their arrival here his wife died, and some time later he married Mrs. Margaret Cebula of Karnes county. Of this union three children were born. Today only one member of Mr. Kindla's family is living, Mr. E. F. Kindla of Bandera. John Kindla died April 5, 1882, from injuries received several years before when he and Amasa Clark were attacked by robbers. Mrs. Kindla died March 25, 1894.

E. F. Kindla, the sole survivor of this pioneer family, is a highly respected citizen of Bandera. He owns valuable farm and ranch property above and below the town of Bandera. His wife before marriage was Miss Mary Adamietz, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Adamietz, another pioneer couple. Mr. and Mrs. Kindla were married in 1890, and have seven children living: Mrs. Agatha Berger of San Antonio; Frank Kindla, teller in the First National Bank at Mercedes; Mrs. Paulina Wright of Dallas; Mrs. Mary Harris of Omaha, Nebraska; John, Ignatius and Felix Kindla of Bandera. When the World War came on, two of their sons entered the service, and one of them went overseas.

TOM CLICK HAS A NARROW ESCAPE.

One day in 1866, Tom Click, one of the early settlers of Bandera county, dashed up to the ranch of John A. Jones on Myrtle Creek and called for Mr. Jones to come to him, as he had been wounded by Indians. He was bareheaded and his horse was almost exhausted from fast running. He was assisted into the house and given first aid treatment for an arrow wound in the back, and a negro was sent to Bandera after a doctor, who, when he came and examined the wound, pronounced that it had been made with a poisoned arrow. Mr. Click related that while coming through Bandera Pass he was ambushed by a party of Indians and he had a desperate run for his life. He headed for the Jones ranch, three miles away, with the Indians close behind him, shooting arrows and yelling loudly. One of the feathered shafts struck him in the back, but he pulled it out as he ran and used it as a switch to urge his horse faster. One big buck ran close enough to almost catch the bridle of Mr. Click's horse, but some bushes interfered and he quickly outdistanced the Indian. As they came in sight of the Jones ranch the Indians gave up the chase.

Mr. Click suffered great agony, and came near dying from the wound. It was believed that the arrow spike had been poisoned with the venom of a rattlesnake, and the doctor had to administer strychnine to counteract the poison. It was a long time before he finally recovered, but the flesh around the wound rotted out and fell away. The fleetness of his horse is all that saved Mr. Click from savage fury, as he was unarmed, and unable to defend himself.

PIPE CREEK PIONEERS.

WRITTEN BY MRS. MINNIE EDWARDS, PIPE CREEK, TEXAS.

I greatly treasure the memories of the early days, and remember many interesting episodes as handed down by my parents, Rev. J. W. Scott and wife, and my venerable grandfather, Jerry Scott. They were among the first settlers on Pipe Creek in Bandera county, coming here in May 1872, when Indians were making devastating raids into this section. Grandfather Jerry Scott settled on the East Prong of Pipe Creek, and built a house of cypress timber which he secured over on the Medina river, and had it made into lumber at the nearest sawmill, several miles away. He lived on this location many years and was known to all of the old settlers. His home was always open to preachers, and the circuit riders always made their headquarters there, among them being Jack Potter, "the fighting parson." Grandfather often made the old fashioned rawhide bottom chairs, and some of these chairs are still in use in this county. After the country settled up and the Indian raids were at an end, Grandfather moved to the town of Bandera and owned a nice home on the river, on the west side. While there their only daughter, Mrs. Maggie Carver, died, leaving her husband, Dick Carver, and four little children. Grandpa and Grandma Scott took the four children to raise and placed them in school until they were old enough to do farm work, then Grandfather bought a ranch north of Bandera, on Myrtle Creek, and moved there. Later he returned to Bandera and died there in 1894. The old home place there was

washed away, with all improvements, in the great flood in 1900. Grandma Scott, who was known to all of the early settlers as "Aunt Jane," made her home with her youngest son, John Scott, but died at my home in 1908.

My father, Rev. J. W. Scott, first settled on Red Bluff, a small stream about three miles east of Pipe Creek. I was born there November 28, 1872, being the second child. While we lived on Red Bluff, our nearest neighbor was Marion Hodges. Father often hauled cedar timber to San Antonio to sell to obtain supplies, and when he was on one of these trips, Mother, with her two children, went to spend the night with Mr. Hodges' family. The next morning she went home very early to milk the cows, and found a calf with an arrow sticking in its side. She hurried back to Mr. Hodges' and gave the alarm. A party of men was organized and took the trail of the Indians but did not overtake them.

Father moved up on the headwaters of Pipe Creek, near Grandfather Jerry Scott's place, and here the Indians often slipped in and stole their horses. At one time some Mexicans discovered a bunch of Indians on a mountain near our place, painting and feathering themselves preparatory to an attack on father and a Mexican who were clearing land not far from the house. They hastened to notify us and the Indians, no doubt seeing they had been discovered, went out another way. At another time father hired a Mexican named Felipe to clear some land on the West Prong of Pipe Creek. He failed to come in one night and when search was made he was found dead—murdered by Indians. The place was afterwards called

Felipe Springs. My father built a house and we lived there many years. There were eight children in our family, seven girls and one boy, and all lived to be grown and married before ever tasting a dose of medicine from a doctor. Mother was a good nurse and always kept good homeopathic remedies for our ills.

My father was raised on the frontier, in Comanche county, and was inured to all the dangers incident to pioneer life. He was converted in 1891, and became a faithful devoted minister in the Holiness Methodist church, and by his teaching of the Word of God so planted it in the minds of his children that they will never forget it. He died suddenly with paralysis of the heart May 18, 1915, at Polly's Peak, where he improved his last earthly home. Mother was called to join him September 9, 1919.

One of father's favorite songs was, "I am a Child of the King," the first and second stanzas and chorus reading as follows:

My Father is rich in houses and lands,

He holdeth the wealth of the world in His hands;

Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold,

His coffers are full—He has riches untold.

Chorus-

I'm the child of the King, the child of a King!

With Jesus my Savior, I'm the child of a King. .

My Father's own Son, the Savior of men,

Once wandered over earth as the poorest of them;

But now He is reigning forever on high,

And will give me a home in heaven bye and bye.

The first postoffice on Pipe Creek was in a little log house where Silven Odem now lives, and A. M. Beekman was the first postmaster. The first store was owned by Mrs. Marion Hodges on what is known as the old Hodges place, just under the hill on the west side of Pipe Creek village, where Mr. Hodges settled after he left Red Bluff.

The same year we came here also came Mr. Chris Anderson, a native of Denmark, who is still living on the place he settled so many years ago. He and his good wife are well advanced in years, both being near eighty years old. They have always enjoyed good health and, despite many inconveniences, have raised and educated their children—two boys and two girls, Charlie, Fred, Laura and Lillie Anderson. All grew to be useful and highly respected citizens. With the disadvantage of living about five miles from school these children managed to advance and finished in college. Charlie Anderson became a teacher, Fred Anderson became a physician, but died of influenza during the World War, Miss Lillie Anderson taught school a few years, and then married a Mr. Brown and is now living at Sanderson, Texas; Miss Laura Anderson married W. M. Wallace, and now lives at Pipe Creek.

MRS. MARY JANE WALKER.

Born in Claiborne Parish, La., November 18, 1834, and now in the 88th year of her age, Mrs. Mary Jane Walker, nee Moore, looks serenely back upon the great span of years that intervene between her childhood days and the glorious present, and rejoices that she has lived to see the wonderful changes that have taken place. Grandma Walker makes her home with her son, John Travis Walker, and family on Chalk Creek, Bandera county. She came to Texas with her parents in 1853, and located near Austin. On June 22, 1857, she was married to William Andrew Walker, in Blanco county. After living in Blanco and Llano county for awhile she and her husband came to Bandera county that same year, 1857, remaining here awhile, then went back to Llano county. They returned to Bandera in 1866 and located on Laxson's Creek, afterwards buying the Joe W. Minear place there. Nine children were born to them, four of whom are still living, Mrs. Cynthia Artie Reed of Lima, John Travis Walker of Bluff, Joseph Daniel Walker of Seymour, Mrs. Selina Argie Ferguson of Pear Valley.

One of the early day tragedies was the killing of Mrs. Walker's brother, Joseph W. Moore, and his wife by Indians above Medina, an account of which is given elsewhere in this book. Another tragedy that brought sorrow into her home was the killing of Mrs. Walker's mother, Mrs. William Moore, in 1873. Mrs. Moore was living at the Walker home on Laxson's Creek, and one day started to walk over to the home of a neighbor, Mrs. Curtis, about a mile away. The

Indians came upon her when she was only a short distance from the house, and shot and lanced her to death. The family, hearing her screams, rushed out in time to see the Indians fleeing. Mr. Walker hastened to where she had fallen and found her in a dying condition. It is believed that this band of Indians were led by a renegade white man, but his identity was never satisfactorily established. They passed on down the valley, and killed a horse on Pipe Creek. Mrs. Moore was buried next day at the Arnold cemetery. She left four children, but Mrs. Walker is the only one now living.

Mrs. Walker's husband, William Andrew Walker, died November 25, 1909, aged 82 years. He was a brother to James W. Walker who now lives on Laxson's Creek. Nearly forty years ago Grandma Walker obeyed the gospel and was baptized into Christ, during a meeting that was held by Elder Alexander, one of the earliest gospel preachers to visit this section. She has remained faithful all these years and, notwithstanding the infirmities of age she seldom misses the worship on the Lord's Day.

In 1897 her son, John Travis Walker, bought a ranch tract on Chalk Creek, built a home, and has resided there ever since. He was married January 20, 1897, to Miss Myrtie Yoast of Laxson's Creek. They have three children, John Travis, Jr., of Seymour, William and Clara, at home. Mr. Walker, though quite small at the time his grandmother was killed, remembers seeing the Indians running away after they had committed the brutal deed.

F. M. HODGES.

One of the early settlers on Pipe Creek, in Bandera county, was Francis Marion Hodges, who came to this section some time in 1870, and pre-empted a homestead of 160 acres on Red Bluff Creek, moving his family thereto and lived there for a number of years. He sold this pre-emption to a German named Finck and then moved to Pipe Creek, where he bought 160 acres from a man named Munday. Here he resided until his death, which occurred February 21, 1888. Mr. Hodges came from Missouri to Texas in 1859, and located in Erath county, and afterwards lived in McCulloch and Kendall counties. When he came to Bandera county he became the first settler on Red Bluff Creek. He was known to all of the old timers and held in high esteem. When he died he left a wife and six children. Mrs. Hodges died at San Antonio in 1892. One daughter, Mrs. Emma McKeen, died in San Antonio several years ago. The surviving children are Mrs Mary Beekman of California, John F. Hodges of Bandera, Mrs Annie Jacobson of Rockport, Texas; James N. Hodges, a merchant of Junction, Texas; Francis M. Hodges a ranchman of Junction, Texas.

His son, John F. Hodges, married Miss Ollie Lee in Anderson county, and now lives in Bandera. Mrs. Hodges is Bandera county's efficient treasurer. They have four children, two girls and two boys, Rufus M. Hodges of Beaumont, Mrs. Verna E. Wallace of San Antonio, Miss Emma Hodges and John Franklin Hodges of Bandera.

J. A. V. PUE.

One of the best known citizens of Bandera county was Mr. J. A. V. Pue, who died in Bandera February 20, 1918. Mr. Pue was born near Ellicott City, Md., July 20, 1841. He graduated from Dickinson College, Carlisle, Penn., in 1859, enlisted in the Confederate Army at the beginning of the war, and served throughout the four years of conflict. He was wounded at the battle of Gettysburg. He came to Texas in 1865, and to Bandera county in 1866, locating ten miles northwest of Bandera town, on Hick's Creek, where he built a cypress log cabin and lived there many years. This cabin is still standing. During a period of the reconstruction days after the war, when the county's affairs were badly tangled and needed a master hand to adjust them, Mr. Pue was appointed county judge, and served very acceptably for some time, or until he resigned to devote his attention to his ranch interests. He was married in Bandera April 5, 1882, to Miss Jeanie L. Carpenter, a granddaughter of Governor Isaac Shelby of Kentucky. Six children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Pue, four of whom are living, Arthur V. Pue, Miss Nannie Pue, Miss Pauline Pue, who reside at the old homestead, and Percy A. Pue, who lives at Port Neches, Texas. Mrs. Pue died July 28, 1902.

The eldest son, Arthur V. Pue, is a prominent citizen of Bandera, and is a successful stockman. His wife before marriage was Miss Flossie de Montel, daughter of Charles de Montel, a pioneer citizen of this section. They have six children.

The other son, Percy A. Pue, married Miss Virginia Coopender, of the Medina community. They have resided at Port Neches the past four years.

MURDER OF MR. AND MRS. MOORE.

The following appeared in the *San Antonio Light*, April 2, 1921, and gives such full account of the killing of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph W. Moore that the article is here reproduced:

Center Point, Texas, April 2, 1921.—The death here on March 21 of Mrs. Amanda Lee, 57 years old, recalled one of those early day tragedies which so often cast gloom over the frontier communities. Mrs. Lee was born in Blanco county in 1863, and came to Bandera county when quite young with her parents, Joseph Walker Moore and Elizabeth Moore. They settled on the Medina river, about eight miles above the present Medina City. They built a comfortable frontier home and lived in peace and quiet until 1872. Other members of the family were William, 11; Alfred 7; John Travis, 6; George Washington, 4, and Mary Ann, infant. On Sunday, July 4, 1872, Mr. Moore went visiting in a wagon drawn by a yoke of oxen, having his wife and four of the children with him. They were Amanda, who was ten years old at that time, and John George and Mary Ann. William and Alfred were left at the home of John Walker, uncle by marriage. In the evening while returning from the visit and near home, Mr. Moore got out of the wagon in order to drive carefully down a steep hill into the bed of a small creek. A band of Indians were lying in wait here, aware that someone was coming by the noise of the wagon rattling over the rocks. The first intimation Mr. Moore had of the presence of Indians was the exclamation of Amanda, "Papa, there is some men!" The Indians had just raised up from their

place of concealment and one of them shot an arrow into Mr. Moore and mortally wounded him. He tried to get back into the wagon but was not able to do so and after holding on to the wagon bed a few moments sank back and expired. Mrs. Moore was on the wagon seat with the baby in her arms and an Indian shot an arrow into her breast with such force that it passed through her body. She fell backwards into the wagon, dead. Amanda took the baby and held it in her arms during all of this exciting time. The oxen, being scared, ran off with the wagon and only one Indian followed. He kept to the side of it and tried to kill the children with a butcher knife. He repeatedly stabbed at the baby but Amanda saved its life by jerking the child to one side. It was wounded however, in the back of the neck. Amanda also received a bad cut in the side. George, the four-year-old boy was wounded with the knife on the back of the neck. The Indian tried to pull John Travis out of the wagon at the rear end but he hung on and the Indian could not get him out.

The house of John Walker was not far off and the Indian finally abandoned his efforts to kill the children and left them. John Travis was the only one unhurt, and when the Indian left, stopped the oxen and turned them towards Mr. Walker's. Mr. Walker was away from home that day and his family seeing the Indians some time during the day, ran away. When Mr. Walker returned in the evening and found his folks gone he was very uneasy and started out to hunt for them. He met the Moore wagon and as soon as he learned what had happened he went to the scene of the killing. The dead were buried and the

children taken care of in the home of Mr. Walker until Joe Smith, an uncle, came from Blanco county, near Round Mountain, and carried them away. Not long after the killing of Mr. Moore and his wife the Indians made another raid and killed Mr. Moore's mother. The old lady was going to see Mrs. Curtis who was sick and a band of Indians attacked and killed her near the house of Mr. Walker. He heard her screaming and armed himself and repaired to the scene as soon as he could but the Indians had done their work quickly and were gone. Mrs. Moore was lying on her face, having been lanced to death. These raiding bands were followed by settlers but the county being mountainous and brushy eluded a successful pursuit and made their escape.

The body of Mrs. Lee was carried back and buried near the old home and the graves of her parents. Besides her husband, Joseph Lee, she left four daughters, Mrs. Mary Neill of Camp Verde, Mrs. Eulia Bartley of Center Point, Mrs. Lexia Reed who lives near Medina City, and Miss Janey Ray Lee; a sister, Mrs. Mary Ann Turner who was with Mrs. Lee when she died, lives in San Antonio. Her husband Samuel P. Turner, is in the employ of the government. Mrs. Turner is the baby whose life was saved by her brave sister during the Indian attack.

LIVED IN A POLE PEN.

John F. Hodges was raised in Bandera county and tells of many interesting things that happened during his boyhood days. He says:

"When my father, Marion Hodges, settled on Red

Bluff Creek in 1870, this was a wild country, all open and full of deer, turkey, bear, wild hogs and wild Indians. Our home was a pole pen with a tent stretched inside. Our nearest neighbor, a man named Granger, lived across the mountains, eight miles away. Every light moon the Indians would come into the country to steal horses. One time, when father was away from home, they stole two mares and colts from us but the animals got away from them and came running home. One of them was shot between the shoulders with an arrow and the other was lanced in the neck. We put them in the pen and mother took a gun, and made me hold an old flintlock rifle, and we guarded those horses until father returned. In those days we sometimes had school two or three months in a year. My brother, James N. Hodges, and myself rode to Pipe Creek to school, a distance of nine miles. We each carried a cap and ball pistol for we did not know when Indians might attack us. Our school house was made of pickets, covered with grass and had a dirt floor. The benches were made of split logs.

“Freighting was done with ox teams. Flour was \$14 per hundred, and sugar and coffee were scarce. The next settler was Andrew Prather, who located three miles east of Pipe Creek on what is now known as the John Crist place. In 1871 Silas Shirley and W. H. White settled near Pipe Creek; in 1872 Felix Newcomer located in that vicinity, and later Ebenezer Buck came there. Old Man Simpson settled on Red Bluff about seven miles below us.”

Mr. Hodges made a number of trips “up the trail” with cattle to Kansas and the northern markets during early days.

JAMES WASHINGTON WALKER.

J. W. Walker, who lives on Laxson's Creek, three miles east of Medina, was born in Grimes county, Tex. December 25, 1847. His father, Jesse Walker, a San Jacinto veteran, died when the subject of this sketch was quite small. Sometime in the 50's the family moved to Gonzales county. In 1862, when James Walker was fifteen years old, he came to Bandera county and worked for Berry C. Buckelew, herding cattle for \$7 per month, which place he held all winter, then went to Camp Verde where he had two brothers in the Confederate service. He tried to enlist at that time but Major Lawhon, in command of the troops stationed there, would not accept him because he was too young. Sometime later, however, he succeeded in getting into the service, and a few days after his enlistment four of the companies at Camp Verde were transferred to South Texas, leaving only a few men to garrison the post and look after the camels there. Henry Ramsey was in charge of the camels at the time and young Walker was put to herding them. He says the animals, numbering about 75 head, were a source of great annoyance and trouble. They ate but little grass, and could not get up the rough places to get to the brush which they had to eat. Through the winter they were fed on corn that had to be brought from San Antonio. Mr. Walker now has a bell which was used on those camels, and prizes it very highly as a relic of those frontier days. While he was at Camp Verde there was also there an Armenian and a Greek driver who had been brought to this country with the camels,

The Armenian was called "Hi-jolly," from the peculiar call he uttered when herding or managing the camels. Mr. Walker says he met this Armenian at Aguacalientes, on the Gila river in Arizona, several years later. At the outbreak of the war between the states, Camp Verde was taken over by the Confederate forces under Gen. Ben McCulloch, and remained under Confederate control until the war ended, when the post again passed to the United States, and a small force of Federal troops were placed there. While these federals were there Eugene Oborski and a man named Teinen took a contract to furnish hay for the government stock. This hay was cut in the vicinity of the place now owned by L. N. Stevens, and Mr. Walker was one of the hands employed to cut it.

In 1869 Mr. Walker went to California with a herd of 1500 mixed cattle belonging to Damon Slator of Llano, Mr. Slator being his own boss. Those who went on this trip were Jim and Charlie Moss, Jim Walker, Alf Anderson, Bill Denison, a man named Perryman, John Dupont, John and Riley Billings, Billie Click, a German named Mahaley, Jack Hamilton, and Damon Slator. They took a route up through the Concho country to the Pecos and crossed at Horsehead Crossing, out by old Fort Stanton, through Tularosa Valley, across the Sacramento Mountains to the Gila river, crossing the Colorado river, passing Tucson and Fort Yuma, and went on to the Winters Ranch in California where they delivered the herd. On the trip they had some trouble with Indians, particularly with some of the Pima tribe, who were trying to run a bluff to secure some cattle

from a herd belonging to a man named Crockett Riley. Mr. Walker and several of the Slator hands went to Riley's assistance and found him surrounded by about 80 Indians. They were off their reservation, and did not really want a scrap, so when they were fired into they hastily retreated. Mr. Walker killed the chief's horse at a distance of 500 yards. He was later arrested by the Indian agent, and Slator gave the Indians five head of cattle to satisfy their claims for loss of the chief's horse.

After delivering the cattle at the Winters Ranch the cowboys scattered, and only two of them, Billings and Riley, came back to Texas together. Mr. Walker went to Los Angeles and San Francisco and struck up with a man named Jacob Sanders who was from Ohio, and they decided to go to New York. Accordingly they secured passage on a steamer, the *Golden City*, which sailed one Sunday morning. On the following Tuesday the steamer was wrecked in Mexican waters and the crew and 450 passengers were forced to take to life boats and landed on the barren coast. In company with a guide the shipwrecked people walked a distance of twenty-five miles to a cove, and were there taken aboard a vessel that carried them back to San Francisco. While on the coast they were without food and had but very little water from Tuesday until Saturday. As Walker and Sanders had paid transportation to New York, the steamship company allowed them passage on another vessel, and they again started. He says they crossed the Isthmus of Panama, and took a big steamer which carried them across the Gulf of Mexico and ran direct to New York. Arriving in that city, Mr. Walker de-

cided he had seen enough of the world and immediately started back to Texas by water, reaching Key West, Fla., and from there proceeded to Galveston, and when he hit land again it was to hike straight for home. He had been absent one year and four months, and came back rich in experience, but mighty poor in pocket. On the same day he was shipwrecked off the Mexican coast, February 22, 1870, his brother, Riley Walker, was killed by Indians on Bell Mountain in Llano county.

On February 10, 1864, Mr. Walker was happily married to Miss Melvina Bandy of Bandera county. To them have been born 13 children, 11 of whom are still living: Thomas Walker, Mrs. Ada Moseley, Mrs. Alice Smith, Jeff Walker, all of San Antonio; Jim Walker, killed in Oklahoma by a falling tree; Jesse Walker, died in infancy; Mrs. Ida Fines of Tuff; C. C. Walker of Caddo, La., R. L. Walker of Medina; Mrs. May Davis of Vanderpool; Miss Myrtle Walker of Medina; Mrs. Ruby Neeley and Charlie Walker of Yoakum.

In 1895 Mr. Walker located on his present home-site, where he has resided all these years, quietly following farming for an occupation and raising his sons and daughters to be useful men and women. He has had an active part in the development of the country, and recalls many interesting events that transpired in this section. He remembers when Grandpa Stanard and his son, Harvey Stanard, Sr., located on Laxson's Creek. Mrs. Stanard taught school in that neighborhood in the early 70's. The Walker and Stanard families were neighbors for many years, and the children grew up together.

P. H. MAZUREK.

Phillip H. Mazurek was born in Prussia Poland, May 1, 1855, his parents coming to America when he was eight months old. They came to Bandera, and his father, Thomas Mazurek, purchased 49 acres of land just above the village for \$350, on long time. Mrs. Mazurek died in 1865, leaving four children, two of whom are still living, Phillip Mazurek of Bandera, and Theodore Mazurek of Groom, Texas. In 1866 Thomas Mazurek was married to Miss Mary Gruska, and to them were born four children, Julius, Luke, Mary and Estaza, all living. Mr. Mazurek died in 1893, and his wife died in 1820.

Coming to Bandera when in his infancy, Phillip H. Mazurek, the subject of this sketch, grew to manhood here, and has resided in the county continuously over 66 years. In 1879 he was married to Miss Rosa Kalka in San Antonio, who for forty years was his faithful helpmeet and companion, until death claimed her in 1918. To this union 16 children were born, those now living being Victor Mazurek of Bandera, Silvester and Joe Mazurek of Utopia; Kasper, Tom, John, Frank and Raymond Mazurek of Bandera; Stephen Mazurek now in the U. S. Navy; Mrs. Victoria Lines of Monclova, Ohio; Mrs. Gertrude Dugos of San Antonio, Mrs. Eva Anderwald, Mrs. Paulina Halamuda, Mrs. Helen Jureczki, and Miss Frances Mazurek of Bandera.

Mr. Mazurek talks interestingly of the early times in Bandera. He says game was plentiful in the woods and he often killed deer and turkey on the outskirts of the village. When a wedding occurred in the com-

munity it was the occasion for a great celebration, the revelry sometimes lasting three or four days. He recalls the time when John Dugos and Miss Frances Kaika were married in 1879, and what a great time was enjoyed by the guests. Mr. Mazurek went to Indian Creek spring to haul a barrel of water. He was accompanied by Lawrence and Clements Kalka, both small boys, and when they had filled the barrel they discovered a big deer under a bluff in the creek below. Mr. Mazurek took a rope and stealthily approached the bluff and when just above the buck he deftly twirled the rope and dropped it over the animal's antlers. Then some real fun began. The buck cut up all kinds of capers, but Mr. Mazurek anchored him to a tree and went forward and with his pocket knife cut the deer's throat. Thus he provided plenty of meat for the big wedding feast that followed. Judge Davenport and the Widow Cosgrove attended this wedding, Mr. Mazurek says, and were guests of honor. Cakes, pies, plenty of beer and whiskey were provided and the event ended with a big dance. The wedding celebration started on Tuesday and ended the following Thursday.

In the early days shingle-making was the chief industry, and Mr. Mazurek became an expert in this line of work. The shingles were made from cypress blocks which had been sawed into 32-inch lengths, twice the length of the ordinary shingle. These blocks were hauled up from the river bottoms, then cut in two, marked off to the proper thickness, split and rived with a froe knife and wooden mallet, then taken to the old shaving horse and trimmed to a feather edge with a drawing knife. They would be

stacked in huge piles to season, and afterwards put up in bundles of 1,000, and in due time hauled to market. One of the big ox-wagons used for hauling them usually carried about 25,000 shingles, and in San Antonio they brought about \$4.50 per thousand. A good shingle maker could make a thousand shingles per day. Mr. Mazurek says Joe Kindla and Amasa Clark were the best and fastest he ever knew. The road to San Antonio was very bad, especially at the point known as the "Slide-off," and it was so called from the fact that in crossing that hill the load would often slide off the wagon. To prevent this, a big piece of cypress timber, called the binding pole, had to be placed across the load to keep it in place, and even then there was danger of the wagon turning over. The wagons in use then were home-made and constructed of elm and cypress timber, the wheels being solid wooden slabs or cross pieces of wood. Thousands of shingles were manufactured here, one tree yielding as high as 30,000 shingles.

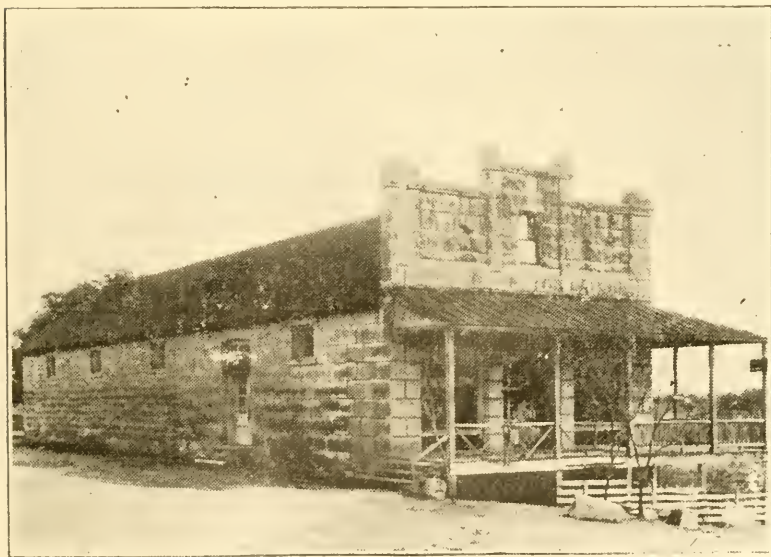
Mr. Mazurek still has in his possession a cross-cut saw which his father purchased from Davenport & Hay in 1864, at \$1.20 per foot, the saw being nine feet long. It is still in good condition, although he often used it in sawing stone.

In speaking of the early merchants of Bandera he says Frank Jureczki owned a store on the site where Albert Jureczki now lives, and sold whiskey at 25 cents a quart, or he would trade a gallon of the oil of gladness for a bushel of corn.

When Schmidtke & Hay were engaged in business in Bandera they took a contract to furnish a certain amount of lumber and shingles to the government

for some buildings at Fort Concho. A number of ox-teams were put on the road, Mr. Mazurek driving one of these teams, seven yoke of oxen, and hauled about 2,000 feet of lumber on his load. Joe Minear was guide and hunter for the teamsters, and kept them supplied with plenty of fresh meat on the trip. Joe and Gabe Anderwald, Constant Dugos, Charlie Haiduk, Jim Lewis, Joe Click, and a negro, Bill Hardy, were the teamsters. Mr. Mazurek says he also hauled lumber to San Antonio in those days, for which Ed Steves of that city paid five cents per foot or \$50 per thousand.

In 1902, Mr. Mazurek went out in New Mexico prospecting, seeking a better country than Bandera, but after spending several months there he came back to his old home content to remain here for the balance of his time on earth.



The Old Carmichael & Hay Store

EXPERIENCES OF J. P. HEINEN, SR.

J. P. Heinen, Sr., a highly respected pioneer citizen of Bandera county, writes interestingly of his experiences here in the early days. His narrative will be read and appreciated by many of the old timers who have moved away, as well as by all who live here now and know him:

During the war between the states I lived with my parents in Kendall county, near Comfort, I often passed through the town of Bandera hauling corn for the Confederate government to D'Hanis, driving a team of eight or ten yoke of oxen hitched to a heavy wagon, hauling three tons to the load. In 1866 I came over to Bandera with one of my brothers and we engaged in the mercantile business, building a two-story stone building in the valley east of the Riverside Inn. This stone building was washed away in the big rise in the Medina river in 1900. In those days, after the war, there was very little money in circulation in this section and I sold my goods mostly on credit, for which I received shingles in payment, that being the only commodity the people had to pay with. To make my collections I made one or two trips every month on horseback to the very head of the Medina river, buying shingles and collecting them for debts due me, and having them hauled to San Antonio and sold for cash. At that time there was no Medina City. Mr. George Smith lived in a log cabin two miles above the present site of Medina, on what is now known as the Goodman place. I often spent the night with Mr. Smith on my trips up the river. He was unmarried at that time, lived alone, and al-

ways seemed delighted to have me come and stay with him. Like all frontiersmen, Mr. Smith was a fine old gentleman, and I treasured his friendship most highly. There were no houses between Laxson's Creek and Mr. Smith's place, and only shingle camps beyond where he lived. The Indians came in almost every full moon, and when I left home I had no assurance that I would get back alive, but I was fortunate in never meeting the Indians face to face, although I have been very near them a number of times.

I recall one instance during the time I was driving the ox team to D'Hanis that I will mention here. A band of Indians passed my wagon one night driving a bunch of horses. It was a bright moonlight night and I could plainly see them as they passed. The next morning seven or eight men came to my camp and asked me if I heard any horses passing the night before, and I put them on the trail. The Indians had stolen the horses near Quihi, and were in a hurry to get them out of the country. They probably saw my camp, but as they wanted horses and not oxen, they did not molest me.

I have seen a number of men that were killed by Indians. A Mr. Hardin with his family lived where Matt. Adamietz now lives across the river from Ben Batto. His son, a boy about 16 years old, went bee hunting over on the divide between Indian Creek and the Middle Verde. He burned some beeswax in order to attract the bees, and thus locate their cave or tree. When night came he did not return home, and his parents, becoming uneasy, sent a man to town to get help to make a search for him. About ten of us start-

ed out, and after hunting all night we found him next morning in Middle Verde Creek. He was lying in shallow water, face downward, stripped of his clothing, and had an arrow sticking in his back. We put a blanket around the body, tied it on a horse behind O. B. Miles, who took the dead boy home. Another time, Polly Rodriguez sent a runner to town saying the Indians had chased a man named Gonzales to his place. As we were ready to go on a scout we went over to Privilege, six miles from town, in about an hour, but the Indians were gone. We followed them for some distance. About a mile above where the San Antonio road crosses Pipe Creek they killed a man who had been digging post holes. I think his name was Reeves, but I am not certain. These and other experiences like them are sad remembrances of those frontier days.

In 1870 we had a big rise in the Medina river, the water reaching a depth of nine feet in my store, and ruined all of my goods to such an extent that I decided to quit the mercantile business and follow the carpenter's trade. In that same year I was appointed to a position on the state police force, an organization created for the protection of frontier counties against outlaws. There were many bad men on the frontier in those days, generally in sparsely settled regions where they thought they could do as they pleased. To arrest and bring to trial these criminals was the purpose of the organization of the state police. From one to three men in each county were appointed on the force. I was the only one in Bandera county, and I served two years, resigning at the end of the second year. The pay was \$60 per month, and we had to

furnish our own equipment, horses, arms, etc. The pay was wholly inadequate considering the risks we were constantly called upon to face.

In 1868 I married Miss Ida Schlador. We raised a large family, six sons and two daughters, and I am happy to say all are still living and very devoted to their parents.

In 1873 we organized a minuet company, with Robert Ballantyne as lieutenant, and 19 private;. It was for protection against Indian depredations. The state furnished arms and ammunition; we furnished our own horses and other equipment. We were to scout no less than ten days in each month, for which we received \$20 per month for each man. However, very often we were out twice that length of time, when Indians were in the country, for which we received nothing above the \$20 mentioned. At the end of two years the company was discharged and the arms were returned to the state.

In the fall of 1875 I moved my family to San Antonio where I worked for two years at the builder's trade, doing fairly well, but on account of my wife's health I moved back to Bandera. In 1880 I bought the ranch property where I now live. I have worked hard all of my life to decently raise my family, and I am happy to say I have succeeded in doing so. I have seen many changes occur in old Bandera county during the time I have been here. Men have come and gone, manners and customs have changed; the wilderness, where only a few hundred people lived on very small farms far between, has given place to a greater population of thrifty enterprising people and the land put in a high state of cultivation, with

farm after farm all over the county. It is certainly a revelation to one who knew the early days, to behold the transformation. First ox teams, later horse and mule teams, now truck or auto, and the convenience of the telephone—changes no one dreamed of fifty years ago.

I have gone through many hardships in my lifetime—privations such as the present generation does not have to endure. The people of today have many things we did not have, but with all the luxuries and comforts of the present time, I doubt if they are better satisfied than we were in the olden days. I am glad I lived the pioneer life. Neighbors lived far apart, but were the best of friends whenever they met. There were no classes, no social lines drawn—everybody was your friend. The almighty dollar played no role in our social relations then. What little anyone had everybody was welcome to it if in need. Each one helped his neighbor, not expecting pay for it. Alas, it is different now. Unless there is money in sight you don't get very far. I am now 75 years old, and as I fondly look back to the long, long ago my thoughts revert to my friends of that day, and my heart becomes sad when I realize that many of them have passed on to the great unknown, while others have moved away to distant parts. Some of them yet remain here, and when I meet them it is with a hearty hand-clasp that betokens the life-long comradeship and brotherly love which has endured through all these years. May the Almighty God bless and protect them, as He has protected me and my family, is my earnest wish.

H. C. WRIGHT.

H. C. Wright was born in Tennessee, lived a few years in Kentucky, and came to Texas in October, 1875. He settled at Waco, where he lived eight years, and then came to Bandera county in 1884. Before he left Waco he leased 320 acres of land in this county, on Bruin's Creek, from the Taylor heirs, and for 14 years he extended the lease from time to time, and finally bought the land. By hard work, close economy and shrewd buying, Mr. Wright has steadily increased his property holdings until today he owns more than 3,000 acres of fine land along the Medina river.

Mr. Wright was married in Kentucky to Miss Marilda Speck, and they have two children living, John Wright of Oklahoma, and Granville Wright of Bandera.

When Mr. Wright lived at Waco in the 70's he became acquainted with several of our great frontier characters, notably Capt. Sul Ross, the famous ranger who brought about the recapture and restoration of Cynthia Ann Parker after she had spent 29 years with the Indians. Mr. Ross afterwards became governor of Texas.

Granville Wright married Miss Dora Coffey, daughter of Smith Coffey of Tarpley. They have six children, five boys and one girl, their names being Johnnie, Clay, Lena, Smith, Raymond and Clyde. He owns a valuable ranch property on Medina Lake, adjoining his father's lands, and is one of the directors of the First State Bank of Bandera.

FURNISHED TELEGRAPH POSTS.

In 1875 the United States Government constructed a telegraph line from San Antonio to Fort Mason and Fort McKavett, and on to Fort Concho. George Hay and Charles Schmidtke of Bandera took the contract to furnish posts for the line from San Antonio to Fort McKavett, a distance of 175 miles. They received ninety-eight cents each for the posts delivered along the route. Schmidtke & Hay employed crews of choppers and put them in the cedar brakes of Bandera, Kerr, Gillespie, Mason and Menard counties, paying these hands from twenty-five cents to seventy-five cents per post for cutting them. The firm supplied more than 12,000 posts, twenty feet long and better than two inches at the top. It required more than six months time to cut the poles and place them on the right-of-way, where soldiers with government teams erected them. Mr. Hay says they cleared over \$3,000 on the contract, and were not obliged to give bond, as the government often required.

Previous to getting this contract Schmidtke & Hay had purchased a great many cattle on credit, drove them up the trail to Kansas, and lost money on them, and the government contract for posts helped to put them on their feet once more.

“SECO” SMITH.

William Densley Smith was born in Franklin county, Mississippi, October 24, 1836, and at this writing lives on a pretty farm near Medina, Bandera county, Texas. He is 86 years old, hale and hearty, and carries the burden of years with ease. It was away back in 1848 that his father, Robert M. Smith, started to Texas, the land of promise, but when the family reached Memphis, Tennessee, on their journey to the Lone Star State, they found the Mississippi river too high to cross, so they went to Tishomingo county and rented a small farm, where they remained about a year. While they were on this farm there came along one day some men who were members of the Fremont Expedition just returning home from California. They camped near the Smith home, and gave such glowing reports of the discovery of gold in California that everybody became interested. But I will allow “Seco” Smith, the subject of this sketch, to tell the story:

“When father talked to these men and learned that they were on their way home to get their families and take them to California he made up his mind to accompany them to the Golden State, and all agreed to meet at Council Bluff Ferry, on the Missouri river, the following March. When the time arrived we were right there and joined the emigrant train headed for California. We followed the old Fremont trail to Salt Lake City, Utah, where we took the Lower Route into California, arriving at the Santa Ana river about where San Bernardino now stands. Here we stopped and father established a ranch, which he sold out after

a time and we moved to near Los Angeles. We remained in California five years, and father decided to remove to Texas, via Ft. Yuma, Arizona, and El Paso. To make this trip he engaged some men to accompany us. but they were a tough lot and plotted to get us out on the desert, steal our stock and leave us stranded. There was an orphan boy in our party who overheard the plot and informed us of it, and of course we were on the alert for the first indication of crookedness. It came while we were encamped in the vicinity of Ft. Yuma, when the ring-leader got drunk and started to raise trouble. I was well armed and, though just a boy, I promptly covered the leader and we forced them to take their belongings and clear out. There were twelve men in the outfit that left us. They went on ahead some distance and were attacked by Indians, one men being wounded in the fight. The redskins got their stock and they had to return to Ft. Yuma. We made it through to El Paso without mishap, and found that place to be only a small village with one store. Here we tarried for a few days, then resumed our journey and reached San Antonio June 26, 1856, camping at the San Pedro Springs, then on the outskirts of the town. Later we moved out to the Olmos, six miles distant, where we remained a short time. While we were here the Indians stole some of our horses and mules. I joined a party headed by John Jones, father of Andy Jones who now lives near Bandera, and we followed the Indians to near the head of the Medina river, where the trail led through a large plum thicket, and the fruit almost covered the ground where the ripe plums had fallen off. Here we completely lost the trail, which had

been completely obliterated by bear tracks. All the bears in the country must have been there eating those plums. We had to give up the chase and returned home.

"Father bought a small place from A. D. Jones, moved to it, and remained there over 45 years, or until his death, which occurred when he was 89 years old. I was married in 1857 to Miss Amanda Coker of San Antonio. Three children, two girls and one boy, were born to us. These two girls, Frances and Josephine married Joe and Frank Moffatt. Frances lives on the Frio, Josephine lives near Medina, and my son, William A. Smith, lives at Douglas, Arizona. My wife died in 1863.

"In 1867 I was married to Miss Julia A. Long, the daughter of S. A. Long, a San Jacinto veteran who lived on the Hondo. Of this union there were seven children, four boys and three girls: R. S. Smith of Medina, J. D. Smith of Potect, Frank M. Smith and A. E. Smith of San Antonio, Mrs. Mary Mayfield of Medina, Mrs. Rosa Stevens of Bandera, and Mrs. Laura Hand of Olustee, Okla. In 1873 my second wife died.

"In 1898 I was married to my present wife, who was Miss Elizabeth T. Akin, the daughter of J. T. Akin, an early settler of Bandera county. Five children have been born to us, two boys and three girls: Mrs. Esther Skinner of Port Arthur, Miss Beulah Smith, Austin Milam Smith, Sidney Raymond Smith, and Miss Valentine Smith, under the parental roof.

"I am the father of fifteen children, all living, and

filling places of usefulness in this world. One of my sons, Sam Smith, was sheriff of Bandera county several years.

In 1860 I located on the Seco, about forty miles from the town of Bandera, and that is how people came to call me "Seco" Smith. There were three different Smiths in that region. W. L. Smith lived on the Frio; he was known as "Frio" Smith. Rube Smith lived on the Hondo; he was called "Hondo" Smith. I lived on the Seco, and ever since I went there people have called me "Seco" Smith. These are all Spanish names. In that language "frio" means cold, "hondo" means deep, and "seco" means dry. I do not know which is most distressing, to be cold, deep or dry. However, the nickname has stuck to me and I have had to carry it.

"While I lived on the Seco my nearest neighbors were Ben Ragland and Squire Boone. I remember when the Indians killed Berry Buckelew, and many other tragedies that occurred in that region. In 1862 the Indians killed old man Schreiver about three miles below my place. In company with Dr. Schoffhausen, Schreiver was out stock hunting when attacked. Dr. Schoffhausen disappeared and it is supposed that the Indians killed him too, but his body was never found, although diligent search was made for it. The Indians also killed my wife's brother, Sam Long, over on the Blanco in 1862. His brother, Andy Long, outran the Indians and got away. After he was shot with several arrows, Sam made his way to his father's home, and died as soon as he got there. Julia Long, who afterwards became my wife, had been to the postoffice and was return-

ing home when the Indians attacked her brothers, and when she saw what was taking place she started to run for home, but was overtaken by the Indians, jerked from her horse, and as she fell one of the Indians grasped her by the hair and with his knife cut off a handfull, no doubt trying to scalp her. Evidently fearing pursuit the Indians were in a hurry to escape, and this fact probably saved her life. She made her way home, not seriously hurt, but very badly frightened. The same year the Indians killed old man Sanders of Uvalde, between the Frio and Leona rivers. I remember the attack that was made on the Kincheloe home, when Mrs. Bowlin was killed and Mrs. Kincheloe was fearfully wounded.

“On another raid the Indians killed Captain Robertson and Henry Adams, while these two men were in camp. and ate their hearts. They killed Dud Richardson on the Frio, and scalped a little girl alive. This same band of Indians killed Mr. and Mrs. Stringfield, and carried their little boy, Tommy Stringfield off into captivity. Mrs. William Hatfield, now living at Medina, is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stringfield, and was present when her parents were killed, but managed to escape. The Indians came on up the country and divided into two large parties. “Big Foot” Wallace, with a party of men, followed one of the bands which went out on the divide between the Sabinal and the Medina rivers. The Indians discovered their pursuers and laid an ambush for them. They tied a fine mare on the side of a mountain for a decoy and when some of the rangers, over the protest of Bigfoot Wallace, went to get the mare, the Indians fired on them and wounded Bill

Davenport in the thigh. Wallace ordered his men to dismount and prepare for a fight. Some of the men then flanked the Indians on both sides and ran them out, killing some of the Indians and capturing a big herd of horses which had been stolen down in Atascosa and Medina counties.

“The other band of Indians had gone up the Sabinal, and I, in company with several men, took their trail and followed them to the head of Devil’s River, out near where Sonora is now located. There were about 100 Indians in this band, and they made a very plain trail. A settlement fort had been constructed on the Sabinal for the protection of the few settlers there, and a company of rangers from Washington county, under command of Captain Meyers, was encamped about a mile below this fort at this time. We sent a runner to the ranger camp for assistance to help in chasing these Indians and Captain Meyers sent 25 men to join us. In the party of rangers were two men from San Antonio, Sam Maverick and a young man named Simpson. As soon as the rangers joined us we pushed forward on the trail and followed it until sundown, then camped where the trail went up on the divide between the Sabinal and Guadalupe rivers. Early the next morning we were again in the saddle and going forward as fast as possible, but our progress was hindered by the roughness of the divide which was covered with honeycomb rocks, which made travel very slow for the horses of our friends that had been used to a flat, level country. These horses were clumsy and many of them soon became lame. We traveled until late that night when we reached

Paint Creek, a tributary to the South Llano river. Next morning the Washington county fellows were sick of the chase and all turned back, except two—Sam Maverick and Simpson. Five or six of our men decided to turn back also, leaving 26 of us to follow on after the Indians. We were determined to overtake those redskins if possible and try to annihilate them, and resumed our chase. But the next day twelve more of our party turned back, and that left fourteen to continue on the trail of 100 Indians. The second night after they left us we camped about a mile above old Fort Territt, our horses were pretty well fagged out, our men all tired from steady riding, and were about out of grub. We did not know it at the moment but the night we camped here, the Indians were camped just about a mile further on. We found their camping place the next morning after we resumed the chase. They had butchered and barbecued a horse, and used the paunch to carry a supply of water in. We discovered from their preparations that they intended making a long dry run across that semi-arid region, but we hoped to overtake them in a few hours and force them to fight. Two or three of our horses gave out and our men took turns walking. We followed the trail all that day and called a halt and sized up the situation. We were many miles from water, out of grub, hungry and worn out; our horses were about exhausted, so we decided to turn back. While we were resting here John Ware went out and killed an antelope. We cut it up in chunks and started back to water, about thirty miles, which we reached the next morn-

ing at daylight. Here we cooked that meat and ate it without salt or bread. We rested here awhile, and then went back to Fort Territt, and camped. We succeeded in killing several deer and turkeys, roasted a great quantity of the meat, and resumed our homeward journey. The second day on our return we had eaten all our meat and were again a hungry bunch. That night we made a dry camp, and one of the men killed an old turkey gobbler, and fourteen hungry men ate him in a very little while. When we got back to the settlement fort we found well loaded tables waiting for us, and we consumed everything in sight. That Washington county bunch got lost when they started back, and beat us in only a few hours with their clothes torn and their horses in bad shape.

“I think people sometimes have a premonition of death. I know of one case where such a thing happened. Rube Smith was a cowman, but not a kinsman of mine. He lived on the Hondo. We went down on the San Miguel one time to get some cattle, and while we were there Rube received word that members of his family were very sick. He seemed greatly worried about it and said if he could get one man to go with him he would pull out for home, about sixty miles. I told him I would go with him, and we immediately started and traveled all night, reaching his home on the Hondo early the next morning. He talked about Indians killing him all the way and at other times whenever he would be with me he expressed his dread. It seemed to prey upon his mind. He was a brave man, but no matter what the conversation was about, he invariably brought up the subject of Indians killing him some day. Sure enough,

sometime afterward he was killed by Indians on the divide between the Tehuacana and the Hondo, after putting up a desperate fight.

"Big Foot Wallace was one of the best men I ever knew. He was modest and retiring in disposition, but a terror when aroused. I met him in San Antonio in 1856. He had tanked up and started to his location on the Chicon, and while riding along he dropped his rifle and broke the stock off. He came back to San Antonio to get it fixed, and I met him at this time. Wallace told me that a belly full of booze and a broken gun was a poor combination to take out into an Indian country. How did he get his name? I will tell you: Colonel Duran was a member of Jack Hays' company of rangers, and he told me that once, when they were camped at San Pedro Springs, in 1845, Hays gave twelve or fifteen of his men permission to go up on the Guadalupe and hunt and scout for awhile as things had been quiet along the border for some time. These men, with Wallace in the crowd, went above New Braunfels, had a fine time, saw no Indian sign, and thinking there was no danger, they relaxed their vigilance one night, with the result that the Indians came while they slept and drove off all their horses. They were forty miles from San Antonio, and afoot, with all of their camp equipage and saddles. They built a raft of logs, loaded their stuff on it, and started down the river. Wallace and another man got on the raft to steer it, while the other men walked along the bank of the stream and kept in hailing distance. Wallace pulled off his shoes and placed them on top of the blankets and saddles on the

raft, and while floating through a swift, deep channel the raft was overturned and everything on it went to the bottom and was lost, except Wallace and his companion who swam out. They could not recover a thing for the current had washed it all down. Wallace joined the party on the bank and walked until his feet became sore and his friends had to take turns in carrying him. Finally they found a bunch of wild cattle and shot a yearling. They cooked the meat and used the hide to make some mocassins for Wallace and he was enabled to get along very well. When the party reached New Braunfels the German citizens curiously eyed Wallace's feet and called him "Gross Fos" (Big Foot), and the name was taken up by his companions, and ever afterward stuck to him. Big Foot Wallace once owned a grant of land in Bandera county, above Medina, and Wallace Creek was named for him, as was also the town of Big Foot in Frio county. He died January 7, 1899, in his 83rd year, and his remains now rest in the State Cemetery at Austin.

"I located on Wallace Creek, in Bandera county, in 1878, and remained there about three years, then bought 640 acres on Benton's Creek from B. F. Bel-lows. Later I sold this land and moved to Medina, where I have a nice farm, and am spending the evening of my life in quiet retirement. Most of my old comrades have passed over the borderland of time. The days of long ago seem but yesterday when I recall their faces and the happy times we had together."

JUDGE HUGH C. DUFFY.

Far back in the pioneer days a young man came to Bandera and for fifty-four long years he was identified with the affairs of the town and county. That man was Hugh C. Duffy. Born at Castle Blayney, County Monaghan, Ireland, October 11, 1844, he came to America with his mother and sister when he was 14 years old. For a while they lived at Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. Eventually the bright Irish lad found his way to Texas, locating at Boerne in 1864, where he taught school a number of years, and came to Bandera in 1866. Here he foresaw wonderful opportunities for the young man of pluck and energy, and he decided to stay and take his chances with the other pioneers here. He studied law and was admitted to the bar, and for many years was the only attorney in the county. He became known as one of the most prominent lawyers, which position he maintained for over fifty years. Coming here when Bandera county was enshrouded in the mist and cloud of frontier deprivation and isolation, an environment that has contributed to the darkening of many a talented life through sheer denial of opportunity and outlet, Mr. Duffy began an early, manly fight against the environing shadows, spreading a light about himself in which he worked straight upward to a high and responsible place in the county's affairs, and his career of usefulness ended only when death called him November 13, 1920.

He was married February 15, 1870, to Miss Josephine Lytle of Castroville, who for over thirty years was his faithful companion and helpmate. Mrs.

Duffy died August 13, 1900. To them were born six children, two of whom died when quite small. The surviving children are C. H. Duffy of San Antonio, George L. Duffy of Uvalde, Mrs. A. P. Kehoe of San Antonio, and Miss Laura Duffy of Bandera.

A short time after Mr. Duffy arrived in Bandera he engaged in the mercantile business, and later purchased the building now known as the Riverside Inn and opened a hotel. This hotel is now managed by his daughter, Miss Laura Duffy. He had a wide acquaintance throughout this section, and was held in highest esteem as a citizen and lawyer by all who knew him. He held no ill will or malice toward anyone and if he ever had an enemy it was never known. His kind, amiable disposition and courteous manner toward everyone at all times marked him as a gentleman of the noblest type. He always looked on the bright side of everything and his cheering words and cheerful manner were always encouraging and helpful to those with whom he came in contact.



DANIEL RUGH.

One of Bandera's early citizens was Daniel Rugh, whose memory is still fondly cherished by many of our people. Mr. Rugh was born near Pittsburg, Pa., in 1812. In 1849 he started to California but when he reached Rock Island, Illinois, he was stricken with granulated sore eyes and had to abandon the trip. He remained in Rock Island and Selina until 1859, when he emigrated to San Antonio, Texas. With his wife and four daughters he came to Bandera February

14, 1860. The two youngest daughters died during an epidemic of diphtheria in 1862. The eldest daughter, Miss Ivy Rugh, taught school in Bandera for a number of years until her marriage in 1870 to R. M. Taylor. Another daughter married Jack Miller and lives near Utopia. Three daughters and one son, Charles Reed Rugh, were born in Bandera.

In 1872 Mr. Rugh moved to the ranch now owned by J. A. Miller. In 1873 he sold his cattle for \$22.50 a round and his sheep for \$4.00 per head and moved to Bandera town where he built the present City Hotel, which is still occupied by his son, Chas. R. Rugh. Daniel Rugh and his wife were among the first members of the Methodist church in Bandera and were consistent workers therein until 1899, when both passed to their reward, their deaths occurring four months apart. Mrs. Rugh was born in Ireland and came across the ocean when she was 17 years old, landing at Quebec. Her father died on board ship and was buried at sea.

During the war between the states Daniel Rugh served as sheriff of Bandera county, at a time when courage and integrity were necessary to maintain law and order. He reached the age of 87 years, nearly forty years of which were spent in Bandera county.

Charles R. Rugh married Miss Mila Huffmeyer. They have seven children: Emil Rugh of Mooringsport, La., Misses Helen and Mary Rugh, Daniel, Ashley, Charlie and Duane Rugh of Bandera.

THE MANSFIELD FAMILY.

Andrew Mansfield was born in Washington county, Pennsylvania, July 9, 1827, and grew to manhood there. When he was 21 years old he went to Missouri and lived there eight years, then returned to Pennsylvania where he spent four years. He came to Bandera in February, 1860, with the first Merino sheep ever brought here, and located them at the place then known as the James ranch, where Rev. H. L. Atkins now lives. These sheep were brought by boat down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers and across the Gulf of Mexico to Galveston where they were unloaded and driven to Karnes City, where a part of the flock was left for Colin Campbell and the balance brought right through San Antonio and on to the James ranch for Samuel Christian and John H. James. Mr. Mansfield worked for John James from the time of his arrival until the fall of 1870, when he bought 184 acres of land where the old Mansfield homestead is now, and started into the sheep business for himself, in which he was quite successful. In 1880, in company with Judge J. B. Davenport and James McElroy, he went to Pennsylvania and brought back two carloads of registered sheep and six head of the first registered Durham cattle that came to Bandera.

Mr. Mansfield was married to Miss Laura Thalmann October 25, 1868. Six children were born to them: Andrew, Herman, Edward, Walter, John and Cora. Before his death, which occurred February 22, 1897, Mr. Mansfield acquired considerable property in Bandera county. The only public office he ever held, was a road overseer's commission, he being the

first overseer on the Bandera and San Antonio road, covering the distance from Bandera to Zepada's, twenty-four miles this side of San Antonio.

He was conscripted with John Adamietz and Andrew Knapic in 1862 and served under General Ireland along the Texas seacoast until the war between the states was over, when he returned home and for many years devoted his time to his growing stock interests, and working for the upbuilding of the county. Mrs. Mansfield survived him twenty years, and died May 12, 1917.

A. L. (Andy) Mansfield married Miss Matilda Dorow January 21, 1895, and they have nine children, Lee, Fred, Roy, Earl, Harold, Clara, Emma, Evelyn and Selma. Lee Mansfield married Miss Clara Leah Hicks, and Fred Mansfield married Miss Lena Wright. All live at Bandera.

C. H. (Herman) Mansfield married Miss Minnie Thomas. To them were born three sons, Rhea, Robert and Coy. Herman Mansfield died in January, 1919.

W. E. (Ed) Mansfield married Miss Cora Buck. They have nine children, Mrs. Laura Autrey, Homer, Frank, Hayden, Bruce, Minnie Mae, William, Louella and Joyce.

W. O. (Patty) Mansfield married Miss Annie Graves. Has one child, Miss Anna Mae Mansfield.

J. M. (John) Mansfield married Miss Mabel Miller.

Miss Ella Mansfield married John H. Bruce. They have three children, Minnie, Hubert and Alleen.

THE MAASS FAMILY.

William Maass, Sr., was a native of Germany. He came to Texas in the early days and located at San Antonio, where he married Mrs. Charlotte Kissling, nee Oelze. In 1874 he moved his family to Bandera, and located on Middle Verde Creek, on the place now occupied by W. W. Whitley. In the family were Mr. and Mrs. Maass, two of Mrs. Maass' children, Mary and Adolph Kissling, and five children of their union, Will J., Albert, Lena, Tina and Reinhardt Maass. Albert Maass died in 1918; Tina Maass Straus died in San Antonio in 1919. Mrs. Louisa Evans and Will J. Maass are the only members of the family now living in Bandera county.

William Maass, Sr., died in the late 90's, aged 78 years. His wife died in 1902.

Will J. Maass married Miss Elizabeth Lewis in 1885, and settled at the head of Julian Creek, where he has lived ever since. To this union eight children were born, seven of them still living. They are Mrs. Louisa Anderwald, Mrs. Irene Anderwald, George and Lindsey Maass of Bandera; Mrs. Della Toudouze of San Antonio, Mrs. Edith Hermes of Tarpley; William Fred Maass, now city marshal of Randlett, Okla. Miss Emma Maass who married Rudolph Kokes, died in San Antonio in 1918. The wife and mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Maass, also died in 1918. Later Mr. Maass married Miss Etta Butcher of Clarksburg, W. Va.

Will J. Maass was eleven years old when his father moved to Bandera county, and he distinctly remembers many of the early day events here. He became an expert fiddler and played for the dances and social

functions of thirty-five years ago, and says people came from many miles around to attend those gatherings, and the dancing went on from sun-down until sun-up. Good fellowship, neighborly feeling and a generous hospitality always marked those occasions. His father's neighbors on the Middle Verde were Orlando Thallman, Capt. McGill, Ernest Oelze, a Mexican named Jesus, J. B. Davenport, Joe Holt, Mrs. B. C. Buckelew and children. All of these neighbors are gone except Mr. Thallman, who still lives on his old home place. Some have moved to distant parts, some still reside in the county, and some have died.

When the family settled on Middle Verde the country was all open, for it was before wire fences had been introduced. The range was free, and was covered by high grass. Mr. Maass says he thinks August and Fritz Rothe were the first to build a wire fence in the section where he lived. They fenced a large body of pasture land over on the Hondo.

Morgan Moncur, one of the very earliest settlers in Bandera county and well known to all the old timers, was an uncle to Mr. Maass, and Henry Frick, who served as sheriff of Bandera county a number of terms, was a brother-in-law, having married Mr. Maass half-sister, Mary Kissling.

Forty-eight years have passed since Will J. Maass came to Bandera county. He grew to manhood, married and raised his family of sons and daughters to be useful and respected citizens of this section, and has thus been a factor in the development and up-building of the county, and he expects to spend the balance of his days here among the friends that have always proved true.

SIXTY-FIVE YEARS IN BANDERA.

Joseph W. Holt was born in the town of Bandera December 18, 1857, grew to manhood in this county, and has lived here ever since. His father, Mose Holt, came to this section from Grayson county in 1856 and died in Bandera just a few months after the subject of this sketch was born. His widowed mother married John Cosgrove who lived on the Seco.

On March 20, 1878, Mr. Holt was married in Bandera to Miss Elizabeth Buckelew, Judge J. B. Davenport performing the ceremony. To this union were born ten children, seven of whom are living. They are Eben Holt of Tarpley, Jim Holt of Bandera, Mrs. Almeda Chipman of Bandera, Mrs. Bessie Johnson of Los Angeles, Calif.; Miss Tiny Holt of San Antonio, Emmet Holt of Welder, Kansas, and Joe Holt, Jr., of Bandera. Mr. Holt now lives on Indian Creek, west of Bandera, and is engaged in stock-farming. He remembers many incidents of frontier days, and recalls several occasions when Indians stole horses from his step-father, Mr. Cosgrove. On one of their raids the savages killed his wife's father, Berry Buckelew, an account of which is given elsewhere in this book. He also remembers killing of Assessor McMurray between the Seco and Hondo. McMurray stayed all night with the Cosgroves the night before he was killed.

Hezekiah Griffin lived on East Verde Creek, southeast of Bandera, where he had pre-empted 160 acres of land. His father and family lived with him. Among the Griffins was a young man named Josiah Griffin. One day when Josiah went out to look for some horses, he was attacked by two Indians and came near losing

his life. He was unarmed, but fought the redskins off with rocks and kept them dodging until his sister, at the house, discovered his peril and ran to his aid with a shotgun. As soon as the brothers and father learned of the attack they hastily mounted their horses and gave chase, but the Indians got away. Griffin was pretty badly wounded with arrows, one penetrating his arm, another his thigh and a third struck him in the small of the back. The spike that penetrated his thigh embedded itself in the bone, and was removed three years later by Dr. Herff of San Antonio. He finally recovered and afterwards married Mr. Holt's sister.

Mr. Holt says he worked on Judge Davenport's ranch, now owned by Dr. J. O. Butler, for six years.

While living on East Verde Creek, Mr. Holt was often employed by Parson Dial, a Cumberland Presbyterian minister, who was also a surveyor, to carry the chain while making surveys and was paid \$1.50 per day for his work. One morning very early he went out to help Parson Dial and neglected to tell his mother where he was going. As the day lengthened and he did not appear Mrs. Cosgrove became very uneasy about him. When night came and her boy was still absent she became almost frantic, fearing that he had been killed by the Indians, so taking two of her children on a saddle pony, and accompanied by Sam Davenport, she started over to the Ross place on the Julian to learn if they had seen the missing boy. Young Holt, having finished his day's work and unaware of the uneasiness of his parent, leisurely started home and when near the Quihi Pass he discovered a strange procession approaching, which he took to be

Indians. Hastily concealing himself near the roadside he unlimbered a big pistol he had with him, and when the party came within just a few steps of his position he made ready to fire upon them, but thinking he had better be sure he called out "Who goes there." They evidently did not hear him call, for no answer was made, and he was on the point of pulling the trigger when he decided to challenge again, and it is well that he did so, for the strange party was his mother and brother and sister. Mr. Holt says he has been scared pretty badly at different times, but this was the worst scare he ever had, when he discovered how near he had come to killing some of his own people.



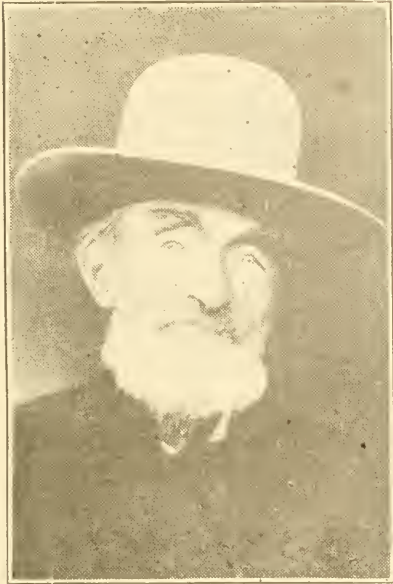
ATTACKED BY A PANTHER.

In 1876 a negro named Henry Ramsey lived near Indian Creek, several miles from Bandera, and one night he heard a disturbance out in his front yard. When he opened the door to investigate the trouble a large panther sprang into the room and attacked him. The only weapon the negro could secure quickly was a large butcher knife and with this he killed the panther, but not before the ferocious beast had bitten and lacerated his arms and body and torn his clothes into shreds. Old Doctor Peacock attended the wounded man but in a few days symptoms of hydrophobia appeared and the negro died in horrible agony.

In those days panthers were numerous throughout this region, as were bears, Mexican lions and other wild animals.

JUDGE GEORGE HAY.

George Hay was born at Erskine, Renfrewshire, Scotland, March 17, 1836. With his parents he sailed



Judge George Hay

for America from Liverpool, England, Sept. 10, 1841. They came across in a sailing vessel, the Tierien, and landed at New Orleans October 19, 1841, from whence they went up the Mississippi to St. Louis, where they tarried but a short time, then proceeded to Nauvoo, the Mormon city in Illinois. They remained at Nauvoo until 1845, when the family went back to St. Louis, where the elder Hay died, and in the fall following the

widow with her children moved to Keokuk, Iowa, later moving to Clark county in that state. In September, 1848, hearing of the wonderful opportunities in Texas, and seeking a land free from the antagonism at that time directed against the Mormons, the family with others started to Texas in wagons drawn by mules. A long trip was ahead of them and the way was beset with all sorts of dangers and perils, but fearlessly the little band took up the journey. George Hay was then a small boy, 12 years of age. When the party reached Kansas City, then a very small town, they

were joined by a family named Johnson and a man named Spencer Smith of Council Bluffs, Iowa. Their destination was Zodiac, a Mormon settlement on the Perdenales river, three miles below Fredericksburg, which they reached safely after nearly three months on the road. Here the Hay family remained until 1850. A Mormon settlement had been made near Fort Groggan in Burnet county, where a mill was erected, and the place was afterwards called Mormon Mills. Mrs. Hay and her children moved there, where they tarried until the spring of 1853, when they moved over to the Packsaddle Mountain vicinity to graze their cattle. In company with a large party of Mormons headed by Elder Lyman Wight they decided to transfer their location to Bandera county, reaching here March 1, 1854. Elder Wight's company numbered about 250 souls and when they arrived in Bandera county they found only a very few people here, the Hadrians, Milsteads, T. L. Odem, P. D. Saner, Mrs. Rees and sons, Charles de Montel, and others. In speaking of his arrival in Bandera, and subsequent events, Judge Hay said:

"This was a beautiful country then, a wilderness it is true, but inviting and offering our people wonderful possibilities. Charles de Montel had a horse-power saw mill with a circular saw, and the men of the community were nearly all employed in getting out cypress timber and working at the mill. August Pingnot supplied the camp, for Bandera was but a camp then, with game. Here I met Amasa Clark, who was in the employ of Milstead. This was in 1854, and the friendship that was formed then has endured to this good day, and grows with the passing

years. Here I also met DeWitt Burney, an uncle to our present district judge. August Klappenbach kept the commissary for Mr. Montel. Klappenbach afterwards built the first house in Bandera where he kept a store and postoffice. This house is still standing and forms one end of my residence. It was built in 1855, and was constructed of cypress lumber sawed at the mill here, the carpenter work being done by John Dugos, the father of Kasper and Christian Dugos, worthy citizens of our town. The elder Dugos had just arrived from Poland with the Polish colonists, and could not speak English, and had to receive his instructions as to dimensions and plan of the building in the sign language. If I remember rightly the Polish colonists arrived here February 3, 1855, and as they were destitute, they had a hard struggle for a number of years, but perseverance and the realization that they were living in free America helped to get them on a footing which they have since maintained.

"After remaining here until the fall of 1854, Elder Wight and his company moved down the river about twelve miles where they established a settlement, known for many years as the Mormon Camp, where they remained until 1858. Elder Lyman Wight died and was buried there. The site of this camp is now covered by the waters of Medina Lake. With their leader dead, the Mormons then scattered, some going to the Indian Territory, and several families remained here; among those who chose to remain in this section were Andrew Huffman, Mrs. Janet Ballentyne, Abram Moncur, Joseph Goodale, Meachen Curtis, and others whose names I can't recall just

now. Today about all of them are gone except myself and my wife.

Bandera county was organized in 1856. O. B. Miles was first chief justice, William Curtis was sheriff, James P. P. Poole was the first county clerk. The first term of court was held in a building in the western part of town which was used as a school house. I was deputy clerk under Poole, but did not have very much to do. Afterwards I was elected county clerk and served for several terms. Finally I decided that I did not want the office and hustled like everything to elect my successor, P. D. Sauer. I also served several terms as assessor and collector, and am now serving as justice of the peace of Bandera precinct.

“In the fall of 1869 I became associated with James Booker Davenport in the mercantile business in the house now occupied as a dwelling by Sheriff Henry Stevens. Later Mr. Charles Schmidtke came into the firm and it became known as Davenport, Schmidtke & Hay, dealers in general merchandise. Our business thrived, but later Mr. Davenport retired and Schmidtke & Hay conducted the business until 1874, when H. H. Carmichael bought an interest in the firm and we erected the stone building now used as a warehouse by the Bandera County Ranchmen & Farmers Association. Mr. Schmidtke retired from the firm and Carmichael & Hay continued until 1903, when we met with reverses, and almost in a twinkling the crash came and we were swept off our feet. Mr. Carmichael died here in 1913. Later I moved to Hondo, where I lived for ten years and engaged in the confectionery business there.

“In 1861, when the Civil War came on, almost every man between the ages of 18 and 45 were enrolled in the Frontier Battalion for frontier protection. I was commissioned a lieutenant, but being an officer made no difference to me. I went into the ranks, stood guard and performed all the duties of a private. I have never received a cent for my services and none of my comrades ever received a cent of pay. We had to furnish ourselves too. Some ammunition was supplied, but it was of such poor quality as to be almost worthless. The Indians often made raids down into this settlement and below here, and we would take their trail, sometimes inflicting severe punishment on the red rascals. There are many thrilling incidents connected with the history of this county. Many tragedies have taken place, many hardships were endured by the first settlers, many of the old timers have passed over the great divide to return no more, many of our sons have gone out and won high places in the world, many of our daughters have married and raised manly sons and lovely daughters who are today filling places of usefulness in different parts of the country. I am proud that I can look back upon the sixty-seven years that I have spent here and realize the wonderful changes that have taken place, all for the betterment of mankind and the glory of American manhood and womanhood that brought these things to pass.”

Judge Hay is now 86 years old. He is quite active and discharges the duties of justice of the peace in an acceptable manner. His mind is very clear, and he recalls dates and events with the precision of a much younger man. He has ten children living,

41 grandchildren and 30 great grandchildren. His living children are Mrs. Amanda Elam, George A. Hay, Mrs. Georgiana Risinger, Frank T. Hay, Mrs. Mary Langford, of Bandera, Charles William Hay of Colingua, Calif., Joe M. Hay of Hondo, Mrs. Ola Croisdale of Austin, John Hay of San Antonio, Mrs. Janet Currie of Los Angeles, Calif. Another daughter, Mrs. Ora Smith, died in California during the influenza epidemic and was brought home for burial.

Judge Hay is spending his declining years at the old family homestead in this city, where for many years he and his good wife kept open house to the traveling public, and entertained many distinguished visitors under their hospitable roof.

Mrs. Hay, before her marriage, was Miss Virginia Minear. She is a native Texan, having been born in Fannin county near Bonham, March 25th, 1844. She came to Bandera county when about eight years old with her widowed mother. Her father was murdered in Coryell county, where he had taken up a homestead. The burden of years rest lightly upon this good old mother and she gets about as lively as a middle-aged woman. She attends to all of her household duties, and has a pleasant, cheerful greeting for all visitors.

EMIL HUFFMEYER.

Emil Huffmeyer was born in San Antonio in 1845, and came to Bandera in 1873. He first owned a store where the Montague residence now stands, afterwards putting up a log building where he eventually erected the stone building now occupied by W. J. Davenport

& Co. He also built the dwelling where L. H. Hayes now lives. In 1878 his brother, Adolphe Huffmeyer, bought an interest in the business and they continued the partnership through many years. When the court house was built in Bandera, the Huffmeyer brothers were on the contractor's bond and were compelled to complete the contract, thereby losing several thousand dollars. In 1893 Emil Huffmeyer sold his interest in the business here to his brother, and moved to San Marcos where he again engaged in mercantile pursuits, with considerable success. All through life he made many friends and had but few enemies. He died at San Marcos April 14, 1919. His wife still lives in that city.

Adolphe Huffmeyer, who was associated with him and afterwards succeeded him in the mercantile business in Bandera, was married to Miss Mattie Rugh in 1880. They built the stone cottage on Water Street, where their five children were born. They now live in San Antonio.

H. H. CARMICHAEL.

H. H. Carmichael came to Texas from Missouri when he was 14 years old. It was during the Civil War, and he was accompanied by his mother, sister, and others. They came through in an ox-wagon, their destination being Georgetown and Helena, where they had relatives. After the close of the war they returned to Missouri, where Mr. Carmichael finished his education in the Columbia University. When he was 20 years old he came back to Texas, and at

Helena bought his first herd of cattle to take "up the trail." In 1873 he came to Bandera to buy cattle, and received at the Jones ranch.

Mr. Carmichael was married October 22, 1876, to Miss Mary E. Risinger of Helena, coming directly to Bandera. They lived for several months with Grandma Hay, mother of George Hay, while waiting for their home to be built, the first home being started where the J. E. Browning home at Medina now stands. The land on which Medina City is now located was the pasture of Mr. Carmichael at that time. When the new home was almost finished the Indians made a raid between Medina and Bandera, and killed a Mr. Phillips, a brother to Mrs. Buck Hamilton. As there were no near neighbors, he felt it would be unsafe to establish a home there, so the almost finished dwelling was torn down and moved to Bandera, rebuilding it where the home of Lee Risinger now stands. Mr. Carmichael engaged in the mercantile business with George Hay, and acquired an interest in the mill and gin here. The first mill and gin was washed away in 1900. It was then established on the hill and is now the ice plant. He continued in business in Bandera, and was also interested in the firm's branch houses at Ozona and Sanderson, until the break came.

The present Carmichael home was built for his sister and was used as a boarding house. After her second marriage he obtained the property and moved there. It is still the Carmichael home, a grand old colonial mansion, with spacious grounds and stately trees surrounding. Eight children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Carmichael, two dying in infancy. Lawson the eldest son, died six years ago. Those now living

are Hal Carmichael of Sabinal, John Carmichael of Tuscon, Arizona; Mrs. Stanley Lewis of Sabinal, Mrs. M. M. Peters of Many, La.; Gervys Carmichael of Houston.

For several years after he returned to Texas Mr. Carmichael bought and drove cattle to Kansas markets. It was a remarkable fact that on these drives he was younger than most of the men who were working for him. His death occurred nine years ago. Mrs. Carmichael survives him and makes her home with her children.



JUDGE EDWARD M. ROSS.

Judge Edward M. Ross was a native of New York. He was a veteran of the Mexican War, and after his discharge from the army he later re-enlisted and for a long time was stationed at Camp Verde. While at this post he gained the idea that he had found a good country with a great future, and he located right here, established a ranch, and engaged in raising sheep, cattle and horses. He was one of the pioneer school teachers of San Antonio, living there in the early 50's. He served as county judge of Bandera county several terms.

Judge Ross died at the home of his son-in-law, Eb Buck, near Bandera in 1909, at the advanced age of 90 years. His wife died in 1899. Of the seven children born to Judge and Mrs. Ross five are yet living. They are John Ross of Bandera, Mrs. Mary Perner of Ozona, Mrs. Kate Buck of Bandera, Ed Ross and Jim Ross.

FABIAN L. HICKS.

One of the prominent men of Bandera county in the early days was Fabian L. Hicks, who came to Texas in 1855 from North Carolina. He was born at Forrestville, in that state, April 16, 1828. Shortly after arriving in Texas he joined an expedition under Capt. James H. Callahan to cross the river into Mexico to chastise a tribe of Indians that had been depre-dating on the frontier of Texas and escaping into the sister republic. After returning from this expedition Mr. Hicks came to Bandera county and went into the stock business. Here he was happily married to Miss Hedwig Anderwald, and raised a large family, Ten children were born to this couple, six of whom are now living: Fabian A. Hicks of Utopia, Gleamer Hicks of Tarpley, Mrs. Animate Garison of Medina, Lucius Hicks of Tarpley, Elvius Hicks of Bandera, and Mrs. Hercelia Meadows of Medina. The children that have died were Cleophas Hicks, Albina Hicks. Mary Hicks and Mrs. Eratha Fee, who was the wife of George Fee, a Bandera newspaper man.

Mr. Hicks went on many scouts after Indians, and was always ready to fearlessly take the trail and follow the red devils as long as there was any chance to overtake them. In A. J. Sowell's "Texas Indian Fighters" is given the following account of a chase in which Mr. Hicks was engaged:

"On one occasion Mr. Hicks and a number of others pursued a band of Indians to the head of the Medina river and came so close upon them, the trail being very fresh, Mr. Hicks proposed a halt while he reconnoitered. Going down into the bed of a creek

where there was some water, the Indian sign was so fresh that he knew they must be in the immediate vicinity. They had watered their horses there and the water was still muddy; in fact it seemed that they had run away from the water as if they had detected the presence of the white men. Mr. Hicks went down the creek a little further and then turned back, as the Indian trail had left the creek and went among the rocks where he could not see it. After getting nearly back to where the Indians had watered their horses he discovered an Indian sitting on his horse on a bluff not more than thirty yards away, looking and listening. Hicks took a quick but steady aim at his side and fired. At the crack of the rifle the Indian uttered a loud squall and went tearing down into a ravine on his horse, and Mr. Hicks could hear him making a noise down there like a buzzard or something of that sort, as you might say, a squawking noise. Hicks quickly reloaded his gun and went back to where he left his horse and the other men. They now went to look for the wounded Indian and the others, but nothing could be seen of them. Blood was found on the trail where the Indian ran his horse after Hicks shot him, but down in the ravine he got with his companions and they carried him away, the trail continuing towards the divide in a very rough country. Mr. Hicks wanted to follow, but the other men refused to go, saying the Indians knew of their presence and would be certain to ambush them somewhere. One of the men in this party had been shot by an Indian with an arrow only a short time before, right in the town of Bandera, just after dark one night. On the way back they met a squad of soldiers from Camp

Verde on trail of the Indians. They went on and found the Indian dead on the trail after they passed the place where he was shot by Hicks."

Mr. Hicks rendered great assistance in law enforcement and often aided the officers of Bandera in ridding the country of lawless characters, horse-thieves and robbers. He was a member of the Baptist church and aided and encouraged every religious effort that was put forth in those early days. It is said that when a camp meeting would be held in the vicinity of his ranch Mr. Hicks would deliver a wagon load of corn at the meeting grounds every day and give it to all who had teams to feed. He secured a large body of land in Medina and Tarpley region, which was divided among his children. His death occurred January 2, 1899. His widow still lives at the old home ranch on Hicks' Creek, and is now in her 80th year.

DROWNING OF RIGGS.

Many of the early settlers of Bandera county remember the drowning of Thomas Riggs in the Medina river below Bruin Creek some time in 1861. The river was on a big rise and it seems that Riggs, who was an expert swimmer, attempted to go across to look after some stock on the other side. He may have been taken with cramps, for he was seen to go under and failed to come up. Searchers found his body the next day lodged in a drift. George Hay, O. B. Miles, Thad Ryan and others went from Bandera to assist in the burial.

LOST A WAGONLOAD OF IRON.

When old Fort Territt, at the head of the North Llano river, was being built in 1858, supplies were hauled there from San Antonio, the main route passing through Bandera Pass.

Jack Farrell was a government teamster and had charge of a wagon train hauling these supplies to Ft. Territt, and on one occasion while making the trip over this route the roads were very heavy from recent rains, and when he reached Bandera Pass the road was so boggy he had to unload a cargo of bar iron that was being taken to the frontier post to be used in making horseshoes and for other blacksmith work. The iron was dumped off somewhere near the Pass, the teamsters intending to get in on their next trip a few weeks later. Jack Farrell afterwards told O. B. Miles that when they returned for the iron it could not be located. Searchers in later years endeavored to find the load but without success, and it no doubt is right there today covered by dirt and silt that has accumulated for the past sixty-five years.



OLD TIME CHARIVARIS.

Forty years ago the old time charivari was very much in vogue in Bandera county. When a couple got married they were given a "serenade" by their friends. Cow bells, tin pans, cow horns, plow points, hoss fiddles, and anything that would make a racket, were brought into play and the din that was produced generally brought the treats to the crowd.

THE MONTAGUE FAMILY.

Chas. Montague, Jr., came to Bandera with his father in 1859, being at that time only a lad about 14 years old. In 1861 he enlisted in the Confederate Army and served through the Civil War, after which he went to New York and engaged in business, but his health failing there he returned to Bandera and lived here until his death, which occurred April 25, 1916. During the many years that he lived here he was one of the most useful and honored citizens of this county. In 1872 he was elected district and county clerk, and office which he filled



Judge Chas. Montague

acceptably for fourteen consecutive terms. He was admitted to the bar and for years was regarded as the most able attorney in this entire section of the state. As a factor in the business and commercial life of this community Judge Montague stood supreme. His word was his bond and his integrity was unimpeachable. He was a promoter and an ardent advocate of all things which spelled progress for the county he loved so well.

Judge Montague was married at Castroville, Texas, September 25, 1871, to Miss Laura Lytle, a sister to Capt. John T. Lytle, the well known stockman and trail driver. This happy union was blessed with twelve children, ten of whom are still living, and are

useful and highly respected citizens: They are Mrs. Rose Gardner, Miss Margaret Montague, Joe G. Montague, Frank M. Montague, of Bandera; John Montague of Waterbury, Conn.; Charles Montague of Cananea, Mexico; Miss Victoria Montague of San Antonio; Eugene Montague of Lordsburg, N. M.; Brian Montague of Alpine, Texas; Dr. Laurence Montague of Tampico, Mexico. Two of the sons, Brian and Joe, entered the legal profession. They are graduates of the Texas State University, as is also Dr. Laurence Montague who is now practicing medicine in Tampico, Mexico. Another son, Frank M. Montague, is a prominent stockman of Bandera county, and lives on the ranch established by his grandfather, Charles Montague, Sr., more than sixty years ago.

When the World War came on six of the Montague boys went into the service, four of them went overseas, and all returned safely. Three of them became commissioned officers in the army, and received citations for bravery in action.

The family has occupied the present homestead in Bandera since 1880. There Mrs. Montague, the mother of these manly sons and queenly daughters, presides with charming grace and dignity. She was born in Pennsylvania, but came to Texas when she was five years old. Her father, Francis Lytle, was one of the pioneer school teachers of this section. At three different times, while he was teaching on the Hondo, the Indians broke up his school. When she came here in 1871 Bandera was but a small village boasting of three stores, a blacksmith shop and two saloons.

JAMES FRANKLIN HODGES.

In contributing data for this book, James Franklin Hodges, a worthy citizen of Pipe Creek, Bandera county, sends in the following:

What little I have to say in this sketch will apply to Pipe Creek and her people. I am not the oldest settler in the community, but I am an old settler. A few preceeded me here, but most of the older ones have passed to the other side and only a few remaineth. W. H. White, J. H. Newcomer and C. Anderson are still among the living. When I came to this section in 1875 it looked pretty rough, but there was something about it that appealed to me, so I planted my stake right here. There were many hardships to undergo, many obstacles to overcome. The country being new and very thinly settled, with no work to be had, our pathway was somewhat thorny. However, we managed to struggle through and have seen this section develop into one of the very best farming communities. Back in the seventies picket houses, thatched roofs and dirt floors were very common. Only one house was on the road between Bandera and Pipe Creek and that is the house where H. L. Atkins now lives, known at that time as the James ranch. Most all of this section was public range then, but now the country is all fenced, and the little community of Pipe Creek has since that time grown from a mere handful of people to a large, thrifty and prosperous citizenship, so law-abiding that our precinct has not had a justice of the peace for more than 25 years. Almost any other community of the same size would not only need a justice of the peace but would

also need two constables to help him keep the peace. We have good schools, churches, roads, many nice farms in cultivation, and we raise good crops of corn, wheat, oats, sorghum, cotton, potatoes, turnips, pumpkins, melons, and several kinds of fruits and berries. We also raise horses, mules, cattle, sheep, goats, hogs and poultry. The butter and milk industry has grown to be quite a paying proposition. I see no reason why we should not claim first place in the things that go to make an independent people and a better citizenship. Great changes have been wrought but to tell of all of the changes that have come to Pipe Creek through all these years would require a better thinker than I claim to have. I was born in Stoddard county, Missouri, according to record, September 15, 1849, and was partly reared during that unfortunate struggle between the North and South, so did not have the advantage of much schooling, and in offering these few scattering remarks I do so with the wish that they will do harm to no one.



EARLY DAY MAIL CARRYING.

August Santleben in his book, "A Texas Pioneer," mentions the fact that his father, Christian Santleben, who lived near Castroville, secured the contract to carry the mail from Castroville to Bandera, a distance of 32 miles, coming up Monday and returning Tuesday. The pay was \$300 per annum. The route connected with the San Antonio and Eagle Pass mail line. This was in 1859 and August Santleben, then a lad 14 years old, carried the mail on horseback via the ranches of Dr. Behm, Tuerpe and Bladen Mitchell.

AN INDIAN CAPTIVE.

Frank M. Buckelew, who now lives at Medina in this county, spent eleven months in captivity among the Indians. Mr. Buckelew has published a book recounting his experiences while in captivity, and as the edition is about exhausted he expects to rewrite the book, including therein additional details, and we are sure it will prove an interesting volume. For many years he has been a minister in the Methodist church. The story of his captivity is about as follows:

In 1866 when he was about 14 years of age, he was working for Judge Davenport in Sabinal Canyon. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Buckelew, were dead, and young Buckelew was living with his two sisters on the Davenport ranch. In company with a negro boy, Frank Buckelew was sent out to hunt for a lost ox bell that had dropped off somewhere on the range. The two boys found something in a thicket that aroused their curiosity, and upon close investigation it proved to be an Indian under a blanket. The Indian sprang toward them with a whoop, when the boys turned and fled, with the Indian after them. He came near enough to strike Frank over the head with his bow and captured him, but the negro boy made his escape.

The lad was taken up on a mountain by the Indian, and conducted to the chief, who questioned him in broken English, and then gave orders for his clothes to be stripped off. Several Indians had appeared by this time, and after a sort of pow wow, they ordered the boy to go out on the brow of the

mountain where he could see the house and call his sisters to him. But the little negro boy had reached the house and given the alarm and the girls were suspicious that something was wrong and, although they were fearfully alarmed for their brother's safety, they would not venture out. There was not a man on the ranch at the time, and if the Indians had known this they would probably have made an attack and massacred the helpless women there. Failing to decoy the girls away from the house, the Indians took Frank and went west, stopping in the head of the Nueces Canyon. Here they securely bound the boy hand and foot, laid him in a gulley and left him while they went down the valley to steal horses. They were absent all day, and when they returned they brought a number of horses with them, and taking the captive they went to their large encampment on the Pecos river, several days journey. These were Lipan Indians.

During his captivity the boy was often put to test by the Indians and proved that he was not a coward. They often tormented him and treated him cruelly, especially was this true when he was first taken into the tribe. Indian boys took special delight in making life miserable for him until one day he suddenly retaliated by giving one of them a severe beating. He was badly scared in consequence, thinking now for certain the Indians would kill him, but on the contrary they applauded the act, and crowding around they patted him on the back and cried "Bravo, bravo!" assuring him that some day he would be heap big chief.

On one occasion a squaw drew a very sharp knife across his throat, as a threat that she would kill him but as he did not flinch, she desisted. Had he shown

the least sign of fear there is no doubt but that she would have used the knife.

Frank Buckelew remained in the camp on the Pecos for many months, during which time he learned to make arrows and bows and how to use them. He often made trips into Mexico with the Indians. On one of these trips he was seen by a man named Hudson, who arranged for his escape, so while at San Vicente, with the assistance of a young Mexican, Frank Buckelew was successful in eluding the Indians and went to the home of Mr. Hudson, who accompanied him to Fort Clark and then brought him back to his people.

In recounting his introduction to the Indians at the village where they arrived after his capture, Mr. Bucklew, in his book, says: "In passing the river, by some means my pony fell behind some little distance, and had not yet overtaken the Indians when they were met by two young warriors dressed and painted in their war garb. About the time the two warriors met the savages in advance I saw an old squaw coming on foot from the village toward the party. She carried something in her hand which at first I could not recognize, but as she passed the party of savages with an air of sullen indifference, and advanced toward me I discovered that it was a quirt she was carrying. Being ignorant of her object and helpless in the matter I rode forward until I met her. When she reached me she seized my horse by the reins and made signs for me to dismount, which I did without delay. No sooner had I landed on the ground than she began whipping me with the quirt. My body being naked, every lick seemed to cut to the blood, and every second her anger seemed to increase until I began to

think her a maniac, and that she might not stop her cruelty until I was killed. I was powerless, however, to prevent the cruelty and so had to bear it in patience until she had almost exhausted her strength whipping me. She then whirled me around until I faced her when she gave me a powerful shove toward the village. It was evident from the stir among the Indians at the village that something unusual was about to take place, as the old squaws, boys and girls, all held something in their hands, either quirts, sticks or clubs, and as I neared them, they began to form in line along the main road passing through the village. I knew that resistance would be useless, as there were hundreds of warriors standing near to subdue and punish any resistance. I walked forward, not knowing what fate awaited me. When I reached the end of the line nearest me, and which consisted of the smaller boys and girls, they began striking me with their clubs and sticks, each one intent upon striking me before I passed. This continued along the entire length of the line, the force of the licks increasing as I reached the part of the line composed of the larger boys and girls and the old squaws. Before the striking ceased I was almost exhausted from pain and exertion, so much so that it required considerable effort to stand on my feet. I had not yet recovered from the painful flogging given me by the old squaw, and the ordeal was a terrible one. I was then painted and dressed as an Indian and became the adopted son of the warrior who captured me."

After being restored to his people, Frank Buckelew later came to Bandera and worked on the Jack ranch. On August 4, 1870, when he was 18 years old, he was

married to Miss Nancy Witter, the wedding taking place in Bandera, and Uncle Bob Stevens performed the ceremony. Mr. Buckelew is an interesting character and often visits the schools of the county and relates incidents of his captivity to the school children.

W. S. HINDS, SR.

W. S. Hinds was born January 26, 1828, at Knoxville, Ala. Came to Texas in 1845, and during the gold excitement he went to California in 1849, returning to Texas in 1858. He was married to Miss Nancy Caveness at Fort Mason. After the Civil War, in which he served as a soldier in the Confederate Army, he went to Old Mexico, then later to New Mexico to engage in ranching. In 1869, near Macias, N. M., he and his hired man were attacked by Indians and the hired man was killed. Mr. Hinds managed to escape but was compelled to abandon his wagon and team and the supplies he was taking to his ranch.

In the early part of 1870 he moved his family from New Mexico to Bandera county in an ox-wagon, settling on what is now known as the McHaney place near Medina. His neighbors were Benton, P. Keese, Chamblin and Haught families. The Indians made frequent raids, killing people and driving off stock. Shingle-making was the chief occupation of the people there at the time, and one day in 1871, in company with Joe Sheppard, Mr. Hinds went up near the head of the North Prong of the Medina river to get a load of shingles. After loading them on the wagon they started for home and Sheppard, who was some

distance behind, and near Dripping Bluff, was shot and desperately wounded by an Indian who was concealed behind a tree. Mr. Hinds took him to John Benton's home, now known as the old John Walker place, where his wound was dressed. He finally recovered.

Mr. Hinds located his home on the Medina at the mouth of Rocky Creek and went into the stock business. His devoted wife died November 15, 1893. He has been a useful citizen in this county for many long years, and is probably the oldest citizen in the county, being now ninety-five years old. He lives with his son, W. S. Hinds, Jr., where he receives every care and attention. Mr. Hinds is the father of thirteen children, twelve of whom are still living. They are: R. W. Hinds, lives in Idabell, Okla., and served as U. S. marshal there for a number of years; G. G. Hinds, of Lima, is engaged in stock-farming, served as deputy sheriff under Major Sanders and I. W. Stevens several years; W. S. Hinds, Jr., lives on the old home place above Medina, is a stock-farmer; Mrs. Lorena Copeland lives at Smiley, Texas; Ben Hinds, lives at White Signal, New Mexico, is a stockman; J. P. Hinds, engaged in stock-farming at Lima, served as deputy sheriff under Tom York, then went to Garvin, Indian Territory, and served as U. S. marshal until 1910, when he returned here and was deputy sheriff under Sam Smith for six years; J. F. Hinds lives at Willow City, Texas, and is a farmer; Mrs. Della Stocking lives at O'Brien, Texas; Mrs. Florence Buckner lives at Selma, Calif.; Mrs. Helen Stacy lives at Ardmore, Okla.; Levi Hinds lives at Comstock, Texas, where he owns a ranch; Dee Hinds lives at

Calexico, Calif., and is a civil engineer and foreman of a dredge line at that place.

W. S. Hinds, Sr., always stood ready to help his fellowman, and lent his assistance to every movement for the betterment of community welfare. He donated ground for the Rocky Creek school house, and took active interest in everything that would build up his neighborhood. Mr. Hinds always enjoyed good health up to 1916, when he was stricken with something like rheumatism, since which time he has been unable to use his lower limbs. He has twelve living children, 69 grandchildren, 65 great grandchildren, and one great great grandchild.



DAVID CRYER KILLED BY INDIANS.

In 1866 David Cryer and a man named Foster, who lived in Hondo Canyon, went to Bandera in a two-horse wagon after supplies. They started back home across the mountains through the pass, and when they reached a point near Sugar Loaf Mountain, about ten miles from Bandera, they were attacked by five Indians at the head of a ravine. Cryer, who was driving the team, was shot in the back and fell from the seat backward into the bed of the wagon. Foster secured the reins and whipped the team into a run, followed by the Indians, who continued to shoot arrows. The flight was over a rocky road and during the race the wagonbed jolted up over a wheel and the horses, not being able to run with it in that condition, began to slacken their speed, and, as the Indians had dropped behind some distance, Foster stopped the

team and with great effort lifted the wagonbed back to its place and resumed their flight. It was only about two miles to their home and they soon reached there, seeing which the Indians, who were on foot and away behind, turned and left them. During the wild ride Cryer suffered terrible agony, bouncing from one side of the wagon to the other with the arrow still in his body. It was deeply imbedded and could not be withdrawn until O. B. Miles, of Bandera, was sent for, and when he came he extracted the arrow and dressed the wound, but Cryer died in three days.

Several men went out to take the trail of the Indians, but they had scattered and got away. Many were picked up along the road where the ambushade occurred. The Indians were not more than thirty feet from Cryer and Foster when they first showed themselves, and likely saw the white men as they came through the pass, and had ample time to prepare the ambush at the head of the ravine.

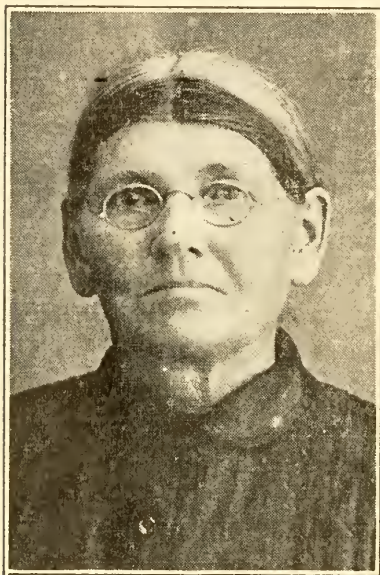


“FIGHTING JACK” POTTER.

One of the early Methodist preachers that came to Bandera county was Andrew Jackson Potter, known as “the fighting parson” from his pugilistic encounters with frontier characters. He had been a race-rider, a gambler and “tough,” but was converted, reformed, and entered the ministry. For many years he traveled over West Texas, with his bible and rifle always ready for instant use. At one time he owned a small ranch on Mason Creek in Bandera county. He died at Tilden, Texas, while in the pulpit.

MRS. CONSTANTINA ADAMIETZ.

There lives in Bandera at this writing a pioneer mother who came here with the original Polish colonists in 1855. She is Mrs. Constantina Adamietz, and



Mother Adamietz

she carries the burden of years lightly, happy in the midst of her pleasant home surroundings. Living as she does on the very site of where her parents first found haven some sixty-seven years ago, Mrs. Adamietz has much to remind her of the trying times through which she has passed—days and nights that were full of danger—and the memories of a perilous past sometimes overwhelm the realization of the happy present and

brings to her mind the recollection of many sad tragedies, or the remembrance of departed friends and loved ones of her youthful days who shared with her the joys and sorrows of days that are gone.

When I visited Mother Adamietz I found her busy with her housework, for she is still a housekeeper despite the years that have accumulated over her head. With that matronly dignity and grace that characterizes her race, she invited me into her parlor and the warm welcome she gave made me feel perfectly at

home and free to ask questions about her experience in this her adopted country.

Mrs. Adamietz is living on the site given to her father when he came to Bandera in 1855. The old home, which was a stone house, is still standing, but is in a dilapidated condition, the walls are falling in, and the roof is in bad shape. But a new house of considerable size has been built to take its place, and is occupied by Mrs. Adamietz and Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Ruge. Mrs. Ruge is her youngest daughter. Around about this old homestead are other houses built in that early period by her neighbors, some of logs and pickets, and a number of them are well preserved and shelter descendants of the first colonists.

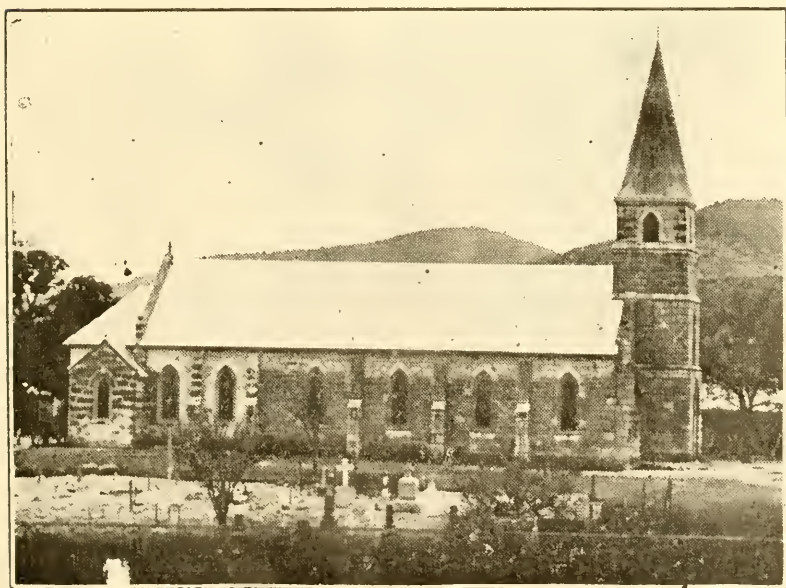
Mother Adamietz, in relating many of the events of those days, was quick to remember dates and names and at times she spoke with much feeling. Sometimes a tear would glisten as she recalled some pathetic incident, and at other times a hearty laugh would accompany her recital of a humorous anecdote. Her narrative follows:

“My parents, John and Frances Pyka, were poor peasants in Poland, struggling along from year to year, enduring the hard lot of the peasants of that time. One day father heard of the opportunities for immigrants to secure homes in America, and was told that he could go with a party that was being made up to sail for the New World, the land of the free. Poland’s struggles for freedom have been recorded in history. Our country was not successful as was America, and Polish patriots turned longing eyes in this direction and rejoiced over the good fortune of their comrades who came to this country. Therefore, when

the opportunity presented itself for father to bring his family to America he was quick to seize upon the chance. Preparations were hastily made and we were ready long before the starting time. At last word came that we were to start on a certain day, and then came the sorrow of bidding old friends goodbye—friends we never expected to meet again in this life, unless they should come to America. I was just a little girl then, only nine years old, with never a care or worry, and full of anticipation of the long journey. But when I kissed loved ones there goodbye my heart was sad and I could not keep from crying.

“We started, sixteen families in all. Our family consisted of father and mother, myself, my two sisters, Frances and Caroline, and brother, John Pyka. I was the eldest child and of course it was my duty to help mother with the smaller children. We went aboard ship, and for nine weeks we sailed the broad ocean. Every day was just alike, and at night a stillness as of death settled about us. Mother suffered a great deal from seasickness, as did many of the other passengers. Three of our party died on the trip and were given a sea burial. The bodies were wrapped in canvas, weights attached, and dropped overboard. I was greatly distressed when these burials took place for I feared the fish would eat the bodies. At last we reached Galveston Bay, and there was much hurrying and scurrying about when the ship dropped anchor. Everybody began collecting their scant belongings, mothers calling their children, and the men giving directions for all to keep together. We landed

at Galveston in January, 1855. In our party were the families of Verner, Koerdles, Pittel, John Pyka, Kasper Kalka, Albert Haiduk, Frank Anderwald, Samuel Adamietz, Frank Jureczki, John Dugos, and three or four others whose names I cannot now recall. We were absolutely without money, and possessed only a few effects besides our clothing. From Galveston we went to Indianola, from whence we traveled by wagon and on foot to Victoria, and then on to San Antonio, where we were met by Charles de Montel, who owned the land where Bandera is situated. He provided conveyance and took us to Castroville and Quihi. I remember quite well the conveyance that served us. The vehicles were ox-carts with solid wooden wheels, and the yokes were fastened to



Catholic Church at Bandera, Built in 1876

the horns of the oxen. We were overjoyed to reach the end of our long journey. Mr. Montel gave to each man in our party a lot in the town of Bandera, and sold to a number of them small tracts of land in the vicinity. Father bought, on credit, 40 acres located just across the river, and it is now owned by my brother, John Pyka. Very soon a number of cabins were built, of logs and pickets, and we were "at home" therein. There was a colony of Mormons here when we arrived but they later moved to the Mormon Camp, several miles below here. Of the settlers who were here when we came I know of only two that remain, George Hay and Amasa Clark.

"Then, as now, this was a beautiful country, but it was a wilderness. Game was plentiful and we did not lack for meat. Indians were also numerous, and often we heard of the raids they made in other parts of the country, killing people and stealing horses, and and they soon began coming into our settlement. Then we wished we were back in Poland where no such dangers lurked, but as we were without means on which to leave we were compelled to remain here and 'grow up with the country.' We soon became accustomed to our new surroundings, the social life of the community became active, and we set about to make it as enjoyable and happy as our circumstances would permit. Mr. Montel was a generous man, and treated our people with kind consideration. He had a sawmill here and gave our men employment at the mill and also put them to clearing land. The women helped to grub land, worked in the fields and performed any labor they could to help make the living. At the sawmill, which was located where the old Peters

gin now stands, great cypress trees were converted into lumber and shingles and hauled to San Antonio. Mr. Munroe, a Mormon, erected a flour mill just below town, which was operated by water taken from the river. The dam was made of logs and stones, some of which remain in the river at a point near The Loop, and the old mill race is still to be seen along the bank of the river. This mill race was constructed by Polish labor, men and women digging it with spades. Among the best workers was Mrs. Moravietz, who still lives here. The mill was carried away by a flood in the river after many years of successful operation.

“Mr. Montel had a small store here which was managed by a Mr. Hepke. Mother cooked for the men who worked for Montel. Father was a wheelwright and carpenter and followed his trade. Everybody worked. We realized that we had come as strangers to a strange land and we knew that the only hope for us to succeed in this new land was by dint of industry and hard work. How well we performed our task is apparent today in the development that has been made. The generations that have followed these early Polish settlers have become thoroughly Americanized by the process of amalgamation. Pretty homes, well tilled farms, schools, refinement, religious influences that are widespread, and a happy, thrifty, contented people is what the stranger finds here today. We, the pioneers, had our part in the making of all of this, and we look with pride on what our hands have wrought.

“I was married to John Adamietz, May 10, 1866, Father Zielenski performing the ceremony. To us were born 11 children. My eldest son, Valentine J.

Adamietz died May 5, 1921, at Thibedeaux, La. Another son, Pete Adamietz, died March 2, 1893, and Felix Adamietz was killed while mining at Morenci, Arizona, in 1901. Eight children yet survive, and are located near me. They are Mrs. Mary Kindla, Alex Adamietz, Mrs. Annie Abernathy, Mrs. Bina Jureczki, Matt Adamietz, Henry Adamietz, Ignatius Adamietz and Mrs. Frances Ruge. All live in or near Bandera, except Mrs. Abernathy, who resides in San Antonio. My brothers, Frank and Anton Pyka, were born after my parents came to Bandera, and were raised here.

"We bought our first milk cow at Castroville, and father went down there afoot and drove her home. I have plowed in the field, picked cotton and done all kind of farm work. I remember the first roasting ears we had to eat. An American neighbor named Curtis showed us how to cook them on the cobs and eat them. We never had roasting ears in the old country.

"In the course of time other families came over from Poland, among them being Anton Pyka, Sr., Tom Mazurek, Jakob Jureczki, and some came from the Polish colony in Karnes county, Mr. Zerner, the father of Mrs. Kasper Dugos and Mrs. Albert Jureczki, being among the latter.

"My husband died October 25, 1911. My parents died many years ago. I can recall many tragedies of those times, for the Indians made frequent raids into this settlement and stole horses. One night they stole some horses from Herman Thallman's stable that was located near where the Davenport store now stands. They got the horses by removing several logs from the stable. One night Gideon Carter, a Mormon, was carrying a little child in his arms and, with his

sister, was going to visit a neighbor. An Indian concealed behind a tree or in a fence corner shot Mr. Carter through the body with an arrow. He ran to the home of O. B. Miles where the arrow was pulled out. Carter recovered and afterward went to Utah. Albert Haiduk also had a narrow escape from death. One night he thought he heard some cattle breaking into his corn field, and when he went to investigate he found it was Indians. He ran back to the house, but was wounded with an arrow before he could get inside. The Indians got all of his horses. I remember when Frank Buckelew was taken captive by the Indians, and also recollect the killing of Theodore Kindla over in Sabinal Canyon. I recall the time when Amasa Clark, Dr. Thompson and John Kindla were attacked by robbers on the road from San Antonio. Dr. Thompson was killed outright; Kindla died from the effects of his wounds several years later, and Mr. Clark fully recovered and is with us yet. Bandera county's chapter of tragedies is a long one. The savage red man left a trail of blood through this region that made many homes desolate and brought woe and grief to the people. Those were trying times, and the present generation in luxury cannot gain the faintest idea of the privations and hardships endured by those who blazed the way for civilization. Besides the dangers that lurked on every hand, we had to do without many things that are necessary today. We had no drugs or medicines and when overtaken by illness homeopathic remedies were resorted to. Every housewife knew how to "doctor" her children, and how to set and bandage fractured limbs, make poultices, dress wounds and relieve suffering.

We had no furniture except home-made articles. We had no cook stoves, the open fire-place and the skillet and pots cooked our meals. We carded wool and cotton and wore homespun clothing. Every girl learned to spin and weave and many of the boys learned it too. The men had to split rails to build fences—barbed wire was then unknown. We had to invent many ways to get along in those days.

“When the Civil War came on we remained aloof from partizanship, but many of our American and German neighbors became involved and some went to war, while others went to Mexico. Men were hung for their sentiments and many disappeared to never be heard of again. These were terrible times.

“The Spanish-American War came on in 1898, and several of our young men enlisted. Then in 1914 the World War was started, and when America became involved our sons went forth to offer their lives on the altar of patriotism. Some of our Bandera boys made the supreme sacrifice on the battlefield.

“Three-quarters of a century have passed over my head—years that have been full of joy and sorrow, pleasure and excitement, and now as I sit in the twilight of life’s autumn and behold the wonderful changes that have taken place, I am proud to know that I have been an humble participant in Bandera’s making.”

LEOPOLD HABY.

Leopold Haby was born in the Haby Settlement, now called Riomedina, in Medina county, November 15, 1851. His parents came from Oeberenzen, Alsace, Germany, in the spring of that year and located in that settlement, where they raised a family of nine children, seven sons and two daughters, namely, Leopold, Gregor, Raymond, Guido, John, Alex, Otto, Theresia and Katie. Theresia married M. J. Rippes and afterwards died. Guido and John Haby are also dead. Katie married Chas. Wurzbach, and still lives at Riomedina. Gregor lives at Bonita, Ariz; Raymond at Uvalde, Alex and Otto live at Riomedina, and Leopold lives near Medina Lake. The father, Jacob Haby, died December 11, 1899, aged 76, and the mother, Mrs. Catherine Haby (nee Mann) died February 17, 1916, aged 83.

When Leopold was eight years old he accompanied his father on a freighting trip to Port Lavaca with an ox-team. Two trips were made in the year 1859, and two trips the next year, 1860. Each trip required three to four weeks time. Other trips were made in 1863 from San Antonio to Eagle Pass, then young Haby was needed at home to take care of the stock and farm, as all of the young men went into the army. Indians were very troublesome in those days. Nick Haby, an uncle, killed an Indian one night when the redskin was trying to steal horses from a pen at his home in the Haby settlement.

In 1868 Leopold Haby went on his first cow-hunting trip, coming up in Banderita county to the ranch of August and Celeste Pingnot, which is now owned

by Louis Haegelin. In the party with him were Jacob Koenig, Louis and August Rothe, Adolf Wurzbach, Ben Wernette, George Heyen, Bill Shoemaker and Justin Hans. August Pingenot joined the party and they hunted and rounded up cattle throughout the country around Bandera, penning at the ranch of Polly and Jose Rodriguez, at the Jack ranch, at the Bandy ranch, and at Bladen Mitchell's.

Mr. Haby relates some of his experiences as follows:

"In the spring 1870, myself, Joe Haegelin, Alex Haegelin, John Liebold, and Joe Brieten went with ox teams to San Antonio, and loaded freight to take to Fort Concho, a distance of about 200 miles. We remained at Fort Concho all summer, and hauled hay for the government, Christopher Schuchart having the contract. We returned home and the following year we again hauled freight from San Antonio to Fort Concho. In 1872 I enlisted in Company V Minute Men, composed of George Haby, Captain; John Green lieutenant; Charles Brown, Adolph Wurzbach, Julius Heihling, Frank Monier, Joe Burrell, Sr., Armin Boehme, John Karm, Joe Burrell, Jr., Frank Beal, G. Zapata, Saria Menchaca, Jones and Van Riper. We enlisted at Boerne November 6, 1872, and during the next few months we were kept busy scouting and trailing Indians. A bunch of redskins came down on a raid and stole horses near San Antonio and as far out as the Culebra. They secured 110 head and started west with them, camping the first night at Mescal Spring. Here they killed a horse and ate it. From here they went by Mitchell Crossing, up Cypress Creek, thence west over to the Verdes. They passed within two miles of the Davenport ranch, and near

there killed another horse and had a feast, and then went on to Sycamore Spring, about five miles from where Tarpley is now located. John Green and some of the minuet men were in camp on the Culebra, and George Haby and men were camped on Elm Creek when this raid took place. There were about twenty men in the two companies. We immediately took the trail which led out towards the head of the Hondo and Verde Creeks, the route being known as the old Indian trail. It was late in the afternoon, and after getting our supper we took a direct course to the Davenport ranch, where F. L. Hicks, a noted scout and Indian fighter, joined us, and we followed the old cattle trail to the Hondo, stopping about two hours before daylight to secure sleep and rest. Mr. Hicks stood guard and made coffee for us while we slept. We turned out and again got in the saddle at day-break and made our way to Sycamore Spring, and just as we reached there we saw three Indians coming over a hill. They discovered us about the same time and took to the brush and got away. We made diligent search for the remainder of the band but did not find them, but we got the stolen horses, 110 head. After scouting around for sometimes we decided the Indians had made good their escape, so we started back home with the recaptured horses, coming via Bandera. Some of the men went back on the trail in hopes of finding horses that the Indians had abandoned and we all met at Pingnot's ranch that night. We received our discharges in 1873 and the company disbanded. I was married October 18, 1875, to Miss Hortensia Haegelin, the ceremony taking place in St. Joseph's Catholic church in the city of San Antonio.

We made our home three miles from the Haby settlement, where I engaged in farming and stock-raising for eight years. In 1883 I moved to Bandera county with my family, settling on Vance Creek, near Mescal Springs, thirteen miles east of Bandera, where I am still living."

Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Haby have six children, three sons and three daughters. They are Titus A. Haby, Helotes; Mrs. Alexandrina Ahr, Lacoste; Mrs. Olga Tschirhart, Medina Lake; Robert Haby, Rio-medina; Mrs. Louise Letcher, Pipe Creek; Arnold L. Haby, Medina Lake.

UNCLE JACK STEVENS.

J. L. Stevens was born in Green county, Tennessee, February 6, 1838. His mother having died in his infancy he lived with his grandparents in Tennessee until he was nine years of age, then, with them, he went to Madison county, Arkansas, to visit his father, but before they reached there his father died. They remained in Marion county three years. Both of his grandparents died, so with two of his uncles, Henry and Billy Stevens, he started for Texas. It required six weeks to make the trip of about 400 miles, but it was a very interesting trip for a boy of twelve years. Buffalo and many other kinds of wild game abounded in the country through which they passed and many times they saw the carcasses of these animals near the road where they were killed by hunters.

Upon reaching Texas they stopped in San Antonio for some months. San Antonio was then only a small

town composed principally of Mexican huts built of adobe and grass. From here they went to Atascosa county and engaged in farming and cattle raising. Here Jack, as he was called, learned the blacksmith's trade and assisted his uncle, Henry Stevens, in a shop.

In 1854 there was a severe drouth in the country south of San Antonio which lasted for three years, so they moved their cattle up into Bandera county, where Billie Stevens had acquired considerable range land. One of the first men they met when they got to Bandera was Amasa Clark. Jack immediately fell in love with this country and remained here most of the time until the Civil War began.

Bandera county was a much more open country then than now. The hills which are now covered with brush were then only covered with rank grass. Water, too, was more abundant in the country in those days. Creeks, which are now dry most of the year, then afforded good swimming and fishing pools.

In the spring of 1861 he went to San Antonio and enlisted in the 32nd Texas Cavalry, Co. I, and served in that company the full duration of the war. He was engaged in numerous skirmishes but was never in any real battles as he was in Texas and Louisiana during the whole time. After the war was over and he had received his discharge he went to Atascosa county. Somewhere in the Bible it is said that "where a one's treasure is there the heart will be also." This was literally true in this case, for he rented a blacksmith shop and worked there for two years, making occasional trips to Bandera. In March, 1866, he was married to Miss Lucy Wells of Atascosa. Of course, now that he could take his "treasure" with

him, he was anxious to make Bandera—the place he liked so well—his home. Accordingly he returned here and purchased a small place on Hicks' Creek, nine miles from the town of Bandera, which at that time was only a small settlement composed mostly of a colony from Poland, and a remnant of a Mormon settlement which had located about ten miles below. Mr. Stevens moved his bride to their place on Hicks' Creek in November, 1866. They came through in an ox-wagon, taking five days to make the trip. The first thing they did when they reached their place was to erect a log cabin near a beautiful spring on the creek, near where the home of Mrs. F. L. Hicks now stands, and they lived in this cabin two years, then moved farther up the creek near another spring. Not far from this site their present home now stands. Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Hicks were their nearest neighbors. They, and a family by the name of Taylor and the Pue brothers, Arthur, Bob, Ventress and Will, were the only people living on Hicks' Creek at that time. On Laxson's Creek, two miles to the west, lived Jessie and Tom Laxson, the Arnolds, Merritts, Walkers and Buckelews. There was no settlement whatever above them for several miles above where Medina now stands. Other families moved in, but when they heard of an Indian raid they would leave.

The Indians were a constant menace to the lives and property of the people. It was almost impossible to keep horses. Mr. Stevens lost all he had twice. The men never thought of leaving off their six-shooters any more than they would their shoes.

Farming was all done with oxen, walking plows being the only implements used. Small grain was

cut with cradle and scythes and in the early years they threshed with sticks. The first threshers in the country were tread-power threshers run by one horse. The horse had to be changed often as it was very hard on them.

The families went to church in ox wagons and hauled their supplies from San Antonio, a distance of 60 miles.

The produce of the country was very cheap and hard to sell. Cattle sold as low as \$3 per head. One of the sources the people had of making money was the making of the immense cypress trees, which grew along the river, into shingles which they hauled to San Antonio. The stumps of these trees that were used for shingles can still be seen along the river.

The last raid the Indians made through the country around Mr. Stevens was in the early part of 1873, when a party came through, killing a Mrs. Moore on Laxson Creek and killing and stealing horses. When Indians were heard of in the country the men always dropped their work no matter what it was and formed a party to try to catch them. The Indians usually got through the country in such a hurry that they were seldom caught up with.

Mr. and Mrs. Stevens are still living on their place on Hick's Creek. They raised a family of thirteen children, twelve of whom are now living—six sons and six daughters.

THE BANDERA BUGLE.

The Bandera Bugle was established by Stevenson & Ward December 3, 1880. The paper, a five-column four-page sheet, was neatly gotten up, and the local advertisers therein were H. H. Carmichael and E. Huffmeyer & Bro., general stores; Bandera Institute, W. J. Ryan, principal; F. W. Ellis, carpenter; Bandera Hotel, Henry Hamilton, proprietor; and Land for Sale by Chas. Montague, Jr., county clerk. The first page of the first issue contained two letters from Kerrville, one from Center Point and one from Castroville from correspondents. The Kerrville letter stated that R. H. Storms had qualified as county judge; that James Brown and Miss Maggie Witt were united in matrimony by Rev. A. J. Cowart of Center Point; August Rossberg died of trichina. The Center Point letter stated among other things that corn was worth 75 cents a bushel and flour \$4.00 per hundred pounds; that a Christian minister "dipped" a grown man and a little girl in the freezing waters of the Guadalupe, and that cotton picking was over and wheat sowing suspended owing to bad weather. The following law cards appeared on first page: W. W. Martin, R. H. Burney, Kerrville; Leslie Thompson, W. R. Wallace, Hal Gosling, Castroville. The official directory gives the following list of county and district officers: District Judge, T. M. Paschal; District Attorney, W. R. Wallace; County Judge, T. A. Peacock; Sheriff, Henry Hamilton; Clerk, Chas. Montague, Jr.; Assessor, F. G. Newcomer; Treasurer, J. A. Hudspeth; Surveyor, Sam Stevens; Commissioners, John Adamietz, F. W. Dorow, C. T. Parker and W. M. Taylor. Following

we give some of the items just as they appeared in the local columns of the first issue of the Bugle:

¶The jail is without an occupant.

¶A new school house and church is being built at Pipe Creek.

¶Prof. Ryan's school numbers over fifty in regular attendance.

¶Soap bubbles and merchants who don't advertise soon burst.

¶Huffmeyer & Bro. shipped two wagon loads of pecans to San Antonio last week.

¶The Bandera brass band under the supervision of Mr. Bowser is progressing nicely.

¶Rev. Father Eberhard, Catholic pastor at this place, celebrates high mass at Boerne tomorrow.

¶Eighty-eight bales of cotton have been ginned by Mr. Carmichael thus far this season. He expects to reach 100 bales before the season closes.

¶The foundation for the new school house has been completed and the construction of this house will commence as soon as the weather will permit.

¶A wagon load of wild turkeys were brought into town last week and sold for 25 cents apiece. Everybody could have a gobbler for Thanksgiving. This is the advantage of living in a county where there is plenty of game.

Stevenson & Ward sold the Bandera Bugle to John Guthrie, a Scotsman, who maintained his office in the house now occupied by J. F. Tait's blacksmith shop, where he continued several years. He later moved the plant to Boerne where he established the Boerne Post. He died there in 1904. Will Guthrie, one of the former owners of the San Angelo Standard, was a son of the editor of the Bandera Bugle.

THE KILLING OF JACK PHILLIPS.

About the last killing by the Indians that took place in Bandera county, was the murder of Jack Phillips at Seco Pass, in the winter of 1875. Jack Phillips was the father of Tom H. Phillips, now a prominent ranchman and merchant at Lima, in this county. The best facts obtainable in regard to this tragedy are given in A. J. Sowell's book, "Indian Fighters of Texas," and are as follows:

"Jack Phillips, who lived six miles above Bandera on Winan's Creek, started to Sabinal Canyon on business for his brother-in-law, Buck Hamilton, who was sheriff of Bandera county. There was no wagon road over the mountain to the canyon after leaving the settlement in Hondo Canyon; only a horse trail from there on. Phillips ate dinner with M. C. Click, then living in Hondo Canyon, and then went on his way. When he arrived at the pass which leads into Seco Canyon he was attacked and killed by Indians. The trail was above where the main road runs. Mr. F. L. Hicks had made a pasture fence across the trail and in lieu of a gate had common draw bars through which to pass. Phillips got through this and the Indians came down a point to the right and made attack upon him. He ran back the way he came and succeeded in getting through the bars again, but was pursued. It was a long chase of half a mile, the Indians firing, and the horse was finally shot through the shoulder with a ball and fell into the ravine. The doomed man now took down the ravine on foot, but was soon overtaken and killed. If he made any fight with them it could not be told.

“At this time Mr. William Felts and Miss Josephine E. Durban were on their way from Sabinal Canyon to Bandera to get married, and came upon the body shortly after the Indians left. They first saw the horse which was lying in sight of the trail, and went to him. Here they discovered the tracks of Phillips, where he ran down the ravine, and following these about fifty yards came to him lying face downward. They hurried to the ranch of Mr. Click, told him the news and stayed at his house that night. Next morning Click, Weaver and others went after the body and Felt and Miss Durban went on to Bandera and carried the news over there. When Mr. Click and party arrived at the scene of the killing the horse was still alive but unable to get up and was shot by Dave Weaver. The body of Phillips lay face downward, stripped and mutilated. The Indians had taken the saddle off the horse and carried it away. The body was brought to Joel Casey's the nearest Hondo settler, and Mr. Click went to Bandera that night and had a coffin made. Mr. Phillips was a Mason and was buried by them at Bandera. The Indians were followed by Hondo men, but not overtaken. The shoes of Phillips were found on the trail. A scout of Texas rangers was on trail of these same Indians, but their horses gave out and they were just turning back on Wallace Creek, fifteen miles away north, at the time the Indians were killing Jack Phillips, it was learned afterwards.”

BUCK HAMILTON.

Henry Hamilton, more generally known as "Buck" Hamilton, was sheriff of Bandera county several terms. He was born in Weekly county, Tennessee, April 15, 1833, and was married to Miss P. A. Phillips November 25, 1856. When he moved his family to Texas in 1859 he settled in Kerr county where he resided until 1869, when he came to Bandera county and remained here until his death, which occurred in 1888.

In February, 1875, Mr. Hamilton was elected sheriff of Bandera county, which office he held continuously until the day of his death, and during which time he, by his cool undaunted courage and widely directed energy, won for himself the well-earned reputation of being one of the very best sheriffs in Western Texas. In speaking of the death of Sheriff Hamilton, the *Bandera Enterprise* of July 26, 1888, said:

"Mr. Hamilton was not only a good officer, but he was a good man; a man whose big heart was full to overflowing with sympathy for the unfortunate, and whose large and generous soul was a well-spring of cheerful good humor which constantly flowed out to all with whom he came in contact, binding them to him in chains of lasting friendship. Deceased left a wife and several children to mourn his untimely demise, and whose deep and pungent grief is shared by hundreds who realize that in the death of Henry Hamilton they have lost a true and noble friend, and that the community has lost an officer and a citizen whose place, as such officer and citizen, will long remain vacant if indeed it be possible for any man to ever fill it

with that degree of satisfaction to the public generally that Mr. Hamilton gave."

From the Bandera Bugle of about the same date the following was clipped:

"The hopes of recovery entertained on Thursday last previous to the issue of the Bugle proved fallacious. Daily the sufferer grew weaker, and on Monday evening about 11 o'clock he quietly breathed his last; and he who had been familiarly known over this western country for many years as 'Buck,' was no more than mortal clay.

"Previous to the war, and when quite a vigorous young man, the deceased came from Tennessee and settled on the Guadalupe near Comfort. He removed from there and came to Bandera nearly twenty years ago, and for twelve years he has held the office of sheriff. Although repeatedly opposed, his jovial, kindly nature made him many friends and he invariably overcame all opposition. As sheriff he had few equals—he was sagacious and cool in judgment. For many years the counties around in this western section were a harborage for criminals and desperadoes of the worst stamp, who committed murders and other crimes with impunity. But through the admirable judgment and fearlessness of Buck, Bandera remained and is at the present time one of the most peaceable counties in the state. Necessarily his sheriffship made him widely known, and he will be long remembered for his fund of anecdote, his practical jokes, his kindly disposition, and for the many good deeds done without ostentation and in secret. He died a comparative young man, being only 55 years of age. He leaves a wife and a grown up family of three daughters and

four sons to mourn his loss and to grieve over the departure of a loving and self-sacrificing father.

The remains of the deceased were interred on Tuesday amidst manifestations of extreme grief on the part of relatives, and in the presence of a large assemblage of sorrowing citizens who by their presence testified their love and respect for 'Buck.' "

J. M. Hamilton, who now lives at Kerrville, is one of Buck Hamilton's sons, and Mrs. Harriet Chipman of Bandera is a daughter.



MRS. MARY E. HUDSPETH.

Mrs. Mary E. Hudspeth, whose maiden name was also Hudspeth, was born in Pickens county, Alabama, September 20, 1834, moved to Mississippi with her parents when she was nine years old, and later going to Arkansas where she was married, in 1854, to William Hudspeth. They moved to Texas in 1864, and when the Civil War ended and their negroes were freed, they went to San Saba county, where James A. Hudspeth, a brother to the subject of this sketch, then lived. At that time Indians were numerous in that region and caused a world of trouble to the settlers, so after remaining there a year or so Mr. and Mrs. William Hudspeth came to Bandera to locate. Mr. Hudspeth was a lawyer and hung out his shingle here and for many years practiced in the courts of this and adjoining counties. He was the founder of the old Bandera Enterprise, a newspaper which was published here for about thirty-five years, or until it was burned out in 1915. Mr. Hudspeth died

in Bandera in 1907. The old Hudspeth homestead, on Water Street, is now owned by J. R. Price.

During the early days several Hudspeth families lived in Bandera county. Captain Street Hudspeth, the school teacher who lived at Medina, was a brother to Mrs. Mary E. Hudspeth. He was the father of Hon. Claud Hudspeth, now a member of Congress from this district; Jimmie Hudspeth, who was well known to the early settlers, was a half brother to her; Joseph B. Hudspeth, who lived on the Hondo, was a cousin; another Street Hudspeth, also a cousin, and known as "Little Street," married Miss Mary Hamilton; and still another Street Hudspeth, who lives at the Dr. J. O. Butler ranch, is a cousin to her. Mrs. Hudspeth is now 88 years old, and lives in Bandera with Miss Mary Wachter, where she receives tenderest care and attention. The infirmities of age have crept upon her, but despite the burden of years, she is able to get around and often visits her friends about town. She treasures the friends of other days, a number of whom are still living here, among them being Mrs. H. C. S. Barnes, who is now more than 90 years old and lives with her son, F. D. Barnes, below Bandera. In the early days Lincoln & Hart conducted a general merchandise store in Bandera for several years. Mr. Hart died, and some time afterward Mr. Lincoln died. Mrs. Lincoln is now an invalid in a quiet retreat at Glendale, California. Mrs. Hudspeth speaks in affectionate terms of those old friends. Everybody loves "Aunt Mary" Hudspeth, and those nearest and dearest to her pray that she may be spared many years longer to bless them with her sweet presence.

GREW UP IN BANDERA COUNTY.

Mr. O. L. Adams, who lives near Tuff, in Bandera county, relates his experience as follows:

I came to Bandera county in 1883, from Callahan county, with my father, Richard Adams, two brothers and one sister. My mother died two years before we came here. Brother Gip was fourteen years old, I was nine, Brother Ben was seven, and Sister Sarah was five years old. My brothers and I drove 90 head of cattle and several saddle horses all the way through, standing guard at night. Father was sick and just able to drive the wagon team. When we left Callahan county we intended going to Uvalde, but when we reached the Medina and saw the clear water and the abundance of free range, he decided to locate on the Medina and at once bought out E. B. Bennett, near the head of the West Prong of the river, at what is now called Tuff. There was no school here at that time, and we had to go to Medina City for our mail and supplies. We had plenty of neighbors, newcomers like ourselves, excepting Andy Crockett and sons, who were about the first settlers. Our neighbors were Thomas Clark, W. H. Anderson, R. E. Love, W. A. Haught, E. B. Bennett, Steve Howard, Billie Wilson, Willis Rymes, and Jack Johnson. Four months after our arrival father died, December 16, 1883. My oldest sister and her husband then came from Lampasas county and took charge of the place and the children. We had a hard pull to winter our cattle, as they were not acclimated. They were not used to the mountains and rocks and soon became tenderfooted. The native cattle were fat, while ours died. Our Godsend

was plenty of venison, wild hog meat and bear, and wild honey was plentiful and to spare. Bread was very scarce and far between the first year we were here. After that we raised plenty of corn. In those days it seemed that corn would make with very little cultivation. I have seen good corn raised with but one plowing—just streaked off as we called it. Everybody was so busy hunting game they did not have time for plowing.

“My brother-in-law, being young and inexperienced with stock, soon let the ranch run down, and lost and sold the property, retaining nothing but the bare homestead. His wife died August 24, 1888, leaving him with three small children and we four, making seven orphans, and he took us to the home of his parents, who lived on Brewington’s Creek, a tributary of the North Prong of the Medina river, near what is now Lima. And right here I want to say Grandma Watson was one of the best women that ever lived. She had four small children of her own to look after, but cheerfully took in our crowd of seven, and was a real mother to all of us. She waited on the sick far and near, and lost her life while going to the bedside of Mrs. E. J. Humphries. She was drowned in a small stream east of Pecan Valley on the North Prong of the Medina July 9, 1889. Never was a nobler life given in the cause of mercy. Whatever good there is in me today stands to the credit of Grandma Watson. Again we were left motherless, and I went to work for Mr. Lewis, who lived on Coal Creek near Medina City, for \$10 per month. I worked for him six months and as there were no cold drink stands those days to get a boy’s money, I had \$60 when I

quit. In 1890 I helped Mr. Lewis drive 1500 goats to Eagle Pass, intending to take them into Mexico, but a quarantine was on at the time so we could not get them across. I quit Mr. Lewis at Eagle Pass and went to work for Joe Moffitt, an old time Bandera county man who at that time was a goat buyer. I later learned that Mr. Lewis drove his goats back to the Frio, near Leakey and sold them for 75c a head, which was considered a fair price then. Mr. Moffitt and I left Eagle Pass with a herd of horses and drove them to Guadalupe river, where he disposed of them, and tried to buy goats at 50c per head. We rode over the counties of Kerr, Bandera, Edwards, and part of Uvalde, finding nothing cheaper than 75c per head. Mr. Moffitt said he could not pay so much, so we returned to Eagle Pass, in October, 1890, and he paid me off and let me go, because he had nothing further for me to do. However, he offered me a home with him, to stay as long as I pleased. There will always be a warm spot in my heart for him, for he treated me well. The next day I started for Bandera county, on a half-broke Spanish pony. I met another old Bandera citizen, Mr. Paul Means, who at that time lived at Eagle Pass. He was running a peddling wagon from Utopia to Eagle Pass, and wanted some one to drive stock for him which he bought and sold along the way. I made several trips with him, and then returned to my brother-in-law's on the North Prong of the Medina where I remained until the spring of 1891. We heard there was plenty of work at Corpus Christi, and that wages were good there, and that people there would almost hire you whether you wanted to work or not, so my brother-in-

law took my sister Sarah, Brother Ben and myself along and started down there. He had his three children and a widow named Arnold and her seven children, making fifteen in our crowd. Mrs. Arnold's mother lived on the Nueces river, near Corpus Christi. I met up with a boy by the name of Wesley White from the Frio, and he and I decided to go on ahead and try to get work. We borrowed all the money Brother Ben had, which was ten cents, and left them at Oakville. We reached the Nueces river and found that we had to pay toll to get across. We argued with the Mexican boatman, but 10 cents would not get us across, so we left a pair of good leather leggings with him and kept our dime. We stayed that night in Nuecestown with a friend of Wesley White's, and next day began hustling for a job with the cotton farmers, but found none. There were three Mexicans for every place. We rode all that day in search of work, but there was none to be found. Late that afternoon in Corpus Christi I spent our dime for bread, and a fellow told us that a town was being built just across the Nueces Bay and might get work there. To get there we were instructed to follow the wagon tracks into the bay and then follow between a line of stakes until we got across, so we plunged in and after going some distance the water became so deep I had to get up on my knees in the saddle to keep from getting wet. Wesley missed the road and his horse went under. Off the road the mud was very deep. In trying to help him my horse also missed the road between the stakes and seemed to turn a complete somersault. We finally got out and rode on to the town, and slept that night in our

wet clothes by the side of some cord wood which helped keep off the wind. We traveled all next day but found no work. We reached Meansville and turned south and crossed a slough on a bridge, intending to go to Nuecestown on the south side of the river. When we reached the river the ferry cable was broken and the river was almost out of its banks. We turned back to the bridge across the slough and found it gone. The river had risen since we crossed and had cut us off. Things looked gloomy for us. We hadn't eaten anything for two days, except that 10c loaf of bread, and we were desperate. We prepared to swim the flooded river, which was about 100 yards wide, and the waves were rolling three feet high. As we started into the river we were seen by parties on the opposite side and were warned not to attempt to swim the stream. They sent over a boat and took us off. We found my brother-in-law in the town and that, at least, was one time I was overjoyed to see him. We stopped for a while and worked for 75c per day and boarded ourselves. We almost broke even. Then we tried grubbing land at \$8.00 per acre, and that was worse. At last I got a job at \$10 per month on a farm, and stayed there until I saved enough money to get back to old Bandera county, returning here in October, 1891. When I returned I found a home with Thomas Clark, where I worked for my board, finally I came back to the old homestead, all we had left, but having no means to make a crop I was forced to look for work again. I went to Burnet county in the fall of 1892 and worked for farmers there at \$12 per month, and they sure worked me almost to death. I remained there until the fall

of 1893, and was but very little better off than when I started, although I had a few clothes and a pony. I returned to the old homestead and slept on the hearth without bedding until I got a little start. I have managed to stay there ever since. December 23, 1897, I married Miss Ola Irvin, daughter of D. B. Irvin, a life-long citizen of Bandera county. We have been blessed with fourteen children, twelve of whom are living, three girls and nine boys, all able to eat what they can get. A short time ago I received a letter from Prof. Wesley Peacock of the Peacock Military Academy at San Antonio, in which he stated that I was worth \$12,000,000, a million dollars for each child. I guess he is right. So you see I have come out O. K. by staying with old Bandera, where I expect to remain the balance of my days."



On North Prong of Medina River

JOHN PYKA.

John Pyka was born in Poland October 29, 1848, and came to America and Bandera in 1855 with his parents. He grew to manhood here and was married to Miss Josephine Knappek, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Knappek. They have ten children living, namely, John, Jr., Alex. Pete and Ben Pyka of Bandera; Mrs. Frances Knappek, Mrs. Mary Marine, Mrs. Lucy Gollihar, Mrs. Bina Franklin, all of San Antonio; Misses Ida and Stella Pyka of Bandera.

Mr. Pyka lives just across the river from Bandera, where he has resided many years. When he was a boy he witnessed many of the thrilling things that happened here. He says he and his sister, Mrs. John Adamietz, often plowed and worked in the field together. He secured an ox-team and went to hauling freight, making several trips to Fort Concho with lumber for the government on contract for Schmidtke & Hay. He also hauled cotton from San Antonio to Eagle Pass, each trip requiring three weeks. When returning home he would come through Uvalde. Sabinal, and by way of the Davenport ranch.

He was never engaged in a fight with Indians, but had a number of narrow escapes. One time he and old man Sam Adamietz were stock-hunting near the Julian Pass, and saw an Indian running away from them. Mr. Pyka was then just a small boy and thought the Indian was a white man who had gathered a bundle of wood and had it strapped on his back. He wanted to yell at him, but Mr. Adamietz advised to not do so as the fleeing man was an Indian. The bundle on his back was his quiver of arrows. At an-

other time, one night, John Pyka went to the field across the river and while there he discovered a man on horseback making his way along the rail fence in his direction. His dog and horse showed signs of alarm so he started back toward home, seeing which the Indian, for such it proved to be, attempted to head him off and a race began. The moon was shining brightly, and he could plainly see his pursuer, but he got on this side of the river and the Indian stopped about where B. F. Langford's field is now on the east side of the river. The boy hurried home and told his parents of the chase, but as such occurrences were frequent not much attention was paid to it. That night the Indians came into Bandera and stole some horses and mules from a stable that was located near the Duffy Hotel.

Mr. Pyka remembers the killing of the Hardin boy by Indians, and went with a party of men to recover the body. An account of this tragedy is given in the narrative of J. P. Heinen, Sr. He remembers many other tragedies of those frontier days, and after he grew to manhood he was called upon by Sheriff Buck Hamilton to assist in making arrests, or to serve papers in court matters. He helped to bury the eight men who were hanged by soldiers from Camp Verde July 25, 1863. The bodies were found the next morning and Mr. Pyka says it was a most gruesome task to bury them. The murdered men were from Williamson county and were going to Mexico to avoid conscription, when they were overtaken and brought back as far as Julian Creek and executed by some of their captors. The bodies were left on the ground until next day when they were found and buried.

UNCLE HENRY STEVENS.

Henry Stevens, Sr., was born in Washington county, East Tennessee, December 23, 1818, and died in Bandera, Texas, January 12, 1912, aged 94 years. He was married to Miss Margaret Adams in Marion county, Arkansas; she died in Bandera in 1905. To this union were born eleven children, as follows: Ike Stevens, deceased; Mrs. Sarah Gibson, deceased; Tom Stevens of Bandera; George Stevens of Arizona; Mrs. Texanna Jones, deceased; L. N. Stevens, lives near Bandera Pass; Mrs. Lizzie Jones of Junction, Texas; Mrs. Lula Brown of Seligman, Arizona; Henry Stevens, now sheriff of Bandera county; Mrs. Magdalene Kisse of Flagstaff, Arizona; Mrs. Mittie Jones of Helotes, Texas.

Mr. Stevens came to Bandera county in 1866, and during his long residence here he was a most useful citizen. When he was 90 years old he published a small book recounting his experiences in Tennessee, Arkansas and Texas, and setting forth in an appendix thereto his religious views. From this book the following paragraph is taken, in which mention is made of Pat Saner, who became one of the pioneers of Bandera county:

"My brother decided to stay on the farm with father, so I decided to accompany my wife's people from Arkansas to Texas. It was in 1849 we got our wagons and teams ready to start, and it took us two months to reach the little town of San Marcos, situated at the head of one of the most beautiful streams in the state. Here I decided to stop. My father-in-law went on to San Antonio, which was then nothing

more than a small village. On reaching San Marcos I rented a piece of land and began to make preparations to make a crop. I soon got acquainted with a man by the name of Pat Saner, who was a jolly, good hearted fellow, and a great hand to hunt. There were a great many wild cattle in the cedar brakes on the head of a little but very dangerous stream called Purgatory, which flows into the San Marcos river. Deer and turkey were very plentiful then. This man Saner, his brother Tom and myself hunted a great deal the year I was there. On one occasion we went out for a hunt in the mountains and soon after dark we unsaddled our horses, when all at once we began to hear strange noises, which seemed to come closer. I was rather like the old darkey, not particularly scared but I felt a little loose. We had heard the Indians would sometimes make a noise like a wolf or some other animal, and we were satisfied they were around our camp, so we saddled our horses and left the campfire for them. Soon after we left the camp it began to rain, and we were soon drenched. It was so dark we could not find our way, and we drifted along until I rode into a hole four feet deep. I was riding a mule and after some scrambling around I got out and got my mule out too, but lost my rifle in the mix-up and did not find it until the next morning. I wore a pair of buckskin breeches and when they got wet they began to stretch so I had to cut them off several times. We finally made our way to a ranch where an old bachelor lived and he invited us in to a fine supper. I lay down before the fire to sleep and when I awoke about sun-up the next morning I found my buckskin breeches were so drawn up that I could scarcely walk.

We reached home safely, and this was my last hunt on Purgatory.”

One of the sons, Henry Stevens, Jr., has been for a number of years sheriff of Bandera county, and has proved to be of the same material as his illustrious father, having as his motto that “anything worth doing at all is worth doing well.” He was born July 23, 1869, right here in Bandera, in the stone building just across the street from the Bandera New Era printing office. He grew to manhood here, obtained his education in Bandera public schools, and when he was twenty-three years old he was married to Miss Agnes Winfield, the ceremony taking place in San Antonio. They have six children living, namely: Claud L. Stevens, Mrs. Clara Cox, Mrs. Eulola Davenport, Miss Margaret Stevens, Boyd Stevens, and Miss Edna Stevens. Miss Margaret Stevens holds a lucrative position at Rantoul, Illinois, at the present time.

Mrs. Stevens was born in Lavaca county, but came to Bandera with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Winfield, when she was four years of age. Her father was drowned in Julian Creek in 1881, an account of which appears in this book. She is a sister to Mrs. H. J. Hermes, Sr., of Tarpley, and has a brother, Alfred Winfield, and a sister, Mrs. Matilda Duncan, living at Palestine, Texas. Another sister, Mrs. Eva Johnson, lives at Cameron, Texas, and another brother, Ed Winfield, lives at El Campo. All are well known in Bandera. having been raised here.

WAS IN PACKSADDLE MOUNTAIN FIGHT.

On August 5, 1873, a desperate fight took place at Packsaddle Mountain in Llano county, in which Eli B. Lloyd, now one of Bandera county's honored citizens took part. There were eighteen Indians in the band and were surprised and attacked by eight white men, Eli Lloyd, Stephen Moss, and Robert Brown being in the crowd. The fight was at very close quarters, William Moss was desperately wounded with a bullet and had to move back. Eli Lloyd received a bullet in the arm, which he still carries, but he kept on fighting and succeeded in killing the chief of the band. Every man in Lloyd's party received wounds, more or less severe, except two. Several of the Indians were killed and a number of them were wounded. They finally gave up the fight and left the mountain, and the settlers made their way back home with their wounded. Mr. Lloyd captured the shield and other equipment of the chief he killed and when he moved to Bandera county many years ago he brought the shield here with him.

Eli B. Lloyd came to Bandera county in 1879, and now lives on his ranch near Tuff, with his good wife. This frontier couple has raised a large family, five girls and four boys, all of whom are living and married. Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd are typical frontier folks, their hospitable home has always been open to the wayfarer, and they have kept up the frontier customs and manners through all these years.

SETTLERS OF SABINAL CANYON.

Gideon Thompson was among the first settlers of Sabinal Canyon, locating there in 1852 with his family. Capt. William Ware had preceeded him only a very short time. Later John and James Davenport, Lee Sanders, Henry Robinson, and Aaron Anglin, located there. When Mr. Thompson first came to the canyon he had four children in his family, William, Hiram, Robert and Mary Ann. The five families all lived at Captain Ware's place for sometime, and it became known as Waresville. Charles Durbin afterwards put up a store there. A band of Tonkaway Indians camped near the mouth of the canyon and spent some time there on a bear hunting expedition. They were a friendly tribe and were somewhat of a protection to the settlers. Other people gradually came in, among them being John Fenley, John Brown, Leek Kelley, Laban Kelley, Jasper Wish, Silas Webster, Sebe Barrymore, William Barrymore, Henry Robinson, Dud Richardson, Henry Fuller, John Leakey, Newman Patterson, "Butch" Dillard, John Bowles, Judge McCormick and others. The Indians made numerous raids into that section, and in these raids, which covered a period of over twenty years, many people were killed and hundreds of horses were driven out by the redskins. In 1866 they attacked the ranch of R. H. Kincheloe in his absence and killed Mrs. Bowlin, a neighbor who was there at the time, and wounded Mrs. Kincheloe with arrows and lances in more than a dozen places, leaving her for dead. To give in detail accounts of all of the tragedies that occurred in Sabinal Canyon would require a large book.

JOSE POLICARPO RODRIGUEZ.

To attempt to give the full experience and adventures of Jose Policarpo Rodriguez, one of the early pioneer citizens of Bandera county, would require more space than this book affords. He was a noted guide, scout, hunter, trailer, Indian fighter, and also a preacher. When he came to Bandera county in the fifties he located on Privilege Creek on 360 acres of land which he purchased from John James for fifty cents per acre. He was born at Zaragosa, Mexico, in 1829, and died at his home on Privilege in 1914, aged 85 years. Polly's Peak, a noted landmark, was named for him. He built a stone church with his own hands in the Privilege community and preached there for many years. His children, grandchildren and great grandchildren are prosperous and respected citizens of that community. Polly Rodriguez had the confidence of all men, and he builded wisely and well for oncoming generations.



The Medina Dam

DROWNING OF JOSEPH WINFIELD.

I 1881 Joseph Winfield, a highly respected citizen of Bandera, was drowned in Julian Creek, about two miles east of Bandera. Mr. Winfield and Will Hamilton were engaged in hauling hay, using four-horse teams. The day before he met his death, Mr. Winfield and young Hamilton had crossed Julian Creek when it was dry, going out to get the loads of hay. During the night it came a heavy rain, and when they were returning to town with their loads they found the creek running, but it did not seem to be very deep. Hamilton drove into it, and made it across all right, but when Winfield's team reached the main current they became unruly. He was riding his wheel horse and dismounted in mid-stream for some reason or other, and it is believed that one of the horses either kicked or pawed him on the head. Hamilton went back to assist him, and noticed he was acting rather strange. He brought him to the bank and told him to remain there, and went in after the team. When he got them started out he noticed Winfield in the water again, drowning. He succeeded in getting him out again, but he died in a very short while.

The Medina river was on a big rise at the time, and was up for several days, so that Mr. Winfield's body was buried near where he was drowned. Four years later it was removed to the Catholic cemetery in Bandera.

A young man named Halamuda helped to dig the grave in which to bury Mr. Winfield on Friday. The following Sunday after the burial, Halamuda attempt-

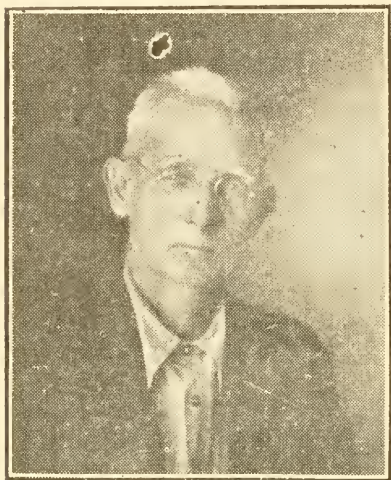
ed to cross the Medina river at the Castroville Crossing, now known as the Slab Crossing, and was drowned before he could be rescued. His body was found several weeks later several miles down the river.

THOMAS CLICK KILLED BY INDIANS.

In the fall of 1866 Thomas Click was killed by Indians near the crossing on the Medina river, three miles above Bandera. He had started from Bandera one night to pay a visit to a man named Huffman who lived six miles west of town and was preparing to move away, and it was at the fork of the road where the Indians came upon him. He was unarmed and could put up no defense, so was easily killed by lance thrusts. He fell by the roadside, and the Indians stripped him and dragged him into the high grass a short distance away. The next day his brother, M. C. Click, and D. A. Weaver came along, noticed a pool of blood by the road and upon investigation found a small butcher knife which they recognized as belonging to Tom Click, and after further search they found the body. Officers in town were notified and an inquest was held, after which it was taken to Bandera and buried. A party took the trail of the Indians, but they were not overtaken. Click was riding a mule at the time, which the Indians secured and carried away with them.

REMINISCENCES OF B. F. LANGEORD, SR.

My father, M. H. Langford, moved from Burnet county to Bandera county with his family in the year



B. F. Langford, Sr.

1864, during the Civil War. Burnet county had so many cattle the range was overstocked and very poor. Father found plenty of grass and water on the Seco, so he stopped there for about a year, but the Indians became so troublesome we could not keep horses with which to tend our stock so we moved to Bandera for protection and for school purposes.

My mother died in 1870, and father moved down to the Frio. My younger brother, I. B. Langford, and myself remained here and I have lived in the county ever since. I believe I have been identified with every movement for bettering the condition of the people of the county, and have always tried to take a stand on the right side of every moral issue. When we came here we received mail from Castroville only once a week. County scrip was worth only twenty cents on the dollar, but it would pay a part of our taxes. When I was twenty-one years old I was appointed district clerk. Having been too young to take any part in the Civil War I could take the oath then re-

quired of all officers. Just after the war every man twenty-one years old had to register his name, age and occupation before he could vote. The board of registration was composed of one negro and two white men. I held the office of registrar, kept the books and registered the names of all who were permitted to register. We had to have at least one negro on every election board, and everybody had to come to the county site to register. All officers were appointed by E. J. Davis, provisional governor of Texas, and they had to take the oath that they had never aided or abetted in the rebellion in any way, so there were very few who could hold office. The government would not allow us to organize ourselves into minute companies for protection against the Indians, and when Indians came into the country we had to send a courier to headquarters at San Antonio to notify the commanding officer who would send out a squad of soldiers, and these soldiers would march leisurely along the road for three or four days and go back and report that there were no Indians in the country. The Indians would be a hundred miles away before the troops reached here. I remember on one occasion the soldiers stole one of our neighbor's horses and took him to San Antonio. He was a very noted horse, strangely marked and could be easily identified. We heard of the horse being in San Antonio and I went down there with the owner to get him, but our efforts were unsuccessful. Sometime afterward, however, he got men there to watch for the horse, and they got him. Now, that was the kind of protection we got from Uncle Sam during reconstruction days. Indians have come right int

the town of Bandera and taken horses since I have lived here. District court was in session at one time when Indians came in and stole horses out of a stable within fifty steps of the Duffy Hotel. The Indians that gave us the most trouble were the Kickapoos and Lipans who lived in Mexico, making their raids through this region and escaping across the border. Our government would not allow us to follow them into Mexico, but I remember one time our boys did follow them across and severely punished them. One man of the party, named John Pulliam, was killed by Mexicans. I knew him quite well.

I was born and raised on the frontier of Texas but never came in contact with savage Indians, although they have stolen my horses and left me afoot several times. What little education I have I received it right here after I was grown. We had one of the best schools in this western country. People moved here from other counties to send their children to school. The school house was located on the site now occupied by the residence where J. M. Hunter lives, and the teacher was Samuel Koenigheim, a Canadian by birth. He was a true type of the pioneer teacher, but the scholars all liked him and made rapid advancement under his rigid discipline. He did not spare the rod in the least, but could wallop the boys, big and little, and laugh while doing it, never getting out of humor, often telling us how much he hated to punish us, but said it had to be done in order to make good citizens of us. We took our "lickings" like little men, and we did not quit school either. In 1868 Mr. Koenigheim married one of his school girls, Miss Fannie Thompson, one of

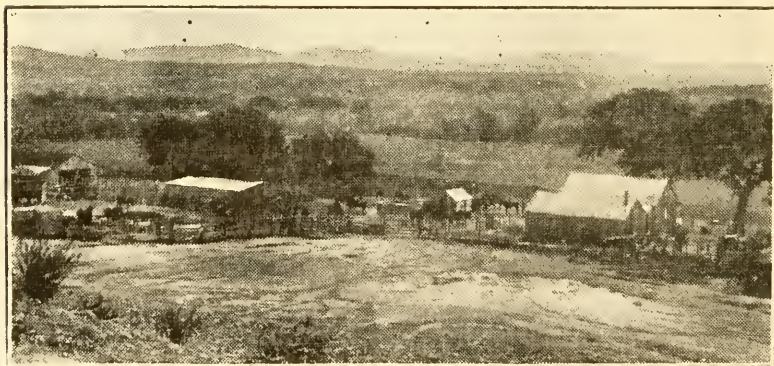
Uncle Gid Thompson's daughters. They raised several children. He died while residing in the Sabinal Canyon.

When I came to Bandera there were no regular religious services held here. An occasional sermon was preached by some traveling minister. Our first regular preacher was Andrew Jackson Potter. My wife and I and a great many others were converted under Brother Potter's preaching in 1867. We have had a pastor for the Methodist church in Bandera ever since that time, some of them being Kingsbury, Chambers, Thornsby, J. L. Harper, Buck Harris, A. G. Nolan, F. H. C. Elliot, H. C. Godwin, J. D. Worrell, and a host of others.

We used to have longer terms of district court when we had two saloons and only about 300 voters than we have now with 1500 voters and prohibition. All of the murder cases we had were chargeable to the saloons. There has been wonderful improvement in moral conditions here. We hardly need a jail here now, and we have not had a jailer for several years. I built the first jail we ever had, a small two-story stone building.

The first wedding I ever attended here was that of John Adamietz and Miss Constantina Pyka, which took place on May 10, 1866. Those Polish weddings were great events. We always had plenty to eat and plenty to drink, too, and we kept up the fun all night and went home with the girls in the morning. The next wedding I remember was J. J. Bandy and Miss Aliff Myrick in 1866, and the next was that of T. A. Laxson and Miss Rufany Chipman the same year. There were several others about that time, but I re-

member particularly when Andrew Mansfield and J. P. Heinen were to get married at the same time, but something turned up that changed their plans, Andrew Mansfield and Miss Laura Thalmann were married October 29th, 1868, and J. P. Heinen and Miss Ida Schlador were married a few days earlier, if I remember correctly. When I was married in 1869, Sheriff T. C. Rine performed the ceremony, as there was no minister here and we wanted to get married. At that time the law gave the sheriff authority to perform marriage ceremonies. My wife was Miss Arantha Chipman, and to us were born eight children, three girls and five boys: Mrs. Ella Cox of Bandera, Mrs. Leah Matthews of Beaumont, E. P. Langford of Bandera, G. H. Langford of Beaumont, A. P. Langford of San Antonio, M. H. Langford of San Antonio, Mrs. Ruby Barnett of Del Rio, and John F. Langford of Bandera. I was born in Coryell county, Texas, in 1847, and was about seventeen years old when I came to Bandera county. I am now engaged in the hardware, furniture and undertaking business in the town of Bandera.



Ranch of B. F. F. Langford, Sr., on Privilege Creek.

After my mother's death my father married Mrs. Cryer, widow of a man who was killed by Indians near Bandera. She died some twenty years ago. There were eight children in our family, as follows: J. D. Langford, deceased; I. B. (Berry) Langford, deceased; L. W. Langford, lives near El Paso; J. M. Langford, is a real estate broker in El Paso; M. M. Langford, my half-brother, is engaged in the telephone business at Reagan Wells; Mrs. Martha Fenley, died at Uvalde in May, 1922; Mrs. Eliza J. Harper, lives in El Paso; Mrs. Mary Miller, a half-sister, lives at El Paso.

My brother, I. B. Langford, or Berry as we all called him, married Miss Lizzie Bird, who still survives and lives in Bandera. They had five children Will, Clarence, Allie, Frank and I. B., Jr. Will Langford became a physician and lives in Sutton county. Frank and Allie are engaged in the mercantile business in Bandera. For many years he operated a carpenter shop here, and lived in the house now owned by Phillip Mazurek. He built the Langford House, where Tom Gray now lives, and ran a hotel there for a long time.

LEE RISINGER.

Lee Risinger was born at Belmont, Gonzales county in 1864, and came to Bandera in 1877, attending school here until he was seventeen years old, then went to work as a cowboy. In 1895 he accepted a position in the store of H. H. Carmichael & Co., and when that firm failed he opened a store of his own,

later buying out the general merchandise business of R. W. Gray & Son. He successfully followed merchandising until 1915, when his establishment was destroyed by fire, since which time he has been engaged in the automobile business, and is at present the local representative of the Ford company. Everybody knows Lee Risinger and everybody likes him. Quiet, peaceable, home-loving and progressive, he is of that kind of citizenship that all live communities need most. In 1884 Mr. Risinger was married to Miss Georgiana Hay, daughter of Judge George Hay of Bandera. They have six children living, four boys and two girls, Mrs. Lola Stevens, Royce Risinger, Fred Risinger, Mrs. Cecil Knibbe, Clinton Risinger and Hubert Risinger.



The Old Gersdorff Blacksmith Shop.

BANDERA'S FIRST BASEBALL CLUB

Along in 1891 Bandera's first baseball club sprang into existence. It was sponsored by Judge Charles Montague, and enthusiastically boosted by Judge Hugh Duffy. The nine was duly organized and equipped with bats and mitts and a catcher's mask, and Mrs. Montague made the uniforms for the whole club. After a time and much practice the team tossed a challenge to any baseball club for a game on the Bandera diamond. Kerrville accepted the challenge, and came over and pulled off the first baseball game ever played in Bandera, waltzing off with all the honors. The visiting team piled up a score of 94, while Bandera failed to cross the home plate. George H. Rice was captain of the Bandera team, while the captain of the Kerrville team was a health-seeker by the name of Barrett. Anton Pyka caught for Bandera, at least he occupied the catcher's box, and saw every ball delivered by the Bandera pitcher knocked into the old bull pen. Anton was also the only Bandera player to connect the bat with the ball. He reached third base.

The team was composed of the following:

George H. Rice, first base.

John Davenport, pitcher.

Anton Pyka, catcher.

Loss Carmichael, short stop.

John Gersdorff, center field.

Frank Gersdorff, left field.

John Zimmerman, right field.

John Montague, third base.

Will Hay, second base.

A TRAGEDY OF THE CIVIL WAR.

When the country was in the throes of internecine strife many tragedies occurred that did not reflect credit upon the communities wherein they took place. Almost every county in this state had its hangings and murders of men who did not espouse the cause that was lost. Bandera county did not escape the stigma that attached itself to the perpetration of a crime that was wholly uncalled for and without reasonable excuse. However, it is in measure gratifying to know that the perpetrators of the blackest crime that stained the pages of Bandera's history were men who did not belong in this county, but were citizens of other sections, and therefore no blame can be placed upon the citizenry of this county which has always been of the highest order.

In 1863 a party of men, who, not caring to take sides in the great struggle that was being waged between the North and the South, left their homes in Williamson county, Texas, and started to Mexico. They were well provided with good mounts, heavily armed, possessed several hundred dollars in cash, and were fully equipped for the long journey to the neutral republic on the other side of the Rio Grande. This party of eight men and a boy passed through Bandera, and stopped here for a day or so, resting their horses and buying such supplies as they needed on the trip. They did not make any secret of their destination or the cause of their going, but openly stated that they were on their way to Mexico, to avoid conscription.

At the time there was stationed at Camp Verde, twelve miles north of Bandera, a force of cavalry.

When it became known that this party of men were in the country and going to Mexico, a detachment of twenty-five men under command of a Major Alexander set out to apprehend them. When the detachment reached Bandera the men had gone, but they were overtaken on Squirrel Creek, below Hondo, and were promised a fair and impartial trial by court martial if they would surrender. They gave up their arms and in company with the soldiers started back, little dreaming that they would never see another sun rise. When the party reached the Julian, a few miles east of Bandera late in the afternoon they went into camp for the night. After supper some of the men suggested that they hang the prisoners right there. Others opposed such outrageous action, but those opposing were overruled, and some of them left the camp, refusing to have anything to do with the crime, or even witnessing it. The officer in command seemed to give his consent and the unfortunate prisoners were hanged, one at a time, to a live oak tree. A hair rope was used, and as each man was strangled to death, he was cut down, the noose left on his neck, and another one pulled up to slowly strangle. One of the prisoners requested that he be shot, and his request was granted. He was shot through with a full charge, the ramrod being left in the gun and penetrated through his body.

Joseph Poor, who lived over on Middle Verde, was camped near the scene of the murder that night, but did not hear the disturbance. Next morning he went out to look for his horses that had strayed away from his camp, and he came upon the bodies of the men. Seeing the ramrod protruding from the body of one

of them he mistook it for an arrow, and thought they had been slain by Indians. He hastened to Bandera and gave the alarm, and a party composed of O. B. Miles, George Hay, John Pyka, Robert Ballentyne, Amasa Clark and others hastened to the scene of the murder, and found the bodies of the eight men lying scattered about, just as they had been left. An inquest was held and a verdict rendered, attaching blame on the major and his party. A shallow grave was dug, and the eight bodies, wrapped in blankets, were placed into it and covered with dirt and stones.

The boy who was with this party of Williamson county men, was taken away by the murderers, and was never heard of again. What his fate was no one knows.

After the war ended, and courts were again functioning, the men responsible for this crime were indicted by the grand jury in this county, but all had disappeared. They were never brought to trial, although the case was continued from term to term. The court records of Bandera county will reveal the names of the men who stood charged with the crime of murdering helpless prisoners.

In after years a monument was erected over the grave of the murdered men, and it stands there today in an out of the way place in Frank Pyka's pasture. Inscribed on the tombstone are the names of the men as follows: "C. J. Sawyer, W. M. Sawyer, George Thayer, William Shumake, Jack Whitmire, Jake Kyle, John Smart, Mr. VanWinkle. Died July 25, 1863." In its seclusion the grave is never disturbed, while in the springtime wild flowers grow and bloom over the mound, songbirds make melody in the nearby trees

and the soft breezes that blow through the branches chant a requiem to the departed souls.



THE BANDERA ENTERPRISE

In 1862 William Hudspeth and a Methodist minister named Chambers established the *Bandera Enterprise*, which was published for more than thirty-five years. The printing office was first located upstairs in the building now occupied by the *Bandera* post-office, and after it was purchased by Charles Fee it was moved to a building alongside of the property where the *Risinger* building now stands. Mr. Fee died in 1896, and T. A. Buckner leased the paper, editing and publishing it for a number of years. He was succeeded by other editors from time to time until 1916, when the plant, which still belonged to the Fee heirs, was destroyed by fire. The *Enterprise* was never re-established after the plant was burned. Sometime later J. F. Rocke, an itinerant newspaper man, came along and started the *Bandera New Era*, later disposing of it to Dr. J. M. Rappold, who published it for awhile, then sold the business to T. A. Buckner, who in turn sold the *New Era* and its equipment to the present owner, J. M. Hunter.

The *Bandera Enterprise* was one of the old landmarks of this town. For years it chronicled the comings and goings, the marriages and deaths, the trading and trafficking, the joys and sorrows of *Bandera* people. It was always a welcome visitor in the homes of the people of this county.

SKETCH BY W. F. SURBER.

My father, Adam Surber, was born in Virginia in 1804, and when he was about 18 years old he emigrated to Kentucky with his parents where they bought land in Pulaski county at fifty cents per acre. My grandfather's name was Jacob Surber, and he lived many years after moving to Kentucky. There were eight children in our family, but I am the only one now living. I was born January 13, 1835, and am therefore 87 years old. My wife and I have raised 11 children, all now married except one girl and she is living with us. We have 34 grandchildren and 26 great grandchildren.

I left Kentucky January 10, 1870, and landed at Center Point, Texas, one month later. This was in Indian times, and raids frequently occurred. One time while I was away from home, up on the Verde threshing, my wife had a severe toothache and got up during the night to get fresh air, and when she opened the door someone jumped over the fence and ran away. The next morning there were two horses about 300 yards from the house that had been killed by the Indians. Not long after that the redskins came in again and stole two fine Kentucky horses from my cousin, Munroe Surber, near Comfort. The last and most brutal raid occurred in 1876. A family named Terry lived about a mile and a half south of Center Point. When the Indians came in on this raid they found Mr. Terry and his four little children some distance from the house and killed him and two of the children, badly wounded a third child and carried a little girl, nine years old, off with them. A negro boy

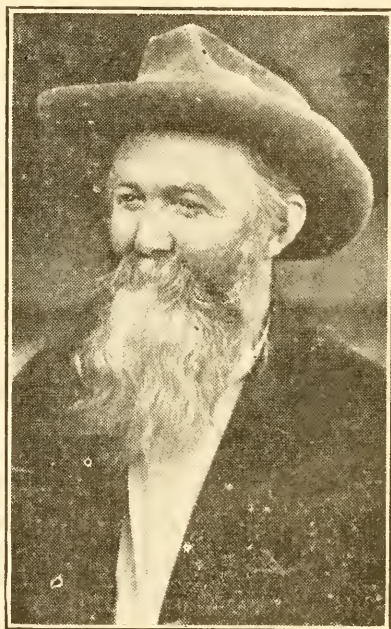
named Jack Hardy had been captured in this raid and witnessed the killing of Terry and his children. At the time of the attack Terry was sitting down on the ground riving boards from cypress blocks and his children were playing about. As he had his head down he did not see the Indians approach, and was unaware of their presence until one of them shot him with a rifle. He sprang to his feet, ran a short distance and fell and was then lanced to death by the Indians. Mrs. Terry, at the house, heard the commotion and seeing the danger, made her escape, ran to the settlement and gave the alarm. A party of men took the trail of the Indians and followed it to the Frio where they ran onto the savages and recaptured the little girl. The negro boy got away from the Indians and was picked up by the pursuing party. I helped to wash and prepare the body of Terry for burial the next day. He was horribly butchered. Besides being shot he had been pierced through the body with lances and was bloody from head to foot.

WAS BORN IN SLAVERY.

Andrew Jackson, colored, came to Bandera October 16, 1870, acquired a body land here and is today living on it. He was born in slavery in Tennessee April 1, 1847, and was owned by Mrs. Elizabeth Duncan. In 1867 he enlisted in the United States Army and served three years at frontier posts in Texas. He received his discharge and came to Bandera, and during the fifty-two years he has lived here he has been a peaceable, and law-abiding citizen.

JOHN H. ROSS

John H. Ross was born at Bandera March 4, 1861. His father, Judge Edward Merritt Ross, came to Texas from New York in the early fifties. He was a school teacher and taught a school in San Antonio, later going to Castroville to teach. He was stationed at Camp Verde while in the United States army, and while there sustained a broken leg, and was sent to San Antonio for treatment. He returned to New York, where he was married to Miss Katherine Delaney, and then came back to Texas and located at



John H. Ross

Bandera, on the place now owned by E. Buck.

John H. Ross, while a boy, was sent to New York and spent two years there. He returned to Bandera and grew to manhood here. On September 2, 1890, he was married to Miss Caroline Guiske, and to them were born eleven children, all of whom are living. They are Mrs. Kate Moore, Mrs. Wilhelmina Ferguson, Charles W. Ross, John P. Ross, all living at Yoakum; Frank Ross, of Medina Lake; Eddie Ross, with the U. S. Marines in the Dominican Republic;

Freddie, Carolyn, Elenora, Inez and Clyde Ross of Bandera. Mrs. Ross died August 5th, 1914, since which time Mr. Ross has been keeping house with the aid of his unmarried daughters at the Ross Ranch below Bandera. He is a good citizen, has the esteem of his fellowmen, and can be counted upon to use his means for the upbuilding of the country.

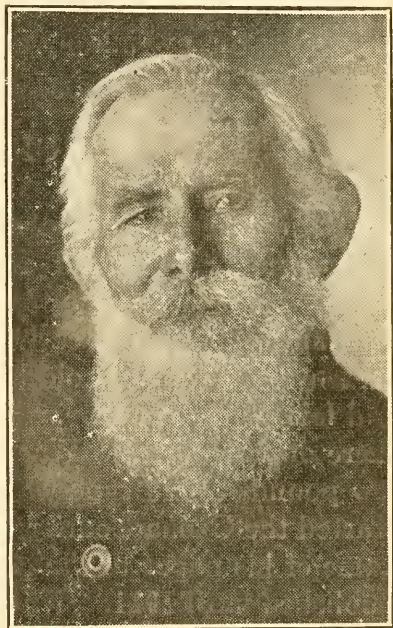


CONGRESSMAN CLAUD B. HUDSPETH

Bandera county people look with pride upon the achievements of Claud Hudspeth, son of Captain Street Hudspeth, who formerly lived at Medina. Left an orphan at an early age the subject of this sketch entered the old Bandera Enterprise office and learned to set type. He later went to Brady and there obtained an old Washington hand press and a few pounds of old type which he moved to Ozona and started the Ozona Courier, in 1892, later changing the name of his paper to the Ozona Kicker, which was published until 1911. When he embarked in the newspaper business he was only about seventeen years old, but he had grit and pluck and soon began to climb upward. In the course of time he was elected to the legislature for several terms, then became state senator from the same district. Later he moved to El Paso and in 1918 was elected to Congress, which high position he now holds.

BEN BATTO.

Ben Batto was born in Germany in 1841, and came to America with his parents when he was only two years old. The family came with the Castro Colonists and were among the first settlers at Castroville, later moving to D'Hanis. The name Batot was pronounced Batto, some of the family spelling it that way. Mr. Batto was married to Miss Rosa Nother of San Antonio, and to them were born four children, Will Batto, Mrs. Isabella Adamietz, Ed Batto, of Bandera, and Mrs. Rosa Mandry of San Antonio. With his good wife Mr. Batto lives on the place he settled thirty-six years ago, two miles west of Bandera. He has an interesting life history, a part of which is revealed in the following sketch:



Ben Batto

"I was about 18 years old when I joined a company of rangers, during the Civil War. Captain Robertson and Lieutenant Malone were the first leaders, and Chris. Kelley of Sabinal was the Indian trailer. While we were in camp at Moss Hollow, about six miles below D'Hanis, we received a report that the

Indians had killed Big Foot Wallace. It was about twenty miles to where Wallace lived, but we immediately set out, about ten of us, and arrived at his place about dark. His lonely little cabin was deserted, no one there, and all we found in the way of provisions there was a small piece of bacon and a little corn meal in a sack. We prepared to camp, and in about an hour Big Foot Wallace came strolling in with his gun over his shoulder, his two pistols in his belt, his Mexican blanket on his arm, and leading his horse. When we told him of the report that had reached us he laughed heartily and told us that that morning he had seen a party of Indians coming, and had employed a ruse to make them believe that a bunch of white men were near. He appeared in plain view of the redskins and waving his big Mexican hat, yelled loudly to "Come on," and dashed toward the Indians, who scattered and ran off, leaving all of their horses. Wallace told us that he seldom slept in his cabin, but would take his blanket, go out into the brush some distance away and spend the night. Often when he came in next morning he would find moccasin tracks around the cabin. The next morning Wallace drove up a fat yearling and shot it down, then told us to help ourselves to the meat, and we did.

"We afterwards went to Petro Pinto, on the other side of Fort Clark, and were kept busy scouting, going out almost every day. We found a big Indian trail and prepared to follow it. Chris. Kelley, myself, old man Reiley, with several others, followed the trail to the other side of Devil's River, to a point called the Painted Cave, then proceeding on to about

five miles further a short halt was made for dinner. Here we filled our canteens and after eating we again took up the pursuit, the signs on the trail indicating that the Indians were not very far ahead. We traveled until dark. The water supply had been exhausted and we made a dry camp. Early next morning our thirst was extreme, but we resumed the chase hoping to soon find water. Scouts were put out to search for water as we went on. After traveling all day a report came in late that evening that water had been found, and all made a rush for it, but when we got there we found we had to jump six or eight feet over rocks to get to it. Old Man Reiley told me to hold the horses and he would get me some water, but when he brought it he would let me have only a swallow or two at a time for fear that it would make me sick. We had to make a detour of about a mile to get our horses to the water. The men drank so much water that it made nearly all of them sick, and that night only three were able to stand guard, Mr. Reiley, Mr. Kelly and myself. The next day we again took the trail and struck the Pecos about sundown, and all struck for water, but it was so red and muddy looking we could hardly drink it. Mr. Reiley told us he would show us how to clear the water, so taking a prickly pear he split it open and put a little of the slime in a vessel of water and it immediately cleared. We went on to the Rio Grande and found another big camp that had been abandoned only two or three days before. They had crossed into Mexico and we could not follow as we had no orders to go into Mexico. We then returned to Pietro Pinto and after spending several months in camp we were

permitted to go home subject to call, but the company soon disbanded. I then began working at the stonemason's trade, building houses at several places. I went to Fredericksburg and built two-story houses for Mr. Doebler and others, and Mr. Doebler hired me to go to Fort Concho to build a sutler's store for Jim Trainer. About this time the government work started there and I had employment for about fifteen months. Then I decided to go to Fort Griffin, and in company with George Fulbright we started for that post. While nooning at Dead Man's valley we heard a noise and I went up on the bank of the creek to ascertain what it was when a bunch of Indians appeared and tried to run over me on their horses, but I pointed my pistol at them when they came too close and ran back to my partner. We were greatly outnumbered and it looked as if they would sure get us. We ran down the creek a short distance and found a dry hole in which we took refuge and prepared to make our last stand. The Indians stayed around us until dark, but did not venture near enough to get shot. About nine o'clock that night they tried to scare us by yelling and shooting in our direction. One bullet fell right beside me and filled my eyes full of sand. Finally one of the Indians called out in Spanish, 'Come out, we will not hurt you,' but we did not go out, for we felt pretty safe where we were. The Indians then left, and about two o'clock that night we left our place of refuge and went to where we had left our camp and horses, but the Indians had taken everything except two tin cans. We hastened to Mountain Pass where some soldiers were guarding the stage stand and reported the presence of the In-

dians but the soldiers were too busy guarding the stage mules to take the trail. I secured a night job in a barroom at Ft. Griffin with a man named Dash. The saloon was usually crowded with soldiers and friendly Indians, the soldiers playing cards, and the Indians loitering around to beg for whiskey, but I was forbidden to give them any liquor. I bought a little pony from a Tonkaway Indian, and kept it staked not far away. One night I suspected that some of these friendly Indians intended stealing my pony, so I went out and sat down by a little bush near the horse and began watching. Pretty soon two Indians came riding up to the horse and tried to loosen the stake rope. I yelled at them and asked in Spanish what they wanted to do with my horse. They immediately ran off, leaving an old poor horse there with mine. It had a piece of buffalo hide on its back. I went up to the horse and began to examine him, when suddenly an arrow sped in my direction and found lodgement in the old horse's neck. I fired my pistol in the direction from whence the arrow came, then dropped to the ground and lay there for about twenty minutes, but as the Indians did not re-appear I took both horses and went back to the barroom. I thought these Indians were Tonkaways, who were friendly and hung about the fort, but the next morning the Tonkaways came in and said the Comanches had stolen all of their horses that night. I had a very lucky escape, after all.

"I went to Fort Belknap on the Brazos, and from there went with a crew of men to Buffalo Springs where it was intended to build a fort. After being here about a week our water got so low the mechanics

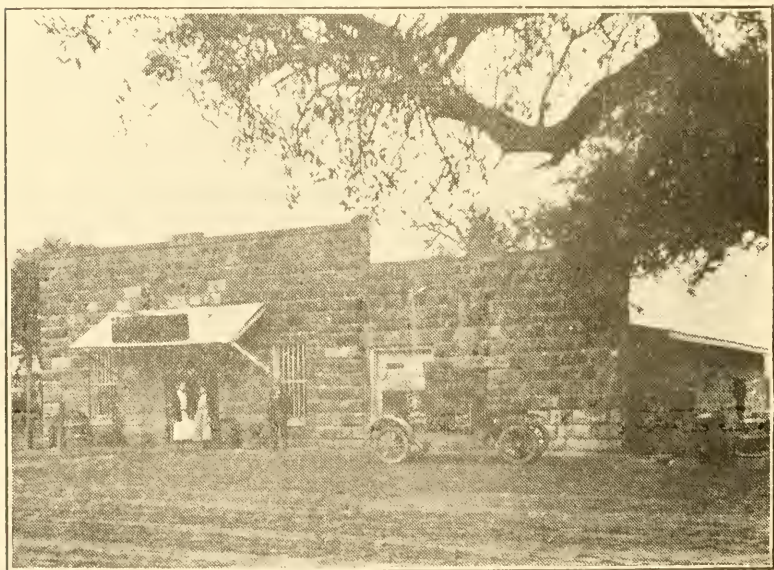
had to dig for water. Ten of the wagons were ordered down on Brushy, about 25 miles from Buffalo Springs, and a day or two later the report came in that the Indians had killed the teamsters and taken all the mules. After working here several months, putting up several buildings, the place was finally condemned and we went to Jacksboro to build Fort Richardson. I spent fifteen months there, and then returned to San Antonio, later going to D'Hanis where I secured the contract for building St. Dominica's church, a two-story store house for John Phone, and other buildings.

"Yes, I have hunted buffalo and enjoyed the sport. On one occasion a man named Pruesser and myself, accompanied by a negro servant, left Fort Concho and went on a buffalo hunt up on the North



Scene in Sabinal Canyon

Concho river. Mr. Pruesser was a great buffalo hunter. We killed several of the animals late one afternoon while the negro had stayed in camp. The negro had never killed a buffalo, and was very anxious to try his hand, so we took him out to where we had shot down an old bull, and told him to kill the animal. He aimed his gun and pulled the trigger, and then ran up to see if he had made a fatal shot. As he approached the old bull suddenly got up and made for the negro, who seeing that flight was immediately necessary, at once lit out for a small tree not far away, with the bull bearing down upon him. He reached the tree and swung himself out of reach of the infuriated beast, and right there he stayed until the bull exhausted his energy and fell over dead. The negro did not want to hunt buffalo again.



The Old McNeill Store at Medina, Now Owned by Wm. Hatfield.

JUDGE R. H. BURNEY.

Hon. R. H. Burney, who has for many years been District Judge of the Bandera district, composed of Bandera, Kerr, Medina, Zavalla, Real, Edwards and Kendall counties, is a pioneer of this section. He was born October 22, 1854, in McNary county, Tennessee, and came to Texas with his parents when he was two years old. His father, Judge H. M. Burney settled in Kerr county and was one of the prominent men of this section during his life time. Judge Burney's mother is still living and has reached an advanced age.

The subject of this sketch had but meagre opportunities to secure an education as he was growing up, but being ambitious he made the best of such opportunities that came his way, and by dint of hard study and self-denial he entered the Southwestern University at Georgetown, Texas, in 1875 and graduated in 1879 from that institution with the degree of bachelor of arts, and also in the same year, after a course of lectures, was made a bachelor of laws in the law department of Vanderbilt University at Nashville, Tennessee.

Judge Burney served as a ranger under Capt. Neil Caldwell, and rendered excellent service in this capacity. He was State Senator from this district for a number of terms, the district at the time being composed of sixteen counties. On the bench Judge Burney is at his best. His wide experience, his thorough knowledge of law, his fair and impartial decisions, and his kindly bearing stamps him as one of the best jurists that has ever occupied the bench in this district.

TRIBUTE TO COLONEL DUFFY.

*"But oh! for the touch of the vanished hand,
And the sound of the voice that is still."*

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

To me Bandera has not been the "same old place" the past two summers. The glorious sunshine, the soothing breeze, the singing river and the haunting melody of the mocking bird still greet me but there is no cheery "Come in, I'm so glad to see you again." For somewhere adown the long, long trail far from old Bandera, the kindly Colonel Duffy is greeting old friends who preceded him to the home of his Father. And, oh! how I miss the gentle soul! To know him was a benison: to listen to his philosophy of life, a reward. His Southern courtesy, lofty ideals and untainted purity of mind were an inspiration to all who came in contact with him. Never did I hear a slighting remark fall from his lips about any human



Col. Hugh Duffy

being. He saw but the good in all. Troubles of his own he undoubtedly had, yet you never heard them. Unthinking, I unburdened on him a tale of woe, and lo! before the Colonel's cheery words of consolation the clouds of care rolled away and the sun was shining, the flowers blooming and my whole being was in tune with Nature. Had he an enemy, I have not heard about it. Scores who knew him in a small community for decades assured me that they never heard anyone allude to Mr. Duffy in other than terms of sincere appreciation.

One day I asked the Colonel to briefly state some simple creed which he would consider a helpful guide for the mortal with high ideals. The simple answer came, "Remember the Golden Rule. You know the Good Book says 'To err is human,' Uplift the fallen." What a world of advice in plain, understandable language! No wonder Mr. Duffy was every man's friend.

He has passed on, but that stream of consciousness which we call his soul still lives on—in the good that he did, in the example of kindness and cheer that clung around him as a halo, in the fact that the coming generations will be told of him as a model, a plain pioneer of Bandera who lived here some fifty years and of whom they may be justly proud. K.

CHRISTOPHER FAGAN.

WRITTEN BY RICHARD J. FAGAN, RAHWAY, NEW JERSEY

My uncle, Christopher Fagan, was one of the first permanent settlers near the head of the Medina, at the place now called Lima. He left Rahway, N. J., when he was about grown, and went to Ottawa, Ill., to visit his sister but soon enlisted for service against the Indians in the west. For twelve years no tidings came from him, but one day my father received a letter from him saying that he had been an Indian fighter, had been in a great many battles with Indians, and later had been through the Civil War and had not received a wound of any kind. He stated that he had located at Medina, in Bandera county, Texas, and spoke highly of the country, the climate and the people. In 1865 he took up some cypress land along the Medina river and erected a saw mill to make shingles. These shingles were conveyed to San Antonio in wagons drawn by six yoke of oxen. Several men are still living in Bandera county who were employed by him at the mill. I can readily recall the names of Jim Walker and John Pyka. The saw mill prospered until a great storm and flood washed it and the dam away, and he escaped only by swimming to higher ground. He did not rebuild the mill but turned his attention to stock-raising and followed that business successfully until his health began to fail. At the time of his death he had large herds of cattle scattered over the country.

Christopher Fagan was a man of very few words and never talked about himself, so perhaps we lost some interesting and thrilling events in his life's his-

tory. In his later years he wrote very interesting letters to his brother (my father) in New Jersey, and these letters showed how much he was attached to Texas and her people. He loved the picturesque Medina river and the majestic hills. He often advised my father to come and live there. Some his land is now owned by T. H. Phillips and some of it is owned by J. C. Hillman. Uncle Christopher never married. He died in 1882, and was buried in Bandera cemetery by his friends.

DEATH OF J. T. STEVENS.

Since the sketch of J. T. (Uncle Jack) Stevens was written and printed in preceding pages of this book, death has laid its icy fingers upon his brow and his great soul winged its flight to the realms above on Friday, June 30, 1922. Thus another of the old pioneers has crossed the borderline to rest beneath the shade of the trees on the other side. He was a true type of the frontiersman, noble, generous, upright, and leaves to his descendants the record of a life well spent and full of deeds worthy of emulation.

Today his mortal remains repose in the Medina cemetery. A grass-covered mound, bedecked with flowers, and marked with an appropriate monument, will proclaim that "Here sleeps a pioneer," and the passing generations will not forget that he helped to blaze the paths through the wilderness for the tender feet of civilization and made this land a safe place in which to live.

THE THALMANN FAMILY.

Among the earliest settlers of Bandera was Leibreicht Thalmann, who came here before the Polish colony located at Bandera. With his wife and two children he came from Germany to America in 1852, stopped in Goliad county, and while they tarried there another child was born to them. They later went to Castroville and then came to Bandera, in 1854. Mrs. Thalmann died in 1865, and Mr. Thalmann died during the late '70s. When he came to Bandera he built his home on the site where the Davenport store property is located, and later he secured a ranch on Mason and Bandera Creeks. Seven children were born to this couple, but the only one now living is Orlando Thallman, who ranches on Middle Verde Creek, southeast of Bandera. Of these seven children four grew to manhood and womanhood here, Laura, Herman, Leibright and Orlando. Laura married Andrew Mansfield and became the mother of the Mansfield boys, Andy, Ed. John and Paddy, substantial citizens of this county; Herman Thalmann married Miss Viola Porter of Missouri, and to them were born two children, Marcus Thalmann and Mrs. Laura McCurdy, the latter died this year, 1922. Mrs. Herman Thalmann died in 1881, and Mr. Thalmann was next married to Miss Louise Maudsley, and to them were born thirteen children, eight of whom are living: Mrs. Louise Jones of Mooresville, Herbert Thalmann of Hobby, Mrs. Mabel Whisenhunt of Medina, Fred, Ellen, Amy, Winifred and Victor Thalmann of Bandera. Herman Thalmann died in 1914, leaving his family in good circumstances. Since his death his

widow has successfully managed the large ranch holdings, ably assisted by her sons.

Leibright Thalmann left Bandera in 1875, and has never been heard from. His whereabouts are unknown.

Orlando Thallman, with whom this sketch will now deal, was the youngest son. He was born in 1855, the midwife presiding on that auspicious occasion being Mrs. Samuel Adamietz, who often stated that it was her first case after coming from Poland, and that he was probably the first American child born in Bandera. He grew up here, attended school, knew all the best swimming holes and fishing places in the river, and hunted game in the woods. In 1874 he married Miss May E. Cole, and went to housekeeping on the ranch where he now lives. Mrs. Thallman died in 1910. Seven children of this union are living, Dave Thallman of China, Texas; Mrs. Joesphine Eckhart, O. F. Thallman, Bandera; Jim Thallman, Oxford, Fla.; Henry Thallman, Beaumont; Aaron Thallman, Hondo; Miss Eva Thallman, chief dietician in the General Hospital, Boston, Mass. For reasons of his own, Mr. Thallman prefers to spell the family name "Thallman" instead of "Thalmann." When a boy he went to school to old Professor Koenigheim, and speaks in highest praise of that pioneer teacher. Among the pupils of that school he recalls the following: Bob and Hi Thompson and their sisters of the Sabinal Canyon, Mart Binion, Jim and Billie Biggs, Ike Stevens, Frank, John and Berry Langford, Dave, Robert, Arantha and Rena Chipman, George and Amanda Hay, Tom and George Stevens, Tom, Brannick, Rebecca and Rhoda Riggs, and others. The ages of the

scholars ranged from five to thirty years, and old Prof. Koenigheim would lick the largest as readily as he would spank the smallest. Mr. Thallman also attended a short term of school on Doe Creek, taught by Prof. Dobbins. Former teachers had had difficulty in controlling obstreperous boys in that school. until Dobbins, who was a stranger, came along and applied for the school. He straightened out some of the big boys, read the riot act to the district supervisor, and was giving general satisfaction to the patrons, when he suddenly took a notion to leave and quietly departed for parts unknown.

Mr. Thallman was raised here during Indian times, but says he never saw an Indian while he was working on the range. They made frequent raids into this county, stealing horses and killing people, and he believes they often saw him, but he never saw them. One morning, when he was about thirteen years old, he went out after the oxen, which grazed near the head of Privilege Creek. Seven of the oxen had bells on, and when he had located these bells he went to the fatherest ones to round them up and drive them in, going in a gallop and hallowing to them as he went along. He was gone about half an hour, and as he came back he found one of the oxen had been killed by Indians and they had hurriedly cut out and carried away some of the flesh. He dismounted and removed the bell, little realizing that perhaps savage eyes were watching his movements. Rounding up the remaining oxen he proceeded leisurely homeward, and when he reached town and informed Robert Ballentyne and some of the rangers of what had occurred they would not believe him, but in a few hours runners came in

announcing that the Indians had stolen a lot of horses belonging to Bladen Mitchell and others.

When Mr. Thallman located a pre-emption on Middle Verde he was the first settler to establish a home on that creek. The nearest habitation at that time was the sheep ranch of Judge Booker Davenport. Here Mr. Thallman has remained all these years. His ranch of 2225 acres is one of the ideal stock-farms of the county.



HENRY RACKOW.

Henry Rackow, who died in Bandera June 27th, 1922, was one of the pioneer citizens of the county, coming here in 1871. He was born in Prussia in 1846, grew to manhood in that country, served in the Prussian army in the war with Denmark, and immediately thereafter he came to America and enlisted in the United States Army, where he served several years. When Mr. Rackow came to Bandera he accepted a position in the Carmichael mill and worked there for a number of years. He became assistant postmaster and served through several terms. Later he purchased some sheep and engaged in ranching on Mason Creek for awhile. He was a charter member of and helped to organize the first Masonic lodge in Bandera, and was an active member of that body up to the time of his death. Mr. Rackow was never married, and is survived by only two or three relatives in the United States.

ANDREW GATLUF JONES.

The Jones family has been one of the solid, representative and substantial families of Bandera county since the early days of settlement. "Uncle Andy," as he is familiarly known, is one of the best citizens Bandera county has ever produced, and his sons and daughters are numbered among the quiet, thoroughly honorable and upright citizens of the county. He was born in Bexar county February 24, 1853. His father, John A. Jones, a true type of the Texas pioneer, came to Bandera county in 1864 with his family, and located on Myrtle Creek, Mr. Jones dying there in 1895, and his good wife, Mrs. Mahala Jones, surviving until 1920, when she died. There were eight children in the family of John A. Jones, five boys and three girls, namely: Sam Jones, deceased; Jim Ike Jones of Parker Canyon, Ariz.; Ranse Jones, deceased; John L. Jones, for many years sheriff of Kimble county, now deceased; Andy G. Jones, the subject of this sketch; Mrs. Margaret Stevens, deceased; Mrs. Mahala Brown, deceased; Mrs. Eliza Brown, lives on the Nueces River.

Coming here in an early day, and foreseeing wonderful development for this region in the years to come, John A. Jones accumulated extensive land holdings and when death called him he left his family in good shape to meet the struggles of life. In 1914 the old Jones homestead was destroyed by fire. All of the house furnishings, clothing, and \$700 in money were lost in the fire. The house was built in 1864.

Andy G. Jones was a small boy, about 11 years old, when his parents moved to Bandera county. He

grew to manhood, married and raised his family here, and today lives on a beautifully located ranch not far from the location made by his father in the early days. He went to school in a little clap-board shack with a dirt floor, which stood at the forks of Bandera and Myrtle creeks. Tom Buckner, father of T. A. Buckner the newspaper man, was his first teacher, and Mr. Jones says he was a good one. He taught there nine months, it being a pay school, with an enrollment of about 25 scholars at \$1.50 per month per scholar. Among the pupils were Sam Jones, Joe Minear, Tom Stevens, Jim Brown, George Stevens, Margaret Jones, Armizenda Curtis, Lydia Curtis, Heman Chilson, Will Chilson, Martha Buckelew and others. All the larger boys carried sixshooters to school for protection. Mr. Buckner was loved by all of his pupils, and took great interest in their sports. During the recess and at the noon hour he would play their games with them and engage in such sport as "Bull Pen," "Keep Sake" and other playground pastimes. Another teacher of that frontier school was a man named Bryant, who had formerly been a shepherd. Mr. Jones says Professor Bryant was very absent-minded, and one day while the scholars were studying their books Bryant began whistling a tune that caused all the school to titter. Noticing the commotion, and not aware that he himself had produced it, Prof. Bryant rebuked Andy Jones for whistling in school.

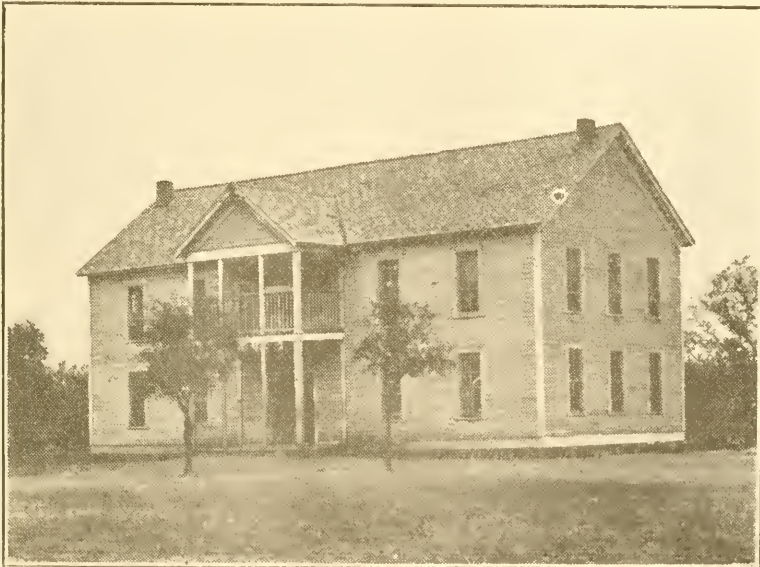
In 1874 Andrew G. Jones was married to Miss Anna Stevens. They had six children, five of whom are yet living, Mrs. Dora Duncan of Medina Lake; Mrs. Lelia Emsley, died in 1910; John Henry Jones,

lives in Kerr county; Lou B. (Baker) Jones, lives on Bandera Creek; George Jones, lives near his father; Mrs. Noma Smith, lives near Camp Verde. Mrs. Jones died in 1889. Mr. Jones next married Miss Laura Nerthlin, and to this union were born six children, as follows: Florida, Pink, Virgil, Gervis, Manila and Salome Jones, all of them being at home.

In relating some of his frontier experience, Mr. Jones said:

“I was a member of Robert Ballentyne’s company of minute men, organized for the protection of the frontier. We had to scout twenty days in each month, and our pay was \$20 per month. We furnished our own grub and mounts, while the state supplied us with guns and ammunition, and gave orders how we should take care of our horses. When in camp we had to stake and sideline each animal and put out a guard. A Mexican named Manuel, who has been an Indian captive for fifteen years, was our trailer and guide, and he was a good one. He knew just how to follow all signs and trails, and he thoroughly hated an Indian. One day we struck an Indian trail on Mason Creek and followed it to where the San Antonio road crosses Privilege Creek. Here the trail led up the creek, and we found a Mexican that had been killed by the redskins. The Mexican was at work building a fence when he was attacked, and when he was struck with a rifle ball he ran and took refuge in an old chimney which was standing where a frontier cabin had once stood, and there he died. We found the body in this chimney in a sitting posture, with his pistol in hand ready to shoot. From there we went on and came to a house which the In-

dians had pillaged. They carried off a number of articles and trinkets, some of which we picked up as we hastily followed the trail. We found where they had stopped and painted themselves, preparatory to an attack on Jim and John Scott, who were clearing land, but they probably discovered our approach and fled, scattering in several directions, so that we could not successfully follow their trail. We then went to the Bladen Mitchell ranch and decided to go over to the Casey ranch on the Hondo and try to intercept the Indians as they came out of the country. We patrolled that region, two men each twenty miles apart scouting and observing signs, but without success. Then we crossed over to West Prong of the Medina, and here we found a bunch of big wild beef steers. Our captain told us to kill them and we shot



Present School Building at Medina

eight of the big fellows, and as wild as cattle ever got. Taking a supply of the beef we went on to the head of the Frio, Tom Click and I patrolling. We found a place where the Indians had left fourteen Indian saddles, and also where they had made a great many arrows and mended moccasins. We stayed there four days expecting the Indians to come and get their saddles, but as they did not show up we burned the rudely made saddles, and left there.

"I remember when the Indians killed Mr. and Mrs. Moore on North Prong of the Medina river. We took their trail the next day and followed it across the mountains. They went into dense cedar brakes where it was impossible for more than one or two men to go together. F. L. Hicks was with us on this scout and when we came to the dense brakes our captain said it was unsafe to go in, and several of the men turned back, but Mr. Hicks said to me: 'Andy, let's go in; we can whip every red rascal in there,' so in we went. It was a risky thing to do, but Mr. Hicks was a man absolutely without fear and when duty called he was always ready to respond. It is said that Indians will not kill a crazy man, so I guess they thought we were crazy for entering that big thicket.

"The next scout we made we hired old man Smith with his three yoke of steers and went to the Frio Water Hole, where we built a good pen, and then we went to Bull Head on the Nueces and gathered 400 steers which we intended to bring to Bandera and sell to Schmidtke & Hay for \$2 per head. We appointed Sam Jones as our boss on this mavericking expedition. While on the Nueces we captured two

government horses on the range with halters on. They had escaped from some post some months or years before and had become wild. We brought the steers in to the pen as we gathered them, and one night they stampeded and seventeen of them were killed by running against cedar stumps which had been left in the pen. About ten miles this side of the water hole was another pen which was called Post Oak, and we brought our steers to it. Four men had to stay with the wagon, and as we were coming to the Post Oak pen, Jim Brown, Jim Gobble, Lum Champion and myself intended to reach a spring at the head of a hollow. There was some Indians there, but I suppose they heard the wagon and hid out, as we did not see them. Near the spring I picked up a pair of moccasins and a small mirror which had been dropped by them. Leaving Champion and Gobble with the wagon, Jim Brown and I scouted around the spring to try to locate the Indians, but without success. We found where they had killed a cow just a short time before and taken some of the beef. They were afoot, evidently coming down into the settlements on a horse-stealing expedition. When we reported our discoveries to the captain he said we could not leave the cattle to follow the Indians, but to guard against attack. That night old Manuel and I stood guard around the horses, and at different times during the night the horses showed signs of alarm and we made ready to secure an Indian scalp, but they did not come. We delivered our steers in due time and received \$2 per head for them, and also received \$50 for the two government horses we had captured, and we thought we were making money. Somebody

reported to Austin that we had gathered the 400 steers, and our arms were ordered to be returned and we all got fired from the ranger service.

“When I was a boy on my father’s ranch the government kept a lot of camels at Camp Verde. One day we hobbled three of our horses and turned them loose near the house, and fourteen of those old camels came lumbering along. The horses took fright at the sight of them, and we did not see those horses again for many days. My brother and I penned the camels, all of them being gentle except one. We roped the wild one, but never wanted to rope another, for the old humped-back villain slobbered all over us, and that slobber made us deathly sick. We had a jolly time with those camels when we got rid of the foul, sickening slobber, and as we often rode broncos and wild steers we rode those camels too. The camel has a swinging pace and is easy to ride when you catch the motion of its gait. They could easily travel 100 miles in a day. The Indians seemed to be afraid of the camels and of course never attempted to steal any of them.”

JOE SHEPPARD WOUNDED.

In A. J. Sowell’s book, “Texas Indian Fighters,” is given the following account of the wounding of Joe Sheppard:

“On one occasion, above where Medina City is now, about where the Crockett place is, Joe Sheppard was riding along alone, and was shot by an Indian with a gun, who was hiding behind a big cypress stump.”

Sheppard saw the Indian just before he fired and thought it was a bear. When the ball struck him he sprang from his horse and ran behind a drift near the river and waited with his gun ready to shoot, not knowing how many Indians there were, and supposing they would follow him. No Indians came, however, but soon a man named Joe Henning came upon the scene in a wagon, and helped Sheppard get into it and lie down. The ball hit him in the side and he was badly hurt. Henning carried him to a doctor, but he could not find the ball and said it must have dropped out while jolting in the wagon, or else dropped inside of him, as he was unable to find it. After a hard struggle Sheppard recovered."

The accuracy of the above is in doubt. In the sketch of W. S. Hinds, Sr., to be found on page 132 of this book, mention is made of the wounding of Joe Sheppard, and it is stated that Mr. Hinds picked the wounded man up and hauled him to John Benton's home, where his wounds were dressed.

In those days such attacks often occurred. The pioneer settler expected these attacks and usually went prepared to meet them. The silent speeding arrow was the weapon most generally used in making attacks from ambush, but in the case of Joe Sheppard a large calibre rifle was used.

THE MAYFIELD FAMILY.

Mrs. Samantha Elizabeth Mayfield, who lives at Medina, has furnished the following sketch of the coming of the Mayfield family to Bandera county:

“On December 25th. 1877, four families left San Saba for Bandera. They were W. L. Mayfield, wife and six children; B. M. Mayfield, wife and seven children; W. W. McElroy, mother and three children: Mrs. White, sister of Mr. McElroy, and two little girls; and besides these four families there was Bud Wilson, Will Campbell and a Mr. Brown. We had a very enjoyable trip. Between Fredericksburg and Boerne we were caught in a snow storm and had to remain in camp several days, but we had good tents and did not suffer. Our travel was necessarily slow as we had three ox teams and one horse team. About January 10, 1878, we arrived at the Polk Ranch on the head of Red Bluff Creek, where we stopped for awhile and cleared some land for Louis Polk, then we went to the Hondo Canyon and settled a place about six miles above where Tarpley is now located, or about where the Cleophas Hicks ranch is situated. If I remember correctly, there were only fourteen families living in Hondo Canyon when we went there: Uncle Tommie Lewis and his two sons, Dave and Jim; Mrs. Annie E. Brown, better known as Grandma Brown; Uncle Street Hudspeth, Joe Hudspeth, Mr. Tucker, Uncle Henry Jeffers, Martin Jeffers, Taylor Hester, Joe Shull, Marsh Click, Joe Phelps, Uncle Joel Casey and his son, Sam Casey. I know of only one person new living in the Hondo Canyon who was there when we moved in and that is Grandma Brown, unless it

be that her daughter, Mrs. Ryle, is still living there. We remained on the Hondo one year, and then moved to what is now known as the Hansen ranch on Winan's Creek. This was a wild country with plenty of game, deer, turkey and a few bear. We have been here forty-four years, and during that time have made only two crop failures—in 1879 and 1917. We can make more with less work and as little rain here as any place in the United States.

My husband, B. M. Mayfield, died January 9, 1912, aged 77 years. I am the mother of twelve children, seven boys and five girls. Four of these children have died, leaving eight, who are married and have large families. Walter, the oldest, lives at Medina; Brice, also of Medina; Mrs. Ernest Banta of Medina; Harry, of Port Arthur; Sam and Mrs. T. A. Buckner of San Marcos; Mrs. L. A. Holster of Shreveport, La., and Jas. H. Mayfield of Medina, with whom I make my home.

"I believe I am the only one left of the older ones of our original party that came here in 1877. I am now 78 years old, in very good health, and quite stout for a person of my age."

THE BUCKNER FAMILY.

Among the pioneer settlers of this county were Judge E. F. Buckner and his son, Thomas L. Buckner, who came out from Kentucky to cast their fortunes on the frontier. Judge Buckner was one of the first Judges of the old 38th Judicial District and made his headquarters at Castroville, then the county seat of Medina county. His son, Thos. L. Buckner, who had had the advantage of a good education, went to Austin and entered the Confederate Army and was commissioned a lieutenant. After the war he returned to Bandera and married Miss Martha Buckelew. Two sons were born to them, Emmett and Tom Buckner, who grew to manhood here. The father died in 1875. Mrs. Buckner in 1881 married Jas. Pogmore and taking up a pre-emption on Winan's Creek they lived there many years. Emmett Buckner married Miss Florence Hinds, daughter of W. S. Hinds, Sr., of Rocky Creek. They had eight children, six of whom are still living. In 1919 Emmett Buckner moved with his family to California where he died with influenza. His wife and three unmarried children still reside in that state while the three oldest daughters still live in this section, being Mrs. Wm. Edwards of Pipe Creek, Mrs. Fred Smith and Mrs. Sterling Fisher of Utopia. Tom Buckner was married in 1894 to Miss Harriet Mayfield and they have reared a family of four children. For many years they lived in Bandera county, Mr. Buckner entering the newspaper business when in 1904 he leased the old Bandera Enterprise. Later he was engaged in newspaper work at Center Point and Kerrville, and now he and his son, Walter

Buckner, own the San Marcos Record, one of the best weekly newspapers in Texas.

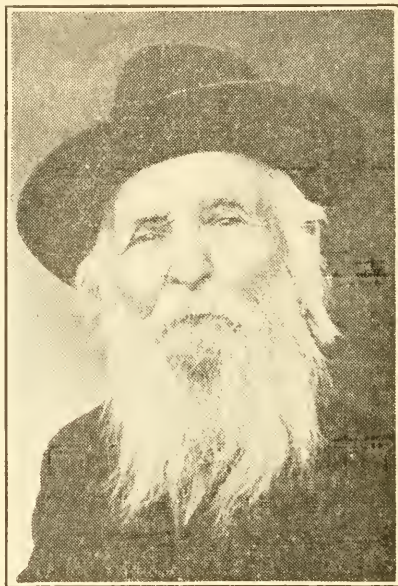
The senior Thos. L. Buckner was Bandera's first county and district clerk. He taught school for a number of years, and there are many old men and women living here who were among his pupils.

Judge E. F. Buckner, after living here several years, went back to Kentucky where he died at a ripe age. One of the ancient landmarks of the county is the old Buckner homestead on Myrtle Creek, on the old Ike Stevens place. It is built of cypress logs, covered with home-made shingles, and by request of Mr. Stevens before his death, the old house has been allowed to stand as a monument to the early settlers. At the time Judge Buckner built this cabin on Myrtle Creek, Chas. Montague and his son, Charlie, settled on the present Montague ranch and built the old rock residence which still stands there. The two boys, Charlie and Tom, were close chums as they grew up and later soldiered together. Their friendship and experiences of the early days is perhaps the cause of the close friendship that through all these years has existed between the two families. A remarkable feature of this friendship is the fact that as there was a Charlie Montague and a Tom Buckner to chum together in the seventies, their sons, Charlie, Jr., and Tom, Jr., were special chums when they grew to young manhood, and the close bond of friendship still exists.

Grandma Pogmore, mother of the Buckner boys, lived until 1915, when she died at the home of her son, Tom Buckner, at Kerrville. The step-father, James Pogmore, died some years before at the home of Emmett Buckner on the Hondo.

AMASA CLARK.

A word painter with vision enough to grasp history in the making could weave a wonderful story of the life of this grand old man, Amasa Clark, who looks serenely back upon almost a hundred years of the greatest changes the world has known. Men have looked with awe upon some inanimate object—a tree or a towering peak—that has stood immutable amid the changes of the years. Amasa Clark has watched changes as great, and more, he can tell of them. His memory is fresh, and he tells the story with interest and spirit.



Amasa Clark

Mr. Clark was born on Socharrie Creek, in Socharrie county, New York, September 3, 1828, only a few years after Old Hickory whipped the British at New Orleans and before the Alamo and San Jacinto field were baptized into immortality by the blood of Texas heroes, he has passed through five wars on the soil of the United States. Thus he has faced all the dangers, hardships and privations that were the lot of those who went ahead to soften the wilderness for the tender feet of civilization. From the time when

armies contended with muzzle-loading muskets, and wooden frigates sailed the seas, he has watched the science of warfare develop into systematic slaughter by aerial monsters, hurled by the tremendous force of explosives a thousand times more powerful than the gunpowder that prostrated the American Indians with awe at the coming of the first white men. He has lived from the time when solid shot was the greatest weapon at the command of the armies to the day of the explosive shell which sweeps all things living from vast areas. He has watched the trail of wild things through the wilderness metamorphosed into teeming paths of commerce. He has seen the place of the ox-drawn vehicle taken by the high-powered automobile and the glant airplanes contending for the supremacy of the air. Amasa Clark has seen much, and it is his earnest hope that he may live to see Society and its foster-mother, Civilization, triumph at last in the realization of universal peace.

When Amasa Clark came into this world Texas was a province, the home of wild beasts and savage men; a province whose rivers, mountains and plains were unexplored, and whose future found outline only in the ambitious plans of a Burr, a Wilkinson, or a Blannerhassett. When but a lad he left his native state, New York, enlisted in the army and valiantly fought his way from Vera Cruz to Chapul-tepec with General Scott, and when victory had crowned the American arms in Mexico he came to Texas. Here he cast his lot to blaze the way for on-coming generations. He has seen the signal fires of the savage gleam from a thousand peaks and has followed their encrimsoned trail across the hills and

plains along the vast extent of our Texas border. Sitting upon the pedestal of years, he now looks down upon an Empire state where savage invasion is only a memory; where homes, towns and cities dot the land, where a million boys and girls go to school, and with lofty and exultant pride may well this venerated father exclaim, "I was an humble factor in this wonderful achievement."

Like most men of his advanced age the period of second childhood has succeeded that of vigorous manhood, but the memory fraught with the record of three generations is not bedimmed by the frailties of extreme age, and he has a ready recollection of events and incidents of the early period that is, to say the least, remarkable. Just a question or a suggestion is all that is needed to awaken his memory and he unfolds narrative after narrative of thrilling events of the distant past. Incidents of his early childhood days are clearly remembered by him and he relates them to his grandchildren and great grandchildren today. He claims his age as 94, and has records to prove it. He is still a well preserved man and quite active. He has never used tobacco or liquor, and is proud of it. Mr. Clark is today drawing a pension of \$50 per month from the government for his service in the Mexican War in 1847. He is one of only 73 survivors of that great conflict. He landed at Vera Cruz with General Scott's forces and marched to Mexico City, taking part in all the bloody engagements along the way, finally making a triumphant entry into the Mexican capital and saw the Stars and Stripes wave proudly from the National Palace. It would require a volume to recount his experiences in

that war alone. He was commended by his superior officers for bravery in action and in street fighting in Mexico City.

Mr. Clark manages his farm of 160 acres, looks after his business affairs with the same ability he has always displayed. He gets about without the aid of a cane, his step is sprightly, and his extreme age is indicated only by his stooped shoulders and white hair. In appearance he would easily pass for a man about 68 or 70 years old. He is the father of nineteen children, several of whom are now old men and women. Sixteen of his children are living. On July 10, 1859, Mr. Clark was married to Miss Eliza Jane Wright, at Fredericksburg, Texas. To them were born eleven children: Annie and Amasa, Jr., died with diptheria while quite young; Ed Clark, lives in Bandera; Isaac Clark, lives at Caddo Mills, Texas, Mrs. Amanda North, lives at Poteet, Texas; Mrs. Mary Selby, died in Atascosa county; Mrs. Caroline Taylor, lives at Van Nuys, California; Mrs. Olive Cosgrove, lives near Bandera; John Clark, lives at Tarpley, Texas; Mrs. Eliza Massey, lives at Van Nuys, California; Sam Clark lives near Bandera. Mrs. Eliza Jane Clark died July 1, 1883. On May 4, 1885, Mr. Clark was married to Miss Lucy Wedgeworth. To them were born eight children: Zack Clark of Atascosa county; Ben Clark of Bandera; Orange Judd Clark of Bandera; Mrs. Bessie Schmidtke of Bandera; Mrs. Albert Maass of Randlett, Oklahoma; Mrs. Bertha Hill of San Antonio; Alvin Clark of Charlotte, Texas; Mrs. Kittie Evans of San Antonio. Several of Mr. Clark's children have large families, and he does not know the number of his descendants.

Today Mr. and Mrs. Clark live on the farm, four miles west of Bandera, which Mr. Clark purchased many years ago from a man named Hardin. Here Mr. Clark engaged in the nursery business until advancing age compelled him to retire from that work. He still has a fine orchard, and last year, 1921, he marketed nearly 1,000 bushels of pears at \$1.00 per bushel.

At the close of the Mexican War Mr. Clark was discharged from the service at San Elizario, near El Paso, and afterwards came to Bandera and has resided here continuously ever since. He gives some of his experiences here as follows:

"After my discharge from the United States army, and from active service in Mexico, I went to San Antonio, where I remained for some time. Then I went up on the Guadalupe river, just below where Center Point is now situated, and assisted O. B. Miles, who was hauling shingles to San Antonio for Gillis & Wilkins, who had the only shingle camp there. A tribe of Delaware Indians were encamped nearby and were very kind and friendly toward us. Some of our men had visited the Bandera Pass region and had often spoken in such glowing terms of the picturesque scenery and the abundance of game in the Medina valley that I determined to visit this region myself. They reported three families camped on the Medina, and those three families were the founders of the first settlement in Bandera county, which afterward became the town of Bandera. The Delaware Indians frequently invited me to join them in their hunting forays, and one time they insisted that I accompany them to the Medina valley to kill deer for the hides.

Thus I made my first visit to the beautiful Bandera region. I found game plentiful, and the three families here were so hospitable and friendly and treated me with such kind consideration I decided to tarry with them for awhile at least. That sojourn has been prolonged over a period of seventy years, and I am still here. This country was in its wildest state when I came here in 1852. It was no trouble to step out a short distance from camp and kill deer or turkey. Grass was knee high, there was not as much brush and oak timber here then as grows on our hills today. The country was open and you could see objects a mile or two away much easier than you can now see them a few hundred yards distant. I remember the first bear I ever killed. I had gone out to Privilege Creek one time to cut hay, and while there our supply of meat gave out, so I went forth to kill a deer, and came upon a big bear. I shot him dead, and we had plenty of meat. Another bear experience that might interest the boys and girls, happened when I had some cattle on the Davenport ranch. I went out there one day to look after them, and while on my way I found an old bear with two very small cubs. I caught one of the cubs and the old bear stood upright and made for me, growling and showing her teeth, but I outran her and got away with the young one. She did not seem inclined to pursue me very far, probably because she was afraid to leave the other cub. I took my cub home with me and raised it to a good size. He became very gentle and afforded me much pleasure and amusement. Sometimes I would turn him loose and he would invariably head for the slop bucket and eat the contents, and often he

would climb to the water shelf and sit down in the water bucket. I went off on a trip one day and when I returned I was grieved to find some boys had killed my beloved pet.

“The first Indian raid that occurred in this region that I know of took place along about 1854. Charles de Montel had a horse-power saw mill, and worked eight or ten horses. A negro named Oliver was the driver. One morning this negro went out to look for the mill horses but could not find them, for the Indians had stolen them and taken them up the river to a point known as White Bluff. As soon as it became known that the Indians had driven them off, Gideon Carter, Irvin Carter, O. B. Miles, Dan Turner, and several others took the trail and started up the river, and when they had gone several miles they met the horses coming back, as they had escaped from the Indians. Turner was left in charge of the horses and the other members of the party pushed on to overtake and chastise the Indians. Some distance further on they espied two Indians coming on the back trail with their heads down, following the horses’ tracks. When the Indians saw the white men they dashed off and got into the brush. The white men went on and soon discovered the Indians’ camp and made ready to charge it, but a deep gulch prevented them from advancing far, so they had to go around some distance to get to it. The Indians, seeing them approaching, left the camp and went up on a mountain, one of them riding a beautiful white horse, but during the charge which followed the Indian killed that white horse to keep him from falling into the hands of the white men. The Indians made good their escape and the

pursuers returned to the camp where they found a bible and some boys' clothing in one of the wigwams. This occurred about twenty-five miles above Bandera.

"I remember when the Duffy hotel was built. It was erected for Mrs. Nicholson, a daughter of Mr. Savery, and the lumber in it was sawed out of heart cypress. Later Duffy & Martin ran a little store therein. I recall an amusing incident that occurred in the little store one day. The firm had on sale some canned cranberries, which was a new berry to many of the citizens here. Some of the boys called them 'cram' berries, and one asked Duffy, 'Where do we cram 'em?' Mr. Duffy promptly replied, 'Cram them in your mouth.' I greatly miss Hugh Duffy. He was one of the noblest characters I ever met. The many years that I knew him I always found him the same generous, gentle, kind and affable gentleman. Another polished gentleman who came here in those early times was Joseph H. Poor, who came from Portland, Maine. He was a well bred, scholarly gentleman, and had a sheep ranch on Middle Verde. I lived with him for some time, and while I was there the Indians killed two of his shearers, an Irishman whose name I have forgotten and a German named Karl Asmus. Poor owned several negroes, and after the Civil War he was shot by one of the freed negroes named Dave, and came near dying from his wounds. Andrew Mansfield and myself, when we heard of the shooting, went over there and attended Poor, who finally recovered. The negro was tried for attempt to murder, but for lack of sufficient evidence to convict he was acquitted. Poor later went back to Maine and died there some years afterward.

“O. B. Miles was another early settler here who was one of my good friends. He was in my regiment in the Mexican War, but we were not in the same company. Mr. Miles, like myself, was born in New York state. He lived for awhile over on the Guadalupe near Comfort, and moved his family to Bandera in 1853, and became chief justice here when the county was organized in 1857. The first term of court was held in a little building in the western part of town.

“Bandera has many running creeks which flow into the Medina river. It may be interesting to know how some of these creeks were named. When the first three families, Saner, Milstead and Odem, came here from Boerne in 1852, they moved in wagons drawn by oxen. They crossed a little stream which they called Red Bluff Creek because of the reddish color of its steep bank. They camped on another little stream, and while there Odem lost his pipe. Since that time that stream has been called Pipe Creek. They journeyed forward and came to another gurgling brooklet where the prospect was so pleasing and the landscape so inviting Odem was heard to say that he would ‘lay his pre-emption there with the privilege of lifting it’ if they found better land farther on. That was ever afterward called Privilege Creek. Bandera Creek was thus called because it had its source near Bandera Pass. Mason Creek was at one time called Wolf Creek. Milstead killed a doe on a little branch and it was named Doe Creek, and a dry run nearby was called Mud Creek. Winan’s Creek, Hicks’ Creek, Laxson’s Creek, Brewington’s Creek, and Williams’ Creek were named for first settlers; Wallace Creek was so named because Big Foot Wal-

lace at one time owned land there. Rocky Creek was rightly named. Julian (pronounced hool-yan) is a Mexican name, as is also Verde. In that language 'verde' means green. There are many other streams in the county that I do not recall how they were named.

"A great many tragedies have been enacted during the time I have lived here, and to recount them all would require a book several times the size of this volume. There were murders committed by the Indians, and killings by white people. A man named Barnes, who lived on the Hondo, disappeared sometime during the sixties. It was believed at the time that he was murdered and his body burned.

At the time the Indians killed Tom Click they stole a good horse from me. The horse was a very fast animal, and that day while I was at the Rangers camp Joe Sutherland and Polly Rodriguez matched a race. Quite a crowd gathered to see the fun. It was agreed that the one who got beat in the race would have to run against my horse. They did not know the speed of my nag. When all was in readiness they selected me to start the horses off, and old man Chipman and others went to the coming out place to judge winner. As I gave the order to 'go' they dashed off and my horse followed. I just let him run and he beat the other two horses by a good length. Chipman said I had judged the race at both ends of the track. That night the Indians stole my horse.

"Yes, I attended all of the weddings and social functions in those early days, and danced with the belles of the community. I knew all of the Polish girls. Some of them are still living and, like myself,

have grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Miss Kusha (Kate) Dugos was a comely maiden. She married Anton Anderwald, still lives in Bandera, and is now past eighty years old.

“One time, in 1856, when I was returning from a trip to San Antonio with Dr. Thompson and John Kindla, we were attacked by robbers at night while we slept. Dr. Thompson was killed outright, and Mr. Kindla was so badly injured he never recovered, and died some years later from his wounds. I was badly battered up, and rendered unconscious for several hours, and I still carry the scars on my head. An old rusty gun barrel was the weapon used. When I came to myself the next morning I managed to get the oxen yoked to the wagon, and assisted Kindla into it, and we made our way to the only house between San Antonio and Bandera, where we were given aid. We were then taken to San Antonio and I spent some time in a hospital there. A posse was organized and the robbers were trailed to San Antonio, where a battle ensued in which Phil Stroupe, the city marshal, and one of the robbers were killed. While I am very active and in good health now at the age of ninety-four, I believe the injuries sustained in this murderous attack weakened my constitution to some extent and greatly impaired my hearing.

“I remember when the camels were brought to Camp Verde, and how the government expected to use them to transport dispatches across the desert to El Paso and to other posts. I worked with those camels for fourteen months, 1859-1860, and as a relic of these days I still have in my possession two pillows made from camels' hair. The camels are gone, and

but one of the buildings at old Camp Verde remains standing.'"

Mrs. Lucy Clark, the present wife of Amasa Clark, was born in Jackson county, Mississippi, January 7, 1859, and came to Texas with her mother Mrs. James Wedgeworth, in December, 1881, settling near Sabinal Station. Later Mrs. Wedgeworth moved to Vanderpool in Bandera county, where her daughter, Miss Lucy Wedgeworth, was married to Amasa Clark in 1885. Three of Mrs. Clark's brothers are still living. Zack Wedgeworth lives at Clovis, California; James Wedgeworth lives at Jourdanton, Texas, and John Wedgeworth lives in Phoenix, Arizona. Two sisters are also living, Mrs. S. D. Smith of Melvin, and Mrs. Amanda Snow of Ingram. Mrs. Clark is the mother of eight children, four boys and four girls, all living, and their names are given in the list of the Clark children on a preceding page. In that list the name of one daughter appears as Mrs. Albert Maass, when it should be Mrs. Elberta Maass. Two of Mrs. Clark's sons, Orange and Alvin Clark, were in the service during the World War, Orange with the Marines, and Alvin in the air service. Both of them went overseas and came back without injuries.

GABRIEL ANDERWALD.

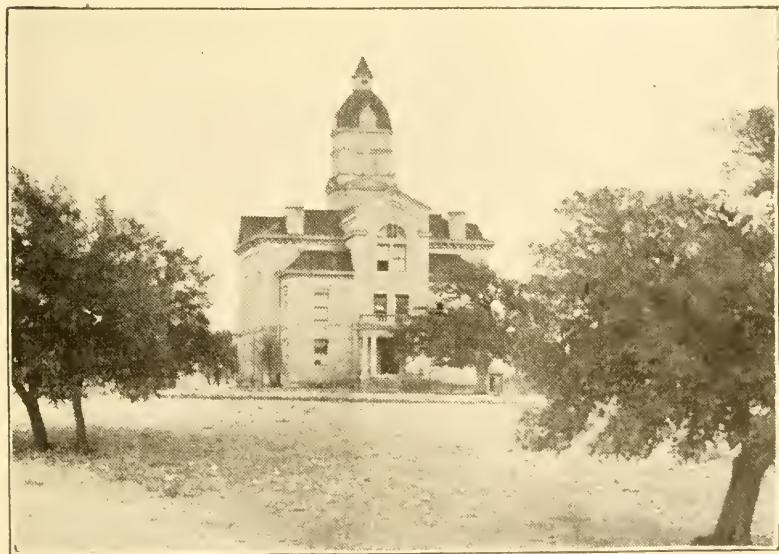
I was born in Po'and, March 24, 1851, and when I was four years old my parents, Frank and Elizabeth Anderwald, came to America with a colony of our people and settled at Bandera in 1855. Here I was raised and for sixty-seven years I have lived right here at Bandera. In 1880 I secured the farm tract where I am now living and improved it, but the life of a bachelor did not suit me at all, so in 1881 I was married to Miss Mary Moravietz, and we have lived on that farm more than forty years, raising a family of nine children, four boys and five girls. Their names are as follows: Mrs. Annie Dugos, of Bandera; Mrs. Susan Gavlich, of Boerne; Tom Anderwald, who married Miss Nona Snare and now lives at Pipe Creek; Raymuld Anderwald, lives at home; Genevieve, who has taken the veil and is now in the Sisterhood; Frank Anderwald, who married Miss Agnes Tanheiser and lives on Middle Verde; Henry Anderwald, lives at White Deer, Texas, and Misses Augustina and Amelia Anderwald, live at home. I have seen Bandera grow from a straggling village with only a few families to a good sized town and the population of the county increased from two or three hundred to several thousand. When I was a boy I worked for fifty cents a day, from before daylight in the morning until after dark in the evening, and thought I was getting big wages. I wore homespun clothing, home-made shoes and a hat plaited from wheat straw. Our luxuries were very few and our means limited. But we had our pleasures in those days, despite the dangers that surrounded us and the inconveniences with which we

had to contend, and I believe we enjoyed life then much better than the young people of this day and time with their automobile joy rides, picture shows, jazz dances, and scant attire. We had our parties and dances, picnics and barbecues, and best of all the wedding celebrations. I remember when my father-in-law, Tom Moravietz, married Miss Frances Haiduk. It was his second marriage, his first wife having died some years before. The couple went to San Antonio in an ox-wagon, where the ceremony was performed and when they returned to Bandera three days later a big celebration was held. We feasted and danced all day and all night. Albert Haiduk was the fiddler on this occasion, and he kept the music going as long as the crowd stayed. John Pyka, Mrs. John Adamietz, Cuistian Dugos, John Anderwald, and others yet living can remember what a big time we had. And another celebration that is not forgotten was the double wedding of my brother, John Anderwald and Miss Annie Jureczki and Cuistian Dugos and Miss Agnes Halamuda, which took place on July 2, 1872. We feasted and danced for two days and two nights, and were all utterly exhausted when the festivities ended. Both couples are still living here.

In the early days F. A. Hicks opened a silver mine on the ranch of A. McGill on Cow Creek, about ten miles west of Bandera. He found some ore that promised good returns, but after going some depth it did not pay. A man named Meyer bought the mine and spent a great deal of money on it, but without returns. It was finally abandoned. While the mine was being worked, a man named Jim Buckelew lost his life by falling into the shaft.

I went up the trail to Wichita, Kansas, in 1873 with a herd of cattle for Schmidtke & Hay. In 1874 I worked for the same firm cutting logs and making shingles. While I was engaged in this work Morgan Moncur and myself were sent down to the old Mormon Camp, accompanied by two negroes with teams to haul the logs. We camped at Mrs. Spettel's place, now covered by Medina Lake, and while here the Indians stole our work stock one night. They did not get our saddle horses for we had them staked close by. The negroes got scared and pulled out, but Moncur and I took the trail of the Indians, followed it to Turk's Head hill, from there west to Bee Bluff on the Verde, then towards the Hondo, but the trail circled back and came out below the Davenport ranch and then went on to Burns' Pass. When we reached the Pass we saw five Indians on Commission Creek with a large drove of horses. The Indians discovered us about the same time and started the horses in a run, while one of the redskins took a position on a small hill to watch our movements and see if more men were likely to come and join us. We stopped and held a council to decide just what to do, when suddenly the lookout Indian dashed away to join his comrades. We then went to Casey's ranch for help and Joe Casey and Bill Hester agreed to go with us in pursuit of the Indians. We knew they were making for the head of the Hondo, so we cut across the country to intercept them, and when we reached the head of the Hondo the Indians were already there, and we discovered their presence when a rifle ball whizzed dangerously close to us, causing us to scurry for cover behind some trees. Bill Hester had a

winchester and returned the fire, causing them to circle about a bit and then they passed over the ridge going upon another hill where four other Indians joined them, making nine in all. It being after sundown, and darkness coming on we decided to give up the chase, as there were only four of us, and we were poorly armed. We returned home, and the next day Morgan Moncur gathered a party of nine or ten men and went to the head of the Medina, where they overtook the Indians, and found about eighteen of them. The redskins scattered and all got away. Only one horse was captured by the white men, and that was an old animal belonging to William Ballentyne and it had been left behind by the Indians.



Bandera County Court House

FULMORE'S VERSION.

In Z. T. Fullmore's "History and Geography of Texas as Told in County Names," appears the following version of the naming of Bandera county. Some of the early settlers here do not vouch for the truthfulness of the last paragraph:

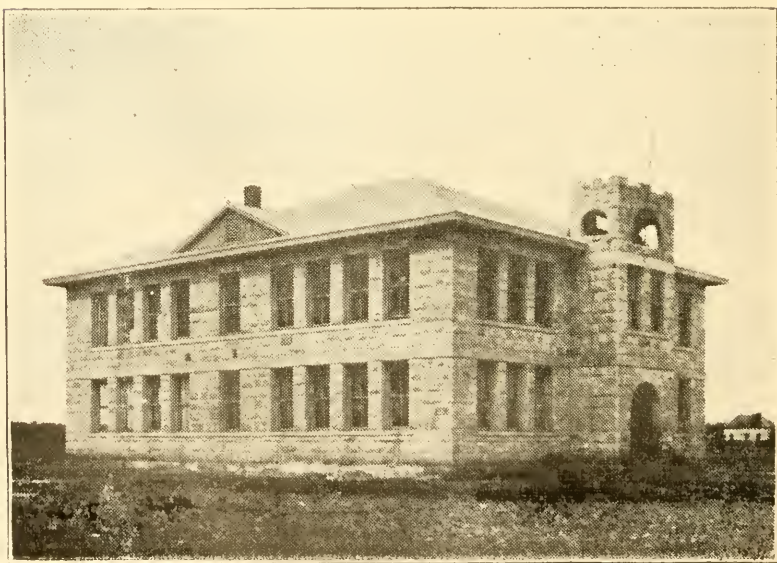
"Bandera county took its name from Bandera Pass. The word means "flag." The reason for the application of this name to the pass, which is the natural gateway through the Guadalupe Mountains, is not certainly known. There are three traditions in regard to it, two of which are in entire accord with well known historical facts and virtually connect themselves with them. The pass is about fifty miles northwest of San Antonio, and was directly on the route from San Antonio to the San Saba Mission. For many years it was a strategic point for the Indians. Yoakum's History of Texas informs us that in 1752 an armed force pursued a band of marauding Apaches, who had made one of their numerous forays to San Antonio. That around and near this pass the Indians had their villages, and when they reached this place they made their stand and fought vigorously, but were severely beaten by the Spaniards. A tradition was current among the old Manchaca and other families in San Antonio a hundreds years ago as to this battle, with the added statement that the Spaniards, after they had severely chastised the Indians, left their flags planted upon the mountain top as a signal and warning that more punishment would be meted out if they resumed their raids upon the settlements. We are informed by the histories that the

Comanches, a few years later, came down into this region, made war upon the Apaches and soon overcame them. Not content with this, they began their raids upon the settlements, and in 1758 destroyed the Mission San Saba and its garrison.

"The government at the City of Mexico had persistently failed to garrison San Antonio with a sufficient force to protect the settlers. In 1759 they induced the Apaches to join them as auxiliaries and with a force of 500 men, a majority being Apache auxiliaries, marched against the Comanches. Meeting a force of 6,000 Comanches and allied warriors, they retired to San Antonio and disbanded. The only hope for protection of any sort now rested upon their ability to treat with the Comanches, and for this purpose Padre Calahorra and other priests were deputed to make treaties. One of the results was the fixing of a boundary between the regions they were to occupy and the Gaudalupe Mountains became the line and a flag on the mountain was the sign of the treaty. While the treaty was habitually violated by the Comanches it afforded the only protection the settlers had in after years.

"The circumstances and facts of the tradition, which refer to this treaty, were related to a party of gentlemen who were traveling through that region in 1867. They encamped for the night at the county site, and while there some thieving Comanches crept in under cover of the darkness and stole some horses. As soon as it was found out, the sheriff with a posse started in pursuit, riding as rapidly as possible to this pass, through which they knew the thieves would attempt to go, but when they reached the pass they

found the Indians had preceded them and had left a red flag planted upon the mountain nearby. They immediately abandoned pursuit and returned home. Upon being asked why they abandoned their pursuit they explained that that flag meant a fight with an armed force of Comanches in the event they went beyond; that the Comanches claimed the mountains as a line which set aside to them all the region to the north and west of this pass under an ancient treaty with the Spaniards (evidently the treaty above referred to), and any thieving Indian band who could get their stolen property safely across that line, was fully protected by the whole tribe. They relied upon this old treaty to give legal color to their robberies."



Bandera Public School Building

J. A. TEGGERT.

J. A. Teggert was born in Canada in 1845, and emigrated to the United States when he was quite a young man. He came to Texas in 1871, finally locating at Somerset in Atascosa county, where he was married to Miss Eugenia Lewis in 1876. In 1877, with his wife, Mr. Teggert moved to Bandera county and rented land from Harvey Stanard, near Medina City, on which he raised big crops. He was so favorably impressed with the country that he was content to remain here many years, and although he now resides at Electra, in the Panhandle, he makes frequent visits to old Bandera county, where he still has many friends who are always glad to welcome him. Mrs. Teggert died at Medina in 1914.

Ten children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Teggert, and grew to manhood and womanhood in Medina. The children are Mrs. Essie Johnson of Medina, Miss Flora Teggert of Arizona, Jim Teggert of Electra, Mrs. Lela Hardwick deceased, Homer Teggert of Electra, Mrs. Zella Freeman of Panhandle, Mrs. Louie Brown of Beaumont, Robert Teggert of Panhandle, Mrs. Beatrice Wyatt of Electra, Miss Gladys Teggert deceased.

SCOUTED IN BANDERA COUNTY.

Taylor Thompson, veteran newspaper man who died in the Confederate Home at Austin in 1919, commanded a body of rangers that made frequent scouting trips to this region during the sixties. I have quite a number of sketches which Mr. Thompson contributed to the press a few years ago, and among them I find the following:

“On one occasion, with a squad of fourteen men I followed the trail of a party of Indians from a point in Medina county to somewhere near the head of the Medina river, where we despaired of overtaking them, and abandoned the trail. The next morning I sent ten men under the command of my corporal, to return south, going down the Hondo Creek, while with three companions I took the more easterly route, intending to go by the town of Bandera and thence down the Medina river to a rendezvous agreed upon on the lower Hondo. When a few miles below the old Mormon Camp on the Medina late one evening we came to the camp of three men who were traveling in a wagon. They were strangers to us but we camped with them for the night, the two parties together numbering seven men. We learned that the three men lived in Atascosa county and had been up in the mountains on a bee hunting expedition. We had seen several Indian signal smokes that day. There was not a settlement within ten miles of our camp, and as there were ten or fifteen horses in the camp, we all prepared to sleep with one eye open that night, though of course the sentinel was posted before we retired. I took the second watch, going on duty at 11 o'clock. I had

scarcely reached my post when a voice, seemingly about twenty yards away, called me by name and said, 'Come out here, I want to show you something.' Of course I did not go, but after looking around cautiously I went to camp and saw that my six companions were all lying on their blankets. When I resumed my post another voice on the opposite side of the camp called out in Spanish, 'Look out, you d—d rangers, we'll get all of your horses tonight, and may be some of your scalps.' The voice did not seem to be more than twenty yards away, but I could find no one where the speaker seemed to be. I knew that many Indians spoke Spanish, and I aroused my companions and we scouted the vicinity thoroughly but could find no one. The voice continued to sound at intervals, in different directions, always speaking in Spanish. We began to think the place was haunted. I slept no more that night, but nothing untoward occurred. While drinking our coffee the next morning and discussing the events of the night, I noticed that one of the Atascosa men, George Powers by name, could scarcely control his risibilities. He finally exploded and told us that he was a ventriloquist and had been amusing himself at our expense that night. We took the matter good naturedly, but when we reached the little town of Castroville we nearly bankrupted Mr. Powers making him 'set 'em up' to us.

"The Medina river has its source about thirty miles above the town of Bandera. When I entered the ranger service early in 1864, the head of the Medina was a rendezvous or gathering place for the Indians, a large body of whom would assemble there, and then dividing into small parties, would raid the country to

the south, going by different routes and returning, meet again at the rendezvous.

"On one occasion, with my entire detachment I was camped on the Verde Creek, not far from the old military post of Camp Verde, which at that time was not occupied. We had been there several days, and one afternoon one of our scouts come in and reported having discovered a fresh Indian trail going south, some miles to the east of our camp, the Indians probably intending to pass down between the Hondo and the Medina. A little later two more scouts came in and reported having found two other trails going south, some distance apart, and several miles to the west of our camp. I knew how useless it would be to attempt to follow these trails in all their windings and turnings and feeling sure that the Indians making these different trails had divided at the rendezvous and would meet there again as they went out. Accordingly we moved to the head of the Medina, where we kept as closely concealed as possible, carefully scouting the country in the vicinity, and keeping a close lookout for Indian signal smokes to the south and west.

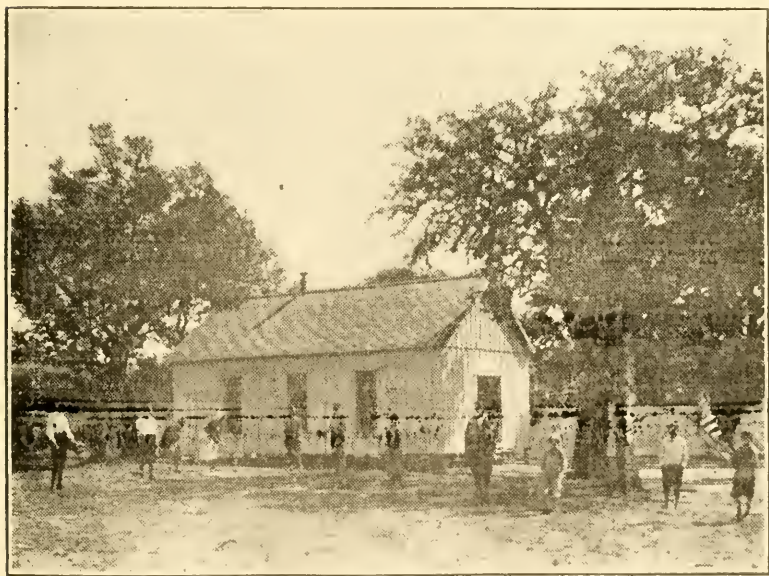
"We had been in our position four or five days when one day some of our scouts reported having seen a signal smoke to the east of our camp, and the same day I discovered two signal smokes to the west, and some distance apart. We felt sure that these smokes indicated that three parties of Indians were returning to the rendezvous, the route each party was pursuing gradually converging. We also felt sure that each party was still some distance away, that being so far from any settlement they felt comfortably secure from pursuit, and would camp where night overtook them

and not attempt to reach the rendezvous until the following day; and we also knew that the rate of speed at which they would travel would depend largely upon the number of stolen horses they were driving. I held a consultation with our old trailer, Macedonio Delgado, and several other experienced frontiersmen, and we determined to start to meet the party that had made the signal smoke the furthestest to the west. I do not know why we came to this decision, but as the sequel proved, it was fortunate that we did so. The sun was about three hours high when we started, and we kept our movements concealed as much as possible by taking advantage of brushy sections of the country as well of the many hills in that mountainous region, all of which was covered with a growth of scrub timber. Shortly before sundown, by the aid of my glass, I discovered two more signal smokes much nearer together than the first two I had seen to the west, which indicated that the two parties were gradually drawing nearer together, and our object had been to meet one of the parties before they formed a junction. We waited until night had fallen, and then cautiously advanced in the direction of where we had seen the last smoke. Our scouts felt sure that the Indians were not more than ten miles away, and we kept a sharp lookout for their camp fires. We had proceeded probably ten miles when we discovered five or six fires and then we knew the Indians had gone into camp for the night. We approached as near as possible without detection, and then Macedonio and myself proceeded on foot to reconnoiter. We approached the camp so closely that we distinctly heard the sound of female voices speaking in Spanish, as well as the sound of children crying,

and we knew that the Indians had taken several captives, and we judged that there were fifty or sixty warriors in the camp, which proved that the two parties had come together. We also plainly saw in the moonlight a large bunch of horses which was being herded by six or eight Indians. We watched the camp until everything became quiet, then returned to our companions. All but three sentinels lay down to sleep, for we intended to attack the camp at daylight. As there were so many Indians together, we knew they would not be in a great hurry about breaking camp in the morning.

“Shortly before daylight I aroused my companions; we mounted and approached the Indian camp until we were within about 300 yards of it. Then we divided into two parties, intending to attack from two directions. The number of Indians was more than double that of my detachment, but our superior arms gave us a great advantage. When it was good light I gave the signal to charge by firing a shot from my pistol. The Indians were taken completely by surprise, and at the point where my party struck the camp they scattered at the first onslaught, leaving three women tied to as many trees. One of the warriors as he passed near one of the women tried to kill her with a knife, inflicting an ugly wound in her shoulder. I was close to them at the time and by a lucky shot I made a good Indian of that particular warrior as he was in the act of striking a second blow at the woman. The fight was a hot one, but was of short duration. No party of Indians that ever raided the Texas frontier could stand the fire of six-shooters at close range. We stampeded the herd of horses and

later gathered up forty or fifty head of them. The fight was scarcely over when John and George Bell, with four Mexicans, came dashing into the camp. It developed that the three women we had found in the camp were the wives of the two brothers and one of their vaqueros, and each of the women had a child about two years old. The Indians had attacked the Bell ranch near Laredo five days before, when all of the men were away four or five miles from the ranch, where they had rounded up a bunch of cattle. On their return, about the middle of the afternoon, they at once took the trail with all the men on the place. We had three men killed and four wounded. We found nine dead Indians, but of course we never knew how many were wounded. Altogether we considered it a pretty good day's work."



School House on Middle Verde Creek

FIRST COMMISSIONERS' COURT.

The first Commissioners' Court of Bandera county met on March 21, 1856, according to records on file in the county clerk's office. Present were O. B. Miles, chief justice; William Ballantyne, William Curtis and William Ramsey, commissioners; A. Hoffman, sheriff; J. W. P'Poole, clerk. Bonds of the following officers were approved: August Klappenbach, clerk of the district court; F. W. Davidson, justice of the peace, Precinct No. 1; F. L. Hicks, justice of the peace, Precinct No. 2; I. F. Carter, assessor and collector; Gideon Carter, county treasurer.

In the minutes of the Commissioners' Court, of May 20, 1856, appears the following: "Ordered by the court that F. W. Davidson, J. P., having absconded, his office as justice of the peace for Precinct No. 1 be declared vacant from and after this date." It is only right to add that some time thereafter the court entered a modification to this order by inserting in the minutes: "It is not meant by 'absconded' that F. W. Davidson had left with money belonging to said office, for money he had not."

The sheriff's bond was \$200, and the district clerk's bond was \$100. In the minutes of the court July 26, 1856, number of poll taxes reported was 38; state taxes collected, \$45.83; county taxes, \$23.04.

August 18, 1856, Charles de Montel filed in the county clerk's office a map of the town of Bandera.

On December 6, 1856, it was ordered by the court "Charles de Montel is hereby authorized to locate and survey all lands appropriated for school purposes by the state for use of this county, for which he is

to receive \$100 per league and ten per cent interest until paid."

February 16, 1857, the Commissioners selected and approved the following list of grand jurors: F. L. Hicks, Gideon Carter, I. F. Carter, P. D. Saner, A. Moncur, R. Ballantyne, J. Williams, M. Curtis, C. O. Isham, Spencer Smith, J. D. L. Gressman, A. Hawley, J. Ballantyne, F. M. Andrews, J. Curtis, L. L. Wight, B. Bird, C. Montague, G. W. Bird, P. Moncur.

MONUMENT STILL STANDS.

In 1873 a law was passed providing that a monument be set up at each county seat to establish the true meridian, from which to get bearings and secure uniformity of all surveys. Chas. Montague, Sr., complying with the provisions of this law, that same year placed a monument on the public square, showing the true north line, and that monument is still standing. Many people living in Bandera today do not know why this monument was placed there. While it has withstood the elements for half a century, the monument is in fair condition, but steps should be taken to preserve it for ages.

RESCUED THREE CHILDREN.

Another one of Taylor Thompson's narratives is as follows:

In the early autumn of 1862 with a detachment of sixteen rangers, I followed an Indian trail away out somewhere to the northwest of old Fort Mason. We were not familiar with that section of country, and I did not know just where we were when we abandoned the trail and gave up the pursuit. Fort Mason is forty-five miles from the German town of Fredericksburg. Kerrville and Comfort were settled at first exclusively by Germans. They were a hardy class of settlers who came to that new country and some of them more bold and daring than others, had settled on ranches adjacent to the villages named, along the the beautiful streams and valleys in that section and these isolated ranches as well as the villages themselves at the time of the settlement, and for many years afterward, were subject to frequent raids and incursions from hostile bands of Indians. It is well known that the early German settlers of that section made several different treaties with the Comanche Indians by which they hoped to enjoyed immunity from Indian depredations. It is also well known that the Comanche Indians were never good hands to keep treaties. They were wont to abide by the terms of the treaty when it was to their own advantage but when they saw an opportunity to rob and plunder a German ranch and thought they could escape with the booty a little thing like a treaty did not count for much with them.

At the time we abandoned the Indian trail above

spoken of our horses were much jaded and we were out of meat and the first place we came to where water and grass was plentiful and game abundant we went into camp for five or six days in order to recuperate our horses and kill and dry enough meat to last us back to our own homes. We remained there five days and when we started back I determined to pass the town of Bandera, which is situated on the bank of the Medina river, which heads above the now thriving town of that name. But the country around the head of the river was then wholly unsettled and it was said that the head of the Medina was a rendezvous for Indians; that when coming down upon the settlements during a raid they came in large bands together, divided up into smaller parties there, raiding into different sections of the country and meeting there again as they went out.

We camped one night about ten miles below the head of the river, and about twenty miles from the town of Bandera. We had seen no Indians nor Indian signs since we had started on our return, but of course we kept a vigilant lookout on our horses when we camped at night. There being fifteen of us together we had no fear of an attack, the only real danger being that the Indians might stampede our horses at night. I should have stated that the town of Bandera was settled originally by Mormons, that some thirty miles below on the same stream was the town of Castroville, which was for many years the county seat of Medina county and was settled exclusively by Germans, while there were a few German ranches near the town as was the case near the other German settlements. On the night in question the

moon was past the full and shone brightly at intervals, being occasionally obscured by drifting clouds, in fact the weather reminded one of what the old settlers called a weather breeder. There was not a settlement within twenty miles of where we were camped and about 10 o'clock I was making the round alone among the horses and when approaching a small thicket of bushes, I heard a voice distinctly saying, "Say, Mister, stop!" Of course I promptly halted and asked who was there. The voice replied, "Mister, you're a white man ain't you?" I replied in the affirmative and told the speaker to come out and he should not be hurt. Whereupon two small boys emerged from the thicket and approached holding each other's hand. I took them back to camp and then began to question them. The elder said he was 11 years old, that his name was Fritz Krawitz, that his little brother aged 8 was named Willie; that the Indians had come to his father's ranch about ten miles from Castroville three or four nights before, while his mother was attending a sick neighbor. The father was at home with these two and a little girl of 6. That the Indians had killed his father, and carried off the three children. The boy said the Indians had camped, he thought, not more than three miles from us and that he and his little brother had found an opportunity soon after dark of stealing out of camp; that he hated to leave his little sister, but she was not near them at the time and these two little children had stolen out into the wilderness not knowing where they were, and only intent upon escaping from their captors.

I asked Fritz how many Indians he thought there

were in the party and he said he thought about thirty. When asked if he thought he could find the camp again, he said he believed he could. Justo Rodriguez, my corporal, old Macedonia, the trailer, and myself, held a hasty council of war and when I had interpreted to them all Fritz had told me, we determined to attempt the rescue of the little girl, though we had no doubt but that the Indian camp would be astir owing to their having missed the two boys.

Fortune favored us for though the little boy was unable to locate the camp himself we accidentally came upon it and found it more quiet than we had expected. The fact was, though we did not know it then, a portion, probably one-half, of the band were scouring the adjacent woods and brush for the fugitives, and it seemed almost miraculous that we had not encountered any of these. We stopped about four hundred yards from the camp and Macedonia and I went cautiously forward through the brush to reconnoiter. We heard the little girl crying but could form little idea of the number of Indians there were in camp. Returning I left the little boy with two men to guard him behind some rocks and dividing the remaining fourteen into two parties we approached the camp from different directions as cautiously as possible. We had probably got within thirty or forty steps of the camp before we were discovered. Then the Indian lookout or sentinel gave a whoop and then we all dashed into the camp with a yell. By rare good fortune one of the men came to the child when there was no Indian nearer than ten or fifteen steps of her. Of course several had been left

to guard her, but had evidently left their post for some purpose. There was a quick, sharp skirmish for five or ten minutes and then all the warriors who were able took to the brush. The only wonder was that they stood as long as they did, for they never could stand firearms at close range. We had the little girl, however, and hastily started for where we had left our horses. Macedonio, however, stayed behind long enough to count the dead Indians, and said he found six lying among the trees. One of my men was killed and five wounded slightly in the skirmish.

In the meantime we heard horses coming toward us from different directions and we then knew that a part of the Indians had been out hunting for the missing boys. Our own dead comrade had been carried back to where we had left the horses and we remained where we were until daylight. Macedonia dressed the wounds of the five men, and the dead man was buried there, the grave being scooped out with hatchets and bowie knives. Five days later we delivered the three children to their parents, the father not having been killed as Fritz thought, though he was severely wounded.

Altogether we had made a pretty good night's work of it, for we had rescued the three children, had made six "good" Indians, as General Sheridan would have called them, and the morning after the fight we gathered up eight or ten horses before we left the scene.

JUDGE F. W. DOROW.

One of the substantial citizens of Bandera county for many years was Judge F. W. Dorow, who died in Bandera October 18, 1921. Judge Dorow was born in Germany January 3, 1845, and came to America when he was seven years of age, his parents settling at New Braunfels, Texas. When he was seventeen years old he enlisted in the Confederate Army and served on the Mexican border and along the Gulf of Mexico during the war. He was married in 1869 to Miss Lena Voges at New Braunfels, and moved to Helotes Creek, near the present Helotes store and lived there until 1872, when he located on Pipe Creek where he resided until 1918. Here he raised his family, and when his children had all grown up, married and had homes of their own, he sold the old home place and went to live among his children. Mrs. Dorow died December 23, 1899. Surviving are the following children: W. V. Dorow of Beaumont; H. A. Dorow of San Antonio; A. E. Dorow of Utopia; Mrs. A. L. Mansfield. Mrs. A. Meadows, Mrs. D. W. Buck of Bandera, and Mrs. H. J. Babbitt of Pipe Creek.

Judge Dorow was a member of the Masonic fraternity for more than forty years and in his dealings with mankind he exemplified the principles of that great order. He was a member of the Twenty-third Legislature, and served as County Judge of Bandera county for four years. He also served as justice of the peace and county commissioner from the Pipe Creek precinct for many years. Always a staunch friend to the schools, and an exponent of civic ad-

vancement, his work is still apparent on every hand and will be in evidence for many years to come. With his passing Bandera county lost one of her most honored citizens, and one whose place will be hard to fill, because men of such lofty ideals as Judge Dorow possessed are scarce the world over.



A. L. SCOTT.

A. L. Scott came to Texas from Virginia in the early eighties and located in Karnes county. Members of his family contracted malaria and he sought the mountains of Bandera to aid them in recovering health. For many years he resided here, following the occupation of school teacher, and was for a number of years surveyor of this county, and owned a small farm just across the river from Bandera. Mr. Scott died several years ago, leaving a widow and seven children. Mrs. Scott now lives in San Antonio, and often visits Bandera. The names of the children are: A. L. Scott, Jr., now living in Central America; Mrs. Gussie Chaney of San Antonio; Miss Frances Scott, executive of Y. W. C. A. work at San Antonio; Dunklin Scott, civil engineer with headquarters in San Antonio; Mrs. Sadie Dullnig of San Antonio; Richmond Scott, engaged in the brokerage business in San Antonio; Herbert Scott, civil engineer employed by the City of San Antonio.

J. F. TAIT.

J. F. Tait was born in St. Louis Mo., in 1861, and came to Bandera county in 1882. when he located at Medina and opened a blacksmith shop. He remained there until 1899, then moved to Bandera to establish a shop in this city. He was married to Miss Elizabeth Rankin January 16, 1889, and they have two children, Lieut. George R. Tait of Brownsville, and Mrs. Cleora Risinger of San Antonio. Mr. Tait has built up a substantial business since coming to Bandera, and is one of the best known men in the county. He owns the Southwestern Telephone system here which has over 150 miles of lines and over 200 subscribers in the county besides long distance connection with outside points.



Privilege School House, Built by Folly Rodriguez.

THE STANARD FAMILY.

In the spring of 1871 Harvey A. Stanard, with his wife and two small children, came to Bandera county in a hack, and located on Laxson's Creek. They had started to Bandera from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, seeking a change of climate on account of Mr. Stanard's health. En route to this county they tarried for a short time at Waxahachie, where the second child, now Mrs. Leora Stiles, was born. As soon as the family located on Laxson's Creek the Indians came and stole the only team of horses Mr. Stanard possessed, leaving him afoot. But with the true pioneer spirit he set about to improve his homestead with the means at hand. He procured a yoke of steers and with these he broke the ground which he had cleared for a little farm. For many years he and his faithful wife struggled along, and aided in every way in the development of the community, and the Stanard home became noted far and wide for its hospitality.

Harvey A. Stanard was born in Virginia, March 26, 1842, and was one of thirteen children. From Virginia his parents moved to Illinois and lived near Nauvoo City. Later they came to Texas and settled at Old Helena, in Karnes county, where Harvey Stanard grew to manhood. He was married to Miss Sarah Kathrine Lewis, and went to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, to locate, but after spending some time there his health failed, and he decided to come back to Texas. Seven children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Stanard, namely: Mrs. Cleora Browning, lives at Medina; Mrs. Leora Stiles, lives at Winslow, Arizona, but at present is sojourning in Medina; Warren William Stanard, died

at Medina in 1904; Mrs. Maude Newcomer died at Medina in 1918; Mrs. Ada Mae Nesting, lives at Winslow, Arizona; Lillie Lewis Stanard, died at Medina in 1885; Harvey A. Stanard, Jr., died at Nixon, December 7, 1914.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey A. Stanard died at Medina, January 6, 1901, within just a few hours of each other. Both father and mother had been sick with pneumonia only a few days. In the family burial ground at the old home on Laxson's Creek they sleep side by side, and those of their children who have passed on to the eternal home, rest near them.

It is correctly said that Mrs. Stanard was a true type of the frontier mother. She was born in Iowa October 9, 1845, and came to Texas with her father, Levi Lewis, when she was quite small. Her mother died and her father came to the Lone Star State with his children and located in Atascosa county, and when Sarah Lewis grew to womanhood she was happily married to Harvey Stanard, as previously stated. When Mrs. Stanard came to Bandera county she saw the need of religious influences on the sparsely settled frontier, and accordingly she set about to provide religious teaching in her little log cabin home, where she she invited the neighbors to come in and be taught. A little Sunday school was started there, and in this work she was ably assisted by Dr. Hudspeth of Bandera, who was there every Lord's Day to help the devout woman plant the cause of Christ in that community. She had been an orphan herself, and naturally her sympathies went out to the motherless boys and girls of the land, and on more than one occasion she took orphaned children under her care and gave

them that tender love which only a mother bestows. Among these orphaned children who came to her was H. E. Rambie, who is today a prominent ranchman of Bandera county. While a small boy Ed Rambie became a member of the Stanard household and lived there as one of the family until he was grown, receiving the love and admonition which that good mother gave to her own children, and today when he speaks of her it is to utter blessings and praise to her dear name. A little log school house was finally erected on Laxson's Creek, and here Mrs. Stanard taught school for many years, instilling into the minds of her pupils the knowledge which has made some of them leaders in the affairs of today. After a time the pioneer preachers began coming along, and church services were held in the little school house. Jack Potter, the "fighting parson," was among these early preachers, and the first time he stopped overnight at the Stanard home Mr. Stanard was absent. After supper family prayers were conducted, and Rev. Potter, as was his custom, prayed for God's blessing to rest upon the household, and in his fervent petition he asked the Lord to "bless this poor widow and the little orphan children who had been deprived of a husband's and father's loving care." The good preacher did not learn until the next morning at the breakfast table that Mrs. Stanard was not a widow and her children were not orphans.

As their children grew up it was the hope of this pioneer couple to give them all of the educational advantages their circumstances would allow. They sent their eldest daughter, Miss Cleora Stanard, and Ed Rambie to Ad Ran College at Thorp Springs, and

kept the other children in school as long as possible. Limited means, and living in a remote region proved quite an obstacle in the carrying out of their plans to a great extent. Gradually their children grew to manhood and womanhood. Miss Cleora Stanard married James E. Browning, has a beautiful home in Medina; Miss Leora Stanard married Barnett Stiles. He died September 27, 1914, on a railway train in New Mexico, and is buried at Winslow, Arizona. Miss Maude Stanard married Joe Newcomer, and died in 1918, leaving four children, Ethel Maude, Mattie Mae, Joe Harvey and Leora Joyce. Miss Ada Mae Stanard married Charles O. Nesting, and they have two children, Charles Stanard and Anna Mae. Harvey A. Stanard, Jr., married Miss Alta Freeman, and to them were born three children, Warren Webster, Cleora Alice and Floy Harvey; Mrs. Freeman now lives at Ecla, Texas.

Mrs. Barnett Stiles, like her sainted mother, has proven herself a friend to orphan children. Some years ago she gave a home to a little orphan boy, Cecil Thomas Carr by name, and today the lad is a student in the Medical Department of the University of Texas. He is making good, and all who know him predict a great future for the ambitious boy, and a reward of obedience and gratitude for the worthy foster mother.

IKE STEVENS, SR.

The subject of this sketch was born in Arkansas August 14, 1847, and came to Texas with his parents when he was quite a boy. He lived in Bandera county many years and was well known to all of the early settlers. For twelve years he served as sheriff of this county, discharging the duties of that office in a fearless and satisfactory manner, and proving himself a man capable of dealing with the lawless element that sometimes invaded this region. When his health began to fail he moved to El Paso, in 1910, where he had two sons, Ike and Robert Stevens. on the police force in that city, and while he was there he was killed by a train when he was crossing the Southern Pacific railroad tracks. His remains were brought to Bandera for burial.

During the early days Mr. Stevens was a member of Robert Ballantyne's company of rangers, and spent a great deal of time trailing and fighting Indians who came down into this county on their raids.

Mr. Stevens was married to Miss Agnes Brown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Brown, early settlers on the frontier. To them were born twelve children, eight of whom are still living, namely: Allie Stevens, lives on Mason Creek; Mrs. Laura Tait, lives at Morienc, Arizona; Robert H. Stevens, lives at San Antonio; Ike Stevens, Jr., lives in Bandera, Mrs. Velma Barrett, lives in San Antonio; Mrs. Jessie Barrett, lives in San Antonio; Mrs. Mary Mullins, lives in San Antonio; Mrs. Edna Powell, lives in San Antonio. Mrs. Stevens, the mother, also lives in San Antonio. She frequently comes to Bandera and it is a great

pleasure to her many old time friends for her to visit them. Mrs. Stevens can relate many thrilling incidents that occurred here in the early days, as well as many things things that happened in Kendall county where her parents formerly resided. Her pioneer mother, Mrs. Brown, saw an Indian prowling about the premises one night trying to steal a horse, and she fired a bullet into the redskin's body that sent him off howling with pain. During the gold excitement in California Mr. Brown took his family to the Golden State, but later returned to Texas.



SAN ANTONIO TRADING POINT.

From the beginning of Bandera's history, San Antonio has been the chief trading point for all of this vast region. The distance from Bandera to that city is fifty miles, and in the early days a round trip could be made with an ox-team in seven days. Today the round trip can be made in a Ford automobile in seven hours. In those days shingle-making was the chief industry, and the shingles were hauled to San Antonio and marketed. Today many of Bandera county's products are hauled by truck to the San Antonio market.

A POLLY RODRIGUEZ STORY.

The following sketch is taken from a book written by Jose Policarpo Rodriguez, a pioneer of this region:

"We went hunting once from San Antonio to Bandera county. We had four horses and six dogs. We killed several deer, a number of turkeys, one bear, and cut several bee trees. We found a bunch of wild cattle, most of them black or brown. We got after one and killed her. Lynn had an eight-shooter pistol he had made himself, a rifle and a pair of holsters; I had a rifle, a six-shooter, and a pair of holsters. We fired twenty shots into the body of that black cow before we killed her. Then we camped in a clump of small trees, prepared our supper, fed our dogs plenty of beef, and laid down to rest. Suddenly the dogs jumped up and ran out as if some one were coming, and we heard somebody talking low. We thought it was Indians, and we hissed on the dogs in English and they ran out farther barking furiously as if they had something at bay. We hallooed loud and hissed the dogs. The Indians could not see how many there were of us, and no doubt thought our crowd was large. They stayed around us all night, but feared to make a charge. They made all kinds of animal calls and cries, sometimes barking like wolves, then hooting like owls, fighting like cats or quacking like ducks. They thus tried to decoy us out or get us to expose ourselves, but we lay low. The Indians were all afoot, and there must have been twenty or thirty of them, as the trail would indicate. Just before daylight we heard them leave. After we found that they were afoot we decided to follow them, and found

where they had killed a deer. They carried away every particle of the deer except the heart. We followed this trail until we saw their smoke rising from a little hill, and decided there were too many of them to attack, although we were well mounted and armed. They went on, and we thought it best to go home. We learned later that this same party of Indians had killed four men, Germans, who were camped on the Medina making shingles. They cut open their breasts and took out their hearts. They seemed to have some superstition about the heart, for they left the deer's heart but cut out and carried away the hearts of the men.

"Jacob Lynn and I, with a number of others, went hunting on the Medina Christmas, 1847. I took an ox cart to haul our game. Game was plentiful, and we had wonderful success.

While my father lived on the Medina I was once going to San Antonio with a load of wood. My aunt accompanied me. My dog scented the trail of some animal and, following it, began to bark. I took my gun and found that he had treed a large panther in a willow tree which overhung the Leon Creek. I took aim at his head and fired. It was not a dead shot and the animal dropped into the water, which was deep at that place. My dog jumped in after it, and they clinched and both sank. To save my dog I jumped in the water. When they came up the dog swam one way and the panther the other. I caught the panther by the tail and lifted it up so as to sink his head, and we swam around and around, he trying to get at me. I got to where I could stand on the bottom, and holding up his tail, I soon drowned him and took his hide."

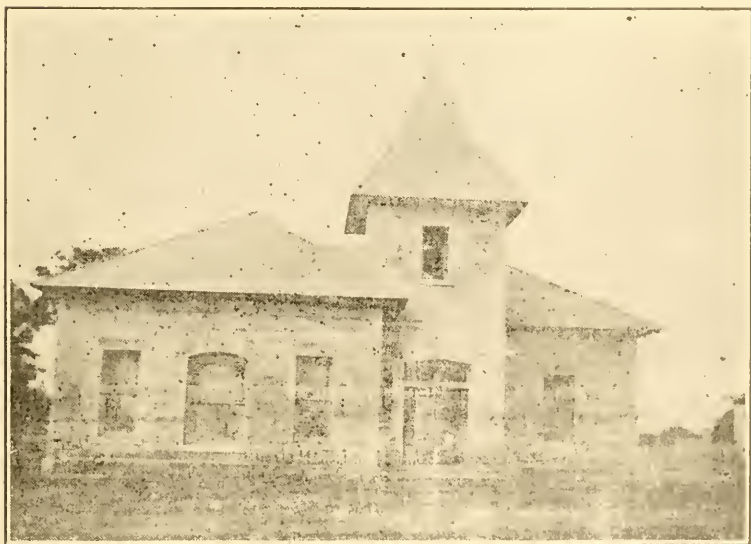
THE KILLING OF NICHOLSON.

WRITTEN BY CAPTAIN SECO SMITH, MEDINA, TEXAS

I will here give you an account of the killing of an old man by the name of Nicholson, which occurred about four miles above Kerrville some time in 1859. The year 1857 was very dry, and in many parts of the country the streams dried up and people had to move their stock on account of the drouth. At that time stock raising was the principal business. In the following years, 1858 and 1859, a great many of the stockmen had to move their stock to where there was permanent water, and Nicholson, who was living on the Cibolo during the drouth, gathered his stock and moved up on the Guadalupe about four miles above where Kerrville now stands. He had four grown daughters, all good riders and experienced in working with stock and inured to outdoor life. They wore six-shooters, and were not afraid to use them.

I met Nicholson after he had moved up there, and he gave me such a fine description of that country I concluded to visit him, and shortly afterward I went up there. As there were no roads in that region, I missed Nicholson's ranch and went some three or four miles beyond and came to a camp where three men were making shingles. It being late in the afternoon I spent the night with these men, and next morning I went to Nicholson's camp. The old man and his family seemed very glad to see me, and I had a most enjoyable visit. During the time I was there, Mr. Nicholson showed me the country. It was a wild, beautiful region, abounding with game of all kinds, and frequently visited by Indians. I noticed that the

old man seemed careless and did not use caution in going about. I called his attention to his apparent carelessness, and told him that in that country it was very necessary to keep his eyes and ears open, see and hear everything, observe all signs, and be ready at all times for a fight; that in going about he would have to double back, cross his own trail, and frequently look back to see if Indians were following him. The old man did not seem to think so much caution was necessary, and was inclined to laugh at my fears for his safety. I left his camp on Tuesday for my home, and on Thursday following I heard he had been killed by the Indians. So far as I know he was the first man killed in Kerr county.



Bandera Methodist Church.

WOLF AND HOFFMAN KILLED.

WRITTEN BY CAPTAIN SECO SMITH, MEDINA, TEXAS

We had captured a bunch of horses from a party of Indians and returned to D'Hanis with them, and put them in a corral adjoining Joseph Ney's store and saloon. I then went to my ranch to look after things there and did not get back until ten o'clock the next morning. When I got back I found the stock gone. The Indians had torn down a part of the corral and taken the horses while the parties that were left to guard them were in the saloon playing cards. I got the men together and took the trail and we followed it until night, then camped. As we were not far behind the Indians we did not build a campfire for fear it would reveal our presence. At daylight next morning we pushed on and after going six or seven miles we found where they had killed a Mexican who was in the employ of Ross Kenedy. We followed on the trail to the Sabinal and from there it led across to the Blanco Canyon. About a mile beyond the Sabinal we came to a large live oak tree and in that tree we found a dead Indian hanging by the neck, in his war paint, with his bow and quiver and a large shield on him. The tree had lots of arrow spikes in it, and broken arrows were laying around, showing a hard fight had taken place there. About 200 yards from the tree, and down in the Sabinal valley, we saw two objects and when we approached nearer we discovered these objects were the bodies of a man named Wolf and a man named Hoffman. They had not been scalped, but Wolf's throat had been cut. Indications showed that the two men had made a heroic stand at

the big tree, but had left there to get to a point of timber which offered better protection, but when they reached open ground the Indians closed in on them and killed them. Hoffman likely fell first, and Wolf killed the Indian we found in the tree. We sent a man back to D'Hanis to notify our people to come and get the bodies, and again took the trail. When we had gone about ten miles we met a party of scouts from Uvalde who informed us that they had surprised the Indians at the edge of a big cedar brake in the Blanco Canyon where they had killed a beef and were making preparations for a feast. The Indians fled into the cedar brake, and the rangers got the horses, saddles and pistols belonging to Wolf and Hoffman. We returned to where we had left the bodies, and soon others came and the dead men were taken to D'Hanis for burial.

Joseph Wolf, a brother to one of the murdered men, was my neighbor, and while he was out on a cow hunt shortly after his brother was killed, the Indians got after him and ran him all day. I had gone to San Antonio and when I returned he told me about the race the Indians gave him, and said, "Smith, I thought of you many times that day, and wished you were with me." On another occasion he joined a party that was trailing a bunch of Indians, and when they overtook them a fight ensued. An Indian squaw made signs to the white men that she was a squaw. Wolf shot her down, and when one of his comrades told him he ought not shoot the squaw, Wolf said: "Why she would have raised more little Indians to bother us."

MRS. T. M. WELDON.

One of the dear old mothers of Bandera today is Mrs. T. M. Weldon, who has dwelt here for nearly half a century, witnessing the many changes that have taken place. Her recollection of early events and her remembrance of the friends of those days are vividly recalled, and she talks of them in a manner most pleasing. When she came to this county with her husband in 1876, Bandera was only a small village, and the county's population amounted to only a few hundred souls. She was born at Denmark, near Jackson, Tennessee, June 7, 1837, and grew to womanhood there. In March, 1860, she was happily married to J. F. Weldon, in Ballard county, Kentucky, and in 1864 they came to Texas and located in Goliad county, where Mr. Weldon engaged in the sheep business. After remaining there a few years he moved his flocks to Bandera county and leased range on the James ranch, now owned by J. A. Miller, amounting to 3,000 or 4,000 acres for which lease he paid \$100 per annum. When the family moved to Bandera they occupied a house—later destroyed by fire—near the Chas. Montague home. Later Mr. Weldon built the pretty farm home which is now owned by Alex Adamietz, northeast of the city, and the family lived there for many years.

Mr. Weldon's father was one of the Kentucky pioneers, and helped to blaze the way for civilization in the Blue Grass state, and when the son emigrated to Texas he likewise became a pioneer. He followed sheepraising on an extensive scale, and portions of the ranch he owned now belong to J. W. Short and

A. Habenicht. E. E. Sawyer, now a prominent sheepman and financier of West Texas, at one time herded sheep for Mr. Weldon.

Mrs. Weldon, in speaking of the old homestead northeast of town, said it was a most delightful spot, and she spent many happy years there. She knew nearly all of the older pioneers of those days, only a few of whom are left, and among these few she mentioned Uncle Frank Langford, Aunt Mary Hudspeth, J. P. Heinen, Sr., Amasa Clark, and several others. She says that when she came to Bandera there was not a cistern in the town, the water being hauled from the river in barrels, on push carts, by Polish citizens and sold for fifteen cents per barrel. Three public school houses have been built in Bandera since she came here. The first was moved off to make room for a larger one and now forms a part of Ed Clark's dwelling. The second was torn down and the lumber was used in the construction of the present imposing school building. When she came here there was no Protestant church building in the village, and the first preaching she remembers attending here was in a little building which had a dirt floor. Rev. Kingsbury was the first Methodist minister to locate in Bandera. The Methodists erected their church building in 1882, and some years afterward the house was remodeled and enlarged to its present size. Mrs. Weldon knew Andrew Jackson Potter, "the Fighting Parson," and he was often a guest in their home. In 1906 the family again moved to town. Mr. Weldon's health failed, and he died June 14, 1908. Besides the widow, two daughters survive, Mrs. Lizzie Colley of Comstock, and Miss May Weldon of Bandera.

Mrs. Weldon has in her possession several copies of Bandera's first newspaper, the Bandera Bugle, published in 1880 by Stephenson & Ward, one of the copies being of the very first issue of that paper.

It is indeed a pleasure to sit and talk to this pioneer mother and hear her recount events of those early days. Although she has reached the advanced age of eighty-five years, her memory is excellent and she recalls many things that occurred in Bandera in those days. The Indians made their last raid into this county only a few weeks before she came here; the barbed wire fence was then unknown; the ox-wagon was still in use; it required four or five days to make a trip to San Antonio and return; there were no telephones then; the comforts and luxuries of the citizens were very limited. Great changes have taken place, and Mrs. Weldon has observed all of these changes and talks very interestingly of them.

"BIG FOOT" WALLACE.

William Wallace was born in Rockbridge county, Virginia, in 1816, and died January 7, 1899. He came to Texas in 1836, arriving a short time after the battle of San Jacinto. He had a brother and a cousin killed at Goliad, and said he came to Texas to take revenge out of the Mexicans. He was at the battle of the Salado in 1842, when General Woll captured San Antonio. He was also in the Mier expedition, but was one of the lucky ones who drew a white bean, and after returning to Texas he joined Colonel Jack Hays' rangers and was in many exciting Indian cam-

paings. In 1846 he was with Hays at the storming of Monterey, where he took "full toll" out of the Mexicans for killing his brother and cousin at Goliad. Later he commanded a ranger company which was organized to protect the frontier, and subsequently had charge of the mail line from San Antonio to El Paso, which was the most dangerous mail route in Texas. Wallace's frontier life was fraught with many perilous adventures and narrow escapes. He was once captured by Indians and condemned to be burned at the stake, but was rescued by an old squaw, who assisted him to escape.



The Rugh Hotel, Now Known as the City Hotel

EARLY DAY BARBECUES IN OLD BANDERA.

The following was published in the *Bandera New Era*, March 9, 1922:

A few days ago three old timers got together and in swapping early day reminiscences the talk reverted to some of the barbecues that used to take place in Bandera county. This set your scribe to inquiring, and in ruminating around I reached the conclusion that life was really worth living in those days when Bandera was a remote frontier village where a certain primitive simplicity pervaded everything. Coming from the States to Bandera at the time of which I write, one would have arrived at Fifty-Years-Ago. He would have been handling implements, enjoying the usages, contemplating the cast of characters, eating the viands, sitting by the cabin fireplaces and snuffing the candles of 1836. And along with these the traveler would have noticed that with the manners and customs of a past age had been preserved the primitive health, vigor, feelings and virtues—a certain hearty, honest, homely dignity of character, which we have been told our grandparents possessed. Everything was done slowly, and these people had time to live, to grow old, and to grow fat. I said that everything was done slowly. I must make two exceptions. One was when word was brought that Indians were in the country. Haste, speed, and swift rustling to get on the trail was the response. Ask George Hay about it. The next exception was when the cry of affliction was heard. This cry was never unheeded, and relief took the wings of Love and Charity, and the sufferer found himself in the house of his friends: Ask J. P.

Heinen Sr., or Uncle Frank Langford. But the public feasts of those days! The 21st of April, San Jacinto Day, and the Fourth of July were the great days of the year; rain or shine, there was feasting and revelry on those days; but there were other occasions for jollification through the spring, fall and summer months, and the smallest local happening of good fortune wound up with a barbecue and grand ball; and at these barbecues, always held in some one of the great cypress groves on the banks of the Medina river, the prettiest stream in Texas—there was no dearth of orators. Every man was called on for a speech, and even the boys were led forward and in most instances forced to “make a talk.” A good story is told of Lee Risinger’s first and rather compulsory efforts along the line of oratory. Lee was a big barefoot boy, 14 years old, and was one of the fifteen pupils (they called them scholars in that day) that comprised the Bandera school. He had completed his McGuffey’s Fourth Reader, stood head in the Blue Back Speller class, had licked everything in the school except the teacher, whose sex only saved her bacon, and as the close of school was at hand and the event was to be celebrated with a great barbecue, the foremost pupil in school—and that was Lee—must make a speech. Lee demurred, but his demurrer was overruled. The teacher would assist him. She would write out his speech. His theme was to be “Education.” And this is the first paragraph of the oration written for Lee by his erudite preceptress:

“Knowledge is power. The school house is the bulwark of our liberties. The diffusion of knowledge expands the broadest range of the human intellect.

Education fosters patriotism, and patriotism is the whip-lash for tyrants."

Lee was out of school a week memorizing his "speech." It was to be his first effort and everybody was expecting an oratorical sensation. Other rewards besides the plaudits of a shouting multitude awaited him. Mrs. Koenigham had promised him a big red rooster; Mr. Davenport had promised him a new straw hat, and Charles Montague was going to buy him a dozen fish hooks and a nice red cork. Lee spread himself. As usual all the country attended the barbecue. Besides oratory, there was music. Charlie Haiduk and his fiddle was the band, and between orations when the "band" with energetic movement played "Rye Straw," every foot in the audience was seized with a nervous restlessness. Finally it came Lee's turn to take the stand and win fame and fish-hooks. He bravely mounted the little platform and faced a sea of upturned faces. All at once Lee became rattled, but rallying courage, he began:

"Knowledge is power. The bull house is the school—(Here he took a hitch at his pants and spat through his teeth) The—the school bull—the bull school house is on Mansfield's hoss range, and—and—and Knowledge is power; the school bull is the—ah—um, um, the bull in the schoolwark—the bull, bull, bull—"

"Say, Lee, your shirt tail's out!" shouted a small boy in the audience, and with becoming grace the orator left the platform. The boy who interrupted Lee's speech was Andy Mansfield, then a lad about Lee's age, and it is related that Lee spent the remainder of the day chasing Andy up and down the forest-

clad banks of the Medina.

But I must return to my subject--those early day barbecues. For many years John Pyka was the chef at all these functions, always aided by a full corps of able volunteer assistants. The pits were prepared under John's supervision, ample supplies of seasoned liveoak wood was placed on the ground, and the fires were lighted on the evening before the day of the celebration. John's vigilant eye was on that meat from the time it was spitted on clean wooden skewers until the day following when it was removed to the carving tables, brown, crisp, tender, thoroughly cooked, and retaining all its nourishing juices. All night long he stood over those furnace-like pits, reducing the heat here, adding more fuel there, all the while turning and "basting." And that "basting!" To the novice it was a liquid compound, profoundly mysterious. Delicious? John Ross once declared that it would clear a man's conscience, and Charlie Schmidke urged him to confine himself to that diet for one year. It must not be inferred that John Pyka was the only barbecue expert in Banderaland. By no means. To barbecue meats properly was an important part in a boy's education in those days, and every native was schooled in that line. In the cow camp, on the hunt, at the roundup, and on the Indian trail, all these afforded opportunities to learn, and all the pupils were apt.

And in those days when a barbecue was suggested, no one thought of carrying a paper around, soliciting subscriptions to defray expenses. Never. There were no "privileges" for sale. The baneful clutch of commercialism had not reached these virtuous, hospitable

people. Ice cream, lemonade, cold drinks, and the merry-go-round were unheard of. Even ice water was unknown, save that quaffed from the pure sparkling fountains that gushed from the everlasting hills. I repeat, there was no solicitation for donations for the barbecue. The bare announcement of a function of that kind was all sufficient, and the only task was to fix the limit in order that there might not be an overabundance. Fat yearlings, goats and sheep were delivered at the pits. To offer an old animal, however well conditioned, would have been regarded as an insult. The old timers—those of the few who yet survive—will never forget the early day barbecues at Bandera. They vividly recall the early morning visit to the grounds on the banks of the blue, limpid river, where the air was redolent with the delightful aroma arising from the steaming pits, and the verdant groves echoed with the laughter of youth and the happy greetings of age. The long tables, the bare-armed matrons, the great array of boxes and baskets—all these are treasured in Memory's storehouse. And when the feast was spread the tables were not roped off to prevent the onrush of the rude and untutored rowdy. The women were always first in the esteem of Bandera men, and they taught their sons to admire and respect womanhood. The ladies dined first, as they deserved, and then became waiters when the men were called to the feast. The menu of the modern barbecue is usually baker's bread, roasted meat and pickles. It would puzzle the old time Bandera man to undertake to explain the menu offered at the early day barbecues in Bandera. He would have to include every delicacy the country afforded and that the

genius of intelligent housewives could suggest. The rarest bread, cakes, pies, pastries, and preserves, besides fish, fowl and fruits, all combined in making a feast fit for kings and high prelates. And these people feasted! Indigestion was unheard of in those days; the germ, bacillus, pellagra, hookworm, breakfast food and appendicitis were unknown, and the village doctor had to swap horses for a living.

I can see, in my mind's eye, the old-time fiddler, the most important functionary of the occasion, as he rides in from the ranch. His fiddle is enclosed in a flour sack and carried under his arm. Everybody hails the cheif (musician) and the chief magnifies his office. All you old grandmothers and granddaddies around Bandera recall the happy days of your youth when under the trixy strains of Haiduk's old fiddle your nimble feet made the gravel fly in the open air dance or trimmed the splinters from the puncheon floor ball room.

There were all kinds of goodships around Bandera in those good old days. There was good fellowships, comradeship, friendship, social relationship, and occasionally the "Fighting Parson," old Jack Potter would come around and then they would have worship. When it was announced that Parson Potter, or any other preacher was in town and was going to preach that night or next day, no matter what was on foot—horse race, dance or ball—everything was called off, and everybody went to church. Protracted meetings were often held, always well attended, always earnest and orderly, but it was hard to get up a great revival. Parson Potter said it was no use to tell these people of paradise; they wanted no better place than Ban-

dera. But withal, there were devout men and women among them in those days, most of whom have passed from the busy walks of men to join the immortal hosts that sweep with silent tread through the gates to the tomb, and "their works do follow them." They laid the foundations deep, solid. They wrought well; they builded wisely. Witness the Banderas of today—the handiwork of their sons and daughters who still remain to keep burning the fires of hospitality and patriotism on the altars erected by their pioneer fathers. Banderas was staked off as a town in 1854. For many years it lay in the path of the marauding Comanche and Apache, and her soil was often encrimsoned with the blood of her defenders; but with all of this, legally and morally, she presents the cleanest record of any county in Texas.

It is pleasant to dwell on these splendid achievements, but we would turn back the pages of time, live over the old, old days among the simple, honest, virtuous and hospitable pioneers of Banderaland, to hear their voices once more in song and merry jest, to participate as of old in their homely joys, innocent pastimes and public festivities, not the least of which was the old time barbecues on the banks of the Medina.



GREAT FLOODS IN THE MEDINA.

In 1870 a great flood swept the Medina Valley. Heavy rains caused the Medina river and its tributaries to get out of banks, the angry waters carrying away live stock, crops and small cabins. At Banderas

the houses in the lowlands were washed away, among these being the store of J. P. Heinen, Sr. Mr. Heinen lost his stock of goods, and sustained a total loss.

In 1900 a still greater flood was witnessed, much damage being done around Medina City, chief of which was done to farms along the river. This was on August 5th, 1900. A big barbecue and picnic took place at Medina the day before. The heaviest loser at that time was probably W. C. (Pomp) Freeman, whose farm was just below the little town of Medina. Mr. Freeman lost everything, his house, barns, farm machinery, wagons, etc., being swept away by the raging stream, and his family barely escaped by wading deep water to higher ground.

Other floods have occurred in recent years, but none so disastrous as that of 1900. In 1901 much damage was done to growing crops by a flood, and in September, 1920 the river got on a rampage, and at Bandera the water was several feet in the Ardrey cottage and in the old Hudspeth homestead.

C. A. FRICK.

C. A. Frick came to Bandera in the 70s and established a blacksmith shop. He served one term as sheriff of Bandera county. In 1875 he was married to Miss Mary Kissling of this place, and to them were born eight children, six of whom are living, Henry Frick of Eagle Pass, Charles Frick of San Antonio, Alvin Frick of Tampico, Mrs. Frankie Rechel of San Antonio, Mrs. Stella McNeir of Houston, and Mrs. Ella Richey of San Antonio. Mr. Frick moved to Castroville in 1878, later going to San Antonio where he was in the employ of the S. A. Traction Co. for 21 years. He died in 1916. His widow lives in San Antonio.

MRS. MATTIE JONES.

Mrs. Martha Southward Jones was born in Georgetown, Texas, January 24, 1852, and came to Bandera in 1865. She was married to Sam Jones July 2, 1868, Chief Justice Henry Stevens performing the ceremony. For two years they resided with Mr. Jones' parents on Myrtle Creek, then moved to the Jack Ranch where they lived several years. Six children were born to them, five of whom are living: Mrs. Armena Gibbons, lives in San Antonio; Mrs. Mahala Southward, lives in Apache, Oklahoma; Jim I. Jones, lives near Helotes; William C. Jones, lives near Junction; Sam Jones, Jr., lives in San Antonio.

Sam Jones, Sr., died December 15, 1876. He was a member of Jack Phillips' company of minute men, organized for frontier protection. Tom Stevens, Jack Sheppard, Jim Brown, Hugh Bandy, and John Clark were members of this company, which was quite active in scouting and trailing and chastising the redskins.

Mrs. Mattie Jones—everybody calls her "Grandma" Jones—owns a pretty little home in Bandera, where I visited her a few days ago and was received with that broad hospitality characteristic of our noble Texas mothers. She talked interestingly of the days that are past and gone, of the days of her girlhood, of the friends of those days, many of whom have passed on to the fairer land. In relating incidents of pioneer days she said:

"This was a sparsely settled region when we came here in 1865. There were only a few girls of my age and they lived so far apart we were seldom thrown together. I remember, in 1866, five of my girl friends,

Sarah Kelley, Fannie Thompson, Sarah O'Bryant, Christina Wish and Sarah Binyard, came over from the Sabinal Canyon to spend the fourth of July with me. On the night of the Fourth a grand ball was given at the Duffy hotel. These girls remained with me a week, and a dance was given in their honor every night they were here. Fannie Thompson afterwards married Prof. Koenigheim.

"I went to school here, and one of my teachers was Prof. Tom Buckner. In those days the Indians made frequent raids and kept us in a state of dread all of the time. I never saw a wild Indian, but I have heard them yell, and have seen their trail. One morning I found a pair of mocassins near our back door where a savage had dropped them.

"I remember many of the early weddings. When Tom Laxson and Miss Rufana Chipman were married I helped to cook their infair dinner. One day while I was a school in Bandera, in 1866, Hugh Bandy, then a good sized boy, came to the school house and asked the teacher if he could speak to me. I went to him and he said, 'Mattie, Pap sent me over here to tell you all that my brother, Jim Bandy, and Mandy Roland are going to get married over at Utopia, and the whole school, including the teacher, is invited to come to the infair at our place. If you all ain't got a way to come, Pap will send a wagon for you.' And sure enough, Mr. Bandy sent a big ox wagon to haul us out there, and about twenty of us, including the teacher, went to the infair, where a big supper awaited us, and we danced until sun-rise the next morning.

"Mr. Jones was cattle inspector for awhile and his duties often called him away from home for days at a

time, and I would have to stay at the ranch alone. Many nights I spent in fear and trembling, thinking of my helpless condition if the Indians should come. We owned an old gray mare that we always kept a bell on. One day I heard this old belled mare running, and when I went out of the house to investigate I saw a man, bareheaded, and with long hair, running after the horses. I hastened into the house, loaded a rifle and sat down by the door. Soon the horses dashed into the pen, and when I peeped out I was relieved to discover that my supposed Indian was Ike Stevens, who was after the horses."



J. A. MILLER.

One of the solid men of the county is John Albert Miller, who lives four miles east of Bandera. Mr. Miller was born in San Antonio September 10, 1851, and grew to manhood there. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. John G. Miller located in that city sometime during the year 1848, and passed through the cholera epidemic that raged there in 1849. On February 26, 1878, the subject of this sketch was happily married to Miss Jennie C. Davenport, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Davenport, who lived on the Cibolo, 16 miles northeast of San Antonio. Mr. Miller moved his family to Bandera in 1883 to occupy the John James ranch of 3500 acres, which he had purchased about two years before, and he engaged in raising cattle. At that time, he says, the mesquite grass was very scarce, but the whole range was covered with a dense growth of sage grass. At first they lived in

the house where Rev H. L. Atkins now lives, but later moved to town and built a nice home, which they afterwards sold to B. F. Langford, Jr., and which was remodeled. Mr. Miller then built the elegant home on the ranch which he, with his wife and only daughter, Miss Minnie Miller, now occupy. This home is beautifully situated, commands a grand view of the whole surrounding country, and is one of the most conveniently arranged homes in the county.

Mr. Miller has always followed the stock business. He is a true type of the old West Texas cowman, big-hearted, generous, and a lover of nature. He knew all of the early day characters here. Major Valerius P. Sanders who served as sheriff, as county treasurer, and as postmaster here for many years, was an inmate of this hospitable home for a long time. Major Sanders was a Tennessean by birth, but came to Texas when he was a very small boy. He served in the Civil War, was a Texas ranger, and at the time of his death, which occurred in Uvalde December 31, 1908, he was seventy five years old. Mr. Miller speaks in terms of highest praise of Major Sanders and the great esteem in which he was held by all who knew him.

Mrs. Miller's father, Captain William Davenport, was well known throughout this region in the early days. He was a brother to Judge Booker Davenport, who settled on the West Verde during Indian times, and became one of the prominent citizens of the county. Captain Davenport organized a minute company on the Cibolo, and frequently followed Indian trails through this county. At one time he was engaged in a battle with Indians on Paint Creek when the chief and two of the warriors were killed.

He died several years ago, but his widow is still living on the Cibolo, is now 84 years o'd, and carries her years lightly. John Davenport, who lives near Center Point, is a brother to Mrs. Miller. He was a trail driver and pioneer stockman, and has had his share of frontier experience.

John A. Miller, as previously stated, has always followed the stock business, and has been very successful. In 1873 he made a trip up the trail to Kansas, as he says, "to give away a little bunch of cattle." He sold them on credit, and never got his pay. After coming to Bandera he served as county commissioner and rendered excellent service. He is a man of keen vision, sound judgment, and does things in a practical business way. No half-way methods satisfy him.

Mr. Miller has two brothers living, W. F. Miller is one of the largest cotton planters of Bexar county. George C. Miller, the other brother, is a retired stockman and lives at Hamand, Texas. He also has a sister, Mrs. Julia Meyer, who lives at Belton.

IN CONCLUSION.

I do not want the reader to form the conclusion that this book contains all of the pioneer history of Bandera county, for there is much yet untold. I have attempted in my feeble way to compile the history of this county, from about 1852 down to 1892, covering a period of fifty years. There are many events that occurred during that half century which you will not find mentioned in these pages, for the reason that facts concerning them were not available. There are quite a number of the older citizens who failed to furnish data or give their experience for publication in this history, although I have solicited and urged them to give in their narratives. However, most of the pioneers have nobly responded, and this book contains a record of their achievements that will be preserved so that their children and their children's children will know of the things that occurred when Bandera county was young.

This book was printed in a small country printing house; the type was set by hand, the printing was done with a small cylinder press, and the sewing and binding was done by hand. Therefore, we do not expect this volume to compare with the books that are turned out by large publishing houses. It is the contents that make the book, anyway, so I have no apologies to offer for its typographical appearance. I am really proud of what the "Pioneer History of Bandera County" contains. The labor incident to its publication pales into insignificance when compared to the pleasure I have found in compiling and editing the work. It has indeed been a pleasing task to meet

many of these old timers and, in my feeble way, to write of the deeds of the pioneer men and women of this county. My only regret is that I have not been able to meet all of them and hear from their own lips the story of their joys and sorrows, their hardships and struggles, of the privations they endured, and of the rare pleasures they enjoyed in the days of long ago. My book is incomplete. Many of the pioneer families have no sketches herein, because I was unable to obtain the data—the Bauerleins, Bandy, Davenports, Wilson Clark, Banta, Taylors, Thompsons, Freemans, Bentons, Hudspeths, Browns, Sheppards, Caseys, Klappenbach, D. A. T. Walton, Obrieski, Minear, McGill, Curtis, and a host of others—but sometime in the future I hope to compile a second



Bandera Baptist Church.

volume of this history, and, with this in view, I would kindly ask every old pioneer to at once furnish me with an account of his experience on the frontier.

In placing the record of pioneer achievement before the rising generation it is my hope that our boys and girls will be guided by the examples shown and become as good citizens as their forefathers and mothers have been.



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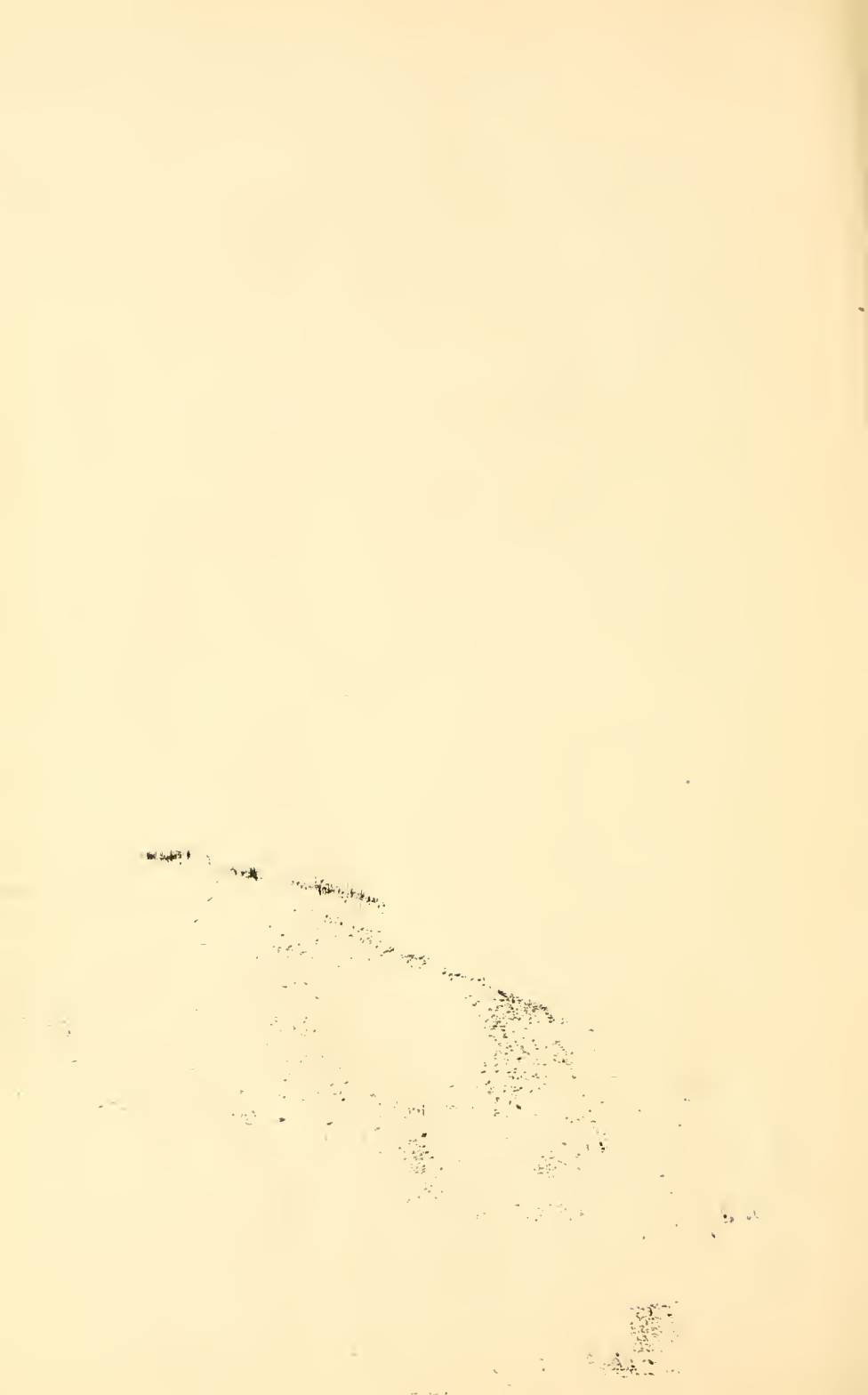
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