

Roger Rizner

Born December 9, 1972, Roger will be a freshman at Bandera HS this fall. Art is his best subject and he hopes to become a commercial artist or cartoonist someday. Roger's sense of humor may be his best personal trait. He likes to make others laugh and Johnny Carson is one of his heroes. His tastes in music run to *heavy metal rock* and for reading he likes science fiction. "Transformers" is his favorite TV show, and "Pee Wee's Big Adventure" is his pick on the big-screen. Red happens to be Roger's favorite color and for good eating he says you can't beat pizza. In sports he likes soccer best, and dreams of owning a black Camaro. He likes to hang out at The Cabaret. His pet peeve is "tourists". Roger's sympathies lie with the world hunger relief effort.



I used to think, when you got old you were just going around and get bored and... But you can always look back on memories that you had when you were your childhood. And other people.... I thought that was kind and collect but a lot of the things and doing stuff changed.... and, but a lot

Rizner



← A4 →



A5
HALF LETTER



The

B O O T*

***Book Of Old Timers**



55



WILDERNESS SPIRIT
1984 - 85

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The BOOT of Bandera*

**Book Of Old Timers*

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*collected by
"Wilderness Spirit"
in
Bandera County, Texas*

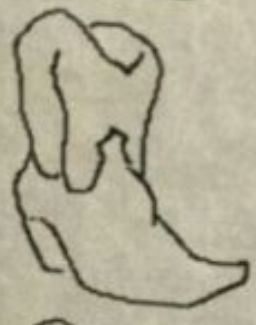


*Under the supervision of the
YMCA of the Hill Country of Texas*

July, 1984 - July, 1985

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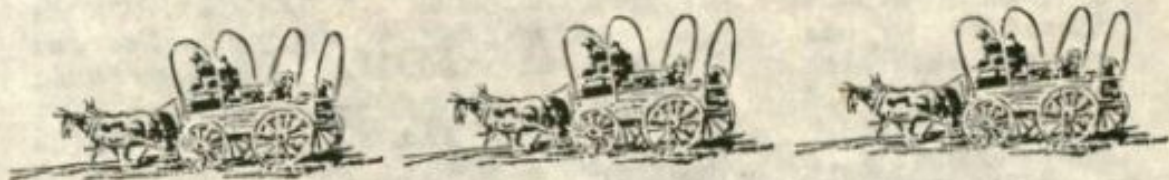
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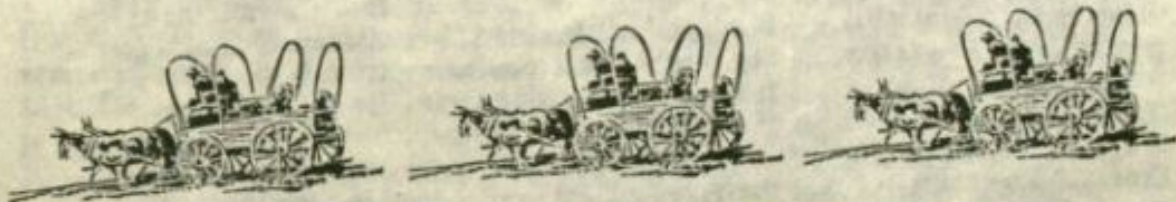
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| 6,17,23,26 | <i>Observations and Reflections on Texas Folklore</i> , by F. Edward Abernathy. Illustrations by James R. Snyder Encino Press, Austin, TX: 1972. | Encino Press |
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The *BOOT* and *Bandera*....

It began in the summer and fall of 1984 when a small group of *Bandera* youngsters, who ranged in age from 13 to 16, were attracted to an after-school program called *WILDERNESS SPIRIT*. The program took them out to learn about the land and its inhabitants *THE OLD FASHIONED WAY*...by personal experience. It was called *Wilderness Spirit* because--sure, the technology of the pioneers is outmoded today, but the spirit which enabled the pioneer to survive in the wilderness *ISN'T OBSOLETE*, and never can be.... That spirit is resourceful and self sufficient, and neighborly....and a lot of other things which *WORDS FAIL TO CAPTURE*. That is precisely why *Wilderness Spirit* tried to capture more than just the words of the old timers.

Wilderness Spirit took the young people out into the hills of *Bandera County*, where alone, and as a group they tested their courage and their strength, developed survival skills, and studied the meaning of *CONSERVATION*..... Then, they went out to visit with some of the oldest of *THE OLD TIMERS* still living in the county. They went there *TO LISTEN*, and they aimed to bring back for the rest of us some of the memories and recollections of these individuals. *THE BOOT* was put together from the tapes and photographs that these students made.



The Battle of Packsaddle Mountain

As told by
John E. Brown

The Battle of Packsaddle
I had three uncles and
their names were
Charles, Bill and Steve.
They were raised in
Scotland, but they
decided they wanted to
come to America. So
they came to America
and they settled in
Texas. They decided they
wanted to raise cattle, so
they picked out a place
where they could raise
cattle in the ranching
country....and they
became ranchers. They
were all three....neither
one of them were
married....They were
young men and they all
three lived in a little
house together. Have
you ever been on the
road from Llano to
Fredricksburg? Well, if
you go on that road
you'll go off the
mountain....and they
call that mountain Blue
Ridge Mountain. It will
go way down, and at the
foot of that mountain
there is a big creek and
they call it Sandy's
Creek....These three
uncles lived there on



that creek about six or
eight miles from where
the road is now....down
the creek.

One morning
early they were
awakened by someone

knocking on their
door. Well, they were
out there--their nearest
neighbor was a long
way away, and they
went to the door and
there was a man....all
scratched up....and he
was bruised from
falling, and he was
barefooted....and his
feet were all full of
stickers that he'd gotten
on the way....He was a
freighter. He had a
wagon.... and he and his
buddy that worked with
him were freighting
between Fredricksburg

and Llano.... They were really from Boerne, because Boerne was the place they had a railroad at that time, and they were freighting things that come in by rail through Fredricksburg to Llano. Anyway, they'd camped on the side of the mountain, and the Indians had attacked. Well, they had killed his buddy....he knew that....and he'd run away in the brush, but he couldn't get away from them with his boots on, so he pulled his boots offand he walked away.

He didn't know where anybody was, but he knew if anybody lived close, it would be somewhere along that creek there....So he traveled about eight or ten miles that night. The Indians were after him....just slipping along in the brush.... and mesquite thorns in his bare feet. He came to that house and he told them about the Indians, and that there was a whole bunch of them in there.... They were scared but they knew that if they just stayed in their house they didn't have much of a chance....so one of the brothers slipped out to

the barn and went to tell the neighbors. The rest stayed there and took care of the man that was hurt....And they got their guns readyand they watched for the Indians to attack. The Indians never did come that night. Next morning they got several of the neighbors together and the whole community was alerted. One neighbor would send in two directions and that way the whole community knew that

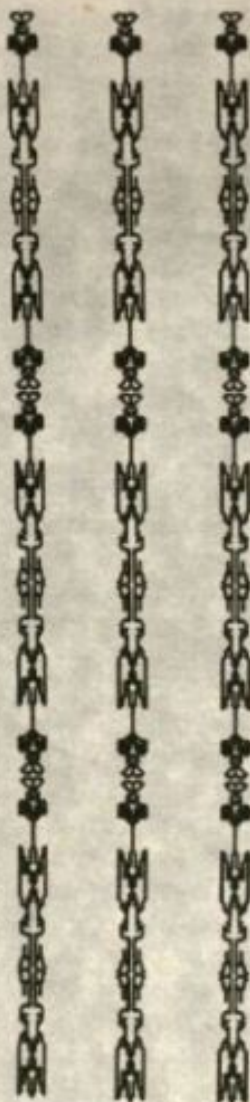
They kept going up the mountain, trying to stay on high ground.....

the Indians were in the county. They were a raiding party from West Texas somewhere. This brought about the last Indian battle that was fought in this part of Texas. It was called the Battle of Packsaddle.

Anyway, next morning when it came light they had six or eight men who went out and they found the trail with heavy dew on it. They found one of their cows that was shot with an arrow. It had gotten away from the Indians. They found the trail

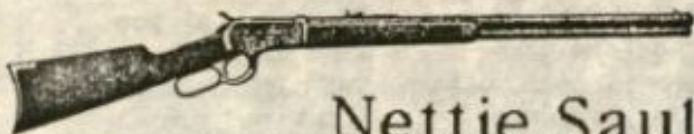
that the Indians had made in the heavy dew and they took the trail and followed it to Sandy's Creek. If you follow this trail to Sandy's creek there you go around a big bend....They followed the trail to where the Indians left it and went around the mountain there that is called Packsaddle. It's called Packsaddle because it kinda comes up like this and it's got two little peaks and that's why it's called Packsaddle....So the Indians went up there on top of that mountain, and they began to fight down at the bottom...and the Indians were trying to stay on high ground. And all this time they had men that kept coming in all the time and joining the battle....so pretty soon the Indians were surrounded, and they knew that they had to fight through the middle of the line of men in order to get out. They didn't want to do it so they kept going up the mountain, trying to stay on high grounduntil they came to the top of one of the peaks. The Indians were out on top and the white men were all around the

peak fighting them. Their leader, an Indian chief, had two six-shooters.... he had two of them, but apparently he was running out of powder, because he wasn't loading it very heavy with powder, and it wasn't shooting very hard....which was good for the white men.... Well, there was two big rocks up there, and they (the Indians) were scattered around them rocks. The Indian leader....this chief....ran between those rocks and he would run out and shoot the six-shooters and then run over to the other rock, like that....My uncles watched him and they knew they was going to have to lay down out there and get ready for him and when he ran in behind the rocks to reload his six-shooters they would get a chance to shoot at him. The man who laid down out there was going to be wide open....and they knew that. My uncle Bill said he would do it. So when the Indian went in behind one of the rocks he slid right out there and laid down and



trained his gun on that opening where the Indian went in. Then the Indian came out. The Indian shot first, and he shot my uncle in the shoulder.... up high....My uncle shot the Indian and killed him. When the chief died, or fell, the Indians all gathered around him in a group. They picked him up and left. The white men let them go.

My uncle was seriously wounded so they took him back to the house and sent for a doctor. He almost died....the ball didn't go in too deep, but it went into his backbone and lodged somewhere back there. In order to get it out, they would have to go through his stomach. They wouldn't do it because they didn't have anything for the pain, so they just left the bullet in him. He carried the ball inside him for all the rest of his life.... If that Indian had had time or enough powder to load that gun properly, it would have gone in and broke his backbone....So he was lucky to be alive.



Nettie Saul

N.S.: I'll tell you about the people in the earlier days who were captured by the Indians. First there was an F. M. Buckelew. He was born in Louisiana in 1852. After the death of his parents, uh.....he moved with Barry Buckelew on the Rio Sabinal in Bandera County, which was a beautiful home. They had to cross many miles of country infested with wild men and sick animals. When Mr. Buckelew was fourteen years old, he was captured by the Lipan Indians. You see the Apache Indians and the Comanche Indians were the ones that roamed in this area, and they caused a lot of trouble. The Apache Indians were a tribe that lived in Texas and Arizona and they came in from Mexico. They were robbers, marauders, nomads.... and they had a wild and restless life until 1886 when they were controlled. Their



The Indians named it....

religion was derived from the Pueblo Indians with whom they were always at war. And.... uh....the Comanche Indians....they were an important branch of

the Shoshoneans and originally numbered about 25,000. They ranged over the western plains, moving in historic times, from north to south where

they roamed from the Platte River to the Mexican border. They were known for their ferocity and ...where there were white settlers in a region, they were continually at war...with the Mexicans and the Texans. They were excellent horsemen. They could swoop down and raid villages of the region.

But over in Bandera Pass...they had a big fight there with the Comanches and those Indians, after this big battle they had over there... well they would come and get up on top of the hills, you know...and they would look down on this tiny town of Bandera and they'd point to it and say "Bandera". That's the way Bandera got its name. The Indians gave Bandera the name, because it was General Bandera that the Indians had the fight with, and he had really whipped the Indians. They were afraid of him and they finally left this area. But when they'd come back, they'd stand on the hills and look down on this little village and say "Bandera!".

It was in about 1860, I believe, when they finally quieted down and moved away....and for many years over there in Bandera Pass, there were graves of these Indians, you know, that died in that fight....up against the mountains....but I don't know whether there are any graves there or not anymore....but Mr. Buckelew was captured and the war chief was....uh....Custaleto, and he could speak broken English. The Indians were very cruel to him but he lived through that time and after he got away from the Indians he married, and later in life he became a Methodist preacher. And his family lived at Medina, and his descendents....he still has descendents in the Medina area....

BOOT: Did you know Mr. Buckelew?

N. S.: Yes, I knew him....uh huh.

BOOT: When you were little?

N. S.: Oh....uh....well, I moved to Bandera in 1921 and he was still alive then and I knew him then....very definitely.

BOOT: Uh....do you know any stories that you might have heard when you were little?....more about these Indians....?

N. S.: Let me see....There was this man by the name of Herman Lehman, that used to come and visit my father and mother, and when he was a little boy the Apaches captured him. He lived at Fredricksburg. The Apaches captured him and he grew up for awhile there....but he didn't like the Apaches. They were such cruel people. So somehow he quit them and went over to the Comanches and they were better to him. He liked that, so he stayed with them. And he would come over here and visit my mother and daddy and he was the one that told me about the Indians calling this Bandera, you know....they were the ones that named it. He wasuh....kind of an elderly man when I knew him, but he was real bright and smart, you know, and he was real interesting.

*What they said
stays with you....*



(Whether it's fact,
or fiction!)

We knew that there was
some more world out
there, but we didn't
know what it looked
like....and we didn't
know what people
thought in it....

John E. Brown



You could buy a pair of levis for \$.75 or
a dollar....and a good hat--a *good* hat--
cost you five or seven dollars. You could
get a pair of boots made for about ten,
and a saddle cost anywhere from forty
to fifty-five dollars....for an *extra* good
saddle.

Bud Fitzpatrick

*Fact or Fiction? The increase
in the whitetail deer population
is responsible for the decrease in
the rattlesnake population in the
Hill Country.*

The mesquite trees have a little bud on
the bottom. Here's a big one....But even
the little ones have it....We took these
out with a bulldozer not long ago, to get
that little bud out at the bottom. If you
don't get it, they'll sprout right back....

Raymond Hicks

*Fact or Fiction?
The biggest thief of
ground water is the
mesquite....*



The only things we
bought from the store
was sugar, coffee and
flour....

Mae Armstrong



The house I was born in didn't have a
lock on the door....you had a wooden
latch....a wooden button....and then the
door wouldn't come open. And that's the
only lock I ever knew of being on the
doors....

Lane Langford

Before they passed the stock law almost everybody had a milk cow that they turned out during the day. We had to watch in the afternoons because the streets were full of cows going back to the various houses to be milked....

Frank Montague



During World War II all the boys had to go to the war, and we didn't have enough to make a ball team, so I was their pitcher on the boys baseball team....

Amelia Dickens

...We played a lot of baseball when we could find a bat...but my favorite game was "Wolf Over the River"....

John E. Brown

***Fact or Fiction ?
A Russian bear will eat a goat--bones and all!***

The Polish were all good farmers, and they all had little cotton fields. They was a lot of cotton farms in here and they had two gins in Bandera...and they farmed that cotton for a good many years. And then the Johnson grass got into it, and the bollweevils got into it...so they quit farming cotton and they started to raising oats and corn and maize....

Rhea Mansfield



***Fact or Fiction ?
The final blow to the cotton gin in the Hill Country was the crop failure of 1929....***

Fact or fiction ?
*All mints have
square stems....*



We never see honey trees anymore.... These insecticides, I guess has just about done away with the honeybee. Once in a while you'll see one. I remember when I was a kid riding in a pasture, we'd say....we'd remember--*Hey you remember that ol' bee tree!*.... We'd call 'em "bee trees". Once in a while....ever' summer, you'd see swarms of bees come along....Man! You'd see this cloud a comin'! And we'd run and get a dishpan or something, and sometimes you'd spot 'embut they'd all ball up on the limb of a tree-- wherever that queen went, that's where they'd go....And of course then they'd find a hollow tree somewhere....and if it had a big enough cavity inside, why that's where they'd....And most of the time there was just a small hole goin' into this tree--that's where the bees went in and out....and I don't know how they could ever find it....I guess if there were bigger openings, probably coons and other things would break 'em up....But inside.... You could cut one of them down, and it'd be....it might be three or four foot of--inside a tree that big around....full of honey....

Bob Mansfield

My brother.... We never went to a dance that he didn't take us....or go with us and see that we had a way to go And if we didn't get a date to come home with....well, he'd bring us home as his date....He was a real good brother....
Annie Anderwald

BOOT: If you could change one thing in this world, what would it be?



RL: I'd change from war to peace and from hate to love....

Rebecca Langford

Fact or fiction ?
*The last wild
mustangs in the Hill
Country were
rounded up between
1915-1920*



I'd tell him that I could see the barn under that horse....He jumped so high....It just looked awful, you know....I'd come out of the house and look there and see that ol' horse was pitchin' right and left. I saw him get thrown and when he got up he didn't have a button left on his shirt....And he rode that thing until she fell over backward.... and then he....I didn't think he was thrown because he was the best thing in the world....knew how to get off of a horse--when it was pitchin'. He knew where....But this one was so fast....and she was always like that. She would pitch ever' time something went wrong in the pasture--there they'd go....

Lenna Short

Fact or fiction ?
It wasn't until after 1900 that an acre of land in Bandera County was worth more than the wood from one cypress tree....



Fact or fiction ?

Unlike other western states, there never was a feud between the cowman and the sheep herder in Texas....

We had an ol' hound dog....he was such a good dog he could tree a fox anytime of year....I mean, *anytime*--dry or hot...., cold or wet.... or dry! And in the night we'd hear ol' Blue treein' way up in that hollow they call Panther Hollow....And we'd go up there --we had a lantern, of course....And he'd have a fox treed....

Bob Mansfield

We're faster now...Everything's goin' faster now....And time.... is more important, seems like....than it used to be....When I was growin' up, well... a day didn't mean anything.... If you couldn't do it today, well....you'd do it tomorrow. But it's not that way now....Every hour counts now....

Hug Moore



Then, Bandera was a health resort....These hotels were full of people....just *full of* people.... The Duffy Hotel, the Rue Hotel, the Langford Hotel...and uh, Risingers.... People had boarders in their homes, too. But anyway, it was a resort town. People came down here and stayed for their health....

Edith Edwards

Fact or fiction ?
Raccoon hides were more sought after than deerskins after 1900....



Fact or fiction ?
Ballmoss blew into this area with Hurricane Carla....

We raised corn, and every rainy day, that's where we went...was to the corn crib. *Alright little boys, we're goin' to need some more corn shelled for corn meal....* Well, we'd shuck up—shell up a bunch of corn to take to town to the grist mill...made our own corn meal!

Bob Mansfield



I can still remember how we thrashed oats and wheat just before the fourth of July We'd work like everything to get through so we could go to Bandera for the barbecue and dance....
Annie Anderwald





My cousin Mary and I were just elated when my mother said to us, "Now you may go barefooted."....and I don't know why going barefoot was so much fun, because there were mesquite thorns and sand burrs....and rocks, and all kind of things....And I guess we'd get good, tough soles on our feet in the summer....

Winnie Hicks

Fact or fiction ?
*St. Augustine grass
 has no business
 being in our
 yards....*

We danced on bare ground out there....But they had mostly house dances you know....and usually just a 12x12 room would....The fiddler would sit here... ..the fiddler and the guitar, see....And they would dance back and forth through here.... One time....one night a trombone --he played.. ..And as you went by, he'd pull that trombone in.... and come back out between the dancers!...[laughing]....

Willie Schmidt



Fact or fiction ?
*"She'll Be Comin'
 Round The
 Mountain" is a song
 written about the
 first norther of the
 winter blowing into
 Texas out of the
 Rockies....*

We had parties on Saturday night....We played "Old Joe Clark".... It's more like dancing, only it was square dancing, only they called it "parties".... We didn't have "dances".

Julia Wendt

We'd dance with not the same girl all night long....We'd dance with different people....like some nights I might like....dance with ten or twelve different girls.

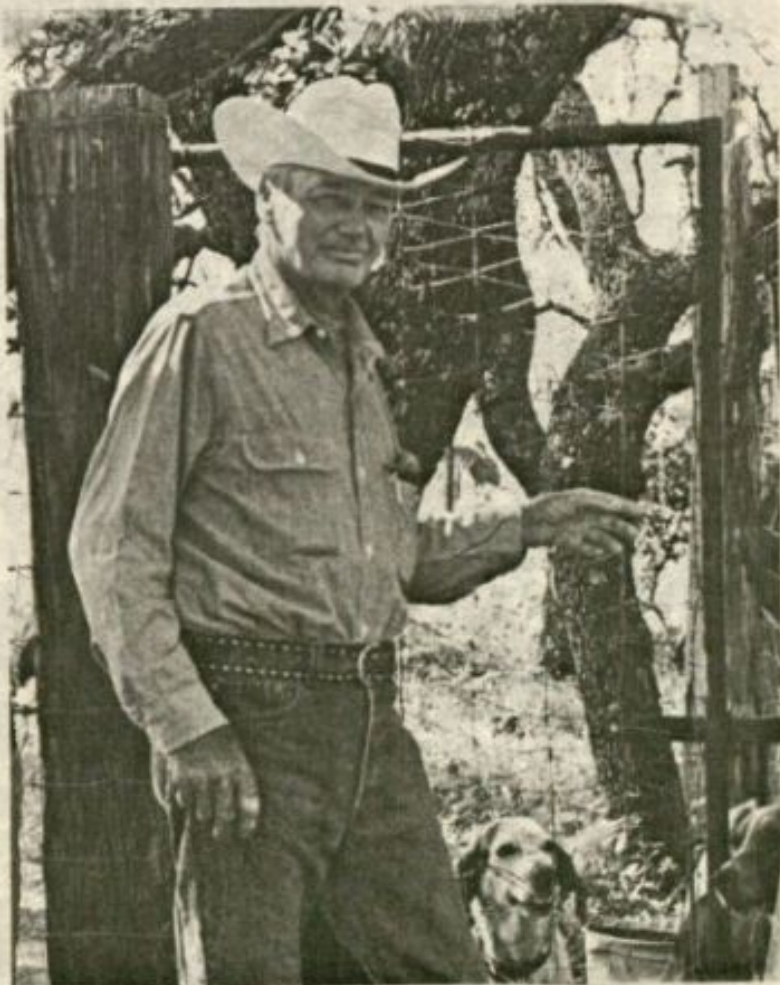
Werner Lindig

THE OLD TIMERS

Bob Mansfield



In 1926 Rocksprings Texas was blown away by a cyclone, and the same night one came through this country here....And it blew the tops off of our barns....took our windmill away, and and smokehouse away...and blew a lot of shingles off of this house....And uh, we were sleeping in that room there, and a wad of straw came....We used to have thrashing, and over by the thrasher was big straw stacked up...a couple of hundred yards up there.... and a big wad came through the wall there....and you never heard such a racket....of lightning and thunder and noise.... in your life. 'Course that didn't last but just a few minutes....it was gone. Well, we went to see about what had happened outside... ..There wasn't a whole lot of things left to see....and uh, the walls of the granary had caved in....as the top



went off it just laid down....'Course I guess the barns would've blown away, but they was full of grain....It was easy to raise oats back in those days....The fields were newer, of

course.

Anyhow, I had to....watch the granary there until daylightkeep the horses from coming up there and foundering their self-- if you know what

foundering means....
That's eating too much
grain....We had work
teams--didn't have
tractors then....

After daylight
got to where we could
see, we could tell the
thing went that-a-
way.... So my mother
asked me to get on a
horse and go over and
see about the Smith
place....That's the old
Harmon Smith place
over here a couple of
miles....I rode up on a
ridge and looked down
where this house was
supposed to be, and
there wasn't anything
but a pile of rocks....It
was an old rock house....
Well.... man, I just knew
I'd find 'em all dead
under them rocks....And
there was a big pecan
tree was blown
over....That's how
strong it was....pecan
tree, you know 's got a
terrible long tap root....
But anyway, there was a
dog hangin' on a
chain....but he could
reach his forefeet....he
could reach the trunk
of the tree, but it
happened to be a long
chain and the tree
blown over you see had
took the limb up that he
was tied to....So I turned
him loose where he
could get some water at
least and go get in the

shade....And there was a
little chicken, out of an
incubator....The
incubator was sittin'
right out there....wasn't
even turned over....and
one little chicken on
the outside....We'll
never know how that
happened....And like I
said, I went in there to
diggin' on those old big
quarried rock, to get
'em off the beds....And
ever' bed I came to, the
covers wasn't turned
down....Well, I had to
assume that there never
was....that nobody had
gotten into this bed at
night....

Henry Stevens
was sheriff. He lived
down there--a fellow
named Albert lives
there now--on Bandera
Creek....above....Well, it's
about a mile and a half
above where "173"
crosses Bandera Creek,
if you know what's up
that-a-way....So I loped
down there....Henry
Stevens was sheriff, and
one of his daughters....
uh, Clara Cox--well, she
wasn't *Cox* then--she
was Clara Stevens....She
was about 20 I guess....
And I hollered hello....
and 'course they didn't
know anything had
happened....There
wasn't any uh....well,
there was radios of
course, but there wasn't



any TV's. You didn't get
that news media....And I
said, *Do you know
anything about
where the Smiths
are?* ... She said Yes,
Mrs. Smith and Thomas
and the little folks had
gone over to the Polly's
Peak place on
Privilege--what they
call Polly's Peak....And
that's the first time
she'd been away
from that house at
night in 18 years....!

And of course I
guarantee you if they'd
have been....whoever
would've been there
would've been dead if
they'd have stayed in
that house....'cause this
big rock house just
caved in....

Well, I said,
Where's Harmon....?.... I
guess he's in on one of
them beds under
there....Anyway, I
started over to this
Polly's Peak place and I
ran into a man named
Jack Bradshaw....and he
said, No, Bob....Harmon's
up there....uh, he and

Hogan Flynn and Lon Joiner andthe Taylor boy, I forget what his name was.... Douglas.... They's all up there drunk....And it came and picked this big house up, and it carried it about....oh, 30 or 40 steps, and then set it right back down....And it's just unbelievable that a thing like that would happen, but it didn't even tear that house up....it just picked it up and carried the whole thing out there.. .and set it down....And Hogan was.... and Joe Flynn was a big Irishman, and was drunk, and he was out....and he never did know what happened.... And Douglas Taylorit had sucked his hat out the window and he never did find it.... And there wasn't hardly a fence left....the way this thing went there wasn't a fence....It took posts, wire....everything....just rolled it up....And then we heard about all those people people that was killed that same night in Rocksprings, Texas....Some of them had 2x4's ran through 'em....They just sawed 'em off on each side and buried them that way. And there wasn't hardly anything left of Rocksprings....

It sucked
his hat out
the window
and he never
did find it...

It rained a lot in those days....just like it does now, maybe more. And we kept a slicker behind our saddle all the time....And the worst part was comin' on when you pass where Scooter Fries lives there was a big field....and when a cold norther was blowin' right in your face I tell you it was a long two miles from there on home....

And I've seen this lane out here--that you all come in....get so boggy that actually a horse couldn't hardly go down it....There was three of us goin' back and forth ever' day on horseback and if you wanted to go to town my mother 'd have to take the buggy and go around by the Cox's, and through there, 'cause a horse couldn't pull a buggy through that lane....And the other side of Scooter Fries on that slope down there



was some post-oak ground that there wasn't any bottom to....

Old Man Johnson, who was a carpenter, was goin' to come out here...My mother had some carpentry work she wanted done here on the house....and he turned off there at the cement works and cut through some pastures that got so boggy and this old man, Old Man Johnson--M. F. Johnson, I looked down the lane and saw him comin' and there he was, ridin' this ol' big grey mare....with those britches legs rolled up to about his knees....maddest Swede you ever saw!....He'd come around there and this buggy just...this old hack he carried his tools in....just got deeper and deeper.... and everything....And that thing had a *big* ol' grey mare....*powerful* old mare....and directly

she just took the shaft
 and *kept on goin'*
 ...[laughing]...I
 mean....And the buggy
 just stayed there....And
 he wanted to know why
 in the H___ we didn't
 tell him that that road
 would turn....but we
 thought that you could
 read the signs good
 enough to know that
 road turned....
 [laughing]...But I'll
 never forget that
 scene....Men wore them
 long white drawers in
 them days, you
 know....and he had his
 britches rolled up in
 that mud, and carried
 some of his tools by
 horseback...and we had
 to get on our
 saddlehorses and go
 back and get the rest of
 'em before he could do
 what work we wanted....
 And I guess we took the
 team and some chains
 and stuff and got his
 hack out of there....

Nettie Dean



You didn't have
 washing machines. You
 had an old iron pot and
 you rubbed the clothes
 if they were real dirty
 and you put 'em in the
 pot and boiled 'em....and
 then took 'em out and
 wrung 'em out and
 rinsed 'em a couple of
 times....And that was an

all-day job.

I grew up when they
 had to make soap in the
 washpot....And I had to
 stand out there and stir
 all day....The old lye
 soap that you made out
 of grease and water and
 lye....We'd have to stand
 all day long and stir
 that soap....

Those were the old coal oil lamp days. It ran on coal-oil and it was always my job to clean all the old chimneys.... And they was always black....every night.... And I had a small hand back then. I was the baby of six children and I had to always clean those lamps and cut the wicks, so's it'd burn good....Then when we got to the Aladdin lamps....They were still coal-oil lamps, but they were of metal--like silver, and they had a big hood on 'em, and they run on a mantle--what you call a *mantle*. It was just a real fine net....Well, when you turned that lamp up very much, your mantle caught fire and you had to wait awhile and turn it down and let that burn off....But we thought that was great. It was called an *Aladdin lamp*

I grew up in the smoothin' iron days....When you ironed with the old smoothin' irons and set 'em on the furnace, or used charcoal....We lived just out of Pipe Creek and my daddy....They had these big kilns....these charcoal kilns that they

burnt and made coal out of cedar....They made coal and they drove to San Antonio with it in a wagon, and that was a way of life....They'd take it down and sell it....stay in the wagon yard in San Antonio--be gone I think about three days....



I was pretty small but I was one that had to help carry water....My daddy had this kiln....it was built like a tipi....out of cedar poles....and you skimmed the bark off, and I really don't remember what went inside, but you set it afire and you had to just keep it kinda smoldering like....And it was near a creek, and we kids all had to string out with a bucket.... Ever' time there'd be a blaze on it, then you'd have to put it out and at night they'd bank it down....And that would make your real

charcoal. I would hate to tell you how long it took....I can't remember, but it seemed like eternity to my brothers and my sister, because we had to carry water and everybody had to run when my daddy would say the charcoal kiln was on fire....We'd put it out, and it would burn up all the logs and make pure charcoal. 'Course there was a demand for that in San Antonio and most other places in those days. The men would take it down there and however long it took....And then they'd buy groceries anda few clothes....things like that....and bring those back....*Lots of* people did it.



People managed to get their work done. They did a lot of hard work on Saturday, because you know, they didn't believe in doing anything hardly on Sunday...and uh, hitch up the team and the hack and away we'd go to church. We had a lot more time then...Dad always wanted to go visitin' on Sunday afternoon. It was church on Sunday mornin' and then go visitin'....'Course when you went to see the kinfolks, you'd go spend the whole day....My folks had a double seated hack....We thought we had it made....[laughing]....



It was a hard way of life. The children and the parents all worked in the fields. You never knew what it was to hire labor....Back then when they had the thrasher you swapped work. The men would bring their wagons.... The thrasher you know, was for oats, or wheat.... generally--oats... First, you would cut it and

then tie the bundles and you would shock that up in a shock and let it stand until it dried out...Then the men came with their wagons and would haul that to the thrasher. They had one thrasher that would go around in the community--whoever was ready for it...and they'd haul that out and thrash it and pull the oats in, and then make a big haystack....And the women would all--a lot of them would get together and help cook.

Oh, those men enjoyed that cold iced tea...

You'd give 'em their dinner and their supper.... 'Course they'd come having had their breakfast....And I can still remember great big pans that they'd cook up a big peach cobbler....and beans and some chili....and potato salad and like that....And iced tea and coffee.... Oh! Those men enjoyed that cold iced tea when they'd been workin' out in the hot sun....



John E. Brown



My job was to go out and get the calves and the horses in the morning'cause I had a horse that I could catch just anywhere and crawl on it and ride it....I didn't need any bit or

anything...I just kinda guided 'im by slappin' 'im on the side of the neck....Never paid much attention to carryin' anything with me, but sometimes I'd take a belt off and put it 'round his

nose and hold the end of it....this way....so if he kinda felt like he was gonna run or something like that....just to hold 'im.... I never had a saddlenever thought nothin' 'bout it.

So my job was to go out and get the milk calves and horses, and well uh....I went out one mornin' to get them and uh I caught this ol' horse and crawled on 'im.... and I didn't put nothin' on 'im, I just crawled up there on his back....

It was pretty cool but the horses didn't seem like they was too lively....But we had a colt in the bunch, and uh....colts always is lively....and uh, I started 'em in over the hill to the corrals--the corrals was right at the foot of the hill....and uh, I had the gate open....They usually would go down and they just would go in....ain't no trouble with 'em. Well, this

particular mornin'....
why uh, the colt got to
'em....He wanted to lead
the bunch....so uh, he
heisted his tail like that
and run off beside the
horses....and they began
to trot....well, we kept
out ahead of 'em a little
bit, but he just whirled
around and kicked up
his heels and he took
off....And when he did,
every horse in that
bunch took off after

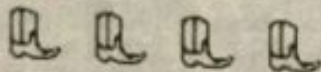
was all I had to hold on
to....and fightin' limbs
off the trees....I just
absolutely lost my shirt!
But then uh....I stayed
on 'im. But anyhow they
made a certain left on
back to the back of the
pasture, and I was sure
glad of the back fence
in the back-pasture that
mornin'.... 'cause I
didn't know when
they'd stop.

Well, they's all



'im....and uh, I's sittin'
up on that horse and I
didn't have any way to
hold 'im. I just sat up
there and talked to
'im....didn't do too much
good....but I mean we
topped that hill and
they was all, everybody
was in a dead run....I
mean their noses stuck
out and their ears laid
back.... They's goin' too
fast when they come
down that hill....past the
gate.... to go in the
corral....They *couldn't*
go into it....they's
running too fast!....
There I was sittin' on
that horse runnin' dead
out an' all I had was a
little handful of mane....

standing there by the
corner and some of 'em
already got quiet and
started grazin' so I just
went 'round and talked
to 'em real easy....But
they had the fun out
and we went on in....But
those are the kind of
things I faced as a
child.... and somethin'
like that happened like
that most every
week....happened real
quick....and uh, I mean
you'd get in a tight spot
but just hang on and
you'd get out of it all
right.



A lot of things go into
makin' ranch life....uh,
I was....long about your
age I got the idea that I
wanted to learn to play
the French harp....you
know what a French
harp is? You know how
to play one? You can't
hardly get one now, but
then you could buy one
for twenty-five
cents....pretty good
French harp....I tried....I
wanted to learn to play
the French harp....

BOOT: What's a French
harp?

J. E. B. Well, some
people want to call them
a mouth organ. You
know, it's something
you hold like this....

BOOT: A harmonica?

J. E. B.: Yeah!.... uh
huh....that's it....

BOOT: Oh, OK....

J. E. B.: That's what I'm
talkin' about....of course
a harmonica come on a
little bit later.... Back
then, they was all
French harps, 'cause
mostly they come from
France.... You couldn't
....they didn't make 'em
in the United States....
They were imported and
we called 'em French
harps. Anyway, I....

uh.... didn't know how to play it and all I could do was just sit out there and just go over and over 'til I learned a tune.... That was pretty long, drawn-out monotonous business.... Well, they finally stopped me from taking "lessons" at the house, and I couldn't play anymore at the house 'cause I got to be too bad....I'd go off to the barn or somewhere out in the pasture where I could practice....Well we were pretty busy so I couldn't take off just any time to play that French harp, but I did practice whenever I could.... In that country there....why.... we helped each other and uh....our neighbor down the road had a pretty big ranch, and he was workin' cattle and milk calves.... and I'd always go down there and help him.... Well, I....I put that French harp in the pocket of my chaps.... Course when I's workin' I couldn't use it, but then if there come a time when I's out on the stock lot why....I'd take out the French harp and do a little bit of work on it...and uh....this utilized all the spare time I had.... tryin' to learn how to

play the French harp.... But this particular day....why, we worked pretty hard all day and I didn't get a chance to play it 'til I started home that evenin'. I's about four or five miles back in the pasture when I started in so I just tied me a loose knot in the reins and locked it down over the saddle horn and started on in....I was by myself....just me and my horse out there....So I pulled out that ol' French harpand uh....started to work on it....The horse he starts home like that and he gets anxious to go home. He gets a little bit faster while he's goin' along.... fox trot to begin with, and after a while he'd give it a long fox trot....before long why, he was in a lope! By the time I got to the ranch he was in a dead

run....He's just runnin' just as fast as he could.... Well, he run up to the trough out there....the waterin' trough....ol' horse was thirsty.... stuck his nose in the waterin' trough....I just slid off the saddle.... There was a boy, a man's son about my age, came out there.... He said "Alan said you came in pretty fast this evenin'." I said, "Well it wasn't my fault....the ol' horse done it"....That boy looks around and he saw me put that French harp in my pocket, and he says.... "That poor ol' thing, he thinks he can run away from that racket!"



Bessie Schmidtke



It's been a hundred and thirty five years ago my daddy came here.... My father was over at Camp Verde herding camels...and he came over here with some Indiansand uh, saw the pretty view on the

river.... and liked this country and settled here. He wanted to see what would do good....and started raising fruit trees. He had pears, apples, peaches and plums, and he'd haul them to

Kerrville, to the fair....and he got the blue ribbon....first prize.... on all that fruit. They had sheep and goats and cows and horses and they farmed and raised a good crop every year....doing good.... We had plenty of everything--vegetables, all kinds of vegetables....and butcher hogs every winter....and butcher a calf when we needed it....had plenty to eat....and we really did work, to have all that. Everybody worked.... had the most beautiful place in the country....all kinds of trees, ornamental trees, flowers, all kinds of flowers....roses...and poplar trees.... When anybody passed away and died they come to our place to get flowers to put on the grave. We had the white rose they called the bride, and the pink rose for the youngsters and then we

had the little red rose...and apple trees...and wisteria vines growing in the ditch. It was really pretty. Big poplar trees, white on one side of the leaf and green on the other, and the wind would blow, and they'd just glisten....it was ...beautiful....And we had wells, shallow wells, twelve feet down to water....had a pump there'd pump water and irrigate the garden, and the water'd go down to twelve feet and just stay right there. It wouldn't go any further. It was dangerous to walk around there, or take a horse or anything on it. Just bogged up in the mud and not never get out....it was dangerous, it was so muddy....

In the old time we done things the hard way....drag up wood to even with the floor for the wash pot, and get up early next morning, get a fire to that wash pot and by nine o'clock we's through washing.... Then the girls was in the house, fixing their faces up and combing their hair....beautiful hair....

We all liked to plow....put a horse to a little plow and go plow corn....(chuckles) I liked that....milk the cows--I liked to milk....have our own milk and butter, lots of it....feed some to the hogs. We had chickens--all kinds of chickens. They'd roost out in the live oak trees. We didn't have no chicken house. Sometimes the owls would get them. We had mockingbird nests....lots of mockingbirds....and they'd run the chicken hawks offthey came around in the daytime.



At recess the children would play ball....boys on one side of the schoolhouse, and girls on the other....and if a car came down the highway the teacher would let the children all go to the door and look at that car. They didn't have many cars....

I sure hated to miss a day of school....because I always thought the teacher would teach the children something that they would remember and never forget....

We'd go to a doctor in Medina. One of my sisters got real sick.... was laying out on a palette in the yard....My mother took her up to Medina, to Dr. Adams.... and stayed up there at a small building with a fan....and they called it the Medina Hotel. They stayed there a few days with that sick girl. The girl got well and they brought her home.

My daddy had a rising in his head and he was awful sick....and he had Dr. Adams and Dr. Adams made his own salve. He'd make it out of uh....soap--tar soap, and alum, and uh....get the gall of abeef, I believe it was....get the gall of a beef and put that in there and cook it for a good while....and put it in little cans....had his own salve....and we'd use that and they said it was good salve.

Then one of my aunts had a bad leg and

my mother said they went and took an axe and went out in the woods and got some blackjack bark off of a tree....and boiled that bark and got the juice out of it and bathe her legs in that and that would cure it....They made their own medicine.

I used to go to town and would hardly ever see a stranger....knew everybody on the street. Now I go to town and I don't know nobody....the old timers is all gone and these new people that's come in here, I don't know them at all....And they got new ideas....how to do things, what to do and how to do....They do different that the old timers did. The old timers left pear trees growing in the field....and these new people come in here and go dig them up....and tear down a great big barn that was built out of cypress lumber from the river....big two-story barn down here....they tore it down. Done away with the orchard....

When the old timers lived there they had lots

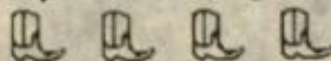


of fruit and vegetables. They farmed and they had plenty of everything....all kinds of fruit and vegetables. Load a buggy up and put a horse to it.... and go to town twice a week with vegetables and fruit....My mother'd go in a wagon....working two horses, about two times a week....didn't have no trucks coming to San Antonio with fruit and vegetables in those days....people raised it here.

Charlie was a good driver. He'd drive horses to the wagon....horses wouldn't run away or nothing. You'd be safe with him. He liked horses, understood horses, and didn't have no trouble with them. He was coming home from town one evening, and he had a mule he was working with the wagon and right down here he was going up that hill and that old mule balked and he

wouldn't go no more....He wouldn't go at all....just stand there. So he just got out and let the mule stay there all night long....the mule and another horse....So the next morning he whet down there and fixed him up and got him straightened out in the wagon, and got in the wagon and says "Now let's go!"....and boy that mule just went out.... he didn't stay there no longer.

And Ed Clark was down there riding a donkey and he just laughed and he laughed....He thought that was so funny that Charlie left that mule in that harness, hitched to that wagon all night long, and then went down the next morning and fooled around a little bit and got him straightened out and got in the wagon and said well, now let's go home....and that old mule was glad to get out of there. He pulled that wagon out and away he come home....(laughs) That's the way he done him. He balked and he wasn't going to go no further, so he just stayed there all night.



Tina Allen



I remember one time....uh, you know how everybody likes to shoot firecrackers at the fourth of July....We used to get firecrackers, and one day we were through eating, and uh.... the older folks were still in the kitchen eating. Our house was built with two doors and you run right through....So I lit a firecracker and I was going to throw it across

the hearth.... and it didn't go across the hearth--it went on the table, and my mother had to slap it and pushed me out of the way, and it exploded in her hand--ripped her hand open....and I'll never forget that.

We walked to school from here every day, and it would be snow on the ground (laughs).... It isn't that long, but we walked to school rain or shine. We went through the pastures....Nobody cared then if we went through the pastures.... It was about two miles. We went across through the pasture and do you know where Dripping Springs is? That's where we crossed, on that rock ledge....that bluff....we'd go on this side of it....And we'd fix up a bridge. We'd work like I don't know what--put us some logs and put us a bridge so we wouldn't have to take our shoes off in the wintertime....We'd go across like that. And our neighbor down the road over there would go over there....we had to go through his pasture....and he'd pull it down and the next morning we went there

thinking that we could get across and it was down and we had to pull our shoes off anyway! [laughs].... It was all for nothing [laughs] had to fix it up again, and we kept doing that....

There was no irrigation places. We had to depend on the weather altogether. It seemed like the good Lord was good and we got rain when we needed it. I don't know....it was just first one thing and then another....We used to have some droughts. It was bad. It was bad because there was nothing. There was nothing in the fields. There wasn't anything around and my dad had to go to Center Point and get different food for the stock. He had to go down there and haul it in here....

We planted cotton and we planted sugar cane, and we planted corn and we planted another....uh, it was feed for the horses.But we used to plant cane for making molasses, and we had a molasses mill. We had to go.... when that cane got ripe we had to go in the field and uh....strip all the leaves off and cut



With Chris Childress.

Put some hog lard and sugar on it....

all the tops off, and then cut it down and then haul it in by the mill....And then my brother would take.... and hook the horse to the mill. They had a rod, or a log over the top of the mill that would balance it and it turned the mill as the horse went round pulling that log on top of the mill....It would squeeze the cane through and get all the juice out, and then they'd put it in pans and cook it --on a furnace that they had built out of rock--and make syrup.

They made everything--soap--they butchered all their meat, put it up....we had big wooden barrels that had salt, and after we smoked the bacon and the ham we'd put it in the barrels with that salt and it would keep all year....And really, they were better than now when you put it in the freezer....They kept better.... We killed deer whenever we needed meat. We had sheep and we'd have mutton....and Sunday dinner we'd....my brother and I'd go over and kill a small hog and we'd cook

it for Sunday and have some left over for the week, you know....And when we went to school they had little bitty tin buckets that tobacco used to come in....and it had two little handles and it had a lid to it, and they'd give us our sandwiches and we'd put it in there and we'd take them to school and eat what we wanted for lunch and then after school we'd go down by the river and go to the bridge to cross, and sit down there with our neighbors who were going that way too....and each ate a sandwich and away we went....[laughs]

BOOT: What kind of sandwiches did you have?

T. A.: Bread and butter....maybe put some hog lard and sugar on 'em.... and maybe preserves....something like that. We never did have too much meat to fix like that....

BOOT: How did your husband court you?

T. A.: We went to a dance at Mansfield Park. He went in his car and I went in mine. I was eyeing him for



quite awhile....As I'd be going to church he'd be sitting there....That building there that used to be a hotel--across from the old state bank where the lumber is stacked....On one side of the hotel there was a little cottage and that's where his room was....and he'd be sitting out there on the porch at the hotel, and I'd be going byand I'd look over....[laughs]....One night I went to the dance....He was there too. We got to dancing-- I never did dance much....I didn't care for it....We danced a set and he asked if he could take me home, and I said, "Who's going to take my car home?" He said, "I'll get it home." And he did. Yes, we had a nice life together....we worked together....we did things together.

I went to my sister in Boerne, and I got homesick. She wouldn't bring me home.... I got up one morning and said, "I'm going home!".... She said, "No you're not!".... I said, "Yes, I am!"....So I just packed up my things and I went back--25 miles....

Allie Allsup



they'd gather them up along the road....Time we got to Medina, we had a full car....going to the movie.

BOOT: Do you remember the first time you went to the movies?

A. A.: Well, it was in Medina....I guess in '26....That'd be about right....when they had their first movie at Medina....'26 or '27....we had a movie—the old silent movies.

BOOT: Do you remember what it was called?

A. A.: Well, Mr. McBride ran it....old Mc....McBride....and I don't know what he called it. I don't know, but anyway we had a movie, but then they only showed it once a week....on Saturday night.

BOOT: What did you and your family do together that you liked most?

A. A.: oh, that....that I appreciated?

BOOT: Yeah....

A. A.: Probably....probably getting ready to go to Medina on Saturdays....evenings....going to the movies. We had this car and they didn't only take their three children, but

BOOT: The same movie?...or different movies?

A. A. : Oh , it'd be different each week.

BOOT: What was it like?...Was there popcorn?

A. A. : Oh yeah. You could buy popcorn when you went in.

BOOT: How much was popcorn?

A. A. : ...Nickle a bag....

BOOT: Soda?...

A. A. : ...Nickle...Candy bar was a nickle....There was a skating rink at Medina too....along about that time.

When I was a boy the Angora goat was the main source of income....pretty well then....over a long range program, the Angora was just about the best livestock we had then as far as from the economical standpoint you know....because they sold the mohair, and then you could sell the surplus goats. There was always a market for the goats....there was more Angora goats in the county when I was a boy....a lot more than there is now. The predators have about run us out of the Angora business.

BOOT: What kind of predators?

A. A. : The wolf, the eagle, bobcat, mountain lion....There's just not hardly any Angoras left in Bandera County. The predators have just about run everybody out of the business.... I've had to put in a lot of work killing some of them...

BOOT: Mountain lions?

A. A. : That's right....the mountain lion....the way they kill goats, they'll kill a whole bunch at one time, and then they'll leave. They don't just stay....They'll kill a bunch and then they leave for a while and then they'll come back.

BOOT: They don't eat them right away?...

A. A. : Uh....they just kill them. They don't kill them to eat....they kill them for meanness....just kill them and leave them. I had one kill twenty-six goats at one time....And coyotes will stay and keep killing....and I guess they're the predators that will....over a period of years the coyotes'll kill more goats and sheep than any other



predator because they'll just stay and keep killing. Eagle comes and goes....the eagle comes in here in the winter and they'll kill the kids, eat them in the spring, and then they'll leave. Then, they'll be gone all summer....then come back in the winter. The mountain lion may travel fifty miles to come to kill animals and then he'll kill a bunch and then leave and go on somewhere else or go back to where he came from.

BOOT: How big was the biggest mountain lion you killed?

A. A. : A hundred and twenty-two pounds.

BOOT: How about eagles?....Did you kill any eagles?

A. A. : No, maybe I didn't....

BOOT: Coyotes?....

A. A. : A lot of coyotes....you bet.



BOOT: Which one is the easiest to get?

A. A. : I guess the coyote is the easiest to get....mountain lions are pretty hard to kill.

BOOT: Why were coyotes easier?

A. A. : Well, there's a lot more of 'em and you got more ways to get 'em. Them lions....just go out and catch him with dogs....but you trap coyote, and you can poison them.

BOOT: Poison?....how?

A. A. : Put poison in meat and let them eat it....

BOOT: What kind of poison?....

A. A. : Strychnine.... and they'll pull a....they have a gun that they call an M-44 that you can put in the ground, and they pull it and it shoots cyanide in their mouth, and that'll kill 'em. There's more than one way to get a coyote, you know....but the mountain lion you just have to happen to be there and shoot him or run him down with dogs....which makes it....



BOOT: Aren't you afraid of losing any dogs?....

A. A. : Oh yeah....yeah. You always lose dogs. We have russian boars too....That's another predator I haven't told you about....always losing dogs when you're killing Russian boars with them because they'll kill your dogs.

BOOT: Russian boars will attack goats?

A. A. : They eat them....

BOOT: Eat them?

A. A. : Every bit of them....bones and all.

BOOT: How would you kill boars?

A. A. : Well....I used to.... I had a pack of dogs. I'd kill them with the dogs. Now I've been using a....been building a pen with a trap door....put bait in there and they go in and you catch them like that....And with snares....we snare a lot of them.

BOOT: What kind of snare?

A. A. : It's a steel cable, small steel cable....with a latch on it that when you pull it....it won't...it latches one way, but it won't give back, see....and they get it around the neck and it chokes them to death. One time this old boar....this Russian boar was killing my goats. I went out with my dogs one night....We found him....ran him down in a canyon....and I had a shotgun andthis was the first big boar I'd ever uh....stopped with my dogs. So I went down there with a shotgun and I would shoot him and he would keep on running....and I shot him eight times and that was all my cartridges and I still had a live hog! And finally the dogs stopped him and I realized I'd shot both of his eyes out and he was blind....But he was still alive....Well, I finally got him down and killed him with my pocket knife.

BOOT: Are there any...like, wolves down here?....Were there?

A. A. : Most of them are coyotes.

BOOT: You don't remember any wolves?

A. A. : Yeah....when I was young we had timber wolves in this country....instead of the coyotes...but they just played out, and now we call them all coyotes.

BOOT: What would your dogs do when they came up on a coyote?

They'll run about five or six hours before they stop....

A. A. : They'd just run them.... They're pretty hard to catch.... They can run several hours. Of course, if you have dogs that can run that long they can finally stop them. A coyote runs about....they'll run about five or six hours before they stop.

BOOT: What about the mountain lions....What would they do?

A. A. : A mountain lion doesn't run that long. If you....if you got the dogs that understand how to run a lion....well, they'll tree him in....probably in an hour....

BOOT: You mean, put him up in a tree?

A. A. : That's right....put him up in a tree. It's pretty hard to get a mountain lion. The first time you tree....when you get close, he'll smell you....and well, he'll jump out and run again....so you'll have to tree him again. Sometimes you tree them three times before you can get to the tree and kill them, because they're real afraid of a human being. Usually the first time you tree them, they don't stay there....they'll jump out and run again....then you tree them the second or third time....usually you'll get to the tree.

BOOT: What would you do when you finally had him?

A. A. : You shoot him....

BOOT: What do you think was the most important lesson that you ever learned?

A. A. : To be a Christian....

BOOT: And your mother and father taught you that?

A. A. : That's right.

BOOT: What else?

A. A. :To be good neighbors....with the people that lived around us....

Winnie Hicks



Roads were not too exciting in those days.... When we used to go to church I remember.... The roads there are paved now, butIn the spring, when we started

to church....uh, we started off in the direction of Marble Falls.... And in order to come across this place- it was a seep in the hillside, I guess....But

Daddy always took an axe and wore his old clothes until we got past this spot, because invariably, unless somebody had gone ahead of us, he had to get out and cut cedar limbs and lay them in the road in order to give us enough traction...that we'd get across...So you can think how wonderful it was if you could go even a hundred miles on a train...and you never would have gotten there otherwise....

I see these things where...oh, you know...um, uh... "Little House On The Prairie"...where you see them going across...looking all beautiful...Can you think what a dusty mess you were by the time you'd gotten there in an open wagon...And it was very difficult to go somewhere.

I learned to drive a Model T on the road from San Marcos to Wimberley...I remember so well when I had the courage to drive *around the courthouse* in the middle of town...There were not many kids that...I think I got to learn how to drive earlier than

All my uncles took Wild West magazines....

most...There was no age limit, you know, and you didn't have to have a drivers license...If you could drive, you just drove....

In those days, if you had a flat, you got out, jacked the wheel up, took the tire off, took the tube out, patched the spot, reassembled the whole mess and hoped that it worked....

One time Mother and I drove from San Marcos to the ranch in Blanco County...and in the process we had 17 flats! And that wasn't so unusual... You think, "Well, they must have had bad tires..." No...everything...You know, tires didn't even start to compare with what they have now...And you can think how it was...My sister was along...she was too little to do anything... My grandmother said, "You're kind of late getting here..." but she wasn't too startled that we'd had that many....

But the roads were bad...and a tire today, as thick as they are, you could pick up a fairly heavy nail without it going all the way through...But these were mesquite thorns and they just penetrated those tires.

I remember my first train ride...We went all the way from Marble Falls to Austin...That was the first one...And then a little later we got bold...Mother and I...Daddy put us on the train in Marble Falls and we took the trip to Georgetown...The train had...uh, velvet... plush...whatever you call it...bright red seats...and green carpet, I remember that so well...and the steam that operated the train operated the heat I think...We went in the summertime, but here were these beautiful brass pipes that ran right along the floor line...and I guess they were the *radiators* on there...The reason I remember that pipe so well is because I had a new rolled-gold bracelet... Goodness knows what's become of that...but I took it off my arm and dropped

it... and it fell behind that pipe.... and I couldn't get it out... Finally, the conductor came and got down on his knees and fished my bracelet out.... But it was very exciting, riding on the train.... And it was a wonderful thing for the people who made long cattle drives.... Now, they weren't making those long drives when I was a little girl, but they had been when my daddy was a little boy.... And he remembered the first time they drove cattle to Llano and put them on *the cars* as they called them.... and shipped them to ...Kansas City.... Kansas, I guess.

Living on a ranch like that you didn't worry about things.... The newspapers only came once a week, you know.... And it was perfectly safe to leave everything you had right out in the open.... Nobody was going to pick it up and go off with it.... We didn't even have screens during the first years.... Nobody had screens.... I remember one night.... way in the

night.... Daddy picked.... uh.... grabbed me out of bed and started out with me and I thought "I wonder what's going on...." and Mother was right behind.... What was going on was the dogs had chased a skunk into the house.... and you get a skunk inside the house and it's time to get out.... you know...?!! ...[laughs]....

Living out on a ranch you read everything you got your hands on.... People say, you know.... "Don't let your child read this.... It will ruin their morals or it will give them a bad vocabulary.... [laughs].... but I think.... Mother never stopped me from reading.... because I just loved it.... I didn't have much else to do.... living out there.... and all my uncles took *Wild West* magazines.... They were just pulp.... you know.... and some had racy language in it and all sorts of bawdy romances.... But there was not the element of cheapness.... There were swear words, but it was nothing *filthy*, you know.... and she would just let me read.... and I don't think it influenced me.... Do you

believe--I think it kept me out of some mischief....



I was too young to be really concerned about the war.... but two of my uncles were in France with the Army.... and I remember.... one morning.... My grandmother rode side saddle on this old horse over to our house on the morning that the armistice for World War I was declared. Early in the morning we saw my grandmother coming, and Mother said "I wonder what's happened....", 'cause she didn't.... she wouldn't be coming this time of day.... just about sunrise.... And as soon as she got close enough for us to catch her voice she called to us, "The war is over !... The war is over !....". And this was exciting to me because my two youngest uncles were there.... and so the war had become very close....

Ola Fleenor



BOOT: Were times better or worse in those days?

O.F.: Well, we thought they was fine in those days....We just thought they was fine. People lived at home....They planted their gardens and they had hogs in the pen, and they butchered their hogs in the winter and we made sausage and hams and all those kind of things....and we raised a garden and raised all our vegetables, like peas and beans and things like that....and we dried them and we ate those during the wintertime and there was always plenty of food in the house....We had lots of milk and butter....

BOOT: What chores did you have to do when you were a child?

O.F.: Well, I tell you.... When we came home from school every one of us children had a chore to do....and my chore was to water the garden. My brothers--I had one sister but she was just eight years younger than I was, so she was too little to do things....But I watered the garden. The boys fed the hogs and the boys milked the cows, and that's the chores we had....

BOOT: Did you ever have a pet you were fond of?

O.F.: I can't say that I did....

Mr. Fleenor: I thought your donkey was your pet....

O.F.: If you call that a pet! I rode the donkey to school, and if you want to call it a pet, then that was my pet....but he didn't respond just like he always ought to respond....When he wanted to get rid of me, he downed his head and Ola went over!
....[laughs]....

Boot: What did people do on their dates?

O.F.: Well, I tell you....they'd drive to each other's house and have a singin'. Most all the neighbors had either a piano or organ, and somebody could always play....so they'd gather at those houses where they had a piano or organ, and sing.

BOOT: Did you find it difficult when you first went out on your own?

O.F.: Never.... I've always felt secure....I was taught responsibility and I always felt secure. I felt like I could take care of myself because I was taught it from little up....

BOOT: What's the most valuable possession you ever had?

O.F.: Well, when I was growing up....when I was a little girl, my dolls were my greatest possession. I just loved my dolls, and I was a great hand to play dolls....but of course after I got larger and able....strong enough and old enough to do work....why....I laid my dolls aside. Outside of that, I can't remember of ever having anything valuable....except my dolls.



BOOT: What do you think was the biggest job you ever had?

O.F.: Well, let's see....What would I say?.... I don't know. We never did....we never did look at our work as a chore....or hard.... Anything we had to do, we went about it happy about it....with enthusiasm, and I can't remember of any hard thing I had to do....

BOOT: Do you remember any interesting experience you had at the river?

O.F.: Yes....I had.... At one time that river got on a rise....The Medina River got on a rise and it was so high that they wouldn't cross it horseback, because it wasn't safe to cross it horseback....And it kept on staying that way....and wouldn't go down, and wouldn't go down....And I had....I was the one that had to go to town, and I went on horseback....And they had a swinging bridge across the river, and I had to do all the shopping....and the shopping I did, I carried it all home on the horse.

BOOT: Do you like the snow?

O.F.: I....This is the first year that I could really say that I enjoyed snow, because when it used to snow when we were ranching we had to get out and get the little kids....goats.... and the lambs in....and the new-born calves....and put them under shelter.... So we were always busy when it snowed....taking care of them....

BOOT: Can you tell us what a *smokehouse* is?

O.F.: Well, we don't have smokehouses any more....The deep-freezes have taken care of that.... We used to cure our meat in the smokehouse....We always used to have a smokehouse, but people don't cure their meat now like they did....They put it in the deep-freeze....A smokehouse is a small building....it's not too large because it's harder to smoke it in a big place than it is in a small place....It's a small building, and it doesn't have any windows in it. It has doors in it so you can get in and out, but it's



made to hold as much smoke as possible....You put your smoke right in the middle of where you have your meat hanging up....and smoking your meat like that, you just let it smoke all the time. It don't blaze....It shouldn't blaze, because it gets the meat too hot....You keep it smoking all the time....I've had to watch a smokepot many a day myself....to see that it didn't blaze....

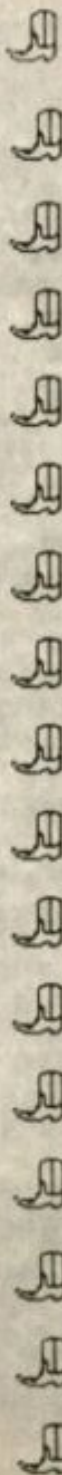
BOOT: Did you make jerky?

O.F.: Yeah....We made jerky all the time....People would kill venison....deer....and that was the kind of meat that they made jerky out of....We put it out on the clothesline, and let it dry....put salt and pepper and cornmeal on it and put it out....and let it stay there until it dried....and that in the really hot part of the summer....

BOOT: Did you have the
mustang grapes?

O.F.: Oh yes....we used
to put those up....We'd
can them.... We'd can
mustang grapes when
they were green. If you
get them at a certain
age....why....the seed in
them isn't hard, and
we'd can them and make
green grape pies....
when I was growing
up....

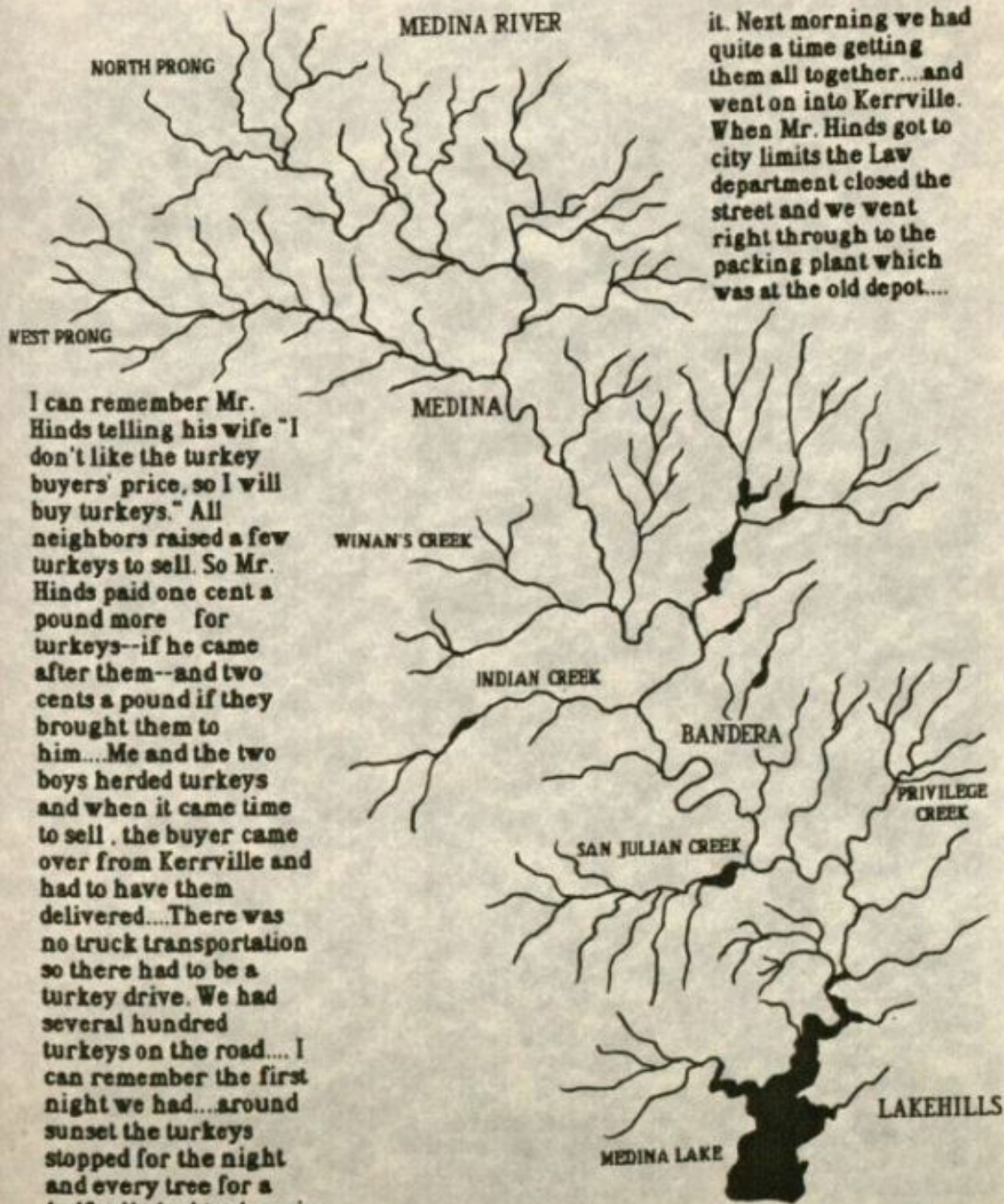
I've
killed lots of
snakes....rattlesnakes.
You see, riding out on
the range we ran across
a lot of snakes, and I
don't think I've known
but one rattlesnake to
get away from us.... My
brother used to teach
me how to stop a
rattlesnake. I always
carried a rope on the
horn of my saddle while
I was riding....You take
that rope and hit them
on the back with that
rope and that will stop
them....That will kind of
paralyze them and stop
them....and then you
can--if you have a gun,
you can shoot them....or
if you have rocks, you
can kill them. I killed
all of mine with rocks....
and I let *one* get
away....



Mack Joiner

After I grew up, I
worked for a neighbor,
Bill Hinds....They had
two boys, Ed and Gene,
one daughter, Laura. I
worked for \$15.00 per
month. On one occasion





it. Next morning we had quite a time getting them all together... and went on into Kerrville. When Mr. Hinds got to city limits the Law department closed the street and we went right through to the packing plant which was at the old depot....

I can remember Mr. Hinds telling his wife "I don't like the turkey buyers' price, so I will buy turkeys." All neighbors raised a few turkeys to sell. So Mr. Hinds paid one cent a pound more for turkeys--if he came after them--and two cents a pound if they brought them to him.... Me and the two boys herded turkeys and when it came time to sell, the buyer came over from Kerrville and had to have them delivered.... There was no truck transportation so there had to be a turkey drive. We had several hundred turkeys on the road.... I can remember the first night we had... around sunset the turkeys stopped for the night and every tree for a half mile had turkeys in

Lenna Short



Joe planted corn, and I helped him gather the corn....But he had another man, and I wasn't very fast, so he said for me to take the team....and drive the

wagon....and let the two men gather the corn. So I drove the team, and I loved that....And then we took that load of corn to Hondo to sell it. We filled the bin with

corn to feed the hogs and had enough left over--it was a wagon load, so we went down there. And when we got almost to Hondo, well....here come his uncle in a little car....It was the cutest thing-- it was red and it didn't have any doors on it, but it had brass lights andthe fanciest thing you ever saw....And he showed me how to blow the horn and he wanted to take me to town with him....I didn't want to go, but I wouldn't dare say I didn't want to ride with Uncle Walter....And I got in the car and left Joe out there on the road And we were going to spend the night with Uncle Walter because we couldn't make it in a day....it took two days.... And Uncle Walter took me to the ice cream parlour.... and Mr. Lacey was in there.... And he introduced me to Mr. Lacey. That was his wife's father....And I had the best time.... eating ice cream and

talking to Mr. Lacey.

Anyhow....Joe....
When....Finally when
we got together he
said....uh....

*Did you know you
was talkin' to one of
the richest men in
Medina County?....*

I said,
Oh No !....

I said,
*No, I didn't.... No
tellin' what I told
him....!*

And I said,
*Anyhow, I didn't
especially want to
get off of the wagon
and leave you.... Why
did Uncle Walter
come out there?....*

And he said,
*Well....you're a
bride....and Uncle
Walter was ashamed
for my bride to come
through town in a
wagon....*

....[laughing]And to
me, you know, I thought
it was a great thing....
But it wasn't.... To the
grown people that was
awful, you know.... So
Uncle Walter, bless
him... He cared too
much.... He took me into
town in style....

And when we
went back, well.... Joe
showed me Peach Tree
Mountain.... And he said
that they drove cattle --
on horseback, you
know.... down there....

And his papa would
have to go on farther....
And he was just a little
boy, and was too young
to take a longer trip
than Hondo.... And he'd
tell him,

*Now Joe.... You keep
that mountain in
front of you.... If
any road turns off
or anything--well,
you take the road or
the trail that goes
straight to that
mountain...and you
won't get*

*lost.... 'cause that's
Peach Tree
Mountain and it's
the highest
mountain in Medina
County.... And so you
do that....*

And so Joe said he never
got lost and he said,
*I want you to watch
the mountain
now....and it's
always in the middle
of the road....*



I didn't know how to
drive a car.... And we'd
been to Bandera and got
a bunch of groceries in
an ol' T model.... And Joe
decided that I should
drive it.... So I did pretty
good until we--it had
rained--until I got in

the mud. And then it got
kinda stuck and I didn't
know what to do, and I
said,

Here, you take it.

And he said,
*No, you've got to
drive it out....*

And I said,
I can't !....

And, uh....the motor
died.

*I cannot drive this
car out !*

('Cause I had tried....)

And he said,
*Well, you're gonna
drive it out....*

I said,
*Joe, I'm not.... I'm
gonna get outa
here....*

....Well, the thing about
it the T Model Ford
didn't have a door, you
know.... on the driver's
side that would open.... It
was just a print.... And
uh.... I tried to get over
that door and he held
me under the wheel....
And I tried.... I always
thought, you know....

*He can't hold me,
I'm gonna get out !*

Well, listen.... He
just.... like iron bands
across me.... And I stayed
there.... And stayed
there.... and stayed
there.... And I said,

*Well.... we'll just stay
here all night.... !*

And he says,
*We sure will--you're
gonna drive this*

car....
...[laughing].... And I
thought,
*Now this is what he
meant....*

We'll just stay here all night!

Because that happened pretty soon after we were married.... And so I did.... I don't know how I finally got the thing started and give it enough gas, or something.... you know it was hard to stick a T Model.... They had little-real little tires and were real high off the ground.... And it was hard to stick 'em.... And when I did the right thing, well I got out....!

And I told him later.... It wasn't that night.... [laughing].... But I told him later, I said,

You know, I was makin' up my mind, I'll never try to drive this car again.... And I'm through with it!
And I said,
You'd 've had a hard time makin' me get back under that wheel....

But after I drove it out of there, well.... it didn't take me long.... 'cause I had to take Margaret.... after she was goin' to school.... to Bandera ever' Monday mornin'. And I built a road to Bandera.... [laughing].... The mud!.... You cannot imagine how deep those tracks would get. And I would get rocks.... flat rocks.... and jack it up, and put those things there.... and I had all those good deep mud holes cured!.... I'm tellin' you, the rocks

stayed there.... and you could get through there.... But it took a long time.... But my patience, there's no end to it when I was havin a hard time gettin' her to school.... and then when I'd go home, well I'd work a little longer....



We finally got an icebox.... And he'd go to Bandera and get a hundred pounds of ice.... wouldn't last but three days.... We'd put it in that icebox.... Oh!.... That was the greatest thing.... And in the summertime Joe loved iced tea.... I think that's why it didn't last long.... [laughing]....



Ann Pue



I didn't know she
let it rise before she
put it in the oven!

Ann Pue was raised in Pennsylvania. Her acquaintance with rural life in Texas began after she married a man who farmed near Tarpley. Here, she recalls one episode in her struggle to become a good homemaker in the Texas Hill Country.

We were married in Hondo and come out, and Dick bought some bread in Hondo. Well, when the bread ran out I didn't know how to bake bread. I never cooked. I never did anything like that. My mother never let us cook. I'd never even washed a dish in my life. Well anyway, (laughs).... anyway, I says, "Do you have a cookbook?"....and he says, "Yes, I have one."....and I said, "I'll bake some bread."....and I says, "Do you have any yeast?"....and he said no....and I said, "Well, my mother always had yeast to put in her bread.".... Well, he was



shearing....he and another man were shearing their goats, or sheep and goats....sheep it was, and I said, "Well, I think I'll go to Tarpley--down to the store and get

some."....He says, "I don't think you'll get any....I don't think they keep it." I said, "Well, how do they make bread if they don't have yeast?"...."Well, I think

they make their own....make their own yeast.".... And so I started, I said, "I'm going down and see.".... So I started from here and just as I was leaving my husband says--it was October, you know, and it was after three dry years--he says, "Be careful....uh, that you don't get up on a snake!"....and uh....so I started down, and you know--after three dry years--right--and you know the kind of roads they had at that time....just like out in the woods and all....with dead brush out there....and everytime anything was rattling--you know, in the bushes--I'd run back, you know, and I'd stand there....and then I'd think about that yeast, and I'd go up there real-slow....and I'd get to the place where that rattle was, and I'd dash by that....and by the time I got to Tarpley I was exhausted--and I was a healthy girl--but I just ran back and forth....if anybody would see me, they'd think I was crazy, the way I was running (laughs)....back and forth (laughs)....It took me til four o'clock to get



down there. I didn't get home until six--doing the same thing--but after I got down there I asked him....I said I'd like a package of yeast.... He looked at me so funny (laughs)....He says, "We don't keep yeast, but my wife makes her own yeast".... I said, "She does?"....and I said, "Will she sell me some?"....He says, "Well, I'll see her"....So he come and he brought me out a yeast cake....oh, a big thing.... (with hands apart)....about like that....And I followed the instructions.... but when my mother baked bread I didn't know she

let it rise before she put it in the oven! I remember sometimes playing out in the yard I would see her look in there and see it rising before she covered the front of it, you know....and it would get a little tan, and she would cover it and leave it to bake for an hour....uh, so I mixed the bread like it said.... and just as soon as I mixed it, I made it into loaves. I put it into the oven--and it just baked--but it didn't rise. It was just like--I can't tell you what it even looked like inside....it was awful! Dick's hogs wouldn't eat it!.... (laughs)....

Judd Clark



Now just like you girls...you go to school here and you've probably got a little sweetheart that during noontime, when it's your playtime, you might get together and smooch a little or something you know....Whythat, now that....no, they wouldn't allow that....No, that wasn't allowed at all....No, No....And they knowed better too. Doggone, people knowed better....'cause when parents talked to them they'd tell the girls and boys things you know....what they'd better do and not do. They told them to do it and they done it. Didn't have to spank but one time.... and if they didn't do it, Doggone, they'd get a whipping and a good one too....so.....

What they done then, but what they don't do nowis let the boys and girls play together. And they couldn't go nowhere at noontime either. They couldn't



leave that house. And when they played the boys had to play on one side of the house and the girls on their side. And they wasn't about to get together. Girls

would just get off to themselves and they couldn't talk to them boys. We was raised that way. We wasn't raised like that smoking and going on like that....

I don't know what it'd be worth.... but you take it for what it's worth, but you never heard of a divorce.... It'd be maybe a divorce every twenty or 30 years....I'd say one out of ten thousand people. Here in Bandera county....I can't remember, but about....I believe one divorce in my whole life out there when I grew up....Gosh, wasn't that something....

And women was safe. They'd go clear to San Antonio there.... and my daddy, he'd go with ox wagons....old ox wagons to San Antonio....and gosh, if they'd see a woman walking....why she got just as good a care now if she....as if her own daddy was with her and her brothers and sisters....Boy, she was safe. She wasn't killed like now.

San Antonio was just a little bitty old town.... about as big as Kerrville is now....heh....and we'd go there and we'd shop you know....We'd take two days to go down and two days to come back. And there was an old Irishman.... and I forget his name, but they'd go to his house the first night, and stay all night. See, they'd go

to somebody's house and uh.... they'd feed them and put them to bed.... and give them the best to eat....and that's the way it was then. Now they don't....Heck, you can't get out here and and anyone let you go for nothing and everything....Then it wouldn't cost you a nickle.

You never heard of a divorce....

My daddy, he'd go to San Antonio and one time he went down and that old Irishman, I remember him....I was awful young, but I remember his old red face....and red hair....doggone, big old fellow....and he had about twelve or fourteen children, and every one girls....pretty girls... all blondes....that was something....and when they'd get married, they'd give them a piece of land and go out and they'd just build a house....course the neighbors helped them. They didn't hire carpenters...they just....they just all--the neighbors, you know-- would go ahead and build the whole house,



and wouldn't charge a nickle....The man that was having it done, he'd feed them, or the parents would, you know....anyway.... Andy, he called my daddy....That was his first name, Andy.... and my daddy said "So you've got a big family of girls here...." "Oh, yes, there's no boys....they're all girls...." he says, "The devil owed me a grudge and paid me off in son in laws!"



Thelma Jurezski



We left Sydney, Iowa in August of 1920, and we loaded up in this wagon. My daddy fixed it very comfortably, and we lived....we slept in the wagon, but on springs and mattress every night.... And the horses names were Mable and Nelly, and one was a year younger than me, and one was a year older than me. We traveled twenty,

twenty-five miles a day or somewhere thereabout....then we would stop at night and we would just sleep in the wagon....and we

My daddy kept hearing about Bandera....

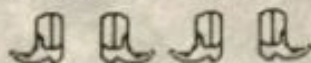
picked up sticks and wood....things like that to start a little fire, and they would warm their coffee at night. We'd cook on a little camp fire....and one night there was a big storm, and during this big storm everything got wet and early the next morning there was no chance to build a fire to cook breakfast, and my dad and momma thought they had to have their coffee whether they had anything else or not....So the next town we came to, we bought a little two-burner gasoline stove and so from then on we cooked on this stove.....



So we came on and on and we got as far as San Marcos, and we stayed ten days at San Marcos...and my mama was feeling not too well. She happened to be pregnant...and she decided that she was going to have to stop....she was going to have to stop somewhere because she was getting too uncomfortable, and not able to get in and out of the wagon like she would like....so anyway, Dad found a house and it was up west of the Normal Building. And so we lived there then and my daddy would go to town. Way back then.... you couldn't imagine San Marcos as being a small place now....but back then there was the grocery store and the post office and they had benches outside the grocery store.... and

some of the older guys would gather there and wait for the mail....and they sat there on this bench. And my daddy heard this one man talking about Bandera all the time. It was Bandera....So he finally asked this man about Bandera. It sounded so interesting with all his tales he would tell about it, and his two nephews lived in Bandera and ran the Texaco filling station. Well, my daddy kept hearing about Bandera and then my Aunt Mary, who lived in San Antonio, came to stay with us in San Marcos until Christine was born....and Aunt Mary was one of those kind of people that everybody loved....So Aunt Mary said, "I'll tell you what--if you will go now, I'll go with you and we'll check on Bandera and see if you

like it." And so they did....They got on the bus and they came to Bandera. And my daddy fell in love with Bandera. Well, Mr. I. E. Adamietz, who is dead now, met them in church this Sunday they were there....and then he took them in the car--picked them up at the hotel, and drove all around Bandera--showed them different....showed them the town....Then he showed them the different parts of the countryside. Well, that was in February.... and on the tenth day of May, 1921 we got here....And I've been here ever since.



I think the youth today--they have a great advantage....if they'll just take it....And I hope they do....

Rebecca Langford

Annie Anderwald



Shown with her husband Fabian Anderwald.

We raised cane and made sorghum molasses.... made our own syrup....You put the cane through a mill.. ..you mash the cane, and you keep the juice....and then you cook it. One time my brother and my two sisters and I got to--we was cookin' a big vat of it --and we got to playin' a game of baseball....And first

thing you know, we had molasses *candy!* ..[laughing]....ALL TEN GALLONS....MOLASSES CANDY !

We girls worked just like boys....We fed the stock, and got in wood....did the washin' and carried water from the spring....One time when we were hauling in hay....We was about fourteen....my brother

was about eighteen....I was up on the stack and my brother was down underneath throwing up to me....My sister was workin' the mule with the rake....bringin' it up to us....And he said, *Fannie! Come on!...Get in a hurry!* and he poked that ol' mule with a pitchfork, and that mule took off like a streak of

..[laughing]...when she finally brought that mule back up there....if she didn't give him a cussin' out!.... Our neighbors over across the mountain were the Johnsons, that lived over at Medina. Sometime we'd get on our horses and ride over there....They all was....They were musical! They could play anything....And we'd ride over there and we'd dance up a storm....They could *all* sing....One of the girls played the mandolin, and the boy played the fiddle....and one the guitar....And one of the girls did the singin'. I guess it was the songs that they got from the Grand Ol' Opry, 'cause my uncle had a Delco plant, and he had a radio....And on Saturday night we'd go up there and listen to the Grand Ol' Opry....

When my oldest sister got married, everybody was down in the orchard--I guess about half way....oh.... a little ways from the house...And they had everything set up for them to get married.... And we was all down there waitin' and



somebody said,
Hey!...They got married at the house!

And they were already married!....And everybody took off running to the house....And they got up to the house and the preacher had already married them!..
..[laughing]...Now wasn't that a dirty trick?....

We were lucky I guess, during the depression.... We raised all of our own food, and we didn't mind eatin' squirrels and rabbits...and gatherin' pecans and grapes and plums and cherries.... and things like that--to make jelly with....We had fruit to put up and we dried things....That's when we had fresh fruit. We'd can some of the things, but most of the time we dried everything....



Clif Waterman



Being a kid I didn't really care much about going to church or Sunday school, but they kinda had us over a barrel, because back in those days you didn't have anything to do. They had one movie house over there in Boerne, and it only had movies on Saturday night...But the only other kind of recreation you had if you wanted to see boys and girls your

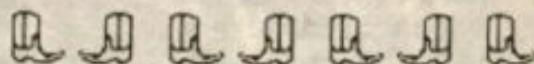
own age--you either had to go to school or you had to go to church and Sunday school. So I belonged to the B-Y-P-U, which is the Baptist's young folks group you know....Uh, B-Y-P....uh, we always called it *ButtonYourPants Up*.. [laughing]....I can't remember what it stood for.... *Baptist Youth* something or other....And then the Methodists had a group

of young people, and, like I say, they had us over a barrel, because one Sunday the Methodists had church and Sunday school and the Baptists didn't....So the Baptists all came to the Methodist church and then.... the next Sunday, the Baptists had church and Sunday school and the Methodists didn't and so the Methodists would all come up to the Baptist church....

My favorite past-time was reading....I learned how to read in the first grade, but that didn't slow me down any....I've been a voracious reader all my life. I read all kinds of stuff--good stuff, bad stuff and indifferent stuff....

Kerosene lamps don't put out much light....You could set a lamp in the middle of the table and you could sit around the table and play dominoes or something, but you were always duckin' or dodgin' that lamp... unless you were fortunate enough to have one you could pull down from the ceiling....but you couldn't see very well.

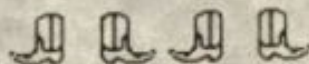
There was a lot of discombuberation' things back in those days.... Of course you don't understand it now, but back in those days my grandmother wouldn't let me start to school in the wintertime without I had a bag of acifidity around my neck. And if you don't know what asafetida is....it's the outstinkin'est stuff you've ever smelled in your



I never really thought about old people....and that they were different or anything....just that they were old. I never really thought about *being* old either....

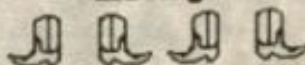
Melissa Dickerson

life...! And it was supposed to ward off all the germs!Well, it did a pretty good job, 'cause there wasn't nobody that'd get within a hundred yards of you ![laughing]....But you know how we got around that?....It wasn't only me....it was *s//*the kids.... We stopped at a culvert halfway up to the schoolhouse--we'd pull 'em off and stick 'em under there. And then, long about evening, we'd come back , and we'd put 'em back on....[laugh-'



In the winter I seen the Medina River freeze over to where wagon and team could drive over without breaking the ice....and during the seven year drought the river was dry from Medina to Bandera several times....

Mack Joiner



Rebecca Langford



With Yesenia Benitez.

I lived on a farm, and we didn't have any television nor radio.... nothing like that.... We worked....had peanuts.... we gathered peanuts.... and had chickens....we gathered the eggs....and just played with our neighbors. We had swings we could swing

under the pin oak trees and go to church and Sunday school....And the school wasn't very long....sometimes we just had to go in the summertime....They didn't have enough money to have it all the time, you know....We'd carry water from the

spring.... up about a quarter of a mile to the house....to drink....and then we had to wash down by the creek where the water was....and hang the clothes on the bushes to dry....We had a big washpot to wash--to boil them in....We'd walk to

school....It was two miles to walk to school.

Our parents treated us very good.... However, they were strict....They always saw that we associated with the children they knew was good and nice and they directed whatever we did....and wanted us to be....you know.... honest and tell the truth. They always taught us to be friends to everybody.... They respected us and we respected them....

When we were little, people used to kneel down by the benches you know....They'd kneel down when they'd pray....In the summertime they'd have a revival you know....and they would have a big arbor and people would gather under that arborand they'd sing and have a big time....They'd put a palette on the ground and the little ones would sit on the pallet and sleep....

One time when I was a little girl I lived at Medina and we was coming home from a funeral....We got home at night....about dark.... and the big cloud was in

the west--kind of a golden black cloud.... and it was a big hailstorm came and it broke out all of our windows....and killed the chickens.... and the trees....and killed the sheep.... and ruined--it ruined the roof of the house and broke all the dishes on the dining room table. That was a terrible storm of hailstones as big as goose eggs!....Oh! The damage!....All the roof was gone and all the crop was gone....The corn and everything was beat to the ground. Nothing was left.... the ground was smooth.... All the leaves of the trees was gone and everything was beat to death! All the dishes were broken and all the windows....and everything was ruined!

We'd sit
outside and
eat duck....

I taught school one place I had 36 pupils.... one teacher....uh huh....first through the eighth grade.... It sure kept us busy....And then I had to

walk two and a half miles to teach one place down at the lake....and uh, it was in the mud, you know....And one of the Dugosh boys....He was old and he would ride a donkey.... and the two sisters and his brother and I would walk and he'd run us into the cedar brush and we'd get it all in our hair....and we didn't like that much....But it was on the lake and the people would kill the ducks, you know. People would come out and kill the ducks and we'd eat the ducks....Yeah, they'd boil them in a big washpot....You've seen those big washpots.... They'd boil the ducks in that and we'd sit outside and eat duck....and we enjoyed it because we were starved . We were hungry from walking!



I had an old Mexican man that used to work for me. I had a lot of hands that worked...but after the boys got older and went off to college I just had this old man that worked for me twenty years....And he used to trap....We'd go down to the ranch and set steel traps.... Did you ever see anybody set a trap?

We'd set the traps and you'd set bait on 'em you know....like maybe sardines or kill a bird you know, and put it on the trap....And put it back in place....We'd catch raccoons.... or catch ringtails....A ringtail looks like a coon....It's a little smaller, but its tail is so pretty....and long and fluffy...and it's got rings all around it....kinda yellow and gray--and yellow....And it's real pretty.... We had all kinds of.... ringtails and possums.... and cats....and everything like that....And see, he'd skin 'em you know, and we'd sell the hide....and get money out of that.... The ringtails used to be an awful good price....

We used to have hay.... plant oats you know.... And then in the spring people had the thrashers and they'd cut the oats you know, and had all the oats piled up, brought them out here on the hill and then to thrash the oats all the people would come....The thrasher'd be pulled by horses, and they'd thrash the oats and the oats would come out and they'd sack the oats and stack the hay in a big haystack out there for the cows to eat through the winter, and then we had to feed them....We'd make a long table outside, and have to cook for two or three days to feed the men that come to thrash the oats out of the hay....And we made a lot of food....

Sack the oats, and stack the hay!

I lost my husband when I was young....That was 36 years ago in July....And then I had to go ahead and send the two younger boys to college....And I had to work....I rode horseback at the ranch and I had "hands" you know....I was so busy then! I was too busy to....you know....I had to carry on....I knew they had to live....



Frank Anderwald



There was always short range and hard winters, but mohair was at a pretty good price....and we usually had a charge account at Boyle's store. We lived from one goat shearin' to another.... It was a lot better back then....We didn't have all the *things* we have now, but we were happy because we didn't *know* about all those things....

There wasn't as much money around....We wore patched britches and mother would patch 'em on her machine.... and shoes that ran over....One of the things that I wanted when I was a boy was a pair of boots--cowboy boots.... In those days we wore leather shoes....We didn't have all these canvas shoes and these high-priced boots and everything....

Anyhow, my.... folks didn't have the money to buy them....So I wore my Dad's boots and they'd come up to my hips--whenever he'd have an old pair, why.... I'd end up wearin' those....But I was a teenager before I got my first pair of boots!

At that time, my mother cooked on a woodstove.... did all the cooking.... So that meant *three* fires.... or keepin' *that* fire goin'.... And we cut Spanish oak--Spanish oak wood--'cause it splits easy.... And we had a saw with a gasoline motor.... They called 'em *Fuller and Johnson's*. It ran a saw with a belt and my dad.... I'd bring the wood to him and he'd put it on a table, saw it into lengths and we'd have to split it. We'd have to split great piles of wood for cooking and also for the fireplace....for heat.



When I was in school the game we used to play was *Fox and Hound*. We'd get out at recess and somebody'd... either I'd be a fox and the rest of 'em would be hounds.... or.... I used to like to do that 'cause they never could catch me when I'd take off. We'd run all over the hills out there in that hill country.... Another thing we used to do during recess--Mr. Harry Clark used to have a garden, and we'd go out there and pull up his shallots--those little....well, they're called *shallots* they're a little green onion.... And we'd go in the house and get some bread and make a sandwich!... 'Course he'd be out workin' somewhere.... If he reads this he might remember it.... I don't think we ever told him about that....

In those days people met as communities.... We had all these areas around here.... There were these one-room schools and the people were still communities... They didn't come to town as much as they do now.... I think the old Peach Tree schoolhouse is still standing.... over on the Middle Verde.... I think it's full of hay....



There was lots of rattlesnakes on this ranch that we lived on.... And my dad carried a 25-20 Winchester rifle to shoot the things... And they'd be out summer and winter.... Sometime in the wintertime they'd get so cold and you'd run over 'em on horseback and they'd just roll like a ball!... But we used to kill every rattler we saw.... But we haven't seen that many rattlers.... We haven't seen a rattler on this place in ten or fifteen years.

John Noah



BOOT: How did you get through the droughts?

J. N.: We jus' ate our cornbread and beans, and our fat bacon and that was the way we got through....all of that. It didn't take too much back there like it does nowadays.... Nowadays a

drought hits you and it affects youeverything....Back in those days....why, we could keep our ol' work horses alive and carry our corn to town..
..There was an ol' man by name of uh...."Ol' Man" Tate had a grist mill down there in

town. He'd grind your corn, and he'd take so much out of itif you had a bushel of corn....why, he'd take a certain percentage for the grindin'... We'd come back home and eat that cornbread.... and we had our milk cows ..
..beans....which was pretty good....Then we didn't have near the deer we have now....we couldn't have the deer meat like we have now. Shucks, I was a big ol' kid before I ever seen a deer....And I was raised up here in the hills !....Me an' my grandpaw slipped back on the ol' Hildebrandt ranch one time....one fall....we was going to go huntin' and we was walkin' along a little ol' ravine and three little ol' yearlin' deer jumped up an' I hollered at him--I said, "Look at th' wolves !"....I thought they was wolves !
....[laughs]....I'd seen a lot more wolves than I had....I'd never seen a deer....Coyotes--I'd seen them, an' I thought that's what they was....That ol' man eat me out for twenty minutes 'cause I didn't know what a deer was....[laughs]....

BOOT: Can you tell us about Main Street back in those days?

J.N.: Yep, I can remember it mighty well....way back there around 1910....It was..dusty....and once in a while an ol' buggy or somebody'd come through on an ol' mangy lookin' horse, with a saddle tied together with bailin' wire....[laughs]....an' he'd stand around there about half hungry..yeah, it was....Well, there wasn't nothin' there, but just that block up there, you know....where the Western Auto isand that barbecue stand is....and then back by Boyle's-uh-Stein's store down that-a-way....and then that other block....that's all there was to Bandera then....

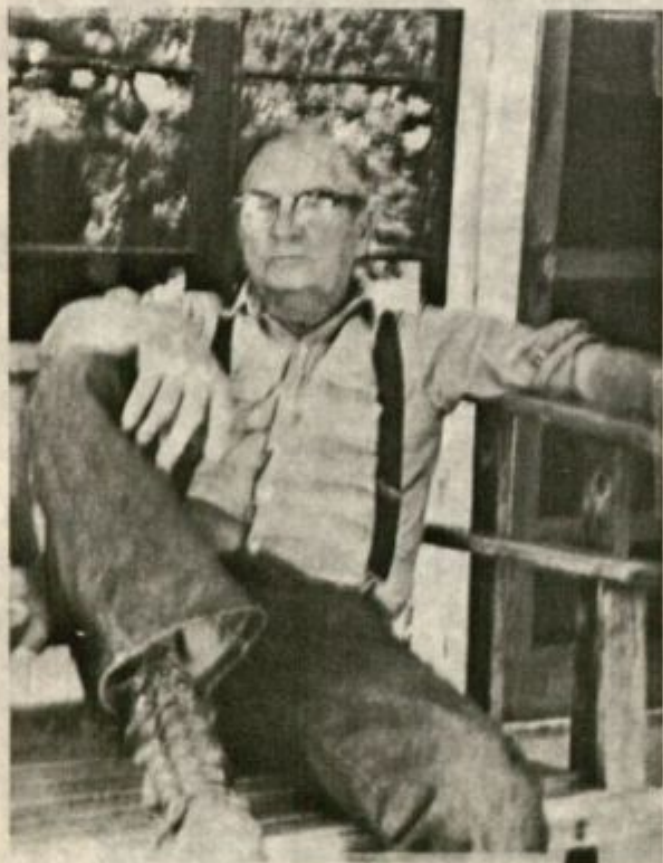


I had one ol' horse here, I called 'im "Duke"I named 'im after that ol' wrassler--ol' Keomuku..you don't remember him, do you?....that Japanese wrassler....big ol'....ol' Duke.... ol' Keomuku they called 'im....He acted like he was rough....Course he wasn't....It was a show.... But this ol' horse was pretty mean, an' I named 'im after ol' Duke....He was a big horse too....and a stranger couldn't hardly ride 'im.... And I could do anything in the world on that ol' horse.... You put a saddle on 'im every mornin' when you first get on 'im.... and he'd tighten up....boy, that saddle would just roll on them knots....them ol' muscles just....an' him lo-o-o-kin' back at you....Oh boy, just a little bit an'

I named 'im after ol' Keomuku...

you'd have somethin' to do....But with a stranger he'd always....man, he throwed me three times back here one day....an' ever' time he throwed me he threw me higher.... and with those bridle reins I'd come back an' I'd land in th' saddle....I got....an' it sounds like it is impossible, but it wasn't....He throwed me plumb outa that saddle three times on the side o' the hill....but ever' time I'd come down I'd be landin' in the saddle. Well, he finally straightened up and that was the last time he ever pitched with me....

Willie Schmidt



Cotton was the original crop that they planted.... the cash crop. School started after....oh around September or October, whenever the cotton was finished picking....One time it was Thanksgiving before we got to go to school.... And then it

would end along in April when you had to go *hoe* cotton....In those days they *chopped the cotton*, so the plants would be just about a foot apart you know.... They'd plant thick and then you'd have to go along and thin it out....



A hoe was in our hands all the time.... Every kid had a hoe....No tractors--all teams: horses, mules....We only had draft horses.... You know what I mean?.. .. just to pull the plows and the wagons.... or whatever....We didn't have any saddle horses. If we had to get the stock in from way behind the mountain, we went on foot.

We did all handwork... My dad had a riding plow, a riding planter and a riding cultivator. The cultivator you used to plow your corn or milo or cotton....But a lot of them were still *valkin' plows*...

BOOT: You said you broke your leg....How'd that happen?

W.S.: Oh....I was about six years old and was opening a gate....and the gate was off the hinges, and I didn't know it....It fell over on me and all the cattle went over the gate....I cried....[laughing]....

The first automobile I remember, I was just a little kid.... It came down the road.... and uh, it was kinda like a one cylinder motor I guess.... A man and a woman sittin' up there....The woman had a scarf all over her face and he had a cap and a long coat....and he had a steering rod....just a rod that came up with a handle on it....and big wheels...The wheels stood way up high... ..ch-ch-ch-ch....on down the road....It didn't go very fast, but I thought it did then....It went faster than a horse could run....But the roads were not too good and they'd get stuck in the mud. They had tire chains....They

had wooden spoked wheels you know....that would creak and crackle....you'd pour water on 'em and make 'em tight....

Old Model T, you know, it wouldn't go up a hill very far....You'd run outa gas, because the gas tank was under the seat. When you filled your gas tank you had to pull the cushion off and fill your gas there....And it wasn't much higher than the motor, see....And if the motor would get up higher, then the gas wouldn't flow to it...So then you'd have to get out and turn the thing around by hand, and back it up the hill with the gas tank higher than the motor....

The first vehicle, or automobile that we had in my family was a Model T truck....flatbed....and the tires were solid rubber...There was no air in them, and uh....you couldn't pull the hat off your head if you got in a little mud.... It's true!....You'd just sit there and spin, you know....and no comforts at all....You was just out there in the weather.. ..no top to it or nothin'....

Every kid had a hoe....



I quit raisin' sheep because we got the coyotes back in again and uh....I couldn't raise a lamb....Back in the early days we didn't have the Russian boar-- what they call the Russian boar now....That was brought in in the early 30's. The Russian boar are the ones that kill the lambs.... and sheep and goats.... or anything they'd get ahold of....would corner them some way and kill them....

They had what they called a Lobo wolf. It was bigger than a coyote....And the last one caught was over here around the Verdes. They were huge things....



We went to the store once a week....maybe on a Saturday afternoon.... and bought yourself a little bit of coffee and some sugar--very seldom sugar....and maybe a little sack of flour....you had to have bakin' powder, 'course... ..and salt....But you'd get a bag of coffee for 50 cents that would last you a month....You ground that yourself.. ..you'd get the whole bean, see....with a coffee grinder on the table.. ..And pepper....You ground that in the coffee grinder too.... Clean the coffee grinder out of all the coffee flavor....and you'd put the whole beans of pepper in there and grind it up....maybe grind it through twice to get it fine enough.

We had a little old mill up here at Tarpley....In fact they had two at one time....You'd take your corn and shell your corn off the cob you know....and then you took it up there and they'd grind it for corn meal....Dad would take wheat over to Comfort. They had a flour mill

over there which run off of a water turbine and uh.... get the flour ground there....And it was kind of a dark flour, because they didn't

refine it too much,you know....You still had your....uh....*bran*-the outside of the grain was still in there....so we'd have *good* bread

Julia Wendt



We farmed at first....We had 20 acres and uh....we raised cotton and corn....and I kept boarders....took in washing....we milked cows....sold butter and milk to the restaurants that was out there....And I could tell you a thousand things that happened on the 13th....That's our lucky number....[laughs]....



We didn't know there was a depression on....'cause we was depressed *all the time* out there....We didn't know it because we was raising everything we needed to live.... farming....And we didn't really realize that depression the first time....But the second time, we was in Alice and we had to sell our cattle....two loads of them, for ten cents a pound....but we made it....



Werner Lindig



We lived only 20 miles out of town, and rather than drive to and from town everyday, we stayed in town. Twenty miles was too far to travel....Can you imagine?....It was abs....there weren't any schoolbuses--

Nonewhatssoever...And uh, the cost was two and one half dollars a month for the two of us....so it was two and one half dollars a month per person for our room, and that's how much it cost at that time....And that was in

'41 and '42. That was not that long ago--31 or 32 years ago....And uh....the important thing was that we just took it for granted....*That's the way it's going to be....*My sisters and brothers did the same thing....We just spent the night in town.

And on Friday night....uh, I would spend it in town because I played football, and on Saturday mornings I would hitch-hike home. Dad probably wouldn't come get me, so I'd hitch-hike home. This was when I was in high school....And when I came back from the service I hitch-hiked to and from Texas A&M on weekends all the time. It wasn't dangerous to hitch-hike in them days and times....So uh....those things have really changed now....'cause it really wouldn't be very safe now. I wouldn't want to hitch-hike today and I don't pick anybody up....



Charlie Fellows



My grandfather was a ..
.. he was about six foot
four, weighed about 240
pounds and he was a ..
..kind of a handsome
lookin' guy....and *mean*
with it....And he joined
the old cavalry in the
East and fought Indians
all the way into
California. And he was
in this Indian war over
here at Bandera Pass,
and he seen this
country and he liked it
so well, he come back
here from California....
and the land was cheap

then....I think he paid
something like 20 cents
an acre....

Back in the old days you
had to put in five days
labor--free labor on the
county roads....And uh,
my grandfather was
puttin' in his free labor
and these Southerners..
.. didn't like him..
..'cause he was a
Yankee....But all of 'em
was afraid to jump him
because they figured he
was tough. He was big
and his experience--

where he'd been..
.. fightin' Indians for
fifteen years....And
they'd call him
Bluebelly.. Back in the
old days they called all
Yankees "Bluebellies"....

Well, one day my
grandfather was puttin'
in his time and it was
hot and they said
something about
him....callin' him
Bluebelly all the time....
And he says,
Golddamn you! ...he
says....
Just to show you

my belly's not blue....

But that was back in the days when the wives darned the cloth and dyed the old work shirts in bluing....And this bluing had He had sweated and this bluing faded out on his stomach.... But he jerked his shirt-tail out and says,

God damn you! I'll show you my belly's not blue....

And when he pulled his shirt out, it was just as blue as it could be | ...[laughing].... So he couldn't live his bluebelly down....

I remember a terrible hail storm when I was about six years old....Uh, when my grandfather came to this country, first he dug him a cellar....Then he built his house over the top of this cellar, and he had this door in the floor inside the house....over the top of the cellar. They didn't have no windows--they had shutters, like a door....and had little openings like that [gesturing] so that if the Indians attacked them they could shoot out that way or this way you know....But we lived in that old house and it

was built out of 1x12's. That was a full one-inch board....This day and time they call them 1x12's, but they're not one inch....And the old rafters didn't have no ceiling in it, but it had these rafters....And this ol' 1x12 rough pine over the top of them rafters.... And then it had this ol' corrugated sheet iron over on top of that--like people build goat sheds and like that this day and time....But there come a terrible hail storm.... and it beat all the roof off! And they pulled the bed back, and we opened the door and went down in the cellar....And I remember them ol' big live oak trees around there was they was big nice shades...and they wasn't nothin' but stubs just looked like somebody had topped 'em all out.... And it beat all the tin off all the 1x12's, and the 2x4's.... just beat 'em all off.... Even beat holes in the floor, but we had....my uncle John or someone pulled the bed over on top of this door and it beat that house up so bad we had to build a new one....

My belly's not blue...!

I was born at Little Creek.... over close to Utopia....Back in those days a dime meant a lotThat was a whole lot of money....and back in those days, armadillo hulls was worth lots of money....But considering what people--the salary people got for what they did....uh.... They were over there on some ranch, catching these armadillos.... and they'd cut 'em out of the hull and scrape out the surplus flesh and everything....and then shape 'em andput satin or silk inside.... curl the tail over and join the nose and something like that would sell for about \$8. Now just a plain armadillo hull, scraped out and shaped, without any silk or satin or anything like that....or ribbons on it....Well that would be something like a dollar-and-a-half or two dollars. And really, these were worth more than varmints. Anyway, during this hunt over there, that's when I was born....



Bud Fitzpatrick



I worked the rodeos in Bandera and made my home here in the 40's....I'll tell you how different it was then....that whole loop down along the river wasn't incorporated, and it didn't have any stock laws. People would turn their stock loose down there--sheep, goats, cattle, horses, whatever--and it looked like a park, you know....The sheep kept it eaten down....It was *beautiful* down there....no weeds like it is today....And there used to be a lot more dude ranches here than there is now....probably about eight more than there is today....and it was *really* a dude ranch capital. And they raised a lot more sheep and goats. The feed store down there at the wool house, it was always active....*big trade* there....and uh, the dude ranches--the ones close by--many of them, uh....the Lost Valley, Whispering Winds,



Wagon Wheel....and....I don't know....a whole bunch of them, they used to bring their riders into town *on horseback*. They'd come in and spend a lot

of time....you know, which was good for the town....used to tie thirty-fourty head of horses up to the hitching posts....and uh....There used to be a

horseshoeing shop here in town. Adolph Stricker, he shod horses in town.... And uh.... well, they'd have lots of activity out at Mansfield Park.... That was a big show out there. Barbeques, dances every weekend, rodeos... and most of the guys that worked around here were cowboys. That would never be today you know.... they were kinda raised.... raised in it. And people kept their saddle horse in town.... Bill Keller had a pair of mules and a saddle horse.... and of course Fred and all those boys.... Tom, and uh.... they all kept horses there.... Bandera, when it incorporated, it started getting bigger.... just turned into an everyday town.... If they could have kept it the way it was--which is pretty hard to do--it'd be so unique that they couldn't *put* the people out of here.... They'd run over you coming in just for the atmosphere!



I'll tell you how different it was then....

Almost all the kids in my neighborhood had a donkey.... they had a donkey or something -- or a horse.... And we'd get together and camp out all night.... And Saturdays, after we did our chores.... uh, we three boys on Saturday mornin'.... one guy had

to cut the grass, trim the hedge.... that's one. The other one mopped the bathroom and the kitchen--or scrubbed it on his hands and knees, and did the breakfast dishes.... And the other one changed all the linens on the beds and vacuumed the rugs and dusted.... and.... In other words, we did it.... about two hours apiece.... of housework.... before we were turned loose to take off.... which was

good for us. We could all cook, we could all make our bed, we could all do housework. It never hurt us....And I mean, it took a little load off of Mother, too.

Kids used to get whipped pretty good in those days. They believed in not sparing the rod....A friend of mine, he was a.....he learned how to make candy....So he would--he made a whole batch of candy and would take it down there at that ol' uptown theater and sell it....And so they finally started lockin' the pantry....And his dad worked and his stepmother worked....So then he'd take the door off the hinges and make that big batch of candy.... Well, his dad was goin' to whip him, but he couldn't catch him....He was safe in the daytime, but at night he'd hide out and sleep in the car....until his dad got up real early one mornin' and caught him, and he took a piece of insulate wire, and worked him over with it....And I'll tell you what, he had some big welts on him....But he was a pretty good boy....

But he lost his appetite for candy.... especially home-made candy....

I hung around with these older guys all the time and learned how to cuss like they did....but you know, those guys weren't foul....They were good guys....You know, they didn't--it was just "hell and dammit".... They weren't vicious cussers like a lot of guys are today.... And I'll tell you what--they had a lot of respect. They were very polite. They'd never say a bad word around a woman....If they did, the other guys would really get mad at 'em.... And most of 'em were really good to their teams....They'd feed 'em, take good care of 'em, and don't let 'em get sores on their neck from the collar....'Cause the other teamsters, they'd get down on you if you didn't take good



care of 'em....
Some people will try to lead you off to do things....You know what my dad used to tell us? You know, we were a pretty rollicky bunch....He'd tell us, *The boys who are gonna try to have you steal something.... steal a bunch of soda water cases or stuff like that, you know....or a bunch of beer cases....and sell 'em.... Tell them if they want to do it, to go ahead....But your dad is so dadburn mean....that he'll tan your hide 'til you can't walk!....And he already said he would and I'm not about to do it....I'll walk home, but I'm not gonna....*
And he said, *Tell 'em that I'll tear you up!*
But he really wasn't that rough on us, you see...This was just to give us an excuse, you see....That way, they can call you sissy, but you say, *If you were gonna get your hide tanned like I'm gonna get mine tanned....well just have at it!....*

Gene Saathoff



This here is what you call K-R Bluestem....It comes from Africa.... Reason you call it K-R is, it's King Ranch Bluestem....They got it....they brought it over here from Africa, and

planted it at the King Ranch, and about 600 acres of this ranch is solid with this grass.

I've lived here sixty years, but when I first moved on here there

wasn't any grass....It was solid timber here and uh....nothin' but brush.... And I got rid of the brush--I burnt it off....I burnt it and then I sowed that grass. Now I got lots of grass....Used to, when I first come down here, you couldn't run no more 'n three or four cows and you had to feed them.... But the whole ranch is watered with spring water....There are around ten or twelve springs on the place that never go dry....watered with spring water altogether....An old man eighty years old told us sixty years ago--one of the biggest Indian camps was over there on that bank....'cause that used to be a big waterin' hole.... I bet there's been two or three gallons of arrowheads picked up there....But I couldn't keep 'em....I'd pick 'em up and different ones'd come and beg me out of 'em....Two Indians come over here. They went to



San Antonio University,
and they came here and
spent the day....So I had
a bunch of Indian
arrows and they said,
*Let us take them
back with us!.*
So they took them to
India....

I've ranched nearly all
my life. I had sheep and
goats first....And then
they passed a law you
couldn't kill coyotes,
and that put me out of
business. Then I went to
raisin' cattle and hogs
and I raised chickens,
and sold eggs....And I
had registered hogs and
sold a lot of pigs....I used
to hunt varmints a lot. I
raised lots of turkeys
here--wild turkeys....
and uh.... The only way
I could raise 'em is to
get rid of the varmints
first....

People used to
come up hereI used

to have real good border
collie dogs....that
worked livestock... And
people used to come up
here and wanted to see
'em work....I had two
dogs could do more than
ten men on
horseback.... with
livestock...cattle....

I enjoy feedin' the deer,
and callin' them
up....and lookin' at
'em....and uh, the same
way with turkeys....But
uh, the most I ever
called up turkeys was 75
at one time. I called 'em
up and fed 'em. But
when a stranger gets
around here, it scares
them to death....They're
afraid of strangers....
and uh....the same way
with deer. I could go out
there and call the deer
and they'd come to me....
But a stranger be
around there they
wouldn't come up

there.... if they see a
stranger....

During the
drought back there
durin' the fifties, I'd
feed around....oh,
anywhere right around
80 head every
afternoon. But they's
more than that'd come
in later.... But I usually
called up around 80
head that would come
up and feed....Some of
'em come up to four..
..five feet of me. The
gentlest one I had would
smell of my hand and
they'd eat out of a
bucket if I put it on the
ground, but if I put it
between my legs they
wouldn't stick their
head in it....And you
couldn't make any
quick move or anything
like that....The turkeys
were the same way....I
could walk all amongst
them but I couldn't take
a quick move....Just be
real calm and walk
around there and they'd
be calm too... and
gentle. But if you made
a quick move or
something--Boyl....they
was gone!

Edith Edwards



My grandmother's brother was captured and kept by the Indians for nine months....that was Frank Buckelew, my grandmother's brother....And they had killed her uncle over at Utopia. They killed him in January that year-- 1864, and uh....

But anyway, they found my uncle over in Mexico somewhere....The rangers found out that there was a white boy with the Indians and so the Texas Rangers sent a man with an extra horse and saddle....sent a ranger out there and he went out there and stayed on the Texas side and he hired a Mexican boy toto steal Frank Buckelew out one night.... and so they rode by night and hid by day....until they came here to San Antonio.... But that's the way he got back through the Texas Rangers.... But he was with them nine months before they ever got him back. He learned to



eat raw meat and raw liver and all kinds of stuff....And at first, he said he thought he was going to die, because.... because he just couldn't stand....said he'd start to

swallow that and it would come back up you know.... [laughing].... But he said he learned to eat raw meat, and he liked it....It must have been alright or all the



Indians would have died....

The first time I ever went to San Antonio was in 1898. And we camped in an old camphouse they had at Fest's Campyard.... And we camped in that campyard and walkeduh, walked to Joske's from the west end through the trail....

There was a trail that went on and went down to Joske's. And then we took another trail and went down to....uh, where the South Flores and all of thatuh, where the city hall is now.... and all through there. And we walked from out there and went down to the stores.... It wasn't too far.... maybe two miles or something like that.... But of course, we were used to walking.... We didn't think that was very far....

In 1920 when I went down there and was selling butter and everything, I had a butter customer there right close to that Fest's

campyard.... and when we got up and started to San Antonio, why, there were some holes dug right there alongside the trail.... On one side there were two or three holes dug there. And we noticed that stuff-- just piles of dirt there. And then we while we were camped in San Antonio that night Mrs. McCall told me that in one of those holes they had found a pot.... they took a pot out of there.... So that's as near as I came to finding a treasure....

One day we were all in school. Then, the schoolhouse was just across the.... on the little hill right by Tarpley.... And those gypsies came in with some walking.... and some carrying big flags.... They always had a kind of a little tent show with them.... And uh, they were dressed in...oh, *gypsy clothes* just a lots of embroidery and lots of color and big gathered skirts you

know, and just different to anybody else.... and uh, they had then--everybody wore blouses and things nearly, and they just had uh.... they just had the pieces cut off... the upper part bare.... and they had big skirts on and everything.... But they had tight clothes and lots of color... and lots of ribbons and sashes and different things you know that made them appear fabulous you know.... They wanted to look.... to really look like they were rich people, so they just put so much stuff on.... and in their hair they'd maybe have some flowers.... some would have flowers and some would have ribbons all fixed up in their hair.... And they did look pretty.... The girls just looked as pretty as they could look... And the men looked --I think-- more like Spanish warriors. They dressed in a kind of ornery looking garb, you know....

But they came into Tarpley, pitched their tent and they stayed all night there...and uh, the next day...Mr. Stigler had a store and he had just got in a sample box of jewelry...and uh, he said...He always let people just get that sample box and turn it over there on the top of the counter and look at it...And they were in there looking at that. And so, directly.... after they left, well, somebody said,

You better look and see what you lost....

And he said....Old Man Stigler, he said,
Lost?

And they said,
Yes, those gypsies are not like these people here.. said, You might have lost a lot of stuff....



And the old man went and looked, you know...and,
Why...why...guess there's a ring there gone...There, where they pulled it out...And there's a whole bunch of rings gone!

And he couldn't do a thing about it because they had already left....And they walked on over the hill and walked over the mountain and got over the mountain and then they stayed all night close to this little stream...It's after you pass the mountain--that little stream there...I guess that's the head of Indian Creek...And then there's the springs that people used to go and water their horses down there, because between Bandera and Tarpley, why, on hot days the horses would drink water when they got that far....Papa would unhitch his horses and drive them down to the spring and let them drink and then come back and hitch them up to the wagon or the hack.... or just one



horse to the buggy....

But anyway, up on the side there was some little hills and those hills just had grass...except just a few little cedars--one here and maybe one up here....And after those gypsies left, why somebody happened to notice there's some funny places up there on that hill...

What in the world's the matter with that hill...?

Some funny looking places....? And they went up there and looked, and they found a place where somebody had buried some treasure there....They found where the pot was....saw where the pot was--the form of the pot in there.... And those gypsies had taken that....



Rhea Mansfield



BOOT: How did you get from here to San Antonio?

R. M.: Either with a hack--that's with a team of horses or mules--or a wagon...or just horseback. That's the way we had to go to travel in them days.

BOOT: What were the wagons....were they covered wagons?

R. M.: Yeah, they had them covered at times. Now they had....as I remember, the best wagon a long time ago was a Studebaker....they called it a Studebaker-made wagon....Then they had the Spaulding hacks and Spaulding buggies. They was two different brands. And I think later on, after they started making automobiles, the Studebaker went from building wagons into the car business. They used to have an old car called "Studebaker".... But those old Studebaker wagons--they were



With Jillina Moseley

good wagons. We used to have to haul all the freight, and everything was hauled by wagons in them days. And before the Studebaker I don't know what they had....They had a big old covered wagon....they had a name for it, but I

The Studebaker was the best....

can't remember it. I remember the Studebaker wagons. We used to have to haul our oats right after we

thrashed.... and we put 'em in the bin, then we'd sack 'em and put 'em in five bushel sacks. We had five bushels to a sack. And we'd put 20 of those five bushel sacks on uh....on a Studebaker wagon.... and most of the time we had a pair of mules and we hauled those oats to Center Point, and put 'em on the railroad. And we would....it was about 21 miles from our house where we lived to Center Point, and we'd get an early start after we'd sacked our oats and got 'em loaded in the wagon....about 100 sacks....I mean 100 bushels--32 pounds a bushel--that'd be 3,200 pounds, not counting the wagon. And that was a pretty good load for a pair of mules. In them days we didn't have tar roads. We had to go down through the hills and cross creeks.... and up hills.... and them old mules, whenever they got to going up a hill with a load of them oats.... it was a pretty good pull. And them old mules would get down and dig, you know....and you could hear that (laughs)....harness a-squeaking....



BOOT: You circled water witches... Can you tell me what those are?

R. M.: Well now, some people call it *water witchin'*.... and some call it *water switchin'*.... And really, I think it's *switchin'*.... It's not a witch, it's a switch!

They take different methods.... They take a peach limb--a forked peach limb. Some people use that. Some of 'em just use a straight pole. Some use a....oh, a brass rod.... And it don't cost anything to switch and I wouldn't think about drillin' a well without switchin'....

I had a well switched one time....and this is funny....Old Hug Moore lived down here in town. He's gettin' a little old and decrepit, but he's pretty good at switchin' these wells. And I had a place I was goin' to drill a well--up on a ridge....kind of in a field. I was goin' to put a slaughterhouse there. And so I took of' Hug out there, and I told him, *Hug, I'd like to have a well drilled out here and if you can find me some shallow water.... why, so much the better!*

He used a long willow stick....it looked like a fishin' pole....And he'd follow that thing around up there, and finally he got to a place and he said,

You know, there's two streams of water here....

and he said, *I think they're goin' to come together right down here....*

I said, *Well, anywhere in here....but if you think it's a lot of water....that's what we want....*

So finally, he kept workin' and finally

said, *Well, these two streams of water come together right here, and I think we'll work it off down here and get right in the center of that stream....and that's where you'll drill your well.*

And so he drove a peg right down where he thought the center was--where the most pull on his pole was....We drove a peg down there.

Find me some shallow water...

There was another fellow in town that was supposed to have been a good switcher. His name was Jerry Lucias. He used a gold watch on a chain. I took him out there and I didn't tell him Hug had been there. I just told him, I said,

Jerry, I want to see if you can find me some shallow water....

And he made about the same circle that Hug did, and he told me....said,

Listen....he said,



There's two streams of water here....I think they're goin' to come together....

....[laughing]....He worked it all down, and he just....I didn't say a word--I just had my fingers crossed....

Anyway, he come up onto this peg that ol' Hug had stuck in the ground, and he said, *Who the hell's been here?*

....[laughing]....I had to laugh--I said,

Well, Huggin' Moore's been out here, and he said the same thing you did--There's two streams of water, and this is the place to drill--right here.

Well, Jerry watched his ol' watch....and that ol' watch would just swing backwards and forwards you know....He said, *Well, he's about four foot off of....dead center....he said, Drill over here!....* He marked a place....just about --oh, just about this far from where ol' Hug's was....

Well, instead of drillin' on Jerry's place, I had a little more faith in Hug's willow stick than I did that gold watch.... So we drilled down on this peg. I had an old man come out here, him and his brother. They drilled wells all over this country. They had an old cable tool rig. They set up and they started drillin'. They drilled down 45 feet and just struck all kinds of water. We stopped--well, we drilled on about 47...8 or 9 feet down to make a little basin in there....But anyway, we stopped. We had good water-sand.

To test the well they had a long bucket....and it had a little deal in the bottom, and when the bucket would hit the water--and it would go down....the bucket

would fill up....And then, when you raised it up, that little trigger in there would close the bottom. It would come out with ten or fifteen gallons of water.... maybe twenty--I forget now what the bucket held....And we tested that well and they'd drill it and draw it just as fast as they could. And they could draw so many gallons a minute out of there--just kept on a drawin'....so many gallons a minute.... That's the way they tested it. The bucket held so many gallons and they'd count 'em.



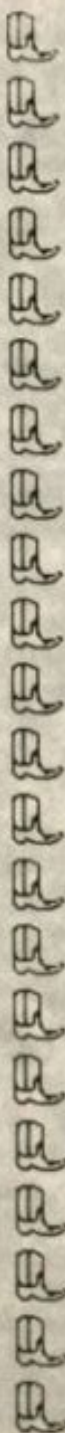
Well, they decided it was a good well, so we just pulled out. There wasn't another well around in that area less than 300 or 400 feet that had any water in it. We put a little Jacuzzi pump....I don't know just exactly how to explain it, but it was a jet pump....and it was run with a little power deal. You can't go very deep, but it'll pump a lot of water and it doesn't use much electricity. And we used that well there until we had that drought in the '30's....And one day I went out there and the little pump was suckin' air--there wasn't no water in there....So I called the well driller back, and said, *Well...I said, This stream has gone dry....* So they moved their rig back on it, and we drilled down 167 feet. It was on Friday evenin' when they quit drillin', and they told me--said....I went over there when they were gettin' ready to go home on Friday evenin'....said, *We struck a lot of water here....said, It just washed the cuttings out of the hole.* You know, the hole's



about that big around.
And a stream of water
just come through
there....They had hit
another stream of water
and it had washed the
cuttings out of the
hole....Well, that was on
Friday evenin'....And on
Saturday night here
come a gushin' rain.
And on Monday mornin'
when they went back
up there, the old
stream-- the 47 foot
stream-- had come in,
and we couldn't lower
the water at all. So I
said,

*Well, boys....Drill
down about to as far
as you got water-
sand....*

And they drilled down
210 feet and pulled out.
And that well today is as
good a well as there are
anywhere....and it's the
only well around here
that's shallow.



Raymond Batto

We used to could raise good crops
because we had good enough rain to
raise good crops. When I was a kid, we
had rains would come up and shoot!... It
was nothing for water to run
everywhere. But now we don't get it.... I
remember back in 1917....It was a
drought. It really was dry then....We
didn't have any grass or anything....But
uh, then, in 1919, 20 and 21 it began
raining and that river come up and it
was like it was here in '78....It was just
about the same height it was in '78--all
three years....But 'course 1919 was the
highest. Now my dad told me that in
1900 it was up higher....Up about four
feet higher than it was in 1919. But that
was before my time so I don't know
about that....

But it didn't do the damage that it
done this year....this time....in '78. It
done so much damage here....All the
trees and everything else was....Them
cypress trees along the river was torn
out because they had about 37 inches of
rain up here on the head of the....on the
North Prong....And it all come down at
one time....That was the night I moved
back from Taylor....

More

*What they said
stays with you....*



I like farming....
I like the smell of the
earth freshly plowed....I
guess because I was
raised in it....farming
and ranching....You
have to be dedicated
to....to stay with it,
because it's a continual
fight.... selling the
products that you
raise....

Willie Schmidt

You've heard of the worm eradication program?....This was before that....But in the summertime, any baby calves that was born or anything that had a wound of any kind--you got worms.... And we had little *traps* we called "worm traps"....I mean, they were three or four or five acres down around where we could always drive 'em to the pens. And that's were we learned to rope!....We didn't know what a chute was!....You roped everything that you doctored.... And you doctored 'em every evenin' when you got home from school. That's the first thing you done, was you changed your clothes....got your rope and your medicine, and went and doctored all the wormies.

Bob Mansfield



When you hear about how hard it was in the old days, well....a lot of them just had it hard, you know....and a lot of 'em couldn't help it....A lot of 'em could've had it better if they would've tried....A lot of them would've griped no matter what they had....That's true, isn't it?....Some of 'em will gripe no matter what they have....and never see the rollicky good side of life--always look at the bad part....

Bud Fitzpatrick



*Fact or fiction?
The Russian bear
will kill and eat a
goat, bones and
all....*

When we were little the kiddo's job was to pull out the Johnson grass and the cockleburrs....
Annie Anderwald



***Fact or fiction ?
Honeycomb rock is
Edwards Limestone.***



***Fact or fiction ?
American bald
eagles can be found
roosting in Bandera
County....***

When Joe plowed in the field he wouldn't get home until after dark, and I would have two cans...five gallon cans...sittin' out there....I don't know where we got those five gallon cans...[laughing] but we had 'em...full of water.... Not....I would just have them little over half full....' cause I couldn't carry them....And I would take one horse....And when he took the harness off--you know, the collar.... They would blister under that collar of you didn't wash 'em with water...Every time you took the harness off, you washed their necks and wiped 'em down and got 'em nice and clean....and I had one horse and he had the other, and it was usually dark when we stayed out there....I helped him do that....after I decided that it was just terrible that he was out there washin' the horses' necks.... I had supper ready, so I decided *I'll have the water sittin' there ..* ... And[laughing]I did!....And I love doing things like that....

Lenna Short



I wonder how this story is going to look in print....

Nettie Saul

I don't watch television.... I got one....but I don't watch it. I haven't watched it in I guess ten years. I turn it on and watch the news and then shut it off.... I don't appreciate television at all...I'm not a television watcher. I'll stay here by myself.... but I never turn it on.

Glen Heinen



Our oldest son--when he got just old enough to shoot a .22....He was....I guess 12 years old or so....I always said I'd cook anything for him that he'd kill and dress. But I sure got tired of cookin' that jackrabbit.. ..[laughing]....But it makes good chili!

Annie Anderwald

Fact or fiction ?

It was possible to break an arm if one was careless in cranking the old T Model Ford....

I had to help feed the hogs....chickenshorses....Get up about four o'clock every mornin'--go out and.... Sometimes the mules would try to kick me.... It'd be rainin' and a lightnin' and I couldn't figure out why Dad would want to get me up at that time of day.... Then I plowed and worked 'til I was 11 or 12....They was walkin' plows them times....

John Shuptrine

I got to where I could hold down a grown cow....Joe showed me where to put my knee....I'd take thebend the foreleg back-- the upper foreleg.... and get ahold of--with both hands-- right above the hoof....And bend that back and put your knee where the shoulder is....just back a little bit, but behind the shoulderand that cow can kick and throw her head and rock and everything else....And I didn't weigh too much, you know....and I could hold her down!....I never let one get up. And he would doctor it--in places, you know.... up on the back where these old flies would bite 'em....

Lenna Short



Fact or fiction ?
Hickory won't grow in Bandera County....



During the fur season
we'd hunt varmints....
Sell the furs to have a
little money to go to
school onAnd the
money was very tight
in those days. The dollar
was as big as a saddle
blanket....There wasn't
enough money....

Hug Moore

Fact or fiction ?

*The horned toad,
once common over
much of Texas, is
now nearly
extinct....*

My grandfather
was...he believed in
religion very seriously.
He wouldn't do no kind
of work on Sunday....
And he would sit up and
read his Bible....And uh,
he taught his children
how to read....In fact, he
taught his children
more education than
the school did, because
he went further in-
-deeper into things...

Charlie Fellows

It was about the same as
it is now. It hadn't
grown any to my
notion.

Tina Allen

(describing Bandera)



That was at Hye, Texas.
That's spelled H-Y-E....
and that little place was
named after Hye
Brown....H-Y-E
Brown.... And that's five
miles east of Stonewall
and 20 miles east of
Fredricksburg and ten
miles west of Johnson
City....

Werner Lindig



Fact or fiction ?

*The last wild bear in
the Hill Country of
Texas was killed in
Bandera County....*

There'd be little rodeos around when we were kids...A barbecue and a goat ropin'....And it wasn't really a rodeo like we have now.... Everything was--most of it was goat ropin' and once in a while, it was calf ropin'. They had no facilities--it was just a big country barbecue and *punkin rollin'* they called 'em. We participated in all of that....But most of the time we just stayed home and worked....I mean there wasn't something where you could go every night....You didn't go *anywhere* every night....You went to that bed!'cause you had to fall out of there before daylight--get that....go in the pasture and get the teams up and feed 'em....especially in the summertime when you was plowin' and all such as that....

Bob Mansfield

We always have a cedar tree for a Christmas tree....That's tradition. We like the cedar tree you know....

Rebecca Langford



Fact or fiction ?
In mountain lion country livestock will walk wide around big boulders every time....



BOOT: What was it like during the depression here?

Lane Langford: Well, it was pretty bad. You couldn't get a job. You couldn't make any money. Had....they had what you call a food line....uh, grub line, here in Bandera. But I tried it one time, and I didn't like what the food they was puttin' out, so we lived on deer and turkey after that. Back that time, they didn't care how many deer you killed. I don't suppose....Wasn't many game wardens around.

BOOT: What do you think is the biggest problem we have in America today?

C. D.: Selfishness and materialism....
Catherine DeWoody

Fact or fiction ?
During floods the only way for many early settlers to get groceries out of Bandera was by pulley boat

GLEN HEINEN

BOOT: What did you want to grow up to be?

G. H. I wanted to be a rancher....

BOOT: Why?

G. H.: Well, I worked on ranches I mean, it's the only thing to do around here!And I worked on some big ones.... and some little ones....Up there in the Davis Mountains I worked on 16,000 acres. We slept in tents up there....two of us boys... one cook tent, and one sleep tent....

Glen Heinen

I've helped hoe a lot of cotton, but never picked a bale of cotton in my life, because the boll weevil hit about that time and you know....you've heard about what that did to the cotton business. But you still had to prepare your ground....

Bob Mansfield

*Fact or fiction ?
The number of stays
in a wire fence is
more important
than the spacing of
the top wires in
preventing deer
from getting caught
in the fence....*



When I was a kid growing up....there on the farm--eight, nine years old....I dug post holes for nine cents a hole....And the post-hole had to be 18 inches deep....And in that old hard caliche, it was a job...

Cliff Waterman

After World War I...why, all the young people moved out you know....found out they could find better jobs and more money....Here, you'd work for a dollar a day, from....oh, soon as the dew got off the ground...which would be around eight o'clock in the morning....until dark....'Course they got what they called grub... They got their noon meal and lunches and things like that, but....well, money wasn't needed very much....

Willie Schmidt



Fact or fiction ?
*Bats and bees won't
be found in the
same cave....*

You're not supposed to play with those dogs....They're supposed to be a work dog. But then I had 'im here when the hunters were here, an' they'd all pet 'im, you know....But he will go up with the sheep at night...an' lots of times stay up there all day with them.

John Noah

I grew up pretty much in that kind of pretty country over between Fredricksburg and Liano....in that ranch country....It's a fine thing when you don't have a radio....you don't have a television....you're thirty miles from a movie--if there were any movies....We didn't even have a telephone....It was a kind of a life....I suppose you would call it dull....

Winnie Hicks



I still remember everything just as vividly as almost yesterday....When I was playin' here the team from Bandera had black uniforms with red trim... I still remember that....

Werner Lindig



Fact or fiction ?
*Cisterns were best
located on the north
side of the house....*



Fifty years ago we graduated....There was 23 in our class, and we're all alive yet....Graduated fifty years ago, in 1935, and we're goin' to have a class reunion on the fifteenth of June....a fifty year meeting....

Hug Moore

When I was a teenager I certainly didn't need any stimulation of any kind to have a good time....(laughs)....Not at all!

Catherine DeWoody



I've seen land sell for \$5 per acre in the year of 1910, and the same land now in 1986 is selling for \$3000!

Mack Joiner



Fact or Fiction?

A wagon journey from Bandera to San Antonio and back was typically a three day trip.

Them days you was on horseback....You'd meet neighbors and friends.... They'd always stop and visit. Now then you're always in cars.... Sometimes you know 'em and you'll wave a little bit, but you had time then to stop and talk--on horseback, buggy....or wagon....

John Shuptrine

During the first world war Ed Langford over here....Lane's daddy....he'd raise mules and sell 'em to the government....And he bought a new Model T...and seemed to me like he paid \$1700 for it....God, that was a lots of money....But then, a few years later you could buy a new one for \$450....They come down....That was during the war that Ed Langford bought his....seems like it was seventeen hundred, I'm not sure....but they come down after that. I bought a brand new Model Aa '32 I believe it was....a four door...see, that was \$627...with taxes and everything....But they've overdone it now....they're too big, too fast and too many of 'em.

John Neah

There wasn't any little delicatessen joint that you run down there and buy this today, and go back to buy something tomorrow....No....it was altogether different from what it is now....

Bob Mansfield



I'd rather live in the country....I like the country. Of course it's kind of lonely now, since I don't drive anymore....You know, when I'm by myself it's kinda lonely....But I have a friend that visits me, and I have a niece that takes me places....

Rebecca Langford



*We remember them at sunset,
....and as the stars come out....*

Lila Garrison



People were real patriotic. They entered into everything, and tried to do what was required of them....and did it willingly. There weren't a lot of protests like there are now.

L.G.: We didn't have the things that we have now....things that are convenient to use....things we've

gotten used to using that we'd hate to do without. You know, when I was growing up we not only made our own bread, we made our own butter....We always had cows and churned our own butter. Did you ever see one of these churns....big jars that go up and down like this? [gesturing] That's the way we made our butter. And it usually

fell to me to do the churning, and I hated it.

BOOT: I've seen churns that are like a wooden barrel, and you just turn the.... uh.... like this....

L.G.: Right! I got it down....I had a brother just older than I, and we got it down to where we could count the licks and I usually read while I churned and it took a long time because most of the time I was reading more than I was churning. [laughs] I don't know how my mother put up with us....Another thing I used to do--I used to love to read, and there was this one tree and I'd climb up in the tree to read and no one would know where I was....

BOOT: What were most of your books?

L.G.: Well, we gave books to each other for gifts, and then we'd change books with our friends and usually managed to get hold of a book to read some way....

Lane Langford



Lane Langford talks to three generations of listeners in an early unrecorded interview at the remnants of army scout Pollicarpo Rodriguez' house near the peak named for him

It was the Wood Ranch at that time.... There was one peafowl hen that came there with us.... We moved down here in 1961, and I brought her down here with me.... And uh....oh, I guess the first year after I turned around I kept her in the chicken house out there.... in the pen for about three months, and then turned her out.... She left one time and she come back-- she had a couple of little

peafowl with her.... Well, I never did know where she got 'em, but one of my neighbors about three or four miles over here had peafowls, so she might have went over there and got some of his peafowls. Then they come back with her the following year.... When she come back she had about five little peafowl, and one wild turkey.... And so....she raised them up....Oh, it was a *real* wild turkey.... It

stayed here 'til its beard got about six to eight inches long....

The peafowl cocks fought every day....So finally they knocked one of the turkey's eyes out, and the turkey run and left.

So that was the end of that....But anyway, he didn't uh....that turkey thought he was a peafowl all the time....always stayed right with the peafowl....up until he got his eye knocked out.

WILDERNESS SPIRIT IS....



ADVENTURE....

Wilderness Spirit leads youth out into the world to learn from and about the natural and human resources in their own immediate surroundings. The idea that the world which surrounds us has its own meaningful lessons to teach is not new. But young people who would be exploring this world for themselves are often intimidated by obstacles that didn't exist thirty years ago. Their lack of experience makes them imagine some obstacles which aren't even there, or decide that there's probably nothing (and nobody) special out there anyway. The Y of the Hill Country assists young people in overcoming these obstacles through personal, first hand adventuring into the world beyond their own back yards.

SURVIVAL....



Wilderness Spirit provides field learning experiences in which young people develop basic skill and knowledge levels related to outdoor living, survival and subsistence, pioneer agriculture and the conservation ethic. These are important to an understanding of the relationship between land-use and human survival, both in the past and in looking toward the future. Shortcourses on fire lays, useful knots, knife care, shelter construction, water purification, map and compass, first aid and other subjects developed basic survival skills. Overnights outings with hikes and climbs, bicycle / canoe touring and outdoor initiatives taught the virtues of teamwork and provided a context in which each individual's contribution to the group could be discovered and appreciated.

Discovering each person's capacities....

Knowing the lay of the land.



CONSERVATION....



BOOT: If you had the power to change one thing in history, what would it be?

A.P.: The world.

BOOT: The world?

A.P.: The world...yes-sir, change the world....This can't go on children! If I could change this world, I would change it--and see kids happy; parents happy--It can't go on!...I would change the world like that if I could. I don't like it. I don't want no part of it....

Ann Puc

Land + Principle = A world to bring oneself into....

There is as yet no ethic dealing with man's relation to land and to the animals and plants which grow upon it....The land relation is strictly economic, entailing privileges but not obligations.... Obligations have no meaning without conscience, and the problem we face is the extension of the social conscience from people to land.

Aldo Leopold
Sand County Almanac





CROSS-GENERATION COMMUNICATION



Wilderness Spirit supports purposeful interaction between the younger and older generations in the community. In sitting face-to-face with some of the oldest living residents of their area--not once, but repeatedly over a period of time--mutual respect develops between youngsters in their role as conservationists and older adults in their role as sources of experience and understanding. Many were persons nominated by community leaders as individuals worth listening to. Some were persons known for a unique talent or skill...others were simply beloved grandparents. Many details related to the cultural history of the region--and much folklore--exists only in the living memories of these individuals. In working to preserve this information, the young people of *Wilderness Spirit* performed an important and meaningful service for their community while developing useful communication skills for themselves.

BOOT-STRAPS

Wilderness Spirit is a community project. The pages that follow salute those who made a contribution to their community through this program....



Left to right: Richard Brieno, Cheryl Swift, Jim Evans and Beth Heinen.

Jim Evans

Photography training and materials.
Darkroom access and supervision.
Steering Committee.
Publication consultant.



Vernell Mullenax

Transportation for interviews.
AARP Liason.
Steering Committee.
Transcriptions.
Research project.
Interviewee Referral Committee



John Swift and Joyce Swift
Transportation for interviews.
Campout chaperones.
Bike-a-thon
Steering Committee
Funding drive



Yvonne Fenner
Transportation for interviews
School liason
Steering Committee



Bill Hayes
Transportation for interviews.
Campout contribution.
Optimist Club Liason
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Fred Collins' Workshop
Campout contributions.



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 Margie Keese
 John Swift
 Yvonne Fenner
 Celia Braddock
 Margaret Evans
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Hard work and
 responsibility teaches
 you an awful lot....

Cliff Waterman



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Please see inside of the back cover for
 a list of other volunteer contributors.

"YOUNG TIMERS"

If you aren't an old timer in Bandera County, then you may not have met the Wilderness Spirit staff....

Here, we profile six of them.



Yesenia Benitez



Born December 5, 1971, Yesenia, who will be a freshman this fall, thinks her willingness to try new things is one of her strong points. She dreams of becoming a nurse or a doctor someday. When she curls up with the latest issue of "National Geographic World", her favorite magazine, she prefers to listen to *soft rock* music. For sports and fitness, Yesenia likes running. She admits that she idolizes Madonna, favors pizza and french fries when she's hungry and thinks vans are the best form of transportation around. She doesn't watch much TV, but the movie "Red Dawn" was impressive to her. Yesenia likes dressing casually and enjoys visiting at her best friend's house. She would like to see fewer starving people in the world.... and fewer nosey people too-- *that's* her pet peeve!

Tasha Vander Zee



If older people want to understand young people today, they need to remember that--when they were young--that their parents....well, that their grandparents or parents didn't agree with everything that *they* did....And it's because of the generation gap....And everybody's going to be different....Every you know.... generation's going to be a little bit different, and they have to be able to cope with those differences....They *are* going to be different....

Tasha Vander Zee



Born July 3, 1971, Tasha is a sophomore who lives with her family on Winan's Creek. She says Art is her best subject, and she credits her positive attitude and high energy to her strong Christian faith. She intends to go to college after high school and pursue a career in nursing. Her favorite sports are snow skiing and volleyball, in that order. On TV she likes *Family Ties* and thought *Beverly Hills Cop* was terrific entertainment. She likes rock music and sees Amy Grant as a good role model. Chalupas are Tasha's weakness in food, and in cars it's Mustangs. Pink with yellow is her favorite color combination. Tasha's pet peeve is people who get their kicks out of hassling others. She'd like to support Lukemia research. She enjoys meeting friends at Herbie's.

Daniel Mireles

Born October 16, 1968, Daniel's best subject is Mathematics, but he finds that his strong curiosity continually leads him into new fields of learning. He participates in band and track, likes to read science fiction and plays *D&D (Dungeons and Dragons)* with like-minded friends. College is definitely in this senior's sights, because Daniel's career goal is to teach math. He prefers pop music over rock, remembers *Love Story* as his favorite film and thinks Buicks are the greatest cars. Daniel says he would rather hang out at his own trailer than anywhere in town, though going out for a Coke and some tacos (his favorite food) would be OK. Daniel says United Way gets his vote as a charity, and if he believed in heroes, it would probably be the late John F. Kennedy. Daniel's pet peeve? Substance abuse.



At first I never really thought much about the older generation....But you know, afterwards...like I said, it changed my total view of them.... What I feel about them now is the way I'll probably feel about them for the rest of my life. They're the smartest people and they can tell their own stories and really tell you quite a bit.

Daniel Mireles



Cheryl Swift



I thought....when you....like when you grow old and everything....that you were....that you wouldn't be able to do all the things that you used to be able to do, you know....But some of the people we interviewed--they kinda showed that....I don't know, it's hard to....They didn't really *seem* old....but they were....But they didn't seem it because--I guess--of what they do....

Cheryl Swift



Born July 29, 1970, Cheryl's favorite school activity is Band. She thinks human relations is one of her strong points because she genuinely likes people. This tall blonde wants to seek a modeling career, but if the breaks don't come she'll go into cosmetology. Her favorite clothes are oversize sweaters and crop-jeans. Cheryl's preferences are red Fieros, rock & roll music, and Mexican food. "Making the Grade" was her idea of a good movie, but she was crazy about Sylvester Stallone in "Rocky IV", and considers him her current movie idol. Cheryl says she enjoys reading adventure stories, going swimming and playing the piano. The March of Dimes is her favorite charity. What doesn't she like? She says her pet peeve is gossip.

Chris Childress

Born on June 3, 1968, Chris is a junior from Lakehills. He considers Science to be his best subject and optimism to be one of his best traits. After high school he plans to enter the military and pursue a career in law enforcement. His favorite color is yellow, and he prefers *soft-rock* music. He reads science magazines and enjoys fantasy novels. "Miami Vice" is tops on TV, and one of his favorite movies was "Quest For Fire". Baseball is his favorite sport. He'd like to drive a Monte Carlo SS someday. As for charities, world-hunger relief has his attention. He says his hero is his dad. His pet peeve is people with oversize egos. Chris loves the outdoors but he likes to hang out at Ingram Park Mall too. He prefers to dress casual in T shirts and jeans, and he craves pinto beans!



I would tell the old people about things that I'd read before....and they'd never heard of those things![laughing].... 'Cause I've read all the books about the pioneers and stuff like that....and they'd never heard of a lot of that stuff...!

Chris Childress



Roger Rizner

Born December 9, 1972, Roger will be a freshman at Bandera HS this fall. Art is his best subject and he hopes to become a commercial artist or cartoonist someday. Roger's sense of humor may be his best personal trait. He likes to make others laugh and Johnny Carson is one of his heroes. His tastes in music run to *heavy metal rock* and for reading he likes science fiction. "Transformers" is his favorite TV show, and "Pee Wee's Big Adventure" is his pick on the big-screen. Red happens to be Roger's favorite color and for good eating he says you can't beat pizza. In sports he likes soccer best, and dreams of owning a black Camaro. He likes to hang out at The Cabaret. His pet peeve is "tourists". Roger's sympathies lie with the world hunger relief effort.



I used to think, well....when you got old you were just going to sit around and get bored and everything....But you can always look back on the memories that you had when you were in your childhood. And a lot of older people....I thought they just sat around and collected social security....but a lot of them are still running farms and doing stuff--going to work--so it changed.... I thought they just sat around, but a lot of them don't.

Roger Rizner





Tiger Meyer, Cheryl Swift, David Ross, Michael Logandro, Kim Culberson, Melissa Dickerson, Yesenia Benitez, M'liss Cowan.

To all of these, and
to the many others
who have helped,
Thank you!

To all the old timers we interviewed, we say thank you for sharing your stories with us. And to all the old timers we have yet to visit, we pray that the opportunity to hear your story may come soon. To all our readers, we say,

Adiós!
and
God be with ye!

The BOOT is a product of desktop publishing using the Apple Macintosh.



*Interviewing is like observing wildlife....
until you learn to be still, nothing very
interesting comes out....*



Roger Rizner and Project Coordinator
Dr. Jon Johnson working on the fine
points of interviewing technique.



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AND THE BANDERA CHAPTER OF
THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF RETIRED PERSONS



*Respect the fences,
and leave every gate
the way you found it....*



"A Y Without Walls"

The YMCA of the Hill Country is the first geographic Y in the state of Texas. Chartered in 1981, the YHC is committed to the restoration of spiritual and environmental well-being through outdoor experience.

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LETTER

A5
HALF LETTER

