

the



SUMMER '69



ON  
THE BANKS  
OF SALADO...



Becoming editor of THE SHAMROCK with this issue of our magazine is W. C. (Bill) Clough, recently with the Globe News Publishing Company of Amarillo, Texas. He succeeds the late Tommy Kelley, who served as THE SHAMROCK editor for ten years prior to his death in January, 1969.

Photographer and part-time feature writer with the publishing company for over three years, Bill also served two years in the U. S. Navy as editor of the SEAHAWK MAGAZINE, published in Yokosuka, Japan, for Navy personnel.

His work with the publishing firm brought him three honorable mentions in photojournalism from the Associated Press, and in 1966 he received runner-up as U. S. Navy Journalist of the Year. He is a member of the National Press Photographers Association.

While in the Navy he spent 42 days of active duty in the northern border regions of Thailand, photographing a documentary for use by the Seabees and the Agency for International Development.

Bill wrote and photographed both stories published in this issue.



*"Dedicated to the Progress  
of the Great Southwest  
and Rocky Mountain Area"*

#### COVER:

*It is possible that the American poet  
Hermann Hagedorn was talking of history  
when he wrote:*

*"Down the fair-chambered  
corridor of years,  
the quiet shutting, one by one,  
of doors."*

*History has tried more than once to close  
the doors of Salado, Texas, but the town is  
a persistent salesman, and has always  
managed to keep a foot in the crack.  
Salado — the town, its people, and the creek  
(right) — is the topic of this edition's major  
story. The cover photo is the door to the  
town's old carriage house, which later housed  
the equipment of the Anson Jones Press.*

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C. R. BOWEN and T. C. BROWN,  
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#### CREDITS:

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Mrs. E. C. S. Robertson; Page 12, courtesy  
Mrs. H. C. DeGrummond; Page 15, top,  
courtesy Texas Highway Department.

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*"Civilization is a stream with banks.  
The stream is sometimes filled with  
blood from people killing, stealing,  
shouting, and doing the things histo-  
rians usually record, while on the  
banks, unnoticed, people build homes,  
make love, raise children, sing songs,  
write poetry and even whittle statues.  
The story of civilization is the story of  
what happened on the banks. Histori-  
ans are pessimists because they ignore  
the banks for the river."*

*Will Durant*



# salado



ONE DAY an engineer drew a green stripe on a highway map between Waco and Austin, Texas, and U. S. 81 became an interstate highway. Autos could span the 100-mile trip in 90 minutes, bypassing all the inconvenient communities that slowed traffic on the old road.

Communities like Salado.

If drivers gained the advantage of speed at Salado's expense, it didn't really matter, for Salado had been lost to them for most of this century.

It once was the most prominent community in Central Texas, a hub of cultural activity that earned it the distinction of being "The Athens of Texas."

But that was a long time ago. Today, except for the Stagecoach Inn Motel and restaurant, Salado is a sleepy senate of ornate homes whose seniorities surpass a hundred years.

"They're like people to me. If only they could talk," sighs one leading citizen about the town's museum-like homes. But if houses won't tell their stories, those who live in them will, in a flow of current fact and ripple fiction that rivals Salado Creek.

That Salado was a social and educational center

in the late 1800's is a fact. That it missed being chosen by the Texas Legislature as the state capital by one vote is fiction. (In 1881 the town received several votes in the election to determine the location of the University of Texas, which historians believe led to the rumor.) The first Grange store in the state was founded in the town in 1873, and as far as historians can tell, Texas' first suspension bridge spanned Salado Creek. Some say the predecessor of the sit-in occurred one afternoon around 1870 when Salado wives brought their chairs and knitting and formed a circle around a newly-opened saloon to keep the menfolk out. The picket line lasted two days and was so successful that the owner moved the establishment to nearby Holland, 10 miles to the east, and for spite, called it the Salado Saloon.

Salado's role in Texas history is removed from the textbook limelight almost as completely as the town is hidden from the tourist.

A check of history books shows only one Salado mentioned, the site of a Texas Revolution battle at another Salado Creek about six miles east of San



Antonio. There are five tributaries of the same name.

To offset the neglect, Salado citizens share an almost ardent passion for history. The slightest inquiry gets a well-rehearsed, oft-repeated, documented reply. For a quarter and mandatory registration, the Central Texas Area Museum offers a tour of the establishment with commentary on the area's history. Historical markers — there are 19 in the town — have become community status symbols. Two of the largest and oldest homes are opened at various times of the year for tours complete with printed brochures.

One of them is the Robertson House. Had the colony originated in medieval England instead of Central Texas, the Robertsons would have been the ruling family. The analogy, however extreme, is not untrue today, for few citizens of Salado question that the town's relatively sudden sense of identity has been strongly influenced by the leader-

son, Stephen, had to carry out the job after Moses died in 1821.

Major Sterling Clack Robertson, veteran of the Battle of New Orleans, obtained grants for the colony directly north of Austin's, but it was his son who maintained it after his father died in 1842.

As in all pioneering, the venture was not without conflict. In fact, the entire westward movement was the child of a world-wide depression, the Panic of 1819.

Worst hit was the United States; the West suffered the most.

The winds of depression propelled a migratory harvest of discontent. Families gambled the present on the ability to leave their past by running to a Shangri-La future that always seemed to be just beyond the western horizon. Their motives were based on desperation, hope, and adventure — a combination that future historians would call the

*"Had the colony originated in medieval England instead of Central Texas, the Robertsons would have been the ruling family."*



*Salado in the 1870's compared to . . .*

ship of Mrs. E. C. S. Robertson, descendant by marriage of the founding father of the area, Empresario Sterling Clack Robertson.

*"The winds of depression propelled a migratory harvest of discontent."*

THESE were the Robertsons: charismatic, forceful, independent, and meticulous keepers of letters and records. They were also part of a coincidental father-son parallel with Moses Austin and his son, Stephen F.

Moses Austin pioneered the Texas colonization movement by obtaining a land grant from the Mexican government in the early 1800's, but his

nation's "Manifest Destiny."

Stephen F. Austin brought families to Texas, and those left behind clamored for a chance.

Against the opposition of similarly inclined commissioners, politicians and Wall Street brokers, Sterling C. Robertson gained grants from Mexico and offered homesteaders another chance in the form of the Brazos River Valley, 200 miles long and 100 miles wide.\*

\*T. R. Fehrenbach, author of the recent book on Texas History, *Lone Star*, disagrees: "Robertson acquired lands north . . . of Austin's colony, sold scrip, and generally damaged honest immigration. The Mexican government voided Robertson's contract and turned the region over to Austin and a partner, Williams. However, after the revolution the government of Texas returned to Robertson premium lands for 379 families."



They came from Mississippi, from Alabama, from Arkansas, Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee.

By 1835 Robertson imported 271 families and 108 single men. 221 families followed.

But of those who came to the Brazos Valley, relatively few chose the Salado area as home. Old records of 1850 show only "57 whites" along the 35-mile stretch of Salado Creek—about six per mile.

Robertson knew the need of education—his family helped establish Vanderbilt University. Once settled in his colony, he sent his son, Sterling, to St. Mary's Roman Catholic College in San Antonio.

Sterling learned Spanish (which would be a valuable asset later), wrote that he was boarding with Erastus, "known-as-'Deaf'" Smith, and took the nickname "Elijah" because all his classmates had Biblical names and he didn't.

St. Mary's was "Elijah's" first step in a meteoric career: clerk in his father's office in 1834; private

chitectural interest and...worthy of most careful preservation for the benefit of future generations."

It was called "Sterling's Castle."

*"A study of the college is a lesson in the Bible-belt, isolationist concepts of the 19th century."*

**I**TS DELPHIC bulk on top of the hill to the southwest must have brought back legends of the homeland for the Salado settlers, 90 per cent of them Scottish. For like the British Isles during feudal times, the proximity of the mansion meant security.

In fact, one wonders what would have become of Salado had not Robertson come to stay.

He was the Thomas Jefferson of Central Texas. His enthusiasm for improving the area was multitudinous. He sponsored agricultural fairs, searched for blooded stock, and conducted wheat crop ex-



*"One wonders what would have become of Salado had not Robertson come to stay. He was the Thomas Jefferson of Central Texas."*

... Salado in the summer of 1969

in his father's Ranger company during the Texas Revolution; Assistant Postmaster General for the Republic in 1839; company commander in the Somerville Expedition and rank of colonel by 1844; member of the bar in 1845; State Senator in 1847; Spanish translator in the General Land Office in 1848; and Secretary of the Senate the same year.

He resigned his office in 1850, moved to Salado and was married in 1852. Lacking a proper threshold over which to carry his bride, he built a house unlike anything seen at Salado Creek.

It was a stately, 22-room, Classic-Revival plantation estate that architects a century later would describe as "possessing exceptional historic or ar-

periments for the government. He was half-owner of an Austin newspaper. But his greatest monument was his love for education, a passion which conceived a city and a college in one afternoon.

Because Salado rests halfway between Waco and Austin, it became a natural rest stop for stage-coach lines that ran the military road between St. Louis and San Angelo.

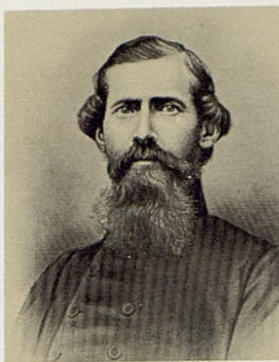
Obviously needed was an established town and something to insure its future. At a tent meeting called October 8, 1859, to discuss the problem, Robertson donated 100 acres for a town and college.

One month later a map was drawn of the future town, complete with lots and street names. Three





Major Robertson



Colonel Robertson

months later, in February, 1860, the legislature incorporated Salado College for 20 years.

A study of the college is a lesson in the Bible-belt, isolationist concepts of the 19th century. A clause was added to the incorporation resolution submitted to the Legislature to prevent "the sale of intoxicating liquors, the keeping of billiard saloons and ten pin alleys on the land . . . and for as great a distance around the same as practicable . . ."

The board of trustees—five men at first, later seven—announced, "only the best teachers will be hired, and students will be prepared alike for advanced studies in the ancient and modern languages, mathematics, etc., and for the use of the humble primer, cutting off all necessity for going or sending abroad for thorough education."

Courses were offered in elocution, philosophy, chemistry, political economy, mathematics, surveying, history, English, science and the classics, Latin and Greek emphasized, with art and music taught by private instructors.

Enrollment reached its peak of 269 students in 1861 when Texas entered the Civil War.

*"All the world was a stage . . . and Salado's footlights were never brighter."*

TEXAS was a lucky recruit in the Civil War, for her active duty was spent on the western frontier. The geographical location spared her much of the suffering encountered by the South, and was beneficial during Reconstruction.

Robertson, who fitted the North's stereotyped image of the plantation owner—white mansion, slaves, portrait of Robert E. Lee in the living room, and a rank of colonel—spent the war procuring supplies for the Confederate Army. From Salado to Mississippi, until Vicksburg fell, he hauled wagons of food and medical supplies,



Mrs. E. C. S. Robertson

including alcohol from Alexander's Still on the banks of the creek.

At war's end, Salado and Central Texas did not feel the sharp points of Reconstruction.

"The Waco-Salado-Austin line was the frontier for 14 years," explains Mrs. Robertson. "It remained the frontier for the four years of Civil War and 10 years of Reconstruction." Landowners sold their property for taxes, yet the familiar hardships of frontier life made Reconstruction more a period of status quo than a setback.

"Frank Dobie was right," she adds. "He called the period the 'Buckskin age,' because right down at the museum you can see what they made with hide: lariats, window frames, saddles, chairs, furniture, rugs. People started using looms and spinning wheels again."

Other wheels were spinning too. The economy began to improve. After all, weren't there eight mills on Salado Creek? And didn't the college have an average enrollment of 250 students? And didn't they study in the first circulating library, where the state's first two literary societies were organized?

When they were not studying, they picnicked at Tablerock, a flat, large precipice that hung over the creek on the mill road. At night, it became the lovers' trysting rock. Town legend says Sam Houston carved his initials on it someplace, but time and a flood have erased all traces of the signature, as well as toppled the rock into the river bed.

Other scars were more durable. Only remnants of the mills are visible now, but the ruts of wagon wheels on the road are still quite evident, carved by a burgeoning Salado commerce.

Cuisine competed with business and scholarship for the spotlight. Tiring of transient stagecoach guests staying at his home, Robertson, in 1859, sold property northwest of the college for a stagecoach inn, whose guestbook signatures included Robert E. Lee, Sam Houston, James Bowie, Quanto, and Lt. Col. George Custer. (Contrary to wild west legend, Custer's rank at the time of his foolhardy blunder at Little Big Horn was lieutenant colonel. His highest rank was major-general, which was temporarily given him during the Civil War.)

Salado's prosperity attracted entire families:

Like Dr. B. D. McKie, who brought his family to Salado so his daughter could attend the college, and because it was widespread knowledge that great medicinal value would be gained from drinking Salado Creek water.

Like George Washington Baines and his family. Baines was a Baptist circuit rider whose great-grandson, Lyndon Baines Johnson, would become President.

Like A. J. Rose, who was paramount in organizing the first Grange store, who became Grand Master of the Masons and President of the Texas A & M Board of Directors. Rose's direct descen-

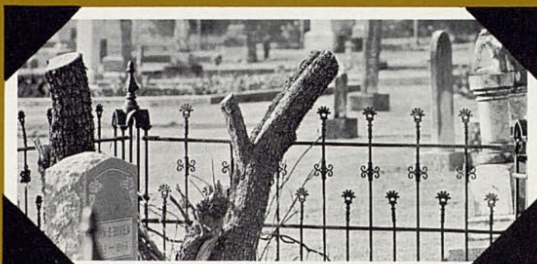


# folio: **salado**

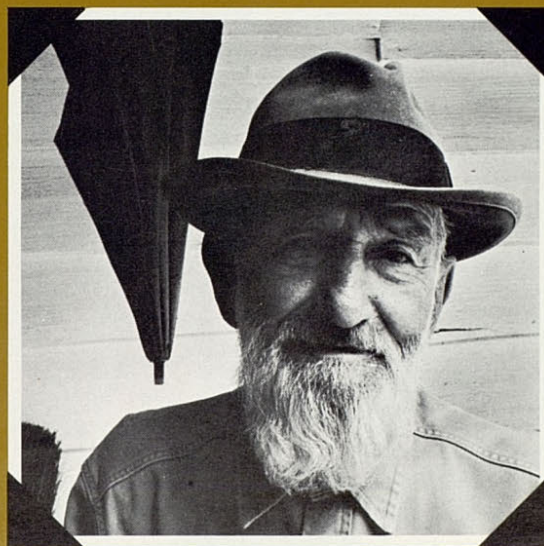
**S**ALADO is a scrapbook of history past, and history continued. On the next four pages, a cross section of Salado, the village, Salado, the creek, Salado, its people...



The homes: If only they could talk...



top: The cemetery: What God hath wrought in iron  
bottom: The Colonel's books: Meticulously kept



W. S. Rose: At 81, a character with a mind all his own



dants still live in his home at Salado, on the road to the cemetery.

All the world was a stage, now, and Salado's footlights were never brighter. A new two-story addition made the college the highest point in the area. The town's population was almost a thousand. Both the Presbyterians and the Baptists made overtures toward Salado College, but were refused because Robertson had stipulated that the institution remain non-sectarian and open to all de-

nominations. As a result, the Presbyterians founded Trinity University in San Antonio, and the Baptists built Baylor.

McKie built a 15-room, six-fireplace, 22-inch-wall home in 1867. It cost him \$10,000, which was a major investment, but, rumor had it that the railroad was due any moment.

Well, it almost made it. Surveying had begun but another depression changed Salado's destiny: the Panic of 1873. Without financing, the Missouri,



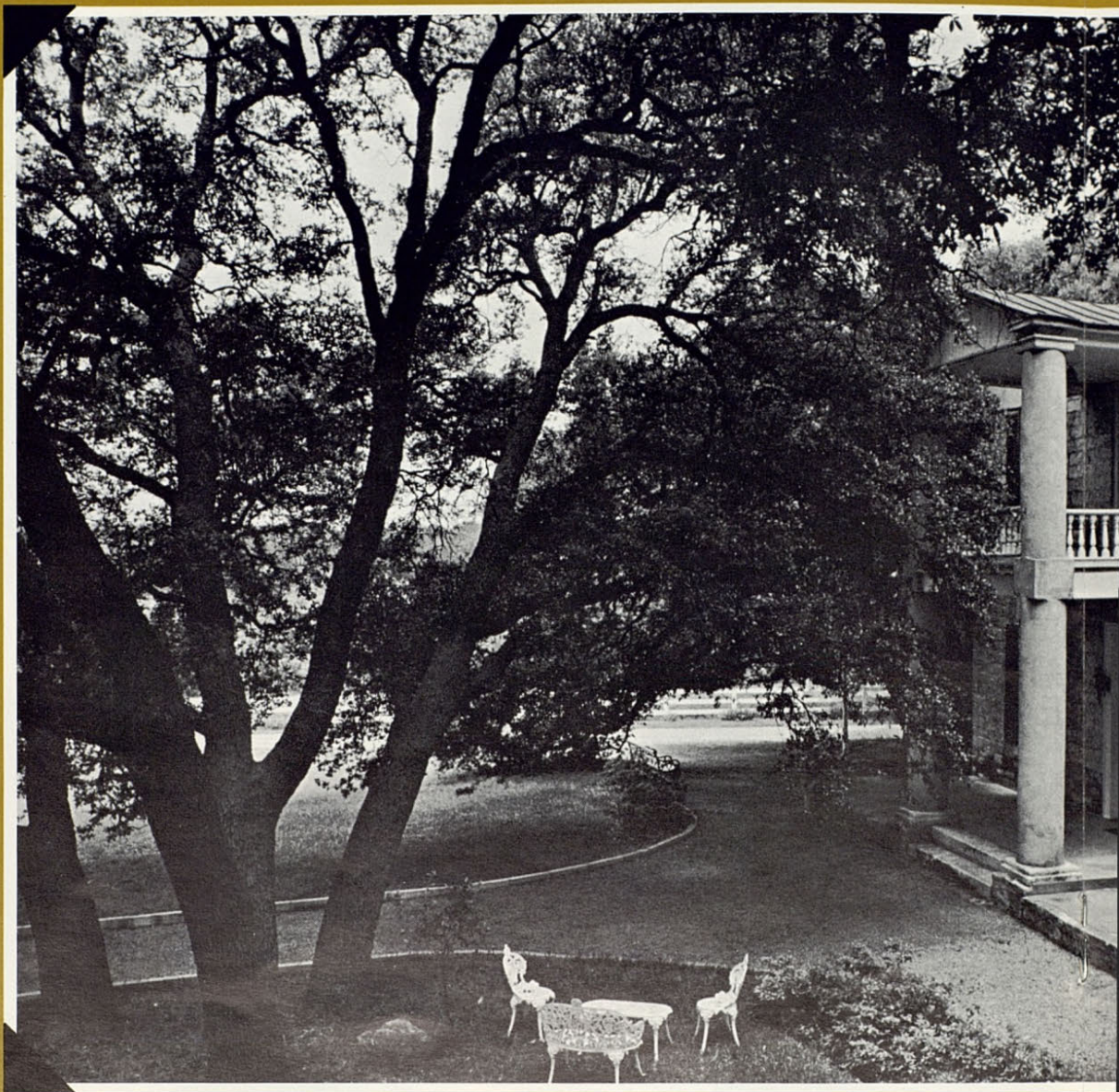
Mr. H. C. DeGrummond



Mrs. H. C. DeGrummond



Mill Creek Road: Wagon ruts carved by Salado commerce





Kansas and Texas Railroad stopped before it started.

The nation recovered from the 1873 depression; Salado did not.

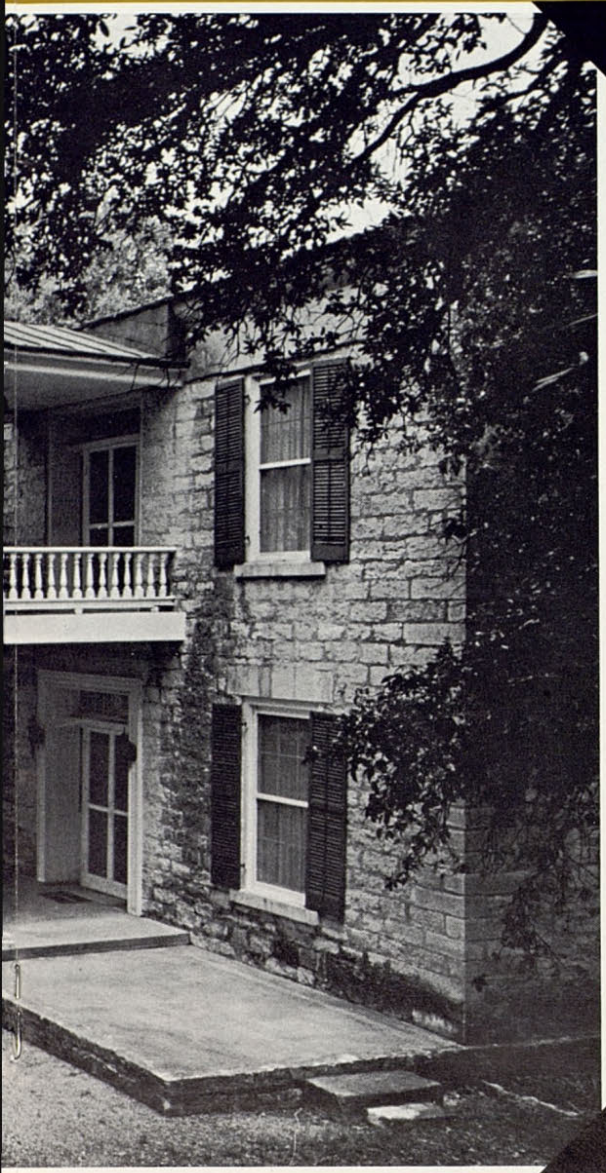
The college, whose charter expired in 1880, retired with a diploma few succeeding institutions can display—twenty years of work without a dime of endowment, debts paid entirely by student tuition.

In the later 1800's, the college became the Thomas Arnold High School, based on the British

system of academics. Appropriately, it produced a Rhodes scholar.

But when the railroad finally came — to Temple, a few miles north — Salado's shadows began to lengthen. Its population dropped from 900 in 1882 to 400 by 1914, and half that by 1950. Today, 135 "mostly democrats, some republicans, and a few Wallace supporters" call the village their home.

Chances are strong that Salado would have completely disappeared by the time of the 1929



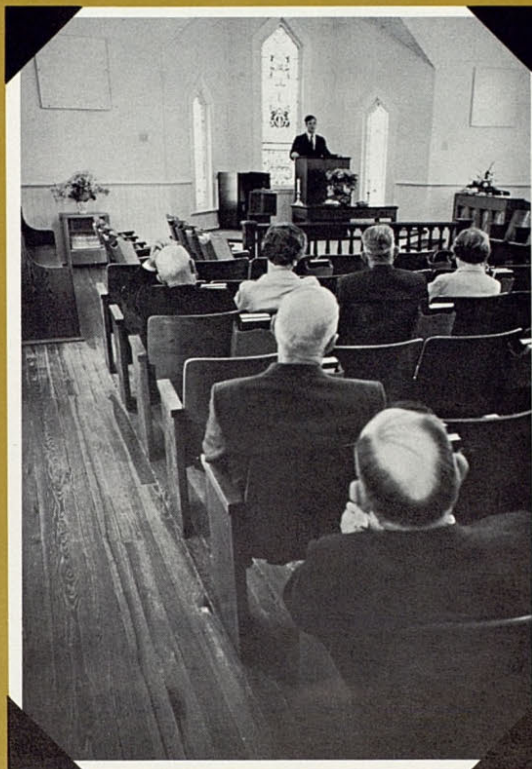
Sterling's Castle has its history, but Twelve Oaks has its charm . . .



The Stagecoach Inn



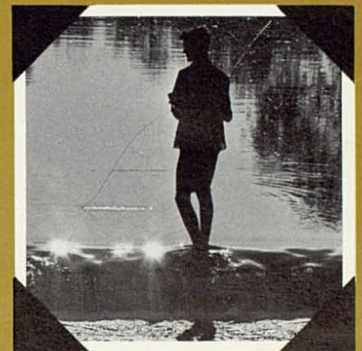
Afternoon frolic in Salado Creek



Sermon at the Methodist Church:  
28 worshippers



Grace Jones dress shop:  
Two to four digits



Fishing on the creek:  
For Inn guests only



depression. But again, a westward migration of one man altered Salado's fate. His family was from the east. His name: Dion Van Bibber.

*"... a quiescent voice begins to mold  
a gentle mosaic of a gentle man ..."*

**S**ITTING in the north room of the Stagecoach Inn Country Club, he looks toward the creek, iced tea in hand. Tailored, gray creases of his tailored, gray suit are delicately folded over his

delicately folded, 85-year-old frame. White hair, backlit by a late afternoon sun, accents his blue eyes that at once sparkle and then, focusing on something years ago, grow dim. A sip, a sigh, and a quiescent voice begins to mold a gentle mosaic of a gentle man, with detail enough to authenticate quality, but with pieces missing here and there, so that the result only hints of a greater wealth unrevealed.

"I shun personal aggrandizement. I have a com-



Stillhouse hollow: Boating by day, trysting by night



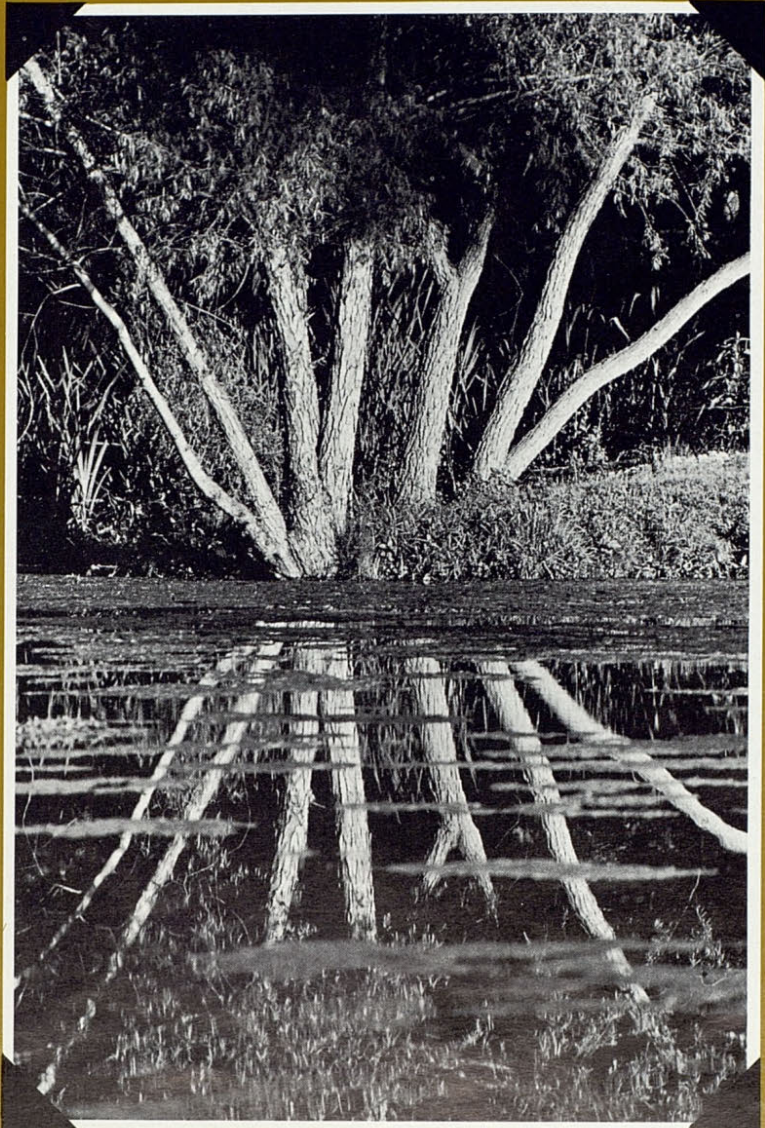
Salado College:  
All that remains . . .



Sterling's Castle:  
The Robertson House



The Central Texas Area Museum



The banks of Salado: The stream of civilization



plex about it. I am a cadet of a good house, but I have no personal luster."

But the facts of Van Bibber that involve the survival of a community override his genuine modesty.

"His work was the beginning of Salado's prominence," says a leading citizen.

First it was the creek that brought settlers to Salado, then the college. And when the mills of the creek disappeared, and the college-turned-high-school burned to the ground, the only part of Salado society that still brought visitors was the old stagecoach inn.

When the depression of 1929 came as an uninvited guest, even the inn was threatened.

"We stumbled on it quite by accident," Van Bibber says.

While in the Army, he and his wife lived in nearby Temple. "On Sundays, we would bring the fox terriers to the creek and read the Sunday papers. My wife, Ruth, saw the old inn, and told me, 'If I could just have it, I know I could have a tea room on the highway.'"

Her banker advised her not to invest in what appeared to be a ramshackled old building, but she persisted. "Well now, Ruth," he said, "you see something there that I as a banker cannot see. I'd advise you to take your money and go buy it."

She did. That was in 1943. The inn was sagging, tired from many years and many owners.

The idea of a tea room rapidly spread to a dining room, an oasis on the highway between Waco and Austin. The Van Bibbers wanted it to be "something where the motorist could get food, not just food that you get in all the hash houses.

"I wanted to be able to give them something that I would be proud to serve on my table."

They were true to their wishes. Within two years the inn — officially named "The Stagecoach Inn" — was among the top 13 restaurants on the Duncan Hines and Gourmet lists.

But the price was high. Unable to find suitable help, Mrs. Van Bibber worked in the kitchen seven years, teaching and training a staff. She originated the Inn's standard menu: barbecued chicken, meat pies, hush puppies and strawberry kiss desserts.

They opened the Inn one year before the end of World War Two, and managed to keep going until tire and gas ration-

ing were over and people started traveling again. Because the U. S. Army's Fort Hood was nearby, they rented rooms and cabins for Army family housing. An outdoor patio was the most popular spot for officers' parties, which resulted in the Inn's reputation spreading around the world by soldiers shipped out to overseas assignments.

The Inn was also a favorite spot for University of Texas parties, and the students who came would help with the work.

In the early 1960's, Van Bibber sold the Inn and retired, only to return for three and a half years in 1964 to help overcome management problems.

The Inn's success — presently among the nation's top ten — contributed to Salado's health by bringing in needed commerce. So Salado turned full circle, from a stagecoach stop to the Stagecoach Inn.

Today, Van Bibber and his wife ("At 70, she's still a good-looking gal") live in a secluded home whose broad back yard slopes to Salado Creek. She rarely cooks anymore. "When I feel like it, I cook many meals and put them in the freezer."

"It was a clubby place," he says. "I think we paid dearly for it, but we restored it. Perhaps we were doing it for Texas."

Mrs. H. C. DeGrummond, long-time resident of Salado, says the Inn succeeded because Van Bibber "made every person who came in there feel like they were his personal guests. The appeal was typical European style."

"I love people," Van Bibber explains, "if they are nice."

He talked then of Army days and barnstorming in a plane, of hurricane winds and Pacific lagoons, of tramp steamers and times alive in memory alone.

When Dion Van Bibber finished his drink and returned to his home and Ruth, he took with him

Mill Creek Development: \$100,000 look at \$30,000 price





an almost-forgotten world when girls were ladies and men were gentlemen and chivalry was a common practice. The room was more than a little empty at his absence.

*"So Salado's future is her past. And her citizens blend the two admirably."*

THE INN prospered. And so did Salado. The H. C. DeGrummonds bought the old McKie Mansion in 1936, but they didn't start permanent restoration for twenty years.

"We always wanted a historical place," they say. Today the home is officially called "Twelve Oaks," so named by the DeGrummond son, Lt. Henry Clay, who was killed in Germany in World War II. It is praised by the University of Texas as "one of the best examples of classic Greek architecture ever seen in the area."

The DeGrummonds' interest in history was not merely confined to their home. Mrs. DeGrummond and Mrs. Robertson formed the Central Texas Area Museum ten years ago. Once a year, both families open their homes for visitors during the annual springtime Pilgrimage.

Sterling's Castle may have its history, but Twelve Oaks has its charm. It is surrounded by a faithful coterie of flaring oaks that all but hide its presence. It is a stone's throw from the trysting rock, Alexander's still, and the mill creek road. It is furnished in antiques and decorated with fine paintings.

The DeGrummonds will not discuss the value of their investment, nor allow photographs of their home's interior, for fear of burglary. The nearest sheriff is in Belton, eight miles to the north, and is reached on a party-line phone.

Restoration is now a village hobby.

A small building that has been a drug store, a law office, a saloon, and a stage stop is now an antique store run by Mrs. Paul Kinnison, first cousin to Lyndon Baines Johnson. The Kinnison family wanted to restore the home of LBJ's great-grandfather, but the owners were reluctant to sell. So they bought another old home and restored it.

Col. Kinnison is proprietor of a curio shop across the street from the Inn, whose main feature is the community bulletin board and his front porch with two sit-'n-gossip benches, one marked "Democrats," the other, "Republicans." During the last election, he guessed that Wallace supporters

would have to sit on the floor.

Salado claimed Herbert Fletcher as its own. At his death last year, he was an authority on historical and rare books, was the owner of the Anson Jones Press, the founder of the Bell County Historical Society, former staff member of Gov. Shiver's staff, and a descendant of President John Tyler. When President Truman was preparing his library, Fletcher was asked to appraise material on American political history.

So Salado's future is her past. And her citizens blend the two admirably.

The Stagecoach Inn Motel, which sits between the restaurant and Interstate 35, uses an old stagecoach as a sign.

Only a wrought-iron door and an awning on Salado's old bank building advertises the Grace Jones Dress Shop, which sells more Jean-Louis fashions than Neiman-Marcus to customers from as far away as Mexico City. Christian Dior, Geoffrey Beene, Pauline Trigère, and George Hally are also represented. When Grace Jones and her husband, Curran L. Jones, came to the Salado area (where they own ranchland) and opened a dress shop, Mr. Jones warned her:

"Now, Honey," he said, "don't forget the little gray-headed lady."

She didn't. Prices begin at \$15, but can run into a four-digit figure. She handled most of Luci Johnson's trousseau, and still recalls the day when the wives of seven bank presidents were in her store at once.

The shop's success is the product of a drive that has produced in the same woman a rancher, a ferry-pilot during World War II, a student of animal husbandry, a bridge teacher, a charm school proprietress, a Vogue Magazine fashion model, a television actress and a church secretary.

"I don't want anybody else's life — I want to live mine," she says.

Some believe Salado's fate lies about a mile north of town, where one of three partners in the Stagecoach Inn Motel, H. M. "Mack" Sherrill, is president of the Mill Creek Development, a sprawling, residential area divided by Salado Creek and a nine-hole golf course.

Under construction since 1963, the development now lists a population of 14 homes — average price: \$30,000 each — and 75 families who own one or more of 500 available lots.



Salado College: Twenty years work without a dime of endowment.



Families from Washington, D. C., Washington state, Nebraska, Illinois, California and Texas have settled there.

"Our goal is to produce a \$100,000 look at a \$30,000 price," Sherrill says.

Although advertised as a community for the semi-retired, the development appeals to others. The average age of property owners is between 42 and 45, and Sherrill, who is 45, calls them part of his family. "They could hardly be called 'senior citizens,'"

Land for the development was originally owned by the DeGrummonds, who sold it in 1962.

At construction's start, citizens of Salado worried about the development's effect on the goal of maintaining their town as a restored entity from the past.

"We hope to mold past and future in a compatible manner," says Sherrill. "We like the slow pace here — it's a kind of security."

As a result, Mill Creek is the antithesis of commercialism. Next year, Sherrill will open another 20-room inn and restaurant on a mountain top that overlooks the area. It will be called the Mill Creek Inn and Country Club. Yet even with the addition of competition for the Stagecoach Inn, Sherrill plans to stay discreet.

"I could have exploited this property, made a lot of money, and gotten out quick," he admits. "But I feel there are gains other than financial."

*"God made the wind tender in Central Texas . . ."*

**S**UNDAY at Salado: God made the wind tender in Central Texas. It seems to murmur through the trees like the creek running its course.

The Salado Methodist Church is holding services. The collection plate, passed to 28 worshippers, will yield \$24, which is probably why the young minister fresh out of seminary at nearby Georgetown is leaving for Houston next week. But the church is getting a historical marker from the state, which ought to amount to something. Of course, next week, the cemetery is getting one too.

The cemetery is the highest part of the land around Salado, and if one examines the letters closely enough, he'll find the alabaster attempts at perpetual memory of LBJ's great grandfather, two presidents of Salado College, a Grand Master of the Free and Accepted Masons, and veterans of the U. S.-Mexican War, the Spanish-American War, the Civil War, and World Wars I and II.

"Are there any Korean veterans there?" someone asks an oldtimer sitting on the Democratic bench on the front porch of Col. Kinnison's general store.

"Naw, but there will be."

Over at the creek, near Twelve Oaks, H. C. DeGrummond tells a friend from Paris — France, not Texas — that the creek has never looked as nice

since the engineers altered the creekbed.

In the creek, at Pace Park, a girl much in need of a tan wades in the water beneath the toppled trysting rock. It has "Jenny luvs Mike" on it, written with blue spray paint. June-time lovers prefer the moonlight promises of Stillhouse Hollow, a few miles to the northwest, where 390,600 acre feet of water are held in check by a newly-constructed dam.

Eighty-one-year-old W. S. Rose works in his musty, upstairs room of the Rose house filled with papers and books that his father, A. J. Rose, collected. He has half of them catalogued, and will sell them all for \$1,000.

In the Stagecoach Inn, Curran Jones entertains some Austin friends by telling how he tracked a killer tiger in Southeast Asia. At another table, the Van Bibbers enjoy lunch. A color portrait of him dressed in elegant tux watches in stiff approval over their shoulders.

A week ago, fishermen would begin to gather on the creekbank north of the Inn, but today it is empty. A white sign nailed to a telephone pole prohibits them from fishing unless they are guests



*Near the cemetery: So pastoral that  
fairies might dance there at night . . .*

of the Inn, and nobody wants to rent a \$10 room just to fish for an afternoon.

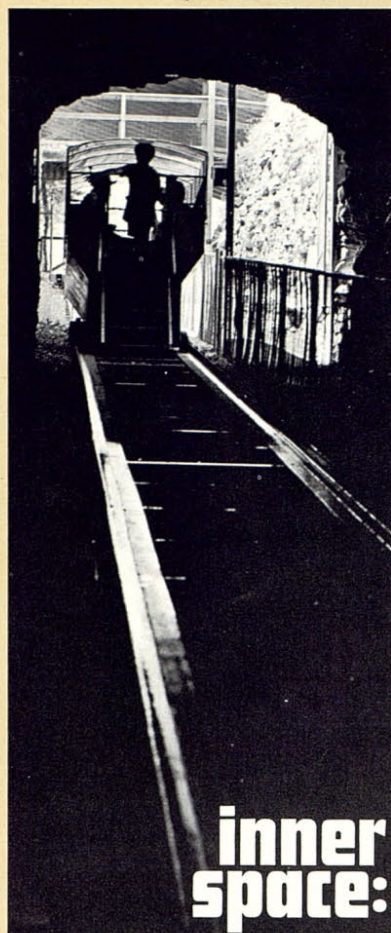
The high school gym is being prepared for the annual old timers' reunion. The work seems to get easier every year, and it is sad.

The trees have overgrown Salado's other cemetery. Only the observant notice the twin spires of Salado College — like two tombstones — south of the museum. The Robertsons would like to clear the area and light the ruins at night, sometime.

Well, someday it may be done. Meanwhile, nothing much remains of Salado College except ivy clinging to the crumbling columns, and wild strawberries at its base, nodding in the wind.

Nodding in the wind of hundreds and hundreds of autos screaming frenzied paths on Interstate 35, free of the inconvenience of Salado, of the museum, of the Inn, of Twelve Oaks, of a classbook of Texas history . . . and so much the poorer for it.





**inner  
space:**



## a sleeping beauty just awakened

**M**AN KNOWS more about the moon than he does about the earth's interior. Both vistas of space, outer and inner, offer science as many questions as answers. Both are realms of unequalled beauty.

Take Inner Space Cavern, for instance, on the outskirts of Georgetown, Texas. For 35,000 years, its beauties and mysteries were hidden. In prehistoric times giant mammoths learned of its existence in a tragic way, by falling into a sink hole. Their bones — fossilized — remained hidden as well.

Six years ago, while taking core samples of a foundation for an Interstate 35 overpass, a Texas Highway Department drill dropped into inner space. Another hole was made a few feet away. Same thing. Then another, and another.

A 24-inch hole was drilled, and a man cautiously lowered. He stayed

two hours, was "scared to death" and had trouble breathing because after 35,000 years, there was not a lot of oxygen.

He became the first of an annual tally of 6,000 tourists who visit Inner Space Cavern. But the going has been made a little easier since the driller was lowered through a hole, hanging on to the bottom of a drill bit.

Today, six years and a quarter of a million dollars later, 450 light bulbs powered by eight miles of hidden wiring indirectly illuminate a breathless wonderland of condensed nature. Inner Space, unlike many other caverns, is not a dead museum, but seems almost alive with its collection of nature gone wild with creation.

The cave was developed by the Georgetown Corporation, a group of businessmen who, according to board member Donald Duncan, financed the

venture by "borrowing a great big shoe box of money."

Of the several miles explored, almost a mile is open for tour. The walk in dust-free, 68-degree air is led by a staff of guides (who complain of frequent sore throats and difficulties in keeping permanents).

The cave's fascination is that it is a living, or "active" cavern. Ninety per cent of its formations are still growing. Many of the paths are strewn with small craters, eroded by water falling from the ceiling. The water does not stain clothing.

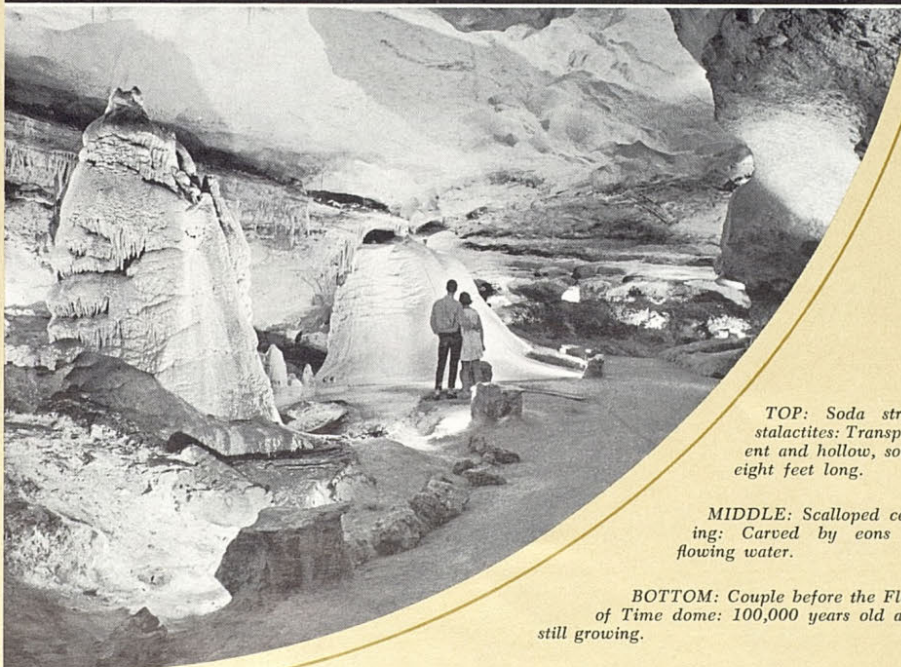
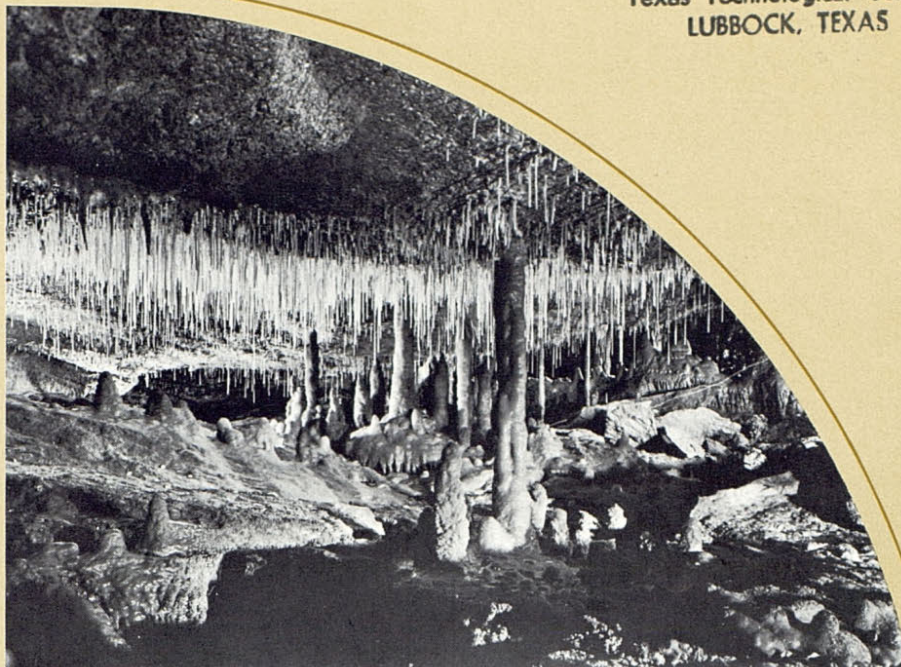
Huge limestone domes 100,000 years old, a ceiling of fossilized sea worms, soda-straw stalactites (thin, clear, and hollow), a scalloped ceiling of a room the size of a football field, are all part of the cave's fascination.

Highlight (or would it be proper to say "lowlight"?) of the tour is the





*The discovery room: One of many vistas of Inner Space tour that begins with a subway ride to the cave floor (left).*



*TOP: Soda straw stalactites: Transparent and hollow, some eight feet long.*

*MIDDLE: Scalloped ceiling: Carved by eons of flowing water.*

*BOTTOM: Couple before the Flow of Time dome: 100,000 years old and still growing.*

"Lake of the Moon," where \$6,000 worth of colored lights synchronized to music and voice create a natural drama that Hollywood would envy.

Future plans for the cave, according to Duncan, call for the development of another one-half mile of cave, to be completed by the summer of 1972. It is hoped that someday a camping area or an amusement park on the scale of Six Flags Over Texas will be created.

The cave's popularity has been heightened by the discovery of prehistoric bones, some never before classified. The latest find is one of the largest known elephant tusks discovered in the southwest.

The tour is not without humor, though. After viewing the giant domes, the Lake of the Moon, and the fossils one woman asked a guide, "Is all of this cave underground?"





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