

FORT MARTIN SCOTT

PART 1

Located on the East edge of Fredericksburg, Texas, is Fort Martin Scott, the 1st frontier fort built west the Mississippi. This fort was founded in 1848 and named shortly there after for Major Martin Scott who had been killed by a Mexican bullet during an assault on Molino Del Ray on September 8, 1847.

In 1990 the Fredericksburg Heritage Federation hired Ted Hollingsworth to take over as curator of the Fort. Several donors provided the funds for a small office, and Ted set his sights on restoring the old fort. The original guardhouse was still intact and in reasonably good repair. Following several articles in the local paper about the guardhouse and what the Heritage Federation intended to do, I stopped by to see if there might be something I could do to help.

Ted was a young man, just out of college who was excited about the opportunity to rebuild Fort Martin Scott. He was full of energy and his enthusiasm was infectious. Ted's degree was in archeological studies and I was convinced he knew all there was to know about old forts. He also made friends with Ty Cox, who owned a restoration company in Fredericksburg. They had just restored several forts in West Texas for the Parks and Wildlife Department and were experts in the type of restoration Ted wanted to do at Fort Martin Scott.

Ted said he needed at least one more building to raise interest in the community. With the help of a few volunteers they had the foundation finished on Officers Quarters E. This building was to have 2 rooms 14 by 16 built on a common foundation, and 8-foot breezeway and a common roof with a fireplace on each end.

David Anderson who worked for Gillespie County had offered the service of prisoners who had been sentenced to community service. Ted felt that with their help and others volunteers the project could be finished in 6 to 8 months. The next day I started to help and we laid the soapstone firebox base and walls for the fireplaces. In about 4 weeks we finished the outside walls of the fireboxes and chimneys with native stone.

Ted's real problem, however, was the fact that there was little or no money in the coffers to buy material. Area ranchers had donated the rock used for the foundation and fireplaces. The Archeology Department at the University of Texas in Austin had completed the archeological dig for Officers Quarters E, and was doing other on site excavation with their students at no cost.

To raise money Ted had started a \$15.00 annual membership drive that he called, "Friends of Fort Martin Scott." One of the local restaurant owners, Bob Moore of Pardee's, graciously had a

fundraising dinner, which netted about \$2,000.00 of the estimated \$13,000.00 needed to build Officer's Quarters' E. The City of Fredericksburg said they would make a contribution from the Bed and Breakfast tax, so things were looking pretty good.

Ted made a comment to me one day that we needed a source of rough-cut lumber for the floor joists, porches, etc. I pursued this with him and he said the Piney Woods of East Texas was the place to get it. He had no names of mills or locations but said that East Texas was full of lumber mills and gave me an idea of what type and sizes of lumber we would need.

The following Monday morning I packed up a suitcase and headed to East Texas. I had never spent any time in East Texas and had no set destination so I just headed East on Highway 190. When I got to Huntsville I inquired at a local gas station if there were any lumber mills around. I was told there was one just east of town, run by the Oliver Brothers.

I didn't know much about lumber mills, but it was easy to see this was a one-horse operation. Mr. Oliver was very gracious and gave me a tour. They were sawing only 2 by 4, 6, and 8-inch width lumber. It was definitely rough-cut, as the sizes varied from 1/4 to 3/4 inch in thickness and widths. His lumber was sun cured and by the looks of the lumber in the stockpiles it sure was rough cut and pretty crooked. They had one big 5-foot diameter saw, and I thought to myself, if Ted wants authentic rough-cut dimensional lumber this was the place to get it.

I explained to Mr. Oliver that the lumber we needed would be used to restore Fort Martin Scott in Fredericksburg. We didn't have much money; were desperate for help from people like the Oliver brothers, and would he be able to help us? Mr. Oliver priced his lumber to me, he also agreed that it was a good thing we were doing, but he and his brother were not interested in giving any of their lumber away. I thanked him for his time; told him I would see what I could do about money, and I would be back in touch with him.

I drove on farther East until I came to Livingston, Texas. On the West side of town, I could see a big lumber company over on the South side of the highway. They had a big sign by the entrance, Ogletree Lumber Company. This looked like a big operation, piles of logs 3 or 4 stories high with big sprinkling systems going to keep the lumber from drying out before going into the mill. There were many big buildings on the premises, with an office just inside the gate.

I introduced myself to the receptionist; told her briefly what my intention was and asked who was in charge of the mill. She said, "We are not in the retail business. We wholesale only and all of our products are 1 inch material and are shipped over seas." After some frivolous conversation she finally told me that Ben Ogletree the 3rd

was the manager of the company. I asked if I might talk with him and she said, "No."

I thanked her for her time and started out the door when I met a guy by the name of Joe Fitzpatrick, who was coming in. I said, "hi" and started to tell him how impressed I was with this big lumber mill and I sure would like to take a tour. Joe confirmed to me that Ben Ogletree the 3rd was the President of the Company as he was Ben's assistant and he would be happy to show me around.

They had saws that would cut up a whole log in one pass. Machines that would trim and cut boards to a particular width and length and a big kiln that would dry a big batch of lumber in 2 days. The more I bragged on the mill the more Joe seemed to enjoy showing me around. I finally got around to asking about Ben and the fact that he was the 3rd generation manager.

Joe told me Ben's grandfather had started the company and that Ben's dad ran the mill for some years, until he got tired of it. He had always wanted to be a banker, so he turned the mill over to Ben and started his own bank in Livingston.

As we were standing near the mill and talking, a big black Cadillac came slowly driving by. It was new, but real dirty, and a man with a big Western hat was driving it. I asked Joe who that was and he said, "That's Ben's grandfather, who started the company. He drives around the yard 3 or 4 times a day. He is 90 some years old and is supposed to be retired, but I think he still wants to be running things." I told Joe I would sure like to meet him and the next time Mr. Ogletree came cruising by, Joe flagged him down.

Mr. Ogletree was from the old school, the inside of his Cadillac looked like he had used it to haul wood, greasy tools and lotsa other stuff. He had on bib overalls, his hat was tattered and warn and showed a wide and very soiled sweatband; he needed a shave and had a big chew of tobacco in his jaw. I couldn't help but notice a little tobacco juice at both corners of his mouth. I introduced myself and as we shook hands they felt like sand paper, his fingers were all knotty and bent. He didn't smile, he just looked me over and said, "What do you want?"

Well, I told him about Fort Martin Scott and what we were trying to do. That we needed some 1-inch ruff cut lumber when he said; "I suppose you're here to see if I will give it to you?" Before I could respond he turned to Joe and said, "Tell young Ben to give this man all the rough cut lumber he needs, and to charge him 25 cents on the dollar for it." Mr. Ogletree then got back in his car and left.

This was the beginning of a great relationship with Ogletree Lumber Company. I assured Joe and Ben, that 25 cents on the dollar was just what we needed and I would be back in a week or so to pick up a load of rough-cut 1 by 12's, 16 foot long.

On my way back to Fredericksburg I had to drive right by Olive Brothers Lumber Company again. I noticed a pickup parked out front so I stopped in. Sure enough Mr. Oliver was still there and we had big talk about nothing in particular. It was after working hours and all the office girls and workmen had gone home. Mr. Oliver was setting behind his desk; he had an open, half empty bottle of 7 up in his hand, from which he would occasionally take a big swig. Having grown up in Iowa during the days of no off sale liquor, I just knew Mr. Oliver had a shot of whiskey in his 7 up.

After a time I told Mr. Oliver that I had not eaten and wondered if he could direct me to a good steak house, and where I might buy a drink or two. He said he knew of a good place and he accepted my invitation to join me.

We each had a big steak and it was about 11 p. m. or so when I got around to telling Mr. Oliver that Ogletree Lumber Company had agreed to let us buy their one inch lumber for 25 cent on the dollar. He quickly changed the subject and we had a good time until the place closed up about 1 A M. I told him I was going to check into the local Holiday Inn for the night and I hoped I would see him again sometime.

I no sooner checked into the motel and got to my room when the phone rang. It was Mr. Oliver. He said, "Jim, I just talked to my brother and he thought we ought to help you guys out over there in Fredericksburg. If you will let us know about 2 weeks ahead of time we will sell you all the rough cut dimensional lumber you need at 25 cents on the dollar."

When I got back to Fredericksburg I immediately called Ted and told him the news. Needless to say he was excited and said he would make a list of the materials we needed to get started.

FORT MARTIN SCOTT

Part 11

FINISHING OFFICERS QUARTERS E

With the help of many volunteers, we completed officers Quarters E on schedule. Ty Cox and his restoration company donated windows and doors for the building and we installed them with the help of community service people.

I had hauled one small load of lumber from east Texas using a tandem trailer that I had borrowed. This lumber was heavy and I put as much on a load as I could. I had an old Chevrolet work van that I used to pull the trailer and it was not the safest arrangement by any means. On the way back to Fredericksburg, I blew out a couple of tires that I had to replace and pay for.

We still needed a big supply of lumber, so after talking to Ted I went down and asked Ty Cox if I could borrow his big truck. Of course he said yes and that he would go with me. Herb Berry an engineer friend of mine from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, was in town for a visit so I also asked him to go along. Herb and I had made plans to go down to the coast and do some fishing as soon as I got this load of lumber.

The next morning about daylight Herb and I met Ty at his place of business and with Ty driving we headed to Livingston, Texas, and Ogletree Lumber Company. Ty was up in years and was driving because I think he was afraid that I did not know how to drive a truck that big.

When we came to Austin, Texas, I could see that Ty was getting sleepy so I suggested we stop for a cup of coffee. When we came out to the truck I told Ty that I would like to drive for a while and just crawled up the drivers side of the cab.

Before I had retired as Sales Manager for Can-Tex Industries I would occasionally ride with our 18 wheel drivers that ran all over the country. I would spell a driver if they got sleepy also felt the customer appreciated seeing the company's sales manager drive up on the job with his equipment. I think they liked the fact that I had such an interest in taking care of the customer.

It wasn't long and Ty relaxed and started telling Herb and I about his life and Company. About 5 years before I met Ty, he had turned the company over to his son Jay. I had heard about Jay and what a good fellow he was and how successful he had been in making the company grow. Ty went on to say that with Jay running the company he retired and was living the good life. Taking it easy, traveling and just setting in the shade.

Then in 1985, Jay (1949-1985) was flying his company airplane out to make a final inspection of their restoration of Fort Davis in West Texas; the weather was bad and in trying to land Jay crashed and was killed. As Ty told this story he choked up and could hardly go on. Then he said, "Jim, when Jay died, I had to take over the company again; I am too old for this, but there is nothing I can do about it." Herb and I tried to change the subject and cheer Ty up as best we could.

This was an all day trip to Ogletree Lumber Company and by the time we returned we knew a lot about Ty and he knew a lot about us. It was well after dark when we finally drove into Fredericksburg. Ty asked me to drop him off at his house and as he crawled out of the cab he said, "Jim, you just take the truck and whenever you get it unloaded, bring it back to the office."

It took another 3 or 4 months to complete Officers Quarters E, using community service people and other volunteers. We laid the floor joists, rafters, flooring and used heavy-duty cedar shingles on the roof.

When the building was finished, Ted found someone to donate several bottles of spirits and food, so on March 20th 1992 in front of the two blazing fireplaces; with many of the volunteers present, Officers Quarters E was dedicated.

FORT MARTIN SCOTT

PART-III

BUILDING OFFICERS QUARTERS-B

Having finished Officers Quarters E, Ted suggested that we start on the next building even though there was not enough money in the till for the project. I had told him that I could help more on the next one, as I wanted to learn how to build an old time building like this from the ground up. I also suggested that we might be able to get more material like sand and cement etc, donated by local merchants and I would pursue that for him.

The original Officers Quarters' B, was 28 by 32 with porches front and back, with an 8 foot breezeway in the center separating the two rooms. This design later became know as a Dogtrot, for the early Texas settlers, because the breezeway was the coolest place and dogs seemed to congregate there. It had a common roof with big rock fireplaces on either end. It had a rock foundation; adobe walls with wooden porches front and back, roof rafters and hand split shingles.

Ted Hollingsworth, the curator had received permission from the State Historical Commission to use concrete block for the walls for Fort Martin Scott if they were plastered, inside and out to look like they were made of Adobe. Other than that change, the design and materials were identical to those that would have been used in 1848.

I had an old cement mixer that I had bought in South Dakota for \$20.00 and had brought it along to Texas when we moved to Fredericksburg in 1983. It would hold about 7 shovels of sand and 2 of cement. It had some holes in the barrel and as long you didn't clean it to good, the old mixer wouldn't leak to bad.

I went to the city electrical department, and told the foreman what we were going to do out at Fort Martin Scott and said I needed to borrow enough electrical wire to go from the meter to my mixer. He was a big, tall, slim, German, good ol boy; said he would think about it and would come out to Fort Martin Scott the next morning to look the situation over.

Sure enough he came by the next day just after 8 A M. Ted and I gave him the "cooks" tour. He didn't ask any questions or didn't smile and finally said, "Where do you want this electrical wire?" After we told him, he went back to the truck and took out two big rolls of electrical wire and a roll of steel cable. He hooked up the leads in front of the meter and put a double receptacle on the end next to my cement mixer. He then attached the steel cable to the electrical wire for strength. I later measured the distance between the meter and the receptacle at about 320 feet. As he drove off he said he would send us a bill. I guess he forgot.

Next we needed sand. Weirich Brothers have a sand and gravel pit Southeast of Fredericksburg and Terry Weirich offered to give us as much sand as we needed if we would make arrangements to haul it. I called Dr. Ed Wyss, a dentist friend of mine and asked Doc if I could use his tandem trailer to haul some sand. He said he was using the tandem, but he did have an old, all most worn out two-wheeler, that he would just give to me.

Of course I took Ed up on the deal and I drove out to get the trailer. It sure enough was old; had a flat bed, no springs and was about 6 by 8 feet with two tires that were cracked and bald, and the old type, bolt hitch. I built 12-inch sideboards and a makeshift end gate and thought with a little luck and bailing wire, it would hold sand.

I drove out to Weirich Brothers and they loaded me down with a big batch of sand. I had just thanked them, when I heard this loud BANG. One of the tires blew a big hole out of the side of a tire. I unhooked the trailer and the guy with the front-end loader lifted up the side of the trailer so I could put a cement block under the axel. I took the tire off and drove into town to find a tire store.

There I met Rudy Olfers, who with his 2 sons ran the Goodyear Tire Store. I explained my flat tire problem to Rudy, told him about the trailer Ed Wyss had given us, the sand Weirich Brothers' donated and Rudy said, "We will just give you a better tire and if the other one is as bad as this, you bring it in and we will get you a better one." I did and he did.

All this took about 4 days to accomplish. Ted then called David Anderson and asked if he could bring some of the county's prisoners out the next morning, as we were now ready to start building Officers Quarters B.

David and the prisoners showed up about 9, which would be their starting time. He said he would pick them up and take them to lunch from 11:30 until 1:30; quitting time would be 4 P M.

Some years before moving to Fredericksburg I had helped build a golf course up in Springfield, South Dakota, using State Penitentiary prisoners. I had been in charge of working those criminals so I had an idea what was going to happen.

The next morning David dropped off 6 guys. He told them that Ted and I were in charge and they were to do what we asked. David then drove off and 2 of these jailbirds headed for the shade of a big Live Oak Tree. I walked over to them and said, "Fellas I am doing this work out here because rebuilding this fort will be an asset to the community and I am not getting paid for what I do. David Anderson said you wanted to help. I appreciate that and I want you to know Ted and I are not going to tell you what to do and then stand and watch you do it. I will be working with you and I don't expect you to

do anymore than I will." The two shaded jailbirds just sat there as we started to work. I waited about 5 minutes; went in and called my friend the Judge and told him my problem. Then I went back where these jailbirds were sitting in the shade and informed the two that I had a message for them from the Judge. "They could get to work or he would send the sheriff out to pick them up and they could spend a week in solitary." This was not what they wanted to hear, but it got their attention and from then on, we had no sit down strikes and construction went well.

With this crew we dug a footing, laid and cemented in big rock for the foundation. As we were setting the forms I asked a couple of the guys to give me a measurement so I could cut one of the form boards. He took my 25-foot tape, stretched out and said, "it's 13 feet, 6 inches, and two of them big marks and one little one." The next day I took several of the prisoners with me to a ranch up North of Fredericksburg to gather soapstone for the 2 fireplaces.

Prior to W W 11, a company had aspirations of mining soapstone for sale to companies who made Talcum Powder and other products that needed this slick material. After the war they changed their mind for some reason and left this enormous pile of rock on Janie's ranch.

Ted had talked with Janie about getting the soapstone and directed me to her ranch. Sure enough Janie said to help ourselves to all the stone we needed. Just be sure you close the gate so her cows didn't get out. We picked out enough rock in 3 trips to do the two fireplaces, chased off 3 rattlesnakes and hauled it all back to Fort Martin Scott.

Soapstone is real slick, so it was difficult laying this rock for the fireplace floor and inner walls. After two or three tries I finally got the knack of how to do it. The prisoners mixed the special mortar and together we built both fireplaces and chimneys.

Ted thought he had enough money to lay the cement block walls and hired a local block layer. We had about 10 or 15 volunteers helping this block layer, mixing mortar, carrying block, moving scaffolds and by late in the afternoon the entire outside block walls were in place. Our block layer was an ol hardheaded character and he decided that he had done all the Sunday work we had money for and if we were going to finish the interior two walls we would have to do that without him.

As we all stood around wondering who we could get to lay up the interior walls Ted said, "Like he sez boys, we are out of money. I guess we will have to wait until we get some more donations before we can proceed." We had the block, so I volunteered to try and lay the rest of the block myself. I had never had any experience laying block, but had watched block layers and it interested me to see if I could do it.

The next week I borrowed trowels. a straight edge. Leveling string clamps; mixed up a batch of mortar and started laying block. I had to start over a couple of times but eventually got the hang of it and in about a week I finished the two inner walls and door frames that passed Ted's inspection.

Laying the floor and roof joists on the main building and the two porches were the next project. I asked Doc Hunter, a retired physician, John Walker, a retired accountant and Ken Barth a retired purchasing agent to give us a hand. These three men and myself were all members of Memorial Presbyterian Church and we had a great two weeks working together. All of these men had moved to Fredericksburg and were interested in doing what they could for the community. As we were finishing the last part of our work John Walker, who was up on a roof rafter called down saying, "This is the first time in my life I have been around construction work and haven't hear any cussing and swearing."

Ted found someone to build and hang the doors and used prisoners to shingle the roof. After all the work was completed Ted and the Fredericksburg Heritage Federation treated all the volunteers to a hamburger supper on the front porch of Officers Quarters B.

FORT MARTIN SCOT

PART IV

There was a lull in construction activity after the completion of Officers Quarters E and B. Ted Hollingsworth was working full time trying to get a \$250,000.00 dollar grant from the State Of Texas Highway Department for the design and construction of an Enlisted Men's Quarters. It was to be a larger building than Quarters E and B and was originally built using native stone and Post Oak logs.

During this time Ted called me often and we talked at length, about his plans for the future of Fort Martin Scott. I also knew that Ted's wife was teaching school in Johnson City and without her working, they couldn't make a living on the small salary he received from the Heritage Federation. I thought his was truly a labor of love.

Ted had gone into the Fort Martin Scott project with his eyes wide open; with the idea that it would be a stepping-stone to something better. With the success he had shown in the short time he was in charge at Fort Martin Scott, he and the Fort had received a lot of good press and notice from around the state.

One Saturday afternoon Ted called and asked if I could come out to the Fort, as he again wanted to talk. I jumped in my car and headed right out. Ted met me at the door and said, "Jim, I have a problem, I just heard from the State Highway Commission and it appears we are going to get the \$250,000.00 grant. It will take a year or two to get all the paper work together, but it looks good. My bigger problem however is that I have been offered a job with the Texas Parks and Wildlife Department. They say they will give me a salary that is more than 2 ½ times what I make here. They also have found a teaching job for my wife that will pay her about 40 % more than she now makes. I will have to move probably to Houston and I need to make up my mind by Monday. What do you think I should do?" I Said, "Good by Ted."

During the next several years, I would hear Ted on the radio giving out information of various subjects for the Texas Parks and Wildlife Department. Generally his message had to do with historical facts about Texas, which is so rich in history and tradition.

On January 1st 1994 Ty Cox (1912-1994) died. Ty, as you will remember reading in my previous stories about Fort Martin Scott was an important member of the group promoting the Forts reconstruction. His knowledge of restoration, plus support of the Federation and of Ted Hollingsworth was instrumental in the success of the project

I called the office of Texas Parks and Wildlife and left word for Ted to call me. Within the hour he called and I gave him the sad news he about Ty. Unfortunately Ted could not attend the services for Ty,

but called some of the Forts reenactors and they provided a Dragoon Honor Guard from the Fort Martin Scott Cadre, for Ty and his service.

Ty was a good businessman and a true gentleman; he had the respect of all the people in Fredericksburg and around the State of Texas that knew him. He was always working in his quiet, behind the scenes manner supporting all worthwhile community projects. If ever there was a man who made the world a better place to live in, it was Ty Cox.

With Ted gone, we waited for news from the Texas Highway Department regarding the Enlisted Mens Quarters grant. Finally the Federation was advised that the grant had been approved and an Architect was hired to proceed with plans and specification. The original Enlisted Men's Barracks was a 48 by 18 foot structure, having three rooms on a common foundation and built of rock and logs, 2 breezeways, and a common roof. Eventually bids were advertised for, received, and a contractor was hired and the men's barracks was built. This was a turnkey project and there was no need for the services of those volunteers that had built Officers Quarters B and E.

I called Ted right after I had read in the Fredericksburg Standard that the grant had been approved. He said he knew that and he had been in contact with the State and the Heritage Federation. I suggested to Ted that if there was some way the \$250,000.00 could be given directly to the Federation, we could build all of the original building using volunteer labor. He agreed, but said that part of the project is no longer in our hands.

My last activity involving the Fort involved a donation by a neighbor of mine. M. G. White and his wife Betty Lou were getting up in age when Darlene and I moved to Fredericksburg and bought a house to restore across the street from them. We became friends and after M. G. died, I looked after Betty Lou on a regular daily basis for several years. After she died, her son Roger and his wife Thelma who were news reporters out east came here to finish up the family affairs. Roger knew that I had been looking after his father and mother and asked if there was anything he could do for me. I said, "No, but if he wanted to make a memorial gift in his parents name to Fort Martin Scott, that would help us construct another building." Before he left town he wrote out a check to the Heritage Federation for \$5,000.00.

Sometime later I talked with Attorney, Pat McGowan, who was an enthusiastic member of the Federation and supporter of Fort Martin Scott, about the White's memorial. She informed me that they had need for the money for some other expense; they had called Roger and he approved their wishes to use the money for something other than construction of another building.

I have tried herein to put on paper, words of my involvement in rebuilding Fort Martin Scott. It is important that you, the reader understand that there were many, many other volunteers involved also. Some were known and probably many more contributors of money, labor, material and general support were not known.

Here are a few examples: Bob Stone, a retired Border Patrol Agent has devoted hundreds of hours, maybe thousands of hours of his time working for Fort Martin Scott and the Historical Society. When I first met Bob, long before anyone thought of F. M. S., he had volunteered his services at the Historical Society complex on West Main Street. There wasn't anything he couldn't build, fix or make better. Bob was always a behind the scenes worker who has continued his efforts during and after the reconstruction of Fort Martin Scott.

After Officers Quarters E and B were completed, Bob built the bed, tables and chairs that are now in use. In the guardhouse he built the bed, the long table and chairs. Bob Stone, more than anyone I know is the most typical of those who do good things for others. My wife Darlene was on the board of directors of the Historical Society during this time and said Bob Stone was at Museum ever day, working on something.

In the very beginning of the Reconstruction of Fort Martin Scott, I noticed one day that there was a new, well-built, attractive steel gate at the entrance to the Fort. I asked Ted who built the gate? He said, "Jim, you wouldn't know the guy. He is a retired welder who lives here in town. He worked for the Atomic Energy Commission and NASA and he told me if we furnish him with the material, he would build the gate and not charge us for his labor. His name is Roland Northam." I informed Ted, I knew his man real well. I said we call him "Cherry" Northam, he and I go to the same church. According to Laura, his wife, "Cherry" got the nickname from his fellow workers. It seemed Cherry pie was his favorite and whenever he was asked what he had for lunch, he would end up by saying, "and Cherry Pie for desert."

Ernie Miller, a retired Exxon employee worked a deal with his former company for a computer system and donated it to Fort Martin Scott. Many local merchants purchased advertisements in the Fort Martin Scott Post Dispatch.

Reenactors played an important part in the historical life of Fort Martin Scott. We were fortunate to have 2 individuals in Fredericksburg to lead the way. Bruce Smith, former Director of the Admiral Nimitz Museum, and Marvin Schroeder an employee were very active in participating and promoting activities involving reenactors from all over the Southwest. They organized Frontier Encampments of U. S Dragoons, Artillery, Infantry, Texas Rangers, Western Scouts, Buffalo Hunters, Native Americans plus involving individual reenactors such as Doctors, Merchants, Dentists,

housewives as well as undertakers. Bruce's' wife Karen, Marvin's' wife Vivian were wonderful reenactors and organized activities of the early frontier womenfolk.

Last but not least was Wayne. I cannot recall his last name, but I assure you that I have not forgotten him and the times he worked for us. He came to work at Fort Martin Scott at the direction of local Judge who sentenced him to 250 hours of community service. Wayne worked diligently with a good attitude and was full of enthusiasm. He was a handy fellow to have around; he had a good imagination and continued to help us long after his community service obligation was completed.

Just before we finished Officers Quarters B, Wayne came to me and said that he felt it would be a good idea for him to move away from his memories of the troubles he had in Fredericksburg. He told me that he was going to marry his girlfriend, move to Louisiana and start a new life. He had been promised a job there and was looking forward to the job and a chance to do some fishing which was his favorite pastime. I asked him to come by and see me on his way out of town.

It was a Wednesday when he and his bride to be stopped by. I thanked him for all his good work for us and wished them well. As a wedding gift I gave them each a new Rod and Reel, plus some of my favorite fishing lures.

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