



Select Camp Legends

1. The Naming of the River...Los Brazos de Dios
2. Kristenstad
3. Shannah's Lagoon
4. Pirate's Gold...El Tesoro is Named
5. The Wishing Well
6. Martian Meadow

The Naming of the River... Los Brazos de Dios

Long ago in the days of our forefathers when the rapids swelled with fish, the forest was alive with game, and the air was thick with fowl, a tribe of farming Indians dwelled on the southern banks of the Great Water. The river by which the village boarded was the heart and soul of these people. Not a single chore could be completed without the aid of these sacred waters. The water was channeled to irrigate thirsty crops, its depths were strained for its food riches, and the cool glistening rivulets quenched many young braves' dusty throats.

Transportation would have been impaired without the use of this freeway of water. Yet, never did they paddle to the northern bank, for to cross this Holy Water might bring famine and disease to the tribe. These descendants of the mighty Caddo Indians were possessed by a warlike spirit, which terrified even the most courageous of the pioneers. The nearby settlers were constantly in fear for their lives and homes when the whoops and hollers of young warriors' dancing could be heard through the still darkness of the night.

On one such an evening a group of monks who had been traveling through the area were spotted by a scout on horseback. With loud war-whoops the Indians gave pursuit of the monks and they probably would have been captured and killed were it not for the valuable knowledge possessed by one of the monks who knew that the Indians would not cross the Great Water to the other side. With every ounce of energy the monks had from their long journey they pressed on and made it to the other side of the river just in time. The Indians, knowing the dangers of crossing the river, turned back and allowed the monks to escape.

After reaching the bank, the monks were so grateful for being alive that they knelt in a prayer of thanksgiving. They felt that God had folded his sheltering arms around them to guard them against evil... and thus they named the Great Water "Los Brazos de Dios," which means "The Arms of God."

Kristenstad

About the turn of the century a group of people led by a man name Kristen, decided to form a communal living group which they called Kristenstad. In this community the people all shared each other's responsibilities and labor so that every member of the community shared all products and services. This group of people was so self-sufficient and so separated from contact with the "outside world" that they declared that they were not even a part of the United States and owed no one tribute or taxes.

Everything would have been fine for them were it not for the fact that these people were not paying sales tax to the government for the tables and chairs they were making and selling in Granbury. One day, quite unannounced the FBI came out the investigate this community which lived in the area of the orchard south of El Tesoro and discovered that the entire village had

completely disappeared. Fires were still burning in fireplaces, food was still on the table slightly warm, yet no trace of them, footprints or anything, was left of their departure. No one knows what happened to them or how anyone knew that anyone was coming. Many have asked in Granbury of their whereabouts but the inhabitants refuse to speak about it.

Shannah's Lagoon

Many, many long years ago when this region was still unsettled there lived by the banks of these waters a tribe of Indians known as the Sun-worshippers. This tribe built their village by the Lagoon, which has now come to be known as Shannah's Lagoon, and fished and drank out of it, but no one was allowed to go into the Lagoon since they feared the evil spirits below. What was thought as the evil spirits were actually deposits of quick-sand that had dragged many of their village people down if they had stepped off into them.

Now this tribe also had a chief priest of the tribe whose daughter was named Shannah. Shannah was very beautiful and was in love with a brave young warrior named Silverfox, but neither of their fathers would allow them to marry since they had a long-standing feud many years ago. This, of course, made them both very sad, but they hoped for the day when their fathers would relent.

One day while Shannah's father was walking over the top of the fall to Shannah's Lagoon, the large ruby red ring on his hand slipped from his finger into the waters. Being much grieved at the loss of his ring, he assembled the members of the tribe and told them that he would offer the hand of his daughter Shannah to any warrior brave enough to dive into the Lagoon and bring back his ring. Being very much in love with the beautiful Shannah, Silverfox bravely volunteered to go into the Lagoon for the ring. That night there was a large feast to celebrate Silverfox's bravery.

The next morning the whole tribe lined the banks of the Lagoon as Silverfox made ready. He looked around him, saw Shannah's smiling face, took a deep breath and dived into the Lagoon. He swam around the bottom of the Lagoon looking very carefully through the eerie green light of the Lagoon waters and at last spied the ruby red ring gleaming up through the waters at him. He swam down, picked up the ring, placed it on the index finger of his right hand and swam up to the surface of the water. Then Silverfox raised his hand high above the water for all to see that he had found the ruby red ring and that he would soon marry the beautiful Indian maiden, Shannah.

Just as Silverfox was making his way out of the water, however, tragedy struck. Unknowingly Silverfox had stepped off into a bed of quicksand and began to sink rapidly. He sank so fast that no one had time to do anything...and the last thing they saw of Silverfox was the ruby red ring on his hand sinking below the water...

For many years after Silverfox drowned, Shannah mourned by the waters of the Lagoon. The Gods, taking pity on her, took her spirit while she was still young. The legend has it that her

body was buried under a tree when the tree was still young and the tree grew straight and tall with its branches outstretched over the Lagoon. Some say lightning struck the tree allowing Shannah's spirit to roam free with the spirit of Silverfox...others say that the original tree still grows...but on still nights when the moon is bright and birds call from the forest and you go and sit quietly, perhaps you may see Silverfox and Shannah as they stroll by the Lagoon in the still of the night.

Pirate's Gold...El Tesoro Is Named

Back in the early days of America when Spanish voyagers came to explore and to colonize, Spanish soldiers would sail their vessels (called "galleons") as far inland up large rivers as possible in order to save having to transport goods overland. After a point, sailing became difficult and the Spaniards were forced to carry their supplies and livestock in smaller boats. They also carried their gold with them as they progressed up the river, but when they decided to start their journeys overland they would bury their gold along the banks making maps of their burials and keep it there until they returned so that the thieves and pirates that followed them could not steal their gold.

The Brazos, however, has a way of shifting its banks so that any buried contents are often moved distances of many feet. For this reason, the Spanish people were often disappointed to find when they returned that their gold was missing...consequently much gold is still left deposited along the Brazos River.

About the year 1959 a group of picnickers along the Brazos River stumbled on a small metal box sticking out of the sand and discovered it to be a treasure box containing bits of map, glass beads and several gold coins. The treasure was quite valuable and was sold to a museum for a rather large price. Immediately following the discovery there was a rush on the Brazos River so that for many Saturdays and Sundays thereafter there was a constant flow of traffic from Fort Worth to Granbury. Nothing at the time was discovered which seems rather natural since counting both banks the Brazos had 1,200 miles of banks. El Tesoro was named "The Treasure" for it was truly a treasure discovered along the banks of the Brazos.

The Wishing Well

Many long years ago a handsome young brave and his new bride were crossing an inlet of the Brazos River when the small creek suddenly rose due to a large flood upstream. The two fought the current as best and as bravely as they could, but to no avail. The current was too much for the young maiden, and though the warrior tried his best to save his bride, the current carried her away and she was drowned. Barely making it up the bank of the other side, the young brave and his horse stared down into the river in disbelief. Gradually as the brave looked down into the puddle he was making from his dripping body, he noticed the face of his lost beloved. The longer he stared the clearer it became. Finally realizing the importance of saving this pool of water, the warrior ran to get more water and more water so that the pool should not disappear. Then an idea struck

him...he would dig a well on the spot so that he could always see the face of his beloved. The well, of course, has been rebuilt many times and the water has dried up, but many people say that if you come to the well after a long hard rain and stare into the well with belief, you may see her.

Martian Meadow

Rumor has it that one night back in the 1960s, a UFO was spotted landing somewhere on camp. Many claim to have seen the ship landing in a meadow near RuLoHo, but before anyone could get to the meadow, the ship blasted its engines and quickly took off, disappearing in the direction of Mars.

The only evidence of this landing taking place is that the exhaust from the ship's engines blew out some dust that covered many of the rocks in this meadow, causing the rocks to glow in the dark.

To this day, the rocks still glow in the dark, so those who wish to see evidence of the UFO landing for themselves and who are brave enough can wait until nightfall and then search for the Martian Meadow.