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VOL. 2, NO. 10 December, 1995

\$2.00



THE GREEN FLAG REVOLT

THE STORY OF
THE FIRST REVOLUTION IN TEXAS

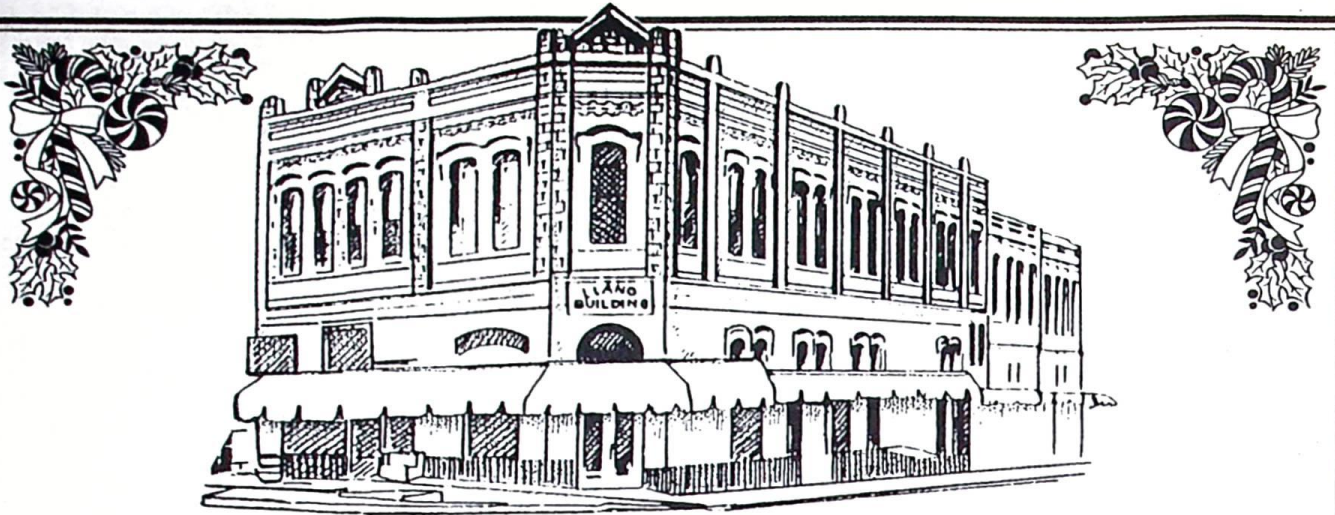
CHRISTMAS IN AUSTIN
WHEN I WAS LITTLE


LETTER FROM A DREAM WEAVER

BURKLE 95'



HILL COUNTRY
MAP INSIDE: PAGE 21



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ON THE COVER: PEACE STAR. This design signifies the coming together of the four directions in harmony at the peaceful center. Also, the influence of the Christian symbol of the cross is incorporated into this ancient Indian traditional symbol of peace. Art by Buck Burkle.



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FROM THE EDITOR

NEW DIGS

After having been adrift in the valley of crystals for almost two years, and wearing out the road between Fredericksburg and Llano on a multitude of magazine errands, we are proud to announce that *Enchanted Rock Magazine* now has a new home at 209 East Main in Llano. Our thanks go out to our Managing Editor Dale Fry for diligence in locating someone with just the right building in just the right location.

At this writing we are on the reportedly haunted second floor front porch of the Dabbs Railroad Hotel on the north bluffs of the Llano River, just across the river from what will be our new offices. Gary was kind enough to provide us with a working space with just enough elbow room and just enough electricity, gas heat and cowboy coffee to do final production on this issue. Actually, this has become a very pleasant temporary home. With windows all around, it is a very well-lighted space.

I remember well when I began producing the *Enchanted Rock Newsletter* on the kitchen (and only) table of a 19-foot travel trailer a mile north of Big Sandy Creek off of Hwy 16. Gradually we moved into an additional space about thirty yards away, which started out small and got smaller and smaller with each chair, desk, etc., until, as my Grandma Rosa used to say, "There wasn't enough room to cuss a cat." Then Charles showed up with a silver 30-foot 1946 Spartan travel trailer in which we began storing the stuff we took out of the other two spaces, but didn't use often. It too began its incredible shrinking act, what with books, magazines, files, and what-not crammed in tight.

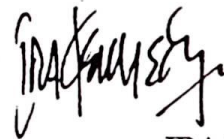
All that's over now. We've come out of the woods and onto Main Street. We invite any and everyone to drop in for a visit—Please.

Also, in the good news category for this month, Baylor University Library contacted us to order a complete set of back issues and a year's subscription. While on the university front, let it be known that The Southwest Texas State University bookstore in San Marcos, one of the most beautiful Hill Country towns, now carries *Enchanted Rock Magazine*. I trust some of my friends and professors at SWT will figure out what happened to me since 1982.

Looking back over this year has left me humbled by the countless acts of kindness and help that have made it

possible for us to continue to bring our readers the spirit of the Hill Country through our pages. At times it seemed we would be working on a shoe string budget, if we only had shoes. For instance, this editorial is being typeset on a fancy new Macintosh Powerbook loaned to us for this production cycle by Mr. Egbert Jakobs, EROCK subscriber, originally from Aachen, Germany, now penning down the short rows of his doctoral thesis at The University of Texas at Austin, the largest college in the Hill Country.

We're rolling toward 1996 with a full head of steam and clear track before us. Just at press time we have welcomed aboard Mr. Gary Smith, owner and operator of the Dabbs Railroad Hotel. Gary, as Sales Manager is bringing his life-long knowledge of the Hill Country to provide a unique perspective on how to boost our advertising and subscription sales throughout this vast region. We are looking forward to working with more and more of the little Hill Country communities and businesses who can really appreciate our efforts at Revealing the Secrets of this land above the Balcones Escarpment.



IRA KENNEDY

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Marble Falls, Texas

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NEXT DOOR TO HEAVEN

by FRANK HILL

In our little cabin home on a dead end road
Deep among those hills where the Rio Blanco flows,
Living in a style we've come to call our own;
Never in a country mile do we ever feel alone.

Caliche limestone hillside, four season creek below.
Rock and cedar homestead, spirit of the buffalo
Roaming through bluebonnets, Indian paint brush in spring.
Next door to heaven, the best of ev'rything.

But I wish I had a pony like Grandad gave to me
Before we learned to pick and grin, I was only three.
We'd saddle up and ride away out on that open plain.
No interstate, no drillin' rig, no bob wire, no train.

Rain waters fall on our Tennessee roof.
Longhorn dogies bawl, Texas cattle on the hoof.
The cistern is full, stock tanks free to flow;
Livin' the good life as in the long ago.

Picture window framing our homemade feather bed,
Milky Way a-twinklin' each night around our head.
Dreaming of each other while we sleep entwined;
Jane and I together, we call each other "mine."

But I wish I had a pony like Grandad gave to me
Before they built that cotton gin in 1943.
We'd saddle up and ride away out on that open plain.
No interstate, no drillin' rig, no bob wire, no train.

I could not change my life now for days of yesteryear;
Would not forsake my darlin' for memories so dear.
But I still dream of buffalo, grass up belly high;
Wild horses before rodeos threw cowboys to the sky.

I wish we had two ponies like Grandad gave to me
When ridin', ropin' and 'ranglin' were the three Rs
that kept you free.
We'd saddle up and ride away across that open plain.
No interstate, no drillin' rig, no bob wire, no train.

Next door to heaven, I wish I had a pony.

1995

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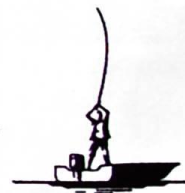
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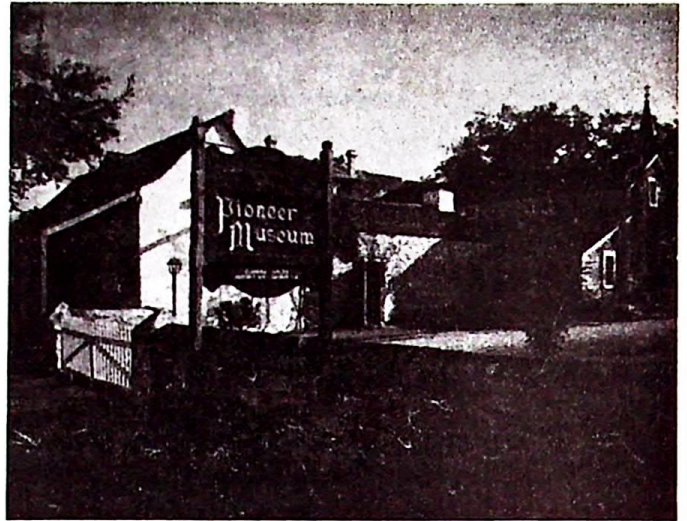
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Continued on page 12

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LETTERS

APPRECIATIVE

I have read about 5 of your issues during the past year or so and enjoyed them very much. So much so, that I would like a complete set of back issues and a year subscription.

We have been Hill Country residents since 1990 and have grown to love the time we spend here. The history and lore of your magazine gives us an appreciation of our area.

Sincerely,
Boo McRobert
Horseshoe Bay, Texas

WHERE IS IT?

I read about your magazine in the *Austin Chronicle*. Sounds interesting, but I don't know where to find it in Austin.

Help,
G. Dotson
Austin, Texas

Enchanted Rock Magazine is available at over 100 newsstands in the Greater Austin Area, including Barnes and Noble, Bookpeople, Bookstop, Congress Avenue BookSellers, The University Co-op, Fiesta Market, and at participating 7-11s, Stop&Go's, Circle K's, as well as many independent convenience stores from Elgin to Spicewood. *Ask for it where ever magazines are sold in Austin!*



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Austin wasn't always the way it is today. Before the shopping malls and the interstate, Loop 1, and the silicon chip there was an Austin that was mostly a town . . . had almost nothing city about her. This is the Austin where I remember the Christmases when I was little.

Of course, I don't remember my first few Christmases. That's when we still lived in South Austin in the little stucco house on the southwest corner of Algerita and Glendale in the area known as Travis Heights. All the

Christmases I do remember was after we moved out north, to the northwest edge of Austin, in the neighborhood known as Allandale.

There was the bicycle Christmas, the B-B gun Christmas, the electric train Christmas, and the banjo Christmas, but its rather hard to sort it all out now . . . those Christmases when I was little.

We had a big, real Christmas tree each year back then. Tom, John and I would get up early Christmas morning and open up the packages under the tree. And, though we didn't have a

chimney, we had stockings with tangerines, Brazil nuts, walnuts, and almonds still in the shell. Later mother's allergies got so bad we went artificial and it never seemed quite the same.

I think it was the first Christmas in North Austin. It was a bright sunny Christmas time. The Sears truck arrived out front and off-loaded three brand-new bicycles to go with our brand-new neighborhood with brand-new streets. Tom and John got full-sized bikes, but mine was littler and daddy put training wheels on it until I was a little bigger.

There in Allandale we lived at 5705 Susie Court, a cul de sac . . . a round, curbed and paved area maybe ninety feet across. It was ringed by a brand-new sidewalk traversed by each driveway of the six houses that shared the court . . . the perfect place to learn to ride. I remember sitting on my little bike with the training wheels watching daddy helping my oldest brother Tom learn to ride. Daddy got him up and peddling and then

CHRISTMAS

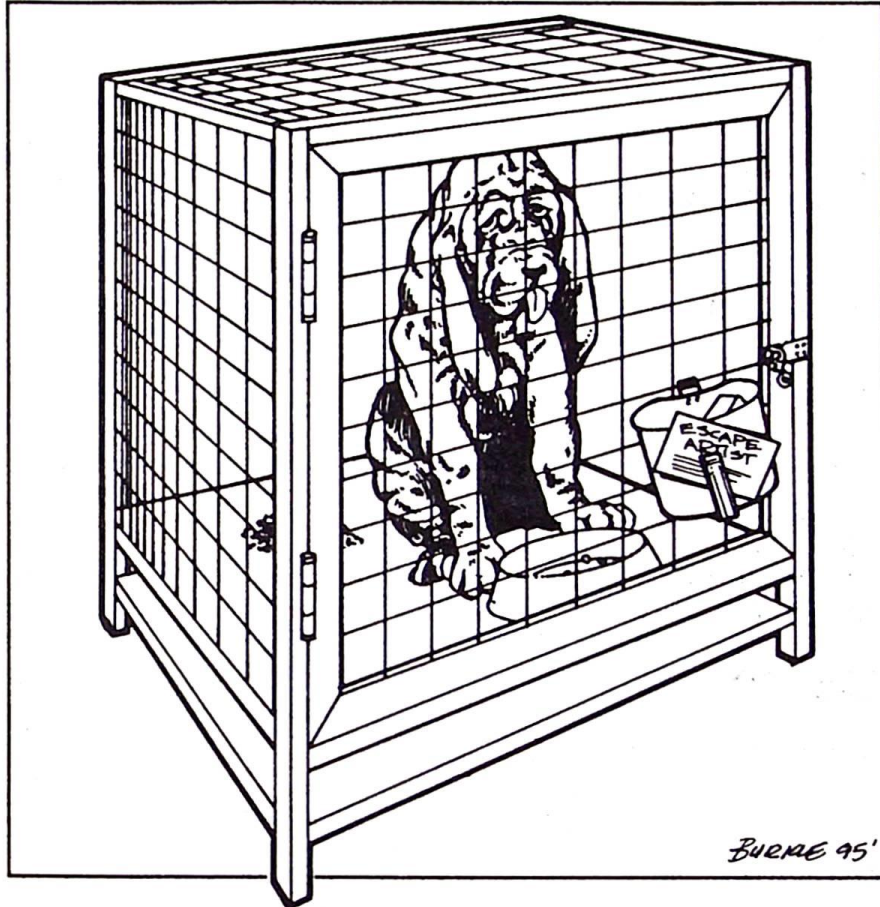
WHEN I WAS LITTLE

IN AUSTIN

by CHARLES TISCHLER

During those years daddy's
Animal Hospital was on
Burnet Road and the
Christmas season meant that
the place was overflowing
with dogs and cats being
boarded for the holidays.

let him go. I watched the whole process first with pride and excitement then with horror as Tom, under his own power, crossed the mouth of the court. He could peddle, but he hadn't yet figured out the handle bars or the brakes. He bounced up over the curb and crashed right into the concrete post that supported the orange and white street sign on the corner. He



bounced off the post and landed hard. He started crying, but daddy ran up and picked him up off the ground and then straightened the handle bars. It wasn't long at all until all three of us were orbiting Susie Court. We logged hundreds of miles riding in circles.

Later we rode to school sometimes. And, after school I might ride over to Scott's or David's. We wore those bikes flat out on adventures farther and farther from home. You see, the Allandale neighborhood straddles the Shoal Creek watershed, for all practical purposes lies in the evening shadows of the Balcones Escarpment. We would ride those bikes west over the railroad tracks and go play at the gravel pit on the old gravel roads and trails just

beyond the northwest edge of Austin as it was in the mid-1950s.

After the BB-gun Christmas we'd be armed and dangerous, wreaking havoc on any available target in the several hundred acres of the abandoned dolomite mining operation above Balcones Drive. The targets ranged from bottles and cans to the steel hulks of the abandoned military mining vehicles.

No matter how happy the animals had been back in the kennel, when their owners arrived the dogs would do everything they could to convince the owners they had been sorely neglected.

At Christmas Mother always worked too hard and fixed too much and got too tired and stayed up almost all night long on Christmas Eve fixing the Waldorf salad, the dinner rolls, the cranberry sauce and cornbread dressing to go along with the huge turkey with enough brown gravy to float it in.

During those years daddy's Animal Hospital was on Burnet Road and the Christmas season meant that the place was overflowing with dogs and cats being boarded for the holidays. One of the rituals was to make up a couple of huge plates of our Christmas dinner fixin's for Sam, the kennel man who worked for Daddy for over twenty years.

Samual Lee McGregor was originally from Winchester, Texas, but had gone to work for daddy in the mid 1950s. He always called me Mister Charles and really was probably the closest adult friend that I had during those years when I was little. He had served in the Korean conflict, and when he first worked for Daddy he drove a great black Harley Davidson

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motorcycle and he wore black leather with silver studs and a billed motorcycle cap.

But Sam didn't work every day of the holiday season and it would fall to us boys to go down to the hospital and take care of the dogs and cats.

Like I said before, the place was full. The dogs were held in steel bottomed wooden and wire silver-painted cages. There were three rows stacked with smaller cages of the same design on top. On the door of every cage there was a aluminum army surplus canteen cup to clip the animal's card to and hold any medicines or special treats the animal needed. The cats were kept in silver, welded steel cage units stacked three high, with larger cages on the bottom level. These units had removable sheet metal floors.

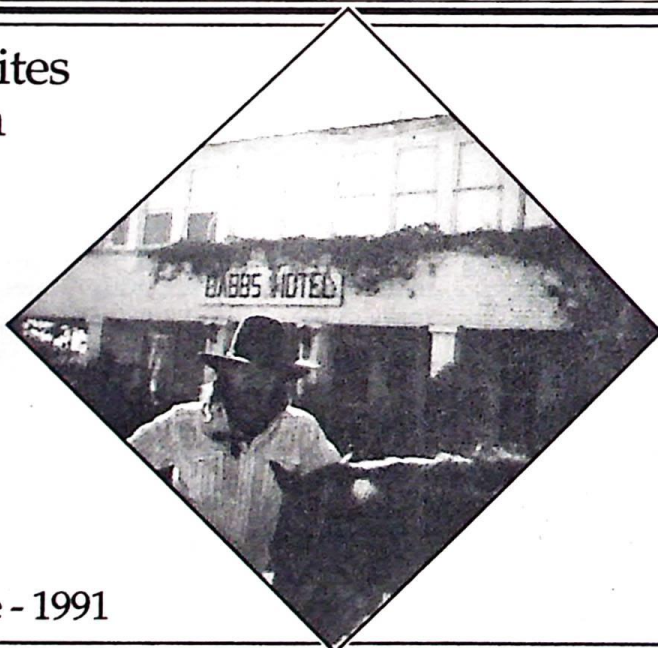
Most of the year the top row of these cages was used to store the heavy ceramic water bowls and such, but during the busy holiday season we only kept one cage empty so we could swap out the animals.

I would remove the animal and move him into the clean, freshly papered cage, all ready with fresh water and a paper bowl with just the right amount of Purina Cat Chow. I would move his card to the cup on his new cage. Then I would take out the water bowl from the dirty cage, wad up the soiled and wet newspaper, stash it in the big metal garbage can, pull out the sheet metal floor, take it to the big elevated old-fashioned bathtub in the back and scald it down with

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water. The clean hot steel floor would be dry by the time I slid it back in the cage. Then I would ready the cage for the next animal. And the process would repeat itself until everyone was taken care of.

We wore grey smocks that tied in the back. When I was little the smock would be pretty big on me and the sleeves would gap open. That top row of cages was well above my head and it wasn't so easy to swap those cats. I clearly remember one morning, standing on my tiptoes, getting a good grip on a particularly shy cat by the skin on the back of his neck. The cat, probably afraid he would be dropped, kinda put on his brakes, claws out. As I drug the cat forward he drug out the soiled newspaper with him, pouring a stream of his waste down the gaping left sleeve of my smock onto my naked skin. I never quavered. Once you get hold of a cat you don't let him go until you're finished with him.

The dogs weren't the same as the cats. We would open the wire and wooden cage and put a leash made of rubberized clothesline cord around his neck and walk him back to the cement dog runs in the back of the building. We'd let them do their business while we got the cage ready for him. Most of the time the dogs didn't foul their cages, except for those crazy puppies who could get real productive and creative with what they did to the newspaper in the cage. After awhile you got pretty good with that clothesline leash, and on occasion would make a fair rodeo lassoing of some dog who thought he could get away.

Every once in while there would be a felt-tipped message on the card clipped to the cup . . . ESCAPE ARTIST. We usually kept those in the largest of cat cages because they could chew up those wooden and wire cages pretty good and once or twice they actually got loose in the kennel.

We'd have to go back to hospital in the afternoon and repeat the tending chores. Occasionally responding to the buzzer when folks would come to pick up their pet. No matter how happy the animals had been back in the kennel, when their owners arrived the dogs would do everything they could to convince the owners they had been sorely neglected. And the cats would yowl from their carrying cages.

Allandale is no longer a new neighborhood and it is no longer on the edge of Austin. The gravel pit turned into Northwest Hills and the abandoned military mining vehicles disappeared.

Daddy still lives in that house on Susie Court, and on occasion we'll talk about those Christmases when I was little.



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FREDERICKSBURG'S PIONEER MUSEUM

Continued from page 6

Meusebach Room, the three pioneer kitchens with open hearths and the Nimitz family photo collection and Nimitz cradle.

FASSEL HOUSE

Just west of the Kammlah House is the Fassel House, a small Victorian home built in several stages and enlarged about 1875. Restored by the Society, it is furnished with many fine pieces of Fredericksburg furniture.

SUNDAY HOUSE

Sunday houses are a unique Fredericksburg institution and served the rural farm and ranch family as a home away from home when families came to town for church services, shopping and trading, medical attention, confirmation instruction, school attendance and special family celebrations. Within the Pioneer Museum Complex is an authentic Sunday House that is furnished with many original pieces of furniture, circa 1900.

LOG CABIN

The Walton-Smith log cabin built in 1979, along with several outbuildings, is a step back in time and typical of early pioneer life. The cabin is furnished with many items reminiscent of the settlers.

WHITE OAK SCHOOL

A one-room school house built in the 1920's, is new on the grounds of the complex.

FIRE MUSEUM

Fredericksburg Heritage Federation constructed the small museum which houses fire fighting equipment used in the early days of Gillespie County.

CHRISTMAS TOURS

The Christmas Candlelight Tour is sponsored annually by the Society. Featured are historic homes and buildings of this area. Special German Meal Tours are individually planned and include the Pioneer Museum complex, the Vereins Kirche and additional old homes. Information is available by calling 210/997-2835 or writing to the Gillespie County Historical Society, 312 W. San Antonio St., Fredericksburg, Texas 18624.

HOURS

The Pioneer Museum Complex at 309 West Main Street, is open to the public daily from early spring to late fall. Hours Monday thru Saturday from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. During winter months, Saturdays 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Sundays 1 to 5 p.m.. Closed weekdays. Admission Free.

DON'T HIT THAT DEER!

Motor vehicle collisions with deer will increase in the next few months as deer movement across roads increases. Motorists should be alert for deer on both rural roads and in urban areas near undeveloped land, as collisions with deer can cause extensive vehicle damage and driver injury. During late summer and early fall, deer change their feeding activity and begin to forage more widely as acorns begin to fall and browse plants become more important in their diet. Fawns switch their diets from mother's milk to vegetation and also increase their movements.

Although many roads have posted signs indicating the locations of major deer crossing areas, motorists should not assume that deer will cross only at these sites, as collisions with deer may occur anywhere in Texas.

Deer often move and feed in groups. So if motorists see one deer, they should be alert for others nearby that have not yet appeared.

"It's a good idea to look in the direction the deer came from and not focus on the deer that's already crossed the road," said Jim Dillard, Texas Parks and Wildlife Department wildlife biologist in Mineral Wells.

Deer blinded by headlights at night do not react as they normally would during the day. It is not uncommon for deer to reverse their direction or stop abruptly when approached by a fast-moving vehicle. Deer often feed along roadway ditches where water drainage allows the growth of preferred forbs and weeds not found in more arid, adjacent pastures.

During the breeding season, bucks chasing doe are distracted and can become victims of collisions because their natural defense mechanisms that might alert them to danger don't kick in.

It is unlawful to pick up or possess the carcass of a deer or other game animal that a vehicle has hit on a public road. Neither the State of Texas nor TPWD is liable for damages caused by these accidents.

For all of these reasons, motorists should be especially careful during the next few months, and parents should caution their young drivers who may be less aware of the potential for dangerous collisions with deer.


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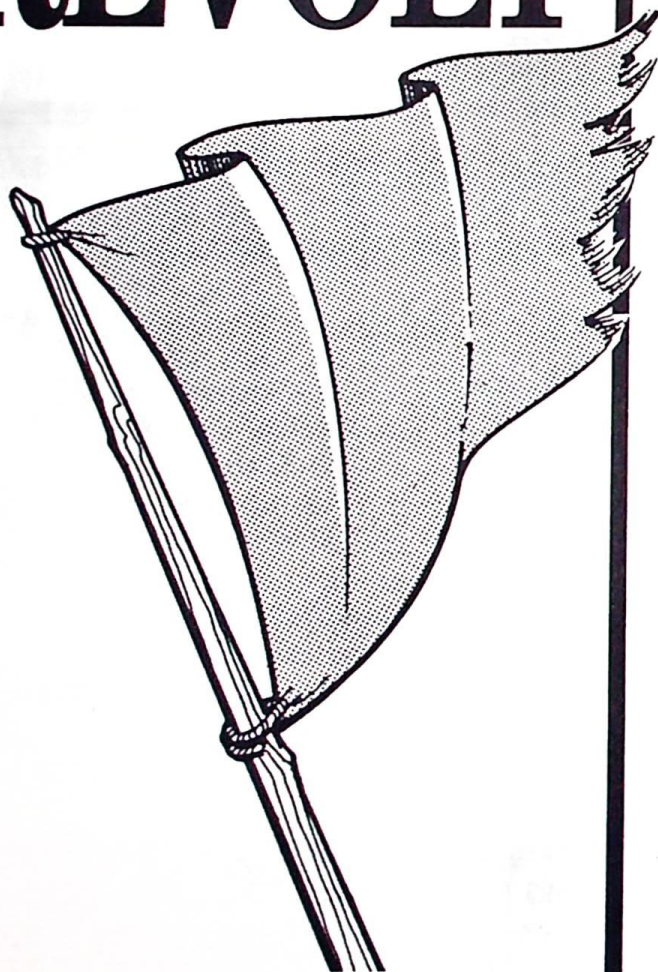
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THE GREEN FLAG REVOLT



by STEVE GOODSON

Art by BUCK BURKLE

Most of us are familiar with the revolution of Texas against Mexico which culminated in the defeat of the Mexican forces under Santa Anna at San Jacinto on April 21, 1836. However, it is not so well known that Texas was involved in an earlier insurrection twenty-three years preceding the Texas Revolution. This conflict had much to do with shaping the native Hispanic opinion and participation in the Texas Revolution of 1836.

At the beginning of the 19th Century, Spain was the strongest European power present in the New World. Spain ruled virtually all of South America, excepting Brazil and three colonies owned by France, England and the Netherlands located on the northern Caribbean coast. Spain also controlled all of Mexico and Central America except for a small English colony on the Honduran coast. Spain ruled Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada, California, Utah and Colorado, and parts of Oklahoma and Wyoming.

Despite Spain's great power exercised in the New World, within one hundred years she would lose virtually all of her vast holdings in the Americas. Much of the loss has to be attributed to the feudal policies that Spain pursued in its New World colonies. Essentially every *thing*, every policy was directed from Spain. Spanish officials ruled every detail of daily life through the church or civil government. All plans had to be approved by Spanish authority. If someone wanted to establish a town, one had to be ultimately approved by the king through the intervening bureaucracies which existed layer by layer, all the way to the throne. These bureaucracies consisted of two types of aristocrats, *peninsulares* (those of Spanish blood born in Spain) and *criollos* (those of Spanish who happened to be born in the New World). *Peninsulares* made up the very highest level of New World government and ecclesiastical offices. *Criollos* made up the lower positions of church and government leaders. Below these two groups were the mestizos (those of mixed Spanish and Indian heritage) and at the lowest end of the scale the Indios (those of Native American extraction).

On the night of September 15, 1810, a mestizo priest, Miquel Hidalgo, raised a *grito* (or shout of revolt) against the existing Spanish government in Dolores, Mexico. This was more a social insurrection than a national rebellion against Spain. Hidalgo's *grito* concluded with ¡Viva el Rey Fernando! With an army consisting of mestizos and indios, Padre Hidalgo captured the town of Guanajuato and set up a provisional government. This army then seized Guadalajara and subsequently the provinces of Coahuila and Nuevo Santander joined the insurrection.

This revolt further divided the different classes that made up the population of Mexico. Most of the professional and merchant middle class, along with the landowners, the army and the Church sided with the Spanish authorities. The revolutionaries came mostly from the lowest classes and most of their leaders came from the lower orders of the clergy. This division of social classes doomed Padre Hidalgo's revolt from its inception. The revolution failed to capture the major cities and eventually the leaders were hunted down and executed.

The execution of Padre Hidalgo did not end the revolution, however. Guerrilla warfare lingered. One of the leaders of this

guerrilla warfare was a tradesman, in the town of Revilla in Nuevo Santander located on the Rio Grande. In 1811 the Spanish army's advance chased him out of Revilla, and he headed east toward Louisiana. In September, he entered the Neutral Strip closely pursued by Spanish troops.

This Neutral Strip was in essence a no man's land claimed by both Spain and the United States. After the acquisition of the Louisiana Purchase from France in 1803 the United States claimed the Sabine River as the border of Texas. Spain maintained that the border was forty miles east on the Red River. Rather than openly dispute this border, authorities on both sides agreed to pull back their troops from the territory in question. This neutral territory soon harbored a hodgepodge of thieves and murderers who terrorized the law-abiding citizens of the surrounding areas.

This neutral ground was about forty miles wide with the only definite borders being the two river beds. The situation along the strip deteriorated until finally the US Army sent a young lieutenant, Augustus Magee, to regain some sense of order in the Neutral Strip. Magee quickly broke up the bands of cutthroats, hanging the known murderers and flogging the others.

After taking control of the Neutral Strip Magee met some of the Mexican revolutionaries that had fled to Louisiana. He, like many others before him, came to view Texas as land of unbounded opportunity. Bernardo Gutierrez de Lara had busied himself in Louisiana by gathering support to rebellion in Texas. He soon crossed paths with others, incursion Texas. Gutierrez and broadsides and recruit men.

The men Magee recruited came to be known as the Republican Army of the North. It consisted of some Spanish regular soldiers who supported the Mexican Revolution. The bulk of the army was made up of Americans lured by the promise of good pay and lots of good land in return for serving in the revolution. The flag chosen to fly at the head of the Republican Army of the North was solid green. Many of the Americans in this army were of Irish descent who had left Ireland because of English domination. No one knows for sure, but some believe that these Irishmen chose green for their flag in remembrance of their native homeland and the repression they had experienced there.

The green flag entered Texas on August 7, 1812 at the head of an army which totaled about five hundred men, ninety-nine per cent of them American. They met a mule train carrying wool and minted silver with one hundred men under the command of a Spanish army colonel named Zambrano. The mule train was put to flight, retreating to Nacogdoches. The commander of the Spanish garrison there, named Montero, sounded the alarm and ordered the local militia to take up arms. The citizens of Nacogdoches held little loyalty for the Spanish, having been ordered by royal decree to abandon their town and possessions several times. Montero rounded

up the garrison and militia and immediately set out for San Antonio. A militia captain called a halt, and all of the militia and all but ten of the regular soldiers deserted and went back to their homes in Nacogdoches.

Nacogdoches then welcomed the Republican Army of the North with open arms. The town turned over all the guns and powder the Spaniards left behind, lots of food and six hundred horses and mules. In addition they got everything on Zambrano's mule train — eighty thousand pounds of fine wool and all the silver coin, all this totaling some \$60,000.

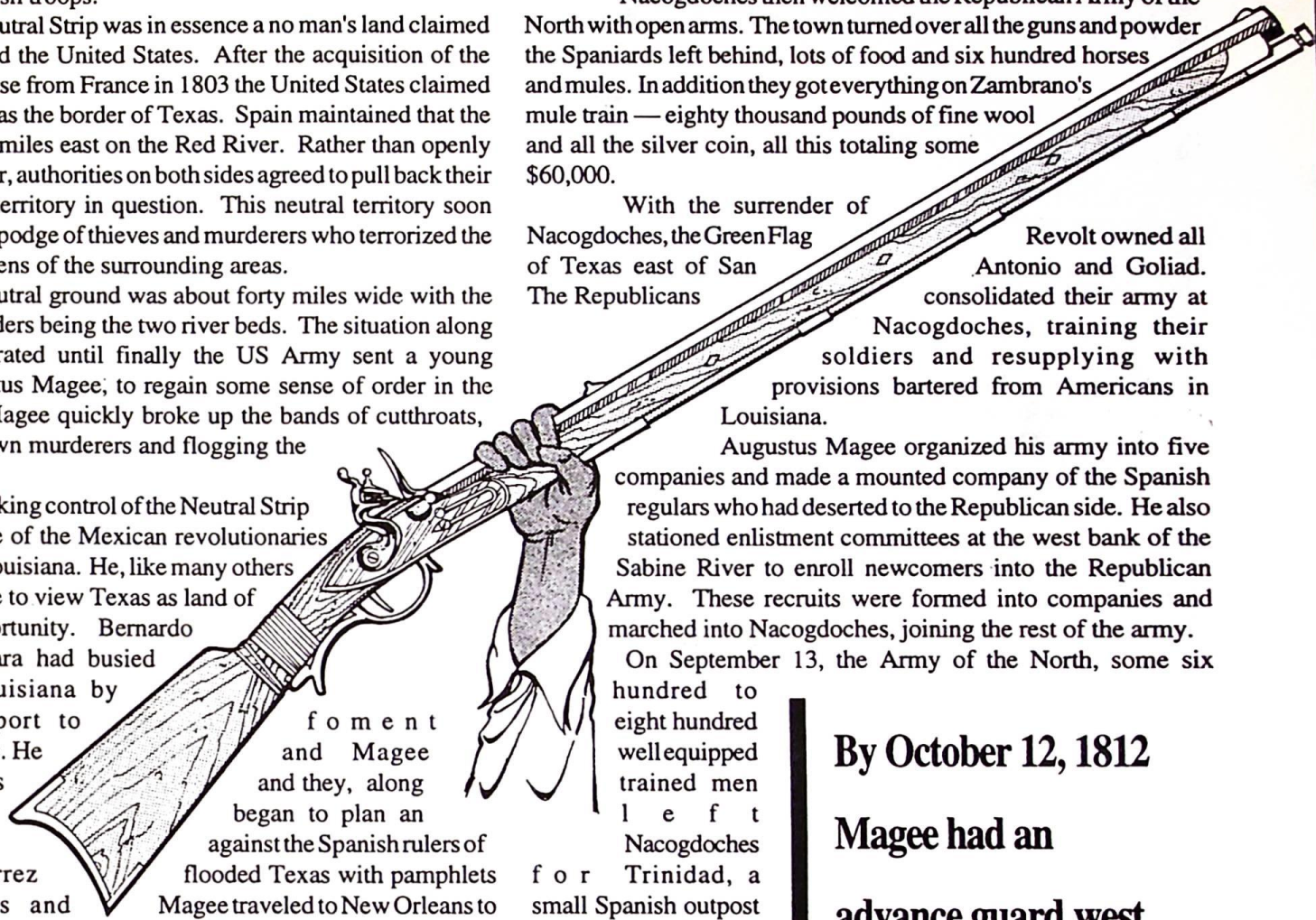
With the surrender of Nacogdoches, the Green Flag of Texas east of San The Republicans
 Revolt owned all Antonio and Goliad. consolidated their army at Nacogdoches, training their soldiers and resupplying with provisions bartered from Americans in Louisiana.

Augustus Magee organized his army into five companies and made a mounted company of the Spanish regulars who had deserted to the Republican side. He also stationed enlistment committees at the west bank of the Sabine River to enroll newcomers into the Republican Army. These recruits were formed into companies and marched into Nacogdoches, joining the rest of the army.

On September 13, the Army of the North, some six hundred to eight hundred well equipped trained men left Nacogdoches

for Trinidad, a small Spanish outpost on the Trinity River about one hundred miles to the southwest. At this time Manuel de Salcedo the Royalist governor in San Antonio recalled the soldiers at Trinidad and called for help from the Spanish authorities in Mexico. By October 12 Magee had an advance guard west of the Trinity River, and the invasion of Texas by the forces marching under the green flag had begun in earnest.

At this point Governor Salcedo formed an army of fifteen hundred troops and stationed them on the Guadalupe River in an attempt to hold Magee north of the river and out of the major Spanish holdings in Texas. Magee, however, flanked the Spanish army,



**By October 12, 1812
 Magee had an
 advance guard west
 of the Trinity River,
 and the invasion of
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 marching under the
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bypassing them and striking the remaining small garrison of soldiers at La Bahia—known today as Goliad—thereby capturing the second strongest Spanish outpost in all of Texas. Inside, Magee found the Spanish army's commissary and pay chest. Magee paid his men in Spanish silver while Salcedo and the Spanish army raced back to Goliad to besiege the Presidio La Bahia.

The Republicans, behind the walls of the fort with food and artillery, refused the Spanish Royalist's demands for surrender. A siege of four months duration ensued. The Royalists attacked from time to time and were driven back repeatedly with heavy losses. In fact, the siege turned out to be ineffective. The Republicans would venture out toward the Nueces River and return, at will, with fresh game and cattle. Often times reinforcements of new recruits arrived from back in the States.

Sometime during the siege, Magee died, apparently a victim of disease. Samuel Kemper, his second in command, took the rank of colonel and assumed command of the American volunteers.

By March, 1813 Salcedo and his Royalist forces had had enough of the siege at La Bahia and retreated northwest to San Antonio. Kemper and the Republican Army followed, and after defeating the Royalists at Salado Creek the garrison of the Alamo were driven back to San Antonio. On April 1, 1813 Salcedo surrendered approximately twelve hundred men with the promise that his soldiers would be disbanded and allowed to leave Texas unmolested.

Now, with all the successes the Republicans had experienced, trouble began to crop up. On the evening of April 3, Antonio Delgado, with local militiamen, rode out of San Antonio, supposedly to escort Manuel de Salcedo and thirteen Spanish officers to the coast, where they were expected to board a ship to Mexico. Salcedo and his men were well respected by the American volunteers for their chivalrous conduct in the war and their concern for the noncombatants of San Antonio. Delgado, with the full knowledge of Gutierrez de Lara, halted the small party six miles south of the town, stripped them and cut their throats, murdering all fourteen men. The bodies were left unburied on the ground. The detachment returned the next day, bragging about the killings.

The Americans reacted with horror and anger. Delgado insisted that he was justified because his father and brother had been executed by Salcedo for expressing revolutionary sentiments. However, the Americans were disgusted by the murders and became disenchanted with Gutierrez de Lara for having allowed them. A group of Americans went out, found the bodies and buried them. Immediately afterwards, many of the Americans simply quit and went home.

Gutierrez de Lara further alienated the Americans by setting himself up as a virtual dictator with the power to appoint and dismiss any and all legislators. His constitution also stated that Texas would be considered a state united to Mexico with no chance of annexation to the United States. With these developments, Samuel Kemper and other American leaders left the revolution and returned to the US. When the promised money and land grants failed to appear, Gutierrez de Lara lost more men. On August 6 he was deposed and a military officer of Spanish

descent, Jose Alvarez de Toledo, assumed command of the government and army. Most of the native San Antonians disliked Toledo because they viewed him as an aristocrat who had turned against his own people. They came to view a young local, Miquel Menchaca, as their military leader.

At this point the Spanish Royalist government in Mexico finally awakened to the fact that their far off province of Texas was in state of rebellion and decided to do something about it. The Royalists appointed an extremely competent soldier, Jose Joaquin Arredondo, to retake Texas from the Republicans. In early August, after a probe which ended in a victory for the Republicans at Alazan, the advance of the Royalists was spotted. On August 18, Toledo, with about fourteen hundred men, crossed the Medina River six miles south of San Antonio and attempted to attack Arredondo's flank.

The Republicans encountered an advance guard, beat it handily and continued their advance forward. It was a blazing hot August day and both sides were exhausted from the heat. After the initial battle, both sides entered an encinal (oak thicket on sandy ground) from opposite sides looking for water. The two armies met in extremely close and rugged terrain. What began was a series of small, vicious hand-to-hand fights in the timber with no group knowing what the other group was doing.

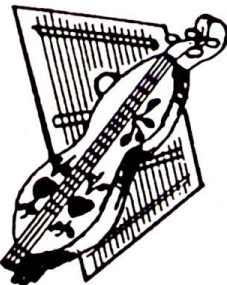
In the midst of this confusion, Menchaca was struck down by a small cannon ball that hit him in the neck. With the fall of their leader, the locals began to retreat, leaving the Americans to face the Spanish alone. With this development, Arredondo brought his full force to bear on the Encinal de Medina and American resistance broke with the men scattering. Arredondo's staff counted nearly fourteen casualties on the battlefield.

Royalists showed no mercy. Any rebels found wounded on the field were bayoneted to death, their bodies stripped and dismembered and the body parts hung from the trees all the way back to San Antonio.

Arredondo entered San Antonio on August 19, and between then and September 3 he executed at least 327 people by firing squad and beheading. He also arrested the wives, widows and physically mature daughters of every rebel he

Continued on page 38

THE DULCIMER FACTORY



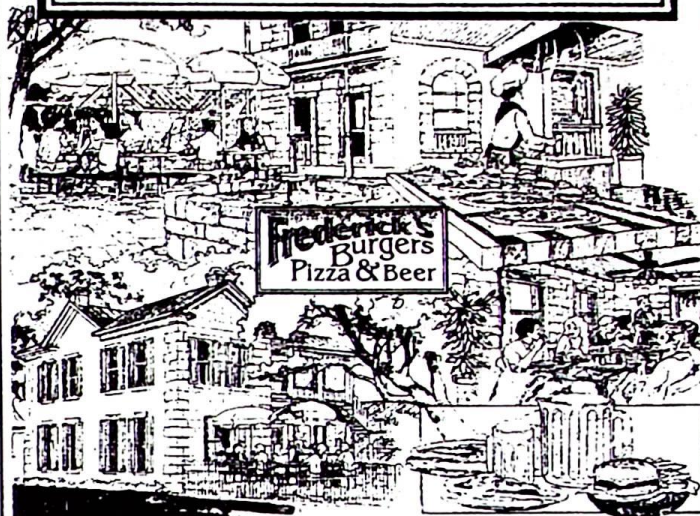
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COMET OF THE CENTURY?

by TOM DUNLAP & KIT GRIFFIN

Could be.

A newly discovered comet by the name of Hale-Bopp is believed to be ten times larger than Haley's Comet and may be 100 times brighter.

Alan Hale and Thomas Bopp, both amateur astronomers, co-discovered the comet last July with 16-foot and 17.5-foot telescopes respectively. Speeding toward the inner solar system at about a million miles a day, this potentially mighty comet is expected to skim our star, the sun, in the spring of 1997. Hale-Bopp is predicted to be the brightest comet in at least the last 20 years. The comet is now shining at magnitude ten, while it is still seven astronomical units from the sun. This leads



astronomers to believe the comet to be huge, since it is so bright at such a great distance from the sun.

How bright will it get? That depends on the comet's structure. Comets "boil" when they approach the sun's intense heat. Gasses trapped within the comet are ejected and form the huge tails that, if long enough, are visible to the naked eye. Estimates of the brightness range from magnitude two (brighter than the star Sirius) to magnitude zero (as bright as the star Vegas.)

"What is a comet?" you might ask. Comets we actually see are few and called periodic comets. Realistically, thousands of comets circumnavigate the

ART BY IRA KENNEDY

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Speeding toward the inner solar system at about a million miles a day, this potentially mighty comet is expected to skim our star, the sun, in the spring of 1997. Hale-Bopp is predicted to be the brightest comet in at least the last 20 years.

fringe of our solar system. This conglomeration of comets and comet-like material is known as the Oort Cloud. Infrequently, a comet such as Hale-Bopp is tugged away from this ring of comets.

The Oort Cloud is fairly stable until one of the large planets such as Jupiter, or Uranus or Neptune drifts close enough that it's planetary gravitational pull disturbs the cloud. The interference of that gravity from the planet is what allows a comet to be redirected into our solar system, and naturally it heads toward the sun.

Comets are various sizes and made up of frozen gasses, ice, rock and dirt. As they come near the sun, the contents begin to heat up and "boil." The glow around the comet is sunlight reflected, and the closer the comet gets to the sun the more material is boiled off. The trail of gasses from the comet form the tail, and this is the more dramatic of the visual aspects of the event. The tail of the comet is blown away by solar winds. Therefore, the tail is always pointed away from the sun. The comet's orbit takes it from the outskirts of our solar system toward the sun in an elliptical orbit.

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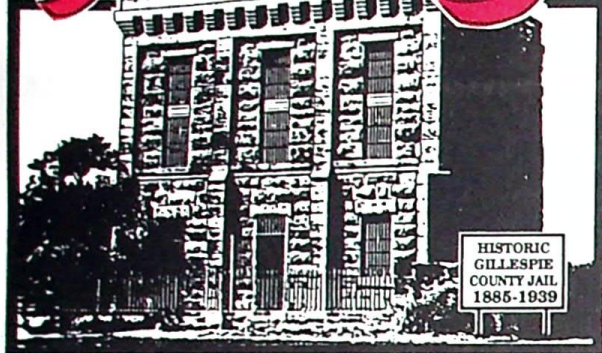
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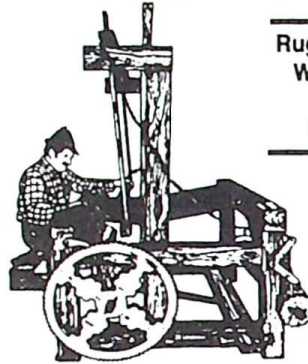
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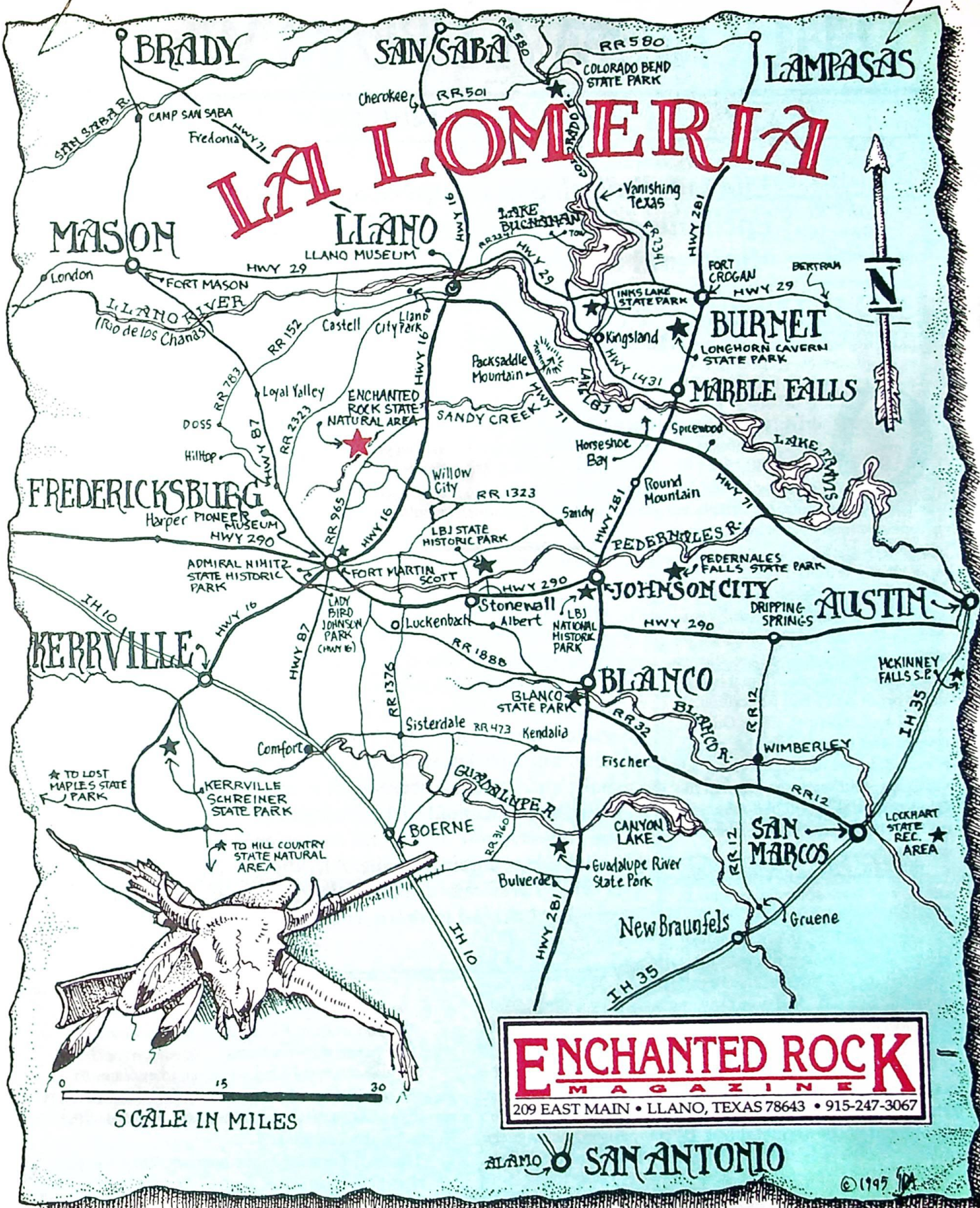
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LETTER FROM A DREAM WEAVER

by IRA KENNEDY

Life is full of pleasant surprises, and working on Enchanted Rock Magazine allows me to get my limit and then some. Every now and again, a surprise turns into a story all by itself, leaving only the writing part. Here you have it.

On a bony grey-eyed morning, I *had* to drive to Mason on business. I retrieved a used styrofoam coffee cup, complete with plastic lid, from my Rocky 4x4, topped it off from my coffee pot, and headed out. Just past the Llano city limits, the drizzle turned into a serious rain and my new windshield wipers started earning their keep. The countryside, and all the critters it held, seemed nestled into itself and in short order, I relaxed into the drive all the way to Mason. Once there, I headed straight to the Liberty Bed and Breakfast to take care of business. They had an ad to proof and I had a deadline.

I had talked to Ellen Garven, one of the owners, on the phone. She had called to inquire about advertising, and once she learned the magazine was a kitchen-table operation she decided to advertise then and there.

I liked her already. What I didn't know was how soon I'd end up in total admiration.

Ellen and Joel, the other half of the business, invited me into their living room and the surprise began unwrapping itself. Joel didn't say much, thereby leaving plenty of room for Ellen to talk to her hearts content. I was mesmerized.

You see, I love what might be called the archaic language of Texas—the way people spoke on the frontier during the middle and late 1800s. In my opinion today's language is so generic it's lost all of its color. And what passes for color is often off-color, if not downright vulgar. By comparison, the language of early Texas was rich in metaphor. And its hallmark was humor.

As I listen to Ellen I was hearing, not reading, the living language of the Texas frontier. She was a thin woman. Turned sideways she'd hardly cast a shadow at all. And her face and hands were well-weathered from years in the sun. Despite her size, I wouldn't want to be on the wrong side of her; but when I would least expect it, a slight gesture from her hand, or a tilt of

the head, would reveal the little girl in her.

"You can lead me forty miles," she said at one point in the conversation, "but you can't push me an inch. My daddy said I was mule headed. You know what that is don't ya? It's three steps past stubborn. Look here," she said as she held out her hands showing me the calluses on her thumbs and first fingers, "that's from driving mules. You know," she continued with a glint of mischief in her eyes, "a mule can fart and I can tell you its age and color."

After listening to Ellen weave one story into the next, I was begging her to write down all the phrases she was

using so I could write an article for the magazine.

"Well, I'm from the mountains of Kentucky. I don't see what that has to do with Texas."

"Just about everything," I began to explain. "You see, the phrases you use are just like those I've read in early Texas narratives, and at the time the state was crowded with folks from Kentucky and Tennessee."

"Humm," she mused for a moment, "Joel has said I should

Just couldn't figure out what ya meant when ya asked me to write down how I talk. How can my writing tell how I talk? Joel said to write down the sayins I'd been raised with. Now I realize I'm not the smartest cat in the alley, but I do know what I write will make absolutely no sense at all to most city people. Especially if they're not in on the conversation. I'm by no means an expert on mountain hillbillie. All I know is what I was raised with. What I remember I'm glad to share with you.

talk like everybody else, and now you're saying I should talk like myself."

"Trust me," I advised, "the world is full of everybody elses. There's only one you."

"OK," she replied with a shrug of the shoulders.

By the time I left, two hours had elapsed and the sky was clearing. During the next few days I told everyone who would stand still about Ellen, so when I received a letter from her I tore it open with anxious anticipation.

"Dear Mr. Kennedy," the letter began.

"Just couldn't figure out what ya meant when ya asked me to write down how I talk. How can my writing tell how I talk? Joel said to write down the sayins I'd been raised with. Now I realize I'm not the smartest cat in the alley, but I do know what I write will make absolutely no sense at all to most city people. Especially if they're not in on the conversation. I'm by no means an expert on mountain hillbilly. All I know is what I was raised with. What I remember I'm glad to share with you."

What followed was several pages of colloquial phrases, and their literal meaning. I know for certain that city folks will find particular pleasure in Ellen's imaginative speech. In fact, I can't imagine who wouldn't. So here goes:

Git your night work in. (Get in your coal and kindlin for the next morning.) [Kindling is small pieces of wood used to start a fire.]

He be a real barrel of fish hooks. He's too crooked to cope with. (Dishonest.)

Take what ya need. Need what ya take. (Don't be greedy. Don't be wasteful.)

He be feelin poorly. He be ailin. (Feels bad. Not up to par.)

He be havin a grunt. (He has diarrhea.)

He be havin a groan. (Anything from a stomach ache to an ingrown toenail.)

He be havin a misery. (Accident, sore throat, arthritis, rheumatisms.)

He be havin an agony. (Very serious. Cancer. TB, etc.)

He's two sandwiches short of a picnic. He ain't wrapped too tight. His steps don't go all way to the door. (He's slow, dim-witted, not very smart.)

Stay upwind, he be oinker. (He's dirty and smells.)

Do that and I be whalin ya. (Do that and get spanked.)

The mule is in the bog. (This job needs to be done right now.)

He/she be stringy. (Tall, skinny. Lanky.)

She favors the eyes. (She's plum pretty.)

Ya turned in your rasin. (You have other ways of thinkin or ideas other than what you were raised with.)

That be a skeleton belly. (No such thing. Fairy tale.)

My back thinks my belly's throat's cut. (I'm very

Continued on page 34



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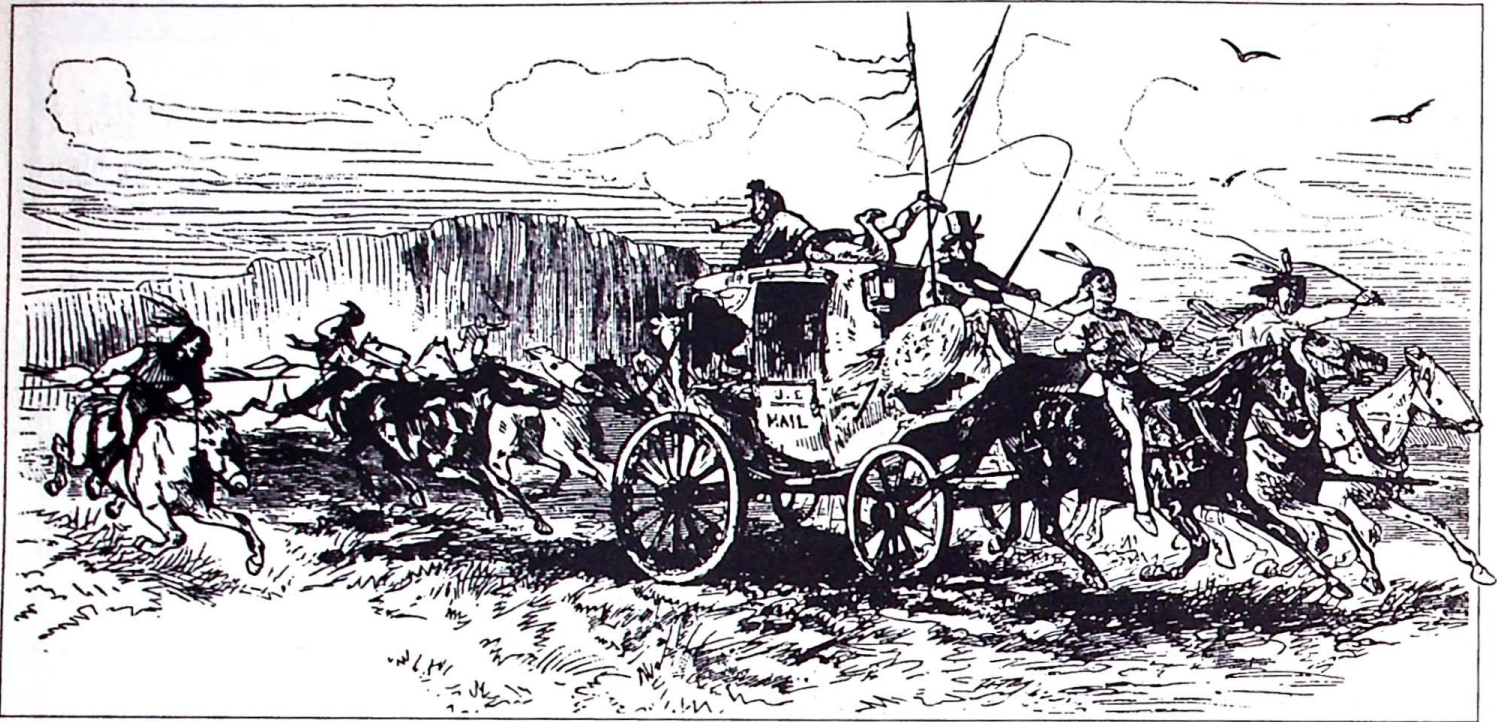
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INDIAN DAYS IN FREDERICKSBURG

by KENN KNOPP



THE BLACK COATS COME TO FRIEDRICHSBURG

About October of 1847, two priests came to Friedrichsburg from San Antonio. One was a Franciscan monk, Father Dubuis, the other a Spaniard, Father Salazar. They told of being overtaken by a band of roaming Indians enroute to Friedrichsburg.

Father Salazar seemed to be scared by the approaching Indians, but Father Dubuis, who liked to keep spirits up, reassured his associate, "My dear brother, have no fear, the Indians will not hurt you. They are terribly hungry and want meat. But you're old. Your flesh is old and tough and not once can the sharp Indian teeth bite a piece out of you."

Fr. Salazar replied, "And you, my dear Frenchman, also have nothing to fear when the Indians see that your thin, dried out body consists of only skin and bone. The meat-seeking Indians will lose their appetite."

They were both right. The Indians showed no interest in eating them.

The Indians knew from the earlier Spanish missionaries that the two were "Black Coats" and were peaceful men serving the great, good "Manitu" and meant only to do good to the Red brothers. The leader stepped forward and greeted cordially the priest, Fr. Dubuis, who was holding up a large crucifix.

Father Dubuis presented the Indian spokesman a Navajo blanket. In turn, the Indian gave him a blanket made of

buffalo skin. Sealing the friendship, the Indian leader directed a party of his Indians to go along with the two priests to protect them.

During Friedrichsburg's first two or three years Indians came into the city from all directions. They were Lipan, Comanche, Caddo, Delaware, Shawnee, and other tribes. They brought deer, bear and buffalo meat. Liquid bear fat was carried in deerskin bags to sell and trade. Some tribes spoke English, others Spanish.

From Father Gerlach's interviews of the elderly Peter Meurer and other descendants of the first generation pioneers, he states that the Indians were generally friendly and well disposed toward the German settlers. But little by little, stories of American atrocities against the Indians made their way to Friedrichsburg.

From then on, the Indians became hostile to all strangers in their midst. The Indians usually came in the spring and summer in bands of four or ten and stole horses and donkeys, kidnapped children, and killed the older people. (The 75th Jubilee of Fredericksburg, page 15)

LUDWIG EVERS, SR. VERSUS THE COMANCHES

In 1992, Adolph "Jack" Evers, Jr., perky and spry of wit in his mid-80s, was having his usual morning coffee with the regulars sitting around the big Stammtisch at the Old German Bakery in the Oberstadt. He recalled an incident

involving his grandfather, Ludwig Evers, Sr. and a roving band of Comanches.

His granddad went to a great deal of trouble training, grooming and preparing his favorite horse just in case an emergency arose because of Indians of less than honorable intention.

Ludwig was out riding a horse while tending to things at his Salt Branch Ranch about 15 miles northwest of Friedrichsburg in the Doss community. Finished with the chores, he began heading due north for his homestead but ten miles away in the Cherry Springs community.

Every now and then he would turn his head back to enjoy the changes going on with the spectacular colors as the sun was setting. The gradual yellow, then gold, then reddish-orange glow of the sun and attendant clouds signaling the oncoming dusk was always a great show for Ludwig.

As he was riding along, his wary and well-trained eyes suddenly detected the shadow of an Indian moving behind a granite boulder. Ludwig jerked the reins to alert his horse of the impending danger. He directed the horse to go first one way then another to dodge the inevitable arrows. Then an arrow hit his left side, just missing his heart.

Immediately engaging the long-rehearsed plan he had created for just such an emergency, Ludwig slid down the rear of his horse but kept an extra tight grip on the horse's tail. He let the horse drag him a good way down the trail before quickly rolling off into thick underbrush.

The horse then took off in a gallop toward the homestead. The riderless horse alerted the neighbors as it passed their homes, as well as the Evers family, when it came to a sudden stop at the side of the Evers house. A posse quickly formed to search for Ludwig.

Staying as still as he could, Ludwig held his breath as three Comanches searched for him frantically. They came only a few feet from him but did not see him. The Indians disappeared. What a relief it was when the posse found Ludwig and brought him back to his house! He recovered.

Now his family understood why Ludwig always insisted that his personal horse be not only the best of breed, but be trained and ready for all eventualities. Adolph Jr. recalls his grandfather sneering at his drinking buddies at the Bierhalle Stammtisch. (The Stammtisch is the jabber table, or what the Germans call the "yammer" table, featuring cards, dominoes and heated discussions between rounds of beer and bomerlunder (various flavors of schnapps in preparation of the next round of beer).

The Stammtisch buddies maintained that Indians never fought after dusk. Ludwig learned firsthand that they certainly did! (Evers, Adolph, Jr., personal interview at the Stammtisch in the Old German Bakery and Restaurant, Friedrichsburg, in 1992.)

Nearing the Pedernales River, a group of Indians greeted the immigrants in a very friendly manner. Even so, the children and women experienced an unholy fright! While crossing the river they heard a loud shot that filled them with anxiety, believing that the Indians were attacking them. A cry for help rang out.

Their fear dissolved into shouts of joy when they learned that one of the men in the advance party had killed a massive bear.

A PRIEST WRITES ABOUT SCALPING AND KIDNAPPING

Rev. H. Gerlach, pastor of St. Mary's Catholic Church during the time his parish and the city was celebrating Friedrichsburg's seventy-fifth anniversary, wrote an extensive report from firsthand interviews with the families of his parish about their experience with the Indians. (I: Gerlach, H.; 75-Jaehriges Jubilaeum der St. Marien Gemeinde zu Friedrichsburg, Texas, 1921, public domain. The author paraphrases Rev. Gerlach's rendition that was written in German.)

The first immigrant caravan of ox carts included about one hundred eighty people, including riders to protect the people from possible Indian attack. Departing from the New Braunfels way station, they spent sixteen days making their way north into the unchartered, uncleared wilderness of West Central Texas. Only Indians had made their homes there previously.

Nearing the Pedernales River, a group of Indians greeted the immigrants in a very friendly manner. Even so, the children and women experienced an unholy fright! While crossing the river they heard a loud shot that filled them with anxiety, believing that the Indians were attacking them. A cry for help rang out.

Their fear dissolved into shouts of joy when they learned that one of the men in the advance party had killed a massive bear. Hardly had the last cart crossed the shallow river when another shot frightened everyone. This time it was Eduard Merz who, with a well-placed shot, had brought

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down a panther.

On May 8, 1846, the seventeenth day away from the New Braunfels way station, in a beautiful valley surrounded by small hills and fast running creeks, it was announced, "Hier ist unsere heim!" (Here is our home!) The setting was like an almost impenetrable primeval forest about three miles from the Pedernales River.

"On each side of the camping place there was a creek with plenty of water and fish, not like today's almost silted up miserably flowing Stadt Krick!" wrote Father Gerlach in 1921. They placed brush in a way that the scouts and surveyors could find the site again. On that spot the city of Friedrichsburg was founded on May 8, 1846.

1911: A LETTER ABOUT A BOY KIDNAPPED BY THE INDIANS

Dated September 17, 1911, this letter was written by Christian Leyendecker in Friedrichsburg to Mr. Joe Mared of Runge, Texas. The kidnapping of the boy must have taken place many years earlier. The family was still trying to locate the boy at an Indian reservation. (3.4-A)

"Treasured Friend, I want to bring you up to date if you have not yet heard about your youngster that the Indians stole from you. He is living now in Arizona, stolen, from (or off) Mathinn (Martin?) as a four year old boy.

"I asked this person (from Arizona) if he knew of someone stolen and from his same area. He said yes, he knew of such a boy real well. I asked the man about the boy's name. He told me the boy's name, but now I have forgotten it. The man told me that the boy told him he had a stepfather and that the Indians shot the stepfather's horse, (not the stepfather), so that the stepfather could not chase after them.

"I spoke with this man on September 15 at the Gillespie County Fair in Friedrichsburg. He was in full

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Indian costume. He is now visiting his sister in Bandera. He wants to be there for a few weeks; so it would be a good opportunity for you (to) look him up. He speaks English.

"Worthy friend, I wanted to write you these few lines. Things are going well so far. The harvest so far is looking fairly good. But as for the heat and drought, there is not a bad enough name to call it. The outlook seems bad for this Winter...things are drying out so, we might not be able to make beer or whatever. There might not be enough to eat...or much fun either.

"A nice greeting from your old friend, Christian Leyendecker." (3.4-B)

(3.4-A): Christian Leyendecker was born in 1850 the son of Johann and Katherine Jabrnoud Leyendecker. The Leyendeckers were from Kadenbach near Montabaur in the Westerwald and were pioneer founders of Friedrichsburg. Christian married Maria Lott (Loth) in 1876. The Lott's were also from the Westerwald village of Oberelbert only a few miles away from Kadenbach.

Maria's father changed his name from Loth to Lott after his mother died aboard ship on the sea voyage to Texas, and his father married again in Friedrichsburg. Being the only son of the first union, it is thought that when his father took another wife, he had his name legally change to Lott to distinguish himself from his

Continued on page 35

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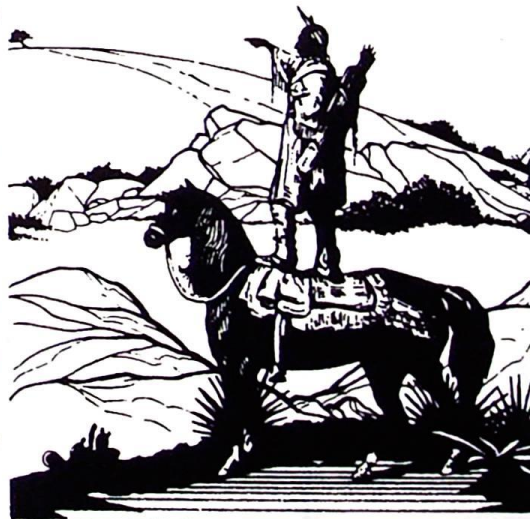
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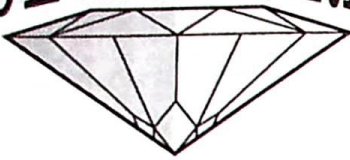
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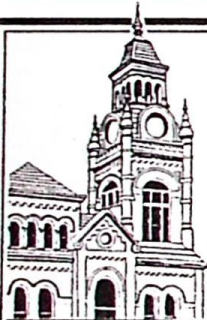
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OPEL VIRDEN OEHLER, POET

by KENN KNOPP

For her many friends and devotees, when Opal Virden Oehler finally relented and agreed to submit her favorite poems for publication, it was a very happy day. For years certain friends would receive one of her inspirations as a gift for a special occasion, as a "lift up" during a weighty time, or an expression of friendship and caring just when most needed—an uncanny experience. God has gifted Opal with springs of timeless paradigms, yet apt and meant for every moment of time. We would say, "Surely, that poem was meant for me!"

Those who share Opal Virden Oehler's openness to the wiles and wonderfulness of the Holy Spirit, know that it is this Spirit Who is permitted to flow through her to minister to those in need of a particular blessing, be it carthartic intervention or assurance. Such is the medicine of the inspired poem.

Opal was born in Plainview, Texas, center of the Fertile High Plains in 1908. She received her Bachelor of Science degree from the University of Houston, and a Master of Education degree from the University of Texas at Austin. During World War II the Army sensed her specialness by appointing her as musical therapist at the rehabilitation center in Fort Knox, Kentucky.

When the war ended she turned down opportunities to advance herself professionally in the metropolitan areas and chose to dedicate herself to the education of tiny children in El Paso and Ozona in West Texas. In 1971 she thought it was time to retire. She married Richard Oehler of Fredericksburg. They made their home a few miles into the batholithic, wooded Hill Country outside historic Fredericksburg in Central Texas, where she resides today. Jackrabbits, white-tail deer, armadillos, flying wild turkey and many other "friends" sense that they are welcome, including the human kind, at her Olive Branch Ranch, which is what she calls their homestead.

As chairman of the Heritage Committee of the 150th anniversary of Fredericksburg's founding in 1846, it is with great pleasure and satisfaction that I speak with sincerest gratitude that she is releasing this book during 1996, our jubilee year. We are honored to have this gifted poet among us, and this compendium, which will bless not only us, but future generations who will be led to open it at their appointed moments.

Opal's retirement vocation is the organ and the piano. For years, should a pastor be in need, he had only to give Opal a ring and she would happily provide the accompaniment for the singing of hymns and liturgies and prayer meetings. Afterwards, she would be "tanked full" again with new inspirations, new themes and new poems.

Opal selected this collection of poems following prayer and hunch, in hopes they might be meaningful and enjoyable to those led to read them for one reason or another. Not to have shared these poems would have precluded the unique experience they provide to this and future generations.

Sustenance

Your favored presence turned my eyes
From winds of doubting rage that would
Have terrified love-surfaced skies
To hide the lake of peace whereon the good
Of Life awaited with surprise
For willing hearts that venture as they should.

Your fellowship engaged my will to offer
Hymns of courage for new depths unseen.
A lily-pad, (God-wrought), became my altar
(His symbol of your strength), that lay serene
To rest me after walking on the water.
Now the certainties of land are lean.

Who is My Love?

Who is my love?
What is his name?
And who calls him so?

Where is he
Today? And how
Shall his voice I know?

The timbre of his soul
Shall speak Life's truth
And I shall feel the pain
Of living and be glad.

Conclusion

Thru swirls of angel-guarded beauty
Your wholeness held my bartering stance
Until my will perceiving duty
Refined the pond'rous avalanche
Of quavering rhymes that minds pursue
To gain the arms of the cross of Truth.



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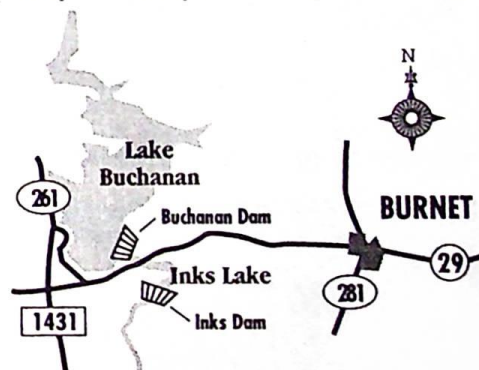
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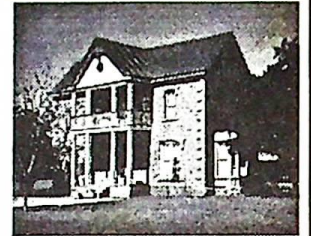
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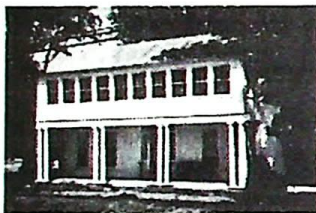


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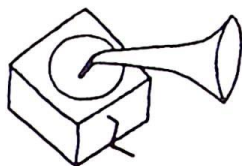
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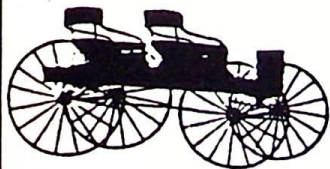
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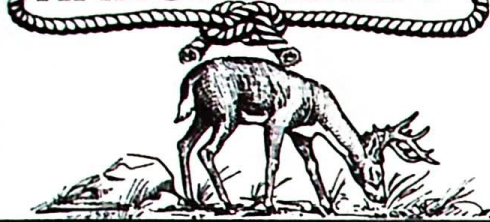
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THE HISTORY MINE

MAKING ARROWS

Reprinted from *Harper's Weekly: A Journal of Civilization*,
Saturday, June 4, 1870.

Our illustration on this page represents a group of Indians seated at the door of a frontier fort, and engaged in the work of making arrows, which is generally intrusted by the warrior to his better half. The bow is still the favorite, as it is the natural, weapon of the Western Indian. He may become very expert with the rifle, and is now rarely without a breech-loader of the most recent and best pattern, as well as a couple of heavy revolvers. On foot he will use these with great skill; but on horseback, and especially when in rapid retreat, he instinctively takes to the bow, which he handles with marvelous dexterity.

He always tries to keep to the right of his pursuer, and if the chase becomes too sharp, he will slip on one side, so as to bring the body of his pony between himself and his enemy, and, grasping his bow and five or six arrows in the left hand, will discharge them with such rapidity that sometimes two or three arrows will be flying through the air at once, a peculiar motion of the fingers of the left hand bringing an arrow to the string the instant one has been discharged. The range for a good bow varies from three to four hundred yards, and a strong man has been known to drive an arrowhead through an inch plank at a distance of one hundred yards.

Indian arrows are always made of ash or hickory, toughness being an essential quality. In ancient times the heads were rudely hammered out of flint, but now they are made from hoop-iron, and are of course much more effective.

For hunting, the string-notch is made parallel with the flat of the arrow-head, to keep it in the best position for piercing between the ribs of the buffalo and other game; while for war, the notch is at right angles with the flat of the arrow-head, to accommodate the position of the ribs in the human



Making Arrows, drawn by W. M. Cary. The original cover page with this article and illustration is available at High Country Antler Art in Fredericksburg, Texas.

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body. War arrows are sometimes, though rarely, poisoned, either with the venom of the rattlesnake or by being inserted in putrid flesh, and afterward dipped in a kind of glue, which protects the poison until moistened by the victim's blood. A means of death quite as effective as poison are grooves cut in the wood of the arrows, which prevent the wound from closing tight, and allow the blood to drain slowly but surely away, as the arrow can not be withdrawn. The Indian in our illustration is probably engaged in the work of cutting these murderous grooves.

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DREAM WEAVER

Continued from page 23

I remember, as I was on my way out the door on the first day we met she said, "When God made me He threw away the mold—He said, 'I ain't makin any more of them.'" Well, if that's so, so much the worse for the rest of us.

hungry.)

Add just a tad, just a smidgen. (Add a very small amount.)

It be just a pimple off plum. (Just don't fit just right. Beware.)

Slap dead on. (On target. Just right.)

Make sure your flaps are rolled. (In braiding a rug be sure the edges are turned under.)

Your cores beggin. (In braiding a rug the startin strip is too short.)

Three steps shy of smart. (Pretty dumb.)

Three steps over smart. (Its great. Very smart.)

He been around since Moby Dick was a sardine. (He's very old.)

Git up! We be burnin daylight. (Get up, it's almost dawn.)

He'd take a nickel off a dead man's eye. (He's a thief.)

It be hard to drain the bog when you be up to your tail in alligators. (It's hard to remember what you need to do when everything around you is going wrong.)

Give me just one nickel. (Let me rest five minutes.)

Let's let the water eat the smoke. (Run the smoke pipe from the still into the creek bank just below the water line. The water will hide the smoke and carry it downstream.)

Don't be burnin the clock. (Quit wastin time.)

He be a real dream weaver. (He's a story teller.)

These vittles tickle my innards. (This food is real good.)

Maybe I was born at night, but it weren't last night. (I'm not stupid, I know better.)

The letter concluded: "This is all I can think of right now. I still don't understand what mountain Kentuckian has to do with Hill Country Texan. But I kinda sorta think it's right nice that somebody's interested. Thanks, E. Garven."

I remember, as I was on my way out the door on the first day we met she said, "When God made me He threw away the mold—He said, 'I ain't makin any more of them.'" Well, if that's so, so much the worse for the rest of us.

INDIAN DAYS IN FRIEDRICHSBURG

Continued from page 27

father's subsequent children with the new wife. Christian Leyendecker died in 1934 at age 84.

The letter was a gift to the German Heritage Commission of Friedrichsburg in 1995 by Walter Diehl in den Laerchen 3, D-35756 Mittenaar 1, Germany.

(3.4-B): It was great fun asking at least a dozen educated persons in Germany to translate for today's thinking this part of Leyendecker's letter, and finding it especially amusing when only two admitted they just didn't know the meaning of "Winterraeusche." The paragraph is included for context in German as follows:

"...Es geht wo weit noch gut...die Ernte is so weit ganz gut. Fuer die Trockenheit is gar kein Namen. Das sind schlechte Aussichten fuer Winterraeusche..."

Here are a few responses to translate the paragraph to English understanding and the concept of "Winterraeusche" in particular:

1. -- "The outlook is not good for the Winter harvest."
2. -- "The outlook is bad and will be too warm to butcher properly."
3. -- "The outlook is bad in counteracting the Winter cold with a few drinks; since, being too warm one will get 'too tipsy too quickly.'"

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TEXAS MONTHLY MAGAZINE
MARCH, 1992

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Llano's one hundred-year-old courthouse and grounds will be aglow with ten miles of tiny, twinkling lights. Just one block from the square, our charming Santa Land display, overlooking the Llano River, will entertain young and old alike. No admission charge.

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Everyone is spellbound by the beautiful Christmas music and the lights dancing and running with each song. As the evening grows darker the historical square is filled with music and Christmas lights. The eight, 10-foot Christmas trees, synchronized to music, form a border around the courthouse lawn. The lawn is graced with the live decorated tree, deer and other animals at play, a train, wagon and millions of tiny white lights enhancing this Hill Country scene. Santa will arrive on the first Saturday in December in the early evening to delight the youngsters.

MARBLE FALLS

Imagine over *one million lights* reflecting from the water of Lake Marble Falls as the sounds and smells of the holiday season transport you to a place dreams are made of. Experience a lighted wonderland that will fill your holiday season with enchantment.

Located just 45 miles west of Austin and 85 miles north of San Antonio on Hwy. 281, the Walkway of Lights has received visitors from all over the world. Words like "unbelievable," "breathtaking," "fabulous" were all used by those who viewed and experienced our Walkway of Lights. Opened nightly from 6 until 10 p.m. through New Year's Day.

FREDERICKSBURG

Come and enjoy an old world German Christmas in Fredericksburg! Once again, Fredericksburg plans to brilliantly light its historic Main Street and beautiful residential areas as part of its holiday celebrations.

Located just over an hour from either San Antonio or Austin, Fredericksburg offers a bounty of holiday shopping at more than one hundred specialty shops specializing in unique gift items, fine apparel, antiques and collectibles, handcrafts by local and Texas artisans and a selection of delicious Hill Country foods and wines. You'll be sure to find something for everyone on your list!

BLANCO

Join us in an old-fashioned holiday filled with mirth and warmth, love and laughter and all the special delights of coming home for the holidays.

CHRISTMAS LIGHTS

Blanco welcomes you to view the brilliantly lit Old Blanco County Courthouse and Square. Enjoy a warm and friendly reception around the historical district as individual merchants welcome you to their shops for the annual open house while strolling carolers sing your favorite Christmas songs.

JOHNSON CITY

Once again over 500,000 lights on local homes, businesses and churches, along with the stunning 100,000 lights dramatizing the Blanco County Courthouse, will dazzle the eyes of visitors to this historical Hill Country community.

The courthouse, the centerpiece, will be open on weekends from 6 until 9 p.m. for your enjoyment of the giant tree, antique toy display and visitors' Christmas card in the upstairs courtroom. Admission is free.

Johnson City's Christmas gift to you and your family will be aglow each night until midnight through Jan. 1.

MASON

Come and discover Mason County, one of the best kept secrets of the Hill Country. Take a step back in time to when the town square sidewalks were not congested and you could strike up a friendship with local folks. Come early and enjoy a walking tour of the square, where you can find treasures at shops offering antiques, collectibles, gifts and apparel. Then settle down to come good old country cooking! At night, tour the historical courthouse, square, historical homes and churches, all brilliantly aglow with twinkling lights.

For more information,

contact the local Chambers of Commerce at the following telephone numbers:

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Burnet - (512) 756-4297

Marble Falls - (210) 693-4449

Fredericksburg - (210) 997-6523

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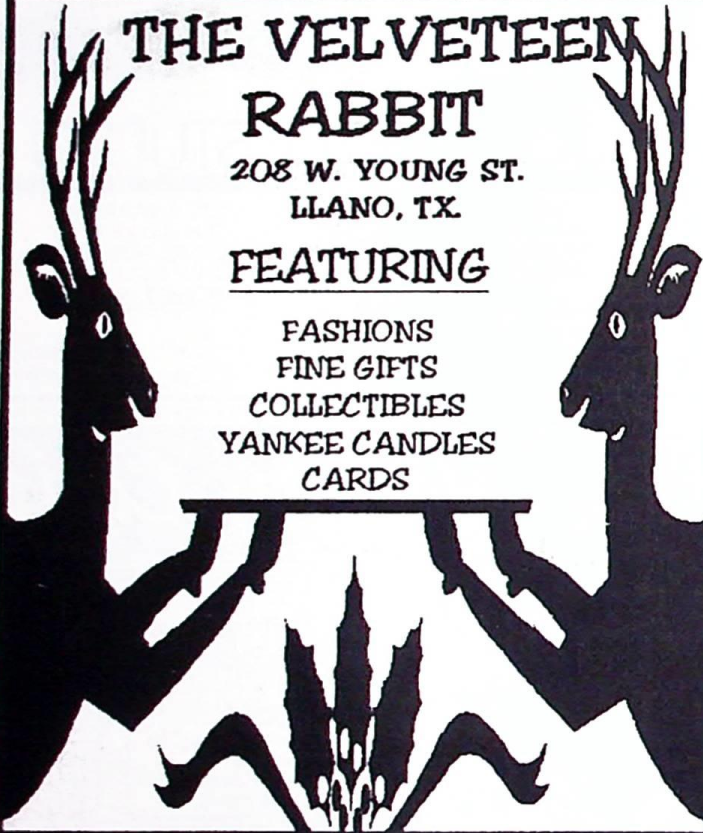
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THE GREEN FLAG REVOLT

Continued from page 17

could identify. He confined these, numbering five hundred, to a local prison called La Quinta. During the day they were forced to make tortillas for the army, and during the night they were given out to the Royalist soldiers. The children of the families were turned out into the streets, their homes used as barracks for the soldiers. They were forbidden to beg, and anyone caught helping them was whipped in public. Survivors lived by picking through garbage heaps and eating whatever they could find. The Spanish officer in charge of the prison detail—who is said to have enjoyed his duties with great delight—was a young lieutenant, Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna.

Twenty-three years later, another army from Mexico approached San Antonio. Once again a group of Americans were set to hold the city and its garrison, the Alamo. It is little wonder that, after the treatment the Tejano inhabitants of San Antonio had received under Arredondo's Royalist army, the Americans received any native support at all. How could any of the ones who'd seen their fathers killed or their mothers and sisters abused, support another American army? Children, now men and women, who'd been forced to turn to garbage heaps for subsistence for the fifty days Arredondo occupied San Antonio, wanted little to do with another revolution.

But amazingly enough, we can number among the heroes of the Texas Revolution many prominent Tejano families. How successful would the Anglos have been without the scouts of Sequin and Benavides? How much would the young government have suffered without the able leadership of Jose Luis Navarro and Lorenzo de Zavala? Tejanos had already stood up for freedom twenty-three years before and had suffered greatly for it. It makes one wonder how they could risk everything again to resist the government of Santa Anna.



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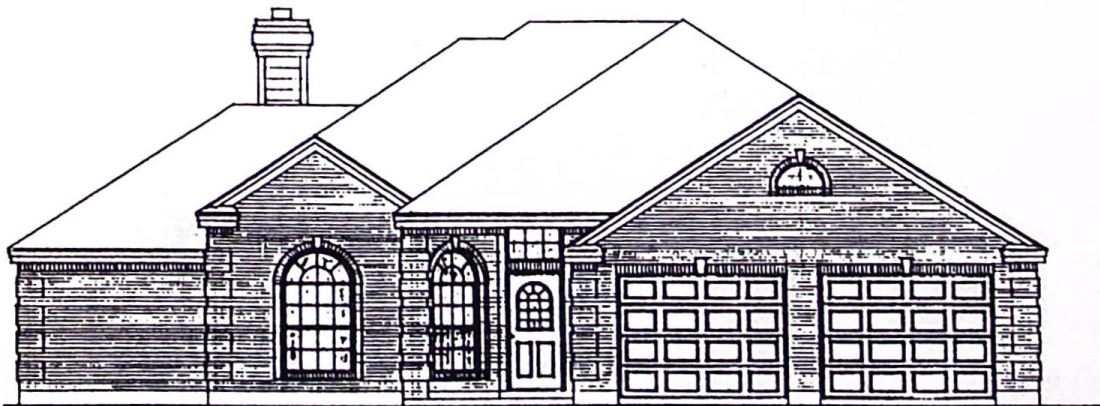
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