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ENCHANTED ROCK

M A G A Z I N E

HILL COUNTRY
MAP INSIDE: PAGE 21

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VOL. 2, NO. 12 February, 1996

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TRACKING HISTORY, TRAPPING STORIES

We opened our doors to our new offices,officially, for the first time last month and just under fifty friends of the magazine showed up to share snacks and swap stories. As a result, we've all expanded our social circle while collecting several intriguing suggestions for future stories. If someone could take care of all the picky day-to-day details in the office, Buck and I would both take to the backroads exploring the hills and stalking leads nearly every day. Actually, come the 6th of February, we'll be somewhere near the headwaters of Honey Creek tracking down the history of Drury Jackson Smith Jr., a former postman at Click, Texas (see map and story contest on page 39). All this is part of our ongoing, and growing, curiosity on this old outpost of civilization.

Even when a place looks like all life around it has just dried up and blown away, something remains, someone remembers. In an age when everything new and synthetic gains all attention, just walking among old ruins is a tonic worth taking. Inside an old abandoned building in these parts, I often come upon something, a remnant of a moment past that—like the tracks of an animal in the wild—leads to discovery. There comes that instant when person or event reaches through the maze of chance and circumstance to speak, sometimes in whispers, to remind me that their story is our story.

For it is only through the telling and retelling of the stories of our ancestors that we have a full and meaningful life. Listen to the elders, I was once advised, and talk to the children. In time, our descendants will tell our stories, and so it goes. My affliction for writing has taught me that once something is read, the printed word preserves and inters stories to be exhumed later; but the the richest history lives through the breath and voice of the people.

One of the greatest rewards in my present life is meeting people with stories to tell. When I'm out and about, or on the phone, I hear stories. Sometimes someone walks into the office and starts talking and I start taking notes, names and phone numbers. And too, manuscripts come in the mail, and I marvel at just how many people scattered around the country read this magazine, which is like a snare for trapping stories.

Just yesterday we recieved a letter addressed to Charles Tischler, editor-at-large, from a writer in England (see Letters, page 7) who seems as passionate, and knowledgeable, as anyone about the Kerrville Folk Festival. Along with the manuscript was enclosed a little publication, *Kerrville Kronikle*, now in its seventh year. Packed full with reviews and interviews, the *Kronikle* is dedicated to country music which, evidently, has quite a following "over there." The twenty-eight page booklet is printed in type so small, in another format, it could be a hardcover book. The letter and manuscript, was written by Arthur Wood, editor and publisher of the *Kronikle*. The autobiographical addendum he enclosed begins:

"Rumor has it that my maternal grandfather was a demon with a set of bagpipes."

I figure that anyone who can write a lead like that can shuck down a good story. Look for Wood's article on the Kerrville Folk Festival in a future issue of *Enchanted Rock Magazine*.


IRA KENNEDY

ENCHANTED ROCK MAGAZINE

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WANNABOY LAMENT

by FRANK HILL

First time I ever climbed down
on the back of a bull in competition
Was the summer after I finished up the second grade
That two year old son of a mama cow
didn't care for me, no way, no how
I knew right then and there I did not have it made.

Grandad taught me to use my rope for ropin'
I never had no hobby horse; I had a hobby cow
He never give no lesson in goat ropin'
Never "gee'd" or "haw'd" behind no mule and plow.

About half grown my fam'ly moved to the city
Mama told us eastern countryside
would be about like way out west
So I been miles and miles and miles and miles
gettin' back to Texas
Never did forget the land I love the best.

When I get back I know they're gonna ask me
"Well, how did you do at the Wild West Show?"
I'll tell 'em, "I guess I'll never be in the movies."
"But I seen some pretty bad actors at the rodeo."

Grandad remembered what it was like to Cowboy
Back in the days of the Rough Riders War
He said, "We never should have let them fence the range land."
"It can't ever be what it once'd was anymore."

"Trains 'n' farms 'n' mills changed this country"
" 'Til the competition is more than what you're competin' for."
"Now there's people killin' people for less than bounty."
"Go get yourself a job; honest is more than poor."

An' before he died, he give me one last lesson,
"Now that you're old enough to be your own man."
"You don't never need to be ashamed of your confession."
"Always try to do the best you can."

I don't need no health insurance policy
My food don't come from stamps, never drew no welfare check.
Gettin' by day-to-day with my fallacy
I don't ride for wages, never had no wreck.

We can't all of us always be Cowboy
Ain't never 'nuff cows to go around
So all that's left for some of us is jus' Wannaboy
Saddle up, we're ridin' back to town.

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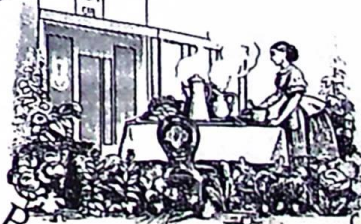


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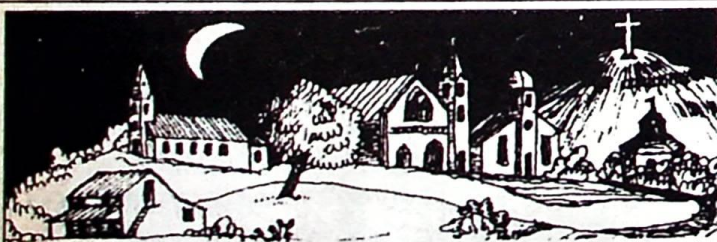
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TWO POEMS

by SAM LANHAM

To the Dead Skunk

Well, old skunk, you've been
Lying there three weeks
On the northbound side of
Usener Road

No one else could last that long
If you were a cat or a rabbit
Or a possum or an armadillo
You would long since have been
Disassembled by the buzzards
And buried
In asphalt by the busy grave digging
Wheels of tractors cars and pickup
Trucks.

But you are what you are and old
Skunks have a hard time
Getting buried.

Ask the Old Live Oak

Ask the old live oak what it means
to be symbol of
permanence and protection

Ask the old live oak what it means
to be icon of
stability and aged dignity

Ask the old live oak how it feels
to have roots down to
bed rock

Ask the old live oak the dangers of
just six inches of
topsoil

Ask the old live oak
lying on its side
roots sucking air

Ask the old live oak after the windstorm
dying.

Sam Lanham, sage, writer, poet and believer in God serves on the staff of Schreiner College in Kerrville. He lives in paradise between Fredericksburg and Harper.

LETTERS

DEAR IRA

Congratulations! You were quite a hit. So many Trailblazers have told me how informative, interesting and just *fun* your talk was. You've introduced many new Texans to our wonderful history. It's an important job you are doing and we all enjoy it very much.

Sincerely,
Nancy Johnson
Kerrville Trailblazers

DEAR MR. TISCHLER,

Patricia Long sent me a copy of the October '95 issue of *Enchanted Rock Magazine* a few weeks ago. In her cover letter, she suggested that I send you an article about the Kerrville Folk Festival. Find that article enclosed, I've also enclosed a copy of the latest issue of the *Kerrville Kronicle*. I trust that they are of interest.

Best wishes,
Arthur Wood
Birmingham, England

REASON ENOUGH


Enclosed is my check for \$65 for all the back issues. I assume the subscription will start with Vol. 2, No. 12. The 24 Reasons sound great to me.

Thank you,
Mrs. John F. Taylor
Austin



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10th ANNUAL LAKE BUCHANAN BALD EAGLE COUNT

January 6, 1996

SURROUNDED BY EAGLES

by CHARLES TISCHLER, Editor-at-Large

Cold! I couldn't sleep. The wind howled around the little pair of rooms above Beaver Creek. The forecast had called for a slight chance of freezing precipitation by morning and I worried about the Lower Colorado River Authority Rangers who had agreed to launch two seventeen-foot boats at Black Rock Park to survey Lake Buchanan from there up to Beaver Creek. And then the little travel alarm clock kicked in and I sat bolt upright. Sammy, our long-coat Chihuahua snuggled in closer to my wife, Dixie, as she remarked at my rapid awakening.

It was now just before six o'clock in the morning of the day of the Official Lake Buchanan Mid-Winter Bald Eagle Survey. That was more than enough to propel me from dead sleep to full attention in a heartbeat.

I rolled out of bed and added to my long underwear a pair of lined trousers, then my wool Malone pants, veterans of winter eagle adventures since the early 1980's. Over a pair of thin socks went a pair of heavy wool socks and then into the toe of each of my insulated hunting boots went a little chemical toe warmer designed to provide 103 degrees of heat for up to five hours. I hate cold feet.

Over my undershirt went the tops to my long underwear, then a heavy cotton shirt then a New Zealand Woolly Pully commando sweater and over that a down vest and my old green down parka. The broke-down green Basque beret, whose headband had long since disappeared felt like a warm greeting from an old friend. I opened the outside door and met the dark cold of the coldest winter spell in five years. I stepped out on the porch and breathed in the chill. I wiggled my toes and smiled at their slight sweatiness unseen beneath all the layers. Keeping mindful of ice I crossed the yard and walked around on the wooden deck to the kitchen area of the headquarters of the Vanishing Texas River Cruise. I pulled the patio door open and entered a hot and fragrant place where a black and white TV blared and the burners on the commercial stove produced a subtropical atmosphere.

I started pulling off layers, got down to my commando sweater, pulled off the beret and made my self at home rounding up some coffee promised by Ed Low, CEO of VTRC, who was already up riding herd from his wheelchair, turning out ham, eggs and biscuits for Dixie and Sammy back in the room. I took a couple of cups and a thermos along with the breakfast where it was received with the greatest appreciation by both the lady and her dog. By now it was heading toward seven and I was far too antsy for Dixie to deal with me anymore. I eased my way down to the docks and watched Shawn DeVaney, president of the corporation and his helper Frank fire up the engines on the double decked, 65-foot General Lee and the wide open 22-foot speedboat. Charles Hughes, tour guide for the Vanishing Texas River Cruise came bubbling in, ready for another eagle adventure. He soon fell to helping Shawn and Frank get things ready to go.

Folks started showing up in the parking lot. There was Suzanne, a Canadian Algonquian working in Travis County on biological inventories, and Bobby Abernathy of Kingsland who having read of the upcoming count in this magazine rendezoused with his friends Christopher and Sheila Cook who had driven all night from eastern New Mexico just to participate in the eagle count.

And then there arrived an old pickup truck with camper shell and two men who had picked up a copy of *Enchanted Rock Magazine* the day before at the Tourist Information Center at Buchanan Dam. I breathed a sigh of relief when Ira Kennedy, publisher and editor pulled up in the Rocky 4X4 with our art director and my long time runnin' buddy Buck Burkle folded up in the passenger seat. Ira was there to address those gathered in the heated area of the General Johnson about the relationship between the Native Americans who used to called these canyons home and eagles. Then came Justin and his friend and Irene, Bob, and Catherine from Austin . . . Dixie and Sammy arrived about then and the boat was feeling far less empty. All the while I nervously flitted around still with the worry over the LCRA

rangers somewhere out there in the biggest, coldest, and meanest part of the huge lake we call Big Buck.

Eight o'clock arrived and I surrendered to the realization that the efforts to lure members of the media along for this frozen adventure had not yielded fruit. Just as I turned to head for the boats a Toyota Previa rolled in bringing Terri Siegenthaler, former chief ranger of the Travis County Parks, her young sons, Justin Sky and Forest Austin, and a couple of her friends and their children representing the YMCA Indian Guides. I helped herd the last of the mob aboard and signaled Shawn that we could shove off.

With the speedboat tagging along behind the General Johnson we made for our rendezvous point at the confluence of Beaver Creek and the main channel of the Colorado River. There the General Johnson slowed and I glassed the downstream vista of the cold lake. No boats. None . . . maybe the rangers had enough sense not to take on the big lake on such a cold morning. I kept glassing for another couple of minutes and then we started making our way past the Hi-Line Marina toward Tow upstream.

Charles Hughes gave those assembled a little rundown on the lake and then handed things over to Ira. I was too antsy to listen and retired from the heated downstairs of the boat and established myself on the open upper deck behind the pilot house, burning the distant shores with my eyes looking for the first eagle to be logged. The wind was still out of the north at over twenty miles an hour. The high leaden ceiling of snow clouds cast a greyness over all the visible world. It was really cold.

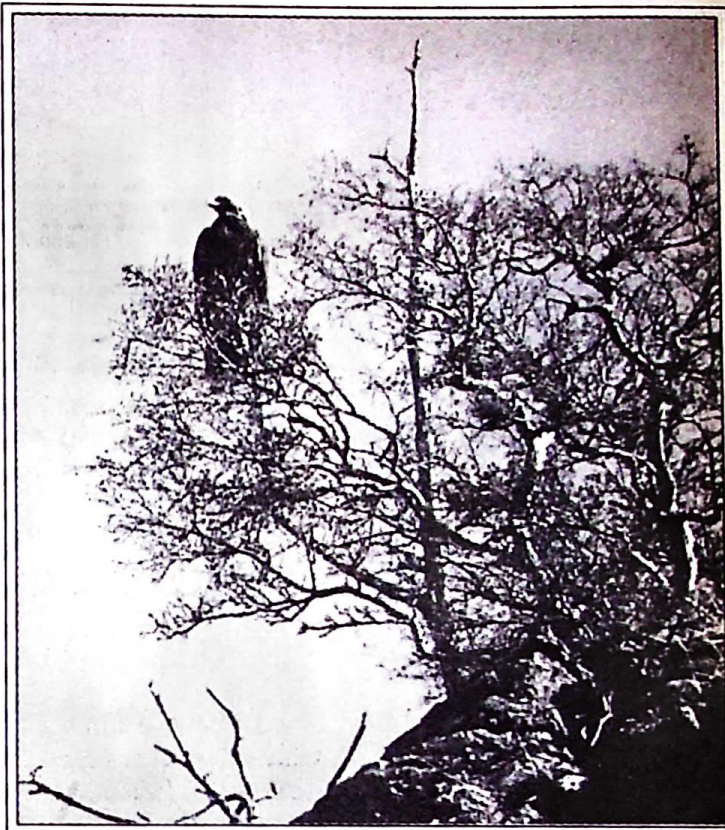
Just upstream from Fall Creek Falls Shawn spotted the first eagles. Two of them in mid stream.

"That one is an immature Golden," Shawn reported through the side window of the pilot house. I torqued the barrels of my East German Zeiss 10X40 binoculars to render a sharp, single image to see a mottled dark eagle stoop from the heights and dive down to the water. "No, that's an immature Bald!" I replied to Shawn's report.

The eagle in question flew up from the lake surface and landed on a boulder on the San Saba County side of the waterway. Just as a Golden Eagle would do. And, after further discussions I relented and agreed to the species of the eagle at hand. But, at least he sure was acting like an immature Bald Eagle and he was hanging out with one.

From then on the folks on board were never out of sight of eagles. There were eight more on, above and before Buzzard's Roost, a set of cliff faces rising over 300 feet above the now narrowing stream.

At the mouth of Deer Creek Shawn turned over the helm to Frank and he, Buck, and I made our way toward the aft deck. We were joined by Carol Lamme who really wanted to make the run from where we were at the mouth of Deer Creek up the next twelve or so miles to the boat ramp at the Colorado Bend State Park where the official survey would end. We had nine eagles on the list at that point and I was really excited about how many more eagles would be uncovered in the canyons between Deer Creek and the Tanyard Crossing.



LAKE BUCHANAN BALD EAGLE. PHOTO BY BUCK BURKLE

There were thumbs up and bundled nods and we were off like a rocket. The twenty mile an hour north wind slammed against the speedboat's thirty mile an hour progress. I wiggled my toes. They were still warm. I covered my face with my gloved hands, trying hard to block the cold. In no time at all we were surrounded by eagles.

While still underway, Shawn climbed over the back rail of the General Lee and leap onto the open deck of the speedboat. Carol followed and then I came aboard, quickly making my way to the little seating area back next to the console. Mr. Hughes released the line and the four of us were adrift with the General Johnson now slowly pulling away. Within seconds Shawn had the 200 horsepower V6 Evinrude humming. There was a flurry of hands pulling parka hoods tight as Shawn adjusted his neoprene face mask.

"Ready!?" Shawn yelled over the outboard's growing roar. There were thumbs up and bundled nods and we were off like

Continued on page 32

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE

TEXAS CHEROKEE

by IRA KENNEDY



Woven into the fabric of personal history is the image of the American Indian. When I was a child my grandmother revealed to me, in a secretive voice, that I was of Cherokee-Irish descent; that my great-grandmother, Sarah Jane Kelley, was a full-blood Texas Cherokee. The revelation filled me with excitement and wonder. Only many years later did I realize that the secretive, almost conspiratorial tone, was shaped by generations of fear, for in Sarah Jane's day, Indians were an undesirable element in Texas. Rather than leave her homeland, she passed for White. Her's was not a migration from one place to another, but from one culture to another.

Over the years I have sought to reclaim my Indian heritage. The lessons of history teach us that the loss of cultural traits, language, and land does not erase the sense of identity. Ethnic differences are rooted in one's perspective on history. So, what is presented here is a brief history of the Texas Cherokee from the heart of one of their descendants.

The Search for A Homeland

The Cherokee call themselves Aniyunwiya, the Principal People. Their traditional homeland lay far to the east, in Tennessee, the Carolinas, and Georgia. They were a remarkable nation of Indians who were extremely adaptable and innovative.

One of the most renowned Cherokee, Sequoyah, single-handedly invented a syllabary for the Cherokee language. He is the only person in history to have accomplished such a task for his culture. Soon the Cherokee had books, libraries and schools. Their newfound literacy enabled them to translate portions of the Bible, and to publish a bilingual newspaper.

The Bowl or Chief Bowles led a band of Cherokee into battle with White immigrants on the Muscle Shoals along the banks of the Tennessee River in 1794.

The battle was called a massacre by the Whites and Chief Bowles knew it was fruitless to defend his actions against certain retaliation. From that moment on he was to lead his tribe across half a continent in search of a permanent home.

At first they settled in southeastern Missouri. The chief and his people were content on their new land and remained there until 1811. That year was marked by an earthquake of awesome proportions. Believing it to be an omen warning them to leave that piece of land, they relocated in Lost Prairie, Arkansas. Sequoyah joined Bowles' tribe in Arkansas and it was here that Sequoyah diligently devised the Cherokee syllabary.

Misfortune befell the Cherokee again, this time in the guise of a team of surveyors. Bowles' settlement was not on the land ceded to the Indians by the U.S. government and they were forced to relocate once more.

Followed by sixty families Chief Bowles migrated to Texas in 1820. Among the group was the son of Sequoyah who married one of Chief Bowles' daughters. Sequoyah, however, returned to the Cherokee nation in the east and introduced literacy to the the people.

Although the Cherokee had written permission to emigrate to Texas, they did not have clear title to the land. Bowles knew all too well the importance of securing a legal document granting the land to the Texas Cherokee.

Their new homeland, between the Trinity and Sabine Rivers north of the old San Antonio Road, was much like their old lands to the east with tall pines, rolling hills, and clear streams. Their fortune was, indeed, too good to be true.

At this juncture it is imperative to take a close look at the personalities of a handful of men whose ambitious dreams destroyed one nation—the Texas Cherokee — while they simultaneously inspired the invention of another — the Republic of Texas.

Foremost among them, is Chief Bowles, whose paramount motive for all of his actions was to secure a single piece of paper which would grant his people legal rights to their settlement.

John Dunne Hunter, once a captive of the Osage, grew into manhood as an Indian. An individual of remarkable abilities and energy, Hunter's devotion to the Indian cause of unmolested freedom took him from Washington D.C. to England. He was, depending on who was doing the telling, famous or infamous. His dream of establishing an Indian Nation brought him to Texas in 1825. Here he conspired a revolution against Mexican authority a decade ahead of time.

Stephen F. Austin, a cautious political pragmatist, believed wholeheartedly in governmental authority, in this case — Mexican authority. Like many of his day he condoned slavery and the extermination of Indians.

Peter Illis Bean was a violent conspiratorial soldier of fortune. His opportunistic tendencies eventually earned him the rank of colonel in the Mexican army, and in this position he also served as a spy for Austin and supported Austin's motives at every turn.

Sam Houston was the pre-eminent frontiersman and friend of the Indian. An adopted son of the Cherokee, he was known as colon-neh or The Raven. His efforts to secure the Texas Cherokee a permanent home earned him the enmity of many Texans who accused Houston of favoring his "pet Indians."

All of these characters were, in the truest sense of the word, men of destiny. Each possessed the genius of leadership coupled with an unshakable cause.

Like the five fingers of a fist they shaped the course of Texas history in ways none of them imagined or desired. Both Austin and Bean were content with Mexican domination until events shifted their pragmatic convictions. It was Hunter, however, whose ambitions for an Indian empire set in motion a tragic course of events which neither Chief Bowles nor Sam Houston could avert.



The Fredonian Rebellion

As soon as Hunter arrived in Texas he went straightaway to the Cherokee and immediately rose to a position of leadership and authority.

Although Austin had a deep-set prejudice against Indians of any stripe, he held the abilities of the Cherokee warriors in high esteem. In 1826 he wrote, "100 Cherokee are decidedly superior to 500 Comanches." And it was this same year that he sought the assistance of the Cherokee in an attack on the Wacos and Tawakonis who were molesting the settlers. Ever the astute politician, Austin took full advantage of the Cherokee's desire to attain title to their lands.

"I am a friend of the Cherokees," he wrote to their chiefs, "and wish to give them an opportunity of showing the Government what good soldiers

and faithful citizens they make, and I have no doubt if you turn out in this expedition and destroy the Tawakany villages on the head of the Navasota that it will be the means of securing you land in the country for as many of your nation as wish to remove here."

Although flooded rivers and creeks prevented the Cherokee from taking immediate and full advantage of the promise, they did on this and other occasions, defend the Texas settlements against the more independent Plains tribes. One of the most noted warriors in their cause was Chief Tachee or The Dutch.

Because of Hunter's cosmopolitan air and worldly experience — he knew many of the most eminent American and British politicians on a first-name basis—he was soon enlisted by the Cherokee to journey to Mexico City and negotiate for title to their lands. Hunter was unsuccessful in this effort and the experience convinced him that there would be no peaceful means to secure their land from Mexico.

Hunter's presence disconcerted many Texans who considered him either a British agent or a spy for the U.S. government. Hunter was a keen observer of people and he could quickly surmise which way the political winds were blowing. A spy he was not, a man with an almost messianic devotion to the Indian cause he was.

So when Hunter got wind of the troubles brewing on the Hayden Edwards Settlement, which included the very disreputable town of Nacogdoches, he wasted little time using the events to shape his dream of an Indian empire.

Edwards received in 1825 a contract from the Mexican government to settle eight hundred families in one of the most lawless regions of Texas. A portion of the Edwards grant was on Cherokee lands. Other portions had long been settled by Mexicans who generally did not have



A CHEROKEE LADY, BY GEORGE CATLIN, CIRCA 1839

titles to the lands they occupied. In an effort to establish his authority, Edward's treatment of the settlers, particularly the Mexicans, led to the eventual annulment of his contract.

Those were the conditions that existed in 1826 when Hunter ventured into Nacogdoches. His sole purpose was to visit the embittered brothers, Haden and Benjamin Edwards, who were facing financial ruin, and propose to them a scheme which was as bold as it was ill-advised.

He proposed an alliance with the Anglo Texans and Indians, with the sole purpose of declaring a war of independence from Mexico. Hunter, along with Chief Fields, the principal chief of the Cherokee at the time, promised to marshal that tribe and an alliance of twenty-three other Indian tribes to the cause.

A Committee of Independence was formed on December 21, 1826, complete with a signed declaration. A flag of red and white, representing the two races, was created. Inscribed on the banner was the motto, "Independence, Freedom, and Justice."

The alliance, in the mind of Austin, threatened the existing order and promised anarchy. He called the proposed Republic of Fredonia "a small party of infatuated madmen."

Austin and Bean seemed to be of one mind and orchestrated their efforts to a single purpose: divide the Indian leadership by promising land to the Cherokees if they would assist in suppressing the Fredonian Rebellion.

In a letter to Hunter, Austin wrote, "I know the Cherokees can get their lands if legal steps are adopted, and if they take the wrong course they are lost." To the Cherokee chiefs he wrote, "The Cherokees are a civilized and honorable people. God forbid that we should ever shed each other's blood. Let us be friends and live in peace and harmony."

Among the Anglo Texans, Austin characterized the Whites involved

in the rebellion as "no longer Americans, for they have forfeited all title to that high name by their unnatural and bloody alliance with Indians."

Austin mobilized troops which joined the Mexicans in a move to suppress the revolt. In collusion with Bean, Austin formed a truly unnatural and bloody alliance with the Indians.

Again holding out the promise of a secure title to the Cherokee lands, Austin and Bean enticed Chief Bowles and Big Mush in a plot to assassinate Chief Fields and Hunter.

Bowles and Big Mush were trapped between a rock and a hard place. Without their support the Cherokee were seriously divided. Hunter was forced to rally at Nacogdoches with less than thirty warriors. Upon their arrival they found, instead of an army of determined revolutionaries, a drunken brawl. Disenchanted, over half of the Indians left for home.

While Hunter and Fields scoured the countryside for conscripts to the cause, they were slain, as planned, by warriors under the direction of Chief Bowles and Big Mush.

By way of payment for this part in suppressing the rebellion, Chief Bowles received from the Mexican government praise and the title of lieutenant colonel in the Mexican army.

Austin's duplicity in his dealings with the Cherokee were clearly evident in a letter he wrote to the Mexican authorities protesting "the forced and unnatural accumulation of savages. And we further present to Your Excellency (Bustamente) the great danger and manifest impolicy of making any promises of concessions of lands, either temporary or perpetual, and of offering any other rewards or emoluments, whether it be military appointments or civic honors, on any of the chiefs or head warriors of these barbarous tribes — the friendship of savages is always treacherous — it is purchased today and lost tomorrow."

The Birth of a Republic

Although the insurrection failed, it planted the idea in the minds of Texans for independence. Meanwhile, the Edwards grant was up for grabs. Austin, in a series of letters to David G. Burnet, enticed his friend to relocate permanently in Texas and lay claim to a portion of the grant.

Conspiratorial schemes ran deep and wide in Texas during 1835. For example, in April of that year Austin wrote to Burnet, "The Mexicans have not been my worst enemies and now I do not know that any of them are my enemies." In October of the same year, in another letter to Burnet, Austin wrote. "I hope to see Texas forever free from Mexican domination of any kind."

Bean, evidently in collusion with the new band of Texas revolutionaries, advised the Mexican officials to withhold title to the Cherokee lands. He maintained they would bring vast numbers of barbarous Indians to the area. He advised, instead, to relocate them on the Texas frontier in Indian Territory.

Although Bean's advice was hatched in the mind of Austin, its timing is significant. To achieve success in their struggle for independence the Texans could ill afford to fight a war on three fronts: the Cherokee to the north, the Comanche to the west, and the Mexicans to the south. By forcing the Cherokee to face off against the Comanche in the west, all the Texans would have to contend with would be the Mexicans. It was an ingenious plan which never transpired.

It's alternate, however, was equally effective. In November 1835, at San Felipe de Austin, the colonial headquarters on the Brazos River, the Texas delegates gathered to declare their war for independence. At that time they drafted a "Solemn Declaration"

which was signed by Henry Smith (the provisional governor of Texas), Sam Houston and others. In February the following year the Provisional Government of Texas negotiated its first treaty — with the Texas Cherokee. Both documents assured the Cherokee clear title to their lands if they would remain neutral in the upcoming conflict with Mexico.

The following month, independence was declared and David G. Burnet was chosen interim president. One of Burnet's first acts was to send an emissary to the Cherokee with \$2,000 worth of presents to re-enforce the treaty, but not to make any further promises of land.

As is well known, the Republic of Texas won its independence in 1836. At that time the prospects for the Texas Cherokee never looked better as their friend, Houston, was elected president of the Republic.

An effort to further cement the bond between the Cherokee and the Texans prompted Houston to request Chief Bowles to venture into Indian Territory and negotiate a peace treaty with the prairie tribes. Bowles' effort almost cost him his life, and he returned to Houston to report that all but the Comanches were willing to sign a treaty.

Betrayal and Expulsion

The Cherokee were shocked when, in December of 1837, the Texas Senate refused to ratify the first treaty of the government of Texas. The Cherokee were denied title to their lands as they formed part of the Burnet grant. Houston was succeeded as head of government by Mirabeau B. Lamar who vowed that "the sword should mark the boundaries of the republic."

Bowles' Cherokees and their allied tribes of Indians were desperate and furious. Bowles wrote, in a letter to Houston, that his people "from the biggest to the least have a little dread of their minds." In an attempt to save face, and the peace, Houston sent a survey team into Cherokee country to set a demarcation or boundary line. This act infuriated land speculators, citizens, empresarios and soldiers.

Nevertheless, Houston vowed to set the line "or I will give them my life or my land for I will not tell them a lie." The line was completed in 1838 by Alexander Horton, an able man appointed to the task by Houston.

"You may be sure that everything that art, villainy, corruption and treachery could invent were resorted to, to break down and destroy the expedition, but all in vain." Horton wrote to Houston, "We have succeeded and all are home safely and the Indians are all well satisfied and will remain in peace if the whites will let them alone."

Lamar responded to Houston's actions in his presidential address of December 21, 1838 by saying, "It is not necessary to inquire into the nature and extent of the pledge given to the Cherokees by the Consultation of 1835 and the Treaty of February, 1836...for the treaty was never ratified by any competent authority."

Lamar's statement added insult and hypocrisy to betrayal. The struggle for independence was over and the attention of many Texans turned to the Indians in the north for the second stage in their manifest destiny.

Burnet was appointed to head up a commission to remove the Cherokee from their lands—an act in which Burnet had quite an interest. The appointment was re-enforced by President Lamar who wrote to the commissioners, "Recent events of which you are already apprised convince me of the necessity of the immediate removal of the Cherokee Indians, and the ultimate removal of all other immigrant tribes now residing in Texas...and unless they consent at once to receive a fair compensation for their improvements and other property and remove out of this country, nothing short of the entire destruction of all of their tribe will appease the indignation of the white people against them."

"Recent events of which you are already apprised convince me of the necessity of the immediate removal of the Cherokee Indians, and the ultimate removal of all other immigrant tribes now residing in Texas...and unless they consent at once to receive a fair compensation for their improvements and other property and remove out of this country, nothing short of the entire destruction of all of their tribe will appease the indignation of the white people against them." —M. B. Lamar

As could be expected, Bowles and the other immigrant tribes refused to relinquish their homes and farmlands. The attitude of the Whites in the states and Texas toward the Indians was clearly defined by the virtual simultaneous expulsion of the Texas Cherokee and their relatives in the east. This despite existing laws and treaties to the contrary.

Villages were torched and Indians of every age and sex were slaughtered. Chief Bowles, in his 83rd year, made a stand in a clearing near the Neches River. His horse was shot out from under him, and as he attempted to walk from the field of battle he was shot in the back by Henry Conner.

Bowles sat wounded on the field facing the enemy. Captain Robert Smith approached the chief, extended his pistol to Bowles' head and fired. Others in the party scalped the dead Indian and cut strips of flesh from his back to be used for bridle reins. General Douglas reported to the Secretary of War that Bowles had been killed and, "All Texans behaved so gallantly it would be invidious to particularize."

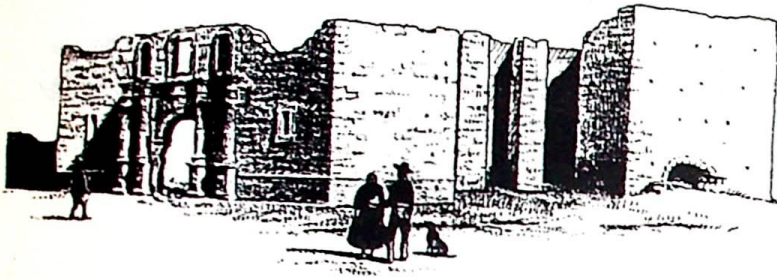
One might think that this horrid tale ends here, in the long hot summer of 1839. But misfortune wasn't finished with the Texas Cherokee.

Chief Bowles and Big Mush were dead. Those that could, escaped and finally rested on the banks of the San Saba River enroute to Mexico. There, they were again attacked. Many were killed and taken captive. The attack occurred on Christmas Day, 1839.

The Indians who escaped fled to Mexico where they were joined by Sequoyah who died there searching for his son and daughter-in-law. There the Cherokee were assaulted by the Mexicans, stripped of all their belongings and every article of clothing. Absolutely demoralized they returned to Bird's Fort, Texas. These once proud people had to beg for clothes to hide their nakedness. On September 29, 1843 they signed their last treaty with the Texans.

The first article of the treaty stated: "Both parties agree and declare that they will live in peace and always meet as friends and

Continued on page 23



UNSUNG HEROS OF THE ALAMO

BY STEVE GOODSON

**"FLESH AND BLOOD IT TURNS TO DUST,
IT SCATTERS IN THE WIND.
LOVE IS ALL THAT MATTERS
IN THE END."**

—ROBERT EARL KEEN

Everyone acquainted with Texas history knows of the siege and fall of the Alamo. The story ends tragically with the defenders of the fortress lying dead in burning funeral pyres. But there were some who survived and now, 160 years later, it would be well to learn of them, as their stories offer insightful vignettes into the lives and backgrounds of themselves and of those who died. Their stories are lesser known than the famous characters who commanded the broken walls of the old fortress, but their stories are no less important to history.

Most of these survivors could not read or write, so their accounts come to us from interviews conducted by interested people oftentimes many years after the tragic event. These retellings are clouded by the interests and opinions of the interviewers and equally by the opinions and prejudices of the subjects themselves. Their accounts agree on some points but vary on many other points. In fact, this article probably poses many more questions than answers, but the process of questioning different accounts of history many times helps us arrive at a better understanding and thus a truer account of what actually occurred. Anyway, when one deals with the epic story of the Alamo it's difficult to ascertain where the history ends and where legends begin.

The siege started around 2 p.m. on February 23, 1836 as a regiment of Santanista cavalry descended the Alazan hills and entered the southwest end of old San Antonio. Terrified Tejanos, remembering the treatment of the revolutionaries during the Green Flag Revolt, reacted by fleeing to their outlying ranches and farms. In fact, many of them had already left before Santa Anna arrived.

Some of these Tejanos fled with the Alamo defenders into the old fortress. Within a short time, however, many of them changed their mind. Since the men of these families—Arocha, Flores, Rodriquez, Ramirez, and Menchaca—were not among the Alamo defenders, Santa Anna allowed them to take their families to the surrounding country.

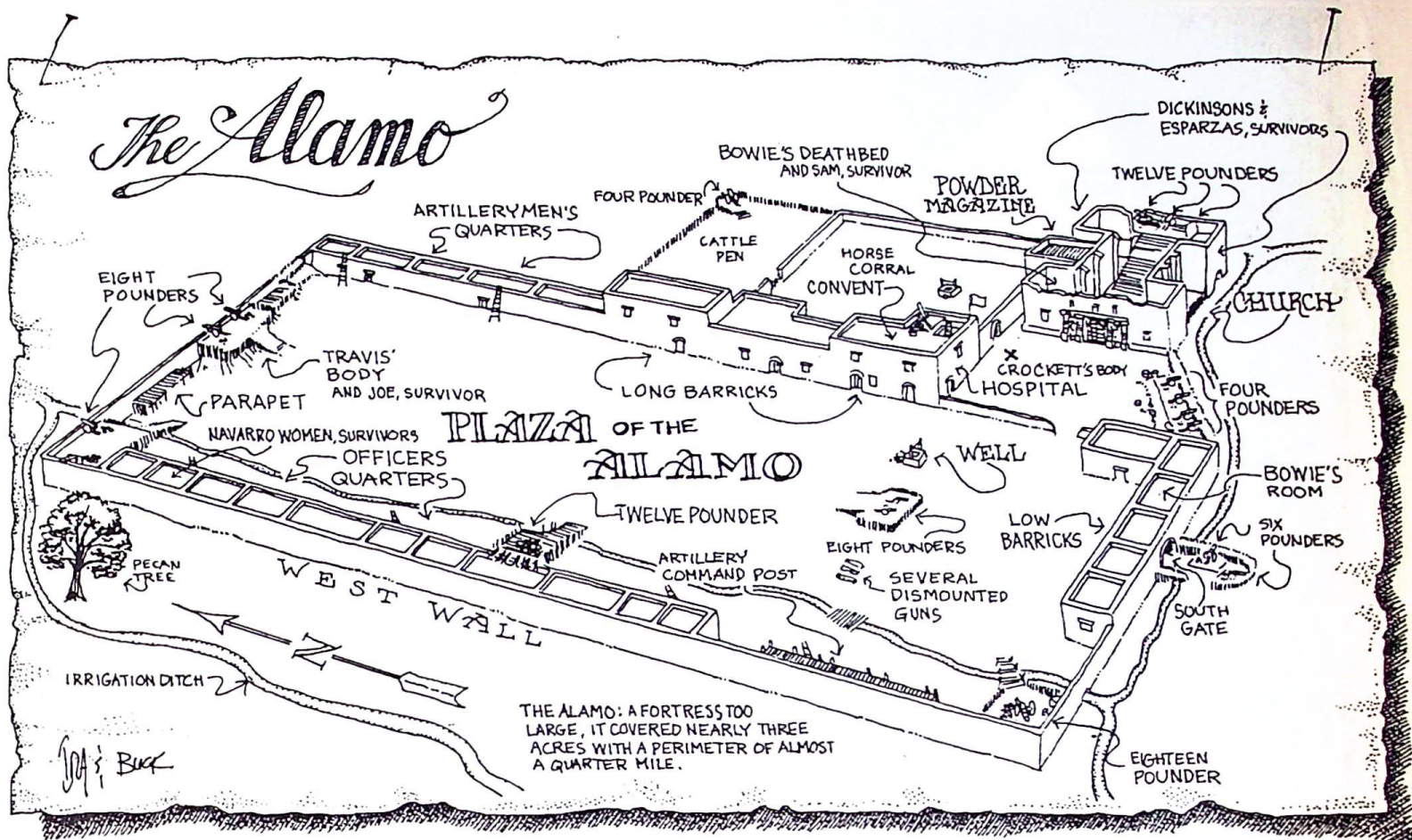
There were several African-Americans—servants of Jim Bowie and William Travis' slave Joe. Joe's story has been told to some extent as he accompanied the only Anglo female, Susanna Dickinson, on her long, sad ride to Gonzales after the battle. Joe remembered seeing one African-American woman lying slain between two cannons in the courtyard of the Alamo after the massacre. Who she was and how she came to die there remains a mystery. One good guess would be that she was a servant of Bowie's household. There also is said to have been another African-American who attended Jim Bowie—a freedman named Sam whose story has been lost to us. But Sam's death in San Antonio after the revolution was recalled by many of the people who lived there at the time.

To this day no one can say with any amount of certainty how many women and children remained in the Alamo. But we do know something of where they were.

At first it seems that many of them stayed in or near the officer's quarters in the northwest corner of the old plaza formed by the walls of the old mission. But before the battle started, many of these moved to the Alamo chapel for better security.

SUSANNA DICKINSON

Susanna Dickinson, wife of Almeron Dickinson, along with her daughter Angelina, are the most well-known survivors of the Alamo.



Almeron had brought his wife and family to San Antonio from Gonzales soon after the Texicans defeated the Santanista forces there. Susanna and Almeron were both from Hardemann County, Tennessee. Almeron courted Susanna, but was spurned and became engaged to another local girl. The prospective bride asked Susanna to be her bridesmaid, and Susanna consented. Almeron was sent to bring her to the wedding where upon the two young people talked, decided they still loved each other and eloped, marrying on May 24, 1892.

The Dickinsons arrived at Gonzales, Texas in February, 1831, where their daughter Angelina Elizabeth was born on December 14, 1843. Almeron, ex-artilleryman originally from Pennsylvania, played a major role in the battles of Gonzales and San Antonio.

Almeron had brought his wife and family to San Antonio from Gonzales soon after the Texicans defeated the Santanista forces there.

Once in San Antonio, the Dickinsons took lodging in the stone house of Ramon and Francisca Musquiz, located on the southwest corner of the Main Plaza. Both Almeron and Ramon were Masons who met when Ramon visited Gonzales as the political chief of Bexar. It was Ramon's duty to oversee the colony's surveyors and grant deeds of land to the colonists.

So it was to San Antonio where Almeron rode his horse on the afternoon of that February day after the Santanista forces were spotted. He galloped up to the door without dismounting and called to Susanna from the doorway, "Give me the baby; jump up behind me and ask no questions!"

Dickinson, fearing that the bridge across the San Antonio River would be held by the enemy, spurred his horse toward the ford further downriver near La Villita.

As the Dickinsons headed for the Alamo, they must have seen what Reuben Potter later described: "Bowie with a detachment was engaged in breaking open deserted houses in the neighborhood and gathering corn, while another squad was driving cattle into the enclosure east of the long barrack. Some of the volunteers, who had sold their rifles to obtain the means of dissipation [liquor], were clamoring for guns of any kind; and the rest, though in arms, appeared to be mostly without orders or a capacity for obedience. No army... ever swore harder. But one officer seemed to be at his post and perfectly collected. This was an Irish captain named Ward, who, although generally drunk, was now sober, and stood quietly by the guns of the south battery ready to use. Yet, amid the disorder of that hour no one seemed to think of flight."

BOWIE'S SISTERS-IN-LAW

Amidst this confusion Bowie sent word for the members of his household to join him in the Alamo. These included the African-American servants and his sisters-in-law **Gertrudis Navarro and Juana Navarro Alsbury**. Juana and Gertrudis were the daughters of Jose Angel Navarro and Concepcion Cervantes. Their aunt, Josefa, and uncle Juan Martin Veramendi were the girls' godparents and later took Juana and Gertrudis into their home and raised the girls as their own after their mother fell ill and died.

The Navarro family was split by the revolution. Their father aligned himself with the Centralist forces of Santa Anna. Their uncle, Jose Antonio, led the local Tejanos who joined the Texican revolt. In fact, at this time Jose Antonio was in San Felipe de Austin helping form the Texican government.



SUSANNA DICKINSON

MAJOR ROBERT EVANS "CRAWLED INTO THE ROOM WHERE WE WOMEN WERE, NOT TO SEEK REFUGE, BUT TO CARRY OUT AN ORDER PREVIOUSLY GIVEN AND GENERALLY UNDERSTOOD. IF THE GARRISON FELL, THE LAST LIVING MAN WAS TO FIRE THE POWDER SUPPLY BY FLINGING A BURNING BRAND AT THE OPENING OF THE MAGAZINE. EVANS, WOUNDED AND SPENT WITH WEARINESS, WAS MAKING HIS WAY ACROSS THE CHAPEL TO SET OFF THE FINAL BLAST ONLY TO BE SHOT DOWN IN A CROSSFIRE."

In 1833, when the Veramendi family all died in Monclova, Mexico from cholera, both women joined Jim Bowie in mourning the Veramendi family whom Bowie had joined by marrying Ursula their adoptive sister.

Juana had a young boy, **Alejo**, after her marriage to Ramigio Perez, a young man related to the family of Martin de Leon of Victoria. In 1934 a cholera epidemic struck San Antonio and Ramigio died. In the summer of 1835 Juana met Horatio Alsbury, an early Texas colonist when he came to visit Bowie in the Veramendi house where they all lived. Early in January 1836, she married Alsbury who was absent on this February day, having been sent back east to seek reinforcements.

Concepcion Loysoya, with her two younger children, **Juan and Juana**, joined her oldest son Toribio, one of the defenders of the Alamo and remained there with him. Concepcion had been married and widowed twice. She was of Spanish and French parentage and her family had taken part in, and suffered during, the Green Flag Revolt and the repression which followed. Here once again she and her family had cast their lots with those who sought to overthrow Santa Anna's Centralist government.

Gregorio Esparza had joined the band of Tejanos serving under the ranchero captain Juan Seguin. Present at the battle of San Antonio, Gergorio had befriended the red-haired Texican John "El Colorado" Smith, a merchant and carpenter who had come to Texas and started a business in San Antonio. Gergario had intended to send his family east with Smith's Tejano wife, **Maria de Jesus Curbelo**, but their wagon had been delayed. Gregorio and **Ana**, his wife, had several children and **Enrique**, who was then 8 years old, recalled at the age of ninety, the afternoon of that fateful day in February.

"I was born in one of the old adobe houses that formerly stood on the east side of what we call Calle de Acequia or the street of the irrigation ditch, but now known as Main Avenue. The house was but a short distance north of Salinas Street. I am the son of Gregorio Esparza. You ask me do I remember it. I tell you yes. It is burned into my brain and edilibly scarred there. Neither age nor infirmity could make me forget, for the scene was one of such horror that it could never be forgotten by any one who witnessed its incidents. I saw Santa Anna when he arrived. I saw him dismount. He did not hitch his horse. He gave his bridle reins to a lackey. He and his staff proceeded immediately to the Yturri house on the Northwest corner of Main Plaza."

Enrique ran to his home and told his parents of Santa Anna's arrival.

"My father was told by Smith that all who were friends of the Americans had better join the Americans, who had taken refuge in the Alamo. Smith and his family were there and my father and our family went with them. It was twilight when we got to the Alamo, and it grew pitch dark soon afterward. All of the doors were closed and barred. The sentinels that had been on duty without were first called inside and then the openings closed. Some sentinels were posted upon the roof, but these were protected by the walls of the Alamo church and the old Convent building. We went into the church portion. It was shut up when we arrived. We were admitted through a small window. I distinctly remember that I climbed through the window and over a cannon that was placed inside of the church immediately behind the window. There were several other cannon there. Some were back of the doors. Some had been mounted on the roof and some had been placed in the Convent. The window was opened to permit us to enter and it was closed immediately after we got inside."

Enrique remembered that his family had not been in the Alamo long "when a messenger came from Santa Anna calling on us to surrender. I remember the reply at this summons was a shot fired from one of the cannon... Soon after it was fired, I heard Santa Anna's cannon reply."

The siege had begun. But throughout the siege there was intermittent traffic between the fortress and the town. This traffic benefited both sides as it allowed them to learn the condition and strength of the opposing party. An elderly Tejana known to us as **Madam Candelaria** was part of this traffic, as she later said that she spent five days and one night in the Alamo.

As the siege progressed, the defenders and families settled into a type of daily routine. The men were divided into companies with rotating shifts of duties common to all soldiers such as drill, watch, and rest. The main foodstuffs were beef roasted over mesquite wood obtained from *jacales* (cottages) torn down from La Villita and corn ground on stone metates for tortillas and cornbread. For the rest of her life Susanna Dickinson is said to have been tormented by the memories of the Alamo brought on by smelling beef roasting over mesquite fires.

"There were two ditches," Enrique Esparza recalled, "of running water, one behind the church, to the east, and another on the west side of Alamo Plaza. We couldn't get to one ditch as it was under fire and the other one Santa Anna cut off. After we had gotten in the fort I saw the men drawing water from a well in the convent yard. The well was a little south of the center of the square."

The routine of life at the fortress was broken by intermittent bombardments and fire fighters, both sides feeling out the other side's limits and capabilities.

For entertainment, it is said that they held storytelling contests and were once called upon to judge the winner in a noise making contest between a fiddle playing Davy Crockett and a bagpipe playing Scotsman named John McGregor.

Messengers came and went with dispatches and news for the outside world. Juan Seguin was one of these. Seguin, along with two other Tejanos, Jose Cabrera and Jose Jimenes, carried messages from the Alamo and later fought with the Texican forces at San Jacinto.

On Tuesday, March 1, reinforcements arrived from Gonzales. Numbering 32 men, many were known by or related to the defenders already inside the fortress. These men were led by the messengers who had been sent from the fortress: John "El Colorado" Smith, Travis' aide, Charles Despallier, and Albert Martin. At one o'clock in the morning they had arrived near the old powder house on a hill east of the Alamo.

Here they met a horseman who asked them, "Do you wish to go into the fort, gentlemen?"

The reinforcements replied affirmatively.

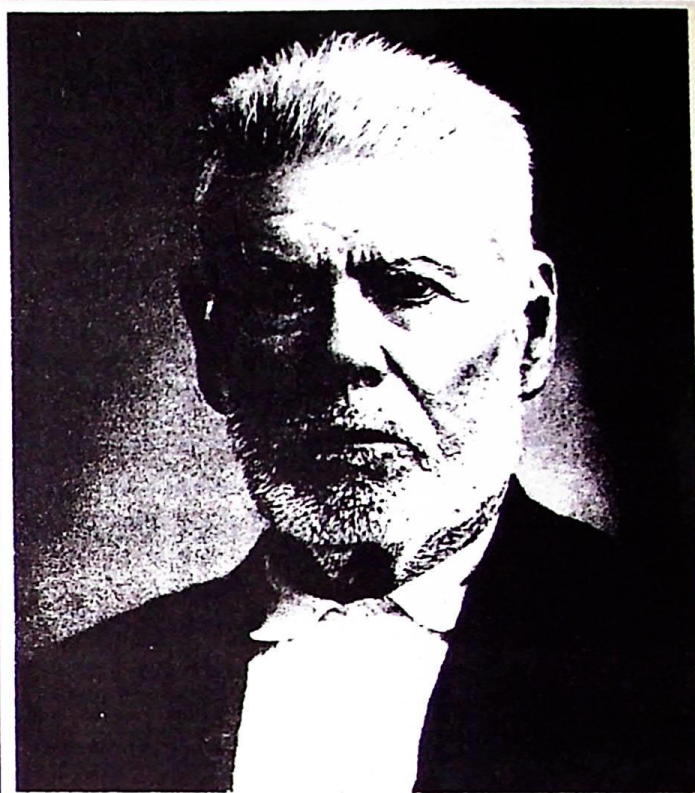
"Then follow me."

The man wheeled his horse and led the column of men through the Santanista lines. To this day, no one knows who this man was. Some have guessed his identity as Adrian Woll, a Frenchman in service to Santa Anna. Or, he might have been Juan Almonte, a Santanista general who spoke fluent English.

John Smith became suspicious and called out, "Boys, it's time to be after shooting that fellow."

With a tremendous kick, the horseman spurred his horse into the brush before anyone could fire their weapon.

Arriving safely outside the walls of the old fort, one of the reinforcements was shot in the foot by a sentinel before they could identify themselves as Texicans.



ENRIQUE ESPARZA

**"YOU ASK ME DO I REMEMBER IT.
I TELL YOU YES.
IT IS BURNED INTO MY BRAIN AND
IDELIBLY SCARRED THERE.
NEITHER AGE NOR INFIRMITY
COULD MAKE ME FORGET,
FOR THE SCENE WAS ONE
OF SUCH HORROR THAT
IT COULD NEVER BE FORGOTTEN
BY ANY ONE WHO WITNESSED
ITS INCIDENTS."**

JUST TEENAGERS

Many of the men who chose to defend the Alamo were mere boys. Sixteen-year-old Johnnie Gaston had climbed a pecan tree at Gonzales to witness the "Come and Take It" fight. William King, seventeen, had begged to go in his father's place with the Gonzales Volunteers. Johnnie Kellog was nineteen. And Galba Fuqua was sixteen.

There were three brothers from Tennessee—Edward, George and



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James Taylor—who had immigrated to Liberty, Texas and had come together to the Alamo.

At least one man at the Alamo was Jewish. Anthony Wolf had immigrated from London, England with his two young sons, Benjamin (twelve) and Michael (eight), after the death of his wife Sarah. They had come to Texas, settled in Nacogdoches and were now in the Alamo.

Jim Bonham was the last man to enter the Alamo. On March 3, he returned bringing with him the news that they could expect no reinforcements from James Fannin's force at Goliad. At this point two differing accounts state that Travis asked for terms of surrender. Jose Enrique de La Pena, a colonel in Santa Anna's army said, "Travis's resistance was on the verge of being overcome; for several days his followers had been urging him to surrender, giving the lack of food and the scarcity of munitions as reasons, but he had quieted their restlessness with the hope of quick relief, something not difficult for them to believe since they had seen reinforcements arrive from Gonzales. Nevertheless, they had pressed him so hard that on the 5th he promised them that if no help arrived on that day they would surrender the next day or would try to escape under cover of darkness... The enemy was in communication with some of the Bexar townspeople who were their sympathizers, and it was said as a fact during those days that the general had known of Travis' decision."

Another Santanista general, Vincente Filisola states, "On the evening of March 5 about nightfall it was reported that Travis, commander of the enemy garrison, through the intermediary of a woman, proposed to the general in chief that they would surrender their arms and fort with everybody in it, with the only condition of saving his life and that of all his comrades in arms. However, the answer came back that they should surrender unconditionally, without guarantees, not even of life itself, since there should be no guarantees for traitors."

Did Travis attempt to surrender? We will never know with the evidence now at hand. If he did, where is the shame? They had held out, fighting overwhelming odds, for twelve days. Surely being responsible for all the inhabitants of the Alamo would cause him to ask for terms of surrender.

Most of the women and children sought safety in the old chapel. Some of them died in the room immediately to the right of the main entrance.

Gregorio Esparza, Almeron Dickinson, and Anthony Wolfe manned the cannons located near the roof up the ramp in the old chapel. They placed their families at the side of the ramp to the rear, near the transept of the church. Young Enrique Esparza watched the soldiers fire their guns at the enemy:

"If I had been given a weapon, I would have fought likewise. But weapons and ammunitions were scarce and only wielded and used by those who knew how. But I saw some there no older than I who had them and fought as bravely, and died as stolidly as the adults."

Susanna Dickinson, in later years, recalled that in the last few days before the final battle, Travis had given her daughter Angelina a cat's eye ring on a string for her to play with. She remembered hearing Jacob Walker, a soldier from Nacogdoches, brag about his wife and four children. She said that Davy Crockett voiced his dissatisfaction, "I think we had better march out and die in the open air. I don't like to be hemmed up."

After twelve days of siege the final assault began in the darkness of the early morning of March 6. The forces of Santa Anna

"IF I HAD BEEN GIVEN A WEAPON, I WOULD HAVE FOUGHT LIKEWISE. BUT WEAPONS AND AMMUNITIONS WERE SCARCE AND ONLY WIELDED AND USED BY THOSE WHO KNEW HOW. BUT I SAW SOME THERE NO OLDER THAN I WHO HAD THEM AND FOUGHT AS BRAVELY, AND DIED AS STOLIDLY AS THE ADULTS."

were thrown back at first and the defenders seemed to have held the walls for almost forty-five minutes before the enemy poured in through breeches in the north and southwest walls.

From her hiding place in the rooms in the northwest corner Juana Navarro Alsbury "realized the fact that the brave Texicans had been overwhelmed by the numbers" of the enemy. She cradled her young son, Alejo, and sent her sister Gertrudis to the door, to ask the Santanistas not to fire into the room of only women and children. Gertrudis was met at the door by an enemy soldier who tore her shawl from her shoulders. Other soldiers came in and began looting the room. A sick Texican ran in, pushed aside the Santanistas and ran up to Juana trying to protect her but fell as he was bayoneted. He died at her feet.

As he saw the enemy troops fill the plaza, Almeron Dickinson ran down the ramp which led to his cannon emplacement and took Susanna in his arms saying, "Good God, Sue, the Mexicans are inside our walls! All is lost! If they spare you, save my child!" She never saw him again.

Later Susanna recounted that "Crockett ran into my room and fell on his knees beside me. He committed himself to his God, went out and was soon killed. She also remembered young Galba Fuqua, of French Huguenot parentage running into her room.

"I looked at him in horror," she remembered. "He was holding his jaws together with his hands. Blood trickled from his mouth. He tried to speak to me, then with an agonizing gaze tried to make me understand."

But she could only shake her head.

"The boy turned and ran out to his death."

Major Robert Evans "crawled into the room where we women were, not to seek refuge, but to carry out an order previously given and generally understood. If the garrison fell, the last living man was to fire the powder supply by flinging a burning brand at the opening of the magazine. Evans, wounded and spend with weariness, was making his way across the chapel to set off the final blast only to be shot down in a crossfire."

Enrique Esparza described the night before and the massacre itself.

"The end came suddenly and almost unexpectedly and with a rush. It came at night and when all was dark save when there was a gleam of fire from the flash and flame of a fired gun.

Continued on Page 22



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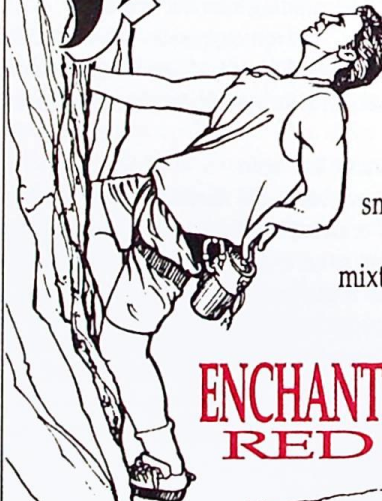
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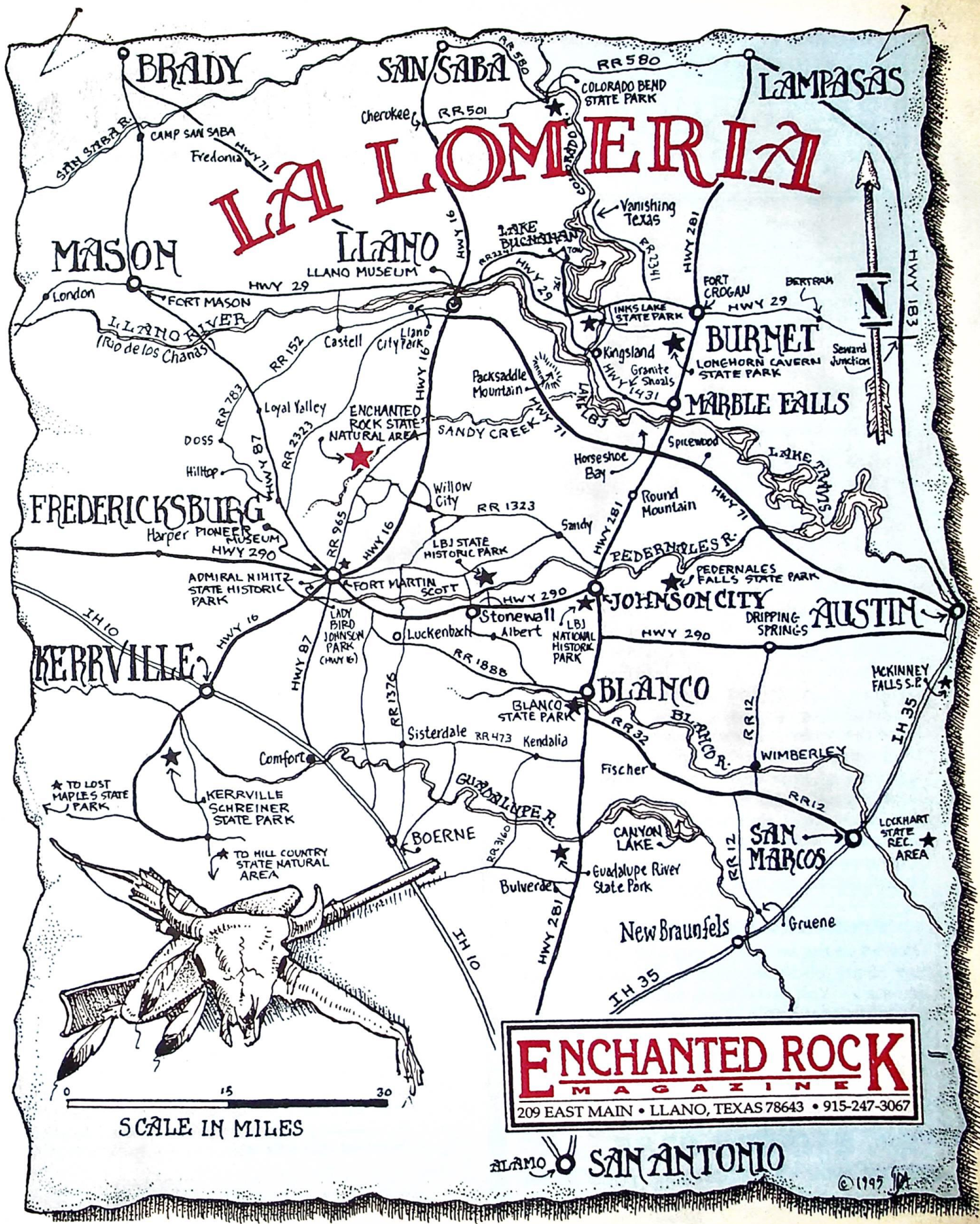
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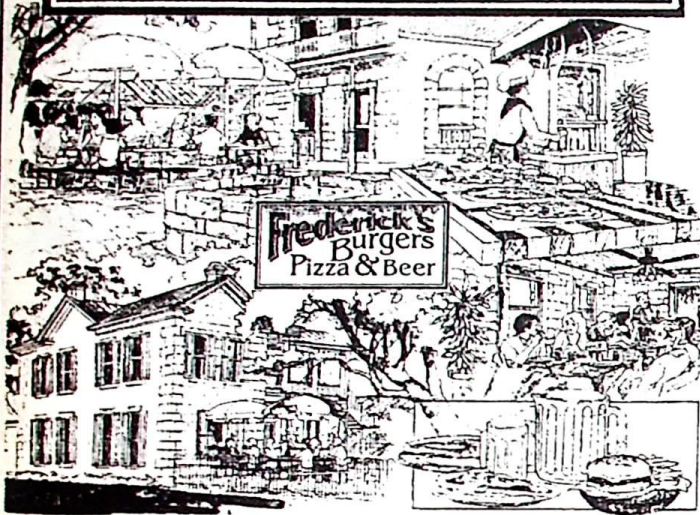
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UNSUNG HEROES OF THE ALAMO

Continued from page 19

"Our men had fought hard the day before. Their ammunition was very low. That of many was entirely spent. Santa Anna must have known this for his men were able to make several breeches in the walls. Our men had fought long and hard and well. But their strength was spent. Many slept. Few there were who were awake. Even those on guard beside the breeches dozed.

"After all had been dark and quiet for many hours and I had fallen into a profound slumber suddenly there was a terrible din. Cannon boomed. Their shot crashed through the doors and windows and the breeches in the walls. Then men rushed in on us. They fired on us in volleys. They struck us down with their *escopetas* [Mexican muskets]. In the dark our men groped and grasped the throats of our foes and buried their knives in their hearts. Men were fighting so close that we could hear them strike each other. It was so dark we couldn't see anything, and the families that were in the quarters just huddled up in the corners. My mother's children were near her. Finally they began firing into the room where we were... for at least fifteen minutes. It was a miracle but none of the children were touched."

Here Enrique spoke of the death of a young Anglo boy, possible Anthony Wolfe's son: "By my side was an American boy. He was about my age but larger. As they approached us, he rose to his feet. He had been sleeping, but like myself, he had been rudely awakened. As they rushed upon him he stood calmly and across his shoulders drew the blanket on which he had slept. He was unarmed. They slew him where he stood and his corpse fell over me."

A story circulated after the battle that a man, said to be Almeron Dickinson, but possibly Anthony Wolfe, had leaped from the roof of the Alamo chapel with a child tied to his back—both died from the fall. We will never know who it was, or if it in fact happened, but the story lives on to this day.

About twenty women and children survived to come out of the Alamo. The body of Gregorio Esparza was claimed by his brother, a soldier in Santa Anna's army and buried in the campo santo (or holy ground) west of San Antonio.

The remains of all the other defenders were burned on three pyres near the old fortress. In the final assault several men leaped from the walls only to be lanced to death by the surrounding cavalry. Evidently six men were found after the initial battle and brought before Santa Anna by General Castrillon to ask for their lives. He had them killed immediately.

The women were taken to the house of Ramon Musquiz, where they were allowed to eat and rest. They were all questioned by Santa Anna and released. He sent Susanna Dickinson and her child to Gonzales with Travis's servant, Joe, and General Almontes servant, Ben.

Enrique Esparza remembered looking for Santa Anna.

"I went to Main Plaza and watched the soldiers of Santa Anna and saw him quite a number of times before they marched towards Houston where he was defeated. He had a very hard and cruel look and his countenance was a very sinister one. It has haunted me ever since I saw it. I will never forget the face or the figure of Santa Anna."

Suggested Reading:

A Time to Stand, by Walter Lord.

Susanna Dickinson, by C. Richard King.

Women and Children of the Alamo, by Crystal Sasse Ragsdale.

The Alamo and the Struggle for Texas Independence, by Alfred Nofi.

Duel of Eagles, by Jeff Long.

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TEXAS CHEROKEE

Continued from page 13

brothers. Also that the war which may have heretofore existed between them shall cease and never be renewed." With this treaty the Cherokee were expelled from Texas.

One might ask why, in the face of such overwhelming opposition, the Cherokee resisted at all? To understand this one need only understand the Indian. In Cherokee the word for land, "Eloheh," also means culture, history and religion.

So they stayed and they fought. They fought and they lost. They lost time and time again. What they didn't lose they gave up, or buried deep in their hearts.

Some of the Cherokee in the east disappeared in the mountains for years before venturing out and eventually establishing a reservation. In Texas many hid out, like the illegal immigrants today, in remote migrant camps. They intermarried with Whites, adopting new names, a new language, a new life. But they stayed with the land, and in a few instances passed on, however dormant, the roots of the Aniyunwiya in Texas.

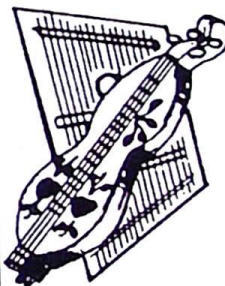
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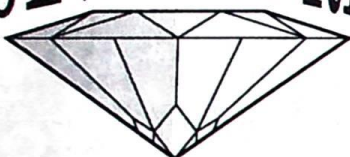


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ALAMO SURVIVOR, DAVID KENT



DAVID BOYD KENT, PHOTO COURTESY OF LILLIAN FOWLER.

by DALE FRY

Lillian Fowler of Llano was amazed to learn in 1986 that a distant relative was one of the heroes who died at the Alamo; and she was even more amazed to discover that it was her great-great-grandfather Andrew Kent. She learned also that only a quirk of fate kept Andrew's son David (Lillian's great-great-grandfather) from dying at the Alamo along with his father. She had never heard of either of them before 1986.

The following information is from descendents of the Kent family, historical data that provides yet another insight into some of the events that transpired before and after the famous battle.

Records show that on January 26, 1836, about a month before the battle, 16-year-old David Kent was in the Alamo as a member of the garrison. At that time Andrew was at his home thirty five miles outside Gonzales, and would not arrive at the Alamo until March 1.

Someone in authority sent David and another young boy—whose name remains unknown—from the besieged mission to round up cattle for food. When the youths tried to return with the beeves, however, they found that the Mexican forces had cut off any possible access to the Alamo.

On February 24, as Santa Anna's army assaulted the Alamo, someone in authority sent David and another young boy—whose name remains unknown—from the besieged mission to round up cattle for food. When the youths tried to return with the beeves, however, they found that the Mexican forces had cut off any possible access to the Alamo. The boys spent the whole of a day hiding outside the mission before finally deciding to return to Gonzales.

On the same day that David and the other boy left the Alamo in search of beef, the fort's garrison sent a messenger to Gonzales seventy miles away with a plea for help. The messenger arrived there the next day, February 25. On that day David and his partner decided to return to Gonzales.

Various historical accounts reveal that Andrew Kent learned on February 25 of the situation at the Alamo, but it is not known whether his source was the garrison's messenger. At that time, Andrew thought that David was still in the Alamo.

Early on the morning of February 26, two of Andrew's friends, Isaac Millsap and William E. Summers, came to Andrew's home with news of the Alamo. According to Kent's descendents, it was then that the three of them, along with twenty two other men, began preparations to leave for San Antonio.

"This time you may see some blood," Andrew's daughter Mary Ann heard him tell Summers. These were the last words she would ever hear her father speak.

Sometime that afternoon, as the group arrived at Gonzales enroute to the Alamo, Andrew chanced to come across David there. Expecting Indians to attack the Kent home in his absence, Andrew ordered his son to stay and escort the family safely to the Red Adam Zumwalt home in Gonzales. He and his group left Gonzales for San Antonio at 4 p.m. that afternoon.

Continued on page 34



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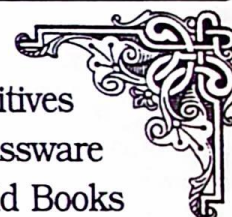
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CHAPTER 4, PART ONE
WAR DAYS IN THE GERMAN HILLS OF TEXAS

THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES:

"TRUE TO THE UNION"

BY KENN KNOPP

Forty miles northwest of Friedrichsburg lies the town of Mason, the county seat of Mason County. Just inside Mason County toward Friedrichsburg, the Meusebach ranch is situated in the community of Loyal Valley, where Friedrichsburg's founder, John O. Meusebach, retreated after resigning as commissioner of the Texas Verein and after serving a stint as senator in the Texas State Legislature.

On July 20, 1847, after Meusebach resigned, he passed the mantle of Texas Verein commissioner-general to Herman Spiess, his good friend and fellow intellectual. Spiess was also a member of the Vierzigers, the Group of Forty, who were avid Friedenkers, utopians and democratic activist bent on doing away with feudalism in Germany. The German monarch had paid Spiess and his cohorts to get out of Germany.

Mason became the next German community to develop after the U.S. Government established Fort Mason to protect the ever-constant number of German immigrants and other settlers from the Indians of West Central Texas. The main Comanche camps were precariously close to Mason, with thousands of Indians living along the San Saba River northeast of town. It was the full intention of the Adelsverein in Germany through the Texas Verein to settle many thousands of German immigrants in the Fisher-Miller Land Grant area between the San Saba, Concho and Colorado rivers.

Prior to establishing Fort Mason in the area, however, the Friedenkers founded a string of settlements near the Fisher-Miller Land Grant above the Llano River "not too far and not too close" to Friedrichsburg. Friedrichsburg simply had too many practicing Lutherans and Catholics to suit them; it reminded them too much of Germany.

Following the failed communistic experiments of the super erudite German Friedenkers who founded Bettina, Leiningen, Castell, Schoenburg, Meerholz, Kaiserville and a few other "communal gatherings" along the Llano River, other more "normal" German settlers continued to make their way into the general area unabated—and undaunted.

Only one of them, Castell, still remains today, a little village located in a pristine setting along the catfish-full Llano River equidistant between Mason and Llano. The Friedenkers abandoned it long ago, as they felt too unsafe being so near

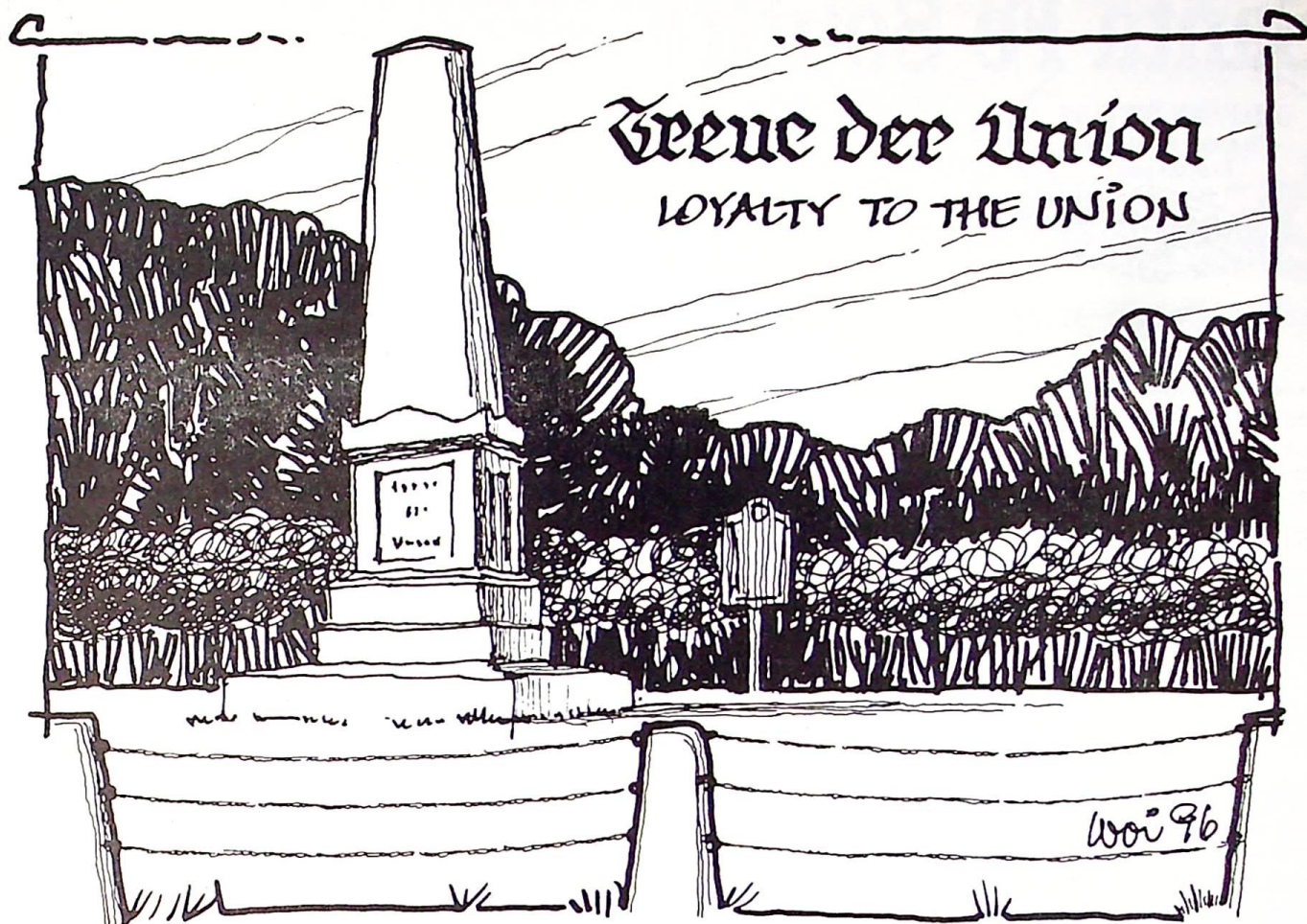
the primary Indian encampments. It did not take long for them to opt for the safety and the intellectual milieu of the bigger cities, particularly San Antonio's. A few of them eventually returned to Germany, claiming to be heroic frontier adventurers, having survived the fierce onslaughts of savage Indians, or having become great friends and benefactors of the mistreated Indians.

The town of Mason emerged because of two factors: the German immigrants who by-passed Friedrichsburg and its offer of small town lots, preferring to claim the minimum 640 acre lots promised them in the Fisher-Miller Land Grant, which they could prove on maps given to them in Germany. Little did they know that Fisher and Miller had anglicized their German names to cloud the fact that they had pulled a fast one on the German noblemen, their former countrymen. The land grant they arranged with Texas officials, probably by paying bribes, had expired well before the immigrants started arriving.

To the immigrants, it was inconceivable, at least at first, that their countrymen or their noblemen (the Adelsverein) would hoodwink them. Because the immigrants kept arriving, the federal government established Fort Mason in 1849 with a company of soldiers from Fort Martin Scott in Friedrichsburg to help protect the settlers from renegade Indians. The Treaty of Peace signed by the Germans and the Comanches first along the San Saba River and shortly thereafter on the banks of the Pedernales River near Friedrichsburg in 1847, was being honored by both sides. It was only individual renegade Indians and Whites who went against their leaders' directions and committed atrocities now and then.

SECESSION—OMEN OF COMING INTRIGUE AND TRAGEDY

At the close of the 1850s, "...a strange word had come to the people of Mason; a foreign word in their vocabulary, and it carried an evil sound to the tongue. And that word was 'secession'. " In the vote of February 23, 1861, Julius Suchard, the Mason County chief justice (now called county judge), recorded 2 votes for Secession (withdrawing from the Union) and 75 against. (4.1-A)



THE HOLIEST SHRINE IN THE GERMAN HILLS OF TEXAS IS LOCATED IN COMFORT. "TREUE DER UNION" MONUMENT IS THE FINAL RESTING PLACE FOR THE REMAINS COLLECTED AFTER THE CIVIL WAR ENDED OF THE GERMAN UNION LOYALISTS MASSACRED ON THE NUECES RIVER. IT IS SAID THE MONUMENT IS THE ONLY ONE DEDICATED TO UNIONISTS SOUTH OF THE MASON-DIXON LINE. ART BY HORST WOITALLA.

It was a great shock to the people of Friedrichsburg and Gillespie County when it was announced that in New Braunfels the vote count was 239 for and 86 against. (4.1-B)

The New Braunfels vote disgusted the true-to-the-Union folks who voted solidly against Secession in Friedrichsburg, Comfort, Sisterdale, Boerne and all the other German hamlets twixt and between. They scratched their heads in total disbelief; and only much later did they begin to understand it in the light of the German-English cotton and trade cartels, and in the marriages between the royalty of both countries—including the marriage of Prince Solms-Braunfels.

Those brave, true pioneer investigative journalists, such as German-Texan August Siemering of Friedrichsburg and San Antonio, who tried to smoke out the intrigue, were scoffed at "for lack of sufficiently hard evidence" and considered "obsessed" with conspiracy theories similar to those of John F. Kennedy, Bobby Kennedy and Martin Luther King in recent history. Those who brought up the subject such as Siemering, the editor of the weekly Freie Texas Presse published in San Antonio, were written off as "conspiracy nuts."

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A SECRET UNDERGROUND
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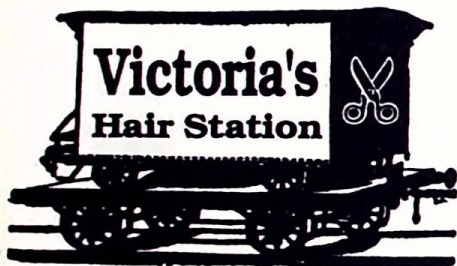
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Likewise in Kerrville, not quite as surprising because of the closeness, the vote was 76 for Secession and 57 against. From the beginning, however, Kerrville was populated with a large number of "Ammies" or "Amerikanas." But in the nearby Comfort precinct, still a part of Kerr County before being placed in Kendall County, the vote went against Secession. The Comfort vote, Precinct 2 of Kerr County, was 34 for Secession and 53 against. (4.1-C)

In Friedrichsburg and Gillespie County the vote of 1861 had proportionately the same results as Mason and Mason County: 400 voted to remain loyal to the Union, 17 for joining the Confederate states.

In Gillespie County, however, there were Black slaves, but far fewer than other counties around the state. The slave count in Gillespie County by years was: 5 in 1850; 63 in 1855; 102 in 1857; 32 in 1859; 30 in 1860; and 29 in 1862, the second year of the Civil War. (4.1-D)

It is said these slaves were mostly in the Anglo populated areas of Gillespie County, such as Willow City, Doss and the thriving racehorse training center of Morris Ranch run by Anglo Easteners. But a few Germans owned slave "headrights". As rumors of the oncoming Civil War persisted, others were held back from owning slaves by the majority of Germans who felt strongly that having slaves was the same evil practice as the feudal system of Germany they hated and left. "My great-grandfather even had to get permission to be permitted to leave Germany," recounted one descendant in Friedrichsburg, who asked to remain anonymous. "We still have his original papers allowing him to leave. It that isn't slavery, I'd like to know what is."

When the Texas statewide vote was counted, 46,128 were for Secession and only 14,697 were against. In Friderichsburg, a secret underground group called the Loyal Union League immediately organized. They met to work out strategy to deal with the inevitable retribution. Also, they felt that to save their own lives they would have to take the offensive. "At night they went about murdering the more vociferous Confederate sympathizers." (4.1-E) A number of families, especially the Mormons—also Union supporters—packed their bags and moved to areas where they felt safer, primarily to states sympathetic to the Union cause.

CONFEDERATES UNLEASH VENGEANCE ON GERMAN UNIONISTS

Ultimately, individuals who connived to gain favors from the new Confederate officials in Austin and the retaliation of Confederate troops and partisans became vicious in the German hills. Texas Rangers became henchmen of the Confederacy and set up a post in the White Oak community near Friedrichsburg. Confederate militia stationed at Blanco made their nighttime raids, torching the homes, barns and fields of suspected Unionists.

German anti-Confederates arranged to meet with others of like mind in the Comfort area to flee to Mexico. Numbering almost a hundred, the Germans were resting in their overnight camp along the Nueces River near

present-day Brackettville. Duff and his Confederate militia caught up with the Germans, killing most of them. However, some made it across the Rio Grande River and joined the Union military, or lived within the German communities of Mexico until the war ended.

H.R. von Biberstein of Friedrichsburg wrote about the pro-South, anti-Unionist Texas Rangers located in the White Oak community west of Friedrichsburg in the woods past Morris Ranch. (4.1-F) The Rangers worked in cahoots with a Confederate officer by the name of Duff, whose home was in Gillespie County near the Blumenthal area. His cohorts had their base camp in the Blanco area. Duff and his men often rode into the vicinity of Friedrichsburg to coerce allegiance to the Confederate cause, find men to report for service and to punish—by shooting or hanging—those who would not sign the Contract of Allegiance to the Confederacy, or those reported to be “Blues” (Union sympathizers, which included almost everyone in the German hills and especially in Friedrichsburg.)

Even possibly a few pro-Confederate German citizens of Friedrichsburg are thought to have let the Texas Rangers and the Duff avengers know about the planned flight into Mexico of German Unionists of Friedrichsburg and the area. This must have been true, since a contingent of Confederates were able to carry out a complete surprise attack that killed more than three fourths of the sixty or so Hill Country Germans who were at their overnight camp along the Neuces River near Brackettville.

CULTURAL DIFFERENCES BETWEEN HILL COUNTRY GERMANS AND ANGLOS

As a whole the German settlers, who heavily outnumbered the Anglos, wanted no part of the slavery issue. Few of them owned slaves, for the German people loved to work and would rather not waste time and effort overseeing others. The work had to be done their way.

The saying was, “The German lives to work; the Anglo works to live.” At any rate, both the Anglos and the Germans considered each other highly peculiar. For the Anglos, the Germans should have enough sense to know that English was the language of America. Why did they have to speak that confounded German language all the time?

As for the Germans, they would prefer to speak German instead of that ridiculous-sounding Southern twang. Most of the Germans were not from Bavaria. The twang of the Anglos reminded some Germans of the almost indecipherable clang of the Bavarian dialect. “Ah ain’t got none” (“I do not have any”); “Dem thair Dutch” (“Those Germans”) are a few examples. School didn’t seem to help them either, or bring them “culture.”

Probably the things most aggravating about the Anglos were what the Germans perceived as a lack of personal hygiene and the junk and trash in the Anglos’ yards. All cultures, of course, have these types, but the Hill Country Germans were probably picking on their Anglo neighbors to get even with them for their bigotry.

Continued on Page 31

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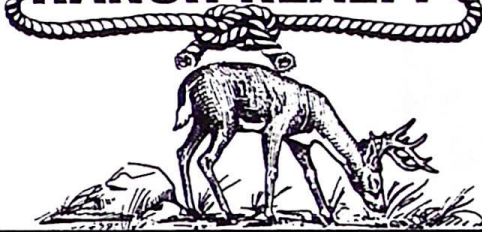
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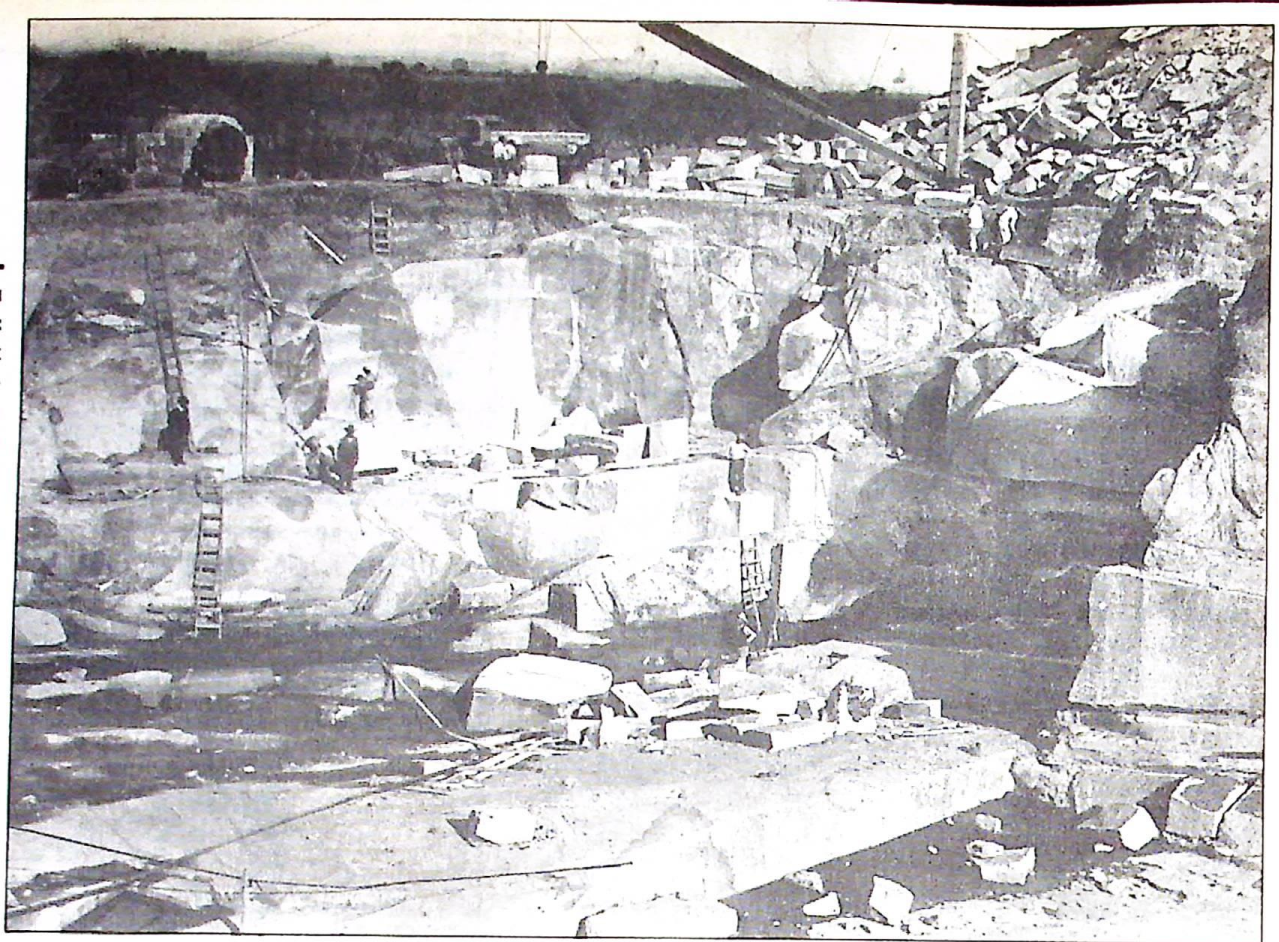
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TRUE TO THE UNION

Continued from page 28

Little did the Anglos know, since they could not speak German, that a few of the immigrants could not read or write and signed official papers with an "X". In addition, they brought with them the "twangs" and common expressions of their particular regions that would make a German school teacher furious.

To add to the differences, the Anglos were members of what the Germans thought were "strange Christian sects" such as Baptists, the Campbellites (Church of Christ), Methodists, Episcopalians and Presbyterians. The Protestants of the the Hill Country thought of the Germans who went to the Catholic Church as puppets of the Pope in Rome, and their services as nothing short of devil worship done in a strange language which was probably a secret code of intrigue in their plan to take over the world for the Pope.

To the mostly Scotch-Irish Protestants who immigrated to Texas from the American Deep South, whose numbers were growing rapidly, the German Lutherans were't much different from the Catholics, except their services were in German. Also, there must have been a smidgen of good about the Lutherans because they, too, hated the Catholics. But for Anglos to go to a Lutheran church service, they would have to learn German. They were doing well to follow their services in English!

The Germans only wanted to be left alone to tend to their farms and to market their cattle, produce and grains. Why should they go to war over a people (Negro slaves) they did not need?" (4.1-G) The Secession vote in nearby Friedrichsburg was completely true to the Union and opposed to Secession and to slavery.

When the Friedenkers [Freethinkers] (mostly agnostic or athiest intellectuals not welcome in Germany) began moving out of what is now north Gillespie County, west Llano County and east Mason County, the area, centered in Mason, slowly but surely became predominately Anglo. Friedrichsburg's German immigrants were still continuing to stream in, leaving the town less than ten percent Anglo.

In Mason County, the predominately German citizenry was slowly but surely changing because of the increasing number of Irish, English and Scotch-Irish coming from southern states. Many came with visions of huge cattle ranches complete with slaves to do their work for them, which would replace the plantations of the Old South from whence they came. The four Doss brothers bought huge acreages of fine ranchland between Mason and Friedrichsburg. They were said to have had the most slaves in the area.

The Anglos and the Germans began their name-calling at the very beginning, mostly behind each other's backs, a practice which has endured to this day: "Dutchmen" or "the Dutch" for Germans, and "Americanas" for the White English Southerners.

The Anglos would refer to the Germans as "the Dutch traitors" to the Southern Cause, which included both slavery

Continued on Page 35

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EAGLE COUNT

Continued from page 9

a rocket. The twenty mile an hour north wind slammed against the speedboat's thirty mile an hour progress. I wiggled my toes. They were still warm. I covered my face with my gloved hands, trying hard to block the cold. In no time at all we were surrounded by eagles. We slowed and added three to the count and then sped on. At the Tanyard Crossing there seemed to be eagles everywhere, in the willows on the Burnet County side and in tall trees on the San Saba County side. We slowed again, retabluted and roared on up under Post Oak Falls with its frozen waterfall held in time and flat out past the southern boundary of the Colorado Bend State Park, and in just a few more moments we were at our terminus. The count was over. We had a total of nineteen Bald Eagles on our list. And, of course that one immature Golden. That was double the number of the official 1995 count and I was pleased. We wasted no time in turning around and heading back downstream and down wind, trying to meet up with the General Johnson before it made too much progress.

And just then, as we again neared Post Oak Falls we could see the water cut by two fast craft screaming upstream. It was the LCRA Rangers. Soon I could make out Roy Witten and Fred Garcia in the lead boat. We slowed and came together midstream. I looked back at the second LCRA boat, a fiberglass tri-hull, but couldn't make out the bundled figures on board.

"We looked for you earlier," I said to Witten, who replied, "We turned back for warmer clothes." I stared into his face and could see the cold ordeal etched upon it. These four men had gone well beyond the call, carrying out an operation that would have sent many a man permanently packing.

"How many eagles did you count below Beaver Creek?" I asked.

"There were three matures near Shaw Island."

Those added to the eagles on our list produced the official count of the Bald Eagle population on Lake Buchanan at 22, that is 18 immature bald eagles and four adult birds. And, of course that one immature Golden Eagle who thought he was a Bald.

These four LCRA Rangers had fought whitecaps and swells as they made their way up the lake in two 17-foot open boats. I cannot express the level of gratitude I felt for the brave and cold souls.

Within a minute the three fast boats were speeding downstream in formation. With the wind at our backs the way back was not nearly as torturous as the trip upstream.

In the shallow waters out from Tow we overtook the General Johnson steadily steaming back toward its port on Beaver Creek. We came alongside and threw a line to Mr. Hughes, who quickly secured it. I turned to

the right and saw Ranger Witten give me a thumbs up and then with a sweeping pointing motion of his arm indicated they were going to head back to Black Rock and their vehicles. Without a word spoken, but with complete understanding, they were off.

Shawn leaped aboard the General Johnson and headed to the pilothouse to take over. Buck, Carol and I boarded the larger boat just as Frank and Mr. Hughes appeared and jumped aboard the speedboat. Mr. Hughes had to be back for the eleven o'clock cruise aboard the larger Texas Eagle II. Still underway, Buck untied and tossed the line to them. They sped away.

Back in the enclosed and heated General Johnson I made my way up toward the stern and delivered the statistics to those aboard. The report was met with a round of applause.

Everyone on board was apprised of the part we had played in the Official Mid-Winter Bald Eagle Survey for the entire country. We were just one official reporting site of 22 established over the past twelve years across Texas, and the Texas totals would later be tabulated by the U. S. Department of the Interior with data from the the remaining 47 contiguous states in order to arrive at a national census.

With a kiss from Sammy and a hot cup of coffee from Dixie I settled in for the cruise back to Beaver Creek. What a day!

And then Terri Siegenthaler piped up, "There's a mature eagle right there! Through the picture window I could see the magnificent bird, perched high in a cedar elm above the campsight on the tip of the peninsula of the Cedar Point Resource Area. And with that a dream had come true, because, you see, years ago, Ira, Terri and I had given a maximum effort to convincing the LCRA to establish the reserve on the 600 acres known as Cedar Point. And to think, that today not only are those hundreds of acres of significant habitat protected from development, but the thousand acres directly across the lake have been purchased and the Canyon of the Eagles Park has been established, but not yet opened.

From all evidence the Lake Buchanan Bald Eagles continue to maintain their numbers. And, with wise work over the upcoming years we have every reason to believe that these eagles will still soar the Texas skies to be viewed by our grandchildren. And, with help from naturalists and conservations still unborn, these eagles will be marveled at by our grandchildren's great grandchildren.



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ALAMO SURVIVOR, DAVID KENT

Continued from page 25

For reasons unknown, the volunteers, however, did not reach the Alamo until 3 a.m.—four days later, on March 1. When they arrived, they found that the Mexican army, deadily in their overwhelming numbers, had completely surrounded the doomed shrine. Nevertheless, all but one of the men managed to sneak inside. The man, whose name is unknown, became lost in the darkness and returned to Gonzales by foot. Even with these reinforcements, which brought the total men defending the Alamo to about 190, the Mexicans outnumbered them twenty to one—and more of Santa Anna's hordes were arriving daily.

Five days later, on March 6, the final Mexican assault began at 3 a.m. In a matter of hours the great iron cannons of battle fell silent, and the outnumbered defenders of the Alamo lay dead, scattered amid the ruins of the smoking fort. At 3 p.m. that afternoon Santa Anna ordered his men to stack the dead in three or four piles and set them afire.

When the gunfire began at 3 a.m., Mary Ann Kent, who had been asleep on a dirt floor in the Zumwalt home in Gonzales, reported that its sound awoke her. She claimed that it stopped about daybreak. By then, Andrew Kent was dead.

A few days later, a Mexican foraging party came near Gonzales south of Santa Anna's route through Texas. Murdering and plundering as they went, they came upon the Kent home some thirty five miles outside Gonzales, burned it, killed all of the farm animals they could find and roasted and ate some of them, then moved on. David Kent and the rest of the family, safe at the Zumwalt home in Gonzales, survived Santa Anna's merciless scourge.

On March 9, twenty five or thirty other men left Gonzales for San Antonio. When they came upon the powder house on a hill near the Alamo, they saw that the Mexicans had taken the fort, so they returned to their homes. Two days later on March 11, Sam Houston arrived at Gonzales and the men immediately joined his army.

Houston sent David Kent and Benjamin Highsmith with a letter to Fannin, imploring Fannin's help in routing Santa Anna as the Mexican dictator continued to march across Texas. According to Kent descendents, Fannin did not even write a reply.

Because of the Battle of the Alamo, Houston was able to regroup his army and defeat the Mexican forces during the now-famous Battle of San Jacinto a few weeks later.

Kent County in northwest Texas is named in honor of Andrew Jackson Kent.



TRUE TO THE UNION

Continued from page 31

and what they referred to as their own country—the Confederate States of America. The Germans would refer to those “not of them” as those “Amerikaner Huschers”—pronounced “Huschahs,” a word that may have come as retribution for the Anglo term “bushwhackers,” which they used for Germans or others who ran into the bushes to keep from supporting the Confederate cause.

There is nothing the frugal, manic, hard-working German despised more than roving drifters who would not settle down to do their own work, start with a chicken or two or a few animals and slowly develop them into flocks and herds. While the Germans loved their minuets, chamber music and accordions, the new Texan Anglos from the hills of Tennessee and the Virginia woods loved their “musicals” in the wild mustang grape arbors with fiddles and harmonicas.

Mason historian Stella Gipson Polk, who is of both Anglo and German stock, summed it up in her own inimitable way: “...divided into ‘Germans’ and ‘Americans’...the Americans despised the Germans as traitors, disloyal to the South...the first real seeds of discord. What neither the German or American could see was that...both would be needed: the American to blaze the trail with his drifting and the German to make the permanent home.” (4.1-H)

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4.1-G: Polk, Stella Gipson; *Ibid*, p. 27.

4.1-H: Polk, Stella Gipson; *Ibid*, p. 28.

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WHERE SPIRITS LIVE

by KELLY HOLLIGAN

In Texas there is a place
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onto this place.
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seek them out.

When you visit this place, just try to look upon the full moon rising in the eastern sky without feeling them near you. Just try to listen to the night sounds as you watch the embers of a campfire pulsate with flames without hearing their voices in the wind. Just try to watch a meteor burn its golden trail across a winter's sky without thinking of the Comanches that once ruled this place, or of the Pioneer's that wrenched it from their grasp. This place? The Hill Country of Texas. At night, it is alive with spirits.

In the time of the Comanches, streams flowed clear, grasses grew lush, and buffalo flourished on nearby plains. The Comanche knew the springs and the creeks. They erected lodges along their banks. They grazed their large herds of ponies on the grass. From atop their ponies they hunted buffalo for food, shelter, and clothing. Like no others, the Comanche rode their ponies to war against all enemies. With only a few exceptions, all who came to the Hill Country were enemies.


In the time of the Pioneers, steel plows chewed into the earth; axes felled cedar, oak, and elm; and bullets sang in the air to protect what little the Pioneer's had acquired. Young children played around cabins in the daylight, and read the Bible by coal-oil lamp at night. Older children worked alongside their parents. They worked and they scratched and they sacrificed to make home and hearth of this place.

The Pioneers needed the creeks, the grass, and the land that the Comanches held, so it was taken from them, got given by them. It did not come easily. Nowhere were the struggles of Whites and Indians more numerous or more bloody than in Texas, for the Comanche were the fiercest sort and the pioneers the hardest.

Slowly, the line of settlements stretched into the heart of the Comancheria. Painfully, the Pioneers tried to hold fast, only to be driven back by the determined Comanches. Finally, the Pioneer's numbers forced the Comanche from the Hill Country and deeper onto the plains, until their way of life was lost forever.

I do not write of this to mourn the tragedy of the Comanche or to celebrate the victory of the Pioneer. No, I write of this to illustrate that both these peoples lives were wrought into the land by their common desire to live life as they chose. The Hill Country now holds the echoes of their struggles, their sorrows, their children's laughter. Each had their time. Now, they both are gone, replaced, and almost forgotten—forgotten except to those who will listen to the night.

So come to this place and listen to the night bird's call or to the coyote's howl or to the wind in the trees, for it is there. When the moon is full, you can see the fires and hear the war dance of the Comanches. When the night is still, you can hear the axe blade ringing or hear a mother singing softly to her baby. The Hill Country embraces all their spirits, and they come to life in the darkness.



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THINGS THAT DISAPPEARED

A CLASSIC: THE LATE JOHN WATKINS BUILT THE HI-WAY SERVICE STATION, A QUAIN STRUCTURE IN DOWNTOWN LLANO DURING THE EARLY 20S. LOCATED AT THE CORNER OF SANDSTONE AND FORD STREETS, THE BUILDING WAS DESTROYED A FEW YEARS AGO TO MAKE ROOM FOR THE MODERN TOM & MARY PHEMA MOORE PARK. PICTURED FROM LEFT TO RIGHT ARE STATION EMPLOYEES, THE LATE J.M. HARDISON AND RILEY RAY. PHOTO COURTESY OF PEGGY HARDISON TATSCH, DAUGHTER OF J.M. HARDISON.



Crabapple Crossing

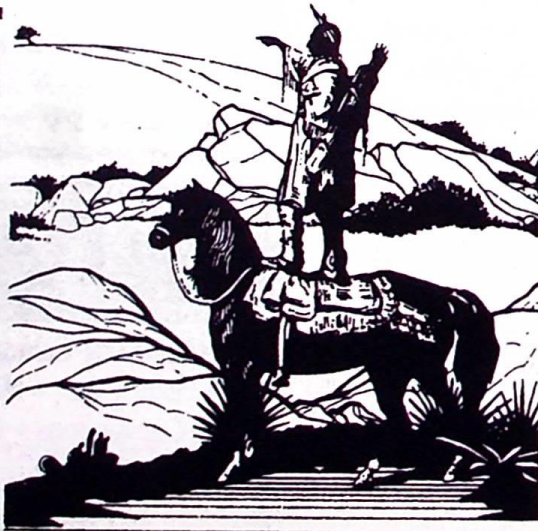
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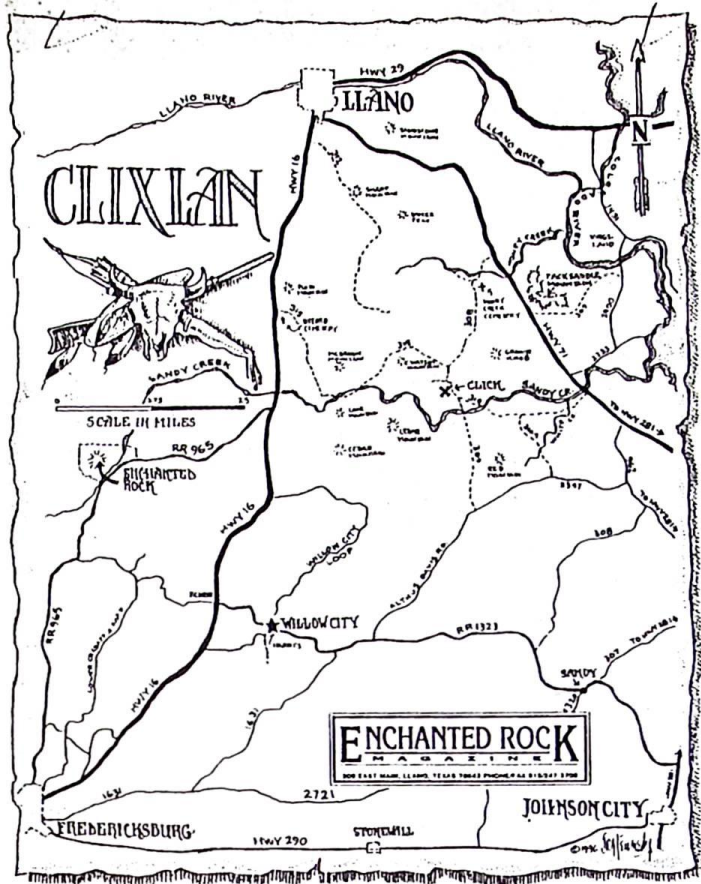
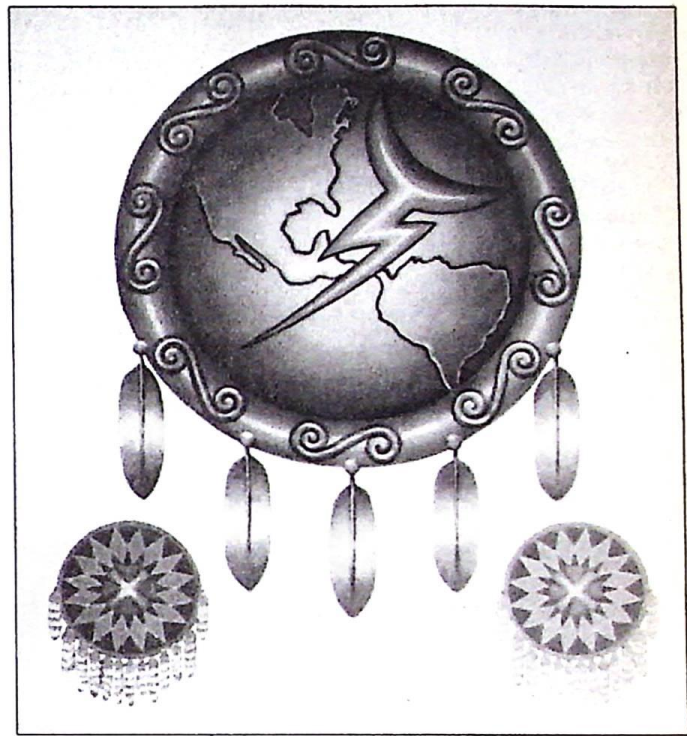
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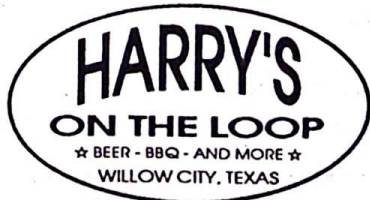
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When Hyemeyohsts Storm's epic exploration of Native American culture, *Seven Arrows*, was published in 1973, it became a bestselling classic which has inspired hundreds of thousands of readers around the world for over two decades. *Seven Arrows* tells the way of life of the Plains Indians and reveals the profound Way of the Medicine Wheels—the spiritual discipline and intricate science around which our universe is formed.

Seven Arrows launched the Native American Division of US publishers Harper and Row and remains the seminal text on Native American medicine wheels. Currently in its 45th printing, *Seven Arrows* has been translated into Japanese, Italian, French, and German.

Storm was born and raised on the Northern Cheyenne and Crow Indian reservation in Montana. In addition to being a best-selling author he teaches and lectures throughout the United States, Canada, and Europe.

Now, Storm, a half-breed Northern Cheyenne Indian, focuses his bold vision inward and begins where *Seven Arrows* ends, with his gripping spiritual autobiography, *Lightningbolt* (One World/Ballantine \$30). He chronicles his own life, enriched by the power and sophistication of a discipline that reaches back tens of thousands of years to his ancestors, to the Mayans and beyond.

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24 REASONS

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THE PRIEST & THE PRESIDENT
GHOST OF ROUNDTREE



THE STORYTELLERS:
THE LAST WINTER COUNT
 THE NARRATIVE OF JOHN GREEN KELLY



YOU
 THE STORY
WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME IF I TOLD YA
 SPANISH BOAT
 BY CHARLES T. SCHLER

BOWIE
 BY STEVE GOODMAN

The name itself evokes mystical images to a reader's mind. The fighter and prospector of lost mines and treasure could all easily connect to legends from the reality of who and what Bowie truly was, and how he changed something of the environment that shaped his identity as a person.



INTRODUCTION
 It was on the paper with which I had been reading that I found a small notice about a book that I had just finished reading. The title was "The Narrative of John Green Kelly" and the author was John Kelly. I had never heard of John Kelly, but I was intrigued by the title. I had just finished reading "The Last Winter Count" and I was looking for something new to read. I found "The Narrative of John Green Kelly" and I was hooked. It was a story of a man who had lived in the Hill Country area in the 18th century. It was a story of a man who had seen the Spanish and the English and who had lived through the war of 1759-60. It was a story of a man who had seen the Spanish and the English and who had lived through the war of 1759-60. It was a story of a man who had seen the Spanish and the English and who had lived through the war of 1759-60.

DIYIKIA KENNEDY
 This is a story of a man who lived in the Hill Country area in the 18th century. It was a story of a man who had seen the Spanish and the English and who had lived through the war of 1759-60. It was a story of a man who had seen the Spanish and the English and who had lived through the war of 1759-60. It was a story of a man who had seen the Spanish and the English and who had lived through the war of 1759-60.

PREHISTORIC POTTERY OF THE LlANO UPLIFT
 BY CHARLES HIXSON



Many of our readers may be surprised to learn that the prehistoric pottery of the Llano Uplift is not a new discovery. It has been known for many years. However, it is not until now that we have a detailed account of the pottery. This is the work of Charles Hixson. He has spent many years studying the pottery and has written a book about it. The book is titled "Prehistoric Pottery of the Llano Uplift". It is a book that is well worth reading. It is a book that is well worth reading. It is a book that is well worth reading.

THE SPENCER SITE, WHICH LIES ON A TERRACE ABOVE SANDY CREEK NEAR THE BASE OF ENCHANTED ROCK, HAS YIELDED OVER 150 SHEPHERD, TWO OF WHICH APPEAR TO BE FROM A NONLOCAL POT.



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Rock Climbing Overview
DINOSAURS ON EROCK?
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THE TREATY BETWEEN JOHN MESSENERICH & THE COMANCHE NATION, 1847