

HERITAGE OF THE TEXAS HILL COUNTRY

HILL COUNTRY
MAP INSIDE PAGE 13

ENCHANTED ROCK MAGAZINE

A NATURAL RESOURCE FOR ADVENTURE, DISCOVERY, AND KNOWLEDGE IN THE HILL COUNTRY

VOL. 2 NO. 13 March, 1996

\$2.00

TRAILING BLUEBONNETS

KNOPP ON NIMITZ

CHEROKEE LAND CLAIMS

by WAGGONER CARR



BURKLE 96

TEXAS CHILI PEPPER COMPANY HOT IN NEW MEXICO

A Texas company and a major producer of habaneros in the United States is hot on the trail of awards at the 8th National Fiery Foods Show in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Stonewall Chili Pepper Co. of Stonewall is a finalist, beating out over 750 entries for a spot at the awards banquet with hot products in three categories.

Since Stonewall is a community renowned for its peaches, it shouldn't surprise anyone there that Jeff Campbell, the first commercial grower of habaneros—the world's hottest chili—should produce a Texas Peach & Habanero BBQ Finish. This popular product, from their line of over fifty, tantalized the judges' taste-buds with its home-grown "from the seed to the jar" gourmet taste.

Another of Campbell's fiery habanero products, Habanero Pecan Brittle, is up for an award in the Jam/Jelly/Candy category. However, it's their most popular wholesale and mail-order item, Mesquite Smoked Jalapeno Salsa, that is the tangy contender in the salsa competition.

The Annual Fiery Food Challenge is billed as the "only comprehensive and objective contest that exists" in the marketplace for chili product. Top culinary professionals served as judges for the Annual Fiery Food Challenge and the results were tabulated by Albuquerque's most reputable CPA firm. The judges and CPA's were not given any information as to who the contestants were.

The winners will be announced at the Fiery Food Awards Banquet on Saturday, March 2 in Albuquerque.

WILLOW CITY FUND RAISER

The Willow City Volunteer Fire Department/Ladies Auxilliary and Community Club is holding the Willow City Community "Spring Cleaning" Sale on Saturday, March 16 at the Old Willow City School located in downtown Willow City beginning at 9 a.m. No "early birds" will be allowed.

Inside the historic Willow City School, baked items, soft drinks and coffee will be available.

"Rent-a-Kid" is an opportunity for the children to get involved in the community activity while earning a little spending money. Children of the members of the sponsoring organizations will be available for 25 cents if a customer should need assistance with their packages.

Proceeds will go to the Willow City Community Volunteer Fire Department, and for the renovation of the Old Willow City School. In case of bad weather the event will be rescheduled for Saturday, March 23. for additional information concerning the March 16th sale call Carolyn Strickland at 210-685-3243.

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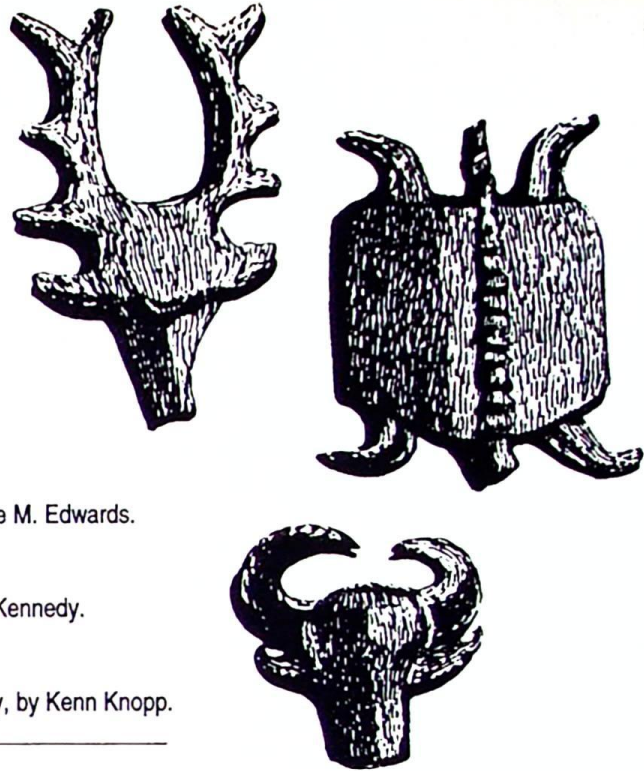
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1933

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THE KNOWLEDGEABLE ONES

Stories about Click, Texas swarm around our offices like a hoard of nesting Dirt Daubers. Manila folders bulge to overflowing with notes, articles, copies of old letters, and family trees that tangle into each other like a pile of wire coat hangers. This is all a result of a conversation I had with Mada West of Llano. Once I told Mada I was researching the old Click Community she responded, more than equal to the occasion, by providing priceless material and access to private property—complete with guides.

In 1756, when the Miranda expedition discovered silver on Honey Creek, he called his Indian guides "The Knowledgeable Ones." Well, thanks to Mada the latest generation of Knowledge Ones have enlisted to my aid.

There's a story at every turn. I've traveled the length and breadth of Sandy Valley, which I've learned, was the original name of the Click Community before it opened the doors to a post office and officially became Click, Texas, named after it's founder George Washington Click.

I've been to the spring that gives life to Honey Creek, high up on Riley Mountain, and to Comanche Creek Cemetery where the Clicks, Walkers, Whites, Smiths and others are at eternal rest. There too is the grave of McCleary who was killed in a bar-room fight. He was buried in a grave dug for Charles W. Smith, son of D.J. and Siambra Smith, who was killed by Indians near Bell Mountain in Gillespie County. The Smith family decided to bury Charlie Smith at the foot of Bell Mountain where he was killed. Mr. McCleary met his untimely death at the same time—so the unused grave became his final resting place.

Frank and John Smith took me to the remote cemetery. Enroute, Frank, John's daddy, recounted several stories of the old days, and at least one will find its way into print in the coming months.

Beginning with the April issue I will hold forth with details of this remarkable community commencing with the Click family. One very interesting, and well-written, document Mada had copied for me, "The Effects of the Civil War Upon a Texas Family," is all about the Clicks; but its author, Elizabeth Gann, who attended Southwest Texas State University when she wrote the piece, can't be located. At last report she lived in Seguin. If you know her whereabouts give us a call.

Recently a road trip to Click was organized by Harry's on the Loop in Willow City, KFAN Radio (107.9 FM), and *Enchanted Rock Magazine*. KFAN taped segments at the

several stops along the way which they later aired on the radio. The result is likely to give rise to a whole new art form—lunatic humor. Give KFAN a call and make them play it again. As you may have noticed in the pages of this magazine, we have a Click Writing Contest (see page 44 for details). There's still time to get your entry in. If you win you will be the proud owner of all kinds of neat stuff from Harry's, KFAN, and ERock Magazine.

On another topic—next month we will introduce a new column in the magazine. Beau Burton will be writing about Texas country music. The truth is, it's nearly impossible to write about Texas for very long without paying reverent attention to country western music which has firm roots in the Lone Star State. Beau will be interviewing some old timers to get lowdown on the way it was. We will also be running brief schedules on local bands in the area so everyone, from die-hard fans to the curious, can follow music happenings in the Hill Country. If you have a band playing in the hills, send us a brief bio and a copy of your schedule.



IRA KENNEDY

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GALLATIN GIRL

by FRANK HILL

In southwestern Montana, the rivers all flow north. At the town of Three Forks, three of those rivers converge and become the mighty Missouri. The names of those three rivers are the Madison, the Jefferson, and the Gallatin.

Summertime in South Texas slowed down my reflexes
Like the flow of the ol' Rio Grande.
Up yonder, behind her, a constant reminder
My promise that I'd return one day.

Savin' my money and writin' my honey,
"Come spring I'll be in the mountains."
Her sweet reply put a twinkle in my eye,
"I'll be here and the days I'll be countin'"

She's a Gallatin Girl with a Yellowstone curl,
A deep forest green in her eyes.
We met by chance and knew at a glance
We'd fall in love under Montana skies.

Wintertime in South Texas, all my reflexes
Are off by two thousand miles.
Hard work and scheming and all of my dreaming
Remind me of her Gallatin smile.

So I packs my ol' truck, adios and good luck
I'm bound for that far northern mountain;
Summer nights are cool and I'd a fool
To refuse the days she's been countin'.

In my cowboy bandana, I'm bound for Montana
And the girl with the mysterious suprise.
Bustin' my buttons, my ol' truck is cuttin'
This interstate back down to size.

The very next autumn, she went out and bought 'em
A cabin and some acres of land;
Says, "It's a mystery, part of Montana hist'ry,
"Gettin' started down south by the ol' Rio Grande."

She's a Gallatin Girl with a Yellowstone curl,
A deep forest green in her eyes.
We met by chance and knew at a glance
We'd fall in love under Montana skies.

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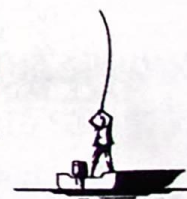
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LETTERS

KEEP IT UP

My wife, Patricia, and I have enjoyed the initial and ensuing issues of your magazine so much. I hope you keep up the project of exposing to the world, the wonderful, rich heritage of this part of Texas.

In the February, 1996, issue you published a few "cowboy" poems. I am enclosing one that I sat down and penned a few days after the death of one of San Saba and Llano counties' favorite sons. It is probably not worthy of publishing as I don't claim to be a poet, but he was such a nice fellow and the epitome of the "typical Texas cowboy". Feel free to print it if you feel it good enough.

Keep up the good work,
and Good Luck!
Marvin Foster

ODE TO "CHIEF" PERRY

by MARVIN FOSTER

Saddles and Boots will
Make yore legs bowed,
And yore back will get bent
If you've ever been thrown.

His legs were some bowed,
And his back a little bent,
Like some cowboy character
Old Ace Reid might've sent.

Now he'd sired a nice family,
'Cause he'd married a good wife,
Yet really cowboyin' and huntin'
Were the big things in his life.

Well, he just went so quick,
It was beyond our belief,
We wasn't ready to turn loose
Of our good friend old "Chief."

So a big crowd showed up
To Honor and to bury,
One of Cherokee's favorites,
Mr. Billy Mac Perry!

LETTERS

DEAR IRA

I recently had the opportunity to read the February, 1996 edition of your magazine. I found it very interesting and congratulate all of you for a job well done.

I especially enjoyed your article "A Brief History of The Texas Cherokee."

While I was Texas Attorney General in 1964 I had an unusual opportunity to learn about the Texas-Cherokee experience. I am enclosing a copy of an article from the April 1995 *Texas Bar Journal* which related to that experience.

If you find the article interesting, you have my permission to print it.

Also, please find enclosed my check for \$25 for a year's subscription

Yours very truly,
Waggoner Carr

HI CHARLES

Suprise! Just wanted to drop you a little note and say thanks again for the gift, *Enchanted Rock Magazine*. We have been so busy since Christmas I am just now beginning to have some extra time to read. I especially enjoyed the one you wrote about your Christmas as a child in Austin. And Also, this last one about the eagles. They are all just great so I will pass them on to C.B. he will enjoy them. So see you made two old folks happy. You had some bad weather in Austin. So did we here. Everything was iced over for two days. I just snuggled up on the couch and read *Enchanted Rock*. Take care. Give Dixie my love

Love & prayer,
Bobbie

LETTERS, continued on page 35

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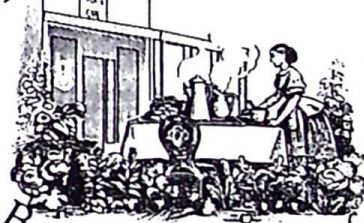
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CLICKXLAN

FURTHER CONVERSATIONS WITH HARRY

A JOURNEY TO THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE LEADS TO THE CENTER OF THE UNIVERSE

However nebulous it might be, a paved road offers certain security to the weary traveler. It tells us that someone, real and concrete, (with a full-time job) has gone this way before to build the road and remove its dangers. As one views a paved road from a hill-top, and watches it wend its way through the hills and valleys, one can almost see a Picassoish flow to the line of it. It is a sculpted and well thought out thing.

Dirt roads are different. It is Bubba and his D-9 wanting to go from point A to point B and damn the torpedoes. If there is art there, it is Dali and he is feeling particularly impish today.

A great clue to the nearness of society on a backroad, are the cattleguards. They usually represent a property line. The more cattle guards, the more different pieces of property, ergo the more different people. I think we went over only one more cattle guard on this voyage.

I resisted my body's wild call for self-preservation and remained in the truck.

"I think that last bunch of deer was smirking at us." Harry said, studying the rear view carefully.

"Smirking?"

"Yep. Sure do." No I don't. I'm on Apollo 13, and 'Hello, Houston'.

"Harry, do you have any duct tape?"

"Duct tape? What... Hey look, an armadillo. Let's catch it."

Sure enough, an armored rat crossed in front of the pick-up; seemingly oblivious to the ton and a half of plastic hurtling toward it. Of all the wondrous wildlife seething through the Hill Country, the Armadillo is the oddest. I have even heard it described as "cute." This, despite the fact that at it is reputed to carry leprosy, several unidentified strains of the eboli virus, spotted fever ticks, and a concealed weapons permit.

"Do you know how to catch an armadillo?" He asked as he slowed down.

(Make a noise like a car and it'll run right underneath you.)

"Yeah, I even know how to hypnotize them." God hates a braggart.

"Hypnotize it? How?"

"Well, you pick it up, turn it over on its back and rub its belly. It'll conk right out."

Harry stopped the truck. "This I gotta see. You come up with some weird stuff."

Me!

"Ok, but don't let any smirking deer come up behind me."

The only thing I have in common with Barbarosa, is tax trouble. However, it is a great movie (perhaps the only movie) to watch and learn how to catch armadilli.

Armadilli do not have the ground speed that a normal homo sapien does. However, they can turn on a proton particle. And they skitter. Skittering is not inherent in humans, therefore we do not have an autonomic response to it. It is the flaw we have to overcome in many of life's dramas.

Lao Tzu, in his book, *The Art of War*, comments on skittering as a warrior's best maneuver. I digress...

I got to within a foot or so of my prey, moving silently as on rice paper. Suddenly, he skittered to the left (see?) and into the brush at the side of the road. I was so close I could feel this hot breath. I stretched into

the brush, within a hair of his tail. His trap was sprung. I felt mesquite thorns tearing into my flesh, The beast turned to me and smirked.

There are several schools of thought on just how to deal with mesquite thorn embroglios. Freudians equate them with their mother's fingernails, therefore they have to wait until they are in their thirties to deal with it.

Jungians, on the other hand, consider them to be synchronistic events; archetypal and therefore, unreal.

I am a Wal-martist. I'll buy another shirt.

Fortunately, there were no jumping cactus around or I would have had to lean toward Newtonian physics.

We continued on our trip.

AS WE PEERED THROUGH A DUSTY WINDOW, HARRY'S HEART SANK. NO TREASURE, NO OLD STUFF, NO BATHROOM. ALL CLICK COULD OFFER WAS PERSPECTIVE. A VIEW OF THE MARCH OF TIME, AND THE CHANGE OF FORTUNE THAT HAUNTS US ALL.

Another thing that seemed to be missing, were mailboxes. Rain and sleet and dark of night were one thing, I guess, but Post Office rules ruled out delivery to the Middle of Nowhere.

The conclusion had to be, that not very many people came this way. It did seem to be unusually cleared of humans. It was hunting season, but the deer stood calmly by the road as we passed. Hawks of all shapes and sized sat calmly on fenceposts, or circled above us waiting for our passage to scare up some lunch.

At one point, Harry slammed on the brakes, again, and pointed, mouth agape, across a field.

"What the hell is that?"

My eyes followed his wavering finger, to where a five foot tall chicken stood. Behind him was a flock (I guess its a flock) of similar demons.

"Oh yea," I nodded calmly. "I heard that the CIA had a genetic experiment station around here somewhere."

"You don't think they're emus or rheas or something."

"No way. You've heard of Clixfoot haven't you?"

Harry turned slowly toward me. He may have had enough. "I don't think there is a Click. I think you just wanted to ride around and drink my beer."

The incidence of time and space, matter and anti-matter appears random, at first. Chaos, the scientists say, is the natural state of the universe. Crapola, I say. Timing is everything.

It appeared as we crested a rise in the road. Harry slammed the brakes; we skidded into Click, through Click, and out the other side of Click.

Treasure lust sparkled again in Harry's eyes. He backed back into Click and turned the truck off. It was a silent moment; reverent. We got out and walked to the front of the old store. It wasn't hard to imagine a horse and wagon parked there; Malachi Click loading seed or grain or searching for a long awaited letter.

As we peered through a dusty window, Harry's heart sank. No treasure, no old stuff, no bathroom. All Click could offer was perspective. A view of the march of time, and the change of fortune that haunts us all.

In the distance we could see the grey road, paling into the familiar caliche white. Click is at an intersection. It's quite colorful, actually. The grey road, the white road, and a black loamy road that hadn't seen a tire track in eons. There was probably a graveyard on it but I would have carried the truck before I ventured that way.

"Y' know, Cork," Harry frowned thoughtfully, "I guess it's not really about where you're going. It's about the journey."

If you squint, and the light is just right, Harry does have a Buddha-like air about him.

Somebody cares about Click, though. It was not a pile of rubble and trash. The grass was trimmed, windows whole, doors closed and latched. We left it as we found it. What happens there when humans aren't witness is like the tree in the forest. Subject to muse and speculation and blissfully little fact.

Harry aimed for the familiar caliche as we left. We were tired, it was getting dark, and whatever trepidation we had was overpowered by the desire to see something familiar.

Sandy Creek was dry. He coasted over the low-water

Continued on Page 38



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A FIRM AND LASTING PEACE FOREVER

A Look at the Texas-Cherokee Nation Land Dispute

By WAGGONER CARR



In 1964, during my first term as attorney general of Texas, an office visitor identified himself as Earl Boyd Pierce, general counsel of the Cherokee Indian Nation from Muskogee, Oklahoma. He stated that the chief of the Cherokee Nation at that time was W. W. Keeler, president of Mobil Oil Corporation. He stated that the purpose of his visit with me was to settle "once and for all" a dispute that had long existed between Texas and the Cherokee Nation as to the title to approximately two-and-one-half million acres of land in East Texas (consisting of Smith and Cherokee counties, and parts of Van Zandt, Gregg, and Rusk counties). Pierce told me the historical story of back in the days when Texas faced a war with Mexico and General Santa Anna approached the Cherokee Nation leaders and proposed that if the Cherokees would attack Sam Houston from the north while Santa Anna attacked from the south, Houston could not fight a two-front war and would be defeated. When that occurred, Mexico would cede the Cherokee Territory in Texas to the Cherokee Nation.

General Sam Houston somehow found out about Santa Anna's proposal to the Cherokees. Houston proposed to the Cherokees that if they would not attack him from the north, when he whipped Santa Anna and Texas became a republic, then Texas would cede the territory of the Cherokees to the Cherokee Nation and they would get their land without a war and without having their young killed. The Cherokees agreed and stayed on the sidelines.

Pierce explained that when Santa Anna was defeated, the Republic of Texas through its congress not only refused to live up to Houston's promises, but drove the Cherokees from their Texas land into the Indian Territory of Oklahoma.

Pierce stated that the Cherokee Nation felt it still had title to that acreage in Texas but his nation was realistic enough to know that with all the cities and oil wells throughout the area it would not be practical to expect that land to be given back to the Cherokees. The nation felt that since that first option was not practical, Texas should pay the Cherokees for the land Texas wrongfully took. Pierce added that the tribe knew that with the present developments and improvements on the land, there was not enough money to pay the fair present value of the land to the Cherokees and, therefore, the Cherokees would agree to sell the land to Texas for a dollar an acre.

"Now," Pierce said, "we will agree to spend all that \$2.5 million, more or less, to educate our young people. Even though that seems fair to us, we doubt that Texas would do that, so we will further agree that we will educate all of our children in Texas colleges so that, in the end, Texas will get back every dollar it paid us for our land. Now, if you and Governor Connally can think of a more fair way to settle this dispute, let us hear from you."

Pierce left me with a written document, "Method or Plan for Settlement of Cherokee Claim Proposed by Cherokee General Counsel" which states:

... the Cherokees are prepared to stipulate that the outside limit of the obligation of the people and the State of Texas in favor of Cherokees will not exceed the sum of \$1.00 per acre measured against the total acreage involved in this controversy.

Further, in order to implement the search for the truth of the matter and to hasten the day when it can be resolved, the Cherokees will agree to cooperate with the Attorney General and Governor of Texas in an effort to search out and establish the facts pertaining to

their claim.

The Cherokee have observed for many years that a dispute exists among prominent historians regarding the purported facts involved in the matter. They are willing in this connection to join with the Attorney General and Governor of Texas in the appointment of two eminent historians, one for each side, and will agree for those two to select and appoint a third historian to resolve all fact questions. They will agree to share equally with the State of Texas in any necessary expense thereby incurred.

The Cherokees will stipulate in the beginning that they will accept the findings of this historical commission as final and binding upon them and not expect the Attorney General of Texas to stipulate that he will accept, as a public official of Texas, those findings as a binding legal liability upon the people of Texas.

Further, the Cherokee will agree to present jointly with the State of Texas these findings so found by said commission to a panel of eminent legal scholar, similarly appointed, and will agree to be bound by the conclusions agreed to by a majority of this panel.

Moreover, the Cherokees will stipulate that upon rendition of the final conclusions by this legal panel, they will not expect the Attorney General of Texas, the Governor of Texas, nor the people of Texas to be legally bound or obligated to the Cherokee people for any money, but will be satisfied if the officials of Texas, including the Attorney General and the Governor, agree to submit those findings to the Legislature of Texas and the public press and to the people of Texas in any manner or form deemed fitting and proper by the Attorney General and the Governor.

In addition, the Cherokees will agree that if the final conclusions of said panel are favorable to an award, their maximum expectation will be for the Attorney General and the Governor to do whatever they think proper in the premises to convince the Legislature of Texas that an endowment for the higher education of Cherokee scholars should be granted at the expense of the people of the State of Texas in a maximum sum equivalent to an amount equal to the increment at five percent interest per annum on the maximum sum to be found or indicated to be due the Cherokees within the limitation mentioned herein above, and that the Cherokees will be willing to leave the corpus of the trust thus created in the hands of the people of the State of Texas for a period of 25 years, provided that they be privileged to use the increment of approximately \$100,000 a year for said higher education program, limited to Cherokee youngsters whose degree of blood equals or exceeds one-half; and provided further that this program shall continue at the same rate of approximately \$100,000 per year during a period of 25 years. At the expiration of said period, the Cherokees will then release the corpus of the trust to the State of Texas, and at the same time will forever release the people of the State of Texas from any claim, moral or otherwise, which may have arisen in 1839 by the resettlement of a portion of our people from the State of Texas into the present State of Oklahoma.

It is understood that (a) if the Attorney General and the

We will agree to spend all that \$2.5 million, more or less, to educate our young people.

Even though that seems fair to us, we doubt that Texas would do that, so we will further agree that we will educate all of our children in Texas colleges so that, in the end, Texas will get back every dollar it paid us for our land. Now, if you and Governor Connally can think of a more fair way to settle this dispute, let us hear from you.

Governor of Texas agree to this procedure that the Principal Chief of the Nation, Honorable W. W. Keeler of Bartlesville, Oklahoma, will join the stipulation that may be agreed to by the parties in interest and (b) that the whole stipulation shall be submitted through proper channels for the approval of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs and the Secretary of Interior in Washington, D.C., whose duties under existing Federal Statutes provide for their cognizance of matters of this character.

I contacted Governor Connally and told him of the visit. We decided that my office would brief any legal problems involved and what authority the governor or the legislature might have to appropriate money for such purposes. Pierce's proposal on behalf of the Cherokee Nation presented one basic question: Could the State of Texas Legally pay such a claim under the Texas Constitution? If the state could not legally pay such a claim, then the method of settlement proposed by Pierce on behalf of the Cherokees could not be legally entered into by the governor and attorney general.

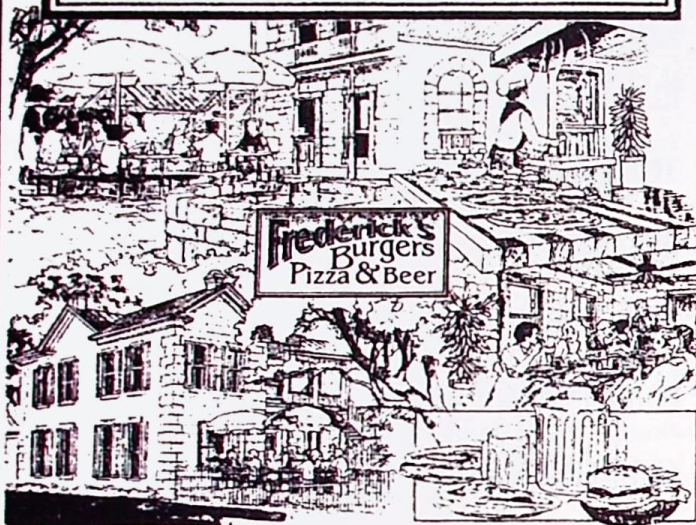
Pierce stated in his request that the claim of the Cherokees was based principally upon the declaration of November 13, 1835 by the delegates of the Consultation of Texas assembled in general convention and on two opinions of attorneys general of the Republic of Texas.

Therefore, for a better understanding of the background of the Cherokee claim, two of my assistant attorneys general, J.S. Bracewell and Milton Richardson, and I researched the declaration and the two opinions principally relied on by the Cherokees.

We found that on November 13, 1835, the delegates of the Consultation of Texas in general convention assembled, decreed,

Continued on Page 14

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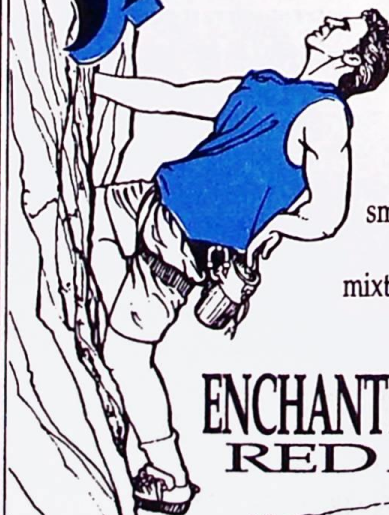
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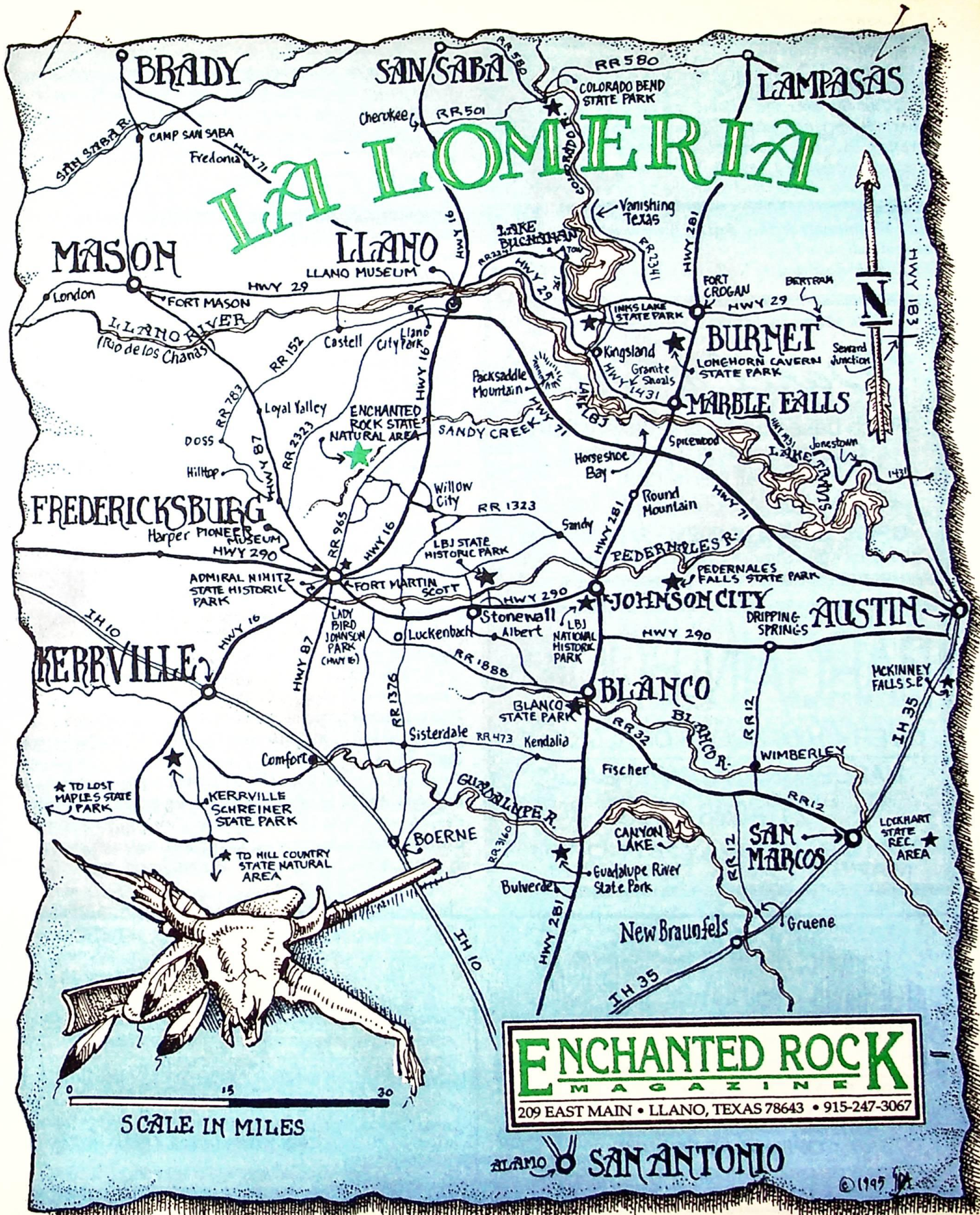
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A FIRM AND LASTING PEACE

Continued from page 11

and signed the following:

That the Cherokee Indians, and the associate bands, 12 tribes in number; agreeably to their late general council in Texas, have derived their just claims to lands included within the bounds hereinafter mentioned, from the Government of Mexico, from whom we have also derived our rights to the soil by grant and occupancy.

We solemnly declare, that the boundaries of the claims of the said Indians to land is as follows, to wit: Lying north of the San Antonio Road and the Neches, and west of the Angelina and

Sabine Rivers.

We solemnly declare, that the governor and general council, immediately on its organization, shall appoint commissioners to treat with the said Indian, to establish the definite boundary of the territory, and secure their confidence and friendship.

We solemnly declare, that we will guarantee to them the peaceable enjoyment of their rights to their land, as we do our own.

We solemnly declare, that all grants, surveys and locations of land within the bounds heretofore mentioned, made after the settlement of the said Indians, are, and of right ought to be, utterly null and void; and that the commissioners issuing the same be, and are hereby, ordered immediately to recall and cancel the same, as having been made upon land already appropriated by the Mexican Government.

We solemnly declare, that they are entitled to our commiseration and protection, as the just owners of the soil, as an unfortunate race of people that we wish to hold as friends, and treat with justice, deeply and solemnly impressed with these sentiments, as a mark of sincerity, your committee would respectfully recommend the adoption of the following resolution.

RESOLVED, that the members of this convention now present sign this declaration and pledge of the public faith on the part of the people of Texas.

Done in convention at San Felipe de Austin this 13th November, A.D., 1835.

This decree was signed by all members of the consultation. On November 14, 1835, the consultation ceased its labors and newly-elected Governor Smith immediately convened the Council for the Provisional Government of Texas and addressed a letter to that body suggesting that the commissioners carry into effect the Indian treaty as contemplated by the convention.

"I would therefore suggest the propriety of authorizing General Sam Houston of the Army, and Colonel John Forbes of Nacogdoches [be appointed commissioners] to treat with the Cherokee Indians and their 12 associated bands . . . to conclude a treaty," Smith wrote.

On December 26, 1835, the provisional government's general council passed a resolution instructing Indian Commissioners Sam Houston, John Forbes, and John Cameron to treat with the Cherokee Indians and their associate bands, and to proceed as soon as practicable to Nacogdoches. The resolution state: "They are

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required in all things to pursue a course of justice and equity toward the Indians, and protect all honest claims of the whites . . . and that the Commissioners be instructed to provide in such treaty with the Indians, that they shall never alienate their land . . . except to the government of Texas, and to agree that the said government will at all time hereafter purchase all their claims at a fair and reasonable valuation."

On February 23, 1836, Houston and Forbes signed a treaty with the Cherokee Indians stating in part:

... [there] shall be a firm and lasting peace forever, and that friendly intercourse shall be pursued, by the people belonging to both parties.

It is agreed and declared that the before named Tribes . . . shall have and possess the lands, within the following bounds.

To wit — laying west of the San Antonio road, and beginning on the west, at the point where the said road crosses the River Angelina, and running up said river, until it reached the mouth of the first large creek, (below the great Shawnee village) emptying into the said river from the northeast, thence running with said creek, to its main source, and from thence, a due-north line to the Sabine River, and with said river west — then starting where the San Antonio road crosses the Neches river and thence running up the east side of said river, in a north west direction.

On March 2, 1836, Texas declared her independence from Mexico and established the government of the Republic of Texas. David G. Burnet became the first president of the Republic. Sam Houston, on October 22, 1836, became the first president elected by the people under the new constitution of the Republic.

During the republic's second congress in the fall of 1837, the 1836 treaty between the provisional government and the Cherokees was considered by the Senate Standing Committee on Indian Affairs. Its report said in part:

Your Committee after mature reflection are of the opinion that the Promises expressed in that declaration are false and that acknowledged [sic] rights when based on false Promises are of no effect and void, which our Committee conceived (sic) to be the case in this instance.

Again your Committee find upon inspection of said Declaration and the treaty formed under it that the Territory therein mentioned forms part of the soil granted to David G. Burnet Esq. for the purposes of Colonization.

Your Committee are satisfied that the grant of this Territory to David G. Burnet Esq. for the purpose of Colonization and that many years after the settlement of these Indians on the soils should be taken as conclusive evidence that an obligation was created by grant promises or otherwise which that nation considered binding in favor of . . . the Cherokee.

On November 19, 1837, President Houston read to the Third Congress of the Republic a legal opinion from Attorney General Birdsall that advised Houston that it was his opinion the Cherokee Indians were entitled to lands in Texas purported to be granted them under the 1836 treaty. The senate refused to ratify the treaty. On May 26, 1839, Texas President Mirabeau Lamar wrote a letter to the Cherokee chief advising him that Texas would not permit the Cherokees to remain in the Republic permanently:

You assume to be acting under a treaty negotiated at your

Continued on Page 30

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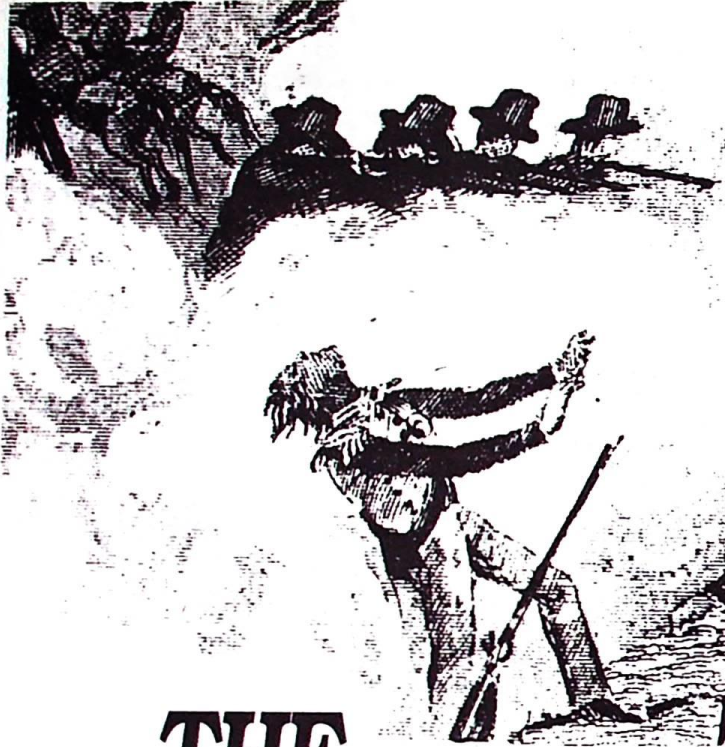
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THE RUNAWAY SCRAPE

*With the fall of the Alamo, the
Texicans and their families
set out on a retreat before the
advance of Santa Anna's army.*

by **STEVE GOODSON**

William Travis's pleas for reinforcements from the Alamo did not go unheeded. Texican volunteers answered the call and began to converge on Gonzales. Lieutenant Colonel James C. Neill, who had commanded the garrison at San Antonio, left the Alamo on February 11, 1836, to visit his family and seek help from the Texican government at Washington-on-the-Brazos. After visiting his family he went to the council and received \$600 dollars from the governor, Henry Smith. He then began his journey back to San Antonio. He arrived at Gonzales, bought \$90 worth of medical supplies and made plans to relieve the men at the Alamo. Neill found a force of 160 volunteers congregated in the town. On March 6 this force grew to 270 with the arrival of Captain Mosely Baker and 110 men. Neill put together a force of 50 men and with Edward Burleson took the road west to San Antonio on March 7. This group closed to within 18 miles of the fortress before being repulsed by a patrol of Santanista cavalry (military forces of Mexico). At this point a small scouting party of Texicans broke off from the main group and came within 12 miles of the Alamo and remained two days, hoping to hear the signal guns that Travis had agreed to fire for as long as the garrison held out. Neill, with the main body, returned to Gonzales on the 10th with the scouting party returning the next day.

On March 9, Sam Houston issued orders to Neill, commanding Gonzales, and James Fannin, commanding the 400 men at Goliad, to link up and go to the relief of San Antonio.

John Holland Jenkins, a thirteen-year-old from Bastrop was one of the volunteers who arrived at Gonzales and in his memoirs, *Recollections of Early Texas*, described his feelings: "As I found myself among friends and acquaintances, with all of a growing boy's appetite for good beef, bread, and adventure, I thought there had never been such fun as serving as a Texas Soldier marching against Mexico." But, upon arriving at Gonzales, "things began to wear a more serious aspect now that I comprehended more fully the situation in all of its bearings, and in the still hours of the night as we lay and listened to the low ominous rumbling of cannons at San Antonio, I felt that we were engaged in no child's play. I now began to take in all of the responsibility, danger and grandeur of a soldier's life."

Sam Houston arrived on March 11 and Jenkins recalled, "I though I had never seen so perfect a model of manliness and bravery, and my admiration knew no bounds. Calling the men together at DeWitt's tavern in Gonzales, he delivered a short speech setting forth in stirring words the complications of troubles that threatened our Republic, finally closing with a rousing appeal to every Texan to be loyal and true in that hour of need and peril. I yet consider him about the finest looking man I ever saw, as he stood over six feet tall, in the very prime of mature manhood."

Shortly after Houston arrived, two Tejanos rode into

Gonzales with the news that the Alamo had fallen and all the defenders slain. Houston arrested both men, holding them until he could find out if their news was valid, fearing to start a panic among the settlers. He sent out Erastus "Deaf" Smith and Henry Karnes to reconnoiter the road between Gonzales and San Antonio. Houston sent a dispatch to Fannin at Goliad saying "Sir: You will, as soon as practicable after the receipt of this order, fall back upon Guadalupe Victoria, with your command, and such artillery as can be brought with expedition. The remainder will be sunk in the river. You will take the necessary measures for the defense of Victoria, and forward one-third of your effective men to this point (Gonzales), and remain in command until further orders." Houston then set forth his concerns about protecting the helpless and the need to not leave anything that could be of aid to the enemy. "Every facility is to be afforded to women and children who may be desirous of leaving that place. Previous to abandoning Goliad, you will take the necessary measures to blow up that fortress; and do so before leaving the vicinity. The immediate advance of the enemy may be confidently expected . . . Prompt movements are highly important."

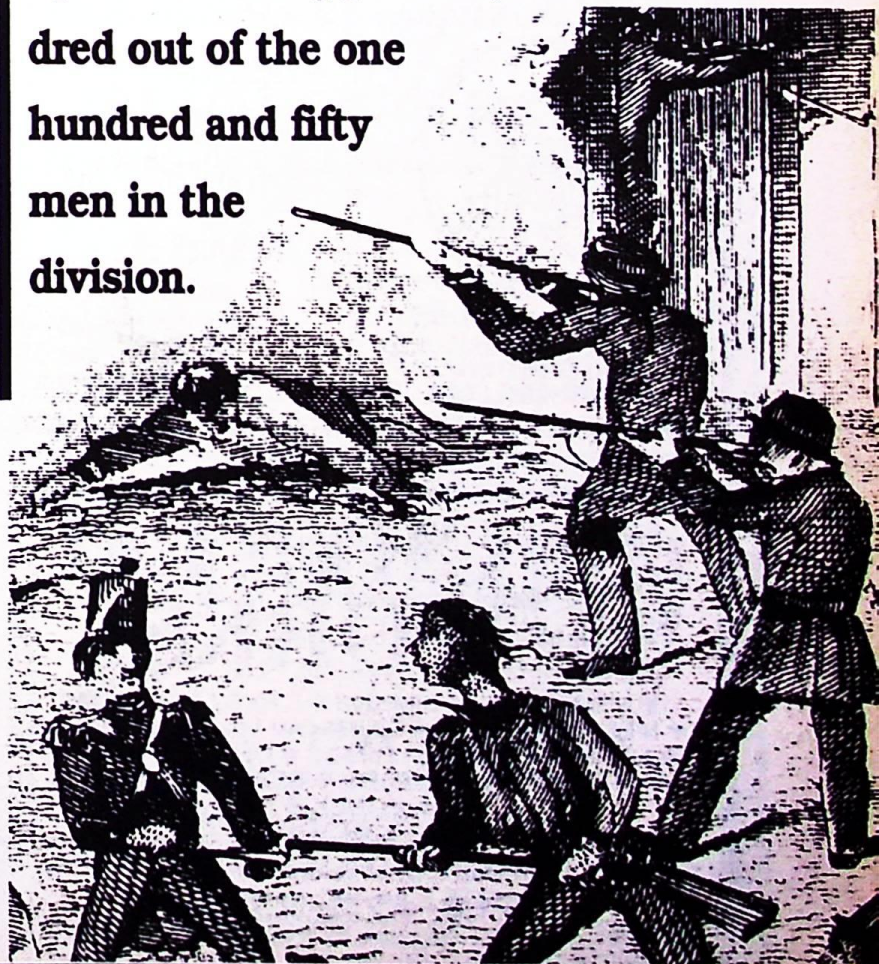
Houston didn't have to wait long for news from San Antonio. Henry Karnes came galloping into town with news from Deaf Smith stating that they had met Susannah Dickinson with her daughter on the road from San Antonio with the news of the fall of the Alamo. John Jenkins recalled the reaction of the inhabitants of Gonzales: "Many of the citizens of Gonzales perished in this wholesale slaughter . . . I remember most distinctly the shrieks of despair with which the soldiers' wives received the news of the death of their husbands. the piercing wails of woe that reached our camps from these bereaved women . . . filled me with feelings I cannot express, nor ever forget. I now could understand that there is woe in warfare as well as glory and labor."

A heavy gloom fell over the recruits of the Texican army and there was much discussion over what route the army should take. Many wanted to stand and fight; some spoke for retreat. A sizeable number of men deserted, fearing for the welfare of their families. But Houston stood in the midst of this turmoil and issued orders that hinted at this plan of action. Retreat, in order, helping the women and children to head back east, evacuating the country. Houston needed time to form, train and supply his army and he intended to do this on the march. He gave his men orders to prepare to retreat and they left on March 13 just before midnight, burning Gonzales behind them.

At Goliad, Fannin prepared his men for retreat. He sent out a force of 28 men south under Captain Amon King to Refugio to assist the settler's evacuation. Had Fannin left when Houston ordered him to, he might have been able to escape the Santanista column under General José Urrea

which had been sent to capture Goliad. But Fannin waited for King's force and sent 150 more men under Colonel William Ward when news came that King was having difficulties getting the settlers moving. Urrea's column attacked Ward's men at Refugio on March 14, with a few of these Texicans returning to Goliad on the 16th. Instead of leaving immediately, Fannin waited another day until Urrea's cavalry came up and attacked his outpost. That night turned cold and rainy and Fannin's men slipped out of Goliad the next morning under the cover of a heavy

**Some one near me exclaimed,
'Boys! they are going to shoot us!'
and at the same instant I heard the
clicking of musket locks all along
the Mexican line. I turned to look,
and as I did so, the Mexican fired
upon us, killing probably one hun-
dred out of the one
hundred and fifty
men in the
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THE RUNAWAY SCRAPE

Continued from previous page

ground fog. Urrea soon learned of their departure and pursued them, finally attacking them in the open prairie about a mile from the dense woods along Coleta Creek. The Texicans formed a square breastworks in a small hollow and attempted to fight off Urrea's attacks. The Texican quickly ran completely out of water and began to run low on ammunition. By dawn the next day, Fannin, who had been wounded, had had enough. He surrendered his entire force "at discretion", receiving no terms from General Urrea. Urrea, an honorable officer, believed that the Texicans would be well treated. He immediately made arrangements for the wounded. Texican medical personnel served alongside their Mexican counterparts in the same makeshift ward back at Goliad. Urrea sent messages pleading for humane treatment of his prisoners. But on March 26, orders came from Santa Anna ordering that all 442 prisoners were to be executed as pirates. Urrea was able to save some volunteers captured at Copano, on the coast, who had not taken up arms against Mexico before being caught. He also spared all the Texican medical personnel as they were needed to treat the wounded in Goliad and San Antonio.

Most of Fannin's men were recruits from the United States who had sailed to Texas from New Orleans. One of these young men who survived later wrote of the massacre. His name was John Crittendon Duval and he was from Kentucky: "On the morning of the 27th of March, a Mexican officer came to us and ordered us to get ready for a march. He told us we were to be liberated on 'parole', and that arrangements had been made to send us to New Orleans, on board the vessels at Copano. This, you may be sure, was joyful new to us, and we lost no time in making preparations to leave our uncomfortable quarters. When all was ready we were formed into three divisions and marched out under a strong guard. As we passed some Mexican women who were standing near the main entrance to the fort, I heard them say *pobrecitos* (poor fellows), but the incident at the time made but little impression on my mind.

"One of our divisions was taken down the road leading to the lower ford of the river, one upon the road to San Patricio, and the division to which my company was attacked, along the road to San Antonio. A strong guard accompanied us, and marching us off in three directions, rather a singular maneuver, but still I had no suspicion of the foul play intended us. When about half a mile above town, a halt was made and the guard on the side next to the river filed around to the opposite side. Hardly had this maneuver been executed, when I heard a heavy firing of musketry in the directions taken by the other two divisions. Some one near me exclaimed, 'Boys! they are going to shoot us!' and at the same instant I heard the clicking of musket locks all along the Mexican

line. I turned to look, and as I did so, the Mexican fired upon us, killing probably one hundred out of the one hundred and fifty men in the division. We were in double file and I was in the rear rank. The man in front of me was shot dead, and in falling he knocked me down. I did not get up for a moment, and when I rose to my feet, I found that the whole Mexican line had charged over me, and were in hot pursuit of those who had not been shot and who were fleeing towards the river about five hundred yards distant. I followed on after them, for I knew that escape in any other direction (all open prairie) would be impossible, and I had nearly reached the river before it came necessary to make my way through the Mexican line ahead. As I did so, one of the soldiers charged upon me with his bayonet (his gun I suppose being empty). As he drew his musket back to make a lunge at me, one of our men coming from another direction, ran between us, and the bayonet was driven through his body. The blow was given with such force, that in falling, the man probably wrenched or twisted the bayonet in such a way as to prevent the Mexican from withdrawing it immediately. I saw him put his foot upon the man, and make a ineffectual attempt to extricate the bayonet from his body, but one look satisfied me, as I was somewhat in a hurry just then, and I hastened to the bank of the river and plunged in. The river at that point was deep

Continued on Page 24

The news of the Alamo's fall and the slaughter of Fannin's men at Goliad created a panic among the Texas settlers. Their flight was impeded by the lack of wagons, draft animals to pull them and the terrible traveling conditions brought on by the heavy rains.

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by PAULINE M. EDWARDS

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He brought *The Journal* home that evening and showed me the ad. Were we busy that weekend? I checked the calendar. We were free.

The next day he called from his office.

"That ranch with the three counties! It belongs to J. Frank Dobie!"

In 1958 everyone in Texas, and book lovers all over the country, knew J. Frank Dobie. He was the state's most celebrated writer, the author of books on Texas and Texas lore that regularly appeared on national best seller lists. He was also known as the professor who jolted sense into the skulls of the University of Texas regents when they, bowing to the whims of state Legislators, who thought Communists were hiding under every bed in Texas, demanded that all University faculty members sign an oath swearing they were not then, nor ever had been, members of the Communist party. Mr. Dobie pointed out to the regents that any Communist worth a plateful of pinto beans would have no qualms about signing their oath, and to ask loyal Texans to sign was an insult both to their integrity and their intelligence. And then he resigned. The regents later rescinded their order.

"We're to meet the realtor in Austin Saturday. He hinted we might meet Mr. Dobie too!" my husband said.

On Saturday we found the real estate office, and drove with the realtor to Spicewood, some 30 miles west on Highway 71, at that time a two-lane gravel road. We turned off the highway onto a rutted county road while the realtor explained the ranch might be small (only 1,013 acres), but it had a sampling of all the best features of Central Texas.

We rattled over a cattleguard, turned onto a two-track ranch road, and the realtor began pointing out

hills and cliffs, fields and ponds, creeks and springs. He showed us rock fences, built before barbed wire was patented. Deer, their white tails flashing, bounded away from us. Armadillos waddled by. Jackrabbits, ears like antennae, zig-zagged in front of the car.

We stopped at a spring bubbling over a rocky overhang into a pool that was shaded by wild cherry trees. The water was cool and clear and a school of perch flicked its surface. The Dobies, the realtor explained, called the ranch Cherry Springs in honor of that pool.

He took us to the white-painted, board-and-batten ranch house, built in 1907. The peaked roof was shingled with cypress shakes hand-split from trees grown on the nearby Pedernales River. A broad porch shaded the front of the house and a weathered swing and rocking chairs invited the passer-by to stop and sit a spell. A worn horseshoe, its ends point up so the luck wouldn't run out, was nailed over the front door. In the back was a shed-roofed addition where a kitchen, a bathroom, and a screen added when the original occupants decided indoor plumbing would be convenient.

We entered the front door into a hall that was the size of a small bedroom. A crank-operated telephone in a mahogany case hung on one wall. An oak settee was pushed against the wall opposite the telephone. Four square rooms, floored in unfinished oak, opened onto the hall. The floors were polished to a shine by decades of boot traffic. One room had a brick fireplace and hooks for a quilting frame screwed into the beaded ceiling.

In the kitchen was a pot-bellied, wood burning stove with a copper kettle that hadn't been polished in years on the stove's flat lid. Rocking chairs with piece-work cushions surrounded the stove. An all-business butane cookstove was next to the kitchen sink. An enameled table with straight-backed chairs and cow-hide seats was in the middle of the room. One of the chairs had sawed-off legs

One of the chairs had sawed-off legs so Mr. Dobie, a man who was tall in a chair as well as tall in a saddle, could sit at the table. A bottle of tiny green peppers soaking in a vinegary liquid that looked as if it could take the finish off the Queen Mary was in the center of the table.



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HOME IN THE TEXAS HILLS

Continued from previous page

so Mr. Dobie, a man who was tall in a chair as well as tall in a saddle, could sit at the table. A bottle of tiny green peppers soaking in a vinegary liquid that looked as if it could take the finish off the Queen Mary was in the center of the table.

We looked out the kitchen window. The hills of Burnet County, Blanco County, and Hays County undulated before us. The realtor led us out the back door and up a near hill. On the western horizon was the distant peak of Packsaddle Mountain in Llano County. On the east were the hills of Travis County, with a flash of Lake Travis in the distance.

My heart, which I thought had been deadened by the coastal flats of Houston, leaped to life. I grabbed my husband's hand. I felt his pulse quickened as he reached for a steam of gramma grass. He peeled it, then stuck it in his mouth. He chewed for a moment or two, then he said, "Have you any idea what the Dobies are wanting for the place?"

"As you probably know," the realtor said, leading us back to the kitchen and stirring instant coffee into mugs, "Mr. Dobie is recovering from a heart attack. He wants to be reasonable. His price is..." He named a figure that was no where near anything we could afford. My husband chewed on his gramma grass, then he named a figure. It was half the realtor's price. The realtor shoved his chair away from the table. "I don't think Mr. Dobie will be interested, but I'll tell him about your offer." He drove us back to Austin.

On our trip to Houston that evening, my husband and I agreed the realtor was probably right. We wouldn't hear anything further from the Dobies. And we hadn't met J. Frank Dobie. We hadn't even seen him.

But the realtor was wrong. The Dobies' counter offer, weeks later, was still more than we could afford, but it was closer. We made another offer. Dickering went on all summer. In August we got the news that the Dobies would accept our final offer. My husband and I signed the papers in Houston. The Dobies signed in Austin.

We visited the ranch twice, and then my husband's company told him they wanted him to open a branch of the firm in the British Isles. It was an offer he couldn't turn down. We made arrangements for a neighboring rancher, who had helped the Dobies, to watch over the place for us until we returned. We still hadn't met the Dobies and from what we heard about Mr. Dobie's health, we feared we never would.

At Christmas we received a letter from the Dobies saying they were glad we had the place and that Mr. Dobie was feeling better. We wrote back, congratulating them on his improved health. He wrote us, saying he had spent a year teaching at Oxford during World War II, and he hoped we enjoyed living with the British as much as he did. We wrote him about our adventures.

That summer we came home on leave. We greeted friends in Houston, then headed for Spicewood. Passing through Austin, we called the Dobies. "Would you feel like visiting Cherry Springs?" we asked.

Mr. Dobie's answer was instantaneous. "We'll be there tomorrow."

"For lunch," my husband said.

At 10 a.m. the next day I was peeling potatoes and feasting my eyes on three counties from the kitchen window when my husband, on the porch, called into the house. "We have company. Someone just drove through the gate!"

"I'm not ready!" I moaned as I rushed to the porch to check on the report.

My husband was right. A car was approaching, but it was going so slow we weren't sure it was moving. The car stopped. Three figures got out. We saw them lift binoculars. They stared through their binoculars, then ambled back to the car. It crept forward and stopped again.

At 12:01 p.m. Mr. and Mrs. Dobie and Edgar Kincaid, the nephew who lived with them and took the place of the son they never had, pulled to a stop in front of the house. It had taken them two hours to drive that one mile from the gate to our front door.

They explained they were checking on birds and, even though August is usually a dull month at Cherry Springs, they had seen fifteen species, all old friends. On the cool back porch, we ate fried chicken and potato salad and beans and corn and apple pie and ice cream I had made in our hand-cranked freezer (I was showing off for that meal). The Dobies described the wonders of Cherry Springs Ranch.

Mr. Dobie said our crank-operated telephone saved his life. Pains in his chest awakened him the night of his heart attack. He made it to the hall telephone, lifted the receiver, and cranked the handle. The next thing he knew, he was in the hospital in Austin and a week had passed.

Cranking the telephone for the operator not only rang the operator's bell, it also rang the telephones in every ranch house on the eight-party party line. A late night ring of the telephone meant someone needed help. Everyone on the line, of course, jumped out of bed and picked up his receiver. Not to listen in was bad manners. When no one responded to the operator's urgent plea for "Number please," the neighbors, still on the line, began asking each other if everyone was all right. When Mr. Dobie didn't respond, the nearest neighbor and his wife threw sweaters and jackets over their night clothes, jumped in their truck, and raced to the Dobie house. They found Mr. Dobie unconscious on the hall floor, the telephone receiver dangling from its case. While the neighbor half-walked, half-carried Mr. Dobie to his truck, his wife rang the operator to let everyone know what was happening. They drove to the hospital in Johnson City where the doctor did what he could, then sent Mr. Dobie by ambulance to Austin.

"Always keep that telephone," Mr. Dobie said. We promised we would.

That afternoon, with Edgar driving, the Dobies took us over ranch roads we didn't know existed. They showed us

Continued on Page 39



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THE RUNAWAY SCRAPE

Continued from page 19

and swift, but not wide, and being a good swimmer, I soon gained the opposite bank, untouched by any of the bullets that were pattering in the water around my head . . . "

Miraculously Duval and approximately thirty of the prisoners escaped and eventually made their way back to their homes. All of the remaining wounded, including Fannin, were taken out in the courtyard of the old presidio in Goliad and shot.

At this point, Santa Anna opted to divide his forces at San Antonio. The First Brigade under Brigadier General Antonio Gaona was sent off on March 14 to the northwest, with orders to remove the Texans between San Antonio and the Colorado River, then to turn south-eastward to sweep down the west bank of the Brazos River. On March 29 Santa Anna, with the main body of the army, left San Antonio and headed east to Gonzales intending to find and defeat the Texican Army. General Urrea was to proceed with his column along the coast. All three forces were to join somewhere along the lower Brazos River sometime in late April. From there the entire force would press the attack all the way to the Sabine River, the border with the United States.

The news of the Alamo's fall and the slaughter of Fannin's men at Goliad created a panic among the Texas settlers. Their flight was impeded by the lack of wagons, draft animals to pull them and the terrible traveling conditions brought on by the heavy rains. After a prolonged drought experienced throughout Texas in 1835 the skies opened up and sent torrential rains down upon the fleeing settlers, making the roads a quagmire and filling the rivers from bank to bank. The refugees repeatedly found themselves struggling for miles over bad roads only to be met at the river banks with uncrossable fords and crowded ferries.

Houston ordered small details of men to watch the roads and river crossings in order to keep him informed of the enemy forces following his small army. One of these under the command of Robert "Three Legged Willie" Williamson woke up one morning to find an enemy force of 600 on the west bank of the Colorado River opposite them. As the company hurriedly made preparations to leave, one of them, Noah Smithwick, remembered suddenly that they had forgotten about a sentry they had left on duty, 64 year old Jimmie Curtice. Smithwick later recalled rushing up to Major Williamson and saying, "You ain't going to leave Uncle Jimmie on guard, are you, Major? 'Good God! No; ride back and tell the old man to come on.' I galloped back and found Uncle Jimmie sitting leaning against a tree, with a bottle of whiskey beside him, as happy and unconscious of danger as a turtle on a log.

"'Hello, Uncle Jimmie!' I cried 'Mount and ride for

The desolation of the country through which we passed beggars description. Houses were standing open, the beds unmade, the breakfast things still on the tables, pans of milk molding in the dairies. There were cribs full of corn, smoke houses full of bacon, yards full of chickens that ran after us for food, nests of eggs in every fence corner, young corn and garden truck rejoicing in the rain, cattle cropping luxuriant grass, hogs, fat and lazy, wallowing in the mud, all abandoned.

your life. The Mexicans are on the other side and our men all gone.'

"The hell they are! Light and take a drink.'

"There's no time for drinking. Come — mount and let's be off. The Mexicans may swim the river and be after us any moment!'

"Let's drink to their confusion,' he persisted, and thinking it the quickest way to start him, I drank with him and we struck out.

"Well, we can say one thing; we were the last to leave,' he said, not the least disturbed."

As the men in Williamson's detail hurried east Smithwick remembered, "The desolation of the country through which we passed beggars description. Houses were standing open, the beds unmade, the breakfast things still on the tables, pans of milk molding in the dairies. There were cribs full of corn, smoke houses full of bacon, yards full of chickens that ran after us for food, nests of eggs in every fence corner, young corn and garden truck rejoicing in the rain, cattle cropping luxuriant grass, hogs, fat and lazy, wallowing in the mud, all abandoned. Forlorn dogs roamed around the deserted homes, their doleful howls adding to the general sense of desolation. Hungry cats ran mewing to meet us, rubbing their sides against our legs in token of welcome. Wagons were so scarce that it was impossible to remove household goods, many of the women and children, even, had to walk."

Smithwick also recalled some of his own countrymen who took advantage of the panic-stricken settlers. ". . . There were men — or devils, rather — bent on

Continued on following page



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THE RUNAWAY SCRAPE

Continued from previous page

plunder, galloping up behind the fugitives, telling them the Mexican were just behind, thus causing the hapless victims to abandon what few valuables they had tried to save. There were broken-down wagons and household goods scattered all along the road."

Further down the Colorado, Houston's army caught their first sight of Santa Anna's army. A 700 man division under General Joaquín Ramírez y Sesma showed up on the west bank of the river two miles above the Texans. As Houston scouted the enemy's position looking for a possible advantage, he received orders from the acting government to proceed to Harrisburg and protect the government personnel there. It was also at this time that he first received word of Fannin's men having been trapped by Urrea's force outside Goliad. Houston turned to his aide and trusted confidant, George Washington Hockley, nodded toward his small army and said, "Hockley, there is the last hope of Texas. We shall never see Fannin nor his men."

Most of Houston's army wanted to stand and fight at the Colorado River. Houston, however, realizing that his army was the only force left to deal with Santa Anna's legions, ordered a retreat on March 26. His army headed east toward San Felipe de Austin on the Brazos River.

Houston's small army was slowly being reinforced by

settlers and recruits from the United States. There was a steady stream of desertions, however, as men left to attend to their homes and families or found army life too disciplined for their tastes. Many recruits decided not to join upon learning that they couldn't keep their horses, this being necessitated by lack of grain and poor grazing.

The Texican Army grew to about 900 men including a small cavalry unit of 60 men. The army was divided into groups of ten men, called a mess, and fed mainly on beef procured from the surrounding country and dried corn. Coffee was in short supply and, flour, when it could be found, was often wormy. Each mess was allowed a pack horse for carrying their provisions.

In two days the Texans marched 30 miles and bivouacked on the 28th of March near San Felipe. Here two of Houston's officers refused to retreat further. Houston, wishing not to completely alienate the officers and their men detailed one, under Captain Moseley Baker, with 110 men to take up defensive positions at San Felipe. Another, made up of 100 men under Captain Wiley Martin, he ordered to man the crossing at Fort Bend further down the Brazos River.

Houston with the rest of the army marched up river to a point across from Groce's plantation. Here they were ferried across the Brazos by the steamboat Yellowstone.

At Groce's plantation Houston and his army spent twelve days drilling and training for the upcoming battle.

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There were men — or devils, rather — bent on plunder, galloping up behind the fugitives, telling them the Mexican were just behind, thus causing the hapless victims to abandon what few valuables they had tried to save. There were broken-down wagons and household goods scattered all along the road.

Two cannons arrived, six pounders, a gift from the city of Cincinnati, Ohio. Houston's wagonmaster Conrad Rohrer borrowed some oxen from a farm woman, Mrs. Pamela Mann, who was accompanying the army on its way east. Houston's army was also joined by 200 "deserters" from the U. S. Army of Observation poised on the Sabine River under General Gaines. As these men came fully supplied and well equipped, they made a big addition to the small army and were welcomed wholeheartedly by Houston.

On April 12 the Texican Army took to the roads again, heading east toward Harrisburg. Two days out, they reached a fork in the road, the left fork heading to Nacogdoches and safety; the right fork heading Southeast toward Santa Anna's army. Houston rode up to the fork and pointed his men down the right fork toward Santa Anna and certain confrontation. At this point Mrs. Mann rode up and demanded the return of her oxen. The wagonmaster refused her request and, cracking his whip, urged the oxen on in his traildriver's colorful language. Mrs. Mann then pulled a pistol and vented her frustration using language with a vocabulary matching the wagonmaster's. Houston, although himself rather proficient in the art of swearing, had never heard anything like the oaths she poured forth and finally threw up his hands and told her she could take them back. She then reached down, cut her oxen loose and retired in triumph. Houston shrugged it off, dismounted from his horse and helped some men pull the cannon. Many tales would be told later of the woman who had "bested" Sam Houston.






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TRAILING BLUEBONNETS

by IRA KENNEDY

Every year, many of us who are fortunate enough to live in the Hill Country begin, usually some time in late January, to speculate about the upcoming "crop" of Bluebonnets. Opinions abound and if there was a single flower for each and every one, the season would have to be year-round with Bluebonnets floating like lotus blossoms in the Gulf of Mexico to accommodate the overflow.

During a great season the word gets out and folks come in droves from all over the world to see the Texas hills literally covered in Bluebonnets. Busier than a woman in a blue dress thick with white polka dots doing the Texas swing, the optic nerves tingle with excitement.

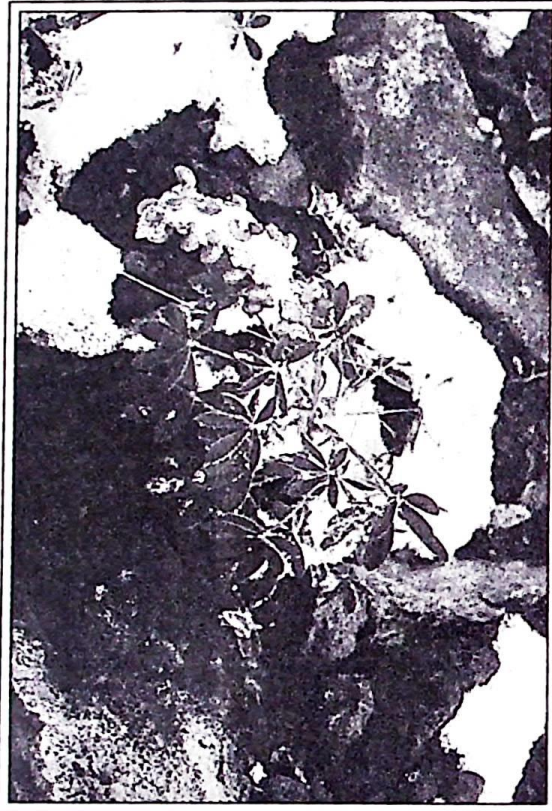
Now, during a less than optimum year we see what author William Kennedy called in his two volume opus, *Texas*, published in 1841, the "flower spangled hills." Every time I think of that phrase I see a Texas and U.S. flag side by side rippling in the breeze—red, white, and in the field of blue, Bluebonnets. A spangled field of stars or flowers has spaces in between and you see the field too...

Then there's the "not so good" year—there's never been a bad year (I've been told time and again since childhood). It's generally forecast well in advance in coffee shops, convenience stores, bars, restaurants, and almost any place where the word is not likely to be broadcast clear across the state and beyond. You see, it's a sacrilege in this part of the world to even suggest that the fields will be thin, the flowers scraggly, and let the word out.

One year was unforgettable. It was in either '85 or '86. The previous winter, the countryside from Enchanted Rock to Inks Lake was blanketed in snow. Lots of moisture softened up the hard seed's shell, and freezing temperatures cracked it nine ways from Sunday; and there were Bluebonnets from the creek beds to the hilltops.

At the time I was listed with the Texas Film Commission as a "film location person." I received a call sometime in January from an advertising agency in New York City. They were looking for a good field of bluebonnets to shoot a few stills for a print ad for magazines.

When asked if it was going to be a good year, I said, "You bet.



BLUEBONNETS IN THE SNOW. PHOTO BY IRA KENNEDY.

The best." Conditions had been ideal. Furthermore, I had already taken a photo, on January 1, of a Bluebonnet in the snow up by Lookout Mountain in Kingsland. I would have bet high on the chances of a bumper crop. Then he told me they would be in Texas sometime in the middle of May, and I got that queasy feeling that used to come over me in high school when I forgot to study for a test. Was the season going to be early this year? Would it last until mid to late May? When did Bluebonnet season end?

"Are you still there?" I heard the stranger on the phone in New York City ask.

"Yes... When was that you said you were going to be here?"

"Oh, sometime in May. Around the 15th or the 20th. Why, is that a problem with your schedule.?"

"Well, not my schedule," I didn't know how to say what needed to be said without talking down to him. "It's just that's pretty late in the season. Can't you move up the date a couple of weeks or more?"

"We can't. We have the photographer coming in from L.A., then there's the art staff here, and the models in San Antonio. Everybody has a scheduling problem." His voice trailed off and fell momentarily silent. "Listen," he said in a burdened, impatient voice, "if you can't do this we can call someone else."

"No. Don't do that." We had already talked money and I liked what I heard. "Where will you be staying?"

"At the Badu House in Llano. You know where that is?"

"Yep." I said in a burdened, impatient voice. "Call me when you get there and I'll have some fields for you to look at."

"Thanks," he said all too pleasantly.

Now all I had to do was cruise around the Hill Country, locate majestic fields of flowers, and pray they would last. In the following weeks I took to the road in Burnet and Llano counties. Along highway 71 some seven miles north of Llano there was a twenty-acre field or larger crammed full to overflowing with knee-high Bluebonnets. Up in the hills of Valley Spring there was another field; this one had Bluebonnets that were so deep in color they were

almost black. And there were others. Plenty of others.

Then, gradually, one by one, the fields started showing signs of going to seed and fading away along with any hopes of even recovering gas money. By the time the film crew arrived in Llano I was holding the short end of a frayed rope.

The phone rang.

"What's it look like?" It was the fella from the ad agency. "We heard it's a good year. Just take us to one that's all flowers beneath the curve of a hill. No trees or barns."

"Well..." I said.

"Listen. We're going out to Mason today. Another man we've been in contact with says we'll get all the pictures we need right there. I'll call back tonight. Bye."

And that was that.

If I had been then as young and foolish as I once was, I would have gotten liquored up immediately while cussing New York ad agencies first by the hour and then by the second. Instead, I got on the phone and started calling friends, neighbors, acquaintances, and finally strangers to inquire about thick fields of Bluebonnets curved at the top and facing east or west.

Just when I was about to give myself a tongue lashing for not checking out Mason, San Saba, Gillespie, Travis, and Blanco counties, I heard what I needed to hear:

"Yea," a contact at Vanishing Texas River Cruise on Lake Buchanan confirmed, "out on Shaw Island they're standing tall. And it has a nice curve to the hill facing north, south, east, or west. But they'll have go out by boat."

I made notes of all the pertinent details and promised to call back in the morning. I hadn't even seen this field and there wasn't time to check it out. I took it on faith.

That night my New York contact called. He was disappointed.

"I hope you can help us. That field in Mason has gone to seed. And, you want to know something? That man," he said, as if to suggest that man was actually a worm in disguise, "that man didn't even bother to call and tell us how bad it was."

"Well..." I said thinking how this film location business wasn't all the fun it promised. "There is this place. It's incredible," I said, or at least I heard this little demon inside me say, "but you'll have to rent a boar or two to get there. It's an island."

"Perfect!"

I passed along the details and confirmed everything the following morning. I had given the ad agency crew explicit directions and made all of the arrangements at Vanishing Texas.

"No," I told the agency contact. I couldn't be there for the shoot. I promised to meet all of them at the Badu House that night (and get paid or lynched). Like scales tipping off balance I hung up the phone with one hand and lifted a beer with the other. What had I done?

By the time evening rolled around I was certain them New York boys were going to introduce my neck to a treed rope. I kissed my wife and child good-by and drove slowly to Llano. At the Badu House I was directed into a room full of trendy people. A man sporting a pony tail and wearing a black silk shirt, buttoned at the collar without a tie, walked up to me. All that and his dark brooding eyes told me he was some kind of artist.

"Are you Mr. Kennedy?"

During a great season the word gets out and folks come in droves from all over the world to see the Texas hills literally covered in Bluebonnets. Busier than a woman in a blue dress thick with white polka dots doing the Texas swing, the optic nerves tingle with excitement.

That little demon inside me wanted to seize the moment, but I summoned what little courage I had left.

"Yes?" I said hoping to be as non-committal as possible without either lying for fessing up.

"Come and join us," he smiled quickly with a set of the most perfect teeth I had ever seen. "What do you drink?"

He summoned the waitress then made introductions all around. In my boots and Levis I was really out of place in this crowd. I wondered if I looked as stupid as I felt. I had sent all of these people, from both sides of the continent to a place I'd never laid eyes on. I was frozen in suspense.

When my drink arrived the guy with the pony tail and perfect teeth and silk shirt buttoned at the neck (who I soon discovered was the art director) raised his glass.

"To Bluebonnets."

"To Bluebonnets," the crowd chorused.

Up went the toast and down went my fears.

As it turned out the location was so good they didn't even bother with an afternoon shoot. When I handed the art director my bill he disappeared, momentarily, to get his check ledger. When he returned he asked, looking at my bill, "Are you sure this is right?"

"Yes," I said firmly. If he was going to dicker I wasn't budging.

"Well, OK," he said as he signed over the check.

Later that evening I learned that they paid the models from San Antonio \$1,000 travel pay to location, \$1,000 a day (two day minimum), room and board, and \$1,000 for return travel. It was then I realized I couldn't have soaked these guys in my wildest dreams. Compared to what everyone else was paid I came across like I'd taken a vow of poverty.

That was the end of my film location person career. I never received another call and never wanted one.

Over the years I've seen some good Bluebonnet seasons, but never any better. Even in the worst years I've always found the season and the open road irresistible. Now, working on this magazine I have the opportunity of a lifetime to escape the cloistered office environment and explore the many backroads in the Texas Hill Country. At every turn the staggering beauty of the landscape confirms my opinion that this land is shaped in beauty by the hand of the Creator.

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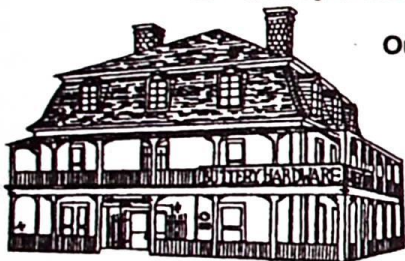
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A FIRM AND LASTING PEACE

Continued from page 15

village, on the 20th day of February, 1836, with the commissioners appointed by the Provisional Government. No doubt there are those who would lead you to believe, that by virtue of that Treaty, you have a right to maintain, within the limits of this Republic, an independent Government, bearing no responsibility to us, as though we were a Foreign Nation. Be not deceived by this. You and your tribe, having no legitimate rights of soil or sovereignty in this country, can never be permitted to exercise a conflicting authority.

The Treaty alluded to, was a nullity when made — is inoperative now; has never been sanctioned by this Government, and never will be.

I therefore feel it to be my duty as Chief Magistrate of this Republic, to tell you, in the plain language of sincerity, that the Cherokee will never be permitted to establish a permanent and independent jurisdiction within the inhabited limits of this Government; that the political and free-simple claims, which they set up to our territory now occupied by them, will never be allowed, and that they are permitted, at present, to remain where they are, only because this Government is looking forward to the time, when some peaceable arrangements can be made for their removal, without the necessity of shedding blood, but that their final removal is contemplated, is certain. . . . Whether it be done by friendly negotiation [sic] or by violence of war, must depend upon the Cherokee themselves.

On June 27, 1839, President Lamar wrote to David G. Burnet, Albert Sidney Johnston, Thomas J. Rusk, I. W. Burton and James S. Mayfield, authorizing them to proceed with the removal of the Cherokee Indians from Texas soil and 'beyond the Red River — with as little delay as circumstances will permit.' Lamar wrote the necessity of the immediate removal of the Cherokees beyond the territorial limits of Texas:

You are authorized to make them a fair and liberal Compensation for their improvements, Crops and such other property as they will be unable to take with them out of the Country, the amount of which to be ascertained by appraisers which I have appointed for that purpose; but in Consenting to make them this Compensation, you will not agree to pay them more than one-fourth part of it in goods, which it is understood the merchants of Nacogdoches and San Augustine will advance at fair prices on the Credit of the Government. . . . you will stipulate to pay them one-fourth in cash provided it does not exceed \$25,000. You will [assure] them that under no circumstances can they be permitted to remain in the Country longer than will be required to make the necessary preparation for their removal and that 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 [sic] of all they possess, and the extermination of their Tribe will appease the indignation of the white people against them.

In July 1839, Vice President David G. Burnet, Secretary of War Albert Sidney Johnston, and Adjutant General Hugh McCloud visited the Cherokees on the Angelina River with propositions for disposal of their homes. The Cherokees refused

to leave under any conditions except by expulsion by forces.

On July 15 and 16, three Texas regiments engaged the Cherokees in battle and defeated them. The Cherokee chief and many other Indians were killed. The remaining Cherokees were then escorted out of the state across the Red River by the Texas army.

In 1841, Sam Houston was again elected president of the Republic. Again he made an attempt to have the Republic's congress recognize or ratify the 1836 treaty. Attorney General G. W. Terrell's opinion to the president, which held that the Cherokees were entitled to the land granted under the 1836 treaty, was presented to the congress in 1842. The congress refused to ratify the treaty and no subsequent congress or legislature of Texas has ever recognized the Cherokee claim.

Thus, our historical and legal review of early Texas history substantially supported what Pierce told me that day in my office.

This history of the Texas Cherokees while they were living in Texas, suggests that the claims they have, either legal or moral, would have been claims against the Republic of Texas, not the state of Texas since the sovereign state did not come into existence until December 1845. However, that alone would not bar the present Texas from paying for the Cherokee land if such was done legally and in accordance with the Texas Constitution.

In our research we determined that the first constitution of the state of Texas, adopted in 1845, did not prohibit the appropriation of public money for such a purpose. Neither did the 1861 or 1866 Texas constitutions. However, the Constitution of 1876 (currently in effect) prohibits the payment of any claim which might have existed against the Republic of Texas that had not been established and payment provided for by law prior to the adoption of the current constitution. Also Section 51 of Article III of the 1876 constitution prohibits the legislature from making any grant or authorizing the payment of public money to any individual, association of individuals, municipality, or other corporations. Before such a grant of money from the legislature would be valid, the grant must be authorized by preexisting law, otherwise the grant would be gratuity or donation prohibited by Section 51 of Article III.

Therefore, since the proposed method of settlement of the Cherokee claim, should it be held valid by the mediation board in the plan of settlement proposed by Mr. Pierce, would require any appropriation of public money by the legislature (an act which the legislature is not authorized to do under the Texas Constitution), neither the governor nor attorney general is authorized legally to enter into such a plan for settlement.

Having no legal or constitutional authority to comply with the Cherokee Nation proposal, I so advised Pierce. I heard nothing further from him.

As a postscript to the above interesting bit of history, during our research of the law I received a letter from a Naturopathic doctor in Castroville, Texas. He claimed to be the "Chief and War Chief" of the Cherokee Nation of North America. He wrote he had read newspaper accounts of the Cherokee proposal to sell Cherokee land and was writing to advise me that I was dealing with impostors and that "The National Council of the Royal Tsalaki Nation (Cherokee) nor my office has submitted any such

Continued on Page 38

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NIMITZ

BY KENN KNOPP

The Nimitz, or Niemitz family, has a long history of providing heroes. The name in Europe is still Niemitz; and became Nimitz only in America in the mid-1800's by one line of the family. The Niemitz family came to Germany after the Thirty Years War from Livonia in the Baltics. When Sweden overran Livonia the Niemitz men were made to fight for the Swedes, namely, Major Ernst von Niemitz. The Niemitz men were also said to have been active in the Knights of the Sword, a militant Teutonic order whose goal was to bring about converts for Christianity. (4.4-B)

After the Thirty Years War, part of the Niemitz family resettled in Germany in Bremen and along the Weser River area of North Germany. The mouth of the Weser River was the port city of Bremen. Karl Heinrich Niemitz, Sr., born in 1826, was the great-grandfather of Friedrichsburg, Texas-born Admiral Chester W. Nimitz. Karl Heinrich, Sr. was a merchant marine, as was his son Karl Heinrich Niemitz, Jr.

In 1840, three of Karl Sr.'s oldest children made the decision to migrate from Germany to Sullivan island and Charleston, South Carolina. They were two sons, William, Adolph, and a daughter, Auguste. Not long thereafter, their parents also came there. Finally Karl, Jr. completed that family circle by coming to America, too. However, there were plenty of other Niemitz family members stemming from the patriarch Major Ernst von Niemitz who remained in Germany and who even today attach distinction to the Niemitz name.

A 1996 example of one of them is the acclaimed biologist, Dr. Carsten Niemitz of the Free University of Berlin, who was born in Dessau, Germany, the son of Johannes and Edith Niemitz. The proud mother, Edith, is still living in Baden-Wuerttemberger city of Erbach near Heidelberg, who is not hesitant to say, "Dr. Niemitz is in all the Who's Whos." She is also proud of her "cousin" Chester W. Nimitz and, along with her son Carsten, has provided the Nimitz Historical Museum in Friedrichsburg with important family history.

Hearing of and reading about the many Germans who were

taking advantage of the Adelsverein's "Live in Texas" campaign to forge a German trading partnership and colony within the Republic of Texas, Karl Heinrich Nimitz, Jr., decided to leave South Carolina and take a look at Texas for himself. He sailed to Texas where, as Destiny would permit, he met Baron Otfried Hans von Meusebach, commissioner general of the Adelsverein in Texas, who was on the verge of leading the German colonists into the Central Texas Hillcountry to found the city of Friedrichsburg. He joined the wagon train to Friedrichsburg and was among the first founders.

When Meusebach suddenly announced that the Germans of Texas would be renouncing the monarchical system of Germany and changed his name to John O. Meusebach, Niemitz and a host of others did likewise. He would no longer let himself be known as Karl Heinrich von Niemitz, Jr., but simply Charles Henry Nimitz.

Nimitz was granted original Townlot 374 on San Antonio Street running parallel to the Hauptstrasse to the west. (4.4-C)

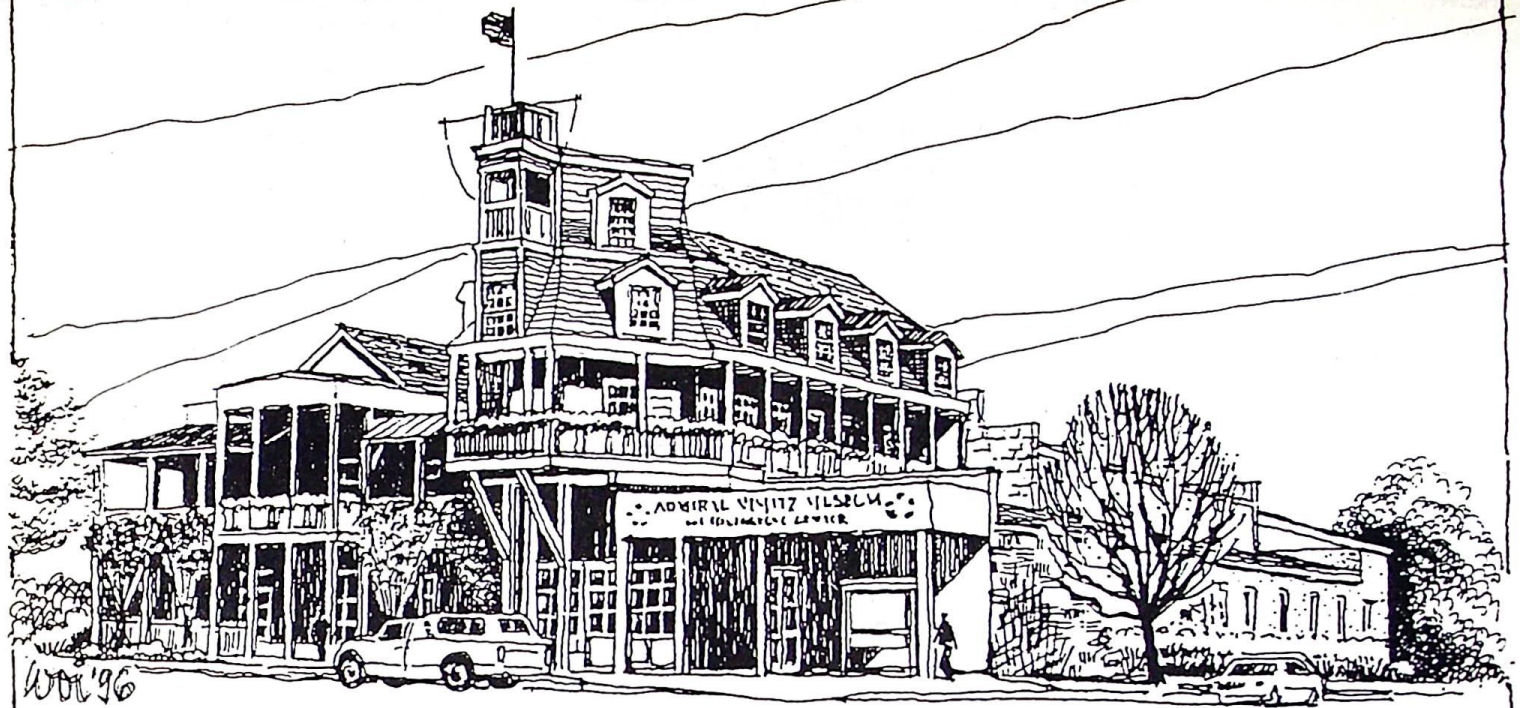
In Friedrichsburg, he fell in love with one of the most beautiful girls in town, Sophie Dorothea Mueller, and married her on April 8, 1848. Working at a lumber mill and then signing up for a stint with the Texas Rangers, Nimitz decided to become a hotelier. Recalling the steamboats that made their way along the big rivers, he designed his hotel to resemble a steamboat. From then on he became "Captain" Nimitz of the Nimitz Steamboat Hotel.

Hotel Nimitz opened its doors in Friedrichsburg in 1852. It was the last "full service" hotel from Friedrichsburg to El

Paso. In the days of the Gold Rush to California it was the most popular hotel in the state, acquiring the nickname "Last Chance Hotel." Sophie Nimitz's kitchen was the delight not only of weary travelers but of customers from the entire German Hills area. There was also a brewery in the hotel, a saloon, a separate "bath house" for travelers to "clean up" and enclosed stables. By 1880, reflecting Friedrichsburg's slow but sure growth, the hotel provided 45 guestrooms.

The Nimitz Ballroom was the cultural center of the city for banquets, wedding receptions, and special celebrations. It provided an elegant setting for theatrical performances. While

HOTEL NIMITZ OPENED ITS DOORS IN FRIEDRICHSBURG IN 1852. IT WAS THE LAST "FULL SERVICE" HOTEL FROM FRIEDRICHSBURG TO EL PASO. IN THE DAYS OF THE GOLD RUSH TO CALIFORNIA IT WAS THE MOST POPULAR HOTEL IN THE STATE, ACQUIRING THE NICKNAME "LAST CHANCE HOTEL."



ADMIRAL NIMITZ MUSEUM

THE OLD STEAMBOAT HOTEL, DRAWING BY HORST WOITALLA OF FRIEDRICHSBURG.

an old poster does not reveal the year it announced in German:

"Grand Concert Soire, the 1st and 2nd of June, Nimitz Hotel Halle: Very Entertaining and Educational, for the first time in America, presented by the famous Stereoptician, Professor A. S. Hobile of Vienna, his magic lantern show, along with Forest Horn and Zither soloists of the Royal Hungarian Orchestra. Starts 7 1/2 o'clock. Admission 25 and 50 cents." (4.4-D)

Charles Henry and Sophie Nimitz had twelve children. One was Chester Bernard, considered to be one of the nicest gentlemen that Friedrichsburg ever produced. He asked for the hand of Anna Henke in marriage. Beset with a rheumatic heart, Chester suddenly died a few months prior to the birth on February 24, 1885 of their son, Chester William Nimitz. This son became Admiral Chester W. Nimitz. The admiral would one day write the following entry in his memoirs:

"I didn't know my father, because he died before I was born. But I had a wonderful, white-bearded grandfather. Between chores and homework I listened wide-eyed to stories about his youth in the German merchant marine. He would say that the sea, like life itself, is a stern taskmaster; and that the best way to get along with either is to learn all you can, then do your best, and don't worry — especially about things over which you have no control." (4.4-E)

When Chester W. Nimitz was 15 years old an army field artillery camp was set up in the nearby hills. Inspired with the drills and the sparkle of the officer's uniforms, he was told that two of the officers were graduates of West Point. From then on young Nimitz set his sights on going to West Point. When it came time to apply, the congressman broke the news to him that the openings for the Point were already filled. But, there

was still an opening at the U.S. Naval Academy. Off to Annapolis went young Nimitz. His grandfather's words always gave the midshipman inspiration and quiet encouragement. It paid off: in tests he was always at the top.

Chester W. Nimitz began his long career as a naval cadet fourth class that eventually led to five-star fleet admiral. His first command was in the Philippines where he was a skipper of the gunboat Panay, with 31 men aboard. Two years later, as a 22 year old ensign he was given command of the USS Decatur which resulted in him being court-martialed. With charts of the Philippine waterways virtually non-existent, his ship suddenly found itself stuck in a mudbank in Batangas harbor. Trying to "back it down" didn't work.

"Don't worry about things over which you have no control!" — came the consoling thought from his Grosspappa's knee. After a night of sound sleep, a small steamer the next morning heaved a line and pulled his ship free. Taken to court, Nimitz was given a letter of reprimand for hazarding a ship of the U.S. Navy.

Nimitz recalls that during World War I, as an officer in the submarine force in the Atlantic Fleet, they had almost as many problems in getting along with the British as they did in fighting the Germans. Other officers were obsessed with protocol. But Nimitz decided that relations with the British would improve by acknowledging good performance and friendliness. Nimitz's father's own "genes" as a true gentleman were proving to be of great value. From then on, Nimitz was becoming well known for choosing good men and then helping them in every way possible "to do their very best for you." (4.4-F)

In 1913, Nimitz married Catherine B. Freeman of Wollaston, Massachusetts. By then lieutenant Nimitz was commander of the Atlantic submarine flotilla. In Massachusetts, "she married a

cowboy." In Texas, "he married a Yankee." The labels stuck with the couple for their entire lives; but they made the very best of it . . . "Don't worry about things over which you have no control!"

Lieutenant Nimitz was considered the Navy's top expert on diesel engines. The young couple was sent by the U.S. government to live in Hamburg, Germany to study all aspects of diesel construction. After returning to the U.S., Nimitz was stationed in Brooklyn, New York, where their first child, Catherine V. Nimitz was born in 1914. In February of 1915 was born Chester W. "Chet" Nimitz, Jr. A number of times when their father was at sea for long periods of time, Catherine would take the children to Texas for visits. Catherine recalls that these visits were always most pleasant, the Nimitz family in Friedrichsburg and Kerrville being gracious and enjoyable. World War I was a terrible time for Nimitz. He took much pride in his German heritage. But he could not forgive Germany for saying one thing and then doing another. Germany had broken its word and did use their submarines to destroy American merchant shipping. Nimitz was sent to the Mediterranean where his record against the Germans was outstanding.

In 1919 another daughter was born and was named Anna Elizabeth. But she became known as Nancy.

In 1926 Nimitz was sent to the University of California at Berkeley to try out a new theory; to try to make naval officers out of college students; a Naval ROTC unit. Had he run aground again on a mud bank? Nimitz' experiment turned out to be the model for university NROTC programs.

Quite surprisingly on January 17, 1931, their final child, Mary Manson Nimitz arrived in the world. Her father was now a commander at the San Diego Navy Base. In 1933 he, with his family (except for son Chet) were transferred to Shanghai where Nimitz would command the heavy cruiser, Augusta. During this term, Nimitz had his first significant meeting with Admiral Togo.

Nimitz's next assignment was good for his family life. He was transferred to Washington, D.C., to work for the Department of the Navy. There the family was content and treated to attend their son Chet's graduation from the Naval Academy. To top it all off, Nimitz Sr., learned that he would be promoted to Rear Admiral and he sent to California to command to a cruiser division. This was 1938. This and that happened, as it does to any career person in the military. Nimitz was called back to Washington, but this time to be Chief of the Bureau of Navigation in the Department of the Navy.

THEN CAME WORLD WAR II: DECEMBER 7, 1942

Admiral Nimitz was chosen over 28 senior admirals to be commander-in-chief of the CINPAC headquarters for the Pacific region. News stories and photographs showed President Franklin D. Roosevelt, General Douglas MacArthur of the Army, Admiral William D. Leahy of the Navy, and Admiral Nimitz of CINPAC huddled in strategy sessions. The Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor had finally slapped the United States into full fledged action.

Much to everyone's surprise, Admiral Nimitz kept the officers and staff of the Pacific region intact. Said Nimitz, "My instincts

were right. By giving them a second chance, I restored the self-confidence of those CINPAC officers. I've never known a harder-working, more dedicated staff, and to them must go the credit for the ultimate victory in the Pacific." (4.4-G)

Remembering his youth in the Texas Hillcountry, Admiral Nimitz decided that pitching horseshoes would be a great activity for him and his staff. There was nothing better than horseshoes to help shake off the war jitters and the horrible anxiety of waiting for news about battles and particular assignments. Here, again, his father's "calm genes" were a gift to a son that had to be in the very thick of many a battle.

In this same vein, Admiral Nimitz let his staff and all those under his command know that he appreciated a good joke and their sharing with him humorous situations, no matter how embarrassing they might be. These stories would never be used against them. For example, a mother from Mississippi sent Nimitz a sack of dirt with the instructions that her son's homesickness could be cured by mixing water with the dirt so it would become "Mississippi Mud." The son should stick his feet in the mud, swish his feet around, and all would be fine. Nimitz summoned everyone from Mississippi and had them take off their shoes and "Bastsch" (the Friedrichsburg-German word for the German word "Patsch" for wading or soaking) around in the Mississippi Mud. They were all instantly cured and everyone's morale boosted.

With quiet tenacity and resolve, Admiral Nimitz directed the forces that confronted the Japanese one battle or action at a time. Wake Island, Midway, the Philippines, Guam, Bougainville, Guadalcanal, the Solomons, New Guinea, Iwo Jima — and hundreds of other locations that provided the ultimate victory.

An interesting comment by Nimitz in his memoirs was that of the 2,500,000 men under his command at the height of the war in the Pacific, fewer than half were former Boy Scouts. Yet this 40 percent won 60 percent of all the medals awarded. Admiral Nimitz was always a big promoter of the Boy Scouts and the Cub Scouts.

Years went by, and near the end of World War II, Nimitz was named chief of naval operations in Washington, D.C. At the White House, President Harry S. Truman awarded Nimitz his third Distinguished Service Medal. In fitting tribute, the same President instructed Admiral Nimitz to represent the United States by signing the Japanese surrender document aboard the USS Missouri in Tokyo Bay on September 2, 1945.

On October 13, 1945, the streets of Friedrichsburg were jammed with grateful hometowners when their Admiral came back home. They were grateful that he had survived and served the nation with such distinction. A parade of bands, service units, and distinguished leaders of Texas and throughout the nation joined in to show their appreciation to the Admiral. It was a celebration never to be forgotten in Friedrichsburg.

Fifty years later, Chet, the admiral's son, Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, Jr., Retired, would come to Friedrichsburg to lead the most impressive parade ever held in the Texas Hillcountry, as thousands of World War II veterans received the praise and gratitude of more than 30,000 cheering onlookers. It was the 50th Anniversary of the End of World War II. Again, military bands, numerous active units, plane fly-overs, and exhibitions

at the fairgrounds again paid tribute to the servicemen and women of the war, and again, posthumously to their native son, Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, Sr. who had died on February 20, 1966. He was buried in San Francisco at the Golden Gate Cemetery.

A GRATEFUL CITY PLANS MEMORIAL TO ITS SON

Not long after Admiral Nimitz graciously accepted the cheers and admiration of his grateful hometown, Friedrichsburg leaders began to get together to discuss a memorial in Friedrichsburg to the admiral. No person took the project more seriously than the lawyer and banker, Arthur Stehling. Head of the county Democratic party, long an official of the Small Business Administration, and the one credited for bringing Friedrichsburg into preeminence as a business and vacation center, Stehling set up the groundwork for the Admiral Nimitz Museum.

Through Stehling's efforts the Nimitz Hotel and attending properties and through the dedicated resolve of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmidt (the hotel's latter day owners) saved the site for what would become the Admiral Nimitz Museum. The initial board of directors hired retired naval officer, Douglass Hubbard as its first executive director. Under Hubbard's dedicated helm, the ambitious project of authentically restoring the facility got underway. When the State of Texas offered to join in the project it expanded significantly, becoming the Admiral Nimitz State Historical Park.

When Arthur Stehling first contacted Admiral Nimitz for permission to use the admiral's name, he was not surprised when he received a response mandating a specific proviso. The admiral would agree to the museum with his name on it; but, only if it would be made very clear to one and all that it be dedicated to all the men and women who served and gave their lives in World War II.

Through the year hundreds of thousands of visitors spend a number of hours awed at the many exhibits and numerous buildings and aspects of the sprawling Nimitz complex. The Nimitz Steamboat Hotel has been carefully restored with rooms faithful to the mid 1800's. Visitors first see an introductory film in the Old Nimitz Ballroom. There are all kinds of relics from the Pacific War where planes, guns, and tanks from the beaches and battlefields are on display.

The Niemitz families of Germany also hold the museum in great respect. Dr. Carsten Niemitz visited the museum and park in 1993. His mother, Mrs. Edith Niemitz wrote this author on September 25, 1995: "Our son Professor Carsten Niemitz from Berlin had the pleasure of presenting to the museum in Friedrichsburg our family's chronicle, Niemitz 1637-1936, that was compiled and printed by my father-in-law.

"We were so grateful when our son returned to Germany with copies of documents of the "Nimitz" history. I still remember my mother-in-law receiving Care packages after the war from Admiral Nimitz who used to address her as his 'dear cousin.'

"I have still more memories. When in 1978 the aircraft carrier Nimitz was docked at the Bremerhaven. We journeyed for a long time. But when we arrived at the port entrance to the

ship was closed and 'all sold out.' Rather angry my husband wrote to Washington. We received a large parcel that contained, among other things, a captain's cap. After my husband had died, I carefully preserved everything."

Mrs. Niemitz received a phone call from the author in answer to her question: Is the aircraft carrier Nimitz still in service? The answer was yes. She continued in her letter, "My father once made a model of the aircraft carrier Nimitz *en miniature* which I still have in my home." Mrs. Edith, Eberbach, Baden-Wuerttemberg.

NOTES:

(4.4-A): Montgomery, Rosalis; *The Way It Was*, Nortex Press, Austin, Texas, 1992, p. 13. Mrs. Montgomery's father was a Van der Stucken and directly related to the Friedrichsburg-born Frank Valentin van der Stucken the great American-Flemish-German composer-conductor.

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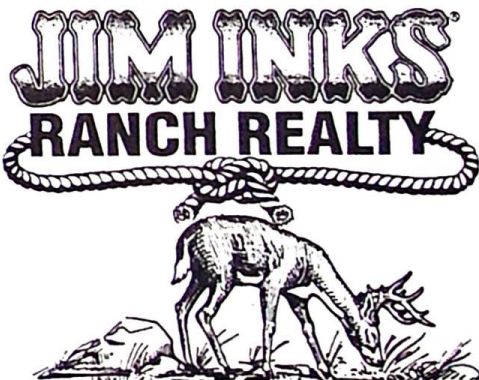
(4.4-C): From the list of Townlots, *Pioneers in God's Hills*, Gillespie County historical Society. Von Boeckmann Jones Publishers, Austin, Texas, 1960, Volume I, p. 262.

(4.4-D): Toepperwein, Herman; *Steamboat Hotel: The Story of A Frontier Inn*. the Admiral Nimitz Foundation, Friedrichsburg, Texas, 1985, p. 10.

(4.4-E): Nimitz, Admiral Chester W. Nimitz; *Some Thoughts To Live By*, The Admiral Nimitz Foundation, Friedrichsburg, Texas ISBN 0-686-24072-3, 1985, p. 2.

(4.4-F): Nimitz, Ibid, p. 5.

(4.4-E): Nimitz, Ibid, p. 7.



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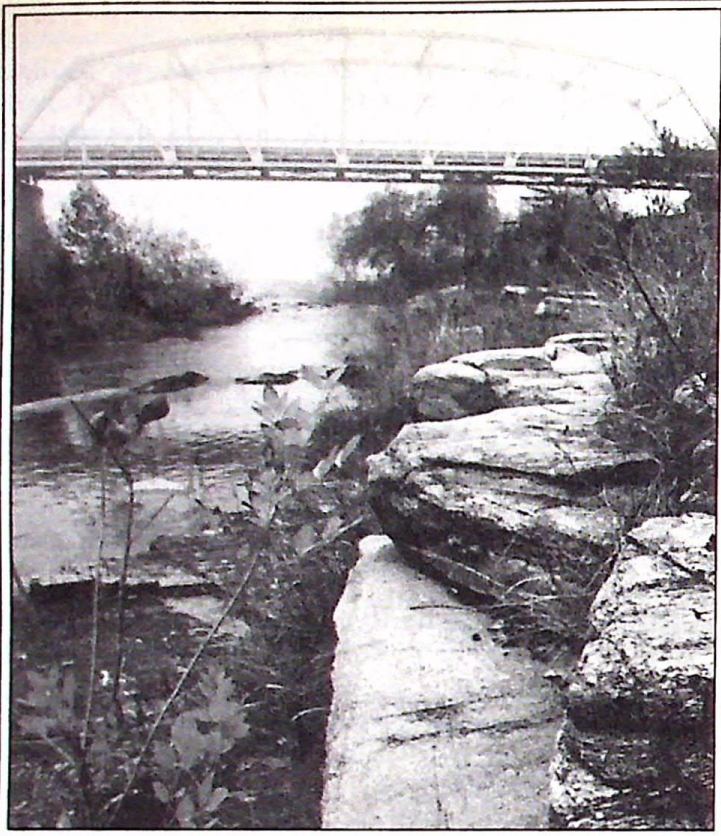
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LLANO EVENTS



IN OUR OWN BACK YARD: THE LLANO RIVER BRIDGE FROM BEHIND THE OFFICES OF ENCHANTED ROCK MAGAZINE. PHOTO BY BUCK BURKLE.

March 16: Evening Lions Fish Fry.

March 19: Llano Memorial Hospital Health Fest.

March 30: 4th Annual Llano Air Show. 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

This year several new events will be added to the Llano Airshow and Fly-In. One, the addition of an Arts and Crafts section. Experimental Aircraft Association Chapters throughout the state have been invited and flyers have been put out at just about every airport throughout Central Texas. Some of the events this year will include Fly-Bys, Live Broadcasts by KHLB, Hot Air Balloon, Airplane Rides, and Live Entertainment.

March 30: 3rd Annual Fall Creek Vineyard Arts of the Heart Festival & 5K Run/Walk. (See page 44.)

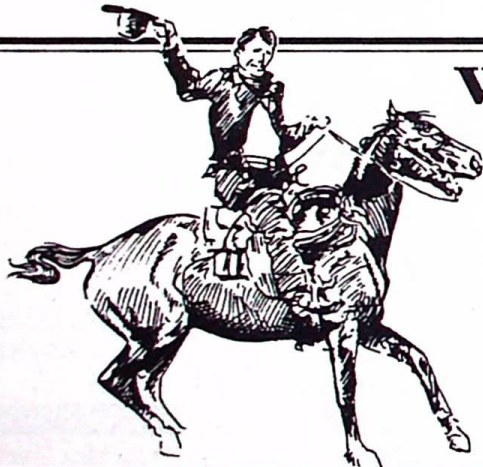
April 6&7: 35th Annual Highland Lakes Bluebonnet Arts & Crafts Trail. For details see page 44.

April 13: Texas Indian Hobbyists/Spring Meet.

April 13 & 14: 35th Annual Highland Lakes Bluebonnet Arts & Crafts Trail.

April 19 & 20: 7th Annual Creawfish Boil & Golf OPen.

NOTE: Dates are subject to change, please contact the Llano chamber office to verify dates. 915/247-5354



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NIMITZ

Continued from page 35

Through the year hundreds of thousands of visitors spend a number of hours awed at the many exhibits and numerous buildings and aspects of the sprawling Nimitz complex. The Nimitz Steamboat Hotel has been carefully restored with rooms faithful to the mid 1800's. Visitors first see an introductory film in the Old Nimitz Ballroom. There are all kinds of relics from the Pacific War where planes, guns, and tanks from the beaches and battlefields are on display.

The Niemitz families of Germany also hold the museum in great respect. Dr. Carsten Niemitz visited the museum and park in 1993. His mother, Mrs. Edith Niemitz wrote this author on September 25, 1995: "Our son Professor Carsten Niemitz from Berlin had the pleasure of presenting to the museum in Friedrichsburg our family's chronicle, Niemitz 1637-1936, that was compiled and printed by my father-in-law.

"We were so grateful when our son returned to Germany with copies of documents of the "Nimitz" history. I still remember my mother-in-law receiving Care packages after the war from Admiral Nimitz who used to address her as his 'dear cousin.'

"I have still more memories. When in 1978 the aircraft carrier Nimitz was docked at the Bremerhaven. We journeyed for a long time. But when we arrived at the port entrance to the ship was closed and 'all sold out.' Rather angry my husband wrote to Washington. We received a large parcel that contained, among other things, a captain's cap. After my husband had died, I carefully preserved everything."

Mrs. Niemitz received a phone call from the author in answer to her question: Is the aircraft carrier Nimitz still in service? The answer was yes. She continued in her letter, "My father once made a model of the aircraft carrier Nimitz *en miniature* which I still have in my home." Mrs. Edith, Eberbach, Baden-Wuettemberg.

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Fredericksburg Brewery is currently serving ostrich specialties on the weekends. And during the first weekend in March a gathering of Hill Country chefs will sample Chef Vicki's ostrich specialties at the Brewery.

Kids of all ages can see these critters and get a complete tour of the ostrich farm at Carolyn and Harold Strickland's place near Willow City. They'll tell you all about the habits of these critters, including whether they bury their heads in the sand. The facility is free to the public but you must call ahead at 210-685-3243.

CLICXLAN

Continued from page 9

crossing without a word. We had, in fact, been silent since Click. It wasn't until we rolled into another dirt intersection that he slammed on the brakes for what would be the last time.

A sign in front of us read, "Blanco County." One on the right read, "Gillespie County." We turned in unison to look behind us; it read, "Llano County."

"This is the center of the universe, isn't it?"

I nodded, "Clicxlan."

We pulled into "Harry's" parking lot a little while later. Exhausted, slightly confused, but some the wiser. The crowd had gone home, long before, I was sure.

We shook hands, there was nothing to say. We grinned conspiratorially. It was good to know that the center of the universe was close.

A FIRM AND LASTING PEACE

Continued from page 31

proposal." He added, "As an Indian and a Tsalaki, when my National Council tells me to take up arms in defense of my Nation, you can be damn sure I will remember Austin, Texas. You are just whistling in your pants if you think my Nation is going to make any agreement with Texas or the United States. . . No Treaty — No Peace."

I called Governor Connally and told him it appeared we were facing an Indian War!

I heard nothing further from Castroville.

Waggoner Carr served as attorney general of Texas from 1963 to 1967. He currently is counsel to the Austin law firm of De Leon & Boggins, P.C. This article originally appeared in the *Texas Bar Journal*, Volume 58, Number 4, April 1995. Permission to reprint was granted by the author.

HOME IN THE TEXAS HILLS

Continued from page 23

a liveoak tree with a prickly pear cactus growing in a half-rotted limb. They pointed out a curve of Fall Creek shadowed by a soaring bank of maiden hair fern. They showed us an elm stump with a youpon growing out of the middle of it.

They spotted belted kingfishers and vermilion flycatchers, summer tanagers, and scrub jays so blue they made blue jays look gray. Edgar slammed on the brakes, leaped out of the car, and scooped up a handful of feathers. Then he and the Dobies speculated about which critter had eaten which bird, or was it the other way around. We watched a black-chinned hummingbird, hardly bigger than a wasp, dart into a clump of sumac. We kept our eyes fastened on the bird until she settled into a thimble-size nest so well camouflaged with lichen that, if we hadn't seen the bird fly to it, we would have sworn it was a bump on the limb. They showed us a painted bunting that looked as if it had dipped into buckets of red and purple and green paint, and a yellow-billed cuckoo with a polka-dotted tail. A killdeer put on a broken wing act for us.

That month we returned to our temporary home overseas, and the Dobies wrote us regularly. Mr. Dobie was feeling so much better he had bought another place in the country. It was only a few acres, too small to call a ranch, he wrote. But it was away from streets and traffic and he had bird feeders hanging. He named it Paisano.

We were away from Texas for six years. Every time we came home on vacation, the Dobies visited us at Cherry Springs. They always took two hours to drive the one mile from the front gate to our door.

We returned home for good in 1964 and shortly thereafter moved to Cherry Springs Ranch. We called the Dobies and Mrs. Dobie told us her husband was in San Francisco reading proofs for the book that would come out that Christmas. Mr. Dobie called when he returned to Austin later that week. He said he was tired, but he, Mrs. Dobie, and Edgar were all looking forward to getting out to Cherry Springs. Three days later he died of a heart attack.

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We still have the telephone, although it is no longer connected to an operator or to neighbors. The descendents of the birds that the Dobies first introduced us to still spend the summer with us. And every March, a black-chinned hummingbird checks on the hummingbird feeder that I keep hanging outside the three-county kitchen window.

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Sites visited will include the Winedale Historical Center, the Admiral Nimitz Museum of the War of the Pacific, the Pioneer Museum, Comfort, Sisterdale, Enchanted Rock, Lyndon B. Johnson State National Parks, the Barker Texas History Center and the Center for American History at UT Austin

Participants who will travel in vans, will stay at the Fredericksburg Inn and Suites, and will eat all meals together. The program will begin in and will return to Houston. Teachers attending the seminar will receive 40 hours of In-Service credit.

Since enrollment is limited to thirty persons, reservations will be accepted on a first-come basis. The deadline for applications is March 15, 1996. Participants should return their application form with their \$50 deposit as soon as possible. Deposits will be returned if you are not accepted into the program.

The cost for the seminar is \$350 for a person sharing a room (two double beds). The cost includes transportation departing from and returning to Houston, housing for four nights, three meals each day. The cost for those wanting single accommodations is \$480

For details contact Dr. David DeBoe, Texas State Historical Association, 2.306 Richardson Hall, University Station, Austin, Texas 78712.

FREDERICKSBURG EVENTS

MARCH 10

AMERICAN LEGION (VETRANNEN), TURKEY DINNER, PUTER/TRUTHAHN ABENDESSEN BANKETT, American Legion Hall, Highway 87 South. Also dinne'r to go. This organization keeps up the beautiful tradition of placing U.D. and Texas flags one very block of the Hauptstrasse and some side streets on national and state holidays.

MARCH 25

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MARCH 30-APRIL 2

COMMANCHERA DAYS: The Texican Rangers, Fredericksburg's Cowboy Shooting Club, hosts its national Wild West shooting matches on the Stieler, 12 miles South of Fredericksburg, on Highway 87. Contestants shoot various targets using firearms of the 1870-1897 time period. Competitors dress in period outfits and use aliases to portray characters of the old west. Also chuckwagon cooking competition and a big ol' dance Friday evening at 7 at the Lady Bird Johnson Park Pavilion.

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LETTERS

CONTINUED from page 7

DEAR "ROCKERS"

The witch in the Willow City Church turned us on to the magazine. We're forming a wagon-train to Click City & need the back issues of *Enchanted Rock* for maps & guidance. Please send and subscribe us as well.

Sincerely,
Scratch & Road-hog Raymond
Fredericksburg

RIGHT UP MY ALLEY

I noticed your February issue of *Enchanted Rock Magazine* at Bookstop stores here in Austin. I enjoy reading Texas History, and make annual camping trips to Enchanted Rock, so I found your publication 'right up my alley.' I thought I would send you a submission, a poem that I wrote last October when I chanced upon a wonderful event at Enchanted Rock. You'll understand why I thought that you might be interested in it.

Thank you for your time and consideration,
Virginia M. Hoffman
Austin

WEDDING AT ENCHANTED ROCK

by VIRGINIA HOFFMAN

Climbs the bride in silken white
With her honor retinue
Up the ancient sojourned rock
To heaven's cathedral blue.

Sunward drawn to vivid stance
At the summit's solitude
Where twine the bird on kited wing
In reverent grandeur view.

Bid she the child's joyous heart,
The seasoned; and the soured;
And blends the silent skeptic's scoff,
Amongst love's freshest flowers.

Sing they the celebration psalms,
As satin streamers soar —
Iridescent in October sun,
Joint witness of the hour.

Pray they the finest gossamers
Enchant abiding love,
And nature's solid espalier
Secured their tender vows.

J. FRANK DOBIE IN THE HILL COUNTRY

Continued from page 19

from the front gate to our door.

We returned home for good in 1964 and shortly thereafter moved to Cherry Springs Ranch. We called the Dobies and Mrs. Dobie told us her husband was in San Francisco reading proofs for the book that would come out that Christmas. Mr. Dobie called when he returned to Austin later that week. He said he was tired, but he, Mrs. Dobie, and Edgar were all looking forward to getting out to Cherry Springs. Three days later he died of a heart attack.

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The story of the 1930s construction of the first dam in the Highland Lakes chain is told in pictures and exhibits at the Buchanan Dam Museum.

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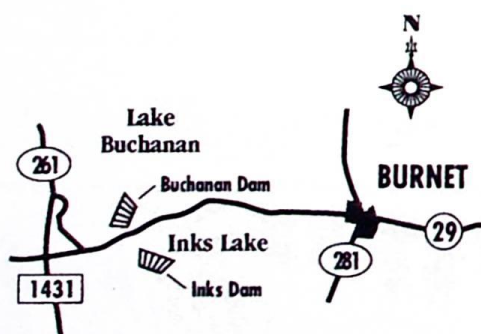
Come see what they produced.

Take a free tour of the museum then walk down to the dam for a free self-guided tour and a wonderful, clear view of Lake Buchanan.

Museum Hours:

Monday - Friday, 9 a.m. - 4 p.m.

Saturdays, Sundays, Holidays - 1 - 4 p.m.



For more information on the Highland Lakes, call 1-800-776-5272, Ext. 3235; in Austin, 473-3235.



Lower Colorado River Authority

SECOND ANNUAL 5K RUN/WALK THROUGH THE WILDFLOWERS & ARTS OF THE HEART FESTIVAL

10:00 A.M., SATURDAY
MARCH 30 AT
FALL CREEK VINEYARDS
IN TOW, TEXAS

Benefiting Friends of the Colorado River Foundation

A FAMILY AFFAIR : Free Admission

The 5K Run/Walk will be followed by a day of festivities. Bring the whole family and spend the day amidst the wildflowers in the Texas Hill Country. After the run, there will be artist festivities including an art show & sale, music, food booths, river recreation, cooking demonstration, artifact display & talks, & of course wine tasting & tours of Fall Creek Vineyards, located on the northwestern shores of Lake Buchanan just 2.2 miles northeast of Tow in Llano County.

REGISTRATION/PACKET PICKUP will be held at RUN-TEX, 919 W. 12th, Austin, Texas 78703 through March 29, or may be mailed to P.E.S. at P.O. Box 50 Bastrop, Texas, 78602 through March 23. Packets may be picked up March 29 and 29 at RUN-TEX. Entry Fees: \$10 through March 21, \$15 through race day. Professional Event Services has information, 512/303-2946



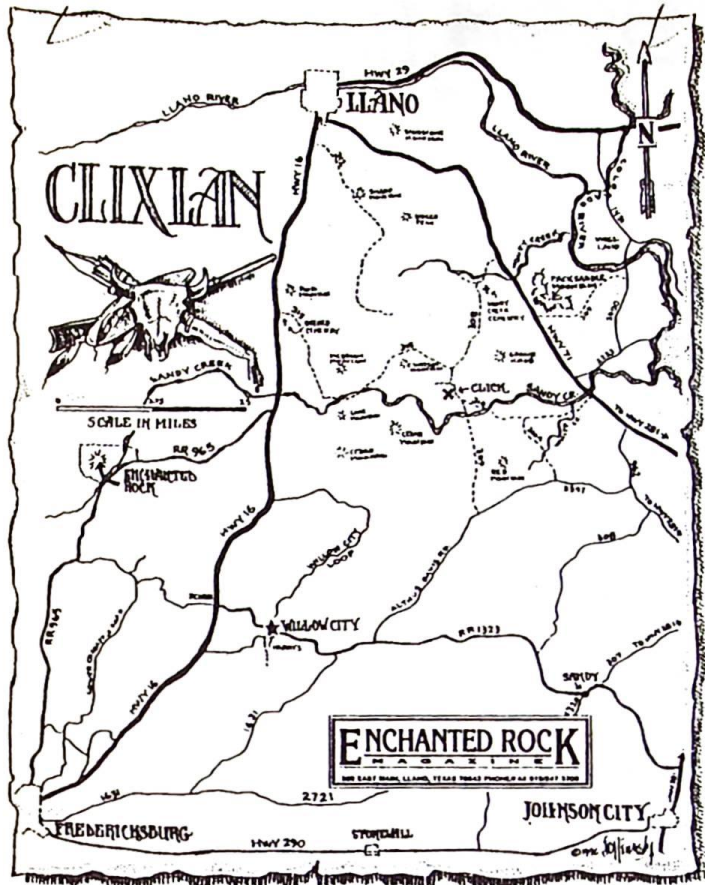
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AN 8 1/2" X 11" VERSION OF THIS MAP IS AVAILABLE AT HARRY'S ON THE LOOP.

CLIXLAN WRITING CONTEST

Share the adventure of your trip to Click, Texas. Type your article, double spaced, approximately six pages more or less, and mail or deliver it to Harry's. Manuscripts will not be returned, and the winner will be notified by phone—be sure to include your number. If you are the lucky winner you'll receive all of the neat stuff offered below:

GRAND PRIZE WINNER:

- ◆ Article published in the April issue of *Enchanted Rock Magazine*.
- ◆ Article will be read on KFAN Radio.
- ◆ 1 yr. subscription to *Enchanted Rock Magazine*.
- ◆ KFAN T-shirt.
- ◆ A T-shirt and other strange stuff from Harry's.

Deadline: The Ides of March (March 15th). Mail or bring your entry to Harry's, Willow City, TX 78675. 210-685-3553.



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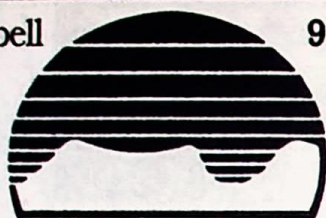
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Items from ranch, farm and Western life. Household relics and period clothing are housed in two 100-year-old log cabins. Located in Mill Pond Park, five blocks east of the courthouse. Open April through September 1:30-4:30 on Sundays and by appointment.

COW CAMP COOKOFF

People come from all over the state to compete for over \$3,500 in prize money and trophies, cooking brisket, pork ribs and chicken. This event is held each year on the first Saturday in May, in Risien Park. The day's activities also include Arts and Crafts, horseshoe and washer pitching, volleyball tournament, pecan pie contest, antique and classic cars, and music and entertainment in the park all day.

COUNTRY PEDDLERS DAY ARTS & CRAFTS on the courthouse square. First Saturday of each month..

OVERNIGHT CAMPING

Overnight camping is available at the city-owned Joe Ragsdale Memorial Trailer Park. Located in scenic Mill Pond Park. Rates are \$8 per day; \$45 per week or \$180 per month. For reservations call the City Hall at 915-372-5144

Crabapple Crossing

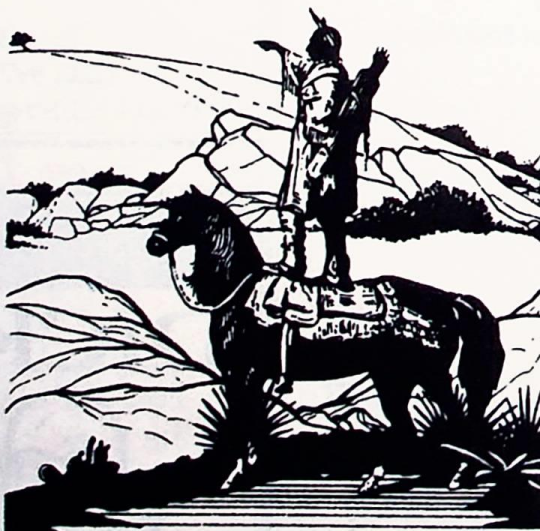
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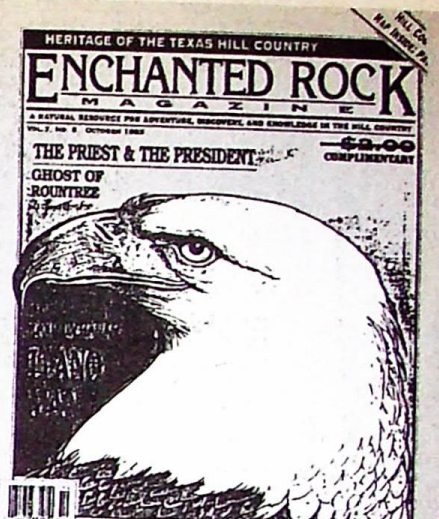
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THE STORYTELLERS
THE LAST WINTER COUNT
THE NARRATIVE OF JOHN GREEN KELLY

THE LAST WINTER COUNT
THE NARRATIVE OF JOHN GREEN KELLY

BYRINA KENNEDY

YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME IF I TOLD YA
THE STORY OF A LOST SPANISH BOAT
BY CHARLES TISCHLER

PREHISTORIC POTTERY OF THE LLANO UPLIFT
BY CHARLES HIXSON

BOW
BY SUE CRONIN

THE SPENCE WHICH LIES TERRACE AS SANDY CREEK NEAR THE ENCHANTE ROCK HAS YIELDED TO SHEPHERD, WHICH ARE FROM A NONLOCAL

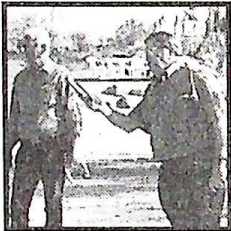
OF SOULS AND SILVER MINES, THE SPANIARDS VENTURED INTO THE HILL COUNTRY OF TEXAS ON THE BANNY





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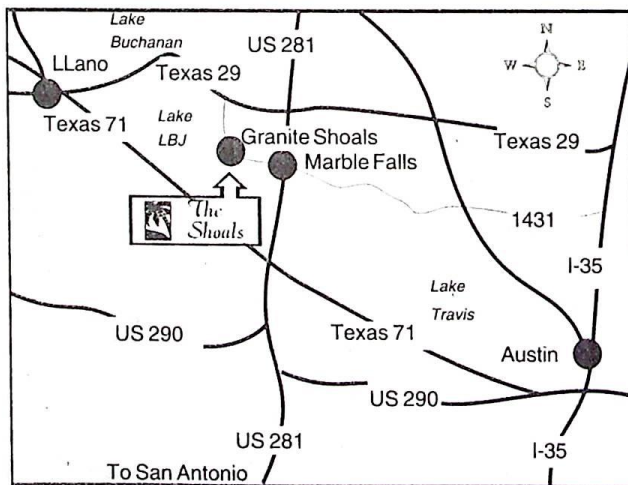
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