

HILL COUNTRY
MAP INSIDE PAGE 13

HERITAGE OF THE TEXAS HILL COUNTRY

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VOL. 3 NO. 2 April, 1996

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ANCIENT
STONE WALLS
OF THE LLANO UPLIFT

RETREAT TO
VICTORY:
BEHIND THE SCENES
AT SAN JACINTO

FIRST
AIRPLANE
FLIGHT



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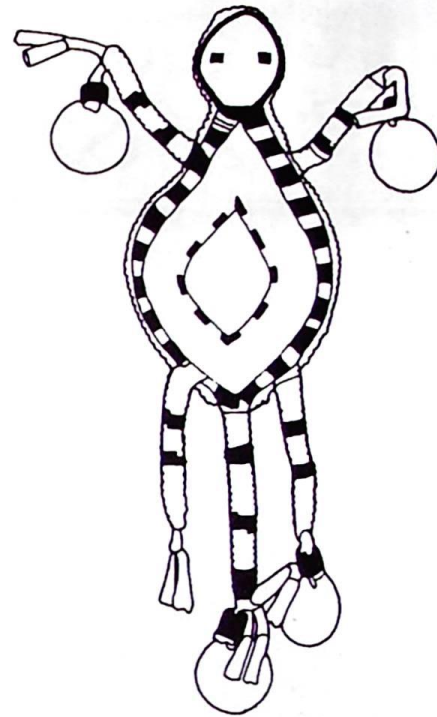
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TABLE OF CONTENTS

- 8 THE WALKER STORY**
First-Hand 1860 Account of a Tragic Trip to Enchanted Rock, by Annie Simms Walker.
- 10 FIRST AIRPLANE FLIGHT**
It was 1896: Jacob Brodbeck's Airship took to the Hill Country Skies, by Edwin W. Gibson.
- 16 LAST LIVING WITNESS**
The Life and Times of Heinrich Mueller, a Friedrichsburg First-Founder, by Kenn Knopp.
- 20 RIDIN' TO CLICK**
Winner of the *Enchanted Rock Magazine's* Clicxlan Writing Contest, by Kelly Holligan
- 24 ANCIENT STONE WALLS OF THE LLANO UPLIFT**
Archaeologist Ponders Possible Pre-European Walls, by Charles Hixson
- 31 GRUENE, TEXAS: HILL COUNTRY TOURIST MECCA**
A Brief Glimpse at the Quaint Hamlet on the Guadalupe River, by Dale Fry.
- 32 RETREAT TO VICTORY**
The Battle of San Jacinto, from Behind the Scenes, by Steve Goodson.
- 40 TEXAS COUNTRY MUSIC**
Texas, the Traditional Home of Country Music, by Beau Burton.
- 44 WHITEWING INVADERS FROM THE SOUTH**
Once Uncommon, White-Winged Doves are "Taking over the Hill Country", by Charles Tischler.



ON THE COVER: A Prayer
for Mother Earth, by Buck Burkle



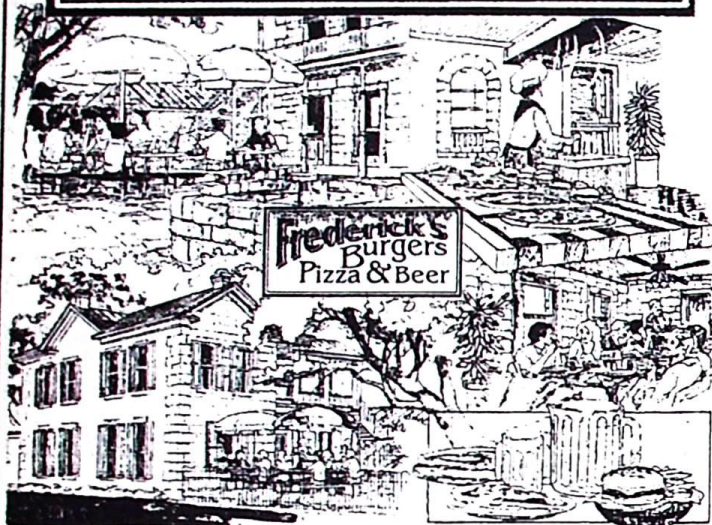
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FROM THE EDITOR

CLICK, CLICK

Evidence that *Enchanted Rock Magazine* reaches far and wide and into the nooks and crannies of the state presented itself when, in response to my last editorial, a writer I couldn't locate phoned from Seguin and gave us permission to print "The Effects of the Civil War Upon a Texas Family," Written by Elizabeth Whitten-Gann, piece is about the Click family and, due to its length, publication was postponed until our next issue.

In this issue, our coverage on the Click Community includes the unaffected and tragic story of the Walkers. Also, we are proud to publish, "Ridin' to Click," by Kelly Holligan—winner of the Clicklan Writing Contest sponsored by Harry's, KFAN-FM and *ERock Magazine*. Despite my earlier anxiety about coming up empty on submissions, we has several entries some of which deserve to appear in print and will, in time. In the meantime we will make copies of all of the submissions and combine them into a single folder which will be available for the curious to read at Harry's on the Loop.

We didn't have room in this issue for a subscription ad, so if you're interested (and we hope you are) simply send a check to *Enchanted Rock Magazine* for \$25 along with your name and address. Thanks.

IRA KENNEDY

ENCHANTED ROCK MAGAZINE

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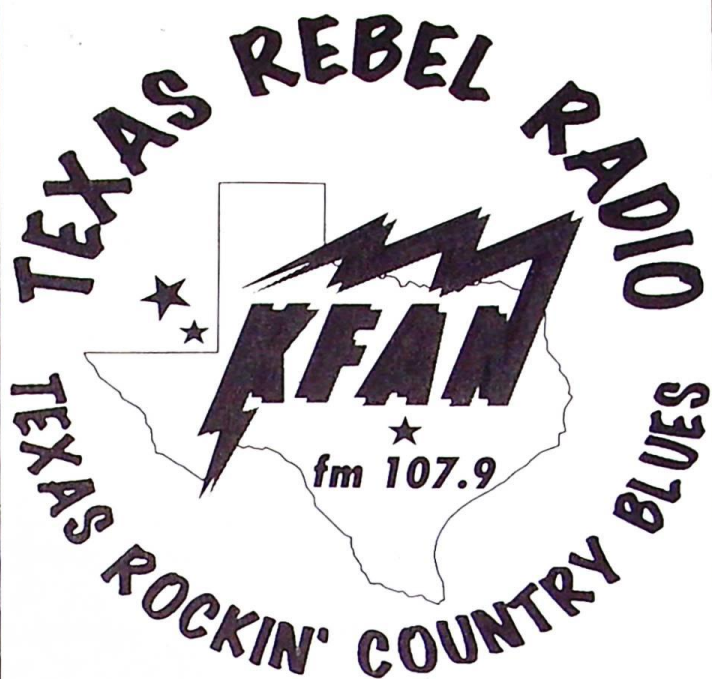
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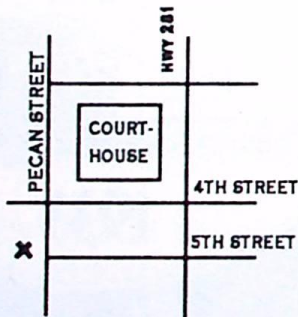
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LETTERS

WITHDRAWAL PAINS

I've missed the December and January issues and have begun to have withdrawal pains! Please sign me up so I can get a regular fix!

Thanks
Susan Grenwelge
Rocky Top Bed & Breakfast
Fredericksburgh, Texas

INTEREST IN SIX MILE AND CLICK

Am enclosing my check for \$25.00 for one year subscription to your magazine . . . have enjoyed reading the articles in the January and February issues about Six Mile and Click and understand there will be some future articles about the Click Community and ancestors . . .

Sincerely,
Mrs. Logan C. Black
Corpus Christi, Texas

DEAR ENCHANTERS

Thank you for taking my telephone subscription request today. I am very much looking forward to receiving your magazine, starting with the March issue.

I saw a copy of your magazine that a friend of mine had and was so impressed — so I had to have it. We love to escape to the Hill Country to help restore sanity lost in this stressed life in Austin! Your magazine is the perfect complement to our mission.

Sincerely yours,
Dori Eubank
Austin, Texas

HIGH PLAINS SUBSCRIBER

I am a Senior at Texas Tech University, and I am majoring in Anthropology and Sociology. One of my teachers receives your publication, and I happened to see one issue in our Archaeology Lab. I am very interested in subscribing, and hope you will get back to me soon.

Thank you,
Katy McNeil
Lubbock, Texas

LETTERS

DESCENDENTS OF PIONEERS

My relatives and I enjoy your magazine tremendously, as our ancestors helped settle this part of the state and also because we like to take weekend trips all over the Hill Country. You've already encountered some family members. In February or March, you interviewed my father-in-law, Chester Wilkes, for an article regarding the authenticity of a letter by the widow of one of the Alamo survivors.

My husband, Robert Wilkes, an amateur geologist who used to pick up *Enchanted Rock Magazine* in Jim Chute's Fredericksburg rock shop until he got so busy at work that he missed an issue, likes the magazine so much that not only did he subscribe, but he also ordered back issues, which finally arrived a couple of weeks ago.

As for myself, I especially like your stories about the origins of names of various locales, such as Llano and Baby Head. When we take visitors on tours of the bluebonnets (such as they'll be this year), I intend to relay these anecdotes — along with the source of my information, of course.

Because my husband and I spend so many weekends driving along the back roads in search of abandoned towns and rock deposits, I have written about the area and would like to submit the following poem to be considered for publication. True, it's not in cowboy style, but it is what comes to mind as this Austin gal crisscrosses Hill Country roads.

Sincerely,
Jean Hackett
San Antonio, Texas

[Editor's Note: The Hackett poem will appear in the May issue of *Enchanted Rock Magazine*.]

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THE WALKER STORY

In 1860, at the home of my father, Captain J.M. Sims, in Lavaca

County, I was married to Joseph H. Walker of Llano County. He

was young, handsome, and wealthy, and I was a very young and

happy bride. A short time after our marriage we moved to our

home in Llano, accompanied by my married sister and her husband.

After a short stay they bade us farewell and returned home.

by Annie Simms Walker

For several weeks we spent most of our time visiting the friends and relatives of my husband and looking at the county. Those tall and rocky mountains were a curiosity to me and I thought it was the roughest part of the world. The mountains all covered with cedar trees and grass, the level valleys covered with green grass, mesquite timber and dotted with cattle and horses were a beautiful sight for me, and I felt then as though I would always be young and happy: but alas, how different was the stern reality that followed.

On Saturday, December 15, we started on a visit to another sister of my husband who lived some distance off, near the "Enchanted Rock." This rock enclosed a large basin on the top of a huge mountain, which is filled with sparkling clear water, wherein all kind of fowls drink and bathe, and I was very anxious to see it. That evening we went about 15 miles to Legion Valley, where we had a delightful time with friends. The next morning early, a beautifully clear but cold Sabbath morning, we continued our journey, each of us being mounted on a fine mare with fine new saddles and bridles.

We rode along the public road about six or eight miles,

talking and laughing as gay as could be, we came to where the road made a long curve around a large rugged mountain, when my husband said to me "Annie, how would you like to ride the cutoff?" This being a pathway between two mountains intersecting the road again in about two miles.

"Alright, just as you think best."

We had gone about half a mile when we heard someone yelling frightfully, again and again. On looking up we saw six frightful looking men riding shabby horses and coming on slowly and still yelling. They were dressed in buckskin suits all fringed and tagged, and each wore a tall cap with feathers.

"Oh, Mr. Walker," said I, "who are these men? Are they cowboys?"

"Oh no," said he, "they are Indians."

I asked him what they would do.

"They will try to take our horses," he answered.

By this time they began to crowd us, and Mr. Walker drew his revolver and said to me: "Annie, can you run your mare?"

I told him I could.

"Well hold our bridle tight, for the road is rough. Run

around that knoll there, and there is the road we left. I will then run straight across and join you and we can outrun them."

I made a good dash, but to no avail, for as soon as we separated the Indians began shooting and yelling and two of them dashed between us. Mr. Walker waved his hand at me and I halted. In one moment he was by my side, the Comanches all around us, shooting as fast as a man could snap his fingers, with their long bows and sharp arrows and with such force as to send an arrow deep into our poor horses.

Mr. Walker had killed one of them and they were wild with rage, but the pistol held them back. But alas, now we saw one with a gun, ready to shoot. Mr. Walker opened fire again wounding one with his first shot, the second failed, because he himself was shot in the back by the Indian that had the gun. Our horses were very restless, pitching and pawing. Mr. Walker's horse was standing straight up on his hind feet when he was shot. I was just behind him, and saw him fall. I saw the blood gush from his body and mouth. Of course I thought he was killed. With a loud shriek I fell backwards to the ground. The savages immediately ran over us, driving our horses off, theirs stepping on my body. When I got up Mr. Walker was sitting up with pistol in hand. One of the Comanches shot an arrow into his leg as they rode off, and he returned fire, slightly wounding one of them. He asked me if I could load his pistol. I could hardly walk, but I went to him and sat on the bloody ground beside him. He pulled the arrow out of his leg leaving the spike in the bone. He said it was very painful, though it bled little.

The savages halted on a hill a hundred or more yards off, tied their horses, put the dead man on a blanket, the severely wounded man sat down beside him, and the other four came toward us.

"Oh, my God," exclaimed I, "what can we do?"

"Nothing, my darling," said he. "Only I will keep them from capturing you if God spares my life. See the wind is blowing too hard for them to shoot their arrows with force, and I will kill the last one of them as I can shoot so much further than they can."

But they halted and formed a circle around us, one in a place, and again began to shoot at us.

Their bows were as long as themselves. They had them in their left hands. They would throw their right hand over their shoulder, pull an arrow from the quiver on their back and shoot almost as fast as you could snap your fingers. They shot hundreds of arrows at us. Some of them sticking in our clothes. But doing no serious harm. I took several from my clothes and laid them in my lap. Many did not reach us, as the hard wind made them flutter and fall short. Every few minutes they would stop shooting and jabber with one another.

After about half an hour they stopped shooting, and one of them picked up a gun, walked a few steps to a tree which forked about waist high, then stooping so as to hide most of his body, he laid it in a fork and took aim at Mr. Walker.

Who can imagine my horror? My feelings were indescribable. My poor husband laid the pistol on the ground and put his cold, trembling arms around my shoulders and said, "Kiss me good-bye, dear wife, may God protect you now, for I must go."

I could not cry, nor sob. I kissed him and took the pistol and put the muzzle to my heart.

**Their bows were as long as themselves.
They had them in their left hands.
They would throw their right hand over
their shoulder, pull an arrow from the
quiver on their back and shoot almost as
fast as you could snap your fingers.
They shot hundreds of arrows at us.
Some of them sticking in our clothes.
But doing no serious harm.
I took several from my clothes
and laid them in my lap.**

"Oh, Annie, what are you going to do?" he asked. I told him I intended to go with him. In case he was killed, as he had told me the savages would carry me off if they could kill him, and I did not want to go with his murderers.

"Oh, my brave and true little Annie!" he exclaimed. "Please do not commit such a deed. Oh, God stay her hand that she may not take her own life."

During this time, which was only a few seconds, everything else was perfectly quiet. What caused that Indian not to shoot is more than I can tell.

I had held my breath till I was all a tremble. As he did not shoot, I arose and laid the pistol on the ground, and went towards him. I went within a few yards of the savage and could see his dark clear eyes, and into the muzzle of his gun. I then threw up my hands and cried out loud, "Oh, gracious God of heaven, have mercy and protect a poor helpless woman."

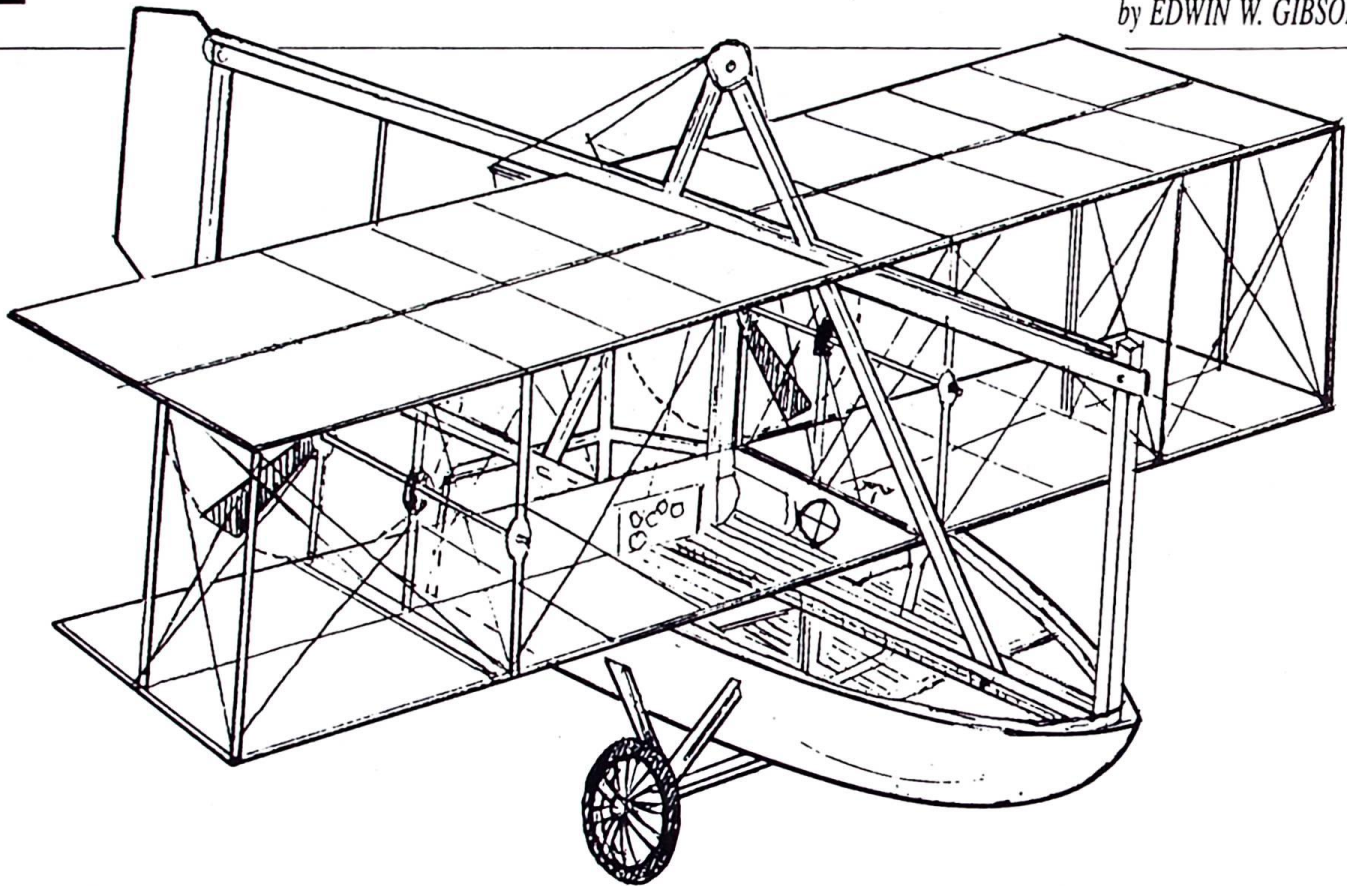
I begged the hostile Indian to please spare my poor husband, that he was already deadly wounded and to please not shoot him in my presence. He took down his gun, stood it against the tree. After pleading, I sank to the ground almost lifeless, my head up but saying nothing. They all went back to their horses. They laid the dead man across one horse, the others mounted their horses and led our poor bleeding animals away, disappearing over the hill.

Now I returned to my poor husband where we talked over the situation quite a while. Going to the brow of the hill I could see them plainly but a long way off, travelling slowly through the valley. On returning to our bloody battle ground, Mr. Walker advised me to leave him and try to save myself. Told me how to find the road, that about a mile from here I would find a house, if any one was there I would of course bring help, if not, to go on to where we started from that morning. After becoming convinced that it was the only means of relief I agreed to leave him, but the very thought caused me to cry bitterly, taking new courage, however, I found a thick cluster of bushes by a cliff of rock to hide him and protect him from the cold

Continued on Page 42

THE FIRST AIRPLANE FLIGHT

by EDWIN W. GIBSON



*Forget everything you've heard about the Wright Brothers
and their "first manned air flight."
The truth lies much closer to home.*

Standard encyclopedias tell us that the first powered plane flight was by Professor Samuel Pierpont Langley in 1896. How many people remember Professor Langley? Apparently none. In 1903 the Wright brothers flew a powered plane at Kittyhawk. Everyone has heard that they were the first to fly a powered plane.

Columbus discovered America--centuries after others discovered it. A Phoenician settlement was found in Virginia. Irish monks, escaping the first Norse-men approaching Greenland, came to America. The first Norse

Vikings to land in Bermuda found one very old Irish monk still living there. Viking artifacts have been found as far inland as Minnesota. Columbus was not the first to discover America.

Everyone knows that Charles Lindberg was the first man to fly across the Atlantic Ocean. But, was he? No. Two Frenchmen, Nungesser and Coli, preceeded him. Lindberg was the first man to make a SOLO flight across the ocean from west to east. Nungesser and Coli were a team who flew from east to west.

No, the Wright brothers were not the first to fly a

powered plane, though they have been given all the credit. But was Professor Langley the first to make a successful plane flight? No, he was not. You probably never heard of the first man to fly a plane, yet he flew a plane "above the tree tops and circled for several minutes" thirty eight years before the Wright brothers at Kittyhawk.

To those who are skeptical, this flight was witnessed by a large crowd and was well documented. There is even a picture of the plane after it crash landed.

The first man to fly a powered plane was a German immigrant school teacher in Gillespie County, Texas. His name was Jacob Friedrich Brodbeck. In the *Men Of Science in Texas, 1820-1880*, is this paragraph: "Brodbeck, Jacob Friedrich (1821-1910), an early school inspector of Gillespie County, who became interested in aerial navigation and invented an ill-fated flying machine. He was born in Plattenhart, Wurtemberg, 13 October 1821, and died in Fredericksburg, Texas 8 January, 1910. He received his education at a teacher's seminary in Wurtemberg, and was a teacher before coming to Texas in 1846. For some years he was a teacher at Fredericksburg. After the Civil War, he moved to San Antonio, where he taught school and tuned pianos. In 1870 he bought a farm near Fredericksburg, his home until his death. Brodbeck was very reluctant to speak of the airplane incident, work on which he started before the Civil War. He was encouraged in his experiments by Dr. Ferdinand Herff (q.v.) who helped Brodbeck get a patent (see HBTx 1,219)."

Mrs. John A. Staudt of Fredericksburg, Texas, Brodbeck's grand-daughter, possessed a letter, widely quoted, which Jacob Brodbeck wrote, to wit: "For more than twenty years I have labored to construct a machine which should enable a man to use like a bird the atmosphere region as a medium of travel.

"I soon satisfied myself that the means heretofore used were hopeless. I studied the flight of birds, examined into the mechanical laws governing these wonderful structures, and observed the various peculiarities of the air, so in the year 1863, I was at last able to construct a machine, which, requiring comparatively little power, imitates the flight of birds.....being constructed like a ship has caused me to call it an airship."

Mrs. Staudt also had copies of his studies of bird flight, a complex collection of mathematical equations and theories. The original papers, I believe, have since been lost.

In 1847, while a teacher at the Vereins Kirche in Fredericksburg, Brodbeck often informed his students that some day man would fly like a bird. He was always inventing things, and at 18 he was trying to develop a clock that would never need winding. In Fredericksburg, he developed the first individual ice-making machine. There seems to have been two such machines, one which he sold to Doctor Herff, and one which he later dismantled to get parts for his plane. There is a difference here of cited material.

In 1860, he became the teacher at Grape Creek School. In 1862, he became county surveyor and taught and

I soon satisfied myself that the means heretofore used were hopeless. I studied the flight of birds, examined into the mechanical laws governing these wonderful structures, and observed the various peculiarities of the air, so in the year 1863, I was at last able to construct a machine, which, requiring comparatively little power, imitates the flight of birds.

surveyed until 1863, when he gave up surveying. Brodbeck experimented with spring driven model planes, which he flew successfully.

On the ship coming across the Atlantic, he studied the wind patterns, the effect of wind on sails, and how the sails utilized the wind to drive ship. He envisioned horizontal sails to carry ships above the water in the air for faster travel. He incorporated some of his theories in his model airplanes.

Brodbeck later invented or adapted instruments for his plane--wind gages, inclinometer, altitude gages and gages for distance traveled. These items were reinvented or improved upon later when aviation was in its infancy.

The pictures and drawings of Brodbeck's plane for the most part show the same plane. One exception is a drawing of a plane in the *Radio Post*, a Fredericksburg newspaper, labeled *Radio Post Engraving*, based on a drawing in the *Texas Magazine* section of the *Houston Chronicle* of August 14, 1965. This engraving shows a bi-plane resembling other later planes, but without the boat-shaped fuselage and superstructure of a device to move the rear wings for ascending and descending. (ailerons?)

Brodbeck's model planes were driven by coil springs and were a big feature at county fairs, and were a source of amazement to friends and neighbors. His models had a rudder, wings, fuselage, and a propeller. (Who invented the first propellers for planes?) He also incorporated a screw propeller in his full-sized plane in the event that his boat-shaped, winged plane landed on water, an influence of his ocean travel across the Atlantic. In the event of a forced landing on water, Brodbeck's plane could be detached, wings separated from fuselage, to use the passenger-carrying part as

Continued on page 14

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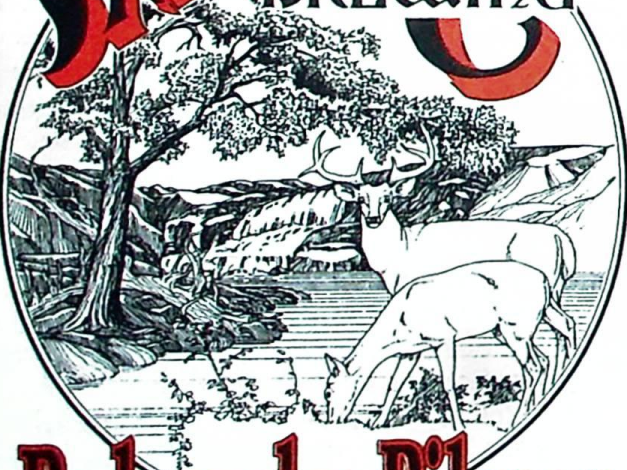
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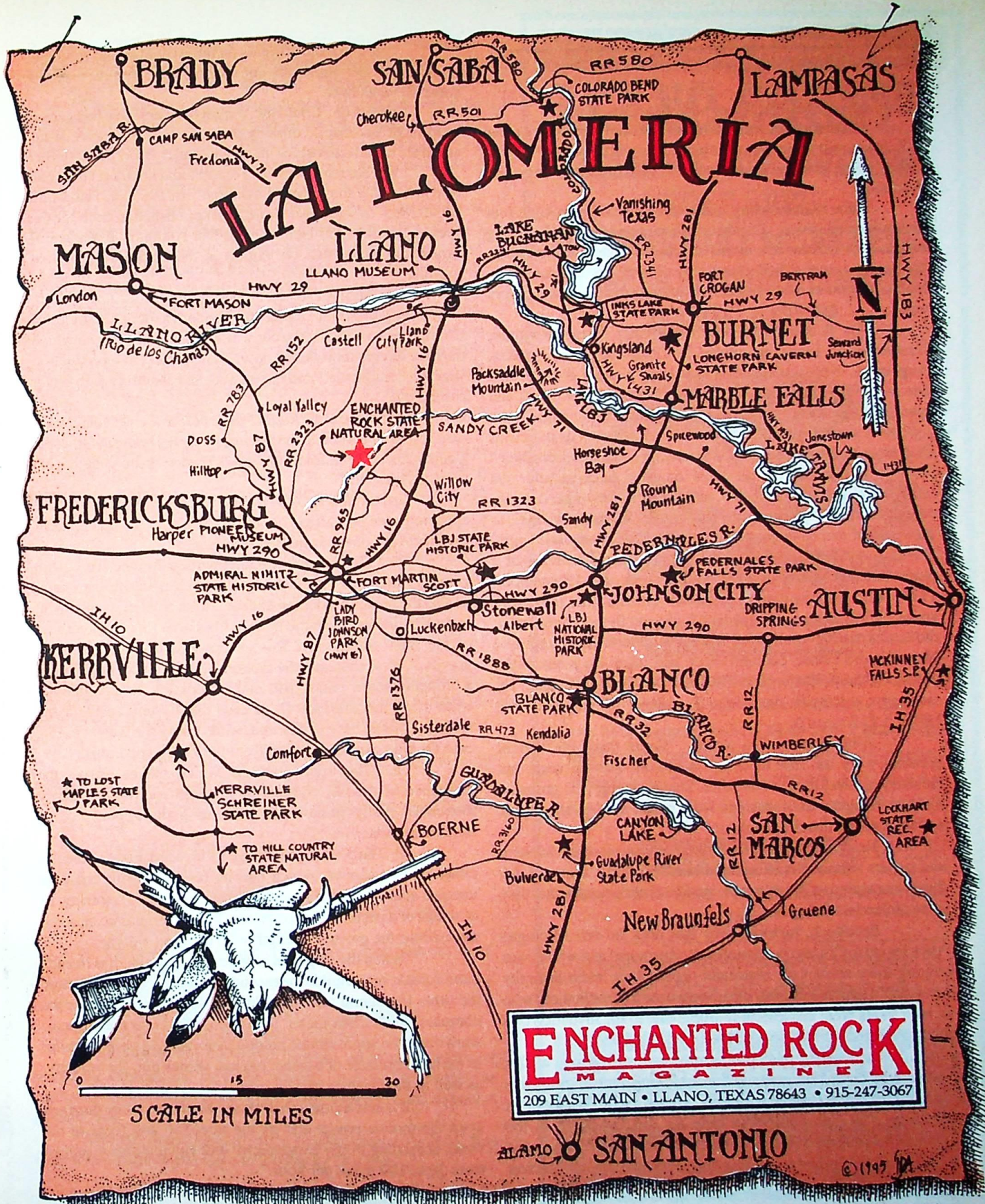
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FIRST FLIGHT

Continued from page 11

a boat, which even had floorboards like a rowboat.

In order to raise funds for his "airship" Brodbeck moved to San Antonio where he took a job as a school inspector. He sold shares in the plane to a number of wealthy investors from San Antonio.

The man-carrying plane was powered by a huge four inch wide coil spring. Brodbeck planned on winding the spring manually as it unwound while turning the propeller. Unfortunately, the spring was too difficult to rewind in flight, and ran down, letting the plane come to earth hard enough to demolish the front end.

Dr. R. Henderson Shuffler, director, Texana Program, University of Texas, as quoted in *Texas Magazine* Sunday, August 14, 1966, wrote: "The man-sized plane was completed late in 1865, and the date for its testing was set. Dr. Herff and other backers were invited to witness the historic flight...The inventor...gave a signal...Everyone held his breath as the weird machine left the ground, soared to tree top height, then crashed."

Brodbeck lost his local financial backing after the crash, on September 20, 1865, and took his drawings, designs, calculations and mathematical formulas to Washington, D.C. to get a patent and to interest Northern backers in airplane flight. The *San Antonio Express* of February 14, 1924, stated that a patent had been applied for. In *Texas Parade*, dated September, 1971, Allan Turner wrote: "Another question that inevitably arises: If the old-timer did indeed build and fly his contraption, did he ever bother to patent it? Hilmar Brodbeck, Jacob's son and Mrs. Staudt's father, claimed Jacob had taken his plans to the patent office in Washington, D.C. and was issued a patent. He even gave a specific date--June 27, 1865." (What does "see HBTx 1,219 mean?").

Allan Turner also wrote: "Some think the Wright brothers were the first to design a heavier-than-air craft, but Henderson Shuffler.....wrote Mrs. Staudt saying it is probable that the Wright's early designs were based on a photographic negative of Brodbeck's machine."

Brodbeck was unsuccessful in getting Northern backing and papers were stolen from his briefcase. Most accounts say they were stolen in Washington, but Dr. Shuffler states that they were stolen in Michigan.

Brodbeck, himself, said that after he left Michigan "then I went to Chicago to demonstrate my model and while I was staying there some very important papers were taken from my briefcase. I later felt that my plans were used to benefit those who in later years were successful in flight, due to the invention of a small gasoline motor used for their motive power."

Dr. Dorothy Harrison, a professor of German at Our Lady of the Lake University in San Antonio, made an extensive study of the Jacob Brodbeck legend. To her, Jacob Brodbeck "is a miracle.....a man before his time, an anachronism....in the 1860's he prophesied that some day man would be flying as fast as 100 mph in his invention, if only he had the money to perfect it.

"He's worked 20 years on his invention, and the plane he flew was not unlike the one flown by the Wright brothers some 40 years later."

Question: Could the Wright brothers have had access to some of Brodbeck's missing papers or to the negative of his airplane, which existed for many years after Brodbeck's flight?

Dr. Harrison wrote: "Texas should not forget this man who was really the father of aviation." In 1965 Dr. Harrison's book, *1865--Wings Over Texas*, was published in time for the opening of the 1965 Hemisfair in San Antonio. A replica of Brodbeck's plane was on exhibit at the Hemisfair's Hall of Culture.

On April 9, 1967 the Fredericksburg *Radio Post* printed, "According to Alton Oehler, the Fredericksburg Chamber of Commerce has obtained a copy of a sketch of his plane which they are having reproduced now." The projected reproduction was too complicated and expensive, and therefore was never carried out.

From the same *Radio Post* article as above: "He circled for a few minutes above the tree-tops near his home in Gillespie County, about ten miles southwest of Fredericksburg, before his machine crashed."

In the *Galveston Tri-weekly News* of August 7, 1865, appeared a lengthy article about Brodbeck. In the latter part of the article Brodbeck is quoted as saying:

"1. The lower suspended portion formed like a ship with very short prow to cut the air; it serves to hold the aeronaut, as also the power producing engine....This portion is shut up all around to prevent the rapid motion from affecting the breathing of the man within.....As low as possible lies the center of gravity.....so as to steady the motion....At the back of the ship is a propeller screw which will make it possible to navigate the water (first inboard motor)...in case that by any accident the aeronaut should have to descend, while above the water. In this case the ship can be detached from the flying apparatus.

"2. The upper portion....which makes use of the resistance of the air, consists of a system of wings, partly moveable, partly immovable, presenting the appearance of horizontal sails....

"3. The portion producing the forward motion consists either of two screws, which can be revolved with equal or unequal action, so as to serve the purpose of lateral steering, or of wings of a peculiar construction...The material is so selected as to afford the greatest strength with the least weight.

"When the ship is in motion, the aeronaut has in each hand a crank, one to guide the ascending and descending motion, the other the lateral steerage. Immediately before him is the compass, while a barometer, with a scale made for the purpose, shows him the approximate height. Another apparatus, similar to the ball regulator of a steam engine, shows him the velocity, as well as the distance passed over.

"It is self-evident that the speed of the airship depends upon the motive power and on the direction and force of the wind; according to my experiments and calculations it will be from 30 to 100 miles per hour."

In a newspaper article in the *Fredericksburg Standard*,

August 18, 1882, is the picture of Brodbeck's plane, with the wing-manipulating A-frame type of structure clearly shown. It is definitely a picture of Brodbeck's plane. The caption underneath reads: "This is an early day photograph of an aircraft believed to be that of F. Jacob Brodbeck. The picture may have been taken just after Brodbeck's ill-fated flight in 1865 just outside San Antonio....The photo was originally developed from a glass negative found in an old collection at the Daughters of the Republic of Texas Library in San Antonio....Reproduction furnished to the *Standard* by John and Dorothea (Weinheimer) Cotter of the Alamo City."

The *Radio Post* of Fredericksburg, Texas, on December 22, 1977, reprinted an article by Rich Smith, who wrote the "Texas Morning" front page column for the *San Angelo Standard-Times*. Some excerpts are: "Pilot and aviator were one and the same, Brodbeck insisted....clenching the leather straps close, he settled in the aircraft, checking one last time the tautness of the wings, the tension on the tightly-stretched spring. To the audible amazement of the small crowd of rubbernecks and financial backers that had gathered on the meadow, the plane moved. Brodbeck's plane moved!!

"Hesitantly it lurched across the rough ground at first gradually gaining speed, gaining speed, gaining speed. What happened next no one really expected or believed. It was quite beyond the wildest expectations!

"The thing flew!

"Brodbeck and his machine left the ground, whirring into the blue Texas sky. As long as the springs were wound up, it kept afloat, rose as high as the trees, and sailed around in a circle for several minutes, remembered eye-witness I.G. Wehmeyer.

"For several glorious eternal agonizing minutes the air and the airship were one.

"But Brodbeck, despite his calculations and experiments, was unable to rewind the spring as fast as it unwound. Slowly the airship slipped back to earth, nosing down, crashing to the grassy turf."

Brodbeck was elated, but his financial backers saw only a demolished airship and withdrew their support.

Brodbeck was perhaps the first to use, however unrefined, the following:

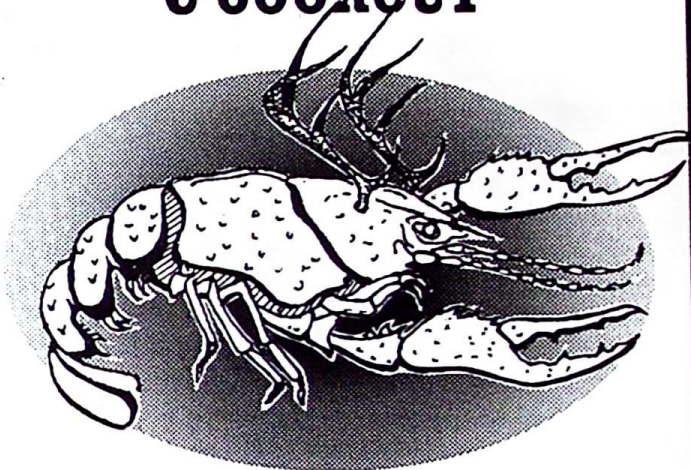
1. The first propellor on a plane.
2. The first ailerons.
3. The first rudder on a plane.
4. The first air-speed indicator, altimeter, and windgauge.
5. The first ground speed indicator.
6. The first (and only) screw propellor in case the plane was forced to land on water.
7. First safety belt.
8. First detachable wings in case of landing in water.
9. First to use streamlining (with short prow).

In addition, he was the first to: Envision the pressurized cabin to protect the aeronaut; Use the terms "aeronaut" and "airship"; Employ an inboard motor in case the plane landed in the water and could be used as a power boat.

One might hazard a guess that the Wright brothers' "Air Boat" bore more than a slight resemblance to Brodbeck's "Air Ship".

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LAST LIVING WITNESS

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF HEINRICH MUELLER, A FRIEDRICHSBURG FIRST-FOUNDER



by **KENN KNOPP**

Born in 1820 in Germany, **Heinrich Mueller** made the three month voyage from Bremen to Galveston with his two sisters, Marie, who became Mrs. Georg Goehmann, and Sophie Dorothea, who married Carl "Charles" Niemitz, later spelled "Nimitz". Niemitz was the grandfather of the famed Friedrichsburg hero of World War II, Admiral Chester W. Nimitz. The Kirchenbuch of the Vereinskirche archives shows that Marie Goehmann was a baptismal witness to her sister Sophie and brother-in-law Carl Niemitz's child, Anna Maria, born in 1850.

Heinrich, Marie, and Sophie landed on December 31, 1845 at the port of Galveston and transferred to a smaller vessel which took them two hundred miles southward to the port of Indianola. Even though they dreaded having to get on the water again, they knew that getting off at Indianola would save them several hundred miles of inland trekking.

When Heinrich Mueller was 93 years old and living in Friedrichsburg, a reporter from the *San Antonio Express* interviewed him and published a story about his recollections as a Friedrichsburg First Founder in the paper's December 7, 1913 edition.

In Germany, a reference to a stocking being full, means being blessed by the intercession of St. Nicholas, if an adult; or a stocking full of candy and fruit, if a child, means being blessed on the Feast of St. Nicholas, December 6. But saying that one has a stocking full of blessings can be said at any time of year, as did Heinrich Mueller to the reporter:

"I have had many Christmases, but none when my stocking seemed to be fuller than the day we arrived in Texas. Of course, literally, it was empty, but the hopes I had made up, and more, for other things that we were lacking. My sisters were just as eager for the new life into which we were to venture as I was.

"I still remember that our ship was saluted by two vessels of the Texas Navy as we entered Galveston Harbor. A salute of flags always thrills a boy. I felt, of course, that I came from the country to which the salute was given, but the thrill in my blood was really due to the thought that I was about to become a part of the country which these Texas ships represented. New Year's Day, 1846 was doubly a first day of the year for me. There was both the new year and the new country and that meant more than I can tell you," Mueller related to the reporter.

Mueller also recalled that there were no Pullman trains, but rather only oxcarts for the inland trip from Indianola between Corpus Christi and Galveston. On the way by oxcart from Indianola to New Braunfels he was stunned when they came upon a sixteen year old girl walking back toward Indianola. She told them that she was the only survivor of a group of twenty. Some type of sickness had overcome the girl's family and traveling party. They were all buried one by one along the trail. The girl climbed in with Heinrich Mueller's sisters and they took her along with them to the New Braunfels waystation.

In New Braunfels they were greeted by the Texas Verein General Commissioner, John O. Meusebach, and a Mr. Dalwigk. The latter was probably Georg von Dalwigk, a nobleman from Gulda, Kurhessen. Meusebach invited the Muellers and other newly arrived immigrants to help start a new town, to be called Friedrichsburg, halfway from New Braunfels and the main land grant area beyond the Llano to the Colorado and Concho Rivers, called the Fisher-Miller Grant. Heinrich Mueller agreed to go with them and at least look over the site for the new town with the aim of perhaps settling there. "The surroundings were so attractive that I was determined this was the place for the home I sought. I have lived in Friedrichsburg ever since," Mueller related proudly.

In Friedrichsburg, in 1848, Heinrich Mueller married Margarethe Mohr, a native of Koblenz, Rhineland Pfalz. They had eleven children. Their first child was given the name Heinrich Daniel Andreas Mueller, born on March 26, 1851 and baptized by the Protestant minister in the Vereinskirche of Friedrichsburg. In 1852, Heinrich Mueller became the godfather of Carl Heinrich Niemitz, his sister Sophie's newest boy.

Then in 1853 Heinrich Mueller's sister Marie and her husband Georg Goehmann asked Heinrich to be the godfather of their new son whom they named Georg Heinrich Goehmann, the baptism also taking place in the Vereinskirche. From then on the children of Heinrich Mueller, Marie Goehmann, and Sophie Niemitz really began to multiply.

When the newspaper reporter from San Antonio interviewed Heinrich Mueller in 1913, Mueller brought to the reporter's attention that he was the very last living eyewitness to the signing of the Indian-German Peace Treaty of 1847. Mueller did not distinguish between the party of Germans from Friedrichsburg who went to meet directly with the Indian chiefs in their main campgrounds above San Saba on May 9 of the same year, or when the Indians and the Germans signed the Treaty of Peace on Friedrichsburg's Adolphsplatz, the Market Square, on May 9, 1847. At the Adolphsplatz signing, the Indians collected some \$3,000 worth of goods that were promised them in exchange for the Germans taking over their lands below the Llano River. Because of his robust health and hearty nature, Mueller was probably involved in all the major episodes of Friedrichsburg's fascinating early development.

Mueller also recalls the joy that his family experienced one day when he came upon a "runaway" Negro and "captured" him. He related that the Negro brought pure joy to their place because he could play the "fiddle" with abandon. "We danced in our log house that was only big enough for two or three couples on the floor at time. While the tango and other modern

**With the Indian tipsy and carrying
his rifle clumsily, he accidentally
caused the rifle to go off,
just missing Splittgerber.
The latter conked the Indian's head
with his pistol butt. The Indian and
his friends found another area
of the party to ride in.**

dancers wouldn't have liked the quarters or the music at all, it was great merry-making for us in the old-fashioned way," Mueller shared with the San Antonio newspaperman.

Julius Splittgerber, from Rueckers, Silesia, also a Friedrichsburg First Founder, wrote about Heinrich Mueller in Rober Penniger's compendium *Friedrichsburg, Texas: The First Fifty Years*, in German, published by the *Friedrichsburger Wochenblatt*, in 1896, page 46.

"In 1848, the goats of one of the residents had increased in such numbers that they became a nuisance with the goats getting into the townlots and destroying the gardens. One morning the goats came into Henry Mueller's garden. He caught the old billygoat, tying an old jacket around the goat. Then he put an old hat over the animal's horns, and let the goat go back to join its herd. When the other goats saw their billygoat they stampeded in all directions. After a long time, the owner of the goats found some of the goats along Palo Alto Creek and along Bear Creek. Again in 1866 the goats had multiplied into a large herd and were grazing on the Marketplatz in the center of town. Shotguns fired, and most of them were killed then and there."

Splittgerber, on page 31 of the same anniversary publication, tells another story about how he and Heinrich Mueller were close companions together in a expedition to survey land into 160, 320, and 640 acres to prepare for the thousands of immigrants who were yet to come. Their goal was to prepare for the inhabitation of the Fisher-Miller Land Grant area. However, history has since revealed that their leader, Friedrichsburg's first city director, Dr. Schubert (sic), ordered the expedition during Meusebach's absence from Friedrichsburg in hopes of making a treaty with the Indians before Meusebach could do it, in order to claim the glory for himself... His envy of Meusebach was well-known. This survey team first set up camp near Bullhead Mountain, now called House Mountain, between Cherry Springs and Mason.

Splittberger relates that in the beautiful valley of House Mountain there were herds of buffalo, antelope and deer grazing on rich mesquite grass. They held watch all night in order to prevent the Indians from stealing horses. Going




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LAST LIVING WITNESS

Continued from previous page

northeast the next day they pitched camp between Sandy Creek and the Llano River. They had in their survey party some Shoshonie Indians as interpreters. One of them discovered a large bee hive in a tree. As Splittgerger and Mueller were preparing to fill their buckets with honey, one of the Indians got into their jug of whiskey in the camp.

With the Indian tipsy and carrying his rifle clumsily, he accidentally caused the rifle to go off, just missing Splittgerger. The latter conked the Indian's head with his pistol butt. The Indian and his friends found another area of the party to ride in. The "survey" party with Dr. Schubert as leader, finally was called off when Schubert got in terrible arguments with Ludwig Bene from Wetzlar, Hessen, and also Louis Gunst from Gingen am Rhein. Had they not agreed to turn around and head back to Friedrichsburg there would have been deaths accumulating among themselves.

Gunst, knowing full well that Dr. Schubert was an expert duelist, challenged Schubert anyway. Gunst was brought back to Friedrichsburg with a bullet in his abdomen and died shortly thereafter by killing himself because of public shame of losing the duel to Dr. Schubert. Talk was that some way or another Schubert would have continued to punish Gunst.

Rather than take his chances with Schubert, Bene returned to Friedrichsburg, packed his things, and moved to New Braunfels. Frankly, Schubert was a "do as I say, or I will get you one way or another" kind of monster who loved to settle things with a duel and influence depredation. When Meusebach returned to Friedrichsburg and heard of the survey that Schubert had ordered he was furious. That was the beginning of the end for Schubert, who eventually left Friedrichsburg after a number of more murders and catastrophes involving him. He returned to Germany as a wild west writer of numerous books and articles in which he espoused himself as a true "friend of the Indians."

Heinrich Mueller and his companion, Julius Splittgerger were happy to get back to Fritztown from the survey excursion alive. On their return from the land grant area, which they saw very little of past the Llano River, Splittgerger reports, "We shot seven buffaloes, three bears and as much other game as we needed for ourselves. The wagons were loaded with buffalo and bear meat." The date was January 1847.

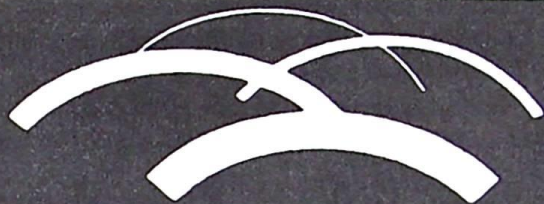
In the early summer Heinrich Mueller, and perhaps his good friend, Splittgerger, would accompany John O. Meusebach into the Comanche campgrounds to negotiate the only known peace treaty that Indians and Whites never betrayed. In May 1847, Mueller would witness the signing of the treaty on the Friedrichsburg's Herzog Adolphsplatz, now known simply as the Marktplatz, the Market Square.

Adolphsplatz was named in honor of Duke Adolph of Nassau, named as the royal protector of the Adelsverein, the society the monarchy formed to generate the mass immigration from Germany to Texas. Great numbers of

immigrants came to Friedrichsburg from the Nassau province which after World War II was split between Hessen and the Rhineland Pfalz. Not far from Duke Adolph's castle is Friedrichsburg's sister-city of Montabaur in the Westerwald between Frankfurt am Main and Koeln.

The copy of the *San Antonio Express* edition of Sunday, December 7, 1913, shows no byline providing the name of the reporter who interviewed Heinrich Mueller, Sr., the last man of Friedrichsburg said to have been the last living witness of the actual signing of the Indian-German Peace Treaty of 1847. (1)

NOTES: (1) Our Thanks to genealogist and family historian, Theresa G. Gold of San Antonio, for uncovering the copy of the newspaper article about Heinrich Mueller, Sr. and his place as First Founder and his participation as a developer of early Friedrichsburg. Miss Gold is active in the German Texan Heritage Society with its headquarters in Austin, Texas, and a frequent speaker and visitor to Friedrichsburg and its archives.



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RIDIN' TO CLICK

BY
KELLY
HOLLIGAN

For years my father has boasted, "There ain't a road between here and House Mountain that I don't know, boy." Every year, I try to find a spot he hasn't been to or a road he can't describe, but I always fail. Now I had him.

Only a handful of people know about Click, Texas; *Enchanted Rock Magazine* had said so. I couldn't wait to stump him.

I was hardly able to stifle my grin as I stepped into my parents' house ready to make history. They were listening to Jim and Jesse on the CD player singing John Prine's song, *Paradise*.

"When I was a child my family would travel..."

After some small talk, I sprung it on them.

"What are y'all doing tomorrow?" I said.

"Nothing, why do you ask?" My mother replied. My father was staring at the remote control like it was a calculus problem, trying to adjust the CD player.

".....there's a backwoods old town that's often remembered, so many times that my memories are worn..."

"Oh, I thought I'd take a drive out to Click, Texas, if I can find it." There it was. The line had been scratched in the sand.

"...Daddy won't you take me back to Muhlenberg County, down by the Green River where Paradise lay..."

With innocent eyes, I watched for his reaction. He sat there looking back at me, not saying a word. For a full ten seconds, the earth stood still.

Suddenly, my mother catapulted out of her chair and disappeared into the bedroom. My father calmly began pressing buttons on the remote to no avail.

Two minutes later, my mother shot into the kitchen. She had washed her hair and rolled it in pink curlers. When she began banging pans together, I asked her what she was doing.

"I'm baking brownies to take to Click."

Horried, I whirled back to my father. Without a glance, he pointed the remote and shut off the CD player.

"...I'm sorry my son but you're too late in asking, Mr. Peabody's coal train has hauled it away..."

"If you want to go to Click, boy, I can get you there," he said. I shook my head in disgust.

We left my parents' house in Austin around ten o'clock in the morning. We had been on the highway for ten minutes, and no one had said a word, so I slipped a Ray Wylie Hubbard tape in the player, and said, "I got a song I want you to hear."

Just as the music started, my mother began, "ba-baaak,

bawk bawk bawk baa-baawk." Halfway through the song, she and my father broke into a full-blown argument over something one of them had said within the last ten years. I punched the eject button. A Holligan family trip had begun.

I can't give you an accurate estimate of how long it took us to get from Austin to the Click turn off because time crawls like a salted slug on a Holligan family trip. I won't tell you where the

county road is because finding it is part of the fun. But if your mother is anything like mine, you'll know you've hit the right road if she screams, "We can't go down this road! It's somebody's driveway!"

We bounced down the dirt road, taking in the scenery. Cattle stared at us hoping we would drop off some feed. Deer ran from us. My mother was silently convinced we were headed for danger. I told her that I had read where you needed a boat to get to Click, or at least to get out of Click. "Oh, that's nonsense," she said, now firmly convinced this was her last ride.

When we hit White Creek, twelve turkey hens stood in the shade of a live oak upstream of the crossing. At first, they reacted to us in what looked like a slow motion panic, each turkey moving in a different direction, just slowly. Finally, they gathered their wits and meandered off together as we watched. Much to mother's surprise, we crossed the creek without incident.

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FAMILY TRIP HAD BEGUN.**

Next we came to the ford at Sandy Creek. It doesn't take long to figure out how Sandy Creek got it's name. The neighborhood cats love the horseshoe pits in my parents' backyard, but this creek has to be what that big litter box in the sky looks like. My father says the old timers said the creek used to have a deep and narrow channel. It's hard to visualize that now, and I can barely imagine how tall Enchanted Rock must have been before it lost all this sand. We crossed this creek without incident as well.

On the north bank of the Sandy stands a small cabin overlooking the creek. It is truly a fine cabin. The only things it's missing are a rocking chair, a sunset, and me sipping Tennessee whiskey.

Just a ways up the road, we found Click. When I saw it, I frowned. I had been to Click before, I just didn't know that was what it was called. In fact, my father had taken the family there seven or eight years ago. I glanced at him.

"Boy, I told you I know where Click is," he said.

"Yeah, yeah, you the man," I said, disgusted all over again.

Not much is going on in Click these days. There's just a couple of old buildings and a windmill. However, you somehow get the feeling that the porch on the one building was the spot to be, come Saturday or Sunday afternoon. To tell the truth, it didn't look like a bad spot to be on this Sunday afternoon.

I had done a little research on Click before we left Austin, but all I could find was that Joe P. Smith had purchased a store at Click in 1911. Mr. Smith was born nine miles west of Round Mountain in 1855. Before getting into the mercantile business at Click, he made at least five cattle drives northward, one as far as Wyoming. He was the postmaster while he lived in Click. In 1940, the post office closed, and the population dwindled to twenty-five people.

I took a few pictures for proof I'd been there, and we continued on. City dwellers like us marvel at how quiet the country can be. In the city, sirens and cars and televisions drown out the birds and the sleepy sound of insects buzzing and things rustling in the grass. The wind even seems friendlier out here. The folks who live out this way surely are blessed.

The next leg of our journey took us through some gorgeous scenery. We snaked down through the valley between Watson Mountain and Hickory Bluff. Looking through the evergreens up to the hills above you is reminiscent of driving down a U.S. Forest Service road in Colorado. When we broke out of the cedars, we were treated to the sight of the Devil's Toenails, but the bluff we saw on this trip bore no resemblance. You could look at it with your eyes open. Up ahead lay Sandy Creek and two more fords.

The first crossing had a few holes and bumps, nothing to really worry about.

I faked a groan to make it sound like the bouncing was worse than it really was. I was a bit too enthusiastic though, for my groan sounded more like I'd taken a shot to the ribs from Mike Tyson. My father shook his head; my mother quietly wrung her hands and muttered, "Bawk Ba-bawk bawk."

We made the first crossing without incident, but weren't

Continued on Page 39

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TEN DAYS IN MAY

FOUNDERS' DAY IN FREDERICKSBURG

Fun, food, and entertainment are the orders of the day for the Pioneer Museum, 309 W. Main St., when the Gillespie County Historical Society will host its annual Founders Day activities on May 4, 1996. The grounds will open at 11 am and close at 5 pm. Artisans from all around Texas will be on hand demonstrating skills of the 19th and early 20th centuries. Some of what these artisans will be showing is basket-weaving, Texas toys, broom-making, muzzle-loading, sauerkraut-making, and much, much more.

Also Diane Tull and Bernice Reaves will be there with their third-graders to demonstrate games that were enjoyed by children of the period. An antique car show and a quilt show are also scheduled.

At 5:30 pm a reception will begin the program to honor ten founding pioneer families. A barbecue supper with all the trimmings at \$8.50 per plate will be served at 6 pm, followed by a program given by descendants of each family being honored. The families honored this year are: Fritz Bode, Frederick Ellebracht, Dr. Wilhelm Keidel, John Klinghoefer, Heinrich Conrad Kothmann, Peter Maurer, Jacob Roeder, Friedrich Schafer, Christian Staats, and Amandus Stehling. Anyone interested in attending the supper may get tickets at the Gillespie County Historical Society office located at 312 W. San Antonio St. in Fredericksburg.

During this special year of the 150th anniversary of Fredericksburg, this is a wonderful opportunity for everyone to see what pioneer life was like and to honor those who so gallantly came to America to settle this area we all love and want to preserve. This is an invitation for all to come and enjoy a fun-filled day, visit with old acquaintances, and meet new ones.

In addition to the Founders' Day celebration, the Historical Society will co-host three home tours with the City of Fredericksburg. The first one will be Sunday, May 5, the second Wednesday, May 8, and the third Saturday, May 11. All three tours will be from 3 to 9 pm at a cost of \$15 per day.

Guests are given an opportunity to go inside some of the more historical homes and buildings in Gillespie County that would normally not be open to the public. There will be homes, old school houses, dairy farms, and churches on the tours, as well as buildings owned and operated by the Historical Society; these buildings include an 1849 home and general store, two residences, a barn & blacksmith shop, a log cabin, and an authentic Sunday house. The old stone county jail will be featured also.

The famous eight-sided Vereins Kirche, located in the center of Marktplatz, is another of the tour sites. This building will also be the location for the re-enactment of the signing of the Peace Treaty between the German settlers and

the Commanche Indians. Taking part in the signing will the great-grandchildren and the great-great grandchildren of the settlers and Indians. Commerating the treaty (the only one between American settlers and the Indians to have never been broken) will be a pictorial stamp cancellation. The cost of the stamp cancellation is \$1.50. These latter two events will be held on Wednesday, May 8, beginning at 10 am.

So, plan now to attend all or part of the ten-day celebration the City of Fredericksburg is hosting, and stop by both the Pioneer Museum at 309 W. Main St., and the Vereins Kirche in the center of Marktplatz in the 100 block of W. Main St. You will be glad you did.

FREDERICKSBURG EVENTS

Saturday, April 6: Easter Fires Concert and Pageant
The Accordion Orchestra of Schaffhausen-Saar, Germany, one-hour concert from 7 p.m. to 8 p.m., Gillespie County Fairground Grandstand. First time in Fredericksburg!

Annual Federicksburg Easter Fires Pageant, 8:15 p.m., Gillespie County Fairgrounds Grandstand, immediately after the German Accordion Orchestra Concert. Tickets include both the accordion concert and pageant: General admission tickets are \$5 for adults, \$1 for children six to 12 years of age and free for youngsters under six. Reserved seats are \$7 and box seats are \$9. Tickets may be purchased by writing Easter Fires Pageant, PO Box 526, Fredericksburg, Texas 78624-0526, or telephone the fair association at 1-210-997-2359. To purchase tickets by mail send a check payable to Gillespie County Fair Association for the amount of the tickets requested along with a self-addressed stamped envelope. There will be ample free parking, food, and drinks on the grounds.

Monday, April 8: Friedrichsburg Freiwillige Feuerwehr Fischfest ... Fredericksburg Voluntary Fire Department's Annual Fish Fry, attracting thousands, takes place on the Central Fire Station Grounds beginning at 5:30 p.m..

Sunday, April 28: Pioneer Trailride forms at the Comal County Fairgrounds in New Braunfels for a weeklong trek to Fredericksburg. To join call 1-210-997-7906.



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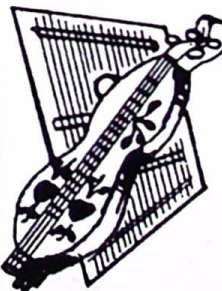
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ANCIENT STONE WALLS

ON A REMOTE GRANITE MOUNTAIN NEAR THE SMALL TOWN OF PONTOTOC IN NORTHEASTERN MASON COUNTY LIES AN ENIGMATIC AND SEEMINGLY ANCIENT STONE STRUCTURE THE ORIGIN AND PURPOSE OF WHICH IS A MYSTERY TO THE LANDOWNER AND TO ARCHAEOLOGISTS WHO HAVE VISITED IT.

BY CHARLES HIXON

The formation consists of hundreds of lichen-covered granite boulders piled one on top the other to form a low wall running a hundred feet or more perpendicular to the side of the mountain. Massive chunks of rocks which have split off from the ridge above are incorporated into the wall where they fell. Considerable effort was put into building this feature — some of the boulders weigh more than five hundred pounds — yet apart from a barbed wire fence that bisects the mountain and marks the property line, no other signs of recent human activity can be seen in the vicinity.

However this mountain does possess abundant evidence of an ancient human presence. Numerous shallow depressions and highly smoothed areas on rock outcrops, features known to archaeologist as bedrock metates, are found at different locations on the mountain and indicate where prehistoric people ground wild plant seeds and nuts into meal. Isolated artifacts, mostly flint tools, are also common on the mountain, and only a few hundred feet from the wall a small prehistoric campsite has been located.

Artifacts recovered from this site by Dave Blevins, the landowner who discovered the wall and who is also a vocational archaeologist, reveal it was occupied on and off for thousands of years during the Archaic, a time period before the bow and arrow when hunters used light spears or "darts" propelled with a device known as the atlatl. The most recent artifacts from this site are almost two thousand years old, and there is no indication the mountain has been occupied since.

Dry walls of undressed stone built within the last 150 years are, of course, common in the rocky Hill Country. These range from impromptu pens for livestock to carefully planned stone fences enclosing area of pasture land. But there are other walls, such

as the one near Pontotoc, which appear to be much older and built for a purpose that is not immediately evident to us.

The way these walls are constructed can also be inscrutable. Blevins points out that his wall does not give the impression of having been built by people familiar with stonework, in that large quarter-ton boulders are supported precariously by smaller football-size rocks. The landowner also has come up with a very plausible theory regarding the reason prehistoric people may have built the wall in the first place.

Blevins has observed that deer trails, due to the peculiarities of the local geology, tend to run along the side of the mountain and are blocked from their natural progression by the stone wall. He speculates that ancient hunters would drive deer or other large animals, either singly or in herds, down the trails towards the stone wall. The panicked animals, finding their way blocked and unable to turn left due to the sheer face of a granite ridge, would be forced to run off a steep drop on the right. Although their fall would not be far, perhaps ten or fifteen feet, it would be enough to injure the animals so they could easily be taken by hunters armed with darts and atlatls.

Blevins' theory is attractive because it is more than a theory; it is an hypothesis, meaning it can be tested. Below the drop lies a pocket of soil of unknown depth in an area otherwise covered by granite exposures. The soil may contain evidence of prehistoric hunting activities, such as broken dart points (the "arrowheads" of artifact collectors) and stone butchering tools; this would support the contention that the wall was part of a hunting stratagem. There is also documentary evidence that native Americans used stone features to aid in hunting. In California, Ishi, the last Native-American to retain his traditional, pre-European culture, was

OF THE LLANO UPLIFT



TOP: DAVE BLEVINS AT THE ROCK WALL NEAR PONTOTOC. BOTTOM: LINEAR WALL IN THE KINGSLAND SITE FOUND BY ERWIN ROEMER. PHOTOS COURTESY OF CHARLES HIXSON.

known to have piled up boulders across deer trails and then lie in wait with his bow and arrow.

A stone feature very similar to Blevins' wall is said to exist on a granite ridge a mile or so to the west. The use of stone walls as blinds or to divert game off cliffs may have been a common practice in the Llano Uplift, a region which includes Llano, Mason, Gillespie, and Burnet counties, but just how certain can we be that these stone structures are truly ancient? The slow-growing lichen that covers the boulders of the Pontotoc wall and other possibly ancient stone features may indicate great age, but it remains to be proven that the lichen was not already present on the stones before the wall was built.

The main problem is we do not know what a prehistoric wall in Central Texas should look like. Over seventy years of archaeological investigations in this part of the state, mostly carried out in the limestone area and not the Llano Uplift, have shown



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that the prehistoric Native Americans here, in contrast to the Pueblo groups to the west and the Moundbuilders to the east (both agricultural and fairly sedentary societies), left little impact on the natural landscape and certainly no stone walls. The prehistoric people here were hunter-gatherers who moved their campsites frequently and so, one would think, had little use for permanent stone constructions.

The only really large stone features in Central Texas associated with prehistoric people are the very common burned rock middens, large concentrations of fire-cracked rock, some of which take the form of low mounds covering an acre or more, but most are much smaller and have little, if any, topography. The majority of burned rock middens date to the Middle Archaic, a period that lasted from three to six thousand years ago. Archaeologists are still uncertain as to how these middens formed, but most agree they are composed of the residue from cooking activities, incidental accumulations of burned rock and not intentional or architectural structures analogous to the temple and burial mounds of the eastern United States.

Small clusters of rocks arranged in a circle usually six feet or more in diameter have been found on sites on the Llano River and the eroding shores of Lake Buchanan, and are sometimes interpreted as the remains of house structures. The rock clusters presumably helped support the framework of simple hut-like structures. These smaller stone features, while very interesting, are only incidental to this article, which is mainly concerned with larger structures, the existence of which has not been published in the archaeological literature.

Curiously, burned rock middens are generally absent from the interior of the Llano Uplift, a region covered mostly by granite and metamorphic rock, perhaps because limestone may be essential for their formation. But the Llano Uplift might very well harbor other ancient stone features, such as the Pontotoc wall, heretofore unknown to archaeology.

With the discovery of the Kingsland Site in 1988, archaeological activity in the Llano Uplift has increased significantly. Surveys by both professional and vocational archaeologists have documented hundreds of sites, information that will contribute to our understanding the human past in this part of the state. A few of these sites, all found within a few miles of the confluence of the Colorado and Llano Rivers, represent prehistoric campsites with stone walls much like the one near Pontotoc. Unfortunately, mere associations with prehistoric material is not enough to assign a pre-European date for these walls, as the Kingsland Site demonstrates.

The Kingsland Site, managed by the LCRA, covers an 11-acre tract of mostly densely wooded land on Lake LBJ. Bands of Prehistoric hunter-gatherers camped along what was then the banks of the Colorado River for thousands of years, and traces of their long but intermittent residency are visible over much of the site. Before excavation, flint chips and tools littered the ground, in part due to years of uncontrolled digging by relic hunters, and bedrock metates were visible on many of the granite outcrops.

Although excavations recovered hundreds of thousand of artifacts, mostly waste flake from flint knapping, the only

actual features unearthed were small clusters of firecracked rocks believed to be the remains of campfires. No doubt some sort of simple structures, a loose framework of saplings covered with woven mats or hides perhaps, once sheltered the ancient people but these, along with all of the artifacts they make from wood and fiber, have not survived in the relatively humid climate of this part of Central Texas.

But, on a rocky knoll overlooking an area of the ancient camp grounds which excavations have shown was the most intensely occupied, two stone walls each about thirty feet long, can be seen. Like the Pontotoc wall, they are composed of unmortared mostly boulder-sized granite rocks, although there are smaller stones as well. When the site was being excavated several years ago, it was assumed these walls were once an animal pen, perhaps for goats, and a historic date for these features is very plausible considering the land has been in almost constant use for the last 150 years. Farming and ranching took place on or near the site and, when Lake LBJ was created in the early 1950's, the land was even used as a fishing and recreation camp. A great deal of recent activity took place near these walls, but we can never be sure they were built during this time because historical records usually are not detailed enough to mention such small-scale constructions.

It is difficult, though, to see how these walls could have been used to pen in anything. The two walls, separated by about fifty feet, generally run parallel about thirty feet or more over broken landscape, slightly converging near the summit of the knoll. Substantial segments of the circuit wall must have since been removed if this structure had ever been used as a stone corral. Also, a more practical placement of the walls is quickly evident if the area between them was meant to be enclosed.

Jim Dalla, the former president of the Llano Uplift Society (LUAS), has often pondered the meaning of these walls, and has come to the conclusion, influenced by his military experience, that they are defensive in nature. He suggests that the knoll, reinforced by the stone walls, acted as a fortified citadel where the people camping below could seek safety in case they were attacked by hostile bands. Others see a more peaceful purpose for these walls, that they might be the foundations of ancient shelters. Then again, they may simply be the remains of a late nineteenth century stone corral.

The Kingsland Site is open to the public every second and forth Saturday of the month from 2 to 5 pm, and anyone can view these walls and make up their own minds as to their age and purpose. The guided tours focus on the still open excavation pits within the prehistoric campsite, and visitors will probably have to ask the guide to point out the walls, which, even though they are right beside the trail, tend to blend into the rocky and brushy landscape.

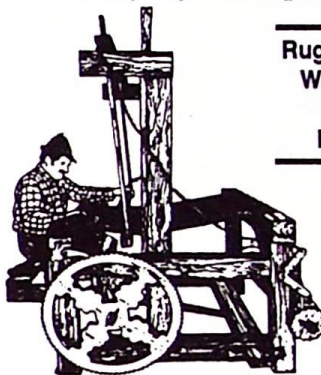
The walls found on the knoll at the Kingsland Site rest on exposed granite bedrock and not on or in the surrounding loose deposit or "dirt" that contains the remains of the ancient campsite. We do know this bedrock was exposed thousands of years ago, and not covered at that time by sediments either washing down from the slope above or up from the river below, because we can see the bedrock metates where prehistoric people ground their meal near where the wall now stands. This means the wall could have been

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built in ancient times, but does not preclude a more recent date. What archaeologists need is to find a stone wall within an archaeological deposit, that is, within a potentially dateable context.

In 1991, such a wall was found when an informant led archaeologist Erwin Roemer to a prehistoric campsite only a few miles from the Kingsland Site. This site is also situated amid granite outcrops overlooking the Colorado River (now the waters of Lake LBJ) but in a slightly higher, drier upland setting. Like so many others in the region, it was being destroyed by relic hunters digging for arrowheads and other artifacts without permission from the landowner. In the loose granitic soils surrounded by granite outcrops, the looters had dug a long two-foot deep trench which had exposed a thirty-foot long dry stone wall composed, like the others, of granite boulders and cobbles and resting on bedrock two feet below the present ground surface. The top of the wall may have been visible to the looters and they trenched along it hoping to find something interesting.

The backdirt and sides of the trench contained many artifacts typical of prehistoric campsites in Central Texas, including flint tools, the many flakes removed during their manufacture, grinding stones, burned rocks from campfires, and the discarded shells from mussels brought up from the river below for food by the prehistoric people. Roemer even found a dart point in the trench, overlooked by the looters, that could be dated to 3000 B.C.

The wall differs from the others so far discussed because it does not merely run in a straight line but turns at a ninety degree angle midway along its course and continues for some unknown distance possibly to a nearby rock outcrop. In its partially exposed state the feature resembles an earthen platform supported by a stone retaining wall, but this could be deceiving — the trench runs along only the outside — and the wall could have been free-standing originally. Architectural platforms are associated with more complex cultures and it would be very unusual if one were found in Central Texas.

If this feature is reconstructed as a freestanding wall and the buried sections extend to the rock outcrop, it would then look like a small rock corral, enclosing an area of several hundred square feet. Blevins has told me of a prehistoric site at Pontotoc which has similar alcove-like features formed by stone walls, which I have not had a chance to visit. There may have been other ancient stone features in the Llano Uplift, besides the massive linear ones, that served a different purpose. These could be the foundations of prehistoric houses, features that archaeologists have had trouble identifying in Central Texas, but suspect existed because the ancient people needed to protect themselves from the wind, rain, and cold. The sharp angle of the wall points toward the rising slope away from the river, and may have been constructed to prevent rain runoff from entering the shelter.

It is possible that enough of the archaeological deposits remain intact that, with careful excavation, we will know both a date and purpose of the wall at the site which Roemer documented. The deposits in the interior of the structure are mostly undisturbed and may reveal features, such as a central hearth or the post holes of roof supports, expected in a living quarter. The site was last visited three years ago during a LUAS field trip led by LCRA archaeologist Bruce Nightengale, when a more detailed recording

of the surface remains took place. At that time, another dart point was found, this one dating to only 500 B.C., which shows that these large sites near major rivers were occupied on and off for thousands of years. With only two diagnostic (dateable), artifacts found, separated by 2500 years, an even tentative date cannot as yet be given for the wall. It would be interesting simply to show it was built before European settlement.

During the LUAS recording session, it appeared that little if any looting had occurred since Roemer documented the site eighteen months earlier. To my knowledge, it has not been visited since, and its present condition is not known. If this site were to be destroyed, an important part of the human past in Central Texas would disappear.

Another prehistoric site in the area also has a buried stone wall. The Cook Site was partially excavated as a pastime by the owner about the time the Kingsland Site was being dug, and is unusual in that so many artifacts and features were uncovered in what would seem to be a very unpromising environmental setting for a major campsite. The site is located in dry uplands far from any rivers or major creeks. A small wash does run along one side of the site, but now only carries water after a hard rain. The landowner remembers when water ran almost perennially several decades ago, and he speculates that a spring located several miles upstream may have been active then and perhaps in earlier times.

The Cook Site is also interesting because it is so old, with earliest diagnostic spear points dating to 8000 B.C. But the most intense period of occupation, meaning either larger bands and/or longer stays, occurred four or five thousands years later. It is to this later time that the wall may date.

A thirty foot section of the wall, running in a more or less straight line, was exposed by the landowners' excavations and has since been reburied. The wall continues at both ends into unexcavated areas of the site, and photographs show that it was constructed differently than the other walls so far discussed. Whoever built this feature used smaller mostly cobble-sized pieces of granite, sandstone, quartz, and other locally available rocks which were then stacked neatly together, starting on granite bedrock, to form a wall eighteen inches tall and ten inches thick. Flint flakes, certainly of prehistoric origin, were used as chinks to steady the larger stones. Unlike the walls previously described, the tip of this feature is six or seven inches below the present surface, and was a complete surprise to the excavators when they happened upon it.

Signs of prehistoric camp life, mostly the kinds of artifacts previously discussed, were plentiful in the fill on both sides of the wall, but no artifacts of modern date were found. Within a yard or so of the wall, a large sandstone slab was uncovered which had been used as a metate for grinding seeds into meal, and the wall may have been part of a structure which sheltered people as they went about their domestic activities. The whole feature also gives the appearance of a retaining wall, and may have been constructed by one of the ancient bands to prevent rain runoff from flooding the living area. Even now when it rains, water runs rapidly down the gravel slope above the site, and this may have been a major problem for the ancient people camping there. The runoff, though, carried sediments

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A member of the family who has had possession of the ranch for the last 100 years has no idea who may have built the wall, although she assumes that the original 19th century owner was responsible for it. The tenuous claim of an ancient date rests mainly on its association with a prehistoric campsite.

which eventually covered and protected the site.

In size and construction, the Cook Site wall most resembles the one Roemer documented, only the stones are smaller and more carefully laid. As far as it has been exposed, the Cook wall does not make the sharp turn as the latter does, but may have been constructed for the same purpose, that is, to prevent flooding.

One other site in the Kingsland area with a stone wall might be mentioned here. It is a large prehistoric campsite on granite bluffs overlooking the Colorado River not far from Roemer's site. The location on the water has made it an easy target for relic hunters coming in by boat, much to the distress of the landowners who want to see the site preserved. The wall here is much more massive than the others described, larger even than the one near Pontotoc, with sections over five feet in height. It is built primarily of large granite boulders, and meanders along the bedrock of the terrace for several hundred feet linking rock outcrops which show evidence, in the form of flint artifacts, of having sheltered prehistoric people. A member of the family who has had possession of the ranch for the last 100 years has no idea who may have built the wall, although she assumes that the original 19th century owner was responsible for it. The tenuous claim of an ancient date rests mainly on its association with a prehistoric campsite.

In the past, when archaeologists have come upon a stone wall, even on a prehistoric campsite, it was presumed, with some justification, to be the work of the late 19th or early 20th Century settlers. Building permanent stone walls and fences was part of their European tradition and not that of the prehistoric Native Americans who lived in what is now Central Texas. The contexts of the wall found by Erwin Roemer and the wall on the Cook Site, strongly suggests a prehistoric date for both features. The wall near Pontotoc also appears to be ancient, due to its remoteness and lichen growth. Ancient walls seem confined to the Llano Uplift, an area which has not received much archaeological attention until the last eight years, and it seems strange that these features have not been identified in the other, better investigated, areas of Central Texas.



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GRUENE, TEXAS: by Dale Fry HILL COUNTRY TOURIST MECCA

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The present town of Gruene (pronounced "green") was originally known as Goodwin when Ernst and his two sons began to purchase land in the area in 1872. His second son, Henry D., obviously an entrepreneur, soon began to build his kingdom—a kingdom that would eventually include several enterprises: a cotton gin powered by the adjacent river; a mercantile store; a dance hall (Gruene Hall, built in 1872 and today dubbed the oldest dance hall in Texas); and vast acres of cotton, the chief cash crop of the day.

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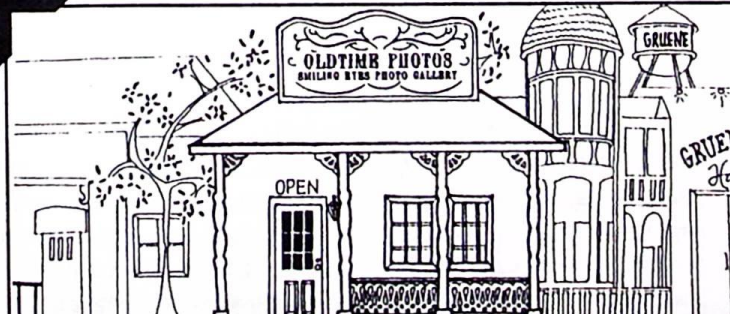
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RETREAT TO VICTORY

BY STEVE GOODSON

AS HOUSTON'S SMALL ARMY TRUNDLED DOWN THE ROAD TOWARD HARRISBURG, SANTA ANNA AND HIS COLUMN OF 750 MEN INVADED SAN FELIPE ON THE EAST BANK OF THE BRAZOS RIVER.

His artillery bombarded the west bank deceiving the small band of Texicans under captain Moseley Baker into thinking he would attempt to cross the river there. Having learned of the newly formed Texican government's retreat from Washington-on-the-Brazos to Harrisburg, Santa Anna determined to catch the revolutionary ringleaders. In a daring maneuver, he led his troops downriver to Fort Bend and captured the ferry there. Colonel Juan Almonte, who spoke perfect English having been educated in the United States, tricked the slave who manned the ferry into coming across the swollen stream to pick him up. By the next day, Santa Anna had moved his army across the Brazos and was marching east toward Harrisburg.

David Burnet, the president of the newly formed government, and his cabinet understandably feared for their lives. But their headlong flight only added to the confusion and panic of the settlers surrounding them. Burnet bombarded Houston with orders to stand and fight, even as he and his government fled: "Sir, the enemy are laughing you to scorn. You must fight them. You must retreat no further. The country expects you to fight: The Salvation of the country expects you to do so."

At Fort Bend the steamship *Yellowstone* encountered the Mexican Army after ferrying Houston's forces across the Brazos at Groce's Plantation. Most of the Mexican soldiers had never seen a steamboat and were astonished by the sight. Several tried to lasso the smokestacks steamer, lined from stem to stern with cotton bales, ran a gauntlet of gunfire and headed down stream to the Gulf of Mexico and Safety.

The Army of Texas was rapidly running out of room to retreat. Santa Anna's scouts kept him apprised of his foe's whereabouts. He knew that if he did not capture the government at Harrisburg, he could easily move and capture Lynch's Ferry, the only available crossing on the San Jacinto River in that area.

Santa Anna's Army arrived at Harrisburg the night of April 15. He found the partially burned town deserted except for the three printers (one of which was Gail Borden later of canned milk fame) putting to bed the latest edition of the *Telegraph and Texas Register*. The printers told Santa Anna that Burnet and his cabinet had left the town just hours before the dictator's arrival. After setting afire what remained of Harrisburg and throwing the printing press into Buffalo Bayou, Santa Anna and his men marched to New Washington, located at Morgan's Point which juts out into San Jacinto Bay hoping to capture the government there. They came within a hair's breadth of accomplishing just that. As Burnet and his staff were rowing out to a ship in the bay, a patrol of Mexican Cavalry clattered up to the pier and prepared to open fire. Almonte, who led the patrol, forbade the soldiers to shoot as he saw a woman (Burnet's wife) in the rowboat. Santa Anna's attempt to nab the rebel government produced nothing but a fistful of air. He now decided to find and destroy the only remaining semblance of rebellion left in Texas — Houston and his ragtag rabble of an army.

At Morgan's Point, Santa Anna made an addition to his camp, a mistress known to us as Emily Morgan, the legendary Yellow Rose of Texas. Emily was an indentured servant on the plantation of James Morgan, an early settler at New Washington.

Morgan's Emily, the name by which she was known in 1836, came from Mississippi with her owner at the invitation of the Mexican government in the early 1830's. The Mexican government prohibited slavery but James Morgan, like many other Southern immigrants, sidestepped this ban by freeing his slaves upon entering Texas and then making them indentured servants, a practice which Mexico accepted completely. To the slaves however, indentured servitude appeared amazingly similar to slavery.

Emily has been described variously as mulatto (half African, half Caucasian), quadroon (one-fourth African) and octoroon (one-

eighth African). Mexican chroniclers called her "Santa Anna's quadroon mistress." Contemporary accounts relate that she had finely chiseled extremely attractive features; coal black wavy hair; dark brown eyes; a "golden" cast to her skin.

By the evening of April 18, Emily was sharing Santa Anna's silk tent. Colonel Pedro Delgado, Santa Anna's personal aide, recorded that on the morning of the 19th, while the army began its march, Santa Anna remained in bed with his quadroon mistress.

As Santa Anna was enjoying the company of his new-found camp follower, Sam Houston was busy putting down open rebellion among his own troops. His command repeatedly came under question as his army had continued to retreat. Houston's actions only aggravated this as he remained uncommunicative "I consulted none. I held no council of war. If I err, the blame is mine." David Burnet had sent the Secretary of War, big, beefy red-haired Thomas Rusk to consult Houston on his plan of action with the authority to depose the commander-in-chief if he thought it necessary. Instead of removing him Rusk remained with the army to fight and soon became Houston's staunchest supporter.

Sidney Sherman had raised a volunteer company in his home state of Kentucky and had joined Houston as a lieutenant colonel of cavalry at Gonzales. Sherman protested louder and louder as the Texican Army moved last and became a constant detractor of Houston's.

One day a man from Georgia, Mirabeau B. Lamar, showed up in camp and attempted to rally men to his command to march off to glory against Santa Anna's legions. Houston had two graves dug and announced that anyone attempting to "beat for Volunteers" would be immediately shot. Lamar wisely opted to serve in the cavalry. Houston went so far as to post notices about camp that deserters and mutineers would be court-martialed and shot. He promised them that soon he would give them "all the fighting you can stand."

After taking the fork to Harrisburg on April 16th Houston marched the army 60 miles in two days to Buffalo Bayou where they arrived at noon on the 18th. Across the bayou the army could see that Harrisburg had been burned to the ground. Santa Anna had obviously been there and gone. Houston had to find him and his troops and maneuver him into an advantageous position for battle before Santa Anna could be reinforced by more soldiers under Filisola and Urrea. Houston sent out scouts, hoping they could ascertain Santa Anna's whereabouts.

At the time when it was most needed, Houston received an incredible stroke of luck. Houston's Chief of Scouts, Deaf Smith, returned to camp with a bedraggled Mexican courier, Captain Miquel Bachillar, who carried some deerskin saddlebags stamped with the name "William Barret Travis." The saddle bags contained special dispatches to Santa Anna giving the complete disposition of his columns, their strength and whereabouts.

On April 19th Houston wrote a letter to Henry Raquet, a friend with whom he had stayed while at Nacogdoches, "This morning we are in preparation to meet Santa Anna. It is the only chance of saving Texas . . . We go to conquer. It is wisdom growing out of necessity to meet the enemy now; every consideration enforces it . . . No previous occasion would justify it. The troops are in fine spirits, and now is the time for action . . . I leave

BY NOW A HANDFUL OF SURVIVORS FROM THE GOLIAD MASSACRE HAD ARRIVED AND JOINED HOUSTON'S ARMY. THEIR RECOUNTING OF THE TREATMENT OF FANNIN'S FORCES ENRAGED THE SMALL BANDS OF MEN JOINED AROUND CAMPFIRES FOR THEIR EVENING MEALS. THESE DESCRIPTIONS, ALONG WITH THE SIGHT OF HARRISBURG COMPLETELY BURNED TO THE GROUND AND THE ALAMO MASSACRE FRESH ON THEIR MINDS, ONLY SERVED TO WHIP THE MEN INTO A FRENZY FOR ACTION.

the results in the hands of a wise God."

By now a handful of survivors from the Goliad massacre had arrived and joined Houston's army. Their recounting of the treatment of Fannin's forces enraged the small bands of men joined around campfires for their evening meals. These descriptions, along with the sight of Harrisburg completely burned to the ground and the Alamo massacre fresh on their minds, only served to whip the men into a frenzy for action.

Houston's army crossed Buffalo Bayou on roughly built rafts (Houston ripped his trousers on a nail). They then crossed Vince's Bayou on the only available bridge to gain the sea-level plain known as San Jacinto.

Upon the map, Houston's choice for a battlefield looks for a prescription for suicide. The field of San Jacinto is small, barely three squares. It is roughly triangular, bounded on the northeast and northwest by the San Jacinto River and Buffalo Bayou and open on the Southwest by the Texas coastal plain. As neither stream is fordable (Buffalo Bayou is three hundred feet wide and fifteen to thirty feet deep), the position is virtually a dead end except for Lynch's Ferry, which crosses the San Jacinto River at the northern corner of the triangle. The ground itself is rather marshy along the margins of the waterways and is cut by two shallow ravines. There are occasional pools of open water in these marshes and, on the east, Peggy Lake, a considerable body of water. Much of the plain is grassy, but there are substantial stands of live oak forest running along the bayou and ravines and scattered about in several other places. Houston hid his men in one of these Spanish moss-covered live oak motts located at the northern tip of this virtual island after having seized Lynch's Ferry.

About noon on the 20th the vanguard of Santa Anna's army reached San Jacinto, burning the town of New Washington behind them. Santa Anna, finding himself cut off from Lynch's Ferry by the Texican Army, took up position in some live oaks situated on the

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southeast corner of the prairie.

The Texans remained well protected within their line of trees with their two six-pound cannon, the "Twin Sisters", about ten yards out on the plain. Mexican artillerymen brought out their cannon, a brass nine-pounder, and began to fire at the Texian lines. Santa Anna clearly wished to draw the Texans out into the open, to probe their strength and perhaps to provoke an attack. The Texian artillery, under James Neill, fired back at the Mexicans and one lucky shot bowled over several dragoons, wounding a captain and killing the horse beneath him. The artillery duel continued for about four hours; Colonel Neill's hip was shattered by grapeshot from the Mexican cannon. A shot from one of the Texian cannon damaged the Mexican piece, and as the Mexican Cavalry drew it back to safety. Colonel Sidney Sherman, with a force of 50 cavalymen sallied forth out of the woods to snatch the Mexican cannon. He failed miserably, losing two men and several horses. Worse, he nearly triggered an attack by the Mexicans, which prompted the infuriated Houston to take away Sherman's command of the cavalry and give it to Mirabeau Lamar, who risked his life during the skirmish by helping a wounded comrade.

Santa Anna withdrew his forces about three-fourths of a mile away, placing his army with their backs to Peggy Lake, an inconceivably bad position. The Mexican soldiers spent the rest of the afternoon and all night constructing a five-foot-high breastworks fashioned from baggage, packs, sacks of beans and hard bread, branches and dirt. By dawn the next day the Mexican had finished their defenses and braced themselves for an attack from Houston's forces. None came.

Houston's army, habituated to daily four o'clock reveilles, had risen long before dawn, spoiling for a fight. For six weeks Houston himself had seldom slept more than three hours a night. But on the morning of the greatest battle of his life, the general lay with his head pillowed on a coil of rope dreaming nonchalantly. To his men's bewilderment, he slept until the sun was well up and high in a bright blue spring sky.

After supervising the building of the Mexican breastworks Santa Anna retired to his tent with his new mistress, Emily Morgan. He stirred briefly at nine the next morning as his brother-in-law General Cós marched into his camp with five hundred soldiers, bringing Santa Anna's army up to 1250 men. He then retired once again to his tent and the rest of the Mexican Army settled down to rest under the oak trees after having worked or marched all night.

Around noon, Houston called his officers together for a council of war. He asked them a single question: "Shall we attack the enemy in position or receive their attack in ours?" To his amusement, his confused officers could not agree on a plan of action. The assembled men expressed the belief that attacking over an open field was too risky. He is said to have laughed and dismissed them, thinking to attack the next day. But Houston, wanting to know how his troops felt, went from campfire to campfire asking his men if they were ready to fight. Their response was a resounding yes. Houston told them, "Very well, get your dinners and I will lead you into the fight, and if you whip the enemy every one of you shall be captains."

Houston sent Deaf Smith and six others to destroy Vince's Bridge, thus cutting of any more reinforcements. He formed his army by placing his cavalry, under Lamar, to his right; next to them he put the 240 bayonet-equipped troops of the Texas Regular Battalion under Henry Millard; then the "Twin Sisters" of the Cincinnati Battery with 31 men; to their left came Colonel Edward Burleson's 1st Regiment with 220 men; on the extreme left were the 2nd Texas Regiment under Colonel Sidney Sherman with 260 men. In all, the army stood in two thin lines stretching some 900 yards, each man ready for action, many armed not only with a musket but also with pistols and a sword or Bowie Knife.

At 3:30 Houston took up position in the middle of his line astride Saracen, his big white stallion a few yards out in front. Sword in hand, he waved his army forward and shouted, "Remember the Alamo! Remember Goliad!" and urged them across the sunlit plain of San Jacinto. As the men stepped forward, the color bearer of the 2nd Texas unfurled the regimental banner, a bare breasted Liberty wielding a saber from which dangled a ribbon inscribed "Liberty or Death," the only flag the Texicans had that day. The army's band, a black drummer and a German fifer, played a naughty tune popular at the time for lack of anything else known to them both: "Will you come to the bower I have shaded for you? Our bed shall be roses all spangled with dew. There under the bower on roses you'll lie, With a blush on your cheek but a smile in your eye!"

The Texican army advanced over the three fourths of a mile which separated the two armies protected by a slight rise and a few stands of live oaks in the middle of the prairie. Remarkably, all of this activity went unnoticed in the Mexican camp. Santa Anna and his officers had neglected to post scouts or sentries. Most of the men were asleep or resting. Santa Anna remained in his tent, some say under the influence of opium and his young mistress. So, as the Texicans approached, moving at a very easy pace so to not lose their formation, no one in the Mexican camp noticed.

At about 4:30 the Texicans emerged from the thin woods in the center of the plain, some 500 yards from the Mexican lines. A Mexican bugler on the right was the first to sound the alarm. As the other bugler joined him the Mexican cannon cut loose with grapeshot and an outpost line began to fire their muskets. But in their surprise and excitement, both groups fired high, and

Continued on Page 37

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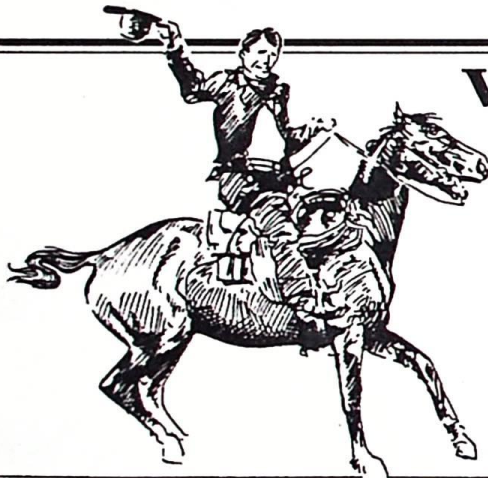
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SAN JACINTO

Continued from page 35

few of the Texicans were hit.

Houston's men continued to advance with their cannon out ahead of the infantry and Lamar's cavalry swinging around to the right. At 200 yards the "Twin Sisters" unlimbered and swung about firing rounds of chopped-up horseshoes gouging a hole in the midst of the Mexican breastworks. As the Texican line swept forward the cannons were manhandled to within 70 yards of the Mexicans and fired again. The infantry fired in volleys and ran for the breastworks. Houston's stallion was shot from under him. He quickly mounted another and rode on. This horse too was soon hit with Houston taking a round of Mexican grapeshot in his right ankle. Ignoring the pain, he mounted a third horse and pressed on.

The 2nd Regiment made first contact, driving a thin front of the enemy backward on the left. Seconds later the 1st Regiment came up on the right and together they overran the Mexican cannon which had managed to get off only five rounds. The Texican forces rushed in taking the breastworks and the camp rather quickly. The Mexican soldiers tried to rally but failed. Supporting regiments would come up in fair order only to be overrun by their fleeing comrades, and then came the Texicans.

One soldier, Old Jimmie Curtice whom Noah Smithwick had almost abandoned on the Colorado River a few weeks before, had a son-in-law, Wash Cottle, who was slain in the Alamo. Swearing vengeance, Curtice now attacked the Mexicans, clubbing them with his rifle and saying, "Alamo, you killed Wash Cottle!"

Although wounded in the leg, a Mexican general, Fernandez Castrillon, leaped up on an ammunition box in an effort to rally his men. They ignored him, streaming to the rear. He stubbornly held his ground shouting, "I have been in forty battles and never once showed my back! I'm too old to do it now!" Colonel Tom Rusk tried to save Castrillon but failed as the Texicans cut him down, showing no mercy.

Santa Anna's army disintegrated as the battle quickly became a slaughter. Santa Anna quickly grabbed a horse and fled toward Buffalo Bayou. Texican officers tried to stem the bloodlust. Colonel John Wharton was told by a soldier, "Colonel Wharton, if Jesus Christ were to come down from heaven and order me to quit shooting Santanistas, I wouldn't do it, sir" One eyewitness said that when the man stepped back and cocked his rifle, leveling it at Wharton's chest, "Wharton very discreetly (I always thought) turned his horse and left." Houston tried to gain control of his men but couldn't, saying, "Gentlemen, I applaud your bravery, but damn your manners!" Most of the carnage took place in and around Peggy Lake at the rear of the Mexican camp. The bodies were so thick that it was later said that one could walk across on the corpses. Colonel Juan Almonte was able to rally some 600 Mexican soldiers and surrendered them after the slaughter stopped around nightfall.

As the prisoners were marched into camp, Houston, delirious with pain from his wound, saw them and mistook them for reinforcements crying, "All is lost! My God, all is lost!" He later confessed that a hundred disciplined soldiers could have defeated

Continued on Following Page

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his scattered forces.

Altogether some 650 Mexicans perished at San Jacinto and 730 were taken prisoner, no more than 70 or 80 having succeeded in escaping. Texican losses were two killed, six mortally wounded and another 18 less seriously wounded.

The next day a search party scouring the area for escaped Mexicans took a prisoner. Joel Robinson, who could speak Spanish, interrogated the prisoners who was "dressed in white linen pants and a blue troopers jacket . . . but with red worsted slippers and a silk shirt buttoned with diamond studs. He was a cavalryman and Santa Anna had escaped to Thompson's Pass farther south." Trotting at the point of a lance the prisoner covered two or three miles back to camp, but finally complained he could go no further. Robinson's partner wanted to shoot him. But Robinson gave the prisoner a hand up and they rode together toward the camp. As they rode the prisoner asked if Houston had commanded at the battle the day before and what the body and prisoner count was. He was also "very keen" to know what the Texicans were going to do with the prisoners. When Robinson told him that Houston's forces numbered six or seven hundred, the prisoner insisted such a figure to be a gross underestimate. Nearing camp the prisoner was quickly sobered by the corpses on the battlefield.

Not until they approached the motley throng of prisoners did Robinson learn who it was he really carried on the back of his horse. In unison, every Mexican officer rose to his feet, and the troops called out, "El Presidente!" Santa Anna had returned to his army.

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Continued from page 21

as lucky with the second. The right, front tire fell into a depression just as I was taking a drink of coke. I poured most of it down the front of my shirt.

"You can't drive worth beans," I said to my father.

He smiled and said, "Boy, don't you know it takes an expert driver to hit every bump in the road?"

We wound our way up past Enchanted Rock, back down through Crabapple Crossing, up to the Willow City Loop, and ended up at Harry's. When we walked in, a young feller in a big hat was playing the guitar in the back room. He could really bend them strings, and sounded right at home. But, someone fired up the jukebox, so he put the guitar down.

I'd always thought you had to go east of Austin to get good sausage. I was wrong. I didn't get a chance to ask Harry where gets his sausage, but it rivals anything found in Elgin or Lockhart. Best of all, Harry is not bashful about piling it on a tortilla and calling it a sausage wrap. We left Harry's full and happy. It had been one damn fine trip. Back in the truck, my father said to me, "You know that song you was playing for us earlier."

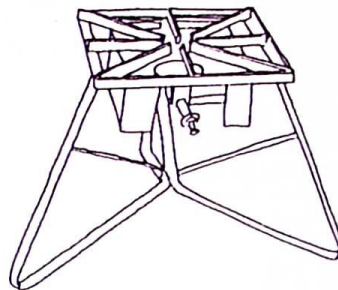
"Yeah."

"It just proves that all you need for a song are some lyrics."

"What are you talking about," I said.

That's when my mother jumped in, and they were off and at it again. I stared at the second hand on my watch. It didn't move for a solid minute.

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TEXAS COUNTRY MUSIC

TEXAS, THE TRADITIONAL HOME OF COUNTRY MUSIC

by BEAU BURTON

Texas has always created its own brand of music. Cowboys and cowgirls demand a dancehall boogie they can stomp their feet to. Long before the Nashville network, before line dancing and the video generation, Texans were doing the same things at social gatherings their forefathers did—two-stepping to a hot country band. Known the world over, often copied, but seldom duplicated the true Texas country music experience is alive and well.

Someone once asked me, "What about Nashville? That's the home of country music."

"Well, when did it move?"

If my memory serves me correctly, Nashville's first country musical artist voted into the Hall of Fame was Jimmy Rodgers. Born in Mississippi, Rodgers played the Texas version of country music. Also, another great country music pioneer, Hank Williams, frequently gave Jimmy Rodgers credit as the big influence that shaped his style.

Texas had its own brand of music, far removed from the bluegrass of the mountains. Here was where the spirit of country music was born and reared. Until a few years ago Texans funded eighty percent of all the profits earned by the country music industry. The multi-billion-dollar industry claims they are the ones that made country music famous. I'd be suspicious of that claim, because few if any Texans are running the show. Well, that's the way it goes... you create something, put generations of tradition behind it, then some corporate type steals it all and turns it into a BMW payment.

Now, you might think I'm getting down on Nashville, and the present country music scene. It's not so much that, but I would like to see Texas participate in its own legacy. Seems all you need today is a great set of teeth, a million dollar backer, put on cowboy clothes, and quicker than a New York minute you're a real country music star. You'll never convince me that the fashion-conscious cowboy concept came from Texas.

Could be I'm trying to drive the point home past the limits of necessity. But it seems that we've lost

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sight of the one thing that's made country music grow, and that's tradition. Early Texas music was based around a good story of forlorn love, freedom, and hard times wrapped around some good toe-tapping rhythms. And there you have it.

Since most of us rednecks here in Texas, are busy making more rednecks, seems we all should teach 'em right. If we could just unplug the TV instead of the instruments, maybe we could be more visible in the country music world. In the interest of preserving tradition maybe we should all go out and buy Texan. Surely something other than what's on the billboard top 100 list. In honor of our Texas music pioneers this article is the first in a series of stories about the people, events and places that have shaped real Texas-style country music.

Next month we'll present an interview with Ray Austin who was around during the days that shaped country music.

Archaeology Awareness Weekend

THE LLANO UPLIFT ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY (LUAS) staffs the Kingsland Archaeological Center, which is open to the public for guided tours of the Visitors Center, Display area and the Interpretive Trail on the 2nd and 4th Saturdays of each month from 2 to 5 p.m. Admission is free. Other days or times may be possible for organized group tours, school and other groups. Call 512/473-3333 ext. 2112 to make special arrangements.

Of special interest in April is the **Archaeology Awareness Weekend**: April 12, 13, and 14. Daily tours of Museum and excavations are from 9:30 a.m. to 6:30 p.m. Demonstrations of atlatl dart throwing and flint knapping will be at various times. Speakers include, Dan Utley on local history and Dr. Solveig Turpin on Lower Pecos Rock Art—April 13th, 7:30 p.m. Pottery Making Demonstration, April 14th at 2 p.m. The event will be held at the Kingsland Archaeological Center (see map). Sponsors for the event are LUAS and the Lower Colorado River Authority.



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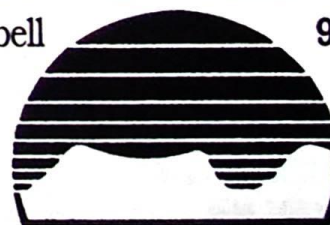
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WALKER STORY

Continued from page 9

drizzling rain that had now begun to fall. From my riding habit and shawl I made him a bed to lie on. Then I helped him to his feet, but he could not step and almost fainted.

He begged me to leave him there, but I said "No." He put his arms around my shoulders and I carried him twenty steps at a time until he was on the spot. Giving him the pistol and taking his quirt and bidding him a loving farewell, I left him without water, help or doctor and almost no bed. It was after three o'clock and I started on a run, asking God to protect him. Hearing him crying aloud, I stopped a moment and heard him say, "Oh, my God, how can I bear to see her go."

I dashed off again like mad through the thorny brush, tearing my flesh and clothes in numberless places. I soon reached the house but not a soul was there. (Mr. Walker heard me hallooing and thought the Indians had caught me.) So on I ran. There were a great many cattle near the road. They scented the blood on my dress and followed me in droves, bellowing, screaming and fighting. Often I had to strike them with the quirt to make them give the road: after running a long time I came to a creek which must be crossed. It was waist deep and my clothes were so wet and heavy that made running very difficult. I broke loose my clothes and dropped them in the road. My shoes becoming untied were also dropped. Travelling was easier for awhile, but soon my feet began to hurt for they had been cut on sharp stones. Nothing could stop me however.

Just before dark I reached deep creek on the other bank of which stood the house where help was certain. Oh how glad I was. I halloed again and again, the answer that came was the barking of a pack of fierce dogs, that ran down to the crossing. What could be done? I found a long pole with which to steady myself in the water, crossed over, the dogs did not even growl at me. I reached the house, pushed open the door, but found nobody at home. Tired and weak I sank upon a chair. Darkness was fast approaching, and it was three miles to the next house where lived Mr. Walker's sister. A little after dark I reached the house and found help, and told what had happened and where.

The neighborhood was soon wild with excitement, and a party was organized to search for my poor husband. I wanted to go along but they forbade me, saying they knew the spot better than I. They reached the place by two o'clock, but as they had no idea of finding him alive, search was deferred till daylight. Then they started out in different directions. Tom Cox, one of the party called out "Oh, Joe." Immediately he answered, "Here I am Tom!"

He was sitting up against the tree. He shook hands with them, and asked "Is Annie safe?"

"Yes."

"Thanks be to God. He has answered my prayers. Now lay me down and let me die."

They brought him home alive, but he died that day before sunset.

We buried him in a pretty green valley where the long green mesquite grass would wave over his grave.

In 1865 I was married to N.G. Edwards and have lived happy.

LBJ HEARTLAND NETWORK'S SPRING/SUMMER PROGRAMS

The 1996 programs of the Heartland Network offer leisure learning in a new style. Their spring/summer season is a sampler of new partnerships for sharing our region's natural and cultural resources. Programs feature innovative Heartland stewards working together to protect Hill Country landscapes and provide environmental learning experiences for all ages. Discover the Heartland from many perspectives—natural scientist, historian, artist, farmer/rancher, and conservationist. Explore the region from a knowledgeable insider's point of view.

This year brings more wildlife viewing experiences, including remarkable dusk emergents from several of our region's special-access bat caves. Trek with naturalists along rivers and streams. Go underground to study aquifers. Meet preservation-minded ranchers and orchard growers turned B&B hosts. Enjoy the talents of regional musicians, artists and craftspeople. All excursions lie on your table: "Good Eating in the Heartland"—fresh fruits, vegetables, cheeses, meats and wines produced locally. When you participate in these programs your dollars are helping the Network's Stewards make conservation, heritage preservation, and economics work together.

On SELAH DAY, Saturday, April 27, at Bamberger Ranch in the heart of the Network you can preview new exhibits on Hill Country ecology created by artists, educators and natural scientists. Spend the day with the ranch's staff, artists, and innovators throughout the region. Experience their newest creations for environmental study and stewardship. This is an opportunity to explore the role you can play in preserving the natural and cultural heritage of the LBJ Heartland. The event is from 9:30 a.m. to 2 p.m. The cost is \$15 per person, \$12 for a friend. This includes lunch and transportation from Blanco, Johnson City and Stonewall. Access is by bus and by reservation only. Call 210/997-6417 for details.

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Whitewing Invaders from the South

by CHARLES TISCHLER

They weren't here in Austin when I was little. Though, they were talked about in reverence . . . South Texas hunts and runs into Old Mexico to gun 'em down in withering numbers. And then in the mid 1930's pessimistic reports circulated about their very survival. But, they are here throughout the Hill Country now. With maybe more than 200,000 in Travis County alone. The Parks and Wildlife Department used to count whitewings only as far north as Alice, and then, in the early 1980's, nesting whitewings were recorded along the Balcones Escarpment in San Antonio. Today they are nesting in Ft. Worth with significant reports as far north as Lubbock. No one really knows why this once dwindling member of the wild American skies has bounded back from the brink. Oh! We are so fortunate.

I can remember Grover (Grover S. Simpson, the legendary Hill Country game warden) talking about them, when I was little. From where we lived on the Shoal Creek Watershed in what was then Northwest Austin (when we ranged rarely more than thirty miles to the west) the whitewings were among exotic things of wondrous stories told at the Simpson's kitchen table.

Grover told David and me about the whitewing hunts in South Texas in the early '50s when he was called upon, as a Texas game warden, to help ride herd over the invasion of hunters along the Rio Grande. I distinctly remember Grover pointing a boney finger to above his left eyebrow and rolling around a piece of number 7 1/2 shot that had surfaced years after old Doc Watt had removed several other pellets. It served well as a conversation aid when spinning yarns for wide-eyed little boys.

I can also remember the first time I saw a White-Winged Dove; it was from a bass boat on one of the smaller tributaries on the Cypress Creek arm of Lake Travis, about 1985. Buck, my long-time runnin' buddy and art director of *Enchanted Rock Magazine*, and I were running spinners and dragging plastic worms over and through the submerged limestone ledges and old cedar stumps when up above there appeared three doves. The two in the lead were Mourning Doves, but the next one was larger and the white flashes from its wings matched my memory of the color plate and written description of my Peterson's Guide to the *Birds of Texas*.

Then I talked with my brother John just after I joined the team at the Balcones Research Center near the headwaters of Shoal Creek, in 1986. John told me of a colony of whitewings overtaking a neighborhood just north of the Shipe Little League Baseball Field on Morrow Drive in central North Austin. I drove over for the first time in the evening.

My old Cherokee eased up Lazy Lane and then down Madison. And there they were by the many hundreds, futzing around in the thirty-foot tall trees above the modest post-war frame homes of that neighborhood.



WHITE-WINGED DOVE *Zenaida asiatica* 11-12 1/2 (inches)

Field marks: Like Mourning Dove but heavier; tail rounded, tipped with broad white corners. The only dove with a large white patch on the wing.

Voice: A harsh cooing, *coo-uh-cuck'-oo*; also, who cooks for you? Sounds vaguely like the crowing of a young rooster.

Where found: Sw. U.S. south to n. Chile. Winters mostly in Cent. America. Texas: Summers (a few winter) in s. Texas (north to Uvalde, San Antonio, Beeville) and along Rio Grande to El Paso. Casual north to Edwards Plateau, upper coast. Accidental in Panhandle. Nests singly or in colonies.

Habitat: Woodlands, mesquite, citrus groves, towns. Nest: a flimsy twig platform in shade tree, thicket, mesquite. Eggs (2) pale buff.*

*from page 121: *A Field Guide to the Birds of Texas* by Roger Tory Peterson.

Later over the years at the Balcones Research Center I would see the whitewing by the dozens glide in, settle, and gather gravel just south of the Bureau of Economic Geology. They scratched around shoulder-to-shoulder with domestic pigeons and Mourning Doves.

One afternoon last fall, I waited for my life-long friend and attorney Justin Scott Wilson in the parking lot of the La Palapa Restaurant just south of Reagan High School in Northeast Austin, where the eroded Balcones Fault Zone is rapidly giving way to the rolling Blackland Prairies to the east.

I looked around for Wilson's Miata, checked out the rowdy bar, and then took up my position outside, leaning against my Trooper 4X4. I took out my little counter, dialed to zero and scanned the skies. Many birds were making their evening pilgrimage from the farm lands to the east across to the metropolitan forests of Austin.

The count was conservative . . . I'd click-in only numbers of dead certainty and the clicks, like the whitewings, came in bunches.

Continued on Page 47



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WHITEWING INVAIDERS FROM THE SOUTH

Continued from page 45

One, two, three, four, five . . . and then . . . one, two three four five six seven up to eighteen . . . and again and again until Wilson arrived in the gathering dusk and we went inside. In twenty-eight minutes I had clicked the counter 216 times.

It was along about this time I started seeing the occasional whitewing in my yard in Jollyville. Although we have but an 1/8 acre lot, I left the four large cedar trees out back. In the intervening 12 years the cedars have grown and stands of volunteer hackberry have established themselves . . . volunteer grape vines now climb the cedars to the canopy of our tiny forest mingling on the treetops with oaks and giant hackberries and pecans in the surrounding yards.

On last Christmas Eve I counted nine whitewing below and on our sunflower seed feeders just beyond our back porch.

Several weeks ago, while doing chores at *Enchanted Rock Magazine* headquarters in Llano, I thought I heard one in the tall trees above the creek that runs under Main Street half a block down from our office.

On the next trip to headquarters whitewings were on the telephone lines above Bayley Street. And, Buck reported that several have been coming to the newly installed feeder out front.

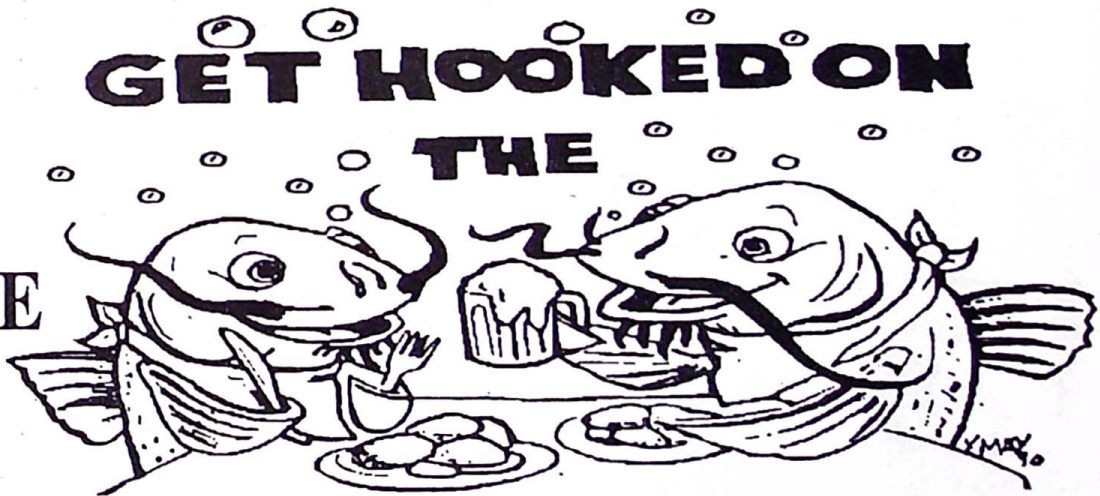
There are other examples of a species radically increasing its range. The armadillo hasn't been in these parts forever, and he got here under his own steam and then of course there are the fire ants, but they arrived aboard ship. Then again, there are the cattle egrets that were blown by storms from their African homelands to the new world in the 1930's and have found the southern United States much to their liking. So, it has happened before, by different means, but this should not overshadow the fact that the whitewing are on the move in unprecedented numbers.

Roger Pinckney, our neighbor in Llano and owner of Pinckney's Book Store, said that he first identified White-Winged Doves in the city of Llano just two years ago.

According to the Texas Parks and Wildlife statistics these birds are making quantum leaps in their numbers. If the whitewings continue their exponential population increase, their numbers could swell until we again witness the legendary vision of millions of doves darkening the skies.

Today, it seems, just about everywhere I go, when I get out of the Trooper and listen for just a moment, somewhere within ear shot I hear what Roger Tory Peterson describes as *who cooks for you* and I smile. And, when the Hill Country sky is cut by the wings of a dove I study it to see if it's one of the newcomers. More likely than not my questioning eyes will be answered by the white flashes saying, "We're here"!

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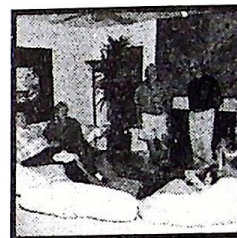
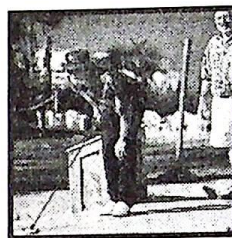
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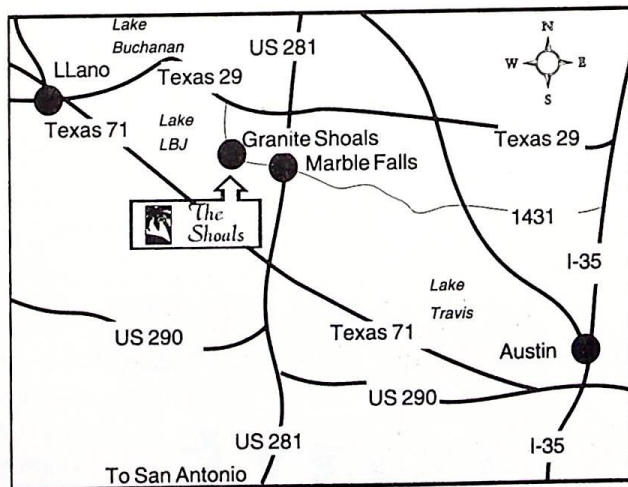
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