

TEXAS ★ HISTORY & ADVENTURE

ENCHANTED ROCK MAGAZINE

VOL. 4, No. 6
AUGUST, 1997

\$2.00

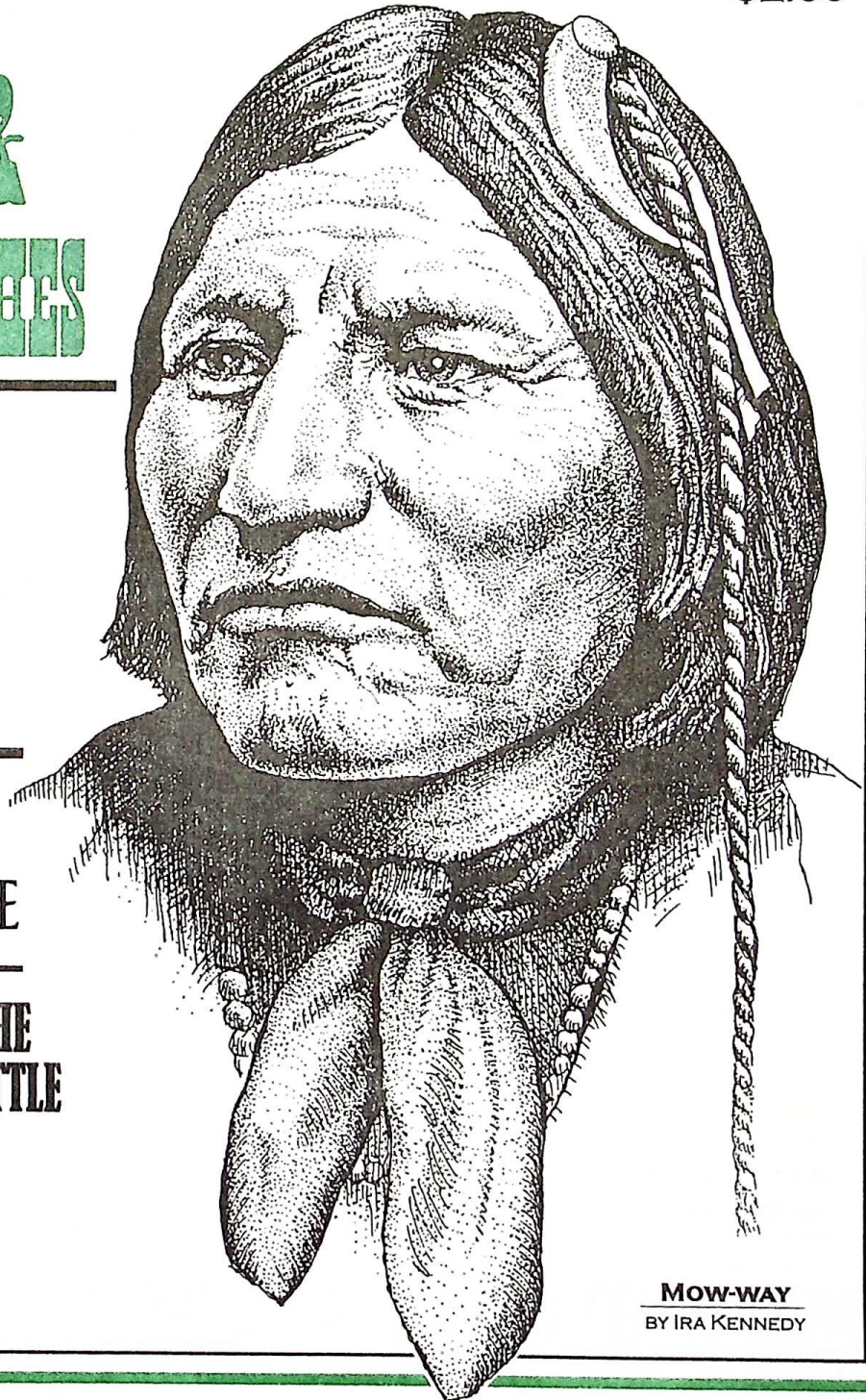
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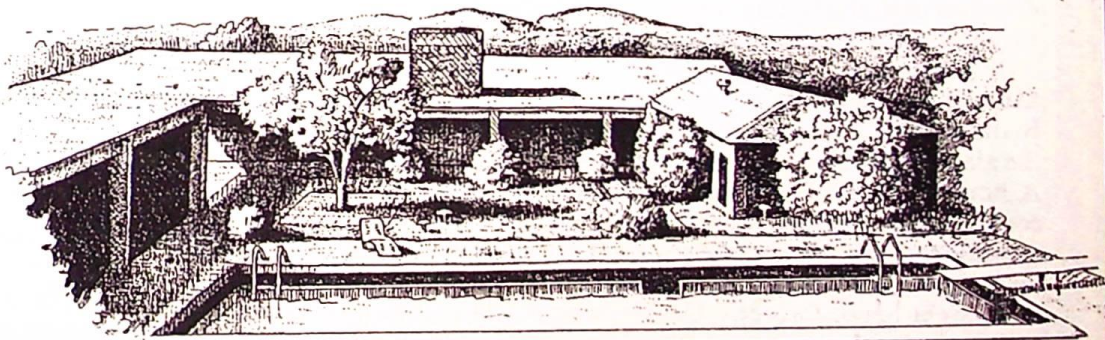
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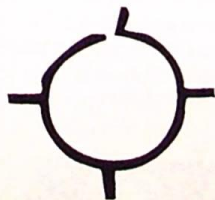
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FROM THE EDITOR

IF IT IS BROKE...

A computer crashes silently. It just quits doing what it's supposed to, or it won't do anything at all. The magazine has been published on a Macintosh since its inception three and a half years ago. The Mac was ancient from the beginning. Gradually, it began developing Alzheimer's and I found creative ways around many of its problems. However, last month it simply the entire July issue in its memory. On top of that, the machine refused to accept the backup, or any other disc for that matter. With the computer limping along, I managed to recreate the entire July issue and get it to press. In the process I learned just how hard it was to type with your fingers crossed.

Knowing the computer was a goner, Ms. Intrepid and I poured through computer magazines, researching our next move, which was to get a machine that would meet our needs today and well into the future. Enter our new Gateway 2000. Sure there is a learning curve, but even with that this issue came together faster than ever. Compared to our old computer, this one moves at light speed. Literally hours of waiting for the Macintosh to decide to do something has been trimmed down to mere moments.

Actually, the computer wasn't the only thing to break down on us in the last six weeks. After you read this you may feel better knowing this didn't happen to you.

It all started in June when the ceiling fan dropped four feet and started flying around wildly in the living room. In the process of repairing that, a power drill fell through the glass coffee table. The lawn mower broke down twice. A brand new lawn chair collapsed under a guest that couldn't have weighed more than 155 pounds. Both air conditioners quit conditioning. The kitchen stove went up in a puff of black smoke. The large TV in the living room went blank forever. The washing machine died. My car had to be repaired. We discovered the propane gas tank was leaking 75 gallons of gas a month. The raccoons broke the telescope left on the front porch. The shower knob came off with barely a twist. The VCR quit tracking. The stereo wiring went haywire. And Ms. Intrepid sat on her glasses.

Reviewing the list, I'm astounded at how little space it

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takes up on the page, and how much time it took to get things right again. The upside in all of this for me has been the new Gateway which, unlike my old computer, not only has a memory, but it has enough to allow access to the internet. In a couple of months we're planning to go online with a web site and an e-mail address. I've had friends bending my ear for a year or so to make this move, and now I have most of the tools to make it happen.

I must confess some reluctance to make my life even more computer dependent, but I am convinced that a new frontier is out there on the world wide web. Instead of "heading west" we are exploring another dimension where time and space are transcended with the click of a key. And where, from our home on the Enchanted Rock batholith, we can take the heritage of Texas to a wider audience.

IRA KENNEDY

ENCHANTED ROCK MAGAZINE

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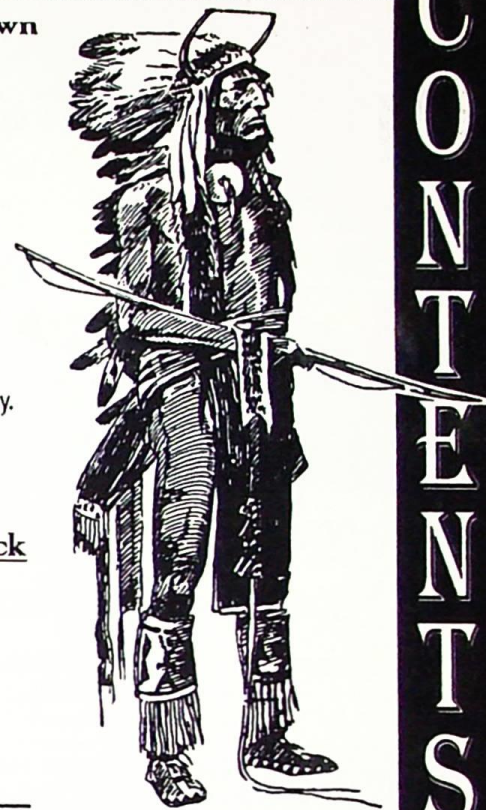
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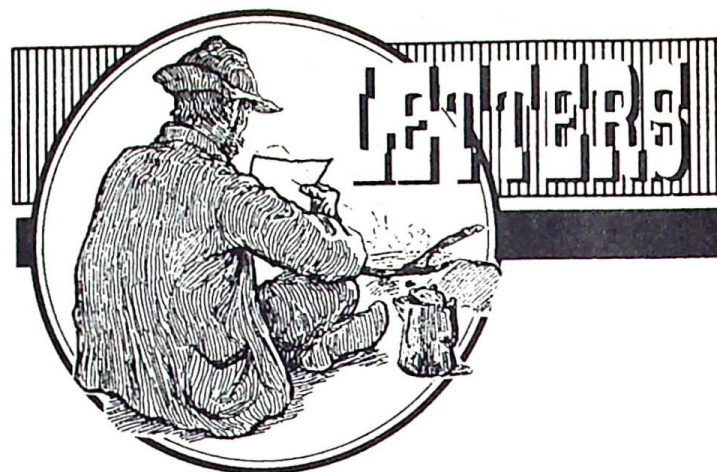
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IN THE DICTIONARY

I found something about you and your magazine last week in my unabridged dictionary! I tried to call you then but it was either DA or busy. THEN John's son brought your last issue in—he read it from cover to cover. He was especially interested in the Texas annexation bit.

Congratulations on the success you've had with your fine magazine. Bill [Bray] started *Texas Fish & Game* as part of *The Highlander*, then as an insert and then a full magazine. He sold it the first of the year to Roy Neves.

Hope you didn't have any flood damage. Our dock, lift and two boats left us during the night. John's brother is working with the disaster people. He was here today headed for Lago vista. I told him to AVOID 1431.

Best regards,
Bea Wills
Marble Falls, Texas

[Bea, thanks so much for the kind words and the subscription. For those who don't know, Bea is Bill's mom. In the 70s and 80s I worked for *The Highlander* and *Texas Fish & Game*. And no, we didn't have any flood damage.]

ON BABYHEAD

On visiting Acme Dry Goods recently I discovered your magazine! My children are preparing to build a ranch house on property near the Babyhead Cemetery. Marcy Hunley told me of a recent article in your magazine concerning Babyhead myth/history. Should you have an extra copy could I please have one? I'll be happy to reimburse you for the cost and postage—also is it possible to subscribe to *Enchanted Rock Magazine*?

Sincerely,
Polly Brown Schwartz
Austin, Texas

[The article is in the mail. Back issues are \$3; Subscriptions \$25.]

WELCOME

We extend our welcome this month to new subscribers in Marietta, Ga; and Houston, Beaumont, Shiner, Buchanan Dam, Fredericksburg (3), Granite Shoals, Llano (3), San Marcos, San Antonio (2), Burnet, Marble Falls, Austin (3), and Kingsland, Texas.

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MOST EXCELLENT

I have been intending to write to you for some time to express to you how very much I enjoy and appreciate your *Enchanted Rock Magazine*. Some very thoughtful and generous person apparently has purchased a subscription for me as I receive it regularly and enjoy it immensely.

I had received a letter from your contributing editor, Mr. Warren Lewis, about ideas to distribute your magazine to schools and libraries as history teaching tools, which I think is a first rate idea. No doubt the reading of your magazine would bridge the gap for students, bringing their history and culture closer to them. Close enough that perhaps they would reach out and grasp it. Wouldn't it be great if you could get it between them and the television set?

I have a newsletter that goes out to approximately 10,000. I would be happy to include an ad promoting your magazine if you would like. I am a member of the Tejas Vaqueros, an organization dedicated to the preservation of the culture of the Texas Cowboy. I am confident my compadres would relish *Enchanted Rock Magazine* as much as I do, if they were aware of its existence.

Keep up your most excellent work and I will be looking forward to your next edition.

Yours sincerely,
Gary P. Nunn
Hanna, Oklahoma

FROM CRABAPPLE

I enjoy the magazine; please keep up the good work. For your information, the St. John Lutheran Community Association of Crabapple, Texas will celebrate the 100th Year Anniversary of the Church Building on Sunday, September 28, 1997, at Crabapple. Starting time is yet to be announced, probably 10:00 AM at the schoolhouse just prior to church services. Guests are asked to come earlier to register.

Church Service will start at 10:30 AM. After the services a covered dish meal will be held at the Crabapple Community Center Hall. Chicken Bar-B-Que and drinks will be furnished; each family attending, is asked to please bring a side dish, dessert, and eating utensils. Donations will be accepted that day for the repair and maintenance of the church building and grounds.

An afternoon program is being planned to share the history and memories of the community with guests. Also, a recipe cookbook has been published and is on sale for \$8.00 each. The Anniversary Committee is currently working on a history booklet about the St. John Lutheran Church. Copies of the history booklet will also be for sale. To help estimate the number to be printed, people are asked to please reserve a copy(ies) by calling Virginia Sagebiel Clark, (830) 685-3348.

A display table will be set up in the Sunday School building for various memorabilia items on the 28th.

All former church members, their descendants, relatives, friends and future members of the St. John Lutheran Community Association of Crabapple, Texas are invited.

If you could use any of this information in your wonderful monthly publication, our Anniversary Committee would gladly appreciate it.

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Mable Wilke,
Fredericksburg, Texas

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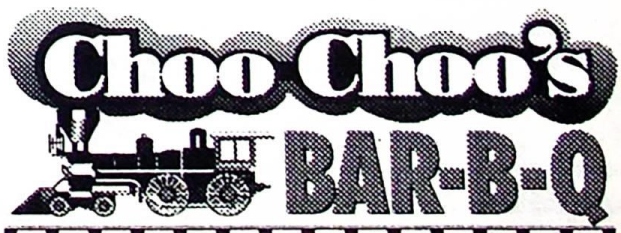
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KRIEWITZ & THE COMANCHES

BY GLENN HADELER

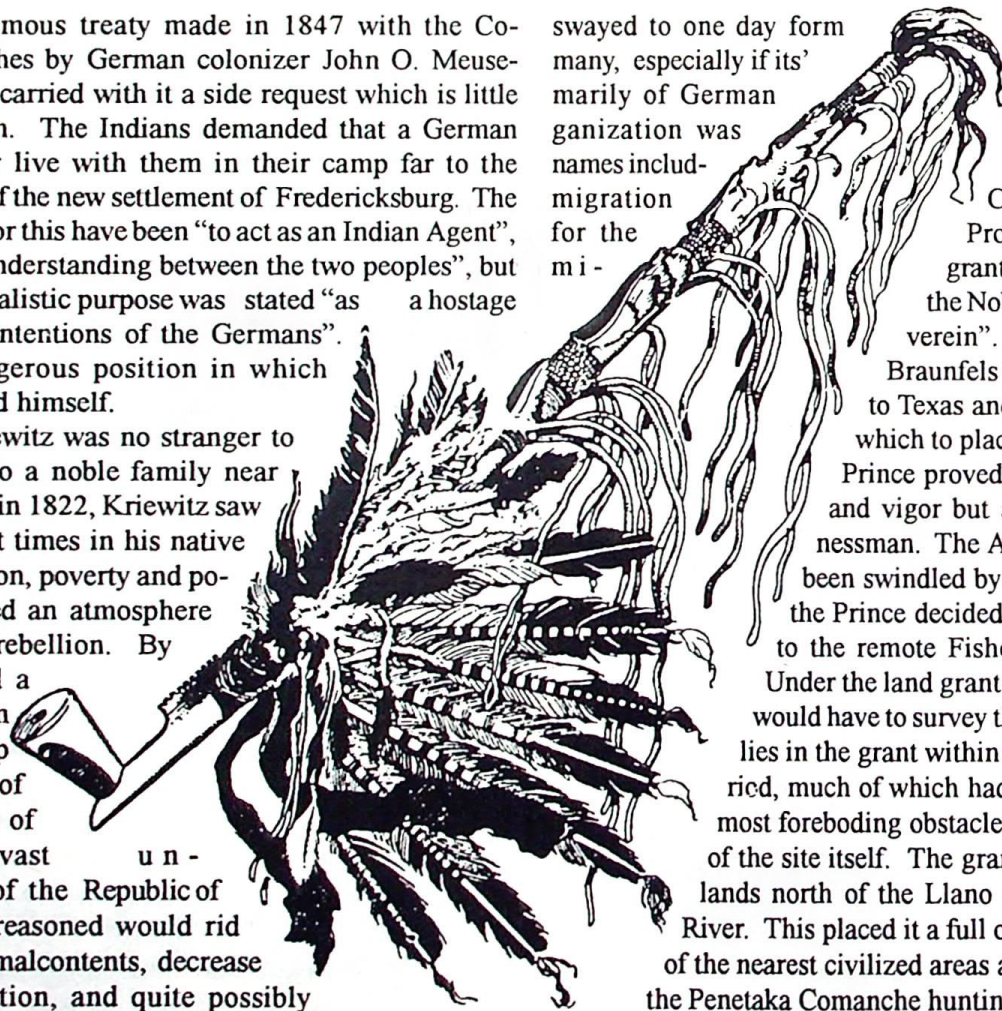
The history of Texas' frontier settlement is filled with tragic stories of whites who had the misfortune of being held captive by the Comanche Indians, but so far as can be determined there is only one episode where a person willingly gave himself into their hands. This was the peculiar case of Emil von Kriewitz.


The famous treaty made in 1847 with the Comanches by German colonizer John O. Meusebach, carried with it a side request which is little known. The Indians demanded that a German settler live with them in their camp far to the west of the new settlement of Fredericksburg. The reported purposes for this have been "to act as an Indian Agent", or "to further the understanding between the two peoples", but perhaps the most realistic purpose was stated "as a hostage for the peaceable intentions of the Germans". This was the dangerous position in which Kriewitz would find himself.

Emil von Kriewitz was no stranger to adventure. Born to a noble family near Potsdam, Germany in 1822, Kriewitz saw the rise of turbulent times in his native land. Overpopulation, poverty and political unrest created an atmosphere of discontent and rebellion. By 1842 this inspired a group of German nobleman to develop the grand scheme of moving thousands of Germans into the vast unsettled territories of the Republic of Texas. This they reasoned would rid Germany of many malcontents, decrease the surplus population, and quite possibly prove profitable as well. In addition there was no doubt, the thought that the fledgling Republic with its vast natural resources so desired at the onset of the industrial era, might be

swayed to one day form many, especially if its' primarily of German organization was names including migration for the mi-

close ties to German population was prioritization. The organization known by many including The German Immigration Company, The Society for the Protection of German Immigrants in Texas, or simply as the Nobel's Society or "Adelsverein". Prince Carl of Solm Braunfels was selected to travel to Texas and negotiate for land on which to place the settlements. The Prince proved a man of great vision and vigor but also a very poor businessman. The Adelsverein had already been swindled by one land dealer, when the Prince decided to purchase the rights to the remote Fisher-Miller Land Grant. Under the land grant contract the promoters would have to survey the land and settle families in the grant within an eighteen month period, much of which had already expired. The most foreboding obstacle of all was the location of the site itself. The grant was composed of all lands north of the Llano River to the Colorado River. This placed it a full one hundred miles west of the nearest civilized areas and in the very heart of the Penetaka Comanche hunting grounds. The Prince purchased land at Indian Point on Matagorda Bay as a landing site for the colonists and established New Braunfels as a supply colony along the route to the Llano. Then despite the





fact that the Adelsverein's Texas operations were under-capitalized and poorly prepared, Prince Carl returned to Germany and began making a speaking tour in which he expounded on the vast wealth and opportunities which could be found in the new colonies.

It was speeches such as this, that no doubt captured the imagination and adventurous spirit of Emil von Kriewitz. He saw around him dwindling opportunities in his native land, even for educated men. In August of 1845 Kriewitz notified the office of the Adelsverein that he wished to join a group of immigrants going to Texas. In October he traveled to the river port of Bremen to take a ship leaving in November. Kriewitz set sail on the Bremen Bark *Franziska* during the stormy winter season of the north Atlantic and did not arrive in Galveston until February 5, 1846. Here the Adelsverein had made arrangements for storehouses to shelter the immigrants until passage could be arranged to Indian Point which the Prince had named Carlshafen. Here too, Kriewitz and the others were listed as new colonists and would have learned that they would not be citizens of the Republic of Texas, but instead of the United States of America, as Texas had been annexed in December while they were in route.

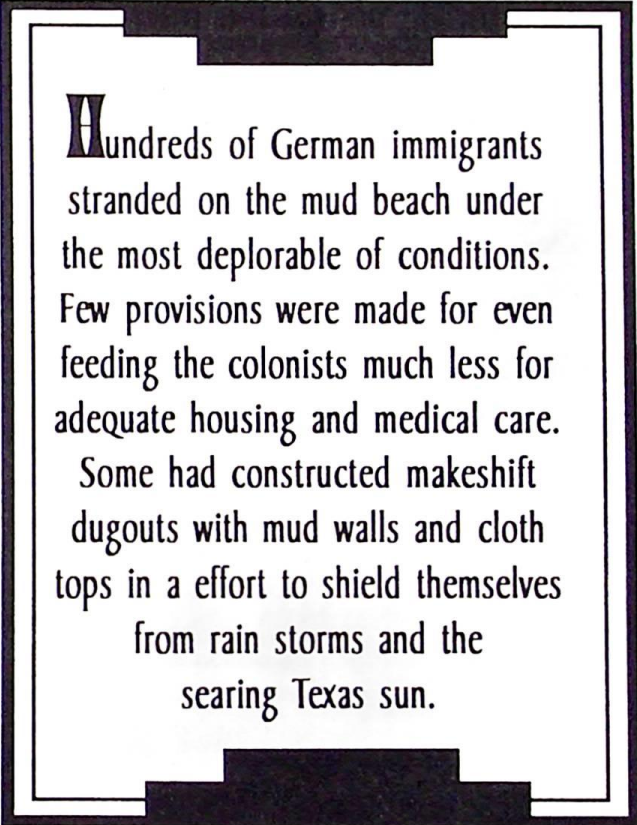
Kriewitz was transported to Indian Point where he was shocked by what he found. Hundreds of German immigrants stranded on the mud beach under the most deplorable of conditions. Few provisions were made for even feeding the colonists much less for adequate housing and medical care. Some had constructed makeshift dugouts with mud walls and cloth tops in a effort to shield themselves from rain storms and the searing Texas sun. Even clean water was in short supply and as a result disease was sweeping through the camp, killing the colonists by the score. These conditions were not however, due to a lack of effort on the part of the new Colonial Director for the Adelsverein, John O. Meusebach. John O. Meusebach had taken control of the Texas colonial activities from Prince Carl the previous May. He found the financial state of the operations in chaos. He set to work with great energy to pay creditors, reassure the colonists already in New Braunfels, and arrange for wagons to get the stranded colonists off the unhealthy Texas coast. No sooner had John O. Meusebach arranged for wagons and teams to move the colonists inland than heavy rains began to fall. Streams overflowed their banks making them impassable and the wagons bogged down to the axles in mud.

By late March of 1846 the rains had diminished and the transport of the colonists to New Braunfels accelerated. Then disaster struck again.

The annexation of Texas had outraged Mexico, which still claimed it as a province. This eventually led to the outbreak of war between the US and Mexico in May. All wagons and teams in the area were purchased or seized to supply General Zachary Taylor's growing army on Corpus Christi Bay. It would be impossible to imagine the hopelessness and desperation which now must have gripped the stranded Germans. This desperation led Kriewitz and a number of other young Germans to form a company of volunteers who joined the US Army. The company was commanded by another recent immigrant to Texas, Augustus Buchel. Buchel had been a professional soldier and mercenary in Europe and had served as an instructor in the Turkish Sultan's army. He was said to have been forced to flee Europe as the result of a duel of honor with a nobleman which resulted in the latter's death. He made Kriewitz first sergeant of the company and on May 22, 1846, it was mustered into service as Company H, of the First Texas Rifle Volunteer regiment. The Colonel of the regiment was another illustrious individual in Texas history, Col. Albert Sidney Johnston. The company was in service during the battle of Resaca de la Palma but would have seen no action as General Taylor did not trust volunteer regiments and held them in reserve whenever he had regular US troops at his disposal.

The company served garrison duty at Matamoros, Mexico and were then transferred to Camargo.

The natural love of order in discipline probably made the Germans good soldiers, but the disease brought with them from Carlshafen, and the unaccustomed climate proved disastrous. The term of their enlistment was to have been for six months, but by August so many had fallen ill that General Taylor discharged the entire company. Augustus Buchel and Albert Sidney Johnston would remain with the Army and Buchel would rise to the rank of Major before the wars end. Ironically both would later serve as Generals in the Confederate Army, and both would fall in battle. Johnston in the 1862 battle of Shiloh, Tennessee, and Buchel in the 1864 battle of Pleasant Hill, Louisiana. Today both lie within a few yards of one another in the Texas State Cemetery at Austin.



Hundreds of German immigrants stranded on the mud beach under the most deplorable of conditions. Few provisions were made for even feeding the colonists much less for adequate housing and medical care. Some had constructed makeshift dugouts with mud walls and cloth tops in a effort to shield themselves from rain storms and the searing Texas sun.

During the time Kriewitz was with the army, John O. Meusebach had been busy attempting to move German settlers on toward the Fisher-Miller grant. In May of 1846 he had established the colony of Fredericksburg on the upper Pedernales River Valley. Meusebach was aware that to attempt settlement further northwest would almost certainly result in confrontation with the Comanches. Indeed the safety of the colonists of Fredericksburg hung by a thread. With grim determination, Meusebach set out to locate the Comanche chiefs and negotiate a treaty.

Kriewitz returned to Indian Point to find conditions little improved from when he left. This time luck was with him. Meusebach had ordered that a company of guards be organized to accompany him into the grant. Kriewitz was selected to form this company. He chose mostly his veteran Mexican War troops, and set out on January 1, 1847. Upon arrival in New Braunfels they discovered that Meusebach had already departed and were ordered to follow him at a forced march. Kriewitz's company encountered Meusebach on his return from the successful treaty negotiations near Fredericksburg. His company received orders to guard the surveyor Howard who would be surveying the grant just north of the Llano River. Following the completion of Howard's work the company returned to Fredericksburg.

The treaty negotiated by Meusebach was a broad document. Under the provisions the Comanche and the Germans would both live in the territories specified in the grant. The two peoples would form an alliance against other tribes and most importantly the Germans would provide \$3,000.00 worth of gifts to the Comanches. The liberal minded Meusebach further told the Indians of his wishes that the two people would become one and perhaps some intermarry. The small matter of the request of an "Indian Agent" by the Comanches was something Meusebach never discussed in later years. The Comanches were to come to Fredericksburg in May to receive a partial payment and meet the German colonists.

The meeting in May of 1847 at Fredericksburg went well. The Comanches took part in a celebration commemorating the laying of the cornerstone for the Society Church, and a lively exchange of trade was conducted. When the time came for the "Agent" to be named however, most individuals who had placed themselves in nomination quickly withdrew upon seeing the Indians. With few other opportunities available, Kriewitz again let his adventurous spirit take over, and volunteered for the as-

signment.

He delivered himself to the Comanche camp of Chief Santa Anna with a large quantity of coffee and sugar as further payment on the treaty. The greeting he received was far from hospitable. Some of the Comanches had visited a trading post on the Brazos River, run by a one eyed man named Barnett. When Barnett learned of the Meusebach treaty he realized his lucrative trade with the Comanches would move to Fredericksburg. He attempted as best he could to arouse the Comanches suspicions of the Germans. He told the Indians that the Germans were out to steal all of their land and their horses too. This would have undoubtedly inflamed the Comanches. For to take a warrior's wife would anger him, but to steal his horse would infuriate him. Kriewitz was taken before Santa Anna, whereupon, he attempted to communicate through gesture and bro-

ken Spanish that he had come to live with the tribe. The distribution of the coffee and sugar did much to appease the Indians' concerns. As the summer past, Kriewitz struggled to accommodate himself with his new hosts as best he could, and succeeded in forming a friendship with Santa Anna. During this time, survey parties were going about their work in the grant and were often visited by members of Santa Anna's band. These Comanches kept to the treaty and did not molest the parties in any way.

There was at least one problem which confronted Kriewitz. His European features apparently proved fascinating to the young Indian girls. The jealousy this caused strained his already tense relationship with the young warriors. The situation seemed to culminate when Santa Anna hinted that Kriewitz might wish to take his daughter as a wife. Santa Anna further suggested that he would make Kriewitz a sub chief in the band of the Chief

He delivered himself to the Comanche camp of Chief Santa Anna with a large quantity of coffee and sugar as further payment on the treaty. The greeting he received was far from hospitable.

Ketemoczy. Kriewitz cautiously and as courteously as possible declined both offers.

By late summer, Kriewitz faced ever increasing inquiries from Santa Anna as to the additional payment he felt due to the Comanches. He attempted to placate the old chief with reassurances of the Adelsverein's credibility. There can be no doubt however that Kriewitz was well aware that the Adelsverein had in the past, made obligations they could not fulfill, and this obligation Kriewitz had virtually guaranteed with his life. By August, Santa Anna would be put off no longer. He demanded that he would pay a visit to "El Sol Colorado" (Meusebach) whom he held as chief of the Germans. Kriewitz, Santa Anna and a small party left their camp in the San Saba Valley and traveled to New Braunfels where Kriewitz hoped to find Meusebach. Unknown to Kriewitz, was that the Adelsverein's financial condition was every bit as bad as he may have supposed.

Due to this, Meusebach had already resigned from his position in June, turning his office over to Hermann Spiess.

Santa Anna's party arrived in New Braunfels creating tremendous excitement. This was the first time, and would be the last time, Comanches were ever seen in the colony. Though no longer employed by the Adelsverein, Muesebach joined Spiess in receiving the Comanche party. Kriewitz was kept under close guard by the Indians and was allowed to speak to no one. The Comanches, now far from their own territory, were more nervous than ever of treachery. Further complicating Kriewitz's predicament was the fact that he had adopted the dress and style of the Comanches so well, he could not be recognized from the others in the group. Finally, while seated at a table with some of the German colonists, a previous acquaintance thought he recognized Kriewitz and stared intently at him. Kriewitz cautiously kicked him under the table, notifying him to discontinue his staring. The acquaintance then quietly passed a pencil and paper to Kriewitz. Written language being unknown to most of the Indians they paid little attention, giving Kriewitz a chance to scroll out a quick note. He notified his friend of his identity, and that he could not speak to anyone at that time. He informed him that he would try to slip away from the Indian party later.

Fortunately for Kriewitz, the store houses of the Adelsverein contained enough surplus to satisfy Santa Anna. With another payment in goods made to him, much of his distrust disappeared. Kriewitz was now allowed to move about more freely and he used the opportunity to briefly visit with his old acquaintances. Upon his return, he found the entire Comanche party in a state of alarm. Bows and arrows were drawn from quivers, mules were being packed and trouble seemed imminent. After a while Kriewitz determined the cause of the commotion. Santa Anna had taken a tour of New Braunfels with Meusebach. Upon his return he had suddenly fallen very ill. The Comanches immediately surmised that the Chief had been poisoned. As Kriewitz further put together the facts, he realized the cause of the Chief's ailment. Meusebach had conducted his tour in a spring board buggy. Santa Anna not being accustomed to such a mode of transportation, he been overcome with motion sickness. Once the Chief had retained his composure, the anxiety of the party was again quieted and the Indians remained in New Braunfels for two more days enjoying the food and hospitality of the colonists.

Following this visit, Kriewitz was more at ease than ever with the Comanches and the Indians appeared to find new trust in Kriewitz and the Germans. He traveled back toward the San Saba with them stopping at the Meusebach farm in Comanche Springs. One day Kriewitz's charm and appearance came near to costing him his life. A Mexican man who lived with the Comanches possessed a young Indian girl who once more found Kriewitz irresistible. Intoxicated with liquor the man's jealousy exploded. Kriewitz, alerted by the girl's scream, turned to find himself looking down a rifle barrel. Only through the quick action of the others in the party was his life saved. The man was wrestled to the ground and disarmed. To the Comanches this action was not worthy of any particular punishment. The perpetrator was merely tied

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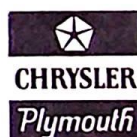


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down over his horse the remainder of the day and the following night, so that the poison to his mind could be sweated out.

As the party passed near to Fredericksburg, they met with a representative of the colony who provided them with meat from the company stores. Kriewitz knew it would take some time for the meat to be properly cooked and packed away for the journey home. He told the party that he wished to visit friends in the colony and would join them at their camp on Seven Mile Creek that evening. Kriewitz's visit in Fredericksburg proved so enjoyable that with the aid of a bottle of good wine, he lost track of the time. He started out a midnight hoping to find the Comanches still encamped. When he arrived at the campsite his fears were confirmed. His failure to return had again roused the suspicions of the party, and they had taken flight. Kriewitz attempted to rejoin the party, but moving relentlessly as the Comanches did, he was never able to catch up to them. With his horse exhausted there was no other choice but to return to Fredericksburg.

His job as Indian Agent finished, Kriewitz was given a new assignment. Relying on his knowledge of the landscape, the Adelsverein directors ordered him to find a passable road and lead the first colonists into the Fisher-Miller Grant. The first group of colonists were an unusual assortment of scholars and artisans known as the Darmstadters. The Adelsverein had authorized \$10,000.00 in money and supplies be provided this party in return for being the first to attempt settlement in the grant. They planned to form a colony under the principals of a communal society. There was to be no individual in charge and all were to share equally in the work and the rewards of the endeavor. Louis Reinhart was among the colonists and gave this account of the journey in an interview with Rudolf Kleberg, Jr. "Kriewitz was our guide, and as he rode ahead of us, one could not have told him from an Indian. Having again spent several days in Fredericksburg we set out for our tract, Kriewitz again being our guide. Of course, we had to move very slowly and when we arrived at the Llano we hunted a ford for three days. The best one finally proved to be but a few yards from our camp, where we had to lift the wagons four feet upon a rock in the bottom of the river by the aid of windlasses, and this work took us from morning until night." Reinhart described the Llano as a silvery stream, clear as crystal. One could see the bottom at the deepest places. The first colony was established in early September of 1847, on the north bank of the Llano where Elm Creek enters the river. They named the colony Bettina in honor of Bettina von Arnim, a leading liberal authoress in Germany. Kriewitz later led two

Kriewitz was our guide, and as he rode ahead of us, one could not have told him from an Indian. Having again spent several days in Fredericksburg we set out for our tract, Kriewitz again being our guide. Of course, we had to move very slowly and when we arrived at the Llano we hunted a ford for three days.

others parties to the Llano. These settled at the site of Castell, which was established in March of 1848 and then at the site of Leinigen, a few miles further east.

In December of 1847, Kriewitz signed the petition to organize Gillespie County, which was formed the following February by act of the state legislature. He remained in the employment of the Adelsverein through the winter even though it was now obvious that the operations were all but bankrupt. In October of 1847, Spiess had involved himself in violent confrontations between some of the other Texas officers of the Adelsverein. This resulted in two deaths and the subsequent replacement of Spiess, as Colonial Director, with Louis Bene. In February, Bene had written a lengthy report on the incident with Spiess and the state of the Texas colonies, to Count Carl Castell in Germany. In closing Bene made an appeal that the Adelsverein send him at least enough funds to provide Emil von

Kriewitz and Jean von Coll the wages due to them. It is very unlikely that any funds were received, for by this time the Adelsverein had practically dissolved in Germany. Bene began distributing any supplies and equipment which still belonged to the Adelsverein among the colonists. He provided Kriewitz with a letter of reference in which he spoke highly of the valuable services Kriewitz had performed for the colonists, but was able to provide him little else.

Kriewitz now found himself adrift in Texas like the other colonists, he remained in the area of Fredericksburg and New Braunfels earning his way as best he could. He had received title to town lot No. 235 in Fredericksburg from the Adelsverein on March 29, 1848 as some compensation for his work. On October 21, 1850 he sold the lot to Henry Basse at Comanche Springs, for \$60.00. This launched Kriewitz on his career as a land speculator. He later purchased and resold lot No. 235 in Fredericksburg.

In 1852 he relocated to the Llano colony of Castell. Here he formed a partnership with Franz Kettner and opened a store in the frontier colony. The store apparently prospered and for the first time Kriewitz found a home in his adopted land. He began to pay court to Amelia Markwordt, a girl eighteen years younger than himself. The two traveled to Cherry Springs in October of 1857 and were married by Justice of the Peace Louis Schneider. The first of what would eventually number eight children was born to them the following October.

Kriewitz continued to operate his store and dabble in real-estate becoming a widely respected citizen in the area. He remained in Castell during the turbulent years of the Civil War but later stated he did not vote for secession. He was able to purchase two leagues of land in 1865 for ten cents an acre. A

deal made all the better by the fact he was able to purchase the land with Confederate money. He began ranching and had a fine two story granite home built for himself on Elm Creek, five miles north of Castell. Kriewitz, always the entrepreneur, also had a small stone "Sunday House" built behind the main house with a loft accessed from the exterior by means of a ladder. This structure he used to board travelers though the area while they rested their horses and resupplied for their journey. He was elected as Justice of the Peace in June of 1870 and served as postmaster of Castell from 1876 to 1883.

In the latter part of the 1880's Kriewitz sold his store to concentrate on his ranching and land interests. It was about this time that the circumstances of life began to take a down turn. It began with President Grover Cleveland's administration. Cleveland was instrumental in lifting a tariff against imported wool. This action resulted in Kriewitz's vast flocks of sheep becoming nearly worthless. This was followed by a real-estate bust around 1890. By 1887 the seventy-six year old Kriewitz found himself near bankruptcy. He applied for a pension from the Federal Government for his service in the Mexican War, in which he stated that his land was mortgaged for \$1,000 above its value and he supported his wife, three of his children, two grandchildren, and an orphaned boy. He was granted a veteran's pension of \$8, but this did little to remedy his financial difficulties. Finally, Kriewitz was forced to sell his ranch and home and retained only \$215 worth of property. The family moved into a small boarding house in Castell. There on May 21, 1902 Emil died at the age of 80. His death left his family destitute. Shortly after this Amelia took her family to Oklahoma to live with relatives, where she would die in 1911.

Of the German colonies Kriewitz worked to establish and protect, little remains. The utopian community that was Bettina was abandoned in less than a year. The community of Leiningen vanished in the early part of the 20th century. Only the tiny village of Castell is still in existence. Today Emil von Kriewitz lies in a little visited grave in the old portion of the Llano County Cemetery. Like the Adelsverein itself, Kriewitz's life proved a financial failure, but both share the distinction of having left their mark on the pages of Texas history.

★

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ON THE HISTORIC SQUARE IN LLANO

The Mystery of the Lady In Blue



by C. F. Eckhardt

The American southwest owes much of its Spanish exploration and settlement to a woman. Texas owes the entire Spanish mission effort to her. That woman, in her entire life, never left Spain. At least, she never left it physically.

Her name was Maria, and she was born April 2, 1602 in the town of Agreda, in Castile. She is said to have been a very beautiful woman, and a very devout one from childhood. She supposedly took a vow of chastity at the age of eight. In 1618 her parents converted their home to a convent and took vows as monk and nun. The next year Maria took holy orders as a nun of the Poor Clare order at the convent in Agreda. The habit of the Poor Clares, at the time, was blue. The Poor Clares were a cloistered order, never leaving the convent. She took the name of Maria de Jesus, to which was appended 'de Agreda' to identify her birthplace.

Sister Maria was a mystic and a writer, and her works which still survive include books called *The Mystical City Of God* and *Divine History Of The Virgin Mother Of God*. Both books were written from repeated visions the abbess had. She died in Agreda on May 24, 1665, at the age of 63. Thus far we have seen the life of a not-particularly remarkable Spanish nun.

Now, give a listen to Father Damian Massanet, as he writes to Don Carlos de Siguenza y Gongora, a high-ranking Spanish official in Mexico, in 1690.

"While we were at the Tejas village, after we had distributed clothing to the Indians and to the governor of the Tejas, the said governor asked me one evening for a piece of blue baize to make a shroud in which to bury his mother when she died. I told him that cloth would be more suitable, and he an-

swered that he did not want any color other than blue. I then asked him what mystery was attached to the blue color, and he said that they were very fond of that color, especially for burial clothes, because in times past they had been visited frequently by a very beautiful woman, who used to come down from the heights, dressed in blue garments, and that they wished to be like that woman. On my asking whether this had been a long time since, the governor said it had been before his time, but his mother, who was aged, had seen the woman, as had also the other old people." Father Massanet went on to say that this was certainly the Reverend Mother Maria de Jesus de Agreda, whose story was already well known.

What 'story'?

Well, it seems that the visions that went into the books weren't the only ones Sister Maria had. Between 1620 and 1631, Sister Maria regularly went into what seems to be cataleptic trances, after which she described a strange dream in which she was carried to a strange and wild land, where she taught the gospel to strange and wild people. Between 1621 and 1629 numerous missionaries in east and west Texas and into New Mexico reported encountering Indians who had apparently never before been contacted by Spaniards or Frenchmen, who spoke no Spanish or French, who carried crosses, knew Roman Catholic ritual, maintained recognizable altars in their villages, and knew Catholic liturgy—in their own tongues. When the Spaniards asked how they had learned these things, they described a beautiful young woman in blue who had been coming among them for years, teaching them the new religion in their own languages, who told them to welcome the white skinned Christians who would eventually come to see them.

But who was this mysterious woman in blue?

"She came down from the heights to us, she taught us the new religion, she stayed among us for a time, she told us you would come and to make you welcome, and then she went away. That's all we know." And that's all the Spanish could get from them.

Fray Alonzo de Benavides, father-custodian of New Mexico—which at that time included most of the American southwest including Texas and California—determined to get to the bottom of the mystery. The mysterious woman was dressed in blue. The nuns of the Poor Clare order wore blue. He found a painting of a Poor Clare nun and showed it to some of the

Indians who claimed to have seen the mystery woman face to face.

"Is this your woman in blue?" he asked.

No, it wasn't. The dress was right, but the woman in the picture was older and somewhat fat. Their woman in blue was young and very beautiful.

At least Father Benavides was on the right trail. If the Indians were telling the truth, the 'woman in blue' was a Poor Clare nun. The trouble was, Poor Clares were cloistered nuns—from the day they took their vows to the day they were laid out for burial, they almost never left their convents. Was there perhaps a renegade Poor Clare who had somehow made her way to New Spain, who was wandering for thousands of leagues across unexplored country—from the forests of east Texas to the valley of the Rio Grande in what is now New Mexico—crossing uncharted rivers, traveling unescorted through territory claimed

Between 1621 and 1629 numerous missionaries in east and west Texas and into new Mexico reported encountering Indians who had apparently never before been contacted by Spaniards or Frenchmen, who spoke no Spanish or French, who carried crosses, knew Roman Catholic ritual, maintained recognizable altars in their villages, and knew Catholic liturgy—in their own tongues.

by extremely warlike tribes, learning complicated languages at the snap of a finger, and teaching Christianity to widely scattered tribes of Indians?

Father Benavides began writing letters to fellow priests in Spain. The letters said, in effect, "Fellers, there's something almighty strange going on here. There's apparently a Poor Clare nun who's wandering all over this country, teaching Christianity to a whole collection of unrelated Indian tribes in their own languages. See if you can find out anything about this and tell me what's going on."

It apparently didn't take too long. Somebody went to the convent in Agreda and asked the right question, which went something like "Does anybody here know anything about a Sister who's in New Spain teaching Indian Christianity?"

The Mother Superior, Sister Maria, said "Yes. I'm the one."

"But Mother Superior," they objected, "you've never been out of Castile. You haven't even been outside the walls of your own convent since you took your vows."

"Not in body," she said, "but in spirit." She apparently also told them enough that a letter went back to New Spain,

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She gave him detailed descriptions of the clothing and customs of the tribes she taught—which she, as a cloistered nun, could not have know about because they either had never been written down or had only recently been observed and recorded. She gave him names of tribes and of specific individuals in tribes that he either knew or later found to be accurate.

to Father Benavides, saying "You better come over her and talk to this woman, because there is decidedly something very strange going on." In 1631 Father Benavides went to the Poor Clare convent in Agreda and met, at long last, the lady in blue.

Father Alonzo de Benavides come back to New Spain convinced. Sister Maria de Jesus had to be the mysterious Poor Clare. At the age of 29 she was a remarkable beauty, just as the Indians had described her. She gave him detailed descriptions of the clothing and customs of the tribes she taught—which she, as a cloistered nun, could not have know about because they either had never been written down or had only recently been observed and recorded. She gave him names of tribes and of specific individuals in tribes that he either knew or later found to be accurate. Sister Maria had definitely been to New Spain and had done what she claimed—of that he had no doubt. She had also never, since taking her vows in 1619, set physical foot outside the walls of the Poor Clare convent in Agreda.

There are people today who call this sort of thing 'bilocation' or 'astral projection'. They work at it with symbols and wands and religions from obscure places. Some even claim to be able to do it.

I don't think Sister Maria would have found much kinship with those folks, nor would she have had such fancy names for what she did. If she'd been asked what she called what she did, she likely would have replied in the same vein as the reply she gave Father Benavides when he asked her where she learned to speak all the Indian languages. "I didn't," she said. "I simply spoke to them—and God let us understand one another"



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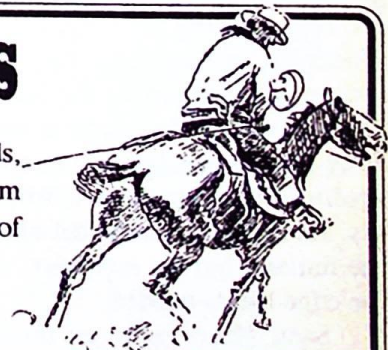
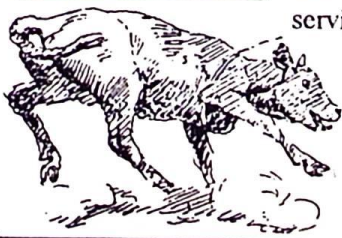
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ENCHANTED ROCK

AND DEBIL YACK

BY EDWIN GIBSON

Captain John (Jack Hayes) and his group of Texas Rangers were camped in the area of Enchanted Rock. Hayes watched the huge granite boulder turn from gray in the dawn to orange as the sun rose. He seemed fascinated by the rock formation. From their camp on Crabapple Creek, Hayes decided to climb the rock. Mysterious sounds seemed to come from the fissures and crevices in the mountain of granite which covered 640 acres.

None of the other Rangers shared Hayes' fascination with the rock, and declined to join him in the climb. They needed their rest. Hayes found getting to the top was hard work, even for a young man, but figured the view would be worth the effort. In every direction, as far as he could see, was beautiful hilly grass land with no sign of civilization. With a last look, he turned to go back down to the camp on Crabapple Creek. He headed down the steep mountain slope.

The rock was an exceptional point for viewing, but if one could see for miles, one could also be seen for miles atop the rock. Hayes was no longer alone on the boulder. A party of over twenty Comanche braves were climbing up the rock to intercept Hayes. He scrambled back up the rock, looking for a place to make a stand. Under an overhanging rock that bridged two ledges, he prepared for the Indians' assault. He discovered he had dropped his powder horn while fleeing from the Comanche. He had only one shot from his muzzle loading rifle and ten shots from his two five-shot Colt revolvers. He knew he did not have enough bullets to go around to all the Indians, but his revolvers, new to Indian warfare, was just the edge Hayes needed.

Soon, Hayes could see their painted faces looking down at him from the rim of the crater where he had taken refuge. The

Indian yelled with delight when they realized the trapped man was the hated "Debil Yack". Any warrior who took the captain's scalp would have "Heap Big Medicine".

Yelling "Debil Yack" and worse epithets in Spanish and Indian, the Comanches tried to get Captain Hayes angry enough to expose himself. He knew what they were trying and remained under cover. The Indians were just as cautious as the Captain. Whenever he raised his rifle to aim for a shot, they all ducked.

To divide his attention and make him watch in two directions at once, some Indians worked their way around the overhanging rock. Hayes fired whenever he saw bronze skin, and when his pistol was empty, five dead Indians surrounded his hiding place. His ears were ringing from the pistol shots in the cramped space, but all else was now silence. The Indians ceased baiting Captain Jack and calling him names. He knew they were grouping for an all-out assault.

One impatient Indian popped up over the rim of the crater with drawn bow. The rifle cracked and the Indian bit the rock. With chilling war cries, the Indians attacked in a body. Hayes emptied his second pistol and then drew his big knife. Any Indian who came in his reach would suffer for his effort.

Then Hayes heard sweet music—the Texas yells of his men. They had heard the shooting at their camp on Crabapple Creek and came as fast as they could. They did not want to miss out on a Scotch fight—a free-for-all.

The Comanches still outnumbered the Rangers, but Hayes was deadly shooting and the counter attack by his men, unnerved the Indians, who scattered and left the Rock to "Debil Yack" and the mountain spirits.



KERRVILLE WINE & MUSIC FESTIVAL

LABOR DAY WEEK-END

The Sixth Annual Kerrville Wine & Music Festival is set for the outdoor theater at Quiet Valley Ranch, nine miles South of the Hill Country resort community on Labor Day weekend, Friday through Sunday, August 29-31. More than two dozen songwriters from eight states and a dozen Texas wineries will participate with headliners including Ray Willie Hubbard, Cafe Noir, Christine Albert, the Paul Glasse Sextet, Floyd Domino, Catie Curtis and the Asylum Street Spankers.

Other performers include Tom Prasada-Rao, The Bad Livers, Tom Kimmel, Michael Lille, Ellis Paul, Caroline Aiken, Don Conoscenti, Luaren Rowan, Steve Seskin and more. A complete lineup is included in free brochures displayed across the country and available by return mail by calling 1/800-435-8429 during regular business hours.

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Festival producer Rod Kennedy, who is also an official Texas Wine Ambassador, will host two afternoon wine seminars with representatives of eight wineries participating, plus there will be a special tasting of Italian olive oils including the Grand Prize Winner from the Verona Competition. This tasting will be hosted for two hundred participants by Texas Olive Oil Council executive director Trigg Dealy.

Evening wine tastings, crafts booths, song sharing Ballad Tree sessions, a Hill Country bicycle ride, and a folk song service on Chapel Hill are all a part of the festival.

Buyers of \$45 three-day advance tickets receive a free wine glass and a chance to make early reservations for the limited seating seminars, as well as free camping on site and free admission for children under 12. For complete information, call 830/257-3600.

for the open mike between sets.

If you want to enter the cook-off you need to call Harry or Rosemary for details. The categories are Brisket, Pork Ribs & Chicken. Entry fees are \$10 per category. Non-food vendor Space is available for \$10. Please No pets, glass, or coolers. The festivities begin at 11:30 a.m. Admission is \$5. Children under 12 free. For information phone 210/685-3553

TEXAS WILDLIFE EXPO '97

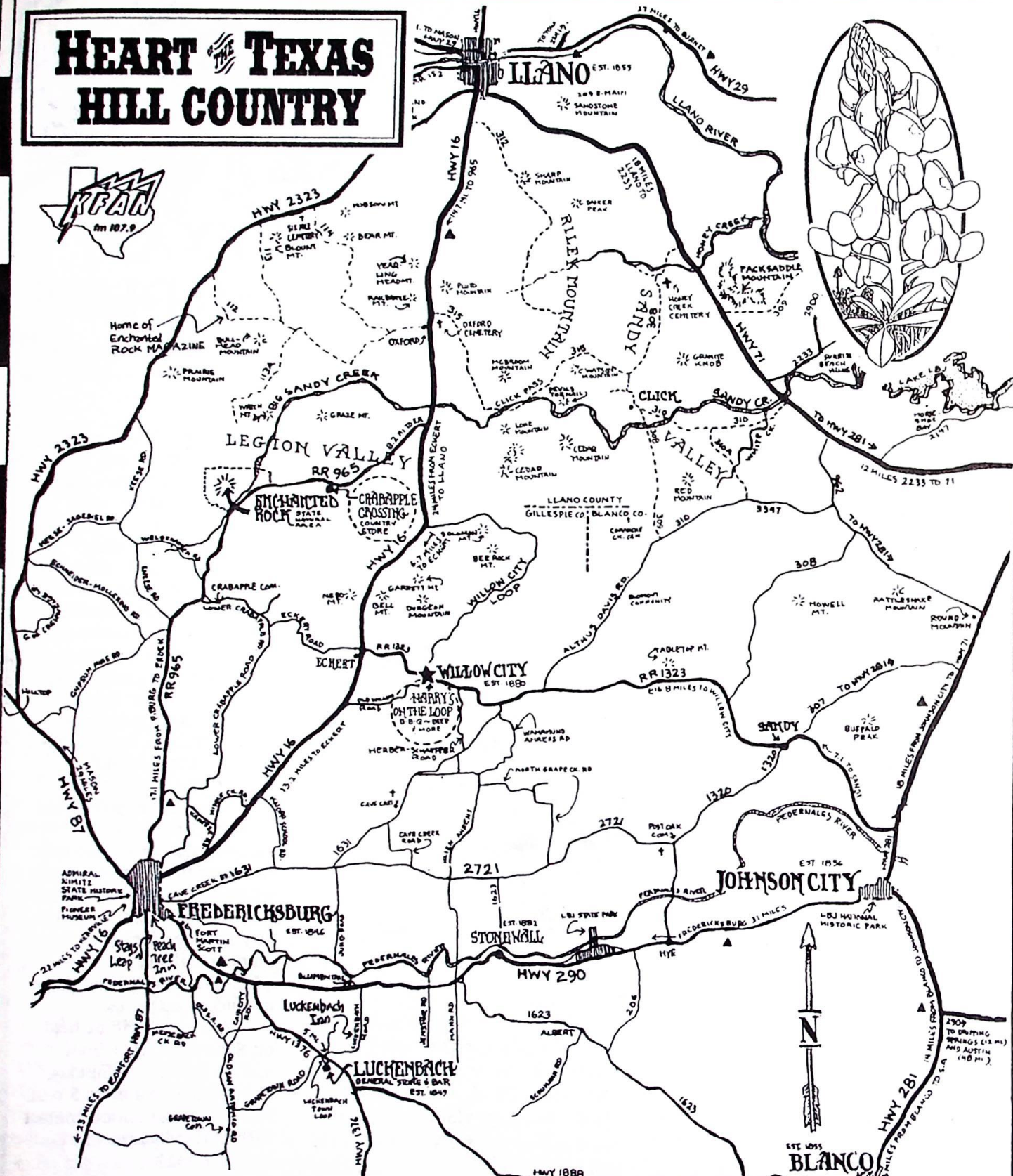
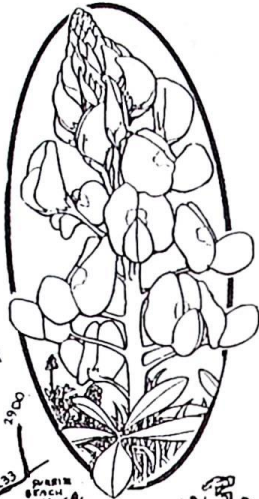
The Expo is fun for the entire family, with more than 100 hands-on events and activities designed to appeal to both young people and adults. Each fall at The Texas Parks and Wildlife Headquarters in Austin, the 35-acre site becomes a conservation classroom on a grand scale. activities include: fishing, rock climbing, mountain biking, archery, bird watching, kayaking, wildlife calling, and much more.

New activities this year include Camp Expo: A camping demonstration area featuring the latest gear and techniques; Mountain bike trail rides for kids; Outdoor 101 Seminar Series: Basic outdoor skills seminar for adults covering a wide range of outdoor activities.

The event will be held on Saturday, Oct. 4 from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. and Sunday, Oct. 5, from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. For more information contact TPWD Headquarters at 1-800-792-1112.

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LEGEND

- MOUNTAIN PEAK
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- ROADSIDE PARK
- CEMETERY

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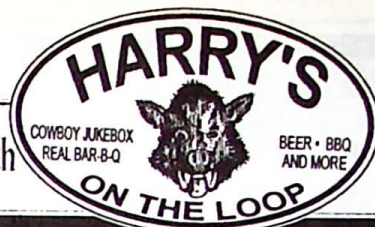
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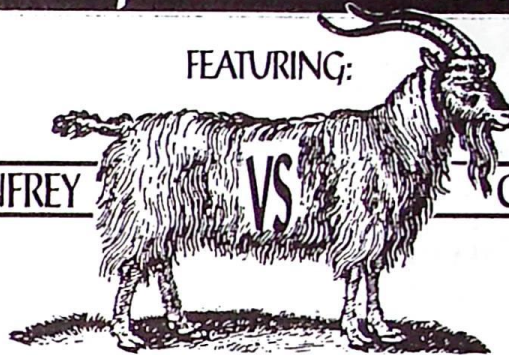
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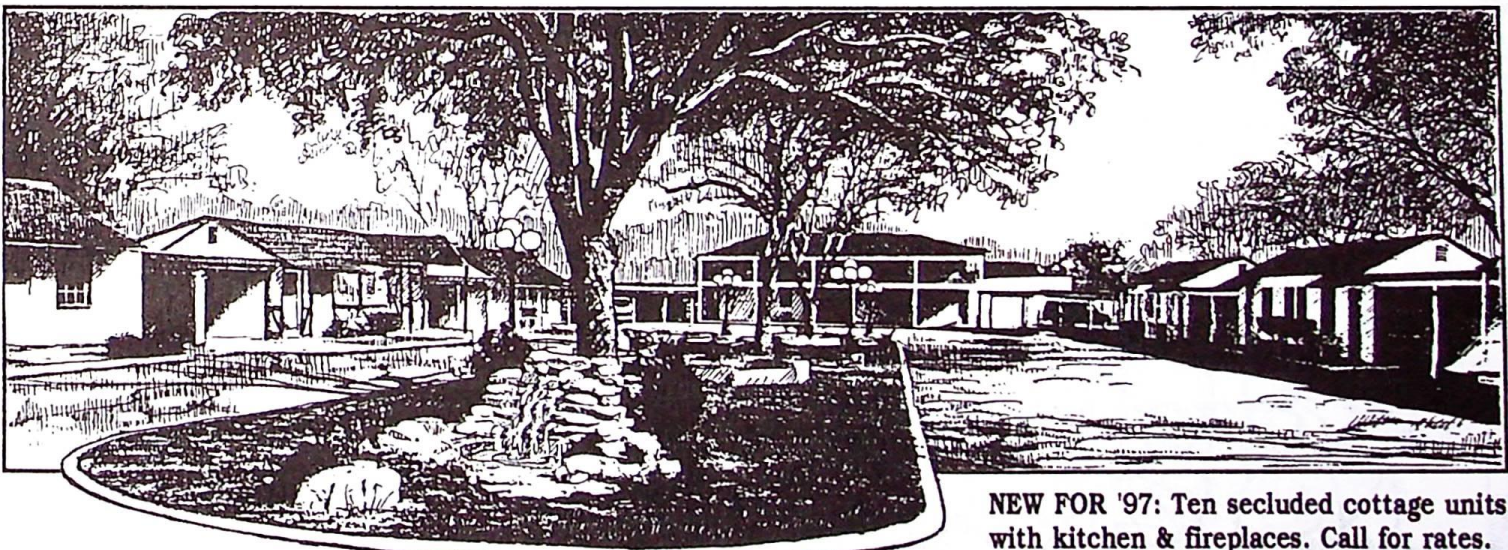
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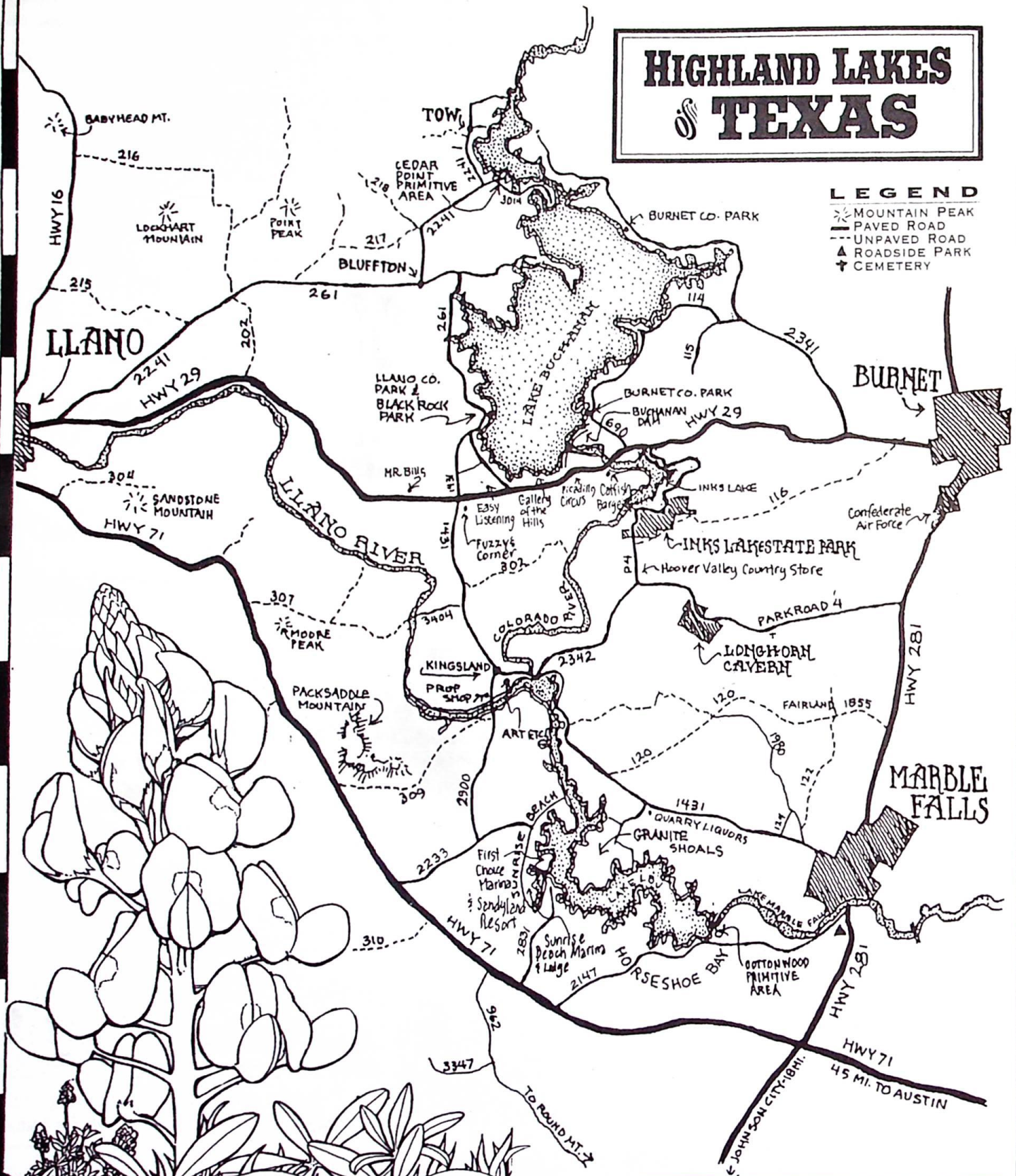
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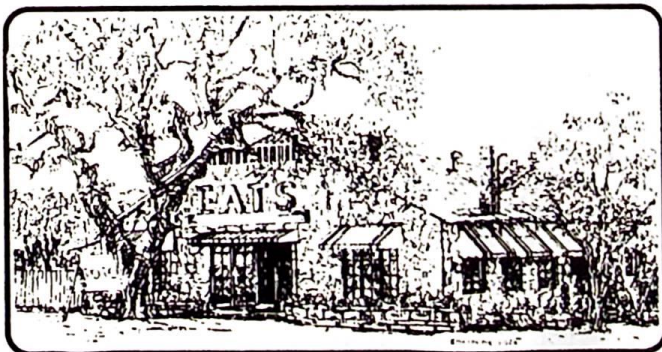
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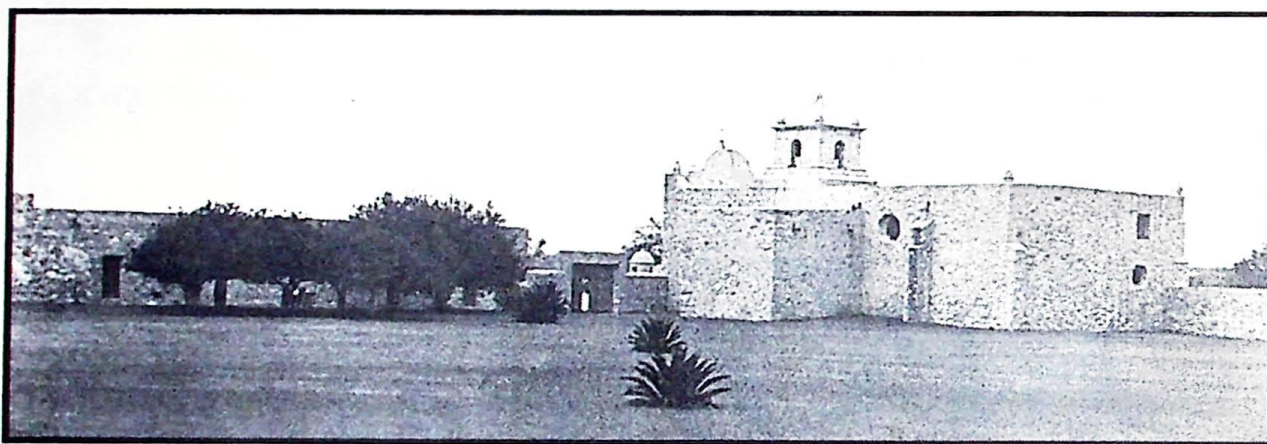
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DISASTER AT

GOLIAD

BY STEVEN L. YUHAS



Late in 1835 Texas was in a state of turmoil. It was the beginning of the Texas Revolution. In an attempt to get away from the dictator Santa Anna and mistreatment by the Mexicans, the Texicans decided to form their own government.

After much debate, the new government took the form of a Council, with Henry Smith elected Governor and Sam Houston appointed as Commander-in-Chief. Although the rebellious Texicans professed loyalty to Mexico, they also demanded to be immune from the decrees of the Mexican government. These bold actions brought Mexican troops into the sparsely populated Texas Territory. Late in 1835 Texas was in a state of turmoil. It was the beginning of the Texas Revolution. In an attempt to get away from the dictator Santa Anna and mistreatment by the Mexicans, the Texicans decided to form their own government. After much debate, the new government took the form of a Council, with Henry Smith elected Gover-

nor and Sam Houston appointed as Commander-in-Chief. Although the rebellious Texicans professed loyalty to Mexico, they also demanded to be immune from the decrees of the Mexican government. These bold actions brought Mexican troops into the sparsely populated Texas Territory.

When the Mexicans troops started destroying property and confiscating livestock, the Texicans looked to America for help. They sent recruiters and advertisements with offers of land grants to get volunteers to help fight for Texas independence. Adventurous men with a love of action, a disregard for danger and a chance to fight for the underdog answered the

VIEW WITHIN THE QUADRANGLE OF THE MISSION CHAPEL AS SEEN FROM THE SOUTHEAST PARAPET OF LA BAHIA. BY STEVEN L. YUHAS

call. Companies of men marched from Kentucky, Davy Crockett brought a group from Tennessee, others came from Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia and Virginia. There were Englishmen, Irishmen, Canadians, Scots, Germans and Mexican land owners like the Seguin family.

It was early in December of 1835 that the Texas militia, with some Texas colonists and volunteers from southern states laid siege to the City of Bexar (San Antonio) and the fortress Alamo. After a few weeks of exchanging fire, neither side had gained an advantage. The only events of note was an ambush of a Mexican supply column led by Jim Bowie that netted fifty Mexican dead, a raid on the city for supplies that had to be rescued by Deaf Smith, Houston's chief scout, and some pot-shots taken at the Alamo with a single cannon. But days of inaction made the volunteers restless. The men had come to fight and the enemy was before them.

Finally, Captain Grant went to Colonel Burleson, Commander of the Militia. "By God, Colonel, you've got to do something or we're going to have a mutiny on our hands." Burleson gathered the men. He informed them that being far outnumbered, it was ill-advised for them to attack now. His plan was to retreat across the Guadalupe, make winter camp, wait for reinforcements and attack in the spring. This brought a roar of boos and waving of fists. The volunteers were fit to be tied.

The militia immediately left to break camp, while the gloomy, demoralized troops began shuffling back to their own squalid camp. Just then, Colonel Ben Milam stepped forward and uttered a challenge that would go down in Texas history. "Who will go with old Ben Milam to San Antonio?" Over three hundred men jumped to their feet and cheered.

Ben Milam had fought in the war of 1812 and came to Texas in 1818. He was part of the force that captured Goliad

Milam wasted no time. At dawn the next day the Texicans moved on the city. It became one of the strangest battles ever fought. While the "long rifles kept the artillery and infantry at bay, the rest of the force attacked the adobe walls with digging tools. Once a hole was made, rifles were stuck in the openings and fired while others kept digging. Once a doorway was gained, they would move on to the next building. It took five days of savage house-to-house fighting for the outnumbered Texicans (300 attacking 1,200) to take the city. The Texicans then turned their attention on the Alamo. At nine o'clock on the sixth day, General Cos (a brother-in-law of Santa Anna) raised the white flag over the Alamo.

On December 18, 1835, very generous terms of surrender were offered the Mexicans and included the following: That the Mexicans would leave the city and the Alamo and cross the Rio Grande into Mexico as soon as possible. They would be allowed to carry with them, one-hundred and fifty rifles and enough powder and lead to protect themselves against the Comanches. Furthermore, they were to take an oath to never again fight against Texas.

The spoils of war included forty-eight cannon, tons of gun powder, four thousand muskets, and a large quantity of rifle and cannon balls. All of this cost the Mexicans close to seven hundred dead and an unknown number of wounded. The Texicans lost close to twenty men killed (including Colonel Ben Milam) and about sixty wounded. In later reports there was a large discrepancy on the actual losses by the Texicans. This was because each division of troops reported their losses

Staying in Georgia long enough to be married and have children, he made his way to southern Texas. For a few years, he engaged in the illegal slave trade with Cuba. After falling deeply in debt, he offered his property with slaves, to the Texas government. In return, he would be given a commission to fight in the War of Independence. But Fannin wasn't as interested in independence as he was in power and glory.

as the total losses of the whole campaign.

Once the news of the overwhelming victory spread across the country, most thought the war was over. Celebrations broke out all over Texas. The Mexicans had been whipped and driven back to Mexico. Most of the militia returned to their homes. Only Sam Houston seemed to realize that there would be a retaliation.

Enter Colonel James Fannin, who would become the equivalent of Travis at the Alamo. Fannin came from a family of plantation owners in Georgia. Accepted at West point shortly before his fifteenth birthday, he stayed eighteen months from 1819 to 1821. A confrontation with another cadet forced him to leave the academy and return to Georgia. Staying in Georgia long enough to be married and have children, he made his way to southern Texas. For a few years, he engaged in the illegal slave trade with Cuba. After falling deeply in debt, he offered his property with slaves, to the Texas government. In return, he would be given a commission to fight in the War of Independence. But Fannin wasn't as interested in independence as he was in power and glory. Fannin had such an obsession to become the overall military commander that he committed almost mutinous acts in disregard of orders to gain that position.

Fannin's first taste of war came at Bexar. Given the rank of captain, Fannin raised a small company of men called the Brazos guards. Taking his men north, he joined with the militia in the siege of Bexar. In skirmishes before and during the siege, Fannin won the admiration of his men and distinguished himself in battle. Although Jim Bowie fought as a Captain in Fannin's company, General Houston's orders were often addressed to *Colonel* Bowie and *Captain* Fannin. Yet Fannin's actions impressed Houston enough to offer him an appointment as Inspector General with the rank of Colonel. Fannin eagerly accepted.

After the capture of Bexar, General Houston was in favor of destroying the Alamo. His reason was that it only commanded what was in range of its cannon and could easily be bypassed. He put Colonel Travis in charge of a small group

of men and sent him to San Antonio. Once there, Travis refused to blow it up, deciding to hold the fort. Houston then sent Jim Bowie and his men to the Alamo repeating the orders to destroy the fort. Once there, Bowie decided to make a stand with Travis.

In the meantime, Fannin was given orders to establish a regiment of volunteers to fortify and defend the presidio La Bahia at Goliad. This he did. One company was formed with the volunteers that fought at Bexar, minus a small group that decided to stay at the Alamo. More volunteers came from the States to complete the second company of what was to become the Lafayette Battalion.

The Lafayette Battalion consisted of Captain Duval's Mustangs, the Mobile Greys, San Antonio Greys, Alabama Greys, New Orleans Greys, Kentucky volunteers and the Red Rovers from Alabama. The regiment was completed on February 14, 1836. The men elected Benjamin Johnson Wallace to command. (Cousin of the later famous "Bigfoot Wallace").

Before Fannin took command of Goliad, Captain Philip Dimmitt and all the men who took part in the capture of Goliad, drew up and signed the first Declaration of Independence of Texas. A committee took the document with its; ninety-two signatures to the provisional government for approval.

A flag was designed to identify independent Texas. On a white background, drawn in red was an arm and a hand holding aloft a curved sword. It flew from a sycamore pole in the center of the fort until replaced by the Lone Star flag.

At this point, petty prejudices, want of personal glory, intrigues and poor decision making began taking its toll. It started when Sam Houston disappeared in West Texas trying to keep the Comanches out of the war, Stephen Austin was enroute to Washington to plead the cause of independence, and Governor Smith was off taking care of personal business. Thus, at a crucial moment, the three most influential men in Texas were not available for the immediate decision-making process.

The days dragged on, with the men making improvements on the fort. Frank Johnson, who was second in command when the volunteer forces took Bexar and Dr. Grant who had owned property in Mexico but came north to fight for independence, began making plans for an invasion of Mexico. The target, the town of Matamoros, just across the Rio Grande. On December 30th, Johnson headed for San Felipe to get the necessary commission from the Provisional Government to lead

an invasion across the Rio Grande.

It was January 10th before a courier came in from San Felipe. Grant was promoted to Colonel, Johnson was also made a Colonel and given a command of all volunteer troops who were willing to invade Mexico. His commission authorized him to report to either the Commanding General or the Council, whichever he preferred. Now all three Colonels thought they were in command of the invasion. Johnson and Grant moved their troops thirty miles south to Refugio, while Fannin left for the States to recruit more men and much needed supplies.

When Governor Henry Smith heard about the plan, he became furious and tied to cancel the project. Angry that the Council had commissioned two commanders who were independent of each other as well as the Commander-In-Chief, he

sent Houston south to dissuade the troops from making an invasion. If he could do so, he was to consolidate his forces to repel the invasion of Santa Anna, who was already proceeding north with his army. General Houston through his eloquence managed to persuade a sizable number of troops to abandon their cause.

Back at San Felipe, Governor Smith was in the process of vetoing the invasion and the general commissions given to Fannin and Johnson.

When the Governor presented his veto to the Council he was voted down and impeached. After the impeachment, the Council recessed, leaving Lieutenant Governor Robinson in charge.

That same afternoon, Houston received word of the commissions and the impeachment of the Governor. With Fannin as an independent commander of all volunteer forces and the defense of Goliad, Johnson an independent commander of a separate force with intentions of raiding Mexico, Travis and Bowie disobeying orders at the Alamo, and the regular army still being formed, Houston had been left virtually powerless. In the face of these events, Houston departed to continue trying to keep the Comanches out of the war.

Back in the States, Fannin's recruiting activities had gained him two more companies, one from Kentucky, the other from Alabama. Fannin met the ship carrying the new volunteers. The Red Rovers, tall strapping men all wearing leather hunting vests, were the first down the ramp. With them came an extra fifty, first-rate US rifles, "loaned" to Texas by the State of Alabama.

Johnson's men were at San Patricio, forty miles away. Neither man wanted to join forces for an attack on Mexico, as one of them would have to relinquish his command. The army was now dispersed in small units with each commander acting independently. Fannin had moved on to Goliad, while Johnson

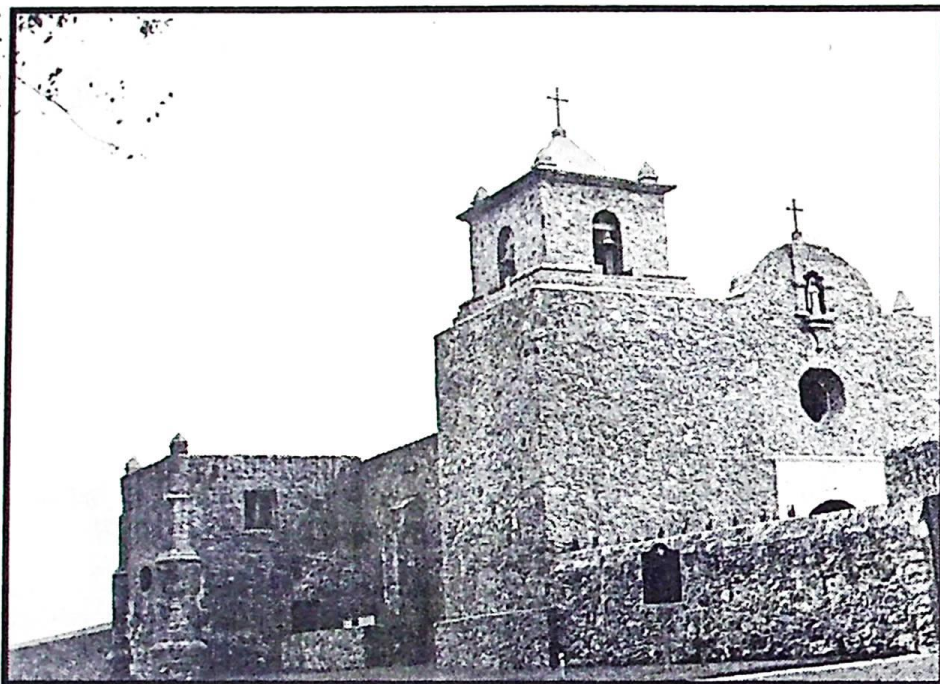


PHOTO: NORTH WALL WITH MAIN CHAPEL AT GOLIAD
BY STEVEN L. YUHAS

remained at San Patricio. Travis was at the Alamo and the militia stationed at Gonzales. Houston had disappeared into the Hill Country and the Council again recessed.

Once back at Goliad, Fannin wrote a letter to the acting governor. He stated that if Houston didn't return soon, he would move his headquarters to Bexar. The letter implied that if he took this action, he would become commander-in-chief. Nine days before the siege of the Alamo, Fannin received a reply from the Council. He was to disregard all previous orders. He was to fortify and defend Goliad and Bexar against enemy advances. All other orders given by General Houston, or the Council, were countermanded to leave him free to take action in whatever manner he deemed expedient.

Fannin immediately began preparing the fort for a siege. A covered trench was constructed down the bank to the San Antonio River to allow access to a constant water supply while under attack. Meat from eight hundred cattle was dried and turned into jerky. Captain John Stower innovated in "infernal machine" that mounted a line of sixty-eight flintlock rifles with a single match. Nine cannon were mounted on the walls and parapets made so the soldiers wouldn't be exposed while firing. Situated on a hill, the massive oak doors of the main gate were held up by twelve foot high, gray stone walls garnished with parapets and individual firing ports. The great stone structure looked ominously down on the north-south road.

Before preparations were completed, Captain Schrusnecki's Polish artillery and Captain Hugh Fraiser's "Refugio Militia" who acted as scouts, joined the Battalion.

While the work continued, Dr. Barnard, the Division Surgeon, recorded a conversation with Colonel Fannin. "Well, Doctor, they certainly look like a fine group of men."

"Solid... These men for the most part, are altogether superior in intelligence and education to the ordinary material of the army. They are far from being a class of mercenaries, but are men of character and standing. Some have wealth, yet left their homes to come to the aid of a people who have taken up arms for liberty."

Fannin, a little puffed up, "Yes, I'd like to see anyone defeat men such as these."

Four more adventurous men from Louisiana came in to volunteer their services. With them came a copy of the *New Orleans Bulletin*. An article told of a raid into Mexico by the "Tampico Blues". Surrounded and almost out of munitions, the survivors of the expedition accepted terms of surrender. Once they gave up their arms, Santa Anna ordered their execution. Twenty-nine men were shot down.

This news was to be the first warning of many atrocities to be committed by the Mexicans. The volunteers couldn't see what the article was telling them. The Mexicans were going to give no quarter. Time after time, against overwhelming odds, the Texans would defeat the Mexicans. Then for whatever reasons, they would be taken in by the Mexican's offers of an honorable surrender. Very few came to understand that surrender to the Mexicans meant execution.

It was early in February when Fannin received definite information that General Urrea had been sent with a division of men to take Goliad while Santa Anna marched on the Alamo. At this point Fannin became vacillating and indecisive. He had trouble making decisions, constantly changing his mind. He continually wrote the acting governor for advice.

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Three days after the siege of the Alamo began, Fannin received the first request of assistance from Travis. All in all, Travis would send out eight couriers through the Mexicans lines requesting aid. Towards the end, because Fannin refused to act, a courier was sent to General Houston.

Under the persistent appeals of the men in his command, Fannin finally attempted to sally forth to the Alamo. Leaving about 180 men to defend Goliad against General Urrea's division of over 1,500 troops, his relief force marched through the gates. When one of the cannon bogged down, the column came to a stuttering halt. They were still in sight of the fort. While at a halt it was discovered that the force had not stocked any provisions. There was no bread, no beef, just a small quantity of rice. Thus a council of war was held to decide whether the expedition should continue.

The conclusion was that it would be a tactical error to try to relieve the Alamo. Marching a hundred miles into the face of thousands of Mexicans seemed like folly. Would their presence make a difference? It would also mean abandoning Goliad to General Urrea's advancing army. However, there is no evidence that the will of the troops who initially voted for the relief of the Alamo had any part in the decision to turn back.

When the Council heard of the plight of Travis, they wanted to disband and personally go to his aid. Sam Houston dissuaded them with the argument that Texas needed a sound government more than volunteers to go to the Alamo. Houston did send a message to Goliad stating that if Fannin did go to the relief of the Alamo, a detachment of militia with some ranchers would be eager to join him at Seguin, forty miles from the Alamo.

Fannin, feeling he was qualified to be commander-in-chief, knew if he went to the aid of the Alamo he would

The firing grew intense and a cannon was brought to bear on the blockhouse. The muzzle flashes blinked their deadly winks like a field of fireflies on a summers night. The gun smoke hung pale along the ground, blurring silhouette-like movements in the dark.

have to give up the command he held at Goliad. He also came to the conclusion that the defenders of the Alamo could fight their way out to his location any time they wanted. Therefore, Fannin decided to stay put.

While this vacillating was going on, General Urrea was gradually wiping out Fannin's split command. Unknown to Johnson or Grant, General Urrea's army was already on the march on the Texas side of the Rio Grande. The night before Fannin left the fort for the Alamo, a freezing night and General Urrea fell upon Colonel Johnson with his command of forty men. The Mexicans completely surprised him at San Patricio.

Johnson had managed to round up a herd of over a hundred horses. Back at San Patricio the horses were put out to graze in the tall grass with two riders assigned to keep them bunched. Later that evening, two shots shattered the cold night air and the two out-riders fell to the ground. A blare of bugles followed the shots. The noise of running feet, shouts of "Viva Mexico" and "Kill the Texicans" now filled the air. The rattle of muskets being fired from the hip into the buildings added to the clamor. Johnson's force was scattered. Four relief riders were in a small building on the edge of town. Johnson and four other men were in a house apart from the city, while the main group of twenty-two men were in a blockhouse with a good field of fire.

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smoke hung pale along the ground, blurring silhouette-like movements in the dark.

The Mexicans made an unexpected rush and twenty men stormed into the building that housed the four relief riders. Multiple shots rang out followed by the cries of men being mortally wounded. Then, as quickly as a candle being snuffed out, the building became silent.

A cheer went up from the Mexicans. Colonel Johnson and the four men with him used the distraction to make a wild dash through the Mexicans lines. One man went down, while Johnson and three others made it through.

Then the fire directed at the blockhouse intensified. The incessant shelling from the cannon began crumbling most of the walls. Once the blockhouse was in ruins, the Mexicans stopped firing. After a few minutes a Mexican officer presented himself under a white flag and offered free passage if they would lay down their arms.

The Texicans began a heated discussion about what to do. About thirty minutes later, six unarmed men, three of them wounded, also under a white flag, walked out of the blockhouse. The rest stood by their firing positions. The would-be prisoners took no more than a half dozen steps when a volley of musket fire exploded. Under cover of the gun smoke, the defenders dragged their friends back inside. One was dead and three others had received additional wounds. They were now resolved to take as many with them as they could. Unabated fire continued until sunup. Then the firing slowed to an occasional sniper shot. It was two hours into daylight when a bugle call announced the arrival of several high ranking officers bearing a white flag.

A party of five horsemen came prancing up regaled in their multicolored parade finery. Polished brass and silver glistened in the meager light. Feathered plumes bounced on their helmets.

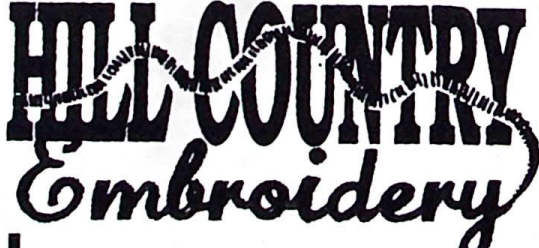
They were emissaries from General Urrea offering honorable terms of surrender. When the spokesman for the Texicans stated that they already tried to surrender and were shot down for their efforts, the officer had a ready reply. "That Lieutenant had no authority to grant terms of surrender. I apologize for his indiscretion. I assure you that he will be punished for his error. As a member of General Urrea's staff, I have



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been authorized to offer you the following terms: you will be fed and given medical attention, but you will have to serve time in jail at Matamoros for you crimes against the Mexican Government. If you fight, you will all die. You have fifteen minutes to make your decision."

Reluctantly, the men agreed to the terms. Once the able bodied men were marched out of sight, the wounded were bayoneted where they lay. On the trip to Matamoros six managed to escape, six reached the jail, and the rest were never heard of again.

It took Johnson, who once claimed to be the overall commander, two days to reach Goliad and tell his story. From there he disappeared until after the revolution. This was another indication of what the Mexicans were going to do to prisoners. They were giving no quarter.

Five days after Johnson's defeat, General Urrea's scouts found Colonel Grant's detachment of thirty-three men rounding up horses. Grant and his men had gathered about four-hundred horses and were herding them back to join with Johnson.

The road Grant was taking went through a thicket of mesquite near Agua Dulce Creek. An ideal ambush site. Half-way through the passage, a hundred Mexican horsemen surged out of cover and began to stampede the horses. Grant drew his sword and charged into a band of them, slashing and chopping. Rifle fire broke out, then pistols, and many a Mexican fell from his saddle. Grant shouted the order to fall back and reload, as the men had only their Bowie knives and empty rifles to defend themselves.

The noise of the thundering hooves joined the rising cloud of choking prairie dust. Confusion reigned, as horsemen with obscured vision tried to maneuver and fight in the midst of a stampede. Any man who fell from his horse, be it from the thrust of a lance, a minor wound, or poor horsemanship would be trampled under the smashing hooves of the herd.

Grant and several others managed to get out of the confusion to reload. When Grant reined in, he turned to see several of his men still fighting desperately against impossible odds. Without taking time to reload, the big Scot took saber in hand and charged back into the fray, swinging at anything in reach. One down, two down, three, four, but they kept coming, slowly encircling him. Their weapons reloaded, the others rode to the aid of their commander. But before they could get within firing range, they saw the loop of a rope drop over Grant, pinning his arms to his side. With revulsion, they watched him being dragged under the hooves of the onrushing herd.

Those that were captured were executed next to the creek. The survivors made their way back to Goliad to tell their story. Thus, two separate detachments of Fannin's command were wiped out. The disaster at Goliad had begun.

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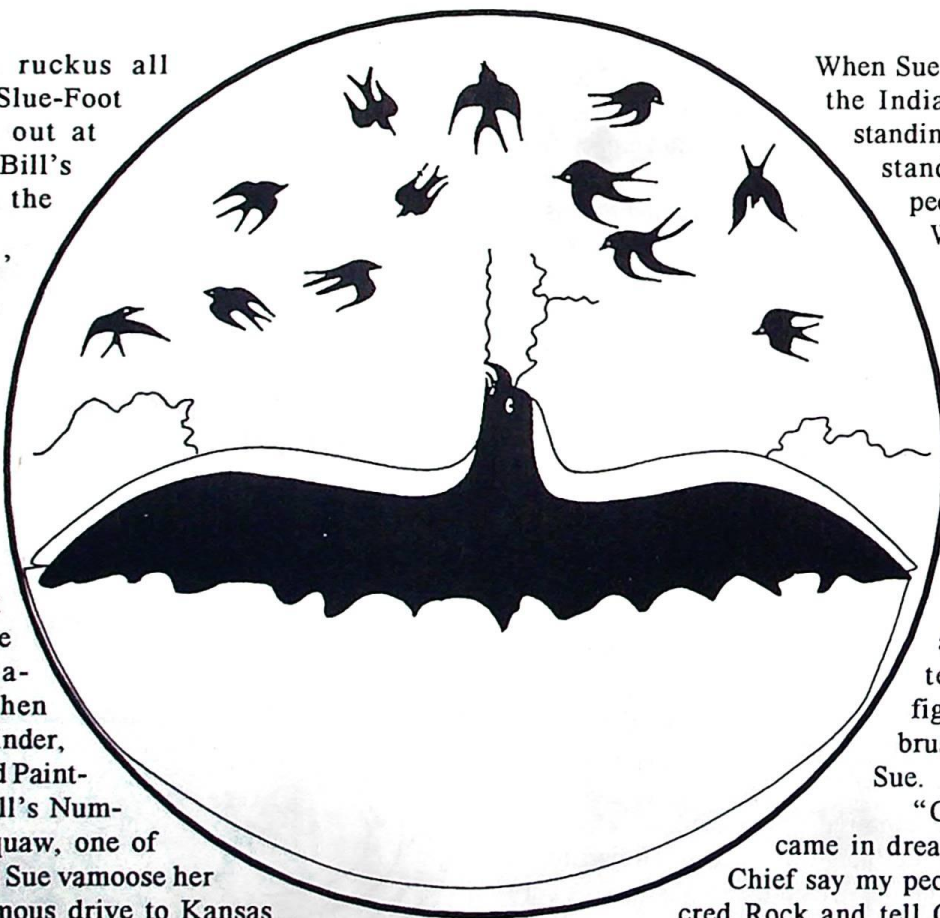
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SLUE-FOOT SUE & THE NEXT-TO-THE-LAST BATTLE OF ENCHANTED ROCK

BY WARREN LEWIS

When the ruckus all started, Slue-Foot Sue was out at hers 'n' Bill's place on the Pecos, mindin' her own business, enjoyin' the peace an' quiet follerin' the Great Calico Trail Drive. Sue come in the back door to wash up fer coffee after brandin' about a thousand dogies one mornin', but she felt kinder funny, like somebody wuz a-watchin' her, and when she looked out at the winder, danged if it weren't Red Paintbrush, chief Crazy Bull's Number One Comanche squaw, one of the three who'd he'ped Sue vamoose her herd north on that famous drive to Kansas City. There she was, that Indian woman, jist a-standin' out there in the yard, purty as you please with her pinto pony at her side, like she didn't have nothin' better to do.

Sue couldn't tell how long the woman'd been there, but she hollered out the winder, all the same: "Howdy, Paintbrush. C'mon up and set a spell."



When Sue went out on the porch, the Indian woman jist kept a-standin' where she had been a-standin': "Slue-Foot, my people need your help with White man."

Slue-Foot didn't rightly know what Red Paintbrush meant by that, but she did recollect how handy her and them two other sister squaws had been, a-keepin' them fellers in line all along the Drive by lettin' their skinnin'-an-scalpin' knives glitter in the sun. Sue figgered she owed Paintbrush one. "Name it." sez Sue.

"Chief Buffalo Hump came in dream to Crazy Bull. Old Chief say my people must go up on Sacred Rock and tell Old Ones about White man. If we do not explain about White man to Old Ones, then Sacred Rock will sink back into Great Mother's Womb. Palefaces and my people, all will die."

Slue-Foot chawed her cud on that one fer a minute, wonderin' what any of this Indian talk had to do with her. Sue'd heard about ol' Buffalo Hump, the one Indian chief

that never did give in to the settlers' ways: He wouldn't carry a steel knife—always used flint—and he wouldn't trade for no modern clothes—always wore buckskin. But in the end, the White folks had got to Buffalo Hump: He was at the signin' of John Mousyback's Treaty of '48, the treaty—like to man said—that “never was broke”. Truth to tell, that treaty was broke, and broke more'n onc't, but that didn't matter to the Indians no how, 'cause the treaty'd amounted more-or-less to articles of surrender by the Red Man, in the first place.

Slue-Foot gener'ly kept her peace on the subject of Indians. When it come to buryin' the hatchet with the Indians, most of the old-time folks said they'd be glad to bury the hatchet with the Indians as long as *we* buried it in *their* heads. Nosir, it wadn't that long since the Indian Wars, the Battle of Packsaddle Mountain bein' the latest skirmish in these parts. That's how come of the old Eddards sayin', “The only good Injun is a dead Injun.” Slue-Foot, howsomever, didn't hold with that opinion, when it come to Indians. And more'n that, she lived in West Texas, anyhow. Sue didn't see no reason to go and git tangled up whatever tomfoolery the folks back in Central Texas was up to. Still and all, when she looked at Paintbrush, there was somethin' about that Indian sister that Sue jist couldn't say no to, so she said: “Sounds good to me.”

“Slue-Foot,” Paintbrush went on, “White man will not let Indian people go up on Sacred Rock. White man is building fences.”

“Buildin' fence? Around the Rock? The hell you say.” That was a puzzler. “C'mon, Paintbrush. Let's go see about it.”

Two women—one Red, t'other White; one on her painted pony, t'other on a fine new Tennessee Walkin' Horse that some folks back in the Volunteer State had sent out to Slue-Foot—skedadddled in a south-easterly direction along the Pecos. Side by side they rode, rollin' along like tumbleweeds in front of the wind back before there was ary a fence.

Purty soon, Sue seen that no matter how slow she rode, Paintbrush and her pony couldn't keep up—and she did want to git over near Llano 'fore sundown, seein' that it weren't even a 400 mile ride. So Sue packed up Paintbrush on her back like a papoose, taken the pinto up under one arm and the Tennessee Walker under t'other, and she strode on off in the gen'ral direction of Enchanted Rock.

Now, everybody already knows about Enchanted Rock, that pile of pink granite in Llano County. Back in '39 Mrs. Webster barely escaped with her life when the Indians took her party captive. The Red man never did cotton to no White folks a-goin' up on the Rock on account of it was kinder like a church-house to the Indians. That's how come of that Dutchman, Willem DeWees, to call it “Sacred Rock”—he got that name from the Indians, and maybe that's how-come of people today a-callin' it “Enchanted”. Folks says that strange things goes on up there, and who am I to say otherwise?

The Spaniards called it Cerro del Santiago—the Hill

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of Saint James, if you take the meanin' literal. But I reckon that what the Spaniards had in mind to say was the same idee they got from the Indians—that it was the Hill of the Holy Man. 'Course, the Spaniards was always lookin' fer gold and silver, and Senor Miranda even found a little bit of silver nearby on Riley Mountain—not much, but a little, and more than they found on Enchanted Rock. Even that so-called diplomat, William Kennedy, who weren't nothin' more'n a fancy-dan Limey prospector in disguise, was always scoutin' the range fer silver and gold, but neither him ner the Spaniards never found any precious metal to amount to.

And then, there was Cap'n Jack Hayes—John Coffee Hayes was that good man's name—and he had the silver fever, too, when he went out surveying on the Rock in the fall of '41 and got bushwhacked by the Indians. A passel of Comanches cut him off from his company, Rangerin' down along Crabapple Creek, wilhom he were a-takin' the mornin' breeze up on top of the Rock. Cap'n Jack didn't have nobody up there to he'p him, 'cept ol' Samuel Colt—but he done double duty. Cap'n Jack had his two prize Colt revolvers with him, the ones he talked to like some men talk to their dogs, and each one of the shootin'-irons could fire off five rounds without reloadin'. Cap'n Jack dropped somewheres between 10 and 20 of them Comanche braves, afore the Ranger party come a-scramblin' up the Rock and skeered off the rest of the Indians.

Nosiree, more red granite rock and red Injun paint that anybody want or knows what to do with, that and some little purty blue flowers—that's about all they've got up there on that Cerro de Santiago. It's about as worthless a pile of pink granite as you'd ever want, and nobody ever has ever figgerd out ary good use fer it, 'ceptin' the Indians and folks like that there. Even when it come to buildin' the Capitol in Austin, they dug their rock at Granite Mountain over near the Marble Falls—Burnet County rock—not no red rocks form Llano County, and not from no Indian holy hill, neither. Jist why the White folks has always acted so quarrelsome over a piece of pink hardpan that you cain't graze

"That one," Paintbrush was lookin' at one of the men, "he is called Gahe. He is spirit who always comes to Kiowa to put things right in time of hurt and confusion. Apache call him Gan, Spirit of Hold Mountain. He dwlls in Long Cave. My people call him Son of the Giver of Life. Great Spirit sends him to show all people better ways to live."

nor grown nothin' on is a mystery to me. I say, let the Indians have their god-dang Rock—that's what I say.

Gettin' back to the ladies, howsomever, they traveled through the Mesa Country, cuttin' over towards Fort McKavett, follerin' along the Saint Saba fer a spell, and makin' good time, and they spent the night near Grit. Next mornin', they rode on over towards Llano and made camp. Sue was all fer jist goin' on into town and straight'nin everthing and everybody right out, but Red Paintbrush said no, said she wanted Sue to meet some folks down at the Rock, first; so Sue agreed to do a little sight-seein' afore she taken up politickin'.

Leavin' their mounts down below, Sue and Paintbrush walked up on top of that upside-down pink granite warshpan, up where the lone liveoak grows, and they taken a look around. From up there, they could see jist about everywhere—purt-near all the way to Austin, when they looked east, and almost to San Antone, when they looked south. They seen liveoaks a-growin' all over the country, and in them days, the big ellums and Spanish oaks was as thick as corn; and there was deer and ringtails and hornytods—Lord knows, there was a heap more hornytods in them thar days. And, o' course, there was whole herds of Sue's own armys a-runnin' around everywhere. They looked at the big boulders that slide down the sides of the Rock like tears down a cheek. Paintbrush showed Sue the Long Cave where the wind moans. Sue taken a close look at the weather pits that catches the rainwater, and she seen them tee-niney little fairy shrimps a-swimmin' around in there than they was in the Gulf of Mexico itself. (I don't figger on Llano County exac'ly as bein' prime land for growin' shrimps.) Paintbrush showed Sue the Mountain Bluebells and the ferns and all the other flowers and the moss and stuff, and Slue-Foot seen it all, and she said: "Mighty purty."

'Stead of goin' back to camp when the sun started down, Red Paintbrush said that her 'n' Sue had to sleep on the Rock, that night. She said they wouldn't be cold, 'cause the Rock warms up durin' the day, and then sighs at night, lettin' its heat off easy. But, she said, Sue had to get ready, 'cause durin' the night was when she was goin' to meet some folks.

"Who'm I goin' to meet? And what do you mean, git ready?" asked Sue. "I got my six-shooter here on my hip, and my deer rifle's in its scabbert down yonder on my saddle." She eyed Paintbrush right close. "What folks you talkin' about?"

"Old Ones," said Paintbrush. "Slue-Foot must get ready" Paintbrush reached into her pouch and pulled out four little bundles all tied up in buckskin. She started to give 'em to Sue, and said: "Always bring gifts to Holy Hill of Old Ones."

"Hold on a minute," said Sue. "Them is yore gifts, Paintbrush. Don't seem quite right, me a-givin' away somebody else's gifts."

"Take," said Red Paintbrush. "You must gift four right gifts—venison, red currants, pecans, corn."

By this time, Slue-Foot could tell that Paintbrush was up to somethin', so she taken the buckskin bundles and said thankee. Sue trusted Red Paintbrush good enough, but she trusted her six-shooter more, so she loosed it in its holster, and she felt fer her huntin' knife, to make sure it was there. Paintbrush was a fine woman, Sue thought to herself, but she was, after all, a Indian.

As they was settlin' down, the evenin' sun was glaincin' off the silver specks that runs through the Rock. Paintbrush pointed to the tall stone shapes, whittled by wind and water. Some of 'em has big round holes in 'em, and some of 'em looks like critters, and the darker it got, the more some of 'em commenced to lookin' like monsters.

Paintbrush pointed to the water streaks and the last sparkles of sunlight on the crystal specks in the Rock, and she said: "The tears of my people are frozen silver." After that, Paintbrush wouldn't talk no more, 'cept she told Sue: "Sleep with head north."

Sue found herself a nice soft bit of smooth granite to sleep on, and she fluffed up a stone pillow. The Rock beneath her felt warm, and 'fore she knowd it, Slue-Foot was a-snorin' to beat sixty, and so loud that people as fer away as Fredericksburg said that they could hear the groanin' of the Rock. Furthermore, Sue had done what she was told—she'd bedded down with her head a-pointin' north.

The full moon woke Sue up—she figgerd—sometime after midnight, but as soon as she was awake, she was on her guard. Lyin' there, Sue could hear the drummin'. It was floatin' on the air, solemn and slow, but it was also beatin' through the Rock. It come from all points on the compass, and Sue guessed that the Indians must be havin' one helluva powwow, to need all that drummin'. At the same time, Sue know from the drummin' that there wern't no danger. When Indians is up to no good, they gits real quiet—they don't go braggin' 'bout their mischief ahead o' time by beatin' on a drum. Sue taken a quick look over at Red Paintbrush, and it seemed like she'as sound asleep.

Without movin' or gettin' up, Slue-Foot rolled her eyes up towards the top of her head, and she seen above her and behind her what looked like four people a-standin' there. Up above 'em, Sue could see the Big Dipper pointin' at the North Star. At first, Sue thought about reachin' fer her six-

shooter, but somethin' told her not to: "Always bring gifts," she remembered what Paintbrush had said.

Sue sat up real slow-like, so as not to scare nobody. She looked to see if them folks was still there. They was. Two of 'em looked like men, and two of 'em looked like women. Thinkin' mighty grateful thoughts in Paintbrush's direction, Slue-Foot picked up the four little buckskin bundles, and she held them out.

One of the four folks looked like she was mebbe a Indian maiden, younger'n considerable better-lookin' than Paintbrush, with long black braided hair that run clean down her back. She come forward, taken them little bundles from Sue, and handed 'em to the three other folks. The drummin' got louder and louder. The four passed them gifts from hand to hand and seemed to be satisfied.

"She is Mountain Bluebell," whispered a voice in Sue's ears.

Sue jerked around, almost reached fer her shootin'-iron, and was fixin' to git ready fer a fight, when she seen it was Red Paintbrush a-standin' beside her. All that drummin' was makin' Sue mighty edgy.

"My people call her Maiden of the Mountain. She is Tonkawa. Many, many moons ago, Lipan Apache massacre her people on this Holy Rock. Mountain Bluebell must jump off of Holy Rock to keep enemy from taking her alive. Now she is with Old Ones."

"My Lord!" said Sue, softly.

"Other woman is Sham. Some people call her Soul-catcher, but my people call her Midwife of Souls. When baby is born, Sham brings soul from Above; if baby dies, Sham takes soul back Above. Mother may weep, but there is no loss."

"Well, forevermore!" said Sue.

"That one," Paintbrush was lookin' at one of the men, "he is called Gahe. He is spirit who always comes to Kiowa to put things right in time of hurt and confusion. Apache call him Gan, Spirit of Hold Mountain. He dwlls in Long Cave. My people call him Son of the Giver of Life. Great Spirit sends him to show all people better ways to live."

Paintbrush stopped talkin', jist when Sue thought she was prob'ly goin' to say who the fourth one was. "Who's that other feller?" Sue went ahead and askt.

"I must not speak his name." Paintbrush hushed down real quiet. "I have never seen him before. He is very great one. He is Great Bird Spirit—God from South." It is big honor to Slue-Foot Sue, if he is here."

"Paintbrush, are you a-tellin' me that these here folks is Indian Gods?" asked Sue.

Red Paintbrush nodded.

"Well, I swan!" said Sue, and then she stepped acrost the Rock, stuck out her paw right friendly like and offered to shake hands: "Howdy, y'all!" said Slue-Foot. "I'm mighty proud to meet you gods. What's yer names? Anytime I can do ye a favor, jist speak right up—I'd admire to he'p ye out."

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LATER BILLY COMES HOME

BY IRA KENNEDY & HOLLY SCOTT

At midnight the rain finally stopped. Not that Later Billy noticed. He had spent the night in town with Mike the barkeep in the back room of the Bar None Bar and Bar-B-Que. He was in no shape to drive home the night before, and Later Billy really didn't want to get sideways in a bar ditch. About nine in the morning he left town, and figured that the china cabinet would still be shaking when he got home to Lacey. She had been really angry when he told her the roads were flooded between town and home..

Flash Flood Creek had gone down considerably, but the road to the house was a mess. Every truck that had gone down the road cut ruts axle high and there were so many sloppy parts that Later Billy couldn't keep the pick-up on a straight track. He'd be turning the steering wheel one way, but the pickup would go the other like it had a mind of its own.

When Later Billy pulled up to the yard gate he saw Lacey on the front porch with ten baskets piled high with laundry. He didn't even get the usual "Hi, honey, I'm home", past his lips before Lacey said, "Billy, we got to go back to town. The washer broke down and all the clothes are wet and if you want to wear anything tomorrow to work, we'd better get going."

Later Billy didn't figure on working tomorrow, what with the heavy rains and all, but he wasn't about to tell Lacey. He looked up studying the sky. Clouds were gathering and turning that kind of blue-grey that says *rain*.

Lacey loaded the back of the pick-up while Later Billy retrieved the tarp from the shed, just in case. They headed back down the muddy road, sliding first this way, then that. With the hangover, Later Billy wasn't feeling the least bit talkative. He was thinking, and partly hoping, that the whole outfit would just slide axle deep in the bar ditch so he could go back home and stretch out on the couch.

"Billy, stop and put the tarp on the clothes, they'll get all muddy."

Later Billy figured the clothes were already dirty, but he was in so much trouble, and felt so bad that anything Lacey said, he did, just to keep the peace.

They rode to town in silence. Later Billy thought all the way in to town that the "Washerteria" next to the Bar None Bar and Bar-B-Que would be a perfect place for Lacey to finish up the wash; course Later Billy planned to help himself to the 'hair of the dog'. He was needing that right then very badly.

Lacey turned to him and said, "Billy, let's go to the 'Washerteria.'" It was as if she was reading his mind.

"Sure, darlin.'" It was times like this that Billy treasured Lacey. Seems, every now and again, she'd do just what he wanted without him having to ask. Or, more to the point, wouldn't dare ask.

When they pulled up to the "Washerteria", rain drops started pelting the ground something fierce. Billy wasted no time pulling the tarp off the pick-up while Lacey carried the laundry indoors and set about getting ten baskets of clothes into the only six washers that worked. All-the-while Billy was next door making good friends with a cool Lone Star.

As Later Billy ordered up this third Lone Star, Lacey, soaked to the skin, came into the Bar None and announced to the entire place

that all of the clothes were finally in the dryer. The regulars that sat at the bar gave Later Billy that look they always give each other when they bring their women into the place during the day. Most of them were supposed to be somewhere else. Like, maybe, working. At that moment there was a crack of lightning and thunder. Then the power all over town went down.

"Cheesus," Later Billy responded, cradling his Lone Star. He knew the clothes were no where near dry. That was when Lacey slammed the back door of the Bar None Bar and Bar-B-Que, and sounding more than tee'd off said to the pitch-black room, "Billy, let's go!"

"Later, Billy," one of the regulars said, glad that it was Billy and not him having to leave the Bar None Bar and Bar-B-Que.

The regulars that sat at the bar gave Later Billy that look they always give each other when they bring their women into the place during the day. Most of them were supposed to be somewhere else. Like, maybe, working. At that moment there was a crack of lightning and thunder. Then the power all over town went down.

Later Billy wrangled the sopping wet clothes and then wrestled with the tarp and finally covering the clothes, set out for the house.

"Gol Dog it, Lacey, it's more'n coming down." Lacey had to agree with him there. The wipers were on full speed and the pick-up was crawling at twenty miles per hour and they couldn't see a thing down that deserted Ranch to Market Road 'cept rain in the headlights.

Lacey knew the creek was going to be on the rise, and they still had eight miles to go, not counting the three on the un paved county road.

"Gee-Josephat this was going to be the trip form Hell", thought Later Billy. His worst fears were realized upon reaching Flash Flood Creek. Billy could see from the road that the creek was on a tear.

"How we gonna get home?" Lacey demanded.

Later Billy didn't want to remind Lacey this was her idea in the first place. The laundry was as wet as ever, and now the roads were sure to be worse. If she'd a just waited till later tomorrow they wouldn't be in this fix.

"Lace, if the current ain't too fast, I can make it across."

"How we gonna know that?"

"Well, darlin', you gotta go out in the middle and see how high the water is, and see if the current will bowl you over. I can tie you off with the come-along."

Lacey looked at Later Billy like he just escaped from a mental institution, but realized that he had to stay in the truck and work the wrench, which she didn't know nothing about, in case she was swept off the crossing. That, plus the fact that this was probably the only way that they were gonna get home.

She jumped out of the truck, pulled her parka over he head and waded out to the middle of the low water crossing. With each step he felt the water surge, but not too strong. Finally it filled her Ropers and came about two inches above her knees. "It don't get colder than this," she thought, but told Later Billy through the open window, "I think we can get across, but we gotta hurry."

As she swung into the cab of the truck, she heard her feet squish inside her Ropers and saw a stream of water come out of the seams. Lacey sighed, "Well, there goes a perfectly good pair of boots."

Later Billy revved that engine and pulled the pick-up through the creek to the other side, before it stalled on the 'up' side of the hill.

"Tarnation," Billy swore, when he realized that the clothes were sliding out of the back of the truck, into the creek bed.

"Oh my God." Lacey gasped, as she jumped out of the cab to go retrieve all the clothes drifting in the ever rising creek.

While he watched Lacey from the rear view mirror, Later Billy reached under the front seat and found a last Lone Star. That's *some* rinse cycle, he mused.

★

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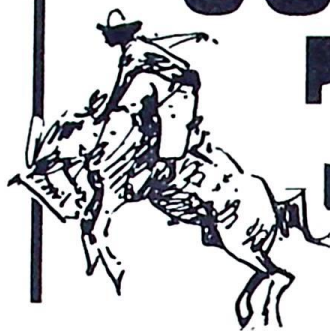
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COWBOY TALES



L. KELLY DOWN

DIP TURNS PURPLE: IT'S OK

Boys I were down at the Bad house last week and me and Carl was a-lying to these here two pretty fair ladies. They turns out to be outlander schoolhouse teachers on loan from the English college place called Oxblood, or some thing like that. They being history types and at U. of H. they was told by they students to come to our Hill Country, find a couple of old fools (me and Carl do fit that, don't you know) and learn cows.

We lied our way clear from jumping them cows off Spanish ships, how boots, hats, spurs all come about, even how the shape of saddle and chaps got to be. I do tell you one thing they do must have a class on how to drink cool ones in they school—had me and Carl checking our bank balance that be a fact.

Well, we got through trail drives fine, then hit a stump on the Texas Tick Fever. They didn't believe that folks in the Abeline cut off their nose to spite their face by not letting no Texas cattle come to their town. They ain't never heard how them Kansas folks finally closed off the whole blame state to live Texas cattle, cause they done carried ticks north. A mad Longhorn bull in their wife's flower beds and vegetable gardens plus a cow patty on their front porch didn't help our cause much, I do believe. Cow trail drives was only from 1877 to 1888, you see.

We skipped maybe forty years or so by telling how Mr. Swift got them keeping cow meat cool railroad cars to Texas. Then this pretty blond one hit us with how we stopped the ticks in our Texas cows. She went right by my short tale of how tough our cattle is and straight to dipping vats. You will remember how I done learned you a dipping vat is a concrete hole in the ground you fill with tick-fly killing stuff and you run cattle into it to get it all over them. The same one ask how we knowed that the dip were the right strength—and not too strong.

We lied our way clear from jumping them cows off Spanish ships, how boots, hats, spurs all come about, even how the shape of saddle and chaps got to be. I do tell you one thing they do must have a class on how to drink cool ones in they school—had me and Carl checking our bank balance that be a fact.

Well, I had just drawn in a big breath so I could go into one of my better lies when Carl punched me hard, right in the ribs—hurt like hell—you know Carl on Saturday nights. Carl being more honest, asks them ladies to order us another round and took off. I saw where he was a-headed and wish I had seen the answer first—I could have been a hero, you see.

Carl saw J. D.! Now, J. D., he be a cowhand, plus ain't forgot nothing in his life, he started to tell Carl how we knowed when dip was ready, then, Carl stopped him, brought him over, introduced him them fair ladies. J. D. told how you got some dip out of the vat, dropped this here little pill into it, if it turned purple, it was just right.

But friend, if you know J. D. you got down pat what happened next. You're right. I didn't even get to the part of how nice my dutch oven biscuits are as the sun comes up over the river and our hills way early on Sunday mornings—Carl and I do wish we know how J. D. do what he do to fair ladies. I got to learn Carl not to bring in J. D. never-a-tall. J. D. can take a fair lady plum away from a twenty year old boy, not only that, he always gets the prettiest ones.

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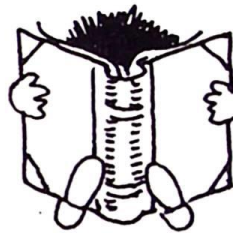


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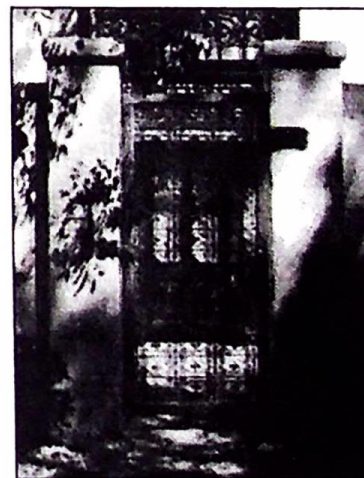
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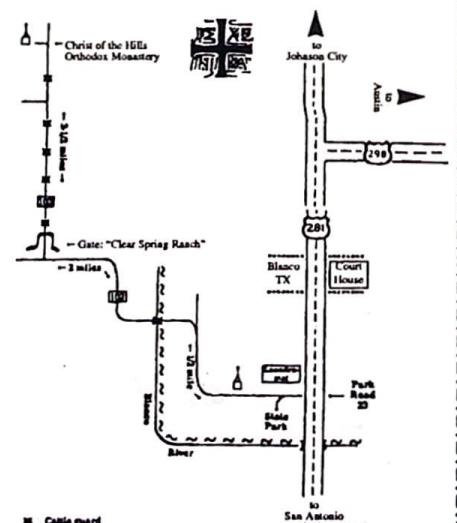
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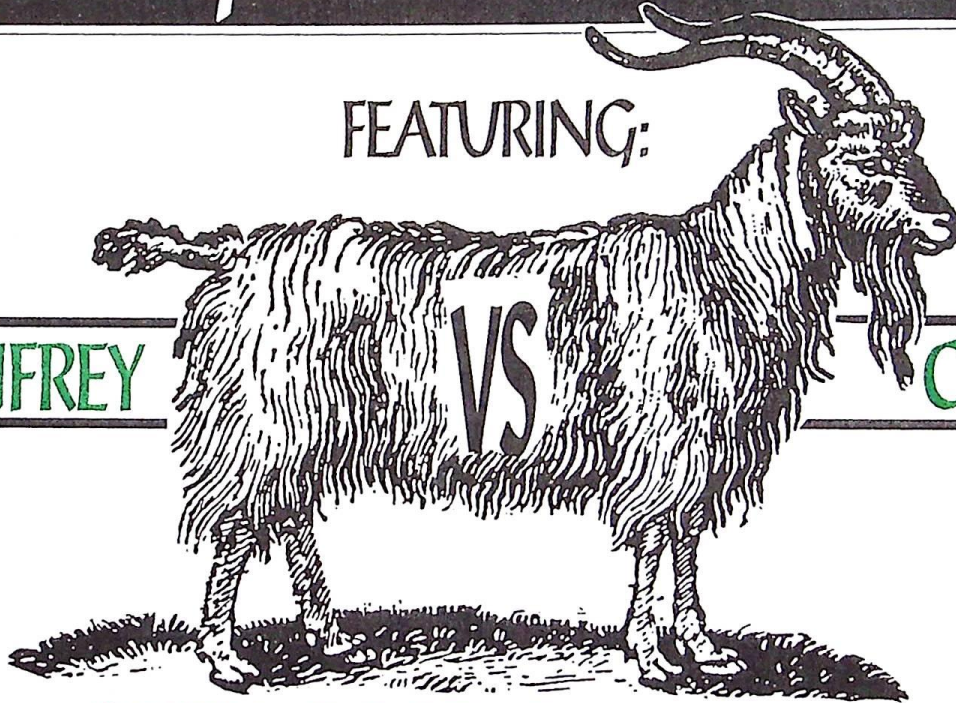
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