

TEXAS ★ HISTORY & ADVENTURE

ENCHANTED ROCK

MAGAZINE

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MARCH/APRIL 1998

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MAPS OF THE
BLUEBONNET TRAIL

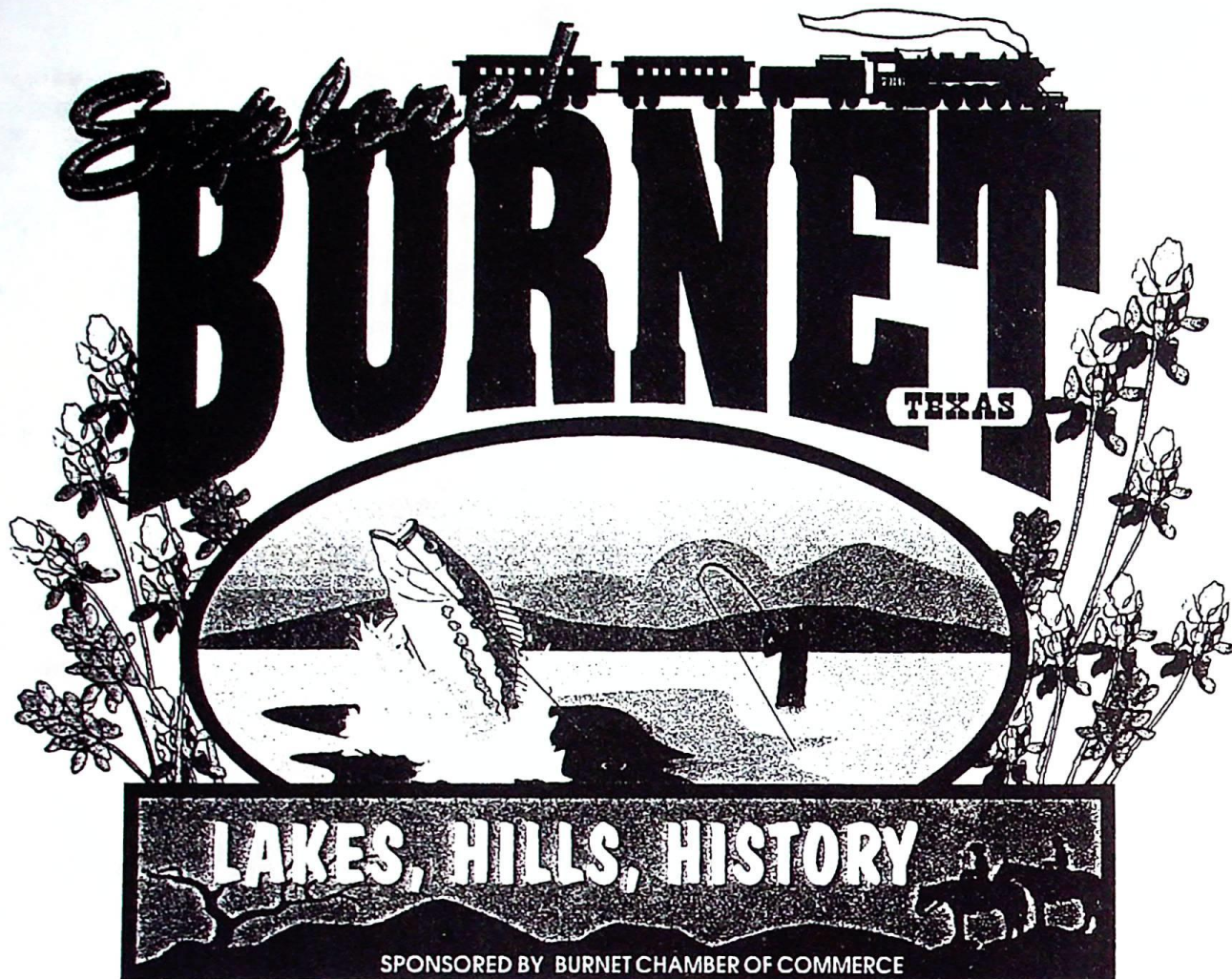
BLUEBONNET TRAIL GUIDE

THE PIG WAR OF 1840

THE SEASONS OF MY YOUTH

THE TAKING OF SAN ANTONIO





15th Annual Bluebonnet Festival

APRIL 4-12, 1998

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

SATURDAY & SUNDAY, APRIL 4—5, 1998

1:00 p.m.—Bluebonnet Festival Annual Golf Tournament—Delaware Springs Golf Course

TUESDAY, APRIL 7

6:30 p.m.—Bluebonnet Scholarship Pageant—High School Auditorium

THURSDAY, APRIL 9

7:00 p.m.—Singing in the Park—Hamilton Creek Park

FRIDAY, APRIL 10

11:00 a.m.—Epsilon Pi Luncheon—Community Center, 401 E. Jackson Street
6:00 p.m.—Pet Parade: North Side of Square
8:00 p.m.—MusicFest—Town Club

SATURDAY, APRIL 11

Continuous events throughout the day:
Highland Lakes Squadron of the Confederate Air Force Static Display and Fly-In; Ft. Hood Static Display—Kate Craddock Field; Bluebonnet Festival Car Show—Hamilton Creek Park

SATURDAY, APRIL 11

9:00 a.m.—5K & 10K Bluebonnet Fun Run—On the Square
Kiwanis Bluebonnet Bicycle Tour—Wallace Riddell Park
9:30 a.m.—Children's Fun Run—North Side of the Square
9:45 a.m.—Children's Bicycle Decorating Contest—North Side of the Square
12:00 noon—Hill Country Flyer Steam Train Arrives—Depot
12:15 p.m.—Bluebonnet Festival Parade—On the Square
1:30 p.m.—Preliminary Heats for the Burnet Outhouse Chariot Race—Northwest Corner of the Square.
Announce Parade Entry Winners—Northwest Corner of the Square
2:30 p.m.—Burnet Gunfighters' Shoot-Out—Old West Town on Jackson Street
3:00 p.m.—Hill Country Flyer Steam Train Departs—Depot

3:30 p.m.—Burnet Gunfighters' Shoot-Out—Old West Town on Jackson Street
4:00 p.m.—Final Heats for the Burnet Outhouse Chariot Race—Northwest Corner of the Square
4:30 p.m.—Awards Ceremony—Outhouse Chariot Race Winners—Northwest Corner of the Square
7:00 p.m.—Destruction Derby—Burnet County Fairgrounds
8:00 p.m.—Burnet Gunfighters' Barn Dance—Burnet County Fairgrounds

SUNDAY, APRIL 12

1:00 p.m.—Highland Lakes Squadron of the Confederate Air Force Air Show—Kate Craddock Field
12:00 noon—Hill Country Flyer Steam Train Arrives—Depot
2:30 p.m.—Burnet Gunfighters' Shoot-Out—Old West Town on Jackson Street
3:00 p.m.—Hill Country Flyer Steam Train Departs—Depot

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FROM THE EDITOR

BEGINNING AT STAGE STOP

It all started out routine enough. I received a phone call from Doc Toler asking me to show up at Shotgun Hall at the Stage Stop Ranch near Fisher—between Blanco and San Marcos—and do a brief stand-up-story-telling talk for his radio program which is taped there. As a musician and radio host, Doc is something of an institution in these parts who does more than his share to promote Country Music and area musicians so I was flattered and happy to oblige.

It was pretty cold that night and I spent more than my share of time hunkered around the woodburning stove in Shotgun Hall waiting for the music to commence. I had brought along several back and current issues of the magazine and left them near the entrance where folks get an idea of what we're up to here at the magazine. Also, when I can, I like to stand off to the side and watch the reactions of strangers seeing the publication for the first time.

While I was preoccupied in this endeavor I was taken completely by surprise when in walks an old friend I hadn't seen in ten years or better. But there stood Kent Finlay, founder of the Cheatham Street Warehouse, "a kind of country club with indoor toilets," located in San Marcos. That was back in the 70's when you could hear Asleep At The Wheel, Marcia Ball, and Alvin Crow for next to nothing. I understand George Strait played there too, but I reckon I had moved away by that time.

Kent and I also had bit parts in the movie *A Small Town in Texas*, which was filmed in Wimberly back then, and featured Timmothy Bottoms. (Don't look for me on the video. My very brief appearance was virtually cropped out when it was formatted for TV.)

Anyway, it was great to meet up with Kent again. He's what you might call "a musician's musician." By that I mean he's done more to encourage and help the careers of other musicians than he's ever done for himself. Before Kent left that night, I pressed a few copies of *ERock Mag* in his hands. I never figured on what happened next.

About a week or so later I receive a phone call from a feature writer for the *San Marcos Record*. Said she saw the publication and offered to write an article on the magazine and me. I was a little slow that morning and it took more than a moment for me to figure out it was Diane Finlay, Kent's other half on the other end of the line. Naturally, I obliged, then kinda forgot about the interview, what with the natural confusion of my life and all.

Enchanted Rock: Located in Central Texas, Enchanted Rock was, and is, a sacred landmark to the Native Americans. Consisting of some of the oldest rock on Earth (one billion years old) Enchanted Rock is the second largest granite dome in the United States, and is the central core around which the land mass of Texas formed.

Then, the phone starts ringing, mail starts pouring in with subscriptions, and in amongst the mail is the article by Diane. A whole front page on Section B with reproductions of several magazine covers and some really well-crafted prose—and I'd of said that even if it had been on someone else. Like I mentioned, I lived in San Marcos in the 70s, but I hadn't been back there but a few times since. Because of the article I've been able to hook up with some long-lost friends and it hasn't hurt the magazine on the revenue end either.

On top of all that we've (that's Ms. Intrepid and I) made some new friends at the Stage Stop Ranch—that'd be the owners, Troy and Lee. After the article appeared they were kind enough to let us stay at their place, which is one of the better B&Bs in the Hill Country, while we visited my old buddies in San Marcos. By the way, they hold dances every Saturday night in the Shotgun Hall. The event is hosted by Doc Toler and his band, and they feature famous and up-and-coming country musicians.

Anyway, I'd like to extend my sincere appreciation to Doc Toler, Diane Finlay, and our friends at the Stage Stop Ranch for helping all this come to pass. And to the numerous new readers in the San Marcos area, welcome.


IRA KENNEDY

ENCHANTED ROCK MAGAZINE

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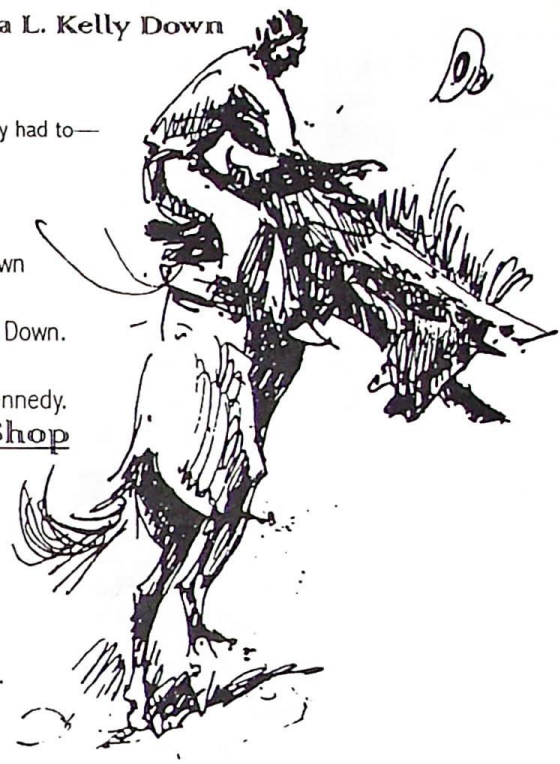
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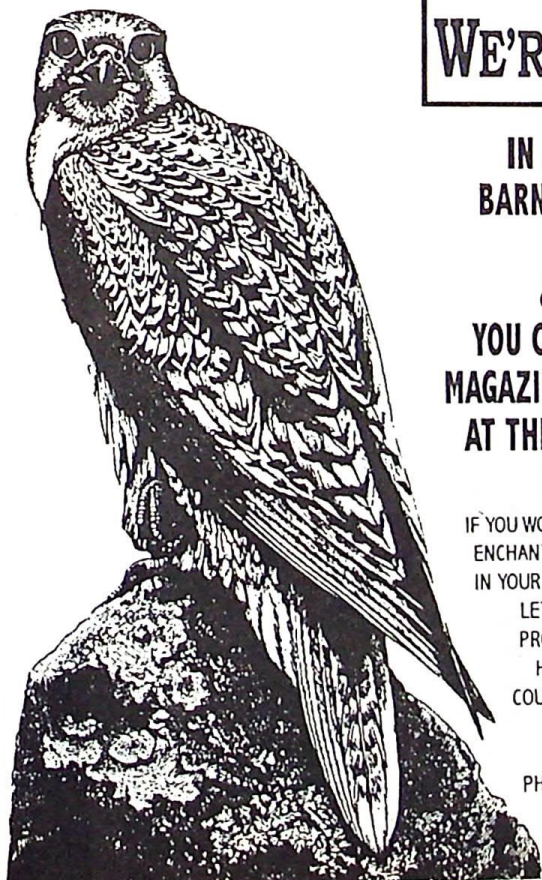
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LEAVING HOME

I read the article about you in the *San Marcos Daily Record*. I'm an 85 year-old woman. I moved to San Marcos in 1981 from Chicago. That year out 15 and 11 year old grandsons visited us. We took them to Enchanted rock on a Saturday. Their parents came down from Chicago on Sunday. The Boys *had to* take them back to Enchanted Rock on Sunday. They were Enchanted! They are grown men now but still talk about the magic of Enchanted Rock.

I'm going to get the magazine and have promised to send it to Tom, the older grandson.

You are blessed to be able to do what you love to do. So many people live lives of quiet desperation.

I'm moving this month to Wichita Falls (my son thinks I'm old and has bought me a house next to his). So I'm leaving my beautiful Hill Country home on Purgatory Creek.

Good health you.

Sincerely,

Dolores Godwin

San Marcos, Texas

P.S. *The Daily Record* reporter who wrote the article in the Feb. 1, 1998 paper is a very good and exciting writer herself.

[Sorry to hear you're leaving your home in the hills; but it must be some comfort to know your son loves you enough to want you to be closer so he can care for you personally. And I agree the reporter at *The Record*, Diane Finlay, is very good. You should be pleased to know that she has agreed to write for Enchanted Rock Magazine, so you'll be reading more of her work in the near future. -Ira Kennedy]

WELCOME

We would like to extend our welcome to new subscribers from the following communities: Carlsbad, Clovis and Los Angeles, California, New Orleans, Louisiana and Vicksburg, Mississippi. Arlington (2), Austin (13), Bay City, Bay Town, Beaumont, Buda (2), Clifton, College Station, Comfort, Corpus Christi, Dallas (3), Didior, Driftwood, Dripping Springs, Eagle Lake, Fischer, Fort Worth, Fredericksburg, Houston (4), Horseshoe Bay, Irving, Jonestown, Kerrville, Kingsland, Leander, Liberty Hill (2), Llano (3), Marble Falls, Montgomery, Port Neches, Red Oak, San Antonio, San Marcos (9), Seguin, Smithville, Terrell, Tow, Van Vleck, Weatherford, Wellborn, and Wichita Falls, Texas

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THANKS

I really enjoyed the last two articles on A.F. Moss, he was my great-grandfather. I was very proud to have him remembered.

Thank you
Barbara Harlow
Llano, Texas

REMEMBERING JIM

[Following a list of gift subscriptions the subscriber wrote:]
We are all related to Jim Cornett. Fara is his daughter, his youngest child. She has three sons who adored their grandfather. His son Shane is getting married on Valentines Day. You have really helped us over our grief by letting us see a little of him now by the articles he wrote.

Thank you very much.

Sincerely
Gladys Tuley
"Aunt Suki"
Markham Texas

[For those who might not know, Jim Cornett's work appears in *Enchanted Rock Magazine* under the pen name, L. Kelly Down. He was a close friend to all of us at the magazine, and before he died Jim submitted a whole pile of articles which we have been publishing posthumously for over a year; and we still have many more to print. -Ira Kennedy]

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BY IRA KENNEDY

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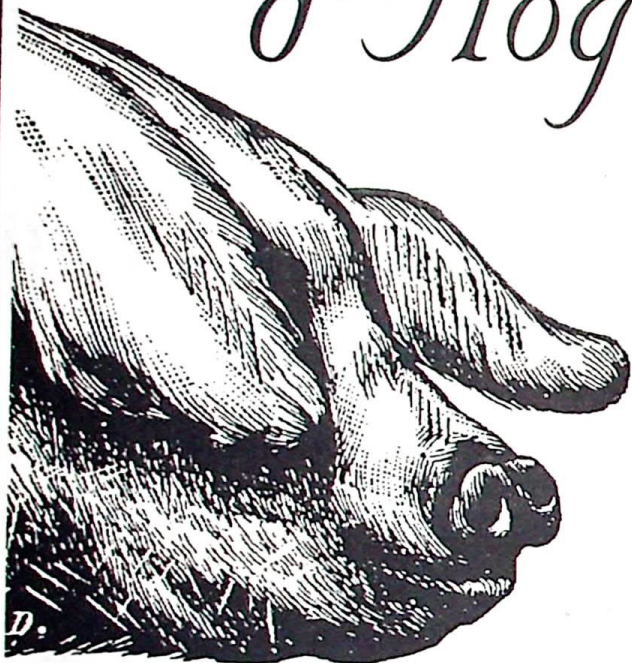
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L'Affaire d'Hog



(L'AFFAIRE DU PORCINE)

by C. F. Eckhardt

*Somebody in France hated
Jean Pierre Isidore
Alphonse Dubois.
Somebody had to—and
thereby hangs a tale of Texas.*

Jean etcetera Dubois was born in 1809 in the French province of Normandy. His daddy was Jean Baptiste Isidore Dubois, who was a tax collector for Napoleon I, and his mamma was Marie Louise Rose Bertrand, who is rumored to have been the daughter of a baker. Later, for his own reasons, he claimed to have been born on July 4, 1812, and identified his parents as Jean Theodore Dubois de Saligny and Rosalie Bertrand de Broussillon. Upon his marriage in Mexico in 1863, he signed himself 'Jean Pierre Elisidore Alphonse Dubois de Saligny, Comte du Saint Empire'. The 'Saint Empire' referred to the mostly imaginary 'Holy Roman Empire', which is referred to by historians and 'neither Holy nor Roman, and in no wise an Empire'. There seems to be little doubt that the title was self-conferred—in the French papers referring to Dubois' sojourn in Texas, every time he signed himself either 'de Saligny' or 'Compte du Saint Empire', somebody took a pen and struck through the appendage to his name.

Young Monsieur Dubois, being a social climber if not of note certainly of great ambition, hired himself on with the French foreign office. Most of his superiors seem to have had little patience with his inflated ideas of his own importance, and he wound up it seems, with the jobs nobody would take or even give to poor relatives. That's very likely how 'A. de Saligny', as he signed himself when he was French charge d'affaires in the log hut and mud street capitol city called Austin, got stuck with being the official representative of France in the raw frontier republic called Texas.

Well, whether M. Dubois or Comte de Saligny or whatever he called himself was well-liked in France or not, it was certainly in the French interest to be well-represented in Texas. France had been loaning money to Mexico—a notably risky proposition for much of that nation's history—and Texas had a coast with fairly good harbors in easy striking distance of most of Mexico's coast in the event it became necessary to use gunboat persuasion to get the money back. (For the record, it did—several times.) In addition, France had by no means given up on the idea of carving out an empire in the New World—as later events proved—and maintaining a presence in the closest independent Republic to Mexico, the presumed and actual target for French imperialism, was a very good idea.

To trace down the various governments in France that led to the establishment of a French diplomatic presence in Texas would be tedious in the extreme—even the French have trouble keeping them straight. The king at the time was Louis Phillippe, of the House of Orleans, which was an offshoot of the Bourbons, who had been kings of France off and on for time out of mind when their subjects weren't chopping their heads off or doing them in in other ways. His reign was called 'The Bourgeoise Monarchy'. He replaced his cousin Charles X, who was booted out in a revolution in 1830, who replaced a republic that was booted out to make room for him, which replaced Napoleon I, who was booted out by most of Europe. At least, that's about as straight as I'm interested in getting it.

We call the building in Austin where Dubois once live 'The French Legation', but that's altogether too grand a name for it. France sent Ambassadors, who headed Embassies, to places like England, Austria or Russia. It sent Ministers, who headed Legations, to nations of secondary importance, like Mexico, Brazil or the United States. Elsewhere, it simply maintained *charges d'affaires*, who ranked about with a 2nd lieutenant in the army

and had just about as much actual power. A *charge d'affaires* could conduct routine local business having to do with trade, but if anything of real importance came up he had to contact the nearest Minister—who was, in this case, in Mexico. The house we Texans grandly call 'The French Legation' never was more than the home of the *charge d'affaires*.

Not that it isn't a magnificent structure—it was at the time unquestionably the finest residential structure in Austin and one of the finest in Texas, and it remains a thing of beauty today. Dubois sent to Europe for the finest materials, and the floors are of European hardwood, the mantels of Italian marble, the wallpaper from France. Jean Dubois was determined, it seems, to live in the best style he possibly could in this raw frontier town, and his home is still a showpiece.

Dubois apparently first arrived in Texas in February of 1839, after an overland trip from Washington, D. C. that would have daunted even hardy frontiersmen. The winter of 1838/1839 was the one of the worst in memory, and by the beginning of December the entire Ohio River, from its junction with the Mississippi to its source, was frozen over, rendering travel by steamboat an impossibility. Dubois, in his first report to France (dated at Houston, February 20, 1839), reported that he had to cross Kentucky, Tennessee and Mississippi on horseback and by open wagon—certainly down the bandit infested Natchez Trace—and to camp in the snow covered woods, there being no settlements or lodging places on his route. He reported steadily and apparently truthfully on affairs in Texas until May 5, when he returned to Washington. Texas and France concluded a treaty dated September 25, 1839—it's in a glass case in the Texas Archives in Austin, still with its blue velvet backing and gold seals—and on October 16 of that year Nicolas Jean de Dieu Sout, the Duke of Dalmatia (what was then known as Dalmatia is now the old Yugoslav/Albanian coast) and a high official in the French foreign service, sent Dubois instructions appointing him the French *charge d'affaires* in Texas.

Dubois was apparently in England at the time. In his first report to the Duke of Dalmatia, dated at Greensborough, Georgia, January 3, 1840, he says that he departed England on board the steamer Liverpool on November 16, 1839, and arrived in New York on December 5. A 20 day winter crossing of the North Atlantic was by no means a remarkably long one for the era. His next dispatch was dated at Houston, January 19, 1840. By January 30 he was in Austin, and reported to his boss that he'd encountered Indians who made hostile demonstrations just outside the capitol city.

There weren't many places to stay in Austin in 1840, and for a very short time Dubois picked perhaps the worst one he could have found. It was a Hotel-restaurant-tavern located near the present site of the 'French Legation' house in Austin, and it was owned by a man named Richard Bullock.

Mr. Bullock seems not to have been the most pleasant sort of feller—contemporary descriptions of him recorded before his encounter with Dubois describe him as an overbearing, loud-mouthed bully who did his best to cheat travelers by overcharging them at his inn, a man who padded drink bills on his customers, and the sort of feller who'd try to suckerpunch a man if he thought he could get away with it. He apparently overcharged Dubois severely for both food and lodging. Dubois protested the excessive charges and Bullock replied by cursing and threatening him. The Frenchman then appealed to the Texas Secretary of State, who reviewed the bill and agreed that the charges were outrageous. He suggested what he considered a fair pay-

Bullock obviously continued to follow and to insult the Frenchman at every opportunity—so much so that, at Dubois' insistence, the Texas Congress actually passed a law making it a misdemeanor to malign or insult the representative of a foreign government.

ment, which Dubois offered Bullock. Bullock replied with more profanity.

Dubois then suggested that the charges be reviewed by two independent parties, one to be named by Bullock, one to be named by Dubois. At first Bullock refused, then finally agreed. The two independent judges reviewed the bill and suggested that Dubois owed even less than the Secretary of State thought was fair, which enraged Bullock even more. Bullock refused to accept the lower amount, and when Dubois suggested a second pair of impartial judges, he refused again and began to malign the Frenchman to all and sundry.

Lest anyone think that M. Dubois was the good guy, think again—he was the worst example of what a snooty self-proclaimed aristocrat can be. The Texas government tolerated him—otherwise, it seems to be difficult to find anyone who admitted liking him. The stage was set for what is known in Texas as 'The Pig War'.

All right, what really did happen between Bullock and Dubois? Dubois actually stayed at Bullock's Inn only from July 24, 1840, through July 28. On the 28th he rented a house in Austin, and on the 29th he moved into it bag and baggage. Bullock charged him \$25.25 for stabling an unspecified number of horses for 2 1/2 days plus an additional \$50 for stabling 5 horses for 4 days, \$2.50 for one day's food and lodging for a coachman, \$60 for 'M. de Saligny' for 'one month's room and board', the same amount for two servants for the same period, \$30 for a female slave for a month, \$12.50 for 5 days' food and lodging for Dubois' secretary, \$18.75 for stabling the secretary's horse, \$14.75 for expenses for two more slaves, and \$40 for storing Dubois' trunks for a month, for a total of \$323.75 in United States money (which was worth considerably more than Texas money). Allegedly Dubois paid \$200 of it and was given a receipt by someone in Bullock's employ—a receipt which Bullock refused to acknowledge—and offered Bullock the remaining \$123.75, but it was refused.

Bullock obviously continued to follow and to insult the Frenchman at every opportunity—so much so that, at Dubois' insistence, the Texas Congress actually passed a law making it a misdemeanor to malign or insult the representative of a for-

eign government. In addition, the Texas government seemed to be taking sides with regard to *l'affaire Dubois et Bullock*. Lined up in Dubois' camp were the president, Mirabeau Bounaparte Lamar, and—strangely enough—Sam Houston, who usually waited to find out what side of a quarrel Lamar would take so he could take the other side. On the other side were David G. Burnet, the provisional President in 1836 who still had a lot of influence in government, James S. Mayfield, the Secretary of State (and therefore the single individual in Texas Government with who Dubois absolutely had to deal), and John G. Chalmers, the Secretary of the Treasury. Chalmers, in fact, was the one who went bail for Bullock after the hog-shooting and eye-punching incident.

According to Dubois' reports to France, Lamar, who spoke fluent French, referred to these men at one time or another as *mais les misérables* (damned scoundrels) and *coquins*, which can be translated 'knaves' but is actually a much stronger term than that. It is a matter of record that both Lamar and Houston—who strongly disliked one another—hated Burnet. (None of which sounds a great deal unlike Texas politics a century and a half or so later.)

Bullock, in the meantime, was making even more of a spectacle of himself than usual, following the Frenchman around, insulting him publicly, and at one point, or so Dubois says in a letter, "openly declared his intention to kill me with his gun the next time he met me." Then came the hogs.

Austin, like many Texas towns in the days before health departments, had a lot of loose animals in it. A lot of those animals were hogs, and some of 'em belonged to Richard Bullock. Bullock apparently let his hogs run loose, and they began

to invade the Frenchman's yard, barn and kitchen garden; knocking down his fence to get in. According to Dubois in a letter of protest to the government of Texas, "I have for a long time suffered...from the many hogs with which this town is infested. Every morning one of my domestics spends two hours in putting up and nailing the paling of the fence, which these animals threw down for the purpose of eating the corn of my horses; one hundred and forty pounds of nails have been used for this purpose. One day these hogs entered even to my chamber, and ate my towels and destroyed my papers." (For the record, nails were handmade and expensive—that 140 lbs. for nails would have cost the Frenchman about \$250 in today's money.)

Enough was enough! Bullock refused to pen the hogs, he even denied that they were getting into the charge d'affaire's garden, and went so far to say that if they were, it was the Frenchman's own fault for not keeping up his fences. The next time the hogs invaded, France went to War. With pistols, a shotgun and a pitchfork, the staff of the French diplomatic presence in Texas fell upon the porcine invaders and killed several, wounding others. No casualties were reported on the French side until later.

Well, here was clear evidence that somebody's hogs—and some of the hogs in question were unquestionably Bullock's—had been invading French territory. There were carcasses to prove it.

As legend has it, Bullock later encountered Dubois on the street and demanded "Did you kill my hogs?"

Dubois replied, "*Oui, I killed your hogs,*" whereupon Bullock uncorked a right hook to the Frenchman's eye.

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That didn't happen—it was one of Dubois' servants, not the charge d'affaires himself, that Bullock punched out. According to the New Orleans picayune, Bullock struck the servant, "bunging up his eyes and phlebotomizing his nose in a manner to appease the slaughtered innocents." Dubois promptly made an even bigger nuisance of himself than before, and in June of 1842, the Texas Secretary of State requested that the charge d'affaires be withdrawn.

Dubois was replaced by an apparently—genuine nobleman, one Jules Edouard Fontain, Viscount de Cramayel. However, just as Dubois was being withdrawn, Richard Bullock was "carried away by one of those brain fevers so terrible in their effect in this county." Bullock died suddenly, apparently of a stroke, on June 21, 1842.


De Cramayel remained the French charge d'affaires in Texas for the next two years, but once the second Houston administration was out of office Dubois returned to Texas, where he was the French representative when Texas joined the United States.

The career of Jean Pierre Isidore Alphonse Dubois de Saligny is an interesting one after he left Texas. He continued to climb in the French foreign service, but after the replacement of the 'Bourgeois Monarchy' with the Second Republic, he was removed in disgrace for 'disloyalty' to the government. Almost immediately on the establishment of the Second Empire under Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, known to history as Napoleon III, he was returned to the foreign service. While Minister Plenipotentiary to Mexico, he was one of the architects of French occupation and what turned out to be the greatest French mistake in the New World, the attempt to establish Maximilian von Hapsburg as Emperor of Mexico.

He was recalled in disgrace in 1863, just about the time the enormity of France's mistake began to become obvious. He had not, however, suffered financially—there are allegations of 'financial irregularity'—for upon his return from Mexico he bought a chateau and estate called Le Prieure (The Priour) in the village of St. Martin du Vieux Belleme, in the department of Orne. He spent the rest of his life petitioning various government for back pay, rehabilitation, and a new job in the foreign service.

According to local legend Dubois was, in his later years, a vicious and well-hated man who beat his Mexican wife and drove his only child, Jean Joseph Emmanuel, into the Army at an early age. Young Jean, as befitted the son of a 'nobleman', was commissioned in the Army—and apparently used the Army to get as far from Papa as possible. He served most of his career in equatorial Africa and Indo-China, returning to France only after his father's death in 1883. He was killed in World War I and is buried near his mother in the village where his father's chateau stands. He never married and left no known descendants.

Don't look for the grave of 'Jean Pierre Elisidore Alphonse Dubois de Saligny, Comte de Saint Empire', known locally as 'the old count' there, though—it's not to be found. According to local legend, the cemetery was moved from the square in the center of town to a location on the edge. The only grave not moved was that of France's onetime charge d'affaires in Texas. Instead, they left the body where it was buried and simply 'lost' his tombstone. Today that square is used for village festivals, and 'dancing on the old count's grave' has become a regular part of the festival rituals.



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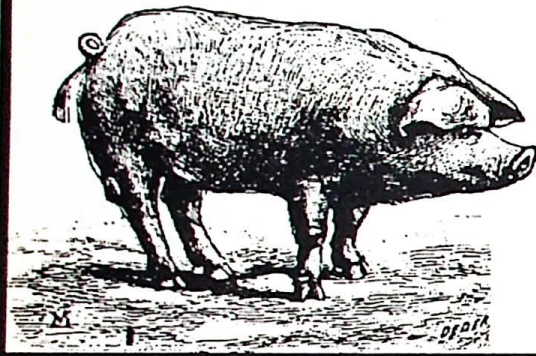
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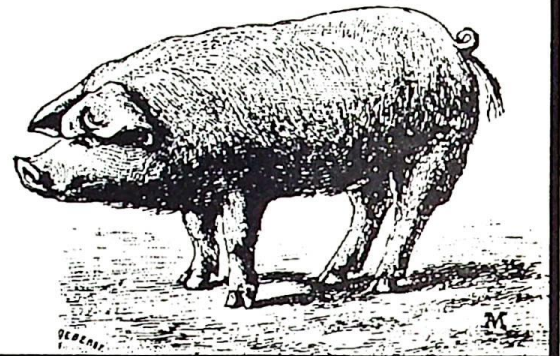
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THE PIG WAR



BY
GARY
BROWN



It's early in the morning of a July day and both Austin and the capitol grounds are already sweltering. The offices aren't open yet and the horseshoe drive is quiet. Except for a few groundskeepers, I'm pretty much alone as I sit on one of the many benches on the capitol grounds.

Alone, that is, except for a flock of pigeons that keep approaching me—probably anticipating some kind of food offering. They must be finding food somewhere because they certainly keep the network of capitol sidewalks messy.

That's ironic because I've come to visit the French Legation when it opens in an hour or so. I'm particularly interested in the early days of the legation when hungry and messy animals caused a diplomatic uproar, suspension of diplomatic relations between France and the Republic of Texas, cancellation of a seven million dollar loan, and defeat of legislation that would have given France three million strategic acres of Texas land for military use.

Only in 1840 and 1841, the issue was pigs—not pigeons. The French have not had good luck with animals in Texas: a century earlier, they had nearly gone to war with Spain in east Texas over some chickens. This flap was with the newly independent Texans and is commonly referred to as the Pig War.

The new community of Austin in 1840 was not quiet like it is this morning and it certainly wasn't a large urban area like it is today. But it was growing in the single year it had served as the seat of the Republic's government. Congress Avenue was a muddy trail bordered by log cabins and wooden shanties.

Despite its modest beginnings, Austin had several notable residents. President Lamar and Ex-President Houston both had homes here. The Bullock House, Austin's first hotel, was located where Congress Avenue crossed Sixth Street.

And, on a hilltop on San Marcos Street, the French Legation was nearing completion as the premier building in Austin—more elegant and spacious than the Texan capitol itself. It was to be the home of French Charge d'Affaires, Jean Peter

Isidore Alphonse Dubois, Comte de Saligny.

But, pending completion of the legation, de Saligny had to lease quarters from Richard Bullock at Sixth and Capitol. The Bullock House was a series of rough hewn log structures furnished with handmade pioneer furniture and operated by the somewhat crude, no-nonsense frontiersman from Tennessee.

I've seen a lithograph of de Saligny and he appeared to have been a real dandy; pompous and self-promoting. It's easy to see, just from the picture, how he and Richard Bullock would not have liked each other.

But de Saligny was not without connections in the new republic. As a member of the French diplomatic corps, his earlier reports from Texas had influenced France to extend diplomatic recognition to the Republic of Texas—recognition that the new government and Sam Houston both desperately needed.

And in 1840, the Republic was financially broke. Again, de Saligny appeared upon the scene to assist the beleaguered Texans. This time he was to lobby for a piece of legislation known as the Franco-Texian Bill. This bill, properly titled, "An Act to Incorporate the Franco Texian Commercial and Colonization Company", if passed by the congress in Austin, would charter 8,000 French families onto three million acres of Texas with French military rights to establish and maintain twenty military forts and garrison ten thousand French troops tax-free for twenty years. That represented, opponents pointed out, more troops than Santa Anna had ever commanded in Texas.

Richard Bullock took an immediate disliking to the pretentious little Frenchman but he was not alone. The crude frontier ruffians of 1840 Austin quickly took to ridiculing the Count of Saligny—or, as they referred to him, the No-Count of Saligny.

No less a personage than Sam Houston himself took liberties in insulting the charge d'affaires. When de Saligny visited Houston one day wearing French military decorations and medals, Houston reportedly removed his Indian blanket and, revealing his numerous scars, told the astounded Frenchman, "A humble republican soldier, who wears his decorations here, salutes you."

But if Houston was crude, he was also shrewd. It was Houston, not Lamar, who later pushed for congressional passage of the Franco-Texian Bill.

But it was Bullock who seems to have galled (no pun intended) the Count. As soon as possible, de Saligny moved out of Bullock's hotel and into the elegant French Legation atop the hill overlooking the capitol building.

And elegant the it was—hardware and elaborate millwork was imported from France along with servants and a Parisian chef. The Kitchen boasted foods that most Texans couldn't pronounce and the wine cellar was probably the best to be found west of New Orleans. The bedrooms were furnished with French furniture of the period and fine linens.

The twenty-one acre estate included a fenced garden growing, among other crops, corn to feed the legation's horses. It was truly the showpiece of early Austin and designed to serve as a governmental and social center for the city's political elite that, incidentally, didn't include Richard Bullock.

And so Bullock, who didn't like de Saligny anyway, wasn't overly impressed when the charge d'affaires moved into the French legation. Nor does he seem to have been overly concerned when his hogs moved into the legation with de Saligny.

Bullock's hogs immediately established a daily routine of rooting through the wooden fence around the legation and feasting on the corn growing there. The hogs—and the Count's anger—became the laughing stock of frontier Austin.

Things continued to deteriorate. At one point the hogs even got inside the legation and ran wild—eating the expensive imported linens in the bedrooms and even official French governmental communiques from the Count's own bedroom. Today, copies of de Saligny's posted diplomatic papers are missing five reports—allegedly lost as fodder for Bullock's hogs.

Finally, the Frenchman had had enough. The legation servants were instructed to kill any hog found on the legation grounds and in February, 1841, Eugene Pluyette did so.

An enraged Bullock attempted to seek reparations for the lost hogs only to learn that the French were invoking diplomatic immunity from Texas laws. Not prone to protocol and formalities, Bullock approached Pluyette in downtown Austin and whipped him most undiplomatically.

On February 19, 1841, the Texas Secretary of State, J. S. Mayfield, received an official protest from the French over the incident. Two days later, Mayfield received another communique that Bullock had again threatened Pluyette and, fearing the innkeeper was going to kill the French servant, the secretary ordered a judicial hearing for February 22.

De Saligny refused to appear before a Texas court of law and forbade Pluyette to testify either insisting, instead, that 'the Laws of Nations' be applied to punish Bullock. That must have raised a few mugs in toast around Austin's numerous saloons.

The judge, in absentia, found sufficient evidence to indict Bullock. At this point, Texas politics got involved, and the issue became officially the "Pig War" and an international issue.

Ex-President David Burnet, always opposed to anything involving Sam Houston, had also grown tired of the pompous Frenchman. The fact that Houston was backing the Franco-Texian bill in Congress was enough to cause Burnet to get involved. Bail for Bullock was immediately posted by John Chalmers, who also happened to be the Texas Secretary of the Treasury. Bullock used the occasion to attempt an assault on de

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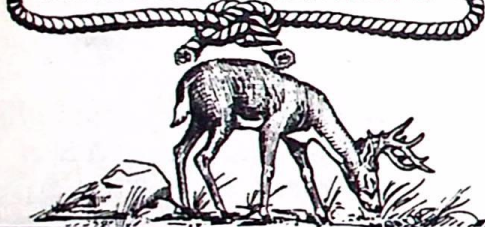
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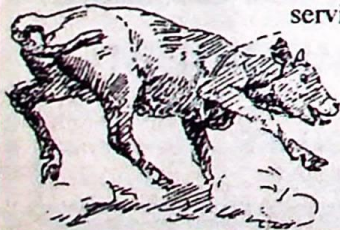
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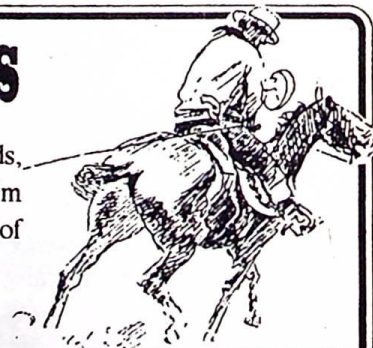
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Saligny himself and the situation was really turning ugly.

When de Saligny complained about the course of Texas law, he was told by Secretary of State Mayfield on April 5, 1841, that "...you can obtain your passports when you choose to demand them." Meanwhile Bullock's hogs continued to roam unimpeded throughout Austin looking for corn and the innkeeper had become the toast of the town.

Convinced that crude Texas law was an affront to the dignity of France, de Saligny left Austin for New Orleans effectively suspending diplomatic relations between the Republic and France for a year.

De Saligny, true to his word, used his influence with his brother-in-law to defeat the French loan to Texas. The Franco-Texian Bill, after passing the Texas House on January 23, 1841 was never addressed by the Senate and died through inaction. No French soldier ever was garrisoned in the Republic of Texas as a result of de Saligny's initiative.

The only true casualties of the "Pig War" were the hogs killed by Pluyette—estimated between five and twenty-five—and the resulting injuries suffered by the servant at the hands of Bullock.

When Houston returned to the office of President, he made "satisfactory explanations" and requested that de Saligny return to Austin. In April of 1842 Jean Peter Isidore Alphonse Dubois, Comte de Saligny returned to the French Legation but by then his health was failing and he left again for France in July of that year.

The Pig War appears to have damaged de Saligny's diplomatic career although he continued to play minor roles in Texas after annexation and later in Mexico where he married and had a child. Involved heavily in Mexican political intrigue, he was accused of financial fraud and was recalled to France in 1863. He never held another diplomatic post and died in Normandy in 1888.

Bullock continued to live in Austin, unpunished, after the affair. His hotel became known as Swisher's Hotel after 1852 and was renamed again in 1858 as Smith's Hotel.

The surviving hogs grew fat around Austin. Despite their annoying behavior they achieved celebrity status at the expense of the ridiculed Count of Saligny and his "Law of Nations".

But back to the present. It's nearly time for the French Legation to open its doors to the public now so I break away from my thought and stand up from my park bench. The pigeons lounging around the bench in hopes of obtaining food scatter as I start walking away. I watch where I step because of the mess they have left.

"No problem," I tell myself, "it's an Austin tradition."

Boys, you see that sunrise? Well, it is the only one like that you will ever see, ain't going to be no other just like it. When you climb on your horse, get out amongst the cows, you will never have another day like this one will be. What's my point? Well, it's this:

In your life you're going to meet lots of folks who will tell you they is saving money for this or that, are waiting for some old folks to die so they gets their money, land, or cattle. Then there is the young bucks who want to have a new pick-em-up-truck so they can ask out their true love. They are going to see if it rains next spring so they can borrow money to buy a yearling so they can graze them during the summer and pay down on a nice grave marker that says "Father" on one side and "Mother" on the other—and they ain't been married up even once yet.


These same folks start to say about twenty years old: "If I had just... or, if I had just known..." and gives lots of follow up reasons.

Every cool one you miss, every fair lady you don't talk to, maybe even steal a kiss—if she's got a mind for you to—is gone forever. If you keep your nose to the grindstone all you're going to get is a sore nose. Looking down to find pennies on a sidewalk you'll get runned over at the corner cause you ain't going to see that dump truck full of gold.

Now, I ain't saying to go jump out of a perfectly good airplane just to sky dive, nor to do bungie jumping to get your kicks. Try a cowboy beer joint on Saturday night—you can pick your adventure—from fair ladies too smart for you, to friendly knuckle massage out in back—but at least do something. Try to learn a new trick each and every day—even if it hurts some.

Some things are worth waiting on, some—like a future ex-wife or dutchoven biscuits a-cooking; but girls, if you wait to do something too far in the future you may not be there when it happens—if it do.

Live now, 'cause life ain't no rehearsal—what you does on this life's stage is the final performance.



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Throughout the year, the city of Burnet offers a vast array of events and activities for all ages. From the spring splash of bluebonnets and wildflowers to the fall festival of arts on the Arts and Crafts Trail, from the winter wonderland of the spectacular Christmas musical light display to the summer frontier shoot-outs and vintage steam train tours, Burnet is alive with sights and sounds that make the Hill Country one of the most popular destination spots in the state of Texas.

Their **15th Annual Bluebonnet Festival**, which runs from April 4-12 offers fun and entertainment for the whole family. Whether it's a golf tournament, pet parade, car show, barn dance, an outhouse chariot race, or a fly-in and display by the **Confederate Air Force**, it's all in Burnet. For details see their ad on page 2.

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This year's pageant will be presented on April 11, the Saturday night before Easter Sunday. Held in front of the large grandstand at the Gillespie County Fair Grounds, located approximately three miles south of Fredericksburg on Highway 16, beginning at 8:15 p.m. General Admission is \$5 for adults and \$1 for children 6-12. Children under 6 are free. Reserved seats are \$7, Box Seats \$9. For further details phone 830-997-2359.

A giant leap into the past is in store for visitors to the **Pioneer Museum Complex** at 309 W. Main Street at 10 a.m. on May 2. (See ad on page 2) **The Founders' Festival** sponsored by the **Gillespie County Historical Society** features numerous living history demonstrations. Want to learn how our ancestors made fences, cut stone, ground corn, sheared sheep, spun wool, weaved yarn into cloth, made knives, brooms or rawhide seats for chairs, or how the Indians made arrowheads? Check it out.

On the preceding Saturday, April 25, a program honoring ten founding families will be held in the **Historical Society Center** at 312 W. San Antonio St. Since 1992, the Gillespie County Historical Society has honored ten families per year, and will continue to do so until all known founding families have been recognized. Family members give a brief history of each respective family. The public is invited to attend. There is no charge for the program, which begins at 7 p.m. There will be a reception and buffet beginning at 5:30 p.m. for which reservations are required. The cost is \$10 per person. For details phone 830-997-2835.

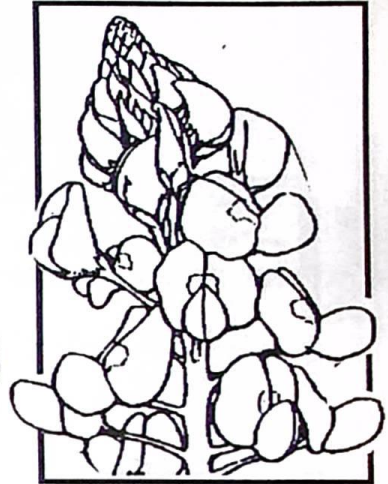
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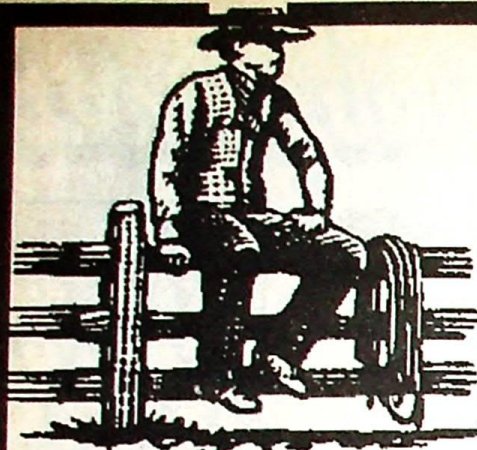
During the month of April Llano is the location for numerous events beginning with the **Bud Otto Open Fiddle Contest** and the **Texas Indian Hobbys Meet** on April 4. That weekend also features the **37th Annual Bluebonnet Trail Arts & Crafts Fair**.

Railroad buffs will want to be in Llano on April 11 for the **Texas Hill Country Railroad Historic Dedication**; and if you're not into trains you're sure to enjoy the **6th Annual Blue Grass Festival** held on April 10-11.

You won't want to miss the **9th Annual Crawfish Boil & Golf Open** on April 17-18 held at the Llano City Park in conjunction with the **Bud Light Team Roping** on April 18-19. In addition to serving up 8,000 pounds of boiled crawfish complete with the fixings for \$7 per plate—\$5 children 12 and under—the Crawfish Open offers **FREE Live Music** (from Country to Cajun). The event is capped off with a Saturday night dance at **Oestreich's Rose** featuring Grand Ole Opry singer **John Conlee**. Admission is \$15 to hear The Academy of Country Music's Best New Male Vocalist of 1979 who's hits include "Rose Colored Glasses," "Back Side of Thirty," "Busted," and

Continued on page 24

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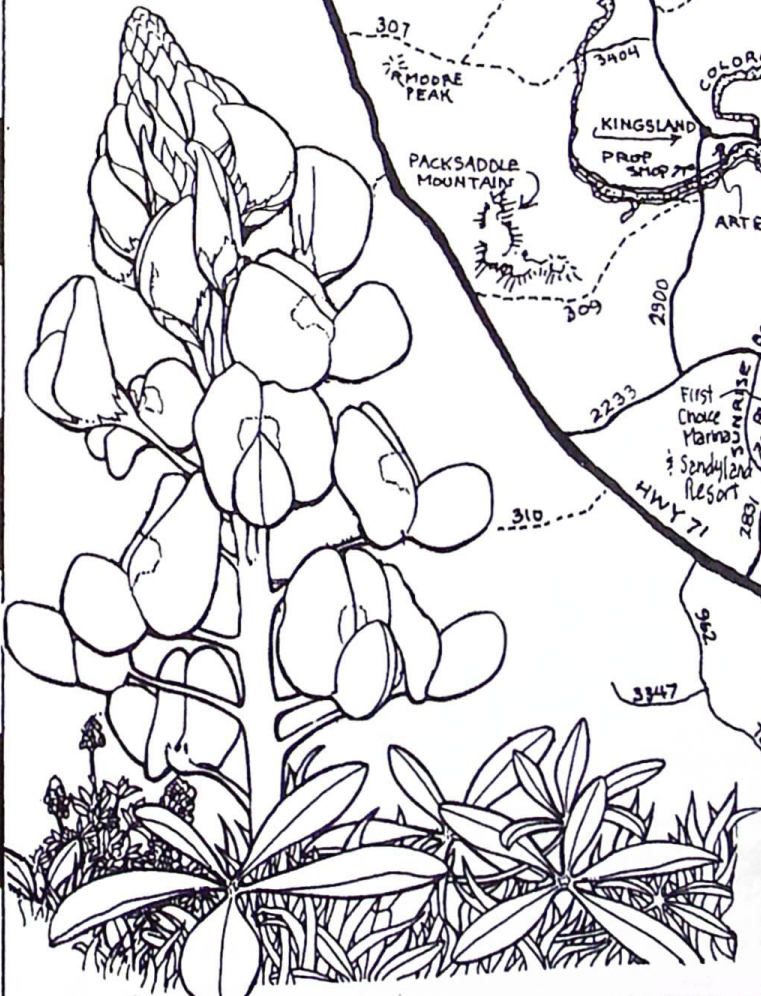
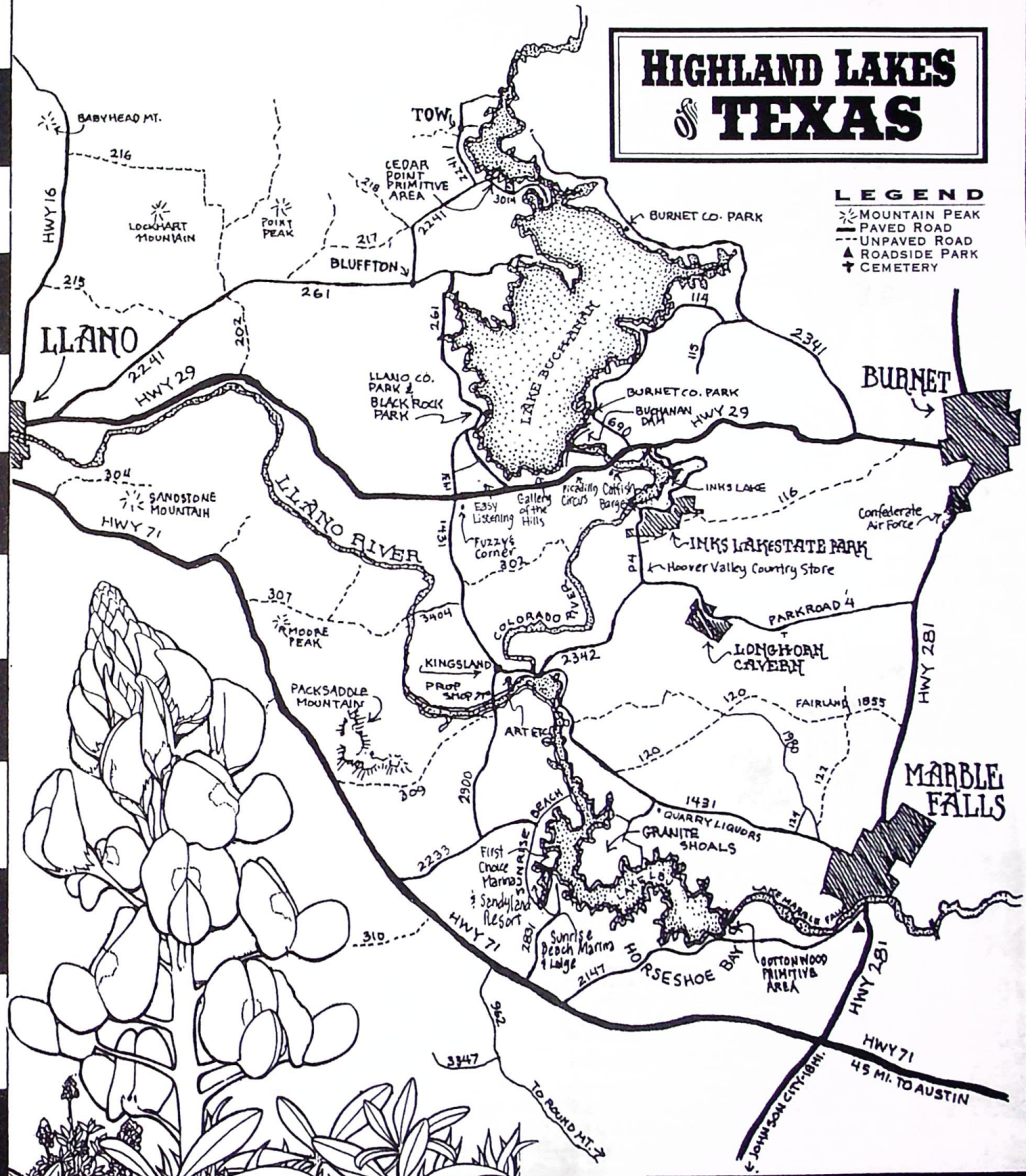
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APRIL		JUNE	
4	Texas Indian Hobbyist Meet Bud Otto Open Fiddle Contest	5	63rd Annual Llano Rodeo Parade
4/5	37th Annual Bluebonnet Trail Arts & Crafts	5/6	63rd Annual Llano County Rodeo
10/11	6th Annual Blue Grass Festival	18-20	Texas Indian Hobbyist Summer Meet
11	Texas Hill Country Railroad Historic Dedication	JULY	
17/18	9th Annual Crawfish Boil & Golf Open	4	8th Annual Chamber of Commerce Party in the Park
18/19	Bud Light Team Roping	25	Castell Volunteer Fire Department Bar-B-Q
MAY		SEPTEMBER	
16/17	Bud Light Team Roping	19	Texas Indian Hobbyist Fall Meet
23	9th Annual Chamber of Commerce Bar-B-Q Cook Off	25-27	Mack Yates Memorial Roping

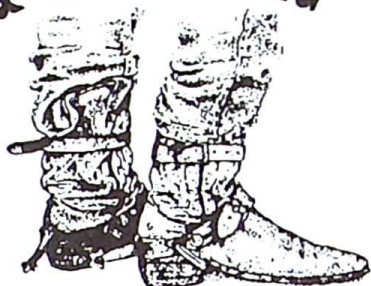
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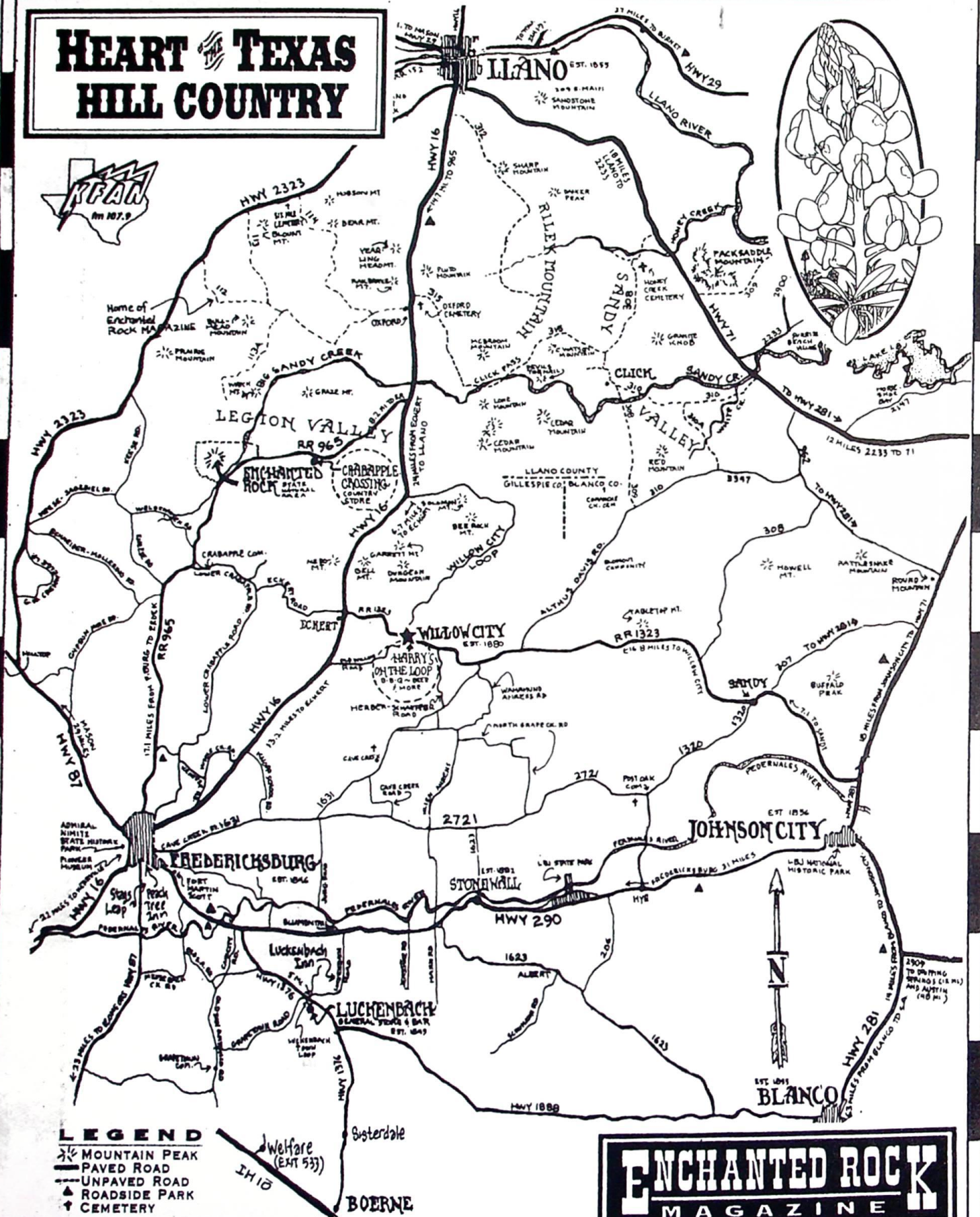
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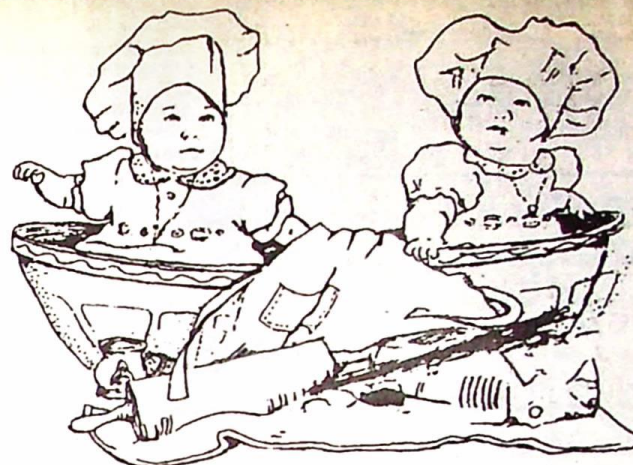
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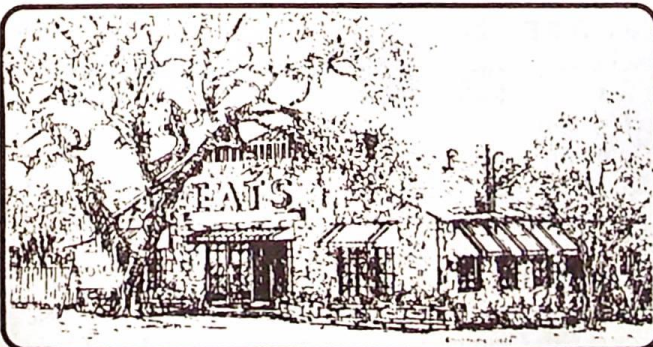
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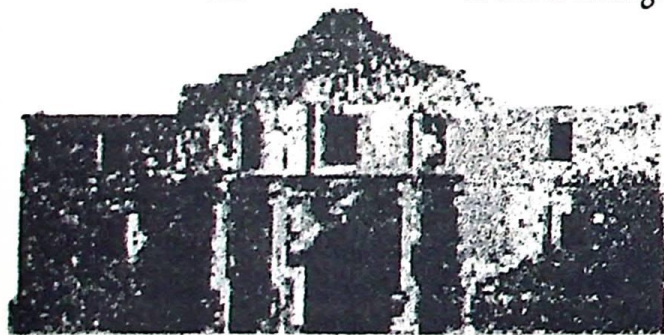
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BLUEBONNET TRAIL

Continued from page 17

many more. For more details on the Crawfish Open see related story on page 24, and the ad or page 40.

LUCKENBACH

Luckenbach, Texas is a hill country hamlet complete with Blacksmith Shop, Post Office, Beer Joint, Dance Hall and Cotton Gin. Luckenbach, Texas general store and post office began as an Indian trading post in the 1850's. The tiny 10 acres is situated between two creeks with plenty of shade provided by the many beautiful live oak trees. Come on out, step back in time, relax and enjoy the simplicity of this legendary little town. K.R. Woods and company will present the **Fathers of Texas**, the story of the Texas Revolution in song and narration on Saturday March 8 from 5 to 7 p.m. Admission is \$3; kids 12 and under are free.

On March 14, Luckenbach once again presents their annual **Mud Dauber Festival and Ball** featuring the musit of **Monte Montgomery**. There's live music and games and the fun begins at 3 p.m. The **Bluebonnet Ball** with **Ray Wylie Hubbard** will be held on Saturday, April 18; and on the weekend of April 17-18 Luckenbach will host the **2nd Annual Hill Country Motorcycle Run**. A \$27.50 registration fee includes camping, bowboy breakfasts, poker run, bike show, and dance. Pre-register by calling 830-997-6982.

MARBLE FALLS

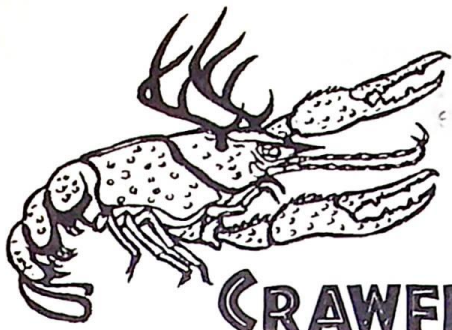
While you're road-tripping with your camera in March you're likely to think you have the best Bluebonnet photo ever. Well, Marble Falls is hosting the **Bluebonnet Photo Contest** from April 1 thru May 31. So call 1-800-759-8178 or stop by the Chamber of Commerce at 801 Highway 281 for all the details. The city of Marble Falls is noted for being home of Granite Mountain, the source for the granite used to build the State Capital over 100 years ago. Of special note in Marble Falls is **Michel's Drug Store** located on Main Street. Michel's was first established in 1891, and is the state's longest serving drug store. The Michel family still owns and operates the store which offers everything from old fashioned fountain sodas to clothing, gift items and perfume.

RIVERFEST

Cookoffs, canoe races, water festivals, live music and other outdoor fun will be featured attractions at the fourth annual LCRA Riverfest, coming March through May in 15 communities along the Colorado river.

Riverfest planners say it's not too soon to mark your calendar now to attend one or more of the Riverfest 1998 celebrations. Beginning March 7, communities will celebrate Riverfest 1998 by hosting various events along a 500-mile stretch—from a cow camp cook-off in **San Saba** in the heart of the Texas Hill Country to an innertube race in **Bay City** in the Texas Costal Plains. This is the fourth year for Riverfest. Some of the Riverfest events have been going on for many years while others are relatively new. The events are planned and hosted by individual communities, with promotional and other assistance from the Lower Colorado River Authority. The Austin America-Statesman is also sponsoring this year's events.

Riverfest 1998 will celebrate another year of good clean fun on a good clean river. For more information on Riverfest, see the ad on page 39, and call 1-888-TEXAS FUN.



THE LLANO CRAWFISH OPEN & THE BEAUMONT CONNECTION

A group of deer hunters from Beaumont decided, in 1989, to give something back to the community of Llano which had become their home-away-from-home during Deer Season. Teaming up with their friends in Llano the folks from Beaumont held the First Annual Crawfish Open in 1990.

Introducing the delectable taste of boiled crawfish to the "beef eating" folks in Llano County didn't get off to a promising start. Of the 500 pounds of boiled crawfish prepared that first year, 300 pounds ended up as fish-food in the Llano River. However, a total of \$480 was raised, and used to purchase a motorized wheelchair for a local man who suffered from M.S. After all was said and done, everyone had such a good time that it was decided to do it again the next year.

In setting this goal they all realized a very real need in the Llano County area—The Llano Special Opportunity Center, a facility for mentally and physically challenged adults. Though the center receives a limited amount of funding from the state their needs are still great and the remainder must come from community funds. With this in mind the goal was clear. The Llano Crawfish Open would pledge to be an ongoing supporter of the Llano Special Opportunity Center.

The Crawfish Open of 1997 was bigger and more successful than ever. Loyal supporters came out in full force and helped consume a record 7,000 pounds of crawfish and contribute over \$115,000.

This year the Open plans to serve up 8,000 pounds of boiled crawfish, and top off the event with a Saturday night dance featuring none other than **John Conlee** of Grand Ole Opry fame. (See ad on back cover.)

Combining boiled crawfish and charity is nothing new to Llano's friends in Beaumont. If you're anywhere near Beaumont on the first Sunday in May be sure to attend **The Boys Haven Crawfish Boil**. Celebrating its 11th year, the Beaumont event will serve up 10,000 pounds of crawfish with the proceeds to benefit Boys Haven, a home for troubled and neglected boys. Actually, this event was the prototype for the Llano Crawfish Open, and you'll find the same bunch of dedicated Beaumont hunters behind this one.

As if these folks aren't busy enough, they have also help start the new Girls Haven in Beaumont. Recently, a contingent from Llano representing the Crawfish Open delivered to Beaumont a barbecue cooker, compliments of the Crawfish Open. The cooker will be auctioned off in Beaumont, with the proceeds donated to Girls Haven.

We at *Enchanted Rock Magazine* would like to extend a special Thank You to Elmer Long and Nellie Westbrook of Beaumont, and Terry Wootan and Kirk Winfrey of Llano, for their long-standing contribution to the Crawfish Open and the community of Llano.

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HENDERSON COLLINS SODA FOUNTAIN AND MALT SHOP

A WEST TEXAS TREASURE: BY SUSIE KELLY FLATAU

If you've ever traveled around West Texas, then perhaps you've experienced a feeling of freedom, of tranquillity. Truly, this section of our great state feels like a country unto itself.

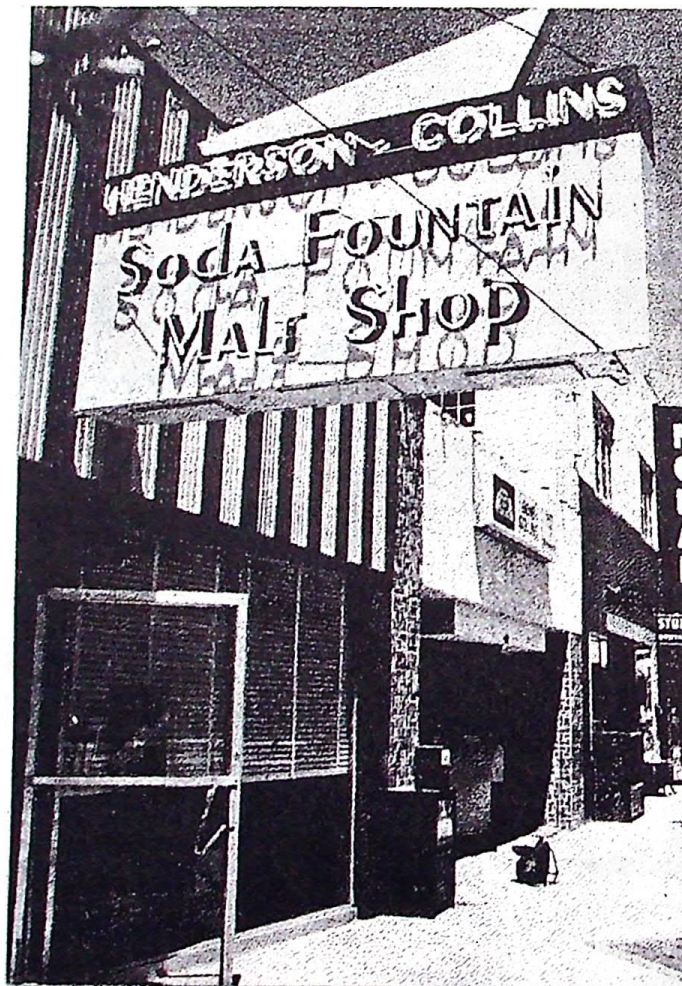
Much of the land stretches before you, flat and seeming to roll on forever. The roads are a combination of straight lines and curious serpentine courses.

And as I drive those roads, I anticipate the towns and cities that dot this wide Texas range. In West Texas style, the streets leading into Odessa stay true to the area's slow pace, ultimately leading me to a unique treasure, Henderson Collins Soda Fountain and Malt Shop.

On North Grant Street, a bright red and yellow sign catches my attention. There, with its name highlighted by neon, is yet another possible subject to be included in my research on Texas places with counters. After finding a parking spot, I stroll down the street to take a peek inside the plate glass windows. Bingo.

There is a long counter at which a handful of customers sit eating lunch. That's all it takes to convince me to enter and start up a conversation with either the lady behind the counter or the customers sitting at it. And what a pearl this place and the people turn out to be.

The store itself is long and narrow. The tiled floor creates a bold background for the well-worn, orange and white Formica counter which stretches halfway down the building's left side. Children and adults sit at several of the thirteen stools and chat



with the petite woman behind the counter. As she cooks, her hands move continuously yet there is a calmness about her.

Before taking a seat at one of the bar stools, I look around the room. In the middle there are eight booths, three of which hold small groups of women. Down the store's right side is an aged, wooden merchandise counter filled with old-fashioned calculators, typewriters and cash registers.

Directly behind that counter are shelves brimming with bottles and knick knacks and sundry items. There are old soda glasses, cone shaped paper cups, stainless steel cup holders, store memorabilia, merchandise drawers, and old bottles of soda syrups. Toward the back stand three more dining booths, an original phone booth, and more shelves.

A small voice utters, "Can I get you something," and I turn and sit down. With those five simple words, I soon find myself enjoying an hour and a half adventure of listening and learning with Pearl Collins.

HENDERSON COLLINS SODA FOUNTAIN AND MALT SHOP (ABOVE), A WEST TEXAS BUSINESS WITH A RICH HISTORY AND LEGACY, IS LOCATED AT 409 N. GRANT IN ODESSA, TEXAS. PEARL COLLINS, WHO BEGAN WORKING AT THE PHARMACY IN 1941, CONTINUES TO RUN THE BUSINESS SHE AND HER HUSBAND, JACK, TOOK OVER IN 1957. PHOTOS BY THE AUTHOR.

As she stands there drying her hands with a dish towel, she looks like an angel. Her sheer, lace-trimmed blouse, her white skirt and white voile apron, are all fashionably accessorized by a string of pearls and pearl earrings. Her eyes are bright and her smile is contagious. She exudes an essence of Southern elegance.

I order and watch as Pearl sets to work. Standing behind a pyramid of soup cans, she fixes everything from scratch, and as she does, she uses that time to catch up on the latest news. I listen and take notes and whenever possible, join in.

Before long, it is my turn for a conversation, and Pearl graciously begins relating the history of the soda fountain. She explains that it dates back to 1906 when it was known as Henderson Drugs. At that time, it was located in an old historical building at 204 N. Grant.

Then in 1929, the owner, Mr. Henderson, moved his store to a new location, just down the street at 122 N. Grant. His business expanded, and with that growth, Mr. Henderson brought in Pearl's husband, Jack Collins. That was in 1931. And that was when the place became a long standing Odessa landmark known as Henderson Collins Pharmacy.

As she saunters back and forth behind the counter, Pearl reminisces about the "war years". It was in 1941, Pearl adds, that she started working in the Pharmacy. "I've been here ever since. It's all I know," muses this woman who was born in East Texas, yet moved to West Texas when she was a young girl.

During the 1940s, the pharmacy was a stop for the buses that ran from nearby military bases. They were opened from around five or six in the morning until midnight in order to provide a comfortable place for the soldiers. Then, after the war ended, they cut back on the hours.

That building burned in 1949, and afterward they took over the Fitz Pharmacy which was housed in this present site at 409 N. Grant. It was with this move, she explains, that they inherited the counter at which customers still sit today. Within only eight years, Jack Collins bought the pharmacy and it became a husband and wife business, setting them on a joint venture together in 1957. They were blessed to remain busy during the 1950s and 1960s, but after that, business slowed down a bit.

While dicing pickles, hard boiled eggs, and celery, she talks about how rich her life has been. She explains that this place has created many romances and has been a spot used to settle local politics and big deals.

She speaks lovingly about her late husband who passed away in 1994, and how he was an old fashioned druggist, a real jack-of-all-trades. Reaching behind her, she takes off the wall a photo of him washing dishes. There is a bit of a silence for a moment as I study the photo of this man who projects the same sense of serenity as Pearl. I hand it back to her, and she continued with the story.



After Jack's death, Pearl decided to keep the business; however, she phased out the pharmaceutical lines and turned her attention strictly to the fountain. With a sly grin, she proudly shares with me that it was at that point she renamed the place Henderson Collins Soda Fountain and Malt Shop.

Almost in the same breath, she offers her life philosophy. She believes we should all keep our lives simple. For her, that means no fax machine, no copy machine, and not even a modern touch tone phone. No, this is a place for good food; a place for regulars to meet, a place for travelers to take a break, and a place for her to maintain roots.

When she finishes fixing the food, she serves the customers sitting in a booth. As she stands alongside them and chats, I take one last look around the malt shop. I then study the content and comfortable faces of those in Pearl's company. A smile plays across my face.

With that, I pay my tab and thank Pearl for sharing her story. As I grab my backpack, I check the Foremost® clock above the opened front door, and I know I need to move along.

Standing outside underneath that bright red and yellow sign, I glance first to the left and then to the right and grow excited about getting back onto the West Texas roads. I yearn to once again travel those straight lines and curious serpentine courses in hopes of finding yet another "pearl" of a Texas spot.

Henderson Collins Soda Fountain and Malt Shop is located at 409 N. Grant Odessa, Texas 79761

Susie Kelly Flatau is a freelance writer out of Austin, Texas.

This sketch is taken from a collection of her unpublished bookentitled *CounterCulture of Texas*.

SEASONS

OF MY YOUTH

by BUCK A. YOUNG

Looking back over the many years since I was a boy growing up on the upper Gulf Coast of Texas, I see a composite picture of the four seasons of the year rather than a series of individual years.

Although there were some differences from year to year such as those rare winters when it snowed, or those few summers when a hurricane blew in off the Gulf of Mexico, the four seasons blend into one winter, one spring, one summer, and one fall.

Winter began with a blanketing gray, cold mist, the clouds dropping so low they seemed to fill the ditches along the road. At night the slate fog rolled inland off Galveston Bay so thick I could not see the street lights only a block away, or the headlights of passing cars on the nearby highway. From the Houston Ship Channel came the eerie fog horns of the oil tankers warning each other. Depending on the thickness of the soup, the sounds seemed far away, or just down the street.

For six to eight weeks of intermittent winter, it drizzled and misted, and occasionally sleeted sideways. Snow flakes, big as nickels, briefly fell, but did not stick, much to the disappointment of bundled youngsters outside to build snowmen and have snowball fights.

It was cold, raw, nasty weather, but the important thing was the rain, for without the annual drip and chill, there would not be the Bluebonnets, Primroses, Indian Paintbrushes, and Winecups along the roadsides come April. And, the winter seemed to consist of just the right amount of cold weather to lend seasoning, a soupcon of flavor to the year.

For, just as gray-dreary melancholy set in, the sun would come out. Cleared to a brilliant azure, with just a scattering of white flat-bottomed clouds, the sky became a Salvadore Dali painting. The north wind still blew, deepening the azure as the clouds slowly vanished. On the edge of town, the livestock tanks sparkled like diamonds and the ponds and streams brimmed, the water turning a cold, cobalt blue, beautiful, yet uninviting. The prairie grasses lay brown under the dead, soggy sod, but

even as the countryside laid stripped of vegetation, down deep in the ground there stirred a feeling of new life.

And, almost overnight, between one nippy morning and the next, spring came timidly. After a day or two of warm sunshine, a few Redbuds bloomed and the Cardinals began singing before dawn. While other sections of the nation still had a foot of snow on the ground, we tasted springtime. White Pear and pink Peach trees flowered, then all the Redbuds were furry with mauve blossoms. Yellow Daffodils danced in the March breeze, Azaleas flamed, and Cyclamen glowed. Oaks shook their tassels in the wind and carpeted the ground beneath with furry threads. The forests gleamed with a golden-mustardy haze form leaves still in bud. Mornings dawned wet in dew, but with air balmy against the cheek. And, on his high-wire stage, the mockingbird sang an operatic aria in a flawless tenor.

As April approached, the entire area exploded in color. Along the coastal plains, the Azaleas, from the lightest pink to the most vivid red, displayed their blooms for passersby. In the deep woods, the pure-white blossoms of the Dogwood spoke to us of Easter. And, out on the rolling plains, the Bluebonnets carpeted the crowns of hills and spread down the embankments.

At first, the top of each unopened bonnet glowed white, giving the appearance from afar of a light morning frost. Then, as each bonnet opened, it unfurled two flags of royal blue with a white dot on each side. Gradually, the white turned red, and the blue and red blended into a field of purple.

The orange-red of the Indian Paintbrush mingled with the Bluebonnets, growing in wide swaths along the roadsides. Here and there a country road would be bordered by a stripe of blue, then of red, and last of green. Primroses grew everywhere, some deep pink, some pale, some white. An occasional Prickly Poppy waved its wide white blossom in the breeze. Wild hyacinths, blue Day Flowers, white Spider Lilies, Blue-eyed

Grass, Four O'Clocks, and blue and white Texas Stars made shifting patterns in the green fields. Other fields looked like sapphire lakes, while others lay under a pale blue haze, delicate as a ground fog. Standing in a country meadow, I counted twelve to twenty different kinds of flowers and grasses.

Then it was May and the roadside flowers vanished, victims of mother nature and the highway department's mowers. Hopefully, the wildflowers reseeded themselves for the next season before the mowers' blades cut them down. An occasional incorrigible Sunflower stood like a sentinel, while over in the distant fields the Bluebells splashed their deep royal blue in unexpected vales and dales. The white Prickly Poppies faded and the lavender thistles and blue dayflowers all passed their prime and died.

But there was still some color left. The cornfields became meadows of old gold with the stalks shoulder high, each stalk displaying tightly furled ears with tassels at the top. The rust-brown heads of grain firmed and the long rows of loaved hay green and fresh from the haybaler filled the air with the sweet aroma of new mown hay and Honeysuckle. Summertime had laid its hand of blessing on our land.

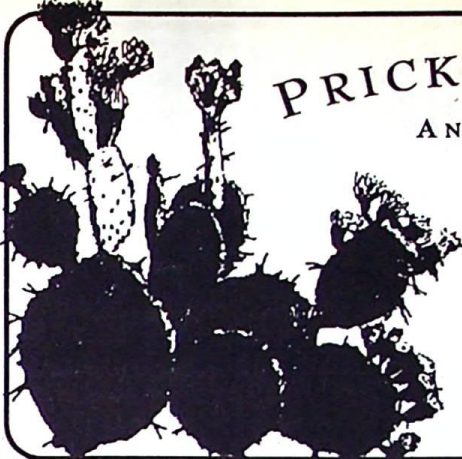
The long summer alternated between hot, dry days and hot, wet days. With temperatures hovering near 100° on far too many dry days and the overnight lows not leaving the 80s, lawns turned brown and the ground cracked open with earthquake-like fissures. To dramatize the heat, someone was sure to pull the old trick of frying an egg on a downtown sidewalk. Blackish-brown crickets appeared by the thousands from nowhere and filled the night air with their chirping.

Then the rains came. Towering cumulonimbus clouds with their spreading anvils appeared with clock-like regularity, scattering their brief but heavy showers in inconsistent patterns across the countryside. Some stock ponds filled while others lay untouched and dusty under gray clouds that looked ready to burst. It was possible, for I did it, to stand on Main Street and watch with fascination as it rained on only one side of the street. On some hot nights, electrical displays illuminated the sky with flashing orange bolts horizontally across the overcast and leaving a pungent metallic smell in the air.

All in all, though, summer seemed to consist of long, hot, lazy days with just enough rain to make the hay fields lush, the corn tall and healthy, and the rice fields emerald green. Nights were clear and warm and we slept out on our screened porch in order to catch the prevailing southerly winds from the Gulf or turned on the attic fan to draw the moist air throughout the house. Mostly, we just sweated.

Autumn slipped up on us cautiously with just a hint of crispness and a touch of dryness in mid-to-late September. In the woods the deep, almost black-green leaves of late summer shaded into the mustard and olive shades of fall. It wasn't until October, though, when the cool nights and slow misty rains brought real color to the trees. Even then, each individual tree seemed to change its robe according to its own mood. Some of the Chinaberries were brilliant orange, others half-orange and half-green. Some Chinese Tallows looked like bare branches hung with rubies, while others were covered with leaves half-red and half-green. The oaks, bathed glossy clean by the showers, turned olive green, and blue juniper berries adorned the cedars.

There were far too many evergreens in our woods to ever make possible a copy of the spectacular forests of red and yellow that are the glory of New England, but what we lost in



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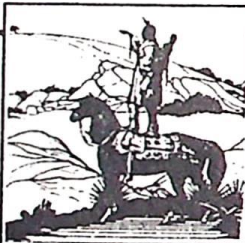
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Nights were clear and warm and we slept out on our screened porch in order to catch the prevailing southerly winds from the Gulf or turned on the attic fan to draw the moist air throughout the house. Mostly, we just sweated.

lavish scale, we gained in grand surprise. Rounding a corner of solid green, we came upon a ruby or a topaz, a virtual jewel of a tree in a sea of greenery. These scattered pinpoints of color were as vivid and beautiful as anything we saw in the *National Geographic*. And, the fall sun illuminated them, turning their colors to flame.

With the fall showers new grass grew lush and tall, the greenness betraying the season. The farmer would have another hay crop before winter. Small red Lilies, so lavishly in bloom that their trumpet-shaped blossoms crowded against each other became rubies in the sunshine. White Rain Lilies were scattered like stars and the Bois d'arc trees were rich with lime green horse apples. Carrots left too long in the fall gardens bloomed fully, looking like Queen Anne's Lace.

Day after day, the dew laid so heavy across the countryside, it appeared as frost. But, after many consecutive muggy and warm days when the dew dripped like raindrops off the roof, a blue norther swept down from the high plains to clean the air and brighten the sky to the deepest azure this side of a Bluebonnet field. For a short time, the humidity dipped from its usual 99% to below 20% and we scuffed our shoes across rugs and carpets in order to generate a bluish spark of static electricity with which to shock each other.

The pleasant autumn weather lingered, off and on, for weeks and weeks. Even Thanksgiving was warm and sunny. But, with occasional frosts and light freezes, the stubble of the fields turned brown or silver. Here and there a field of oats or winter wheat gleamed like emeralds amid the winter drab. And, by year's end, the six to eight weeks of rainy, cold weather that lay ahead had everyone who kept asking if winter would ever come to start asking if it would ever end.

Such were the seasons of my youth.



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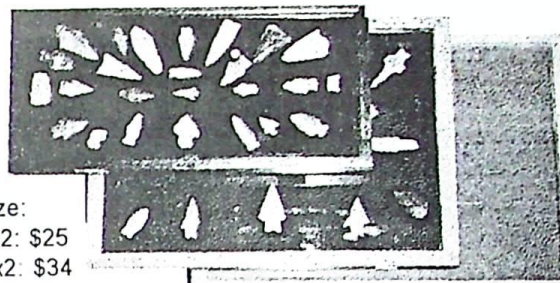
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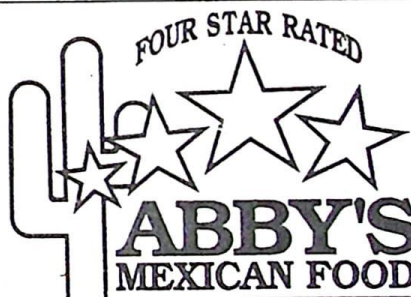


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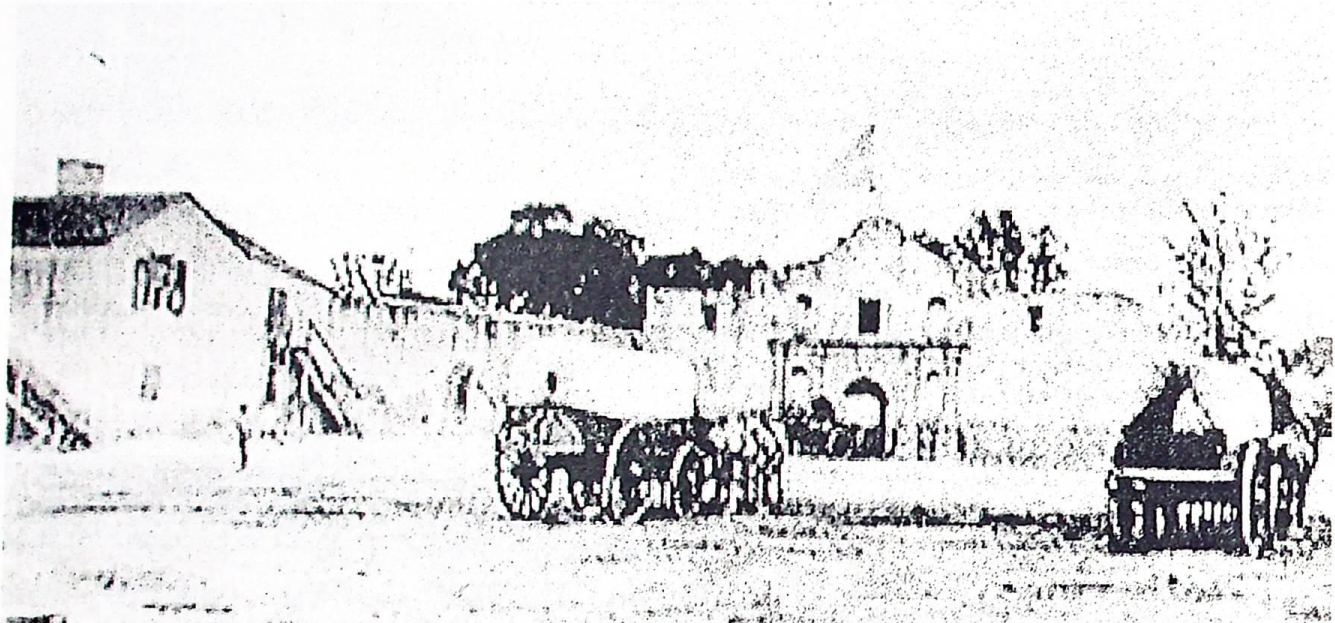
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THE TAKING OF SAN ANTONIO

BY STEVEN L. YUHAS



At two o'clock, the Texas Guards made the rounds and silently woke the troops. Forming up, the men were shivering in the cold, the wind biting at any exposed flesh. Three o'clock came around and they quietly moved forward. The only sounds were the sentries calling "*Centinela alerta*". The two columns were more than halfway through the corn field when the roar of Texas cannon shattered the still night air. That was followed by the tattoo of drums and the rattle of musket fire. The diversion was right on time.

The New Orleans Greys on the left came upon several sentries warming themselves around a fire. Neither side fired a shot as the sentries turned and ran. The Greys followed close behind, running quietly but swiftly into the city. At the same time, rockets went up from the Alamo, giving a brief glow to the field. The Mexican guide said it was a signal to the garrison in the city to send reinforcements to the Alamo. This was good, as the defenders would be thinned out and all attention diverted to the Alamo.

When the rockets went up, Milam's column broke into a run and dashed for the walls. The excitement and exercise warmed their bodies. Just before reaching the city, artillery was diverted in their direction. The bursting and bouncing rounds caused quite a stir, but didn't hurt anyone.

As the false dawn began to lighten up the dark shadows, the Texicans made it to the thick adobe walled buildings. The light brought more cannon fire, grapeshot and musket fire whis-

tling down the streets. The Mexicans located in the far side of the city had recovered from their surprise and were sweeping the streets with fire. To keep from being surprised from behind, Bowie sent four men to the rear to clean out any Mexicans they might have passed.

In two man teams, they dodged rifle fire and kicked open doors on either side of the street. When they burst into the fourth building, three startled Mexicans turned to face them. The first man in, with a pistol blazing from each hand, dropped two of them. His partner did likewise with the third. On the other side of the street, the scene was repeated, only there were four Mexicans and one of the volunteers had to grapple with the last and finish him off with his knife. That must have been where the guards had holed up, as no more Mexicans were found.

A group of men from the Greys were forced to take shelter in a huge stone building that had been used as a guard house. No sooner had they dashed inside, than a dozen or more six pounders opened up on the thick walls of their shelter. They furiously returned fire out of the gun ports and windows, which soon filled the room with gunsmoke. A number of the Greys were on the roof acting as snipers, but were soon pinned down by a cannon mounted on a church roof. All the men on the roof tops within range of the gun just crouched down under cover until the sun gave enough light to accurately return fire with their rifles. With daylight, the sharpshooters started picking off the Mexican gunners on the church until the gun had to be abandoned.

By eight o'clock, the two columns had yet to link-up. The

Greys were receiving accurate fire from a building on their right. A Mississippi man had a bullet graze his head. Another round hit a second soldier, but by luck it struck a two dollar coin in his pocket and deflected the bullet. From the size of the bullet, they figured the two friendly forces were firing at each other. A runner was immediately sent to Colonel Milam and the firing ceased, but not before a German soldier was wounded in the shoulder. It seemed they were inflicting more casualties on each other than the Mexicans were. That problem taken care of, a trench was dug to join the two buildings and to further communications, doors were made by chopping through the thick adjoining walls of the buildings. Lead and copper bullets filled every open space between the two columns, making the protected passageway worth the effort. Copper bullets were the worst. If not quickly removed, they would cause a killing infection.

While the men were busy digging, a Mexican cannon had been moved up to within thirty yards of their wall and was doing considerable damage. Several of the best shots took their places at the loop-holes and shot down the entire gun crew. After that, anyone who came near the gun joined the pile of bodies that already lay on the ground. It didn't take long for the gun to be abandoned.

At the same time, the Texicans moved a brass six pounder up to a hole in the wall to give them back some of their own medicine. Most of the men took turns manning the gun and they did considerable damage to the buildings across from them. But supplies being what they were, they fired sparingly. When the ammunition got to the point where there was only enough left to repel a possible attack, they would cease fire. When more powder and ball were brought up, they would resume rapid fire.

As the day wore on, the heat in the block house grew hotter and more oppressive. The nearest available water was at the river about fifty yards away. At first, two or three people would make a dash for the river, returning under rifle fire. Once the Mexicans caught on to what was going on, they moved several riflemen closer for a better field of fire. It soon became so hazardous that no one would go without being paid. It started at a dollar a trip but it soon became so dangerous that even five dollars couldn't prompt a response.

There was a Mexican woman who willingly cooked and baked corn bread for the Greys in the building. Once she perceived what was happening, she offered to get the water. Everyone, including Captain Grant, wouldn't hear of it. She threw up her hands, shook her head and smiled. "No, no, Senors, you do not understand the Mexican man. He would give up his life for a Senorita, never harm her." Before anyone could stop her, she picked up two buckets and ran out the door. The buckets filled, she was on her way back when four bullets callously ripped through her body. Several of the men, unbelieving, rushed out to bring her back to safety. It was a useless gesture. The killing only infuriated the men. More than ever, they wanted to put an end to the shooters on the other side of those rifles.

The coming of night did nothing to slack the rate of fire. If anything, the firing increased. The building to their right front was pouring unusually accurate fire into their position. Captain Breece called for volunteers to assault the offending building. Taking the building would serve three purposes: One, it would take a thorn out of their side for the evening; two, it would put them closer to the enemy's headquarters and supplies; and three, they had just witnessed a company on their

Throughout the night, the Mexicans kept up a high rate of fire with both cannon and muskets. The men rotated watches and returned just enough fire to deter any thought of attack by the Mexicans. The flow of dawn brought raw winds and a cloudy sky. The light also showed that General Cos had placed the red pennant of no quarter over a church in the middle of the city.

right storm and occupy a building. As a matter of pride, they were not going to be outdone.

They grabbed pry bars, leaped out the windows and rushed to a blank wall of the stone building. To the dismay of the Greys, the Mississippians were already there chopping at the wall. In a matter of minutes, two blocks fell loose. Weapons were immediately jammed in the hole and fired into the darkness of the room. The cries of women and children met their ears. Weapons put aside, the hole was enlarged to the size of a doorway. Women, children and a few men without weapons come stumbling through the opening.

Their manner showed they obviously thought they were going to be shot or taken to prison. The men from Mississippi, knowing there was no place to put them or be able to feed them, took the time to explain they meant no harm. One of the volunteers who could speak Spanish, told them the Texicans had no wish to butt in on the freedom of Mexican citizens. They were free to go. Meekly and with many thanks, they filed out of sight. One the left, Captain Cook's Company stormed yet another building, ending the Grey's assaults for the day.


Throughout the night, the Mexicans kept up a high rate of fire with both cannon and muskets. The men rotated watches and returned just enough fire to deter any thought of attack by the Mexicans. The flow of dawn brought raw winds and a cloudy sky. The light also showed that General Cos had placed the red pennant of no quarter over a church in the middle of the city.

A few moments later, the men gave an unexpected cheer. Their cheer was for an iron cannon that fired a twelve pound shot. The men immediately set to work cutting a firing position in the wall. Thanks to the new cannon, the day resulted in them taking several more buildings. The gun also set fire to the tall grass and mesquite thickets that ran from the buildings down to the river, the same area that had been used by the Mexicans to sneak up and snipe at the Texican positions.

On the other side of the city advances were also being made, only they didn't have the advantage of a twelve-pounder. The men would attack each wall with an assortment of digging tools. Once a hole was made, rifles were stuck in the openings and fired while others continued digging. Eventually, a doorway would be gained, but by that time the Mexicans would have fled to the next building. This went on building after building.

In contrast to the previous days cold, the fifth day rose clear and warm to usher in an Indian Summer day. For those on the roof tops, the prairie unfolded into a majestic scene of beauty. But down in the streets, a view of desolation presented itself. From that angle, the view consisted of fire blackened trees and buildings, smoldering timbers and crumbled, blood stained walls.

It was slow dirty fighting, but progress was being made. Each breached wall, each building taken was a minor victory. The streets were untenable, bullets flew thick and fast. Covering fire was given from the roof tops of buildings already taken.

 On the third day, the Greys' twelve-pounder wreaked havoc on the enemy positions. But in the process, almost all the men who manned the gun were wounded. It became impossible to load, air and fire the gun without being hit. The bullets flew so thick, it was difficult to even get a peek at the enemy positions.

The men hadn't lost their sense of humor, they took to putting their hats on ramrods and lifting them cautiously into the openings. This would be followed by a swarm of bullets. "I think I'm going to call this my bee hat. Every time I stick it up, it brings a swarm of lead bees." Hats were also put on gourds with the same effect. It took a while for the Mexicans to figure out how the same hat kept popping up. They just knew they had hit the same soldier several times.

What started as a joke proved to be valuable, for the Mexicans had to expose their positions to take their shots. The snipers on the roof took full advantage of the situation and many a Mexican defender fell to the accurate fire of the long rifles.

A serious loss happened to the Greys when an Englishman, formerly a Royal Marine, was killed while manning the twelve-pounder. His expertise and accuracy with the cannon was sorely missed, but then a soldier from New Brunswick took his place. He targeted the dome of a church that sat above a roof top being used to bring accurate fire on the Grey's positions. The sight of the roof coming down in a swirl of smoke, with the gun and gun crews tumbling into the street, brought a tremendous Texican cheer.

The third day was also a tragic one as Colonel Milam was struck down by a bullet to the head. Although the men grieved over his loss, it served to increase the resolve of the men to win the fight. No one had to be ordered to do anything. There were

always plenty of volunteers to take care of any job that had to be done—no matter how dangerous.

The Greys became determined to wipe out the soldiers in several buildings that were saturating them with a heavy volume of fire. The men cut a hole in the side of the first building, then fought their way room by room in the darkness. Muzzle flashes, the report of rifles and shouts of men filled the air. The same tactic was used over and over until the buildings were taken. There was only one more group of buildings to be secured before they could attack the blockhouse used as the main magazine. That building was their key to victory.

While this was going on, Milam's detachment came under a heavy counterattack. A fierce barrage from the city plus increased cannon fire from the Alamo, brought the walls down around their ears. The Texicans were forced to take cover in the rubble or behind those portions of walls still standing. Bugles started blaring and drums began rolling. An attack was forming, so the Texicans gathered as many spare rifles as they could find, loaded them and placed them by their sides for easy use.

Now was the time for fear to creep into the hearts of the brave. During the fight, there is no time for fear. The anticipation of what was to come ran through each man's mind. "Would I be killed, maimed, captured, or forced to withdraw?"

The bombardment intensified and then fell silent. Through the drifting smoke and dust came lines of Mexican soldiers. Each volunteer had his own part to play and could see only what was in front of his personal position. Once the command "Fire" was heard, the men engulfed themselves in their deadly work.

Most of the men just didn't take random shots, but picked their targets well and took careful aim. That way, every time a shot was fired, a Mexican attacker went down. The first volley decimated the front rank of the Mexicans. When that happened, the second rank charged, running over the fallen first rank, as the third rank fired. The detachment's two little six-pounders bounced back with every shot, tearing holes in the third rank of Mexicans. The extra weapons sent an unexpected swarm of lead into the ranks and broke the attack. The charge crested ten yards from the crumbled walls. Those Mexicans still standing, turned and ran while the Texicans cheered. Under cover of the attack, General Cos brought into the Alamo several hundred reinforcements that had come from across the Rio Grande.

After the fight, the division on the right settled down and began rolling up in their blankets for the night. Across town, the Greys did the same. That was enough for that day. The Mexicans, with unlimited ammunition, kept a constant stream of harassing fire flowing all through the night. The racket didn't faze the worn-out volunteers—they slept soundly.

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Mexican cannon and musket fire continued to shake the walls and snap the air. The Grey's twelve pounder was doing wonders at destroying the walls of buildings they would assault. Unfortunately, the ammunition of their six pounders gave out. But the dauntless back woodsmen solved the problem. "Say, look at all them balls laying around out there. Seems

like they could shoot from our guns as good as theirs." Each time the Mexicans fired and a ball would bounce off a wall, someone would leap over the rubble, pick up the ball and have it sent back the other way.

In mid-afternoon, there was a great rattling of drums and blaring of trumpets from the Alamo. Close to five hundred men came marching out of the mission and formed up to move on the camp. The leaders of the two detachments in the city got together to decide what to do about the attack. If any part of their units were sent to the aid of the camp, the Mexicans could retake everything that had been gained in the city. All agreed that the detachments remain where they were. Should the defenders of the camp be forced out, they could retire to the city and join forces. After much fanfare and maneuvering just beyond the reach of artillery, the Mexicans returned to the Alamo. The whole thing was a ruse to draw the Texas forces out of the city.

The Greys had planned to assault the center of the city right after dark, but another massive charge by the Mexicans foiled their plan. The attack was preceded by the most awesome shelling they had experienced since entering the town. The men took cover behind the walls that were falling around them. Huddled with his arms around his knees, a rifle leaning against his shoulder, one of the New Orleans Greys said to no one in particular, "I tink it rain pretty hard dis time of year."

The attack came, but not as an on rushing tide like the one against Milam's division. They came forward slowly, firing from behind fallen walls and what other cover they could find. The range and accuracy of the long rifles took their toll and the attack faltered.

Things were quiet for a while, when the Greys heard intense rifle fire and the boom of cannon coming from the direction of the other division. Then more drums, bugles and shouts filled the night air. The roar of battle went on until eleven o'clock, when the firing suddenly ceased.

The battle was instigated by the division on the right. When the men on the right heard the attack on the Greys, they decided it would be an ideal time to attack the center buildings from the rear. They figured, correctly, that the Mexicans had to have pulled some of the troops from that side of the city in order to muster the attack on the Greys.

At the right moment, they rushed the Mexican positions. The Texans then found themselves in the middle of a counter attack, which quickly got down to hand-to-hand fighting. One volunteer, his rifle empty, swung it like a club. He grabbed his knife and with a backhand slash, opened the stomach of another. Knocking the bayoneted rifle of still another aside, he drove the knife between the ribs of the oncoming soldier. Just as he became aware of scuffling on his left, the action stopped and an eerie silence fell around them. He looked around in the dim light to find himself standing almost back to back with a big Scotsman. Scattered in the rubble lay seven Mexicans. They put their arms around each others' shoulders, bent at the waist and gulped for air.

The noise of fighting started up again in the building to their front. As they started to move forward, all again fell silent. When they found their comrades, the two warriors realized that the detachment had taken the main magazine.

The Greys were still planning a night assault when they were interrupted by silence. One of the Captains sent some men over to investigate and to plan a combined attack on the



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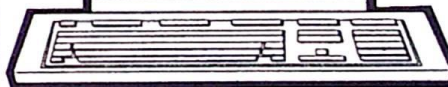
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main building. Stumbling over the rubble in the night, they were surprised to find the detachment's command building empty. One their way out, a voice in the night said, "They all went that way." In the dark, they found a wounded man in the corner. After a drink of water, he rasped, "They went after the main magazine." The party went forward to find the others. What they pieced together was Milam's detachment, knowing the building to be undermanned, seized the opportunity and attacked from the rear. They took the very building the Greys were planning to attack.

Instead of being elated, the Grey's were downcast, throwing rocks at a wall in frustration. They thought the other detachment, by not consulting them or including them in the attack, had stolen their thunder.

By the end of the fifth day, the only shots heard were single rounds coming from a redoubt built by the Mexicans on the other side of the river. Compared to the fighting of the last four days, these were but mosquitos buzzing through the air. Both sides used the time to tend to their wounds.

About nine o'clock on the sixth day, a white flag rose over the walls of the Alamo. Generous terms of surrender were quickly reached and both sides agreed to the following: The Mexican troops would depart from the city and the Alamo, they would carry with them, one hundred rifles and enough powder and lead to protect themselves against the Comanches, furthermore, they were to take an oath never again to fight against Texas, to abandon the Alamo by the twelfth of December and to cross the Rio Grande into Mexico as soon as possible.

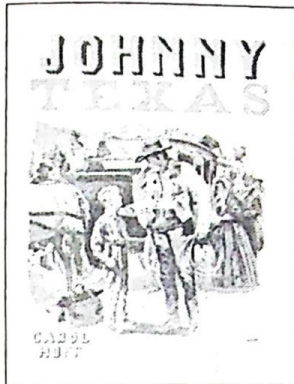
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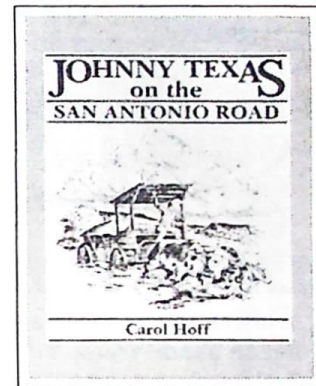
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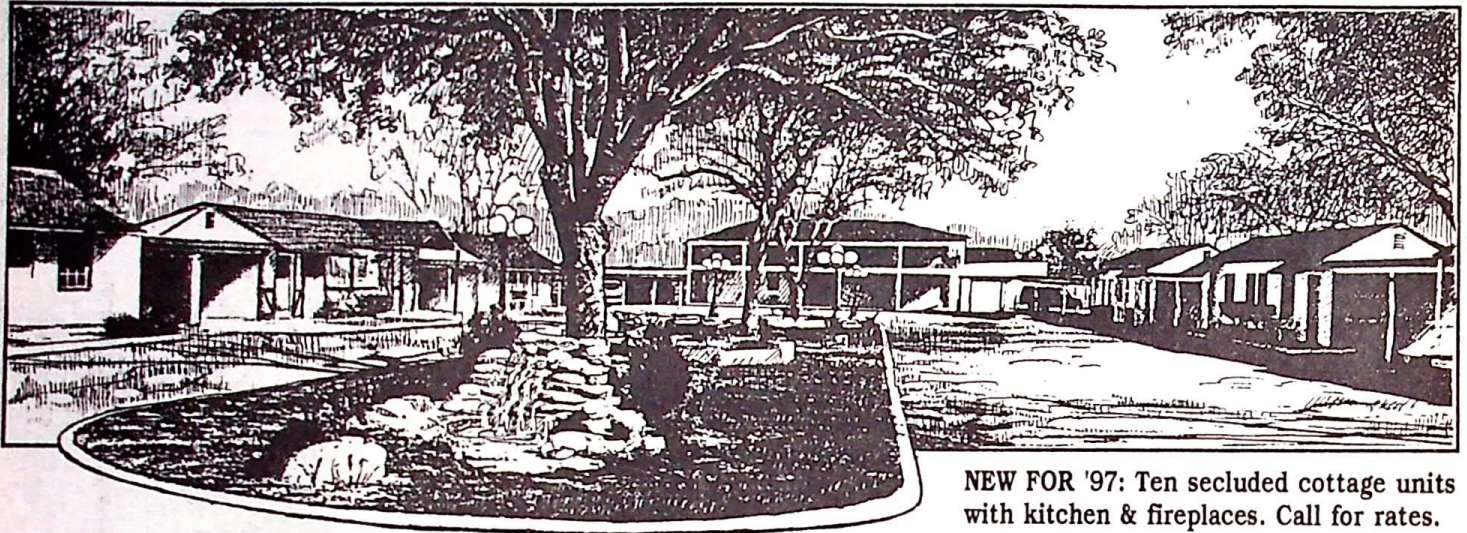
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