THE SAN ANTONIO STORY

by

Sam and Bess
Woolford

ILLUSTRATED

(A Choice Selection of Rare Old Photographs from Private Collections)

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Foreword

When Herbert U. Rhodius was chairman of the Municipal Advertising Commission of San Antonio (1948-49), he observed that San Antonio school children seemed to know little of the glamorous past of their ancient and colorful city. He thought a remedy for this deficiency would be a readable and authentic history, which would be made required supplementary reading in the public junior high schools. His fellow members of the Commission agreed with him, and the project was started.

Sam Woolford and his wife, Bess Carroll Woolford, were selected to write the book because of their special qualifications. Both have had many years of journalistic and editorial experience and both have made a hobby of digging into San Antonio's past. Their researches have provided them with a great mass of historical material, much of which has never been published until now. Naturally intrigued by their assignment, they went to work with enthusiasm and determination.

The first manuscript was submitted for examination to a group of some twenty-five critics, consisting of both amateur and professional historians, who are named by the authors in the Acknowledgment. The object in requesting expert criticism and suggestions was to make the contents of the book as accurate and effective as possible. After the comments of the critics were received, the manuscript was carefully revised and then submitted to a smaller group of authorities for a second examination. The final writing followed. Thus, in a very real sense the creation of *The San Antonio Story* has been a cooperative enterprise, a work in which many minds, all keenly interested in the subject, have participated.

While many books have been written about San Antonio, there has been no adequate history that tells the story from the beginning to the present. Undoubtedly the best one has been William Corner's *San Antonio de Bexar*, but that was published back in 1890.

An especially noteworthy feature of the present book is the photographic section, which contains nearly fifty photographs showing San Antonio scenes at different periods, beginning with the 1850's. Each photograph was selected largely on the basis of its informative value; many tell a story that words cannot tell as well. Those published were picked from an assortment of several hundred historical photographs,

all of San Antonio scenes or persons. Therefore, the photographic section is a kind of pictorial history of the city during the last hundred years.

The bibliography of San Antoniana will be welcomed by students, historians, librarians, writers, and collectors of Texana (or Texasana or Texiana, as you prefer). Included in the bibliography are books and pamphlets; it was, of course, impracticable to try to list the innumerable magazine and newspaper articles. Many of the books named are only partly devoted to San Antonio, but what they say about the ancient city is worth noting. There is no denying there are omissions, perhaps some important omissions, for compiling a complete list of San Antoniana was not the intention of the authors.

PAUL ADAMS

Acknowledgments

In reviewing assistance so generously given in the preparation of *The San Antonio Story*, we wish first to express our deep appreciation to Mr. Paul Adams, without whose valuable aid this book might never have appeared. His belief in the task and his active support have been invaluable in the intricate and laborious work of revising the manuscript so many times to make it acceptable to so many people.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Portwood contributed important suggestions and editing, and a practical faith in the project that is largely responsible for the finished product.

In addition, the following authorities on Texas history, named by Mr. Adams as consultants, have given valuable aid in checking the manuscript and furnishing new material: Dr. Pat Ireland Nixon, physician, author, historian, and a leader of the San Antonio and Texas historical associations; George Isbell, C. Stanley Banks and Ruben Rendon Lozano.

Historians and others versed in various phases of San Antonio history greatly helped by checking the manuscript: Dr. I. J. Cox, Bro. Joseph Schmitz, Pearson Newcomb, Dr. H. Bailey Carroll, Dr. Walter Prescott Webb, Mrs. Hamilton Magruder, R. M. Akin, Jack Mullen, Chris Emmett, Minnie B. Cameron, Adina DeZavala, and Dr. W. W. Jackson. New material also was furnished by several of these.

Aiding in furnishing information have been the staff of the San Antonio Public Library; the Fourth Army; Witte Memorial Museum, and Col. Martin L. Crimmins, U.S.A., retired.

To each historian or authority on San Antonio whose books or facts are credited in the text, sincere appreciation is given for permission to quote or to use material.

Many men and women interviewed during the course of long newspaper careers have contributed heavily; much of this material has hitherto been unpublished. Appreciation for special information thus made available at some time is expressed to: Dr. Carlos E. Casteñeda, J. Frank Dobie, Frank Bushick, Sr., Sam Bell, Tommy Cobbs, Jr., the City Drafting and Engineering Office, James Farber, Clifton George, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Coulter, Col. Karl Detzer, Edward W. Heusinger, J. Marvin Hunter, Lillie May Hagner, Brent Harnisch, William A. Menger, Ed. Friedrich, Ted James,

Joseph Luther, Capt. William B. Krempkau, Maury Maverick, Fred Mosebach, Ellen S. Quillin, Ernst Raba, N. H. Rose, the Steves family, William F. Schutz, Nic Tengg, J. Ed. Wilkens, Mrs. Henry Wofford, Elizabeth Graham, Amelia Williams, the late Rev. August L. Wolff, Dorothy Muckleroy, Dr. Samuel Peterson and R. J. Flores.

In memory of those San Antonio people who have gone on, and who personally gave their reminiscences, we wish especially to mention Sam Maverick, George W. Saunders, Samuel Dunn Houston, J. W. Walker, Capt. Dan Moore, Col. Ike Pryor, Amasa Clark, Charles Herff, Mrs. Leita Small, Mrs. Fannie Applewhite, Mrs. Sarah Eager, Charles Merritt Barnes, Frederick C. Chabot, Lee Johnson, Henry Yelvington, J. Frank Davis, Sarah Smith King, Joe Ryan, Fred Fries, John Tobin, James Simpson, Ray Lambert, Nettie Houston Bringhurst, Albert Friedrich, Monte Barrett, Frost Woodhull, Albert Steves, Sr., Francois Monier and Mrs. Esther Perez Carvajal.

Especially are we indebted to the newspapermen for the realistic history that is recorded in bound volumes of the *San Antonio Light*, *San Antonio Express*, the *Evening News*, the pioneer *San Antonio Herald*, the *Surprise*, the *Western Texan*, *Frontier Times* and *Harper's Monthly* of the 1850's. Material of the Federal Writers Project from the published guidebooks has been re-used.

And finally we find that we, like others who tell of the past, are indebted to the courage and the spirit of our pioneers, who inspire the desire to write their story.

SAM AND BESS WOOLFORD

San Antonio, Texas

Dear Tony:

You want to know about San Antonio?

It is an epic story of America.

For people have lived in the San Antonio valley for five, possibly ten thousand years or more. Many of the cities on the five continents of the world are older than San Antonio; but none has more color, a more interesting history. In some ways San Antonio is unique.

Since you are a San Antonian, therefore, a godchild of the city's patron — St. Anthony — and naturally, your middle name is Tony, you should know the whole story.

It began a very long time ago, with people. They were red or white or black or yellow; all of them left something behind. That is why San Antonio is a city of many races, traditions, backgrounds.

To be a good citizen it is well to understand the pattern of the past, so that the future can be made as great. In time, the present and the future also will be gone, will be the past for those San Antonians yet to come.

A city is like a person. Its past, its present and its future should harmonize so that, at last, it is distinctively the product of its own character, not a copy.

The past of San Antonio can be told. Its present is being made and its future is in the hands of young San Antonians.

And so, up to that future that is yours, this is:

The San Antonio Story.

CHAPTER I

Yanaguana

The First San Antonio, and the First San Antonians

TIME AND the river have stayed on, in the green valley. Only the people have come and gone.

They say time is a stream that flows forward, like a river flowing to the sea. Upstream to five hundred years ago is a short pilgrimage; and here we are.

Where the river made a big "S" the branches spread across it, and the mustang grapes threaded their way upward to the sun. Toward the north (now Alamo Heights), cold springs fed the river, and laurel grew on small rocky hills that rose where the valley narrowed. To the west (now San Pedro Park), another spring bubbled in a grove of bearded live oaks. To the south all the little streams joined the river, and pecan trees grew across the widening valley.

Beyond the valley there were high hills and deserts and fertile plains, and crawling, creeping things like rattlesnakes and coyotes; and men. Those men were almost as wild as the coyotes. Their green valley was warmed by a sun that tried to spend the winter as well as the summer, just as the Chamber of Commerce always says.

Beyond this world of the primitive men of the valley there was another world, and a great deal was happening in it. The Norsemen, the Polo brothers, Columbus, Vasco de Gama, the Cabots, Magellan, had found that the world was not flat; their little sailing ships had voyaged far and found and claimed new lands, new worlds, for kings and emperors and Queen Isabella. Enlightened men spoke of new world figures — as people today speak of Eisenhower, Churchill, Stalin, Wainwright, MacArthur. Names on their tongues included Martin Luther; Calvin; Loyola, founder of the Jesuits; Joan of Arc; Henry Hudson; Henry VIII; and the Tsar of a little state named Moscow, a Tsar who ruled a land of slaves.

The San Antonio valley had its own great men. No one knows their names. They had first come to this valley five,

ten thousand years ago. They left their bones and their tools hidden in the earth, buried along the streams.

Did you know that this ancient civilization underlies San Antonio?

If you understand how to look, you can dig almost anywhere and find it: a bit of stone, a broken spearhead, a certain kind of arrowhead which, after thousands of years, still tells what kind of a man made it.

On the site of that ancient settlement stood the village of Yanaguana, the first settlement to be found by outsiders.

How did Yanaguana begin?

No one can tell. Possibly the very first inhabitant came south to get away from glaciers. Perhaps he died like a dinosaur where the neon signs and plateglass windows of Houston Street are, today. Certainly, you can go to Brackenridge Park or San Pedro Park and find old hearths, flint mines, and broken bits of pottery. They were left by later people. But beneath all this, in soil laid down by centuries, are the graves and the weapons of the first inhabitants.

Yet the very beginning is hidden by the cloud-banks of years, dim in the far distance.

Where, then, does this *San Antonio Story* start?

It starts on the bank of the river, the river that flows so mildly now between banks that are landscaped; where bright gondolas glide under bridges, with tourists for passengers; where King Antonio comes to town in the river parade of Fiesta Week.

For there on the river lived the Payaya tribe of the Coahuiltecan Indians, in Yanaguana.

* * *

It is sunset, and the village is getting ready to sleep. The houses of brush and dried grass and a few hides slung across poles, the homes of the Payayas, are becoming blurry against slanting shadows. There is deer meat to eat, as well as wild fruits and nuts of the seasons: red fruits of cactus, pecans, wild grapes. But there are no barbecue stands, no Mexican restaurants, no purveyors of exclusive cuisine. There is just what the country offers — sometimes plenty, sometimes nothing. For these Payayas range back and forth between the Great River to the south, now called the Rio Grande, and this smaller river which winds crazily, like a snake; the river that in their Indian language they call, "Drunken-old-man-going-home-at-night." This river is good to them, for it gushes clear and clean from springs;

it teems with fish and makes a fertile valley where wild food grows. It is a river like the Comal of today, in New Braunfels.

And here is an answer to the question: What got San Antonio started?

It was water, a great supply of pure spring water, at the "head of the river" (near present Olmos Basin), and San Pedro Springs, and the water of the river itself, which wound its way through the lush valley.

But in that village of Yanaguana the people were not always happy. From the west came the Lipan Apaches, those fierce warriors who hunted deer and buffalo all the way from the Pecos in New Mexico to the coast of Texas. The Tonkawas wandered past, and neither were they kind to the peaceful Coahuiltecans. And when the Comanches got horses (the first horses had been left by Coronado in 1541), the people of Yanaguana had more trouble than ever, for the Comanches often came galloping in. They were the terror of the country, like the Huns and Goths of Europe or the Turks of Asia, or the Tartar hordes of Genghis Khan.

So the Indian village was not a stranger to war and famine; as in modern times, war and famine are not strangers.

Possibly that is why the seventy tribes of the Coahuiltecans, the first known San Antonians, were held together. They faced a cruel and uncertain world. They were threatened by the dictators and tyrants of their day.

They spoke the same language; there still are a few Coahuiltecan words that were written down by a priest at Espada mission about two centuries ago. He translated a church book into Coahuiltecan. In that old document it is possible to learn the words, "Our Father," in the language of the earlier families. They left very little else.

In those years while the village of Yanaguana still existed in its primitive fashion, Spain was one of the countries which had started to become bold conquerors of land and sea. Christopher Columbus had tried to convince his king and queen that an *otro mundo* (another world) lay beyond the shores he had discovered. Dr. Carlos E. Casteñeda of Austin, an authority on Spanish history in Texas, found that Columbus had written in his journal the belief that this "other world" might be the "earthly paradise promised by Isaiah." This historian tells how Juan Grijalva sailed as far north as present Veracruz, where he

loaded his ships with gold, silver and precious stones obtained from the natives. Then Francisco Garay outfitted a fleet which was commanded by Alonso de Pineda; it set sail in 1519 and mapped the Texas coastline. That was the year when Cortés landed in Mexico to begin his conquest. About the time that Ponce de León was giving Florida its first publicity—after discovering its coasts on his search for the Fountain of Youth—another Spaniard, Pámfilo de Narváez, was granted the right to settle families from Spain on all the land lying between the Rio Grande and Florida. This red-bearded man sailed away in 1527. All unknown to the Coahuiltecans in the valley of the San Antonio River, these courageous Europeans who were venturing out upon the oceans were bringing their civilization ever closer.

It may even be that the people of Yanaguana had as visitors one Cabeza de Vaca and his three companions, including Estevanico, the Moor. They are believed to have come past the village about forty-three years after Columbus discovered America. This Cabeza had been ship-wrecked along with other Spaniards, near Galveston (they called it the Island of Misfortune, then). They were survivors of the expedition of Pámfilo de Narváez. Only four of them lived to cross the wilds of Texas. Cabeza de Vaca, which means "Head of a Cow," was a remarkable tourist. He doctored the Indians, some of them he cured; they thought he worked miracles. Perhaps he did. As many say, *quien sabe?* Who knows?

If this Spaniard and his friends did find the Payaya village on the river, then San Antonio is the oldest community to be identified on its present location within the limits of the United States.

So you see, all this started a very long time ago.

And it started because there was good water in a valley. But many other valleys had good water too, and game and fish. Many of them still lie silent in the sun, with no sound other than a mocking bird singing or a cow lowing, or the blare of a truck horn on a transcontinental highway in the distance, or the drone of an airliner a mile overhead.

Why did people choose *this* valley? It might have been because it offered favorable conditions for settlement; and again it might have been because it was meant to *be*.

The map of modern San Antonio shows how it has spilled over its boundaries, year after year, like the ripples

of a shady pool in the river when a ripe pecan falls in the autumn, ripples that widen and widen.

Paths have led here from many places. And many people have traveled them, to strange adventures. How long they are—those paths of destiny which have spanned even oceans to end upon the plazas of San Antonio!

* * *

CHAPTER II

The Conquerors Come

How Europeans Traveled the King's Highway and Gave the Valley a Name

ONCE THERE was more world than people. Today the world is crowded. But in the time of the conquerors of the New World—the Spaniards called them *conquistadores*—there were continents, or parts of continents, populated only by those few aboriginal people who had lived there since the beginning of time, as time had begun, for them. So it was in what is now Texas.

Like a slice out of an apple, Texas was a missing piece on the continent. It was unknown. That made it the more appealing to men whose ambitions outran their ships. Kings coveted it. Tales of gold crossed the seas. Had not Cortés found the riches of the Aztecs? Men believed in the Seven Cities of Cibola—cities of solid gold! Francisco Vázquez de Coronado in 1541 braved the deserts of New Mexico and Texas to search for the Gran Quivira, a fabulous fable. A year later Hernando de Soto's men wandered, lost and hungry, across Texas soil that held more sorrow than silver.

The urge for wealth and glory, and the desire to hold this vast land for the crown of Spain, led more and more men into this wilderness which so many nations wanted. A tattered flag that might have been the fleur-de-lis of France was found among the Indians; another time, Spaniards searched for strangers who were said to have "blonde beards and hair . . . who wore red socks, steel plate corselets and hats, and who carried longer arquebuses"—guns—"than those of the Spaniards." These blonde intruders were believed to have been Dutchmen.

At last this land was named for the Indians. The Tejas were a tribe wearing plumes on their heads and bracelets on their knees, and whose greeting, "Tejas," was thought to mean "friends." They claimed to foretell the future by

the stars. While the Tejas continued to paint their faces with vermilion and rub themselves with bear grease, the *conquistadores* continued to make visits which were called expeditions. A *grandee* of Spain led each such *jornada* across the country of *Tejas*. Fifty years after the Pilgrims had landed at Plymouth Rock, pin-points appeared on the royal maps in Spain; for missions were built near what is now El Paso, and in East Texas near the present State border.

San Antonians know missions as old, scarred buildings, housing relics of a past too far back to understand. Two centuries ago a mission was a combination of church, fort, school, and a community where missionaries—Franciscans for the most part, in Texas—converted Indians to Christianity. These missions were sponsored by the Spanish king. Each mission had to be protected by soldiers; and the soldiers held the land for Spain. To appreciate the missions of that time is to imagine, if possible, how it would be to live in a country as big as all of Texas, alone except for savages.

The comings and goings of *conquistadores* and missionaries at last wore trails across the land, as the years wear wrinkles on a face. There came to be a "big road" which was called *El Camino Real*. The Royal Road or King's Highway it truly was; for along it rode the gentlemen of Spain, serving their rulers. They wore plumed helmets and coats of mail, like the knights of old. And like the Crusaders who risked their lives to drive the "terrible Turks" from the Holy Land, they also risked much; for this land was big and empty and full of danger. They searched for gold—it was like looking for gold at the end of a rainbow. But they did claim a big piece of America for their country.

Have you ever gone out the old Nacogdoches Road, through Alamo Heights? If so, then you also have traveled *El Camino Real*. The road entered San Antonio near the "head of the river" and swung south on Nacogdoches Street, back of the Alamo, out the Mission Road, in front of Mission Concepción, and on toward Mexico. (*Camino Real* markers stand in San Pedro Park and on Hart Avenue. Later this highway also was called the Old San Antonio Road. State and Federal highways 21, 81, 90 and 96 are the present King's Highway routes. The King's Highway now runs from Eagle Pass through San Antonio, to Austin.)

Thus were the trails blazed across the wilds of Texas to San Antonio and beyond, by the *conquistadores* who rode and fought for God and King.

* * *

Don Domingo Terán de los Rios was weary and he had to rest.

He had been sent to Texas to claim the land again for Spain, because Robert Cavelier, Sieur de La Salle, had landed on Matagorda Bay and had claimed Texas for his country, France. The Spaniards had supposed for some time that the doctrine of finders-keepers would hold any other country's hands off; they were mistaken. Don Domingo had come from Mexico to find suitable locations for forts and missions. With him was Father Damian Massanet. In 1689 he had passed through the San Antonio River valley with Capt. Alonso de León.

As many early travelers did, those of the Rios expedition stopped to rest in the pleasant valley. They found a *ranchería* on the banks of the river. When they asked the Indians what they called their village, the Indians answered: "Yanaguana."

That day was June 13, 1691, the feast day of St. Anthony of Padua—a day honoring the great preacher who had died, a Franciscan, in 1231. His bones lie in Padua, a city of Northern Italy; a city of many churches, bridges and plazas, like the city of San Antonio, his namesake.

So instead of using the Indian name, Don Domingo decided to call the spot "San Antonio."

Father Massanet said Mass on the river bank under an arbor made of cottonwood boughs. When the place was christened the soldiers "fired a great many salutes." [1]

St. Anthony had arrived in his own town.

The future city was ordained in the shadow of the cross. It was assured by the soldiers who were there that day. Both symbolized what was to come. As Dr. P. I. Nixon, San Antonio historian, has said, "In the early story of Texas there was repeatedly enacted a strange historical paradox: the soldier with his sword as the symbol of might, alongside the priest with the cross as the symbol of mercy."

Now, the crossing of the San Antonio River was to become a regular stopping-place. Now, the Royal Road which reached from Mexico to the Mississippi would be traveled

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[1]See Carlos E. Casteñeda, "Our Catholic Heritage in Texas," The Mission Era, Vol. I, pages 361-365.

more often by men whose errand was conquest—or settlement, which is the same. Among these early travelers was Louis Juchereau de St. Denis, a Frenchman who had a sweetheart in Mexico. The course of true love landed him in jail; that, and his efforts to open trade territory for his country. St. Denis was a traveling salesman for France. He is only important in the story of San Antonio because, in the year 1714, he reported that the site of the city of today was a "likely spot for settlement."

It must have been true. *Conquistadores* kept reporting that it was a "likely spot" for a fort. Missionaries saw it as a "likely spot" for missions.

And it still is a likely spot for the San Antonian. In fact it has become one of the distinguished cities of the New World.

* * *

CHAPTER III

Bexar

The Story of an Old Man Who Believed in a Place and Who Started a Town: San Antonio, Which Began as a Mission and a Fort

A SNAKE a mile long wound around through the tall grass, coming slowly northward from the flat gray country below the Rio Grande: that land of *huajilla* and *agave,* of *nopales* and "daggers"—the "candles of the Savior." A star led on past the great, swollen Rio, and on, ever toward the north.

Peering from the brush, awed and afraid, the citizen of Yanaguana, that early San Antonian, watched his first parade.

The long weaving thing came on. It was not a snake like any other. It crawled partly on two legs, partly on four; it bayed and brayed, lowed and bellowed; it squealed and bleated; it baaa-ed and cackled, cursed and prayed.

For it was composed of both human beings and of beasts. Also it consisted of soldiers; of families of soldiers, women and children, who rode horses; and of a proud leader who had a proud title: Don Martín de Alarcón, Knight of the Order of Santiago, Captain General, Governor of the Province of the Tejas and of "such other lands as might be conquered." Naturally, a man with such a title would ride at the head of the procession.

Don Martín was a soldier of fortune. He had served in Spain's royal navy, had distinguished himself as an officer of the king's armies.

He had left Mexico with seventy-two people, but the Rio Grande in flood probably kept some of the families from crossing. He had seven droves of mules loaded with food and supplies. Coming with him to the spot called San Antonio were babies, goats, hens and hogs. His soldiers had been given a year's pay in advance, 400 *pesos.* In the rear of this expedition which resembled a snake, the Don had 200 cows, 200 oxen, 1,000 sheep, 548 horses—also tools such as ploughs and hoes, fifty guns, and gunpowder.

All this was necessary, for Don Martín had come to start a *villa* here in the San Antonio valley. That meant a fort for the soldiers, and *jacales* (little houses) for the families.

And why was this being done by the dashing Don?

It was because an old man, Father Fray Antonio de San Buenaventura Olivares, had insisted. He was tired and ill. But he had been waiting almost ten years to establish a mission at the place that had been named for St. Anthony.

Father Olivares had passed through here with Father Isidro Espinosa and Capt. Pedro de Aguirre, who named San Pedro Springs. Afterward, he argued and pleaded for the one thing he wanted before he died: a mission in the valley. He was, in fact, the first to advertise San Antonio, the first big booster. Of course there was no San Antonio then. But his zeal was the spark that kindled the flickering flames of civilization.

The Spanish government in Mexico wrapped all of the good Father's plans in the red tape of that time. He waited, and he waited. At last when his plan was approved he traveled ahead of Don Martín, who had been named as leader of the expedition which would conduct the aged missionary to his destination. But again on the Rio Grande he was forced to wait for the Don to get ready. They quarreled. And when at last the expedition started, Father Olivares chose to travel alone, with three Indian guides. He walked from the Rio Grande to San Antonio, about 150 miles.

This old man who fathered the infant San Antonio had chosen, long before, to go through life wearing the brown Franciscan habit, walking barefoot in the humble way of that order. Possibly as a boy he had read the tales of Sa'di, the Persian, who told a story of bare feet. Do you remember?—"I had never complained of the vicissitudes of fortune, nor murmured at the ordinances of heaven, excepting on one occasion, that my feet were bare, and I had not wherewithal to shoe them. In this desponding state I entered the metropolitan mosque at Cufah, and there I beheld a man that had no feet."

It was this type of philosophy and the zeal to teach and preach that sent the clergy of all faiths into the wilds. The monks and priests built missions which are visited now by people who are surprised at the old age of the buildings and the courage and skill of their builders. Later, Protestant

ministers were to build churches that have become great institutions, and landmarks, also.

Father Olivares founded the first mission in the San Antonio valley. Now the small chapel and what remains of the once extensive walls and cloisters are called the Alamo. By this name it is known all over the world as the cradle of Texas liberty. For a century hundreds of thousands of tourists have visited it, where it stands so gray and small, on Alamo Plaza.

But that day in May, 1718, San Antonio had no plazas. Indians still killed their game and built their fires in the valley. Only Father Olivares seemed determined to change that scene. He had studied reports of travelers, telling about the fertile valley, the habits and customs of the Indians, and the stories of rich minerals—he had even heard of a mountain of silver! France was building a small outpost on the Mississippi which later became New Orleans. Again Spain's claim to Texas was liable to be lost. So argued Father Olivares. He wrote, too, of how green was the little valley of the San Antonio River; of the wild grapes; of the nuts, "more tasty than those of Castile"; of the mulberry trees, bigger than those in Granada; of the thousands of wild birds, deer and turkey. "It is impossible," he declared, "to exaggerate the pleasant character, the beauty, the fertility——"

For his last adventure the monk asked very little. He wanted, he said, a good picture of St. Anthony, some sackcloth, a box of soap, a ream of paper for writing, some knives to shave with, bright cloth for skirts for the Indian women, hats for the Indian men, rosaries, tobacco, some chocolate and two guns. So it would appear that, largely with a picture of the saint and two guns, he proposed to win the souls of the Indians and subdue all enemies.

Don Martín's expedition got under way in April, when the lavender blooms of the *cenizo* and the ivory bells of the yuccas dotted a desert country where all the Spaniards might die. For, although the Coahuiltecans had begged Father Olivares to hurry and build a mission for them, the Apaches and Comanches had made no friendly gestures.

But it did not stop the missionary nor the soldier.

The Alamo, which was named Mission San Antonio de Valero, was established on May 1, 1718. It stood where the chapel of the Alamo is today, though at first it was only a

hut made of poles, covered with brush and hides, and chinked with mud.[1]

On May 5, Don Martin established the *Villa de Bejar,* as they spelled Bexar in those days. This tiny village and its small fort stood then near San Pedro Springs, in or near present San Pedro Park. The *villa* was named for the viceroy, the Marquis de Valero, son of the tenth duke of Bexar.

The month of May is San Antonio's birthday.

Both the French on the Mississippi and the Spaniards on the San Antonio were—without either side's knowing about the other side's intentions—working in this same month, May, 1718, to make sure of their hold on the Gulf of Mexico region, as pointed out by Dr. Isaac Joslin Cox, historian.

At first the village and fort and mission belonged to King Phillip V of Spain. He was the first king to learn that church bells and guns had at last brought the sound of civilization to the San Antonio valley.

* * *

Now, red men slowly drifted in to see the aged white father of the mission. Now, they wore the bright cloth he gave them. Now, red hands held the handles of ploughs. They sowed seeds of melons, pumpkins, chili. And in little fields around the Valero mission, cuttings of figs, of grapes, sprouted and grew. They had *alcaldes* (our first mayors). They were Indians. They learned something of democracy and self-government.

And what of Don Martín? Why, he soon resigned. It looked like a hard job to make Texas into a land fit for a king. But the missionaries kept on ringing the bells. They stayed.

"What sought they thus afar?—bright jewels of the

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[1]See Casteñeda, "Our Catholic Heritage in Texas," Vol. II, page 92. Also, a letter from Dr. Casteñeda to the late J. Frank Davis, dated March 21, 1938, a copy of which the writers have, states: "Mission San Antonio de Valero, the present Alamo, was established from the beginning in the site where it now is. It was the *presidio* which was first located near the head waters of the San Pedro, about where San Pedro Park is, and where it was first planned to establish the civil settlement later known as San Fernando. The mission was not moved. It remained in the original location. The *presidio* and *villa* were later moved from the San Pedro to a place across from the mission, between the San Pedro and the San Antonio, and not until about 1784 was the old Valero mission secularized and a garrison from a place called Alamo, in Coahuila, stationed in the abandoned mission. It was the Alamo garrison which gave the old abandoned mission its present name."

mine? The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—They sought a faith's pure shrine!—Ay, call it holy ground, the soil where first they trod."

* * *

CHAPTER IV

The Missions

What the Missions Once Meant to the San Antonio Valley

TO APPRECIATE legends one must, as the saying goes, "stay on the sunny side of doubt."

Many of San Antonio's legends are of the river. One especially is told over and over.

According to this legend,[1] a party of *conquistadores* were learning a lesson of the dry lands south of modern San Antonio: that a simple thing like water may be as important as life. Beasts and riders were famishing of thirst. This thirst was likened to the sharp thorns of the chaparral. It threatened to destroy them.

And then they saw, like a vision, some green foliage. They rode toward it. They found grass and shade but no water. Desperate, almost dying, the cavaliers listened while some priests in their party prayed for water. He who led them in their praying was Father Fray Antonio Margil de Jesús, the "Blessed Margil." In humility he called himself "The Same As Nothing"—*Lo Mismo Que Nada.*

And, the story goes, so fervently did they pray that when Father Margil had finished he pulled at the roots of a mustang grapevine and, "to their great marvel, there came a bold flow of pure water."

Thus in legend began the spring that gave birth to the San Antonio River.

Actually Father Margil reached San Antonio long after the San Antonio River had lured many *padres* and soldiers and settlers.

He came as a refugee from East Texas near Nacogdoches, where a French invasion was expected following an attack on one of the missions, and where some of the In-

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[1]See Charles Merritt Barnes, "Combats and Conquests of Immortal Heroes," pages 76, 77, 79. Miss Adina De Zavala, San Antonio historian, attributed this legend to the San Marcos River rather than the San Antonio.

dians had turned hostile. It had become necessary to move the missions from that part of Texas.

In the San Antonio valley Father Margil, noting the big corn crop and the gushing springs, wrote for permission to start another establishment here in the valley. The Marquis de Aguayo had become governor. With tact the missionary suggested that his mission be named San José y San Miguel de Aguayo, honoring St. Joseph and the governor.[1]

Father Margil had a statue of St. Joseph, and equipment from the East Texas missions. Father Olivares had no desire to share his valley with anyone; he was becoming very old. But Father Margil disregarded the opposition of Father Olivares. Finally in February, 1720, he selected the site of his mission, the San José.

Today, Mission San José retains its old title, "Queen of the missions," because it is an outstanding example of mission architecture. On the Mission Road it lifts its beautiful tower high above the mesquite and huisache, shows its lovely "rose window" to thousands of visitors, and basks in the sun as a National Historic Site, restored in 1933.

When San José was founded by Father Margil a curious ceremony took place. Chiefs of three Indian tribes pulled weeds, scattered dirt and cut off branches of trees. This was the usual procedure of that time for establishing the ownership of property in the wilderness.

As Mission San José was finished in 1731, three other missions from East Texas had been re-established on the San Antonio River: Missions Concepción, Espada, and San Juan Capistrano.

To tell the story of these missions, which have made San Antonio known as the "mission city of America," would be to tell of sixty-three years, for this is how long they lived. At last they were secularized, that is, the lands were given to Indians and families of settlers and soldiers, those who lived within the shadow of the towers. When secularization occurred the missions were abandoned as missions, although religious services often were held in their chapels.

But before they ceased to function as missions they became great. San José was known in the New World and the Old as the most beautiful, the strongest, the most prosperous of Texas missions. Its founder, the "Blessed Margil," became the patron of Texas for those of his faith. Wine

[1]See Casteñeda, "Our Catholic Heritage in Texas," Vol. II, page 125.

grown from the grapes at San José was a delicacy in Europe; it was relished by kings. Indians who lived in the mission learned to weave, to make ceramics, to play the harp; they learned many useful trades and occupations, such as husbandry, and as many of the arts and skills as could be mastered. Irrigation ditches were built *(acequias)*, which once supplied water to the settlement. In Wilson County near the present town of Floresville, the monks of San José operated a goat ranch. On the extensive ranch lands of the mission roamed great herds of cattle, horses, goats and sheep. Indians often were so hostile that those early cowboys, called *vaqueros,* had to make headquarters in caves in order to defend themselves against attack. For while the mission Indians were docile many other tribes were never tamed.

The missions were built of *tufa,* a porous gray rock which was quarried nearby, and of limestone. It is said that they built the great arched roofs and domes by hauling in dirt until it was as high as the spring line of each roof; they built the rock walls and the vaulted roofs and high domes over the moulded earth.[1]

Pedro Huizar, whose ancestors had helped build the Alhambra in Spain, carved the famous sacristy window in the south wall of the chapel. It is widely known as the rose window, which is not technically true; but it is a beautiful example of stone carving. Legends say that Huizar died of a disappointment in love soon after the window was finished. His family once held title to the granary of the mission, which they obtained when it was secularized; they owned this land and the old building for 116 years.

Legend also says that in building the walls of Mission Concepción (the one opposite the baseball park), mortar was mixed with milk. This was done to carry out the theme of purity: Mission *Nuestra Señora de la Purísima Concepción de Acuña.*

Old World atmosphere lives on at Mission Espada, the

[1]Harvey P. Smith, San Antonio architect in charge of the restoration of Mission San José, an authority on early Spanish colonial and mission architecture, said that although records do not furnish printed evidence of this method of building, authorities agree that this probably was the method used, as the Franciscans had few tools and in every case were compelled to use ingenuity as well as skill. Also, he pointed out, it is known that in Mexico missions were built in this fashion; and the missionaries who erected the San Antonio mission edifices came here from Mexico.

little one about two miles below Berg's Mill. It was named for St. Francis of Assisi, founder of the Franciscan Order, and its full name is Mission *San Francisco de la Espada* (St. Francis of the Sword).

At San Juan Capistrano (the one right at Berg's Mill), children still play in the old, walled mission yard. At Concepción the walls still show faintly the old frescoes, and some have been restored. These crude paintings were done with the rock paints of the Indians. Concepción, best preserved of the Texas missions, has an arcade which is like a Roman aqueduct in Segovia, Spain. The rocks that the Indians carried on their backs still make strong, thick walls.

There is a legend for every mission bell. One is told by Miss Adina De Zavala of the bells of San José. It concerns a young Spaniard named Miguel de León, who sailed away to make his fortune in the New World, leaving his sweetheart, Theresa, in Spain. He planned to return for her one day, but in an Indian raid on Mission San José he was killed. They buried him near the mission wall. Theresa almost died of grief. Then she was persuaded to go and see the casting of some bells. Those bells were being made for Mission San José. She cast into the molten mass of metal the ring and the golden cross her sweetheart had given her. "Oh, bells, you go to look on the grave of my beloved; I would go too, but my earthly days are few. Take with you these treasured relics of my love and ring the Angelus over his grave, telling of my faithfulness." Thus did Theresa speak. Others heard, and cast their golden treasures also into the pot where the metal was melting. And that is why the bells of San José are sweeter and sadder than any others.

So speaks the legend, which after all is only an old, old tale.

Fact paints another picture. It shows the missions as great establishments which controlled the San Antonio River valley for more than half a century. It shows ranches starting. It shows San Antonio so early becoming "cow-town" to the ranchmen. It shows a remarkable system of irrigation ditches stretching for ten miles along both sides of the river, making San Antonio an oasis to travelers who came through the chaparral wastes, across the dry plains and the cactus-speared deserts, or from over the far-flung hills.

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CHAPTER V

San Fernando Town

The Coming of the Canary Islanders Gave San Antonio a Civil Settlement — and Hidalgos

HIJO DALGO means, "son of noble lineage."

Join the two words and what do you have? *Hidalgo.* This is a word which summons from the past a romantic chapter in the San Antonio story.

San Antonio's first civil settlers were given that title when they came.

The day they came marked another milestone along the path of the years for San Antonio.

Let us think back two centuries, to that frontier city of mud huts, that struggling namesake of St. Anthony of Padua which awaited the newcomers who were marching overland.

The years had brought Apaches, raiding, robbing, killing Apaches. They had brought poverty, and had built a cluster of wretched huts, where the *presidio* (fort) now stood. The mission of Valero, with its *jacales* and its Indian *pueblo,* sprawled out into the fields which spread beyond modern Alamo Plaza. An assortment of adobe huts marked the *villa* of the soldiers: *La Villita,* "Little Town" where the families lived; where *pesos* were scarce and figs and flowers were plentiful. The gardens of *La Villita* and the green fringes of the irrigation ditch lent beauty to the drabness of adobe. Mission Indians had dug that ditch, the *Alamo Madre,* from near the "head of the river," which was about where Witte Memorial Museum is now. It passed along the east wall of the Alamo and cut across where big sprawling stores and tall buildings now stand.

It was March and possibly the first bluebonnets were growing along the ditch.

Indians thought highly of bluebonnets. They believed that these flowers had been sent by the Great Spirit in answer to the sacrifice of a little Indian girl. Her tribe was

dying of hunger caused by a drought. The Medicine Men said that only the sacrifice of their dearest possessions would bring rain. She burned her fawn-skin doll. It was trimmed with blue feathers. Bluebonnets grew where the doll's ashes blew. And so, Indians liked bluebonnets.

Certainly, on that morning long ago, the *alamos* (cotton-woods) that grew along the irrigation ditch were budding.

But there was very little else of a cheerful nature to greet the strangers when they arrived, from the distant Canary Islands, at the desolate little outpost of San Antonio, on that ninth day of March, 1731.

From the rutted streets of *La Villita* the citizen, the early San Antonian, watched the parade. It was the coming of the *isleños* (islanders), fifteen families.[1] They had been sent here by royal decree of the King of Spain to start a civil settlement. For here in the valley, settlement — apart from that of the missions — had been very slow, having been discouraged mostly by the Apaches.

These Canary Island families had been promised land and honors. For a year they had traveled. Some of them died along the way. The rest marched on. It took forty days to travel from Saltillo to the *Villa de Béjar*. As soon as they came the captain of the *presidio*, carrying out orders, announced that each of the newcomers was an *Hijo Dalgo* entitled to "preeminences." The settlers were going to earn their honors and titles.

At once these Canary Islanders started work on their own town, the Villa of San Fernando, named for King Ferdinand of Spain.

They had a town plan, sent by the viceroy. Soon a village of adobe houses with flat roofs, and with posts and rawhides stretched between to form a wall, stood on the *Plaza de las Islas* (now Main Plaza), and on the *Plaza de las Armas* (today Military Plaza, where the City Hall is).

The fifty-five Canary Islanders who built this walled *villa* looked down their noses at the people of *La Villita*. For *they* were *hidalgos*. To *them*, the folk of "Little Town" lived on the wrong side of the river.

Looking back two centuries through the mirror of history, it is easy to see the three settlements that finally combined to form the heart of the San Antonio of today: the poor mission *pueblo* on the east side of the river (around

[1]See Casteñeda, "Our Catholic Heritage in Texas," Vol. II, pages 285-301.

present Alamo Plaza), the Villa of San Fernando, and the *Presidio de Béjar,* on the west side. The three were separated by social differences, by water rights, by town governments and by the San Antonio River. There rose in San Fernando Town the parish church, the famed San Fernando Cathedral. It began as a very small place of worship. The original part of this edifice is the oldest parish church building in Texas. Its cornerstone was laid seven years after the coming of the *isleños,* in 1738. To build it, they donated corn, lambs, rock, the labor of their hands and whatever else they had. They finished it with 12,000 *pesos,* sent later by the king. Now only the rear part of San Fernando Cathedral contains the remains of the old building; the rest was built later.

In front of the parish church flowed the San Pedro Ditch, another of the *acequias.* This ditch came from San Pedro Springs.

Someone always kept watch in the bell tower of the church in San Fernando Town to warn of Indians. The bell rang its alarum often. For now the Indians were even more furious, because still other white men had come into their old hunting ground. At last they planned to wipe out the settlements in the valley. A boy gave the alarm. Soldiers and mission Indians defeated the Apaches. That was on June 30, 1745.

Times were trying. The mission people and the proud *isleños* quarreled. That quarrel closed the only bridge over the river between the two settlements. They quarreled also over cattle. The ranch of Mission San Antonio de Valero had many thousands of cattle; the people of San Fernando complained that those cattle were ruining their fields.

A *comandancia* was built by the islanders: the Spanish Governor's Palace, now restored, at 105 Military Plaza. Tradition says that Spanish governors and vice-governors of Texas lived there, gave balls and set fashions, while ruling the political and social life of a vast domain. In the keystone over the entrance to the Governor's Palace is the date, 1749, and the Hapsburg coat of arms. Just when the *palacio* was built is not known.

San Fernando opened the first school in Texas, other than the ones of the missions, fifteen years after the coming of the *isleños. San Antonio, an Authoritative Guide to the City and Its Environs,* by the Federal Writers Project of Texas, says that in 1789 a school was opened in San Fer-

nando by Don José Francisco de la Mata, who in his petition declared he was "led by pity for the ignorance of the youth of the Villa . . . who (were) running around . . . engaged only in pernicious pursuits such as playing with arrows and ropes, and spending their time in childish games and other pursuits which lead only to perdition."

But *Old Villita*, another Writers Project book, points out that "San Fernando was the capital of the province of Texas, and its *grandees* led a gay, luxurious life compared with the humble existence on the east side of the river." Gregorio Esparza told of the folk who lived in the *jacales*: "We were of the poor people. . . . To be poor in that day meant to be very poor indeed — almost as poor as the Savior in His manger. We were not dissatisfied with it. . . There was time to eat and sleep and look at growing plants. Of food we had not overmuch — chili and beans, beans and chili."

Today many of the city's first families trace their ancestors back to the islanders. Others go back farther still, to the time of Father Olivares, to the time of the *conquistadores*.

Of San Fernando Town there are left the Cathedral, the Governor's Palace and the plazas.

La Villita was restored in 1939, or rather that part of it lying between Villita, South Presa and Hessler streets and King Philip V Street. In restored *La Villita* is traced the story of "Little Town," by periods of houses, from the time of the Spaniards to about 1860.

And of the settlement around Mission San Antonio de Valero of those years, one part remains: the Alamo and its plaza, where it all began.

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CHAPTER VI

The Seventh Flag

How Revolutionists Tried to Take San Antonio from Spain

SAN ANTONIO and its little Spanish cousin, the town of Goliad, gave Texas an extra flag to add to the six it claims: the flags of Spain, France, Mexico, the Republic of Texas, the Confederacy and the United States.

This seventh flag was the green banner of an army that tore down the crimson and gold standard of King Ferdinand VII of Spain.

But the story starts down in Mexico in the little town of Dolores. There, one morning in September, 1810, the bell of the parish church began to toll. Father Miguel Hidalgo y Costilla was calling his people. They listened to this man whom they loved:

"My children . . . will you be free? Will you make the effort to recover from the hated Spaniards the lands stolen from your forefathers three hundred years ago?"

A half-century before Patrick Henry had cried, "Liberty or death!" — and now a priest offered his people liberty *and* death. The "cry of Dolores" was heard by five million poor Mexicans, who began to fight for freedom. The priest was among the first to die for it. Real freedom would not come to his country until the time of Benito Juarez; but in all New Spain, the *grito* (cry) of Hidalgo echoed for a hundred years.

There is a statue of Father Hidalgo on Romana Plaza, in San Antonio.

Among the Mexicans who helped the priest in his struggle to free Mexico of Spanish rule was a rich young man named José Bernardo Gutiérrez de Lara. He escaped to the United States, where he began writing propaganda to win sympathy for the cause of the revolutionists.[1]

Now, at about this time the United States and England were getting ready to fight again (the War of 1812), and

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[1]See Julia Kathryn Garrett, "Green Flag Over Texas," page 34.

both of these countries as well as France had their eyes on Texas. They would have liked to own it. Therefore Gutiérrez found many men, some in high offices, who were willing to help free Texas of its Spanish rulers. Among them was a young lieutenant, Augustus Magee, who resigned from the United States Army to become the leader of the Republican Army of the North, a force of volunteers made up of Anglo-Americans, revolutionary Mexicans, Indians, and outlaws who came from the Neutral Ground between Texas and Louisiana.

Magee led the army onto Texas soil. It was an army of filibusters. Webster says that means "an irregular military adventurer; a freebooter." The Spaniards of Mexico and Texas called them rebels, for they were trying to overthrow the government. And the Spaniards in turn were called *gachupines,* "wearers of spurs," for they were the proud and haughty ones of wealth and power, the henchmen of His Spanish Majesty.

But the motley army took Nacogdoches. Then it took the old fortified town of La Bahía, now called Goliad. There they hoisted their green flag. There, too, Magee died, and another officer named Samuel Kemper was given the command.

So far, they had won all the battles.

"On to San Antonio!" they insisted.

Nine miles from San Antonio this army was met by the "loyalists," the soldiers and their leaders who remained loyal to Spain. These loyalists had 1,200 regulars, and six cannon. The republican army had about 800 *Anglos,* 180 Mexicans and 325 Lipans, Tonkawas and Cooshatties. They fought the Battle of the Rosalio.[1]

They fought on a March day in 1813, three years after Father Hidalgo had rung the bell for freedom.

The Spaniards were defeated. Their governor, Manuel María de Salcedo, who was in San Antonio, was forced to surrender the city. The republicans marched in. Their green flag was raised over Bexar.

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[1]The spelling, Rosalio, used here was furnished by Ruben R. Lozano, San Antonio historian. Garrett, "Green Flag Over Texas," page 177, calls this engagement the Battle of the Salado (for it was near Salado Creek, and many sources use this name for the battle). The diary of Carlos Beltran, published in "Frontier Times" magazine, Vol. 3, No. 1, Oct., 1925, uses the spelling, Rosalia. Niles' "History of Mexico" spells it Rosario. The "Texas Almanac" of 1857-58 called it the Battle of Rosalis. Other variations of the spelling are found in early accounts of the battle.

Carlos Beltran was in San Antonio when all this happened. He wrote about it.[1] He told of the feeling against the Spanish officials who had been made prisoners; but the *Anglo* leaders gave their word that the lives of these prisoners would be spared. It was decided that they would be sent under guard to Matagorda Bay, where a ship would take them into exile. When they marched out of San Antonio they thought they were going to the United States.

But they were going to their death. For the commander of the guard was Antonio Delgado, whose father had been a friend of Father Hidalgo. There is a story that the head of Col. Antonio Delgado had been raised on a pole at the crossing of the river (where the Mill Bridge later was built, on Navarro Street). In any event, the Spaniards had killed Antonio's father. So he marched his fourteen Spanish prisoners only six miles out of town; then he killed them.

This act of treachery on the part of young Delgado was so dishonorable that many of the "rebel" Mexicans and *Anglos* quit the Republican Army.

Those who stayed in San Antonio wrote a declaration of independence. It was the first, for Texas. It stated that the citizens of the new Texas Republic would live by the ideals of Thomas Jefferson and Father Hidalgo. If the United States and England had not been busy with a war, so many adventurers from the United States might have come to Texas that this new republic could have endured. Instead, it was another quarter-century before the Republic of Texas did win its independence.

There is an old story that during this time, the chili stands of San Antonio started.[2] A young *Anglo* fell in love with pretty Jesusita de la Torre. Many of the families of Bexar were revolutionists; but some were loyalists. None of the loyalists would cook for the republicans, who must have been very bad cooks indeed; for they persuaded Jesusita's mother to cook for them. But she could not find a house to use for a restaurant, because the loyalists would not rent

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[1]The Beltran Memoirs were published under the title, "San Antonio's First Great Tragedy," in "Frontier Times" Magazine, Oct., 1925. Beltran was a participant in the battles of the Alazan and the Medina. His autobiography was written in Spanish. W. W. Mills obtained the manuscript while in the consular service in Mexico, and through him it came to John Warren Hunter, father of J. Marvin Hunter of Bandera, widely known publisher of "Frontier Times." The translation was made by John Warren Hunter and the account published by his son.

[2]*San Antonio Light*, Nov. 11, 1885, page 1, col. 3.

to her. So at last she served *chili* and *frijoles* and *tortillas* on tables placed outdoors.

And so under the stars, for lack of a house, the first *chili* stand did a big business, or so the story goes.

Beltran, a Virginian, and Pablo Rodriguez, a native citizen, had a scouting company which now served as the eyes and ears of the revolutionists. This is one example of the truth of Ruben Lozano's statement in his book, *Viva Tejas*, that to those *Americanos* who fought for Texas' freedom, "Latin-Texans were not only comrades in arms, but also part of an oppressed people who had thrown their fortunes, lives and lot in life into one common cause, the cause of independence."

The Spaniards thought they were going to lose Texas. So an army of over 1,000 marched on San Antonio, with Gen. Ignacio Elizondo at its head. He halted near the town and sent word to the republicans that if they would turn over to him Gutiérrez and others responsible for the butchery of the Spanish officials, the others could go home.

But the new commander, Maj. Henry Perry, refused. Instead, he marched out in the night of June 19, 1813, to the place where the Spaniards were camped on the Alazan. While the Spaniards were kneeling at dawn for Mass, Perry attacked. A big battle followed. Colonel Menchaca, a leader among the Mexicans, set an example of courage. They fought about two hours before Elizondo was defeated. He fled with the remnant of his army.

Now it seemed that Texas was indeed free.

South of the Rio Grande, however, the Spaniards moved quickly to wipe out the disgrace of two defeats. Gen. Joaquín Arredondo marched with a large army. The republicans in San Antonio had elected still another commander, a Cuban named Don José Alvaréz de Toledo. He heard of the approach of Arredondo and on August 18 moved out to meet him.

Arredondo set a trap by hiding most of his troops behind V-shaped breastworks, south of the Medina River. Then he sent some soldiers out to lure Toledo into ambush. Soon Toledo's men found themselves under fire from about 1,800 Spanish troops in the breastworks. It was a deadly fire from front, right and left. Menchaca fell. When Toledo ordered his soldiers to retreat, only a few obeyed. Some of them fought their way out of the trap. Others fled. A few fought pursuing Spaniards all the way to Louisiana.

The site of the Battle of the Medina is about where the Losoya Road and the old Rockport Road meet.

News of the defeat of the republicans was brought to San Antonio by the first who escaped the battlefield. Panic followed. Families who had supported the revolutionists fled with a few possessions toward the Louisiana boundary, for beyond it the Spaniards could not pass. Many of these fugitives were afoot. Some were overtaken and shot by Elizondo, who had returned with Arredondo and had been sent with Spanish cavalrymen to hunt down the fleeing republicans and the fugitive families.

The day after the battle Arredondo marched into Bexar. His vengeance on San Antonio was as terrible as the scourge of Attila, so long before. He rounded up the rebels as though they were cattle. He imprisoned 300 citizens in an air-tight granary on one of the plazas.[1] During that August night eighteen men suffocated. The granary had been built almost without ventilation, to protect corn against the *gorgojo* (weevil). The prisoners had no air, no water. Most of the survivors had to be carried out of the granary.

That was a dreadful night. About 800 people who had not been able to leave were penned like cattle inside the Alamo quadrangle.

Homes were brutally entered and about 600 women and children were imprisoned in an enclosure called *La Quinta* on what now is Dwyer Avenue. They were set to work making *tortillas* for the victors. All day long, the day Arredondo came, his firing squad had been busy shooting the "rebels." When darkness finally came the "air was rent . . . by the wails of little children and the screams of mothers . . . and for many years afterward the people of San Antonio spoke of that awful night as *'La Noche Triste'* — the night of sorrow."

A young lieutenant who took part in the cruel revenge of Arredondo on San Antonio was named Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna.

Now in Bexar the doors of homes gaped wide open, and the homes were empty.

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[1]The location of the granary is given as both Main and Military plazas by authorities. Beltran said it was in the rear of a store on Main Plaza, and this location is substantiated by Mrs. Henry Wofford, descendant of the brave Texas scout, Erastus "Deaf" Smith. Others say the granary was on Military Plaza.

Crops were rotting in the fields. Men who had tended the fields and owned the soil either were hiding in the hills, refugees beyond the Sabine, or were dead.

Freedom had been delayed on both sides of the Rio Grande, but only for a little while.

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CHAPTER VII

Yanqui Doodle

Anglo-Americans Are Started on the Road to Texas

THOSE WHO helped push the boundaries of the United States to the Pacific Ocean usually rode west on their errands of empire, some to Oregon, others to California. South and west they came to Texas, eyes on this big and promising land.

On a cold day in December 1820, one of these empire-building Americans, then called *Yanquis* in Spanish, rode into the *pueblo* of San Antonio. He was elderly; his fortunes had been shattered twice. He had $50 in borrowed money, and was mounted on a borrowed gray horse. His name was Moses Austin.

Following him was a negro servant on a mule. They were not an imposing pair, yet that gaunt man changed the story of San Antonio, of Texas, and of the United States. For Moses Austin had the idea that he would like to bring some of his countrymen from the United States to live in the Texas wilderness.

Until now the *Yanquis* who had come across the Sabine or the Red River largely were outlaws who lived in the no-man's land of the Neutral Ground, or explorers like Zebulon Pike, who in 1807 had declared that the hospitality of San Antonio people "exceeded any nation perhaps upon the globe." The adventurer came to fight, like Magee and Kemper. Texas knew them only long enough for them to die on her soil; or until they were run out.

Moses Austin truly was a *Yanqui.* He was from Connecticut, where people are proud to be *Yanquis.* Up there, the song, *Yankee Doodle,* reminds them of the heroic part those northern Americans played in such historic events as Bunker Hill and the surrender of the British at Yorktown.

And now another one was making history in Texas. Moses Austin had traveled by horseback from Little Rock, through ice and snow, because he had a great dream; and

dreams of that sort seldom let one stay home where it is comfortable.

Austin was summoned at once, when he reached San Antonio, to the office of the governor, Don Antonio Martínez.

The story of what happened is told differently by historians. Some say that Austin was ordered to leave San Antonio "instantly," and that when he was crossing Military Plaza (there is a monument of Moses Austin on the spot), a friendly hand fell on his shoulder and he looked up to see the Baron de Bastrop, an old friend. The Baron interceded with the governor, who again received Austin and listened to his petition to settle 300 Anglo-American families in Texas. That petition was sent to Mexico to none other than Joaquín Arredondo, who had despoiled the people of Bexar.

But others say that Austin merely told the governor what he wanted, and his application for permission to bring into Texas settlers from the United States was forwarded.

However it was, the fact is that when Moses Austin departed from San Antonio in January, he left the good Baron as his representative. Austin rode out the old *Camino Real* to Nacogdoches, then on to Natchitoches, Louisiana, then by way of Red River and the Mississippi to Missouri, his home. It was a bad winter. He suffered from exposure, and soon afterward, he died. But he had given to his son, Stephen, the task of colonizing Texas with Americans from the United States.

In the Spanish archives of Bexar County is a faded document dated December 23, 1820. It contains the questions and answers of Austin's visit with the governor.

Stephen Austin brought the first of his countrymen to Texas, as his father had wanted. And so it can be said that, in San Antonio, the destiny of Texas was changed, as well as the map of America.

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CHAPTER VIII

Viva Texas!

As Revolution Again Flared, the Texians Took Old Bexar

On the river bank where today the grass is green through all the seasons there is the sound of peace, a comfortable sound which attracts the birds, cardinals that flash redly in the willows, mocking birds that sing a song older than any hymn, sparrows that chat merrily of matters in the gutters. The long slope down to the river here, near the Ninth Street bridge, tells nothing of the clatter of long rifles being once stacked there at night around campfires, where lean, sunburned men sang a new refrain:

"Boys, rub your steels and pick your flints. . . . Methinks I hear some friendly hints . . . That we from Texas shall be driven. . . . To arms! To arms! To arms!"

More than a hundred years ago this long slope on the river was the camp of the Army of the People.

The Old Mill marked the site.[1] It stood there then, when citizen-soldiers rallied in a rainy, cold October, for the purpose of laying siege to San Antonio—of taking San Antonio.

That place where they camped around the Old Mill now is enclosed in private property at 1215 North St. Mary's Street (the old Drought house). The songs, and the rattle and roar of the guns have been lost in the silence of time, so that it seems impossible an army ever even passed. Only the name of a short street near the Ninth Street bridge marks the site: it is Molino (Mill) Street.

The Texian army camped in that neighborhood through October, through November and into December, in the year 1835.

Nobody actually wanted to come, or to stay.

They had been peaceful settlers, farmers mostly, who

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[1]See Frank W. Johnson, "A History of Texas and Texans," Vol. I, page 342. Johnson was a participant in the military engagements in and near San Antonio in 1835. His books contain his documented story of these events. They were edited by Dr. Eugene C. Barker.

had left their wives and children in isolated cabins in order to gather here.

The man who had caused them to lay down their hoes for their rifles was a dictator.

He had come to power in Mexico soon after that country had won, after so long a struggle, what it had hoped was freedom. Yet now Mexico had this dictator, a tyrant like all dictators, a man who sacrificed his country for personal gain, for titles, for fame as a soldier, and for the big carved chair of *El Presidente* on the site of the palace of the Montezumas. He called himself the Napoleon of the West. His name was Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna.

Mexican patriots everywhere opposed this man who was a threat to their rights as citizens. He had run roughshod over the government of his country. Now, he had robbed the Texans of the representation they had enjoyed under the liberal Mexican constitution of 1824. In Boston over a similar issue they held a Tea Party. In Concord they fired a "shot heard 'round the world."

In Texas, many Latin-Americans of all classes risked their property, their very lives, to support the *Anglos* who now were agreed that war was the only solution. These liberty - loving Mexicans had joined the liberty - keeping *Americanos,* and there on the bank of the San Antonio River they were Texans together, or as they spelled it then, "Texians."

These citizen-soldiers had come to take the old city from the brother-in-law of the dictator Santa Anna — Gen. Martín Perfecto de Cos.

War already had been declared by Texian leaders against Santa Anna. For almost a year, or since December, 1834, Col. Domingo Ugartechea had occupied San Antonio with a large force. Then General Cos arrived with more troops.

The Texians had scheduled a meeting of leaders of the settlers from the United States, as well as leaders of the Latin-American Texians. This gathering, or consultation, was to be held at Washington-on-the-Brazos. It was planned according to the old American custom of deciding such matters in meeting, in the democratic way.

In the meantime Colonel Ugartechea had sent some soldiers to the little town of Gonzales to demand that the people give up the cannon they had used to protect the community from Indians. The men of Gonzales buried the cannon in a peach orchard. Then, when they had obtained

reinforcements from the neighbors, they dug up the cannon and draped a sign across it. The sign said, "Come and Take It!" Forces sent by Colonel Ugartechea a second time tried to do just that. The Battle of Gonzales was fought that day, October 2, 1835.

As Lewis W. Newton and Herbert P. Gambrell say in their book, *A Social and Political History of Texas*, "This 'battle' of Gonzales was to the Texas revolution what Lexington had been to the American war of independence, just sixty years before."

Lexington started the American Revolution; it stirred up the patriots. The Battle of Gonzales, although it was not much of a battle, served to stir up the Texians.

By now about 700 men were camped near the Old Mill on what would now be North St. Mary's, at Molino Street.

Their political leaders and spokesmen had, for a good while, held many meetings and passed many resolutions. A century later English Prime Minister Chamberlin, the little man with the umbrella, went to Munich to appease another dictator, Hitler, and with about the same results. Dictators are strange people. No matter what language they speak, the only one they seem to understand is the language of bullets.

In San Antonio many of the leading families, including the Navarros, the Seguins, Mayor Francisco Ruiz and others, helped the Army of the People with information, advice, horses, cattle or such means as they had. In 1832 they had adopted a resolution of protest against the abuse of administration of local and national government, and had asked for reforms that would give all Texians the justice and civil freedom they demanded. It was only fourteen years since Mexico had freed herself of the yoke of Spain. Hidalgo's "cry of Dolores" still rang in their ears.

They rallied behind their leader, Stephen Austin. He had marched the citizen army to San Antonio. But soon he had to leave, to look for help in the United States. The command then fell to Col. Edward Burleson.

The first clash occurred on October 28, 1835, at Mission Concepción, where ninety men under two famous Texians named James Bowie and James W. Fannin defeated a much larger force. Don Erasmo Seguin, who had a ranch nearby, loaned the Texians horses, mules, and supplies which they used in this battle. Today in Concepción Park markers tell of this battle and of Richard Andrews, the first to die here

in the war for independence. For they were fighting to make Texas free, a republic.

November was bitter cold. The camp near the Old Mill became the Valley Forge of Texas. The men had no tents, nor regular rations. The clothing of these men of peace wore out, and they mended their rags as best they could. The troops of General Cos in San Antonio, who all this time were being besieged, were hungry too. They had to eat many of their horses. Some of the Texians drifted away, back to their cabins.

Stories of the war were printed in many newspapers. The New Orleans Grays and other volunteers from the United States marched in to help fight for freedom.

One day General Cos sent out troops to cut grass for his horses. The Texians thought the pack-mules were loaded with *pesos*. The Grass Fight has been called a "comedy of errors."

The gunners in the Alamo shot their cannon at the Texian camp, and the Texians picked up the cannon balls and shot them back. They laughed about that on both sides of the river.

Then at last in December, Colonel Burleson, discouraged because he had received no more artillery or reinforcements, or even food, which he expected would be sent by the heads of the revolutionary government of Texas, decided to give up the siege of San Antonio and go into winter camp at Gonzales.

But some of the volunteers had come a long way, and they disliked to leave without accomplishing their purpose.

While they were talking it over a voice rose above the others.

"Who will go with Old Ben Milam into San Antonio?"

They all knew Ben Milam, just as every San Antonian of every generation since has known him, even though he was to die very soon after he asked that question.

Three hundred and one men answered him by gathering at the Old Mill that night. At dawn they started storming San Antonio.

In the words of the historian William Kennedy, this is what they faced:

"Almost every house in San Antonio was itself a little fort, being built of stone, with walls of about three and one-half feet in thickness. The approaches to the public squares had been strongly fortified with breastworks, trenches and

palisades, protected by artillery; cannon were planted also on the roof of the old church in the square. . . . Both the town and the enclosure called the Alamo were defended by artillery, and there was a formidable number of troops in the garrison."

As a diversion, Col. J. C. Neill made an early crossing of the river. His company had a single piece of artillery. They fired it at General Cos' headquarters in the Alamo, to keep the attention of the gunners away from the marching Texians.

They took Veramendi Palace, which stood where the Clegg Building is now, at 130 Soledad Street. Don Martín de Veramendi had become vice-governor five years before. His daughter Ursula had married Jim Bowie, and had only recently died, with her two children, in Mexico. When the Texians took the "palace," therefore, it was dark and shuttered, already a place of grief. This long stone building had been the scene of many formal social events, with guests wearing silks and satins and eating off silver plates. A store at 118 Soledad Street occupies the site of the old garden of the Veramendis. Back of this store building are two fig trees about two stories high which were planted in those years when the gardens of the Spanish aristocrats spilled over the river banks, down to the water's edge.

Ben Milam was killed at Veramendi Palace on the third day of the battle. He was buried that night. His statue stands in Milam Park.

The Texians had to fight from house to house. They had one shovel, one pick, two crowbars. With these they dug and tunnelled and broke down walls. With courage they kept gaining, inch by inch, the streets of San Antonio.

Col. Frank W. Johnson now led the Texians. His guide was John W. Smith, a Missourian who had married Maria Curbello, daughter of a Canary Island family. Another scout was another Smith: Erastus, or "Deaf" Smith, a New Yorker; he also had married a San Antonio girl, Guadalupe Ruiz. Another *Americano* in the battle was Sam Maverick, who had come from North Carolina. He and John Smith had been captured and accused of spying and were about to be shot, when John Smith's wife pleaded for their lives, and Colonel Ugartechea spared them. Thus another John Smith had his Pocahontas.

Leaving the fight for a moment, look in your dictionary under "M". Down the page is a definition: "Maverick, an

unbranded animal, especially a motherless calf." In a more modern sense it has come to mean a person who does not "run with the herd." Sam Maverick was to become a great landowner and the one whose name would create a new word for unbranded cattle. How it was done is another part of the San Antonio story.[1]

Although only a few of those who stormed San Antonio may be mentioned, all were brave men.

They kept on fighting, as everyone expects Texians to do, until they took the city.

They captured Zambrano Row, which consisted of some houses commanding Military Plaza; Don Juan Zambrano had been sent to Mexico to be punished for his support of the Texas revolution. Another who risked much on a Texas victory was Capt. Placido Benavides, the *alcalde* of Victoria, who had raised a company of thirty Mexican *rancheros*, considered among the finest horsemen in the world.

Santa Anna's brother-in-law got reinforcements, but it was no use. He had to hoist the white flag. The house where General Cos signed articles of capitulation is the building, now restored, at 503 Villita Street. (It is called the Cos House.) In five days the "*señores* of the long rifles" had beaten more than 1,000 picked soldiers of the dictator.

But then, men who fight for freedom always fight a little harder. They did in Warsaw, and from blitzed London, and under the American colors at Corregidor.

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[1]See Maury Maverick, "A Maverick American," pages 77 and 79. He says, "Sam Maverick, my great-grandfather, father of the man who named the cattle, was said to be the biggest landowner in the world. . . . At any rate, he and his son who went to Texas had the land fever, and either together or separately owned vast tracts in Alabama (formerly Mississippi Territory), South Carolina, Georgia and Texas."

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CHAPTER IX

Alamo

One of the World's Heroic Sacrifices Was Made By Texians Who Would Not Surrender or Retreat

THE CITIZEN, the San Antonian, stood discreetly behind a prospering huisache tree and gazed toward the heights beyond the Alazan. There, in the cold light of a February day, he saw a long column winding up from the southwest. It was so long that it resembled one of the plumed serpent-gods of the little brown men of Chitchen-Itza. As it moved toward the drab-colored town where a single church tower rose above the flat-roofed adobe houses, this citizen knew at last the full coldness of fear and of winter. Yet anger burned within him, for he also knew what that procession of men, horses and carts was bringing to San Antonio.

Long years of tradition, of legend, had taught the meaning of troops marching toward the old city.

He wondered which of those prancing little figures in the distance would be the one who was bringing here once again the sorrow of men killing men, to these plazas which had listened to the whistle of arrows, the roar of *escopetas*, the sudden final message of a firing squad, and the wailing of women.

Down yonder on the old plaza around the Alamo he saw the abandoned mission where the defenders had mounted guns. The years had mellowed the high quadrangle walls, toppled the twin towers of the chapel, caved in the roof. But it still was a citadel. Here the tall *Americanos* had stayed on, defying orders to leave; here they had almost starved for many weeks, waiting for money, food, and soldiers that never came. Here the leaders wrote urgently to the men who ruled the quarreling new provisional government. Ay, the San Antonian thought, revolutions are sad, so sad that only time is the *curandero*, the healer; time which wraps up old scars in a *zarape* of years, so that the scars are forgotten except by those who wear them on their

skins or in their hearts; and by the dead, of course, who never forget.

Faint on the norther came the sound of a bell. As it had done so long, since the coming of the islanders, the bell of San Fernando was ringing the alarum. The *Tejanos*, then, knew of the coming of that scourge of his people, that maker of trouble, Santa Anna.

It did not require *miramuerte,* the power of an old one or a witch, to see death coming. It rode with Santa Anna; it was his *compadre.*

The citizen, the San Antonian, thought of the good things of his life. He thought of work in the hot sun in the fields on the Street of Flowers; of going home at night to the mud *casita* which smelled of *tortillas* and *frijoles* and the smoke of mesquite-wood fires, of sun-dried clothes, and strong lye soap, and the old burro, and the goats. He thought of his *jacal,* where little black-eyed ones called him, worshipfully, *mí papa.*

He wanted to hide there behind the huisache. Or better, he could take the long road which many others had taken toward safety, away, far away from the feared and hated dictator.

Down in the town the men of the Alamo were driving beeves before them, into the old walled mission.

Then they would not leave, even now.

The humble citizen sighed. He left the huisache. He started at a trot down the little hill. He was no *conquistador.* He was just a poor man in ragged clothes and home-made sandals. He had not much to give for his city, only his life.

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The story of the Battle of the Alamo is a story of men who chose to die rather than retreat.

As time passes it becomes not so much a story of a battle as of human courage.

Many battlegrounds have been forgotten. Grass grows over them. Their stories are told in a paragraph or so in history books.

What, then, keeps the Alamo in San Antonio, in the very heart of the city: an old, gray, scarred ruin that contrasts strangely with fine modern buildings?

Every San Antonian who has stepped from the sunlight of Alamo Plaza into the twilight of the Alamo chapel knows the answer to that question. It is as real, in that place, as

the walls that the monks built long ago, thick stone walls which, they hoped, would shut out evil and shut in good. But their statues of saints were evacuated during the secularization of the missions, which means that the Alamo, like many other things which start belonging to God, was finally handed over to the world, which has never had a wall high enough to shut out sin, trouble, death, or the devil, whom the *padres* fought with the artillery of their prayers.

The brush hut of Father Olivares grew into a rather large mission establishment. A hurricane destroyed the primitive buildings. The cornerstone of the chapel, the old building that now is called the Alamo, was laid in 1744. Soon, inside a stone wall, there were a two-story building for the monks, rows of adobe and stone houses and rooms used as quarters for the converted Indians. There also were arcaded cloisters, a weaving room and other rooms for teaching, and arched *portales* around the plaza. The irrigation ditch running through the big plaza, which was enclosed by the quadrangle wall, was planted in fruit trees and willows. A deep well had been dug for use in case of attack. There also was a granary for storing corn and beans, the staple foods of the mission Indians.[1]

After the mission was secularized it housed troops who came at intervals. It was used by the Flying Company of San Carlos de Parras, which had come from the *Pueblo de San José y Santiago del Alamo,* in Mexico. They erected barracks. Baptisms later recorded in the military chapel called this mission the "Alamo."[2]

The Republican Army of the North and the army of General Cos had made headquarters here.

And after the Texians had taken San Antonio from Cos, those who stayed on in San Antonio moved, naturally, to the Alamo. Mexican-Texian citizens of Bexar urged them to leave before it was too late. For soon after San Antonio was captured from the troops of President-Dictator Santa Anna, it became known that this man who had risen to

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[1]See Frederick C. Chabot, "The Alamo, Altar of Texas Liberty," pages 6-7.

[2]See Chabot, "The Alamo, Altar of Texas Liberty," pages 10-11. Also, Edward W. Heusinger, "Early Explorations and Mission Establishments in Texas," confirms the influence of the *Compania de San Carlos de Parras* on the name, "Alamo." Heusinger says that during the occupation of Mission San Antonio de Valero by this company, 1788-1814, "the establishment was known as the *Pueblo del Señor San José y Santiago del Alamo.*"

power on the sore backs of his countrymen, was raising a great army. He was furiously intent on re-capturing the city that his brother-in-law, General Cos, had lost. At last his army numbered more than 6,000.

In San Antonio the Texian soldiers were suffering from the confusion of the birth of a new republic in a wilderness which was not quite ready for it.

The Texians had not yet officially established their republic. Their leaders tried to bring order out of chaos, but it was very hard, with no money in the treasury to pay soldiers, only a few supplies, and the question of authority. Sam Houston, who had first seen the old city of Bexar with Jim Bowie about two years before, was commander-in-chief of the army; but when he ordered Bowie, two months before the arrival of Santa Anna, to destroy the Alamo and march out of Bexar, he was not obeyed. Now the commander was a South Carolina lawyer named William Barret Travis.[1]

In an appeal for men and supplies Travis had reported that the Alamo had not more than 150 men to meet Santa Anna's thousands. But he, like the other Texians there, had decided, in his own words: "To sustain it as long as there is a man left, because we consider death preferable to disgrace, which would be the result of giving up a post so dearly won, and thus opening the door for the invaders to enter the sacred territory of the colonies."

For by now many Anglo-Americans had built homes in Texas, had farms and ranches. Little towns were scattered all the way from San Antonio to the coast, where Irish immigrants lived, past the old Spanish town of Goliad, and east, past San Felipe on the Brazos River, capital of the colony of Stephen Austin; past Washington-on-the-Brazos, which was to become the capital of the Republic of Texas; and on, to Galveston; and up and down the Trinity and the Sabine, the Brazos and the Colorado, and elsewhere, all on

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[1]For the spelling of the name, *Barret*, which often is spelled with two "t's", see facsimile of Travis' famous letter (called the no-surrender letter), in the Alamo chapel on the north wall near a portrait of the gallant hero. Amelia Williams, who wrote a thesis entitled, "A Critical Study of the Siege of the Alamo and of the Personnel of Its Defenders," published in the Southwestern Historical Quarterly, Vol. XXXVI, April 1933, pages 251-287, also spells Travis' middle name *Barret*. Miss Williams consulted relatives of the Travis', notably D. W. Stallworth of Fort Worth. She also had access to many of Travis' personal letters and papers, including his Bible, military reports and dispatches which he signed, and his will.

land granted the colonizers by the Spanish or the Mexican government.

It was this settled area of Texas that the men of the Alamo had decided to protect by holding out there, by delaying Santa Anna in Bexar.

While the Alamo defenders stayed to fight the dictator, delegates were assembling at Washington-on-the-Brazos. There, on March 2, 1836, they signed the Texas Declaration of Independence which established the Republic of Texas as a nation. Among the Texian leaders who signed this document were four delegates from the Municipality of Bexar, representing San Antonio. They were: José Antonio Navarro, José Francisco Ruiz, Jesse B. Badgett and Samuel A. Maverick. Navarro and Ruiz were the only native Texians who signed the Declaration, and both were San Antonians. They signed that historic document at great personal risk, for as Mexican-Texian citizens they were considered traitors by the Mexican government. Francisco Antonio Ruiz, son of José Francisco Ruiz, at that time was mayor of San Antonio.

Among the few volunteers who came to help Travis and Bowie and the others was the great American frontiersman, David Crockett, who, on his way to Texas with some "Tennessee boys" desirous of the free land now being offered those who fought for Texas, had written: "If there is anything in the world particularly worth living for, it is freedom; anything that would render death to a brave man particularly pleasant, it is freedom."

There was James Butler Bonham, who also had come to Texas from South Carolina. He was a schoolmate of Travis. And Travis sent his friend out of the Alamo, when Santa Anna's big army had swarmed into the town, to Colonel Fannin, the Texian commander at Goliad, and to Gonzales, to bring help. Bonham brought back thirty-two men from Gonzales. They knew, even as they came to the besieged Alamo, that there was no hope.

The story of the siege and fall of the Alamo has been told as many times as the story of any great sacrifice in history.

The words of Travis, who wrote his famous letter "To the people of Texas and *all Americans in the world,*" are among the great words of all the great soldiers of all time. —"I am besieged . . . The enemy has demanded a surrender at discretion . . . I have answered the demand with a can-

non shot . . . *I shall never surrender or retreat. Then,* I call on you in the name of Liberty, of patriotism & everything dear to the American character, to come to our aid, with all dispatch— . . . If this call is neglected, I am determined to sustain myself as long as possible & die like a soldier who never forgets what is due to his own honor & that of his country — *Victory or Death.* William Barret Travis. Lt. Col. Comdt."

The Alamo was stormed by Santa Anna on the morning of March 6, 1836, after a siege, hopeless for the Texians, that lasted thirteen days.[1]

Among the thirty non-combatants were women and children of Bexar, who later told about the horror of that dawn that came as pale as death itself to the men who fought bravely on, until they died beside their guns, there in the Alamo.

They were not all soldiers of fortune, as might be supposed. They were lawyers, clerks, farmers. Some were men like Bowie, who had won fame long before with the Bowie knife.[2]

Seven were men of Capt. Juan Seguin's company of Texian-Mexicans. Bowie, ill, but fighting still, died on his cot. They all died fighting.

That is why the history books say: "Thermopylæ had its messenger of defeat; the Alamo had none."

A copy of the heroic letter Travis wrote may be read by any Texan. It hangs in a frame on the north wall of the Alamo chapel. That old chapel has been repaired and preserved carefully, by tender hands. Presidents of the United States have humbly laid wreaths on this old gray shrine. Children of San Antonio, armies of America, tourists who

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[1]For the length of the siege, see Eugene C. Barker, "Texas History for High Schools and Colleges," pages 266-67. Dr. Barker included an account of the siege by Colonel Almonte, who had made an entry on Monday, February 29, showing that 1836 was a leap year. All historians agree that the siege started February 23. The Alamo was under siege from that time until the storming attack started on March 6. Some sources do not count the day of the attack as a day of siege; however, the men of the Alamo were in a state of siege until the fatal moment when they heard the bugle call, the *deguello,* which signalled the opening of the attack and battle.

[2]Monte Barrett, "The Tempered Blade," page 64, said that Jim Bowie's brother, Rezin, designed the Bowie knife but used Jim's idea of shaping an old file for the blade. There is a book by Raymond W. Thorp, "Bowie Knife," which tells about the origin and use of this fighting weapon of the pioneers.

come from many lands, people of the city, rich and poor, the great and the humble ones; they all come, season by season, year after year, regardless of color, race, religion, or station in the world. They come and stand awhile in the twilight of the Alamo, and think of the courage there is in a man.

Back in the 1920's the Alamo grounds had an old-fashioned negro caretaker. He used to sit in the sun in the plaza of the quadrangle when his work was done, an old felt hat pulled over his eyes, smelling the huisache blooms or the bottled perfume of the women tourists. One day he told about his friends, Marse Jim, Marse Davy, all the rest, how they always came back (when the visitors had gone), slipping through the old arches, through the ruined *portales*, coming very far indeed just to see how things were going.

"Evenin', Marse Davy. You lookin' well."

A chuckle. Or was it the wind through the chapel doors?

"I'm doin' fine. But Betsey, she's a-rustin'."

(Betsey was his rifle.)

"Sho', now, dat too bad. Ef I had a greasy rag —"

"Wait awhile. But you *can* dust off that there picture of me. My moccasins air gettin' a mite dusty."

"Sho' 'nuff, Marse Davy. I do declare."

The old man has gone from the courtyard. He's probably keeping Betsey bright and shining, like the memory of that little band of men, Texians all, who left an immortal inheritance to San Antonio.

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CHAPTER X

Let Freedom Ring

The Coming of "Los Americanos" and the Battles They Fought

IN BOMBED London they salvaged the debris; in ruined Berlin they made new highways out of the rubble; in Hiroshima they scraped the earth clean and started all over. But in San Antonio the people who stayed on after the Battle of the Alamo picked their way through streets littered with cannon-blasted adobe walls, and waited.

And then they came: *Los Americanos.*

They bid *El Viejo,* the Old One, to awaken from his long *siesta* and listen to the to-do of independence.

For by now *Tejas* had truly become the Republic of Texas.

Only six weeks after the fall of the Alamo, on April 21, 1836, the Texians defeated Santa Anna at San Jacinto and set up a new nation in the world: The Republic of Texas. It had a president, a congress, an army and a navy. Its Lone Star flag had joined the colors of other lands — the Stars and Stripes, the Union Jack, the Tri-Color of France.

This new Republic had a hearty welcome for liberty-loving strangers.

Their covered wagons rolled. The broad ruts along the Royal Road, made by the ox-drawn *carretas* of the Spaniards, were cut by the narrow iron-bound wheels of Conestoga wagons from the United States.

As had happened many times before, some of these strangers on their way to Texas decided to go straight to San Antonio.

This old city of the *dons* was not wholly unprepared.

A year after the birth of the Republic, San Antonio got a city charter. It established a "modern town government," with aldermen. It had a progressive mayor, John W. Smith (grandfather of John W. Tobin, who, years later, also was to serve San Antonio as mayor).

What *was* John Smith's town?

It made a small oblong in the valley. It appeared to be what it was — an old Spanish village. The ruins of the Alamo still looked down from the northeast upon the plazas. *Acequias* still cut through the few streets. Along those twisting, narrow streets the *carretas* (two-wheeled wooden carts, with wheels that sometimes were seven feet high), rumbled and groaned through mud, or on beds of dust.

One of the newcomers, John Meusebach, adds this:

"There was a long row of 'dobe, flat-roofed buildings running from where the post office now is . . . close to the Alamo church, and grass and pear [cactus] growing on the tops of the houses; all along the bank of the river there were huts covered with grass. What is now East Commerce Street was a lake of water with two rows of cottonwood trees as far as the Alamo Ditch. . . . The two plazas were surrounded by the same kind of houses." (The "two plazas" were Main and Military.)

And Mrs. H. Lucas, one of the first seven women from the United States to live here, had this to say:

"This was a very primitive town. . . . The houses were one-story and built of adobe, one room deep with dirt floors and no connecting doors leading from room to room. . . . The walls were three feet thick. The windows were iron-barred, and one could sit in the window seat and chat with a passer-by, or flirt with an admirer. . . . The back yard or patio was either a place with a fountain and flowers, or just a dust heap with a scraggly cactus in a corner and a skinny rooster in search of insects in a dust pile. . . . The houses of the very poor were merely poles, driven into the earth close together and the cracks filled with mud. Dried beef hides were spread on the floor and the family sat on these to eat, breaking off small pieces of *tortilla* and folding these to form a 'spoon' to dip up their *chili con carne* and *frijoles*. The coffee was black, or if diluted, goat milk was used. Frequently you saw a baby in a hammock hanging from the rafters. The hammock was made of hide."

Another who told of these times was J. M. Rodriguez, whose people were "old family." He told how the native San Antonians ate "mostly corn, bacon, fruit and vegetables," all of which they raised, and meat from their herds. Wagon trains from New Orleans, or the coast, or El Paso or Santa Fé or Chihuahua brought the fine silks, satins, and wines used by the rich. The Rodriguez family owned all the land "clear to Convent Bend, including [present] Hous-

ton Street and what is now the Gunter Hotel, all then planted in a corn field and other crops." He told of a time when they tied their horses outside a house where a dance was being given, and the Indians stole the horses: "We had to stay all night and walk home in the morning."

There were some big houses of stone and adobe where lived the wealthier pioneers from Mexico, and the families of the *isleños* who had come so long before, like the Acadians in *Evangeline*, to find happiness in exile from their native land. Although the "good old days" of Spanish power had gone, life was easier in the big homes like that of Joseph de La Baume, whose father had come from France to build a double stone house on the south side of the Alameda, now East Commerce Street. Manuel Ygnacio Rodriguez built the house about 1803. It was said to have been the first two-story building on what is now Commerce. Between it and the McMullen house (the McMullens of the McMullen grant), there was only brush.

In the Bexar County Courthouse and in the State Library in Austin where archives are kept, it is possible to learn how they lived, these natives of Bexar who had been here long before the coming of the *Americanos*. These documents include many wills in which possessions of the old Spanish families are listed. There is the will of María Josefa Granados, widow of Fernando de Veramendi. It gives a picture of the way they once lived in the Veramendi Palace, which was not torn down until 1920.

Maria had "skirts of blue satin . . . a gold rosary . . . bracelets of pearls . . . an ivory fan . . . a wooden desk trimmed with ivory inlay . . . a foot rest embroidered in silk." Over the big four-poster bed hung a "pavilion" (canopy), with "oil paintings on the ceilings." There was an image of the Virgin "in linen and glass." It was much finer, no doubt, than the hand-carved wooden *santos* (figures of saints) which stood in home-made niches or wall shrines in the humble *jacales*, where the poor ones made their own candles of beeswax or tallow and burned them before their little altars.

What else did they have, those humble ones of Bexar?

Joseph Leal, who lived in a *jacal*, left a will in which he told the story of the little 'dobie huts. He had a "common gun" and a buffalo robe, and a pine chest with a key; an old hat; a curved hatchet; a plough cleaner, a broken saw and a sickle; a bench made of elm; two old sacks of "Canary Island material." He had very little else.

That was the period when they gathered in the big houses and in the huts, to celebrate "Little Christmas" on January 6, in memory of the three kings who brought gifts to the Christ Child at Bethlehem. It was like our Christmas with its gift-giving, a big dinner, and alms for the poor. (*Dia de los Tres Reyes* still is observed in the Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe, 1321 El Paso Street, where also, on January 17, is held the "blessing of the animals" on the feast-day of St. Anthony the Abbot. And the *Matachines* dances are presented in the week of December 12; originally, they were the ritual-dance of the Aztecs.)

While the old days truly were ending, the families of San Antonio had kept their heirlooms, their traditions and customs, and their old houses. Their *haciendas*, farm and ranch houses, circled the town. George Wilkins Kendall, first modern war correspondent and noted newspaperman, who visited San Antonio, told how the "rich and fertile bottoms of the river are intersected in almost every direction by irrigating ditches, which carry the limpid waters." There was a water commissioner who had control over the "taking of the water" — a day's water, or four hours' water, like a dollar's worth of beans. *Aguadores*, peddlers who sold water, hauled barrelsful in little carts drawn by burros, to people who lived far from the ditches. Residents inherited water rights or bought them with their land.

On the farms ploughmen still used oxen. Often they made plough points from the roots of oak trees or of bois d'arc. On the ranches, which were unfenced, cattle had become wild and had grown tremendous horns. There also were wild horses: mustangs.

This, then, was Mayor John Smith's town, in the year 1837.

Although in many respects San Antonio certainly was still primitive, yet it also could claim to be progressive.

Ever since the time of a school teacher named Coi[1] —

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[1]In File C, Bexar County Archives, is a petition of Don Cristobal de los Santos Coi, filed in the *Villa de San Fernando* "of the jurisdiction of these New Philippines" on January 7, 1746. This document is the application of Coi for a house in which to teach school. He wrote: "I . . . appear before you in due and rightful form, and say that being actually occupied as a school teacher, teaching the children of this *Villa* of the royal *Presidio de San Antonio de Béjar* in the first rudiments, I find myself without a house in which to gather them conveniently; to obtain this I ask and beseech your lordships to grant me a plot of land which I have chosen for this purpose . . . " — *Alcalde* Juan Curbelo granted the application.

who had taught the "rudiments" to children of the royal *Presidio de Béjar* — there had been schools. Probably the oldest schoolroom in Texas was operated in Espada Mission. It still is operating after some interruptions. An old man named Francisco Calaorra often took some of the school children of the village of San Fernando across the river in his boat, which was the first licensed transportation system the city had. The first park was around San Pedro Springs, where the *padres* had set aside land for recreation. And by 1806 there was a hospital in the Alamo.

When the first "foreign" people came to Bexar, therefore, it already was a city of old culture and old customs, and of native-born residents who had changed very little.

The town council, striving to meet the newcomers with an alert attitude, passed an ordinance forbidding "bell-cows" on the main streets. They got rid of desperadoes, too: Pearson Newcomb tells how a hangman's tree on Flores Street came to be known as the "law of Mondragon." Señor Mondragon was one of the vigilantes. A little verse appeared: "The law of Mondragon . . . All Texans will endorse . . . That here in San Antone . . . You must not steal a horse."

"San Antone" — indeed!

Yes, the "foreigners" had truly come.

And the Texians had streamlined their spelling. They were *Texans* now.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Muke-war-rah, the Comanche, faced the white people who had gathered for a powwow in the Council House, on the nineteenth day of March in the year 1840.

The old courthouse stood where the Citizens' Industrial Bank now is, at 114 Main Plaza. On that day it contained Comanches who had come to San Antonio to discuss a treaty of peace. To seal the treaty it had been agreed that they were to bring with them thirteen white captives. But they had brought only one, a girl named Matilda Lockhart, who had been beaten and maimed by the Indians.

The Republic of Texas had sent some soldiers.

All of the twelve chiefs who had come were seated on a platform at one end of the long courtroom. Thirty-three Indian women and children, and most of the thirty-two warriors, were just outside the building.

Muke-war-rah demanded for the Indians that a ransom be sent to the main camp of the tribe, to pay for the rest

of the white prisoners. But this had been done before, and the Texans had been killed. So the San Antonians replied that they would hold the chiefs as hostages while the others went back to the tribe and returned with the captives.

When this had been translated to the Indians they strung their bows and drew their knives. A company of soldiers had come into the courtroom. When the war whoop was raised inside there began the famous Council House Fight, which spilled out of the courtroom and onto Commerce and Soledad streets, and finally — as the Indians tried to get away — to Bowen's Bend, about where the Plaza Hotel now stands.

Young Mrs. Mary A. Maverick, the first American woman from the United States to live in San Antonio, had been outside watching Indian boys shooting arrows at pennies. She had come with her husband, Samuel A. Maverick, who had helped Ben Milam take San Antonio in 1835. They lived in a house on Commerce and Soledad streets (the northeast corner of Main Plaza). She stood in her back yard and shouted, "Here are Indians! Here are Indians!" About that time she saw her negro cook, Jinny, standing in front of the Maverick children, bravely defying a warrior. One of those children, Sam Maverick — who lived almost a century — clearly remembered that moment. He said: "They used to burn all the timber down around town so sentries could see Indians coming. . . I recall the negro woman holding a rock in her hand, and telling the Comanche that if he didn't 'make tracks' she would finish him off."

The San Antonians and the soldiers tried to get the Comanches to surrender, but only a few did. The women had dressed like men and they fought like men. When it was all over people remembered it as a "day of horror." About 250 Comanches rode to San Antonio soon after the battle, and their young chief, Isimanica, shouted insults to the citizens. They sent him out to Mission San José where the soldiers were. The Texans had agreed to a twelve-day truce; and the threats of Isimanica did not make them break that truce, although the Texan commander told Isimanica, "We burn to fight you." He also told the Indian to come back in three days, when the truce would be over, and he could have all the fighting he wanted.

But Isimanica did not return.

* * * * * * * * * * *

And now the "villain of the piece" re-enters: Santa Anna!

Again he ruled Mexico. And he had not forgotten San Antonio. He wanted it — and Texas — back. He tried to take it from the *Americanos* who had come to live here.

They were people of many nationalities, as Mrs. Maverick's *Memoirs* prove. In her neighborhood in those times there lived the Jacques (French); Dr. Weidemann (Russian); Roque Cathadie (Greek); the De la Zerdas (Spanish), and Mrs. McMullen (Irish).

To protect the new citizens a band of "minute men" organized "ranging companies." They were the first Texas Rangers. One of their leaders was Capt. Jack Hays, a handsome young Tennesseean who had come from the same section as "Andy" Jackson. Hays was stationed in San Antonio with some of the Rangers.

But when Gen. Rafael Vasquez of the Mexican Army slipped into San Antonio in March 1842, he found only 107 home guards under Hays' command. While the people were deciding what to do, John Twohig, who had a store at what is now 201 North St. Mary's Street (City Public Service Board office), blew up his store rather than let it fall into the hands of the invaders, who had, of course, been sent by the Mexican dictator, as Hitler once sent an army into Poland. Twohig was called the "breadline banker" because he gave bread to the poor.

Vasquez stayed only two days. But in September another army came, led by Gen. Adrian Woll, a Frenchman in Santa Anna's service. He made an offer of $500 for Jack Hays' head. Hays had only a few men, so he sent messengers out to tell the rest of Texas that San Antonio was threatened by an army of at least 1,200 soldiers. Matthew "Old Paint" Caldwell, who had fought a Comanche with a rock in the Council House Fight, was one of those messengers. He "raised the war whoop" out in the brush and brought in eighty-five volunteers. He was given command of the 225 Texans who finally rallied to fight Woll.

"Old Paint," in a letter asking for more volunteers, wrote: "This is a fine opportunity to fight. Why don't you come?"

Among those who did ride to San Antonio in answer to the plea of "Old Paint" was a courageous Baptist preacher, the Rev. Z. N. Morrell. In his book, *Flowers and Fruits in the Wilderness*, he tells how he rode horseback to San Antonio in the company of fighting men, while the invaders threatened the city. The preacher wrote, "We gathered what

ammunition we could . . . [and] I obtained ten ears of corn and had it parched and ground and mixed with two pounds of sugar: called 'cold flour.' . . . I joined Hays . . . we had nothing to eat but the cold flour." The Baptist missionary encouraged the weary, hungry men and urged them on to deeds of valor.

Finally Jack Hays rode with a few Rangers close to the Alamo, to lure Woll out toward the Texans' camp on the Salado. Woll marched out and there was an all-day fight. As the Frenchman was about to leave he saw a little band coming across the mesquite flats. There were fifty-three men, mostly from near LaGrange, who had come to help "Old Paint." Woll cut them off and killed all but fifteen of these Texans, who made a heroic stand under their captain, Nicholas Dawson. (For the site of this battle see the marker on the Austin highway, on Salado Creek.)

When Woll left he took along San Antonio's judge, jury, and many prominent citizens. They, and the survivors of the Dawson band, were marched into Mexico as prisoners. Among them was the Reverend Mr. Morrell's son.

Then in retaliation for the invasions about 750 Texans met in San Antonio to march into Mexico on the Mier Expedition. They lost a battle at Mier in Mexico and were taken to Hacienda Salado, a gloomy old prison. They tried to escape, were captured, and sentenced by Santa Anna to die. The American and British ministers in Mexico City persuaded Santa Anna to modify his decree; he then ruled that every tenth man must be shot. And now the Texans were offered a pitcher of beans, black and white. Those who drew the black beans were to die.

A Texan who "dipped deep" into that pitcher (because he had noticed that those who took beans off the top, drew black ones), was "Big Foot" Wallace. He was a great fighter who was loved by the pioneers for his "droll wit" and his willingness to take any risk to protect the helpless families who now were pouring into Texas. "Big Foot" lived south of San Antonio and was a frequent visitor.

Finally all the imprisoned Texans were liberated from Castle Perote in Mexico — those who had survived the drawing of the beans, and all the hardships of their adventure. They came home to fight another day. San Antonio still was beset by Indians. Only the "ranging companies" held them off. The Rangers used long rifles. They furnished their own guns, horses, food and clothing; often they got

no pay; sometimes they lived on wild game and the parched, sweetened corn that the Baptist missionary mentioned. These fearless Rangers who got little in return for the dangers they risked, and who did much to protect the frontier, often came to San Antonio to recruit, to rest and have a little "fun."

Meantime, the town fathers were having troubles too. Woll had sacked San Antonio. He took away land records as well as citizens. In the confusion, Alderman Goodman fenced off the center of Military Plaza for his own. John James was employed to straighten out property lines. Judge Tom Devine helped get squatters off somebody else's land.

Freedom, as well as cities, has growing pains.

* * *

CHAPTER XI

O, Pioneers!

Foreign Folk From Afar Become San Antonians in the Forties

A PIONEER is "one who goes before."

Daniel Boone was one. Davy Crockett was one. The people who followed the Oregon Trail were pioneers. And so were the thousands who came from Europe to the United States in the 1840's. They were like a tidal wave, washing ashore on the coasts of the Americas.

To San Antonio came women in sunbonnets, with Bibles and bullet molds, and babies in their arms. There were men driving wagons, covered and uncovered wagons, with rifles, and corn seed, and store-bought plough points. There were men riding horseback or walking. They were French, they were German and English and Irish and Scandinavian; they were immigrants from many countries, but one thing they had in common: This was their Promised Land.

The surge of pioneers from the settled parts of the United States was sweeping toward the West. Also in Europe the people were looking westward. — "The sun goes west, why should not I?"

The word, frontier, had a sound of magic to people who wanted plenty of space, plenty of personal freedom, plenty of their own ground.

And so once again San Antonio became the goal of many pioneering people who were venturing into the unknown because, in the whole world, they wanted nothing so much as independence.

The tide of immigration swept inland to San Antonio, and beyond. It brought immigrants from Ohio or Alsace, from the Rhine or the Firth of Forth, from Boston or Dublin.

In San Antonio they found a city which was becoming, in many ways, "Americanized." But the streets they traveled were the same that had been laid out and named by

the *isleños*, or before. These strangers tramped down the Alameda (East Commerce), or at its other end, down Presidio (West Commerce, named for the old *presidio* of Bexar). Paseo, "Trail of the *Dons*," was yet to become Houston Street. Rincon (now St. Mary's) was a bend of the river, as its name implies.

Soledad, which is believed to have been named for *Nuestra Señora de la Soledad*, "Our Lady of Loneliness," indeed was a lonely street. According to Ruben Lozano, Dolorosa Street also was given a religious name, honoring *Nuestra Señora de los Dolores*, "Our Lady of Sorrows."[1]

Among the first strangers from across the seas to make their homes in San Antonio were the Irish. Many had come through San Antonio in the 1820's to settle in the Power and Hewetson colony, or the colony of John McMullen and James McGloin, near the old Spanish towns of Refugio, Goliad and Victoria (then Linnville). They named one of their towns San Patricio for St. Patrick. But these Irish colonists were at the mercy of the Indians. During the Texas revolution they lost men, had their homes burned, their crops destroyed. Some of them moved to San Antonio. Vinton James wrote: "North from Alamo Plaza, along Avenue D [North Alamo now] and [Avenue] E was a colony of Irish, called the 'Irish Flats'." The Irish settled along the old irrigation ditch that led to the Alamo. They built houses of logs, of adobe, of stone; but these houses looked like those in Ireland. Some still stand on the two avenues and on Nacogdoches Street.

As Texas was becoming a republic, and American pioneers were beginning to roll their frontiers past the Mid-West toward the Pacific, a wave of political unrest swept the Old World. Many of the people of Europe were very poor. And there were political restrictions which chafed the spirits of these Europeans who had heard about the freedom that had been won, war by war and inch by inch, across the Atlantic.

A new word, "socialism," was heard in Germany, in France, in England. These socialists were not communists.

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[1]Ruben Lozano's conclusion about the naming of these streets is confirmed in the place names of many localities where there is a strong Spanish influence. Thus we have Los Angeles; and closer home, Refugio, named for "Our Lady of Refuge." But there is an old story that Dolorosa was named during *La Noche Triste*, when Arredondo was in San Antonio. It also is said that Soledad was named "Loneliness" because for a long time it had only one house.

They were "idealists." They were, in fact, liberal-minded folk who wanted a better way of life.

Many crossed the ocean to find it.

A number of the powerful noblemen and political leaders were in sympathy with the great emigration of these restless masses. They wanted to help these people find security. Among the noblemen were German princes, counts and others who founded the Association for the Protection of German Immigrants in Texas. One of their leaders was Carl, Prince of Solms-Braunfels.

This prince had read, with interest, a report of Don Josè Antonio Navarro, who had marched with other Texans to New Mexico with the Santa Fé Expedition. That was supposed to have been a friendly trading expedition, but was interpreted as an attempt to annex New Mexico to Texas. Don José had used glowing words to tell of the beauties of this Texas which he had served for many years. Prince Carl learned all he could, before leaving Germany, about this frontier Republic where his associates planned to establish a colony. But at last he came to see it. He bought the site of New Braunfels from Rafael and Maria Veramendi Garza of San Antonio for the sum of $1,111.

There, at New Braunfels, the prince astonished everyone by having a sort of court where the "courtiers" wore velvet suits, and the soldiers, plumes in their cocked hats; and Prince Carl built himself a fort high on a hill and called it the Sophienburg, for his "ladye faire." (On its site today stands the Sophienburg Museum, with relics of that period.)

The Germans who came to live in Texas landed at Carlshafen on Matagorda Bay, later called Indianola, where today, after two great storms, there is only a wide and empty beach. Prince Carl had said that when a German wished to leave his country he was asked, "Where to?" and the only answer was, "To America." The prince had come personally to bring order to this confusion. But like so many big undertakings, this one had almost as many troubles as people. In seven months some 5,000 Germans landed, expecting to be cared for. But there was not enough money or supplies. The road from the coast to the colony, and through San Antonio, was lined with unmarked graves.

In the brush at old Indianola lies a lonely cemetery, where so many of these pioneers had to go, soon after they reached the shores of this land where they had sought happiness.

While the good burghers of New Braunfels helped the prince into his tight red velvet trousers, his people tried life in the wilderness. Soon some of them found refuge in San Antonio from the hardship, exposure, hunger and disease which beset the German immigrants. Some were professional men, like the Herffs, who became pioneer doctors. Others, like Christoph Rhodius, brought a talent for music which, in his son Udo, resulted in an all-San Antonio opera company which performed for critical audiences in the 1870's. They formed the beginning of a German society within the city, which, enduring through the years, has contributed to San Antonio a long list of distinguished citizens, fine old houses, and many industries.

Baron von Meusebach took charge of the German settlers after the prince went home. Several towns were developed in the San Antonio area, among them Fredericksburg, Comfort and Boerne. The immigrants kept coming through the city. Many of them, stopping on their way to one of the German settlements, remained in San Antonio. Some of them lived in *La Villita,* because this old "Little Town" occupied higher ground. Since the great flood of 1819 many of the best families had moved to *Villita* to escape high water. Many of the ruined old Spanish houses were reclaimed by the Germans who topped them with steep roofs like those of the Fatherland, and rebuilt the aged stone and adobe walls. Other European settlers built new houses in *La Villita.* Most of them showed a foreign influence.

Now, in this ancient village of the Spaniards, German *hausfraus* served coffee and *apfelstrudel,* ham and cheese and other hearty snacks, in the afternoons when it was time for *kaffee klatsch.*

Blonde German children gathered hen's eggs in the brush around Alamo Plaza, while their mothers made *gefuelteskraut* (veal stuffed with kraut), and their fathers met for social hours in a group which became the Casino Association. Or they met at the Menger boarding house to enjoy the brew of Charlie Degen.

William A. Menger, pioneer manufacturer, came to San Antonio from Germany in 1847. He met the Widow Guenther, who operated a boarding house on the site of the Sullivan Bank (present Commerce and St. Mary's streets). The Widow Guenther, who as Mary Baumschleuter had in 1845 spent four months on the Atlantic coming to Texas, had a story which is typical of the early European immi-

grants. The ship had run out of food, and for ten days they stood off Galveston, waiting for a tide to carry the ship over the bar. The ox-cart journey to San Antonio required six weeks. Both Mary and her mother were ill when they reached San Antonio, which was only a village in the wilderness. The mother died, and Mary, able only to speak German, never was able to discover where her mother had been buried, for she was so ill that she had to leave the last rites to strangers. This story was told by William A. Menger, publisher of *Southern Messenger*, grandson of the founder of the Menger Hotel. The immigrant Mr. Menger married the Widow Guenther, who was an excellent cook. She had so many boarders that they decided to move to Alamo Plaza. In 1855 they built a boarding house — a one-story slab building — on the present site of the Menger Hotel. It soon became so popular that special hacks picked up dinner patrons from Main and Military plazas, and from the residential sections on present Commerce and Houston streets, for the noonday meal. The increasing trade led Mr. Menger to open a brewery, the first modern manufacturing enterprise. He hired Charles Degen, a countryman, as brewmaster. Later Mr. Degen bought the brewery and moved it to Blum Street.

Where Nic Tengg's bookstore is now, on Commerce Street, stood the "Old Curiosity Shop" of Julius Berends, a scholar and one of the German immigrants. Here, in an adobe house like a *jacal*, he sold the classics to the pioneers.

Berends helped found the German-English School, 419 South Alamo Street (the San Antonio Junior College now uses the old rock buildings). A group of "intellectuals," called the *Lateiner*, started this school in 1858. The first buildings were erected with money contributed by about forty German-American families of the city. The school term lasted eleven months. Lessons were in German, English and Spanish. The "rod" used on erring pupils was a stick covered with leather. It was used often. Many of the pupils rode horseback to school. German songs were taught: *Lauf, mein Yaeger, lauf, Bogen,* and *Mit dem Pfeil.* As most of the schools of that period were private, many of the old families sent their children to the German-English School along with the boys and girls of the founders.

But now there were public schools. Pearson Newcomb says they were started in 1853. The city council in that year appropriated money for public schools and built the first

school house. X. Y. Sanders, later a district judge in the Waco district, was the first teacher. But this infant school system was not big enough to teach all young San Antonians, so private schools were also needed.

The story of one of the first of these private schools is linked with the beginning of Lutheran activity in San Antonio.

Rev. August L. Wolff, a pastor of St. John's Lutheran Church, told in his history of that church how the Lutheran mission at Basel, Switzerland, finally sent the first resident Lutheran pastor to San Antonio. Rev. P. F. Zizelmann arrived on a bleak January day in 1852. His funds had been exhausted on the long journey from Europe, but a stranger gave him food and shelter. Next day he preached to fifteen of his people. The need for education seemed uppermost in the minds of his countrymen, therefore the pastor took on a debt of $90 for school supplies and opened a bilingual school in rented quarters. But disaster dogged his efforts. He wrote a hymn (still popular at St. John's) which tells of his trials in San Antonio. The last verse goes like this:

"Lord of all creation,
Thou wilt send salvation,
Bid my fears begone.
Wilt my trust restore me,
Blaze the path before me,
And in truth lead on.
God of old, my plight behold!
Grant me songs of praise for sorrow;
Brighten my tomorrow."

But his immediate tomorrow brought typhoid fever, and being very ill he was forced to leave San Antonio for a while.

Soon, the prospering citizens from overseas started building bigger houses. They built them along King William and other streets close to the heart of town, which then was the city's "South Side." But not until later did the great "castles" appear, like the Franz Groos house at 335 King William, or the Ed Steves house at 509 King William.

By far the larger number of immigrants who settled in San Antonio in the 1840's were Germans, but there were many others.

There were the colonists of Henri Castro, a French Jew. He was another man with a dream of empire-building, of leading his people to a new Canaan. People usually think of his colonists as French. Actually they were a mixture of

French, Swiss, Germans, Austrians, Belgians, Dutchmen and Scandinavians. But the Alsatians were the most numerous, and so have decided the character of Castroville, the Old-World town they built twenty-five miles west of San Antonio in the 1840's when many other foreign folk came.

The leader, Castro, believed by some historians to have been a French count, came to Texas in 1844. He had sent 114 people in the first group; they stayed almost two years in San Antonio before at last they left, going to the Medina River where their land lay. Many upsets in their plans had delayed them. Some of them stayed in San Antonio. Those who went on to found Castroville, and others who came later were threatened by Indians, by drought and by famine, and at last by cholera. The church with the spire that stands so tall above this beautiful old town today, the Church of St. Louis, was built in thanksgiving by the survivors of all the calamities which befell these courageous people.

The Castro colony left its mark on San Antonio.

There is, for example, the contribution of Theodore Gentilz, a gay young artist who came with the Castrovillians. He met a young man from Montpellier named Auguste Fretelliere, who had come across the ocean "chaperoned by his tutor." They attended a *fandango* on Military Plaza. Fretelliere told about it: "It was in rather a large room of an adobe house, earthen floor, lighted by six tallow candles. . . . At the back, a great chimney in which a fire of dry wood helped to reheat the *cafe*, the tamales and enchiladas. . . . At the upper end of the room, seated on a chair placed on an empty box, was the music, which was a violin. . . . The women were seated on benches on each side of the room. The costumes were very simple, dresses of light-colored printed calico, with ribbons. As for the men, they wore usually short jackets, wide-brimmed hats, and nearly all the Mexicans wore silk scarfs, red or blue or green, around their waists."

Gentilz and Fretelliere "did the town." And while they did it the artist placed his impressions on canvas, in small oil paintings. Some of them are on display in San Antonio (Witte Memorial Museum, Alamo Hall at the Alamo). Edward Grenet, another Frenchman, painted *Ramona,* which was exhibited in Paris. Three other *emigré* artists painted San Antonio as it was then. Carl G. von Iwonski, Hermann Lungkwitz and Louise Heuser Wueste have left behind pic-

ture-portraits of the city they knew. (Many fine old paintings of early San Antonio are in the Public Library.) These pioneer artists and others left a tradition for many who have found beauty in San Antonio scenes. The famous artists who have lived here include such great names as Seymour Thomas, José Arpa, Robert and Julian Onderdonk. Now San Antonio is an art center where annual events include a river-bank show of younger artists, and the distinguished loan exhibitions of the world's great painters in Witte Museum's big galleries. Such patrons as the San Antonio Art League and Edgar B. Davis (the millionaire oilman of Luling) have fostered art in San Antonio.

Among the early French citizens was Francois Guilbeau, whose fine old house at 510 South Main Avenue (State Department of Public Welfare offices), is an example of the splendor of the *elite* in San Antonio in the 1840's and 1850's. Adele Guilbeau married Bryan Callaghan, whose ancestors were very early Spanish pioneers, and French and Irish. Guilbeau was mayor pro-tem for a short while. A story of mayors in the Guilbeau-Callaghan alliance had its sequel in 1947 when Alfred Callaghan became mayor of San Antonio; for his grandfather Bryan was mayor in 1846, and his father Bryan was mayor for the longest period any San Antonian has had that honor.

Many other racial groups emigrated to Bexar. They are still coming. San Antonio has more than thirty racial elements; but they all are San Antonians.

There is an old story that if you drink the water you must come back for more. That makes strangers into San Antonians — if you figure it carefully. It *is* good water.

* * *

CHAPTER XII

Stars and Stripes

San Antonio and Texas Join the Union

SAN ANTONIO swapped flags again. The Lone Star flag of the Republic of Texas was exchanged for the Stars and Stripes when Texas joined the Union, nine years after independence had been won on the battlefield of San Jacinto.[1]

Old flags that had been brought by people from the United States were dusted off and hung over front doors or on grocery-store flagpoles, or on church towers.

And now the San Antonian, at last a citizen of the United States, hoped for peace for the war-scarred old town.

"Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions."

And then they got another war.

For when Texas became a State Mexico objected, and war followed between that country and the United States. Texas still was a prize to be fought over.

Once more bugles sounded, and citizens lingered along the plazas to watch soldiers.

Col. Martin L. Crimmins, authority on the military story of San Antonio, tells how this war affected the city. He wrote, "When prospects of war with Mexico were imminent, that valiant soldier, Col. William Shelby Harney, marched three companies of the Second U. S. Dragoons from Fort Washita, Arkansas, in September 1845, and arrived in San Antonio October 28, 1845 to establish the first U. S. garrison.

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[1]Texas "joined the Union" in several steps. The U. S. Congress accepted the new State Constitution of Texas on December 29, 1845, and this date was declared by the U. S. Supreme Court to be the true date of annexation (See Newton-Gambrell's "Social and Political History of Texas," page 232). But the flag of the Republic of Texas was not lowered — and the Stars and Stripes raised — until February 16, 1846, when the Republic's last President, Anson Jones, said: "The final action in this great drama is now performed: the Republic of Texas is no more."

"The city fathers were enthusiastic about the dashing dragoons, and offered to give 100 acres of land around San Pedro Springs for an Army reservation. Colonel Harney rejected it because the land was too low and was commanded by high ground to the north, which would make it easy for Indians to attack. The Canary Islanders rejected a similar offer in 1731 for the same reason.

"During the war with Mexico, the Headquarters of the Army of the Center was established here in September, 1846, under that model commander, Gen. John Ellis Wool, who had on his staff as senior engineer officer Capt. Robert E. Lee, U. S. Topographical Engineers; Lee was to learn in Texas lessons that helped to make him our most efficient American general in the War Between the States.

"General Wool had in his army 2,500 soldiers and 500 wagons for his transport. A hundred years later San Antonio would have within its outlying Army fields in Bexar County about 100,000 men of the Fourth Army and thousands of trucks, airplanes and gliders for transportation.

"After the war with Mexico, San Antonio was selected late in 1848 for Headquarters of the Eighth Military District by Gen. William Jenkins Worth, whose brilliant successes in Mexico won him this important assignment. He died here of Asiatic cholera May 7, 1849, in the arms of his friend, John James, whose mansion then was on the site of the Western Union Telegraph Office, 129 West Commerce Street."

In that cholera epidemic of 1849 at least 500 San Antonians fell victim to the plague.

During these years of change the first building to be erected by the United States Government for military purposes slowly went up. It was the San Antonio Arsenal, started in 1859.

Before that, at the beginning of the new decade of the 1850's, Gen. Persifer F. Smith persuaded the Vance brothers, John and William, to construct a two-story stone building for military use. It stood at the present corner of St. Mary's and Houston streets, where the Gunter Hotel now is. This building later became the Vance House, a place as busy in its time as was the Mahncke, the hotel which succeeded it, and the Gunter of today. So the "Gunter corner" started its noisy, lively career a hundred years ago.

About that time a great many other things started.

There were innovations in education and religion.

Today, where Houston and Navarro meet on the northwest corner, once there was a squat adobe building. Samuel Newton was headmaster of a school there. He also was a violinist. He invented a system for teaching the alphabet. As one of the pupils remembered, "With the first letter (A) he would produce on the fiddle simultaneously a deep resonant basso note; and as he descended the alphabet he ascended the musical scale, until when finally the 'Z' was reached a high, shrill, piercing note — which cut the air like a screech-owl's midnight cry — flew triumphantly from the tremulous catgut, and the class was dismissed."

Pupils often rowed to school at St. Mary's on College Street, in 1852. This school had a boat landing. The river was easier to navigate than the unpaved streets, which were mudholes when it rained. The School of Law of St. Mary's University now occupies the old stone buildings of that pioneer educational institution.

Another Catholic school was Ursuline, which started in 1851 in an old stone building which had been intended for the wife of a French citizen. The wife refused to come to a wild frontier, and when the Ursuline nuns arrived the house was occupied by spiders and scorpions. But the Ursulines soon had a girls' school there, attended by such pupils as Sarah Riddle (Mrs. Sarah Eagar), who is said to have been the first "American" girl born in San Antonio. Her father, Wilson Riddle, had one of the first two-story stores (St. Mary's and Commerce).

Historian Stanley Banks tells a joke about the Ursuline clock.

"The old Ursuline Academy and Convent," he says, "has a tower with a three-faced clock. There is a dial on the east side; there is a dial on the west side; there is a dial on the south side. . . . But there is no dial on the *north* side! Two stories are told in explanation of this peculiarity: one is that at the time of the building of the school no one lived on the north side of town, and it was confidently believed that such would always be the case . . . so the dial on the north side would not be needed. The other story relates that at the time of the building of the tower a contingent of Union soldiers was camped out near San Pedro Springs . . . and San Antonio people did not want the 'Yankees' to know what time it was, anyway."

Banks also tells how, in the pioneer days of "schoolin'," teachers often had to take as pay whatever farm produce

the pupils could offer, such as pigs or corn or black-eyed peas. Since no two textbooks were alike, teachers had a hard time trying to conduct classes with the odd assortment of books the pupils brought to school. One pioneer Texas woman told of learning the multiplication tables on the back of a hat-box which her mother had donated.

The Protestant religion had almost as many adventures in San Antonio as did the "Three R's."

A sturdy Presbyterian minister named John McCullough built the first Protestant church in San Antonio on Commerce Street (about where the Stevens Building now stands). Pews from that old church are in the Presbyterian church at Leon Springs.

Vinton James, the son of pioneer San Antonians and writer of valuable reminiscences, thus recalled that Commerce Street church: "It was of adobe and was one long room, devoid of any paint or whitewash. . . . When church services in the evening were over . . . we boys, concealed behind the fence, would place a large dead snake in a coiled position on the sidewalk, and about the time the home-going crowd passed, we would give the string attached to the snake a violent pull, which caused a panic among the ladies and men."

Worse than dead snakes, however, was the uneven battle with wickedness in a city that had always had its share of "bad men."

The Reverend Mr. McCullough had ridden to town with a friend, a young Methodist parson, John Wesley DeVilbiss. The Reverend Mr. DeVilbiss bought a lot in *La Villita,* obtained a church bell in Cincinnati, and hung the bell on the empty lot. The Methodist minister would ring the bell, then rush to the courthouse on Military Plaza to hold services. This courthouse stood on the northwest corner of the present City Hall grounds. Charles Herff wrote: "Thousands of bats made their homes between the roof and the whitewashed canvas ceiling of the courthouse. It was necessary, whenever court convened, to drive the bats out by using two long poles and a cross-piece of timber, which was bumped against the canvas ceiling." This was the notorious "Bat Cave" of Military Plaza. The bats likewise had to be routed for the Methodists.

Latin-Americans called the Reverend Mr. DeVilbiss "El padrecito que tiene la campaña," or "The little priest who owns the bell." He tried very hard to build a church in

which to hang the bell, but failed. He and the Reverend Mr. McCullough at last joined hands to build the adobe church-house on Commerce. There they held joint services. The Presbyterian minister even taught school there. It was the Methodist minister who had complained bitterly: "Just at the hour of preaching a large crowd would assemble . . . and engage in chicken fighting."

The ministers McCullough and DeVilbiss had jointly held the first Protestant service in San Antonio in April 1844, in the old county clerk's office. In 1944, a city-wide Protestant service was held to celebrate the centennial of this important event. A bronze tablet placed where the river cut-off crosses Commerce Street marks the location.

After the erection of the little church building in the summer of 1847, John Rabb gave a section (a whole square mile) of land to help build a Methodist house of worship. But it was not until 1852 that the Methodists had their own church. It was a small stone structure on Soledad Street. The lower part was used for a schoolroom. This was called Paine Chapel in honor of the Methodist bishop, Robert Paine. "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." It would be a long time, 1883, to be exact, before lots were acquired on the corner of Travis and Navarro, where a splendid church building would rise to replace the small Paine Chapel. But that is getting ahead of the story.

The Presbyterian minister gave up his tiny church when his wife died in 1849. Dr. Daniel Baker, an evangelist, arrived in 1851 to reorganize the Presbyterian congregation. Then, after the Rev. R. F. Bunting came in 1856, the second Presbyterian church building was erected at West Houston and North Flores, for the then magnificent sum of $15,000. In 1907 this site was sold and a new building was started at Fourth Street and Avenue D, present site of the First Presbyterian Church. — "Faith without works is dead" says the Scripture, but the result of both may be seen wherever a big church building stands today, for each has risen on the faith *and* works of the pioneers.

San Antonio greeted its first newspaper, the *Western Texan,* in 1848. One of the editors died of cholera. Since the newspaper was started just a year before the gold rush to California, it printed stories of San Antonians who had decided to go West and look for gold.

Others found their fortunes closer home.

San Antonio was becoming a prosperous city. Immi-

grants continued to pour in. They outfitted in Bexar, then the wagons creaked on, over the high and lonely hills or onto the plains where new towns were beginning. Rawhide whips cracked; gold and silver coins made a pleasing melody for merchants. Now there were merchants who also bought. They were the buyers of wool, mohair, cattle, horses, mules.

Among the older business houses were the gun store of Hummel and Mauermann, the blacksmith shop of William Lytle, the general stores of A. A. Lockwood and Onesimus Evans, the lumber yard of James, Montel and Company, and Enoch Jones' three-story store on the northeast corner of Market Street and Main Plaza.

The stores sold everything from French candy and champagne to gunpowder; Cholula blankets, *rebozos*, agave thread and heavy bars of sweet chocolate from Mexico; saddles made by local leatherworkers; silk stockings from France and England; bales of silken cloth from China; glass beads for Indians; beeswax for candles, and tobacco strong enough for each little *cigarrera* to fumigate a whole *jacal*. For the poor people still had their *jacales*. Half of the 5,000 people in San Antonio were Latin-Americans. Many of the wealthy Mexicans had carefully preserved the imposing Spanish houses of their ancestors.

For that other half who had become *muy Americano*, the freighters brought wagons loaded with the merchandise of that day. From ads in the *Western Texan* it was possible to shop for cashmere shawls, bullet molds, sad irons, spinning wheels, parlor bellows and kitchen bellows, cedar churns, boot jacks, "Nervous chewing tobacco," and Godey's *Lady's Book*. Rifles, powder horns and bars of lead for bullets sold better than flour, because Indians still were thicker than Rangers. But society ladies could buy hair-lace bonnets at J. R. Sweet's on Main Plaza when they came shopping in their carriages.

James P. Newcomb, who published a newspaper, the *Alamo Star*, commented that the downtown streets of San Antonio had become a "perfect bustle, with business brisk and hotels full of strangers."

Among the strangers were families whose names were old in the Deep South. Nearby towns like Gonzales contributed some of them. Also there was a large migration of Southern families to San Antonio in the late 1840's and the 1850's. Warrick Tunstall brought his family by steamboat down the Mississippi and then by stagecoach to San An-

tonio, in 1854. He built a large estate along the river where Ben Milam's men had rallied at the Old Mill. The Tunstalls were from Kentucky and Missouri. Others came from nearer Louisiana, among them Toutant Beauregard. And there was Francois Giraud, the architect who designed old St. Mary's Church and College. The Wilson Riddles came from Tennessee, the John Bradleys from Virginia, Judge Thomas Jefferson Devine from Kentucky, the Frank Paschals from Georgia. In the *Report on the Widening of Commerce Street, A.D. 1914*, which tells of San Antonio in the old days, Eddy Wolff speaks of those "strangers" of the forties and fifties whose names still are heard in San Antonio: "The Bells, the Pancoasts, the James, the Bennetts, the Newtons," and others.

Eddy Wolff said that the first city lots were sold on Commerce Street about 1855. At that time its eastern end was called Powder House Road, "from the custom of military authorities and merchants of storing their explosives in this section." Between Bowie Street and the site of St. Joseph's Church was a wide plaza, larger than Alamo Plaza today, "and known from the hundreds of cottonwood or *alamo* trees that grew along its borders, as the Alameda." From there to Military Plaza it was called *Camino Real* or Main Street; some older citizens called this part *El Potrero,* which means, "gateway." It was not until about 1890 that the whole street came to be called Commerce, and as late as 1900 it was called either Commerce or Main Street, "at the option of the speaker."

The growing town of the 1850's "presents a more city-like appearance than any city in the State," according to the *Star*. It had fifty stores, twenty shoe-making shops, an assortment of livery stables and blacksmith shops. Yet an Indian raider named Wild Cat threatened the wagon trains that brought supplies in and hauled surplus produce out.

The San Antonio Academy advertised its rules. They included silence during study hours; and, "No student will be permitted to take any weapons within the precincts of the institution . . . the use of tobacco in every shape, is strictly prohibited."

Some of the German children went to school to the Reverend Mr. Zizelmann, who was back in San Antonio. The *San Antonio Ledger* in 1857 recorded his organization of the first Evangelical Lutheran congregation. The pastor had his school in the old Elmendorf house near the Alameda.

His pupils had from two to three hours for noon recess, so they could go home to dinner — which they had in the middle of the day; then everybody took a *siesta*. The school had a blackboard, three tables and six benches, a map and a bell. Also it had an organ. On Sundays the organ was hauled away to church; then on Mondays it was brought back to the school, and the boys and girls had singing lessons all week to the accompaniment of that wheezy little organ. (Their parents founded singing and music societies which still exist.)

Higher education also was getting a start. Dr. W. W. Jackson found, in the thesis of Margaret Hotchkiss Mollenhauer entitled, "History of the University of San Antonio," that the San Antonio *Daily Herald* of December 17, 1859, announced a plan whereby the San Antonio Female College might be tendered the Rio Grande Conference of the Methodist Church, while at the same time a boys' college would be started under the name of Alamo College. Jesse Boring, D.D., was to become director. A little later the *Alamo Express* reported that Doctor and Mrs. Boring were directing San Antonio's Female College. It was to close sometime in the 1860's, and there would be no further development until 1888, when trustees of a proposed university met at the San Antonio National Bank and effected a permanent organization. But again the plan was delayed; and it was not until 1894 that a college was opened in San Antonio under the presidency of Dr. J. E. Harrison. Enrollment that first semester was seven pupils! In 1936 this pioneer institution became the University of San Antonio (it had been Westmoreland before), and under the presidency of Dr. Jackson, plans for a merger of this college and Trinity University of Waxahachie were consummated. Trinity came to San Antonio in 1942 and the merger was made with the University of San Antonio; now Trinity University is operated under the auspices of the Presbyterian Church, U.S.A. This institution and other pioneer colleges, such as Our Lady of the Lake (founded 1896), the College and Academy of the Incarnate Word (1897), St. Mary's University (the outgrowth of old St. Mary's school on the river), Peacock Military Academy, St. Mary's Hall, old Ursuline, Texas Military Institute, Central Catholic High and many parochial schools, San Antonio Junior College, numbers of small private schools, and the extensive and modern San Antonio public school system — also those

in the outlying school districts, such as Alamo Heights and Los Angeles Heights — today make the city a strong educational center where not only its own young people, but also many from Mexico, South and Central America and other States of the Union come to learn everything from the "rudiments" to art, music, dancing, and the more practical trades and crafts, or how to fly an airplane.

Thus San Antonio is carrying out the traditions of the founders, in whose city many talents and tastes mingled, and education, like politics or religion, was a matter of personal preference.

* * * * * * * * * * *

This is about Christmas in San Antonio in the 1850's.

Candles burn in old San Fernando, before a manger.

Lanterns light the way to *Los Pastores*, the miracle play of the Nativity which was started on this continent in the time of Cortés, among the Aztecs. The angels, the shepherds, the Star of Bethlehem and *el diablo* are all attired in costumes of cambric or muslin, suitably decorated. The "devil" speaks politely to an onlooker: "Please let me pass, lady." And the lady replies, "Oh, you speak English." To which the devil, with a pitchfork made out of a pitchfork, answers, still politely: "The devil speaks all languages."

(Sarah S. King, San Antonio school teacher, told the story of *Los Pastores* in a booklet with that title. Also, Mary Aubrey Keating painted a series of pictures telling this old story. And *Los Pastores* may be seen at the Chapel of Miracles, 113 Ruiz Street, on Christmas Eve, as well as in houses designated with lanterns or colored electric bulbs as places to see this ancient drama which tells about the first Christmas.)

From the homes of the German citizens comes a delicious aroma of little anise-seed cakes, on this Christmas a century ago.

In all the houses are holiday decorations. Also there are presents. For the little girls there are rag dolls, and for their brothers, rifles to shoot rabbits that ruin all the gardens. The mothers receive home-made pin cushions, and the fathers, moustache cups painted with roses and violets.

Or if one is rich there may be toys from Pentenreider's, a $16 set of Shakespeare from Berends', raisins from Lewis and Groesbeck's, or, perhaps, French perfume from Nette's, the first drug store.

The mail that is handed out by Postmaster John Bowen

at his little postoffice and home on *Calle Quinta* (Dwyer Avenue, about where the Alamo Printing Company is), has holiday greetings from "back home," and a long way back it may be, clear across the ocean to where the "old folks" live. The postmaster serves without pay. Mail arrives whenever the stagecoaches happen to bring it. From New York it takes three months. But three-month-old messages still are news to people who have no telegraph service, no daily newspapers, no radios.

There are wild turkeys in most of the ovens. But to some San Antonians the roasted meat of a kid (*cabrito*) is holiday fare. And while the French residents stir their spiced coffee, the English citizens (or people from Virginia) gather around the wassail bowl, and light the brandy sauce on plum puddings.

The bells of San Fernando ring in Christmas.

For fireworks they burn tar in barrels.

Nat Lewis, the cattle king and storekeeper who is called *Don Pelone* because he always gives a "little something extra" to his customers; a *pelone* (or *pilon*, or *pelon*), is generous to the children who say to him, in the store, "*Pelone*!" (The Nat Lewis house still stands at 112 Lexington.)

Closed are the other stores and the dozen eating places which serve prodigious dinners for twenty-five cents (or less). The people have been exchanging hot tamales, an old custom on Christmas Eve in San Antonio.

Empty wagons stand on the plazas. They were emptied quickly. For they brought apples, brought them a long, long way to this city which has *piloncillos* and pecans and cactus candy, but no apples. The apple wagons were so slow coming that they had been given up. But they did arrive in time. The apples sell for ten cents apiece, and are worth it, scarce as dimes are. For they have brought back memories to many. Sweeter than the spices of Araby are the odors of those bright red apples to folk who remember, at Christmas, other days, other scenes.

It is easy to take apples (and other small things) for granted. Possibly it is wise, then, to go back to that city of our forefathers, a city standing staunchly at the end of long and lonely roads, to understand not only this city's tension over the coming of the apple wagons, but also what it means to be cut off from small, loved things — the every-

day things which are not appreciated until they are gone.

Americans never yet have been displaced persons. But they have learned to value and to keep what they want and must have, to continue as Americans, Texans, San Antonians.

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CHAPTER XIII

The Wearing of the Gray

A Story of Stirring Times, War's Upheaval — and Robert E. Lee

BEXAR TURNED gray, "but not with years," during the short sad career of the Southern Confederacy.

No, San Antonio has never turned gray from being old, except in spots like the Alamo or the missions, where it is impossible to hide age.

But in the years of the War Between the States it turned gray, in the uniforms of Confederate soldiers; and it knew the dull gray of sorrow and defeat.

While peace yet lingered like a parting guest in the land, the people of San Antonio met Jefferson Davis through his camels. He then was Secretary of War for the United States. Later he became President of the Confederate States of America.

Davis thought that camels would solve the problem of transportation for troops in desert country. There were no railroads; and camels were considered a fast and sure means of carrying troops, supplies and equipment through Indian-infested wastes. Two shipments of camels came from Indianola on Matagorda Bay to San Antonio. Their arrival amazed a city which was becoming too old to be amazed easily. Man and boy, San Antonio turned out to help escort the strange beasts to San Pedro Park. The interest of the citizens proved so exhausting to camels and cameleers (Egyptian "cowboys" who "punched" them), that they were soon moved on, to wider pastures and a quieter life at old Camp Verde, near Bandera.

Camels and wax-works, and "real ice cream," all came to town to amaze those pre-war San Antonians. Vinton James was a small boy when an "ice cream palace" opened a few doors from his home on Commerce Street. He said: "I hung around the door, hungry for a taste of the delicious stuff, until the proprietor asked me to go on an errand,

after which he placed a saucer of [ice] cream before me, and I, a novice, attempted to swallow it in one gulp — with the result that I lost consciousness, but when I came to I slowly devoured the remainder."

All the way from Paris came machinery for an ice factory, which was established by J. B. Lacoste about where the Texas Steam Laundry is now, on Losoya Street.

San Antonio was becoming so prosperous and progressive before Fort Sumter opened the War Between the States in 1861 that the *Daily Herald*, after telling what a good town it was, added: "If we are true to the high and noble impulses of the American character, our course will still be onward and upward, till this valley shall become the synonym for everything that is agreeable and lovely on this terrestial sphere."

But the plazas were grown up in weeds. Garbage was dumped in the river. Water came from shallow wells. A bridge made of empty barrels floated on the river at Navarro Lane (now Navarro Street), and only Acequia Street (Main Avenue) extended two or three blocks north. Beyond was an unbroken mesquite thicket where the *pastores* herded goats (now Laurel Heights).

Another side of the picture of that old antebellum city is more encouraging. Kerosene lamps, for example, had replaced tallow candles. ("Gas posts" would not be erected until 1866, when a man on horseback would ride around at dusk and light the gas lamps.) But J. H. Lyon's drug store had fresh oysters. The city had a hand-drawn fire engine. During a building boom of 1855 a number of fruit and shade trees had been planted, and now San Antonio looked a little less bare.

A big day came when the Giddings-Doyle stagecoach left Main Plaza on August 9, 1857, on its maiden trip to San Diego, California. The stagecoach line won a bet of $100,000 that this coach would reach San Diego ahead of the fastest ships from New York around the Horn. Tom McCall, later Bexar County sheriff, drove that coach out of town.

On Main Plaza where the stagecoach race started, opposite the corner where John Carolan's store and auction room stood, another landmark soon would rise. It was the mercantile establishment of Col. Thomas Clayborn Frost and his brother John. Since they had the only safe for the protection of valuables, ranchers and businessmen began to stop in and say, "Here, Frost, take care of my money for

me." Lydia W. Magruder, San Antonio school teacher who contributed that story, added, "This was the beginning of the Frost National Bank."

On Commerce stood the home of George Giddings, the stageline owner. Next door was the bank of Col. George W. Brackenridge, who was to give the city its first water works and its biggest park.

San Antonio now had a Baptist missionary named John Thurmond. This preacher arrived on horseback in 1855 with all his worldly goods in saddlebags: Bible and hymn-book, a can of coffee, a piece of bacon and some hard-tack. A green umbrella protected him from the sun. When he got to town the Reverend Mr. Thurmond asked where he could find a Baptist. He was directed to a certain store. The storekeeper's wife was of that denomination, so the merchant invited the "reverend" to stay as their guest. "Eureka!" cried the minister, and then he paused and said, "This is my horse, and he is a Baptist too." The merchant called his bookkeeper and told him to take the horse to a livery stable, and to tell the operator of the stable, "That is a Baptist horse, and I want it well cared for."

The Reverend Mr. Thurmond preached in the old "Bat Cave." It was not until 1857 that San Antonio got a resident Baptist minister. Rev. Alfred King arrived then and preached in the "Bat Cave" also. Mrs. E. G. Houston was converted. She was baptized in the river near the Mill Bridge. Mrs. Charlotte Jones helped make a black robe for Mrs. Houston to wear at the baptism, and a merchant obtained lead for the Baptist ladies to sew in the hem of the robe. The first Baptist congregation was organized in 1861. *San Antonio Express* on June 9, 1935, said that the first Baptist church edifice was erected through the efforts of Rev. J. W. D. Creath, who arrived in the late 1860's and who, "resting not in his zeal," saw the cornerstone of a church building laid at the southeast corner of Travis and Jefferson streets (1872).

Meantime, Rev. Lucius H. Jones organized an Episcopal congregation in San Antonio — St. Mark's. He raised $4,000 and got a cornerstone laid in 1859. In a short time the walls of St. Mark's had risen to a height of seven feet; but many setbacks intervened to delay the completion of this church building which has become, with its weathered stone walls and its place of prominence in the modern city, another landmark to the persistence of the pioneers.

And by now the Lutheran pastor, the zealous Zizelmann, had succeeded in buying for $300 two lots for a church site on Nueva and South Presa streets.

In those days "befo' de wah," San Antonians led quiet, easy lives. They had canvas bath houses which rested on floating barrels along the river banks; and in the summertime the river resembled the present beach at Port Aransas. Everybody had a garden in the back yard, and vegetables were so cheap that bunches of them literally were a dime a dozen. Wild game such as turkey, deer and quail sold on the local market for next to nothing (a whole wild turkey for twenty-five cents). Beef was so plentiful that it sold in the new market house on Market Street (a market house with a classic Doric front) for five cents a pound, while liver and soup bones, and other parts of a beef, were given away. Early in the mornings the man of the family would go a-marketing with a basket on his arm, stopping occasionally to exchange news and views on the state of the nation. Before returning home he might stop in the market house coffee shop for a two-bit dinner.

This eating place was the favorite of cowboys who now were coming to San Antonio more frequently, for big ranches had spread out. It no longer was possible to buy land near San Antonio for one cent an acre, as Alejandro Treviño had, in 1838, when he paid $50 in Mexican money for twelve square miles on Cibolo Creek. Many San Antonians, like Sam Maverick, had "gone wild over real estate at five and ten cents per acre."

Right here is a good place to explain how the word "maverick" got started.

Maury Maverick said, "The Sam Maverick who fought in the Battle of San Antonio was Samuel Augustus Maverick (my grandfather), and his son (who was my uncle), also was named Sam Maverick; he never had anything to do with any cattle as 'mavericks.'

"What is really interesting is that the originator of the term, 'maverick,' never had any cattle. He was one of the biggest land owners in the United States and owned millions of acres of land. He never had but 453 head of cattle which he took in on a debt. The cattle were on an island" — near Matagorda Bay —"and of course they would come ashore. They were left in the charge of a slave whose name was Jack. He was too lazy to brand the cattle, and my grandfather was too soft-hearted to see that Jack did brand

them. Outside of these cattle all my grandfather ever owned was a milch cow which he milked himself, when he was not out buying more land."

As the Maverick cattle multiplied (while the owner lived in San Antonio and left "Jack" to do the ranching), there came to be, in due time, a great many unbranded cattle; for in those days there were no fences, and the Maverick cattle ranged far. They came to be called "mavericks," and before long that name applied to any unbranded cattle. Maury Maverick added, "To me the word means 'independent,' one who does not 'run with the herd' — and one who speaks out and tells the truth."

In those early days of the modern type of Texas ranchmen there were many who were serious about it, even if Samuel Maverick was not. They had great herds and cowboys to tend them. Sometimes they drove herds through the streets of San Antonio. One day an hysterical steer entered a clothing emporium. The remainder of the herd followed the leader. When they came out of the store they probably were dressed in the height of fashion, for one of the steers wore a pearl-gray hat. Here, a little later, another stampede was a source of embarrassment to William B. Krempkau, who tried to halt the cattle but could not. The wild creatures wrecked the chili stands, and left San Antonio with hot chili in their eyes and on their tongues, "bawling as though possessed."

And then one day a San Antonio girl named Anita Dwyer Withers wrote in her diary: "Mr. Lincoln, I regret to say, has been elected President of the U. S. — What will become of us *now*?"

"Sothrons, hear your country call you!
UP! Lest worse than death befall you.
To Arms! To Arms! In Dixie.
Lo! All the beacon fires are lighted,
Let all hearts be now united.
To arms! To Arms! In Dixie.
Advance the flag of Dixie!
Hurrah! Hurrah!
For Dixie's land we take our stand,
And live or die for Dixie!"

Young ladies were singing that song in 1857, about the time San Antonio welcomed a new military commander. His name was Robert E. Lee. While local orators like Columbus Upson were arguing whether war would come over the

question of slavery, the handsome young brevet-colonel came quietly to San Antonio, to replace Col. Albert Sidney Johnston as commander of the Second Cavalry. He wrote, "One is rent by a thousand anxieties." For now the question of slavery was about to plunge the nation into its most grievous war, when brothers fought brothers, and cities at first were divided in their loyalties. While San Antonio was predominantly Southern, it had many citizens who had come from the North or from States which favored the abolition of slavery.

Colonel Lee became the first life member of St. Mark's diocesan missionary society, rented a room in the second story of the Vance Building for his office, took the small house on the river bank near St. Mary's Street which Colonel Johnston had rented, and boarded at Mrs. Phillips' Hotel on Main Plaza.

Lee danced with the pretty San Antonio belles, was entertained in the old Vance home at 210 West Nueva Street (still standing), and in many other homes where there was talk of secession. He returned to Virginia late in 1857, when his wife's father died.

The first negroes had been brought to Texas by Luis de Aury in 1816. They had helped spread the cotton fields from the old limits of the Austin colony on the Brazos to North Texas. In San Antonio negroes were mostly household helpers, loved by their "white folks." Some of the negro men had made excellent cowboys. Many negroes had been given their freedom in San Antonio by citizens from the North, or by the Germans, who were outspokenly against slavery. Records of the County Clerk in the Bexar County Courthouse tell of many transactions of this kind, starting in the 1840's.

While the people of the United States still were talking about John Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry, early in 1860, Colonel Lee was ordered back to San Antonio as temporary commander of the Department of Texas.

Lee left his shaving brush and new pants at home in his hurry to start to San Antonio. Back in that city, just as anxiously he awaited the time when Maj. Gen. David E. Twiggs would relieve him of the command, for it was an unusually hot summer and he suffered from the torrid weather. He bathed often in the river to cool off, and drove to the country for the same reason. In the autumn when rain brought relief, he took a great deal of interest in the

progress of St. Mark's church building and attended Episcopalian services regularly.

General Twiggs relieved him of the command in December, and Colonel Lee rode away to rejoin his regiment at Fort Mason.

San Antonio men had a secret society called the Knights of the Golden Circle, who favored secession. Charles Anderson, who had just built a mansion out in the country (the Argyle Hotel of later years), made a speech in front of the Menger Hotel, supporting the Union of Abraham Lincoln. The "Knights" almost mobbed him, but the people of Union sympathy serenaded him with *Yankee Doodle.*

James Newcomb's newspaper was against secession from the Union. One night his plant went up in flames.

And then at last Texas seceded, in 1861. San Antonio greeted this news with a cannon salute. The act of secession united the people. A few dissenters left, but those who remained (and that was most of the city) stayed Confederate, deeply and with the spirit of sacrifice which pervaded the entire South, to the end.

Early one morning some men under Col. Ben McCulloch rode in and demanded the surrender of the military in San Antonio, from the Federal commander, General Twiggs. He is reported to have said, "I give up everything." Soon the Federal troops marched out with colors flying. The *Alamo Express* reported that when the people watched those troops leaving, with the "old war-stained banner of the Eighth Regiment floating in the breeze . . . strong men wept."

On that same February day in 1861 Colonel Lee got out of an Army ambulance (an old-fashioned wagon-type conveyance) in front of the Read House on Main Plaza. He had been ordered to report in Washington, and had come from his command on the frontier at Fort Mason on his way to obey that order. As McCulloch's men surrounded the vehicle, Mrs. Caroline Darrow, whose husband and Lee were friends, came toward him from across the plaza.

"Whose men are these?" he asked.

"McCulloch's," she told him. "General Twiggs surrendered everything to the State this morning. We are prisoners."

It is said that Lee's eyes filled with tears, and he asked, "Has it come so soon as this?"

Lee found the secessionists in control of military head-

quarters in the Vance Building. There are several versions of what happened next; however, the one generally accepted is that the Texans told him if he would join the Confederacy at once he would be given transportation for his baggage. Lee is said to have answered that he owed allegiance to Virginia, but "not to any revolutionary government of Texas." He was technically a prisoner until he left for Washington. His baggage was held until the end of the war.

The surrender of the Department of Texas, including fifteen posts, was completed that February, 1861.

It was considered a bad sign when, all in one day in March, a Lone Star flag on Carolan's auction room fell to the ground; the Knights of the Golden Circle flag over Braden's grocery lost a star; and the flag over the Alamo (the flag of the Confederacy, no doubt), caught at half-mast and stayed there.

Certainly the months to come bore out those bad omens.

But the parade of "big names" kept coming through the city, men destined to become famous: Earl Van Dorn, E. Kirby Smith, John B. Hood, and others. Gen. Hamilton P. Bee proclaimed martial law in San Antonio. John Baylor and the veteran Indian fighter, "Rip" Ford, recruited the Partisan Rangers here. The Casino Club gave a ball for Gen. J. Bankhead Magruder, who had recaptured Galveston from the Federals.

In addition to these great of the armies there were the men of Bexar, forty companies, who fought for the Confederacy. And there were the workmen in the Arsenal, who made bowie knives and buckshot and ordnance. And the matrons and young ladies, as Kate Merritt Clarkson recalled, "were kept busy with a round of entertainments and activities. . . . We met every morning in an empty store on Losoya Street, where we knitted socks and made underwear and quilts." They also helped care for the widows and orphans of Confederate soldiers, who faced hunger. For as the years of war went on, acute scarcity made prices soar —the inflation of the sixties. Flour sold for $25 a sack, calico at $1 a yard.

The Federal blockade by sea shut off supplies of all kinds. But freighters with their huge wagons hauled cotton to the Texas-Mexican border and brought back ammunition, coffee, sugar, salt —all scarce, and badly needed merchandise.

When all the able-bodied men were gone Indians again

threatened the city. Asa Mitchell, one of Austin's "Old Three Hundred," and José M. Penalosa, a Latin-American, raised minute-men, or *vigilantes* like those of the old days, to cope with "horse thieves and other evils." One of their deeds was the lynching of a notorious "bad man," Bob Augustin. He came to San Antonio for a bit of recreation, shot up the plazas and an innocent bystander, charged the chili stands and cut off the tresses of the "chili queens" with his bowie knife. He had himself a fine time until the chief of police caught him and locked him up in the old "Bat Cave." Next morning after a trial in which he was held not guilty, the *vigilantes* got him and "strung him up" to a chinaberry tree that stood in front of the priest's house on Military Plaza. Before night four other "bad men" had joined Bob Augustin on the china tree. The bishop came out and had "ten beautiful china trees cut down," as recalled by Charles Herff, who saw it all happen.

By the time the Confederacy was defeated in 1865, grading was starting on Commerce Street; Sam Bennett had erected a three-story building at the corner of Market and Main Plaza; and the first public school remembered by the great-grandfathers of modern San Antonio was opening in the old Spanish Governor's Palace. Although the first Board of Health had been organized in 1857, epidemic diseases still were attributed to such causes as miasma from the river. The education of all the people, however, was progressing; for by 1871 there would be a school for negro children, although the teacher received only $96 a year. And little girls were being taught a great deal more than such subjects as elocution, embroidery and "politeness."

This also was about the time that Roy Bean, who later called himself the "law West of the Pecos," married Virginia Chavez and took her to live in Beanville (South Flores and Mitchell streets). There he sold wood that he had cut off any convenient spot, and sold milk in which angry customers said they found little minnows swimming.

But these local events were minor compared with the return of the beaten men in gray. Many of them marched on through San Antonio on their way to Mexico, where they would offer their services to Emperor Maximilian. Gen. Joseph O. Shelby is said to have buried his unsurrendered Confederate battle flag in the waters of the Rio Grande.[1]

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[1]See Webster's Biographical Dictionary, page 1353, for further information on Joseph Orville Shelby.

The Union cavalry rode in, victorious. Their horses pranced, their short Sharp's carbines dangled from their saddles.

San Antonians stood on Commerce Street and watched them ride past.

It was another parade, the parade at the end of another war.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Here is an intimate picture of San Antonio shortly after the close of the War Between the States, recalled by Ed. Friedrich, nearing ninety, founder of Ed. Friedrich Sales Corporation — (See picture page 119):

"I lived on Crockett Street, where the Menger parking lot now is. This was a prominent street then, more important than Commerce which was called the Alameda; West Commerce was an alley. It had tiny sidewalks, as all the downtown streets did — eight or nine inches wide, one Mexican vara. Ladies wearing hoopskirts had a hard time maintaining their dignity, for their skirts would tip over the sidewalks. Grenet had a two-story store on the present site of the Crockett Hotel, and we called it the Grenet Tower. I was raised in the same block as the Menger brewery, which in 1866 was in the rear of the present hotel. Mr. Menger was the first man to use horse power in a manufacturing enterprise: a horse turned the hopper to stir the hops. Housewives used to buy yeast made by Charlie Degen at the Menger brewery for ten cents a pint, to make the best coffee cake ever.

"Alamo Plaza was all mud and dust. We boys used to trap wild pigeons and game on it, and on the plaza grew a prized possession — a chewing gum tree, we called it. Two blocks from the site of the Menger Hotel you could shoot plenty of quail.

"About '67 or '68, the public meat market on Alamo Plaza supplied most of the people of San Antonio. The butchers would bring meat in at dark, have it cut up about two o'clock in the morning, and start selling it at 5 a.m. The flies were so bad they closed at seven in the morning; they gave away all unsold meat.

"For twenty-five cents you could get a basket of meat; all the 'variety' cuts were given away. Eggs sold for a dollar for twenty-five dozen; I never saw them sold except in tubs.

"Longhorns were used by residents for milch cows; they seldom gave more than a quart a day.

"Everybody had to ride horseback most of the time, and that included doctors and grocerymen. Oxen were best for freight, for they had open toes and did not stick in the mud. One time it rained a long while, and the farmers living about where the Coliseum now is, could not get to town. One farmer, however, lived on the Goliad Road, which was a little better for wagon teams. He came to town one day with a lot of corn, sold it for $3 a bushel, and went home with $2,400 — all because none of the other farmers near town could get in.

"You could not buy an apple in those days, unless wagons freighted them. On present Houston Street stood the homes of the Dittmars, Sappingtons, and Herffs. I went to school at St. Mary's — often we couldn't get there when it rained. On Jefferson Street was a big ravine; the river was wider and deeper.

"In those days Grandpa Sartor was a watchmaker. No matter what was wrong with a watch, he said it had a broken spring; he would soak it in coal oil and charge $2. If you didn't have $2 you hadn't better see him.

"My father had a shop on Crockett Street. He made horn furniture. One day a man came in and gave his name as J. Pierpont Morgan. He asked me to send him a horn chair, C. O. D. I said, 'We charge everyone alike. You may pay me now.' The man paid. He seemed to enjoy the episode.

"One of our neighbors was a retired sea captain named Nimitz; his grandson became an admiral. He shook hands with me, a boy, one day on the wooden footbridge over the river. He said, 'You must become a good American.' I never forgot.

"Nette's drug store was about opposite where the Household Furniture Company is, in 1950. A bath house on the river also stood there. The city engineer bathed every day, hot or cold, winter or summer. It was a great wonder.

"Four San Antonio mayors have lived near where I lived as a boy — Mayors Thielepape, Bryan Callaghan, Alfred Callaghan, and Gus Mauermann.

"I recall a tale about Colonel Pierce, who brought the Sunset railroad. He was a very short man, but wide around, so that he had to enter hacks sideways. Boys in those days judged a man by his girth. If he had a big stomach he was rich."

CHAPTER XIV

Trails

Longhorns Brought Wealth and Color, Cowboys and "Castles"

"IF ALL the steers in Texas were one big steer, he could stand with his front feet in the Gulf of Mexico, one hind foot in Hudson Bay and the other in the Arctic Ocean, and with his tail brush the mist from the Aurora Borealis."

A Texas ranchman would admit to some exaggeration in this bit of whimsy that is found on picture postcards.

But there was a time when the postcard steer would have gone unchallenged.

"An exaggeration is a truth that has lost its temper," wrote Kahlil Gibran.

The old-time Texas steer looked like that.

To see him on his own pasture it is necessary once again to rub the magic lamp of recollection, and go whisking away on the bewitched carpet of memory, back to the land of huisache, mesquite, cactus, chaparral, jackrabbits, rattlesnakes and longhorns.

This is the "cattle country" of Texas.

Into it came the first cows, 500 of them, with Coronado, a little more than four centuries ago.

The *conquistadores,* afraid of food shortages in long marches across Texas, brought more cattle. Many of these Spanish cows wandered away, and increased, until, when the first Anglo-Americans came, the prairies were grazed by wild cattle called longhorns. They were mixed with livestock brought later by Spanish ranchmen, who used to drive herds over the old Contraband Trail or the Beef Trail to New Orleans, mostly from East Texas. But the wild herds went virtually unmolested, mainly because Indians preferred buffalo meat.

Then when newcomers overran Texas some of them, naturally, became ranchmen on cheap land covered with fine grass. Many of these ranches were tremendous. Spanish

rancheros had been granted ranches as big as European kingdoms. The Texian came along and got all the land he could, which as they used to say, was "a-plenty."

And so before the War Between the States the cattle industry had got off to a very good start, especially south and east of San Antonio on the grassy prairies that roll to the Gulf, and toward Brownsville and Laredo and west to Del Rio and Eagle Pass. Then the war came along and upset the applecart of industry, as wars do. San Antonio had been about to become "cowtown" again, as it had been to the *padres* and the *rancheros;* now it saw the men in gray come home, beaten and "broke". Cattlemen went back to their ranches to find bigger herds, while the price of beef cattle dropped to around $3 a head. The home market was limited to what people could eat. There was no sale anywhere close by for most of the three million head of wild creatures that lurked in the brush.

Those were the "cornbread-and-clabber" days of the range, when cowmen who owned ranches as big as the feudal estates of noblemen in Europe's Middle Ages, had to "tighten their belts" for lack of cash.

Soon after the war some cattlemen drove herds to New Orleans. A few herds had been driven to Mexico during the war. Some even drove as far north as Kansas, so desperate were they for markets. By the beginning of the 1870's the success of those first few "trail drivers" who went north had turned into a stampede, not of cattle, but of cattlemen, trying to get their herds "up the trail".

There were many of these trails. The most famous was the Chisholm. Feeder trails led into it through San Antonio to the crossing of Red River into Indian Territory (Oklahoma).[1] The story of the trails and of trail drivers has been told by a San Antonio cattleman, the late George Saunders, and by J. Marvin Hunter, historian and publisher of Bandera, Texas, in their two volumes: *Trail Drivers of Texas.* Adventures of such San Antonians as Col. Ike Pryor, John Blocker and others, may be found in these books.

If anyone doubts that the trail drivers had a job on

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[1]Some authorities call the main cattle trail through San Antonio the Western Trail — see Thomas B. Portwood and Edna McGuire, "The Rise of Our Free Nation", page 435. But as it was stated by W. P. Anderson in the "Trail Drivers of Texas," Vol. 1, pages 16, 17, 18, every Texas cowboy felt that he had "gone up the Old Chisholm Trail", because most of the auxiliary or "feeder" trails led into it.

their hands, he should visit the zoo in Brackenridge Park. Here he will see the horns, often five or six feet wide, that developed because these wild cattle had to defend themselves against all dangers. They were "tough to eat and tougher to handle".

In the "brush country" between San Antonio and the Rio Grande the earliest cowboy developed, the *vaquero*, named for *vaca*, "cow". These Mexican cowboys had to wear hide coverings over their clothes to keep the thorny brush from peeling off their own skins. (And so, we have "chaps".) Big hats, too, came from necessity, to protect against sun and rain.

Cowboys had dangerous work. Texas horses, part mustang, saved many a rider from death; for these little "ponies" could, as the saying goes, "turn on a dime."

"Up north" where meat was needed, butchers paid $30 to $40 a head. The big job in the trail-driving days (1867-95) was to get "meat on the hoof" up the trails to Abilene, Dodge City, and other places where the trails met railroads. There, buyers paid good hard cash for the Texas herds, then shipped them by rail, to where meat was scarce. There were no railroads from San Antonio to the East before 1877.

This driving of longhorns "up the trail" changed San Antonio from a struggling little town into a "wild and wooly" one, like any frontier town you see in the movies. San Antonio is called one of the most colorful cities in America (along with New Orleans and San Francisco). The cowboys brought lots of "color." They rode their horses right up into such places as the old Buckhorn (now a curio shop), where the proprietor, Albert Friedrich, "parked" their guns for them to keep them out of trouble. They celebrated by shooting up the town. They lost their pay gambling at faro. They danced with pretty *señoritas* in the open-air *fandangos* (dances) on the plazas. You see, they were either on the trails or on big, lonely ranches most of the time. When they came to town they "turned loose". They thought of San Antonio as *their* town.

They were noisier than the "daddy of all hailstorms", which wrecked San Antonio half a million dollars' worth on May 19, 1868. They were remembered longer than Reconstruction, that unhappy time at the end of the War Between the States when Federal troops rode back into the city and set up their Army headquarters in the old French Building on Main Plaza (on the site of the present Detective Build-

ing). Cowboys even furnished business to the little lumber yard of Ed. Steves, son of a German pioneer, for the lean and hungry cattlemen of the 1860's soon got rich, became "cattle barons", had big homes built. The cowboys galloped impartially through swank Tobin Hill, where dwelled the "barons" and the other wealthy citizens, and through Freedmen's Hill, where liberated slaves had gone to create their first subdivision. The cowboy money also helped build the first iron bridge over the river on Commerce Street, and free public schools, and Turner Hall (where plays like the *Maiden's Vow* were given), and a big assortment of saloons which were — some of them — called "palaces". For the cowboys and the cattlemen they worked for spent hard silver and gold in San Antonio.

It was at the beginning of this colorful era that Mayor W. C. A. Thielepape, a descendant of German political refugees, caused the City Council to donate the first forty-acre site of Fort Sam Houston. Ernst Raba, San Antonio artist (506 East Guenther Street), remembered a story about that historic event. The Army had to pay about $30,000 a year for housing, and was considering (through the Government, of course), moving to New Braunfels, which had offered the site of Landa Park for permanent Army headquarters. When Mayor Thielepape heard of this he got busy. City minutes of May 1870 tell of the city's first donation of land on what now is Government Hill, for the establishment of a permanent Army post, which soon became known as Fort Sam Houston. The Quadrangle was started in 1876, and was occupied three years later.

San Antonio just barely held its place as an Army city.

Gen. Joshua Reynolds had moved headquarters to Austin after the War Between the States. Gen. E. O. C. Ord returned the post to San Antonio, moving into quarters erected by the Maverick family on the site of the old Maverick Building on Houston Street. While Army headquarters were moved twice (in the 1850's, to Corpus Christi), some troops always remained in San Antonio.

Meantime, as an average of 350,000 head of cattle moved up the trails each year, many of them through San Antonio, the old Chihuahua Trail west and south into Mexico was "petering out". This was the route from Chihuahua in Mexico, over which silver ore had been shipped for a century by pack mule, ox-cart, and twenty-mule teams hitched to wagons. "Little Chihuahua" in San Antonio was the

camp for these freighters (where Ruiz and Laredo streets meet). The last of the big silver shipments reached here in the mid-seventies, when a noted freighter, August Santleben, hauled half a million dollars' worth of bullion to Galveston.

While the longhorns kept on being wild and cantankerous, San Antonians rode and drove thoroughbreds, were hurt or killed in runaways, and threatened the lives of pedestrians with their fast-stepping, high-stepping steeds. Livery stables did a rushing business. Carter and Mullaly had a stable on a lot west of the Houston Street bridge.

It was about this time that Gen. William B. Knox, then the county sheriff, fenced off Commerce Street across at Yturri Street. He wanted to hold a herd of cattle that he had seized and was auctioning. The peppery disposition of the high sheriff caused the merchants to protest only mildly. Eddy Wolff commented, "Fortunately the sheriff did not have many such sales to conduct, or this thoroughfare would have been tied up as frequently as the General found need to make it a corral for his cattle."

This was a time of tall tales. Many were true.

There was the story told by Samuel Dunn Houston, for example. He took a young "cowboy" up the trail who was a girl in disguise.

Many tales were told of the first Brahma or Zebu cattle, brought to be mixed with longhorns and with the high-priced Herefords that some ranchmen were buying. Brahmas were brought to Texas because they resist tick fever.

The great humpbacked beasts were so wild at first in their new environment, that (so the story goes) Cattle Baron Shanghai Pierce had to have his cowboys swim out into the Gulf to round them up, and they were called, thereafter, "Shanghai's sea lions". This too was the heydey of cowboy songs; they were born on the lonely trails, in barrooms, at the grave of a "lone cowboy". One of these songs was recalled by Branch Isbell, a trail driver: "I'd like to be a Virginia picket . . . But I'd rather be in a cattle thicket . . . Where the hooting owl and the screeching cricket . . . Make noise enough for all."

The *frijole* of little *jacales* rode in the chuck wagons that fed cowboys on the ranges. In J. Frank Dobie's *Texian Stomping Grounds* there is a story by Roy Holt which tells what part the *frijole* played in this chapter of the San Antonio story: "A cowboy from the Texas plains went into a

restaurant in St. Louis. The menu was chiefly in French and he could not make heads or tails of it. 'Waiter,' he said, 'do you have any beans on here?' — 'Yes,' said the waiter. 'Put your finger on the one that's beans.' The waiter pointed out the item. 'Is that the only one that's beans?' . . . 'That is the only bean dish on the menu tonight'. — 'All right,' said the cowboy. 'Bring me everything else.'"

And yet, in that same period of the chuck-wagon "mess o' beans," Edward King, visiting San Antonio, wrote in *Scribner's Monthly*: "San Antonio is the only city in the United States that has a thoroughly European aspect and is more, in its older quarters, like some remote and obscure town in Spain."

Maybe that visitor did not hear one of the "cowboy yells" — or the "bad man" yells — which was their way of expressing themselves, like the college yell or the football yell of later. Here is one of those old-time "yells":

"Lions on the mountains I've driven to their lairs;
Wildcats are my playmates, an' I've wrassled grizzly bears;
Centipedes or scorpions can't mar my tough ole hide;
An' rattlesnakes have bit me an' crawled right off an' died.
I'm wild as any broncho that ever roamed the plains,
There's moss a-growin' in my teeth, an' wild blood in my veins.
I'm wild an' wooly an' full of fleas.
I've never been curried below the knees.
I'm a wild wolf, an' it's my night to howl —
Whooopeeeee!"

However, as the cattle trails ran on, dusty and dangerous, rich as the old routes to India, a new trail came to San Antonio that was to change the old city a great deal.

It was the railroad.

The day it came marked a new era in the story of Bexar. It was February 19, 1877.

At 4:30 o'clock that afternoon the first train came puffing in, down Austin Street. It was the end of the line for the "Sunset" (the Southern Pacific). On hand to greet it were 800 guests. There were Governor Hubbard and many other notables. The railroad had been built by Col. Thomas W. Pierce of Boston, a grocer who had staked all his wealth on a new trail through the opening West. Texas was offering ten acres of land for every mile of railroad. But Colonel

Pierce would have failed if San Antonio people had not pledged $300,000 to help him get rails into the city.

San Antonio, where the old roads met, now at last was linked to the big, outside world by a road of steel.

It was another trail. The little train that had to stop along the way at woodpiles, to be fueled by the trainmen with backlogs, had brought more than the first steam-cars to the valley. For, to quote an account in J. Marvin Hunter's *Frontier Times*, it was then that San Antonio "got aboard" for a future of widening scope; "And the wheels are still turning, carrying it forward."

* * *

CHAPTER XV

After Dark

A Story of Bad Men, and Good: of a Time of Red Plush and High Living

ONCE THERE was a city called "Tamaleville".

And in it lived the kind of characters who exist in modern movies, comics, and on the radio. They were the sort that wear six-shooters all over, and always got shot by the hero: the gunman, the "bad man".

"Tamaleville" was the name that cities like Galveston, Houston and Dallas called San Antonio. Each was trying to grow up faster than the other; and since San Antonio was the biggest, it was called names like "Tamaleville". But it called names right back, such as "Frog Town" and "Prairie Junction", and because it was all in the spirit of competition and fun, nobody cared.

But the gunmen who lived in San Antonio were deadly serious about their gunfights, assassinations and feuds.

In those times — the eighties — there came to San Antonio such visitors as John Wesley Hardin, who is said to have killed twenty-seven men, and Ben Thompson, whose six-gun is credited with having more notches on it (a notch for each victim) than any other, except possibly California Joe's.

These visitors had big reputations, but San Antonio had many characters who were almost as dangerous. There even were desperado teams, like the one consisting of the tall man and the short man: a deadly pair, for when anyone hurt the feelings of the midget, who had very tender feelings, the giant soothed his partner's hurt pride by shooting the offender. Many of these lawless men had come to San Antonio in the heyday of the cattle trails. Cowboys as a rule were men who had the good qualities of loyalty, courage, and honesty; but some of them did like to gamble. So gambling places appeared, to make it easier for the "badmen" to take the cowboys' money. These were not places for any city to be proud of. But they were here. Nobody wants to

have measles or mumps, but in growing up such things just naturally happen. It is the same with cities.

This was a time, then, when the "wicked" were spreading themselves like the green bay tree, as the Bible says. Yet as it also says, the "wicked" never last long: "He passed away, and lo, he was not; yea I sought him, but he could not be found."

The only place the old-time "bad man" exists today is in the "western", and he makes up in Hollywood. The "bad men" of Old San Antonio came to no good end, like the villains in all the stories.

But San Antonio once had "badmen" in every size, shape, and color. It had also such colorful visitors as the actress, Lily Langtry, who could have taught the Betty Grables and Lana Turners a thing or two. San Antonio also had mule cars, street cars on light iron rails, drawn by mules. Sometimes the mules ran away with the cars, passengers, and everything. San Antonio had "brush poppers" and freighters, German *Saengerfests* (musical festivals), and the buffalo hunters' campyard (131 North Main Avenue). What a noise they must have made, together!

Then it was that the old plazas bloomed with little fires, at night, fires built under pots of terribly hot chili; and the pretty "chili queens" would dish it up with smiles that might cause gunplay.

For in that era, even among the chili pots San Antonio was a carefree, exciting city — especially after dark.

When the lights came on, the candles, the kerosene lamps, the artificial gas lights, or the "incandescents" (for electricity came to town along with the telephone), San Antonio became the Bagdad of the brush. It attracted such great artists as Adelina Patti. Other visitors were Dixie Williams, the evangelist, and Quanah Parker, the Indian chief. Minnie Maddern Fiske and Frederick Warde played at the new Grand Opera House on Alamo Plaza. United States Marshal Hal Gosling helped uphold the law until two desperadoes decided to kill him.

It was during the early part of the eighties that the *Evening Light*, which had just started, made the comment that the boom caused by trail-driving cattlemen had turned into "such good-natured prosperity that . . . Commerce Street has overflowed into Houston Street, and from a quiet residence place it too has become a busy street with hotels

and retail bazaars of all kinds . . . a city of 30,000 doing the business of a city of 100,000."

Civic-minded San Antonians had turned this gold rush into improvements. They had started the modern public school system. Schools in San Antonio had struggled for existence until now, due to a prejudice on the part of some citizens against making free education available to all classes. This seems strange, yet in the early days it was possible for only the wealthier families to educate their children through the higher grades and to send them through college. The poorer children might learn to read and write, or "cipher," a little; but it was not for them to meet Chaucer or Scott or Shakespeare, or Newton or the other great ones who now live in textbooks and free libraries in our great democratic system of education for all. And so, when the first public high school was established over a firehouse, with W. C. Rote as superintendent, a long step forward had been taken. By 1882, a three-story rock high school building was being erected where Main Avenue High School (Tech) later dispensed "learning" to many thousands of young people. Five public ward school buildings served the city in the eighties. One was for negroes. Only 700 pupils were enrolled. There were thirty-three teachers.

The downtown skyline was becoming as tall as some of the pupils in those early schools. Jacob Laux had built a four-story building beside the river near Soledad and Martin; now the Mavericks erected a five-story building on Alamo Plaza and East Houston (Woolworth's corner). The Crockett block on Alamo Plaza, three stories, the George Dullnig block, the Joske store and Peter Gallagher's two-story rock building, all gave Alamo Plaza a boost as a business section. Many new buildings also were erected on Commerce and Houston, leaving Main and Military plazas as somewhat old-fashioned business areas.

On Commerce Street now stood the store of M. Halff and Brothers, which had replaced the earlier firm of Halff and Levy; Bell Brothers, the jewelers, James H. French's menswear store, the stationery store of Thomas Dwyer, "Mr. Brosshard's Millinery", the Goldfrank, Frank block, the newly started Wolff and Marx store, the Pancoast Building, Hugo and Schmeltzer's wholesale grocery (burned in 1886), a row of two-story buildings erected by E. H. Terrell, and Dr. George Clifton's four-story brick (present Riverside Building). Fred Mosebach in the *San Antonio*

Express of May 20, 1934, wrote: "Commerce Street was then the main thoroughfare, doing practically the entire banking and wholesale business . . . and Houston Street was becoming developed as the retail center." Tourists, attracted by the climate, were crowding the new Maverick Hotel on Houston Street. The many boarding houses were full of health-seekers who had read or heard of the "salubrious climate", often so called by fiercely partisan newspaper editors.

This prosperous San Antonio had several banks to replace the little old adobe building which once stood at 210 West Houston Street (the present Wolff and Marx corner), where in 1808, Don Antonio de la Garza had the very first bank and is believed to have minted money. Among the pioneer banks was that of Dan and Anton Oppenheimer, which started in the 1850's in a drygoods store. By the eighties a red brick three-story building housed the bank of Col. W. B. Wright, on Houston Street. The two-story Bosshardt Building stood where the Majestic Theater now is. Odd Fellows Hall occupied the present site of the Gunter office building.

Now the first pumping plant was furnishing pure artesian water. New commercial enterprises included the first cement plant west of the Mississippi, and Gustav Duerler's candy factory, which had started shelling pecans. William Tobin, host of the Vance House, a hotel on what is now the Gunter corner, served prodigious dinners of ten and twelve courses that would have foundered the ordinary mortal, but not those stalwart eaters of the eighties. San Antonio had too a Board of Trade (like the modern Chamber of Commerce), some mesquite-block paving on Alamo Plaza, and was building a new, white city hall. The old "Bat Cave" was torn down.

At the corner of Military Plaza and Dolorosa Street there is a sign on a small building which still says, faintly: "Southern Hotel." In those times it was a big hotel fronting on Main Plaza. Here the cowboys, the cattlemen, even the cattle "kings" and "barons" sat out front and talked of the end of the trails. For now the city's three railroads were shipping cattle. Thousands of them were brought to the Union Stockyards, which had been started by Dan Sullivan, the banker, and the South Texas cattle family of O'Connor.

Ten-gallon hats and high-heeled boots still were the uniform of the "royalty" of the range.

But now the Belknap Rifles and other military com-

panies of young men, organized on the order of home guard units, drilled in gorgeous uniforms trimmed in gold braid.

And all the old heroes of Wagner and other German composers lived again when the Germans held great *Volkfests* in Casino Hall, or Turner Hall, or Beethoven Hall. (The Casino Association was "high society" until about 1900.) The costumes of society matrons were splendid, too, as ladies dined on wild game or chicken dinners at the Menger.

It was not all cattle or culture, however. Shallow oil was struck on the Dullnig ranch southeast of town. There was a great storm on August 20, 1886, which badly damaged the city. But that was not too serious a setback for a San Antonio which now had around 39,000 residents and was doing an annual business of ten million dollars.

Culture was well represented by the poet, Sidney Lanier, who had visited San Antonio long enough to write *Field Larks and Blackbirds*, and who now, in his historical sketch called *San Antonio de Bexar*, had preserved in words of great beauty so much of the old city that we can still see and feel it, just by reading the book by William Corner which is available in the San Antonio Public Library. It contains Lanier's sketch of the city.

It was during this period that the homes of San Antonio underwent their first great changes.

"Wulff's Castle" loomed with its Rhenish towers over its address at 107 King William Street. (It was later owned by the Guenther family, which founded the Pioneer Flour Mill.) The towered home of George Dullnig rose on Nolan and Live Oak. Augustus Belknap, builder of the mule-car line, had a colonial house at 911 North St. Mary's. Dr. C. E. R. King erected a country home at 819 Augusta (now the Bright Shawl). The cattle kings, like Col. Ike Pryor with his rock "castle", and Col. Dillard Fant, had their mansions too.[1]

In the great houses, after dark, the society of San Antonio gathered. They were stylish in high-topped shoes, coats with flaring collars, tall beaver hats. Women's hats were trimmed with ostrich plumes. Gentlemen were correct in "nobby box overcoats", suspenders, gaiters, and Stein-Bloch suits which sold for $16 at the new Washer Brothers store.

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[1]See Lillie May Hagner, "Alluring San Antonio," for descriptions of these and other fine old houses of San Antonio.

While the Gray Mule or one of the other "palaces of pleasure" served turtle soup or oysters on the half-shell for free lunch, refined housewives shopped at Haas and Oppenheimer's, wore silver "friendship" hearts from Jessup Bell's jewelry store, and took pitchers out each morning to the milk wagons, which had big containers full of raw milk, with faucets on them so that each customer could have any amount needed. There were no dairy plants or milk stations then. Meat was sold from wagons also. J. Ed Wilkens remembered that the butchers would send their wagons around each morning to customers who would order what they wanted for next day. Grocers sold no meat or milk. There were no community centers. Most of the grocery stores were downtown. It may be hard to believe, but grocers sold only groceries, drug stores sold only drugs, and a butcher would have been insulted if a customer had asked for a bottle of sarsaparilla. The patent medicine business was conducted by men who had traveling shows, and who guaranteed with each bottle they sold to cure anything that ailed mankind, including cancer and the "vapors" — an old word for hypochondria.

The tallest object on the San Antonio skyline now was the steeple of St. John's Lutheran Church on Nueva Street. This was called the Rooster Church because when the steeple was finished in 1875, it was topped with a bronze weather vane of a crowing rooster. This idea came from Europe: the cock symbolized Peter's denial of his Master. Today a much bigger church adorns the old site of St. John's, but it contains the original cornerstone with the inscription, *"Gott allein die Ehre, 1860"* ("To God alone the Honor"). Now there are many other Lutheran churches in San Antonio.

Travis Park Methodist Church's cornerstone was laid in 1883. The Episcopalians also had a permanent house of worship: St. Mark's (on its present site). For a long time the building stood unfinished, although parishioners, and such eminent rectors as Dean Walter Raleigh Richardson, kept trying to complete the structure. In 1870 Wolf Hall was bought, the first of a group of buildings which later became St. Mary's Hall. By 1873 work had been resumed on the unfinished stone walls of St. Mark's. The church was opened on Easter Sunday, 1875. Thus, Easter is the birthday of St. Mark's.

The Travis Park area had another house of religious

worship by this time; for Temple Beth-El stood on the northeast corner of Travis and Jefferson streets. The Jews had long played an important part in the development of San Antonio. There was Moses Albert Levi, who as a surgeon was in the storming of Bexar in December 1835. Col. Frank Johnson's report of the capture of San Antonio says, "Drs. Levi and [Amos] Pollard deserve my warmest praise for their unremitting attention and assiduity." And a soldier named A. Wolf died in the Alamo. Jews first settled in San Antonio in 1854. Their cemetery was founded that year. It was May 31, 1874, when the Reformed Beth-El congregation was organized. The synagogue was built facing Travis Park and the basement was for a time used by the high school. Then, in 1903 on the same site another temple rose, a more commodious building. Prominent in San Antonio civic affairs was one of Beth-El's rabbis, Samuel Marks. An Orthodox congregation was founded in June 1890; eight years later a synagogue would be built on Dwyer Avenue.

Today, modern Temple Beth-El raises its great dome above Laurel Heights. And in 1949 Beth-El loaned its temple to Central Christian Church, while that congregation awaited the completion of a new $750,000 edifice on the site of the pioneer Central Christian Church on Romana Plaza. So have San Antonians lived in tolerance of one another.

The first known service held by the Disciples of Christ (the Christian Church) was in 1878. In that year Rev. J. W. Pennington came to the city to organize the congregation. Rev. Alexander Marques was the first minister.

Back in the 1880's religious amity had made a good start.

For when the church bells rang now they made a medley of many faiths. Each new citizen had brought his own faith, his own convictions with him, as surely as he brought baggage. The free-thinkers of America had always brought to new frontiers their own personal religious and political beliefs. They brought them to San Antonio.

They also brought change. An editor commented, "The way they are knocking the stones and mortar around on Main Street [now Commerce] is a caution."

Meantime, the horses and mules of the Army munched hay under the noses of the "toney" guests of the Vance House, which backed up to the Quartermaster corral.

It was during this period that an International Fair was started and became a great annual event. And Col. George W. Brackenridge gave the city its park, which was named for him. Also he was the father of the modern water system.

This progressiveness did not prevent lawlessness. A great many "bad men" got themselves killed, some of them on the "Fatal Corner", 401 West Commerce Street. Here it was that Ben Thompson met a gunman's death in the old Vaudeville Theater, in '84. King Fisher, deputy sheriff of Uvalde County, was shot with him. Thompson had a feud on with Joe Foster, whose partner, Jack Harris, had already been killed by Thompson in this same building. The feud was settled in a famous gun-fight between Thompson and King Fisher, on one side, and Foster and his friends, on the other. Three of them were carried out feet foremost after that battle, which San Antonians nonchalantly called, in those days, a "shootin'." The following incident shows what kind of times those were. Thompson and Fisher had just seen *East Lynne* at a local theater, and the place where they were killed, the Vaudeville, had a floor show that evening called *Assassination.*

Six other showy "shootin's" occurred on the "Fatal Corner".

But they were not unusual in the eighties.

Night life centered on the three plazas.

Beyond the plazas the old town sprawled, the town that would not change: the missions, falling into ruins, still stood. Remaining too were the house of John Twohig on the river bank (now rebuilt, intact, at Witte Museum), and the Kampmann home, 311 Nacogdoches, where freighters and stagecoach drivers had stopped for coffee in the fifties. The adobe house on Laredo and Nueva, now the Jacalito Inn, was where José Antonio Navarro lived and died. The old Lewis Mill still stood at Garden and Navarro beside the Mill Bridge. It was built in the forties by Nat Lewis on the north bank of the river (now a parking lot). This old mill, like the flour mill erected in 1859 by Carl Hilmar Guenther (the Pioneer Mill), served a large area. The native San Antonians knew and treasured these old landmarks. But there was more general interest in the booming present, the promising future.

Out on farms and ranches people still lived as Joseph William Schmitz said in his book, *Thus They Lived,* of an earlier period: "Conditions in the backwoods were very

poor. . . . Many of the houses were made by setting poles in the ground . . . and boarding them up with split pine boards. . . . The habits and customs of the people . . . were few and simple. The hospitality . . . could scarcely be equalled. At every house there was always a pot of coffee . . . . "

What was the "back country" of San Antonio?

In the frontier town of Fredericksburg which had been handmade by the Germans of the forties, people still ploughed with oxen, still used the steep-roofed "Sunday houses" which look like little toy houses from the *Vaterland*. Over in Bandera, settled by pure Anglo-Saxon pioneers, they still split shingles, spun and wove. The Mormons who had come to the hill country ground corn for farmers who still carried their rifles to the fields. In Castroville the residents were living in houses of singular beauty, Old-World houses that had risen over the sites of their first crude huts. Toward LaGrange, Bohemian newcomers rode to Sunday school on "sleighs" made of hides. Near Floresville the ancient *haciendas* of Spanish ranchmen drowsed on; such as Don Francisco Flores' house on the old San Antonio Road, with its hand-carved doors and thick walls, and the red sandstone house of Juan Seguin. And near Sutherland Springs stood an example of the development of still another type of settler: the Polley mansion, erected in 1854 by Col. Joseph H. Polley, a great house where Robert E. Lee often was entertained. And beyond, toward Seguin, stood many other fine old Southern-style mansions of "unreconstructed rebels". Those planters from the Deep South had come, either before or after the War Between the States, to live in this area. And on and on extended the isolated ranches of the people of Goliad, Victoria, Corpus Christi, Brownsville.

To all of them San Antonio was the gay metropolis.

For in San Antonio they were all part of a cosmpolitan atmosphere.

Here too they could see such unusual visitors as the Apaches who were brought in on the Southern Pacific by the Fourth Cavalry, and kept under guard in the Quadrangle. Chief Geronimo, who had given the troops a very bad time until he was captured, used to come downtown to spend his weekly allowance from the Government. One day he squandered a whole half-dollar on candy. That was enough candy,

in those days, to give even Geronimo a tummy-ache. He was a very sick Apache.

And always there was the "gay white way" of a city that had become the capital of the Southwest.

These people came to San Antonio to spend their money. They came to have their "flings" or their honeymoons. The country merchants came to buy. Rich ranchmen came to plant their polished boots on the polished brass rails of the "gilded palaces". Their wives came along to buy bolts of silk for dresses or chromos for the parlor. The children stuffed on pecan *pepitorias* (pralines) sold by *dulce* vendors, and drank untold quantities of Duerler's "Iron Brew", a famous vanilla-flavored soda water of those days.

To them all, San Antonio was the Paris of the wilderness. Its bright lights were a beacon that shone across the chaparral. It was brightest after dark.

* * *

CHAPTER XVI

The Gay Nineties

Grandpa's Town Was Downright Spectacular

HIS NAME was Bryan Callaghan II, and he was the only mayor that San Antonio ever called "King." He ruled a gay, skylarking city from the "White Palace", the new city hall on Military Plaza. And his privy council was called the "Big Six". Politics has always been important in San Antonio, since the days of the viceroys. Mayor Callaghan and the "Big Six" were to rule the city, intermittently, for twenty-seven years. They initiated the modern park system, modern sanitation facilities; and during their heyday in the "Gay Nineties", the city was to spread out onto the pastures where horse-and-buggy real estate men sold solid citizens and health-seeking tourists homesites, on the "heights" and the "hills" and the "terraces".

The skyline was climbing above the valley. The "iron horse" brought to San Antonio the giants of finance: Jay Gould of the railroads; Armour and the meat kings of Chicago and the Mid-West; those powers of the press, Medill and Hearst; and the land barons who came to buy lumber for their depots and courthouses at Texas tidewater and the inland towns, then being built as rapidly as new houses are going upon town lots today.

These capitalists knew San Antonio well. Their private, ornate railway cars were "parked" in state at the depots. These men came on business. Like King Midas of old, they left the golden touch. The mighty Gould, who came in a private train, no less, called for a hack to drive out and see the new Infantry Post at Fort Sam Houston.

It was during this time that the *Express* reported a driver of one of the new electric street cars saw two wolves chasing a rabbit in the "open country" of Laurel Heights.

The merchants of the years before 1900 provided parking space for their customers; not for their automobiles, for of course there were none, but for their teams and wagons. Those who came to San Antonio to trade, and stock up with

great quantities of goods for use on the ranches, came in huge wagons. To avoid hotel expenses most of them slept in the wagons. Enterprising merchants provided big camping yards adjoining their stores. A "Free Camp Yard" sign was a common sight in front of a big general merchandise store then, especially on the roads leading into the city. There were a Fest store with a free camp ground on South Flores, at Nogalitos Street; another Fest store on North Flores at "Five Points"; the big Stumberg store and yard on South Flores, between the Arsenal and the city; and several stores and camp yards on East and West Commerce, and on Austin Street.

Offsetting these rather boisterous features were refinements denoting change. For example, new street sprinklers were electrified. But a robust character remained. Nickel slot machines made their first appearance, and cocking mains drew contestants from all over the South. J. Ed Wilkens remembered that cock fights were held in an arena on West Commerce and Laredo. There were benches like bleachers, and the sporting world of San Antonio attended, to see game cocks from Mexico, from Georgia, or local birds compete for big money prizes.

But if "chicken fighting" continued as usual, San Antonio was making progress in better things, such as education. The San Antonio Female College, promoted by the Methodist Church, was being built. Incarnate Word College was starting. There were several "select" private schools: Mrs. Cora R. Mulholland's School for Girls on Augusta, W. B. Seeley's San Antonio Academy on North Flores, John Burrough Magruder's school for boys at 124 Dallas Street, West Texas Military Academy on Government Hill, and Wesley Peacock's school for boys at West End.

Also on the side of culture and enlightenment was the annual San Antonio International Fair, which by this time had grown into a major event. Exhibits and the famous Police Band were sent from Mexico. Entries of many kinds came from various States and foreign countries. On one of these fair weeks which occurred regularly in the autumn, Vories P. Brown, chairman, announced the following "days": "WOW Day, Truck Farmers' Day, Governor's Day, Mayor's Day, Colored People's Day, Southern Pacific Day, Traveling Men's Day, Confederate Day." Admission to the fair grounds for a two-horse conveyance was twenty-five cents. Premiums and prizes up to $25,000 were furnished by

businessmen. Purses for the racing events were high and the best available horseflesh drew huge crowds. Band concerts were featured. Singing festivals staged by music associations and clubs of the San Antonio area were enjoyed. Sometimes, spectacular fireworks depicted such scenes as the Battle of the Alamo and the gardens of the "Louies" of France. The fairs drew thousands of tourists to the city.

In this period George M. Maverick started tearing down the old iron-clad store buildings on Houston Street from Jefferson to the new four-story Hicks Building. This building was erected by Col. Francis M. Hicks, Sr., at Avenue C, now Broadway. (One of his sons, Marshall Hicks, later became mayor of San Antonio.)

Victorian-style houses rose at West End, which was becoming fashionable. William Jennings Bryan, a frequent visitor, was escorted to West End Lake (Woodlawn), by local sportsmen, to shoot ducks. Polo was being played in the Stribling pasture.

Prospect Hill grew as a suburb. "Weeping Joe" Harding was "fighting the devil" out there in evangelistic services, or from the back end of his buggy on the plazas.

At the same time, "Sin Killer" Griffin, famous negro evangelist, was conducting big baptisings in the San Antonio River.

In 1894, O. Henry, whose real name was William Sydney Porter, entered into a partnership with Henry Ryder-Taylor, a San Antonio newspaperman, in the publication of *The Rolling Stone,* the humorous weekly that Porter had been publishing in Austin. Ryder-Taylor was to furnish articles on San Antonio and other subjects. The San Antonio office of the publication was Ryder-Taylor's home at 903 South Presa Street, a small adobe house with green shutters (still standing). Paul Adams, San Antonio collector of O. Henry material and an authority on O. Henry's career, said that Porter and Ryder-Taylor editorially opposed the city administration of San Antonio; Porter wrote and published a humorous poem that roused the resentment of certain Austin citizens. At about the same time he was forced to bed with a severe attack of measles. These events were disastrous for the little paper. It ceased publication in the spring of 1895.

"There is no record that Porter lived in San Antonio, though he frequently visited the city," Paul Adams ex-

plained. "On one occasion he and his beautiful young wife, formerly Miss Athol Estes of Austin, visited San Antonio as members of an amateur theatrical group of the Capital City, and played a brief engagement at the Grand Opera House. Porter enjoyed visiting the camp yards and talking with the cowboys and cattlemen, for whom San Antonio was a delightful mecca."

The young writer was fascinated by the chili stands on the plazas, which he has immortalized in one of his best Texas stories, *The Enchanted Kiss*. Other stories in which Porter showed his familiarity with San Antonio are: *Hygeia at the Solito, The Higher Abdication, The Missing Chord, Seats of the Haughty,* and *A Fog in San Antone*. In *A Fog in San Antone,* O. Henry used one of the variety theaters, perhaps the Bella Union, as a part of the background of the story. The reader can trace the wanderings of Goodall, the youthful consumptive, from a drug store on Alamo Plaza (perhaps Dreiss's) to West Commerce Street, thence west across the Commerce Street bridge, and finally into Little Mexico, west of Military Plaza.

William F. Schutz, veteran realtor, recalled the old Palm Garden of Scholz's on Alamo Plaza, which stood about where Mueller's and Frank Brothers stores are now. The three-story glassed-in "garden" with its potted palms and horseshoe bar was one of the city's most respectable eating places, where families dined on oysters, wild game or German dinners. W. G. Scholz was proprietor.

When Schutz came to San Antonio in the mid-nineties there were 300 saloons. Even grocery stores sold beer. But many of the saloon men of that era were highly respected citizens. Drunkenness was disgraceful. Bartenders were quoted in the newspapers. They called them "mixologists".

Restaurants laid tables with fish, oysters, wild game, beef, pork, turkey, chicken, mutton, and all the "extras", for twenty-five cents. A sirloin steak with French-fried potatoes, coffee and pie, also was "two-bits". For one banquet 400 quail were shot. Famous eating places were Harnisch and Baer's on Commerce Street facing Casino Street, the Elite (where the National Bank of Commerce now is), the Bismarck, next to the Grand Opera House (on Alamo Plaza at the northwest corner of Crockett and Alamo), and Ernst's, in the old Doric Market House on Market Street. "Old Man" Ernst, who had cooked for Emperor Maximilian and the Empress Carlotta, served thick, juicy steaks for

twenty-five cents, became angry if a customer ordered anything else, and when he had sold his self-allotted number of steaks, shut up shop and went home. Frank Bushick in his book, *Glamorous Days,* tells feelingly of this plush period of eating and living.

The rich cattlemen held their conventions in San Antonio. They complained because the unaccustomed pavements hurt their feet. Guests of the Mahncke (present Gunter corner) likewise complained that they could not sleep because the boots of the pedestrians, ringing on stone sidewalks just beneath their windows in the two-story hostelry, made too much noise.

The English sparrow arrived, to make his headquarters at the City Hall. A hack driver killed three wild ducks that alighted on Military Plaza one foggy morning. Mrs. J. L. Lighthall had replaced her husband, the "Diamond King", who had pulled teeth on the plazas to the accompaniment of banjo music, in a medicine show. His wife continued the show and the patent medicine business. They are buried on East Commerce Street, in one of the old cemeteries which in that time occupied Powder House Hill, where the United States Powder House still stood. Here also was buried Capt. Richard King, the fabulous cattle baron, founder of the King Ranch.

The Alamo now was a museum. Visitors signed the register. World-famous people stopped there. A still greater attraction was San Pedro Springs, where one Sunday more than 2,000 visitors viewed the zoo and the ostrich farm.

Alderman Ludwig Mahncke (whose monument is in Brackenridge Park), an *emigre* friend of Kaiser Wilhelm, began to take an interest in the city park system. He ordered boys to stop playing football and baseball in Madison Square, he forbade bicycle riding through Travis Park, and he ordered the Fire Department to stop grazing their horses in all the parks.

Vaudeville theaters vied for customers. The *Washington* could seat 1,200. Helen Modjeska, famous Polish actress, played at the Grand Opera House. The celebrated fortune teller, Anna Eva Faye, told a society matron where she could find her lost diamond brooch. Frederick Warde, basking in the sunshine in the Menger Hotel patio, decried the vandals who carved their names on the walls of the Alamo.

San Antonio was becoming a great livestock market. Cows again sold for only $3 a head, with calves thrown in.

Wool and mohair from San Angelo and from the hill country were pouring wealth into the city. Cattle were cheap, but there were so many of them. "Barb" wire, invented back in the 1870's, had wiped out the free range. Cattlemen still talked about the first big demonstration of "barb" wire, when John W. ("Bet-A-Million") Gates obtained permission to fence off one of the plazas with the new wire, which the Indians called "devil-rope", and invited prominent cowmen to bring in their worst "fence-busters". Twenty-five wild longhorns were used for the demonstration. The cattlemen said that this new-fangled wire might hold eastern cattle, but not longhorns. When Gates released the herd, the wild beasts charged into the wire. It bit back into their tough hides. They charged it twice, but after that they stood in the center of the corral. Gates soon began taking orders for a carload of wire, to replace the old board, brush or stone fences. This spectacular promotion of "Bet-A-Million" Gates, one of the founders of the city of Port Arthur, helped create the modern cattle industry.

Yet, River Avenue (Broadway) was just becoming the first boulevard, 100 feet wide. Gardens fronted along it, taking water from the old *acequia* which cut through back yards. The Kampmann Building (northeast corner of Commerce and Soledad) still was a skyscraper. Vacant lots were for sale on Houston. Where Frost Brothers' clothing store now is, the Knox Nursery sold fruit trees to country folk and china or hackberry trees to suburbanites who bogged in the mud, and often had to unhitch their mired buggies, as they went out to South Heights (Denver Heights).

This was the day of the grandfather of modern San Antonio.

He fared forth in an elegant "road wagon" (a topless buggy with rubber-tired wheels) wearing an embroidered shirt-front and a tight-waisted, tailormade $25 suit, to call on a refined young lady in a long, full skirt and a high, jaboted collar, a bell-sleeved shirt-waist and high-topped, toothpick-narrow shoes. He offered her Jenner's or Duerler's candies, and if the affair became serious, a diamond from Hertzberg's or Bell's or Critzer's.

It was in this fabulous era that President Benjamin Harrison visited San Antonio.

The city had planned a celebration of the anniversary of Texas' independence (April 21). As the President's visit was to coincide, there was to be a parade in which the dis-

tinguished visitor would ride. But it rained, and the celebration became a wet procession that splashed to the bandstand on Alamo Plaza, where President Harrison made a speech in the pouring rain.

Every April since (except war years) there had been a big parade on Friday of Fiesta week. It is the Fiesta de San Jacinto parade of today. In the nineties, when it started, fresh flowers from yards, and wildflowers were gathered to decorate floats and vehicles, and were used in a mock battle in front of the Alamo, at the parade's end. During one of these "battles" a San Antonio matron was hit by a lead pipe that had been hidden in a big bouquet. But in spite of hazards (most of them financial), the city's women leaders have, since 1891, continued this annual event, this big parade, through the Battle of Flowers Association.

Some of the first floats depicted operas, such as *William Tell, Hansel and Gretel,* and the sad Wagnerian operas of the German citizens.

It was a time of band concerts, of wooden bridges, of fords over the river where drivers stopped to wash their buggies. It was a time when children rode horses to school, and wagons came to town loaded with wild turkeys strung by their heads to the wagon bows. It was a time of good and easy living.

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And then they sank the *Maine.*

When the U. S. battleship went down on February 15, 1898, in Havana Harbor, San Antonio became a war town once more. The local military companies drilled on the plazas at night. The Excelsior Guards, a negro company, clamored for Federal recognition. The Belknap Rifles, the Zouaves, moved to training camps. Home guards rose. The war with Spain was on.

"Teddy" Roosevelt had announced the organization of a regiment to train in San Antonio. Col. Leonard Wood, of the U. S. Army Medical Corps, was its commanding officer. The recruits for the Rough Riders came in droves, mostly from the rugged West, Arizona Territory and Indian Territory. Many scions of San Antonio families joined them. The *elite* of New York City came at Roosevelt's call: Willie Tiffany, "Ham" Fish, Martin Crimmins. It was a strange combination: the tough horsemen from Arizona, many of them gunmen from Tombstone; the rough-and-ready volunteers from Oklahoma, and the sons of millionaires. They pur-

chased their horses at Fort Sam Houston and set up camp on the International Fairgrounds and Riverside Park (present Roosevelt Park). They drilled their horses in front of San José Mission; and some of them "shot up the town", off duty. Roosevelt arrived; and after only two weeks' training they all left on the old "Sap" railroad for Florida — and San Juan Hill.

San Antonio followed the war from news dispatches, from letters written in the swamps of Tampa and on the beaches of Florida, and from the battlegrounds.

The regulars came back to Fort Sam Houston when the war was over, and the volunteers started looking for jobs.

A big snow fell. Citizens and soldiers joined on Alamo Plaza in an all-day snowball fight, drove off vehicular traffic and routed the pedestrians, including the "king" — as Mayor Callaghan still was called.

The century was ending.

* * *

CHAPTER XVII

World War I

How Kaiser "Bill" Changed San Antonio

SHADOWS OF the war lords that fell across Europe in August, 1914, cast their lengthening gloom over the sprawling city. The green valley of the wilderness that had obscessed Father Olivares two hundred years before had become the biggest city in Texas — "the largest town in the largest State."

Possibly San Antonio lived through the most peaceful time of its existence after the turn of the century, from 1900 to 1917. The Fiesta parades were becoming motorized, and five-cent movie houses began to appear. The butchers on Houston Street would cut a sirloin for twenty cents, and threw in liver as a *pilon* for the cat.

One of the stirring problems of the day was that the last of the hackmen, who had their stands on Alamo and Main Plazas, were letting their horses stamp holes in the new pavement. The first automobilists bought their gasoline at drugstores, and "electrics" and "steamers" glided noiselessly along, in strange contrast with noisy two- and four-cylindered "gasoline buggies".

The St. Anthony and Gunter hotels were built. The Fire Department brought its new pumper to Travis Park and tried to throw a stream over the St. Anthony, to the astonishment of some of the guests, who thought the place was afire.

President William Howard Taft came to dedicate the chapel at Fort Sam Houston in 1909, and "Teddy" Roosevelt came twice to renew acquaintance with the city. They gave each of the school children a small American flag to wave at "T.R." when he passed in parade.

While the business of war occupied most of the world, a San Antonian named Ray Lambert was creating beauty out of an abandoned rock quarry, where he built the lily pond and flower-bordered paths of the Japanese Garden in Brackenridge Park. Commissioner Lambert has been called "an

ex-saloonkeeper with the soul of an artist". Under his creative genius Brackenridge Park became a showplace; and San Antonio acquired one of the most beautiful and extensive park systems of any city in America. With him was Henry Steingruber, who went to work with flowers under Ludwig Mahncke, and for forty years plotted and nursed the flowers that bloomed in the city parks. No wonder he walked the floor when hail-storms came, while other people worried about their roofs.

And then in 1917 war once again became the principal topic of conversation. The rhythm of men in step had echoed in all of San Antonio's history. A few years before, the citizens had listened to Francisco Madero making his speech from the balcony of the old Savoy Hotel, as he left with his followers to start the Madero revolution in Mexico.

"Pancho" Villa had risen, a Robin Hood on the barren plains of Northern Mexico, and the cattle pastures of Fort Sam Houston became a nest of yellow tents of a new army composed of the national guard regiments from Northern States, as Camp Wilson came into being, with trains shunting in and out all night long, while new troops arrived and others left for the Texas-Mexican border.

Gen. John J. Pershing was somewhere in Mexico. The *juntas* of Old Mexico held secret meetings in San Antonio. They came and went. And all the while as bugles sounded in the pseudo war on the border, the rattle of musketry at Ypres, the thunder of cannon at Verdun, the unrestricted warfare of the German submarines, were shaping San Antonio's destiny.

Maj. Gen. Frederick Funston, whose capture of Aguinaldo in the Philippines had earned him the Medal of Honor, was commander of the Southern Department. He died February 17, 1917, in the St. Anthony Hotel while listening to a concert.

On the day when America and San Antonio entered World War I, April 6, 1917, "Black Jack" Pershing sat at his desk in the Quadrangle at Fort Sam Houston. He had returned from the Punitive Expedition into Mexico against Villa. He had brought back several hundred Chinese refugees who feared for their lives in Mexico. They were quartered at Fort Sam Houston, soon went to work in the homes of post officers, and gradually became absorbed in the cosmopolitanism of San Antonio.

But Pershing had a much bigger job to do. He knew it,

but the people of San Antonio didn't. One day he bade them goodbye at a luncheon in the patio of the old Menger. The next time they heard of him he had landed in France as the head of the American Expeditionary Forces.

The First World War brought startling changes to San Antonio. Aviation, a new weapon of warfare, became a new giant. It had had some of its pioneering at Fort Sam Houston in the flimsy fishing-pole crate which was Lieut. Benjamin F. Foulois' Wright biplane. Overnight was purchased the San Antonio Flying Field which was to grow into the world-famous Kelly Field, named for the first military airman to crash, 2nd Lieut. George E. M. Kelly. On May 11, 1911, he headed his frail craft into buildings off the parade ground at Fort Sam Houston, rather than crash land where soldiers were drilling.

Camp Travis spread as if by magic over the site of old Camp Wilson. Brooks Field and Camp John Wise, the First Officers' Training Camp at Stanley, and Dodd Field, all became scenes of frenzied building. The arrival of thousands, of tens of thousands — soldiers, flying cadets and officers — swelled the city to the bursting point. The nation was now in high gear and San Antonio became the biggest military center in the United States.

In unpainted shacks junior officers worked frantically to learn lessons they would take with them to France: Lieutenants Dwight D. Eisenhower, Foulois, Carl Spaatz; Capt. Jimmy Fechet — and all the others.

And then there were those leather-jacketed boys who joined the ranks of heroic American dead, the heroes of Monmouth, of Lundy's Lane, of Gettysburg, and San Juan Hill. They were the first to join the clan of eagles, those pioneer young American airmen who were to hold the key to the future of their country. In their old leather jackets and scuffed helmets they took off in their rattling Jennies, and crashed in flames over the spreading valley — among them, Lieut. Kelly (Kelly Field); Lieut. Sidney Brooks, a *San Antonio Light* reporter (Brooks Field).

The streets of San Antonio took on the color of olive drab. Captive sausage balloons floated lazily over Camp John Wise, now part of Olmos Park on Olmos Drive and McCullough Avenue. The Jennies (Jn-4s) took off and landed in rhythmic processions from tarvia runways at Brooks and Kelly Fields.

Sons of America rode their frail creatures to learn the

lessons of air combat from pioneers in aviation, including Eddie Stinson, Rodman Law, and colorful British and French veterans of the air war on the Western Front.

The Ninetieth Division marched out of Camp Travis under Maj. Gen. Henry T. Allen, the men of Oklahoma and Texas, soon to meet the enemy in France. The hardy fighters of the Thirty-Sixth Division, with its quota of San Antonio men, left early in the war to fight at Chateau Thierry and Belleau Wood.

Secrecy clothed the military movements in and out of San Antonio. Downtown, in the homes, everywhere, citizens regimented themselves to the war effort.

Food shortages became acute. Armadillo meat was sold on Haymarket Plaza. The steaks of porpoises were served at the Gunter and St. Anthony hotels. Sugar was rationed. There were breadless days, meatless days. Saloons were voted out of existence. People collected tin foil, bought Liberty Bonds. They raised castor beans for oil for the Liberty motors. The women and girls rolled bandages. San Antonio women went to army camps to nurse sick soldiers. They opened downtown clubs for the always moving soldier population. Every day the newspapers had casualty lists, and people read those first. They read of the Thirty-Sixth and the Ninetieth, of the Meuse-Argonne, of Pershing and Douglas MacArthur and James G. Harbord and of Marshal Ferdinand Foch, who came eventually to lay his wreath at the Alamo.

Casualties sometimes ran into two columns of agate type. Upon them were the names of many San Antonians: Capt. Ira Ogden (Ira Ogden School), David Barkley, Medal of Honor, posthumous (Camp Barkley, Barkley School), and many others.

The Hindenburg line began to sag. But San Antonio tightened its belt still more. Shortages increased. In five years the population had been almost doubled by soldiers, and those who came to join in the great war effort. People were so busy that they set their clocks forward, so they would have an extra hour of sunlight in the afternoons to work in their war gardens. They called off the Fiesta.

At 3:00 a.m. on the morning of November 11, 1918, the news came. The lights went up, extras poured from the newspaper offices, and the old Alamo Iron Works whistle screamed above the roar of locomotives in the railroad

yards. All day long thankful citizens and soldiers milled downtown. The war was over.

And now influenza, which had taken a heavy toll all over the world during the war, reached epidemic proportions in San Antonio. Health authorities closed the schools, the churches, the theaters. Death struck anew at the camps and in the homes. It cast a pall over the city, as in the old days when cholera and yellow fever turned East Commerce Street into a slow-moving procession to the cemeteries.

The "boys" came home, veterans of the Thirty-Sixth, the Ninetieth; and they received a hero's welcome. The Second Division under General Harbord, the only one that was to remain intact, moved into Camp Travis for permanent station. The fliers of the Western Front came back to Kelly to be discharged, youngsters with oak leaves on their shoulders, who with French Spads and English Sopwiths had driven the German Fokkers out of the skies. They laid down their helmets, went back to work, to school.

The camps shrank, and the routine peacetime regimen of the Army started all over. They sat at their desks in San Antonio posts: Berman, Dunton, Vanaman, Doolittle, Fechet, Lackland, Echols, Pratt, Spaatz, and all the others.

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CHAPTER XVIII

The Giant Stretches

San Antonio Grew Up When Skyscrapers Bloomed Like Bluebonnets

A "BOOM" is supposed to be a hollow sound. But in America it also means that people and places sometimes have a great deal of prosperity all at once. And San Antonio boomed again.

New skyscrapers began to rise. Mesquite thickets became country estates or "terraces" or "parks", where new houses were built to look like the old houses of Monterrey, or ranch houses, or the little adobes of the pioneers. They even built a new roof on the Alamo.

A tiny museum (an orphan without a name), had a collection of pecans, pressed flowers and butterflies and scientific specimens, assembled by Prof. H. P. Attwater; this collection was in the basement of old Main Avenue High School. A gift left by Alfred G. Witte gave it a name and a new home. A young science teacher, Ellen Schulz (Mrs. Roy W. Quillin), moved with the Attwater collection to Witte Memorial Museum in Brackenridge Park, as curator. The San Antonio Public Library got a new home too, on Market Street.

Under Mayor John W. Tobin the municipal auditorium rose as a memorial to World War dead, on pasture land that had been used for the cows of Ursuline. Big new buildings were as thick on blueprints as ducks at Woodlawn Lake. Many actually were built, such as the Medical Arts, the City-Central (South Texas), the Maverick Building, the Nix Building, Builders Exchange, Insurance Building, the Aztec, Texas and Majestic theaters, the Alamo National Bank, Smith-Young Tower (later Transit Tower), the Bluebonnet and Plaza hotels and the Milam Building, which then was the tallest concrete building anywhere, and the first completely air-conditioned large structure.

Houston Street, which since 1900 had been taking the lead away from Commerce, was for a time threatened by

the development along downtown St. Mary's Street. In this connection, people who become interested in the development of San Antonio over the centuries often ask a question: Why was Commerce Street, which had been the principal avenue of business since San Fernando Town and the Alamo settlement fused, later supplanted by Houston Street as the "main stem"? Back in the old days there was no transportation except "shank's mare", a saddle horse or private carriage. Narrow Commerce Street, where the newer business houses were, had become cluttered with shoppers' conveyances, horses and delivery carts. Most of the business houses had hitching racks out front, or hitching posts, and many of them had water troughs for the horses and mules, or a water hydrant and buckets. All this made Commerce Street a crowded thoroughfare.

Promoters of a mule-car transportation system in 1878 asked the City for a franchise.[1] Commerce Street property owners, the city's biggest bloc of business interests, insisted if the franchise were granted, that the mule cars should never be allowed to invade Commerce Street. They did not want the clanging of the car bells or the clinking of the iron trace chains to disturb the lady shoppers who sat in their carriages while merchants brought goods across the sidewalks to them for display. The City Council so ordered it; the merchants won their argument. And so the mule cars that came in from the residential sections ran down undeveloped Houston Street and into Alamo Plaza. When the antiquated mule cars were replaced in 1890 by electric street cars, the conservative Commerce Street property owners again protested any invasion of their street. For thirty years most of the shoppers used this modern streetcar system which unloaded them on Houston Street and Alamo Plaza, where, naturally enough, stores came into being to fill their shopping needs. In 1908, Commerce Street awoke to what was happening. They spent six years widening Commerce to accommodate street cars, but it was too late. So, San Antonio is one of the cities of America where the business center has moved from the exact spot of its inception.

The moral of this tale is: never look a gift mule in the mouth.

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[1]See "Report on the Widening of Commerce Street, A.D. 1914," privately published 1915, Franz Groos, chairman. This report contains historical information from Selig Deutschman and Eddy Wolff.

But the booming twenties left far behind even the memory of those mule-car days. The twenties were to transform the old city into a modern city, wearing its tall new skyscrapers beside its ancient landmarks in the manner of New York, Boston, Philadelphia and New Orleans.

Jefferson High School was planned on the gentle pasture land to the northwest. St. Mary's University, like the city, grew bigger.

At Witte Museum they built a "snake garden" and served "rattleburgers" free on Sundays to tourists. And where once the great opera companies had played one-night stands for a few, in the Grand Opera House on Alamo Plaza, now San Antonio booked the Chicago Civic Opera Company for a week at the auditorium.

The only rude interruption to this period of prosperity in the 1920's was the big flood. It came roaring down the river from a cloudburst on the Olmos watershed (September 9, 1921), and it took 50 lives and wrecked the downtown streets, doing millions of dollars' worth of damage. Water was eight feet deep in the lobby of the Gunter Hotel. This disaster led to the flood prevention program which included the building of Olmos dam. It also created new business areas in downtown San Antonio. It eliminated "Bowen's Island", where the winding river bed was filled in, a dangerous bend eliminated, and standing room made for the city's tallest building, the Transit Tower. Kinks (which made a flood danger) were taken out of the river, under the administrations of Mayors John Tobin and C. M. Chambers.

In the "booming twenties" life was never so strange, in San Antonio. Everybody was getting rich. Stenographers and financiers played the stock market and they made millions, on paper. Of the thousands who had come here during the World War, many now returned to make their homes. More tourists came too, for they had heard that the sunshine spends the winter in San Antonio. And the city even tried for the fame that was Hollywood's. *Wings, The Rough Riders* and other movies were made here, and stars walked the streets of San Antonio. One of the flying cadets who also came to town to see the sights was Charles A. Lindbergh.

The old town spread out past the six-mile square that had had its center at the rear dome of San Fernando Cathedral. In 1928 Hoover, the Republican, got more votes in

Texas for President than a Democrat, for the first time in history.

New Year's Eve cover charges at the best hotels were $15. But that was all right because everybody had loads of money. Oil had become a giant. The ancient tamale was elevated to the production line, was canned. Ferocious longhorns no longer stampeded down Houston Street on the way to market. In contrast, the St. Anthony Hotel purchased the blue-ribbon Hereford calf at the livestock show, and sold steaks to ranchers who flew to town. And then the boom went "boom", on Black Friday in October 1929.

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Breadlines formed like those that had once stood at the door of "Banker" Twohig's. Building stopped. It was said that San Antonio was overbuilt. There were too many houses, too many offices. Hard times had certainly come. As in all such episodes in San Antonio's history, there are stories to illustrate what the citizens endured.

One is about the Bexar County relief office on South St. Mary's Street (now the Sinkin Building), where families on Government relief received food which was surplus and had been bought by the Government for distribution to those on its relief rolls. Surplus in Texas, available for the hungry, was, in the beginning of the relief program, based on availability rather than upon dietary standards. A Packard limousine drew up in front of this office, and a negro chauffeur went in, leaving his aged, white-haired employer on the back seat. After a long wait he came struggling out. He was carrying two heavy cases of canned grapefruit juice and twelve pounds of butter. Both the lady and the chauffeur were on relief and this was their monthly ration.

In the lean days of the depression many people went hungry because they could not get jobs. The Works Progress Administration came into being, and thousands of jobless got on the Federal payroll. With other aid from the Government, building was started again to furnish more employment. In that period such public institutions came into being as Alamo Stadium, the municipal airport, and our modern housing projects, Alazan, Apache, Wheatley, Lincoln and Victoria courts. Mayor Maury Maverick accomplished the restoration of La Villita.

The Texas Centennial Year (1936) saw much patriotic activity. The Battle of Flowers parade that year surpassed all others. The cenotaph by Pompeo Coppini on Alamo Plaza

was dedicated. Fort Sam Houston spread, and the unpainted barracks of Camp Travis gave way to the splendid construction that skirts the Esplanade from the site of Foulois' old hangar of 1910, to Brooke General Hospital.

And so, the old city reached the *mañana* that has become today.

A glance at population figures tells the story. In 1920 San Antonio had 161,371 people. By 1930 there were 231,-542. And by 1940, this figure stood at 253,854. The 1950 unofficial census showed a population of more than 400,000.

The young giant that had been born of Spanish parents; brought up by pioneering people of all races; that had been a little wild in its young days when it was a cowboy, and had become robust enough to eat twelve-course dinners by the eighties and nineties; that had grown too big for its buttons in the early 1900's, when it started out of the valley — this giant called San Antonio, had stretched until it covered thirty-six square miles.

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And now the jackrabbits and coyotes were having to leave their "home in San Antone", and really move into the country.

Outside the big city limits, old-timers like these were being evicted by such newcomers as Randolph Field.

It flung its red tile roofs and runways over land purchased by citizens and city fathers. It was dedicated in June 1930, an important date. For this was to be for many years the "West Point of the Air". It has brought to the city thousands of young airmen who have become as much a part of the San Antonio story as the soldiers of old "Fort Sam".

The field is named for Capt. William Randolph, who died in a plane crash. (His widow is a San Antonio school teacher.)

San Antonio still makes air history. The new air training base for women is at Lackland AFB. This is the birthplace of the WAF (Women of the Air Force).

How times, and the young women of America, do change!

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CHAPTER XIX

World War II

San Antonio Lost Its Insularity at Pearl Harbor and Became a Way Station of the World

NEWS THAT changes the San Antonio story always comes suddenly. Once it was the frantic cry of Spanish herdsmen — "Indians!" The bells of San Fernando had warned of the approach of Santa Anna. A stagecoach thundered in with news of the disruption of the Union in 1861. The whistle of the Alamo Iron Works had tried to compete with extras when the telegraph told of the declaration of war against Spain after the sinking of the *Maine*. That "wildcat" whistle again alarmed the city when President Woodrow Wilson asked Congress for a declaration of war against Germany.

Sunday, December 7, 1941, was a warm, sunny day. In the afternoon San Antonians played or rested, or listened to their favorite radio programs. Suddenly the radio music stopped. An excited voice said: "An unbelievable thing has happened."

The Japs had bombed Pearl Harbor.

This sudden announcement stunned the city, but only for a little while. As in Washington, D.C., in those fateful hours of afternoon and night of December 7, San Antonio went into action. It had been concerned about annexing such suburbs as Alamo Heights and Harlandale, so that it could reach farther, cover more territory. Now it would reach out to Manila, Wake Island, Dutch Harbor in the Aleutians, the Panama Canal, London.

On that night of December 7, downtown buildings that had always been dark after sundown now blazed forth with lights: the fourth floor of the Federal Building, where the FBI was housed; the upper floors of the Smith-Young Tower (Transit Tower) that quartered the Third Army, where Maj. Gen. Walter Krueger and his chief of staff, Lieut. Col. "Ike" Eisenhower, set into motion the hidden machinery which moves so fast when the bugle sounds.

At dawn next day sentries with fixed bayonets guarded the Army camps. Planes at Randolph, Kelly and Brooks Fields sat scattered like a checkerboard on the flying fields, as if to minimize the damage of a possible air attack. Military aircraft bristling with machine guns stood on runways; fighter pilots scanned the skies. Downtown at daylight a long line waited in front of the recruiting office on Alamo Plaza.

San Antonio was at war.

It was the old story all over again. But this time it was different. San Antonio's first wars crossed San Pedro Creek. Then they crossed the Alazan, and the Medina, and the San Jacinto; then the Rio Grande; then the Mississippi and the Rappahanock. And next, San Antonio-trained fighting men crossed the Straits of Florida to Cuba. Then in World War I, they sailed across the "Big Pond" to France. But now in World War II they would cross all the oceans, and their swift planes and jeeps and tanks would reduce the world to the size of a *tortilla*.

Long trains rolled in and out, secretly. At night the skies were filled with fighter aircraft rushing to the West Coast, where a Jap "sneak attack" was expected. Flying fields and training fields began to mushroom from San Antonio, to spread all over Texas. At nearby Camp Stanley, grandmothers and war brides stuffed machine gun belts for Flying Fortresses and Mustangs and Lightnings. Old "SAP" railroad tracks built in the 1880's into the hill country, now had trains of ammunition, routed via Murmansk for the defense of Stalingrad; for Guadalcanal, Tarawa; and for the airmen who were "softening" the Nazis.

San Antonio always hits its stride as a "war town".

Now, in turn, came President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Gen. George C. Marshall, Gen. Henry H. ("Hap") Arnold. It was General Arnold who, while reviewing "twenty acres of flying cadets" at SAACC, said to them, "Good hunting".

The roar of motors in the sky never ceased, night or day. Olive drab again colored the streets, and 20,000 civilians manned Duncan Field, which served U. S. flying forces throughout the world, as Kelly and Lackland do now. New sky trails led from San Antonio westward, to Hawaii, New Caledonia, Australia, India. They headed south from runways that had, in the First World War, been used by the old "flying coffins" at Kelly Field. They led high above the

routes of the *conquistadores,* to South America, Ascención, thence across the Atlantic to Africa, to help stop Rommel's march on Egypt. And planes also left for the northern skies: Alaska, the Aleutians. They came and went from around the world.

Meantime, San Antonio heard proudly of the "missions accomplished" by her fighting men; native sons, and the thousands who trained here. They were of all nationalities. In the *Mightiest Army,* a book by Col. Karl Detzer, former roving editor of *Reader's Digest,* an idea of the variety of troops at Salerno with the 36th Division, many of them men of San Antonio, was given in these words: "The Navarrettes, the Santos, the Padillas, the Perlmans, the Schneiders and McGills, the Talmans and Gerlichs and Crawfords by the ten thousands fought valiantly and fiercely and the beachhead at Salerno held."

Latin-Americans who comprise a large part of the San Antonio population, gave their young men. So did the some 700 Chinese in the city, and all the other racial groups. They fought as Americans. They all brought their decorations home to San Antonio.

The "home front", like the battle fronts, never relaxed its war effort.

A great salvage drive for scrap iron culminated in a one-day collection which was piled up around the Municipal Auditorium.

All day long people brought what they had, and the pile rose high above the pavement. You could hardly see the auditorium for the eight million pounds of scrap. They hauled out the famous old steam pumper, the fire engine of the 1890's, with its red wheels and black body, that had raced through the streets to fires, with black smoke belching from the stack and the red-hot coals spilling from the firebox, as the four Percherons galloped in all their glory toward the rising flames. The old fire engine joined other scrap. When the sun went down on that one-day drive, the accumulated debris of a hundred years was heaped up: scrap iron, for ships and guns and planes and tanks.

San Antonio had never been regimented as it was in World War II.

Shortages, as in the old days during the War Between the States and World War I, appeared. Ration books were issued to all, even to babies. Non-essential drivers were given five gallons of gasoline a month. Many foods, includ-

ing meat, were rationed, also shoes. Tires almost disappeared, and could be obtained only after the "Rationing Board" approved applications. School children were hauled out along country highways to pick up old blown-out automobile casings, to add to the rubber scrap-pile. San Antonians saved tin cans.

Every letter that left the United States was read by one of hundreds of censors in the Federal Building, so that no military information could reach the enemy. Incoming mail was examined for enemy information.

A secret office in a downtown building was staffed to check the approach of hostile planes. A thousand pairs of eyes — housewives, ranchmen, farmers — were trained to report enemy aircraft, by long distance telephone, to this nerve center.

Each air raid warden or "block warden" in the city studied the floor plans of houses in his district, so that in the event of disaster, such as bombing or fire, he would know how to get people out of the wreckage through windows if all doors were blocked. Basements of churches and schools were ready for use as emergency hospitals, to be equipped from stacks of cots and mattresses and medical supplies piled in storerooms, or in the garages of residents. The Office of Civilian Defense gave everyone a station, an emergency duty to perform. Doctors and nurses were assigned to duty for any type of disaster to the city.

Blackouts were practiced. Aviators high over San Antonio at nine o'clock at night reported, during these experiments, that the city was as devoid of light as the inside of a cave.

The day that Germany surrendered caused no undue celebration, for thousands of San Antonio's young men and women still were in the Pacific war theater. Bells of old San Fernando, of all the churches, rang in the half-way peace of V-E Day, but they summoned people to pray, not to celebrate. There was sadness for the young men who would never come back.

Then there was the shock of first news of the atomic bomb which was dropped on Hiroshima.

And then, one day as the city's thousands of workers were going home, there came a "flash", the sudden, electrifying news that terms of surrender had been accepted by Japan. That was the afternoon of August 14, 1945.

Now the bells rang out joyously, triumphantly. Now the

old Alamo Iron Works whistle and all the others blared forth the message of victory.

San Antonio dropped what it was doing. It went completely, deliriously wild. Many stopped to say a prayer of thanksgiving. Others shouted: the cowboy "whoopee", the "rebel yell", the "*Viva!*" It was the hubbub of a people who had given much and lost much, a people tired to death of war, a people who knew from the past the meaning of war's end. Strangers embraced strangers; they clasped hands, they kissed. Bus drivers had to stop their buses, to wipe their eyes, and to let milling humanity make way for them. There were tears of happiness, and tears for the marines who would never return from Guadalcanal; for the boys in Navy blue who would have to stay on the beaches of the South Pacific; for the airmen who had dropped in flames over the jungles or in Europe; for the soldiers who will always, in their little cities of white crosses, guard the outposts in the Pacific or on the Rhine.

That night they roped off the downtown streets. The air was a hurricane of paper bits and whorls, dumped from the high buildings. Masses of humanity moved on the plazas and streets, from wall to wall. People wept; they shouted; they danced; they kissed the pretty girls and grandmothers. Soldiers traded their khaki neckties for the reds and greens and blues worn by civilians.

Churches were opened. In many of the downtown Protestant churches of the city, in the synagogues, in the outlying churches of the suburbs, members of the congregations, and strangers who happened to see the lighted buildings, gathered to give thanks. For four years they had prayed for the war's end and for victory.

Down the main aisle of San Fernando devout women whose boys were with MacArthur, crawled toward the altar on their knees, fulfilling vows of thanksgiving for the deliverance of their sons from danger.

Candles were lighted too in the little Chapel of Miracles on Ruiz Street, where other humble mothers knelt, and thanked *El Señor de los Milagros*.

It was the end of another war.

Yet this biggest war was not quite over for San Antonio, even though the fighting had stopped. For the population had grown nearly one-third in wartime. People were spending $40,000,000 more each year. Still another effect of the war on San Antonio was the spread of its boundaries to

cover 67.8 square miles, the city's corporate limits in 1950. And another after-effect is the continued operation of the great outlying wartime military installations, which still guard Texas and much of the nation against any enemy.

Also the war brought to San Antonio a great many people who decided to come back here to live, when it was over.

And so more than any other war, World War II changed San Antonio.

But in some ways San Antonio never changes. Its character, its atmosphere, its spirit are its own.

* * *

CHAPTER XX

The Modern City

Why San Antonio Is Different

WHEN SAN ANTONIO slumbers it snores gently in a minor key, sleeping as soundly and sedately as a mother who has tucked all her children into bed and knows that the night truly will be a *buena noche* — that when the morning comes her house will be in order.

Her head on the pillow of the hills to the north, she lies in serene slumber, stretching for miles along the valley under a coverlet of palm fronds, retamas, poinsettias, mesquites, pecan trees, and all the brilliant sub-tropical flowers that grow the year around. No blast furnaces profane the soft darkness. No heavy pall of factory smoke blots out the stars. No raucous sounds disturb the city's sleep.

Awakening is gradual. It is like a household where one member rises early. In San Antonio the first to stir is the Union Stockyards. Here is how it happens:

It still is dark. The high fences of the pens are like a maze, covering acres. Over it all rises the bedlam of thousands of animals that have been brought to market and are being unloaded. The undertone is low and angry, like voices raised in protest. Sudden, sharp sounds stand out — bellows and bleats, squeals and squalls punctuate the din. It sounds much like San Antonio's first big parade, the coming of the Spanish settlers.

In sweeping flares of headlights gaunt shadows move slowly into the maw of this market. They are trucks, some of them pulling great trailers loaded with fat Herefords from the big cattle ranches; or they may be large double-deckers bringing bleating sheep from the hill country, or pick-ups of the "little" ranchers or farmers, loaded with two or three calves, some muttons or pigs.

All through the milling mass of livestock are men. They perch on the top rails of corrals, they gather in little groups to discuss prices or grass; they sit on their boot heels, their broad-brimmed Stetson hats tilted back. This

is the bourse of the South Texas cattle country. Here are the commission men with white canes, who buy and sell the cattle, and the well-fed buyers from Kansas City, St. Louis and Chicago. Here also are the prosperous West Texas ranchmen, and slim-hipped *vaqueros* who ride the brush country, and the cattlemen who wear big hats to keep off the sun down on the Rio Grande.

More than sixty million dollars a year are paid to ranchmen at the Union Stockyards of San Antonio. In 1933 they sold a quarter-million head; then the yards were enlarged, and in 1947 it was a million and a quarter — five times more. Texas leads the nation in wool and mohair production; and the San Antonio trade territory contains more than seventy per cent of the sheep and virtually all of the goats in the State.

As the sun comes riding over the eastern horizon there is another center of activity which is as old, in history, as San Antonio. This is the produce market. It spreads out from Haymarket Plaza — where once the chili queens had stands — to an area past Washington Square, the Municipal Market House, and Produce Row.

Even while other streets remain deserted throughout the city the market is coming awake. Big trucks from the Rio Grande Valley and the Winter Garden crowd the market area with their tons of vegetables, citrus and other fruits and berries. From East Texas or up Dallas-way, or from out of state come truckers with such products as tomatoes and frozen shrimp, and produce from the Deep South. They buy and sell and trade for cantaloupes from the Pecos Valley or spinach from Crystal City, or some other choice buy that has come to the San Antonio produce market fresh from the orchard or field or garden where it was grown.

Machines blow ice into the reefers which soon will roll out the converging highways with their thousands of pounds of good Texas food for the people of many States — as far north as the Canadian border. Meantime, on the market, strawberries from Atascosa join with bulging crates of vegetables from Arizona or California, which have rolled in on the Southern Pacific. Along the wholesale store fronts of Produce Row, exotic fruits from the Imperial Valley are displayed beside the prosaic onion sacks of Laredo or tomatoes from the hill country or "spuds" raised just south of the city on irrigated land.

Restaurateurs and hotel buyers rub shoulders with housewives, while much money changes hands. Many of these early-morning shoppers adjourn to nearby coffee shops while most of San Antonio still sleeps.

Now the sun is coming up and the big green-and-white buses begin coursing down streets which still are mostly barren. In the railroad yards diesel engines are switching coaches for early transcontinental trains which will start the day's travel. On the tracks are oil tankers loaded with petroleum from oil fields in the San Antonio district, an industry which maintains headquarters in the city for a production area with a total output of about 162,600,000 barrels of crude oil. Pipe lines carry much oil and gas to distant points. Refineries process some of it at the city's edge.

And along with the oil tankers in the railroad yards are refrigerator cars loaded with produce, or cattle cars which will convey fat Herefords to the Mid-West or the East; and there also are sleek streamlined Pullmans bringing tourists — strangers from afar — who have come to sample the climate or *tamales*, the latter in one of the many eating places which feature fiery Mexican foods.

Some of these visitors come because San Antonio is a health resort, famed for its mild climate and known for its modern hospitals.

For those who are just plain tourists there is a variety of outdoor sport and recreation, ranging from little journeys on the river in gay-colored gondolas to deer and turkey hunting in the hills, or bear hunting in Mexico, or deep-sea fishing on the nearby Gulf Coast. For less hardy sportsmen there is lake and stream fishing, and golfing on several fine courses.

The city's cultural attractions, offering great variety in the winter season, range from national art shows to big-name concerts, and stage attractions which spice the regular motion-picture schedule of downtown theaters. In season, glittering young debutantes and regal matrons grace the Municipal Auditorium or San Antonio Playhouse for first nights. And at Pioneer Hall in Brackenridge Park, moustached Trail Drivers swing their partners to old cowboy tunes; while at La Villita the square dancers do-se-do.

Whether it is a badger fight for a tenderfoot, or a shooting match by a rifle club or a polo game by superb riders or a rodeo with authentic Western flavor or a barbecue

complete with black coffee in tin cups and *frijoles* and pit-roasted beef, or a song-fest of one of the German singing societies or a *meriendа* — tamale party — of business men, or *Los Pastores* at Christmas, it always is something. San Antonio has indeed been many things to many people, but never has it been dull.

Possibly that is one reason why so many roads — rail, asphalt and the skyways of the air — still lead to this city where once strangers arrived so tediously in ox-drawn wagons or aboard the wood-burning steam cars.

To return to the awakening city: As the sun begins to climb above almost-empty streets, white-capped bakers wait in doorways for yeast and man to rise, and stare at police radio cars or fire trucks making early runs, their sirens blasting the silence.

In dignified old homes, in the paint-bright sprawling new additions, in housing projects that stand on the sites of slums, in apartments and big downtown hotels, all the people are beginning their day. Bright and early the disc jockeys of the city's radio stations start reeling off doleful cowboy tunes as San Antonio washes, shaves, powders its nose and dons its workday clothes.

Automobiles are thickening now as people start to work; the buses are filling. Headed downtown are business and professional men and women: doctors, lawyers, merchants, teachers, and those who buy and sell; salespeople, shop-keepers, stenographers, clerks, all of the people who comprise any modern city's economic life. The difference in San Antonio is that even this early-morning scene is cosmopolitan. For, represented is almost every race, also there are mixtures of races which often produce a San Antonian.

Downtown, porters are sweeping sidewalks and traffic lights begin to glow red and green. Along with the honking of horns and the whining of brakes is an old, old sound: San Fernando's bells greeting another dawn. Soon, one of the city's 250 other churches will chime in their summons to worship.

Mingling with the cries of newsboys is the screeching stopping of buses on street corners, and all the clatter and cacophony of a big city slowly stirring to consciousness — like a drowsy giant being awakened by gasoline fumes tickling his nose.

In the bulging buses sit or stand the army of Kelly Field workers, and other Government employees bound for any

one of the some dozen important military installations in or near the city. With 50,000 military personnel normally stationed on these bases, expenditures mean approximately $98,000,000 a year to San Antonio. Many of the workers go to Fort Sam Houston (where the Fourth Army radiates to five States), or to huge Brooke General Hospital, covering more than a square mile with big buildings. These and the other military centers early each day become vast institutions of activity.

And now the buses fill with school children and older students going to the more than 150 schools and colleges of the city. Soon they will fill to bursting the multi-million-dollar public school plant. In addition to handsome modern buildings it has excellent equipment for all types of training (including vocational and manual), and a high scholastic standard. And then there are the big sectarian colleges and universities such as Trinity and St. Mary's; military academies, select boarding schools for girls, and schools of music, art and dancing. Among those going to school each morning are some 2,000 young people who annually come to San Antonio from about twenty-six States and several foreign countries, to avail themselves of the city's educational advantages.

As the junior San Antonian starts the daily bout with learning, his or her father or mother may be among those who are opening the doors of business and industry. Along Houston Street and Alamo Plaza the gleaming entrances of swank shops glide open to admit smart women shoppers, out early to purchase a Daché hat or an Adrian creation. Scattered among these imposing emporiums of label millinery and model clothing are the many less pretentious shops that cater to thrifty housewives.

And across town where the shops are smaller, the *dulce* peddler with his covered glass tray of pecan pralines and cactus candy is taking up his stand on a favorite street corner, while the women who pat out countless *tortillas* to sell hot through windows in their sidewalk shops to passers-by, start mashing corn on their gray lava-stone *metates.* The *tamale* factory begins cooking its *masa* for the day's output of canned *tamales* — which may awaken sudden interest in the jaded palates of city folk across the country, or keep some Texan in Washington or New York from becoming too homesick for the chili pots of San Antone.

The bootmaker sits patiently at his last, again to make

a special pair of boots for a special *señor* who wants white leather stars on his footwear, or bright red roses of leather —or even the name of his sweetheart stitched to each boot in leather letters, for all to see. The leatherworkers of San Antonio date far back, and still boast such names as Varga and Garcia, in families which traditionally make boots or cowboy belts or holsters for guns.

Countless little meat markets across the San Pedro put up their signs: "Cabrito today." — "The head of a sow." — "Masa." — "Molino Nixtamal." — "Tripe."

Meantime, downtown where shops charge $50 or more for big white Stetsons, ranchmen are critically inspecting city finery for the convention that is opening in the Gunter. For if it is not ranchmen in town for a convention it is someone; San Antonio is such a favorite convention city that the annual income from that and the tourist business exceeds $30,000,000. This does not include the some 175,000 people who usually come in April to attend the Fiesta de San Jacinto.

Soon the downtown streets are filled with people, right up to the curbs. (So fast does the city grow, it is like a boy growing out of jeans.)

Most numerous of these early-outers are shoppers eager for the bargains advertised the day before. They may be women clad in inexpensive cottons or in ensembles the like of which was seen in the latest issue of *Harper's* or *Vogue*. Or, they may be merchants from smaller cities and towns of the trade area. Although it generally is accepted that almost everything in Texas is big, it truly can be said that the San Antonio market is tremendous: more than three million people reside in the 173,000-square-mile region served by the city's wholesalers and jobbers. One of the biggest markets is Latin-America, notably Mexico and Central America. To many native Mexicans San Antonio means the United States. It has enough genuine Spanish atmosphere to make it seem like home, yet its wholesale establishments, its garment factories, and its some 700 light manufacturing industries offer most of the goods they wish to buy. Also, these Latin-American visitors find many business men are of their own people, occupying prominent positions in San Antonio's business and civic affairs, with a social background blending ancient tradition with modern environment.

Mingling with the crowds which early flock downtown

are veterans of wars — Americans, and many from abroad. Some are on pension, others at school or receiving care from one of the big military hospitals. They may be students from China or India in the city to study modern warfare, or a hometown boy from right around the corner. Or they may be working in the city because they trained near it during the war and never forgot, and so have come back to live.

Among the prosperous-looking business men who are on the move toward offices in the tall buildings are oilmen who have contributed an industry which pays approximately a million dollars a day into the area's income.

No less numerous than these others are cadets from the flying fields — young men who roar down the streets in their open convertibles, often with San Antonio girls beside them, girls who may marry them and thus add to the city's claim that it is the mother-in-law of the Army. This claim is sustained by the many marriages of native daughters to Army men, a custom that started when Fort Sam Houston was a tiny post on the American frontier.

While the old Alamo Iron Works whistle shrieks the daily signal to start work, another familiar sound is heard. It is the roar of planes overhead. For San Antonio is as busy in the air as on the ground. Part of its normal activity is the swoop — quicker than any flight it has ever known — of the planes of war, of training, commerce and travel: the training planes of Randolph Field, the air transports of Kelly Field, the commercial planes of air lines that fly produce and freight, and the big air liners which have linked San Antonio to the rest of the world. So rapidly has grown the new air freight service that the city usually ranks third in the nation in air export. And since the day of the wired-together flying crate of Bennie Foulois, San Antonio has been the country's greatest training center for flying Americans who guard our citadels.

As the sun shines hotter and the day's tempo settles to a steady pace more becoming a dignified old town, another familiar aspect of daily life appears — tourists with their cameras. They walk leisurely along, often mopping brows unused to so much sunshine. Honeymoon couples oblivious of humming traffic stroll through the landscaped grounds of the Alamo, or visit Witte Museum or one of the fifty-six parks. Strangers stand nervously above the rattlesnake pits of the Reptile Garden in Brackenridge Park; feed peanuts to the simians of Monkey Island in the Municipal Zoo; or

admire the Gulf redfish in the Aquarium. Out at the missions these strangers wander through corridors built by missionaries, stand before altars whose images were carved by Indian neophytes. At the restored Spanish Governor's Palace they gaze at hooded fireplaces, wall shrines, and the Hapsburg coat of arms that together set back the clock so many years to the time of the *conquistadores.*

Threading its lazy way through this complex modern scene like a thin skein of green silk is the river that winds between skyscrapers and aged adobe houses, until, toward the south, it reaches the place where the dome of Mission San José still stands above the mesquite and huisache. Here in a small arc all of the mission ruins stare across their thick stone walls like Old Ones looking from the knowledge of the past into the riddle of the present. Here, time is an old friend. Each new generation comes to linger awhile at a pile of stone that may have halted a conqueror, in the wilderness of long ago. New generations mark the passing of years. Each and every one must tread the paths of the immortals — of Old Ben Milam, Davy Crockett, Jim Bowie, "Black Jack" Pershing and the other heroes and pioneers. They each in their various ways helped create a city that is different.

And always will San Antonio be different; for its traditions remain, to be learned, cherished and passed on. They have acquired a lustre that comes from a city's remembering, for four hundred years. Remembrance is a watchman guarding the future.

* * *

CHAPTER XXI

Fiesta!

The Cavalcade of San Antonio

FOR MORE than two hundred years San Antonio has reveled in fiestas.

And here is Tony, a young San Antonian, at a Fiesta parade. (You remember? — This is *your* story, Tony, from here on, but it will be told like the rest of it; for now, *you* have become a character in *The San Antonio Story*.)

Tony is sandwiched in between the densely packed thousands on the downtown streets, waiting for the climax of the Fiesta de San Jacinto. It is the Battle of Flowers parade, one of the most colorful pageants in the world.

For over a half-century this has been the city's biggest day. There is an air of expectancy as the street hawkers walk in the roped-off streets, selling balloons or ice cream bars, or empty apple boxes to sit down on, or confetti. Official cars breeze past, preceded by motorcycle officers.

Tony is standing on tiptoe, trying to see up the street. Beside him, backed into the niche of an old stone wall, is a man. He is neither young nor old. He might be a cowboy or a ranchman, or one of the old *dons*, or even a *padre*. He might be a retired soldier. Those high cheek-bones might suggest that he is an Indian. He is a very *quien sabe* sort of person, but one you would look at twice.

Now there is a stir, and voices rise.

"Here they come!" reverberates up and down the streets.

"Here they come!" How often has that cry been heard in San Antonio: Here come Indians, or Santa Anna's army, or soldiers, marching to wars or coming home from wars.

A solid phalanx of muttering motorcycles noses along, pushing the people back. In the distance they hear the band.

"Hrrrrrrrrm- tum-tum! Hrrrrrrrrrrm- tum-tum!"

The grand marshal's horse steps lively on the pavement.

The first burst of applause rises, for the Governor is bowing, and the Mayor is smiling.

The big shiny automobiles purr past. Another band is coming. The drum major raises his baton and the horns flare forward. Sixteen silver batons suddenly flash into the sun as the majorettes, in gay satin costumes, pirouette, to catch them.

"Oh, I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten."

Music fills the air.

The sound of tramping feet is a sibilant rhythm. Tony is thrilled by the music. And here comes another band. There are no drum majorettes. Ahead of it are men in uniform, with their tunics covered with bright ribbons. They escort the battle standards of America. The bandsmen wear steel helmets.

"And the caissons go rolling along."

Tony is conscious that someone is speaking. He hears the words, "Shiloh. Santiago. Belleau Wood. Anzio Beach."

He turns to look. But the figure of the stranger who had spoken seems to blend with, and disappear into the old stone wall.

And so, Tony looks again at the parade.

"Boom! Boom!"

"The eyes of Texas are upon you!"

Here is the prize-winning band.

Behind it come the decorated cars of the Battle of Flowers Association, San Antonio women who not only have kept this parade alive, but also have built it from a wet, bedraggled procession of carriages in 1891 into the present national event.

And here comes a band in kilts. They are "giving" with "San An- tony -an - toni - o" ——

"And I'll meet you . . . in San An-ton-i-o!"

Meet you at the Alamo?

For this is the section of the Daughters of the Republic of Texas. Slowly they pass in their decorated cars and floats, these women whose forefathers fought and died for Texas, who have guarded the Alamo as a shrine.

Tony feels a light tap on his shoulder.

The stranger has materialized again. His voice is low but urgent.

"Crockett," he says. "Bowie. Travis. Bonham, and all the rest. They haven't been evicted."

He nods toward the passing section.

Tony looks too. Then he turns back to the stranger.

Tony is startled. For it seems to him now that this man has the tail of a coonskin cap hanging down behind.

"Oooom-pah! Oooom-pah!"

"My home in San Antone," plays the next band in fast marching tempo. And King Antonio, preceded by his Cavaliers, now receives the accolade of his subjects.

And then there is the tiered float of the Fiesta Association, business men wearing straw hats with Fiesta bands, or Western shirts, boots, and broad-brimmed hats. Here are some of the city's modern *conquistadores*.

And now come the girls with the lassoes. — There are so many San Antonio girls in this parade, wholesome, healthy, pretty girls, marching forward confidently, their eyes on the banners, their bodies in perfect rhythm with the bugle corps, the drumbeats. They march as one, each going along with the other. They wear yellow or purple, or overseas caps, or scarlet and blue, or gold and white, or khaki; the color of the uniform makes no difference, for they are all young women unafraid of the future.

The next band is scraping up old acquaintance with *Mademoiselle from Armentieres*. Behind it marches the American Legion, the doughboys who set the style for wearing overseas caps.

But Tony is more familiar with the boys in olive drab, in "blues", in all the different uniforms of R. O. T. C. and the military academies. His favorite football heroes march past, and the boys who have taken honors as school-paper editors, or in the lab. They are a husky, likely lot of solid young citizens, the kind you want to trust with the future of a city, or a nation.

Once again, the mysterious stranger leans forward.

"See that column?" he asks. "Eisenhower once coached their football team. See that Number One man in that blue squad? He's closing the file for Douglas MacArthur."

Tony looks for the coonskin cap, but instead he sees many colors on the stranger's coat. And he hears the distant call of a bugle. Is it from the parade, or much — *much* — farther off?

A little "rhythm" band on a float is struggling with *America*. Behind it stretches the long line of elementary school floats, of little San Antonians. Theirs is the honor of portraying on their floats the beginnings of the city: Father Margil teaches his Indians; the *conquistador* plants his standard; St. Denis looks toward the west.

And then come the beautiful floats of the junior and senior schools, and the colleges, each one picturing the San Antonio story.

Next, the carriage of the San Antonio Conservation Society rolls past. These women have restored San Antonio landmarks; they help guard the past.

And here is the entry of the De Zavala Chapter of the Texas Historical and Landmarks Association, which has placed tablets at many landmarks. It is named for Lorenzo de Zavala, the Texas patriot. His granddaughters, Adina and Mary, are San Antonians.

Tony smiles to see the little boys out of step, as they bring up the rear of an imposing column of uniformed cadets. This is the first parade for these younger ones of the military schools; or they may be Boy Scouts or Junior Yanks. Next parade, they will be able to keep up.

The band is saying, "*The Old Gray Mare ain't what she used to be!*" Denying this idea, the sprightly Pioneer Freighters ride past in their wagons. These men once hit the Chihuahua Trail, or drove freight to Indianola and back, or to Santa Fé or El Paso. And here are the Trail Drivers, aging, moustached men wearing wide-brimmed hats, riding horses, with their "counting beads" around their necks. These beads on leather strings were used to count or "tally-off" cattle.

The stranger at Tony's side is speaking again.

"This street used to be a trail," he says. "Just part of a long trail, goin' a long ways off."

There is a flash of red, like a bandana 'kerchief, around the stranger's throat. The broad brim of his hat shades eyes that might have looked across the wide prairies, or down the old, lost trails.

The parade crowd is getting tired.

There is a lull, then footsteps move on. The crowd perks up, and a band swings into, "*There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight!*" Survivors of the Spanish-American War, of Roosevelt's Rough Riders, and of the old-time drill teams, the Belknaps, the Zouaves, the San Antonio Rifles, all file past.

And the bands keep coming. The drum majorettes twirl and swirl, the school banners flutter. The *dons* on horseback go by, modern *dons* gorgeous in *charro* costume, or elegant in the black velvet and rich silver lace of the *grandee*.

The stranger nudges Tony.

"They've come a long way, from San Fernando Town."

Yes, the *dons* have come a long way, and they go a long way back.

A great float goes majestically past: "The Spirit of the Air Corps." And the glistening wings of a silvery fighter ride through the streets. Overhead, a formation of jets swishes through the sky.

And following another band come the duchesses in their glittering royal robes. They bow to the populace. At last the queen appears and good-naturedly smiles and raises her royal sceptre, as a thousand small boys crowd behind her float. It is they who bring up the end of the parade.

Tony turns to the stranger who has had so much to say.

"Who are you?" he asks.

"I am called Anthony, or Antonio, or Tony," he replies, and now he looks like any man on the street.

"That is *my* name," Tony begins, and the elder Tony smiles and nods. "Of course. You live here too. San Antonio has many namesakes."

And then he adds, "Goodbye — for awhile."

"Are you coming back?" asks Tony, puzzled.

"I will always be back," the stranger assures him.

And then before Tony can call "goodbye", the stranger is gone.

Is that his figure slipping into the Alamo? Or did it go into that old adobe house?

No matter.

He will always be close. He will always show himself when there is need to remember the courage and the greatness of the past.

* * * * * * * * * * *

So, Tony — this is all.

From now on, *you* will write the story.

You have read of four centuries of recorded history in the valley. You have seen how only the people come and go. Time, and the river, stay on.

Four hundred years from now they will still be here.

The next chapter is yours.

For *The San Antonio Story* will go on. This is not the end.

No.

For you, it is —

THE BEGINNING

This painting by Hermann Lungkwitz, made in 1854, shows how East Commerce Street looked in the early days. It was called the Alameda. This view is eastward from the present Joske corner. In the foreground is the old Alamo Madre ditch which came all the way from Brackenridge Park, through the Alamo, the present Menger patio and on to Old Villita. Powderhouse Hill is in the left distance. Two *carretas* (carts) stand beneath the cottonwoods *(alamos)*. The first house on the right belonged to Mr. Spahn, who operated a hotel and bakery therein.

Another Lungkwitz painting, 1854, looking west from La Villita. In the distance, San Fernando Cathedral and the old French Building. Right center, canvas bathhouses and old Lewis Mill, where wheat and corn were ground. © E. Raba.

An early view of San Fernando parish church, which dominated Main Plaza. The church was surrounded by an adobe wall. This photograph, probably an old salt print, was made in the '50's. From this tower the Alamo defenders sighted the Santa Anna legions in '36.

Photo courtesy Harvey Patteson.

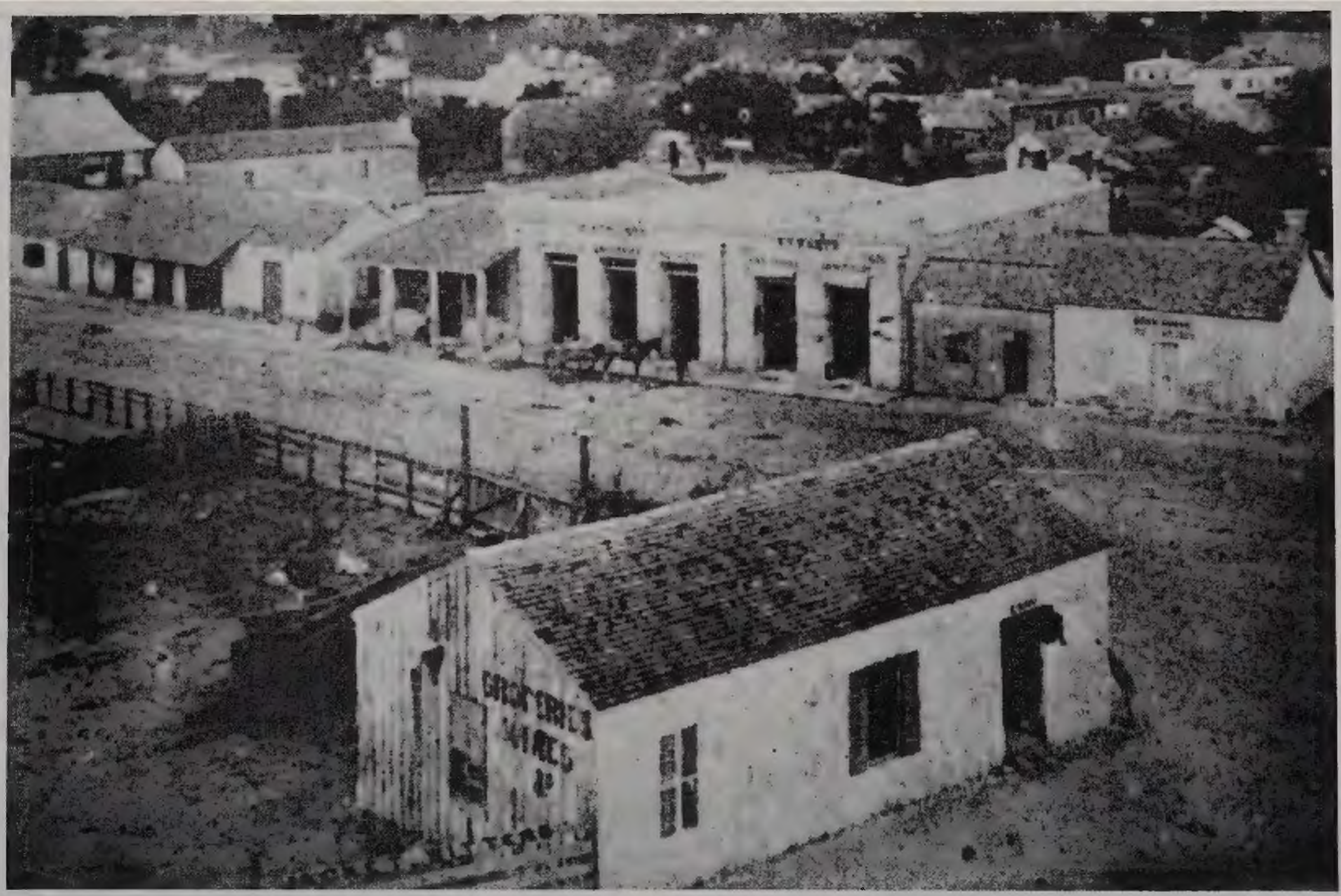
A sketch by Lungkwitz of Main Plaza in the '50's. Tree and low building at right, present Frost Bank corner; low building in the rear, the Spanish Governor's Palace. Four-mule stage coach, center, and *carreta* with reclining oxen. View faces southwest. © E. Raba.

A wagon train paused on West Commerce Street, then known as Main. This is looking east near the present site of the Groos Bank. These three-mule wagons hauled cotton and wool to the Texas coast. This is a very early photograph, date unknown. Ted James Collection.

Looking west across Military Plaza from the roof of San Fernando Cathedral. Old Bat Cave is right center; low building to left is Governor's Palace. Hay wagons are on the plaza. Ted James Collection.

The old Plaza House, on the north side of Main Plaza, flanked on the right by the Vaudeville Theater and "Fatal Corner," now National Bank of Commerce site. The one-story building at left occupies the site of the priest's house. Ted James Collection.

Main Plaza looking south, with old Vance house behind the big tree in rear. Mr. James thought this might be a Fourth of July parade forming. Frank Bushick said it might be Confederate volunteers. It is a rare early picture of San Antonio never before published. Ted James Collection.

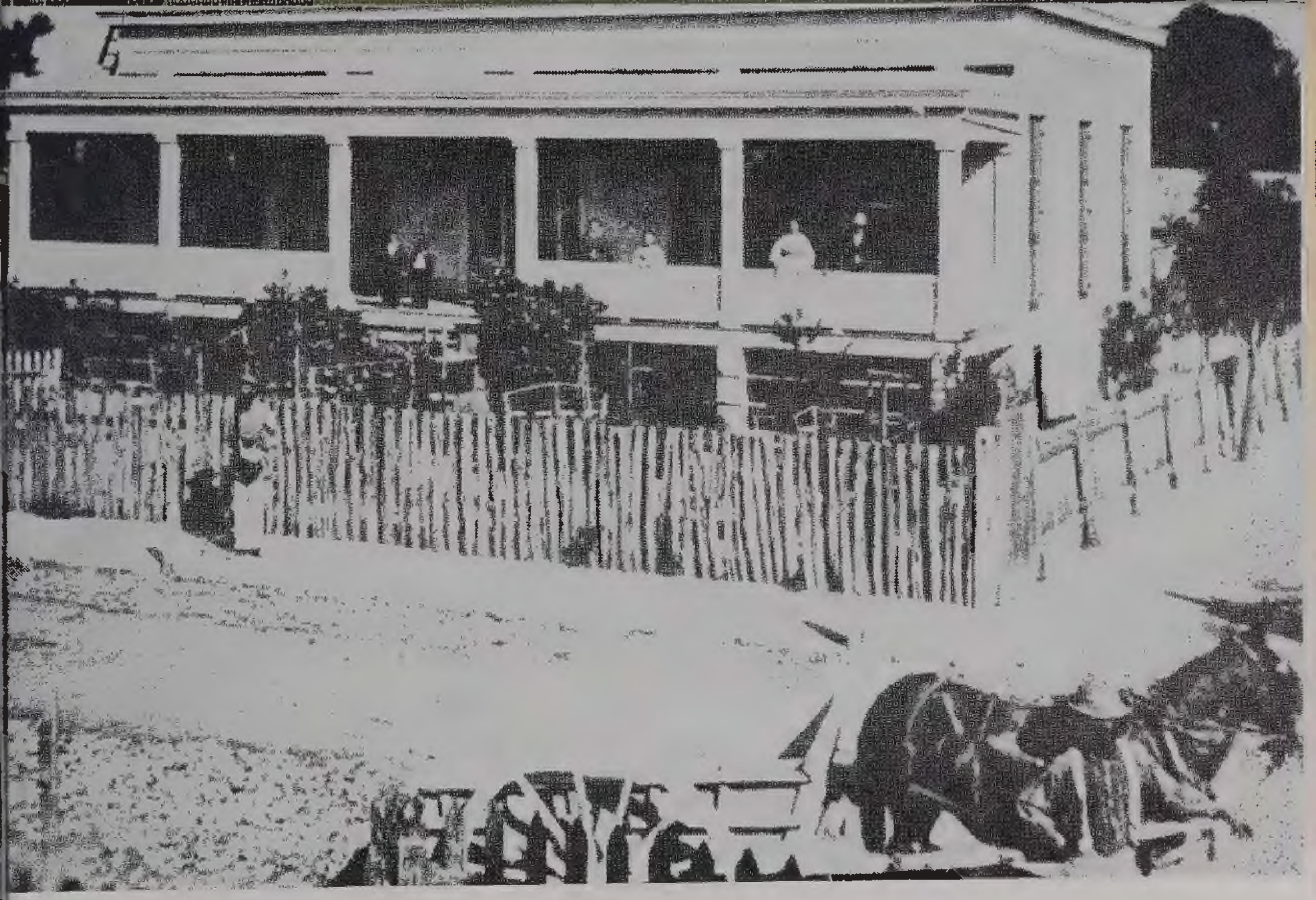


A view from the Menger Hotel around the '60's, looking southwest toward La Villita. The grocery store in the foreground is the present northeast corner of Joske's. The Beck sheep pens are shown at the left, this being the west side of the Beck farm. Ted James Collection.

San Antonio looking west, sketch by Lungkwitz, 1869, from the first Grenet Building, now Crockett Hotel site. Extreme right, rear of Alamo. House at right is that of W. C. A. Thielepape, an early mayor. Immediately opposite is the old Friedrich home; Menger Hotel at extreme left. San Fernando Cathedral and St. Mary's Church in distance. Mayor Thielepape and his dog watch *carreta* with oxen hauling wood. Ed Friedrich said that neighborhood boys played ball in this street. © E. Raba.

This is the way Commerce Street looked in the '70's. The view is taken from the present corner of Soledad and Commerce, looking east. Modern improvements have shown up, as evidenced by the gas light on the corner. A hack and covered wagon are seen. © E. Raba.

Looking north in the 1870's along Acequia (now Main Avenue) from Main Plaza. The Presbyterian church is seen at the upper left, facing on North Flores Street at Houston Street. The photograph was made from San Fernando Cathedral, showing Wolfson's store at lower right. © E. Raba.



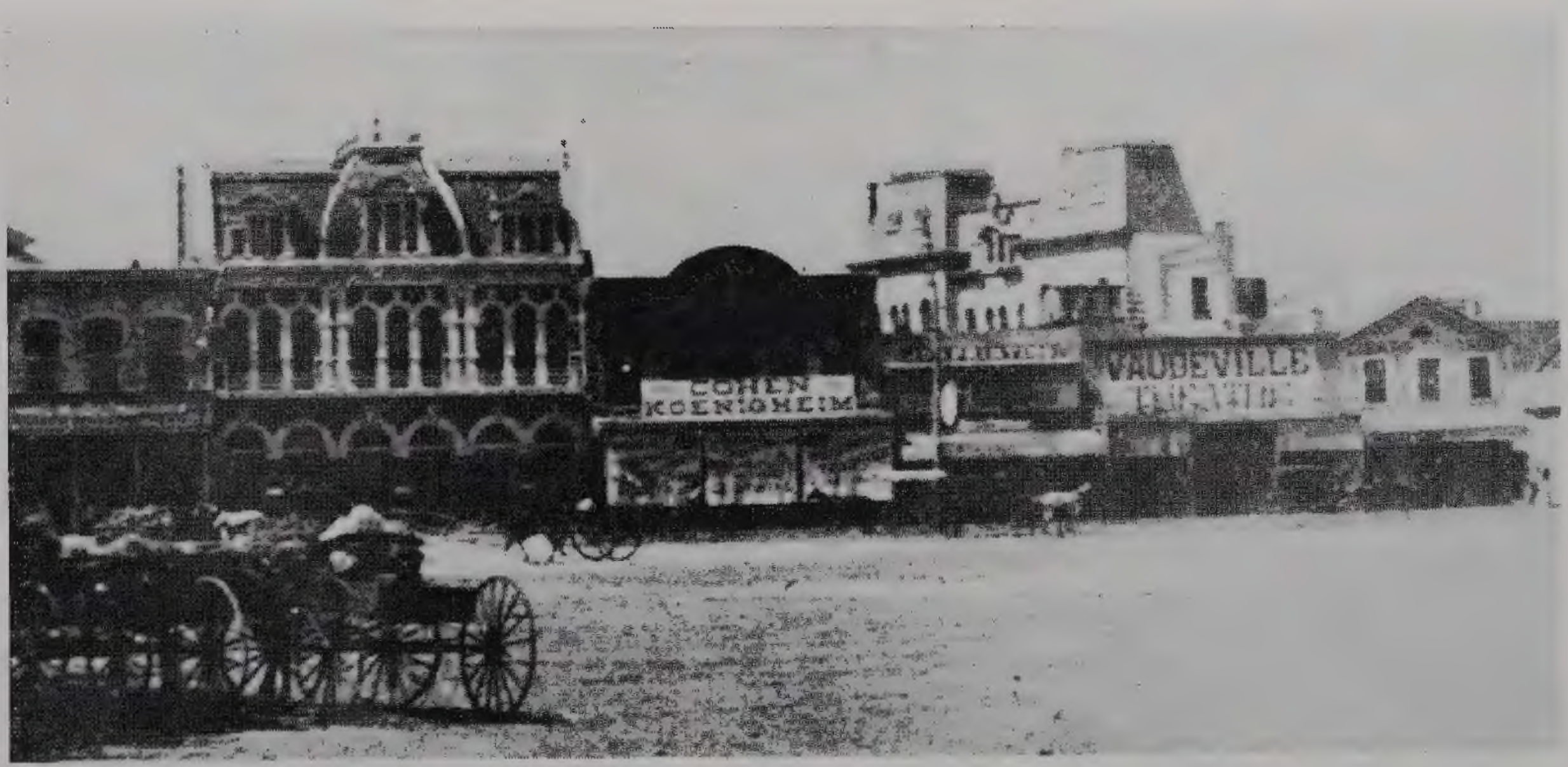
The Kampmann home on Nacogdoches Street in 1871, finest home in San Antonio at that time. The man with the beard and straw hat at the gate is the mailman. The fence is of cedar posts. Members of the Kampmann family are on the gallery. Lower right, a *carreta*. © E. Raba.

Southwest corner of Main Plaza in the '70's. Right, Hord Hotel, later the Southern Hotel. Left, St. Leonard and Central hotels. The first barbed wire demonstration in Texas was made in front of these hotels by John W. (Bet A Million) Gates. Courtesy San Antonio Light.

For more than a century Mexican food has been sold on the various plazas of San Antonio at open-air tables catering to evening diners. This is a chili stand of the '80's on Military Plaza. In the evening the proprietor will give way to one of the famous "chili queens." Courtesy Harvey Patteson.

Wood vendors in front of Adolph Cassiano's grocery in the '80's. There are oxen, horse and mule teams. Back of the grocery was a free camp yard and next door, Cheap John from St. Louis was selling out at cost, clothing, hats, boots and shoes. Courtesy Harvey Patteson.

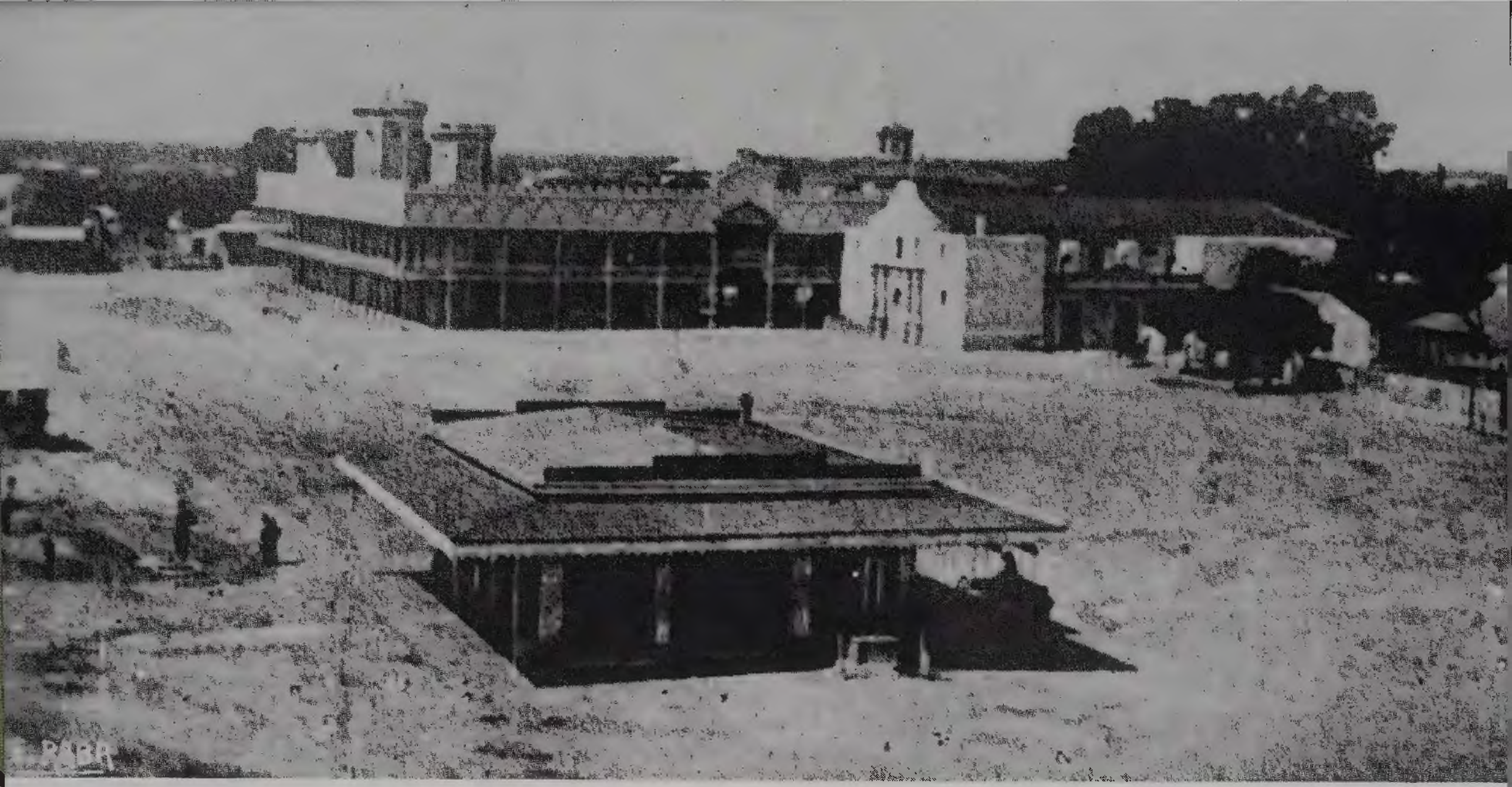
In 1867 the Alamo was a Quartermaster warehouse for the U. S. Army. This photograph shows an Army mule wagon loading supplies, while two others wait. The building at the left, later Hugo & Schmeltzer, was used by the officers. Ernst Raba said that the Government hung fresh meat in the Alamo, and that the stain stayed on the walls, which was later pointed out as results of the battle. The American flag flies over the Alamo. © E. Raba.



In the early '80's, here was the center of night life. This was the north side of Main Plaza, showing the "Fatal Corner." Left to right are Wolfson's, the White Elephant, Cohen's hide house, a job printer, the Vaudeville Theater, and Sim Hart's cigar store, with Joe Foster's gambling hall upstairs. In back is the two-turreted Bexar County Courthouse on Soledad Street. Less than ten years after this picture was made the Ben Thompson-King Fisher shooting occurred at the Vaudeville. Nearby were the Bella Union and Washington theaters. Albert Steves Collection.

This is a view from the Swearingen-McGraw Building, Houston Street and Alamo Plaza, present site of Woolworth Building, looking west down Houston Street in the '80's. Building on left with mansard roof is Maverick Hotel. Two-story building in distance with five windows is Mahncke Hotel, now Gunter. Travis Park Methodist Church, upper right. Building with sign, "Refrigerator, Meat Market," is old Wagner corner, now occupied by Neisner Bros. Courtesy Harvey Patteson.

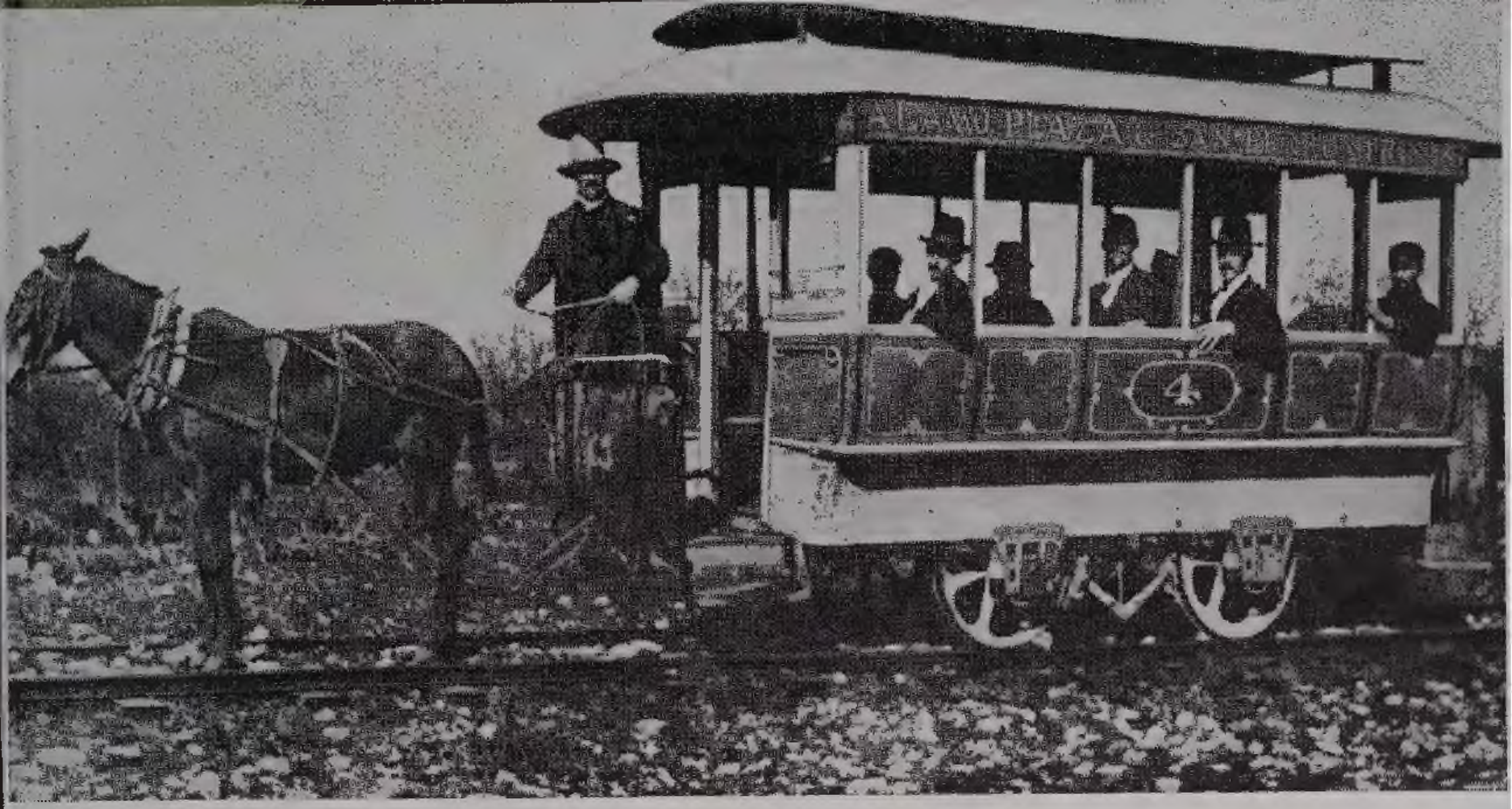
East side of Main Plaza in the '90's. Left to right, Solomon Deutsch store, the Revolving Light Saloon, D. and A. Oppenheimer, Monte Pio (pawn shop), L. Frank Saddlery, the famous Tivoli Restaurant. Hacks for hire in foreground. Courtesy San Antonio Light.



Alamo Plaza looking north in 1882. Market house is in the foreground, where whole beeves were strung up in days before ice, and the meat left unsold was given to the poor when the market closed at 7 a.m. to avoid spoilage. Second Grenet Building in background adjoining Alamo, later used by Hugo & Schmeltzer. In rainy weather, Sweeney's mudhole on plaza was impassable, and wild ducks lighted there. Electric lights came about this time.

This is the old Bat Cave, at various times county courthouse and city hall, with a jail in the rear. The bats had to be driven out when court convened. It stood at the northwest corner of Military Plaza, near the present Moses Austin Monument. Once a party of Eastern tourists drove up to it and asked the chief of police, "What old mission is this?" Courtesy Harvey Patteson.

Alfred Giles, early San Antonio architect, drew this sketch of the new Joske Building in 1888. St. Joseph's Church is at the right. Two mule cars are shown, and some fancy horse-drawn carriages. This is the same corner shown in the first picture in the book. Courtesy San Antonio Light.



Alamo Plaza and San Pedro Springs Mule Car No. 4 pauses for a picture. In cold weather the driver sometimes tied his reins around the brake handle and ran up and down the aisle of the street car to keep warm. When car jumped the tracks, passengers had to help put it back on. Courtesy Harvey Patteson.

In 1886 this is the way Soledad Street looked. The Veramendi Palace, present site of the Clegg Printing Company, was a museum. Farther on is the old Bexar County Courthouse, and in the distance, the newly completed Kampmann Building. Electric trolley in street. N. H. Rose Collection.

Veramendi Palace, and a partial view of the old Bexar county court houses, on Soledad street, San Antonio, Texas, about 1886.

Looking south on Alamo Plaza, where mule cars had to pass running from San Pedro Springs out South Alamo. If one mule team ran away, the other car had to wait at the switch. At left is Gallagher Building, sixth postoffice, now northeast corner Joske's. Dreiss drug store at right.

This is the way the "main stem" looked to your grandfathers. The long low building to the left is the Mahncke Hotel, corner of Houston and St. Mary's. The dim outline at the end of the street is the four-story balcony of the Swearingen-McGraw Building on Alamo Plaza. Courtesy San Antonio Light.

Main Plaza looking northwest in the '80's. Left to right, San Fernando Cathedral, the Frost Bank Building, a hardware and clothing store, Wolfson's and the White Elephant Saloon and gambling hall. Courtesy San Antonio Light.

Mule-car days in San Antonio. In the '80's a pair of mules pulled this de luxe summer car on the South Flores-San Pedro run. The striped awnings were let down to keep the sun off the passengers. Conductors, drivers and stablemen are in the picture. Courtesy San Antonio Light.

Alamo Plaza in the early '90's. Wolff and Marx were then on Alamo Plaza. The building with the tower was the Duerler block, northwest corner of Commerce and Alamo, and the old Washer store was across the street. Buggies and surries of shoppers are tied at curb. Courtesy Harvey Patteson.

At the turn of the century Alamo Plaza assumed a more metropolitan look. There is a double street car line and a fountain. At the left is the Hugo Schmeltzer Building, the Menger Hotel with St. Joseph's steeple behind, and the west side of Alamo Plaza with the Grand Opera House in the center. Draymen had a stand on the plaza in the daytime and at night the chili queens came out. The first automobiles may be seen parked. Courtesy Harvey Patteson.

An early Battle of Flowers parade shows the queen in her float bowing to the populace. In the rear is the post office building, with the Alamo at the extreme upper right. The mules' legs that draw the float are painted with stripes, like zebras. Courtesy Harvey Patteson.

Scholz Palm Garden, which ran through from Alamo Plaza to Losoya Street, was a favorite dining place for San Antonians in the '90's and later. An orchestra furnished music, and after-theater crowds often ended a brilliant evening here. © E. Raba.

Looking northeast from the intersection of Travis and Jefferson streets. Buildings in foreground, left to right, old Michel home, now Porter Loring's, old Jewish Synagogue, Alamo Baptist Church. River Avenue, now Broadway, in distance. Albert Steves Collection.

In 1908 this picture was made of a specially built observation car then in use by the San Antonio Traction Company. It is standing in front of the Riverside Building on Presa, now the San Antonio Building and Loan Company. It was called the "rubberneck car." Courtesy Harvey Patteson.

An early-day Battle of Flowers parade entry of a decorated baby carriage. The picture was made on Alamo Plaza. Courtesy San Antonio Light.

Lieut. Col. Theodore Roosevelt, left, and Col. Leonard Wood, came to the San Antonio International Fairgrounds in 1898 to train the famous Rough Riders. They met San Antonians, and later when Roosevelt became President, he came for a visit. © E. Raba.

The Rough Riders in camp at the International Fairgrounds, now Roosevelt Park. The tents of Roosevelt and Wood are seen at the distant left. Men are drilling by the side of the grandstand. Unable to get their horses to Cuba, they fought at San Juan Hill as foot soldiers. N. H. Rose Collection.

Rough Riders mounted for drill. Among them were millionaire playboys from New York, tough cowboys from the West, bad men from Arizona. They galloped their mounts in front of San José Mission for two weeks and then went off to war. Their bravery at San Juan Hill led "Teddy" to the White House. © E. Raba.

San Fernando Cathedral and Main Plaza looking west in 1902. The city hall, built in 1888-1892, is in the background, a Renaissance-style building. The Southern Hotel is at the left. The old San Pedro ditch ran in front of the Cathedral, and hotel guests and town boys used to fish off the hotel porch. Hacks, fancy importations from Europe, costing as much as $1,600, made their stands on the plazas, for rides about the city and to the missions. © E. Raba.

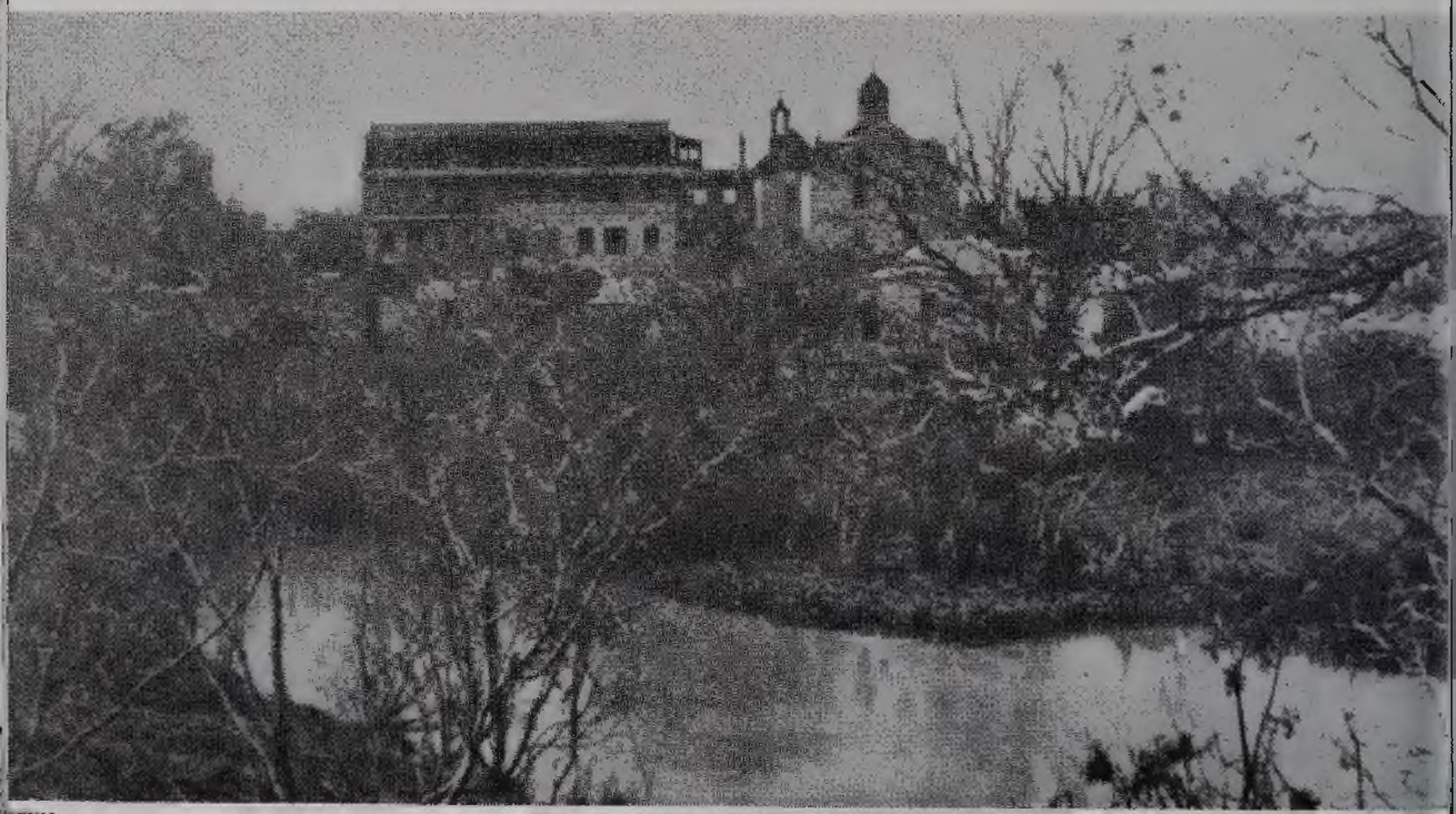
The old Adolph Dreiss drug store, established in 1866 at the southwest corner of East Commerce and Alamo. This pioneer drug store was moved in 1877 to 119 Alamo Plaza. (See photo of mule cars passing). Even as today, they sold other things besides drugs. Courtesy San Antonio Light.

An early-day method of San Antonio transportation, a *carreta* drawn by two oxen. This is the way wood and hay were delivered. In these primitive days grocers and butchers delivered on horseback. Courtesy Harvey Patteson.

An early view of St. Mary's College and Church, still occupying its old site. Pupils used to row to school in boats from their homes along the San Antonio River. Courtesy Harvey Patteson.

A very early picture of Main Plaza, showing the southeast corner of Main and Commerce streets. Old-fashioned hacks await customers. There is a vendor's cart at the curb, probably selling fruit. © E. Raba.

To show how much San Antonio has grown, this is a view of Ursuline Convent in the '50's. Where the river is, in the foreground, now stands the Municipal Auditorium. The clock tower in the distance has no face on the north side, because "nobody lived in that direction." Courtesy San Antonio Light.



But, in San Antonio, the past is always linked with the present. Here, faithful old fire-fighters of the '80's and '90's gather to see the steam pumper that thundered through the streets in the old days, sparks flying from the smoke-stack, make its last run. It was hauled to the great scrap pile on Auditorium Plaza in World War II as its contribution to end the war. Courtesy San Antonio Light.

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