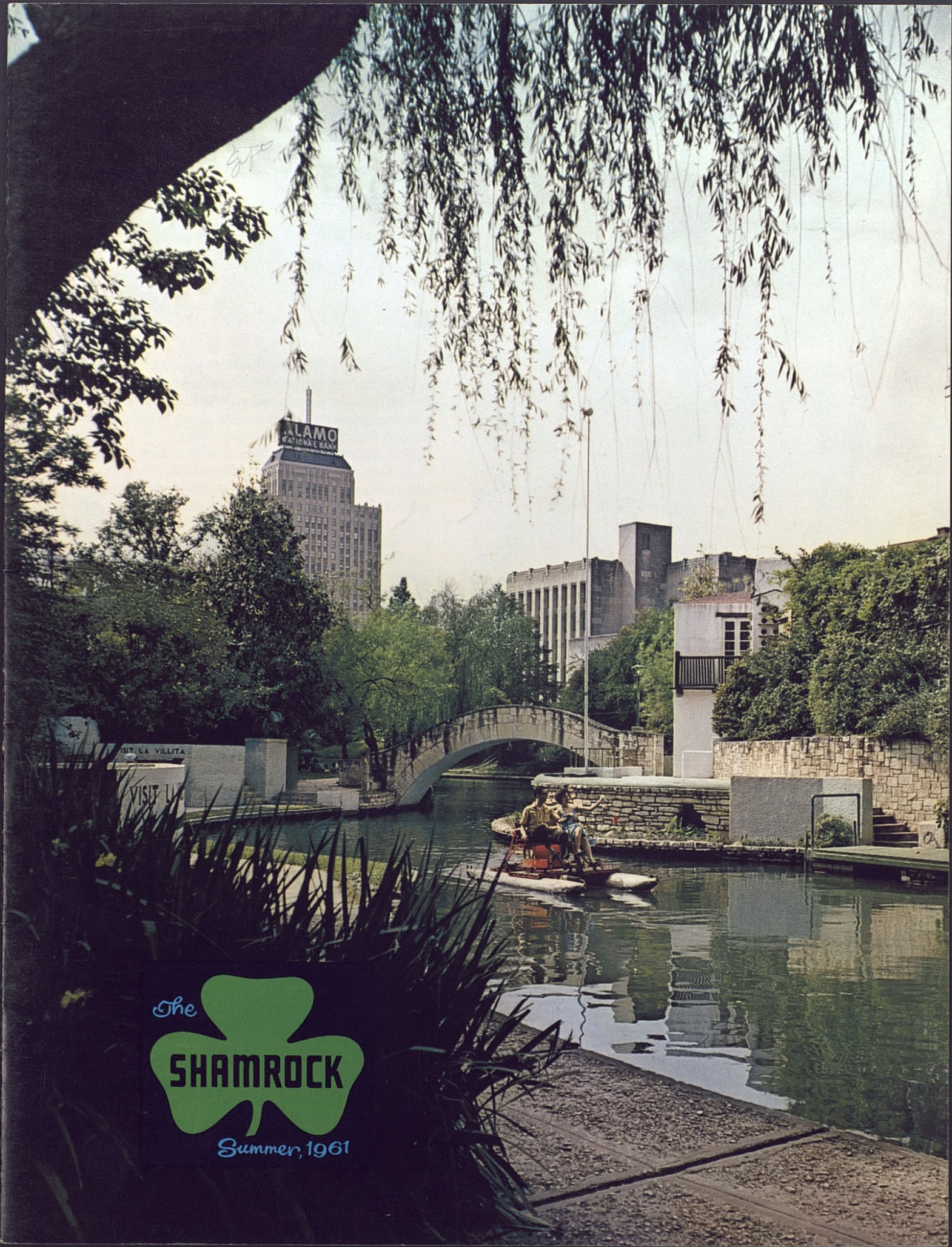


*The*  
**SHAMROCK**  
*Summer, 1961*





# 180 AGAINST

The blood-red banner of "NO QUARTER" waved in the Texas breeze. Deployed along the vast expanse surrounding the courtyard of an old Spanish mission, upwards to 3,000 soldiers of the Mexican army stood poised, ready to spring into action against a handful of poorly-equipped Texans.

Inside the walls of the old mission, a few more than 180 men watched in silence as the enemy hordes prepared for battle. Well they knew that the blast of a bugle sounding *Degüella* would set off a battle to the death. No quarter would be given. No mercy would be shown.

Despite daily bombardment, the defenders of the Alamo held their spirits high. Each was aware of the seriousness they faced, yet each clung to a faint hope that help would come.

But the fate that had brought the strange assortment of men together was also to decree that help would not come. The same fate was to write the names of each on Texas' honor roll of heroes. The price of the men's glory was to be the price of Texas' independence.

The men gathered in the mission-turned-fortress had little in common, save for their desire to liberate Texas from the tyranny of the Mexican dictator — General Lopez de Santa Anna. For this they were prepared to fight to the end.

The Alamo, built in 1718 as a mission of the Franciscan Order, was not constructed as a fort. With seven stone houses, a store room, the chapel, and a deep ditch that brought water from the river, the mission flourished for a number of years until it was secularized in 1793. Records were removed to San Fernando Parish and the Franciscan fathers were returned to Mexico.

A company of Mexican soldiers was stationed within the mission enclosure, however, to protect the few remaining families. They had come from

a town called "Pueblo de San Jose and Santiago del Alamo," thus the shortened name, the Alamo. By 1803, only the company of soldiers and a few dwellers remained in the enclosure. With no care, it soon became a dilapidated ruin.

The Alamo remained practically a forgotten spot until General Cos, under orders from Santa Anna, marched in and took over the city of San Antonio in 1835. A few repairs were made to the old mission, but they were only to strengthen it as a fortress.

The repairs proved useless, however, when a group of Texans, under General Burleson, stormed the city in December, 1835. In house to house combat, the Texas forces compelled General Cos to surrender and return to Mexico.

That was the picture confronting Lt. Col. W. B. Travis when he arrived in San Antonio early in 1836. The Texas garrison was stationed in town, but on February 23, advance units of Santa Anna's army arrived from Laredo and the Texans moved into the old mission. Earth emplacements were built and cannons mounted. Openings in the wall were patched, a wood stockade was erected to fill a gap in the south wall, and James Bonham's long cannon was placed on the church wall pointing south. Other guns were strategically placed at other points of vantage.

It was a conglomerate of personnel that Travis encountered upon his arrival at the Alamo. Some remained from the skirmishes with General Cos and others had been sent by General Sam Houston, off organizing a Texas army. A company of young Mexicans under Captain Juan Seguin and loyal to the cause of Texas independence, had volunteered to fight with the Texans. Seventeen Tennesseans arrived with David Crockett and were greeted with wild enthusiasm. Jim Bowie, a native of San An-

## COVER STORY

- At first glance, the setting of our cover photograph might be taken for Venice, Italy. But the sign atop the tall building in the background quickly identifies the Alamo City — San Antonio, Texas. Flowing lazily past both modern skyscrapers and 200-year-old adobe huts, the park-wayed San Antonio river wends its way through the heart of the city. The sight-seeing pair in our photo has just passed the stage of the famous Arenson River Theater at right center.



# 3000

tonio, was there with his famous knife.

Travis came in with a small unit he had personally outfitted and his life-long friend, Jim Bonham.

At first, the garrison was hopeful that help would arrive from Texas settlements. Travis had sent letters by couriers, explaining the situation and asking reinforcements. Despite daily bombardments, confidence and cheeriness prevailed, enhanced by Crockett's jovial manner, his stories, and gay music from his fiddle.

Bonham was sent out through the enemy ranks, but returned with the disheartening news that General Fannin, stationed with his troops at Goliad, had no wagons to bring guns and supplies through the mud and rain.

To make matters even worse, Bowie, a bastion of strength through his encouragement, fell seriously ill with typhoid-pneumonia. He was confined to a cot in a small room in the barracks.

Faced by the realities and seriousness of the situation, Travis made his last appeal. Addressing a letter to "Texans and All Americans in the World," he wrote his immortal words that he would "never surrender or retreat" and would die like a soldier for his own honor and that of his country. The letter was taken from the Alamo by John W. Smith who crawled on his hands and knees through the Mexican vedettes and delivered it to the Texas Convention at Washington-on-the-Brazos.

Later the same night, Travis announced to his men that all hope for help had vanished. Unsheathing his sword, he drew a deep line in the soft earth, admonishing "those who will stay step over to me."

As the men surged across the line, a weak voice called out from the little room in the barracks. "Some of you come and lift me across," cried the dying Bowie. A storm of cheers went up as four carried the cot across the line.

Save for one deserter who went over the wall, the men had made their decisions to fight to the end, knowing full well the fateful outcome.

The final attack began in the dark hour soon after midnight on March 6, with a tremendous can-



*Mission San Antonio de Valero, better known as the Alamo, was built in 1718 by Franciscan padres. It gained its prominence as a fortress in 1836 when some 180 Texans died while battling 3,000 Mexican troops. The old mission was later restored to become the Shrine of Texas Liberty.*

nonade. A bugler sounded *Degüella* and companies of Mexicans with scaling ladders swarmed up and over the walls. The mounted Mexican cavalry formed a close circle outside to "prevent escape of the Texans."

But none tried to escape. They fought where they stood, firing their rifles until all ammunition was spent, then using their guns as clubs, bludgeoned the foes that flowed about them. Each Texan that fell was surrounded by bodies of the enemy.

Dawn crept silently over the battleground of sublime courage. The dastardly Santa Anna rode into the enclosure with officials of the town to identify the bodies of the leaders.

Crockett, his coon-skin cap beside him, lay before the entrance of the church. Bonham had fallen beside his long cannon on the south wall. Bowie was found on his cot, surrounded by a number of Mexican soldiers who had felt the fury of his blade.

*(continued on page 15)*





FEST





*Nights in Old San Antonio features gaiety under the stars in La Villita—the Little Village—with native dancers swirling to the beat of Latin music. Mollie Bennett of the House of Lupe, left, reigned as 1961 Queen of Fiesta.*



*The Battle of Flowers parade features some humorous floats as well as the more elaborate ones. The Alamo serves as an appropriate background for this pair who depict some of the men who made the old mission famous in history.*

# de San Antonio

**H**ATRED AND ANIMOSITY that 125 years ago precipitated one of the bloodiest battles in Texas history—the famous Battle of the Alamo—have long since mellowed into a profound friendship between the warring principals in San Antonio, Texas. So deep-seated has this friendship between Anglos and Mexicans become that for the past 66 years the two cultures have joined forces to stage one of the nation's most popular periods of merry-making—the annual Fiesta San Antonio.

For more than a week, natives of the city and thousands of visitors throng into San Antonio for fun and frivolity in a celebration dedicated to the heroes of Texas and to Pan-American friendship. During the week, all San Antonio dresses in cowboy, frontier or Mexican costume, colorfully blending Anglo and Latin-American cultures.

The two solemn purposes to which the week-long fiesta is dedicated is not without a touch of irony, however. Dedicated to perpetuating “in the minds of people, near and far, the glorious history of Texas and the memory of the men and women who so valiantly and with great sacrifice explored, settled and attained the independence of Texas,” the fiesta, in particular, honors the heroes of the Alamo.

The companion purpose is “to cultivate and enhance the importance of San Antonio as the meeting place or confluence of the great Anglo and

Latin-American cultures; and to encourage Pan-American friendliness, understanding and solidarity.” It is ironic that such a “no quarter” battle should have fostered such a deep and lasting friendship.

Fiesta San Antonio is annually observed during the week of April 21, the date of the Battle of San Jacinto. It was in that battle near Houston that Gen. Sam Houston led the victory over Gen. Santa Anna to assure independence for Texas. Until this year the celebration was known as Fiesta de San Jacinto in commemoration of that decisive independence battle. Officials of the Fiesta San Antonio Commission, Inc., sponsoring organization, elected to change the name, however, to eliminate much of the confusion from the inclusion of San Jacinto. Why, they asked, should San Antonio name its celebration after a spot 200 miles away, especially since San Antonio had played such a prominent part in Texas' freedom?

Thus the name was changed although retaining the April 21 date, giving San Jacinto an honored place in the observance.

The initial fiesta was in 1891 in honor of President Benjamin Harrison. To pay homage to the President, the town leaders planned a celebration in the manner of a flower carnival with a parade as its main attraction. The whole program was such a success that the following year the Battle of Flowers Association was organized to make the



parade an annual event. From that time on the idea grew and the fiesta now encompasses more than a week of continuous merry-making, including the most unique parades to be anywhere in the nation.

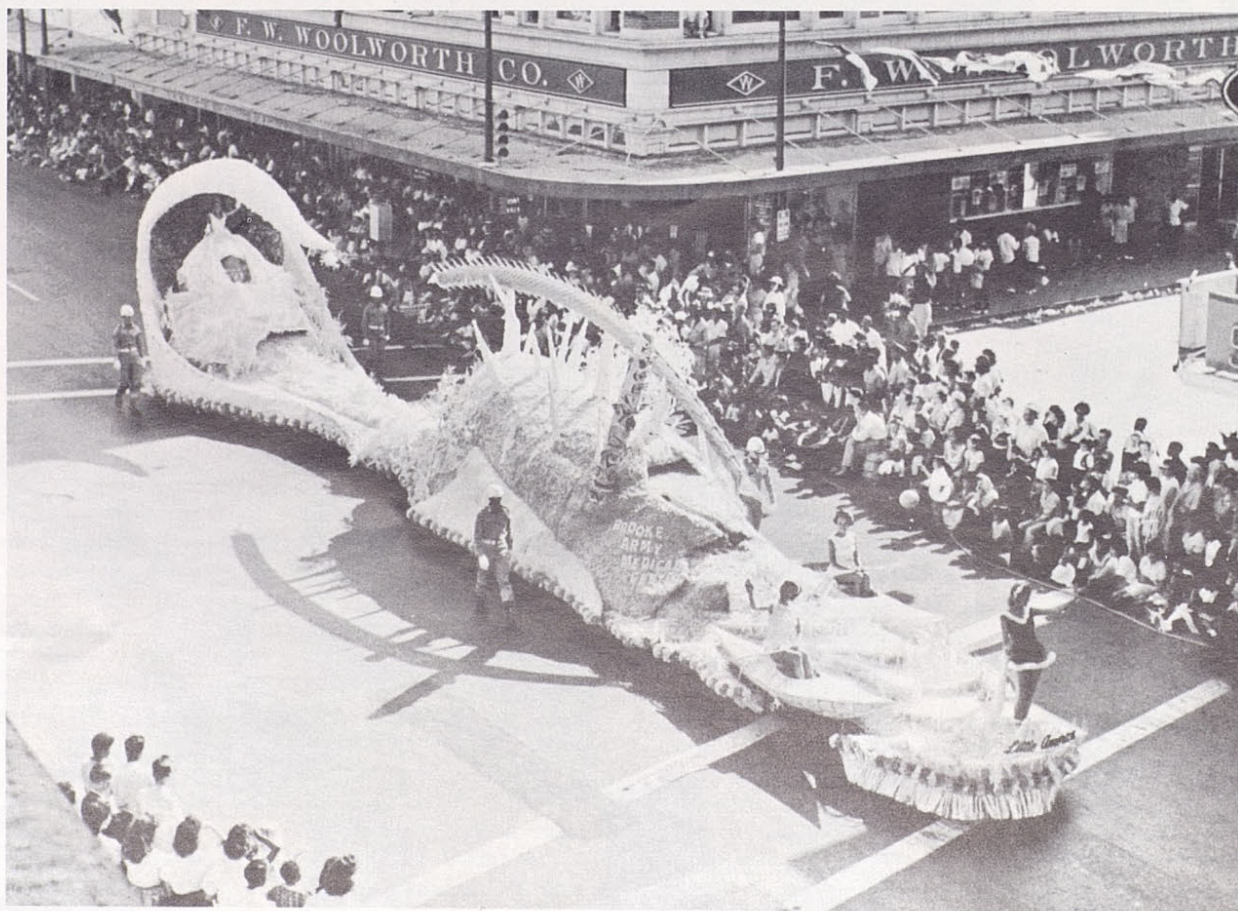
The Battle of Flowers parade, taken from the carriage promenade in the first fiesta celebration when young people pelted each other with fresh rose blossoms, is one of the highlights of the week. It features floats of breath-catching splendor, including the one bearing the Queen of Fiesta in all her royal elegance. Dazzling gowns with flowing trains and worn by the Queen and her attendants cost thousands of dollars each.

City police estimated the Battle of Flowers parade this year was witnessed by upwards to 285,000 people. The procession included nearly 100 floats, nearly 50 high school, college or military bands, and about 65 marching units. It required two and a half hours to pass the reviewing stand.

Parades, however, are only a small part of the fiesta celebration. The week's activities run the course from formal balls, art and flower shows and a solemn pilgrimage to the Alamo — "The Shrine of Texas Liberty" — to informal festivities in La Villita. Here, the "Little Village" is wrapped in costumes of gaiety for the famous "Nights in Old San Antonio" where visitors participate in carnival-like merry-making four nights during the week.

Tours of the city are conducted and visitors can witness children's dance fetes, band concerts, street dancing, military reviews and art and music festivals. For those who prefer formality, there is the coronation of King Antonio, and the coronation of the Queen of Fiesta San Antonio, always one of the highlights of the celebration and proclaimed by many as a spectacle equal in splendor to the crowning of the Queen of England.

The identity of the Queen, selected by the Order of the Alamo, remains a secret until the moment



*Elaborate and colorfully decorated floats such as this make the Battle of Flowers parade in Fiesta San Antonio one of the most famous parades in the nation. Many hours of painstaking labor go into each of the parade entries.*



of coronation. Each year thousands jam Municipal Auditorium to view the ceremonies, regal in splendor and famous for the elegance of the Queen's gowns. The dazzling robes are later placed on public display and a special room has been set aside for their exhibit in the city's Witte Museum.

Queen of Fiesta San Antonio for 1961 was Miss Molly Bennett Lupe, a blonde San Antonio charmer. As the reigning royalty, she ruled over many of the week's activities and occupied a place of honor in the Battle of Flowers parade through downtown San Antonio.

The first and one of the most solemn events of the week is the coronation of King Antonio, the male monarch of the fiesta activities. Crowning ceremonies take place on Saturday night in front of the Alamo and are sponsored by the Texas Cavaliers. The king is chosen from among the ranks of this organization and is always a prominent business or professional man. King Antonio XXXIX, sovereign of the 1961 celebration, was Gordon George, a certified public accountant from San Antonio.

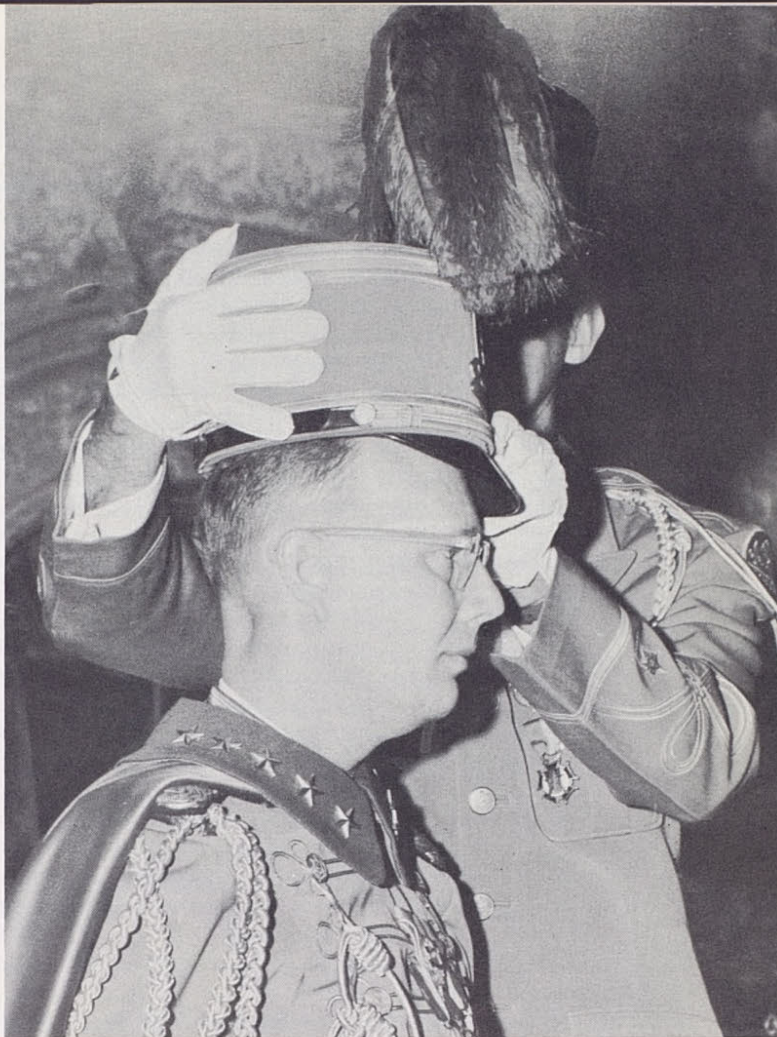
The first festive event of Fiesta Week is the River Pageant, one of America's most unusual parades. Led by King Antonio, a procession of beautiful, water-borne, music-making illuminated floats wend their way down the lazy San Antonio river, affording upwards to 200,000 visitors a first glimpse of the king. Beautiful girls from colleges, schools and representative civic and social organizations ride the bejeweled and many-colored floats. Between the rock-enforced banks of the beautifully-landscaped river, the lighted procession glides by, swan-like, for more than an hour.

The concluding and also one of the most unique events of Fiesta Week is the fabulous "Fiesta Flambeau," an illuminated night-time parade featuring representatives of many Texas cities and from many festivals outside the state. Among the out-of-town royalty this year was Miss Judy Mellin, Queen of the Lakes of the Minneapolis Aquatennial.

Occupying a place of honor in the two-hour parade of lighted floats in this year's Flambeau was Miss Janelle Mayeaux, a student at Our Lady of the Lake College in San Antonio, chosen to reign as Miss Fiesta. She gained the coveted position of royalty by being chosen from among 3,000 students in the city's colleges and universities during a pre-fiesta presentation.

Hailed as America's greatest illuminated parade, the Flambeau featured more than 10,000 flares carried by troops of the city's military installations and ROTC units. More than 50 high school, college or military bands provided the cadence for nearly 75 marching groups.

The Flambeau proved a fitting climax to a week of gaiety and fun.



*The crowning of King Antonio is one of the most colorful events of the week-long fiesta. Here Gordon George, a San Antonio CPA, receives his crown as ruling monarch for the 1961 San Antonio event—King Antonio XXXIX.*

*A modern skyscraper and the 243-year-old Alamo provide a contrasting background for the Battle of Flowers parade in Fiesta San Antonio. Police estimated 285,000 people witnessed the annual parade through the city.*





**T**HE FRONTIER CIRCUIT RIDERS were among the distinctive characters of the borderlands of America. These bygone Christian advocates, sitting resolutely in their saddles, came to occupy a mighty place in the lives of lonely Americans far from the graces of cultivated life and the comforting sanctuary of churches. They carried "the Word" to the far frontiers with the dedication and sacrifice—the force and conviction—that rides alone with those who truly believe.

In the eyes of devout contemporaries—and history supports their bias—few regions needed them worse than the hinterlands of Texas. It was a fruitless, which is to say a sinful stage. Here none met the challenge more forthrightly or gathered the wilful and wayward to Christianity more directly, effectively and dangerously than the Lord's determined agent of salvation, Reverend Andrew Jackson Potter, ardent advocate of righteousness after a thorough seasoning in sin.

"Fightin' Parson" Potter, the son of a veteran of the Battle of New Orleans under Andrew Jackson, was born in Missouri, April 3, 1830, and left an orphan at an early age. He could read but little and for years he could not even write his name. Precocious in other ways, he became a race horse rider as a boy and intimately familiar with profanity, playing cards, liquor and fighting. For six years he rode as a jockey.

At the outbreak of the Mexican War in 1846, he joined General Sterling Price's command as a volunteer on the trying march across the Plains to Santa Fe. He was too young to withstand the rigors of the trip and his commanding officer put him to driving a team of oxen with the wagon train. Stricken with camp fever at Bent's Fort, he still managed to straggle on with the teamsters across the Raton Mountains and to Santa Fe in the middle of winter.

For five years thereafter young Potter served in the army, fought Indians and Mexicans, prospected for mines in the Santa Ritas, hired out as a guide to Mormon emigrants, and gambled, drank and warred with other truculent souls on an individual basis.

In 1852 he organized a small party for the trying cross-country ride to San Antonio, Texas—that gentle cultural blend that has fascinated so many and from so far. Upon finding that its "intellectual refinements" seemed beyond his reach, he fell into that other side of San Antonio's life where the hazards of cards were heightened, and the losses somewhat assuaged, by convivial company with plenty of liquor.

But the ties of blood are strong and in time he rode east to visit with a brother then living on York Creek near San Marcos. While there he survived a siege of typhoid, got up in debt, married,

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# ANDREW JACKSON POTTER

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## FIGHTING PARSON!

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BY J. EVETTS HALEY

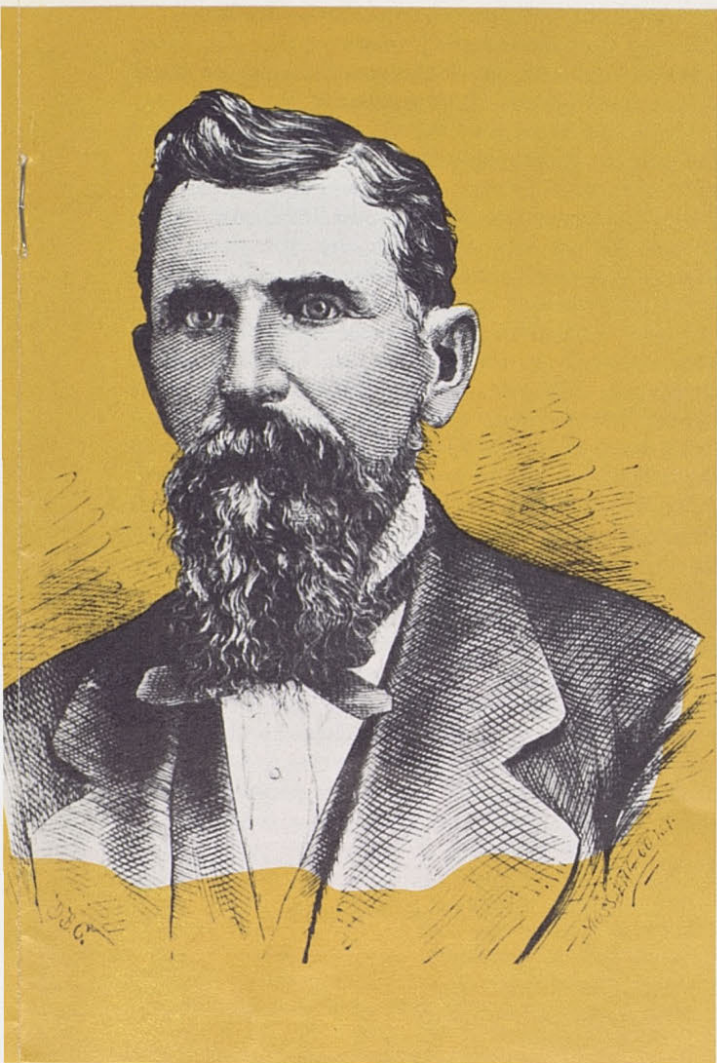
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and turned to freighting lumber from the little mills in that lovely inland island of pines around Bastrop, Texas.

For three years his ready wit, roisterous nature and bucolic disposition enlivened the streets and bars of Bastrop. Having nothing more tempting to lure him one day, he drifted into a camp meeting to hear a Methodist preach. Something in the message stirred his somnolent spiritual nature, so powerfully, in fact, that once in a while thereafter he even sacrificed a Sunday horse race in order to hear the preaching. What could have been more convincing to his old cronies? In the idiom of the range, he had "got religion and got it bad."

In a camp-meeting revival on Croft's Prairie in 1856, he hit the trail to the altar. With such men at that time, religion was an intensely intimate matter, placing them in close partnership with God Who





was at war with sin and Whose battles must be fought. The militant measures of Christianity harmonized and gave serious direction to the fighting Potter nature, while conversion placed a powerful compulsion upon his ardent soul.

Adept as he was with a Bowie knife, and deadly with a rifle, he bolstered the spirit by buckling on his sixshooter and riding forth to drive the devil from his favorite saloons, dives and dens. He was so effective, his admiring ministerial biographer wrote, that "the terror of his name" became a powerful "prophylactic against evil deeds." In 1857 he was a class leader on Pin-Oak Creek, in the Bastrop Circuit, and two years later became Parson Potter with a circuit of his own.

But family pride came back to haunt him and in 1861 the memories of his old home caused him to take a job as a cowboy with a trail-herd pointed

toward the markets of Missouri. He left it within easy riding distance of home, and rode to see the kin and friends he had left fifteen years before when he marched off to war. The incredible news spread that the young horse-racing hellion whom they had known had come back yoked-up with religion. Preaching was announced, and people swarmed out of the hills to see and hear him shell the devil's timber with righteous wrath — and found the message good.

He was back in Texas when "the war" — and "the war" there was always the Civil War — broke out. Potter volunteered and marched off with Texas troops to hold the Rio Grande frontier. But on the border opinions were divided and when the editor of the Brownsville *Flag* wrote disparagingly of his regiment, Potter called on him personally, slapped him until he staggered, and told him he would have the Colonel send troops to pitch the press into the river. "While the cowardly pencil-pusher took refuge in Matamoras," the persuasive Parson recalled, Potter rode back to an ovation from the regiment who had already heard of his "vindication of their good name."

In the later stages of the war he became chaplain for DeBray's regiment of Texas Cavalry in the Louisiana campaign and followed them with flaming spirit while the hopes of the South flickered out. In hospital tent, in camp, on march and in battle, his spiritual power was felt in all its phases. When a quartermaster refused corn for the mules of some of his men, he led them to take it by force, roundly berated the offending officer to his face as a "whisky soak," and then offered to settle the matter with him like a Southern gentleman in a sixshooter duel. But the spirit moved the captain to demur and deliver up the corn.

When in battle line, it is said, this mighty bearded disciple of the Lord "could be seen with hat in one hand and Bible in the other, walking back and forth in front of his regiment exhorting the men to repentance." Invoking the awful solemnity of the moment, he reminded them that some were certain to fall in battle — "in a few minutes you may be called on to meet your Maker."

But when the order "forward" sounded, he tucked away The Book, pulled down his hat, grabbed up his musket, and led them in ushering as many benighted Yankees as possible precipitately into the promised land. He was definitely the sort of minister the South needed, but in His omnipotent wisdom the Lord did not see fit to supply enough.

When the valiant South collapsed and vindictive Reconstruction raised its head, the hot-blooded vanquished men were tempted to respond in violent kind. He rallied them, despite the despoilers, with faith and hope:

"This beautiful land is yet our own," he cried.



## San Antonio As It Was In Parson Potter's Time



"I would remind you of your duties to Him . . . knowing that He has said: 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.'"

With the war over he continued his personal campaigns against iniquity in the Prairie Lea Circuit until the Conference assigned him to the verdant hills above San Antonio. In 1867 he rode his circuit out of the camp of the shingle-makers around Schreiner's country store on the Guadalupe — the outpost that turned into Kerrville.

A year later he bought a home near Boerne and was assigned to the Uvalde-Rio Grande circuit, dangerous with its raiding Indians and outlaw bands. But no sense of fear or maudlin sentimentality ever shook his high resolution. His courage never faltered; his fervor for the Cross never failed.

He knew this harsh land. He knew its tough temptations and its terrible exactions. He knew the ruthless nature of the foe. But undeterred by odds, he was the eager if lonely adversary of evil despite all adversities. Whatever befell him physically was of little moment, because he believed — he always *believed*. Thus toughs and outlaws felt the power of his righteous wrath when the gentle force of God failed to move them, and Indians who tried to take his scalp, his mules or his mount, bled and died along his trail. Those moderns who recoil might consider his courageous credo:

"When I embraced religion and joined the Church (he once wrote), I felt it a duty to use the necessary means to preserve and protect my body as well as my soul . . . We cannot attack Satan with a Winchester gun, nor are faith and prayer the divinely appointed implements to be used in a contest with Indians and desperadoes. I think I believe in the providence of God as firmly as any man, but He has connected the use of means with results in all our natural and spiritual relations. He has given us our persons for a noble purpose, and He has given us the means to feed, clothe and protect them against all want and violence from men or beasts.

"When God calls me to travel in a . . . country infested with lurking savages, my Winchester gun and a full belt of cartridges shall ever prevent distressing alarms about my safety when meeting a savage foe, feeling that in the fearful struggle for life I have some safe means to preserve my God-given manhood. Had it not been for my faithful Winchester my bloody scalp would have long since graced the warrior's victory . . . I am not so anxious to wear the martyr's crown as to sacrifice my life when God requires me to use means to preserve it. It is no evidence of preacher's want of trust in God when he carries a gun to shield his life in the time of peril. It would be most sinful presumption not to do so. Indeed, I do not carry my gun because I am *afraid to die*, but because it is *a duty to use means to preserve life*."



This sounded like proper religious business to the rugged men among whom he moved, and the Lord prospered his spiritual appeal as he rode up and down the Texas frontier.

When, perchance, he fell into a community hostile to his message on the Prince of Peace, he pugnaciously mounted any improvised pulpit, Bible in his left hand and sixshooter on his right hip, offering to fight to conversion any and all comers. And the way he gathered the sinful to the Lord was little short of a miracle.

He worked the spiritual ranges for San Antonio to the Staked Plains. He was a familiar figure at Fort Clark, McKavett, Concho and the outpost of Ben Ficklin. He organized the first Methodist Church at San Angelo in 1880, and moved there three years later. The story is told of his arrival at one of the frontier forts, probably Concho, shortly after the soldiers had been paid, when the local dives were full of sharks, toughs, prostitutes and hangers-on, waiting for the harvest. He rode in, lowing as how he would preach the gospel. By then he was well-known, and a willing disciple shouted:

"Sure, Parson, we'll make way for ye, if we have to rent the saloon." They did rig up a saloon with kegs and boards and other available seats, while another fervid convert, already in the wind,

*Fort Concho near San Angelo, Texas, was established about 1885. Parson Potter often held preaching missions there before it was abandoned in 1889.*

mounted a whiskey barrel to serve as the town crier.

"Oh yes, *oh yes*, OH YES!" he intoned. "There's going to be some hell-fired racket right here on this gallery by Fightin' Parson Potter, a former gambler but now a reg'lar gospel shark. The jig will begin in fifteen minutes, and you ol' whiskey soaks and card sharpers come over and learn how to mend your ways, or the devil will git ye quickern' hell can scorch a feather."

They swarmed in and heard him "respectfully," and then, befitting their western hospitality, tried to set him up at the bar. He made the round of the gambling tables taking up a collection, and when some wag chided him for taking twenty "tainted dollars," he quickly retorted that the money had "served the devil long enough, and now it was time it served the Lord." In the days of "The Old Rugged Cross," Fighting Parson Potter was quite a man.

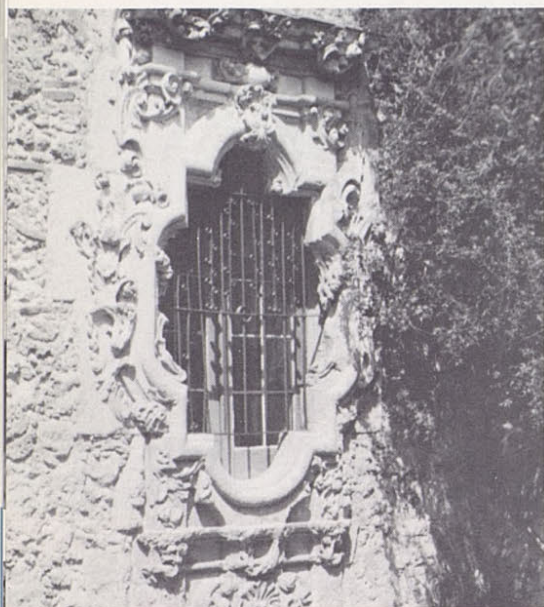
After almost twenty years of such individualistic service, he was returned to his original circuit "down in Texas." On Sunday, October 21, 1895, he stood, four-square as usual, in his pulpit, and with the withering fire of a wrathful, righteous spirit, charged the citadels of evil. In peroration he lifted his arms in supplication to his ever-present, intimately personal God, crying, "*I believe . . .*," and fell dead in his pulpit.

Among all the adventures, vicissitudes and dangers, blessed faith — belief alone — sustained him. It was ever ample.





# old world charm new world splendor



Modern skyscrapers cast their shadows over adobe huts more than 200 years old. Hustling, teeming thoroughfares pass a few scant feet above a lazy, meandering grassy-banked river. Overhead, supersonic airplanes send out their booms to shatter the icy stillness of a hallowed shrine that once knew booms of a different nature.

This is the picture of San Antonio, Texas — “The Alamo City,” “The City of Contrast.” It is the portrait of picturesque contrast between Old World charm and modern metropolitanism.

Founded as a fortress more than 240 years ago, San Antonio has grown to maturity with a heritage few other cities can boast. Its streets echo to the steps of heroes who served under six flags — heroes like Massanet, the Missionary Father; Louis Saint Denis, the Frenchman; and Austin, Travis, Bonham, Bowie, Crockett, and the other defenders of the Alamo. Today, with some 700,000 people, San Antonio is Texas’ third largest city.

The city’s history goes back to 1718 when Marques de Valero, the viceroy of Spain, established a fortress as a halfway post between the East Texas Missions and the Spanish Presidio of

northern Mexico. Known as the Royal Presidio of “San Antonio de Bejar,” the fortress-to-become-a-city had as its accompanying mission “San Antonio de Valero” with the Alamo as its chapel.

Four other missions were soon founded in the vicinity of San Antonio de Valero and for a time they prospered and expanded. But Spanish religious and political influence began to wane following secularization in 1793, opening the way for a colonization program being waged by Stephen F. Austin. From 1821 to 1836 a wave of Anglo-American immigration descended on the city.

Next came a period of revolution against Mexican rule. Independence followed on the heels of such climactic battles as the Alamo, Goliad and San Jacinto. San Antonio came under the rule of the newly-formed Republic of Texas until 1845 and the annexation of Texas by the United States.

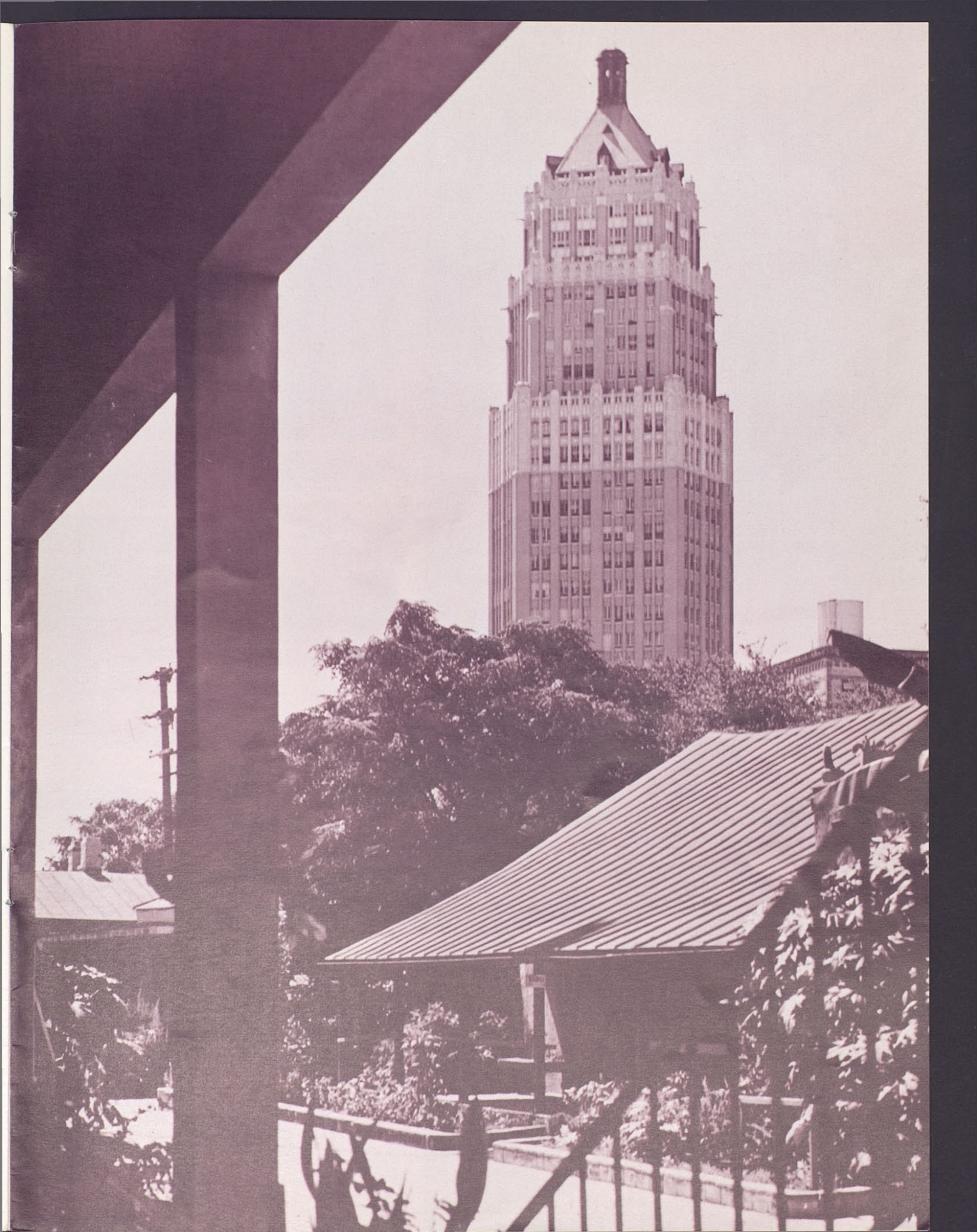
The Civil War came soon after and with it came the sixth flag for San Antonio — the flag of the Confederacy. It was in San Antonio that General Robert E. Lee decided to cast his lot with the South. And it was also in San Antonio that General William Tecumseh Sherman, served a hitch before

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*The Rose Window of the San Jose Mission at San Antonio, above, is a truly remarkable piece of stone sculpture. Built in the early 1700s, the mission and its famous window have withstood the ravages of time and the elements.*

*Two worlds and two cultures, ages apart, are brought together in this striking photo of downtown San Antonio at the right. Towering skyscrapers and 200-year-old adobe huts make up the third largest city in Texas.*



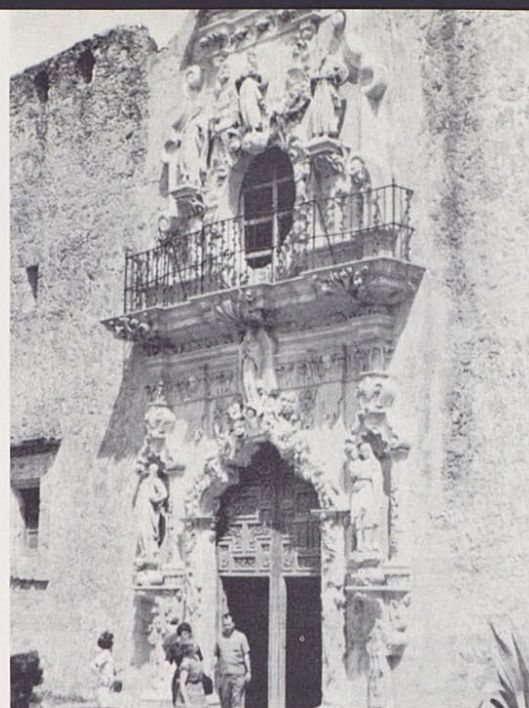




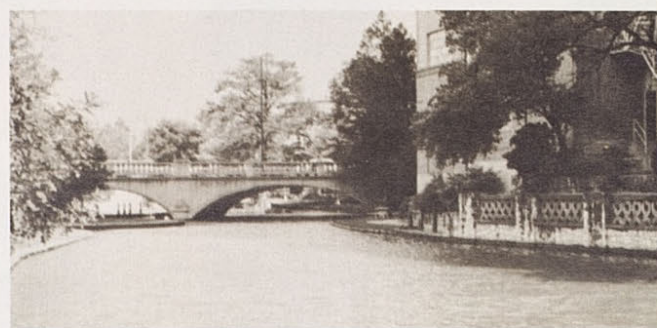


*San Jose Mission, built in the early 1700s and known as Queen of the Missions, is a favorite sight-seeing spot for visitors in San Antonio. The mission has become best known for its many intricate stone carvings.*

*20th Century skyline gives a modern look to San Antonio, the birthplace of Texas independence. The flavor of Old Spain still pervades a city noted for its 200-year-old Spanish missions, adobe huts, and other scenic sites.*



*The main entrance offers another view of the intricate carvings that have made San Jose Mission famous.*



*The lazy, canal-like San Antonio river has prompted many to refer to San Antonio as the Venice of the Plains.*



*Old world charm can be found in the tree-covered walks and adobe buildings in La Villita—the Little Village.*



choosing to serve the North.

Prosperity came to San Antonio following the Civil War. The city became the center of a vast cattle empire. Trail drives to Kansas markets were flourishing and trade was brisk in hides, wool and supplies. Industry began to move into the city and great military establishments were founded.

From its beginning as a fortress, San Antonio has always been a military town. The U. S. Air Force actually was born in San Antonio when, in 1910, a young lieutenant named Benjamin D. Foulois was given \$150, a wrecked biplane and a mission — which he accomplished when he made the nation's first military flight from Fort Sam Houston. A few years later, another pilot gained his wings at San Antonio's Brooks Field and went on to write aviation history. He was Charles Lindbergh.

General Douglas MacArthur set a scholastic record that still stands at the city's Texas Military Institute. Dwight Eisenhower met Mamie in San Antonio. And at last count, more than 100 retired generals made San Antonio their home.

In addition to Brooks Air Force Base and Fort Sam Houston, the city boasts Kelly, Randolph, and Lackland Air Force Bases. It also has in Peacock Military Academy one of the finest military prep schools in the country.

San Antonio is a Mecca for sight-seers and attracts thousands of visitors each year. For those with interests running toward the historical, there are numerous missions dotting the area in and around the city, including the Alamo and San Jose Mission. The Alamo — "Shrine of Texas Liberty" — is located in downtown San Antonio. San Jose Mission near the south edge of town is known as the "Queen of the Missions" and has received wide acclaim for its Rose Window with its intricate stone carvings.

Another reflection of Old World charm is La Villita, the "Little Village." Here Old Spain is nestled amidst towering twentieth century skyscrapers in a block-square area of 200-year-old dwellings and shops. This, too, is extremely popular with visitors to San Antonio.

For sheer breath-taking splendor, few cities can match, much less surpass, the beauty of the San Antonio river as it lazily wends its way through the heart of the city. To the uninitiated, the sight of the beautifully-landscaped, canal-like waterway in arid Southwest Texas comes as a complete surprise.

San Antonio is a city of fabulous wealth, graphically illustrated by the opulent mansions in its exclusive residential districts. It is the home of an art museum with a million-dollar endowment. Its symphony orchestra is ranked among the nation's top ten and the city has more parks and plazas than any city of comparable size.

the



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of the Great Southwest  
and Rocky Mountain Area."*

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Modern era additions to the city's assortment of attractions are the world's largest hospital at Brooke Army Medical Center, one of the nation's foremost space research centers, and seven institutions of higher learning.

San Antonio has a Chinese colony of 2,000 persons, a church that features services conducted in Flemish, and a large number of citizens who speak nothing but German in their homes.

Volumes have been written about the attractions of San Antonio. Poets have waxed eloquently about her charms. O. Henry called her "owlish, polyglot San Antonio." Buck Schiewetz, the artist, compared her with a rare wine and speaks of her "Bouquet."

But Poet Sidney Lanier probably summed her up best when he wrote "If curiosities were quills, San Antonio would be a rare sort of porcupine."

## 180 AGAINST 3000 *(continued)*

Travis, the commander, lay across his cannon, a smile on his handsome face.

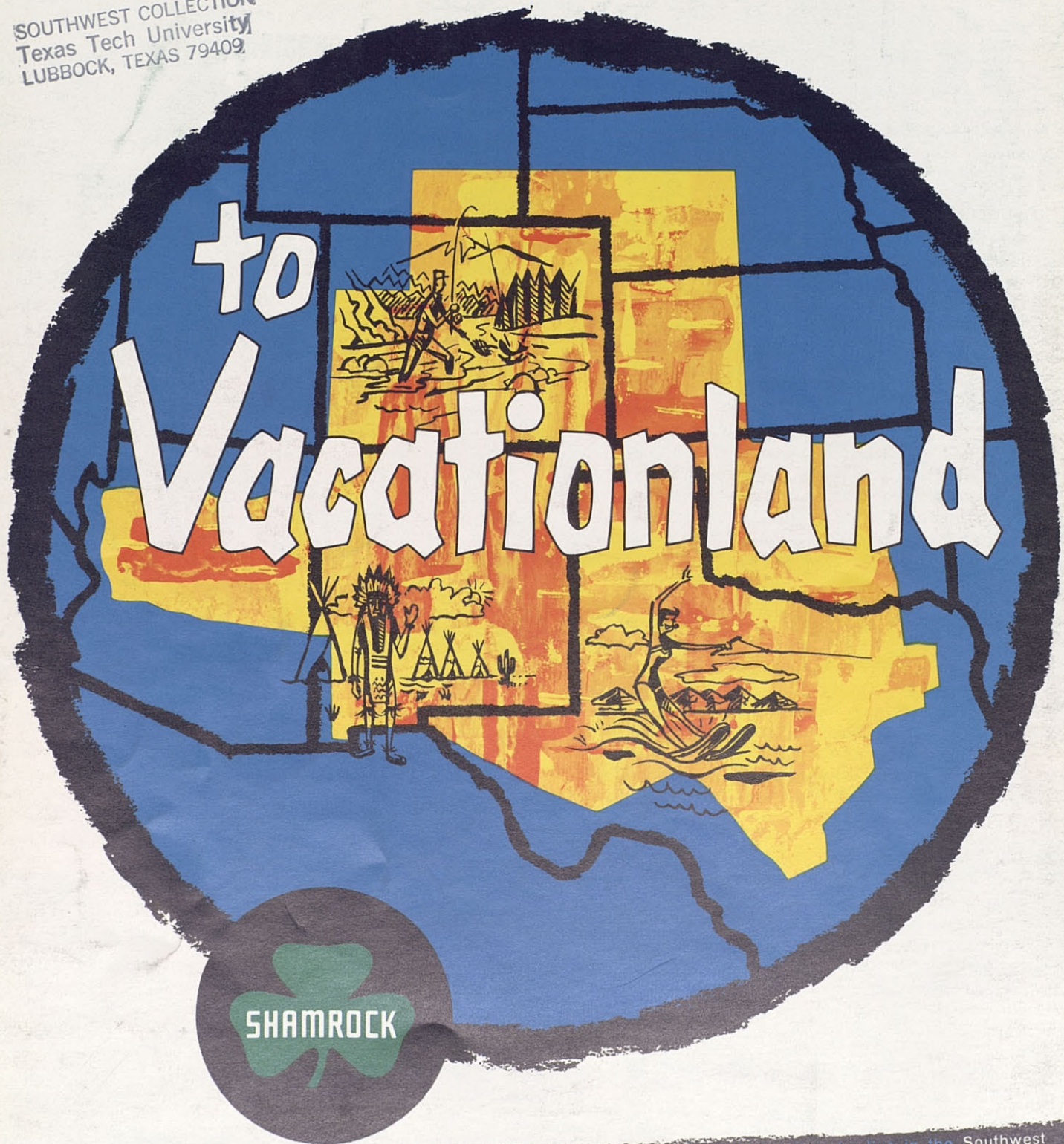
The battle was over and the Texans had lost. But time often adds new dimensions to events such as this. The damage inflicted to Santa Anna's army and the resultant delay in his advance into Texas enabled General Houston to prepare for subsequent battles.

Forty-six days later, Generals Houston and Santa Anna met at San Jacinto. History books proclaim the San Jacinto battle as the one that gave Texas her independence. But without the heroic stand at the Alamo, the outcome might have been different.



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