



Arlington Historical Society

**NEWSLETTER**  
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Ramblings of the  
Possum Kingdom Kid

By O.K. Carter



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Newspaperman and local historian O.K. Carter offers a "sneak peek" at his forthcoming book on the Possum Kingdom area - where he grew up - and his life in Arlington.

Without doubt, allowing Owen Kelton "O.K". Carter to grow up as a free-rambling vagabond child violates several rules of responsible parenting, the main one of which constituted a violation of one of my grandmother's life-governing platitudes.

"That which goes unsupervised deteriorates," she proclaimed to my mother about my free-ranging proclivities.

Though the phrase "It takes a village to raise a child" would not have been familiar to my mother, she subscribed to the notion of shared responsibility. If the village wanted to help raise her war baby, born in 1943, so be it. She'd married young, 17, to a young, would-be rancher, peach and pecan orchard grower in Loving, Texas, whose agricultural ambitions would be interrupted by World War II. Before the (continued on p. 4)

*From the Editor*  
*Denise Youngblood*

To chase away your pandemic blues, we start this issue with an entertaining essay from **O.K. Carter**, which began as an invitation for a "Member Spotlight" interview but works much better as a feature article. (When you have a professional writer in your midst, take advantage of it!) The "Member Spotlight" will return in future issues.

This issue also includes "Lost to History," an introduction to the history of one of Arlington's unique institutions, the Berachah Industrial Home for the Redemption of Erring Girls, starting on p. 2. The next issue will feature a follow-up article by AHS board member **Lydia Brosowsky**, who wrote her master's thesis on the home.

Comments and suggestions for the newsletter are always welcome and may be sent to me at [denise.youngblood@uvm.edu](mailto:denise.youngblood@uvm.edu).

## Lost to History

By Danny Woodward

*This article, written for the centennial of Arlington's Berachah Home, first appeared in UTA's newspaper The Shorthorn on February 28, 2003. Reprinted here by permission of The Shorthorn. AHS Director Geraldine Mills is among those interviewed for this piece*

Not much remains today of a century-old home near campus where outcast girls once found refuge. Everything you need to know about the Berachah Industrial Home for the Redemption of Erring Girls you can find in the weeds. That's nearly all that remains of what was once a proud, often controversial rehabilitation center for outcast teen-aged girls that stood a century ago in what's now Doug Russell Park.

Lost in the overgrowth, a rusty wire fence bends groundward. In these weeds grow oak trees that have seen shamed women come and go, babies born and babies die. These weeds have closed in on an unusual history. But the last piece of the Berachah Home has been reclaimed from them—a cemetery in a clearing southwest of Davis Hall. A pristine Cyclone fence restrains the choking thicket and sun-faded beer cans. It's impossible to tell who's in most of the 78 graves: Infant No. 15. George. Twins No. 6. Some, probably, died in influenza or, later, measles epidemics. Most were buried between 1904 and 1935. This is what's left of the Rev. James Tony Upchurch's answer to what he called the "white slave trade."

Exactly a century ago—in 1903—Upchurch, a diminutive, mop-headed Church of the Nazarene preacher, founded the home on what's now UTA's property to redeem young women society saw as lost. Centennial Courts apartments stand on part of the acreage now. Any remaining photographs or documents are kept in four boxes in the Central Library's Special Collections.

Berachah, you should know, is Hebrew for blessing: *"They assembled in the valley of Berachah and there they blessed the Lord. Therefore, the name of the same place hath been called the valley of Berachah to this day."* (II Chronicles 20:26) Upchurch found his valley of blessing in an oak-clustered lot where, he later wrote, he "felt the presence of God, who gave an unmistakable promise that this was the place." It was ideal, far from big-city temptations and the women's old lives. The Berachah Home went up on the knoll just south of town. Upchurch called the spot Rescue Hill.

### Planting roots

The first pregnant girl to move in was Dilly. Her baby boy, Alpha, stayed at the home through infancy, evidently reared by the campus matron. Dilly's whereabouts, like most of the  
(continued on p. 7)



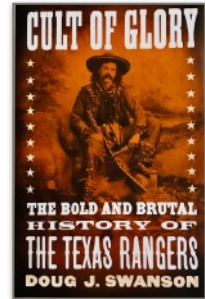
## BOOK REVIEWS ON TEXAS HISTORY

by Denise Youngblood

*This issue features three short reviews of recent books.*

Douglas J. Swanson. *Cult of Glory: The Bold and Brutal History of the Texas Rangers*. New York: Viking, 2020.

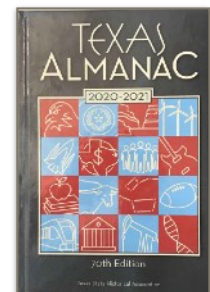
*Cult of Glory*, a scathing revisionist history of the Texas Rangers by a former investigative reporter for the *Dallas Morning News*, has received approving reviews from national media outlets like NPR, the *New York Times*, and the *Wall Street Journal* and like most of the few trade press books published on Texas history, it was originally scheduled for a full-length review in this newsletter. However, while *Cult of Glory* is indeed as extensively researched and well written as other critics have claimed, it is clear from the outset that Swanson approached his subject with a predetermined and problematic outcome. Simply put, he wanted to undermine the Rangers, replacing what he sees as their falsely heroic mythology with a harrowing horror story. The book's 400 pages consist of a grim catalogue of blood-curdling atrocities recounted in gruesome detail, intended to prove that the Texas Rangers were (in Swanson's opinion) probably the most vicious gang of thugs in American history.



But is this version of Ranger history really more “authentic” than the noble “cult of glory” that preceded it? Swanson is a journalist, not a historian, so it may be unfair to criticize him for doing what today's reporters often do: sensationalize. Real historians neither sanctify nor condemn the past; rather, we try as best we can to enable readers to *understand* what happened and why through contextualization and interpretation, which in this case would mean situating the Rangers in the violent and often lawless, but always complicated world of frontier settlement, expansionism, and territorial wars. Good and evil were not close to being as clear-cut as Swanson pretends they were, and so his account of Ranger history, while not “false” (he didn't make anything up), is every bit as partial as those he criticizes. Caution is advised, and the Rangers await an objective examination.

*Texas Almanac, 2020-2021*. Edited by Rosie Hatch. Austin: Texas State Historical Association, 2020. Distributed by Texas A& M University Press and the Texas Book Consortium.

Like its predecessors, the 70<sup>th</sup> edition of the *Texas Almanac* is chock full of facts and figures, tables and maps about Texas, 720 pages of them, illustrated with many color photographs. Open the book at any page, and you'll doubtless find something you didn't know about Texas, regardless of how long your family has lived here.



Of particular interest to AHS members are its historical documents, like the complete text of the Texas Declaration of Independence (428-29); its list of the state's  
(continued on p. 10)

**(Ramblings, from p.1)**

peach trees he'd planted produced fruit, he was killed in the Philippines. His death occurred almost simultaneously with Hiroshima and Nagasaki. By the time my mother remarried almost four years later, my free-range habits were already established.

The new stepfather might have reined in my wandering out-of-pocket tendencies, but this was his second marriage. Though not an unkind man, rearing children wasn't a priority. This was almost as true for my mother. Become yourself, never skip school, don't be late for dinner and avoid prison were her basic four-point child-rearing credos.

A difficulty with long division illustrates this. When as a fifth grader I struggled with homework loaded with impossibly long numbers, I asked my mother for assistance. She declined, turning tutoring over to the stepdad. The outcome was mixed.

"Well hell, from now on you're on your own," he said seeing a few red "X" marks on the graded paper.

"I'm 10 – kind of young to be on my own," I replied.

He agreed. "Things are what they are," he said. "You'll come out way ahead in life by figuring things out on your own."

My people are long-time Texans, one side showing up as *Deushtexaners* – German land grant settlers in Texas – in 1847. The other side arrived in this country as Scottish new Americans even earlier, in 1746. They disembarked briefly in Philadelphia, those descendants slowly wearing out farm after farm moving westward through the South, a generation in Georgia, another in Mississippi, finally arriving in Texas in the 1880s, mostly around Graham or Sweetwater.

Note: Graham – and Loving – are in Young County, once home to a 40,000-acre multi-tribe Native American reservation on the Brazos River, one member of that reservation making a significant contribution to the Carter genetic pool, precise details of which remain a genealogical, somewhat scandalous mystery.

While my math abilities were so-so, reading and writing skills were off the chart. I did not recognize this capability early, though the librarian in Graham's library did. When I told her about my stepdad's "figuring out things on your own" remark, she retrieved a series of short stories by Robert Ruark titled "The Old Man and the Boy."

"You could do worse than follow the old man's advice," she said. I read that book – several times – and agreed with her. Even today I ask myself, "What would the old man do?"

That librarian posed another critical question: "How would you like to meet the greatest minds on earth?" she asked third grader O.K. Carter.

"Sure," I said. "Where are they?"

"Right there," she said, pointing to shelves of books behind her. With her tutelage, my reading progressed from literature like Edward Stratemeyer's Tom Swift series (inventions), Albert Payson Terhune (dogs) and Joe Archibald (sports) to more books from Ruark, then on to Jack London, Ernest Hemingway, Sinclair Lewis, F. Scott Fitzgerald, William Faulkner, Emily Dickinson, Margaret Mitchell, Isaac Asimov, Ray Bradbury and more. A worn-out library card is the open-the-door key to the planet.

A fifth-grade teacher first noticed young O.K.'s literary tendencies. "I think you're going to be a writer someday," she said.

**(continued on p.5)**

**(Ramblings, from p.4)**

The idea of making a living as a writer seemed absurd, a notion with which my mother concurred.

“You’ll either be a Hereford rancher or a doctor,” she said.

Hereford rancher? She thought the Hereford-raising Waggoners on a sprawling half-million-acre ranch at nearby Vernon were the smartest people on the planet, though it helps if your ranch sprouts a couple of thousand shallow oil wells. As to the doctor idea, the family physician was wealthy, witty and town mayor, achievements worth emulation.

Possibly, I was the best-read mediocre student in Graham High School history, literacy and indifference not helping with subjects like algebra, physics, Spanish or biology. Every aptitude test given indicated I would be a writer or journalist I rejected this possibility.

I took those mediocre study habits to college, accomplishing little, finally signing up with the Marines in April 1965 (Yes, poor timing).

“Maybe you’ll go to Vietnam,” the gunnery sergeant recruiter said when I took the oath.

“Vietnam? Where’s that?” I asked.

He scratched his head. “I’m not sure,” he confessed. “I think it’s one of those Indo-Chinese kinds of places.”

Vietnam was not an entirely bad experience, like Hawaii with concertina, machine guns and napalm. I’d also be introduced to an extraordinarily useful philosophy, mindfulness, to which I still subscribe.

Staff Sergeant O.K. Carter departed the Marines for one last college hurrah in late 1968 with ambitions to make at least a “C” average or give up higher education for

something blue collar but not excessively perspirational. To my surprise, that first semester ended with an all-A’s 4.0. I was on the dean’s list. Suddenly a scholar. Though resistant to the writer idea, I signed up for a reporting class at the University of North Texas, thinking it an entertaining minor. My first article was about a biology professor’s research to improve water in treated sewage outflow with a mix of clams and algae in holding ponds. Stunningly, it ran as lead story in the *North Texas Daily*.

“Okay, I give up,” O.K. Carter said to self. “It’s meant to be.” I switched majors to journalism, but picked up a secondary teaching certificate as well, the proverbial backup since I still didn’t believe anyone could make a living writing. I also was chosen as both campus newspaper editor and yearbook editor. Fabulous story tellers in New Journalism style became role models – Thomas Wolfe, Gay Talese, Truman Capote, Norman Mailer, Joan Didion, Hunter Thompson and others. Avoiding a final career choice, I eventually found myself toiling on a master’s degree while teaching high school while serving a nights-only internship at the Star-Telegram – energy level and multi-tasking skills were better in those days.

Career indecision ended when I arrived home to find a Cadillac in the driveway. The conversation summarized thusly: She had acquired several weekly newspapers. Be the editor. I said, “I’m your guy.”

Job description: Plan, cover and write everything. Shoot and develop all photos. Make layouts and help with typesetting and pasteup. Drive pasteup flats to printer. Place newspapers in racks, then get up at 5 a.m. to help with weekly mailout.

**(continued on p. 6)**



**Staff Sgt. O.K. Carter.**

**(Ramblings, from p.5)**

It was the most educational - and tiring - year of my life, so exhausting that in 1972 I applied as police reporter for the best community newspaper in Texas: the *Arlington Citizen-Journal*, then 90 percent owned by the *Star-Telegram*. My ambition was to be editor of either a large community weekly or a small daily – what better place to learn than the *C-J*? The publisher was George Hawkes, the editor his brother Charles – both giants in Texas newspaper lore. I was quickly promoted to assistant editor, shortly after that the *S-T* being sold to the best company I ever worked for – Capital Cities. The company bought out the Hawkes' small share, which did not bother me because I was about to become editor of the daily *Bonham Daily Favorite*. I was about to tell this to new *Citizen-Journal* publisher Darwin Wile when he summoned me to his office.

Conversational summary: Capital Cities had purchased the Hawkes' interest. They'd be leaving the newspaper and a new editor would be installed. This was interesting in a limited way since I'd soon be editor at Bonham, county seat, population 7,200, hometown of former House Speaker Sam Rayburn. Curious, I asked Wile who the new editor would be.

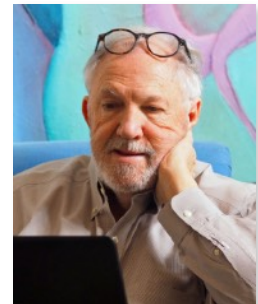
He smiled and said, "You are." I called the Bonham publisher and owner to tell him I wasn't coming after all.

I love being a newspaper guy, today a diminishing species.

The newspaper career has been mixed. Ownership of the *S-T* has gone from Carter Publications and Capital Cities to Disney, Knight-Ridder and the now bankrupt McClatchy to a hedge fund. I was editor of the *C-J*. Twice. And publisher of the *C-J*. Twice. And publisher when the *Star-Telegram* decided to replace the *C-J* with the

*Arlington Star-Telegram*. And Northeast editor. And Southwest editor. And columnist and editorial director. Some 37 years and more than 10,000 columns and editorials rolled by before the digital age and the Internet began running newspapers off the tracks all over America. Arlington was 92,000 people when I showed up, more than 400,000 today – quite the superlative choice for an adopted hometown.

I also enjoy being a historian, though that was never my intention. Because of health problems, Arista Joyner was having issues with the second edition of her book, *Arlington, Texas: Birthplace of the Metroplex*, which had first been published in 1976 for Arlington's centennial. I found myself wandering through her reference materials, finding more sources, rewriting some of the chapters and writing some new ones, which seemed to bother her not at all. By the time that edition was published in 1983, I was on a short list of local historians that kept getting shorter as people like Joyner disappeared. In 1989, seriously ill, Joyner asked me to promise to write a "complete history" of Arlington (her book stopped in 1910). I made the promise, and she died a few days later. With the support of the Arlington Woman's Club, I was eventually able to publish *Caddos, Cotton and Cowboys: Essays on Arlington* (2012), the first two editions as print books, the third edition as an updated eBook available only on Amazon. It won a couple of awards (but the Pulitzer people never called). So long as I am able, I will continue to update and revise it every two to three years – the fourth edition being planned for early 2021.



**O.K. at work.**

**(Lost to History, from p .2)**

residents here, are lost to history. Thousands passed through the home before its abandonment on the first day of 1935. The only thing most had in common was that they had nowhere else to turn. If a resident gave birth, she couldn't offer her baby for adoption because Upchurch believed it wrong to separate a mother and child. On May 2, 1919, he and his wife even traveled to Oklahoma to bring to Berachah the daughter of a resident.

Pregnancy was not a requirement to live here. Applications were submitted by relatives or clergy for "wild girls," for heroin addicts, for young widows who couldn't support themselves. They came from other states, too, since Upchurch advertised on [the] radio. "He was really ahead of his time," said Bill Pattillos, 80, a great-nephew of Upchurch. Pattillos' grandmother, the reverend's sister, is buried in the cemetery.

To accommodate a growing population, the Berachah campus eventually expanded to 67 acres and encompassed 10 buildings, functioning as a tiny, self-sufficient city with its own hospital, school, livestock barn, and chapel. In the printshop, staff and residents produced *The Purity Journal*, a magazine-style newspaper that grew to national circulation.

Upchurch's granddaughter, Dorothy Betts, recalled that the property was "beautiful and well-kept." She grew up near Berachah and often went there to visit and play. She still lives in Arlington [i.e., in 2003]. "And the girls there were happy," she said. "They had something to do, and it was something they liked to do. They worked in the area they liked to work. We had some very good artists, and their pictures would hang throughout the buildings in the home. If they liked to cook, they could do that." The core of the place—and why it was called an "industrial home"—was its workshops. Before they could leave, girls learned printing, nursing, stenography, sewing, gardening or home economics. Ideally, that eased them back into mainstream society.

Tenants, sometimes called inmates, lived rent free, provided they abided by Upchurch's few rules: no eating pork, no drinking coffee or tea, no tobacco, and no telephone on Sundays. The reverend often claimed that 75 percent of those in his care left as "upright girls," though that could have been fund-raising ballyhoo. Berachah's existence relied solely on donations; it was the only institute in Texas for girls that was entirely supported by charity. Upchurch, who annually earned a comfortable \$5,000 [over \$98,000 in 2020] plus expenses, proved an effective peddler. In 1932, at the height of the Depression, the home received \$33,761.93 in donations [more than \$664,000 in 2020]. The girls also earned money selling [the] handkerchiefs they made. "He was at least recognizing the need," said Geraldine Mills of the Arlington Historical Society. "I'm sure he didn't get rich off handkerchiefs.

Upchurch was a stirring speaker, too, often going [on] for hours. He had plenty to tell. Like the story of a 16-year-old from New Mexico who would bear the Portales County sheriff's baby. Or 18-month-old Rosemary, whose mother, Dorothy, died during childbirth. (A Weatherford couple adopted Rosemary, and Upchurch took her there.) Typical, too, was the story of Bessie Mae Osborn from Dublin, Texas. A logbook entry on June 25, 1925 says, "Rev. D.C. Gafford made an application for girl [Osborn] 17 years of age, diseased, whose father threatened to kill her." What Upchurch likely didn't share with donors was that Osborn was accepted, then promptly ran away. More commonly, girls loved life there. Many never left, and others went away and returned. Some married in Berachah's chapel as adults.

**(continued on p. 8)**

**(Lost to History, from p .7)**

**In God They Trust**

Townsfolk didn't share the girls' love of Berachah. While no evidence was found of threats or violence against the home, Betts remembers a strong division between Berachah and Arlington. "That's the reason they had their own home," she said. "I never felt any rejection or anything, but the girls were not very well-received. It was just an attitude thing, I think." Citizens accepted, however, fifth-graders attending the Berachah school when the town's southside school burned in the early 1930s.

Upchurch's own family was divided on his work. Pattillos said his father, a Presbyterian minister, had little to do with the Upchurch side of the family. Even Upchurch's wife didn't always see things his way. Though her husband was a devout Nazarene, Maggie Mae Upchurch remained a Methodist. "The churches had a different philosophy on what to do with these babies," Betts said. "My grandmother agreed with him on that, but not enough to switch religions. The Upchurches attended the Nazarene church at Berachah on Sunday mornings but would go to the town's Methodist church at night. And always, they shared their faith with the girls in the home.

A story in *The Purity Journal* tells of Ollie Burns and how she became the first girl to find the Lord. She was expected, then, to act as a missionary for the home, which she did for the next five years until she died at 21. The Berachah Home was officially nondenominational—it accepted donations from people of all faiths—but religion was emphasized. The girls were to attend chapel regularly, and the register indicated when someone moved out, whether she had been saved. More than once a girl's profession of faith is noted, only to have a different handwriting indicate that she never really converted. Huge tent revivals at the home were conducted under large signs urging attendees to trust in God, abstain from tobacco and pray for the girls.

Mainly because of such church support, Berachah could house 170 girls in 1932. To keep up with the need, Upchurch more than once annexed land around his campus. Ultimately, that nearly caused trouble. On March 31, 1942, the Arlington school district sued, claiming **(continued on p. 9)**

**Geography "Double" Quiz**

**Which of the following European countries have capitals with the same name as towns or cities in Texas? This double quiz requires you to know your European capitals as well as your Texas geography.**

(A) Austria	(D) France	(G) Ireland	(J) Russia
(B) Czech Republic	(E) Germany	(H) Italy	(K) Spain
(C) England	(F) Greece	(I) Norway	(L) The Netherlands

**(Answers on p. 10)**



**(Lost to History, from p .8)**

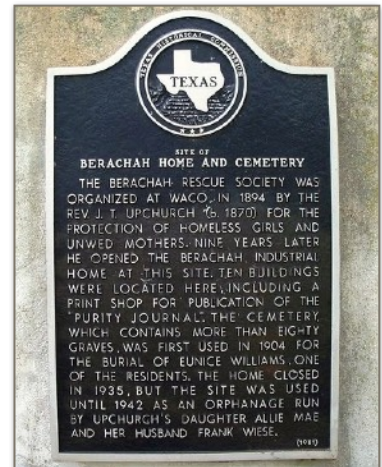
that the home owed more than \$1,200 in property taxes [over \$18,300 in 2020 dollars]. Attorney Albert Miller said in the lawsuit that Upchurch was guilty of fraud in an elaborate real estate scheme. A county judge dismissed the case in May and held Miller in contempt. His remarks were struck from the record. Two years later the school district lost an appeal and was ordered to cover all unpaid court costs. Audits conducted before the suit suggested that Berachah's books were legitimate but somewhat disorderly.

In ensuing years, so was the property. The Arlington Historical Society's Mills remembers the last structure standing, a one-room chapel with a regally arched doorway and a wood-burning fireplace. Adjacent to the cemetery, it was a place for solitary prayer. "It was so small, maybe six people could have sat down," she said. "It sat there for a long time before UTA tore it down because kids were hanging out in there and drinking beer and starting fires." Now you'll find the outlines of its foundation, with a few bricks still in place, and nothing more. "They should have saved it," Mills said. "I remember once I found it during Girl Scouts, and I thought I was Nancy Drew all over again."

Berachah was all but forgotten almost as quickly as it closed. When Patrillos, who now [2003] lives in Sacramento, Calif., attended North Texas Agricultural College (now UTA) in the early 1940s, he had no idea what was across Cooper Street. "I went to school there. And I didn't even realize my grandmother was buried there," he said. "There just wasn't much over there." Sixty years later, nothing has changed. Mills wishes it would. She would like to see the School of Architecture reconstruct some of the old Berachah buildings.

As for the history, that's a different story.

*The story of the Berachah Home continues in the next issue of the newsletter, where AHS board member Lydia Brosowsky will share some of her research on this fascinating aspect of Arlington's history.*



## Check Out Our New Website

[www.historicalarlington.org](http://www.historicalarlington.org)

If you haven't looked at the AHS website recently, you're in for a surprise. Thanks to the efforts and expertise of **Zane Gober**, an Arlington marketing consultant and friend of the AHS, the site has been totally redesigned over the past several months. It has an entirely new and updated look, with easy to read type and lots of color photos that you'll enjoy. As important, it is very easy to navigate and has many new functions to explore (for example, you can now donate or join online). Of course, all past issues of the newsletter are still accessible on the site. The website should be your first stop for information about the AHS!

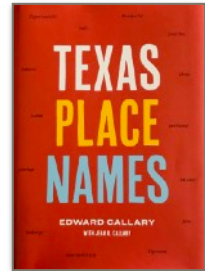
If you have comments or questions about the new site or suggestions for its improvement, click on "Contact Us" on the homepage, and you'll be taken to a page where you can leave your remarks. We are always looking for feedback from our members.

**(Book Reviews, from p. 3)**

most destructive storms, floods, and wildfires, starting in 1766 (100-09); obituaries of notable Texans who died 2017- 2019 (675-78); and Ayshea Khan's survey of the history of Asian Indians in Texas (532-38). Under the rubric "Exploring Texas History," 26-27, there is also a list of historical articles available for free on the TSHA's website: [www.tshaonline.org/handbook](http://www.tshaonline.org/handbook). An invaluable reference work.

Edward Callary, with Jean Callary. *Texas Place Names*. Caldwell Texas Heritage Series, no. 22. Austin: University of Texas Press, 2020.

This delightful and surprisingly readable book explains the naming history and correct local pronunciation of every town and county in the state, in 410 pp. We all know the naming origins of Arlington, Fort Worth, and Tarrant County, but what about Dalworthington Gardens and Pantego or Kennedale and Mansfield? Dalworthington is an amalgam of **Dallas** + **Fort Worth** + **Arlington**, but Pantego's inspiration is more obscure. Was Pantego named for a "loyal and trusted Indian friend" of Frederick Foscue, the Texas politician who donated land for a church and school? Or is it the namesake of Pantego, New York? According to the Callarys' research, Kennedale was named for attorney Oliver S. **Kennedy**, with **dale** added for "romantic effect." Mansfield was also an amalgam, after gristmill owners Ralph **Man** and Julian Feild, whose name really was spelled "Feild," but always "corrected" to **Field**, as it was in the town's name. Fun book to browse.



*To be reviewed in the next issue:* Harold Rich, *Fort Worth between the World Wars* (College Station: Texas A&M University Press, 2020). Rich continues the overview of Fort Worth's history begun in his previous book, the prize-winning *Fort Worth: Outpost, Cowtown, Boomtown* (2014). Suggestions for books to review should be sent to the newsletter editor at [denise.youngblood@uvm.edu](mailto:denise.youngblood@uvm.edu).

## This Month in Texas History

### October

On October 13, 1864, hundreds of Kiowa and Comanche warriors attacked Anglo settlements along the Brazos River and Elm Creek in what became known as the Elm Creek Raid, the deadliest conflict in Texas between indigenous peoples and Anglo settlers and their slaves since the 1840s. Surviving captives were not redeemed for several years, until after the end of the Civil War.

### November

Moses Austin (1761-1821) arrived in San Antonio de Béxar in November 1820, hoping to persuade Spanish Governor Antonio Maria Martinez to allow him to bring 300 Anglo settler families to Texas. Although Moses died before he could establish "Austina," his son Stephen F. Austin (1793-1836) earned his place in history in 1825 by fulfilling his father's dream of settling Anglos in Texas—and becoming one of the Texas Republic's founders.

### Geography quiz answers

(A) Vienna; (D) Paris; (E) Berlin; (F) Athens; (G) Dublin; (J) Moscow.