

Indians

Les Willis

Some 28 years ago when I had better stayed at home and looked after that small ranch and oil business I had in Runnels County I went to southwest Alabama and was leasing some 300,000 acres of wildcat area for old Ed Doheny when I ran across a deep chesnut haired gal from Pensacola, Florida, following her home she was not there having gone to old San Augustine so there I went and found her and in looking around late one cool rainy September evening I ran across an old rebel soldier goatee, fine manners even then his civilian clothes were slate grey; 75 years old and looked fifty from old Cahaba, Alabama. He was a linguist and sitting on the old grey stone fort's walls Andrew Jackson and his French Huguenot soldiers made famous in cutting out our country.

This man had been research linguist and interpreter for Pickens, a much older man and author of Pickers' Alabama. In searching the old archives in Madrid or Barcelona, Spain for the exact details of De Soto's expedition he ran across an account of the first trip into Texas of the first Spanish General or Governor or official and the Priest who accompanied him, somewhere around these springs which must have been in or near San Antonio a fine looking Comanche Chief called on them in full regalia, Eagle feathers and long bow as the account especially mentions plenty of flint-tipped arrows and horses probably due to Coronado's expedition many years previously.

After the Spanish official finished with the chief the old Padre started in through the interpreter on the Chief's spiritual beliefs and chances when the Comanche haughtily grunted his disgust and told the Padre, "Ugh, Great Spirit send for all my people come in with roar, fire, and take 'em my people up into happy hunting ground, me myself see him, Great Spirit no send for any