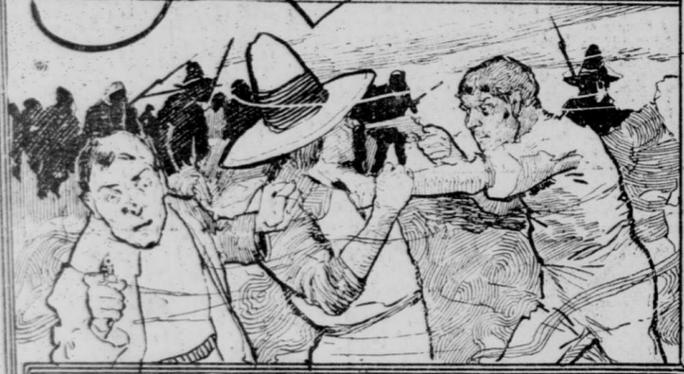


March 4th 1900.

The Sunday

Call



MAGAZINE SECTION The Alamo

Remember

REMEMBER the Alamo!

When the brave little force of Texans commanded by General Sam Houston whipped the Mexican army under Santa Anna at San Jacinto their war cry was "Remember the Alamo!" Those words rallied the Texans to victory where defeat seemed well-nigh certain. The hardy riflemen remembered, and they in part revenged the slaughter of their comrades in the old stone building where, a century before, the Franciscan monks chanted the services of the church.

Several Greeks with Leonidas at Thermopylae survived to be the living monuments of heroism among the youth of Sparta, but not a man remained alive in the battle of the Alamo. Of the 133 Texans who withstood the army of Santa Anna for twelve days, not one escaped to be honored and pensioned and pointed out with reverent pride as a hero who fought with Travis, Bowie and Crockett in the old Mission Church.

Among the residents of Santa Barbara County, in California, is Senora Eulalia Rianex—an old Spanish woman who lives on partial charity in

The Death of the Martyred Texans

Told by an Eye-Witness Now Living in Santa Barbara.

a mean little shebe. She is one of the four or five persons now alive who were in the vicinity of the Alamo at the time of the siege of the Texans there. She was born in 1816, and was almost twenty years old when the Alamo was besieged, and is nearly eighty-two years of age now. She is a marvelously brisk old lady, and her memory is singularly clear.

She knew Davy Crockett and General Iturbide well, and when she was the bride of a prosperous young Mexican, General Santa Anna was a guest at her home on several occasions.

"I was married at Vera Cruz in 1833, when I was seventeen years old," said Senora Rianex the other day, in telling of her memory of the frightful scenes at the siege of the Alamo. "In 1835 my husband believed that he could make more money for his growing family by going north of the Rio Grande and engaging in the cattle business. We reached San Antonio in May, 1835, having traveled all the way from Vera Cruz in a rickety old ox team wagon. There were thousands of square miles of fertile land lying everywhere in Texas in those days, and it was all free to any one who wanted a farm of 50 or 200 acres. For a year my husband traveled about Texas among the Mexican rancheros. I stayed with my two children in the little settlement of San Antonio. There was very little there then outside of the church and mission, but that was better than any other community in that region.

"The war between the Americans and Mexicans was brooding throughout 1835, and we Mexicans who did not want trouble and preferred to

Continued on Page Two.



THE ALAMO IN 1838



GORDON ROSS.

THE MARTYRED TEXAN LAY DEAD AT THE FOOT OF THE ALTAR