

A Research Paper on the Rachal, Bryan, White, Whitlock, Fisher, Demouche, and Hunter Families

Written by Bette Hunter Ash, 1982

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Note: Obvious spelling errors were corrected. Other questionable spellings were preserved.

INTRODUCTION

For Christmas, 1981, my brother-in-law, David Stroman, received a gift from his sister which really impressed me. It was a history of the Stroman family which she had compiled and given to all her sisters and her brother as a Christmas gift. I decided that day that the time had come to do the same for our family. I have realized for several years that the older members of the family are rapidly leaving us, and that the knowledge and family lore that they possessed were in danger of being lost. So I have tried to record as much of the oral tradition as I could remember in this family history.

Our family has an oral history. Think of all the great story tellers: Pop, Aunt Bootie, Bobby Hunter! Not many families have this tradition. I have tried to write down as many of the stories they have told me as I can remember. I have also tried to make the personalities of our ancestors come to life. I did not want this family history to be just a dry presentation of genealogical facts. Some of these stories may not be entirely factual. Time plays tricks with memory, and many of the stories may have been told as much in love as in truth. Wherever I have not been absolutely certain of the facts, I have so indicated by the statement "according to family tradition." Dates of birth, death, and marriage are accurate. They were gleaned from deeds, wills, marriage licenses, and birth and death certificates, as well as census records. I was lucky. Much of this type of work had all ready been done by Shirley Smith on the David side and by Aunt Bootie and Bea McGregor on the Hunter and Rachal side. I did learn some new information such as that on Peter Creighton Hunter and John Fisher.

There are some ancestors on whom I do not have much information, and some day I am going to finish tracking them down. Once you get into genealogy, it is almost like solving a jig saw puzzle. But it has been a fascinating experience for me, and I have enjoyed compiling this history. I hope you will enjoy reading it as much as I have enjoyed doing it.

What have I learned about our ancestry? First, that our family has been here a very long time: our roots stretch back to pre-Revolutionary War America. Prior to the twentieth Century, our ancestors fought in the American Revolution, the War of 1812, the Texas Revolution and the Civil War. We are very much a part of American History.

A second thing that I have learned is that our ancestors are what I would call "salt of the earth" type people. As far as I can determine, there were no Presidents, no great

statesmen, no generals. Most of them were farmers, ranchers, or businessmen. With the possible exception of D.C. Rachal, probably none of them were very rich or prominent. When they fought in a war, their rank was usually "private." On the other hand, none of them were notorious outlaws or were hanged for horse stealing, so I guess that's something.

Furthermore, I have learned that you can almost follow the course of American history by following the lives of our ancestors. Notice how many of the first generations were born or lived in the old eastern seaboard states of Virginia or North or South Carolina. Then notice the movement westward to Kentucky and Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana. Finally, and most fascinating of all, is that they all ended up in Texas. I was particularly impressed with the fact that the Rachals, Bryans and Whitlocks all started in Louisiana and ended up in the same place: Liberty, Texas. Was there a land promotion scheme for Texas land in Louisiana in the 1830's?

Notice, also, how few of them are foreign born: Only Christopher Bryan I, born in Ireland, who migrated to America before the American Revolution; John Fisher, born in Switzerland; Louis DeMouche, born in Belgium; and James Murray, born in Ireland. Other than these few, all the rest of our ancestors were born and reared in the South: North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, Mississippi, and Louisiana. When you read in Texas history that most of the early Anglo-Texans were Southerners, you know that this is true. This fact has to have played a part in shaping the attitudes and values that we hold.

I hope that this history will help us all to remember who we are and where we came from. I know that there have been times when all the stories about our ancestors have become confused in my mind. I would get D.C. Rachal mixed up with P.A. Hunter, and Grandma Rachal mixed up with "Mama Nannie." So it has been a real experience trying to put this all together. My greatest hope is that you enjoy it and that it might preserve a link with the past for not only our generation but perhaps for other generations as well.

Bette Hunter Ash
August 6, 1982

THE RACHALS

The first Rachal to come to the New World was Pierre Rachal. He was born on the island of D'Oloron off the coast of La Rochelle, France. He was a soldier who settled in Natchitoches, Louisiana with his Parisian born wife Marie Anne Benoise in 1721. Five generations of Rachals were born and raised in Louisiana. They were:

Louis Rachal dit Blondin 1723-1785 m. Marie Louise LeRoy
Antoine Francois Rachal 1763-1787 m. Marie Louise Lemoine
Sylvester Rachal 1789-1841 m. Marie Rose Michel-Zariche
Louis Cyriaque Rachal m. Anais P. Compere (1821-1886)
Darius Cyriaque Rachal 1841-1918 m. Julia A. Bryan

Darius Cyriaque Rachal was born in Nachitoches, but moved with his parents Louis Cyriaque and Anais Compere Rachal to Texas sometime prior to the Civil War. The family settled in Liberty, Texas, but in 1857 D.C. Rachal was hired by Frank and Edward White to help drive cattle to a new ranch they had purchased in San.Patricio County on Nueces Bay. This area-had been called El Paraje de las Chemeneas (The Place of the Chimneys) by travelers for many years. Once a house had stood here, but it was long gone, and only the two chimneys still stood. Some historians say it was the home of Empresario James-Powers or that of his father-in-law, Felipe Roque de la Portilla. In later years, of course, it became known as White Point. Again there is disagreement as to whether the name for the ranch came from its early owners, the Whites, or from the great, white clay bluffs overlooking Nueces Bay.

D.C. Rachal liked what he saw. In the 1850's South Texas was not covered by mesquite as it was in later years. Instead, the coastal prairies were covered with tall grasses, and it was the home of literally millions of wild horses and cattle, unbranded and unowned, waiting for some one to claim them. Before he could return to claim his land in South Texas, the Civil War began. D.C. Rachal enlisted in August, 1861 in Company F of the Fifth Regiment of Texas Volunteers as a Private. This outfit became famous during the Civil War as "Hood's Texas Brigade."

Hood's Texas Brigade participated in almost every major campaign of the Civil War which took place in the East. They didn't wear Confederate gray; instead the soldiers dressed in whatever they could scrounge up, some even wearing cowboy hats. The Brigade participated in the Battle of Second Manasses (or Second Bull Run) in which the Confederates vainly tried to capture Washington, D.C. D.C. Rachal also fought in the Battle of Antietam in Maryland, and he was at Gettysburg in 1863 with Lee's Army. During the battle, a bullet passed through his hat and grazed his head. He also fought in the Battle of the Wilderness in Virginia, one of the bloodiest of the Civil War as Lee tried to prevent Grant from taking Richmond. D.C. was present at Appomattox on April 10, 1865 when Lee surrendered to Grant, when the war ended, D.C. Rachal returned to Liberty, Texas.

After his return from the war, D.C. Rachal married Julia Bryan, daughter of Christopher and Elizabeth Whitlock Bryan. Julia Bryan was born November 1, 1845 at Liberty, Texas. Shortly after their marriage the young couple moved to South Texas, taking with them their infant daughter, Florence Emma who was born at Liberty, Texas on Sept. 8, 1866.

When the Rachals arrived in South Texas, they built a one-story frame home on their new land. Shortly after that, the great yellow fever epidemic of 1867 struck South Texas. Hundreds of people died in Corpus Christi, and eventually the disease crossed Nueces Bay. The Rachals were among the lucky ones. Julia Rachal had yellow fever but survived. The Whites were not so lucky. Edward White, his wife and son, all died, leaving four orphans. Frank White also died, but his wife and children survived. D.C. used boards from his home to make coffins for the Whites, and their graves were the first in what became the White Point Cemetery. It was reported that fourteen people died in

the area during the epidemic. As long as D.C. Rachal was alive, he kept the White markers in good condition, but later the wooden markers rotted away, and the graves were lost.

D.C. Rachal was truly one of the "cattle barons" one reads about in Texas and American History. His holdings at White Point stretched from the bay to present day Odem. In 1884 he bought, with Henry Scott of Refugio, the Rabb Ranch, 31,000 acres stretching from Banquete to Petronila Creek, near Driscoll. Thirty miles of fence enclosed this ranch and it took two days to ride horseback around it. He also leased a ranch near present day Hebronville.

Following the Civil War, there was a great demand for beef in the North. If Texas had anything in abundance during the years from 1865 to 1886, it was cattle, and so the legendary trail drives to the railheads in Kansas from South Texas began. When discussing those cattlemen who participated in these trail drives, South Texas historians mention D.C. Rachal in the same breath with Richard King and Mifflin Kenedy. When on a drive, D.C. was the trail boss, his brother, E.R. "Nute" was the second boss, and the third brother, Albert, was one of the hands. On one drive in 1871, the Rachals drove 1200 head of cattle to Ellsworth, Kansas, contending along the way with a stampede caused by a herd of buffalo, a mix-up with another herd along the trail, and no market when the cattle arrived in Kansas. This drive began in March; the brothers returned home in November. The Rachals, however, moved their cattle quickly on the trail. According to J. Frank Dobie in *Cow People*, to "rachal 'em out" meant to run your cattle all the way to Kansas!

The winter of 1878-1879 was hard on the ranchers of South Texas, One of the periodic droughts hit, and thousands of cattle died from lack of grass and water. D.C. Rachal, like others, lost cattle. In our family the older people have always talked about the "big die", and I believe this must be what they have reference to. For a while, D.C. Rachal became a dealer in hides. Cattle too poor to make the trek to Kansas were slaughtered for their hides and the meat was left to rot. Although D.C. Rachal survived this blow, another drought hit South Texas from 1885-1886. This time D.C. sold the Rabb Ranch to Robert Driscoll for \$93,000, or \$3.00 an acre. Of course, the Driscolls became wealthy when oil and gas were discovered on this land. It's a shame D.C. Rachal couldn't have kept the mineral rights!

Although D.C. Rachal had primarily been a rancher (his brand was called the "fleur-de-lis and was a flowered loose L with an L attached to the right-hand side), he later became a prosperous farmer and the land was cleared around Odem and Sinton. He also became partners with S.G. Borden in a number of business ventures. Together they owned a gin, a ferry, and a schooner, "The Nueces Valley" which traveled up and down the Nueces hauling cotton, wool, and mohair. (I wonder how far upstream the Nueces River was navigable?) They were also partners in a vineyard at Sharpsburg. One brand of wine they produced was called Sharpsburg's Best and the other was Rachal's Choice.

D.C. Rachal must have been one of the most dominating personalities in our family. Sixty-five years after his death, his personality is still vivid. He had a very hot temper, a trait shared by a number of his descendants. It is said that if he came downstairs cussing in the morning, everyone knew it was going to be a good day, but if he came downstairs whistling, everybody took to the woods! When he was in one of these moods, his grandchildren stayed clear until their grandmother Julia had calmed him down by saying "Now Darius, watch your temper."

Above all, D.C. Rachal was a family man and liked to have his children and grandchildren nearby. It seems that at some point, nearly all his married children and grandchildren returned to live at White Point, some at the main house, others in smaller homes on the ranch. He liked to take his grandchildren with him and would go by their homes and pick them all up in the morning in his one-seater buggy and take them for the day. (Crowding together in a buggy or automobile seems to be an inherited trait among his descendants.) His grandchildren remember him as being a big man, but I don't believe he was from studying his pictures. He was probably one of those characters who just seem to be larger than life. Bea MacGregor remembers him as being pigeon-toed, and one of her fondest memories of him is that he was always whistling a little tune or singing a little song under his breath.

Each afternoon he took a little nap on the front porch. (another inherited trait?) Late in the day he would send to the barn for a glass of warm milk. He would take the milk to the kitchen and pour three or four shots of whiskey in it. This concoction was known as "punch." Then he would take his drink upstairs where he and Julia would share it. Then they both came downstairs for the afternoon.

Julia Bryan Rachal is a harder personality to capture since she died six years before D.C. and her grandchildren don't remember her so well. She apparently was the "calm at the center of the storm." She was the one who could calm D.C.'s temper when it exploded and everyone else quaked in fear. She also had to contend with six children and a houseful of servants and guests.

Her grandchildren always remarked about her hair. It was auburn and very unruly. In a day when women wore very long hair elaborately done in buns, she kept hers cut short to control it. She owned a huge wardrobe, now in the possession of Mrs. Bobby Hunter. The wardrobe was made in New Orleans and probably arrived by ship at either Rockport or Corpus Christi. To insure that each member of her family came to see her every day, she kept a supply of handkerchiefs, perfume, tobacco and candy in the wardrobe. These little goodies she doled out appropriately as each family member came in to say good morning.

The Rachal home was the social center of San Patricio County and probably a good part of South Texas. When there was a party at White Point people came from miles around and sometimes stayed for days. The guests would literally dance all night, eat breakfast, sleep, and then resume the party the following night. P.A. Hunter was the caller for many of the square dances.

The old house at White Point was large and it had to be to accommodate D.C. and Julia Rachal's family and all the guests who seemed to come and go continuously. The house was made of cypress and faced east, having galleries or porches both upstairs and down. On the north and south ends of the main wing were chimneys for the parlor and front bedroom. A hall ran down the center between the two rooms. A long ell ran west and contained two bedrooms, each having its own chimney, and a porch on the south side. Another ell on the north contained the dining room and kitchen. The gallery on this ell faced east. It was on this ell that the family gathered to have coffee in the morning and the cowboys and other hands came to collect their wages. There were two more bedrooms upstairs in the main wing, and on the west ell was a very large dormitory-like room called "the big room." The boys slept here, and when a party was to be held, the beds were removed and dancing took place in this room. D.C. and Julia did not dance, but they loved to watch the others.

White Point was actually a little village. The Mexican cowboys lived on the ranch with their families. (It is also interesting to note that White Point also had Negro cowboys who worked in separate crews from the Mexicans.) The ranch had its own post office, and the address was "Rosita." There was also a school. The priest was a circuit rider who came by periodically to baptize, wed and bury. According to Aunt Bootie, the Mexican people who lived on the ranch performed Los Pastores at Christmas time every year. This is a very old Christmas pageant which originated in Spain and was brought to Texas from Mexico. In fact, Aunt Bootie's master's thesis was a translation of Los Pastores.

The Rachals were the most generous of people. Their home was open not only to family, friends, overnight and week-long guests, but to people who literally had no other place to go. It is amazing how many people came to the ranch and just stayed. One was Captain William Shoveller of the Isle of Man. He had been shipwrecked and somehow ended up at White Point. "Cap", as he was called, became the ranch handyman. He did odd jobs and took care of the post office at Rosita.

The ranch was a haven for those relatives who had nowhere else to go. Julia Bryan's mother, her uncle, and her three sisters lived with the Rachals for a while. D.C. Rachal's mother lived at the ranch as did the mother of P.A. Hunter. All are buried in the White Point Cemetery. Their names are listed below:

Anais Compere Rachal—Mother of D.C. Rachal
Elizabeth Whitlock Bryan—Mother of Julia Rachal
Robert Whitlock—Uncle of Julia Rachal
Janie A. Bryan, Octavia B. Stoval, & Nancy V. Lewis—Sisters of Julia Rachal
Mary Rowena Hunter—Mother of P.A. Hunter

I have visited the White Point Cemetery several times and I had always wondered who these people were and why they were buried there. When asked why these people came to White Point to live, Aunt Bootie replied, "They didn't come here to live. They came here to die." I think that statement reveals volumes about the atmosphere at the Rachal

home. The word "family" must have been the key to the personalities of D.C. and Julia Rachal.

There are two stories about White Point which have almost become legends in our family. One concerns the blow-out of the gas well and the other the 1919 hurricane. Although Julia Rachal had died before the big fire and D. C. before the 1919 hurricane, the events are so closely connected in our memories with White Point that I feel it would be appropriate to write them in this section of our family history.

Drilling began at White Point in 1913. The first well blew-out, but a second well was drilled in 1914. This well blew out also. The explosion sent the rig hurling hundreds of feet into the air and it lit up the sky for miles. It was said that the fire could be seen in San Antonio, 140 miles away. At this time my grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. D.C. Hunter, were living at the ranch, and Mrs. Hunter's mother, whom we all called "Granny" was staying with them. When the well exploded with a deafening roar and the flames lit up the sky, Granny jumped out of bed and ran racing through the house screaming, "Wake up, Brother! Hell's broke loose and the world's on fire!" It must have seemed that hell had broken loose. The fire burned for several years before finally burning itself out. Chickens for miles around wouldn't go to roost because it never got dark enough. The explosion left a tremendous crater which may still be seen on the ranch. In recent years it has been used by oil field waste disposal companies as a dump site.

The other family "legend" concerns the 1919 hurricane. My grandfather, D.C. Hunter, told us this story- over and over when we were children. According to him the people of Corpus Christi had been warned that a hurricane was on the way, but they ignored the reports. At this time the old home at White Point was occupied by the Chrys Rachals (He was a brother of Florence Rachal Hunter, "Mama Nannie" as we called her.) The D.C. Hunters were living nearby. The old ranch house withstood the storm with little damage, as it had withstood so many others, but the city of Corpus Christi was almost totally devastated, particularly the area called North Beach which lay exposed on a spit of land between Corpus Christi and Nueces Bay. It was not the wind that destroyed North Beach— it was a tidal wave thirty feet high which washed away everything in its path. The only structures left standing were the old Spohn Hospital and the Breakers Hotel.

When the Rachals went down to the beach the next morning to explore and discover what the hurricane might have deposited there, they were incredulous. The beach below the cliffs was littered with everything imaginable. Not only the wreckage of buildings and boats had been deposited on the sand. There were bodies everywhere. Quickly the Rachals organized a rescue effort. D.C. Hunter arrived to find everyone working. I believe his father, P.A. Hunter, brother-in-law of Chrys Rachal, was County Judge of San Patricio County at this time. He, too, was at the ranch. The Hunters and Rachals scoured the beach for survivors. A few people had washed across the bay, surviving by hanging onto pieces of lumber. Everything on the beach, including survivors and bodies were covered with a thick coat of oil from the oil tanks which had burst at Harbor Island. One woman washed ashore wearing nothing but a thick coat of oil and feathers from a broken pillow she had encountered in the bay. Doctors were called to aid the survivors, and a

calf was barbecued to feed the workers who had arrived from the area to help. The school house became a temporary morgue. The dead were buried in long trenches dug by mules and scrapers. Some of the bodies were identified. If they could not be, any jewelry was removed for later identification. Others were never identified. I believe that some of the bodies were later removed for burial in Corpus Christi and elsewhere, but some of the unidentified remained at White Point. Several years ago, I read a column in the Corpus Christi Caller by Bill Walraven. He had been contacted by an elderly lady from the North. She had written to him that her mother had been one of those who died in the 1919 storm, and she believed her mother had been buried at White Point. This lady believed her mother's body had never been removed, and she wanted help in finding out if this was true.

Aunt Bootie told me one of the best stories about the storm. At that time, she and her sister Julia were living in San Antonio. They had been at White Point visiting when the storm struck and had helped in caring for survivors. Later in the week they were returning to San Antonio by train when they heard some people discussing the storm and the tremendous effort that had been made to help people at White Point. One lady remarked, "Those Rachals are good people even if they are Catholic."

Julia Bryan Rachal died April 7, 1911, and was buried in the White Point Cemetery. It became a ritual of her husband's to visit her grave early each morning. D.C. Rachal died August 27, 1918 and was buried beside his wife.

The old ranch house stood until 1956 when it was razed. Aunt Bootie painted a picture of the old house for all of her brothers and sisters. My grandparents' picture of the old home was over their mantle, and from the stories Mom and Pop told about it, I felt I knew that old house almost as well as I knew my own home. Once when I was small, Mother and Daddy took Bobbe Joy and I to White Point. The house was still standing at that time, but Mother refused to let us go in because she thought the old floor might be rotten and we might fall through.

Someone once commented to Aunt Bootie about the Hunters and Rachals, "I never saw so many people with their hearts so wrapped up in one old house." I think we are all nostalgic about that old house. It is our "roots." We have all heard stories about it from the time we were old enough to understand. It is part and parcel of our family heritage. I believe our sense of "family" is rooted in White Point, and I for one hope it never passes out of family hands, for when it does, I believe we will lose much of our family tradition and heritage. D.C. and Julia Bryan Rachal must have been wonderful people to have engendered so much love for a home in their children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren. Although they were my great-great grandparents, I feel as though I knew them, too. I still tell my children stories about White Point, hoping to keep alive a family heritage that goes back over one hundred years.

Copy from The Liberty Vindicator. April 14, 1911

Obituary:

Died at her home at La Rosita, San Patricio Countyi Texas, on night of April 6 Julia Aurelia Rachal (nee Bryan) 65 years, 5 months, 4 days. Mrs. Rachal, one of the most widely known and beat loved women of the county was born at Liberty and married D. C. Rachal December 29i 1864 and 3 years after moved to White Point, now Rosita Ranch near mouth of Nueces River. She united with the Catholic Church 15 years ago, leaves husband, 4 sons and 2 daughters.

THE BRYANS

According to family genealogists, the Bryans were descended from King Brian Boru of Ireland. The name was originally O'Brian, and in Irish, the "O" showed descent" from a certain person. The name was variously spelled O'Brien, O'Bryan, O'Brine, O'Brian, O'Bryan, O'Brient, O'Briant, O'Brion, and O'Bryan.

The first Christopher O'Brien migrated from Ireland to Virginia about the middle of the 18th Century. During the American Revolution, he served in Company "O" of Col. William Grayson's Virginia Foot Regiment of the Continental Army. This Christopher O'Brien would have been the great-great-great-great grandfather of Robert Jules Hunter.

There are several stories about how Christopher O'Brien came to America. One story said that he was brought as a child. Another said that he got in trouble in Ireland for poaching and fled to escape the harsh penalties common for the crime at that time. Still another story is that he first immigrated to Madagascar, then to Virginia as a young man.

Christopher O'Brien's wife was Welsh and her name was Katherine Kimberland. After the Revolution, the O'Briens moved to what is now the State of Kentucky. Our ancestor, Luke, was born in 1777 before this move occurred. Still later (1792) the family migrated to New Madrid, Missouri, which at that time belonged to Spain. Records indicate that Katherine O'Brien died before the move to Missouri.

In 1801 the family moved to New Orleans, then to Berwick, Louisiana. Christopher O'Brien then returned to Kentucky where he died in 1811 or 1812. His children, however, remained on the Louisiana plantation which he had founded.

Christopher's son, Luke, married Rebecca Berwick on October 1, 1802. Luke changed his name to Bryan while in Louisiana, and Luke and Rebecca Bryan were the great-great-great grandparents of Robert Jules Hunter. In 1833 Luke and his younger brother,

George, moved to Liberty, Texas. Luke resided there the rest of his life and died on February 28, 1841. He is buried in the Bryan private cemetery about a mile from town.

Christopher Bryan, Luke's son, was born December 10, 1814. During the Texas Revolution, he served in Captain William Logan's Company but there is no record that he participated in the Battle of San Jacinto. He married Elizabeth Whitlock and had four daughters, three of whom married and "moved to West Texas" according to the family history I read. I believe they moved to South Texas, not West Texas, because one of them was Julia Rachal who spent her life at White Point.

Christopher and Elizabeth Bryan would have been the great-great grandparents of Robert Jules Hunter. He is listed on old census records as a carpenter, but he also owned and operated the old Liberty Hotel, a large livery stable, and was the post master at Liberty. He was elected mayor of Liberty in 1851 and again in 1860. He died December 12, 1860. His daughter, Julia, who was born November 1, 1845, married D.C. Rachal and moved with him to White Point. Elizabeth Whitlock Bryan, born March 4, 1819, later lived with the Rachals. She died in April, 1892 and is buried at White Point.

THE WHITES AND THE WHITLOCKS

John and Sarah White were the great-great-great-great-great grandparents of Robert Jules Hunter. They owned a plantation in Lafayette Parish, Louisiana. I do not know when they were born, but from probated wills, it can be assumed that John White died about 1808 and his wife, Sarah, about 1828. We are descended from their son, William White, who was born December 17, 1766. William White married Amelia (last name unknown) on January 31, 1791. They had eleven children, among them a daughter, Mary, born in St. Martin's Parish on August 14, 1793. She became the great-great-great grandmother of Robert Jules Hunter.

Amelia, or "Amy" as she was known, came as a widow to Texas in 1824 from Louisiana and was one of the "Old Three Hundred" in Stephen F. Austin's colony. The term "Old Three Hundred" is used to indicate those settlers who came with Austin in the original group. They were the first Anglo settlers in Texas.

Mary White, daughter of William and Amelia, married William Whitlock on February 16, 1813 in St. Martinville, Louisiana. William Whitlock was born in either 1785 or 1786 in North Carolina and served in the War of 1812 in Louisiana.

Mary and William Whitlock apparently migrated to Texas sometime after Amelia. William Whitlock died in March, 1835 in Liberty County, Texas. Mary Whitlock is listed on the 1850 but not the 1860 Census of Liberty County, indicating that she died during that period. Their daughter, Elizabeth Whitlock, born March 4, 1819 in Louisiana, married Christopher Bryan in 1835 in Liberty County, Texas. They were the parents of Julia A. Rachal and the great-great grandparents of Robert Jules Hunter.

THE FISHERS

John and Anne Reynolds Fisher were the maternal great grandparents of Robert Jules Hunter. John Fisher was born about 1800 in either Switzerland or Germany, (Old census records indicate different dates of birth, ranging from 1795-1803, and different nations. Aunt Haydee says he was born in Switzerland and this confusion may result from territorial changes in Europe or from the fact that early census takers were often inaccurate, illiterate, or both.) I do not know when he immigrated to the United States, but his profession on census records is variously listed as "dyer" or "tailor." He was first married to someone named Ellen but had no children by her. (This is on the 1850 Census.) In 1854 he married Melissa Anne Reynolds, born in 1836 or 1837 in Humboldt, Grove County, Tennessee. (Again, confusion about dates. Aunt Haydee says her grandmother was born in 1830, but all census records indicate 1836 or 1837.) The family lived in Lexington, Kentucky for many years. There were five sons and one daughter, Melissa May, grandmother of Robert Jules Hunter. The youngest son, Ed, was born when John Fisher was seventy-nine years old. (No joke. It's on the 1880 Census.)

The Fisher's experiences during the Civil War are interesting. Kentucky was a slave state but remained in the Union when the eleven Confederate States seceded in 1861. The state became a battleground between Northern and Southern sympathizers. There was a great deal of guerilla warfare and mobs attacked those sympathetic to the wrong side. Aunt Haydee told me that one of her uncles (or great uncles?) was shot by Northerners because he was a Southern spy. Another uncle was a general in the Union Army.

Our grandmother, Adelina Hunter, was an unreconstructed Southerner, an attitude I'm sure she learned from her grandmother, Melissa Ann Fisher. During the Civil War the Fishers buried the family silver to keep the "Damn Yankees" from stealing it. Their house was ransacked by Union soldiers, but apparently they didn't find the silver. Our Aunt Bay has some of this silver that the Fishers hid from the Yankees.

John Fisher was about thirty years older than his wife, and when he died about 1880, she remarried. (John Fisher is buried in Lexington, Kentucky, and his grave is marked with a Masonic emblem.) Melissa Anne's new husband was named Thomas Smith. They moved to Fort Worth, Texas, and in 1891 to Portland, Texas where Thomas Smith had a blacksmith shop.

The area around Portland was a hunter's paradise in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. The railroad brought geese and duck hunters from all over the world. Melissa Anne, called "Mawsie" by her grandchildren opened a sportsman's club. The Smiths furnished the hunters with dogs, guides and wagons. Sometimes these hunters would fill a wagon with ducks and geese shot in one day's hunt on Nueces Bay. Aunt Haydee said that the guests included William Jennings Bryan and William Howard Taft. We once had a Springer Spaniel and Moms used to say that Pretty Girl resembled the dogs that her grandmother owned.

Melissa Anne Reynolds Fisher Smith died in Portland in 1909.

THE DeMOUCHES

Louis Peter Edward DeMouche was born September 27, 1854 in Brussels, Belgium of French parents. According to an article in the Victoria: Sesquicentennial Scrapbook, his father was a general in the French Army, and young Louis also joined the Army. He became a lieutenant and fought in Africa. According to the source, he was sent to Africa with a battalion of 500 men and only 50 returned. The article suggests that this was the reason he later left France and came to the United States. However, Moms once told me that her father came to the United States because when he was a young man, there had been a war in Europe and he had been forced to eat horses, mules, dogs, cats and rats. A good reason to emigrate! I have often wondered if this incident took place during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 when the Prussians surrounded Paris and starved the city into submission.

When Louis DeMouche left France he went to London and learned the cigar-making business. It was there that he began the study of music, finishing his studies in Leipsig and Rome. After he came to America, he joined the Boston Ideals and toured most of the larger cities in the country. Family tradition holds that he once sang in St. Peter's Cathedral in Rome and that he sang grand opera. I know that he was an admirer of the great Adelina Patti, for he named one of his daughters after her.

He married a young Kentucky lady, Melissa May Fisher, and moved to Fort Worth, Texas which probably caused culture shock for both of them. Louis had a cigar factory in Fort Worth, and it was there, in 1891, that our grandmother, Adelina Patti DeMouche was born.

In 1891 the DeMouches moved to Portland, Texas, where another cigar factory was established. In 1900 the DeMouches moved to Victoria where he was sales manager for the Hendersogn (actual spelling) and Company Cigar Factory. He was elected City Alderman in 1903.

I think he must have had quite a personality, much like that of Aunt Haydee, his youngest daughter. The article in the Victoria publication states that he was "a wonderful mixer and civic worker." From what I have heard, he must have loved parties and people and "shooting the bull." He was a frequenter of Fossati's Saloon in Victoria. Now this was not just a saloon like in western movies, but a delicatessen as well. The specialty of the house was oyster loaves, and apparently he ate lunch here frequently as it was just down the street from the cigar factory. He would also stop off on his way home in the afternoon. Fossati's is still an institution in Victoria. I have eaten lunch here a couple of times, and I'm sure it still looks much as it did around the turn of the century.

The DeMouches later moved to Trinidad, Colorado, and it was here that Louis DeMouche died about 1915 or 1916.

Melissa May Fisher DeMouche was born September 3, 1870, in Lexington, Kentucky, the daughter of John and Melissa Anne Reynolds Fisher. (The census date indicates that

she was born in 1868, but then "Granny" always was sensitive about her age.) She graduated from "Kentucky College for Young Women" in Peewee Valley, Kentucky in 1886 with a degree of Mistress of English and Polite Literature.

Melissa May Fisher married Louis DeMouche and they had three children: Louis Henry, Haydee, and our grandmother, Adelina Patti. Melissa May was known to her grandchildren as "Granny."

I can remember when she came to stay with our grandparents, Moms (Moms is the correct spelling) and Pop. She was a tiny little lady. She and Moms were about the same size. Moms had a 1949 Ford and she and Granny would go to church. In those days ladies wore hats everywhere. Mother would get so tickled when we met them coming down the street—all you could see were the tops of their hats in that old car.

Granny loved rich people and was always trying to figure an angle to get some of their money. My father was named after one of her rich friends. (Whoever heard of the name "Jules" in our family before?) Apparently Granny hoped that when her rich friend died, he would leave some money to his namesake. Although I am sure the friend has been dead many years, Robert Jules Hunter never inherited any money from him.

Granny loved parties and she also was a gambler. She played Bridge and Canasta, and all her grandchildren said that you really had to watch her because she cheated. She would always draw three cards in Canasta when she was supposed to draw two. Card playing was a vice inherited by her daughter Adelina Patti. Moms taught all of us to play cards as soon as we could count.

Granny died in 1952 while visiting in Hebbronville and is buried in Corpus Christi, Texas.

THE HUNTERS

Peter Creighton and Mary Rowena Henry Hunter were the paternal great grandparents of R.J. Hunter. Peter Creighton Hunter was born in 1820 in Maryland. He was a merchant in Natchez, Mississippi, and according to family tradition, owned an island in the Mississippi River where he sold wood to steamboats plying up and down the river. In the 1860 Census the value of his real estate was listed as \$1800 and his personal estate at \$6000, a fair amount for the time. In his household were his wife, Mary Rowena, age 30(?), John A. Russell, age 11, P.A. Hunter, age 2, James Hunter, 3 months, and Eliza C. Henry, age 64. I do not know who John A. Russell was; perhaps an apprentice or a servant. Apparently Eliza C. Henry was the mother of Mary Rowena Henry. Like her son-in-law she was born in Maryland. Perhaps the families knew each other before migrating to Mississippi. P.A. Hunter was the grandfather of Robert Jules Hunter. I did not know that he had a brother— James Hunter who was two years younger. James Hunter either remained in Mississippi or died at an early age because no one in the family has ever mentioned him.

I do not know the date of death for Peter Creighton Hunter. According to family tradition, however, he died at a young age and his widow remarried. His older son, Peter Armat (P.A.) Hunter disliked his stepfather and so he ran away to Texas when he was about fourteen years old.

Mary Rowena Hunter was born December 12, 1827 in Mississippi. She married Peter Creighton Hunter on June 6, 1851. Even if the family story about her remarriage is true, she did come to Texas later and lived with her son P.A. Hunter at White Point, dying there on November 12, 1898. She is buried in the White Point Cemetery.

Peter Armat Hunter was born February 19, 1859 at Natchez, Mississippi. Following his father's death, he ran away to Texas. Family stories say that he landed at Rockport, Texas which at that time was a great shipping center for hides. He was befriended by Mr. S.G. Borden who took in this young man and educated him. P.A. Hunter worked for Mr. Borden and it was apparently through him that he met his future father-in-law, D.C. Rachal of White Point. D.C. Rachal and S.G. Borden were partners in several business ventures.

On September 18, 1884 P.A. Hunter married Florence Emma Rachal, daughter of D.C. and Julia Bryan Rachal. Florence was born September 8, 1866 at Liberty, Texas and came to White Point with her parents as an infant. She attended school in Old San Patricio at Saint Joseph's Convent. According to her grandchildren, she inherited her mother Julia's temperament. She is always described as being calm and easy-going, and nothing seemed to upset her. P.A. and Florence Hunter had eight children: Julia, Darius Crayton, Mai Francis, nicknamed "Bootie", Florence, always called "Flarrie", Percy, Wilda, Anais and Lloyd.

P.A. and Florence Hunter were known to their grandchildren as "Big Daddy" and "Mama Nannie." Mama Nannie was a closet smoker. When she was first married, Big Daddy had hurt his arm and she lit his cigars for him. She got addicted but always hid when she smoked.

One of the most interesting stories about P. A. Hunter is found in Rachel Bluntzer Hebert's book The Forgotten Colony which is about the old Irish land grant colony of San Patricio. In 1880 San Patricio County was without a sheriff. Sheriff Hubert Timon had been shot in the leg by Andrew Hart whom Timon had gone to arrest. Hart took Timon into San Patricio and Dr. Arthur Spohn of Corpus Christi was sent for. It took the doctor two days to arrive and by that time, gangrene had set in. Dr. Spohn amputated Timon's leg, but it was too late. The sheriff died within a few days. Now the County had a problem. They had a murder on their hands and no sheriff. The County Commissioners met in a special session to appoint a sheriff. They appointed P.A. Hunter. (I wonder if anyone else wanted the job?)

Apparently Sheriff Hunter was able to arrest Hart without problems at the Hart home. He loaded the prisoner into his one-seat buggy and drove into town to the jail. The sheriff

knew that the townspeople were furious about the killing and when he arrived in town, he armed the prisoner so that he could protect himself in case he was attacked. The townspeople, however, had no desire to take on the new sheriff and his prisoner. They simply watched as Sheriff Hunter and Hart entered the jail and made no move to stop them. (This sounds like something out of a wild west movie-- brave sheriff protects prisoner from lynch mob.) P.A. Hunter was only sheriff during the year 1880. I think perhaps that he only took on this job because no one else would do it. It was not his last role as public servant, however. He also served for many years (c. 1912-1919) as County Judge of San Patricio County.

The Hunters lived at Sinton for several years, but they also lived on the ranch at White Point where P.A. Hunter managed the ranch for his father-in-law, at least until D.C. Rachal died in 1918. The ranch was divided among D.C. Rachal's children, but his eldest son Chrys was appointed executor of the estate and ranch management was left in Chrys's hands. The Chrys Rachals then occupied the old ranch home until his death in 1942.

Big Daddy liked to have a little toddy (whiskey, water and sugar.) He had one about 10:30 in the morning and another one about 5:30 in the afternoon. He would sit in his big Morris chair to sip his toddy, and the grandchildren loved to eat the sugar from the bottom of the glass. Big Daddy had a hard time getting his toddies when his daughter, Flarrie, impressed by Carrie Nation, went on a crusade to stop drinking at the ranch.

At the time of his death on May 27, 1928, P.A. and Florence Hunter were living in Corpus Christi. P.A. Hunter was buried in Corpus rather than at White Point. Florence Rachal Hunter died in Corpus Christi on January 10, 1947 and is buried beside her husband. Like the Rachals, the Hunters were a close-knit family, and the ties between their children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren endure today.

Darius Crayton Hunter, born August 17, 1887 at White Point, Texas, was the son of Peter Armat and Florence Rachal Hunter. He was the father of Robert Jules Hunter and was my grandfather. We called him "Pop." Pop grew up at White Point because his father was managing the ranch at that time. I believe he went to school at the ranch part of the time, but when he was about high school age, he attended the "Bayside Academy" at Portland, Texas He also attended Texas A&M University, but I do not believe he ever graduated. When we were staying with them and had homework, he always claimed that he was a real whiz at math and could help us. He may have been a whiz at math, but he didn't do it the way our teacher told us to do it!

He also claimed to be a great sailor, having sailed from White Point across Nueces Bay to Corpus Christi as a youth. So far as I know, no one ever took him up on his offer to rent a sailboat in Corpus Christi and take us all sailing.

Pop was a great story teller and most of his stories concerned growing up at White Point. On one occasion the Mexican people who lived at White Point and were very superstitious, became convinced that the devil was coming. They boarded up their houses and refused to come out. Pop was a boy at the time and was great friends with his

uncle "Dick" Rachal. They decided they didn't believe in the devil and so they went out for a horseback ride. As they were riding up a long hill they saw something strange top the hill and move toward them. It had four legs and things sticking out all over it. The Devil himself! Pop and Uncle Dick turned their horses and ran for home as fast as they could go. Pop's new hat blew off but they were too scared to stop and look for it. Later they went back, but they never found the hat. Pop decided the devil got his hat. (He later told us that he thought "the devil" was a Mexican's donkey loaded down with firewood, but since they were looking for the devil, they found him.)

On another occasion the Hunters were living down the road from the big house at White Point. The children loved to walk down the road to visit their grandparents, the Rachals. When walking home at night, however, they had to pass the ranch cemetery. One night Pop and his oldest sister, Julia, decided to scare the younger children. They stole some sheets and went to the cemetery to wait for their younger brothers and sisters to pass by. When they did, Pop and Aunt Julia jumped out from behind a tombstone screaming "Boo!" Of course, the little ones were terrified and ran home to tell their parents they had seen a ghost at the cemetery. I have often wondered what happened to Pop and Aunt Julia when they got home.

Pop used to tell about riding horseback from White Point to San Diego (it must be fifty or sixty miles across country) on Saturday night to go to dances. He would dance all night, then ride home to White Point on Sunday. But one of my favorite stories was about the dances at Old San Patricio, an Irish settlement on the banks of the Nueces River. Everyone in South Texas went and the dances lasted all night. Pummie Tyman was a superstitious Irishman who drank too much at the dance and had bad luck on his way home. He was always accosted by two headless women when he crossed the river in his buggy.

Once Pop served as a bodyguard for President Taft. Taft, a Republican, served as President from 1909-1913. He was a very large man, weighting over 300 pounds. He was so fat a new bathtub had to be installed in the White House to accommodate him. His brother established the famous Taft Ranch in South Texas and the city of Taft was named for him. President Taft came to Corpus Christi sometimes during his Presidency to visit the ranch, and a number of young men from neighboring ranches were recruited to serve as bodyguards, Pop among them. Pop had been serving as a bodyguard while the President was in Corpus Christi, but missed the Presidential train when it left the city bound for Sinton. He walked across the railroad trestle to Portland, found a horse, and caught up with the Presidential party.

On August 26, 1908 D.C. Hunter married Adelina Patti DeMouche, daughter of Louis Peter and Mai Fisher DeMouche. The DeMouches lived in Portland for awhile and this is apparently where the couple met. D.C. would come courting on horseback instead of in a buggy. Adelina's grandmother was horrified when the young lady rode "astraddle" behind D.C. That just wasn't done in the days when young women still rode sidesaddle.

The couple had four children. Florence May ("Bay"), D.C., Jr. (who died as a child), Laurie DeMouche, Robert Jules, and Louis Pete.

Pop apparently held a number of jobs but the one that fascinated me the most was that of "tick inspector" for the federal government. The government was trying to wipe out Texas tick fever and Pop's job was to go around to ranches, inspect the cattle for ticks, and dip them if necessary to make sure the cattle were free of ticks before they were shipped. He worked on many of the big South Texas ranches and one of the Klebergs of the King Ranch gave him a handmade quirt which Pop kept on the whatnot. He told us that sometimes they would ride horses to death trying to get wild cattle out of the brush. Pop was missing several fingers from roping wild cows. He had gotten his fingers caught between the rope and the saddle horn and damaged them so badly they had to be amputated.

Later in his life Pop owned a slaughter house, and believe it or not, one of our (the grandchildren) favorite past times was to go to the slaughterhouse and watch the men kill and butcher the cows. Pop always had several ranches leased for his cattle and horses. "The Ranchito" belonged to Pop and his sons, Laurie and Bobby. It was one of our favorite places to go since it had a small house with a fireplace.

Pop was the finest horseman I have ever known. He always told the grandchildren who had trouble with a balky horse to "show 'em who's boss." There was never any doubt in anyone's mind, including the horse's, who was the boss when Pop was around. I don't think his horses were afraid of him: they just had a good healthy respect for him. Once he was leading his grandson Johnny around on a horse named Texas. For some reason, Texas decided to kick at Pop. Pop just turned around and gave Texas a good swift kick in the stomach. I'll bet Texas never kicked anybody again.

In temperament, D.C. Hunter was a carbon copy of his grandfather, D.C. Rachal. He had a very hot temper and when he was working cattle his cussing would turn the air blue for miles around. Bobbe Joy, our cousin, Sam McBee, and I used to be his cowboys along with old Jose (Ybanez) and "Kesus" (Jesus Ybanez). Pop would put any child on any horse around and I dreaded to be told that a certain horse was "as gentle as a dog." This usually meant that Bobbe or I was being put on a half-broken colt that had been ridden perhaps three times, didn't know about reining to the right or left, and had never seen a dog, a piece of paper, or an automobile. We generally ended up flat of our backs in a prickly pear or in a runaway, often right down the middle of a highway. (Pop didn't use trucks to move his cattle. He still believed in moving cattle from one ranch to another by driving them right down the middle of the highway.) But let Pop ride that colt and it was "gentle as a dog."

Mom and Pop were the best grandparents in the world. Every Saturday morning during the school year (or so it seems now), they would pick us up and take us to their house. We spent Saturday morning riding the horses. In the summer we spent the afternoon in a small pool Mom and Pop had built to water the pecan trees. Saturday night was movie night every week of the year. Mom and Pop always took Bobbe Joy, Sam, and me to the

C.O.D. Cafe to eat. Then we went to the picture show to see a double feature. There was always a western on; otherwise Pop wouldn't have gone. We saw many a Roy Rogers, Gene Autry, Rex Allen, John Wayne and Randolph Scott movies. Pop always talked out loud at the movies; we could hear him criticizing or remarking on things all over the theatre.

Adalina Patti DeMouche Hunter was born November 3, 1891 in Fort Worth, Texas. We all called her "Moms". She lived in Victoria as a child and also in Portland. She loved to travel and was always after Pop to take her somewhere. She always wanted to go to Lexington, Kentucky to see the Kentucky Derby. I think one reason she wanted to go was because Lexington had been the home of her grandparents, John and Melissa Ann Fisher. But I also think she wanted to go because she thought she could win some money. Moms was the most optimistic person I ever knew. She always thought that someday she would "strike it rich."

Moms belonged to the Episcopal Church and was very religious. Every year she made Christmas stockings and Easter baskets to sell to raise money for the church in Hebronville. One Christmas she decided not to make stockings. That night she dreamed she died and went to Heaven. When she met St. Peter at the gate, he questioned her about her church activities. She told him she made stockings and Easter baskets every year, but St. Peter said, "You didn't make Christmas stockings this year and you can't come in!" Moms awoke with a start and needless to say, she made Christmas stockings that year. When I say Moms was very religious, I don't mean in a "holier than thou" way. She just thought she had a direct pipeline to God and could talk to Him any time about her problems.

In the Hunter house, Pop was the boss and no one questioned him. But I heard Moms talk back to Pop one time. He always had "a little drinky" in the afternoon and sometimes he was joined by some of his hard-drinking compadres. One afternoon Pop and Barney Sheeran were sitting in the bedroom, where it was cool, enjoying their "little drinky." Pop decided he wanted to show Barney a pair of spurs which were up in the attic. To get to the attic required standing on a chair in the hall and lifting up a trap door. Moms was really short, probably not much over five feet tall, and this was quite a chore for her. (Incidentally Pop was a really big man. I would guess that he was about six feet two inches tall.) Pop told Moms to go get the spurs down so he could show them to Barney. Moms didn't say a word, just turned and started down the hall. But as she passed me in the hall, I heard her muttering under her breath so Pop would not hear her, "Go get them yourself, damn it."

Moms' favorite holiday was Christmas. She was just like a little kid. She would be busy for weeks, gathering pecans and shelling them, making candy and tamales and chili. She was the world's greatest candy maker. Her fudge was delicious, and she made the best pralines I have ever eaten. She once gave me the recipe for pralines, and I have tried to make them but they never came out right.

On Christmas Eve everybody went to Moms. Eggnog was usually served and she made it to warm your throat and stomach. After supper we all trooped down to the Episcopal Church for midnight services. We filled one whole side of the little church. I'm not sure the following incident happened at Christmas, but I remember going to church with Mom and Pop one time when Pop forgot to check his wallet. When the collection plate was passed, he pulled out his billfold. Then he said in his usual loud voice (he didn't know how to whisper), "Oh Hell! All I've got is a twenty dollar bill. I guess I'll have to give them that!" And he did.

After midnight church everyone went home so that Santa Claus could come. On Christmas morning we returned to Moms and Pop's for Christmas dinner, more presents and visiting. This was a childhood ritual.

I guess the Christmas none of us will ever forget was the Christmas Pop died in 1966. All the family had gathered at his house for the usual Christmas Eve festivities. Late that afternoon he became ill. Bobby, Thelma, Laurie, Dorothy and Moms took him by car to Corpus Christi to Spohn Hospital. As the nurses were taking him to the operating room, Pop told the family, "Tell those kids to put that turkey in the oven so it will be ready tomorrow." He died early Christmas morning at the hospital. He was brought home that afternoon to a house ready for Christmas.

Moms was ready to go after Pop died. I think she talked to Pop every night. She once told me that she was sleeping on the living room couch when she felt that someone was standing nearby. She looked up and saw Pop. She truly believed that he stayed in the house with her until she died.

Moms had given instructions to Dr. Reagan in Beeville that she wanted no extraordinary measures taken to save her life when it was time for her to die. She made sure that all her children knew that when she became ill, she was to be taken to Beeville. (Moms never did trust doctors anyway, and claimed that she had never had a shot in her life.) When she became ill at her home in Hebronville, her daughter Florence May took her to Beeville. Her children gathered and talked to Dr. Reagan. He told them that Moms had given him his instructions—the identical ones that she had given them. No extraordinary measures were taken and she passed away on November ??, 1971. She and Pop are buried in Greenhill Cemetery in Hebronville, Texas, their home for forty years.

Robert Jules Hunter, born December 23, 1915 at Taft, Texas, was, the son of D.C. and Adelina DeMouche Hunter. When he was, a child, the family lived in Portland in what was called the "Club House." This house was on the bay and Bobby and his brother, Laurie, spent a lot of time fishing and swimming. They were companions of an old Negro man they called "Uncle Dick." He used to tell the boys that turtles came out of the water at night and laid jack knives in the sand on the beach. He also told them about a time when he had been hired to cook a big dinner for some prominent men in the area. He was supposed, to make turkey and dressing, and the night before he cooked the turkey, he hung it up in a tree in the moonlight. The next day when he served the turkey, it was spoiled. The men were so mad they made him eat every bite of the turkey. The poor old

man became dreadfully ill, and the moral of the story he told was this: "Don't never hang a turkey in the moonlight."

The Hunter family moved around quite a bit since D.C. Hunter worked for the federal government. They lived in Del Rio for a while and eventually moved to Hebbronville, Texas which became their permanent home. Bobby grew up during the great depression of the 1930's and he always had some sort of a job. He worked on a Coca Cola truck, delivering soft drinks to small settlements around Hebbronville. He also worked for his brother, Laurie, in a service station Laurie owned in Hebbronville. The brothers eventually became partners in a number of businesses, styling themselves "Hunter Brothers." They owned several ranches and were in the cattle business. They also owned Hunter Butane Sales which had offices in Hebbronville, Freer, and Beeville. Bobby and Laurie were as close as I think it is possible for two brothers to be. Today they are still partners in a number of enterprises. When we were growing up, Daddy always took time to play with us. There was always a gang of kids at our house, and in the afternoon, when he got home from work, we would have a softball game. He also took us hunting and fishing with him, even though we were girls! We had a house on the lake at Zanata, and as we grow older, Mother and Daddy would take a bunch of us teenagers to Zapata and spend the weekend, entertaining and feeding us, and taking us water skiing. When I think about that now, I realize that they sure were brave.

Mother and Daddy always wanted to live on a ranch, and after Hunter Brothers bought the ranch in Alice, Mother and Daddy moved there. Daddy is still in the cattle business, having decided farming wasn't for him, and he is also still in the oil business.

Mother and Daddy are called "Big Daddy" and "Mama Telmo" by their grandchildren. If given a choice, I believe all the grandchildren would abandon their parents and move to the ranch!

BURIED IN THE WHITE POINT CEMETERY:

Died in the Yellow Fever epidemic of 1867, graves now lost
Edward White, his wife Aspacia White, and their son. Frank White

Darius Cyriaque Rachal
b. January 23, 1841
d. August 27, 1918

Julia A. Bryan Rachal, wife of D.C. Rachal
b. November 1, 1845
d. April 17, 1911

Elizabeth Whitlock Bryan, mother of Julia Rachal
b. March 4, 1819
d. April, 1892

Anais Compere Rachal, mother of D.C. Rachal
d. July 20, 1886, age 65

Frank S. Rachal, eldest son of D.C. Rachal
b. November 29, 1868
d. March 30, 1923

Anna C. Rachal, wife of Frank S. Rachal
b. January 3, 1867
d. April 16, 1918

Robert Whitlock, Uncle of Julia Rachal
b. 1811
d. 1895

Janie A. Bryan, Sister of Julia Rachal
d. Nov. 16, 1883, Age 28 years, 10 months, 8 days

Octavia B. Bryan Stoval, Sister of Julia Rachal
b. July 29, 1836
d. December 25, 1901

Nancy V. Bryan Lewis, Sister of Julia Rachal
b. 1848
d. 1902

Ida Kaleta Rachal
d. Nov. 28, 1877
Age 28 days

Eddie Rachal (twin of Chrys)
d. March 9, 1873
Age 17 days

Note: Ida and Eddie were infant children of D.C. and Julia Rachal

Mary Rowena Henry Hunter, Mother of P.A. Hunter

Note: P.A. Hunter was a son-in-law of D.C. Rachal – married to
Florence Rachal

b. December 12, 1827

d. November 12, 1898

D.C. Hunter, Jr., Son of D.C. and Adelina Patti Hunter

Note: D.C. Hunter was the son of P.A. and Florence Hunter. Therefore
D.C. Hunter was the greatgrandson off D.C. Rachal

b. December 15, 1910

d. May 5, 1911

William "Dick" Rachal, Son of D.C. and Julia Rachal

b. Sept., 1885

d. October 29, 1929

Melquiades Martinez

Aqui duerme en sueno eterno

los restos del senor Melquiades

Martinez que fayecio el dia 10

de Abril de la edad de 68 anos .

Su esposa y su familia dedican este requerdo .

Que descanse en paz.

Victoriano Hinajosa

b. March 5, 1890

d. December 7, 1947

Manuel Pinon

Private in U.S. Marine Corps in World War II

b. Nov. .28, 1923

d. June 3, 1951

Matilda Bell

b. November 28, 1920

d. 1951

Guadalupe

b. December 12 , 1888

d. March 14, 1943

Petra Blanco

b. June 29, 1860

d. Feb. 25, 1938

Senora Angela Davila

Margarito Yanas

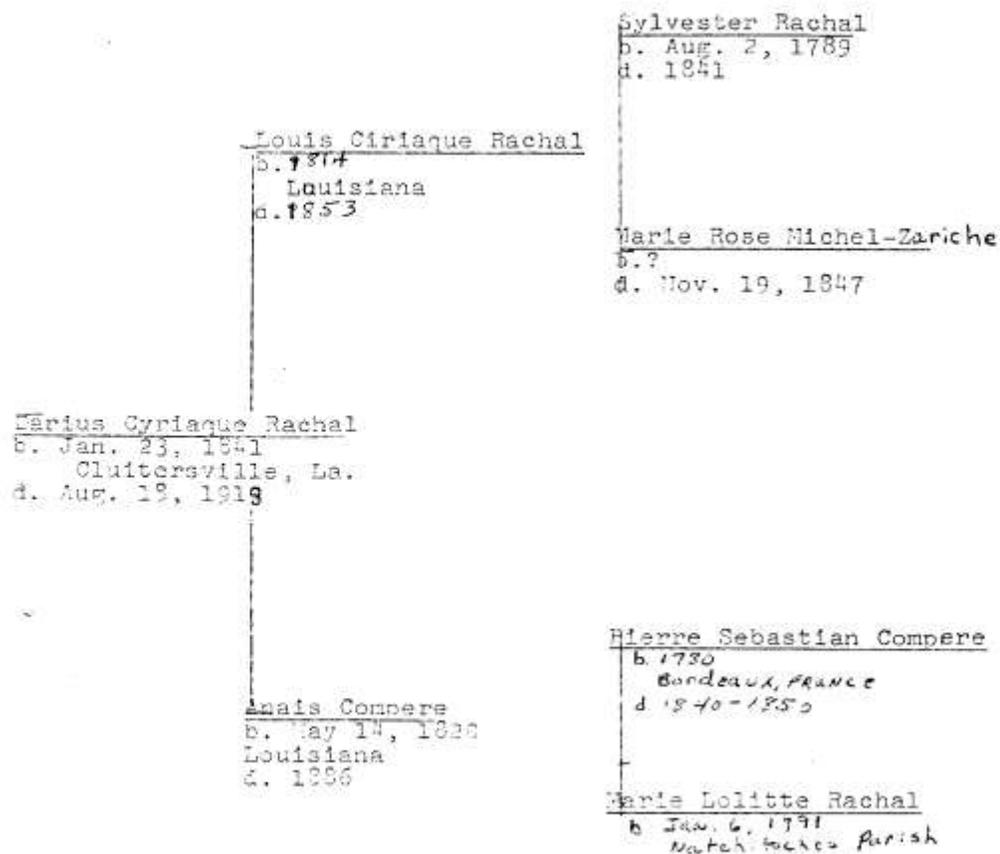
Faustina

b. Sept. 25, 1907

d. Dec. 10, 1915

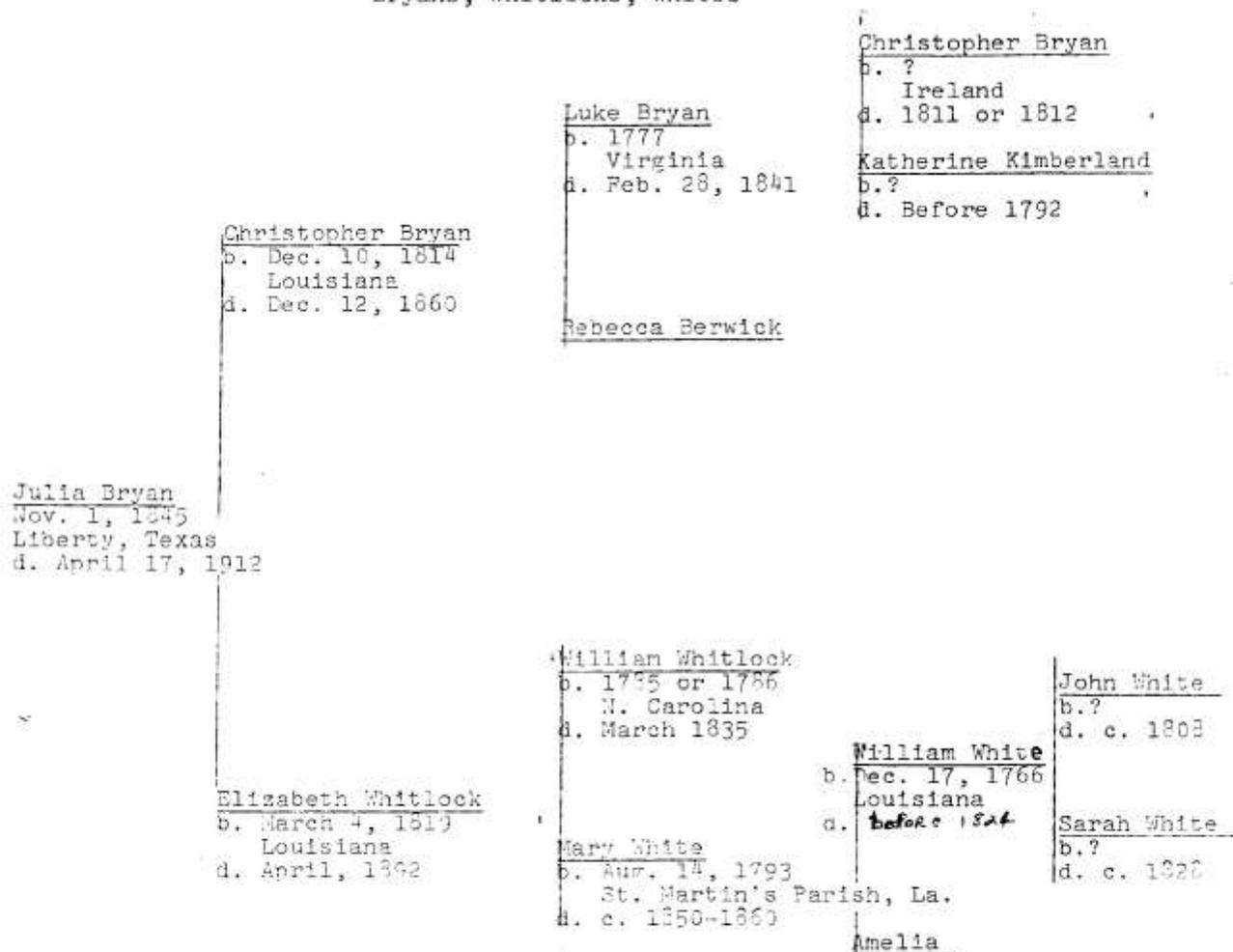
There are ten other graves which have markers but no inscriptions.

Family Tree of Robert Jules Hunter (cont.)
The Rachals



I have a chart tracing the families of Louis Cyrilaque Rachal and Anais Compere back to France in the 1600's. If anyone wants a copy, I will have it made for them. Suffice it to say that we are descended from a long line of Frenchmen.

Family Tree of Robert Jules Hunter (cont.)
 Bryans, Whitlocks, Whites



Family Tree of Robert Jules Hunter

