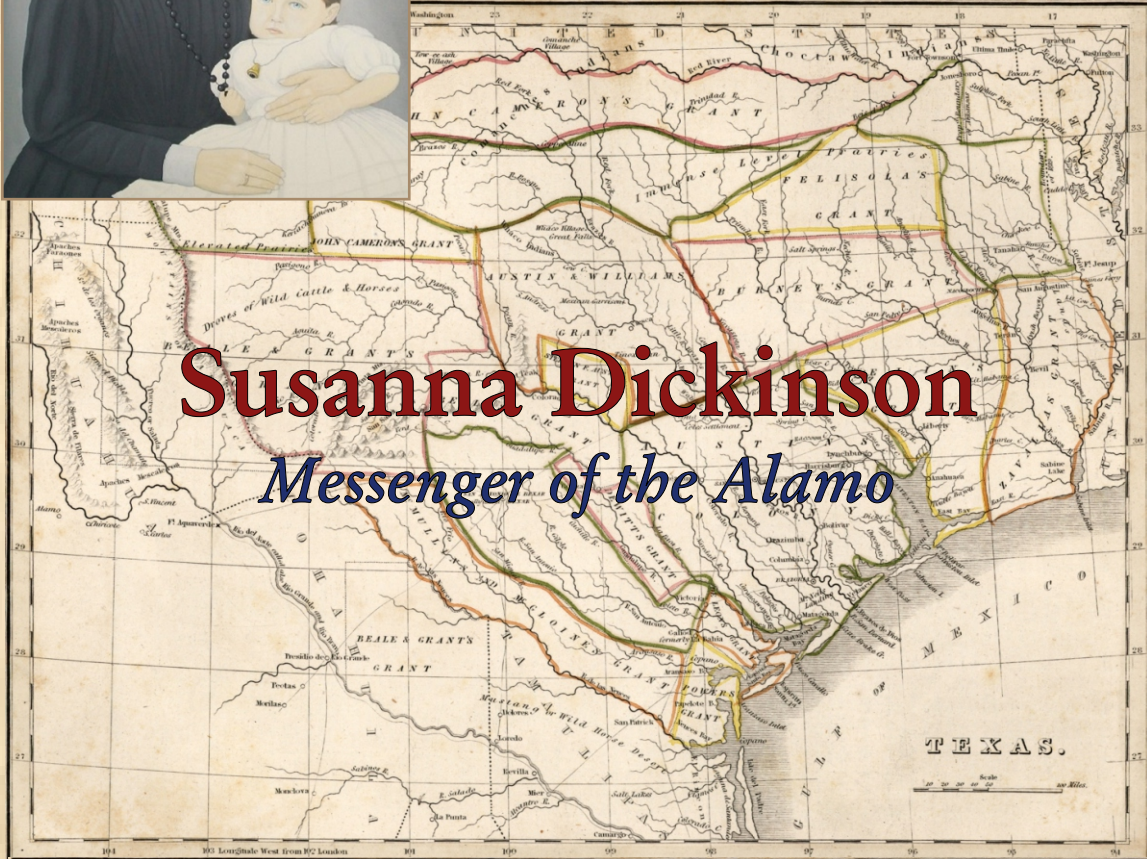




SONGS OF *Susanna*



Susanna Dickinson *Messenger of the Alamo*

CD 1701

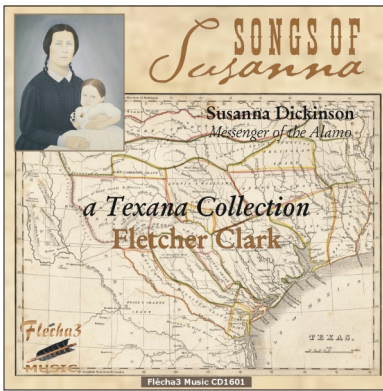
Songs from Fletcher Clark



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About the Songs

Songs of Susanna began with my epic ballad, *There Must Be a Good Man in Texas* – a panoramic tale in four chapters of the colorful life of the great Texas heroine Susanna Dickinson, *Messenger of the Alamo*. First composed for the 2014 celebration of her 200th birthday for the Susanna Dickinson Museum in Austin, here its four chapters are presented as separate songs. **Chapter 1** follows Sue’s early life of coming to Texas with her husband Almeron Dickinson, through his death at the Fall of the Alamo, and then through the Texian victory at San Jacinto. In **Chapter 2**, Susanna - penniless, illiterate, and unskilled - embarks on a search for a stable partner and husband in the new town of Houston. She finds him, but finally Sue must divorce her cruel and abusive second husband. In **Chapter 3**, Susanna finds husband number three, then loses him to alcohol. Later, even after “coming to the Lord” in Houston, husband number four forces Sue to leave him for Lockhart, where she would finally settle Almeron’s estate and establish a good business for herself. In **Chapter 4**, Susanna marries her fifth and lasting husband Joseph Hannig. Her daughter Angelina would abandon her family, so two of the grandchildren came to Sue. Their move to Austin brought prosperity and propriety for the later years of this great Texas heroine, buried there at Oakwood Cemetery.

Battle of Gonzales was written for the October 2, 2015 dedication of the First Shot Monument in Cost, Texas. I presented this song, joined by the Shakespeare Ninjas youth troupe from the Gonzales Crystal Theatre. We recurrently present programs of dramatized excerpts from Songs of Susanna and my songs.

Immortal Thirty-Two was written for the February 28, 2015 re-dedication ceremonies of the commemorative plaque at the Gonzales Memorial Museum for the fallen heroes of the Gonzales Mounted Ranging Company (Immortal 32). Sons of the Republic of Texas and Retired Texas Rangers oversaw the ceremony which included Roll Call, Taps, and Cannon Salute, culminating with my song.

Burn Gonzales was most recently written in 2017. As Houston sought to gather an army in Gonzales, word came that the Alamo had fallen and that Santa Anna had called for Texian capitulation. General Sam ordered the town abandoned and put to the torch, depriving the despot of any replenishing stores for his under-supplied forces.

Runaway Scrape was written in 2015. News of Santa Anna’s cruel ravishing of insurgents in Zacatecas spread throughout the land. He sent an open letter to Texians – and Americans in New Orleans – of his intent to regard all insurgents as pirates, and according the Tornel Decree, subject to immediate execution. Thus began the flight toward the imagined safety beyond the U.S. border, the ‘Sabine Shoot’. This dramatic tale is the subject of another program I regularly present with my colleague author/historian Donaly Brice to history groups.

Brother, Dear Brother (2015), also part of our Runaway Scrape program, depicts the pathos of the families left behind – wives, mothers, children, sisters, old folks – while Texas men went off to what for many would be certain death. Someday, someone will tell thoroughly the many heroic episodes of the horde of Texians who constituted the Runaway Scrape – not as a matter of history, but as a matter of human drama.

San Jacinto was also recently written in 2017. As the Texians took the field against Santa Anna at San Jacinto, it is said they were led into battle by a drummer and a fifer – the only musicians in the company. The only tune the fifer knew was the old folk song, ‘Will You Come to the Bower’. My song is based on that Irish ditty.

Texas Rangers was presented on Memorial Day, May 27, 2013, for a Texas Memorial Cross Ceremony honoring Ranger James Maddox Bell (1865-1897), held at the Stockdale Cemetery, presented by the Former Texas Rangers Foundation. My friend Pat Parsons had asked me to prepare a song for this graveside dedication for her great-grand-uncle. I adapted this traditional folk song, enriching the lyrics and composing a fresh musical setting.

Ride My Billy Horse was written for the May 9, 2015 dedication of an Official Texas Historical Marker on site of the ranch of William B. “Bill” Fleming, though the efforts of the Gonzales County Historical Commission. Located on highway TX80 just south of its crossing of the Guadalupe River, Fleming is remembered as the father of the breed of ‘Billy’ quarter horses, which figured prominently in the emerging ranch and cattle life of Texas. The property has been owned for sometime by the family of my friend, naturalist Howie Richey, who me asked to write and perform a song for the occasion.



Susanna Dickinson Narrative

Susanna Dickinson earned her prominent place in Texas History as *Messenger of the Alamo*. She and her daughter Angelina, *Babe of the Alamo*, were the sole Anglo survivors of the fall of the Alamo, dispatched by Santa Anna to convey his message to General Sam Houston that Texian defeat was inevitable. Geographically, Susanna's path traversed from Tennessee to Gonzales to San Antonio to Houston to Lockhart to Austin.

Susanna had emigrated to Texas from Tennessee with her young husband Almeron Dickinson as among the earliest settlers in the Green DeWitt Colony. They took up residence in the new town of Gonzales, though their league of land (roughly 4,428 acres) deeded by the empresário was located in what is now Caldwell County, bordered on the west by the San Marcos River somewhat south of the old Camino de Real connecting Nacogdoches with San Antonio. Among the earliest landowners, this league was in addition to the several lots the couple acquired for living and working in Gonzales.

Following the fall of the Alamo in 1836, the young widow sought in vain to build a new life for herself and her daughter in the emerging town of Houston, then a sewer of vice and degradation, offering her cooking and her companionship as the only assets of an illiterate and otherwise unskilled woman. Following an initial relationship with a cruel exploiter (and her early tenure in the establishment of Pamela Mann), she was married to three men there. She divorced the first as a drunken brute who beat her to barrenness. The second died of alcoholism and depression as his fortunes in Houston were undermined by the Capitol having been relocated to Austin. She fled the third in 1855 to relocate to Lockhart and begin anew. Once there, she acquired new properties in 1856 and opened a boarding house, the only true trade she knew. A local blacksmith, Frank Hannig, was particularly partial to Susanna's cooking. (She eventually sold some of her properties to Frank.) Her fourth husband's action in Harris County for divorce by reason of her alleged illicit conduct went uncontested by Susanna, and in June of 1857, she was at least - and at last - free of him. Frank introduced her to his younger brother Joseph, a cabinet maker, and they were wed in December. Though almost twice Joseph's age, the combination of her alluring maturity and financial stability must have been attractive to the young German immigrant. Not long after the marriage, two of Susanna's abandoned grandchildren came to live with them, and they made plans to divest themselves of their Lockhart properties and relocate to Austin.

Once there, Joseph became very successful in the furniture business to which Susanna had staked him and ultimately became a civic pillar of the community. Susanna became a focus of Austin society, given her husband's prosperity and her eternal place in Texas History. She died in 1883 at age 68, and is buried in Oakwood Cemetery in Austin. Although Joseph Hannig remarried and moved to San Antonio, when he died in 1890 it was his wish that he be buried beside Susanna. In 1949, due to efforts initiated by E. A. Masur of Lockhart, a nephew of Hannig, the State of Texas unveiled a slab of white marble covering their Oakwood grave. In 1976, a granite marker commemorating Susanna's life was dedicated in the Texas State Cemetery. In 2003, the fine 1869 home of Joseph and Susanna Dickinson Hannig was saved and deeded to the City of Austin. Originally located on Pine Street in Austin, it was moved to its current location at 411 E. Fifth, restored to be situated next to and companion to the O. Henry Museum, and opened itself as a museum on Texas Independence Day, March 2, 2010. Operated by the City of Austin, it is supported by the Friends of the O. Henry and the Susanna Dickinson & Joseph Hannig Museums.

Songs of Susanna: 1

Chapter One

Fletcher Clark

Easily ♩ = 176

1. She came with a Good Man to Tex-as. This man was ten-der and
kind. Bold-ly they sought a new fu-ture, leav-ing their fam-'lies be-
hind. This Good Man and Wife came to Tex-as, whence they would
no long-er roam. This Good Man and Wife came to Tex-as,
where they would build a new home.
1a: Su-san-na, a Wilk-er-son daugh-ter, a
sweet girl from old Ten-nes-see. At fif-teen she loved a young Cap-tain,
dash-ing and hand-some was he. So Al-mer-on Dick-in-son
wooed her, and al-though her dear sis-ter's beau, on his wed-ding day, he
swept Sue a-way, and soon off to Tex-as they'd go. 1b: First ov-er-land

west to new Mem-phs, then down to New Or-leans to sail, to land at the
mouth of the Braz-os, fol-low-ing Green De - Witt's trail. And
there where the blue Gua-da - lu-pe and Ri - o San Mar-cos both run, they
laid down their stake, a new life to make, and with their new daugh-ter seemed done.
2a: The life in Gon - za - les was try-ing, de - fend-ing from In - di - an harms.
Good cit - i - zens all had put out the call for can-non to streng-then their arms.
But then came the Mex-i - can sol-diers to strip them of their trea-sured
pride. The Old Eigh-teen stood, they stood for the good, and so, "Come and
Take It!," they cried! 2b: Just eight-teen op - pos-ing two hun-dred, though
foe had no hun-ger for fight. One shot from the gun, the bat-tle was done, and
war had be - gun by that night. Brave Al-mer-on car-ried that can-non, to
join in the Seige of Bexar. To San An-ton - io, and then Al - a - mo and

Trav-is - 's gar-ri-son there. 3a: He'd left Sue be - hind un-pro - tect-ed, with
sweet An-ge - lin - a a - lone. Ma-raud-ers were loot-ing Gon - zal-es;
Al-mer-on hur-ried back home. They fled to the fam-'ly of Mus-quiz, Free
Ma-sons in old San An - tone. The scout-ing re - port sent all to the fort, and
soon San-ta An-na had shown. 3b: You all know the stor-ies of val-or and
brav-'ry at old Al - a - mo. This small band of men stood de - fi-ant.
None would be spared from the woe. They brought Sue be - fore San-ta An-na,
at Babe of the Al - a-mo's side. Their lives he would spare, his mes-sage to
bear, that Hou-son must yield to the tide 4a: Once off on the road to Gon - zal-es,
a scout troop of Tex-ians rode by. They lis - tened with pride of
men who had died, then led Sue, her mes-sage to ply. Sam Hou-son was
bound past the Braz-os, hell-bent for the Run-a-way Scrape. San-t'An-na had

thought the fight had been fought, and all that was left was es - cape. 4b: They'd

caught the proud gen-'ral a - nap-ping, though cow-ard-ly he skulked a - way.

Sam gave him his life, and spared him the knife, and Tex-as was born on that day.

Yet when all the blood-lust had set-tled, this wid-ow stood lost with her

child, with no rel - a - tive and no way to live, so lost in the woods and the

wild. 2. Su - san-na gave her man for Tex-as. She made that great sac - ri -

fice. With all the fine sons of Gon - zal-es, he'd paid the ul - ti-mate

price. While some re-turned to dev-a - sta - tion, Sue went to find a new

life. She sought a new Good Man in Tex - as, one who de -

served a good wife. There must be a Good Man in Tex-as.

one who de - serves a Good Wife.

Fine

The musical score is written on ten staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It includes various chords such as F, Dm, Gm, C7, A7, Bb, Bdim, D7, and G7. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some lines starting with a measure rest. The piece concludes with a 'Fine' marking.

SONGS OF SUSANNA: Chapter 1

Fletcher Clark, January 22, 2014

Sue came with a Good Man to Texas. This man was tender and kind.
Boldly they sought a new future, leaving their fam'lies behind.
So Almeron brought Sue to Texas, whence they would no longer roam.
This Good Man and Wife came to Texas where they would build a new home.

Susanna, a Wilkerson daughter, a sweet girl from old Tennessee.
At fifteen, she loved a young Captain - dashing and handsome was he.
So Almeron Dickinson wooed her, and although her dear sister's beau,
On his wedding day, he swept Sue away,
and soon off to Texas they'd go.

First overland west to New Memphis, then down to New Orleans to sail;
To land at the mouth of the Brazos, following Green DeWitt's trail.
And there where the blue Guadalupe and Rio San Marcos both run,
They laid down their stake, a new life to make,
and with their new daughter seemed done.

Their life in Gonzales was trying, defending against Indian harms.
Good citizens all had put out the call for cannon to strengthen their arms.
But then came the Mexican soldiers to strip them of their treasured pride.
The Old Eighteen stood, they stood for the good,
and so "Come and Take It!," they cried!

Just eighteen opposing two hundred, though foe had no hunger for fight.
One shot from the gun, the battle was done, and war had begun by that night.
Brave Almeron carried that cannon to join in the Seige of Bexar.
To San Antonio and then Alamo
and Travis's garrison there.

He'd left Sue behind unprotected, with sweet Angelina alone.
Marauders were looting Gonzales; Almeron hurried back home.
They fled to the family of Musquiz, free Masons in old San Antone.
The scouting report sent all to the fort,
and soon Santa Anna had shown.

You all know the stories of valor and brav'ry at old Alamo.
This small band of men stood defiant. None would be spared from the woe.
They brought Sue before Santa Anna, at *Babe of the Alamo's* side.
Their lives he would spare, his message to bear
that Houston must yield to the tide.

Once off on the road to Gonzales, a scout troop of Texians rode by.
They listened with pride of men who had died, then led Sue, her message to ply.
Sam Houston was bound past the Brazos, hell-bent for the Runaway Scrape.
Sant'Anna had thought the fight had been fought
and all that was left was escape.

They'd caught the proud general a-napping, though *cowardly* he skulked away.
Sam gave him his life, and spared him the knife, and Texas was born on that day.
Yet when all the blood-lust had settled, this widow stood lost with her child.
With no relative and no way to live,
so lost in the woods and the wild.

Susanna gave her man for Texas. She made that great sacrifice.
With all the fine sons of Gonzales, he'd paid the ultimate price.
While some returned to devastation, Sue went to find a new life.
She sought then a Good Man in Texas, one who deserved a Good Wife.
THERE MUST BE A GOOD MEN IN TEXAS, one who deserves a Good Wife.

SONGS OF SUSANNA: Chapter 2

Fletcher Clark, January 22, 2014

Susanna lost her man for Texas. He'd made that great sacrifice,
With all the fine sons of Gonzales, who'd paid the ultimate price.
While some returned to devastation, Sue went to find a new life.
She sought a new Good Man in Texas, one who deserved a Good Wife.
THERE MUST BE A GOOD MEN IN TEXAS, one who deserves a Good Wife.

Now nothing was left of Gonzales, destroyed at Sam Houston's command.
With no way to find food and shelter, nothing was left but bare land.
They went then along toward East Texas, to Harrisburg County's new seat.
Of Houston's renown, now capital town,
and there to the Congress entreat.

Petitions were properly offered for those left bereft from their loss.
A dead hero's widow and daughter – hardly a burdensome cost.
And yet as the orators bantered, with more care for show than for right,
Sue waited in vain – the funds never came;
alone they then faced the cold night.

Now never had Sue learned her letters - she never could sign her own name.
But cooking for men, and comforting them were things she would do without shame.
They'd met a strong woman while trav'ling. Her name was Pamela Mann.
She offered them board, though naught they'd afford,
and that day their new life began.

Sue met there a man named John Parker, with morals as low as a cur.
She hoped he would care, her burden to bear. She hoped he would love only her
But soon he was boasting to fellows, as he sought his own fiendish ends.
And all that he knew was strumpet in Sue,
a harlot to share with his friends.

They left him to go back to Houston. Pamela had welcomed them home.
Once there Sue took up with John Williams, thinking no more would she roam.
At age twenty-three, she'd remarry, though many years older was he.
At last her sweet waif would finally be safe,
and lovingly happy they'd be.

But soon he grew distant and sullen, for drinking became his whole life.
No care for the dear little daughter, none for his withering wife.
Sue worried when he was long absent. They'd cower when he crossed the door.
They never could tell when liquor's dark hell
 would drive him to beat them once more.

The devil that dwelt in that bottle would cause him to raise a cruel hand.
Ang'lina would hide from his raging tide. Sue knew that she must make a stand.
His rage then knew no limitation. He beat her 'til she lost all sight.
His fierce blows would doom the child in her womb,
 and rob Sue of her mother's right.

When next the cock crowed from the barnyard, Sue took Angelina and flew.
Straight down to the court, and there to report divorce here was long overdue.
They granted her pleading petition. To Pamela's shelter they ran.
O, where would she find a man who is kind?
 O, where would she find a good man?

THERE MUST BE A GOOD MAN IN TEXAS, one who is tender and kind;
Who'll care for the sweet little daughter, never to leave them behind;
A man who is strong and resourceful, seeing Sue through every strife.
THERE MUST BE A GOOD MAN IN TEXAS, one who deserves a Good Wife.
Oh, where is that Good Man in Texas, one who deserves a Good Wife?

SONGS OF SUSANNA: Chapter 3

Fletcher Clark, January 22, 2014

THERE MUST BE A GOOD MAN IN TEXAS, one who deserves a Good Wife.

Sue met a drayman from Georgia who carried fresh water to town.
His given name Francis P. Herring, seemingly well, fit and sound.
They married that very December, when sweet Angelina turned four.
And fin'ly Sue thought the fight had been fought
and they were a family once more.

Then came a new Pres'dent for Texas who favored the town Waterloo.
Then named it for Stephen F. Austin, capital city anew.
The flame that was Houston soon flickered. The people were leaving in droves.
No need for the casks a waterman tasks,
with dwindling hearths and stoves.

Again then she witnessed a good man slide slowly, inexorably down.
He started to sink, and turned to the drink, imag'ning his sorrows he'd drown.
John Barleycorn's ne'er a good partner. He never will shoulder his share.
He'll spit in your eye and leave you to die,
a widow the burden to bear.

And after near five years of marriage, her dear Francis went to his grave.
Ang'lina was nine, Sue then twenty-nine, again she was asked to be brave.
At least she could still earn a living, her natural skills to apply.
Good suppers and breads and gentlemen's beds -
enough so that we could get by.

They witnessed the end of Republic when Texas became a new state.
A drayman from old Pennsylvania asked her to join as one fate.
She married that young Peter Bellows before an Episcopal priest.
Ang'lina in sway turned thirteen that day,
and doubly gave them to feast.

Her life became prosp'rous and proper. And thus free from all sin and vice,
She went down to Buffalo Bayou, baptized by water in Christ.
Sue found Angelina a suitor, at sixteen to be a young bride.
John Griffith she wed to e'er share his bed
and bring grandchildren to bide.

But, oh, how suspicions may haunt us, and shadows appear from the past.
Her husband took fright, as Sue worked the night, recoiling in fear, and aghast.
His jealousy drove her to leave him, for so had he well lost his mind.
She went to Lockhart to make a new start
and leave sinful Houston behind.

They finally honored the mem'ry, brave Almeron's death to redeem.
They'd heard the demand and deeded her land. Sue turned to her once youthful
dream.

Foul Bellows besieged her with slander, and pressed forth a lib'lous divorce.
And though a bold lie, she'd not dignify
this scurrilous act of perforce.

Oh, where is that Good Man in Texas, one who is tender and kind;
Who'll care for the dear little daughter, never to leave them behind;
A man who is strong and resourceful, seeing her through every strife.
THERE MUST BE A GOOD MAN IN TEXAS, one who deserves a Good Wife.
Oh, where is that Good Man in Texas, one who deserves a Good Wife?

SONGS OF SUSANNA: Chapter 4

Fletcher Clark, January 22, 2014

Sue opened a small place in Lockhart, to cook and to serve simple fare.
The blacksmith brought his younger brother, regular customers there.
And so she met young Joseph Hannig, a German lad near half her age.
A fine cabineteer, mature for his year,
he managed to earn a fine wage.

They married in early December. The Griffiths now had a new son,
Named Joseph to honor Herr Hannig. Seemed now Sue's struggle was won.
But Satan grabbed poor Angelina, her children abandoned and tossed.
She left John behind, and ran off to find
the gay life of youth she had lost.

Young Almeron went to his uncle. Small Susie and Joseph were Sue's.
Her husband so dear was full of good cheer, delighted to hear of such news.
They made plans to move their small fam'ly to Austin to find a new day.
And so with strong heart they made a fresh start.
she knew this at last was the way.

Sue sold off the land from the headright and other lots she had acquired.
So Joseph could take their meager grub-stake and purchase all that they required.
The Capital's land was inviting, the birth of a bustling town.
And right at its core, their furniture store -
a business of local renown.

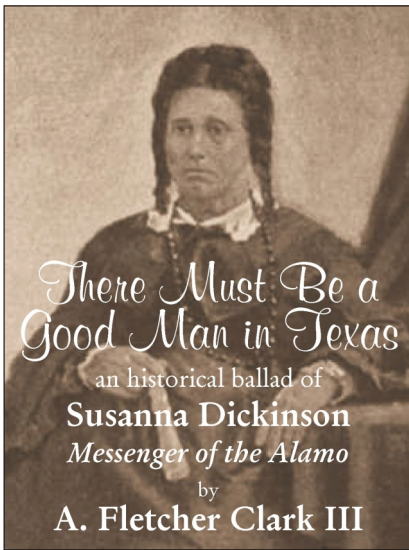
With Joseph at work in his business and Sue at the house with the fry,
She finally knew true contentment, holding her head proudly high.
The children were such a great comfort, her soul took to flight on the wind.
And here in this place, she found God's own grace -
redemption from all of her sin.

Dear Joseph was always in motion. The furniture business grew.
He then was the new undertaker - clients would ne'er be too few.
Knights Templar and Masons and Firemen - just some of his wide retinue.
An entrepreneur whose judgment was sure
found others to share his broad view.

A fine house he built there on Pine Street, 'tween Neches and Red River lay.
The home would resound with children all 'round, and Sue in the midst of the fray.
They still came to eat her fine cooking, and rest through the heat of the day.
The visitors come, Lord knows just where from,
but all remained welcome to stay.

How long was that road she had traveled - each turn and each bump and each spill.
The sorrow, the grief, the final belief that all that had been was God's will.
This messenger carried the message. That battle seemed so long ago.
Eternal the fame attached to the name:
this *Messenger of the Alamo*.

Susanna found her man in Lockhart, one who deserved a Good Wife.
He needed a clear-headed woman so they could build a new life.
A woman of means and resources, one who'd borne her share of strife.
Susanna found that man in Texas who married this Good Texas Wife.
There was such a Good Man in Texas, one who had found a Good Wife.



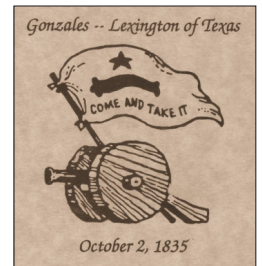
*I'm Susanna. You ought to marry me.
It'll change your life to have a wife who hails from Tennessee.*

When Donaly Brice and I were the program for the Annual Meeting of the Friends of the O. Henry and Susanna Dickinson Museums, celebrating the 200th birthday of Susanna, he brought fresh and revealing historical information to the assemblage, while I premiered *There Must Be a Good Man in Texas*. Partly in song, the rest in verse, it was originally written in first person and customarily performed that way. For the recordings, I felt it more appropriate to render the perspective from third person, with my male voice providing that view.

Later that year, Donaly and I re-created the presentation for the Caldwell County Genealogical and Historical Society at a special meeting in Luling, Texas to which the public was invited. Eighty-five people attended and we were stunned! In the audience was a woman who would introduce me to

Glenda Gordon, Chair of the Gonzales County Historical Commission, leading to a blossoming collaboration with her and Barbara Crozier of the Gonzales Crystal Theatre.

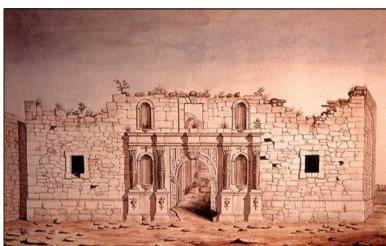
For the February 28, 2015 re-dedication ceremonies of the commemorative plaque at the Gonzales Memorial Museum for the fallen heroes of the Gonzales Mounted Ranging Company (Immortal 32), Glenda asked me to write and perform a song. Then Barbara adapted a portion of my *Songs of Susanna* for her theatrical youth troupe, the Shakespeare Ninjas - the kids providing the dialogue, recitation and vocals to my musical accompaniment. Extremely well received, we have since performed versions of such programs for several occasions. Later, I would write and present another song with the Ninjas at the dedication of the new Battle of Gonzales monument in Cost, Texas.



I took the initiative then to contact the heads of the 106 chapters of the Daughters of the Republic of Texas and over 200 Texas county historical commissions. We began bringing our *Songs of Susanna* to groups in Austin, Brady, Burnet, College Station, Edna, Gonzales, Lockhart, Luling, New Braunfels, San Marcos, and others. Continuing my research under Donaly's tutelage, I wrote the song *Runaway Scrape*, and that became a second program we present to many of the same groups, as well as new audiences. There is something about the combination of my songs, verse and presentation supported by Donaly's scholarly lecture that brings this history to life for audiences of all ages and of all levels of interest and familiarity with Texas history.

I grew up in San Antonio, where my grandfather and father (Drs. A. Fletcher Clark Sr. & Jr. - I, the third) maintained their practice in the old Medical Arts Building on the corner of Alamo Square between the U.S. Post Office and the historical fortress. Back then, the floor was dirt, and there was no electricity or plumbing - just a kindly, elderly woman acting as docent at the front door. As a carefree six-year-old roaming downtown San Antonio, my imagination was wide open as I scaled the sculpted monument in the square or re-created the battle in my mind on the dirt floors, feeling the soft rock walls for the chinks where bullets may have flown.

These memories and feelings lay dormant until called forth by these recent events in my life and career. As a songwriter, I am grateful to have subject matter worth the telling, and avid audiences with whom I can share the emotions of being a Texan. My grandfather and father were both born in Prairie Lea, Texas, and I live just a few miles from there now: "Something called me back to Caldwell County, back to where my namesakes were born. A kindly voice from somewhere up in heaven, calling out the name I've proudly worn."



A. Fletcher Clark III, 2017