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Austin Genealogical Society meets on fourth Tuesdays, except August and December. Board meetings are at 6 p.m., followed by a social time and light refreshments with members and visitors from 6:45 p.m. - 7:15 p.m. The meeting begins at 7:15 p.m. with a short business report followed by the program at 7:30 p.m.

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NOTE NEW ADDRESS: AGS, P.O. Box 10010, AUSTIN, TEXAS 78766-1010

CHECKS AND BILLS, MEMBERSHIP INQUIRIES, GENERAL CORRESPONDENCE Send membership inquiries and dues, seminar registrations, orders for special publications, memorial gifts, other financial matters and general correspondence to AGS, P.O. Box 10010, Austin, Texas 78766-1010.

QUERIES Send queries to Happy Hunting Ground Editor, 1405 S. Meadows Dr., Austin Texas 78758 or mkb1405@aol.com.

QUARTERLY SUBMISSIONS AND INQUIRIES Send material for and correspondence to AGS Quarterly Editor, 3310 Hancock Dr., Austin, Texas 78731 or alanusa@earthlink.net.

PAST ISSUES OF QUARTERLY Address inquiries about availability to the AGS Quarterly Librarian, P.O. Box 10010, Austin, Texas 78766-1010. Past copies are $5, if available.

EXCHANGE QUARTERLIES Send quarterlies and correspondence about them, such as change of address or that you failed to receive yours, to Texas State Library, Tech Services S.S., Box 12927, Austin, Texas 78711.

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We invite contributions to the AGS Quarterly
See inside back cover for additional AGS information
www.AustinTxGenSoc.org
Fellow Genealogists,

Our hearts go out to the residents of Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama who have suffered the devastation of Hurricane Katrina. The storm and its floods destroyed homes and apartments, businesses and workplaces, churches and temples, entertainment and relaxation spots – all the things we all need to feel whole and alive. Sadly, many died.

Lynna Kaye Shuffield’s Sept. 1 “Loose Ends” column on Rootsweb talks about the loss of family heirlooms in a disaster. “What would happen if you had five feet of water in your home or, when you returned, found nothing but a foundation?” she asks. “What would happen to your genealogy and family history research?”

Lynna Kaye suggests keeping a backup copy of computer genealogy with scans of photographs and storing a copy of that backup in another location – maybe with relatives in another state. And her personal goal is to finish an ongoing project to scan every important family document in her files so she’ll have an image if the original is lost. She promises to back up the file, make a copy and store the copy away from her home.

I’m sharing here the websites Lynna Kaye cites in her column as providing tips for recovery of photos, papers, documents and precious heirlooms:

- the.state.tx.us/disasterrelief/drdefault.html
- archives.gov/preservation/emergency-prep/
- fema.gov/ehp/is253/index.shtm
- fema.gov/news/newsrelease.fema?id=5075
- fema.gov/ehp/salvage.shtm, fema.gov/hazards/floods/care.shtm
- fema.gov/ehp/, fema.gov/ehp/toolkit.shtm#dproc
- cr.nps.gov/museum/publications/primer/primintro.html

You’re not imagining it: This is the June issue sent to you in September. Let’s see how I do on getting the September issue to you in September. As always, I’m open to your submissions, ideas and tips – even your criticisms. Take care.

Alana Moehring Mallard
Editor

Donna Edgar, donna.edgar@sbcglobal.net.

CATLETT  I have been searching for the burial site of my great-great grandfather, Hanson George Catlett. He died in 1854 in Austin, Texas. H. G. came to Texas in 1836 from Maryland and was involved in much of the early development of Texas and especially the Austin area. He has a cenotaph in the Texas State Cemetery, but still want to locate his actual burial site.

Mary Helen Catlett Allen, Columbia, Mo., mallen@coin.org.

MCLAUGHLIN  Seeking any information on family of Dr. James Wharton McLaughlin 9/7/1840--1/13/1909 m Tabitha Byrd (Bird) Moore, especially interested in descendants of Wharton Byrd McLaughlin, M.D and Andrew C. McLaughlin, other children were James Wharton McLaughlin, Jr. M.D., Frances Tabitha McLaughlin, Sarah Evelin McLaughlin, Minnie Eliza McLaughlin.

Paul MacLachlan, pdmaclachlan@msn.com.

RHODES/SESSIONS  Looking for parents of Pernicia [Perney] Rhodes, b. 15 Jan 1883 in Gonzales Co., Texas. She married James Washington Sessions 22 Apr 1897. They had seven children: John b. 1898, Stella b. 1900, James W., Jr., b. 1903, Annie b. 1904, Albert b. 1906, Marlin Jacob b. 3 Jul 1909, Gladys b. 1912. Marlin was killed at the end of WWII and is buried in France. Pernicia may have had a brother by the name of Thomas.

Barbara Singleton Hudnall, bobbie@direcway.com.

GRAVES/MUSINNA/PAYNE  Seeking anyone with knowledge of these families buried in plot 44 at Oakwood Cemetery. Dr. Richard Graves died 1917. Other names in the plot are Talley, Spence and Hamilton. Theft was done to their property and permission needed to proceed with replacement of fencing.

Kay Boyd, 1405 S. Meadows, Austin, Texas 78758, mkdb1405@aol.com.

Send queries to Kay Boyd, 1405 S. Meadows, Austin, Texas 78758 or mkdb1405@aol.com. Send at least one first name, date and place per query. Queries are printed at no charge. Include postal and/or e-mail address.
Emily Croom

Saturday  November 12
9 a.m. - Noon  Open at 8 a.m.
Gethsemane Lutheran Church
200 W. Anderson Lane  Austin

Presented by Austin Genealogical Society

FREE to AGS members
$15 to non-members

Seminar Topics include
Old Dominion Research: Our Virginia Ancestors
The Other Half of the Story: Researching Female Ancestors

Emily, a native Houstonian, is a nationally known author and speaker, and has been active in genealogical research since 1969. She writes for “Family Tree” and “Family Chronicle” magazines and other genealogy periodicals.

Emily’s genealogy books include:
“Unpuzzling Your Past: A Basic Guide to Genealogy”
“The Unpuzzling Your Past Workbook: Essential Forms and Letters for All Genealogists”
“The Genealogist’s Companion and Sourcebook”

Learn more about Emily Croom at her website:
www.unpuzzling.com

Visit AGS at www.AusTxGenSoc.com
Descendants of James A. VERNON

1 James A. VERNON 1834 - 1907 b: October 30, 1834 in Mississippi d: May 24, 1907 in Alabama
   +Sarah Elisabeth KENDRICK 1831 - 1923 b: 1831 in Mississippi m: Abt. 1859 d: July 08, 1923 in , Cullman, Alabama

2 John Austin VERNON 1859 - 1939 b: May 10, 1859 in Iuka, Tishomingo, Mississippi d: June 16, 1939 in , Kaufman, Texas
   +Mary Elizabeth Osborne 1859 - 1931 b: June 08, 1859 in Arkadelphia, Cullman, Alabama d: July 17, 1931 in Hope, Hempstead, Arkansas

3 Donie Clara VERNON 1883 - 1960 b: December 12, 1883 in Alabama d: June 25, 1960
   +William Wesley NORRIS 1882 - 1944 b: September 17, 1882 m: September 02, 1902 d: August 22, 1944

3 Joseph Gordon VERNON 1885 - 1970 b: January 24, 1885 in Alabama d: April 02, 1970 in Choudrant, Lincoln Parish, Louisiana
   +Lena Vivian JOHNSTON 1886 - 1980 b: August 21, 1886 m: January 30, 1907 d: June 30, 1980

   *2nd Wife of Joseph Gordon VERNON:
   +Hubert Earl VERNON 1887 - 1962 b: May 29, 1887 in Louisiana d: December 03, 1962 in Texas
      +Willie Ophelia DODSON 1889 - 1976 b: January 04, 1889 in Wallace, Van Zandt, Texas m: December 01, 1910 in , Van Zandt, Texas d: February 14, 1976 in Dallas, Dallas, Texas
   +Mary Elizabeth Osborne 1859 - 1931 b: June 08, 1859 in Arkadelphia, Cullman, Alabama d: July 17, 1931 in Hope, Hempstead, Arkansas
   +William Wesley NORRIS 1882 - 1944 b: September 17, 1882 m: September 02, 1902 d: August 22, 1944

3 Mary A. VERNON 1861 - 1959 b: November 21, 1861 in Mississippi d: December 21, 1959 in Vinemont, Cullman, Alabama
   +John Martin WRIGHT 1863 - 1940 b: August 24, 1863 m: Abt. 1881 d: December 28, 1940 in Hartselle, Morgan, Alabama

   *3 Not Known WRIGHT
   +Not Known BROWN
   +James W. ARMSTRONG Abt. 1890 - b: Abt. 1890
   +James Frank WRIGHT 1887 - 1983 b: March 15, 1887 in Alabama d: December 28, 1983 in Hartselle, Morgan, Alabama
   +Vainie NOT KNOWN Abt. 1888 - b: Abt. 1888 in Alabama m: Abt. 1905
   +James M. RUSHING Abt. 1885 - b: Abt. 1885 in Alabama m: Abt. 1905
   +Vainie NOT KNOWN Abt. 1888 - b: Abt. 1888 in Alabama m: Abt. 1905
   +James M. RUSHING Abt. 1885 - b: Abt. 1885 in Alabama m: Abt. 1905
   +William M. WRIGHT 1894 - b: May 1894 in Alabama
   +William M. WRIGHT 1894 - b: May 1894 in Alabama
   +John Earl WRIGHT 1897 - 1989 b: June 13, 1897 in Alabama d: June 18, 1989 in Alabama

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Descendants of James A. Vernon

- Ora Mae CHILDERS 1903 - 1986 b: October 03, 1903 in Alabama m: January 20, 1920 d: November 1986 in Hartselle, Morgan, Alabama
- Agnes "Addie" WRIGHT Abt. 1900 - b: Abt. 1900 in Alabama
- Ernest McPherson WRIGHT Abt. 1903 - b: Abt. 1903 in Alabama
- Dora M. NOT KNOWN Abt. 1904 - b: Abt. 1904 in Alabama m: Abt. 1923
- Not Known NOT KNOWN
- Franil "Fronie" Malisa VERNON 1866 - 1959 b: December 18, 1866 in Mississippi d: October 18, 1957
- Henry ARMSTRONG 1868 - 1957 b: June 18, 1868 in Alabama m: Abt. 1890 d: October 18, 1957
- Benton R. ARMSTRONG 1894 - 1976 b: April 05, 1894 in Alabama d: June 16, 1976
- Bertha NOT KNOWN 1886 - 1952 b: September 18, 1886 in Alabama d: March 02, 1952
- John Owen ARMSTRONG 1897 - 1969 b: September 01, 1897 d: January 29, 1969
- Lillie B. ARMSTRONG Abt. 1901 - b: Abt. 1901
- Tressie Vilmer ARMSTRONG Abt. 1906 - b: Abt. 1906
- Martha VERNON 1869 - Aft. 1916 b: March 1869 in Mississippi d: Aft. July 05, 1916
- Caroline VERNON 1872 - 1951 b: March 11, 1872 in Mississippi d: March 22, 1951 in Sumiton, Walker, Alabama
- John Marion MILLER 1871 - 1969 b: October 09, 1871 in Alabama m: October 01, 1889 d: February 27, 1969 in , Walker, Alabama
- Ira ROBBINS Abt. 1874 - b: Abt. 1874 in Alabama m: December 25, 1911
- Ida MILLER 1895 - 1902 b: December 06, 1895 in , Walker, Alabama d: August 08, 1902 in , Walker, Alabama
- Lela MILLER 1900 - 1987 b: April 12, 1900 d: April 1987
- F. Otis BULLARD m: December 09, 1920
- Lee CHILDERS Abt. 1906 - b: Abt. 1906 in Alabama
- Doyle MILLER 1913 - 1999 b: July 15, 1913 in Alabama d: February 07, 1999
- Wily VERNON 1877 - b: December 1877 in Alabama
Descendants of James Frances WRIGHT

1 James Frances WRIGHT Abt. 1825 - b: Abt. 1825 in Tennessee
   +Salina PICKETT 1835 - Abt. 1874 b: 1835 in Tennessee m: October 30, 1853 in Wilson, Tennessee d: Abt. 1874
   2 "Buddy" WRIGHT
   3 Malissa WRIGHT 1855 - 1932 b: April 04, 1855 in Nashville, Davidson, Tennessee d: January 17, 1932 in Elmore City, Garvin, Oklahoma
      +James T. BLAIN m: February 10, 1879 in , Denton, Texas
   3 James Lafayette WRIGHT 1857 - 1918 b: September 1857 in Tennessee d: January 14, 1918 in , McCurtain, Oklahoma
      +Martha Jane LINDSEY 1869 - 1926 b: December 16, 1869 in , Polk, Tennessee m: May 17, 1890 in Denton, Denton, Texas d: October 04, 1926 in Valliant, McCurtain, Oklahoma
      3 James E. WRIGHT 1891 - b: February 26, 1891 in Denton, Denton, Texas
         +Bernice L. WRIGHT 1892 - 1959 b: April 28, 1892 in Denton, Denton, Texas d: December 14, 1959 in Tulare, California
      +Thomas "Tom" Harrington SPRAY 1892 - 1970 b: June 22, 1892 in Saint Jo, Montague, Texas m: June 10, 1913 in , Garvin, Oklahoma d: May 29, 1970 in Bakersfield, California
      +Sylvia Maude BRADSHAW Abt. 1900 - b: Abt. 1900 in Arkansas
      3 Eunice E. WRIGHT 1893 - 1919 b: October 15, 1893 in Denton, Denton, Texas d: January 05, 1919
      +James Martin PRATER
      3 Frances "Fannie" A. WRIGHT 1899 - b: November 17, 1899 in Indian Territory, Choctaw Nation, Oklahoma
         +James "Buch" WOODS
         3 Birdie Lillian WRIGHT 1902 - 1988 b: December 29, 1902 in Elmore City, Garvin, Oklahoma d: May 23, 1988 in Hugo, Choctaw, Oklahoma
         +Elmer Clarence YOUNG 1897 - 1969 b: June 10, 1897 in , Pike, Arkansas m: 1919 in , McCurtain, Oklahoma d: July 12, 1969 in Oklahoma
         3 Beatrice E. WRIGHT 1906 - b: April 26, 1906 in Elmore City, Garvin, Oklahoma
         +Gene RICHMOND
         3 John Columbus WRIGHT 1911 - 1979 b: January 21, 1911 in Elmore City, Garvin, Oklahoma d: September 18, 1979
            +Madeleine NOT KNOWN
            3 Earlene WRIGHT
            2 Mary Polly Easter WRIGHT 1862 - 1951 b: April 12, 1862 in Tennessee d: August 10, 1951 in Denton, Denton, Texas
               +Not Known FRANKS
               *2nd Husband of Mary Polly Easter WRIGHT:
                  3 Frederick F. FOLLANSBEE 1882 - 1936 b: June 15, 1882 in , Denton, Texas d: February 03, 1936
                  *3rd Husband of Mary Polly Easter WRIGHT:
                  +James Milton SOLOMON 1865 - b: September 1865 in Tennessee m: April 14, 1888 in , Denton, Texas d: February 03, 1936
                  3 Benjamin Bruce SOLOMON 1888 - b: October 03, 1888
                  3 Jennie SOLOMON 1890 - b: April 04, 1890
                  3 Virgil D. SOLOMON 1892 - b: June 1892
                  3 Frances Carolina SOLOMON 1893 - b: October 1893
                  3 Claude Samuel SOLOMON 1897 - 1974 b: May 16, 1897 in , Denton, Texas d: June 08, 1974 in Grand Prairie, Dallas, Texas
                     +Lena Erma SMITH 1902 - 1999 b: December 16, 1902 in Stillwater, Indian Territory m: July 11, 1925 in Vinita, Craig, Oklahoma d: January 31, 1999 in Oklahoma
                     3 Nathan SOLOMON 1899 - 1968 b: September 06, 1899 d: February 07, 1968 in Denton, Denton, Texas
                     +Verna Lee MAXWELL 1900 - 2000 b: May 10, 1900 m: May 25, 1922 d: October 03, 2000
                     3 Eliza Lyda Jane WRIGHT 1866 - 1942 b: December 15, 1866 d: June 23, 1942 in Deport, Lamar, Texas
                     +William Anderson BLACK 1868 - 1943 b: October 03, 1868 in Texas m: November 11, 1885 in Paris, Lamar, Texas d: May 20, 1943 in , Lamar, Texas
                     3 Arthur BLACK 1887 - b: December 1887 in Texas
                     +Ethel E. JENKINS Abt. 1898 - b: Abt. 1898 in Texas m: October 26, 1907 in , Lamar, Texas

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Descendants of James Frances WRIGHT

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<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Birth Date</th>
<th>Birth Place</th>
<th>Death Date</th>
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<td>Bessie BLACK</td>
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<td>March 1891 in Texas</td>
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<td>Rubie BLACK</td>
<td>1893</td>
<td>April 1893 in Texas</td>
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<td>1895-1895</td>
<td>June 07, 1895 in Texas</td>
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<td>Bill TALLEY</td>
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<td>Virgil BLACK</td>
<td>1897</td>
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<td>Ralph BLACK</td>
<td>1899</td>
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<td>Warren BLACK</td>
<td>1901-1980</td>
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<td>Bessie BLACK</td>
<td>1891</td>
<td>March 1891 in Texas</td>
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<td>September 03, 1985</td>
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**Notes:**
- +Not Known NOT KNOWN
- +Not Known YOUNG
- +Not Known OATS
- +Not Known NOT KNOWN

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**Sources:**

1. 
2. Fannie R. "Tillie" WRIGHT 1870-1940 b: July 19, 1870 in Jackson, Madison, Tennessee d: December 08, 1940 in Dallas, Dallas, Texas

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**Contact:**

Connie Wallace Perdue
9400 Ashton Ridge
Austin, Texas 78750-3457
clperdue@swbell.net 02/21/05
February 13, 1993

The following is transcribed from microfilm of The Mount Vernon Record, as copied in September, 1992, Mount Vernon, Iowa.

OBITUARY

Joseph G. Wheat

News has been received of the death of Dr. Joseph G. Wheat at Minneapolis, Minn., on January 20, 1916, where he, together with Mrs. Wheat had been for some time visiting with their son, Dr. Fred C. Wheat and their daughter Mrs. B. H. Foster.

Dr. and Mrs. Wheat, together with several members of the family made their home in Mount Vernon, from the year 1896 until about two years ago, when the family home was sold to Mrs. Miller.

Before coming to Mount Vernon, Dr. Wheat had been engaged in the active practice of his profession as a physician and surgeon in other parts of the state for about thirty-five years. For about eleven years prior to their removal to Mount Vernon, the family lived at Inwood, Lyon County, where Dr. Wheat not only practiced medicine, but was the owner of a drug store as well. For in addition to being a physician and surgeon, he was a pharmacist and was interested in the drug business during the greater part of his life.

Dr. Wheat was a veteran of the Civil War, and has a very creditable war record. He enlisted first in the 4th Ohio Cavalry, with which he served for six months. Being taken ill and hope of his recovery despaired of, he was discharged and sent home to die, but within a few months recovered sufficiently to re-enlist, which he did in the 104th Illinois Infantry as a drummer boy. He selected this service because he had not yet fully recovered his health and his work as a musician would not subject him to the exposures of guard duty. He soon rose to the position of chief musician of the regiment, which position he continued to hold until the close of the war. In spite, however, of the fact that his duties did not require him to see active service in battle, whenever occasion offered, he secured a musket and took part in the active fighting, and was engaged in several important battles and skirmishes, including Shiloh, Chattanooga Mountain and Atlanta. He was wounded while engaging in a skirmish at Fort Henry by a gun shot wound through the leg which caused him to be sent home on a three months furlough. He later rejoined his regiment and along with his regiment was finally captured and confined for six months in Libby Prison, from which
he was finally released in an almost starved condition.

Dr. Wheat was always interested in every work that looked toward the bettering of the moral and religious character of the community in which he lived. He was not only always found on the right side of every moral question but was unaltering in his devotion to duty and had the courage of his convictions.

Joseph G. Wheat was born in Jay County, Indiana, August 29, 1840. He was married to Mary Eleanor McCoy August 3, 1865 at Tonica, LaSalle County, Ill. There were born of this marriage [sic] nine children, three daughters and six sons, all of whom, together with Mrs. Wheat survive him. The names of the children are as follows: Eva M. Foster, St. Paul, Minn.; Laura E. Foster, Mount Vernon, Iowa; Dr. Fred C. Wheat, Minneapolis, Minn.; Benjamin P. Wheat, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.; Albert J. Wheat, Humboldt, Iowa; George Guy Wheat, Cambridge, Mass.; LeRoy H. Wheat, Sioux City, Iowa; John R. Wheat, Berkley, Cal.; and Bessie E. Shaw, Des Moines, Iowa.

Until the death of Dr. Wheat, the family record was remarkable for continuity. On August 3, 1915, Dr. and Mrs. Wheat celebrated their golden wedding in Minneapolis, surrounded by many of their children and other descendents. In addition to raising a death [sic; some misprint here], there were four daughters-in-law, three sons-in-law, nineteen grandchildren, five great grandchildren, and the husband of one grandchild and the wife of another, making a family circle of forty-four without a death until the passing away of Dr. Wheat.

Mrs. W. H. Foster is the only member of the family at present living in Mount Vernon, although four of the Wheat boys in the family are alumni of Cornell College, Fred C., and Benjamin P. Wheat graduating with the class of 1904, Albert J. and G. G. with the class of 1900 [unreadable], in addition to [unreadable] and [unreadable]. Mrs. W. H., John R. and Bessie Shaw were at one time students in the college, where they will be well remembered.

Lorrie Foster Henderson
5722 Highland Hills Drive
Austin, Texas 78721
(512) 451-2312
<table>
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<tr>
<th>Generation No.</th>
<th>Family Group No.</th>
<th>Husband's Full Name</th>
<th>Father's Maiden Name</th>
<th>Mother's Maiden Name</th>
<th>Husband's Given Name</th>
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<td>Kenady C. COOLEY</td>
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<td>16 Mar 1837</td>
<td>Pleasant Valley, (?), , Ohio</td>
<td>Mary</td>
<td>Wheat</td>
<td>Wheat</td>
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<td>William Little Graham</td>
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<td></td>
<td>28 Mar 1856/</td>
<td>Spring Valley, Greene County, OH</td>
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<td>Olive May</td>
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<td>29 Sep 1851</td>
<td>Tonica, LaSalle County, Illinois</td>
<td>Francis</td>
<td>May</td>
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<td>Charles M. Keefner</td>
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<td>Mary</td>
<td>Edna</td>
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</tbody>
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CONTINUED FROM NEXT PAGE (20):

Joseph Gillit Wheat, MD retired from medical practice at Inwood, Iowa in 1896 and moved with his family to Mount Vernon, Iowa where some of his sons were already attending Cornell College. He enjoyed oil painting with Professor Mills, head of the art department, and a well known portrait painter. Joseph took him and another man down the Mississippi on his boat to the St Louis World's Fair. Joseph also went prospecting in South Dakota (see pictures of cabin p. 33). He joined the Union Army in Ohio during the Civil War, but became ill and was discharged and "sent home to die." His father met him "on the other side of the river, took him home and nursed him back to health." He then helped raise a battalion of the 104th Illinois Volunteers, for which his sisters made a US flag which was in the possession of Ruth Foster Davis until her death. He became Drum Major and was wounded and captured, sent to Libby prison; however, he was on Sherman's "March to the Sea." Discharged in 1865, he and his fiancée, Mary Ellen McCoy were soon married. Farming at first, he became a pharmacist, then a licensed physician in Iowa. He went for care in the Soldier's Home in Minneapolis. *Mary Eleanor, often called Ellen or Nellie, p. 29.*
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>GENERATION NO.</th>
<th>FAMILY GROUP No.</th>
<th>Husband's Full Name</th>
<th>Wife's Full Name</th>
<th>Full Maiden Name</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>58</td>
<td>Joseph Gillit Wheat</td>
<td>Mary Eleanor McCoy</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**GEOGRAPHY**

- **Portland, Jinn County, Indiana**, 1860
- **McAllen, Texas, with in**, 1916
- **Tonica, LaSalle County, Illinois**, Aug 1861
- **Minneapolis, Hennepin Co, MN**, April '62
- **N/A**

**EDWARD JOSEPH WHEAT**
- **occupation:** Physician
- **church:** Methodist
- **Military:** US Civil War

**LETTERS FROM KAY REITE WH:**
- **Benjamin Patterson WHEAT's majorette name:** Nellie Hunt GILLIGAN
- **letters:** Nellie, Ellen, Nell

**SUGGESTIONS**
- **Lorna Foster Henderson:** D첵s of Residence, Ohio, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota
- ** prio:** Highland Mills University
- **Church:** Methodist

**DATA**
- **num:** 5722
- **data:** Re-typed Jan 2004
- **Ser:** 20

**Surname:** Wheat

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Birth Date</th>
<th>Place of Birth</th>
<th>Relationship</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Eva May</td>
<td>12 Dec 1885</td>
<td>Near Jewell, Junction, Hamilton Co., Iowa</td>
<td>Child of Laura Emily</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bartley Hardy Foster</td>
<td>1850</td>
<td>1879</td>
<td>Child of William *Henry Foster</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Laura Emily</td>
<td>1860</td>
<td>Near Dresden, Pettis Co., Missouri</td>
<td>Child of Fred Caldwell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William Henry Foster</td>
<td>1860</td>
<td>1879</td>
<td>Child of William Moorehead Wood</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fred Caldwell</td>
<td>1850</td>
<td>Near Dresden, Pettis Co., Missouri</td>
<td>Child of Benjamin Patterson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William Moorehead Wood</td>
<td>1850</td>
<td>1879</td>
<td>Child of Maye Emmeline Baker</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maye Emmeline Baker</td>
<td>1850</td>
<td>1879</td>
<td>Child of Albert Joseph</td>
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<td>Child of Hazel Grace Cunningham</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hazel Grace Cunningham</td>
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<td>Child of Ida Field</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ida Field</td>
<td>1850</td>
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<td>Child of Luray Havon</td>
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<td>Leroy Havon</td>
<td>1850</td>
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<td>Child of Etheliza Chellis</td>
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<td>Elizabeth Veronica Lawrence</td>
<td>1850</td>
<td>1879</td>
<td>Child of John Robert</td>
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<td>Child of Alphonse Phaneuf</td>
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<tr>
<td>Alphonse Phaneuf</td>
<td>1850</td>
<td>1879</td>
<td>Child of Bessie Eleanor</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
I graduated from Trinity College in Connecticut in the tempestuous year 1969. Like many of my generation, I was dubious about war in Vietnam, and participated in two sedate anti-war demonstrations. Yet, with a Dallas draft board and no deferment in sight, joining the military was inevitable. I felt as if I were breaking a long family tradition by going into the Army -- for various reasons my father, grandfathers and great-grandfathers had not served in the military, and I would have been glad to follow suit. But it was not to be, and three weeks after graduation I was inducted into the Army and was packed off to Fort Bliss, near El Paso, for Basic Training.¹

Over the years, however, I've learned of a rich family tradition of military service. The founder of the Flagg family in America, Thomas Flagg (1615-1698), survived three sons who died in conflicts with Native Americans -- the eldest, my ancestor Greshom (1641-1690), killed with Capt. Wiswell at Lee, N.H. in the expedition against Port Royal; Bartholomew (1644-1675), killed in the Great Swamp fight in King Philip's War; and William (1648-1675), killed a few months earlier in the same conflict. Great-great uncle Ernest Flagg notes of his 17th c. ancestors, "Excluding clergyman, governors, magistrates and a few exempt because of age, more than 30% of the first four generations of this ancestry were officers, several occupying the highest rank." A noted Colonial fighter was Capt. Thomas Bull (1606-1684), defender of Connecticut and foe of Gov. Andros.

Two Flagg brothers served in the Revolutionary War, Surgeon Henry Collins Flagg (1742-1801) (who held a rank equivalent to Major and served as Deputy Apothecary General in the Southern Dept. of the Army), and Major Ebenezer Flagg, Jr. (1747-1781) of the 1st R.I. Regiment. Both served earlier in the British army, and one (which is not known) was chastised by his forceful Puritan mother, Mary Ward Flagg, daughter of colonial Gov. Richard Ward and great-grandchild of Roger Williams, for his loose living in the military:

Dear Child,

I must advise you to think seriously of what you are about to do. Sincerely and Devoutly Intreat the Almighty to Direct you and Incline your heart to fear him and keep all his Commandments. I can’t Learn from Capt. Wightman that you have any Regard for the Sabbath. Are you ashamed to observe a positive Command of the Supreme Almighty Lawgiver for fear of being laught at by a few fellow worms who with you may be afraid to lift up your heads in the great and Terrible day of the Lord when he will Render to every man according to his work. Let me advise. Instead of concealing your Sentiments Publickly confess and Plead for God’s truth and seek him who will give you all necessary assistance. Dear child, you have made me twice a widow. You know my Son there is nothing in this world can made Life Tolerable but the Prospect of Rendering my Children more comfortable here and hereafter than they might be without me. In Short, my Son, your absence is too hard for me to bear long without Divine assistance. I must sink under my burden. My prayers are incessant for your Eternal happiness. I can say no more but that I am your affectionate mother till Death.

Mary Flagg

The errant son noted on the letter merely “Received at Pine Tree Hill, Monday 22 Sept. 1766.” Surgeon Flagg related the story of the untimely death of his brother Ebenezer fifteen years later near present-day Yorktown Heights, Westchester County, New York:

The quarters Major Flagg has taken were two or three miles from the bridge where the daily guard was mounted, but at not great distance from the [Croton] river, which at that time was supposed not to be fordable. This however, was a mistake and proved fatal to the party. Col. de Lancy, who stooped so far from the Dignity of a Gentleman as to command a regiment of free-

¹ Several months later the first Draft lottery was held. My number was 343, insuring I would not have been called.
² Mary Ward Flagg to Henry C. or Ebenezer Flagg, Jr., author’s collection.
booters, who subsisted on plunder and sword without pay, marched a strong party on horse and foot into the vicinity of the pass undiscovered.

Getting information on the quarters occupied by Colonel [Christopher] Green [Flagg's cousin], Major Flagg and several other officers, .... As our officers had no idea of their passing the river except at the bridge, they had taken no precautions to prevent a surprise. In addition to that the quarter guard sentinel was all asleep, by this means the house was surrounded by the enemy and all possibility of escape was cut off before the danger was discovered. The officers were all asleep in one room. On being wakened by the firing without they sprang from their beds and seized their arms. Near that on which Major Flagg lay was a window. He received a musket shot through this (if I mistake not), before he had time to reach for his pistols which were at the foot of his bed. The ball passing through his head he fell prone and there continued. The enemy breaking into the room found him in that situation and thinking him to be sullen gave him several sword cuts on the back with their broad swords, but he was out of reach of their unmanly rage, having expired the instant he received the ball. His remains were attended to the Church yard in the Green Pond by the officers of the regiment and by a respectable number of inhabitants and decently interred with the inhumanly mangled corpse of his Colonel.3

Two other accounts of his death survive, one from a New York Tory newspaper gloating of killing the rascally rebels, and another related by the Marquis de Lafayette himself. Another great-uncle, Maj. Gen. David Wooster (1711-1777), died of injuries received at the Battle of Ridgefield (Conn.)

My maternal ancestor James deGolier (1725-1822) served with the French army in the War of Austrian Succession and in Canada. Moving to Mass. in 1752, he became a Revolutionary War soldier.

The Civil War affected my ancestors as it did most Americans of the day. My great-great grandfather New York-born Daniel W. Maxson (1836-1920), for instance, served in the Kansas militia as a steward in the Ft. Smith Ark. hospital, and that inspired his decision to become a physician. Two brothers of his daughter-in-law Isadora Rich Maxson (1857-1910), Zimli Rich (d. 1864) and Anderson Rich (d. 1865), both served in the Illinois forces and died as a result of Civil War related illnesses, Zimli's contracted at Shiloh. A ghastly family occurrence in the War was related by my great-grandmother Emma Virginia Hatton Goodrich (1857-1942) of the death of her father in Missouri at the hands of brutal Bushwhackers, possibly including the psychopathic James brothers:

My father, Jonah B. Hatton was born August 16, 1809 in Hampshire County, Virginia [now West Virginia]. [His parents] came to Missouri shortly before or immediately after marrying and settled in Callaway County, near Portland. My father helped lay out the city of Mexico, Missouri, and owned the first dry goods store in that place. He was a teacher and held public offices of trust. He was a quiet, cultured man much given to reading.

There were ten children born to my Father and Mother, five boys and five girls. My father was too old for service in the Civil War. He was a man of peaceful habits. His sympathies were with the South in that struggle between the states. And because of this he together with four other farmers too old for service were brutally shot to death by a band of militia. He and my two sisters were on their way to town [High Hill, Missouri] to buy groceries [on October 15, 1864]. Those bloodthirsty militiamen took them down a ravine and while the men knelt and begged for mercy shot them. Some had as many as 20 bullet holes in them. My father had a bullet right through his mouth from the side. There were four of these old farmers murdered this way - Mr. Tatum [or Logan?], John Anderson, Marlow and my father. There was no stock law then and horses, cows & hogs ran at large. The women of the neighborhood begged to have the privilege of removing these bodies to their homes - for fear of scavengers. But those demons would not permit it.

So after those brutes left, the women tore down rail fences & built pens around the dead bodies. My father fell in the middle of the road and as I often passed the road as a child, it was

kept fresh in my memories.4
Another poignant family document I have found relating to the Civil War was of Abraham Lincoln’s assassination from Great-great grandmother Louisa Hart Flagg (1826-1867) in Connecticut:

Sunday, April 16th [1865]

My dear sister,

What a revolution of feeling we have gone through within the past two days. It is almost more than my nature can stand. I have seldom passed a sadder day than this. The shock of yesterday has made me faint & sick at heart. What is to come next? Who will direct our public offices with the same wisdom & prudence that Lincoln has done? He was just, conciliatory & discreet. At this most critical juncture in our country’s history it seems as if we could not have matters settled satisfactorily with any other man at the helm. Had he died a natural death it would have seemed so much more bearable for then it would have been, or seemed more a dispensation of Providence. Why this rash act was allowed is a real mystery. But I will not write about it, though I can think of nothing else. I am paralyzed as every one seems to be. The stores were all closed yesterday for who had the heart to do anything?

Mr. Flagg [her husband, Rev. Jared Bradley Flagg] left on the early morning train before the sad news came. He will be a most sincere mourner. I feel sorry for him and Mr. Smith. I know he feels the blow most keenly. Does it not bring us upon our knees, for who does not want to be in God’s holy keeping now? I fear it is only the beginning of sorrow. I have tried to be glad today & rejoice at the Savior’s resurrection. I hope I do. But death was so much more in mind than life, that I could see the black drapery more clearly than the flowers. There has been some attempt at rejoicing among the Copperheads5 here, but it has been so far as I can learn most presumptuously checked. Many of them are very much softened. Perhaps this calamity may check the bitterness & bring about a reconciliation. I only wonder Lincoln’s life has been spared so long surrounded has he been by the most bitter enemies. It is undoubtedly the result of a pre-concluded plan. I shall be thankful if every member of the Cabinet does not suffer a similar fate. I hope poor Seward may survive but I suspect his chances are small. If the villains escape, they will be emboldened to venture other murderous deeds. We live in strange times. Surely the ... prophecy is being fulfilled.

I don’t believe Mr. Flagg will stay away three days. He will want to be no where as much as at home after this sad affair. I hope he will come, for I have had no one to give me any comfort. I hope [President Andrew] Johnson will prove to be master of himself at least.

With love to all, I remain your fond sister.
Louise6

Like my father later, my grandfathers were both married with families at the outbreak of World War I and both made contributions in other ways to the War effort. My Oklahoman great-uncle Homer Louis DeGolyer (1892-1963), however, enlisted and travelled to France as a sergeant with the 463rd Aero Squadron. This was the most exciting event of his life. Later he faithfully attended reunions. Great-uncle Lt. Montague Flagg II USN (1883-1924) commanded a Dodge family yacht.

The family’s major loss in World War II was my father’s 1st cousin Willis (Bill) Maxson III (1920-1943). His parents lived in Austin and his mother was a member of the Eilers family.7 Billy graduated from Culver Military Academy in Indiana and was Regimental Commander and president of his class at Annapolis. His marriage to Mary (Chuchu) Waltmon of Austin in the Annapolis chapel8 merited national publicity, as the couple was the first to be wed after a three year waiting period for marriages by Annapolis graduates was lifted. He was assigned to a submarine, the USS Skate and died of injuries at Wake Island in the Pacific. I found the Skate’s log on the internet:

6 October 1943 - Made a quick dive. After getting below it was discovered that Lieutenant (JG)

5 The Copperheads were Southern sympathizers in the North during the Civil War.
6 Louisa Hart Flagg to Lucinda Hart Smith, author’s collection.
8 The Beaux-Arts style Annapolis chapel was designed by my architect great-great uncle, Ernest Flagg (1857-1947).
William [sic] Edward Maxson III, U.S. Navy, junior officer of the deck, had been hit by a bullet in the right side of his back between the hip and shoulder. The bullet did not come out and was apparently lodged in his stomach. Administered Morphine Syrette. Cleaned the wound, applied powdered sulfanilamide to the wound and dressed it. There was a small loss of blood. It is difficult to see how he was hit unless by a ricochet as he was standing on the port side below the periscope shears at the time.

8 October 1943 0350: Was called to see Lt. Maxson who had vomited and convulsed. The Pharmacist's Mate gave him a shot of adrenalin in the arm as his heart was fading. We worked to stimulate the flow of blood, but at 0800: Lieutenant (jg) William Edward Maxson III, U.S. Navy, died. He was the most promising young officer I have ever known, and he had a brilliant future in store. Although in great pain at times, he bore his suffering bravely and in silence. His repeated request was that the show go on and that we carry out our mission without regard for him. He was a true Naval hero and it is fitting and proper that the Navy should perpetuate the name of this brave submarine officer. I have the empty consolation of knowing that I left no stone unturned in an effort to save his life. As efforts to reach a doctor were in vain, headed back to area to search for lost aviators.

9 October 1943 1845: Held services below and administered final rites on deck and committed to the deep the body of the late Lt (jg) Willis Edward Maxson III, U.S. Navy.

Bill was aged 23. Survivors included his pregnant widow, parents and grandfather; I sent a copy of the account to his widow 60 years later, and she said that was so much more than she was ever told, because of secrecy issues. Most recently, I forwarded web photos of Bill on the Skate.


My own military career will add little luster to family annals. After Basic Training, I studied Spanish for six months at the Defense Language Institute in Monterey, California. Soon I was stationed in the foreign languages library of a Military Intelligence unit outside Washington, D.C., serving 30 months altogether. An interest in family history led to my joining The Society of the Cincinnati. Founded in 1783 to promote esprit de corps among Revolutionary War officers (and seek pensions), the Society’s first President-General was Gen. Washington, who Surgeon Flagg hosted at Brookgreen, his S.C. plantation, in 1792. The Society was named for the Roman citizen soldier Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus, and the city of Cincinnati was named by an early member. One does not actually join, but claims a hereditary membership, with only one representative in each generation. At Society meetings, there is a certain camaraderie our forbears would approve of, especially knowing their descendants have met regularly for 223 years, acknowledging ancestral contributions and sacrifices. The S.A.R. is in many ways similar.

One young cousin (and Princeton Univ. graduate), Marine Capt. John Burton Rogers Jr., recently returned from Iraq. Another, Marine Capt. Richard Carl Christy, Jr. of Dallas, graduated in 1999 from the U.S. Naval Academy and also was married in the Chapel there. Perhaps he will fulfill the destiny in the military denied our cousin Billy Maxson half a century ago.

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9 “Excerpts from USS Skate War Patrol Off Wake Island” See (www.subvets.com/subleague/articles/skate.html)

10 Three weeks later she gave birth to a daughter, Diane (later Mrs. Walter H. Ligon III), and in 1946 married rancher (Damon) Philip Smith, Jr. of Llano.

11 I represent the slain Maj. Ebenezer Flagg Jr. in the Society of the Cincinnati in succession to Charleston, S.C. lawyer Charles Edward Belin Flagg, killed in the Civil War; Brig. Gen. Cornelius Vanderbilt III of New York and Newport; and Cornelius Vanderbilt IV. Ebenezer was a bachelor, and Cincinnati representation may be collateral.
Family of Andrew John Sponberg
Great Grandfather of Kay Dunlap Boyd, Austin Genealogical society

Anders Johan SPONBERG was born 18 Apr 1854 in Spånard, Småländ, Sweden. In Sweden he was a butcher. He came to America with his brother August SPONBERG in 1871. Here he took the name Andrew John SPONBERG. He was a farmer in the Decker community where all of his children were born and educated. His family land is now covered by Decker Lake. In later years he lived in the town of Manor. He declared his intent for American citizenship on 16 Oct 1886. He died 21 Jan 1926 in Manor, Travis Co., Texas, and with snow on the ground was buried 23 Jan 1926 in the Manor Cemetery. In 1934 his remains were moved to Oakwood Cemetery Annex. Andrew’s parents were Gustaf Swensson RYD and Catharina Larsdotter.

+Matilda Charlotte Andersdotter SJÖBERG, b: 18 Dec 1859 in Nässjö, Jönköping, Småländ, Sweden. She came to America with her parents and brother and sisters in 1869. She married 4 Dec 1878 in Travis Co., TX, and died at the home of her daughter 5 Feb 1934 in Austin, Travis Co., TX, Burial: Oakwood Cemetery Annex, Father: Anders Johan Jönsson SJÖBERG, Mother: Britta Helena “Lena” Petersdotter Peterson.

   +Gustav Emil ANDERSON, b: 17 Sep 1875 in Decker, Travis Co., TX, m: 1 Mar 1907 in Decker, Travis Co., TX, d: 11 Nov 1970 in Austin, Travis Co., TX, Burial: Oakwood Cemetery, Parents: Carolina and August Anderson Skylt.

2. Delia Helen SPONBERG, b: 17 Nov 1881 in Travis Co., TX, d: 1 Mar 1976 in Houston, TX, Burial: Brady Cemetery, five children
   +Carl (Felix) LUNDGREN, b: 1875 in Decker, Travis Co., TX, m: 19 Dec 1906 in Travis Co., TX, d: 28 Jan 1955 in Brady, McCullough Co., TX, Parents Christina and Carl L. Lundgren.

3. Margaret “Maggie” Anna Sophia SPONBERG, b: 12 Dec 1883 in Travis Co., TX, d: 10 Oct 1963 in Austin, Travis Co., TX, Burial: Manor City Cemetery, four children
   +Swantie August SELLSTROM, b: 16 Sep 1883 in Gregg, Travis Co., TX, m: 13 May 1908 in New Sweden Lutheran Church, Travis Co., TX, d: 21 Dec 1936 in Manor, Travis Co., TX, Burial: Manor City Cemetery, Father: Anders Johan Sellstrom, Mother: Mathilda Sophia Peterson.


   +Oma Morrow LOVELESS, b: 31 Jul 1896 in TX, m: 19 Mar 1933 in Austin, Travis Co., TX, d: 18 Feb 1989 in Travis Co., TX, Burial: Manor City Cemetery.


11. Chester Oscar SPONBERG, b: 30 Apr 1902 in Travis Co., TX, d: 11 Sep 1976 in Bell Co., TX, Burial: Oakwood Cemetery Annex, one daughter

    +Mary (Muriel) MEYER, b: 29 Nov 1911, m: 18 Jul 1942 in Austin, Travis Co., TX, d: 18 Feb 1992 in Travis Co., TX, Burial: Live Oak Cemetery.

A "Daughter" of Charlotte Terrell Huling
By Alana "Suzy" Moehring Mallard, Stephen F. Austin Chapter, Austin, Texas

On Feb. 24, 2004, I received certificate number 024622 from the Daughters of the Republic of Texas, naming me a member of the organization by my lineal, or bloodline, descent from Charlotte Terrell, who lived in Travis County during the Republic of Texas and served in the capacity of Loyal Citizen.

And here's how the proofs go – all backed up by birth certificates, death certificates, marriage licenses, Civil War widow's pension applications, divorce papers, land grant records, census records and tombstone photos.

My parents are Robert Howell Moehring, born Sept. 1923, in Georgetown, Williamson County, Texas, died Oct. 7, 2001, in Fort Worth, Tarrant County, Texas, and his wife Jonnie Yukon Ross, still living.

Robert and Jonnie were married March 14, 1943, in Round Rock, Williamson County, Texas.


Reinhold and Fannie were married Oct. 12, 1922, in Georgetown, Williamson County, Texas.

Fannie Ann Mason is the child of William Brockman Mason, born April 18, 1866, in North Carolina, died Oct. 21, 1927, in Williamson County, Texas, and his wife Florence Olive "Ollie" Stirling, born Oct. 8, 1873, in Williamson County, Texas, died Nov. 13, 1950, in Georgetown, Williamson County, Texas.

Will and Ollie married on Nov. 29, 1894, in Williamson County, Texas

Ollie Stirling is the child of Joseph Sterling, born April 23, 1843, in Missouri, died Jan. 2, 1910 in Williamson County, Texas, and his wife Melissa C. Huling, born Jan. 1 1851, in Travis County, Texas, and died Feb. 10, 1929, in Austin, Travis County, Texas.

Joseph and Melissa married on Aug. 2, 1866, in Travis County, Texas.

Melissa is the child of Marcus Huling, born about 1800 in Virginia, died about 1870 in Travis County, Texas, and Charlotte Terrell, born Jan. 27, 1816, in Massachusetts, and died June 1, 1895 in Austin, Travis County, Texas.

Charlotte Terrell Huling served the Republic of Texas in the capacity of Loyal Citizen and her place of residence during the Republic of Texas was Travis County, Texas. Charlotte married Marcus Huling in Mississippi in 1832. They arrived in Texas in 1837, where Marcus filed for a land grant in Bastrop County on Aug. 10, 1838. Charlotte and Marcus appear in the 1850 census with children born in Texas in the early 1840s.

Other children of Charlotte and Marcus are Orlena Huling, born about 1840, who married Jackson Scroggins; Amanda Huling, born about 1843, who married Charles C. Foster; John Huling, born about 1845, who died young; Marcella Huling, born about 1848, who married John S. Bowles; and Annie Huling, born about 1853, who married first William Fletcher, then James Warmoth; and Alicia Huling, Melissa's twin, born in 1851, who died after 1860.

Charlotte and Marcus were divorced in 1859, neither remarrying. I just thought Marcus was a land-hungry scalawag, and decided to go in on Charlotte. I like him a little better now. She is buried in Austin's Oakwood Cemetery, and his burial location remains a mystery to me.
Descendants of Marcus and Charlotte Terrell Huling

1. Charlotte Terrell, b: Jan 27, 1816 in Massachusetts, d: Jun 1, 1895 in Austin, Texas, Burial: Oakwood Cemetery, Austin Texas
   +Marcus Huling, b: Mar 25, 1800 in Rockingham Co., Virginia, m: Feb 18, 1831 in Adams County, Mississippi, d: ca 1880 in Travis Co., Texas, Burial: Webberville, Texas?

2. Orela Huling, b: ca 1840 in Texas, d: Aft. 1870
   +Jackson Scroggins, b: ca 1825, m: Bef. 1859, d: Aft. 1860
   3. Laura Scroggins, b: ca 1857
   3. Lewellen Scroggins, b: ca 1864
   3. Linal Scroggins, b: ca 1866
   3. Effie Scroggins, b: ca 1866
   3. Mary Scroggins, b: ca 1866

   +Charles C. Fowler, b: 1832 in Kentucky, m: 1860 in Travis County, Texas, d: Aft. 1860

2. John Huling, b: ca 1845 in Texas, d: Aft. 1860
   2. Marcella E. Huling, b: ca 1848 in Texas, d: Aug 5, 1925 in Austin, Texas, Burial: Oakwood Cemetery, Austin, Texas

   +John S. Bowles, m: 1868 in Travis County, Texas, d: Dec 3, 1911 in Austin, Texas, Burial: Oakwood Cemetery, Austin, Texas

   3. John A. Bowles, b: ca 1870, d: Aft. 1890

   2. Annie Celestia Huling, b: Jan 1, 1851 in Texas, d: Dec 20, 1927, Oakwood Cemetery, Austin

   +William Fletcher, b: ca 1849 in Vermont, m: 1868 in Travis County, Texas, d: Aft. 1875

   3. Bird L. Fletcher, b: May 1871, d: Aft. 1880

   +James H. Warmoth, b: May 3, 1834, m: 1880 in probably Travis County, d: Jan 9, 1910 in Austin, Texas, Burial: Oakwood Cemetery, Austin, Texas

   3. Kate Warmoth, b: Dec 1880

   3. Lottie Warmoth, b: Dec 1882

   3. James H. Warmoth, b: Mar 1885

   3. Roy A. Warmoth, b: Dec 1888

2. Melissa C. Huling, b: Jan 1, 1851 in Travis County, Texas, d: Feb 10, 1929 in Confederate Women's Home, Austin, Texas, Burial: Presbyterian Cemetery, Georgetown, Texas

   +Joseph Stirling, b: Apr 23, 1843 in Warrensburg, Missouri, m: Aug 2, 1866 in Travis County, Texas, d: Jan 2, 1910, Burial: Presbyterian Cemetery, Georgetown, Texas

   3. Henry Stirling, b: Mar 1879

   +Renetta?, b: Nov 1882, m: 1899

2. Allicia Huling, b: ca 1853 in Texas, d: Aft. 1860

-----
69
My Hero, Ellery Paul Bayles
By Barbara (Bobbie) Singleton Hudnall, granddaughter

My grandfather was the kind of grandfather that everyone should have.
Mother told me that when I was a baby, granddad use to buy her an ice cream cone at the store at one end of the bridge, run across the bridge to our house before it melted, so he would have an excuse to come to see me!! Later, when I was in elementary school, I would walk to the First National Bank building to meet him, and we would catch the bus home together every day. We moved to a house a block away from my grandparents when I was not quite five. We lived there the rest of the time I lived in West Virginia.

I wasn’t the only grandchild, I was just lucky to be the one who lived the closest.
He was a very easy-going man who never seemed to get upset about anything or let anything bother him. I visited my grandparents almost every day, and no matter what he was doing he would stop to talk to me or at least let me “help” him with his chores. I am sure that after I left he went out and straightened out the corn rows that I plowed or cleaned up whatever mess I made, but he never stopped me or told me I couldn’t do something.

He could grow just about anything. He had a garden that was a city block long and a third of a block wide. He grew almost everything that they ate. By the time I came along they no longer had cows for milking and pigs for slaughtering but there was always a chicken coop and I got to help pick out new chicks each spring. Little did I know that the chickens we were eating were from that same chicken coop.

He had several grape vines of different types and the ones that I didn’t eat, he made into wine. He also grew currants for wine and jelly. And he made dandelion wine. He had three large 55-gallon wooden barrels in the cellar for his wine. During WWII my parents would exchange some of our sugar ration stamps for some of their meat ration stamps. Grandmother would not allow him to smoke or drink inside the house, so granddad and his friends would sit on the cellar steps and smoke and drink wine.

Granddad was just an “old country boy” and never did change. He was the happiest when he was working the soil, but they had six children so he had to work someplace other than at home to support his family. He worked at the Jones Window Glass Factory from 1905 when they married until 1917 when he went to work as a janitor for West Virginia University. He worked there until 1921 when he went to work as the day custodian for First National Bank of Morgantown. He worked there until he retired in 1954.

Some people might think that he could have done something better, but he managed to put all six of his children through West Virginia University, working as a janitor. Four of the six went on to higher degrees. Two got their Masters Degrees and two went on be become Ph.D.s. My mother did not go past her B.S. degree, but she went on to become the principal of an elementary school, first through eighth grades. I would say that all of them were a pretty good tribute to him and the principles that he instilled in his family.
That is why he is my hero. I can’t think of anyone who is a better example of what you should be and how you should live your life.
The Trip to Mt Enterprise

By Richard S. Robertson, Austin Genealogical Society

Mt Enterprise, Texas has a population of 525 and is located about half way between Nacodoches and Henderson in East Texas. It is has no large employer; it has no state park or tourist attraction. But we eagerly went there on our 51st wedding anniversary. We went there to see my roots and have some understanding of the place where they settled over 160 years ago.

We learned about the Primitive Acres Guest Ranch located about 5 miles south of the town on 500 acres of beautiful East Texas wooded areas from the internet and decided that was the place where we would like to stay. It was a good decision. We arrived in Mt Enterprise at dark and followed primitive directions to Primitive Acres. There was a hand drawn map at the office that told us where our cabin was located and we found it and unloaded our luggage and went back to town to get some food. When we returned to the ranch, lights were on at the office and we found Margie Jackson the owner, operator, and delightful person eating her supper. She invited us in and wanted us to tell her all about the mission of our trip. We visited till well after 10 o'clock and agreed to get together the next morning at 9 o'clock for coffee and she would give us possible contacts that could help us learn more about my ancestors.

Our first stop in town was the local drugstore where we met John Langston. John's family had been around the area for many many years. Knowing the name of the two cemeteries where ancestors were buried we asked him for directions. He said to just follow him in his pickup truck and he would lead us to both. He showed us the Gatlin-Matlock cemetery and then led us north of town to the Old Town cemetery where great grandfather John Sory was buried. He got out and pointed out the nearby location of the old original Mt Enterprise. Old Mt Enterprise came into existence sometime between 1832 and 1840. For a generation or two it was the most important trading center in Rusk County. In the early 1900's it was moved south to its present location.

John Sory received 640 acres of land from the Republic of Texas on December 5, 1839 and settled at Mt Enterprise. The 1850 Census says that he was a farmer and later information says that he ran a flour mill. In 1872 he and my grandfather, William Harris Sory, went to move Jacksonville, Texas to the railroad. Grandfather William stayed in Jacksonville the rest of his life and great grandfather John went back to Mt. Enterprise. He died October 19, 1875 and we
found his marker at Old Town Cemetery. Buried with him was his first daughter, Araminta, and an infant daughter. His wife, Jane Catherine, lived to the age of 95 and was buried in Jacksonville.

In spite of a slight drizzle, we took pictures of markers and the beautiful surrounding green hillsides and then went back to town. The Rusk County Library has a branch in Mt Enterprise and we found two great books: Rusk County History published in 1982, and Remembering Rusk County published in 1992. Each book included histories of the Haltoms (Great great grandparents) and the Sorys. We started xeroxing pages until we were told the library would be closed for the noon hour. Hooray for a small town! Leaving all of our material on the table, we headed to the little restaurant recommended by one of the librarians. It was Bren’s Pig Out where “you need no teeth to eat our meat”, operated by a delightful and friendly black couple who served us an excellent home cooked meal. Back to the library at 1:00 o’clock and we finished our xeroxing. The rain had slacked and we left for the Gatlin-Matlock cemetery. The Internet had indicated that this was originally a Haltom family cemetery. We found our Haltoms and learned that the Gatlins and Matlocks were all related to the Haltoms. So the small fenced and well-kept little cemetery had all of our relatives. The patriarch, O. William Haltom, my great great grandfather and his wife, Priscilla, have a double marker. She died in 1868 and he in 1869. William Haltom received 640 acres from the Republic of Texas December 5, 1839, the same day as great grandfather John Sory. On his marker is a bronze disc that says: “Citizen of the Republic of Texas” and at the foot of the marker is a star medallion that says “War Veteran of The War of 1812”.

We were pleased at our successes in finding the markers and our luck so far. It was still mid-afternoon and we learned that the main Rusk County Library in Henderson was open until 8 pm on Mondays and had a genealogy section. We drove the 19 miles north on Highway 259 to Henderson and found the library. Mrs. Billie Shelton was the librarian in charge of the genealogy section and was going to be there another 30 or 40 minutes before going home so we needed to act fast with any questions. When I told her that great grandfather John
Sory’s 640 acres of land was about two miles from Henderson, she pulled a large Rusk County Map mounted on a board and immediately found the site with his name. She had 8 ½ x 11 inch breakdowns of the larger map and gave me the appropriate sheet which I xeroxed. She then showed us all the other resources before she left and we started to work. We discovered entries in the Rusk County History books that we had missed and xeroxed them. There were some details of interest in the 1850 and 1860 Census for Rusk County and we became familiar with all their resources so that we could email Billie Shelton if necessary.

After supper we drove back to Mt Enterprise and Primitive Acres Ranch. Margie Jackson was waiting for us and wanted to know about everything we had done and what we had found in her little town. As the drizzle of the afternoon turned in to steady showers outside, we sat in the warmth of Margie’s dining room and shared all of our successes and stories of the day.

We had a steady rain all night long and with more forecasted, planned to go back home that morning. We had coffee with Margie again and decided to forego going to the barn and seeing her horses. Next time with good weather we will spend more time at Primitive Acres.

We stopped at the Drug Store and gave our report to John Langston and headed for Austin.

It was a productive trip. We learned more about my ancestors, met some very nice people in East Texas, and caught a little more of the flavor of life there in the 19th century.
Anything for a buck
By John C. Miller, Austin, AGS

Did your parents and grandparents tell you tales of their working career? I wish mine had. I have only a smattering of their younger years. With this in mind, for my children and grandchildren, I've done a thumbnail of some of my more interesting and unusual part-time jobs on the way to my full-time career as a bank trust officer.

For openers, how about geophysical plotting for a geologist in the evenings during high school? It entailed plotting seismographic shot data on a large chart to show the subsurface geology. Interesting but not a career calling.

Or working in a bookstore and gift shop in the afternoons and Saturdays, checking in shipments, pricing and stocking shelves. After the store closed, I swept the floors and emptied wastebaskets. I learned there was magic in the large push broom. I left traces of sweeping compound while the manager's strokes were perfect. On Saturdays, there were the plate glass windows on the storefront to be washed, without leaving streaks. A stock room education came from playing dice with another part-timer. We rolled for nickels, which was too rich for my blood. Christmas was a fun season with toys to assemble and display. After Christmas, came packing for a move to a new and larger location, which resulted in my being "downsized" as a cost cutting measure.

An envious job - envied by my school friends, that is - was at a record shop. This was a record shop that sold 78 and 45 rpm records, as pictured in movies of the '40s with kids dancing in a store to hit records of the day or crowding into individual listening booths to preview records. Besides keeping the record racks stocked, the owner suggested that I could learn the basics of radio repair and be able to make service calls. It was a career opportunity that I declined in favor of a higher-paying Christmas holiday job.

My best friend got a holiday job with the U.S. Post Office parcel post section sorting packages and encouraged me to apply. I did and was hired at 75 cents an hour. (The record shop paid only 50 cents.) I began about December 14, going to work as soon after school as I could get downtown. The facilities were temporarily housed in the parking garage at the Sam Houston Coliseum. Grouped by postal zip codes were rows and rows of numbered metal racks holding heavy canvas mail bags. Above the racks and bags was a large board with street names and a number. Sacks of incoming packages were brought to a zip area. The clerks sorted the parcels to the numbered bags based on the parcel address and the street name/bag number. Not a challenging job, it just required good eyes and a good basket ball touch to hit the right bag. The pay rate went to time and a-half after 6 p.m. and double time after 10 p.m. School kids couldn't work past 10 except weekends and after the start of Christmas holidays. I pulled all-nighters when the break began, working till all the mail was sorted, perhaps four or five a.m., then walking 10 blocks to wait for the first morning bus to my part of town. I'd get to bed about 7 a.m. and head back downtown about 3:15 p.m. My paycheck for the holidays was a little over $100! That was huge in 1946 or '47.

An adventure job turned out to be serendipity, as in an unexpected pleasure. The adventure part of the job was getting there and home. The job was the serendipity. You may recall an earlier story about an 18-year-old kid in 1949 driving a company car from their Houston office to their New York office, then hitchhiking 300+ miles upstate to a resort hotel on Big Moose Lake in the Adirondacks to see a friend.

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I subsequently met the owner of the resort and asked if he had any jobs. He hired me as “Assistant Kitchen Steward,” i.e., potato peeler, pot wolloper and general kitchen flunkey. It was valuable training — not for a career path, but for married life. And it paid $25 weekly, with free room and board. The staff was composed of college kids from Ivy League schools working to make school expenses. Naturally, I picked up the nickname of “Tex.” It was five weeks of off-duty fun with hikes, evening campfires, swimming and even occasional square dances in town. Finally, it was late August and I had to enroll at the University of Texas. Five days of hitch-hiking and an all night bus ride got me home.

University of Texas days found me haunting the student employment office. There was a switchboard job in my dorm, three evenings a week. The equipment was primitive. A call would come in; I would buzz the dorm room. If in, they would buzz back and then go to a phone in the stairwell. One evening, a call came in for a student who had jumped off the tower to his death that day. Perhaps it was a curiosity or prank call rather than a legitimate one, never the less, I gave the caller the facts. In the background, I heard excited-sounding female voices, then an “oh, no” as the woman hung up.

You’ve probably seen the signs, “will work for food.” That was what I did one year at the University Commons, the student cafeteria in the Texas Union Building. I, and several others “bussed” the lunch tables after the students finished eating. It was just a matter of watching for the diners to finish, stack their used plates on trays, wipe down the tables and move on to the next table. For an air of formality, we wore heavily starched white jackets with stand-up or Nehru collars that rubbed my neck raw. Fresh jackets were issued weekly but a jacket didn’t always last the week since it was a messy job. We did have the opportunity to eat before the dining room opened but the cost of the meals was deducted from our weekly pay based on 50 cents an hour.

Then, there was a summer job with Austin Parks and Recreation Department so I could stay in Austin, go to summer school and spend more time with my bride to be, Carolyn. A parks supervisor, my landlord, offered me a job as a playground leader. Two leaders were assigned to a playground, a woman for the morning shift when the children did crafts and games. The afternoon/evening shift had a man for sports and other activities. The city had an afternoon baseball league in each park with the playground leader overseeing and umpiring the games. It was good training for raising two boys and working with kids but it sure was hot under the summer sun. Carolyn would pick me up at 9:00 p.m. when the park closed and we would go to a watermelon stand (25 cents a slice) so I could hydrate.

An interesting job that might have had career opportunities was modeling for life drawing classes. It paid 75 cents an hour, rather than the usual 50 cents for other student jobs. Two afternoons a week, I would report to the art building, “prepare” for the class and go to the studio. The instructor would position me on a 24-inch high platform. It might be as a discus thrower or in a leaning/twisting/bending pose so that various muscles were flexed (I was lean and well muscled in those days). Typically, the pose would be held for 30 or 45 minutes depending on its difficulty. Once, I was posed on my back and actually slept the full class time. There were 12 to 15 students in the class with their easels on all sides of the platform. At the break, I would talk with the students and look at their drawings. Alas, no calls from Hollywood, and oh yes, if you were curious, I wore tight, flesh colored trunks.
In an e-mail from Barb, Howard’s wife, she wrote, “Brook still ice and snow covered - it amazes me each time I go out at night to ‘hear’ the absolute silence! Howie’s [oxygen] machine is always running - which is sort of in the background and you get used to it - but outside, the silence is SO noticeable! And peaceful.”

And my return e-mail to her: “I’m fascinated by your descriptions of winter in Vermont. I can appreciate the sound of silence at night and can imagine a dark clear sky (no moon), millions of stars twinkling, with their light reflecting off the snow. Oh, for the beauty of a Vermont night!”

Or, I can imagine a bright moon reflecting off the snow, so bright that you can almost read a paper. The snow is like a blanket, spread smoothly over the ground, running into the trees; and the tree branches are covered with snow sculptures, the branches nearly touching the ground under the snow’s weight.

From the images that I described to Barb, that proverbial chain of memories began to link together. I remembered recent night-memories, nights with grandsons and, in my youth, nights with my dad – one memory leading me on to another.

One recurring night event is the annual Persid meteor shower in August. Our family first became aware of the meteor shower about 1974. A dark place, away from city lights was recommended for best viewing. The family drove out RR 2222 to where it intersects Loop 360, which was then under construction. We drove up on the gravel roadbed, got out the lawn chairs and looked to the eastern horizon. It was a spectacular show as the balls of fire streaked across the sky, dragging their fiery tails. One son may have dozed a bit as he lay on the hood of the car at 2 a.m. When grandsons visited us in the ’80 and ’90s, it was a ritual to view the meteor shower. Finding a dark location became increasingly difficult, having to drive almost to Manor for only a fair location.

In 1995, the two grandsons, our older son and I drove to Big Bend National Park for a “guys vacation” and on to McDonald Observatory, where I had scheduled us for the nightly tour. We had a few minutes to view the skies and a distant galaxy through the main telescope. What was but a pin-prick of light in Orion’s Belt was actually a cluster of three large stars blazing in the night, their light taking, perhaps as many as 100 light years to reach earth. As in the old movie title, “it was a night to remember.”

As children, many of us lay on a pallet under the stars and tried to count the stars. I can distinctly recall lying on a pallet in the front yard as my father showed me the big dipper and how it pointed to Polaris, the North Star. In my role as a grandfather, I have shared the night skies with all four of our grandchildren, carrying on the tradition. On clear nights, particularly after a cool front, I can see several of the brightest stars from our patio. It still brings pleasure to locate Polaris, the big dipper and some of the constellations.

In the summer of 1940 my parents decided to move to the country. They drew detailed plans for a house that could be built in stages, as finances permitted. The first room would be the large kitchen, perhaps 12’ x 18’. My dad decided that when the lumber was delivered to the site he would sleep there to keep it from being stolen. I begged to stay with him and he agreed. Mom fixed a picnic supper for us and something for breakfast. The isolation was a surprise to me. We were half a mile from the nearest house, no street lights, total darkness, and a silence not experienced in town but punctuated by all the night insects and noises from nocturnal animals.
moving through the bushes. Sleeping out with my father under the stars (you could see jillions of
to the outhouse. At night I was afraid to go down the path by myself so Pop
would get the flashlight and escort me. Usually, he was in front on the return trip. One night, for
reason, he turned off the light and started to run, yelling, "Run, John, Run!" I grabbed his belt
and hung on for dear life. When we got back to the yard he was laughing so hard and I was so
upset that my mother and sister came out to see what the commotion was about. It was all Pop
could do to tell the story through his laughter. Now I can look back at it and laugh too but after
that, I always hung on to Pop's belt at night.

And the best for last. Have you seen a space shuttle reentry? I have seen two! The first
was about 2 a.m. (up and at 'em) several years ago. I went out on our side street and began to
watch the northern sky, 30 degrees above the horizon. I had a clear view, above rooftops, and no
trees. Suddenly, from left to right, was a streak of gold sparkles. It was like a GIANT skyrocket
or a HUGE roman candle ball, being shot horizontally across the black sky. But the sparkles did
not drop from the golden trail nor did they fade out. They just hung there for minutes. It was as if
a painter had taken his brush and, with a single stroke, painted a glowing, metallic, twinkling
swath of gold across a black canvas. Gradually, the golden sparks dimmed, leaving a faint
afterglow to mark the route of the space shuttle. And then it was night again.

The next viewing was in 1999. Carolyn and I went to the footbridge over Great Northern
to have a clear, unobstructed view of the shuttle's reentry. Others had the same idea but we were
able to find a good viewing position. This time, it was a summer evening, just at twilight. We
were watching generally to the north when someone cried, "There it is!" "Where?," others
asked. "To the west!" We looked over our shoulder, and, yes, there it was, low above the western
horizon, moving rapidly east. Again, it was a golden shaft racing across the sky, leaving a
suspended trail of gold dust that sparkled and flashed in the sky. The point of the shaft was the
shuttle, its glowing contrail broadening like the wake of a powerboat. This time, it took longer
for the fly-by, maybe a minute or more, or so it seemed, because we could see it move from
horizon to horizon. As before, the trail was draped across the sky, holding its brilliant golden
color, almost motionless for minutes. To the west, with the afterglow of the sunset, the color
began to fade. Far to the east, the golden contrail was being dispersed by high altitude winds
until there were only flecks of gold to mark the shuttle's path. In a spontaneous outburst, the
crowd clapped in joy at the beauty and majesty of the shuttle's reentry. It was an experience to
remember and savor for a lifetime.

It was dark when we got home. On the TV, 1200 hundred miles away at Cape Canaveral,
we saw the space shuttle landing — the same shuttle that we had seen just minutes before. Yes, it
was truly another night to remember.
Katherine Stein Tiemann: My Fraternal Grandmother
By Robert E. Tieman, Mother's Day 2005

Katherine Stein was born on May 1, 1872, in Eitelborn in the principality of Nassau in the part of Europe now called Germany. She was the second of four daughters born to Johann Joseph Stein and Elisabeth Fasel Stein. According to her daughter, my Aunt Rose Stavinoha, the Steins also had four boys, but they died in childhood. Johann Stein was a musketeer in the Nassau Infantry and participated in several battles including the Siege of Paris in 1871. He was awarded the Nassau Field Decoration Medal for his services. Little is known of her mother at this time.

Frequent wars, shortage of food, and lack of economic opportunity resulted in a migration of many people from central Europe to America. Johann and Elisabeth, along with daughters, Mary, Katherine, Theresa, and Theckla, immigrated to Texas in January 1873 when Katherine was less than one year old. They landed in Galveston, Texas, and traveled inland to Fredericksburg. They lived there for about three years before the family moved to the small nearby community of Crabapple, where Mr. Stein served as Postmaster for several years. When Katherine was about 18 years old, they returned to Fredericksburg and moved into the house shown below.

How much formal education Katherine was able to obtain is unknown, however, the Germans were well known for establishing good schools for the education of their children. Accordingly, it is very likely that Katherine had some formal education. I remember her showing me her copy of a McGuffy Reader, and telling me how precious it was to her. She continued to be an avid reader throughout her adult years.
As the daughters grew up, they began to make their own way in the world. As indicated in the Austin City Directory of 1895, Katherine and Theresa were living in Austin and working at the Avenue Hotel as a chambermaid and as a pantry girl. Theresa and Mary were later employed by Walter Bremond as a cook and a servant, and lived in the picturesque "Bremond House" at the corner of 8th Street and Guadalupe.

Katherine met her future husband, Otto Tiemann, in about 1893. Otto was a third-generation Texan, whose family had settled outside of La Grange in Fayette County. Otto had moved to Austin and he worked for the Houston & Texas Central Railroad as a night coal heaver and later as a railroad engineer. They married on September 30, 1896 in the old St. Mary’s Church in Fredericksburg, with Father Terillion officiating. They moved to Austin and settled in a large house at 1710 East Fourth Street.

During the first year of marriage, twins, a boy and a girl, were born to Katherine. Sadly, they both died on the same day they were born. But there were more children to come. My father, Aloysius, was born August 16, 1898. The next born were Cecilia and Helene, who died in 1906 at the age of three years. Another set of twins, both boys came next. One lived 14 days; the other, only 17 days. Clara, Eugene, and Rose were the next to be born. Leo was the last of the eleven births. He was born in December of 1914 when Katherine was 45 years old.

The children were all raised at the home on a large piece of property that Otto had acquired between East Fourth Street and the railroad track. On the front of the property were the big house, a large red barn, a windmill and water well, a tank house, a wash house, and a grape arbor. A rent house was back along the railroad tracks, and four or five small rent houses were along Concho Street. In between all this was a large field used as a vegetable and fruit garden.

Katherine’s husband, Otto, died at age 55 years on July 29, 1929, almost a full year before I was born. Katie, as she was usually called, was 57 years old and she continued to live at home with her daughter, Clara.

As I remember, Katie, better known to her grandkids as “CooCoo”, was “old” to me. She was in her mid-60s by the time I got to really know her and be around her. Since my family lived just across the tracks in the same neighborhood, I spent quite a bit of time at her place. I have many fond memories of her and her surroundings.
The big house had a partial basement, and main floor, and a room in the attic. The main floor consisted of three bedrooms and a living room. In the center were stairways to the basement and the attic. Although Clara had a bedroom on this level, she spent a great deal of time in the attic in a small room in the roof dormer. When CooCoo wasn’t busy with gardening or other outside chores, she spent most of her inside time in the basement, which consisted of the kitchen, a living area, a bathroom, and an underfloor storage area. A steel wood-burning stove stood in the corner of the living room. It provided warmth to the chill of a cold winter day. If CooCoo wasn’t cooking or baking, she would be sitting at the kitchen table or by the living room stove reading *National Geographic Magazine* or some other interesting publication. She loved to read, and she was very conversational.

As far as her culinary skills were concerned, she prepared ordinary, but always tasty and healthy meals. And to the delight of her grandchildren, she always had on hand a large platter of custard, generously sprinkled with cinnamon, or a brown paper bag filled with warm homemade doughnuts. She didn’t have a store-bought doughnut cutter, so her doughnuts had whatever shape her butcher knife would make. And her butcher knife was always sharp because she sharpened it by scraping it on the concrete steps leading up to the outside.

CooCoo was the epitome of frugality, most likely brought on by years of having to do without. Except for a nice store-bought dress to wear to church, all of her everyday dresses were made from flour sacks. There was no variety in color or pattern; her dresses were all the bleached-out white of the flour sack material. The same could be said of her shoes - one good pair for church, and tennis shoes for everyday wear. Her toes were misshapen in later years, so she cut holes in the tennis shoes to provide relief. When the temple piece on her eyeglasses broke, she replaced it with a piece of string and a large button. To this day I can visualize her putting on her glasses and draping that piece of string over and around her ear. She was frugal at every turn. She frequently would say, “I’d rather have a ten-cent purse with fifty cents in it rather than a fifty-cent purse with ten cents in it”.

CooCoo was a devout Catholic and a daily communicant in the nearby church, to which she walked the eight city blocks to attend. On two occasions, she was struck by an automobile while crossing the street. Her eyesight was waning and apparently she didn’t see the cars coming. Her injuries were usually bumps and bruises, but once she suffered a broken leg.

Texas weather was generally good, but sometimes very hot. Her front yard was filled with large pecan trees which provided a great deal of shade. It became her custom to sit on a bench in the front yard with a gentle breeze blowing and enjoy a cup of tea and read a book. More often than not, she would be soon joined in the shade by one of her many cats.
After she became too old to care for herself, CooCoo moved to Temple to live with her daughter Rose. Later as her health declined further, she spent her last days in a nursing home. She died on January 8, 1955 at the age of 83 years. She was laid to rest next to Otto in Mt. Calvary Cemetery in Austin. Although Otto had died 26 years earlier, his family had never provided his grave with a headstone. With CooCoo’s death, my Mother, her ex-daughter-in-law, vowed that Katie was “too much of a good woman” to not have an appropriate marker in remembrance of her time on earth. True to her convictions, she provided a granite double gravestone for Katie and Otto.

I was just 24 years old when my CooCoo died.

Young men’s thoughts are not much focused on the significance and impact of one’s grandmother passing away. Instead, they are preoccupied with other things, mostly self-serving. I was probably no different in that respect. I had just returned from military service, I was anxious to begin a professional career, raise a family, and seek the ultimate in happiness.

But as I have matured, I often think of CooCoo and how her approach to life’s challenges was passed on to me through the family bloodline. There was not just one characteristic, there were many for me to try to emulate. To always be industrious, continually seeking new knowledge, demonstrate love of God and family, show care and compassion for neighbors, practice good thrift habits, and maintain a healthy sense of humor. These were the attributes of her legacy and her gifts to me and others in her family to follow. If we succeed, she will certainly look down on us from Heaven with that characteristic glint in her eye and quietly smile.
Starkey orphans have ancestors, too!
By Patty Morris Starkey, Austin Genealogical Society

Strangely enough, an overview of my Starkey genealogical journey begins in the fall of 1999 when I become the recipient of my mother’s genealogy collection. With pictures and papers filling several file boxes and numerous notebooks, I quickly immerse myself in the wonderful bits and pieces of my family heritage.

In contrast, when I ask my husband, James Paul Starkey (known to family and friends as Paul) about his Starkey family, he produces a single piece of 8.5 x 11-inch paper. On this paper Paul has written a short family legend along with a brief list of names and places. It also comes with a loving reminder that his father is an orphan. And so, with a stroke of a pen, Paul hands me my first gigantic genealogical quest – the task of reuniting his orphan father with his ancestors.

This Starkey orphan story begins during the winter of 1919. It was a typically harsh winter in rural Nevada, and the journey from the rural ranch in Fish Lake Valley into the town of Tonopah had been an arduous one for 29-year-old rancher James Walter Starkey. His pregnant wife, Lucy Wilkins Starkey, has taken up temporary residence in Tonopah along with their 1½-year-old daughter, and James Walter’s mother, Esther Roberts Starkey. Born on April 3, 1919, and named after his father, the young James Walter Starkey (Jim) had the misfortune of arriving during the winter of the Great Influenza Pandemic of 1918-1919. The entire household, including the children, was stricken with the illness, and, in less than two weeks after the birth of their only son, both James Walter Starkey and his 26-year-old wife, Lucy, have died. The newborn Jim and his sister are now orphans left in the care of their paternal grandmother, who summons her daughter, Malvina Starkey, from California. Having a nursing background, the unmarried Malvina eventually assumes the role of head of the household and adopts the orphans.

My search for Starkey ancestors starts with the names and places on my husband’s handwritten piece of paper. The grandparents of Jim Starkey were Wellington (possible middle name of Napoleon) and Esther Roberts Starkey. They had four children: Alvina, Malvina, Minerva, and James Walter (the father). Esther Roberts Starkey was widowed when her husband, Wellington Starkey dies unexpectedly [in 1894].

Esther Roberts, born in Australia, has three brothers: John, Ed, and Will [brother Henry is not in this list]. John Roberts owns a butcher shop in White Hills, Arizona. Both James Walter and Lucy Wilkins are born in the Territory of Arizona and unite in marriage in the town of Kingman [on March 4, 1913].

As a beginning genealogist armed with this very sketchy family biography, my search begins. My first reading of a marriage index on the Family Archives CD #225 which had come with my newly purchased Family Tree Maker 7.0 program, yields an entry for the marriage of Wellington and Esther Roberts Starkey on September 14, 1877, in Williamson Valley, Yavapai County, Territory of Arizona. Naturally, having such incredible luck in discovering this previously unknown information, I proceed with a great amount of enthusiasm.

Next I start trekking through the Federal Census at the National Archives in Fort Worth, Texas, where in 1880 I find Wellington and Esther Starkey living in Willow Grove, Mohave County, Territory of Arizona. On this census, Wellington lists his birthplace as California. From there I easily locate only one Wellington Starkey on the California Census in 1870. At 17, Wellington lives with his parents, A.T. and Elizabeth A. Starkey in Washington Township, Alameda County. A.T., a farmer, age 50, is born in Pennsylvania and Elizabeth, age 38, says she
is born in Maine [NOTE: it now appears Elizabeth Ann Dougherty Starkey was actually born in Woodstock, Carleton County, New Brunswick, Canada]. Living with the parents are the following Starkey children, all born in California: Albert, 18; Caroline, 20; Wellington, 17; Esmeralda, 16; Adriana, 14; Thomas, 11; Ardean, 9; Argyle, 8; Beatrice, 7; Sheridan, 5; Sherman, 3; and Benjamin, age 8 months. So, by simply going back several generations, my two orphans instantaneously accumulate 11 grand aunts and uncles. From the 1900 Census I later discover that Elizabeth Starkey gave birth to 16 children, 8 of whom were living in 1900. This now gives our two orphans a total count of 15 Starkey grand aunts and uncles, and a whole lot of possible Starkey family relationships for me to unravel.

As the Starkey entries in my family file rapidly multiply, the subsequent research is both challenging and intriguing. I’ve yet to locate a family for A.T. (Allen Thomas) Starkey in Pennsylvania around 1820. Wellington’s brother, Albert M. Starkey, marries Sarah Jennie Clapp near Monterey, CA, has 10 children, and ultimately settles in Chico, CA, as does brother, Ardean. The youngest brother, Benjamin Franklin Starkey, lives in Oakland, CA, and his 1948 obituary lists Elizabeth Hubble (possibly Hubbell) as a surviving sister. As an adult, the orphan Jim Starkey and his first cousin once removed, Dean Willard Starkey (son of Albert), both live in Klamath Falls, Oregon, apparently unaware of their relationship to one another.

For the first two decades of my marriage, I frequently fielded inquiries about possible Starkey relationships. My usual reply is “No, we’re not related to that Starkey because my husband’s father is an orphan.” Of course this matter of fact response puts an end to the questioning, but since I began researching my husband’s Starkey family, I now look forward to the day when the next “are you related to” query can be answered with an emphatic and resounding “YES!”

THE ALLEN T. STARKEY FAMILY
Allen T. Starkey (aft. 1812—bef. 1880) m: Elizabeth Ann Dougherty (1829—1907)
Caroline (1850—1866) m: John Moffitt (abt. 1847—aft. 1866)
Albert M. (1851—1919) m: Sarah Jennie Clapp (1858—aft. 1923)
Wellington (1853—1894) m: Esther Roberts (1853—1927)
Esmaralda (abt.1854— ??)
Adrianna (abt.1856— ??)
Allen Thomas (abt.1858— ??)
Elizabeth (abt.1860—bef. 1870 ?)
Ardean (1860—1918) m: Teresa Tann (? ? — ??)
  m: Wilhelmina M. Stipp (1861—1924)
Argyle (1861—aft. 1889) m: Esther K. McGregor (1858— ??)
Beatrice (abt.1862— ??)
Sheridan (abt.1865— ??)
Sherman (abt.1866—1938 ) m: Susan ?? ( ? ? — ??)
Benjamin Franklin (1870—1948) m: Lillie Catherine Haines (1884—1960)
Elizabeth A. (1872—aft. 1948 ) m: Angus M. Hartman (1860—1912);
  m: Mr. Hubble / or Hubbell ( ? ? – ??)
unknown child #1 (possibly a twin of Caroline)
unknown child #2
John Booth Walters, c. 1801-1839  
Margaret Wells Walters, 1812-1869  
By great-great-granddaughter Barbara A. Nelson, Shelton, Washington

The story of John Booth Walters and his wife, Margaret Wells, embodies the romance and legacy of frontier Texas. Texas is all we know of John. His life before that is guesswork. Stephen Austin’s Register of Colonists shows that John B. Walters took his oath as a colonist on 9 Jan 1830, a single farmer, age 29, who had come to Texas in 1825, by way of Missouri.

My research leads me to believe that John and a friend, John F. Webber, came to Texas for the adventure, not the land. I think they were in the party of 15 men who accompanied Austin on one of his early colonizing trips to Texas. Unfortunately Austin’s records do not list the men by name. Reuben Hornsby family lore says Reuben landed in Texas in 1830 from the steamship Pocahontas. Reuben joined with Austin and five other men: Webber, Walters, Duty, Barker, and Wilbarger at Stephen F. Austin’s colony at San Felipe, Together these men surveyed the land around Austin’s Upper Colony.

By 1828 Walters had a reputation as an Indian fighter according to this Wilbarger family history account: “As soon as Mr. Wilbarger could complete the erection of a blockhouse and stockade, he sent an experienced Indian fighter, Mr. John Walters, to Burnham’s to escort Mother to her new home.”

John got his Mexican land grant, 1/2 league of land, allowed single men. It was adjoined by the league of land granted the Martin Wells family on the banks of the Colorado River, about 10 miles above Bastrop. Walters held a certificate for a labor of land issued by the Land Commissioners of Bastrop Co in 1825. Another record, Little Colony Contracts of 1827 shows John B. Walters, November 21, 1832, 1/2 league, N. San Antonio Road, back of J.F. Webber. This is a piece of land, recorded in Vol. A Pgs 293-295, lying in Travis Co., which was granted Walters “due to a new marriage condition.”

John married Margaret Wells, daughter of adjoining colonist Martin Wells. Margaret was born 17 February 1812 in Stewart Co, Tennessee. The Wells family lived in Alabama from 1817 until late 1829 when they left for Texas. They settled briefly in Fayette County, are shown there in January 1830, and then on to Bastrop where they had a town lot and a ranching league. After their marriage, John and Margaret lived in the compound known both as Wells’ Fort and Wells’ Pyramid, a grouping of three homes. Her parents occupied one and the family of G.W. Davis another.

John was killed at the Battle of Brushy Creek. The battle is memorialized by a monument erected in 1993 four miles south of Taylor. The marker reads:

“A skirmish between Comanche raiders and a local militia near here in midwinter led to the last major battle between Anglo settlers and Indians in Williamson County. The Comanche retaliated on February 18, 1939, by attacking several area homes, including those of Mrs. Robert and Dr. J. W. Robertson. Mrs. Coleman and her son, Albert, were killed. Another son, Tommy, and seven of Robertson's slaves were taken captive. The ensuing battle along nearby Brushy Creek claimed the lives of Jacob Burleson, Edward Blakely, the Rev. James Gilleland, and John B. Walters.”

Their known children are:

Martin Thomas Walters, born 7 December 1838 in Bastrop County, he married Harriet Smith, born 25 Dec 1841, in Greenville, South Carolina. The marriage took place 4 February
1862. The license was issued and executed in Bastrop County. In about 1873 they left Texas and pioneered in Lake County, Oregon. Martin Walters died 4 June 1907 in Lakeview, Oregon. Harriet Smith Walters died 25 February 1917, in Tacoma, Pierce Co., Washington. Their children were John Booth, Corah D., Thomas Henry, Joseph Gilbert, Margaret Elizabeth, Minnie Eleanor, Ida Lee, Harriet Alberta, Lillian Irene. All but the last three were born in Texas.

Elizabet Booth- born 11 April 1836 in Bastrop County, Texas died circa 1873. Married Isaac M. Brown 3 May 1853. Records indicate that they lived in Burnet County, but also had land in Lampasas County. Their children were John Thomas, Jones W., and Samuel.

After John was killed, Margaret married Thomas W. Blair. The family is shown in Bastrop Co. 1850 census with her children Elizabeth B. Walters and Martin Thomas Walters, and their children Eleanor D. Blair, Margaret Blair and John W. Blair. In 1860 census the family is shown in Burnet County, where they farmed and raised stock.

Their known children: Eleanor Louise Doak- born 16 July 1842, Bastrop Co. Republic of Texas, married W. Wirt Williams 19 July 1862. A letter from her in 1907 cited her address as 813 North Wilhite Street, Cleburne, Texas. She referred to her children, Emma and Sallie.

Margaret Amanda, born 18 April 1845, Bastrop County, Texas. Married Joseph Alexander. Children were Florence May, Thomas Samuel, Margaret Eleanor, and John William. John H.W. - born 12 July 1848 in Bastrop County, Texas. Died 1914.

Clingers rent on Washington Plantation in 1869
By Charles Clinger, Austin Genealogical Society

In a letter dated Oct. 21, 1940, my grandfather, Charles Edgar Clinger, wrote about his life.

The first paragraph states, “Life of C.E. Clinger, Born Dec. 16, 1853, in Gonzales County, Texas. Moved from there to Bexar County 7 miles north of San Antonio on the Devine Ranch. We lived there until after the Civil War in 1866. We moved from there in a covered wagon to Grayson County near the Red River. Moved from there to Travis County, Texas, in 1869, rented land from Mr. Washington 12 miles east of Austin at the mouth of Onion Creek on the Colorado . . .”

At 87 years of age he had a marvelous memory of his life’s details. He wrote up to January 1889. Dates and places I have confirmed, except the land rented from Mr. Washington.

In the December 2004 issue of AGS Quarterly, pages 168-169, there is an article about Thomas Pratt Washington’s plantation located 12 miles southeast of Austin on the south side of the Colorado River, at the mouth of Onion Creek. The description is almost exactly as stated by my grandfather in 1940. I reviewed documents at the Austin History Center and found some data on this Washington family. Thomas had purchased about 2,000 acres at the described place.

While the AGS article focused on slave names and the AHC data on the life of the Washingtons, I found no mention of others who worked by renting the land. Nor did various maps at AHLC verify Washington’s land.

However, the written location from two independent sources provides me with another fact about the life of my grandfather. It pays to read the AGS Quarterly.
Ancestry of Harold L. Hudnall

By Harold L. Hudnall, AGS

1. **Hudnall**, Harold Lee; b. 20 Jun 1935, Putney, WV.
2. **Hudnall**, Lasco Melvin; b. 23 Feb 1909, Putney, WV; d. 02 Apr 1984, Charleston, WV; m. 07 Dec 1909, Charleston, WV.
3. **Heideman**, Alice Hariet; b. 24 Jan 1914, Columbus, OH; d. 14 Sep 1976, Charleston, WV.
4. **Hudnall**, Thomas Jefferson; b. 20 Jan 1875, Cedar Grove, WV; d. 06 Dec 1961, Spring Fork, WV; m. 03 Mar 1897, Ward, WV.
5. **Hackney**, Annie; b. 16 Dec 1876, Eight Mile, WV; d. 18 Nov 1964, Charleston, WV.
6. **Heideman**, William Jules; b. 26 Sep 1876, Frankfort, Germany; d. 08 Nov 1917, Columbus, OH; m. 03 Jun 1903, Monesson, PA.
7. **Leonard**, Julia; b. 16 Feb 1881, Foret, Liege Province, Belgium; d. 09 Dec 1944, Reed, WV.
8. **Hudnall**, Philip Monroe; b. abt 1840, Kanawha Co, VA; d. 04 Nov 1887, Kanawha Co, WV; m. 31 May 1866, Kanawha Co, WV.
9. **Morriss**, Lucy Alice; b. 28 Mar 1848, Bedford Co, VA; d. 01 May 1928, Kanawha Co, WV.
10. **Hackney**, James Isaac; b. 05 Jun 1837, Pike Co, KY; d. 07 Jul 1915, Eight mile, Kanawha Co, WV.
11. **Ratliff**, Sarah Elizabeth; b. 04 Oct 1840, Buchanan Co, VA; d. 29 Apr 1909, eight Mile, Kanawha Co, WV.
12. **Heidemann**, Wilhelm K; b. 07 Jun 1838, Germany; d. 24 Oct 1909, Deerfield Township, Lenawee Co, MI; m. unknown.
13. **Leonard**, Gilles Joseph, Jr; b. 20 Feb 1848, Olne, Liege Province, Belgium; d. 10 Jan 1923, Wellsburg, Brooke Co, WV; m. unknown.
14. **Dupont**, Henriette Antoinette; b. 11 Feb 1856, Olne, Liege Province, Belgium; d. 18 Jan 1928, Wellsburg, Brooke Co, WV.
15. **Hudnall**, Walter Warder; b. 25 Dec 1814, Mays Lick, Mason Co, KY; d. 22 Jul 1911, Cedar Grove, WV; m. 28 Aug 1835, Kanawha Co, VA.
16. **Hudnall**, Cynthia; b. abt 1814; d. 28 Mar 1876, Kanawha Co, WV.
17. **Morriss**, Daniel W; b. abt 1822, Bedford Co, VA; d. unknown; m. 11 Feb 1846, Bedford Co, VA.
18. **Truman**, Martha Ann; b. abt 1821, VA; d. unknown.
19. **Hackney**, Thomas; b. abt 1796, Tazewell Co, VA; d. abt 1878, Pike Co, KY; m. 18 Apr 1817, Floyd Co, KY.
20. **Drake**, Priscilla; abt 1800, d. abt 1865.
21. **Ratliff**, Richard; b. abt 1810, d. unknown; m. unknown.
22. **Heidemann**, Karl; b. unknown; d. unknown; m. unknown.
23. **Folke**, Louise; b. unknown; d. unknown.
24. **Leonard**, Gilles Joseph; b. Foret, Liege Province, Belgium; d. Belgium; m. unknown.
30. **DUPONT**, Jean Joseph; b. unknown; d. unknown; m. unknown.
31. **PLERON**, Marie; b. unknown, d. unknown.
32. **HUDNALL**, Benjamin; abt 1778, Fauquier Co, VA; d. abt 1871, Kanawha Co, WV; m. abt 1796, Kanawha Co, VA.
33. **RILEY**, Nancy; bet. 1780 & 1790; d. aft 1830, Kanawha Co VA.
36. **MORRIS**, Morgan J; abt 1799, VA; d. unknown; m. unknown.
37. **NICHOLS**, Lucy; b. abt 1813; d. unknown.
40. **HACKNEY**, John; b. abt 1760; d. 10 Jan 1843, Russell Co, VA; m. 16 May 1786, New Castle Co, DE.
41. **VAIL**, Jane; b. abt 1768, DE; d. abt 1855, Russell Co, VA.
64. **HUDNALL**, Joseph, Jr; b.08 Feb 1737/1738, Prince William Co, VA; d. abt 1835, Athens Co, OH; m. 30 Nov 1759, Fauquier Co, VA.
65. **TAYLOR**, Mary Ann; b. unknown; d. unknown.
128. **HUDNALL**, Joseph, Sr; b. abt 1702, Lancaster Co, VA; d. 08 Jan 1787, Fauquier Co, VA; m. unknown.
129. **WITHERS**, Mary; b. 29 Sep 1711, Stafford Co, VA; d. abt 1783, Fauquier Co, VA.
130. **TAYLOR**, Benjamin; b. abt 1713, Northumberland Co, VA; d. abt. 1774, Fauquier Co, VA; m. unknown.
131. **WATERS**, Elizabeth; b. unknown; d. abt 1829, Fauquier Co, VA.
256. **HUDNALL**, John; b. 10 Apr 1679, Northumberland Co, VA; d. abt. 1754, Northumberland Co, VA; m. unknown.
257. ________, Sarah; b. abt 1681, d. unknown.
258. **WITHERS**, James; b. 06 Jun 1681; d. 03 Jun 1746, Stafford Co, VA; m. unknown.
259. **KEENE**, Elizabeth; b. unknown; d. unknown.
512. **GENESIS**, Alice; b. abt 1655; d. unknown.
1024. **HUDNALL**, John; b. unknown; d. bet. Jul & Nov, 1659, Northumberland Co, VA; m. unknown.
1025. ________, Mary; b. abt 1625; d. abt 1683, Northumberland Co, VA.
1026. **GENESIS**, Ezekiel; b. unknown, d. abt 1683, Northumberland Co, VA; m. unknown.
1027. **SHAW**, Rebecca; b. unknown; d. unknown.
Index to naturalization records to 1906 in Travis County, Texas
Recorded by Kay Dunlap Boyd, Austin

This index began in the November 2002 issue, which ran names Juan Aballos through Alfred Boles. In 2003, the March issue ran names Carl O. Bollman through Phillip Doppenschitt, June’s names ran from Ramon Dorado to Hugo Erzku, September’s from Faustina Escobar to Marcellino Gamez and November’s from H.P.M. Gammel to Gustav Hebbe. The March 2004 issue names were from Otto Hebbe to Frederick Hutz and no names ran in the June 2004 Quarterly. September 2004 featured the naturalization records of Carl Hyltin to August Josefson, December 2004 names ran from C.A. Josefsson to P.J. Lewgren, and March 2005 names ran from Tom Lewis to Herman Nelson. Between 4,000 and 5,000 names are on this complete index, which was entered from a microfilm copy of the WPA Index at the Austin Public Library’s Austin History Center. The microfilm is available at Austin History Center and through LDS Family History Centers. Complete recorded paper copies are on file at Austin History Center and at Texas State Library Genealogy Collection. The entire file has been entered electronically and is being loaded in parts at the Austin Genealogical Society Web site, www.AustinTxGenSoc.org.

The microfilm record contains this statement:

“Complete Index to Naturalization Records of Travis County, prepared by the State Wide Records Project of the WPA, sponsored by the Department of Justice through the Naturalization and Immigration division of the Federal Government. It took several months to compile this record by a staff of workers under the direction of Mr. E.C. Duke, District Supervisor (without cost to Travis County). This is a complete record of naturalization proceedings in the Probate, County and District Court of Travis County; at the time the County was organized, either of the three courts handled naturalization matters. Since 1906, all such matters have been handled by the U.S. District Courts. The preparation of this record was in line with a general program over the entire Country, and the copy of the record was given the District Clerk’s Office for the cooperation it gave the Staff that worked here on the project.

Requests for information in regard to Naturalization Records have been numerous recently, due to Social Security Laws, Old Age Assistance Benefits and war conditions requiring the establishment of citizenship.

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The Austin Genealogical Society

General Information

PURPOSE  Austin Genealogical Society was organized in 1960 as a not-for-profit corporation chartered by the State of Texas. Its purposes are to collect and preserve genealogical and historical information about the people of Texas, particularly pertaining to the City of Austin and to Travis and surrounding counties; to instruct and assist members in genealogical research; and to publish public and private records of genealogical interest. In addition, the AGS supports the Texas State Library’s Genealogical Collection and Austin Public Library’s Austin History Center by donations of books and other genealogical material. Gifts and bequests to AGS are tax-deductible to the full extent permitted by law.

MEMBERSHIP  is open to all upon payment of annual dues. Classes: Individual: $20; Family (two in the same household): $30; Patron of AGS: $100; Lifetime: $500 ($300 if over age 65). All classes entitle one copy of each issue of the Quarterly and the monthly Newsletter, as well as two pages apiece (a total of four pages for Family or higher whether one or two people submit listings) in the Ancestor Listing issue, the June Quarterly. After July 1, dues are $10 for the balance of the year, but you will receive only the publications produced after the date you join. Membership includes a copy the annual Membership Handbook, which is published each spring.

DUES FOR EXISTING MEMBERS  are payable on or before January 1 of each year for the ensuing year. If dues are not received by February 1, the name must be dropped from the mailing list. If membership is reinstated later and Quarterlies and Newsletters have to be mailed individually, postage must be charged. (Back Quarterlies are supplied only if available). Send dues payments to AGS Treasurer, P.O. Box 10010, Austin, Texas 78766-1010.

MEETINGS  of the general membership begin at 7:15 p.m. on the fourth Tuesday of each month except August and December. Members are encouraged to come as early as 6:30 p.m. to socialize with each other members. Meeting Place: Highland Park Baptist Church, 5206 Balcones Dr. Take Northland (RR 2222) exit off Loop 1 (Mopac). Go west one block to Balcones Dr. then left 1 1/2 blocks. The church and parking lot are on right. Visitors are always welcome. The Board of Directors meets at 6 p.m.

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AGS QUARTERLY  is issued about the middle of March, June, September and November. Contributions are welcome, subject to editing for style and length. Contributor is completely responsible for accuracy and any copyright infringement. AGS assumes no responsibility for content of submitted material. Some Quarterly articles are posted to our Website at www.AustinTxGenSoc.org.

ANCESTOR LISTING PAGES  for the June issue of the Quarterly must reach the Editor at 3310 Hancock Dr., Austin, Texas 78731, or alanasuzy@earthlink.net by May 20, preferably by electronic means, either in an e-mail or as an attachment to an e-mail. When an electronic version is not possible, typing, handwriting or printing must be black and legible. Months must be spelled or abbreviated, not in figures. Show dates in accepted genealogical style: day, month. Leave 1-inch margins at both sides and at top and bottom, and hand-number pages on the back of each page. Carefully check horizontal pages (reading in the 11-inch direction) so that one-inch margins are on top, bottom and both sides so no information is lost in stapling. No 8½ x14 sheets, please. You may submit lineage or family group charts, ahnentafels, narratives, memoirs, letters, cemetery inscriptions, Bible records, census data, queries or a combination of material, just so it is not under copyright. Proofread your material for accuracy and clarity so we will not publish faulty or incorrect data. Consult a recent June AGS Quarterly for suggestions.

Remember, individual membership secures two facing pages, and family or higher membership allows you four pages.

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