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Published four times per year by the Austin Genealogical Society
Our forty-seventh year of publication Website: www.austintxgensoc.org
Alana Moehring Mallard, editor, alanasuzy@earthlink.net

Austin Genealogical Society
P.O. Box 10010
Austin, Texas 78766-1010
## Austin Genealogical Society

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Kay Dunlap Boyd, First Vice-President  
Tommy Ingram, Second Vice-President  
Janis Trayler, Treasurer  
John Morastica, Corresponding Secretary  
Inez Eppright, Recording Secretary

### Board of Directors

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<th>2007 Term</th>
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<td>Tommy Ingram</td>
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<td>Lynn LeCropane</td>
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<td>Beverly Locklin</td>
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<td>Edna Youngblood</td>
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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, light refreshments and an open Help Desk for members and visitors from 6:30 p.m.-7:15 p.m. The meeting begins at 7:15 p.m. with a short business report followed by the program.

### Committee Chairs and Appointments 2007

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<td>Wilena Young</td>
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<td>Beverly Locklin</td>
<td>Yvonne Beever</td>
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## 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 mkdb1405@aol.com.

**Quarterly Submissions and Inquiries** Send material and correspondence to AGS Quarterly Editor, 3310 Hancock Dr., Austin, Texas 78731 or alanasuzy@earthlink.net.

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

What’s in a name?

Take ours, for instance: AGS Quarterly. It’s who we are. It’s what it is, sometimes. But do we need to change the name, update the breadth of our publication and organization? And truly, the thing hasn’t been on a quarterly basis recently. Maybe a re-name is in order.

Travis County Tell? Colorado River Ruminations? Waterloo Wonderings? Give it some thought, and send in your suggestions if you think the AGS Quarterly needs a good renaming. Kay Boyd and I have called it the Q for the years we’ve worked on it.

Now, about this issue of the Q.

Charles Clinger does us all a huge favor by sharing his mother’s life story, one she wrote in 1975. I love the way she starts: “So, you want the story of my life, do you? OK, you asked for it, so here goes.” I wish my mother would do the same.

Speaking of my mother, Jonnie Ross Moehring, she wrote a story about my father’s WWII service for a book about Central Texas veterans that Georgetown resident Martin Parker is editing. My mother wrote my daddy’s story, which is in this issue as well, my cousin’s husband wrote her daddy’s story. See a pattern? We’ve got to get these stories told before all these daddies die.

And three cheers for M.C. Forister for telling her family research story. It’s always fun to learn how our friends got started in family history research.

Send in your stories, your research, your queries, Let us hear from you.

Alana Moehring Mallard
Editor
Austin Genealogical Society
presents
2007 Annual Seminar
featuring

Paula Stuart-Warren and Josh Taylor

Program Topics

- National Union Catalog of Manuscript Collections (NUCMC): The Key to "Lost" Ancestral Records
- The US Federal Government: 13 Underutilized Research Resources
- Online Resources for Colonial America
- Discovering USGenWeb

Saturday, May 5
9:00 a.m. – 4:00 p.m.
$45 pre-registration, $50 at the door

Norris Conference Center
2525 W. Anderson Lane #365
Austin, Texas

For more info:
www.austintxgensoc.org
Pat Oxley at pat@theoxleys.com
AGS, PO Box 10010, Austin, Texas 78766-1010
Almost everyone still living can tell you where they were, what they were doing, and who they were with on that "day that will live in infamy," of 65 years ago this year. My memory of that day is probably typical, in that ordinary things were happening in our family and that day in itself was not changed by the extraordinary world events.

Our setting was the Mount Vernon/Cedar Rapids/Iowa City, Iowa area, and the people were my immediate family, plus my older brother's close friend, and needless to say, the date was the 7th of December, 1941.

My family consisted of our widowed mother, Mae R. Bair Foster (later, Mrs. Ed Starry); my brother, William Floyd Foster ("Bill"); 1940 graduate of Mt. Vernon High School, with one year of Cornell College behind him; me, at 17 years an "MVHS" senior; and my younger brother, Arthur Lynn Foster ("Art") who looked forward to his 15th birthday on Christmas Day. Our grandfather, William "Henry" Bair, who lived with us, was probably away at one of our uncles' farms, helping out.

Bill, on his year off from Cornell, was working at Collins Radio in Cedar Rapids, to save enough for his sophomore year. He attended the St Paul's United Methodist Church, did some prominent business personal, and it may have been Mr. Killian, of Killian's Department Store, who offered to loan Bill a car that week-end, so Bill could come home and take us to visit his friend, Forest Clark, in the University Hospital in Iowa City.

Forest had seriously injured his leg during his summer farm employment and was still (or again?) in the hospital for treatment. During his enrollment at Cornell, Forest earned his living as a minister at two or three small rural area churches, and drove a coupe' named "Tantalus," named for the mythical character from which the word tantalize is derived. I leave the reason to your imagination. Sometimes Forest took Art and I for a ride in the rumble seat. Bill and Forest were almost inseparable during their year together at Cornell, so he was a frequent visitor in our home. As pre-ministerial students they had much in common, and when Forest brought his sister to visit from Maquoketa, she stayed with me, as we were the same age. He had a room in a house in town, rather than in a dorm.

It was early Sunday morning when Bill came home to pick us up in the borrowed car. Somewhere along the 16-mile drive to Iowa City, the radio was turned on and the devastating news of the attack on Pearl Harbor was announced. I didn't know until a few years ago that Bill and Mother had already heard the news; I thought we were all hearing it for the first time.

I don't remember much about what happened the rest of the day after our visit with Forest in the hospital. It was almost unheard of that we would miss church and Sunday School, but we must have.

The next day, Monday, the 8th of December, Superintendent Clyde Lindsley called an assembly. The radio was placed on the auditorium stage, and in his traditional "stentorion" tones, President Roosevelt made the historic announcement of the "the day which will live in infamy," which still rings in my ears.

Bill went on to join the Navy in a few weeks and served aboard a Fletcher class destroyer in the South Pacific, becoming "unofficial chaplain." later finishing at Cornell, then Theological Seminary in Boston. Later he achieved his master's degree in sociology, and much much later, his doctorate of ministry; he died in 1993. Art and I each joined the Navy later; I after 2½ years at Cornell and nearly at the war's end; Art a few months after the war, but in time for G.I. benefits. Mother lived to 97 years of age; Art retired to Missouri after a career in repair of commercial air conditioning; I live in Austin, Texas, retired great-grandmother, after a social work career.
**John T. Mason’s Report:**

**Directions to Emigrants to Texas**

Extracted by Kay Dunlap Boyd

### General Directions

Emigrants going to the grants had better be provided with sufficient bread stuffs and groceries to last them for six or seven months.

The settler would do well to turn his little stock of money into Spanish dollars and doubloons. Although United States’ bills are generally above par, yet there would be a difficulty in getting them changed, provided the settler were going inland. All Spanish silver money passes, and nothing will be lost in make use of it.

He should be provided with a passport.

A family should take the following medicines with them:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Cost</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1/2 lb. Calcined Magnesia and bottle</td>
<td>$1.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 oz. Rhubarb Powder</td>
<td>.38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 lbs. best Epson Salts, 1 s 6d.</td>
<td>.56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 oz. Essence of Peppermint and vial</td>
<td>.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 oz. Laudanum and vial</td>
<td>.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6 doz. Anti Billious Pills</td>
<td>.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 doz. Calomel and Jalap</td>
<td>.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 doz. Emetics</td>
<td>.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 pint bottles Castor Oil</td>
<td>$1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6 oz. Soap Liniment and vial</td>
<td>.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 oz. Hartsbom and vial</td>
<td>.31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 oz. Spirits of Camphor and vial</td>
<td>.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Box</td>
<td>.18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>$6.93</td>
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</tbody>
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Emigrants should be well provided with necessary farming utensils, a wagon, comfortable clothing, principally of cotton stuff, a good rifle, and a strong dog. Seeds of useful plants and difference grains must not be forgotten. It would be best to carry tents or sail cloth, for covering, until the house is built.

The settler who does not want to spend his money in luxuries, would find the following table of necessaries sufficient to last a family of five persons during a voyage from New York to Texas, (say twenty-five days), viz:

Ten lbs. of sugar, one and a half lbs. of coffee (ground if possible.) one lb. tea, two lb. soap, one pint salt, one oz. pepper, one quart vinegar and a jar. Four lbs. cheese, one and a half lbs. rice, one cwt. biscuit, two gallons flour, thirty-seven lbs. beef, ham or bacon or a proportions of each, one cwt of potatoes, half lb. of currant or raisins, two doz. eggs, six lbs. butter, half gallon molasses, two lbs. split peas, one dozen lemons, a pleasant drink, and allays sea-sickness, half bushel apples, a loaf or two of bread cut into slices and toasted slowly, a small jar of pickles.

Some utensils should also be taken. The following would serve: two pots for boiling, (a large and small one), one hook pot; one tin chamber and cover; one tin water-can; tinder-box and matches, three lbs. candles; one tin hand basin; two tin pints cups; two square, deep tin baking
pans; one wooden bowl to mix paste, & c.; three tin plates; knives; forks and spoons; and a small wash tub.

The light traveling wagons of our own country are hardly strong enough for Texas. A party of emigrants who had to go inland, should have a strong large wagon, and buy a couple of oxen at the place of landing and travel by the side of their baggage. These will be invaluable to the settler when commences the working of his lands.

The farming utensils which are used in America and England will be required in Texas. Wagon and yoke harness for horses, spades, ploughs, hoes, shovels and axes. Box of carpenter's tools. Ropes, & c., will be found useful. Also such articles of bedding as the family possesses.

The improvements from the Sabine to the Trinity, on the traveled road, are remarkably good, and exhibit farms and dwellings that would be admired in any country. Subsistence is cheap for a country, where constant emigration creates a demand for the surplus productions; but nature has done so much for him, that man has little effort to make in order to supply all his wants, and to be surrounded by abundance. There is no difficulty nor obstacle before you and I apprehend none. By prompt action you will secure a rich harvest from those fertile fields.

Gone to Texas: By way of Alabama, Virginia, Tennessee, Mississippi

I really enjoyed Mr. McDonald's article (“Surviving children of Elijah and Mary Adaline Bankhead Marchbanks: A Southern stalwart and a staunch Southern spouse,” AGS Quarterly, Summer 2006).

The Coopwood side of my family followed a similar route.

Thomas Coopwood and his family lived in Moulton, Lawrence County, Alabama, after moving from Virginia and Tennessee. In 1836 he remarried and moved his family to Aberdeen in Monroe County, Mississippi.

During the Civil War part of his family moved to Texas in Camp County. Thomas was killed in 1862 at Perryville Kentucky.

After returning to Mississippi from Texas my great-grandfather Coopwood and his family moved to Caldwell County, Texas, in 1879.

Tom Coopwood
Austin, Texas
Oakwood Cemetery: Custard and Bell Gravesite
By Teresa Tucker, Liberty Hill, Texas
Reprinted from the September 2006 News Caster, publication of the Castor Association of America, with permission. www.rootsweb.com/~caoa/

We had heard that William Custard (1810-1895) was buried in the Oakwood Cemetery in Austin, Texas. We had also heard that his grave was unmarked, that he was buried in Greenwood Cemetery, the State Cemetery, and that he was buried next to his second wife. Rumors abounded.

There are many roadblocks to compiling accurate family history accounts. Typos, incomplete information, missing information and assumptions can all foul up the truth. One of the golden rules of genealogy is documentation.

Hard-nosed genealogists have a saying that nothing is true until proven with documentation in the form of court records, courthouse records, census records, family Bible entries, eyewitness accounts or you see it with your own two eyes. Check the rumors, for they can be valuable clues, but then search for documentation. Following the clues, checking primary sources and cross referencing them with other sources, proved valuable to my Mom and I as we've pieced together the puzzle of the family of William Custard (1810-1895). This process has also motivated us to begin preserving some physical evidence that is slowly but surely disappearing.

Gathering our rumors together, we first visited Austin History Center's website at www.ci.austin.tx.us/library/ahc. Their well-done Oakwood Cemetery online, searchable database informs that William Custard was buried at Oakwood Cemetery, not Greenwood or the State Cemetery. There were no other Custards listed, which seemed odd since he was supposed to be buried next to his wife.

Next we visited in person the Austin History Center in downtown Austin, Texas, knowing they house other early Texas records. There we found several excellent primary and transcribed resources that documented and clarified our Republic of Texas Custard family.

On microfiche, the City of Austin Cemetery System Interment Report lists alphabetically by last name burials performed in Austin. The section, lot and space are given for each burial. We found five Custards listed, one of them William Custard. We were surprised to find that all five were buried in the same plot as William, since only William was listed in the Oakwood Cemetery database. Later, going back to the Oakwood Cemetery web pages, we found why this was. The records in their database are taken from old ledgers dating from 1866 to 1902, housed in the Austin History Center. All of the other Custards were buried pre-1866, so weren't in the database.

In the interment record, was a May Ann Custard interred Oct 1, 1851. Fortunately, we recognized this as a typo. Mary Ann's death on Oct 1, 1854, was announced in an 1854 newspaper. Unfortunately, this mistake on the microfiche has already led other researchers astray, as I've seen it in other's records. The newspaper, published shortly after her death, states that four children survived her, yet only three children belonging to her ever show up in census records. This interment record suggests why. On the twenty-fifth of October 1854, an "Infant Son Custard" is laid to rest in Oakwood Cemetery. The closeness of the mother's and unnamed son's deaths suggests Mary Ann died from complications of childbirth.
The fourth name was Dan Custard. He was buried May 7, 1846. We didn’t know who he was. The fifth was an Infant Daughter Custard who was buried August 15, 1857. If this was one of William Custard’s children it must be from his second wife.

We also studied the old sexton ledgers from which the Oakwood Cemetery database was derived, taking notes as we did so. The notes later proved helpful. When we went back to the attractive Oakwood Cemetery web pages, we noticed a typo that we wouldn’t have recognized if we hadn’t viewed the original ledger. Online, William’s month of death was given as August when it was actually September. After verifying that it was so, the Austin History Center corrected the online date.

A few months went by, and, although we’d accumulated this data, Mom and I still hadn’t visited Oakwood Cemetery. Then one day we were given a red alert by my mother’s first cousin. On his first visit to Oakwood Cemetery he found that a tree limb had fallen on the Custard graves, and he was very concerned about the headstones’ deterioration. We realized we had better go visit soon or there might be nothing to see.

On a hot muggy summer afternoon, we went to Oakwood Cemetery. The beautiful photos online were kind to the Oakwood Cemetery we saw. Perhaps it was the weather, but that day, Oakwood, set in a rough neighborhood, looked shabby behind its iron and chain link fences. We headed to the information chapel and, with satisfaction, located on the giant wall map the Custard plot in the Old Grave section of the cemetery.

It was with a mixture of triumph and sorrow that we first viewed our ancestor’s burial place. Indeed, the tree limb had cruelly attacked the forlorn little Custard plot, breaking off one headstone. Even without the destruction of the tree limb, the little plot and its stones were in desperate need of care. At least one stone was broken and missing, and the engravings on the headstones were eroding away, presumably by weather, although our cousin was told they had been hit by a water sprinkler for years. We were looking at primary sources that weren’t long for this world without preservation.

We realized how fortunate we were to have the old ledgers and their transcription documenting William’s burial in Oakwood and for family oral history stating he was buried next to his wife, for, as we had been told, there is no marker for William. There is also no marker for his second wife, Clarinda Strmfreld. Her burial place remains a mystery.

But we did find William’s first wife, Mary Ann Custard. It was her headstone that had been snapped off by the tree limb. Widow and second wife that she was, her tombstone is inscribed “Mary Ann Consort of Wm Custard,” which has a rather disgraceful ring to our modern ears. To Mary Ann’s right is buried her first husband, William Bell, William Custard’s fellow soldier. The inscription on Bell’s tombstone reads, “William Bell KILLED by the ------ -- foe,” tantalizing us. Later a cousin who had recorded the inscription before it had eroded supplied the missing word. William Bell had been killed by the “savage” foe, the Comanche Indians. Next to him is an empty space, where William Custard may be buried.

Next to William’s probable grave is Dan Custard’s broken stone. The broken piece with his name lies on the ground. The piece still upright reveals that Dan Custard is the son of William and Mary Ann. The dates are worn away, but the interment report gave his burial dated as 1846. Using the primary source of the tombstone and the transcribed interment record we now know how Dan fits into the family and when he died.

Beside Dan is the Infant Son and his tombstone verifies that he is also a son of William and Mary and that he died at approximately three weeks of age. He was born around the same time that Mary Ann died. Beside Infant Son is a stump of a headstone, which was probably
William and Clarinda’s infant daughter mentioned in the interment report, although the inscription is gone.

William Custard had a plethora of children. After viewing the Custard plot we added Dan and the Infant Daughter to his long list of children. We knew from Mary Ann’s newspaper death notice that she had four living children when she died. We didn’t know about their son, Dan Custard. This brings the number of their known children to five.

We knew the names of 12 children that belonged to William and his second wife, Clarinda Stanfield. The discovery of the infant daughter interred in August 1857, brings the number of William and Clarinda’s known children to 13.

Between Mary Ann and Clarinda, the grand total of William’s known children is 18. It is suspected that he had at least one son by a wife previous to Mary Ann, but this is not proven.

| Children of William Custard (1810-1895) and Mary Ann --- Bell Custard (? - 1854) |
|---|---|
| 1. Dan Custard (? - 1846) | 4. Walter Allen Custard (c. 1851 - 1894) |
| 2. William Custard (c. 1847-1918) | 5. Son Custard (October 1854 - October 1854) |
| 3. Mary Custard (c. 1849 - ?) | |

| Children of William Custard (1810 - 1895) and Clarinda Stanfield Custard |
|---|---|
| 1. Susan Custard (c. 1856 - 1936) | 7. Seth Custard (1864 - ?) |
| 2. Daughter Custard (c. 1857 - August 1857) | 8. Charles Custard (c. 1864 - ?) |
| 3. Catherine Custard (c. 1857 -1934) | 9. Hiram W. Custard (c. 1867 - 1930) |
| 5. Betty Custard (c. 1861 - ?) | 11. Lula Custard (1871 - 1939) |
| 6. Daniel Custard (1862 -1884) | 12. Ellen Custard (1873 - ?) |
| | 13. Samuel H. Custard (c. 1875 - ?) |

Through primary records, oral family history, found cousins and the graveyard itself, Mom and I had pieced together a little more of the William Custard family puzzle. The visit to Austin’s oldest cemetery, the Oakwood Cemetery, made a great impact on us. We felt steeped in the history stories told and represented by the old graves. We felt saddened by the disappearing and disappeared history, knowledge lost.

But the poor condition of the Custard plot has spurred my mother, her cousin and me to action. Cousin David Martin is beginning an outreach to William Custard’s descendants and contacting historic preservation societies for suggestions. We’re still at the beginning stages of this effort but once underway we will repair the damaged headstones, replace the missing ones and install a marker for William.

If any other descendants or interested person would like to help in this preservation effort, please contact David Martin at davidmartin_3@charter.net, 281-467-8146 or me at tucker@pgrb.com.
Dessau Lutheran Cemetery
Recorded by Guy Perry

Survey of this cemetery at 13300 Dessau Road, Austin, Travis County, Texas, was completed on Sept. 3, 2006. Attempts were made to read all markers. Some graves have no markers. The rows begin with the first row east of the church and proceed eastward toward Dessau Road. The markers are listed in order of location from the south end to the north end. Inscriptions of verse and general nature (Ruhe in Frieden, for example) were not copied.

First row east of the old church

Mueller
Ernest Ida
Feb 16, 1875 June 19, 1876

Hazel Robert Mueller
Apr. 3, 1918
Sept. 6, 1996

Selma Koch
Sept. 17, 1916
Oct. 24, 1926

Mother
Emma Bruder
Nov. 28, 1870
Feb. 26, 1957

Father
William A. Bruder
June 27, 1907
Oct. 5, 1969

John Braker
1806-Dec. 4, 1895

Augusta Braker
Born Aug. 15, 1813
Died Aug. 9, 1879
Travis Co., Texas

Mother
Emma M. Krueger
June 3, 1903
July 21, 1974

Carl Nauert, Jr.

Herman Nauert

Anna Nauert

Carl Nauert
1835-1893

Caroline C. Nauert
1850-1925

Goerlitz
Herman Ida Marie
Aug. 2, 1875 Jan. 21, 1877
June 23, 1965 Feb. 19, 1953

His wife Rosa

Infant of F. Goerlitz

Emma, Infant Daughter

Goerlitz
Father Friedrich
Apr. 2, 1848
Jan. 12, 1927

Mother His Wife
Carolina Dora
1823-1880 Sept. 20, 1844
May 10, 1929
Second row east of the church

Kenneth R. Cavitt  
S SGT US Army Air Force  
World War II  
Nov. 27, 1922  
Mar. 6, 2001  
Purple Heart

Dorothy Nell Cavitt  
Beloved wife, mother,  
Grandmother, and sister  
Oct. 21, 1922  
December 22, 2004

Beulah V. Davis  
Jan. 5, 1892  
Jan. 12, 1990

Reuel A. Mays  
April 10, 1874 -May 2, 1950  
Pvt Medical Department  
World War I

Bertha L. Mays  
January 26, 1894-May 10, 1982

W. J. Grosskopf  
Mar. 1, 1881-Oct. 23, 1941

Peter Moritz  
1804-1880

Gustav Grosskopf, Jr.  
1872-1874

Louise Grosskopf  
Geb. den 12 Nov. 1849  
Gest. Den 22 Marz 1919

Gustav Grosskopf, Sr.  
Geb. den 12 Nov 1847  
Gest. Den 12 Nov 1928

Frederick William Grosskopf  
July 22, 1891  
April 28, 1951

Werner O. Nehring  
PFC US Army  
World War II  
Sept. 24, 1922  
Apr. 6, 1993

Emma Nehring  
Nov. 27, 1913-Dec. 9, 1930

Infant Nehring

Mrs. Sophis Nehring  
Geb. 20 Oct 1831  
Gest. 25 Sep 1876

Christian Nehring  
Geb. 1 Marz 1831  
Gest. 28 Feb. 1894

O. C. Clint  
Dec. 10, 1872  
Oct. 8, 1930

Edgar son of  
F. L. R. & A. W. Blumentritt  
Geb. Jan 21, 1899  
Gest. June 11, 1899

Leberecht Sakewitz  
Geb. den 27 Marz 1823  
Gest. Den 27 Nov 1874

Wilhelmine Sakewitz  
Geb. 3 Aug 1824  
Gest. 10 June 1913
Austin Genealogical Society Quarterly

Third row east of the church

Alvin Dan Mueller
Oct. 23, 1901
Sep. 25, 1940

Rebie Caroline Mueller
Aug. 9, 1903
June 6, 1991

Gustav son of
A & L Meissner
Geb. Aug 8, 1897
Gest. Nov. 17, 1909

Fredericka Meissner
1834-1918

Herr August Meissner
Geb. 5 Marz 1831
Gest. 22 Dec 1885

Nehring

Charles
Feb. 23, 1864
July 16, 1932
Father

Mary
Feb. 3, 1869
Feb. 28, 1945
Mother

Infant Nehring

Infant Nehring

Infant Nehring

Meta P. Nehring
Mar. 20, 1907
Sept. 13, 2001

Emma Corteck
Geb. September 1876
Gest. 16 Oct 1880

Friederike Joricke
Geb. den 18 Dec 1857
Gest. Am 8 Dec 1886

Fourth row east of church

Schulz

Otto John
Alma Bruder
Daddy
Mother
Feb. 15, 1893
Apr. 30, 1895
June 3, 1985
July 7, 1984

Cox

Bernard M.
Viola C.
Feb. 7, 1911
Oct. 12, 1915
Nov. 21, 1986

Frederick Prinz
Geb. Apr. 20, 1873
Gest. Dec. 15, 1904

Ida Prinz
Geb. 17 February 1880
Gest. 1 August 1884

Frederick Prinz
Dec. 18, 1842
2 Feb. 1883

Grandmother
Henrietta G. Prinz
July 18, 1846-Mar. 28, 1923

W. M. Prinz
Nov. 10, 1860
Oct. 26, 1917

Father
F. W. Hennig
May 5, 1831
Jan. 6, 1892

Frederick W. Hennig
Confederate States Army
May 5, 1831 Jan. 6, 1892

Mother
Friedeerricka Hennig
Jan. 26, 1845
Feb. 28, 1934
Hier Ruht in Friedem
Unsere Geliebte Gattin
Und Mutter
Marie Zeishang
Geb. am 10 Feb 1817
Gest. Den 29 Jan 1892

Hier Ruht in Gott
Friederick Gustav Thiele
Geboren 10 Febr. 1838
Gestorben 26 Marz 1892

Agnes Thiele
23 Feb. 1853
November 28, 1913

Johann Zeichang
Geb. Mai 13, 1822
Gest. Jan. 13, 1909

Minnie Nehring Steger Altsman
May 24, 1902
January 23, 1991

Infant Nehring

Infant Nehring

Infant Nehring

Infant Nehring

Nehring

Minna
June 26, 1866
May 20, 1902

Fritz
June 12, 1860
Feb. 10, 1933

Fifth row east of the church

Nauert

Henry August
Jan. 16, 1873
May 8, 1960

Emma Agnes
Jan. 21, 1878
Oct. 7, 1961

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Chris Martin Nauert
Nov. 30, 1903
Nov. 7, 1983

Nannie
Luddie Oagnes Miller Nauert
Aug. 30, 1907
Feb. 12, 2002

Wieland

Father
Martin Wieland
May 6, 1825
August 9, 1901

Mother
Carlina Wieland
Nov. 20, 1853
Aug. 30, 1939

Geliebte Grossmutter
Louise Blumentritt
Geb. 27 Feb. 1820
Gest. 29 Jun 1890

Mrs. Friedericka Lisso
Geb. 16 Nov. 1827
Gest. 28 Oct. 1876

William
1877-1937

Minnie
1880-1959

Father
Nehring

Mother

Albert
Mar. 25, 1840
June 2, 1919

Minnie
Mar. 5, 1864
July 25, 1954

Weiland

Albert Wieland
February 3, 1900
May 8, 1907

Marie Baldeback
Geb. 20 May 1826
Gest. 7 Mar 1904

112
Sixth row east of the church

Schmidt
Glenn Henry Ruby Marie
Aug. 20, 1933 Dec. 25, 1936 Apr. 6, 2003

Mueller
Charlie F. Hattie N.
July 5, 1904 Apr. 7, 1906
May 2, 1960 Feb. 17, 1979

Raymond A. Nehring
June 1, 1916
May 1, 2005

E. W. Herold 1839-1925

Schoen
Henry Helene
July 6, 1893 Dec. 11, 1896
March 24, 1984 Jan. 24, 1983

Florenz Schoen
Apr. 4, 1917
Aug. 13, 1934

Father Mother
Bruno Herold Johanna Herold
Mar. 1, 1865 Dec. 8, 1876
June 5, 1917 June 5, 1917

Son Son
Alexander Oswald
June 22, 1907 July 18, 1905
June 5, 1916 June 5, 1917

Sessler
Willie Paul Herminia Alvina
Aug. 7, 1890 July 31, 1897
Jan. 12, 1974 Nov. 4, 1990

Seventh row east of the church

Krueger
Bennie W. Katie E.
Oct. 19, 1912 (fresh grave) Apr. 7, 1965

Krueger
Bennie W., Jr. Ben
January 6, 1949 December 16, 1996

Sessler
Andrew Johanna
May 24, 1860 June 24, 1870
May 22, 1941 May 4, 1963
Louise Sessler  
Feb. 10, 1894  
April 1, 1971

Minnich  
Wilbur Phares  
Dec. 17, 1911  
Jan. 19, 1992  
Imogene Henning  
April 12, 1914  
Sept. 21, 1995

Hennig  
Edward H.  
Jan. 23, 1884  
Sept. 3, 1951  
Father  
Jewel T.  
July 14, 1886  
July 19, 1942  
Mother

Infant Wyatt  
Sept. 28, 1947

Wyatt  
Cody Carter  
Nov. 21, 1912  
Sept. 16, 1991  
Frederica Hennig  
Jan. 11, 1919  
Feb. 14, 2003

Reinhard Ernst Julius Schroeder  
Geb. 15 Feb. 1890  
Gest. 2 Aug. 1892

Hennig  
Vernon T.  
Feb. 7, 1908  
Nov. 20, 1973  
Leda M.  
Aug. 10, 1904  
Mar. 4, 1983

Wilma J. Hennig  
1930-1952

Inf. Son Hennig  
June 20, 1932

Cecil Hennig  
Sept. 8, 1932  
Earnest  
Sohn von  
A.M. & Sophie Nauert  
Geboren 30 July 1908  
Gest. Den 6 Nov 1910

Fritz Koch  
May 15, 1862  
Sept. 3, 1931

August Nauert  
Geboren den 7 Mrz 1842  
Gestorben den 4 Jul 1906

Infant Son Sessler  
Jan. 16, 1919

Henry Sessler  
Mar. 18, 1896  
Jan. 2, 1905

William Menn  
Born Apr. 14, 1838  
Died Jan. 3, 1918

Wilhelmina Menn  
Geb. den 1 May 1846  
Gest. Den 13 Feb. 1901

Alvin W. Mayer  
Nov. 29, 1893  
Sept. 11, 1975

Selma Nauert  
9 Aug 1897  
30 Aug 1897

Alfred A. Krueger  
CPL US Army  
World War II  
Nov. 23, 1922-June 10, 1989

Hendrickson  
Robert L.  
June 22, 1933  
Jan. 30, 1937  
Albertine  
April 25, 1991
Ninth row east of the church

Krueger
Andrew J.          Louise B.
Oct. 20, 1901      Dec. 3, 1898
Nov. 29, 1974      Mar. 1, 1985

Krueger
Andrew J.
July 5, 1924

Mears
Alex Otis        Bernice Adams
Sep. 13, 1922     Sep. 7, 1926
July 24, 1999     July 30, 2004

Adolph C. Nehring
Texas
Pvt 53, AM TN CAC
April 19, 1932

Minna E. Nehring
Nov. 2, 1896
Apr. 3, 1982

Mother
Emma T. Adams
March 18, 1904
July 5, 1961

Otto F. Nehring
Geb. Aug. 14, 1892
Ges. Juni 8, 1924

Andres
Son of
A.M. Wieland & wife
Born Jan. 14, 1913
Died Nov. 20, 1921

Richard E. Johnson
1983-1983

Infant Cox

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Wieland
Eugene H.        Leda Faye
Dec. 5, 1917      Aug. 27, 1921
Feb. 27, 1986

Wieland
Marvin H.        Iris F.
Jan. 2, 1922      Mar 21, 1925
Jan. 7, 1998

Married May 2, 1942

Tenth row east of the church

Nauert
William C.         Selma W.
Sept. 5, 1882      Sept. 8, 1885
Papa
Mama

Werner C. Nauert
Aug. 18, 1915
July 20, 1938

Infant dau. Of
E. E. & L. A. Nauert
Aug. 30, 1939

Nauert
Edward C.        Augusta S.
Dec. 15 1889      Sept 7, 1894

Imogene Nauert
Apr. 12, 1924
Mar. 14, 1933

Linda Nauert
Nov. 1, 1904
Jan. 6, 1924

Nauert
Otto        Marie
Sept. 12, 1884  Mar. 15, 1883

115
Goerlitz
Willie Lena
Apr. 12, 1878 Mar. 8, 1883
June 18, 1968 Sept. 30, 1970

Frederick Goerlitz
Oct. 4, 1908
Feb. 17, 1977

Brother

Ida L. Goerlitz
Nov. 1, 1903
Nov. 8, 1989

Selma B. Goerlitz
Mar. 21, 1906
Dec. 28, 1989

Daughter
Hilda H. Fleischer
Oct. 28, 1915
July 21, 1931

Husband
Eugene G. Fleischer
Dec. 5, 1888
July 21, 1931

Wife
Alma C. Fleischer
Jan. 5, 1891
Nov. 20, 1978

Goerlitz
Raymond M. Ganzert
Feb. 12, 1921
June 10, 1981

Banner
Ted. E. Elsie H.
1898-1952 1899-1971

Alma E. Nehring
1892-1965

Dear Wife
Evelyn Banner McKee
Nov. 8, 1922
Mar. 28, 1991

Thiele
August Emma
May 5, 1881 Dec. 21, 1884
Nov. 2, 1935 Dec. 27, 1931

Rosa Thiele
Oct. 28, 1906
Nov. 2, 1935

Eleventh row east of the church

Wieland
Clemens M. (md)
Nov. 20, 1914 June 20, 1915
1937 Sept. 21, 1915
Mar. 24, 1993

Ganzert
Fritz A., Jr. Thekla A.
May 31, 1885 July 1, 1895
Nov. 28, 1929 Jan. 31, 1978

Twelfth row east of the church

Gilmore J. Mollie James
Jan. 6, 1925 July 20, 1928
Oct. 10, 1992

Krueger

Andrew A. Mueller
PFC US Army
World War II
Oct. 2, 1915
May 23, 1994

Jones
Alton R. December 3, 1953
May 20, 1955 Wed May 20, 1982

Jourdan Giles Cemetery
Transcribed by Hanna Anderson, Sept. 10, 2006

Jourdan Giles Cemetery is located in the 11600 block of East Braker Lane. To get to the cemetery, turn east from Dessau onto Braker, former Sprinkle Cutoff. The cemetery is in the right in the trees before Pioneer Farm. It is fenced and overgrown.

Giles, Alice O., March 25, 1867-March 27, 1910
Giles, Eugene Victor, Feb. 16, 1880-June 29, 1974
Giles, Miss Maggie Bell, 1874-Sept. 9, 1950, (found in 1964)
J., E.B.
J., E.N. (Possibly Edwin N. Jourdan, July 27, 1874-April 13, 1883, stone “J.E. & M.J.” found in 1964)
Jourdan, Billie, May 2, 1883-Aug. 18, 1913, “Was faithful to every trust”
Jourdan, Frederick, June 22, 1816-Oct. 13, 1887, with Harriet Bachman Jourdan
Jourdan, Harriet Bachman, Oct. 16, 1815-March 26, 1881, “Wife of Frederick Jourdan”
Jourdan, John Bachman, April 22, 1850-July 22, 1918
Jourdan, Josephine Melissa Butler, April 10, 1856-Jan. 12, 1944
Thurman Baby Ernest, 1890, with Fannie Butler Thurman
Thurman, Fannie Butler, 1856-1890, with Baby Ernest Thurman

“In memory. This stone is in memory of those children, their spouses and grandchildren of Frederick and Harriet Bachman Jourdan. Erected by Eugene Victor Giles.” These names are on that marker
Alford, Baldy Samuel, 1830-1862
Alford, Thomas Frederic, 1860-1940, “The finest guide in the Northwest”
Alford, William, 1862-1880
Alford, William Thomas, 1829-1873
Alford-Waldemore, Harriet Emily Jourdan, 1834-1885
Edrington, Harriet Emily Alford, 1857-1878
Giles, Lewis Lucullus, 1839-1861
Jourdan, George W., 1835-1864
Jourdan, George W., 1862-1889
Jourdan, James W., 1859-1888
Jourdan, William A., 1840-1863
Amy Cox Clinger: Dec. 8, 1901 to Nov. 17, 1987
Her Memoirs
Written in 1976, submitted by her son, AGS member Charles Clinger of Austin

So, you want the story of my life, do you? OK, you asked for it, so here goes:

I, Amy Cox Clinger, was born Dec. 8, 1901, on my grandfather Speirs’ farm near Cox’s Mills, Gilmer, West Virginia.

My father was Franz Ellsworth Cox, born Oct. 6, 1863, and died July 15, 1939. He was the son of Oliver P. Cox and Sarah Knisley Cox of Cox. Mills, W.Va.

My mother was Sally Agnes Speirs Cox, born Oct. 22, 1860, and died Sept. 9, 1941. Both Dad and Mother are buried in Roselawn Cemetery at San Antonio, Texas. She was the daughter of James Bankhead Speirs and Mary Louise Turner Speirs, nickname Eliza.

My brothers were Ray Merith, born Dec. 6, 1886, and died Nov. 22, 1975; and Ralph Dale, born Oct. 25, 1889, and died May 24, 1961.

My sisters were Zona Susie Barnhart, born Dec. 2, 1892, and died June 18, 1971; and Lillian Marguarite Cox Elcho, born July 25, 1897. She is still living at the time of this writing. She is now living in New York City, N.Y. I also had a half sister, Hettie Queen Stalnaker, daughter of my mother. She was born Feb. 22, 1879, and died Oct. 25, 1959.

My parents had been living in Troy, Gilmer County, W.Va., where Dad was Justice of the Peace, but when my grandmother speirs had a stroke and was paralyzed, they moved in with my grandparents to take care of grandma. She died about a year before I was born so my folks just stayed on to take care of the farm and of grandpa.

I guess I had about as normal a childhood as the average child. Of course, being the youngest, I was naturally a spoiled brat and I am sure I milked it for all it was worth. Lillian always said all I had to do was squeeze out one little tear and I would get anything I wanted. Probably true, too.

We had many close neighbors, friends and relatives, but none had children my age. When Lillian and I went out to play, she usually had a book with her and she would climb up in an apple tree and read – that’s all she ever wanted to do, anyway, so I was left to amuse myself with my dolls and toys so I didn’t really mind.

Lillian and I could be very mischievous at times, though. One of the naughty things we loved to do was get into grandpa’s desk where he kept his bottle of whiskey. We’d pour us a little in a glass, add some water and sugar and have us a nice toddy. To keep grandpa from noticing anything, we’d put water in the bottle just to where the whiskey had been. I don’t know if grandpa ever caught on to us but if he did he never said anything.

Grandpa Cox had a “General Store” at Cox’s Mills, so Lillian and I would walk to the store for candy or any other goodies there, whenever we wanted to.

Dad worked away from the farm most of the time. Seems like he was never satisfied at anything for any length of time. He had at one time been a school teacher, a J.P., he and grandpa had a store at Lucerne, when I was very small, but it was not a success, he also worked in a coal mine for a very short time. I remember him coming in so black and dirty I could hardly recognize him. That really didn’t last long. He then went to Weston and worked at the State Hospital. He stayed at that until we moved to Texas. He’d come home about every other weekend. Ray and grandpa ran the farm. Ralph and Zona went to college at Glenville and then taught school.
We had a lot of sheep and wool was one of our main money "crops."

People didn't really need much money to live on in those days as we raised most all our food. We always had a big garden and canned all kinds of vegetables and fruit. We had apple and peach trees. Also grapes, raspberries, gooseberries near the house, but blackberries, blueberries and strawberries grew wild. All we had to do was go out and pick the berries by the gallons. So we had plenty of jams, jelly and preserves made up to last till next crop. We also had several hives of bees for honey. Apple butter was made in a big black wash pot and cooked over a fire out in the yard. We had a real long handled paddle to stir it with and it would usually have to cook all day – then it was canned. We also had lots of "nut" trees, growing wild of course – black walnut, hazelnuts, hickory, butternut and chestnuts.

We also had several milk cows, chickens, ducks, geese and turkeys. But – back to the care of the vegetables. We would take the green tomatoes off the vines before a frost, wrap them separate in newspaper and store in the cellar. They would ripen very slowly so we had ripe tomatoes way into winter. The potatoes, turnips and other root vegetables were put in a deep hole in the ground, lined with straw and covered with a pile of dirt. A little inconvenient to dig out sometimes but no one seemed to care as it was all good eating. Apples were put in barrels and stored in the cellar. Large jars of kraut were also made up.

The first real cold spell was hog killing time. Maybe 3 or 4 hogs would be butchered at one time. Neighbors always helped and when they butchered everybody helped them. We had a regular “smoke house” for the hams and bacon. Sausage was fried in patty cakes then put in quart cans, grease poured over them and then the can was sealed. I don’t remember how the other parts of the hog meat were taken care of but I am sure it was saved in some way. Once in a while a calf would be butchered but not often as they could be sold for a good price. I don’t think we ever had lamb tho. Fish and frog legs were always plentiful in the summer. So you see we never went hungry. Just flour, sugar, salt, coffee and such was about all we ever had to buy and with Grandpa Cox’s store – I doubt very much if he ever let us pay for anything. Great life, eh!

We also had the only ice house in the county. In the winter, as soon as the creek was frozen good and thick, Ray and Grandpa would cut huge squares of ice, haul it on a sled to the ice house and pack it in sawdust. Usually some of the neighbors would come by and help for they knew they could have all the ice they wanted in the hot summer. Ice cream sure tasted good all summer. I don’t know really for sure how large a farm grandpa had but I have been told he had about 200 acres. It had a lot of nice timber on it, also meadows cut in the fall for hay. I remember the big round hay stacks, then later when hay balers were around the hay was baled and stored in the barn. The only crop I can remember was corn. On one side of the barn was a "corn crib." The corn was used for feed for chickens and other farm animals. There was a corn mill near where we would take corn to have it ground for meal. We also had plenty of popcorn to pop in the winter. We made our own lye soap for washing clothes but had regular "store" soap for bathing. I don’t remember what we used for washing dishes, as I never washed any – I was too little!!! We also made some lard from the hog meat but butter was usually used in cooking as we always had plenty of butter and cottage cheese. I hated to churn but Lillian enjoyed it for she could churn and read at the same time.

Dad would not allow playing cards in the house but we did have dominoes and checkers. Also some sort of pool like table that even I enjoyed playing but I don’t remember its name. Zona and Ralph always had a lot of young people in and out. As Zona was rather good on the guitar there was quite a bit of singing.
In the long cold winter evenings when just the family was home, the big thing was reading some book orally, each person taking turns until the book was finished. Of course, I didn’t take any part in that as I was too young to read that well. I don’t know where we got books from but somehow there was always plenty around. Guess we were all sort of book worms – as I still am.

Oil wells and gas wells begin to crop up here and there about that time (never on grandpa’s place though) so it was a great day when we got our first gas lights in all the downstairs rooms. We still used the oil lamps upstairs, though.

As Dad was seldom home I looked on Grandpa and ray as my father figure. Dad did not believe in spanking or any real punishment for girls. He believed they should be ruled by just being talked to when they were naughty. Mama used to tell the story on me that one day I crawled up in her lap and asked her to spank me as I had heard people talk of being spanked and I wanted to know what they meant. She really should have showed me I am sure.

Although Dad was not a member of any church and not really a very religious man, he always saw that we went to church every Sunday. We had a nice two-seater surry – yes, it had a fringe on top, too. I am sure we had horses, but for the life of me, I cannot remember a one. Maybe because I never liked the critters.

There was only one church building in our neighborhood so all denominations used it. The ministers were “traveling ministers,” so whatever minister was in the neighborhood that was the one we heard – be he Baptist, Methodist or what have you, everyone for miles around was at church. I am sure if a “Holy Roller” had come thru, the congregation would have been as large (maybe even larger, who knows). I wonder now if the people came to hear the minister or if it was the fellowship of just being together with friends and neighbors they were looking for. Being on the farms all week it must have been good to see people, talk and catch up on all the gossip. I remember once or twice during the summer there would be an all day service at the church. Regular service in the morning – big picnic lunch with nice white table clothes spread on the ground and enough food to feed an army – everyone must have cooked for a week. After everyone was stuffed, an afternoon service would be held, then pack up and go home, The children always enjoyed it as they could run wild.

As we never knew who or how many people would be coming home with us for Sunday dinner, Saturday was always baking day. Mama would bake bread and pies, Zona would make at least two cakes. The rest of the dinner was cooked when we got home. Always in summer Ray or Ralph would make the ice cream and pack it in ice ready to eat when we got home at noon.

Life was really good in those days and everybody was happy. I am sure we didn’t appreciate how lucky we were until our life style changed a few years later.

After Ralph and Zona started teaching school, I really got by with things. Any thing I wanted, regardless how impractical it was, either Zona or Ralph saw I got it, especially in the clothing line. Zona always made my clothes and she made sure I was dressed – not as good – but just a little better than the other children my age. I really cannot remember being denied anything I really wanted. Not a very good way to raise a girl I must now admit.

I started to school when I was 6 years old in an old one room log school house. As I was sick a lot and we had to walk about a mile to school I didn’t get much out of that year’s schooling. If I got sick at school, Lillian would have to walk home with me and she would “flip” for she loved school and never wanted to miss a minute of it. I finally just dropped out for the rest of that year. As Grandpa was at one time a school teacher, he took over and I am sure I learned more by staying home that if I had gone on to school.
It always seemed I was surrounded by school teachers all my life. Grandpa, Mama, Dad, Ralph, Zona and later Lillian were, or at one time had been, school teachers. And we always had the local teacher room and board with us.

The next year I did better at school and really enjoyed it. We didn’t have grades as we know them but more like our new system of go at your own speed. Of course, being a one room school – children of all ages were together. Our drinking water was brought in a big tin bucket from a well near the school. We only had one dipper, so all had to drink from the same one. In real cold weather the teacher would move long benches near the wood stove in the center of the room and all would sit as close to the stove as possible. I’ll have to admit – I seldom went to school in real cold snowy weather.

One incident I’ll always remember was one day while at school we had a very hard rain and the creek was up; too much for Lillian and I to get home, so we had to spend the night at my Aunt Janet and Uncle Will Roe who lived near the school. I had never been away from home all night before and I was scared to death even though Aunt Janet was my favorite aunt. I kept calling Mama on the phone about every 15 minutes trying to go home. I think I cried most all night. That was one time I didn’t get my own way.

Sometime around the middle of 1910 Dad decided to move us to Weston. He bought a small house on “Gee Lick Run” and we moved in. Zona was teaching in the country and I really did miss her, as she only got home once in a while on weekends. I didn’t like for Mama to comb my hair – no one but Zona had even combed my hair before, so I had to learn to take care of it myself – and I made a big mess of it at first. I’d go to school sometimes with my hair not combed because Mama couldn’t do it to suit me. Again, I should have been spanked!!!

I started to school that fall at “Polk Creek Elementary School” in the third grade. It was a nice brick modern (for those days) and I loved it.

Aunt Janet and Uncle Will Roe had also moved to Weston near the school building (where Ray and Mayme now live). I would take my lunch from home but go to her house at noon to eat it. She always had cake, cookies or some sort of goodies for me.

When we moved to Weston, Grandpa rented the farm (later sold it) and went to live with my Aunt Dell Bush. I sure did miss him.

I had one embarrassing problem at school that really shook me up. I had developed kidney trouble and had to have special permission to go to the bathroom anytime I needed to. It was very embarrassing to be standing in a spelling bee and have to suddenly take out. No one seemed to pay any attention though, for I was never teased about it.

Then Dad got the “Texas Fever.” Sometime in 1901 Dad came to Texas to visit his brother George who lived at Burnet. Uncle George’s wife had died and left the three children, Ica, Oliver and Bettie. Dad really fell in love with Texas. When he got home he fully intended to move us to Texas then but Mama was pregnant with me, so that stopped those plans fast. But he never stopped talking about moving to Texas someday. He had stayed a few days in Austin at the Driskill Hotel and thought it the most beautiful hotel in the world. He always said someday he would move to Texas – and he did.

In the summer of 1911 a big land development sent literature all over our West Virginia area all about the wonderful world of LaSalle County, Texas. How they ever got Dad’s name we never knew, but he got the literature and he did bite – not only him but 12 other families from the Weston area. So, in the middle of November 1911, our family, including Ray, Ralph, Aunt Janet and Uncle Will and their three boys, all caught the train headed for Texas and the town of
Millett. As well as I can remember it took us three days and night to make the trip, with changes at Cincinnati, Ohio; St. Louis, Mo.; and San Antonio, Texas.

Then, what a letdown. Nothing but sand, wind, hot air and a small spot of a town, not even as large as Cox's Mills, West Virginia. We stayed at the only hotel in town until Dad could rent a farm. Uncle Will rented a farm near us and we all moved out to our farms as soon as our furniture and etc. came by freight. The other ten families came in a few at a time and they were as disappointed as we were. All stayed the one year and went back to West Virginia, including Aunt Janet and Uncle Will. During the year they were all there, ever so often we would have what we called our West Virginia reunion get together for picnic and cuss LaSalle County and look forward to the day they could get out of there. Of the 14 families, we were the only ones who stayed.

Dad knew nothing about the kind of farming there, but he did try. Cotton was a flop every year. It would look beautiful at first, then the boll weevil or something would hit it and that would be that.

He did have good luck with watermelons and cantaloupes and he made good on those every year. He would ship several freight car loads out and make enough money to last us another year – if we were careful. Mama was very unhappy. She missed her family and friends back east and also the nice gardens. No more easy living like she was used to on Grandpa's farm. Even in all the years she lived in Texas she never really adjusted to it. It was all sand storms, snakes (she had never seen a snake until she came to Millett), cactus, coyotes – you name it and Millett had it and Mama hated it.

We had a windmill and water tank for the farm animals but had to haul our drinking water from an artesian well about a mile away. We had some chickens, but the coyotes would get in the chicken house quite often and kill off about half of them. We also, of course, had a car.

Ray and Ralph stayed the first year, then went back. Ray married Mayme Bush and Ralph married Ethel Robinson.

Our cousins, Ica and Bettie, always came and spent the summers with us, and we were always glad to have them.

Zona soon got a Texas Teachers Certificate and started teaching again. I enjoyed the school at Millett. The children my age were all real friendly, but I never had any real close pals. Lillian went one year to Millett, graduated, lied about her age, took the Teachers Test, and started teaching school.

I was so glad when Lillian graduated and left my school. She was always so strict with me, so afraid I would do something and get in trouble. So, naturally, the first thing I wanted to do when she was gone was to do something real mean. I didn’t know or care what. I don’t know why I felt that way, but I just did. One day a boy in my class had some tacks and someone dared me to put the tacks in the teacher's chair during recess – and I did. When the teacher went to his chair after recess, he saw the tacks, looked all over the room, of course, I am sure my face was red. So he had no trouble figuring out who had done it. He looked me right in the eye for about half a minute, then gave me a big smile, picked the tacks up and threw them in the wastebasket. We became good friends after than and after I moved away I heard from him for several years. I am sure he knew I had been dared to do it. Anyway, I proved to the class I was not a sissy.

The first thing Lillian bought when she started teaching was a piano. She took lessons while she was teaching and helped me get started during the summer. One Sunday at church the regular pianist was absent, so Lillian was asked to play for the service. She only knew how to play three hymns. The minister would announce, “We will now sing hymn so and so,” a song
Lillian couldn’t play. So she would stand and say, “We will sing so and so,” one of the ones she could play. The next time it was hymn time, the minister would again say, “We will now sing hymn so and so” – the one he announced at the beginning. Again Lillian would say, “We will sing hymn so and so,” one of her other songs. That went on until she had played all three of the songs she knew. I don’t know what she would have done if they had had a fourth song, probably played the first song again.

Nothing ever bothered her or embarrassed her in any way. She never did explain to the minister what was going on. Anyway, she did start working on more hymns from then on.

Millett was like Cox’s Mills. We had only one church building and it was shared by the Baptists and Methodists, each having their services every other Sunday. We didn’t have a “surray with a fringe on top,” but we did have the old farm wagon and two beautiful white mules. We would put chairs in the wagon to sit on, pick up some of the neighbors and away we’d go to church.

When I was 13 or 14, I don’t remember which, I joined the Methodist Church. When we moved later to Medina, I moved my membership there; but never did move it any more. So, guess it’s still there, if I haven’t been kicked out.

In those days school books were not furnished. We had to buy our own. So, at the end of school we would buy for next year from the students going on to the next grade. So I always had books for my next year during the summer. As soon as school was out, Lillian would make me have regular class work from 9 a.m. to 12 noon every day for six weeks on the work I’d be having the next year.

History, geography, English and math were the subjects she would drill me on. I didn’t like it much but it would pay off when school started in the fall, for I had a head start on all the kids. Naturally, I made good grades and the teachers always though I was a lot smarter than I really was. I never told anyone I had been over that during the summer.

Guess I’Il have to tell the stunt I pulled the first year we were on the farm. The cotton looked so pretty and white (that was before the boll weevils got to it) and I thought it must be a lot of fun to pick cotton. I dept after Mama to take me to the field but she was always busy and kept putting me off. So, I pulled my usual and started crying so she dropped everything she was doing and took me “cotton picking.” I picked cotton for about 15 minutes and started crying again. When Mama asked what was the matter now, I said, “Cotton picking is no fun and I want to go home.” That ended my cotton picking career. I don’t think I ever touched a cotton ball again.

After Ica and Bettie started staying with us in the summers, it seemed every one was much happier. I guess it was nice to have someone else around to break the monotony of family. Mama, Zona, Ica and I loved to crochet and do other needle work. So when morning work was done, we’d get outside under a mesquite tree in the shade where it was cooler and crochet till time to start lunch. Lillian and Bettie would have no part of what we were doing, so they stayed in the house and played the piano or read.

I don’t know what we would have done without our old friend the Sears, Roebuck catalog. We could get about any and everything from it – materials for our sewing, even sheet music. Lillian and Bettie were always ordering sheet music or books and the rest of us would order crochet thread in three or four dozen balls at a time. The nearest good stores were at Cotulla, the county seat of LaSalle County, but we had no way to get there very often. So the Sears catalog would come in handy.
Life went on like that for five years — then came another change. Uncle George moved from Burnet to Medina, Bandera County, and talked Dad into moving up there, which we did in the fall of 1916. Dad rented a farm without a house on it, so we lived in town and Dad worked on the farm. Uncle George had a “general” store and we rented a house next to this store. The store had a very nice room in the back so Uncle George lived in that room but took all his meals with us. I enjoyed helping him in the store for I could have all the candy or junk food I wanted and always got first pick of any dress materials he got in, all for free, of course.

Medina was a small town but was larger than Millett. Every family there had children my age, both boys and girls and they were all friendly. So I was soon part of the crowd. Did we have fun!! There was a party every Friday and Saturday night and if no church service on Sunday night we would get together for a few hours. All the children’s parents had horse and buggies except one boy. His father was a mailman so he had a car. Naturally the son got to use the car on weekends, so I quickly made up to him. Why not — it was much nicer to go places in the car. We always had a car full of other anyway, so no one minded.

Dad was a most peculiar person in some ways. He never cared if I went out, I never asked who I was going out with or where. There was only one rule — I must be ready to leave when my date came by for me, for no boys were allowed in the house. My girlfriends were welcome. I could even have them for slumber parties — but not boys.

Everyone in town had given parties several times and I thought it was time for me to do my part. But Dad always said NO. So finally I blew up and said I was going to give a party whether he liked it or not for it was way past my turn and the kids were wondering why. He finally gave his consent if they would be gone by eleven o’clock. I did give the party and Dad went over to Uncle George’s and stayed until the party was over, then pouted and wouldn’t speak to me for two weeks. I never gave another party — it just wasn’t worth it.

The next year Dad rented a farm about three miles from town. It had a very nice house on it. The only problem was it was my senior year in school and I had to walk the three miles. I tried riding a horse — most of the country children did — but I didn’t like being bothered with having to unsaddle in the morning and saddle up again in the afternoon. I didn’t like horses anyway — so I walked. If the weather was too bad, I either stayed home or Dad took me in the buggy. We stayed on that place a year and I graduated from high school there.

Parties had tapered off some. The war was on and Medina was hit hard by the war. Most every home had lost a son, husband or some close relative, and no one was in a party mood. We still had our get togethers, but not the happy-go-lucky attitude we had had.

Dad still had “cotton” fever. He just had to have a cotton farm to try his luck. Uncle George had sold his store and moved to Austin. So Dad had no ties there anymore. We moved to Robstown in 1918, right in the middle of the flu epidemic. Of course, I didn’t want to move; so, I had a big chip on my shoulder. My mind was already made up I was not going to like Robstown. We stayed in town until Dad got a farm rented. Zona was teaching school at Medina and she had wanted me to stay with her. But Dad thought I should move to Robstown with them. But as soon as he moved on the farm he sent me back to Medina to stay with Zona. I am sure he was glad to get rid of me for I was not a very happy person to be around.

I left Robstown for Medina on Nov. 11, 1918, the day the armistice was signed. I heard the news on the train. Every town we went through was celebrating — fireworks, parades, everyone going wild.

I stayed with Zona and as the school was short of teachers, I helped out in the third grade math and geography.
Zona’s husband, Paul, was getting out of the service, so she resigned from the school the last of January. So, back to Robstown for me. Lillian had been teaching at Rockport, and she also resigned and entered midterm at Valpariso University. Zona and Paul stayed with us until Paul got on with the Coast Guard at Port Aransas. I worked at a clothing store in Robstown that summer and did enjoy it.

Dad got what he had always wanted - a good cotton crop. He really had a beauty and expected to make plenty. He said I could go to Austin, live with Uncle George and Ica, and go to Nixon-Clay Business College, as I didn’t like teaching school enough to follow that line. I had quit my job on a Saturday, had my suitcase all packed to leave for Austin the first part of the week - when old Mother Nature stepped in and changed everything. One of the worse hurricanes blew in on a Sunday morning and never let up until late Monday. When the storm was over the cotton fields were stripped. Even the bales of cotton he had already had in the warehouse in town were ruined, as they had all gotten wet. Dad had decided not to sell as he had it baled, but wait and sell all at one time – a big mistake but he didn’t know.

We had two tents of cotton pickers (black men), 11 or 12 of them; so, of course, the tents blew away and all came to our house. The farm across the road from us had a gang of Mexican pickers and the camp house blew away and they all came over. We also had a very large German man living with us to help Dad. So you see we had quite a crowd - black, brown, German, as well as Dad, Mama and I. The wind just picked our house up and set it down about 10 feet away. When it did that, the foundation burst through the floor – the front porch blew off with the front part of the roof. We were kept busy moving furniture to the back rooms that were dry. I don’t remember what we fed all those people as we couldn’t cook anything. But Mama just kept opening cans of something. We soon ran out of drinking water. They took a rope, tied it around the waist of the German man, tied the other end to something in the house - the piano, I think – and he went out to the windmill and got us some drinking water.

We were thankful we were all safe, but we were worried about Zona and Paul at Aransas Pass. Paul was already there and Zona had gone down the week before to teach. Of course, all communications were down and there was no way to get any news. Not even any type of transportation in or out of the area. It was about 10 days before they came walking in one night about midnight. They had finally been rescued from Port Aransas into Aransas Pass and the Red Cross finally got them on to Robstown. Of course, they had lost everything but the clothes they were wearing.

As soon as possible Paul left and went to St. Louis, his old hometown, and got a job. Zona had lost her glasses, teacher’s certificate and everything. So she decided to go to Austin to get everything replaced. Of course, I was very disappointed about my plans but did try to not let it show for I did feel sorry for Dad and Mama. As Zona was going to Austin, Dad said he thought I should go with her and visit with Uncle George and Ica for a while, which I did. As soon as we could get a train out of Robstown, we left.

I never really went back home to live full time. I considered Austin my home and Robstown just a place to visit my folks.
Military Service of Robert Howell Moehring
By Jonnie Y. Ross Moehring, Fort Worth, Texas

Unfortunately, Robert succumbed to Alzheimer's in the fall of 2001. He and I had been a couple since Round Rock High School days, and my memories are as fresh as a pan of hot biscuits.

Like so many hometown boys in 1942, Robert thumbed his way to San Antonio and joined the military. His intention was to become a flying sergeant, but he got in the wrong line. After basic, primary and advance flight training at three different bases in Texas, he was awarded his wings and commissioned a second lieutenant in the Army Air Corps.

His first duty station was Love Field in Dallas (a military base at the time) with the 5th Ferry Group. These guys picked up new aircraft from manufacturing locations across the country and flew them to whatever base assigned – single engine, twin or multi, everything in the military inventory at the time.

We were married March 14, 1943, while he was stationed at Love Field and lived on the bus line (no car) near the base. Robert flew and flew – in town for a couple of days and out for four or so, back again and then another “pick up and deliver” trip. He did love to fly.

In December 1943 came the alert for shipment to North Africa via Miami, so off he went. I came back to Round Rock but letters flowed back and forth so I knew what was going on.

Stationed at three different locations along the coast of Africa – Casablanca, Oran and Algiers – Robert flew hospital ships (the old C-47 workhorse, mostly) across the Mediterranean and over the mountains to aid stations throughout the European theater, picking up wounded to take back to North African hospitals. No armament on the aircraft, just a big red cross ... took flak on a lot of trips but was never shot down.

In Italy one time, maybe in Rome, Robert ran into Round Rock High School classmate Stanley Peterson. Now, what are the chances of that happening in a war-torn world?

While stationed in Algiers, Robert was assigned a trip to Russia to deliver a VIP to a high-level meeting. We were allies at the time, of course, but neither side actually trusted the other. No written orders were issued – he was told to get there and get back the best way he could. He did know that when he entered Russian airspace, at Odessa, I think, he had to land and pick up a Russian pilot that would translate Moscow tower information. Once the Russian was on board, curtains were pulled around the cockpit windows (it was broad daylight outside) for the rest of the trip. After landing in Moscow, the Americans were rushed to a curtained limo and driven to a downtown hotel, rushed inside and told not to attempt to go out during their visit. They were treated well and there was even a banquet that night ... a large table of Russians and the three Americans.

Well, here is the interesting part. Robert’s co-pilot was evidently thirsty and took a big drink of what he thought was water at his place setting. ‘Twas vodka, of course, and after much choking, spitting and sputtering, he was finally able to draw a regular breath. The Russians thought this was funny and laughed and laughed. Everyone seemed to relax after that, and it was a good evening.

The trip home? Same curtained limo to the airbase, curtains around the cockpit and the Russian pilot to translate. They landed at Odessa and dropped him, then headed back to Algiers – a good, long trip but made it without any problems.

In late ’45 – after the peace – Robert, a co-pilot and a navigator flew one of those old C-47s back to the states by way of Miami.
And thus began our life in the military, after 30 days leave at home in Round Rock. Yes, Robert decided to make it a career and I wholeheartedly agreed. Robert did eventually give up flying and cross-trained into another specialty – photo mapmaking from aerial reconnaissance film shot high above our continent and “theirs.”

Wouldn’t trade those years for anything . . . 22 and counting. Would have stayed longer, but while stationed at Carswell AFB in Fort Worth, orders were coming for PCS to Plattsburgh, New York. Robert said he had shoveled enough snow in South Dakota and Kansas, so he put in his papers for retirement in 1964 and Fort Worth became home.

I have rows and rows of ribbons that I took off Robert’s last uniform, some with one knot and some with more. I have no idea what any of it is for – he never said and I never asked. It is all just something that was always there.

Central Texas Veterans

Williamson County historian Martin Parker, a Round Rock High School classmate of my parents Robert and Jonnie Ross Moehring, is writing another book that should be out early this year.

Martin, who served for years as Round Rock’s postmaster, was responsible for the big, white book called “Round Rock Texas U.S.A.” with all those great, old photographs. Martin’s newest book will be about Williamson County boys who went off to war.

“Whether you served in WWII, Korean, Viet Nam, Gulf Wars, Desert Storm or the present day Iraq War,” Martin said in a letter to his classmates, friends and other, including my mother, “please do your family, your friends and future generations a favor and take a day or two and jot down your military experience.”

Martin’s so right when he says, “It is too late for so many to tell their story for WWII. These veterans are leaving us now at a rate of 1,200 to 1,500 each and every day.”

This story written by my mother will be in Martin’s book.

– Alana Moehring Mallard
Dutch Touch Upon America: Names and Naming
By L. Wessel, previously published in RootsWeb Review: 23 August 2006, Vol. 9, No. 34

Probably the biggest surprise in my life came when I discovered my ancestors are Dutch and not Cherokee as my grandmother said. I should have been very suspicious because her parents were Dutch, but why I believed her then is another story. What I feel most strongly about today, and what I hope for, is that the lessons I learned about Dutch research in the last year will guide me in future research.

Why couldn’t I find my ancestors before now? The answer is complicated. First I had no idea they were Dutch. I did not know where they came from. And, I didn’t know they were baptized and married with patronymic names in New Netherland, but buried with English spelled names in the colonies.

Without family records, who would know for instance, that Teunis Van Pelt was baptized Anthonus Janszen, or that he had 15 siblings? Although I learned most of this about a year ago while reading an esoteric Dutch newsletter called “New Netherland Connections,” I still didn’t quite understand how the JANSZEN name became VAN PELT, nor did I fully understand then that there was no correct spelling of any Dutch name. LAAN is the old spelling of the family name (1500) whereas LANE is the permuted English spelling of the surname.

All this information did was leave me at the starting gate with a throbbing headache rather than at the finish line as I had hoped. My next task was to learn enough Dutch that I could translate marriage records that contained words like “wedr” and “jd.” It’s still a struggle. The biggest challenge for me, however, is the name conventions and rules.

Prior to the [hereditary] surnames, which were introduced to the colonists by the English king, who was uncle to the Duke of York, the Dutch used the patronymic system. The patronymic name was a derivation of the father’s first name and changed every generation. Thus my Dutch ancestors came to America with two ever-changing names – the first or, forename, and the second or patronymic name. While technically most forenames were not changed, but rather anglicized, learning to recognize that Jane VAN TUYL was really Jannetje ADRIAESEN (Adriaen’s daughter) can be a challenge.

This was followed with the realization that the ancient records that proved my ancestors existed were in Latin or Old Dutch. And after that came the lesson regarding the Dutch word “van,” which translates to “from” in English, a reference to a locality. In the U.S. colonies it took on a whole new meaning when some writers appended it to the family name apparently so as to make it sound more regal or romantic. All it, served to do was confuse research. For instance who or what is VAN KOUWENHOOVEN?

The strict interpretation of this phrase is “from Kouwenhooven,” but the name was actually, borrowed from the Farm Kouwenhooven, land once owned by Lord Monfoort in Ceulhorst (near Amersfoort) Netherlands, Gerritt JANSE who once lived on this farm with his family is the patriarch of the VAN KOUWENHOOVEN family found in the colonies. According to Dutch custom, the hired farm hand could use the name of the farm or the name of the family that owned the farm as his patronymic name. This name changed if he changed farms. It is conceivable that a person could have as many as six or more second names in a lifetime, but I have not heard of it.

The “vans” can be tricky to translate. VAN PELT, or from Pelt, is correct for the Pelt of old is in Liege, Belgium today. What about VAN DYKE and VAN WYCK? Were Dijk and Wijk towns or farms? The VAN PELT founder was a “peddler by the dyke” before coming to the colonies so he really was “from a dike” – but that was not his name, and it certainly doesn’t tell us anything about the VAN DYKE family.

Then there was the matter of the surname, which had a new set of rules. The most important thing to know about the surname is that prior to English rule in the colonies, fixed surnames did not exist. Your
Dutch ancestor did not arrive in the colonies in 1625 with an English-spelt fixed surname – it never happened that way. Secondly, without church records, no one knows exactly when the family surname was put into use; it is an educated guess based on research. However, as I continue to study Dutch families in the colonies, it appears that more than one family started to use their new surname before the 1680s.

Sometime after the English Royal Navy sailed up the Hudson River and claimed Long Island and the surrounding area, the hereditary surname was introduced to the colonists. In theory it was supposed to be an instant success, but in reality it took many years to force full compliance on the Dutch, and even then the hated English still had to deal with Dutch-spelled names like Langstraat. The fixed surname was supposed to simplify colonial records. Perhaps if the rules had been applied to all it could have made a lot of things easier, but it wasn't.

The hereditary surname replaced the patronymic, which became extinct. The surname was fixed; it no longer changed every generation. The surname could not be a derivation of the father's name. Trades people could take the name of the trade such as miller or carpenter as their new surname -- if they were well known for their trade, whereas professional persons did not have to adopt a new surname at all. In this case the patronymic became their new fixed surname. Note: Once the patronymic name became extinct it was not used again in any legal document or found again in any church record. The patronymic name was not ever used as a middle name for the "middle" name was not widely used in the colonies for at least another hundred years.

The English intended for patronymic names to die as swiftly as possible with no regrets, while the Dutch did everything possible to preserve their family history. This is why we find records like Stoffel DIRCKSZEN LONGSTREET, when the correct interpretation should be Stoffeels LANGSTRAAT. The patronymic name, DIRCKSZEN, expired when the surname LANGSTRAAT (LONGSTREET) was adopted.

The Dutch have kept meticulous written records since the 1500s. The key to de-mystifying our Dutch colonists is by using church records, plus understanding the significance of dates and historical events, mixed with a little common sense. Some of the records found in the old records are baptisms, marriages, new surnames, spelling changes from Dutch to English, and even the dates when families transferred from one Dutch church to another -- such as from Brooklyn to New Amsterdam.

In America's short history, there were three little noticed events that impacted our lives forever viz: The introduction of the fixed surname in the 1600s, the demise of the patronymic name, and the popularity of the middle name, which probably emerged in the colonies in the late 1700s or early 1800s. Knowing when an event occurred is even more important since the advent of the Internet and the plethora of genealogical information it has generated.

At the end of the 17th century, New Netherland was crowded. To alleviate these conditions, the Dutch migrated to what was then called the Province of East Jersey. KOUWENHOVEN and SCHENCK were two of the earliest families to move there. The Dutch colonized what is now Monmouth County as it had the good access to New York in terms of travel. It wasn't unheard of for a Dutch daughter to return "home" to New York two or more times a year as that was where friends and family lived. This may explain in part why I cannot find baptismal records for seven children born in New Jersey to a Dutch mother. Perhaps the children were baptized in the same Dutch church where the mother was baptized and where her parents were married.
My Family Research Story: M.C. Forister
By M.C. Forister, Austin, Texas

I read the article from AGS, Volume 47, Number 2, Summer 2006, page 51, where Alana Moehring Mallard, editor of the Quarterly, asked, "If Kimberley and I don’t write down our stories, who will?" I agree with her and I still do wish that I did this 20 years earlier.

Many years ago, I was so interested listening to my maternal grandparents, Frido Graf and Lydia Amalie Luise Jauer, telling stories about what they did when they were young, about their parents, how they met, how they lived and worked to make a living and so on.

My paternal grandparents, Miles Harden Forister and Martha Gola Robertson, didn’t talk much to me about their families as Harden died in 1957 and Martha died in 1972.

In April of 1977, we learned that my grandfather, Frido Graf, at the age of 86, was dying of tumors in both kidneys and had one day, one week, one month or one year to live. He didn’t want to have surgery, just wanted to go home and be left alone. This is when I decided to start working on research of his family.

Graf – he asked the grandchildren to call him Graf instead of grandfather – always told us about how his parents, Friedrich "Franz" Christian Graf and Agnes Adelheid "Minna" Reinhardt, with five small children came over from Germany around 1883 or 1884. They came by sailing ship and took three months to get here. The weather was very stormy, and the ship went 3 days forward and 3 days backward, and his mother was on her knees and praying to God for them to land safely here in the United States. Several people on board got sick and hungry, and one baby died on the ship.

Graf didn’t know for sure if the name “Graf” was spelled “Graff” in Germany, so he dropped one “f” when came over. And he didn’t know if one of his sisters was born in Germany, on the ship or after they arrived in the United States, as she was a very small baby as he was told. He said that his parents wouldn’t talk about Germany, as they would get very upset.

After his parents and the five children arrived in Baltimore, they came to San Antonio by train to settle around Kirby in Bexar County. In Texas, six more children were born to Graf’s parents. Graf was the tenth child of eleven children, and he proudly said that he was born in a covered wagon. His father, Franz, had the covered wagon ready and was taking Minna to the doctor, which was several miles away.

About half way there, Franz realized that he had to deliver the baby himself. The baby boy was born in the wagon, near Kirby, Bexar County, Texas, on Farm Road 78, and they named him Frido.

A week after we found out about Graf’s bad news of his disease, I first went to Texas State Library and asked for some help as I didn’t know where to start doing research. This was all new to me. Someone in TSLI’s genealogy section told me about AGS and suggested I should join that society. Soon after I joined, I turned in my queries to the AGS Quarterly for the Graf family and other surnames. AGS sends the Quarterly to other libraries and other societies, so about a month later, I received a letter from Doris Collier of Florissant, Missouri, and she wrote, “Dear Cousin!” I thought, “Who in the world is she?” It turns out that Doris saw my queries about my Scrivner Family as her maiden name was Scrivner.

So, I do highly recommend that researchers join Austin Genealogical Society, Genealogical and Historical Society of Caldwell County, Texas State Genealogical Society, Brazos Genealogical Advertiser, German Texan Heritage Society, San Antonio Genealogical & Historical Society, Memphis/Shelby County Public Library or any other societies. At the meetings and seminars you’ll find “cousins” who are working on the same lines. Since I began my research, I have met so many wonderful “relatives” and have flown to Charlottesville, Virginia; Louisville, Mississippi; Memphis, Tennessee and even Salt Lake City, Utah and met relatives and found information in all these places at the libraries.

I had seen several books that researchers did, few with only names and dates. Again, be sure that the records are correct. I found one book that someone wrote in 1936, saying that my 4th great-grandmother, Mariah (Henry) Tabor died and was buried in Mississippi in the early 1850s, but I saw her small headstone by accident while visiting in Bryan, Texas. She was buried next to her son, John Washington Tabor, and I also found her short obituary from 1884 in a Houston newspaper. That same
author also had some incorrect information about Mariah’s other son, Oliver H. P. Tabor. Rather than dying as an infant as she said, he got married, left Mississippi and settled in Caldwell County, Texas.

Before making that trip to Bryan, I told my father about his 2nd great-grandfather, John Washington Tabor, who was a Major in Civil War while living in Caldwell Co., TX, a mayor in two terms in Bryan, and even named a small town after him, Tabor, Brazos Co., Texas.

My father thought I was on the wrong track about John Washington Tabor, as his mother never mentioned about her great-grandfather. None of us ever thought to ask her, and she died in 1972. Thanks to my grandmother for writing names and dates in her large Bible as that really helped. She wrote down names and dates of births, marriages and deaths for the whole family – herself, her husband, their children, her parents, her grandparents and her great-grandparents.

I drove to Bryan in 1979 for the first time, where I met my grandmother’s first cousin, Martha Brunson, the only granddaughter of Oliver Lafayette Tabor, son of John Washington Tabor. Martha at first was confused as she had done research on her side of the family, and there was no “Forister” in it anywhere. She realized later that one of her first cousins, Maude Yates, here in Austin, was my grandmother’s youngest sister. Martha thought that Maude was an only child. Oliver’s brother was William Hart “Wild Bill” Tabor, my 2nd grandfather. Martha told me about a large picture of John, and I got to see it as it is hanging at the City of Bryan. My father was thrilled to know after I came back from that trip that I was indeed on the right track.

I finally found the 1900 Census in Bexar County with Graf and his family when he was nine years old. I also found another Graf and was wondering if this Otto Graf was Graf’s oldest brother. I went ahead and copied it all, took it home and typed it up, made copies and took it with me to Karnes City, where my grandparents and my parents lived. Graf was so surprised at what I had found. Then, I asked him did his brother Otto live in Floresville, Texas in 1900. Well, he was more surprised as he had forgotten that Otto lived there before he got married. He was there for a year, working. Floresville is where my family and I lived in the early 1940s.

Later, I found Graf’s parents’ obituaries and made copies for Graf. I told him that I didn’t know he had an aunt name Theresa (Graf) Rudloff. He said, “Oh yes, I had forgotten about her!” And my mother said the same thing, “Oh yes, I had forgotten about Aunt Theresa!” Graf even mentioned before about his father’s three brothers, Jacob, John (he was living in Los Angeles, California, in 1924 when Franz passed away, but I was not able to find anything on him) and Henry and three sisters (two of them, their names are unknown and both moved to California) also came over, either before or after his family came. But, I only found one of the sisters, Theresa, and her descendants live in Cross Plains in Callahan County, Texas, and my parents and I went there to meet them for the first time in the early 1980s.

At the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in Austin, I checked ships records. I ordered the first film of 1883 and the Graf family wasn’t in it, so I ordered the next film, 1883-1884. As I was checking pages by pages for the longest, all of sudden, there it was! I just sat there and just couldn’t believe my eyes. “Oh,” I said, and others nearby heard me and laughed and patted on my back and were happy for me.

I took the information to Graf to let him know that his sister was indeed born in Germany. She was six months old when they landed in Maryland on July 21, 1883. And, it was not a sailing ship as Graf thought. It was a steamship, and it took them maybe about a week and not three months as Graf thought. Much later, I finally found a picture of the S.S. Ohio steamship at the Austin Public Library after looking at the Texas State Library, Barker Library, even at the Perry-Castaneda Library. I made a copy of the photo and left it at Graf’s house and went on home to my parents, which was two miles outside of Karnes City. The next morning, I asked my grandmother what Graf thought about the picture. She said that he never said anything, just sat there in the chair and stared at the picture. When I asked him what he thought about the picture, he got pretty upset and said, “I wouldn’t be on that ship.” I was confused, but he told it it looked mean. I then realized he meant it was a very rough trip for poor people on that ship because of the bad, stormy weather.

After I showed Graf the information, he just couldn’t wait for me to come home to show him what else I had found. The whole time I was researching, he didn’t think about dying. Graf lived until
March 26, 1979, another month would be two years after his diagnosis. My mother believed that I kept Graf alive.

I could not find "Seildorf" in Germany and asked Graf about the spelling of it. He said that his older brother's obituary in 1966 showed that he was born in "Seildorf," and Graf figured that was how it was spelled. Graf did mention the Lutheran Church in Cibolo in Bexar County where the family went, so I went to there and met the pastor. I asked him if I could see the church records as my relatives went to that church in the late 1880s. He said that the records were written in German, so we wouldn't be able to read them. But he had me call a member of the church who read German and will do research for my Graf, Rudloff and Reinhard names. Her research shows full names, dates of birth and deaths, but nothing else.

Then, I learned about a German researcher named Herbert Siemers from Bremen, Germany, who can read and write in English and would do research for others. So, I wrote to Mr. Siemers and gave him names of my relatives and that they were living in Seildorf. He wrote back that there is no such village with that spelling of "Seildorf." He didn't stop there though, and several years later around 1985, Mr. Siemers finally found the village, and he was more excited than I was. It was "Sulldorf" in Kreis Wanzleben, East Germany, and he went to that church there and got some copies of records of births, marriages and deaths. And, they spelled the name there in Germany as "Graf," so the name never has been changed.

After we found out the spelling of Sulldorf, I went back to the Cibolo church and asked to see the records again, and the secretary there said the same thing what the pastor told me few years earlier -- they were written in German and impossible to understand. I told her that I still wanted to see them. She went and took out two large heavy notebooks and I sat down and started looking through it. I was shocked and could not believe this. My advice to everyone is to go and check records yourself as you can read it in German. It shows names and those months spelled a little different but you can make it out what it is and the numbers as well. Right there in the Cibolo records it showed they were from Sulldorf. Mr. Siemers and I exchanged Christmas cards since then to keep in touch, and I'm hoping that he and his wife will come and visit me soon.

Graf mentioned another church, St. Paul Lutheran Church in San Antonio, that the family attended. It took several years after my first call to the church before I was able to get any information about their records. Finally, someone at the church checked the records for me and said she found no Graf, Rudloff or Reinhardt names listed in their records. I didn't believe her, so I drove to San Antonio, went in the office and asked to see the records. They were so poor, I couldn't read them, so I asked for the original books, which she told me no one was allowed to see. I kept after her for the books and she finally went and got three large, heavy books out and set them on the table. I sat there for about three hours, looking through page by page and found several Graf and Rudloff names.

Another thing that I do recommend is to join the chapters of heritage and lineage organizations nearest you if you are eligible, including National Society of U.S. Daughters of 1812, Daughters of the Republic of Texas, United Daughters of the Confederacy, National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, National Society Colonial Dames XVII Century, National Society Magna Charta Dames and many more.

One day in the early 1980s, I attended a luncheon in Austin for several DAR chapters. I sat with several ladies from other DAR chapters, and one lady sitting next to me talked about her Ellison relative who lived in Caldwell County and fought in the Civil War. Well, my ears went up, and we talked. When she told me her Ellison was Jonathan, but that she didn't know he had four brothers, I put out my hand and said, "How are you, Cousin."

I explained to my new DAR friend that five Ellison brothers with their families came to Texas and left their widowed mother and five sisters behind with their families in Mississippi. And that one of the sisters was my fourth great-grandmother, Margaret (Ellison) Anderson, mother of Martha Jane (Anderson) Tabor. Martha Jane was a wife of Major/Mayor John Washington Tabor of Bryan, Texas. John, Martha Jane and their son, William H. Tabor (my 2nd great-grandfather), came with the Ellison families as well.
My cousin John Forister had already done research 15 years before I started mine. His great-grandfather, John Newton Forister, and my great-grandfather, William “Will” Frederick Forister, were brothers. John and I first met at the Hancock Shopping Center, here in Austin, when his wife, Judy saw my name on oil paintings.

Both John and I had been having some problems trying to find more information about John and Will’s father, John Hardin Forister. We had talked with his grandaunt and my cousin, Cora (Forister) Yates in the early 1980s. She said that John Hardin Forister’s mother died when he was just a baby and was raised by his mother’s brother, James Newton Macady. James, with his family and John came to Texas from Tennessee.

Well, we couldn’t find anything on the Macady family until I got a letter from John, telling me that it was “McAda” and not Macady. I thought, “Where have I seen that name before?” Then, I checked my small book of Karnes County. Yes, there were a few McAda names in it. Then it hit me, and I started laughing and laughing! I called my father and said, “Daddy, you know that veterinarian, Dr. McAda of Kenedy, who has been doctoring your cattle, horses and dogs for years? Did you know that he is your cousin?” My father thought I was crazy but I reminded him about the time Dr. McAda mentioned that his great-grandfather and his family, including their 9-year-old nephew, came to Texas from Tennessee in the 1840s. We found out from Dr. McAda that the nephew’s name was John Hardin Forrester.

Daddy’s great-grandfather didn’t have an education, so he went by the sound of the name. John’s youngest son, Charles, signed his name “Charles C. Forister” in 1906, and John’s headstone in Lytton Springs, Texas, shows “Forister.” We are still trying to find more information about that name, Forrester, Forister, Foster or Forister. My father told me later that he would not change the spelling of his last name, so neither will I.

Again, don’t believe anything that others tell you — you check it out yourself. Don’t go by word by mouth — check it out yourself to make sure of it.

I was still working for the state when I started on research of my family. Some of the girls there wanted to do the same thing, but after they retired. I told them not to wait until after their parents, grandparents, aunts, uncles and cousins were long gone. I told them to write names on the back of old pictures as well. It would be hard to find information by yourself. I do highly recommend for children in school to start doing research, to get an early start, which is a very good education. When I was in school, I didn’t care much about history and war as our teacher only read out loud to us (put me to sleep at one time). Until I started research, I had no idea that my ancestors were in the Civil War, War of 1812, Revolutionary War, Kings of England (Plantagenet), King Robert I and many others. My father, his siblings and nieces were shocked too as they didn’t know about it. They were pretty thrilled about it — so am I.

I found out in 1996 that I was born with fibromyalgia, and I’m not able to go to libraries by myself and spend the whole day searching, like I used to. I do a lot of research on the Internet. I’ve done four books on my relatives since 2001: “The Isensee Family and their Descendants 1799-2001,” (I donated copies to the Texas State Library, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, both here in Austin, and to several other libraries in small towns), “The Beicker Family and their Descendants 1760-2001,” “Johann Carl Ludwig Jauer and his Descendants 2002” and “Oliver H. P. Tabor and his Descendants 2006” (Oliver was a brother of John Washington Tabor). With God’s help, I’m hoping to do three more books: “Andrew W. Caperton and his Descendants,” “The Graf Family and their Descendants” and “John Hardin Forrester/Forister and his Descendants.”

I donate the money from my books to the Mary C. Forister Center for special children in Floresville, Texas, where I lived from 1941 to 1961. I’ve helped at the center for years because I didn’t want special children to go through what I had gone through as I needed help when I was little.

Some of my relatives told me they learned a lot from my books and saw some photos for the first time. One relative in his 80s said that he remembered his mother and grandmother talked about certain people when he was very young, and he thought they were just friends. After reading the book, he realized that they were his cousins. And his granddaughter who just graduated from high school realized that several of her classmates were her cousins. They both were pretty excited about it.
So, I have to write down my stories as I’m the only one in the family doing research. I love it. But it is also killing me, no thanks to these health problems. Several people have asked me to do their family history, as they like the way I did my books with obituaries, history, occupations, memberships, family photos, family trees, war service, causes of deaths. But I told them that I wanted to do mine and be through with it. One relative asked me not to put in the causes of death, such as cancer, as it would hurt the family. I would rather list it because I think it is a worse thing to keep it secret from your own family. When I found out that I had breast cancer, I let my cousins and nieces know about it right away so they could check with their doctors.

Sadly, my father passed away in 1994, before I started my first book in 2001. So, don’t wait – start researching and write it down now and share it with your family. Your stories will go from generation to generation and last forever. You and your family will be proud to learn about your ancestors. So, go for it!! Have fun and good luck!!

Oliver H. P. Tabor and His Descendants by M.C. Forister

soft cover • 432 pages • 495 surnames • 214 photos • 944 descendants of Oliver Hazard Perry Tabor • genealogy and kinship reports for Oliver H.P. Tabor • 2006 birthdays and anniversaries • index • $45 per book • $4 postage and handling

M.C. Forister
6701 Boleynwood Drive
Austin, TX 78745-4875
512-441-2791
Index to naturalization records to 1906 in Travis County, Texas
Recorded by Kay Dunlap Boyd, Austin

This concludes the index listing. We began running the index in the November 2002 issue, which ran names Juan Aballos through Alfred Boles. In 2003, the March issue ran names Carl O. Bollman through Philipp Doppenschitt, June's names ran from Ramon Dorado to Hugo Erzkus, September's from Faustina Escobar to Marcallino 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 and December 2004 names were C.A. Josefsson to P.J. Lewgren. In March 2005 names ran from Tom Lewis to Herman Nelson, June 2005 from J.A. Nelson to George Pflueger and in September/December 2005 names ran from Bernhard Pfoffman to Hermann Schoen. In the Spring 2006 issue, names ran from Ernst Schoedel to Adolphus Uthemann.

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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Save the Dates for these AGS Events

March 27  Monthly meeting featuring Lloyd Bockstruck of Dallas County Library speaking on “Revolutionary War Records from the Southern Colonies”

April 14  “Beyond the Basics” class featuring AGS teaching staff on federal land records and how to prepare for a trip to a genealogy library, Washington Carver Museum, 1165 Angelina

May 5  Annual seminar featuring Paula Stuart-Warren and Joshua Taylor, Northcross Conference Center, $45 pre-registration, $50 at the door

May 22  Monthly meeting featuring Marjorie Lowe, a certified Cherokee Nation teacher, speaking on “Dawes Rolls and Beyond: Researching the Five Tribes”

June 4  One-day research bus trip to Clayton Library, Houston

June 23  “Beyond the Basics” class featuring AGS teaching staff on DNA – from the positions of biology and pros and cons of using DNA data for genealogical research

June 26  Monthly meeting, our annual indoor picnic

July 21  Saturday workshop, Computer Genealogy, Yarborough Library, 10:30 a.m.

Aug. 28  Monthly meeting featuring Karen J. Matheson, Round Rock Family History Center, speaking on “Researching a Slave Ancestor before the Civil War”

Sept. 8, 15, 22  Three-session “Beginners Genealogy” presented by AGS teaching staff – location to be announced

Sept. 25  Monthly meeting featuring Bob Tissing, LBJ Library and Museum, speaking on “The History of Presidential Libraries”


Nov. 10  Saturday workshop featuring Suzanne Bettac speaking on “Naturalization and Immigration”

Nov. 27  Monthly meeting featuring storyteller Donna Ingham speaking on “Tall Tales and True: Passing on the Family Folklore”

Monthly meetings of Austin Genealogical Society begin at 6:45 p.m. at Highland Park Baptist Church, 5206 Balcones Dr. Help Desk opens at 6:30 p.m. See www.austxgensoc.org for details.
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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 of the annual Membership Handbook, which is published each spring.

MEMBERSHIP 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 Quarterly and Newsletters have to be mailed individually, postage must be charged. (Back Quarterly issues 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 6:45 p.m. on the fourth Tuesday of each month except August and December. Members are encouraged to come at 6:30 p.m. when the Help Desk opens. 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.

BOOK REVIEW POLICY  Books on subjects of interest to genealogists will be reviewed, but cannot be reviewed in AGS Quarterly on the basis of advertising alone. Send review copies to Quarterly Editor at 3310 Hancock Dr., Austin, Texas 78731. Reviewed books are donated to the Texas State Library's Genealogy Collection.

CHECK RETURN POLICY  Members and other payees must pay AGS the cost of any returned check (currently $5) over and above the charge their bank may impose.

AGS QUARTERLY is issued about the middle of March, June, September and November. Contributions are always 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 8 1/2 x14 sheets, please. You may submit lineage or family group charts, ahnentafels, narratives, memoirs, letters, cemetery inscriptions, Bible records, census data, queries or any 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.

AGS QUARTERLY DEADLINES: 20th of February, May, August and October. Send material to AGS Quarterly, Alana Moehring Mallard, editor, 3310 Hancock Dr., Austin, Texas 78731 or alanasuzy@earthlink.net or call 512-453-1117.

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