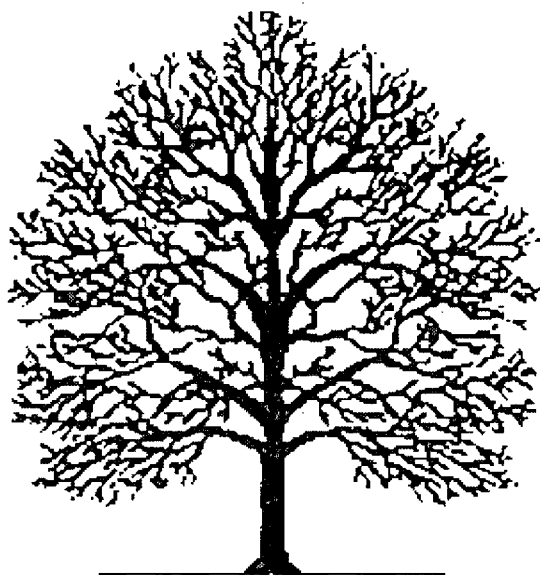


# AUSTIN GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY



*Founded 1960*

## QUARTERLY

Volume 49, Number 2

September 2008

**P.O. Box 10010  
Austin, Texas 78766-1010**

**[www.austintxgensoc.org](http://www.austintxgensoc.org)**

# AUSTIN GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY

P.O. BOX 10010, AUSTIN, TEXAS 78766-1010

[www.AustinTxGenSoc.org](http://www.AustinTxGenSoc.org)

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**Submissions to the AGS Quarterly are always welcome**  
**See inside back cover for additional AGS information**



# AUSTIN GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY QUARTERLY

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Volume 49, Number 2

September 2008

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# Editor's Message

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*Randy W. Whited*

In the past 38 years, the Austin Genealogical Society has been served by only three Quarterly Editors. The most recent, Alana Moehring Mallard, volunteered six years in the role that is often a very thankless one. I certainly hope each of our members and readers takes a moment to extend their appreciation to her, as I do here.

From attending her first AGS meeting in January 2000, to her first term on the Board the next year, to her tenure as Editor, Alana has been a very integral component of the Society. Her knack for story-telling is enjoyed by all, both in the Quarterly and at our general meetings. We hope she continues to play other prominent roles for years to come.

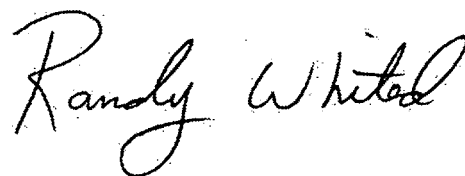
In my few weeks working on this issue, I can better understand the level of effort required to produce the Quarterly. In my opinion, the two primary ingredients are a dedicated Editor and an engaged membership. While I will not be able to replace Alana, I trust that the Quarterly will remain a quality publication with our members continued support.

This brings us to the issue in your hands, our annual member's issue. That itself is a bit of a misnomer; every issue is, in reality, a member's issue. Historically it has been a forum for various personal compilations such as ancestor listings, charts, and narratives.

This issue has that and so much more. I continue to be impressed by the quality, detail and variety our members have in their work. Inside you will find excellent genealogical works, personal narratives and even the story of an ancestral home. Each tells its own story in its unique way.

When you've finished reading this issue, I hope you too will be inspired to put thought to paper. I look forward to including your efforts in a future issue.

Sincerely,



Postscript:

I also wanted to publicly thank Kay Boyd and Teri Flack for their suggestions and in their assistance with proofing.

# Introducing the “Swedes in Texas” Website

---

*David M. Borg, AGS Member*

For all you descendants of Swedish immigrants, there is now a website dedicated to capturing the genealogy of all of our unbelievably brave ancestors. These were people who struggled through hardships that we cannot imagine to make a better life for themselves. And, primarily due to their efforts, we now enjoy the fruits of their labor and effort in this new land, Texas.

Some 25 years ago I remember my first look at the original Swedish version of the **SVENSKARNE I TEXAS I ORD OCH BILD** (1838 – 1918). I was very much impressed with the scope of the history and family stories that was documented in the 1916 – 1918 time frame. It must have been a very significant effort to collect, organize, arrange, and print the amount of data and photos. I consider it one of the most important documents of Texas Swedish history.

Today, along comes technology and the internet and the challenge seemed very clear. In 2006 I decided that I had to share this information with our current and future generations of Swedish descendants. Using a simple flat bed scanner I spend over a month capturing each page of the English version of **SVENSKARNE I TEXAS**. In 2007 I decided that sharing the book was one thing, but I also

began to realize that it did not contain a significant percentage of the people of Swedish origins in Texas. By reviewing the US Census records I developed a list of every individual identified in a census record from 1850 to 1930 that they were born in Sweden. I then began looking for genealogy software that contained two key elements; (1) a flexible searchable data base, and (2) a remote update capability via the internet. Well, I found one. With the software purchased and an internet hosting provider I knew that I had found a process to share this Texas Swedish history with everyone around the world.

So here we are with a capability for anyone to freely access the data about the early Swedish immigrants in Texas. Below you will find a more detail description of our objectives and goals. It is a “work in process” as we have some 10,000 individuals who were born in Sweden to enter into our data base. Each individual and family will be sourced with the known U.S. Census records. Each individual and family can be expanded to build their family trees as more “registered users” join our team. It is a fun project and offers an easy method to share our common Swedish heritage around the world as our own families begin to scatter to all parts of the globe.

Please visit the site, [www.swedesintexas.com](http://www.swedesintexas.com), become a Registered User and participate in this project to populate/maintain a repository of Swedish-Texas History.

*Mr. Borg is a Swedish-descended Texan living in the Ozarks of Missouri who is now retired to an obsession in genealogy. He is also a Texas Swedish Pioneer Association (TSPA) board member. He is very proud of his wife Paula and a family of two sons and daughter-in-laws and seven grandchildren. [dborg@centurytel.net](mailto:dborg@centurytel.net)*



# My Grandmother, The Businesswoman

---

*Gayle Lobdell Opie, AGS Member*

My grandparents, Jay and Augusta (Gardner) Lobdell, moved their family to western South Dakota in 1910 when my father was just two years old. He had two older sisters, ages eight and four, at the time. As a family, they dealt with all the same problems that other farm families had during that period. The depression and the dust bowl years had their impact but they stayed on their place until my grandfather died in 1949. Grandma had a stroke the same week and was never able to live on her own again.

Grandma came from a German immigrant family and was indoctrinated with a heavy-duty work ethic. Grandpa's family had come to America from England in the 1600s and, while he did work hard, he was more laid back than she and more willing to play a little as well. But Grandma believed in hard work and made sure that her husband didn't fall into any serious slacker ways.

Grandma came from a family of twelve children and started working as a hired girl when she was about fifteen. But she was an expert seamstress and soon realized that she could earn considerably more making dresses and household linens. She had a German pioneer frugality so, by the time she was married, she had saved enough money to almost furnish a home. She brought to the marriage a full bedroom set, a dining room set, and a "parlor" set (a virtual necessity for any proper home in 1900) including a parlor organ. During her married life, she made almost all of the clothing for her two daughters and herself. Her daughters said they were always the best-dressed girls in school even when they were in college.

But, in western South Dakota, you couldn't always count on a good income from the farming activities and there wasn't any money to be made as a seamstress in a rural area so my grandmother had other businesses. During the bad years, her work provided more income than the primary farming activities. She milked cows and took the milk and cream to a nearby creamery. She raised chickens and sold the eggs to stores in the closest town of Rapid City. She always had a big garden and did home canning for the winter. But those were just sidelines for her.

In her "real" business, Grandma raised turkeys! She was the first in that area to raise turkeys and lead the way in flock management. She made a virtual science of managing a flock. She learned the value of sanitation, scientific feeding, vaccination, and vigilance. Each year, she raised a flock of 500 or 600 birds and in the fall, she sent them to market in the east by train. She also sold breeding stock to neighbors. She took her best birds to the fairs in the region and frequently won first prize in the poultry category and sometimes received the best in show award.

She was a smart woman with a head for business so she was the first in the area to take a chance on the new, broad-breasted turkeys in the 1920s. They, of course, became much more popular at the market because you could feed more people with one bird. A homemaker might only need one turkey for Thanksgiving in place of the two that she had formerly needed.

Unfortunately, turkeys aren't the smartest birds on the planet. You can put them in their pen at night and they'll stay there until you

open the gate in the morning at which time they'll all fly over the fence. And they just seem bent on committing suicide in any number of ways. Even though they have long necks and huge wings and sleep with their heads under their wings, they will stand in a sleet storm with their beaks pointed upward until their nostrils freeze and they die of asphyxiation. They do the same thing when it's raining and they drown. Keeping a flock alive and in good shape is a continual battle and they don't really cooperate much in the effort.

Nevertheless, Grandma made a good business of it and always had her own money. In fact, it was so obvious that this was a good business for farmwomen that both of her daughters, as farm wives themselves, raised turkeys throughout the 1930s, 40s, and 50s so they would always have incomes of their own.



#### PIONEER FAMILIES OF TRAVIS COUNTY

Austin Genealogical Society will issue a pioneer certificate to those who can prove their ancestors lived in Travis County, Texas, prior to the close of 1880. To qualify for the certificate, you must be a direct descendant of people who lived here on or before Dec. 31, 1880, proved with birth, death and marriage certificates; probate, census and military records; and obituaries and Bible records.

Applications for Pioneer Families of Travis County can be found at [www.AusTxGenSoc.org](http://www.AusTxGenSoc.org) or from Kay Dunlap Boyd, P.O. Box 10010, Austin, Texas 78766-1010.

Each application is \$20 and the certificates make nice gifts.

You don't have to be a Travis County resident or a member of Austin Genealogical Society – although membership in the society is another fine bargain at \$20 a year.

# Making Sense of the Census

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*Richard Robertson, AGS Member*

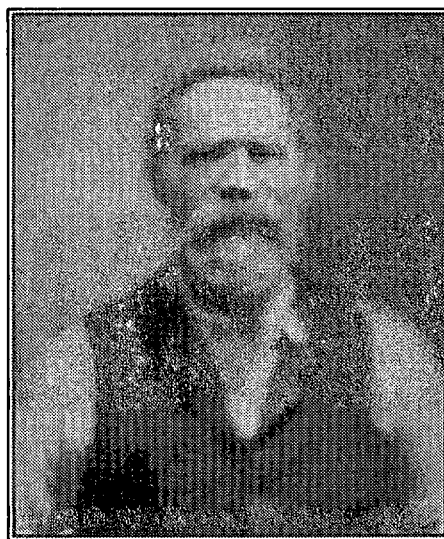
Hopefully one of my grandkids will take up the mantle of genealogy for our family. And if so, he or she will find the Census a valuable help in family research. But there will continue to be certain things to remember when using this genealogical tool.

The result of a decennial census is not available for public use for 75 years. Thus we have been able to use the 1930 census for a little over a year. The 1960 Census, therefore, will not be available to my genealogist grandkid until 2035, so I need to give him or her an explanation now. The census was taken as of April 1<sup>st</sup> as have all censuses since 1930 have been. We lived at 948 Fannin Loop in Temple at that time and had three children: Rick, Linda, and John. But the Census will not show me living there. I was in Leesville Louisiana during that week because we were opening up Fort Polk as a sub-base of Fort Hood and many of the staff of the Fort Hood Exchange were there to help the folks there open an exchange. We were staying in a motel and were surveyed by the Census enumerator there. So my descendants should not conclude that I had deserted the family. I just wasn't there when the census was taken.

The 1900 census for Dunn County, Wisconsin has been interesting to me. The census date was 11 June 1900 and my father would have been 8 years old. He is listed as Adolph R. Robertson and was the youngest of the brood. However, he never used the name Adolph to my knowledge. I never even knew that he had a name other than Richard until I was a young teenager. So the 1910 census for Dunn County, Wisconsin lists him as Richard, age 18. But another interesting thing about the 1900 census is that it asks for the month and year of birth.

This is where family history gets murky. It shows my grandmother, Anna Erickson Robertson, to be four years older than

grandfather, Robert Rasmus Robertson. The 1910 Census shows her to be only two years older. And both my mother's and cousin's records show her to be three years older. I asked my cousin, Sidney "Buster" Robertson in Wisconsin to check the dates on the grave markers. She was three years older than grandfather! So this is a reminder to us that the census data, while extremely helpful, is not infallible. The correctness of the data is always dependent upon the memory of the individuals being questioned and the skill of the census taker.



Grandfather Robert Rasmus Robertson

Family stories about my father working and living in Washington D.C. after WWI were always interesting to me as a teenager. My dad said that he lived in the YMCA and roomed with Bo Turner and Brooks Hayes. Bo Turner later became a Federal judge in Washington and Brooks Hayes a congressman from Arkansas. I met both men at one time or another. When I recently printed out the 1920 Census, there all three of them were - in the same place! The story was true and now has more meaning.



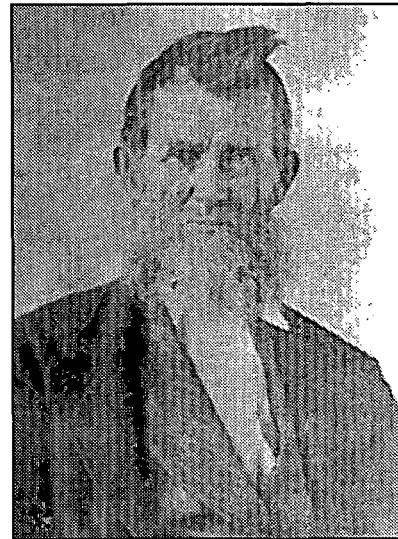
I have hit a genealogical brick wall in trying to identify the parents of my great grandfather, John Sory, who was born in "Middle Tennessee," married Jane Catherine Haltom in Mississippi, and became a citizen of the Republic of Texas in December 1839. Since I know that his older brother, James Lucas Sory, was born in North Carolina and married a Haltom sister, I have done a lot of searching in both of the states.



Great Grandfather John Sory

A cousin who is also searching was in Wilson and Smith county Tennessee and with a professional genealogist concluded they had the right father and mother. However, it was circumstantial evidence, partly using the 1850 Census. This particular Census asks where each member of the family was born and the answer in this case was the father born in Virginia and mother in North Carolina. The 1880 Census asks where your parents were born and John's brother, James Lucas, was still alive and said his father was from Virginia and mother from North Carolina. These census entries do make a convincing case but I hope I can get other data to finally solve this mystery.

Another great thing about Census data is the neighbors. We can look at the adjacent entries to our families and often solve some of our mysteries. I looked at the 1930 census for our street in Dallas and was able to verify my memory of the folks who lived in the immediate neighborhood.



James Lucas Sory

I am certainly sold on the use of Census Data in tracking down family and am trying to remember each census year's particular characteristics, rules, questions, possible errors, and omissions as I use it. Hopefully, my descendent genealogist will do the same and not conclude that I was AWOL from the family when the 1960 Census was taken in Temple, Texas.

Tips on understanding the US Census may be found at:  
<http://www.rootsweb.com/~rwguide/lesson9.htm>

- ★ -

# William A. Spencer

---

*Shirley Wells, AGS member*

When William was a child, he and his father, Charles, were camped out near the Red River in Texas on a hunting trip. Charles was bitten by a rabid skunk and died of rabies. William's mother remarried that same year to William REED.

At the age of eight, William ran away from home. A family traveling through the area in a covered wagon offered to take him with them and so he went with them to Louisiana. He was the caretaker of their dogs that had been used to hunt the slaves.

At the age of sixteen or seventeen he began working as a cowboy, driving cattle to markets. While in Chetopa, Kansas he saw a man, Sam Cutberth, who knew him and his family. He advised him to go home to his family, but William didn't want to go to Texas for fear his family would find him. He had been earning money by participating in prizefights, so a man, named Martin Hoover, suggested that William change his name to Champ Means and go back to Texas with him and work on his ranch. William took him up on his offer. From this time, 1869, William SPENCER, a.k.a. Champ Means, was a cowboy, driving cattle on the Chisholm Trail and working on ranches in Palo Pinto and surrounding counties.

Throughout the 1870's Champ Means, as he was called, worked on the Narbough Ranch, 15 to 20 miles from Cisco, Texas and the Stone Ranch in Throckmorton County above Ft. Griffin. He also worked for the HITTSON brothers, ranchers in that area. He told of driving cattle down the main street of Ft.

Worth and stopping at the saloon that night. One day while visiting one of the saloons in Ft. Worth, a man that owned the land on which the town of Ft. Worth was located offered Champ Means this land for his "cow pony". But William, a.k.a. Champ Means, wouldn't trade. That "cow pony" was his livelihood and probably his best friend.

The settlers in that area were constantly plagued by Indian raids. On December 13, 1873 at Dark Valley, Palo Pinto County, Champ Means (19 years of age) joined the Texas Rangers. He served in Captain W.C. MCADAMS' company in the Palo Pinto County Rangers fighting the Comanche and Kiowa Indians. They were known as the Minute Men. He served in that part of the state on the clear fork of the Brazos River. He recounts this event in his sworn statement:

He was serving with Wash HULLUM and Joe SCHOOLCRAFT. *"Wash HULLUM's horse gave out and the Indians got the horse and cut its ears and tail off."* He notes that he served with Dick MCCARTY, William J. HALE, Jim OWENS, Matthew LAMBERTH and Long Billy NICHOLS. He also mentions the following men with whom he was acquainted as Champ Means: John POLLARD, San and Bill WARD, John (Bud) MATTHEWS and Bill DOGGETT.

William A. SPENCER, a.k.a. Champ Means, was honorably discharged from the Texas Rangers on April 13, 1874. He rode his horse to his mother's house and told her who he was and never returned again. (TO BE CONTINUED)

- ★ -

# Family of William Andrew Spencer

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*Shirley Wells, AGS member*

Name: William Andrew SPENCER  
 Sex: Male  
 Father: Charles SPENCER Jr. (abt 1819 - 1857)  
 Mother: Elizabeth CANTWELL (1822 - )

Birth	15 Mar 1853	Pilot Point, Denton, TX <sup>1</sup>
Census	1860 (age 7)	Denton, Texas <sup>2</sup>
Census	1870 (age 17)	Burnet County, Texas, driving stock <sup>3</sup>
Death	5 Sep 1933 (age 80)	Wilson, Carter, OK <sup>4</sup>
Burial	6 Sep 1933	Hewitt Cemetery, Wilson, Carter, OK

Wife 1. Emaline (Emma) VAUGHN <sup>5</sup>		
Marriage	1 Nov 1876 (age 23)	Denton Co., TX <sup>6,7</sup>
Census (fam)	1880 (age 27)	Hood County, Texas <sup>8</sup>
Census (fam)	1900 (age 47)	Chickasaw Nation, Indian Territory <sup>9</sup>
Census (fam)	1910 (age 57)	Haskell, Coal Co., Oklahoma <sup>10</sup>
Census (fam)	1920 (age 67)	Stringtown, Atoka, OK <sup>11</sup>
Census (fam)	1930 (age 77)	Wilson, Carter, OK <sup>12</sup>

## Children

Willie David SPENCER	(16 Oct 1877 - 20 Aug 1878)
Charles Edward SPENCER	(14 Jul 1880 - 17 Jan 1960)
James Franklin (Buster) SPENCER	(9 May 1882 - 9 Oct 1948)
Laura Ethel SPENCER	(17 Sep 1884 - 9 Apr 1909)
Ola Pearl SPENCER	(21 Nov 1886 - 3 Dec 1969)
Thomas Kelly SPENCER	(2 Jul 1889 - 11 Aug 1981)
Lucynda Elizabeth SPENCER	(26 May 1892 - 14 Jul 1963)
Maudie May SPENCER	(27 Jun 1893 - 12 Mar 1918)
Mary Alice SPENCER	(25 Jul 1897 - 28 Dec 1978)
Morgan Andrew (Buck) SPENCER	(3 Apr 1899 - 16 Jun 1967)

## Sources

1. Case # 20177, Dept. of Interior, Board of Pensions, Washington, D. C. Case #20177.
2. Denton, Texas. Roll M 653\_1292; Page 399; Image 272.
3. Precinct 2, Burnet, Texas, Roll: M593\_1577; Page 246; Image 491.
4. State Board of Health, Death certificate. File #10-218 William A. Spencer, Carter County, OK
5. Marriage License: Vol. A, pg. 90, Denton Co, TX.
6. Ibid, Vol. A, pg. 90, Denton Co. TX.
7. Case # 20177, Dept. of Interior, Board of Pensions, Washington, D. C. Case # 20177.
8. Stringtown, Atoka, Oklahoma, Roll; T9\_1311; Family History 1255311; Pg. 14.4000; ED 141.
9. Twelfth Census of the United States: Chickasaw Nation, Township 3 South. Range 6 East, Supervisors District 73, Enumeration #124, Sheet #6, 11 June, 1900, Roll T623 1847; Page: 6A; E.D: 124.
9. 1910 census, Haskell township, Coal, Oklahoma, Roll: T624\_1247, Page 5A; ED: 78; Image 864.
10. Stringtown, Atoka, Oklahoma, Roll: T625\_1 452; Page: 6B; ED: 10, Image 670.
11. Wilson, Carter Co., Oklahoma, Roll: 1896; Page: 1A; ED: 33; Image: 859.0.

# So You Think You Want to Run an Historical Cemetery Association

---

*Barbara Innis, AGS Board Member*

As a little girl, my favorite book was *THE SECRET GARDEN*, and a love for restoring faded glory to a forgotten piece of ground has followed me into adulthood. Around 1989 when my husband and I returned to Texas, our native state, and settled in San Antonio, I became interested in family history and persuaded a cousin to show me where our German immigrant ancestors were buried.

We had no trouble finding Redwood, TX, a small community nestled on FM 1978, two miles off Highway 123, between San Marcos and Seguin. Around the early 1900s, Redwood had schools, a church, a two-block business district, and a tavern down the road. In short, it was a prospering farming community and so continued for many years. However, that look had changed, replaced by single and double-wide mobile homes, trucks, a dilapidated grocery store from years gone by, more people and children than property, and dogs that ran out and barked at intruders, like my cousin and I, who followed the sign to the cemetery along the narrow road which dipped down into dry Cottonwood Creek and climbed to the small hill, leading to the entrance of our destination.

We found a "fence" around property which was under the control of a few trees and weeds at least four feet high. Gravestones of our ancestors were out of sight, but, thankfully, my cousin remembered the general direction to follow. With grass clippers in hand, the only garden tool I had brought, we forged our way, laughing so hard at this ridiculous scene that we forgot to watch for critters

lurking in the weeds as we chopped a path toward our ancestors' graves. Courage and efforts were rewarded, however, when we found a large double gravestone (for Augusta and Fritz Ficke, our immigrant great grandparents), one single obelisk (for their daughter Helene Ficke, the first-born child to the family in their new country and state), and a smaller stone (for great-great grandmother Katharina Kleemeier Michel, who when widowed and retired in Germany, followed her only child Augusta to the new land).

In 1883 Fritz Ficke had to make a hasty exit from his home in northern Germany and found his way to a "paradise" called Texas. Augusta Ficke, his wife, and five children followed him less than a year later. They eventually purchased land in Redwood, where Fritz, the seaman, learned to farm. In July 1895 he joined 26 friends in writing the First Constitution and By-Laws to establish the Redwood Cemetery Association, and a month later this group paid \$100 for two acres in Guadalupe County, acquiring land from A.H. and Sally Fleming which would become the local cemetery. A single grave cost \$1.00; a family plot, \$10. If someone were too poor to pay, the executive committee resolved the issue. All graves had to be 6 feet deep, and it cost \$5 to dig a grave. The following year sixteen-year-old Lizzie Heidemeyer, who died as the result of burns when starting a fire in a wood stove, became the first burial.

Cotton was king, and the immigrants' hard labor was rewarded. As their children matured, some remained to farm in Redwood,

but most left. In time, the little cemetery slowly fell into a state of neglect. At one point a county road had gone around the cemetery, but prior to the 1980s the road had been rerouted, cutting the cemetery into two sections. To make matters worse, this action, plus inaction on the part of interested parties re the cemetery land, enabled the smaller section to be sold off in 1983, leaving the current cemetery with less than two acres of land. As you might expect, hard feelings still exist among some in the current cemetery association, but legal advice suggests that there is no recourse at this late date.

The period of neglect for the cemetery ended around 1996 when restoration was begun by a New Braunfels' family with ancestors buried at Redwood. A gate, a sign listing burials, and a flagpole were added and, in May 1999, the cemetery association became an incorporated, non-profit entity. A Texas Historical Cemetery plaque was added, noting that "among the nearly seventy burials are many of the founding members and their families."

During the ten years my husband and I lived in San Antonio, I met the Redwood Cemetery group at annual meetings, helped with periodic clean-ups, and solicited funds from cousins when our ancestors' graves started leaning and needed stabilizing. However, in 1999 my lifestyle changed when my husband and I sold our home and bought into the life of wanderers in a motor home.

I lost contact with the association for seven years, but continued to visit the cemetery when we were in the state. On those yearly visits, I noticed once again a familiar pattern: neglect creeping in. Others in the association had also noticed lack of diligence on the part of the officers, and eventually a coup was staged before the annual meeting in 2003! The transition to new leadership was volatile,

and records which were initially withheld by the previous administration were finally relinquished—in part. The second round of officers served until 2008 when poor health forced an election of new officers.

Having now traded life on the road for a stationary condo in Austin, I attended the annual meeting this May where, in the space of two elections, I became a Director and then the President. The governing body is in charge of such things as pauper's graves. We have space set aside for ten, and Guadalupe County pays for the plots and grave markers. Last year our first attempt at using small gravestones ended in disaster when the riding mower pulverized the stone-look poly/resin plaques. "Plan B" for a permanent marker is one of my current tasks.

Guadalupe County provides crews from Community Service ranks to mow and trim. They have also rebuilt our fence, cut standing dead wood, and have picked up trash and debris which is often left along the adjacent county road. Coordinating with the county is my responsibility, and recently this has worked smoothly. Last year, however, the crews lost their supervisor, we lost our good help for several months, and the previous president had to scramble for volunteers among our ranks to fill in.

Our small treasury is funded primarily with funds from a trust, created in 1996 and charging us with placing flowers on three graves several times a year—forever. We thought that this was a twenty-year obligation, but that's only the first surprise which I had after taking office.

For example, I've learned that ours is not a tax-exempt organization, and, what's more, we aren't in good standing with the State Comptroller's office regarding our incorporated status. We want to be able to

entice tax-deductible donations. We also want to sell plots, and this fall my husband will help me layout the cemetery and create a map for our sexton. Our budget couldn't afford to hire a ground-penetrating radar firm to locate unmarked graves, but we had one member

who would "switch" for a fee. I couldn't support that. And so the list goes on. But do you know what? My "secret garden" has become a reality. Some dreams do come true.



## UPCOMING GENEALOGICAL EVENTS IN TEXAS

### Texas State Genealogical Society Conference

October 24-25, 2008

The TSGS' 48<sup>th</sup> annual conference, *Following the Evidence Trail*, will take place in Abilene, Texas. The conference speaker is Thomas W. Jones, Ph.D., CG, CGL.

#### Lecture Topics:

What is the Standard of Proof in Genealogy?

Missing Something? Getting the Most out of Genealogical evidence

The Jones Jinx: Tracing Common Surnames

Solving Problems with Original Sources

Organizing Evidence to Overcome Record Shortages

Honesty, Courtesy and Confidentiality: Ethics for Family Historians

For more information, go to the TSGS website: [www.rootsworld.com/~txsgs](http://www.rootsworld.com/~txsgs)



### San Antonio Genealogical & Historical Society Fall Seminar

November 8, 2008

The SAGHS 49<sup>th</sup> Fall Seminar will feature Dick Eastman.

The society's Web site [rootsworld.com/~txsaghs2](http://www.rootsworld.com/~txsaghs2) has more information or send an e-mail to [saghs@sbcglobal.net](mailto:saghs@sbcglobal.net)

# Texas to New York and Back

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*John C. Miller*

*AGS Life Member and Past President*

It was the summer of 1949. I was 18 and about to have the adventure of a lifetime. Our family had driven to Colorado for our first big family vacation, ever, and I got to do some highway driving. After we were back in Houston, my Dad saw an ad in the paper "Wanted: responsible person to drive company car to New York City. Ph 123-4567" He suggested that I might want to do that since I didn't have a summer job, and perhaps, in the back of his mind, he knew that my high school girl friend, Shirley, was in upper New York State working at a resort hotel.

I interviewed and got the job. The company would pay my expenses plus \$100. This was big money in those days and respectable today. Pop helped me map out my route, probably gave me lots of good advice and loaned me \$100. Here was an 18 year old kid, about to drive 1700 miles by himself, never been on his own like this before and his parents gave him this opportunity for adventure. Even today I find it hard to believe that they were so confident and trusting. And I don't remember us ever talking about how I'd get home. Hmmm?

I left on a Monday morning in early July. Remember, no interstate highways, mostly two lane highways that certainly were not up to today's standards. El Dorado, Arkansas the first night, where I stayed in an old hotel with the bath and toilet down the hall. Slept with my wallet under my pillow. Tuesday, across Mississippi and through Birmingham in 5 o'clock traffic into Tennessee. Wednesday, through Virginia and into Pennsylvania. Into

New York City on Thursday afternoon and checked into the YMCA (no singing or dancing, please). Only two close calls the whole trip: too fast around a curve, skidding off on the shoulder, and trying to pass on a two lane road, meeting oncoming traffic and going to the left shoulder to avoid a collision.

On Friday morning, I turned in the car and received my pay. I was ready to do the town. For two and one-half days, I did the tourist things—Empire State Building, Rockefeller Center, Circle Line boat trip around Manhattan Island, the subway, a play, a movie and the automat.

Before I left Houston, I had decided that I would "drop in" and surprise Shirley. She was working about 200 miles north of NYC, in the Adirondacks. On Monday morning, I took a commuter train out of the city to a small town near the highway I would follow. I walked to the highway to begin my first-time, ever, hitch-hiking. Life was simpler then. People were friendly, trusting and helpful. During WW II many people gave rides to service men. It was part of the culture to pick up hitch hikers. One of my three rides was with an older couple out for a Sunday drive. The wife told me that back in the 1920s, she and her sister hitch-hiked to California to visit cousins. People who gave them rides were concerned for them and quite helpful. They made the trip without incident and had a wonderful trip.

Another ride that day was with a couple of men, perhaps in their 30s, who were heading back to Canada after several days in New York City. We had an interesting conversation and

they even invited me to go to Canada with them. It was a nice offer but it just didn't seem quite right. Besides, I was on my way to see Shirley. They dropped me off at a hotel in downtown Utica and we parted company.

By noon the next day, I was at the gates of the Higby Club, Big Moose Lake, NY. At the lodge, I was directed to the employee dining room. One of the waitresses told Shirley that there was someone to see her. Needless to say, she was speechless. And she already had a date that night.

She later introduced me to Mr. Higby and I asked if he had any jobs. He signed me on as "Assistant Kitchen Steward," i.e. potato peeler, pot wolloper, general kitchen flunkee. But it paid \$25 weekly, with free room and board. The staff was composed of college kids from Ivy League schools and I met some nice folks. It was five weeks of off-duty fun-campfires, hikes, swimming, occasional square dances in town. Finally, it was late August and I had to head back to Texas for enrollment at the University of Texas. I probably wrote my folks that I was heading home and would see them when I got there.

On a Monday morning, two guests from the Higby Club gave me a ride as far as Syracuse. They were thoughtful enough to let me out at a highway intersection. I still had my U.S. highway map and had laid out the main highways that would lead to Texas. Thumbing again and heading southwest, I got well into Ohio where I spent the night in a tourist home. Perhaps you remember people living along highways would rent a room for the night to travelers for a few dollars, a forerunner of today's bed and breakfast.

Tuesday was frustrating with mostly short rides, perhaps as few as 150 miles for the day. This got me past Indianapolis. On Wednesday, a Danish student, Stephan,

driving a 1935 Chevrolet coupe, offered me a ride. He was driving to California to go to college. At that point, I was happy to get a steady ride and climbed in. When I said steady, that was it, 35 mph for 9 or 10 hours a day. We made it well into Indiana that day. In the evening, he dropped me off at a tourist home. My large leather suitcase was heavy and awkward. Reluctantly, I left it in his trunk rather than haul it in and carry it out the next morning.

Thursday, Stephan did come back for me the next morning and we were on our way, at a snail's pace. I believe that we were on U.S. 36 which took us north of St. Louis and Kansas City, across Missouri and just into Kansas. During the day, his odometer rolled past a specific number, which told him it was time for an oil change. In the middle of nowhere, there was a "one pump" filling station. Stephan pulled in and asked if they could change the oil. "Sure." was the owner's reply. "Just pull up on the ramp and we can take care of it." The ramp was a solid, heavy duty wooden structure about four feet high with two board ramps. Stephan drove up. The oil was changed as we lounged under a shade tree and we were on our way. Yes, it was a leisurely drive across the Midwestern plains.

There were no towns large enough for tourist homes by late afternoon and Stephan suggested that I could sleep in the car and he had his sleeping bag. He pulled off on the side of the road, nothing in sight but range land and a wheat field. Truly a poetic setting. With clear skies, the temp dropped during the night. All I had for cover was a plastic raincoat and it was an uncomfortable night for me. I was up at sunrise and subtly woke up Stephan not too long after so we could get going again.

Friday, I rechecked my map this morning. We had been making progress, albeit, slow progress, heading west. It was fast becoming



time to turn south. Ahead was a junction with U.S. 77 which would take me through Oklahoma City, on to Dallas and to Houston! At the cross road, I thanked Stephan for the ride, waved good bye and took stock of my situation. It was literally, just a cross road on the Kansas prairie. No gas station, no houses, just highway signs. I walked across the road, waited for a car and hoped that they would give me a ride. My guardian angel was with me. Shortly, a car came by, stopped and asked, "Where you going, kid?" "Oklahoma City and beyond," was my answer. "Hop in," the driver said. It felt like we were flying, at 55, after two and a half days with Stephan. The driver let me out on the south side of Oklahoma City and wished me luck. Back to thumbing. Shortly, a long black hearse stopped and asked the usual question about my destination. The driver said that they were heading south on 77 and would be glad for me to ride along. I sat in a jump seat behind the front passenger seat and eyed the casket behind me uncomfortably. The driver explained that they were going to pick up a body so I didn't need to be concerned about the coffin. This ride was good for 60 or 70 miles. It was after dark when they let me out in a small town. There was a jog in the road and I positioned myself so that oncoming headlights would shine on me.

Bad news! Don't try thumbing after dark in an area where a hitch-hiker has recently killed a person. I was stuck after dark in a small town south of Oklahoma City. Finally, about 9:00 p.m., I walked over to the bus station and bought a ticket into Houston.

I roused as the bus crossed the Red River, seeing the moon light reflecting off the water.

It was a good feeling to be back in Texas. The bus arrived in Houston about noon. I rode a city bus for the last leg of the trip, arriving home almost two months after I started my adventure. Home safe and sound! I repaid my Dad the \$100 he loaned me and still had the \$100 that I was paid for driving the company car. And that is how I spent my summer vacation! Even after fifty-eight years, it obviously, was the trip of a lifetime and what I still refer to as "high adventure."

#### Post Script

My thumbing was put to good use during my college years. I thumbed to Houston a couple of times and went to Corsicana once to see a sick friend. On the way back from that trip, a state representative picked me up. He was hung over from the night before and asked me to drive. Along the way, he asked if I had ever fired a pistol. I hadn't and he told me to pull in at a road-side park. Apprehensively, I got out. He fired several shots at a trash barrel and then handed the pistol to me and pointed at the barrel. I fired a couple of rounds, missing both times. He said "nuff." We got back in the car. I drove on to Austin and he slept.

There was a reprise of the hearse ride. In Houston, I was thumbing a ride home from a date one night and a long black hearse pulled up and offered me a ride. Reluctantly, I got in the back jump seat. They too were going for a pick-up so I rode awhile, got another ride and finally made it home.

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# Tiemann Ancestral Home

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*Robert E. Tieman, AGS Member*

In the Spring of 1976, I was informed of the existence of the house built by my paternal 3rd-great grandfather in the mid-1850's after he had immigrated to this country. So, it was with a great deal of excitement that I packed up some of my family for a Sunday afternoon excursion through the back roads of Fayette County, Texas looking for my family's ancestral home.

We left the main highway out of the small town of La Grange, and turned north onto a narrow tree-covered country lane. The surface of this unpaved road was made of reddish river gravel, and as we traveled along the hilly road, we left a wake of dust and noise as our tires plowed through the gravel.

As we rounded one of the many curves in the road and neared the top of a gradual rise, we spotted the remnants of a once-white picket fence on the right side of the road. We were sure that we were at the right spot. The house was partially hidden from the road by the tangle of underbrush between the trees along the road, but as we drove onto the property, the undergrowth opened up around the house. We excitedly exited the car, sprayed our clothing with bug spray, and walked through the tall grass toward the house.

The house had long been abandoned, and this once magnificent home was left to deteriorate under the harsh conditions of weather and neglect. It was obvious that we

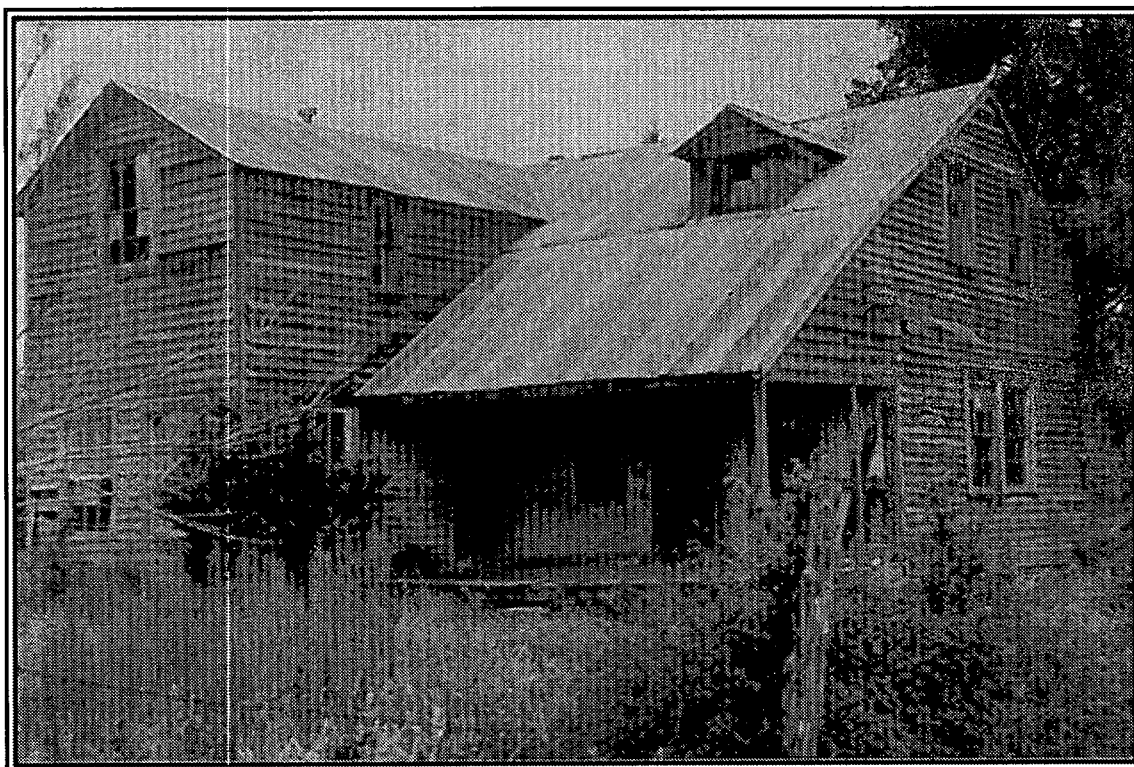


Figure 1: Tiemann - Tietjen House Circa 1976

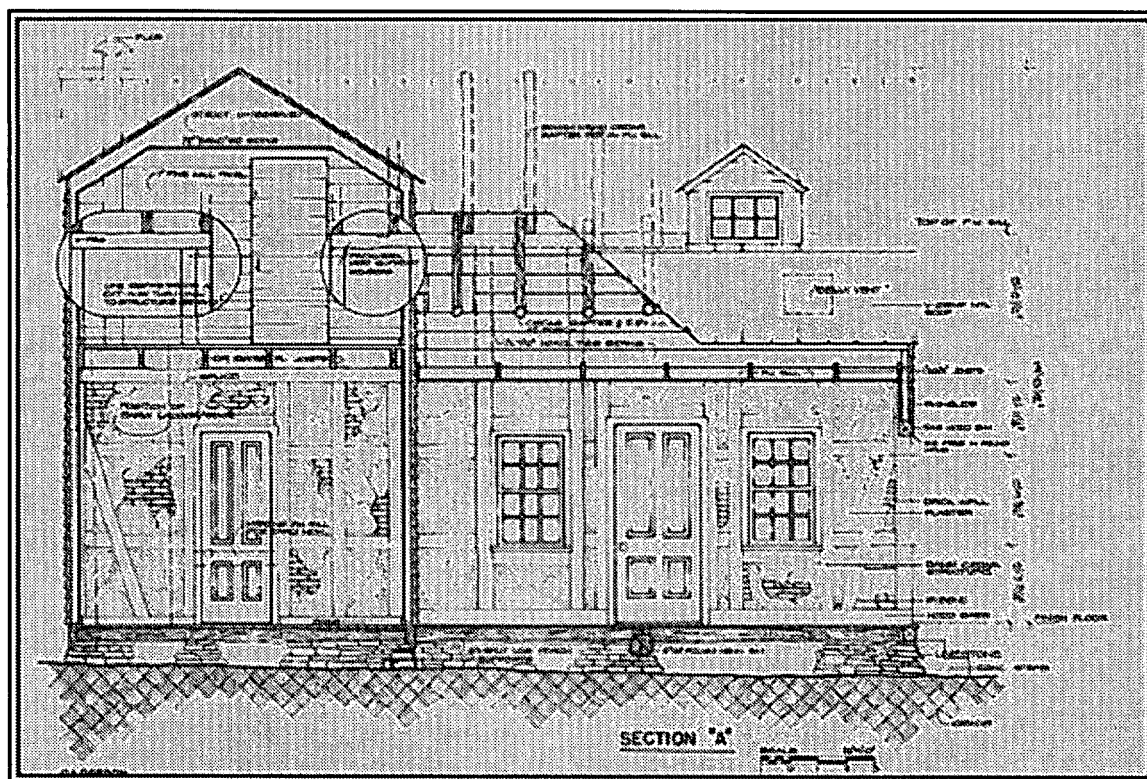


Figure 2: Students' cross-section of the house

were the only people to put a foot on this site for many years. But as we carefully walked around the house, inside and outside, we were filled with thoughts of the daily lifestyle of our ancestors who lived in the midst of this rugged environment. Obviously, it took tough people to live and survive in early Texas. In addition, we were also amazed at the craftsmanship of the construction details of the house and the out-buildings. No doubt, much of this attention to detail was brought over from Germany with them.

My 3rd-great grandfather, Johann Christoph Conrad Tiemann, left the principality of Lippe Detmold in Prussia in 1846 and immigrated to Texas, bringing along his wife, a daughter, and two sons. The family landed in Galveston, and moved inland over the next few years. In 1856, Tiemann purchased this 160-acre tract in Fayette County as his homestead and built this house. He raised his family here, and farmed up until his death in 1865. Prior to his

death, he left the land and house to his son Frederick, who lived there until he sold it in 1867. Over the years and with a number of different owners, the original structure experienced several additions, such as the two-story element shown at the left side of figure 1. None of these matched the beauty and significance of the original construction.

A group of University of Texas students, acting under the umbrella of the Winedale Institute of Historical Preservation, investigated and documented the significance of the house as follows:

*"The original structure built by Konrad Tiemann was a one and one-half story, two room house with approximate exterior dimensions of 30' by 18'. Along the south side of the house was a porch on which rested an exterior ladder/stair leading to the one-half story sleeping loft above the two main rooms. The*

gable roof extended over the porch forming an asymmetrical profile, with a one-story eave height on the south and a one and one-half story eave height on the north. The structure of the house suggests that Tiemann never built a fireplace, but instead used wood-burning cast iron stoves and the stone "kittle" that is still present in the west yard. The wall openings were spaced symmetrically with a balanced window-door-window arrangement on the west side, a door and what may have been either another door or a window on the north side, and two symmetrically placed windows on both floors of the east side. The south elevation of the house contained the ladder/stair with an adjacent window on the west end, and the main entrance, symmetrically placed between two windows on the east end. There is evidence of ventilation openings in the north and south walls of the sleeping loft."

"The original house is a regional variation of the German Fachwerk, or half-timbered construction. Fachwerk, which essentially means "fill in void", is a German building technique in which a framework of wooden beams is filled in with brick, rubble, or wattling. Tiemann took advantage of locally obtainable materials in building a house of this

kind. The timbers are of cedar and the infill was originally limestone rock. The timbers are as large as 7" by 7", and the house was built with diagonal bracing at the corners. The interior corners exhibit an unusual notching technique in which plaster material is allowed to fill in the notch to form a cleaner vertical joint. The original limestone infill has been patched in places with brick, and all the infill areas were covered with plaster. The timbers were joined with mortise-and-tenon joints, often pinned with square pegs in round holes. This method of joinery utilizes wood expansion to form a tighter joint. The original roofing material is thought to have been hand-split wood shingles."

As we drove back to Austin, I fantasized over the thought of restoring the structure to its original beauty. However, the distance from Austin, and the lack of necessary funds made this impractical. As fate would have it, this beautiful and historically significant structure continued to deteriorate over the ensuing years, and it was razed by the current owner in 1995.

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*Lifetime Membership: \$500 (\$300 over 65); Patron \$100; Sponsor \$50; Friend \$20*

# Annie (X) Sedlacek

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*Sharon Foley, AGS Board Member*

I always knew three things about Annie. I knew that she was my mother's grandmother. I knew that my mother and her siblings couldn't talk to her because she didn't speak English and they didn't speak Czech. And I knew that, in the oft repeated words of my mother, she "came to the United States, as an orphan, when she was just a little girl." This fact Mom demonstrated by holding her palm about three feet above the floor. She also stressed the tragic aspect of this situation, saying how sad it was, while displaying a dramatically downcast demeanor. Mom also stated that Annie's father was killed in a war with the Turks or died in a cholera epidemic during that war. More distress on Mom's face.

When I first started to do genealogy in 1996, I really didn't think I'd spend much time on my Czech half. Early in life I'd heard Czechs referred to by the derogatory term, *Bohemie*, and I took my cue from that. So I did just a little looking at that half of my heritage.

Annie herself was only 1/4 of my Czech side, so how important could she be? Almost immediately I developed a disrespect for Annie that bordered on contempt. I soon found a couple of deeds with her name on them. If she came as a "little girl" why did she still sign her name with an "X" as an adult many years later? Why didn't she learn to at least **draw** her name?

I lived within fifteen minutes of the very large Czech National Cemetery in Cedar Rapids, Iowa where Annie and her husband, Frantisek, are buried as are several of their children.

The inscription on her stone read:

Anna Sedlacek  
Nav, 1. Brezna 1853  
Zem 18 unova 1934

What a nice stone! I was under the impression that everyone on the Czech side of my family was mired in dire poverty.

So now I know that she was born March 1, 1853, which much later this was found to be off by a few days, and died February 18, 1934, making her a few days short of 81 when she died. So at this point, I was thinking that she had lived a fairly long life. I still didn't like her, though I was glad I had some long lived females in my line.

Bits and pieces were gathered. When I located my grandmother's marriage record, it stated that her mother's maiden name was Maska. That conflicted with what my aunt had told me. She had said that Annie's maiden name was Novotny. She checked with a cousin. The cousin concurred. Neither could offer an explanation for the Maska bit. This bit of information did not bode well for Annie. Didn't the woman even know her maiden name? However, I stored this bit of information for future reference.

If she had come to Johnson County, Iowa when she was "just a little girl," then I would look in the 1860 and 1870 census. How little was she?

In 1860 she would have been seven. I couldn't find an Annie who was seven in Johnson County. In 1870 I came up empty handed as well. She wasn't yet married. I knew that because had I found her future husband elsewhere. I have never found a

marriage record for Frantisek and Annie either, so could only be certain that it was prior to 1875, which I knew to be the year of birth of Joseph, the eldest child. Later I discovered a first son, who was born and died in 1872, so the marriage had to be 1870-1872.

My aunt could provide names of all of her aunts and uncles, as well as birth order. Then she came forth with a family photo. So that's what Annie looked like in about 1893! Not too bad, actually. Frantisek and the children look well-groomed. I was beginning to soften a bit towards Annie.



Tragedy struck on February 21, 1903. Frank was killed in a horse and buggy accident. Annie was left with two children still at home and she needed to be able to take care of them as well as herself. I found a court record that appointed a son-in-law as guardian of her and her children. Could she not tend to her own business? Much later, I decided it had more to do with the male dominated laws of the day but at that time I wasn't yet that generous in my feelings about her.

Perhaps at first she did wonder how she would ever manage alone. Just eight months after Frank's death, the following appeared in the Daily Iowa State Press Iowa City, Iowa, 27 October 1903:

*Justice F. J. Horak pronounced the words that united John Spacek and Mrs. Anna Sedlacek in the holy bond of wedlock, yesterday. The ceremony was performed in the office of the officiating justice, about 2 o'clock. The friends of the contracting parties will offer congratulations.*

#### **Congratulations were premature!**

Iowa City Daily Press Iowa City, Iowa, 22 April 1904

*Divorce is sought in the district court by John Spacek, who says his wife, Anna Spacek, is influenced by her first husband's children to neglect him, as to food and heat, while he is sick, etc.*

And then, less than a year after their marriage, they are totally splitsville.

Iowa City Daily Press, Iowa City, Iowa, 8 October 1904

*District Court: The court granted a divorce to John Spacek from Anna Spacek.*

I was continuing to search for clues regarding her immigration to the United States as well as her roots in Bohemia. The information on the census records of 1900, 1920, and 1930 did not agree as to the year but they gave me a range. I definitely learned that she was not "just a little girl," but was between 13 and 16. I looked in the Leo Baca Czech immigration books.

I gave up on the Novotny surname as the uncle and tried versions of the Maska surname including Moucha, Mouchka. I found her with the Wenzel Mutschka family. I was pretty certain of it. I ordered the ship records. She arrived September 18, 1867, on the ship,

*Admiral*, at the port of New York. Her age was given as 14 years, 8 months.

I learned the value of the 1925 Iowa State Census while in Salt Lake City in 2005. The dinner speaker mentioned that this census gave the parents names. Why hadn't I known that? Her mother was Kate Mouchka and her father was Vaclav Novotny, or so it said. Great news. ( I really do wonder if the census taker spoke Czech. How else could he have gotten information from that very Czech community?)

In the meantime, I connected with a new-to-me second cousin in Minnesota who'd had the foresight to interview one of Anna's daughters back in the 1970's. *"Anna came over at age six (incorrect) from Bohemia. Her father had been shot in a war in Bohemia. What happened to her mother, they don't know. Anna came over with an uncle. She got married here. Frank and Anna had two boys, six girls and two boys that died in infancy."*

This second cousin also conducted an interview with another cousin who knew Anna. *"Anna Sedlacek was a mid-wife. She delivered all six of [son] Joe Sedlacek's children. They went fishing one day. Grandma was there and had oats in the oven and put in a sack when they came home from fishing. Florence was not sure what it was for. But when they came home she said they had a baby. It was Martha (born in 1913). When Martha had diphtheria, Grandma was there to help. Grandma took care of the kids and cooked while mother, Frances, was shut in with Martha. [Grandma] had to boil everything."* [Author's note: I've discovered that Annie delivered many babies in the Swisher area.]

*When Grandma lived in Swisher she would walk to their place. She'd have a couple of dresses and an apron on and that was her clothes to stay over a couple of days. Then they would take her back home. She lived on*

*a farm before she moved to Swisher. Once she came over to our (son Joe's) house after which the boys hitched their dog Shep to the sled and put little Grandma on the sled to pull her home. She was small. [Authors note: See photo of little Grandma in her apron as described.]*

*My [Florence's] aunt worried about her as she thought it a little too much for her delivering babies all the time. Anna remarried a Spacek. The marriage didn't last long. He wanted her money from the farm. They divorced."*



Perhaps the reader can guess that I was changing my opinion of Annie (X) Sedlacek. More surfaced to further flesh out Annie as a competent woman. Her youngest son was extremely mentally ill. He was in and out of institutions much of his life. Annie's will made special provisions for him.

(I don't know how she did it except by hard work and smart saving, but by the time of her death Annie had accumulated a sizeable estate, consisting of several properties and a nice sized bank account.) Also, in her will, she made certain that one daughter's abusive, alcoholic husband would not be able obtain any of the inheritance left to the daughter.



I'm really loving this woman by now.

Back to her origins in Bohemia.... Eventually after following dead ends, hopeful signs, and many rabbit trails I found the right village. I had hired a researcher in Bohemia to locate her birth records. This just occurred a couple of months ago. Annie was the illegitimate daughter of Katerina Mouchka. No record was found for the marriage of Katerina Mouchka to Vaclav Novotny, but he is listed as a witness at her baptism, so perhaps it did occur at some point.

I'm actually making her story much shorter than it is. I've come to have deep respect for this woman who started life very inauspiciously but accomplished much even if

reading, writing, and speaking English were not amongst these accomplishments. Could I have done so well? A better life was the reason for immigration just as it is today. Annie spent most of her time in a Czech community with other Czech speaking immigrants, just as today's immigrants spend much of their time in their ethnic communities, speaking their native language. All of Annie's children spoke English, but also spoke Czech, just as today the children of immigrants often speak two languages. Then, with my mother's generation, the ability to speak Czech died. What a shame.

Annie (X) Sedlacek taught me so much.

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# William Oliphant and Family

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## *Connie Perdue, AGS Board Member*

William Oliphant, born in Dunfermline, Fife, Scotland, came to the United States in 1833. His first residence was, for a short time, New Orleans, Louisiana. He then went to St. Louis, Missouri for a while, moved on to Cincinnati, Ohio and then migrated to Lawrenceburg, Indiana. William married Jane Van Zile of Indiana in 1842 in Lawrenceburg, Indiana and applied for citizenship in 1844.

William Oliphant was a silversmith, clock and watchmaker and is first found working in Indiana in 1843. An advertisement in the Political Beacon of Lawrenceburg (Dearborn County) read:

Wm. Oliphant

Respectfully announces that he has located in Lawrenceburg, two doors east of Fox's Hotel, where he will attend to the repairing of Clocks & Watches of every description. Jewelry repaired in the neatest manner. All work warranted.

A later advertisement in the Indiana Whig indicated that William had moved his shop to the south side of High Street:

*Look Here "Time is Money." WM. OLIPHANT, Clock & Watch Maker, takes this method of returning his sincere thanks for past favors, & hopes from his long experience & strict attention to business to merit a further share of public patronage. Clocks, watches, musical boxes & jewelry of every description carefully repaired. Shop on High street, south side, three doors east of Hunt's hotel.*

By 1850 Oliphant had left Lawrenceburg and journeyed down the Ohio River some 40 miles to Madison (Jefferson County) where he

advertised in the Madison Daily Courier on May 9 of that year. The name of William Oliphant also appeared on the 1850 Federal Census for Jefferson County. That record shows that Oliphant was a native of Scotland, born circa 1813, and his occupation was given as a silversmith. His wife, Jane, was a native of Indiana, born circa 1821. Several children were also listed as being born in Indiana with the eldest, Margaret Frances "Ettie" being 8 years of age. Deed records show that Oliphant purchased several pieces of property in Madison in 1851. In 1852, there was a newspaper notice that William Oliphant has sold out to F.D. Brooks of Boston, (jewelers) and is moving to warmer climate, which was Texas. The family started out in a sleigh but when they got as far as St. Louis, they realized the sleigh would be of little use and sold it. The family settled in Austin instead of Houston because of the dread of yellow fever in the Houston area. Oliphant eventually acquired the land on which the Driskill Hotel now stands and built a two-story brick building which housed his jewelry store and (later) a photography store for his son William.

Per the book *Pioneer Austin Notables* by Jeanette Hastedt Flachmeier,

*"William continued working with his watches and jewelry as well as doing beautiful engraving. An example of his engraving skill was illustrated in 1874 when at the age of 60 years he completed a meticulous and beautiful engraving in the shape of the Lord's Prayer on a silver half dime. The beauty of this handicraft is difficult to imagine at the present time. In 1877 he served on the Executive Committee for the Capital State Fair which*

*was held on October 31. For this occasion he completed another beautiful engraving of the Lord's Prayer on a gold dollar in only one day, when he was 65 years of age. In 1884 William sold the property on which his business was located to Jesse Lincoln Driskill, who laid the cornerstone for the fabulous Driskill Hotel in 1885 and opened it for the public to enjoy on December 20, 1886. After he closed his shop, William continued to do beautiful engraving work and to help with jobs in other jewelry stores, as the Carl Mayer Company. In early Austin William Oliphant actively participated in the business, civic and fraternal activities of the area. During his lifetime he proved to be a kind and generous gentleman who believed in dividing what he had with others in such a way as to help them to become productive members of the state and city. As being the first fine jeweler and engraver, he served as an example of a skillfully trained craftsman of pioneer times. Because of his special skills his small business flourished into a large thriving establishment where Austinites were able to secure the "extra special gifts" for their loved ones. Following his example his children, grandchildren and great grandchildren in their respective professions and businesses have helped to make the present Austin pleasant and enjoyable for all persons."*

When the Oliphant children grew up, their families were very involved with the growing City of Austin. The oldest Oliphant child, Margaret, married second to William Pinkney Rutledge. William, grandson of Revolutionary War soldiers, came to the Republic of Texas from Tennessee for land and adventure. He served in the Texas Army in 1842 where, as a captain, he commanded a company of troops at San Antonio under the command of General Somerville. William was nominated as Doorkeeper of the State Senate in 1861, and served as the Confederate postmaster of

Pond Springs from 1862 to 1866. From 1866 until the post office closed in 1880, Etta was postmaster.

At the age of 15, the second Oliphant child, William James, entered the Confederate Army and served through the Civil War in Company G, Sixth Texas Infantry, Pat Cleburne's Division. In 1868 he went to Washington to study photography in Alexander Gardner's studio on Seventh Street, not far from where the Post Office Department was situated at that time. After returning to Austin, William opened a photographic studio on Pecan Street, now Sixth Street, over his father's jewelry store. He bought a stereoscopic camera and started building up different series of views. The most popular series was one entitled 'Life on the Frontier.' Some of Oliphant's photos were used by Walter Prescott Webb, William's son-in-law. William was forced by war wounds to take a desk job in 1880 after 12 years of studio work. He served as secretary for the city utility commission and as deputy tax assessor.

The third Oliphant child, Eliza Jane "Jennie" Oliphant, was an Austin resident from the age of four. She married John Arthur Stuart in 1872 after the death of her first husband, Irvine H. Bradfute. John served in the Civil War under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston as First Lieutenant of artillery and lost a leg in one of the battles. He was an Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate, during the session of the Nineteenth Legislature. He also was a Justice of the Peace for many years. After John's death, Jennie lived and died at the Confederate Women's Home.



# Descendants of William Oliphant

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Connie Perdue, AGS Board Member



*William M. Oliphant Family  
(L-R) Margaret Frances "Ettie", William, William James, Eliza Jane "Jennie", Jane Elizabeth*

## *Generation No. 1*

1. WILLIAM M.<sup>2</sup> OLIPHANT (JAMES<sup>1</sup>) was born May 30, 1813 in Dunfermline, Fife, Scotland, and died April 20, 1890 in Austin, Travis, Texas. He married JANE ELIZABETH VAN ZILE December 06, 1842 in Lawrenceburg, Ripley, Indiana, daughter of PETER VAN ZILE and RUTH ROGERS.

Children of WILLIAM OLIPHANT and JANE VAN ZILE are:

- i. MARGARET FRANCES "ETTIE"<sup>3</sup> OLIPHANT, b. June 18, 1842, Madison, Jefferson, Indiana; d. January 01, 1915, Chicago, Illinois.
- ii. WILLIAM JAMES OLIPHANT, b. September 30, 1845, Lawrenceburg, Dearborn, Indiana; d. November 11, 1930, Austin, Travis, Texas.
- iii. ELIZA JANE "JENNIE" OLIPHANT, b. July 16, 1848, Lawrenceburg, Dearborn, Indiana; d. April 09, 1931, Austin, Travis, Texas.

## *Generation No. 2*

2. MARGARET FRANCES "ETTIE"<sup>3</sup> OLIPHANT (WILLIAM M.<sup>2</sup>, JAMES<sup>1</sup>) was born June 18, 1842 in Madison, Jefferson, Indiana, and died January 01, 1915 in Chicago, Illinois. She married (1) SAMUEL MILES "SAM" CARTER November 10, 1858 in Austin, Travis, Texas, son of SAM CARTER and FRANCIS

MCCLURE. She married (2) WILLIAM PINKNEY RUTLEDGE September 01, 1864 in Austin, Travis, Texas, son of JAMES RUTLEDGE and NANCY ARMSTRONG.

Children of MARGARET OLIPHANT and SAMUEL CARTER are:

- i. WILLIAM SAMUEL<sup>4</sup> CARTER, b. August 11, 1859, Austin, Travis, Texas; d. March 15, 1923, Baltimore, Maryland; m. (1) MARY EVELYN GORSUCH, December 26, 1880, , Williamson, Texas; m. (2) JULIA T. CROSS, November 21, 1902, Peoria, Illinois.
- ii. JENNIE LOUISE CARTER, b. July 07, 1861, Harrisburg, Harris, Texas; d. March 1888; m. JOSEPH W. GLOSSBRENNER, 1882, , Williamson, Texas.

3. WILLIAM JAMES<sup>3</sup> OLIPHANT (*WILLIAM M.<sup>2</sup>, JAMES<sup>1</sup>*) was born September 30, 1845 in Lawrenceburg, Dearborn, Indiana, and died November 11, 1930 in Austin, Travis, Texas. He married (1) ELIZABETH "LIZZIE" JANE WALKER December 15, 1869 in Austin, Travis, Texas, daughter of JOHN WALKER and JUDITH AMIS. He married (2) ALICE OLIVE TOWNSEND February 08, 1877 in Austin, Travis, Texas, daughter of ALFRED TOWNSEND and NANCY COLE.

Children of WILLIAM OLIPHANT and ALICE TOWNSEND are:

- i. ALFRED WILLIAM<sup>4</sup> OLIPHANT, b. November 20, 1877, Austin, Travis, Texas; d. November 21, 1952, Austin, Travis, Texas; m. SUSAN ELIZABETH ASKEW, November 22, 1905, Austin, Travis, Texas.
- ii. LAURENCE ELMER OLIPHANT, b. August 28, 1881, Austin, Travis, Texas; d. April 15, 1967; m. GENEVIEVE MARGARET GEAGAN, April 26, 1905, St. Louis, Missouri.
- iii. JANE ELIZABETH OLIPHANT, b. February 04, 1889, Austin, Travis, Texas; d. June 28, 1960, Austin, Travis, Texas; m. WALTER PRESCOTT WEBB, September 16, 1916, Austin, Travis, Texas.
- iv. WILLIAM JAMES OLIPHANT, b. June 16, 1890, Austin, Travis, Texas; d. September 12, 1943, Dallas, Dallas, Texas; m. (1) FLOSSIE NOT KNOWN; m. (2) VALERA LYNCH, Bef. 1923.

4. ELIZA JANE "JENNIE"<sup>3</sup> OLIPHANT (*WILLIAM M.<sup>2</sup>, JAMES<sup>1</sup>*) was born July 16, 1848 in Lawrenceburg, Dearborn, Indiana, and died April 09, 1931 in Austin, Travis, Texas. She married (1) IRVINE H. BRADFUTE March 13, 1865 in Georgetown, Williamson, Texas. She married (2) JOHN ARTHUR STUART June 05, 1872 in Travis, Texas.

Children of ELIZA OLIPHANT and IRVINE BRADFUTE are:

- i. SARAH<sup>4</sup> BRADFUTE, b. January 13, 1868.
- ii. DORA BRADFUTE, b. August 02, 1870, New Orleans, Louisiana; d. August 07, 1947, San Antonio, Bexar, Texas; m. GEORGE W. RIMASSA, Abt. 1893.

Children of ELIZA OLIPHANT and JOHN STUART are:

- iii. ARTHUR<sup>4</sup> STUART, b. March 01, 1873.
- iv. MARY ALICE STUART, b. October 20, 1874, Weimar, Colorado, Texas; d. January 03, 1958, Dallas, Dallas, Texas; m. WILLIAM W. THOMPSON, June 16, 1894, Travis, Texas.
- v. WILLIAM MURRAY STUART, b. December 15, 1876, Texas; d. February 24, 1883, Austin, Travis, Texas.
- vi. JOHN MCLEARY STUART, b. July 01, 1879, Weimer, Colorado, Texas; d. January 13, 1921, , Travis, Texas; m. (1) MYRTLE ELIZABETH "LIZZIE" WRIGHT, December 24, 1899; m. (2) HENRIETTA AUGUSTE "ETTA" VON ROSENBERG, February 02, 1908, Austin, Travis, Texas.
- vii. JENNIE STUART, b. May 1881, Texas; d. November 11, 1901, Austin, Travis, Texas; m. WILLIAM W. POLK, December 24, 1899, Travis, Texas.

# William Stubbs, Sr., Revolutionary Soldier

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Katherine Satterwhite West, AGS Member

William Stubbs was born 22 December 1748 in Cheraw District (now Marlboro County), South Carolina. He was the son of John Stubbs Sr. and Rebecca Conner. William's ancestor, John Stubbs, emigrated to Gloucester County, Virginia circa 1650.

William's father, John Stubbs Sr. (1728-1786), was too old for active service in the Revolutionary War but assisted the American cause for independence by his contributions of food for men and horses from Cheraw District. He also served 17 days as a hog drover for the Continental Army during 1783.

Five of John's sons served in the South Carolina militia – William, James, John Jr., Lewis and Stephen.

We find details about William's service through his Petition for a Federal Pension in 1832. Previous to 1832, only veterans who were destitute could apply for a pension.

In his Declaration to the Court of Common Pleas, he stated that he served from "the winter of the commencement of the War in 1775 to its close in 1783."

The Clerk of the Court wrote:

*"He [William] was drafted in the militia service at the commencement of the War and served under Capt. Conn for one month. In this time he marched down to Charleston. During this time nothing particularly worthy of observation occurred. When the month had expired he returned to Marlboro and shortly afterwards was drafted again and served under Capt.*

*Council for 4 months. He was again marched to Charleston and was stationed on Hadsel's Point ... During this time he was present at the taking of the Scotch Fort on Santee River; General Marion being the highest officer. The fort was taken by the Americans, it being defended by British and Tories [colonists who sided with the British]. There were but few killed on either side. He was drafted again and served under Col Kolb. He fought the Tories on the Little Pee Dee [River]. The fight continued two or three hours. The fighting was altogether of the skirmishing kind – the militia being used chiefly to prevent the depredations committed by the Tories on private property of the lives of individuals not engaged in the war. His [William] very advanced age prevents him from being more minute in his details of events."*

William's wife, Elizabeth Chiles Stubbs, was born c1750 in Caroline County, Virginia. Her parents were Peter Hubbard and Agnes Chiles, a descendant of Walter Chiles of Virginia. She died before 1830 in Marlboro County, South Carolina. No stone has been located.

William and Elizabeth had 9 children:

1. Anne (m. William Morris)
2. Rebecca (m. Shadrack Easterling)
3. Nancy (m. Jacob Odom)
4. Frances (m. Benjamin Moore)
5. William Jr. (m. Sarah Ikenor)
6. James (m. Sarah Fuller)
7. Elizabeth (m. Henry Welsh)

8. Peter (m. name unknown)
9. Martha (m. Elisha Hill)

William married second, Ann Fuller McDaniel, within a year of Elizabeth's death. Ann continued to receive the Pension until the War Between the States when her pension was stopped. She died in 1866.

William Stubbs died in Marlboro County, South Carolina in June 1839 at the age of 91, and is buried in the old Liles Cemetery. His tombstone reads "William Stubbs, Revolutionary Soldier."

Leonardo Andrea, *Joseph Edward Hill Abstracts of Divisions of Estates of Stubbs and Allied Families of Marlboro County, South Carolina* (Private printing, 1964. Copy #56 at Birmingham, AL Public Library)

Elizabeth C. Drake & Jacquelyn M. Rainwater, Compilers, *Cemetery Records of Marlboro County, SC* (Private Printing, 1970) Copy at LDS Library, Salt Lake City, UT

William F. Medlin, *Quaker Families of South Carolina and Georgia* (Ben Franklin Press, 1982), pg 104.

William Carter Stubbs, *The Descendants of John Stubbs of Cappahosic, Gloucester County, Virginia* (American Printing Co:New Orleans, LA, 1902, p 23.

South Carolina Pensions #6188; Stub Entries to Indents, Book U-W, p. 107, #70; Stubbs, William; National Archives

"Will of William Stubbs," 7 Jan 1837, Marlboro County, SC, Will Book A, page 207.



# A Genealogical Journey

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Peter Flagg Maxson  
Architectural Historian

When I was a child in Dallas, occasionally on rainy days I retreated to my parents' library and took out *Genealogical Notes on the Founding of New England My Ancestors Part in that Undertaking* (1926), the immodestly named tome by my architect Great-great uncle Ernest Flagg (1857-1947). Dallas in the 1950s was very much a place of the present, with little respect for the past. Even as a boy, I found old buildings, old people, antiques, history and genealogy riveting.

I knew that my grandmother Marion Flagg Maxson (1887-1972) was from an ancient, aristocratic and artistic New England family – hers were the only family antiques we had that were bought new 200 years ago, and her family homestead in Hartford had been owned by ancestors since the 1630s. Grandmama was the last to take her background seriously – after all, she married a *Texan* in part to escape the East and rather disdained the pretensions of other Dallas clubwomen, the period term for her Highland Park contemporaries.

The Flagg genealogy documents the ancestors of my great-grandfather Charles Noël Flagg (1848-1916), and thus just 1/8 of my American ancestry. Most descended from stalwart New Englanders who came over in the 17<sup>th</sup> century Great Migration. Many were farmers, deacons and officials who led quiet lives. But there were more than enough colorful characters to interest even a thirteen-year old. There were Founding Fathers such as Roger Williams of Rhode Island and Thomas Hooker of Connecticut; Royal Governors John Webster, Thomas Welles & Richard Ward;

Revolutionary War officers (one of whom went South with General Greene and married the rich Widow Allston of Charleston, adding a bit of genealogical spice and Huguenot blood to the genealogy). But there were also three sisters-in-law accused of witchcraft, including Elizabeth Proctor of Salem, whose husband was hanged. Some other forebears ran afoul of the law or church, and these were at least as interesting as the worthy citizens.

In later years, I inherited a trunk of Flagg family papers, some dating before the Revolution. These have remained a source of interest and edification, and particularly old letters are a wonderful link to bygone generations. Aside from *Austin Genealogical Society Quarterly* contributions, I also published Grandmother's remarkable letters to her family describing life as a young bride in Beaumont in the *Texas Gulf Coast Historical & Genealogical Record*, and enabled my grandfather's chilling account of the Great Storm of 1900 to be included in *Through a Night of Terrors*, an anthology of primary source accounts of the Galveston hurricane.

As steward of these Flagg papers I have tried to adhere to generally accepted archival practices in taking care of these books, photographs, journals, letters and so forth, and many will eventually go to the Connecticut Historical Society or another appropriate repository.

In truth, my paternal grandfather, Harry Irl Maxson (1885-1968) enjoyed the Flagg connection more than his wife, in part because of the vagueness of his own heritage.



His forbear Rev. John Maxson (1639-1720) was said to be the first Caucasian child born on Rhode Island. But H.I.'s grandfather, Dr. Daniel W. Maxson, was very vague about his own parentage and Grandfather spent decades and \$\$\$ trying to resolve this mystery. I followed a bit, and found a file written in my 14 year-old scrawl with notes on Granddaddy's recollections, and 40-odd years later *found the elusive link*, which was recently verified by a DNA test proving my kinship with a ninth cousin on the Maxson side descended from another son of Rev. John. Grandfather's mother's Rich family and grandmother's Myrick ancestors were *respectable families* dating back before the Revolution, though those genealogies too took some mining on my part to unearth.

Grandfather Maxson nonetheless gathered much information on Grandmother's family, which must have amused her a bit. There were frequent orders to Goodspeed's Bookstore in Boston for books that *might* have connections to the Flagg family. He even loved to brag (erroneously, as it turns out) of an ancestor whose tavern got Hessian soldiers drunk before a critical battle at Valley Forge.

My father, John Sherman Maxson (1912-1989), and aunts took satisfaction in having illustrious ancestors, but none could be called a genealogist. Two of my three Maxson aunts were stalwart members of the prestigious National Society of the Colonial Dames in America, and the third, an artist, rejoiced in having her artist Flagg grandfather, great-grandfather and various uncles and cousins provide a strong genealogical artistic streak which could in fact be traced to the 18<sup>th</sup> century. My father, in contrast, while eligible for the even snootier Society of the Cincinnati, was at heart a Texas rancher. He was interested in Texas history and compiled a

respectable Texana book collection, but for Puritans he cared not a whit.

Enter my mother, Virginia DeGolyer Maxson (1913-1988). No genealogist either, Mother nonetheless had a respect for the past, for architecture and decorative arts, and she was a bit of a collector of 18<sup>th</sup> c. American antiques, pewter, porcelain and such. Like Grandfather, she perhaps enjoyed family portraits more than my father did.

Her parents were an interesting contrast to the Maxsons. My resident Great-uncle Homer DeGolyer was a vocational historian and genealogist and took great pride in his descent from Jacques deGulier (ca. 1725-1820), a French soldier who deserted while stationed in Canada, and then tomahawked his Indian guides whom he overheard planning to do the same to him. Family tradition had it that he was a Huguenot, and indeed he married the Protestant Miss Jane Hatch of Sturbridge, Mass. Yet the DeGolyer genealogy states that he initially joined the French Army to thwart family plans that he become a priest. He served as a soldier in the American Revolution and eventually settled in Western New York, dying at an advanced age.

Later DeGolyer ancestors were farmers in Ohio and Indiana and led quiet lives (excepting a divorce in the 1850s). Grandfather Everette Lee DeGolyer (1886-1956) was born in a sod house in Greensburg, Kansas. When he was a few months old a tornado ripped the roof off the DeG. home, and, indeed, last year the entire town was destroyed by a tornado. Great-grandfather John William DeGolyer was intelligent and affable, but gave credence to the 'jack of all trades, master of none' adage. Grandfather nonetheless was able to study in the pioneering University of Oklahoma petroleum geology program, and at age 24 discovered reportedly the largest oil well ever struck for

Viscount Cowdray in Tampico, Mexico. Grandfather went on to many triumphs in oil, science and business, but became a great bibliophile, establishing DeGolyer Libraries at S.M.U. and O.U. and an English 1<sup>st</sup> editions collection at U.T. His White Rock Lake estate in East Dallas is now the Dallas Arboretum.

I mention his life and career in detail, as he was an instance of an illustrious ancestor *not* in the remote 17<sup>th</sup> century but rather my *grandfather*, in whose lap I sat, whose voice I remember, who sired my mother. His brilliance and great success were in truth a bit intimidating, and he was a hard act to follow. He and Grandmother were thoughtless enough to have four children, sixteen grandchildren, a foundation and two libraries, so the pie was cut in many pieces.

Grandmother Nell Virginia Goodrich DeGolyer (1887-1972) was a worthy consort, well-educated and energetic, a founder of the League of Women Voters and Planned Parenthood in Dallas, patron of the arts, *grande dame* and loving grandmother. The families of her Goodrich, Hart, Hatton and Canterbury grandparents all lived in Virginia in the 18<sup>th</sup> century and lived predictable lives. An exception was her forbear John Hart, Signer of the Declaration of Independence from New Jersey, who was a particular source of pride to Grandmother and led to *her* membership in the Colonial Dames.<sup>1</sup>

Genealogy leads the way to family history and traditions, and it is sometimes difficult to

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<sup>1</sup> I have been working with the Colonial Dames on the Neill-Cochran House, their Texas state headquarters, and have seen Grandmother's name on several plaques. More recently, the Dames acquired from my sister my parents' 18<sup>th</sup> dining table, known to us in childhood as the Queen Anne centipede and to the Dames as the Rockette Table, for its many legs.

separate one from another. Genetics doubtless is a factor in any analysis of family characteristics. Traditions include the Flagg nose and Goodrich eyes, but we can trace one gene more convincingly for 150 years. Two paternal aunts had twins, and I can follow the regular appearance of twins to their mother's mother's mother's mother's mother, Delia Seymour Bull, in 18<sup>th</sup> century Hartford.

Less tangible are over two hundred years of Flagg family artists, which so intrigued a Vanderbilt cousin, Countess Sylvia Széchenyi Szápáry, that she commissioned a book on them. Nature or nurture? Growing up in a house with many family portraits (some by family artists) made them a discussion item at the dinner table, and while I've added to the collection, I regret that my nieces and nephews don't have the same history with the paintings my generation did. The self-portrait of the Rev. Jared Bradley Flagg (1820-1899) that presided over the dining room when I was a child is merely a bearded old man to them.

The question of instilling a love of family history is a difficult one. Having no children, I see most nieces and nephews only sporadically. Young children seldom have the genealogy bug, and one does not usually have it in moderation. Now that the five nieces and one nephew are in their 20s and 30s, there is a glimmer of hope for at least two. Pushing too hard can have the opposite effect. When I appeared on *the Antiques Road Show* with two late 18<sup>th</sup> century family miniatures with very satisfactory results, one niece's sudden fascination I think was not altogether genealogical.

If one's immediate family responses are uncertain, I have found one of the most rewarding aspects of studying genealogy has been getting to know cousins near and far. Some I've exchanged only a few e-mails with, but another and I have exchanged probably

hundreds of letters over the decades, exchanging 18<sup>th</sup> & 19<sup>th</sup> century Flagg family gossip. I value the affection of other “found” cousins, and my interest I think has led to closer relations with even first and second cousins. It is odd that descent from remote Victorian ancestors who one never knew might give one access to a stranger in Puyallup, Washington, a third cousin once removed who shares a similar obsession.

A genealogical memoir would not be complete without addressing my interest/obsession with British genealogy. When I was fourteen years old, my mother gave me a copy of *Burke's Peerage, Baronetage and Knightage*, the stud book of British aristocracy. To Mother's surprise (or maybe not), I proved very receptive and memorized it from the Duke of Abercorn to Baroness Zouche. For a bored teenager in Dallas in the 1960s, British genealogy became an unlikely but pleasant diversion, and I have become an expert, collecting twenty peerages, some dating back almost 300 years. This led me in two other directions as well: collecting English biographies and a good library of English country house architecture books. One cannot understand the Stately Homes of England without understanding the Great Families, or vice versa. But one learns that it is best to keep this expertise to one's self, unless *quite* sure a listener is interested.

I've followed suit somewhat with American houses and genealogies, and in fact my life's work became clear to me after my Army enlistment was over and I went to the University of Virginia in Charlottesville for my Master of Architectural History degree, studying significant buildings and the people who lived, worked and worshipped therein. Later, for many years I was Chief Architectural Historian for the Texas Historical Commission, the state agency for historic preservation. For

me it has been a joy to study beautiful buildings and their histories, work toward their recognition and preservation AND GET PAID FOR IT! My interest in genealogy has served me well, tracing descendants, seeking historic photos and information.

While at U.Va., I met a doctoral student in history with the unassuming name of Jack Taylor. I soon learned that his complete moniker was John Charles Randolph Taylor V, that J.C.R.T. I married his cousin Martha Jefferson Randolph, and that he had close and sometimes complex connections to many great Virginia families, with five different lines of descent from the original William Randolph of Turkey Island, seven from the original Miles Cary of Windmill Hill and so forth. Jack has been what our lawyer calls my *Companion in Life* since 1975, and I find myself somewhat in the position of Grandfather M, having a pretty good pedigree of my own but studying my other half's much grander and better documented genealogy. Jack is now president of the Monticello Association, the Jefferson direct descendants' group that owns and still uses the graveyard at Monticello. And in his family as in mine, knotty genealogical questions are sometimes referred to me, and finding answers is a challenging but enjoyable pastime.

*Genealogical studies of the families of all four of the author's grandparents and the Taylor kindred may be found in June issues of the **Austin Genealogical Society Quarterly**, as well as topics referenced herein. The author remains eternally grateful to the Society for providing a forum for the Austin genealogical community to organize, write and publish their own findings.*

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# Descendants of Richard Whitehead

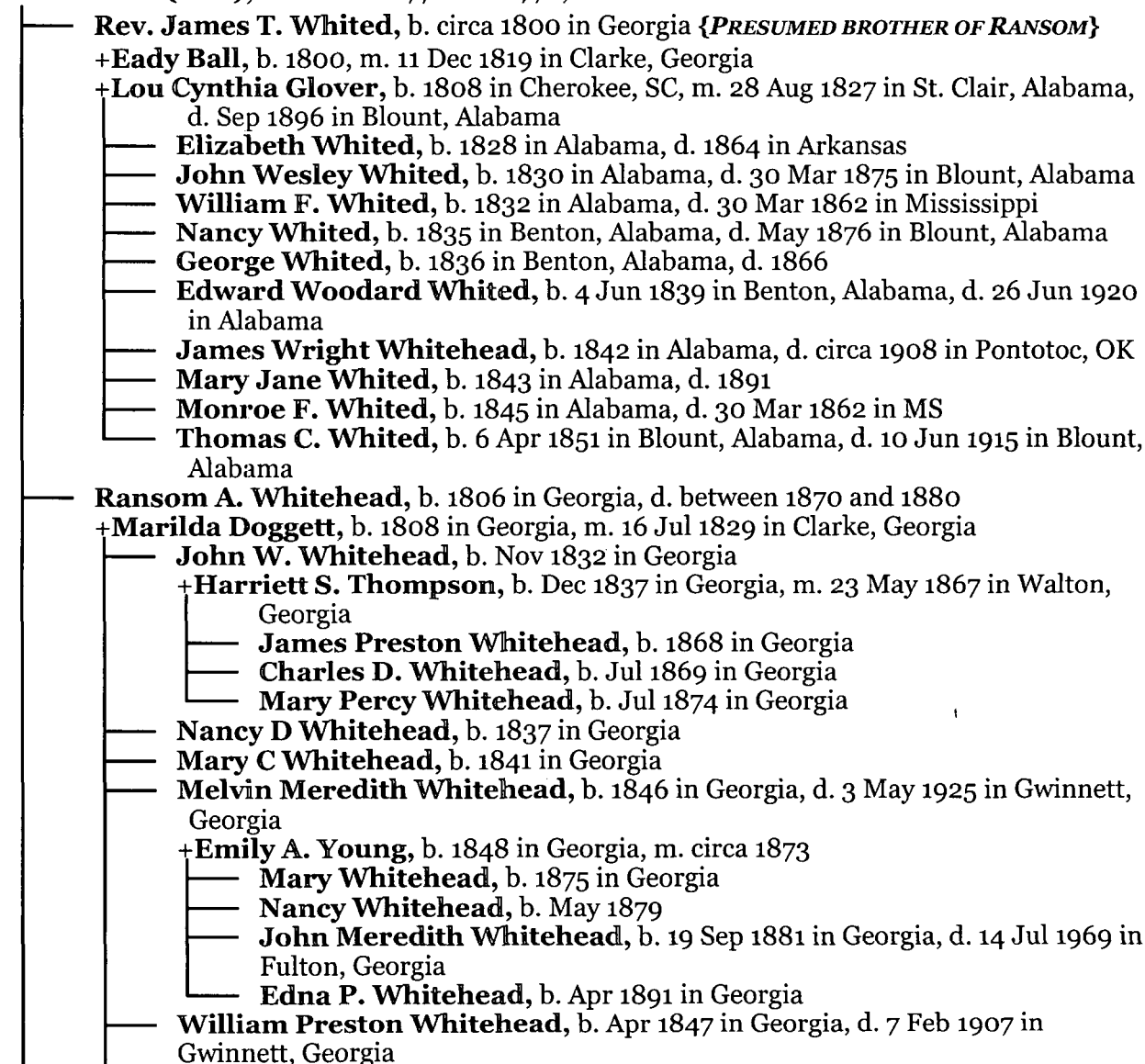
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*Randy Whited, AGS Board Member*

With the recent discovery of an 11/12 genetic match between a descendant of Ransom Whitehead and a descendant (the author) of James T. Whited, there is an added level of certainty that these two men were brothers. Obviously the match doesn't specify *how* they are related, only that they are. Below is a descendant chart of three generations of Richard Whitehead's descendants; only James' children are listed as they have been thoroughly documented in the Genealogy of the Bynum Family.

**Richard Whitehead**, b. before 1775, d. Fall 1820 in Clarke, Georgia

+**Elizabeth (--?)**, b. between 1770 and 1776, m. before 1800



- +**Martha Ellen Coker**, b. 1855 in Georgia
  - **Mary Azalee Whitehead**, b. 1874 in Georgia
  - **H. L. Whitehead**, b. 1876 in Georgia
  - **William Halmon Whitehead**, b. 22 Jul 1878 in Georgia, d. 3 Apr 1937 in Walton, Georgia
  - **Lena Bell Whitehead**, b. Aug 1879 in Georgia
  - **John W. B. Whitehead**, b. Jun 1885 in Georgia
  - **Hyden Atkin Whitehead**, b. 4 Sep 1887 in Barrow, Georgia, d. 22 Sep 1952 in Oconee, Georgia
- +**Sarah Ann O'Kelley**, b. Apr 1853 in Georgia, m. 1891
  - **George W. Whitehead**, b. 18 Sep 1892 in Georgia, d. 19 Sep 1978 in Gwinnett, Georgia
- **Henry Carter Whitehead**, b. 21 Feb 1853 in Georgia, d. 9 Mar 1921
- +**Mary Catherine Atkinson**, b. 31 Oct 1845 in Georgia, m. 1883, d. 8 Jul 1915
  - **Emory Sphere Whitehead**, b. 11 Sep 1883 in Georgia, d. 23 Mar 1979 in Fulton, Georgia
  - **Maggie Whitehead**, b. 10 Jul 1886 in Georgia
- **Williamson R. Whitehead**, b. 25 Dec 1808 in Georgia, d. 3 Dec 1885
- +**Nancy H. Cagle**, b. 22 Jul 1822, m. 6 Dec 1830 in Clarke, Georgia, d. 19 Jun 1872
  - **William S. Whitehead**, b. 1831
  - **James M. Whitehead**, b. Jul 1857, d. 1934
  - +**Martha Ada Wisdom**, b. Aug 1861 in Georgia, m. 1877, d. 1930
    - **Esie B. Whitehead**, b. 1878 in Georgia
    - **Minnie F. Whitehead**, b. 1879 in Georgia
    - **Mary J. Whitehead**, b. Jun 1882 in Georgia, d. 1930
    - **John William Whitehead**, b. 1 Feb 1884 in Georgia, d. 9 Jan 1957 in Floyd, Georgia
    - **Clara M. Whitehead**, b. Feb 1886 in Georgia
    - **Wiley Wisdom Whitehead**, b. 14 Apr 1889 in Georgia, d. 20 Jan 1953
    - **Joseph Clinton Whitehead**, b. Feb 1892 in Georgia
    - **James Byrd Whitehead**, b. Jul 1896
- **Berry G. Whitehead**, b. between 1805 and 1815
- +**Courtney A. Cooper**, b. 1820 in Georgia, m. 15 Dec 1840 in Madison, Georgia
  - **Sarah Whitehead**, b. 1842 in Georgia
  - **Berry Whitehead**, b. 1843 in Georgia
  - **Francis Whitehead**, b. 1846 in Georgia
  - +**Charles Kern**, b. 1845
  - **Jasper N. Whitehead**, b. 5 Oct 1847 in Georgia, d. 28 Jul 1923 in Floyd, Georgia
  - +**Tabitha Reynolds**, m. 22 Aug 1867 in Floyd, Georgia
  - **Walter Whitehead**, b. 1852 in Georgia
  - **Charles Whitehead**, b. 1855 in Georgia
  - **Nancy F. Whitehead**, b. 1858 in Georgia
  - **Mary C. Whitehead**, b. May 1860 in Georgia
  - **Seanna Whitehead**, b. 1862 in Georgia
  - **Thomas Whitehead**, b. 1864 in Georgia
  - **Mary Whitehead**, b. 1866 in Georgia
- **Leuteshia Whitehead**, b. between 1810 and 1815
- **John S. Whitehead**, b. between 1815 and 1816
- **Elizabeth Whitehead**, b. between 1817 and 1820

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# Walter Warder Hudnall

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*Harold Hudnall, AGS Member*

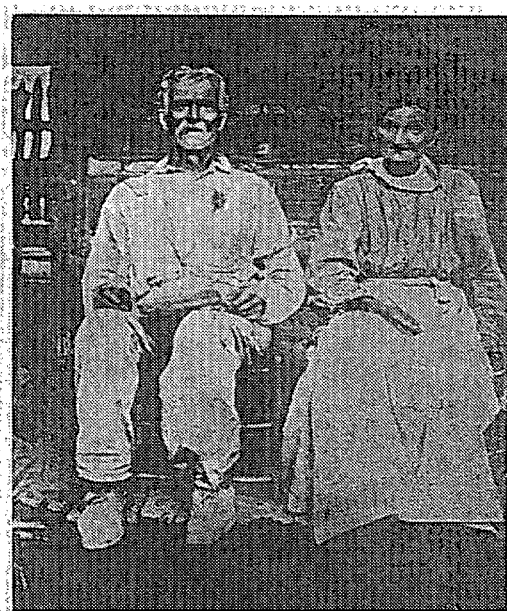
Walter Warder Hudnall was born December 25, 1814<sup>1</sup> near Mays Lick, Kentucky. He was the seventh child of Benjamin and Nancy (Riley) Hudnall. It is believed that he was named for Walter Warder, pastor of The Mays Lick Baptist Church and a prominent clergyman in Baptist circles in Kentucky.

When Ward (as he was more commonly called) was about five years old, the family returned to Kanawha County, Virginia (now West Virginia) from which they had left twenty years earlier. The family first settled at old Coalburg<sup>2</sup> and later moved to Kelly's Creek.

In 1833, Ward was working on a flat boat hauling salt down the Kanawha River. Their destination was probably Cincinnati, which was a large commercial center at that time. They were laid up at Charleston for the night on the night "when the stars fell."<sup>3</sup> In the predawn hours of November 13, 1833, occurred one of the greatest meteor showers ever seen over the eastern United States. The skies were lit up by thousands of shooting stars every minute. The great display of shooting stars was debris from the comet Tempel-Tuttle which had recently returned to the inner solar system during its 33 year journey around the Sun.<sup>4</sup>

Ward married Cynthia Hudnall on August 28, 1835.<sup>5</sup> Cynthia's lineage is unknown, although one family story is that she was an Indian who worked as a domestic for Anderson (Buck) Hudnall, a first cousin to Ward. She supposedly took the Hudnall name at that time.

Ward & Cynthia first settled around Nine Mile on Paint Creek. He worked for a Mr. Hanford,



**Walter Warder Hudnall  
Circa 1870**

*The lady in the picture is unidentified.  
Speculation is that she is Cynthia, Ward's wife.*

making gunnels for flat boats, which were floated down Paint Creek and the Kanawha River to the boatyards at Cedar Grove. They moved to Coalburg for a short period of time and then moved to Kelly's Creek, near the mouth of Big Hollow, where they spent the rest of their lives.<sup>6</sup>

Ward farmed for a living and sometimes worked at the saw mill at the mouth of Mill Hollow. The saw mill made planks for making flat boats that were used in the salt trade.<sup>7</sup> The mill ran day and night when there was enough water in Kelly's Creek to run it.

While living on Paint Creek, Ward must have been too poor to own a horse. As related in the James Jones Diary, he walked from Nine Mile to Charleston and back to buy a spinning wheel. It was a day's walk each way.

The following children were born to Ward and Cynthia:

1. Benjamin Franklin Hudnall: born August 25, 1836, WV; died February 1, 1922. He married Lucinda (Lucy) Gillespie March 8, 1866. She was the daughter of Robert Gillespie and Margaret Cole.
2. Frances Jane Hudnall: born January, 1838; died May 12, 1911. She never married.
3. Philip Monroe Hudnall: born about 1840; died November 4, 1887. He married Lucy Alice Morris May 31, 1866. She was the daughter of Daniel Morris and Martha Truman.
4. William R. Hudnall: born October 1841; died unknown. He never married.
5. Sarah Hudnall: born about 1843; died October 29, 1921. She married \_\_\_\_\_ Mullins.
6. Nancy S. Hudnall: born about 1845; died unknown. She married John S. Taylor June 29, 1871.
7. Mary Hudnall: born about 1847; died unknown. She married Ben Dillard.
8. Elizabeth Hudnall: born about 1850; died unknown. She married William Balser March 29, 1878.
9. Rachel Virginia Hudnall: born July 9, 1851; died about 1930. She married John Calvin Elswick April 15, 1875. He was the son of Michael Elswick and Evaline Hudnall who was Rachel's aunt.
10. Evaline Hudnall: born April 10, 1857; died unknown. She married Sterling Price Proctor about 1866.
11. Amanda Hudnall: born April 10, 1857; died unknown. She married Moses E. Gill April 29, 1880.

Ward was known as an avid southern sympathizer during the Civil War, and furnished two sons to the lost cause. Benjamin Franklin and Philip Monroe, his two oldest sons, served in Company A, 10<sup>th</sup> Virginia Cavalry Regiment, also known as Caskie's Mounted Rangers. Philip joined 09 September 1861 at Fayette Court House, Virginia<sup>8</sup>. Franklin, along with his first cousin, William Harrison Hudnall, joined the next February in Covington, Virginia<sup>9</sup>.

An incident that occurred in 1862 emphasizes his loyalty to the south. One day while plowing in his cornfield he was approached by a troop of Confederate soldiers. They wanted to go through the mountains to Bell Creek. They pressed Ward into service to guide them. After reaching their destination, they released Ward and he returned home. The next day a party of

Union soldiers, who had learned that the Rebels had come that way stopped at Ward's place to inquire about them. Although he was threatened by the Union soldiers he never gave them any information about the Confederate soldiers.<sup>10</sup>

Ward, along with his brothers, Nathan and Fielding, were avid hunters, keeping their larders full with the wild game they killed. Deer and wild turkey were plentiful as well as wild pigeons. The pigeons most likely were Carrier Pigeons, which are extinct today due to excessive killing of them during the 19<sup>th</sup> century. The three Hudnall brothers were also great bear hunters. The following story from the Charleston Daily Gazette, dated August 26, 1897 was written about Ward's brother, Nathan, at the time of his death, but it is a story of three brothers hunting prowess:

*"The balance of his eighty eight years on Kelly's Creek was spent with his brothers, Ward and Fielding, 'in the chase.' They kept a pack of disciplined bear dogs, and seldom used the rifle, because a shot from the rifle that drew blood without killing outright set the dogs crazy and got them killed or crippled. Therefore, when the dogs brought a bear to bay, the brother that was ahead in the chase laid down his rifle, drew his long knife, which was a signal that the trained dogs understood as well as a soldier understands the call of the bugle; they closed in on the bear, the hunter reached over the bear to the side from him and drove the long blade to the heart. The bear bit at the pain, and sometimes smashed the handle of the knife but seldom caught the hand of the expert butcher. It is said that the three Hudnall brothers killed more bear with the use of less powder and lead, than did any other three men in Virginia."*

Ward was a poor man all his life. He never owned any land. On Kelly's Creek, he built a cabin on land owned by the coal company. Available information indicates that he lived near the original Kelly's Creek Railroad station at Ward. After his death, the coal company burned down his home to make way for houses for the miners.

Cynthia died March 28, 1876 at the age of 62, which would indicate that she was born about 1814. Her death was reported by Ward but he did not give her birth information or her parents. She is buried in the cemetery at the Old Brick Church (Virginia's Chapel) at Cedar Grove.

Walter Warder Hudnall died July 20, 1911<sup>11</sup> and is buried in an unmarked grave in the cemetery at the Old Brick Church (Virginia's Chapel) at Cedar Grove. Family tradition is that his grave is in the southwest corner of the church yard. Recently a memorial headstone was placed at Cynthia's grave site in honor of Ward and Cynthia.

*Author's Note: Walter Warder Hudnall was my great-great-grandfather.*



1. "Gleanings from the Day Books of Thomas Jefferson Hudnall," compiled by Elizabeth Canterbury. Tom was a grandson of Ward's and lived with him for several years after the death of his father, Philip, and the subsequent re-marriage of his mother.
2. "James A. Jones Diary," Manuscript Collection, WV Archives & History Library, Charleston, WV. James A. Jones was a friend of Ward's. He kept a diary from the 1870's to the 1930's about everyday life on Kelly's Creek. There are many references to Ward Hudnall in it.
3. Ibid.
4. NASA Science News; <http://science.nasa.gov>
5. Kanawha County Marriage Records, Kanawha County Court House, Charleston, WV.
6. "James A. Jones Diary," Manuscript Collection, WV Archives & History Library, Charleston, WV.
7. Ibid.
8. Compiled service record for Philip Monroe Hudnall.
9. Compiled service records for Benjamin Franklin Hudnall and William Harrison Hudnall.
10. "James A. Jones Diary," Manuscript Collection, WV Archives & History Library, Charleston, WV.
11. "James A. Jones Diary," Manuscript Collection, WV Archives & History Library, Charleston, WV.



# A Serendipity Package, Part One

---

John C. Miller

AGS Life Member and Past President

*"I have shifted my genealogy focus from names, dates and places to writing and preserving family stories so that my extended family and descendants will be able to know more about our progenitors."*

Last week, my sister Judy phoned to let me know that she was mailing me a package of old family "stuff." She had been going through the contents of old boxes that had been in a closet since the late 80s. One particular box had old, old letters, a journal, obituaries, miscellaneous papers, a large bundle of newspaper clippings from the 60s, 70s and 80s and heaven only knows what else.

She mailed the package of selected "stuff" on January 29, priority mail, no less, and I received it on the 30<sup>th</sup>, about noon. It was a trove of personal, intimate, enlightening, insightful letters and papers, genealogy information, the news paper clippings and best of all, my grandmother Agee's journal. I spent the afternoon and evening reading through this serendipity package (serendipity-an unexpected pleasure; the phenomenon of finding agreeable things not sought for).

My grandmother, Johnnie Aubrey Agee and her husband Will, lived in Diboll, a saw mill

town in East Texas, about 115 miles north of Houston and 12 miles south of Lufkin on old US Hwy 59. Grandad and Granalee had a large family, certainly by today's standards, three girls and four boys. Grandad was the pharmacist and manager of the company drug store and a leader in that small community which was semi-rural, meaning they had a cow in the back lot, had a small vegetable garden and raised chickens.

Granalee was the typical stay-at-home wife and mother of that era. She milked the cow, gathered the eggs, did preserves and jelly, sewed, crocheted, took care of the children and probably more. I remember her as a quite, sweet, gentle, grandmotherly-type lady. It was interesting and revealing to read her journal. It was legal size, paper-back with columnar, ruled and numbered pages, in which she made sporadic entries. I'd like to share some of the journal entries to give you a bit of insight about her and the family.

Pages 1 and 2 are so deteriorated that they are but mere fragments of paper, pieces assembled like a jig-saw puzzle with voids and unfinished sentences.

*Jan. 3, 1932 Big daddy [her father] is a little ?? [better? worse?] Bob [a son, age 13] is going to drive me up to [Burke to see] him this P.M.*

*Feb 11 Have been putting out some cuttings to try my hand at grafting and budding later on.*

*Feb 25 Big Daddy isn't any better, it breaks my heart to think about him.*

*Mar 8 the boys bent the bicycle wheel yesterday and had to send it to Houston to get it fixed.*

*Mar 10 It is snowing this afternoon. We have had the worst cold of all this winter this last few days, killed all the fruit and froze lots of flowers, first time the pipes have been frozen this winter.*

Mar 18 Yours truly drove the car to Burke this morning, John is 13 months old today.

May 7 Am 47 years today. This is a happy and sad time for me, a happy birthday, mother's day [tomorrow] and our 30th wedding anniversary the 11th, and the sad part Big Daddy is so weak and sick. I know we have got to give him up pretty soon.

May 12 He died this morning about 4:30. How we will miss him. He has been a sweet daddy to my children and me.

Nov 9 Julia and Mr. Ross Roberts came up from Camden last night and informed us that she and Ross were going to get married. I never was so surprised.

Nov 13 Our High School building burned yesterday.

Dec 14 Today is William Henry Agee, Jr.'s [22nd] birthday. Be a good Christian man, Bill and don't hunt coons in bad weather. [I don't know if he ever saw this entry or if it was a prayer- thought that she wrote down.]

Nov 12, 1933 We got a new Chevrolet yesterday, all hands are might proud of it.

Dec 1 We have just gotten back from Mary Jane's [in Houston]. Daddy and Carroll went to Epson Downs [a race track at the north edge of Houston on Hwy 59]. Mary Jane had a nice Thanksgiving dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Miller had dinner with us.

Feb 5, 1934 Maurice, Bob, Jack Douglas [sons] and myself went to Houston and on to Galveston to see the battleship Wyoming while there. The boys enjoyed it.

Mar 19 John came home with us the 11th of this month and spent a week with us. While he was here, he was kind enough to put a coat of paint on our brand new Chevrolet. Bill said he couldn't whip him because he helped paint a buggy red one time. We're so proud that Ross has a job with Shell Co. and Mary Jane has gone to work in the Houston Press office.

Sept ? 1938 Bob's second year at [Univ. of Texas] Austin. Hope he can finish all the work he has planned.

May ? Judy came [was born] on my birthday, May 7, 1938

Nov. 29, 1942 All the children came home for Thanksgiving but the boys that are in the army. Bob is going across. May be on the sea now. We think Dougan and Marie will get to come Christmas.

Sept 28, 1943? Dougan left this morning for Kearney Field, Nebraska. He had a furlough and has been here one week. Marie and the baby were here when Jack Dee came.

[About Dec. 1943] Dougan left to go across Nov 11-43, got to England about the first of Dec.

[About March 1944] I will make Dougan and Deleese a crochet bed spread if —I can. [ He was killed in action in April 1944]"

That was her last journal entry.



# A Serendipity Package, Part Two

---

John C. Miller

AGS Life Member and Past President

The previous memoir described the package of old letters, obituaries and other family material that my sister sent me. Also enclosed was a copy of my grandmother Agee's journal from which I excerpted interesting and unusual entries. Among the letters was a copy of a letter that my mother had written in the early '70s; one letter, actually two letters, with

the first describing the second. It or they touched me. My mother was a teacher, loved words and writing, a natural wordsmith if you please. Rather than trying to describe and explain the two letters, I've excerpted and hopefully, you too will "feel" the character of the two writers.

The first letter, written by my mother, begins with a quote from a lecture she had attended:

*"These 'word sentence sounds' rather than word recognition are how youngsters learned to talk by getting the 'melody of the language. It's the melody of the language that I want to dwell on today."*

And my mother continues,

*"A letter to my sister [Julia Currey] from Lillie the old family cook, 74 years old, sings a melody of language. It sings a plaintive melody, sad but the thread that holds the letter together is one of hope and thankfulness. Lillie is a negro, however there is a strong mixture of Indian blood. Her posture, high cheek bones strongly reflect this. Her letter will show you the extent of her education. None the less, it is a 'melody of language; A lovely melody!"*

Lillie's letter was written on ruled tablet paper.

*"Dear Mrs Julia while alone Ill try to ancer your letter of Jan. 21:19-68 today my husband are in the hospital in Lufkin Feb 2-69 he gone threw an operation in Houston Oct 16-19-67 he had gland trouble it had runed to cancer The Docker said he had cancer he give him 4 years to live he didn't tell him neather did I-so that that.*

*"I thinks of all of you all day an night when I dream of you all its like it uster be we are all to geather I wish it were so I were so glade to see you that day of course it were a pain in the heart to no the family chain had been broken and some lengths added but that the way life runes-*

*"The weather are freezing cold here plenty ice it looks so sad an glumy looks like it might snow. if it were warm an The Sun were shining I would go fishing and My Mind would get some rest.*

*Yours truly  
Lillie O. Griffin*

*"Mrs. Julia your father an Mother tole me I were so good to them that when they were dead an gone they wanted to be helping me so started paying Social Security for me I gets \$44.40 a month God rest thy Soals an God Bless all of thy off Springs I were 74 years ole Jan. 27:1969*

*I cant thank them but I can thank you all that its well with as it is and thank the good Lord to Lillie*

- ★ -

# A Day in Greene County

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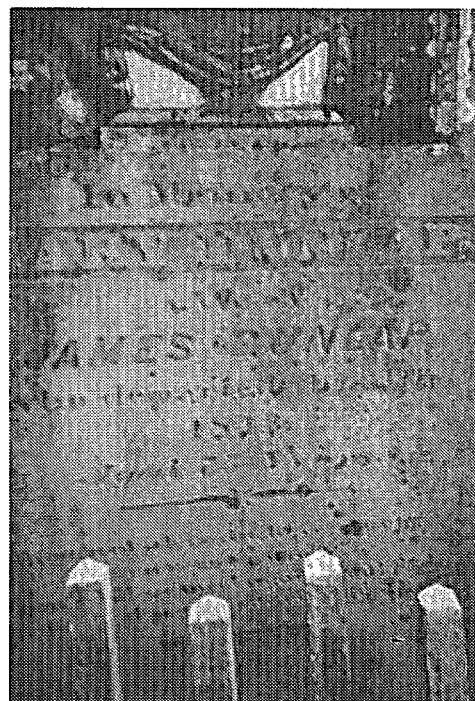
*Kay Dunlap Boyd, AGS 1<sup>st</sup> Vice President*

On Sunday, June 25, 2000, my cousin Linda Watkins and I met in Birmingham to plan our trip to the area where our forefathers lived from 1818-1851. My great-grandfather John Pettigrew Dunlap and her great-grandfather William Petty Dunlap were brothers born in Greene County, Alabama. Their parents, Joseph and Sarah Roden Pettigrew Dunlap, and their grandparents, James and Mary Dunlap and James and Jane Harkness Pettigrew, migrated to Greene County with many other relatives from Abbeville, South Carolina in 1818. We were looking for information on our third great grandparents and all of their extended families.

Monday morning we left for our destination. The drive was beautiful through the pine and mimosa trees that lined the highway. As we left the interstate and turned onto the county road towards Eutaw, the county seat, I felt a tremendous amount of anticipation, and I told Linda that I thought my heart was going to jump out of my chest. We drove through this wonderful little town full of historic homes. The library our first stop, but they did not have many materials in the local history section; we were told that the historic society had a center nearby, but it was closed that day. So we went on to the courthouse.

The courthouse was new and the old building was being restored. The clerk's office was full of old ledgers which were stacked high to the ceiling so you had to climb the ladder to get what you want. This was truly a two-person job. Besides the ledgers, there was a file cabinet with family files. You could pull out the folder and everything was there ready to copy. Thinking back now, these were probably

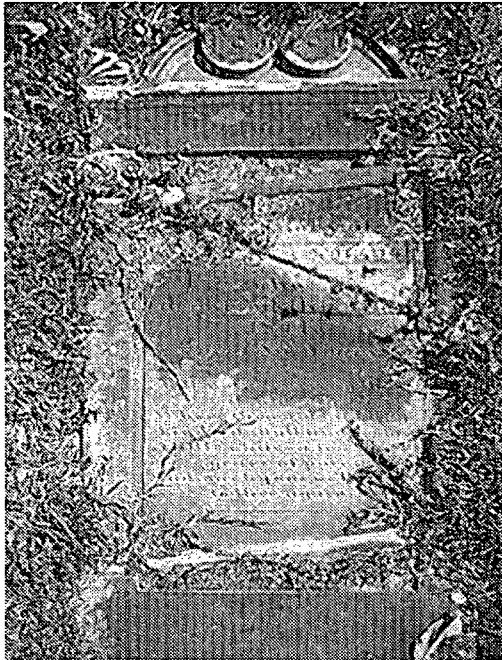
probate packets. The day was overwhelming as we went from one document to the next. We searched for the Dunlaps, Rodens, Pettigrews, Harknesses, Bonnells, Baskins, Steeles, Pipkins and other related family names.



**MARY DUNLAP (1768 - 1843)**  
In Memory of MARY DUNLAP wife of  
James Dunlap, who departed this life  
1843, aged 75 yrs

After a lunch break, we went to the Mesopotamia Cemetery where we knew many of the Dunlaps were buried. Although this was formerly the site of the Presbyterian Church, it is now the city cemetery and is quite large. We divided and started walking. I found James, Mary, some of their children and extended family members near the front. We cleaned the stones, took photographs and stood in awe. James' stone was no longer standing but had fallen from its' base and was lying on the

ground. Although it was in two sections, they were imbedded in the ground and protected.



JAMES DUNLAP (1759 - 1841)  
In Memory of JAMES DUNLAP, Who  
departed this life in 1841, aged 83 years

The next cemeteries were not as easy to locate. We had a listing from the Ebenezer Presbyterian Church Cemetery that showed other Dunlaps and Harknesses were buried there. We drove west toward Clinton past several little churches. We saw one small white church with a cemetery and no name adjoining it. There we easily found the names we were looking for and knew we had found the second cemetery. The Harkness family of Jane's brother and one of the Dunlap brother's family were there. Again many extended family members were also in the cemetery and we took more photographs.

Now we were on our way to the last cemetery we had information on. We stopped at small groceries and people's homes and no one could tell us where the Grassdale Cemetery was located. We went back to Eutaw and visited with an attorney whose office was on the square. We learned that the attorney,

Ralph Liverman, had gone to school in San Marcos and had relatives in Texas. After telling him the story of our ancestors and how we were looking for the Grassdale Cemetery, we learned that it was on private property and had a locked gate. Grassdale is still in the Coleman family. Mr. Banks, a Coleman descendant, owned the hardware store on the corner. Off I went. Mr. Banks was out ill and the clerk could not help us. I was almost in tears and told our story of being from Texas and that we were only in town for one day. He made a call, found where the keys were kept on a nail behind the counter and handed them over to me with driving directions. We had driven by this gated property several times but did not know what we were looking for.

After opening the gate, we drove down a little path in the forest and wondered where we were going. It was obvious when we got to the end of the road that the cemetery was on our left in an opening in the meadow and the old "plantation" house was on the right. The home had seen better days and with its grandeur now gone, it is used as a hunting lodge.

The family cemetery was surrounded by a red brick fence and there were many large magnolia trees all around the area. At the entrance to the cemetery "Grassdale" was engraved in the stones. We easily found our other third great grandparents. The family of one of the Pettigrew sons and many Coleman descendants were also buried here. Again more photos.

I locked the gate and picked each of us a dandelion as a remembrance of our day in Greene County. This completed our mission for the day. We had many copies to bring home, photographs of all of the tombstones of our family and stories to write.

- ★ -

# Descendants of Thomas Harris

Robert Harris, AGS Member

## 1. Thomas Harris (b.25 Jul 1806; NC d. 24 Sep 1880) Gonzales Co. TX

sp: Nancy Alexander (b.2 Aug 1810; Greene Co. TN m.16 Jul 1829 Monroe Co. MS; d.22 Jan 1881 Gonzales Co. TX)

2. Iantha Harris (b.1830) m. 9 Jan 1851, Monroe Co. MS, William W. Booker - moved to TN

2. Elizabeth Ophelia Harris (b.1834;d.22 May 1897)

2. Mary Parchman Harris (b.12 Jul 1835;d.13 Jan 1905)

sp: Thomas D. King (m.5 Aug 1854)

2. William Thomas Harris (b.12 Oct 1838;d.4 Feb 1904)

sp: Amanda Melvina Young (b.6 Sep 1848;m.24 Dec 1866;d.12 Apr 1925)

3. Thomas Maudet (Bub) Harris (b.1868;d.26 May 1922)

sp: Fannie M. Wife of Thomas Maudet Harris (b.1865/1875;m.Aft 1883)

3. Nannie Attilia (Sis) Harris (b.27 Sep 1869;d.14 Aug 1942)

sp: Charles Augustus (b.1860/1875;m.22 Nov 1888)

3. Birdie (Bird) Harris (b.6 Jun 1871;d.19 Nov 1955)

sp: Robert Dee Swee (b.1860/1875;m.23 Dec 1894)

3. Mary Louisa (Lou) Harris (b.1893;d.4 Nov 1939)

sp: John L. McCarl (b.1860/1875;m.Aft 1887)

3. Elvira (Duckie) Harris (b.Apr 1875;d.22 Oct 1880)

3. William Terry (Bill) Harris (b.10 Jan 1877;d.16 Oct 1922)

3. Amanda Melvina (Mellie) Harris (b.14 Dec 1878;d.15 Jan 1935)

sp: Peter Wood (b.1865/1880;m.Aft 1884)

3. Robert Lee (Bob) Harris (b.23 Dec 1879;d.18 Feb 1945)

sp: Betty M. Hear (b.1875/1890;m.5 Dec 1907)

3. Infant Harris (b.1880/1881;d.1880/1881)

3. Dot Harris (b.9 Dec 1882;d.12 Feb 1960)

sp: Henry Matlock (b.1870/1885;m.12 Apr 1924)

3. Dorie Harris (b.9 Dec 1882;d.Abt 1888)

3. Flora Viola (Polly Idy) Harris (b.25 Feb 1884;d.21 Sep 1964)

sp: Fletcher Gilbert Jr. (b.1875/1885;m.4 Nov 1916)

3. Betty May Harris (b.Abt 1886;d.1889)

2. Archibald Alexander Harris (b.13 Dec 1839;d.2 Feb 1921)

sp: Mary Emily Hodges (b.23 Oct 1850;m.13 May 1869;d.30 Mar 1931)

3. William Thomas (Will) Harris (b.5 Feb 1870;d.1898)

sp: Ellie Goslin

4. Wilma Harris

3. Allen Alexander Harris (b.7 May 1872;d.Mar 1950)

sp: Mary King

4. Mary Harris

4. Ruth Harris

4. Albert Harris

4. Tom Harris

sp: Dorothy Wife of Allen A. Harris

3. Lucius Walter Harris (b.1875;d.Jun 1964)

3. James Edgar Harris (b.25 Jan 1877;d.7 Jul 1940)

sp: Annie Laura Muckleroy (b.25 Sep 1875;m.25 Dec 1900;d.12 Oct 1962)

Submitted By:

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San Antonio, TX 78248

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- 4. Eldon Edgar Harris (b. 24 Sep. 1905; d. 25 Nov. 1955)
  - sp: Louise Mildred Wilson (b. 15 Mar. 1908; m. 10 Jun. 1931; d. 1 Nov. 2006)
    - 5. Robert Eldon Harris
      - sp: Esther Louise Steinbrink
    - 5. Steven Wilson Harris
      - sp: Karen Kay (Missy) Owens
        - 6. Statia Alyssa Harris
        - 6. Kara Amanda Harris
- 4. Majorie Harris (b. Aft. 1910; d. 11 Dec. 1969)
  - sp: Weldon Adair Sr.
    - 5. Weldon Adair Jr.
    - 5. Ellene Adair
- 3. John Albert Harris (b. 1879)
  - sp: Irene Lancaster
- 3. Minnie Mae Harris (b. 19 Jul. 1882; d. 19 Jul. 1968)
  - sp: Andrew Jackson Baker (m. 1902)
- 3. Nellie Blanch Harris (b. 17 Jan. 1885; d. 9 Jul. 1975)
  - sp: Jake Ellison Waldrip (b. 13 Oct. 1872; m. 16 Dec. 1908; d. 18 Oct. 1950)
    - 4. Florence Mildred Waldrip (b. 10 Mar. 1910; d. 1 Apr. 1985)
      - sp: Phillip Carlton Huff (b. 22 Jun. 1908; m. 30 Jun. 1928; d. 17 Aug. 1943)
        - 5. Doris Nell Huff (b. 7 May 1929)
          - sp: McLaughlin L. Peterson (m. 5 Mar. 1948)
        - 5. Dorcas Claire Huff
          - sp: Richard L. Baumgartner (m. 2 Feb. 1951)
        - 5. George Reagan Huff
          - sp: Marsha Gail Strawn (m. 1960)
          - sp: Deanna Ward
  - 4. Lanette Harris Waldrip (b. 28 Oct. 1921)
    - sp: William E. Grobowsky (b. 8 May 1917; m. 4 Jul. 1941)
- 3. J. C. Harris (b. 5 Dec. 1889; d. 18 Feb. 1958)
  - sp: Georgia (Shipp) Hulmstead
- 2. Charles Pinckney Harris (b. 23 Apr. 1841; d. 16 May 1888)
  - sp: Ellenor (Ellen) Adeline Hodges (b. 11 Aug. 1848; m. 18 Feb. 1869; d. 7 May 1925)
    - 3. Cora May Harris (b. 13 Oct. 1869)
      - 3. Charles Pinkney Harris Jr. (b. 22 Aug. 1871)
      - 3. Nancy Medora Harris (b. 23 Mar. 1873)
      - 3. William Augustus Harris (b. 18 Jul. 1875)
      - 3. John Alonzo Harris (b. Abt. 1777)
      - 3. Thomas Miller Harris (b. Abt. 1179)
      - 3. Bennett Harris (b. Abt. 1881)
      - 3. Woodie Martin Harris (b. Abt. 1883)
- 2. Ann Harris (b. 30 Sep. 1843; d. 5 Sep. 1900)
- 2. Elvira Harris (b. 1846)
  - sp: James P. Beaty (m. 15 Jun. 1870) - Children: Emily C. Harris (b. 10 Jan. 1850; d. 11 Apr. 1855) and Allen Harris (b. 1852; d. 1872)

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# AUSTIN GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY

P.O. BOX 10010, AUSTIN, TEXAS 78766-1010

[www.AustinTxGenSoc.org](http://www.AustinTxGenSoc.org)

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

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

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**MEETINGS** of the general membership begin at 7:15 p.m. on the fourth Tuesday of each month except December. Members are encouraged to come at 6:30 p.m. 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 12 blocks. The church and parking lot are on right. Visitors are always welcome. The Board of Directors meets at 6 p.m.

**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](http://www.AustinTxGenSoc.org).

**ANCESTOR LISTING PAGES** for the June issue of the Quarterly must reach the Editor at P. O. Box 10010, Austin, Texas 78766-1010, or [quarterly@AustinTxGenSoc.org](mailto:quarterly@AustinTxGenSoc.org) 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 x 14 sheets, please. You may submit lineage or family group charts, ahnentafels, narratives, memoirs, letters, cemetery inscriptions, Bible records, census data, queries or a combination of material, just so it is not under copyright. Proofread your material for accuracy and clarity so we will not publish faulty or incorrect data. Consult a recent June AGS Quarterly for suggestions.

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

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