



AUSTIN GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY QUARTERLY

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Editor's Message

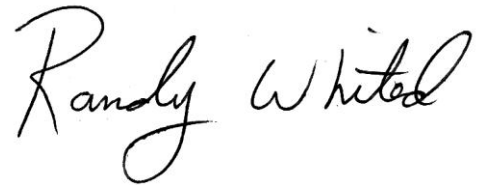
Randy W. Whited

We have another great issue put together through AGS member submissions. Please continue to send your stories, transcriptions and family queries for future issues.

Our prior issue was the first to be predominantly published electronically. Based on reader feedback, some changes have been made to the current iteration to ease readability online while still retaining the look and feel of a print journal.

As always, feedback is welcome and I will do my best to incorporate suggestions to better our periodical.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Randy Whited". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a large initial 'R' and a long, sweeping underline.

Adelina's Story

Great grandmother of Kay Dunlap Boyd

At the age of 20 Adelina Nilsson Gök packed all of her possessions and boarded the ship *Coral Queen* for "New York" as many Swedes did in 1870. She and her brother John said farewell to their family and friends not knowing if or when they would see them again.

Adelina left behind her father Nils Svensson Gök, age 68, mother Cajsa Petersdotter, age 60, and sisters Christina and Sara along with brothers Sven, Peter and Adolph. Her sister Johanna died the previous year and her brother Adam died 20 years earlier as an infant. Adelina's final destination was Texas.

Since I only have passenger manifests covering their travels and no diaries or notes, some of this information was taken from the stories of other Swedish immigrants as found in *Swedes in Texas in Words and Pictures, 1838-1918*, since most of the travelers followed the same paths and processes. Many Swedish citizens were encouraged to come to Texas by S. M. Swenson, first Swedish immigrant to Texas and his uncle Swante Palm who promoted immigration to Texas. Swedish people sponsored those back home to travel to the good farm lands in Texas, many to Travis and Williamson counties, by paying their fare. In exchange the newly arrived immigrants would repay their passage fee by working as laborers or servants for the families. For many years there was a steady stream of Swedish people moving into Texas. Many of these people came from the province of Småland in southern Sweden and more specifically Jönköping lan, as this was the home of Swenson and Palm.



Nils 1802-1876

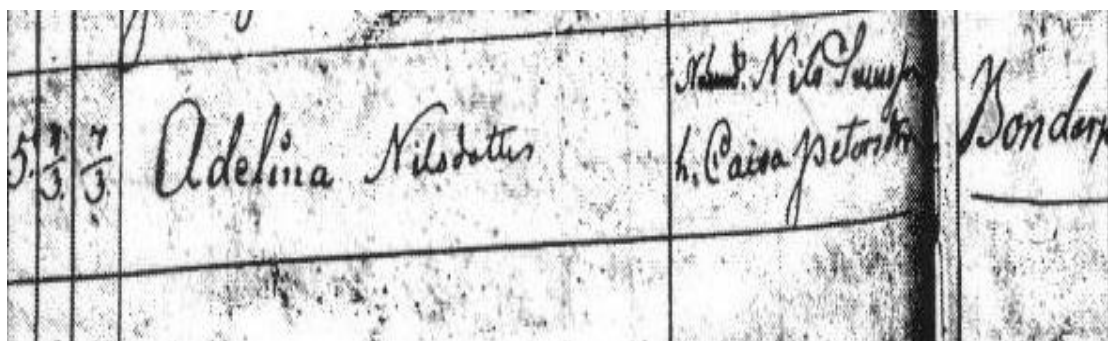


Cajsa 1810-1876

Because Adelina's father was a farmer as well as a "riksdagsman" or member of Congress, I do not know if her move was for monetary reasons only due to the famine or for the adventure and opportunities offered by a new land. She almost certainly travelled by train from her home to the port city of Göteborg. After going to the office of the travel representative to exchange her money for American currency, she picked up her tickets and left Göteborg on Friday, November 4, 1870, crossing the rough North Sea to West Hartepool, England. This port was a large dock and railway station on the east coast of England. From there she, John and the other passengers traveled by train to the port of Liverpool on the western shore of England and boarded the Guion Line's new steamship *Wisconsin*, for its third trip across the Atlantic. They traveled in steerage for the final segment of the trip to America. Adelina arrived in New York on Tuesday, November 22, 1870.



Stories tell of the passengers going through health inspections for tuberculosis and other communicable diseases before being allowed to leave the docks of Castle, so it was probably several days before she boarded a smaller boat for the trip to the coast of Texas. Boats traveled the east coast of the United States, stopping along the way in places such as South Carolina and Key West to pick up cargo and possibly to let passengers go ashore. The heat on these travels was something the Swedes were not accustomed to. Eventually the passengers stopped in New Orleans, Galveston, traveled up the waterway to Houston, or went on to Indianola. Adelina stepped onto Texas soil in Indianola. From here her goods were carried by wagon or cart to Austin. My mother told stories that Adelina walked the 150 miles to Austin. According to the information her daughter provided for her obituary, she arrived in Texas on December 10, about 20 days after arriving in New York.



Registration of birth 4 March 1850

Adelina Nilsdotter was born on the farm Bondarp in Åsenhöga, Jönköping on March 4, 1850. She was the 8th of 9 children born to Nils Svensdotter and Cajsa Petersdotter. Nils took the name Gök when he served in the military from 1823 to 1825. Later he was a farm owner, operated a bottled water business and made wire. Nils' parents were Sven Jönasson (1754-1812) and Sigrid Nilsdotter (1760-1837). Cajsa's parents were Peter Svensson and Sigrid Svensdotter.

Some of Adelina's siblings came to American after she did; Peter in 1871, Adolph in 1880 and Sara followed her husband to Colorado in 1907. Besides Nils and Cajsa, Adelina's brother Sven who died in 1881 and her sister Christina who lived until 1932, remained to live out their lives in Sweden. I have not identified any living members of the family still in Sweden.

Although I have many photographs, letters and documents from the family, both in Sweden and Texas, I have found no records documenting where Adelina lived or how she supported herself after her arrival in 1870 until her marriage. More than likely she lived with a family and worked for them. Her brother John worked in Austin for Mr. Paggi, a carriage and wagon dealer, until he left for the west to become a miner.

Adelina met her future husband at an event in the Swedish community, and she and Richard Eustachius Stromberg were married June 8, 1872, by Rev. Orceneth Fisher, minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. Their first home was on a farm in the community of Decker, a predominately Swedish settlement between Austin and Manor. This land is now covered by Decker Lake. R.E. roomed in Austin where he worked as a pharmaceutical clerk with several drug companies over the years. Adelina and the children lived on the farm.



Adelina 1850-1944



1924, Adelina in Sweden at her parents' gravesite

Two children, Sara Margaretha and Nils Richard, were born in 1873 and in 1874 in Travis County. Adelina returned to her home land possibly in 1876 when her parents were ill. About 1878 R. E. also traveled back to Sweden. Upon his return to Sweden, two more daughters, Ingeborg Charlotte and Ada Elizabeth, were born. Richard returned to Austin in 1880 and Adelina and the children returned in 1881. In 1882, my grandfather Hjalmar Pharr was born in Austin.

The family moved into the Swedish community on Swede Hill on East 14th Street in 1889. The little white house at 1008 still stands. Adelina became a widow in 1908 when her husband died of throat cancer. In 1914 Adelina and her daughter Inge, who never married, moved to East 7th Street and from 1922 until her death, she lived at 1605 West 6th Street, near the intersection of West Lynn. Although my grandparents lived on a

farm in Caldwell County, my mother and her siblings attended school in Austin while living with their grandmother and aunt.

Ellis Island records show that Adelina returned to Sweden to visit her sister at least three more times, in 1904, 1912 and 1924. Often her daughter Inge accompanied her on these travels. This photograph from her last visit to her homeland was taken at the tombstone of her parents. This and other cemetery photographs are important to the family since the Swedes reuse the grave spaces and tombstones are only left standing as long as there are living family members to pay for their upkeep.

Because my mother, Adeline Matilda, was the first daughter in her family, she was named for both of her grandmothers, Adelina Stromberg and Matilda Sponberg.

R. E. owned many properties in Travis County. I presume he left Adelina enough income that she was able to maintain her home for the 36 years she lived after his death.

When Adelina died at 2:00 p.m. on January 10, 1944, at her home of "old age", her obituary read *"Mrs. Adelina Stromberg, 93, prominent Austin resident for over 73 years, died at the family home 1605 West Sixth street, Monday afternoon. Mrs. Stromberg was born in Asenhoga, Smaland, Sweden, March 4, 1850 and came to Austin, Dec 10, 1870. On June 8, 1872 she was married to Richard E. Stromberg who preceded her in death on March 13, 1908. Survivors are three daughters and one son, 11 grandchildren and a number of great grandchildren". Austin American, Jan 11, 1944.*

She was buried in the family lot in Oakwood Cemetery beside her husband and with her son Nele and brother John. Her brother Adolph, who died from tuberculosis shortly after he immigrated, is buried nearby. Since 1944, Adelina's other children and a granddaughter have been buried in the in the family lot.

Miscellaneous Texas Obituaries

Connie Perdue, compiler

Funeral Rites Held Today For Mrs. Swenson

-Denton Record-Chronicle, September 19, 1949, Page 2

Funeral services for Mrs. Jenny Bickler Swenson, 74, who died at her home, 323 Normal, Sunday at 11:30 p. m., were to be held today at 4 p.m. at the First Presbyterian Church, USA. Burial was to follow in the Trinity Cemetery.

The Rev. Joseph J. Copeland, church pastor, was to have officiated. Shepard Funeral Home had charge of arrangements.

Mrs. Swenson was born in Austin, Jan. 8. 1875. She was a member of several clubs in Denton including the Women's Shakespeare Club, the City Federation of Women's Clubs and Delta Kappa Gamma.

Pallbearers were Clarence Swenson, Dr. B. B. Harris, Joe Bowers, Dr. V. Y. Craig, Dr. Henry Dannelly and Dr. S. B. McAllister, all of Denton. Honorary pallbearers included R. W. Bass, Dixie Boyd, Dr. Blackburn, Dr. Bridges, Dr. Jack Johnson, Dr. W. J. McConnell, Dr. L. W. Newton, Dr. B. H. Hansen, Dr. Alex Dickie, J. N. Brown and B. E. Looney.

She is survived by her husband, John Robert Swenson, and one son Andrew B. Swenson, both of Denton; two sisters, Mrs. B. F. Pittenger, Austin, and Mrs. Camilla Von Briesen, Milwaukee, Wis.; four brothers: Harry, Max, Ralph and George Bickler, all of Austin.

Mrs. Swenson's family requests that friends wishing to offer a tribute to make contributions to the equipment fund of Flow Memorial Hospital in care of either Denton Bank instead of sending flowers.

(NOTE: Jennie's parents were Jacob Bickler and Martha Lungkwitz. Jacob founded The Texas German and English Academy in Austin in 1876, and it was directed by him until his death in 1902, with the exception of five years when he served as Superintendent of the Public Schools of Galveston.)

NT Bookseller, Swenson, Dies

-Dallas Morning News, January 19, 1975, Page 44

DENTON, Texas - Andrew (Swede) Swenson, 63, manager of the North Texas State University Bookstore, died Saturday in Dallas' Methodist Hospital.

Services are set for 2 p.m. Monday in the First United Methodist Church in Denton with interment in Roselawn Memorial Park.

Swenson was born in Denton, where his father was a faculty member at what was then North Texas State Normal College.

He attended elementary, junior and senior high school in the university's demonstration school and later earned bachelor and Master of Science degrees at NTSU. Over the years, he also completed extensive work on a doctoral degree.

After several years away from the campus teaching in Coleman, Roxton, Fort Worth and Houston, Swenson returned to NTSU in 1948 to manage the school's first bookstore. Until that time, the college had rented textbooks to students through a rental library.

(NOTE: Andrew was the son of John Robert Swenson and Jennie Marie Bickler, grandson of Jacob Bickler.)

Miss Swenson Dies of Pneumonia

Denton Record-Chronicle, April 23, 1936, Page 4

Miss Benedicta Suzanne Swenson, 21, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Swenson, 323 Normal Avenue, died at the family home Wednesday at 4:30 p. m., following a week's illness of influenza, which developed into pneumonia. She was brought from Krum, where she was teaching last Thursday, and her condition had been grave since Monday.

Funeral services will be held Friday at 10 a. m. in the home, conducted by Revs. L. P. Parker and W. Fred Galbraith, Presbyterian ministers. Burial will be in Trinity cemetery, east of Denton. Pallbearers will be: Charles Langston of Krum, A. S. Keith, W. S. Knox, H. P. Bickler of Austin, and C. R. Swenson, the last two uncles, and Dr. V. Y. Craig. The Green Jacket Club of Teachers College will be honorary pallbearers.

Miss Swenson was born Dec. 30, 1914, in Denton. Besides her parents she is survived by a brother, Andrew Swenson of Coleman, an 84-year-old grandmother, Mrs. Jacob Bickler of Austin, and a number of other relatives. She was a graduate of Teachers College in the spring class of 1935, and had been, teaching this school year in Krum. While in college she was affiliated, with the following organizations: Green Jackets, president in 1935; Kappa Delta Pi, Alpha Chi, Gammadions, English Majors' Club, student faculty council, vice president of the sophomore class in 1933 and representative to Who's Who in American Colleges. She was a member of the Presbyterian Church.

Following graduation last spring Miss Swenson, in company with several cousins, made an automobile tour of European countries.

All classes at the Teachers College will be dismissed from 10 until 11 o'clock Friday morning to permit the students and faculty members to attend the funeral.

(NOTE: Benedicta was the daughter of John Robert Swenson and Jennie Marie Bickler, granddaughter of Jacob Bickler.)

Mrs. M. H. Benagh, Jr.

Corpus Christi Caller-Times (TX), September 25, 1971, Page 8

Funeral services for Mrs. Maclin H. Benagh Jr., 55, of 1209 Ocean Drive, will be at 3:30 p.m. today in Seaside Mausoleum Chapel with burial in Seaside Memorial Park. Cage-Mills Funeral Home is in charge of arrangements.

Mrs. Benagh died Wednesday. A native of Austin, she had lived here for 21 years.

(NOTE: Marigold SHELBY Benagh was the daughter of Lemuel Evert SHELBY and Mabel Clair WRIGHT and great-granddaughter of Joseph WRIGHT and Rachel HAMILTON. Joseph Wright was a civil engineer and surveyor and also earned a diploma as a physician in Tennessee. He practiced during the 1830's and 40's in Columbia, Tennessee, then he and Rachel moved to Texas in 1851. Dr. Wright was the original surveyor for the University of Texas campus after he arrived in Austin. He also set up his practice as a physician and was one of the first doctors in Austin. He lived to be just six days short of 100 years old.)

Mrs. Isaacks' Funeral Today

El Paso Herald-Post, September 3, 1934, Page 8

Illness of Two Weeks Is Fatal To Church Worker Here

Funeral services were to be held at 4 p. m. today in the First Christian church, Oregon, and Franklin Sts., for Mrs. Minnie Rutledge Isaacks, 68, wife of Judge S. J. Isaacks, Rev. A. A. Hyde was to officiate.

Mrs. Isaacks died yesterday at her home, 3021 Federal St., after an illness of about two weeks. Her condition had been regarded as critical since last Wednesday.

Mrs. Isaacks had been active in work at the First Christian church since the family moved to El Paso from Midland 17 years ago.

Mrs. Isaacks is survived by her husband, four sons, E. Buford Isaacks, Cisco; Rutledge Isaacks, Pecos; Jack, El Paso, and William Isaacks, Tucson, Ariz., and by three daughters, Miss Maude Isaacks, and Mrs. Inez Foster, El Paso, and Mrs. Wade Johnson, Cisco.

Burial was to be in Evergreen cemetery under direction of Kaster & Maxon mortuary.

(NOTE: Minnie Willard Rutledge was born January 14, 1886 in Austin, Travis, Texas to Edward Armstrong RUTLEDGE and Mary Francis YOUNG.)

Fourteen Special People

David M. Borg

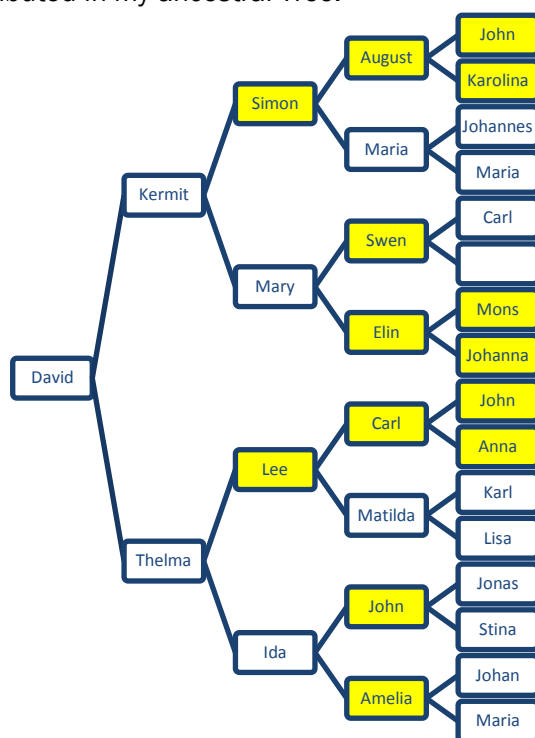
I was born in Williamson County, Texas. And, you might say that my odds were strongly in my favor of being born a Texan of Swedish descent. Although, as we ALL know, I had no choice. But, why were my odds higher than normal to become a “Swedish Descendent”?

During the great Swedish migration era (1860 – 1910) to the United States, many Swedish immigrants settled in the Williamson and Travis County areas of Texas (over 5000 came to Texas).

If a person has just one (1) foreign born ancestor, they can claim to be of that ethnic descent. I had **fourteen** from Sweden. Now, I don’t mean to brag - but think about it – 14 is a significant number of ancestors to come from the same foreign county. Fourteen is 50% of the total number of ancestors in three generations. Here is the compilation of my ancestors who immigrated to Texas:

Two (2) – grandfathers, Four (4) – great-grandfathers, Two (2) – great-grandmothers, Three (3) – great-great-grandfathers, and Three (3) – great-great-grandmothers,

Here is how they are distributed in my ancestral Tree:



These 14 ancestors (high-lighted above) must not have had it so good in Sweden. They left their homeland for the same reasons (I suspect) that we move around in our current world – for jobs and for family. You might say, “**that it took 14 ancestors to MAKE a Texan out of me**”.

(More Swedish family information can be found at www.sweame.org.)

Family Research or Playing Detective?

Lois Spracher Henegar

After joining the Austin Genealogical Society, we took a series of classes taught by Betty Kaiser which we enjoyed and we did learn lots of things that we have used. We also were in some of Juanita Dodgens classes, people learning from these people owe them a special, "THANKS"!

One of the things suggested was to leave a jar in the old cemetery with a return envelope and information regarding the relative who is buried there. On a trip to the Burkes Garden Cemetery, I followed that advice. When I first found my Great-grandmother Baugh's grave, it was obvious that someone had recently placed silk flowers on it. Next trip I left the jar and in time I heard from two people, the first responded because the jar had been moved by the mowers, but understood and offered idea. Later another lady wrote and asked "who and why".

Hal has located some relative via Amateur Radio, now we are using the telephone directory. One find is like a second session of illness, it gets more intense as time passes, ha!

Query- Mary Ann Lillidale GRAHAM aka BAKER (Travis and Bastrop County, Texas)

Seeking parents of Mary Ann Lillidale GRAHAM aka BAKER b. abt. Apr. 1873 near Austin. Mary was only child of her mother - unknown GRAHAM- who died in childbirth. Father - unknown BAKER- died 3-6 months before Mary's birth. Mary blinded abt. age 3. Family alleges Mary attended school, including some college classes in Austin and was a musician (sang and played piano).

Found following records:

- 1) 1880 Census - Mary living with grandmother, Rachel GRAHAM, in Bastrop Co, TX.
- 2) 1870 Census - Isaac & Rachel GRAHAM family lived in Webberville, Travis, TX.
- 3) 1900-Mary living in Pittsburg, Camp, TX.
- 4) 1910-1930 Census - Mary and family living in Oklahoma (m. Stephen WILKERSON abt. 1901).

Unable to locate school or early vital records. No family records or other info exists about parents.

Respond to: Benesta McMillan (estamc@aol.com)

Memorial Day Tribute to Louis Stephen Tieman, Jr.

Robert Tieman



Louis Stephen Tieman, Jr.

Louis graduated from Austin High School in May 1944. On July 11, just four days after his 18th birthday, he entered the US Navy. He left his home at 1803 East 6th Street in Austin a few days later and headed for "Boot Camp" at the US Naval Training Station in San Diego, California.

After several months of intense training, he was assigned to Landing Craft School Pacific, where he learned how to maneuver various types of landing craft that were being used in amphibious assaults on the Pacific Islands as the United States Forces tried to overcome the Japanese soldiers entrenched in them.

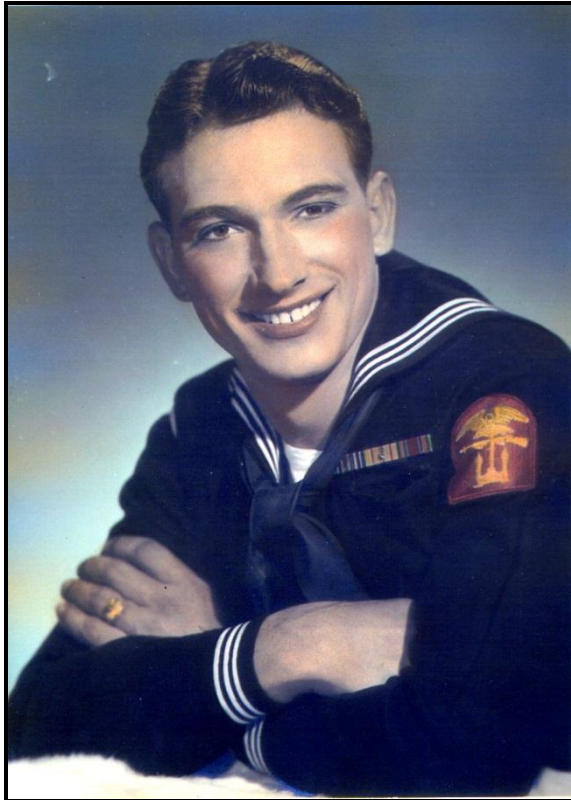
Successfully completing his training, he was assigned to the *USS Bollinger* APA-234, an Attack Transport Ship. The *Bollinger* was a new ship; having been launched on November 19, 1944 and commissioned in the Navy on December 8.

According to the *Dictionary of American Naval Fighting Ships*, Office of the Chief of Naval Operations, Naval History Division in Washington, D.C., the *Bollinger* had distinguished service in the Pacific Theater. The *Bollinger* joined the Pacific Fleet and arrived at Pearl Harbor on February 19, 1945. She departed Pearl Harbor two days later for the invasion of Iwo Jima, where she provided logistical support during the period of March 6 through 16.

After returning to Pearl Harbor on April 5, she made a voyage to San Pedro, California, and back during April 22-May 23. She then carried cargo and passengers to Eniwetok, Ulithi, Okinawa, Saipan, and Guam before returning to San Francisco on July 29. Leaving San Francisco on August 10, she steamed to Eniwetok, Ulithi, and the Philippines before landing occupation troops at Wakayama, Japan September 12 through 26. The Japanese formally surrendered on the battleship Missouri on September 2, 1945. The Pacific War was over! She made one more voyage from the Philippines to Japan in October, and then returned to San Diego on November 15. The transport made one more voyage across the Pacific during December 1945 and January 1946 to bring men home from the Philippines. The *Bollinger* received one battle star during the war in the Pacific.

Louis was probably aboard the Bollinger for all of these operations. After eighteen months of overseas duty, Louis was sent to Camp Wallace, Texas where he received an honorable separation from the Navy on June 3, 1946 with the rank of Seaman First Class.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF LOUIS' WAR EXPERIENCES BY HIS YOUNGER BROTHER, ROBERT



Postwar portrait of Louis

Louis did not talk much about his war experiences, like most veterans of WWII. I remember that he served aboard an APA in the Pacific during the war. I recall that he was a Coxswain aboard an LCVP, a Landing Craft Vehicle Personnel. In this position, he commanded and operated the landing craft. I don't recall how many landings he made, but I know he made several of them. For that, he received the Asiatic-Pacific Area Ribbon with one battle star. The portrait he had made after the war clearly shows the ribbon and battle star, along with other ribbons for the American Area Campaign and the World War II Victory.

During his service, Louis sent me two mementos from the Navy, a gray wool blanket with "US Navy" printed on it, and a regulation "Pea Coat". I still have both of these gifts from him. When he left the Navy, he brought home a Japanese rifle as a war souvenir which he later converted into a hunting rifle.

Much of the service information presented here came from a copy of his Separation Papers, which I recently acquired from the Federal Personnel Records Center.

I was very proud to have a brother in the Navy, and I have many fond recollections of him. Sadly, he died a tragic death at the age of 34. I think about him often, even more on Memorial Day than on other days that commemorate him and other World War II veterans.

Better Than I Could Have Ever Imagined

Ursula Louise Jeffrey Gaines

I grew up hearing my mother talk about the father that she adored. He was an Irish immigrant who came to Galveston alone when he was 15. He had told her that an Irish boy who had any ambition had no choice but to leave Ireland.

I was grown and my mother was gone before I realized that I really knew nothing about my grandfather.

We were planning a trip to Ireland and I was desperate for information, but getting nowhere. My husband, Jim, with much better computer skills than mine, discovered a book on the Internet called "Texas and Texans" published in 1916. It contained a biography of my grandfather.

My cousin, Kay Boyd, also volunteered to help and discovered Austin cousins that I had never known I had.

Roger Byrne was born in Donegal Co., Kilcar in 1858. In 1873 he crossed the ocean to America in 28 days on board the steamer, San Jacinto. The book named all his family members and told what he had done since being in Texas.

Jim sent an email to the Heritage Society of Kilcar and they responded with information and photos of my ancestor's headstones from the Kilcar cemetery and the news that they met every Wednesday night at 7:30.

Having received a very tempting, inexpensive offer over the Internet for a place to stay for a week, including a car, Jim had signed up before we knew that Kilcar was our target. Our very nice Irish cottage was in Adare, in southwest Ireland. Kilcar is on the Atlantic coast in the northwest.

After a night's sleep in Adare we hit the road to Kilcar early the next morning. It was a beautiful six and a half hour trip to Kilcar, uneventful, except for Jim occasionally screaming GET OVER!!! GET OVER!!! I was driving from the right side of the car and driving on the left side of the road with my left hand operating a stick shift. Thank goodness it was a small car!! The roads were very small and had no shoulders.

Most of Jim's screams were because he saw a stone wall or a tall, clipped hedge hurtling toward his side of the car-- at the same time I was trying to avoid the several tons of steel heading for my side. Jim was guiding us with his Blackberry's GPS. He began to notice as we neared County Donegal all English had disappeared from the road signs. They were in Gaelic, or as we later learned, Irish to the locals.

The small, hilly town of Kilcar was sitting above the Atlantic Ocean, just down the road from Killybegs. Jim had read many books on the history, lore and anything else that he could find on Ireland. As he read about Kilcar he had traveled up and down all the streets on Google Earth. Now he pointed to a

big two story building and said that is the Heritage Society building and museum. It was three in the afternoon, but we went in and found three people standing in the hall talking. We introduced ourselves and they started telling us about the Byrne family. They were Sean Byrne, Dennis Lyons, whose grandmother was a Byrne, and Maive Cunningham and we have something in writing of my grandfather saying that he was kin to the Cunninghams.

Dennis said “would you like me to take you out to the house”? I was stunned. Never in my best dreams did I imagine that there was still a house or that we could find it if there was or identify it. After all, my grandfather left Ireland in 1873. Someone said “you do know who owns it, don’t you”? No we didn’t. They said that it belonged to Sarah Jessica Parker and Mathew Broderick. It is their getaway cottage above the sea.



When we got to the neighborhood, we stopped at the house next door. Dennis said that the neighbor, Michael Gillespie, was caretaker for S J P & M B, who were not there. Michael said sure we could go up and take snapshots. The four of us walked up the driveway as we talked. Dennis pointed out the Mayflowers growing wild in the front yard and told us that every May first the Irish traditionally put Mayflowers over each opening to the house to insure that no one would die there that year. They also put them over the barn openings to protect their animals. Mayflowers are becoming rare.

Michael had known my grandfather’s nephew, Patrick, the last Byrne to live in the house and had a photo of him sitting in a limousine on his wedding day; he thought it was about 1930. Michael said,

“It is in my house somewhere—when you come back I will have found it and give it to you.” We heard over and over, “everyone comes back to Donegal.”

Great uncle Patrick had married the girl next door, Bridget Hegarty, and her home was still next door looking just as cared for as the Byrne home. He said that Patrick had lost an eye in a hurling game and that his father, my great uncle, Patrick, had single handedly hauled the huge boulders to build the town pier.

As we left, Dennis asked if we would like to see the new Catholic Church. It was built in 1904, replacing the 1821 church building. My great Uncle John had sent money from America to buy 4 stained glass windows for the new building. We got pictures of those also. Dennis took us by the school, built in 1909. My grandfather did not go to that school. He would have gone to a hedge school. We roamed the cemetery (graveyard to the Irish) with Dennis telling us about the various headstones. In a meadow behind the graveyard we could see the roofless, ruined stone walls of the pre-1821 church. Dennis didn't know when it was built.



We checked into the Dun Ulun B & B, owned by Dennis's son and daughter-in-law, Joanie and Gerry Lyons. Our room had a picture window framing the bay overlooking the ruin of an ancient pre-Christian fort named Dun Ulun.

As we walked to the Heritage Society meeting that night there was a strong, clean, slightly sweet, earthy smell in the evening air. At the meeting I was told, yes, that is peat burning.

Most of the ten members of the Society at the meeting had written books about Irish history or about very local stories, but they were written in Irish, so we did not buy them. They all spoke Irish. As I sat down at the table one member, Patrick J. McBrearty, handed me an 8 ½ x 11 photo in a plastic sleeve. It was an aerial view showing the Byrne house and it's surroundings with the ocean in the background. Patrick is a photographer and had published a beautiful book " Bridging The Ages", The Winding Roads and Stone Bridges of Kilcar and Glencolmcille, Co Donegal, 1750-1900. The photograph was in the book. We did buy this book.

Maive Cunningham sat down next to me and handed me a paper that she had hand written since talking with us that afternoon. It listed several things that she had remembered about my family.



About half way through the meeting an older man and two women joined us. The man was a retired dairy farmer from up state New York. His father had been an Irish Immigrant to NYC. His two daughters had been trying to bring him on a trip to Ireland for a while and he kept saying " I don't need to do that". They finally got him there and he was having the time of his life. They had not known about the meeting, but had stopped in a pub and someone had told them about it. He showed the group one hand written sheet of paper where his father had written some things about the family and one of the Society women got up and pulled a book off a shelf. She opened it to a

page that showed a copy of the same hand written paper. Mr Ward was even more shocked than I had been to find out that there was a Byrne home that I could visit.

This had all happened in our first full day in Ireland. We, like Mr Ward, were having the time of our lives.

The next morning Joanie Lyons made us a wonderful, full Irish breakfast of oatmeal, an egg, 3 kinds of sausage, ham, broiled tomatoes, toast and Irish brown bread, coffee and juice. We had a very interesting conversation with her. She had gone to NYC at 16, with a sister. She met and married Gerry Lyons and they decided that they wanted to raise their children in Ireland and so had returned home.

We learned an important lesson. Good research is a necessity before a trip. We could have gone to Kilcar, driven the streets, taken in the beautiful scenery and gone home saying we have seen the town where my grandfather grew up, but never have known the spine tingling experience of standing next to the front door where he came and went and where he played as a child. We would never have met the wonderful Irish people who were so generous with their time and information.

Ursula Louise Jeffrey Gaines
In Ireland--April 25 to May 2, 2011

The Law South of the Colorado

David A. Bowles

Growing up in South Austin during the 50's and 60's long before Austin was considered weird; the *Austin American Statesman* came out twice a day. I delivered it on my Vespa motor scooter around the neighborhood now called SoCo.

Many of the landmarks are gone; like the Night Hawk Restaurant at 336 S. Congress or the Big Bear Grocery that was next door. Up the hill on the eastside of Congress perched the Terrace Motor Hotel with its 363 rooms and 2 swimming pools. Rates in 1963 were \$7.00. The Austin Motel across the street was about half that price, it's still in business, but with a much different clientele.

Next stop on my route was the Central Feed Store at 1412 S. Congress (now Guero's Taco Bar). Mr. Snell was usually there, he had two dogs that walked up and down Congress Avenue on their hind legs in pink tutus.

In the next block at 1510 S. Congress sat the headquarters for "*The Law South of the Colorado.*" A small humble facility for the people it served. The black and white glazed tile still marks the entrance to Justice Court #5.

Like an island and a stepchild to Austin, South Austin had only 2 river crossings: the Congress Ave. Bridge and Lamar Bridge. The population of South Austin according to the *South Austin Advocate* was 10,000 in 1939, but grew rapidly the next 20 years. Like most communities its size, everyone knew each other or was kin by blood or marriage. Neighbors took care of one another, and no one bothered to lock their house. Chickens pecked about the Victory Gardens and families shared their produce.

South Austin was Justice Precinct 5, presided over by Judge Frank McBee, JP, who knew everyone in his jurisdiction. He had one leg, but it never slowed him down. When invited for lunch or a cup of coffee at Sander's Drug Store on the next corner at Monroe, (now South Congress Café) he would grab his crutches and be out the door as fast as any two-legged man. Having lost a leg to cancer, he always wore a cowboy boot. When he bought boots he would give the other boot to long-time friend State Representative Obie Jones who also had lost a leg to cancer, fortunately they wore the same size. One had lost the left leg and the other the right. With a Travis Club Cigar in his mouth and an extra in his pocket, Judge McBee dispensed justice from his little office, sold real estate, insurance, and performed wedding ceremonies on a moments notice.

The judge shared his subscription to the newspaper with Constable Irvin Puryear, my granduncle and the brother of my grandfather, Harvey Puryear. Grandpa moved to Lubbock in the 20's.

I got to know Judge McBee through my Uncle Irvin, who was like a father to mother and a grandfather to me. During my first three years of school at Becker Elementary, mother had some serious health issues and was often in the hospital. She depended on Uncle Irvin and Aunt Vallee Puryear during those times to care for me. He would pick me up after school and take me with him to serve legal

papers and things that constables do. I was with him twice when he had to arrest someone. For a young boy, I thought that was pretty exciting, even though they did not try to resist.

When I was about 15 years old on a hot summer night, about a dozen south side boys went to Barton Springs for a swim. It wasn't late, but it was dark and the pool was closed as it always was on Mondays; which we did not know. Someone suggested we go for a swim. No fence back then, no one to take our money, why not? We laid our pants on the walkway and jumped in. As always, the spring fed water was cold and we started hollering. A man came down, told us the pool was closed and to get out and go home. Turns out he was Beverly Sheffield, Director of the Austin Parks and Recreation Department. We kept swimming. Shortly the Austin Police showed up, we ran up the hill opposite the bath house. Real smart as our clothes and identification were on the other bank. It was embarrassing to have your name called out over a bull horn and told to claim your clothes.

They took us downtown, warned it better not happen again. No one was fined and no record of the offense was made. We were taken back to our cars and other than getting home late, were not in trouble with our parents.

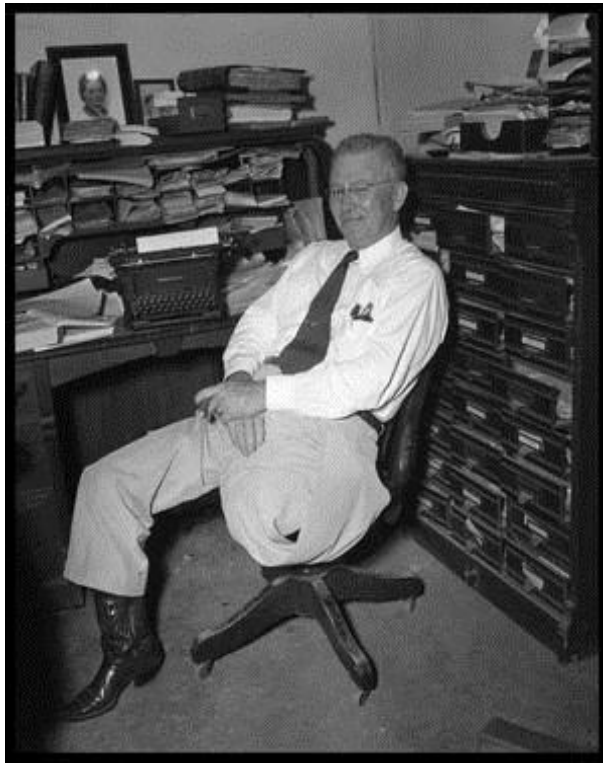
The next day when I delivered Judge McBee's paper, he asked me what I knew about the arrests the night before at the swimming pool. I assumed he already knew I was involved, as not much got by him in South Austin, but he was unaware. He asked me several questions, which I answered and went on with delivering my papers.

Judge McBee phoned "Boss" Thorpe who had been chief of police as long as Frank McBee had been the justice of the peace. When I delivered the judge his next paper, my Uncle Irvin was there and they wanted to buy me a fountain drink at Sander's Drug Store. We slid into a booth, they ordered coffee and a cherry limeade for me. More questions were asked who was there and who the officers were. This was becoming a big deal over a free dip in the pool at Zilker Park. Two policemen in heavily starched and pressed uniforms with lots of brass entered the drug store. They had been to the JP office and were told by the secretary that the judge and constable were at the corner drug store. I tried to excuse myself and get on with my paper route, but the judge and Uncle Irvin motioned for me to stay. All four of the men seemed to know one another and called each other by first names. I heard the older police officer say he was sent by Boss Thorpe and that he was sorry about how things were handled on the Barton Springs matter. The judge got riled and said nothing was handled and that was what he was mad about. I heard them discuss how things would be handled differently in the future. That he would be contacted should something like that occur again in his precinct. The officers paid for our drinks and left the waitress a nice tip. I told Judge McBee I really appreciated his concern for me, that the police treated us nice and that he shouldn't be mad at them for taking us downtown.

Judge McBee said that was why he was upset. He thought we should have all been given a ticket for our actions. Then we and our parents would have to appear before his court, he would have given us a fine that we, not our parents would have to pay. He was upset that the Austin Police Department had coddled us and let us off so easy.

I learned from Uncle Irvin that his son, Frank McBee Jr., who later became a well known Austin business leader, had been given a ticket and his father made him pay the fine. Anyone that ever

went before Judge McBee during his 40 year reign as "*The Law South of the Colorado*" would say he was a tough but fair judge and many South Austin boys and girls are better for it.



Frank W. McBee, Sr., seated at his desk, wearing cowboy boot and smoking a cigar; 1949-08-20; Austin History Center, Austin Public Library, Rescuing Texas History, 2007; <http://texashistory.unt.edu/ark:/67531/metaph34100/>

Small World Genealogy

Richard Robertson

If we live long enough we have many occasions where we say “it’s a small world.” An unexpected friend of a friend or a relative we didn’t know we had, or a discovery that we were at the same far off place at the same time.



“Col” Wm. Haltom

Well it certainly became a “small world in genealogy” when I accidentally discovered Ellen Halladay as I was searching Roots Web for Sory ancestors over ten years ago. I came across a post from her that she had a number of Sory pictures that she was willing to share. The pictures, it turned out, were of great great grandfather, great grandfather, great uncles and aunts—close to twenty pictures in all. I immediately emailed her, found her address in Orem, Utah and tried to call her on the phone. Eventually we made contact and have been in communication ever since.

But how did she get those pictures and what was her connection to the Sory, Haltom, and Harris families on my Mother’s side?

First I learned she was a Haltom descendant. I am a Haltom descendant. We both go back to William Haltom (1792 - 1869) and his wife Priscilla Harris (1797 - 1868). William had been a private in the War of 1812 and was somehow a Colonel afterward. On December 3, 1839 he was in Nacogdoches, Texas and received 640 acres of land. At the same time, my great grandfather John Sory and his wife Jane Catherine Haltom Sory were in Nacogdoches and he received 640 acres of land. William and Priscilla had twelve children. One was great grandmother Jane

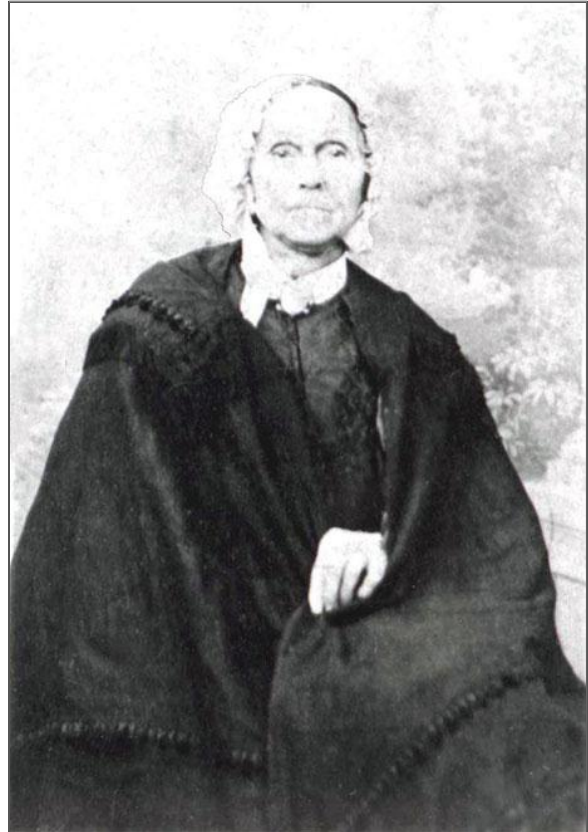
Catherine Haltom and another was Martha Myrick Haltom. I descended from Jane Catherine and Ellen descended from Martha Myrick.

So cousin Ellen and I began to exchange Haltom information and then Sory information. Soon we realized that a lot of the information came from a common source. My Mother had begun researching her family in 1923, even before she married. Sometime during the twenties she began corresponding with a relative named Abbie who was also researching part of mother’s family. Without computers and Ancestry.com they did it the hard way: letter writing. They would ask a relative for all the family data they could remember and return it by letter. Mother and Abbie divided up the folks they would contact so as not to duplicate a request and risk getting nothing.

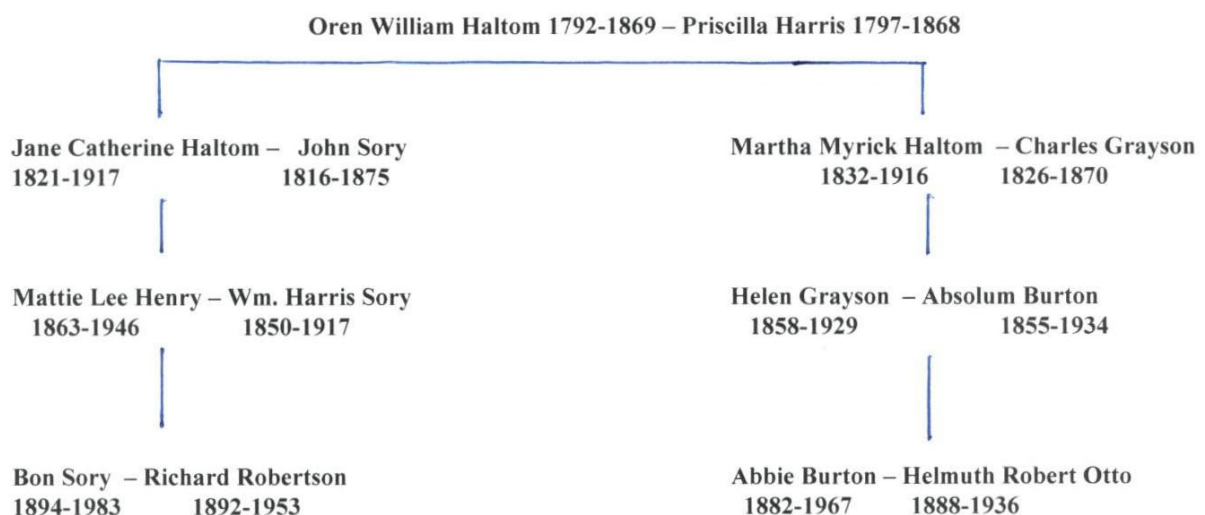
And how was Abbie kin to Mother? Abbie's grandmother was Martha Myrick Haltom, sister to Jane Catherine Haltom, my Mother's grandmother. The correspondence between the two continued at least in the 1950's.

So a considerable amount of the genealogy Ellen had was through Abbie and my Mother. Abbie was the sister to Ellen's grandmother, Hortense. What a small world!

Ellen wrote: "I am glad to know Bonnie and Abbie corresponded, too. It touches my heart; it seems that things have come full circle." After this revelation Ellen wondered if I had copies of Abbie's letters to Mother. She had many letters to Abbie but not any from Mother. Her aunt had said that some of Abbie's letters were lost in the process of changing residences and there was a box or two disposed of accidentally. Since Mother made carbon copies of all her letters, I had copies of her letters to Abbie and Abbie's letters to her. Ellen continued: "Would you mind copying some of Abbie's letters and sending them to me? ...They would be a treasured keepsake."



Priscilla Harris Haltom



I made copies of a number of the Abbie letters and sent them to her. A sample of the exchange:

444 Baker
Salina Kans.
Sept. 10-1931

Dear Cousin Bonnie

In the record of Annie D. Neame
+ Dr. Wilson their son Neame
in a record I already had I have
his birth-date as 1909 + this last
record you sent gave him it as
1907 + Batts 1912. + I had 1-
1913 + I had their parents marriage
as 1908 + your last record 1904.
I'm wondering who's is right.
I don't know where I got my
first record. Maybe from
Genealogy.

In record of my sister Mattie Lee,
✓ P. P. Lee died last Tuesday 15th
in Torrance Calif. so you can
add this date on your record.
Hope to see you long about last of the
month.

Abbie

Ellen is certainly an advanced genealogist and seems to have taken advantage of her proximity to Salt Lake City. She says her computer database has about 5,000 or so names typed into hers. It is certainly great to have a "cousin" the age of my children who has the interest and ability to research and follow our mutual family lines. It is a small world!!!

Names

John C. Miller

Names, names, names! What's in a name anyway? Years ago, Ethel Corp., as part of an advertising campaign, published a small book of names listing the 100 most common names for both boys and girls with the meaning of the names. For example, John means God is gracious; Carroll—from a Roman family name or a Latin form of Charles as well as the feminine Carol, from which comes Caroline, Carolyn and Carolina; Elizabeth—oath of God; Clara meaning clear, bright; Donald—world+power and Lila—a variation of Leila meaning night.

Periodically, listings of the most popular boys and girls names are published. Some have a crazy spelling of a name that sounds the same as the traditional spelling such as K-a-r-e-l for Carol or K-a-r-e for Carrie—C-a-r-r-i-e. Parents go with fad names or conspire to confuse teachers. And often children end up with names that they dislike, even hate! My solution to the latter part of the problem is to let kids pick their own name when they are five, just before they enroll in kindergarten. Then, no take backs. Before five, they'll be kid # 1, kid # 2, etc.

Let me illustrate this point. Within two families and two generations, involving only seven persons, there have been four name changes! My father-in-law, Carroll (C-a-r-r-o-l-l) Robert Spearman was born July 14, 1901, prior to mandatory filing of birth certificates with the Texas Department of Health. In the Spearman family bible, he is listed as Caroll (with only one "R") R. Carroll's story is that he was called George Robertson Spearman after his grandfather, who lived with the family for a number of years. Perhaps this was to humor or honor the grandfather. Carroll said that his grandfather was such a mean man that he didn't want to go through life carrying such an unpleasant memory. Consequently, he went back to Carroll Robert Spearman in high school.

Apparently, birth certificates became important immediately prior to and in the early days of World War II, because in April 1941, Carroll's father and a friend signed an affidavit certifying Carroll's name and other vital statistics. The affidavit was used to file a "delayed" birth certificate thereby making him a "real" person. Prior to this filing, he had married and they had a daughter, now my wife-Carolyn Elizabeth Spearman. The only change to her name was to add "Miller."

A second name situation involves my father, Carroll Harry Miller. The Miller family bible lists Carroll NeMoyne Miller. Perhaps "NeMoyne" was a family name or the name of close friends. Wherever the name came from, my father didn't like it. I can't document when he dropped NeMoyne and took Harry, his father's name but it was before high school graduation. This Carroll was also born in 1901 but in Michigan and he had no birth certificate either. In 1942, his sister and a friend of my father signed an affidavit certifying his name. This was filed with the Texas Department of Health thereby making him a "real" person. As before, a marriage and two children prior to being a "real" person.

My name situation is a circuitous route. I was named Carroll Harry Miller, Jr., per my birth certificate and the family bible. HOWEVER, at an early age, maybe before one year, my parents decided that "little Carroll" or "Carroll, Jr." just didn't sound right so they dropped Harry and chose John. John Carroll Miller was my new name. That was it! Pick a name, any name. When I enrolled in

kindergarten, my mother said my name was John Carroll Miller (a birth certificate to verify names was not required). When I got my driver's license, I was John Carroll Miller (Again, no verification was required). When I married, it was as John Carroll Miller. HOWEVER, that was the first time that the name discrepancy came up. Carolyn and I were going to Mexico for our honeymoon. Just in case, there was any problem at the border, my father signed a statement, which was notarized, that Carroll Harry Miller, Jr. and John Carroll Miller were one and the same person. It was not needed and was kept in the safety deposit box for 35 years. At some point in time, I corrected the family bible marking out and writing in "John."

We were preparing to go to England in 1986 and needed passports in eight weeks. "Oh no," you say! Yes, the fun was just beginning. All my identification was in John Carroll Miller but the mandatory birth certificate read Carroll Harry Miller, Jr. The age old notarized statement by my dad wouldn't do and time was of the essence. "Maybe a copy of first grade records from the Houston school system" suggested a clerk at the Health Department. Not enough time. "There is the affidavit procedure," the clerk suggested. Yes, my mother could certify to the facts, have it notarized and file it with the Health Department for an amended birth certificate. When Carolyn went to the Health Department with the signed affidavit, she was told that she needed some other proof as to the name change. The family bible came to mind so she drove home, picked up that huge age-old, falling-apart bible and drove back. The passport applications had to go in the mail within two days to allow adequate processing time.

The clerk looked at the bible birth-entry and said, "we've got a problem." The name that I had marked out was "Carroll", not "Harry". Carolyn pleaded and begged. Finally, the clerk left to talk to a supervisor. The supervisor, a very kind and experienced person, looked at the bible entry and the affidavit and offered the suggestion "perhaps, we could use "Harry" as a nickname and put it in quotes. This makes "John Carroll Miller" the legal name and matches the bible entry and the affidavit." "Yes, do it!" cried Carolyn, practically reaching across the counter to hug the lady's neck. In just a few minutes she had my new birth certificate in which I was officially renamed John Carroll "Harry" Miller. And that is the name on my passport too.

And finally, the easy one. My sister was named Judy Miller. Period! No middle name. In junior high, she decided that she wanted a different name so she began using Julie, after our aunt Julia. So, Julie she became. Fortunately, she had the foresight to have an amended birth certificate prepared while both of our parents were living. Now, legally, she is Judy Julia Miller. She is Julie to all her friends, co-workers, former students, husband and children but to me, she is still my little sister, Judy.

Of course, with the four Carroll names-- mine, Carolyn's and both of our fathers', our first-born was tagged with "Carroll" plus a popular name of the early 50s, Michael, resulting in Michael Carroll Miller. Son # 2 was named Robert, after Carolyn's father. And in the best genealogical tradition, Carolyn's (the mother) surname was used, hence, Robert Spearman Miller. Aren't names fun?

Genealogy tip: When searching a birth index, such as is found at the Texas State Library-Genealogy Collection, amended/corrected information is not reflected in the index. The Bureau of Vital Statistics would have to do a search based on the current information.

Delayed birth certificate information is maintained in a file separate from "timely filed" birth certificates but should be included in a records search.

The Legacy of Thomas Benton Coopwood

Great Grandson Thomas Benton Coopwood

Several years ago I received a call from a man in Lockhart stating that he was cleaning out a shed behind his house on Church Street and found a tombstone with the name T B Coopwood. He knew of me and wondered if this could be a relative. I said yes and went to Lockhart to check it out. Sure enough it was the stone of my Great grandfather. How it got into the shed is a mystery. However my Uncle EBC lived on the corner of Church St. and it may have been moved there after the fire that burned down his home. A cemetery man told me that years ago some stones were misplaced into the ravine on the South side of the cemetery. So, that may explain it. Needless to say with help I put the stone in my car and went to Remembrance Plus Monuments to ask if they could put it up for me. They recommended a company from out of town that would charge \$500 to do so, but then the owner of RPM said he could do it for \$150. We had a deal. There was already a stone at the grave site so the found stone was added and stands today.

Sometimes life is hard throwing you more curveballs than fastballs. Such was the life of TBC. He was born January 29, 1829 in Moulton, Alabama and died July 24, 1879 in Caldwell County Texas (tombstone in Lockhart Texas). He was the youngest child of Thomas Coopwood and Nancy Hess, who died in 1832, when he was 3 years old. TC married Minerva Ellis (b. 1812-d.1853) in 1836. They then moved to Aberdeen, Mississippi. The new marriage produced 3 other children. In 1848 TBC joined the American army during the Mexican-American war spending time in Corpus Christi, Texas. He joined for duty and enrolled Oct. 20, 1847 in Aberdeen and Mustered-in Dec. 23, 1847 in Vicksburg. He was 4th Corporal Capt. Stewart's Company Batt'n. Mississippi Rifles (Anderson's). In Mar. and Apr. he was part of Company E. During this time he developed a chronic illness never returning to good health. His Muster-out was in Vicksburg June 28, 1848. (Military Records). After the war, returning to Aberdeen, he became a lawyer and planter, and married Minerva Ruffin Bennett (b. Dec. 31, 1839 d. Apr 14, 1916 in Lockhart) (tombstone in Lockhart Cemetery) Jan. 26, 1859. They moved to Palo Alto Mississippi where their first and second children were born. During the Civil War, TBC was too ill to fight but was sent to Pittsburg, Texas where he did clerical work in support of the Army of the South (Eulogy of son Edward Bennett Coopwood). Two of his children were born there. His father was killed in the war and the family moved to Vaiden, Mississippi where 3 more children were born. Then they pulled up stakes again and moved to Lytton Springs, Texas in early 1879 presumably to join a cousin who had moved there earlier. He succumbed to his illness shortly thereafter. His legacy was not in the work he did but in the family he and Minerva created. I had the privilege of knowing them as most were living in Lockhart when I was a child. Unfortunately I have lost track of the families but occasionally will meet a cousin in Austin or Lockhart.

TBC was the son of a rich influential man who was a lawyer, plantation owner, and politician. Family lore has it that he was named after the great Senator from Missouri, Thomas Hart Benton. His father and Sen. Benton may have been friends from the War of 1812 as both served with Andrew Jackson but they may have been friends in politics though they never served together in this capacity. Life was hard as he lost his mother at age 3, getting a stepmother, and then moving with the family from Moulton to Aberdeen. As 3 more children were added to the family he was no longer the youngest.

Little is known about his early life until 1848 when he joined the Army. Returning to Aberdeen in 1849 it is recalled by the Aberdeen Examiner Mar. 32 1972 that he was charged with whispering in church but never brought to trial. The Mississippi Census of 1850 list him as a lawyer. He may have practiced with his father and oldest brother Benjamin Franklin Coopwood but also became a farmer. The 1850 Mississippi census list him a 21 y/o lawyer living with his father and father's family.

After his marriage in 1859 he and Minerva moved to Palo Alto Mississippi where he began farming. His first son, my Grandfather, Thomas Benton Coopwood Jr. was born there Nov. 19, 1860. Their second child Minerva Ruffin Coopwood was born 1861. His father's will dated Apr. 30 1861 list him as an equal heir with four siblings Benjamin, William Carroll, John and Elfrida (Coopwood) Clarke. He was named executor with WCC and they were both appointed guardian for John age 10 and trustee for BFC. However, a power of attorney by TC, as he was leaving for the Civil War, dated Sept. 21, 1861 named David Clarke and WCC as his lawful attorneys. This may indicate that TBC already knew he was going to move also.

The move to Pittsburg Texas with his young family occurred between 1861 and 1863. Edward Bennett Coopwood (b.1863 d.1952) was born in Pittsburg as was another daughter Nancy in 1866. I went to Pittsburg 7/2011 to look for information but found none. Pittsburg was settled in about 1854 by William Pitts and was part of Upshur County until 1874 when Camp County was formed. No deed records could be found in Camp County courthouse. Thus EBC and NC were born in Upshur County

Sometime before 1870 they moved back to Mississippi to Vaiden Carroll County Why they did not go to Aberdeen or Palo Alto isn't known. He was heir to a plantation but maybe all their land had been taken as spoils of war. Three children were born in Vaiden, Bonita 1871, Mary 1873 and William Carroll in 1875. I also visited Vaiden 7/2011. It is in a tract of 12,000 sq.m. bought by the US Govt in 1830 from the Chotaw Indians. The first settlers came in 1820 and Carroll County was formed in 1833 then reduced in size in 1870. Vaiden was incorporated in 1870 and named after Dr. C. M. Vaiden The railroad came 1858-59 and land was being sold near the tracks. I wandered around the cemetery looking for graves and found the cemetery records. No Coopwoods were listed. There were no deed records available from the dates in question for me. The 1870 Mississippi census list TBC age 40, MC age 29, TBC age 10, MBC age 8, EBC age 6, NC age 4 and Julia W Bennet age 15 and HB Bennet age 12. The Bennet children must have been a niece and nephew.

I could find no clues as to why in 1879 they left Mississippi for Texas. The reason is unknown, but he may have come with or followed a first cousin, John Ellis Coopwood. Both families stayed in Caldwell County for years. In the Plum Creek Almanac vol.26.#1 his estate is listed. His surviving spouse Mrs. M. Coopwood filed inventory and appraisement and bond which were approved August 1, 1879 Minute Book C page 548. Record of inventory and appraisement August 1, 1879 Record Book G page 70 and administrator page 72

TBC's entire family stayed in Lockhart and all but Mary died there. Minerva, his wife, also died in Lockhart. TBC Jr. married Eva Rebecca Putnam Feb. 6 1898. They had 3 children TBC (Jr.), Julia and Joseph Bennett. Minerva married William Byrd Holloman and had Mollie, Tim, Lucy, and James. Edward married Fannie Field Trigg June 1, 1904 having one child Frances Minerva. Nancy married Sam M Anderson Dec 25, 1884 and they had 3 children Mary, Grace, and Benton Coopwood. Bonita

married Charles A. Rolsten Dec. 22, 1892, having one child Bonita. Mary married Henry Claude Sparks Nov. 29, 1902. They had Claudine, Infant son, and Coopwood. William Carroll "Pard" married Rosa McDonald Blunt about 1900 and they had 2 children William Carroll and Minerva (I have the names of some of the children of the 3rd and later generations but have not included) As stated I knew all the siblings from Lockhart but have lost track of many of their children thru the years. My hope is that some will contact me after reading this Legacy.

Thus the Legacy of Thomas Benton Coopwood, a courageous man who did his best with the hand he was dealt, lives on not by his deeds but by his heirs.

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