

AUSTIN GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY *QUARTERLY*



2013 VOL. 54 No. 2

AUSTIN GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY

PO BOX 10010

AUSTIN TEXAS 78766 -1010

[HTTP://AUSTINTXGENSOC.ORG](http://austintxgensoc.org)

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2013 CALENDAR OF EVENTS

AGS meetings are held on the fourth Tuesday of every month, from 6:30 pm to 8:30 pm (except December). Meetings typically include time to get acquainted with other researchers, announcements and notification of upcoming activities. Meetings also feature a speaker on a genealogical topic.

June 25

"World War II Research"

Lisa Sharik

July 23

"Digital Legacy, Preserving the Past for the Future"

Roberta Przybylski

August 27

"Member-to-Member" Special Topic Tables

AGS Members

September 24

"Social Media: Cousin Bait and Partners in Crime"

Randy Whited

October 22

"Texas Archive of the Moving Image"

Elizabeth Hansen

November 26

Fall Festival -- "I Bet You Didn't Know That"

AGS Members

FROM THE EDITOR

Lisa Smith-Curtean

When I first began preparing for this issue in early April, I didn't know how it was going to be possible to present you with a complete issue. Much to my surprise, the request for submissions was answered. This issue has a variety of content and is larger than most of the issues I have created for you.

My family and I will be making the 2200 mile journey from Beaverton, Oregon home to Texas in July and I am looking forward to meeting you and becoming more involved with the AGS. On that note, let me close by sharing the deadline for the September issue is August 23, 2013, so please start submitting your items now.

With kindest regards,

Lisa Smith-Curtean



Austin Genealogical Society

FALL SEMINAR - SEPTEMBER 7, 2013

Presenting: LISA A. ALZO M.F.A.



Your Immigrant Ancestors

How To Find Them & How They Lived

Topics to Include:

1. **Tracing Your Immigrant Ancestors:**
Tips and Tricks for Tracing Your Immigrant Ancestors
2. **Immigrant Cluster Communities:**
Past, Present, and Future
3. **Silent Voices:**
Telling the Stories of Your Female Immigrant Ancestors
4. **Diseases, Disasters & Distress:**
Bad for Your Ancestors, Good for Your Genealogical Research



Triumphant Love Lutheran Church

9508 Great Hills Trail · Austin, TX 78759

9:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m. (Registration begins at 8:00 a.m.)

Visit the AGS website at <http://austintxgensoc.org> to register & pay online.
For further information, contact programs@austintxgensoc.org

PEMBERTON CASTLE

(Fisher-Gideon House)

1415 Wooldridge Drive
Pemberton Heights, Austin, Texas

By Peter Flagg Maxson, AGS Member and Architectural Historian

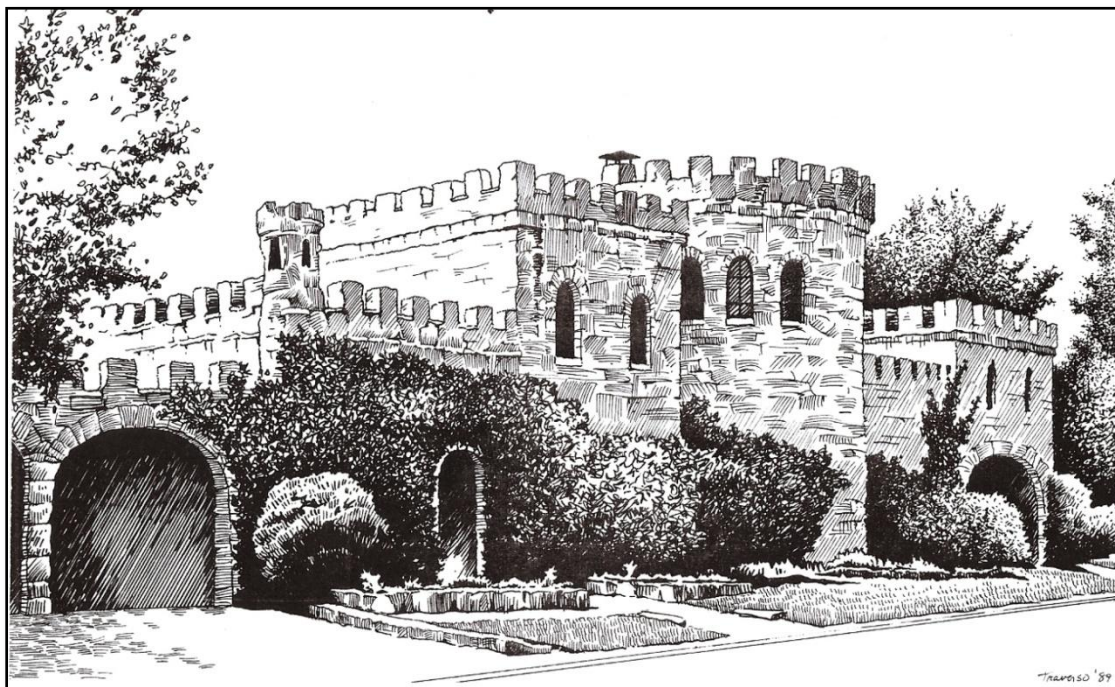


Illustration courtesy of Daniel Traverso, Austin

Diminutive Gothic castles were popular in 19th century Europe as garden follies or secondary residences, but only rarely were they found in Texas. Austin boasts several -- the Old Land Office Building (1857); Texas Military Institute Castle (1870s) at 1111 W. 11th St., Formosa (1893 /1902; the Elisabet Ney Studio) in Hyde Park; and the old Travis County Jail (1875; razed). But for many, the most intriguing, usually just called "The Castle," is found in the Pemberton Heights neighborhood of Austin.¹

The property on which the Castle was built has a long history. As platted in 1839, Austin was confined largely to the area between West and East Avenues, the latter now IH-35. The hilly area west of Shoal Creek largely remained farmland.

Portions of the George W. Spear League were granted to businessman James B. Shaw, who built Woodlawn Plantation on the southern part of his tract. In 1859, the Woodlawn tract was sold to former Texas Governor Elisha Marshall Pease, and the northern tract went to Pease's law partner, Attorney General John Woods Harris (1810 - 1887) of Galveston. Judge Harris married Mrs. Annie Pleasants Fisher Dallam, a daughter of Samuel Rhoads Fisher (1794 - 1839), a signer of the Texas Declaration of Independence and widow of James Wilmer Dallam (1818 - 1847). Fisher County, Texas was named for Mrs. Harris'

¹ Greenhill, Sharon et al., *Historic Austin*. (Austin: Heritage Society of Austin, 1981), pp. 9, 33 and 45.

father and Dallam County for her first husband. The Harris property continued in family ownership and was used as farm land. In the 1890s, a cylindrical water tower and pump house were constructed there.²

After World War I, Austin began serious expansion to the west. The Pease heirs elected to subdivide Woodlawn into a prestigious community extending as far north as Windsor Road. Their success evidently inspired developer Samuel William Fisher (II) (1881 - 1955), who in 1920 acquired (through his mother) the Harris Farm from his second cousin Miss Reba B. Masterton, granddaughter of Judge Harris' widow. Fisher then created a subdivision comparable to the Peases', which he called Pemberton Heights. Pemberton was the middle name of Fisher's uncle Walter P. Fisher and a family surname.³

Only limited information survives on Samuel Fisher, who was called "Budley". His ancestry is well documented - he was a great-grandson of Signer Samuel Fisher, grandson of Samuel William Fisher and son of Judge Samuel Rhoads Fisher (II) and his wife, Helen Wooldridge.⁴ He was referred to in his son Wycliffe's obituary as a "brilliant lawyer," and obviously had real estate interests as well. In 1905, he married University of Texas alumna (Josephine) Lucille Mathen (1883 - 1971) of Dallas, and they became parents of four sons. His brother Walter Wooldridge Fisher married Julia Scarbrough (of the department store family) and was a prominent figure in Austin and at U.T. well into his 90s.⁵

The picturesque stone water tower on the Harris/Masterton tract was solidly built with walls 4' thick, and Budley Fisher converted it into a diminutive Gothic castle about the time he deeded the 137-acre property to his wife in 1925. Two years later it became the property of the Austin Development Company (George G. Murray, president), and was used as the office for Pemberton Heights. Early advertisements refer to the property as Pemberton Castle. It was evidently not used by the Fishers as a residence - they lived two houses to the west at 1505 Wooldridge.⁶

The subdivision was not the grid of 19th century Austin, but features many winding streets, complementing the hilly terrain. In 1927 Koch & Fowler, Engineers of Dallas platted Pemberton Heights, and lots were soon promoted vigorously. The picturesque terrain and deed restrictions gave buyers confidence about building there. Ultimately, the neighborhood would become one of the more prestigious in the state, and the initial success contributed substantially to developing West Austin. However, the advent of the Great Depression slowed growth of the subdivision. Concurrently, Budley Fisher's marriage, finances and health foundered. When he died in Georgetown, Texas, in 1955, a brief four-sentence obituary noted only his death, funeral and survivors.⁷

The Austin Development Company transferred title to the Castle to the American National Bank of Austin on May 11, 1932. The picturesque but eccentric building attracted no buyers; an unsuccessful 1935 advertisement in the *Austin American* read:

This beautiful rock castle in Pemberton Heights with nearly one acre of ground must be sold at once. The Original Cost was approximately \$16,000.00. **Will Sell For \$8000.00, terms to suit purchaser.**⁸

² Webb, Walter Prescott, *Handbook of Texas* (Austin: Texas State Historical Association, 1952), I, pp. 455, 603, 775-76.

³ Travis County Deed Records, Vol. 300, pg. 323,324

⁴ Helen Fisher was a sister of Col. Alexander Penn Wooldridge, popular mayor of Austin.

⁵ Samuel Rhoads Fisher genealogical chart, Austin History Center.

⁶ Student report - Patricia Ann Ready - Austin History Center.

⁷ Deed Records; *Austin American-Statesman* --- Jan. 11, 1955.

⁸ Deed Records; *Austin American-Statesman* --- Sept. 15, 1935, R. Niles Graham-Pease Collection A-D, Austin History Center.

The first actual occupants were evidently the J. F. Kone family in 1935, who acted as caretakers for the bank. It was not easy -- the Castle had only bare concrete floors and no real kitchen. The worst feature was its internal circulation. A trip to the Master Bedroom from the Living Room was by way of the Dining Room, up a small staircase in the current Library, through a window to the roof. From there, sleepy residents journeyed through the upper tower room, through another window on to the roof and eventually into the then principal bedroom.⁹

Ultimately the Castle was acquired in 1937 by Samuel Gideon (1875-1945) and his wife, Sadie Griffin Cavitt (d: 1954). Gideon was a major figure in Texas architecture. Born in Louisville, Kentucky, he studied at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Harvard and the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. After teaching at Texas A&M and M.I.T., he became Professor of Architectural Design and History at the University of Texas. He became an early and influential exponent of historic preservation. In addition to writings in *Pencil Points*, *The American Architect* and the *Harvard Historical Quarterly*, he wrote and illustrated publications including *Landmarks of Austin* (1925); *Historic and Picturesque Austin* (1936) and *Austin and the American National Bank* (1940). An accomplished artist, he also, according to the *Handbook of Texas*, "lectured and wrote on French art, Gothic architecture, Italian gardens, Mexico, Negro philosophy, and folklore."¹⁰

Gideon is believed by some to have been architect of the initial transformation of the water tower, but his role has not been established with certainty. Unquestionably he made his mark on the Castle after buying it. He was fond of architectural scavenging - the main staircase, reportedly the work of Swiss woodcarver Peter Mansbendel, came from the Bishop Kinsolving house on Whitis, and stones in the south wall came from the O. Henry House. Two pivoting, 13' Gothic windows evidently came from the University of Texas Old Main building and Pennsylvania slate floors were left over from the construction of the Home Economics Building. The two iron columns in the Dining Room, a leaded glass window, and metal balcony railing with quatrefoil motif are obviously very old, but their provenance is unknown. The Gideons also added the current kitchen and bath above. The early rock Pump House remains on the property.¹¹

Gideon died, much mourned, in 1945 and was buried in the Texas State Cemetery. After Mrs. Gideon's death in 1954, the property changed hands several times over the next fifty years. As one of the most distinctive homes in Austin, the Castle tended to attract colorful owners, including actress Mrs. Grace (Libby) Foster Winters Bunch (owner 1966-1982). Another noteworthy occupant was State Supreme Court Justice William Kilgarlin, who acquired the Castle in 1982 and resided there with his wife Margaret for a decade. Each owner altered the Castle to suit personal needs and preferences, but, remarkably, all evidently respected the integrity of the building. The construction in 1961 of a castellated garage at the eastern wing of the Castle is the primary later change, but it was in character with the original concept of the house. A major temporary addition was made in 1993, when the property was used as a set in the movie *Blank Check*.¹²

In 1994 the property was sold by Judge and Mrs. Kilgarlin to Dell executive Morton Topfer and his English wife, Angela, née Finch. The systems and fabric of the house were sympathetically rehabilitated and much of the interior of the building restored to its historic appearance. It retains a high degree of architectural integrity.

⁹ Austin City Directory, 1935; Mr. and Miss Kone to Angela Topfer, interview, May 1995.

¹⁰ Webb, *Handbook of Texas*, I, pp. 687-88; *Austin American-Statesman*, 19 August 1945

¹¹ Interview - Meg Lousteau w/ Libby Foster Winters Bunch, May 1, 1991 on file @Architectural Library, Univ. of Texas; Photo @ Austin History Center, HB-1415 Wooldridge, pich 05630

¹² Interview; Austin City Directories; *Austin American Statesman*, Aug. 14, 1945

The Castle is arguably one of the best-known homes in Austin. Associated with several families prominent in the history of Austin and Texas, it has attracted much attention in newspapers and magazines since its construction. As the original Pemberton Heights sales office, it has a notable place in the history of West Austin, and its rare and distinctive castellated architecture ensures its inclusion in the history of Austin and Texas architecture. Still a private residence, the Castle has been designated a City of Austin Landmark and a Recorded Texas Historic Landmark.

It is now owned by a well-known figure in the film industry.

Peter Flagg Maxson
Architectural Historian
4212 Avenue F
Austin TX 78751

RICHARD ANDREW STROMBERG

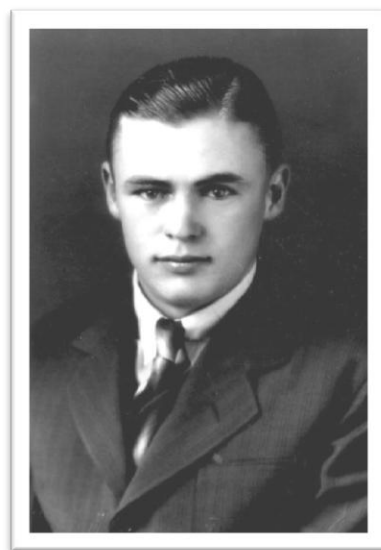
By Kay Dunlap Boyd, Niece

"If you don't tell the story, who will?" I have always been drawn to members of my family who had no children to tell their story.

One of these is Richard Andrew Stromberg. My mother had six brothers and Richard was the fifth. He was the eighth child of Ester and Hjalmar Stromberg. He was born October 25, 1920, the last child to be born at home. He was named for his two grandfathers, Richard E. Stromberg and Andrew J. Stromberg, both Swedish immigrants who came to Texas in 1870 and 1871. I always thought that he was the most handsome of the six boys in the family.

All of the boys were active in the 4-H Club. Richard attended school in Austin and is pictured in the 1937 Austin High School *Comet* with his brother Edward in the Radio Club. He then attended school in Lockhart where he graduated from Lockhart High School in May 1940 and went on to attend Texas A&M as all of his brothers and an uncle had before him. While attending A&M, he lived with his sister Margaret Thompson and her family in College Station. He attended A&M for two years where he was in the Corp of Cadets.

Richard was young enough that some of his older brothers and sisters and their spouses often drove the ten miles from Mendoza to Lockhart to take and pick him up at school. My mother told me that one day when she picked him up he told her he had finished 4th in the track meet that day. She said, "That's good. How many were in the event?" His response was, "Four." That is one of the few stories I know about him because on August 18, 1942, before his twenty-second birthday, he joined the army as two of his older brothers R. E. and Edward had already done. He left behind a girlfriend named Jimmie.



RICHARD STROMBERG

According to his military registration, Richard was 5'7" tall and weighed 154 when he enlisted in San Antonio. He was a Private in Co. K, 169th Regiment, 43rd Infantry Division. His first assignment was training at Fort Wolters near Mineral Wells, Texas. After completing his infantry training at Fort Wolters, he was sent to New Caledonia, in the Southwest Pacific. On March 26, 1943 he is listed as traveling on a carrier.

My cousin Mary Ann tells the story that "once when Dad (R. E.) and Richard were at the same army base somewhere in Texas, he and Richard were eating a meal in the Officers' Dining Room. I don't think that they were stationed at the same base, perhaps Richard or Dad was just passing through. My dad was an officer, and Richard was an enlisted man. Some other officer came up to their table and told Dad that Richard could not eat in the Officers' Dining Room because he was not an officer and he would have to leave. Dad told him that he had been eating at the table with his brother ever since Richard was a baby, and that he was not changing then. Evidently that was all he needed to say as there were no more problems."

Gerald, another of my cousins, remembers hearing that "R.E. was the last family member to see Richard. He ran into him unexpectedly at a train depot somewhere when they were deploying to the war

zones. Richard told R.E. that he could not tell him where he was going but that it was to a combat zone." Sure enough it was to the islands where he was eventually killed in combat.



R.E. Stromberg (L), Richard (R) on leave at our home
in Dallas about 1942.

Richard A. Stromberg Killed In Pacific Area

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Stromberg of Mendoza received a telegram from the War Department last night (Wednesday) advising them that their son, Pvt. Richard Andrew Stromberg, had been killed in action, July 30, somewhere in the Pacific area.

Richard Andrew Stromberg was born October 25, 1920 at Mendoza, Texas where he grew to young manhood. He graduated from Lockhart High School and was attending A. & M. College when the war broke.

He volunteered for service August 18, 1942 at San Antonio and was sent to Camp Wolters. After staying there three months he was sent on foreign duty. He was wounded and had been discharged from the hospital to active duty only two days before he met his death.

Words cannot portray the grief of the general public over the sad occurrence.

He is survived by his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Stromberg; five brothers, R. E. of Dallas, Weldon of El Paso, Jack and Billy of Mendoza and Edward whose APO is New York City, N. Y. Three sisters, Mrs. Thos. Dunlap of Dallas, Mrs. L. M. Thompson of Tyler and Mrs. W. S. Brashears of San Antonio. He is also survived by his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Raney and many other aunts and uncles and Godmother, Mrs. Adeline Stromberg.

A recent article in the *Lockhart Post-Register* stated: "The 43rd Infantry Division was part of Operation "Cartwheel," a plan to isolate the huge Japanese military base at Rabaul on the island of New Britain. It required a two-pronged offensive--one up the northern coast of New Guinea, and another force (including the 43rd Division) landing on various islands in the New Georgia Island group. Beginning on June 20, 1943, the Americans hit the beaches on the islands of Santa Isabel, Kolombangara, Rendova and New Georgia. The Americans' plan on New Georgia was to seize the Japanese airfield at Munda Point. The jungle fighting on New Georgia was a miserable and dangerous one. Sudden and protracted down-pours, mud, and impassable terrain were coupled with fighting a hidden and well-trained enemy. The Americans were under no illusions regarding the Japanese tenacity and willingness to fight to the death as they retreated in the face of the American advance. The grinding battle for the island would continue for nearly three months."

A letter of July 18, 1943, from Richard to his parents: "I am in the hospital now but will go back to my company either today or tomorrow. There isn't anything serious. I wish I could tell you what's wrong with me but I can't. We had ham and eggs for breakfast a few days ago. That was a treat for me after eating powdered eggs for months."

His letter of July 24, 1943, from Richard to his sister Rowena: "I wrote Mother and Dad last week, I told them that I was in the hospital, but I am out now. I didn't tell them that I had been in action. I can't tell you where."

On July 25, 1943, Richard wrote his parents; however, they received word of his death before the letter arrived and it wasn't opened for many years. In it he wrote, "I hope the crops are doing good. I wish I was there to help. I have a job over here to do first. Don't worry about me because I can take care of myself. I sure wish now that I got into some other branch of the service. I never did get my choice."

In a letter mailed to Richard by my mother on July 26, 1943, she tells him where his brothers and four cousins who are in the service are stationed. "I am sending you a couple sticks of gum as you may enjoy it. Don't know if you are able to get any where you are. We were at home on the 4th and had a nice time. We picnicked under one of Kunka's pecan trees. Of course we all thought of you." I have this letter because it was returned to Mother marked "Killed in Action." The two pieces of Doublemint gum are still enclosed and are hard as rocks from time.

Again from the Post-Register article: "On July 30, 1943, Richard was killed. His parents didn't receive the word of their son's death for two weeks, due to censorship, and the huge distances and isolation of the Southern Pacific Theater. On Aug. 18, 1943, the *Lockhart Post-Register* noted that 'words cannot portray the grief of the general public over the sad occurrence.'"

My cousin Louis wrote, "He and I shared a room when we lived in College Station and he was attending A&M. I have strong memories of how my mother took the news of his death." Louis was five when Richard died.

After being previously hospitalized, he died from injuries on the Georgia Islands on July 30, 1943. Five years later, his body was brought home. Services were held at the Stromberg residence and he was reburied on July 15, 1948, in the Oakwood Annex Cemetery in Austin. This is now the family plot where his parents, two brothers, sister-in-law and uncle are buried.

Gerald also wrote me that "I know that Grandpa hated the 'damn Japs' (as he called them)."

From the article in the *Post-Register* dated April 4, 2013, Dudley Burr, the former Chaplain responded to an inquiry regarding Richards's death with his account in this poignant letter that Mr. Stromberg allowed to be published on July 22, 1948. Chaplain Burr explained that, "Richard had joined us during a temporary rest in the New Georgia Campaign when we pulled out of our jungle position so badly riddled that we were desperately in need of replacements. Richard was with these replacements that had recently arrived from New Caledonia. After a two-day respite on the island of Rendova, the 169th Infantry was put back into the lines on New Georgia, "and the following morning found us on a hill known among us as Outpost Hill. At the foot of the hill in front of us was an extensive cane brake with canes ten or twelve feet tall." The regiment was ordered to attack the following morning. "There was some trouble going through the cane brake, but the real opposition came when our boys got to the woods, where the Japanese had set up a concentration of mortar crews, machine guns, and snipers. Our attack carried into woods, but they proved to be so thick and tangled that we couldn't move very rapidly and the Japanese fire was murderous."

As the Americans withdrew back into the cane brakes, "Japanese snipers moved with us and began to pick off the boys in K Co. with deadly fire, killing 25 by my count in about 15 minutes. Two patrols were organized to take out the snipers and Richard was in one of the patrols. Both patrols entered the woods "and never came out." The two patrols engaged the Japanese in fierce firefights, allowing the other Americans being mauled in the cane brakes to dig in and secure for the night.

The next day, the Chaplain discovered Richard's body, along with those of the other five men in his patrol, deep in the woods where they had been killed. Chaplain Burr assured Mr. Stromberg that he supervised Richard's burial in a temporary cemetery at the edge of the cane brake and further, that "I personally supervised the recovery of the dead from all of the cemeteries which I had laid out at various parts of the Island."

Aggies all over the world “Muster” on April 21st of each year and read the list of fallen Aggies. Richard’s name is called on that list each year at the “Muster” in Caldwell County.

There have been wars all through the ages and men, especially young men, died fighting in them; but when the death is in the family, the pain and loss last a life time. Richard’s death was very seldom mentioned in the family, at least with the grandchildren. A photo of the cemetery on Georgia Island hung in our house forever.

Richard did not have any children or grandchildren to carry on his legacy, but his family of nieces and nephews has always remembered him with reverence and love. My brother and my son both carry the name Richard.

As the recent newspaper account of his death stated, “he was only 22 years old.”



FUNERAL NOTICE

Died in action at Munda Air Base, New Georgia Islands, July 30, 1943 while serving with U. S. Armed Forces

Pvt. Richard Andrew Stromberg

The remains lie in state at home of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Stromberg, Mendoza, Texas, where religious services will be held at 3 P. M. Thursday, July 15.

Interment, Oakwood Cemetery, Austin, Texas, with military honors, Henry T. Rainey Post No. 41, American Legion in charge.

RICHARD STROMBERG BURIED WITH MILITARY HONORS

The Rev. Ed. V. Horne spoke words of comfort to the bereaved family of Richard Stromberg at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Stromberg at Mendoza last Thursday July 15.

In eloquent phrase, Rev. Horne extolled the patriotic services and supreme sacrifice of Richard Stromberg who was killed in action at Munda Air Base, New Georgia Islands, on July 30, 1943. After the services at the home the body was conveyed by McCurdy Service to Austin and buried in Oakwood Cemetery

The following is the organization from Henry T. Rainey Post No. 41 that performed the military rites:

Color bearers: Tom Moore and Ross Andrews. Color guard: Bill Richards and A. H. Schuelke.

Casket bearers: Alton Seeliger, Roger Smith, Newton Wilson Jr., Herbert Beuershausen, N. B. Bozarth, and Milton Schuetzeberg.

Firing Squad: John McMillan, Nelson Gerringer, Charles Nichols, L. E. Sanford, Carl Williams, Marvin Schneider and Jim Seffer.

James Kelly commanded the group and Jimmy Masur was bugler.

Rev. Horne presented the flag to the family.

Richard Stromberg was a graduate of the Lockhart High School and a student at A & M when he entered service. Richard, like the other Stromberg boys, was active in 4-H Club work in the county and highly esteemed for his useful activity. Richard Stromberg's death is all the sadder in that he was only 22 years of age.

Besides his parents, survivors are five brothers, Jack Sthomberg, Edward C. Stromberg and William P. Stromberg, all of Mendoza, R. E. Stromberg of Austin and Weldon B. Stromberg of El Paso; and three sisters, Mrs. Thomas Dunlap of Austin, Mrs. W. S. Brashears of San Antonio, and Mrs. L. M. Thompson of Ames, Iowa.

GLIMPSES OF MY MOTHER

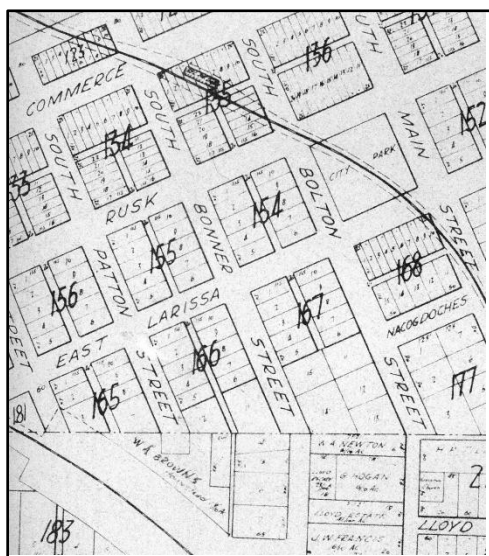
By Richard Robertson, AGS Member

None of my ten grandchildren knew my mother. My children knew her best while they were young and before she was institutionalized after breaking her hip. So it is appropriate to write various glimpses of her life and personality for the younger generations.

She was born, Bonnie Craig Sory, in Jacksonville, Cherokee County, Texas, on June 13, 1894. She was the fifth of six children born to Mattie Lee and W.H. Sory. Her brothers, Asa, Ruby Otis, and Julian, all lived to adulthood, as did her sister, Bess. A brother, John Harvey, died on his first birthday. She also grew up with two living step-brothers, Bruce Lee and William Henry, offspring of her father's first marriage to Cynthia Ann Alexander, who died at the birth of William. Another son of that marriage, Harry Neil, died at age 11.

Her father and grandfather helped build Jacksonville in 1872, after which her father stayed on in Jacksonville to make it his home while her grandfather, John Sory, went back to Mt. Enterprise, Texas.

She grew up in Jacksonville, attending public school there, and later attending Alexander Collegiate Institute, which became Lon Morris College. On two occasions, she attended Trinity University when it was in Waxahachie and graduated from there in 1916. Bonnie taught school in Palestine the next year. Her grandmother, Jane Catherine Sory, who was living with her



parents, died in February 1917 at the age of 95, and her father died in August of the same year. So in 1918 she took her mother and moved to Dallas. She attended Metropolitan Business College in 1919 and began working for the president of Stickle Lumber Company as a secretary. Bonnie was introduced to my dad by a colleague of his, R.B. Cannon, who arranged a blind date for them. It must have been a good guess on his part for they married on July 19, 1924. My sister, June was born in 1925 and I arrived in 1927. Mother became a full-time housewife and did not return to work until WWII. Mother, Dad, and year-old baby June, moved to 934 Turner Ave in Oak Cliff in 1926 and it was there where my sister and I grew up. My dad died in 1953 on his 61st birthday and Mother, as a widow, lived a very active life until she fell and broke her hip in 1974. After that unfortunate accident, she required nursing-home care until her death on April 13, 1983, nine years later.

The above are the basics. Now for some glimpses of what she was like and the things that defined her: One major glimpse is her love of music. I don't know who taught her to play the piano, but it was likely her mother who had come to Jacksonville originally to be the pianist for the Presbyterian Church. In any case, she took to it like a duck to water, and played well as an accompanist much of her life. At a young age it also became apparent that Mother had a fine singing voice. An early picture shows Mother, a teenager, as a part of a musical group at the church. The other six have instruments and she appears to be the soloist. She was a soprano soloist all of her adult life. Newspaper clippings from her Jacksonville days have her performing at weddings, recitals and churches. After moving to Dallas, she joined the Mozart Choral Club and sang at performances all over the city



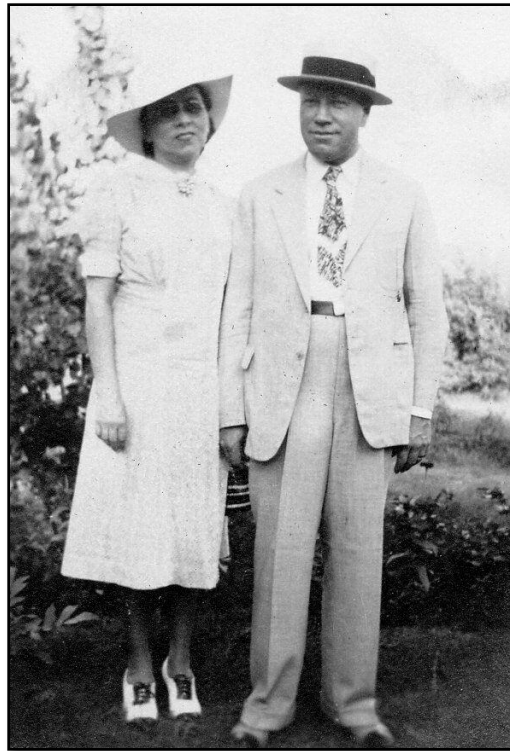
and on WFAA radio. In 1923, WFAA was attempting to reach Europe by Transatlantic radio-telephone and the musicians of the club gave a radio program for the Transatlantic test. The Dallas News article of November 27th indicated "Mr. Behrends presented Miss Bonnie Sory and Mrs. Tom Barnes Sandefer in soprano numbers."

Also in 1923 while on a tour to the Northwest, she was invited to sing at the Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake City. She was accompanied by John McClelland, regarded generally as the leading organist in the United States.

Moving to Oak Cliff after her marriage, she sang with the Oak Cliff Oratorio Society and was a member of the Trinity Presbyterian Church Choir until the mid-thirties when she sang with the Christ Episcopal Church choir in exchange for piano lessons for June and me.

My Dad was also interested in music, so we went to the Dallas Symphony and Civic Music all of our growing up years. In the nineteen thirties, we went to the Summer Operettas at the Band Shell in Fair Park.

But music did not stand alone in Mother's life. She was a person with many interests. (I've surely come about that trait naturally) In my memory I can glimpse the typewriter on the card table in her dining room. It was always set up for her to type. She was a great correspondent and usually made a carbon copy (I'll define this to you grandkids later) of everything she wrote. She was extremely interested in family history and began researching in 1923. I have most of her correspondence with relatives—the letters she sent and the letters she received. She did not want to join the DAR, but she established all the relationships to help some of her kin to join. She would have been in her element in this computer-internet genealogical age. She kept both written and typed journals. When we went to the Midwest to see my dad's relatives in 1935, she not only kept and later typed a diary, but she recorded an itemized expenditure account for the month long trip. The total cost for the four of us was \$92.18. I also have typed copies of trips made to Rockport in the late thirties and early forties. We stayed with Connie Hager, the famous bird lady, and her husband. Mother went birding with Connie and kept a list of all the birds she saw each day. Obviously, all the papers and letters she saved are family gems today. These give a wonderful insight into the family and the times in which we lived.



Mother always moved into leadership roles wherever she went and started down that path at Alexander Collegiate Institute where she was the editor of the newspaper, the annual, and president of the senior class. The 1913 annual, *The Peach* which she edited, described her as "Strong in will to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield." "The noted characteristic: Curiosity."

There was often another card table in the dining room or the living room to accommodate Mother's interest in art and crafts, and sometimes that table was busier than the typewriter table. One of her scrapbooks contains hand-painted and lettered greeting cards, place cards, and announcements. She also made stencils used for painting scarves, handkerchiefs, neckties, and tablecloths. I still have a couple of ties she made for me. At the downtown Dallas YWCA, she taught gift wrapping and learned silver-smithing. Especially treasured is a silver pendant she made for Marian that holds a rock collected and polished by her grandfather and a silver tie clasp with the outline of a fish that she made for me.

Family gatherings were most frequently initiated by Mother and were held at our house. My grandmother, great aunt, and two sets of uncles and aunts were usually there. Sometimes, her two older brothers and their wives were in town and joined us. She was the one in her family who kept the communication open among all her siblings. Thanksgiving and Christmas were always at our house. Her interest in family also included my Dad's family in Wisconsin. His brother, Sigvart, lived on the family farm where all the children were born. Sigvart had six children of his own and the family had a very difficult time during the depression. The only Christmas gifts they received came from us. Mother made sure that each child received something, which, though small, was always carefully chosen. When we visited these cousins a few years ago, cousin Arlys showed us a necklace

that she still wore that mother had sent her over sixty years ago. And she told us how much that Christmas package from Texas meant to all of them.

Mother's extended family was at the church. She was active in her circle and took me to circle meetings when I was too young to go to school. She sang in the choir. Before the church lost the building in the depression, there were many family night suppers and programs and mother wrote skits for a group of ladies to perform. Post WWII, she volunteered to work in the church office and served on the Session, the governing body of the church.



Trinity Members Present Radio Farce

L. to R. Lois Weatherford, Imogene Maloney, Mattie Mae Berry, Bon Robertson, A. Frey, Esther Paden

The 30s were overshadowed by the depression. It had been a difficult decade for Trinity, too, but the challenge for the church was great for superior attainments regardless of the sad national affairs. Once again Trinity would rise up and forge ahead for better times.

She always had a consuming interest about something. It was collecting shells at one time. In the sixties it was day lilies. At the age of sixty plus, she completely revamped her back yard into a flower garden. She drove to daylily shows and gardens all over the country. Her backyard was a jewel box of color, beauty, and fragrance. She named it the "Jewel Box." It afforded her many hours of pleasure and exercise.

Her independence and activity came to a sudden halt just a few weeks short of her eightieth birthday. She fell and broke her hip and, with the physical disability, her mental functioning and attitude changed. She lost her will to walk or participate in physical activity.

For all of her descendants, (my grandchildren), you really missed knowing an interesting and talented person. As the Junior College Annual said: "She was curious!" And this curiosity led to many hobbies enjoyed, talents revealed, and accomplishments achieved. Some of the people, who most enjoyed her sparkle, her humor, and her zest for life, were those who shared her passions. She was quite a lady!

EDRA GIBBS DONAHO NARRATIVE

By James L. Cooper, AGS Member

Notes from transcriber: This narrative was written in the 1970s to the author's great niece. The numbers in braces { } are the page numbers of the original handwritten document, which is 76 pages long. The italicized notes in brackets [...] contain my comments added to clarify. Transcribed from the original piece by James L Cooper, minimal editing was made for clarity. May, 2013



Edra Gibbs Donaho
1908-1981

Edra Gail Gibbs (1908-1981) was born to John Edgar Gibbs and Dorothy Ann "Dolly" Sumner. She had two brothers, John Collin Gibbs, and Garnett Dayton "Date" Gibbs. Donna Christine was her great-niece, born in 1959.

{1} This is for Donna Christine and her child or children. I'll start off with my dad, John Edgar Gibbs, born in Denton County, Texas. He wasn't sure of the date he was born. He swore he saw Sam Bass (who became an outlaw) and it was in the history of Bass, we found it out in the late 1960s, that he raced his "Denton Mare" against a horse called Shiloh in Denton County in 1875. He was killed by lawmen at Round Rock, Texas, in a cave in 1878.



Philip F Saltsman
1856-1941

Dad [*John Edgar Gibbs (1871-1963)*] claimed September 29, 1877, for his birthdate, so it was impossible for him to have stood by his grandpa Wilson and seen and heard Sam Bass ask for permission to camp on Dad's grandpa's creek. That was so, about the time of the races. My great-grandpa, [*John C.*] Wilson, owned and operated the largest horse ranch in Texas. He gave Dad a pony called Shiloh. Wilson may at one time have owned the horse Shiloh that raced Bass's horse.

I got this information on Wilson's Ranch from the son [*George Saltsman*] of Phillip F Saltsman. He, Phil Saltsman, was my mother's uncle (mother's mother's brother). Uncle Phil married my dad's aunt, his mother's sister. [*Mary Hanna Wilson*]

{2} George Saltsman had a write-up in the Sanger News. That's in Denton County. We lived 9 miles from Sanger [in *Bolivar*]. Anyway, he spoke of Wilson's big ranch. Collin and I figured our dad was born in 1872; a 3-year-old could have remembered Bass. Our dad died in 1963, around July or about. [*Sep 20th*]. So he was right at 91 almost. [*Records indicate he actually was born in 1877, on the date he claimed, making him a few days shy of 86 when he died.*]

Now, my dad's father was Pleasant [or *Plesant*] Matthew Gibbs. His mother was Susan Wilson, which made him a first cousin to Cordelia Gale [Gail] Wilson, our dad's mom. To them was born Dad, then a girl named Mertie, and a girl named Susan, after Ples's mother. Mertie lived 21 or 23 years [19, *in fact*], married and died in child birth along with her baby. Little Susan died as a baby. [1883-1885]

Now Dad's dad, P. M. [Pleasant Matthew] Gibbs, was murdered. Your great-grandpa John Edgar, Collin's dad, was a good-sized child at that time. He was there, witnessed it all. It left a horrible mark on his mind to see such a horrible thing. The man that killed him was John Whittaker (or Whittiker). They talked, probably argued, but straightened out their differences with a hand shake. Whittiker mounted his horse, pulled his gun. As Ples turned to walk back into the yard, Whittiker shot him in the back. Grandpa made it to the porch, fell on it, said, "Edgar, go in and get my gun; he may come back." Dad obeyed and I guess Gibbs died there.

{3} Whittiker got 25 years in the pen for that. He had a grown son. The son tried to get grandma to sign a petition to get him out. Then once after that, he tried to kidnap Dad, I guess, to force her to sign the petition. More about that in another chapter. After Grandpa's death, Cordelia Gale Gibbs married a Floyd Curtsinger and had 9 or 10 kids. Three girls live today: Aunt Ada Hollis will be 84 in July 1981 if she lives. Aunt Alice 88 in March 1981. Aunt Nellie was 76 on April 14th I think. She was over a month younger than Collin. Collin was Mama's second child. He was born March 4, 1905.

I write to a cousin in Fort Worth. She must be wonderful person. She looks after 2 of our aunts. They all love her. I lost 2 cousins up there recently. Floyd [Curtsinger] Jr. died, leaving no kids; the youngest aunt had no kids. One of Dad's sisters had one son. He got killed. {4} Two of his sisters married brothers. Their names were Seagraves; each had a child, one boy, and the other a girl. The girl is living. She adopted a girl like I did.

I contacted her and she gave me some photos of Grandma Gibbs-Curtsinger and others. I would not have, had she not sent me them. The one of great grandma Wilson, I was sure glad to get, for I didn't have any. And one of Dayton (my brother) and me when we were about 2 and 4, or 3 and 5 years old.

Aunt Ada had two girls and two boys. She now has twin boys for her great-grand kids. (Watch out, Christines's mother had twins.) How would you like to have twins?

Now let's go to my great-grandmother, your great-great-great grandmother. She was Mary Ann Miller. Born, I think, in Missouri, could have been Indiana, but I am inclined to think it was Missouri. [Missouri, it was.] They had a plantation and slave Negroes. A county was named after her dad or her grandpa. It's Miller County. Now, this is where I said more of the kidnap effort and what happened so I will go on with that chapter. {5} It is quite interesting and has a big and lasting story in all the lives and history of Mary Ann Miller and my dad.

Here it is. When Mary Ann Miller married John G [C.] Wilson, the slaves may have been freed at that time, but I don't know, [They had not yet been freed], but a family of Negroes on their place had twins. One was coal black, the other a very light color. It was a girl, just old enough to work, so her parents gave that girl to Mary Ann to bring to Texas and keep. I don't think her folks ever saw her again.

Well, anyway, her and my great-grandma cooked on an open fireplace in iron pots and Dutch ovens for Wilson's hired hands. She helped to raise all of Wilson's kids; then, when my dad was born, she too had a baby a few days from my dad, before him or after him. My grandma was just a young girl, my mother said she was 13 –my dad was illegitimate. So, the colored woman's was too, half-white baby girl, blue-eyed. She took over my dad and nursed him on the breast right along with her girl.

Now this colored woman's name was Ellen. Slaves went by their master's {6} names, so it was Ellen Miller. Her girl's name was Liza or Lizzie. Liza had a bunch of kids. Now, Ellen was given a cow or calf now and then; the offspring's of those cows were sold. Ellen saved her money; they also allowed her to sell butter and eggs as long as their table was supplied, so she had quite a savings and I understand she bought Liza a house and furnished it for her. Now, Auntie Ellen lived to be 103 years old, died during the last World War II (they call it) and Liza or Lizie died long before Ellen did.

Getting back to Ellen taking care of my dad, she loved him as if he was her own. After the murder, this man came one night and Dad was eating supper sitting with his back to an open window; they had screens then. He reached in and was pulling him out through the window. Ellen grabbed dad and yelled for help, fought and held for dear life. Help came, and she recognized him as Whittiker.

It happened again when dad was at his grandma's. I don't think his mom ever raised him, his grandpa and grandma must have. But, this {7} man came one night. I'll back up now a bit. Dad was taught to carry a pistol and to shoot it, too. His grandpa's house had a big open breezeway, a "dog run." Anyway, Dad was in a room joining the breezeway; his door was open. A man entered, Dad woke and saw him, so he pulled his gun, pulled the hammer back. The man ran and Dad after him. The man ran, got on his horse and fled. Auntie Ellen was yelling for Edgar to come back. I think Dad fired some shots.

He described the man to Ellen, who was positive it was Whittiker. When Dad was 9 or 11- somewhere along that age, his pony fell with him and Dad's leg was broken, so Ellen took care of him through that, so Dad's step was one anyone could recognize as Dad's step, hitting harder and a different sound, a shorter step than the one not broken. So, Ellen would hear him come in at night, get up and fix him something to eat.

{8} Anyway she loved him as much I'm sure as she did her own. All of Dad's kinfolk that were able went to Ellen's funeral when she died. Two of my cousins there told me that. I was glad to know all of them respected her. If Dad had of known it and could, he would have been there, too. When all of our great-grandma's grand kids came up and went to visit her, all the kids cried and fought to get to sleep with Auntie Ellen. They all loved her. My mother knew her and said, "She sure was a good woman."

I remember once Mama and I went to Sanger in a buggy, and Mama went to Lizie's house; she didn't stay long for I had to stay in the buggy, as all her kids had measles or something catching. I guess Mama borrowed some money from her. I can't be sure. Anyway, I could call Aunt Ellen the other Yellow Rose of Texas, for all she did for our ancestors.

John G. Wilson had 3 sisters. One married a Gibbs and had a bunch of boys. One married a Cockerham and had a son, John Oscar Cockerham, and a girl. {9} Cockerham died and his wife married a Cooper, had a son, a half-brother to J. O. Cockerham. I saw him. We all knew old John (as Cousin) but we all believed him to be our grandpa. He killed his last deer on my birthday on the farm me and my husband lived on out in the middle of the King Ranch. Nov 29, 1937. He was 83. He lived to be over 90 or 91. He had money, but was so tight he wouldn't drink enough water to wet his guts unless it ran off someone else's roof top. He got punished, I guess. If he did plant Dad, as he fathered 8 kids including twins and none lived much over 4 years old.

He visited us but never helped us one bit. Dad looked just like him, he was kin, too; first cousin to Dad's mom. Wilson's other sister married a man by the name of Bunch. No one gave or knew anything of her, what became of her. Dad's mother had some half-sisters by Wilson's first wife. My mother knew Mary Ann, and spoke nice of her; said she was a good woman, weighed 394 lbs at death. Be careful, Girl, don't gain weight too much. Watch it, ha ha.

Now let's go to Collin's and mine and Dayton's mother's side. {10} Seward Clayton Sumner was born in 1852, for he died Aug 22, 1905, at age 53. He married first young and his wife had a baby girl. This wife died leaving the baby. A woman took the child and raised it to 2 years old. He had gotten married to Julia C. [Ann] Saltsman, and she agreed to raise his little girl, so he got on a horse, no telling how many miles or days it took. He went and got the child, got on his horse and rode away with the woman running on foot behind him begging him to "Give me back my baby!" *[Have not been able to identify first wife, but the child was Emma Laura Sumner (1874-1937.)]*

He told it, but I don't know all the details, but he said that was the hardest thing he ever done, tears streaming down his face, and he said, "If I had looked back I'd have given in and I couldn't have stood to given her up again." Her name was Emmie or Emma. She married Andy or Andrew Johnson. She also lived near where Mama was born in Oklahoma. She had a bunch of kids. I met only one of them. They were handsome. I have some pictures of some of them. One Joy 'man' was a school teacher, I think, was last known of in Houston. {11} I guess he's dead by now. He had 2 sons. The one I met had no kids. She came to see Mother in 1940 or so. She was nice looking.

Anyway, Seward and Julia C. had a bunch of kids; some died as kids. I think Julia C died from pneumonia. So did her 16 year old son. *[It was her 16 year old daughter, Tina.]* It was hog killing time and ice sleet, etc. and grandpa always killed 8 big hogs. She staid [sic] with it too long. Mama's oldest brother Will was lots older than Mom. She was 12, Aunt Callie 5 when grandma died.

Grandpa soon married again, and things went awful for Mama and Callie. I won't go into that, but Mama married at 15 to get away thinking she could take her little sister with her, but it didn't turn out that way. Her brother *[William Clayton Sumner]* got married, and left 9 live grown kids. Aunt Callie died after he did; she left no kids. Mama and dad got married in June 1901 or 02; Collin had their marriage license. She had a girl in 17 months after she married. The girl died 3 days old. Then Collin in Mar 4, 1905, Dayton in Nov 27, 1906, me in Nov 29th 1908. Then, in 1910 in November, a girl lived 3 hours. Then she lost a premature baby and had {12} blood poison, fever of 107 and almost died.

Her health was never good after that. I expect she had diabetes. They and the doctors never knew anything off it in those days. She had a continual issue of blood over many years. I'd think she was gonna die, and how she lived and did what all she had to do, I'll never know, and finally cancer of her womb. Had that cured, and lived 13 more years after that. She died Aug 1, 1969. *[Her mother was Dorothy Ann "Dollie" Sumner.]*

I will try and tell of things of interest: funnies, sadness, dangers, hardships, etc.

"Our Trip in Covered Wagons"

Mother had an uncle, a William Saltsman, who was a bachelor. He was a fisherman at Corpus Christi (commercial fisherman). Guess Donald took after him. He got killed in *Port Aransas, across the bay from Corpus Christi.*) and had quite a lot of money for those days. Well, his heirs got his money. He had had some brothers; Uncle Phil was one alive, one or two dead, about three sisters, two of them were dead, but their kids and his brother or brother's kids got the portion allotted to them. Well, mother 800.00, her sis, 800.00, her {13} brother 800.00, so the doctor told Dad he'd better go south or Dayton and Mama might not live through another winter up there in Denton County. So we loaded what we could in two covered wagons, had two young Percheron *[a breed of draft]* horses; one blue grey young mare and two old mare nags.

I'd better stop here and clue you in on the yellow fat beautiful mare we had. She had a black mane and tail, black feet and black a ways up on her legs. Oh, she was a beauty: a soft pacing saddle horse. Easy riding, I mean. Well, kid, you don't know what a balky is, but she was just that. That means a balky will stop—where, when and how and what for reason he chooses to not pull one dumb pound. He'll lay down in his harness. If you try to make him go, he'll play dead, he'll sulk worse than a dang possum.

Well, we hooked 'em to get moving Nov 17, 1918. WWI was just over, the influenza was awful; dead of winter. We started out. Well, it's hilly up there in that part of Texas. She was prancing along doing beautiful. We met a {14} man in a two wheel cart, a big raw bone bay mare, old, sorta poor, pulling that cart right at a mud puddle in the middle of the road. Dad pulled to one side and stopped. The man in the cart said "That's sure a fine looking animal you have there. I'd like to have her. How about a trade?"

Dad made the trade fair by giving the man \$1.00 to boot for ole yeller being a balky. He harnessed up the bay and off we went. Well, ole yeller didn't like the idea of our horses going off and leaving her there, and being a balky, she wasn't about to budge a dang bit. He was going north; we were going south, so ole yeller decided to go round and round in that mud hole. Ever high hill we topped, we could see the cart and him. As far as I know her bones were bleached there and maybe the cart's metal and wheels are still in that puddle.



William Tyler Saltsman

1866-1916

[15] The old old mare made it down here. So did the other old nag. One died in two weeks after we found a farm share crop to move to, and the other one died in six weeks.

We had a big can of homemade ribbon cane syrup with us on the trip. Mama made hot biscuits in an iron dutch oven like that one Donald has, and an iron skillet to fry our bacon (salt pork) and potatoes in. It sure was good for three growing hungry kids. We brought a bunch of hens and one rooster and two fryers. We ate those fryers away down the road. Mama smothered them in gravy. Yum, yum! Best biscuits and chicken I ever ate.

We had a collie dog and a little half bull dog; probably half pit bull as he sure had grit. I don't remember this but Dayton does. A man came along in a wagon. We stopped; he stopped. He had a great big dog, a mean one. Well, he kept on trying to pick a fight out of our little dog. The man thought it funny and said let 'em fight. Well, they really went after it. Finally that half pit bull got the throat hold he wanted, and when the pit bulls do that they hold on till death do it part. Well, that man got an ax or a club of a sort, and was gonna {16} kill our dog. My dad pulled out his pistol, leveled it at him and said "Oh no, you don't. You asked for that fight. As long as your big dog was about to kill ours it was all right. The man said, "But he's killing my dog." Dad said, "Get back and we'll get our dog loose."

Well, Date got him off. The big dog had kicked and acted dead. Well, the old man picked up his dog, put him in the wagon. We drove on. He went his way. I've wondered if that dog died and if not, did he shy around a small one from then on. Ha! Ha!

It's funny how our dogs were hungry, I'm sure, but they'd bury things along the way, I guess, thinking they'd have something to dig up and eat on the way back. Another goodie about that little dog and Date, it was near San Antonio. We always tried to camp near a river so our horses could drink and we could boil water to wash dishes. I guess cook with it, too. See then it wasn't so polluted

Anyway, we had a shot gun and shells. Date eased out early one morning and it was in December but was warmer here. Anyway he took Gypsy, the little dog and {17} went down the river a ways where there were pecan trees. He knew there would be squirrels there. Sure he found them. He shot them too, about six. But, he hit one and it fell in the river. Gypsy plunged off the steep bank, got it, wouldn't turn it loose, and he couldn't get up the steep bank. So, Date got in, held on to a little limb, got the dog, helped him up, and that little dog was heavy to be so short legged, but Date was all wet. Dad and Mama just knew he'd catch a cold, but he didn't. So we had two good messes of squirrel and gravy.

We came further on down to a town called Kenedy. You know where it is. Well, Mama said, "That looks like one of my chickens out there." The coop was on the front wagon. Me and Mama was in the back one and Gypsy was in our wagon just having a fit trying to tell us something. Well, we let him out. I ran and told Dad "The coop busted." The chickens were everywhere. The dog ran through some town chickens and a woman ran out yelling, "A dog is catching our chickens!" She was gonna whack him with a hoe or a broom, I forget which. But, Mama proved to her, our dirty chickens from being {18} cooped up so long. "Well," she said, "That's the smartest dog I ever saw." So she helped us out.

Here's a goodie about your great grand pappy J. E. Gibbs. When he was about two he played in a little open shed like house, may have been a shelter for little calves. Well, he went into the house excited talking wild "I gotta pet 'nake in my pay house!" over and over. Finally, someone said let's go see. Well, there was a big rattlesnake all coiled up and that child's footsteps all around in a few inches of it. God protects innocent babes. If he didn't, they'd all get killed.

Dad told this one over and over. "How God Takes Care of Babes."

On Sunday come rain, sleet, snow or high water, people went to church—horseback, buggies, carriages or wagons they went. Well, this Sunday a young man rode a big wild stallion. (Now, he's a horse that ain't been castrated.) He hadn't rode but a time or two, a mean one at that. Well, he was pretty foxy like a young man among a lot of pretty girls with his mind, {19} his eyes, and I guess his nose alert looking for a filly (that's a young female horse) hopeful one might be hot as a tumblebug on a round hot ball of dung trying to roll it over a hot rock in mid-day August sunshine. Now, girl, if you've never seen a tumble bug rolling a ball of dung to his den, you've missed a comical sight. But, anyway, a very small toddler, a pretty little girl toddled over to the stud. A man started to run get her. An old man grabbed him and yelled at

others that was gonna do the same to save her. He said, "God will take care of the little baby, but if you make a run, the horse will get excited and stomp her to death." Everyone was breathless as she all but went under or between his legs; he paid her no mind. She finally toddled away, safe, grinning like a cat that ate the canary.

Here's a plumb good one. After church the young boys just too young to be too girl crazy could hardly wait to get home and out of their stiff starched shirts, tight collars, suits, shoes, {20} and ties, and behind their backs had plans for an exciting Sunday evening. Nearly all boys out in the country had a horse to ride. Dad did--and—there were plenty old longhorns on the range, especially on the Wilson ranch. So this Sunday was a doozie. They met; their skill at roping, and too, their skill of tying [sic] a rope cinch around the longhorn's belly up near the front legs was learned by old cow hands and observed by these up start kids to the point of them believing they could do it and have a rodeo riding all their own.

Now, they had no fence to roll under nor to climb over, and no time to think of where a tree might be that could be a safe refuge from a very mad wild longhorn. Turns about as they roped, rode, got thrown off plumb to the moon. Came time for one of the Herd boys, Bijie Herd. Now, to have heard Dad tell it and he did many times, never bored me to listen and laugh. He was a gangling, long-legged boy, and his pants were way too tight and {21} much too short, his feet big, his knees in the pants had been patched and the butt of his pants had a patch on each bun. Well, they had two ropes on the cow, the cinch was put on her, they had "hello, Dolly" with her. She wasn't in favor one bit of giving them any cooperation to make it easy.

Bijie mounted, held on to the cinch rope, gripped his long legs to her sides and said, "Let 'er go." She was released; took some skill to even release her. Well, a jump or two and she got rid of her unwanted baggage, then decided she hated him and tore out after him. He yelled to my dad, "Rope her, Edgar, rope her!" Dad did; got it over her shorter than most longhorn cow's horns, but they were sharp, then decided to have a little more fun, and said, "Run, Bijie, I ain't got enough rope to wrap it around my saddle horn. I can't stop her!" He saw Bijie tiring and stopped his horse; that flipped the cow, the ropes released and she went on to her baby calf. No wild cow, be the jersey, Hereford or whatever, if she has a calf, she sure doesn't want to be dragged away {22} from the calf for foolishness like that.

Anyway, Dad said those two patches on his butt were really getting there, and he could see it plain every time he told it or thought of it. Liza had a pet calf; a steer she rode. She'd ride it and go bring in the milk cows. A steer is a castrated male. You wouldn't care to ride a bull; he just might take a notion to attend to a hot heifer. Ha, Ha! You weren't raised on a farm or lived on a ranch; I was.

Dad was always making a fool of himself around pretty girls. He would just get all beside himself. So one time Mama was in a store, wanting his help in selecting things to buy. Well, he was too busy talking and laughing with some girls. Now, Dad was afraid of snakes. (I guess the old folks gave him a scare after he had a 'nake for a pet) but Mama saw some imitation snakes, rubber ones I think. Well, she took one and threw it on him. He let out a yell and cussed. (I guess he had an accident too, ruined I bet), but he stopped his bulling around and they got their shopping over quick, and he fussed good about her doing that.



John Edgar Gibbs
1877-1963

Now I'll tell you how [23} come his two top front teeth out. He was one to go to everything the neighborhood had in the way of entertainment. Mama had to stay home, take care of the kids, cows, pigs, etc. She tried to talk him out of going. She told him if he went something would happen to him and he'd remember it all his life. Oh, they had food at this gathering like an old county fair. And, a ball game. Yep, baseball game. Well, I bet he was talking and laughing with girls, and not watching no dang ball game, for that wasn't a thing to him. Nope, not a ball game, but a ball was hit and it was hit hard—landed right in Dad's mouth. When he got home and knocked on the door (Mama kept it locked at night) he couldn't make her understand it was him. His face, lips, gums and all swollen, couldn't talk plain, so she wouldn't let him in for a good while. Finally she recognized his voice.

"Mama Never Saw a Drunk Before."

A whiskey peddler came by and Dad sampled whiskey galore and bought a bottle; lifted a bottle, too, while the peddler wasn't looking, so Dad got all loop-legged. We had milk cows, and in day time the {24} calves were left in the pen, and the cows were out to graze; at night the calves were out. Well, Mama didn't feel like milking so she told Dad to go out and let the calves have the milk and then turn the calves out as usual. Next morn Mama went out to milk. Horses were in the pen, the cows and calves were in the pasture to be rounded up again.

Then, he got drunk all over again and he went puttering off to our little creek, dry most of the time. Mama asked "So where are you going?" He said, "I'm going to the spring and get me a drink." No spring. Mud-dy water if it had any water in it. He got all kinds of drunk and she thought he was gonna die. Some one came along by some accident, and laughed, but had her to make some strong coffee, made him drink it; he sobered up.

When he got out on his own and on a small welfare check, his leg busted, he came and stayed with me and my husband, Bryan. He had quit drinking. I don't know when or if he ever drank much after we got to Kingsville. I don't remember ever seeing him drunk. {25}

Now some funnies of your grandpa Collin and our brother Date (Dayton). This happened in Denton County.

"The Bumpy Fast Ride Down Hill."

We had a 4 wheel buggy frame—no buggy top, just the iron frame and wheels. The bright idea hit my brothers. They could just sit on part of the frame, tie a rope to each front axle to guide it, pull it up on our hill and ride it down. Oh, yes, it was a rocky hill, lots of rocks. I was small, but I could push, so up that hill went three kids, four wheels on a buggy frame. Date rode it down first, big deal—perfect ride, lots of fun. He told Collin, "Now there's a big rock right yonder so steer clear of it, turn a little to your right 'fore you get to it." Well, ole Collin, he planks his butt on the little flat deal, got set, put his feet against the axle rod that the wheels were on, and it was what the buggy was turned by. OK—he's secure on the dumb thing and said, "Give 'er a push, I'm ready."

Away he goes about 70 m.p.h ---OOOPS—the rock—wham, clang, bang; up he SOARED —He looked like a long legged sand hill or whooping crane, not quite as graceful, and the landing was worse. He was konked {26} out colder than chunks of ice with salt on it ready to make ice cream—now that's cold. Oh, no, Mama musn't know it. Date even went to the creek below. It had a hole that held water for a while. Well, somehow he came around and that was the end of a buggy-less wheel deal downhill. But, they didn't learn a good enough lesson.

Same hill further over, longer run, more of it, and WORSER – you bet.

There was a big corrugated metal water tank on top of the hill, just setting there. I don't know how come, maybe a tornado set 'er down there, but it was simply the ideal for some boys to (yep), you've guessed it by now, to climb in the through the man hole at the top. That probably was where the windmill pumped the water in it. Some big boy hatched it all up. Oh, you bet —it would be like a squirrel cage; get in there and run with its motion. So, Collie, Date, Joe, I don't know if Nelson got in or not. OK, they're in, they're off. Heck yes, that part of the hill was as rocky as ours, so hitting the rocks it sorta changed its path. Ooops.

{27} It was going so fast all the boys fell. Now our clothes dryers today tumbles our clothes; that dang tank tumbled those boys like that—heads konking heads, feet in faces, knees in places to hurt the worse. Well, when it stopped, they were konked out. Date was first to rally, so he was so drunk from the over and over spinning, he saw the light through the small hole they'd climbed through. He stood on some boys and managed to climb out. Got his fresh air and then him and the big smart guy got them out. Ma-ma didn't know that for a while, either.

"The Turkey in the Well"

Two of those boys or three if Nelson rode the tank---well, they lived near us. They had some turkeys. A danged ole dumb hen turkey flew down to our place and dang if she didn't want a drink bad enough to fly down or fall in our well of water. I don't guess we ever knew why the heck she did. Our well box was rotten, our pulley to pull up water wasn't {28} strong either, but Nelson came and Mama lowered him in. Now you've never seen a well straight down then hollowed out a big round hold at the bottom to hold more water as it would seep [sic] up. This time water wasn't deep in it, so that ole hen got back up under the walls of that round hole. Nelson finally caught her. I don't know if he sent her up first, but I guess he did. Then Mama got him up somehow, too. I don't know why that water didn't kill us, but we lived through it.

"Finger in the Woodpile"

Every one still asks me how did I get my finger cut off. I've answered that one a million times seems like. Dad had the double bladed axe sharp, as we were going to the woods to get our wood for our stoves. He'd killed a rabbit and told us to feed some to the cats and save a part for fish bait. He went to fetch the horses to drive us to the creek where the wood was, we were to fish. Well, Date was about four or five and me two years younger. The axe was heavy. He cut the rabbit in two with the ax. The hungry cats were gonna get it, so I reached to grab it. He was coming down with the ax; said look out. I got my head {29} out of the way in time to save my neck from being severed in two. My hand caught it; first two fingers plumb off. Tip of fore finger and half off the middle finger, and finger cut bone into barely hanging with leader and a little flesh. The fore (pointing finger) stuck back, middle finger was lodged under chopping block. Was cold when found and wouldn't stick back on.

Later the forefinger turned black and the other flesh grew; my finger nail came on out thick and ugly. I got the black hard end of my finger jerked off on a nail up stairs. Mama wrapped it in silk and put it in an old antique box, and the day I was 18 years old, I unwrapped it. It was perfect, hard, dark, still had the finger nail on and the little circles like finger prints all perfect. We threw it away. I still have the old box. It's a china picture on it, made of teakwood. I have a few antiques.

"Smoking Out the Rat"

Date saw a big rat under our barn. It was made of old 1" x 12" boards all the way to the ground. Inside it was ok, floor off the ground a little, had cotton seed or corn in it. An idea hit his 4 year old head. He stuffed the hole full of grass, said "You go in {30} the house and get some matches. We'll smoke him out." Well, Mama was in one bed half dead with typhoid fever. I crept in, got up in a chair, I guess, got the matches and oops, he lit it all up.

The barn blazing, I ran in and said (so Mama said) "Mama, the kibs [sic] afire!" She staggered out with a bucket of water. She was about to faint, turning blind she flipped water on the blaze as she could feel the flame and hear the water spew. Well, Date got a walloping whipping.



George W. Saltsman
1893-1972

"The Run From a Bowlegged Cow"

We had a white milk cow. We had fresh roasting ears of corn. Mama shucked them to cook, and told me to take the shucks out to old flower. I had a bonnet on. Well, I put the shucks in my skirt and went to do what I was told. That cow saw me, here she came, hungry, of course, and oops, I saw her. She was running {31} towards me at a gallop. I ran like the devil was after me. I thought she was mad and I was gonna be a trampled mass of blood and bones. My bonnet blew off and she stopped to smell it. I had run all I could, but here she came. I dropped the shucks and tore out back to Mama. She saw I was scared so she gave me the ole horse laugh and said, "All she wanted was the shucks."

"A Wrestle with Santa Claus"

We never had much Christmas when we were little, but this one time was a good one. I can only remember a little about it. Uncle Phil's son George was a young man, and had worked hard, I guess, to do what he did for our Xmas. He slipped upstairs at our house. We didn't use it

to live in. Well, he was up there and had put a big bag, I think a burlap sack, full of stuff. We were all sitting in our big front room and he said "Listen, I think I heard something upstairs, you all be quiet now, and I'll go up and take a look." Well, he went up and said {32} "There's a man up here!" of all the stomping and yelling, "I've got him! I've got him!" Finally he yelled to us, "Oh, heck, he got away, but he left something." Well, he brought the gunny sack full of stuff down and said, "I bet that was Santa Claus, for look what he left!"

Well, all I could think of was George had overpowered Santa and took his pack away by force—he robbed Santa, but Mama said he had bought all that just for us. He died a few years back at age 74. I think he was a little younger than Mama. Dayton's middle girl, Jeannette had a boy that sure did look like George. He may not now since he's grown, but his kid's pictures all looked like George's pictures. Funny how kids will back track and look like a kinsman 4th cousin back.

My great grandmother on Mama's mother's side [*Elizabeth Buyher Saltsman*] raised whole bunch of kids. Some {33} not hers, 19 in all. [*Philip J. Saltsman and Elizabeth Buyer had 8 children. She also raised the 4 children by Philip's first wife, Sarah, who was Elizabeth's sister.*] Well, kids in those days would get out,



Philip Joshua and Elizabeth Buyher Saltsman

1812-1880

1824-1903

hunt, fish, gather berries, nuts, wild foods of all sorts and live for days and no one thought of them as missing. With that many, how could two be missed? Ha, Ha,—but they were missing for a number of days. Indians kidnapped two of Mama's uncles, had them in an old building, dirt floor, locked in. An old Indian woman finally went out and dug under outside and they dug inside; she showed them the way to go away from the Indian men.

They weren't missed. Nothing unusual. Mama's grandma [*Elizabeth Buyher*] Saltsman was Dutch.

She died of cancer. Mama's grandpa Saltsman [*Philip J Saltsman*] was part Indian. [*His father, Jacob Saltsman, was married to an Indian woman whose name is unknown.*] Uncle Phil and some spoke of the Indians that we branched from had a chief whose name was Black Hawk. Well, I have a history of his tribe—the Sac and Fox. Mama's mother [*Julia Ann Saltsman*] was mistaken by many as a real full blooded Indian in the Indian Territory, later called Oklahoma. Her hair so black it shined like a black raven. Tall, straight, and dark brown eyes. Mama's brother {34} [*William C. Sumner*] too was mistaken for an Indian many times. Mother and Aunt Callie, also [*Seward*] Sumner's first girl by first wife all were blue eyed like grandpa [*Seward*] Sumner.



Seward Clayton Sumner
1852-1905

Two Sumner men came to America from Ireland. They were Tom, I guess Thomas, and Tram, I guess Trammel Sumner. They married sisters, Joel and Matilda Harris or Harrison. [*Unable to confirm any of this after much research.*] One had six boys; the other a bunch of girls. I don't know if they had a boy or not, but Mama's dad, my grandpa was the youngest of the six. I don't know how to name them in order of their birthday. John Sumner was one. I read of him in an Old West magazine. He was a sergeant in the army Cavalry during some uprising of Indians. Then there was Sampson, Joshua, James, Connor and Seward Clayton Sumner My girl named her son Clayton after my grandpa. [*Census records indicate Seward's brothers were Sampson, Joshua, James and Connor. Couldn't find a John*]

"Mother on the Runaway Horse"

When she was a kid she could catch old Tonce anywhere. Well, she went after the cows, caught and swung up on his back—no bridle reins to hold him. Well, oops, here it {35} when it's oops you know it's a doozie. The cows, the horses all started to run, play, kick up their heels, and I've seen such myself—they are playful before a norther hits. No way to stop the white horse Tonce; all she could do was hold on and ride like a cow puncher. Well, ole Tonce ran under a hanging down limb one a big tree. Well, Mama had light colored hair when young—flying in the air her hair got caught on a stiff stub of a limb and it hung there as she hung onto his mane. She said she bet that hair made some bird or birds some nests.

“Her Next Trip on Ole Tonce”

This trip could have been death to Mama. She was about 11 or so somewhere along there. She went after the cows. She came upon a black man on a horse. He acted sorta bold—silly like, eased his horse up by hers until his leg touched hers. She had sense enough to trick him and not act afraid.

She said, “Did you see any cows over there? I'm looking for out milk cows.” She added, “I'll go around the hill this way and you go on that side; one of us may see them before we meet over there.” {36} So she watched him go, she played it cool and started where she had pointed, but when he'd had time to be around, she whipped her horse and ran him all the way to the barn. Her dad was there. He asked what was the matter; she told him. Now, in those days no man acted like that and got by with it, let alone one like him. Her Dad got his gun (I think). Now, I'm not sure he took it, but he straddled that horse and ran him again. He was gone quite a few hours. All he said was “He won't be bothering you nor no one like that no more.” It's anyone's guess what he did.

When Mama's dad was a 12 year-old boy, he had a step dad [*Thomas Vandiver*]. His dad [*Jesse Sumner*] had died. Well, this step dad was, I guess, mean to and abusing his mother, so Seward clobbered him, and thought he'd killed him, so he left, and never got to see his mother again. I guess he finally saw his brothers.

“Too Much Toddy”

My mother [*Dolly*], as I said, was 7 years older than her sister Callie. Well, grandma [*Julia*] went out to gather some garden vegetables and some other foods from the wilds. She told Mama to take care of Callie. Well, nearby everyone kept a bottle of whiskey for medicine. Well, she got into it, fixed two toddies, one {37} for herself, one for Callie. Callie didn't like it, so mama drank both—then more, then more. So drunk as an old pro at being a wobbly ole sot, she gets Callie in the little wagon. They had a creek nearby, so she was gonna cross the creek and go find her mama. She fell down in the shallow water, turned the wagon over, both of them wet. Mama couldn't stand up. Her mom came along her and the woman. She looked amazed and said, “What in the world is the matter?” Callie could barely talk, but she said, “I fink she's been in da toddy.”

“Taught to Dip Snuff and Cuss”

When mama was 2, her dad said “I'm gonna teach her to cuss, and dip so no man will want her for his wife.” He did that, for his oldest girl Emmie got married real young. Well, grandpa had some hands, men working for him. One would pay Mama to cuss another man. That man would pay her to cuss that one back. Grandma threw fits, but it did no good. She told them she'd have to beat it all out of her some day, and she did except the snuff dipping.

She was about 9 years old. She got mad and called her mom an “old black bitch.” Her mom fought with her, for Mama fought, bit, {38} kicked, clawed, pulled her mom's long hair, swung her weight on that hair. Well, they fought half a day. She conquered her, made her ask forgiveness, but she wouldn't kiss her mom. No siree. When her dad came in, she was sure he would take her side. She ran to him to tell him. She just knew he'd whip her mom. Her mom walked in and said “Now tell him what you called me that started all this or I'll whip you again.”

Her dad made her tell him, then he give her the understanding that she was in the wrong and she was too big to talk that way anymore. He was wrong in teaching her to cuss, and he didn't want to ever hear of

her using such words any more. So, she was really cowed then, but prayed for her mom to die. Then when her mom died, she felt guilty and hurt. It wasn't long before she knew she had lost the best friend she'd ever had or ever would have. *[Julia died in 1898, when Dollie was twelve.]*

"The Tiny Pitcher"

Grandma Sumner *[Julia Saltsman Sumner]* took my mom on a visit about two miles away to some one's house. Well, while there, Mama saw a tiny toy pitcher. She put it in her hand or pocket, took it home, {39} and got home without her mom finding it but, oops, she found it. Wow. Out that door they went all the way back to that house. Mama had to admit she stole it, ask forgiveness, give it back and that was a long trip with her head hung low. She never stole no more.

"The Fight That Tore up Two Easter Dresses"

Mama had a mean step sister. *[This would be after Julia died and Seward married Annie.]* They both had a beautiful Easter dress on. (Oops again.) Mama's sleeves were thin and her step sis Ada *[Ada Cathey was a year older than Dolly.]* had a stiff hair brush and kept whamming Mama on the arms with it. She begged her to stop. She got worse. Finally, Mom got mad and tore into her for a fare you well. She was all over her like ugly on an ape and so was Ada likewise on Mama!

When step ma *[Annie Blackiston Cathey]* came in, she was amazed, shocked and spoke of them fighting like the two prize boxers of that day. Well, she said, "I'll let Seward decide yours, Dollie." (That was Mama). Ada got the whipping. Grandpa got the truth out of them both and said, "I'm not gonna whip you since Ada did you like that."

Step ma made them take a needle and thread and mend their dresses. Ada rip snorted through hers in a few minutes and out she {40} went. Mama was proud of her nice dress and did a perfect job; took her all afternoon or more. When she inspected her daughter's dress she made her come in and take out every stitch and do it over, and gave her to understand it better be perfect or she'd do it over 'til it was done right.

"The Log School House"

Mama went to a log school. Indian kids went there, too. They had a wooden oaken bucket with a gourd dipper. It was passed around and all the kids drank from it. They were healthy as pine knots in those days. She said those Indians were smart and some of them passed ahead of some of the white kids.

"Callie Got a Whipping"

Callie was five when Grandpa married in a few weeks after Grandma died. *[Julia Saltsman Sumner died in December, 1898.]* Well, Callie had never cussed, but her step sis and step bro said she did, so step ma locked a door to the bed room, whipped her till the blood ran from her back to the floor, and then she made her get down and mop it {41} with water and a rag. Mama tried to get in, but couldn't. So, Mama got married to a man she didn't love just to get away from a mean step ma, thinking she could take Callie with her.



Judy Callie Sumner
1893-1950

Well, it didn't come out that way. Really, Callie's name was after her mother's Julie C. *[Julia is listed as Julieanne in one census, and as Julia A. in other records. Have not seen it as Julia C. except in this account.]* Mama's brother *[William Clayton Sumner]* admired a girl by the name Callie so he dubbed her that. She didn't know what her real name was till she came to see us in 1939, I think it was. *[I wish she would have written what her real name was. She is listed as Judy Sumner in the scant number of records I can find on her.]*

She was a beautiful woman. She was buried in Austin by her brother. *[Actually paid for by Cecil Sumner, her brother's son.]* She was our Santa Claus. She sent money every Christmas when we were little, and sometimes other things.

I may leave out some things that I thought of in James Collins' history [*Census and death records show his first name to be John*], and things that happened along the way of us or of our kin. I write as things pop up in my mind. Most of all this I wrote ran into a hundred pages. I've wondered if everyone I wrote it for ever got it all read. It can be boring to someone that has very little time on their hands to read. I write so fast I wonder if one besides me {42} can read it period. Hope you can.

"Date, the Tree Climber"

Once at school in North Texas, two girls were picking on me like Roy Clark picks his guitar. They finally got switches from bushes and were both whipping me awful. I walked under a big hackberry tree, not defending myself. You know, "Turn the other cheek, goodie." All of a sudden I heard a voice from up in the tree. I looked up at two brown eyes so mad and so disgusted his look would have curdled fresh milk right out of a cow's udder. He said, "Why don't you take up for yourself, you little foool?" He really wrung it all kinds of around. I said, "I believe I will."

I wheeled around like a circle saw and socked it to them left and right with my fists. Got them crying. The school bell rang for classes to resume. They dried their eyes and begged me not to tell on them and they wouldn't let the teacher know what happened to them. "OK," I said. They were friends after that.

"Another Fight I Tried to Avoid"

{43} This happened here in Kleberg County. I was walking from school. A whole bunch of girls were tripping me, throwing mud on me, untying my shoe strings, and pulling my hair. Well, two of the girls out of about six who went another way—these two had to go my way as they lived on the same road I did. I said to one (she was about 13, the other one my age, which was 10; they were sisters), I said, "I can't fight a gang like you all, but I'll tend to you, Catherine, or both of you farther on down the road." OK, they all parted.

I walked on minding my own business. I had gone by the Post Office and store. I got a box of shoe tacks and mail. Now dad soled our shoes. The tacks weighed nearly a half pound, I guess, maybe 4 or 6 ounces; I don't know, but I had a big Rex Jelly bucket I had carried my lunch in, and a biscuit with butter and sugar on it. The younger girl ran past me and got through their gate at her house and ran on home fast. The house was a little way from the road.

Well, that oldest girl Catherine ran into my back with her head and {44} shoulders, almost knocked me down. I stumbled as she hit me she said "BAH!" I wheeled and raised that dinner bucket holding it tight by its bale handle, and I came down on her head so hard, down she flopped. I had to wait for her to come around to tell her off—what for and what she was gonna do. So, her face red, her eyes blank, she finally looked up at me, squalling.

I saw all I had was the bucket bale; the bucket well bent, the lid off, the tacks out, the biscuit out, the letter out. I said, "Now you pick all that up and put it all back in that bucket, put the lid on it and hand it here!" She did it all, but the lid wouldn't go on the bent bucket. I said, "I'll take it that way." She said, "I'm gonna tell my mama on you." I said, "You do that and I'll tell her the truth about it all, but you'd be better off to do that yourself." Well, I had no more trouble with them. I bet she had a headache that night. I never did like trouble and I shyed away from it a long time {45} before I'd take up for myself.

I'm that way today, too. I've fallen out with two women since I've been up here, and I'll soon be here 11 years. December 18th I'll be up here 11 years. One woman I worked with in Campfire Girls programs for 4 years, and I worked in Church with her I guess 8 years. She went with Bryan, me and Shirley. She had her girl -- same age as Shirley—to Colorado Rockies, camping out. We took 2 trips. Ten, trailer, etc., then I went to same place with her, her husband and her one and only girl, after Bryan died, we ran around seeing in Texas just her and I after our girls married.

She was cantankerous all the time and she had to have her way. She wasn't one to have any reasoning, no siree, she was hateful. Well, it came about that one time that was the straw that broke the camel's back—the last straw. I explained in a nice way the deal, the whole thing, reason, etc. She had no reason. I walked right out not letting on that I was mad. I held my cool. She didn't give it a thought, only that

she was gonna have her way or else, and was positive it was gonna be her {46} way that time, for I never argued, for it was about something that was mine anyway.

I wrote her a letter like an educated lawyer could—wrote her a check for \$5.56 that I owed her, gathered up things I didn't want that she had given me. Broke off from her by a business like letter-no threats, but that the friendship between me and her was broken, desolved from now and ever so help me God.

She ran a shoe shop a block from where I live now. When she left to go to lunch, I took the box of stuff I didn't want to ever see no more—took the letter to the post office, which is one block from here- and one block from her, too—had it registered, personal and special delivered. When she got to her shop, as I told post office men when she would be there, I watched him deliver it. I had it witnessed; it and the check too, had photo static pictures of it all. Went and got what belonged to me, and late that eve she came up. I did not let her in; a woman was here, a witness. She wouldn't let {47} her in. She squalled. Well, she spoke to me once--on the street. Once I was in a crowd in the post office. She was in the other part of the post office, my back turned to her. She yelled, "Good evening, Mrs. Donaho." I said it low, "Good evening."

She doesn't have any friends. She goes to church all the time and acts like the south end of a north-bound horse. A man that worked for her sure had hell trying to get along with her. He told her she was gonna lose every friend she had if she didn't change her ways. Well, she let him know she wasn't never gonna change; no one could make her change. I never really liked her. Her husband and mine were friends and worked at the fire station together. He died after Bryan did. I'll never know how heck I ever stood her as long as I did, I guess 25 years. I've had quite a few to say, "I never did see what you saw in her to stick that long. I can't stand her."

The other one I fell out with cursed and was demanding and no one could please her. She was sick, still is. Her own sisters {48} can't cope with her. She has no kids, alone, and I did all I could for her even out in the rain to please her, then she turned on me to say I was a liar. Cursing every breath. When she went to the hospital she cursed them all worse than a man could sling it out. Anyway, I let her know I was through and told her never to call me in to help her again. She grabbed my arm with a death like grip at her front door as I went out. Gosh, she was mad. I held my cool for it was her door. Calmly I said a few words that I saw hit her just right. She looked bewildered, turned me loose, I started on to the elevator. She called my name and said, I wish I could die." I said, "Go ahead, no one would miss you."

So that's all over. She doesn't have a friend in the world. Her sister said she's been that way all her life. They don't hold it against me. No one but her kin can stand her. They can't, but do see after her. One here in bottom floor apartment is 83 and has tried so hard to help her, and she {49} cursed at her and it's killing her. She's had a stroke and still trying to help her.

"Mine and Mama's Psychic Powers"



Julia Ann Saltsman Sumner
1854-1898

We always wondered if any of the young ones born to Collin's or Date's kids or grandkids have any clairvoyance or not. I've been seeing visions since before I was two years old. Mama saw some, and she hit the nail on the head quite a few times in fortune telling. I shyed [sic] away from that, however, when I did say something it came to pass, but I think it was because I said it in faith that it would, for it was a benefit to someone. It was more of a prayer. I've seen plane crashes, floods, train wrecks, earthquakes and many, many thing too numerous to mention. People and their names even, and things yet to happen, and all I saw in a few days did happen in the very places I saw in the visions. Some things I can't figure out, too. I never talk of it. No one understands and to a lot of people I'm a freak—or Satan induced person, so I keep it mum.

{50} Mom's mother [*Julia Saltsman Sumner*] must have been a seer, too, as she told mama that someday that woman would be her step-mother and whatever she did to not let that woman whip Callie. As I've written about it, you see she did whip her. Mama tried to get in but couldn't. She didn't tell

her dad until 1905 when Collin was a baby and he visited her. His wife sued him for divorce, got everything he had.

The biggest mistake Mama ever made was marrying Dad, not even loving him. The second was, her dad, while visiting his insurance receipts, policy numbers on them, all paid up until January 1906. He wanted her to take and keep them. She wouldn't even look at them, so she didn't even know what company they were with. \$1,500 for each her and Callie. That was a fortune in those days. Well, Callie was away with, I guess, some relatives. That step-ma got her back in a hurry. I guess she got the insurance and the \$600.00 he had in a brief case. She may have used her girl to pose as mama and collected mama's. Oh, she was shrewd along with her meanness.

She was a school teacher. Mama had her at school for her teacher. {51} Anyway, he died in August, 1905. Mama lived in a big home at one time. I have a post card she said she thought it was their home in Oklahoma, it looked like it so much.

"Old Barlow (a Dog) Saved Mama's Life"

Mama was a baby at the time this happened. Her mother took her to the cotton field to pick cotton. Mama was crawling. She took a quilt, spreaded it on the ground under a shade tree by the cotton wagon. Told Barlow to stay with Dollie. Grandma picked on out of sight over the hill. She heard Barlow growling, barking, fighting, so she threw her sack over her shoulder and went back. Well, by the time she got there, Barlow was holding mama by the diaper, keeping her from crawling off the quilt onto a big dead rattlesnake he had killed. No dog will attempt to kill a snake like that. A racer or a non-poisonous one, yea, but not a rattler.

When Mama was about seven, she was playing on the porch, holding her hands around a porch post, was swinging herself around on it, just like any kid would do. Old Barlow was afraid she would hurt herself, kept trying to save {52} her from a fall. It was a high porch. Well, she kicked him off the porch. Her mama saw that and ate her out but good, and would whip her butt good if she ever abused him again. Of course, told her how he'd saved her life.

"Barlow's Looking Back"

Well, Barlow lived to be an old dog, but he took what they called black tongue, couldn't eat, got poor and was suffering so, they sent for mama's uncle (his mother's brother) [Will Sumner] to come and kill him. They all went to the front porch to see Uncle with the gun leading old Barlow to the woods to kill him. He could hardly walk. He turned his head, paused and looked back, same as to say, "Farewell my friends. I won't be able to return to you where ever I am going." They all bawled and squalled when the shot was fired. Makes me want to cry and I never even saw the dog.

"The Orphan Fawn"

Grandma Sumner [Julia Saltsman Sumner] raised a baby deer and nursed it on the breast to save its life. So, mama was a baby and she would poke her finger in his eye when he'd be nursing. He'd pull loose and shake his head and it would {53} tickle mama. He grew up to be a big grown buck, a beauty he must have been. I've raised pet deer, too, but take my word for it, don't think for a minute you can trust a buck you've raised. A doe, yes. A buck's horns must make him think he's king of the walk.

"The Dogs and the Buck"

One day grandpa [Seward C. Sumner] and his kids and I guess other hands were picking cotton and here came their buck across the country with some dogs after him, and he wasn't in a good humor at all. He came right on into the field. Grandpa said hold up your sacks in front of you, he may fight. Sure 'nuff, he did, pawing and using his horns. Grandpa shooed the dogs away, but had to get his handy gun and killed



William Clayton Sumner
1877-1949

the buck. Men in those days had to keep guns around for wolves, bears, etc. Well, grandma couldn't eat a bite of him. Bryan and I killed ours too. He was out with the wild ones and got mean even at me. When I was the only one he'd take the bottle of milk from. I was his mama, he thought, but he was mean to me, for he wasn't afraid to come to me, but dang him, I didn't {54} like him to bow his neck, raise his bristles and charge me.

I don't know anything about Grandpa's brothers as Mama never saw any of them. *[They lived in Indiana.]* She knew the Saltsmans. I knew some of them, too.

"Another Oops"

Wanta hear it? Here's a goodie or badie, ha, ha! We had a big mulberry tree in our yard in North Texas. They were ripe big and juicy (did you ever eat any?) Collin was up eating and smacking them. Me? I was on the ground. I never could catch anything in my hands, not even when I got big. Well, I was a very small kid and I can't remember a thing about this, but since I had to eat them off the ground he said, "Hold your dress tail out, I'll pitch them in it." I got a few that way. B – U – T, he was right over me, and fell out on me, our heads clanging together like two buck deer fighting or two male rams fighting.

Mama heard it, ran out, we were kicking like two dying chickens with their necks wrung. Well, all she could think of was cold water, so she grabbed each one of us and waxed off {55} as fast as she could to the open well. The water was cold. She drew up some and went to work walleyed and I guess praying or squalling to save us. Dad came in and cut the tree down. I bet we both had headaches, don't you?

"Dayton's Disappearance"

Mama missed him; she yelled, she hunted, she looked in the well, she did everything to find him. The whole neighborhood was called in. No one found him. Our creek was up. Well, here came neighbor men all willing to drag the creek, willing to use grappling hooks in both wells. They all gathered under a big old twisted limb hackberry tree in our yard, and were discussing it, when a voice from up in that full leafed, twisted tree came a familiar voice say, "What you'll doing down there?" For a minute she coulda killed him, but oh, how glorious to see him alive. He had gotten up there somehow and with a pillow. He had a good long cool shady nap.

"The Mad Dog Scare"

It too happened in North Texas. I was old enough to remember this one. Date musta {56} been six. Well, everyone was ordered to tie their dogs and watch them and watch out for any stray dogs. Well, here comes another tree. We went, Date and I, to the same hill the buggy frame sped down. There was a big hackberry tree on it. (Might not have been a big one, but was to my little eyes.) We heard a dog howling. We talked of mad dogs. I'd heard so much of them it curled my toe nails. So, I was scared outa my hide. I guess someone tied their dog and he wasn't liking it. Date said, "I'm gonna climb that tree and look and see if I can see him coming." He got up hi in it, said, "Yes, he's coming right this way. He's big and black. You'd better get up in that red haw tree."

It was low and scrawny. I got up in it; the limbs bowed down with my weight. I was too close to the ground. He said, "He's big; he can get you there. Get higher up." He got down to help me, but to no avail. We both went to the big hackberry. He couldn't get me up in it, but he went up and said, "He's right there. I'm gonna {57} come down." He came down and said, "He's right at us, I'm gonna run home." Down that hill he went, and down that hill yours truly went right behind him. In my mind, that big black mad dog was nipping at my skirt tail. I bet that buggy didn't go any faster down that hill than I did. I went so fast when I hit the level land at the foot of the hill, I fell down, knocked the wind out of my lungs, and out a my sails, but I got up with a fear that drove me to sailing right on, man, right on. I guess my nose was purple from no air and I musta been pale around my wattles, (that's part of a turkey gobbler's ears, face, and around his neck.) They are sometimes red, sometimes pale blue. Mama said I was white as my white hair. I looked like death warmed over, I guess. From then on I've been afraid of a mad dog.

We had a dog to go mad when we lived near the bay here. I was fifteen. Well, we had been alerted of mad coyotes and dogs, so our dog was chased and fought by a rabid dog or coyote on our place. In a few days we tied {58} her to see what would happen. It happened. Date let her loose a few minutes. We had a flowing well near our house and he was out there. Me? I go waxing out there with a bucket to fetch some water to cook breakfast with, etc. I saw Date pick up a club and threaten to knock her in the head. Do you know she saw me and here she came running after me—but here I went flying to our back door and opened it, got in, in the nick of time. He had left the chain on her, so he held her back with the club and fastened her chain, got back and watched her. Yes, she was mad. Yes, I was trembling. If that door hadn't been there I would have ran right through that wall.

"The Rabid Skunk"

We were living on another farm and dairy two miles west where our dog went mad. It was a year before our dog went mad. I went to the lot to milk the cows—in an open cow pen, no barn, nor shed to milk them in, just an old barb wire fence around it. I saw the cows acting odd, looking in the same direction; they were scared. Well, I {59} saw a skunk coming towards the pen, if I'd thought at first he was mad, I'd a run like hell. But, instead I decided I'd just scare him away so he would not scare the cows. By gum, he wouldn't scare. I was facing him head on.

He was moving funny, stunk not like a skunk. Well, I knew he would scare the cows for they were ready to stampede. I knew they would cut themselves to pieces in the barb wire. I had to defend them and me. I saw a long dead limb on the ground, wondered how dead and brittle it would be.

That dum(b) skunk came right on at me to make a fight, not to spray me, never did he turn his hind end toward me, but he bore his teeth out by open mouth charging at me. I beat him with that long limb. Thank God it didn't snap. I literally beat him to death, being sure his head was all caved in good. I had to go on and calm the nervous cows and milked them. I had to walk two miles to school, too. Probably had to change my panties or shoulda, I bet. What times I've seen. Wow. I rode a horse to school three miles from where our dog went mad, but {60} most of the time I walked, couldn't catch the horse, and sometimes he was used in the field. I skimmed thru the 7th grade, had had some 8th grade too, then got in the 8th grade and part of the 9th. The two room school had two teachers. They had a contract to teach 8 grades – there were 3 or 4 that were in the 9th so my grade was omitted. I quit then I went to work at 16 in a 5 and 10 cent store, worked about 7 years there, even a year or two after I married. Got fired cause I couldn't get there after a 15 inch flood. Water everywhere. No way could I get there. The boss ask me why didn't I come to work the day before. I said "After that flood? No way could I have gotten here. We had a lake of water."

The mex girl wasn't there either, but her excuse was she was sick. So he flat fired me. All the old ones of that chain of stores are dead now. His son, I guess, is staying in there. I guess that kid is 57 or 8 by now.

I guess I kept his store from being robbed. A stranger, an old man, fat, blond white hair, blue eyed in an old car. He parked, got the lay of it all. I had a premonition something was wrong. Well, the mex girl went to {61} lunch. He went to lunch. I was used to staying alone there. Never gave it a thought. But, that old man drove up, parked across the street. There wasn't a store nor nothing there. Well, no one got out, but here came a tall brown-eyed, brown haired, well-dressed man in. He went behind the counter to the cash register; we had three of them. Some Mexicans came in. I ignored them.

He put his thumb on the no sale key. I stood fixed, my arms crossed holding my elbows, eyeing him from his feet, belt, head, eyes, hands. I flat looked him over until he figured I had a good description of him. He saw I had ignored the customers just to get a good description of him. He wheeled around, ran right to that old man's car, got in and they dug out fast.

Mr. ---- came in. I told him all about it. He said, as he looked at his watch, "Yes, that's what he was up to and I've got to hurry to the bank. I've got (I think he said \$600.00, I'm not sure) in the vault back there." He hurried on and got it in the bank.

He lost his mind once. He'd been in WWI. Man, I mean we were scared to death. The mex girl went to lunch, then, I {62} went to mine. He was there. She was scared. I found an old war vet. I said look in on us, we're scared. He's a raging maniac today. He needs help. We may need some help too.

Well, I hurried back—no where can I find the mex girl. I wondered had she left him alone, was she dead in the rest room, or dead behind a counter. I called gently to her, "Olivia," a number of times. No answer. I gave up. Finally I stopped by the lace counter. A rack of long strings of beads was there. There were large brown, and black ones. I straightened some lace—my eyes fell on two big brown bugged out eyes out from under her black bangs. The beads blended so well she was hard to see. She was sitting on a box, had empty boxes all around her. She was white as cotton. I talked softly to her and went around to her. I saw she was gonna break out in a scream. I had to stop her. I was talking slow, assuring her all was ok.

I put my hand over her mouth as she started crying. I couldn't give up. I couldn't turn her loose. She was about in shock. Well, after a good cry and me holding her, she finally said, "I thought you'd never get back." Well, some men came in and got him. Some more came in and locked him up. Some men, a brother of his and a man from the company came and took over the store. Wasn't easy. When he came back, he was some better.

Olivia got married. She was a sweet girl. She died in childbirth. I've wondered that if he fired me maybe thinking I had something to do with him being sent off. It was for his own good. Him and his wife lived in the house Date lives in now. They may have owned it then.

"A Premonition That May Have Saved Mine and Mama's Life."

We were living three miles north east of here, and Date and dad were in town. Collin rode after the cows, on a young just broke to ride pony. The cows came on in, but he didn't. She got worried about Collin and said, that pony might have thrown him off on a rattler or over one of those cliffs. A gully like place there with steep banks like. And rattlers galore. She said, "Shut the gate, keep old Bill in, you may have to ride him for help. I'll go see what I can find."

It was getting dark fast. I took Bill to the gate for I had a deep premonition that danger lurked in the barn. I knew I could swing upon him and make a run to mama if he , whoever he was, run out after me. I sure had it. She called for Collin, and finally came back all worried. I didn't tell her of my fear, as it was. Well, all of a sudden I felt a relief about the barn, so we left Bill in the lot. We went to the house—again I felt the grip of the premonition get me. He, whoever, was in that house.

We sat there and Mama said, "Go in the house and lock the two front doors." I refused, saying, "I'm not going in there." "What did you say?" I had never sassed or disobeyed her. I said "There's a man in there. I feel it. I know it." She fussed at me for thinking that. "Don't try to scare me, I'm worried enough. We'll both go in."

She went in and said, "You lock the front room door. I'll lock my bed room door." I locked the kitchen door. Well, I started to go by the dining room table. We had a cover over the sugar bowl, etc. and it all hung down low around the table. I went to pass the table, screamed and got back. She came and fussed for me acting so foolish. Why did I do that, etc.

I said, "There's a man under that table. She raised the cover and looked, but it was dark under there. She said, "There's no one under there." So, she locked the front door, went back to see if she'd locked her bed room door, and some heavy footsteps came out from under that table. She knew it couldn't be me. She ran in as he unlocked the front door. She ran to it as he slammed the screen door and ran across a fresh plowed garden. She relocked it, and was really scared. Soon Dad and Date came. We told them the story. Date rode Bill to a neighbor's where he had an idea Collin was, and sure enough he was there playing 42 with their three boys.

He'd let the fence down and took a short cut to their house. The foot prints in the garden were large. We never knew who he was, but if I had gone in or, in the barn he'd have killed me. Since we both went in he

may have figured he couldn't handle us both. We had guns in the house. Maybe he didn't see them. Several times I used my premonitions to save my life or from rape. I had to prove {66} to Mama again we were in great danger. She couldn't believe at first what I feared. Before it was over I sure proved the two mex men meant business and again my premonition what to do and a prayer to work in our favor, a car turned and blinded the two men enough for us to run and hide in a thicket of trees.

Bryan came along in his truck. I ran out and he saw me. "What are you doing out there?" He killed his motor. I told him. The two men were really coming to hunt us. Well, he approached them, but him, once again against two, had to let them go. If Date had been there, He'd a handed me and mom a tire tool or a club. He'd waded in and someone would a been on the ground ready for a trip to the hospital or graveyard.

Bryan never thought of two women being able to keep him from being cut up. Anyway, when mama and I made it to the brush they didn't know which side of the road we'd be likely to run to, but they made their turn, they made it plain they were after us. I said, "Now, Mama, do you believe they {67} are after us for no good reason?" She said, "You bet they are. I'm glad we hid." We were whispering. She believed me to be the most powerful seer or prophet she had ever seen and had heard of in her time.

I'll tell you something about my dad. You do remember him, I guess. Well, I can say in all sincerity, he was the best harmonica player I've ever heard. He played for many dances without an accompanist keeping time on the harp to dance by. People loved it. He really played beautifully.

I worked as a cook at A & I College. There was a man teacher there. His name was Pleasant Master. He came to my table, asked me where I was born. I told him where, how far from Bolivar, etc. He asked, "Did you go to a country three room school called Barnard?" I said, "It was two rooms." He said, "Three rooms." We laughed about that. He taught there in 1922; his first teaching job. They added the third room on after we left. His uncle lived a mile or so from us. He asked me my maiden name. I said, "Gibbs." He said my grandmother was a Gibbs. She came from Missouri in covered wagons. {68}

I told him my gran dad's name, Pleasant or Pleasant, however spelled. He said, "I guess that's how I got my name. It's Pleasant." So he was sure we were kin. Now here's an interesting happening all true, from the horse's mouth.

Pleasant Matthew Gibbs bought horses in Tennessee and Missouri, and he brought them to John Wilson, (his uncle), and sold them to him. My great grandpa had some Morgan stock, walkers, racers, all kinds, and he sold and made money that way. Well, this is one I heard from Dad as his Dad told him. Then, an old man in his 80's told about traveling with a man named Ples Gibbs, coming to Texas with a string of fine horses, and while they slept noe night on the road, a bunch of Indians sneaked in and stole every horse, drove them off, left them stranded. They trailed them for days, got hungry, and the only gun they had was a .41 derringer single barrel.

They shot a pole cat, cooked and ate it. We had known this old man for years. He said, "I've been wanting to tell that and see {69} if he might be kin to you Gibbsses." I assured him I had heard that story many times. He described him a tall, blue eyed, good man. He never saw the horses no more. Dad had the little .41 derringer and when he died, I think Donald got it. I thought that was really something.

I have a cousin woman in Fort Worth that wrote this to me. I knew about it. Her dad said, "Your uncle Edgar saved your life. You were a very sick child at the point of death. The doctor said if she didn't get a certain medicine in (I think in an hour), she'll die." Well, Dad mounted his horse, ran him nine miles and back in a very short time and saved her life, but the horse died. The same thing happened when Date was a wee kid with double pneumonia. Nine miles to Sanger again to save a life, but killed the horse. The horse bled from nose and mouth.

Our grandma, Cordelia Curtsinger married a man 24 when she was 54 or 58. He didn't live with her long, but he was in jail. She got him to marry her by getting him out. I barely remember him anyway. He could sing and we kids thought that was {70} something. Grandma just couldn't keep money. She was rather rich at one time but broke in no time. She owned the land we were on and she built a house on it by our

old one, moved in, then we moved out to come here. Dad never got a thing. Not one acre, nor money from his dad nor grandpa, nor his mom.

"The Balky in the Rail Road Track"

I don't think I was born when this happened. Mama was coming home from Sanger, I guess, and she had to cross over a rail road. Well, as I said before, a balky horse stops when and where he pleases. He stopped with the whole buggy on the tracks. Mama knew if she got all excited or flogged him he would lay down and tear up the shaveys (I don't know how you spell it), but it's a one horse pull deal, to put the horse in, fasten his tugs and harness to, to pull the blamed buggy. [*Shaves are the wooden poles that extend from the buggy that the horse is attached to.*]

Anyway, she sat quiet for a long time to let him know she didn't care, but she saw the smoke from a train, so she sat long enough. It got pretty close. She was afraid it would scare him and he'd really stand or lay or sit back. So calmly, she said, "Come on, Buck. Let's go home." Well, he {71} decided to move it, the train tooting its horn for the crossing. Wonder he didn't just stand there. She had Collin in the seat, and her groceries.

Ole Yeller balked once pulling a sled with a barrel of water on it. That old wall-eyed thing stopped and looked back to see what she had behind her. Mama and Collin tried to make her go. She flat fell down like a stuck hog and laid there. Mama got a hand full of hot sand and poured it in her ear —oops! Up she came and away she went just a hootin' and a hellin, pootin' and kicking up. Tore up the sled, and of course, spilled the water.

Our collie dog was the only thing that could bring her in from the pasture. He had a way and she would give in and get in the lot. Well, one time mama put a rope on her and led her out to a Bermuda grass patch where she could graze. Tied the rope to a good stump or bush. The collie couldn't stand it. She didn't belong out there as he saw it. Well, here he goes, unties the rope and leads her to the wire closed gate. He goes under it and was pulling all his might to make her come through that closed gate. Well, I painted two pictures of that incident. My girl has one. It's real cute and I named it, "It is the Gate." {72}

I could go on and on with such old true stories, but I guess you are tired of all of this by now. This one, though, is one you will see as a God sent blessing in saving our lives by a mere few minutes. We had a storm cellar. It was old, had big logs across the top. It was a square hole with straight sides and the logs jammed together across it. I guess there was enough space at each end of the logs that they were secure enough not to slip in. Tons of dirt was on top of the logs to weight them down and protect the ones in it. An air vent thing was on top so we wouldn't smother.



Dorothy "Dollie" Sumner Gibbs
1886-1969

We had a storm and went down until it calmed down. We came out at the break of dawn, not too light, but by the time Mama built a fire in the stove to cook breakfast, while the fire was gonna heat the stove, she got the bucket to go milk, the whole top and all its tons or so of dirt had plopped in. Caved in, slick as a whistle. If we'd been in there, no one woulda [sic] found us maybe for a week or more. How lucky. Mama sure thought about that a lot.

We were in it once. We carried a lantern down {73} every time we went down. Collin and I were sitting on the bench. He looked up and said, "Look out, a snake!" That dang thing was striking at my head. I moved in time and it fell where I was sitting. Guess he didn't like the light. I think it was a copperhead.

In winter when it would snow, mama would whip cream, sugar and flavor it up, and mix it with clean snow. Sure was good, too. Couldn't do that now, for it's polluted too much.

We had a coffee grinder. Pa would grind it while the fire was starting and it sure did stink good. I never did like coffee. The last few winters I've tried to like Sanka decaffeinated, but I don't like the taste of coffee. I drink it, for it's hot and I have a raw throat that feels better with something hot going down. I can't stand it in the summer time. Mama bought some green coffee and roasted it in the wood oven until it was real brown. That sure did stink good. I love the smell of coffee today.

I'm not a very good speller. I have a big dictionary, but I hate to go to it and look up so many words. Shiloh the horse may be spelled Shiloh. That's a town in Tennessee. {74}

I don't know how I got over a 100 pages in those other episodes and history I wrote, but I did. I don't know what I've left out. I can think of a few but not enough to make 104 or so pages.

Dad told me this one; it's too cute. There was a man came through the country, when dad was young. He was a ventriloquist. He got a job working for a wealthy man there. This man had an old colored man workin' for him, a good steady hand. Well, he sent this old negro to the woods to get a load of wood for their stoves and fire place. He hooked up to mules, went to the woodland and cut trees about all day, loaded them on the wagon full and running over. Up there we had high hills. He got to a steep hill with that over loaded wagon. He whipped the mules to make them dig in and pull up it. They gave up and let it roll back. No way, but in their struggle, one mule got his tongue over the bridle bit. He didn't like that; no horse does. He lolled out his tongue, opened his mouth and said, "Boss, we just can't pull it." {75}

That colored man took off his hat. That ole mule looking around at that black man wiggling his mouth said that. The negro said, "What was that you done said?" Again the man saw his chance as that mule opened his lips, and said it again. "Boss, we just can't pull it." That colored man tore out up that hill whipping his butt with his hat to make himself run a little faster.

The ventriloquist was hid behind some rocks, and felt sorry for the abused mules. Well, he came out from behind the rocks, unloaded a lot of wood, drove the wagon load on to the owner, leading his horse behind.

When the negro got to his bunk, he packed a gunny sack and his boss said, "Jake, where's the wagon?" He saw him running and went to see what was going on. The negro man said, "I'se a leffing her them mules is donnen guian a talkin'." And, out and away he went. Well, when his other hand came with the wagon load of wood, the boss made him tell what really happened. He told that ventriloquist off but good, that that negro was the best help he ever had. I think the new man was fired, too.

{76}This is all. It will have to do. So, I hope you can read my scribbling. I'd be forever trying to write a good hand slow.

I can write plain slower, wow. Bye now –Hope you don't get bored too bad. Write me some time. Your great aunt,

Edra Gail Gibbs Donaho

INMAN'S RHEUMATIC & NEURALGIA CURE

By **Leslie D. Inman**, AGS Member

Transcribed from the original document by Leslie D Inman, Austin, Texas

Book 47 Page 506
Filed February 7 1889

The State of Texas
County of Williamson

This agreement or contract entered into this day be **T.J. Inman** of the County of Williamson of the first part and J.T. Lauendes, **W.D. Inman**, and **S.C. Inman** parties of the second part all of the County above mentioned have this day entered into a copartnership for the purpose of manufacturing and selling a potent known as **Inmans Rheumatic & Neuralgia Cure**.

The parties of the first part agrees to give the parties of the second part one fourth interest each of the entire proceeds of all sales of the above named medicine the parties of the second part agree to share one fourth of all expenses that may accrue in manufacturing and selling the medicine. The parties of the second part further agree to use their influence in advertising and getting testimonial in behalf of advancing the sale of said medicine for an in consideration of there one fourth interest and T.J. Inman partie of the first part further agrees that the parties of the second part above mentioned shall hold and controle there one fourth interest in said medicine before mentioned for the term of 17 Seventeen years if such be their desire so to do.

T.J. Inman
J.T. Lauendes
W.D. Inman
S.C. Inman

FAMILY GROUP SHEET FOR SAMUEL CHELTON INMAN AND MARTHA E. CARTER

By Leslie D. Inman, AGS Member

Husband: Samuel Chelton Inman

Birth: 08 Aug 1827 in Tennessee, USA
 Death: 20 Nov 1906 in Cedar Park, Williamson, Texas, USA
 Burial: Cedar Park, Williamson, Texas, USA; New Hope Cemetery
 Marriage: 21 Jul 1848 in Grayson, Texas, USA
 Father:
 Mother:

Wife: Martha E Carter

Birth: 1831 in Tennessee, USA
 Death: 1869 in Williamson, Texas, USA
 Burial: 1869 in Cedar Park, Williamson, Texas, USA; New Hope Cemetery
 Father:
 Mother:

Children:

1
M Name: Thomas Jefferson Inman
 Birth: Jun 1849 in Grayson, Texas, USA
 Death: Aft. Apr 1910 in Winters, Runnels, Texas, USA
 Burial: Winters, Runnels, Texas, USA; Fairview Cemetery
 Marriage: 17 Oct 1869 in Williamson, Texas, USA; By Thomas H Bacon Minister
 Spouse: Missouri E. TRAMMELL

2
M Name: William Duncan Inman
 Birth: 02 Jul 1855 in Grayson, Texas, USA
 Death: 02 Jul 1923 in Bertram, Burnet, Texas, USA; Cancer of the Stomach
 Burial: Bertram, Burnet, Texas, USA; Bear Creek Cemetery
 Marriage: 28 Dec 1880 in Williamson, Texas, USA; By RF Cates MG.
 Spouse: Sarah Elizabeth DAVIS

3
F Name: Elizabeth 'Betty' Inman
 Birth: 15 Jun 1861 in Grayson, Texas, USA
 Death: 28 Aug 1902 in Texas, USA
 Burial: Leander, Williamson, Texas, USA; Bagdad Cemetery
 Marriage: 10 Dec 1879 in Williamson, Texas, USA; RB Davis Min Gospel
 Spouse: James Isaac Hyland

4
F Name: Sarah Inman
 Birth: 03 May 1864 in Sherman, Grayson, Texas, USA
 Death: 08 Aug 1935 in Rotan, Fisher, Texas, USA; Chronic Myocarditis
 Burial: Rotan, Fisher, Texas, USA; Belvieu Cemetery
 Marriage: 08 Sep 1886 in Williamson, Texas, USA; By John Minnick Minister
 Spouse: Dixon W Bittick

FAMILY GROUP SHEET

FOR SAMUEL CHELTON INMAN AND MARY CATHERINE TRAMMELL

By Leslie D. Inman, AGS Member

Husband:		Samuel Chelton Inman
	Birth:	08 Aug 1827 in Tennessee, USA
	Death:	20 Nov 1906 in Cedar Park, Williamson, Texas, USA
	Burial:	Cedar Park, Williamson, Texas, USA; New Hope Cemetery
	Marriage:	18 Dec 1869 in Williamson, Texas, USA
	Father:	
	Mother:	
Wife:		Mary Catherine Trammell
	Birth:	18 Apr 1854 in Tarrant, Texas, USA
	Death:	13 May 1937 in Leander, Williamson, Texas, USA; Chronic Nephritis
	Burial:	Cedar Park, Williamson, Texas, USA; New Hope Cemetery
	Father:	Carroll Trammell
	Mother:	Emaline Johnson
Children:		
1 M	Name:	Samuel Chelton Inman
	Birth:	21 Jan 1873 in Williamson, Texas, USA
	Death:	10 Sep 1953 in Round Rock, Williamson, Texas, USA; Myocarditis
	Burial:	Austin, Travis, Texas, USA; Cook-Walden Capital Parks Cemetery, Section G
	Marriage:	04 Nov 1896 in Travis County, Texas, USA; By JW Marshall V.D.M.
	Spouse:	Gertrude Turner
2 F	Name:	Mattie E Inman
	Birth:	29 Sep 1875 in Williamson, Texas, USA
	Death:	14 Aug 1945 in Texas, USA
	Burial:	Cedar Park, Williamson, Texas, USA; New Hope Cemetery
	Marriage:	19 Apr 1896 in Cedar Park, Williamson, Texas, USA; By S.A. Enoch Minister
	Spouse:	Elijah Hubert Cox
3 F	Name:	Margaret Letitia Inman
	Birth:	06 Dec 1878 in Williamson, Texas, USA
	Death:	20 Jun 1900 in Cedar Park, Williamson, Texas, USA
	Burial:	Cedar Park, Williamson, Texas, USA; New Hope Cemetery
	Marriage:	03 Mar 1897 in Williamson, Texas, USA; W.C. Shaw Justice of the Peace
	Spouse:	Robert H McFarland
4 F	Name:	Rosa Ann Inman
	Birth:	05 Apr 1881 in Williamson, Texas, USA
	Death:	12 Jul 1924 in Winters, Runnels, Texas, USA
	Burial:	Winters, Runnels, Texas, USA; Northview Cemetery
	Marriage:	23 Oct 1902 in Williamson, Texas, USA; J.A. Bittiock Minister of the Gospel
	Spouse:	David Green Ellason
5 M	Name:	Robert H Inman
	Birth:	03 Feb 1884 in Williamson, Texas, USA
	Death:	18 Sep 1950 in Winters, Runnels, Texas, USA; Coronary
	Burial:	Winters, Runnels, Texas, USA; North View Cemetery
	Marriage:	21 Apr 1912 in Round Rock, Williamson, Texas, USA; Rev L H Davis

Spouse: Ina Albina Samford

6
F Name: Minnie B Inman
 Birth: 08 Oct 1886 in Williamson, Texas, USA
 Death: 15 Jun 1977 in Williamson, Texas, USA
 Burial: Leander, Williamson, Texas, USA; Bagdad Cemetery, Leander, Williamson, Texas, USA
 Marriage: 26 Jan 1916 in Williamson, Texas, USA; By H B Ray
 Spouse: Luther Jerome Linebarger

7
F Name: Pearl Matilda Inman
 Birth: 17 Feb 1889 in Leander, Williamson, Texas, USA
 Death: 14 Nov 1971 in Round Rock, Williamson, Texas, USA; Pneumonia
 Burial: Cedar Park, Williamson, Texas, USA; New Hope Cemetery
 Marriage: 10 Jul 1910 in Williamson, Texas, USA; By H B Ray
 Spouse: Percy P. Jackson

8
M Name: John Roy Inman
 Birth: 21 Aug 1892 in Williamson, Texas, USA
 Death: 04 Oct 1977 in Round Rock, Williamson, Texas, USA
 Burial: Austin, Travis, Texas, USA; Cook-Walden Capital Memorial Park Cemetery Section G
 Marriage: 06 Oct 1912 in Williamson, Texas, USA; By LH Davis
 Spouse: Ellen McKamy

9
F Name: Mary Vashti Inman
 Birth: 12 Apr 1894 in Williamson, Texas, USA
 Death: 06 Mar 1973 in Georgetown, Williamson, Texas, USA
 Burial: Cedar Park, Williamson, Texas, USA; New Hope Cemetery
 Marriage: 1921 in Travis, Texas, USA; Book 23 Page 611
 Spouse: Joe Opal Blair

10
F Name: Julia J Inman
 Birth: Dec 1896 in Williamson, Texas, USA
 Death: Jun 1987 in Williamson, Texas, USA
 Burial: Cedar Park, Williamson, Texas, USA; New Hope Cemetery

Obituary for Mrs. Mary C. Trammell Inman

Williamson County Sun
May 21st 1937

Leander Locals- Mrs. Mary C. Inman

Mrs. Mary C. Trammell Inman passed away May 13 at her home near Leander at the age of 83 years and 25 days. She was born April 18th 1854 in Tarrant County Texas. She was united in marriage to S.C. Inman Dec. 18th 1869. To this union eleven children were born. Two having preceded her in death. Mrs. Inman was laid to rest in the Block House cemetery May the 14th with Rev Will Ross officiating. Mrs. Inman united with the Baptist church early in life, but later joined the Christian church at Cedar Park.

Pallbearers were Lewis Shelton, Herman Brown, Alvin Dunlap, Ottie B David, Elbie McFarland and Luther Chance.

She is survived by Mrs. M.A. Jeffery, Austin; Mrs. E.H. Cox, Sam Inman and John Inman all of Round Rock; P.H. Inman, Winters; Mrs. J.L. Linebarger, Mrs. Joe Blair, Mrs. Pearl Jackson and Julia Inman, Leander. She has 48 grandchildren, a number of great grandchildren, also a number of step grandchildren to mourn her passing.

Transcribed by Leslie D Inman Austin, Texas

VICTOR EMANUEL AND MARY BELLE ROUNTREE STRIEGLER FAMILY HISTORY

Hye, Blanco County, Texas

By: Gladys Striegler Wiseman, AGS Member

My father, Victor Emanuel Striegler is the first-generation Danish Striegler in America in my Striegler line, and is descended from Norway/Danish Strieglers. The earliest I have been able to document in my Striegler line dates back to Johan Gotlieb Striegler. His Family Group Sheet is the following:

Family Group Sheet: My Great-Great-Great Grandfather

Husband: Johan Gotlieb Striegler

Born: Abt. 1752 in: Marbach, Sachsen, Preyssen, Tyskland, Norway

Died: 19 Dec 1827 in: Svenborg, Svendborg sogn, Svendborg amt., Fyn Denmark

Wife: Marie Judith Philippine Hoffman

Born: 1761 in: Grafs, Henneberg, Schleusingen, Thuringwald Tyskland, Norway

Died: 12 Feb 1834 in: Svenborg, Svendborg sogn, Svendborg amt. Fyn, Denmark

CHILDREN

1. Name: Carl Freiderich William Striegler

Born: Abt. 1783 in: Pressen, Tyskland, Norway

Died: 09 Nov 1868 in: Troense, Bregninge sogn, Svendborg, amt., Tasinge, Denmark

Married: Abt. 1808

Spouse: Anna Kirstine Ritz

Married: 01 Aug 1808 in: Stige, Lumby sogn, Odense, amt, Fyn, Denmark

Spouse: Agatha Pederson Madsetter Lindegaard

2. Name: Wilhelmine Henrietta Philipine Striegler

Born: Abt. 1786 in: Preussen Tyskland,

Died: 09 Dec 1868 in: Bregninge kirkeg, Bregninge sogn, Svendborg amt. Tasinge, Denmark

Married: 12 May 1811 in: Stenstrup kirke, Stenstrup sogn, Svendborg amt. Fyn, Denmark

Spouse: Niels Mortensen

3. Name: Anna Katharine Wilhelmine Engel Striegler

Born: 24 Oct 1791 in: Odense, Odense sogn, Odense Amt., Fyn, Denmark

Died: 13 Mar 1867 in: Overgade, Odense sogn, Odense amt., Fyn, Denmark

Married:

Spouse: Schjtt

Married: 13 Mar 1814 in: Ihemmet, Tranekaer, Langeland, Denmark

Spouse: Georg Hopf

4. Name: Ida Dorothea Striegler

Born: Abt. 1792 in: Odense, Odense sogn, Odense Amt., Fyn, Denmark

Died: 02 Oct 1837 in: Svenborg, Svendborg sogn, Svendborg amt. Fyn, Denmark

Married: 27 Nov 1829 in: Sct. Nicolai, Svendborg, Fyn, Denmark

Spouse: Hans Christian Clemensen

5. Name: Edel Christophine Gottholdine Striegler

Born: Abt. 1794 in: Odense, Odense sogn, Odense Amt., Fyn, Denmark

Died: 14 Nov 1860 in: Storegade, Odense sogn, Odense amt., Fyn, Denmark

6. Name: Sophie Friderica Striegler

Born: Abt. 1795 in: Odense, Odense sogn, Odense Amt., Fyn

Died: 21 Feb 1827 in: Svenborg, Svendborg sogn, Svendborg amt. Fyn, Denmark

My Great-Great Grandfather, Carl Freiderich William Striegler was also born in Norway in 1783 but died in Denmark in 1868. He worked for the German Kaiser as a Forester or National Guardsman. He was a very talented musician. The name "Striegler" was originally spelled "Strigler" with no "e." It was changed at the request of the Kaiser, as he thought it gave the name a more German sound. At a later date he moved to Denmark where he married Agatha Lindegaard. His Family Group Sheet is as follows:

Husband: Carl Freiderich William Striegler

Born: Abt. 1783 in: Pressen, Tyskland, Norway

Married: 01 Aug 1808 in: Stige, Lumby sogn, Odense, amt, Fyn, Denmark

Died: 09 Nov 1868 in: Troense, Bregninge sogn, Svendborg, amt., Tasinge, Denmark

Burial:

Father: Johan Gottlieb Striegler

Mother: Marie Judith Philippine Hoffman

Other Spouses: Anna Kirstine Ritz

Wife: Agatha Pederson Madsetter Lindegaard

Born: 09 Dec 1783 in: Assens, Odense amt, Fyn, Denmark

Died: 22 Mar 1871 in: Udstolpe, Slemminge sogn, Lolland, Denmark

Burial:

Father: Mads Lindegaard

Mother: Maria Thoed

CHILDREN

1.. Name: Jacobine Amalia Striegler

Born: 08 Dec 1809 in: Strieglerroe, Stenstrup sogn, Svendborg, amt., Fyn, Denmark

Died: 20 Jan 1870 in: Troense, Bregninge sogn, Svendborg, amt., Tasinge, Denmark

Burial:

Married: in:

Spouse: Jacob K. Lilholt

Married: 26 Dec 1844 in: Slotskirken, Valdemar Slot, Bregninge sogn, Sundsherred, Denmark

Spouse: Christen Fuglsang

2. Name: Johan Friederick Gottlieb Striegler

Born: 05 Dec 1813 in: Tranekar, Tranekar sogn, Svendborg amt., Langeland, Denmark

Died: 13 Nov 1872 in: Fredericksburg, Gillespie Co., TX

Burial: in: Fredericksburg, Der Friedhof Cemetery, Gillespie Co., Texas

Married: 15 Jan 1837 in: Garnisonskirken, Kbenhavn, Lolland, Denmark

Spouse: Jensine Amalie Adamine Fridericke Lange

3. Name: Peter Ludvig Rudolf Striegler

Born: 04 Oct 1816 in: Rudk bing, rudk bing sogn, Svendborg amt. Langeland, Denmark

Died: 24 Jan 1876 in: Kbenhavn, Kbenhavn, Kbenhavns, amt., Lolland, Denmark

4. Name: Niels Wilhelm Striegler

Born: 24 May 1819 in: Tranekar, Tranekaer sogn, Svendborg amt, Langeland, Denmark

Died: 25 May 1819 in: Tranekar, Tranekaer sogn, Svendborg amt, Langeland, Denmark

5. Name: Carl Georg Niels Wilhelm Striegler

Born: 17 Feb 1822 in: Troense, Bregninge sogn, Svendborg amt, Fyn-Tasinge, Denmark

Died: 28 Sep 1882 in: Udstoolpe, Slemminge sogn, Maribo amt, Lolland, Denmark

Burial:

Married: 22 Apr 1848 in: Bregninge, Tasinge, Sundsherred, Denmark

2

Spouse: Jargine Dorthea Hedevig Mortensen

6. Name: Adam Philip (Theodor) Striegler

Born: 09 Sep 1824 in: Troense, Bregninge sogn, Svendborg amt, Tasinge, Denmark

Died: 15 Nov 1892 in: Stonewall, Gillespie Co., TX,

Burial: 17 Nov 1892 in: Stonewall Community Cemetery, Stonewall, TX

Married: 30 Apr 1854 in: Bregninge, Tasinge, Sundsherred, Denmark
Spouse: Emilie Lorentza Dorthea Lange.

The next generation is my Great-Grandfather, Adam Philip (Theodor) Striegler. Adam Philip Theodor Striegler, the fifth, and youngest child and the fourth son of Carl F.W. Striegler and his wife, Agatha Lindegaard. He was a talented musician. When his older brother Johan F.G. Striegler emigrated to the USA in 1855, Theodor was left in charge of one of the farms Johan still owned in Denmark. Adam Philip Theodor Striegler emigrated to the USA in 1881 with his wife Emilie Striegler, daughter Gunhild, and son, Ove J. Their oldest daughter, Agatha, did not immigrate to the USA at the same time in 1881. Agatha met and married Jens Hansen in Denmark and then they immigrated to the USA in 1887. Theodor is buried in the cemetery at Stonewall, Texas, in Gillespie County. It is not known when exactly Agatha died or is buried. It could be one of the unmarked graves in the same cemetery as Theodor.

Husband: Adam Philip (Theodor) Striegler

Born: 09 Sep 1824 in: Troense, Bregninge sogn, Svendborg amt, Tasinge, Denmark
Married: 30 Apr 1854 in: Bregninge, Tasinge, Sundsherred, Denmark
Died: 15 Nov 1892 in: Stonewall, Gillespie Co., TX
Burial: 17 Nov 1892 in: Stonewall Community Cemetery, Stonewall, TX
Father: Carl Freiderich William Striegler
Mother: Agatha Pederson Madsetter Lindegaard
Other Spouses:

Wife: Emilie Lorentza Dorthea Lange

Born: 09 Feb 1823 in: Krukholm, Nakskov Parish, Maribo County, Lolland, Denmark
Died: Abt. 1900 in: Stonewall, Gillespie Co., TX
Burial: in: unknown, Stonewall Cemetery, Stonewall, TX
Father: Hans Lange
Mother: Christophine Lindegaard

CHILDREN

1 Name: Hansine Wilhelmine Petrine Agatha Striegler
Born: 08 Jul 1855 in: Troense, Bregninge sg., Tarsing Island, Sogn, Sunds, Denmark
Died: 09 Jul 1902 in: Fredericksburg, Gillespie Co., TX
Burial: in: Der Friedhof Cemetery, Fredericksburg, Gillespie Co., Texas
Married: Apr 1876 in: Denmark
Spouse: Jens (AKA Jens Hansen Bruun Hansen)

2. Name: Gunild Thyra Striegler
Born: 15 Sep 1858 in: Troense, Bregninge sg., Tarsing Island, Denmark
Died: 21 Oct 1943 in: San Antonio, Bahe Co., Texas
Burial: in: Mission Burial Park, Bahe Co., Texas
Married: 03 Dec 1889 in: Fredericksburg, Gillespie Co., TX
Spouse: Peter (Niels Peder) Hansen

3. Name: S. Striegler
Born: 28 Jan 1864 in: Troense, Bregninge sg., Tarsing Island, Sogn Sunds, Denmark
Married: in:
Died: in:
Burial:
Spouse:

4. Name: Ove Jacob Wilhelm Emaunel Striegler
Born: 20 Jun 1866 in: Troense, Bregninge Sogn, Sunds Tasinge, Denmark
Died: 16 Jul 1935 in: Hye, Blanco Co., TX
Burial: 17 Jul 1935 in: Stonewall Cemetery, Stonewall, TX
Married: 20 Mar 1893 in: Fredericksburg, Gillespie Co., TX
Spouse: Marian Helene Lauritsen Hoisager

Ove Jacob Wilhelm Emanuel Striegler is my grandfather, whom I did not get to meet because I was born in 1936 and he died in 1935. They settled in Willow City, Texas, which is north of Fredericksburg, Texas, where apparently other friends and Danish settlers had gone. I have heard about Willow City from my father many times and probably my older brothers and sisters visited our grandparents many times there. My grandfather became a citizen of the USA in 1896.

Ove J. and Helene Striegler owned the LB Johnson Ranch property many years before LBJ became president. The little Red House with the white picket fence around it is where my grandparents lived. My older siblings did visit them many times there. My older sister, who is 90 years old, remembers visiting with them many times.

Soren Hoisager was a good friend of Jens Hansen. When Soren Hoisager, Marian Helene Hoisager and Christian Mathisen came to America, they lived with Jens Hansen through their first Christmas in America. Jens Hansen married Agatha Striegler and Gunild Striegler married Jens' brother, Peter Hansen. It has been documented that Gunild and Peter had a son, Edward Hansen, who was my father's first cousin. I remember "Papa" talking about Edward Hansen so much. They were in WWI together and had their picture taken. We treasure that picture.



Ove J. Wilhelm Emanuel and Marian Helene Lauritsen Hoisager Striegler and Children:
Victor Emanuel, Agnes Camille and Alfa Edith, (abt. 1906)

Husband: Ove Jacob Wilhelm Emanuel Striegler

Born: 20 Jun 1866 in: Troense, Bregninge Sogn, Sunds Tasinge, Denmark

Married: 20 Mar 1893 in: Fredericksburg, Gillespie Co., TX

Died: 16 Jul 1935 in: Hye, Blanco Co., TX

Burial: 17 Jul 1935 in: Stonewall Cemetery, Stonewall, TX

Father: Adam Philip (Theodor) Striegler

Mother: Emilie Lorentza Dorthea Lange

Wife: Marian Helene Lauritsen Hoisager

Born: 03 Mar 1863 in: Stenderup Parish, Vejle County, Denmark

Died: 15 Jul 1935 in: Hye, Blanco Co., TX age 72

Burial: 17 Jul 1935 in: Stonewall Cemetery, Stonewall, TX

Father: Laurits Jensen Hoisager

Mother: Anne Kirstine Sorendatter Guldberg

CHILDREN

1. Name: Victor Emanuel Striegler

Born: 12 Jun 1896 in: Fredericksburg, Gillespie Co., TX

Died: 12 Oct 1970 in: Fredericksburg, Gillespie Co., TX

Burial: 14 Oct 1970 in: Rocky Creek Cemetery, Hye, TX

Married: 15 Oct 1917 in: Johnson City, Blanco Co., TX

Spouse: Mary Belle Rountree

2. Name: Alfa Edith Striegler

Born: 04 Jan 1898 in: Hye, Texas

Died: 07 Sep 1971 in: Ft. Worth, Texas

Burial: in: Post Oak Cemetery, Hye, Texas

Married: 13 Sep 1917 in: Fredericksburg, Gillespie Co., TX

Spouse: Shuford Brown Tunnell

3. Name: Agnes Camille Striegler

Born: 04 Dec 1903 in: Hye, Texas

Died: 27 Jan 1989 in: San Antonio, Bexar Co., Texas

Burial: in: Fort Sam Houston National Cemetery, San Antonio, Texas

Married: 14 May 1922 in: Striegler Home, Gillespie Co., TX

Spouse: Max Beckman

4. Name: Lola (Lolete) George

Born: 18 May 1914 in:

Died: 01 Sep 1990 in: Blanco, Blanco Co., TX 78606

Burial: Probably in Blanco, Blanco Co. Cemetery, TX.

Married: Abt. 1931 in: Blanco Co., TX

Spouse: Hugo O. Brodback

My father and mother are the next generation, Victor Emanuel and Mary Belle Rountree Striegler. My family lived on a farm/ranch in Hye, Texas, for 22 years, and nine of us were born raised on this farm. The youngest, a brother, Jay, was born in the Blanco Hospital in 1943. We lived in Round Mt., Johnson City, Blanco and then back to Johnson City twice and Kerrville, TX, for 2 ½ years. Besides farming, my father was a "Watkins Man" and traveled all over the county. He was County Judge of Blanco County for one four- year term.

My father's Family Group Sheet is as follows:

Husband: Victor Emanuel Striegler

Born: 12 Jun 1896 in: Fredericksburg, Gillespie Co., TX

Married: 15 Oct 1917 in: Johnson City, Blanco Co., TX

Died: 12 Oct 1970 in: Fredericksburg, Gillespie Co., TX

Burial: 14 Oct 1970 in: Rocky Creek Cemetery, Hye, TX

Father: Ove Jacob Wilhelm Emanuel Striegler

Mother: Marian Helene Lauritsen Hoisager

Wife: Mary Belle Rountree

Born: 20 Aug 1900 in: Hye, Blanco Co., TX

Died: 04 Jul 1978 in: Bastrop, Bastrop Co., TX

Burial: 06 Jul 1978 in: Rocky Creek Cemetery, Hye, TX

Father: George William Rountree

Mother: Emma Josephine Hopkins



Victor Emanuel and Mary Belle Rountree Striegler
Wedding picture—Oct. 15, 1917, Johnson City, Texas.

CHILDREN

1. Name: George William Striegler

Born: 14 May 1919 in: Hye, Blanco Co., TX

Died: 03 May 1989 in: Los Angeles, CA

Burial: 05 May 1989 in: Forest Lawn Cemetery, LA, CA

Married: 08 Nov 1943 in: Los Angeles, CA

Spouse: Margaret (Margie) Nell Henderson

2. Name: Victor Vernon Striegler

Born: 07 Aug 1921 in: Hye, Blanco Co., TX

Died: 21 Sep 2004 in: New Braunfels, Comal Co., TX

Burial: Ft. Sam Houston, San Antonio, Bexar Co., TX

Married: 07 Mar 1944 in: Los Angeles, CA

Spouse: Sarah Hazie Rogers

3. Name: Lillian Irene Striegler

Born: 25 Feb 1923 in: Hye, Blanco Co., TX

Died: in:

Burial:

Married: 17 Oct 1942 in: San Antonio, Bexar Co., TX

Spouse: Clyde Wayne Cable

4. Name: Leola Mae Striegler

Born: 08 Mar 1925 in: Hye, Blanco Co., TX

Married: in:

Died: 18 Mar 1925 in: Hye, Blanco Co. TX

Burial: 19 Mar 1925 in: Hye, Rocky Cemetery, Blanco Co. TX

5. Name: Mildred Maxine Striegler

Born: 22 Jan 1927 in: Hye, Blanco Co., TX

Died: in: 18 February 2011, nursing home in Smithville, TX

Burial: Service in Caldwell. Burial at Rocky Cemetery, Hye, TX 2-18-11

Married: 04 Jul 1956 in: Austin, Travis Co., TX

Spouse: Alton Grohman

6. Name: Edward Marion Striegler

Born: 14 Aug 1929 in: Hye, Blanco Co., TX

Died: in:

Burial:

Married: 1950 in: Fredericksburg, Virginia

Spouse: Mary Elizabeth Skinner

Married: 1971 in Fayetteville, NC.

Spouse: Shirley Pierro

7. Name: Virginia Belle Striegler

Born: 17 Oct 1931 in: Hye, Blanco Co., TX

Died: in:

Burial:

Married: 02 Jun 1949 in: Johnson City, Blanco Co., TX

Spouse: Weldon Prehn

Married: 24 Nov 2000 in: Vernon, Wilbarger Co., TX

Spouse: Harold Allen Beam

8. Name: Maurice Lee Striegler
Born: 26 Dec 1933 in: Hye, Blanco Co., TX
Died: in:
Burial:
Married: 26 Jan 1960 in: Austin, Travis Co., TX
Spouse: Diane Sue Linenberger
Married: 03 Oct 1987 in: Williamson Co., TX
Spouse: Rosemary Stabeno

9. Name: Gladys Mary Striegler
Born: 19 Dec 1936 in: Hye, Blanco Co., TX
Died: in:
Burial:
Married: 02 Nov 1963 in: Fredericksburg, Gillespie Co., TX
Spouse: Billy Ray Wiseman

10. Name: O.J. Striegler
Born: 12 May 1943 in: Blanco, Blanco Co., TX
Died: in:
Burial:
Married: in:
1.Married: 09 Aug 1969 in: Travis Co., TX
Spouse: Ruth Ann Hart
2.Married: 21 Jul 1986 in: Houston, Harris Co., TX
Spouse: Jocelyne A. Balaracchi
3.Spouse: Cathy West



Striegler Siblings 1983, Johnson City, Texas (all 9 of us)
L.R.—Jay, Maurice, Gladys, Ed, Maxine, George, Sara & Vic, Virginia & Weldon Prenh, and
Lillian & Clyde Cable

And now we come to my generation and family. Being one of the youngest children in our family I have seen the good times and the bad times, the prosperous years and the lean years, the happy days and the sad days. As my younger brother, Jay, once said, "It is a lot of fun being the youngest when you are growing up, but now as we begin to lose our older siblings, the fun has disappeared. We younger ones now feel the hurt of seeing our older siblings as they pass on leaves an empty place in our family sibling pictures, never to be filled again and we as the younger ones have to "deal" with that feeling of emptiness". One way to combat this feeling is to fill our minds and hearts with pictures and memories of days gone by and past reunions and accomplishments of family.

When our mother died July 4, 1978, we vowed at that time to have a reunion every two years. Our first one was in 1980. We realized at that time, every two years would pose a hardship on many of us who have to travel from a long distance. We agreed to have reunions every three years and to have it in the home town where we all grew up in and around in the area, Johnson City, Texas. After our eldest sibling, George William Striegler, died in May 1989, we decided to move the place of the reunion to Fredericksburg, Texas, because it had more advantages in meeting places and still share in roots of the family. Our 12th Victor and Mary Striegler Family Reunion will be July 25-28, 2013 at the Fredericksburg Inn & Suites.

Growing up in a large family does have its blessings. We younger ones always looked forward to the older ones coming home any time but especially at Christmas time. They would help decorate the tree and share in festivities and just being together meant a lot to all of us. Our older sister we called "Big Ninna", and still let her know today that we remember, because when we younger children were about one year old, Mama would let "Big Ninna" take care of us so Mama could help with chores needing to be done around the house and farm. Big Ninna is still precious to all of us even though she is 90 years old, Lillian, Irene Striegler Cable, is still as independent and self-sufficient as she has always been, our loving "Big Ninn."



Lillian Irene Striegler Cable on her 90th birthday,
February 25, 2013

My dad, "Papa," could speak German, Spanish and Danish and could write Danish. He was also a "fiddler" and my brother, Vic, played the guitar. "Big Ninna" Chorded on the piano and the three of them would entertain us for hours with their music. Then when I got big enough, I played the piano with them. Papa completed the 6th grade and had the most beautiful handwriting. Mama finished the 8th grade and I have her 8th-grade Diploma. Papa and Mama raised nine children to adulthood, six of whom are still living today. Our next-to-the-oldest sister, Leola Mae, died 10 days after birth. Most of my siblings live in Texas, but I live in Georgia; Ed lives in Virginia, and my oldest brother's family lives in California, and Lillian, "Big Ninna," lives in North Carolina. So we are spread from coast to coast. My husband Billy Ray and I have been in Georgia since May 1967 and our daughter, Amy, was born here. Our son, Will, was born in Kansas, the actual day that Billy Ray stood his "Orals" for his PhD in Entomology at Kansas State University. Bill and I met at Ft. Bragg, North Carolina. When I graduated from Texas Woman's University in 1961, I was promoted to 2nd Lt. in the Army Nurse Corps. I chose first to go to Ft. Bragg because Big Ninna lived in North Carolina. I was stationed there and got to visit my sister often and met Billy Ray Wiseman, now my husband.

My Family Group Sheet is as follows:

Husband: Billy Ray Wiseman

Born: 28 Mar 1937 in: Bailey Co., TX

Married: 02 Nov 1963 in: Fredericksburg, Gillespie Co., TX

Died: in:

Burial:

Father: Archie Calvin Wiseman

Mother: Beulah Mae Dunlap

Wife: Gladys Mary Striegler

Born: 19 Dec 1936 in: Hye, Blanco Co., TX

Died: in:

Burial:

Father: Victor Emanuel Striegler

Mother: Mary Belle Rountree

CHILDREN

1. Name: William Samuel Wiseman II

Born: 03 Oct 1966 in: Manhattan, Riley Co., KS

Died: in:

Burial:

Married: 06 Aug 1994 in: Atlanta, GA

Spouse: Amy Christine Blackwell

Child: William Samuel Wiseman III, b. 15 Nov. 2005, in Nashville, TN

2. Name: Amy Lucretia Wiseman

Born: 27 May 1968 in: Tifton, Tift Co. GA

Died: in:

Burial:

Married: 20 Aug 1994 in: Tifton, Tift Co., GA

Spouse: Jon Michael Graham

Child: Samantha Camryn Graham, b. 6 March 2000, Winston-Salem, NC

VICTOR EMANUEL & MARY ROUNTREE STRIEGLER'S FAMILY MILITARY SERVICE RECORD SOMETHING TO BE PRAISED!

By Gladys Wiseman, AGS Member



Victor Emanuel and Mary Belle Rountree Striegler 1954

Victor Emanuel Striegler, a life-time resident of Blanco Co., and former County Judge, served in the military during WWI. All five of Victor's and Mary Striegler's sons served in the Marine Corp, George William (on the *USS Saratoga*), Victor Vernon (Solomon Islands), both served during WWII, and Edward Marion, Maurice Lee and O.J. served in peacetime. Three grandsons also served in the Marines: Victor Vernon Striegler, Jr., Charles Lee Striegler and Wayne Striegler. Their daughter, Gladys Mary Striegler, served in the Army Nurse Corp as a 1st Lieutenant. With ancestors serving in the Civil War, and the Revolutionary War, as well as sons-in-law, grandsons and grandsons-in-law serving in the Army and grandchildren and great grandchildren, serving in different branches of the military, this family has provided approximately 212.5 years of military service to the United States of America. There are great-grandsons still serving and planning on making the military their career.

One grandson, Clyde Wayne Cable, Jr., attained the highest rank for a Non-Commissioned Officer retiring as "Chief Master Sgt." with 30 years active service.

A granddaughter, Deborah Gail Prehn Agnew, served two years in India in the Peace Corps. We are proud of this family and their service record that shows the greatest patriotism a family can show to its country. We are proud to be a member of this great family of "soldiers," serving in the American Revolutionary War, Civil War, WWI, WWII, Korean War, Berlin Crisis, Iran Crisis, Desert Storm and, currently, the war with Iraq.

The Victor and Mary Striegler Family started having Family Reunions after the death of Mary Striegler in 1978 and have been having a Striegler Family Reunion every three years since 1980.

This article was written by Gladys and submitted to the Fredericksburg, Blanco, and Johnson City Papers to be published the week of July 4th 2004.

(revised Jan. 26, 2010) A resolution by the State of Texas Representative of the Blanco County has been placed in the Congressional Records of the State of Texas honoring this family in its dedication and years of military service and Peace Corps work.

The State of Texas



RESOLUTION

WHEREAS, Citizens of the United States owe an immeasurable debt to our nation's military personnel, who have served valiantly throughout this country's history and whose efforts and sacrifice have secured the liberties of countless people over many generations; and

WHEREAS, With ancestors serving in both the Civil and Revolutionary Wars, the Striegler family of Central Texas has provided more than 215 years of military service in behalf of the United States of America; and

WHEREAS, Victor Emmanuel Striegler served his country during World War I and, with his wife, Mary, had five sons, George William, Victor Vernon, Edward Marion, Maurice Lee, and O. J., who all served in the Marine Corps, and a daughter, Gladys Mary, who served as a first lieutenant in the Army Nurse Corps; many of the Strieglers' sons-in-law, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren have also bravely served their country, including Clyde Wayne Cable, Jr., who attained the highest rank for a noncommissioned officer and retired as chief master sergeant with 30 years of active service in the Air Force; and

WHEREAS, It is through the brave and steadfast efforts of Americans like the Strieglers that this country has continued to stand as a beacon of hope and a bastion of liberty; their military contributions are central to their family history and are truly emblematic of the outstanding qualities that have come to define these esteemed residents of the Lone Star State; now, therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That the members of the Striegler family be commended for their unwavering dedication to their country and that they be honored for their enduring legacy of patriotic duty and service.

04R117

Patrick M. Rose

Patrick Rose
State Representative
District 45

THE LIFE AND TRAVELS OF DANIEL BRAUCHT

1823-1852 FROM PENNSYLVANIA TO IOWA

By Alice Baumann, AGS Member

Transcribed from the original Journal in possession of Mrs. Philip Driskell , Lewiston, ID 83501
A copy is registered in the National DAR records.

Autobiography of Daniel Braucht

I was born December 20, 1823, in Jackson Township, Dauphin County, Pennsylvania, on what is known as the Nace Farm. Few things occurred worthy of note until the year 1832, when my father sold out to John Nace and soon after started for Ohio to look up a new home; but my mother never heard from him after he got to Hollowdaysburg. From that time, it has been a mystery of what became of him.

My mother lived on the place that year; the next year she rented the house. The next year she rented a small place of Uncle John McAlister's about one and a half mile, off south of the creek and she continued to live there until the spring of 1841 when she rented a house of Joseph Federhoof's. My mother had a family of eleven, ten living children. Three were living near Lewistown: David, Eliza, and John. Mary and Margaret, older than me were still at home. I was the sixth of the living children: Joshua, next older than me, died when he was only six weeks old. Adam, Catherine, George W. and Sophia were still younger than me.

With such a large family and without means, she had a Herculean task before her. So as soon as any of the children could get any work, that they could do, she put them out to do it. In the spring of 1833, she put me to work for Uncle David McAlister for my board and clothes. In the fall, I got a suit of very coarse clothes and a pair of coarse shoes. I then went home and went to school. In the spring of 1834, she sent me back to work for a dollar a month another summer. I went home in the fall again and went to school a couple more months and then in the spring of 1835, she hired me to Peter Hocker for one dollar-and-a-half a month, year around to act as hostler and roustabout at the hotel, which I had a hard time--doing the work of about two men and never getting to bed 'til about ten o'clock.

Then in the spring of 1836, she hired me to Hocker again for another year at two dollars a month, though I got some money from travelers. This year, I had to haul rocks to build his still house in addition to my stable and house work and wood chopping work. Hocker kept what was known as a "good country tavern." He had a large stone house and large bank barn besides the large feed stable and had a large farm house. He had a bar from which they sold liquor of all kinds and in all quantities. I was nearly killed by falling from a black cherry tree from which I was picking cherries to make cherry bounce. The great wonder is that I did not become a great drunkard as I loved and have loved the taste of liquor. But I suppose, seeing so much liquor, so much drinking and so much drunkenness, so much fighting and hearing so much swearing that I have no patience with the liquor traffic or those engaged in it.

There used to be raffling and shooting matches there very frequently in the fall and winter. This rendezvous was located at the foot of Peter's Mountain on the turnpike two miles north of Dauphin. He also built a distillery for the manufacturing of whiskey, which he started in full blast the last year I lived with him. Sadness and sorrow have fallen upon that family.

In April 1837, my uncle, Randle McAlister, hired me to drive a boat horse on the Schuylkill Canal for eight dollars a month while the season lasted, which was until November first. He and his brother,

James were boating coal from Pottsville to Philadelphia. He made sixteen trips in the season, after which I went home and went to school at the Lankard Schoolhouse to John Nace who was unable to take a class through simple proportion. That winter I got my last whipping for defending brother George, from the Tripples boys, but I got away from them.

In March 1838, I hired to Mr. Wright, proprietor of Victoria Furnace in Clarke's Valley. I got six dollars to tend the stable and act as roustabout. After working several months at this, Sam Molony, the man that boated ore for the furnace, offered me nine dollars a month to drive the boat horses, which I accepted. I worked one month and then quit as he was too cross and mean. I then went home and worked among the farmers in hay making and harvest.

I then hired to work for Oliver Baskin at six dollars. I worked for him three months. Then I hired to Peter Leebrick in Halifax at ten dollars a month. I tended stable and drove cart horses on the Canal contract and got provisions for the shanty. I left there the nineteenth of September 1838. On the twenty-second of September, I commenced work for my brother-in-law at Fort Hunter to learn the blacksmith trade. I went to school part of that winter. The following spring, he moved to Coxestown four miles down the river.

In August, I was taken sick with the ague and bilious fever. I was taken home to my mother and remained at home eight weeks, then went back to work but shouldn't have done so as I was still very weak. But I continued to work and in the spring of 1840, Joseph Oren moved to Putnam County, Ohio.

I then hired to Jas. Denning in Harrisburg as helper in his blacksmith shop at eight dollars a month. After a short time, he induced me to start in as an apprentice at twenty-five dollars a year for the first year, thirty dollars the next and fifty dollars the next. In the spring of 1841, Oren wrote to me and wanted me to come out to him and that he would give me ten dollars a month. I then left Denning and for eleven months of work I got thirty dollars. I worked several weeks in Powell Valley at grubbing for William Taylor and other work among farmers and one week for Andrew Fleager, my brother-in-law in the blacksmith shop in Armstrong Valley. By this time I had about \$36 dollars. On the twenty-fifth of April 1841, I left my mother's home for Ohio, Putman County. My mother then lived on George Fetterhoff's place in Armstrong's Valley.

I started on foot and alone. I stopped two nights and one day at Newport in Perry County with Aunt Sophia Riter and Catherine Hartzel. I next made a stop at my cousins, David, John and George Braucht near Lewistown in Mifflin County. When I reached Hollowdayburg, I took the cars to Johnston across the Alleghany Mountains. From there, I struck out on foot, again by way of Blairsville to Pittsburgh. My shoes having worn out, I bought a new pair, with which I had a sad experience. They caused my feet to blister so badly that I couldn't walk a step. But I still tried to go on as long as I could go at all. I was advised to put whiskey in my shoes, which I did, which proved a good use to put whiskey. My feet began getting better and my pace increased so that some days I walked as much as forty miles.

From Pittsburgh, my route lay west through Beaver, Pa., then through Columbiana County, Stark County, Wayne County, Richland County, Crawford County, Wyandott County, Hancock County, to Putnam County, Ohio. In the eastern part of Cofford County, I turned off my direct road to the south several miles to call on the family of David Jones, by request of Mrs. Jones' father, Matthew Taylor, who was also the father of William Taylor, husband of my sister, Eliza. They were much pleased at my call and treated me royally. After remaining with them a few days to enjoy needed rest, I made the remainder of my journey to Gilboa in good condition on the 16th of May 1841.

I commenced work at once with Joseph Oren at twelve dollars a month for one year, and for the next year he gave me thirteen dollars and the third year he took me in as a partner which was of no par-

tical advantage to me. In the spring of 1844, I decided to visit my mother, sisters, and brothers again. I settled with Oren, took his note for what he owed me, and left him to take care of a mare and colt that I had.

I started on horseback on the twenty fifth. I visited Mathew Taylor's and David Jones' family again and also Samuel Taylor, who was a single man. They then lived in Marion County, Ohio. The horse I rode was a beautiful little dark brown mare, four years old, that I had bought of Mr. William Thrufe [Tharp]. She had seen no service so to speak. When I put her on the road with my weight (185 lbs) and well-packed saddle bags, her back galled; the weather being warm and damp, I was compelled to stop and doctor her back. I stopped at a farmhouse ten days near Chamberburg, Columbiana County, Ohio, and I worked for my board and horse feed. I took the Three Mountain road and went to Fort Littleton, the Burnt Cabins and Strawsburg, Shippensburg and Carlisle.

I crossed the North Mountains and visited Uncle David Braucht several days, who lived at the foot of the mountains. I crossed over the mountains at Satarets's Gap; to Clarke's Ferry (State Bridge); over the Susquehanna via Dunconan Iron Works. I crossed the Juanita River at its junction with the Susquehanna and over the old State Bridge. Then I was once more in Powell's Valley after an absence of about three years.

On that day I got home, it being the twenty-third of May, and was kindly received by my loving mother, sisters and brothers. They were then living in her own home near Oliver Baskins and about a half-mile south of William Taylor on the Cold Springs run. She had about three acres of land. After visiting my friends and relatives, I found work at the Victoria Furnace, owned and operated by Henry Bayard in Clarke Valley, receiving thirteen dollars a month and board. I continued to work for him until the twenty-first of April, at which time he became bankrupt. The Marshall of the Eastern Division of Pennsylvania levied all of his property on behalf of Simon Cameron. I lost thirty dollars in the operation. I left for the coal region in Schuylkill County and on the twenty-ninth I commenced working for George Spencer of Minersville at four dollars a week and board. I took my brother George with me to the coal region and also hired him to Mr. Spencer at two dollars a week and board. We continued to work for Spencer until December. Brother George wished to go home and go to school during the winter. We decided to go home and spend the holidays with our family and friends.

The coldest day I ever felt was that day. The snow was also deep and the roads but little broke on our route from Minersville in Schuylkill County to George Parks in the upper part of Powell Valley, Dauphin County. By the time we reached Parks, my brother was nearly overcome with fatigue and cold. He had fallen down a great number of times in the last three miles of our journey. Coming down the mountain where the road was only a log haul to the sawmill, his face was also blistered with the cold. In all we traveled thirty-five miles that day and night, until we reached Parks, about eight miles of the last part of the journey without seeing a house and the snow had a hard crust about an inch thick, caused by raining and freezing, which made it very bad walking for anyone, much less for a boy of fifteen years. He would slip and fall often, he was so overcome with fatigue that I almost despaired of getting him to the settlement. I continued to aid and encourage by words and deeds until at last we arrived at George Parker [Parks] house. Mr. George Parker [Parks] was not at home, as he was at a prayer meeting in the neighborhood. His wife refused to keep us all night. I insisted but she persisted in refusing. But at last I got permission to come in the house and warm ourselves for it was very cold. I had not made myself known up to this time. My reason for doing so was that I wanted to try their hospitality and humanity for I well knew if I should make myself known I would be made welcome by Mrs. Parker [Parks].

On entering the sitting room, the old gentleman Parker [Parks], who was in, asked me my name. I told him my name was Braucht. He asked which of the Braucht's, I answered Daniel, which made his daughter-in-law stare, she and I having been intimate acquaintances before her marriage to Parks. The old man rebuked her for treatment in such a cruel manner. She apologized and excused herself in all

possible ways. She thought we were peddlers and that she did not wish to have peddlers in her house on the Sabbath day, which was the next day. She then prepared supper for us and we were treated very kindly that night and the next day. The elder part of the Parker [Parks] family and our family had been very intimate friends.

The next morning Parker [Parks] and his wife were going to the Taylor schoolhouse to attend a Quarterly meeting and offered to haul our pack, which we accepted. We started off on foot and got to the meeting about eleven o'clock. We went to William Taylor's for dinner, and in the afternoon we went home to our mother, who gave us a hearty reception. I had intended to return to Minersville the next week, but went to see Mr. Bayard in regard to some money he owed me. I there learned that the firm of the furnace had changed. Mr. Davidson was owner and John McCauley was manager, who insisted on my going to work for them. I finally agreed for twenty-five dollars a month, but had to pay eight dollars a month for board. I commenced work on the twenty-ninth of December 1845 and continued to work until the latter part of August 1846.

The time had now come that I had arranged to go back to Putnam County, Ohio, where there was some money due me and some business unsettled. I left home on Monday, August thirty-first 1846. I walked all the way to Pittsburgh except a short ride, when I got on the packet (canal) from Alexandria to Hollowdaysbrug. At Pittsburgh, I took passage on board a steam boat for Cincinnati, Ohio. There I took passage on a canal boat for the town of St. Mary. From there I walked to Lima and from there to Columbus Grove, Putnam County. I visited my brother, John, and then went on to Gilboa where I visited several days with relations and friends, notably Brother David and Oren's family with whom I settled and took notes on different men to the amount of two hundred and fifty-three dollars.

After visiting my friends and relatives to my heart's content, I started for Wisconsin by way of the lakes. I left Gilboa on the eighth of October for Maumee City in company with James Colco, Daniel France and others who were hauling wheat to market. The river was low for boats to run above Toledo. I concluded to walk to Detroit. I had a good chance to view the historic grounds from Ft. Meigs on the Maumee, where Winchester was so badly defeated, and the river Raisin at Monroe. I stopped at Brest overnight, five miles from Monroe on the road to Detroit with Mr. Chamberlain, who was blind. He owned and operated sawmills in connection with his sons. James was married and lived in his own home. They urged me to stop and work for them at blacksmithing and in the mills when work was scarce. They offered me five dollars and fifty cents per week, which I accepted.

The old lady, the wife and mother, done all the house work. She was one of the best cooks that I ever saw; they had conducted hotels for many years. Her pastry was unsurpassed. In the evening, we were called to tea. The first time, I was somewhat embarrassed. There was no fork at my place. It was on my tongue to ask for a fork but I happened to notice that the others had none. I then noticed I had no use for one as there was neither vegetables, meats or fish, but sauce butter pastry and tea. Every day at five, I learned to enjoy it very much. But at breakfast and dinner, vegetables and meats were plenty.

She slept two hours every day from two to four o'clock. Then at night she played the fiddle until 10 o'clock. She and her husband slept in different rooms, she and John downstairs and I and the old man upstairs in adjoining rooms. He suffered dreadfully from the nightmares which he had almost every night. In May 1847, I made a visit to Gilboa again. I hired a pony and was gone about a week. On that trip, I visited the city of Toledo. I arranged to leave Brest on the third of July, 1847, a Saturday. A great celebration was announced to come off at Detroit on the fifth. We did not get off until the fourth, a Sunday. The Chambers boys took their buggy as far as Trenton on the Detroit road. We stopped overnight, Monday. They sent the buggy home by the driver and we hired the landlord to take us to Detroit, which he did at an early hour. This was a great day for Detroit. There were companies of firemen and companies of militia from Rochester and Buffalo, New York, Cleveland and Sandusky, Ohio, and a great

many from different places in Michigan. A big show day and night, fireworks in the Michigan Garden and almost every attraction. During my sojourn in Detroit, I crossed the river and took a trip out in the country on the Canadian side. I also fell in with three Powell Valley boys, James Mahard, Thomas and Robert Kelly. We had a good time together, recounting the scenes of our childhood and boyhood on the old sod.

On the sixth, they left for Monroe on the steamboat *Wayne*. J. M. Chamberlain started for Brest on the stage the eighth. John Chamberlain and I took passage on the steamboat *Superior*, for Chicago. I then owned about three hundred dollars in cash and those Ohio notes. We had a lovely passage up the Detroit River to Lake St. Clair with the exception of the St. Clair flats, through which the boat had to go very slowly and with great care, the water being shallow and the channel varying.

We then entered the river St. Clair, through which we passed swiftly. It is the finest river for navigation that I ever saw. There are some handsome and thriving towns on each side as we approach Lake Huron. Fort Gratiot is situated there, garrisoned by the United States troops. We entered Lake Huron about six o'clock on the sixth, whose clear water, blue sky, sinking horizons and bright setting sun produce raptures of delight of all on board. There the steamer could do her best in that wide waste of water. Everything was calm and serene as she plowed the blue waters of the most beautiful of lakes.

But as night came on, the wind began to raise and the lake became rough. The trembling and rocking motion of the boat caused a sensation of dizziness and nausea. For relief, I sought my state room at an early hour and tried to become oblivious to all surroundings. Morpheus soon came to my relief and encircled me in his arms and carried me back through all of the past to my mother's home and the days of my childhood and boyhood, the likes of which I had never enjoyed before. The boat continued to dash through the waves.

In the early morning, I awoke hearing her wheels dashing the water back, which warned me that I was not in my mother's arms. I sought the forecastle to take a view of the grandest of lakes in the early dawn. As far as the eye could see, no land or tree could be seen. It was simply an immense world of clear blue water. I kept a sharp lookout for the rising sun, which recalled the legend of childhood of the sun coming out of the water in its effulgent glory. The grandest sight, that I ever saw or expect to see again. The wind calmed and we had a pleasant passage through Lake Huron. About three o'clock in the afternoon, we arrived at the village of Mackinaw, situated on an island of the same name. The passengers all went ashore to visit the Fort, a small and substantial work well situated to command the Straits of Mackinaw and the Sault Ste. Marie on the entrance to Lake Michigan and Lake Superior. The water is so clear that you could see any small bright object to the depth of fifteen or twenty feet.

Within two hours, we were all aboard and the boat was headed to the west in the Straits of Mackinaw through which we passed before night; passing Beaver and Mann Islands, we entered the Great Lake Michigan at three o'clock of the tenth of July. She rounded to the pier at Sheboygan. I put up at the Sheboygan House. The next day, Sunday, I walked out to the Sheboygan Falls and back again. On Monday, I took my grip and went to the falls on the Sheboygan River and bought one hundred sixty acres of land for four hundred dollars from A. Bronson of Oswego, NY, per Mr. Cole, agent for him. It was described as follows: N.W. ¼ Township #15 of Range 22 East. I paid twenty dollars to close the bargain and took his receipt. He sent for the deed, which arrived in due course of time which I had recorded in Register of Deeds page 237 & 238.

I got work for Mr. Benedict, at blacksmithing at twenty-four dollars a month and board, commencing on the thirteenth day of July 1847 and continued to work for him until the twenty-seventh of September. For the last weeks, he paid me one dollar a day. Sheboygan Falls has good water power, has several saw mills and it is situated fifty miles north of Milwaukee on the road from Milwaukee to Green

Bay and six miles or ten miles west of Sheboygan on the road to Fon du Lac. The country around is well-timbered. The produce of the farms were generous, wheat, rye, barley, oats and potatoes. There were some good pine timber, also oak and hard maple.

Sheboygan has a good harbor and will someday be a city of importance. The bold bluffs north of the city on which the lighthouse is situated, adds much to its beauty as doubtless it will be used as a park someday.

On the 28th of September, I started to go to Burlington, Iowa. I took passage on the fine steamer, *Sultana*, for Chicago. We had a lovely passage and nothing special transpired except a horse fell overboard at the pier at Milwaukee which caused some excitement in the effort to get him. He made several wide circuits around the pier. Several boats were manned and they tried to herd him to the shore, but he would try to get in the boats. He kept swimming for more than an hour but they finally captured him.

Milwaukee is a large and thriving city. We passed some handsome towns on the west shore of Lake Michigan, Racine, South Port. On arriving at Chicago, I took the first stage that left for Galena. We started for Galena at three in the morning on the twenty-ninth, 1847. We had a long stage ride about one hundred sixty miles, which occupied two days and nights. Galena is situated in the northwest corner of Illinois, about ten miles from Dubuque, Iowa. The site of the city is the roughest that I ever saw, steep hills on every side. The business houses are on the street along Fever Street with a small stream that empties into the Mississippi about fifteen miles below. We had a pleasant ride in a small stern wheel boat. For want of a boat, I was detained from Friday until Monday. There were only ten or twelve passengers on board. We stopped at all the towns for trade and traffic. Among other towns, I remember Davenport, Rock Island, Bloomington, Muscatine, and Burlington, Iowa.

Here I stopped to visit some friends, uncles and aunts, etc. Upon inquiry, I learned that my cousin Elizabeth (McAlister) Riter was living on what was known as the South Hill. I found her in a pleasant home of their own. Her husband, William Riter, was a carpenter. They gave me a cordial welcome and treated me royally. I had not seen Cousin Elizabeth for seven years. I learned that her Grandmother McAlister was living with Aunt Sophia Riter on Tarrytown Prairie, about six miles north of Burlington. I went out there the same day and found them all well and doing well. Grandmother was very old. She was overjoyed to see me once more.

Aunt Sophia was the mother of two children, one boy and one girl (Daniel and Elizabeth). Her husband, Daniel Riter, was a carpenter by trade, but lived on his farm. Uncle Daniel McAlister was their nearest neighbor. Uncle Randle McAlister and Uncle Adam Hartzel lived on Cazey about ten miles northwest of Burlington near Dodgeville. My uncle Hartzel had a narrow escape with his life on the day he was married Aunt Catherine McAlister, when I was a small boy. He was going to the wedding in a top buggy, one horse. He had to cross Powell Creek at a ford. He was unacquainted with the ford. The creek was up and swift. It washed the horse and buggy down the stream. It drowned the horse and wrecked the buggy. There was great excitement that day.

Uncle James McAlister was living in Louisa County, seven miles north of Columbus City in a lovely country. Aunt Sophia and I went visit him. He had married his second wife. I don't recall her name. They had several children. I also visited Michael Chub and Archey McAlister who lived near Uncle Hartzel. Uncle Riter, his sons and I had a lot of fun hunting ducks on the Islands and sloughs of the Mississippi. I visited some three weeks in Iowa. On October twenty-ninth, I took a stage for Keokuk, forty eight miles from Burlington, fare fifty cents. At Keokuk, I took passage for St. Louis on the steamboat, *Prairie Bird*. On board, I became acquainted with two families, Stewarts, John, and Mary and Wilson and his wife, and Joseph Pringle who were on their way to Lexington, Mississippi. John Stewart had lived there

before. He said it was one of the finest towns in the south. He said that the gentleman, Robert Cook, that they were going to work for, had written to them to bring a blacksmith with them and he would pay thirty-five dollars a month and board. He also told me that Cook was solvent and punctual paymaster. I then changed my plans, which was to go to St. Louis and work in a plow shop, to go to Lexington, Mississippi. I then took passage at St. Louis on a New Orleans boat with them, for Vicksburg, Mississippi. The first place of interest, after leaving St. Louis, was the Jefferson Barracks with beautiful sloping from the river with suitable buildings. There we passed Cape Girardeau and many smaller villages on the Missouri side and several on the Illinois side, lastly, Cairo at the junction of the Ohio with the Mississippi River. It is on a low plat of ground with levies next to the rivers and streets filled up to their level with few scattering houses, and an old steamboat lying at the wharf for a hotel. It seemed to be extensively laid out but thinly settled.

We then passed Columbus and Hickman on the Kentucky and New Madrid on the Missouri side. There are few towns for several hundred miles. Memphis is the first of note. It is a large thriving town in the southwest part of Tennessee. It is well located and a leading business center and has a wharf boat as nearly all the towns have. Here we began to see cotton bales in abundance. We had seen few before. There were few towns on the Arkansas side of the river, Helena and Napoleon are of most note. We also had our attention called to the Yazoo Pass, an opening from the Mississippi River through the Yazoo Delta to the Yazoo River through which boats went when the water was high in the Mississippi River.

We saw several nice towns in Louisiana, Lake Providence of greatest note. We next arrived at Vicksburg, a thriving business center, situated on what is known as the Chickasaw Bluffs with some business houses and a large hotel on the levee, the Prentice House. We then took passage on the *Yazoo Packet* for Yazoo City. She steamed up the Mississippi about twelve miles, and then entered the Yazoo River. We soon passed Old River and Chickasaw Bayou. There was nothing of special interest but the Sun-flower River and the limbs of trees rubbing the sides of the boat, and some lovely cotton plantations on the river bank. The cotton was very large and in bloom with the Negroes' heads bobbing up and down and their songs ringing to the echo as the steamer plowed the narrow stream.

On arriving at Yazoo City, we sought conveyance for Lexington. We agreed on a price for him to haul us out. We soon found a man that had a covered wagon going to Lexington, thirty-six miles. The roads were fearful and it rained nearly all the time. We passed the town of Benton, the county seat of Yazoo County, ten miles out; then in fifteen miles further, we came to Britten Smiths, where the road from Richland connects. In this stretch of country from Yazoo City to Smiths, I saw the first Spanish moss that I ever saw and the first persimmons that I had seen since I was a boy in Pennsylvania. From Britton Smiths to Lexington is about eleven or twelve miles, which took us to the first pitch pine that I had ever seen since I left Pennsylvania. As we approached Lexington, the county seat of Homes County, we came down a clay hill, then across the little Black Creek on a bridge, then passed a little old corn mill and went up a gentle ascent into the town with the courthouse in the public square. I arrived in Lexington November eleventh, 1847.

Lexington is regularly laid out, the streets crossing at right angles and has about one thousand inhabitants and three church buildings, Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian; two school buildings; two hotels; Odd Fellow and Masonic Lodges, eight stores; two saloons; six doctors; two wagon and blacksmith shops, one small bank or broker shop, and all the trades were pretty well represented for a town its size, including ten lawyers. Before I reached town, I was informed that Mr. Cook was bankrupt and was not a reliable man to work for. I went around his shop and took a good look at him, but made no proposition to work for him. He did not fill my standard as a boss. Mr. Mayo was conducting the other shop. I inquired of him if he wanted to hire a blacksmith. He said his blacksmith was hired until January, 1848. But said he would give me forty dollars a month at that time. I concluded to look for work elsewhere. On the night of the 12th I took passage on the Yazoo City stage to Britton Smiths twelve miles

off. On the 13th, I went on foot to Richland, a very small village about ten miles. I could not get work except as partner with the blacksmith there, which I declined. I went back to Smiths and on the 14th, I started across to Canton on a kind of deserted road. I carried my baggage on my back but I got through all right. I crossed the Big Black River, seven miles north of Canton on the road from Yazoo City to Canton. I put up at the Canton House for the first night.

The next day I walked in the town. It is a much nicer town than Lexington. It is the seat of justice of Madison County. It has the usual complement of business houses and so I stayed three days in Canton, making headquarters at Mr. Barlowe's the principal blacksmith of the place. He charged me sixty-two-and-a-half cents a day. He suggested several places around in the county that I visited but in every case, failed. He also gave me valuable suggestion in relation to the county and customs and ways of the southern people. He finally advised me to go to a small village by the name of Vernon about twenty miles southwest from Canton where he thought I would likely get into work. I went down there but found no town but one small store, one repair shop and a Methodist Church, and four or five houses. It was in one of the best farming countries that I had seen in the state. After remaining about three weeks I got a job off Col. Henry in the country at two dollars a day repairing his farmer's tools, laying his carriage and buggy axle trees and repairing and springs. I got a job from Dr. Thomas and worked five days repairing his farm tools and blacksmith tools and at last Mrs. Thomas sent a brass hand iron to be fixed. The legs were broken where the stand went through. It was a difficult job to hold the parts together and fuse silver in the break, but which I succeeded doing all right.

During this time, I had written to Mr. Mayo at Lexington telling him that I got a temporary job and if he would give me forty dollars a month, I would come back to Lexington by the first of January 1848. When I came from Thomases, I received a letter from Mayo, saying he would accept my offer. I received his letter on December 25th and on the 27th, I left Vernon for Lexington. I started on foot. The first night, I stopped with Mr. Gaphaw in Yazoo County, and in the afternoon of the 29th I reached Lexington and started work for Mr. Mayo on the first of January 1848 at forty dollars a month and board. Madison County is a fine county for farming. Cotton is the principal product but almost everything that grows in the south does well here. I continued to work for him until June 7, 1849. I decided to return north to live. I thought I would like to settle in the state of Iowa.

There was plenty of government land there. I bought four Mexican War Land Warrants of 160 acres each, one from Josiah G. Dunn for one hundred and twenty five dollars; one from Robert H. Montgomery; and one from Ben. B. Fartheres for one hundred and fifteen dollars each. During the seventeen months that I had lived in Mississippi, I enjoyed reasonable good health and was well treated by all the people that I came in contact with. I became a member of the Methodist Church South and the Lexington Division of the Sons of Temperance. The health of the people was generally good. But early in 1849 the cholera broke out in the river towns and spread to the low lands in this country. It was very fatal in the west part of the county. There was one case two miles north of Lexington. A man named Thomas Dew was supposed to be dead. The doctor, David Sharp, called Mr. Mayo up at two o'clock in the morning to make a coffin for Dew. He had been with him and done all for him that is possible to do without avail, as he thought, and then left him dying. But he called Dr. Sutton and told him what he had done as Sutton was Dew's regular doctor, and he had better go out and see him, as Sutton was not in town in the afternoon when he was sent for. He went out and stayed until eight o'clock in the morning when he was still alive with hope of his recovery, which he did and in three weeks he came in the shop to see his coffin. I don't know of any fatal cases in the Pine Hills country around Lexington.

When the time came when I had appointed to start, I began to feel loathe to leave so many warm friends and go up the Mississippi when there was so much cholera and it so fatal. But trusting in the protecting care of my Heavenly Father, I left Lexington on the nineteenth of June 1849 on a wagon that Mr. Mayo sent to Yazoo City for material to be used in the shop. I purchased the material in the

morning for him the 20th and at noon, I was on the steamer John Wesley bound for Vicksburg. There were few boats running then and I had to wait until the 23rd when I took passage on an Ohio River boat to Cairo, at which place I arrived in the morning of the 27th and was compelled to wait there until the 28th for a boat for St. Louis. During my stay in Cairo, suffering was unendurable, the likes of which I had never felt and hope never again to feel. I stayed at the Wharf boat hotel. I arrived at St. Louis on the 30th at eleven o'clock in the morning. I did not go up in the city as cholera was raging fearfully. There were about one hundred twenty deaths daily. I got off for Burlington on the steamboat, *Cora*, at six o'clock in the evening. I arrived at Burlington, Iowa, at July 2nd in good shape though I had passed through the greatest pestilence that has ever struck our country.

I called on Cousin William and his wife, Elizabeth Riter. I received a cordial welcome such as they always gave me. I then went out to Tarrytown Prairie to visit Grandmother McAlister, Uncle Daniel Riter, Aunt Sophia Riter and Uncle Daniel McAlister, and their families. I went out to Casey Prairie to visit Uncle Randle McAlister and family. Uncle Adam Hartzel and family, and Archibald McMicle and family, who was an old friend of our family in Pennsylvania. In a short time, I decided to go west to look for government land. I got a horse from Uncle Randle and started to go westward. I passed through Flint River timber and struck the prairie and struck the Burlington Road near Mt. Pleasant, a small town, the county seat of Henry County. Going west, I crossed a nice little river called Skunk, which was skirted with the finest timber for a long time. I passed no town until I reached Fairchild, the county seat of Jefferson County. The District Land Office was located there. I had my land warrants examined by the Registrar who, said that two of them were defective, the assignment not being witnessed.

I then started for Knoxville, a storekeeper there, Lysander Babbit, having been recommended as a proper person to see about vacant land. The first town passed was Agency, only a few houses; next town was Ottumwa, the county seat of Keokuk County on the Des Moines River; Edylleville was also on the river. There I crossed the river and went west on the south side of the Des Moines River and crossed Cedar Creek at Haymaker's Mill. I crossed several nice creeks before I reached Knoxville, very small county seat of Marion County. Mr. Babbit informed me that good selection of lands had been generally taken in the county and advised me to go west to Warren County and call on Dr. Ball, who lived at Middle River about 15 or 20 miles from Des Moines. After leaving Knoxville and going about three miles, I crossed the White Brest River at a ford below a sawmill. White Brest seemed to be well-timbered. Going west by the traveled road, I crossed Cole Creek at a ford and several small streams. In the afternoon of the 14th of July, I crossed South River near Samuel and Dillen Hayworths. There seemed to be any amount of timber on South River. Coming west I passed Alex Ginders and P. P. Hendersons. Then I struck the prairie. The next timber I struck was Gossick's Round Grove. He lived in a little log house. The next farm house was Amos Barker, Sr., then Daniel Barker, who lived in a log house and had twenty acres of prairie broken, that was all the improvement visible on the ridge. Going west from South River at Hayworths, about four miles west of Daniel Barker, John Smith was living in a tent on the prairie. There I was directed to go nearly due north to Middle River to Dr. Ball.

It being Saturday, I felt greatly relieved having found a good place to rest over the Sabbath day. The Doctor was not at home when I got there, but he came home during the night. I learned that John Woodside and his brother-in-law John McHenry, who were living in the neighborhood, had come from Casey Prairie, De Moines County near Hartzel's. On the 15th, I had a pleasant and restful Sabbath, the first that I had spent in Warren County. On Monday the 16th Dr. Ball advised me to go south about ten miles to White Oak Point and see Jas Langley, a Mormon, who had a nice claim of timber and prairie with two cabins and forty acres under cultivation, which he thought I could buy at a bargain.

I then started south on what was known as the Sioux Trace on the west side of South River, then east through the timber to Mr. Langley's on the Dagoon Trace. He priced the claim at five hundred dollars. I told him I wanted to look at more of the country before I gave him an answer. He offered to go

with me and show me all the unclaimed timber land he knew of. On the 17th, we went southwest to the Irish Grove and found it entirely unclaimed and unsettled, the Irishman having pulled up and left. We returned that evening without having seen any improvements of any kind. The next morning I decided to buy Langley's place. I offered him 160 acres land warrants and seventy-five dollars in cash, to pay him one land warrant that time and seventy-five dollars in November, and one land warrant within a year from that time, and to remain on the place until then. A Mr. Clayton, another Mormon, was living in the other cabin. I believe they were refugees from Narvo, Illinois.

I was then ready to return to Burlington. I felt some anxiety in reference to the county seat, but could find out nothing definite. It was not located yet, and each one thought it would be near their place. The county was then 18 by 24 miles. I started north on the Dragon Trace, which passed through the claim in northeast direction, across South River, four miles northeast, thence north to the Ridge Road, thence east over the same road and through the same towns that I had passed going west a few days before.

On arriving at Fairchild the twentieth of July, I located two land warrants on the S ¼ of Section of 30TF 75N 24W 5th PAO Iowa. I then left for Burlington. I arrived at my uncle Adam Hartzel's on the 22nd. I visited Uncle Randle McAlister on the 23rd, then went to Tarrytown Prairie and visited with my friends until Sunday the 29th. On that day in company with Cousin Catherine and Daniel McAlister, I went to Camp Meeting at Yellow Springs, returning in the evening. On Monday, the 30th, I left Burlington on the stage for Chicago, by way of Peoria, arriving there on the evening of the 31st. A steamboat being ready to start for Peru, I took passage and arrived there about sunrise August 1st. The Canal Packet being ready for Chicago, I took passage and arrived at Chicago the next morning at seven o'clock. I did not remain there any longer than necessary to get away as the cholera scourge was carrying off its victims at the rate of 100 to 120 a day. I did not go up into the city but took passage on the steamboat, *Empire*, for Sheboygan, arriving there at twelve o'clock at night.

I took lodging at the St. Clair House. On the morning of the 3rd, I started to the Falls, six miles from the Lake. There I stopped at the Temperance House. The surroundings were not suiting very well so I immediately changed to the Knowles House. I remained at the Falls until the 6th. I then went four miles northwest to see my land and to girdle five acres. I took boarding at Mr. Howards at the Mill. That was three-fourths of a mile from my land. I worked that afternoon and the forenoon of the 7th, when the mosquitoes drove me out of the timber. I gave it up. Arriving at the Falls the same evening, Mr. R.W. Phillips on the Fon du Lac Road and Mr. J.R. Benedict of the Falls promised to answer any letters I might address to them in relation to my land.

I left the Falls for the East on the 8th. I arrived at Sheboygan about ten o'clock in the morning and remained there, waiting for a boat until the 10th (2 o'clock AM). I was called out of bed and told that a boat was at the pier. It took me a short time to pass from the St. Clair House to the end of the pier, and found the boat to be the *Empire State*, the swiftest boat that had ever passed through the Upper Lakes. On her way down this trip, she ran from Chicago to Milwaukee in three hours (90 min), this being her first trip. She was without doubt the largest and finest steamboat that had ever passed the St. Clair Flats. She was built with reference to speed and light draft, but her engine and coal were too heavy for her mid-ship in a severe gale. I took passage for Detroit and was assigned a room on the larboard "port", paid six dollars. It was raining a little and blowing quite a breeze from the northeast. When the boat pulled out, I soon fell asleep. The next thing I knew, I awoke sick at the stomach about sunup. The boat was lying on her larboard beam, rocking fearfully and the water dashing over her fore-castle. The floor of my stateroom was at an angle of about 25 degrees, with my head lying down the slant. I woke very sick indeed. I suppose I was seasick in its truest sense. A person that has never had that cannot have the remotest idea how sick you can be and live.

I made an effort to get across the saloon to the opposite guard and with difficulty succeeded. In passing through, I saw many lying on the floor of the saloon in great agony and found the starboard guards full of sick men. The boat was leaking fearfully. The wind was striking her larboard bow at an angle of about 45 degrees, sometimes dashing over her hurricane deck. The hull then was nearly full of water, while the men were trying to keep up the fire. Plank and boxes were floating in all directions. Men were at the windlass, hoisting water with barrels, the engine pumping with an eight-inch pump and the water gaining all the time. Every little while they would change the ballast and move the passengers, about 300. As the fires would go out on one side, they would rekindle it on the other side as long as they could. They were throwing the lead all day. Finally about 2 o'clock, the engines stopped working. They put up the give and undertook to navigate by it. She was entering the cove between Point Betsy and Sleepy Bear. The water became shallower and finally the boat settled a little and all was over. Her deck was still above the water one-half mile from her lead. The Captain sent a boat and line to shore and put up tents to accommodate all who wished to go on the shore. About half of the passengers went, the balance remaining on the boat. I was among the remaining. We were there about twenty miles southwest of Beaver Island. The Captain then sent a boat to Beaver Island with the mate to notify the interested parties of the disaster. A propeller boat passing on its way to Chicago at the same time came to our relief and took as many passengers as they could take care of on its way to Buffalo, New York. I was one of that set, but stopped at Detroit. In passing through Lake Huron, my fine Panama hat was blown overboard so that I had to go to Detroit bare-headed. There I took passage for Brest on a Toledo boat. I visited there for several days with my old friend, Chamberlain, and others.

I then started on foot for Gilboa, Ohio, near which my brother David, and sisters Mary Oren and Catherine Reddin lived. After visiting them and many old friends for several days, I finally started on horseback for my mother's home in Dauphin County, Pennsylvania. The first night I stayed with sister Catherine in Hancock County. She had been sick with Malaria Fever for several weeks, but was now convalescing. I had doctored her with Dr. Osgood's Colegane. She had one little boy, Thomas, who was quite sick with the Flux. While at Gilboa, I settled with Joseph Oren. I took a young black mare, saddle and bridle, his personal note for \$69.00 and ten dollars in cash.

After leaving Sister Catherine, I struck out for George Taylor's in Wyandot County. From there I went to Huron County and visited with Samuel Taylor. From there I started to Wooster in Wayne County and thence east through Canton, Stark County. From thence through Columbia County on to Beaver, Pennsylvania; thence to Pittsburg, East Liberty, Blairsville, Huntington and Newport in Perry County. I stopped at Uncle Alexander McAlister's, east of the Juniata River, near the Aqueduct. After visiting a few days, I went across the Susquehanna River to Paul's Valley to my mother's leaving my mare at Uncle's a couple of weeks to rest up.

Mother was overjoyed to see me. We had many pleasant and happy hours together in reviewing our past and contemplating the future. This brought me to the last of August 1849. I had a good time visiting with friends and relatives. In about two weeks, I went over to Uncle's and got my mare and sold her to Dr. Heck, near Dauphin, for sixty-five dollars with saddle and bridle. I had many visits with William Taylor, my brother-in-law and brother Adam who had one child, a boy Charles about two years old. Adam was living in Clarke's Valley near the old Victoria Mill. He was chopping cord wood for Ludwic Minscar at thirty-seven-and-a-half cents a cord and board himself. He inquired earnestly concerning the way down south with me which I reported to be good for blacksmithing. He finally decided to go south with me when I went back in the fall. My old friend, John Umbarger, had got married to Margaret Bowl since I had left Clarke Valley. At present, they were living in the town of Dauphin and had one child. He was working at blacksmithing in the foundry. I called on him and he took me to his house to see his wife and baby. She seemed to be happy but he seemed sad. Hoffman came to see me to know I would take charge of his wife's cousin, Elizabeth Wilson, when I went in the fall, as he wished to send her to Davenport, Iowa. By the advice of my sister, Eliza Taylor, I refused to take her.

While in Pennsylvania, Mr. George Taylor came from Ohio to visit his father and brothers. We had several good visits together, one at Oliver Baskins', especially, who insisted on treating me to liquor before dinner. The old man nearly got mad at me. Taylor came to my relief and said he supposed I was a son of Temperance, which I was, which softened him down a little. Time passed pleasantly and rapidly by and the first of November came and it became necessary for me to go west and south to take my place in Mr. Mayo's shop again. So George Taylor, my brother Adam, and I took passage on the same Canal boat for Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania which took about two days. Arriving at Pittsburgh, Adam and I took passage on steamboat for St. Louis. Adam stopped there to work while I would go up to Iowa to settle some business with the man, Jas. Langley, who had sold his claim at White Oak Point, Warren County, Iowa, three quarter-sections in Sec. 329 & 30 T 75 R24 W. I came to Burlington on steamboat, walked to Casey Prairie to Uncle Adam Hartzel's's. There I hired a horse and came west on horseback to Red Rock, Marion County, Iowa, in four days from Hartzel's. I found my horse and was compelled to leave my horse with the hotel keeper until I could come to White Oak Point, Warren County, Iowa.

I made the trip in four days on foot and settled with Langley and paid him one 160-acre land warrant and seventy-five dollars in cash and agreed to send him another 160-acre warrant the next summer. When I started for Red Rock, I thought I would make a beeline for Pleasantville. So I started in a northeasterly direction about four o'clock in the afternoon. I crossed Squaw Creek, which was afterwards called Cashman farm, at a rock ford near the cabin of Mrs. John Adamson on the east branch of the creek. Her husband had died a short time before.

From there I struck nearly due east to the Scott Ford on Otter Creek. The rivers and creeks were all pretty well filled as there had been quite a deal of rain several days before. I was trying to avoid crossing the South River. After crossing Otter Creek, which was well-timbered, I tried to go east as near as I could, which brought me south of Hayworth and Ginder Settlement, afterwards Ackworth. But night had overtaken me by this time and I realized I was a long way from Pleasantville yet with heavy timber before me and a small creek flowing from the south. So I thought I had better pull in for the night. I thought I would go north to the river and if possible find a foot log to cross and then go to the Hayworth settlement. I struck the river at the rapids, afterwards known as Pennington Ford. It seemed to be quite deep and rapid. I decided not to try to wade through as I had not been well for several days. I then went back up the hill and climbed upon a good-sized tree and called long and loud to raise the neighbors north of the river. At last, about nine o'clock at night, two men came down to the river horseback and told me they could not cross the river but for me to wade through to them and they would carry me to the settlement on a horse, but I would not do it. I inquired how far it was down the river to the Moffit's cabin near the road from Hayworth's to Pleasantville. They told me about three miles all the way or nearly so through the timber, and a small creek to cross.

So then I bade them good night and struck out for the Moffit's, who I had about six red-mouthed hound dogs, as I had been there a few days ago. I got there about two o'clock in the morning; before I reached the house I armed myself with a couple of good clubs. But to my all that was out. [sic] The man got up and let me in. In an instant the dogs rushed out of their kennels and rushed to the door, but I was safe inside. He was greatly surprised to think I couldn't get to the door and in the house without raising the dogs. I stopped with him 'til after breakfast the next morning and then pulled out for the Red Rock, which I reached before night and found my horse able to travel. After resting till morning, I was ready to go on my horse through Polls, Oskaloosa, Agency, Fairfield, Mount Pleasant, New London, Cozy Prairie, near Dodgeville in Des Moines County, Iowa. I then made a short visit with my uncles and aunts and cousins in Tarrytown and Casey Prairie, and my cousins William and Elizabeth Riter in Burlington. Then I was off for St. Louis by steamboat, at which place I arrived three weeks from the time I left and found Brother Adam carrying bricks on a high building. To get him off, I had to help him one day. We then started down the Mississippi River on steamboat deck passage. During the trip, nothing unusual

occurred. When we arrived in Vicksburg, I got Adam a job in a blacksmith's shop, the owner of which I had met several times before. Adam got thirty dollars a month and board. I then left Vicksburg on a steamboat for Yazoo City and from there to Lexington, thirty-six miles by stage, arriving the tenth of December 1849, and started work right away at the old wage of forty dollars a month and board for the old boss, J.R. Mayo. In about a month, I got brother Adam to work for Mayo at thirty-five dollars a month and sent for him to come as soon as possible. He came and worked for about six weeks when he went home sick and started as soon as he could to get the money.

I continued to work for Mayo at forty dollars a month and board during the year of 1850. In the meantime, my brother, George, came to Lexington in November and got into work as a carpenter and continued to work for different men and on different jobs. Finally he got to work for Cotton Gin Factory in Atlanta County, before going south and after leaving St. Louis in the spring of 1850, where he spent the winter while carpenter work was in demand. After that on the islands chopping wood where he took cold and took down and was very sick. But when the boats began to run in the spring, he took passage for Burlington, Iowa, and then went to the home of Aunt Sophia Riter in Tarrytown Prairie who doctored him. He soon recovered his usual health. While he was at Riter's, I sent a 160-acre land warrant to him to carry to White Oak Point in Warren County and deliver it to Jas. Langley as per agreement with him. George was very much pleased with this part of Iowa and thought he would like to make this county his future home.

During the spring and summer of 1850, I became quite intimately acquainted with Miss Mary E. Thompson. Our friendship ripened into love and it was proposed and accepted that we should be married on the 20th day of October 1850, which event was consummated at her mother's home in Lexington by Rev. McLain of the Presbyterian Church. I continued to board with Mr. Mayo until the first of January 1851. We set up housekeeping, moving into a house of Mayo's near the shop. I was then to receive fifty dollars a month and house rent free. I worked for him all of 1851 and until the tenth of March 1852. I had decided to go north to Iowa and engage in farming on my farm in Warren County. So I go ready to move and did start from Lexington on the 17th day of March, 1852. I had arranged to on a Yazoo Riverboat at Tohula, twelve miles from Lexington. I sent my goods down by a team that was going down, and got a buggy and horse from Mr. Wilson A. Purdam and had a chance to send them back. So my wife for the first time in her life had left the home of her parents. But she was happy in the prospect of a home of our own and the possession of the dearest girl baby that ever blessed the hearts of doting parents. She came to our house the 20th of July 1851 and was now within three days of being eight months old. Mr. Purdam was one of my best friends. He charged me nothing for the buggy and horse hire. The boat was due at six in the evening, but it did not come in on time; boats only made occasional calls at Tohula. For fear that we might be left; I took my wife and babe to the Hotel and watched all night for the boat which did not come until the afternoon of the next day. We took passage for Vicksburg and there we waited for the St. Louis boat. I purchased two life preservers, one for each of us. This was the first trip my wife ever took and she enjoyed it very much. When we left Vicksburg on the 19th of March, everything seemed like full springtime had come, buds had passed, flowers had come in profusion, blossoms had come and gone. Peaches, plums and such like fruit were well formed, some as large as hazel nuts and the forest seemed in full foliage. Everything seemed to be taking on life and activity.

During November 1850, Thomas Reddin, my sister Catherine's husband, came to Lexington to visit me and get some help to get a home. He had been in some southern city working at painting. He said the steamboat on which he was coming up the Mississippi River was blown up near Natchez. I never saw any account of it in the papers. He said he lost all his baggage and money and a barrel of oranges that he was taking home to his wife and boy. I took care of him at the hotel overnight and gave him ten dollars to pay his fare up the river to Ohio. That was the first and last time I ever saw him and a very poor opinion of him. He was partly drunk that night and left the next day.

By the time we got to Cairo, Illinois, the aspect of the country had greatly changed; instead of leaves, the trees had buds and no blossoms or flowers as we passed north towards St. Louis; all signs of spring disappeared except the grassy slopes and green grain field on the bank of the river but such magnificent landscape is seldom seen from steamers as can be seen from Cairo to St. Louis. Such grand bluffs and towering rocks carved in all manner of shapes by the mallets and chisels of nature in the long centuries gone. And then we came nearer St. Louis, the many shot towers that are perched upon the high bluffs show in great contrast to the lower Mississippi Valley. Arriving at St. Louis we took passage on steamboat for Burlington, Iowa, where we arrived on the sixth of April. The weather was damp, chilly, gloomy and threatening rain or snow and all signs of spring had disappeared. We took lodging at the hotel. The weather kept damp, chilly and snowy and on the tenth, the snow was six inches deep. The bad weather had stopped the farmers putting in wheat. During March, they said the weather had been lovely. Some were done.

We left Burlington on the eighth and went out to Tarrytown Prairie to Aunt Sophia Ritter's and Uncle Daniel McAlister's. I bought a team of horses and wagon and harness and got ready to move out to Warren County. My Grandmother McAlister, Aunt Sophia and all my relations received my wife very cordially and treated us very kindly while we remained with them. I had agreed to wait for my brother, George, there as he had left Mississippi before I did and had gone to Pennsylvania to get married to Susan Hime of Llewellyn, Schuylkill County. He did not get there until the 20th of April. The roads were still bad so was compelled to leave a large box with nearly all of our goods. We two men and our wives and George's goods were all our team could haul through the mud. We came west to Fairfield, Ottumwa, Edylleville; then crossed the Des Moines River; then went west to Haymaker's Mill to Knoxville, thence west to White Brest River at a sawmill, thence to Pleasantville and across Cole Creek and on to South River near Hayworth's Settlement and continuing west to Indianola, the county seat of Warren County.

This was the first time I ever saw Indianola as there was no town when I was through there in 1849. We stopped overnight at a little hotel kept by Ansel Barker, who also had a little store. We arrived here on the 15th of May. The next day, I went out to White Oak Point to see if the two cabins on my place were in condition to move into them. I went back to town and moved out the next day, in the south cabin and George in the north cabin. While I was in Tarrytown Prairie, I made arrangement with Uncle Daniel McAlister to take Benjamin, six-year-old, his brother, Randal's son to raise. His father and mother died a short time before. He was a bright and good boy.

George and I put in about twenty acres of corn in my field. It did well and about the 4th of July, the ground was in good shape and the corn was about as high as my head, one piece; the other as high as my waist. About this time brother George decided that he would go back south in the fall and work at his trade for several years. I bought his interest in the team and crop. I arranged to go to Sheboygan to try and sell my land. George was to take the team down to Burlington on his way south and I would meet him there and bring back some goods for the family use and also my box from Mt. Pleasant. I started for Wisconsin on the 10th of July on foot and walked nearly all the way to Burlington.

There I took passage on steamboat for Rock Island. There I took the stage for Dixon, then I walked to Aurora, there I took the cars for Chicago. They were the first cars I had seen in Illinois. There I took a steamer for Sheboygan. From there I walked to the Falls, six miles and so on to my land four miles west. I remained in the neighborhood for several days trying to sell my land and fixing up tax receipts. Failing to sell the land, I then started for home, following the same route and walked most of the way to Burlington where I found brother George, who had just arrived from White Oak. I then bought outfit and started home; got my box at Mr. Pleasant. I got home from Burlington twenty two days from the time I left home.

WISEMAN HISTORY

FROM ENGLAND TO SOUTH CAROLINA, TEXAS AND CALIFORNIA

By: Billy Ray Wiseman and Gladys Mary Striegler Wiseman, AGS Member

There is only one way to begin and that's with the first information that we have on the "Wise-mans." Thomas Wiseman (b. about 1750 in Smallburgh, England, and died 9 Oct 1825) of Edgefield County, South Carolina, had his beginnings in England as far as we know. The first record of Thomas Wiseman shows up in the Norfolk Circuit Court in 1767 as a young lad of about 17 years of age where he is convicted of stealing and sentenced to "America" to serve 7 years (white slave) on a Southern Plantation. There is no record of when he came in 1767, but there were five ships that left London that year.

Thomas Wiseman was from a small village of Smallburgh, which was about 12 miles northeast of Norwich, England. Thomas' family must have been from that area as well, because he was so young at the time of his arrest. Thomas must have served his time in Maryland, because he enters the Revolutionary War in 1776 and serves under a Capt. Ewing and a Col. Smallwood. He is shown as discharged in 1780 and as deserted in 1780. It is not known when he left Maryland or New York because some of his time in the War was spent in New York. He was wounded in the Battle of Camden, Camden, SC, and this must be how he arrived in SC. But, by 1790, he is in Edgefield County, South Carolina.

How he got there or why, is a mystery. Anyway, he is married to Agnes and has a son according to Thomas' pension application submitted from Edgefield, South Carolina, which states, "that he is upwards of 70 years of age in 1820 with an old decrypted wife and one son who is in dire straits with a considerable family." Thomas lived at least until 1825 as he drew his pension until then. Daniel Wiseman (b. about 1787-1790) is the only other Wiseman in Edgefield at that time and he has a considerable family. He and Thomas are linked to at least one legal document together in Edgefield Co., SC. The Bell County, Texas Museum has a copy of the book entitled, "*Descendants of Thomas Wiseman, 1750-1825*."

Daniel Wiseman (name is only Daniel not Daniel M. Wiseman as found on the headstone of John S. Wiseman) was married to a woman from Virginia (on the 1880 federal census, his sons state their mother was born in Virginia). The best we can tell, Daniel and his wife had 6 boys: Thomas Wiseman, who died young, was born in Edgefield in abt. 1812; Judge William Crawford Wiseman, the second son, who married Lavica Watkins, the daughter of Andrew and Catherine Adams Watkins, became an attorney in SC and went to Crockett, Texas, in 1849 and then passed through Bell County to Lampasas, Texas where he served as a Lawyer and an Indian Commissioner for Sam Houston.

After the Civil War, Sam Houston recommended W. C. Wiseman for a territorial Judgeship and he and his family ended up in San Bernardino, CA, where he served as a Judge until his death on 4 Aug 1875 from TB. William Crawford Wiseman's second marriage occurred in Lampasas, Texas, to Annie Rivers Tipton. W. C. was extremely active in politics and published a paper called "The Broad Axe" in San Bernardino. The *Descendants of William Crawford Wiseman* has been given to the Library in San Bernardino, CA, and published in the Journal of Newberry District of SC (2 issues in 2012 and 2 issues in 2013). We now have proof that W. C.'s oldest son, James Daniel Wiseman, went from Texas back to South Carolina between 1850 and 1854 where he married Elizabeth Burnett and had a considerable family. Records now exist on the *Descendants of James Daniel Wiseman* published in the "Quill" Vol. 28 number 4 beginning on page 75. One of the sons of James Daniel was named James D. Wiseman Jr., who served as an Augusta Fireman; the other son was Stephen Wiseman, and both died in Augusta, GA. Stephen Wiseman was a Superintendent of the Enterprise Cotton Mills in Augusta and owned considerable properties in Augusta. Descendants of James Daniel Wiseman still live in the Augusta, GA, area to-

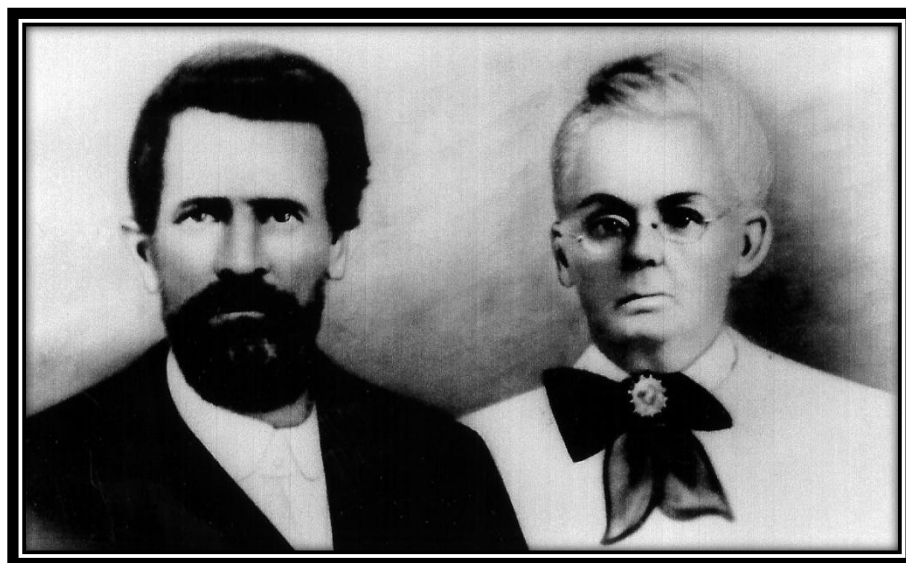
day. Catherine Wiseman is the only child of James Daniel Wiseman and Elizabeth Burnett who has not been accounted for.

The third son of Daniel Wiseman was John S. Wiseman (b. 7 March 1817 and died 2 June 1902) who married the sister of Lavica Watkins. Louisa Watkins may have been a twin to Lavica. She and Lavica died in Texas within a year of each other. John S. and Louisa Watkins were married in Newberry, SC, where W. C. was practicing law, and W. C. was appointed her guardian as both her mother and father were dead at the time of the marriage of John S. and Louisa. There is supposedly a record where Daniel Wiseman attests to the age of John S. Wiseman as 21 years of age at the time of his marriage. This is in the Newberry County Court Minutes of 1837. Louisa Watkins Wiseman died in Bell County, Texas, 2 November 1856. John S. Wiseman was married twice more in Belton. Second marriage was to Rachel Cavness in 1857. And the third marriage was to Elizabeth A. Hyatt Light.

The other sons of Daniel Wiseman were: (4th) Elijah Abner Wiseman, who married S.A.E. Clay, and all their children were born in SC before moving to Texas after the Civil War in 1866. The fifth child was Simeon Wiseman, who married Nancy --- and they moved to Texas before the Civil War. Simeon was killed in the Civil War in Texas. Nancy Wiseman, the widow, then married William R. Light. The sixth and last son was James M. Wiseman who married Caroline --- and they had at least two sons, Simeon and Daniel; both died young and are buried in the Magnolia Cemetery in East Augusta, GA. James died in a Civil War prison in Rock Island, Illinois. Other information on Daniel Wiseman is that his oldest surviving son, William C. Wiseman, buys for him (Daniel) and his second wife, Ann Wisdom Mayes (former wife of Gardner Mayes), 47 acres of land over in Abbeville County, SC, for the use for the rest of their natural lives. Ann is still living in Edgefield County in 1860 and 1870. Gardner Mays and Ann Wisdom Mays were still married (1830) when Daniel and his first wife's (possibly Mary Coleman or Unknown Crawford) last child, James M. Wiseman was born in 1827. Daniel and Ann Wisdom Mays were married aft. 1840.

John S. Wiseman and Louisa Watkins Wiseman (d. 2 Nov. 1856) had several children before they left SC for Bell County, Texas. John S. was a farmer, a wheelright, and blacksmith and known for his hunting skills. The children were: Frances Catherine Wiseman, has not been found after 1860; John Thomas Wiseman; William Henry Wiseman (born 28 November 1843 and died 1 May 1916 and is buried in a grave on the State Hospital grounds at Austin, Texas); Lurana (Louisa) Jane Wiseman; and Louvica Wiseman (probably died on way to Texas). After Louisa died, 2 November 1856, John S. married Rachel Cavness and they had two boys: Joseph Decker Wiseman and Edward Samuel Wiseman. Rachel died in 1868 in Bell County and then John S. married Eliza A. Hyatt Light, 9 December 1873 and they had five children after John S. was 56 years of age. The children were: Nannie B. Wiseman; Charles Crawford Wiseman; Benjamin Wiseman, Walter Cox Wiseman and Cleveland Wiseman. The last child was born about 1882-1883.

William Henry Wiseman married Alice Melvina Townsend 12 July 1865. Alice Melvina was a daughter of James Madison Townsend and Fannie Bowles Townsend (Fannie was the daughter of John "Hog-my-Cats" Bowles, a famous Texas Ranger and Indian fighter. He was scalped by Indians and is buried with a monument to him near Uvalde, TX). Fannie Bowles Townsend was known to have smoked a "corn-cob pipe". William Henry Wiseman is a veteran of the Confederacy, having served from Texas and was wounded accidentally in the head before he returned home to marry and start a family. William Henry and Alice Melvina Townsend Wiseman (she was born in Itawamba County, MS) had eight children before he was taken off to the State Hospital in 1883. They were: Frances Adeline Wiseman, 13 May 1866; William Samuel Wiseman, 8 September 1867; James Townsend Wiseman, 27 December 1868; Louisa Jennifer Wiseman, 6 June 1871; John Edward Wiseman, 26 November 1873; Sarah Julia Wiseman, 22 December 1874; Thomas Christopher Wiseman, 19 December 1878; Georgia Pearl Wiseman, 21 January 1881.



William Henry Wiseman and Alice Melvina Townsend

William Samuel Wiseman married Mary Etta Adams, 8 April 1893. Mary Etta (b. 25 December 1875 in Georgia) was the daughter of Nancy Emma Adams, who later married James Lafayette Sellers. That's why we all had a grandmother Sellers. Mary Etta Adams Wiseman was half Creek Indian. My DNA analysis does not show any Indian heritage???



William Samuel Wiseman of Bell County, TX abt. age 16

William Samuel and Mary Etta had 6 children: Lennie May Wiseman, 19 April 1895 (d. 17 April 1982) and married Herbert Monroe Homesley, 27 December 1916 (b. 4 May 1906 and d. ---); Annie Lena Wiseman, 15 February 1898 (d. 6 February 1968) married Milburn L. Boren, 26 July 1919, (b. 9 September 1899, d. 23 February 1966); Erba Esta Wiseman, 18 July 1900 (d. 9 January 1989), married John Hudson Light, 1 November 1923, (b. 8 September 1900, d. 2 June 1980); William Henry Wiseman, 9 February 1903, d. 12 May 1904; Archie Calvin Wiseman, 7 June 1906 (d. 24 June 1958) married Beulah Mae Dunlap, 20 August 1929, (b. 16 December 1908, d. 30 July 1971); and James (Jakey) Milton Wiseman, 2 December 1908, d. 17 July 1917. Mary Etta died 30 September 1911. William Samuel died 6 February 1935. Both are now buried in Rest Haven, south of Belton, Texas. I say now because both were originally buried at Sparta and removed to Rest Haven in 1950 before the dam was built.

William Samuel married a second time to Maude Florence Warren in 1913; she was born 2 October 1889 and died 13 May 1981. William Samuel and Maude had the following children: Warren Morris Wiseman, 24 July 1916; Alice Marie Wiseman, 24 December 1919; Mable Florence Wiseman, 30 November 1922; Billie Edna Wiseman, 4 November 1924; and Gladys Lanell Wiseman, 14 May 1926.

Archie Calvin and Beulah Dunlap Wiseman had five children: Mary Alice Wiseman, 11 October 1930, d. 19 May 1934; Archie Calvin Wiseman, Jr., 4 September 1932; LouRetta Wiseman, 20 August 1935 (this is Mom & Dad's and Amy & Michael's anniversary and Gladys' mother's birthday); Billy Ray Wiseman, 28 March 1937 (Easter Sunday); Frankie Lee (Pudd) Wiseman, 20 January 1940 and died 15 April 2007.

Billy Ray Wiseman and Gladys Mary Striegler met while both were officers in the U. S. Army at Ft. Bragg, NC. They were married 2 November 1963 in Fredericksburg, Texas, and moved to Georgia from Kansas in 1967. Gladys was employed as a Nurse at Tift General Hospital 1970-73; Nursing Instructor at ABAC 1973-79 and as a Rehabilitation Case Manager with INTRACORP for 18 ½ years while Bill was employed with USDA, ARS at the CPES and retired with 35 ½ years of federal service. Both retired the same day, 4 April 1998. Gladys holds her BSN from TWU, Denton, TX and MEd. degree from VSU and Bill a B. S. from Texas Tech and M. S. and PhD from Kansas State University. Bill published with co-workers over 400 articles on "Plant Resistance to Insects" and served as an Adjunct Professor at both the Universities of Florida and Georgia. He holds the distinction of being both a "Fellow" and "Honorary Member" of the Entomological Society of America. Both have been members of the Ridge Ave. "church of Christ" in Tifton since May 1967.

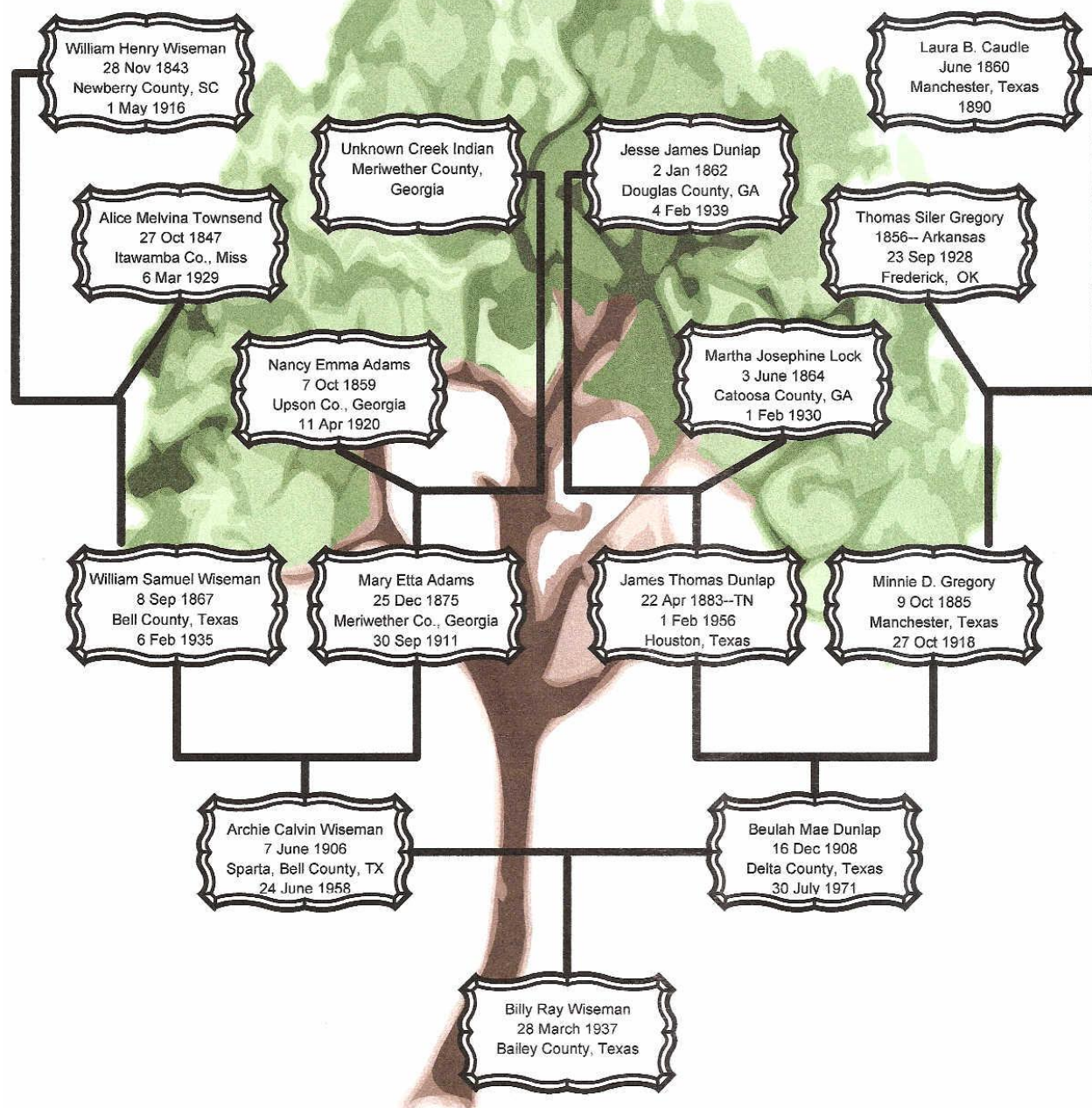
Gladys Mary Striegler was born 19 December 1936 at Hye, Blanco County, Texas. Her Father was Victor Emanuel Striegler (b. 12 June 1896, d. 12 October 1970) and her mother was Mary Belle Rountree (b. 20 August 1900, d. 4 July 1978) of Johnson City, Texas. Gladys was the 9th child and 5th girl of ten siblings raised by Victor Emmanuel & Mary Belle Rountree. Her siblings include: George William, b. 14 May 1919, d. 3 May 1989; Victor Vernon, b. 7 August 1921; Lillian Irene Cable, b. 25 February 1923; Leola Mae, b. 8 March 1925 d.18 March 1925; Mildred Maxine Grohman, b. 22 January 1927; Marion Edward, b. 14 August 1929; Virginia Belle Prehn Beam, b.17 October 1931; Maurice Lee, b. 26 December 1933; Gladys Mary Wiseman, b. 19 December 1936; and O.J., b. 12 May 1943. Gladys is a member of "The Daughters of the Confederacy". Also, Gladys is a member of the DAR with lineage back to the Revolutionary War Capt. Richardson Rountree of Edgefield County, SC.

More on the families associated with the Wisemans are: Dunlaps of Laurens, SC and ole Campbell Co., GA; Watkins of Newberry Co., SC; Bowles of Texas, MS and Virginia; Townsends of Texas, Mississippi and Georgia; and Adams of Texas, Georgia (Warren & Upson Counties) and Virginia and Newberry, South Carolina and McKinley (Mecklenburg, NC and Warren, Washington, & Upson Counties, GA); Gregory, Caudle Kincaid and Gibbs of Red River County, Texas.

More information is available on the families associated with the Striegler: Rountree (from Richardson Rountree of Edgefield, SC; a Rev. War Soldier; Hopkins family of Virginia, Campbell Co., Georgia and Texas and Striegler family of Texas and Denmark.

We could not close the Wisemans without mentioning offsprings: William Samuel Wiseman II, 3 October 1966 (this was the same day Bill finished his final orals for his PhD) and Amy Lucretia Wiseman Graham, 27 May 1968 in Tifton, GA; and our two grandchildren: Samantha Camryn Graham, 6 March 2000 and William Samuel Wiseman III b. 15 Nov 2005. Sources: Courthouse Records; Wills; Deeds and Marriage and Death Records.

My Family Tree



Submitted by: Billy Ray Wiseman and Gladys Mary Striegler Wiseman, 217 Fulwood Blvd., Tifton, GA. 31794. E-mail: gbwiseman@friendlycity.net

Published in the "Heritage of Tift County, Georgia 1905-2003"; article number 727 and as a Quill article. This information was updated in May 2013.

JAMES ALEXANDER AND ROXY ALMEDA RANEY

Travis County Pioneers #11-060

Proven to be in Travis County in 1870 from Tennessee and Mississippi

Generation No. 1

1. JAMES ALEXANDER¹ RANEY was born 23 Jan 1843 in Tennessee, and died 18 May 1888 in Williamson, Texas. He was buried in Corn Hill Cemetery. He married ROXY ALMEDA MERRITT. She was born 26 Jul 1852 in Mississippi, and died 22 Mar 1904 in Williamson, Texas. She was buried in Corn Hill Cemetery.

Child of JAMES RANEY and ROXY MERRITT is:

2. i. RUTH ALMEDA² RANEY, born 24 Oct 1877 in Texas; died 31 Dec 1956, Electra, Wichita, Texas.

Generation No. 2

2. RUTH ALMEDA² RANEY (*JAMES ALEXANDER¹*) was born 24 Oct 1877 in Texas, and died 31 Dec 1956 in Electra, Wichita, Texas. She married WILLIAM ALFRED EVANS Apr 1922 in Texas. He was born 18 Oct 1869 in Milam, Texas, and died 24 Dec 1941 in Houston, Harris, Texas.

Child of RUTH RANEY and WILLIAM EVANS is:

3. i. MAUDIE ELIZABETH³ EVANS, born 16 June 1896, Bartlett, Williamson, Texas; died 01 Jan 1974, Georgetown, Williamson, Texas.



RUTH RANEY

From the photo collection of
Leslie D Inman, Austin Texas

Generation No. 3

3. MAUDIE ELIZABETH³ EVANS (*RUTH ALMEDA² RANEY*, *JAMES ALEXANDER¹*) born 16 June 1896, Bartlett, Williamson, Texas; died 01 Jan 1974, Georgetown, Williamson, Texas. She married TIM CRONIN PICKENS Jul 1912 in Williamson, Texas. He was born 27 Sep 1893 in Austin, Travis, Texas, and died 03 Sep 1976 in Georgetown, Williamson, Texas.

Child of MAUDIE EVANS and TIM PICKENS is:

4. i. SYBIL ROXIE⁴ PICKENS, born 10 Dec 1918, San Antonio, Bexar, Texas; died 08 Apr 2005, Austin, Travis, Texas.



TIM PICKENS AND MAUDIE EVANS

From the photo collection of Leslie D Inman,
Austin Texas

Generation No. 4

4. SYBIL ROXIE⁴ PICKENS (*MAUDIE ELIZABETH³ EVANS, RUTH ALMEDA² RANEY, JAMES ALEXANDER¹*) was born 10 Dec 1918 in San Antonio, Bexar, Texas, and died 08 Apr 2005 in Austin, Travis, Texas. She married GUY LUKE INMAN Jun 1938 in Williamson, Texas. He was born 03 Nov 1909 in Winters, Runnels, Texas, and died 07 Sep 1982 in Taylor, Williamson, Texas.

Child of SYBIL PICKENS and GUY INMAN is:

- 5. i. DAVID TIM⁵ INMAN, born 10 Jan 1947, Taylor, Williamson, Texas; died 29 Jul 1999, Austin, Travis, Texas.

Generation No. 5

5. DAVID TIM⁵ INMAN (*SYBIL ROXIE⁴ PICKENS, MAUDIE ELIZABETH³ EVANS, RUTH ALMEDA² RANEY, JAMES ALEXANDER¹*) was born 10 Jan 1947 in Taylor, Williamson, Texas, and died 29 Jul 1999 in Austin, Travis, Texas. He married LINDA RENEE JOHLE Apr 1967 in Williamson, Texas.

Child of DAVID INMAN and LINDA JOHLE is:

- i. LESLIE DAWN⁶ INMAN.



DAVID INMAN

From the photo collection of Leslie D Inman,
Austin Texas



GUY LUKE INMAN AND SYBIL ROXIE PICKENS
From the photo collection of Leslie D Inman,
Austin Texas

James Alexander Raney

By Leslie D. Inman, AGS Member

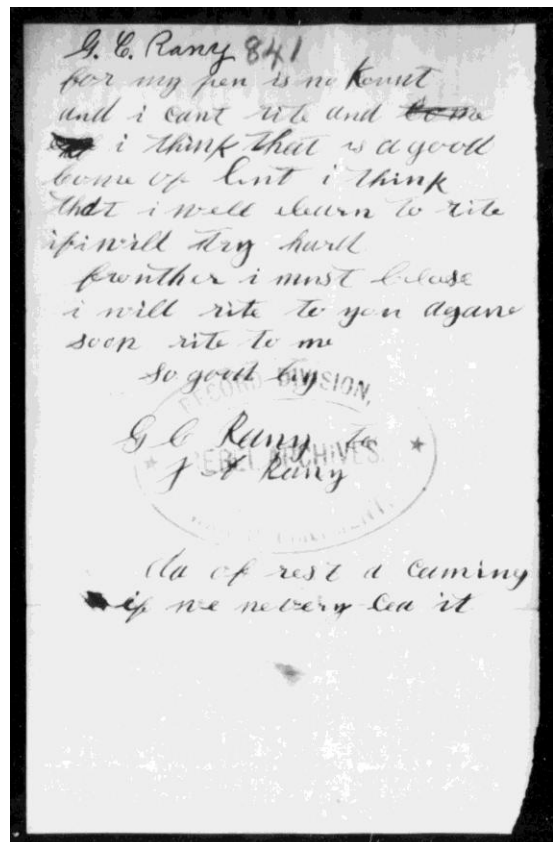
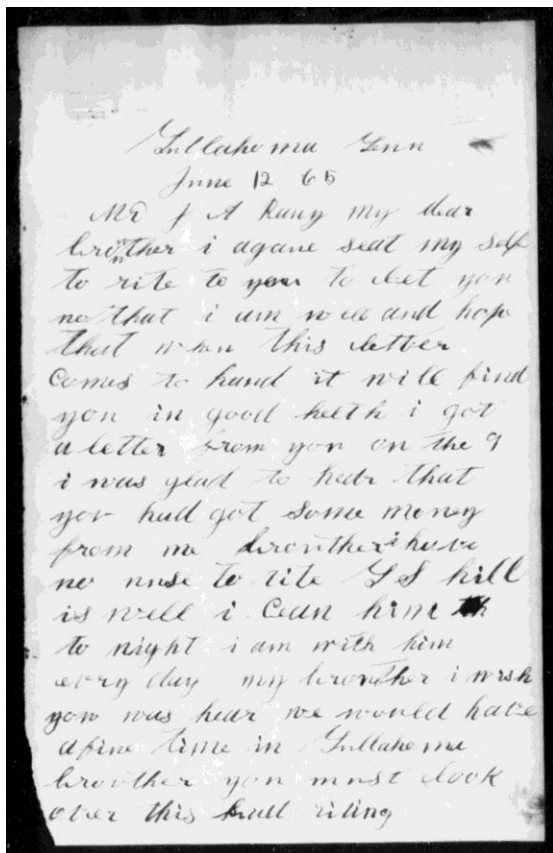
The following letters were written to James Alexander Raney (1843-1888) of Franklin County, Tennessee, while he was a prisoner of war at Point Lookout, Maryland. Alexander was taken prisoner at Hatchers Run on the 2nd of April 1865. The letters arrived after Alexander's release on June 19th and are currently at the National Archives in Washington DC.

Letter from Giles Clement Raney (1846-1924) to his brother James Alexander Raney (1843-1888)

Tullahoma Tenn

June 12 65

Mr J A Rany My dear brother I agane seat my self to rite to you to let you no that I am well and hope that when this letter comes to hand it will find you in good helth i got u letter from you on the 9 i was glad to hear that you had got some money from me brother i have no news to rite GS hill is well i cean him to night I am with him every day my brother i wish you was hear we would have a fine time in Tullahoma brother you must look over this bad riting for my pen is no kount and I cant rite and I think that is a good ____ of but I think that i well learn to rite if I will try hard brother I must close i will rite to you again soon rite to me so good by GC Rany



"Fold 3", digital image, The National Archives (www.fold3.com), Records Division Rebel Archives War Department.

Letter from J W Marshall to his Step Son James Alexander Raney (1843-1888)

Tullahoma Tenn
June 17th 1865

Step Son J A Raney

I write you a few lines by which you will learn that we are all complaining with diarrheah your mother have had a hard spell & bin sick for three weeks but is now on the mend, she is now up & I hope will soon be well, hoping this may find you in good health. I have sent on a petition to day for to get you released this is the second petition we have sent on for you if this do not get you home none can affect the desirable affect as I have taken a great deal of pains in geting it up & have obtained the names to it of the very best & most influential men in the country several offiercers with their grades _____, about 30 subscribing to it. You have better apply for transportation & rashiong home & insist on them, we all wish very much to see you come right to my home whare you will be received cordially & treated as one of my own children your mother & sister & brother joins me in their kindest regards friendship & love to you. Very Respectfully Your Sincer friend J.W. Marshall

Tullahoma Tenn
June 17th 1865
Step Son J A Raney
I write you
a few lines by which you will
learn that we are all complaining
with diarrheah your mother have
had a hard spell & bin sick
for three weeks, but is now on
the mend, she is now up & I hope
will soon be well, hoping this
may find you in good health.
I have sent on a petition to day
for to get you released, this is the
second petition we have sent on
for you. if this do not get you
home none can affect the desirable
affect as I have taken a great
deal of pains in geting it up.
I have obtained the names to it
of the very best & most influ-
ential men in the country
several officers with their grades

Annied, about 30 Subscribing to
it - You had better apply for
transportation & Rashiong home
& insist on them, we all wish
very much to see you come
right to my house whare you
will be received cordially & treated
as one of my own children
your mother & sister & brother
Joining me in their kindest
Regards, friendship & love to
you - Very Respectfully
Your Sincer friend
J.W. Marshall

RECORD DIVISION
★ REBEL ARCHIVES ★
WAR DEPARTMENT.

J. W. Marshall 632

"Fold 3", digital image, The National Archives (www.fold3.com), Records Division Rebel Archives War

Husband:		James Alexander Raney
	Birth:	23 Jan 1843 in Tennessee, USA
	Death:	18 May 1888 in Williamson, Texas, USA
	Burial:	Jarrell, Williamson, Texas, USA; Corn Hill Cemetery
	Marriage:	05 Jul 1866 in Monroe, Mississippi, USA
	Father:	Giles Burdette Raney
	Mother:	Ruthe Hill
Wife:		Roxy Almeda Merritt
	Birth:	26 Jul 1852 in Mississippi, USA
	Death:	22 Mar 1904 in Williamson, Texas, USA
	Burial:	Jarrell, Williamson, Texas, USA; Corn Hill Cemetery
	Father:	Ezekiel Merritt
	Mother:	Almeda Hood
Children:		
1	Name:	Sarah Ophelia 'Sallie' Raney
F	Birth:	07 Jun 1867 in Talahoma, Franklin, Tennessee, USA
	Death:	23 Apr 1942 in Dallas, Dallas, Texas, USA; Pneumonia
	Burial:	24 Apr 1942 in Dallas, Dallas, Texas, USA; Laurel Land Memorial Park Section 1
	Marriage:	05 Sep 1886 in Williamson, Texas, USA; By J.A. Rumsey Justice of the Peace
	Spouse:	Robert Lee Parsons
2	Name:	Nora Bell 'Nannie' Raney
F	Birth:	15 Jan 1869 in Tennessee, USA
	Death:	30 Mar 1945 in Liberty, Liberty, Texas, USA; Heart disease and Pneumonia
	Marriage:	19 Aug 1888 in Williamson, Texas, USA; By M C Hutton
	Spouse:	William Alexander Smith Jr
3	Name:	Anna Amelia 'Annie' Raney
F	Birth:	03 Feb 1871 in Williamson County, Texas, USA
	Death:	04 Sep 1952 in Temple, Bell, Texas, USA; Myocardial Infarction
	Burial:	05 Sep 1952 in Killeen, Bell, Texas, USA; Killeen City Cemetery
	Marriage:	18 Nov 1888 in Williamson County, Texas, USA; By J.A. Rumsey Justice of the Peace
	Spouse:	Edward L Burns
4	Name:	Willie Raney
M	Birth:	Abt. 1873 in Texas, USA
	Death:	Bef. 1900
5	Name:	Giles Alexander Raney
M	Birth:	07 Oct 1875 in Texas, USA
	Death:	18 Nov 1938 in Georgetown, Williamson, Texas, USA; He died while chopping wood from a Cerebral Hemorrhage
	Burial:	19 Nov 1938 in Jarrell, Williamson, Texas, USA; Corn Hill Cemetery
	Marriage:	21 Jun 1896 in Williamson, Texas, USA; By JA Marr Minister of the Gospel
	Spouse:	Dora Grumbles

6 F	<p>Name: Ruth Almeda 'Ruthie' Raney</p> <p>Birth: 24 Oct 1877 in Texas, USA</p> <p>Death: 31 Dec 1956 in Electra, Wichita, Texas, USA; Cerebral Hemorrhage</p> <p>Burial: 01 Jan 1957 in Electra, Wichita, Texas, USA; New Electra Cemetery</p> <p>Marriage: 14 Apr 1892 in Bell County, Texas, USA</p> <p>Spouse: William Alfred Evans</p>
7 F	<p>Name: Viola Raney</p> <p>Birth: 21 Sep 1883 in Texas, USA</p> <p>Death: 20 May 1942 in Dallas, Dallas, Texas, USA; Carcinoma Colon</p> <p>Burial: 21 May 1942 in Jarrell, Williamson, Texas, USA; Corn Hill Cemetery</p> <p>Marriage: 30 Mar 1902 in Williamson, Texas, USA; By W Dunny G.M.</p> <p>Spouse: Charles Burton Buchanan</p>
8 M	<p>Name: Thomas Oran Raney</p> <p>Birth: 23 Aug 1886 in Williamson, Texas, USA</p> <p>Death: 07 Jul 1946 in Temple, Bell, Texas, USA; Acute Septicemia</p> <p>Marriage: 1907 in Killeen, Bell, Texas, USA</p> <p>Spouse: Lucy Atkinson</p>



Photographs courtesy of John Christeson of Georgetown, Texas

Obituary of Mr. Giles Raney

Williamson County Sun, November 25, 1938

Funeral Services Held For Mr. Giles Raney Saturday-Prominent Williamson County Farmer Died Friday

Funeral services were held Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the family home in Glasscock Valley for Mr. Giles Raney, prominent farmer in that community for the past 25 years.

Services were conducted by Rev. P.C. Williams, pastor of the First Baptist Church in Georgetown, with details of the services in charge of the Davis Funeral Directors.

Mr. Raney was born on October 7, 1875 and passed away on Friday, November 18.

On June 21, 1896 he was married to Miss Dora Grumbles, to which union eight children were born, three of whom survive their father, two sons and one daughter.

About 35 years ago, Mr. Raney professed faith in his maker, and joined the Baptist Church of which he has been a faithful member. He was a member of the Corn Hill Church.

Mr. Raney is survived by two sons, Edgar of Georgetown; and Clyde of Georgetown; one daughter, Mrs. Goldie Hamilton of Jarrell; one brother, Mr[s]. T.O.Raney, Killeen; five sisters, Mrs. Ed Burns of Temple; Mrs. Sallie Parsons of Dallas; Mrs. Nannie Smith of George West; Mrs. Viola Buchanan of Dallas; Mrs. Ruthie Evans of Houston; and a half-sister, Mrs. Merle Homan, who resides in Skidmore; six grandchildren and a number of nephews and nieces.

Serving as pallbearers at the Corn Hill Cemetery, where interment was made, were Messrs Henry Spooner, H.W. Frederickson, A. Frederickson, C.W. Parks, Ollie Whitehead and A.R. Hamilton.

Having charge of the flowers were Farine Parks, Mrs. Inman, Lila Fay Hamilton and Effie Brooks.

GEORGE FLEMING MOORE

Travis County Pioneer #11-061

Proven to be in Travis County in 1854 from Georgia

Generation No. 1

1. GEORGE FLEMING¹ MOORE was born 17 Jul 1822 in Elbert, Georgia, and died 30 Aug 1883 in Washington, D. C. and was buried in Oakwood Cemetery in Austin. He married SUSAN STRYKER Oct 1849 in Talladega, Alabama. She was born 21 Oct 1822 in Tennessee, and died 1893 in McLennan, Texas. She was buried in Oakwood Cemetery.

Child of GEORGE MOORE and SUSAN STRYKER is:

2. i. FRANCES HENDERSON² MOORE, born 30 Nov 1856, Texas; and died 19 Sep 1920, Waco, McLennan, Texas.

Generation No. 2

2. FRANCES HENDERSON² MOORE (*GEORGE FLEMING¹*) was born 30 Nov 1856 in Texas, and died 19 Sep 1920 in Waco, McLennan, Texas. She married SAMUEL EUGENE SHELTON, DR. Jun 1880 in Travis, Texas. He was born 19 Apr 1850 in Nelson, Virginia, and died 20 Dec 1920 in Waco, McLennan, Texas.

Child of FRANCES MOORE and SAMUEL SHELTON is:

3. i. FRANCES EUGENE³ SHELTON, born 04 Dec 1896, Waco, McLennan, Texas; and died 17 Aug 1941, Denton, Denton, Texas.

Generation No. 3

3. FRANCES EUGENE³ SHELTON (*FRANCES HENDERSON² MOORE, GEORGE FLEMING¹*) was born 04 Dec 1896 in Waco, McLennan, Texas, and died 17 Aug 1941 in Denton, Denton, Texas. He married KATHERINE FITZHUGH Nov 1916. She was born 17 Apr 1899 in Waco, McLennan, Texas, and died 23 Nov 1973 in Waco, McLennan, Texas.

Child of FRANCES SHELTON and KATHERINE FITZHUGH is:

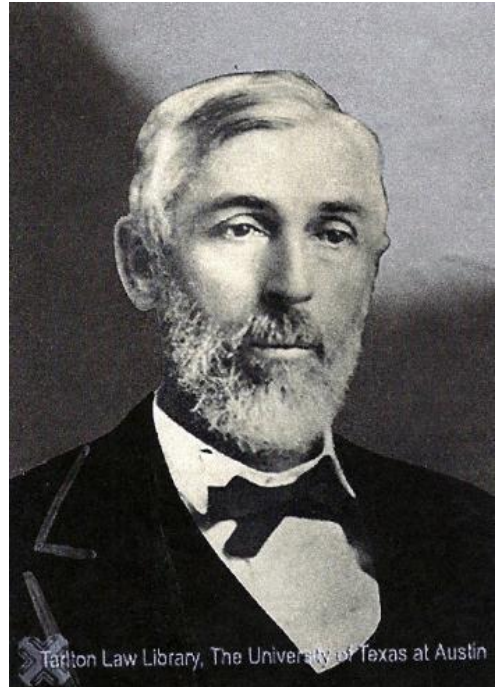
4. i. EDWARD EVERETT⁴ SHELTON, born 24 Jan 1922, Waco, McLennan, Texas; and died 27 Apr 1999, Austin, Travis, Texas.

Generation No. 4

4. EDWARD EVERETT⁴ SHELTON (*FRANCES EUGENE³, FRANCES HENDERSON² MOORE, GEORGE FLEMING¹*) was born 24 Jan 1922 in Waco, McLennan, Texas, and died 27 Apr 1999 in Austin, Travis, Texas. He married MARY ANN STORME Nov 1947 in Tarrant, Texas. She was born 15 Oct 1915 in Denton, Denton, Texas, and died 19 Apr 1991 in Wimberley, Hays, Texas.

Child of EDWARD SHELTON and MARY STORME is:

5. i. THOMAS CHAMPE⁵ SHELTON.



GEORGE FLEMING MOORE

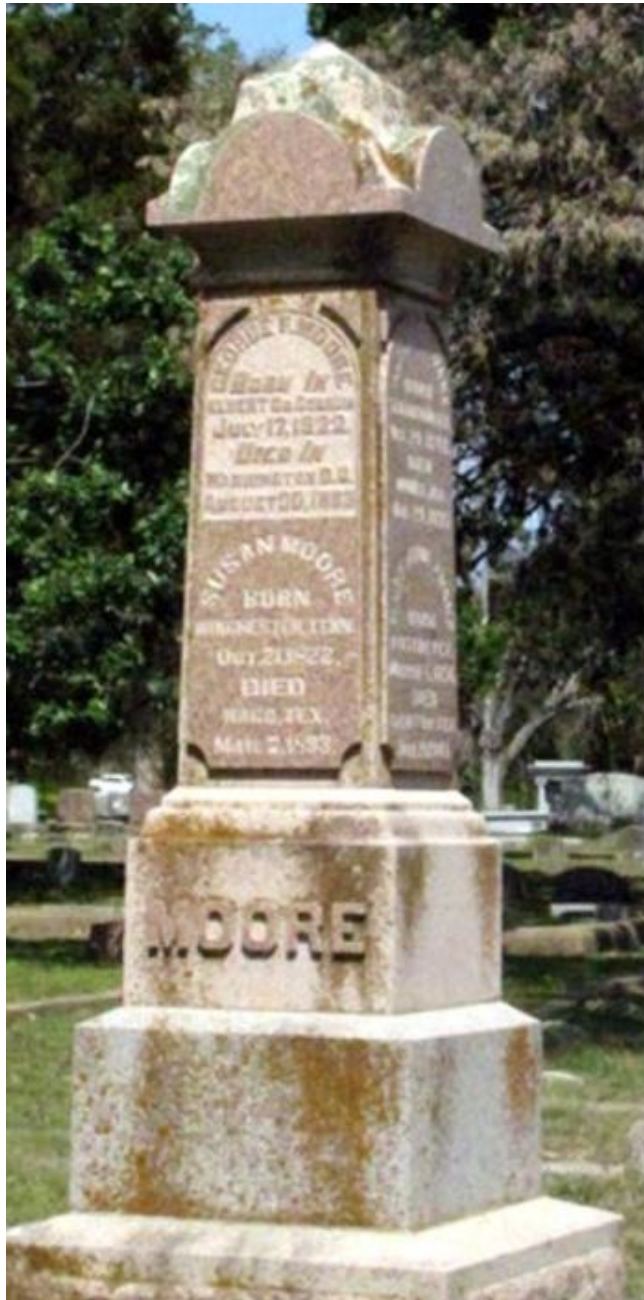
Photo submitted by Tom Shelton from the Tarlton Law Library, The University of Texas at Austin

Generation No. 5

5. THOMAS CHAMPE⁵ SHELTON (*EDWARD EVERETT⁴, FRANCES EUGENE³, FRANCES HENDERSON² MOORE, GEORGE FLEMING¹*) He married EVELYNDA BUSH HOLMES Mar 1994 in Hays. Texas.

Child of THOMAS SHELTON and EVELYNDA HOLMES is:

- i. KELLY ANN SHELTON⁶ SHELTON.



HEADSTONE PHOTO OF GEORGE F. MOORE AND SUSAN
STRYKER

Photo courtesy of Jacquie Demsky Wilson

PIONEER FAMILIES OF TRAVIS COUNTY, TEXAS

The 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 <http://austintxgensoc.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.

Austin Genealogical Society	
Travis County Texas	
Pioneer Families Certificate	
	
This is to Certify that	

is a descendant of	

who was living in Travis County, Texas	
before the close of	
_____	_____
Certificate No.	President
_____	_____
Date	Pioneer Families Chairman
_____	_____
	Registrar

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AUSTIN GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY GENERAL INFORMATION

PURPOSE The purposes for which this Society is organized are: To investigate, collect, record, publish and deposit in libraries and archives, the genealogical and historical materials of Texas, with particular focus on items pertaining to the City of Austin, and/or Travis County. To educate its members and the general public in the use of these and other reference materials in preparing, and publishing genealogical material and family lineage. To support the Texas State Library and other genealogical library or archival collections in Travis County by securing and donating books, microfilmed records, and other items or equipment not normally provided in the budgets of these collections.

MEMBERSHIP is open to all upon payment of annual dues. Classes: Individual: \$20; Family (two in the same household): \$30; Lifetime: \$500 (\$300 if over age 65). All classes are entitled to one electronic copy of each issue of the Quarterly and the monthly Newsletter. **After July 1, dues are \$10 for the balance of the year**, but you will receive only the publications produced after the date you join. Membership includes a copy of the annual Membership Directory, which is published each spring.

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

MEETINGS of the general membership begin at 7:00 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 (RR2222) exit Loop 1 (Mopac). Go west one block to Balcones Dr., then left ½ block. The church and parking lot are on right. Visitors are always welcome. The Board of Directors meet 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.

SUBMISSIONS for the Quarterly must reach the Editor at P.O. Box 10010, Austin, Texas 78766-1010, or quarterly@austintxgensoc.org by the deadlines below, 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, and year. 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 ½ x 14 sheets, please. You may submit lineage or family group charts, 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 AGS Quarterly for suggestions.

AGS QUARTERLY DEADLINES: 20th of February, May, August and October. Send material to AGS Quarterly by email and include in the subject line AGS Quarterly Submission to quarterly@austintxgensoc.org

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