GERMAN-TEXAN HERITAGE SOCIETY

THE JOURNAL

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THE JOURNAL OF THE GERMAN-TEXAN HERITAGE SOCIETY

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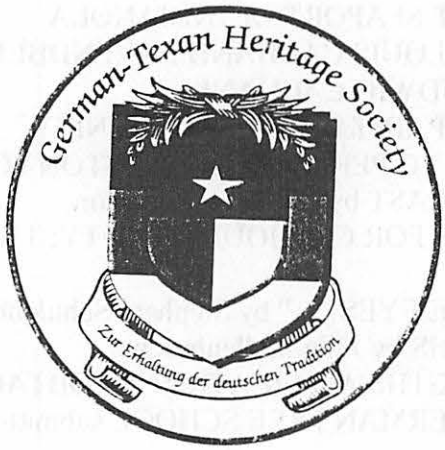


REGISTRATION FORM: GERMAN-TEXAN HERITAGE SOCIETY ANNUAL MEETING, TREMONT HOUSE, GALVESTON, TEXAS: OCTOBER 27-29, 2000

Early Registration for Members: $60 until Sept. 27: # of registrants _____ Total $_____
Late Registration for Members: $70 after Sept. 27 # of registrants _____ Total $ _____
Non-Member Registration: $80 anytime: # of registrants _____ Total $ _____
Student Registration: $60 anytime: # of registrants _____ Total $ _____

Total Amount Sent: _____

Make checks payable to: German-Texan Heritage Society, P. O. Box 684171, Austin, TX 78768-4171: Or you may use VISA/MASTERCARD

Credit Card #_____ Expiration Date:_____

Signature: _____ Phone Number: _____

List the name of each person as you wish it to appear on your name tag:

Name: _____ Address: _____

Name: _____Address: _____

Name: _____Address: _____

Tours: 1) John M. O'Quinn Estuary for viewing birds and other wildlife: Sunday afternoon with tour guide from Scenic Galveston

Yes _____ No _____

2) Walking Tour of the Downtown Historic District from the Tremont House Saturday afternoon following Marjorie von Rosenberg's presentation:

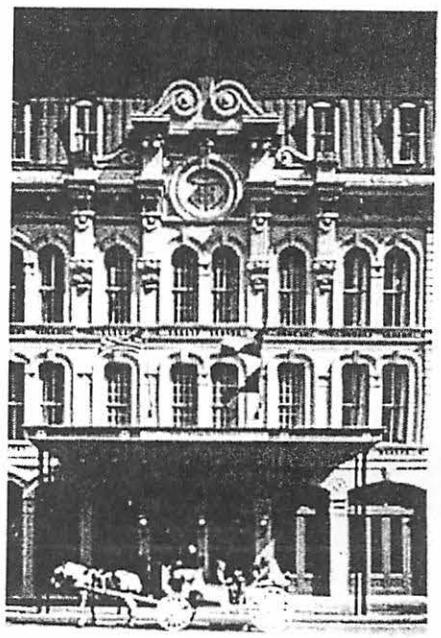
Yes _____ No _____

A block of rooms is being held at the Tremont House in the downtown historic district of Galveston. Call this local number for room reservations :(409) 763-0300. The room rate is $115 per night, plus tax. $8.00 per day parking charge at the Tremont.

The Tremont House

2300 Ship's Mechanic Row
Galveston Island, TX 77550

(entering Galveston on Broadway, go to 23rd St. and turn left. Drive to Ship's Mechanic Row and turn left.)



PRESIDENT'S NOTES

As you are reading this edition of the Journal, many preparations are being made for our annual convention in Galveston in October.

You will be able to read a detailed description of what's in store (see page 4) thanks to the efforts of the chief organizer of the convention, Evangeline Whorton. There are many other assistants who are helping organize this event, and I am thankful to all of them.

This convention will offer a variety of things. Besides some very informative lectures, you will have the opportunity to sight-see and learn much about Galveston. You know that many German-Texans began their life in the New World right there in what at one time was the largest city in Texas.

So please review the tentative agenda, and then submit your registration form and make your hotel reservations. I would like for you to join me at the Friday evening reception, and then have an informative and fun-filled weekend in Galveston.

*****

Approximately two years ago, the decision was made to buy the lot next to the German Free School and GTHS headquarters for $100,000. We need this property in order to expand and we eventually will build on it; but we also need this property to keep something undesirable from going in there since Austin is rapidly using up every square inch of downtown.

This property is much more valuable than what we paid for it. However, the monthly payments of $1,800 are putting a drain on our finances. The balance remaining on the note is $50,000 at this time.

I am therefore asking if anyone of you, your family, or someone you know, would consider a substantial tax-deductible gift to the organization that could be used to pay off the balance remaining on the note. We certainly would consider some naming rights, if that is desired, to memorialize such a gift, and I personally would ask you to think about my proposal and give it some serious consideration.

I hate to, but I am not afraid to ask in the hope that someone will respond favorably.

Auf Wiedersehen!

Karl R. Mickelitz

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR'S UPDATE

This summer work will begin on the electrical upgrade of the German Free School from 100 AMPs to 200 AMPs. Bids have gone out to three master electricians and the renovation committee will decide in a few weeks which firm will do the much needed work. When we have large events, there is not enough current to supply the added load and the result is that we trip the circuit breakers, which is what happened repeatedly at our Maifest this year. Repairs will also be made to faulty outlets, switches and wiring to applicances that we have identified. When the work is completed the building will be safe from electrical hazard and meet our needs for a long time to come.

The bathroom renovation is completed and now the Society has a facility that is wheelchair accessible and meets Americans With Disabilities Act requirements for handicapped persons. Phil Sterzing, advisory board member, spent over 16 hours working on the demolition and restoration of the bathroom. The Society owes him a debt of gratitude, because he went way beyond the call of duty. We still have a long way to go to make the building easy to enter, but plans are being discussed for excavating our lot next door and putting in six to eight parking spaces. We have received bids for an engineering analysis of the soil and excavation parameters from three architectural/engineering firms, however the Board of Directors decided at our last meeting that we will not go forward with that work in the immediate future. First, we have to get the electricity upgraded and review our financial status carefully, before taking on any new projects.

Helga von Schweinitz will be presenting a slide presentation at the Society for German-American Studies Symposium in Bremerhaven, Germany on "Historic German-Texan Residences". She and her husband, Hans left June 6th for a month long trip that will take them to many interesting places in Central Europe, including Expo 2000 in Hannover. Many of our members are flying to Germany to attend, either the Oberammergau Passion Play or Expo 2000 or, if they are lucky, both. Gute Reise!!!

I want to take this space to thank **Christa Prewitt**, genealogy editor, for all she does to help our members research their family histories. Her efforts are tireless and she always gets results. She is happy to help, but we should not take her work for granted. She will not be working at the GTHS annual meeting this year, because when she does, she never gets to attend any of the other events. I am trying to find a substitute and it is not easy, but I will keep trying. We want to have a table for genealogy, as well as reference materials available for our members. If you have any ideas, please call me at 512-482-0927.

Lastly, I want to inform our members that the application for a historical marker on the German Free School is almost complete. I am including in the Journal the narrative that will be the basis of the text on the placard marker to be erected in front of the building. If any member has further documented information, please let me know. Remember, this is a building marker, not a subject marker, therefore every sentence we write has to relate directly to the building's history. Sheryl Brown

IN MEMORIAM

Robert "Bob" Robinson-Zwahr, a Charter Member of the German-Texan Heritage Society, died March 22, 2000, at his home in San Antonio. He was cared for during the last years of his life by his mother, Elsie Robinson.

IN MEMORIAM

German-Texan Heritage Society member, T. Earnest Gammage, Jr., a Houston resident since 1921, died March 14, 2000, at age eighty-four. He was survived by his wife, Beth McDonough Gammage, three children and numerous other relations.

THE PROGRAM

FOR

THE GERMAN-TEXAN HERITAGE SOCIETY

ANNUAL CONVENTION

GALVESTON, OCTOBER 27-29, 2000

by EVANGELINE L. WHORTON

To GTHS Members, Students, and Interested Friends,

So, you are coming to Galveston for Annual Convention on October 27-29th? **Well, you are in for a very intriguing, interesting and unique experience**. The GTHS and Convention Committee welcomes you to the Island. Our few days together should delightfully broaden your perceptions and perspectives on the German Texan involvement in Texas from the 1840's through the years of Reconstruction. We will travel together through 40 years of the most volatile and visionary period of our German-Texan kinsmen's contributions to their beloved, adopted new country land. Those forty years will be the focus for Convention 2000 in Galveston.

Registration begins at 4 p.m., with exhibitors, and a Friday evening reception from 6 to 8 will kick off the convention. The social affair will be followed by a single lively session from 8 to 9 p.m. by the doll expert of the South, Marjorie Valentine Trentham. An authority on dolls, she vibrantly describes dolls in the chattiest manner. She will tell us all about German dolls and will show fine examples from her treasures.

We will awake in time for breakfast at 8:15 with President Judge Karl N. Micklitz and GTHS' Annual Business Meeting. Saturday sessions begin afterward at 9 with GTHS' own Wolfram M. Von-Maszewski, Certified Genealogical Records Searcher (CGRS), speaking on his translation and annotation of Prince Carl of Solms's Texas diary. Solms coordinated the movement of German settlers into Texas in the mid-1840's. Von will be able to vividly describe Solms's work and comment as well on **A Sojourn in Texas, 1846-47**, a translation of an account by an early German traveler to Texas.

Next session, conventioneers will experience editor Charles Patrick's significant contribution to Texas cultural history with his translation of Friedrich Schlecht's accounts of Texas, **Mein Ausflug nach Texas, On to Texas ! ...1848**, a book published in Germany in 1851, and an extremely rare collector's item for generations. In fact, only three copies of the book in German were known to exist before Patrick's narrative translation became available in English for the first time. In June, only two years ago, the English translation first was released as part of Bellville's 150th anniversary. 'Fritz' Schlecht had settled in Austin County and lived near Bellville until his death in 1874.

Executive Director of GTHS, Sherryl Claire Brown, will finish the Saturday morning sessions with an enlightening discussion: **'Education: The Key to the Success of the German-Texan Immigrants'**. Her talk will cover the German immigrants who handled turbulence, oft reverses, and the grueling obstacles of breaking new land, heat, 'blue northers', drought, pestilence and diseases in the remote Texas countryside. Yet, they hungered for educational experiences for themselves and their children. From far distances, early German Texans regularly convened for lively discussions, literary reviews, musical performances, poetry reading, plays, exchanges of word from the Old Country, and a co-operative sharing of workable methods for farming, carpentry, schooling, medicine, to enable themselves to meet their challenges more successfully.

German deprivations of educational facilities prompted the organization of many modest literary clubs, one in Fayette County named the Prairieblume was facilitated by the Romberg Family. The family produced the 'Poet Laureate of Texas' during that period.

After lunch, there will be art by Galveston's well-known German-Texan painter Julius Stockfleth, presented in slides and lecture by Marjorie von Rosenberg, followed by a private showing at the Rosenberg Library of the original Stockfleth paintings. We are working on liquid refreshment at the showing.

The Stockfleth paintings are scintillating jewels of color and finesse, charmingly simple but well executed works of art, and extraordinary documentation of German life on the Gulf. Thanks to Nancy Milnor at the Rosenberg Library, you will be able to view these works, certainly never seen by our German lineage society as a collection, seen only infrequently at the Library, and then not usually all the paintings. It will be our rare privilege to view the artwork of Julius Stockfleth. Printed at least two decades ago, a beautiful book of Stockfleth's work exists, and we hope to have it there for you.

This convention will be different; we think the format will allow you to have some time to search out Galveston on your own. Certainly, you will **not** want to miss Moody Gardens, the new aquarium, the rain forest pyramids on the western side of the Island, and, assuredly, you want to walk the Strand Historical Landmark District, in which our world-class hotel, the Tremont House is located.

A note about The Tremont House: originally, the 1879 Leon & H. Blum Building, our lovely hostelry, was the premiere department store in the South, and was built in stages by Texas's first licensed architect, Nicholas J. Clayton. The hotel block is surrounded by other fine, princely German buildings, such as the Berlocher and Oppermann Buildings.

You probably will want to visit the Archives of the Rosenberg Library on Friday to search out that special family genealogical link you need--or go to the Texas Seaport Museum, not only to see the 1877 square-rigged iron barque **Elissa,** but to input the museum's immigration database about your family.

To allow time for personal choices you have decided you must see, the Annual Business Meeting has been scheduled for **Saturday morning** with a light breakfast, 8:15 to 9, and then sessions will ensue. The annual banquet will be from 12:30 to 2, with remarks by President Judge Micklitz and the Ehrenstern Award, at the 1875 Davidson Building's Ballroom across Mechanic Street from our hotel. The Liederkranz with German Sea Chanteys will entertain the GTHS during the noon banquet.

To allow some afternoon free time, there will be only one session after the banquet at 2:30. Marjorie von Rosenberg will give her presentation on Stockfleth followed by a strolling tour leaving the Sam Houston Room of the Hotel "walking and talking" about German Victorian merchant buildings along the way to the

Library. If you are unable to walk with us, you may drive to the exhibit, or make other personal choices after Mrs. von Rosenberg's presentation.

To see Galveston takes some time, therefore the Convention committee has changed about scheduling somewhat from past annual meetings. We strongly encourage you to make plans to come in early Friday and stay Sunday afternoon. There absolutely is much too much to see!

If you are a birder and an Estuary / Galveston Bay lover, you will want to view the John M. O'Quinn I-45 Estuarial Corridor leading into Galveston, with its many endangered, threatened and high priority species. If there is a group that would like to visit Reitan Point (Exit 6, S. B.) in the Estuary with a guide, please make that personal notation on your registration form so that a SCENIC GALVESTON volunteer can be there for you Sunday afternoon after the Convention.

Saturday night, if planning 'jells', GTHS will enjoy a German dance at 8:30 in the Top Gallant Room, in the T. Jeff League Building on The Strand adjacent to the hotel. Or you may make choices on your own -- from fabulous dining, to the performance at the 1894 Grand Opera House, to Fitzpatrick's Pub across from the hotel, to a wealth of other night spots including local breweries or moonlight carriage rides in the landmark districts. During your stay, you will want to drive on Avenue O to view the absolutely splendid 1999 Kempner Family renovation of Nicholas Clayton's over-night-inspired design for the Germans' Garten Verein Dancing Pavillion.

In the next Brief, we will supply lists of recommended restaurants, hours of attractions, the performance and ticket information on the Grand, as well as The Strand Street Theatre and Outdoor Musicals. Biographical sketches of each guest lecturer also will be included.

Convention 2000 registration has been expanded: Early GTHS Member fee-**$60**, before September 27th; Late GTHS Member fee-**$70** ; Student fee-**$60**, anytime; Non-members-**$80**,anytime. Call the Tremont House directly for hotel accommodations, (409) 763-0300, and ask for the German-Texan Heritage Society block of reservations. Costs for rooms are comparable, single or double, at $115, a bit less than the new Moody Hotel and the well-known San Luis Hotel.

Remember, **there are no concurrent sessions, and with the interesting continuum of 1840 to 1880 program topics that will be offered, you will want to attend every lecture**. Planners are trying not to strangle every moment of time, and we have allowed some space especially late afternoon on Saturday for personal choices before we re-gather at 8:30 for 'the dance'. However, we might all be too tired to polka, or even waltz! But, probably, we will get a second wind with such camaraderie among our German society associates. Invite your favorite friends to attend and **have an outstanding, informative, and fun mini-vacation in Galveston.**

All sessions will be held in the comfortable Sam Houston Room at the Tremont House. The speakers' lectern will be back-dropped with exhibit panels presently

under construction at Texas Tech University, under the direction of Dr. Meredith McClain and Dr. Bill Tydeman. The exhibit will feature 'German Seed in Texas Soil', 'Principles and Persecutions', and 'Texas Seed in German Soul'.

Exhibitors are being contacted now and will be efficiently located in the Samuel May Williams Room with appropriate lighting and table set-up. There is a $25.00 fee for exhibitors, and only space for fifteen of the best exhibits which GTHS will select. We are searching for German /Texana books, German antique 'smalls', historical maps, German pioneer photographs, favorite German preserves, jellies, relishes, pickles, sweets, etc., fine handwork, woodwork, genealogical research services, etc., along with GTHS book sales and Rod Koenig's estate planning consultations.

Early Sunday, you may go to church on your own. First Lutheran is just a few blocks away. But, you must return to the Sam Houston Room by 9 o'clock, because you will want to hear Daniel Francis Lisarelli (of German extraction from his grandmother's line) talk about **The Last Prison: The Untold Story of Camp Groce CSA,** the second worst prison next to Andersonville, with its hundreds of incarcerated German-Texans. One third of the prisoners died there. *How this Convention Chair's three Loessin brother ancestors, Company C, Ist Texas Regiment Calvary volunteers, captured after a skirmish at Ranchas Las Ruscias near Brownsville, endured a dreadful barefoot march to Camp Groce and survived to be exchanged off Galveston Island in 1864 is a story in its self. Perhaps that and other families' legacies can be shared at another convention, another year.*

At 10 a.m., the 40-year-period focus of Convention 2000, detailing German Texan contributions to Texas, will be etched indelibly in GTHS minds. Straight from the Master's Degree thesis of GTHS Board member, Theodora Boehm will endearingly speak about the well known **Reconstruction Period Politician Robert Zapp** from Fayette County, who happened to be her great grandfather. Or was he Teddy's great-great grandfather? Her lecture will be fascinating; it came highly recommended to the Convention Chairman from A & M University's Dr. Walter D. Kamphoefner.

Dr. Kamphoefner will be the keynote speaker at 11:30 on Sunday, wrapping up the convention by disclaiming some previous information circulated about German Texans during the Civil War and sharing **'New Perspectives on Texas Germans and the Confederacy'**. This has been a tedious and difficult session to congeal because 'Dr. K' is presenting a paper in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, on Saturday. We have jumped through every hoop to bring him to Convention 2000, Please, do appreciate that he is flying while we sleep snugly at the Tremont House so that he might debark at Intercontinental Airport to make it to Galveston in time to share his documentation with our Society.

Dr. Kamphoefner is professor of history at Texas A& M. He has published extensively on the social and political history of German immigrants and has edited an anthology of their letters. He is currently at work on an edition of Civil War-era letters of German-Americans throughout the United States. After the

keynote address, Judge Micklitz will close the Annual Meeting in Galveston at 12:30, and the GTHS will adjourn singing "God Be With You Till We Meet Again".

The Galveston Convention Committee is made up of Evangeline Loessin Whorton, Chairman, Frances Heimer Copeland, Frances Knape, W. M. Von-Maszewski, Lydia Eisenhauer Biegert, Mary Faye Barnes, GTHS Executive Director Sherryl Brown, and supportively assisted by Journal Editor Dr. Terry L. Smart. Please call Evangeline, 409-744-7431 or 979-234-2096 for information or your willingness to assist in a number of volunteer needs this summer, and before and during the annual meeting time. ***We will see you in Galveston the last weekend in October where Kaufmann & Runge tried to corner the cotton market, did corner the kaffe trade, and brought more German immigrants into Texas than any other German commission merchant business. auf Wiedersehen ! elw***

----------THINGS TO DO AND SEE IN GALVESTON----------

HISTORIC HOMES

Ashton Villa (1859)
2328 Broadway,
(409) 762-3933
Mon - Sat 10a.m. - 4p.m.
Sun, noon to 4 p.m.

Bishop's Palace (1886)
1402 Broadway,
(409) 762-2475
Memorial Day to Labor Day
Mon - Sat, 10a.m. - 5p.m.
Sun - noon - 5 p.m.
Labor Day to Memorial Day
noon - 4 p.m. daily

Michel B. Menard Home (1838)
1605 33rd Street,
(409) 762-3933
Fri-Sun-12p.m.-4p.m.

Moody Mansion & Museum (1895)
2618 Broadway,
(409) 762-7668
Mon - Sat, 10 a.m. - 4 p.m.
Sun 1 p.m. - 4:30 p.m.

Powhatan House (1847)
3427 Ave. O.,
(409) 763-0077
Sat-1p.m.-3:30p.m.

Samuel May Williams Home (1839)
3601 Ave. P. (Bernardo de Galvez),
(409) 765-1839
Sat-Sun-12p.m.-4p.m.

Mardi Gras Museum
23rd and Strand (3rd Floor),
(409) 763-1133
Summer Hours - Wed - Sun,
noon - 6p.m.
Winter Hours - Wed - Fri,
noon - 5p.m.
Sat & Sun - noon - 6p.m.

Railroad Museum
25th & Strand,
(409) 765-5700
Summer Hours, 10a.m. - 4p.m. daily
Winter Hours, 10a.m.-4p.m.

Galveston Island Ferry
(409) 763-2386
Hwy 87 (Ferry Road)
Free to public
24 hrs a day

Galveston Island Trolley
2100 Seawall/2016 Strand,
(409) 762-2950
Mon-Fri - 6:15a.m. - 8p.m.
Sat-Sun - 8:45 a.m. - 6p.m.
Downtown Trolley - free

David Taylor Classic Car Museum
19th and Mechanic,
(409) 765-6590
10a.m. - 5p.m. daily

Galveston County Historical Museum
2219 Market,
(409) 766-2340
Memorial Day to Labor Day
Mon-Sat, 10a.m. - 5p.m.
Sun, noon - 5p.m.
Labor Day to Memorial Day
Mon - Sat, 10a.m. - 4p.m.
Sun, noon - 4p.m.

Lone Star Flight Museum
2002 Terminal Drive,
(409) 740-7722
10 a.m. - 5 p.m. daily

Texas Seaport Museum & 1877 Tall Ship Elissa
Pier 21, Harborside Drive at 21st Street,
(409) 763-1877
Summer Hours - 10a.m. - 5:30p.m. daily
Winter Hours - 10a.m. - 5p.m. daily

Ocean Star, Sponsored by the Offshore Energy Center
Pier 19,
(409) 766-STAR
Open daily
Summer Hours - 10a.m. - 5p.m.
Winter Hours - 10a.m. - 4p.m.
Tours with 12-minute film

Seawolf Park
Pelican Island via Seawolf Parkway (51st Street),
(409) 744-5738
Open year-round,
dawn to dusk
- 3-story Pavilion
- USS CAVALLA (WWII submarine
- USS STEWART (destroyer escort)
- Fishing pier
- Playground

Galveston Arts Center
2127 Strand, (409) 763-2403,
arts line (409) 762-2787
Call for brochures & maps of local galleries

Gallery Row
Located on Postoffice Street, between 23rd & 21st streets
Various art galleries and antique shops

Rosenberg Library
23rd and Sealy,
(409) 763-8854
Mon-Thu - 9a.m. to 9p.m.
Fri-Sat - 9a.m. to 6p.m.
Sun (Sept. - May) 1p.m. - 5p.m.

SEE-Wall Mural
Painted along 27th to 61st and Seawall Blvd.

The Great Storm
Pier 21 (second floor),
(409) 765-7834,
(409) 763-8808
Sun-Thu - 11a.m. - 6p.m.
Fri-Sat - 11a.m. - 8p.m.

The Grand 1894 Opera House
2020 Postoffice,
(409) 765-1894,
800-821-1894
Open for self-guided tours - Mon-Sat, 9a.m.-5p.m.; Sun, noon-5p.m.

The Colonel Paddlewheeler
docked at Moody Gardens,
(409) 740-7797
3 cruises daily: 12p.m.-1p.m.; 2p.m.-3p.m.; 4p.m.-5p.m.

The History of THE TREMONT HOUSE

In the ivoried pages of the century-old register are names now legendary: General Sam Houston, Ulysses S. Grant, Clara Barton, Edwin Booth, Anna Pavlova, Buffalo Bill. From the earliest days of the original Tremont House, built in 1839, the hotel's fortunate Galveston location and its undeniable cachet attracted a fascinating array of visitors from Texas, America and the World. Elegant Victorian ladies and gentlemen came to dance at grand balls; soldiers from three wars returned to homecoming banquets; Sam Houston delivered his last public speech; cotton merchants negotiated deals; Sioux Chiefs sampled southern meals; six Presidents came to call, and refugees of the storm of 1900 sought shelter all within the sturdy walls of the Tremont.

Twice the hotel has been reborn. First, in 1872, following a raging fire that had swept through the Strand District in 1865 and once again, in 1985, forty-five years after the doors of the last Tremont were closed.

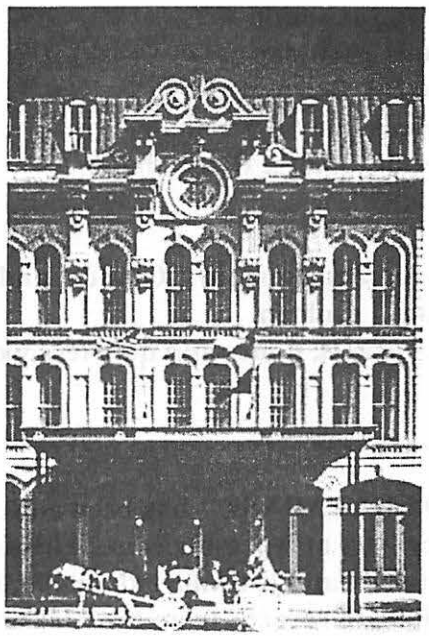
The new Tremont House, situated just half a block from its predecessor, is heir to a complement of history which no other hostelry can match.

The original Tremont House, a sturdy, square two-story brick building, opened in 1839 on the corner of post Office and Tremont Streets, and for years after was the largest and finest hotel in the Republic of Texas. Early guests ranged from Sam Houston and Texas President Anson Jones, to foreign ministers from France and England. During the Civil War, Confederate soldiers, then Union troops were quartered in the hotel. Finally, on June 20, 1865, the original Tremont House was destroyed by a great fire that raged in the Strand District for days and razed entire city blocks.

For more than five years, the old landmark lay in ruins. Then several of Galveston's prominent businessmen organized a company to build a new Tremont on the ashes of the old.

The grand new Tremont, a magnificent, four-story hotel whose grandeur rivaled all others in the South, was the first Galveston project for architect Nicholas Clayton, who went on to design many of the city's most distinguished and beautiful buildings. The second Tremont House opened in 1872, and for years attracted dignitaries from around the world. Then, following the disastrous hurricane of 1900 and the subsequent demise of Galveston's economy, the once-grand hotel fell into ruin and was demolished in 1928.

The new Tremont House occupies the 1879 Leon & H. Blum Building, an architecturally lavish landmark that once housed the South's premiere wholesale dry goods concern. Styled to recreate the atmosphere of its 19th century namesake, the Tremont House beckons you to linger and savor the history of a century gone by.



GERMAN TEXAN'S GENEALOGY SECTION

Compiled by Christa Prewitt, Genealogy Editor, P.O. Box 992, Elgin, TX 78621 – Phone: 512-281-2916 – e-mail: christaj@swbell.net

BITS – PIECES – NEWS

SOCIAL SECURITY DEATH INDEX

The SSDI can be very confusing, especially if you cannot find a person listed, even though you know their Social Security Number. Do you know why?

The Index is based on the SS Death Master File. It lists persons which received survival benefits or death benefits were paid to. A husband would also be included if his wife or children received payments under his Social Security Account. But , if a person had a S.S. number, and nobody claimed a death benefit, and there is no survivor to draw benefits, that person is not included.

A copy of that persons application for a Social Security Number gives much more information than the Death Index. You can order a copy for a deceased person using form SSA-L997 and with a fee of $ 7.00 mail to: Social Security Administration, Office of Central Records, DOIA Workgroup, Box 17772, 300 N. Greene St., Baltimore, MD 21290

OLD GERMAN MONEY

Understanding money values in Germany is much easier now than in the days of our Ancestors. DM (Deutschmark) is used throughout Germany now, with 100 Pfennige equal to 1.00 DM. Before Thaler and Groschen were used in the northern part of Germany and Gulden and Kreuzer were used in the south.

16 Groschen or 60 Kreuzer equals 1 Gulden
24 Groschen or 90 Kreuzer equals 1 Reichsthaler
32 Groschen or 120 Kreuzer equals one Speziesthaler
1 Gulden equals ½ Speziesthaler or 2/3 of a Reichsthaler
1 Groschen equals 12 Pfennige
1 Kreuzer equals 4 Pfennige

There are 192 Pfennige or 16 Groschen equal to 1 Gulden, and if you convert 60 Kreuzer into Pfennige it takes 240 to equal 1 Gulden.

And you and I thought pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters were hard to understand when we were kids!

(Source: GIGN, Vol.6, No.4)

MEXICAN PARISH RECORDS DATABASE – has been added to the collection of research data available to subscribers at Ancestry.com. This is the first set of Mexican parish records posted on the Internet and lists more than 400,000 names. This database includes marriage, baptism and death records from the Mexican parishes of Matamoros, Aquaslequas, Mier, Sabinas, Hidalgo, Vallecillo, Cadereyta, Camargo, Cerralvo and Guerrero. Compiled by the Spanish American Genealogical Association. Dates range from 1751 to 1880.

Source:FGS, The Bullerin, May 2000)

FROM OUR MEMBERS

Our Genealogy Editor, from the information received by our members compiled the following section. If you have an interest in any of the families mentioned, write directly to the member. To have your story or query appear in the next issue, write to your Genealogy Editor, Christa Prewitt, P.O. Box 992, Elgin, TX 78621. Items are published free of charge for members.
If you wish to submit a longer article for publication, please be sure it is camera ready. The manuscript specification are: materials must be typed, single-spaced, on 8.5" by 11" white paper.
Although every effort is made to publish reliable material and historical resource material, the GTHS Genealogy Editor does not accept responsibility for errors in fact or judgement in the materials submitted by members for publication. This includes spelling of names of persons and or places; the spelling is used as submitted by the member.

QUERIES

WANTING TO LOCATE DECENDANTS OF AGNES (OTT) & WILLIAM FREIDRICHS

Anton and Francesca (Golly) Ott along with their children Simon, Celestino & Edward, came to Meyersville, Tx. from Oderen, in Alsace-Lorraine in 1857. Francesca died in 1876 and Anton married Leona Schnell on August 17, 1878 in Meyersville, Tx. They had one child, Agnes, who was born in 1879. Leona (Schnell) died in 1893. The only additional information I have concerning great aunt Agnes is that she married William Freidrichs in a Lutheran church near Cuero, Tx. and that she attended her father's (Anton Ott) funeral in Cuero in 1910. Anton was a Civil War veteran and is buried in the family plot at the Hillside Cemetary in Cuero.
Please contact me at: William Ott, Jr. 2110 Teakwood Dr. Austin, Tx. 78757 or wjott1@juno.com

MUELLER COUSINS IN CHICAGO AREA - is your name MUELLER or is it KELM? Meta Mueller Lehmann left pictures with MUELLER COUSINS written on the back of several pictures of young ladies. Are you a distant relative of Johann & Ottilie Kelm Mueller? They came from the Posen Area of Germany, from the town Schokken, known as Skoki now. They came in about 1887 to Washington County, Texas. Meta was born in 1889. Johann died in 1896 and is buried in the Berlin Cemetery, as is Ottilie when she died in 1931. Ottilie and Meta lived with Albert and Emma(Mueller) Wegner after Johann's death. Meta was a school teacher until she married Louis Lehmann. Any information will be most welcome. Edna Kramer Groeschel, 1901 Ullrich Avenue, Austin, Texas 78756-1125.

STEINMANN - Emil Steinmann was born at William Penn, Washington County, Texas in 1861, the son of Valentin Steinmann. Valentin was a brother of Christine Steinmann Muehlberger. I would like more information about that family. I have not been able to connect them to the Steinmanns who reside in Fayette County. Edna Kramer Groeschel, 1901 Ullrich Avenue, Austin, Texas 78756-1125.

KRAMER/KRAFT - Henrietta Louise Kramer was born 3-28-1868 in Wehdem, Germany. She came to America, possibly in the 1880's or early in 1890 to the New York/New Jersey Area. She married a man named KRAFT. It is known that she had at least one son. We have information that she had a granddaughter named JOANN KRAFT. We last heard from that family in the 1970's. We will appreciate4 any help in locating members of that family, Edna Kramer Groeschel, 1901 Ullrich Avenue, Austin, Texas 78756-1125

JOHANNES HEINE/HEYNE & ANNA MARTHA DIPPLE FAMILY

Johannes Heyne/Heine and his wife **Anna Martha Dippel** immigrated to Fayette County, Texas, about the year 1848, probably with son **Henry** who later married **Auguste Koenig** and daughter **Elise** who later married **Bernhardt Treybig**. They were from the village of Velmeden, Hessisch-Lichtenau, Hesse.

Older daughter **Elizabeth** and her husband **William Dippel** came to the United States in October 1851 and settled in central Pennsylvania near Lewiston according to Dippel family history. Their first child was ten months old at that time. The second child was born in Pennsylvania in 1854. The family moved to Fayette County and settled in the Shelby-Haw Creek area in 1859. Another daughter **Catherine** and her husband **Carl (Charles) Frank** probably sailed on the ship *Friedrich* from Bremen in 1846. They settled first in Fayette County and later in Lavaca County.

I plan to compile a Heine family record and am interested in contacting any descendants of Henry Heine and Auguste Koenig, Elizabeth Heine and William Dippel, and Catherine Heine and Charles Frank.

Arliss Treybig, PO Box 1236, El Campo TX 77437; 409-543-3730

The following 2 pages contain queries from Mary Ann Weshinskey, if you have any information on the people in article 1,2,3,4,or 5 please contact her at: maaryann@aol.com or snail mail: Mary Ann Weshinskey, 602A Sherwood, Victoria, TX 77901

1. Heinrich Friedrich Johann HOERMANN, b. 1803 Winzlar, Hanover State, Germany. d. April 22, 1887, came to Fayette Co., Texas, from Bremen, Germany, arriving September 19, 1850 at the Port of Galveston, Texas, on the ship Estafette with a party of 5 other people. Also travelling on the Estafette from Winzlar were W. EBERHARD and 2 other people. Were Heinrich and W. Eberhard perhaps related somehow or were they friends? Did Heinrich have any brothers and sisters? His parents were Johann Heinrich HOERMANN and Marie HARFELBRINK. When and where were his parents born? I have also gotten info that he arrived at the Port of Indianola. Did he first arrive at Galveston, and then travel to Indianola via ship, thus the two conflicting port of entries?

Heinrich married Catherine Sophie Eleanore WILKINING, b. December 20, 1801 in either Fayette Co., TX, or Hanover, Germany. I have found different place of births in different locations for her. Her parents were Johann H. WILKINING and Anna C. S. E. ABELMANN. When and where were her parents born and did Catherine have any siblings?

Both Catherine and Heinrich are supposedly buried in Round Top, but I have not been able to visit their graves. Is there anyone who could give me the information on their tombstones?

They are listed in the 1860 census for Round Top, Fayette Co. I wonder where they moved to as I have not been able to find them after that in the census.

Catherine and Heinrich had at least one child: Heinrich Fredrich William Hoermann, b. 1838 in Hanover, Germany, d. 1904.

2. Heinrich Friedrich William HOERMANN, known as Fritz, b. 1838 possibly in Hanover, Germany, d. 1904., parents, Heinrich Friedrich Johann HOERMANN and Catherine Sophie Eleanore WILKINING.

He married Marie Albertina WERCHAN(D), b. 1854, d. 1936. Does anyone know anything about Marie and her parents? What is the correct spelling of her last name?

They had the following children:

Otilla Eleanor Hoermann, b. 1872, d. 1976, m. Theo Plattow; Amalie Caroline H. Hoermann, b. 1875, m. ? Phillips; Walter John Hoermann b. 1877 Carmine, Fayette Co., TX, d. Novmeber 1967 San Antonio, Bexar Co., TX, m. Minnie Wilhelmena Klaus; Heinrich Friedrich Paui Hoermann, b. 1880; Erwin Emil Josef Hoermann, b. 1882; Friedrich O. Reinhard Hoermann, b. 1885; Maria Anna Hoermann, b. 1887; Martin Conrad Carl Hoermann, b. 1889; Karl Samuel Gustaf Hoermann, b. 1893, d. 1967, Lydia Hoermann, b. 1895, Violet Helene Hoermann, b. 1899.

Does anyone know anything about the above children and their parents?

3. Walter John HOERMANN, b. October 13, 1877 in Carmine, Fayette Co., Texas, d. November 1967 in San Antonio, Bexar Co., Texas. His parents were Heinrich Fredrich William HOERMANN and Marie Albertina WERCHAN(D).

He married Minnie Wilhelmena KLAUS/CLAUS, b. October 9, 1882, in Shelby, Texas, d. October 31, 1967, in Pleasanton, Texas. Her parents were August KLAUS and Louise VON BIEBERSTEIN. Does anyone have more information on Minnie?

They had the following children:

Louise Marie Hoermann, b. 1909, d. 1954, m. Daniel Louis Ernst; Daintie Jessie Hoermann, b. 1910, b. Benjamin Stang; Howard Fred August Hoermann, b. 1912, d. 1973, m. Hazel Marie Rawlings; Lurline Minnie Hoermann; b. 1914, m. 1941 Cecil Lester Weshinskey; Bernice Bernadette Hoermann, b. 1916, m. Ted Topoleski. Does anyone know more about these people?

4. August VON BIEBERSTEIN, b. November 3, 1816, d. August 10, 1882, Texas. August and his family came from Eschwege (possibly Eshbruk) on the Weser via Bremen, Germany, and arrived in Galveston in 1854. He is in the 1860 and 1870 census for Fayette Co., Texas. The census shows his birthplace as being in Prussia. What is the correct spelling of his birthplace? And is his birthplace in Prussia? I have received info that he also arrived through the Port of Indianola, Texas. Could he have first arrived at Galveston, Texas, then went to Indianola via ship, thus the two conflicting ports of entries?

He married Sophia ?, b. 1822 in Prussia, d. Texas. Does anyone know anything else about Sophia.

They had the following children:

Shine von Bierberstein, b. Ab.t 1849; Claudia von Bierberstein, abt. 1851 in Prussia; Pollena (Paulina?) von Bieberstein, b. abt. 1851 in Prussia; Louis von Bieberstein, b. Abt. 1856, m. August Klaus; Robert von Bieberstein, b. abt. 1856; Theresa von Bieberstein, b. Abt. 1858; Adolph von Bieberstein, b. Abt. 1859; Gustav von Bieberstein, b. Abt. 1860; Herman von Bieberstein, b. Abt. 1862; Flora von Bieberstein, b. Ab.t 1864. Does anyone know anything about these siblings?

5. August KLAUS, b. 1852, mother Katrina (Catherina) SCHMIDZ, b. Abt. 1821 in Saxony, Germany, and Konrad (Conrad) KLAUS, b. Abt. 1810, d. 1864 in Fayette co., TX. Catherina is in the 1870 census for Round Top, Fayette Co., Texas. Konrad and Katrina may have come to Texas in 1852.

August married Louise VON BIEBERSTEIN, b. Abt. 1856 and had the following children:

Henrietta Klaus; Augusta Klaus; Hulda Klaus; Laura Klaus; Lilly Klaus; Adolph Klaus; Amelia Klaus; Minnie Wilhelmena Klaus, b. 1882 Shelby, TX, d. 1967 Pleasanton, TX, m. Walter John Hoermann.

Does anyone have any more information about the above people?

FAMILY REUNIONS

ROTHERMEL REUNION

Descendants of Andreas and Anna Marie Meier Rothermel met for their annual family reunion on March 25, 2000 at the VFW Hall in Brenham. Forty-six persons were in attendance. Persons in attendance came from Brenham, Pasadena, Burton, Carmine, Giddings, Alvin, Chappel Hill, Gloster, Louisana, Elgin, Cypress, Houston, Richardson,Texas City, Abernathy, and Lubbock. Hosts were: Tom and Dorothy Rothermel, Connie and Marshall Bird, and Pam and James Guthrie.

Eloise and Carl Barton of Abernathy, Texas , Virginia Waldrip of Lubbock and Sharon Waldrip of Houston were in attendance for the first time. Bernhardt Rothermel is their ancestral family. Also in attendance for the first time was Edward Barnett, Jr. of Cypress. Johanna Rothermel Smith is his ancestral family. Eloise and Carl Barton and Virginia Waldrip traveled the longest distance to the reunion from Abernathy and Lubbock. Kyle Hill of Texas City was the youngest member present. Bernhardt Rothermel is his ancestral family. His parents are Larry and Lynette Hill. Nathalie Rothermel Landua of Burton was the oldest female Rothermel present and James Rothermel of Brenham was the oldest male Rothermel present. Anton and Mary Vogelsang Rothermel are their ancestral family. Ed and Thelma Smith Barnett of Houston were married the most number of years (65 years). Johanna Rothermel Smith is their ancestral family. The couples married since the last reunion were: Carobeth Fuchs and Bruce Brockhorn of Brenham, Rachel Ellerman and Mark Niebuhr of Brenham, Dawn Kuecker and Gary Bolcerek of Brenham, and Laurie Rothermel and Dr. Wm. Satterfield of Elgin. The five couples are from the Anton and Mary Vogelsang Rothermel family. All were given copies of the Rothermel Coat of Arms or the marriage certificates of Andrew and Anna Maria Meier Rothermel and Anton and Mary Vogelsang Rothermel. The death of Norma Mae Goldsmith of San Antonio was remembered in prayer.

Displays of family history, photographs and family memorabilia provided an opportunity for each to become familiar with their ancestral families. A descendancy chart was provided for everyone beginning with Johannes Jacobus Rothermel, born about 1680 in Rotenberg, Germany near Heidleberg.

The meeting closed with those present singing a dismissal to the tune of Edelweiss.

Submitted by:
Dorothy Noak Rothermel
2504 Brookbend Dr.
Brenham, Texas 77833-9245

59th Noak Family Reunion Held at Round Top March 19

The 56th annual Noak Family reunion was held Sunday, March 19 at the Round Top Rifle Association Hall with 78 members of the Peter August and Johanna Wilhelmine Mitzscherling Noack (Noak) family in attendance.

Before the catered noon meal was served, O'Neal Weigelt of Austin asked the blessing.

After the meal, the business meeting was called to order by Al Weigelt of Lufkin. Diana Kallus of Victoria read the minutes and Lanette Williams of Carmine gave the treasurer's report from the previous year.

Six births were reported since the last reunion. The youngest person in attendance was Cole Bernhard, 10 1/2 month-old-son of Jarrod and Courtney Bernhard of Tomball. The longest-living female present was Irene Noak, 82, of La Grange, and the longest-living male was Nelson Noak Sr., 82, of La Grange.

Five marriages were reported since the previous reunion. Most recently married and in attendance were Jarrod and Courtney Bernhard of Tomball, with one year and two weeks. The couple married longest was Nelson and Irene Noak of La Grange with 59 years. A close second was Edmund and Leona Weigelt of Conroe with 58 years.

Three deaths in the family were reported since the last reunion, including Waldemar Noak Jr., Weldon Jaster, and Arvis Noak. A moment of silent prayer was offered for them.

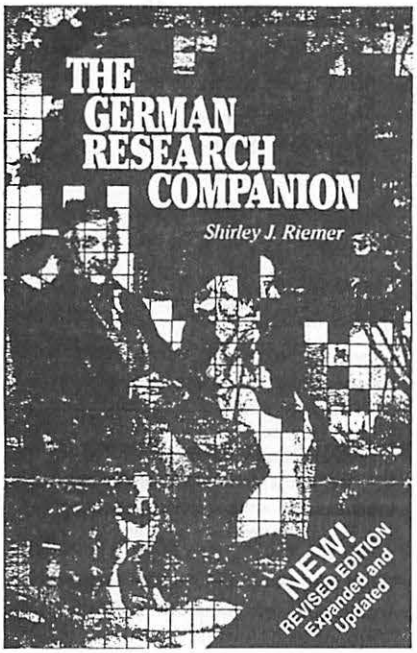
Traveling farthest to the reunion were Ron and Helen Greif of Tulsa, Oklahoma. Others attended from Houston, Round Top, La Grange, Lufkin, Carmine, Austin, Danbury, Taylor, Bryan, Brenham, Rosenberg, Conroe, Wallis, Hallettsville, Burton, Flatonia, Tomball, Columbus and Victoria.

Bobby and Carol Hamilton and their family of Bryan volunteered to assume the duties of host family for the next reunion. Diana Kallus and Lanette Williams were re-elected to serve as secretary and treasurer, respectively.

The meeting adjourned with Al Weigelt leading the Lord's Prayer.

Books - Books – Books

"The Dr. Wilhelm Keidel Chapter, DRT of Fredericksburg, Tx has completed their first cemetery project book. Therefore, the book covers only a portion of Gillespie County. Approximately 1,000 names listed. All German inscriptions have been translated, some stories and other information included. Not your ordinary cemetery book of just names and dates. Please send inquiries to: Dr. Wilhelm Keidel Chapter, DRT, P.O. Box 1425, Fredericksburg, Tx 78624"



Here it is – the new revised edition of
The German Research Companion

The newly revised second edition of *The German Research Companion,* by Shirley J. Riemer, will be published in late April, but you have **until May 15** to order the book at a discount during the special pre-publication sale. Note the sale price included in the order form below.

This book contains information and details on hundreds of topics, including – archive addresses, book, microfilm and microfiche numbers; gazetteers; church books and inventories; chronologies; German indexes of family history information; Geman, Latin and French vocabularies; glossaries; many German genealogical resources; abbreviation keys; military resource lists; special libraries; German correspondence aids; passenger arrival and departure records; help with the old German script; resource lists; German-focused libraries and collections; special directories, and much, much more.

Flip this sheet over to view an overview of some of the subjects covered in this new revised edition. There you will note the exceptionally wide range of topics relating to German family history research offered in this book. Incidentally, when this revised second edition of the German Research Companion is sold out, no third edition can be expected. The book stops here.

Revised second edition, softbound, 672 pages including front matter and index. ISBN: 0-9656761-0-2. Price $ 32.00 includes shipping and handling, and any applicable tax. Make check payable to: Lorelei Press, P.O. Box 221356, Sacramento, CA 95822-8356

The most complete book on the history of the Sattler community.

Read about the rural life of the predominantly German community that existed for over a hundred years before Canyon Dam was constructed.

Identify the names associated with the community: Sattler, *Walhalla*, Mountain Valley, *Marienthal*, Hidden Valley, and Canyon Lake.

Learn more about Wilhelm Sattler, the United States mail contractor and postmaster, whose name the community currently carries.

Study the history of the original one-room Mountain Valley School with a detailed account of the school activities in the 1930s and 1940s.

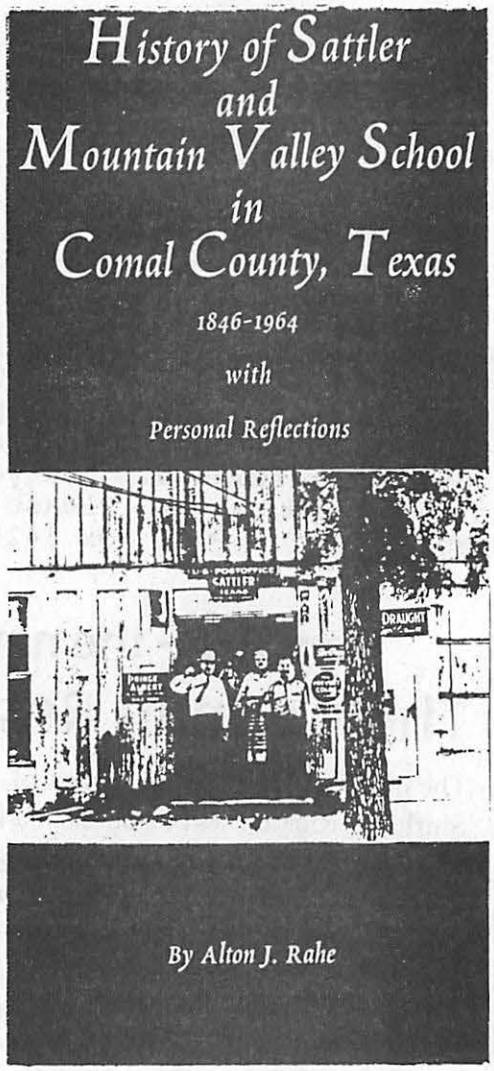
Find your ancestors in the fifty-four lists of students attending Mountain Valley School from the years 1883 until 1957.

Enjoy the author's personal reflections at the end of each chapter, based on his experiences when living in the community.

Be amazed at your ancestry among the 8,000 individuals in the genealogy section.

Appreciate other activities in the Sattler community, such as: bowling, box suppers, birthday parties, shooting clubs, singing clubs, dances, and community bands.

The coffee-table format, hardcover, library-binding books are printed on archival quality paper.



The book contains 146 pages of history in twenty chapters and 135 pages of genealogy. It was released in January of this year by Walsworth Publishing Company.

Descendants Outline Chart for five generations of each of the following pioneer settlers:

Baetge
Boerner
Bose
Erxleben
Espinosa
Friedrich
Guenther
Heise
Halm
Jentsch
Junker
Kanz
Kraft
Krause
Marschall
Meckel
Nowotny
Pantermuehl
Pape
Preusser
Roege
Rohde
Sattler
Schlather
Tausch
Weil

The Author

Alton J. Rahe is a fifth-generation descendant of a German pioneer family who originally settled in Fredericksburg, Texas. He was born in 1932 to Albert and Linda Klar Rahe in Sattler, Comal County, Texas, where his father was a teacher at Mountain Valley School. Mr. Rahe worked as a mathematical statistician for the Air Force for over forty years after receiving masters degrees from Southwest Texas University and from Virginia Tech University. Alton and his wife, Yvonne, live in New Braunfels and have three children.

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Or German-Texan Heritage Society (We have 10 copies to sell)

FREE AND HANSEATIC CITY OF HAMBURG

HAMBURG link to your roots

DO YOU THINK HAMBURG MIGHT HAVE BEEN YOUR ANCESTOR'S EMIGRATION PORT?

The Hamburg Emigration Lists are a data bank which includes the personal data of 5 million people who emigrated via Hamburg from 1850 to 1934. It will be made available for your personal use in **April 2000**, starting with the years 1890-1893.

This data bank will then grow, on a regular basis, year by year. The first phase will include the data on emigrants from 1890 to 1914. At a later date the years 1850 to 1934 will be included and all of it will be accessible on the Internet as well. As soon as you've found the name you are looking for you may obtain complete details (where they came from, profession, age, etc.).

Inform yourself via the Internet on Hamburg as the port of emigration, as well as the project itself, at

www.hamburg.de/LinkToYourRoots/english/welcome.htm

HAMBURG EMIGRATION LISTS

The city of Hamburg, accommodating emigrants in the past and to this very day, is in exclusive possession of lists of those who passed through her utilizing the harbor. Bremen and other cities lost almost all these precious lists, but only Hamburg managed to safeguard complete records covering the flow of emigrants from 1850 to 1934.

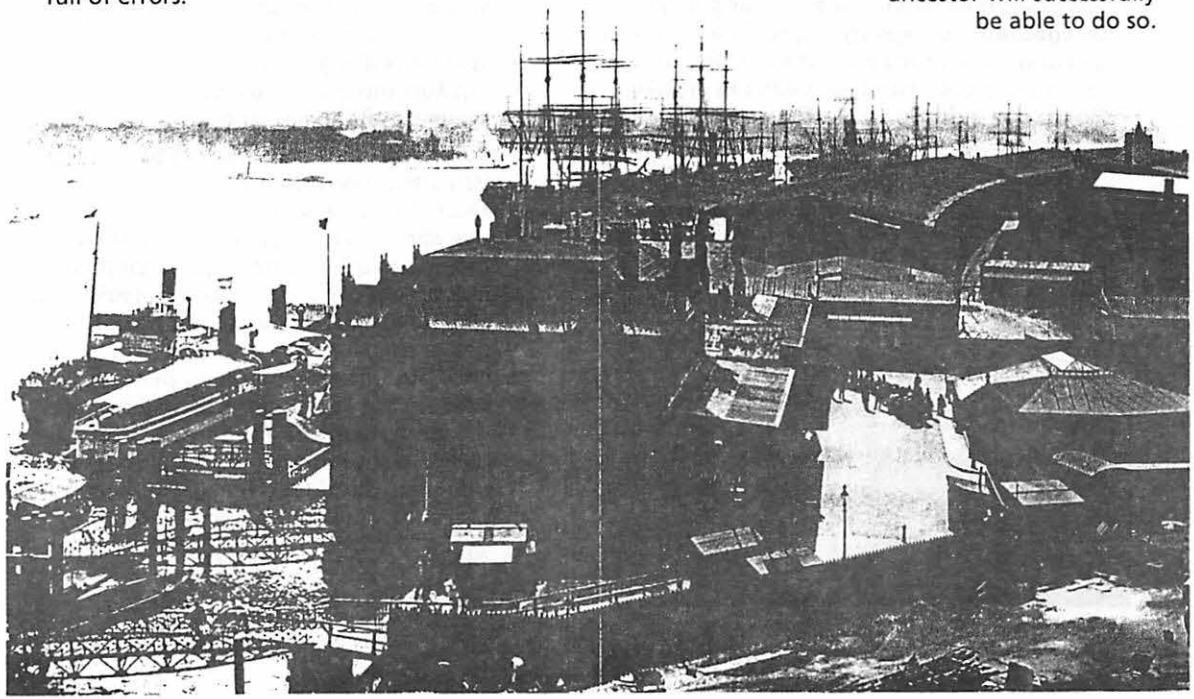
What makes these lists so valuable, is the fact that even the hometowns from whence the emigrants came is recorded. Anyone researching a family tree will treasure this crucial factor.

The American multiple-volume Glazier/Filby reference work "Germans to America", covering U.S. immigration from 1850 to 1890, is full of errors.

However, the Hamburg Lists include all the German emigrants in addition to millions of people of other nationalities, mainly from eastern Europe.

By the year 2003, the city of Hamburg expects to be able to display the lists for the entire period covering emigration from 1850 to 1934. The Hamburg State Archive is the source and safe-keeper of all emigrant lists stemming from this period as well as records of all Hamburg history.

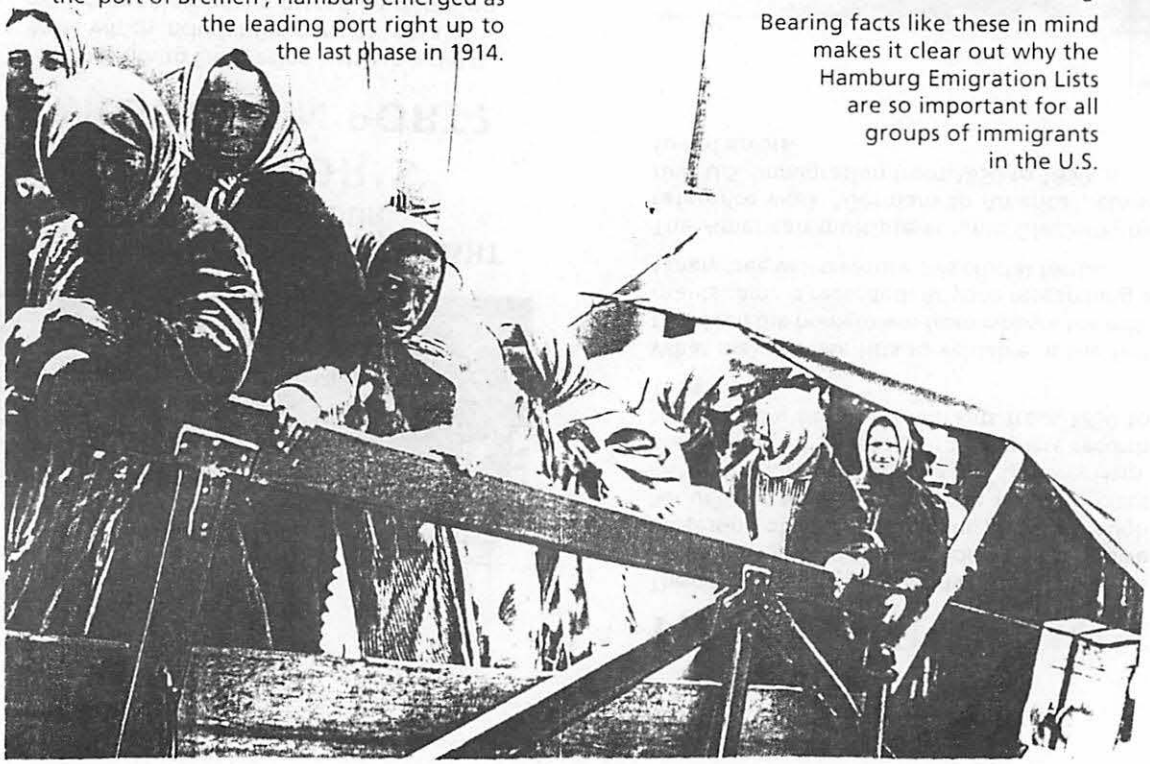
All the data pertaining to the emigrant lists are being processed and brought to the Internet, here at this center. In April 2000 the Hamburg archives will offer Internet access to the first years: 1890-1893. With this facility in place anyone looking for his "special" ancestor will successfully be able to do so.



EMIGRATION PORT HAMBURG

Due to the efforts of Albert Ballin, Hamburg achieved a leading role as a port of emigration, through the shipping company called HAPAG, the Hamburg-America Freight-Shipping Corporation which he directed.

In 1900 the HAPAG, which in the meantime was renamed the Hamburg-America Line, developed to become the largest shipping line in the world and with it, the importance of the Emigration Port of Hamburg as well. Even though the same number of about 5 million emigrants passed through the port of Bremen , Hamburg emerged as the leading port right up to the last phase in 1914.



ANATEVKA'S CHILDREN

In order to flee the constantly repeated pogroms being committed in Eastern Europe since 1881, more than a million Jewish refugees, with all the other 3 million emigrants, undertook the arduous journey to Hamburg between the years 1890 and 1914. If Czarist Russia had forced the children of milkman Tevje from Anatevka as presented in the musical production of "Fiddler on the Roof", to leave their small Ukrainian village and emigrate to America, their journey would have certainly taken them first to Cracow, then on to Hamburg.

Bearing facts like these in mind makes it clear out why the Hamburg Emigration Lists are so important for all groups of immigrants in the U.S.

The idea stems from the Publicity Department which was able also to rally all those involved. Making all this possible was a partnership between the public and private sectors. The software and hardware was made available by **Debis**, **Oracle** and **Siemens**, as well as **Sun**. 25 handicapped employees will enter all data as well as answer any inquiries made via the Internet.

Employees involved will be paid by the State Welfare Office, with funds earmarked by law to train handicapped people.

The entire scope of data can be accessed for a fixed charge as well as the issuance of a certificate. Over the long term these charges will be used to secure some of these working places permanently.

Write to:
Staatsarchiv Hamburg
Kattunbleiche 19
D-22041 Hamburg
Germany
Fax: +49-40-42831-3201
E-Mail:
LinkToYourRoots@staatsarchiv.hamburg.de

A self-guided tour to Indian Point (Karlshaven) and the lost seaport of Indianola

by Linda Wolff
author of "Indianola and Matagorda Island 1837-1887"

From Victoria take U.S. 87 East to Port Lavaca. About five miles before you reach Port Lavaca you will see FM 2433, the Indianola-Port O'Connor cut-off, on your right. Turn right.

Continue on until you reach State Highway 238. You will see the VFW Hall (painted green) on your right. Turn right.

At the blinking light, State Highway 238 turns right to go to Port O'Connor and Seadrift but you will continue straight onto what becomes State Highway 316. Continue on 316 past the Alamo Beach exit, you are looking for the Magnolia Beach exit.

Turn left onto 2760 at the Magnolia Beach exit. Continue until you are within sight of the bay and must turn left or right. Turn right, then left and then to the right again to reach the crabbing bridge and the beach.

Now begins the tour ....

At the first set of cabanas you are at Indian Point or Karlshaven as it was known by the German immigrants who landed here. Eager to escape the political and unemployment problems of their homeland, the German immigrants had no way of knowing that they would face political problems (US-Mexican War, Civil War), disease (yellow fever, cholera, meningitus) Indian depredations and hurricanes in Texas.

Further, the ox carts that would have carried their belongings to their land grants were commandeered by the U.S. Army when war broke out between the US. and Mexico in May 1846. Some walked the entire distance to their land grants near New Braunfels, more than 150 miles from where you are now standing.

Others sold their land grant rights and remained at Indian Point or Karlshaven and the town soon flourished. Among these were Heinrich Huck who established a lumberyard, Dr. Martin Reuss who opened an apothecary, and Henry Runge who opened a bank in a tent.

Originally this point of land was known as Indian Point, then as Karlshaven. It was renamed Indianola in 1849 by Mary Brown, the wife of newspaper editor John Henry Brown. Later when the townsite moved to Powderhorn and this area became known as "Old Town."

GENEALOGY SECTION

If you drive along the beach road that parallels the beach you will see a series of signs erected by George Fred Rhodes, the Calhoun County Historical Commission Chairman to tell the story of Indianola.

In brief here: The Adelsverein (Society of Nobility) was organized in Germany to sell land grants in Texas to German immigrants. The would-be colonists paid 600 gulden per family for the ship passage, the transport of their belongings to their land grants in the Texas Hill County (then the frontier) and for financial assistance as needed during their first year.

But the nobles who organized the Adelsverein miscalculated the cost, and the difficulties that would be faced by the colonists. The Adelsverein was on the verge of bankruptcy soon after the first ship arrived in November 1845. And 36 more ships brought 5,247 men, women and children during the fall, winter and spring of 1846.

Prince Karl abruptly departed New Braunfels in April 1846 just as his successor, Baron von Meusebach arrived at Galveston. When Meusebach arrived at New Braunfels he learned that the Prince had departed. Meusebach returned to Galveston where the errant Prince was trying to board a ship to elude a persistent creditor. Meusebach paid a $10,000 attachment filed against the Prince and pledged his personal credit to meet the needs of his countrymen who were still arriving by the shipload.

The Adelsverein was re-organized as the German Immigration Company and at Indian Point, the Baron appointed Theodore Muller (Miller) as its agent. The newly-arriving immigrants were unloaded at his wharf.

Just past the second set of cabanas you will see some salt cedars that are a small un-named park. Concealed from view are some picnic tables.

If you continue down the beach you will see the La Salle monument, a French explorer who established a base camp here in 1685 after losing his supply ship, the *L'Aimiable* in Pass Cavallo. His flagship, the *Belle* was discovered in Matagorda Bay recently. The discovery of eight cannons uncovered recently on the Keeran Ranch overlooking Garcitas Creek has confirmed the location of his settlement, Fort St. Louis.

Continue on the beach road past the monument. (Yes, there is an opening between the salt cedars. Just past Brighton Road you will see the Bluebonnet Hill Café on your right, a great place to get a hamburger or soda (although it is sometimes smokey). Don't miss their collection of Indianola bottles and artifacts.

Continue onward to your right as you depart from the café. After passing two clumps of salt cedar trees at the water's edge you will find a large pink granite stone. This marks the closest spot on land to the old Indianola Courthouse that is now underwater, about 300 feet from the water's edge.

Turn to retrace your route and on your left you will see a marker and an old cistern made from shellcrete. Rainwater collected in cisterns like this was the only water available at Indianola. Sometimes the cisterns ran dry. During the 1855 drought a glass of water at Indianola was more expensive than a stein of beer which was then 5 cents a stein.

Originally this area was known as Powderhorn, or "Brown's Addition" because Indianola Bulletin editor John Henry Brown had promoted it so much in his newspaper, the first of four to be published at Indianola.

In 1852 when Charles Morgan built his wharf at Powderhorn, many of Indianola's business houses were moved – literally rolled on logs down the beach – to Powderhorn. In time the community at Powderhorn became known as Indianola, and the original site at Indian Point became known as "Old Town."

...o turn and return to Brighton Road. Turn left onto Comal Drive, cross the bridge and just past the GBRA water tower painted blue you will find Orleans Street. Turn right and this will take you to the Indianola Cemetery.

Lower Indianola Cemetery

Adjacent to the cemetery you will see what looks like a concrete foundation topped by a pair of boots. The full-size figure of LaSalle with a cross was sculpted by Nora Sweetland and it was unveiled on September 3, Labor Day, 1928. A storm in the 30's cut it in half. Vandals and later storms reduced it to just these boots.

At the Indianola Cemetery you will note that a horseshoe was used to fashion a latch for the gate. Many of the stones have interesting designs. You might want to bring the materials to do some rubbings. The instructions are on my web site: www.indianolabulletin.com.

All of the cemetery inscriptions have been recorded in my book. The crypt was built for Captain James Mainland by his employer, Morgan Steamship Lines. After the 1875 or 1886 storm Mainland's remains were removed to a Cuero cemetery.

Please keep in mind that most immigrants who died at Indianola were buried in unmarked graves, long before this cemetery was established in 1852. Storms, coastal weather and vandalism have taken other markers. Nothing on this earth is forever.

There is more to the tour ...

Return to Comal Drive and turn right. Continue around the loop. You will come to a gate on your right that is an entrance to the Whitmire Unit of the Aransas National Wildlife Refuge. At this time it is not open to the public except for special events.

Before driving past this gate look to your left — and to the right – on the roadway on which the gate sits. You are looking at the old railroad bed into Indianola. Continue onto First Street and turn left. This will take you to Beach Creations, a local gift shop. Rosie Wogomon has some lovely gifts an will let you use her restroom.

First Street will dead end at LaSalle Drive (the opposite side of the loop). Turn left onto LaSalle Drive and continue to Comal Drive. And then turn left onto Brighton Road. This will take you along the backside of Blind Bayou.

About the alligators ...

During the spring months, between the two narrow bridges and from a slough behind the thicket of growth on your left you may hear grunting sounds or something that sounds like a cross between a bellow and a moan. It's not a ghost from Indianola's past, it's a male alligator calling for a mate.

Because of the brush you are not likely to see the alligators. For your safety–and for the safety of future walkers along this route–do not leave the road to approach the slough or the alligators if you should see one. Do not offer them food!

Old Town Cemetery on the Ridge

At State Highway 316, cross the highway and continue onto Zimmerman Road. Yes, there is a sign there that says "Keep Out - No Trespassing" but the sign refers to the privately-owned land, not to the paved roadway or the Old Town Cemetery.

The Old Town Cemetery is about one mile down this road that follows an elevated shell ridge. This road is an especially good place to look for warblers during the Spring and Autumn migrations. You might also hear rails although you're not likely to see them.

Many of the grave markers have been washed away by storms. The oyster shell you see here was not brought in. Your are standing on the remains of an ancient oyster bed. From the cemetery you can look to the bay and see the cabanas that mark Indian Point or Karlshaven..

Return to State Highway 316 and turn right. Pause at the historical marker to read about Angelina Bell Peyton Eberly, heroine of the Archives War and then enjoy the wildflowers as you return to Port Lavaca or Victoria.

The second historical marker that you will see will be for the camel drivers that accompanied the camels that were brought to Texas through the Port of Indianola to see if they could be used to ship military supplies to West Texas forts and even to California across the "Great American Desert."

To learn more refer to "Indianola and Matagorda Island 1837-1887" by Linda Wolff. The visitors guide includes a chronology for Indianola, cemetery inscriptions, photos, maps, wildflower and birding charts plus chapters on Matagorda Island, the Matagorda Island Lighthouse, ship wrecks. Also, visit the website:

www.indianolabulletin.com

Louis Cachand Ervendberg a.k.a. Christian Friedrich Ludwig Cachand

Anyone familiar with the early history of New Braunfels, Texas is also knowledgeable of the "First Pastor" Louis Cachand Ervendburg and his role in the founding of the city and its early development. His initial meeting with Prince Solms at Blumenthal (one of the modest community churches in Texas being served by Ervendburg); his appointment to serve as spiritual adviser and his subsequent accompaniment of the Prince to Port Lavaca to meet the newly arrived German immigrants; and his arduous trek with the new arrivals to the chosen settlement area on the Guadalupe and Comal rivers; are all matters of record. Equally documented are the years during the tenure of his stay in the new city; he was, without a doubt, a significant spiritual, moral, and social force in the community.

Although much is known of his life in New Braunfels, very little is known of his life prior to his immigration to America. Samuel Wood Geiser, in his book Naturalists of the Frontier, (SMU 1948) relates Ervendberg's date and place of birth as 1809 in Rhoden, Waldeck, Germany; however, he also states that attempts to trace his parentage, schooling, or his pre-immigrant years were to no avail. His actual name also seems to be somewhat of a mystery; so much so that Geiser, other writers, and even later, descendants believed that the name may have been assumed. This lack of basic information seems to be strange; one expects to find gaps in the records of ordinary people as the seemingly unimportant efforts of records maintenance (lost documents, family connections severed by geographical distance, death of relatives, etc) takes second place to the immigrants battle for survival in a new land. One, however, does not expect to find such information missing in professional individuals, the upper classes, or those of notable character. Never-the-less, Louis Cachand Ervendberg's formative years, his educational background, as well as his actual name, have up to this time remained hidden.

In 1998, while doing some research on another subject, two small, paperback notebooks were reviewed. They were in German, hand written, and appeared to be notes of lectures, essays or treatises of a religious nature. Both notebooks contained the signature of L. C. Ervendberg. Geiser had evidently reviewed these notebooks; he states in Naturalists of the Frontier that he doubted that the notebooks could be ascribed to Ervendberg; although one can read in his narrative that he certainly had the intent to pursue the question somewhat further. Evidently this did not occur. The recent review of one of the notebooks revealed at the end of the handwritten entry, (in the same handwriting) the notation "Greifswald, Winter Semester 1832/33" and "Student of Theology". Based on the foregoing it was logically assumed, if the notebooks belonged to Ervendberg, that he had been a student of Theology at the University in Greifswald.

A letter was sent to the University at Greifswald (now Ernst-Moritz-Arndt University) requesting school record information regarding Louis Cachand Ervendberg. Their reply was that archival records showed no individual registered under that name during the probable attendance time frame of 1826-1835. Given the persuasive evidence of the notation in the notebook, it was reasoned that Ervendberg had registered under another name. A subsequent request was sent, noting this assumption and including the probable names of professors of the lectures (taken also from the handwritten notebooks). Based on this information, the archivist at the University was able to access individual lecture/professor records; Louis Cachand Ervendberg had attended Greifswald University, albeit under the name of Christian Friedrich Ludwig Cachand. The following additional information was gained from the University record:

1) he registered 6 January 1831 as Christian Friedrich Ludwig Cachand;
2) his father was deceased; he had been a Physician-in-charge in the Prussian military;
3) his birthplace was Rhoden near Arolsen, Waldeck, Germany;
4) he was 21 years of age at time of registration;
5) he had not registered for the military;
6) he had completed schooling (gymnasium) at Erfurt and had passed his college entrance examinations with a satisfactory (II) rating at Erfurt;
7) his chosen field of study was Theology;
8) his school grades (gymnasium) were laudable;
9) his studies were interrupted in the Summer of 1833; his grades at the time were very favorable;
10) he had received a scholarship for 1831-1833 and had made a withdrawal of some monies from the scholarship fund;
11) his grades as of 6 July 1833 were "completely noteworthy"; immediately following this entry is a notation (in a different hand) which although not totally legible states "He was associated with the Burschenschaft as a _____".
12) his departure certificate was issued 1833.

So there we have it; some information which is clear and pertinent and answers some of the questions which individuals have regarding this gentleman; but which in turn has raised other information which requires even further research. Some major questions/issues arise:

a) Did he complete his theological studies?

He spent a total of 32 months at Greifswald University; this alone would not have been sufficient time for a diploma. He may, of course, have left Greifswald and attended a second university; this was not an uncommon practice at the time. The question also arises as to whether he continued his study of Theology or whether he

turned to another field of study. This question is not without merit, as Ervendberg writes in 1854 to Asa Gray (for whom he was collecting some plant samples), "that I look (took?) up my former beloved studium of Botany". Was he trying to make an impression on Gray or had he indeed formally studied Botany?

B) What role did the Burschenschaft play in his life?

The Burschenschaft which had its beginnings in Jena in 1815; was an organization consisting predominately of professors, intellectuals, and students. While initially it only sought to do away with the time honored traditions with which the universities were steeped; its broadened goal was to champion the moral and political regeneration of Germany. The movement reached such a "radical" fevered pitch in the 1820's that the German governments took active measures to maintain the status quo of the completely conservative political structure by imposing rigid, strict, controls upon political activity in the universities, checking on "revolutionary" professors, abolishing student organizations, as well as effecting censorship of written materials. Suppression reached its height in 1830-1833; students and professors were arrested, charged, dismissed from their posts and studies, and spent time in jail. The Burschenschaft movement disbanded shortly thereafter; the government's methods had effectively repressed the liberal movement.

Given the above and the notation on the university record that Ervendberg was associated with the movement, we must wonder if this was his reason for leaving his studies. Was this perhaps also the reason he utilized the two different names, Cachand for university registration and Ervendberg for his personal lecture notes? Was he born a Cachand? And ultimately, was this his reason for immigration to America?

The paradox of Christian Friedrich Ludwig Cachand-Ervendberg continues; the past does reveal itself albeit bit by bit and quite slowly. Hopefully, this small amount of information on this New Braunfels Pioneer will encourage other researchers to keep on looking.

Al Dreyer
New Braunfels, Texas
January 2000

PAINT CREEK COMMUNITY

The Paint Creek Community is located about 7 miles east of McDade and 7½ miles north of Paige, Bastrop County, Tx. It is on Stockade Ranch Road, so named because of a ranch in the neighborhood. As is the case in these modern times, roads are named for people who live on the roads at the time they are named, and all history is erased!!!

One of the first families in the area was Godfrey and Elizabeth Eschberger, my great great grandparents. They brought their family of 6 children to Texas in 1852 from Worlitz, Germany. One of their daughters, Louise, would live all her life in this area. Other families soon followed. Some of the names that still have descendants in the area are: Eschberger, Schmidt, Voigt, Schulz, Ihlo, Mittag, Grosse, and many more.

The first schools were small one room buildings. Church was usually held in someone's home. Voting for the area was done in Garrett's mill on the Yegua Creek and was known as Yegua Settlement.

Arrowheads of the Tonkawa tribe have been found in the area. Rocks lining the walls of the creek are of various deep colors, so bright that the Indians were said to have used them for war paint, so the creek was named PAINT CREEK. Another creek, the Yegua, means "mare" in Spanish. The area where the Paint Creek runs into the Yegua is today known as the Paint Creek Community. The area was also near the crossroads of the old-time wagon-freight and also stage lines. The tracks are still visible in some areas. A high hill is nearby and this is where in 1912, a church and school was built.

In 1889 Sam Eschberger donated land for a church and school on the west side of Paint Creek. But one mother who lived on the east side of the creek did not want her children crossing the creek. This land was instead used for a cemetery. This is still being used today for community burials. Prior to this cemetery, burials were done at the Eschberger Cemetery, about 2 miles down the road. The earliest burial with a tombstone was in 1877. The latest was about 1918. Burials were discontinued because of the deep sand around the cemetery. The Eschberger Cemetery is cared for today by proceeds from the Eschberger Reunion.

About 1910, Rev Hugo Krienke from Paige decided to teach German School and give christian instructions to the children of Paint Creek. Up until this time, children were going to school at Siloah near McDade and the families were attending church there also and occasionally in Fedor.

In 1912, under the leadership of Rev Krienke and Herman Eschberger Sr, labor and cash were donated to erect a building. Mrs Frederick Ihlo deeded two acres of land to the school. August Raschke was in charge of carpenter work. He also built the desks, benches, and book cases. School was held 2 days a week for 5 months during the winter. Sixteen children ages 8-15 years attended classes. The school was called High Hill. The first worship services were held in the school house March 10, 1912 to a full house. Services were held on the second Sunday of each month as Rev Krienke also served Paige, Siloah near McDade, and Spring Creek near Fedor. The pastor traveled by horse and buggy and often brought his children along to open gates. The original church constitution was signed by 12 families: Hermann Sr and Gottlieb Eschberger, August Grosse Sr, Otto Schulz Sr, Max Ihlo, Ernst Voigt, August Raschke, Wilhelm and Henry SchmidtSr, Gerhard Richter, Paul Meschke, and August Jenke. Preachers were paid about $100 a year, this decreased if times were lean!! Teachers made about $50 a year. A wood heater was used to heat the building. The teacher would sometimes cook soup and mothers would send vegetables, meat, and homemade bread! The altar would be moved to the side during school. Students would dust the erasers and clean the building for the once a month church services.

During church the men sat on the right side of the church, the women on the left. For many years only the men were allowed to vote. In 1982 the church constitution was revised to allow all confirmed members to vote. In 1948 electricity was installed but the wood heater was used until 1969. In 1949, the congregation changed to Missouri Synod because they could not get a pastor from the First Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Texas. The name of the church was changed from St Andreas (German version) to St Andrews and minutes were now written in English, not German. In 1961 the church changed back to American Lutheran and shared a pastor with Paige.

In 1950, High Hill School District 4 closed for good. Otto Eschberger drove the children to Paige, first in his car, later in a pickup with a homemade camper shell on back. It was covered with canvas and was rolled up in the summer to let in some air but it also let in lots of dust. Two benches, one on each side, were for seating. As the need arose, he was finally given a school bus.

In 1964 the church was lengthened by 16 feet. The church would now measure 50 x 16. Since the church and school had shared the building, seating was school desks. Finally in 1958, wooden chairs were bought to replace the desks and in 1982 padded pews were bought. By 1966 services were held 4 Sundays a month. Vacation Bible School was held in the Summer.

In 1971 the annual Hamburger Supper was started. Delicious burgers and homemade ice cream are served. There is also a country store, auction, cake walk, fishpond, and train rides for the children.

The church properties now include a covered pavilion, large BBQ pit, a storage building, and a Fellowship Hall. The old cistern in use since 1912 was retired in 1994 when rural water was installed. It still stands next to the church. It is 22 feet deep.

Today the little church has services 4 times a month and is served by numerous supply pastors. After almost 90 years, the membership consists mostly of descendants of the original German signers of the church constitution.

Submitted by Mikki Eschberger Meyer

GERMAN ORGANIST TO PERFORM IN HOUSTON FOR *OKTOBERFEST*

Ullrich Boehme, organist of St. Thomas Church in Leipzig, Germany (the church where Johann Sebastian Bach was cantor and choir director for twenty-seven years) will play works of Bach at the first Organ Vespers of the Houston Bach Society's 2000-2001 concert series at Christ the King Lutheran Church, 2353 Rice Boulevard (at Greenbriar), in Houston, on September 24, at 5:00 p.m. Vespers will be followed by the church's annual *Oktoberfest* reception with *bier und brats*. There is no admission charge. A free-will offering will be received.

RINGING BACK THE PAST

by Jeff W. Lindemann

Anyone hearing the old church bell ringing at St. Mark's Methodist Church in the Houston Heights one recent Friday afternoon may have wondered what special occasion it celebrated. I rang it. I wanted to hear the bell my great-grandfather, Reverend Jacob Ott, brought from St. Louis, Missouri, in 1892, and hung in the steeple of the Zion German Methodist Episcopal Church in downtown Houston.

In 1925, the Zion church moved to the Heights, bringing its bell along, and changed its name to Norhill Methodist Episcopal Church. The bell found yet another steeple to call home when, in 1940, the Norhill church merged with Woodland Heights Methodist to build St. Mark's.

For 108 years, nearly 5,600 Sundays, that bell has rung for Houston church services and special occasions. I felt that seeing and hearing that bell would tell me something about Reverend Ott that I had not discovered in my research.

I already knew that he was born in 1848 in Alzeg Hess Dumont, Germany, that he trained as a baker, and loved to play musical instruments. He emigrated to the United States, arriving in New York in 1865. By 1880 he had made his way to Texas where he decided his calling was not baking cakes or making music, but rather preaching sermons.

He also started his family, eventually fathering fourteen children. He was one of the pioneer ministers of the Southern German Conference of the Methodist Church. He preached for over forty years, and for many of those years, he served as a circuit rider. He would strap his reed pump organ to his wagon and journey through Texas, establishing churches and preaching under trees or tents to those in need of the gospel.

He was industrious, too. When he arrived in Texas, he was a baker without an oven and a musician without an instrument. After becoming a minister and obtaining a pump organ, he eventually offered what must have been one of Texas' first "package weddings." He baked the cake, married the couple, and provided music during and after the wedding.

Yes, I had plenty of facts and family stories, but I had not yet seen or heard the bell. I made an appointment with the church office at St. Mark's to examine it. Equipped with camera, note pad, and flashlight, I drove to the church and was greeted by the secretary, Susan, who showed me to the balcony and door leading to the steeple.

As I opened the door to a cramped and darkened hallway, I saw a yellow rope used to ring the bell each Sunday and on special occasions. I pulled on it several times and heard loud, mellow peals ringing out as the sounds vibrated down the rope and into my hands.

I saw a ladder reaching straight up to the top of the steeple and a trap door leading to the landing. A chill vibrated down my spine—I am afraid of heights. I knew I could not mount that ladder. I would have to be contented with just ringing the bell. After saying thanks to Susan, I left, pleased with my adventure and that I had not foolishly attempted to climb that ladder.

After all, I knew what the bell looked like for I found a picture of it taken many years ago. And I was sure I could find more information on the Internet. As I surfed the Net for bell manufacturers in St. Louis and sent letters asking for information and leads, I congratulated myself for my careful research, another family history project about to end. That is, until a bell company wrote back, asking for the diameter, circumference, and manufacturer—which would require another visit to the bell and a climb up that ladder to the landing at the top of the steeple.

My love of family history eventually outweighed my fear of heights. Once again, I knocked on the church office door, and once again Susan led me to the balcony and door leading to the steeple.

Such a simple and quick climb, I assured myself, grabbing hold of the sides of the dusty wooden ladder. I took my first careful step, like a cat. Not so bad, I thought. I took another. And several more. I was growing nervous, perspiring. I breathed stale air. I tasted dust. I wiped cobwebs from my face. With each step, I heard creaking sounds—no doubt the old rungs prying loose, ready to give way.

About half-way up, perhaps only fifteen rungs—I froze. I thought I'd best return rather than become ill or fall. I even justified my return by imagining the ancient ladder was ready to collapse.

But then I thought that if I left, I would probably never return. My thoughts turned to some of the dangers my great-grandfather faced. I remembered his three-month ocean voyage from Germany to New York. I thought of the many hundreds of rugged miles through Texas prairies and hill country he traveled as a circuit-riding minister, facing hostile Indians, highway bandits, rattlesnakes, intense summer heat, freezing winter cold. I thought, too, of the long journey he made by rail to St. Louis and back to obtain the bell for his church. And I imagined he had climbed a few bell towers, too.

What a coward I was! Such a short journey to the top of a steeple, and I couldn't get past the halfway point. Not looking down, I took another step—up. And another, and another, all the rest to the top. I slid the trap door to the side, and a gush of glorious sunlight streamed in through the side vents and illuminated the inside of the steeple top.

There was the bell, attached to the other end of the yellow rope I had pulled two weeks before, yoked in an iron and wooden cradle to hold it securely in place. Climbing through the hatchway, I crawled onto the small landing, dismissing the prospect of my return, for I had important work to do.

I took photographs from every possible angle. I even photographed the clapper. I found the manufacturer's name: Stuckstede B. F. Co. I measured the bell—31 inches in diameter and about 97 inches in circumference. By this time I was soaked in sweat with the rusty impression of the iron bell tattooed on my white shirt.

To my surprise, I discovered on one side of the bell engraved German lettering: "Kommet hier su mir alle, die ihr muehselig und beladen seid, ich will euch erquicken," a passage I later learned was from Matthew 11:28: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Elated with my success, I next had to face the sobering challenge of climbing back down that ladder. I peeked over the trap door, gasped, and quickly recoiled. If ever one was "heavy laden"—I was. I considered ringing the bell, which would alert Susan, and then have her call the fire department to rescue me. What a ridiculous idea! I stood transfixed with vertigo for at least five minutes. I had to gather my strength. I had to make that descent.

Once again I thought of my courageous ancestor, positioned my right foot on the third rung from the top, grabbed a metal vent on the steeple's side to steady myself, and took my first step down. Then another. And another. My heart pounding, I never looked down. When my feet hit firm ground, I rang the bell once again to celebrate my personal victory.

Should you hear the old bell at St. Mark's sounding out again on another weekday afternoon, it's probably me—returning to hear it speak once again, ringing back my German-Texan heritage and the life of Reverend Jacob Ott.

Courageous people, we German-Texans.

A GERMAN REQUIEM FOR CALHOUN COUNTY
THE PASSING OF AN ERA

by Melvin Rosenbaum

Last December and January marked the ending and beginning of many things, both great and small. We were witness to the end of a century and the beginning of a new millennium. I feel it was significant that December 16, 1999, marked one such event that closed with the century in Calhoun County. I refer to the article in the January 12 edition of my hometown paper, *The Port Lavaca Wave*, which stated simply: "Port Lavaca Sons of Hermann Disbands." This article was, I'm sure, scanned by some readers but probably overlooked by most for lack of interest or comprehension of the subject. After reading the article I realized that much more than a 91 year-old German oriented fraternal order had come to an end, but that, in reality, this event also signaled the end of an ethnic era, that being the once rich and active cultural mix that the German-American community had for so many years contributed to Calhoun County.

In general, I am going to use the organization, "The Hermann Sons", as a barometer to help gauge some of the activities and influences of the German community in Calhoun County during the late 19th and 20th centuries. This organization was the only social group in continuous existence that had definite German ties from its origins and had, to a degree, kept them throughout its existence. The only other organization still extant in Calhoun County with German origins is, I believe, the Hochheim Prairie Farm Mutual Insurance Association. However this group does not have the same social emphasis as did the Sons of Hermann.

This is perhaps a good place for a brief explanation as to exactly who this "Hermann" was that so many of these old German-Texas farmers were so proud to be called a "son of". He was an early Germanic tribal chieftain, (Hermann der Cherusker), who in 9 A.D. annihilated an elite Roman Legion that had crossed the Rhine in hopes of conquering German territory. The Romans called him, among other things not printable here, "Arminius", and afterwards forever stayed on their side of the Rhine. Needless to say, over the years he became a super folk hero to the Germanic peoples. In 1890, a group of German-Texans in San Antonio organized "The Grand Order of the Sons of Hermann" as a benevolent fraternal society named after this venerable old warrior. On February 23, 1908, the Port Lavaca branch of this lodge was organized with fifteen members, one of which was my grandfather, Hermann (Fritz) Rosenbaum.

What follows in this article is a sampling of personal memories and experiences along with stories told to me by my father and mother along with information from published sources (listed later) which I have read.

History, as we know, grinds on very slowly, yet distinct eras usually have definite beginnings and endings, the beginnings usually easier to pinpoint than the endings. In our particular case the beginnings of German influence in Calhoun County are easy to find, that being the year 1844, with the first influx of German immigrants through Indian Point or Karlshafen, as the German Prince Karl, zu Solms-Braunfels, preferred to call it.

Its ending, however, occurred more slowly and over a longer period time, finally fading away almost unnoticed on the night of December 16, 1999, when the last official meeting of the Hermann Sons Lodge was held.

Some of these early Germans who landed in Calhoun County at Karlshafen stayed on, but most moved north to Fredericksburg, which was still Indian Territory at the time. The steady stream of German immigrants into Texas through the ports of Galveston and Indianola continued, and by 1850 Texas census records show that approximately fifty percent of the citizens of Calhoun County were German born. Although these figures did not remain at this level, the percentage of ethnic Germans remained high in the county throughout the 1870's, 1880's and on into the early 20th century. Even today, according to the 1990 Federal Census, 2,951,776, or about seventeen percent of today's Texans claim German ancestry, which makes them the largest ethnic group in Texas exceeded only by those of Hispanic heritage.

This German cultural era was, I felt, too important to pass virtually unnoticed, perhaps a bit of reminiscing is in order. We know already from such writers as Bronson Malsch that Indianola, the heir to Karlshafen and our first county seat, had a rich German flavor. It boasted many German social and cultural organizations for example, the large German Casino Social Hall, its Saengerbund (singing society), a German church and school and, of course, its Brass Band. Probably no one has done more on the local county level to preserve and enlighten us on these long past events, than the late Paul H. Freier (father of Dottie Freier Koehn) has in his magnificent collection of Calhoun County historic lore, "Looking Back Scrapbook", (1979). My father shared many of his early memories of life in the county with Mr. Freier. As mentioned earlier, the great contribution of Brownson Malsch from neighboring Victoria, was his monumental work, Indianola, Mother of Western Texas, (1977), which is a valuable source of early German history in Calhoun County. Also from Victoria is Henry Wolff, the "Leon Hale" of the *Victoria Advocate*, from whose weekly articles I have learned much about the history and German culture of this area. The detailed works of Leonard J. McCown from Irving, Texas, "Calhoun County Census of 1870 and 1880", (1979), and "Cemeteries of Indianola", (1979), are important as well.

Of course included here must be Calhoun County's own resident historian and current president of the County Historical Society, George Fred Rhodes, who regularly keeps us informed on our county's history, past and present. Finally I want to thank my father, Melvin Rosenbaum Sr., (1901-1986), who loved to tell and retell the old stories about his beloved Calhoun County and how life used to be. I only wish I had listened to him earlier and more carefully.

After the final destruction of Indianola by the storm of 1886, the county seat returned once more to Port Lavaca. Most of the old German families of Indianola scattered and

moved inland to safer cities, out of harms way from the dreaded "Gulf Storms". Some simply followed the county seat back to Port Lavaca. About this same time, a new wave of German and Czech settlers began to filter down primarily into rural Calhoun County. In general, they tended to settle in that area north of the city towards the present day Six Mile community. Many of these "new" Germans, such as my grandparents Hermann and Henrietta Wehmeyer Rosenbaum, came from the Brenham area of Washington County where they first settled, after immigrating from Germany. This second and last wave of German migration to Calhoun County probably peaked around the 1890's and continued to a lesser extent into the early years of the 20th century. So now to the older established German family names such at Bauer, Schmidt, Foester, Roemer, Wasserman, Zimmerman, Heinroth and Miller were added the newcomers: Wehmeyer, Knipling, Rosenbaum, Melcher and others. Port Lavaca, at the turn of the century, had a definite Central European flavor with an abundance of the German and Czech languages spoken on the streets as well as in many business establishments. For example, both my grandfathers, Rosenbaum and Jaster, conducted business in the German language at the Ed Melcher Hardware Company on Main Street which still is in operation today. An interesting sidelight in regard to the German and Czech languages during this period was that my father often said Grandpa Rosenbaum had Czech friends in the area who spoke excellent German as well as Czech, or "Bohemian", as the locals called it. The reason being, having immigrated out of the old Hapsburg Austro-Hungarian Empire, most were bi-lingual, having been forced to learn German in school which was then the "official" language of the Empire. Czechoslovakia (Czech Republic) did not gain independence until 1918 after W.W.I.

These old German farm families were, by and large, very prolific. To illustrate my point; three neighboring families who lived next to each other a few miles northwest of Port Lavaca off the Half League Road, raised a total of thirty children to adulthood. The Charles Wehmeyers, the Henry Kniplings and the Fritz Rosenbaums each having ten children. Large families were by no means uncommon but represented the norm in those days. Of course, this did not include still births or the high rate of infant mortality common at the time. My Grandmother Rosenbaum had eleven children, one dying in infancy, and the last born when she was 46 years of age. We must keep in mind this was all accomplished without electricity, running water or any of the other creature comforts that we could not survive without today. One should remember that most of these women also worked next to their husbands and children in the fields. They were a tough lot and it shows on their faces in the old wedding and family photographs -- most were not smiling. Needless to say, most of these German farm families did not have a varied or extensive social life. A closer look, however, indicates that it was not all drudgery and hard work. The high point for them then, as for us now, seems to have been the last two days of the week. Saturday afternoon, weather permitting, was reserved for "trading" in town as it was referred to then. For most of the farm families this event became an almost sacred ritual looked forward to with increasing anticipation as the

work week progressed. Even when I was young I remember my parents taking in eggs, butter, vegetables in season, and my Dad's good homemade sausage and trading them at Vela's Mercantile on Main for "chips" or tokens which could then be used in the store as cash to purchase the staples we needed. The "trading" always came first, the socializing later. A few of the Saturday shopping farmer families left for home about sundown but most stayed on to gossip and visit. The women crowded into cars parked on Main Street while the men stood or sat on storefronts, each with his own specific list of topics to be covered. A few of the men (wives permitting) might stroll to one of the saloons or domino halls for a beer. (I can still remember the pungent odor of stale beer that exuded from their always open doors.) At about this point of the evening, if I had begged and made enough of a nuisance of myself, I might get the 9 cents it took to go to the picture show at the end of Main to see the Westerns and, most important of all, the cliff hanger serial that kept us all coming back.

On Sunday most could be found in town at the little white frame Lutheran church built by a handful of these early families in 1924. Before this, the families usually met once a month in their homes for Services whenever the German mission pastors from the Brenham area came down on "Old Salty", (the local train), or later in the Presbyterian church. The church was named "Salem", German for the Hebrew "Shalom" (Peace), in honor of the Salem Church and Community in Washington County from which many of its charter members came.

There were always celebrations to honor all major family events, religious as well as secular. Baptisms and Confirmations were usually celebrated, and any birthday was a good excuse for a party. These usually began with a huge dinner followed by an equally substantial "lunch" which was laid out around four in the afternoon. There would probably be some beer and certainly music as most could play some musical instrument, piano, accordion, zither or guitar, and all could join in the folk songs. There were also house dances and later a dance hall was built in the Six Mile community where many local Czech-German bands played. Those who participated in dancing among the German community depended largely on the degree of "Piety" in each household; yes, some Lutherans were "happier" that others. By common consent, dances were not held during the Lenten season. And finally , as of February 1908, there was one more social outlet added to this already dizzying array; the local Sons of Hermann Lodge was organized. At first, Lodge meetings were for the men only but were later integrated to officially include the wives who usually went along anyway to provide refreshments and sit in a back bedroom and "klatch" while the menfolk conducted serious Lodge business. As a small child tagging along with my Dad, this all seemed very mysterious and exciting. Along with regular refreshments, these meetings were also augmented with beer; kegs and later iced down in tubs. I remember clearly as a little boy, it must have been around 1939 or '40 before I started school, attending one of these meetings hosted

in the home of my Uncle Emil Kupatt. Thinking back it was here that I experienced something akin to a rite of passage, that being my first gulp of slightly warm beer, (Southern Select???), from someone's unattended bottle. To this day I can remember the shock to my taste buds and stomach as that amber liquid burned its way down. So that was beer? Well, this German boy was not born with an acquired taste for it, and I decided then and there to stick with soda water. It was also at one of these meetings at my Uncle Emil's that I remember seeing one of the most beautiful sights imaginable, my first brand new car, a 1940 Plymouth owned, I believe, by a Mr. Ed See of Six Mile. A couple of lasting memories; it couldn't get much better than that for a five year old, my first taste of beer and a seldom seen thing in those days, a brand new car!

My father remained a faithful member of the Lodge until his death in 1986. He and several of his lifelong friends who joined the Lodge together in February of 1925 were installed by the then President Ed Melcher. In 1975 these men were honored by the Grand Lodge and received their fifty-year pins. Those so honored were my father, Melvin Rosenbaum Sr., Fred Knipling Sr., Charles Rosenbaum, Amos Wehmeyer Sr., Frank Bordosky, and A. W. Bouquet. I still have the old "Wave" article and picture of my father with his cousin Amos Wehmeyer Sr. The Lodge during these years was a very cohesive closeknit group. Most of the men had grown up together and were lifelong friends; many were related and went to the same church. As was the custom in those days members were often called upon to "sit up with the dead" whenever one of their group passed away. Those times when my Dad would leave, usually around sundown, to meet with a neighbor to sit up with a friend who had died was to me as a child a very solemn and mysterious occasion. Dead friends and relatives were never left alone before their funerals. Of course, today, we have become much too enlightened and sophisticated and certainly too busy to be bothered by such an archaic custom.

My father's generation could not become "Americanized" fast enough. Many refused to speak German except out of necessity with parents or older relatives. My father often spoke of what it was like being a teenager in Calhoun County during World War I with German born parents who spoke almost no English. That, coupled with the almost hysterical frenzy of anti-German hatred stirred up by many over zealous "patriots", created a very explosive situation. During these years there was in many parts of the country, including Texas, an almost indirect governmental sanction of this kind of super patriotism. This seemed to be particularly prevalent on the local level. It was considered unpatriotic to participate in anything with the slightest taint of German cultural influence, be it playing Beethoven, having a dachshund or insisting on eating sauerkraut instead of the more politically correct "victory cabbage". During these years many German-Texans were made to feel so ashamed of their ancestry that some felt obligated to change or at least Anglicize their German surnames. Even the Royal Family of Great Britain felt the patriotic need to change its name in 1917 from its original Germanic House of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha to the more politically correct House of Windsor. I don't think this ever crossed my grandparents mind and, in my opinion,

"Rosetree", wouldn't have been much of an improvement. Needless to say, these were not pleasant years for most German-Texans. This scenario brings to mind an individual whom both my grandfather and father, the citizens of Calhoun County in general and especially those of German descent, held in deep respect and high regard, their long-time sheriff, Jim O'Niell. According to my father, he told the German-American citizens of Calhoun County that as long as he was their sheriff they had nothing to fear from these extremist groups, the most radical of which was the Ku Klux Klan. The Klan was very active in Texas in those days, including Calhoun County, but with a slightly altered hate agenda from that of today. Strange, then German-Americans were tarred and feathered by the Klan and today this same group has much in common with Skin-head Neo-Nazi political philosophy. Politics truly makes for strange bedfellows! From what my dad told me, when big Jim O'Niel made a promise or a threat, it was respected by friend and foe alike. Consequently, in spite of some very foolish extremist demonstrations during the War years, not a single German-Texan in Calhoun County suffered any harm. This was by no means the rule in many other nearby Texas counties. My mother remembered those years as a young girl growing up in a rural German community near Brenham, Texas. She recalled how her father ventured into town only when absolutely necessary as physical violence against Germans had become commonplace in the area. At her rural school the speaking of German was forbidden but most continued in secret as it was the only language in which most of them were fluent. In one rather poignant memory she relates how her pastor, the Rev. Karl Mueller, after writing his sermons first in German, would then have one of his daughters translate them into English. He then tried to read the English version on Sundays to his parishioners who understood little of what he said. Such was patriotism in Texas in the Year of our Lord 1917-18.

My father who was 16 just missed being called up during World War I but his older brother, my Uncle Charlie, was drafted and in 1918 was waiting in New York to be sent to France when the Armistice was signed. This same uncle almost died of the deadly Spanish Influenza which he contracted in an army camp on the East Coast. It is ironic that had my father or uncle gone to France to fight they would have been opposite their first cousin. My grandfather's only sister stayed in Germany and her son served in the German army on the Western Front. I have made contact with these relatives (second cousins) and have twice visited them in Germany, finally reestablishing our family ties after two World Wars.

The Port Lavaca Lodge survived the World War I years without incident even though the majority of its members were German speaking Texans. Overall, however, the German language and culture in Texas never really recovered from the tragic reversals it suffered as a result of all the negativism from World War I.

Through the inter war years the Lodge remained a static but active and well-established organization in the county. In September of 1939, World War II broke out in Europe and

by 1941, for the second time in this century, we were again at war with Germany. As regards anti-German sentiment and activities in Calhoun County, the atmosphere was totally different from what it had been prior to World War I. In retrospect, the Kaiser's Germany of that era now seems almost mild and benevolent when compared with the catastrophic horrors unleashed by Hitler's Nazi regime during World War II. It saddened my parents to see what the German nation under Hitler had become. I remember as a child in grade school , (I entered the 1st grade in 1941), having grandparents who still spoke German as well as parents who also spoke German especially when discussing subjects in private which were "off limits" to us children. I suppose that in light of all this negative past history it is not surprising that no concerted effort was made to teach us German at home other than a few basics such as our first bed time prayers, "Abba Lieber Vater, Amen" (Father Dear Father, Amen) and "Müde bin ich geh 'zur Ruh" (Weary now I go to rest). Even though the 1940's were not yet blessed with the all encompassing and omnipotent mass-media of T.V. and the Internet, still the radio, comic books and the local picture show did a pretty good job of depicting all Germans as sinister, evil and sadistic Nazis. This posed some problems and questions for me as a child. How could this be true when my parents and grandparents were good, kind and religious people. My father was a gentle and quiet man of few words who perhaps did not really understand much of this complex situation himself at the time. He usually just shook his head and said little in answer to my childish questioning. I soon understood, as children so often do, that this must be one of those serious grownup topics that was not to be pursued. So the war years passed, cousins and uncles went off to fight and one, John Henry Duelberg, to die in a B-24 Liberator over the Ploesti oil fields of Rumania. The War ended, I grew up and left for college and like so many others did not return to make Calhoun County my home. Soon the old-timers began to pass on and, slowly at first, life in Calhoun County began to change forever; changes that always seem more pronounced to one who has moved away.

Each ethnic group certainly can and should make positive contributions to the new homeland which they have freely chosen. One should respect and preserve all that is positive and good from the "Old Country", be it from a Germany of a hundred plus years ago across the Atlantic, or from one of the many nearby Latin American countries south of the Rio Grande today. But as always, then or now, the real acid test is what each of us individually chooses to do with the new freedoms and opportunities his new homeland offers. I think those Germans who came to Calhoun County a century or more ago taught us much of what a newcomer can accomplish with hard work, honesty and frugality. As a youth in rural Germany my grandfather worked for a wealthy landowner with absolutely no prospects of ever actually owning a farm of his own. No matter how hard he worked, the land was simply not available. Yet here in Calhoun County he could actually attain that goal he could only dream of in the Old World. This alone was the magnet that drew most of them here.

I have a fragment of my Grandfather Rosenbaum's original naturalization papers which reads in part: "that he renounce all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign Prince or Sovereign, in particular the Emperor of Germany". This he gladly did. (As a 17 year old youth, had he stayed, he faced the imminent prospect of "Basic Training" in the Prussian Army which I understand makes anything I faced at Fort Carson in 1957 pale in comparison.) Below that statement is his signature dated November 4, 1882, Washington County Court House, Brenham, Texas.

The ethnic makeup of our County has totally changed from that which my German grandfather experienced when he moved his family to Calhoun County in 1898, but the obligations and responsibilities of good citizenship remain the same. The world they had to cope with seems rather harsh when compared with our push-button creature comfort society of today; yet in many ways I think they were happier and probably slept better at night than most of us do today. Modern man's daily litany of stress and tension-related complaints was largely unknown to them. They all went to bed with their doors unlocked and windows wide open, and not just because they lacked air conditioning. Probably the one most important trait for adults in their relations with one another was the almost infallible trust they placed in the *word* of another person . Of course, they signed the same type of legal papers that we sign today, but then it was almost as an after thought that followed the handshake and verbal agreement. Keeping ones "good name" was of paramount importance. On the other hand, for children it would probably have been the almost absolute honor and respect, sometimes tinged with awe and a bit of fear, with which they held their parents and anyone in authority. This was when many of us of German descent still had to memorize "Luther's Small Catechism" in confirmation class. I remember it being rather stern and not always politically correct by today's standards with all its "thou shalts" and "thou shalt nots" when mandating one's relationship to God, one's parents and those in authority. Morality then was not negotiable or subject to popular opinion polls as it is today. One learned first to respect the rights and property of others before demanding one's own. The rule of thumb was that you usually didn't "get" till you had "earned". So am I saying children were all perfect in those days? Of course not, but most respected the boundaries in which society and their parents had placed them and trusting in their parents' wisdom they were, by and large, satisfied to remain there. In times of distress and need it was one's neighbors rather than a government agency to whom one turned for help.

Many of the old roots in Calhoun County are no longer visible, long covered over by various and sundry modern accretions, some good, many bad. In the name of economic progress we have had to sacrifice much of the unspoiled beauty of our area. No longer could my dad and I go to Six Mile to pick up fresh oysters out of Lavaca Bay after a strong norther. Nor could one any longer, as my father did as a boy, trot straight across the unbroken coastal prairie from their farm all the way to Sweetwater School with the

view broken only by the trees lining Chocolate Creek. Even in my lifetime of 65 years, so much of the rich native flora and fauna of Calhoun County that still flourished when I was a boy, are now gone forever....blue crabs, sun perch, catfish and even eel in the drainage ditch on Westerlund Grade Road and alligator gar in Chocolate Creek. And sadly, along with all of this, an entire way of life, that of the small farm in all its richness has disappeared forever from South Texas. All of this, we were told, is necessary in the name of economic progress. Change is, if not always good, certainly inevitable, but in our case as in most, it has come with mixed blessings whose long range consequences we are only now beginning to experience. This brings to mind the Old Testament story about selling one's "birthright" for a "mess of pottage", perhaps too strong an analogy but food for thought, nevertheless. I often wonder what the reaction of some of those sturdy old residents of a century ago would be to all our "progress" if they could return and see what we have done with what they in good faith left to us. As the old-timers die off and memories grow dim one must again stress the importance of knowing the roots from whence we came if we are to continue to grow healthy branches in the future.

I would like to close with two tributes, one from memories of my earliest childhood, the other more recent. The first is to my Grandfather Rosenbaum who sadly died while I was still much too young. After grandmother died he continued living just across the road from us on the old home place. He was my sister Jeanie Fay's and my first baby-sitter. The first thing he would do when we came to visit him, which was quite often, was to reach way up on top of his hug old wooden "schrank" (cupboard) in the hall for the candy he always kept there for us. Then it was out on the front porch swing for a smoke, he puffing away on his long curved German pipe, and not to be left out, my sister and I were each given smaller ones, unlit of course. Then it was story time with fairy tales and always one of our favorites, the one about the "Osterhase" (Easter-rabbit) and how he lived under one of the wild rose hedges in grandpa's pasture. He would sing to us and even taught us our first German "Kinderlieder" (nursery rhyme songs), one of which I can still remember and sing today: "Kommt ein Vogel Geflogen" (A Birdie Came a Flying). Had this kind old gentleman lived longer, my German and myself as a person would be better for it today. Finally, I will always treasure what is probably the one most important lesson in life my father tried to teach me. Typical of my dad, this simple lesson had nothing to do with how to become rich or famous, but rather how best to live in peace and harmony with ones fellow man. How many times during his life did I hear him say: "Son, if you can't say something good about someone, don't say anything at all". He was not perfect, but in my estimation, he came about as close as anyone I have ever known to living up to those words. Therefore, I respectfully submit this article in memory of my father, Friedrich Heinrich Melvin Rosenbaum, 1901-1986, a lifelong resident who loved Calhoun County.

"THESE WALLS HAVE EYES....."

by Stephani Schulenberg

Their eyes peer out from behind the discolored, cracked glass and into our family's living room. "They" are the photographs of Wilhelm and Henrietta Kiel, and are just one of the ways my heritage has been passed down to me.

Everything I know about my heritage was told or shown to me by a few people. Over the years through their actions, stories and artifacts I have created a vivid picture of my family tree that seems closer than the 100 years separating it. I have always felt very connected to history and my family's heritage is another area I am glad to explore.

For as long as my family has lived in the present home (connected to the original home) these two photos have inhabited a corner of the room. Almost as if they were just two more occupants in the room. And that has always been the way Mom and Dad have explained our history... by relating those distant stories in a very down-to-earth way.

Much of the genealogical research of the family was done by my parents and within the last 20 years. Most came about through conversations at family reunions or was sparked by the research of others. Both of them worked hard adding information to the family history. It taught me the importance of preserving these facts and made me believe that through things like this we do our best to keep the past alive.

So my parents began researching the missing details of our family history and piecing together what had been a very unclear story. When my parents shared what they were discovering with my sister and I it was like we were all learning together. Prior to this, the details of years and names were foggy and if it hadn't been for their determination the information would have remained buried. As the family history unfolded before us I began to attach faces to the names. I was especially interested to learn at 14 that my

great grandfather was probably close to that age when he arrived in Texas from Germany. Mom and Dad also did a bit of research when we all traveled to our sister city of Rehburg, Germany in the summer of 1989. It was from this area that ancestors from both sides of the family had immigrated. As I learned about different dates such as births, confirmations, etc., it was easy to visualize more pieces to complete my picture.

My grandmother or "Nanny" (as she has always been known to us) provided stories of her childhood and family as another way to share our heritage. Through her stories I was able to learn about people who otherwise were strangers to me. I learned more about the common German celebration of birthdays. I loved to listed to her tell of how cousins, aunts and uncles would come to her grandparents from neighboring areas and farms to stay for a few days and celebrate. And when looking through her photos I could recall those stories and imagine I knew what had happened just before the camera snapped. Through the years my sister and I have spent many hours poring over her photos trying to imagine what their lives were like. Often Nanny would tell us stories that seem to explain the way she does things as well. For example, she loves her yard work and frequently spends several hours at the end of the day mowing or caring for her plants. A story we heard often was how her grandmother used to sweep the front yard. It was funny to imagine someone actually sweeping a yard. She explained that her grandmother liked things to be kept a certain way and the yard was no exception. It's easy to see the similarity between this story and how serious Nanny is about her yard work. She is no stranger to hard work and this trait is visible through the generations of our family.

Another important part of my learning has occurred by viewing physical records of my heritage. A beautiful family bible offered a chance to view German for the first time. In addition, I began to learn how other important events were recorded in such places. I believe it shows how connected their faith was with the events of life. The various events of confirmations and baptisms were important to them and they deserved to be recorded in a place just as significant. In her dining room Nanny displays various certificates of confirmation, wedding and baptism and makes them a focal point for visitors to see.

Examples of my heritage were all around me while growing up and not just through photos and bibles. In 1986 my family added on to the original home. So from age 14 on I lived in a part of our family history. The original house is over 100 years old. Through the years various structures were added and taken away according to the needs of the family. Nanny's dining room itself was once a dog-run between two sides of the house. While doing the addition Dad showed how different parts of the original house were constructed and explained similarities between houses of similar age. This not only taught me about the structure itself but showed the durable and sturdy craftsmanship of the house. Every time I sit in this part of the house I feel its strength and longevity.

And I believe my ancestors have passed more on to us than a house. They have shown how determined they were to create a home and a family in this country. They worked hard and had a strong faith. They kept family ties alive and celebrated together. With the help of Nanny, Mom and Dad, I continue learning about my family and its stories.

Who knows if those photos will ever find their place on a wall. I think if I have any say in the matter they'll stay right where they are. After all, they have witnessed so much of the family history I wouldn't want them to miss out on all that's happening now.

THE GARDEN AT GTHS

By Julia Mellenbruch

Upon entering the grounds of the German Free School and GTHS headquarters through the gate at 507 E. 10th Street one is taken aback by the unexpected view. Beautifully landscaped, carefully tended, the garden represents true German culture. We are indebted to Kelly Stevens for having provided the terraces and art objects, and to the present administrators for providing a caretaker, who creates the proper ambiance.

Especially in the spring when the Maifest takes place, we appreciate the arrangement which provides for a variety of activities. The area nearest the gate serves for welcoming visitors, for registration, and for ticket sales. The next level has just the right space for the Maipole dance and related activities. As we proceed to the next level we find plants for sale, a booth for face painting and other activities. Finally, at the top level, there are places to enjoy the goodies which are purchased in the adjoining arbor. The entire area is surrounded by attractive plants and covered with a lawn. There is even an area with a small vegetable garden.

Seasonal plants in pots decorate the steps as one ascends to a porch from which it is possible to view the garden with all of its activities. A gracious, hospitable atmosphere prevails.

NARRATIVE IN THE G.T.H.S. APPLICATION TO OBTAIN A TEXAS HISTORICAL MARKER FOR THE GERMAN FREE SCHOOL

submitted by Sherryl Brown

As early as the 1840's, large groups of German immigrants began arriving in Texas. Most of them came into the State through the ports of Galveston and Indianola, seeking land and a chance to provide better economic conditions for their families. Constant war in Europe and the absence of religious tolerance drove thousands of German speaking Europeans to book passage on ships leaving Bremen and Hamburg for the promise of undeveloped lands in faraway Texas. Many were to be the founders of German settlements, such as Industry, New Braunfels, Fredericksburg, and Comfort.

The immigrant groups were made up not only of farmers, skilled craftsmen, and laborers, but well educated, politically active men and their families. Among the accomplished professionals who arrived on Texas shores were artists, botanists, doctors, theologians, land surveyors, musicians and lawyers. These men and women were shocked and dismayed at the poor system of education they found in their new homeland.

On May 15, 1854, concerned German-Texans met in San Antonio to discuss political, social and religious reforms. This meeting gave voice to popular demand for establishing a system of education based on the following principles: First, the schools should be financed by State funds, exclude religious instruction, and secondly, the schools should be open to all families who seek education for their children. The third principle that the group established was that no clergyman should instruct the children.

September 12, 1857 a public meeting was held in Austin to take preliminary steps to establish a German Free

School, since the attempts to establish a state supported system still had not been successful. Wilhelm von Rosenberg, trustee of the newly formed German-Free School Association, purchased from S.S. Penrod Lot 6 on Block 114 for $35.00. May 13, 1858, after construction of the German Free School, von Rosenberg sold the property for one dollar to the German-Free School Association. Then he promptly gave $1,000 to pay for the construction of the building. The schoolhouse was built of rock by volunteer labor, using a rammed earth design. It had two large classrooms a small basement and space in the yard for physical exercises.

When the school opened its doors in 1858, it was the first chartered school in Austin. Trustees of the school were Wilhelm von Rosenberg, Charles Pressler, Joseph Martin, H. Steussey, Dr. J.A. Brown, William Sattler and Charles Wilhelm. The first important teachers were Julius Schutze and Auguste Weilbacher.

One third of the "scholars" to the German Free School were non-paying. This caused quite a bit of controversy, because many Austin citizens looked upon this public funding as charity. At that time many schools that catered to "better families" refused to accept state funded students. However, the Germans believed that a basic education should be accessible to all. The charter for the school states as its purpose, "education of youth, the promotion of useful knowledge, and the advancement of sciences (and) accessible to all alike without regard to religious opinions."

The German Free School must have closed briefly during the Civil War, because a newspaper notice in the Daily Democratic Statesman states, "Julius Schutze's English-German School will be reopened on the first Monday of September, 1864. Soldiers' children, orphans, and the children of widows, free of charge."

By 1867 the school was capable of accommodating up to 120 students. It had a cistern, gymnasium (probably the basement) and playground. Both boys and girls attended the school, which after the Civil War was known as "Julius Schutze's English-German School". With Reconstruction underway in Texas, a reduction in state funding caused financial difficulties for the school. By mid 1877 the Association discussed selling the school property to finance a German-American college near the Turner hall, northwest of the Capitol. The greater part of the German population now lived "back (north) of the Capitol and the present location of the German Free School was termed "objectionable". Nevertheless, the Daily Democratic Statesman reported that "the building has been much enlarged and improved, with thirty feet added to the main room, which now gives four large and well-arranged school rooms, supplied with suitable school furniture and apparatus". That addition to the north end of the building, created a two-story structure, with additional classroom space and quarters, probably for the Schutze family below.

It is not known exactly when the German Free School closed, however, the 1881 Austin City Directory lists the German Free School at 507 East Mulberry (now 10th Street) and appears to be the last time the school is associated with this site. Julius Schutze was, nevertheless, living in this building with his large family by 1880 and turning his energies to publishing Vorwarts, a German language newspaper.

In 1883 the Germania Verein bought the building and attempted to evict Julius Schutze and his family, but a creative financial scheme by Julius Schutze made it possible for the Schutze family to regain title to the property. When Mr. Schutze died, April 23, 1904, his widow, Julia, continued to reside in the building until 1910. At that time the property was sold to D.A. Porter for $3,500.

A fire in 1919 caused extensive damage to part of the original structure. June 8, 1921, the house was sold to Sidney and Annie Warren for $2,250 and served as their home as well as a tenement house. March 14, 1942 Mr. Warren died leaving the house to his sister in law, Mary Idenschink Swensen, whose daughter, Lillian T. Beck inherited the house upon her mother's death in 1948.

Dr. Kelly Stevens, an artist and teacher, who was deaf, paid $9,750 for the home October 14, 1948 and remodeled it to serve as his residence. The building had sustained quite a bit of neglect over the years, so Dr. Stevens embarked on an ambitious project to save the exterior and improve the grounds. He had the screened in porches on the northern second story level removed, replacing them with four colonnades and an upstairs landing. When St. Mary's Catholic School for Girls was demolished in the mid fifties, Kelly Stevens bought the stone staircase, had it dismantled and brought to his property to form the imposing entry you see to the landing on the second level. The downstairs space was made into an apartment with kitchen, bedroom and living room, which Kelly Stevens rented to aspiring students from the University of Texas and the Texas School for the Deaf. Kelly Stevens lived in the "Old German Free School" until his death in 1991, at which time he deeded the property to the German-Texan Heritage Society, a statewide non-profit organization whose mission is "to promote awareness and preservation of the German cultural heritage of Texas".

The offices of the German-Texan Heritage Society, a non-profit statewide organization, are located in the building, along with a library on German-Texan topics. Additionally, the building and grounds function as a cultural center for Texans of German decent.

Note: All information in the narrative above has been carefully documented by the Guild Marker Committee.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS: Marking Texas History

by Frances Rickard and Cynthia J. Beeman

This article appeared in the newsletter of the T.H.C.

When the Texas State Historical Survey Committee (TSHSC) first conceived the notion to identify and mark the state's historic houses, sites and landmarks, few of the members would have dreamed that such a program would continue long beyond their lifetimes. Years of debate and discussion took place before the first TSHSC historical marker was cast and placed in 1962; yet once the program was underway, it gained momentum and became the most popular vehicle for recording the "people's history" in Texas. Celebrating its 25th anniversary in 1987, the state marker program has elicited participation from citizens in every one of Texas' 254 counties. With approximately 10,000 markers in place, the Texas program is one of the most active and ambitious in the United States.

Created in 1953 by the state legislature to survey the historic resources of Texas and to recommend ideas and activities that would ensure their preservation, the governor-appointed Texas State Historical Survey Committee met for the first time in November of that year in Austin. Some of these resources had been identified in a short-lived marker program undertaken by the Texas Centennial Commission in 1936, during which an estimated 900 markers and monuments were placed throughout the state. Many of the markers had fallen victim to vandalism and neglect by the early 1950s, and their condition was an early concern of TSHSC members. As early as 1954, a subcommittee led by Ima Hogg of Houston recommended that the TSHSC initiate a new marker program, using a yet-to-be designed official state marker to identify recently surveyed sites.

While potential marker designs were discussed, the scope of the program was widened to include plans for marker placements at the graves of Texas War for Independence veterans, along Texas highways for the amusement and edification of tourists, and later on for the commemoration of Civil War-related sites. Representatives of the TSHSC, the state highway department, the Southwell Company of San Antonio, and other groups including the Texas Historical Foundation (chartered in 1954 to serve as the fund-raising arm of the Survey Committee), met regularly to work out design plans for the various proposed marker types. The emblem which was finally adopted was a round medallion with a relief map of Texas, patterned after the granite markers found at Texas border entry points. The medallion alone would mark historic structures and would appear above the text on the larger tourist information markers. An ornate scrolled border appearing on the large subject marker was later eliminated to save money. The design of the early building medallions included three color-coded stars. A red star denoted a building that met standards of good restoration and/or preservation; a white star meant the structure was open to the public; and a blue star indicated an admission charge. Discontinued in 1964 due to public confusion over their meaning, the red, white and blue stars were replaced with the words "Official Historical Medallion."

Within the first three months of 1962, dedication ceremonies were held for the first tourist information marker and the first medallion home. An informational marker was placed at the site of Camp Ford in Smith County on January 14, and on March 4 a medallion was awarded to the Eggleston House in Gonzales. In the program's first year, tourist information markers were also placed for the Odessa Meteor Crater, Castle Gap in Upton County, and Alleyton, C.S.A. in Colorado County; approximately 600 structures were marked with the building medallion. The program's success was illustrated by the enthusiasm with which committee members expressed their desire to continue their efforts in their December 1962 meeting, as they determined to mark trees, cemeteries, replicas and sites, each with an appropriate and uniform state marker. In early 1963, TSHSC staff member Betty Keefe remarked that the medallion program—whose original goal was to mark each of the TSHSC-surveyed structures—would not be over for at least another two years.

From the beginning, the marker program relied heavily upon the participation of local citizens. County historical survey committees provided the TSHSC with updates on the condition of the 1936 markers, and as early as 1959 marker policy proposals included the requirement that county committees screen all requests for markers. Twenty-five years later, it is still a policy that all marker applications be approved by county historical commissions prior to submission to the State Marker Program of the Texas Historical Commission.

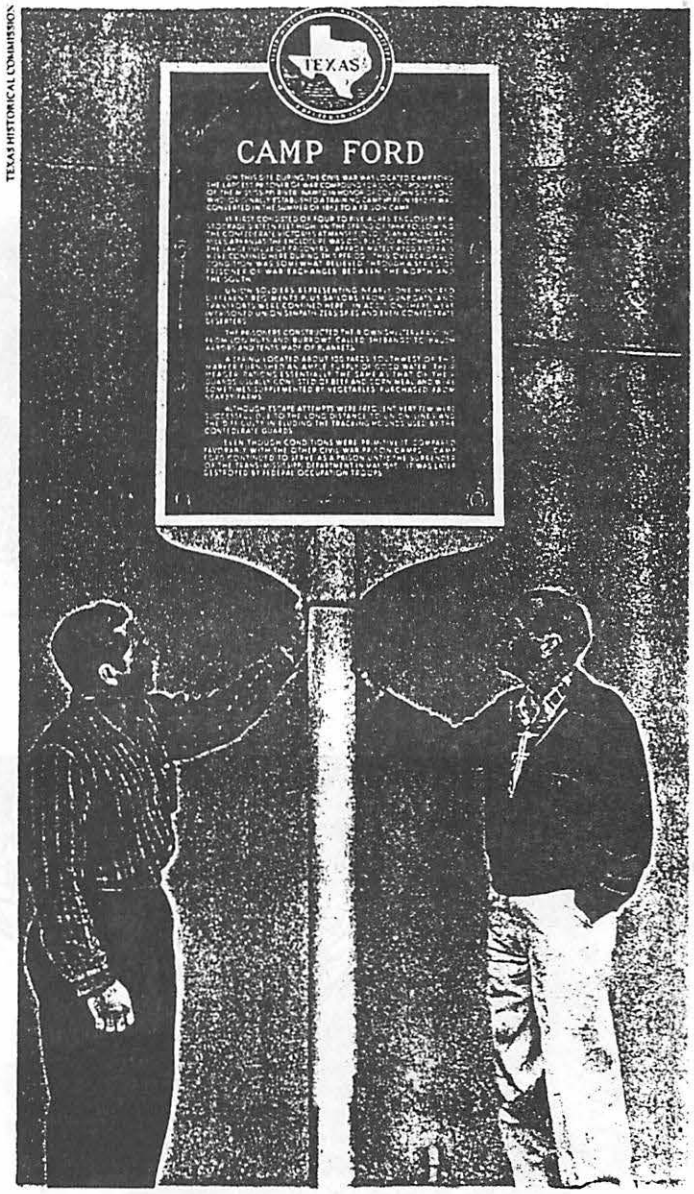
Former Texas Attorney General John Ben Shepperd, who served as TSHSC president from 1963 to 1966, is generally credited with building enthusiasm throughout the state to mark historic sites. His midnight meetings and early morning breakfasts were legendary among

preservationists. Bill Southwell, president of the marker manufacturing company, recalls being summoned from San Antonio on a cold winter night to meet one of Shepperd's employees at the courthouse square in Junction to deliver a number of historical markers needed for dedication ceremonies the following day in Odessa. Shepperd's programs to "display history along the highways" and to promote the tourism value of historical markers culminated in 1965 with the introduction of the RAMPS (Recordation, Appreciation, Marking, Preservation Surveys) program.

The primary goal of RAMPS was to place 5,000 markers by 1969. During this time a number of special marker series were planned for topics such as transportation and communication, outstanding women of Texas, law enforcement officers, modern Texas statesmen, and outstanding Texas newspaper publishers. The RAMPS program reached its target of 5,000 markers on October 27, 1969, when a marker for the Rocking Chair Ranch in Collingsworth County was dedicated. A second goal of the program was to focus attention on the link between historical markers and tourism. Taking place during the 5-year RAMPS campaign was an event important to Texas tourism—the 1968 HemisFair in San Antonio. An effort was made to place many historical markers in time for the fair, in order to take advantage of the great numbers of tourists expected that year.

The 5,000th marker placed during the RAMPS program did not signal the end of the state marker program. By that time, there were nearly a dozen different styles and sizes of markers. Early on, it was determined that a medallion alone was not sufficient to mark an historic structure and that an interpretive plate was needed to provide a brief history of the site. Interpretive plates, originally available in several different sizes, became a requirement and were later standardized into the current 16" x 12" format. The historical tree markers, initiated in 1962 to recognize trees which were "directly associated with high human endeavor, with the life of some notable person or persons, or with one or more great events," became objects of curiosity upon the demise of the subject trees, and the program was discontinued. Some of these markers remain to this day.

As the marker program matured, another adjustment that took place was the replacement of the telegraphic form of prose with a narrative-style inscription. The art of inscription writing itself has seen many changes through the years. With a limited number of lines and spaces per line in each marker, the original inscriptions were plotted by hand on graph paper to meet spacial limitations. The typewriter soon replaced the pencil, and today's inscriptions are finalized on computer. Each character must still be counted individually, however, taking into consideration the different values for each. Although all historical marker inscriptions are written by the State Marker Program staff, they are reviewed on the local level by the county historical commissions and other interested parties. Revisions are often called for, and insofar as is possible given style and spacing requirements, the staff attempts to comply with revision requests. Doelece Parmelee,

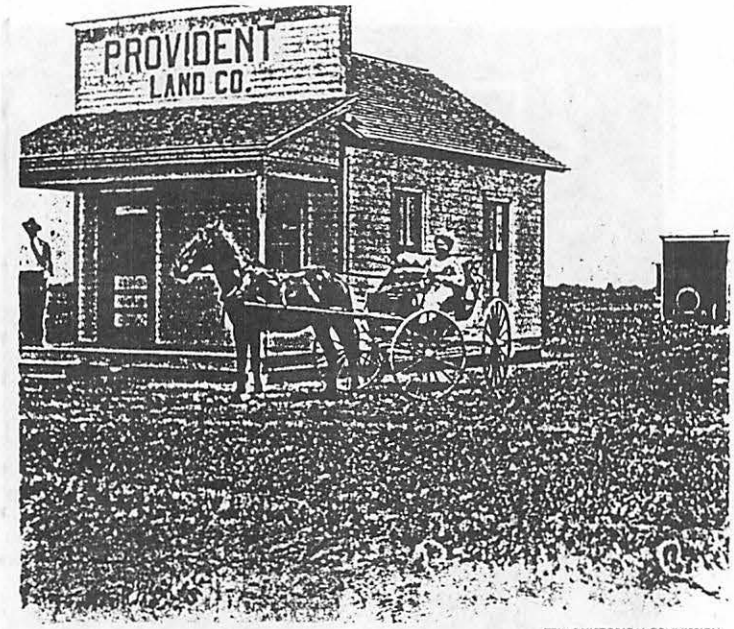


TEXAS HISTORICAL COMMISSION

The first TSHSC tourist information marker is displayed at the Southwell Company prior to its placement in Smith County. The marker design was later changed, and the scroll border was discontinued.

Director of Research for many years, probably holds the record for revising one inscription a total of 39 times!

The year 1973 was a pivotal one for the program. A backlog of marker applications, many submitted on a "rush" basis and most containing inadequate historical data and therefore requiring additional research by the staff, led to a call for a moratorium on marker applications by TSHSC president Clifton Caldwell on March 14, 1973. During the two-month hiatus a new application form was devised, which included specific topical guidelines and required that a documented narrative history be submitted to address questions appearing in the guidelines. No longer would suggested inscriptions be accepted; however, staff-written texts would still be sent for review on the local level. A surcharge was assessed in hopes of reducing the number of rush orders, which created a backlog not only in the Austin office, but also at



TEXAS HISTORICAL COMMISSION

The Provident Land Company Office in Provident City, Colorado County, in 1909. By 1914, the town was abandoned by disgruntled settlers, some of whom later sued the company for dishonest advertising. This historical photo is taken from the marker file on Providence City, Texas.

the foundry. The number of available marker designs was reduced from eleven to four, increasing efficiency and promoting standardization of styles.

In lifting the moratorium on July 17, Clifton Caldwell noted, "Our enthusiasm for the marker program is as great as ever . . . we are also eager to upgrade the general quality of historical data which is submitted to authenticate each marker application." As a result of the measures taken in 1973, it generally holds true that marker files dating from that time contain written histories which are of a higher quality, and therefore are more valuable to researchers, than are those from the earlier years of the program.

Earlier in 1973, the Texas legislature, in revising the agency's statute, renamed the TSHSC the Texas Historical Commission (THC), and gave unique protective measures to structures receiving historical building medallions. Designated as Recorded Texas Historic Landmarks (RTHL), such buildings were not to be altered in any way that would harm their historic architectural integrity without first giving notice to the THC. This did not give the Commission authority to absolutely restrict alterations or prohibit demolition, but it did provide an opportunity for the Commission to work with property owners in developing plans which would incorporate accepted preservation standards. A fine of not less than $50 nor more than $1,000 per day would be levied against those who failed to give the proper 60-day notification, and in later years the THC's State Marker Committee would devise a policy to remove the marker and the RTHL designation if the historic appearance of the structure had been too greatly altered by inappropriate exterior modifications.

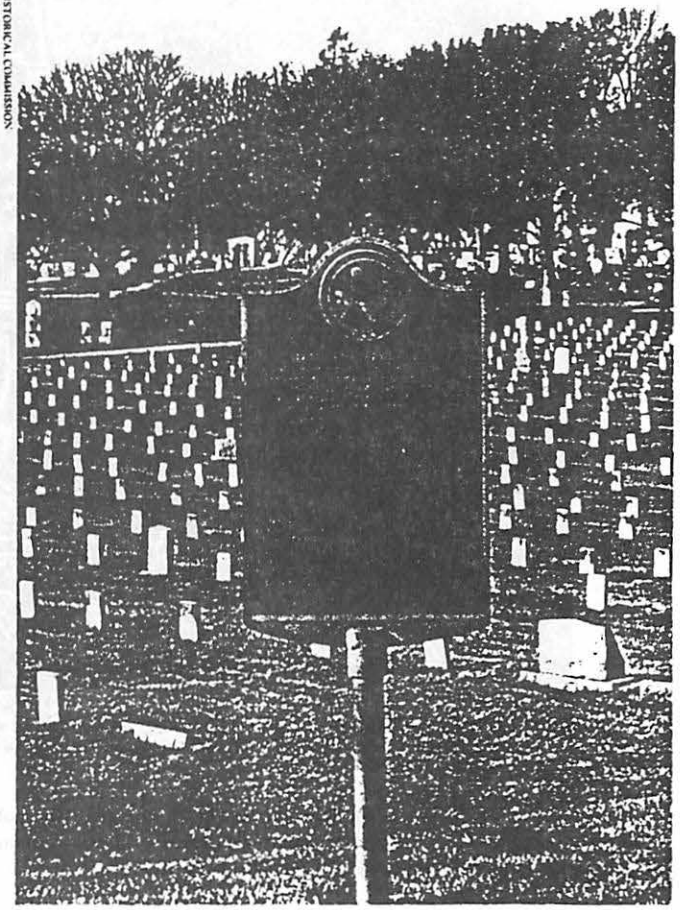
The new authority given the THC was put to the test in October 1974 when the owners of Capital National Bank in Austin began demolishing the Shot Tower, a Reconstruction-era structure that had been awarded a building medallion in 1962. The Texas Historical Commission sought an injunction to stop the demolition; however, the District Court denied the injunction on the grounds that the 1973 law was not retroactive to 1962. At the suggestion of Texas Attorney General John Hill, the THC took action to close this loophole by officially designating all 1,591 previously recognized medallion structures as Recorded Texas Historic Landmarks.

It is not often that negotiations break down to the point that extreme measures are warranted, but the State Marker Committee has on occasion found it necessary to enforce its policies. The failure of a Bastrop banking firm to notify the THC of pending alterations to the exterior of

TEXAS HISTORICAL COMMISSION

Imaginative placements of historical markers lend a measure of diversity to the dissemination of Texas history. This marker is in Cuero, Texas.

The State Cemetery in Austin is one of many Texas burial grounds whose history has been recorded on an official Texas Historical marker.



TEXAS HISTORICAL COMMISSION

a commercial building, which had been designated as an RTHL in 1962, ultimately led to the removal of its marker and historic designation in 1986 when the completed changes were determined to have significantly damaged the architectural integrity of the structure.

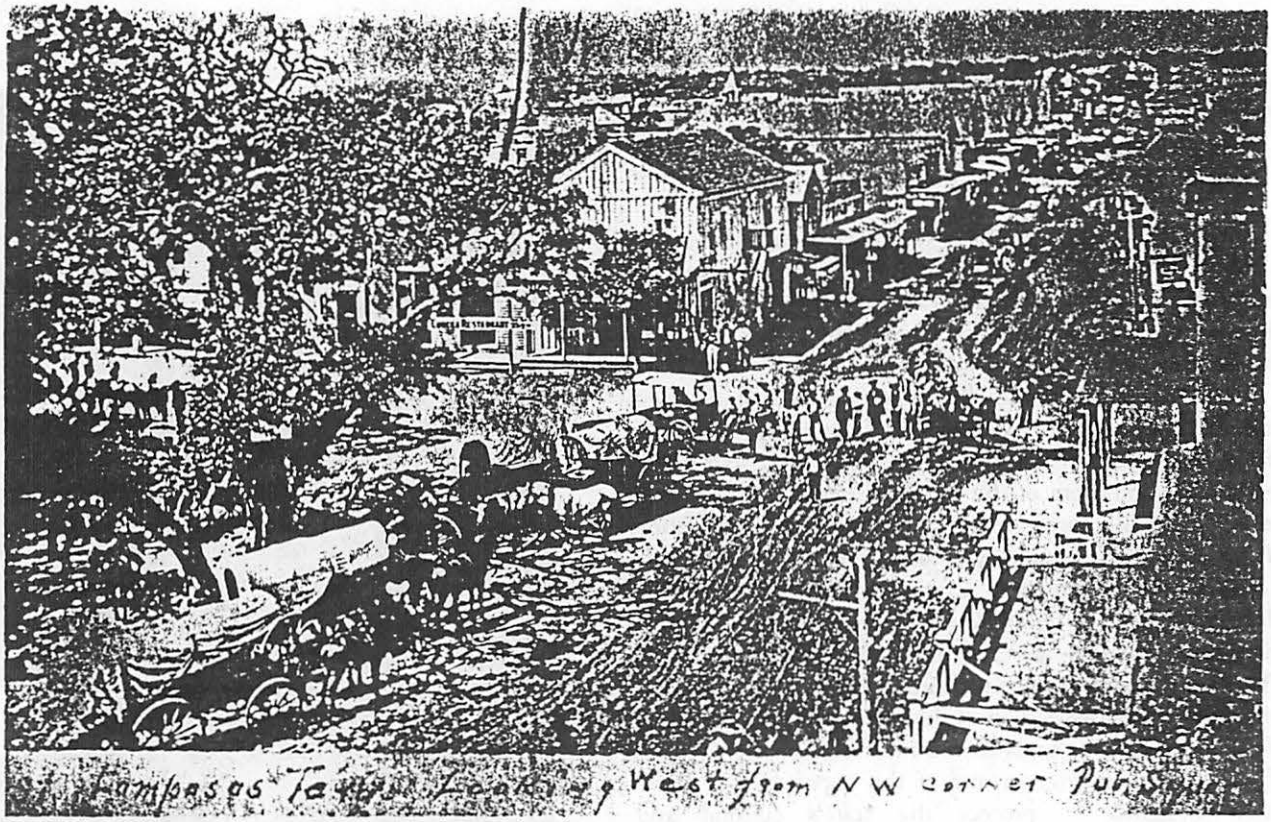
Over the years, as RTHL property owners and others have become aware of the law and have taken advantage of the technical assistance available from THC staff architects, more and more of the state's historic structures have been successfully preserved. For example, the relocation of the Mentone Community Church, Loving County's only Recorded Texas Historic Landmark, to the Ranching Heritage Center in Lubbock was prevented in 1984 when the combination of an early review and opinion by the THC and strong local community protest prevailed. Notwithstanding successes such as this, efforts must continue to increase public awareness of the meaning and significance of the RTHL designation and of the importance of legislation designed to protect the state's cultural and historical resources.

Texas historical marker topics reveal in no small measure the state's diverse heritage. Church and cemetery markers are by far the most numerous, ranging from small rural community congregations to large cathedrals, and from family graveyards with fewer than ten burials to community cemeteries containing thousands of tombstones. Other marker subjects include pioneers, Texas Rangers, businesses, organizations, cities, counties, archeological sites, libraries, state officials, geographic formations, ghost towns, poor farms, newspapers, suffragists, battle sites, POW camps, sports figures, outlaws, musicians, oil, railroads, aviation, bridges, roads and trails, and . . . the list is endless!

The pioneer colonization efforts of men such as Moses Austin, Green DeWitt, W. S. Peters, and Sterling Clark Robertson are well known, and have, of course, been subjects of historical markers. However, lesser known efforts to settle Texas have also been recounted. A recently placed marker tells the story of an early twentieth century real estate scam. The Provident Land Company, based in Kansas City, Missouri, succeeded in bringing 500 midwesterners to the Colorado County panhandle in 1909 with promises of exceptional farming opportunities. Provident City, as the settlement was named, lasted only five years. Immigrants to the area soon realized that the company's advertising methods were somewhat less than honest, luring people to the area with photographs of incredible farm results that were taken elsewhere. All that remains of the town, which once had several businesses and even an amateur baseball team, is a hotel building which now serves as headquarters for a ranch.

TEXAS HISTORICAL COMMISSION

A sample 18" x 28" subject marker.



Lampasas, Texas, looking west from the northwest corner of the public square (circa 1882). The growth and development of Texas communities are often the subjects of official Texas Historical Markers.

One of the themes in Texas history that appears often is the influence of railroads. Cities and towns were created or abandoned; fortunes were gained or lost. Even county seats were changed to best take advantage of rail lines. Markers have been erected for many such towns and provide an historical reference for sites which would have otherwise gone unrecorded. The selection of county seats was often a matter of great debate among early citizens, and markers such as "Shoot-out on Jones Street" in Castro County and "Parnell" in Roberts County relate these occasionally violent episodes in Texas local history.

Many individuals who helped shape the state's character would have gone unnoticed forever if not for the opportunity to record the "people's history" by means of historical markers. Small business entrepreneur James Alexander Amis, whose home in Emory was marked in 1985, operated a sawmill, lumberyard, truck farm, cattle and hog farm, pickle factory, and an undertaking business, and also sponsored the launching of a hot air balloon over the town in 1914. An earlier aviation effort was the subject of a marker placed in Camp County in 1976. The Rev. Burrell Cannon designed and built an airship in 1902 based on his interpretation of the ship described in the biblical book of Ezekiel. Accounts vary as to whether it ever got off the ground, but the "Ezekiel Airship" historical marker is one of the most popular in the area. Former slave Nelson Taylor Denson became a Baptist preacher, in 1868 organized the Marlin Missionary Baptist Church, and was instrumental in opening schools for black children in the county. He became the first elected black county official when he won a seat as county commissioner in 1882. A 1964 marker tells the story of Sally Scull, a rancher in Refugio County who ran a freight company during the Civil War, hauling cotton to Mexico to trade for guns, ammunition, food, and other goods needed by Confederate forces in Texas. Often facing hazardous situations, she was said to be a sure shot with a rifle strapped to her saddle and two pistols at her side.

From the beginning, the marker program captured the public's imagination and drew public officials and other notables to take part in dedication ceremonies. Governor Price Daniel unveiled the Odessa Meteor Crater marker in 1962. Bob Hope was a special guest at the dedication of a Port Arthur marker honoring his friend Mildred "Babe" Didrikson Zaharias in 1980. Lady Bird Johnson has participated in several marker dedications over the years, and Vice President George Bush was in attendance at ceremonies for the Hotel Texas historical marker in Fort Worth in 1981.

Will the Texas historical marker program continue forever? It certainly seems that the state's history will never cease to be a source of fascination for its citizens and visitors. As long as that fascination continues, and local historians are willing to dig through attics, storerooms, and government records to find and tell their stories, the demand for a marker program will endure. And as new means of telling the state's history constantly become available in this electronic age, the historical markers are sure to change as well. In so doing, they will certainly stand as reflections not only of the times about which they tell, but also of the times in which they were cast.

Francis Rickard is Director, and Cynthia J. Beeman is Historian for the THC's State Marker Program.

KARL FORDTRAN, TEXAS PIONEER AND VETERAN OF SAN JACINTO

Submitted by Dr. R. A. Neely

Note: This information comes from a newspaper article that appeared in a November 1900 edition of the Waco Weekly Tribune, Dr. R.A. Neely is a direct descendant of Karl Fordtran.

Karl Fordtran was born at Minden, on the Weser River in Prussia, May 7, 1801. He was an educated man who could quote Goethe and Schiller and discuss the historical significance of Luther's work and the Reformation in Germany. Having money to invest, he decided the New World offered great opportunity, and in 1830 he immigrated to the United States. After a brief stay in New York, he started for Missouri in 1831. But on the way, he fell in with one of the pioneer "land boomers" who were promoting Stephen F. Austin's colony in Texas, and Fordtran was convinved that Texas was to be a new El Dorado. As a result of this chance meeting, Karl Fordtran became a German-Texan.

He made the long journey to Texas and at San Felipe secured land near what today is Industry in Austin Colony. But as time went by, Fordtran grew homesick for Prussia, and when he became unwell he decided to sell his Texas holdings, including land, livestock and household belongings, for $1,000 and return to Prussia. Leaving his estate in the hands of an agent, Fordtran started his trip back to Europe.

At San Felipe he put up at the Whitesides Inn and shared a room with Henry Austin, a brother of Stephen F. Austin. The next day the two men set out for the Texas coast as traveling companions. They reached Bolivar, and there Fordtran was introduced to Nathaniel Townsend and his wife, who were beginning a journey to Natchez, Mississippi. He joined their party and remained at Natchez six months. During this time, Fordtran recovered his health and determination to return to Texas. Thus, instead of sailing to Europe, he traveled back to Austin County and remained at Industry the rest of his long life. He died at Industry in 1900 at age ninety-nine. It was at Industry he met and married Almeida Brookfield. They were married more than fifty years, and their children, grandchildren, and greatgrandchildren numbered seventy-three at the time of Fordtran's death.

Fordtran promoted the immigration of other Germans to Texas. He made a contract with a man named Samuel Williams to bring some 800 German famlies to Austin's colony. As part of this arrangement, Fordtran went to New Orleans to recruit Germans there to come to Texas. It so happened that another agent at New Orleans was recruting colonists for Brazil at that time. This rival spread the word among Germans that Fordtran planned to take them to Texas and sell them as slaves. Believing this, some of the immigrants arranged a meeting with Fordtran ostensibly to reach final terms, but in reality to kill him and to throw his body into the Mississippi River. However, two women who learned of this plot, informed Fordtran in time to prevent his keeping what otherwise would have been a fatal appointment.

Fordtran fought in the Texas war for independence from Mexico. He was a veteran of the battle of San Jacinto, and he met Stephen F. Austin, Sam Houston, and Davy Crockett. About his meeting with Crockett, Fordtran later said "I met Davy Crockett when he and some companions were en route to the Alamo, before its fall. I begged him not to allow himself to be shut up in San Antonio by the Mexicans, for they would finally overcome him. I told him that if he would take his riflemen and keep the field, hovering on the outskirts of Santa Anna's army, he could do more good. But Crockett thought otherwise, and he went on to San Antono and died. He was a brave man."

Necessarily brief mention was made in the last issue of the Tribune of the death which occurred on the morning of November 1st of Mr. Charles (i.e. Karl) Fordtran of Industry, Texas. Many details lacking at that time of his remarkable life are available now, and we feel that not alone as a tribute due to the honored dead, but also of real interest to our readers, a review of his life work is in order. He was well known in Waco, a familiar figure here, for during the past twenty years he had visited here at least twice a year and some years oftener, spending weeks at a time with relatives, for two of his daughters (Mrs. G.C.McGregor and Mrs. James B. Baker) reside in this city.....

His last visit to Waco was in May of this year (1900). It was the writer's privilege to meet him then and talk freely.....for be it known that Mr. Fordtran had an earnest desire to live to celebrate his hundredth year which would have come on May 7 of next year. It had been planned that on that day he would gather aorund him all his children and their children and children's children, and what a remarkable and interesting family reunion.....it would have been, for he could have counted more than one hundred of his direct descendants.....He also was hoping to attend the meeting (April 1900) of the Texas Veterans Association, of which he was an honored member.....

His mental vigor, his age considered, was remarkable. In the last conversation the writer had with him. Mr Fordtran discussed a wide range of subjects.....the genius of Cromwell and the influence of Cavalier and Puritan on British character and history.....the career of the great Napoleon, whom he once had seen.....told of his experiences with Austin, Crockett and Houston in Texas; the war with Mexico and then secession and the war between the states.....

It is wonderful to conteplate the occurance of his long and useful life. He watched with keen interest the marvelous growth of these United States from infancy to one of the leading nations of the world.

[At Industry in Austin County] he met and married Miss Almeida Brookfield, who journeyed through life with him for mroe than fifty years, and by whose side his remains were laid to rest in the family lot in Prairie Lea Cemetery in Brenham. His surviving sons and daughters [are] Charles Fordtran, Jr., of Fayetteville [Texas], Robert Fordtran of Industry, Mesdames G.C.McGregor and J.B. Baker of Waco, G.H. Mensing of Galveston, and Mrs. M.A. Helay of Brenham. Of children who had preceded the father to the grave there were eight, for fourteen children were born to this couple [Karl and Almeida Frodtran]. The dead are sons Charles, Joseph and Edwin, who died early in life, being aged two, three and seven years, [also] William and E.H.....well-known businessmen of Flatonia and Galveston.....[and] Frank Fordtran [who] died during the war, a Confederate

soldier. Of daughters dead there was Sarah, who died in infancy, and the late Mrs. Annie Hill of Galvedston.

Mr. Fordtran's remains were carried from the old home at Industry, where he had lived over sixty years and where he died, to Brehham, lying in state Thursday up to 3:30 PM at the home of his son-in-law , Mr. M.A. Healy, a prominent businessman of Brehnam. At the hour above named the funeral services were there celebrated, the interment being in Priaire Lea Cemetery.....Rev. Dr. Rufus C. Burleson, of Waco, conducted the religious rites, journeying to Brenham for that purpose. Dr. Burleson and Mr. Fordtran were friends more than half a century.....[Dr. Burleson] referred to the fact that the deceased was plain, sincere, earnest, unaffected in all walks of life. He never won reknown on the battlefield or sought fame in the councils of the nation, but he attained the distinction of meriting and receiving the esteem, the respect and the confidence of all who knew him.

The pall bearers were Messrs. H.K. Harrison, R.B. Luhn, T.A. Low, F.W. Schuerenberg, Edward Amsler, and W.A. Weed. An immense throng joined in paying the last honors to the dead. Immediate relatives in attendance.....were Mrs. G.H. Mensing, Miss Ella Mensing, Mrs. E.H. Fordtran. Mr. ____ Fordtran of Galveston, Mrs. William Thompson of Smithville, Mr. and Mrs. O.N. Prouty, Miss Bessie Fordtran of Beeville, Mr. and Mrs. James B. Baker, Mrs. G.C. McGregor of Waco, Mr. R.L. Fordtran and family, Greely Carmichael of Industry, and Mrs. Charles Fordtran of Fayettville.

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES OF THE DAUGHTER OF FRIEDRICH ERNST

by Caroline von Hinueber

Note: this article appeared in A History of Texas by Anna J. Hardwicke Pennybacker, published in 1907 and used as a textbook in schools.

When my father (Friedrich Ernst) came to Texas, I was a child of eleven or twelve years.....We set sail for Texas in the schooner Satillo.

The boat was jammed with passengers and their luggage so that you could hardly find a place on the floor to lie down at night. I firmly believe that a strong wind would have drowned us all. We landed at Harrisburg, which consisted at that time of about five or six log houses, on the 3rd of April 1831. Captain Harris had a sawmill, and there was a store or two, I believe. Here we remained five weeks, while Fordtran (a friend) went ahead of us and selected a league of land.....

While on our way to our new home, we stayed at San Felipe for several days at Whiteside's Travern. The courthouse was about a mile out of town, and here R.M. Williamson, who was then the alcalde, had his office. I saw him several times while I was there, and remember how I wondered at his crutch and wooden leg. S.F. Austin was in Mexico at the time, and Sam Williams, his private secretary, gave my father a title to land which he had originally picked out for himself. My father had to kiss the Bible and promise, as soon as the priest should arrive, to become aCatholic.....

My father was the first German to come to Texas with his family. He wrote a letter to a friend in Oldenburg, which was published in the local newspaper. This brought a number of Germans, with their families, to Texas in 1834.

After we had lived on Fordtran's place six months, we moved into our own house. This was a miserable little hut, covered with straw and having six sides, which were made out of moss. The roof was by no means waterproof, and we often held an umbrella over our bed when it rained at night, while cows came and ate the moss. Of course we suffered a great deal in winter. My father tried to build a chimney and fireplace out of logs and clay, but we were afraid to light a fire because of the extreme combustibility of our dwelling. So we had to shiver.

Out shoes gave out, and we had to go barefoot in winter, for we did not know how to make moccasins. Our supply of clothes was also insufficient, and we had no spinning wheel, nor did we know how to spin and weave like the Americans. It was twenty-eight miles to San Felipe, and besides, we had no money.....

No one can imagine what a degree of want there was of the merest necessities, and it is difficult for me now to understand how we managed to live and get along under the circumstances. We were really better supplied than our neighbors with household and farm utensils, but they knew better how to help themselves. Sutherland used his razor for cutting kindling, killing pigs, and cutting leather for moccasins. My mother was once called to a neighbor's house, five miles from us, because one of the little children was very sick. My mother slept on a deer skin, without a pillow, on the floor. In the morning, the lady of the house poured water over my mother's hands, and told her to dry her face on her bonnet.

At first we had very little to eat. We ate nothing but corn bread. Later we began to raise cow-peas, and afterwards my father made a fine vegatable garden. At first we grated our corn, until father hollowed out a log and we ground it as in a mortar. We had no cooking stove, of course, and baked our bread in the only skillet we possessed. The ripe corn was boiled until it was soft, then grated and baked. The nearest mill was thirty miles off.

The country was very thinly settled. Our three neighbors lived in a radius of seven miles. San Felipe wsas twenty-eight miles off, and there were about two houses on the road thither. In consequence, there was no market for anything you could raise, except for cigars and tobacco, which my father was the first in Texas to put on the market. We raised barely what we needed, and we kept it. Around San Felipe, certainly, it was different, and there were some beautiful farms in the vicinity.

We lived in our doorless and windowless six-cornered pavillion about three years.

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Note: The "Fordtran" referred to in the memoirs above was Karl Fordtran. His story was presented by the previous article beginning on page 55.

FROM GERMANY TO TEXAS IN THE 1840s; S.O. EIDMAN'S JOURNAL PART I

submitted by an anonymous member of the G.T.H.S.

To the new member of G.T.H.S. who recently delivered a copy of S.O. Eidman's journal to the G.T.G.S. office at the German Free School in Austin --- you departed before the office staff got your name. Would you please phone or write, giving us your name so we can credit you for this truly interesting submission to the Journal? Call 512-482-0927 or write us at PO Box 684171, Austin, TX 78768-4171. We are sorry that we let you get away too quickly.

Dear Reader:

Please pardon any and all mistakes you may find in the following pages as all was written from memory without notes just as they entered my mind, and me being nearly blind, could not read my own writing after the ink got dry.

S.O. Eidman, Sr.

THIS IS A SKETCH OF THE LIFE, UPS AND DOWNS & CC OF THE WRITER.

S. O. Eidman

I was born in Oberliel, Germany, July 8th, A.D. 1832. In 1812 when the great World War broke out, Father was not old enough for military duty, but a brother who was married and had a family was called out to take up arms. Father, who was well grown for his age, offered to take his brother's place and after standing a rigid army examination was permitted to take his brother's place.

Father remained in the Army for seven long years. On his return home after the close of the war, he found that his father and mother had died and all their property destroyed by the armies who had passed through that part of the country, so he found himself penniless and thrown upon his own resources.

I do not know when nor whom he married. To that union was born a daughter - his wife died and left him a widower. How long he remainsed so, I do not know - nor have I any data when he married Miss Kathrine Kraft, his second wife, my mother. I was the first born. Of that union were born four boys and three girls - we were eight children in all.

I do not know the day and date when Father first decided to go to Texas. I do remember when a number of his neighbors were trying to discourage him from going to a wild, unsettled country with a large family of little children. I also remember hearing him tell his friends that he had four boys whom he did not care to raise to be soldiers until they were forty-five years old. He did not change his mind after he decided to go. To show that he was in earnest, he advertised all his property, real and personal, was for sale to the highest bidder at a certain date on twelve month's time and cc. with interest bearing notes with lien on property sold.

The day of the sale arrived and all of his effects went at a great sacrifice. Father had, however seen bankers who agreed to cash all of his notes, but at a big discount; as well as I remember, he allowed them twenty or twenty-five percent discount.

Father and family left their old home during the first week in April 1846 with all of his effects and children loaded upon wagons for Bremen where an old sail ship was awaiting us and several hundred other emigrants all bound for Texas to start on that long and dangerous journey.

Our voyage across the ocean was a long and disagreeable one. We had a big storm which lasted quite a while. With all the sails and masts down, the old boat rocked and dipped water and we all expected to go down to the bottom of the sea. I think every man, woman and child were down on their knees praying the Good Lord to come to their rescue, but we passed through it all safely with little if any damage to our old boat. We also had a long calm lasting several days during which our ship lay almost perfectly still, don't think we gained a single mile during that week or ten days. Our sailors had a good time, nothing to do but go out in small boats, catch and bring in large sea turtles.

During those calm days we saw many very large sea fish, also flying fish who go in droves somewhat as our black birds here. They skip along on top of the water; a drove of them came near our ship, arose and flew over our ship, and one of them flew against the mast and fell on deck. It measured about twelve inches in length. Their wings were something like the wings of our Texas bat. All of us children ran to pick it up. None of us believed that fish could fly until we saw them with our own eyes.

We had some sickness and one death, an old lady. Her body was sewed up into a canvas bag containing weights, and slid into the water.

Our voyage was a long and dangerous one. We were eleven weeks coming from Bremen to Galveston, Texas, arriving there the latter part of June, 1846. At Galveston, a steamboat was moored along the side of our ship, and all our goods as well as we were transferred to that old steamboat that carried us to Houston. On arriving there, we found wagons pulled up oxen to carry us to any settled part of the state upon agreeing to pay their price.

Our destination was the Comal River, Brounfels. We were four or five days reaching the first settlemen, San Felipe, on the Brazos River fifty miles from Houston. When we arrived at San Felipe, some of the family had become unwell so we were compelled to stop there so Father settled with his teamsters and looked about for shelter. He found an old emply log cabin into which he got permission to move. I remember it was on one Friday during the last of June when we reached San Felipe. Next morning, Saturday, Father and myself looked about the old town which had been destroyed by Sam Houston only a few years before, and now contained a few families living in log cabins and huts.

It was well Father could speak English as well as four other languages. There was not a family in the old town that could speak German. Father wanted to get some information regarding his

future. We found one man who had a patch of corn said he would give us a job pulling and saving his fodder.

I think Father calculated taking the job, but instead of going to work on Monday, Father remained in bed suffering with a high fever. We had to call in a Doctor but the fever never left him until his death, September 22, 1846. My little sister, only a few months old, was sick only a short time when she left us for a better and happier world where there is no more sickness nor death, where we may all meet again to part no more forever.

After Father's death, we had no one who understood or could interpret for us. Mother, in a strange land, among strange people who spoke a strange language, with her six remaining children and me the oldest, not yet fourteen years old, without a home or where to lay our heads. After paying expenses of Father's long sickness, Doctor bills and burying, and other bills, left her without means for a living, so she was forced to depart with any and everything else, her fine linens, clothing, shoes and even tools Father had so generously provided in order to provide food for her children; but the Good Lord came to our relief as winter was coming on. The owner of the property on which the log cabin stood in which we were staying, came to look after his property consisting of a story and half log house and a few other small shacks, found us occupying his log cabin, took pity on our helpless condition, offered to let us move into the larger cabin in which he had stored his household goods. His wife had died a short while before we came there, so he had locked up his scanty household goods and had gone off as he had no other family. After moving his goods into another shanty, we moved into the larger house which had a good roof and a plank floor so we were fixed for the approaching winter. The house also had a large fine mud chimney, two doors and a loophole with a wooden shutter. The owner of this property was a Doctor, a fine gentleman. He told Mother that if she wanted the property which consisted of eight town lots with those improvements, she could have it for one hundred dollars and he would make her a deed when her boys could make and pay him a hundred dollars which offer she gladly accepted. So we had a home, if ever so humble.

We went into the woods, cut us some nice poles and made two frames we called bedstead in the lower room for Mama and the girls. We boys climbed up stairs as there were no stair steps, for our bed room while we remained at home.

Very soon parties came to see Mother if she would not hire out her little Dutch boys so two younger boys and myself started to work on January 1, 1849. My little brothers found nice homes, but the man who hired me wanted me for a year, promised to pay Mother four dollars per month. I had to milk several cows night and morning, do all the feeding, cut and bring in wood, and other little jobs about the place. We all occupied a log house 14 x 16 with a large mud chimney with a large deep fireplace on which was done all the family cooking. There were two beds, a table and a few chairs with rawhide bottom seats. The family consisted of the man, his wife and his wife's sister, a young lady about sweet sixteen, so you see I had to sleep on the floow on a pallet only by name.

The girl learned me how to milk, also showed me how to do other things. I had never milked a cow in my life in fact, had never been called on to do any work in my life, only attending German school. Don't you pity that poor girl? She had quite a job on hand.

I got along pretty well for a month or more, when the old fellow decided that I ought to do a man's work (he, himself, did nothing). He rigged me up a yoke of half-broke beeves, carried me about half mile to a field he had rented to break up some hard black land. I had never handled a plow and the oxen knew even less about plowing than muself. I started plowing but very soon my team started off in a run and hold of the plow handles. You see we did fast work, ran a furrow or at least made a mark all over that field. I was glad when night came.

We turned the oxen out on the range. Next morning, my boss started me a foot to drive in these beeves. I walked several miles before I found them...my boss had only one horse which he kept for his wife to ride to (Prishing?) when we had any a San Felipe which was nearly two miles from his home.

I kept up running a plow behind those beeves a week or so all over that field when the boss decided not to plant a crop. On Sunday mornings, after doing my work, I walked to San Felipe nearly two miles to attend Sunday School where I learned to read and speak English, and spent remainder of the day with Mama and the children - until time to go back to milk and feed, etc. Mother never received one cent in money for my labor. Boss killed some hogs one day and sent Mother about seventy pounds of pork and gave me an old cow and calf worth then about seven or eight dollars, whe was so old, and did not live through the winter. We also lost the calf. I worked for him faithfully seven months when I could not stand it any longer. I found a man who lived just one block from Mother's house who said I could come and work for him, he would pay me four dollars per month, so instead of going back to my old boss I started in with my new one, so when I failed to return that evening, my old boss came bright and early next morning to see about the cause why I had not come back. He went to Mother's house. I suppose Mother told him that I was not there but had gone to work for another man, so he came there and called for me. I was inside the house, so I stepped out on the porch. He said come out here at once; I came to take you back home with me. I replied as best I could that I was not going back, that I was going towork for this man here. He replied "I'll show you" and started to dismount and come in the yard calling me saying I had acted the puppy - I got rather bold and replied "and you have acted the dog" but before he got inside the yard, my new boss who had listened around the corner, stepped up and ordered him to get back on his horse and leave as fast as his horse could carry him give him what Patty gave the drum. I sure missed that whipping.

If Father had lived we would have received several hundred acres of land as head right to be located on Comal River where Braunfels is now located. We had all our papers and nothing to do but to claim and have it located. After Father's death, Mother had no one to look after any business for her and all our papers disappeared. We never received any land at all. I worked for my new boss the remainder of that year (1847) and part of 1848. There was not a store nearer than three miles of us where we could buy coffie or sugar. I often walked those three miles with a few dozen eggs Mother had saved and exchanged them for coffee or sugar.

One day furing July 1848 a man came to see Mother tohire me to drive an oxen team for him to San Antonio, promising to pay me seventy-fice cents per day until he returned me home again. Mother asked me if I would go, I told her yes, to let me go. I had never driven an ox team nor any kind of team in my life, but I thought I could learn. There were a number of ox teams canping near our home and this man had two wagons and teams consisting of five yoke of oxen each he wagons loader for San Antonio. He told Mother his driver was taken very sick and had

to leave him here in care of Doctors. Mother tied up a few clean clothes in a red bandanna handkerchief. There were five or six wagons in our company. I got on nicely, we were about two weeks making our trip. After unloading, we started back with empty wagons for Houston. When we came within five or six miles of LaGrange on the old San Antonio stage line we stopped at a farm house where I learned my boss made his home with his brother. Very soon after we reached there, I learned my boss had changed his mind, decided not to go back to Houston, but to pay me and let me walk home some fifty six or seven miles to San Felipe. But - before I was ready to start on my journey, the stage came along bound for LaGrange, my boss halted the driver to let me ride to LaGrange with him free of charge. We arrived at LaGrange about sundown. This brought me within fifty miles of my home. At LaGrange I got directions how to go to San Felipe. About two-thirds of my road was through post oak and black jack timber. The remainder, open prairie. It was rather a lonely walk, but I reached home about daylight next morning rather tired and sore of foot. I did not walk very much for several days.

I then decided I could drive an ox team or learn as well as anybody. I began to plan to get some oxen and by and by a wagon, then I could earn some money. I found a man who offered to sell me a half-broke yoke of oxen and some wild beeves on credit. About that time a Mr. John Crutcher came to San Felipe to select a location for a store building, also inquiring if he could find anybody whom he could get to haul his lumber from the River bank to his building lot. I told him that I could do it. The lumber would be shipped on steam boat which made regular trips on the Brazos River is those days, he expected the lumber within a few days, he said I could have the job so I bought those two yoke of steers, went in the woods, cut me two poles and made me a long sled and when the lumber arrived, I was ready to haul it to the building lot. The steam boat soon arrived, unloaded on the bank of the river all the timber was heart cypress, everything needed for a large store building was included in his bill. Brother and myself soon finished our job, we found it rather hard work loading up some of the large timbers and managing our wild oxen.

I now began to look around for a big ox wagon. I learned a man at Tittsvell, Fort Bend County, about tweive miles from home, had a new wagon he had just finished, in his shop. I went to see him, he agreed to sell it to me on time. I went back home, rigged up our two yoke of steers and Brother and myself started for the wagon to go to Houston after freight for somewhere. We spent the night with the man who sold us the wagon, he discouraged us, said we could not haul very much with only two yoke of oxen, said he had a gentle yoke he would let us have for thirty-five dollars. We told him we would be glad to take them if he would wait on us for the pay which he agreed to do.

We hitched up our three yoke and started for Houston. Our wagon had no bed on it, nothing only the running gear, wheels, axels and tongue. When we reached Houston we drove to a wagon shop. There we found some oak poles large enough to split and made a fairly good frame for our wagon. I paid the man one dollar for it and he helped me split it. We soon had a good substitute for a wagon bed with planks for a bottom and a eighteen inch wide plank for side boards.

The first store we struck was T. W. House. He asked us where we lived and if we wanted a load of bagging and rope for the Teske Brothers in Columbus, big merchants, at one dollar per hundred freight; we loaded four thousand pounds on our wagon. The present postmaster

of Houston, Billie House, helped us load on the goods. We got on nicely, roads being dry, we reached home in about four days being fifty miles. We stopped at home two days, got us another yoke of oxen. Next morning we started for Columbus, 28 miles from home. We met no mishap until we struck the big Bernard River, the bed of which was pure quicksand. Our team was not able to pull our wagon through it, had to unload our goods, pull our wagon on top river bank, then took our gentlest yoke of oxen and chains and dragged our bagging and rope up the hill by the side of our wagon. (The baggins was in rolls and rope in coils). We got our wagon loaded again by dark, so we hobbled our oxen and camped all night. We, I had my little brother with me, got up early, found three yoke of our steers but not the ones we had just bought. I left brother with the wagon and thinking my oxen had gone back to their old range, I started off to find them.

I rode all day until night, went clear back home which was fifteen miles from our wagon, got there about dark; I ate my supper, then started back to our camp knowing that my little brother could not sleep but be nearly scared to death all alone. The night was dark, no star to be seen, but I knew my horse once started on the road would keep it until I reached the Bernard River. I suppose I got about half way to our camp when my horse became badly scared, turned to his right and ran as fast as he could. I could neither turn nor stop him. We kept that up - must have gone several miles before I succeeded to rein him back as I conceived the proper course for our camp. Finally, I reached the Bernard River but a mile or so to the right of our camp so I followed the river until I reached our camp and found Brother sitting on the wagon hoping I would soon get back.

At daylight next morning we ate a little breakfast, yoked up our three yoke of oxen and went to Columbus, unloaded our wagon and camped near the edge of town. We did not find our oxen next day until noon when we hitched up and drove nearly half way home. Having an empty wagon our oxen almost went in a run. When night overtook us we struck camp again.

Next morning we found only two yoke of our oxen, the yoke I bought from the man who sold me the wagon could not be found anywhere. We hitched up the two yoke to the wagon, little brother got on it and we started them on the road for home. I went to take a closer look for our lost oxen but did not find them. We reached home before night. I found the yoke we lost on the first day and drove them home. After having a good night's rest, we got Mother to fix us up some bread, bacon and coffee for a two days lunch. Brother and myself started out to find our lost oxen. We looked the range over up to the camp where they had left us but saw nothing of them. We picked us a good camping place on the bank of the Bernard River under a grove of little blackjack trees, staked out our saddle horses on good grass, prepared and ate our supper and fixed our pallets out of our saddle blankets, using our saddles for pillows, planning where to go tomorrow to look for the lost steers.

Before we went to sleep we heard a voice as if somebody was in distress. The voice seemed to come nearer and plainer so we soon decided not to go to sleep but keep awake a while longer. The voice became plainer and nearer. We knew then it was a panther and we decided to rest that night on a limb upon a little blackjack tree so I helped Brother up first to climb up as high as possible and I would occupy the next limb under him. We had no gun of any kind with us. I had a small pocket knife, knowing panthers did climb trees like cats, I got out my little knife which I would use in punching out his eyes.

We did not sleep but heard the noise all night and it seemed almost at us. As soon as day began to dawn we climbed down from our roost, started a fire, made some coffee, saddled our horses and began eating our breakfast. I picked up my tin cup with coffee to take a drink when there, less than fifty yards from us there stood a large panther looking at us. You can guess we did not want any breakfast just then but mounted our horses and started after the panther making all the noise we could. But instead of running from us he trotted about a hundred yards ahead of us and when we would stop to turn back he did the same and followed us. I suppose we drove him two miles or more until the sun rose and was good daylight. Then he quit following us and we went back to our camp and finished our breakfast. I then decided it must have been a panther that scared my horse a few nights before that and made him run away with me.

After breakfast was over we spent the day looking for our runaway oxed but did not find them or hear of them anywhere. We never did see or hear of them again.

So you see our paths were not all strewn with roses. Brother and myself worked hard for two weeks making forty dollars, thirty-five of which I sent the man to pay for those lost oxen which left us five dollars for two weeks work out of which we paid three dollars for crossing the Brazos and Colorado Rivers going and coming. This you will say was rather discouraging so surely it was, but it was a groundhog case with us. We were owing for our wagon and three yoke of oxen that had to be paid for and only us to make the money to do it.

Mr. John Crutch was getting on nicely with his store building and soon would be able to open his business. Our little town began growing some. A little school was opened in a little cabin 12 x 14 feet by George W. Foster who had just moved in with his wife. Mother sent my two little sisters and youngest brother to school to Foster.

Brother and myself fixed our wagon and bed, got another yoke of wild steers and started hauling again. We got along much better, did not lose any more oxen, and began paying off some of our debts. Mother was getting on much better now, she had one boy out at work and we two older boys kept our wagon hauling freight from Houston to all settled parts of the State.

One day after Mr. Crutcher had opened business he called me back to his desk and asked me if I would like to have a little bunch of cattle. Of course I said yes. He wrote a little note and asked me to carry it to Judge Munger who lived about one mile from the store. Judge Munger read the note, wrote an answer for me to carry back to Mr. Crutcher. Mr. Crutcher opened and read it, went to his safe, called three men who were in the store, made them sign the paper and handed them a lot of money. He then handed me that paper. I found it was a bill of sale made to me for thirty head of cattle, more or less, Mr. Crutcher told me that all the cattle in that brand CP were mine. I sure felt very thankful to him. This started us in the cattle raising business. I still have that bill of sale written seventy-two or three years ago. We branded all those cattle in Mother's brand. Whenever we had any money to spare after that and could find any cattle for sale we would buy them and brand them for Mother. She soon had a nice bunch of cattle.

A short time after Mr. Crutcher opened business, Mr. A. S. Sessums of Houston and William Stubblefield had a large store building put up near the Crutcher store and opened business. More families moved in, also farms were opened near town and both stores did good business. Mr. Crutcher gave us all of his freight hauling from Houston instead of shipping it by boat.

We soon had enough money to pay off our debts. I had another new wagon made in Houston with good bed and ", so we started two teams on the road and the first money we had on hand after paying our debts I bought Mother the first bedroom suite, all solid walnut, from William Rice. The Rice Hotel has been built with money his estate left after his death, also the Rice Institute. The next cash on hand paid for lumber to build us a good frame house to live in. We bought and hauled lumber from the sawmills located on Spring Creek, Montgomery County. That house is yet standing and occupied by Randon Munger, the only child living of Judge Munger who wrote that bill of sale for me. One room was painted inside by a German landscape painter which can yet be seen perfently plain.

When our new house which was one and a half stories was completed, we made us some good bedsteads from sure-nuff lumber. After we got our two wagons and teams ready for hauling we got along much better and we soon got out of debt. There was no bank in San Felipe. Merchants had to send their money to Houston as best they could. Quite well I remember Mr. Crutcher to go to Houston with our team and haul him two loads of goods. We hitched up our teams and drove to his store. He brought out two big shot bags filled with money, asked us to take it to Houston and hand it to G. W. House. After one day's drive from home we met a man afoot on his way to Houston with a small bundle of clothes. He asked me if we would not let him ride on one of our wagons, that he was nearly worn out walking. Of course, we were glad to let him ride. We were then about thirty-five miles from Houston and had to camp out two more nights. We had those two bags of money in our provisions box which made the box rather heavy as the money was most all in silver and gold. We had to give the man something to eat the two days and nights he was with us so he helped us in camp, making coffee, broiling bacon, while Brother and me got up our teams and getting them ready to hitch up again. I know the man could not help seeing those money sacks. I, of course, kept close watch but did not know how much money they contained nor whether they had been opened as they were just tied with a cord. When we arrived in Houston, we still had those two sacks so the first thing I did, I handed the bans to Mr. House, asked him to count the money and tell me if everything was all right. Mr. House asked me who had sent the money, said he had no advice from anybody nor how much those bags contained. I told him of bringing a stranger with us on our wagons. I never learned if everything was all right until we returned home and found all OK. Our big men tell us the world is growing better. People are becoming better citizens as they progress in education, etc. I admit we are making progress but not in good citizenship. We have more train robbers, holdup men, more murders, robbers and unhappy homes and divorces.

Neither Crutcher nor Sessums were married when they lived at San Felipe. I lost sight of Mr. Crutcher, never met him again after leaving San Felip. Mr. Sessums opened a large wholesale grocery business in a two story brick building on Main Street where the tall National Bank building stands. Some times we found freight rather scarce; there were hundreds of ox wagons on the road. I said "road" - there were no roads, just open space between Houston and small settlements scattered about. A great many Germans came to Texas. All had to be hauled on ox wagons to their place of destination. I well remember on reaching Houston with our wagons we found several hundred Germans waiting for transportation to different portions of the State. There were two other wagons besides our two; we loaded our four wagons with plunder belonging to about fifty or sixty men, women and children, all of whom had to walk. A "norther" blew up with sleet before we left town; we drove out about a half mile to a little bunch of timber, some

shelter for our oxen. There we struck camp near an old pine tree that had been blown down. In a very short time the men folks had cut up a part of that tree top and had fire burning on both sides of our large pine tree. There we camped one week, freezing and sleeting all the time. We slept along on both sides of our burning log with our feet toward the fire. The men in our party kept up a good fire as long as we had to stay there. Don't you know we had a fine time with all those men, women and children for one week!

At another time we had our two wagons very top heavy loaded with German plunder and about twenty or twenty five men, women and children; roads very bad, been raining very much. We had to drive to a creek to camp where there was some timber for fire wood. When we arrived there we found the stream bank full and still rising. This was on Christmas Eve. I did not like to swim my teams and wagons unless the Germans would run the risk of damaging their goods. They said yes. I hitched ten yoke oxen to the first wagon; the creek was not very wide but deep. I had several yoke of oxen on the other bank and when the wagon struck water it turned over. Had to unyoke my oxen in the water and unload the wagon. We camped there several days as a result.

This is April 20th, 1922. I read in today's Houston Chronicle that two twelve year old boys at Wichita Falls held up Tuesday, April 18th, H. C. Warren at the point of a gun and got away with twelve dollars of his money while scores of cars were passing the filling station. I ask what chance would two boys have now who carried money on ox wagons with a picked-up tramp for two days and nights? I read a few days ago a man who was arrested who claimed to be a graduate of a California institution for train robbers, hold-up men and etc. We are progressing nicely in all these lines. Well, I could fill every line in this book if I jotted down my downs and left all my ups unwritten. This is enough to convince you"that if we try once and don't succeed, we must try, try and keep on trying. We must succeed.

One day some men came with twenty-three head of nice young mares, offered to trade them to me for three year old beeves. We agreed upon the number provided I could get them. I went to see two cattlemen who told me I could fill out whatever I liked out of their stock and pay them when I had the money to spare. I closed that deal, went with them out on the range, and soon found the number I agreed to give them and reported to those stockmen the number I had gathered out of their stock.

I, too, like Abe Lincoln, have split rails, but I suppose unlike him, I cut down a tree, cut the trunk into eight foot lengths, bored an inch hole in the center of the log down to the heart of the log, put a large wire in the hole down to the last charge of powder I had put in, applied a slow match and the log would burst wide open. Then we could split it into rails.

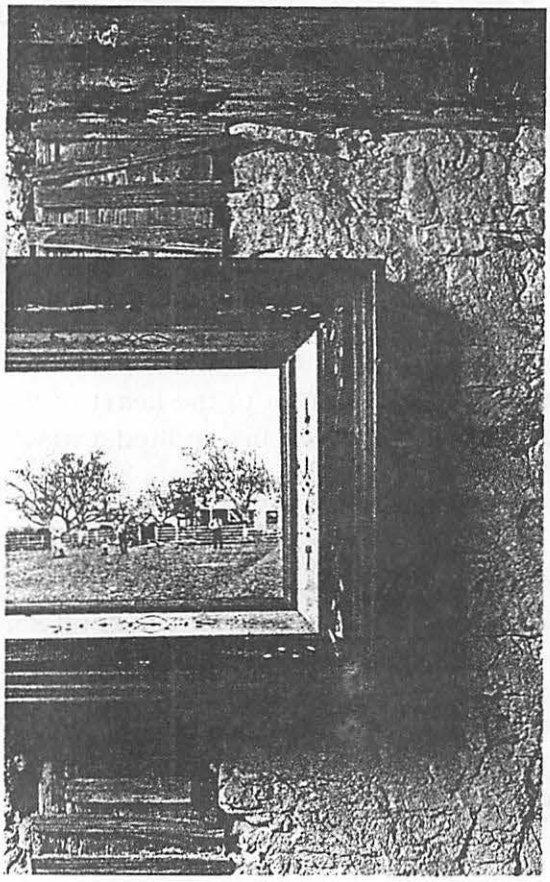
We fenced in a nice little farm where we raised plenty of corn and other food stuff, also a nice garden and peach orchard. Also cut and hauled cottonwood logs and built corn cribs and stables. When we were not on the road with our wagons, we kept busy improving our little home and soon had it very comfortable. Farmers began to move in and opened farms in the Brazos bottom, began to raise cotton and plenty of corn. We would load our wagons with cotton for Houston and bring loads back, and hauling began to pay much better when we had loads both ways.

Part II of Eidman's journal will appear in a later edition of the Journal.

This article appeared in the April 2000 edition of Country Living

submitted by Faye Caldwell

Visit a Country INN



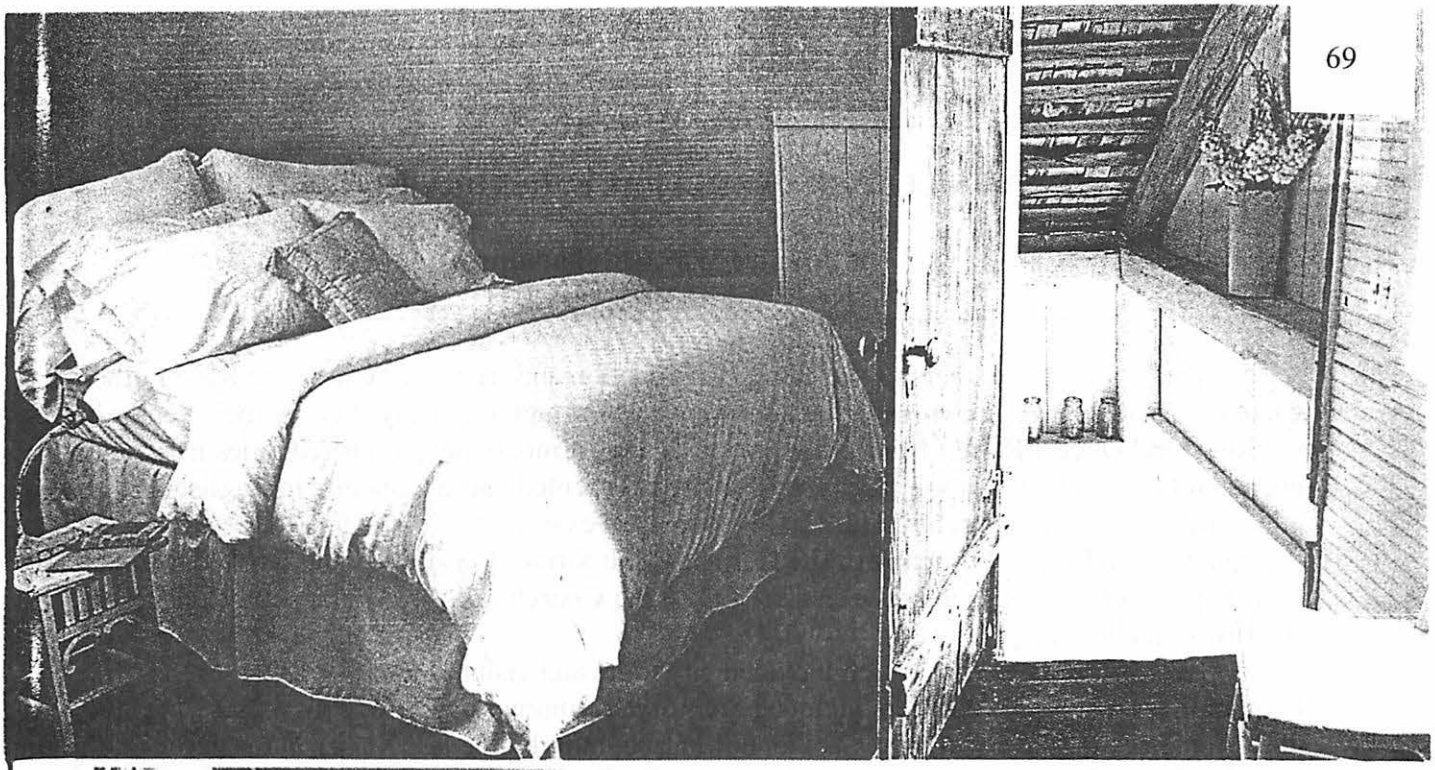
Home-style comfort and absolute privacy await visitors at Franciska's House, in La Grange, Tex.

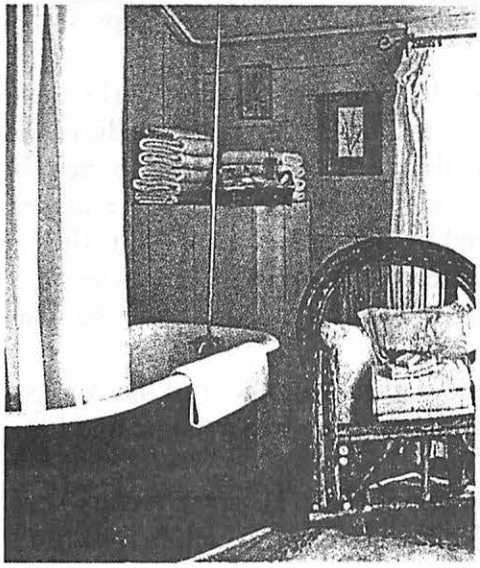
PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEITH SCOTT MORTON

PRODUCED BY NICOLE ESPOSITO

"Everyone asks us what there is to do in La Grange, a little town of about 4,500," says Rae Lynn White, who with her best friend, Marki McMillan, owns Franciska's House, an unhosted bed-and-breakfast on the cusp of Texas Hill Country. "We tell them about the shopping, antiquing, and golfing nearby, but we find that all anybody wants to do once they get here is take a big sigh, sit outside, and enjoy the peace and quiet." The night before guests arrive, the innkeepers drive an hour and a half out from Houston to make the place pretty and stock the pantry with top-quality coffee, orange juice, fresh fruit salad, a loaf of banana bread, and one of Marki's famous homemade quiches. Then they disappear. "Our guests take care of Franciska's House as if it were their own," Rae Lynn says. And for a weekend or so, that's exactly what it is.

Above: Live oaks shade the board-and-batten cottage that Franciska Willrich Vogt's husband built for her in 1856. Pink buttercups, Indian paintbrush, and Texas bluebonnets brighten the fields in spring. *Left:* An undated photograph of the Vogts hangs on a wall that shows evidence of the house's original *Fachwerk* (German for "trusswork") construction. *Opposite page:* Antiques fill all three guest bedrooms with casual country charm and a sense of the past.





"Before we opened Franciska's House, we had our antiques business—we still do a few shows a year—and a dream of opening an inn of our own," recalls Rae Lynn. "We made a 'Country House Dream Book' that we filled with pictures from *Country Living*. We've always believed that if you can picture something, you can make it happen." *Opposite page:* Guests order in or cook meals in the fully stocked working kitchen—replete with possum-belly cabinet, named for its built-in flour bins and the hutch designed to sit on top of it. *This page, clockwise from top:* Four coats of white paint gave the loft bedroom a feeling of tranquillity. A c. 1900 seed cabinet from a post office/general store in Kinney, Tex., serves as a stash for writing supplies. "Marki and I bid like crazy for that piece at auction," remembers Rae Lynn. "We loved the lithographed print pasted on top, all the original compartments—we just had to have it." The porch provides guests with a place to enjoy a quiet meal, read a book, and catch the gentle breezes. "Texas is hot, of course, but Franciska's House sits on five acres at the top of a hill, so it's always about 10 to 15 degrees cooler here than it is in the city," says Rae Lynn. "We also put in central air-conditioning for anybody who wants it." In the spacious bathroom, an uncushioned willow chair keeps fluffy towels within reach of the claw-foot tub.

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HOUSTON LUTHERANS RETRACE HISTORY IN GERMANY

by Janice Warncke Thompson

Last summer members of the choir, congregation and friends of Christ the King Lutheran Church in Houston made a memorable two-week trip through Germany. Led by their Senior Pastor, the Reverend Doctor Robert Moore, this group of almost ninety people visited cities in which key events of German history took place, and the choir presented choral concerts in English and German at several evangelical churches. During this tour, the Texas visitors were able to reestablish contacts and renew friendships with many of the Germans who formerly had lived and worked in Houston. New bonds were established between Christ the King Church and the German churches in which the Houston choir sang.

First stop was Berlin, which included city tours and visits to museums such as the Pergamon. A day trip to Potsdam included *Sans Souci*, summer palace of Prussia's 18th century King Frederick II (the Great) and Cecilienhof Palace, built by the last Kaiser in the early 1900s. On Sunday, the choir sang at morning services in the Berlin *Dom* (Cathedral), a most impressive structure.

Christ the King Church is the home of the Houston Bach Society, so from Berlin the tour traveled to the city of Eisenach, the birth place of Johann Sebastian Bach, via the medieval cities of Magdeburg and Quedlinburg, both significant in the early history of Germany, and to the Harz Mountains for a brief rest. At Eisenach, the group visited Bach's home which now is a museum, and visited *Luther Haus* where Martin Luther lived while attending the Latin School of St. George as a youth. The choir performed at St. George's Church and toured the Wartburg Castle where Luther translated the New Testament from Greek to German while in hiding for a year from the wrath of Emperor Charles V.

From Eisenach en route to Leipzig, a stop was made at Erfurt for a tour of the Augustinian Monastery and *Predigerkirche* (Preacher's Church) where Luther once was a monk; and for a visit to the massive Erfurt *Dom*.

Leipzig was closely associated with Bach and his compositions. He spent twenty-seven years there as cantor and director of the *Thomanerchor*. While in Leipzig, which is Houston's Sister City, the group was treated to home stays with host families.

After tours of Leipzig, it was a morning's bus ride to Wittenberg, where the Protestant Reformation began in 1517 with the posting of Luther's Ninety-five Theses on the door of the *Schlosskirche* (castle church) and where Luther spent nearly four decades of his life. Both he and another important reformer and educator, Philip Melanchthon, are entombed in the Schlosskirche, where Christ the King's choir sang at the Saturday afternoon English-language service before returning to Leipzig.

On Sunday the choir sang at morning services at St. Thomas Church, and Pastor Moore delivered the sermon in German and assisted the church's Pastor Wolff with Holy Communion for the large congregation. New friendships were made in this beautiful city, and the group enjoyed a warm send-off as they departed for Austria.

Several days were spent hiking, sightseeing and shopping in the medieval town of Kitzbuhel in Austria's Tyrol with a side trip to Salzburg, birthplace of Mozart and an important musical center. Bringing this memorable trip to a close, an overnight stay in Munich was the culmination of several weeks visiting splendid churches and towns whose history is so influential in the formation our Texas German heritage.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH OF GERALD TO MARK 100TH ANNIVERSARY

by Daniel Bode

St.Paul's United Church of Christ of Gerald will mark its 100th anniversary on Sunday, October 22, 2000, with special services. St. Paul's Church is located at the corner of FM 308 and Gerald Drive between the towns of Elm Mott and Leroy, northeast of Waco. The church was originally called St. Paul's Evangelical and Reformed Church until the name was changed in the 1960s.

German farmers began settling in the region that became known as the Gerald Community in the 1880s. For many years, they worshipped in the schoolhouse. Gerald Post Office was opened in 1888. Gerald had a blacksmith shop, General Store, drugstore, and cotton gin by 1900. In that year, sixteen men organized St. Paul's Evangelical and Reformed Church. Mr. Chris Schuetz donated two acres of land for a church to be built. The original Gerald Church was built in 1903 and the present building was completed in 1937. St. Paul's Church had a new annex building completed in 1979 after the fellowship building was destroyed in a fire in 1978.

As the International & Great Northern Railroad bypassed Gerald in 1901, a decline soon began for the town, and contributed to the growth of nearby Leroy. St. Paul's Church still marks the old Gerald townsite and serves a large rural area. Many of the old German settlers of Gerald are buried in the nearby Gerald Cemetery, which is located at the corner of FM 308 and Bode Road, less than a mile from St. Paul's Church.

GERMAN-SAN ANTONIO WEB SITE

by Mary El-Beheri

German-San Antonio Web Site
http://home.flash.net/~germansa

The first and only German San Antonio web site was launched into cyberspace on May 26, 2000 by the advanced German students at Douglas Mac Arthur High School. This site is just another step in an ongoing interest in the Germans of San Antonio begun by students in the early 1970's with the translation of the Minutes of the German-English School, continued in the 1980's with an NEH Grant providing a slide show and walking tour of German San Antonio and culminating in this web site in 2000.

The great thing about a web site is that it is never finished, it is a work in progress. The students want feedback, ideas and input from the German San Antonio community. Check out the site. And contact the students, if you want to get involved.

This newspaper article appeared in the Austin American-Statesman, April 22, 2000

submitted by Sherryl Brown

Is it the city's first brewery — or just a really old basement?

By Laylan Copelin
American-Statesman Staff

Archaeologists have uncovered a pre-Civil War limestone basement where Austin's first commercial brewery may have chilled its beer. Then again, the twin barrel-vaulted rooms may have been just a brewmaster's dream that died with him without one barrel of suds sipped.

The answer to that question could determine whether the two 25-by-12-foot rooms are photographed, documented and dismantled — or preserved as they are. It also could influence what gets built at the corner of Second and Guadalupe streets, now owned by the Austin Museum of Art, and the parcel the museum intends to swap with the City of Austin for a new museum site one block north.

James Karbula of Hicks & Company is the archaeologist hired to investigate the historical significance of the five blocks of city-owned land — set to house a new City Hall, three office buildings for Computer Sciences Corp. and one block of apartments — where the brewmaster's basement was discovered.

He said his early investigation indicates German brewmaster Jeanne Schneider built the underground vaults about 1858. "It very well may have been the first brewery in Austin," he said. "We think he built the vaults and then died in a carriage accident."

It's unclear whether the Schneider family followed the patriarch's wishes and brewed beer on the property. His descendants built the family's first general store and home over the basement. But by about 1870, the Schneider family had moved south across the street, building the two-story brick store that stands today and is on the National Register of Historic Places. According to the building's plaque, the Schneider family kept meats, vats of wine and whiskey and molding cheeses in the brick store's basement. The family also operated a saloon.

Although that may lend credence to Karbula's suspicions, it doesn't prove it.

"We can't say what was going on in there," Karbula said of the limestone basement. "But it architecturally suggests there was beer being brewed in the (original) store and beer being stored in the vaults."

John P. Schneider, the great-grandson of the brewmaster, said he doubts if the family ever brewed beer at the original store. "I don't believe they ever got the brewery done," he said. Schneider, 72, recalls descending into the dark, cool limestone chambers as a child. By then, however, The Goad Motor Company had built its shop on the site.

The city's first Cadillac dealership did not disturb the vaults, although it may have used them for storage (old car seats were found). Some even speculate that mechanics, standing on a wooden structure built over the basement steps, may have used the stairwell as a pit for changing oil.

Eventually, a metal plate closed the entrance some time after the Covert car dealership took over the building. A couple generations of mechanics may have walked

over the plate without giving any thought to what was below.

Nathan Schneider, no relation to the Schneider family, is a city staff architect in charge of coordinating the downtown development on city land. He said he doubts the discovery will delay any new construction, although he understands Karbula's excitement.

He said he watched Karbula's team work with "brooms and toothbrushes" to comb city blocks. Before finding the intact limestone basement, the investigators only had found hairpins, iron keys, empty perfume bottles, bullets and champagne bottles. Those artifacts led some to believe a vice district, Guytown, was just north of Town Lake from about 1870 until the early 20th century.

"Archaeology is tough," Nathan Schneider said. "If you find something, it's exciting."

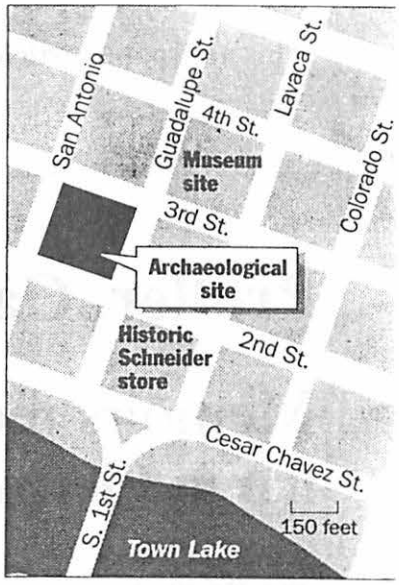
However, historical significance is ultimately in the eye of the beholder — in this case, either the city Landmark Commission or the Texas Historical Society. Nathan Schneider said the ruling body will depend on who owns the land. Under its current museum ownership, only the city body has jurisdiction. If the city takes over the property as part of the land swap with the museum, then the final decision will fall to the state regulators.

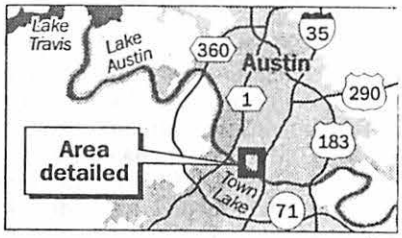
Although preservation bodies have general rules about what to save, Nathan Schneider said the decision usually comes down to the personal preferences of the regulators.

"If they have someone who's a beer drinker and thinks it's a neat thing," Nathan Schneider said, "he could make a recommendation to save it for posterity."

Preliminary plans call for the city to take over ownership of the block, then let developers build apartments, perhaps with retail space on the first floor.

Who knows? The solution may be a brew club over the cooling limestone chambers. Or a Quick Lube.





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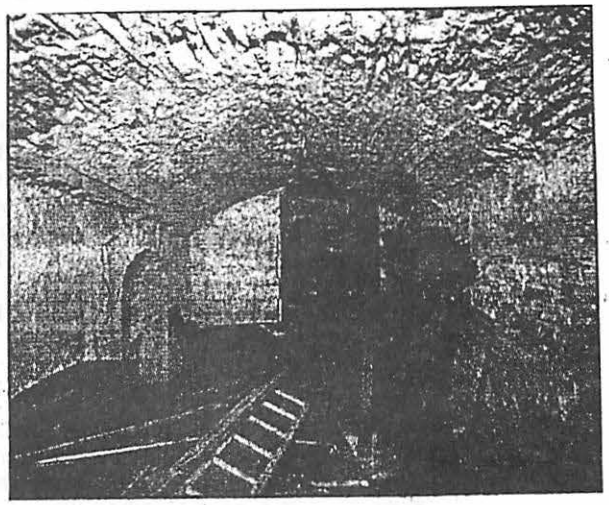


Archaeologists have discovered what might be the city's first brewery beneath the site of proposed downtown development at Second and Guadalupe streets.

Atelier Wong

Atelier Wong

This pre-Civil War basement, with limestone walls and two 25-by-12-foot vaulted rooms, was probably built by German brewmaster Jeanne Schneider about 1858. He died before he could put the rooms to use, and it's unclear whether his descendants ever brewed or stored beer there.

This newspaper article appeared in the San Antonio Express-News, April 21, 2000

submitted by Bridget G. Smart

Proller, Catholic Priest, Dies

Memoirs recount life in Germany

By Carmina Danini
EXPRESS-NEWS STAFF WRITER

Father Ulric J. Proeller, who, like most Germans, might have been drawn into the whirlwind spun by Adolf Hitler had he not become a Catholic priest and come to the United States, has died.

Proeller, 96, who had been in ill health, died Saturday at Padua Place, a retirement home for priests. He donated his body to the University of Texas Health Science Center at San Antonio.

A memorial service is scheduled April 29 at 10 a.m. at Padua Place at 100 Peter Baque St.

In his "Memoirs of a Pilgrim on Planet Earth," written in 1984, Proeller told how he became a Pallottine priest, served as an Army chaplain during World War II and spent the rest of his life at small parishes in the Midwest.

The child of a teacher and a housewife, Proeller was born July 20, 1903, in Lauben, a small village in the foothills of the Bavarian Alps, about 120 miles southwest of Munich. He was the youngest of 10 children.

Lauben was an idyllic place for children until World War I.

In his memoirs, Proeller recalled how food, including bread, was so strictly rationed during the war that each German was allotted just 1 pound a week.


PROELLER

"Toward the end and after World War I," he wrote, "sickness and hunger hung over Germany. Children and adults walked the grain fields, picking up whatever grain heads they could glean after the harvest and running them through the coffee grinder."

After graduating from high school, he went to work as an apprentice at a small bank in Babenhausen. Early in 1923, he met Hitler at a rally at a famous beer hall in Munich.

Of that first meeting, Proeller wrote: "Because of his uncanny ability to reduce the most difficult propositions to the level of the common man in the street, combined with superb oratorical and dramatic talent, it was said of him: 'The only way not to fall for Hitler is to stay away from him.' "

Initially hesitant, many of his relatives were "drawn into the vortex of popular enthusiasm and propaganda, and became at least tolerant of the Hitler movement and its aims," Proeller wrote.

Many German Catholic clergy did not side with Hitler, Proeller wrote, but others, like the bishop of Augsburg, told their priests: "If your imprudent remarks from the pulpit or otherwise land you in the concentration camp, don't expect any help from me."

One priest, a classmate of Proeller's, was publicly beheaded in Berlin for refusing the draft, Proeller wrote.

Proeller entered the minor seminary at Constance, on the Swiss border, in 1928. Two years later, he was sent to the Novitiate of the Pallottine Fathers at Untermerzbach.

In 1928, Proeller was chosen to continue his studies at the order's new school in Washington. He was ordained June 9, 1931, in the crypt of the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception.

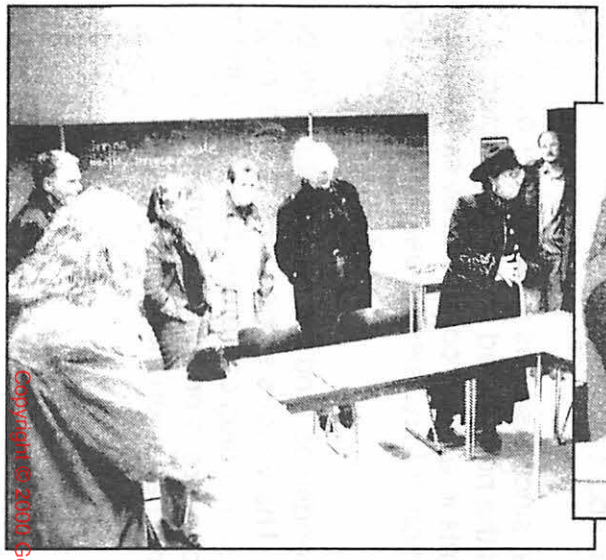
In World War II, he joined the Chaplain's Corps of the U.S. Army. Because he spoke German, he was selected to minister to German prisoners of war. But those prisoners "put their thumbs down on me, regarding me as a traitor to their German fatherland," Proeller wrote.

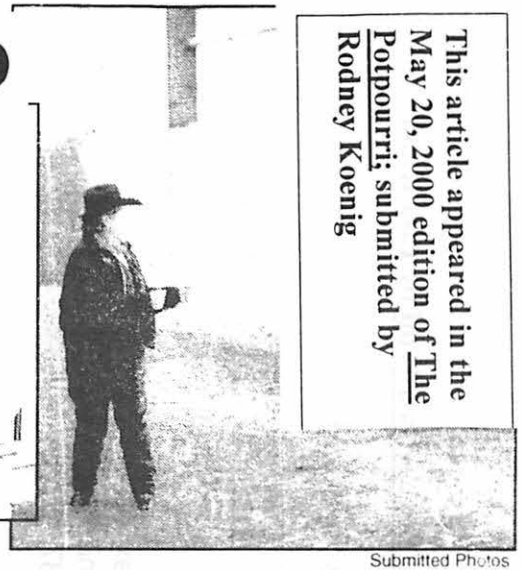
After the war, Proeller went to North Dakota, where he served as a "small-town" priest.

A licensed pilot, he often flew his small plane, the "Maryplane," named after the Virgin Mary, to remote missions. He never purchased insurance for either the plane or his cars, believing that in return for giving that money to the missions and the poor, the Lord would protect him.

HORSING AROUND

This article appeared in the May 20, 2000 edition of The Potpourri; submitted by Rodney Koenig





Submitted Photos

Far left, Jorine Seale teaches Telgte, Germany students how to sing "Happy Trails" as part of a continuing education class study of the English language. Center, Jorine and Harlie Seale pictured holding a magazine, talk to an English class about the state of Texas at a continuing education facility. Far right, Pinebrook Farms' Jorine Seale instructs a Telgte resident in proper balance and control in western riding.

Owners of Pinebrook Farms travel to Telgte, Germany to teach Sister City horsemanship

BY ALLEN JONES
Staff Writer

Jorine and Harlie Seale, owners of Pinebrook Farms, took their expertise in horsemanship to the citizens of Tomball's sister city Telgte, Germany April 17 through the 19.

The Seales went to Germany after Sister City Committee Chairman Christian Tiews approached the couple on behalf of Telgte delegates who had expressed an interest in learning western horse riding techniques. According to Jorine, the sister city is already infatuated with horsemanship.

"Some of Germany's best riders come from that area," she said. "I was honored to be asked to participate in the program."

The Seales run a horse camp and training facility located just outside of Tomball in Magnolia. Jorine explained that a contact in the German town helped her prepare for the trip by locating facilities for her to teach and conduct seminars on riding techniques in.

Jorine and her husband donated their time and used their own money to travel to Telgte. The Seales are not members of the Sister City Committee. Jorine believes that exchange between people of different countries is what helps lead to better understanding of different cultures, that is why she strongly supports Tomball's participation in the cultural exchange program.

"The important part of the trip was not the sharing of horsemanship information, but the sharing of hearts and minds," Jorine explained. "Harlie and I met people who treated us like family. People whom I know will be life-long friends."

The Seales said they gave lessons on western riding techniques and used three different barns to conduct seminars on "How to Make Tack Fit." Tack, Jorine explained, are the saddles, bridles and other riding gear used on horses. The couple also conducted a horse management lesson for 18 people.

During breaks from teaching and conducting seminars, the Seales were given a tour of the sister city. They visited the local pub for "conversation," were introduced to German food, and visited an English class at a local continuing education facility where Jorine taught the students how to sing "Happy Trails" in English.

"We brought back a deep respect and appreciation for the wonderful town and people of our sister city, Telgte," Jorine said. "I am thankful to Chris Tiews and the rest of the Sister City Committee for lighting the fire that sparked our interest and lit our way to Telgte."

The Seales said that they both hope to return to Telgte in the near future. Jorine said she hopes to return this spring.

Jorine and her husband have taught horsemanship in the Tomball area for 30 years. Jorine is certified as a master instructor by the Certified Horsemanship Association. Her husband, Harlie, also gives lessons on topics including art and archery. He is also a certified life guard.

BOOK REVIEW: The Calf Who Fell in Love with a Wolf by Lisa Kahn

reviewed by Mary El-Beheri

The Calf who fell in love with a Wolf

And other calf stories from Round Top, Texas

Stories by Lisa Kahn Illustrations by Brian Alexander
Translated from German by Helga von Schweinitz
Eakin Press P.O. Box 90159, Austin, Texas 78709-0159
ISBN 1-57168-346-1 $14.95

Having written a review of the German version of this book for the GTHS ***Journal*** last year, I can only add that the book is charming in both languages. The English edition is perfect for an American audience and would be a great gift for parents, grandparents, aunts and uncles of children from five to twelve. It is a book to be read to children in this age range. I think that all adults who like a good story will enjoy reading this book. I did.

These six short stories give the reader wonderful glimpses of farm life from the perspective of calves and their families. The humans involved are two little boys fascinated with the naming of calves and the stories about the names. This concept is both interesting and refreshing. Stories about relationships are always fascinating to young readers and to readers who are young at heart.

Lisa Kahn's voice takes us into the lives of these calves growing up on a farm. We meet Berolina, the calf who falls in love with the wolf, Lupus. Through this friendship we come to understand the value of each animal's place in the world. Another calf, named Romelino, has a friendship with the moon. His friendship involves a deep desire to be strong enough to jump over it. And he does. These short stories about the calves are stories which exist in all of us. They are the stories of relationships, families, nature and danger. The reader is drawn into the world of these curious calves as they go through their daily adventures. Each calf has a story. Tiny, seemingly unimportant tales are those which tell us the most about the world and about ourselves.

I think these calves are indeed German-Texans, since Lisa has relied on her own experiences on her farm near Round Top. I find the humanized animal characters a wonderful way to help us feel the plight of animals in a world controlled by humans who are often cruel to them. It is a fascinating collection of fairy tales, speaking to every age with a voice that is believable.

Her descriptions of the land, the families, the friendships, and the relationships are both poetic and energetic, both simple and complex. The various stories incorporate insights from the Bible, from a world of fantasy, and from mythological references. The addition of rhymes and songs adds another dimension of expression for the animals. The illustrations add to the mystic. I would like to have had even more illustrations.

Well-known for many years as a poet and short story writer in both Germany and Texas, it is exciting to characterize Lisa Kahn as a gifted children's story teller. I hope this is only her first book for children. I am looking forward to the next one.

Mary El-Beheri June 20, 2000
Douglas Mac Arthur High School
San Antonio

BOOK REVIEW: Winnetou by Karl May

reviewed by Charles Patrick

Few readers or enthusiasts of fictional literature about the American Wild West would ever think of the heroes riding through the pages of such stories as being German travelers who possessed the skills to tame the wild frontier, survive the attacks of a host of hostile Indian tribes, and have no doubt as to who the good and bad guys are after all the bullets and arrows have been shot. This, however, is exactly what the nineteenth century German adventure writer Karl May (1842-1912) did with such fervor and conviction that he has remained consistently popular in Europe to this day. The recent publication by Washington University Press of an English translation of May's most popular western adventure novel "Winnetou" gives American readers a chance to understand what has perhaps more than any other phenomenon helped to shape Europe's view of our frontier experience for more than a century now.

May's story line in his novel "Winnetou" is simple enough: A German-born 'greenhorn', who aspires to be a writer, heads west as a member of a survey team for the railroad. Along the way this greenhorn, who has acquired the nickname of 'Old Shatterhand' because of his powerful fists, meets a cast of typical frontier characters, some villains, some good guys, who soon learn to respect him for his inborn skills as a wilderness man. May leads his reader from one adventure to the next, with Old Shatterhand always coming out on top. After winning the undying respect of the Mescalero Apaches in eastern New Mexico and the Texas Panhandle, Old Shatterhand gains the friendship of Winnetou, the son of their head chief. Winnetou, not surprisingly, turns out to be the alter ego of Old Shatterhand in the Indian world, and just like May's German hero, this red man is always in control of his element.

Ever since their first publication in the early 1890's, Karl May's novels about the American West have consistently found an enthusiastic audience in Europe and have by now been translated into dozens of language. Nevertheless, Germany's most popular adventure novelist has never been able to gain a foothold among English readers, particularly in North America even though a number of his novels, including "Winnetou" have appeared in English before. This is perhaps understandable because once an American reader gets a taste of May's view of the American West, he realizes that it is quite foreign to his understanding of our frontier experience. The fact that May never visited the American West, but instead relied on geography books and travel guides for

background material to write his stories, helps to explain his lack of a native understanding and feel for the subject matter. David Koblick, the translator of this latest version of "Winnetou", does, however, help to alleviate this disparity through his lively use of colloquial language in the conversation of the characters as well as his decision to abridge the original text, something essential to keeping the action of the story moving at a pace that today's readers demand.

Besides his ability to keep the reader entertained, albeit in a nineteenth century manner, Karl May as a writer may be of more interest to American readers today because of his unchallenged influence in fueling much of the rest of the world's fascination with our frontier history. As already stated, Karl May did not write his novels based solely on his imagination, but rather relied heavily on the experiences and reports of others who actually visited the places he wrote about fictionally. It is very likely that May came into contact, either personally or through reading, with German travelers who actually did see the American West including Texas (Friedrich Armand Strubberg, for example, who was instrumental in the early development of Fredricksburg, Texas and who returned to Germany, where in the 1860's he published a number of novels about his experiences in the state). There may be after all a touch of reality in Karl May's fictional Wild West that American readers can learn to enjoy in "Winnetou".

Those who already are acquainted with Karl May's work or find this translation of "Winnetou" of interest may want to explore the International Karl May Symposium being held in Lubbuck, Texas, September 7-12, 2000 and hosted by Texas Tech University. (See the website: www.karl-may-gesellschaft.de for more information.)

WINNETOU by Karl May, translated by David Koblick, published by WSU Press. ISBN 0-87422-179-X

BOOK REVIEW: On to Texas by Friedrich Schlecht

reviewed by Paul Schenck

Anyone interested in early Texas living conditions, especially we who interpret for our visitors the immigrant story, would enjoy "On to Texas". It was written by Friedrich Schlecht and published in 1851 under the German title of "Mein Ausflug nach Texas". It was designed as a guide for fellow Germans emigrating to escape the oppressive conditions in Europe at that time.

Because of his activities prior to the abortive revolution of 1848, Schlecht was advised to leave his home in the Prussian province of Silesia. The first hurdle that German emigrants had to pass was the Atlantic Ocean. Schlecht provides a detailed account of his 60 days at sea, including the miserable food served him and his fellow passengers. By contract, the steamship trip from "old"

Galveston, through the Bay and up Buffalo Bayou to Houston was a gourmet's delight. The 63 mile trip took seven hours by the faster of the two paddle wheelers operating, and the fare, including a scrumptious meal, cost $1.50.

From Houston it was on to La Grange by wagon pulled by 10 oxen. Now on horseback, Schlecht visited friends in the Buckner's Creek settlement west of town. He names each person he meets, just as he names the best routes to take and the best (German owned) hotels in the big cities of Galveston and Houston.

Fritz Schlecht is an adventurer, albeit a peace loving one. From La Grange, he continues on horseback to New Braunfels, San Antonio and Fredericksburg, and beyond civilized country to the land of the Comanches. He smokes the peace pipe with the first band of Indians he meets, but does not test his good fortune by further encounters. For three weeks he lives off the land, shooting the birds he cooks for supper. When he returns to white man's country again, he resumes his practice of staying at a farmstead, sharing the evening meal with his hosts and paying the customary dollar for the trouble, even though he usually sleeps outside.

The wildest ride on his Texas journey was the return to Houston from La Grange after he sold his horse. He rode the postal stage pulled by four galloping mules that easily won a race against a lone horse and rider. This was in the days before roads and before bridges. The descent down the river bank was often more harrowing than fording the stream. The vegetation was so thick in the forested areas that only a narrow, twisting lane was cut.

I had planned to read only the first 80 pages of this engaging book, the part dealing with Texas, but got so caught up in the narrative that I continued on through the near shipwreck off Cape Hatteras and on to New York.

Friedrich Schlecht decided against bringing his family to Texas at that time, probably because of the high mortality rate among young German children transported to Texas. However, he couldn't get Texas out of his mind, and 10 years later he brought his family over and moved them into a log cabin he built near Bellville. By that time his two daughters were teenagers and the danger was not so great. He lived out his life there, working his trade of tinsmith and coppersmith.

This book was designed as a tour guide to would be immigrants with advice on how to buy a farm and what tools to bring. However, for us this new translation is a tour guide back into the past to the Texas of 150 years ago.

"On to Texas!" is the English language translation of the 1851 book, translated and published by Friedrich Schlecht's great-grandson, Charles Patrick, P.O. Box 711, Manor, Texas 78653, and the books are available through him.

Paul Schenck
1635 Milford Street
Houston, Texas 77006

THE EHRENSTERN AWARD

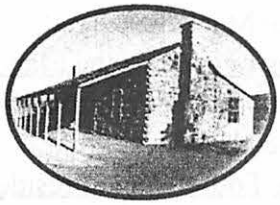
This award has been presented to members of the German-Texan Heritage Society for outstanding service to the organization. Below are listed the previous recipients of this award and the year in which each was honored.

complied by Teresa Chavez, Theresa Gold, Esther Strange, Leola Tiedt and Miriam York

MARY EL-BEHERI 1988
ARLENE BURGESS 1999
FRANCES HEIMER COPELAND 1995
DAPHNE DALTON GARRETT 1984
TED GISH 1999
THERESA GOLD 1985
IRMA GOETH GUENTHER 1985
PATSY HAND 1995
GILBERT JORDAN 1984
LISA KAHN 1991
CHARLES KALTEYER 1998
ANITA KILLEN 1999
RODNEY KOENIG 1995
ELIZABETH LEHMANN 1990
ANN LINDEMANN 1996
DONA REEVES-MARQUARDT 1985
DORA "DAT" MORROW 1994
HELGARD SUHR-HOLLIS 1997
ANNA THOMPSON 1985
LEOLA TIEDT 1984
W.M. VON-MASZEWSKI 1995
HELGA VON SCHWEINITZ 1996
MIRIAM YORK 1991

GERMAN-TEXAN HERITAGE EXHIBIT TO OPEN SEPTEMBER 8, 2000 TRAVEL VENUES INCLUDE THE GTHS CONVENTION IN GALVESTON

by Meredith McClain



Hedwig's Hill Haus at the Ranching Heritage Center

Southwest Center for German Studies

Texas Tech University • Meredith McClain, Director
FAX (806) 742-3306 • Answering Machine (806) 744-6033
E-Mail • McClain@compuserve.com

Under construction this summer at Texas Tech University are ten exhibit panels (6'X30'') which will be unveiled on Friday, September 8, 2000, in the Southwest Collection and Special Collections Library on the Tech campus. Funding for the exhibit was awarded by the German Government through the Houston Consulate and matching funds have been assured by Texas Tech through in-kind funding. (See article in the GTHS Journal, Vol. XXI, No. 2, Summer 1999, pp 109-111.)

The original exhibit title was "German-Texans of the Llano Estacado:Their Contributions to American Agriculture." Now, after one year of work, a variety of topics originating in or emanating from the Llano Estacado area reveals a tripartite structure of the following, chronologically ordered themes:

I.
"GERMAN SEED IN TEXAS SOIL: SETTLING THE LAND"

With this academic nod to the seminal work by Professor Terry G. Jordan (German Seed in Texas Soil: Immigrant Farmers in 19th-century Texas, Austin, 1966), four panels are grouped under this title to indicate the evolution of German-Texan settlement based on four German colonizers and/or entrepreneurs connected to the Llano Estacado.

1. Hedwig's Hill Haus: a Symbol of German-Texan Rural Settlement. In July of 1971 a double log cabin over one hundred years old was moved nearly 400 hundred miles from Mason County to be perfectly reconstructed at the National Ranching Heritage Museum in Lubbock, Texas. The original owners were the Martins (Ludwig Martin, 1820-1864 and Elizabeth Arhelger Martin, 1830-1908). Louis Martin was one of the 129 passengers to arrive in Galveston on the first of the Adelsverein's ships, the "Johann Dethardt," in 1844. His enthusiasm for Texas influenced four of his nephews, his sister and her family, as well as his German neighbors and his pastor in Erndtebrück to follow his trail to Texas. Elizabeth was widowed in 1864 when Louis was murdered by his Anglo (slave-holding?) neighbors during the Civil War. (Note picture of Hedwig's Hill Haus in the Southwest Center for German Studies logo above.)

Dept. of Classical & Modern Languages & Literatures • Texas Tech University • P.O.Box 42071 • Lubbock, Texas USA 79409-2071

2. Heinrich Schmitt (1836-1912): First German-Texan Settler of the Llano Estacado. The legendary "Uncle Hank" of Blanco Canyon immigrated in 1851 at age fourteen from Bavaria to Peru, Ohio, where he only briefly lived with his sister before beginning a fascinating life as a frontiersman crisscrossing America. His legacy of enthusiasm for the wild land of the Llano Estacado is carried on today by his granddaughter, Mrs. Georgia Mae Smith-Ericson (born in Blanco Canyon, 1915). A section of the Pioneer Memorial Museum in Crosbyton is a replica of the Hank Smith "rock house", which stood for decades as the symbol of Llano hospitality, beginning with travellers along the Mackenzie Trail.

3. Father Joseph Reisdorff (1841-1922): German-Catholic Colonizer and his Legacy on the Llano Estacado. "The Promised Land Network." The pioneering work begun by Father Reisdorff is today being carried on by Father Darryl Birkenfeld of Nazareth through The Promised Land Network.

4. Anna Mebus Martin (1843-1925):The First Woman in America to be the Founder and President of a Bank. On her fifteenth birthday, Anna Mebus arrived with her mother and five siblings in Galveston on Dec. 10, 1858. Her uncle, Louis Martin (panel #1 above) fetched the family from Indianola and took them to his home on the Llano River, some 350 miles and 14 days away. After a difficult life of adjustment, a lingering sickness of her husband, and then widowed at 36, the mother of two sons, Anna Martin emerged as an unusually brave and astute businesswoman. At her husband's death in 1879 she owned 160 acres. By 1897, she had already made a trip back to Germany and her general merchandise firm, A. Martin & Sons, owned 50,000 acres and vast herds of cattle. In July, 1901, Anna was the founder and then owner of the Commercial Bank in Mason. (See concluding page of Martin photos with thanks to Mr. Pat Ellebracht and The Museum of American Financial History.)

II.
"PRINCIPLES AND PERSECUTIONS: SURVIVING DIFFICULT TIMES IN TEXAS"

Three panels are grouped to explore some of the problems German-Texan settlers have had with their Anglo-Texan neighbors. The German stance against slavery during the Civil War is a major research area being explored by many writers currently. There is much less information officially documented on the problems German settlers had with citizens' vigilante groups during the World Wars and the Ku Klux Klan in the 1920s. The most recent tragic mishandling of German immigrants to Texas is the heart-breaking story of the Mennonites fleeing Mexico to "democratic and honest" West Texas in 1977. The land deal rip-off of the Mennonites in Seminole, Texas, is documented here primarily through the press coverage and resulting political pressure established to prevent governmental expulsion back to Mexico of the 250 families who had immigrated at enormous personal expense.

5. German-Texan Freethinkers: "Die Freidenker" letters of Mrs. Mina Wolf Lamb. Through a very interesting and quite extensive file in the Southwest Collection and Special Collections Library, Texas Tech University is linked to the recent controversy over the Freethinker Marker to be erected in Comfort, Texas. (See Merle Prinz's "The German Free School: The Legacy of the German Freethinkers in Austin, Texas and Davenport, Iowa," in the GTHS Journal, Vol.XXI, No. 2, pp 89-93 and recent newspaper articles in the GTHS Journal, Vol. XXII, No. 1, Spring 2000, pp 66-68.)

6. The German-Texan-Catholic Gamut: From Community Vigilante and Ku Klux Klan Attacks on German Catholic Priests to the Establishment of the Diocese of Amarillo and the Leadership of a German-Texan Bishop. German Catholic rural Texans have been brutally targeted by violent citizen groups during the first half of the 20th century. Documentation of some events in Nazareth, Slaton and Olfen, is reviewed as is the German Catholic response of loyalty and organization. The Diocese of Amarillo was created in 1926 and has assumed a strong position of leadership for West Texas under the direction (among others) of a distinguished German-Texan, L.T. Matthiesen, Bishop Emeritus of Amarillo (born in Olfen, 1921).

7. "Fremdlinge und Gäste": The German Mennonites of Seminole, Texas. The story is told by John Peters, born 1971 of Mennonite parents in California, married 1993 in Seminole and graduated Magna Cum Laude from Texas Tech University in May of 2000. He will be part of approximately 3,000 Seminole Mennonites who will celebrate the 25th anniversary of their community's establishment, survival, adaptation and strong influence on West Texas in 2007. Their relatives' migrations began in 1777 to Russia, on to Canada in 1877-87, then 22,000 on to Mexico in 1922 and finally to Seminole, Texas in 1977, where the Mennonite population has doubled in 25 years despite great hardship.

III.
"TEXAS SEED IN GERMAN SOUL: THE POWERFUL MYTH OF THE WEST"

The concluding panels examine the information flow from Texas to Germany which fired the German "Wanderlust." Glowing immigrant reports and letters from Texas inspired mass migration from Germany. Surprisingly, some Germans who never came to Texas have provided original texts which may have motivated even more Germans to move to America, then to seek the American West, and even the remote and unknown corner of Texas called the Llano Estacado. The last three panels of the exhibit provide a twist of the tale, giving honor to the influential German writer, Karl May (1842-1912), who was never in the American West, and to his main Wild West characters, the German Frontiersman,Old Shatterhand, and his Mescalero Apache blood brother, Winnetou, who are powerfully present even today in the German psyche.

The conclusion "Es waren Deutsche dabei", is a retrospective of German-Texan presence since the earliest events like the battle of the Alamo and the formation of the Republic of Texas. These mounted "German-Texians" are the spiritual forefathers of hundreds of thousands of Germans who continue to live in Europe today, but who own quarter horses and/or belong to private, highly organized and long established German Cowboy Clubs.

8. The Llano Estacado of Karl May (1842-1912).

9. Old Shatterhand and Winnetou: Powerful Phantoms who helped settle the West.

Case Histories: Theodore Alexander (Professor), Fritz Jakobsmeier (Businessman), Karl Micklitz (Judge and President of GTHS) and Herbert Spiro (American Ambassador to Germany, retired).

10. "Es waren Deutsche dabei": Germans and the American Quarter Horse.

CONCLUSION

In his 1997 address to the annual gathering of German-American Clubs in Heidelberg, Prof. Dr. Werner Weidenfeld pointed to facts that indicate the loosening of German-American ties. Looking at the demographic changes in America he mentioned the following two points: "Since 1981 almost half of the new immigrants to the USA came from Asia and a good third from Latin America. Around the year 2025 the Americans with European heritage will no longer represent the majority."

Given this concern from one of the top representatives of German-American friendship, I would suggest to the membership of GTHS that we work toward the general project of creating an extensive travelling exhibit on the topic of German-Texan heritage. The work I have been able to do in this direction so far has been enormously rewarding for my graduate students and me, for the archivists and staff members of libraries and museums supporting our research and for the German-Texan families being interviewed or consulted. We have great stories to tell and now is definitely the time to tell them with as much use of media as possible and in the succint pedagogical style of exhibit panels for the broadest, most effective public venues.

In preparation for the up-coming Karl May Symposium to be held at Texas Tech University, September 7-12 (see attached itinerary of events), Dr. Reinhold Wolff, President of the Karl-May-Gesellschaft, spent eight weeks as a guest professor at Tech, team-teaching a graduate seminar and researching in the Tech archives. During Spring Break, I introduced Dr. Wolff, who was in America for the first time, to the German Belt of Texas: Austin, New Braunfels, San Antonio, Comfort, Fredericksburg, then Bellville, Industry, and even the annual folk arts festival in Winedale. Dr. Wolff was simply amazed by the rich German-Texan history he was able to experience first-hand in conversations, often in fluent German, held in unexpected places like a bakery in La Grange. In his words, our fascinating stories form a very important, even if forgotten, chapter of German history.

Let us document the German heritage stories of each of our sections of the state and prepare a powerful exhibition monument to the vitality of the German legacy in Texas. I look forward to seeing you in Galveston, to hearing your reactions to our exhibit panels and especially to encouraging your interest in managing your own such project.

Texas Tech University has successfully routed a major exhibit on the Llano Estacado through Germany for a record number of six years. This summer's venue, which TTU President Haragan opened June 19,2000, is Bad Segeberg, the Karl May Festival city. Bamberg (the Karl May Press) and Berlin (America Haus) are the targeted locations for 2001.

The German exhibit trail is open and German audiences are ready, primed and very eager for "Nachrichten aus Texas."

Anna Martin, 45, on her first trip back to Germany in 1889

H. Martin & Sons Store @ Hedwig's Hill

Anna Martin's home

The Commercial Bank in Mason, 1910
Max Martin, Harry Biereschwale, Wil Lemburg, Harry Duest, Ernst Bougusch

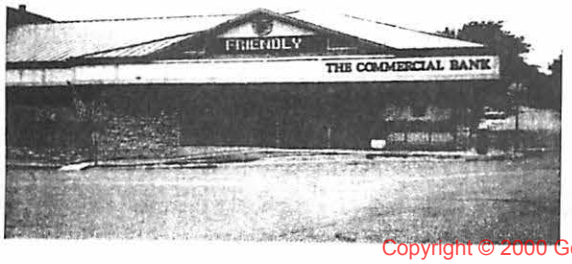
Fritz Edender

Max, Charles & their Mother, Anna

Anna Miebus Martin, founder & president of The Commercial Bank

Hickman, Mason, Texas.

founded July 1, 1901



Photos thanks to Mr. Pat Ellebracht & The Museum of American Financial History

INTERNATIONAL KARL MAY SYMPOSIUM and ALTERNATE PROGRAM for KMS FRIENDS and FAMILIES • SEPTEMBER 7-12, 2000, IN LUBBOCK, TX.

Thursday, September 7, 2000: Arrival in Lubbock. Informal reception/registration in Holiday Inn Hotel & Towers. 801 Ave. Q, Lubbock, TX. 79401. Tel.(806) 763-1200. Fax(806) 763-2656.
9:00p.m.: Presentation of Special Karl May Award at The NationalCowboy Symposium and Celebration (Lubbock Memorial Civic Center) **to Dr. Wolff, President of the Karl May Society & Mr. Wagner, Director of the Karl May Museum, Radebeul.**
Friday, September 8: Morning: Registration at Civic Center. Participation in the *National Cowboy Symposium and Celebration*, where there will be much to see and to experience. The largest yearly tourist attraction of the city of Lubbock and the Llano Estacado. Special Guests of the Symposium: Relatives of Quanah Parker, German-Comanche relatives of the German settlers from the Texas Hill Country, and Comanche Nation musicians. Morning performances.
10:00 p.m.: Official Opening of the *International Karl May Symposium* (a room reserved in the Lubbock Memorial Civic Center both days for use by the Karl May Gesellschaft=KMS). Greeting and Welcome to the Symposium by Mr. Alvin Davis, Founder and Director of the *National Cowboy Symposium and Celebration*, with special acknowledgement of KMS representatives. Welcome to the city by the Mayor of Lubbock. Greeting and Welcome to the Llano Estacado by representative of the Comanche Nation. Welcome to Texas by Judge Micklitz, President, German-Texan Heritage Society.
10:30 - 12:30 Opening Lectures. Representatives of North American Scholarship presenting in English. Welcome to the Llano:Drs. Flores, Cracroft, and Blakeslee
12:30- 2:00:Lunch at Cowboy Symposium grounds
2:00 p.m. - 5:00: Afternoon session of papers
2:00 p.m. - 5:00: ALTERNATE PROGRAM: National Cowboy Symposium events/sessions/booths/ performances/livestock/cavalry--- all in and around the Civic Center.
5:30 p.m. - 7:00: Reception in the Southwest Collection at Texas Tech University. Official Welcome to the Campus of Texas Tech University. Dr. William Tydeman:Dedication of the Karl May Archive in the Southwest Collection. Dr. Reinhold Wolff: Presentation of materials to archive. Reception hosted by the German Consulate in Houston, Deputy Consul, Herr Rolf Schuster: Exhibit Opening: "German Immigrants in Rural America: Their Contributions on the Llano Estacado."
8:00 p.m.: Mariachi Mexican Dinner: Emma's Cantina 620-19th Street. (767-9971)
Saturday, September 9: 9:00 a.m. - 10:00: All German Participants prepare for parade.
10:00 Parade of the Horse. German guests in a special horse-drawn vehicles
12:00 - 1:30 p.m.: Lunch at the Cowboy Symposium Chuckwagons.
1:30 p.m. - 4:30:Lectures in KMS room of the Civic Center
5:00 p.m.: Bus departs from hotel for Crosbyton. Reception. **6:00 p.m.** at the Crosby County Pioneer Memorial Museum (Sister Museum with the Karl May Museum/Radebeul) Welcome by

Executive Director, Verna Ann Wheeler, Museum staff, and Quanah Parker family members. Exhibit of artifacts collected by Wayne Parker. Press Conference in the Hank Smith Room. Announcement by Georgia Mae Smith-Ericson of the Dedication of the Hank Smith Memorial Retreat in Blanco Canyon and its future relation with the Karl May Society & with Native Americans. **7:00 p.m.:** Bus continues to Blanco Canyon and directly to Winnetou-Haus for "Tequila-sunset" toasts on the Canyon rim and campfire supper. Comanche Ceremony with drumming, dancers, Indian flute music and Tepees. Fireside recitation of Karl May texts by Mr. Eric Breaden, of Los Angeles/Hollywood.

1:30 p.m. ALTERNATE PROGRAM: Bus departs from hotel for Ransom Canyon. Visit interesting homes. 3:00-4:00 Coffee Break at the Hi Plains Apple Orchard. 4:30 Visit Crosby County Museum and Mt. Blanco Fossil Museum in Crosbyton. 6:00 p.m.: Bus continues to Mrs. Ericson's "Casa del Sol" in Blanco Canyon. Trek up Canyon to Winnetou-Haus. "Tequila-sunset" toasts on the Canyon rim and campfire supper. Native American drumming, dancers, & music. Same as above.

Sunday, September 10: 8:00 a.m. - 9:00: Chuckwagon/Cowboy Breakfast at National Cowboy Symposium & Celebration grounds.

10:00 Bus departs for Nazareth, TX. 12:00 "Frühschoppen" at the Home Mercantile Building. Birkenfeld grass-fed beef lunch. Program by Fathers Birkenfeld & Stein.

Afternoon: 3:00 Enter the **Palo Duro Canyon**, Meeting with Native Americans of the area: Blue Corn and Billy Terpin. Visit to Elkins Ranch. 6:00 depart for American Quarter Horse Museum in Amarillo. 7:00 exploration of AQHM. 8:00 Catered Dinner and reception for the KMS at AMQHM

Monday, September 11, 2000: 10:00 a.m.: Welcome to the KMS (Participants, families and friends) at the Texas Tech International Center. Greetings: Chancellor Montford and Dr. Traylor.

10:30 TOUR of the ICC. View photographic exhibit: "The Spirit of the Llano Estacado", top three prizes judged by Wymen Meinzer. Prize money contributed by the Lubbock CVB. 4th prize=voted by Symposium participants. Top 12 photos will be shown in Germany.

11:30 Walk to the National Ranching Heritage Center. Greeting by the Director, Mr. Jim Pfluger and welcome to the Museum & Cogdell's Store.

12:30 Lunch: Rancher's tailgate picnic (arranged by RHA Parlor Committee) followed by walking tour of historic ranch buildings especially Hedwig's Hill Haus, example of German-Texan heritage.

2:00 p.m. - 5:00 Lectures in the ICC. 5:30 Bus to Hotel.

2:00 p.m. - 5:00: ALTERNATE PROGRAM: Tour of the Lubbock Lake Landmark ("Bloody Fox's Oasis"), antique shops and artists' workshops.

7:00 p.m.: Bus departs Hotel for Mackenzie Park. Visit to Prairie Dog Town.

8:00 p.m.: Visit and Prairie Supper at the "American Wind Power Center" Evening in Mackenzie Park with Members of the 4th Cavalry. Country/Western Music.

Tuesday, September 12: 9:30 a.m. - 12:00: Lectures in the ICC. Lunch there for lecturers only.

1:30 p.m. - 4:00 p.m. Lectures in the ICC and Wrap-up. Hotel.

10:00 - 4:00: ALTERNATE PROGRAM: Tour of private homes in Southwestern Style. Lunch in South Plains Shopping Mall. Shopping until 4:00. Winery Tour.

5:00 p.m.: Bus departs hotel for wine tasting and tour of a Lubbock Winery.

8:00 Final Dinner and Goodbys: Skyviews Restaurant. Southwestern Buffet.

Wednesday, September 13: Airport. *Winnetour® Bus* off to New Mexico. End of Tour: Sept. 24.

LEAVE YOUR GERMAN MARK
Estate Planning
by Rodney Koenig, former G.T.H.S. President (713-651-5333)

One of the great things that we do at German-Texan Heritage Society is to encourage genealogy in the happy search for German ancestors and German connections. Do you know where your ancestors were in the summer of 1900? Will your descendants know what you were doing as the year 2000 progressed? It is always interesting to record personal and family events so that the genealogist of the future can look back and find interesting facts regarding you and your family. With the expanded use of the computer and electronic mail (e-mail), some of us are losing our letter writing skills but are increasing our e-mail skills. Remember to occasionally print out e-mails for hard copy records.

Several issues back, I commented on Black Jack Springs Cemetery, the predominately German cemetery in Fayette County in which many of my ancestors, including my great-grandmother, Dorothea Dinklage Koenig, are buried. One of the major contributors to the new Chapel at Black Jack Springs Cemetery was LeRoy Melcher. LeRoy Melcher's roots also come from Swiss Alp and Black Jack Springs in Fayette County. The Melcher family was involved in building of the Philadelphia Lutheran Church, owned country stores in the area and were involved in Black Springs Cemetery. LeRoy Melcher's father, Julius Melcher has a post office named for him in Houston. LeRoy Melcher himself was the founder of Utotem Stores throughout Texas and has been quite generous with the University of Houston, contributing significantly to the Melcher School of Business and to the LeRoy and Lucile Melcher Center for Public Broadcasting. Mr. and Mrs. Melcher were also generous with the Houston Livestock Show, purchasing Grand Champion Steers on more than one occasion. Mr. and Mrs. Melcher also contributed significantly to the new Black Jack Springs Cemetery Chapel. I was pleased to learn that Mr. Melcher visited the Chapel only weeks before he died on November 18, 1999. LeRoy Melcher has truly left his German mark.

As mentioned earlier, those of us who are members of GTHS enjoy tracing our roots and finding our German connections. In May, Mary and I traveled to Berlin, Germany to attend an International Academy meeting. As a result of the trip, I was pleased to be able to visit with Nicole Stueleberg, Ulli Stueleberg and a new second cousin who I had never met before, Dr. Brigitta Spitzbardt. All three of these individuals are descendants of the oldest son of my grand-grandmother Dorthea Dinklage Koenig. When my grand-grandmother came to America with her three youngest children, the oldest child, Gerhardt Koenig stayed in Germany. It was truly interesting to meet and visit with the descendants of this Koenig who stayed in Germany. Dr. Brigitta Spitzbardt and her husband, Professor Doctor Harry Spitzbardt taught at the University of Jena, in India and in Yemen over the years. Visiting for the first time with relatives who share a common great-grand parent is indeed a pleasure. While we spoke significant German, the two new cousins were also quite fluent in English as well. We were also able to renew our acquaintance with my wife Mary's second cousins, Dr. Hubert Frhr. von Hirsh and Christl von Hirsh, as well as their daughter, Valerie and grandson Leopold, who lived near Munich, Germany. We also visited the cities of Weimer and Freiburg as well as the Bodensee or Lake Constance.

In this day of computer activity and e-mail accessability, it is quite easy to communicate with friends and relatives in Germany at virtually no cost. Why not set a personal goal of locating at least one relative in Germany with whom you can continue or start up either a regular correspondence or an e-mail correspondence. With many of the search capabilities on the Internet, it is now easier to locate long-lost relatives. Take action today to make contact with your roots in Germany and take action to record names, addresses and important data regarding your ancestors as well as data on yourself. If you are proud of your German-Texan heritage, do something today to preserve your heritage and to allow others to enjoy it. Change your will to leave a portion of your estate to GTHS or other favorite German-Texan charity. Change your IRA, 401(k) Plan or Life Insurance Policy Beneficiary Designation to include GTHS as a beneficiary. A number of possibilities exist which are only limited by your imagination. For help in leaving your German mark, call our Executive Director Sherry Brown at (512) 482-0927, call me at (713) 651-5333 or e-mail me at rkoenig@fulbright.com.

GERMAN-TEXAN HERITAGE SOCIETY

1999 SURNAME INDEX - VOLUME XXI

Compiled by Anita Killen

Spring, pages 1-85 Summer, pages 86-155 Fall, pages 159-245

Not included: pp. 3-6, 83-86, 156-158

German-Texan Heritage Society

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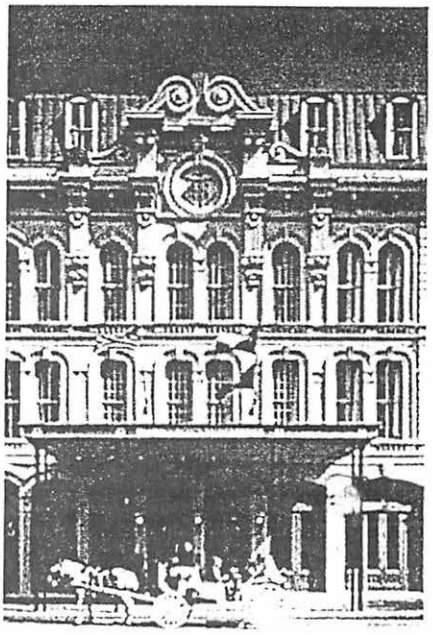

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Ideally, this allows for one week to assemble, four weeks to print, one week to prepare for mailing and time for the U. S. Mail.

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No materials sent for the *Journal* will be returned to the sender.

All materials must include a source, date and contributor's name. The isue Editor is not responsible for errors in spelling, typos or misinformation. All articles and manuscripts must be typed single spaced, on 8.5 by 11 inch white paper with a .25 to .5 inch margin on all edges. FAX transmissions are not acceptable.

The issue Editor or the elected GTHS Board has the right and responsibility to refuse materials that may not be in accordance with German-Texan Heritage Society bylaws. Deadlines will be followed as closely as is possible for volunteers.

WHERE TO SEND ITEMS....

German-Texan Heritage Society

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Send announcements, articles, genealogical inquiries, conferences, meeting and reunion dates, news or other German heritage events and any other interesting information.

Subscription and membership inquiries. Correspondence, contributions and manuscripts for publication. All translated manuscripts must be accompanied by the German original.

GERMAN-TEXAN BRIEF PUBLICATION SCHEDULE

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Spring	January 10	February 1
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Send newsletter items to the address listed above. Please include the name, address and telephone number of a contact person for the item. Newsletter space is limited. Items chosen for publication are at the descretion of the editor.

ADDRESSES OF GTHS INTEREST

German-American Chamber of Commerce, Houston
5599 San Felipe, Ste. 510
Houston, TX 77057
(713) 877-1114 FAX (713) 877-1602

German Information Center
871 United Nations Plaza
New York, NY 10017
(212) 610-9800 (Inquiries) (212) 610-9802 (Fax)

Goethe Institute Houston
3120 Southwest Freeway, Suite 110
Houston, TX 77098-4614
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