



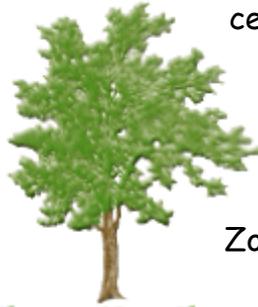
RAMBLERS' RAMBLINGS

Volume XXIII Number Three FALL 2013

DO YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE?

The popular genealogy show "*Who Do You Think You Are?*" returned to TV on the TLC Network in August. The series takes personnel family histories, mining unknown details about themselves

The eight celebrities on the series Christina Applegate, Chelsea Handler, Crawford, Trisha Yearwood and Jim



Family Tree

celebrities on a journey into their their surprising pasts to reveal and their families.

this year included Kelly Clarkson, Zoey Dechanel, Chris O'Donnell, Cindy Parsons.

Although all current episodes have already been presented this season, don't worry...you can now view the entire season on YouTube. Don't miss it!

THE GETTYSBURG OF THE WEST

By Mary Jane Millender

In 1861, shortly after the Civil War began, President Jefferson Davis had a plan: Send Texas regiments to New Mexico, defeat the Union Army stationed in that area, continue on (with Union supplies) through Arizona to California and win access to three valuable ports on the Pacific. Another plus for victory in New Mexico would be marching into Colorado and claiming that state's rich gold mines. A great plan, which came very close to succeeding.

General H. H. Sibley was sent to San Antonio to recruit Texans for his brigade, which would be composed of the 4th, the 5th and 7th Regiments of Mounted Texas Volunteers. The young

Texans, eager for a fight, may have wanted to fight in either Texas or march toward battles in the southern states, but those dreams would be put on hold for months. In February of 1862 the troops proudly marched out of San Antonio as a military band played and citizens clapped and waved the *Stars and Bars*. Heading west, they began a rough, 672-mile horse-back journey to El Paso then turned northward, following along the Rio Grande River toward Val Verde, Albuquerque, Santa Fe and Glorieta Pass. They would fight in each of these locations.

The irony of the New Mexico campaign was that the Confederate regiments won each battle, but ultimately lost the battle of Glorieta snow in the Sangre de wagon trains were troops who circled up battle to capture and lightly guarded supply their food and water, were destroyed. Left



SITE OF A GLORIETA PASS

victory. During the Pass, fought in deep Cristo Mountains, their ambushed by Union and around the ongoing burn the Confederates' train. Their horses, all their military supplies with nothing to eat, very

little water and no fighting exhausted Texans headed

equipment, the cold, home, walking over

mountains, through canyons and deserts. Plans to conquer California and Colorado in the near future were shattered. Actually, shattered forever.

Texas Mounted Volunteers departed San Antonio in the winter of 1862 as a well-equipped brigade with 1000 men, artillery, horses, new uniforms; they returned that spring thirsty, hungry, battle-weary, wearing rags and barefooted. Many died on the way back. Mother Nature had not been kind to the brave men from Texas.

Few Civil War soldiers travelled as many miles nor suffered as much (in both victories and defeats) as the 4th, 5th and 7th Regiment Texas Mounted Volunteers during their days fighting for the South. After recuperating and regrouping in Hempstead, Texas, the same depleted regiments were ordered to move to Galveston where they helped General John Magruder and his men recapture Galveston on January 1, 1863. They were fighting in Louisiana when Jefferson Davis surrendered on April 9, 1865 in the Appomattox, Virginia, Courthouse.

A private named Joseph Edgar Millender, Jack's grandfather, served in Co. A, 7th Texas Mounted Volunteers from the first days in San Antonio until the end of the war. He told and retold the story of the 1863 battle of Galveston and the capture of the Harriet Lane (read the following story for more information on Galveston and the Harriet Lane). Last summer Jack and I went back to Glorieta Pass; it's a beautiful area and very meaningful to

the Millender family. In 1987 a mass grave holding 30 unidentified Confederate soldiers was found near the Glorieta Pass battlefield. These men died together and they were re-buried together, this time in the Santa Fe National Cemetery, as Texas soil was sprinkled on top of their grave and a bagpiper playing Dixie.

The Story Continues.....

NEXT, A SURREAL BATTLE IN GALVESTON, 1863

Reprinted from the Coapano Bay Press

It was New Year's Eve 1862 and three hundred men from Massachusetts had been lords of Galveston since October. Or at least they were by day. At night the 42nd Massachusetts ceased their patrols of the city and holed up on Kuhn's Wharf.

It was their job to hold the city, which they had taken without much resistance, until thousands of reinforcements could arrive from back east. Once several thousand Yankees were in place on the island, nothing could stop them from taking Houston and the railheads. That would put Texas out of the rebellion business.

General John Bankhead had planned a New Year's happening.

Under cover of darkness, sneaked into the city by trestle from Virginia Point to slower than expected because refused to proceed. The field beasts and hauled across by Once in place they waited for navy, which was expected to



General John B. Magruder

Magruder understood this and surprise to keep it from

about 900 Confederate Texans walking the mile-long railroad the island. The crossing went the mules pulling the artillery pieces were unhitched from the manpower.

the attack signal from their come at midnight. It was the

job of the navy to engage the six Federal gunboats in Galveston harbor and keep those guns occupied. The 42nd Mass was an infantry regiment. Without support from the Yankee fleet, they would be no match for the superior Confederate force.

The signal Magruder expected was a cannon shot, indicating his navy was on the scene and engaging the enemy. It never came. Somehow, Captain Leon Smith, commander of the Confederates afloat, had misunderstood the plan and was anchored in Bolivar Roads (a strip of water between the jetties of Galveston and Bolivar) waiting for the cannon signal to come from Magruder. At 4 a.m. the fiery General, disgusted that his Navy had failed to appear, decided to go it without them and personally fired the first cannon shot. The Yankees were taken by surprise, but their gunboats, unmolested and able to drop shells on the attackers, were

up to the task of responding. Magruder's force was being crushed. Daylight was coming and they faced surrender or annihilation. Then the cavalry showed up.

The Fifth Texas Mounted Rifles and the **Seventh Texas** (all sans horses!) were deployed as "Horse Marines" and naval force. If a seagoing consider the vessels. The riverboat normally used for Houston and Galveston. The wheeler, was what we would armored with bales of cotton, protruded. These were the were really surprised.



sharpshooters with the tardy cavalry isn't odd enough, *Bayou City* was a side-wheel delivering mail between smaller *Neptune*, also a side-now call a tugboat. Both were the gaps between which cannon cotton clads. Now the Yankees

The Federal flagship *Westfield* grounded and her captain blew her up to prevent her capture (taking his own life when the charge went off early). *Neptune* was hit and sunk, but in only eight feet of water, so the "aquatic cavalry" climbed atop her cabin and kept a constant barrage of rifle fire on the deck of the Federal steamer *Harriet Lane*, killing Captain Jonathan Wainwright, and allowing *Bayou City* to her. The rest of the Galveston was again in



USS HARRIET LANE

Other unusual things

Galveston: It involved the Civil War in the person of Captain Levi Hardy, who

about the Battle of oldest combatant in the sixty-nine year old commanded the *Neptune*.

It may also have involved the youngest combatant, if one of the *Bayou City* boarding party was correct when he wrote that a "young son of Captain Wainwright, just ten years old, stood at the cabin door with a revolver in each hand and never ceased firing until he had expended every shot."

The artillery commander aboard the *Bayou City* was Captain E. B. H. Schneider, a well trained German soldier who had come to Texas in 1848. He would go on to serve many years as Tax Assessor of Harris County, and despite losing an eye in the battle, would entertain locals with his trapeze act into his seventies.

And finally, there's the executive officer of the *Harriet Lane*, Lt. Commander Edward Lea. He was the son of Major Albert M. Lea, who had moved to Texas in 1855 and was on General Magruder's staff. Wounded during the boarding, the younger Lea refused to surrender his

sword or his ship except to his father. Major Lea was brought aboard and Edward died in his arms. His final words were, "My father is here."



HOW DID GRANDPA MARKOWICH DIE?

By Jerry Markowich

For many years the question floated around the family with lots of "rumors" and "theories" and questions.

Rumors included that grandpa was a teamster for a beer company in Milwaukee and that he was delivering beer, came across a fight, attempted to break up the fight, and ended up getting hit on the head with a board and died.

Another version had grandpa not being a teamster, was battling some "union busters," was hit on the head and ended up dying. And again grandpa was delivering beer.

And, various versions of the above came to theories that grandpa did something that ended up with his death.

On a visit to Milwaukee in July 2011 to gather more information about the Markowich and Ifkovitz (mom's side of the family) families primarily from an extensive collection of City Directories-- we were in the main Milwaukee Public Library in the downtown area.

We were too early to access the "Humanities" section so I ended up talking with one of the other librarians about grandpa. After a brief talk she directed me to some computers and I began "searching."

About 20 minutes later she came up, tapped me on the shoulder, and said, "I think I may have found something." She hit the computer, went to the *Milwaukee Journal* (local newspaper), and pointed to an article that explained how Grandpa Markowich died. Wow!



Dated 1920 - L to R Jacob Markovic, Jack Markowich, Katie Markovic, William Koenig
Father - Son - Mother - Uncle

So, what is the *real* story or at least the story written in the *Milwaukee Journal*?

July 2, 1928 - *Milwaukee Journal*, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

"Youth Arrested After Man Dies"



"Jacob Markowich, 65, 1587 Thirty-Sixth St., who, on April 7, was found unconscious on the floor at the Mayhew Co., 867 Thirty-First St., died at Hanover Hospital Sunday.

An investigation disclosed that the man had been struck by a fellow employee. George Beniskiwick, 21, was discharged by the company as the assailant.

Beniskiwick was arrested Sunday night on a warrant issued by Deputy Dist. Atty. George A. Bowman, charging him with manslaughter.

A post-mortem performed by Dr. Edward L. Tharinger disclosed that Markowich's death was caused by internal hemorrhages, the result of external violence.

Markowich was taken to Marquette Hospital, where he was confined for two weeks. On June 4 he had recovered sufficiently to return to work, but on June 18 he again

took sick.

Beniskiwick at the time admitted striking Markowich, but declared that it had been in self-defense. There were no witnesses to the affair."

This confirmed what Grandpa's death record and autopsy report indicated - without specifics. I do know that the Mayhew Company made furniture. There are still a number of unanswered questions and questionable information.

First, Jacob was 62 at the time of his death. Second, Milwaukee changed all street addresses in 1929. 1587 Thirty-Sixth Street became 3536 N. 36th St. No big deal, we know the home, and it is still in the same place. But, the address of the Mayhew Company does not appear to be the place it was, or should be. Hanover Hospital is no more, it was acquired by other hospitals.

So, what happened to Beniskiwick? One day my youngest brother asked dad, "What happen to the guy that hit grandpa?" The response was something along the lines of, "It was taken care of!"

I have checked census records for 1920, no Beniskiwick; 1930 census records, no Beniskiwick; Milwaukee city directories for several years prior to 1928 and after, no Beniskiwick. I have checked online court records, no Beniskiwick.

Next trip to Milwaukee will find me in a couple court houses, and the historical society. And I

am a member of the Milwaukee Genealogical Society. Maybe if I find some answers we don't care for, we will drop the matter.



UPCOMING RAMBLER PROGRAMS

By Shelby Rowan

October 30, 2013 - Getting the Most Out of Pedigree Charts

November 27, 2013 - Combination of Rambler and Computer Users; Highlights from SLC Trip

December 11, 2013 - Christmas Party



GENEALOGY COMPUTER USERS GROUP

By Jerry Markowich

October 16, 2013 - "Why Join another Genealogical/Heritage/Historical Society?"

November 20, 2013 - "Creating Your Own Book" with Jerry Markowich

December 18, 2013 - TBA

FAMILY HISTORY WRITERS' GROUPS

By Jane Magill

The Family History Writers' Group will meet at Bryan Bachman Center (formerly Southwood Community Center) on Rock Prairie Rd. in College Station at 9:30 a.m. on Oct. 23, 2013. We will discuss different ways of presenting the heart of any family history: birth, marriage and death data. It can be presented as text or presented graphically or photographically. We will try to touch all these bases and also give ideas for using these graphical presentations as Christmas gifts.

Remember...genealogy is a thing of the past!!



Persistence and Poor Spelling Punched a Hole in My Brick Wall

By Jane Magill

For over 60 years our family genealogists, Aunt Maxine and her daughter, Susan, searched for the father of Vincent Castor. We were fairly sure Vincent's mother was Nancy Crane.

From a copy of a page in a family Bible they found written in beautiful script, *Vincent Caster or Castor, (it was smudged) January 1st, 1828. On another page is written, Vincent, son of William L. and Nancy Crane Departed this life February the 9th 1855.*

After Aunt Maxine died and I started researching this line again, I went to FamilySearch (the old version) and searched in vain for William Caster in Ohio. Also Nancy Crane searches proved to be fruitless. A few months later, Bobbie Middleton urged me to subscribe to Ancestry.com, especially for the "Trees" part. I did and spent many hours looking up all my other lines with several great successes often found after I started "Trees." Finally I came back to the elusive Vincent Caster or Castor and his mother, Nancy Crane. I put their names into the search engines and got nothing. I tried making a Caster tree and there were no green leaves indicating there might be some trees to help me. Then I tried adding William Caster to the tree with the same result. Nothing!

A brick wall, right? But there was so much good data staring me in the face that the answer must be right here, I thought. After several computer sessions of playing with William Caster and Nancy Crane and various search scenarios, I inadvertently misspelled William's last name, leaving the *r* off, so it was William Casto I entered. Up came all sorts of information for William Casto b. 1793 on Pennsylvania. The leaves popped out on the trees making it look like springtime. There were nine trees for William Casto married to a Nancy Crane!

After I followed all the trees and made all the pedigree charts, checked and re-checked, it had all come together. William L. Caster had used several last names during his lifetime. He was known as William Casto, Castillo, Castor and Caster. He was married to Nancy Crane

first and second to India DuVal. Nancy and William had two children, Vincent and Eunice before Nancy died in 1828 in Ohio. William and his second wife, India, had several children and then moved to Berrien, Michigan where they both died in 1860.

The first Casto to come to America was Azariah with his wife Hannah Golden in about 1690. Azariah came from Wales and Hannah from London, England where the couple married and then immigrated to the Quaker colony of Salem, New Jersey. They were surely Quakers. Their son, William Henry Casto, was born in 1692 in Salem and married Elizabeth Abbott, a Quaker girl with the unusual name of Purthenia Purple, born in Salem. Their son, Abel, born in New Jersey, died in Ohio with his wife, Hannah Royal, about 1826. Abel Casto was the father of my elusive William Casto. Finally I had come full circle!

Not only had I found the ancestors of Vincent Caster and his mother, Nancy Crane, but I had found the first of my husband's extensive Quaker ancestry, all through a spelling mistake.

Editors' Note: We want to thank Jane for writing her brick wall story for this issue. We also want to thank Sue, Bobbie, Jerry, Shelby, Clint, Georgianne, Bill, Joyce and all the others who have contributed articles to the "Ramblings" newsletter in the past. Personal stories written by our members contribute to the interest, the readability and the enjoyment of our quarterly newsletter. We need your help! "Ramblings" belongs to all members of Texas Research Ramblers...we hope that in the future each of you will send us an idea for an article or one of the very interesting stories you already have in your file or a copy of a story you discovered while conducting your personal research.

*Thanks,
Mary Jane and Henry*



THE DIGITIZED *BRYAN EAGLE*-1895-1917

By Bill Page

Some issues of the *Bryan Eagle* have been digitized and are available free online. So far, issues from 1895 through 1917 are online. I have no idea whether more will be added. These are available through the "Portal to Texas History" <http://texashistory.unt.edu/>

Printing from the website is a bit tricky. When you have the image of the page on the screen BUT BEFORE YOU ZOOM, go to the right hand column of the page. Click on the button that says "All Image Sizes" Then click on the button that says "Extra Large"—this will give you the highest resolution image—thus the best copy to print from. Then click on "Download This Size." This will then open the newspaper image in a PDF file. You can do all the usual things, including selecting a block of type so you can print just one article. There may be a faster way to print, but this works.



A Book Review:

TRUE STORIES OF OLD HOUSTON AND HOUSTONIANS

BY DR. S. O. YOUNG

Reprinted from the Copana Bay Press

This book is dear to me--A native Houstonian, I was delighted to read Houston's history as it was lived, not just a distillation **heart**. I first encountered it in the Houston Public Library's Texas Room about twenty years ago. I read it cover to cover and decided I had to have my own copy. Due to the rarity of the book and my meager budget, the search took almost five years.

Who was S. O. Young? How is it he knew so many stories from Houston's early years? Why, in 1913, did he compile them into a book at his own expense?

Dr. Young was in his mid-sixties when he began telling these tales in the *Chronicle*. In his lifetime Houston had grown from a town of 2,400 people to a city of 80,000. Nostalgia literally means, "a longing to go home," and Dr. Young was clearly indulging his own nostalgic impulse, attempting to recapture the way of life he had known and loved.

105 True Stories Dr. Young's stories of boyhood in Houston read like something out of *Tom Sawyer*. They take place in the 1850s and here the natural environment looms large. With a population of only about 3,500 souls, Houston was lush and unspoiled. Artesian springs could be found in what is now downtown. Adventure lurked around every corner and it was nothing less than a boy's paradise.

The greatest number of stories, however, takes place during the period from 1870 to 1885. Here we are presented with a Houston of mud streets, thriving saloons, and flamboyant gamblers. We get an insider's view of Reconstruction military rule, political feuds and even rigged elections. Dr. Young treats us to the eccentricities of early Houstonians, their habits of speech, modes of dress, their schemes, their passions and pastimes.

J. Frank Dobie said in his introduction to *Coronado's Children*, "These tales are not creations of mine. They belong to the soil and to the people of the soil." Likewise, these stories were not created by S. O. Young. They belong to Houston and Houstonians, of the past, of the present and of generations to come.



An Irishman being asked which was the older, he or his brother, replied: "I am the elder, but if my brother lives three years longer than we shall be both of an age."



SOCIAL MEDIA...AN AID TO GENEALOGISTS

By Henry Hanson

Last Month I attended the Seniors Computer Group, which meets at the College Station Water Treatment plant, to hear a presentation entitled *Social Media*. I'm sure you know the term *Social Media* even if you are not using these free social sites. While Susan Adams talked about some of these features, a few thoughts came to me that might interest those of you who are interested in genealogy. It concerns *Facebook*.

My mother's maternal line is the Reddin Family. I have contact with a few living Reddins in Tennessee, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Texas and California. A cousin in San Antonio set up a family group on *Facebook* and invited several of us as "Friends." I clicked *Agree* to be a "Friend." Several cousins, including a few from Arkansas, had not been involved in family genealogy, but wanted to know which line each of us descendent from. After that, it was decided to have a reunion. I was not able to attend last year, but plan to attend this October.

This involvement not only helped me clean up a few lines in my Family Tree Maker, but also enabled me to help several relatives learn where they fit into the whole scheme of things.

I used my email address and an eight character password to join. Actually, my daughter set my page up with my pictures and profile. It is an excellent place to share family pictures, but be very careful to not give too much information on your personal profile. *Facebook* might even be useful for the Ramblers to create a group site!!!

At a wedding the other day, one of the guests, who sometimes was a little absentminded, observed gravely: "I have often remarked that there have been more women than men married this year."

INSTALLATION OF NEW OFFICERS

AUGUST 28, 2013



Henry Hanson, retiring president, installs new RAMBLER officers, Ann Bay, corresponding secretary; Barbara Brodigan, treasurer; and Sheila May, president.



Georgianne Bigan and Henry Hanson were presented commemorative plaques for their service as Ramblers' treasurer and president.

PAST AND PRESENT

Reprinted from *Genealogy, A Journal of American Ancestry*, 1915

The question is frequently asked, "What enables an American family to the use of a Coat-of-Arms?" The answer is that heraldry is international; so that an American who can prove that his family bore arms in a European country can secure the permission to use that design quite as readily as a Frenchman, or the native of any country where there is an established heraldry, could secure the privilege of using the arms belonging to another nation....that is, if his descent warrants it and he willing to pay the fee. Most of the European countries are satisfied with the heraldry of their own nation, however, and there are now more applications for the revival of English Coats-of-Arms received from Americans than from all the rest of the world put together.



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