



RAMBLERS' RAMBLINGS

Volume XXIII Number ONE SPRING 2013

AND LIGHTNING STRUCK THE FLAGPOLE!

BY MARY JANE MILLENDER

Texas President Anson Jones, standing on the steps of the old wooden capitol building in Austin and lowering the flag of Texas, proclaimed the end of Texas Independence on February 19, 1846.

Dr. Anson Jones, who was and a strong politician who its recently fought-for lone star of Texas, which ten clouds over fields of carnage while, has culminated, and destiny, has passed on and that glorious constellation lovers of freedom in the adore---the American Union. sister stars, long may it gracious Heaven smile upon wishes of the two republics,



ANSON JONES

Texas' fourth president did not want Texas to lose independence said, "The years since arose amid and obscurely shone for a following an inscrutable become fixed forever in which all freeman and world must reverence and Blending its rays with its continue to shine and may a this consummation of the now joined together in one.

"May the Union be perpetuated, and may it be the means of conferring benefits and blessings upon people of all states," is my ardent prayer. The final act in this great drama is now performed. The Republic of Texas is no more."

As Anson began his speech, the weather changed and eye witnesses to this historic event declared that as the Republic of Texas flag was being lowered, **lightning struck the flagpole!**

Anson Jones, a medical doctor and a congressman, was born in 1798 in Massachusetts. In October of 1833, at the suggestion of a friend, Dr. Jones moved to Brazoria County, Texas where he began a medical practice. He was elected president of Texas in 1844. During his campaign for president, Dr. Jones remained silent on the subject of the "re-annexation of Texas," as U.S. President James Polk called it. Dr. Anson did not want to be re-annexed.

The Texas Congress wanted to join the Union, but Jones delayed recognizing this notice. Instead he obtained a treaty from Mexico recognizing Texas independence, but the citizens of Texas wanted annexation and threatened to overthrow Anson's government; he was burned in effigy. The Texas Congress rejected the treaty with Mexico and so on February 19, 1846 Anson Jones lowered the flag of Texas and said, "**The Republic of Texas is no more!**" *And lightning struck the flagpole!*

Dr. Anson Jones retired to Barrington, his plantation near Washington -on-the-Brazos. He died January 9, 1858



RECORD CROWDS WAIT HOURS TO VIEW WM. TRAVIS LETTER

BY MARY JANE MILLENDER

One hundred and seventy-seven years after Col. William Barrett Travis wrote his famous *Victory or Death* letter to "the people of Texas and to all Americans," pleading desperately for more help in defending the Alamo, the fragile letter was returned to its original location on February 23, 2013. **But for only 13 days.**

But during those 13 days, thousands of Texans and tourists from all over the world stood for hours outside the Alamo in downtown San Antonio, waiting patiently to spend a brief moment or two in front of this prized, historic Texas letter...a letter that didn't save the small band of Texians in the Alamo, but a letter that inspired hundreds of men to join the small army in its struggle to defeat Santa Anna's larger, better equipped army. Within days following their victory at the Alamo, the Mexican army marched toward Goliad where on March 27, 1836 (just 21 days after the fall of the Alamo), 340 defenders of the Goliad mission fought, surrendered and died. They were executed and their bodies burned by their captors.



"Remember the Alamo," "Remember Goliad" and "Victory or Death" were the stirring yells on the lips of angry Texians everywhere...they became their battle cries, the zealous cries carried to San Jacinto April 21 when Gen. Sam Houston and his men defeated Santa Anna in 18 short minutes. And Texas won its independence.

As a descendant of a signer of the Texas Declaration of Independence and as a member of the DRT, I am proud of the thousands of Texans and non-Texans, including many international visitors, who stood for hours in chilly weather for an opportunity to view this old, yellowed document, an 1836 document still greatly admired today for the strong, patriotic words Travis wrote and for his heroic pledge to never surrender. *Victory or Death*.

Travis' letter was written when Texans needed a strong *victory or death* call to arms. It again called attention to the Alamo during those 13 days, to the bravery of Col. Travis, to his courageous followers, to the Texians' fight for freedom and to the vital role each man played in our Texas history.

Below are a few quotes from visitors as they exited the Alamo after reading Travis' letter:

One said, "I cried." She wasn't the only one who cried...many visitors were seen wiping their eyes as they left.

Another said, "It's pretty amazing. I think of the people inside the walls who were facing such an overwhelming onslaught, and the incredible courage it took to stand up and fight."

A mother, upon leaving, said, "I woke my son up. I wanted him to always remember that he saw that letter and to remember its importance to our state."

And a teacher of Texas history was quoted as saying, "I feel a sense of pride coming on as we wait to see it." One woman in line had "Victory or Death" tattooed on her shoulder.

The thousands of visitors who left that 13-day exhibit will now *Remember the Alamo* as a beloved, historic site of the Texians' fight for independence; hopefully, they will no longer remember it as just another touristy attraction in San Antonio.

Thank you, Colonel William Barrett Travis.



DALLAS COUNTY RECORDS AVAILABLE

16 MILLION RECORDS

On October 15, 2012 the Dallas County Clerk's office reached an historical milestone with the launch of our historical records. All of Dallas County's official public records from 1846 to current have been made available to the public. Dallas County Clerk John Warren's initiative to create a virtual office has moved closer to becoming a reality with the launch of his newly revised website ROAM (Rapid Online Access Method) that now allows the public to access and purchase copies of property records without the need to come to the courthouse. The significance of this milestone is that by leveraging e-Commerce technology, there is now an ease to access of information without the need to drive, pay for parking or waiting in lines to pay for copies of property records. It also removes the restriction of business hours.

Dallas County Clerk John Warren emphasized the importance of this historic moment for the County, "This project has been three years in the making. We have approximately 16 million documents or 125 million pages of records online. This makes Dallas County the only large urban county in the United States that has published all of its official public records." Dallas County Judge Clay Jenkins said, "This is a milestone in transparency and will lead to better public access and ultimately a savings for taxpayers."

Individuals who wish to access public records may now go online to set up a user account. The users have the option to view records for free, pay as you go, or through a subscription service for unlimited viewing and printing. In addition, this new version of ROAM provides disaster recovery for all of our records as well as an additional level of security and protection against property fraud. To access: <http://www.dallascounty.org/department/countyclerk/roam.php>

"Walking, I am listening to a deeper way. Suddenly, all my ancestors are behind me.
Be still they say. You are the results of the love of thousands."

By Linda Hagan-----Native American Writer

FOUND MY CHILDHOOD FRIEND

BY SUE FOY

After attending a meeting of the small Writers' Group at Mary Hamlin's recently, I decided to try to tackle my own autobiography, adding facts and pictures to small bits and pieces written over the years, but never actually put together.

I began by getting out my early photograph albums, dating from birth to 1935, the year that my brother Jimmy was born. The albums helped me coordinate and put in chronological order some of my history and therein lies my story.

When I was a child and lived in La Feria, Texas, Daddy Jim and Mother were friends with a lot of other mothers who had children about my age and four so popular back then. There was Shirley Jean and me, Betty Sue. Shirley Jean and I became close buddies and in one of my albums were old photos of the two of us. I have not had any communication with Shirley Jean over the years. We lost contact with each other many years ago when her mother died and correspondences between our families ceased. I knew that Shirley Jean had married and I omitted so I started doing some Ancestry.com I finally hit pay dirt. I then found a divorce record and I thought went to switchboard.com and found a couple of Shirley Jeans and Shirley



Shirley & Sue - 1939
Still Chums!!

Texas. This Shirley Jean looked promising, it even had the last name A...(her maiden name) so I got up my courage (my friends know I don't like to make phone calls), dialed the number and got an immediate answer from a lady. When I asked if she was Shirley Jean, she said, "Yes!"

When I told Shirley Jean who I was, she almost fell over in a faint. She couldn't believe that I was actually her friend from 74 years ago...the last time that we saw each other was in 1939! We talked for 30 minutes or so. Shirley Jean does have a computer, but couldn't remember her email address because her computer wasn't working. But I did have her snail mail address from switchboard.com and it was almost complete. The street address was correct and she gave me her apartment number.

Feria, Texas, Daddy Jim and local school personnel. Several of us had double names that were Betty Jean, Betty Jane, Shirley Jean and I became close buddies photos of the two of us. I have Shirley Jean over the years. We years ago when her mother died families ceased. I knew that thought her name was W...(name detective work. Looking at found Shirley's marriage record I was on the right trail. I next searched there. There were a Js and one was located in Spring,

As soon as we finished our phone conversation, I sat down and wrote Shirley Jean a three-page letter. I also enclosed a copy of my Christmas letter and several scanned pictures. She has three children; two live fairly close to her so I think that in the spring Shirley Jean will be able to persuade one of them to drive her to Bryan. *So you never know what or who you will discover when you write your autobiography!*



UPCOMING RAMBLER PROGRAMS

BY SHELBY ROWAN

April 24, 2013 - "Tracing Your Female Ancestors" presented by Mrs. Johnnie Jo Dickerson, Professional Genealogist, Huntsville, Texas

May 29, 2013 - "Have You Seen This Website?" presented by Rambler Members

June 26, 2013 - "What's Available at Montgomery County Memorial Library, Conroe" presented by Heather Kramer, Genealogical Librarian

July 31, 2013 - Election, Summer Brunch, Fellowship and Displays of Artifacts

TRIVIA QUESTION - What President's Son Called Himself "Bad Luck?"

Answer in the back of this issue



GENEALOGY COMPUTER USERS GROUP

BY JERRY MARKOWICH

April 17, 2013 - "Windows 8, What Do We Do Now?"

May 15, 2013 - How to Get Information from Internet Archives

June 19, 2013 - How to Use Record Matching from My Heritage.com



WAITING ON ANOTHER HANSON REUNION

BY HENRY HANSON

The Hanson family has held a family reunion consistently since, as best as I remember, 1952. This annual event was predicated by my dad's sister and her husband, Colonel and Mrs. Hugh Dean Peabody.

After World War II, Lt. Hugh Peabody was discharged from the army, only to reenlist shortly after, making a 30-year career of the army and moving his family many times. Every time the Peabody's had a change of duty stations or took leave, they would visit Ashwood, Texas and spend time with my grandparents. My grandmother would invite her children and her three sisters to come on a given Saturday, bring a covered dish and spend the day.

After my aunt and uncle retired from the army, they moved to Ashwood to settle on my aunt's inheritance and the reunions became a Hanson event. Each year a different sibling was in charge of procuring a site and furnishing meat.

In the 1980s it was decided the next generation would take the reins of organizing the reunion. When it was our turn, my brother and I invited all of my grandmother's family, which included our second and third cousins.

Last year, it was just a Hanson reunion and we met over in Magnolia. My first cousin Sina married an Aggie, class of 1960, by the name of Corky Posey Cobern. Corky was sharing his ordeal when he tried to get a passport. The problem stemmed around the multiple number of birth certificates he had at the McCullough County Court house, in Brady Texas and conflicting information given on those birth certificates. The story was comical and Corky's attempt to solve this issue had the family in tears for more than an hour.

I honed in on Corky's mother, Belle Posey, because I knew another Posey family and I was interested in knowing if these two families were related. When I returned home, I went to the computer, clicked on www.familysearch.org site in search of Belle Posey's death certificate. I learned Corky's grandparents were William Henry Posey and Annie Ferguson. Searching for William Henry Posey's death record indicated that his father was Burrell Posey, born in Tennessee and his mother was California Jane Cooper, born in Texas. Corky's great grandmother, California Jane Cooper, had an unusual name and for some reason I thought I remembered that name, so I just did a simple "Goggle" search. I typed in genealogy, California Jane Cooper, and clicked "enter." Immediately several hits appeared on the screen including "The Handbooks of Texas Online."

I opened the Handbooks Online site and read where California Jane Cooper was the youngest daughter of Dillard Cooper. Dillard Cooper was one of 28 survivors out of 240 men of the Goliad massacre. Dillard Cooper gave a newspaper interview to the *San Antonio Express* in Columbus, Texas around the 1880s and it became one of the most thorough accounts of how he and three other fighters



DILLARD COOPER

The following Monday, I called Corky and asked if he knew who his grandfather Posey's mother was. He mumbled a few words and it appeared he was counting aunts and uncles and he recited his grandparents' names and their children, but admitted he didn't know his great grandparents' names. I asked Corky if California Jane Cooper meant anything, but he said that it didn't. I then told Corky that I found his great grandmother Posey's death record and that his great great grandfather was Dillard Cooper, a member of James Fannin's force and one of the few survivors

of the Goliad massacre.

Several times I had to ask if he was still on the phone. I'm not sure if he was checking my references or in shock, but I said my goodbyes and I am anxiously waiting for the next reunion to see what Corky can add to his own family history.



FORTY MILES BY OX-WAGON IN 1902

BY ANNIE BRYERS MAY

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It seems almost incredible now, 1955, that a distance of 40 miles, which is scarcely an hour drive over our good roads and with our present automobiles, could have contained so many hardships in a little more than a half-century ago, but such is my personal experience.

When I was a small girl about eight years of age, we lived in a sparsely settle rural community in the eastern part of Vernon Parish, Louisiana near Flactor Creek. This location is now called Hicks Community.

This was before we had the present means of travel, railroad, automobile or airplanes. Our only means of transportation was by horseback or in a covered wagon pulled by a "yoke" of oxen or

horses. We used the wagon quite a distance from us, or the load was heavy, we used oxen. Our nearest town, of any size was Boyce Louisiana, about 40 miles



and horses to attend neighbors who usually lived quite a distance from us, or the load was heavy, we used oxen. Our nearest town, of any size was Boyce Louisiana, about 40 miles

A visit to town was especially to the children of the families. A trip to town was only made when necessity demanded that we go for groceries or carry our produce, cotton or wool to market. This occurred about twice each year.

considered quite an event,

On one of these rare occasions in the late autumn of 1902, my uncle, A. J. "Jack" Knight, was planning to carry two bales of cotton to market in Boyce. My mother, Elizabeth Knight Bryers, who was his sister and widow lady, decided that she and I would accompany Uncle Jack on the trip.

After loading the cotton upon the wagon, one bale upon the other and tying them as securely as possible, we were ready to go. My mother decided that it would be safer for us to walk than to ride on top of the cotton over the rough roads that we had to travel. So we walked behind the wagon while Uncle Jack walked beside the oxen and drove them.

When we left home, it was a nice warm day, but for added protection we carried extra clothing and blankets, knowing that in the late fall season the weather might change overnight and become quite disagreeable. The roads we were traveling had no bridges across the streams. There were "fords," which were shallow places in the stream where wagons and horseback riders could cross the streams. However, if the streams became swollen by heavy rains, you had to swim your horse or the wagon and team across the stream if you were in a hurry to cross. This was often quite dangerous with a wagon and team because you ran the risk of the wagon overturning and losing everything, maybe even your life. Most of the time people would just camp beside the stream and wait for the water to go down and it would be safe to cross.

We began the journey after we had lunch and had everything ready to go. We traveled about ten miles to a neighbor's house that day. We planned to spend our first night at the home of our neighbor. This was a common practice in those days as there were no places people could stay except in someone's home or camp out beside the road. Besides, visits were a very rare

occasion and folks looked forward to someone coming to visit or spend the night. This was considered a treat. There were no newspapers, radios or television and this was the only way folks had of finding out what was happening in other parts of the country.

Early in the morning before the sun was up, we were ready to resume our journey. We made excellent progress during the earlier part of the morning. The oxen were rested, as well as the travelers, but as time wore on, the miles seemed to grow longer, and the sun became hotter. It seemed to me that we were not making much progress. Finally, we came to a small stream where we decided to eat our noon meal, to water the oxen and to rest for awhile. We crossed what seemed like endless hills and streams and ravines. The morning had seemed long, but it seemed as if the afternoon would never pass; the oxen were tired, but as for me, I could scarcely put one foot in front of the other. Finally, as the sun was sinking low in the sky, Uncle Jack decided to "make camp." I never was so glad to stop walking in my life.

We had traveled about 20 miles that day and Uncle Jack said that we had made good time considering the load the oxen were pulling. We gathered wood for our fire to cook our supper meal and to burn throughout the night so as to keep wild animals away. After we had eaten our meal, we proceeded to spread our blankets and bed-roles for our night's sleep.

My mother said that she got very little sleep that night because I tossed and turned all night because of my total exhaustion. During the night the weather changed, the skies became overcast and the wind was very cold, forcing us to sleep close to the fire, which we kept quite large to keep warm. We still had about ten miles further to go to reach our destination.

We left our camp as soon as we could see, trudging along in the bitter cold, thinking we might not be able to reach Boyce before a bad snowstorm would be upon us. Flakes of snow were beginning to fall and I became really afraid.

By noon, we reached the town of Boyce and the snow was really peppering down. We had arrived just in time to escape a bad storm that would have forced us to stop and camp until the snowstorm ended. We sold the cotton and purchased our groceries, which consisted of a barrel of flour, a sack of coffee, a sack of sugar and other essential items which were needed to last us for at least six months. We would not be returning until sometime in June when we would bring our wool to market. By the time we had finished shopping and loaded our wagon, the snow was falling so heavy that we could only see a few yards in front of us. Because of the severity of the storm, we had no choice but to stay in town for the night. There were no hotels or rooming houses in which we could stay at this time.

Fortunately, the store keeper or merchant offered us the use of his feed room at the back of the store. He told us that we were welcome to spend the night. We were indeed fortunate because in the feed room there was a wood burning stove we could use to keep us warm for the night.

Uncle Jack had placed the oxen and wagon in a "wagon yard" or corral for the night at the back of the store. However, the corral had no shelter for the animals and the oxen were forced to stand in the snow and cold all night.

We did not sleep good that night because we were all concerned that the oxen might freeze and die in the unprotected cold. However, daylight told us that they were all right except icicles about six inches long covered their horns and ears.

We were all anxious to travel, including the oxen, so we started on our return journey home.

We "bundled" up with everything we had brought and the extra woolen blankets that my mother had purchased before we left Boyce. We were very comfortable during the return trip despite the heavy snow and ice. We arrived home sometime after midnight. I have never been so glad as I was that night to be in a warm house with a good bed and a well-cooked meal.



"I'm searching for all those family stories, Ramblers!
Do you have my clue?"



ANSWER TO THE TRIVIA QUESTION:

ROBERT TODD LINCOLN, ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S OLDEST SON

BY MARY JANE MILLENDER

Robert Todd Lincoln, born August 1, 1843, was the only son of Lincoln's four sons who survived his childhood. Living until 1926, Robert's life may have been *remarkable*, but he still considered himself "*bad luck*." He attended Phillips Exeter Academy, Harvard University and Harvard Law School, served in the Civil War, later was President James A. Garfield's Secretary of War and President Benjamin Harrison's Minister of England. Following these powerful cabinet positions and a successful career as a lawyer, Robert Lincoln was appointed president of the Pullman Car Company in 1897. He retired in 1922 as CEO of Pullman and moved to his estate in Vermont where he lived until his death June 26, 1926. He was buried at Arlington Cemetery.

Remarkable Life? Career-wise, an interesting life, but it becomes a truly remarkable life when you discover just how many 19th century historical events Robert Lincoln witnessed during his adult life.



During the Civil War, young Robert begged his father to let him serve in the army. Having already lost two younger sons to illnesses, Lincoln didn't want to risk losing another son. Later he relented (Robert was threatening to join the Union army as a private) and asked General Grant to assign "Captain Lincoln" to his staff and to protect him. As a result of this assignment, Robert stood near Grant at the Appomattox Court House when General Robert E. Lee surrendered on April 9, 1865. But this would not be the only significant scene in our country's history witnessed by Robert Lincoln. Another was only five days away.

On the night of April 14, 1865, young Robert was invited to Ford's Theater by his parents, but he declined. Notified of the assassination attempt on his father, he was called to the bedroom at the Peterson house across the street from Ford's Theater and was with Abraham Lincoln when he died early the next morning.

But this would not be the only presidential assassination Robert Lincoln was near. In 1881, duly qualified to hold a national office following a successful law career, President James A. Garfield appointed him Secretary of War. Lincoln was scheduled to accompany the new president by train to New Jersey on July 21, 1881, but before the train could leave the station, Charles Guiteau, bitter about not receiving a federal post, shot Garfield; the president died two months

later from the infected wound.

Twenty years passed with no significant problems, but in 1901 Robert Lincoln was invited to travel with President William McKinley to attend the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo, New York. Although Lincoln arrived late for the event, he was on his way to meet McKinley when the president was shot twice by an anarchist.

After this, Lincoln declined all invitations to presidential functions, saying there was a "certain fatality about the presidential function when I am present." Many friends would have agreed with him.

Saved for last is Robert Lincoln's own recollection of a near fatal accident, in either 1863 or 1864; however, this time it involved Robert himself and, ironically, it involved a Booth!

In Lincoln's words: "The incident occurred while a group of passengers were late at night purchasing their sleeping car places from the conductor, who stood on the station platform at the entrance of the car. The platform was about the height of the car floor, and there was a narrow space between the platform and the car body. There was some crowding, and I happened to be pressed by it against the car body while waiting my turn. In this situation, the train began to move and by the motion I was twisted off my feet, and had dropped somewhat, with feet downward, into the open space and personally helpless, when my coat collar was vigorously seized and I was quickly pulled up and out to a secure footing on the platform. Upon turning to thank my rescuer, I saw it was Edwin Booth (famous actor), whose face was, of course, well know to me, and I expressed my gratitude to him, and in doing so, called him by name.



Edwin Booth

Edwin Booth, John Wilkes Booth's brother, did not know whom he rescued that night at the station until President Abraham Lincoln wrote him a note thanking him for saving his son's life.

Robert Todd Lincoln's life was both remarkable....and interesting!



A YOUNG MAN NAMED EMERSON WILLIAMS, CSA, 2ND TEXAS CAVALRY

BY CLINT WILLIAMS

My research into Emerson Williams was developed out of curiosity from a statement that I read in the book *Deep Roots and Strong Branches* by Clara O'Brien. The statement "Emerson was conscripted and went to war. He was in the Civil war 17 months when he was killed. He had only one furlough home." The included picture was probably taken at that time.

Emerson Williams was the oldest Williams and Elizabeth Winstead. Edgecombe, North Carolina in Emerson was born in 1842. Prior lived in Blanconia, a small town in since I was planning to attend a planned to find his gravestone in



to find more information about him. When I arrived in the area, I had general directions to the location of the cemetery from the book. I started asking people in the area and they told me where I could find the cemetery. I had to scale two gates and walk a mile. They said I couldn't miss it. They were right. Out in the middle of this 30-acre pasture was a large oak tree and a six-foot high chain link fence with a manicured carpet grass lawn outside of it.

Long ago Pleasant Grove Methodist Church used to be located near Blanconia, Tx, next to the Medio Creek. As I started taking pictures of the grave stones, I noticed many Williams's buried there. One row, containing ten graves, was children under five years old that had died of typhoid. Also buried there was Elisabeth Winstead Williams, Emerson's mother, who had died May 9, 1861. A few months after her death, the Civil War was announced.

Texas had seceded from the United States and joined the Confederate States of America. The CSA needed to raise an army to protect their citizens and as a result Texas passed a law requiring all men between 18 and 35 years old to register for service in the Confederate army. This included Emerson and his father, H.B. Williams. Knowing that H.B. Williams had recently lost his wife and had to raise five children by himself, Pat Shelly circulated a petition to have H.B. Williams stay in Bee County to take care of the women and children in that area. By staying, Williams' job was to "slaughter and deliver government provided beef, deliver corn meal and wheat from New Braunfels to Refugio area residents." Emerson signed on with Texas Second

of seven children of Henry Boyling His parents were married in 1829 and moved to Alabama where to this, I had known that his family Texas, north of Refugio. In 1996, conference in Corpus Christi, I Rouke's pasture on the way to Corpus

Cavalry unit, also known as Texas 2nd Mounted Rifles. These units rode into cavalry charges and also dismounted and joined infantry units. Second Cavalry was made up of men from six counties around San Antonio, Texas. There were six units, A - F, in this brigade. The website www.Fold3.com confirmed Williams had military service in 1862 and that he was 23 years old. This was also listed in the *Compiled Service Records* book at the Carnegie Library in Bryan. He is listed in *Soldiers and Sailors Roll*.

There is no mention of how and where Emerson Williams died in battle in the Williams family history book. There are very few books about the Confederate 2nd Cavalry. This is not to be confused with the Federal Texas 2nd Cavalry. The only other references I have found on this unit are two internet websites written from a Federal perspective. They tell of ambushing and killing many soldiers from this unit in Louisiana. Emerson survived and requested a reimbursement of \$150 for the loss of his horse and saddle in that battle.

On a lighter note, I have discovered that Confederate soldiers were not issued a standard uniform as were Union soldiers. Confederate enlistees had uniforms that were made at home. The only standard uniforms were issued to Confederate officers. Some units wore the same shirt with bandanas.

One memorable flamboyant union unit I came across was the Zouaves from New York. They were French in origin and an excellent article in Wikipedia details their uniform changes. Green's Cavalry had captured over 400 Zouave soldiers at Pleasant Hill. One Texan soldier remarked that the "rebels" had whipped all the men of the Northern States and Lincoln was filling up his ranks with women. The Zouave prisoners were rather amused when they were informed by some of the Texans that the Texas troops had too much honor to fight women (alluding to the Zouave balloon pants) on page 193, Blessington. As with all genealogy work, the research continues.

The Campaign of Walker's Texas Division - J.P. Blessington

Deep Roots and Strong Branches- the Woffords, Newmans, Hatches, Barbers, Maleys, Schultzes and many others - Clara O'Brien

Zouave - <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Zouave>

Second Texas Cavalry - <http://www.tshaonline.org/handbook/online/articles/qks06>

Texas in the Civil War - <http://www.angelfire.com/tx/RandysTexas/index.html>

Texans in the Civil War <http://texansinthecivilwar.com/index.html>

Texas Second Calvary summary and list of soldiers - http://www.nps.gov/civilwar/search-regiments-detail.htm?regiment_id=CTX0002RC01



MARY COLLIE COOPER LECTURE

MARCH 2, 2013

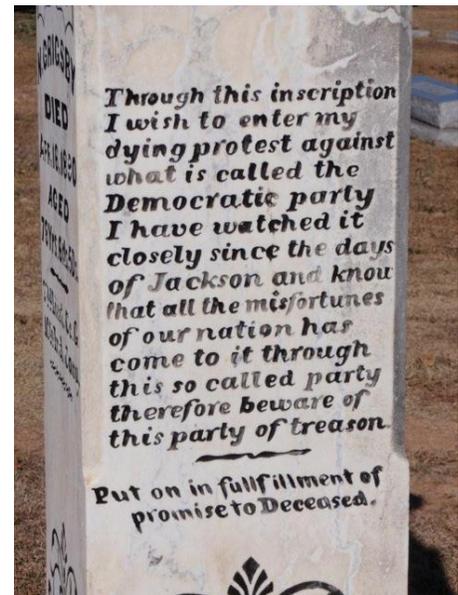
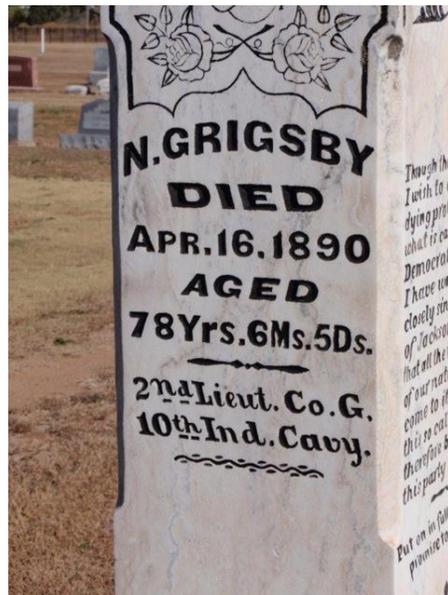


More Mary Collie Cooper Lecture Photos.....



NEVER BE SURPRISED AT WHAT YOU FIND IN A CEMETERY

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