

A COLLECTION OF MEMORIES

by Grandmother Minna Goebel

Compiled by
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Kin Across the Sea

I. CHILDHOOD

I was born to Fritz and Theodora Fuchs at Pecan Creek (Llano County) on April the 16, 1870, and was named Wilhelmina after my father's brother, Wilhelm, who either got killed accidentally by a friend while hunting or in the Civil War. Then I was nicknamed Meini. I had lots of names; Father's brother, Uncle Karl Fuchs, called me Mina. Then my teacher (Aunt Mercedes's grandmother) called me Meinmi. Old man Giger, a jolly fellow, always had some kind of nickname for all the children, called me das Minnerli mid dem doppel kin (the Minnerli with the double chin). Then when I was 15 or 16, I wanted to be called Minna. Some called me Mennie, so I dropped the Wilhelmina altogether.

My first memory is when I must have been about 3 years old. We were in Austin (how we got there, I don't know) and we were walking along a very rough street. I remember my mother, Tante Lillie (Aunt Emilie Goeth's mother), Emilie, and I were there. Emilie and I were pulling a little wagon in front of the others with Aunt Bettie lying in it and we turned the wagon over. We must have been on the way to the theater because I can still see the musicians sitting on a balcony. They were dressed in red coats with gold braid, playing music, which was very interesting to me. How we got back home, I don't know anymore.¹

The next thing I remember is when I was about 4 years old. We moved from Cypress Mill to the Pedernales River, or to the new house. We called the place Spring Valley, there were so many springs in the creek. It was about a mile or more from the river. We were driving in a wagon loaded with furniture in the back. Bettie and I were sitting in front of the seat down in the bottom. On the seat was Mother, holding Julia and the driver, don't remember who it was. I forgot my cradle or doll bed at the old place. So later Father and I went after it. When we got to the place, there was a kettle hanging on a post with a fire under it. The people were cooking their dinner in it. They were Bohemians or Polish nationality.

When I was nine, I went to school. I had to board at Tante Louise and Uncle Wilhelm Fuchs.² I remember one time, Father came and got me home for a week-end and we walked. I guess I was so happy; I jumped over bushes and rocks. While I was at school, a boy got drug to death by two horses he was leading to water. That made me so nervous that all my life when I hear screaming it goes through me.

One time we had a picnic at our new place; I might have been 5 or 6 years old. There was a great big elm tree in our yard under which they spread the dinner. When they started eating, it commenced to rain. There was laughing and hollering; each grabbed a plate and dish to carry and ran into the house.

When I was about 7 or 8, I rode old Werder to Cypress Mill about 4 or 5 miles from home. Old Werder was a great big gentle horse, a bay; we always rode him around the place. I had to ride through old brush and wilderness and on the way the rope he had tied around his neck which was then tied to the saddlehorn got loose. I couldn't get down because I was too small to get up

again. So Werder stumbled along; it was still a mile or so from Tante Louise where I wanted to go. Then a man came along; he tied the rope for me. I wanted to visit Ida, who had been very ill. She was sitting in a rocking chair with quilts around her. I brought her an apple; they sure were something rare at that time.

In the olden times you couldn't get anything much, you made it yourself or did without. I remember Mother making lye; the wood ashes were saved and put in an asher, as it was called; it was generally made of slabs of rook. The ashes were put in; then water poured over; then it would drip into the vessel. For cooking soap it had to be so strong that it carried an egg. Then lard, tallow or grease was used to make the soap. Mother also made candles. She used a form with a wick drawn through at the tip. Next the hot beef tallow and bees wax was poured in at the top. When it was cold, it was taken out and used for light. We had candle holders to stick them in. You can see one of those candle forms in the museum at Canyon. Then Mother had another kind; it was like a tin cup with a wick in it. It was filled with thin grease. I can still see my mother taking a hair pin out of her hair and pulling on the wick to make it brighter when she sat patching and sewing at night. When the coal oil, or petroleum, came in, it was bought in 5 gallon square tin pans, two in a wooden box. It was exciting, but we had to be very careful as the lamps could explode very easy. If the wick wasn't tight enough, the flame would go into the lamp; that was dangerous.

I was a very timid and bashful child – the least vain that ever was. I started braiding my hair when I was 7 or 8 years old. When I stayed with Tante Louise, I was so timid that I never told her that I would rather drink my milk without the coffee. She would pour a little thin coffee in the milk and I never did like it that way.

In 1879 we went to the Golden Wedding of Grandfather and Grandmother Adolph Fuchs at the Colorado River (they were Aunt Dora's great grandparents).³ We didn't have any grandparents, so we always called them grandfather and grandmother; they were Father's uncle and aunt. I remember the young folks had made big kites and let them fly; one fell in a big tree. Another thing that happened. "Old Man" Giesecke had brought some tame grapes and he handed me a bunch and told me to divide them with someone else. So I went to a girl and said we should divide them, but she took the whole bunch and ran off with them and I had the lookout; didn't even get to taste them.

At that time it was all open country and big herds of cattle were driven through, hundreds of them. Sometimes they would drive through a herd of sheep with lambs, the lambs would follow the cattle. When they got to the river, they wouldn't go any farther and the cowboys would bring the lambs back. The cowboys all sang to keep the cattle quiet. There was a big strong pen where the cowboys would put their cattle in over night. They camped across the creek from our house and would butcher a yearling. They would only use the hind quarters and we would get all the meat we wanted of the forequarters.

I herded lambs till shortly before I got married. Father had 3 or 4 herds of lambs during the

lambing time. The real small ones were in one herd; the next size were the ones we had to herd. We took books along, crocheting and knitting to while away the time.

Moritz and Anton Goebel were batching about two miles from us; they had their sheep there.⁴ One morning Moritz was hunting their horse, Possum, and when he was on a hill he could see their shack, and he saw thieves were getting their groceries. He told the deputy sheriff; they followed the tracks down a creek close by. They found a kind of cave where the thieves had a camp. So all the men of the neighborhood gathered, went down there at night and waited for the thieves. When they came, someone hollered "Hands up!" but they began shooting. The thieves got away, but it was thought one was wounded; they left their horses. The horses were put in a pasture, but they disappeared later on. On Christmas eve Moritz and Anton went to their brother, Alois, to spend Christmas there. When they came home in the night, their shack was burning. The men came to our house to tell us. My, I was scared, we could hear all the shooting down there. You can hear for miles. I don't know why, but we never did go and see the cave. The creek was later called Battlecreek; I guess it is still called that.

One day Father came home pretty early in the morning holding his hands folded up. Mother said, "Look what Papa has got? I guess a rabbit." It turned out that he had shot himself through his little finger when he reached over the fence to get his gun. My, he suffered with it; the neighbors came and sat up with him at night. There was no doctor at that time.

I was one of the scariest children that ever was. At that time you heard of the Indians being seen or where they had stolen horses and that they made their signs with bird calls. There was a little owl called screech-owl that could screech so terrible and I thought they were Indians making their signs, but I never let on how scared I was.

We had so many different kinds of snakes down there. There were the rattlesnakes, copperheads, moccasins and water snakes that were poisonous. Then there was the great big chicken snake that would swallow the little chickens and would swallow eggs wherever they could find them. There was also a racer snake, a deep gray, and the coach whip which was real black. They were both long and slim and could crawl so fast; the coach whip could sure scare a person as they would sometimes stop and raise themselves and act like they would fight. Then the king snake had all colors. It was small. Some people said they were poisonous and would sting with their tail, but I never believed it. Oh, yes, there was the big bull snake, too.

It was a wonder that I never was bitten by a rattlesnake. I guess I was lucky there. I stepped over one, beside one several times, and even on one once. I was roaming around all by myself, and I saw the biggest diamond rattlesnake in my life. I sure didn't try to kill it. I have killed many a one, with rocks, stick or hoe. Always liked to pick dewberries, but watched for snakes. Once there was one under a dewberry vine as thick as my arm or more. Aunt Gini was with me, and I sent her to the men who were shearing sheep, a mile or more from there. Someone came with a gun and killed it. It had swallowed a whole rabbit.

I loved to roam around, mostly by myself, hunting cows with little calves. I would bring

them home, as young calves would often get screw worms so bad and had to be doctored or else they would be eaten up by the worms.

There were so many kinds of ticks and red bugs, too. There was the seed tick, about as big as a pin head. They sit on the cow's head and suck the blood. Then the flies would come and lay their eggs on the cows, and when the eggs hatched, they would eat big holes in the cows; so we had to watch all the time. They had to be doctored with worm medicine to kill the worms. The sheep would get worms, too; my, that was a mess.

Raccoons were plentiful. Sometimes if they found a field of corn, they would eat the nice tender roasting ears; they would do a lot of damage. We did not have a hen house and the chickens roosted in trees. Mother had about thirty or forty chickens and they were disappearing. Finally they caught a big coon (as we called them) and she didn't lose any more chickens, but there were only three left. Possums could get pretty bad, too. They got eggs. Of course there were plenty of wolves and wildcats. Often during lambing time the shepherds couldn't bring all the sheep in. I remember one time just about sundown we walked about ½ mile or more up a hill, and down below us on the other side were sheep stomping their feet. Then we could see a wolf trying to catch a lamb; the old ewes wouldn't let him. I guess if we hadn't come he would have caught it.

I always admired the flowers that Tante Tillie Goeth and Tante Louise raised. They had window boxes full, especially phlox and petunias. We hunted wild flowers of all kinds, also berries, dewberries, algerita, and black haw. Then there were wild plums and persimmons, but they weren't very good. The persimmon had to be just the right ripeness to be any good at all. The wild grapes were not so good raw, but we made jelly out of them and the men made wine; Uncle George Hoppe always had some.

In 1880 Father, Anton Goebel and Uncle George Hoppe started for Florida. They left in January, but Uncle George backed out when they got to Galveston. Father and Anton went on; I don't know how long they stayed. When they came back Father brought a trunk full of oranges and one grapefruit. Father said the grapefruit couldn't be eaten, they were too bitter. The oranges were divided between the neighbors. At that time we didn't have oranges, apples, and other fruit as we have now.

While Father was gone, we had to herd lambs. Mother helped and went home at dinner time and fixed something to eat, while we children stayed with the lambs. We had such a warm winter that year and Mother made a garden and the beans were already blooming, when a cold spell came and froze everything.

One year Father had to go to grand jury at Austin. Mother was at the Hoppes', where a baby was expected. The children had to tend the lambs and we fixed our own dinner. Just as we started to sit down to eat, Emil came in and said the grass was burning. Bettie, Julia and I all jumped and ran to put the fire out. Also, "Old Man" Smith was with us. We worked three hours before we got it out. Rail fences burned down and the badly needed grass was gone. While we

were working with the fire, Willie Fuchs came and brought Olga home. So Willie went and got some more help. Emil had been playing with matches and started the fire. When we came home we were as black as Negroes, the dinner was cold, and we had to go back and look after the sheep and lambs. The sheep had to be watered, and the lambs let out to their mothers.

One time the children and I were out running around and as we climbed over a rock fence, a rock fell on Fritz's foot. It sure bled and we were about a quarter of a mile from home. So I carried him home, but some of the children ran and told Mother, and she came and helped carry Fritz. I bet Fritz still has a scar on his foot. He was maybe ten or so.

Father always had so many peach trees planted. Some years when there were so many peaches, neighbors came from miles away and got peaches. We sat all day and into the night and cut peaches to dry. They were put on the roof of the house one piece beside the other, and when a shower came we had to run and gather them up. When the rain stopped, they had to be spread out again. Mother sometimes had barrels full of dried fruit. We also had tame plums of all kinds.

My greatest wish was that I could learn to draw and paint, but I never had a chance. One time I was sick and had to stay in the house. It must have been around Valentine's, because I drew and made two valentines, one for a girl and one for a boy. At that time we wouldn't let anybody know who sent them. The girl said nobody but the Goeth boys (Uncle Charlie's cousins) could have done it. I never let on that I had made it.⁵

One year there were so many wild passenger pigeons. They were so thick and flew so low that a person could nearly touch them. Where they roosted at night the trees would even break down. Ducks sometimes came in big flocks. Nobody knows what became of the pigeons; all at once they disappeared. Some thought they must have drowned in the ocean. Father would kill them by dishpans full and we had to clean them, also the ducks. We would get full of lice, which sure wasn't nice. We always had plenty of meat to eat. Oh yes, those lice wouldn't stay on us.

In the fall of 1885 I was very ill. I had bone fever and I was in bed three weeks without a doctor or any care. Then I had chills and fever all winter. Later Tante Louise and Uncle Wilhelm took me to their house to cure me with water cure. I had to be put in wet sheets, then covered with blankets and quilts till I sweated. Then I had to be washed off. Oh, how I hated that and I had to take so much quinine for the chills while I was there. Mother fell from a horse and hurt herself, so they got a doctor. They told the doctor about me, and he gave them some medicine. They brought it to Uncle Wilhelm and it said to give so many drops at a time, but Uncle Wilhelm didn't believe in a doctor, so he didn't give the medicine to me. I finally went home and helped take care of Mother, but I was weak and pale for so long.

In 1886 it was so very dry; there was no grass. Father had fenced all his land and had arranged to pasture some cattle for others. On the last of April the people came with the cattle. Mother cried and said there was no grass, but the men said, "We can't help that." That same night it started to rain, a slow rain, and the grass started to grow right away and we had a nice

year after all.

When I was little, I stayed outside much of the time. I would pull out grass and feed the calves in the pen. I guess Father noticed that, and one time one of the heifers had a calf (my pet) called Dixie; Father came in and said, "Your cow had a calf." The arrangement was that the steer calves would be his and the heifer calves mine. The cow had all steer calves. Later I traded my cow for a black cow (Blackie) and she always had heifers. The first calf I gave to Bettie. My calves had a different mark and when I married I had a nice bunch of cows, also some sheep.

At the time Father was at grand jury in Austin, he came home one night after dark and told me, "Minna, unsaddle your horse." He had bought a saddle and horse and rode home from Austin, about 45 miles. Usually he would walk because he liked that better than to ride. The horse was a paint and pretty mean at that. I could hardly drive him, even with a chain on his foot. I called him Prince, and later he was traded for another horse. We kept this horse only a short time, as the man wanted it back. We sold it to him for \$45; that was a big price at that time.

When we young folks went anywhere, it was always on horseback. I even hunted cows on horseback. My brothers were so much younger than me that I usually tended to the cattle. When the boys got bigger, they went with me.

I guess it was in 1878 when Father wanted to build a new house, a rock house, a big one. He had it all laid off; then the neighbors talked him out of building such a big one, though we really needed the big house. So he built only one room with half story stairs inside and a room of lumber for a kitchen. We children slept upstairs; it was just finished when Fritz was born. When Fritz was a week old, we moved in. Father took Mother in a wheelbarrow with the baby in her lap. Later on, Father built a kitchen and dining room and the kitchen had a cellar under it, but the water would run in the cellar when it rained. In later years he even added two more rooms and a hall.

I went to school at Cypress. The mill Uncle Wilhelm had was very interesting to me. There was a dam built about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile above the mill and the water was led in a big ditch on the bank of the Cypress Creek to a water wheel. The water made the wheel run, and with the power of it, there was corn and wheat ground into meal. They also had a cotton gin, not like the gins we have now. The cotton was brought in baskets to a square oblong boxlike frame, and there were two men in it. They had to tramp the cotton down until there was enough in it. There was also a saw mill where shingles and lumber were sawed out of cypress logs. The logs were hauled out of the creek with seven or eight yoke of oxen. They were in pairs and the driver would walk beside them with a long whip and holler at the oxen, hee and haw, one was right and one was left. We played a lot down at the mill. Later Uncle Wilhelm sold the mill to J. R. Kellersberger, who had built a store there. Now everything is gone and big Cypress trees are growing again. At one time they had been cut down for lumber.

In 1886 Grandmother Fuchs died on the first of March, after Grandfather had died in the fall. I wanted to go to the funeral which was about 20 miles or farther, close to the Colorado River.

Of course, I went on horseback over to Uncle Wilhelm to go with the folks. They had already gone, so I rode over to Goeths, several miles farther, where I caught up with them. We went to the graveyard where Grandmother was buried. Then we went to Varnhagens to eat dinner. It had been threatening to rain all day. When we wanted to eat, it got so dark we had to light a lamp. It stayed misty after the rain, but they wanted to go home anyway. Varnhagens asked me to stay there and I could ride home the next day with Adolf Matern.⁶ They thought it would be better for me to stay because I had been sick all winter. But I didn't want to ride with Adolf, so I went on with the others and stayed all night at Tante Louise. Varnhagens gave me a quilt to hang over me; sure was nice of them. That was the most I ever rode in one day, about 40 miles.

One time we had such a bad storm. It blew and rained for three days and nights. Big live oak trees were just torn out by the roots. A few days later we went to the wedding of Ulli Matern, Adolph's sister, and on the way we saw all the big trees lying on the ground, roots and all.

In 1884 or so, Father, Lillie Stuckert (Aunt Mercedes's aunt), and I went to Austin. I don't know how long we stayed, but we went to Pompee's. While we were there, the bridge we had gone over broke down. We had to cross the river above Austin when we started home. Uncle Carl Goeth, Ottie Goeth, and a Tips boy came home with us. We had to camp on the way home; it started to rain, so we went to a house to stay all night. My, there were so many bed bugs that we couldn't sleep.

In 1889 Father took Bettie and me to Galveston to the Half Century celebration. After a few days we met Uncle George, Tante Hanni, and Willie Fuchs. At first we stayed at a place that sure was dirty. Then Father found a real nice place and took rooms for all of us. It was interesting to see everything; even took a ride on a little steamboat and it didn't make us seasick. Later I got sick and couldn't go with the others; they went on a big ship and went through it. Father bought Bettie and me each a brooch and ring; the first ones we had and the only one I ever had except my wedding ring.

II. MARRIAGE AND CHILDREN

We were raised as plain as can be; Mother said only show people powdered their faces – the powder made the skin rough and ugly. I don't think I had any make-up on when I married. I want to confess one thing; I guess you will all laugh. I was at Mrs. Schroeter's (Reinhold Schroeter's mother) and the girls there washed their faces in buttermilk or whey. So Mrs. Schroeter asked me if I wanted to wash my face, too. I was 18 then and I said, "No, I don't need it any more as I am already engaged." Mrs. Schroeter should have told me that didn't make any difference. I guess she was tickled about my answer. I never thought about how I looked; now the little babies start to powder themselves. I never powdered myself until I was older and then I felt as if the people would laugh at me.

When I was 18, I was engaged to be married but it broke up after a time. Then three years later Moritz Goebel came to work for my father. After awhile we got engaged and he became your grandfather, so I will call him Grandpa. I still regret that he couldn't have lived longer so he could have enjoyed his grandchildren. He loved them so and could entertain little children and I never could. He played the violin so pretty.

He was nearly 17 years older than I was. We married on the 20th of June, 1891. We sure didn't start like the couples do now; we didn't have showers like they had in later years. We went to Austin and bought us a bedstead, dresser table, and some chairs. Grandpa had only \$90, but Father had given us the money to buy the furniture.

On my 21st birthday Father had given me a pair of shoes and inside was a \$10 gold piece. With that we bought ourselves 6 knives, 6 forks, 6 tablespoons and 6 teaspoons. It was guaranteed for 20 years.

For wedding presents Uncle George had made us a table, a bench, and gave us a tablecloth. Theodore Fuchs gave us a churn; Tante Louise gave us 3 jars of pickles, 3 jelly glasses which were half full of sugar. Uncle John Goebel had made a tool box with a saw, square, hatchet, hammer and so on. Aunt Bettie gave us a set of dishes; still have 2 plates and a pitcher left. They are now nearly 57 years old, also have 2 bread pans that came with the stove.

We were married at the house where some of our friends were present. Then we went to Cypress Mill to celebrate with dancing and so on. We lived on a place about six years that we had rented from Father; then he gave us land on the Pedernales River; the house we lived in so long was torn down and a new house was built there, two rooms and a backroom for the kitchen.

I always tried to raise turkeys. One time we saw wolves after my turkeys (at the old place yet). The wolves and wild cats were bad; we often caught wild cats in traps, by putting a chicken in a coop and setting the traps around them. The last year we lived at the river our only income was our turkeys; we had about seventy that year. The grasshoppers had eaten all the crop; had only one stack of river grass. We nearly killed ourselves, trying to kill the grasshoppers. I figure now that we lived in the corner of the river and the grasshoppers would wander up to the corner

of the river and wouldn't go any farther, so they were worse at our place than anywhere else. Once our turkeys did not come home at dinner time, which they usually did. We hunted for them several days. One morning, early, we heard them making a terrible noise; we soon found them about two miles from our house. There were several dead ones, and then we saw some wolves. They were waiting for the turkeys to come down from the trees. We drove the turkeys home, and they never left the place again. I had a chicken running with the turkeys that had been raised by a turkey hen; it stayed with them and it was still there. There was one quail that ran with the turkeys, too, and it was still with them.

When we still lived at the old place, I heard someone hollering. I heard it for sometime, and then I didn't hear it anymore. I knew the men were shearing sheep down that way. When Grandpa came home, he said Emil shot his foot off while he was herding sheep. Grandpa had to ride to Marble Falls for a doctor, but he didn't find him at home, so Grandpa had to ride to Burnet, which was 15 to 20 miles farther. He rode all night, until next day at dinner. They had kept Emil's foot in wet rags all the time. The doctor said that was the right thing to have done. However, the doctor had to take his foot off. Emil had traded for an old shotgun and it fell apart and went off.

When we wanted to go anywhere, we had to take the big wagon. Of course it always took a long time to travel. There was the Cypress Hall, where we went on Sundays once a month. The men had their beer, the women talked, and the young folks played games, danced, and so on.

We lived about a little more than a half mile from Mother. That's where Felix, Thea, and Elizabeth were born. I would go down to Mother's to do my washing with Bettie, Julia, and Mother. We washed on washboards, and sometimes stood washing all day long. We even went down to the river to wash, so the water wouldn't have to be hauled.

In 1897 we moved about half a mile from the river. We lived with Mother while a new house was built there. During that time Alois was born. We moved into the new place in January of 1898. We had to have a well drilled. Two men, drilled on it for three months. They had guaranteed water, but never got enough; they struck hard stone and gave up. We boarded them and 2 to 4 horses all that time. Grandpa didn't have to pay them anything, but he gave them \$50, anyway. We just had enough water for house use. Later, Father dug us a cistern, but it didn't hold much water, either; we had to draw the water by hand from the cistern and the well.

In 1900 we had a big cotton crop, a bale per acre, but had only 9 acre, and the cotton went down so much. When we got the last cotton out, it brought only \$15 a bale. To think what little we had to live on. Of course everything was cheaper, but it took money all the same, to buy things. If I had a Sunday dress, I wore it for years, until the people made fun of me. Three or four hundred dollars a year was all we made and had to pay taxes, too. Sometimes, we had to borrow money, which was bad. One good thing, we were healthy, and didn't have to have a doctor often. Just before Hilda was born Grandpa got very sick and we did have to have a doctor.

One time Uncle Wilhelm bought two steer yearlings from us, and he gave us \$15 for both of them; we thought that was a good price. We always had a few yearlings to sell, but generally, J. R. Kellersberger bought them, and we bought groceries with that money from his store.

We lived at the Pedernales River from 1898 to 1908. Father sold his big ranch to George Lester, so we sold out to him, too. Grandpa rented a place from George Lester about 3 miles east of Marble Falls, which had a big nice house, where we lived three years. Norbert was born in 1901, while we still lived at Cypress; Hilda was born in 1905 there.

The children and I went fishing quite often. Thea says she always had to watch the babies while I fished. One April 1, I caught the biggest fish we ever caught there in the river. When Felix and I caught 7 or 8 nice big ones, we quit and fixed them for supper. That was a nice April Fools Day.

Sometimes we had picnics at the river, generally on my birthday, as it was early in the spring, April 15. Everybody enjoyed this so much, being outside and in the fresh air. One time the river was so low that we drove across it, and had the picnic on the other side of the river. It was fun. Then another time on my birthday, we planned a picnic, but it started raining the night before; rained all the next day, so there was no picnic. But Bettie and some of the children came in the rain, because they knew I had cooked so much. We sure needed the rain.

So many pretty flowers grew along the river. Sometimes it was all covered with bluebonnets, lupines, and wild phlox, etc. One time we even found some ripe dewberries on my birthday; they were well protected between some bluffs. Usually they didn't get ripe until May. Also the algerita berries got ripe in May.

I forgot to say that we always had such pretty dance music, made by Grandpa, Uncle John Goebel, and Eddie Goeth, who played the piano. This was at the hall. Grandpa and Uncle John played the violins. Everybody said Grandpa played so pretty, and I thought so, too. Many times I think, if only the grandchildren could have heard Grandpa play.

One time we had been hunting dewberries at the river and Elizabeth got into a bullnettle bush. They sure do hurt, and she was full of big whelps, and at first I didn't know what to do. Then I undressed her and held her in the river, which helped a lot. Alois couldn't eat meat or he would get so full of whelps, so I would take a wet sheet and wrap him in it; that would always help. That is why I thought about putting Elizabeth in the cool water.

I was always so nervous when it was lightning, but didn't want the children to know that I was. One day there was such a hard thunder shower, and I was sitting on a trunk against the wall, when there was a terrific thunderclap and I jumped. Felix had come real close to me and he said, "See, you are scared, too." In later years I wasn't quite so nervous anymore, but once when it hailed so hard, Hilda came to me while it was storming and felt of my hands to see if I was scared, too.

When we still lived at the old place where Felix, Thea, and Elizabeth were born, we would take a walk to an old tank that was dry. The grass was so pretty there. I would take a book or

some crocheting, and the children would romp and play. On the way home we would gather kindling of dead sumac to start the fire with in the mornings. We had to go to the corncrib and shuck corn for the hogs, then I would milk the cows. Grandpa mostly came home late from the field, which was at least two miles from the house.

Once, several days before we left Cypress Mill, was the last time I ever rode a horse. Grandpa had gone to Marble Falls to get something for Mr. Lester. We caught our horses and all rode to the Cypress hall, as it was meeting day. I don't know why I never rode anymore. It will be 44 years this fall since I rode.

On the 15th of March, 1892, when Felix was born, it had been misty for days. It must have been warm before that, as the roses were blooming. Then it turned cold and the next morning everything was covered with ice. Grandpa brought a rose and it was covered with ice. We did save our young tomato and cabbage plants, as we had covered them. That was something unusual for it to freeze that late in the year.

Felix often ran away. We had a young dog that would lead Felix away. I watched them one time. The dog would go a piece until Felix would follow; when he caught up, the dog would go on. When Elizabeth was born, Felix ran down to Mother's and told them he had a new sister. Someone asked him if his folks knew that he came. He just turned around ran back home. We had not missed him, but we saw him coming back. It was more than a half a mile to Mother's.

Wildcats would get our turkeys and chickens at night. One night we heard the turkeys; Felix and I got up (as Grandpa wasn't at home), and there was a live oak tree where the turkeys roosted. There was one dead turkey and whatever was bothering them ran away.

One other time we heard the turkeys cutting up again. We hadn't gone to bed, so Grandpa, Felix, and I took a lantern and went out. We could hear the dogs trailing something. We followed them, and they had treed something, but when we got near, it jumped off and ran to another tree. It was a wildcat, and at last they got a shot at it. Don't remember whether Felix or Grandpa shot it.

We had some dry years, and of course we didn't have enough feed for the cattle. In winter time we would burn cactus or prickly pears. Down there they grew 2 to 3 feet high. We cut them down, then we had sticks sharpened on one end; we would take as many leaves on the stick as it could hold and held them over a fire to burn off the stickers and thorns. Then the cattle would eat them. They were crazy about them, and as soon as they would smell the cactus burning, they would come a bawling. Sometimes an old cow would start eating the cactus with stickers and all, and her mouth would be so full of thorns that she couldn't eat any more. That year we burned so many cactus. We went out in any kind of weather. Norbert wasn't a year old, but I would bundle him up and put him in a little wagon, which had sideboards on it. He didn't seem to mind it at all. Sometimes, when people didn't have enough feed (in dry years), they would cut down live oak trees for the cows and sheep to eat.

When Grandpa and I were first married, we went to San Antonio. We took Gini and Fritz

along. Grandpa bought some horses very cheap, and they were cheap, too. One was real old, and the other one wouldn't pull. Once we were going to the Cypress hall, and there was a steep hill and there was an especially bad place on the side. We had the horse hitched that wouldn't pull. It cut up something terrible, and the people at the hall could see it, and they hollered for me to get out. We finally got it to go on, but I still don't know how it happened that the wagon didn't turn over. I don't remember what became of those old horses.

One time Uncle John, Aunt Ida, Cousin Moritz, Berthold, Laura, Grandpa, Felix, and I went to the circus at San Antonio. We also had Felix's picture taken; he was just seven months old. We also visited with Uncle Alois and family.⁷ Uncle Alois, with his daughters, Tonie, Virginia, and Marianna, made music in a big hotel. They had someone to play the piano, and they all played stringed instruments. We stayed in San Antonio several days. I was so hungry for bananas, but never said anything until we were back home. We didn't buy much fruit; generally it was cheese, sardines and bread, and often it was crackers. In those days the bread wasn't so good, not like it is now.

Then once Bettie, Alois, and I went by train to San Antonio. I wanted to have a picture taken of Alois, but the weather was so bad that we couldn't get it made. At that time pictures couldn't be taken just anytime like they can now. Alois wasn't quite two years old.

It was an exciting time when we moved away from Cypress Mill to Marble Falls. We had a big wagon loaded, then a hack was loaded, and it was tied to the wagon. The girls, Thea and Elizabeth, were on horseback. On our way over we ate dinner; had a cake along, because it was Alois' birthday. We came to the Lester place about sundown, and everything looked so ugly that Thea cried. It was only that everything was empty and dusty. After we cleaned it up and put everything in place, it was real nice and it was a big house.

When we lived at the Lester place, Grandpa got very sick; it was in winter. He had dropsy in his legs; we had Dr. Lawson. We had a water cure book, and it said to eat lemons and take hot sitz baths. I would gather cedar branches, and would take some salt, put that in a tub and pour boiling water over it. I had something where Grandpa could put his feet on and then covered them tightly for sometime. It all must have helped, as he got well again.

When we lived on the Lester place, we were close to Mormon Mill, and there was a creek called Hamilton Creek. There had once been a mill, built by the Mormons. They had made a dam across the creek, and below that, there was a high falls. They had made a ditch for the water to lead over a big water wheel. The mill was gone, but the water wheel was still there. Mother said she used to ride to that mill and have corn or wheat ground. At one time the Mormons had a settlement there, and we could still see old places where they had lived. I believe they left in 1850 for Utah. I guess that would be in Texas History. Oh yes, below the water fall was a deep hole and it wasn't so very big, but people said they couldn't find the bottom of it.

One year we raised such big Irish potatoes in what we called the sand garden. Grandpa took some to Marble Falls to sell or maybe he took some several times. After that he was called the

big potato man. My garden was nearly a quarter of a mile from the house. I always had a little wagon to take the smallest of the children, as I couldn't carry the babies very well; my back always hurt so much.

One time Felix was bitten by something and got such bad whelps all over him. While I was still working with him, Grandpa came home and I didn't have any chores done. It was already dark, and I didn't know what to do, but finally thought to take a wet sheet and wrapped it around Felix, which helped.

III. LIFE ON THE PLAINS

We came to the plains in the fall of 1911, and built the house where you live now, Hilton and Gail.⁸ We lived with Mother five months before we had the house ready to move into. It was such a terribly cold winter; the coldest we ever had. It was so continuously cold; we have had colder spells, but they didn't last so long.

When we moved to the plains, I thought, how can we make a living on just 160 acres? However, we always made better than we did at Cypress. Some years we had so much grain, we didn't know where to put it. The cotton usually made good, too.

The folks from up here had written that the wind blew so bad, but I had made up my mind, I shall and will like it, and I never regretted moving up here and never got homesick.

When we moved up here, Thea, Elizabeth, Norbert, Hilda, and I left Marble Falls about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. We stayed all night in Lampasas. Uncle George Struve and Aunt Olga were with us, too; they had been on a visit down there. The next day we had to lay over 3 to 4 hours in Coleman; the second night we stayed at Sweetwater. Then we got here about 2 p.m. next-day on a drizzly, cold first of November. Next morning there was snow on the ground, and of all things, we had left Norbert's sweater at Lampasas.

Grandpa, Felix, and Alois had to do the last packing and left some things that I surely did miss. Alois and Felix came in a big wagon, which was loaded. They led some horses, and it took 16 days for them to get here. Grandpa came by train; one of the cars was loaded with furniture, cedar posts, some chickens, hogs, and some horses. He had a time to get here; had to lay over because the horses had to be dipped at Sweetwater. Don't remember how long it took him to come.

In 1918 we had such a blizzard, the cattle froze, or their feet froze, and some died. We had to sell lots of our cattle on account of their frozen feet.

In 1916 Uncle Charlie, Mother, and I went with Bruno down home (as I still call it). We left here early in the morning, 5 o'clock, and drove all the time until we got below San Angelo, where we camped. All of us couldn't sleep, so we got up at four and drove until seven a.m. We stopped and cooked some breakfast and rested awhile. At dinner it looked like rain, and the men got some barbecue and other things, and we ate in the car while we were driving. Soon it started raining, but luckily we had a sandy road right then and it didn't get muddy. We came to Fairland about 5 p.m, and expected to find brother George and his young wife there. Found out that they had moved, so we drove on to Uncle A. J.'s in Marble Falls; got there about 6 p.m.⁹ That night it rained and we were glad we had gotten there. You can see how long it took us at that time, even in a car.

Bruno had gone down because he wanted to have his appendix taken out, as he had been having trouble. He went on to Austin all by himself and he was back in nine days. He said the doctor said it needed to be out, and at that time we didn't have very good doctors up here. While

Bruno was gone, A. J.'s family moved to a camp on the Colorado River. They wanted to stay there for awhile during the summer, and had everything fixed real nice; also George and Rose camped there. It took us two days to come home.

Uncle Charlie had already gone home, by train, I think. I sure got tickled at Uncle Charlie. He was so homesick to go back down there, and the closer we got, the less he liked it. When he would see a small field in a corner, he would say, "I sure wouldn't like to plow such a 'measly' field." When we came to where people were chopping wood, he said, "I wouldn't like to chop wood." After that trip he was much better satisfied up here.

We lived on that place out in the country (about 6 miles southeast of Abernathy) from April, 1911 to 1926, when we moved to Abernathy. That was on January 26, and it was very cold, but there was a furnace in the house, and we could go and straighten things out. We didn't like the furnace very much, because it was messy downstairs and always had to have kindling to start the fire so the coal would burn. The ashes had to be carried up and the coal had to be brought down. So after awhile, we changed to gas and took the furnace out.

Grandpa lived about two years here with us, and then he died. He was sick quite a while. It will be twenty years soon when he passed away. He had gotten very sick in the fall of 1926 and had to have an operation; he was still in the hospital on Christmas Day. In September, 1927, he got sick again; he never had gotten over his operation. The doctor had told Felix that Grandpa had cancer, and couldn't live much longer, but they told Grandpa that he had a tumor. He was in bed eight months and suffered untold pains. He died on May 31, 1928. It was hard to see him suffer so and we couldn't help him. We gave him medicine to ease him, but it didn't help much. All the children were so good, one or the other would stay in the daytime and someone else at night. They knew when their turn came to come. Grandpa would have been 75 years old in June, and we would have been married 37 years that month.

Grandpa had insisted that Norbert buy our place, and he could pay it off in 20 years. Felix had bought the strip land behind the other field. They both let it go back when Grandpa died. I am so glad they did; we had some very bad years. Sometimes I couldn't pay the taxes or the Federal Loan. Then Elizabeth helped me out. Now since we have the irrigation well, it is lots better. I wouldn't have a thing now, if it hadn't been for that.

When Norbert was going to school at Canyon, he got amused because I wrote him that Mahlon was born, and in the same letter I wrote him about some twin calves our cow had. He wrote that he didn't know whether I was the proudest of my first grandchild or the twin calves. Well, Mahlon grew up to be a fine young man, and the calves grew to be cows, and Grandpa sold them when we moved to town.

One day when we were living in the country east of Abernathy, Elizabeth saw my mother coming across the field. Mother was trying to run, but she had to go against a terrible west wind, and she was all out of breath. Elizabeth ran to meet her and came back and said, "Grandma's house is burning." Felix, Alois, and Norbert grabbed buckets and ran over there. Felix climbed

the porch post, and the others handed him buckets of water. Felix said afterwards that he never could have climbed that post any other time. In the meantime, Arthur Struve came to help, and they got the fire out pretty quick. If the wind hadn't been blowing so hard, they couldn't have saved the house; the fire couldn't burn against the strong wind. Uncle Ben lived at the Henry Struve place and Great-Grandmother lived northeast of us on the Burney Myatt place.¹⁰

One year, on the 10th of May, Mother and I came home from Abernathy, and while we were driving along by the Schroeter place, I lost one of the lines and I couldn't stop Trixie (our horse). The horse got scared and turned the buggy over, and she got loose and ran toward home. Elizabeth was at home all by herself and got scared when she saw the horse. We just went to the Schroeters. Some neighbors saw us when we were thrown out of the buggy, and they stopped at Schroeters and took us home. If we hadn't had that turnover, we would have gotten in a hailstorm. This way, it just rained where we were. We had been to Bettie's birthday.

In 1914 we had such a terrible hail. The hailstones came through the roof. It killed sheep, chickens and did lots of damage. We had to have a new roof and window panes. Also, we had some English peas ready to pick, and of course they were ruined.

When we moved up here, Mother said, "You can raise most anything here, except flowers." I showed her that we could have flowers, if a person planted them. I always raised flowers until the last years, as I couldn't take care of them, anymore. I sure do miss my flowers. I have raised many beautiful flowers, here, prettier than I had down home (Cypress).

IV. TRIPS AND VISITS

Now I will tell about the trips I took and enjoyed very much. On August 3, 1928, Thea, Homer, and the boys took Elizabeth and me to Carlsbad Cavern. That was the first time that I ever set my foot out of Texas. No one knows how much I enjoyed it. I saw the beautiful formations in the cave; it was so interesting. A year later when we were coming from Ohio, we went to the Mammoth Cave. I had wanted to see that cave for so long, but we were very disappointed. Guess it was because we had seen the Carlsbad Cavern first, and it was much prettier. However, there were many interesting things to see, too.

I have enjoyed the trips to New Mexico very much as I like to drive and see the country. The lava fields were unusual and interesting. We had a picnic under a beautiful pine tree; it was so thick with needles that not a ray of sunshine came through. I enjoyed driving around in the forests.

In 1929 Thea and Homer took me along to Ohio. That was a nice trip, we went through eleven states and into Canada. The feeling to be so far away from home made me homesick. Little Ben Struve was so sick then, and I didn't know if he would still be alive when we got back (he died soon after we came home).

On this trip we went by Bruno and Elma's at Mena. I saw so many things I had never seen before; there were drawbridges, rice fields, and so on. On the way back we crossed the Tennessee River on a ferryboat. Hilbert cried when we got off, he liked it so much. We came through Tennessee on a Saturday, and we saw so many Negroes in buggies, wagons, on horseback, walking (barefoot), all going to town.¹¹

We also thought the Niagara Falls were interesting to see. We crossed a bridge into Canada and saw a well that would burn when it was lit with a match, or only the top burned. On our way to Niagara Falls, Morris had his 5th birthday, and when we came home, Hilbert had his 2nd birthday.

In 1939 I made my first and only trip all by myself. I went to Ingleside. Fritz Struve was going to Austin, and he was so kind to take me as far as Fredericksburg. As I was so inexperienced, I didn't ask if there was a chance to go on that night, and it was still early in the afternoon. I stayed all night in the Nimitz Hotel, and told the hotel manager that I wanted to go to Corpus Christi; I didn't know Ingleside came first. Then a young woman asked me to drive around with her and some others while I waited. While we were gone, the manager got me a ticket to Corpus and said the bus would leave at 5 a.m. There was a boy who would be sitting up all night and he was to wake me. I couldn't sleep much and the night seemed endless. I had my shades drawn and it was dark in the room. When I finally decided to get up and went into the waiting room, I noticed it was seven o'clock. When I saw the boy I told him he should have called me at five. The boy then offered to take me to San Antonio, and I had to lay over there three hours. Finally, when I told the bus driver that I wanted to go to Ingleside, he told me not to

go to Corpus but to get off at a little place called Gregory, I believe it was. We got there at 4 p.m. and there was no one to meet me.

I had gotten off at a filling station, and I didn't know what to do next. I couldn't find a place to stay all night, so the man at the station said he could take me; of course it cost quite a bit. When we got to Ingleside (about 5 or 6 miles out), I didn't know where Rudolf lived. They had written to ask at the cafe for a woman named Gertrude, but I couldn't find anyone by that name. I did know this much, that Rudolf was called "Red", and we asked at a filling station about Red, and sure enough, he could tell us where he lived. When we got there, I saw a little girl on the porch, and I knew they had a little girl. When we stopped, Bettie saw me and came out. She had been staying with Rudolf and Faye for sometime. They were just getting ready to meet me; they had already been there several times and didn't know there was a four o'clock bus. By that time I sure didn't feel good anymore; I felt lost and worried, and I knew they had been worrying about me, too.

I sure enjoyed my stay out there, but never got a fish to eat. Faye wanted to buy some fish, but she couldn't get any and Rudolf and another man tried their best to catch some. I had gone to Ingleside because I was so nervous and felt so bad that no one could live with me anymore. I felt as if I had to get away. It sure helped me in every way. I saw how other people lived with no conveniences, and realized how nice I had it at home.

While I was at Ingleside, Rudolf and Faye took Bettie and me several places. One Sunday Rudolf's family and another car with their friends in it went to Goose Island. It was quite a way from Ingleside, and we had a picnic dinner there. We saw a big live oak tree, the biggest one in Texas. Maybe you have read about it, as it was described several times in papers and even had pictures of it. When we went to the island, we had to drive over a long bridge. I noticed the water on one side looked as green as clear green glass. It sure was pretty. Then we saw so many ducks and other birds.

Another Sunday we took our dinner and drove to see the gulf, had to drive over a long causeway (for miles). We tried to fish, but never caught a fish. We saw one man that had a string of fish, queer looking things and someone said that they were sheephead fish and were about a foot long.

We saw the gulls coming close to us, and we threw out some banana peelings. They would pick them up and run to the water to rinse them off; then swallow them. The waves were high; there was a pelican on the waves and it never moved, just sat there. When a wave came, it would go up and down with it, but it always stayed at the same place.

One weekend Rudolf and his friend, Mr. Draman, took Bettie, Virgie, and me to Brownsville; we even crossed the Rio Grande River into old Mexico. There really wasn't much to see, just rough streets. It was beautiful to see all the orange, lemon, and grapefruit trees, full of fruit, ripe, and green ones, too. They smelled so good, as they were blooming, too. At one place we bought some oranges, a big sackful for 25¢. We bought them before we crossed the river. If we had

taken the oranges across and came back with them, we would have had to pay taxes for them. Funny, wasn't it?

I stayed with them 3 weeks, and Rudolf also took us to Corpus Christi. From Rudolf's, Bettie and I went to Johnson City, Cypress Mill, and Marble Falls. We saw spring coming on, and everything was getting so pretty; the elm trees got prettier every day. We left Cypress Mill on April 1, and stayed two days with Carolina and Ernest Park at Christoval.¹² We went fishing on the Concho River and caught some perch. We got home on the 3rd of April. I had been gone seven weeks, the longest I was ever away from home. My, I was homesick.

On the 21st of June, 1940, Norbert, Retha, Aunt Anna, and I left for Arkansas. We visited Bruno and Elma and also Bettie, who was there at that time. We got there on Friday and stayed until Monday, and then went to see Rose Fuchs in Missouri. She had written that she had cancer and the doctor said she couldn't live three more months. Poor woman, we stayed there two nights. She was very glad to see us, and she died seven weeks later. She had married again, a man by the name of George Duncan. Rose was brother George's widow.

When we drove through the Ozark Mountains, it was so pretty, so many different trees. I have always wished I could go there sometime in the fall to see everything in fall colors. We made the trip in six days. I was so glad to see Rose again. We also saw her children. I hadn't seen them in so long. Eleanor was a young married woman and lived in Neosha about 30 miles from Rose. We went to see her and she came back with us to Rose's. Billie Loris had grown up into a fine young lady, and George Harvey was a boy of 15, small for his age. They seemed to be such good children that I always wished they lived closer.

On the way from Bruno's to Rose's, we came over the Ozark Mountains on the highest place. On top was a high tower and you could climb it and look all over the country. We ate our dinner close by; there were benches and tables. While at Bruno's, we drove around and went on the skyline drive. We could look down at Mena and see farms, little hills, way down there. We went berry hunting; found blackberries and dewberries. It sure was pretty out in the woods.

June 1, 1949 – Well, this is as far as I got. I could tell a lot more, but my eyes got so bad that I can hardly see, and I know you all get tired of reading.

Memories of Grandmother Minna Goebel. I know there will be a lot more Grandmother Goebels in the future.

Grandmother

ENDNOTES

To a reader unfamiliar with the people and places described by Grandmother Goebel, the following endnotes are placed here to identify them further.

1. Grandmother Goebel's father, Fritz, had three brothers, Wilhelm, Karl and Otto. Aunt Mercedes referred to in this paragraph is Mercedes Fuchs, wife of Grandmother's brother Fritz, Jr.
2. Wilhelm Fuchs is the son of Pastor Adolf Fuchs. Although he is referred to by Grandmother as "Uncle," he was actually her father's cousin.
3. Aunt Dora is Dora (Varnhagen) Goebel, wife of Grandmother Goebel's son, Felix. Dora's father's stepmother was a daughter of Pastor Adolf Fuchs, Ulla Fuchs Matern Varnhagen.
4. Brothers Moritz, John, and Alois Goebel came to Texas in 1869 and worked on various ranches as shepherds during this period. Brother Anton came to Texas later.
5. The Goeth boys were probably sons of Carl and Ottilie Goeth, grandsons of Pastor Adolf Fuchs. Uncle Charlie referred to here is Charles Goeth, husband of Grandmother Goebel's sister, Julia.
6. Adolf Matern was a stepson of Adolf Varnhagen.
7. Those going to the circus included Grandmother's brother-in-law, John Goebel, his wife Ida, sons Moritz and Berthold, and daughter Laura. Uncle Alois Goebel is another brother-in-law.
8. The house is the old Goebel farm house, six miles southeast of Abernathy. When Grandmother moved to Abernathy, son Norbert and first wife, Ruth, lived here until 1932. Then daughter Hilda, husband Vernon Smith, and their children Hilton, Gail, and Carla lived here until January, 1953.
9. A. J. refers to Albano John Fuchs, husband of Grandmother's sister Gini.
10. Grandmother's mother was living on the quarter section of land adjoining the Goebel place on the east. Uncle Ben is Ben Struve (father of Arthur), husband of Grandmother's sister Anna, who farmed the quarter section of land adjoining the Goebel place on the north.
11. Grandmother Goebel's brother Bruno and wife Elma were living in Mena, Arkansas, in 1929. They moved back to the Lubbock-Abernathy area in the 30's, living at Buffalo Lakes for a while. They had moved back to Mena by 1940 when Grandmother visited them again.
12. Carolina Park is the niece of Grandmother Goebel. She is the daughter of sister Gini.

APPENDIXES

FAMILY OF MINNA FUCHS GOEBEL

FRITZ FUCHS, SR., December 2, 1840 - March 1, 1932, Father

THEODORA HOPPE, July 18, 1848 - January 18, 1936, Mother
Married March 25, 1869

THE CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN:

1. MINNA FUCHS, April 16, 1870 - November 10, 1955
Married June 20, 1891 to
Moritz Martin Goebel, June 24, 1853 - May 29, 1928
Children: Felix Anton, Theodora Theresa, Elizabeth Julia, Alois Emil, Norbert Niton,
Hilda Hermina
2. BETTIE FUCHS, May 10, 1872 - July 4, 1953 (never married)
3. JULIA FUCHS, October 12, 1874 - October 2, 1951
Married November 10, 1896 to
Charlie Goeth, February 3, 1867 - December 23, 1949
Children: Earnestine Cristina, Herbert Ernest, Raymond Martin, Tonie Mercedes
4. EMMA FUCHS, November 13, 1875 - 1876
5. EMIL GEORGE FUCHS, December 15, 1876 - December 25, 1963
Married April 23, 1900 to
Sophia Otilia Harsch, April 13, 1882 - October 8, 1947
Children: Clarence Emil, Gilbert Godfrey, Edith Theodora, Edmund Hugo, Olga Louise,
Otto Emil, Valentine Sophia, Roy Robert, Mildred Bertha, Emil George
6. FRITZ FUCHS, JR., December 4, 1878 - July 20, 1958
Married July 11, 1907 to
Hermine Emelia Mercedes Richter, November 20, 1880 - June 6, 1963
Child: Lillie Marie (adopted)
7. GEORGENIA (GINI) ANNA FUCHS, December 21, 1880 - July 1, 1972
Married May 1, 1901 to
Albano John Fuchs, March 1, 1877 - February 9, 1960
Children: Ewald Herman, Gertrude Mercedes, Rudolph Albano, Caroline Theadora,
Herman Fritz, Albano George, Vernon Ben, Roland Sigfried, Marco Bettis,
Marion Julian

8. ANNA MARIE FUCHS, February 7, 1883 - December 7, 1968
Married December 28, 1904 to
Benjamin Franklin Struve, August 12, 1879 - April 17, 1947
Children: Arthur Frederick, Marvin Benjamin, Anna Manna, Victor Albano, Neoma
Theodora, Benjamin Franklin, Jr.

9. OLGA LISSA FUCHS, July 5, 1885 - July 14, 1959
Married August 10, 1908 to
George Washington Struve, February 25, 1882 - November 7, 1957
Children: Walter Fleming, Elsie Theodora, Frank Hugo, Eugene George

10. GEORGE ADOLPH FUCHS, December 6, 1887 - September 8, 1935
Married March 26, 1916 to
Rose Ardella Hibler, February 7, 1895 - August 13, 1940
Children: Margaret Eleanor, Billie Doris, George Harvey

11. MATILDA FUCHS, November 3, 1889 - December, 1890

12. RUDOLF (FUCHS) FOX, September 14, 1891 - August 1980
Married August 2, 1926 (later divorced)
Leona Faye Lee, February 21, 1901 - January 12, 1956
Children: Virgie Joyce, Betty Marie, Gracie Anna

13. BRUNO FUCHS, September 14, 1891 - January 1980
Married July 7, 1920 to
Elma Bessie Barnes, June 3, 1902 - January 1985
Child: Nolan Lawrence

FAMILY OF MORITZ MARTIN GOEBEL

On this and following pages are listed descendants of Grandfather Moritz, his sisters and brothers, as known April 1970. After becoming orphans, Moritz, John, and Alois came to America, "to become ranchers." Brother Anton came to America later, stayed a while, then returned to Europe. Sister Theresia never came to America, and sister Magdalene died as a youth.

Bernice Casey, granddaughter of John, says, "I have a cousin who checked with the district clerk of Travis County and found a microfilm of a copy of John's Declaration of Intention to become a naturalized citizen. It was dated January 16, 1890, and in it John stated that he entered the United States on December 1, 1869, at the port of New Orleans, Louisiana. (This changes what we had always thought – that they arrived in Galveston in 1868. Bernice sent a registered letter to "The Niederkirchner Family" to an address obtained from an old letter from Anton; however, it was returned, marked, "Address Unknown."

I. ALOIS GOEBEL, May 5, 1846 - April 15, 1916
Marie Matern, August 1854 - February 1917
Married August 21, 1873

II. ANTON GOEBEL, April 15, 1848 - d.?
Sedonia _____
(They had no children)

III. MORITZ GOEBEL, June 14, 1853 - May 19, 1928
Minna Fuchs, April 16, 1870 - November 10, 1955
Married June 20, 1891

THERESIA GOEBEL, 1855 - d.?
_____ Niederkirchner

Theresia (Goebel) Niederkirchner had two sons – Anton, who never married and Bela, who married during World War I. They had one daughter (her name is unknown). She was reared by her paternal grandmother because Bela's wife died in childbirth. From correspondence it seems that this child was born in about 1921.

IV. MAGDALENE GOEBEL, 1858 - 1873

V. JOHN GOEBEL, June 2, 1860 - April 4, 1931
Ida Manna Fuchs, June 18, 1869 - April 23, 1954
Married October 8, 1887

DESCENDANTS OF MORITZ AND MINNA GOEBEL
(April 1970)

MORITZ MARTIN GOEBEL, June 24, 1853 - May 29, 1928
and
MINNA FUCHS, April 16, 1870 - November 10, 1955
Married June 17, 1891

- I. Felix Anton Goebel, March 15, 1892 - Dec. 25, 1951
Dora Ulrika Varnhagen, July 15, 1896 - July 1976
Married June 17, 1925
 - A. Rodney Ulrich Goebel, July 16, 1926
Carolyn Sumners Bledsoe, July 8, 1931
Married August 2, 1953
 1. Loris Elizabeth "Betsy" Goebel, Jan. 5, 1956
 2. Marianna Goebel, Jan. 25, 1959
 - B. Felicia Doris Goebel, Jan. 30, 1928
Merle Leroy Elliott, Aug. 1, 1923
Married Feb. 10, 1951
 1. Jean Ann Elliott, Oct. 16, 1955
 2. Jo Linda Elliott, Aug. 3, 1959
 - C. Ben Frank "Spikey" Goebel, March 9, 1932
Rebecca Kathleen Norwood, Jan. 13, 1943
Married Jan. 13, 1963
 1. Frank Norwood Goebel, Dec. 8, 1966
 2. Lissa Rebecca Goebel, Sept. 30, 1969
 - D. Ino Marie Goebel, Jan. 16, 1934
Bobby O. C. Collins, May 14, 1934
Married June 21, 1955
 1. Robert Dale Collins, Feb. 12, 1962
 2. Terri Diane Collins, Oct. 22, 1963
 3. Sheri Lee Collins, Feb. 11, 1966
 4. David Wayne Collins, March 28, 1967
- II. Theodora Theresa Goebel, Oct. 8, 1893 - Oct. 1, 1960
Homer Ellis Rantz, July 22, 1880 - May 22, 1959
Married June 10, 1922
 - A. Morris William Rantz, June 16, 1924
Vera Christine Leonard, Nov. 5, 1918
Married May 27, 1961

- B. Hilbert Ellis Rantz, June 28, 1927
Billie Jane Johnson, Nov. 22, 1926
Married Oct. 13, 1950
 - 1. Mary Margaret Rantz, Dec. 19, 1951
 - 2. John Ellis Rantz, Sept. 21, 1955
 - 3. Sherry Ann Rantz, May 10, 1957

- III. Elizabeth Julia Goebel, Sept. 14, 1895 - Sept. 11, 1968

- IV. Alois Emil Goebel, Dec. 16, 1897 - Sept. 1984
Myrtle Caroline Heggen, Jan. 7, 1900 - Nov. 1985
Married Jan. 3, 1920
 - A. Mahlon Laverne Goebel, March 29, 1921
Mary Elnora (McAteer) Edmunds, Jan. 2, 1923
Married June 20, 1951
 - 1. Rodney Allen Edmunds, Sept. 19, 1945 (Stepson)
 - 2. Debra Joyce Goebel, Feb. 29, 1952

 - B. Joyce Laurene Goebel, Feb. 23, 1923 - March 7, 1924

 - C. Kenneth Boyle Goebel, Feb. 20, 1925
Merry Nell Culver, May 27, 1925
Married Oct. 12, 1946
 - 1. Jerry Wayne Goebel, June 4, 1948
 - 2. Doyle Lynn Goebel, June 11, 1952
 - 3. Ted Culver Goebel, Jan 21, 1957

- V. Norbert Niton Goebel, July 5, 1901 - Jan. 26, 1962
Ruth Sybil Barrier, July 11, 1903 - May 12, 1947
Married Feb. 29, 1924
 - A. Merle Sybil Goebel, Nov. 23, 1924
Eugene Lutrick, March 19, 1923
Married Dec. 31, 1944
 - 1. Judy Jane Lutrick, May 2, 1946
Bryan Prather, Sept. 28, 1942
Married Dec. 8, 1962
 - a. Nicole Rae Prather, Sept. 17, 1963
 - b. Odie Prather, May 10, 1967
 - 2. Jimmy Gene Lutrick, Jan. 4, 1951
Retha (Yarbrough) Honea, Sept. 10, 1907 - Aug. 17, 1949
Married Jan. 24, 1942

 - B. Bobby Carolyn Honea, April 25, 1932 (Stepdaughter)

Eloise Kelley, March 2, 1921
Married Nov. 10, 1950

VI. Hilda Hermina Goebel, Dec. 19, 1905
Vernon Nolan Smith, Dec. 9, 1904 - Jan 1977
Married Oct. 15, 1927

A. Hilton M. Smith, July 18, 1928
Icie Ellen Mahagen, March 1, 1931 - April 26, 1955
Married Jan. 6, 1950
1. Gary Ned Smith, Dec. 15, 1950

Claudia Elizabeth (Havins) McPhearson, Oct. 13, 1927 - March 26, 1969
Married April 18, 1958
2. Deborah Sue McPhearson, Nov. 14, 1949 (Stepdaughter)

B. Gail Smith, April 5, 1933
Hoyle E. Dillard
Married Feb. 7, 1951

John Louis Harrel
Married Aug. 16, 1953

Samuel David Hemphill, Feb. 17, 1936
Married Aug. 12, 1955
Carla Nell Smith, Jan. 6, 1942
M. E. Allison, March 24, 1935
Married Sept. 3, 1969

NOTE: All grandchildren of Minna Goebel were born in the Abernathy area. Grandfather Moritz Goebel, Grandmother Minna Goebel, Felix Goebel, Norbert Goebel, Theodora and Homer Rantz, Elizabeth Goebel, and little Joyce Goebel are all buried in the Abernathy Cemetery.

DESCENDANTS OF JOHN AND IDA MANNA GOEBEL
(April 1970)

JOHN GOEBEL, June 2, 1860 - April 4, 1931
and
IDA MANNA FUCHS, June 18, 1869 - April 23, 1954
Married October 8, 1887

I. Moritz Roland Goebel, August 3, 1888 - Sept. 18, 1965
Agnes Estella Dietz, Aug. 1889 - Jan. 17, 1917
Married Dec. 19, 1912

A. Violet Lucile Ida Goebel, Oct. 15, 1913
Alfred Edward Ebling
Married Feb. 22, 1936
1. Nancy Jane Ebling, Jan. 21, 1940
2. Carol Sue Ebling, Sept. 17, 1945
Richard Arden Purcell
Married June 25, 1966

B. Harrington Roland Goebel, Jan. 2, 1917

Hester Gertrude Dietz, Dec. 24, 1891 - May 30, 1962
Married June 25, 1919

C. Marvin Ernest Goebel, October 27, 1920
Ann Elizabeth Field, June 12, 1925
Married June 5, 1949
Melinda Jane Goebel, Sept. 17, 1952
1. Marvin Ernest Goebel, Jr., Sept. 29, 1953
2. Melanie Ann Goebel, Oct. 1, 1955
3. Melissa Lucile Goebel, Sept. 1, 1957

D. Morris Ralph Goebel, Sept. 30, 1922
Carmen Virginia Haug, April 16, 1924
Married June 7, 1945
1. Morris Rodney Goebel, April 18, 1946
2. Vickie Lynn Goebel, Oct. 25, 1949
3. Don Allen Goebel, Nov. 13, 1957

II. Berthold Goebel, Oct. 2, 1889 - Dec. 5, 1917

III. Laura Valerie Goebel, Jan. 14, 1891
Oscar Seeliger, Feb. 1, 1892 - April 25, 1969
Married April 24, 1916

- A. Evelyn Pauline Seeliger, Dec. 17, 1917
Wesley Ewen Dalton, July 19, 1916
Married Aug- 31, 1940
 - 1. Kay Ann Dalton, June 9, 1943
Ronald David Pevehouse, Dec. 20, 1944
Married Aug. 25, 1967

- B. Norma Estelle Seeliger, June 3, 1924
William Boone Wilson, Feb. 12, 1924
Married June 5, 1942
Peggy Sue Wilson, Feb. 29, 1944
Eddie Darrell Voigt, Aug. 5, 1942
Married March 27, 1964
 - a. Lee Wilson Voigt, June 18, 1965
 - b. Vickie Lee Voigt, Jan. 26, 1970
 - 2. Patty Lou Wilson, May 15, 1948
Ralph Keith Williams, Aug. 13, 1948
Married May 10, 1968
 - a. David Drayton Williams, Lee, 4, 1969

- IV. William Julius Goebel, Aug. 20, 1893
Irmgard Marie Lechow, Oct. 15, 1897
Married Aug. 29, 1920
 - A. Clarence William Goebel, July 7, 1922
Geraldine Stevenson, Sept, 23, 1927
Married July 11, 1947
 - 1. Sharon Kaye Goebel, Nov. 13, 1951
 - 2. Rhonda Sue Goebel, June 13, 1953
 - 3. Laura Lea Goebel, Oct, 27, 1958

 - B. Erwin Anton Goebel, March 1, 1926
Opal Maude Althaus, Aug. 14, 1928
Married May 3, 1947
 - 1. Carol Ann Goebel, May 10, 1950
 - 2. Joan Gail Goebel, June 26, 1954

- V. Louise Bernadine Goebel, July 14, 1895
Julius Carl Schubert, March 15, 1890 - Nov. 12, 1955
Married June 10, 1918
 - A. Alton Carl Schubert, Aug, 18, 1922 - March 31, 1970
Eloise Hesfer
Married May 1, 1954
 - 1. Gary Michael Schubert, Feb. 17, 1955

B. Frances Louise Schubert, Dec. 16, 1923
Jesse Etheredge, Sept. 1919
Married April 7, 1942

Ray Martin Bozarth, March 7, 1913
Married Nov. 15, 1948
1. Nell Diane (Etheredge) Bozarth, Nov. 7, 1943
2. Betsy Rae Bozarth, Dec. 31, 1949
3. Ray Martin Bozarth, Jr., June 3, 1954

VI. Norma Elsie Goebel, Aug. 6, 1897
Victor Lowey Wenmohs, July 13, 1898 - Sept. 14, 1966
Married June 13, 1920

A. Bernice Patty Wenmohs, Oct- 3, 1921
Donald Earl Casey, June 18, 1916
Married March 24, 1942
1. Donald Earl Casey, Jr., April 19, 1943
Ann Lynn Viscum, Jan. 3, 1948
Married Jan. 21, 1968
2. William Victor Casey, March 9, 1949

VII. Anton John Goebel, June 22, 1899
Grace Lucile Crist, October 3, 1899
Married July 11, 1927

A. Grace Antonette Goebel, April 19, 1932
Benton Davis Branum, Feb. 6, 1932
Married June 6, 1960

Virginia Nell Wilbanks, April 18, 1922
Married March 10, 1955

B. John Anthony Goebel, May 23, 1956

VIII. Ludwig Theodore Goebel, Dec. 23, 1903
Amy H. Hunnicutt, Nov. 6, 1909
Married Sept- 5, 1935

IX. Gladys Irene Goebel, July 26, 1912
Elvis Olin Patton, July 28, 1910
Married July 5, 1931

A. Larry Thomas Patton, April 22, 1940

Maureen Deanne Mezzino, Dec. 7, 1943

Married June 5, 1964

1. Jennifer Elizabeth Patton, July 14, 1968

B. Ronald John Patton, June 27, 1943

Jo Ann Chase, Oct. 24, 1946

Married June 15, 1968

DESCENDANTS OF ALOIS AND MARIE GOEBEL
(as known, April 1970)

ALOIS GOEBEL, May 5, 1846 - April 15, 1916
and
MARIE MATERN, August 1854 - February 1917

- I. Antonia Goebel, April 15, 1876 - May 1919
(The Rev.) E. S. Cornelius, June 4, 1870 - June 1955
Married 1913
 - A. Eugene Stanley Cornelius, June 1913 - 1918
 - B. Martha Cornelius, April 28, 1915
Curtis Eugene McDaniel, Daniel, July 1905 - Sept. 1957
Married June 20, 1940
(No Children)
 - C. Robert Cornelius, 1917 - 1920
- II. Virginia Alice Goebel, May 1880 - May 1946
Carl Manson Marrs, August 1878
Married June 1906
 - A. Camilla Marrs, June 30, 1907
T. B. Blain, b. 1907
Married 1931
Thomas Blain, b. 1933
 1. Mary Carolyn Blain, Nov. 19, 1936
Jerry M. Pruitt
Married 1956
 - a. Pamela Diane Pruitt, June 1957
 - b. Patrica Pruitt, b. 1960
 - c. Paula Pruitt, b. 1962
 2. Bernell Blain, b. 1939
John Blaine, b. about 1937
Married about 1966
 - a. Aaron Sutton Blaine, March 18, 1970
 - B. Virginia Carolyn Marrs, October 1908
Frank Box, b. 1901
Married 1932
 1. Frank Box, b. 1937
Judy Hays, b. ?
Married 1940

- a. Leslie Jean Hays, b. 1960
 - 2. Virginia Box, b. 1949
 - Kenneth John Froehlick, b. 1947
 - Married, Oct. 1969

- C. Mary Evelyn Marris, Jan. 29, 1912
 - Newton S. Walton, June 2, 1907
 - Married Sept. 17, 1933
 - 1. William H. Walton, Lee. 18, 1939
 - Ruth Rix, Aug. , 1941
 - Married Oct. 22, 1962
 - Aurye Lynn Walton, June 9, 1944
 - Jeffrey Mundy, March 4, 1944
 - Married Aug. 13, 1966
 - a. Gregory Gene Mundy, April 6, 1969

- D. Carl Goebel Marris, February 11, 1914
 - Wanda McLaughlin, Sept. 1918
 - Married Nov. 1939
 - 1. Sandra Marris, Oct. 25, 1946

- E. Manson Alexander Marris, 1917 - 1918

- III. Paul Goebel, August 4, 1878 (Left home as a young man. He became a mural painter, traveled a lot and is not known to have had a family).

- IV. Marianna Goebel, August 4, 1881 - d. 1964 or 1965
 - Conrad Banspach, b. ? - d. early 1930's
 - Married about 1908
 - A. Antonnette Banspach, 1912
 - Married, husband unknown
 - (No children)
 - B. Conrad Banspach, Jr., b. 1917
 - Married, wife's name unknown
 - Two children, names unknown
 - C. Marie Banspach, b. about 1914
 - Married, husband's name unknown

KIN ACROSS THE SEA

Below is a letter sent to the United States by Anton [Niederkirchner, son of Theresia (Goebel) Niederkirchner, sister of Alois, Moritz, Anton and John Goebel.] Anton was a soldier in the Army of Austria-Hungary and was captured by the Russians during World War I. He was interned in Siberia. When the Russian Revolution occurred and the government collapsed, Anton could not communicate with his parents and they did not know his fate.

This letter was translated by Bernice (Wenmohs) Casey and photos are from the collection of her mother, Norma (Goebel) Wenmohs.

May 21, 1923

Dear Uncle (Moritz),

It is about a year ago that I came home from Siberia. Since then I have written you many times, but I do not know if you have received my letters. Therefore, I am repeating everything this time.

I was away from home eight years and out of those I spent seven full years in Siberia. I was in an internment camp five years, and during the last two years I was forced to do hard labor as a hostage in prison. These were hard times, especially the last two years, during which I had “scarbut” and typhus, and suffered from starvation. Although in a weakened condition, I arrived home fairly well and improved rapidly.

At home I found that conditions had changed tremendously. I did not see my poor father again. He could not wait on me any longer; he died half a year before I returned. Also I did not find living my sister-in-law, who I never knew since my brother married during the war. Their deaths grieved me deeply; I did not hear about this in Siberia. There was no communication at all with home.

You can imagine the joy of my poor dear mother when she saw me again at the train station. Thank God she is well and I am also thankful to report the same about Uncle Anton. Brother Bela was wounded twice in the war. He still has a shrapnel bullet in the lung; however, it does not bother him – God willing, that it will not bother him in the future. He has a lovely little girl who since the death of her mother, is being raised by the motherly grandmother. We three are living with Mother. We visit with Uncle Anton and Aunt Sida frequently, also they visit us often. Here, living is very hard. One must live very frugally because income is out of line with the high cost of living. I do want to inform you about the large debt which must be paid in kronen. For instance, a suit of clothes costs from 80,000 to 100,000 kronen – whereby household costs can not be met. This is more understandable if figured in dollars; the prices are the same, but the income is not the same. I am the “accounting advisor” at the capital city of Budapest, a rather high position. In an earlier time an income of \$80.00 a month was enough to live on. Today this would be equivalent to \$8.00 a month – therefore, one tenth of what it was before. Perhaps you will laugh and say, “How can you live on this income?” And still the employed live on this and even on smaller salaries. They help themselves in that they slowly sell (mortgage), one after the other, their household goods (piano, furniture, and rugs). On the side I keep the books for several different firms, and that way we manage to get along. You can

believe me that in spite of all economizing and self-denial as mentioned above – in comparison to life in Siberia – this is still heaven on earth.

In one of Uncle Anton's letters, I read that you, my dear Uncle, sent me some money which I never received. I thank you very, very much for your kindness.

I shall write you often and I ask that all my cousins send me their addresses and that they write me often. For they are my only relatives; but unfortunately we do not know each other.

Before the war, I often talked with Mother about a trip to America to visit my relatives. Of course, under today's circumstances, this is impossible, and my trip has to be postponed until better times.

I shall also write to Uncle John so that one of my letters may finally reach you.

Best wishes and kisses for all!

Your nephew,

Anton Niederkirchner
X St. Mihalyer Strasse 28
Budapest, Hungary