

Irving Genealogical Society

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Irving, Texas

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Officers:

President:	Joyce Bentley
Program Director:	Melba Johnson
Secretary:	Eve Kellogg
Treasurer:	Dorsey Denton
Newsletter Editor:	Bill Matthews
Publicity:	Barb Tsirigotis

IGS Homepage - <http://www.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~txigs/>

This Month

Nov 14th Board of Directors meeting – 7pm. Genealogy Section at the Library, 3rd Floor. All members are welcome.

Nov 21st General Meeting – 7pm 1st Floor, Central Irving Library – Speaker: Emily Wilkin
The Old Kit Cemetery in Irving has been named a Texas Historic Cemetery by The Texas Historical Commission. Emily Wilkin, Old Kit Cemetery Association member, will discuss the history of the Old Kit Cemetery and explain the benefits of the Texas Historical Commission designation.

Next Month

Dec 13th No December Board of Directors meeting
IGS Christmas Social (Tuesday) – RSVPs are needed – sign up at the November meeting.

Proposed Slate of Officers for 2012

President	- Joyce Bentley
Vice President	- Mary K Weber
Secretary	- Eve Kellogg
Treasurer	- Dorsey Denton
Newsletter Editor	- Bill Matthews
Publicity and Special Events	- Barb Tsirigotis

The voting on the new slate will be done at the IGS Regular Meeting November 21.

It's About the Veterans

Barb Lancaster Tsirigotis

It was Friday, November 11th. I had hoped to get out of the office early and do some shopping on the way home, but that didn't happen. Instead, I ended up working an extra hour and I was too tired and out of sorts to shop. I figured I'd just go home, maybe grab something to eat along the way and call it a night. Maybe do some reading, see what's on TV, or get a head start on Saturday's laundry or cleaning up my genealogy workroom. I could find plenty to do at home.

When I arrived home the first thing I saw was an email about *A Salute to America* with the Irving Silvertones. I had taped it to the front of the fridge so I wouldn't forget. It was tonight at 7:30 and I had forgotten all about it. I had missed the last couple of performances of the Silvertones and wanted to be sure and attend this one. A quick glance at the clock told me I had 40 minutes to grab a bite of dinner and get to the Oak View Baptist Church. Maybe I could still get some of the laundry done later in the evening after I got home.

I arrived only a few minutes before show time and quickly scanned the audience for familiar faces. A voice over my shoulder said, "Honey, you didn't get a flag. Let me get you a flag." That's when I noticed that everyone else had an American flag placed in the hymnal pocket of the pew in front of them. Huge screens were lighted on each side of the staged area depicting a patriotic scene and would later show us the words to songs so we could sing along.

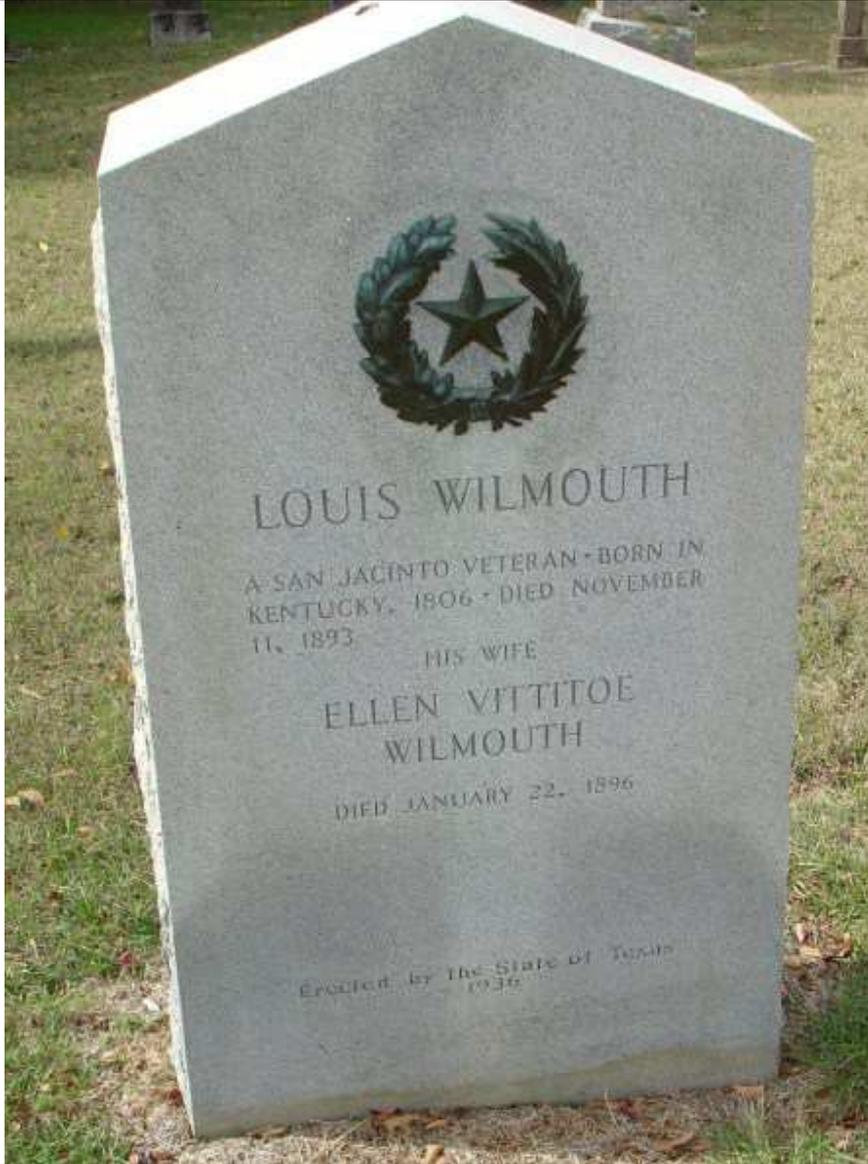
Within minutes the Silvertones entered and began to take their place on stage. Among them I saw two familiar faces, fellow genealogists Suzanne Eldgridge and Mary Moorman. They opened with *O Come, Let Us Sing*; then, proceeded to old favorites like *This Is My Country*, *America the Beautiful*, and we all joined in for the Pledge of Allegiance and *The Star Spangled Banner*.

It was heartwarming to see the veterans in the audience stand at attention when the anthem of their military branch was sung. Some sprang to attention while others struggled to their feet; but all did so with great respect and reverence. I couldn't help but think of my father and his brothers who served in the European Theater in World War II, my cousin who served in the Korean War despite his heart condition, and my cousin who died in Viet Nam. More faces and names flashed through my mind - four great great grandfathers who fought in the Civil War and the numerous ancestors who gave their all during the Revolutionary War and Indian Wars. Oh, how I wished they could be there to hear this musical tribute and know how much their service meant to us.

There was a chilling version of *Taps* and a lighthearted tribute to the works of Cohan with *It's a Grand Old Flag* and *I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy*, which brought all our flags high and waiving. The program wrapped up with *God Bless America* and we all joined in.

I'm so glad I didn't miss this performance. There will always be laundry, TV and cleaning. I love Friday nights but this one was special - it wasn't about me at all.

What I did on 11-11-11 – by Bill Matthews



My wife and I hosted a reunion of her 1st and 2nd cousins at Lake Texoma. Her parents and grandparents (on both sides) were from around Hagerman, Tx – which is under the southern edge of Lake Texoma. As part of the reunion, the group visited four cemeteries. At one small cemetery, Chapel Cemetery (3 miles east of Sadler, Tx) I found this marker, erected by the State of Texas in 1936.

There is some biographical information about Louis Wilmouth at the link below the picture. It does have one error that I know of – the marker is not at the Hagerman Cemetery, as stated in the story. That is one of the four cemeteries that the group of cousins visited.

As we visited the cemeteries, we saw that some graves were marked with a US flag while others were not marked.

http://www.sanjacinto-museum.org/Herzstein_Library/Veteran_Biographies/Harrisburg_Bios/biographies/default.asp?action=bio&id=3720

A Look at the Story Family and Some of Irving's History thru the Eyes of Lenora Bess Story Muense – Part 2 of 2

[This month's newsletter will continue with part 2 of a transcript of an interview recorded on December 6th, 1974 given by Lenora Muense, a sister of Raymond Story.]

Uncle Johnny Mills, my grandmother Jane Farine's brother, ran a post office called "Finley" on what is now O'Connor Road just west of Ada Lane. The community was called "Finley" and also Charlie O'Connor Road West, which is now Mills Lane, was called Finley then. Now Finley road is moved further south.

Later the community became known as "Elm" after the school was constructed and the post office moved. My grandpa Farine's home stood about where Sam Hills (tank?) is now just north of Northgate Drive. Their farm was the land from what is now MacArthur to O'Connor and Mills Lane to past the Redmon's place.

He also owned some wooded land south of what is now 183 west of MacArthur. My grandpa Farine came from France in 1855 with a group that settled LaReunion Colony in west Oak Cliff. However, he did not remain there long until he moved to this community. After his first wife Jeannette died, he married Jane Mills.

There were five children. The oldest was Albert Farine – lived here, and he raised six children on a farm just south of the Freeway and west of MacArthur. The Irving Community Hospital stands on part of his farm.

Mary Farine married my dad's Uncle Frank Story, son of Jonathan Story and after several years settled on the East side of O'Connor south of Ada Lane. They had eight children.

Then Phillip Farine settled west of O'Connor and raised three children. The youngest girl Lucy married John Cox and lived west of O'Connor also. Cox Drive is named for them. They had five children.

Fanny, my mother, married Will Story and settled just south of what is now Grauwlyer Road. They had ten children and I was the ninth. Eight lived to be grown but two of my older sisters died in the last four years.

All of my close relatives lived within a mile of two of each other. I remember my mother telling about going to visit the Joffre family – another French family – and while they were gone, a hard rain came. And when they got home the well was flooded and had caved in. Also their milk for supper was gone because they had left their milk in the well to keep it cool for supper. They had no screens on the doors or windows. They dried the fruit on the roof of their house.

Once when my brother became ill, my mother rode a horse over to Sowers to get a doctor. She always rode sidesaddle, of course. I don't know how she stayed on but she did.

I can recall Christmas time when all of my mother's brothers and sisters and their families would get together for Christmas dinner. The children usually ate at the last table, but we didn't care. We had fun together. There was so much food – I still remember it – a whole bed covered with the most delicious pies, cakes and desserts. One Christmas they were supposed to come to our house, but my sister Audrey got pneumonia, so they didn't get to come.

Dad told us how his grandfather Clark back in Georgia let his slaves celebrate Christmas. He said that as long as their tree log burned they could have a holiday, or Christmas, and so they would get the biggest tree they could find.

At one time Irving has a community Christmas tree. The tree stood in the middle of Main Street and a lot of people brought their gifts and put them under the tree. Then someone called the names and passed out the

gifts but my mother wouldn't take our gifts. She thought it sounded too much like a popularity contest – who could have their name called out the most.

Daddy's cousin Guy Story went to work for the Katy railroad and daddy wanted to go too, but his father told him he would help him buy a hundred acres of land if he wouldn't go and would wait until he was twenty-one years old to marry. Dad waited until he was twenty-one years old and married my mother Fanny Farine. He paid his father for sixty acres of land and built a two-room house on it. Before he could finish paying for the other forty acres his dad took pneumonia and died at the age of forty-one. He had been plowing in a cold March rain all day.

When I was growing up, my world consisted of going to see my uncles and aunts that lived just a mile or two from us and going to church and the school down in Irving and going to funerals at Sowers. Most of my relatives were buried at the Sowers Cemetery. My mother never went farther from her home than Longview, Texas.

After my grandfather died my grandmother continued to live at the same place. Mama and dad lived with her for a while; then different ones stayed with her. I can remember being at her house a few times. Once she gave us some gingerbread, which I enjoyed very much. I also remember the persimmon tree we used to climb up and get persimmons to eat.

In later years, dad bought more land just across the road from his place, and part of it at one time belonged to the La Reunion colony. I have an old abstract made in 1899. It tells that in there that the French colony had owned this at one time.

Another cousin of dad's, Phillip Lively, ran the post office in Irving. Dad's brother Earnest worked there some for him. At one time, we had a picture of him but I don't know where it is now.

Back during World War I, in 1914, I think, an airplane landed just off Britain Road north of the railroad on a cold winter day. Everyone that could run to see it; for most it was the first plane they had ever seen. Many were already sick with the flu, and many more took it and some died. Our family had the flu, too. My oldest brother was in Kansas and in the service and became ill with pneumonia, and dad was called to go up and see about him. He took the train to Kansas.

My Uncle Earnest, dad's brother came and helped out. He had to draw water out of the well for the cattle and for us, too. It was so cold; the rope was frozen and broke. He had rheumatism in his hands. Which made it difficult for him to draw the water, but somehow we all managed to survive. I was a baby at the time, but many families were not so fortunate.

Another winter my sister Susie, as a baby, and mama too had pneumonia and they carried Susie up to my Aunt Mary who lived just up above us there for her to take care of till mama got well. And I've heard my daddy speak about burning a whole cord of wood that night. The doctor had told him when her fever broke, not to let the house get cold, and this was just an old box house with only one wall. So he said he burned a cord of wood that night. Doctor Gilbert had walked from his house where Plymouth Park is now down through the woods because everything was frozen over and sat with her all night.

Dad owned one of the first cars in Dallas County. He traded part of some river-bottom land that he and his brother had inherited from his grandfather Jonathan Story for the red Maxwell car. I can't remember riding in it. One day dad drove it home with a flat tire, and he never drove it again. He didn't know how to work on it, and the roads were bad. One time we didn't get to go to the funeral of one of the relatives because the car wouldn't run. Will McCrory was about the only one in the community that knew anything about cars. I think he drove the Maxwell home for dad when he bought it. Anyway, Dad went back to driving the old reliable horse and buggy – slow but sure.