

The WHAGS Journal



Volume 4, Issue 3

Just Facts

December 2023



Editor's Note

I traveled for most of the first half of October and upon my return, I realized that I didn't have enough content to publish a November newsletter. Since we normally don't publish a December issue of the WHAGS Journal, I decided to skip November and publish our first Christmas edition of The WHAGS Journal. And voila! Here it is.

After the October issue was published, we enjoyed two remarkable presentations at our general meetings. In October, Scottish researcher, Michelle Leonard, visited virtually all the way from Scotland and presented her "Top Tips for Researching Your Scottish and English Ancestors." What a great presenter. She made me want to

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Big Heart 1945

Life on the Mexico-New Mexico border

The following feature article is the first episode of a story written by Tom Woltz's great aunt, Blanche Hutchison. She and her husband, Bob, worked for the U.S. Border Patrol along the Mexico-New Mexico border in the 1940s. The story gives the reader insight into the hardships of life during that time.

This account has been lightly edited to preserve Blanche's own words. Read this interesting narrative beginning on [page 7](#).



President's Report

Gail Colby

It is hard to believe that it is December already. The year has flown by. The Holiday season seems to come earlier and stay longer. As people who study our ancestors, we know the importance of family. We are the storytellers for our families. Many of our holiday traditions are rooted in the past. This is also the time to make memories that our children and grandchildren will share with their children and grandchildren.

Growing up, my brothers and I always had an apple and an orange in our Christmas stockings. I never asked why. (The regret of every genealogist—why didn't I

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Special Christmas Edition
Memorable Christmas
Stories

A Christmas Story

By Liv Harris-Taylor

The concept of Santa Claus was a very big deal in my home during Christmas time. It was during our family's Christmas celebration in 2011, that I had the pleasure of sharing fond memories and laughter about my concept of Santa with my older brothers. Our mom always took us to Foley's Department Store located at 1110 Main Street, downtown Houston, to visit Santa when he came to town each year!

I thought this was a good time to ask both my brothers some questions about their



The old Foley's store at 1110 Main Street in Downtown Houston

thoughts about Santa –

- 1) Did you ever send letters to Santa?
- 2) Did you make a wish list and bring it to show Santa when you visited him?
- 3) Do you still believe in Santa?

This is what they had to say:

Elgin: I never sent letters to Santa. But I sure did enjoy traveling downtown to visit him when he came to town at our local department store. I guess for me, it was the surprise element surrounding him that made believing in him a lot of fun as a kid at Christmas time. No, I don't believe in Santa today. I stopped believing in him when I turned 10.

Jon: No I didn't write any letters or make any wish lists to Santa. I simply waited until I was able to sit on his lap and tell him everything I wanted up close and personal. I really tried my best to stay awake to catch him in action when he arrived with the toys. But, whenever I would just doze off to sleep for what felt like minutes, he slip in and out of our home in record time. No, I no longer believe in Santa. I also stopped believing in him around 10 years of age as well.

Well before I could share my

answers to those same questions with them, they looked at me with huge grins on their faces and said teasingly, "You little sis, did not like Santa the first time you met him!" I opened my mouth to protest what they said, but was speechless. They were right and I had no clue they knew it too! As a child, Santa was sort of, "suspect" to me. Hearing that popular song about him making a list and checking it twice to find out if I had been naughty or nice (and yes, I had been naughty a lot the year I



A young Liv Taylor-Harris on Santa's knee in the Foleys Store. She sure is happy!

met him) was simply stressful & worrisome. I certainly didn't send him any letters. If truth be told, I wasn't all that happy to tell him anything I wanted for Christmas the first time I met him in December 1961!

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Liv Harris-Taylor Christmas

But, it was mom's talks with me about Santa and his role and purpose at Christmas time that the concept of him took on a whole new meaning and my visit with him the next year in 1962 was not so bad after all!

Christmas 1967

By Ron Ware

At nineteen years old, and after being inducted into the United States Army, I completed basic and advanced training at Fort Polk, Louisiana, just before Christmas 1966. I was fortunate to get a 30-day leave before departing for my overseas assignment and spent that Christmas at home with family and friends. Christmas 1967 would be very different, lonely, and far from home, but it would turn out to be one of my most memorable holidays.

I arrived in Paris, France, on January 3, 1967, and was assigned to a transportation unit of the U.S. Army where for three months I assisted in moving the Army out of France. We hauled everything from howitzers to refrigerators to be stored in other NATO Countries, Belgium, Germany, and the United Kingdom. After leaving France, my unit moved around a lot, serving time

at RAF Burtonwood near Liverpool, England, then to the English Midlands where 12 of us served detached duty at Ditton Priors, a small village in Picturesque Shropshire County. It was there that I met my wife who lived in a nearby town.

Just before Christmas, the army, in its wisdom moved us again. This time south to the village of Caerwent, Wales. During the transition, most of my friends took leave and went home to the States for Christmas. With all my friends in the States and my girlfriend a hundred miles away in England, Christmas Eve was destined to be a pretty lonely affair.

On that evening, only one other soldier and I were in our temporary barracks, a small warehouse that had been hastily converted to sleeping quarters. Twelve cots were lined up along north-facing windows that went from floor to ceiling. While my friend and I lay in our bunks thinking of past holidays at home, we begin to hear distant caroling. The music came closer and upon



Ron and his friend spending Christmas Eve 1967 in Caerwent, Wales

opening one of the tall windows, we witnessed a dozen Welsh carolers singing the most beautiful Christmas carols. They stayed for some thirty minutes singing to two lonely American soldiers. I can't say that Christmas 67 was my happiest one, but I can say that it was probably the most heartwarming and memorable Christmas ever.



Christmas at Grandma Noni's

By Liz Philip

One of my favorite memories of Christmas time was the trip we made to visit our maternal grandmother. Grandma Noni and Grandpa Don lived in Yakima, Washington. I remember getting on the airplane at Hobby Airport. It was 1973, I was in high school, and my sister and brother were in junior high. It was a long flight and I played solitaire on the tray table. We eventually landed in Seattle and boarded another airplane that looked like a flying banana. It was yel-

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Liz Phillip Christmas Story

low and had propellers instead of being a jet. Yakima was fogged in and we couldn't land. When we did land, it was in Tacoma. There was some discussion about how we were going to get to Yakima since the fog wasn't going to lift soon. We ended up being driven there by a lady in a station wagon. Other passengers were in another car leading the way. She was so afraid of being lost that she tailgated the other car. The other driver had to stop and warn her. We made it to the Yakima airport and Grandma Noni and Grandpa Don were there to meet us.

During our visit, we went up to the mountains to see snow. At a ski lodge, my sister and I rode the lift up and back without getting off. My mother and brother shared another lift. When we finished the ride and got back to the lodge, we were so cold. Our pants were covered with snow. We had some hot chocolate to warm up in front of the fireplace. What a treat!

During the visit, we went shopping for gifts. I don't remember what we purchased, but I do remember a gift I received a red cardigan sweater with pockets. I kept it for several years, until I outgrew it. Yes, it was too large. But that's what grandma's

do. We didn't see Grandma Noni much since she lived so far away from us. It was very special being able to go on this trip. Especially for mother since she hadn't been home in several years. She missed seeing her mother and being home for Christmas.

Christmas Memories

By Kyla Bayang

My Christmas memories blink in silver and gold, red and green to the tune of Jingle Bells. My mother LOVED Christmas, everything red and green and everything sparkly. She wanted glitter and lights everywhere. My very earliest memory is reaching up, up, up to pull a giant jinglebell on a white string down as hard as I could, and when I let go, it would swing back and forth from the giant gold bell in a huge circle and sometimes bonk me on the head! I didn't care, because in a few minutes, the sweet sound of Jingle Bells would start to play in a tinny, pinging cadence at the speed that only a fully wound-up musicbox can do, and I imagined those horses really dashing through the snow!

There were two nails driven in our kitchen/dining room door

Member Christmas Stories

Continued

frame at the top, one for the mistletoe and one for the Jingle Bell. These were the first decorations to go up and the last to come down every year. I would pull that string at least 50 times a day, and never once did my mom get tired of it, and we would dance around the kitchen together holding hands. I still have the old bell, although it stopped winding back years ago. It's still the first decoration I hang, and the song plays in my head while I silently dance to the beginning of the Christmas season.



The giant gold bell brings good memories of Christmas's past for author and WHAGS member, Kyla Bayang



Committee and Special Interest Groups Reports

WHAGS Writers SIG Report

By the time you read this report, the WHAGS Writers Special Interest Group (SIG) will have completed three gatherings. Our first was at the Lone Star College Library where five WHAGS members conducted an organizational meeting. We laid out our organizational structure and assigned writing tasks for review at the next meeting. We also established our purpose which is not to become bestselling authors but to tell the story of our ancestors the best we can. We think our little group will help accomplish that.

The next two sessions were conducted via Zoom, which we found works very well for a writer's group. At that meeting, we reviewed each other's assigned work which consisted of 500-word essays. We found that we have different goals for our writing. Some of us plan to end our first year with a draft of the life of a single grandparent, while others plan to have a book of profiles that focuses on several ancestors.

We have got off to a good start with an informal fun group that I think will encourage us all

to write those stories and leave a legacy for our grandchildren.

November Membership Committee Update

Just the facts: As of 11/16, we have 56 paid memberships, of which 52 are individual memberships and 4 are family memberships. We also have 6 Life Members, for a grand total of 66 participants.

We are looking forward to the annual December Holiday Party Show & Tell where we present our stories, treasures or anything you would like to share. We'll have food and drinks, too.

Hope to see you there!

Liz Philip, Membership

A total of 29 members and 2 guest attended the November 17th general meeting. Attendance accounted for 44% of WHAGS membership. Of those, 29% attended in person while 15% attended via Zoom.

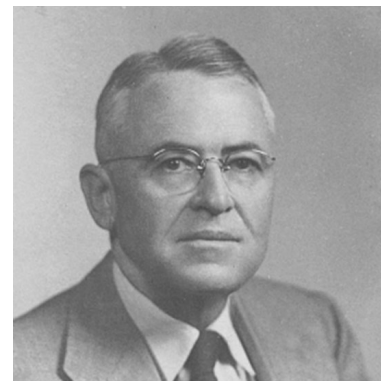


A Texas Story

Episode 7

We again pick up the story written by Joe Carrington, Sr. He is the great grandfather of Joe Carrington, a past WHAGS member who, sadly, passed away this year. In September episode 6 of the narrative ended with his judging of Holstein cattle. Now, in this next to last edition of A Texas Story, Joe Carrington, Sr. describes among other things a mission trip to South America.

Finally, my health started declining and my age inclining so I felt it best to disperse my registered Holstein herd in 1958. The type of cattle we had, the records made (quality combined with



Joe Carrington, Sr.

quantity, some 200) brought breeders from all over the country to the sale. It was with great re-

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Editors Note

hop across the pond and dig into my British ancestors. Then in November, Nancy Loe, a genealogist a little closer to home showed us how to organize our research records. It couldn't have come at a better time for me. Just recently moving into my new home in Huntsville, I have spent some time scratching my head and wondering what to do with all my genealogy documents. Nancy showed me the way.

In this edition of the Journal, we will finish out the calendar year with several interesting articles, some with a Christmas theme. I have written a short piece about my Christmas 1967 in Caerwent, Wales. One of our regular contributors to the newsletter, Liv Taylor-Harris has shared an early Christmas memory of herself and her brothers. Liz Philip tells of her family's 1973 Christmas trip to visit grandparents in Yakima, Washington. And finally, Kyla Bayang shares a heartwarming story of her childhood Christmas's.

Traditionally we don't have a formal presentation in December. We have something maybe even better – our annual Christmas gathering and member "Show and Tell." On December 16th several

of our folks will share interesting aspects of their ancestral connections by not only telling us but showing documents and artifacts. It's a fun time, so don't miss the December meeting.

Merry Christmas fellow genealogist and wishing you a happy and prosperous 2024!

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Presidents Report

ask the questions when I had the chance.) Looking back, I believe this tradition that I carried on with my children was rooted in my mother's childhood. My mother was born in the mid-1930s during the Depression in a small, semi-rural town on the far east end of Long Island, New York. On the 1940 census, my grandfather worked as a carpenter and made \$744 in 1939. That equates to approximately \$15,700 in 2023. Fresh fruit in December, especially an orange, would have been luxurious and special, a real treat. Imagine the joy of my mother and her brothers as they ate these wonderful treats and felt like special kids!

I love Christmas and as a child, I could barely sleep on Christmas Eve in anticipation of Christmas morning. I would toss and turn, get up and peek to see if my brothers were awake, and

lay in bed staring at the ceiling. Finally, at about six or seven in the morning, my brothers and I would get together and talk about the morning and when we were going to start Christmas. Why were Mom and Dad still asleep? Because of his place in the sibling pecking order, my youngest brother had the "honor" of waking Mom and Dad. They would come



out and declare breakfast had to be eaten first. Not the normal, quick bowl of cereal, but pancakes, eggs, and bacon. Our parents would sip their coffee and relish watching us squirm as we ate our breakfast. Finally, we all moved to the Christmas tree and the melee ensued.

My children NEVER exhibited this behavior. Christmas Eve night they went to bed, and I finished wrapping presents. I would finish about one or two on Christmas morning and go to bed excited to see my kids' shining faces

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President's Report

early on Christmas morning. I was sure my children shared my childhood anticipation of Christmas morning. My children never rushed in to wake us up. I would get up between six and seven in the morning and wait for my children to wake up. They would finally wander out, wiping the sleep from their eyes, their faces lighting up at the sight of the Christmas tree and the presents. Of course, breakfast came first—pancakes, eggs, and bacon keeping the tradition alive. I think they enjoyed keeping me waiting!

We now enjoy hosting Christmas Eve dinner at our home with our kids and grandkids. We don't put apples and oranges in the grandkids' stockings, that's for their parents. The menu is a tradition that everyone looks forward to prime rib, mashed potatoes, Yorkshire pudding, Granddad's gravy, and maybe a vegetable. Hey, it is Christmas Eve at the grandparents! A new tradition we have started in the last few years is a stocking tree. I put combs in the boys' stockings and hairbrushes in the girls' stockings; candy and assorted goodies are also slipped in for them to enjoy.

I hope everyone has a joyous

and wonderful Christmas or holiday celebration. Enjoy your families, tell stories, tell YOUR stories. I plan on sharing the story I will present at the WHAGS' holiday celebration with my grandkids, to hopefully spark some interest in their family history. A pirate story will hopefully do that!

Happy Holidays

Big Heart 1945

By Blanche Hutchison
(Great Aunt of Tom Woltz)

The highly enchanted land of New Mexico extends 400 miles south from Santa Fe where it jabs a blue mountainous finger into Mexico. Down there, alongside the state of Chihuahua, you will find Antelope Wells, New Mexico. This is where we live. It is an isolated outpost deep in the southwestern United States. It has two windmills topping a clump of cottonwood trees in a flat dry valley between lonesome mountains. The cattle drift there on the open range to drink water from a dirt tank, a circular wall of earth. The windmills pump water from wells drilled before the troubled days of Pancho Villa. The year was 1945.

Through the years, we have met many Mexican families

while working on the U.S. Border Patrol. In this instance, Isidor Gomez, the immigration officer at El Berrendo, (a town in the Mexican state of Chihuahua, located directly across the border from Antelope Wells, New Mexico) was inexplicably gone away. Life for his wife was just a con-



Author, Blanche Hutchison at her home in Antelope Wells, New Mexico, circa 1945. She is the great aunt of WHAGS member, Tom Woltz.

fused grind. When a child becomes sick, the mother often has no good answers as to what to do. Mrs. Gomez was in that type of situation. She would hold the child in her lap and moan. I

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Big Heart 1945

learned of the sick child through the Barrios Family. By taking her to Casas Grandes they had a chance to save her.

Perhaps the trip was not necessary, but Mrs. Barrios had sat up the previous night, caring for the fevered child. Now the following day, Mrs. Gomez mumbled to Mrs. Barrios that maybe “Mrs. Hutch” would take the young one to Casas Grandes. They always came to me. When Bob, my husband and border Patrol agent, heard of the suggestion, he was furious. He didn’t want me to go. He couldn’t go; he could not leave his post. He told me to ignore the request. “This time someone else will go,” he said. “Who?” There, I had him. There were only two cars along the border, and we had both, a patrol car and our Plymouth. Bob was due to patrol west, for the prisoner-of-war camp was at Lordsburg. He was lacing his boots. I reached down to pat him on the head. He straightened up, so, I smiled, which told him nothing. I went outside and proceeded to drive the Plymouth to El Berrendo to transport her family.

An immigration officer did not rate much for living quarters. The Gomez family had a win-

dowless room in the long adobe shed. If you closed the door, it would be downright gloomy. Mrs. Gomez sat on a bench against the mud wall. She held the sick child across her lap. It’ head of curly hair rolled limp. Her dark eyes staring unconscious.

At this scene, I decided to go. I drove back to Antelope Wells. Bob was standing at the sink filling the coffee pot when I entered the kitchen. “I’m going,” I said. “You don’t even know where Casas Grandes is,” Bob argued! I didn’t answer right away. I knew the town was south, that’s all. He had never been there before, either. “Sounds downright impossible,” he stated. Can’t it wait till morning?” “This trip could save the baby’s life, and I want to make it.” Bob looked at me for a long time. He put down the coffee pot without a word and left out the kitchen door. He crossed the yard to the storage house and retrieved a full five-gallon gas can. He carried it to our Plymouth and put it in the trunk. From the window, I saw him check the spare tire and the tools. He came back to the house. “I still don’t like the idea,” he told me. “You’ve got to have a man along.” I fibbed, “Armando is ready to go.” Armando knew

the way; he had been there many times. He couldn’t refuse to go with me. I patched his shirts; he was so proud to represent his government as a border customs official with a tear in his shirt repaired. The mention of Armando forced Bob to agree.

With Casas Grandes I saw a whispering Spanish castle soaring into the sun-tinted clouds. Fabulous towers flung skyward from the plain by the Conquistadores. That’s what I imagined. Well, at least mansions; huge adobes. My mind was plain enchanted!

It didn’t take us long to get started on our five-hour wobble to Casas Grandes. I put on a red jacket. I knew the nights would get cold. The sun was sinking in a vast blue sky when we parked by El Berrendo. Mrs. Gomez emerged from her meager home in a black dress and a pair of shoes three sizes too small. They were brown oxfords; I knew her feet would not be in them long. We arranged the baby in the car, so its feet stretched into my lap. As soon as I found the gear shift lever, between Mrs. Gomez’ knobby knees, the car began lurching to our destination.

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Resource Gems

Try these genealogical resource gems

United Kingdom National Archives

The National Archives of the United Kingdom is the official archive of the UK Government and for England and Wales, (there are separate archives for Scotland and Northern Ireland) and guardian of some of Britons most iconic documents, dating back more than 1,000 years.

The National Archives
Kew, Richmond
TW9 4DU

[https://
www.nationalarchives.gov.uk/](https://www.nationalarchives.gov.uk/)

United Kingdom General Register Office

The General Register Office (GRO) is the **government agency** responsible for the **recording of vital records** such as **births, deaths, and marriages** (or **BDM**), which may also include adoptions, stillbirths, civil unions, etc., and historically, sometimes included records relating to **deeds** and other property transactions.

Contact the General Register Office with general enquiries or to ask about an application you've already submitted.

General Register Office
<https://www.gov.uk/general-register-office>

Telephone: 0300 123 1837
Textphone: 18001 0300 123 1837

Monday to Friday, 8am to 6pm
Saturday, 9am to 1pm



Featuring the United Kingdom

Free UK Genealogy Records

FreeUKGenealogy provides online access to family history record in the United Kingdom. A team of dedicated volunteers creates high quality transcriptions of public records from governmental sources, parish churches, and other trusted institutions. They believe that open data and open source are key to keeping public records available to all. Currently over 292 million births, marriages and deaths, 59 million entries from parish registers, and 48 million entries from UK census records have been transcribed

Free UK Genealogy claims that they will gladly work with others with the same concerns.

[https://
www.freeukgenealogy.org.uk/](https://www.freeukgenealogy.org.uk/)



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Big Heart 1945

Armando Barrios, holding his wife on his lap, sat by the right window of the coupe. Between Armando and me, Manuela Gomez sat, a haggard woman with her large middle, for soon she would have another baby. Her firstborn lay across two-thirds of the coupe's front seat. The baby lay wrapped in a pitifully threadbare blanket. Only months old, the child was now feverish and in a stupor. The five of us (including the unborn) were a handful of extremes. We were a crowd going to Casas Grandes. I was the largest of the lot. I do keep down my hips by chasing pigs and skunks, but still fall into the bosomy grandmother classification.

The Berrio's chattered in Spanish. Mrs. Gomez began

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grunting. Since the baby's illness was not too critical, the trip became humorous to me in retrospect. A silly trip it was! I had many thoughts of what kind of trip it would be. The original intent of Casas Grandes thrilled me. A new adventure. I had been rolling this romantic place's name on my tongue ever since we arrived on the border. I felt I was heading for a Mexican Shangri-la despite my diverse companions – four El Berrendo residents, including the sick child and its pregnant mother. I was tingling with excitement as I left home. The exhilaration stayed with me for several miles until the rough roads jolted me to reality.

(To be continued)

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A Texas Story*

luctance that this fine herd was sold, but glad they could go into so many outstanding farms, and we continue to hear from the results.

During all this time, many more things were happening. Sale of milk began to have problems due to bureaucratic regulations, etc. so I built a creamery on my property, Milky Way

Dairies, to handle my farm and that of some of my neighbors. Ran this until it was later leased to Carnation Co. Many experiments were carried out concerning cattle feed - new methods of silage, raising of grass by herb-agere method, etc. Artificial insemination started to take advantage of more top bloodlines, etc.

Also, I had to expand the acreage of my farms. In 1943 bought 365 acres from the Dittmars that was close to Onion Creek and later bought adjoining acreage that gave me about a section of land. This helped raise more feed, provided more pasture and extend operation. All this subsequently sold except the original farm on the San Antonio Highway - which by that time had become IH 35 (and had taken considerable acreage as the farm had extended along the highway). A number of acres had been divided among the family members and the balance was leased out.

These farm activities furnish many happy memories and helped develop some mighty good friends from throughout the entire country.

Have been a member of a Baptist church in each town in

which I have lived. Deacon and trustee in the First Baptist Church of Austin, Texas. Membership moved to the Hyde Park Baptist Church in Austin during July, 1982.

On national scope, have attended Baptist World Congresses, as held by the Baptist World Alliance, in Rio de Janeiro in 1960, in Miami in 1965. In Tokyo in 1970 and Stockholm in 1975.

At each meeting, with the exception of Stockholm, have held meetings concerning the program of Scouting in Baptist Churches. An excellent resolution passed in Tokyo. Have made some very close friends in not only the officers and staff of the Baptist World Alliance but throughout the world as met these folks at the Congresses.

Some have remained friends to this date - such as the Hon. J. C. N. Howard of Liberia, Mayor, Legislator, attorney and highly educated, he has attended as a part of the group of Dr. William Tolbert, former President of the Baptist World Alliance and President of Liberia. Mr. Howard and several members of his family have visited in my home from time to time and we have main-

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A Texas Story

tained close correspondence. In a recent coup in Liberia, Dr. Tolbert was overthrown and slain while Mr. Howard was jailed for a number of months as a national leader.

It was quite an honor to be named the Layman of the Month in the "Baptist World", magazine of the Baptist World Alliance, in March, 1961.

A mission trip was made to South America in 1951, accompanied by my pastor, Dr. Carlyle Marney. This was not only a delight in being able to be with him as I consider him as one of the world's finest (now deceased) but we visited several missionaries throughout the country and many of whom are still in contact with me. Rev. Alfonso Olmedo and his wife, Nita, from Argentina (now retired but preaching in Chicago), the Bratcher family including Dr. Bratcher and his wife as well as sons, Ed and Robert (who later translated the Good News Bible for the American Bible Society). Dr. & Mr. Bratcher now deceased.

Dr. and Mrs. Marney, my wife and I also made a mission trip to Alaska. Dr. Marney did a series of TV programs with our Motor Carrier Insurance Agency being a cosponsor.

In 1964, Rev. and Mrs. Pete Moreno, Vic and I went on a Mission-Scout tour thru Central America.

Scouting has been - and still is - one of the prime motivating factors of my adult life as I felt this was one of the best methods of reaching and teaching more youths more about Christian Citizenship. The Scout Oath of "On my honor, I will do my best, To do my duty to God and my country, and to obey the Scout Law; To help other people at all times; To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight" is a great foundation on which to build.

I started working more intensively with Scouting after moving to Austin. Herbert Gasikin was Scout Executive of the Capitol Area Council and was a very inspiring individual. He put me to work. It was my privilege to be given the Silver Beaver (Council award) in 1943 and to be President of the Council in 1945.

I was made a member of the Executive board of Region IX of BSA (Texas, Oklahoma & New Mexico) and continued as such when this reorganized into the South Central Region, but now serve on the Advisory Board. It

was my privilege to be given the Silver Antelope in 1948 (Regional Award) and the Silver Buffalo (National Award) in 1960, by the National Scout Council at their 50th anniversary meeting.

My age and health became such as was necessary to get others to assume this organization. Fortunately a very outstanding layman, Owen Cooper of Mississippi, (President of both the SBC and the BWA) and an excellent Scout Executive, H. M. (Smoky) Eggers took this over and broadened it extensively as the Association of Baptists for Scouting. It now has offices with the National Scout Council and the cooperation of the National, Regional and local Councils has materially increased its effectiveness. Many other Baptist Conventions have been brought into the picture and it is rendering a very outstanding service to youths and to churches. They have been very kind to me and presented me with the first good Shepherd Award.

Watch for the final episode of A Texas Story in the January newsletter

