

MIKE FOWLER
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OLANDER WRITINGS

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HARVEY OLANDER
WRITINGS

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Raleigh NC 27609

Covering the Hippoplex & the Hutto Independent School District

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, June 17, 2004 - Hutto, Texas

School Days At Stony Point

SCHOOL DAYS AT STONY POINT

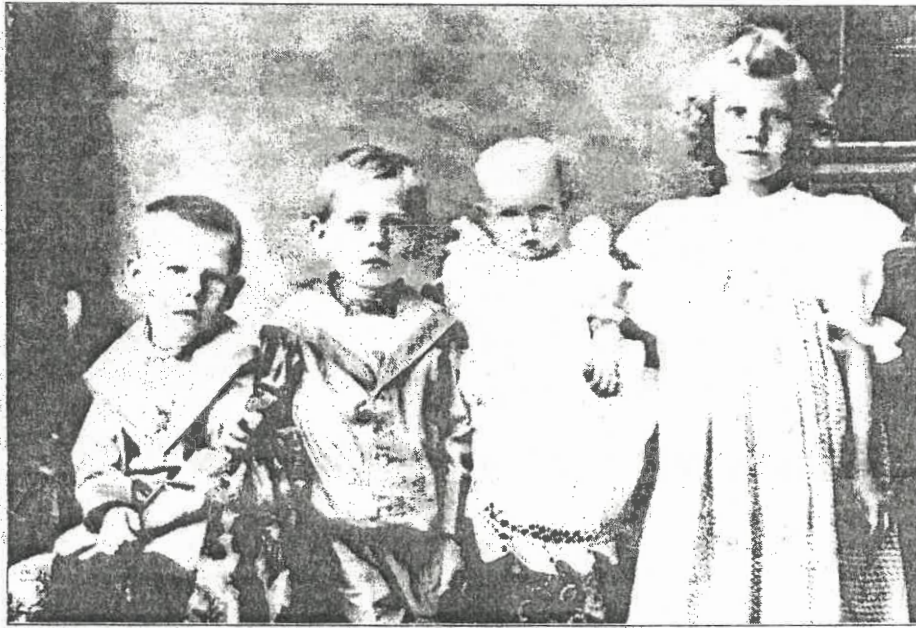
By Harvey Olander

My Aunt Amelia in her humorous colorful language describes her school days. "When I started school at eight, I cried and Minnie Westberg cried because we could not talk one English word." Other students were Segred Johnson, Clarence Ray, John Seidt, Oscar Humphry's brother George, August Andersons three or four boys. I started first, Knute Johnson, Arthur, Oscar, my brothers started later. Frank Johnson and my father, P.A. were trustee when my brothers started school.

My first teacher was Miss Mary Davenport, great big and fat. Second was Maude Payne, then Etta Irving, Miss Mattie Ledbetter and a man named Davis. That was the laziest white man God ever created. He was so lazy; instead of tying the horse to the post he would put the reins in the window and pull the window down. Sat with his legs propped up on the table. We did not learn one thing. We had a box of marbles; we would count one, two, three, and put them back again. That was supposed to be our arithmetic. It was

awful to waste all that time and not learn anything. I went to the sixth grade. I think they just passed you on because we didn't know much. To waste all them years.

The boys made the fire, carried the ashes, and carried the water. We girls had to sweep after school.



Picture of Olander family taken Feb. 1899. L to R-Arthur, Oscar, Nome, Amelia 8 years. This was the year she started school

The boys were so mean. They would tie a rope in the loose grass where they could not see to trip them. They would fall and lose the water. Old Carl Anderson refused to go back for more, so we did not have any. They caught Oscar Humphry in the out door toilet, locked him in there and shook that thing back and forth while he yelled. My brother Oscar never

did come home without having buttons torn out of his coat. They wore little coats. They didn't have sweaters in those days. Every button would be torn out and Mama every night would have to sew button back. He was always getting into scrapes. I am telling you, he would not stand for any foolishness. If he was losing I joined in to help.

When it rained we were so happy; P.A. or Frank Johnson would put the wagon sheet over those bows and bring us home in the covered wagon. Those were some of the happiest time in our lives when we got to ride. We would bring Robert Peterson home, then the Johnson children, Knute, Helmer, Olga, Sigrid and last Arthur, Oscar, Nome and myself. We walked cross-country every day to school through the tall prairie grass, which grew in clumps; depressions like hog wallows and in time had to crawl through pasture fences.

When President Teddy Roosevelt came through in 1905, my last year in school, the teacher let us out and we ran all the way to the railroad to see him. It was about two miles. We did not to miss the train. He was standing on the back platform waving, but the did not stop for nothing, you know.

POINT OF INTEREST- Texas was the 28th state to join the United States.

* PLEASE RETURN

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HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, January 8, 2004 - Hutto, Texas



The Indians' Double File Trail

by Harvey Olander

During our exploration of Kenney's Fort in 1985, the Double File trail at the Brushy Creek crossing was very evident. Indians in 1828 found an accessible crossing where the riverbanks sloped and river bottom conditions and clearance through the trees were good, but why did they choose the Round Rock area? It was because of the extremes in Texas terrain. These factors may have later affected the location of U. S. Highway 81, now Interstate 35. These roads lie along the dividing line between the flat lands and the heavily forested rugged hill country. It's easy to see why Indians, walking or riding horses, found traveling easiest in the flat grasslands. Rivers were bottlenecks; they converged all flat land trails to easily crossed points.

Why were the trails lower than the surrounding fields? Excessive usage and no maintenance. Once a trail was started, most travelers followed it instead of making their own. In wet weather, wagon wheels sank into the mud and pushed it towards the roadside. Mud that stuck to wagon wheels and to horses' feet was carried away. In time the road became lower and lower. The Double File Trail had a two-foot drop at Brushy Creek.

There is a plaque on Highway 79 near Palm Valley Church that describes the trail and reads as follows: "As the Delaware Indians

moved from their home in the "Redlands" of East Texas in 1828 to near present Nuevo Laredo, Mexico, they laid out this trace. It was named Double File trail because two horsemen could ride side by side. The first settlement in Williamson County, Kenney's Fort, was built here at Brushy Creek crossing in 1838; it served as a way station and for Indian protection. In 1841, members of the Santa Fe Expedition assembled here. Texas rangers, surveying parties, and explorers also used this important route."

Why double file? I don't really know but, if I were an Indian, "walking in his moccasins," and made the decisions, my preference would be to travel two or more horses abreast. Wagons using the trail would automatically make a two abreast trail. The Double File river crossing near Round Rock was excellent for cattle and horses to cross, but not so good for wagons. The stream has mud bottom and the south side bank is raised, making it difficult to pull wagons out of the creek. The trail on the north side is flatter and goes in a northeast direction. In later years, cowboys on cattle drives had to choose different paths to avoid the barbed-wire fences.

My Olander grandparents believed that the Double File trail, and the cattle trails through their pasture near the house, were the same.

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, January 22, 2004 - Hutto, Texas

The Lore Of Buried Gold

by Harvey
Olander

In my high school days, a story of buried treasure on the cattle trail was repeated to me by Dad, as his father had related it to him. This trail, used by Indians, was also used for cattle drives later in the 1880's.

Grandma Olander told of serving coffee to numerous

cowboys as their herds moved north. Aunt Amelia added credence to the trail's location, as she remembered many deep wagon ruts, worn in the chalk hill behind the Stony Point School. She never had to cross a fence during her walk to school. Statements by my grandparents and aunt indicate that the cattle trail and Double File Trail must have been the same. The Double File Trail, which crossed Brushy Creek at Palm Valley Church, and meandered in a northeast direction towards the San Gabriel River, was in use for over a hundred years.

The story that was told to me involved a wagonload of gold headed south towards Mexico. Indians attacked, killing most of the animals pulling the wagons. With no transportation to haul the cargo, the gold was buried on the trail, to be retrieved later.

My father had come to the conclusion that the gold must be where he had seen a ghost of a man. One day when in the field chopping weeds, he spoke to his dad saying,



Picture is of Harvey Olander taken in 1992 in his younger years

"Look, do you see that man walking toward us?" They both watched as the man vanished. A quick search was made, but he never was seen again. My father decided the man had to be a ghost guarding the gold.

One day in the 1950's, this story was told to A.W. Gustafson, my uncle, who brought

his metal detector to search the area. In the pasture near an old abandoned water well, *the meter gave excellent readings. Uncle Arthur, my dad's brother who was farming the land, used his post-hole digger to dig a three-foot hole. He found nothing. A Hutto blacksmith added three more feet to the digger, and soon the hole was extended to six feet. By then it was late, and all were tired, so we quit. Who knows? It is possible that we may have missed the gold by inches. Other areas had been checked and marked with rocks, before we dug the hot spot in the pasture. Most of the marked areas were very irregular in shape and usually measured ten to twelve feet across. Uncle August called those large areas "salt damp" locations. When the next ghost appears, another prospector may be lucky, and find the buried gold.

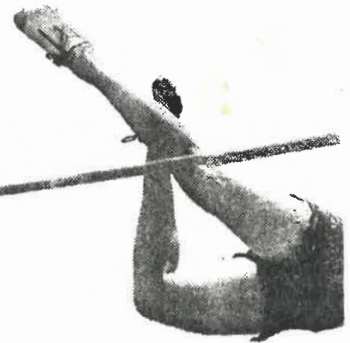
*The Double File Trail became County Road 108 for a short distance where the road crossed a branch. A well, and perhaps a windmill, are still at that location.

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The Hutto news



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Railroad depot a reminder of past



By Harvey Olander
columnist

The first railroad depot was built in 1876 when the tracks were laid. South of the tracks were a grocery store, a livery stable and a few houses. The Hutto's family home was also south and west of the depot. The road from the south crossed the tracks by the depot.

In the 1930s my parents showed me where the depot agent, W.H. Farley Jr., had lived. It was a vacant two-story house at the end of Main Street on Live Oak Street. My Aunt Oman, a widow, lived in a small house adjacent to that vacant house. We visited her weekly to buy groceries and care for her. Claus Oman, her husband, had operated a garage and auto repair shop on Front Street.

According to Hugh Davenport, W.H. Farley Jr. was the second depot agent. What I do not know is where his father, W.H. Farley Sr., had lived. I would guess the first home should have been on Farley Street, one block away from the depot. Yet the Main Street ends at Live Oak Street, indicating that the house may have been there around 1878, before Hutto streets were platted. This would have prevented the platters from making Main as long as East Street and other streets.

Again according to Hugh Davenport, W.H. Farley Sr. served as the first depot agent from 1877 to 1900, and his son W.H. Farley Jr. succeeded him, serving from 1900 to 1929. When W.H. Farley Jr. took the job, he secured funds to remodel the depot.

I remember J.W. "Pap" Moore as the third railroad agent in the 1930s. He had a beautiful daughter. (I tried to date her but she would have nothing to do with me.) He was agent when I went to war in 1942. According to Davenport,

Moore served until 1954. That was the year the depot burned and a third depot was built.

I visited the second building many times during my days at Hutto in the 1930s. Passenger service had been discontinued, so only freight trains stopped. Mail sacks were attached to a rack beside the railroad, to be hooked by an arm on the mail train car. I called the system "grabbed it on the fly."

Later Bennie Downing and his wife Ruby Hanstrom Downing saw an opportunity. Bennie bought the third depot and hired house movers to transport the building to the northeast corner of Taylor Street and College Street in the Magee Subdivision. That location was owned by my Aunt Amelia Hennech. She had bought that block of land years before from a college professor named Grant Ross. She once told me that his father had been manager of the Hutto Post Office.

The house was vacant at that time since my aunt had moved in with her mother, a widow, to care for her.

The lot included two houses, a garage and a peach orchard, all enclosed in a barbed-wire fence. Bennie bought the property from Amelia Hennech, demolished the houses and replaced them with the depot building, which became a rent house.

Bennie and Ruby restored the exterior, keeping the depot look, but remodeled the interior into a comfortable home. I have never been inside so I don't know what was changed, but if you stop and examine the home the two large sliding freight doors are still visible, one on the south side and the other on the east side. The doors are several feet above the ground level because a three-foot high freight platform was once on those sides. At ground level near the middle of the building's south

side is a glass bay window cubicle that extends out from the side and is still visible. This cubicle allowed the depot agent to see the trains approach without going outside. The telegraph key and soundboard were at this location.

The waiting room had seats for passengers in the central area. An iron coal stove was located in the middle. A wall separated the freight room on the east side and had a door on that side with several steps that opened into the freight room.

In my mind this depot would be an important historical keepsake for Hutto.

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, January 1, 2004 - Hutto, Texas



Log bridge crossing creek



(L to R) Joyce Olander, Timothy, Janet, Elizabeth Barnard
Standing Brian Barnard

Fort Kenney

The First In Williamson County

by Harvey Olander

Fort Kenney played a big part in keeping Austin as the Texas capital. A monument beside Highway 79, near Palm Valley Lutheran Church, marks its location. The inscription states, "First settlement in Williamson County - - Erected as a home for Dr. Thomas Kenney and Joseph Barnham in the spring of 1839- Served as a place of defense during Indian raids-Rendezvous of the Santa Fe expedition 1841- Where the archives of the Republic of Texas en route to Washington on the Brazos were captured on December 31, 1842 and returned to Austin."

The site of the Fort is 1/2 mile south of this marker. It is my understanding that Sam Houston, President of the Republic of Texas, had not agreed with the choice of Austin as capital. He sent soldiers to forcibly take the archives back to Washington on the Brazos, the first site of the capital. Numerous citizens of Austin, aroused by the taking of the archives, took guns, including a cannon, and chased the soldiers to Fort Kenney and held them hostage until they agreed to return the records to Austin.

Joyce and I decided that an expedition to the fort would be an exciting way to entertain our grandchildren during their visit in 1985. It was a warm sunny August day when we crossed the railroad tracks and walked a quarter mile towards the fort, following a fence along a plowed field to a pasture.

I led the way stomping down

shoulder high weeds for all to follow single file. Weeds disappeared under the shade of the trees of the woods, but other hazards became apparent, such as sumac, poison oak, poison ivy, and sticker vines hanging from trees. These required many changes of direction.

Brushy Creek became another big obstacle. There were no shallow rapids, only deep water. We searched up-stream and saw a dead tree that had fallen across the creek. That might be used as a bridge, but was its wood rotten? Was it firmly anchored to the bank? We cut limbs to use as staffs, similar to those used by Robin Hood and his merry men, for protection and balance. I crossed first and worriedly waited as Timothy, age twelve, followed by Brian, nine, and Elizabeth, six, struggled to cross. On the south side a cattle trail following the river made walking easy. Several feeding armadillos ran when we approached.

The fort was on high ground, but our first up-hill climb was short of the marker. Another hundred feet through a field of oats brought us to the stone monuments. At one time a flagpole with a metal replica of the Texas Lone Star flag had been visible from Highway 79. The site is on high ground with good visibility in all directions. Now it was only a plowed field with two markers. About 100 feet to the east is a dry gully that probably was a flowing spring in the 1800s. I believe Dr. Kenney made a good choice for his home.

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, March 11, 2004 - Hutto, Texas

The Stony Point Schoolhouse

by Harvey Olander

My grandfather, P.A. Olander, bought a farm on County Road 108. It was in a country school district that had two schools, Gower and Stony Point. When he became a school board trustee with Mr. Seth and Mr. Anderson, they wanted each school to be in separate districts. To make the change, they sent a petition to the county, requesting that each school be in a district of its own. Stony Point became Grandfather's district.

In 1899 the schoolhouse was adjacent to, and south of, County Road 109, four tenths of a mile from the CR108-109 intersection. Channel Creek Spring, 1500 feet away, supplied the water used by the school. In 1902 the school building was moved to the opposite side of Channel Creek, to the top of Stony Point Hill. Most of P.A.'s children attended that school. The picture best describes the Stony Point School's outside appearance. Inside the door was a wooden bench where the drinking water bucket was kept. For "sanitary" reasons each child was required to have his own drinking cup to dip and drink water from the bucket. A tall round coal-burning stove was in the center of the building. Coal was plentiful at Rockdale, and was sold at

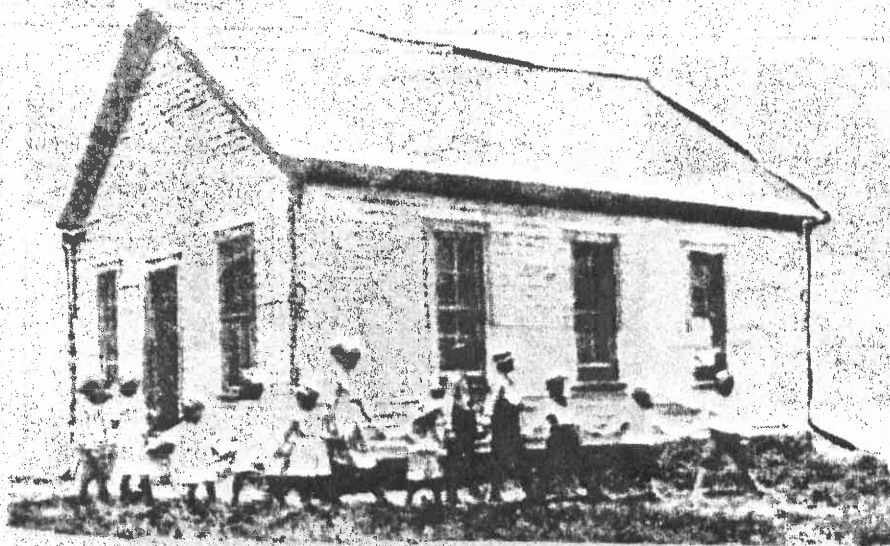
towns near the railroad. Wood was in short supply.

Opposite the door was an elevated platform used for school

by both boys and girls. The girls kept it busy most of the time, so the boys went to the brier patch to get relief. A second was built when

half-mile to and from school. During the summer vacation, school classes were held to teach correct speaking and writing of the Swedish language.

According to Myrtle Westberg, a Stony Point graduate, when the enrollment dropped at the Stony Point hill school, about 1919, it was consolidated with the Palm Valley School. The school on the hill was sold to Mr. Hanisch. He removed and used the lumber to make a "hand" house and storage shed. The Palm Valley School was remodeled and renamed Stony Point. Its location, using present road designations, place it at the intersection of north CR 122 and CR113. In 1943 the Stony Point School closed and was absorbed by Round Rock school district.



programs. The teacher kept her table and chair on the platform. Every student had a desk with a fold up seat, and a shelf for books under the desktop. The boys sat on the north side, the girls on the south side of the room. One boy was assigned to attend the stove, to light the fire in the morning and add coal when needed. Two boys were randomly picked to carry the water bucket to the spring. Each held one end of a stick, with a notch in the middle for the bucket bail. This balanced the load between the boys carrying the water bucket hanging on the stick.

There was one out house, used

girls protested about the boys' intrusions. To entice teachers to Stony Point School, the trustees decided that one family must provide a room in its home where the teacher could stay.

Most bedrooms were without heat. When the weather was cold, families wore more coats and used more blankets on the bed. In an interview, Emil Anderson said that a kerosene stove was later provided to keep teachers happier. Most of the teachers lived at the August Anderson home. They were offered three meals a day, but they seldom made it to the early breakfast table. Teachers walked the

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, July 29, 2004 - Hutto, Texas

50 Cents

Last Issue!

Vol 10; No.31



Jim & Kay Johnson, Publisher & Editor of the Hutto Herald



Cindi Senior, Managing Editor

A special thanks to our faithful employees who have stood beside us. They have done a great job and it has been a real joy to have them with us. We have been blessed to have spent so much time with them in our office. We just love them both!

Cindi Senior came to us and worked several years at night getting the news out. She has been a full-time employee for the Hutto Herald since February 2000. Shortly, thereafter, we named her as Managing Editor. What a loyal and wonderful employee. Also, she is a great friend of ours.

Memories

by Lois Gainer

In 1995 we had a new business in Hutto! That was a newspaper called the "Hutto Herald."

I had the pleasure of meeting Kay and Jim Johnson and Kay gave me the opportunity of writing my "Memories" column. That has been fun!

Seeing pictures of old friends and stories in the paper every week really brightened our days. I for one really looked forward to what Harvey Olander had to say. And, the first thing I always looked for was the little cartoon about "Cowboys" that Jim had in the paper. Many times I cut it out and put it on my door!

My "Memories" really did

brighten my life. I have heard from people in a lot of different states who used to live in Hutto—someone had sent them the newspaper—and, now we continue to correspond.

Bill and Bettye Nelson collected the "Memories" columns and had them published in a book; and, I want to say "Thank you, my dear friends for making my life brighter." I really have enjoyed writing for the Hutto Herald.

I understand why you want to have less work and have more time to go and come at leisure. We will miss the "Herald" but we still have both of you.

Thank you for nine years of pleasure.

Thanks to the columnists over the years

Judy Coats - Recipes by Judy

Rachel Wiley - Feature articles

Lois Gainer - "Memories"

Harvey Olander - Historical stories

Al Buuck - Sports

Mike Allen Sports - Sports

The Hutto news



Wednesday, March 23, 2005 • Vol. 2 No. 34

Hutto Heritage

What happened to iron monsters?



By Harvey Olander
columnist

What happened to those iron monsters — the steam powered trains — that left trails of smoke in the air? Why were they replaced by diesel engines? Water consumption was the reason.

They were always thirsty, demanding thousands of gallons of water a day. It is hard to believe that they used a 55-gallon barrel of water for every mile traveled. That varied, of course, by the number of freight cars pulled.

Water supply storage tanks were placed every 70 miles along the

tracks to refill the tank tender with water. At each stop more than 2,000 gallons were added.

The fuel required to create steam was also tremendous. An engine burned a ton of coal every 50 miles. The efficiency was terrible. Steam trains converted only 6 percent of the heat to mechanical energy. In contrast, diesel train engines are five times more efficient. Even airplane jet engines now use less heat energy per passenger mile than steam trains, because more passengers ride per flight.

This information was obtained by asking retired train engineers. One was the engineer of the Austin Flyer No. 786 steam train, which we rode

during the summer of 1998 to Burnet. Recently, by e-mail, I asked a retired train operator in England for his opinions.

The use of diesel-powered trains was delayed for years because dependable mechanical clutches were not available for the higher-powered engines. The diesel generator and electric motor wheel drive system overcame that barrier. Most railroads in the United States now use diesel power.

Steam trains now are only for the tourist who wants to relive the past.

I still miss the moan of the whistle that reverberates over the land and the visible white puffs of steam as the engine chugs along.

y Olander
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Mth
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The Hutto news



Wednesday, March 2, 2005 • Vol. 2 No. 31

Hutto Heritage

Railroad depot started a city



By Harvey Olander
Historical columnist

Two men who were responsible for the location of the railroad, and a depot named Hutto, are John H. Orgain and James E. Hutto. Each gave a small piece of land for the railroad right-of-way. Orgain's gift started east of the yellow centerline of the present FM 1660 North and James Hutto's gift started west of the centerline of FM 1660 North.

James E. Hutto later sold 45 acres to developers called "The New York and Texas Land Company." They subdivided, then platted the land, and sold lots for homes and businesses. This became known as the Railroad Addition.

John Orgain later sold property which began at the east side of FM 1660 North to J.T. Magee. That acreage was subdivided into lots for homes and is now known as the Magee Subdivision.

Orgain, at the time he sold to Magee, gave the

city one acre of land for a public school, which was soon built at that location.

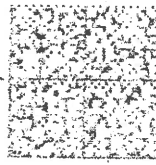
I believe the railroads should be given major credit for rapid development in all of the states. Wherever railroad tracks were laid, towns like Hutto developed. Trains brought thousands of settlers into the territories to populate the land and that resulted in their wanting representation in government.

Railroads also advanced the communication system, which kept station agents along their lines in-

formed about arrivals and departures of trains. Their use of the telegraph encouraged others to expand service by stringing wires along the tracks, as Western Union and telephone companies did.

The railroads' most important contribution was the time zone system that scheduled train arrivals and departures to and from cities along their lines. Because of the efficiency of this system Congress, in 1918, adopted it as mandatory for all of the United States.

The Hutto news



\$ 00.83⁰



Wednesday, December 22, 2004 • Vol. 2 No. 21

Hutto Heritage

Swedish traditions part
of Hutto's history



By Harvey Olander
guest columnist

Hutto had a massive influx of immigrants from Sweden between 1880 and 1915. All my grandparents came to the area from Sweden, and I estimate that about one third of the Hutto community was Swedish immigrants, many of whom were farmers.

The Swedes lived and celebrated as a group until laws forced their children to attend American schools. The children then gradually adopted American traditions.

I remember many of the Swedish traditions that my mother celebrated during the Christmas season.

Lucia Day

Dec. 13 was considered one of the longest nights of the year and a festival of lights was started many years ago to drive away the darkness. It is now called Lucia Day.

This began the holiday celebrations, which lasted until Jan. 13. The oldest daughter in the family got up before daybreak, placed a wreath of seven lighted candles on her head to light her way, and brought coffee and cardamom rolls to all members of the family, who were still in bed.

In schools, colleges, and business offices, young girls dressed in white with lighted crowns and served the same refreshments to their associates. People had an extreme desire for light because during the Christmas season the sun rises at 9 a.m. and sets at 2 p.m. in central Sweden, and in northern Sweden there is almost no daylight at all.

Julafton

Dec. 24 is called "Julafton," which was the

day the Christmas tree was brought in and decorated. Next, the evening meal, a smorgasbord, was served, and after the meal, Tomte the Christmas elf would knock on the door. When the door was opened, the presents were found on the stoop — but no Tomte.

Tomte was a dwarf who lived in the yard of every home. There were thousands of Tomtes, who supposedly kept a record of the good and the bad and gave presents according to behavior.

All gifts were opened on Christmas Eve.

Julotta

Christmas Day, Dec. 25, began with Julotta, the early morning church service that started about 5 a.m. By tradition, everyone went, including those who never attended church during the year. The service had a very large attendance. The rest of the day was for visitation, rest and enjoying Christmas gifts.

Dec. 26 - Jan. 13

The Christmas tree plundering was held between Dec. 26 and Jan. 13. That day varied, depending on schedules of friends who were invited to celebrate the last of Christmas.

Plundering meant eating the cookies and candies still left on the tree and removing all decorations. If there were very few goodies left on the tree, the mother restocked the tree for the young people and then opened the door and stood back while they enjoyed the dancing and laughter. After the tree was stripped, it was taken out of the house.

Harvey Olander grew up on a farm just north of Hutto and moved back to the community after serving in the military and a 38-year career in manufacturing.

Covering the Hippoplex & the Hutto Independent School District

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, December 18, 2003 - Hutto, Texas

Thurs

There's No Santa Claus In Sweden

A rewrite by Harvey Olander

In Sweden children have had their presents delivered for centuries without the Santa from the North Pole. Their beloved Tomte performs the task gleefully every Christmas. He really is not as attractive as our big fat Ho-Ho-Ho Santa, but resembles him in some ways. Tomte wears a red cap with a tassel, and has a long white beard. Even though he delivers all the presents to their home without problems, he has never needed a reindeer or a sleigh. Tomte lives somewhere with in the yard of every child's home. Tomte is a dwarf! There are millions of Tomtes in Sweden.

It is said that Tomte keeps a record of all the good and bad about every child. Those who are bad receive a switch for Christmas. Tomte may threaten

have never heard that he ever delivered a switch. He loves children. Tomte is a quiet one. On Christmas Eve after dark he never speaks, but knocks as he leaves the presents at the front door. When the children hear the knock and rush to open the door, he has gone. I have

heard that some of the older children get curious and give chase to get a glimpse. Tomte knows he had better be fast and nimble. The



Tomte to whom I refer is in my memory as told by my grand parents. It is possible Tomte may be different now. He probably uses a computer and delivers presents by UPS.

In Sweden presents were delivered December the 24th. That day is called Julafton. That is also the day the Christmas tree was brought in and decorated. The decorations consisted of candy,

about 2 p.m. His knock always comes after the smorgasbord feast, the biggest meal of the year. The children opened their presents on Christmas Eve, but they had to go to bed before they could play. Christmas morning came early, not to play, but to attend church..

Everyone went to church before daylight. Very few Swedes attend church during the year, but at the 5 a.m. Jul-otta service all the churches were crowded with overflow crowds. The Christmas season culminates in the days of "plundering", which last from December 26 until January 13. That gives friends time enough to visit other homes to celebrate by dancing around the tree, stripping the tree and eating all the goodies. The End.

The original story was featured in the Hutto Herald Newspaper December 10, 1998.

cookies, and other edible treats. Days are short during Swedish winters and night comes early,

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, December 11, 2003 - Hutto, Texas

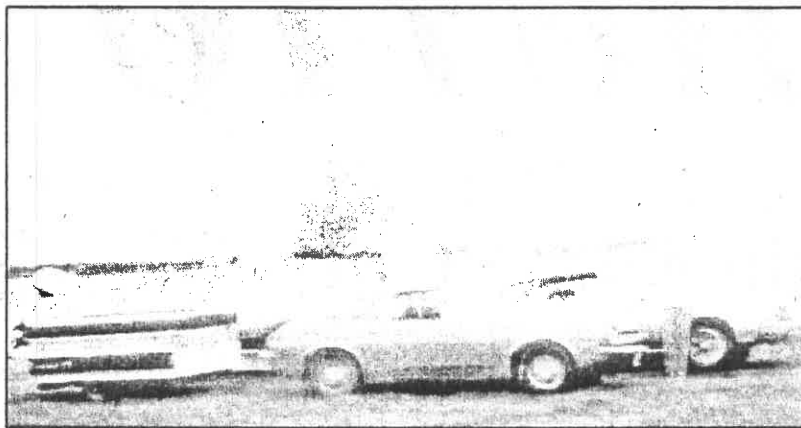
03

Finding Fort Merrill

by Harvey Olander

Old Fort Merrill ruins! When I saw that on the map* it stirred my inner soul. I imagined ruins of a stockade where soldiers once stood guard, muskets in hand, ready to shoot Indians riding bare back racing towards them. The term "ruins" indicated it was still there. Perhaps parts of the stockade or the log cabin quarters would still be visible. The desire to go see became greater since the ruins were not accessible by road. I would be a big adventurer like Daniel Boone, exploring a new frontier. The fort was located about five miles north of Lake Mathis, about a mile from the Nueces River.

We made a plan to set up camp near the end of the lake, just south of the bridge that crosses to a settlement called Dinero. Then launch the boat and go five miles up river to a sharp S bend. Conceal the boat and walk west through the woods to the Missouri Pacific railroad tracks. Follow the tracks south about a half-mile to where the railroad turns to the right. The fort should be about a



quarter mile to the west.

The plan became a reality. Joyce and I were properly attired in long legged leather boots to avoid snake bite, carrying water, lunch, compass, and camera. The boat was launched but it was difficult to stay on the river because there were many dead end inlets on the lake, but we found the S bend, concealed the boat, and tramped through the woods west to the railroad. At the right turn of the rails there was a plowed field. In the middle of the field was a heavy grove of trees. That had to be the remains of Fort Merrill

Excited with those thoughts, we rushed through the plowed field to the woods, a tangled mass of vines,

weeds, and trees, very difficult to penetrate, but in the middle we found the remains of a water well. No stockade, no log cabin, but numerous depressions dug by looters indicated that the site was indeed that of the fort. The images in mind flew away, as did the enthusiasm.

According to historical records**, Fort Merrill was one of many established by the United States military to guard the fron-

tier at the close of the Mexican War. Fort Merrill was set up to protect the road from Corpus Christi north to San Antonio. The military command had found that fortified stockades, by nature, kept the soldiers comfortable, waiting for trouble to come to them, and that garrisons without protecting walls would send patrols into the countryside to prevent attacks. This fort had no stockade, only barracks, officers' quarters and large parade grounds. By 1850 the soldiers had moved west to keep up with the frontier.

*Texas State Highway Department Planning and Research Division, GENERAL HIGHWAY MAP, LIVE OAK COUNTY TEXAS, 1970

**Reference: Roger Norman Conger, FRONTIER FORTS OF TEXAS

PICTURE: Launch site for the boat to search for the Fort.

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, December 4, 2003 - Hutto, Texas

Future Farmers Of America?

by Harvey Olander

During my 1936-37 sophomore year, Hershel Sands, our Hutto agriculture teacher arranged transportation for students wanting to attend the fall Fort Worth stock show. Each rider shared the cost of gasoline. We rode in an open flat bed Chevrolet truck equipped with sideboards, but it had no protection from wind, rain or sun. A cushion of hay made our seats during the one hundred fifty-mile ride to the stock show. The trip began at the Hutto School in early morning and arrived in Ft. Worth by noon. Seldom did we reach the speed limit of fifty miles per hour.

First stop was to leave extra clothes and other essentials on our beds before walking to the fair grounds. Refreshment stands at the fair provided our meals. I rushed from one exhibit to the next the first day, and at times, stopped to watch hucksters sell their wares.

A rodeo ticket for that night required standing in front of ticket booths with probably two hundred waiting boys. Five ticket booths were joined together in a row with a chain link fence attached to one end. This grouped all of us in a corner.

When the booths opened the crowd rushed forward. It was hot and tiring in the squeeze to purchase the tickets, but after buying one, pushing against that crowd exhausted me. I felt faint and did not want to be trampled. There was an option: climb onto the ticket

booth roof. A pipe guardrail that served to establish lines could be a ladder. The roof then would be about waist high. I stood on the pipe but could not pull up. In desperation I put my foot on a boy's head and shoved. He yelled a few bad words and pushed my foot off his head with enough momentum to put me on top. Many others followed my example. There I lay, trying to cool down and feel normal again, but a police officer yelled, "Get off that roof." I jumped off the backside to the ground, but still feeling groggy, walked to the sleeping quarters to lie down.

Our group was assigned to a gym with folding canvas cots set up to be our beds. Still feeling weak at show time, I gave my ticket to a friend. The next morning I felt better and visited the exhibits that were missed before.

Those were exciting days for a country farm boy to see all those big city sights. Our farmhouse in the country had no city conveniences. Oil lamps provided light most of my young life. Electricity was wired into our house during my freshman school year of 1935. We replaced the icebox with a refrigerator and bought our first radio that year. Indoor plumbing fixtures such as wash basin, shower, toilet, and hot water heater were a dream of the future.

My suggestion: STOP and realize how fortunate you are to live in a land of luxury and prosperity.



BOYS THAT MADE THE TRIP TO FORT WORTH

Front Row (LtoR): Wesley Brunken, Ernest Johnson, Jack Saul; Middle Row: Warren Swindoll, Red McCutchen-supervisor, Lambert Malm, Harry Hanson, Eugene Peterson; Top Row: Eugene Barnes, Walter Martin, Milton Burrow, Alex Martin, Walter Daniel Downing

ng! HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, November 27, 2003 - Hutto, Texas

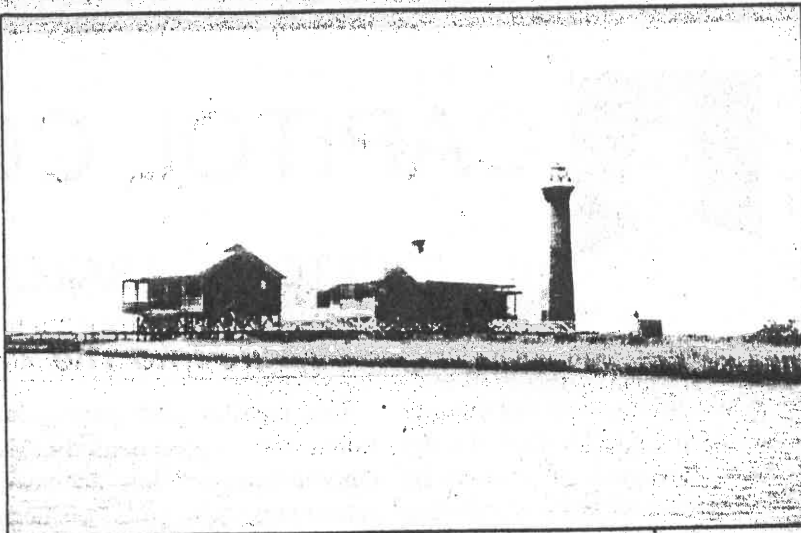
Thurs

A Touch Of Texas History

by Harvey Olander

It's fascinating to explore where no one has trod before or where people seldom go. St. Joseph Island provides such a place. It is privately owned by Sid Richardson and only accessible by boat. We could spend all day and not see another person. My Lone Star boat was the perfect transporter with seats for five, ample room for five cots, ice chest, stove, food, a disassembled all-terrain vehicle, and twelve gallons of gasoline.

The boat launch was at the Port Aransas turning basin, where we parked the car and trailer. Exiting the basin, then crossing the ship channel, put us into the Lydia Ann Channel. This channel is part of the Intercoastal Canal Waterway that goes from Brownsville, Texas to and across Florida and up the East Coast. It is an inland waterway for barge traffic and a shelter for out of state shrimp boats. Previous trips had made us aware of the so-called pirates on boats who steal unguarded property such as boat motors and other equipment. We found a private camping location out of their sight. The channel between Lydia Ann Island and St. Joe was sanded and shallow,



Picture courtesy of Tom Arnold

so all boats went around Lydia Island. That extra half-mile of shallow water put us in a beautiful secluded camping place not visible to boat traffic.

The abandoned Aransas Pass Lighthouse beside Lydia Ann Channel was on the way to our campsite. It is one and three quarter mile from the Port Aransas basin. When built in 1855 it was aligned with the channel to the Gulf of Mexico so that its beacon light was a guide for ships to follow. Hurricanes and tides kept shifting the channel sands in the pass between St. Joseph Island and Mustang Island. When the Civil

War began the channel had moved south one and one half miles. Union forces occupied the Gulf pass and blockaded Confederate shipping. Confederate troops slipped in and removed the lens and the light to deny Union ships its use. Union ships bombarded Corpus Christi for days, but Confederate cannons on shore kept them away from land. The lighthouse was abandoned in 1952.

My three children, Janet, Ralph, Keith, my wife Joyce and I scouted the grounds and lighthouse shortly after it was abandoned. Charles Butt, the son of Howard Edward Butt, bought the lighthouse and ac-

companying houses. He employs a keeper and his wife to stay in the house to maintain the buildings. The maintenance is unending, according to Tom Arnold. Occasionally Charles lets groups of people go out to visit for the day. Tom went on a visit a couple years ago. Across the channel from the lighthouse, grounded in the sand, are the remains of the S.S. John Worthington. It was torpedoed during World War II off Port Aransas and pulled in for salvage.

The entrance between Lydia Ann and St. Joe is three miles from Port Aransas. Going another one half mile took us to our hide out. The waves on the gulf beach were one mile away, but very visible from our camp. A three-seat, homemade, all-terrain vehicle powered by a five horsepower engine transported us across the island to the beach and allowed us to comb the beach for miles looking for treasure. It could be assembled or disassembled in fifteen minutes to carry on the boat.

When I look back I wonder: how did I have the time to do all those things and work a five-day week job? At eighty years plus I hardly have time to get dressed before it is time for bed.

Covering the Hippoplex & the Hutto Independent School District

Harvey Olander
1345 Annapolis
Corpus Christi TX 78415

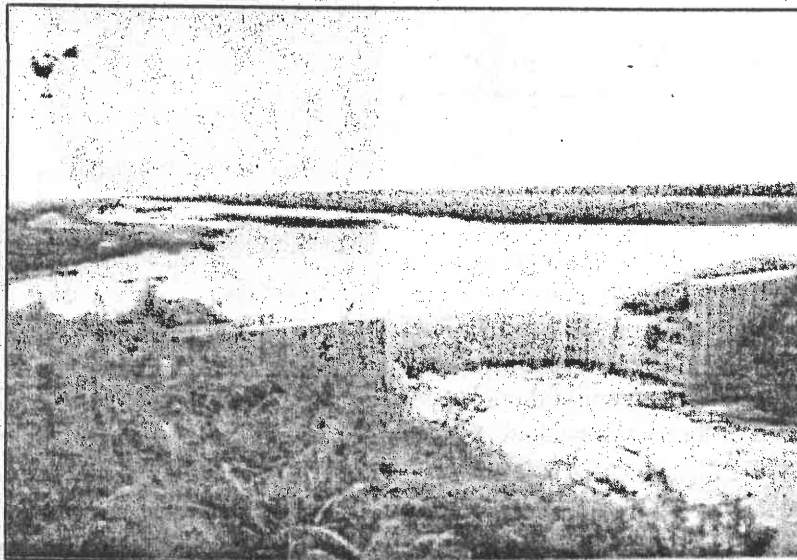
HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, November 20, 2003 - Hutto, Texas

The Three CCC

by Harvey Olander

The work of the Civilian Conservation Corps helped to revitalize the economy of Texas. That effect is very visible on our farm today. Lois Gainer's story in the Herald reminded me of those good old days. In my youth, truck loads of workers with picks and shovels in hand would come each morning to dig and construct. That organization terraced my grandfather's farm and constructed concrete spillways at the end of each terrace. Those concrete spillways are still working today, so in a way the C.C.C. is still working on our farm. The terraces have needed occasional maintenance to preserve their level, but it's obvious that they do their job. Just look at the neighboring field joining our



farm. The land level is about three feet lower. Thousands of cubic feet of topsoil are gone forever.

Dad was not employed by the C.C.C., and farm products were at

give away prices. If it were not for the cows and chickens, he may have been forced to join. We ate eggs and chicken so much I almost felt the urge to cackle and crow.

The surplus eggs were traded at the grocery store for flour and sugar. We had very little money.

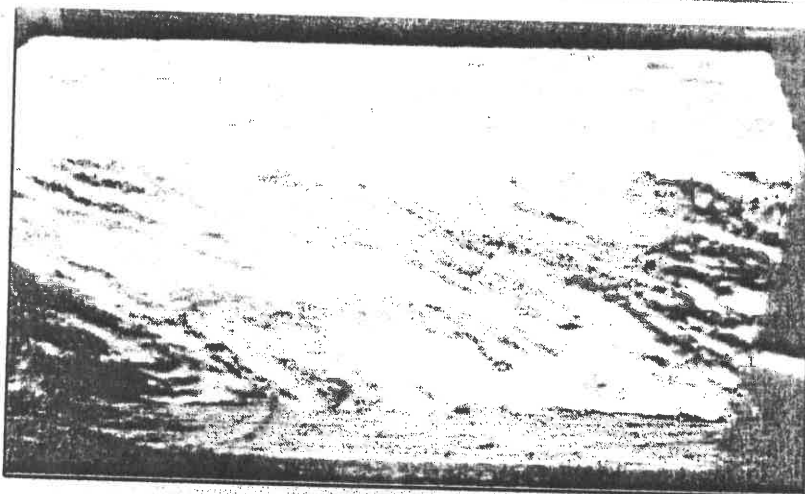
We tried to raise onions one spring to get some extra money. We had a bumper crop. The Taylor store would not buy them unless they were in sacks, so Dad bought them for five cents apiece. We worked and worked to fill the trailer for the trip to Taylor. The buyer offered dad five cents for each bag of onions. He said there was a surplus. We sold. At least we got our bag money back. The lice from the onion field spread to the cotton and made poisoning necessary.

Thinking back, I believe dad would have been ahead if he had joined the C.C.C.

Covering the Hippoplex & the Hutto Independent School District

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, November 6, 2003 - Hutto, Texas



A Tombstone Named Orgain

by Harvey Olander

Several years ago persons cleaning a yard on Jim Cage Lane called Charles Hanstrom saying, "We have found a stone in the trash with the name Orgain upon it. Charles, not knowing from where it came, put it in the Hutto Museum.

In a February 1998 Hutto school paper, called the Hippo Brief, an article was published called, "EX-SLAVE BUILDS FIRST CABIN IN HUTTO." It reads as follows: "The first permanent residence in present day Hutto was a small cabin built and owned by Adam Orgain. Mr. Orgain was a freed slave of the Orgain family. The structure, built before 1855, formed the nucleus for the town of Hutto."

Many slaves used their owner's names when freed, but freeing a slave in Central Texas ten years before the Civil War would certainly be an unusual gesture. John H. Orgain, a white person, bought 400 acres of land from Morgan Hamilton and recorded it in 1856 (*1). This 400 acres included Adam's house.

About 1876, when the I.G.N. Railroad came to Hutto, John Orgain gave two acres to the railroad for its right of way, and later donated one acre of land for a Hutto school.

In 1880 the Orgain family sold to the slave Adam (*2) five acres of land for \$125. On this land he had built his house some years previously. The additional acres allowed him to grow crops. In 1893, thirteen years later, a speculator named Charles Hague bought (*3) Adam's 5 acres for \$2000. Adam signed the deed by marking an X for his name.

In 1894 John H. Orgain and wife Kate sold some of the remaining land (*4) in Hutto to J.T. Magee. The Magee subdivision of Hutto

now includes most of the homes east of FM 1660N and west of FM1660S. J.E.Hutto's property included most of the homes west of FM1660N. Both were a part of Hamilton's 800 acres.

Before 1860, according to Josephine Metcalfe Smith (*5), a missionary named Sterling Orgain came to Texas from Kentucky and bought a farm he called Elm Grove. There he farmed and worked as a missionary until he died.

Mrs. Smith wrote that Sterling, his wife and their grandbaby, Bennie, are buried in a hilltop cemetery five miles south of Hutto. That cemetery is now private property. (I believe she was referring to the Shiloh Cemetery.)

Mrs. Smith's grandfather, Thomas Moody Metcalfe, bought land and lived on Metcalfe Street in Hutto. He was the Hutto postmaster from 1883 to 1891 and his wife, Mattie, was a teacher in the Hutto School. Tom and Mattie are buried in the Hutto City Cemetery.

Josephine Smith's great-great grandfather was Sterling Orgain. Josephine Metcalfe Smith's story and the land transfers provide interesting details about Hutto, but not one clue about where the tombstone should be placed. HELP!

*Records below are found in Williamson County Courthouse-Record department

*1) Land transfer from Morgan C. Hamilton to John H. Orgain see Vol. 6, page 558

*2) Deed from John H. Orgain to Adam see Vol. 29 Page 153

*3) Deed from Adam to Charles Hague see Vol. 66 Page 566

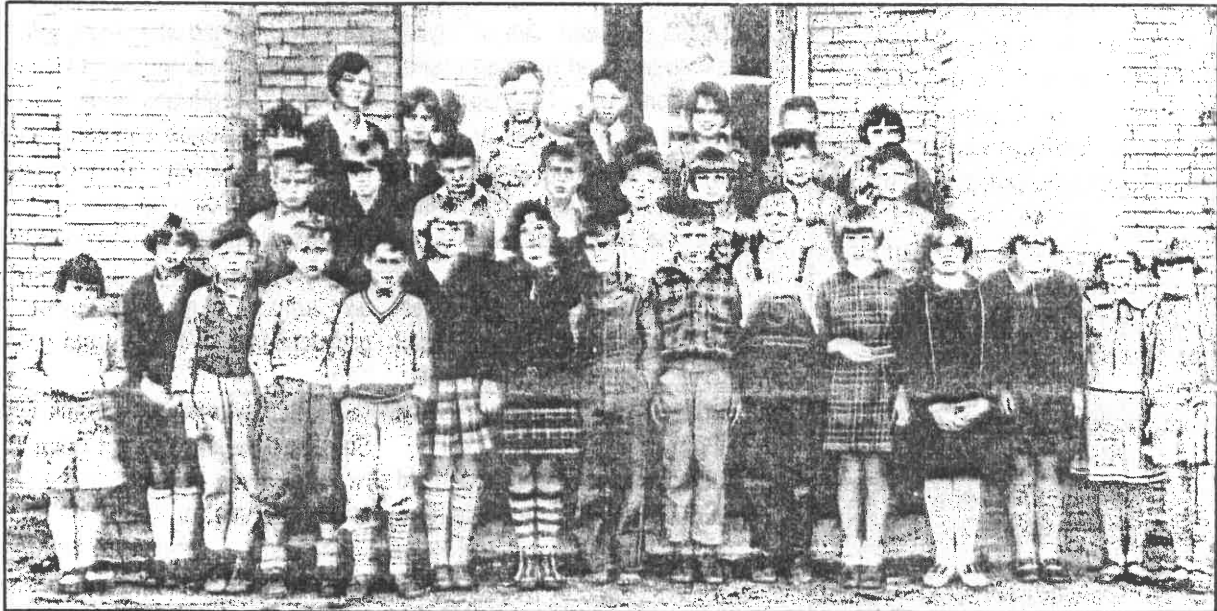
*4) Deed of land from John H. Orgain to J.T.Magee see Vol. 67, page 297

*5) Josephine Metcalfe Smith's story was published in the Hutto Herald August 15, 1996

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, October 30, 2003 - Hutto, Texas

Can You Identify Any Of These Students?



Left to right (Year graduated) ?? represents names not known. TOP ROW: ??, Teacher ??, ??, Anton Franzen (35), Wallace Swenson, ??, ??, Gertrude Johnson, MIDDLE ROW: Marvin Bergstrom(35), Dorothy Kellstrom(35), ??, Steward Evans(33), ??, Loraine Carlson(35), Melvin Ray(35), R.C. Gainer(35); BOTTOM ROW: Snooky Kyle, Margaret Rehn(35), Walden Franzen(35), Mauritz Swenson(35), ??, Gladys Stromberg(35), ??, Marion Blackman(36), Harry Hanson(35), ??, ??, ??, Anna Bell Swenson(35), Lydia Kruger(35), Lucille Hanstrom(35); Photo courtesy of Mrs. Dorothy Johnson, ** For more details on the Ex-student organization see the Hutto Live Wire school paper published November 10, 1950.

A PICTURE OF HUTTO 6TH GRADE OF 1928-29

by Harvey Olander

Mrs. Dorothy Johnson approached me at the Hutto museum during Old Tyme Days and asked if I knew the names of those in the photograph. I named fifteen of the thirty-one. She said I could take the picture and try to name the others. I checked with Anton and Dorothy Franzen, and Charles and Clarice Hanstrom. They added names to the list. Back in Corpus Christi, I checked my mother's two-spiral notebooks, filled with hand written lists containing graduates from 1897 to 1970, to determine the year the pictured students may have graduated. 1935 was the year the fifteen I had named graduated, out of a class of twenty.

The graduate name lists began after my mother, Segred, was elected secretary during the second ex-student meeting on November 1949. At that time the president, vice president, treasurer, and secretary were appointed to organize an Ex-Students' Association**. She wrote scores of letters and talked to many, many past graduates. Those listings included student names, married names, addresses, zip codes, day and month of graduation, place of graduation, class colors, class motto, class flower, superintendents, principals and names of persons verifying correctness of the list. Mrs. Marie Blackman (Betty Sue Holmstrom's mother), joined Segred and together they maintained identical comprehensive lists and kept them updated. Segred gave up the task when she was seventy-three

years old. I hereby congratulate Segred, Marie, and Betty Sue for their perseverance and untiring effort to maintain the listing.

Back to the picture. Using the graduate lists before and after 1935 helped me select more names, because not all those in the picture are named in the 1935 list of the graduating class. Some may have failed or moved away before graduating. Help is needed to complete this list. If you recognize others in the picture please contact Dorothy Johnson.

HUTTO HERALD

Vol 9, No.42

Thursday, October 16, 2003 - Hutto, Texas

Elders Of The Swedish Methodist Church

by Harvey Olander

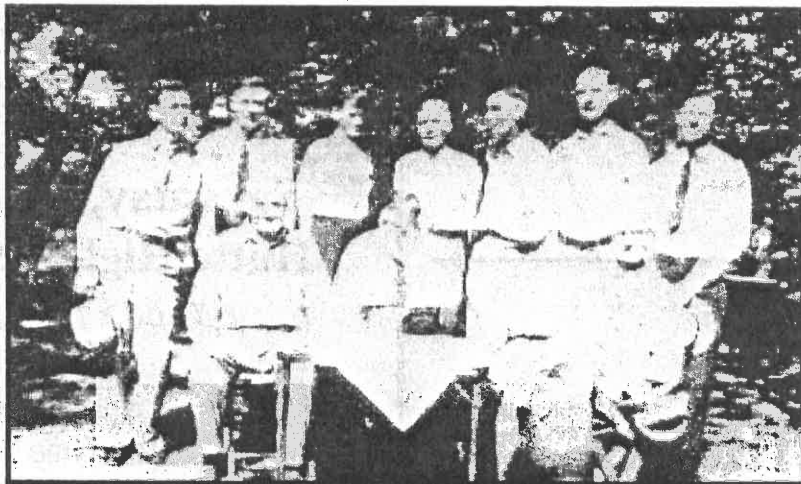
Each year the Farley pasture was the Methodist choice for a May picnic. The weather was always comfortable, the foliage beautiful and the creek water warm for swimming. His pasture had easy access: it was on the road to a low water crossing called Shiloh. Wagons, buggies and old cars used that crossing when going to farms farther south or to Manor.

There was a cemetery on that road with the same name. Baptists

used the waters near the creek crossing for baptism ceremonies.

Picnics always began with a prayer before a covered dish lunch. Games such as horseshoes, pitching washers, sack races, dominoes, and swimming occupied the rest of the afternoon. Of course there was always time for some gossip. Oh, what fond memories I have of those carefree days of 1937.

(Other pictures of the ladies and young people will follow in later editions)



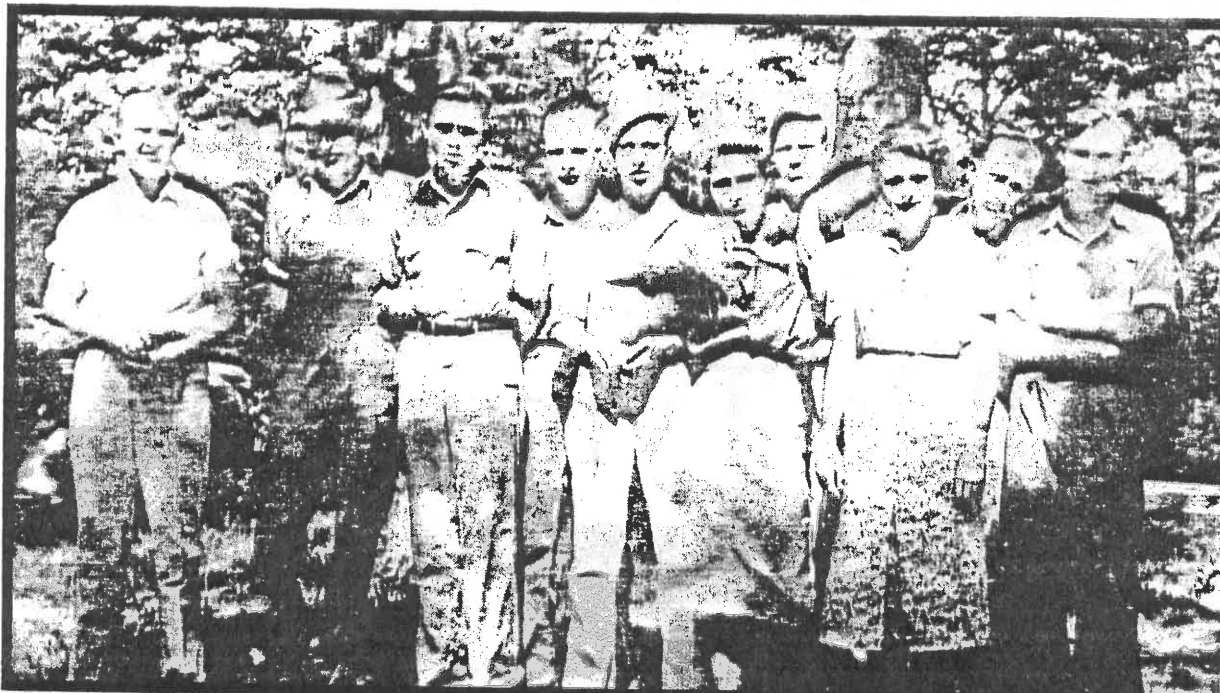
(L to R) Standing - Elof Gustafson, Andrew Franzen, Gus Malm, Carl Hanson, Lee Roy Bergstrom, Anton Peterson, Oscar Olander. Seated - August Johnson, Reverend Edwin Sahlen, P.A. Olander, Ed. Eklund.
(Photo by Harvey Olander)

Covering the Hippoplex & the Hutto Independent School District

Harvey Olander
1345 Annapolis
Corpus Christi

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, October 23, 2003 - Hutto, Texas



YOUNG METHODISTS ATTENDING A PICNIC IN 1937

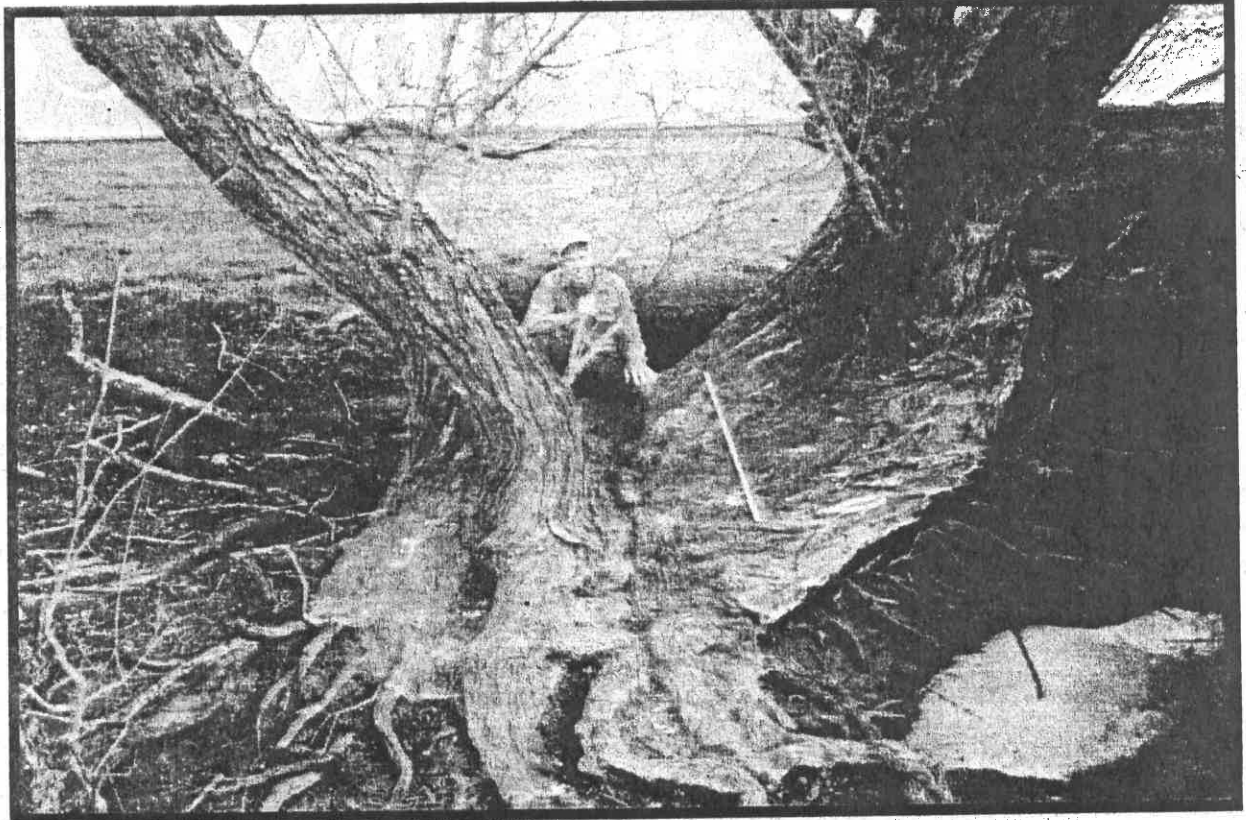
(L to R) Stanley Ahlgren,
Harry Hanson; Lambert Malm,
Anton Franzen,
Charles Hanstrom,
Virginia Carlson,
John Henry Hennech,
Kathryn Gustafson,
Irving Ahlgren, Harvey Olander
Photo by Harvey Olander

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, September 4, 2003 - Hutto, Texas

Thursday, September 4, 2003

HUTTO HERALD Page 3



Could This Be The Oldest Tree Around Hutto?

by Harvey Olander

This willow tree on Cottonwood Creek is one of many, not outstanding in height, but in girth it is huge. It measures fifteen feet in circumference. Notice the white three-foot yardstick on the tree trunk. It is certainly not the graceful "spreading chestnut tree", as the poem goes. It is only a willow, showing the effects of the many calamities it has endured during its life.

Many of its larger limbs have broken and rotted away, but life is eternal. New branches have sprouted from its gnarled trunk to keep it living. It shows evidence of severe droughts, has withstood the many grass fires caused by lightning, or possibly, fires set by Indians. Years ago this area was prairie grassland. Trees grew only near the San Gabriel River and Brushy Creek. Fires and droughts prevented new tree growth. Fires set by Indians in the early eighteenth hundreds allowed new grass to emerge in the spring and enticed buffalo to linger to feed. I can imagine this tree may have sheltered Indians during their hunt for these buffalo.

About 1897 my grandfather plowed up grassland to start his farm about three miles southeast

of Hutto. My mother, Segred, said there were no fences, so the few farmers let their cattle roam at will. When cattle drives came from Rice's Crossing, her father and she stood guard to protect their garden. When she was ten years old, my mother remembers seeing the raging grass fires that were started by sparks from trains. The sky glowed red at night from these fires that appeared to go beyond the horizon. Mr. Nelson, of the Round Rock banking family, from whom my grandfather rented the land, furnished the lumber to build the house, and later gave him fencing to protect the water well that he had dug by hand. The fence protected the water well and trough, which was filled by bucket from a well. Too many stray cows had kept it dry.

The waters of Cottonwood kept this tree alive, but in time this stream of water eroded the dirt from its roots. Half of the tree roots appear exposed in the creek bed. It will certainly not be remembered as a tree of beauty, but a tree with a very unusual trunk. This tree, I believe, will be in the Hutto Park system that is now in its planning stages. It is located about one mile from Highway 79 on FM 1660 North. The tree is located about one-quarter mile west of my

two-story pink colored farmhouse (seen above my head in background) on Cottonwood).

To visit the tree, it would probably be best to go to the street at the south side of the Hutto Parke

Subdivision and follow the sewer man-hole covers to Cottonwood. The tree is about sixty feet up stream from the manhole cover that is within three feet of the Cottonwood river bed.

Covering the Hippoplex & the Hutto Independent School District

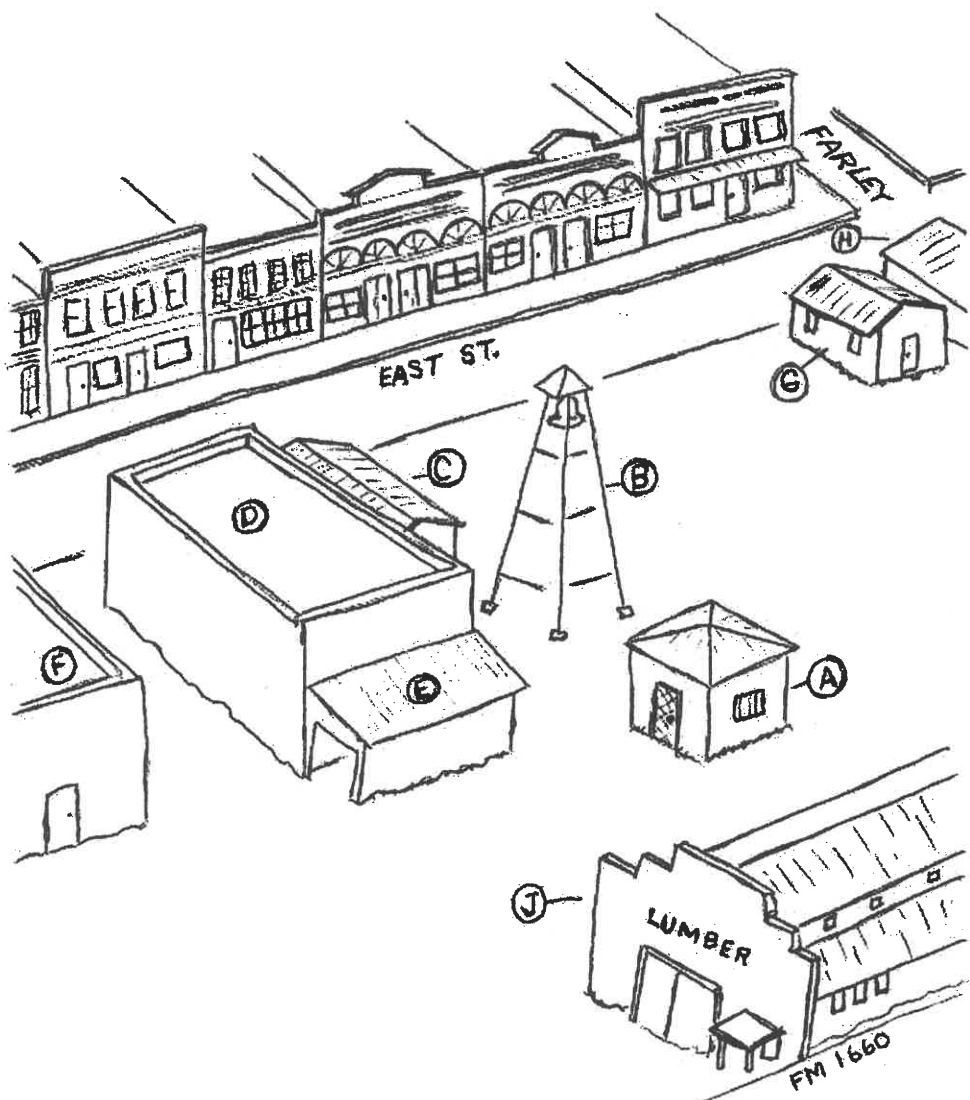
Harvey Olander
1345 Annapolis
Corpus Christi T

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, August 7, 2003 - Hutto, Texas



Clarence Beezley, laughingly looks out of the Jailhouse window. The door remained open 99% of the time. (Photo courtesy of Harvey Olander)



A Sketch Of Hutto In The 1930s

by Harvey Olander

(A) Hutto had a one-room jailhouse, about six foot by six foot in size. No water, no toilet. All persons jailed were quickly transported to Georgetown. (They had better be.) My Uncle John Hennech was sheriff part of those years.

(B) The fire bell was moved to this location in 1928: from the north side of Farley St.

(C) This tin shed was built as a fire house. A new Model A fire truck was bought in 1928. I believe earlier there was a 1923 Model T, modified into a fire truck.

(D) I remember that Spider Martin had a barbershop in this building. How he received that name is not known.

(E) Slim Barnes commercially operated a wood fired steam press

for pressing clothes but I don't remember his washing clothes there or if he cleaned clothes.

(F) The Hutto Post Office was in this building in the 1930's. My uncle, Lee Roy Bergstrom, was postmaster during some of those years.

(G) A Blacklock had a barber shop here in the 30's. The Hutto Herald used the building in the late 1920's.

(H) The Payne & Burson meat market was located here. Mother sent me many times to buy round steaks for 25 cents a pound. In the back shed they sold barbecue and sausage (hot guts).

(J) The Hutto Lumber Yard was operated by Walter Albers and his son "Cow" Albers. It remained a lumber yard into 1970's before burning.

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, July 31, 2003 - Hutto, Texas

The Fire That Destroyed Half Of Hutto's Downtown Businesses

by Harvey Olander

When my grandfather, P. A. Olander, saw the flames in Hutto, he did not take time to saddle his horse. He ran the three miles across the fields to town to help fight the fire. My Aunt Amelia told me she was sure he broke the world's record of the 4-minute-mile.

The fire started about closing time on Saturday night when a gasoline stove exploded in J.C. Jackson's Restaurant, located on the corner of East and Farley Streets. The ringing of the fire bell brought men, women, and children to fight the fire. A shortage of water made them realize that the fire was going to spread. The men and boys then concentrated on removing porches and other wooden

parts from the adjacent buildings. The breeze from the southeast kept the burning cinders flying away from the adjoining buildings, but the intense heat soon ignited the Matthews and Payne Meat Market, a wooden frame building next door on the south side. The next building in line was the Bayer and Boyd Grocery Store. Since it was an ironclad building, it was hoped that the fire would be stopped there, but radiated heat spread the fire to the inside.

Next was the post office. J.B. Ross, postmaster, removed all the mail, money and other important perishables from his building. Miss Violet Stonestreet, with the help of others, carried all merchandise from her confectionery. Wa-

ter was being hauled in from the Round Bale Gin reservoir while bucket brigades threw water on the flames, but nothing helped. The fire kept moving south against the wind. Soon R.F. Magruder's Grocery was burning. Next to Magruder's was a narrow alley with a brick building on the other side. That stopped the southward progress of the fire. But the inferno of heat was breaking windows and scorching wood on buildings across the street. Broken windows were shielded and water was thrown on the wood to prevent the spread of the fire across the street.

Meanwhile, back at the Farley Street intersection, flying cinders crossed Farley Street, set the blacksmith shop of Brown and

Hansen on fire and burned it down. A block to the north the Presbyterian Church's shingle roof caught fire, but men on the roof kept putting out the flames as they started. The ladies of the town gathered in the cotton yard diagonally across Farley and East Street, and with wet rags stopped cinders from burning hundreds of cotton bales. This was the month of October and all the cotton ginned that year was stored there. Of all the buildings and merchandise destroyed, only one store had fire insurance. The year was 1902 and this conflagration occurred almost ten years after construction first started on East Street.

This is a part of Hugh Davenport's HISTORY OF HUTTO.



Cleaning up East Street after the 1902 fire
(Photo courtesy of the Hutto Chamber of Commerce - Hutto Museum)

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, July 3, 2003 - Hutto, Texas

Uncle Harry's Drug Store In Hutto

by Harvey Olander

My grandfather, Fred Gustafson, had a house at East and Hutto Streets. I stayed with him to become eligible for attending the Hutto School since my parents lived at Behrens Ranch in another district. My Aunt Esther, nicknamed Pat, also lived at their home. Aunt Pat was a nurse who did shift work at the Georgetown hospital. During her time off she occupied the spare bedroom, but what about Uncle Harry? An appendix operation caught Pat's attention.

The patient, Harry, was so cute that she

flirted with and married that guy. I remember their wedding in Grandpa's living room. No! It was not a shotgun wedding. It was true love. Uncle Harry had no job so he stayed in Hutto. Carl Stromberg and Harry, who were cousins, talked and decided to start a business in Hutto.

Walter Henry Johnson had a drugstore for sale. He was one of J. A. Johnson's eleven children, nine boys and two girls. Walter, after public school, went to Kansas and received a degree in pharmacy. He returned to Hutto and operated the Corner Drug Store for



HARRY SWENSON WHEN IN THE NAVY IN EARLY TWENTIES



AUNT PAT WHEN IN NURSING TRAINING IN THE TWENTIES

about 15 years. In 1927 Johnson sold the contents and the rights to operate the drug store to Harry and Carl. Walter stayed with them for a while dispensing prescriptions.

Uncle Harry was now a drug store owner.

On Pat's day off she took me to the store after school. I forever was hoping for another ice-cream cone treat. The partners wanted a modern soda fountain. They bought a fountain with a long eight-foot marble top. The front and sides were also shiny marble. The stools were polished chrome with round leather swivel seats. At the center

were three chrome faucets for dispensing soft drinks. The different flavored ice creams were stored in ten-gallon containers. They were kept in an insulated stainless steel box under the counter. Dry ice kept the creams frozen. Carl Stromberg said the counter price was four thousand dollars**, paid by loans from kinfolks.

One day while I was there, several schoolboys bought sodas drinks. I remembered one was named Harvey Payne, because he had the same name as mine. That day ten-gallon containers of ice-cream were delivered. A piece of

never fully repaid. All those wonderful days were soon ended by a depression. They returned the drug store to Mr. Walter Henry Johnson. End of story.

Another interesting comment was made by Carl. During state elections they posted the votes for each candidate on a blackboard. It was updated every hour by telephone.

**Converting the 1927 dollars to the present day prices makes the cost \$40,000.00

The drug store was in the present corner building at East and Highway 79.

dry ice fell off of one on to the counter and rapidly scooted along before falling off. The evaporation of the CO2 gas gave it velocity. The boys asked if they could have another piece to watch. Uncle Harry placed it on the counter. The boys controlled its movement as it scooted about, evaporating. A terrible thing happened. The extreme cold cracked the counter making a loud pop as the top split apart. What a tragedy. My Aunt Pat said Elof Gustafson had loaned Harry the money and it was

Covering the Hippoplex & the Hutto Independent School District

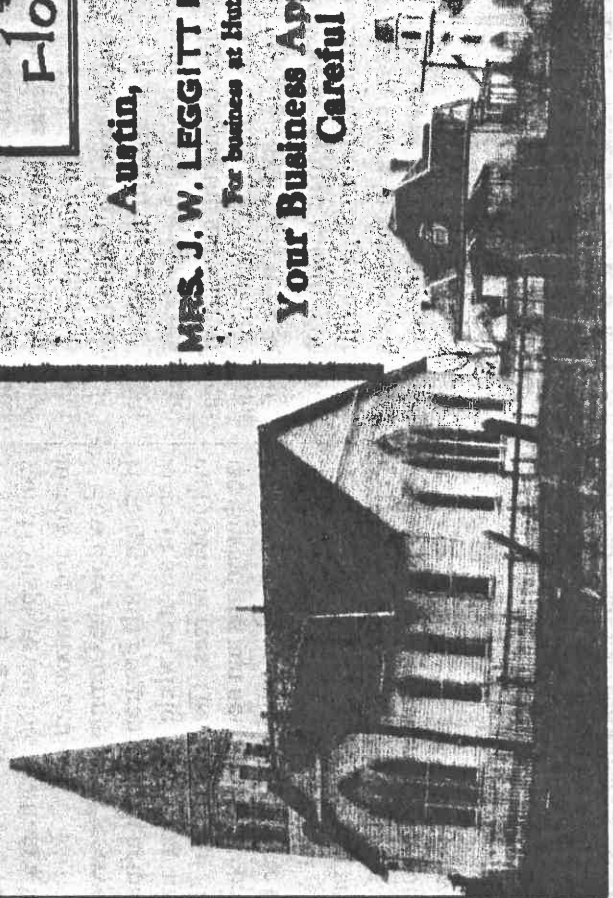
HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, June 19, 2003 - Hutto, Texas

Hutto, Jonah, Weir Methodist Church in 1932

MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN METHODIST CHURCH IN HUTTO IN 1932
(RETIPTYPED BY HARVEY OLANDER FOR LEGIBILITY)

- | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| Sidney Evans | Alfred Robinson |
| Mrs. Eric Ecklund | O. B. Roundtree |
| Mrs. J. F. Flynn | Mrs. Alice Stephens |
| Smith Greer | Mary Joe Stephens |
| Mrs. Smith Greer | Elizabeth Stephens |
| H. E. Gainer | Mrs. J. F. Sims |
| Mrs. H. E. Gainer | Mrs. C. N. Stern |
| Pauline Gainer | George W. Vinson |
| R. C. Gainer | Mrs. George W. Vinson |
| Leon Gainer | Malcolm Vinson |
| Albert Highsmith | Mrs. Fannie Walker |
| W. S. Highsmith | Frances Fay Walker |
| Mrs. W. S. Highsmith | Aileen Walker |
| Frank Highsmith | John R. Walker |
| George Highsmith | Nolan Walker |
| Mrs. George Highsmith | Margie Walkere |
| Mrs. George Highsmith | Elizabeth Walker |
| Hudson Hartins | Ralph W. Walker |
| Mrs. Hudson Harkins | Mr. Wray |
| Ethel Harkins | Irene Wray |
| Louise Harkins | |
| Oscar Humphrey | |
| Mrs. C. C. Higgins | |
| Harlin Higgins | |
| Benny Hutto | |
| Mrs. Benny Hutto | |
| Mrs. Jack Martin | |
| Mrs. M. B. Norman | |
| Irene Norman | |
| Sterling Norman | |
| Mamie Norman | |
| Mrs. Will Nelson | |
| Mrs. Joel Patterson | |
| Frances Patterson | |
| J. C. Ray | |
| Mrs. J. C. Ray | |
| Ben Henry Ray | |
| Thorp Ray | |
| Frank Ray | |
| Mrs. Frank Ray | |
| Porter Ray | |
| Melvin Ray | |
| Mrs. Ida Robinson | |



Membership Directory

OF THE

Hutto, Jonah, Weir

Methodist Churches

REV. J. W. LEGGITT, PASTOR

1932



Austin, Texas

MRS. J. W. LEGGITT REPRESENTS CONNELLY'S
For business at Hutto and adjoining towns.

Your Business Appreciated and Given
Careful Attention

THE

HUTTO HERALD

GEO. W. VINSON, EDITOR

JOB PRINTING

WHILE YOU WAIT

The Herald Gives You Local and
County News

THANKS

To the business firms represented on the
pages of this Directory for their liberal sup-
port which made it possible to print same.

PRINTED BY
THE HUTTO HERALD
MARCH 18, 1932

submitted by Harvey Olander

Covering the Hippoplex & the Hutto Independent School District

Harvey Olander
1345 Annapolis
Corpus Christi TX

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, June 12, 2003 - Hutto, Texas

An Apology

In regard to my article of last week, I wish to make clear that Julia was always appropriately dressed according to accepted standards of the day. No slur to Julia Schmidt's character was ever intended.

Harvey Olander

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, June 5, 2003 - Hutto, Texas

One Of Hutto's Oldest Buildings On East Street

by Harvey Olander

The first plat filed on the city of Hutto was called International and Great Northern Railroad Addition, and was recorded at the county court house in 1890. The first two brick buildings completed in early 1892 were at the corner of East and Front St. (Now Hwy 79) in Block 3. They were a part of a building frenzy of other brick buildings along East St. This story pertains only to the occupants of a building on the north half of Lot 12, Block 3, on the corner of East and Farley Streets.

A young Swede named Frank Dahlberg came to Hutto and opened a general merchandise store on lot 12 when it became available. He had come first to Round Rock in 1883, was a farmer, then a store clerk in Taylor, next a store manager at New Sweden, before opening his own store in Hutto.

There were hundreds of Swedes* in the Hutto community at that time, and most patronized his store because he spoke their language. Differences in language, customs, and clothing styles isolated them from the earlier local Americans. My parents spoke only Swedish at first and felt this discrimination. Frank married Amanda Anderson, a sister of Mrs. John Busch, in 1891. He was active in the Swedish Methodist Church and held numerous official positions of the church. Socially most Swedes stuck together. My grandparents, Fred Gustafson and P.A. Olander, and Dahlberg were good friends. My mother, Segred, became a friend of the seven Dahlberg children, especially of

Elmer who was Segred's age. The young single people were active in a church organization called the



A busy day in Hutto in the 1800s! The Dahlberg Building is the building located at the corner of East Street & Farley (southwest corner). Photo courtesy of Edmund Schmidt.

Epworth League. Compulsory school attendance soon blended the differences between the American and Swedish children into one society.

Mr. Dahlberg operated this store for 14 years. Then he rented to an ambitious man named Paul Matthews, and later sold out to him in 1908. Paul was born in Travis County in 1866. He married Anna Hensel in 1891, and during their marriage had five children, four girls and one boy. Paul Matthews had been a teacher at Haynes Chapel in Travis County, had taught at Liberty Hill, and had owned a grocery store at Cedar Creek before 1908. Paul was active in the American Methodist Church in Hutto. He was superintendent of the church school for thirty-one years. He was a piano player and French harp player. In fact he could play both at the same time.

My father, Oscar Olander,

worked as a grocery clerk for Paul Matthews in 1922-23. My mother, Segred, sold shoes in the clothing

department on Saturdays. I was one year old at the time. We rented a house from Mrs. Martin (the U.S. Post Office occupies that location now). She was the mother of Jim Tinning, who lived across the street. Paul built a new home on the southwest corner of Main and Pecan Streets. It was, and still is, the most elegant two-story house of the older homes built in Hutto. It had long overhanging eaves and a wide front porch, making it appear to hug the ground. It was a very modern style for that day. It occupies half a city block, with a grape arbor near its side and a fruit orchard in the rear. Paul died suddenly of a heart attack that occurred after being a pallbearer at a funeral in 1938. His wife Anna, nicknamed Nana, had difficult times after that. She rented part of the house to schoolteachers to help pay the bills. The store remained vacant for a number of years. In 1951 a young couple,

Edmund and Julia Schmidt, moved to Hutto. They started by leasing a store to sell groceries in the building he now owns.

This building is presently the office for his insurance business. Before the lease expired, a Mr. Lewis White offered to sell the Matthews store to Edmund. Mr. Lewis had inherited several buildings from Tom Nelson, a banker in Round Rock. The offer was so reasonably priced that Edmund could not refuse. He borrowed money from a bank and bought the store. He paid back the loan at \$25 a month for 60 months. In 1955 he transferred his Red and White Grocery into the Matthews building. Their

store expanded to include meat market and general merchandise. Their store prospered for 31 years. Julia really stirred up a lot of gossip in Hutto, because she wore shorts while they were cleaning the building. It was a disgrace! In addition to his grocery business Edmund served in numerous official positions at the Lutheran Church and was also active in civic affairs. He was Hutto mayor for 20 years and received an appointment and became a director of a bank. He and Julia had four children, two boys and two girls.

Upon retirement they sold the store building to Mr. Charles Porter. Mr. Porter restored the facade to replicate the original design and converted the interior into a comfortable two-story home. He and his wife are living there now.

*The Swedes of Texas book of 1917 listed the names of 408 Swedish persons in the Hutto area.

In 1951 a young couple,

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, May 8, 2003 - Hutto, Texas

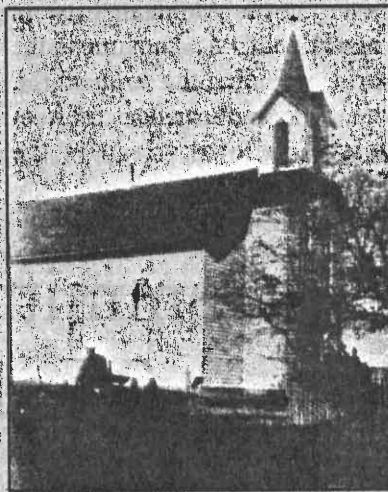
Humor By Coincidence

by Harvey Olander

In 1908 my mother Segred and her parents, Fred and Jenny, while attending the Methodist Church in Hutto, witnessed a humorous incident. Were these actions deliberate or accidental? The Swedish Methodist church they attended was located on West Street. Across the street was the Hutto colored peoples' church. It was a common practice to open all the windows to bring in cooler outside air. Sounds of activities in one church were easily heard in the other. The Sunday of the incident the organ played and the Methodist congregation sang a four-verse song, one verse being, "Will there be any stars in my crown in the evening when the sun goes down?" When the congregation sat down for a prayer the colored church choir started singing with vigor a song titled "NO, NOT ONE" by Johnson Oatman Jr. with the chorus repeating "No, not one, no, not one" numerous times.

Spontaneous laughter from the Methodist congregation interrupted the prayer. The pastor laughed, "I heard the heavens saying remove that song from our repertoire. We need to earn them."

Of course it was accidental, the Methodist sang in Swedish, a language that was foreign to the members of the other church. Yet to



The first Swedish Methodist Church in Hutto was built in 1892. Carl Gustafson, my grandfather's brother, was the contractor.

further muddy the waters, the Swedish Methodists built a new church in 1910 at the north end of East Street. The abandoned church was sold to the Shriners, who moved their new hall to the southwest corner of Main and Farley, where it remained until about 1940. The colored church was sold and moved to the east side of Main and Highway 79 to become a movie theater. I think the colored congregation then built a new church on the opposite side of town. It was located on South 1660 about one-half mile from the railroad. I never found out if the Methodists ever asked again about the stars in their crowns.



Pizza Delivers to

STARTING MAY 2 & ENDING

The Taylor Pizza Hut will deliver to HUTTO as a test market. Delivery and Sunday night between the hours of 5 p.m. and 9 p.m. *Due to the to guarantee delivery times and we will only be able to deliver to certain areas. Our goal is to deliver the highest quality product in a timely manner.

WE WILL DELIVER TO THE FOLLOWING

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, April 17, 2003 - Hutto, Texas

Thursd

The Busch Building In Hutto

by Harvey Olander

John Bush was a Danish emigrant who came to Hutto in 1890 and started associating in the Swedish community. He first worked as a grocery clerk and then ventured into buying and selling baled cotton during the fall. John opened his own grocery business and when the store became too crowded, constructed the Busch building about 1909. Its location was on the northwest corner of East St. and Farley Street, and surrounded the Farmers and Merchants State Bank built on the very corner in 1908. The marquee spelling on the building is "Busch". Evidently he Americanized his name before the Swedes of Texas book* was published in 1917. His building was the first to feature large modern display windows on the front.

According to the Swedes in Texas Book he married Anna Anderson in 1896. He and his family lived on the southwest corner of East St. and Hutto St. until 1915. While in Hutto he was an active Freemason in the Hutto Lodge and a board member of the Hutto Swedish Methodist Church.

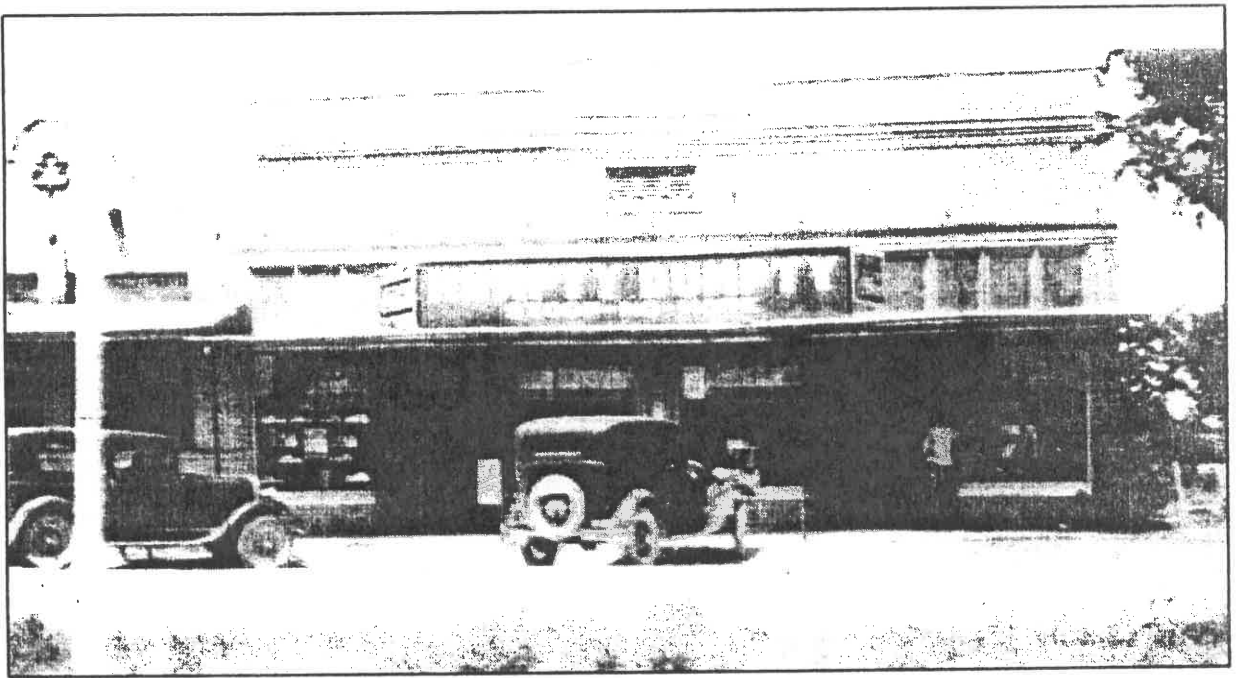
Their two daughters were named Lillian and Ebba. They were born in 1897 and 1900. His children attended the Hutto School, as did my mother, Segred Gustafson. The three became best friends. Segred

spent many nights at the Bush home visiting the daughters. Mr. Bush rented his store in 1915 and moved to Georgetown to expand the insurance business he owned.

times.

It is my understanding that Bush added a clothing store for men and women in the Bush building. My Aunt Amelia Olander Hennech

The Bush building served many varied uses after the Johnson Grocery moved to another building down the street. First there was a wood working company. Then my



*Swedes of Texas of 1917 names 408 Swedish persons in the Hutto area. Picture furnished by Paul Johnson Jr.

I became acquainted with Mr. Bush at the age of nine. John Bush, who then lived in Georgetown, sold a twenty-year pay insurance policy on my life to my father. Dad paid on that policy until 1947 and gave it to me the year I married. I paid on the policy until paid up. I hope the policy lasts until my death, because the insurance company has changed names three

worked there as a milliner, designing and making ladies hats.

Charlie Johnson took over the business in the nineteen twenties shortly after he married Lillian, one of Bush's daughters. I remember that in my youth, Charlie Johnson added a line of hardware to the clothing department. It later became known as the Johnson Brothers Store. Charlie was one of nine brothers, and three became involved with the store. Their names were Arnold (Pete) and Berndt (Joe). During the depression years of 1929 another brother Edmund, a wealthier one, loaned money to Charlie to carry on the business.

uncle A.W. Gustafson manufactured tractor mounted chemical applicators for two years in 1937-38. I worked for him part time after school. Bennie Downing bought the building to store the cotton bales from his many farms around Hutto. Charles Hanstrom became the owner after Bennie died. Charlie rented it for years, for what uses I do not remember. Charles sold to Josh Richards, a very ambitious successful man of today, whose business is called the Woodsman Company. I am pleased that Josh features my home made tin boat built in 1937 in one of the large Bush display windows.

Covering the Hippoplex & the Hutto Independent School District

Harvey Olander
1345 Annapolis
Corpus Christi TX

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, January 2, 2003 - Hutto, Texas

Weekly Grocery Circulars Delivered By Airplane?

by Harvey Olander
Believe it or not; it happened in Hutto. My uncle A.W. Gustafson, who farmed land one mile north of Hutto, owned, in the early 1930's, a manufactured airplane named the Eagle Rock. It had a red fuselage with two open cockpits and two bright yellow wings. He kept the plane parked against the barn for protection from the wind. In those days the sound of an airplane flying low over Hutto would bring most residents outside for a look. Airplanes were a novelty.

A.W. and Charlie Johnson were very good friends and were also active church members in the Swedish Methodist Church. After church, members stayed around conversing about happenings of the past and expectations of the future. One Sunday Charlie Johnson, who owned a grocery store on East St., talked about paying one of the local young

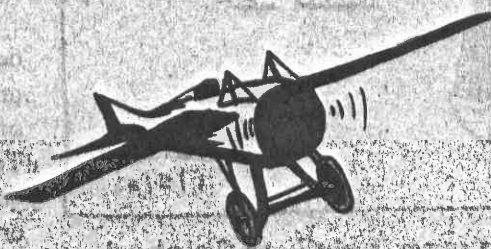
boys to deliver, door-to-door, his weekly circular which listed gro-

cery specials. A.W., looking for new uses to fly his airplane, said, "Let me deliver your weekly special. I will fly low over each street in Hutto and toss out about five circulars per block. People will see the circulars flutter down in their yards. Curiosity will make them pick them up and read the specials." Charlie liked the idea, hoping it would entice more customers to shop at his store instead of driving to Taylor for groceries.

That Thursday Charlie delivered the advertisements to A.W.'s house. With the ads on his lap he took off flying low up and down

each street, tossing circulars as he flew. He was correct; it looked like every person in Hutto was in his yard wondering what was going on. Flying did exactly as A.W. had hoped. The people were out, but he was disappointed that the ads did not fall in the yards, but landed in the trees and on the roofs of houses.

At least, he woke up the lazy town. The noise of the low flying airplane was not appreciated by most and many were frightened. Others were disturbed by the litter on their streets. City officials were very upset. They forbade him to make any future flights to deliver circulars, but the city should not have worried. Charlie had already decided never to use A.W.'s free service again, because that Saturday's trade was the worst ever. It reminded him of the adage, "Nothing in life is free. You get what you pay for."



HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, July 18, 2002 - Hutto, Texas

A Steam Powered Tractor In Hutto?

by Harvey Olander

Yes, Gus McCormick owned it. He lived at the north end of College St. where that huffing, puffing, jumping, smoking hunk of machinery came to life every fall during harvest time. Every school student had his chance to see that dinosaur in action if he only took the time to look. It was across the street from school. Gus operated a thrashing harvester, which separated the grain from the chaff.

I was fascinated by the machinery and all the activity that went on. Gus McCormick continually checked the steam engine's water level. It was critical that the boiler never run out of water. Without water the heat-weakened boiler tubes would explode. Gus complained bitterly about water consumption for making steam. He used over five hundred gallons of water in a ten-hour day. The spacing between the tractor and the

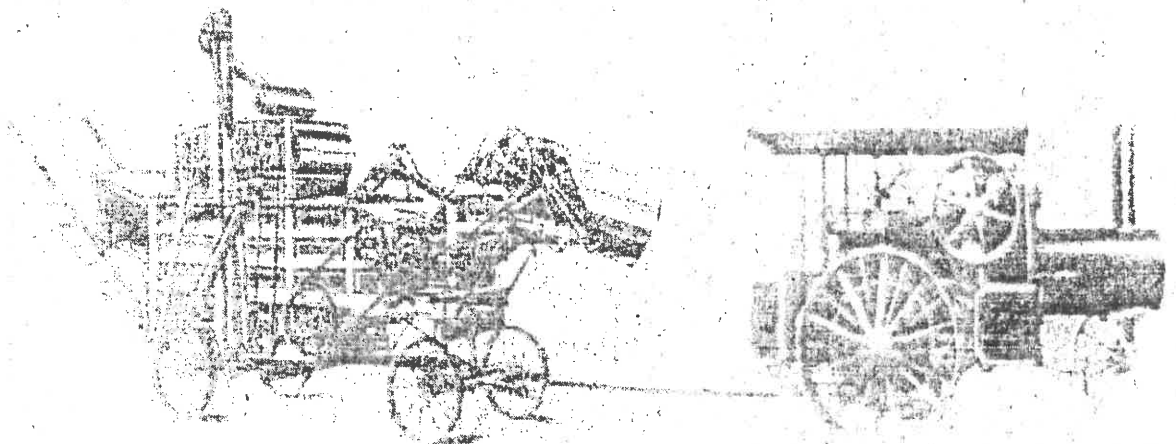
thrasher was very important. Sparks from the smoke stack could easily ignite the straw, which accumulated around the thrasher, so the tractor with its steam engine was spaced about fifty feet from the thrasher. That required an extra long flat pulley belt (about one hundred feet) to power the thrasher. Strong wind gusts often pushed the long belt off the pulley. He found that twisting the belt added traction and offset the wind currents.

Running the thrasher required two men to put in the grain, and another to sack the grain and count the sacks filled. Another cleared the chaff and stacked or loaded grain bags on the wagon. When business slowed, McCormick hooked up the thrasher to the tractor, as illustrated, and pulled the rig north on what is now FM1660, possibly to Jonah. That was the slowest moving piece of farm equipment I have ever seen. It took over an hour to

travel from town and pass our farm, which was about one mile from town.

My dad, a farmer, grew row cane for cattle feed and harvested the seed. We cut the cane, tied it into bundles, and stacked it in shocks. After the seed dried it was cut from the bundles and hauled by wagon to that thrasher powered by the only known steam tractor ever to have been in Hutto.

Everything has a useful life. I do not know when the steam engine came to Hutto or what happened to it, but it's usefulness ended for sure after World War II. An industrial revolution in the design of new farm equipment began at that time. Now one man can do all of the above in several minutes in the field, if he can afford the \$100,000 dollars to buy the self-propelled combine. All the old machinery mentioned above is now in one piece and includes air conditioning and a stereo.



The Avery Tractor & Case Thrasher pictured are closest to what I remember! Harvey Olander

HUTTO HERALD

Hutto, Texas - Thursday, July 4, 2002

Business in Hutto - in bygone days



Taken in Humpty Dumpty Grocery Store in early 1930s. (L to R): Paul Johnson, Co-owner; John Hennech, Sr., Sheriff at Hutto and in Williamson County; Charlie Johnson, Co-owner, (not related to Paul).
Photo furnished by Paul Johnson, Jr. (submitted by Harvey Olander)

The Last Shot Of The Civil War

by Harvey Olander

I was sneaking up on a Yankee that ran behind the house. The rule, don't shoot until you see the whites of his eyes, was in my mind. Where is he hiding? Could he have gone the other way? Suddenly, the Yank appeared. He was much too close. I panicked, jumped up, cocked the hammer, aimed, and fired. The trail of the shot, the wadding, the smoke and the packing went over his head. I had missed him! The concussion of the gun knocked me down.

Frightened, I dropped the gun and ran for the house, trying to get away. As I opened the screen door that Yankee was also upon me, trying to get in the same door. He knocked the door from my grasp and we both fell to the ground. The war game between my cousin John Henry and me was suddenly over. My Aunt Amelia had heard the noise and rushed to check. Tears flowed as we tried to explain to her what had happened.

Grant Ross's father was a Civil War veteran. Grant had kept his father's gun in a two story house behind the main one story house. The two story house had been boarded up for over ten years, ever since Grant Ross had joined a circus as a performer. Before he left he had asked my aunt to watch the

house and look after his property. My aunt corresponded with him, and in time received permission to move into the one story house.

Ten and twelve year old kids can't leave things alone. We had pried a board from the window of the two story house and gone in to explore. We found one big trunk full of old books and papers as well as a Civil War gun. Also in the trunk was a box of brass caps, which we determined were the firing caps for the gun. The gun was a muzzle loading version, using caps to ignite the charge, instead of the Daniel Boone type which used flint. Our question was it loaded? To test we secured the gun to the wall and tied a string on the trigger. Hiding around the corner, we pulled the string. The cap fired, sounding like a cap pistol. To be doubly sure, we fired about four more caps. We thought that proved it was not loaded and was safe for play.

On Saturdays we four cousins, John Henry, Leo Hennech, Brent Bergstrom, Amor Olander and myself, always met at Aunt Amelia's house to play. Robber and police was our favorite game until the gun was found. Then it became Confederates against the Yankee. After the incident I realized that by trying to be too realistic, I had re-

arranged the charge. I had used the ram rod attached to the gun and poked it into the barrel to pack the charge, as was done during the war. That exposed fresh powder for the next cap to ignite. Kids and guns don't mix. Thank the Lord my aim was bad. We were just young kids fooling around looking for excitement, and we found it!

Grant Ross owned a city block of property, bounded by Taylor, College, Ross, and Redbud Streets. He had enclosed the block with a barbed wire fence and had planted fifty or more cedar trees bordering the fence. Together they made an excellent barrier to keep school kids out of his orchard. The north half had peach and plum trees planted in rows, probably about twenty trees. The one story house occupied the south west corner, bounded by Taylor and College streets. After World War II this house was demolished and the Hutto Railroad Depot was moved to this location to be used as a residence. The bay window, through which the station agent watched the trains go by, is still intact. The sliding doors to the railroad freight room are easily recognized. Presently the middle school office, parking lot and gym occupy most of Grant Ross's north section.

HUTTO HERALD

Hutto, Texas Thursday, June 27, 2002

Early Hutto Laws

by Harvey Olander

While attending Hutto Public School in the 1930s, I delivered one gallon of milk every day to Aunt Amelia's home on my bicycle. That gave me the privilege of eating the noon meal with my two cousins, John Henry (Red) and Leo Hennech.

John Hennech Sr. their father, was the sheriff of the community at that time. One day he brought home the records of Hutto Council Meetings. One page contained the laws that had been passed to protect the citizens of Hutto. I found that page most interesting. The most unusual law dealt with traffic on East Street. It stated, "All gasoline powered vehicles driving down the street at night must be preceded by a person carrying a lantern and warning all horse and buggy owners about the car noise, to prevent the panic of their steeds. Another dealt with guns and tools that were not allowed in their car. Wire cutters were not allowed.

I was happy to find a newspaper report in Hugh Davenport's *HISTORY OF HUTTO*, which confirmed my remembrance of the laws. What I remember does differs a little in wording. There were many other interesting laws in the newspaper report that I had forgot-

ten. Here are a few of those found on page 420 of the *HISTORY OF HUTTO*.

One limited the speed of automobiles to 8 MPH. Automobile drivers had to stop when meeting a horse or buggy rider and wait until it passed. Any person who was jailed and fined, but could not pay his fine, could be released if hired by a company that would pay \$7.50 per month on his fine until it was paid. All males between the ages of 21 and 45 were liable for street work for no more than five days a year. Payment to the city of \$1.00 exempted them from one day of work. Peddlers had to pay a fee: peddlers on foot \$2.50, peddler with horses \$7.50, operator of a shooting gallery \$15, lightning rod salesmen \$15.00, clock peddlers and churn peddlers \$50.00, stock salesmen \$50.00.

There is at least one copy, possibly two, of the *HISTORY OF HUTTO* in the Hutto Museum. They are waiting there for you to read. The museum contains many other interesting facts. Go in and enjoy many other novelties and old pictures that are on display. You will realized that today it is great day to be alive, much better than those of the good old days.



L to R: Harvey Olander, Amor Olander, Johanna Olander Wimberley, Leo Hennech, John Henry Hennech, Brent Bergstrom

HUTTO HERALD

Harvey Olander
1345 Annapolis
Corpus Christi TX 78

Thursday, May 2, 2002



Photo taken in 1921 at Taylor Street Home, McGees addition; P.A. Olander, Wife Christine, Jenny Gustafson, husband Fred - the grandparents of Harvey Olander

Hutto's Historical Records Keep Changing

by Harvey Olander

Land transactions dated November 15, 1837, which I recently found, make a significant change in what I believe was Hutto's beginning. The Republic of Texas authorized the Secretary of War, Bernard E. Bee, to reissue Patent #250, thereby transferring ownership of 800 acres of land from Wm. J. Brown to Morgan C. Hamilton, a relative. Morgan C. Hamilton sold 400 acres of land on February 11, 1856 for \$1200 cash to John H. Orgain.

My interpretation of the description of the property purchased by Orgain follows: Starting at Brushy Creek, his east property line followed FM 1660 S to the railroad, crossed the railroad and went north on Park Street to somewhere in the vicinity of East Live Oak St. It went west to FM 1660 N. FM 1660 N became Orgain's west property line south to and across the railroad tracks, to Jim Cage Lane, and continued on to Brushy Creek. Orgain's west property line was also J.E. Hutto's east property line. My 80 year old brain does not understand why the north property lines of Orgain and J. H. Hutto do not coincide on the maps. I leave that to some whippersnapper to figure out.

J. H. Orgain made numerous land record changes within the family; one being a sale of five acres of land to Adam Orgain. John H. Orgain also donated two acres of land for right of way for I & G. N. Rail-

road and one acres of land for a school. The Hutto Middle School now resides on that acre. These were noted as deductions when J. H. Orgain and family sold acreage to J. T. Magee. It appears that the Magee subdivision transaction is bounded by Park Street, east Live Oak Street and FM 1660 and includes many acres of land on the south side of the railroad. Hutto was a two-part development. J. E. Hutto sold land for the West side and J. H. Orgain sold the land for the East side.

These findings bring to mind the story titled "Ex Slave Builds First Cabin in Hutto." This was printed in the Hutto Brief school paper in February 1998. In the story Adam Orgain was a freed slave that used the Orgain family name, or were all the Orgains freed slaves? All four Orgain relatives whole names appeared on transfer deeds signed their own names. Only Adam

Orgain, who owned the five acres, signed his deed with an "X." It is probable that as a slave he took his master's name.

This trail of records was found in the abstract book that lists all transactions from the time of the Republic of Texas up to the purchase by my grandfather, P. A. Olander, of 202 Taylor Street, dated December 16, 1916. The record is found in Book 378, page 574. Recorded April 22, 1952.

Wm. J. Brown to Morgan C. Hamilton, Nov 11, 1911, Book 146, page 425

Morgan C. Hamilton to John H. Orgain, Vol. 6, page 558, Williamson Co. Deed Records

J. H. Orgain & Kate to J. T. Magee, April 5, 1894, Volume 67, Page 297

This article contradicts parts of my first story about the Orgains published in the Hutto Herald on October 12, 2000.

Covering the Hippoplex and the Hutto Independent School District

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, February 14, 2002



L to R: Christine Johnson, Johan Stromquist, A. G. Gustafson, Josephine Olander, Elizabeth Gustafson, P. A. Olander, and Ida Nygren went to visit the State Capitol in Austin in 1888.

Grandpa's Romance With Christine Johnson

by Harvey Olander

My Aunt Amelia Olander Hennech showed me a picture which brought forth a story describing her father's first meeting with a certain girl. That meeting blossomed into love and marriage. The events of which she spoke were told to her by her parents. What I have written is factual but is in story form for easy reading.

Per Adolph, he woke up at the first crow of the rooster and rushed out to feed the mules, hogs, and chickens. It was still dark when he changed into his best clothes and walked to the neighbors, the A. G. Gustafsons. They had invited him, his sister Josephine, and other friends to accompany them on a trip to see the new state capitol, recently completed in Austin.

When P.A. came down the road, A.G., Elizabeth (his wife), Ida Nygren, Christine Johnson, Johan Stromquist, and Josephine Olander were in the wagon ready to go. P.A. ran to climb into the wagon and sat down next to Christine, this really cute girl who had arrived only a few days before from Sweden. Christine, twenty-one, had accompanied Ida Nygren, thirteen, who had come to be an au pair for the Gustafsons, whose child was soon to be born.

They traveled the Brushy Creek river trail and by seven arrived at an older, well-traveled double-file trail used by Indian tribes many years before. A.G. headed south away from the river,

following the trail into the prairie grasslands. There were neither farms nor homes, only miles and miles of swaying tall grass. Trees were found only near creeks, because frequent grass fires destroyed young sprouting trees. To pass the time the young people sang songs, told stories and some times walked beside the wagon to stretch their legs. They rode on a thick carpet of hay to cushion the jolting of the wagon. At about 10 a.m. they arrived at Walnut Creek, where they let the mules stop for a drink of water at the river crossing.

P.A. held his blanket over Christine and Ida to protect them from a sudden rain shower. They felt very uncomfortable in their damp clothes, but all was forgotten when they caught their first view of the Capitol. It was such a large building, appearing even taller since it was the only visible structure over the stand of cedar trees that grew in the Austin area. What a beautiful sight to see the new dome glistening in the rain!

It was mid afternoon when they arrived at the public square at Mulberry and Guadalupe Streets, which provided space for wagons and mules to be kept while in town. A.G. and P.A. unhitched the mules and tied them beside the wagon. They fed them some hay, which the group had used to soften the rough ride.

Elizabeth picked up their lunch and walked with the group several blocks to the capitol grounds where they ate and watched the crowds go by. After a tour of the chambers and a visit to the top of the dome,

they walked down Congress Avenue for a quick look at the stores. Horse drawn trolleys kept traveling up and down the middle of the gravel street. Mr. Chapman, a photographer, enticed them into his studio for a group picture to remember that day.

It was getting late when they climbed into the wagon to start the journey home. A full moon provided light to guide them back to Palm Valley Church and to the Gustafson's rent house, called Noah's Ark. Its name was derived from "Noack," the name of the owner of the farm and the house.

Christine lived with the Gustafsons about six months before finding work as a maid for the Reverend Noyd, pastor of Palm Valley Church, and later as a maid for a man in the town of Taylor who owned a racetrack. P.A. had dated Christine many times, but the move to Taylor convinced him to ask for her hand in marriage in 1890.

(Amelia told me that the group picture was taken during the dedication of the State Capitol, but my search of records indicated that Christine arrived several months after the dedication. It is true they visited the Capitol the same year as the dedication.)

This is the first story, one of a series, mailed in 1975 to 25 relatives in lieu of Christmas Cards, which has continued for sixteen years.

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, January 17, 2002

Were There Taxes In 1921? Yes, Yes, Yes!

By Harvey Olander
Featured in the Hutto Herald
Newspaper June 10, 1999 in a
modified form.

The attached 1921 federal income tax schedule was found pasted inside my grandfather Fred Gustafson's ledger. (That was also the year his first grandson Harvey Olander was born.)

The maximum \$20,000 tax bracket seems too low to include rich people, but a statistical search indicated it not too far off. The 1921 average hourly wage was 50 cents an hour. At that rate the take-home pay for a full year's work would be about one thousand dollars. It is understandable that my grandfather did not earn that much because he was a farmer. Family exemptions encouraged many couples to raise large families. I found no records that Fred paid income tax. Did he pay county taxes? Most of the population in 1921 was in the county, not in the cities. In the winter farmers had more spare time than money so they worked for the county in lieu of taxes.

The county plan required those men living in Williamson County to work a set number of hours on county supervised projects. My two grandfathers received their credit by maintaining the dirt roads from their farms to Hutto. What about school taxes? I found no indication that Fred paid school taxes while living on the farm. In the early 1900's farm families organized community schools with county supervision. The farmers built their own community schools and trustees appointed one or more families to provide housing and food for the school teachers.

City dwellers paid taxes although residents of Hutto lived as farmers. They owned cows, pigs, chickens and raised a garden. Hutto residents had their own oil lamps, water wells, sep-

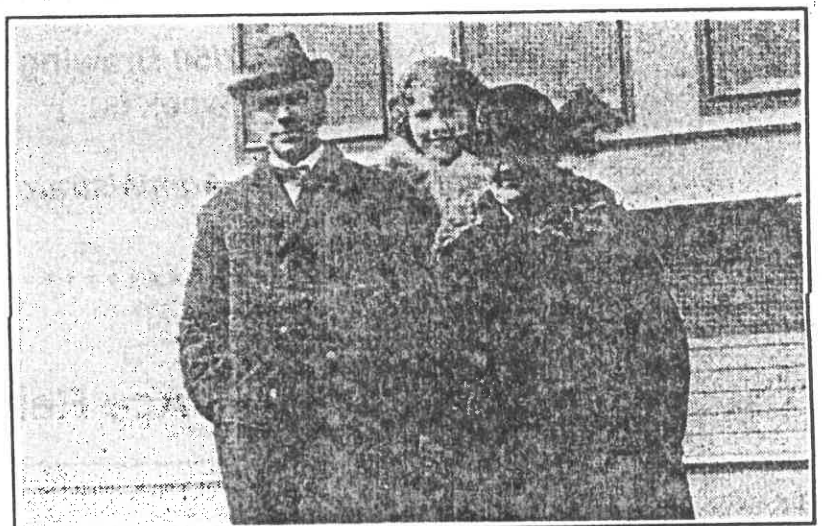
tic tanks and wood piles. They were not rich but were self-sufficient and independent. Barter and trade were the way of life. Even doctors of those days struggled. They accepted many things besides money in payment for making house calls to see patients.

Both of my grandparents were retired and in the city by 1921, so city tax information is included. When the City of Hutto incorporated in 1911 one of the laws on its books was a requirement that all able men contribute five days of free labor each year to projects directed by city officials. The law was changed by 1921 since I found canceled checks paid to the City of Hutto for \$13.43 in 1921.

In my opinion there were two classes of people, the rich and the self-sufficient poor. No middle class. The rich enjoyed services from many, because people took menial jobs just to get food and shelter. To illustrate a point, my Aunt Esther married a millionaire with acres of oil wells. In a short time she owned a long Century Buick with two spare tires, one in each of the front fenders, and employed a chauffeur, a maid, and a cook. She brought all of them to Hutto when visiting. We felt snobbish with all that help in the house. The only thing they would not do was milk the cows. All that ended between 1938 and 1945 when minimum wage laws were enacted. That's when the middle class appeared. Hired help became too expensive. My aunt gave up her chauffeur; the maid also became a cook. It's great to be middle class, to be alive, to pay taxes, to browse the Internet and to have HBO on TV.

ENJOY! Corrections and additions appreciated.

Reference: Davenport's History of Hutto and World Book Encyclopedia.



There were Taxes in 1921!

MARRIED MAN'S INCOME TAX

Under the new tax law, if he has no dependents, the taxes a married man will pay next March for this year, will compare with last year's taxes as follows:

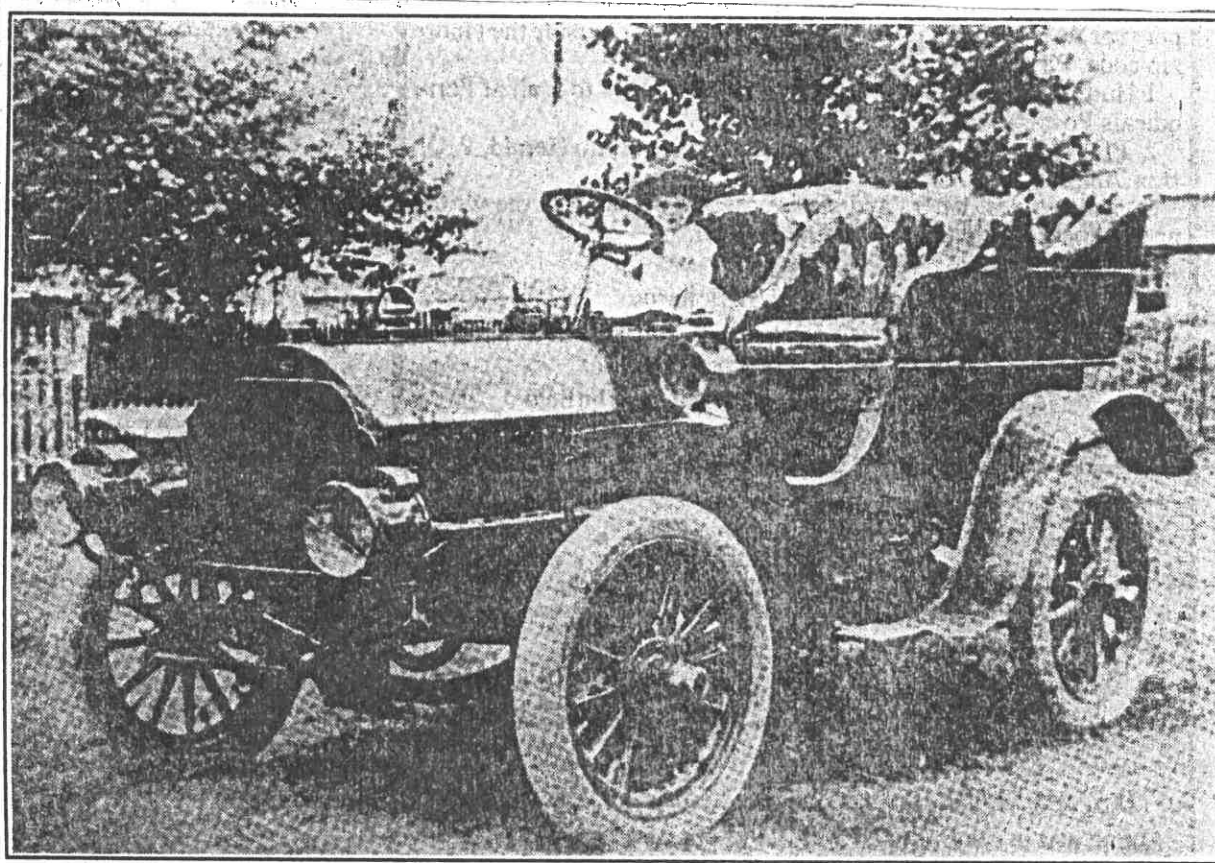
Income.	Total Tax in 1920.	Total Tax in 1921.
\$1,000.....	0	0
\$2,000.....	0	0
\$3,000.....	\$40	\$20
\$4,000.....	\$80	\$60
\$5,000.....	\$120	\$100
\$6,000.....	\$170	\$160
\$7,000.....	\$270	\$240
\$8,000.....	\$370	\$340
\$9,000.....	\$480	\$430
\$10,000.....	\$590	\$520
\$12,000.....	\$830	\$720
\$14,000.....	\$1,090	\$940
\$16,000.....	\$1,370	\$1,180
\$18,000.....	\$1,670	\$1,440
\$20,000.....	\$1,990	\$1,720

Exemption is allowed up to \$2,500, and for each dependent the head of the family is allowed \$400 additional exemption.

Covering the Hippoplex and the Hutto Independent School District

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, January 10, 2002



One of the first three "Horseless Carriages" in Williamson County.
Evelyn Hanstrom Nolte (3 yrs old) in 1910 (Photo furnished by Bill Nolte)

A Horseless Carriage

Description by Harvey Olander

Photo furnished by Bill Nolte

The young girl sitting in the driver's seat established the year as 1910. Evelyn Hanstrom Nolte was three years old when photographed. The model, make, and date of the car are still in question.

According to Ruby Downing, "Charles Hanstrom, Sr. (also known as Evald) owned one of the first three cars in Williamson County. The steering wheel was located on the right side of the car and cranking started the engine. Headlamps and carriage lamps were fueled by carbide gas. The carbide gas tank was on the side of the car. All seats were bucket type. Entrance to the back seats was in the rear of the car.

Evald, Ruby's father, was co-owner of a cotton gin and also supplied water to the city of Hutto. He was one of the few who could easily splurge a thousand dollars on the purchase of a sports car. That may not seem expensive now, but wages at one dollar a day make a lot of difference.

The writer's mother, Segred

Olander, a school girl at the time, told about the excitement of those days when visiting the Hanstroms. They pestered Evald until he consented to take them for a ride. "The highlight of the day was climbing up from the rear to enter the back seat. The two bucket seats were spaced to walk between and were leather cushioned for a soft ride. What a sensation to feel the rush of the air, hear the roar of the engine, and hang on to the seat as we bounced and raced along the loop road!"

The loop road went south on what is now FM1660, turning west at the cemetery, then following a road through the woods next to Brushy Creek, turning north on the present Pflugerville highway and returning to Hutto on the current Hwy. 79.

The river road was in use many years before Hutto was developed, and in places now appears to be only a ditch instead of a road. Wagons and mules pushed the mud to the sides making the road lower than ground level.

The writer searched the library to determine make and model of Evald's car, but could not find proof. It is my belief the car is about a 1905 model and was manufactured by Packard Automobile Co. Manufacturers tried to maintain certain recognizable styles for company identity. Packard maintained a specific shape of radiator on their models for many years. This picture appears to have their style. According to the reference book, the headlamps were attached to a "U" shaped bracket. Each headlamp and carriage lamp could be removed by loosening two hand-tightened screws.

The designers were evidently English. English cars still have steering wheels on the right side of the car so they can drive on the wrong side of the road.

Any help on identifying the model would be appreciated.

Taylor Daily Press

October 11, 2001

Home of Allen Davis

news@TaylorDailyPress.net

Vol. 88, No. 210 ♦ 50¢

Gustafsons hold 48th family reunion



Courtesy photo

The 48th reunion of the Gustafson Family was held at Stonehaven Center in Georgetown on Oct. 7. There were 43 people in attendance, all descendants of the two brothers and three sisters who emigrated from Sweden during the years, 1887-1895. The five Gustafsons were A. G., Carl, Clara, Charlotte and Fred. The annual reunions began in 1953. Visiting began at 10 a.m. followed by a covered-dish meal at noon. At 1 p.m. the business meeting opened with the Pledge of Allegiance to the U. S. flag, led by Kenneth Mount, 4 years old. Harvey Olander gave a talk, "They Settled in Hutto. Why?" The family was honored by the presence of three visitors, Suzan Kern and her two sons, Isaac and Noah, descendants of a Gustafson sister who did not emigrate, Sophia Gustafson Tollin. Suzan's grandmother, Ellen Tollin came to the U.S. as a young girl.

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, September 13, 2001

The Gypsies That Camped On Our Farm

by Harvey Olander

During the 1930's an old car was parked in our pasture. A young couple was sitting under a make shift lean-to shelter. Their two pre-school aged children did not seem to mind the situation; they ran and splashed in the burbling brook beside their car.

That brook had a continuous flow of water year round. Perch, minnows, crawfish, some frogs and soft shell turtles were numerous in its deep pools and rapids. Can you believe that brook was called Cottonwood? Yes, it was and that Cottonwood is the dry ditch you see today.

This young couple were not pleasure camping; they were destitute. The young man approached Dad and offered to do any kind of work for food. Our family was one of the very fortunate families that lived on a rented farm. To be precise, the farm is located just north of Hutto on FM1660 and is now owned by Jerry Roznovok. We had no money but had plenty of fried eggs, fried chicken, and cow milk to drink that kept our stomachs full. Dad had no

work for him but he gave them milk each day.

During those years social security or other government funds were not available to help the poor. The jobless begged and traveled, hoping the next town would have work. Many an old car, loaded with family and all their worldly possessions, could be seen on the road.

In desperation the young camper put his talents to work making furniture out of an ample supply of willow tree limbs. The chairs and tables he built were neat and really looked good. They were displayed beside the road. He must have sold some, because they camped about a month or so before moving on. Other wanderers, seeing the cleared area, also stopped to camp, some for a few days, some for weeks. Most had children. I called them Gypsies before I realized they were only the unfortunate families struggling in the hard times to survive.

Single men rode freight trains looking for the promised land. Every train had one, sometimes ten, or some times more (occasionally some women). They sat in the open

doors of empty freight cars; many rode on top. There were so many riders that the railroads could not control them. They camped beside the railroads and were called hobos. There must have been a code developed marking homes that gave food. My grandmother, Jenny Gustafson, a widow who lived in Hutto, said she saw men skip all the houses on her street and knock on her door. She did take a chance, but was always willing to share.

Before the depression was over our family almost became wanderers. Andrew Johnson, the landowner, asked us to give up the farm so his granddaughter Eunice Case and her husband could have a place to live. The Cases had two children. With her brother, Monnie Anderson, they farmed together. About that time, a freeze killed all the planted crops.

My dad began complaining so much about hard times that the church took up a collection and presented it to him one Sunday. He was surprised and shocked at the offer but politely refused, because it made him stop to think. He realized his mouth had been working when his ears should have been listening, because financially we were no worse off than the givers. Never did he complain again.

Dad and I began checking every lead looking for a place to farm and

live. None was found in Williamson County so our search spread to neighboring counties. California beckoned, but Mother would not consider it. Her prayers were answered when her brother, who had farmed her parents' land, found a job paying triple the wages of his farm income. A.W. went to work as a welder in Corpus Christi building the Naval Air station. While there he opened a second business manufacturing and selling a farm machine of his own design.

The worrisome search was over. Now Segred and Oscar, my parents, had the chance to move back to the farm from which they had been evicted after the first year of their marriage by the Swedish custom of primogeniture.

Thousands of World War I veterans without work marched on Washington demanding a bonus to buy food. To break the depression the federal government started many New Deal programs, such as the CCC, PWA, WPA, FHA, AAA and many others. The (C.C.C.) Civilian Conservation Corps put men to work locally making improvements in the community and on farms.

My grandfather Fred Gustafson's farm, which I now own, still has the spillways and terraces constructed by the C.C.C.

Covering the Hippoplex and the Hutto Independent School District

Harvey Olander
1345 Annapolis
Corpus Christi T.

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, June 28, 2001



A 1915 Flashback Photo (Photo courtesy of Harvey Olander) Eric Eklund and Price Hutto stand in front of the Hutto Garage operated by Claus Oman and Leonard Carlson (Eric's brother-in-law). Price Hutto was the grandson of J. E. Hutto who provided the land on which Hutto was built. The garage was situated at 206 Front St. in the location now occupied by the Texaco Food Mart. Eric was called into military service about a year later and fought overseas. Upon his return he married Etoile Stephens and spent his entire lifetime gainfully employed in carpentry and mechanical skills around Hutto. Price also served in the military overseas and returned to marry a Hutto girl. Later he moved to El Paso. (comments by Harvey Olander)

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, June 14, 2001

Life's Precious Moments

by Harvey Olander

One Sunday we visited Grandpa and Grandma Collin at Rockport. A.G. and Sue, being faithful members of the Rockport Methodist Church, expected us to attend with them. We and our children, Janet 7yrs, Ralph 5yrs, and Keith 3yrs, had come prepared.

Our children began receiving weekly allowances when Janet was six. The allowance was twenty-five cents a week. Fifteen cents could be spent as they pleased, five cents went into savings and 5 cents would be placed in the church collection plate as it passed down the row.

Our surprise came when we found it to be Communion Sunday. Our children normally stayed seated when Joyce and I took communion at Corpus Christi. This Sunday, being uncomfortable in a new church, they went to the Communion rail with us.

Reverend Dana Green was the officiating pastor who served the

wafers on a plate to be followed by the glass of wine (grape juice) to each person at the rail. When the communion plate went by Keith, he thinking it to be the collection plate, dropped his nickel into the wafers. Ralph being older knew Keith had made a mistake, and wanted to correct it. As the plate passed Ralph, with both hands he started stirring the wafers searching for the coin that had disappeared. Reverend Green smiled and patiently waited until the search was over and the nickel retrieved.

As we herded our flock back to the pew, Joyce and I were then very embarrassed by the commotion created. Now, in retrospect, the memory of that incident brings joy and happiness in the innocence once expressed in our children.

In the picture are Joyce, Keith, Janet and Ralph Olander. White gloves and hats were customary wear in this precious year of 1956.



Joyce is holding Keith. Janet & Ralph are standing beside her. White gloves and hats were worn to church every Sunday in 1956.

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, June 7, 2001



L to R: Helena Jansson (Marie's niece), Thomas Fasth (Marie's nephew) and Karin Andersson (Helena's daughter) at Maria's cemetery plot.

Found Maria

by Joy Wallin Kovar Swedish relatives.

This is a follow up on Harvey Olander's article, "Maria Disappeared 84 years ago in Hutto," that the Hutto Herald printed on April 26, 2001.

"Valkommen" (Welcome) to our

A visit from Karin Andersson, Helena & Lennart Jansson & Thomas Fasth has reunited the relatives in Texas. They first visited Clifford (Maria's son) & Kathleen Anderson in Bishop, Texas. We held a

family reunion on Saturday, May 19 at Palm Valley Lutheran Church with approximately 50 people attending. Many pictures and other memorabilia were brought to fill in those lost years.

Karin introduced her family to the group. She explained their search for Maria, which led her to find all of us.

Karin answered questions from the group, which helped us to understand where they live in Sweden, where they work, what type of land, weather, housing and etc.

After the reunion we went on a search for Maria's burial plot. After walking and searching in two cemeteries, we found Maria in the Presbyterian Cemetery in Georgetown off of Old Highway 81. Maria was known in Texas as Marie Fowst Anderson. It was very common for Swedish immigrants to change their last name when they arrived in the United State. My grandfather, Jones Wallin, changed his name when he arrived in America from Johanneson.

The few days they were here were filled with sight seeing, meeting family, a whole lot of talking and getting better acquainted.

Karin and I (Joy Kovar) have been e-mailing each other for over a year now. She and I have been creating our family tree. We still have many more names to add to the list and already it is 102 inches long and 7 1/2 inches wide.

This was one of the most rewarding weekends I have had in a long time. "Valkommen tillbaka" (Welcome Back)



This was the photo mailed to Sweden that was thought to be Maria's. Top Row L-R: Tom Anderson, "not known," Philip Youngblom, Rosie Anderson. Bottom L-R: Wesley Youngblom, Elenora Anderson. Ruth Anderson Wallin is the unidentified woman in this photograph.

JOY KOVAR SENT HERE ARTICLE ABOUT MARIA AND ASKED DR. FIELD

Covering the Hippoplex and the Hutto Independent School Distri

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, May 17, 2001

A Regrettable Incident

by Harvey Olander

One spring night an incident happened while my two cousins and I were cruising the streets of Hutto - long ago. It began as a fun thing but turned regrettably wrong.

My cousins, John Henry and Brent, and I were driving by what is now the Hutto Middle School when we realized that a group of people were attending a meeting. In a small town like Hutto it was easy to tell by looking at the cars who, and how many people, were at the meeting.

One car caught my attention. It was Elof Gustafson's car. My cousin Dorothy Ann had been practicing driving her father's car for a week or so, and it appeared she was driving this night for the first time. We decided to give her a driving lesson on emergency situations.

E.I Wood Drug Store always carried firecrackers and the like, off-season. We bought one of his special-occasion firecrackers. I think it was called the Whistler. At school we attached the Whistler under the hood of her car and then waited to watch her to abandon ship. To have a ringside seat

we parallel parked about six car lengths away from her car across the street.

Soon the meeting was over and all attending went to their cars. To our surprise, the John Baslins went to the car we thought was Dorothy Ann's. Their car was identical to Elof's, a 1932 Plymouth. The Baslins were a very old couple in their seventies, and seeing what was going to happen was no longer fun. *It was heart failure time!*

Mr. Baslin was a gentleman's gentleman. He opened the door for his wife, helped her in, shut the door and walked to the driver's side and entered. All of a sudden a loud whistling sound came from his car. He sat there petrified, as if in a trance, but when the smoke began to boil out from under the hood. He woke up, threw open the door and rushed around to his

wife's side.

After hurriedly escorting her to safety behind the adjoining car, John rushed to the hood and opened it. Just as the hood was raised, the firecracker went off and poor John staggered back a few feet and froze. I thought his heart had stopped.

I do not know what happened next because we all lay down on the floor of my car and did not move until we heard them drive away.

I really wanted to apologize to Mr. Baslin but felt it was too risky at the time.

Seven years later, after World War II was over, Mr. Baslin and I were drinking coffee together at the Patterson Cafe. I felt it was safe enough to say how sorry I was. He took it in good humor and was glad to know it was accidental, not intentional.

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, April 26, 2001



This was the photo mailed to Sweden that was thought to be Maria's. Top Row L-R: Tom Anderson, "not known," Philip Youngblom, Rosie Anderson. Bottom L-R: Wesley Youngblom, Elenora Anderson

Maria Disappeared 84 Years Ago At Hutto

by Harvey Olander

Karin Anderson's curiosity about a photograph in one of her mother's albums caused her to ask, "Who is this girl?" Helena, her mother said, "The writing on the back of the picture indicates it is Maria's wedding picture taken in Texas. Maria Fast is my aunt.

Maria's father, Anders Johan Fast, was your great grandfather. Use your computer and find out what happened to her." That was the beginning of a search that soon unfolded Maria's past and revealed the presence of many living relatives in America.

The search.

Karin sent a computer message to a genealogy site on the World Wide Web asking for help in locating Maria Fast. The first message came from an American woman named Brenda Dahlberg who owned a book published in 1917 called "Swedes of Texas 1838-1918." Her response came within ten hours, saying she had found a Maria that had married a man called Carl Eric Anderson, who lived in south Texas. Later a message came from a librarian in Corpus Christi who had found an obituary on a Carl Eric Anderson who died in Bishop, Texas. An address was included. Karin mailed a letter that brought excitement to Clifford and Kathleen Anderson. They had never known or expected to have relatives in Sweden, but hoped this was true. One month after the search began; a telephone call from

Clifford and Kathleen had the two separated families talking together.

Clifford was Maria's first son. She had died in 1917 from complications after the birth of her second son, Elmer. During the exchanges of information, a second C.E. Anderson showed up. The question: are they the same person or could there be two?

There were two. One, named Carl Edward Anderson, lived west of Hutto. The other lived in Bishop. That in turn brought to light an Anderson brother named Ernest Anderson who lived near Georgetown. These two men were uncles to Maria. Carl Edward and Ernest were brothers to Karen's great grandfather. So you think that ends the story? Not yet. I want into this picture. Clifford Anderson from Bishop had a grandmother named Sofia Olander Anderson. Sofia was a sister to my grandfather, P.A. Olander-so now you know.

All of these claims, questions, and answers will be discussed on May 14 when Karin, her mother Helen, and an uncle and aunt from Sweden will arrive in Texas. They will stay two days with the Harvey Olander's in Corpus Christi, two days with the Clifford Anderson in Bishop. On Friday night they will be at Florence Winkler's Bed and Breakfast in Hutto, staying over the weekend to be guests at a special reunion celebration held by the Andersons, Wallins, and Hanstroms. *A small world isn't it.*

Covering the Hippoplex and the Hutto Independent School District

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, April 5, 2001



*The top arch of a gate that was in use during Jesus' life.
(Photo courtesy of Harvey Olander)*

The Walls Of Jerusalem

by Harvey Olander

I was so disappointed to find the streets where Jesus walked, the hill where he was crucified, and the tomb where his body lay, now many feet below ground level. It was hard to believe that the huge massive walls surrounding Jerusalem, including its many gates, had all been rebuilt many times since his death. (The photo shows the top arch of a gate in use during Jesus' life.) The streets going through the old walled city gates are now about fifteen feet above those when he was crucified. Places where important things occurred are not visible now. Gorgeous churches, ornamental structures, marble inlay floors, glass showcases displaying gold items of wealth now commemorate the events described in Bible stories.

There has to be a reason for all the rubble covering those precious sites. Habits of those who have lived in the walled city since He preached the gospel are partly responsible. Housewives threw garbage out the back door before there were garbage trucks to haul it away. When the back yard became too full, they raised the house and house floors to the level of the yard. However the most logical explanation was the many wars fought to control the city or to regain the rights to worship in holy places.

Jerusalem was conquered 11 times according to my count, and destroyed nine times.

Here is my understanding of the carnage that happened to the temples and the city. In the begin-

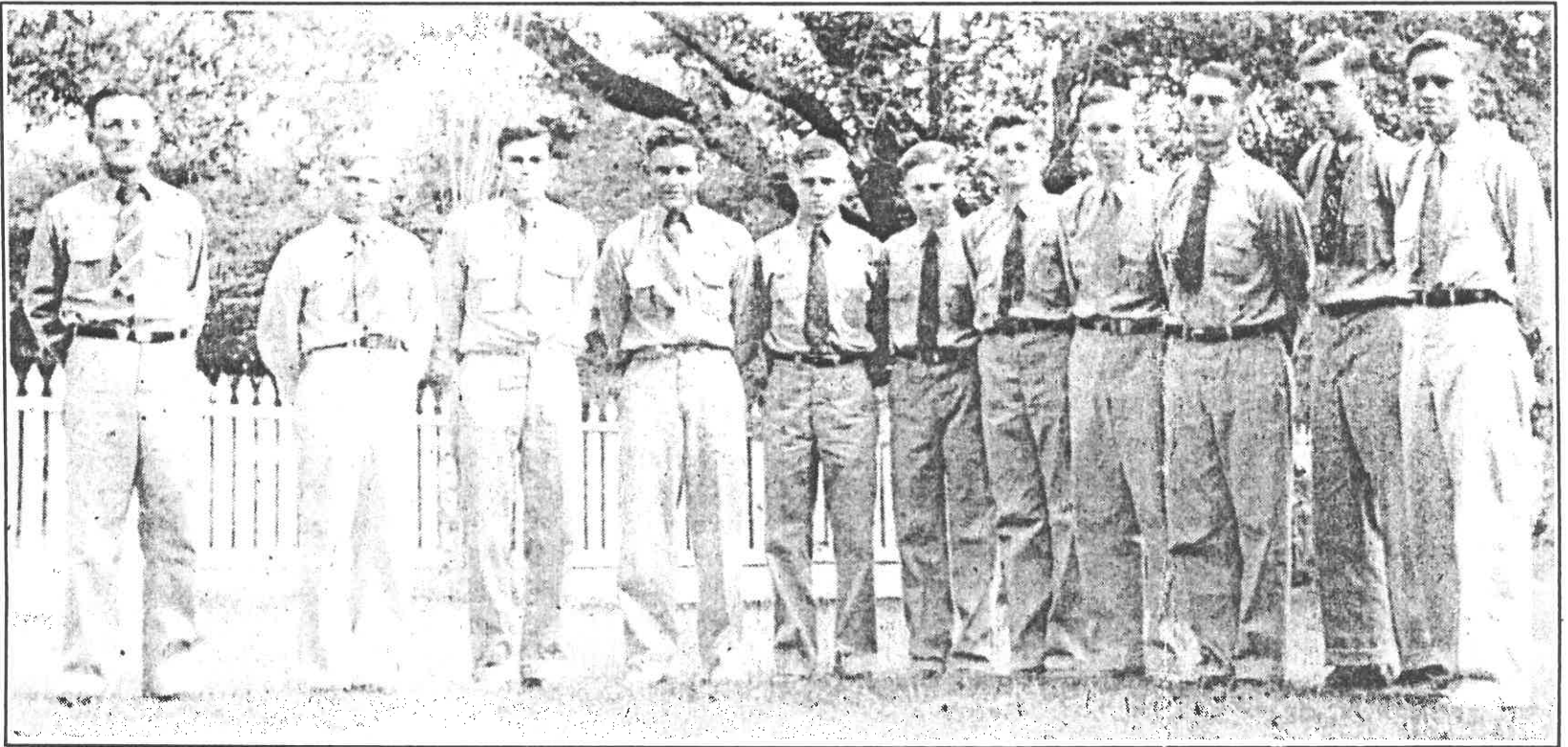
ning King Solomon leveled the top of Mt. Moriah and built three temples, in 1000 BC Nebuchadnezzar in 587 BC conquered and destroyed them. Orders were later given allowing the Jews to rebuild the temple. In 63 BC the Romans came, Herod became ruler in 22 BC The temple was destroyed and made into a fortress. Later he built a new temple within the fortress in 19 BC This was the one known to Christ. Then in 70 AD the Roman Titus came and destroyed the temple again. In 135 AD an heathen temple was built. An earthquake destroyed it. Between 135 AD and 335 AD the site was used as a dunghill. About 335 AD. Christians began to regard Jerusalem as a holy city and started to rebuild it. Then came the Persians in 614 AD and they destroyed the city. The Arabs in 637 AD conquered the city but treated the Christians mercifully until the 11th century when all the holy places were destroyed. The Crusaders came in 1099 and rescued the city. Next came Saladin, leader of Islam, in 1187. The Turks came in 1516. Then the British came in 1917. The Crusaders and British were the only two conquerors who did not destroy Jerusalem, its walls and/or its temples.

Jesus taught love and sharing but I found none of that existed between religions in Jerusalem. Greed and jealousy were very apparent fifty years ago to a twenty-one year old kid who was there tracing Jesus' footsteps.

Covering the Hippoplex and the Hutto Independent School District

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, February 22, 2001



A photograph of one team and a clipping from the newspaper gives us bragging rights - Hutto Chapter of FFA Wins Contest

Hutto Has Always Been A Winner!

Williamson County Chapter Conducting Contest Held at Georgetown.

HUTTO, May 11, 1939- The Hutto chapter of Future Farmers of America won the Williamson county FFA chapter conducting contest Wednesday night at Georgetown. The contest consists of opening and closing ceremonies initiation of greenhands and parliamentary law and procedure.

The boys are trained in public speaking and types of laws and procedures that they will need and use in all types of organizations. The Hutto boys have won the contest for four consecutive years. They have also won the Central

Texas area contest for two years,

have gone through the semi-finals of the state two years and defeated the state champions in the semi-finals of the state one year.

The personnel of the team this year include Carl Stern, president; Ernest Johnson, vice-president; Harvey Olander, secretary; Wesley Brunken, treasurer; Neal Sorenson, watchdog; Eugene Peterson, parliamentarian; H. W. Sands, advisor and Harold Farley, Joe Eulenfield and Leonard Anderson.

IN THE PICTURE H.W. Sands, Leonard Anderson, Neal Sorenson, Eugene Peterson,

Wesley Brunken, Carl Stern, Harold Farley, Harvey Olander, Howard Norman, Ernest Johnson, Joe Eulenfield.

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, February 8, 2001

Gas Eleven Cents A Gallon

by Harvey Olander

I am sorry to say this gas price was discontinued about sixty-three years ago. This advertisement appeared in the Hippo Live Wire in the late 1930's (see adjoining ads).

Yes, gasoline prices hovered near 15 cents a gallon for many years. I remember Whiteley's. He had built a new station with a covered service area on a concrete slab. It was located on the northwest corner of Pecan and FM1660. His station was the first to have electric pumps. Every gas purchase included a windshield wash, an oil check, and one peppermint stick candy as a bonus.

I had a 1925 Model T Ford touring car with no top. The recession was winding down and money was scarce. I was allowed 25 cents a week spending money so most gas purchases were one gallon at a time. That was enough gas to drive to and from school. When other boys were along for a side trip to the creek, or to Taylor, each chipped in a nickel for the gas. The gallon purchase always included a windshield wash and should have included an oil check, but not for my Ford. The oil check valve was under the engine and that meant crawling under the car to check. Even when asked, Mr. Whiteley refused to provide that service. It did not matter. I only used drain oil from my father's tractor. With a one-gallon purchase he did reluctantly give extra sticks of candy to all the boys riding in the car. What I remember best was his beautiful daughter, Dorothy Mae. I tried to interest her but she refused my attentions.

While on the subject, how about a little history? Hutto was well endowed with gas stations. J.O. Johnson had one on the southwest corner of Hutto St. and FM1660. It was a one-room corrugated tin building with a big wood stove that occupied most of the space. The drive was gravel. The pumps were equipped with a handle. Working the handle back and forth about twenty times filled

the glass reservoir at the top with gas. When the full mark was reached the excess ran into an overflow pipe. A marker indicated each gallon from one to five. (Mr. Jerry Roznovak now has such a pump displayed in his back yard.) The gas flowed by gravity into the cars. Ben Kellstrom had a station on the northeast corner of Hwy. 79 and East St. His pumps were also hand powered and were in the open with no cover. A small tin building off to one side was the office.

There were two large corrugated metal garages with a holding capacity of at least ten cars. Each had concrete floors and a covered service area where the hand operated gas pumps were located. Jack Blackman's garage was the larger and more prosperous. He sold gas and car parts, repaired cars, and had a wrecker service. His office sold cakes, candies and other edibles. Jack also owned a gas tanker-truck, which he personally drove to some refinery toward the east, to supply his garage. Jack and his wife Maud took over the Henley's diner and operated it for years. The diner is now called Snuffy's, with new owners. Jack's garage was in the area now occupied by the Tito Mart Texaco station on Main St. and Hwy79.

The other garage was located on the northeast corner of East St. and Farley St. Many operators tried to make it go. I remember some names: Henry Kyle, Pogie Glendenning, my Uncle August Gustafson, and George Eklund. All tried to make it profitable.

Henry Kyle was an entrepreneur, and operated many businesses. Henry at that time had a wholesale oil and gas depot in Hutto, located across the highway from the Hutto Co-Op store. I remember the night that building, with all its supplies, burned. It was a large fire. Hutto's 1924 Model T Ford fire engine was pumping ineffective water on the blaze. It was so hot the light poles across the street began to burn. When the firemen directed water on the poles, electric sparks flew everywhere. It was a wonder the firemen were not electrocuted.

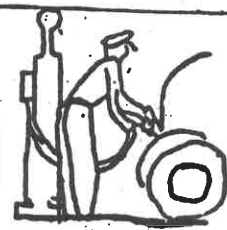
Guy Inman built another up-to-date gas station on the northeast corner of FM1660 and Hwy79. I am not sure about the building date but I believe early forties. It was across the street from the lumberyard and located where the City Hall now stands. I heard that a gravel truck destroyed his gas pumps some time later, but they were replaced and the station stayed open many years.

Compliments of---

RED & WHITE STORE
Hutto, Texas

Compliments of

NELSON & SWENSON GIN
HUTTO, TEXAS



WHITELEY SERVICE STATION

HUTTO, TEXAS



MIDGET CAFE

HUTTO, TEXAS

Gun Repairing and
Saw Filing.

L.L. Flothorant
Hutto Food Store

PROPERTY ENDANGERED BY SCHOOL FIRE

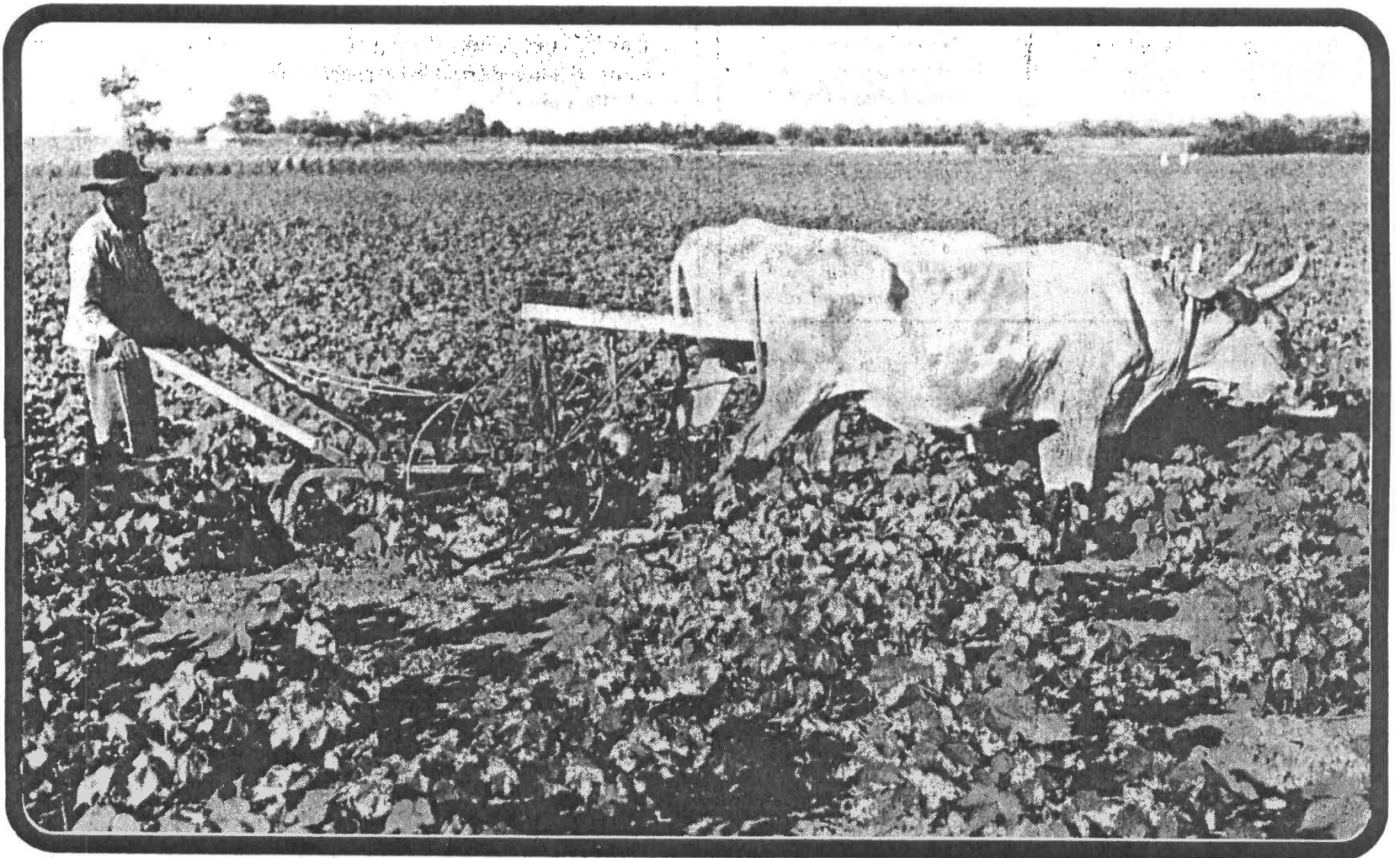
A fire caused by burning trash endangered property adjoining the school Tuesday, October 25. The fire was caused by burning paper blowing onto dry grass. A chicken house and two cows were in danger.

Covering the Hippoplex and the Hutto Independent School District

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, January 18, 2001

If Tractors Are Too Expensive There Is An Alternative



A farmer near Hearne, Texas in 1939 with his team of oxen. (photo courtesy of Harvey Olander)

by Harvey Olander

Think of how much money you could put in the bank. New tractors cost near \$100,000. And fuel bills probably \$10,000. What about year-end taxes on property? There is no end to savings. Oh, you may have to work an extra hour or so each day, so what? Wouldn't it be worth it?

At least you could drop your health club fees and their workout schedules. Fertilizer would be spread appropriately through out the field so there would be a savings on fertilizer. There is a possibility for another huge savings. I

do not know what gender these animals were, but if they were cows you could milk them each night and sell the milk. Or, if thirsty there would be fresh milk to drink at work. Well, at least there is an alternative if things get any worse.

This farmer seemed to be content. He was happy when we talked to him and proud of the cotton crop. The cotton was growing near Hearne, Texas and by chance we saw him at work while driving to Huntsville in 1939 where some of the Ag Class students were going to attend a state meet to prove Hutto was the best!

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, January 11, 2001

Ellen's Grandmother Was A Slave

282A

by Harvey Olander

Ellen was one year younger than my mother Segred. Ellen and Segred became playmates in their youth because her father Alex Mercer and mother Alice lived on Segred's father's farm to help him with his daily farm chores. This became a lifetime friendship. When Ellen was visiting my mother Segred in 1987 a tape recording was made about her grandmother's life as a slave.

Sofia, Ellen's grandmother, was a slave working for a family in Austin. To keep Sofia from knowing slaves were free, they ordered her to never leave the house or never go to the fence to talk with other colored people.

(The following are quotes from Ellen) "Finally she got out to the fence to a person she knew well. They came up together from Round

Rock. So she told her (Sofia) what are you doing in here yet? Sofia said, 'Working. What are you doing going to town so much?' Friend said, 'Don't you know slaving been over with? We are free. We been out on our own now.' The white woman seen her and told her, 'I told you not to go out and talk to them other colored folks. You come back here.' And so she went to get a whip to whip her.

The white man had a office of some kind downtown. So she (Sofia) knew where the office was. So she broke and run and went to the office to him and told him what the woman was fixing to do, so it made him mad and he told her, 'You wait. I will go back home with you.'

So he took and carried her back home. (At home he said) 'You knew she was no slave and we were trying to keep her at the house here to

work for us. So if you are going to be like that and beat her up I am going to let her go. Sofia, go get your things.' So he stayed there till she packed her clothes. She did not have a suitcase, so she got a rag and tied them all up.

She knew where this woman she was talking to lived at. So she (Sofia) went to town and found this woman and the woman kept her with her until she got in touch with some of her folks in Round Rock. They came and picked her up and they moved her to Pflugerville. She stayed a long time in Pflugerville and that is where she married him (McGee).

Her husband got a job here in Hutto with Will Hutto and they moved to Hutto. Will Hutto lived down town on the same side of the tracks where I (Ellen) live. He lived in the big two-story house very near where I live." (The Hutto house was on southeast corner of Front St. and Jim Cage Lane.)

Sophia and her husband McGee had three children. Mattie, John, and Alice McGee Mercer.

NOTE: The first battles of the Civil War began in 1861. War ended in 1865, but not slavery, in spite of the Emancipation Proclamation. Carpetbaggers came in 1865 to make slave owners miserable. Most slaves had been freed by 1872 when an amnesty act was passed.

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, November 30, 2000

Worthless Sam

by Harvey Olander

(A humorous story about a donkey whose actions kept changing his name)

Dubba (J.W. Hyslop) possessed a donkey named Sam that wandered at will in the pasture with the other animals, and because of its stubbornness, avoided all the drudgery imposed upon the horses, mules and jenny.

In the year of our Lord 1938, at Hutto High School, two classmates found friendship in school activities and common interests. Dubba and (Red) Carl Stern were very active in the Future Farmers of America organization. They visited each other's homes to study and work on farm projects. One day Sam, the donkey, wandered into view, and on Carl's part there was instant bonding. He had a sudden desire to own this steed of bible prominence. Carl made Dubba an offer; bartering proceeded until Dubba jumped at the suggestion of a pig for the donkey.

At the home front, C.G. Stern, Carl's father was not pleased with his son's so called bargain, and informed him of his hopes that some day Carl would wise up in the ways of the world. Carl soon found out that Sam made rules, instead of obeying them, and he immediately

renamed him Uncle Sam. Uncle Sam did not oppose riders until movement was required. A slap, a yell, or a kick, to urge forward movement, generally sent the rider airborne. Carl's next strategy, since a harness was included, was to make a two-wheeled cart for Uncle Sam to pull. He borrowed two wheels from a buggy which his dad had used to take him to school when roads were muddy. With a little ingenuity and skills learned at the school farm shop, (taught by Herschel Sands), a cart became a reality. Uncle Sam was soon harnessed and connected to the cart. With a "Get up" and a jiggle of the reins Sam went forward. Carl thought he had found the solution, but not for long.

Uncle Sam stopped at every grassy spot on the road and began to eat. He could not be moved again until he devoured the last morsel of grass, and then away he went to the next patch of grass. Carl devised a wire muzzle to put over Uncle Sam's mouth, but he still ate the grass that came through the wires. Then Carl put screen wire inside the muzzle but Uncle Sam lingered even longer, smelling the grass. Uncle Sam soon regained his freedom to devour the grass in the pasture.

Only one time did Uncle Sam react in an expected fashion. At a May fete celebration Carl and another friend, Bo (C.R. Browning), were dressed as clowns and each took turns to ride and be thrown off. For some unexplainable reason, Bo wanted Uncle Sam, and bartering began again. Carl took Bo's first offer of fifty cents. Bo thought it was too good a deal to be true, and insisted that a written record be made and witnessed. After the May fete Bo led Uncle Sam to a four-stall horse barn and tied the donkey in one stall with a rope. The barn was located on the same lot as Mrs. Martin's home where Bo, his sister Bessie, and mother, May Browning, lived. All houses built in the early 1900's had barns to house their horses. That address now is the site of the Hutto Post Office.

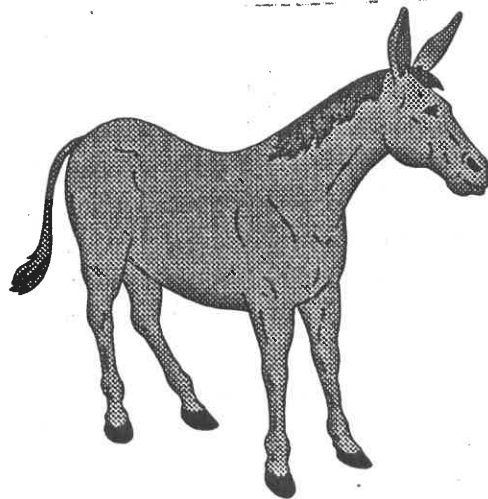
The next morning Uncle Sam had disappeared and could not be found. At school Carl informed Bo that Uncle Sam was at his house and Mr. Stern, his father, wanted him moved. Bo, Dubba, and Carl had a conference to decide the donkey's fate. "Worthless" was brought up in that discussion and that name stuck. The decision made, Carl and Bo led the donkey across the fields north about one mile, and Dubba walked to meet them half way and take Worthless Sam to the place it longed to be. Bo did not say why the move was so hasty, but if you have ever heard a donkey bray, you would immediately know his predicament. It is worse than a fog horn on a ship at sea. Worthless Sam's stubbornness had won his freedom to be with his other animal friends.

Bo was a good salesman, or luck was with him. Soon a boy offered him \$5.00 for a donkey called Sam. Bo still has the original purchase contract and brags about how much profit he made.

Covering the Hippoplex and the Hutto Independent School District

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, January 18, 2001



Worthless Sam (Continued)

by Harvey Olander
Carl Stern adds these comments in retrospect about those exciting school days of long ago and the legend of Worthless Sam (*published in the Hutto Herald on November 30, page 6*).

On the day of the May Fete, in which Sam was the star, there was a parade preceding the main event, starting at the school and ending downtown. Each class in school had an entry in the parade. Our class used my home made wagon as a float and had it pulled by two donkeys. The wagon had a coiled garden hose on the bed with the end hanging off the tail gate, dragging

the ground (it represented a fire hose). A sign on the wagon proclaimed this to be the "Speedy Fire Department" of the day. In fact Worthless Sam was on his best behavior. Anywhere that Dubb's jenny went Sam was sure to go. There was no stubbornness in this stubborn donkey on this May Fete day.

Question by Harvey, "Why would a jenny cause such a drastic behavior change on a Jack Ass like Worthless Sam?" I was told that in Mexico, just having a Jenny trail the wagon pulled by a Jack gives him unbelievable strength and cooperation. Why?

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, January 4, 2001

Why Do Teachers Love Their Profession?

by Harvey Olander

At the fiftieth reunion of the class of 1939, each of the graduates made statements about their lives, about school, and about amusing incidents at school. I was enjoying Mrs. Bernice Anderson Walston's remarks about humorous situations that occurred, until she mentioned Harvey Olander. The person she described was not the Harvey Olander I remembered. Why would I do a silly thing like that to a teacher I liked?

I remember that one of the many theme papers I turned in finally made a grade of A. Miss Walter, who was our English teacher, was so proud of that paper that she personally delivered it to my desk. She leaned over and said, "You finally did it. I knew you could. See what a little time and concentration can do. You could be a good writer if you only put in a little effort." My thought, "Gosh, she likes me."

Back to Bernice's accusations. Miss Helen Walter was also our homeroom teacher in our senior year. The alleged incident happened in a study hall during that year. Bernice stated that when Miss Walter looked across the room and saw Harvey chewing gum, she said, "Harvey, put that gum in the waste basket," and he obliging responded. Later when Miss Walter looked up again from her work, she said "Harvey, what are you doing standing in that waste basket?" And Bernice falsely accused me again of my saying, "I was following your instructions."

I don't remember those

remarks... Miss Walker was my friend. Nanette Brown added insult to injury when she said, "Miss Walter did not return as a classroom teacher after we graduated. She felt married life would be less stressful."

The subject of discipline was thoroughly discussed. The old proverb said, "Spare the rod (switch) and spoil the child." According to that adage we should have been the least spoiled children of the century. Discipline was not by the rod but by the board foot!

Our early years in Hutto High School began in a three-story building. The principal's office was in a small cubicle on the second floor in the middle of the building, next to the stairway. The disciplinary paddle in the office appeared to be made of a one inch by four-inch wide board of solid oak. It was beautifully hand-crafted, scientifically constructed, with a bright glossy finish. The handle flared at the end so as not to slip from the user's hand. Many holes were drilled in the flat paddle to overcome wind resistance. It was of perfect design and must have been sold in school supply stores.

It was prominently displayed so as to catch the students' eyes as they walked into the office. Spankings were accepted practice. The door was probably left open so the loud "Bam" of the paddle contacting the behind of the student would reverberate through the classrooms and instill a desire for good behavior in other students.

Our principal was Mr. F. J.

Young, and Mrs. Clarence Ray was his assistant. Mrs. Ray was an excellent teacher and taught typing. She was also the most respected teacher. Her job was to discipline the students. Two swats of the paddle were generally sufficient to produce sobs heard over the second floor. Sometimes I even heard sobs from girls. There was one boy named Herman (not his real name nor was he named Harvey) who, when the paddle went "Bam, Bam", laughed and could be heard saying to Mrs. Ray, "Is that the best you can do?" After a few more whacks we would hear Mrs. Ray cry.

After three years overseas, during World War II, my decision upon returning was to find a means of survival. In this structured world I really needed to marry a schoolteacher, and I did. You can be pleased, that every sentence in this story begins with capital and ends with a period, but don't ask my wife about stress. She won't say if her last choice made was the more stressful.

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, November 30, 2000

Hugh Davenport, Hutto Historian, Passes Away At Age 92



Hugh S. Davenport, Sr. (taken in 1992)

Hugh Davenport was a dedicated man who devoted much of his life working to improve the community of Hutto. When his father Phillip and mother Huldah needed help in their old age, Hugh gave up a career as a college teacher to devote his time to caring for their needs. Hugh took over the responsibilities of managing his father's many farms, as well as the sheep ranching his father dearly loved. Having been born in Hutto, and graduating from Hutto High, the return to this town he called home instilled in him the desire to be involved in its future.

He served in all capacities to guide and improve this town of Hutto. When he reached retirement age he let a younger generation take the reins to guide the city. Hugh became a historian, collecting and recording all the activities that passed before him in life. That is really when Hugh and I became great friends. We spent hours talking and laughing about the happenings of yesteryear. This friendship will last forever in my memory.

Harvey Olander

.....
I was impressed with Hugh's local historical perspective and documentation of information in that regard. I also recall his serving on the Hutto City Council. Hugh always seemed to have an opinion on the business at hand and was always ready to make it known!

Ed Schmidt

.....
We enjoyed his many visits to talk about "old times." We also remember that he was very devoted to his wife, Billie!

Charlie & Clarice Hanstrom

.....
What can I say about Hugh Davenport? He graduated from Hutto High School a few years after I was born, so my acquaintance with Hugh began in the 30s.

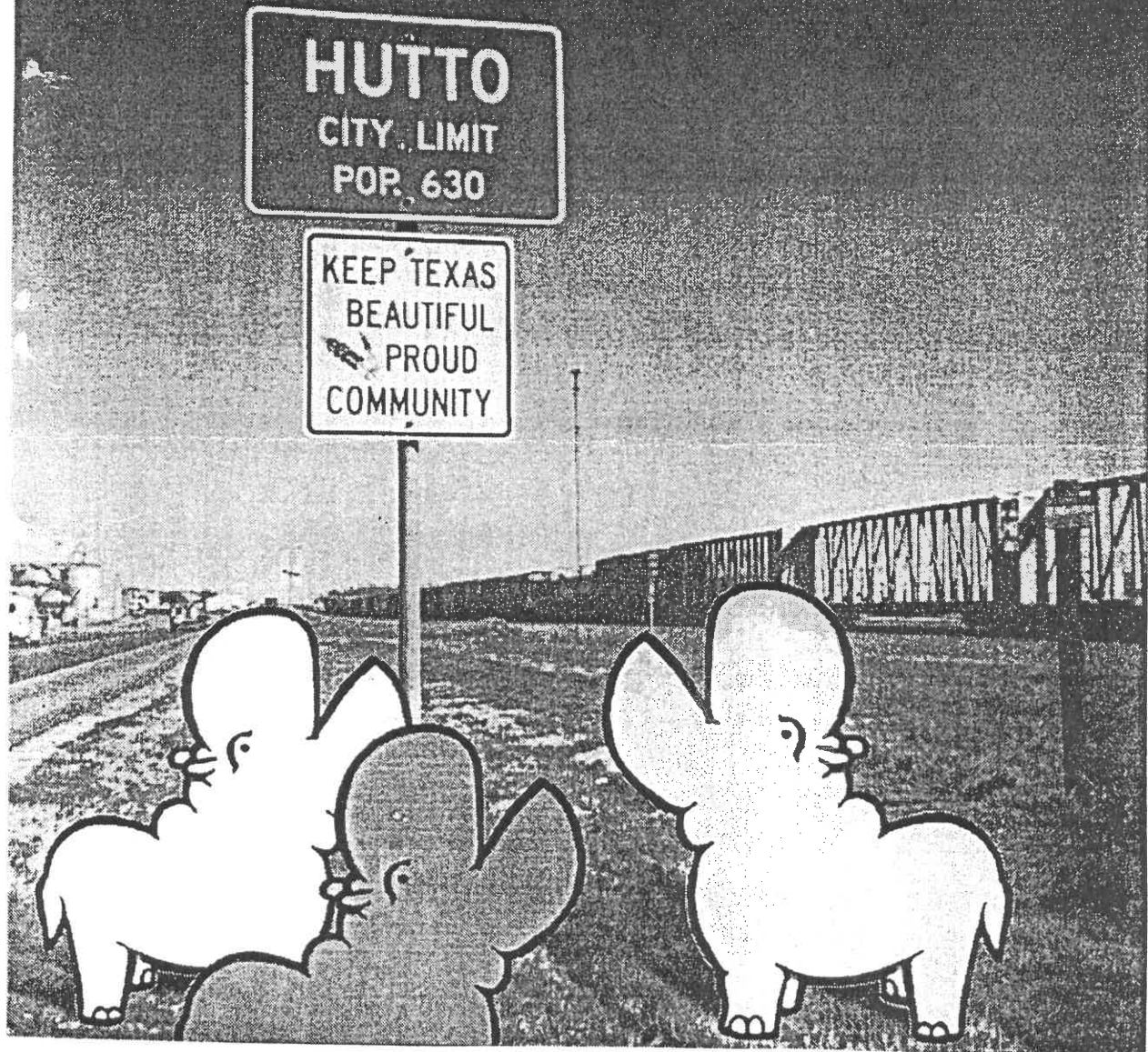
One of the activities in which he was engaged in during the 50s, and maybe longer, was the raising of registered hogs. This was of interest to me because I had raised hogs as an Ag project in high school.

The major marker for Hugh's hogs was in the Central Texas Vocational Agriculture Chapters. He spent much time and effort communicating with Ag teachers and students, giving advice and doing much to encourage students to succeed in their efforts to raise good stock.

How many show winners were produced from all of Hugh's efforts? Surely no one knows.

Carl Stern

HUTTO & HIPPOS



ONCE A HIPPO ~ ALWAYS A HIPPO!

by Betty Sue Blackman Holmstron

This book is compiled from two handwritten notebooks from my mother, Marie Blackman, and Harvey Olander's mother, Segred Olander, who put their heads together to start the homecoming of classmates in 1948 called the Ex-Student's Association. It covers over 100 years of the history of local people who supported the family-style community which has kept Hutto a nice, little, friendly town.

H.H.S. classrolls show who kept the school growing, including past Superintendents and Principals, who paved the way for future success.

How about having a Hippo mascot? The only Hippo mascot in Texas! Read about the authentic beginnings of our unique school mascot.

And what about orange & white? According to my mother, since 1917, the loyal colors of H.H.S. have been good 'ole orange and white and have remained as a part of the history of Hutto High School.

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Covering the Hippoplex and the Hutto Independent School District

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, November 23, 2000

Henry Ford's Test Driver Was A. G. Collin

by Harvey Olander

The name Henry Ford may seem like ancient history of long ago but within my wife's and my memory still lingers her father's experiences about his daily contact with this famous man.

(A.G.) Albert Garfield Collin's connection with Ford began when he returned to Detroit in 1915 and became an estimator for a roofing contractor. There he met Milton Bryant, who was the brother of Mrs. Henry Ford. Milton's frequent visits to his sister's home kept him informed about the workings at the factory. One day Milton told A.G. that Henry was excited about manufacturing tractors and was starting a testing program. He men-

tioned that Ford paid top wages and they were now hiring. A.G. applied and was hired as a test driver to test the Fordson tractor Henry was designing.

A.G.'s job each morning was to start the tractor parked at the door, attach the plow at the field, and drive the tractor all day testing the durability of the tractor parts. At quitting time the tractor was returned to the door where he found it. Engineers at night examined the tractor for cracks and worn parts. Some times they completely disassembled the engine to check for wear, and reassembled it to be ready for the field the next morning.

One day some men came out to look as he plowed the field. He was

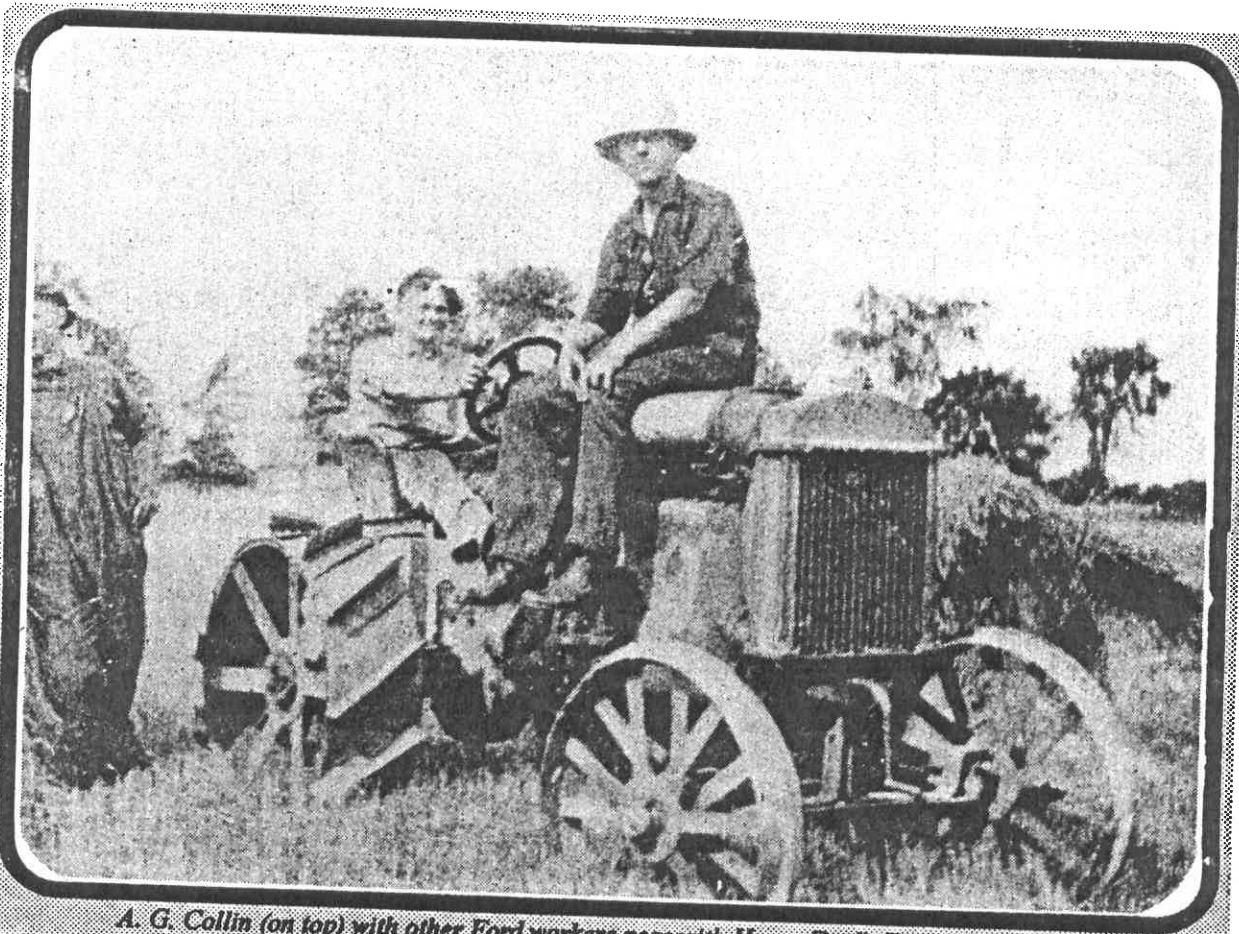
stopped and told that Henry Ford wanted his opinions on the tractor. Evidently Henry felt his answers were pertinent because they talked for some time about the tractor.

This testing went on day after day, week after week. Ford would visit frequently standing on the tractor tool bar, hanging on to A.G.'s shoulder for balance as he plowed the land. When he stopped they would talk.

Driving became boring and for diversion A.G. started scaring rabbits. Turning the ignition key off-on rapidly would make the tractor engine backfire with a loud report like shot-gun firing. It put a little glee into life to see the rabbits scurry for cover. One day, not being aware of Henry's presence, A.G. made the tractor backfire at the very moment Henry stepped on to the tractor. It startled Henry to the point that he slipped and would have fallen had he not grabbed A.G.'s shoulder. If not for this grasp it would have been the demise of Henry. What headlines that story would have made in the Detroit papers, "Man kills Henry Ford by backfiring tractor." A.G. suddenly lost all interest in rabbits, after Ford's dressing down.

In time, they became friendly and often talked about other subjects during the field visits. Henry mentioned one day that he had bought a family car, not his Ford car, but one more elegant for him and the wife. A.G. responded quickly that he had been a chauffeur for a Sir Edmund Osler in Canada and had recommendations Osler had written about his driving abilities. A.G. reported the next day at Henry's home to become the chauffeur for the Ford family.

The Hutto Herald featured a story on Jan. 9, 1997 about A.G.'s time as a chauffeur for Henry Ford.



A. G. Collin (on top) with other Ford workers pose with Henry Ford's Tractor - called the Fordson (photo courtesy of Harvey Olander)

Covering the Hippoplex and the Hutto Independent School District

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, November 2, 2000

The Republic of Texas Donated Hutto's Land

by Harvey Olander

Have you ever wondered if the property you now own may have been a part of a Spanish land grant? Grants were few and far between, but vast amounts of land became available to the Republic of Texas when Sam Houston defeated Santa Anna. The Republic of Texas quickly passed a law in 1837 to entice settlers to move in by donating land to persons upon request.

Many men with military service were issued a Donation Certificate with an affixed Patent No. which entitled them to search for acreage that had not been claimed. To prove the land was available, a legal authorized surveyor would reference it with adjoining surveys. This proof awarded them a Patent in their names.

It is my opinion that W.J. Brown was the person who received the original Patent from the Republic Of Texas covering the area where Hutto later developed. All the sales involving this acreage list the W.J. Brown Survey and have identical boundary descriptions. The first deed found in the Williamson County records room, involving W.J. Brown and his surveyed land, was the transfer of this land by

patent (deed) to Morgan C. Hamilton from Thomas P. Washington and Jacob C. Higgins on August 9, 1853 for \$2952.00 (Vol. 5, page 47,48). Williamson County records began with 1848.

Since W.J. Brown sold his acreage to Thomas Washington and Jacob Higgins before 1848, it was recorded in Cameron County. *(I did not search those records. You, who have abundant energy, an inquisitive mind, and an urge to know, pass it on to the Hutto Herald)* Morgan C. Hamilton sold land to David S. Cook for \$600 on October 1, 1855. (Volume 6, page 171, 172) David S. Cook deeded land to J.E. Hutto on March 9, 1872 for \$1000. (Volume 13 page 520) J.E. Hutto deeded 45 acres of land to the Texas Land Co. Aug 1, 1876 to become the original City of Hutto (Volume 17, page 539).

Land purchased within Hutto City Limits was deeded by Lot Number and Addition Name. Sorry, no exciting Spanish land grants were found, but new residential developments are now in other surveys surrounding the W.J. Brown land.

Be a Columbus and discover a new way to your home.

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, October 12, 2000

Ex-Slaves, Hutto's First Citizens

by Harvey Olander

John and Adam Orgain, J. E. and wife Sallie Tisdale, probably not by choice, but by circumstances after being freed, selected a remote site on the open prairie away from all white folks to make a life on their own.

The railroad came in 1876 and purchased five acres from J. E. Hutto for a station. The Texas Land Company, which probably were developers, bought 50 acres at the same time to develop a town called Hutto.

John, Adam, and the Tisdales became citizens by default. Their claim was within the city of Hutto's boundaries. Land was plentiful in those days and who cared if colored persons had a house or houses

there? Rumors were heard that J. E. Hutto may have given them five acres or ignored their being there. Some one, perhaps the Texas Land Co., needed to pin the acreage down, and had it surveyed to get its exact location within the city. On Feb. 8, 1880 the ex-slaves were taken to Taylor to Justice of the Peace M.T. Bostick, where they signed a paper stating that they had resided on this acreage in Hutto, transferring all rights to Adam Orgain in exchange for a payment of \$125. In later years homes were being built and lots were needed, so Charles Hague on October 16, 1893 offered Adam Orgain the fantastic sum of \$2000 for his five acres. At the notary office in Taylor Adam Orgain made his mark (+)

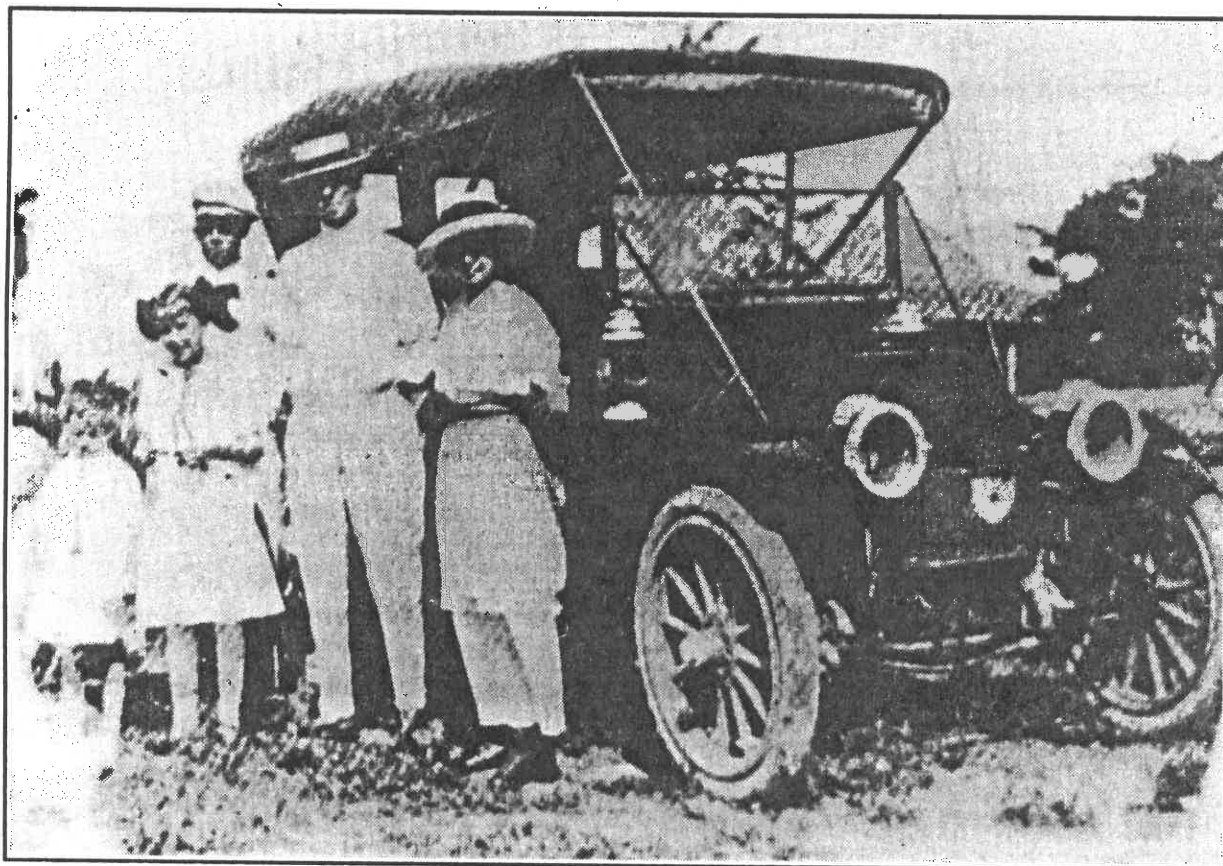
and R. L. Penn, notary, witnessed the (+) as Adam's signature. Hague divided up the 5 acres into lots but evidently they did not sell.

My grandfather, Fred Gustafson, who had been farming three and one-half miles southeast of Hutto, decided to move closer to the school for his children. By 1907 he had purchased ten acres of land at the southern city limits, and four vacant lots within the town which he used as farm land. On June 24, 1908 he paid \$400 to buy three and one-half acres of the former 5 acre slave holding from Charles Hague. This acreage joined the Gustafson property in the #16 Harris addition. Mr. Hague must have bought the slaves' land at the wrong time. It appears he lost a lot of money.

Many of the above statements are conclusions formed during the reading of the deeds. I found it exciting to discover the past in the records in the Georgetown Court House. The clerks in the west wing of the court house in the records department are helpful in getting newcomers started on record searches. It is free and it is fun. Go there and look in deed records books No. 29 page 153, No. 66 page 566, No. 125 page 560, Map No. A-22 and decide for yourself about the story of these ex-slaves. Reference a story found in the Hutto school paper, called the HIPPO BRIEF, of Feb. 1998, it was entitled "EX-SLAVE BUILDS FIRST CABIN IN HUTTO." It read as follows: "The first permanent residence in present day Hutto was a small cabin built and owned by Adam Orgain. Mr. Orgain was a freed slave of the Orgain family. The structure built before 1855 formed the nucleus for the town of Hutto."

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, October 5, 2000



Picture taken the summer of 1919. L to R: Christine, Maurine, Rebecca, Arthur, Oscar Olander & Segred Gustafson. The car is a 912 Model EMF. Notice the carbide head and park lights. Carbide burns with a very white flame - not yellow. The lights were liit with a match after water was turned on to drip on carbide crystal inside a canister to make the gas. Picture furnished by Harvey Olander.

My Mother's Love Story

*As told by Segred to her son
Harvey Olander*

The church had an organization for the young single people called the Epworth League, which planned frequent supervised social events to allow wholesome fellowship between boys and girls. Allowing a boy and girl to date alone was frowned upon. Chaperones were customary.

Segred Gustafson attended the Hutto School and graduated in 1915. Oscar Olander attended Stony Point School. Their paths crossed only at the Swedish Methodist Church, where both families were members. The two were acquainted and attended many of the same church events, but as friends. Oscar was four years older and did not pay much attention to Segred until she returned home from Texas Wesleyan College. At Epworth League socials Oscar began flirting and following her. Mother said she noticed these advances, but played it cool, enjoying the attention. These actions changed her feeling about this man and they began to pair up at socials. Then an event happened to convince her she really liked this man and, if asked, she would live the rest of her life with him.

Oscar had plans of his own. He

made special efforts to become friendly with Fred and Jenny, her parents, to gain their confidence, so they would trust him with Segred. Arthur was Oscar's older brother and he had a car. His plan was to borrow his brother's car and, with Fred and Jenny's permission, drive their precious daughter to the next Epworth League social. This social was held at a church member's home near Jonah several weeks before Easter.

Fred and Jenny went to Taylor to buy Easter clothes for all the family. It was an Easter custom for everyone to wear new clothes and a new hat on Easter Sunday. Segred wanted to impress Oscar on this date. Jenny gave her permission to wear the new hat. The night finally arrived when all these plans began to unfold. Oscar drove to the Gustafson home and was invited in. That home still stands beside FM 1660 north of Hutto, but now is a blushing pink color. After being greeted by Fred, Segred soon appeared wearing that new hat. After Fred was assured his daughter would be delivered home at a respectable hour, they departed in the not so new 1912 car manufactured by EMF. The spell of the moment seemed to cause the car to float over the rough dirt roads. She felt the

urge to sit closer but the big brimmed hat kept her away. To keep her hair from blowing and to impress the other young people she wore it. When the group started playing games the hat was placed in the car.

The time passed too quickly and the promised deadline must be kept. Without the hat she sat closer. In a moment of distraction Oscar stole a quick kiss. At least he thought it was quick. The car lurched into the ditch and after a big bounce he brought it back on the road. As they neared home she reached into the back seat to replace the hat so as not to arouse suspicions that kissing may have happened. To her surprise the hat was gone. The wood floor had bounced out of place and the hat had fallen to the ground. Segred was frantic. Her mother would be terribly upset if she found out. They turned

around, backtracking to the big bounce but no hat was found.

Oscar devised a plan: his sister was a milliner who had worked at John Bush's clothing store in Hutto before it closed in 1915, making custom hats for ladies. She could make Segred another hat identical to the lost one. That night Segred made it home without arousing suspicions. Several days later she met Amelia in Hutto, describing the hat style and trimmings. The hat was quickly replaced in the hat box ready for Easter. Jenny never knew the difference.

My mother told me that was the moment that convinced her Oscar would be a kind caring person because his family was kind and helped each other. In retrospect my mother said, "It was a good decision. He was a caring and faithful husband for the fifty-one years of our married life."

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, September 28, 2000

Sentenced To Die In Nine Months

by Harvey Olander

How would you react to such a notice? I was not a criminal. I had killed no one. I was a Christian, a board member at St. Luke's Methodist Church, an usher on Sunday, president of the Friendship class and member of food serving committee of Methodist Men.

Life begins at forty they say. What kind of life is the thing not said. It all began when my aunt, a nurse, suspected allergies and sent me to a good friend, Dr. Siebold, an allergy specialist. Food allergies were found. I was allergic to all foods except beef. Fresh fruits and vegetables caused the worst reaction. He started food rotation and a restricted diet. It worked but interfered with being a Methodist. Even grape juice at communion made my throat raw. The preacher and servers probably thought, "What kind of nut is he?" when the juice was refused. Methodist always eat at every function and I did not fit in.

I went to my family doctor for his help. He suggested extensive tests to return me to the church. Instead he found death, a spike in my monoclonal gammopathy profile, which to him indicated mul-

tiple myeloma. He would not tell me; he called my wife to his office and told her.

I resolved to enjoy life before the pains began and do things that I wanted to do but had been putting off. I loved being outdoors, hiking, camping, fishing, exploring, traveling. My poor wife, she supported me in all these activities. I know she grieved knowing the inevitable, but always had a smile and a willingness to go. We had a large boat and a canoe...we cruised the lake, went fishing in the Gulf, beach-combed St. Joseph Island, and made numerous trips canoeing down the Guadeloupe River. After nine months I was still energetic, my wife was thoroughly exhausted and two doctors were very perplexed. The subject was even discussed at a doctors' convention as to why I was still around. With all that energy and no pain they had no choice but to reprieve my death sentence.

Oh yes, the allergies are almost gone. I can now drink the grape juice at communion. My second life has lasted almost as long as the first. I am working on eighty and still live without pain.

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, September 7, 2000

Johnson & Eklund, A Men's Clothing Store

by Harvey Olander

Ernest E. Johnson was born in 1891 to John Adolph Johnson and wife Clara. He was the seventh of the eleven Johnson children, an uncle to Kenneth and Kermit Johnson who were long time residents of Hutto. Records list Ernest as a probable graduate at the Hutto School in 1910. He attended a Busi-

ness College in Taylor and then worked for the Hutto National Bank as an accountant for one year.

Ernest bought into a partnership with Oliver Bird, who operated a Men's Clothing Store in Hutto. The store was located in the building number 113. Later Mr. Bird sold his part interest in the store to Charlie E. Eklund, a Hutto boy,

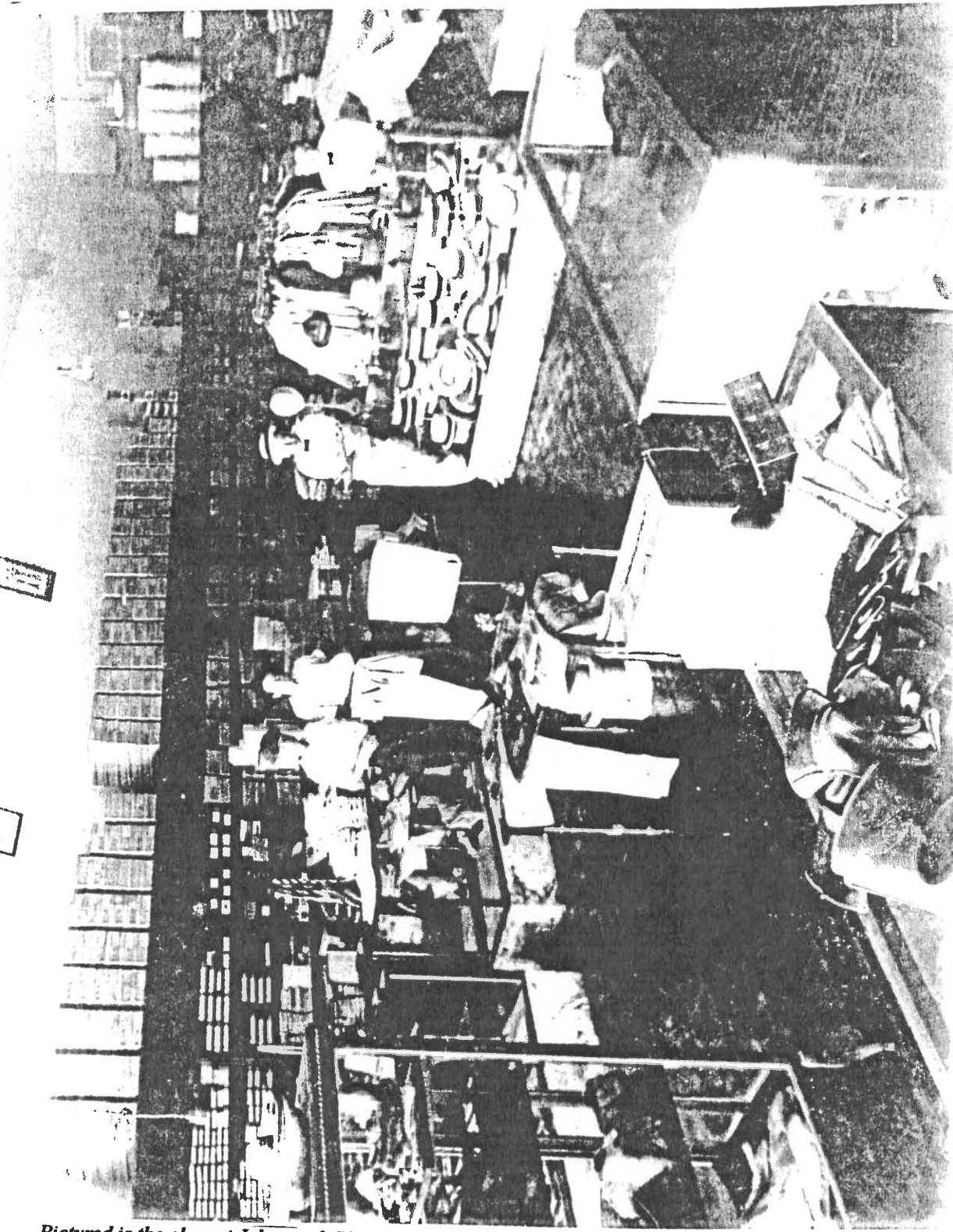
who may have graduated from the Hutto School in 1914.

Trade began to slow. It was not the lack of clothing at the Johnson and Eklund store that kept customers away; the picture proves that. It is my opinion that Taylor, a much larger town, was becoming the favored trading center for the area. Competition from local stores also

hurt their trade. I am not sure when these competing stores opened, but their presence may have slowed business. There was the Miller Brothers Clothing next door in building No. 115 (now Hutto Herald office & Schmidt Insurance Agency), and Paul Matthew's Grocery Store, the corner building, in No. 117. My father was a clerk selling groceries on one side of Matthew's store and, on Saturdays, my mother sold shoes on the other side. John Bush's Dry Goods Store was on the next block. My Aunt Amelia Olander Hennech was employed as a milliner, making women's hats, in Bush's store. Stephen's Grocery was several doors to the south; they may have sold some clothing.

The two boys closed their store about 1917. Ernest went to work at T.W. Marse's in Taylor and was gainfully employed in the men's clothing department for many years. Charles Eklund moved to Austin and worked for E.M. Scarbrough's men's clothing department for the rest of his life.

I like the words of Ward Miller, who had a store next door to Ernest Johnson's. This is a quote from Hugh Davenport's History of Hutto. "A stranger drove into town in the early thirties, and asked to be directed to the Hutto Cemetery. From a bench in front of his store, Ward Miller said, "Just cut your motor off, Brother. You are in the middle of it!"



Pictured is the elegant Johnson & Eklund Men's Clothing Store in Hutto. It was completely stocked with wearing apparel. Ernest E. Johnson (known as E. E.) learns on the middle display casse overstocked with fashionable men's staw hats. Charlie E. Eklund stands near E. E. by a rack of men's dress suits. The far-wall shelves contain boxes of men's socks, shirts, and shoes. The two customers are not known.
(Photo courtesy of Wallace Johnson, son of E. E. Johnson)

Covering the Hippoplex and the Hutto Independent School District

HUTTO HERALD

Harvey Olander
1345 Ann
Corpus C

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Thursday, August 24, 2000

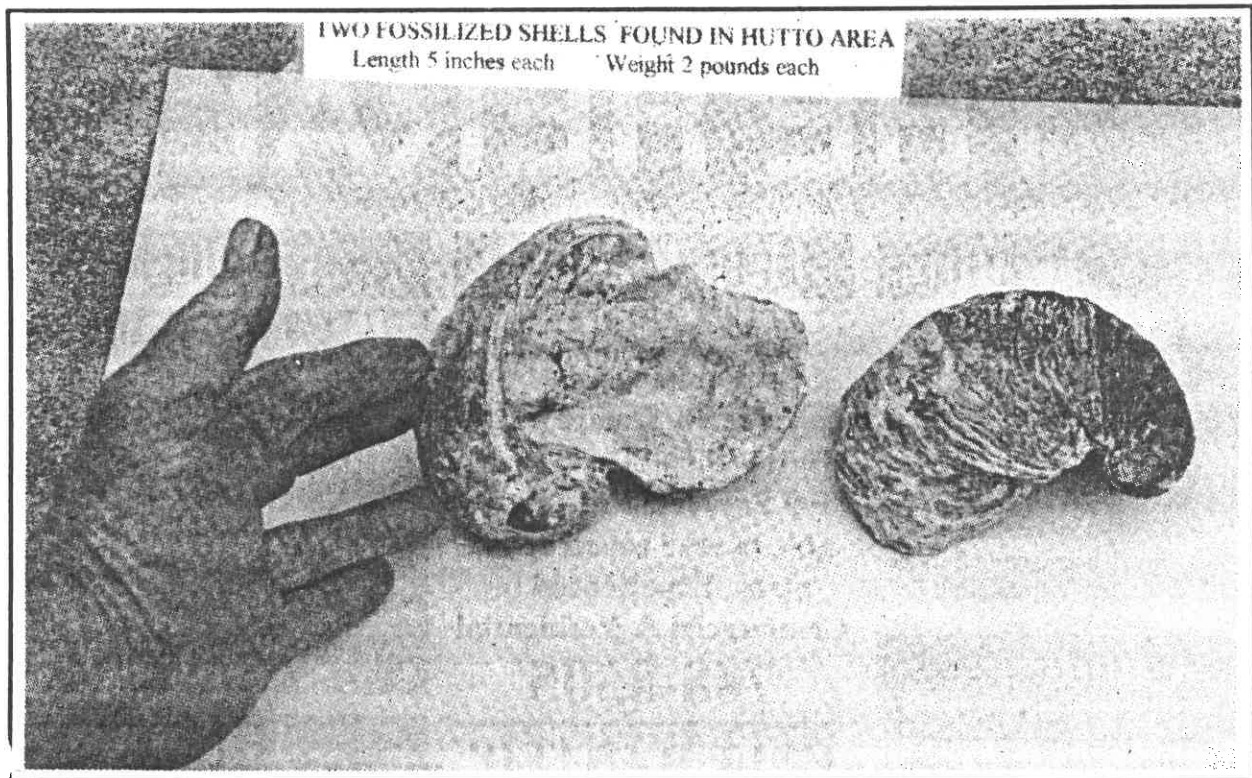


Photo courtesy of Harvey Olander

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, August 17, 2000

Hutto Bottling Works

by Harvey Olander

Yes, the unbelievable did happen. A woman, Mrs. Lizzie Henley Bostick mixed the sodas, bottled and sold the soft drinks to all the people who jammed the Hutto streets; and operated a horse drawn hearse that she stored between funerals in a barn, which is now Snuffys (early 1900s).

Oscar, my dad, told me he drank red sodawater at the Henley's outdoor stand beside the cafe. **The shed had a hinged wall that opened to make a shade for those who stood at the counter.* He said that in order to open the soda he had to push down a wire that protruded from the neck of the bottle. This wire forced the stopper out of the neck and into the bottle. His tongue held the wire while drinking, to keep the stopper from resealing the bottle. Mrs. Bostick had bottles made embossed with **HUTTO BOTTLING WORKS**.

Where was Mr. Bostick? There was never a mention of him. Even in the late 1800s women were not

considered competent to operate a business. Women had no rights. My great grandfather was a Church Warden in a Lutheran Church in Sweden. He made sure all boys could read and write, but there was no need to educate girls to cook and raise children. A woman's place was in the home but she did win a right to vote about 1919 in the USA. I heard rumors that during the 1929 Depression that the Hutto School did not rehire single girls but hired local men who were considered "family bread winners" so they could support their families.

A friend near my age was the daughter of a Methodist preacher in Mississippi. With her father's permission she went to college but the parishioners in his church kept telling him, "You are wasting your money; all she will ever do is get married and have children." This was in the 1930s. She mentioned a museum in Ohio about women's rights. One woman who is honored there sued a factory and won the right to collect her own paycheck.

Before then only the husbands of the women workers were allowed to pick up the wives' checks. My Aunt Fina Olander Lofgren was forced off of the vineyard she and her husband worked all their lives to establish because California had no community property law. When he died the vineyard went to his relatives.

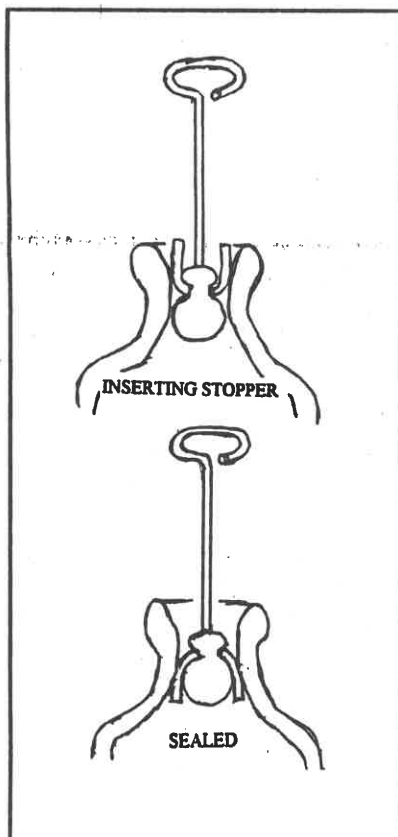
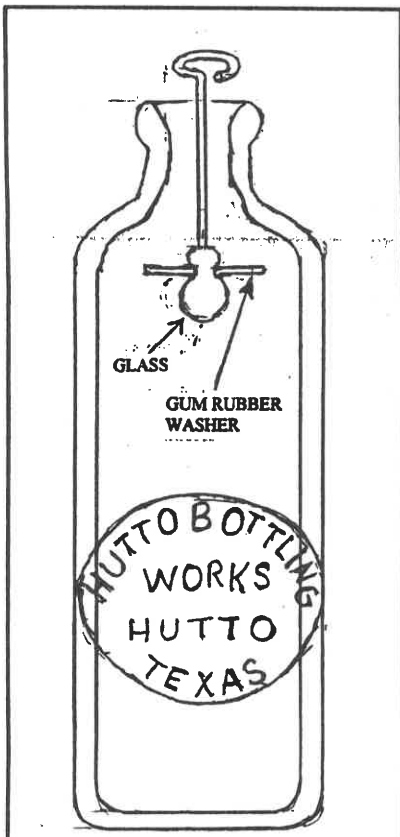
I can't believe Mrs. Bostick started the funeral home or the bottling works. She must have inherited the business when Mr. Bostick died. Women were considered possessions of their husband. Women took wedding vows even into the 1940s that promised to love, honor and obey. My wife took that oath, but guess who stands at attention

for a clothing inspection before he goes out?

If Mrs. Bostick and Miss Henley financed and ran these businesses, Hutto should have a museum honoring both ladies for moving into a man's world and proving women are capable. Even the citizens of Hutto should be honored for allowing it to happen.

Mr. Hugh Davenport please enlighten us as to the mystery about the missing husband.

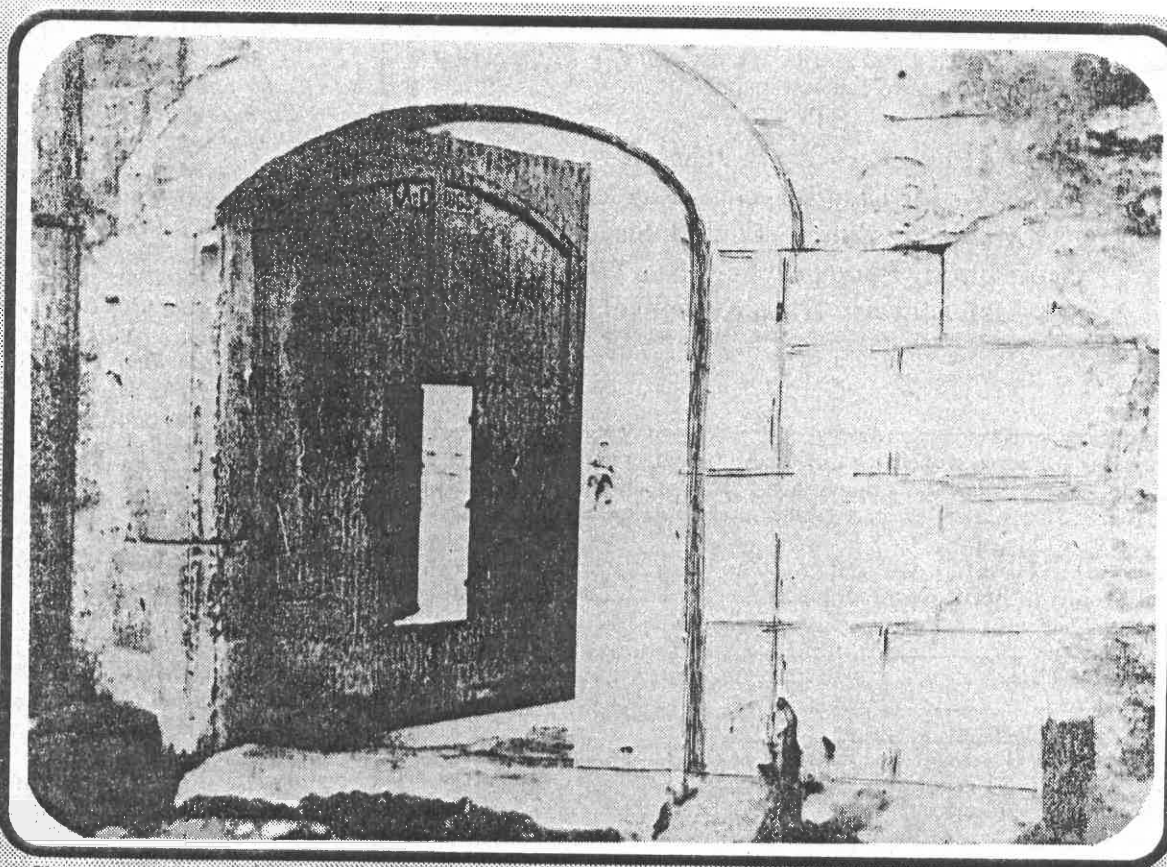
**Story of the Henley Potato Chip Factory and a picture of the building were featured in the Hutto Herald on July 6, 2000. Charles Hanstrom, Hugh Davenport and Hutto Museum each have a bottle on display.*



Covering the Hippoplex and the Hutto Independent School District

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, August 10, 2000



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Shown here is a large gate, partly opened. The small door (partly opened and hinged to the larger gate) was called the needle eye. This gate was still being used by an innkeeper where merchants and travelers stayed at night. It was dated AD 1863. (Picture furnished by Harvey Olander)

Have You Walked Through A Needle's Eye?

by Harvey Olander

In Jerusalem I took most of the tours the hotel offered. Between tours I roamed through the streets of the walled city by myself, exploring the markets and other holy places not covered by tours. There I met a young boy who lived in the old city. He became my personal guide and friend. He guided me to places I would never have discovered otherwise.

I found the old walled city to be

small enough so walking to most locations of historical interest was possible. Once we walked around the outside wall to the Golden Gate where Jesus made his triumphal entry into the city. That gate was closed forever after Jesus was crucified. At an old inn we approached a "needle's eye" which brought to mind the Bible verse, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God". I had always visualized it to be the sewing needle eye my mother used. Yes, I walked through that needle's eye, but I was neither a rich man

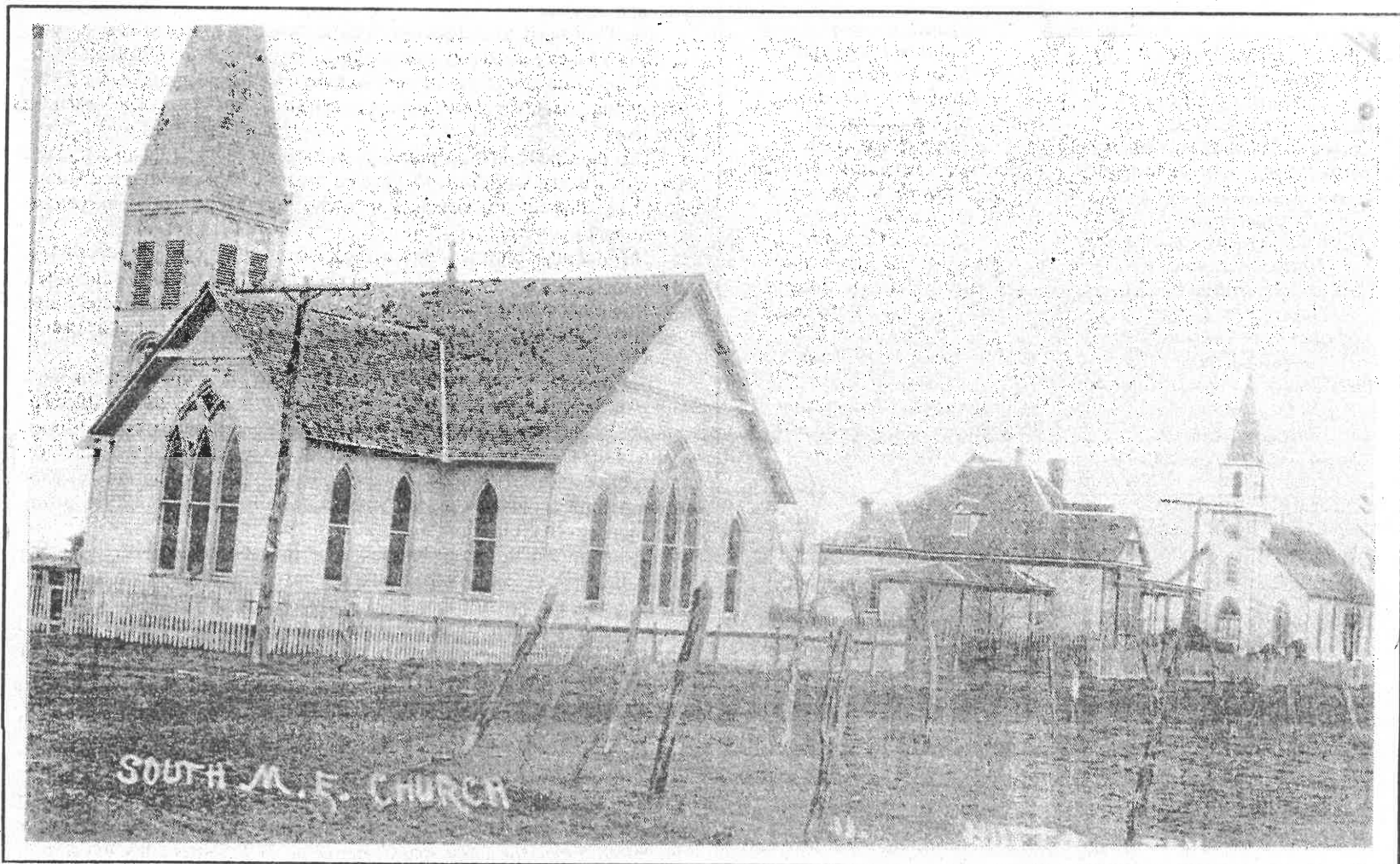
nor a camel. It was no big deal. The name "needle eye" describes a small opening within the larger gate. The smaller door definitely had advantages; it was easier to guard, and easier to open to let travelers in or out at night.

Being a twenty-three year old kid gave me the energy and daring to venture into a contested city a half century ago. Vocal exchanges among the various religious organizations, including Judaism, Christianity, and Islam were heard even then, each defending or claiming every inch of the land.

Covering the Hippoplex and the Hutto Independent School District

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, August 3, 2000



This is a postcard picture of the M.E. Church. Details in picture indicate Hutto had a telephone service, but no electric lights. Streets were muddy when wet and all the buildings were fenced because cattle roamed at will. A storm later blew down the pointed tower and the lower tower was covered with a flat top roof. The church in the background is the Hutto Lutheran Church. (Picture courtesy of Kinny Wimberley)

An American Methodist Church in Hutto?

by Harvey Olander

Why the name American? It's real name was the Hutto Methodist Episcopal Church, South. It was Swedish immigrants who designated the church "American" Methodist to show it was different from the "Swedish" Methodist where only Swedish was spoken.

The American Methodists organized in 1878 and met at various places. Their first church building was completed in 1895. It was located on the northeast corner of Live Oak St. and what is now FM1660. The congregation remained active at that location until 1939.

The Swedish Methodists organized in 1892 and erected their first building in that same year near the northwest corner of West St. and Pecan St. A second larger church was built in 1910 at a cost of \$10,000, located on the southwest corner of Liberty St. and East St.. It still remains the Methodist Church of Hutto.

The membership of the Swedish Methodist church by 1939 was



The American Methodist Church building - originally in Hutto, now at southwest corner of I-35 and McNeil Road in Round Rock, Texas. This picture shows a faint resemblance to the original building. The windows are the most prominent feature that shows it was originally a church.

(Photo courtesy of Harvey Olander)

composed mostly of children and grandchildren of the immigrants. This majority wanted English to be the language of the church. The old timers gave ground when allowed a Swedish prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings. By mutual agreement the two churches com-

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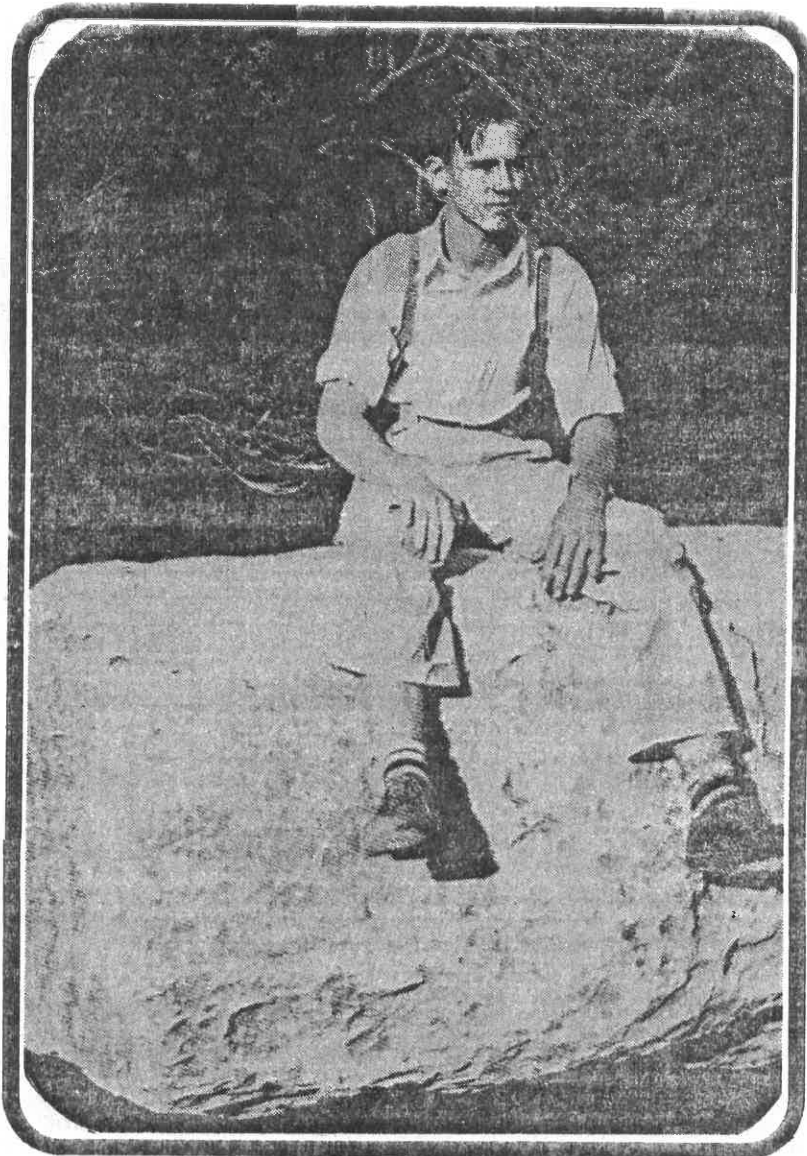
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Covering the Hippoplex and the Hutto Independent School District

Harvey Olander
1345 Annapolis
Corpus Christi

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, July 27, 2000



*A photo of Harvey Olander sitting on one of the many large boulders found in Brushy Creek (1920s or 1930s?)
(Photo courtesy of Harvey Olander)*

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, July 13, 2000

Was The Hutto Area Ever Under The Sea?

by Harvey Olander

Could the fossilized shells found on my farm indicate that the land was once under water? I believe "plate tectonics" may illustrate that possibility.

This theory claims that all continents were at one time joined into one huge landmass. Convection currents of the molten mantle in the center of the earth caused fissures in the landmass, and divided them into many plates. One such plate was the North American Plate that over millions of years was pushed away from the equator, and from the African plate, to its present location. At some time in those millions of years, South and Central Texas were submerged in the sea.

Fossilized shells and fish found throughout the state establish the sea's boundaries. Many such reminders are found on the banks of Brushy Creek at Jake's Hill. In the limestone (calcium carbonate) banks along the creek, I have found many fossil shells, or imprints of shells, that indicate that the sea once covered this land.

I have one fossilized ammonite, an octopus-like animal that once lived in a coiled shell. I dug it out of the riverbank. According to geo-

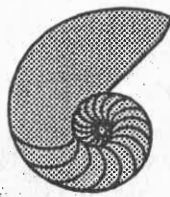
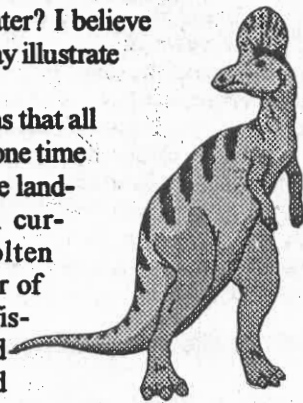
logic sources, the ammonite lived during the Cretaceous period, between 130 million years and 60 million years ago. On those same limestone riverbanks I also found a perfect three-toed dinosaur foot print. Hindsight tells me I should have made a plaster cast to preserve it. Instead I tried to pry out the layer of limestone and shattered all trace of it. Information indicates that the dinosaur print was also made during the Cretaceous period while the limestone was still soft and partially submerged in shallow water.

The fossilized shells found in my field probably lived at a later date, perhaps around 65 million years ago, since they were deposited in the silt and mud that later settled over the limestone. Since the fossilized shells on the farm are much larger and heavier, I cannot find any comparison in shell books to establish the date of their existence. Their size runs from 2 inches up to 4 inches. The fact that the shells are also very thick and heavy indicates that they lived in a warm tropical sea.

Coal formations found in Rockdale also indicate tropical forests and swampy lands. Those conditions would produce a jungle of trees that fell into the forest swamps. The trees turned to coal as oxygen was depleted. The history of our world lies at our feet if we only take time to observe.

Yes, I believe this area was once at the bottom of the sea. Who knows? Possibly Jules Verne may also have cruised these waters in his Nautilus.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Olander has a farm just north of Hutto on FM 1660.



HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, June 22, 2000

Hutto Had Two Water Supply Dams

by Harvey Olander

Hutto at one time had four gins. I believe that steam engines powered all the gins in the eighteen hundreds and early nineteen hundreds.

I feel certain that the two gins which had concrete dams used steam engines. The Round Bale Gin and the previous owners of the Coop Gin probably used steam in the beginning but later switched to electric motors. Ample water flow in a branch near them probably supplied their needs so dams would not have been necessary. This branch was fed by a spring gushing out of the ground near Harry Hanson's house. Hutto residents used that spring for their drinking water during the eighteen seventies and eighties.

Hanstrom-Tinning's Gin had a dam on Cottonwood next to their power plant. It was situated about a hundred yards south of the railroad tracks. The Big Gin, composed of two gins in one building, was situated just south of the railroad tracks opposite the post office. Their water supply had to be piped in from a reservoir northeast of the town on Cottonwood Branch. My grandfather P. A. Olander signed a water easement contract in 1909 so that water for the gin could be piped through his residential property. **

Steam engines were the choice of that day even though they were not efficient. They used a lot of fuel and consumed large quantities of water.

Coal happened to be plentiful and inexpensive because it was found near the surface at Rockdale, less than fifty miles away. Most businesses, schools, and homes burned coal in Hutto. A dependable water supply was the bigger problem. Gins needed water most during the dry season when cotton was being picked. Water wells were not dependable at that time of the year, so reservoirs were needed.

I do not know how much water those gin steam engines consumed, but it must have been excessive. The engineer on the Hill Country Flyer gave me the statistics on fuel and water consumed by that train when we rode several years ago.

Those figures made me realize that diesel electric train engines had to be developed. The Flyer engine consumed eight thousand gallons of water and six hundred gallons of fuel to travel thirty three miles. That means 243 gallon jugs of water every mile. If all train engines were still using steam, the lakes at Austin would be dry.

The Big Gin's concrete dam is still in good shape because it was poured on bed rock. It stands about eight feet tall and is approximately twenty feet long. The water in Cottonwood now goes around one side of the dam. It is located about two hundred yards south of the Cottonwood Bridge on Mager Lane.

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**Hugh Davenport's History of Hutto has a copy of the contract pertaining to the dam construction and pictures of the gins.

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, June 8, 2000

The Chisholm Trail/Brushy Creek River Crossing

by Harvey Olander

In the early eighteen hundreds millions of longhorn cattle, buffalo, and mustangs roamed the south Texas plains at will. The historic Chisholm Trail was used to drive thousands of these wild longhorn cattle to northern markets where they would command top dollars. These drives were most numerous during the post civil war period of 1879, before the invention of barbed wire and arrival of the railroads. The Round Rock River Crossing was one of the fixed point of this trail.

This river crossing was also the place where my grandfather, P.A. Olander, was accidentally baptized on the day he arrived in Texas. The year was 1884. Friends from Georgetown, including his sister Sofia Olander, Ottilia Stromberg Swenson and Hilding Stromberg, her brother, picked him up at the railroad station. P.A. sat on his trunk in the back of the wagon while the others rode on the wagon seat in the front. Over-zealous Hilding Stromberg galloped the horses through the river to give him some excitement for the day, but did not

expect to throw P.A. and his trunk out of the wagon into the creek.

This crossing was also used after the arrival of the railroad because the tracks were laid on the south side of the river and old town Round Rock was on the north bank.

The river crossing is now in a beautiful Memorial Park located in downtown Round Rock. The park provides ample parking and includes many shade trees, picnic tables, a children's play area, numerous ducks, and sidewalks on both sides of the creek. These sidewalks lead visitors under I-35 to the very evident wagon trail worn in the river bedrock and to the famous rock called "Round Rock".

Directions: Take Highway 79 to Round Rock. At the intersection with Mays Street turn left. Just before crossing the Brushy Creek Bridge, turn right on Sunset Street. A few blocks later turn left on Summit Drive. This leads to a low water crossing and the park.

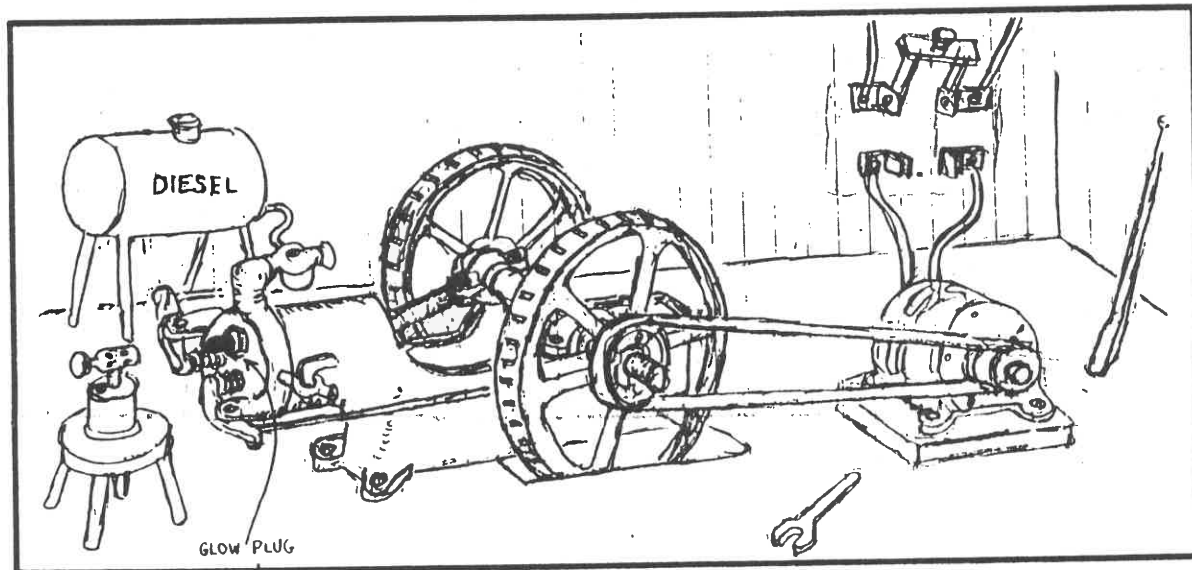
The information above was gleaned from a plaque beside the river in the park. The story about my grandfather was featured in the Hutto Herald of June 19, 1997.



Wagon Wheel ruts worn into the rock where Chisholm Trail crosses Brushy Creek at Round Rock (photo courtesy of Harvey Olander)

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, May 25, 2000



Hanstrom & Tinning Electric Company

by Harvey Olander

Evald Hanstrom became a breadwinner at 13, the year his father died. This tragedy happened the first year that the family emigrated from Sweden to Hutto in 1891. He took on the responsibilities to help support his mother, sister Bertha and brother Gustaf. First it was farm work, then partners in a blacksmith shop in 1901 with Claus Oman, next, partner in a hardware store with a Mr. Oatts in 1903. He married Hannah Anderson in 1906.

Then he became a working partner in the Dahlberg gin in 1909. In short order the gin belonged to him and Gus Hanson. Because of a water shortage they started drilling a water well in 1910. This became the Hutto Water Works. With ample water, an ice factory fit into their plans. Gus Hanson took a fabulous offer from Jim Tinning and sold out in 1912.

In 1915 an electric plant was built. Hanstrom & Tinning had a wonderful partnership for 13 years until December 1928, when complications in a gall bladder opera-

tion ended Evald's prosperous life.

His practice of paying as he built left the estate wealthy and debt-free. He was so to speak, "the Bill Gates" of his day. This resume makes it appear that Evald was a driven, enterprising businessman, but his social life and family were never neglected. He was active in civic affairs and also as a trustee, church school superintendent, a 32nd degree Mason, and attended all church and social functions with his wife and family.

How does Harvey Olander fit into this equation? In my youth, I attended a church social with my parents. Late that afternoon Evald Hanstrom told my Uncle A.W. Gustafson that he needed to go to the electric plant to start the generator that supplied power for electric lights in Hutto. My father and I were invited to go along and watch. From that one visit I have carried a mental image of the machinery and the procedure used to start the electricity flowing.

When I drew this sketch recently illustrating my memories, I was

very positive of its being accurate.

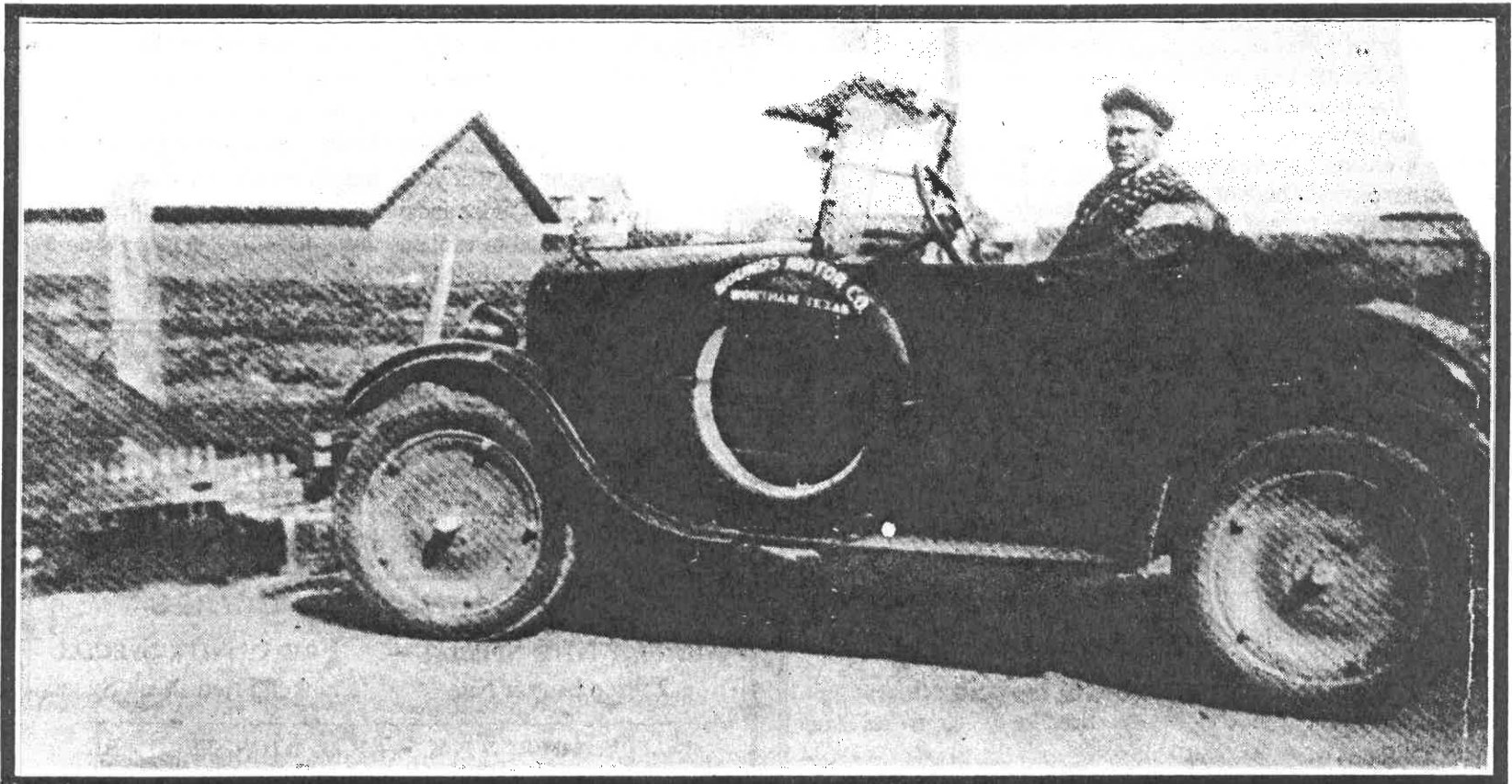
Now after doing research from other sources, I find that my age at the time had to be seven years or less. So far, only two things have contradicted my memory.

The engine as sketched had notches in the flywheel. Evald used a pry bar in the notches to build up backpressure to start the engine. An engine I located, which was supposedly equal to the one used in Hutto, had no notches. Charles Hanstrom, Jr., stated, when I showed him the pictures, that it was identical to those he used in the water plant, but he thought his father's diesel engine might have been larger. In my memory I recalled Evald's slipping the dynamo drive belt onto the engine pulley after the engine was running. According to Charles, the engines had a clutch and the belt to the dynamo would have always been in place, but a smaller belt was slipped on a smaller pulley to drive the water pump.

The biggest contradiction was in the hours when electricity was supplied. In my memory electricity was furnished from dark to about ten to twelve at night. Evald's daughter, Ruby Hanstrom Downing, in her notes indicated that her dad had a light burning in the hall at night, and if it went out he rushed to the plant to start it up again.

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, May 18, 2000



George "Beck" Eklund of Hutto is pictured in his 1925 Chevrolet. It is similar to P.A.'s Ford "T" car in body style, wind shield, sun visor, and especially the disc wheels. (Photo courtesy of Mary Sutton, Beck's daughter)

Whoa, it Happened To Every Mule Driver

by Harvey Olander

This was the situation my grandfather P.A. Olander faced. The car he owned had no front wheel brakes. The brake pedal only controlled a brake drum attached to the drive shaft. The clutch pedal, when pressed all the way down put the car in low gear. Releasing the pedal put the car in high gear. The middle position was neutral. That released the brake and drive shaft from the engine. Depressing both pedals created a tug of war. The engine tried to over power the brakes, and most of the time the engine won. Most cars slowed when the throttle was released. Wrong, not on the model "T"-it kept going. A hand throttle on the steering wheel controlled the speed. What chance did a mule driver have driving a Model T Ford?

Upon retirement Per Adolph had moved to Hutto. All the church members were buying new cars while he still drove mules. To outdo his church friends, he bought a deluxe Model T. Has anyone ever heard of a Model T with disk wheels? His car had disk wheels. He must have gone to Timbuktu to find them. It also had a sun visor, spotlight, hand-operated windshield wiper, a temperature gauge on the radiator cap, luggage fence on the

running board, and side curtains with isinglass peep hole windows. As a bonus the dealer gave a wooden stick gas gauge to poke in the tank to measure the gas level.

P.A. wanted the car to be in the garage before dark. He had seven children and they were the drivers. He always sat in the front seat beside the driver and was an excellent front seat driver.

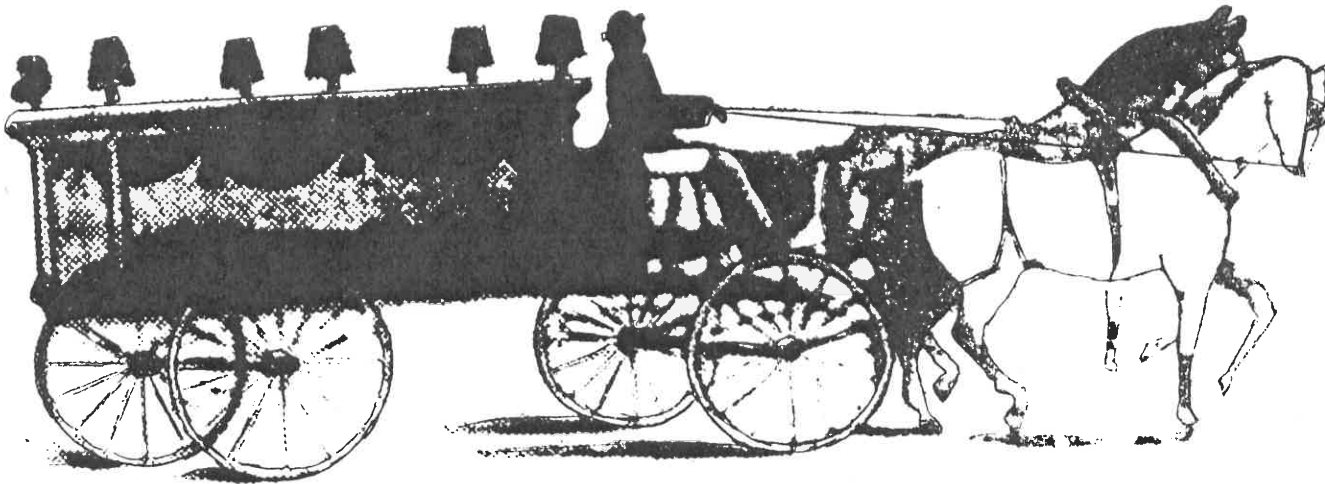
On this night all the children were gone. It was now his turn. Starting the engine was a breeze. He did not break an arm hand-cranking the engine. He revved up the engine to the proper roaring sound, released the emergency brake and pushed the pedal down slowly to move forward, aiming for the garage entrance.

All went well until it was time to stop. He stepped firmly on both pedals instead of releasing the power pedal to the middle position. The "T" kept going. He did everything he could think of, including the one most familiar. He yelled "Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! At least he did not take the Lord's name in vain. The engine was making so much noise-IT DID NOT HEAR HIM! I think he was the first person to ever have owned a drive-through carport!

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, May 4, 2000

The Typhoid Epidemic In Hutto



*Edited by Harvey Olander
(approximately 1898)*

The Hyslops lived on a farm near Hutto. All of us attended Hutto High School. Then it started. John had nicely started school when he took ill with typhoid fever. That was the month of October. He was 6 years old, as near as I can remember and was sick for about two weeks when he died. Another break in our family circle.

Mother, Father, brother William, little sister Katherine, brother Walter and myself all became ill with the fever. Our sisters, little Elizabeth and Maggie, (not sick), were taken to stay with Mr. And Mrs. James Harkness. Mother, brother William and baby Katherine all passed away in the month of December, same year. My stepfather William, Walter and myself recovered after a hard fight for life. My sister Jean was the only one that escaped it totally. Elizabeth had it while she stayed at Rogans. They did not let us know she was ill until after she was fully recovered. Maggie had a light case and recovered, also.

They moved Father, Jean, Walter and myself to Uncle John Hyslop's home and we were put to bed until they fumigated our home. (Before the quarantine sign was removed from the door, all secretions had to be burned in a pit, also all bed sheets, clothes, and other materials. Rooms were filled with a heavy yellow smoke by burning sulfur, supposedly to destroy all infections.)

We had three doctors, two old petters, Dr. Flinn and Dr. Percy. Dr. Percy was fussy; I did not like him at all. Then came a young student, Dr. Haus. He seemed to have a newer way of treating fever patients. He told Father to try and get

up, that he had already been in bed too long. (Treatment was generally bed rest and cold packs to reduce the temperature. Patients generally stayed in bed for as long as four weeks.) He was so weak; he could not stand and had to use crutches for a time. I had to stay in bed, be careful of my menu and keep the hot water bottle filled with ice water on my stomach all the time, especially when the fever was at the turning point of twenty-one days. If you lived that long, either you recovered or passed away. Dr. Haus saved our lives. We never knew what caused the typhoid fever epidemic. People (in the Hutto community) died like poisoned rats. They tolled the church bell for a while. (When a person died they tolled the bell equal to the years of age.) Funerals began to be so many; they finally quit the tolling of the bell. People could be seen one day quite well and the next, a corpse. None of the people that came to wait on our family ever took sick. I am glad to say our neighbors were the finest to be found. I will never forget them as long as I live.

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Editor's comments: This is the third part of the essay by Mrs. Joseph Bell. The Hutto Herald published part one 9/9/99 and part two 3/30/2000. In those days mourners attending funerals in Hutto walked in a double file procession a mile or so to the Hutto Cemetery following the wagon carrying the casket. The more wealthy hired a horse drawn hearse to carry the casket, as illustrated, but everyone in attendance had to walk. Mr. L. E. Bostick provided such a hearse in Hutto. My grandparents lost their first child to the typhoid epidemic. My comments in the story are in ().

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, April 20, 2000

Immigrants Stranded at Hutto Station After Dark (1888)

by Harvey Olander
This is a true story about my grandmother, Christine Johnson Olander, in 1888.

"Next stop Round Rock," the conductor said. Another Swedish passenger called to Christine, "Har ar platsen var ni skall stiga av." (This is the town where you get off.) Christine commented, "Ida, we are there at last. The trip from Sweden is finally over." Ida, her 13 year-old traveling companion, complained, "I am so miserable. My hair needs washing. The train soot and cinders make my hair feel terrible. My clothes are too hot. This heat is killing me."

She stopped complaining long enough to help slide the trunks down the aisle toward the door. A young man grabbed the trunks and put them on the platform. It was nearly dark when Christine and Ida started looking at all the people milling around the station, trying to fit a face to a picture they had.

The train was on time and soon

they were on their way. Shortly after nine the train stopped and Mr. Huff said, "This is Hutto. Let us get off." Soon the trunks were on the platform and the train departed. The station was in total darkness; not one person could be seen. Mr. Huff, sizing up the situation said, "I can't leave you here. I know approximately where Mr. Gustafson lives." He hid the trunks under the platform and said "I will walk you to his farm house, a couple of miles, I think." Down the dirt road they walked. A few lights could be seen in some of the Hutto homes. The wagon ruts caused them to stumble and fall numerous times in the darkness before they reached a small frame house.

Mr. Huff said, "I think this is their house." They knocked, and knocked again, calling very loudly. "Mr. Gustafson." There was no answer. Mr. Huff said, "We must get into the house to see if you can recognize anything. I must return to Hutto quickly or I will miss the 11:30 p.m. train to Round Rock."

A window was found open so they entered, found a candle and lit it. There was a picture on the wall

exclaimed, "They are the ones!" They thanked Mr. Huff and he rushed off to catch the train.

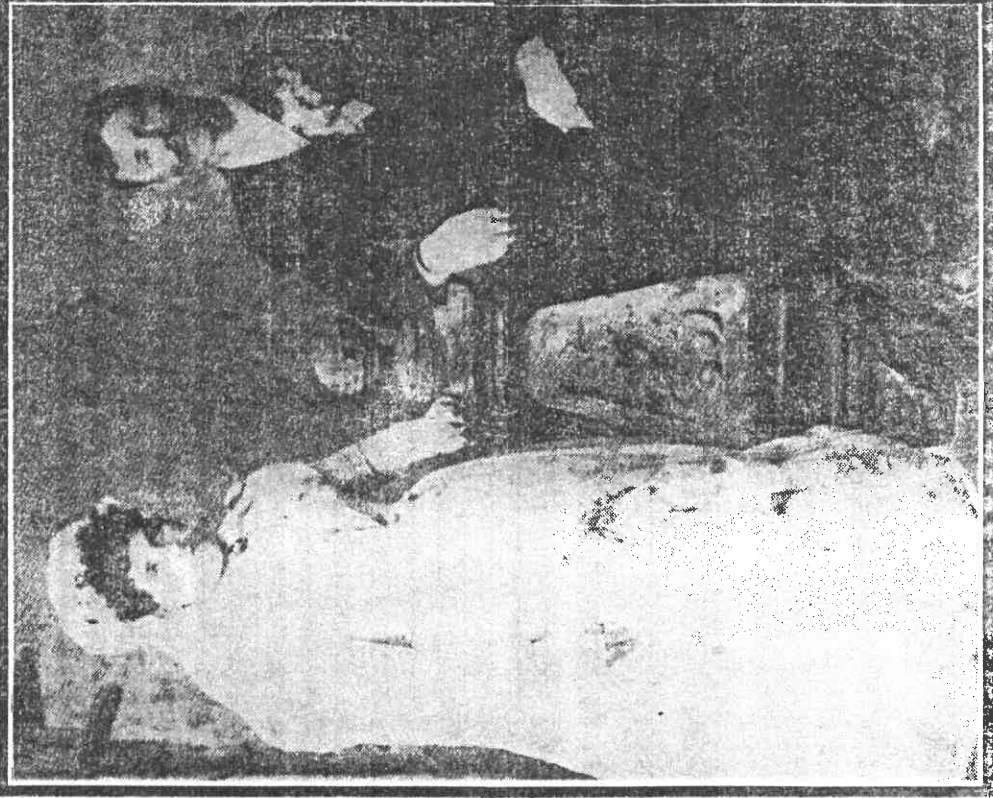
The candle soon went out. It was frightening to be alone in a foreign country in a strange house. Suddenly they saw blinking eyes looking in the window. They sat frozen, huddled together, hoping those eyes did not see them and would go away. The eyes finally left but they still were very frightened.

Then they heard animal noises approaching and again they hid. Soon voices were heard, but who were they? If they were strangers would they be shot for breaking into the house? Christine shouted "Mr. Gustafson!"

A man answered, "Who are you?" "I am Christine Johnson from Sweden."

"How did you get here?" Elizabeth, his wife exclaimed. "You were not expected until next week."

Recorded on cassette tape by Amelia Hennech, her daughter. The dialog is imaginary and was used to help illustrate the event. The eyes in the window were lighting bugs. In time Christine Johnson met P.A. Olander and be-

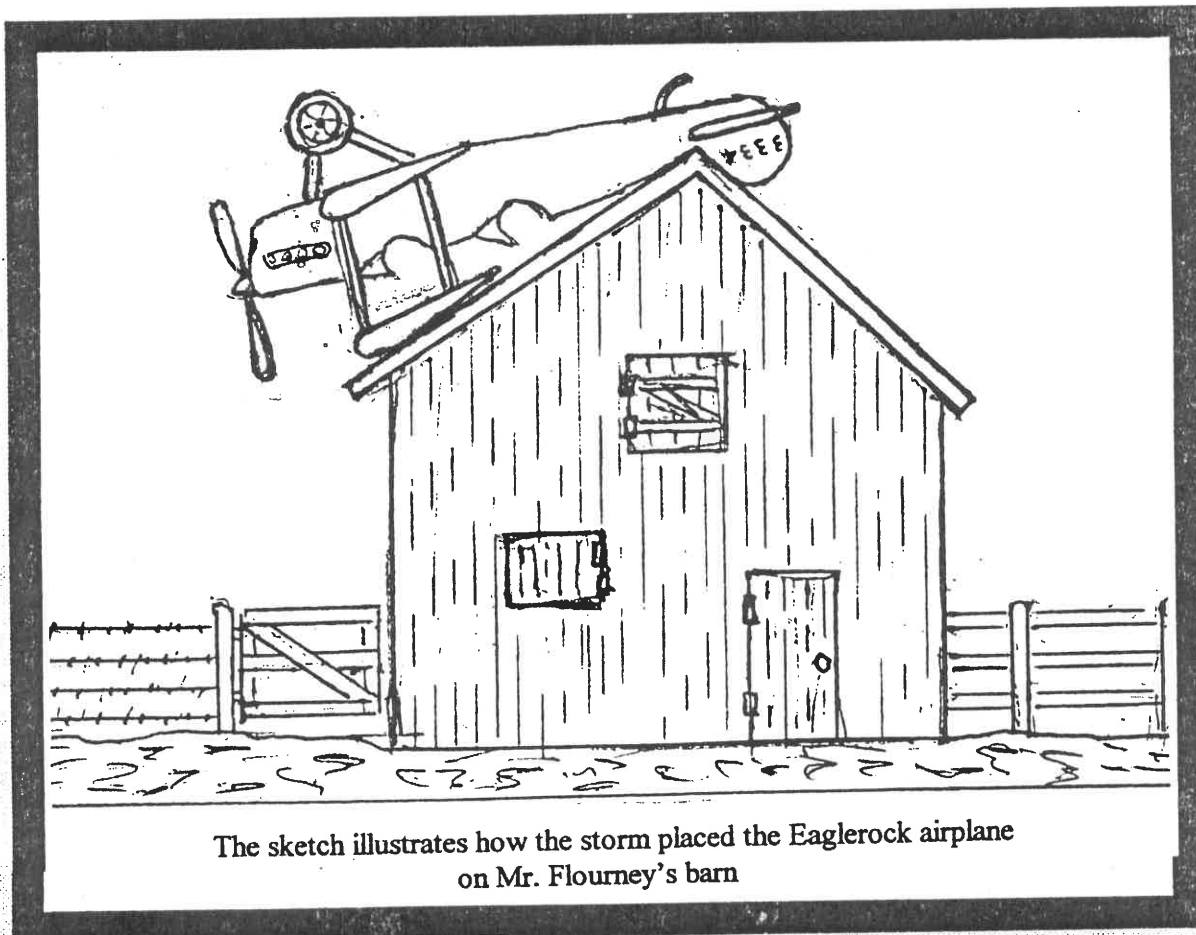


Christine Johnson & P.A. Olander, married February 8, 1890

Covering the Hippoplex and the Hutto Independent School District

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, April 13, 2000



The sketch illustrates how the storm placed the Eaglerock airplane on Mr. Flourney's barn

The Airplane Hanger

by Harvey Olander

A.W. and Elsie and daughter Carolyn had spent the night visiting Elsie's parents, the Axel Ahlgrens in West Taylor. The Ahlgrens were a close knit family and many of their children came regularly each weekend to the home place.

He had worried about his airplane during the storm that night but nothing could be done until daylight. The first view the morning after the storm made this grown man, A.W. Gustafson, cry. He found his airplane hanging by its tail on top of the barn. It appeared that the plane was a total loss. There were about fifty farmers and other observers standing by Mr Flourmoy's barn, where the plane had been parked the day before. Opinions were rampant; most opinions-all was lost. A few threw out rescue options that caught A.W.'s

attention. He stood on a ladder against the barn and asked, "How many of you are willing to help me get it down?" Nearly all volunteered.

A request for ropes and fabric padding sent many scurrying. All the padding gathered was wedged between the wing and the barn roof. Two ropes were tied to the struts (the bars at the end of the wings keeping them spaced). Enough rope was found to make the rope reach over the barn to the opposite side. Two other ropes were tied to the tail skid. Upon his command, farmers held tension on the strut ropes as he raised the rudder (tail) to unhook it from the ridge roll. The farmers let the plane slowly slide down the roof to the very edge. Careful maneuvering lowered the plane, engine first, until the propeller was in the grasp of many hands. As the plane was lowered, others

grabbed the wings. At one point the airplane was being supported by manpower. Those farmers carefully placed it on the ground.

Willing, cooperative neighbors had done the impossible!

He examined the plane; the worst was torn fabric. It eved looked fly-able. Gas was replaced. With the help of a farmer to turn the switch off and on at command, the prop was rotated to prime the engine with gas and check that no oil had collected in a cylinder. With the command "Switch on" A.W. pulled the prop and the engine started. It ran good. Evidently A.W. had paid the preacher and reached the Lord in prayer because he flew it home that day in 1934.

This is a continuation of a story called "Airplanes Were A Novelty" published in the Hutto Herald Jan. 28, 1999.

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, March 30, 2000

It Happened In Hutto 100 Years Ago

Edited by Harvey Olander

"I lived on a farm near Hutto for twenty-two years on one of the cotton plantations (called Millard Ranch) on some of the richest land in Texas. They never had to use any fertilizer on the land. On our farm father kept horses, mules, and saddle ponies. A girl friend of mine and I went every Saturday afternoon on our saddle ponies. We were modest girls; we didn't ride astride. (I must say times have certainly changed in 100 years.) We had our side saddles and had to make sure the girth was fastened tight, especially if we went full gallop, and we sure did. My pony belonged to a cowboy and had to be watched, especially where cattle were graz-

ing in the meadows. (Cowponies by instinct dart about to drive cattle.) Another highlight: when farmers cut hay for feed, they brought the hay to the barns on a buck-rake. When the hay was loaded we would ride (on the hay) to the barn. I also picked cotton, lots of it (another unbelievable happening).

Another highlight: when a circus was advertised, Ringling Bros., Barnum and Bailey, Forpa and Sells and many others but they were the largest, I saw them all and it was quite educational seeing the best shows that traveled the country. I saw the best trained horses drawing the heavy cages in the parade. Hutto was too small to have them put on a show. Hutto did have

an Opera House (I was told the opera never came). There were five churches, Baptist, Methodist, Southern Presbyterian, Northern Presbyterian and one for the Negroes.

I will never forget Jean's wedding. (Jean was her sister who married Jim Tinning.) I was her bride's maid of course. All the good faithful Scotch ladies helped with the wedding dinner. She was married at home and the reception was there as well. The ladies from town helped decorate the room or drawing room, which ever you like. The flowers were different colored mums. She also had a wonderful presentation, I never saw so much furniture given to any one.

In later years where my sister Jean lived, we sat on the verandah and watched when trains went by. (The house that Jim and Jean Tinnings once owned in Hutto now faces Hwy. 79 across from the post office.) Our stepfather, William Hyslop, was a member of the Hutto band and played for all the concerts or picnic entertainments. They looked smart in their uniforms of navy blue trimmed in red. Sometimes he played the big drum or cornet. They had to keep their cornets shining. Our mother, Kathrine Bell was a clever woman. She made all our dresses, was a good cook, a good kind mother, kept us all well dressed and clean.

Dr. Haus had the first car. It looked like a buggy without a top, just a windshield and steering gear. He went in a hurry sometimes. He married a Miss Harris. I remember the first Sunday after their marriage they sat in church two or three seats ahead of where some of my girl friends and I sat.

They looked so handsome. She was all in white and he in a jet black suit. One of the hymns they sang was:

They only touched the hem of his garment and thou too shall be free.

His saving power this very hour shall bring new life to thee.

(I believe this verse touched Mary's soul. She felt Dr. Haus had saved her life.) "At that time Jean and I had started our task of house keeping for our stepfather.

.....

The essay by Mary Bell presenting the enjoyable happenings of the day. Peter Spencer from Canada sent the essay to me to edit and put into the Hutto Herald. My comments are in ().



Wedding photo of Jean Bell & Jim Tinnings (taken around 1899)

Covering the Hippoplex and the Hutto Independent School District

Harvey Olander
1345 Annapolis
Corpus Christi TX 78415

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, March 16, 2000

Report On Old-Timer Hugh Davenport

by Harvey Olander

Hugh Davenport, former Hutto City Councilman, Postmaster, Historian, and farmer...now resides in Round Rock's elegant Grand Court Retirement Center located at Sunrise Road and East Old Settlers Road.

He recently completed cataract surgery on both eyes and anxiously awaits new eye glasses.

Now with his magnifying glass he keeps abreast of happenings, reading the Hutto Herald and Austin American Statesman. He misses the talks with friends about current events, but on past subjects he re-

ally lights up with his favorite stories of old days.

The last twenty-some years, his biggest enjoyment has been collecting family histories, photos, news clippings, deeds, abstracts, contracts, bank records and organizing the information in his 473 page book called the "History of Hutto."

The book is subdivided into sections called City, School, Churches, People, Community, and Newsworthy Events in a detailed record from the 1800s up until 1983.

As we left after a recent visit, Hugh said, "Come back and tell the Hutto people I would enjoy a visit from them."

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, March 9, 2000

Hutto Skyline Of 1916

Hutto Skyline Of 1916

by Harvey Olander

Hardball was the rage in those days. Hutto's main baseball field with bleachers was located in the pasture west of the Hutto Elementary School on Mager Lane. For convenience, players practiced in the old cotton bale yard in downtown Hutto (2). The player in the foreground was my mother's first cousin, George Eklund (3).

During my school days that practice field became Hutto's main softball field. Located at the corner of Main and Pecan Streets, it was equipped with floodlights for night games. Many families watched the night games in comfort from their cars. Occasionally a windshield was broken by a wild throw, but the game kept going. Hutto's team, composed of city and farm boys, was one of the strongest ball teams in the league. Outstanding pitchers, like Jim Holman, Carroll Holmstrom, and good homerun hitters kept the team winning.

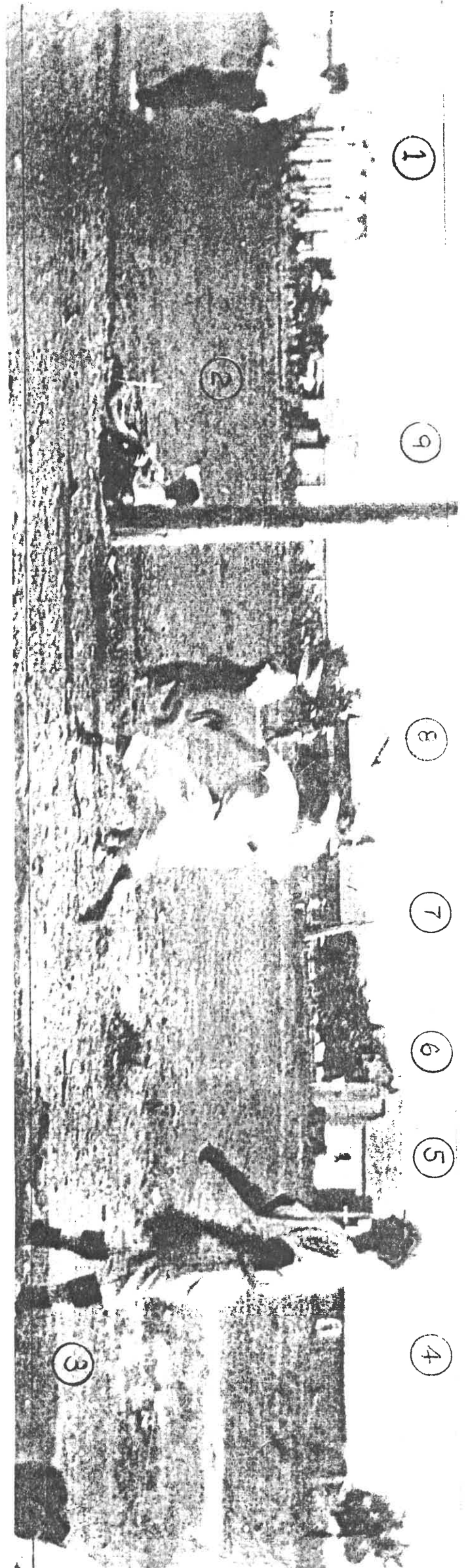
The structures at (1) are the back of all the downtown buildings on East Street. The buildings on the right side of the picture face Main Street. Building (4) was located on the northwest corner of Farley and Main. According to Hugh Davenport it was Claus Oman's tin shop. The Baptist Church, built later in

1922, would have blocked the view to all of the remaining buildings.

Building (5), located on the southwest corner of Farley and Main, was identified by Hugh as the former Negro church. My mother claimed it to be the old Swedish Methodist Church that was moved downtown. Building (8) is the other church, moved downtown. It became a recreation building. You decide which church goes where... The church (5) was standing in the 1930s, when I was a school student. A Masonic Lodge emblem was affixed to its front wall.

The Higgins Hotel (6), a two story building, partially hidden by trees, was located on Main and present Highway 79. My father brought lumber from the hotel as it was dismantled, and constructed a bathroom on our house. To have a bath tub and electric lights while finishing my high school years... what a luxury! How citified can a country boy get? The railroad depot was building (7). Building (9) was Mrs. Riley Henley's potato chip factory. During my school days she made and delivered "Good Luck" potato chips to all the cities around Hutto. Her potato chips were probably made and sold before Frito Lay ever saw a potato!

My mother Segred Gustafson Olander took this photograph.



HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, February 24, 2000

by Harvey Olander
This picture furnished by Kinney Wimberley was on a picture post card and now is in the Hutto Museum. I believe the photograph was taken from the second floor of the Opera House, before the bank was built in 1908.

Notice that the Bush building and the Baptist Church were not there. The boardwalk seen just above the word Hutto was the sidewalk along East street, and the dirt road, bottom left in the picture, is Farley Street. I do not know who the cotton yard operator or the buyers were, but I know that Paul Mathews, John Bush, and Will Rogan were buyers at some time.

Notice all the homes are enclosed by fences to keep the cattle which roamed the streets from eating the petunias. The Swedish Methodist Church, seen to the right of the telephone pole, was on West Street occupying the same ground as the present Fire Hall.

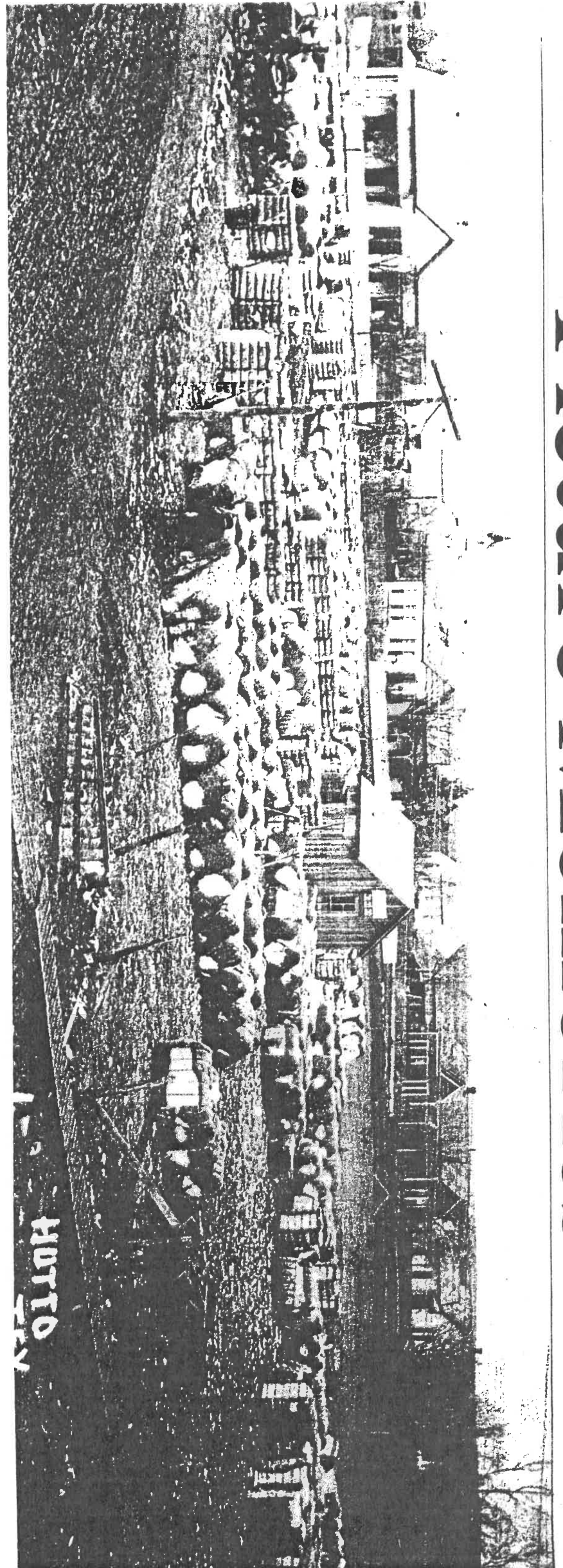
My grandfather's brother, Carl Gustafson, was contractor and builder of the Swedish Church. One block farther north on West Street was the Negro Church (look for church windows). My mother,

Segred, said their church had just finished singing a song called, "Will there be any stars, any stars in my crown?" when she heard the Negro church members singing the song called, "No not one. No not one." What a coincidence! Segred claimed that she, at 12, was the assistant pianist to Ellen Hanson.

Hutto had two Swedish language churches, the Methodist and the Lutheran. Four other churches, Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist and Negro (possibly Baptist) used the English language. Hutto had a huge concentration of Swedes. I heard that in New York there was such an influx of emigrants, that if they spoke Swedish they were put on trains for Texas or Illinois whether they wanted to go there or not. Hutto must have been the end of the line, for it was said that if you shook a bush 1000 Swedes would come out of the weeds. I would guess one half of the Hutto community spoke Swedish. It took compulsory schools with required English instruction to break up that clique.

In my youth my parents spoke of two groups, the Swedes and the Americans. We felt hated with a purple passion. My dad took offense if called a Swede. He said, "I am as much American as you are. Your ancestors had to come here from some foreign country." It turned out the most outspoken Americans had to eat their words when their boys married Swedish girls...enough said.

After 1910, when new churches were built, the old Swedish church and the Negro church were moved downtown. How could they have ever moved such a huge two story church on a wagon pulled by mules? I will never know. If they did, it would make that twenty mule team advertised on the Borax Powder Box look sick.



PICTURE MEMORIES

HUTTO HERALD

by Harvey Olander

I took this picture, possibly one Saturday, while a student in Hutto High School. Its location is East Street. The 1937 Ford is parked very near the present Hippo. The first tin building on the right has a lot of history. Notice the barber's sign on its wall. Many barbers used the building, Mr. Blacklock, perhaps Spider Martin, and others. My parents cut my hair during my school years. An uncle told me, "You should get a barber to cut your hair. Your dad's hair cuts look like he uses a bowl." If that had happened now instead of then, I would really have been called "cool."

In the 1920s the building was the office for the Hutto Herald. In later years the owner, a friend of my father Oscar Olander, gave him the key to use it free, if he would be responsible for locking it up when the day was over. During retirement my dad spent about two hours each afternoon playing with his many domino friends. Donations paid for the gas in winter for a stove to keep it warm.

The square cupola visible on the roof, to the right of the light pole, was on Burson and Payne's butcher shop to allow more light into the building. Round steaks sold for twenty-five cents a pound. The large brick building to the north was called the Opera House. It was built with big plans but the opera never came. The lower floor was an au-

ditorium with a stage, a piano and many chairs. The Hanstrom building occupies that space now. I believe when the Ku Klux Klan was active in Hutto they met at the hall. They threatened my father, saying you must join or you will be sorry. My dad's response was, "I fought in World War I. If you come to my house I am not afraid to use a gun." They evidently left him alone.

The Hutto Schools also used the auditorium. Before 1915 the school assembly room consisted of two classrooms separated by a hinged wall that could be raised by ropes to make one big room. That proved to be inadequate for the increased enrollment so school functions were held at the Opera House. My mother played the piano there before she graduated in 1915. Her high school graduation was held in the Henley Open Air Moving Picture Theater located in the same area occupied by the Hippo. It operated during the summer during my school days. The Opera House's upper floor had two or three doctors' offices and a telephone office. A wooden stairway on the north side of the building provided access.

Thursday, January 27, 2000

A Picture Of Memories

The portion of a building seen on the left side of the street, was the Paul Matthews Grocery Store which eventually became Schmidt's Grocery. Notice the metal roof and the 1½" pipe supports that covered the walk. That roof covered the sidewalk for almost the entire block. To the north of Matthews' Store was the bank and Bush Building (still standing). Farther down the street was the Presbyterian Church located just north of Hippo Haven. Do you remember all the telephone poles with cross arms covered by many glass insulators and wires? Two bare telephone wires went to each home. Glass insulators were needed to prevent shorting. The telephone poles were most prominent along the train tracks connecting city to city. They had hundreds and hundreds of bare wires.

I had better quit. I am infringing on Lois Gainer's territory!



Corpus Christi Caller Times

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More than 201,280 daily readers

★ December 22, 1999

FORUM

Fulton family lived in packing box shelter

Harvey
OLANDER

Last week, Murphy Givens wrote in his column about the Rockport packeries of the 1870s. There was still evidence in 1929 that many thousands of cattle had once been killed on the Fulton Beach bluff. Cow bones and skulls lay everywhere. An old rusting steel steam boiler was slipping down the sand bluff at water's edge and many packing boxes were scattered about in the tangle of trees and vines.

A.G. Collin, an oil investment stock salesman, spent a summer searching the coast for the ideal place for a summer home. Fulton Beach was his choice. The high bluff at water's edge, covered with heavy groves of trees, made this area unusual. A hill next to this property was the highest point on the Texas coast.

Collin contracted to buy 25 acres of beachfront property beside the hill in 1928. This property was one mile north of Fulton and can easily be spotted by the high hill. Little did he realize that he would live there

full-time when the Depression dried up all possibilities of selling stock. When sales stopped, Collin sold his Dallas home and moved the family to the beach in 1929.

When they arrived, another family hit by the Depression was camping in two tents near a packing box shelter. In time they left. A.G., his wife, and three children camped in the packing-box shelter on the bluff during the fall while he and a helper built a home on the brow of the hill. Their temporary shelter was made of cattle hide packing boxes stacked together for walls, making an enclosure about 10 feet by 20.

My wife, a daughter of A.G., was seven years old when they moved into the shelter. She does not remember what material was used on the roof. In her memory, the packing boxes appeared to be made of two-inch thick lumber, outside measurements about 10 inches by 10 inches and three feet long. A box held one cowhide and probably contained salt as a preservative. The new house was finished before cold weather but it took years to remove all evidence of the prosperous industry in which thousands of animals were killed in

the Fulton-Rockport area for their hides and shipped north.

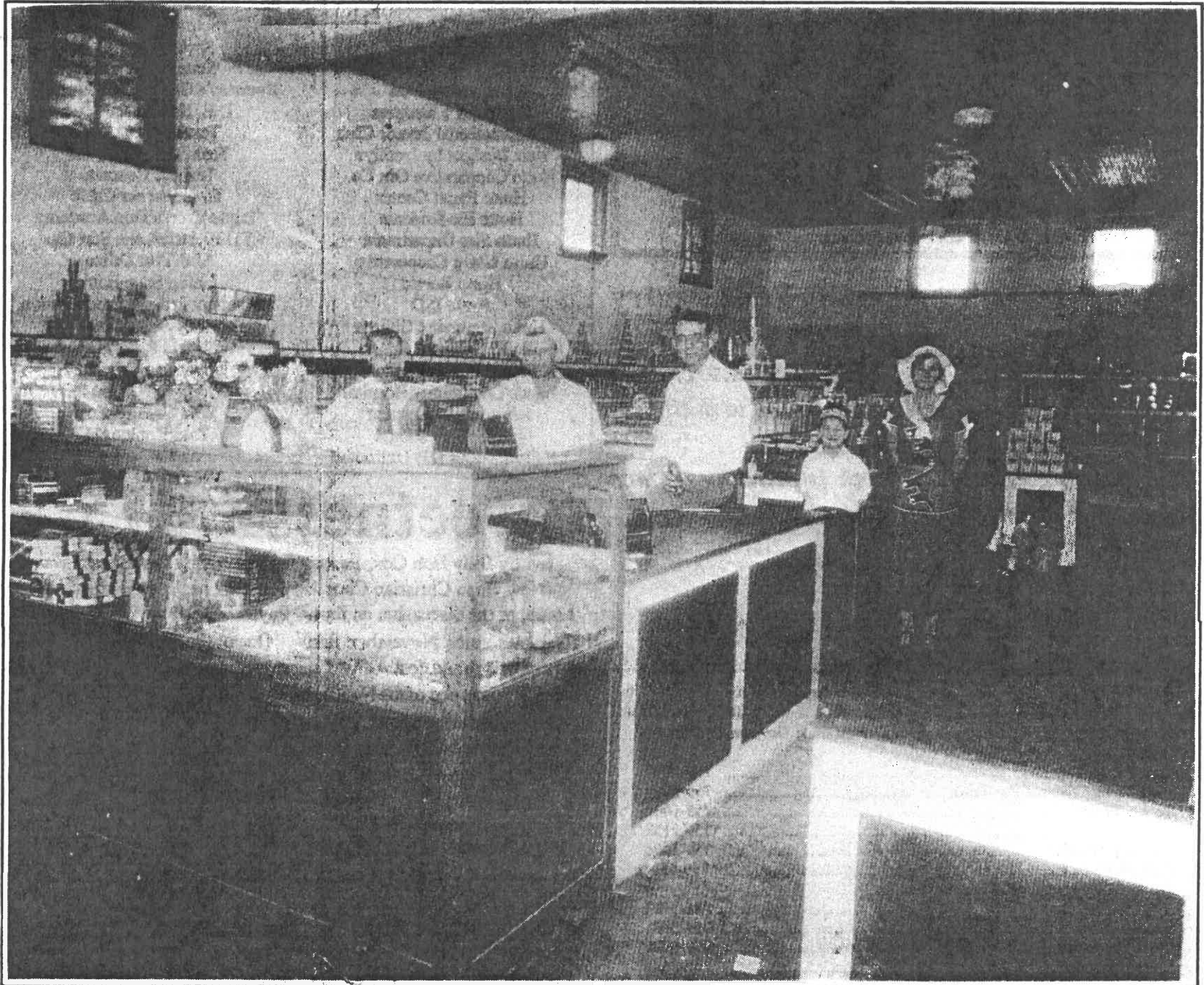
A hurricane arrived within a year after the house was built. Fearing that the house would not withstand the winds, the family set up a tent in the brush behind the big hill, but the only damage was wet cots and jangled nerves. The house survived and the family stayed in it during the next two hurricanes that followed in consecutive years.

A.G. built a pier and bait stand and bought a boat for shrimping. He took tourists with money on fishing trips in the bay, sold bait and fishing supplies, and rented boats. He also rented camping spaces with tables on the beach front. When the economy improved, he went back to sales but kept the beach property as a place to enjoy. The column on the packeries sparked memories of the past.

(Harvey Olander is a retired manufacturer. He was part owner of Gustafson's, which specialized in farm and sports equipment. He is an amateur historian who collects oral history tapes. He lives in Corpus Christi.

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, December 2, 1999



Picture of the Humpty Dumpty grocery store was taken in early 1930s about the time the alligator lived in the basement.
L to R: Paul Johnson, John Henneck, Charlie Johnson, boy and mother unknown. Picture submitted by Paul Johnson, Jr.

The Alligator That Lived In Hutto

by Harvey Olander
Charlie Johnson and Paul Johnson (not related) operated a grocery store in Hutto. One summer day, probably in 1934, during the routine of doing business, an unusual noise was heard and it seemed to come from the basement. The basement had not been used for years; there were no lights and it was always damp. Many times after rains, water stood for days. Out of curiosity Charlie Johnson went down the steps to take a look. What he saw sent him scurrying back to safety. What do you think Charlie said? I don't know, but I am sure what was said was in an excited and forceful voice. "There is an Alligator in our basement!"

A normal day no more. Every customer had to take a look. Everyone asked the same question. Where did that thing come from?

The probably answer, "I don't know, but I wish I could get my hands on him." The Johnsons never found out, but suspected some local fisherman or landowner. The opinion on the street leaned towards Raleigh Henley. Raleigh was a fisherman. He either felt sorry or felt guilty because he was one of the few that helped feed that alligator. He helped to keep it alive with food scraps from his eating place. The two Johnsons placed bars over the entrance to separate observers from a hungry alligator. Many times when I leaned down to look, the alligator had his jaws open, hoping I would be his next meal.

I don't know how long that hungry boarder lived there, but I believe it was about a year. After the newness wore off and people lost interest, it disappeared as quickly as it had come.

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, November 18, 1999

Grandma & The Snake

by Harvey Olander

When I look at the twelve-gauge double-barrel shotgun I inherited from Grandpa, memories of a twelve year old flash back before me.

My parents and I were visiting my Olander grandparents one Saturday afternoon when Christine, my grandmother, decided to bake a one layer cake to serve hot with coffee. She needed some more eggs and went to shop at her own HEB

store in the back yard. We were all in the parlor when we heard a terrible scream. I rushed out the door and saw Grandma waving and shouting, "Get the shotgun and the lantern." I dashed in and told Grandpa, "Grandma wants the shotgun." He said, "Grandma can't shoot," but he pulled the gun and lantern out of the closet and rushed outside, Grandma was yelling and waving to catch our attention exclaiming, "There is a snake in the

barn. I reached into the chicken nest to pick an egg and picked up a snake. It is still there!" The nest was in an unused feed trough in the horse stall. The barn had no windows and it really was very dark. Grandpa lit the lantern and sure enough there was that snake trying to swallow an egg whole. He said, "Hold the lantern." He cocked the hammers on both barrels and aimed. The concussion of the gun blew out the lantern flame, so the results were unknown. Grandpa and the gun were both on the floor. As he was picking himself up he said, "I forgot and pulled the wrong trigger* - both barrels discharged at the same time." After relighting the lantern, expecting to see a dead snake, instead we saw a snake with the whole egg in its enlarged belly merrily crawling away, and a feed trough that could never be used as a hen nest again. I was really looking forward to eating Grandma's good cake but for some reason she forgot all about it.

*One trigger was so sensitive if it were not pulled first it would go off when the other barrel was discharged. That gun stock put black and blue marks on Grandpa's shoulder that kept reminding him for weeks that the snake got away..



Grandpa and Grandma Olander with grandchildren: Harvey & Red Olander, Johanna Olander Wimberley, Leo & Red Hennech, Brent Bergstrom

Covering the Hippoplex and the Hutto Independent School District

Harvey Olander
1345 Annapolis
Corpus Christi TX 78415

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, September 16, 1999

Thinking Out Loud!

by Harvey Olander

Life is a wonderful gift of God. The body is a living miracle that perpetuates itself, signals when in danger, defeats disease when attacked, heals when damaged. A body is born to serve one mind, yours. It works silently renewing itself, continually replacing old cells with new. Within the time of seven years, every cell in the body has been replaced. So it can be said, to be born again. Our preacher once shocked the congregation in saying, on his seventh anniversary, he was living with a new wife.

This perpetuation gives the mind a feeling of non-destruction, throws caution to the wind. That is why they send youth to fight wars. Only the old realize they must care for the body still left. Health is one's most important personal asset. Once lost, all the money in the world cannot replace it.

THINK! Use your mind. Protect, don't destroy. Are those few minutes of thrills worth a lifetime of misery? Pain consumes all feelings. A pain-free body enjoys the simple things in life, has time to smell the roses, feel the winds soft caress, see the blue in the sky. You are the master of your fate. Be a good master.

HUTTO HERALD

Harvey Olander
1345 Annapolis
Corpus Christi TX

Thursday, September 9, 1999

Mary's Travel Adventure To Austin In 1890s

by Harvey Olander

Mary Bell describes the wonderful experience of traveling to Austin from Hutto 100 years ago. Using today's standards it sounds unbelievable.

Thanks to Peter Spencer of Canada for sending her 1956 handwritten letter to review and quote. My comments are in ().

"After the cotton was cultivated we went on a holiday, this time to Austin with a boat trip in view. My stepfather, William Hyslop, belonged to the Woodmen of the World Lodge (in Hutto). The Scotch ladies of our community fixed food for our lunch. Mrs. William Martin went along to chaperone the young people, which proved to be a huge success. Her husband stayed at home to look after the chores at their home and ours as well.

(Farm animals must be fed, cows milked.) I don't know when he had his holidays. We all loaded into two covered wagons. We started early for the twenty-five mile trip, stopped at noon for dinner and went on again, planning on arriving by evening. We planned to get up and

go into the city of Austin the next morning on the street car. Going into the city in a covered wagon (especially) down the main street, Congress Avenue was not practical when the street cars were so handy.

Next morning we arrived at the Parliament building and started up to the top of the Capitol. Up we went, in elevators galore, finally reaching the top floor as far as elevators go. We walked up the winding stairs (to the outside) and looked down. The street traffic below looked like toys. The height frightened me. I don't remember if any of the other explorers were there or not there. We had to get a guide to take the gang through some of the Parliamentary rooms. Then we rode the street car line back to the covered wagons to spend the night. The men and the boys slept on bags of straw (on the ground). The women and girls slept in the wagons, which was a little better accommodation. Early the next morning we loaded on the boat for the excursion on the Colorado River and returned again.

The Opera House was just across the street from where we had our camp. We agreed to get the street car down to the city and come back to the show (after supper). We wished we had not gone. The city street cars were so crowded with people that we finally landed where we started after the show was over. They brought in a lot of mental patients from the mental hospital and we did see them dance for a while. Then back to the wagons."

BACKGROUND

Mary was born on a farm near Hutto. She was born May 11, 1882, and was one year old when her father died in 1883. Her mother, Katherine Bell, was remarried to William Hyslop, and he accepted Mary, her brother William born in 1880, and sister Jean born in 1881, as his own. Her parents and stepfather were born in Scotland. The second marriage was fruitful and the Hyslops had five more children, making a total of eight. All the children attended the Hutto school. Stepfather William Hyslop played a cornet in the Hutto band and was a member of the "Woodmen of the World Lodge."



L to R: Katie Bell & Mary Bell - Katie Bell and Mary Bell were double first cousins. Their mothers were sisters and their fathers were brothers.
(Photo courtesy of Peter Spencer)

Covering the Hippoplex and the Hutto Independent School District

HUTTO HERALD

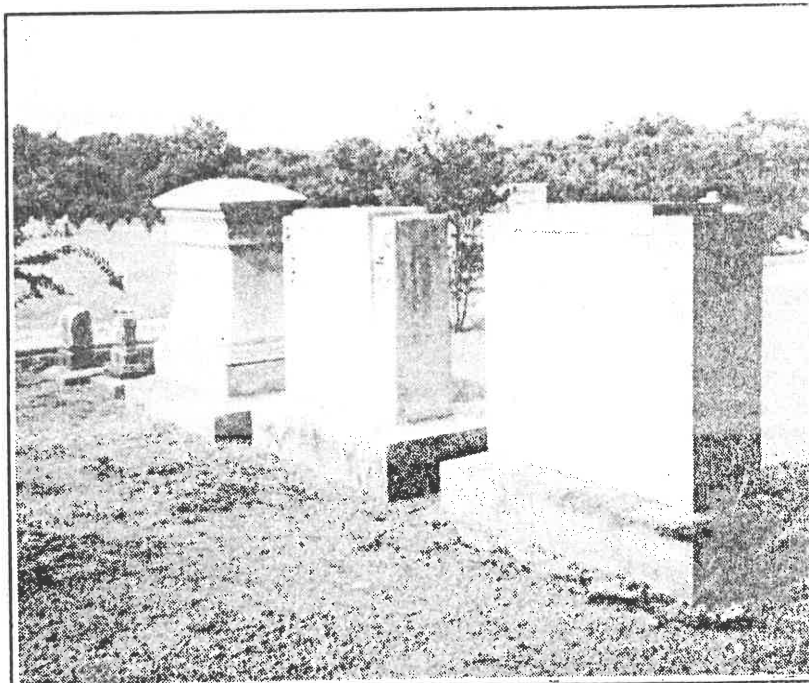
Harvey Olander
1345 Annapolis
Corpus Christi TX 784

Thursday, August 26, 1999



Tallest Stone - Hutto Cemetery, A. M. Juvenal 1834-1897 (12 feet tall)

Hutto Area Grave Marker Statistics



Most Massive Stone - Hutto Cemetery, Howard B. Norman 1905-1918

Oldest Grave Stones

Hutto Cemetery

Eva May Hutto 7/28/1891

Shiloh Cemetery

J. A. Kendall 1815-1853

Hutto Lutheran Cemetery

Edna Johnson 2/9/1903

Best Protected Grave

Shiloh Cemetery

Elmer Combal 9/19/1882
(iron fenced & locked)

Most Weed Free Graves

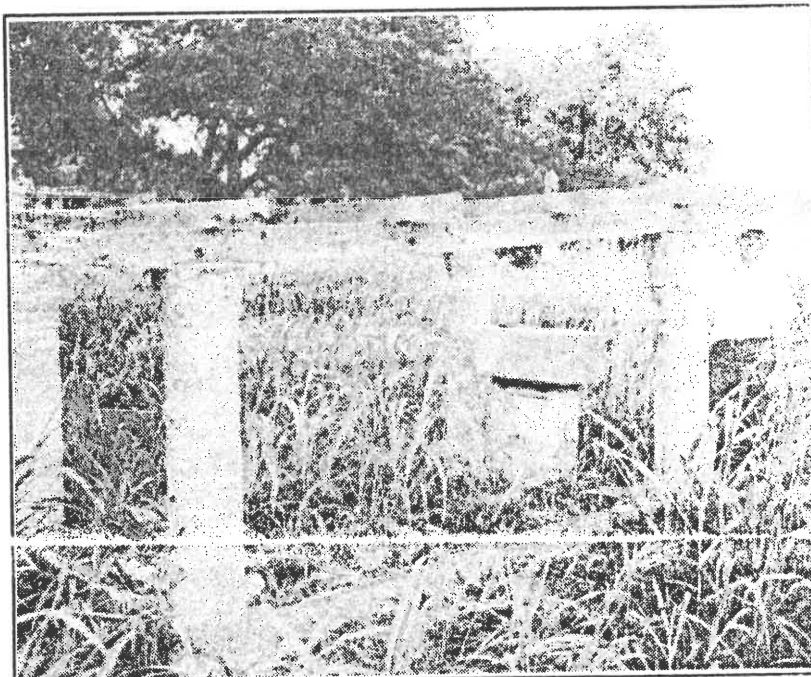
Shiloh Cemetery

William Taylor Group
(Concrete Slab)

Worst Kept Grave

Shiloh Cemetery

Katherine M. Hyslop
12/7/1894
(Cane Pole Forest)



*Most Unusual - Shiloh Cemetery, Mary Suzannah Cawfield
(Concrete Overhead Arbor)*

Additions, Corrections or comments appreciated. Volunteers wanted for scheduled Shiloh Cemetery Clean-Up, contact Mrs. Margaret Swindoll Crislip 759-4211

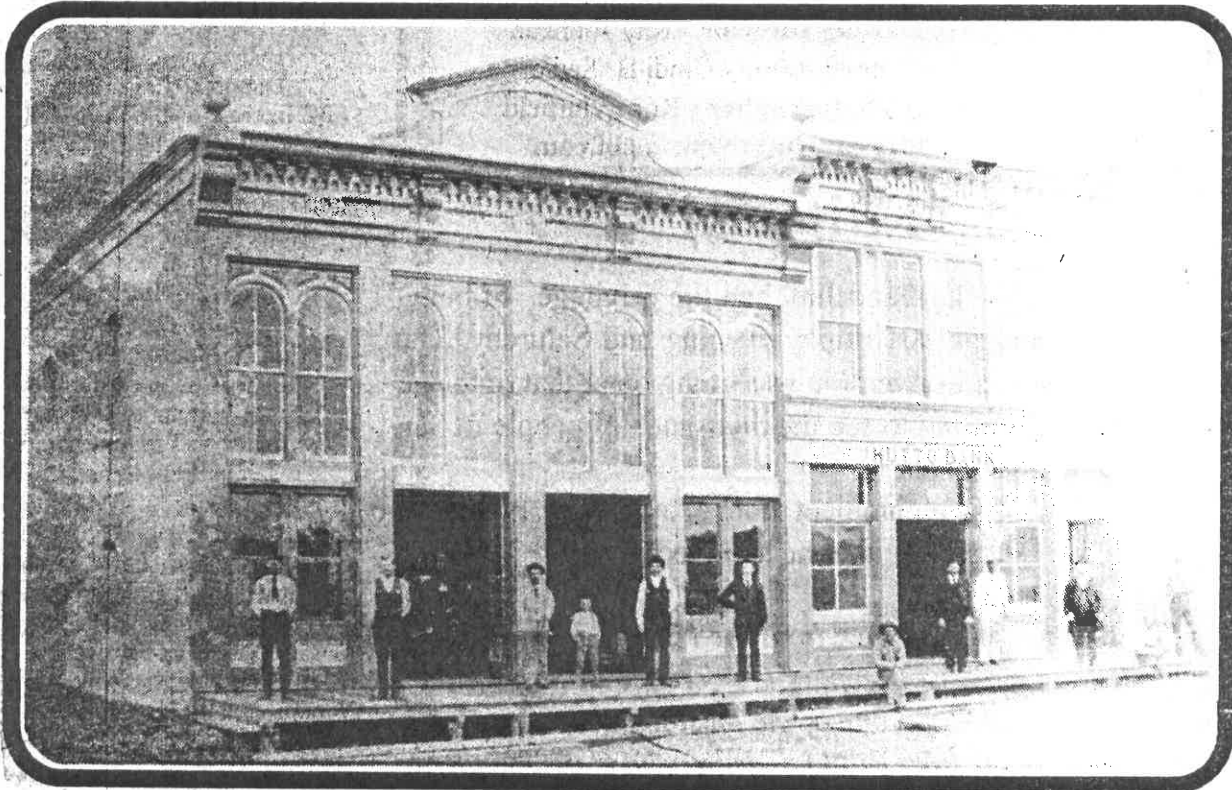
Covering the Hippoplex and the Hutto Independent School District

HUTTO HERALD

Harvey Olander
1345 Annapolis
Corpus Christi T

Thursday, August 12, 1999

Early Newspapers Published In Hutto



Highway 79 and East Street; Drug Store, Doctor's Office & Hutto Bank

by Harvey Olander

It is now possible to reconstruct the past by combining bits and parts of historian Hugh Davenport's collection of pictures, news articles and other records found in the "History of Hutto" book. On Page 35 of his book is a news article published by the Williamson County Centennial of 1948 that states, "The two newspapers were, The Hutto Enterprise and the Church Helper. Two Presbyterian ministers, Rev. Coley Lockett and Rev. Hudson, ran one of the papers and the second one was run by a Mr. Wright who also helped with the town band. Thomas Flinn at some later date published a paper in town." At one time there were two Presbyterian congregations in Hutto. In the early 1890's the Southern Presbyterians built a church located on the corner of East and Pecan Streets.

The Cumberland Presbyterians built on the corner of Farley St. and FM1600. The congregations united in 1911(P-319). An

article written by Mrs. A.H. Evans on June 30, 1938 on page 32 stated, "By 1898 Hutto business houses included one newspaper and job-office." I believe Mrs. Evans was referring to the Hutto Record located on the second floor of the bank.

This bank, named Hutto Bank, was established by Carpenter & Woolsey in 1892 (p_69). It was Hutto's first bank and was located on the west side of East St., in the 2nd building from Hwy. 79. Mr. Davenport remembered a print shop and a paper called The Hutto Record, published by Leon Estes about 1917, in the same building on the second floor(P-232), and the Hutto National Bank (P89) on the first floor. The records indicate the Church Helper, the Hutto Enterprise, and the Hutto Record were the early English language papers printed in Hutto.

C.C. Charnquist, known as the founder of the Swedish Methodist Churches in Texas, started a Swed-

ish Language paper in Hutto after retiring as pastor of Hutto Swedish Methodist Church in 1900. His paper "Texas Bladet" was published monthly until 1907. He moved to Elgin in 1907 where he published the paper weekly to compete with the Texas Posten. The Texas Posten, also a Swedish language paper, was printed in Austin and had many subscribers all over Texas. It was published for 85 years.. The Texas Bladet apparently had trouble attracting subscribers from such a strong paper and closed in 1909 (reference a book called "The Swedish Texans" by Larry Scott).

The first Hutto Herald was published by Mr. And Mrs. George W. Vinson every Friday. The exact date of beginning is not known, but from the telephone directory of 1924 (P-72) the Herald was not listed. So it began after 1924. The first mention of the Hutto Herald is an ad of Sept. 1929 about advertising rates and subscription rates (P-232). Another clipping on May 1930 describes graduation exercises at

Hutto school (P-230) and another clipping in July 1930 announced the Democrats running for office.(p-94, 340,341,342). The exact date of ending is not known, but 1932 or 1933 during the depression would be a good guess.

I remember the Hutto Herald printing office being located on the east side of East Street, very near the Hippo. It was in a medium-sized building of tin construction and was used before and after as a barber shop and last as a domino hall. My father, during his retirement days, spent about two hours each day playing straight dominos there. I found, with a metal detector, several type font and engravings blocks buried in the ground after its destruction.

For you computer-oriented persons I will briefly explain how Mr. Leon Estes and others would work and sweat to make one page of print. In those days electric service was available only at night for lighting. Printing presses were hand operated. A person called a typesetter hand picked each letter and placed them in a tray to make a word. Words were set backwards so he needed to know how to spell and read backwards. Every alphabetical letter was made in reverse on a slim cast-metal square called a type.

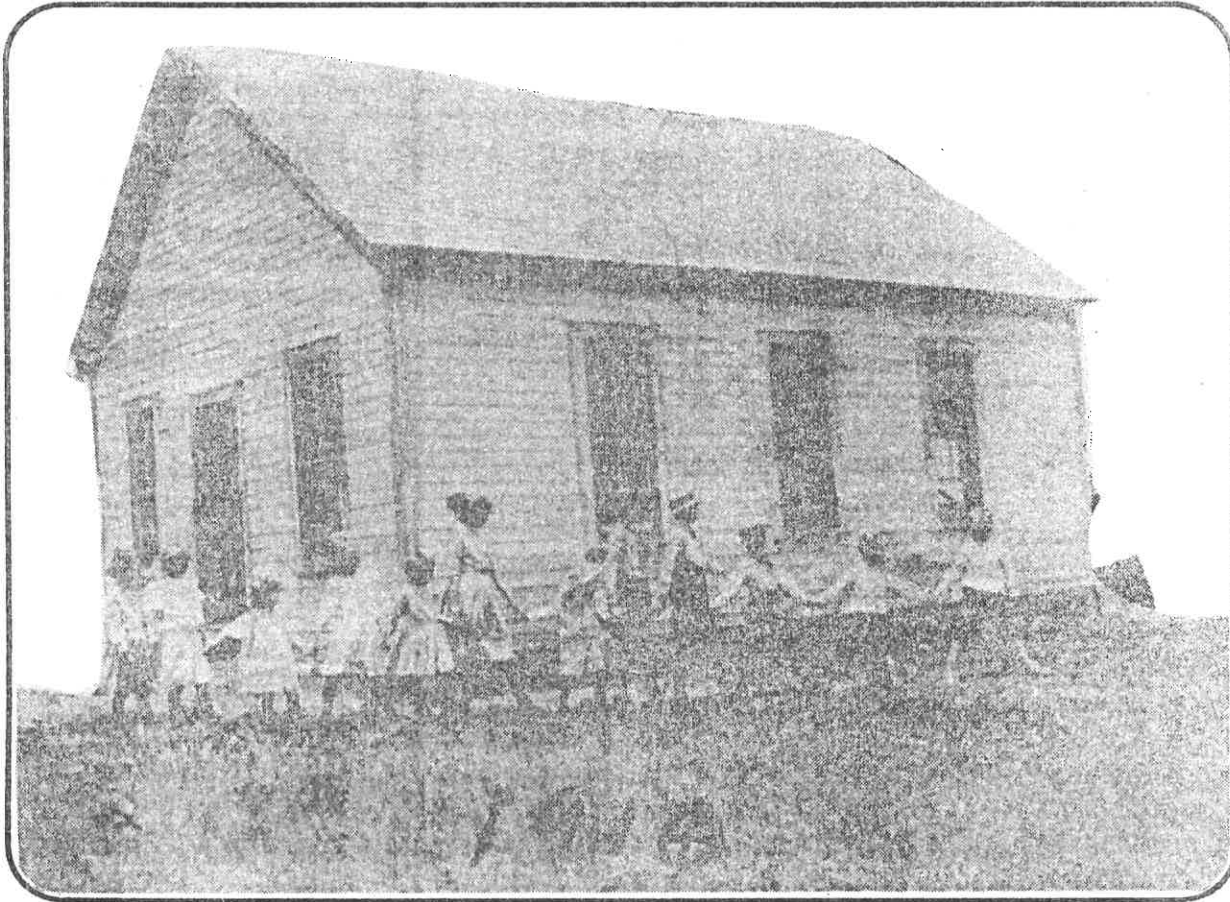
Complete sets of alphabet type were available from suppliers. Each complete line of words was grouped together and called a stick. Sticks and engraved pictures were combined to make a page that was called a block.

The block was placed on the bottom plate of the press, inked, and covered with a blank page of paper. The top press plate was hand lowered to press the inked letters into contact with the paper, making the printed page. Now, is there any sympathy for Mr. Estes, or is there joy for being born fifty or more years later?

There were other community, church, and school papers to follow, but I will not report on them except to mention that Jaunita Rosplock was an editor of a community newsletter that served the area for a number of years before the now successful Hutto Herald began. Any additional information would be appreciated.

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, July 22, 1999



Stoney Point School - 1910 (Photo courtesy of Harvey Olander)

Moon Mysterious



by Harvey Olander

The moon always looks so beautiful and romantic at night, but appearances can fool you. It is hostile: there is no air to stabilize temperature extremes. On the moon, step into the sunlight and blood boils in minutes at +212 F. Step behind a rock into the shade and in minutes blood freezes at -240 F. No sound on the moon: air transfers sound waves. The man on the moon image always faces earth but it rotates in relation to the sun. There is day and night on the moon. A moon day equals about 14 earth days. Gravity is too weak to hold air but strong enough to pull the earth's oceans toward it making a high tide on earth. What's unusual, the moon also pulls the earth away from the ocean on the opposite side making a double tide.

Its appearance at night arouses superstitions that haunt us. My father, a farmer, claimed that the crescent moon in a near level position like a bowl holding water meant dry weather. A crescent moon tilted to pour water indicated wet weather.

Through experience I learned the effects of the moon. One night during my high school days, I had my arm around my date talking

about the beauty of the full moon. In a moment of silence she said, "A penny for your thoughts." Without thinking I said, "I am counting June bugs flying across the golden moon." She pushed me so hard that I fell out of the open car door on to the ground. It hurt. I should have wised up, but seven years later I was in Corpus Christi and occasionally, with another date in my arms, observed the beauty of a full moon's reflection on the water. Before I knew what was happening she had me standing in church before the preacher saying, "Yes." I am now a full believer: the moon does cast spells on life just as my dad believed.

There is another superstition that I dare not contest when camping out: never sleep under the light of a full moon. Luna is known as the moon-goddess and when sleep-

ing under her glow a person falls into a state of lunacy, a situation known as being insane or mad. I do enough crazy things in life. I certainly don't need Luna's help.

Farming experience and hints from the Farmers Almanac gave my dad a set of rules he tried to follow. The Farmers Almanac is a book of statistics and references, a handy guide about the how, why, when and where of life. Here are some of the moon signs he followed. Never plant before Easter. Plant crops that fruit above the ground in a new moon. Plant crops that fruit in the ground in the dark of the moon. Dad was not a fisherman or a hunter so here are some rules I learned by experience. Fish with trot lines during the dark of the moon. Hunt deer during the dark of the moon. Never hunt two legged dears during a full moon.

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, July 15, 1999

Some Swedish Customs From the Past, Many Observed Today!

by Harvey Olander Customs In the Church and Cemetery

The Lutheran Church is the state church. The pastor and all church workers are paid by the national government. All wage earners pay a tax to support the Lutheran Church even if they belong to another denomination or do not go to church. I have heard the tax is 10%. The church keeps all records of births and deaths and marriages, the same as our county government does. In early years church attendance was compulsory. It is optional now. Very few attend church except on Christmas and Easter. Every one goes on those two days, it is considered the in thing to do. Other denominations are allowed but worshipers must give to pay the pastor and pay all other church expenses. Large churches are not heated in the winter. Only the bench seat and foot bar are heated by pipes under them. Cemeteries are also government supported and have federal employees. Man and wife are buried one on top of the other. Bodies are removed from graves that are not attended by relatives for ten years. The remains are removed and placed in a common grave. The tomb stone is moved and placed in a row along a fence with many other removed stones. The grave site is made available for use again.

Transportation, Heating and Lighting

Bicycles are the favored transportation by young and old. Many of my eighty-year old relatives, man and wife, rode from one relative's house to the other when we were there. Bicycle paths parallel streets in residential areas and farm communities. The government gasoline tax is

equal to two dollars for an American gallon, our Texas State tax is 15 cents and federal tax is 9 cents, totaling 224 cents (but now they are going up)! At those Swedish prices I would ride a bicycle also.

The automobile license stays with a car for its life. Car head lights burn when the engine runs. Swedes do not drive and drink. Punishment is very severe. I am not saying there is no drinking. There is a high percentage of alcoholism. Parking meters are not at curb side but against building walls. All trains are electric. Passenger trains use two engines, one at front and three other at rear. The engineer changes direction by walking to the other end of the train. Passengers may buy reserved seats in addition to their fares. Station stops, to load and unload, are extremely short. Departing passengers must have luggage at the door ready to jump or they ride on to the next town. Power to trains is supplied by overhead electric lines like a trolley. Sweden has no gas nor oil reserves and must purchase all fuel. Energy conservation laws on new construction are very restrictive. Co-generation is required in apartments and subdivisions.

Energy used to generate electricity must be absorbed by heating water instead of being dissipated into the air. Hot water is piped and used to heat homes and/or water. If heat is needed instead of electricity, the electricity generated to produce heat is sold to electric utility companies.

Holidays and Vacations

All large factories and most stores close the whole month of July. All workers are allowed four weeks of vacation. Most take it during July. They spend most of the month out-of-doors in the sun.

Christmas

There are four main celebrated days during Christmas!

First is the 13th of December which is considered the longest night of the year and a Festival of Lights was started many years ago to drive away the darkness. It is now called Lucia Day. This being the holiday celebration which last till January 13.

The oldest daughter in the family gets up before daybreak, places a wreath of seven lighted candles on her head to light her way, and brings coffee and cookies to all members of the family, who are still in bed. This custom is practiced in colleges and in modified form in businesses.

Second - the 24th of December, called Julafton, is the day the Christmas tree is brought in and decorated. The sun sets about 2 p.m. and the Christmas smorgasbord is served. After the meal, Tomte the Christmas elf, arrives and leaves presents at the door or delivers them into the house. All gift giving is on Christmas Eve. There is no Santa Claus in Sweden.

Third - Christmas Day, December 25, begins with Jul-otta, the early morning church service that starts about 5 am. It usually has a very large attendance. The rest of the day is for visitation, rest, and enjoying the Christmas gifts.

Fourth - The Christmas tree plundering. That day varies, depending on the family choice, between December 26 and January 13. Guests are invited to the plundering to celebrate the last of Christmas. Plundering means eating the cookies and candies still left on the tree and removing all decorations. If there are very few goodies left on the tree, the mother restocks the tree for the young people and then opens the

door and stands back while they enjoy the dancing and laughter. After the tree is stripped it is taken out of the house.

Fantasies, Superstitions

We have Santa Claus at Christmas, ghosts and witches at Halloween, superstitions such as, if a black cat crosses your path bad luck will follow, knock on wood.

In Sweden they have an imaginary little fellow with an elf hat, knee pants and a gray jacket. Tomte represents the good and does good things. He is around all the time. One bowl of rice at Christmas will keep him around all year. There is no Santa Claus in Sweden so Tomte takes over Santa's work. He knocks, but before the children can open the door he is gone. But presents are always left. The older children try to catch Tomte before he can escape. (The person who knocks better be fast or he gets caught.) Sometimes Tomte comes into the house but he grows considerable in height on those occasions.

Now there is another imaginary creature that lives under the roots of the trees and is very mean and ugly. He has wrinkles, long unkempt hair and loves to frighten children. This creature is called a troll. The troll represents evil to keep him away good thoughts and deeds must be done. Certain verses from the bible will help break his spell. On farms there live small wild animals called hedgehogs. Where ever they stay, they bring the farmer good luck and bountiful crops. Farm families place food in the yard to keep them around and hope to continue to receive the rewards the little animals bring to the land.

Jul- och Nyårs-
hälsning
FRÅN
SVERIGE

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEARS
GREETINGS
FROM
SWEDEN



Covering the Hippoplex and the Hutto Independent School District

Harvey Olander
1345 Annapolis
Corpus Christi TX 784

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, July 8, 1999

A First Encounter With Girls

by Harvey Olander

I feel that it was a misfortune to be an only child. Having a brother and/or sister would have filled my life with companionship and educated me on how to associate with others. I had formed an early opinion that girls were meant to be pretty, dainty and fragile and put on a pedestal to look at, not touch, and treat with dignity. An encounter with Bessie Browning raised questions about my opinion on girls.

Elementary classes were crowded in those days and two grades were in the same room. Bessie sat in a

row beside me. One day I lost my pencil and asked her if I might borrow one of hers. She cordially lent one to me. During class I laid the pencil on the seat but accidentally sat on it and broke it in half. When class was over I returned the pencil in two parts. She said, "I want a whole pencil. Bring one tomorrow."

When she asked the next day I said, "I gave you two pencils back." Being a dignified girl she did not physically threaten me but sicced her younger brother, C.R. Browning, on to me. He grabbed me around the neck and before I knew what was going on I was on the floor with C.R. sitting on top. Bessie again said, "I want a whole pencil tomorrow." The next day she had a whole pencil, but it really weakened my opinion about girls. The pedestal was not as high, but the respect really went up.

There was another girl named Marjorie Johnson whom I thought was so pretty that just the sight of her made my heart go pitter patter. I was afraid to talk to her and she never knew, and probably if she had known, would have cared less. It took a while to rethink living with girls. All through my school years I thought they were something special. I was very fortunate to have found a girl to marry, the first and only time, that proved to me girls are and act like human beings but demand respect and like to be pampered.

I have heard you read the Hutto Herald so forgive me, Bessie, for the outburst. You and C.R. were my special friends all during our school years. It was a privilege to have been taught my first lesson by you!



The Hutto School Faculty (1929-1930)

COAST GUARDIAN
MISSIE BROWNING, MARY ANN, MRS. CLARENCE K... BESSIE BROWN
BESSIE BROWN
MRS. CLARENCE K...
MRS. CLARENCE K...
MRS. CLARENCE K...

Covering the Hippoplex and the Hutto Independent School District

HUTTO HERALD

Harvey Olander
1345 Annapolis
Corpus Christi TX 78415

Thursday, July 1, 1999

Bare Feet In Summer

by Harvey Olander

As a child the most anxiously awaited events were warm weather and bare feet. Summer vacation would never have been the same without freedom from shoes. The first few days, steps were in caution, picking the smoother path. Within weeks skin under foot had toughened and became thick like leather, a process our genes acquired during the evolution of man. Far be it from me to set back the evolutionary process nature had spent centuries improving. It developed a foot wear not even NIKE can better. During my school days most boys went to school barefoot until the age of 14.

My bare feet made me light

footed, fast enough so older boys would chase me to train for track. Impressive physique and body size brought respect and obedience at school. Stewart Evans and Melvin Ray had those qualities. When they said RUN, I ran.

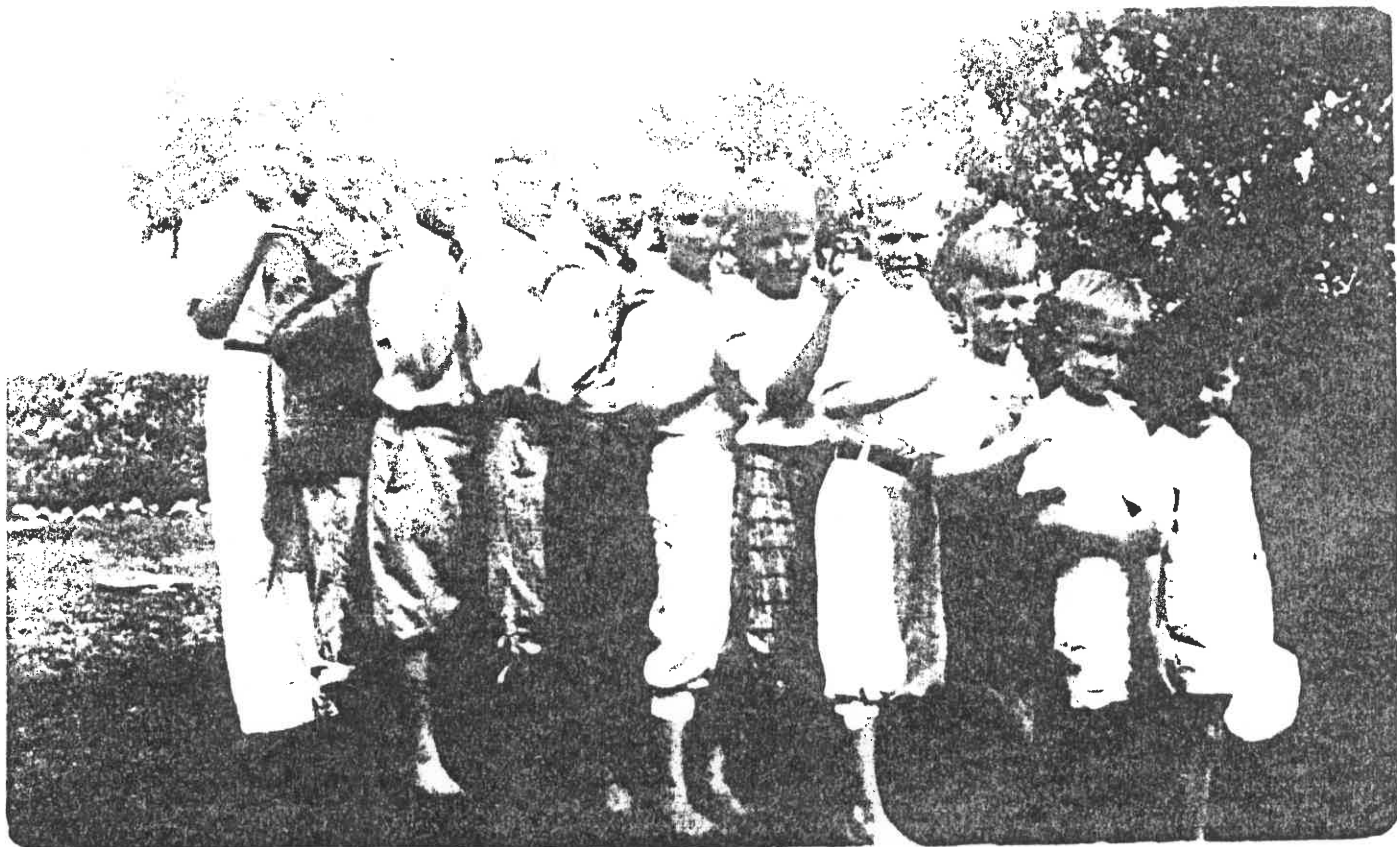
My objective was not to get caught and to stay in the lead as they followed in hot pursuit. Their shoes and body size lost the race. When they reached to grab, I changed directions. Momentum kept them going in the wrong direction.

The school house was the recharge zone to catch a breath. Mabry Paterson patrolled the hall. Her famous words were, "No running in the hall. You can't stay in-

side. Go out to play!" I obeyed but at a slow pace to regain breath. The larger boy followed at a respectable distance with innocence all over his face. Upon exiting the building the race continued again. I was sure glad when track season was over.

I don't remember if girls went barefoot. At that time girls were not that interesting. I asked my wife if she went barefoot. She said her mother brought her to school with shoes but when out of sight she went barefoot with all the other girls at Fulton school. Girls went barefoot into the fifth grade.

It is too bad that children now will never have the pleasure of going to bed without removing their shoes.



BAREFOOT BOYS AT MY 10TH BIRTHDAY PARTY

L to R. J W Grubbs, Harry Hanson, Stanley Ahlgren, Charles Hanstrom, Irving Ahlgren, Harvey Olander, John Carlson, John Hennech, Red Olander, Leo Hennech, Howard Johnson

HUTTO HERALD

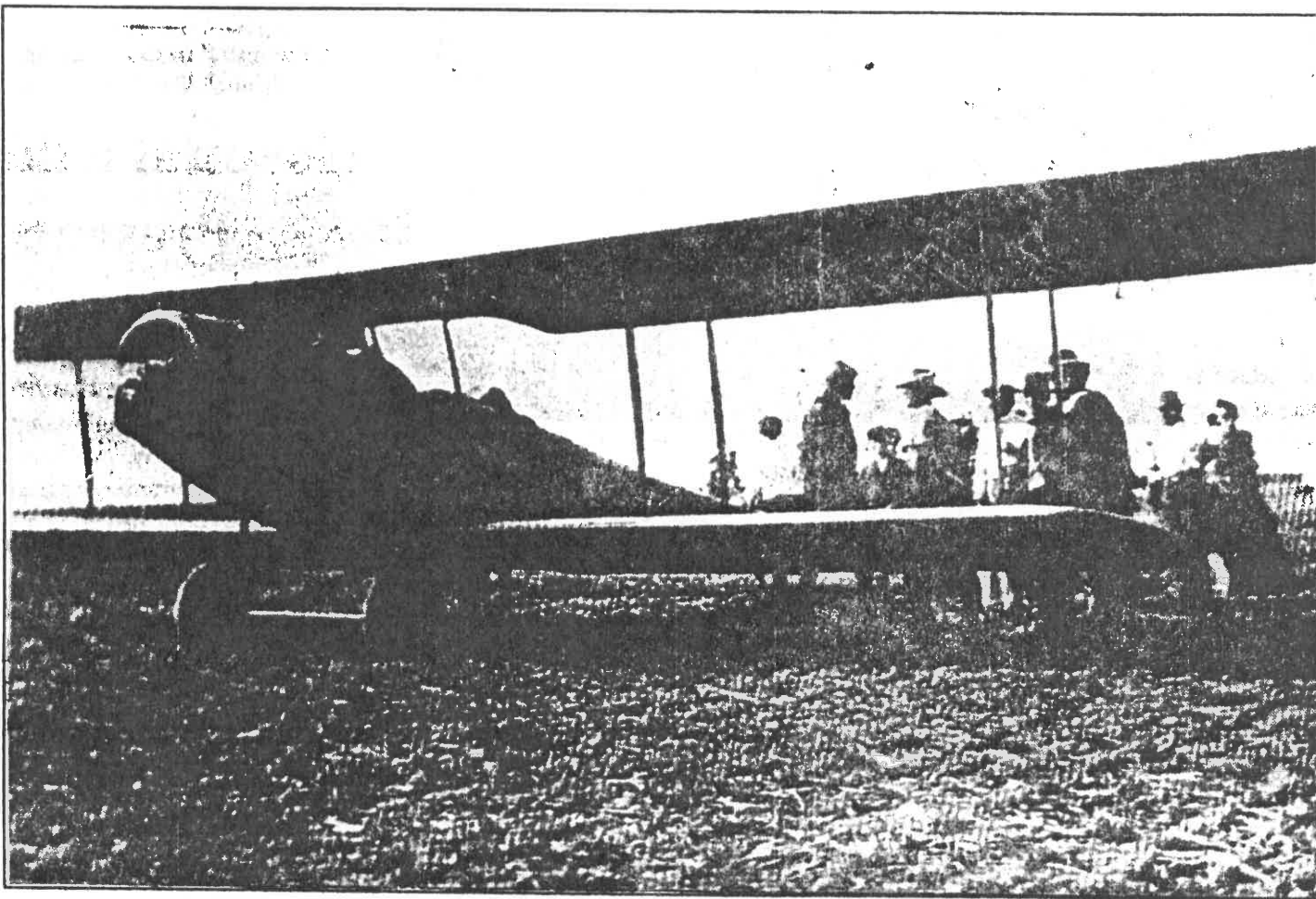
Thursday, June 17, 1999

Pilot Learns To Stay Out Of Hen Ho

By Harvey Olander

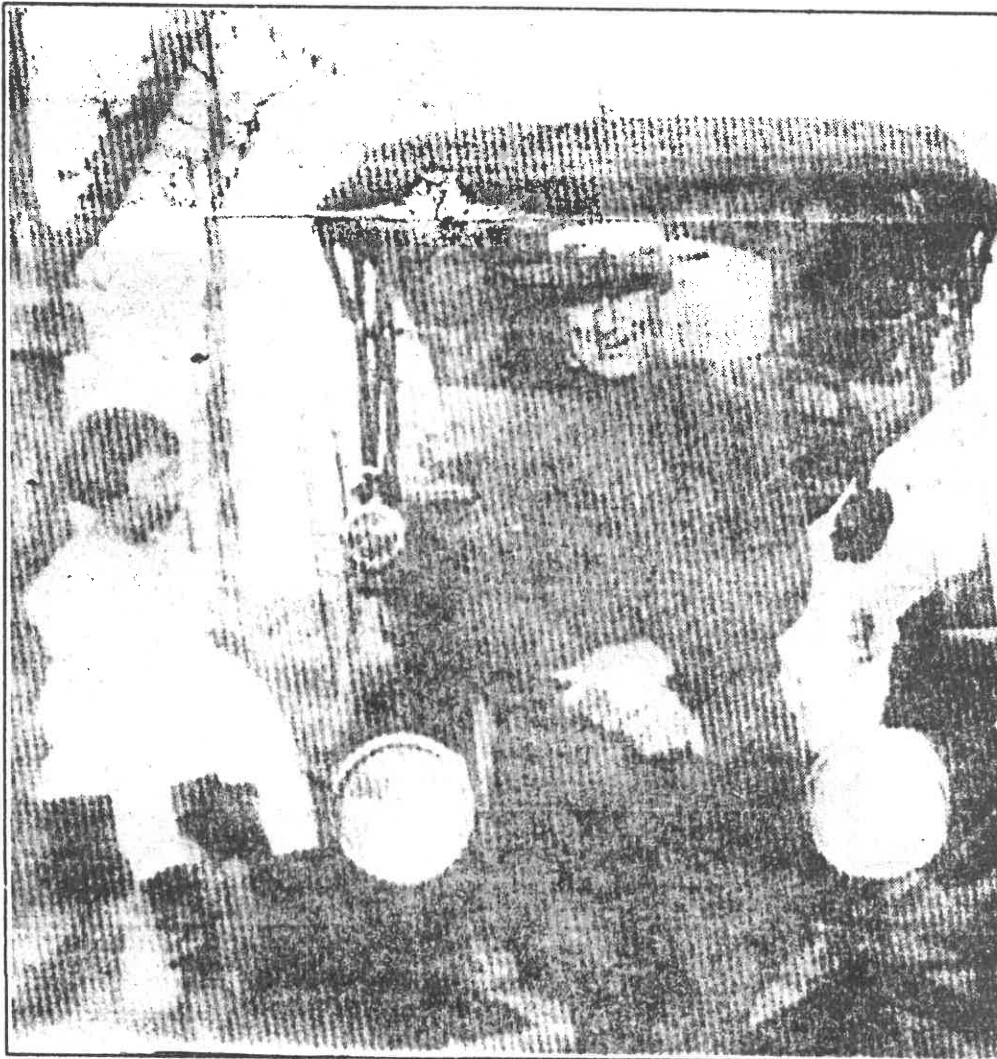
This is a continuing story about A.G., the man who made the front page in the Hutto Herald of January 9, 1997. A.G. Collin, my wife's father, was a chauffeur for Henry Ford in Detroit before WW-I began. While Henry was in Europe trying to prevent the war, A.G. chauffeured Mrs. Ford. A disagreement arose and he was sent back to the factory. Henry could not stop the war. The Army Air Force began advertising for airplane pilots. A.G. took the test and passed. The army sent him to Dallas, Texas for flying instructions. A.G.'s wife was named Sue and his daughter was named Phyllis. The family came to Dallas and rented a room in a farm house halfway between Dallas and the air field to live. In 1917, that air field now known as Love Field, was five miles from Dallas. Each morning when he and the instructor took off, the flight pattern was near the house so he flew over the farm house and waved. It became routine: Sue would stand in the yard with Phyllis and wave as they flew by. When he began to fly solo, each day he continued to buzz the house and wave.

Then one day it happened. When he buzzed the house and started to wave the engine stopped. Down he and airplane went, crashing into the chicken house. It made a terrible racket, the airplane began to disintegrate, chicken house boards flew into the air. Chickens were flying wildly everywhere. Hens were squawking, Sue was screaming, the din was terrible. Sue rushed desperately into the wreckage, tearing away boards to rescue A.G. When she finally uncovered him and pulled him out he had only cuts and bruises, but that is not the worst part.



Curiosity seekers gather around the bi-plane that Albert Garfield Collin crashed into while training to be a U.S. Army pilot in Wo. chauffeur for Henry Ford in Detroit before the war. Below, Collin is shown with his daughter, Phyllis and dog, Spot, with the Model Texas from Michigan, factory priced at about \$300.

What happened to Phyllis their young three year old daughter? They yelled her name and searched the house, searched the yard, searched everywhere. She could not be found. Even the crash crew that had arrived joined the search. They even looked through the wreckage. Accidentally, when one of the crash crew members sat down on the culvert at the country road about a hundred yards from the house, he heard a noise. It was Phyllis crying, eyes closed with her hands covering her ears. So you think that's the end of the story? You are wrong. The chicken mites had found a new home. Sue and A.G. scrubbed and scrubbed for days and days; they thought the mite invasion would never go away. It did, but there was a new rule: Don't ever buzz the house again!



HUTTO HERAL

Harvey Olan
1345 Annap
Corpus Chri

Thursday, June 10, 1999

Were There Taxes In 1921?

by Harvey Olander

This 1921 federal tax schedule was found pasted inside my grandfather's ledger. Curiosity brought forth some answers. Government statistics indicated that the average hourly wage earner was paid about 50 cents an hour in 1921. His take-home pay for a full year's work would have been about one thousand dollars. The average 1921 wage earner paid no income tax; only the rich paid.

What about city taxes? When the City of Hutto incorporated in 1911 one of the laws on its books was a requirement that all able men must contribute five days of free labor each year to projects directed by city officials. Williamson County also had a similar plan. The county plan required men living in the county to work a set number of hours maintaining roads and other county projects. I believe these laws were still in effect in 1921.

School taxes? I am not sure about that but it appears that each community school asked parents of children for contributions in material, labor or in furnishing housing and food for school teachers. Life was simple in those days. Before 1921 the majority of people were living on farms and they all had more time than money.

Residents of Hutto and farmers all had cows, pigs, chickens and a garden plot. They lived off the land. People had their own oil lamps,

water wells, septic systems and wood piles. They were not rich but were self sufficient and independent. Barter and trade were the way of life. Doctors also struggled: they made house calls and accepted many things besides money in payment.

In my opinion, there were two classes of people, the rich and self-sufficient poor. No middle class. The rich enjoyed services from many, because people were content to work for food and shelter.

To illustrate a point, my aunt married a rich man with acres of oil wells. It did not take her long to buy a long Century Buick with a spare tire in each of the front fenders, a chauffeur, a maid, and a cook. She brought all that help to Hutto when visiting. We were in style with all that help running around in the house! The only thing they would not do was milk the cows.

All that ended between 1938 and 1945 when minimum wage laws were enacted. That's when the middle class appeared. Hired help became too expensive. My aunt gave up her chauffeur and the maid became the cook.

It's great to be middle class, to be alive, to pay taxes, to browse the Internet and to have HBO on TV...ENJOY!

Reference: Davenport's History of Hutto and World Book Encyclopedia.

MARRIED MAN'S INCOME TAX

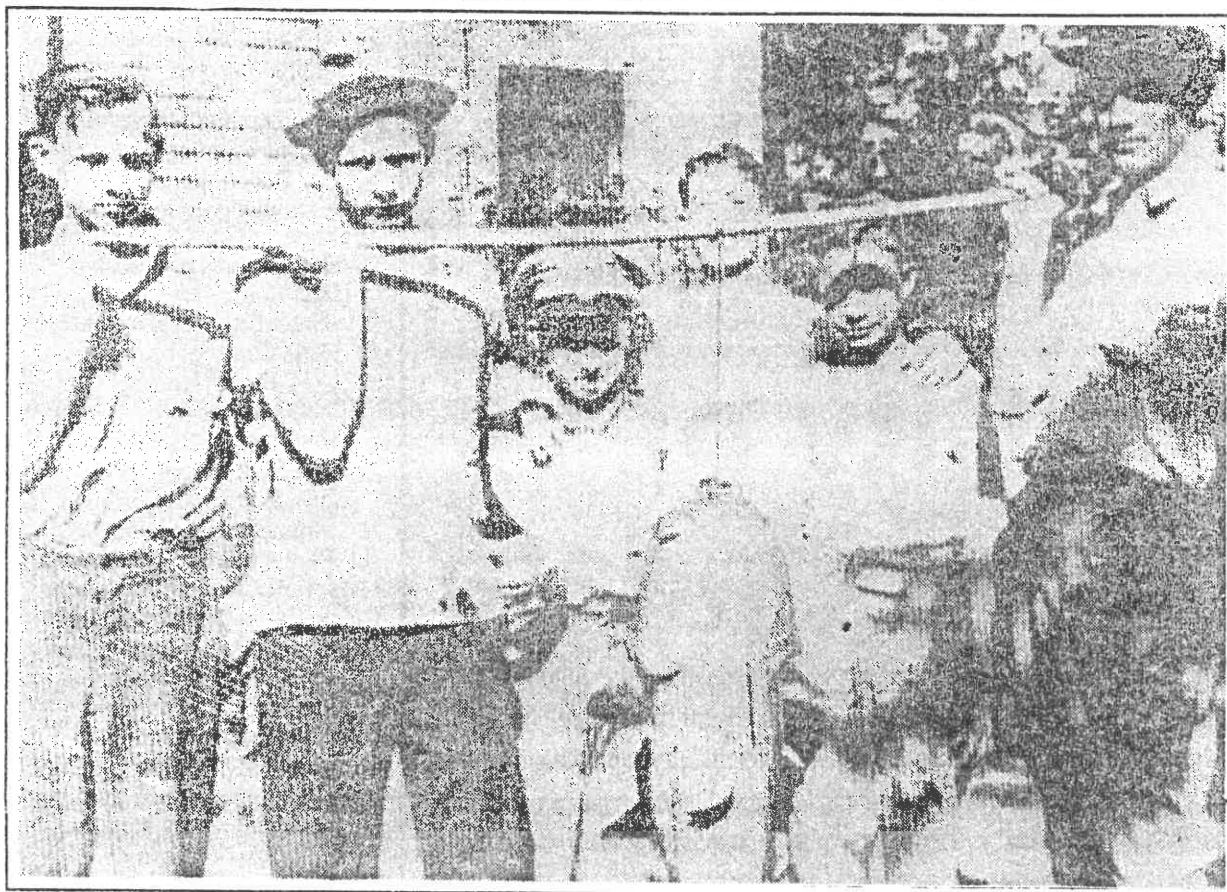
Under the new tax law, if he has no dependents, the taxes a married man will pay next March for this year, will compare with last year's taxes as follows:

<u>Income</u>	<u>Total Tax in 1920</u>	<u>Total Tax in 1921</u>
\$1,000	0	0
\$2,000	0	0
\$3,000	\$40	\$20
\$4,000	\$80	\$60
\$5,000	\$120	\$100
\$6,000	\$170	\$160
\$7,000	\$270	\$240
\$8,000	\$370	\$340
\$9,000	\$480	\$430
\$10,000	\$590	\$520
\$12,000	\$830	\$720
\$14,000	\$1,090	\$940
\$16,000	\$1,370	\$1,180
\$18,000	\$1,670	\$1,440
\$20,000	\$1,990	\$1,720

Exemption is allowed up to \$2,500, and for each dependent the head of the family is allowed \$400 additional exemption.

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, June 3, 1999



L-R: Harvey Olander, John Henry, Red Olander, Brent Bergstrom, Leo Hennech & Marvin Tiller

The BIG Fish Story

by Harvey Olander

It was the summer of 1938, my junior year at Hutto High. Plans had been made for a special Saturday night fishing trip, the first time for all the Olander cousins to fish together, except for Johanna, who would not or could not go. We cousins, John Henry, Brent Bergstrom and myself, upon request, invited cousin Red Olander and Uncle Marvin Tiller, the latest in-law to become family. Fishing lines, cooking and camping materials were always in a ready box to put into my old 1927 Model T Ford. Dago Nelson, a neighbor, loaned his seine, for catching some two hundred crawfish in the waterway by Hutto Grain Co-op. By accident we had found that crawfish kept in a grass lined bucket lived almost a week instead of a day when in water.

Gas at Whitely's service station was next. Each partner normally contributed five cents to buy a gallon of fourteen-cent gas, enough to go to the creek and back. Whitely even checked the oil and water. If he forgot, we reminded him about the pelon, a small stick of candy.

Away we went, off to Hamilton Hole, known for its deep water on Brushy, and located in Pat Overton's pasture. Gathering fire wood and campsite chores were necessary before stringing the fishing lines. Wading was our choice, not bank fishing. Choosing flexible bush limbs overhanging the water to attach our two-hook fishing lines prevented broken lines. Each fish line was made using two number eight black sewing threads with two

hooks on six-inch leaders attached near the rock weight. These lines were placed in the water just below the rapids in a slow moving current, baited with crawfish. One hundred hooks were a normal run and required about an hour to check and bait.

We looked forward to swimming in Hamilton hole after setting the lines, often in our underwear. Most of the fun was swinging into the water from a long rope hung from a tree. The evening meal consisted of fried eggs, toast and coffee, made with creek water and flavored by insects falling in the coffee after fire seared their wings. It beat mountain grown. The glow of campfire provided the only light as we rested on our quilts.

The loud alarm clock at eleven o'clock started us thinking about all those fish on hooks waiting to be rescued. We hurriedly put on wet clothes, wet shoes and rushed single file to the creek. Lead man carried the flash light. I called out, "Watch the water's edge; snakes love to rest there." We usually saw snakes swimming but they always swam away. This first run of the lines was very disappointing; only two small quarter-pound catfish were caught. Back at camp we took off our wet clothes, put on dry underwear and folded and quilts to cover us, not because of the cold but because of mosquitoes.

On the next run at two o'clock, the wet clothes were colder, the water was deeper, the humor was gone. No fish no fun. We skipped the four o'clock run and slept until morning. I believe Marvin was

thinking, "These boys and their wild fish stories—?"

Each line was checked, rolled up on the rock and put away. The last line was the same, no line movement. Brent went out to roll it up and called out, "The line is caught on a root." He reached down to unhook it and excitedly rushed back to the bank. He exclaimed, "There is a big something down there and I put my hand in its mouth." We were all afraid to reach into the water. A slow steady pull on the line soon brought movement. A big fish head surfaced and with a splash was gone. "Did you see that big fish?" we asked each other. "It is too big to unhook and take off the line. There must be another way." We added some extra line to move the fish towards the gravel bank where the water was shallow. All worked well until the fish touched the bottom and with another big splash it was back in deep water. I did not try to hold the fish line; it would have broken or pulled the hook. Another plan was devised: move the fish to mid-stream and quickly slip the seine between the fish and the deep water.

The fish charged the seine almost taking us with it. We held, the seine held, and the fish was on the gravel bank. It was a yellow catfish that weighed thirty-two pounds. The big surprise; it had no sharp spiked fins like smaller fish, and was found to be a she with oodles of eggs, when cleaned.

I was glad John Henry returned the borrowed seine, because Mr. Nelson was really upset upon seeing his brand new seine in shreds.

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, May 13, 1999

My Brush With The Law

by Harvey Olander

Was it innocence or stupidity? You will have to decide. In a magazine, I saw a picture of a new car speeding down a country road followed by a big dust plume. My old car's maximum speed was thirty-five miles an hour and it would never create a sight like that! My thoughts were, if I could improvise, my car may do the same.

I added an extension to the exhaust pipe and directed it toward the ground; it cleared about one inch. All roads were gravel in those days, so I tried it out on the farm road in front of our house. Not much dust was created.

I reasoned that the winds in open country blow the dust off the road. I remembered that Farley Street in Hutto, the one that goes directly to the gin, had ground the gravel to dust! I went there and drove down the street at maximum speed, thirty-five miles per hour. I even moved on to the shoulder where all the loose dust collects. The results were beyond all expectations; I was very impressed. I had created the granddaddy of all dust plumes. It

may have been the biggest dust plume Hutto had ever experienced.

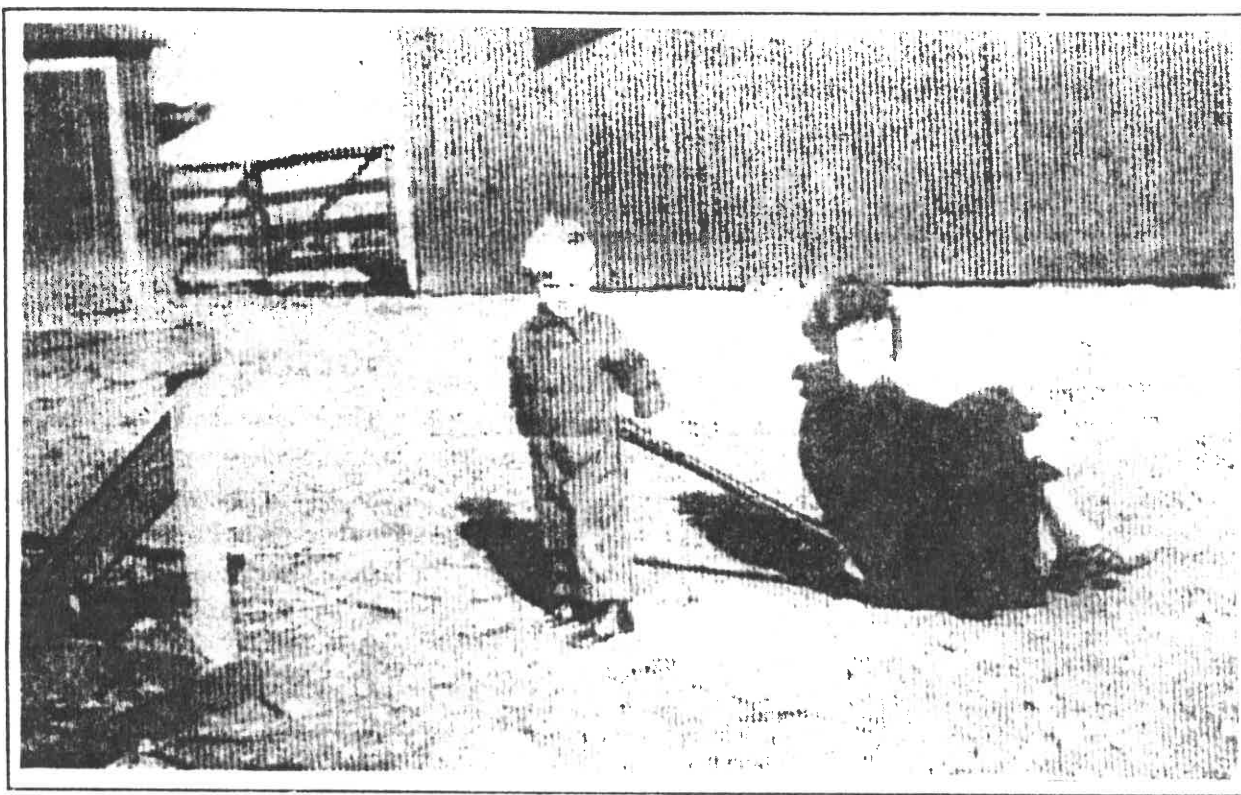
Satisfied, I went back to what I call Main Street (East Street). There I saw Eugene Anderson and rode with him to Taylor. Eugene picked up the papers at Taylor and delivered the Taylor Press to customers in and around Hutto each day. Upon our return I noticed the exhaust pipe on my car had been broken. I searched and found Sheriff Dutch Blackman to report the problem, saying, "Dutch, some stupid fool has broken my exhaust pipe and I want to register a complaint." He looked me in the eye and said, "I am that stupid fool and if you ever do that again I will put you so far back in jail you will never see daylight."

It seems that Mrs. Humphrey, wife of Judge Oscar Humphrey, called and said, "That Olander boy drove by; I don't know what he did but he filled my house so full of dust I don't think I will ever get it all out." Thank goodness, in those days people had a lot of tolerance for teenagers. If that had happened today I would still be looking for daylight!

When article was retyped part of this sentence was left out
Hundreds of iron wheel wagons had ground the gravel to dust.

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, April 29, 1999



Boy-little & Mama-woman

Boy-Little's Story of Love & Punishment

"Memories Told By My Mother, with Additions by Harvey Olander"

A long-long time ago, there was a Papa-man, a Mama-woman and a Boy-little who lived near the woods at San Gabriel River far-far away from Hutto. Boy-little was all alone, boy brother nor sister, but Boy-little did have a dog he loved, and they spent all the day together. Where ever Doggie-dog would go, Boy-little followed, exploring the wonders of nature in the fields and in the pastures. They wanderer hither and yon with Doggie-dog guiding the way, looking for exciting things to happen. Sometimes they lay on the ground together looking up at the birds and watch-

ing the clouds drift by.

When Mama-woman wanted Boy-little she called Doggie-dog. Doggie-dog would rush ahead at the call and Mama-woman knew that from whatever direction Doggie-dog appeared Boy-little would soon follow. When Doggie-dog went to rest in his own dog house, Boy-little crawled in beside him. When Mama-woman found out what was going on, she made new rules. Boys sleep inside the people house and dogs sleep outside.

When Boy-little was caught again breaking the rules, Mama-woman sent Boy-little to his room and closed the door for a time out. Boy-little pouted and felt very

sad. As he cut pictures from a magazine with his scissors, he felt mistreated. In an instant Boy-little knew how to express his hurt to Mama-woman. He began working feverishly, cutting out one big red dot after another big red dot and soon cutting dots became more fun than hurt. When Mama-woman came to check, she became very upset upon seeing Boy-little's red polka dot pajamas full of holes. She told Boy-little, "Wait until Papa-man comes home and he will punish you." Boy-little was very worried and cried. He could see that little switch of a tree branch, kept on top of the door frame, and had felt the hurt on his legs before. When

Mama-woman brought Papa-man into the room, explaining what meanness Boy-little had done, Papa-man burst into laughter and laughed and laughed. He said, "Boy-little, you will sleep in those ventilated pajamas tonight as punishment."

That night Boy-little became cold, saying "I am cold." When there was no response, the call became louder. "I AM COLD" and then Boy-little began to cry. Papa-man went to Boy-little, picked him up and put him in the middle between Mama-woman and Papa-man. Boy-little felt so wonderful to be back in the place where he used to sleep, and had begged for so many nights in the past to return. It felt so wonderful and comfortable, it was even better than sleeping with Doggie-dog.

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, April 8, 1999

The Marriage Agreement

by Harvey Olander

Eight school teachers at Travis Elementary School decided to liven up their lives and have party. They invited a number of young men of their acquaintance and asked them to bring their friends. To make the party interesting, a scavenger hunt was planned. The group was divided into teams of 4, and each group was given a list of silly things to find. The group that collected the most things within an hour received a prize.

Joyce found Harvey at this scavenger hunt. I dated Joyce for about six months, when I decided she was the one. I bought a diamond ring at Green's Jewelers on the condition that I would get a 100% refund if she refused. She was surprised when I proposed and gave her the ring. She said, "Let me think about it." One week later she was still thinking. I asked for a conference to discuss the pros and cons of marriage. She mentioned how nice it

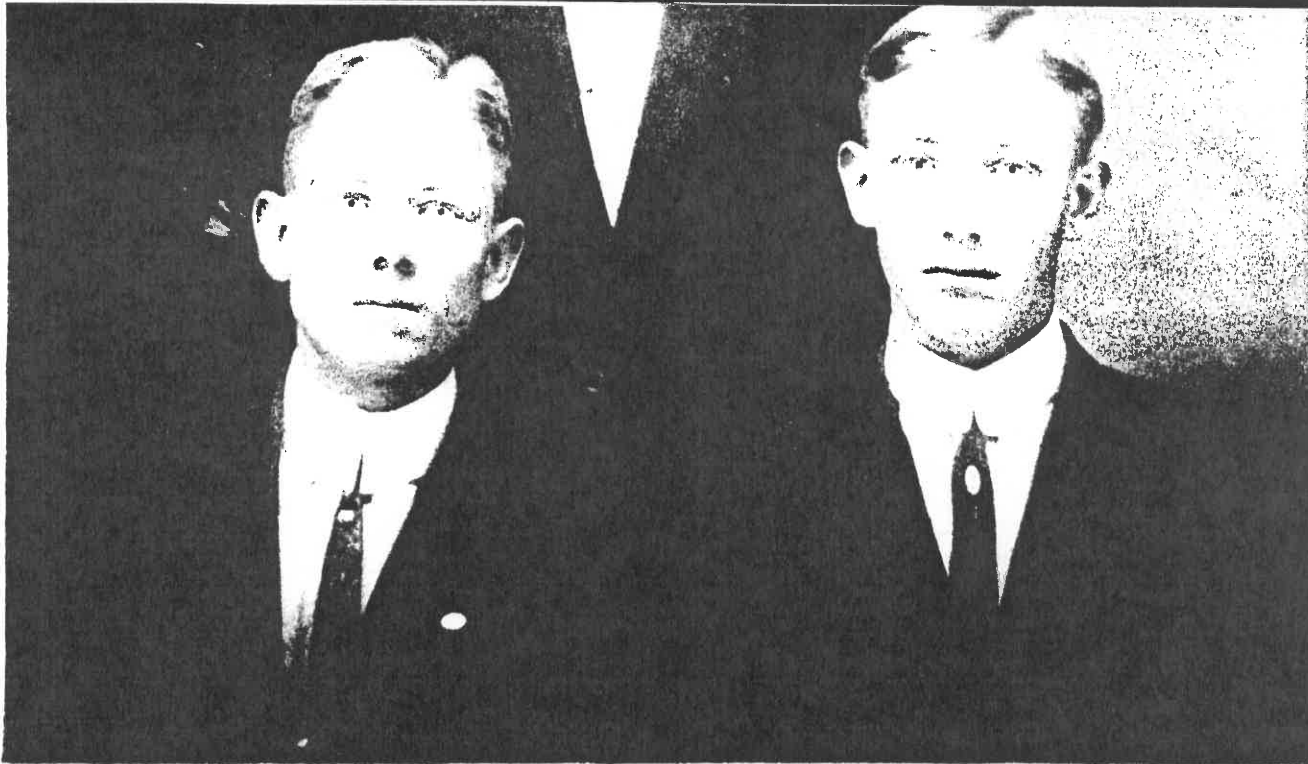
would be to have a cook stove like her mother's. I saw the opportunity and blurted out, "I will buy you a Chambers Range, just like your mother's, if you will marry me."

She made the jeweler happy, and Harvey happy, when that ring went on her finger. I reasoned that she did not marry me for my money, nor did she marry me for my car, because I was driving a junker. I felt sure she did not marry me for my looks, because they called me "Funny Face" in public school. I came to the conclusion that it had to be that cook stove.

After we were married, she petted and polished that stove for fifty-two years. Only after the Corpus Christi Museum of Science and History decided that it was historical and requested it, did she finally decide to release it, but not before shedding many sentimental tears. Please, museum, give that stove tender care.

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, March 18, 1999



Picture taken in 1916

Oscar Olander

Edmund Johnson

This is to distinguish which of the Johnson families in Hutto Edmund belonged. Brothers were John, Charles, Arnold, and Barndt. Their father was August Johnson and they were all Methodist.

A Cry In The Dark

by Harvey Olander

On November 1, 1918, ten days before the end of WWI, my father, Pvt. Oscar Olander, experienced an unexpected occurrence, with unbelievable odds. World War I, was called the War to End All Wars. It had been going on since 1914 and by 1918 had ended up in a stalemate with the Germans and French in trenches only hundreds of yards apart, taking pot shots at anything that moved. Trenches extended behind the front lines for miles. Which ever side advanced took a trench from the enemy or vice versa. This story was taken from my father's diary of daily events.

On July 6, 1918, Oscar arrived by ship at Le Havre, France. By train, truck and long marches he reached the war zone, as reserve, August 8th. German planes were shooting down observation balloons, and long range artillery shells kept blasting roads and buildings in the area. While in reserve he slept in a fox hole, repaired roads, and drove trucks haling war materials. The American were finally given a sector on the front lines to fight their own type of war. On October 31, he went to the front.

Dad was a signal man in Headquarters Platoon attached to the

343rd Machine Gun Division. He was assigned to the 360th Infantry Battalion under the commanding officer, Major Marse, to phone or hand-carry messages back to headquarters. The 343rd supplied machine guns and gunners where needed. At times, he had to guide the gunners to their positions. Every forward move meant digging a new fox hole. Artillery shells were falling continually, and he wondered which shell was his.

This is where the story begins. On November 1, U.S. artillery laid down a day-long barrage. When the infantry went over the top (advanced), Oscar followed Major Marse. About a mile into German trenches they were stopped. Major Marse said, "Get some machine gunners up here and lay down a new telephone line." NO one dared leave the trench without artillery or machine gun fire to keep the German heads down. Any visible movement would get a burst of rifle fire. Pvt. Bernhard was to accompany and help carry wire.

They started after dark. When flares were fired the jumped into shell holes. Grasping and following old telephone lines helped guide them in the right direction. In the dark a voice was heard, "Please

help me; I am wounded." They knew he was an American. Dad told Bernhard, "You search and I will stay by the line to call you back." The man was found in a shell hole. He was injured too badly to move, so Bernhard marked the location and told him help would come quickly. At headquarters they sent litter bearers to pick him up. After Lt. Farr received the message and the wires were connected they started back. When they met the litter bears they stopped to express their sorrow to this injured soldier. At that moment a voice said, "Oscar". Oscar was shocked, who would recognize him over here, especially in the dark. Oscar looked closer and said "Edmund". They grasped each other and cried. Edmund was his best friend, and they grown up and had spent all their lives doing things together. Shells began to fall and for safety they went into a trench. Oscar helped dress the wound the best he could. The last time they had seen each other was in San Antonio. From letters Dad knew Edmund was in France but that was all. They talked and cried until the shelling stopped. They followed him to the first aid station. Oscar had to leave to be back in the trenches before daylight.

They never saw each other again until returning to Hutto, but they remained buddies the rest of their lives. Edmund lived on Pecan Street and was bed ridden until surgery helped him walk again in his sixties. When my father died at the age of 77, Edmund Johnson gave the eulogy and told how his friend Oscar had saved his life.

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, February 25, 1999



The picture shows John N. Johnson opening a path for water to flood irrigate vegetables

A Cave on Brushy Creek?

submitted by Harvey Olander

Yes, there was really a cave on Brushy, but it was man made. It was large enough to drive a tractor in, around, and out. It was located near Palm Valley Lutheran Church, close to the Noack River Crossing on the John N. Johnson farm.

John did not raise cotton and maize as expected. He grew vegetables, and developed a clientele of grocery stores that gave standing orders to buy all he could raise. Growing vegetables requires a lot of water at precise times. Watering was done by flood irrigation. I am not aware of any other farm in Williamson County that uses or has ever used flood irrigation. Johnson had leveled his fields to make irrigation possible.

This all happened eons ago, starting in 1922. He started small, with a water use permit from the State of Texas, No. 672, that gave him permission to use a set number of acre feet of water from Brushy Creek. It limited how much the creek's flow could be restricted. Johnson bought a 15 horse powered diesel engine with water pump from a supplier in Waco. It was delivered in 1922 to his farm on a Model

T truck for \$25.

Direct pumping from the creek could supply some, but not all the water needed. Flood water, if caught, could supply the rest. This was done by digging a pit in the limestone creek bank with pick and shovel. This pit caught any water flow above normal. Each year that went by, the pit was expanded. When his brother-in-law, Carl Schandeimeir, a miner in Arizona, retired to live near him, the idea of a cave in the bluff to increase storage became a reality. His brother's experience with dynamite and ceiling support was put to use. They began to blast. To speed up rubble removal, the pit became a cave with a ten foot high ceiling, allowing a tractor with a scoop to be used. Support columns were left at intervals to support the ceiling. John Johnson's hard work created a very profitable on-going business during his lifetime.

Don't rush to Brushy to see the cave now, it is only a memory. When Round Rock dug a trench down the middle of the creek to lay a huge sewer pipe to its sewer plant, they destroyed it. Why? I do not know.

86 x 11 1/2 in. made in Ind
Hutto, Texas 1995-9/25/99
cave made by J, R, K

Covering the Hippoplex and the Hutto Independent School District

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HUTTO HERALD

Harvey Olander
1345 Annapoli
Corpus Christi

Thursday, February 18, 1999

Our Legacy

by Harvey Olander

Editor's Note: Mr. Olander lives in Corpus Christi

It is wonderful to have a city library with an information desk, but sometimes it's better never to have asked the question. I asked if they could find the amount of the national deficit. Off the tip of the librarian's tongue came, "We do not have a deficit; we have a surplus." I explained I had read about that surplus but I also read that our nation had a considerable trade deficit, and a larger national debt. The response, "I would be pleased to check and call back with the information">

The information:
\$70 billion 1998 Surplus (the first since 1960)

\$5,544 billion national debt (That doesn't look bad until converted to the real numbers).

Worse, not one payment has been made against this debt for 48 years.)

\$362 billion interest on debt, paid in 1998.

This information is not hidden, its in the 1998 Federal Budget of U.S. listed by the Department of Commerce. (It is never spoken because they know we do not want to hear it.)

\$432,000,000.00 Surplus? Without debt, this would have been our billion dollar legacy.

Information found in the book "Statistical Abstracts of the United States 1998: by the US Department of Commerce.

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, February 11, 1999



This photo of Ernest and friend were taken when he was in the Stony Point Fourth Grade.

The Desire To Learn

Ernest Johnson is the son of John N. Johnson, a farmer whose home place was near Highway 79, close to Palm Valley Lutheran Church. Ernest attended Stony Point School and finished the 8th grade the year the school closed. Ernest then chose the school at Hutto. He rode a horse about five miles each way to Hutto.

At school, Ernest and Carl Stern became best friends. They should have; they were the smartest and made the best grades in my class. They tied for first place and were co-valedictorians in the class of 1939. Ernest would ride his horse to Carl Stern's house, unsaddle and leave it in Carl's pasture. Mr. Charles Stern (know as C.G.) would drive, Carl, Victor, Elvera and Ernest to and from school each day.

When the weather was bad, Ernest spent the night with Carl. He would not have been able to attend any after-school activities without the Stern's family generosity of allowing him to stay. That friendship is still as strong as ever today.

First, to paraphrase and adage, this story suggests: "You can lead a horse to water, but can't make it drink." You can have expensive schools and wonderful teachers, but you can't force a student to earn good grades unless there is a desire and a willingness to work. This story proves that point.

Farmer Appointed Taylor Airport Manager-1936

by Harvey Olander
A.W. was a farmer by necessity, but he always dreamed about flying. To be useful airplanes needed a landing field at each city.

Getting permission from Mr. Frank Flournoy in 1934 to use his cow pasture for the Taylor landing field was a big step. Next, to make the pasture usable, A.W. drove his two-cylinder John Deere tractor cross country to fill in the hog wallows.

Airplane landings required two passes: a first low fly-by to drive the cows away from the landing area and a second to land. Mr. Flournoy had no objection to A.W.'s long time use of his pasture, but he had one bull that really objected. Who knows why the bull was so upset? It could be the red paint or it could be the disturbing of his love life. That bull expressed his dislike by charging the airplane, ripping fabric and bouncing it around. Upon request the farmer allowed A.W. to fence a parking place. At least the bull was courte-

ous enough to wait until the engine stopped before the charge. A.W.'s priority was to rush to safe parking before stopping the engine.

Why did he need a landing field? First, the Taylor area was an important shopping center. Second, the Axel Ahlgrens, Elsie's parents, lived in west Taylor.

Elsie and A.W. visited them frequently and spent numerous week-ends there. In 1935 when Taylor Oil Refinery bought an airplane and used the pasture, A.W. approached the Taylor Council to make it a community affair. The Taylor Press article below describes the Council's decision.

Taylor Leases It's Municipal Airport

Taylor, July 14, The city commissioners leased the Municipal Airport to A.W. Gustafson of Hutto in a special meeting Monday morning and work will be started at once to erect a hanger and further develop the port. It was leased to Gustafson for the consideration of \$1 per year provided the ground

was used for an airport and nothing else.

The tract of land northeast of Taylor was leased in September of last year from Frank Flournoy of Taylor for use as an airport and has been used as a landing field since that time. The new lease prohibits charges for passenger and private planes but charge may be made for commercial landing. The lease takes effect July 15 and is in effect to October 1, 1936.

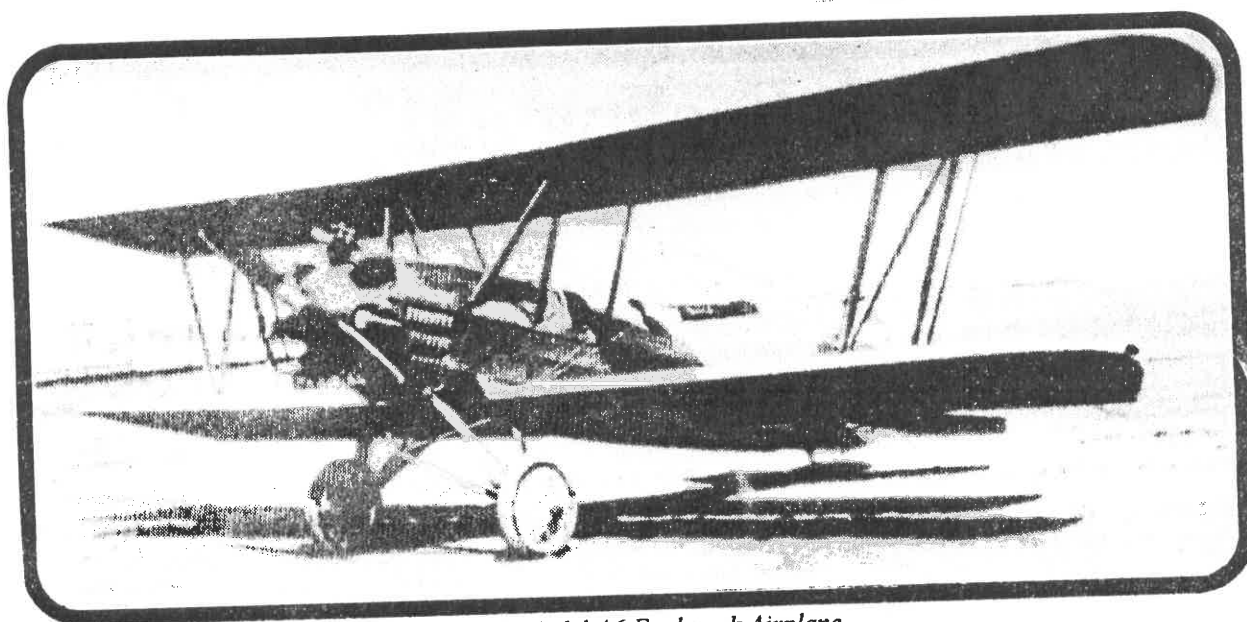
The pasture is now the north part of the present Taylor runway. This gave A.W. the distinction of being Taylor's first airport manager.

The airplane Taylor Oil Refinery owned, was called a *Curtiss Robbin*, a five-passenger plane. It was the same type airplane used by *Wrong Way Corrigan*, who filed a flight plan to go from New York City to Los Angeles and instead landed in England. I believe he was the second man to fly the Atlantic in a single engine airplane. A.W. would have loved this plane. It would have fulfilled his earliest 1929 dream about flying.

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, January 28, 1999

Airplanes Were A Novelty in 1933



A 1928 Model A6 Eaglerock Airplane

by Harvey Olander
In 1933, Austin's one airport was located East of Highway 81 (now about where Lamar and Anderson Lane intersect. Called University Airport, it was used primarily as a private pilot training school. I don't recall any commercial passenger services being available out of Austin. Mr. Webb Ruff had six OX-Waco two-wing training plans. A.W. Gustafson had been one of his eleven students in 1929.

All cross-country flights were visual, such as following a railroad or highway. Cities and towns, as a courtesy, painted their names on the water towers so lost pilots could circle and read. The United States Army had Randolph Field in San Antonio and Love Field in Dallas for training pilots. They flew near the ground to see and follow landmarks. Hutto was on the flight path. There were airplane beacon lights, one located a University Airport,

another at Pflugerville and another at Belton. These three beacons were very visible at Hutto. Their light beams continually swept the night sky to guide pilots to the airport. Lost pilots and dare devils were the only ones flying at night.

This was the setting when A.W. bought his first factory built model A6 airplane. Manufactured in 1928 by Alexander Eaglerock in Denver, Colorado. Denver, being a mile above sea level, has thinner air, so airplane wings needed to be made larger. The Eaglerock wing span was thirty-eight feet. No wonder A.W.'s home-built plane with a fifteen foot span did not fly! The Eaglerock had two cockpits, a radial air-cooled 8 cylinder engine, and was factory-equipped with a temperature and oil pressure gauge.

The common term used by pilots was "fly by the seat of your pants." It meant if you feel heavy, go down, if you feel light, go up. The A6's

landing speed at Hutto was 31 miles per hour. The maximum speed was 75 miles per hour. The speed was measured by a flat, limber spring attached to the outer wing strut. The faster the plane flew, the more the wind deflected the spring, which pointed to a marked-off scale in miles per hour.

A.W. parked his airplane, engine first, against the barn to block the high winds. The Eaglerock had yellow wings and a red fuselage (body). Army pilots flying cross-country, upon seeing this plane against the barn, thought it had crashed. They dropped down to treetop level and circled the barn to see if the yellow winged plane was one of their own. Their powerful engines would rattle windows and we in turn would run out to see their airplanes.

Airplanes were such a novelty that when one landed, most of Hutto would rush out to see!

Harvey Olander
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HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, January 14, 1999

A Few Swedish Customs From the Past, Many Observed Today!

by Harvey Olander

In past years all children took their father's first name as their last name and added son or daughter to complete it. Three-first names were required to insure each person a separate identity. My grandmother was named Jenny Mathila Kristina Karlsdotter. Her father's first name was Karl.

In my younger days I remember hearing people with identical names called by their occupations, such as Blacksmith Johnson and Cotton Johnson. Their first names, being the same, were omitted. That works well in a small community, but what about a large city such as Stockholm, where there are pages of Carl A. Johnson's? To separate the Carl Johnson's the telephone directory precedes the name with the occupation. The first letter of the occupation determines the order of the listing. The address is also included to help identify which of the many Johnson's would be the one to call.

The government realized the problem that names were creating and in the recent past paid people to change names. My great-grandfather changed his name from Loaus Jonsson to Olaus Olander, but later called himself Olle or Olof Olander.

Another custom in Sweden that carried over to American farming communities affected my parents' and my life. It dealt with which child in a family would have the privilege of farming the family farm when the father retired. The oldest son had that right, and my father was requested to vacate his father's farm when his older brother married. They moved to my mother's parents' farm and worked the land for a number of years after her father moved to the town of Hutto. When my mother's younger brother married, my parents were asked to vacate that farm so the younger brother, the only son, could start farming. It created hardships in our lives but we survived.

Customs Observed In the Swedish Home and Community Today

Street shoes are removed at the door on entering the home. Outer garments have loops sewed in the collars to hang on hooks at the door. During meals the fork is always held in the left hand, the knife in the right, and they are never switched. Our Swedish guests told us boiled potatoes are served at every meal. Only the small potatoes, about one inch in diameter, are served. The growers harvest before the tubers grow too big. Larger potatoes are fed to the pigs. A friend told us they cheat sometimes and pare them down to size. Coffee is never served with the meal. It is considered an after-the-meal drink and usually is served in another room with cakes or cookies. In rural areas the butter dish is never passed. The butter knife is passed with a pat of butter attached. Butter knives are usually wooden to assure the butter's sticking ability.

Visitors spending the night in another person's home always bring their own bed sheets. Our guests from Sweden who visited in our home all brought their sheets from Sweden. Calendar dates are always shown with the day first, then the month and year. All measurements are metric. One liter equals a little more than one quart. A Swedish mile is equal to about 6 American miles. The electric current in homes is 220 volts, 50 cycle. There is no 110 volt, 60 cycle current in Sweden. American made appliances will not work. American television transmission is different, as is a picture tube design. There is no advertising on television. A yearly television tax is paid to the government. Color television tax is much higher than black and white. Personal income tax starts at 50 percent and goes up to ninety percent. Barter is a popular tax avoidance plan. Married couples are taxed more than single people. That has promoted singles living together and marrying only after the first child is born.

Young children up to school age wear no clothes while swimming. When Aunt Pat's daughter Lou was there she would not observe the custom and wore her bathing suit even though he was only six years old. Adults change swim suits and clothes at the beach by turning their backs. Joyce was embarrassed when our visitors removed their swim suits and put on their clothes on the beach at Corpus Christi. They just turned their backs as they would in Sweden.

Wooded lands are open to all people to hike or pick berries, but they must not destroy bushes or trees.

Farm homes must be painted red and permission from the government to change colors is required and seldom allowed. Houses must have step ladders on the roof for chimney sweeps to use. All bedroom windows have shutters to block out the light during the long, long summer days. There are about twenty hours of daylight during the longest summer days and about four hours of daylight during the shortest winter days. Work hours go by the clock, daylight or dark.

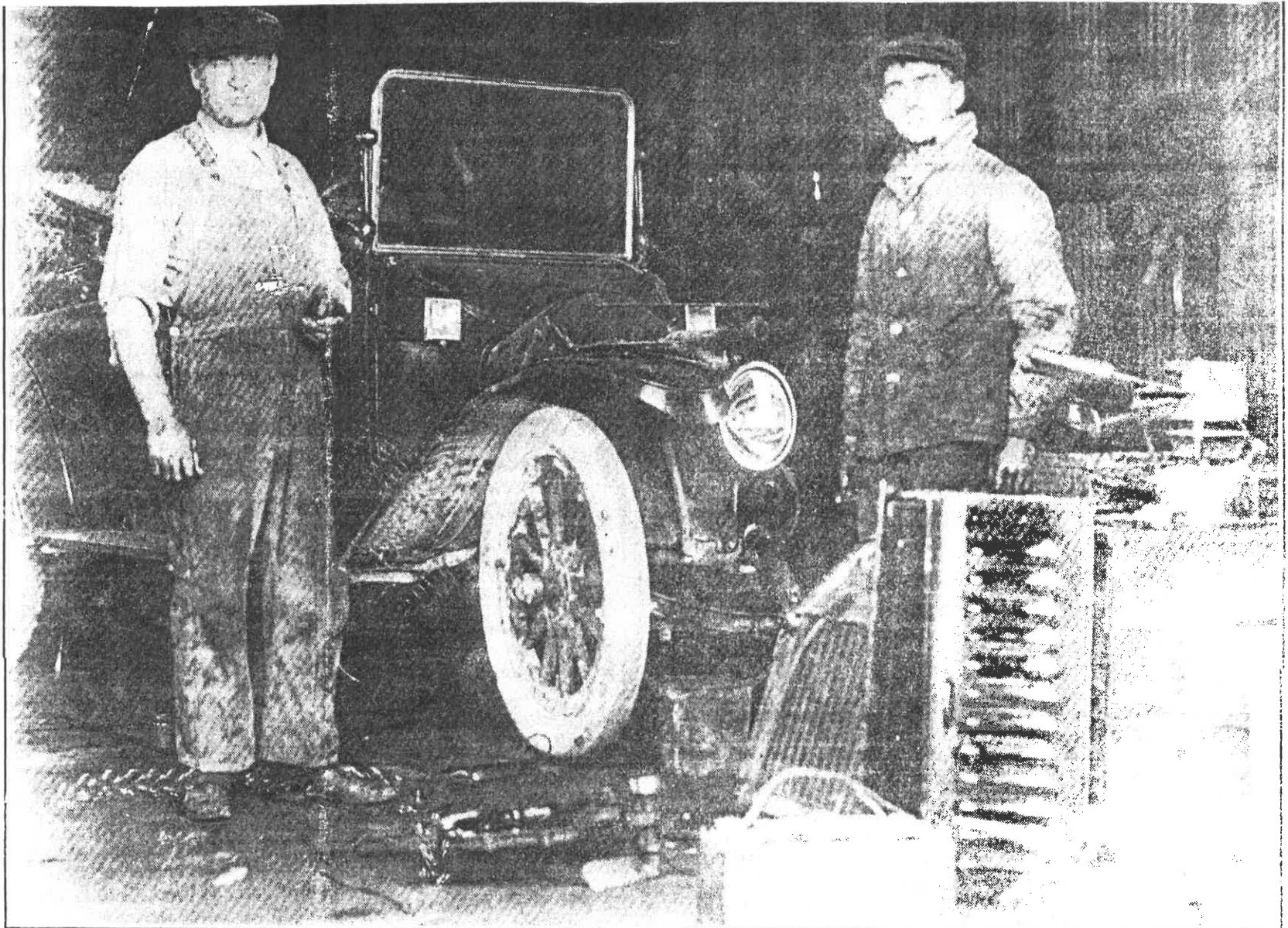
Very few families eat out, it is not an accepted custom and also is too expensive. There are no cafeterias, drive-in grocery stores, no fast food eating places. Our Swedish guests would make some remark every time I drove up to the front door of a store to park. They said, "Harvey, unless you drive right into the store you won't use it," and I agreed with their statement. Swedish shoppers must walk. Many streets are blocked to automobiles and bicycles.

Dining places do not serve meals at noon, only sandwiches. All stores close Saturday at noon and all day Sunday. All medical treatment is free from birth to death. Older people are cared for regardless of their health problems. Those who cannot earn a living are provided

for. All schooling is free, including college. The amount of education depends on the student. Those that pass exams may attend college. Those that fail go to trade schools. School children are required to take two languages besides Swedish; one is English. Military training is compulsory for every 18 year old boy. Sweden has found that being militarily strong has kept the country out of war. I think the last war they have fought in was the one to defeat Napoleon. *More customs next week!*

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, January 7, 1999



Oman & Carlson Garage - 1917. Claus Oman on Left, Leonard Carlson on Right. (photo courtesy of Lorraine Carlson Dowdy)

Oman and Carlson Garage

by Harvey Olander

Claus Oman (L) and Leonard Carlson (R) were partners from 1916 to 1918. Oman bought out Carlson and operated the garage until 1921. Sam Blackman believes his father took over the garage at that time and operated it until 1959.

The pictured garage was located on Front St. (now US-79) and Main St. Now a Texaco gas station occupies that location. The garage repaired automobiles, sold gas and supplies. Gas was delivered in fifty-five gallon barrels, then hand pumped into five gallon cans to fill the automobile gas tanks.

Claus married Emma Johnson sister of Christine Olander wife of my grandfather in 1897. His skills were blacksmithing, woodworking and mechanics. Upon his death in 1929, Emma bought a home on the north side of Live Oak St. near the intersection of Main St. (still standing) and lived there until her death in 1954.

Leonard Carlson married Hildur Eklund daughter of Ed Eklund in 1916. They had three children Lorraine, Virginia and John Edward. Upon Leonard's death in 1922, Hildur and her children moved to 104 Metcalfe St. (still standing) and she stayed there until 1944.

HUTTO HERALD

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Thursday, December 31, 1998

Cotton Picking, The Untold Story

by Harvey Olander

The Hadleys were the last field hands to live on our farm. Improved farming methods had reduced the need for year around live-on farm workers to one household instead of the usual two or three. The hand-house burned while the Hadleys were there and that ended the custom for us. The wife was named Ellen. Many

people knew Ellen; she helped every one in Hutto during her later years. Ellen had been born on my grandfather's farm, the same year that my mother was born. They had played together as children.

The Hadleys, and others, hand picked each open boll of cotton and placed it in a sack pulled behind them. When the sack became heavy they carried it to the

wagon. The sack was hung under the scale by a rope. One of the owner's family moved a weight, called a pea, along the scale arm to find the balance point. The number was read and recorded in a book to credit each picker. When I was older Dad requested I weigh cotton and pick at least a hundred pounds per day, but thanks to his sensitivity to living things, I seldom accomplished his wish. I preferred to sit in the shade of the wagon and have a cotton boll fight with other pickers.

Good pickers could pick two hundred pounds a day. The pay was fifty cents a hundred. For ten hours of picking they would pocket one dollar. More pickers were needed even though he used the Hadleys and other regulars from Hutto. The demand exceeded pickers available. To acquire additional workers, Dad would drive to Austin in his 1928 Chevrolet, pulling a trailer. He would drive through the black residential areas, asking those on the street if they would like to pick cotton. Soon he would find one or two families with children that would accept. All climbed into the trailer with their cooking supplies, and sat or stood for the ride to Hutto. One family could live in the garage, others in a lean-to tent. They would cook on an outdoor fire, and sleep on the ground. To take care of those necessities of life they would hide behind a cotton stalk.

After the first picking, Dad would leave the cotton growing for an extra month and give the Hadleys all the top-crop cotton they could pick. Farm worker's children were allowed to stay out of school until farm work was over. Social security and minimum wage were unknown at that time. Who could have ever coined those words "Good Old Days." Was it Clinton?

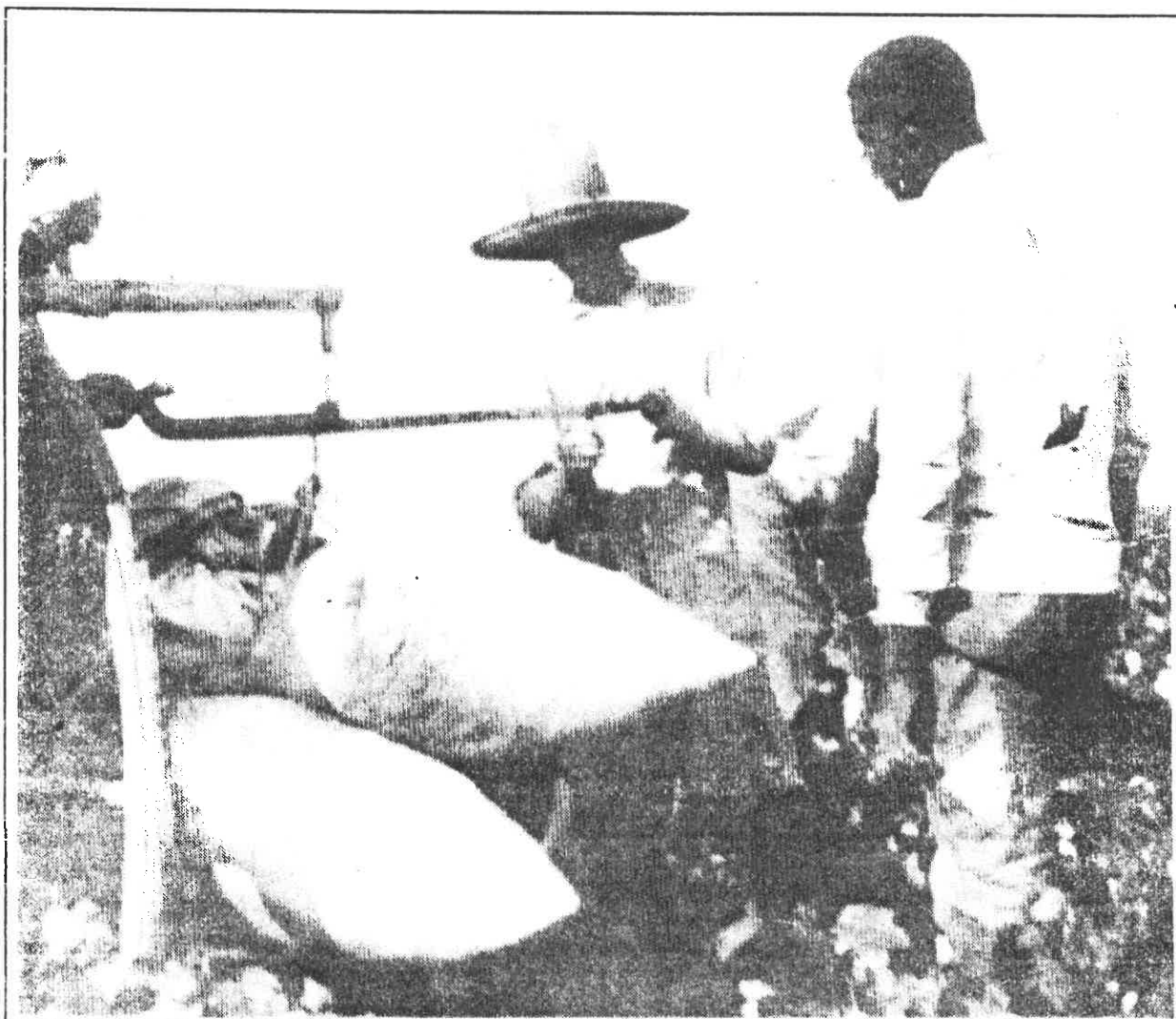


Photo taken on the property of Harvey Olander

Covering the Hippoplex and the Hutto Independent School District

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HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, December 10, 1998

There's No Santa Claus in Sweden

submitted by Harvey Olander

Christmas customs in Sweden differ from those in America. A copy of a Christmas card is shown to help illustrate the point. The red-capped dwarf with a long white beard is called "Tomte." Every home has an imaginary Tomte living outside the house in the yard. It is said that one bowl of rice placed in the yard at Christmas will keep him around all year. Tomte keeps a record of all the good and bad things each person in the home does, especially children. When Christmas arrives children who are good receive many presents, but those who are bad are given a switch.

December 24, the day before Christmas is called "Julafton." The father starts the day by calling out in the morning. "Welcome, dear Christmas." The morning also includes the scattering of seeds in the yard to attract the beautiful birds called "Domberra."

Animals are given generous portions of food. The Christmas tree is brought in. Decorating begins and finishes before the big dinner that night. When the sun begins to set at 2 p.m., soon the biggest meals of the year is served, the smorgasbord. The meal includes special foods: lutfisk, rice pudding, prune

whip and ost kaka.

When the feast is over and dishes are put away, there is a knock on the door. The children shout "Mr. Tomte is here". They open the door and only a large sack of presents is there, no Tomte. Tomte had better be fast; sometimes for sport the grown children try to catch him. In other homes when Tomte knocks, the mother invites Tomte in, a look-alike, but much larger in stature.

Tomte never rides but walks from house to house. After opening the presents it is off to bed. Tomorrow the family goes to church very early in the morning, before daylight, to attend a church service called, Julotta. I was told everyone goes, even the non-church goers. The rest of the day is enjoyed at one's pleasure, be it fun or rest, while the children play with their toys.

After the first of January, parties begin at what is called "Tree plundering." Each family takes turn inviting neighbors and friends to plunder the tree. Cookies, candy and decoration are removed. All edibles are consumed. The guests then invite the host to do the same and plunder their trees. January 13 ends the celebrations.

"Merry Christmas from Harvey and Joyce Olander"

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, November 19, 1998

Farmer Harvests Corn With Airplane

(as told to Harvey Olander by A.W. Gustafson and Louis Kublal)

My uncle, A.W. Gustafson, took over the farm in 1925, the year he married. Farming was challenging and exciting until 1927, when the story about Charles Lindbergh flying across the Atlantic put new ideas in his head. He wanted to learn to fly, and with a loan from his father, he became a licensed pilot in 1930.

What does a man do with a license and no airplane? Build one! He entered into a partnership with three men in Taylor, Johnnie Simecek, Frank Kincel and Louis Kubala. A magazine called *Mechanics Illustrated* always had a plan for something. In 1931, a plan for a home-built two-wing airplane had caught their eyes, and a way was devised to substitute a 1928 Ford Model A car engine which they owned for the recommended one. Their plan was to remove the flywheel from the engine and in its place bolt an airplane propeller.

During the winter months they worked day and night in Taylor, welding metal tubes together to make a fuselage (body). When the weather was too cold and wet, they worked at home, making, shaping, gluing ribs to spars and assembling wing parts. By late spring the warehouse had an intoxicating smell from the lacquer painted on the airplane fabric. I loved the bright yellow wings and royal blue fuselage colors. The wing span (length) was a mere fifteen feet. A special propeller had to be bought because mounting the car engine backwards made the propeller rotate backwards.

At last one fall day all the friends and relatives gathered for the test flight. A.W.'s father was not present. (I believe the father could not stand the stress of seeing his son fly into the blue yonder.) The gas tank was filled, and the engine was started. A.W. climbed into the single seat cockpit, put on the helmet (a special cap with ear covers)

and goggles, and taxied to the end of the field. Then full throttle created a dust storm and the plane raced down the field. When the dust cleared he was still on the ground. He had to shut down. It did not fly.

As a last resort another propeller with less pitch was ordered to allow more engine speed. Everybody had given up but not A. W. He decided to try again on a day when a high south wind was blowing, the type that precedes a norther. The plane took off. It cleared the fence but that was all it would do; it would not climb. A plane is controlled by what is called a stick. Push it forward, the plane goes down, pull it back, it goes up. Move it to the left and it turns left, etc. He had that stick pulled against his stomach with the engine whining like a mad tiger, and it still would not climb.

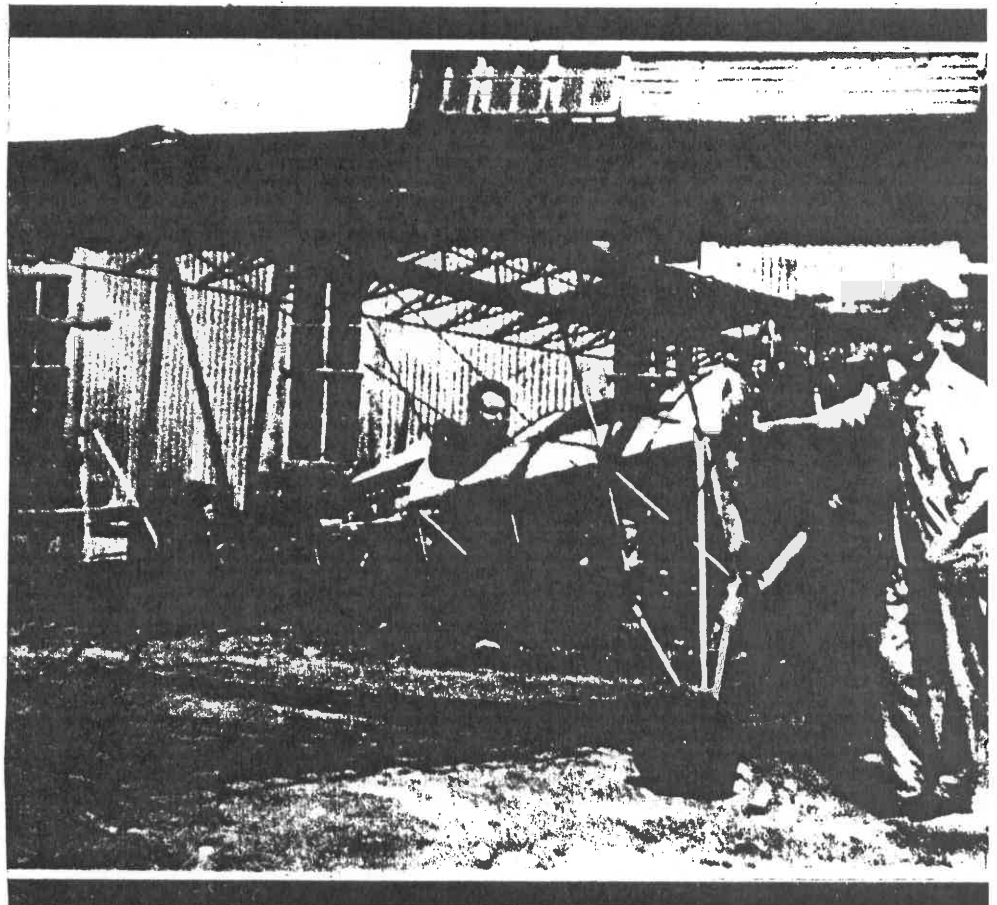
The elevated railroad tracks appeared ahead at Hutto and he knew he could not fly over them. That left one choice; land in Johnson's corn field with full engine power. He harvested two acres of Johnson's corn in the landing. He felt so good to be alive, that he did not send a bill to Johnson for harvesting his corn.

But luck was running out. He taxied home through cotton fields, across the Taylor highway (now Mager Lane), up to his property, when it happened. One wheel dropped into a hole and the plane nosed over, engine down, tail up. He was suspended in the air by the seat belt. Gas was dripping on the engine and he wanted out, but the buckle would not release. With both hands he gave a hard tug on the latch. It released and he landed on his head. Oh! what pain! That took the last bit of fun out of flying that plane. He gave his share to the other partners.

He did accomplish some of his goal. Not the part to fly the Atlantic, but just to fly. I saw the airplane from school with its tail up. I felt he had crashed and was injured,

but the teacher would not let me leave. Anton Franzen also saw the plane while at school.

After the headache went away, A.W. bought a factory made plane and later built a single wing plane, but never flew it. That airplane hung from the hay loft ceiling of our barn for forty-three years. When the barn was torn down what remained of the plane was moved to his manufacturing plant in Corpus Christi. Later he owned a five passenger airplane and had many exciting experiences to tell, but that's another story.



HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, November 12, 1998

Greyhound Racing In Hutto?

by Harvey Olander
Yes, That's correct. The races were held on mile north of Hutto in the Andrew Franzen pasture (now part of Emory Leschber farm). The Franzens had a clean ten-acre pasture covered with Bermuda grass, an ideal place for the races. The southwest two acres of this pasture were barbed-wire fenced with an additional covering of a heavy bagging fabric normally used to wrap around cotton bales. This kept the rabbits and dogs confined within the two acres.

During the late summer when farm work was slow, these races were held on the week-ends. Each week forty-two jack rabbits came by railroad in a cage from Kansas for the races. Anton Franzen, a high school student at the time, said Kansas was overrun with rabbits; they were devouring everything. Kansas was happy to get rid of a few, so the prices were dirt cheap.

Harvey Johnson loaned his horse to the official judge to run with the dogs to see which dog caught the jackrabbit. Those jackrabbits were fast and they darted wildly in every direction around the two acres. Many times after a race was over I could see two big ears moving

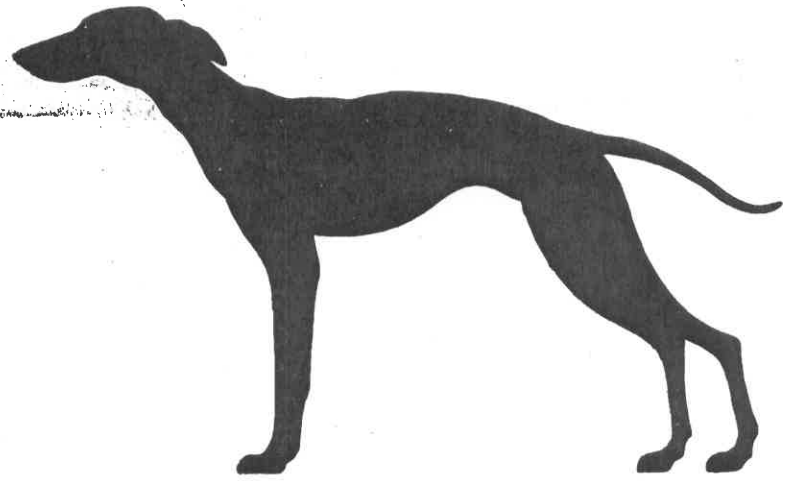
swiftly down our cotton fields between the rows. I lived down the field and was attracted by the excitement.

I believe about twenty people usually watched, both farmers and town people. I don't remember if it was pay for view, or pass the hat and pray, but gambling was legal so somehow money was involved.

Pogie Glendenning, Emory Stromberg and Tom Brown had a hobby of raising and breeding greyhounds. I vaguely remember they had a car with built-in cages to carry the dogs from place to place. Pogie, Emory and Tom took their hobby out of town to other races, some trips even to Florida. Pogie, I understand, moved to Florida and worked for years at a dog race track.

This all happened in the early nineteen thirties when I was a wide-eyed country boy amazed by these goings-on around me.

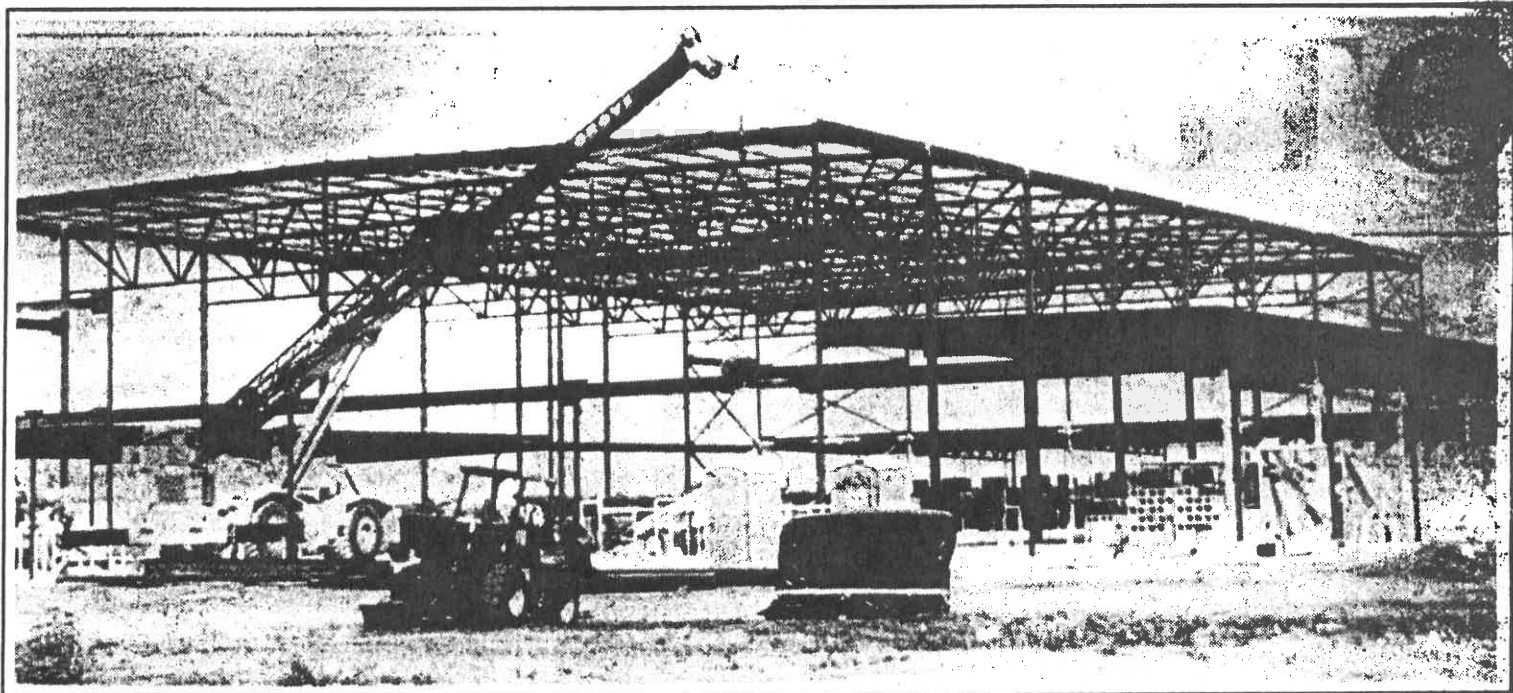
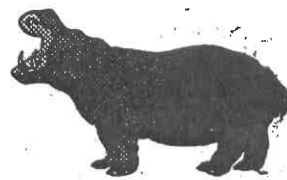
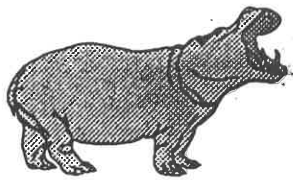
(Pogie attended Gower school, graduated in Hutto and worked for Mac Kyle as a mechanic keeping Kyle's fleet of twelve Model T trucks running, and later Pogie had his own garage in Hutto. While in Hutto he lived on Austin Avenue near Washington St.)



10/8/98

Hutto Olde Tyme Days Festival Guide

Location of New Hutto High School!



A. G. Gustafson's Farm Then...

by Harvey Olander

The 100 acre farm that A.G. Gustafson owned at his death is now the site of construction of the new high school, the football stadium and other required buildings. His house was located very near or on the proposed football field grounds.

I thought it would be appropriate to include excerpts from the recently translated obituary. **ANDERS GUSTAF GUSTAFSON OBITUARY**, translation of Swedish to English by Joyce Olander

Another one of the oldest Swedish trailblazers in Texas has departed this life. The pioneer ranks grow thinner, because many of their lives have been harvested. Anders Gustaf Gustafson has lived for nearly thirty years in the Hutto Swedish Community, has followed its development from a small beginning, and has taken part in and has had an interest in its well-being and various activities.

He was born in Torset Village, Savsjo Parish, Jonkoping County, Sweden on January 8, 1854. In 1887 he emigrated with his wife to this land with Round Rock as his goal. Without relatives or friends here, he embarked on the settler's life of privation and labor, but his initiative and trust in God that better times could be had by holding on, which animated him when he left kin and fatherland for an unknown fate in Texas, helped him as well after his arrival here. The reason for his decision to travel to Texas was that by chance he saw an address in Sweden of a certain young man in Texas. P. A. Olander, who later became his friend and life-long confidante, and who resided in Hutto as well.

As a tenant farmer for some years, he soon acquired a home place and with each passing year, more property, so that at his death he was wealthy. He lived in a beautiful country

home just outside the town of Hutto.

As a Christian he was serious and sincere. He loved his church, had a tender regard for it, and called it his home. He was one of the first and oldest members of the Swedish Meth-

odist Community in Hutto where he was their ombudsman and held several important posts during the years.

He passed away after a second difficult and painful operation He was at his death 63 years, one month and 19 days old.

He was married to Elizabeth Katarina Miltope in Sweden in the year 1880. Two sons



R to L - Elof Gustafson, Agnes Nygrin from Sweden, Elizabeth Gustafson, Anders Gustaf Gustafson

were born of this marriage, of which one, Bror Edward, died. The other, Elof, survives, together with the wife.

The funeral was held on Wednesday afternoon from the home and from the Swedish Methodist church. It was conducted under the direction of the congregation's pastor, J. J. Hamilton, assisted by Dr. O. E. Olander and Pastor T. J. Westerberg. The church choir sang a pair of songs. A rich arrangement of

flowers adorned the bier, and the church was suitably draped. A great crowd of friends from the community and the vicinity were in the church and marked in procession to the cemetery. His remains were laid to rest in the American cemetery at Brushy Creek.

Peace to the memory of our home going friend.....
I was surprised to read two things in the published obituary of A. G. Gustafson, first, I had always believed that A.G. came to America first and my grandfather P. A. Olander came later, even though the 1917 SWEDES IN TEXAS book, under the heading of HUTTO, had listed by grandfather's name as being of the first six Swedes to settle in Hutto. This obituary notice changed my mind.
The second surprising thing was the thought of marching to the cemetery. That seemed unreasonable, but I asked Johanna Wimberley, and she said the custom was practice in Sweden. I saw such a march while I was working at the airport in Leon, Nicaragua, Central America in 1956. I did not then know that the practice was used by the Swedes in Hutto. The singing attracted my attention and I watched as the funeral procession crossed the airport runway. Eight men were carrying the casket on their shoulders and following two abreast were a column of about fifty mourners. The sound of singing and the mourners soon vanished beyond a hill.
The Hutto cemetery is a long distance from the church. Surely they carried the casket on a wagon or used Mr. L. E. Bostick's horse-drawn windowed hearse to carry the coffin. (The Bosticks provided funeral arrangements and transportation in Hutto in the early nineteen hundreds.)

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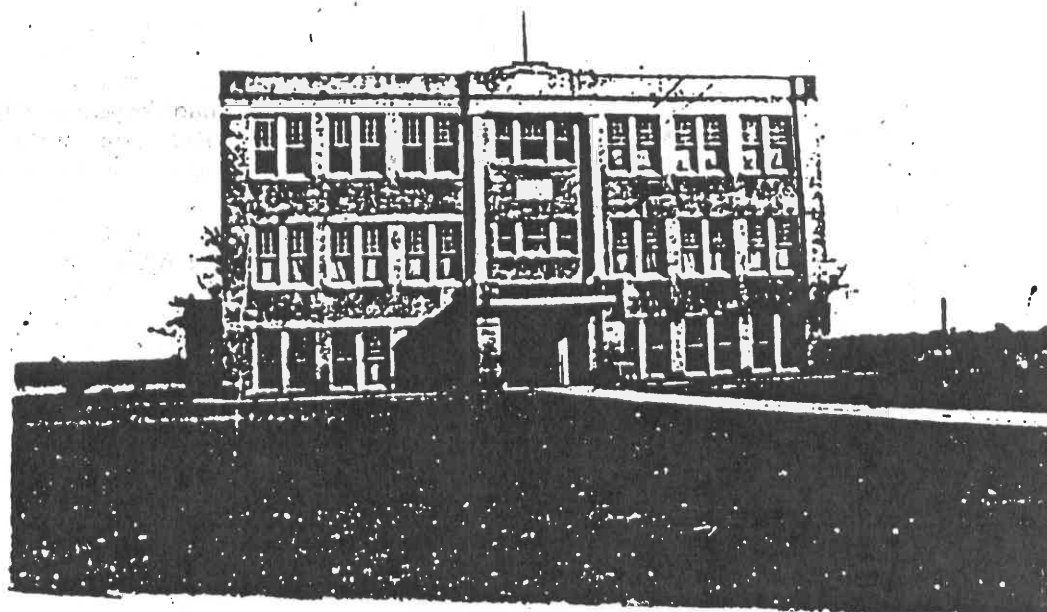
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Harvey Olander
1345 Annapolis
Corpus Christi TX

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, September 24, 1998



HUTTO SCHOOL 1917-37

Schools At Hutto; From The Beginning

by Harvey Olander

In the beginning pioneers cultivated land and lived by the rivers for a source of water. Learning was at home.

The Civil War came, cotton was in demand, the increased price of cotton caused families to move further away from the rivers to cultivate more land.

The railroad was the key that converted this land into a prosperous farming community. Trains not only provided transportation to market but transportation for a mass of immigrants. This prairie land was waiting for energetic men to plow, plant and harvest. The farm families during the 1880's grew abundant crops, prospered and were blessed with large families.

The education of the community's children became an important issue. Bad roads and transportation by horse, wagon or walking made small community schools necessary. Leaders

realized that a walk to school should be limited, probably no more than three miles. Many community schools sprang up.

The Hutto community by early 1900's had many schools. To the north were Monodale, located near intersection of CR132 and CR100, Gower, at CR100 and CR118. To the east were Wilson Springs, near intersection of CR368 and CR369, and Yeakey located at Hwy. 79 and CR101. To the south was the Norman's Crossing school. To the west were Bell school located near intersection CR110 and CR105 and Stony Point school, which over the years had three locations: first was 1/4 mile from CR108 on CR109, second was 5/8 mile from CR108 and 1/4 mile south just off CR109, and third at the intersection of CR110 and CR122. These schools are gone and now remain only in the mind of those students who attended them.

When I was a student, the city

of Hutto had two schools: one was an all Negro school on Evans St. next to Ebenezer Baptist Church and one an Anglo school on College St. As roads and automobiles improved children could travel further to better schools. During my school years my class became larger by an influx of students from Monodale and Stony Point. Other classes were enlarged by students from Leakey and Norman's Crossing.

The first Mexican-American to go to school was in my class. He attended for several years before leaving. Our class of twenty-one was the largest graduating class up to that time.

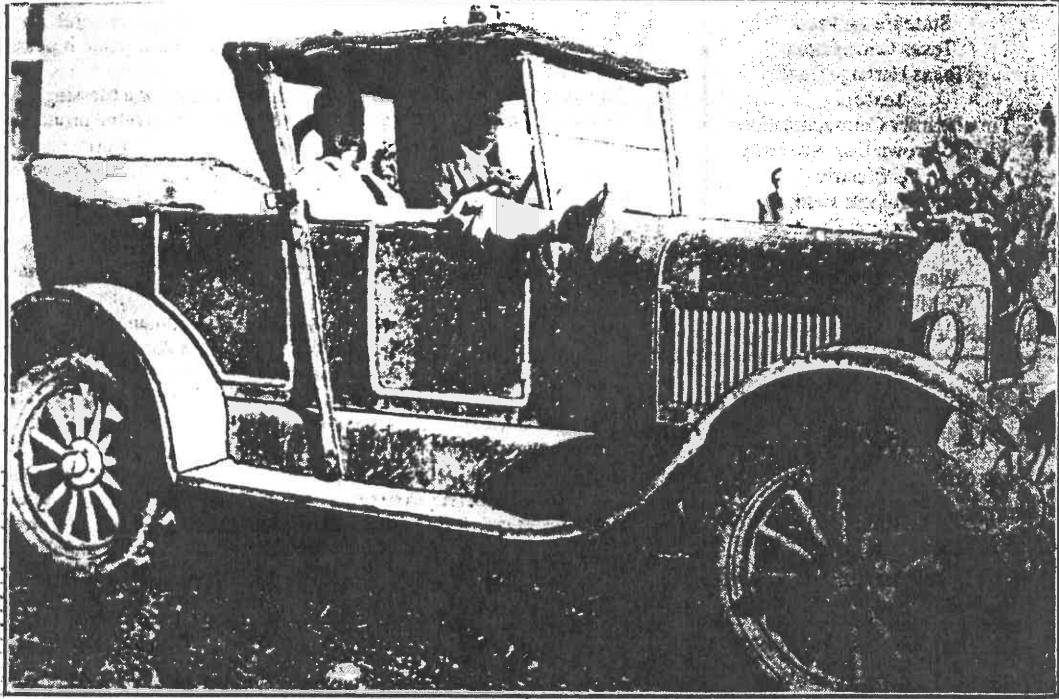
In the name of progress I helped tear down the old three story school building, in fact my job was to clean the bricks to be reused in the new 1937 building. I had the privilege of graduating in the new building in 1939.

The trend of improving education and building schools to accommodate more students is neverending. The new Hutto High school being built will attest to that.

HUTTO HERALD

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Thursday, September 17, 1998



John Henry Hennech and Harvey Olander in the 1927 Model T

by Harvey Olander

They tell me I was a poor farm kid, born in the Depression era, but not know the better things in life, I did not realize it.

We had milk, eggs, chickens and a vegetable garden. I never left the table hungry, because I ate enough chicken and chicken eggs to have grown wings. I did try flying once, but found gravity was smarter than I!

The Hutto city folks and farmers were in the same boat. No money. We made do with what we had and enjoyed life the best we could. Mom and Dad were hard workers, and being conservative had its advantages. How many fathers could say to a son on his fourteenth birthday, "Would you like a car for your birthday?" Would any son say "no" to a question like that? I guess I should not have been surprised as they were always helping or doing things for me.

Dad had helped me restore a gig (a two-wheeled buggy). That meant borrowing two iron wheels off the cotton planter to make it roll, but who cares about perfection? The next year, my parents and my aunt joined together and gave me a spring wagon for my birthday. (I think my dad needed those wheels back on his planter so he could plant cotton.)

A spring wagon is a buggy with a pickup bed on the back. The old mule which Dad had put into retirement now had a new master, at least I thought! The mule did not know that though and was responsible for putting me out of business.

One Saturday, I was in Hutto with my spring wagon having a great time with three cousins and two girls riding up and down the streets, when the crash occurred right in front of the school house. I dropped one of the reins (the ropes that make the mule turn left or right). No - what you are thinking is absolutely wrong. I did not drink or smoke - it was an accident! In my rush to recover the rein, the mule made a sharp turn to the right and headed for a light pole. The girls' scream and the boys' yells

panicked the mule and it really wrapped that spring wagon around that light pole, breaking the staves (twin tongues) and running away. (One of the mothers happened to be driving by at the time and her excitement did not help at all.) Anyway, the fun was over, we could not find a replacement for the broken staves. I could tell the mule was happy being in retirement again.

I am not real sure why Dad offered me that car. He had taught me to drive his old 1928 Chevrolet when I was 12 years old. It was a necessity. Dad had taught the mules to start and stop by voice command, so when he picked up bundles of cane left by the rowbinder (a machine that cuts one row of cane, gathers it in a bundle, ties it together, and drops it on the ground), he could start and stop the wagon by voice. It was "Get-up" or "Whoa." When he sold the mules and bought the tractor — I became the "Get-up" and "What," driving that 1928 car, pulling the wagon.

I was a tinkerer, taking things apart and putting them back together. His car was a point of curiosity. Some times things did not get back together as well as they came part. It could have been a way to keep me from messing with his car. Anyway, he made the offer and I accepted.

A farm worker located about 1/4 mile north of the Monodale school owned a 1925 Model T. The car was in front of the house when we arrived late in the afternoon — I saw the chickens beginning to find their roosting places in the open touring car for the night. The agreed price was \$15.00. Now, that doesn't sound like very much money, but as a comparison, a nickel candy bar then, would equal a fifty-cent candy bar now. It would take \$150 now to be an equal value.

We repaired the flat tires and pulled it home, using a rope tied to my dad's Chevy. It was a learning experience! With the help and advice of Chino, a farm worker who lived on our place, I removed the engine, put in rings, ground the valves, put in new connecting rods,

new clutch and brake bands, roller points, plugs ... and oh, yes, I cleaned up the inside with soap and water. That car was my pride and joy!

I drove the 1925 to school when I was in the 8th grade. There were only two other school children with cars. One was Robert Tillner, the other was Anton Franzen. In time, all my school friends autographed their names with white paint all over the body of the car. Dad would not ride with me: he felt it was too undignified to be seen in it. I drove it for a least a year, when I heard of another farm worker wanting to sell his 1927 Model T. It had a door on the driver's side so I could get out. I sold the "T" to Wallace Johnson in Taylor; I don't remember the price, but I would guess \$25.00. I bought the 1927 T for \$35.00. It ran OK, but the tires were worn out — that is another story.

How about some interesting happenings when I had the 1927 T. The fabric top was bad, so a new top was made to cover only the front seat. This presented several interesting and exciting opportunities because girls only rode once in the back seat.

In cool weather I chose the ball park road and warmer weather the river road. The ball park road had a bridge missing — it was smoothed out, but if it was crossed at a certain speed, the car would act like a pitching horse and the back seat could get thrown up in the air and out of the car. The back seat riders were generally shook up, but I never lost a-one!

The other pleasure ride was to the creek. The weather was generally very pleasant and at a leisurely pace in the open air car until we reached the low water crossing. Going down the hill at 30 miles an hour was breathtaking enough, but being flooded out when the car hit that water was the real shocker!

...story continued on Pg 3

Growing Up In Hutto, continued...

The water came over the top of the car and most of it dumped in the back seat. This surge drowned out the car engine and steam poured out from under the hood for about ten minutes. The back seat riders looked like drowned rats and were very indignant. I found out in later life, then were very nice to have around.

Another incident happened one night at the Hutto School We bought a special firecracker, one type of many offered during the holidays, sold at E. I. Woods drug store and tied it to the spark plug of Dorothy Ann Gustafson's car. We then waited to see her abandon ship...we forgot that Mr. Carl Baslin had an identical car. When we saw them getting into that car, it was not funny anymore! We were thinking — heart failure. When he touched the starter a loud whistling sounded off and shortly smoke began to boil out from under the hood. He hurried got his wife out of the car and just as he raised the hood and looked in, the firecracker went off. It took four years and a war before I had the nerve to tell him it was a mistake.

NOTICE OF CORRECTION

The story on John Applin that was printed in last week's paper was submitted by Harvey Olander NOT Peter Spencer. We apologize for this mis-print and look forward to more articles by Mr. Olander.

HUTTO H

Thursday, July 23, 1998

John M. Applin

Reviews The Past

submitted by Peter Spencer
In the early 1900s the Gowers owned this land. They sold land to Robert Towns who built a gin located in the northwest corner of the intersection of what is now known as CR 100 and CR 118. The Gowers had also constructed a building beside CR 118 at the end of CR 100. This building became a grocery store and the post office.

As roads and cars became better, business slowed and the store finally closed. The building was sold to a Mr. Harris who moved it across the road into the pasture south of CR 100. That building became Gower school.

When the school closed, the building was torn down. The red building now standing was built from lumber removed from the old school. It is about one-fourth the size of the original school and is located a little south and east of where the school stood. ~~There were five big old hick~~ berry trees in front of the school and the only one that is left there is almost dead. The two doors on the building came from the school. The original building was much longer than it was wide and the ends were on the east and west. The front had two doors and were on the east side of the building. There was a small porch with a lean-to roof. Near the doors was a small closet for coats. There were four windows on the north and south sides and two on the end facing west.

Most of the students sat on long wooden benches - There were a few desks and the little ones used those. Water was carried from a well dipper. Every one used it. There was a large coal stove. Some farmers brought wood for kindling to help start the fire. A can of kerosene was also kept to help to light the fire. The teacher took

care of the stove.

School started at 8 a.m. At 9 a.m., there was a 15 minute recess. Lunch hour was from 12 noon to 1 p.m., another 15 minute recess at 3, and school was out at 4.

The teacher rang a hand bell to call us in. We formed a line outside school and marched in, no music. In bad weather we stayed in. Rest rooms were outside, and to go, a student held up two fingers. Spit balls were common and were blown from a blow tube.

Ed Rodham, a student, used to trap animals. He caught a skunk very near school. On that cold day with the fire going, the smell was so strong we like to never have made it thru that day!

We had programs twice a year, one at Christmas when we gave a little speech. At the end of school there was a box supper. It was generally held at night by ~~kerosene lantern light. It was~~ supposed to be a money making affair. I think it was to help pay the teacher's salary.

There was also a hotel at Gower, while the gin was operating. It was a story and a half house built on the northwest side of the intersection, (where now stands a new farm home). This was a hotel for gin hands and for traveling sales persons. John Hyslop, my mother's brother, bought the gin and moved it piece by piece to Hutto.

At that time John Hyslop owned four gins in Hutto, all except the Hanstrom and Tinning Gin. He owned the Double Gins (on Front Street probably about two hundred yards in an easterly direction of city hall), the Round Bale Gin (on the Round Rock highway probably on the site of Hutto Grain Co-op. and a gin that was later bought by Paul Nelson and Walter Swenson and is now

owned by Hutto Gin Coop.

John Hyslop bought the double gins from a Mr. Stern who retired and lived on East Street for many years. Mr. Stern was a good machinist. Tom Hyslop's empire went when the bottom fell out of cotton prices.

The Hyslops, Tom, John and Agnes, my mother, went to Stony Point School (second building) completing the seventh grade, and then went to Hutto School. At times the roads were so bad the horse could not pull the buggy so they rode horseback. I started school in Gower in 1917. I was seven years old. The teacher was sick all winter long so no one made a grade. I made first grade in 1918.

That was the year Gower school was closed. That is why I started second grade at Hutto in 1919.

My first grade in Gower had three students. There were nine grades and one teacher. The teacher would give the older students a lesson to teach the younger ones. There were between twenty-eight and thirty-five students. The teacher usually lived near the school in a student's home. I know of three teachers. Miss Velma Kroger (she was not my teacher; she taught my older sister, Jane), who stayed with the John Hyslops. She is now the wife of Jack Gilliam who was tax collector for Williamson County for many years. The next teacher was Fred Millholland from Georgetown. he was my first grade teacher and taught one year. The next, Emma Morris, taught one year. Trustees were my dad, Virgil Applin, and Mr. Ryberg.

The year I started school in Hutto the road as it is now did not exist. The Hutto road to Gower went west on now US 79 then north on now CR 119 and continued north (not turning where CR 119 now turns) and came out right at Gower. At Gower one road went north and one went west.

The winter rains were terrible in 1919, a horse could not pull a buggy because ruts were too deep. We could not go to school. To keep us in school Mom and Dad went to Hutto and rented a place. Dad would use the wagon and take mother and all us kids to Hutto on Sunday afternoon and we would stay there all week. Friday afternoon Dad would come back and take us back to the farm for the weekend. Dad used to old road until 1921. A bad flood occurred in 1921 and washed out that road. It was never repaired. The county made a road east of Gower, as it is now, and we used it thereafter. My sister Jane graduated from Hutto in 1926 and I graduated in 1928.

John Applin, farmer, was a kind considerate person who was very active in community affairs. He served on the school board, was a director on each of the Hutto Co-Ops (Grain and Gin). He was a volunteer that cut the Hutto Cemetery grass for years with a push lawn mower. John was an avid baseball fan, enjoyed the game and kept up with all players, teams and scores. He was on the committee that established the baseball park east of Hutto School. John died in 1994. His efforts made the community a better place to live.

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, February 26, 1998

Information About A Man Named Grant Ross

(Provided by Harvey Olander and Mike Hennech)

From Harvey Olander - This is in reply to a request by Hutto Herald for information about this man. I became aware of the name Grant Ross when I was a student at Hutto School. At that time he owned one whole city block of Hutto property. It was bounded by Taylor St., College St., Ross St. and on east side by one I think may be Evans St.

I was told by Amelia Hennech that Mr. Ross had joined a traveling circus and returned occasionally to check on the property. Ross had asked Mrs. Hennech to watch the property in his absence. After being away for a number of years Mrs. Hennech asked if she could rent and he consented. Johnny and Amelia Hennech lived in this house for many years with their two children John Henry and Leo. They being first cousins to me brought us together almost

constantly. The lot was divided into two parts. The north half was a peach and plum orchard with approximately twenty full grown trees. The south west half had a large single story house with a single car garage facing College St., the south east half had an abandon two story house with all windows and doors boarded up. The block was fenced with a bob wire fence except around the single story house.

A row of full grown cedar trees bordered Ross Street as did the south line on Taylor Street. These trees must have been twenty or more years old.

I also have Grant Ross's autograph book with dates of 1882 and up to 1895. Three people in Hutto signed in his book in 1885-87. It also appears he was a college student in 1882 and a professor in 1892. Since the University opened in 1881 it is possible he attended there.

From Mike Hennech - Grant

Ross was indeed a very unique man. Amelia gave me all of his old books that she rescued from the house. One of the books was a civil war history of his unit with a handwritten note in the front.

Years ago, when I was doing historical research; I copied down everything I could from his old books and Bible, organized it and sent it to the Mormon Research Center in Salt Lake City for posterity. I never found anything about his family, but I did not look very hard. It would be interesting to look through the Williamson County archives of deed transactions and death certificates to see what it says about him.

Amelia told me many stories about him, of which I have mostly forgotten because I was not as smart as Harvey to record them. In my youth, I just assumed everyone would live for ever!!!!

Gustafson Reunion #45



*Clara Hanstrom Family - Back row left to right: Darren Anderson, John Hanstrom, Jeffrey Hanstrom, Bill Hanstrom, John Anderson, Amber Steele, Megan Anderson, Andy Anderson.
Front row: Cody Anderson, Jana Hanstrom, baby Ariana Hanstrom, Joanne Hanstrom, John Hanstrom, Clarice Hanstrom, Charles Hanstrom, Anna Anderson Daigle.*



*Charlotte Eklund Family - Back row left to right: Lloyd Briggs, Ron Hanson, Laura Hanson.
Front row: Faye Sefcik, Lorraine Dowdy, Virginia Briggs, Jackie Hanson, Harry Hanson, Mary Pearl Sutton.*

Gustafson Reunion

by Harvey Olander

The reunion was held at Stonehaven Center in Georgetown in October 5, 1997. The group has met every year since 1953 except one. In attendance were descendants of Charlotte Eklund, Clara Hanstrom, Carl Gustafson, A.G. Gustafson and Fred Gustafson.

Enthusiasm, congeniality and loving concerns made the meeting very enjoyable. A covered dish meal was served. The after dinner meeting brought all the families up to date. I gave a talk entitled "The One Hundred Fifty Year Story of Gustaf's house in Sweden."

In attendance from families: Charlotte Eklund - 10; Clara Hanstrom - 16; Carl Gustafson - 20; A.G. Gustafson - 4; Fred Gustafson - 2



Hutto Lutheran breaks ground on new Fellowship Hall & Classrooms. Hutto Lutheran is adding classrooms, offices and fellowship area with a new kitchen.

Winds of Winter

by Rachel Wiley

It happened all so quickly, the days became shorter! Leaves, acorns and pecans are falling. The gardens and fields are quiet. They are ready for the winter rains and maybe snow. The

date. October, spooks and goblins are hidden away. November brings our blessings. But, makes me sad about the turkey. I was raised on the farm and some of them were my pets. Therefore, we'll leave the rest

Amelia's Memories of a Country School

Transcribed by
Harvey Olander

I was eight years old when I started school. I started at Stony Point. Man, I cried and Minnie Westberg cried, because we could not talk one English word. We talked Swedish you know. We couldn't understand, we couldn't talk, but we got used to it and it worked out all right.

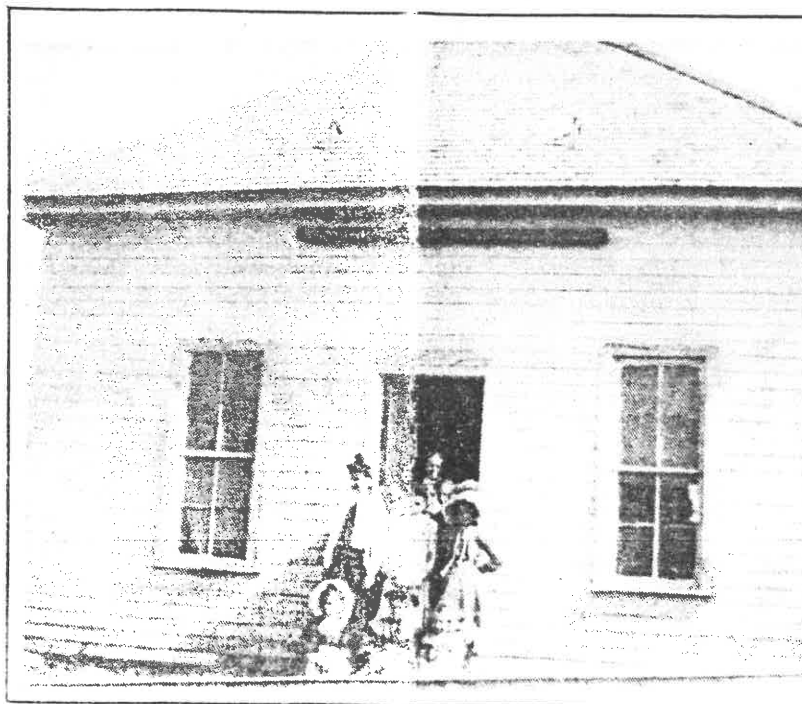
We walked to school. When we first started we lived on the hill and walked down by the Johnson place. We walked right across the pasture and Knute then lived down there, but he had not started school yet. He started when Oscar started. Sigrid Johnson and Minnie Westberg and myself started school first.

Frank Johnson and Papa were trustees. It was a one room school house with a big belly stove, all the classes were in the same room.

My first teacher was Mary Davenport. The next one was Miss Maud Payne, and then Miss Etta Irving, Miss Mattie Ledbetter, and a man named Swenson Davis.

That was the laziest man God ever created. He was so lazy, instead of tying the horse to the post, he would put the reins in the window and pull the window down and then he sat with his legs crossed on the table and we didn't learn anything, not a thing. We had one of those little old things for arithmetic. You would count the marbles, go on and put them back and go on one, two, three. Oh, it was awful to waste all your time, and not learn anything! I couldn't tell you how many grades we had. I was supposed to go to the sixth grade.

The boys made the fire and carried the water and we girls had to sweep after school. First the school was down below, then they moved it up the hill. The boys went to the windmill below and carried the water up hill. There were the other boys, who were very mean, they would hide ropes in the grass where the water boys could not see it so that when they got just about to the top they would fall down and lose all the water and have to go back again!



Stony Point School. It is believed that this was the way the school looked before the storm in 1906 and it was rebuilt

They would play "Town Ball" out in the pasture below the schoolhouse. We also played "Annie Over" until we were green in the face. We did not have bicycles.

When it rained we would be so happy. When a rain would come or a big cloud, either Frank Johnson or P. A. would take his wagon and put a wagon sheet on the bows (arched wood

strips to provide shelter and support the sheet). That was the happiest time of our lives, that we got a ride home. He would take Robert Petterson, the Johnson children, Knute, Helmer, Alga, Sigrid, and then Oscar, Arthur, myself and Nome. I don't know if Ebba was going to school then, but I believe she was.

When President Teddy

Roosevelt came through, the teacher let us out and we ran all the way from school to the railroad to see him. It was about two miles. We didn't want to miss the train. He was standing on the back platform waving, but he wouldn't stop for anything! (POINT OF INTEREST: In 1905 when Roosevelt came through Texas, only 45 states had joined the United States.)

.....
Amelia Hennech, born February 18, 1891, was the oldest child of P. A. Olander. There were seven children: Amelia, Arthur, Oscar, Nome, Ebba, Rebecca, Maurine. Amelia was very active in both youth and adult, church and school organizations.

Before marriage, she worked for the John Bush Dry Goods Store in Hutto as a milliner, where she designed and made ladies' hats. She married Johnnie Hennech, who became a Sheriff of Hutto and later of Williamson County. They had two children, John Henry and Leo. She was a devoted mother and a wonder-

ful cook.

When her children left home, she started working for Roy Anderson Grocery at Hutto and worked there for over twenty years.

Everyone loved her, including school children. She had such an outgoing personality and a wonderful sense of humor.

When her father died, she moved in and took care of her mother while she still worked.

Using her expression, I would say she was "one of the most healthy women God ever created!" She never went to a doctor in her life until she was 88 and went to the rest home.

Amelia had lived alone in her last years, and one night my renter, who lived in the house next door, heard her calling for help. She had fallen and could not get up. Accepting the situation, she went to the rest home, but still had that loving personality and was as alert as a tack is sharp. Her death came in 1981 at the age of 90.

She was my most favorite loving aunt.

CELEBRATIONS



THE CARL GUSTAFSON family took time from their reunion last week to pose for some pictures. The family gathers annually.

Gustafson family reunites at Stonehaven

The Gustafson reunion was held at Stonehaven Center in Georgetown on Sunday, October 5, 1997.

The group has met every year since 1953 with the exception of one. In attendance were descendants of Charlotte Eklund, Clara Hanstrom, Carl Gustafson, A. G. Gustafson and

Fred Gustafson.

Enthusiasm, congeniality and loving concerns made the meeting very enjoyable. A covered dish meal was served. The after-dinner meeting brought all the families up to date.

A talk, "The 150-year story of Gustaf's house in Sweden," was given

by Harvey Olander.

In attendance were 10 relatives from the Charlotte Eklund family; 16 from the Clara Hanstrom family; 20 from the Carl Gustafson family; four from the A. G. Gustafson family and 22 from the Fred Gustafson family.

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, October 2, 1997

Hutto Community's Schools of Yesteryear

by Harvey Olander

Before the Civil War, pioneers lived near the rivers and creek for protection and to be near a source of water. Cotton came into demand during the Civil War in making gunpowder; farmers began to cultivate land near the rivers to supply this demand.

The final key to converting the prairie to a prosperous farming community was the railroad, which provided transportation to market and transportation for a mass of immigrants into the area. The prairie land was waiting for energetic men to plow, plant and harvest.

By the 1880s many, many farm families grew abundant crops and were blessed with large families. Education then became an important issue.

Transportation by horse, wagon, buggy, or walking made community schools necessary. Neighbors organizing schools realized that a walk for school children should be no more than three miles. Country schools sprang up about four to six miles

apart. The Hutto farm community had many country schools by the early 1900s. To the north were Monodale located at C.R. 132 and C.R. 100 and Gower at C.R. 100 and C.R. 118. To the east were Wilson Springs, located near the intersection of C.R. 368 and C.R. 369 and Yeakey located at Hwy 79 and C.R. 101. To the south was the Norman's Crossing School. To the west were Bell School, located near the intersection of C.R. 110 and C.R. 105, and Stony Point, which over the years had three locations: first was 1/4 mile from C.R. 108 on C.R. 109, second was 5/8 mile from C.R. 108 and 1/4 mile south, just off C.R. 109, and third at the intersection of C.R. 110 and C.R. 122.

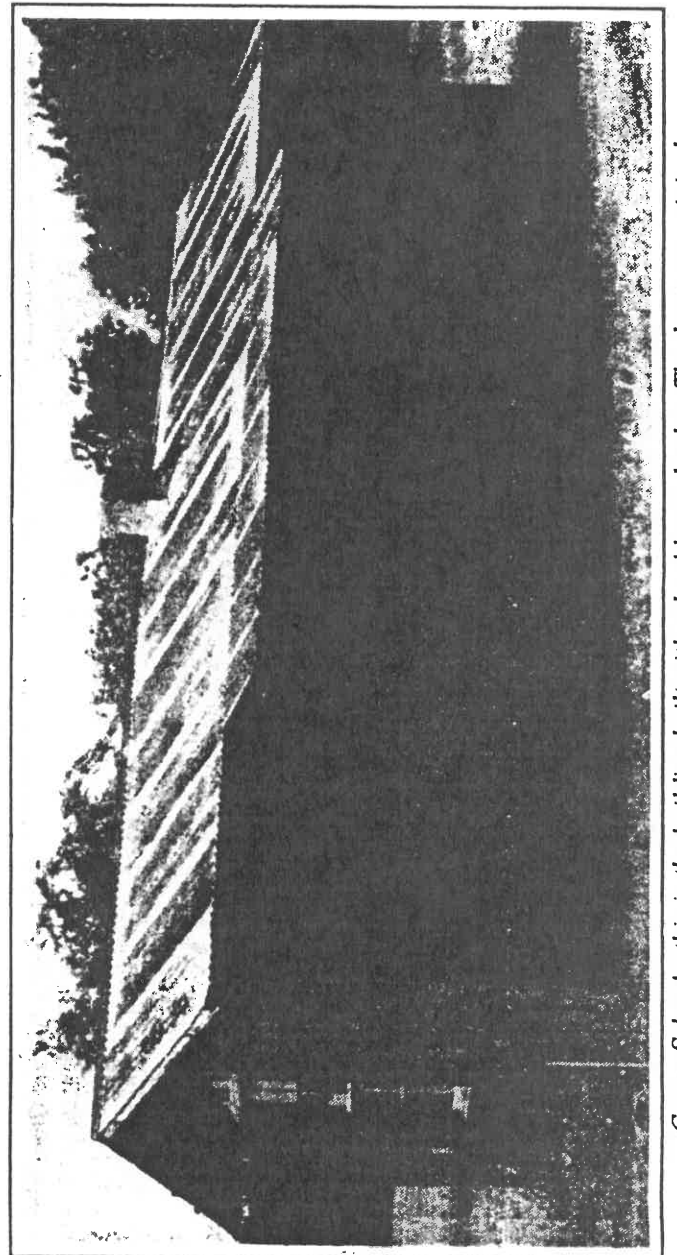
When I was a student, the city of Hutto had two schools; one an all Negro school on Evans Street next to the Ebenezer Baptist Church and one an Anglo school on College Street.

As roads and automobiles improved, country schools closed or moved. During my high

school years my class became larger by an influx of students from Monodale and Stony Point. Yeakey and Norman's Crossing students entered other classes. The first Mexican-American to go to Hutto School was in our class. He attended for several years before leaving. Our class of twenty-one was the largest graduating class up to that time. Before that I helped tear down the old three story school building.

In fact I was paid to clean the bricks to be reused in the new 1937 building. I had a suspicion it was torn down to get me out, but they let me into the new building to graduate in 1939.

Soon, the Hutto Herald will publish the words spoken by the late Amelia Hennech describing her school days at Stony Point School, and also the late John Applin's description of school days in Gower during the year of 1918.



Gower School - this is the building built with school house lumber. The doors are original.



L-R: Arthur Hennech, Oscar Hennech, Nome Hennech, Amelia Hennech. This photo was taken approximately December 1897 on the Harvey Olander property.

HUTTO HERALD

Harvey Olander
1345 Annapolis
Corpus Christi

Thursday, July 24, 1997

50th Wedding Anniversary

Harvey & Joyce Olander celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary with a party at the Sandy Shores Hotel in Corpus Christi, Texas, on July 12. Their children and grandchildren all traveled to Corpus Christi in honor of the anniversary: Keith and Erin Olander from Alpharetta, Georgia; Ralph Olander and his sons Jeffrey and Austin from Raleigh, North Carolina; and Janet and Bill Barnard and their children, Brian and Beth, from Waldwick, New Jersey, and son Tim Barnard of Austin, Texas. Guests included two friends of the Barnard children, Jessica Ludwig and Chris Rebholz, and Joyce's sister and brother-in-law Beryl and Louis Koenig of Cuero, Texas, and all 31 Koenig descendants who live around the state of Texas.

To celebrate the anniversary, the family and guests checked in for the night's stay at the beach side hotel on Saturday and spent the afternoon visiting each other by the pool and sight-seeing at the aircraft carrier Lexington and at the Texas State Aquarium. At 7 p.m., dinner was served to the group of 47 in the Martinique Room.

After dinner, son Ralph welcomed the guests and reviewed some of the "current events" of

June, 1947. Do you remember that breakfast cereal was only 15 cents a box? And some things never change: one congressman was calling for campaign spending reform in 1947.

Daughter Janet reviewed the courtship and wedding ceremony and son Keith entertained with descriptions of his parents' relationship as it has evolved over the 50 years. The presentation included a poem, "The Story of Joyce and Harvey" composed by son-in-law Bill. Harvey and Joyce then were presented a quilted banner "The Olander Ark" hand-made by daughter-in-law Erin. The banner was quilted with each family member's name surrounding the ark and the wedding and anniversary dates at top and bottom.

The decorations also included 6 framed photographs of the couple one from each decade of their marriage. The flowers on



Harvey & Joyce Olander

the head table were Spider Mums since 1997 florists did not know what "Shattered Chrysanthemums" were to match the bride's original bouquet. The evening concluded with "wedding" cake.

The Olanders met at a scavenger hunt party in Rockport, Texas, on December 7, 1946, the anniversary of Pearl Harbor Day. According to Harvey, it was his personal Pearl Harbor Day. As his dad Oscar used to say, "I survived one World War only to get into another "war" and I haven't won a battle yet."

In 1946, Joyce was a school teacher at Travis Elementary School in Corpus Christi, Texas and Harvey was a draftsman in Gustafson Manufacturing Co. After only 3 months, they were engaged to be married. Joyce was so surprised at the proposal and diamond ring, that she took a week to think it over before she finally accepted.

On May 24, 1947, Hutto was the scene of a large bridal shower given by sisters Kathryn Gustafson (later Brooks), Dorothy Gustafson (Mount), and Betty Jo Gustafson (Yeager), the daughters of Elof and Elsie Gustafson and cousins of Harvey. Fifty-seven Hutto residents and relatives attended the shower.

The wedding took place in Rockport, Texas, on June 8, 1947, at the Rockport Methodist Church. Joyce's hands were shaking so badly that Harvey held her hand to prevent further shattering of the bouquet! The honeymoon was a trip to Possum Kingdom Lake in far north Texas.

After the honeymoon, a formal tea was given at the Olander farm in Hutto in honor of the bride by her new mother-in-law, Segred Olander and Segred's sister, Pat Ferguson Janssen.

The Olanders have spent the last 50 years happily settled in Corpus Christi, Texas and believe that this favorite poem by Robert Browning expresses it all,

*"Grow old along with me,
The Best is yet to be,—
The last of life,
For which the first was
made."*

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, July 3, 1997



The Hutto Lutheran Church Parish Hall. Pictured Left to Right - Seated: Hildegard Hall, Honorable Ove Joanson, Ruth Olson; 1st Row - Standing: Bertha Stern, Bonnie Blomquist, Charlene Jordan, Joyce Olander, Johanna Wimberley, Luke Fowler; 2nd Row - Standing: Alice Stried, Franklin Blomquist, Carl Lidell, Harvey Olander, Emily Fowler, Donna Fowler, Mike Fowler



The Honorable Ove Joanson at the Hutto Lutheran Church, June 21, 1997

International Swedish Leader Visits Austin Area

Ove Joanson, the Cultural Counselor at the Swedish Embassy in Washington, D.C. was highlighted as the feature speaker at the Texas Swedish Pioneers Annual Meeting. The festivities started at 2:30 p.m. on Sunday, June 22, at the Palm Valley Lutheran Church. Besides the address by this accomplished Swede and others, the program included music and award presentations, as well as refreshments.

Joanson is the counselor for Cultural Affairs, Embassy of Sweden in Washington, D.C. Born in Gavle, Sweden, he was educated at Uppsala University. He served as Director General of the Swedish Broadcasting

Corporation, twelve years as Director General of Swedish National Radio and as chairman of the European Broadcasting Union Radio Commission. He is a strong supporter of education. He and his wife Loth have a 15-year-old daughter, Frida (born in the U.S.) And a one-year old daughter Magdalena (born in Sweden). As Cultural Counselor, Joanson reports to Sweden on U.S. cultural matters and encourages and promotes Swedish cultural events.

From Thursday, June 19 to Monday, June 23, Joanson met with members of the Texas Swedish community and representatives of the University of

Texas at Austin including Dr. Joan Weinstrock and Dr. Lars Gustafsson of the Germanic Languages department. He was a special guest at a Barbecue in Elgin at the SPJST hall on Thursday, June 19, honoring Swedish pioneers who settled in Texas. The guest speaker and guitar player at that event was Cliff Gustafson, former UT Baseball coach.

On Saturday, there was a landmark tour over three Texas counties (Travis, Bastrop and Williamson) to point out Swedish history in and surrounding Austin, with tea and coffee being served in historic Swedish homes along the route. Of special interest is the New Swe-

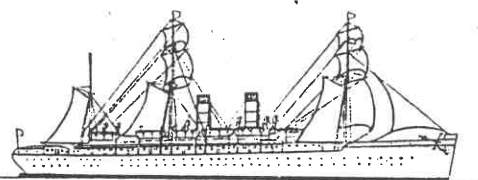
den Church in New Sweden, the Bethlehem Lutheran Church of Lund, the Hutto Lutheran Church in Hutto and Palm Valley Church in Round Rock. Joanson wrapped up the visit on Sunday with a Texas fish fry at an old Swedish church in the small Texas town of Type, near Elgin.

The I of Inc

by Rachel Wiley
One of the most interesting holidays we have is "The Dec-

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, June 12, 1997



Immigrant Who Settled In Hutto

A Story Of An

by Harvey Olander
Amelia, his daughter, told of many incidences that occurred during P.A. Olander's life, but basic details were missing, such as the living conditions during that time. What transportation was available? What route did he take to get to America? What kind of ocean-going vessels were in use? Living conditions on board ship? This is a rewrite of a story called "Boys will be Boys," which was part two of a three-part story on P.A. Part one was called "P.A. the Teenager" written in 1987. Parts two and three are now combined.

Now back to P.A. Olander. In "P.A. The Teenager" the story ends telling about his life in the basic military training required of all Swedish young men. His children disagreed on certain facts.

Did he go to America to escape the sergeant, or did he finish the training before departing?

Believe what you wish - we know for sure he left Sweden May 26, 1881; it was written in his Bible. Evidently it was well planned and not a hurried exit, because accompanying him were three of his best friends, Claus Swenson and two Stromquist brothers. It is my belief that P.A. signed a

work-for-transportation agreement with a person in Illinois.

How did they travel to Goteborg which was the nearest port? Were there railroads in those days?

Goteborg was one hundred miles from Bringetofta Parish where the family lived. History books state that the railroad tracks were completed to Goteborg several years before P.A.'s departure. I believe they traveled by train and departed from Goteborg by boat. Scandinavians were leaving for America in droves. Times were very hard and America looked so prosperous.

Example: in 1869 - 18,000 Scandinavians emigrated. In the next ten years the average dropped, but stayed between 9,000 and 15,000 annually. The year after P.A. came to America, 28,000 traveled to America, which could be considered a mass exodus. (At present Sweden has a population approximately the size of New York City.) Books on Swedish emigration state that most emigrants took a ship from Goteborg and landed on the east coast of England at the city of Hull.

A short train ride across the narrow part of England put them in Liverpool. It was noted that

so many Swedes were arriving at Hull that, if they talked Swedish, they were put on the train to Liverpool even if they had not planned to go. This is where the first humorous story begins.

When P.A. and friends arrived in Liverpool, they had a few days to pass before the ship departed. What would you expect a group of young energetic Swedes to do? Sit on the ship and wait? No! P.A. and his buddies would want to look around.

They came across a pub, so they went in for a pint of ale and to talk to the girls. They found more excitement than anticipated. The English lads became angry at their talking to the girls and proceeded to throw them out. The English did not know that Swedes are stubborn. One of the Stromquist brothers was strong as an ox. He said to the others, "Protect my back and I will take care of the lot," and he did. I believe the English boys were glad to see the bobbies (police) arrive to take them back to the ship. Too bad their shore leave was so short. The wait must have been very boring.

Now, the ship. Wood hulls were popular up to the 1850s and were powered by sail or paddle wheel. Screw propellers appeared in 1845. Vibration

from steam engines destroyed wooden hull ships in time. From 1850 to 1880 cast-iron hull ships were used with maximum lengths of 350 to 400 feet and weighing up to 8,000 tons.

The first steel hull ships appeared in 1881. Up to 1870 only square steam boilers were used which restricted boiler pressure to around 30 pounds. The first round boilers appeared in 1870 and working pressure jumped to one hundred pounds of pressure. Twin propellers appeared in 1890.

Most ships, however, were equipped with masts and sails, as sails helped speed up the voyage and were used for emergencies when the steam power failed.

My conclusion; P.A. and his friends crossed on a cast-iron hull ship with a single propeller with mast and sails, which were used when the wind was right to increase the ship speed to about 10-13 knots. Average cross time was between ten to fourteen days. I believe the ships looked similar to the above illustrated drawing.

(More on the story of P.A. Olander's life in next week's edition of the Herald.)

A Story Of An Immigrant Who Settled In Hutto-II

by Harvey Olander

How about another story?

There must have been cattle somewhere aboard. Why do I say that?

The gang found some manure and slipped it into a passenger's snuff box to wait and see what would happen. The outcome is not known, but it must have made a dull day exciting. This person, if not a friend, must have been small in stature, because a ship does not leave much room for escape!

There were several classes of passengers, first, second and steerage. The steerage passengers were located at the bottom level of the ship and all stayed in one room, as for example like citizens who stayed in a school gym during a hurricane. Passengers after 1848 were protected by laws in New York State which required the ship to feed all passengers and set a maximum number of passengers allowed by ship space. The state realized too many emigrants died and were mistreated during travel. Before the law, passengers were required to bring their own food and prepare it. Those who did not bring enough starved. Passenger deaths amounted to 15 percent or more before the law. I don't know what class P.A. was in, but would guess steerage.

Now for the exciting part! They found young girls aboard and worked up an acquaintance. To their surprise, the girls were going to the same destination as they. Before the cruise was over, it was decided that they should

travel together. The girls were Otilia Stromberg and her friend. Otilia was the sister of Hilding and Robert Stromberg, who later lived in Georgetown and Hutto. Claus Swenson took a liking to Otilia and later in Illinois married her. The remainder of the trip was pleasant.

When they arrived in New York harbor, they did not see the Statue of Liberty. The Statue was still in France and would not arrive until 1885. *What!? No Ellis Island?!* It was not there until 1891.

All emigrants were processed in a beautiful building called Castle Gardens. The huge Rotunda building had 55,000 feet of floor space and a dome that towered up 75 feet. It was located at the south end of Manhattan Island. I believe it was built to be used as a theater, but the influx of emigrants took it over.

First stop was six miles from New York at the Quarantine station. Inspectors boarded to check the number of passengers on the ship's register, the health of passengers and the number of deaths. If an epidemic were present the ship was quarantined. The ship then proceeded to anchor near the Castle Gardens where passengers were off-loaded into smaller boats with their luggage and transported to the Castle Gardens pier. Passengers then waited in the Rotunda for their names to be called for processing. Requirements: good health, no handicaps and fund equal to 25 American dollars. When ac-

cepted, they were moved to the Information Department to be helped in buying train tickets or finding lodging.

P.A. and his group began to gather together waiting for all to be processed. All arrived except Otilia. They waited and waited by no Otilia. P. A. And Claus went to the guard and said, "Minvin ar dar inne och har inte kommit ut." (My friend is inside and she has not come out.) The guard did not understand Swedish and motioned to keep moving. An hour had passed since they had left customs and they were getting worried. A group discussion was held and it was decided there was only one thing to do. John and P.A. backed away from the guard about ten feet, got a running start and pushed past the guard knocking him down. John received a bump on his head from the guard's club as they forced their way in. Whistles began to blow and guards surrounded them. P.A. tried to guess what they were asking and answered in a very loud voice hoping someone would understand Swedish. "Flickan ar flolorad ock ve forsoker hitta henne. Mannen vill icke lata oss in." (The girl is lost and we are trying to find her. That man would not let us in.)

A customs inspector heard and told the guard what was said. The guard laughed and said "These Swedes are a determined bunch; never had one trying to get in instead of out." P.A. was told to wait outside until Otilia Stromberg could be found. She

appeared in about ten minutes and soon the train tickets were purchased to board the train for Illinois.

This is the story about Perry Adolph (P.A.) who worked in Handover, Henry County Illinois for four years on a dairy farm thrashing wheat with a crew in summer to pay his debt. He and another worker slept in the barn. Claus Swenson and Otilia Stromberg were employed at Galesburg, Illinois, where they were married, moved to Nebraska and then to Georgetown in 1882. Her brother also came to Georgetown in 1882. When P.A. came to Texas in 1885, Otilia and her brother Hilding Stromberg met him at the Round Rock train station. Hilding and Otilia sat in the wagon seat while P.A. sat on his trunk in the back of the spring wagon. Hilding decided to give P.A. a good Texas welcome by galloping the horses through the streets of Round Rock as fast as they could run, crossing Brushy Creek at a full gallop. Hilding gave P.A. a bigger welcome than he had planned. He threw P.A. and his trunk out in the middle of Brushy and baptized him a full-blooded Texan, all in one day!

NOTE: *The ruts worn by many wagons, including Hilding's, are plainly visible in the limestone rock in the river just west of where Highway I-35 crosses Brush. If you look closely, you may even see P.A.'s head print in the river rock!*



Perry Adolph "P.A." Olander

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, April 24, 1997

WERE THEY GOOD DAYS!

by Harvey Olander
In 1926, Dad was sharecrop-
farming nine miles north of
Hutto in the Wilson Springs
School District in an area called
Burns Ranch. Our house was
very near San Gabriel River and
one mile from the graveled
county road.

It was a cold wet winter and
we were beginning to get house
fever from being cooped up for
over a week. It was so wet Dad
had to ride our old mule bare-
back to pick up mail at the mail
box.

The sun was out Friday and
Saturday, and Sunday morning
was beautiful. The ground was
drying, not too slippery, but
sticky. This was a great day to
get out and go to church in
Hutto.

Dad heated water in the kettle
to boiling and went to the ga-
rage, where he poured the en-
tire kettle of boiling water on the
manifold of the Ford Model T
engine to help vaporize the
gasoline so the engine would
start. Gasoline in those days
would be rated near kerosene
now. He cranked, choked,
cranked, choked and cranked
some more before it started. In
cold weather, car batteries did
not have the energy to start cars.

The Model T ran, while Dad at-
tached the canvas side curtains,
with Ising glass peep holes in the
middle, to protect passengers
from the cold wind. Chains were
put on the rear wheels for trac-

tion.

Getting dressed in his Sunday
suit, overcoat and felt hat was
next. Mom was already dressed
in her finest. (*Harvey, the pam-
pered one, was also dressed.*)
When dad was ready, he
wrapped me in a green army
blanket and I was carried out to
the car. He even carried Mom
to the car. When it was Dad's
turn to get in the car, Mom had
to get out and stand on the run-
ning board to let Dad in. There
was no door on the driver's side.

What, you never heard of run-
ning boards? They were metal
boards on each side of the car
to help riders get in without a
step ladder. They were also de-
signed so that dogs could ride.
Dad wore rubber boots and
changed in the car. To go, he
pushed down the pedal and
away we went. My dad, Oscar,
was whistling and mom, Segred,
was singing as we drove. (*Their
son, Harvey, was in the back
seat complaining about the
cold.*) Our dog, Sport, was run-
ning, leading the way. His feet
was slipping mud specks on the
hood and windshield which
made us laugh.

We had gone about a quarter
of a mile when the car began to
slow down and stopped. The
mud had balled up in the wheels
until the wheels became so large
they locked to the fender. Mom
got out, stood on the running
board so Dad could get out to
raise the front seat to get the tire

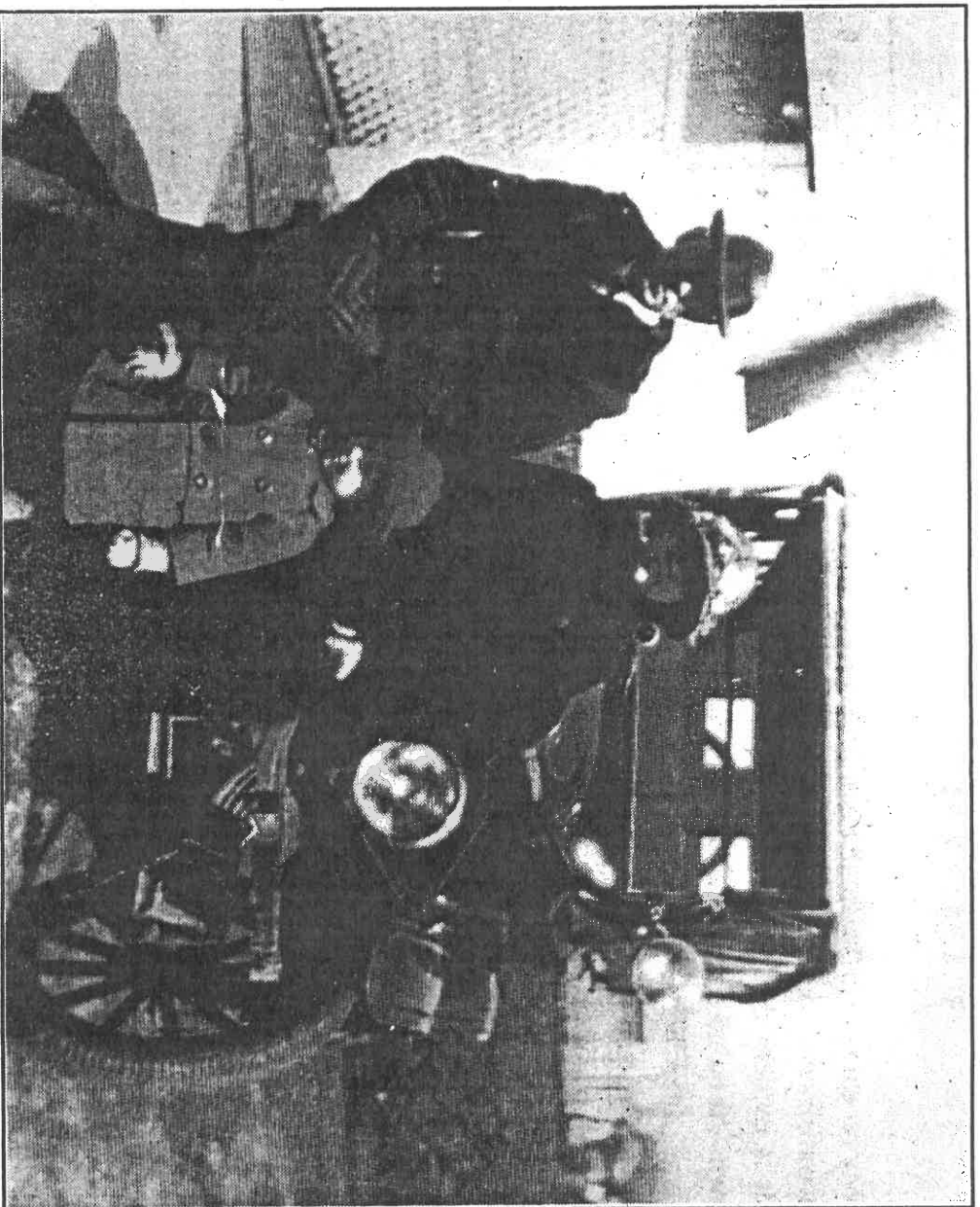
removing tool which was stan-
dard equipment in those days.

He removed his overcoat and
dress suit coat and started scrap-
ing and prying mud off the
wheels. Away we went, Sport
was still ahead barking and chas-
ing rabbits off the road. After
about one-fifth mile, the car
stopped again and the same pro-
cedure was followed. Dad was
not whistling any more and
Mom was worrying because
church would start in ten min-
utes. (*Harvey was really com-
plaining about the cold.*)

Shortly the car stopped again.
Segred began to drive so Dad
could walk and pry mud as we
moved. At last we made it to the
county graveled road. Dad
shouted, "Go home, Sport." The
dog stood there while we drove
away.

When the car speed increased,
mud began to fly like rain, cov-
ering the car and converting the
gravel road to mud. It felt so
good to be free again. We ar-
rived as everyone was walking
out of church, just in time to
greet them. Mom in her pretty
dress, Harvey in his best and
Dad...looking like he had been
wrestling with pigs. It was still
a great joyful day to be out!

PS: This story includes some
of my memories and what
my dad told me while trying to
impress me with how good his
son, Harvey Olander, and wife,
Joyce, have it now!



The Olanders

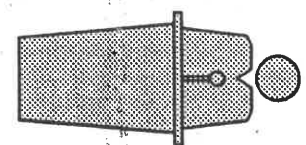
Annual Loyalty

Day Celebration

You are cordially invited to attend Veterans of Foreign Wars
and Ladies Auxiliary, District 28 and Capital City Post 8787 An-
nual Loyalty Day Celebration.

"Faces of Freedom", Sunday, April 27 at 2 p.m.

This celebration will be honoring 1 oval Americans of our...



Deb's

Dance Kids

Charles Clark

Thursday, February 20, 1997

A 1915 Hutto Graduate's School Days

by Harvy Olander

To hear my mother's voice as she talked about her school days made me feel as if she were here. She died in 1989, seven years ago. Her voice sounded so alert, bright, so soft and comforting to listen to. Cassette tapes #2, 3, 20 & 68 made it again possible to hear her answers to the many questions I asked some twenty years ago. (Next September will be one hundred years since she was born.) In my own words I will put her memories on paper.

My christened name was Segred Martina Gustafson. I was born September 9, 1897 to Swedish immigrants Fred and Jenny Gustafson on a farm three miles southeast of Hutto.

When my father arrived, in 1895, he had received permission from a Mr. Nelson who lived in Round Rock to build a house on the open prairie and plow up the grass to make a farm. Prairie grass was visible as far as the eye could see, no trees. School children were supposed to start school at age seven, but my father held me back until I was nine years old.

(Here are the reasons; the writer thinks it was a wise decision. There were no fences and cattle roamed at will, unless watched by family members. All roads were dirt with no bridges. Even Hutto streets were dirt with dirt sidewalks. Segred could not speak a word of English. There were so many Swedes in the Hutto area that they socialized together, had their own churches and social clubs, and Swedish-owned grocery stores.

New school students have always had difficulty in being accepted. The fact that she was two years older and bigger kept class mates from teasing. That two years of age made a lot of difference in letting Segred walk 2.3 miles to school across open land.)

I started to school in the Fall of 1906. The first day of school I walked by myself one mile down the road to the Evans home, from where Mrs. Evans and her three daughters walked with me. She helped me and her daughters get into the correct rooms. The Hutto school was a two-story wooden structure, in the same location as the present

high School, with a bell tower rising above the center.

The small building which had previously been used as a school was moved west across the street to become a band hall. The school did not have a band; it was the citizens of Hutto that had the band.

In the new building there were three rooms on the ground floor, with an east-west hall way separating the one south room from the two north rooms. In the hall were two stairs, one from the east and one from the west.

The second floor also had three rooms; the hall ceiling had a rope to ring the bell. The second floor was for high school. The lower floor was for lower grades. There were ten grades in all.

My first grade class was combined with the second and third grade and located in the south room. The fourth, fifth and sixth were in the lower two north rooms. Seventh, eighth and ninth occupied the south upper room.

There were two types of desks, one-student and two-student, side-by-side seating. Boys sat on one side of the room and girls on the other. In the morning, the girls lined up on the west side and the boys lined up on the east side. When the piano started playing we were supposed to march in step with the music. Those at the end of the line could not hear the music until we entered the hall; there were not many in-step!

One teacher was in charge of the room. Her name was Lillian Puckett. While she taught one class, the others were supposed to study.

In the middle of the room was a large pot-bellied stove. Coal was used for fuel. There was a coal shed on the east side of the building. Wood was scarce, trees grew only along the river.

The coal shed was a perfect place to play a game called Annie Over, throwing a ball over the roof. If a person on the other side caught the ball she would run left or right to the thrower's side to tag them. Those tagged were out of the game. Another game was Pop-the Whip. A line of kids would hold hands and run. The leader would turn at

right angles pulling each in line a little faster. The last in line went so fast that they hardly touched the ground. Another game was drop the handkerchief.

Next in importance to the school building were the rest rooms. The girls' was about 300 feet east of school, the boys' about 150 feet north east of school. There was a wood fence in front of the outhouses so it was not possible to see when the door was open. The outhouses were called three-holers side-by-side seating.

The bell rang twice in the morning, first when school started, and the second was the tardy bell. It rang again to call children in from recess.

Roof water was caught in the cistern and cranking the handle on the cistern caused water to run out, which we caught in the tin drinking cup chained to the well.

Often there would be assembly. The northeast room on the second floor was the assembly hall and had an elevated stage and also the piano. When large groups were expected, the middle wall was hinged and could be pulled up with ropes and secured, combining the two rooms. The principal was named Mr. J. E. Cook.

Our room had a blackboard on which the teacher would write about lessons. She also had stencils and by placing the stencil against the board and patting the eraser over it, you could draw pictures. In drawing class the teacher would place a vase of flowers on her table and ask us to make a drawing. I loved to draw and always made an A.

I had no trouble learning English. I think because I was older, I could grasp it faster. It came so easy. Hearing it all day and reading with help made me catch on very quickly. I felt it was good knowing Swedish; when we studied Latin later, I found it so easy to translate.

I remember on Thanksgiving the teacher said we would have a dinner at school. She told each child to bring food. Mother made a pot of meat balls that I brought to school. The teacher placed a bed sheet on the floor and we placed our food in the center and then the children sat

all around. It was fun. The teacher used colored chalk and drew a turkey on the blackboard.

In school with me were Frankie Matthews, Esther Highsmith, Beatrice Hutto, Lillian Bush and Walter Bergstrom.

When in the second grade, we had a play at the end of school entitled "Mother Hubbard and Her Children." I was supposed to be one of her children. Mother made me a pretty white night gown to wear. When time for the play came, I could not find my gown anywhere. I was the only one without a gown. I was so embarrassed (I found out another girl was wearing it.)

Going to and from school was not easy. The days that were dry, be it cold or hot, were not bad; I could dress accordingly. The rainy weather was worst; plodding and bogging down in the mud and getting wet was terrible. When weather was too bad, I did not go. If I was caught at school, Dad would hitch up the buggy and come after me. Wet weather put Cottonwood branch on a rise and crossing it meant walking the railroad bridge.

There were other problems; as the children walked to school, others joined the group as they passed each house. At the railroad track where south FM 1660 intersected the railroad crossing, groups would congregate and wait until near school time before continuing. There was a time when one group of older boys from the south would stop me and take my lunch, pick out the good things and give me back what was left. The first time, I told them I was going to tell the teacher. They said if you do, we will hurt you. I was afraid and never told. My parents were also afraid. Swedes were not liked too well by the Americans. Some Americans gave them a very hard time.

To get to school I walked parallel to the railroad from the east across Cottonwood to intersect what is now FM 1660. When a train came, I would run into the field away from the tracks and hold my ears as it went by. My dad had the same problem. If a train approached, he would gal-

lop the horses to the nearest intersection leading away from the tracks to prevent the horses from panicking and running away.

When I finished the third grade, the teacher and principal got together and had me skip the fourth and go to the fifth grade.

When I was in the lower grades the teacher became sick and with the principal's permission, she hurriedly gave me the lesson plans and asked me to keep the room going till she returned. She was sick for three days, but kept sending plans each day. When she returned she gave me a box of candy and a pretty camisole.

My parents bought a house on the same lot where Charlie Hanstrom now lives, including 10 acres south of it and moved in on December 11, 1907. He also had bought many vacant lots in town which he began to farm. Two more children coming of school age caused the move. Two years later he bought more land next to FM 1660, which extended east to Cottonwood and from his house north to the railroad tracks. Another house east of FM 1660 was also included. We moved into the new house and Charlie Hanstrom's father took over the other house. The price of cotton was good and my father made money.

When I was in high school, we moved again in 1911 to the farm north of Hutto on what is now FM 1660 North. The pink farm house still stands one mile north of town. We, my two sisters and brother, still kept walking to school on dirt roads and jumped across Cottonwood because there was no bridge.

I enjoyed playing basketball. We played on the school grounds. I became one of the team members. Whenever anyone was fouled, I was selected to make the free throw. The court was divided into three equal parts. One of our team stayed in the middle part, two stayed next to our goal to defend it, and I with one other player tried to throw the ball into the basket. The players could not cross the lines to enter another section. We did well, but were not champions. When we

went to play at other schools, a Mr. Dulce took the five of us in his Model T Ford.

Time went by and I graduated in 1915. I was the first descendant of Swedish immigrants to graduate from Hutto School. There was a girl, named Linnea Seastrom from Sweden who lived with Reverend Sylvan for two years. She graduated ahead of me but she went back to Sweden after graduation.

Our senior class of ten graduates was one of the largest to graduate. The class of 1915 were: Beatrice Hutto, Mae Brown, William Farley, William Bowden, Bentley Little, Emzy Saul, Walter Bergstrom, Imez Nelson, Esther Highsmith and myself, Segrid Gustafson. I changed my Swedish name for one more American and became Segred Martha Gustafson. Class officers were valedictorian Esther Highsmith, salutatorian William Farley, class historian Segred Gustafson. Superintendent was Mr. John Forchard our Principal was Miss Alice McWilliams, who was also our sponsor.

The graduate exercise was held in the downtown business section of Hutto, in the open air dome movie theater in the middle of the block on the east side of East Street. The school building was condemned for no being structurally sound for the graduation exercise.

The most exciting thing happened after graduation. Going home we all sat down in my father's new car, called an EMF. My brother struck a match to light the carbide headlights. After they both were burning brightly he threw the match on the ground; instantly flames burst out from under the car! We all jumped out and ran to get away. Gasoline had leaked out of the carburetor on to the ground and the gas was burning. Quick thinking people around grabbed the car and pulled it into the street before the car caught fire. All was finally in good shape - except my nerves!

(The house her father built still stands on C.R. 132, Mail Box 4251. The two story Evans house still stands to the southwest; a distance off the road about 1/4 mile.)



FIRST GRADE CLASS OF 1906-1907

Many of the names listed here graduated in 1916 because Segred advanced a class. Notice-Segred has her finger on cheek. She saw a picture of a movie star and liked that pose.

- | | | |
|----------------------|---------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1 | 25 | 13 Ellen Carlson(Olander) |
| 2 Theodore Eklund | 26 Esther Highsmith | 14 Edith Carlson |
| 3 Victor Bruce | 27 | 15 Reynolds Wehrung |
| 4 Lillian Puckett | 28 James Swindoll | 16 |
| 5 Walter Bergstrom | 29 Clay Evans | 17 |
| 6 | 30 Henry Boswell | 18 Segred Gustafson (Olander) |
| 7 | 31 Charlie Johnson | 19 Kathryn Farley |
| 8 Ernestine Norris | 32 | 20 |
| 9 | 33 | 21 |
| 10 Beatrice Hutto | 34 | 22 |
| 11 Cheatum | 35 Alvin Johnson | 23 |
| 12 Annie Mc Culcheon | 36 | 24 Verna Barkley |

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, May 2, 1996

Published each Thursday by Hutto Produ

Anderson, Alberg, Olander Reunion

A reunion was held April 17 at Stone Haven Senior Center in Georgetown. Hosts were Phyllis and Joe Sparks, Jan and Morris Faubion, Barbara and David McLaughlin, Calvin Whiteley.

The joy of seeing and greeting sisters, sons, uncles and aunts as they arrived caused the morning to rush to noon time. Robert Faubion, caterer, served a smorgasbord of sumptuous vegetables, salads, numerous choices of meats and desserts galore.

The afternoon began with a meeting covering happenings of the last twelve months...births, marriages, deaths. An attendance count of family groups were made. Anderson 4, Ahlbergs 25, Olanders 16, guests 2.

Yet, considering all those enjoyable moments, the meal and being together, the basic intrigue involved how the intricate web of marriages joins the families together.

The Web...Gustaf Anders Anderson left Sweden in 1870 for the U.S.A. It was said, when the railroads were laying track across central Texas, that railroad recruiters were hiring employees in Chicago to build the railroad in Texas. Gustaf was one of a trainload of workers who came to the Austin area.

Here in time, he met Sofia Olander, a Swedish immigrant and married her in 1884. They settled on a farm owned by a Mr. Noack, two miles northwest of Hutto. This farm became known as Noack's Ark (now owned by C.W. Gantt).

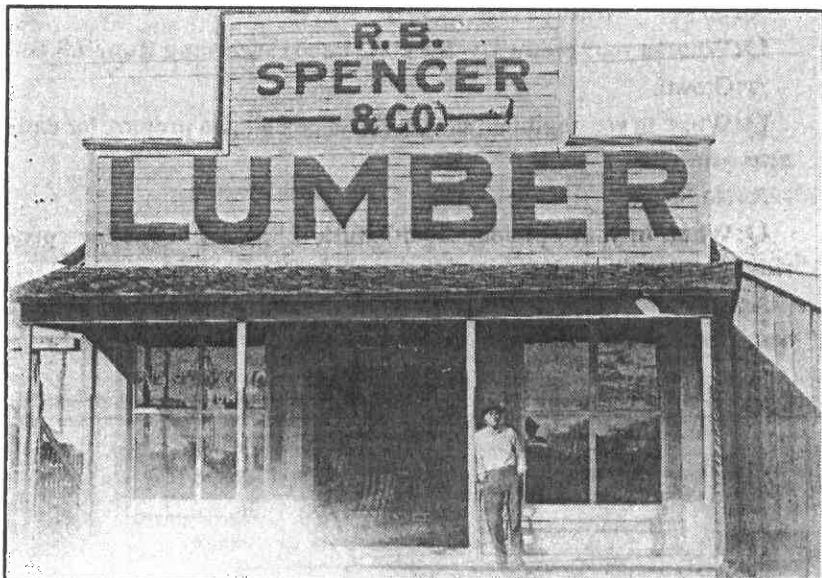
Sofia and Gustaf had two children, Eric and Annie. Annie grew up and fell in love with Dan Ahlberg; he was the son of Carl Gustaf Ahlberg, a Hutto area farmer.

Upon C. G. Ahlberg's retirement, he built a home on what is now 609 North 1660 Street and lived there until his death in 1956.

Sofia had a brother, P.A.

Olander who also owned a farm near Hutto (now owned by R.K. Wimberly). Upon his retirement about 1917, he bought a house at 206 Taylor Street in Hutto and lived there until his death in 1943. His wife and daughter Amelia Hennich lived there until 1981.

The Viking Fest being celebrated the same day was a fitting reminder that in the late 1800's and early 1900's, Hutto had a large enough Swedish speaking community that church services were in Swedish at the Swedish Methodist Church. Church school taught Swedish; socials and other activities were in Swedish. Required attendance at Public Schools soon made English the standard language. A resentment still prevailed in both older Americans and older Swedes when the American Methodist and Swedish Methodist Churches joined in early 1940.



G.M. Barnes at old lumberyard in Hutto.

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, November 28, 1996

Gustafson Reunion No. 44

by Harvey Olander
The reunion was held in Stonehaven Center on October 13, 1996. The group has met every year since 1953 except one. A hurricane interfered that year.

Five of Gustaf Pettersson's eight children emigrated from Sweden to America. All five came to settle in the Hutto Community.

The descendants of Charlotta and Ed Eklund were hosts this year. A covered dish meal with many favorite Swedish foods was served.

The after-dinner meeting brought every one up to date on the happenings of the last year. Robert Baker read a paper called "Passage to America" written by John Gustafson in 1968, telling his memories of the trip he made as a seven-year old boy in 1889.

A roll call of families was

made: Charlotta Gustafson Eklund, 11 present; Clara Gustafson Hanstrom, 7 present; Carl Gustafson, 26 present; Anders Gustafson, 4 present; Fred Gustafson, 2 present.

Sweden had an unusual way of using surnames. See if you can figure it out.

My grandfather was: Fred Gustafson

My great grandfather: Gustav Pettersson

My great, great grandfather was: Petter Magnus Svenson.

My great, great great: Sven Pettersson

My great, great, great, great: Petter Mannson

Most people now use the same last name as the father. Each child in earlier days had three given names. *Today in Sweden, because of the duplication of names, the telephone directory includes a person's occupation.*

Obituary

Hildur Rebecka Stromberg

Hildur Rebecka Stromberg, 92, of Hutto passed away in Taylor at Johns Hospital on Friday, November 22, 1996. Mrs. Stromberg was born in New Sweden, Texas on April 17, 1904.

Mrs. Stromberg had been a resident of Hutto since 1939, a member of Hutto Lutheran Church, The Morning Circle and Johns Hospital Auxiliary for 22 years.

On March 1, 1939, she married Emory Samuel Stromberg who preceded her in death on July 20, 1961. She was also pre-

ceded in death by two brothers.

Survivors are: son-Ross Emory Stromberg and wife, Pat of Hutto; brother-Lawrence Olson and wife, Beatrice of New Sweden; grandchildren - Michelle Kuempel and husband, Don; and Emory Stromberg both of Hutto: two great grandchildren-Phillip and Kayla Kuempel.

Funeral services were held on Sunday, November 24, 1996 at 2 p.m. at Condra Memorial Chapel with Reverend Allen Collins officiating. Burial followed in Palm Valley Lutheran Cemetery.



Gustafson Reunion

*Have A Safe and Happy
Thanksgiving Holiday!*

P.O. BOX 700
Copus Christi, TX 78633
Harvey Olander
1345 Annapolis
Copus Christi TX

HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, December 12, 1996

Good Old Santa Claus?

by Harvey Olander

Christmas Eve was now upon us. My grandparents Fred and Jenny Gustafson were celebrating Christmas at their home in Hutto located across from the Swedish Methodist Church on Church Street. This Christmas was special; it was the first Christmas the grandparents on both sides had celebrated together.

Their first grandson, 3 1/2 year old Harvey Olander, was being honored by their presence. The family had just finished the Christmas "kalasa" dinner, a very fancy dinner involving Swedish customs and traditions.

After dinner Jenny, Christine, Segred and Esther cleared the table and started washing the dishes. Fred, P.A. (Perry Adolph), August and Oscar moved into the living room, escorting their honored guest with them. This is when I began to realize that Christmas was not

some time in the future, but tonight.

The talk was mostly about cotton picking, plowing the fields and the condition of the weather, it was very boring!

During the conversation my father, Oscar, jokingly said, "When I was young, it was the custom that the grown people ate first and children last. Now that I am grown, the custom has changed and the children eat first and elders eat last."

Santa Claus, as my mother described him, should be a jolly fat man with a beard and a big smile, always carrying a sack of toys for me. I ran to the kitchen asking Mother, "Will Santa come soon?"

She said, "Be patient, my son, he will be here shortly."

At last they were out of the kitchen and seated in a circle around the living room.

Now, I thought, "Santa is coming."

Grandfather Gustafson walked to the table, picked up the Bible and opened it. He read from the scripture and the Christmas story about Jesus in the manger and about the wise men. It sounded good, but I did not understand it, and found it very hard to be patient. Grandfather Olander gave a long prayer about the Christ Child and this special Christmas with the first grandson. When he said, "Amen", I knew the time was near.

But then Fred began to sing in Swedish, "Jag ar en framling har", and the group joined him in this and several Christmas songs. After the songs, a knock was heard at the door.

I thought, "Who is coming to Grandfather's this late?"

My mother said "Harvey, it's Santa Claus. He wants to come in."

I stood there looking at the door thinking, "Santa is sup-

posed to come down the chimney; whoever heard of Santa coming through the front door?"

I was afraid of the dark and knew there was plenty of that out there. My mother urged me on by saying, "Do you remember my telling you about this jolly man that brings toys to children?"

It took all the courage I had to walk towards that door. Being afraid of the dark and especially of strangers kept me hesitating, but to get those toys I had to do it. I opened the door and looked out. Here came this loud voice "Merry Christmas" and behind the door stood this giant with a long, white beard that had not been cut in years. His red suit was too big and didn't fit, and that silly red cap hung over his eyes. When he reached out to grab me, that was more than I could take.

I yelled, jumped back crying, and ran. I ran out of the living



room, through the bedroom, through the kitchen, down the hall towards the back door yelling and crying every step of the way. As much as I hated the dark, that was much better than that monster that had tried to grab me at the front door.

My parents were caught by surprise. Before they could gather their wits to run after me, I was headed out the back door. Mother caught me, picked me up and said, "Santa didn't mean to harm you. He loves you and was bringing you many toys."

That snapped me out of it; I stopped crying, but still refused to be put down. Mother carried me back to the living room and there was that same ugly man laughing at me. I didn't want him near me; the further away he stood, the better I liked it. When Santa finally realized I didn't like him, he started passing out presents to the others in the room.

"Where are my toys?" I ex-

claimed. "Santa has them." Mother said.

With reluctance, I reached out to grab the toys held out towards me by Santa, never leaving the safety of my mother's lap until jolly Santa left.

Was I glad to see him go! Now I could get down and climb into the pedal car the Gustafson grandparents had given me.

"Mother, why can't my feet reach the pedals to make it go?" I asked.

She distracted me by saying, "Go look at the kiddie-car the Olander grandparents gave you." Father helped me up on the seat.

"Why won't my feet reach the floor so it will go, Daddy?" He didn't say a word; he just pushed me around the room.

HUTTO HERALD

Vol 3; No. 40

Thursday, October 2, 1997

Hutto Community's Schools of Yesteryear

by Harvey Olander

Before the Civil War, pioneers lived near the rivers and creek for protection and to be near a source of water. Cotton came into demand during the Civil War in making gunpowder; farmers began to cultivate land near the rivers to supply this demand.

The final key to converting the prairie to a prosperous farming community was the railroad, which provided transportation to market and transportation for a mass of immigrants into the area. The prairie land was waiting for energetic men to plow, plant and harvest.

By the 1880s many, many farm families grew abundant crops and were blessed with large families. Education then became an important issue.

Transportation by horse, wagon, buggy, or walking made community schools necessary. Neighbors organizing schools realized that a walk for school children should be no more than three miles. Country schools sprang up about four to six miles

apart. The Hutto farm community had many country schools by the early 1900s. To the north were Monodale located at C.R. 132 and C.R. 100 and Gower at C.R. 100 and C.R. 118. To the east were Wilson Springs, located near the intersection of C.R. 368 and C.R. 369 and Yeakey located at Hwy 79 and C.R. 101. To the south was the Norman's Crossing School. To the west were Bell School, located near the intersection of C.R. 110 and C.R. 105, and Stony Point, which over the years had three locations: first was 1/4 mile from C.R. 108 on C.R. 109, second was 5/8 mile from C.R. 108 and 1/4 mile south, just off C.R. 109, and third at the intersection of C.R. 110 and C.R. 122.

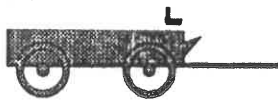
When I was a student, the city of Hutto had two schools; one an all Negro school on Evans Street next to the Ebenezer Baptist Church and one an Anglo school on College Street.

As roads and automobiles improved, country schools closed or moved. During my high

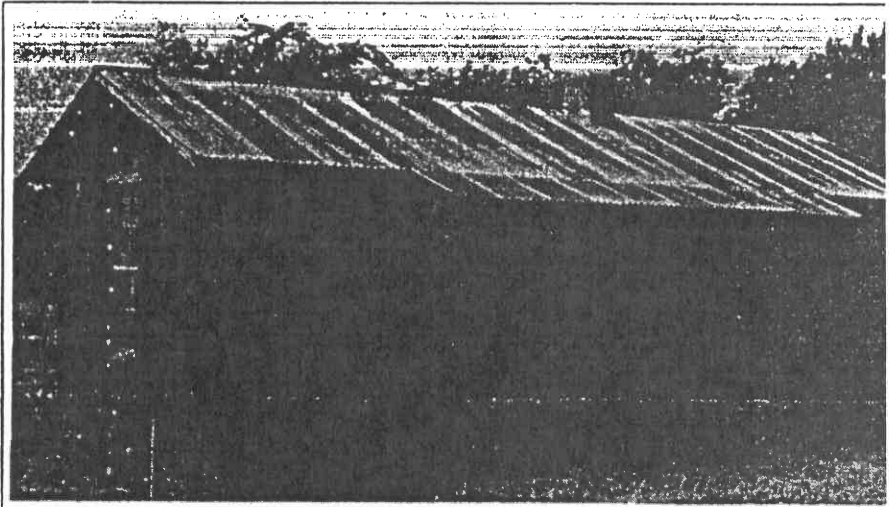
school years my class became larger by an influx of students from Monodale and Stony Point. Yeakey and Norman's Crossing students entered other classes. The first Mexican-American to go to Hutto School was in our class. He attended for several years before leaving. Our class of twenty-one was the largest graduating class up to that time. Before that I helped tear down the old three story school building.

In fact I was paid to clean the bricks to be reused in the new 1937 building. I had a suspicion it was torn down to get me out, but they let me into the new building to graduate in 1939.

Soon, the Hutto Herald will publish the words spoken by the late Amelia Hennech describing her school days at Stony Point School, and also the late John Applin's description of school days in Gower during the year of 1918.



L-R: Arthur Hennech, Oscar Hennech, Nome Hennech, Amelia Hennech. This photo was taken approximately December 1897 on the Harvey Olander property.

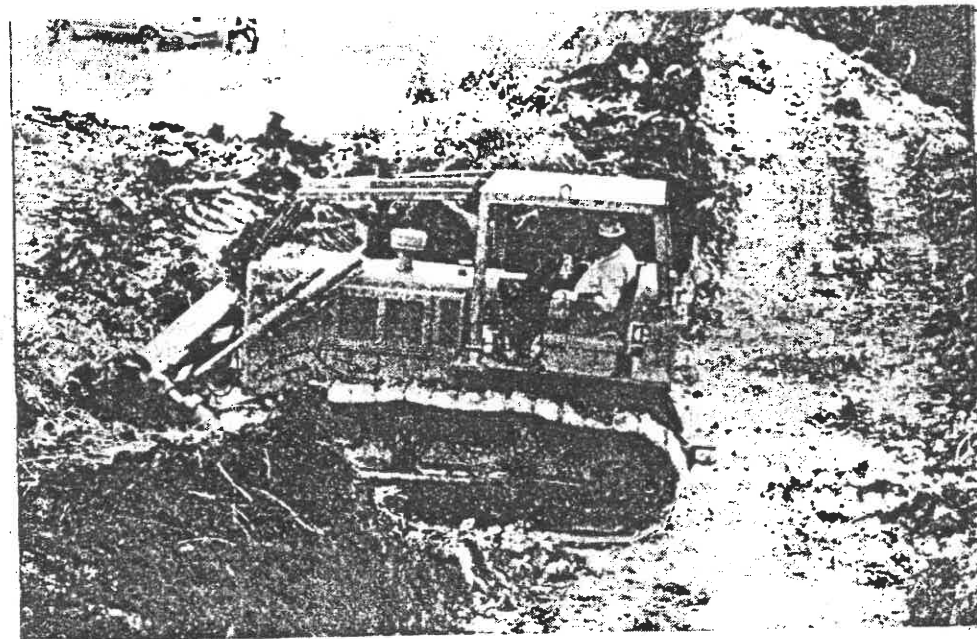


Gower School - this is the building built with school house lumber. The doors are original.

Farm And Ranch



ANALYZING AN active gullied area are Frankie Limmer of Limmer Construction, left, and Harvey Olander. The eroded area on Olander's farm north of Hutto will be stabilized by an aluminum toe-wall drop structure seen in the background.

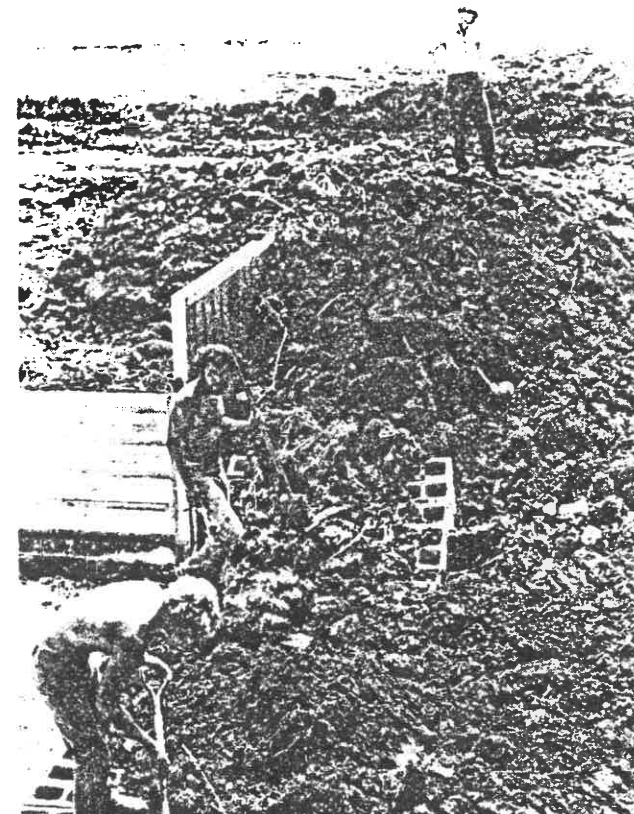


PREPARING the site to designed grade and elevation is Raymond Schneider, conservation contractor.

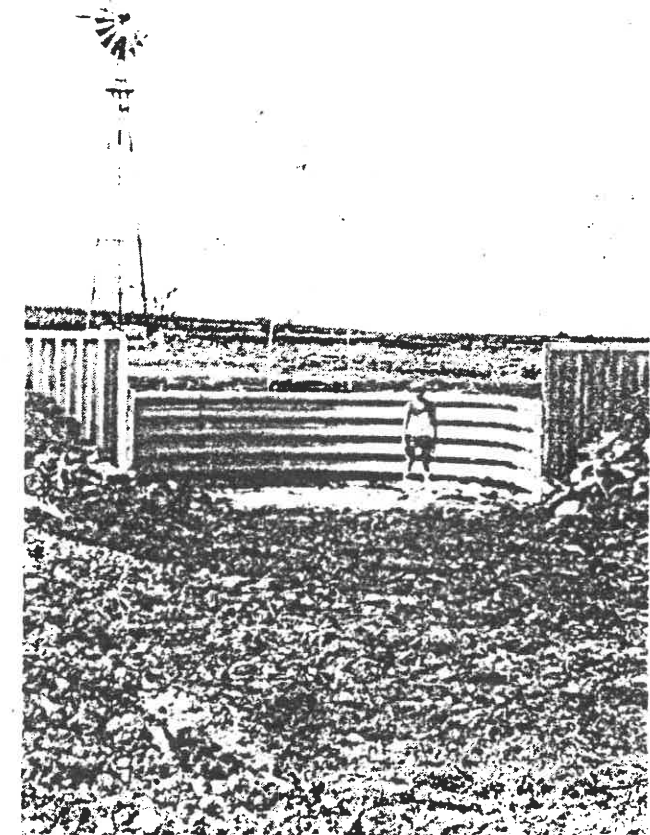
PAGE
1 OF 3

WORK AT EROSION CONTROL

A series of seven photographs taken for the Taylor Press Farm Pages by Charles Schneider, district conservationist for the U.S. Soil Conservation Service, shows from start to finish the construction of one type of structure utilized to prevent erosion and gully-washing. The photographs illustrate the utilization of conservation techniques not only on a national level, but on a regional, state and local level as well.



WHEN THE CONCRETE has set, forms are removed and topsoil is filled in and worked around the structure and wing walls. Shown here are Herman Stork and Delgado, filling in concrete tiles with bermuda grass and topsoil which will help stabilize the area adjacent to the structure. Olander surveys the project from a higher vantage point.



THE GULLIED AREA is stabilized with the metal toe-wall in place. Runoff water from above the structure can flow over the metal apron onto the concrete base and prevent further erosion. Standing inside the structure is Schneider's son, C. W. Schneider.

PAGE 2 OF 3

Hutto News And Events

By Juanita Rosplock

HUTTO POST OFFICE UPDATE

Since the official move to their new facility on April 23, Postmaster Mary Srnensky reports, "Customer response to the new building and drive thru mail drop is very positive."

Landscaping of the grounds has not

work has already started to terminate the weeds.

Progress is also being made inside the building in the form of a new stamp vending machine recently installed in the lobby. The box lobby is open 24 hours, 7 days per week with easy access to the vending machine. Stamps may be purchased at face

In answer to the many inquiries from customers, Srnensky says, she still has no arrival date for the copy machines.

Hutto mail is dispatched Monday thru Saturday directly to Austin at 5:05 p.m. from the inside and outside mail drops. Commuters are also in-

BALL FIELDS AT THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

When plans were made a few years ago to construct a new elementary school on a separate campus, provisions were made for two little league playing fields. And making these ball fields a reality has become a major project for the Hutto Lions Club.

JUKE BOX NOSTALGIA

For older rock 'n roll fans who fed juke boxes in the 50's, and younger fans who've never known the pleasure, there's a big surprise waiting for you at Highway 79 and East Street. And it won't even cost you a nickel. You just pick a number and enjoy the music.

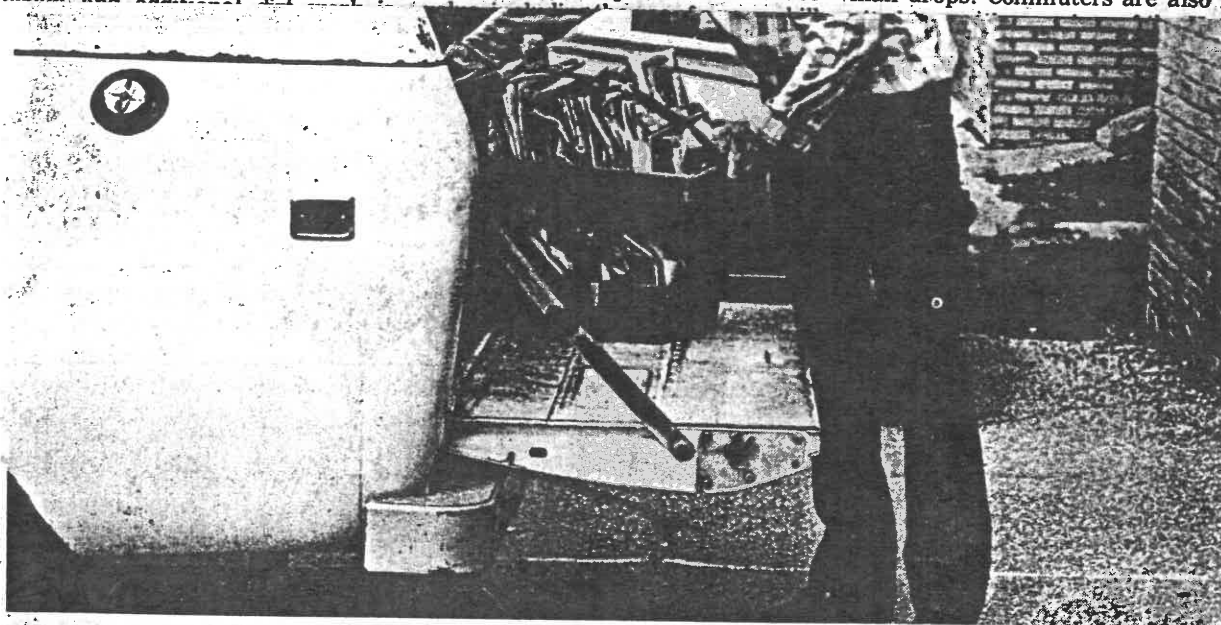
The juke boxes are part of a collection belonging to Randy Pimpler, age 25, whose hobby is actually rooted in an interest in cars inherited from his father. That interest merged with rock 'n roll when, at the age of 12, Randy received a "45" re-issue by The Beach Boys. "I liked the harmony and they sang about teenagers and hot rods."

And he was hooked! While he didn't become a record collector, he did become an avid fan of rock 'n roll artists like Buddy Holly, Elvis, the Beatles, etc. A "chance" visit to an auction barn while on an out-of-town trip sparked his pursuit of juke boxes from the 40's and 50's. But the prices were too high to begin a collection.

Interestingly, his first two "juke" were purchased thru an ad in a car magazine. And with more knowledge and bargaining power, 11 more came from the first source.

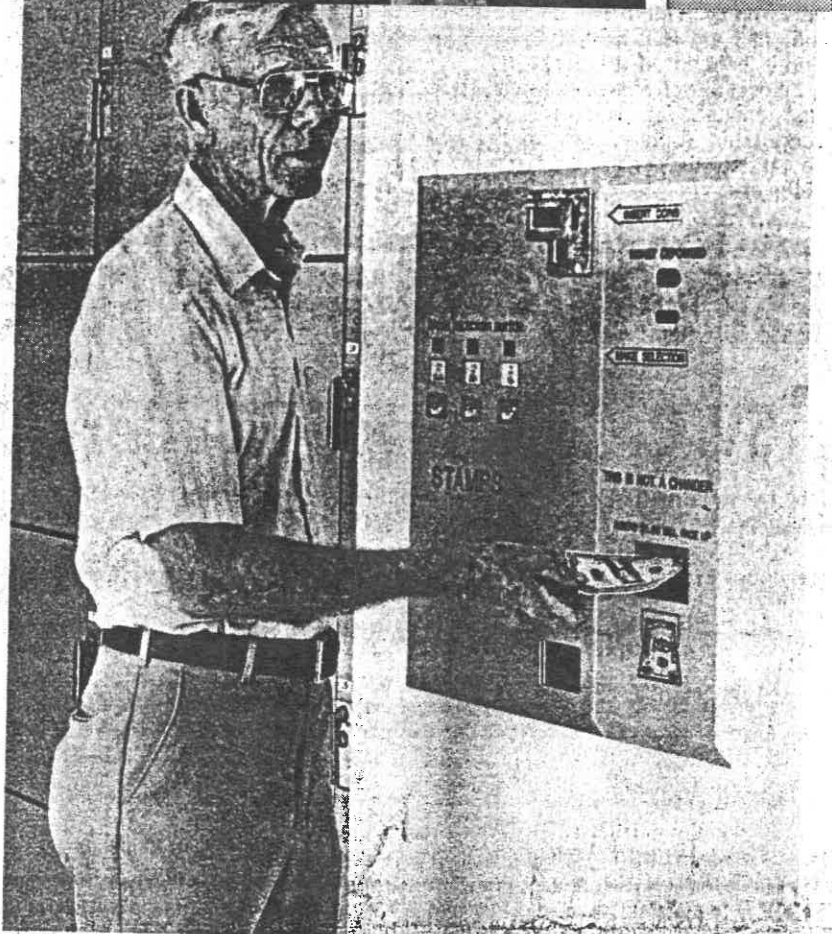
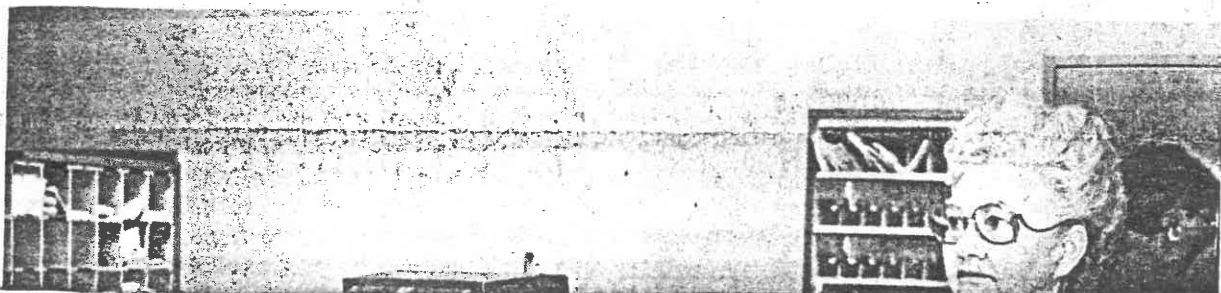
After purchase, he generally begins the rebuilding with an overall clean-up, then "plug them in and go from there." Parts for the old juke boxes are hard to find so Randy frequently "parts-out" one of his machines.

While he may have boxes from the '60's, Randy explains his real interest is in those from the 40's and 50's. There were only four manufacturers



COMPUTERS AND stamp vending machines have arrived at the new Hutto post office but rural route carrier Theo "Scooter" Zimmerman still delivers mail

"the old fashion way" - by loading the vehicle and driving the county roads - "one box at a time."



HUTTO NATIVE Harvey Olander trying out the new vending machine at the Hutto Post Office during a recent visit from Corpus Christi where he now resides.

20

Good Old Santa Claus?



by Harvey Olander

"This story is based on my mother's remembrance of my childhood. Year 1925."

Christmas Eve was now upon us. My grandparents Fred and Jenny Gustafson were celebrating Christmas at their home in Hutto located across from the Swedish Methodist Church on Church Street. This Christmas was special; it was the first Christmas the grandparents on both sides had celebrated together. Their first grandson, 34 year old Harvey Olander, was being honored by their presence.

The family had just finished the Christmas "kalasa" dinner, a very fancy dinner involving Swedish customs and traditions. After dinner Jenny, Christine, Segred and Esther cleared the table and started washing the dishes. Fred, P.A. (Perry Adolph), August and Oscar moved into the living room, escorting their honored guest with them.

This is when I began to realize that Christmas was not some time in the future, but tonight. The talk mostly about cotton picking, plowing the field, and condition of the weather was very boring. During the conversation my father, Oscar, jokingly said "When I was young, it was the custom that the grown people ate first and children last. Now that I am grown, the custom has changed and the children eat first and elders eat last."

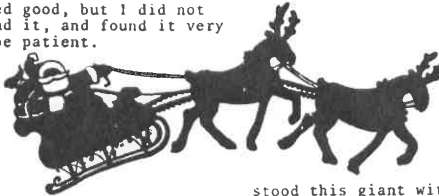
Santa Claus, as my mother described him, should be a jolly fat man with a beard and a big smile, always carrying a sack of toys for me. I ran to the kitchen asking Mother, "Will Santa come soon?"

She said, "Be patient, my son, he will be here shortly."

At last they were out of the kitchen and seated in a circle around the living room.

Now, I thought, "Santa is coming."

Grandfather Gustafson walked to the table, picked up the Bible and opened it. He read from the scripture the Christmas story about Jesus in the manger and about the wise men. It sounded good, but I did not understand it, and found it very hard to be patient.



Grandfather Olander gave a long prayer about the Christ Child and this special Christmas with the first grandson. When he said "Amen," I knew the time was near. But then Fred began to sing in Swedish, "Jag är en främling här," and the group joined him in this and several Christmas songs. After the songs a knock was heard at the door.

I thought "Who is coming to Grandfather's this late?"

My mother said, "Harvey, it's Santa Claus. He wants to come in."

I stood there looking at the door thinking, "Santa is supposed to come down the chimney; who ever heard of Santa coming through the front-door?"

I was afraid of the dark and knew there was plenty of that out there. My mother urged me

on by saying, "Do you remember my telling you about this jolly man that brings toys to children?"

It took all the courage I had to walk towards that door. Being afraid of the dark and especially of strangers kept me hesitating, but to get those toys I had to do it. I opened the door and looked out. Here came this loud voice "Merry Christmas" and behind the door

stood this giant with a long, white beard that had not been cut in years. His red suit was too big and didn't fit, and that silly red cap hung over his eye.

When he reached out to grab me, that was more than I could take. I yelled, jumping back crying and ran. I ran out of the living room, through the bedroom, through the kitchen, down the hall towards the back door yelling and crying every step of the way. As much as I hated the dark, that was much better than that monster that had tried to grab me at the front door.

My parents were caught by surprise. Before they could gather their wits to run after me, I was headed out the back door. Mother caught me, picked me up and said, "Santa didn't mean to harm you. He loves you and was bringing you many toys."

That snapped me out of it; I stopped crying but still refused to be put down. Mother carried me back to the living room and there was that same ugly man laughing at me. I didn't want him near me; the further away he stood, the better I liked it.

When Santa finally realized I didn't like him, he started passing out presents to the others in the room.

"Where are my toys?" I exclaimed.

"Santa has them," Mother said.

With reluctance I reached out to grab the toys held out towards me by Santa, never leaving the safety of my mother's lap until jolly Santa left. Was I glad to see him go! Now I could get down and climb into the pedal car the Gustafson grandparents had given me.

"Mother, why can't my feet reach the pedals to make it go?"

She distracted me by saying, "Go look at the kiddie-car the Olander grandparents gave you." Father helped me up on the seat.

"Why won't my feet reach the floor so it will go, Daddy?"

He didn't say a word; he just pushed me around the room.



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CHRISTMAS PAST

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Texas Wesleyan - Memories of a Student

As Told to Harvey Olander by his Mother, Segred Gustafson Olander

TWC was a status symbol for Swedish people living in Hutto. They felt it added prestige to have their children attend. For the early Swedish Methodist members the school was something they could call their own. Representatives of TWC would come to the Hutto Swedish Methodist Church on certain Sundays and talk about TWC's educational system, asking the congregation to send their children as well as to provide gifts of money and food for the support of the school.

I can remember our church group's going to Austin for a bonding, taking farm produce such as eggs, vegetables, meat, poultry, milk, cheese and other items. While there they were guests sharing the noon meal with the students, attending meetings and being entertained by a program. They left an abundance of food for the school. I believe many churches did the same thing. I think now is that TWC, when I attended, was a vocational school providing skills for those ready to enter the job market.

On later occasions when I saw the building on the University Campus, TWC stood empty, a reminder of an era of transition for the Swedish emigrants in the process of becoming Americanized. In its beginning it was an outstanding structure in the

open, undeveloped part of Austin. The University system in later years surrounded and hid it with newer, larger buildings, including the Museum, which was built about one hundred yards to the south. It now lingers only as a memory after having been torn down in the name of progress.

In the beginning the school was located at the outer edge of northeast Austin surrounded by a heavy thick wooded area. Oscar Olander, my husband, said, "It was easy to get lost in those woods but by climbing a tree the capitol would be located and a new direction established."

Dr. and Mrs. Olander were the head of the school and managed it very efficiently. Dr. Olander and Oscar Olander had the same last names but were not related. My husband Oscar and his sister Amelia Olander Hennen, attended from about 1914 and 1915. I attended in 1916 and my brother (A.W.) August Gustafson attended in 1917.

TWC was a two-story building with an attic area finished to make a third floor. The main floor had an auditorium, recital hall with two pianos, a dining room, class rooms and an office which Dr. Olander occupied. The second floor was the boys dormitory and was divided into rooms, each for four boys. The second floor also had the bathroom with one tub but no toilet. The girls could take baths on certain days and boys on certain days.

Clothes washing was done downstairs by each student and clothes were hung on tree limbs to dry since there were no clothes lines. The third floor was the girls dormitory, store-room, and sewing room. There was a toilet there that the girls could use. The boys had an outhouse but during the day most went to the woods.

The girls' dormitory was divided into rooms. In my room was a cot and a double bed. I slept on the cot and Miss Bergstrom and Miss Rosa Youngblood slept in the bed. Boys and girls ate together in the dining room. There were three rows of tables each holding about twenty students. They were normally full so I assume there were about sixty students attending.

No dating was allowed and the Olanders kept very strict discipline. On weekends we would walk down the hill from school and when out of sight of the school would couple up to walk to town. There was a street car that could be ridden but we didn't have the money.

I took music and sewing, nothing else. A German music instructor taught me music. He

had such a pronounced brogue that it was very difficult to understand him. The sewing instructor lived near by and would hold classes all day with groups of three or four at a time, since we had only four sewing machines.

When Oscar attended school he took business courses, book-keeping, mathematics and English. I can't remember what other courses were offered.

I would practice on the piano twice a day. One time when Mrs. Olander forgot to close the door I started playing ragtime music. Soon all the students across the hall began to clap in time with the music. That didn't last long before Mrs. Olander returned saying, "You must practice your assigned music," and promptly closed the door.

I distinctly remember the two dresses I made at school. I went to Scarborough's and bought the material with money my father, Fred Gustafson, gave me. One dress was white made of voile. It had a pleated skirt with a long waist that came to my hips. It had a yoke-like collar with whipped lace and long sleeves.

The other was lavender crepe de chine made like a jumper dress with a blouse underneath. The top dress did not have sleeves.

Those dresses were finished towards the end of the year, so I wore the white dress to my recital. The recital was held at the Austin Swedish Methodist Church located next to and behind the capitol building. I played by sheet music but I was so excited that night that I started playing without looking at the notes and soon realized I had started in the middle. When nearing the end I tied it to the beginning and started over. I guess many wondered why that selection was so long. My instructor said, "You handled it beautifully."

We had lots of fun along with a little education. It was good for us country kids to go to school in the city. At least we got out of a lot of farm work at home and in those days, work never seemed to catch up. In finishing I must tell about the pranks the boys thought up.

The school had a milk goat and the boys irritate it just before Mrs. Olander was due to arrive. The goat became very indignant and while Mrs. Olander defended herself with the umbrella she always carried, the boys in hiding watched and laughed.

One day Oscar Olander, Henry Eklund and Anton Peterson put some "high life" under a cat's tail and pointed the cat upstairs towards the sewing room. It soon took off up the stairs raced around the room and finally started climbing the curtains. The girls started screaming and running out of the building.

It's a history book, a mystery book, a book of ethics, a do-it-yourself manual, a geography lesson, a love story, a passport, an organization chart, a self-improvement course, a travel brochure, a code book, a diary, a law journal and otherwise good reading.

Dr. Olander never knew what had happened to his cat.

The boys would catch crawfish in the branch at the foot of the hill and turn them loose in the girls' rooms. Dr. Olander would become very upset with all the screams and commotion after the crawfish finally found their prey long after lights out.

Once a dummy was placed in a girl's bed with men's shoes sticking out from under the covers. She ran downstairs telling the Olanders. The next day there was a meeting on discipline.

When August Gustafson, my brother, attended TWC he worked to help pay room and board. He milked and fed cows, washed dishes, did what cores the Olanders wanted. He was good at mechanics and worked on Dr. Olander's automobile. He said, "Why Mrs. Olander took a liking to me I never knew unless it was because I was Fred's boy." Fred and Dr. Olander were the best of friends.

August said one day when he was greasing Dr. Olander's automobile Mrs. Olander walked slowly by and quietly said, "Watch out. Some boys are going to initiate you." August saw them approach from the corner of his eye and without acting suspicious, submerged and kept both his arms in a five gallon can of axle grease. When they grabbed him he pulled his arms out of the grease and those were the dirtiest, grappiest boys you ever saw to have let one August Gustafson slip right out of their fingers.

Another time the boys were still mad at A.W. They put epsom salts in his cake. When the main meal was almost over Mrs. Olander called Dave Munson to go answer the telephone. While he was gone Mrs. Olander sat down in his place across from A.W. and in a low voice said, "Swap cakes with Dave" and then got up and left.

Before Dave came back A.W. had swapped cakes. A.W. kept stalling not eating his cake. Dave got tired of waiting and took one bite of his cake. He spit it back on his plate. Everyone clapped and laughed that he was caught in his own trick.

During the 1800s artificial pearls were made by blowing hollow beads of glass and filling them with a mixture of liquid ammonia and the white matter from fish scales.

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WORDS FOR ALL AGES—THE BIBLE is the title of this photograph taken by Robert L. Randall, a laboratory technician and award-winning photographer, of Federal Way, Washington. Randall has won the second annual National Bible Week Photograph Contest, sponsored by the Laymen's National Bible Committee. The photo is of his seven-year-old daughter, Katherine Lynn, reading her Bible at bedtime. Howard C. Kauffmann, Exxon Corp. resident, is the National Chairman for the 40th interfaith observance, Nov. 23-30. Randall will receive a cash prize of \$250 and an expense-paid trip to New York for his winning entry. Judging was conducted by New York's Westchester Camera Club, and presentation of the award will be made at the Annual Bible Week Luncheon at New York's Waldorf-Astoria Nov. 21.

Vyheter i Korthet

OK köper olja av Norge. Det första svenska kontraktet om norsk olja har nu slutits. Det är kooperativa OK som avtalat med norska Statoil om köp av 500 000 ton olja. Avtalet löper t o m december 1981.

Sup i hovrätten. En sup intagen på en gata i Sundsvall i somras vandrar nu vidare från tingsrätten till hovrätten. Distriktsåklagare Björn Ohlsson i Sundsvall vill ha svar på om det är straffbart att supa offentligt i kommunen.

11 000 nya lagar. Under hela 1970-talet har Sverige fått en ny lag

(USPS 541-400) 10-81
Harvey Olander
1345 Annapolis St.
Corpus Christi, Tx 78415

P-3

Texas Posten

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16 Oktober 1980

GUSTAFSON REUNION by Harvey Olander

The descendants of Gustaf Petterson, the five Gustaf's dotters and Gustaf's sons who emigrated to Texas in the eighteen hundreds were honored at the annual reunion October 5 at the home of Mrs. and Mrs. Herb Janssen of LaGrange, Texas. There were seventy-six relatives in attendance, each bringing a covered dish for a

luncheon served Smörgåsbord style. The meeting brought those from distant places home again as well as recording the happenings of the last year, births, marriages, and deaths. A paper was presented and read by Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Olander, "Jenny and Fred Emigrants to Texas." Copies of this paper were given to those attending. The gathering ended by holding hands and singing, "Blessed Be the Tie that Binds."

JONES-EVERETT REUNION HELD AT BUCHANAN DAM by Wilma Bengtson

Several generations of the Jones and Everett families were together to visit last weekend, some for three days. The facilities of the Administration Building and Annex at Buchanan Dam was reserved for weeks in advance for October 10, 11 and 12. There were sleeping accommodations at this location for those traveling great distances. Saturday was certainly a day of reunion. Cousins from each family met again after not seeing each other in forty years. Everyone brought food and several tables were laden with delicious favorites. A prayer was said for all who could not be present, a special prayer was said for Mrs.

Myrtle (Jones) Rowe who is 93 and is gravely ill in Dallas. She is the oldest living member of either family. Before the turn of the century the George Newton Jones family and the Jordan Everett Sr. family lived neighbors to each other in Sage, Texas for many years. Each family had several children so it was inevitable that two of those children would wed. So in the early 1900's (exact date not known) Mr. Owen Everett and Miss Alice Jones were married, each being the eldest child in their family. Many descendants of those two wonderful families met again Saturday at that beautiful old red granite building overlooking the clear blue waters of Lake Buchanan. Approximately 150 attended.

Retirement Seminar Scheduled

Resource experts in the areas of second careers, legal matters and income planning will be among the guest speakers at a Pre-Retirement Seminar scheduled to begin at The University of Texas October 23. The program, which is designed for persons 45 and older who are interested in exploring the multiple aspects of retirement, will meet at the Education Building 240. Parking has been arranged in the State parking lots at Martin Luther King and Congress. The seminar will meet on Thursdays, October 23-November 20 from 7 to 9:30 p.m. Guest speakers during the program will include Ms. Elizabeth Abel, instructor in the

UT Austin School of Nursing; Morton Plotsky of Heagerty Realtors; Michael Kentor, estate planner; Bill Waxman, tax attorney; Dr. Sue Greninger, assistant professor of home economics at UT Austin, and Dr. Inez Jeffrey, author and consultant on gerontology. Frances Plotsky, program development director for the Division of Continuing Education, is seminar leader. The registration fee is \$35, which includes materials, work book and refreshments. The fee for a spouse is \$25. To obtain further information, contact the Division of Continuing Education, Main Building 2500, Austin, TX 78712 (512) 471-3123.

N.V. Nelson was leaving congregation in 2 months... It was decided to call Brother Ekman, who was aiming to leave Manda, for 1 year or shorter time when Brother Ekman himself can de-

their lesson once a week... It was decided that children don't need to go to confirmation before their 14th birthday except in certain circumstances. "14 October 1921--It was de-

WEATHER
 of showers over Southeast Texas and the Upper Gulf Coast on Monday, sk... are fair over
 Wednesday due to high pressure. Cold fronts moved through Texas Thursday and Sunday
 few showers over East Texas and the second spawned showers and thunderstorms over the east
 and. Normal temperatures for this time of year range from the low 50's over the Panhandle to
 Lower Gulf Coast: Actual temperatures for this past week were slightly below normal over the
 ipitation for this State this time of year ranges from near zero over far West Texas to near one
 al areas and near one inch in Central East Texas. Actual rainfall this past week was below the
 of Texas by 0.1 inches to 0.3 inches and above normal over East and Northeastern Texas by 0.2

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Texas Posten, Torsdagen Den 27 Mars 1980 Nummer 13 25¢ S

be a most rewarding and good recovery.
 experience.

Congratulations to Noel Larson and Linda Kay Saunders who were married on September 7 and to Russell Madsen and Melissa McKinney who were married on October 26.

"Thank you to the pastors, LCW, relatives, friends..for prayers, cards and visits while I was in the hospital."

--Anita Krienke

Benjamin Charles Spitzenberger, son of Mr. and Mrs. Garland Spitzenberger born July 18, 1980, was baptized October 5. His sponsors are Adrian Spitzenberger and Robert Guy.

NEWS from Harvey Olander

Rolf Gustafsson and Marianne Schiel from Sävsjö, Småland, Sweden, arrived in New York October 26 on a nineteen day tour of the U.S.A. Their trip included a visit to Mr. and Mrs. W.R. Barnard of Waldwick, N.J., a tour of New York City, a flight to Buffalo, N.Y. to see Niagra Falls. By bus line they traveled to Minnesota, Iowa and Arizona to visit relatives as well as to see America.

On November 6 they flew to Corpus Christi, Texas for a second visit in two years with Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Olander. They will travel to Austin on November 9 to visit Mrs. Ruby Downing and other relatives in Hutto, Texas.

Rolf became acquainted personally with Mrs. Downing and the Olanders during their past trip to Sweden. Departure for Sweden will be November 12 from Austin.

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Torsdagen den 5 Mars 1981

Absorbed Austin News, South Austin News 1949

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14 SEPTEMBER 1978

After 83 years the grandchildren of the Gustafson families, Mrs Ruby Hanstrom Downing, Mrs Evelyn Hanstrom Nolte, Harvey Olander, grandson of Frederick and his wife Joyce visited Sweden the home land of their grandparents.

The Gustafsons were all pioneer settlers of Hutto. They plowed up the prairie to make their farms. The 1st Gustaf Gustafson emigrated to Hutto in 1887 followed by Carl Gustafson 1889, Clara Gustafson Hanstrom 1891, Charlotta Gustafson Eklund 1893, and Frederick Gustafson 1895. Their farms were very close to the city of Hutto. Gustaf Gustafson is 1/2 mile west of Hutto and still remains in the family. Carl Gustafson was a builder. He built the 1st Hutto Swedish Methodist Church. Later he moved to Crosby, there he built and operated a Saw mill, lumber yard, black smith shop and cotton gin. Clara settled on a farm 3 miles north of Hutto. Her husband died 6 months after she arrived leaving her with three children to raise. Evald, her son, dug the 1st artesion well and owned the Hutto Water Works. Evald established the 1st Hutto Electric Power Company supplying electricity to the city. He also owned a ice factory and was a partner in the Hanstrom Tanning Gin. Charlotta and her husband Ed Eklung settled on a farm 1/2 mile West of Hutto. Their farm is now owned and farmed by their grand son Harry Hanson. Fredericks farm was 1 mile north of Hutto and his daughter Segred now owns and resides on the farm.

Of the eight Gustafson children, 5 emigrated to Hutto, Texas, three remained in Sweden. The Texas visitors were honor guests at a family reunion held in Sweden. Seventy descendants of those remaining in Sweden were in attendance. The reunion was held at Östana Vårdhus, a country inn near Vetlanda, Sweden with a five course smorgasbord that was superabundant in Swedish tradition. While there they visited the farms and homes were the grandparents were born. The old church in which they worshiped was built in 1154 and is now a historical site.

The Gustafsons of Texas have had a family reunion each year since 1953. The attendance varies from 60 to 110 persons.

Mrs Evelyn Hanstrom Nolte now resides in Weatherford, Mrs Ruby Hanstrom Downing in Austin and Harvey Olander in Corpus Christi.

The First Evangelical Free Church
4425 Red River, Carl W. Linde, Pastor
Mr. Eldon Lind, Music Director
Mrs. Richard Oliver, Organist
Mrs. Ron Ramm, Pianist

Morning Worship 10:30 O'Clock

Evening Service at 7:00

Greeters last week were: A.M. Dr. and Mrs. Coleman Merryman; P.M. Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Hawkinson

In Hospital: Mrs. Robert C. Carlson (Blanche) is at St. David's.

Retreat is planned for the ladies at Twin Oaks the week-end of Sept. 29-Oct. 1st. Sponsored by W.M.S. of our South Central District. For more information contact Phyllis Pearson or Jewel Sundbeck.

Palm Valley Lutheran Church
Round Rock, Texas

The Altar Flowers for last Sunday were given by Jody Voigt, Jerry, Ron and Brent Campbell in memory of Audrey Voigt on her birthday.

Sun: 9:15 Church School for All; 10:45 Worship, Presentation of Confirmation Bibles and Reception of New Members.

3:30-5:30 p.m. 1st Baptist & 1st Methodist Youth will be at Palm Valley for fun and Fellowship.

Sept. 11
10 a.m.
11 a.m.
Sept. 18
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Day. Le
Mrs. Fr
Newstro
4-8 p.m.
Sept. 21

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SALLY SNICKERS



cold fronts moved through the state this week, bringing cooler temperatures to most of Texas. Rainfall was below normal by near .50 inches over Southeast Texas and inches over most of North and West Texas, the Edwards Plateau and western Central Texas were near normal over western North Texas. Rainfall was above normal by .10 to .15 inches over South Central Texas and by 1.5 inches over Far South Texas. Temperatures were 5 degrees over East Texas and 3 to 4 degrees over North Central and West Texas. Temperatures were near normal over Central Texas and above normal by 1 to 3 degrees over South

1-4

Texas Posten

South and SOUTH AUSTIN NEWS 1949

LIBERAL, POLITISK NYHETSTIDNING FOR SVENSKARNA I AMERIKA

de Arrangen

Texas Posten, Torsdagen Den 12 Oktober 1978 Publication No. 541400

HUTTO

Texas Posten, Torsdagen

Pioneer settlers of Hutto were the subject at the Gustafson Reunion held last Sunday. Ruby Downing Hanstorm and Joyce Olander, wife of Harvey Olander, talked about the houses and farms where the grand parents lived in Sweden before emigrating to U.S.A. Photographs were also shown of the old homes, the old church built in 1154 in which they worshipped, and other points of interest. Eight red roses, one for each of their children, were placed on the graves of Gustaf and Anna Stina, the great-great-grand parents whose graves were located in the old church yard. Greetings were also conveyed to the Texans by those 70 descendants remaining in Sweden as they attended a reunion in Sweden on August 20. Of the eight Gustafson children, five emigrated to Hutto, Texas; three remained in Sweden. The Texas Gustafsons were all pioneer settlers. They plowed up the prairie to make their farms. The first, Gustaf Gustafson emigrated to Hutto in 1887, followed by Carl Gustafson, 1889, Clara Gustafson Hanstrom, 1891, Charlotta Gustafson Eklund, 1893, and Frederick Gustafson, 1895.

The Texas Gustafson Reunion was attended by seventy one descendants at Georgetown Community Center on October 1. A covered dish dinner was served at noon and the customary coffee at 3:00 o'clock. Reunions have been held each year since 1953.

1978 Texas Football Schedule

- Oct. 14 North Texas at Austin, 7 p.m.
 - Oct. 21 Arkansas at Austin, 2:00 p.m.
 - Oct. 28 SMU at Austin, 2:00 p.m. Above games all CDT- time.
 - Nov. 11 Houston at Austin, 2:00 p.m.
 - Nov. 18 TCU at Ft. Worth, 2:00 p.m.
 - Nov. 25 Baylor at Waco, 2:00 p.m.
 - Dec. 2 Texas A&M at Austin, 2:00 p.m. Above games all CST- time.
- Wyoming, Oklahoma, North Texas non-conference.

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National Federation For Decency

TUPELO, MISS—Hard-core pornography on television? The National Federation for Decency believes it is coming unless the American public gets involved. The NFD, which is asking for a boycott of the ABC-TV network in November, says it isn't alone in believing that porno is coming to TV.

"Tony Randall, a man who should know television as well as anyone, has said publicly that network executives would put pornography on tomorrow if they could get away with it," said Donald E. Wildmon, executive director of the NFD. "Randall was quoted by Gary Deeb of the Chicago Tribune and Kay Gardella of the New York Daily News as making that statement," Wildmon said. "Our research points out that the networks are headed in that direction."

He said that monitoring of 865 hours of prime-time viewing last fall by the NFD showed nearly 10,000 sexual scenes and comments, with 89% depicted as being outside marriage. "The networks are increasing sex this fall, and they have promised more flesh."

Wildmon pointed out that a recent study done by Michigan State University, and paid for by the U.S. Office of Child Development, showed that verbal references or in-bed scenes were found seven times more often between unmarrieds as between husband and wife. The study found a child may see between 30 and 40 intimate sexual behaviors, explicit and implied, in a typical week of prime-time viewing.

"The networks use of sex as a crutch is certainly detrimental to society," Wildmon said. "It makes youth insensitive to feelings of compassion, tenderness, love. TV is teaching that sex apart from marriage is normal, healthy, acceptable, beneficial and sex ha-

INSIGHT

On The Issues

A Look at a Major Issue that Affects the Way You Work and Live.

Keeping Prices Down Do We Need Controls?

As Broadcast by Larry Butler

Perhaps because current anti-inflation efforts aren't working well, some members of Congress are calling for tougher measures. One idea comes from Congressman Parren Mitchell (D.-Md.):

"Almost inevitably, in my opinion, we're going to have to seek some kinds of controls. And I would say you start, really, with prices initially because, in my reading of history, wage increases follow price increases . . . so if we can hold those down, then we could try to keep wages under control. If that should fail, of course, then it should be applied across the board. I think that's going to have to happen in this country and I'm not very excited about it."

Disagreeing with Congressman Mitchell is Dr. Herbert Stein, who served as President Nixon's chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers:

"It would squeeze profit margins unconscionably; it would greatly depress business investment; it would depress production; it would cause unemployment, and, in the end, cause more inflation by causing shortages. When I was in the government I used to call that the non-fattening hot fudge sundae; that is, the kind of policy which will give you all the results you want without any of the undesirable side effects. And the fact is, there is no such thing."

Dr. Stein says there is no short-term solution to inflation. The causes that need to be attacked, he says, are large budget deficits due to government spending, the printing of too much money and exces-

west Arizona, which had a 30 year normal rainfall.

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Texas Posten

LIBERAL, POLITISK NYHETSTIDNING FÖR SVENSKARNA I AMERIKA

30 NOVEMBER 1978

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ALL THAT STIFFNESS!

New formula for arthritis minor pain is so strong you can take it less often and still wake up in the morning without all the pain's stiffness. Yet so gentle you can take this tablet on an empty stomach. It's called *Arthritis Pain Formula*. Get hours of relief. Ask for *Arthritis Pain Formula*, by the makers of *Anacin* analgesic tablets.

Gross sales in Texas climbed to \$44.2 billion during the second quarter of 1978, an increase of \$1.8 billion over first quarter sales.

RICANA RO & GON

Dr. Roy E. LeMond

ade school youngster says, "I have discovered world is in an awful world like to do something what can one person do about it?"

say? Well, some parents frustrated and puzzle kids, and give them a job to bother me now, I'm busy?" answer. brush off a neurotic might be left in a dangerous potentiality.

izens are "skimmers" important details, such as of an FBI poll of the which revealed that the professional criminals first crime was ten, age. They found the full mess and just

stop long enough to about such figures me as confused and dis kids and begin to can just one person do

up, of course would be get "involved" enough at we just MIGHT be something.

acking up on just what caught in your local The what is NOT might very interesting, and interested citizen

told that character exclusive business church. However, the per resulting in mushle crime is public and law enforcement less. Being sure it is school ought to be, too.

no-Winter Garden area carrot best remained active. Spinach growth.

EBERRY FINN

WH I WAS DEAD!
 WATSON SLAPPED ME TODAY
 I LAUGHED WHEN SHE HURLED
 WHEN SHE KICKED AT THE
 I HIT THE STOVE —
 SAWYER IS MAD AT ME
 BECKY THATCHER SAID
 CUTE ... MY SORE HEEL
 SE —

Church 10:45 a.m.
 Worship 10:30 a.m.

SCANDINAVIAN VISITORS

Two young business men from Sweden arrived in Austin to visit Mrs. Ruby Downing and many other of their relatives in the area. Mrs. Downing and Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Olander became acquainted with the young men while touring the Scandinavian countries this summer. Stig Pettersson is from Hruskvarna and Rolf Gustafsson from Sällsöv Småland.

Rolf and Stig were very interested in seeing the Hutto community where their grandfather's brothers and sisters settled when they emigrated from Sweden in the eighteen hundred's. While in Hutto, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hanson, Ron Hanson, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hanstrom were hosts, showing them the many points of interest. Rolf was interested in seeing the farming, ranching, and dairy operation in Texas, since these are his occupation. Stig is employed by the government and works in orthopedics. Rolf was recently named the most outstanding young farmer and rancher in the Småland area because of his advancements in farming practices. He believes in automation and is continually looking for methods to improve his operation. Rolf likes American-made equipment because of its durability. His equipment dealer called him the day he left Sweden saying that the International tractor he had ordered six months ago had arrived from England. The grains most suited to his area are barley and oats. He had difficulty harvesting this fall because it was too wet to run the combine in the fields. Rolf's dairy is fully automated, which includes feeding the cows, milking and cleaning the manure from the barn. In Sweden after the first cold weather the cows are put in their stalls and there they remain the entire winter until warm weather the following spring. During the winter Rolf sells logs from the forested part of his land. He uses an hydraulically operated boom to load and transport the logs to the mill. His home is equipped with an automatic warm-water heating system that is fueled from wood chips. A machine cuts all the dead wood found in the forest into chips which are stored in a large building where they are automatically augered into the fire box as heat is needed.

When asked about costs in Sweden they replied that a new Chevrolet Impala costs about 30,000 dollars but includes an unconditional guarantee on all parts of the car for five years. Comprehensive and liability insurance is \$300-\$500 per year depending on the age of the car. Auto licenses per year are \$300, gasoline is \$1.85 per gallon. Because of these costs many use public transportation or ride bicycles. Monthly charges to watch television on one's own set: Color \$35, black and white \$15. There are no advertisements since television stations are government operated. The Lutheran church is maintained by the government. The pastor and all church workers are government employees. All medical costs, including hospital, doctor, dentist, and medicine are paid by the government. Every person is given a retirement income at sixty-five, or before that if he is unable to work. There is no poverty in Sweden, but there is a price for these benefits. Income taxes start at fifty percent and go up to ninety percent.

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John H. Garrett of Deer Park will serve as vice chairman of Texas Water Development Board, succeeding Robert B. Gilmore who resigned. A. L. Black of Friona remains as chairman. A state study concluded one of every five Texas children lives in poverty.

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caused by inflammation. Doctors have found a medication that in many cases gives prompt, temporary relief for hours from pain and burning itch in hemorrhoidal tissues, then helps shrink swelling of these tissues caused by inflammation. The name: *Preparation H*. No prescription is needed. Preparation H Ointment and suppositories. Use only as directed.



HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, January 9, 1997

A. G. and Henry Ford

by Harvey Olander
My wife's father was a chauffeur for Henry Ford. It all started because A.G. Collin and Milton Bryant were the best of friends. Milton Bryant was the brother to Mrs. Henry Ford. One day Milton asked A.G., "Would you like to work in Ford's new tractor factory?" A.G. said, "Yes." That was the beginning.

Henry Ford had decided to build farm tractors and had built a new plant to make them. A.G. went to the employment office and was hired as a tractor test driver. A.G. had previous experience with driving; first as an electric chaser* and second as a chauffeur for Sir Edmund Osler in Canada. A.G.'s job was to crank and start the Fordson tractor parked at the entrance to the building each morning and go to the field and plow and plow all day long.

Henry was extremely interested in this project and came to the field, rode on the tractor with A.G. and talked to him person to person. They worked up a good friendship.

One day Henry asked A.G. if he would like to be the chauffeur for the Ford's family car. He jumped at the chance. A.G., Sue,

his wife and their daughter, Phyllis, moved into an apartment near the Henry Ford home. He drove Mrs. Ford almost daily, took Henry to work and on a number of occasions when Ford's friends were in town, drove them to and from the house.

He drove Thomas Edison, Henry Firestone, John Burrows and many others. Henry did not think a Ford car was acceptable for a rich man's family and owned a big automobile, make unknown.

Everything went along beautifully until Henry decided to make a peace mission to Europe to prevent the expansion of World War I. He chartered a Swedish ship called "Oscar II" for the peace mission and left on November 20. (It is the writer's opinion that Mrs. Ford did not think it was appropriate to be seen riding with a handsome young man while her husband was in Europe).

The day he left, A.G. drove Mrs. Ford to town to go shopping. When she came out of the store she put a package on the front seat and told A.G., "This is your chauffeur's uniform." A.G. told me he was not about

to wear that monkey suit. When Mrs. Ford found out he would not wear the suit she told him that she did not need a driver while Henry was gone.

He was transferred back to the factory and was assigned to thread two barrels of bolts and nuts. He asked for a job change and was transferred to the battery department to wipe surplus asphalt off of battery cases; changed again and began adjusting the gap on spark plugs; changed again and drove a tractor pulling a trailer hauling supplies from one department to another. He always expected Henry to call him back when he returned.

One day, A.G. saw Henry had returned from Europe and walked over to talk to him. The foreman got mad and bawled him out. He said, "No one talks to Mr. Ford without his permission." Henry looked his way and smiled, but kept on walking. The foreman said, "Get back to work." A.G. said, "I quit" and walked off the job.

Poor A.G., he never realized how powerful the influence of a woman can be.

**An electric chaser is a person who delivered and picked up rental electric automobiles.*

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PROJECT CELEBRATION MEETING
Thursday, January 9
at 7 p.m. in the High School Cafeteria.
See you there!

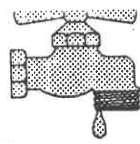
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Water Has Always Been A Hutto Problem



HUTTO
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Covering the Hippoplex and the Hutto Independent School District

HUTTO HERALD

by Harvey Olander
How many of you readers are aware that homes built in the Hutto area in the eighteen hundreds and early nineteen hundreds included a rain water storage system? There were two types, underground cisterns and ground level tanks, to catch roof water run off.

Evalt Hanstrom, Charles Hanstrom's father, saw the need for a dependable water supply and drilled a very deep water well around 1915, using a rocking arm drill, the same type then used to drill oil wells. It punched a hole in the ground by raising and dropping a very heavy iron weight, attached to a cable, into the hole continually every ten seconds to erode soil and to break rock. A little water was added to keep particles in suspension until a special bucket was lowered every thirty minutes to remove them. The well went through the limestone formation until it reached an area where water had dissolved the stone to make channels and caverns filled with water.

The ground formations under Hutto are called uplift stratas caused by a molten mass of material heaving up from the mantle to the surface west of Austin. This upheaval caused all soil strata beneath the Georgetown, Hutto and Taylor area to bend up and break to the surface at Georgetown. The area around Georgetown then became a recharge zone where rain water enters these strata and follows the twenty or more degree slope southeast toward Elgin. Charles Hanstrom estimated, by the depth of wells drilled in Hutto, Taylor and other nearby areas, that the slope is about fifty feet per mile.

The Hanstrom's new source for water ended the era of the cistern. Look at the older homes in Hutto, and in the back yards there will be a well. At first glance they appear to be water wells, but area instead huge underground cisterns that were used to catch rain water.

The Hutto Public School still had an underground cistern when I started school in 1926. The cistern was left intact after the earlier two-story wooden school building was removed in 1917 to build the school which I attended. I remember its being on the north side of the school building where it remained until the school building was replaced in 1937.

My mother graduated from the old wooden school building in 1915. The two-story wooden school was the third school building built in Hutto. The first was built in 1886, later destroyed by a storm. The first two were located south of the railroad tracks. She drank cistern water kept in a bucket placed in the hall. All students drank wa-

ter using the same dipper.

I can remember that when Hanstrom's system was down and the school cistern ran out of water, school children walked across the street to P. A. Olander's house (my grandfather's), at 206 Taylor, and pumped water out of his cistern to quench their thirst. The school cistern was left for just such an emergency, but kids enjoyed turning the crank to dump water on the ground. The ground around the cistern looked like a hog pen, wet, muddy, sloshy, and had a musty smell. During freezing weather water was pumped on the ground to freeze so they could slip and slide!

The cistern had a metal box standing on top with a crank on the side. Within the enclosure was a chain sprocket with a very long sprocket chain attached. On every fourth or fifth link of the sprocket chain was a cup. When the crank was turned, the chain would go down until the cups were submerged in the water. On the return trip up to the sprocket, water was carried in the cups and dumped into the discharge chute. A ratchet on the crank prevented the extra weight of the water-laden cups from spinning the crank backwards.

Can you imagine those days were called the good old days?

Appreciate that faucet in the kitchen and bathroom. Picture pumping water into a bucket, placing it on a wood stove to heat and dumping it into a 30 gallon wash tub in the kitchen to take your daily bath. Would you bathe every day? The teacher at school said take a bath once a week. My wife's mother was a teacher in Michigan and she said that when winter came, some kids had their long john underwear sewed on and it stayed on until winter was over.

Why not have a water well?
Most homes had a hand-dug well about twenty feet deep, but the water only lasted until the hot days of July and August and only refilled when the rains came.

My grandfather, on my mother's side, Fred Gustafson, came to America in 1895 and persuaded Tom Nelson of Round Rock, who owned nearly all the land around here, to let him plow up the prairie land two miles southeast of Hutto to start a farm. Nelson furnished the lumber for building the house. Fred and his brothers who had come before him built it. They dug a well near the house. They dug and dug with pick and shovel using a bucket with a rope attached to haul the dirt out. They dug until hitting the limestone rock and had to quit. No water.

They moved out two hundred feet and tried again. The same

thing happened. The *ninth* well, which was about a thousand feet away from the house was dry when rock was hit. They quit in disgust and went home. The next day when they went to fill up the hole, there was water in the well. They danced and yelled around that well so loud that Grandma and their first child almost died of fright thinking something terrible had happened.

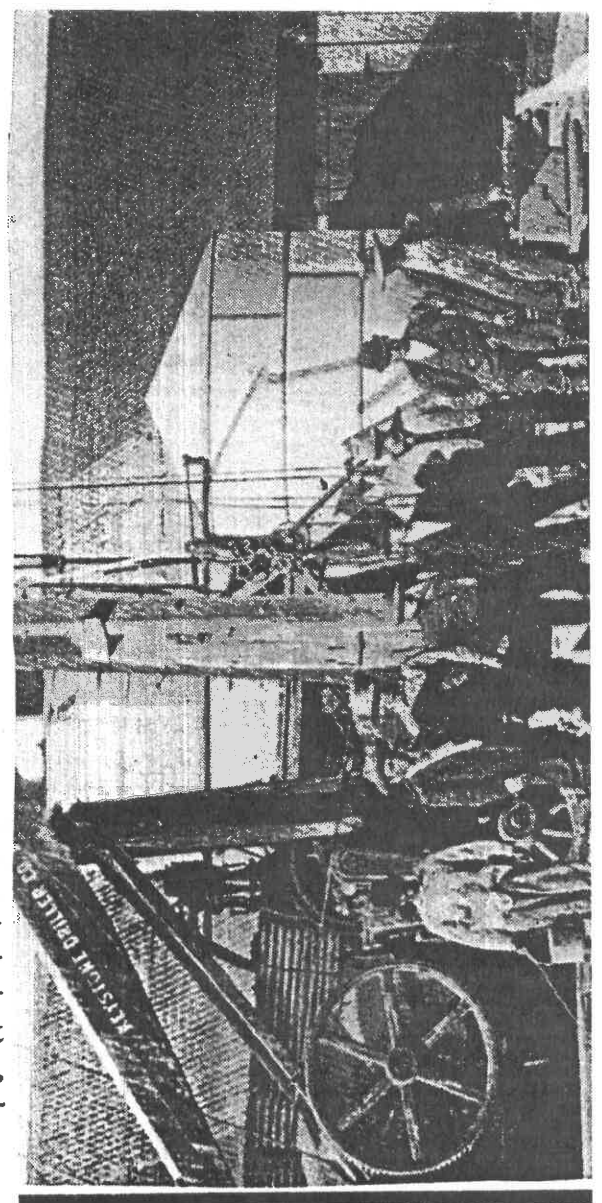
My grandma would not unpack her trunk; she wanted to go back to Sweden. It took about five years and two children before she thought possibly, America would be okay.

Water problems were not restricted to the land south of Hutto. What about my farm one mile north of Hutto? Why do you think C.A. Johnson, father of Tina O'Rear, placed the well one-quarter mile away from the house? My grandfather bought the house and farm from C. A. in 1910.

Or how about the Emory Leschber farm just north of me; why would they place the well one-half mile away from the house? The well had to be in a depressed area or over a crack on the limestone formation. So as the rain water percolated down through the black soil, the water would collect on top of the rock and flow to the lower depressed areas.

When my well went dry in the 1920's, my uncle went into the twenty foot well to clean it out. He found that well diggers had dug into the rock three feet to form a basin and on the northwest side of this basin there was a half inch crack from the top of the rock down to the basin bottom. On the southeast side, the crack continued. He wedged rocks into the south side to slow the flow away from the well.

Now you know why, before the coming of the railroad, settlers stayed near Brushy Creek and the San Gabriel River. When the price of cotton went to one dollar a pound during the Civil War, farmers left the river to plow up land and grow cotton. The farm homes and country schools were then placed near springs which flowed in the prairie. Stony Point School was West of Hutto, Gower was North, Monodale was Northeast, Frame Switch was East, Norman's Crossing was Southeast. All were situated near spring water. In fact, the railroad placed the Hutto depot near a branch supplied by a good flowing spring. The earliest settlers walked to the now Harry Hanson farm to carry water from that spring for their water supply. I would imagine that now it may not be full flowing, but I bet the water is still seeping from the spring!



HUTTO HERALD

Thursday, November 16, 1995

Published each Thursday by Hutto

Mules or Tractors

by Harvey Olander

Back in the late twenties or early thirties....I can't pin down the exact date but it was before we had electric lights and indoor plumbing and my dad owned a 1928 Chevrolet with window glass roll-down windows and two-wheel brakes. About this time there was the argument about which was better mules or tractors? My uncle August had just purchased the first tractor in the community. The very idea of replacing mules with a tractor brought this conversation to the forefront in this farming community.

Farm families worked all week on the farm and on Sunday faithfully gathered at the church to worship. Church actually served two purposes: it was for worship and afterwards a social gathering for friends and neighbors who were anxious to see and hear what was going on in the neighborhood.

A preacher was the most respected and sought after person. Inviting and having the preacher for dinner Sunday was really a status symbol and the farm ladies clamored for his acceptance. Without TV, radio, CDs or Nintendo, life on the farm was very manitous. I remember throwing rocks and chasing my dog as exciting.

Since I now live in South Texas and became aware there are no rocks on the farm, what could they have done for excitement?

Kids were always the last to eat at socials or gatherings. The adults would eat and sit at the table and

talk and talk. I was starved before it became the kids time.

Now when I finally grew up the rules have changed. The kids are served first and I am still starved before we eat. At least that explains why I am so skinny. (Oh I am sorry I got off the subject of mules and tractors). My uncle had bought a brand new John Deere tractor painted in a bright green color with yellow-yellow iron wheels. Yea, iron wheels, who wanted rubber tires they were always blowing out! Very seldom could we go to Austin and home, which was twenty five miles away, without at least one flat.

We called that iron wheel monster a popping Johnny and it looked like a Praying Mantis insect devouring the cotton as it went down the field. It really did pop. It had no muffler and the exhaust pipe was on top of the hood to emphasize how much horse power that engine was delivering. The two cylinders fired out of synchronization. There were two pops synchronized and then a hesitation for a second before the next crescendo began.

Did you say, electric starter... it did not even have a crank! You had to wrestle a fly wheel like bull dogging a bull. And it was never a sure thing who was going to be a winner.

Mules became wild when that thing appeared. Neighbors farming next door with mules had the most crooked rows seen in the county. So you can see why it created such a stir.

I must say my uncle was strong headed and stood his ground. Most of the congregation was neutral and could be easily swayed left or right, but there were also those who had mules and were equally vocal about the disadvantages of owning a tractor. Their main argument...you can't watch more than two rows at a time. The other rows would be

plowed up because the sweeps could not be guided to clear the plants.

These arguments were very heated but never to the point of blows. I really think the sermon should have followed these visitations.

The two most outspoken farmers stated, "I will never allow a tractor on my farm!"

Have you ever said those words, "I will never?" I learned in life those are words a hungry man does not like to eat. Don't say them or you will eat them. Now don't get ahead of me. Yes, they ate them.

Do you know his son and grandson are using eight row equipment and looking for ten row now. That could be the end of a story but I feel like telling more. My father who plowed many a row with mules and at first walked behind the plow because the manufacture forgot to put on a seat.

Several years after my dad, who farmed next to uncle August, got tired of plowing crooked rows decided to buy one of a different color red (I really think he bought it because it had a crank). It was called a Farmall F12. It had four cylinders and also had red iron wheels.

Now what was the topic after church? If you didn't guess it you should have. Which is the better tractor? Arguing never solved the problem so they decided to having a pulling contest. My dad's Farmall against Uncle's John Deere.

They finally found an object that may cause the tractors to grunt. They hooked a chain to that chicken house and uncle tried first. He gave that kerosene burner the throttle and pushed the handle forward. I forgot that it did not even have a clutch pedal. The tractor lurched forward, jerked that chain taunt, the wheel dug in, the dirt and chickens began to flying everywhere but the shed held its ground.

In disgust uncle gave my dad his chance. He hooked up the chain and powered the tractor, let out the clutch, the tractor reared up like a bronco, but luckily the shed gave way before the tractor pitched over. I was proud of dad and his tractor but that did not settle all issues. The point of dissention...the John Deere had ample power, the wheel lugs did not grab the ground to properly transfer that power.

So you think that was the talk at the church. Wait until they heard Uncle had bought an airplane. It was the first airplane registered in the county for tax purposes. For the lack of a heading it was listed as farm machinery. Uncle August really did not care about farming, he loved mechanical things.

He returned the bought plane because of financing but later hand-built two airplanes from Popular Mechanics magazine plans. He managed to get one off the ground once but harvested a half acre of corn bringing it down. That must have been what the county expected when they put it down as farm machinery.

He also built a poison applicator to kill insects destroying his cotton. It worked so good neighbors asked him to build them the same applicator.

In 1941 he moved to Corpus Christi and became a welder at the Naval Air Base. Because of war priorities for increased farm production, he started a manufacturing plant here for farm machinery. After the war his products were sold world wide to Canada, Central America, Mexico, South America, Germany, Israel and Japan.

He was a very energetic person...I should know...we lived neighbors to him in my youth. I worked for A.W. Gustafson thirty years. He was like a second father to me.

1st Annual Hippo Harvest Festival

First Annual Hippo Harvest Festival will bring a moon walk, game booths, food

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Olander, Mrs. Oscar
Harvey Olander
1345 Annapolis St.
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1896

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25¢ Single Copy

TORS DAGEN DEN 19 NOVEMBER 1981, NUMMER 40

HARDSHIPS WERE A PART OF LIVING

This is a story by Harvey F. Olander about his grandmother. The story starts in Sweden but centers around the City of Hutto.

Jenny Matilda Carlodotter, the second born child of Carl Pettersson and Stina Maria was born March 22, 1871 at Ripperda, Sweden. Carl Pettersson was considered a wealthy man and a large land owner. Jenny lived a happy carefree life with her parents and eight brothers and sisters until the next child, Ernest, was born. During his birth, Jenny's mother died, July 16, 1890. She was 43 years old. There was sadness and worry because there were so many young children. Jenny was 19 years old, the oldest child at home, so she began to cook, sew and keep order in the home just as her mother had done. Her brothers and sisters were August, 13; Theodur, 11; Amanda, 9; Alma, 7; Carl, 4; Greta, 2; and a new born baby. This really kept her busy, but the job had to be done so she made the best of it.

Jenny had become very fond of a young man named Fred Gustafson, but this unexpected responsibility kept them apart. Fred, too, had a problem. His mother had become invalid recently, and he felt responsible for her needs and care. Fred decided he would stay home and care for his mother, Anna Stina Pettersson, until she died. Fred's mother died March 18, 1891, one year after Jenny's mother. Fred's responsibility had ended and now he was ready for a wife and family. He asked Jenny to become his wife. Jenny told him she would like to but she must remain with her family, her first responsibility. Two years later, in 1893, Carl Pettersson remarried and brought his second wife to the home place. His new wife was willing to become the mother of the children, but memories, habits and Jenny's being there prevented the young ones from accepting their step-mother. Jenny felt that if she left, the family would accept the step-mother soon as their own. The next time she saw Fred, she said, "If you are still willing to marry me I am free to be your bride." They were married at Alsheda, Annagard on December 31, 1893 at her father's home. Fred was 30 years old; Jenny was 22. Dancing and celebrating was not allowed in the home, so the wedding celebration was held in the town hall at Sävsjö. Many friends were invited. It was said the building shook and rattled from all the dancing and celebrating that went on that night.

The day Jenny left her family home, the youngest children began to cry and hang on to her skirt saying, "Please don't go; stay with us." She was really the only mother the youngest knew. Jenny cried with the children but felt parting would be the best. She and Fred moved to his father's, Gustaf Pettersson, home. Fred farmed Gustaf's land in partnership with his brother, Adolph. Jenny returned to her home many times to visit and could see the boys were accepting their new step-mother. Fred and his brother farmed together until his father died on May 14, 1894. Times were hard and sharing the profits of the farm did not leave much to live on. Fred had two brothers and two sisters living in America. They were Carl, A.G. (Gustaf), Charlotta Eklund and Clara Hanstrom. They kept asking him to join them.

and Jenny decided they would go to America, accumulate some wealth in the prosperous land, and return to Sweden in five years. Fred sold his share of the farm to Adolph and used the money to pay the way to America. During that winter, Fred made several trunks to carry their possessions to the new land. Jenny became pregnant that winter, but the timing was right. They should be settled with friends in America before the baby was born.

They boarded a ship at Gothenborg in the spring of 1895 and sailed to New York. From New York, they went by train to Jamestown to the home of an acquaintance. They lived with them until Fred found a place to stay. While in Jamestown, Fred worked as a brick layer. Any surplus funds were saved to build cash reserves for the trip to Texas. Ruth was born July 4, 1895. The Texas relatives were anxious to have him join them. They kept writing, "There are many opportunities to make a good living and a lot of land to be bought or rented for farming." After one year in Jamestown, Fred made his final move to Hutto, Texas in 1896.

The month of August is the hottest month in Texas, and they were not prepared for it. Jenny and Fred were wearing their wool clothes because that was all they had. It was so hot they felt they would die of heat stroke. His brother was at the railroad station when they arrived and drove them to his farm southeast of Hutto in his spring wagon. A spring wagon was a very impressive form of transportation in those days since most people owned only wagons without springs. Jenny sat on the wagon seat holding Ruth and Fred sat on one of the trunks he had made. These trunks carried their most prized possessions, wedding gifts, keep sakes from their parent's home. In fact, the trunks carried all their worldly possessions.

As they rode out into the country, the land looked like a sea of grass. The area around Hutto was a grass land. The grass was about knee to waist high and extended all directions as far as the eye could see. There were no trees or brush because of grass fires. Trees were found only along Brushy Creek. Lightning or some times sparks from trains would set the grass on fire. The fire line would spread for miles and at night there would be a red glow all over the sky. There were very few farms so farmers plowed the land around their house and barns to keep the fires away from them.

Fred's brother, A.G., was farming southeast of Hutto, about two miles. He introduced Fred to his landlord, Mr. Nelson, who lived in Round Rock. Mr. Nelson gave Fred permission to plow up the prairie land near A.G.'s farm and start a farm of his own. He also furnished lumber to build a house. Fred, his brother, and friends worked on this new house during the winter when very little could be done on the farm. The house was very pretty, with many of Jenny's ideas going into the design. It was a four room house with a porch, good for those hot summer days. Since there were no near-by banks, he built a secret drawer into the wall; it was so well concealed that only those knowing where it was could open it. He kept his money and valuables there. They used their trunk to store the clothes since there were no closets. A chiffarobe was usually used for clothes in those

days, but the money was being saved for farm equipment and seed. Farming was not easy in a new country with a different language, different crops, different growing conditions and terribly hot weather. Fred was in the fields working from the first light of day to the last rays of light at night. Jenny milked the cows, fed all the animals, watered them and took care of all the chores around the house. This work pattern continued most of their lives. Their first crop in 1897 was a failure, but not everything failed. Their second daughter, Sigrid Martina, was born on September 9, 1897. (In later life, she changed her name to Segred Martha to be more American).

The responsibilities were increasing and hardships seemed to be getting worse. Jenny wanted to go back to Sweden. She did not like this hard rugged life and would not unpack her trunk. Fred said, "Jenny, we decided together to come to this land. We have traveled a long way and now what we need is a little more time for this land to bear fruit." Jenny was very skeptical, kept her trunk packed, and kept letting Fred know she didn't like it, but she worked very hard beside him to make it go. Mr. Nelson did not collect his rent for the first year because of the crop failure.

Fred had other problems. He was having troubles finding water. Water was necessary if the farm was to succeed. He started digging wells near the house and kept getting dry holes. Each time he dug, he moved farther away from the house. He dug nine wells the only way--the hard way--using a pick, a shovel and a bucket with a rope to pull the dirt out of the hole. The ninth well was also dry when they reached the limestone rock. It was late and he decided to wait until tomorrow before covering up the dry hole. The next morning the well was full. He became excited and called his family to take a look. Being religious, he also thanked the Lord for this gift.

There were many Swedish immigrants in Hutto. There were so many that they had their own churches, social life and businesses. For a while it seemed like little Sweden in America. It would probably have remained that way if it had not been for the law requiring all children to go to public school. Once the children began to go to school the separation began to disappear and with in one generation, had completely vanished. In the beginning, the Hutto people were divided into two groups, the Americans and the Swedes. The two transacted business together but it was rather strained. The vocal and hot heads gave the Swedes a hard time, but their hatred for Swedes disappeared when their children married Swedish children.

Fred and Jenny were very religious and had family Bible readings and prayers every night before going to bed. They were very active in church work. Fred knew the Bible by heart and was a very good speaker. He was recognized by the church as a lay preacher and gave sermons when the preachers were absent. He served as teacher, Sunday School superintendent and on the church board. Jenny was active in the ladies-organizations called the Ladies' Aid Society, and the Art Club. These were social clubs primarily to raise money for church needs. Jenny and Fred worked very hard all week, but Sunday was the day for church and the day to visit. Each Sunday A.G.,

Clara, Charlotta and Fred would meet at one of their homes after church. They would enjoy a dinner together and spend the rest of the day visiting and telling about happenings of the past week. The never ending farm duties of milking cows and feeding the cattle, the pigs and chickens meant the visit ended in time to arrive home before dark.

The year 1898 was good. Fred made a good crop and a lot of money. Once a year to settle the rent, the family would ride to Round Rock early in the morning, visit the Nelsons, have dinner with them, settle up the payments and leave to be home just before dark.

Ruth died October 6, 1899 of typhoid fever. Mr. Nelson had another renter who wanted to start a farm next to Fred. Nelson asked Fred if he could share the well. Fred didn't mind; he was glad to have a neighbor. There were no fences. The cattle were kept in pens and turned out to graze. Someone had to watch them when they were out so they could not stray. The new neighbor became acquainted with Fred's time schedule and turned his cows out at watering time. All the cows would wait at the trough for Fred or Jenny to pour in water. It wouldn't have been so bad if the neighbor had filled the trough sometimes, but he never did. When Fred went to Round Rock to settle the rent he mentioned this to the landlord. Nelson went to town and bought some barbed wire and told Fred to put a fence bordering the neighbors farm and have the fence pass across the center of the well. Alex Mercer was a negro who lived on the farm with his wife, Alice, and worked full-time farming. Alex had three children named Ellen, Howard and Lilly. Ellen was the same age as Segred and they played together. Alex, A.G., and Fred went to Brushy Creek and cut some trees to make fence posts. The next day they put up the fence. This ended the water problem.

Agat Walter was born June 15, 1901. He changed his name to August, but later went by A.W. To accommodate the larger family, Jenny talked Fred into buying a double buggy with a front and a back seat. It was also equipped with a canvass top. For the final touch, he bought two white mules, the only white mules in the community. Astrid Linnea was born May 24, 1905. Later she changed her name to Esther but is nicknamed Pat. Segred started public school in 1906. She was nine years old and could not speak one word of English. The American boys and girls picked on her because of her Swedish language. They would ask her to say certain words and then laugh at the way the words came out. The older boys took her lunch pail as she was walking to school, took out the apple, cake or any sweets, then give the pail back to her. They threatened her if she told, so she never said a word. Some boys who lived beside the road to school threw rocks at her when she passed.

Fred and Jenny lived on the Nelson farm until December 11, 1907. The years were prosperous in many ways. They raised and harvested many good crops. The profits he invested in land. He bought many vacant lots in Hutto. By 1907, he owned enough land to keep him busy full time. Tillie was born November 27, 1907. He moved to the City of Hutto two weeks

See "HARDSHIPS," Page 6

Hutto. One of The Most Prosperous Little Cities In Williamson County Its Citizens are Wide-a-woke and Progressive

HUTTO'S PUBLIC SCHOOL OPENS MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 9TH

The Hutto Public Schools will open September 9, 1929. An interesting program is being arranged and all patrons and friends of the school are cordially invited to the opening exercise which begins at the ten o'clock in the morning. All students in the grades will please be on hand by nine o'clock so that the books may be issued by ten o'clock. The children will not need to bring their lunches as there will be no school in the afternoon.

The following teachers make up the faculty: High School—S. G. Boynton, Superintendent; Miss Maurie Lanier, Principal; R. C. Walker, Science and Coach; Mrs. J. C. Ray, Commercial subjects and U. S. History, and Miss Florence Anderson, History in the High School and Writing in the Grades. Intermediate Grades—Mrs. E. E. Brown, Reading and History; Miss Mabry Patterson, Arithmetic and Drawing. Primary Grades—Miss Ruby Hanstrom, Third Grade and part of the Second Grade and Miss Lee Westbrook, primary.

The board of trustees are: G. E. McCormick, Chairman; H. E. Baker, Secretary; H. Glendinning, Albert Johnson, E. O. Gustafson, Paul Matthews, and S. C. Goodwin. Regular monthly meetings are on the first Monday night of each month.

The High School offers twenty-four subjects with a total of twenty credits all of which are accredited except Commercial Law which was introduced as a new subject last semester. This subject will be accredited this year. The following subjects are offered: English, four years; Spanish, two years; U. S. History, Early European History, Modern History, Economics, Civics, Physics, Physiology, Physiography, General Agriculture, Algebra, two years, Plane Geometry, Commercial Arithmetic, Bookkeeping, Typewriting, Shorthand, Commercial Geography, and Commercial Law. Sixteen units are required for graduation. Graduates of the Hutto High School are permitted to enter any college or university in Texas or the United States without having to take College Entrance Examinations. Printed below is a letter from the State Department of Education, which will show the recognition given the standard of work maintained in our High School.

Austin, Tex., May 14, 1929.
Supt. S. G. Boynton,
Hutto, Texas.
Dear Mr. Boynton:
Upon the recommendation of the supervisor who visited your school, 1-2 credit in Commercial Geometry will be allowed without the submission of material. This method of accrediting was authorized by the Committee on Classified and Accredited Schools as a recognition of very superior work. The retention of the credit will depend upon two factors: (1) whether the schools maintain the high standards upon which this credit was granted; (2) whether material is retained at the school at all times to enable the supervisor

to judge the work. I wish to congratulate your school upon this evidence of good work.

Sincerely yours,
A. M. BLACKMAN,
Chief Supervisor of High Schools.

Transcripts of credits have been sent out for the following students: State University—Gurney Miller, Harvey Payne, Mildred Barnes, Arnold Johnson, and Edwin Tinning;; Teachers College, San Marcos, Frances Patterson; Southwestern University, J. W. Nelson and John Applin; Seton Infirmary's School for Nurses, Margie Carington and Elna Anderson.

The biggest business of any nation, state, or community is the educating of the youth. The type of citizenship we have is largely traceable to the school environment. The schools are built for the youth, every physical need has been provided for the youth, teachers are hired and expected to work hard, all for the youth; but there is one essential yet, and that is a community that will boost the school and give words of encouragement to the board of trustees, teachers, and pupils. It doesn't take a handsome building with all necessary equipment to make a school, but the things that really make a school are, principally, the teachers and pupils who must work hard and at the same time have the cooperation and encouragement of the community as a whole.

I heard a man say the other day that business in Hutto was dead, and this was not a business man who made this assertion; either. No, business is not dead, on the contrary it is just what the business men and the community want it to be. The reason you have a fully accredited school is because the people of this community want that type of school and are willing to support it. The reason you have a happy home is because the whole family works toward that end. I knew a man during the late World War who said that he did not want his neighbors to come in when he was sick, that he had money and could hire a nurse to care for him. He did not care for friends either, because he had money. As you will remember all available nusses were taken to the soldiers' camps and to the front and when the influenza epidemic came there were few nurses for the civilian population. This man and his family became sick with the "flu," and could not get a nurse. He finally had to call on his neighbors for help. Mankind is a social entity and cannot live alone. The same is true concerning the home, school, business, and the state. Let this community continue to boost and support its schools and its enterprises and make this school year the banner year in its history.

Faithfully yours,
S. G. BOYNTON,

If you have a relative or friend who lives away from Hutto and who is interested in our little city, why send them the Herald. It will serve as a letter to them each week, and will be greatly appreciated.

YE EDITOR AND FAMILY GUESTS OF BAYLOR

Sunday, August the 25th, we had the pleasure of enjoying a Sunday dinner in the large dining room of the Baylor College, at Belton, Texas. This dining room has a seating capacity of 800 or more. It was our pleasure to be seated at the table, occupied by Mrs. E. C. Ely, assistant manager of the Ely Pepper System, who acted as hostess on this occasion.

Baylor College, one of the oldest and most efficient colleges in all Texas, for girls and young women of Texas, has done its part for years in enabling the girlhood of Texas to gain an education that has made them leaders in their lines all over the world.

The mother or father, who has a daughter, who wants to take advantage of a college education, will do well to get in touch with the officials of this well known college, and have her enrolled.

The officials of this college try to make college life in this institution, home-like, seeing that each and every girl has the very best of attention in order that they may make rapid advancements in their various studies throughout the school term. The fall term starts September the 16th.

BEAUTIFUL HOMES AND LAWNS

Hutto citizens have many beautiful and comfortable homes all of which have well kept lawns. All of which adds much attraction to visitors passing through our city, as well as to those that visit Hutto. Let's keep this good work up, for nothing adds to the beauty of a city as well as nice kept homes and lawns.

HAS OUR THANKS

Superintendent S. G. Boynton, of the Hutto public school has our thanks for a nice order of letter heads for the Hutto school.

We greatly appreciate the cooperation given us in this matter, and promise at all times, quality printing, together with as prompt service and as low price as possible to give at all times.

KEEP POSTED WEEKLY

If you receive a copy of the first issue of the Herald it is an invitation to call and enroll your name on our subscription book for a year. If you want to keep your town abreast with other small towns, you will lend your support to an institution that is striving to push Hutto and vicinity to the front. Subscribe for your home paper. It needs your financial and moral support as well.

NEW PASTOR GETS A REAL GOOD POUNDING

Wednesday night, August the 23rd, at the Presbyterian parsonage in this city, a large number of the members and friends met on the spacious lawn for the purpose of giving the new pastor, W. H. F. Moore and his wife of Dallas, a real good pounding.

Judging from the number of packages, boxes and bundles brought by the many in attendance, the affair was a big success.

Games of quoting the most prominent characters and verses throughout the Bible brought much interest to those that were present. In answering these questions, the ladies carried off high honors, and the men were instructed to go home and take up a short course in reading their Bible.

After the many various games enjoyed, a delightful course of ice cream and wonderful home-cooked cake were served, which was indeed very much enjoyed.

IT IS AN INVITATION

If you receive a copy of the Herald it is an invitation to call and enroll your name enrolled upon our list. Again if you have a relative or friend that is living away from Hutto, that is interested in our city and has friends here, why send the paper to them. It will help us get up a list, and they will greatly appreciate getting a Hutto paper, that will keep them informed as to the news of this section at a small cost each week.

SHERIFF LOWE WAS IN TOWN

Louis Lowe, high sheriff, of Williamson county, and rated as one of the best peace officers in Texas, was mingling with Hutto friends here a few days ago.

It has been our pleasure of knowing Mr. Lowe for many years before he ever thought of running for public office and we were indeed glad to meet him once more.

GAS BURNS KILL GIRL

BRADY. — Doris Mae, 10, daughter of T. C. Ward of Melvin, died here today of burns sustained a week ago when gasoline with which she was killing ants became ignited.

BRAZOS BOND VOTE CALLED

BRYAN.—Brazos county commissioners today called an election to be held Sept. 28 to vote on issuance of \$1,100,000 in road building bonds.

AUTO WRECK KILLS MAN

DENTON.—E. A. Felder, 55, Fort Worth, was killed instantly today when his car overturned near here. The car was driven by his daughter, Miss Ruth Felder, who received only minor cuts.

LETS GET BUSY AND PUSH HUTTO TO THE FRONT

HUTTO BUSINESS FIRMS ARE LIVE WIRES

The Herald takes its hat off to the live and progressive business firms of Hutto. We want to congratulate them on the splendid co-operation given the Herald for its first issue. As will be seen, practically all firms are carrying large and attractive spaces to announce to the citizens and surrounding trade territory, that Hutto is still on the map and wide awake to the opportunities of this section. These firms all carry large and well selected stocks in their various lines and will greatly appreciate the patronage of the citizens of this section.

HUTTO FARMER RAISES BUMPER CROP

The Taylor Daily Press of Aug. 30, carried the following interview with one of Hutto's thrifty farmers, which we gladly reproduce:
Mr. Gustafson, a farmer who is on his farm, which is located one mile north of Hutto, was a visitor in Taylor today and brought with him several samples of his extra fine cotton crop and maize crop for the 1929 fall season.

Mr. Gustafson is operating a 135-acre farm and has a very modern and up-to-date home on the farm. While being interviewed by a reporter today, Mr. Gustafson expressed himself, stating that he believed he would make the best crop this year that he has made in several years and gave a short account of his place.

He produced on his farm this year, the first bale of the 1929 cotton crop to be ginned in Hutto, and up to the present time has harvested 19 bales of cotton from 100 acres now under cultivation. He stated that he would probably make 50 bales this year. From the cotton that he has already picked he states he is averaging one half bale per acre and that he had a large amount more of this crop to gather. Mr. Gustafson brought in several samples of his top crop of cotton. The stalks are in good condition with extra large and firm bolls upon them. He had 26 acres of feed stuff raised on his farm this year. Twenty-two acres are planted in row feed crops. Among this he produced 24 tons of broadcast cane on 3 acres. Mr. Gustafson stated that he cut his first crop of cane, baled it, and then plowed the ground, turning in the stalks underneath.

The corn crop this year, Mr. Gustafson stated, would produce from 40 to 50 bushels of corn per acre. This crop is planted two rows to one row of maize or planted on an alternating basis. He will raise approximately half as much maize as he does corn.

Hutto is surrounded with one of as good trade territories as will be found anywhere. It has loyal and faithful citizenship who are always ready and willingly to help push forward any worth while movement that tends to promote the interest of our little city. This, being true, let's make an united effort to join hands in a movement that will place our little city on the map, from a trading standpoint.

Hutto merchants have full and complete stocks of merchandise and quality of goods considered, their prices will compare with any in Texas.

Let's wake up and have a trades day for Hutto, say once a week and offer real bargains on these days in every way. This can be accomplished very easy if all will join hands in this worth while undertaking.

Cotton is now moving and let's make hay while the sun shines.

JOHN COOLIDGE TO WED IN SEPTEMBER

NEW HAVEN, Conn.—John Coolidge, son of Ex-Pres. Calvin Coolidge, said his marriage with Miss Florence Trumbull, daughter of Gov. John H. Trumbull of Connecticut, would take place September 15.

Mr. Coolidge is a member of the U. S. Army and is stationed at Fort Belvoir, Ill.

Mr. Coolidge was in Hutto today and brought with him several samples of his extra fine cotton crop and maize crop for the 1929 fall season.

FIRE RAZES FORTRESS

MEXICO CITY.—A tremendous fire has nearly destroyed the historic fortress of San Juan De Ulua in Vera Cruz harbor. Explosion shook the city Friday, and fire completed destruction last night.

No casualties were reported.

LADY BIRD HAS TYPHOID

FORT WORTH.—Mrs. Margaret Perry, New York, who was forced to withdraw from the womens' air derby, is seriously ill with typhoid fever.

If you know of a news item, why drop around to the Herald office and tell us about it. In this way you will enable us to give you a newsy paper each week. Remember we are no mind readers and only publish the news as told us.

Hutto is well protected against fires. It has a dandy fire truck, coupled with plenty of water, which gives us ample means of fighting fires at all times.

Besides having a fine crop this year, Mr. Gustafson stated he had a pear orchard, 50 bearing trees which produced about 3 bushels of pears per tree. He also has 14 sheppard stranded Anconas and 100 young pullets.

Mr. Gustafson's home is modernly equipped with many conveniences, he uses carbide gas for cooking and lighting purposes and has running water piped into his home.

due to high pressure. Cold fronts moved through Texas Thursday and Sunday over East Texas and the second spawned showers and thunderstorms over the eastern part of the state. Actual temperatures for this time of year range from the low 50's over the Panhandle to the low 30's over the Gulf Coast. Actual temperatures for this past week were slightly below normal over this State this time of year ranges from near zero over far West Texas to near one inch in Central East Texas. Actual rainfall this past week was below the 0.1 inches to 0.3 inches and above normal over East and Northeastern Texas by 0.2

Texas Posten

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BREAKING THE LANGUAGE BARRIER, SWEDISH STYLE

by Harvey Olander

Claus and I were up early. We were told our ship would enter New York harbor about seven. When I came up on the main deck the wind caused by the ships movement was cold. My heavy coat felt good as we walked to the bow for a better view. The day was clear and the water was calm, a good day to arrive at this new land. The tall buildings of New York were now visible and a small boat was approaching. Our ship stopped and the boat came up to our side. "That must be the pilot coming aboard", I told Claus. The toot of the ship's whistle must have awakened every immigrant aboard. Before long the entire deck was filled with Swedes, all excited about arriving in America. As we entered the harbor the rising sun was reflected from the many windows of the large buildings. A nudge John gave me made me realize he and his brother were standing beside us. He was pointing to the Statue of Liberty on the starboard. We made our way through the crowd to get a better view. There the great lady stood, just as Mrs. Anders Gustaf Anderson, my sister, had described it in her letters home to us. Her hand was lifted high holding a lighted torch of freedom. As we neared the statue the ship slowed and two tugs approached, attaching their lines to our ship. Soon the tugs had our ship against the dock. The ship petty officer with a megaphone moved around the ship saying, "This is Ellis Island. You must go below and gather up all of your possessions and take them with you as you leave the ship." By nine o'clock we were all in a group inside the large warehouse, waiting.

My traveling companions were Claus Swenson, and brothers John and Carl Strumquist. We all came from the same place, Bringetofta, Sweden, my home town. During our eight days at sea we became acquainted with many people, including Otilia Stromberg and her traveling companions. Their destination was Illinois, the same as ours, so for security we decided to travel as a group. An immigration officer checked us one at a time. I was worried that I would not pass their tests but all they checked was my physical shape and my health. I was twenty-two years old and felt as strong as an ox. After passing the exam an official said, "You must leave this room and wait in the hall outside for your friends." I could see the statue thru the window again as I entered the hall. One by one my friends and traveling companions arrived: John, Carl, Claus and Otilia friends, but not Otilia. After a time the girls became concerned. We approached the guard at the door and said, "Min van ar dar inne och har inte kommit ut." (My friend is inside and she has not come out.) The guard did not understand Swedish and forbade any of us to enter. We tried several more times and the answer was the same. Two hours had passed since we had been through customs and we were getting very worried. A group discussion was held and it was decided there was only one thing we could do. John and I backed away from the guard about ten feet, got a running start, and brushed past the guard pushing him to one side. John received a bump on his back from the guard's club as he passed the door into customs. Whistles began to blow, and before we could ask the inspector about Otilia, we were surrounded by guards. I tried to guess what the guard was asking me and answered loudly hoping the customs official would hear and understand me. "Flickan ar forlorad ock ve forsoker hitta henne. Mannen vill icke lata oss in." (The girl is lost and we are trying to find her. That man will not let us in.) The custom's inspector heard and told the guard what I said. The guard we rushed laughed and put his hand on my shoulder and said, "You swedes are a determined bunch. Now I understand why you wanted back into customs but you cannot wait here. Go back to the hall and wait while we find her. we will escort her to you." As we were leaving the room we could hear a official paging Miss Otilia Stromberg. About ten minutes later she arrived with tears in her eyes. She told us she had exited thru another door and could not get back to find us. That night our group boarded the train departing for Illinois.

This is a story about Perry Adolph (P.A.) Olander who worked four years in Handover, Henry County, Illinois, before joining his oldest sister Sofia (Mrs. Anders Gustaf Anderson) and Claus Swenson in Texas in 1885. Claus Swenson and Otilia Stromberg were employed at Galesburg, Illinois. There they married, moved to Nebraska and then to Georgetown, Texas in 1882. Claus Swenson, Otilia, and Sofia met P.A. at Round Rock train station in a buggy to take him to Georgetown to their homes.

Texas planting planted on the South Texas worms were d activity is mini

CORN planting twelve points average. A light fields but gro enable these. remains center few fields were week's end.

RICE planting plete by week beginning of th land preparatio

Growth of WH by continued Timbers, Edwa Cross Timbers stands and 1 increased subs growers to spr in all wheat prc

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COMMERCIAL

In the LOWER increased. See cabbage and c Supplies of lett and melons are limited to Vale

In SOUTH TE tion. Some w looking good.

In the COAST were looking g

In the SAN vest of carrot County. At LA were growing w

In CENTRAL freeze damage

EVANGELICAL FREE CHURCH
1322 E. University Avenue
Georgetown, Texas
Ray Wegner, Pastor
STUDY: 863-5108
HOME: 863-5257
MORNING WORSHIP
ORGAN PRELUDE Irene Lindquist
SUNDAY: 9:45 A.M. Sunday School
11:00 A.M. Morning Worship
7:00 P.M. Evening Service

THE FIRST EVAN
4425 Red River
Austin, Texas 787
David Blackmore, Minister
Miss Nancy Herma
Mrs. Richard
Mrs. Ronald
9:00 a.m. Library open
9:15 a.m. Sunday School
10:30 a.m. Nursery (thro
"My soul shall make its
shall hear it and rejoice
me and let us exalt His

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Texas Posten

NEWS and SOUTH AUSTIN NEWS 1949

LIBERAL, POLITISK NYHETSTIDNING FÖR SVENSKARN I AMERIKA

Texas Posten, Torsdagen Den 21 December 1978

Publication No. 541400

Texas Posten, Torsdagen De

THEN CAME "JUL AFTON" (Christmas eve)

That morning every one had a bath. The boys filled the wood bin in the kitchen to over flowing so the iron wood stove could be fired up extra hot to heat the water and make the room extra warm. Hot water was poured into a number three wash tub and mama bathed the children one at a time. By two o'clock every one was clean and dressed in their very best. I wore my new Calico dress mama made for me. Mama had been saving egg money and bought the material for 5¢ a yard.

The preparation for this dinner began a long time ago. The Cheese had been made for several weeks. The "Dryck" (Beverage) made of molasses, yeast, and sugar, was made several weeks before. The beets had been pickled in the spring. The butter was churned several days ago. The coffee beans had been roasted yesterday. It was my job to grind the coffee beans in the hand crank grinder. The dinner table had been expanded to its largest size and was covered with a freshly ironed linen table cloth. Extra chairs were in place. The table was set with the best plates and shiny silver ware. The ham was boiling on the stove. The broth remaining after the ham was cooked would be boiled some more until it was a syrup.

We were so excited by noon because we knew Aunt Fena, Aunt Emma, Uncle Claus and Grandmother would arrive soon. About four o'clock they began to arrive with their Christmas gifts. It was the custom on Christmas Eve for guests to go to the kitchen for "Doppa i grytan" (Dip in the pot) shortly after arrival. They would dip dried bread into the pot of boiled down ham broth and drink coffee. It was important not to eat too much because the biggest, most important meal of the year would be served at dusk. After daylight faded into dark, mother called "Every one come to dinner". This meant all of the adults, not the children. It was the custom to serve the children after the adults had been served. Father gave the blessing for Christmas and for the friends and food. Mother kept busy serving the food and did not eat. The Christmas dish Lut Fisk, in a cream sauce made of flour and milk, was served with boiled potatoes. Generally the fish was placed over the potatoes. Following the Lut Fisk, the main course was served. Sliced ham was first, followed by sausage; Sylta was served in thin slices, more potatoes, peas, "Ris gran" (Rice grain cooked with butter and cinnamon), pickled beets, cheese, bread, butter, "Ost Kaka" (Cheese cake) with "Kro fey" (Lingon berries) was served as desert. The guests sat at the table after dinner talking, laughing, in a relaxed atmosphere, enjoying each others company. Amelia said, I thought they would never finish so we could eat. In time it was the children's turn to eat and we were hungry. Mama and the children ate together while the ladies began to wash the dishes. Amelia said, "We didn't linger long at the table because we knew "Jul tomten" (The Christmas Brownie) would come when we were through". But Jul Tomten never came until the table was cleaned and the kitchen was straight. Jul Tomten knew the custom and always waited until father read the Christmas story from the large family Bible. Father then gave a prayer of thanks for the birth of the Christ Child. Then we sang several Christmas songs. It wasn't long before a knock was heard. We let him in quickly because we knew it was Jul Tomten. He wore a stocking on his head, pulled low over his eyes, and carried a sack with gifts. The voice sounded familiar, like Aunt Fena, but no, it couldn't be. "Jul gäva" (Christmas presents) were always opened Christmas Eve, never on Christmas Day. We opened our Jul gäva and enjoyed this spirit of giving.

This is a story based on memories recounted by Amelia Hennech who is now residing in Trinity Lutheran Home in Round Rock, Texas. Time; Dec. 1899. Written By Harvey F. Olander

Ny operationsmetod

Doktor Gustaf Liedberg i Eskilstuna har utvecklat en ny operationsmetod för borttagande av gallstenar. Med hjälp av ett glasfiberinstrument, som förs ner genom halsen och in i tolvfingertarmen, kan gallstenarna plockas ut. Med hjälp av det här instrumentet kan man också upptäcka sår och tumörer på ett tidigt stadium i matsmältningskanalen.

Sveriges dagar räknade?

Sverige kommer att gå mot ekonomiskt, socialt och ekologiskt sammanbrott under åren fram till sekelskiftet. Det menar författarna till rapporten "Det sårbara samhällsbyggnaden".

Widespread rains occurred into the weekend
nday due to a rapid influx of moisture from the south. Weekend rains spread over
ate except far west Texas. Temperatures for the week were above normal over the
s, southwest, west, Northcentral, and coastal Texas. Temperatures were below nor-
Texas and the Panhandle. Rainfall was above normal over East Texas, Northcentral
il Texas. Rainfall was near normal over the Panhandle and below normal over South
over Rio Grande Valley.

Texas Posten

S. and SOUTH AUSTIN NEWS 1949

LIBERAL, POLITISK NYHETSTIDNING FÖR SVENSKARNA I AMERIKA

The Struggle for Acceptance

By Harvey Olander

When the Swedish people came to America, the biggest difficulty in being accepted by the Americans was their language. A number of Americans looked down on the Swedes in the same way they looked down on the Negro. This non-acceptance was probably due to their different customs as well as their being poor, since they arrived in America owning only the clothes on their backs. This kept the Swedes in a group to themselves.

The Swedish church was the central meeting place, after a week of being isolated working on the farm, they looked forward to this gathering where they would be able to speak to someone in their native tongue. The large Swedish settlement in Hutto also kept them together as a group. This caused them to continue to follow the customs as they had in Sweden, until their children went into the community to become a part of it.

When I was young my father and mother used

to refer to the Swedes and the Americans as two separate groups. My father was very defensive when someone called him a Swede and his quick temper always brought this response: "What nationality are you? I know your ancestors came to America just as mine, and you are no more American than I am."

This response embarrassed me; I did not understand his attitude for many years because there were no distinctions between us by the time I was old enough to go into the community. I was accepted as an equal in any situation.

It was difficult for my father and mother in younger life. They were treated very ugly. My mother took it with a smile and hid her hurt. She was called names, had her possessions grabbed away, had her lunch continually taken and had rocks thrown at her on the way to and from school. My father was different. He would not take it and kept proving he was equal in the country school by jumping on the

insulter and fighting it out. A.W. Gustafson, my mother's brother, would not stand for insults or remarks. The insulter soon quit because he could not take the consequences.

My mother gained respect, not by strength, but by ability. She could not speak English when she started school. Her quickness to learn put her way ahead of her classmates. By the time she was in the fourth grade she was put in charge of monitoring the class when the teacher left the room. My mother also became valedictorian of her graduating class.

Her ability in athletics also broke the barrier. My mother and A.W. were both on championship basketball teams. Some of the biggest tormenters soon had to eat their words because their children married Swedish boys and girls. Because of the efforts of the children of the immigrants to overcome this non-acceptance my generation never knew what they went through.

Texas Posten

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NO PRAYER MEETING TONIGHT

A story told by Segred Gustafson Olander to her son Harvey Olander

It was Wednesday afternoon in the spring of 1907. The day was warm with white fluffy clouds drifting by on their way north. Fred Gustafson, my father, was in the field chopping cotton with Alice, Milly, Howard and Ellen Mercer, a colored family living on the farm. About four o'clock Father came home, an early time for him since he normally worked until dark. This was prayer meeting night at the church, the second most important day after Sunday in his religious life. Fred had always been a religious man, even in his youth. When he lived in Sweden he belonged to the Lutheran state church which was supported by taxation of the people. After he came to America he had a choice, so he joined the Swedish Methodist Church because his brother, Gustaf (A.G.), and sister, Charlotta Eklund, were members. His brother Carl even built this church before he moved to Crosby in 1896.

While Father milked the cows and fed the cattle he asked me to feed the chickens, gather the eggs, and draw water from the well in the pasture to water the cattle. I was nine years old and was eager to help in the grown-up's world. I begged Father, as he walked from the barn with the milk, to let me go with him to church that evening. He finally agreed after much persistence on my part. I skipped along beside him teasing my sister Esther and brother A.W. by proclaiming that I was going to go to prayer meeting and that they were too young to go. Jenny, my mother, was disturbed that Father had relented and let Segred, her oldest daughter go. That meant getting her dress clothes out of the trunk and helping her carry water from the well to bathe. I can remember we used the largest wash tub and had a curtain to make the corner of the kitchen private for bathing. The well was about a hundred yards from the house, so carrying water was a problem. It was far from the house because Father had dug nine wells before he finally found a location with water.

After we had both bathed and dressed in our Sunday best, Father went to the pasture and called "Dolly" one of our white mules, to come into the barn. The hay he put into the trough enticed all the mules to come running into the pen. We were proud of our white mules since they were the only ones in the community. After allowing Dolly a chance to eat some hay, he walked up to her and slipped the bridle bit into her mouth and pulled the bridle over her head, folding each ear to allow it to pass. Then came the collar. Then the yoke was fastened over the collar. The traces attached to the yoke were thrown over Dolly's back until we reached the buggy. Father backed Dolly into the shaves, attached them to the collar, and hooked the traces to the single tree. At last we were ready to go. I climbed into the buggy with the black canvas top, followed by Father, after he handed me the reins. I yelled to Esther and A.W. as we passed saying, "Tee Hee. You can't go."

Down the lane, I waved at my good friend Ellen, the young colored girl my age, that I played with. She was still in the field chopping cotton with her parents. Elizabeth, my aunt, was in the yard beside her house as we passed. We waved to her and to Elof, her son. A.G. Gustafson was farming the land next to Father's.

We lived about three miles south east of Hutto and when we were about a mile from town we heard the whistle of the local freight train blow. Father said, "That is unusual, for the freight train to be in Hutto at this time." Father kept close track of train schedules and knew the exact time of each train as it went through the town. There was an important reason for this accuracy. The road followed beside the railroad track for the last half mile, across Cottonwood branch past the Dahlberg Gin (later to be Hanstrom and Tenning Gin). The trains had caused many a mule or horse to run away when the rider was caught on this road. I can remember that if we were on the road and a train was sighted or heard, Father would start the mules running to get a safe distance from the track before the train arrived. One time we were caught and Father put his coat over the mule's head and ears, stood beside the mule holding the bridle tightly, talking all the time to calm the animal down. Even then it tried to bolt and run away. Those huge iron steam-hissing monsters were frightening enough but I felt that those train engineers deliberately made the situation worse when they blew the whistle at the most inconvenient times.

On this night we stopped about one-half mile from town to wait for the train to quit switching freight cars around. Thirty minutes later the train was still there and the church service had begun, because during the quieter moments we could hear the congregation singing. (There were so few noises in those days that sounds would carry for miles.) We could even hear the preacher in his louder moments, although we were at least a mile and a half away from church. Father wanted to be at church in the worst way since he was very religious, a lay preacher, Sunday School superintendent and teacher, but driving down that lane, past that train was one miracle he felt he could not perform. We waited another thirty minutes, until it started to grow dark and still the train stayed. We heard the congregation singing the last hymn when the train began to leave Hutto, to panic some other horse or mule along the way. Father said, "Well it's too late to go to church now," so he turned the buggy around and released the reins. Dolly knew every turn of the road and without hesitation quickly made her way towards home. The many lightning bugs flashed their lights as if to help us on our way towards the lamp we could see shining in the window of our country home.

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5 MARS 1981

SCANDINAVIAN CLUB

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We will be honored by having The Noteables of Austin, a singing group with Mrs. Della Vallin as a member. Mrs. Betty Sampler director.

After the program refreshments will be served.

Hostesses will be Mr. and Mrs. James Sellstrom, Mrs. Della Vallin, Mr. Lillie Anderson, Mrs. May Gustafson, Mrs. Martina Taylor, Mrs. Esther Sevening, and Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Gustafson.

Social hour will follow. Reporter, Leonard Scott.

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LUTHERAN BROTHERHOOD INSURANCE

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Psalm 23

"THIS IS YOUR LIFE AMELIA"

By Harvey Olander
In tribute on her 90th birthday

Hulda Emelia Maria Olander was born to proud parents Per Adolph and Kristiana Johnson Olander February 18, 1891 in their home commonly called Noah's Ark. Her father was one of the first eleven Swedes to settle in the Hutto community. She was the first born and received all of grandmother Anna Katrina's loving care. Henning Artur was born the following year May 24, 1892. Three days after Artur was born P.A. attended the organizational meeting to build the first Swedish Methodist Church and became a charter member. He also served on the board of stewards of the church most of his life. Amelia wasn't aware that the Swedish Methodist Church would become a big part of her life. When Amelia was two years and eight months old a second brother, Carl Oscar, came into her life on October 2, 1893. Amelia was by then walking and getting into all the no-no's that Kristina and Anna tried to keep from her. Her first sister didn't arrive until she was six years and six months old. Amelia didn't appreciate having to share her mother's attention with the new girl, Noemi Elisabeth, born August 1, 1897. By the time Ebba Catrina Ingeborg moved in November 6, 1900 Amelia was now old enough to help care for the younger ones and helped Mother change diapers and perform other house duties. This was about the time her father proved to be a marathon runner and ran all the way to Hutto to watch the fire that burned the entire business district south of the tracks.

Amelia was now old enough to start school. P.A. enrolled her in Stony Point School located about a mile southwest of the farm. She learned that students do more than study books; she learned to remove ashes from the wood stove, dust erasers, sweep the class room and carry water in a bucket from Spout Springs at the bottom of the hill. She also learned the unsanitary method of drinking water from the same cup everyone else used. The Olander home was becoming too crowded so Anna Katrina moved to Hutto to live with Uncle Claus and Aunt Fina. She loved to visit in their home and to help Uncle Claus Olander in his successful tailor shop. Her father bought some more farm land and built a new house upon it. Hildur Rebacka was born July 31, 1903. P.A. prospered and built a larger two story house and barn. Amelia's brothers were now attending the one room school. She was in the cheering section when Artur or Oscar got into a fight and helped them out when they were losing. No one made remarks or wise cracks about the Olanders without regret. Amelia graduated with honors from the sixth grade. She was not actively attending church and Sunday School. Church was the center of all social life. To her the Epworth League, a strong young people's organization with about twenty members, was most attractive. A new church was built in 1910, the same year the youngest sister, Merina Susanna, was born February 28, 1910. Amelia was confirmed and accepted into the church

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<p>Kauffman Motor Co. See the 1981 CHEVROLET AND CHEVROLET TRUCK ON DISPLAY 224 W. Main Street Kenedy, Texas 583-2563</p>	<p>QUALITY GUARANTEED Specializing in Fine Tortillas For Enchiladas and Tacos</p> <p>TONY'S TORTILLAS</p> <p>472-2884 1300 E. 7 Austin, TX Serving you is our pleasure</p>
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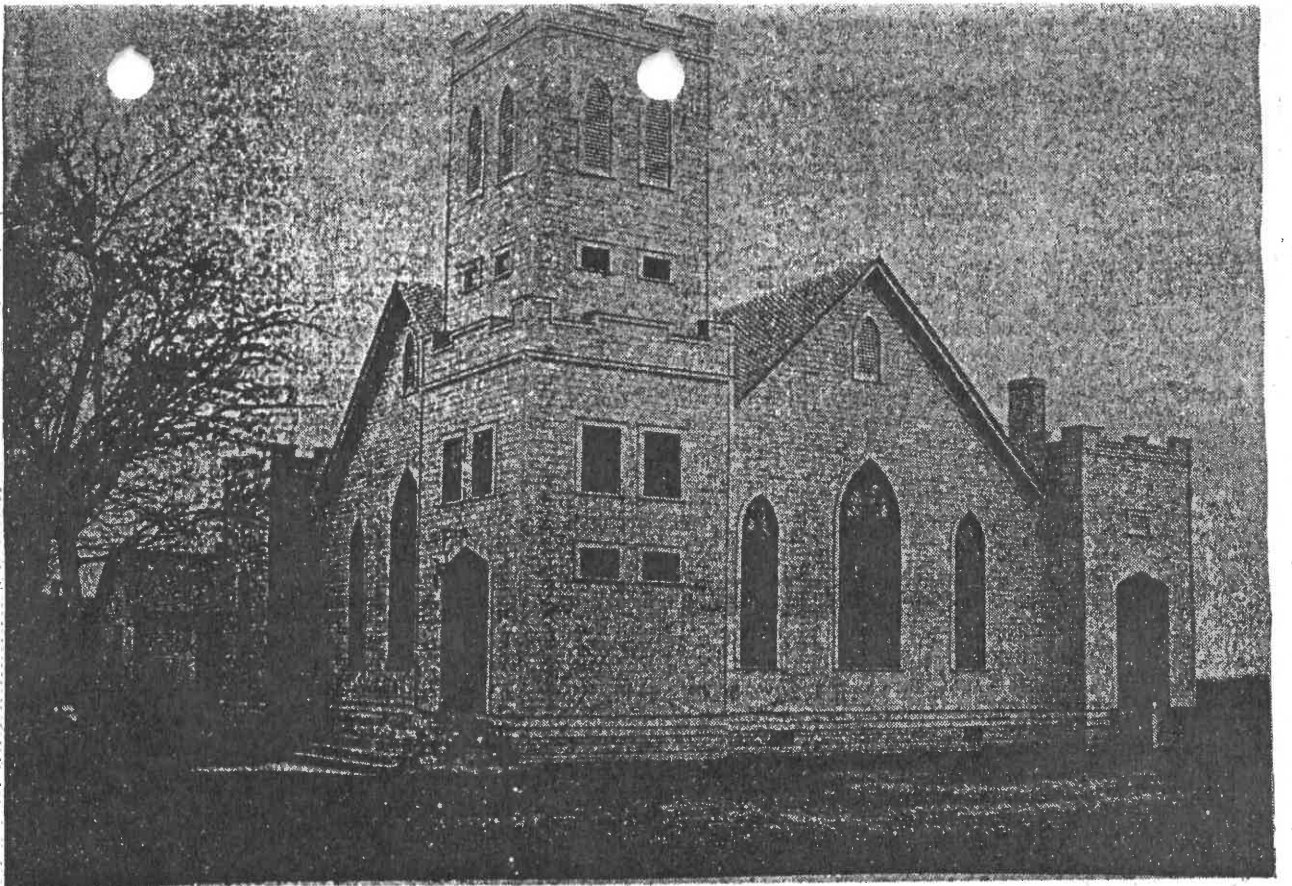
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Happy Mother's Day



Hutto United Methodist Church will dedicated a State Historical Marker Sunday, May 17, 1981. The Church was built in 1910.

DEDICATION OF HISTORICAL MARKER

AT HUTTO UNITED METHODIST CHURCH

By Harvey Olander

The Hutto United Methodist Church invites you to share the dedication of a State Historical Marker on Sunday, May the 17, at 2:30 p.m.

Plans for construction of the church building began in 1901 when the Swedish Methodist Church bought two lots from Ed Eklund for \$300. The parsonage was built on one lot in 1902 for \$800. Two more adjoining lots were purchased in 1908 for \$100. In 1910 the membership of the Swedish Methodist Church decided to build the new church. Mr. O. Anderson of Austin was architect and Mr. Fred Lundell was contractor. The church was completed in November of 1910 at a cost of \$10,000. The original Swedish Church, built in 1892, was sold to the Negro Congregation which worshipped in it for many years.

In the beginning, all activities were in Swedish but as the children of the immigrants began to become more Americanized more of the activities were held in English. During the 1930's, the only Swedish spoken was at the Wednesday night prayer meeting held by the members of the original church.

A resolution authorizing the Reverend Edwin Sahlen of the Swedish Church to ask the American Methodist

members to unite with them was signed by Ed Eklund, Dlof Gustafson, and Charles E. Johnson, September 23, 1938. The Reverend Howard Knox of The Hutto American M.E. Church South advised the Swedish congregation of their acceptance and appointed a working committee consisting of H.E. Gainer, F.J. Young, H.W. Sands, Mrs. B.C. Hutto, and Mrs. Virgil Applin to work out the details with a committee from the Swedish Church. The Swedish committee consisted of Paul Nelson, Charles E. Johnson, Mrs. B.N. Downing, Mrs Oscar Olander, and Ed Eklund.

The two committees agreed upon a plan and decided that the first united service would be held the first Sunday in November 1938.

The first officials of the Hutto Methodist Church were as follows: Stewards: H.E. Gainer, Paul Nelson, Oscar Olander, F.J. Young, H.W. Sands, Carl Hanson, Elof Gustafson, Charles E. Johnson, J.J. McCutcheon, and Robert Eulenfeld. Trustees: H.E. Gainer, Oscar Humphrey, J.C. Ray, August Johnson, P.A. Olander, G.S. Ahlberg, Paul Nelson, Emil Dahl, Carl Hanson, Andrew Franzen and Carl Ahlgren.

Efforts of the present congregation, through the leadership of Frances Lee, to designate the building an historical site will culminate in the May 17 service.

social programs by \$45 billion over a three-year period, and reduce the President's proposed tax cut by \$16.6 billion. Is there any wonder the net result of such a move would be a lower deficit? O'Neill and Jones plan to reduce the federal deficit by increasing taxes.

The Reagan budget proposal in contrast would reduce both individual and business taxes across-the-board to create a climate for industrial expansion and economic growth. It will stabilize our monetary supply, end the oppression of excessive government regulation and curtail the costly growth of the federal bureaucracy that is strangling our economy.

The O'Neill-Jones approach to economic policy is one of the reasons we have reached the point where more Americans receive checks from the federal government than pay income taxes. That is especially shocking when you consider that less than one half of the households receiving Medicare, Medicaid, subsidized housing or school lunches are classified as

poor.

Can anyone defend the fact that the interest on the national debt this year will be \$90 billion? We must stop this economic madness!

President Reagan proposes to do just that. But he needs help. The partisan ration of the House of Representatives is presently 242 Democrats to 190 Republicans with vacancies for congressional seats in Ohio, Mississippi and Maryland. To obtain passage of the Reagan economic package at least 27 conservative Democrats must be persuaded to vote with a united Republican House membership.

It is a classic political struggle. But I am optimistic about the outcome. I believe the President's effort to turn the economy around has widespread support throughout the country, support that will encourage those 62 Democrats to sustain the President's budget proposal. Such a vote will go a long way redirecting the course of America's economy and providing a new beginning for all Americans by changing the fundamental course of our federal government.