

# ***Family Reunion***

*A quarterly newsletter for descendants  
of Joseph Mobley, Albert McAfee,  
Henry Hodge and Burl Mason*

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## **News Tidbits**

Seems like the Hodge bunch has adopted the old Hank Snow song "I'm Movin' On" as their signature theme. In addition to the recent move my mother and I made, two other families have recently relocated. Larry Hodge and Sally Victor have departed Mason and taken up residence in Marble Falls, and the Patton clan has made their escape from the horrors of Austin traffic to the bucolic pleasures of Dripping Springs. So there's a better than usual reason for the glazed looks in our eyes. A year later, I'm still wondering when the mountain of boxes in the garage will disappear. (I really suspect they are reproducing in there.)

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Larry, by the way, is the new wildlife editor of the Texas Parks & Wildlife Magazine as well as executive editor of Texas Parks & Wildlife Press.

He also has two new books available: *The Official Guide to Texas Wildlife Management Areas* (ISBN# 1885696353) and *Texas Tales in Words and Music* (ISBN# 1556227949). The first provides a handbook for the Texas outdoorsman and is chock full of Larry's photos of Texas' wilderness areas. The latter offers the historical background for a number of Texas flavored songs and you get a bonus CD containing all of the songs, performed by Michael Stevens.

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Another genealogy angel has been at work. Cousin Fran Murders of Arkansas (granddaughter of Uncle Jack Mason), generously made a run over to Clarksville in Johnson County and secured a copy of the marriage record of Henry Hodge and Mary Frances Huddleston. A copy is included at the end of this newsletter. Thanks, Fran. I owe you one.

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For those of you who descend from the union of Albert McAfee and Mary Brock, I have recently stumbled across some new data for Mary. Thanks to a note posted on an Internet bulletin board and new databases on the Prairie County, Arkansas, website, I am fairly certain I have found Mary's parents, as well as a brother, a sister, and two half-brothers.

The Internet posting divulged that an Angeline Brock and husband Jacob Alexander Beck had moved from Prairie County, Arkansas, to Travis County, Texas, in the 1880s. I had been told that Albert & Mary had traveled to Texas with her sister, so I started digging for information on Angeline. I soon found her marriage record to Jacob, and best of all I uncovered an index entry in the 1850 Prairie County census for Angeline Brock. When I found the full census

entry, there was the whole family: James Brock, Sr., with wife Nancy, son Granville, age 5, and daughters Polly, age 3, and Angeline, age 1. Polly is the right age to be a match for Mary Brock and we know she used the nickname Polly, thanks to the record of her marriage to Albert. So I feel certain this is the right family. And in reviewing the family data, it seems that Mary's mother Nancy is a second wife. Not only is she considerably younger than her husband, but next door is a young James Brock, Jr., age 25, who is only 5 years her junior. I suspect that another child of the first marriage is Hamilton Brock, age 21, who lives a few doors down. James Sr., James Jr., Hamilton and Nancy are all shown born in Tennessee.

Finding this information helped me verify another bit of information passed down by Lucy Mason Hodge. She had told me that Albert McAfee worked in "Uncle Aleck's" meat market in Austin. It does not seem unlikely that Jacob Alexander Beck might go by a derivative of his middle name. And the 1887/1888 Austin City Directory lists

a meat market owned by Jacob A. Beck at 1101 E. 3<sup>rd</sup> Street.

Provided that the numbering scheme of 1887 corresponds to that of present day Austin, the meat market would have been located about a block east of I-35. If you try to visualize how the area might have looked without the clutter of an Interstate and high-rise office buildings, a young Nettie McAfee might indeed have been able to step outside and check on the progress of the new Capitol's construction, as she would later describe to her daughter Lucy.

This is yet another example of how the faintest clue provided by my grandmother has borne fruit. I truly never expected that I would be able to isolate the correct meat market where Albert worked out of the 39 meat markets listed in the 1887/1888 Austin City Directory.

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Last, but not least, while none of those on my current mailing list are directly descended from the marriage of Nettie McAfee and Charles Jefferson Rose, I still keep an eye out for new information on the Rose family.

I have not yet solved the mystery of where Charles Jefferson Rose is buried; however, there is a possibility that I have located the graves of his parents.

Recently David, Karen and I made a visit to an obscure cemetery located within, believe it or not, the boundaries of the Bergstrom Airport in Del Valle. In a quiet little pastoral cul de sac, completely surrounded by airport fencing, you will find Greenwood Cemetery. Our visit there was to locate the grave of Lorie Owen Burch, husband of great-aunt Rosa Hodge.

While walking through the cemetery to locate all the Burch family graves, I stumbled across two stones for James C. Rose (1851-1916) and Mary E. Rose (1854-1930).

The graves seem to be a good match for a couple shown in the 1880 census of Travis County: James Rose (b. about 1850) and Mary Rose (b. about 1851) are shown in precinct 6 with their children Lula, age 8, Franklin, age 7, Charles, age 5, Letha, age 3, and Thena, age 2. Some of you may know that Charles' brother Frank married Nettie's

half-sister Cora. Which makes it fairly clear that this is the right family group.

One never knows what little surprises may lurk on a genealogical field trip. It usually pays to keep looking, even if you've already found what you came for. Women understand this theory—which is why we so excel in the shopping arena. You guys would do well to follow our example.

### ***The Proof was in the Pudding—er, Probate***

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As I've said before, I'm never happier than when presented with a stack of paper that holds some new information about one of my family lines. At any one time, I am juggling details in the back of my mind that relate to at least 16 different surnames. And I'm always pondering where I can look next for that little piece of information that will close a gap in the family history.

My birthday week produced a bumper crop of new information, so I was in a celebratory mood the entire week. In addition to the new data on the Brock family, I picked up new

details for the McAfee line, the Mobley line and, most satisfyingly, the Mason line. (In addition, I received information on my paternal Beauchamp line. It was a really good week.)

So here is where I announce that I finally hold a piece of physical proof that establishes that my Mason research was right on target. John and Mary (Harworth) Mason are indeed the parents of our John and Burl Mason. I still haven't found that elusive 1870 census record I've been looking for, but I ended up with something even better.

A few weeks ago I made contact with a researcher in the Pike County, Indiana, area and hired her to look for any probate records that might be on file for John's & Burl's father and grandfather. My gamble paid off. While neither man left a will, both left estates that required an inventory and disbursement of property. And in both probate proceedings are listed the heirs of John Mason, including daughter Hulda Ellen and sons, William, John and Burrell. (It took a few seconds for the difference in spelling to sink in—then I did a

little jig around the room when it did.) This is the first indication that I've seen that an older brother may have survived childhood. William is not with the family when they first show up in the Texas census records. However, it is possible that he may have remained in Indiana when the family moved. Or he may have moved to Texas, married and established his own household before the 1880 census where Mary and Axley Cox, and John, Burl and Henry Mason are shown living in Smithville. Another loose end for me to work on.

Henry Mason, the stepson shown with Mary and Axley in 1880 is mentioned nowhere in either set of probate records, so his relationship has yet to be established. My theory at this point is that the census taker may have recorded the relationship in error. Perhaps Henry was a Mason relative who for some reason was living with the family in Texas.

The researcher also uncovered the marriage record of Mary Mason and Axley Cox in Warrick County, Indiana. They married on April 4, 1871. In February 1872, Axley

signed consent for Mary to continue to act in the capacity of Guardian to the minor heirs of John Mason. (What a nice guy. The feminist side of me resents the implication that a mother could be denied such rights in the matter of her own children if otherwise qualified.)

Daughter Hulda's marriage to William Ashley was also on record in Warrick County, dated September 2, 1871. Hulda's children are listed in her grandfather's estate and include a son Burrell Ashley, which verifies another fact handed down by my grandmother. She had told me that Burl named his daughter Florence Ellen after his sister Hulda Ellen and that Hulda had named a son for her brother Burl. The Ashley heirs listed in the probate records also verified that I had located the correct Ashley family in Texas and added two children to my records who were not listed with the family in 1880. The Ashleys ultimately moved to Milam County where some of the children are listed in 1900. I am still trying to pick up the trail there to determine when & where Hulda and William died.

### **Grandfather Time**

**.....Nettie Hodge West**

*On December 31, 2000, we made a special point of winding the grandfather clock that stands in the dining room. We felt it mandatory that "grandpa" should ring in the first minute of the new millennium. We consider grandpa a member of the family, so here is his story:*

Our change of residence in January 2000 caused a number of problems, one of which involved giving special care to several furniture pieces we did not trust anyone to treat with the respect they needed. Not because of their intrinsic value but of their age and physical condition. Our biggest concern was a tall, floor-standing case clock.

After the delicate move had been accomplished, as I stood there with cloth and wax in hand, my mind went back to an afternoon thirty-five years ago...

We hadn't planned to buy anything that day, just to spend a few pleasant hours looking through the antique shops scattered along the highway on the outskirts of New Braunfels. We went home with a grandfather clock

crammed into the car, its bonnet removed and its body carefully arranged with its base on the back seat between two kids, its top part thrusting into the front, almost touching the windshield. It was not a comfortable ride home, but it gave us a threat to hold over two children who never found the back seat of the car wide enough for both. We would simply offer to stop and buy another clock.

It was possible that the clock we bought that day might not even run. The shop owner assured us that it would, that he had had it in his own home until a recent heart attack required that he sell off all his stock of larger pieces. He was so obviously feeling the effects of overindulgence in alcohol that day that we took his assurances with several grains of salt. But the old clock stood there giving us silent promises, so we listened to it instead and wrote a check that almost depleted an already strained bank account.

Two days later we had managed to level it and get it to run for more than a few minutes, then for longer periods and finally continuously. But it would not strike the hours.

It stood mutely in the corner of the living room, looking dignified, keeping good time, but voiceless. I was frustrated and disappointed, but helpless to do much about it. The expense of a house call by a clock repairman from San Antonio was out of the question.

Then one night at two o'clock in the morning, I heard him strike. Each night that week he added a few more hours to his repertoire, like a long silent singer trying out his voice in private before a public performance. Then with more confidence he began to strike during the day and was soon striking all the hours, day and night. For over thirty-five years now, despite five moves, he has served us faithfully.

His case is of age-darkened oak, with hand-carved pediment and finials, and neatly fitted arched door. Worm holes have weakened it in places, but the solid brass works show little wear. His hand-made brass face carries the name of the maker and place of manufacture in beautiful script: Robert Brunton, Dalkeith. Raised flowers decorate the face. Inside the brass bell struck by the hammer

is a French name in heavy black ink or paint, and a date, 1898.

Since there was a Brunton family or company making clocks in Scotland in the late eighteenth century, we assume this is probably a repairman's signature, as was commonly done.

Sometimes I lie awake on a restless night and listen to the striking of the hours, wondering how many other people have listened to him before me. How many family gatherings, reunions, births, deaths, and marriages has he witnessed? How many triumphs and tragedies? How many floors have supported his weight—wooden, stone, flagged, clean, polished, cluttered, or unswept? He has been around a long time. Could he have struck the very hour of George Washington's inauguration? The signing of the Emancipation Proclamation? Custer's last battle at the Little Big Horn? The end of the Civil War? He may well have been operating at the time America won her Independence. When was he brought to this country and by whom? On what ship and to which port? (*ed., a question*

*asked about many an elderly relative...)*

The answers to these questions will never be known to me, of course. But I am glad to be his current owner and wish him a long and useful life when my time on this earth has been counted off by his pendulum and it is the lot of others to wax his case, wind him weekly, and listen to his voice speaking in their dark and sleepless times, valuing his companionship when all the house is deep in slumber except for those in pain or sorrow, dreading the day to come, or sleepless in anticipation of joyous events soon to take place. May he give them solace in their bad times and company in the good.

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You may have noticed that this newsletter sounds a bit out of date—this is due to the fact that it was originally scheduled for publication in March. Some of you know that we have been having our opportunities with Mother's health since late January. Following several infections, a heart attack and heart catheterization, three hospital stays, 1 rehab center, and 2 nursing homes, she is now recovering nicely, though at the moment still incarcerated at Silver Pines Nursing Center in Bastrop. We have reasonable expectations of getting her home sometime this summer and getting her to work on her next article.

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**IN MEMORIUM****Ruby Johnston**

The Wilcoxen side of the family lost a dear aunt since the last newsletter. Some of you knew her from family gatherings in the past.



Ruby Frankum Johnston died January 22, 2001, at the age of 92. She was the younger sister of my grandmother Ivy Wilcoxen. Aunt Ruby opened her heart to everyone in the family, at times serving as surrogate mother to a succession of nephews attending UT. She was an amazing woman who will be missed by everyone who ever met her.

**Ewald Ging**

Ewald Ging, father of Michael Ging, grandfather of Glenn, Jeffrey and Robert Ging and great-grandfather of Megan, Kacie and Robert Eric Ging, passed away May 24, 2001, at the age of 82. Burial was at St. Peter's Cemetery in Coupland, Texas.

**PET MEMORIALS****Nipper**

*Aug 24, 1987 – May 11, 2001*



Some animals make their mark on a family. None ever made a greater mark than a little rat terrier named Nipper. He came, he saw and he conquered. For nearly 14 years he supervised the activities of the Wilcoxen/West household with an iron paw.

In his younger years, he journeyed to the Grand Canyon and made several trips to the Rocky Mountains of Colorado. He was an enthusiastic camper, who appointed himself the tasks of keeping those pesky leaves cleared from the tent roof and those pesky chipmunks chased underground where they belonged.

Nipper was blessed with a special ability to communicate. Not only with his humans and fellow dogs, but especially with cats. He loved cats and cats loved him back. He will be sorely missed by Pawla and Sister, two foundlings he raised from kittens.

In his later years, his activities were hampered

by advancing heart disease, but he never recognized the need to abdicate his position of power to the next in line. He stayed in charge to the end, which came on May 11<sup>th</sup> while he slept.

Supervisory duties have been assumed by his younger brother Bebop, assisted by Xana, but it will be a long time before that empty feeling in the house goes away.

**Comet**

*1985 – May 25, 2001*

All of us in the Hodge family have been following the declining health of Comet the cat, late owner of Larry Hodge and Sally Victor. Sadly, he passed away of natural causes on May 25<sup>th</sup> at the age of 17.

In addition to Larry and Sally, Comet is survived by canine siblings Samantha and Sport. Good cats like Comet are few and far between. May he rest in peace.

Following is my crude attempt at a word search puzzle designed with the Hodge/Mobley/Mason/McAfee family in mind. If you haven't done one of these before, search and circle words in the grid that match those in the word list at the bottom. The words may be horizontal, vertical, diagonal, forwards or backwards in the grid. I hope you enjoy.

O N U S S N G S L O N K H A R N E S B E R G E R M R R E A C  
 N I P C O N F E D E R A C Y A T P S R A W N A I D N I G L E  
 X R T S G F E V Y I H Z W U L T K F S N L W H O J D A H I D  
 Y H A R W O R T H O T S Y T R A D E E D N I X G E O R G I A  
 I M Y J I H M I Z O U G X V I F U L R E A P K G N I W S U R  
 J B O U L T R T Y S O U T M I V N I L A W H M H N I S U O C  
 A V R I L C D L N L S P Z C M M K Y U T R E B E R H M E B R  
 S I C U V O C E A L T S I D P H I L A H E M T I U O S T B E  
 A U H S T N C E B T R O P A L I N D I A N A N R C H R O L E  
 X S U N I O N Y P S E A N D I Q U I N K B T Q U S B R O C K  
 E Y R X U E A T I N T Y P E S L U R K O E G C R A I V E B E  
 T I C E G R I S L U D G O A R E K D R R H C H U R B I S F R  
 V Y H T R I B T R I X B A S T R O P N F A R A M P L H U A P  
 B R O Z N W Y N K L E R P A G I N E I Q U I R Y Q E X E M S  
 A B U L U O Z P E M A I L P U S T N C Y R E T E M E C L I R  
 C O W E T A S A S U M P O A L D O S T A R M H V O M P T L J  
 O I P A U M U G P A A Y M U V R R I C E A O M E W A W R Y O  
 U X N S N L I V I N G S T O N T O O Z E L L I V H T I M S F  
 R O A D R I M I A L K A R W Z E A N S O V I R V I S T U K E  
 T Z N N Y M N T A O F S Q D U X S A H T E P A M U C O F E A  
 H W O O D G F A P R B N W O L I B R A R Y Y O O T O W R L D  
 O S T I Y H O L O A P A F J I S D I H I J R T B R L I S E T  
 U L S A S W L Y Y W U K A N S A S G Y O G D F L X O E M T O  
 S N E M X A R O X L I R X C B H O Y A A R L M E R N G A O M  
 E I L A M I E S K I R A M A I T K E N T U C K Y U S A P N B  
 A C D S R G B T O V A G Y A G U V E K S O R I P D A I Y H S  
 F M D R D R E E G I P I S W Y E C V E N O R T H T Y R S W T  
 Q P U O V A L L A C M U T O K A K L E P N O S I S K R U O O  
 S U H S M E S A H T A T R I S T E X D U R I D G E W A Y W N  
 A R C H I V E X E G I A P O C X U G O Z S E E F A C M X I E

**Word List:**

*Locations*

Arkansas  
 Bastrop  
 Cedar Creek  
 Colonsay  
 (Scotland)  
 Coweta  
 (Co., GA)  
 Elgin  
 Georgia  
 Indiana  
 Iowa  
 Kansas  
 Kentucky

Livingston  
 (Co., MO)  
 McDade  
 Paige  
 Pike (Co., IN)  
 Ridgeway  
 Smithville  
 Texas

*Family Names*

Bees  
 Brock  
 Dunkin  
 Harnesberger  
 Harworth

Hodge  
 Huddleston  
 Mason  
 McAfee  
 Mobley  
 Morgan  
 Rice  
 Wood

*Research*

*Words*  
 Archive  
 Bible  
 Birth  
 Chart  
 Church

Cemetery  
 Census  
 CivilWar  
 Confederacy  
 Courthouse  
 Cousin  
 Death  
 Deed  
 Email  
 Family  
 Skeleton  
 Genealogy  
 Heir  
 IndianWars  
 Internet  
 Library

Marriage  
 North  
 Pension  
 Probate  
 Rebel  
 South  
 Tintype  
 Title  
 Tombstone  
 Union  
 Vital (record)  
 Will  
 Yankee