

The Bédias Expedition

In commemoration of this great event, we think it but fitting appropriate and neglect of our duty, to the coming generation, not to record an event successfully an undertaking, as The Bédias Expedition.

Before entering upon this journey, let us first familiarize ourselves with the Sandberg Relation, of which this Expedition was mostly composed. How that family traditions have been preserved and the traits that are visible down on the third and fourth generations. It is accepted and commonly known that the Sandbergs are alike in at least one thing, from the time they are a year old and as long as they are able to go. They all want to go places and see things. This common ailment ~~was~~ or characteristic of the family probably was started, right soon after the Civil War, when Hedda Christianson, (then a young and beautiful girl in her teens, settle down with her parents on Union Hill. This Hill is an elevation of land, a few miles in circumference, exactly half way between the two main streams of the county. Brushy Creek on the south and San Gabriel on the north. This Hill is and always has been the dividing line between the Two Competing Swedish Churches. Lutherans on the south and Methodists on the north, plus the Free and open field toward the east. In the early settlement days there were only four towns of any importance in the County, Leander West, Georgetown North, Taylor East and Round Rock South. Said Hill is so situated from these four trading centers that if these towns had been bound or joined together with a line or cable from corner to corner, it is no doubt but what the lines would cross one another on this Hill. Said Hill also serves as a dividing line between rolling and open prairie land on the East and woods and timber on the West. Tillable land on one side and grazing land on the other.

Immigrants settled toward the East and the native Texans held the West.

Thus we have the location of this Union Hill. Same distance from the two rivers, the three churches and the four towns. 'Twas on this Hill that Hedda married and settled with Sandberg, and there has been Sands and Sandbergs on this hill ever since.

After giving you the location of the Hill, we suppose that you have come to the conclusion that the Sandbergs and their offsprings developed this peculiar trait from their location in the community and do not wonder that they still live and practice to perfection, "Go places and See things" If you are in any doubt and must have proofs, you may go to the now youngest member of the relation, Franklin Ray, and just say By- By-y to him and if he does not throw away his ball, lay down his milk bottle and leave his mamma to go with the one closest to the door, you can bet your boots he is not feeling good.

Be it hereditary, a family tradition, or the location of Union Hill from whence they sprang, Sandberg Reunions are still a United Union on Old Union Hill. Thanksgiving, Christmas and Birthdays never go unobserved. Be you a Sandberg or not, You are as welcome as the flowers in May on any of these occasions, and you can bet your last dollar that they are all there, be it ever so late when the last arrives.

To be sure the Sandberg off springs have to other burges, Hills, Churches, Hamlets, States and into Foreign lands and sought out for themselves mates. But they always unite on Union Hill, undivided at Reunions. These reunions are usually undisturbed, free and open for any sports or amusements, except gambling, whiskey and fighting. No use of them gambling, cause it is a family custom

that if one has more then the others, he divides with those who have less. So shooting dice would just delay good intentions. No time for fighting and no place for whiskey.

Their line of conversation at these Reunions, usually drift from one hill to the other, comparing oportunities, situations, predictiments and by gones. But one thing the Elders delight in telling and never tire of reviewing, is trips and visits they have made in earlicr and later days. If you listen you can hear told of how they went to this or that place in buggy after Old Mollie, Little Sally, or in wagon after Old Pusa and Beck, also who went, who they saw, what happened and what kind of weather it was, be it back in the eighties. You can also hear the youngsters relate from beginnig to end their trips, How far it was, what the spedometer registered and what kind of roads they had.

Let us not wonder that the youngsters have developed a desire to Go Places and See Things, after they have sat and heard the Elders talking about going to Camp Meetings at Fiskville, Moon Light picnics in the Valley, Cutings at Katy Lake, Ladies Aid on every Hill, Christmas Tree at every Church and town on every First Monday.

As has been stated mates were selected from far and near. In one of these selections, an extra came into the Relation. How it all came about is not so essential, as the fact that she imediatey became sister, Aunt, friend, nurse, seamstress, teacher, advisor and counsler for the whole relation. Her coming into the relation was quite and peacefull, accepted by all, though she came from another State, different church and with many contrasting ideas. The little ones early learned to mind her, the women folks listened to her advise, and the men folks respected her. She was consulted

so often, and took the place of an older sister, so much till her lifes vocation turned out to be, as it should, a school teacher. Her physical make up is sufficient to warn any roudy boy that he may get the worse end of the deal if he does not obey. And her big blue eyes are sharp enough to convience any ordinary girl that it is she who is being spoken to. With these qualifications she has been a success as a teacher, plus the experience she got out of directing some roudy Sandberg youngsters early in life.

After she had most of the Sandberg youngsters on the road of seeking an education, a ~~beckoning~~ beckoning came from East Texas for her to come and restore order and give advise there. Some of these youngsters who thought she had been driving too hard, thought to themselves, that this will be good ridings and probably looked forward to the absence of her keen eye and determinations. But scarsely had her bed cooled untill these same youngsters started getting lonesome for their Aunt Flossie. Days went into weeks and weeks into months and her absence was more and more noticable. The girls wanted her advise on sewing, the women needed her advise in cooking, the boys lacked someone to select their subjects in school. The children needed coaching on their Children's Day speeches and the men folks joined the whole relation in their lamentation. The cry became so vehement that correspondence would not satisfy. They all missed Flossie. She could not leave her work, to come home to administer aid, and they could not go to her in the dead of the short winter days. Her absence had almost become imbearable when spring opened up. The days were getting longer, the weather milder and the urge more and more intense. Well did she know that she had taken their hearts to Bedias, in exchange for her own, so her spare time, which was divided with

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her new admirer, also grew into a longing for the West and the brood on the Hill.

The second Sunday in April she broke down and wrote a letter, Addressing same to Sandbergs , Care of Union Hill, Asking that if there was a heart left on the Hill, which had not ceased to beat for her, Would they not make up a car full and come down to see her Next Sunday, April 15th. Stating she longed for their companionship and had a few secrets concealed within her bosom, which she was just itching to reveal. The letter stated she would not accept any excuses and had already informed her landlady that she would have two or three guests for dinner on said date. The letter arrived on route 3, Monday Morning, April 9th. 1934 and was opened at 10.30 A. M. same day. At the home where this letter was received the children were all in school and the men folks were out in the north field, so the lady of the house was all alone. The " Go Place " bug started working on her and the more she thought of who should go the more nervous she got. Within an hours time she found she could not wait till the men came in for lunch, she just must consult with some one. She phoned her sister-in-law, who also has a brood of rearing-to-go youngsters. This sister-in-law was immediately ignited full flame with enthusiasm, and wondered if two cars could not go ? Filled with such unexpected enthusiasm she also dropped her work and started counting on her fingers, how many of her house could go and who would be the one to stay at home. This was too big a problem for her to work without her husband, (who is a dyed in the wool Sandberg) assistance. She looked at the clock and it was eleven. Went to the window and looked out over toward the field where her husband and son were planting cotton. Walked out to the garage and looked over the old Family buggy, found it never looked better and the tires all up.

She came back into the house, looked at the clock, which was still running. She sat down, got up, walked around the rooms, came back to the clock which had hardly moved. She rushed to the back porch put on a pair of her favorite's son's shoes and started for the field. Walking was alright the first part of the way, then broke into a hop and skip, finally arriving at the planters in a full run. Everything was lovely, Go they should, Both agreed the children needed the outing and trips of this nature were so educational.

She ran home all the way home. Pulled up her kitchen stoop to the phone and started serving notice on all the relation that they for one car full were going to Bedias next Sunday, adding that it would be so nice if you all could go also. A cold lunch was served at these two homes that ~~day~~ noon, but all the nearby relatives had been notified, and replies were coming in. Now the afternoon would be devoted to writing those who lived farther away.

By the time the children arrived home from school, all the preliminaries had been attended to, And seems like we are all going to Bedias next Sunday. Excitement was running high. The joy was too great for words at every home, except the home where this letter lay. In their enthusiasm they had overlooked that next Sunday April 15th. would be their first-born's birthday and her birthday had always been a big even, sometimes involving two or three days for celebration. She was heart broken, wouldn't listen to letting her birthday go unobserved and didn't want to miss an opportunity of life time to go to East Texas. T'was a sad lull that settled over this little cottage that night. Was finally agreed that nothing should be said outside this family about the birthday, till all angles of the mixup had been tested. That night and all next day was devoted to this matter. Her father

got mad and resited his full ~~his~~ vocabulary of profanity, when he thought of this sister-in-law of his, who was Aunt to their first-born daughter, and should have been able to select a date of all dates which should not have conflicted. It tore up old scares which had been healed for years, though their thoughts had been so sympathetic toward their Aunt Flossie the day before. When no out let or remedy could be found, the final decision was, "We for one family are not going". Announcement to this effect was served on one of the relatives who had the least to do with the arrangements. She in turn relayed the announcement to some of the others more concerned. So within a half an hour on Tuesday night the whole relation knew that if the Expedition was to be carried out as planned, there would be a broken link in the caravan. This could not be. If the link was broken, family traditions would suffer, also Aunt Flossie would not stand for such. A trying situation this was, and in spite of all heads on one problem, it seemed as though it could not be solved.

Quite a bit of mumbling and grumbling started leaking out of consealed hearts. One after the other recalled how his or her birthday had been hindered and not even ice cream was served. Now to think that an expedition of this kind was to be halted created feelings that seemed as if Old Union Hill was going to magnify Bunker Hill. One bunch was mad at their Aunt in Bedias, another bunch was mad at that bunch and the rest were mad at themselves. Just as feelings had reached its height and notice was about to be sent Aunt Flossie that ~~there~~ due to arrangements no one could come, a compromise was agreed upon. Everybody was going and a picnic it should be. Invite your lovers, friends or playmates and lets all go and make it a big day.

Aunt Flossie was duly notified, the bunch is coming, having dinner with them, prepare a place that where we are you may be also, cant state the number but no house will hold the crowd. The women folks started working on the minue, with renewed spirit and safe to say by midweek everybody knew what he or she should bring. The boys shined up the old cars, washing and ironing was rushed, " On To Bedias Was The Motto."

On Friday morning another wrench was thrown into the movement, which seemed to have the thing blocked for good. Whooping Cough had broken out and no cure was known. The youngsters were grieved beyond consolation. The Elders had a get together meeting. The decision was that since there was only one case of whooping cough the whole relation should not be held up, and be it farther understood that the child in question should go also, and it should be Aunt Flossie's only duty to prepare a place where Whooping Cough was not forbidden. A special delivery was mailed Flossie to this effect and if she could not find such place to wire at once.

Twas a long and exeiting week this was. Filed work was discontinued on Friday. All shoes shined, baking done and each childs clothes laid out in readiness by Saturday noon.

Uncle Martin

The story of this relation would be incomplete if mention was not made right here of a certain member of this relation. Into this relation was never born, nor induced any celebtries, but there was born back in the eighties one Sandberg whose name is Uncle Mart. He has chosen the lot of Mary. Has always spent his life in service for others without hope of reward. So eager to serve his brothers has he been till he has never found time to marry himself

His speech and actions has always been such, that his whole countenance carries this envissiable phrase, " Here Am I Send Me " In paying homage to him, we all agree that it is not improper to say at least, as far back as memory runeth not to the contrary he has been a lifing examlpe of, " At Your Command Sir " He has been used of every imaginable errand, such as, If you need a mule, get it from Uncle Mart. If your cow goes dry trade with Uncle Mart. If any hard work to be done, call Uncle Mart. If the children are sick call Uncle Mart. Etc. Wherever there was any perilous journey, by day or the darkest night, hot or freezing, rain or shine he was always the one who went. When money was needed and no one else wanted to help Uncle Mart paid it by himself. Whenever the wagon was full and crowded for room Uncle Mart would walk. For years never a hog was felled without Uncle Mart right in the mud to get him by the hind leg.

When Christmas came everybody expected to be remembered by Uncle Mart. His presents were always so servisable, cause he fished them out of his purse

In the earlier days when the stark was more of a nuisance Uncle Mart always kept an eye cocked over the Union Hill and never failed to be the first to arive at the back door to find out what he left this time and if any humble assistance could be used. If there was not room around the cradle for him, he would hitch up the old mules and haul them a load of wood in spite. When everybody hated to go on an errand Uncle Mart went by himself and when all wanted to go and some one must stay at home Uncle Mart stayed at home. He being no stranger in the relation, if this next tribute is fitting let it be incirted. That while he was able he gave of what he had freely and most anything he gave was accepted except good advise. He did not go to Bodias.

Going back to our expected trip to Bedius, we find everything spick and span by Saturday noon. Nothing left to do but for all to get a good nights sleep and then be at Aunties house in full readiness by six O'clock the next morning.

That Morning

That Morning long before six they were congregating around Auntieshouse around ther cornor. No one had slept any too well some one had heard every strike of the clock, a complete check had been made of the weather for the past twenty four hours. The wind was from the East. They all lined up as they arived one after the other. The model Ts shone like new dollars and were hitting like Cadalics. The Chevroletts not to be out done. Every car was full to the last inch of seat space, lunch boxes and water bottles tied on the sides. The fog was heavy and the clouds hung low. No one would predict rain.

Twas one happy crowd. Every child had to kiss each aunt and the Uncle's welfare was very courteously inquired about. Every car claimed they could make room for one more if any one was uncomfortable. The boys all inspected one anothers tires and called attention to gas, air, water, oil and light. Everybody was there no one was missing. The youngsters had coupled up or swapped around till no one family were in the same car.

Someone got impatient twenty minuates before starting time and hollowed real loud, " Who are we waiting for Bpp ?" " I dont know." "Well' lets be going." Lets go was heard from all sides.

The oldest uncle stepped out of his car, looked up at the clouds, sliding his hand down his hip pocket and brought out a new plug of Star, adjusted his hat, took a big shew, while the crowd watched him at attention. Knowing he had all the boys attention

he motioned with his hand, " Come Here " In two jumps he had all the older boys at his side. Knowing what was coming everybody was quite. No! he did not offer them a chew. He just told them in a fatherly tone that we were ready to start on our journey, and that we were going for pleasure, so that in order that it might be pleasant for everybody he did not expect any disorder from any one. " So Mote It Be " Being assured that they should be orderly, he told them that in order to get there by dinner no unnecessary time should be lost. " See that the kids all stay inside the car, no finder riding, speed not to exceed forty, everybody stay in line, no passing, and farthermore should any one car have a puncture, regardless of whom, twould be against the peace and dignity of this caravan if every boy did not hasten to his rescue." Cautioning them to all be carefull he spit across the side walk waving with his hand to get to their respective cars. He smiled up and down the line and the starters were started with one accord. The motors could not be heard for the kids hollowing bye bye at one another. The leader (an in-law) Stuck his head out of the window, looking back and dropped the clutch at the same time, fortunately all his passangers were looking back so no necks were hurt.

The Caravan Is Off

Twenty minuates before skedual time at 6:00 to the drop of a hat the caravan was off for Bedias. The send off ~~at 6:00~~ woke the whole neighborhood and started every dog in town barking. For several blocks people stuck their heads out of their windows to see what was coming. The speed limit was well observed the first twenty miles. Then started picking up little by little, By the time Taylor (which was side swiped) was reached some of the older models were wide open. The curve through Thrall was taken on two wheels.

From Thrall to Hearne is a streight ~~road~~road, so every car in the Caravan was tested for speed and endurance. Up tp this streach of road the formation had been perfect, (Forty Steps apart) But now as the road lay open, no trafic, fog lifted, everybody itching to go, Bedias bound, and the motors, the speed had reached the furious stage. The space between cars widened, as the motors hummed, spokes squeeked, water boiling and passangers singing.

At the over pass at Hearne the leader was bewildered. He was not certain as to the right or left turn, to be safe he stopped. One by one the cars kept rolling up for a half an hour. The last one rolling up with a stream of steam like a train. By the time it stopped several water bottles were there to sooth it's pain. Another half hour was spent here, cooling motors, looking over luggage, comparing observations and enquiring about each others.

Hinting that the speed limit had been slightly stretched, Uncle again said " Lots Go Children. " He was in good humor and all smiles, as he had noticed all along the way that there is no place like Home Sweet Home be it on Union Hill.

Off Again *****

This second heat was a duplication of the first, so far as speed and endurance was conserved. The difference was at The Y at Bryan the leader again was bewildered, but being in ahurry he used his own judgement, choosing the left turn, which carried them by the way of Madisinville. The closest cars followed him over these hills and valleys, but the straglers were too far behind to recognize his tracks, so they took the right hand turn. Thus for the first time the caravan was split half one way and the others the other way, but neither bunch knew of the split.

This right hand bunch soon found they had chosen a fery rought and bumpy trail, seemed as it would end at most every farm house. Lets speak of this bunch as the lost tribe, though their route proved to be twenty five miles shorter. From every human in hearing distance they would ask the same question. Is this the right road to Bedias? Being assured each time they were right they would proceed. Finally they arived at a creek, with bridge over same in such bad condition till rock had been placed here and there to warn against holes, also logs had been placed at the approaches to elevate the cars on to the bridge. The women folks were scared, the children cried, and the men folks tested and consulted. The result was that everybody except the driver should walk across. All went well and they were off again.

Next interuption was caused by one of the girls getting sea sick. After resting and she loosing her breakfast, plus quite a comotion the journey was continued. By now the sun was almost at its meredian, each bunch was worring about the other. The lost tribe thought the others were there and having a good rest and the others thought some car trouble had developed. Children were getting hungry, the Elders were wondering where Bedias really was. Over the hills and through the lowlands , one after the other, the cars were heaving and boiling knocking off mile after mile.

More then half the caravan had never been this far away fro m home before and started wondering if this trip really could be made in one day. At last the lost bunch rolled to the top of a hill from whance a little town could be seen. Joy once more filled their waery hearts. But they were much put out that the other bunch had not waited so all could arive in one bunch to greet Flossie.

At Last

At last the little city lay right before their weary eyes. They were approaching the town from the south west, the school building, a gin and a few store buildings plus four filling stations were the most noticable. At Bedias they were, but now where was Flossie. No one knew, more then that this was her town. A thorough search was made on the West side, but no Flossie nor the other cars could be seen. They were all sure she was on the watchout for them, so were pretty sure she did not live on this side of town.

The Rail Road was crossed and streight through the residential section they went. Some were watching the right side while others kept their ears and eyes open toward the left. Everybody was looking forward and toward the sides, except the youngest member of the party. She was standing up in the back seat looking out through the back window. As if she had been shot, she gave out a shrill discordant cry, "Mamma M-an-ma" We have passed Aunt Flossie, she is running behind us." The breaks were applied so suddenly till the lunch box was almost thrown off. All looked back at once, seeing Flossie picking up one foot and down the other so fast till her dress liked fully six inches ever meeting her stockings on this whole race. She was coming in high, arms in the air, mouth wide open, her golden locks all over her head, laughing half aloud and crying with joy. Thus she made one long leap for the car, landing with one foot on the running board and the other leg streight out behind her, holding this pose she kissed every passanger of the car. During this procedure the other bunch drove up from the north. They imediately recognized this car stopped

in the middle of the street. Seeing only this leg sticking out of the car, clothed in nothing but shoe and stocking, they feared the worse had happened. One of the older boys jumped out of an approaching car and ran up to see what had happened and who was hurt. Not untill she let go her grip on her favorite niece and streightened up did he realize it was Aunt Flossie's leg sticking out like a pump handle. In two shakes of a cats tail a circle had been formed in the middle of the street, which resembled a car wheel in a counrty town on Saturday or a fist fight on the school ground.

After excitment cooled down they all went with Flossie to her abode. Here the relation was greeted most affectionatly by Mrs. Shelton (Flossie's landlady) who informed them she was so glad they had come, cause Flossie had not slept for two nights, and at times it seemed as the streighn was going to get the best of her.

Mrs. Shelton and her party lead the way to the most beautifull pine forest, with running spring water in the center. Here all piled out, admiring the grove, stretching themselves, while Mrs. Shelton and her party took charge of the dinner prepraration, cooking coffee etc. The Sandbergs have always been fond of coffee but never had the aroma been more pleasing then just now, as they had gotten off in ahurry that morning and hardly taken time to eat. In no time at all they were all seated on the ground in a circle, and vealloaf and corn pudding vanished like whipped cream.

The afternoon we will leave to your imagination, only adding that Flossie saw to a perfection that no one went unnoticed. And whenever the Sandbergs dont have picnic when they are all together, something is radically wrong.

The End of A Perfect Day

Everything has an ending, so must this day, though the hour of departure had been prolonged two hours or more. Everybody kissing Flossie good-bye and assuring Mrs. Shelton that her kindness would long linger in their memories, the journey homeward was started. Singing, shouting and rejoicing soon died down to where nothing but the grinding of the motors could be heard. Home sweet Home was reached just a few minutes before midnight. They all just flopped down. A full week of excitement and a long day of riding was showing plainly, they were dead tired and worn out.

To say the least, the day is now serving as a memory stone. You often hear in their conversations, " Was it before we went to Bedias, or After? "

Notes on "The Bedias Expedition - 1934"

Characters and places in this story, by page number:

p. 1. Author is Tom Lumblad, husband of Irene Sand who was daughter to Hulda Sandberg and Per Oscar Sand. Tom was a man loved by all.

Union Hill is south of Georgetown on current route 1460. There is a Union Hill Cemetery still, but it seems to encompass all of that area from St. John's Cemetery south. Union Hill then was where the Frank Sandberg farm was. Also the farms of Aaron and Annie Anderson, Bob and Nell Swenson, and for awhile earlier, Ed and Lil Sandberg, plus other relatives and friends.

p. 2. Franklin Ray is Mabel and Ray Lindell's oldest son and grandson to Frank Sandberg.

p. 4. Aunt Flossie is Florence Anderson, daughter of Aaron Anderson who brought her and her step-sister Lil with him when he moved here from Kiron, Iowa.

Bedias is in east-central Texas between Bryan and Huntsville.

p.5. Flossie's letter was sent to Lil Sandberg, wife of Ed Sandberg and their four children Edwina, Bill, Ruth and Bonnie. Lil phoned her sister-in-law Aunt Becka (Rebecka Sandberg, wife of Frank Sandberg, who had children Carl, Mabel, Burton, Francis, John L. and Tommy.

p. 6. "First born" would be Edwina Sandberg who would be twenty years old on 4/15/1934.

p. 8. "Uncle Martin" is Martin Sandberg. Everything Tom says about Uncle Mart is true. He helped raise us all, sat us in the front porch swing and sang us songs, drove folks in his Model T, and was truly especially loved by each of us.

p. 10. At least four cars went on the trip. Ruth Sandberg Carlson, who was there, says they were Ed and Lil Sandberg and their four children; Tom and Irene Lumblad; Frank and Rebecca Sandberg and their six children; and probably Uncle Emil and Aunt Ellen Forswall and their children Bernice and Leon (not kin.) Or Mabel and Ray Lindell and little Franklin could have a car going.

"Oldest Uncle" would be Tom Lumblad, who organized and led the caravan. Neither Frank or Ed Sandberg ever learned to drive a car, so the driving was done by the oldest boys.

p. 14. The little girl who spied Flossie running along behind was Bonnie Jane Sandberg.

This story has been kept since Uncle Tom wrote it by Ruth Marie Sandberg Carlson, who well remembers this trip to Bedias and is passing it on to all of you.

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