

New Braunfels, Texas My Hometown

New Braunfels motto was and still is THE BEAUTY SPOT OF TEXAS. That slogan was everywhere, even as bumper stickers on our automobiles.

Here is something to bring a grin - my 1936 NBHS senior class costume day! Look at those dear old German names! My classmate Ruth Jahn Heitkamp sent the clipping from the newspaper to me. How lucky was I to grow up in New Braunfels and graduate from NBHS!

I was born in San Marcos September 3, 1918, and I was one year old when my family moved to New Braunfels. My daddy was working with uncle Sid Pyland in his San Marcos blacksmith shop when the mayor of New Braunfels came to see my dad, and said to him, "I know of your work out there at Wimberley with the water and the old mill and how you did all those things to keep it going. We are wanting to start a water system in New Braunfels and we wonder if you would be interested in the job to do it." Daddy took him up on that offer and we moved there, and he was the Superintendent of the New Braunfels Water Works for over thirty years before moving to Wimberley, his ancestral home. Cousin Curlo Morris built Dad and Mother's rock house on Flite Acres Road on the Blanco River. †

New Braunfels was small when we moved there and to install the water system many ditches were dug with manual labor. During all that digging as the years went by many old Indian artifacts were unearthed. Those were the times before such artifacts were protected by law. When Mr. Albert Nowotny built his restaurant, The House That Jack Built, daddy furnished the artifacts that were dug from ditches. Daddy's business cards bore the motto: "I Can Put Water Anywhere." And he did! All over the hills and vales.

When we moved to New Braunfels my brother was twelve years old and my sister 10. - Being a one year old baby I did not catch the full significance of what a fortunate move we had made until a few years later. We lived at the City Water Works at the springs of the beautiful Comal River. When I was nearly three years of age my brother decided he would teach me to swim. He carried me down a hill to the springs that were about waist deep to me. He put me in the water and said, "Now hold your breath and put your head under the water and take your feet off the bottom and kick your feet up and down and push the water with your hands." I tried to do his bidding but was afraid to take my feet off the bottom. He hollered at me, "If you don't take your feet off the bottom right now I'm going to the house and you can walk through that high grass by yourself - and there's snakes in it!" I took my feet off the bottom - and swam - and have been a water elf and fisherman ever since. Catfish at The Catfish Parlour is delicious, like the black bass from the Comal River!

During WW 2, living in Austin, I carried my swimming another notch. Young men of Austin were going to fight the war and I applied for a Lifeguard job at our neighborhood Enfield park and swimming pool on Enfield Road. Mr. Beverly Sheffield, the city recreation administrator told me he was reluctant to hire women, but after giving me a tryout, I was hired, the first lady lifeguard of Austin, and served every summer until War's end. During those summers I was also required to teach swimming lessons, and I taught some of Austin's young future doctors, bankers, and lawyers - most now retired. How time does fly!

Dorothy Wimberley Kerbow
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*8 yrs younger
like me &
Nancy.*