

PEARLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

Volume 21, Edition 4
October, 2016
Editor: John D. "Mickey" Mark
E-mail: mark325@prodigy.net

Pearland Historical Society
P. O. Box 1333
Pearland, Texas 77588

Dedicated to preserving the history and heritage of "Old Pearland"

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

I hope to see each of you at our luncheon on **Oct. 22nd**. Yes, a year has whizzed by since our **2015** luncheon. The response from the class of 66 members has been very scattered. As I am writing this **Newsletter** only about 12 members have responded to our invitation and only 10 have indicated they will be attending. Hopefully we will get more responses as we get closer to the **22nd**.

As you may recall, we sent out an e-mail saying **Society Member Nancy Bristow Pridgen** was suggesting **Society** members write stories of growing up in **Pearland**. Further in the Newsletter are stories from **Donald King, Tommy Hunter, Rachal Scott Dahse, Jerry Johnston, Kathleen Childress Holt and Wayne Jones and Gene Brantley** recalling their memories of growing up the tiny little community known as **Pearland**. Thanks for the memories **Donald, Tommy, Rachal, Jerry, Kathleen, Wayne and Gene**.

Don't forget about our quarterly meeting **Thursday, Oct. 20th**, at **7:00 P.M.**

Mickey Mark

WHAT'S HAPPENING

Thanks to **Society Member Donald Hayes**, there is now a project underway to refurbish and save the historic old **Pearland depot**. Also working with **Donald** are **Buck Stevens** and **Kim Sinistore**. **Donald** has set up a **Facebook** page with pictures and information about the "**Save the Depot**" project. As many of you recall the **Pearland Chamber of Commerce** was housed in the old depot until the hurricane in 2008 badly damaged the building. Since that time the building has just sat there and deteriorated.. Our **Historical Society** checked into the possibilities of refurbishing the depot and using it as a museum and our home. Unfortunately the cost as estimated by the **Parks and Recreation Dept.** was totally out of the range we felt possible to raise the money. **Donald** has got letters of support from many old time influential **Pearland** citizens. Here's hoping the historic old structure will finally get renovated.

The **Pearland Historical Society Facebook** page continues to attract a lot of readers and a lot of comments from those who visit the page. Thanks, **Ray Kliesing**, for setting up the page

At our last meeting, **Kim Sinistore, Executive Director of the Pearland Convention and**

Visitors Bureau, informed us of a project called “**Pear Scape**” wherein the **Bureau** planned to establish a trail throughout the **City** featuring artistic 4’ size fiberglass “pears” painted by local artists positioned throughout the **City**. The idea is to promote tourist activity within **Pearland** by developing a public **Pear Art Sculpture Trail** as a cultural tourist attraction. Members present voted to sponsor a \$4000 gold membership to have a pear sculpture of our selection with the name “Pearland Historical Society” on it to be placed in Zychlinski Park.

AMONG OUR MEMBERS

It is really good to report that we did not have any **Historical Society** members pass away in this quarter; and actually we have had fewer members pass away this year than most previous years. Thus far the only members lost and for whom we will be lighting remembrance candles at our luncheon are **Robert Bristow** and **Delores Long Stevenson**.

We did lose three longtime **Pearland** residents in the last quarter .On **July 24th** **Marvin Wisley** passed away. He was preceded in death by his wife, **Louise Haskins Wisley**. He is survived by son **Gene Wisley** and daughter **Janice Wisley Bradley**.

On **July 29th**, longtime **Pearlander Von Knight** passed away after a long illness. Sympathies go out to his wife **Jo Knight**.

1950 PHS grad Don Ellis passed away **August 24th**. The **Ellis** family is a very long time **Pearland** family. **Don** was preceded in death by his parents, **Melvin and Millie Ellis**, by his brothers **Buddy, William, Melvin, Aubrey and Frederick**; sisters **Elsie Krell and Lilly**

Nelson. Those who knew **Don** well remember him as a good all around guy.

We have lost quite a few “old time” **Pearlanders** over the past year. In addition to **Marvin, Von and Don**, we lost **Russell Jones**, husband of **Society Member Sandra Gaidosek Jones**, **Charlie Hunt**, **Henry Ford**, **W. H. “Jug” Backhaus**, **Mrs. Florene Little**, **Donnie Carbone**, **Theta Cessac**, **Rhonda Triplett Ellis**, **Louise Haskins Wisley**, **Milton Garner**, **Marvin Raney**, **William “Bill” Morgan** and **Ray Glascock**,

Members Update: **Carl Talbot** reports that **Jennie** is still receiving in home physical therapy. As you may remember **Jennie’s** problems started a year ago **July** when she had heart surgery and then after that had a stroke. After the stroke, she then fell and broke her hip and has been receiving physical therapy ever since. **Carl** says **Jennie** has got stronger but still has a problem putting any weight on the side of the broken hip.

Carleen Mark also continues to have home physical therapy after having gall bladder surgery back in July and prior to that being hospitalized with atrial fibrillation. She is also getting stronger but still is very weak and short winded.

Please keep **Jennie**, **Carleen** and any other of our members who are going through health problems in your prayers.

It is good to report that **David Smith**, who recently celebrated his **90th** birthday is doing very good in **Trinity Oaks**. **David** will once more be doing the opening prayer at our luncheon.

“No man goes before his time – unless the boss is away.” Groucho Marx

The following stories are remembrances about growing up in **Pearland**. The first one is from **Society Member Donald King** about his childhood days living near the **Garners**.

Life with the Garners

In June of 1956, the lives of the Donald and Robert King changed forever. We moved from a small frame house on Houston Avenue to a little but larger frame house on Pearland Avenue in the Old Pearland Townsite. Each house had two bedrooms, one bathroom, a kitchen, and a family room. The new house had an extra room we called the living room. The name was rather odd because our Mom, Gladys King, told us to stay out of it and do not mess anything up. Therefore, I concluded that there was little living in the living room. No dogs, no toys, no games, or anything else that might be fun to a nine and a seven year old.

After two days of getting everything organized and arranged to Mom's expectations, she gave us the speech. When we go over to the Garners, speak when spoken to, do not ask for anything to eat or drink, sit down and listen to the adults, do not interrupt, and do not touch anything. These were orders that we received every time we went to visit our friends and relatives' houses. The only difference was that we were usually in the car when we heard the speech.

The Garners were old people in their eighties. Mr. Garner was a white haired man who did most of the talking. Mrs. Garner with silver hair sat in her chair and only said a few things in a very soft voice. At the end of our first visit, Mr. Garner told my Mom that we could visit and play on their property. Mrs. Garner told us that they had two grandsons who came over to visit and we might want to play with them. Their grandsons were Darrell and Dale Garner. Darrell was a year older than me and Dale was a year younger than Robert. We knew them from school and Little League.

The Garner's property was a wonderful place to play. The white house with a covered front porch and a screened back porch was surrounded by a large number of trees on 3 sides. The Garner's had a huge oak tree on the west side of their house.

Robert and I could easily climb the tree to a height of fifteen to twenty feet above the ground. This was a great way to survey the area and look for imaginary enemies such as a party of raiding Indians, or maybe desperados from the old West. Perhaps, enemy soldiers that were trying to invade the country.

A storm cellar was another place to play. The storm cellar served as a fort and a clubhouse. It was also a home base for hide and seek. Finally, the cellar also served as a hideout when Mom and Dad were looking for us and we needed just a few more minutes of play time.

A red brick building with two front doors provided more places of enjoyment for young boys. The brick building could be a fort where some of our friends, cousins, and neighborhood kids could be Indians attacking cowboys, or an outlaw hideout where Joe Friday and Ben Alexander were taking on criminals just like what happened the night before on Dragnet. Garland Clevenger, Bobby Rost, Robbie Bennett and Herbert Sonnen along with Darrell and Dale Garner were involved in these activities.

A wooden building on the eastside of the property became our secret clubhouse. Members talked about school, sports, cars, guns, songs, on the radio, television shows, and girls. The club was always being reorganized with different rules. One day we decided to update security. We booby trapped the clubhouse. Unfortunately, Mrs. Garner was almost hit in the head with a brake shoe while opening the door. After that incident, Robert and I were told to remove all booby traps.

Animals were an important part of the adventures at the Garners. We played with their dogs, fed the chickens and gathered eggs, learned how to milk a cow, and fed the hog. We also were able to churn cream into butter. In addition, we watched Cal Garner, Mr. and Mrs. Garner's son, butcher their hog. Robert and I stopped eating bacon for a few weeks after this adventure.

Mr. Garner had a large garden and raised many vegetables. We helped by pulling weeds, picking ripe vegetables, plowing the rows, and watering the garden. Cal would harness one of us to the plow and he would plow the rows. Darrell, Robert, Dale and I were the plow animals and we enjoyed doing it.

My first job resulted from my garden experience. The Garners had hundreds of birds in th trees that surrounded the garden. Blackbirds and crows were causing problems in the garden. Mr. Garner had a scarecrow, but the scarecrow was not very effective. So, Mr. Garner paid Robert and me five cents per bird. At first we used our BB guns, but later we used pellet guns. We would eliminate mabe 20 to 30 birds per outing. Mrs. Garner always told us not to kill the “pretty birds”. So we did not shoot robins, cardinals, mockingbirds, bluejays and doves. The money we collected was usually spent on baseball cards, candy and cokes. In baseball season new baseballs would be purchased at either Palm Center or Gulfgate.

In conclusion, the Garners were wonderful people who were like grandparents to Robert and me. I will never forget the good times and all the fun we had at their home. We also enjoyed Mr. and Mrs. Garner’s stories about coming to Texas in a covered wagon; Mr. Garner talking about going to a baseball game at Buff Stadium and watching Dizzy Dean pitch both games of a double header; Mrs. Garner telling stories about her dog and how he met her each day at the railroad track and escorted her back home after a long day working at the fig plant in Friendswood. When I look back on my childhood I cannot thank the Garners enough for the joy they brought into my life.



Garner home 2016 as viewed from N. Pearland Ave.

The next story is **Tom Hunter’s** memories of his childhood neighborhood.

In the early 1950s my dad, mom, sister, and I lived in Mrs. Alexander's rental house on the east side of Grand Blvd, just north of Walnut Street. Our neighbors to the south were the Keonitzers and the Bristows. From our front yard, I watched Piper Cubs and other light aircraft descend over the telephone lines on Walnut Street in their approach to the landing strip at Pearland Airport. Looking south and east from the top limbs of the Chinaberry tree in our yard, I could see the distinctive sway-back roof of the building that housed the original St. Helen Catholic Church.

The house next to ours on the north was for a while rented by my first grade teacher, Mrs. Phippin, and later was home to my classmate Hughie Raney and his family. At the end of the block at Grand Blvd and Pear Street stood the Prensner's home. Mrs. Prensner was my third grade teacher and Mr. Prensner was principal of the high school when I graduated. I played football with their sons, Douglas, Gary, and Steven in the long side yard.

When I visit Pearland, I always walk down Grand Blvd. Sadly our old house was razed many years ago, but a remnant of the hedge on either side of the driveway remains as well as many of the trees in the yard that have now grown tall and form a shady canopy. Missing is the Chinaberry tree that exists now only on "Memory Lane."

One remembrance is of playing "Airplane," where one person lies on the ground with her feet up and the other person sits on the raised feet and is catapulted into the air. In this case it was my neighbor, Martha Ann Keonitzer, who sent me flying, but I landed awkwardly and broke my wrist. It was embarrassing for a little boy to explain to his friends that the cast on his right hand was not the result of playing football, but instead—a girl did it!

Once our other neighbors, Mr. Bristow and his son, Robert, invited me into their house and played a trick on me. I sat in a chair and was asked to look behind me, where they had positioned a stuffed rattlesnake poised to strike. I don't remember being scared, but was pleased they

thought enough of me to try. I can still see us kids in the neighborhood playing hide-and-seek in the Raney's yard in the dark with no light other than a partial moon and a few porch lights.

About once a year, something new appeared on Grand Blvd, just south of 518 across from the old Fire Station. It resembled a revival tent, but was actually a traveling roller skating rink. After Friday night high school football games and the annual turkey shoot, the arrival of the skating rink was the most exciting event for youngsters in Pearland. You could skate all by yourself until the music stopped and the owner of the rink announced that the next session was for "Couples Only." Once after hearing this announcement, I left the floor, but one of my mom's friends came over and asked me to skate with her. It was a little awkward, since I was so short, but even more fun than skating alone.

I was only four or five-years-old when we moved into the neighborhood, so I associate it with many "firsts": appreciating a colorful sunrise from the back porch or watching from a window as a full moon rose and filled my bedroom with light or listening to Houston Buffs games on my crystal set while lying in bed. My dad bought his first car, a black 1952 Ford Mainline, and the next year my mom walked me up Grand Blvd for my first day of school, where I learned to read and write.

While in Pearland for the historical society reunion luncheon near the end of October, I plan to go to Juanito's Mexican Restaurant and get a table near a window looking out over Grand Blvd and the old neighborhood and see what other memories come as I try to summon those spirits from long ago.

Tom Hunter,

Next is a story from **Rachal Scott Dahse** about the old telephone office so many of us remember.

My story is about the telephone office in Pearland. The office was located on FM 518 just to the right of the BBVA bank building. It was in a little white building. Cora Long (I think that was the lady's

name) was the operator. My Grandma Scott's house was just across the street where the Wyndow Box Florist is now and I lived just down N. Grand Blvd. I would ring our phone and when the operator would answer I would say "I want to talk to my Grandma." And they would put me through. I thought the lady was magical. It was many years later that I found out when one phone rang a light would come on and they would take a plug and put into my Grandma's number!

Another memory: One day my mother and I were grocery shopping in store on N. Main owned by J.R. Davis, (I think.) The building is now gone but I think it also was a dance hall at one time. While we were shopping it started raining. Now I wasn't afraid of the rain or lightening but I was afraid of the thunder. I was sitting out on the steps under the porch cover. I started crying because of the thunder. One of the young men who worked there came and sit down beside me. He asked me why I was crying. I told him I was afraid of the thunder. He said "don't you know what that is?" I said no. He told me it was an old man with a wheelbarrow up in the heavens. His wheelbarrow was full of potatoes and the road was very bumpy. The potatoes were falling out and making the noise!" I was never again afraid of the thunder. I don't know what his name was but I want to THANK him for coming to the rescue of a frightened little girl.

Rachal Scott Dahse

.....
Editor's note: The old building was the dance hall "Old Style Inn." Many of you will remember going to school there in **1943** when the **Pearland Elementary** school burned. **Society Member Corky Segelquist** had a grocery store there at one time also.

.....
Jerry Johnson's thoughts about today and years past in **Pearland**

These are some things I remember from the 50's. As I rolled out this morning, I walked out to pick up the paper and as happens a lot lately it was nowhere in sight.

I find it impossible to read the news on an i pad. I remember as a child that the Chronicle was delivered by Mr. Boyd. You could hear his car banging down the shell road for miles before he came by in the afternoon. I think Mr. Haskins was the "road grader man" in those days. Mr. Boyd probably appreciated him. How did we function back then without all of our modern things? I remember as a very young child that we did not have indoor facilities. When the skunks moved under the outhouse, we soon had indoor plumbing. Of course we had running water, but a lot of time was spent hammering on the pump to get it to come on and if too much water was used, the well dried up for awhile. This was solved when Oday drilled a new well that still pumps today.

I need to pick up milk and ice (as our icemaker never works) and go by the cleaners.. I remember when the milkman came by early in the morning and left a few bottles on the back porch. I may stop at Bucees for ice, but back then my dad went to Cunningham's ice house. I remember the huge ice tongs they used to load the blocks. Sunshine cleaners would come by every so often and pick up things that needed dry cleaning or you could take your things to Gladys Garner and she and Mrs. Maness would fix you up. Being on a farm, fuel was delivered in bulk. To fill a vehicle, you hand pumped the gas up into a glass jug and dispensed it into your tank. If you needed vehicle parts, one just went to E E. Martins and he usually found what you needed from a few boxes behind the counter. Bad tire? Stop at Jack Miller's gas station and Elmer Payne would fix your flat or find an old tire out back. Mr. Miller could fix your saddle too. And how about that E-Mail? You went to the post office and Mrs. Lawhon helped you. Later, rural routes were added, and if you didn't have a stamp, just leave a nickle in the box. We didn't have all those three and four letter maladies back then, but if you needed medicine, Luella Smith could fix you up and sell you an ice cream to go with it.

My mom always shopped at Jess and Mable Kliesings store. She could go in with \$30 and come out with a cart full of food and change. Sometimes she would go next door to Guy Stevens store for something. You had to watch out because if you went in the wrong door I think it may have been a bar. My dad usually got a weekly shave at Jim

Mahanay's barber shop and sometimes went next door to Fords cafe for coffee. One of the other places to eat was Moms Cafe next to Monarck Welding.

We never ate out as kids. We would get a treat once a year at the Telewink after getting our school clothes at Weiners up on Telephone Rd.. Mr. Nuestra had a dime store where we usually got school supplies. And speaking of school, I sat in the pick up line for my Grandson the other day wishing Sam Jamison and bus 2 would come by and haul him home. We were taught by the likes of Jewel Benes and Selma Prensner and kept under some control by C.J. Harris.. And do you want to talk about traffic? Back then the biggest traffic jam was after the game on Friday night. The volunteer firemen moved folks along pretty quickly. Our local lawman was Deputy Dawson. I think he lived near the drugstore. Stopping by the bank, I wondered where all the people are. Banks are no longer the social hubs they once were. I have a landline phone for the telemarketers to call on. I remember us actually having an old crank type phone. When we moved up to a modern rotary type, it was as portable as the length of the cord. Hacking seems to be more of an issue every day. We had hacking back then, it was called a party line.

I gritted my teeth and watched the Presidential debates last night. I remember my grandparents having a tv the size of a small microwave and folks came over on Saturday night to watch wrestling. Our first tv was about half the size of a refrigerator and a lot of time was spent banging on the top of it to get a picture. I think we had maybe two channels. Remember the weather lady who stood behind the glass map and wrote backwards? Now I have 400 channels and nothing to watch. That's one reason I like East Texas so much.. They show Lone Ranger reruns everyday! I think this is about enough for this time.

If you want to FACTCheck any of the names, go ahead. Jerry Johnston

Kathleen Childress Holt recalls memories of her grandfather, Leo Parker Sr*

A story has been told of my Papa Parker, putting a dead snake on a visor of a drainage district dragline, and when the next person got on, he put the visor down and the snake fell in his lap! Yikes, don't know for sure, but there were lots of jokes and pranks from him and Uncle Butch Parker, his son, so it must be true. I was told a few years ago that some of those tales are still alive and being spread around!

Another story involving him, which at the time seemed so exciting, was that he drove the "fog" truck for the county and we delighted in his spraying our yard with the stuff! He would back up the truck on our driveway, and give us an extra dose of the mosquito spray. I hate to admit it, but the kids liked to run around in the 'fog' and play in the mist! Oh dear, not today would I do that! We didn't seem to know better.

He enjoyed the Pearland high school ball games so much the coaches let him ride the bus to away games, and this seemed to thrill him. He was just such a fan and supporter of sports in Pearland, that they dedicated the yearbook to him the year he passed away, 1956.

Yes, my memories of the town usually include my bigger than life grandfather; at least in my eyes he was, and sorry I was only nine years old when he passed away. The younger cousins didn't get to know him as well, if at all. What a Papa!!!

Kathleen Childress Holt



Leo Parker, Sr.

Editor's Note: Most early memories of **Pearland** include hamburgers and malts at the old drug store and either watching or playing baseball, either in high school or for the **Pearland** town team. **Leo Parker** was really involved in **Pearland** baseball, both helping **Lloyd Yost** with the post WWII town team and also helping **Jug Backhaus** with the high school team. He also umpired a lot of the baseball games as well as the **Pearland** women's softball games.

Wayne Jones wrote this short quip of his memories of past years in **Pearland**

Not really stories : getting a gallon of gas {to mow yards } and a bottle of coke for 25 cents , had to drink it there, didn't have enough for the bottle deposit..at the gas station at hwy 35 and 518 .. I think it was Mr alexander's station and forever eating burgers and shakes at Mrs.Smith's drugstore

Wayne Jones

Gene Brantley remembers when **Dixie Farm Road** was truly a "Country Road".

As a child growing up in Pearland I remember, we rented a small 2 room wood frame shack from Smitty & Luella Smith, and neighbors Chester & Mary Roach that worked at the Pearland dump lived in the 1-1/2 story house that Smitty & Luella vacated when they built their new brick house with swimming pool. Believe Arnold Watson & family lived in the 2 story also owned by the Smith's up front by FM 518 adjacent to what later became the Green Tee entrance.

If memory serves me I rode bus 3 and FM 518 was a shell road. We had one single light at the intersection of FM 518 & S.H. 35. We would head Eastbound on FM 518 and turn left on Dixie Farm Rd. and turn left onto McGinnes to drop a couple of kids off that lived in wood frame homes in what later became known as Sleepy Hollow. Dixie Farm Rd. dead ended at the old worn out wooden bridge that crossed Clear Creek. The bus then back tracked same route returning to FM 518 and heading Westbound on 518 to turn right on

Yost Rd. and drop the Jamison kids off at end of Yost since the Sleepy Hollow Subdivision was not yet developed, and Yost ended at Mary's Creek. The bus then turned around and headed back towards FM 518 to turn right again heading Westbound to drop me and my sister off last before returning back to school.

Often times I would grab my bb gun and go down to the big galvanized culvert that crossed under FM 518, designed to drain run off into Mary's Creek. I could usually walk inside the culvert to cross over from one side of 518 to the other with nothing but undeveloped fields on each side. The entire area was mine to roam as I pleased although I re-call a few homes existed back to the East in Shadycrest. If I crossed Mary's Creek which was typically easily done unless we really had some major rainfall, then I could visit an old barn that usually had some hoot owls in it that stood among a clearing of pines that later became Golfcrest Country Club, and I always observed an abundance of quail, rabbits, squirrels and chicken hawks.

My Uncle Bea and his family lived in a house that my Father, Johnny Yost and Roy Moore helped build which is now storage units across from the Equestrian Center and my Grandmother lived adjacent to my Uncle in a small one room house with no indoor plumbing, an out house, and a water well where we had to prime and draw water with a hand crank. The property is now occupied by an old convenient store.

Those were definitely the good old days, very little traffic, etc. I sure liked Pearland better back then lol.

Gene Brantley

Thanks to all for the stories. One thing seems to in common with most of the stories both in this **Newsletter** and ones you hear so often from **“old time Pearlanders”**, they all recall those days as “the good ole days and have good memories about living in the small town that was **Pearland**. Be sure to get your tickets for our annual luncheon on Oct. 22nd. You don't want to miss this opportunity to hear and share

stories about those fun days in the past and to see old friends.

DON'T FORGET OUR QUARTERLY HISTORICAL SOCIETY MEETING THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22ND AT 7:00 P.M. AT OUR HISTORICAL SOCIETY HOME ON NORTH GALVESTON AVE. HOMEMADE COOKIES, COFFEE, COLD DRINKS AND VISITATION FOLLOW THE MEETING.

GOT YOUR TICKETS FOR THE OCT. 22ND LUNCHEON YET. YOU STILL HAVE TIME. SEE THE RESERVATION FORM ATTACHED TO THE NEWSLETTER.

Recently when reading back through an old Newsletter about 15 years old, I found these hymns about growing old sent by 1942 PHS graduate, Victor Shore (deceased). They sure hit home more than they did 15 years ago.

“Just a Slower Walk with Thee”

“No One Knows the Trouble I Have Seeing.”

“Precious Lord, Take My Hand – and help me up.”

“Give Me That Old Timers Religion.

RETURN THIS FORM TO RESERVE YOUR PLACE AT THE PEARLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY "REUNION LUNCHEON" SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22nd, 2016 AT THE PEARLAND SCHOOL DISTRICT ADMINISTRATION BUILDING (OLD WALMART BUILDING) ON HWY 35. TICKETS ARE \$10.00 PER PERSON. PLEASE NOTE: TICKETS PURCHASED AT THE DOOR WILL BE \$15 PER PERSON.

_____ Yes, count me in for a good time at the annual Historical Society Reunion Luncheon.

Enclosed is my check in the amount of \$_____ for luncheon tickets.

NAME _____

SPOUSE OR GUEST'S NAME _____

Mail to: Pearland Historical Society, P.O. Box 1333, Pearland, Texas 77588



Membership Form - - Pearland Historical Society

Date _____

Enclosed is my check in the amount of \$_____ covering membership dues _____ of \$15 per person for the following persons for the year 2016. Is this a gift membership?

Yes _____ No _____

Name _____ Name _____

Mailing Address _____

e-mail address _____

Note: Dues paid in the last quarter of the year cover the following year.

Mail to: Pearland Historical Society, P.O. Bo 1333, Pearland, Texas 77588

Please note: If you are paying for gift memberships, please give the name and address of the person who is presenting the gift so that we can notify the recipient.

Name _____

Address: _____

