



Verda Afton Morrison Heimann, wife of Louis, Jr., was born May 17, 1917, in a farmhouse in Callahan County, Texas. Her parents were John Quincy Morrison and Sarah Bell Burks. She worked her way through nursing school and became a registered nurse. She served in the Army Nurse Corp and was sent to the 55th General Hospital in England where the wounded from the Normandy Invasion forces were cared for. In her autobiography from a book of poetry she wrote and published, she says:

“On D-Day, plus four, we received our first patients. We received 1,000 men by train. Within about an hour, we had them all admitted, records started, vital signs taken and everybody had a glass of hot chocolate and clean pajamas.”

She and Louis were married in 1950 and raised three children in Kerrville: Sharon, Cathy and Louis, III. During that time, she also worked 20 years as a nurse at the VA Hospital from which she retired—but only for a week. She then began another career at Kerrville State Hospital where she retired in 1986. Verda passed away in 1999.



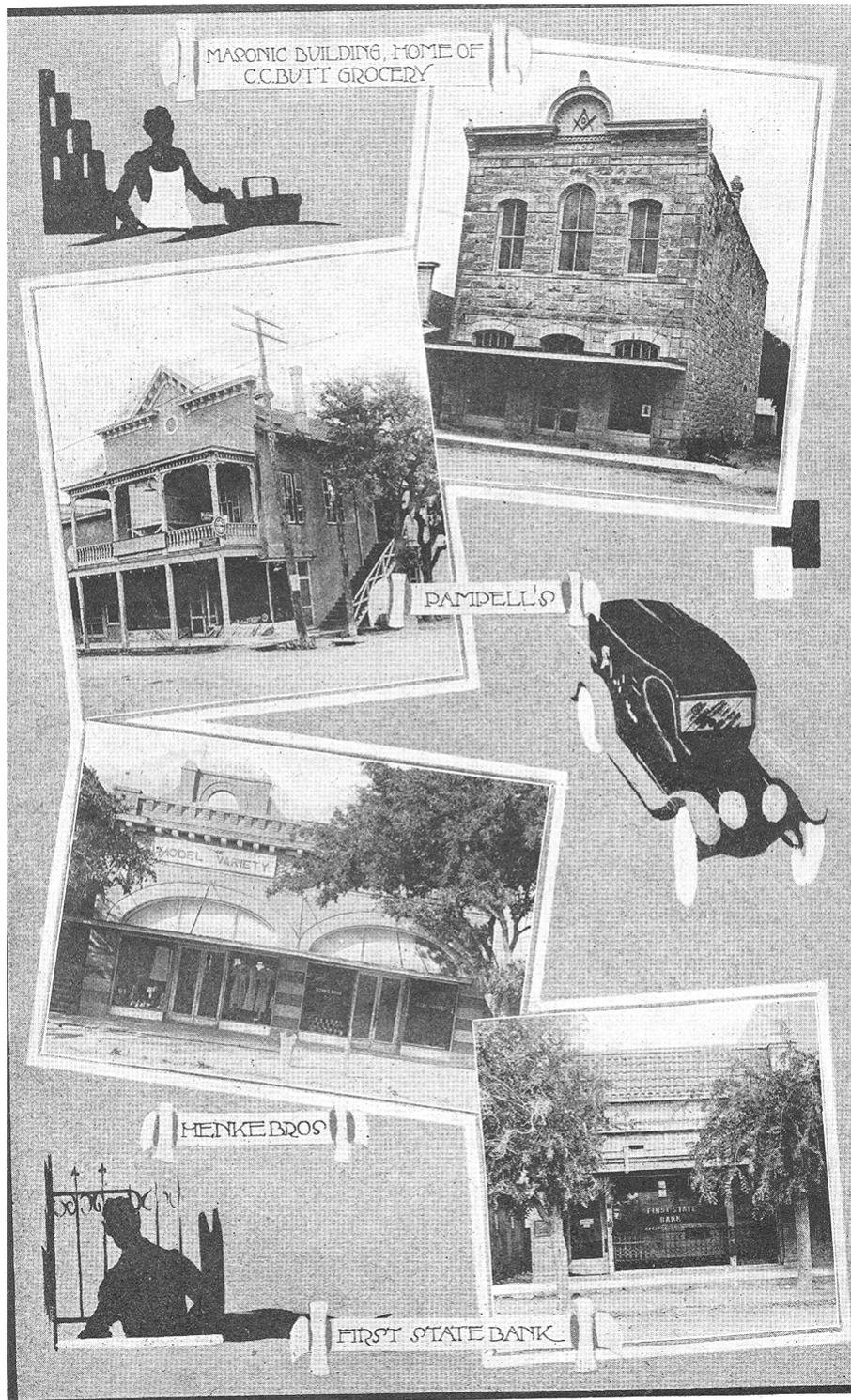
John Heimann, Sr.



Lena Kammlah Heimann

John Heimann, Sr., born in 1862, is the grandfather of Louis Heimann, Jr. He was born in Gillespie County where he met and married Lena Kammlah. The couple lived in Mason for a few years but Kerrville was growing and opportunity beckoned. John went to work for the Southern Pacific Railroad as section foreman from Kerrville to San Antonio and brought property on Barnett Street where he and Lena raised five children.

Lena Kammlah, wife of John Heimann, Sr., is the grandmother of Louis Heimann, Jr. She was also from Gillespie County where she met John as a young girl of 16. She worked as a governess for about ten years before being allowed to marry her childhood sweetheart, John. A few years later, they moved to Kerrville where Lena had five children: John, Jr.; Louis (father of Louis, Jr.); and daughters Meta, Mollie and Hattie.



Buildings in Downtown Kerrville – 1920s
(Photo from Grinstead's Magazine June 1920)

Louis Heimann remembers some of these buildings in early Kerrville.



Chaney's Confectionery – Downtown Kerrville

(Photo from Grinstead's Magazine, June 1920)



Interior of the Rock Drug Store owned by L. W. McCoy.
(Photo from Grinstead's Magazine, June 1920)

Louis Heimann remembers visiting the Rock Drug Store as a boy.



Kerrville Bus Company drivers Bill Jonas (left) and Gay Munn are ready for duty as they pose here in front of the Peterson's Auto Company which housed the Bus Company offices. It was located on the corner of Water and Sidney Baker streets, where the present-day Peterson Hospital parking structure sits. (Photo ca. late '40s)

July 28, 1982

Kerrville Mountain Sun



THEN AND NOW—Louis Heimann received his first driving lessons from Henry Wallace, and Thursday he retires from the Kerrville Bus Company after 41 years service. “Louie” makes his last run to Big Spring Wednesday, returning through Kerrville Thursday, and then celebrates his 65th birthday Friday. No one really knows how many miles he has driven, but thousands of passengers recall his ready smile and infectious humor. For more years than he likes to remember, he was the driving force in Little League baseball here.

Three-year-old Louis Heimann tries out his dad's Model T. Louis, a lifelong resident of Kerrville says he “always loved cars” and later became a bus driver for the Kerrville Bus Company.



July 1982 – Stepping down for the last time, Louis Heimann, completes his final run as a bus driver for the Kerrville Bus Company. In his long career on the road, Louis says he never lost his enthusiasm for his job.



Helping Granddad celebrate his retirement from the Kerrville Bus Company are Louis Heimann's two granddaughters, Melissa, being held by her mom, Cathy, one of Louis' daughters, and Amy.

--July 1982



July 1982 – Louis Heimann poses with his wife, Verda, in front of the bus on which he completed his last run for the Kerrville Bus Company, thus bringing to a close his more than 40-year career as a bus driver.

ORIGINAL POEMS

BY VERDA MORRISON HEIMANN



The following poems are from a book of poetry published by Verda Heimann, wife of Louis Heimann.

Happy Family

Louie Heimann was the last bachelor in town.
He ran wild, this crazy clown.
When he got tired of his single life,
He chose me to be his wife.
Marriage is wonderful - but what could be worse
Than to live in the house with a registered nurse?

Then came the children, one - two - three.
Two girls for me - a boy for Louie.
These beautiful children completed our home.
Lots of hard work and no time to roam.

Mother's Love

Three lovely children God has sent to us
Will we ever have enough to fill up a bus?

I doubt this seriously at this stage,
Since we had these three in our middle age.

Not enough boys for a baseball game!
Just enough girls for pep squad fame!

We'll just wait and we will see,
What the future holds for these lovely three!

#1 Grandchild

God is sending us a baby from heaven above.
A baby to share, to hold and to love.
We are anxiously waiting for this baby to be.
The first baby for Cathy, the first grandchild for me.
Which will it be, a girl or a boy.
Whichever it is, it will bring us great joy.
We'll hold it and love it and feed it with milk.
We'll clothe it in garments of nylon and silk.
We'll teach it and love it until it is grown.
When I know what it is, I'll finish this poem.

West End Driver

Have you ever ridden the Kerrville bus?
You should try it once. Come ride with us.

To me, the Greyhound is a way of life
To support my children and my wife.

I get up at four and leave my house.
I do not disturb my sleeping spouse.

I drive down the highway before it's daylight,
Long before there's any traffic to fight.

I shift into high and settle in my chair.
I look in the mirror and brush back my hair.

I watch what I'm doing - I drive with great care,
Yet some of my passengers are really unfair.

When they think I'm not looking, they fuss and they cuss
I do not worry - whatever they say.
I'll deliver them safely and get extra pay.

Little they know my safety record's on file.
Not a wreck to my credit in three million miles.

This sounds like bragging - that talk is just free,
But I keep doing my best for the Bus Company and me.

Happy Father's Day BeBop

We have a little grand-daughter who's learning to talk.
She can't say Grandpa so she calls him BeBop.
She comes in the door with a squeal and a hop.
"Hey there - how ya doin? BeBop!!"
When she enters the room she lights up the place
With a sweet little grin all over her face.

Let's go out back and swing on the swing.
You push and I'll swing, and a song we will sing.

We'll swing and will play - We'll swing all the day
As long as my mommie lets me - I'll stay.
But little Hailey's interest has such a short span,
She can't stay very long with any one plan.

She plays and she jumps from one game to another,
Til the suburban drives up and in comes her mother.
"C'mon Hailey, let's eat" - and away they will go
and leave BeBop exhausted - but happy you know!

Happy Birthday Louie

Peepaw's birthday is here again.
Just look at him - he's a young man.
Look a little closer - but do not say
Those gray hairs are here to stay.

Sometimes I think he's lost his vim.
But I change my mind when I look at him.

His love is not blondes and it's not booze.
The man of the house has a right to choose.
His love is cars, and right from the start
We've always known he has a motor for a heart.

He likes them sleek with lots of chrome.
If they have one rattle, he won't bring them home
He spends his time just looking around
Every used car lot in this town.
If he can make a deal without having to steal,
He'll bring one home if it has a wire wheel.

The garage is full - the driveway, too.
And across the street he'll park one or two.

Peepaw's birthday is an annual event.
And we all know how his time is spent.
As far as getting older we will know
When at the car lots he doesn't show.

Don't Be Lonely

Lonely is a way of life
When all are gone but mother and wife.

My three children all are grown
With careers and loved ones of their own.

Oh, how I wish them still at home
So I would not be all alone.

Turn back the clock - this can't be done,
So I will turn my memory on.

I think of days of long ago
And how I loved to watch them grow.

I loved them all - one, two and three.
And in return they all loved me.

The greatest thrill in all my life
Is that I am a mother and a wife.

Section III
On The Go Again
See the U.S.A.

Special Treatment

Our Ward Doctor is a crazy coot.
He sits around and plays his flute.

The patients come crawling like a basket of snakes.
Thus he cures their tardive shakes.

Music soothes, so the experts say.
It will surely shorten their length of stay.

This is true - but they won't go;
They wanta stay around to see his show.

His music is charming to his teammates too.
Whatever else should a psychiatrist do?

R.V. Nomad

The open road is calling me.
Let's get out our maps and load up the RV.
America is so wonderful for everyone to see.
Let's go to Colorado again or back to Tennessee.

Since we've been to both places, let's choose a new land.
Let's go to the coast and play in the sand.
The ocean is wonderful, I have been told.
Let's play in the sand before we're too old.

We'll cruise down the highway at a safe speed.
Our R. V. is loaded with things we will need.
We'll find a nice camp to spend our first night,
We'll hook up the water and plug in the lights.

A cold drink for my husband and the kitchen for me.
What shall I cook - steak and potatoes - or a meal called TV?

They call it retirement, but my work is still there.
A fifty-fifty arrangement - is this really fair?
He drives all day long while I enjoy the scene.
So to relax while I cook is not really so mean.