Volume 1• Number 2
Winter • 2002

THE PATHFINDER

The Historical Preservation Journal of Westlake

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The PathFinder is a publication of the Westlake Historical Preservation Board.

The editor welcomes articles and comments relating to the history of Westlake and Northeast Tarrant County addressed to: Westlake Historical Preservation Board
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Publication of this issue was made possible by a generous donation from Vaquero, Westlake's premier residential golf community.

Front cover photograph: a baptism on Marshall Creek below the suspension bridge; Blewford Landford, an uncle of Huffman, officiates.

Front & back cover photos courtesy of Huffman family archives

Production/Design
Margie Adkins Graphic Design

The view from the Timbers ...

EDITOR'S PAGE

Arthur McWhirter

With the inaugural issue of *The PathFinder* launched and Summer gone, with the course set, following the historical road behind and before us, with Autumn leaves, cool weather and the holidays in our sights, we offer the Winter issue of Westlake's historical journal.

As I write, it is raining outside and the weather is nippy. I could use a little heat in the ninety-six year old house that serves as my office, but don't want to turn it on just yet. It is the best time of the whole year —for me at least. Let others sing and wax poetic about the glories of Texas in the Spring. Give me Fall. Give me the old year as I witness its passing under the full moons of Autumn — red-gold, enormous on the horizon and mysteriously pulsing against a cobalt sky. The sight of such moons often startles newcomers. Some will say it's frightening to see what appears to be an abnormally large orb draped in such color. Meteorologists explain that light is refracted differently in the Fall and the angle of the earth rotating on its axis is changing. It is merely an illusion, they say. Nevertheless, the moons of Autumn will give you pause.

Occasional Cottonwoods tremble and shake their yellow foliage over gray bark.

Autumn doesn't always come to Texas, at least here in North Central Texas. Sometimes we jump from Summer to Winter with nothing in between. This year, however, you can catch glimpses of the Autumn Cross Timbers and there's no better place than Westlake to find it. Drive down Dove Road, Pearson Lane or Ottinger and get your fill. Sumac bushes, their rusty-red leaves gathered around dark brown heads, are turning. Virginia Creeper twines its bright red garland through the trees.

The oaks are yellow and orange, and some, depending on the kind, will wear wine colored leaves. The Red Oak will keep its leaves in brown through the winter. Occasional Cottonwoods tremble and shake their yellow foliage over gray bark. Some other growth turns a vibrant yellow to golden, but I don't know what it is. Maybe you do and I wish you'd tell me. Wildflowers bloom again and yellow is predominant. Native grasses provide their Fall color here. Little Blue Stem, a dusty teal in the Summer, turns reddish as it cures.

It occurs to me that there is the botany of history—of the world, the nation, the state, the countryside or the family; that the remembrance of certain plants and trees is often associated with important events. In 1836, Jim Bowie warned that Santa Anna's troops could move across Texas in the dead of Winter because the dried native grasses would provide forage for horses. He was correct.

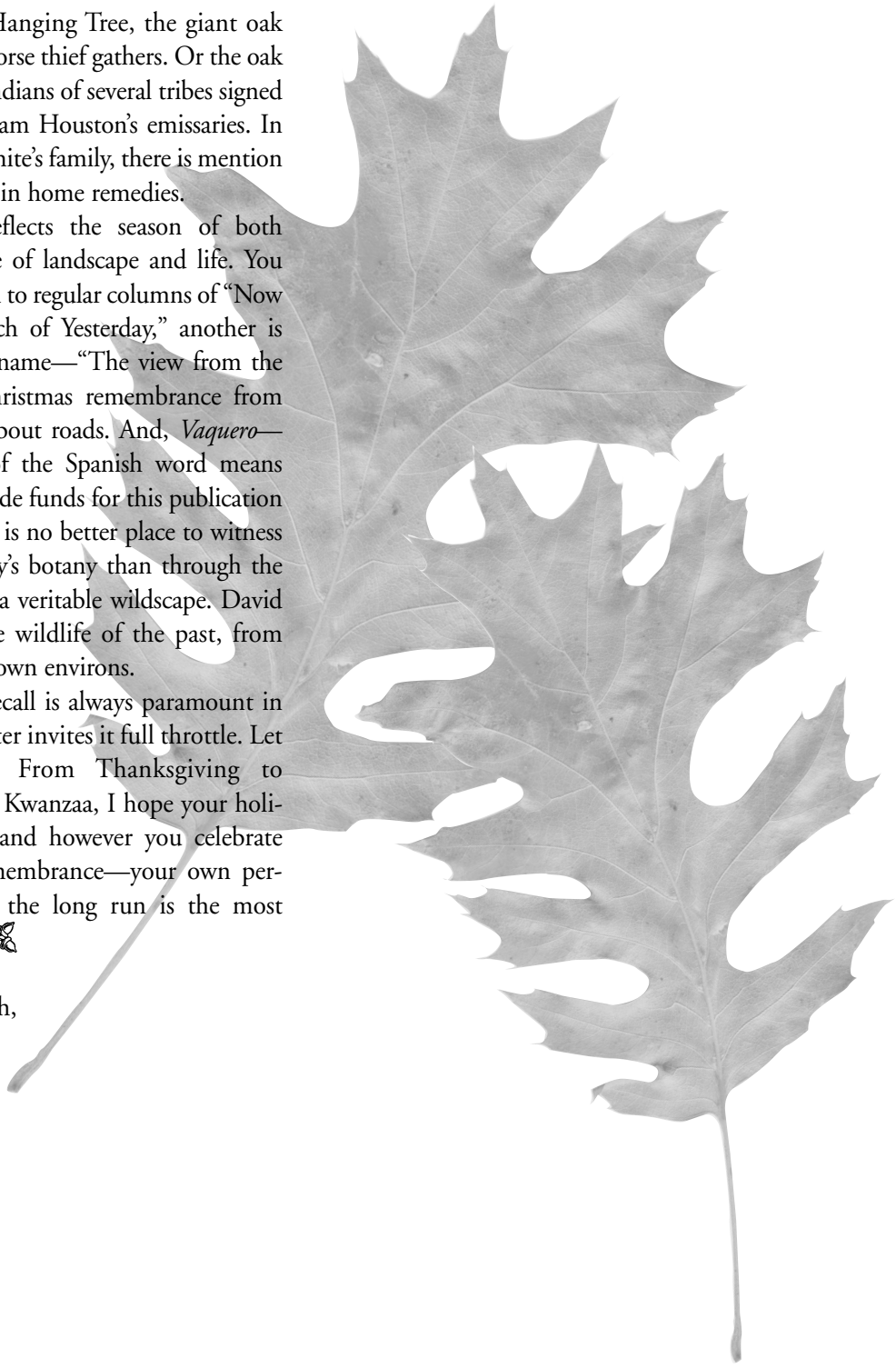
Oak trees loom large. Sam Houston lay wounded beneath an oak tree and received the

surrender of Santa Anna beneath its shade. Here in Westlake, we recall the Hanging Tree, the giant oak around which a tale of a horse thief gathers. Or the oak motts in Coppell where Indians of several tribes signed a peace document with Sam Houston's emissaries. In an article about Phillip White's family, there is mention of the calamus plant used in home remedies.

The PathFinder reflects the season of both change and remembrance of landscape and life. You will notice that in addition to regular columns of "Now and Then" and "In Search of Yesterday," another is added under the editor's name—"The view from the Timbers." There is a Christmas remembrance from long ago, recipes, more about roads. And, *Vaquero*—the English translation of the Spanish word means cowboy—rides in to provide funds for this publication of *The PathFinder*. There is no better place to witness the preservation of history's botany than through the stone fences and gates of a veritable wildscape. David Brown reminds us of the wildlife of the past, from animal to human, in our own environs.

Recollection and recall is always paramount in *The PathFinder*. But Winter invites it full throttle. Let the celebration begin. From Thanksgiving to Hanukah, Christmas and Kwanzaa, I hope your holidays, whatever they are and however you celebrate them, are filled with remembrance—your own personal history—which in the long run is the most important history of all.

Joyce Gibson Roach,
Editor



Vaquero
The Call of the Land

by Steve Yetts, General Manager at Vaquero

Awed by the picturesque meadows, gently rolling hills, shimmering natural ponds and majestic oak trees of Hillwood's Circle T Ranch, Discovery Land Company executives knew at first sight that they'd found the perfect home for Vaquero, a new luxury residential and private golf community in Westlake, Texas. The land itself inspired the design of the new 525-acre community, influencing the architecture and landscape in every aspect of the development.

Reminiscent of the Texas Hill Country—which incidentally is where Discovery Land Company thought they'd build their first Texas development before finding the prized ranch lands in Northeastern Tarrant County—Vaquero does indeed enhance the spirit of the land on which it is built. From the manicured perimeter and ranch-

Discovery Land Company and Vaquero executives have diligently worked to make Vaquero a peaceful escape from the hustle and bustle of the city.

"We wanted to create something really special," says Mike Meldman, CEO of San Francisco-based Discovery Land Company. "Unlike so many master-planned developments that are out there, we didn't want to clear the land and mold it into our own vision. Our core philosophy is to let the land inspire our vision for the development. In the end, the community should seem like a natural part of the landscape, enhancing the character and spirit of the original property."

In marked contrast to numerous other master-planned communities in North Texas and throughout the country, Vaquero's lot sizes average from one-half acre to more than a full acre in size, including a limited number of three acre lots. At completion, the 24-hour guard attended community will have approximately 325 home sites. These large lots allow residents and visitors to enjoy the natural beauty of the land, which is so often lost in higher-density housing developments.

style, natural stone and wood fencing that blends into the terrain to the club house and architectural guidelines set for all houses in the development, every care was taken to preserve the natural beauty of the Westlake landscape. Even the trash cans located throughout the course are buried up to their lids, ensuring they don't detract from the scenery.

The Tom-Fazio designed golf course, which serves as the centerpiece of the community and private-equity Vaquero golf club, uses the natural rolling terrain, native foliage and lake and meadow areas so well, it too seems like it has always been a part of the land. The par 71-course was routed through the community before the rest of the development was planned, ensuring Fazio could take full advantage of the existing landscape, which according to the award-winning course designer

was the perfect place for a golf course.

"When I first went out and looked at the land, with the contours, the view, the gorgeous trees and the sandy-based soils, I was impressed immediately," said Fazio. "I felt the gently sloping land had been a golf course all along—just waiting to be developed."

The course, approximately 7,100 yards in length from the championship tees, features 60 acres of native grasses and uses the land's existing post oaks to frame the tee boxes and gently guide the fairways, which are planted with tightly-woven zoysia grass. The sculptured bunkers are themselves a work of art, with one stretching from tee to green on holes No. 6 and 7. Among players' favorite holes are No. 4, where the elevated tee provides golfers a breathtaking view of the beautiful surrounding land, and No. 15, where large oak trees guard the right side of the fairway and a large lake, stocked with fish and swimming ducks, runs along the left side and then wraps behind the green.

During the development of the golf course and surrounding community, all but 40 of the native post oaks were preserved and an additional 800 mature trees, some with trunks that are 22 inches around, have been added, all connected by a state-of-the-art irrigation system.

Discovery Land Company and Vaquero executives have diligently worked to make Vaquero a peaceful escape from the hustle and bustle of the city. Throughout Vaquero—whether resting along Vaquero's magnificent course at one of the natural stone comfort stations that just happens to be fully stocked with fresh fruits and other snacks, cold and warm drinks, and comfortable but rustic rocking chairs or dropping a fishing line into one of Vaquero's fish-stocked ponds, residents will find opportunities to breathe in nature and enjoy the simple pleasures of life.

"We've really enjoyed working with Hillwood and Westlake to develop this beautiful, peaceful community," said Schuyler Joyner, president of Discovery Land Company. "We're in love with the land and having a partner like Hillwood, whose vision for continued development of the area closely parallels our own, and the support of the Westlake community gives us confidence that the superior development and planning throughout the area will continue for years to come."

Buffaloes, Braves, Bulldoggers and Bandits

by David Brown

Westlake is Texas. Not all of Texas, of course, but certainly the most familiar, and some say the most important things in Texas can be found in Westlake and its environs—Greater Westlake, if you will.

Take buffalo, for example. Early settlers and visitors to Texas reported vast herds of buffalo roaming the Texas plains. One account by a settler reported a stampede that took three days to pass his cabin. Impressive, even if a little inconvenient when you need to visit the outhouse.

Buffalo? Hey, we still have them! Westlake has one of the best known and certainly one of the most visible Buffalo herds in North America. It won't take three days to run past you, but will give you a good idea what a Buffalo herd must have looked like back then. You'll find it on the Circle T Ranch, on Texas Highway 114. There's even a place where you can pull the car off the road and walk up to the fence for a closer look and a photo.

And why, you may wonder, are there still Buffalo living on the Circle T in Westlake? It's all business. When business people from other areas come here to discuss deals, they often get photographed with one or more Buffalo, up close and personal, sort of. No telling how many businessmen's homes in Europe, Japan or elsewhere are adorned with a photo of the homeowner and a Buffalo tucked up close to each other.

And then there are Braves, as in Indians. The Census says there are a few Indian families in the area, but nothing like there used to be. The area comprising Westlake and surrounding towns once was, literally, a Happy Hunting Ground for Native Americans.

In addition to Buffalo, there were deer, bear,

wild hogs, game birds of every type and description and many other species of wildlife. Things have changed, but not as much as you might expect. It is still possible today to sit out on your back porch in Westlake and listen to coyotes howl at the moon.

Things did not always go well between the Indians and the settlers. Early settlers wrote that the animals most prized by the Indians were horses and cattle. This led to conflict between the two groups, raids to get cattle and other animals and even the burning of a church in the area.

But, eventually, civilization overtook both groups and today they exist in peaceful harmony.

Westlake still has its share of the Old West's most enduring symbol, the Bulldogging Texas Cowboy. Bulldogging is an activity used on Texas ranches in the past to halt uncooperative cattle. The cowboy rode his horse alongside a running cow or steer, grabbed the animal's horns with both hands, leapt off his running horse and wrestled the animal to the ground. It's most often seen in rodeos today where it is a major event.

But cowboys still work the Circle T Ranch, which covers about 60% of the town, although development is cutting into the ranch's acreage. So hurry on down if you want to see the Bulldoggers and the Buffalo together.

And Bandits used to roam the area until just a few decades ago. Famous, big name, Old West Bandits, that is.

There still are people in the area who recount the local legends about Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow, the outlaw couple made famous by Hollywood. They say the Bandit pair used to roam around the area, robbing banks (at least two in the immediate Westlake area) and shooting it out with the lawmen. In one of the most tragic incidents of the era, the Bandit couple shot and killed two Texas peace officers not two miles from the center of Westlake. A historical marker has been placed at the location.

And before Bonnie and Clyde began their rampage, Sam Bass, a notorious badman in the post Civil War period is supposed to have buried a large amount of stolen gold not too far from Westlake, but no one ever found it although locals looked for years. The location of his cave is reputed to have been on what used to be known as the Pilot Knob Ranch adjacent to Highway I35 on the west side and near the Justin turn-off.

Other rumored caches of stolen gold are located within Westlake, a fact which has caused a good deal of heartache to some Westlake homeowners whose front lawns have been dug up by latter-day treasure hunters. (See Stephen Thornton's article on *Plascido*, Volume 1, Number 1, p. 9)

With a history full of Buffaloes, Braves, Bulldoggers and Bandits, modern Westlake is looking forward to a Brilliant, Bright, Breathtaking 21st Century, full of Bustle, Buildings, Businesses and Beauty.

But Old or New, Westlake is Texas!

A bold, bodacious bravo for the best, Westlake

David Brown is retired from McGraw Hill Company, a publisher of Alliance Regional newspapers, author of several books and a history of the Mount Gilead Baptist Church. He and wife, Nina, have two children, a son and a daughter. David is a charter member of the Westlake Historical Preservation Board.

Solana's Roots
the Shockey-Huffman family

an oral history interview by Kelly Bradley

Last year, Kelly Bradley and Wanda Haskins, Westlake Preservation Historical Board members, interviewed and videoed Bill Huffman whose family farm and homestead were located in the very heart of Solana; in fact, just where Chili's sits now.

Scholars consider such interviews, known as oral histories, as valuable supplement to the facts because they reveal the personal about a particular time and place. Without the ordered confines of organization and outline necessary in formal writing, oral historians' memories are triggered from questions asked and they go wherever remembrance leads them. Speech may be colorful, textured with phrases and words particular to the person's life. Events are made richer with embellishment of the facts because of the human emotion evoked by the past. Oral histories, of course, are better heard than read. Yet, even the words on paper accompanied by photographs make the past rise and stand before us again.

Born November 13th, 1931, Billy Fred Huffman talked freely. Led by the questions asked him, his remarks are rich in remembrance ripened by time. The interview brings to the fore, three events: the rural life of his family, the great flood on the Trinity in Fort Worth in 1949 and his military experience during the Korean War.

Even the interviewer had some interesting information to add, too, as you will note in Kelly

Young Bill Huffman

Left to right: Maude, Isaac, Grandpa Shockey, Ethel Rose, Earl, Grandma Shockey, Mary

Bradley's comments about a Mrs. Crawford, known as the "pie lady."

Bill Huffman and his wife, Norma Ann, are premiere volunteers for Metroport Meals on Wheels.

Mr. Huffman's remarks have been edited to more easily fit the journal format. Brackets indicate where words have been added.

Bradley: Tell us something about your family and when they moved to Westlake.

Huffman: Okay. My grandmother on my mother's side–Grandpa was born in Illinois in 1858–was born in the same vicinity, probably in 1862. They left Illinois after the war; they came through on a wagon train. The Shockeys and several other families, they stopped around Oklahoma City at this time [when] it was just out in the wilderness. They left there and came this way after they got married to this part of the country. They settled down right about where the Marriott-Solana hotel and Chili's is at; that was our old homestead.

Grandma and Grandpa had thirteen children. They lost three children at a young age, three daughters. But they settled there and I was born there in 1931. Mother and Dad—my dad, was born in 1883 and my mother was born in 1895. They married in 1912. My oldest brother was born in 1913, my sister in 1919, my brother older than I am, in 1926. I had a younger brother that died. He was in between my older brother and myself.

Dad and Mother and I, we finally left there in 1948. They sold the old place. My grandfather, he died the year I was born in '31. My grandmother, she died in 1947. They're all buried down there in Lonesome Dove cemetery. We had a great life there on the farm, what is now called Westlake. We farmed a lot of land around there. We'd grow peanuts. Dad did a lot of truck farming. We'd gather all the stuff up, potatoes, corn, just anything that we'd grow. Daddy, he would take it over to market in Dallas. If he had a big load, you know, he might have to spend the night. We had a good life, never went hungry. My mother, she'd can everything that didn't move.

Mother was so generous. She'd give more stuff away than we could consume. She just loved people, giving stuff away and helping other people–that's what it was all about back then. In the country, everybody would help everybody. If you got sick, there was always somebody coming to help you. I know old Uncle Bob Jones, he lived up the road from us, and the Crawfords lived across the road from us, and the Peyton's lived on the other hill from where we lived. They had a real good-looking daughter and I was pretty well attracted to that for a long time.

We had a good life, never went hungry. My mother, she'd can everything that didn't move.

Bradley: You talk about the Crawfords and the Peytons, and there's a street called Peytonville. I guess it's named after them. And the Crawfords, Mrs. Crawford was known as the "pie lady" when we first lived out here in '77. She baked pies in her home and sold them to the public. She had a homemade sign that just said "Pies." If you ordered a pie and went by to pick it up and she wasn't there, you just left the money on the table, took your pie and left.

Huffman: Back when I was growing up, it was all gravel roads. And I know [one] road over here they call T.W. King. It comes out of Roanoke. [Another] old gravel road ran down there by Marsh Creek.[1] Mrs. King, T.W.'s mother, she had a big two-story house on the corner of that creek. She lived there for years and years. Dad and myself, we fished down there in the creek all our lives. We went down there one day—she wouldn't let nobody back in there. Dad

and I went down there and talked to her one day about going fishing. She said, "Well Ed, I'll let you go on one condition." He said, "What's that?" She said, "You bring me some fish." But she was a nice lady.

The Stewarts lived over there behind her. He got killed; train hit him down there on Fourth Street coming out of the big mill down there. Went down there to get some feed one morning. He backed across the track trying to come out. He didn't know what hit him.

Then the Krites lived down there on what they call the Sand Flats, peanut land, in the Marsh Creek. Go on down through there, you'll cross that Old Swinging Bridge. [2]

[There was] a hill called Jimbob Hill, but I don't know why it was that. But it was a real steep hill. There was talk about old Sam Bass; he hung out there. Maybe that's hearsay.

Bradley: What school did you go to?

Huffman: I went to Roanoke school where the old rock fence is. They had the old elementary school and the high school. They're both gone now. They tore down the old elementary school first, and also the church. Some years back they tore the old school down 'cause it was getting in pretty bad shape. There were a lot of people wanting to save it you know, 'cause it was historical but they went ahead and tore it down because they thought it might be unsafe. We had a big reunion down there. It wasn't a class reunion; just a reunion of everybody who went to Roanoke school.

I started the school my first year. My appendix burst and I had a lot of problems, gangrene and everything else. Doctor didn't want to operate but Dad sort of insisted. I didn't go to school enough that year to even pass, so I stayed in first grade twice and got behind. This lady was called Mrs. Love. She must've taught, gosh, I don't know how many generations of kids. She was there a long, long time.

Bradley: When your appendix ruptured, where was the hospital you went to and who was the doctor?

Huffman: Where we lived, right up the road there, there was a place called Bentley's.

It was a big honkytonk. Mr. Bentley, he was sort of a rounder, he was. Had two boys, and his wife. She was a real nice lady. I always thought about her, because after I woke up that night, Dad and Mother were trying to get the car started and take me to the doctor. While they were doing all this, I went back to sleep–I guess that's when it burst. I got up the next morning to go to school and Dad said, "No you'd better stay around here for a while." 'Bout ten o'clock, Mother walked up to Mrs. Bentley's, so she came down there in the car and got me and took me to Grapevine. Saw Dr. Alice out there in Grapevine. They took blood tests, and he said, "Well, the quickest way you can get into the hospital is too slow."

So we went to the hospital. In hindsight, one of the things I wish I'd asked Mother and Dad was why they took me where they took me. That little Harris clinic over on 8th Avenue, down south of All Saints Hospital–right now it serves as a McDonald's–is still there. The doctor had a little eight-bed hospital. He told Dad, "That boy's gonna die." Dad insisted. Dad was a big man. We finally got it done. After we got it done he said, "There's one problem, Doc. I don't have any money."

He said, "You raise stuff, don't you." He said, "Yeah." He said, "I got a hospital here, you know." I was down for a long, long time. As a matter of fact I stayed over on North Side with my aunt and uncle for two or three months so they could take me back and forth to the hospital 'cause Mom and Dad couldn't. They had to raise the stock and do the milking and everything like that. Every time we'd go to the doctor, we'd take him a load of stuff–canned stuff; side of pig, or hog. We done that for a long time and one time he said, "Well Ed, I think you've got that bill paid."

My dad, he was something else. His name was William Edward Huffman. He was a big man, 6'1" or 6'2"; weighed about 250 pounds.

(Huffman looks at a photograph of the homestead

Cakes and pies set up on a table in front of the back porch

and says,) There's the old smokehouse, and here's the old cellar. During storms we went down in there. This tree wasn't there, but it was there when I was born. When we left the farm, it was about this big around. *(Huffman holds out his arms to show the circumference of the tree as he remembers it.)* They tore this old house down in 1947. It had a big old front porch, here. *(Points.)* Grandma was bedfast as long as I can remember growing up as a kid. Her room was right in here. *(Points.)* There was a great big room in here with a fireplace. On the other side of the fireplace was a great big old kitchen. Back in here was a great big room–Mom and Dad's room. On the back end of the big room was me and my brothers' room. Across the back there was a great long screened in back porch.

Mother never knew on Sunday who was coming and who wasn't, 'cause everyone would come see Grandma.

Bradley: Tell me what your mother cooked; about what you ate.

Huffman: Mother would go down on Sunday afternoons and pick out six or eight young chickens. She would have everything in the world—every kind of bean, sweet potatoes, all kinds of stuff like that. She'd make eight or ten big old pies with stuff on top.

We had some old sawhorses; we'd make tables. We all ate outside. The family would go ahead and eat. Most of the kids were off somewhere playing. Back then, the kids ate last; it was the tradition. Kids didn't go first.

We milked probably ten or twelve cows by hand, and sold milk, butter and eggs. We'd usually go to town about once a week or once every two weeks. Dad had an old icebox, where you just put the ice on top. All it was for was for keeping milk. We didn't have ice water or nothing like that.

When it got hot in the summertime, my older brother and I took our beds outside to sleep.

Bradley: What about your life after you were older.

Huffman: Dad and Mother and myself moved to Haltom City in '47. I had quit school by that time but I promised my dad I would go back to school. So, I got over to Birdville in Haltom City to register and everything. I had on striped overalls and carried my lunch. I went in. Kids can be real bad sometimes. It didn't work out.

Bradley: They teased you?

Huffman: Yeah, I went in one door and out the other and went back home. Got me a job at sixteen years old with North Texas Steel Company. I saved up my milk money and bought an old car. It was a 1937 Ford. It'd use up oil faster than anything. So I took it back where I bought it at a place right east of the [Tarrant County] court house. I told the car dealer, "I think you gave me the run around on this old car. It isn't worth a hoot." So he said, "Well, let's go out there pick you out another one." And this

time I picked out a '38 model Chevrolet Coupe. It's amazing you can get four people in the front seat of that thing!

In 1949 there [was a terrible flood in Fort Worth.] While I was at work at North Texas Steel, they came around at 10:00, and said, "Hey, where does everybody live? This flooding deal is getting serious." I said, "I think I'll go ahead and work. I think I can get home." When I came up town that afternoon, Belknap was all blocked off. I turned around and went up by the courthouse. I run into Jack, my friend. He couldn't get home, and you could look down North Main and a lake was all you could see. We went over to West Seventh and all you could see was water. That's when it got clear to the second floor of Montgomery Ward's. We couldn't get out of town, so I finally stopped and called home. My brother answered the phone. He lived on the south side, and was in Haltom City. He couldn't get home.

Finally the flood went down, and they started building back [better dams] and protecting the town [with flood control measures.]

In 1950, I got a notice to report to the draft board. I went for a physical in November, in Dallas. I came back home, and they told me, "you'd better get your stuff ready." Three or four months later they called me and said, "You're going in the army."

But, before that, me and a friend of mine went over to Handley Field in Grand Prairie and planned to join the First Marine Division. We waited around there for about a month, and they finally called me and said, "Are you ready to go?" My dad had to sign, but I said, "What about my buddy?" They said he didn't pass. I said, "I ain't going without him." And they said, "Yeah, you're ready to go." And I said, "Not this boy."

So I was drafted into the Army and served in the Army–me and about 285 others went in at the same time. It was during the Korean War. We went first to Fort Sam Houston, and then to Texarkana. There was a big ordinance supply depot down there, the Red River arsenal, right out of Texarkana where I went through basic. Within sixteen weeks from the time I went in, some of the guys I had gone in with had already been killed in Korea.

Later on, the First Marine Division got annihilated. (Huffman did not say which battle.) Nobody could get to them. It was pitiful—the snow, the cold. They couldn't get supplies to them. They finally ended up fighting their way out. Very few of them got out.

I met a girl in Texarkana. I think about the second time I went with her, she wanted to get married. I said, "Naw, we can't get married." Well she kept insisting, "You know we need to get married." I finally ended up marrying her. October 3rd, (2001) it'll be 50 years. My mother-in-law said, "I don't know about marrying a soldier. I don't know if it'll last."

When we got married, matter of fact, I was on driver duty. We had planned to get married on a Wednesday night and I had driver duty. I paid this old boy twenty dollars to take my place. This friend of mine and I jumped in the old car, drove up to Texarkana, grabbed my girl and her sister and went over and saw this preacher. He was a Church of Christ preacher–that's my denomination. He married us and I gave him twenty-five dollars. My wife had bought the rings and everything that day. I didn't have any money and she didn't either. We come back by the house and I ate a small piece of cake and drank a cup of punch and was on my way back to camp. We get back to camp and I took over driver duty and finished the night.

The next day we went to the field. We were gone three or four days in the field. My job at that particular time was driving the old captain around. We were out in the field playing war games and I just happened to ask him for time off to get married. So he said, "Certainly boy." He gave me three days!

I got out of the service in '53 and we moved back to Haltom City. I worked in two or three different places like General Motors. I didn't like it.

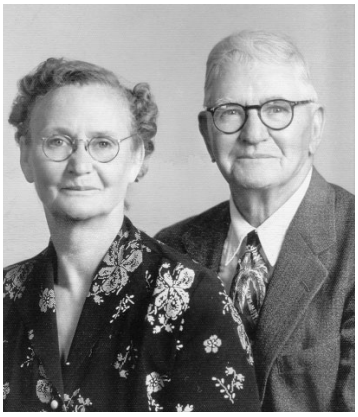
In 1956 a man asked me if I thought I could

learn the carpenter trade. I said, "I imagine I can." So, thirty-nine years later I decided I was a carpenter.

We have two boys, the oldest graduated down at UT and the youngest graduated Stephen F. Austin in Nacogdoches. We went about ten years waiting on a grandchild. But now my oldest boy's got three and my youngest boy's got two.

I retired in 1994 after working over twenty years as a Union carpenter; helped build the Coca-Cola plant over on I35; helped build HEB hospital out there by Airport Freeway.

Mr. Huffman ended the interview by telling about his hobby—his garden.



Bill's parents, Ethel Rose (Shockey) and Edward William

Notes:

1. Marsh Creek is also called Marshall Creek. T.W. King Road is the same as Buck King whose home location was identified on p.28 of Volume 1, Number 1 of *The PathFinder.*

2. See cover photo, this issue.

SHOCKEY FAMILY HISTORY

HUSBAND ISAAC NELSON SHOCKEY
Birth April 3, 1858 Place Indiana
Death August 13, 1931 Place Near Roanoke, Texas
Burial Lonesome Dove Cemetery Place Grapevine, Texas
Father William Mother Sara Kelly
Married September 28, 1882 Place Fayette Co., Illinois

WIFE SARAH JANE HILLIARD
Birth Jnauary 10, 1862 Place Fayette Co., Illinois
Death August 3, 1947
Burial Lonesome Dove Cemetery Place Grapevine, Texas
Father Martin Hilliard Mother Annette Davis Hilliard

CHILDREN	DATE OF BIRTH	STATE/COUNTRY	DATE OF DEATH	MARRIED
Mary Jane	10/6/1883	IL	1961	Aug. 11, 1910–to Blewford Landford
William Martin	23/11/1884	IL	1960	July 21, 1904–to Mandy Medford
John Franklin	20/1/1886	TX	13/10/1945	Dec. 19, 1906–to Lonnie Harrison
Charles Frederick	23/4/1887	TX	23/4/1887	
James Louis	3/3/1888	TX	6/4/1971	June 10, 1909–to Mattie Tolan; Ola Mae Woody
Lillie Anna	15/1/1890	TX		Dec. 24, 1908–to Rufus Churchman
Steaven	15/3/1894	TX	5/7/1894	
Rosa Ethyl	30/5/1895	TX	12/2/1985	Aug. 18, 1912–Edward Huffman
Zella Pearl	6/3/1897	TX	1990	Sept. 2, 1915–to Robert E. Cunningham
Infant	24/8/1898	TX	24/8/1898	
Isaac Lemuel	12/2/1900	TX	15/12/1972	Nov. 15, 1927–to Mable D. Sharp
Maudie May	2/3/1902	TX	13/2/1967	to Ray Grizzle; ____ Rhoades
Earl Nelson	23/6/1905	TX	1961	to Ruth Ballard

continued on p 32

In the beginning was the land… A time-line

1836: The Texas Revolution occurs, after which Texas is an independent republic with Sam Houston as president.

1839: Congress of the Republic directs the Army to cut a road between Austin to Fort Inglish (now Bonham). The road was never finished but did pass through a part of Dallas that became known as Preston Road on Highway 289. It still exists today. (See p. 22)

1841: The Republic of Texas gives an impresario grant to William S. Peters to encourage settlers into North Texas. The grant stretches from the Red River southward covering some 16,000 square miles and includes Tarrant County, then still a part of Navarro County.

Bird's Fort (at a location on the Trinity River between present-day Euless and Arlington, east of Highway 157), named after Jonathan Bird, becomes the first settlement in the county.

1842: Settlers in Bird's Fort disperse, driven by starvation, mosquitoes and Indians. Some go east to join John Neely Bryan, who establishes Dallas, some to Birdville, a few miles north, which will become the first county seat of Tarrant County.

1843: Sam Houston comes to Bird's Fort and then to Grapevine Springs (located in present-day Coppell) to negotiate a treaty with local tribes.

1845: Ambrose Foster and his wife, Susannah Medlin Foster, are among the first settlers in the area as part of a group from Missouri. They arrive in the Grapevine area to settle on land granted by the Peters' Company.

1846: Texas becomes the 28th state in the Union.
Charles and Lucinda Troop, part of the Peters' Colony, organize Lonesome Dove Baptist Church in their home.

1847: Some members of the Lonesome Dove Church under the leadership of Permelia Allen settle on Big Bear Creek and establish the first church in Tarrant County, Mount Gilead Baptist Church, also used as a school. The land adjacent to, but not part of the church, belonging to Permelia's son-in-law, Daniel Barcroft, and Iraneous Neace, is used as a cemetery.

The settlement of Double Springs begins.

Travis Wright claims an original land grant. A group of some twenty families from Missouri led by Louis and Charles Medlin establish Medlin Center near the confluence of Denton and Henrietta creeks.

1849: Fort Worth is established for protection against Indians.

Tarrant County is created out of parts of Navarro County.

1850: Elizabeth is established as a settlement.

1854: Stage Star Route No. 7987 is established to deliver mail from Alton to Birdville.

Captain William B. Marcy leads an expedition through what is termed "Unexplored Texas" into the Eastern Cross Timbers to Gainesville and then westward for the purpose of locating and surveying eighteen square leagues of wilderness for Indian reservations.

1870: A Post Office operates in Elizabeth from 1870 to 1881.

Dove, located near Dove Road and Dove Branch, begins.

Settlers in the Grapevine area call the place Dunnville.

1871: A Post Office is established in Double Springs.

1879: Because of floods, Elizabeth is nicknamed Bugtown and residents move south to higher ground where the community is named Garden Center or Garden Valley.

1881: When news gets out that the Texas and Pacific Railroad plans to push north from Fort Worth , residents move from Garden Valley because the line will by-pass them. They begin to build the community of Roanoke. Elizabeth residents also move to be near the railroad and bring their post office to Roanoke.

The same news causes residents of Double Springs to desert the area to settle beside the track in a new village named Athol on land given by H.W. Wood. In less than a year, the name of the village is changed to Keller.

1880s: Robert Emmett Wilson builds a General Store near the junction of present-day Highways 1709 and 1938 and the name, Jellico, is given to the settlement.

1884: A Post Office begins operations in Dove that will last until 1904.

1886: The Post Office established in Double Springs is moved to Keller.

1888: A Cotton Belt Railroad line opens through Grapevine.

1898: A Post Office opens in Jellico.

1907: Grapevine incorporates.

1930s: Roads are paved through the area to Dallas and Fort Worth.

Roanoke incorporates.

1952: Lake Grapevine is created from a dam built on Denton Creek.

1950s: Several well-known names from Dallas and Fort Worth, including Angus Wynne, founder of Six Flags, Amon G. Carter, publisher of the *Fort Worth Star-Telegram*, Ted Dealey, publisher of the *Dallas Morning* News, Clint Murchison, entrepreneur, and J. Glenn Turner, lawyer, oilman and investor, acquire land in the Westlake area, using it for recreation and weekend retreats. Turner's property is called the Circle T Ranch.

1956: Westlake incorporates. Originally, the incorporation includes not only present day Westlake but also an area to the north shore of Denton Creek. That portion is later disannexed to form Trophy Club. *To be continued. . .*

Town Votes To Incorporate

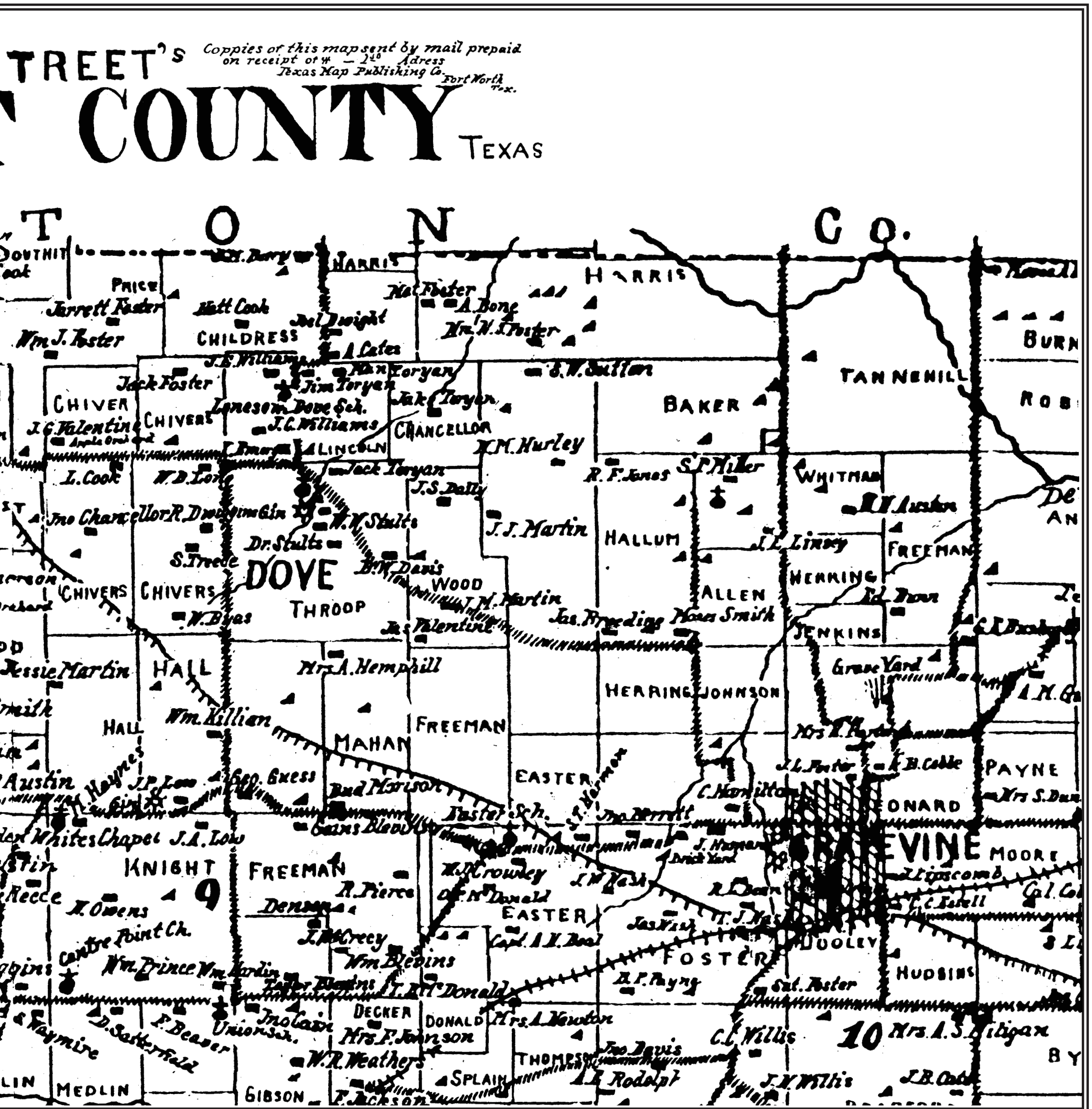
—Roanoke—

In the election held in Roanoke Tuesday the proposition to incorporate the town under a commission form of government carried by an overwhelming majority, the vote being 59 in favor of the proposition and 12 against. H. W. Jenkins was elected mayor, and J. H. Jones and J. M. Noah, commissioners.

All of these officers are good, conservative men and will give the town a good administration. While the main purpose of incorporation is the construction of a good water system, there are other advantages which will be gained through this move, and we predict that even those who opposed incorporation will be pleased with the results.

From *The Community Standard*, 1933


Dec 1895.
SAM S
MAP OF
TARRANT
ROANOKE
D E N
GIBSON
HUFF
HUNT
HENDRICKS
MARTIN
GILBERT
ROBERTS
ALLEN
BARNES
BAKER
GIBSON
WALKER
CHILDRESS
BARCROFT
NEACE
SAMORDS
FRESHOUR
FREEMAN
HALL
NEEDHAM
MARTIN
THOMPSON
BAILEY
ALLEN
DUNHAM
ELSTON
HYDE
CLAY
MORRIS
HOLLAND
FREEMAN
CROOKS
Read this or you can't read the map—
= Churches & Schools—
= Gins.
= Houses occupied by owners.
= Houses occupied by renters.
= Wagon roads.
= Rail Road.
Cross timbers.
Balance of County is prairie.
The names of the original patentees of the lands are in upright Capital letters thus.
J. SMITH
Present resident owners are in Script, thus—
J. Smith
Circles are two miles apart.
Court-House the Centre.
County Officers December 1895—


TREET's
Coppies of this map sent by mail prepaid
Texas Map Publishing Co. Fort Worth Tex.
COUNTY
TEXAS
T O N Co.
HARRIS
PRICE
CHILDRESS
Jack Foster
CHIVER
CHIVERS
Lonesome Dove Sch.
LINCOLN
CHANCELLOR
W. M. Hurley
BAKER
TANNEHILL
WHITMAN
J. J. Martin
HALLUM
FREEMAN
DOVE
THROOP
WOOD
ALLEN
HERRING
JENKINS
Grave Yard
Mrs. A. Hemphill
HALL
HERRING
JOHNSON
Wm. Killian
MAHAN
FREEMAN
EASTER
PAYNE
Whites Chapel
KNIGHT
9
FREEMAN
EASTER
FOSTER
DOOLEY
MOORE
HUDGINS
Centre Point Ch.
DECKER
DONALD
THOMPSON
SPLAIN
GIBSON
MEDLIN
10

A Cabin with a View of History
Thomas Jefferson Thompson

Stone house built in 1948 by Phillip White. Photo, Historic Preservation Council for Tarrant County, Texas

Phillip White, who identified the chimney at the corner of Pearson and Aspen in the inaugural issue of *The PathFinder*, has an early–perhaps the earliest–connection to the history of this area. (See Volume 1, Number 1, p. 28)

White's grandfather, Thomas Jefferson Thompson, was born in Alabama in 1814 and came to Texas in 1835 in time to serve under General Sam Houston. After the war, he went back to Alabama, married, and had two children, a son, Sam Houston Thompson, and a daughter whose name is not known. After his wife died, he married again to Martha Jane Evans, and returned to Texas in 1858 to claim a land grant because of his service in the war. He homesteaded twenty-two acres on Creek Road, about a quarter mile east of present-day Davis Boulevard, and built a log cabin on a hill.

According to information in the *Tarrant County Historic Resources Survey* the cabin "was replaced in 1945 by a stone house built by his great-grandson Phillip White with the help of local stone-mason Walter Reynolds. The house was enlarged in 1950, also with stone. It remains in the White family. The one and one-half story rectangular sandstone house has a gable roof and stone chimney on the north wall. A shed-roofed addition, constructed to the rear of the house in 1950, gives it a saltbox configuration" (77).

Thomas Jefferson Thompson brought along the usual household goods from Alabama when he returned in 1858. He also brought calamus roots, a folk cure for dyspepsia and colic. When the family moved to Tarrant County, they settled near a spring-fed stream known as Wilson's Branch near the Jellico

community. They transplanted the calamus roots in the deep soil and it was reported in the 1970s that the plants were still growing after more than one hundred years of Texas weather.

Thompson had land in Wise County, some fifty miles distant in the Alvord-Chico vicinity. It became his lifelong habit to walk twice a year from his home in the Jellico community to the Wise County farm. He checked pastures and crops in the spring and collected rents in the fall. He spent the night, going and coming back, with his friend, Charles Mitchell, who lived just north of Blue Mount, near Haslet.

Because of hard work and a frugal way of life, Thomas Jefferson Thompson was able to accumulate much for the times in which he lived. He left his family a heritage of land, his good name, and a sword, marked with five notches in the handle representing five hand-to-hand battles, which he carried during his service in the Texas Revolution. (Lyda White Files)

Rock cairn graves in Mt. Giliad Cemetary

Ghosts

By Margaret White

Margaret White Payne is the granddaughter of Phillip White and the daughter of Dwayne and Patsy White of Southlake. She is a graduate of Keller High School, received her undergraduate degree in English from TCU, and MA and PhD from the University of Oklahoma where her specialties were in Native American Literature and American Women's Writing. She teaches at Freed Hardeman University in Henderson, Tennessee. "Ghosts" was submitted as an entry in TCU's Creative Writing Contest in 1989.

Living in the city certainly has its disadvantages, especially when one's abode is in a cramped dormitory room. While pondering over a pile of books yet to be read, it is always easy to let my mind wander to wide, open, nostalgic places. In these wanderings, I often go from busy streets, stores, and crowds of people to another very busy place. The place, however, is full of ghosts, and although many people live there, they do not even know the ghosts are there. This is a place of old people, dead people, and people who were there before me.

For me, this place lies northeast of Fort Worth in Keller, Roanoke, and other nearby small towns. I can associate other names with this area that are now forgotten except as the names of churches and roads. They are names like Mount Gilead, where there is a small cemetery that contains the burial place of Thomas Jefferson Thompson. He is one of the two Texas Revolutionary veterans buried in Tarrant County and my great-great-great-grandfather. He fought under Sam Houston in the Battle of San Jacinto. When I visited the battle site a few years ago and the times when I have been in the cemetery, I could feel the ghost of Thomas around me. I imagined what conversations he had with Houston or what his family back in Kentucky thought of his

running off to fight in Texas. Mostly, I wonder what he would have thought of me.

Mount Gilead and other names like Bransford, and Lonesone Dove used to be the names of small communities that were connected only by two-rut wagon trails and family love. They are now connected by streets, four-lane highways, and telephone wires. Because of this shift in connections, they have now lost all identities as individual communities. They have become engulfed by the larger, surviving towns of Roanoke, Grapevine and Keller.

Much of this area has been inhabited by my ancestors and relatives since the Texas Revolution. As I go to the mall, stop in the corner drive-in grocery, and drive the streets of one of the fastest growing areas in Texas, I often wonder what my forefathers would have thought of the industrialized metroplex that has literally swallowed our neck of the woods. I know what my grandfather thinks, but he says that he is too old to move.

In the short drive from my house on Creek Road to the church where I worship in Colleyville, I must cross the railroad track that mingles with the city streets and country roads around my house. Beside the track is a huge oak tree. I have often been told how my great-great-grandfather lived there beside the tree and the railroad track, but the old farmhouse is not there any more. There are only the stories, the memories, and the ghosts of my great-great-grandfather and his cotton farm.

A few weeks ago, I went home for the weekend, and as I was crossing the railroad tracks on my way to church, my mind drifted back to the stories that I had been told about the tracks, the tree, and the old farm. One such story involved two hoboes who came walking down the tracks one day. They asked my great uncles for some watermelons that were growing near the tracks in return for chopping a day's supply of wood. Now these train-jumpers must have been city dwellers originally because they did not notice that these small melons were not watermelons at all, but pie melons, small, hard melons that look similar to watermelons, but are difficult to open and have a harsh, bitter taste. After chopping wood all afternoon, the two men were probably sadly surprised when they could not force the hard melons open. My great-uncles, no doubt, had a great big laugh because they did not have to chop any wood that day!

On this particular Sunday morning, however, my nostalgic reverie was marred in midstream. I noticed another new house being built, but this time, it was on the very same piece of land that had formerly been a horse pasture, and before that, my great-great-grandfather's farm. It was a modern house made of bricks, and it looked just like all the others that had recently been built in the area and all over North Texas. It was not at all like the one in which my relatives had lived. At least, it certainly did not look like the ghost that I have imagined it to be. I thought, "How dare they!" Of course, the people that had built the house on the land had every right to build whatever they wanted on it. I still could not help wondering if any Indians ever thought the same about my great-great-grandfather.

This site with its railroad and oak tree is only a small part of my repertoire of imperfect ghosts. There are other places that are full of ghosts. Scattered spots in Roanoke where my grandmother played as a child have been pointed out to me time and time again. There are even points in Fort Worth like the big "Monkey Wards" building that was flooded when my parents were teenagers, the house off of Forest Park where my mother visited her grandparents when she was young, and even TCU where my great-grandfather received his education.

Everyone has places that are dear because of memories and familial love, just as my places are all special to me. I realize that things can never stay the same and that change is inevitable. I only have photographs and stories; ghosts that haunt my imagination as I try to create life as it used to be.

Texas Oak
and a recipe for gingerbread

One of the most recognized oak trees is the Texas, Red or Spanish Oak. Not only does it provide shade in the summer, but also it is beautiful in the fall. Pioneers found it useful for building fences and for burning in the fireplace and cook-stove. In *Texas Trees, A Friendly Guide*, the authors, Paul Cox and Patty Leslie, describe the tree:

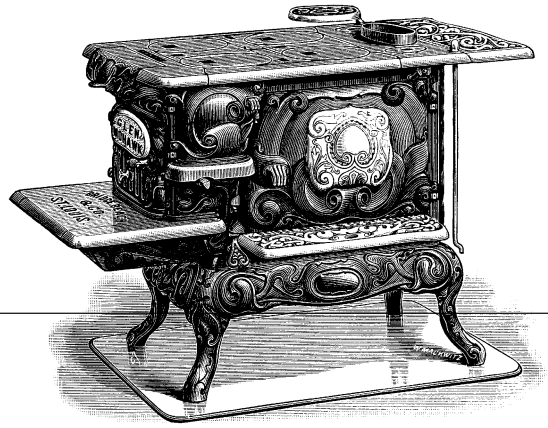
> *The Texas or Spanish Oak grows on limestone hills and ridges in North Central and Central Texas on the Edwards Plateau west to the Pecos River. This tree is often growing in association with Ashe Juniper, Live Oak, Lacey Oak, Texas Ash, or Black Cherry. During the fall, the Texas Red Oak provides quite a show, dotting the hillsides with bright shades of scarlet and orange. It is found predominantly on north and east exposures where soils are somewhat cooler and moister.*
>
> *Many species of wildlife such as scrub jays, turkey, squirrels, and whitetail deer eat the abundant acorns. The rare golden-cheeked warbler which nests in the Hill Country is dependent upon not only the Ashe Juniper but also the Texas Oak for its nesting success. The bird collects strips of mature juniper bark for nest material and then binds it together with webbing from the tent caterpillars found on the Texas Red Oak. The caterpillars from these webs are later fed to the newly-hatched chicks. The Texas Red Oak is a popular landscape tree because of its moderate to fast growth, good form, and reliable fall color (p. 83).*

Cox, Paul and Leslie, Patty. *Texas Trees, A Friendly Guide.* San Antonio: Corona Publishing Company, 1988.

Mentioning that the Texas Oak was frequently used as the wood of choice in both the fireplace and the cook-stove puts me in mind of the recipe known as "By Guess-By-Gosh-Gingerbread," especially good this time of year. The author of the recipe is unknown. You're on your own in making this delicious cake.

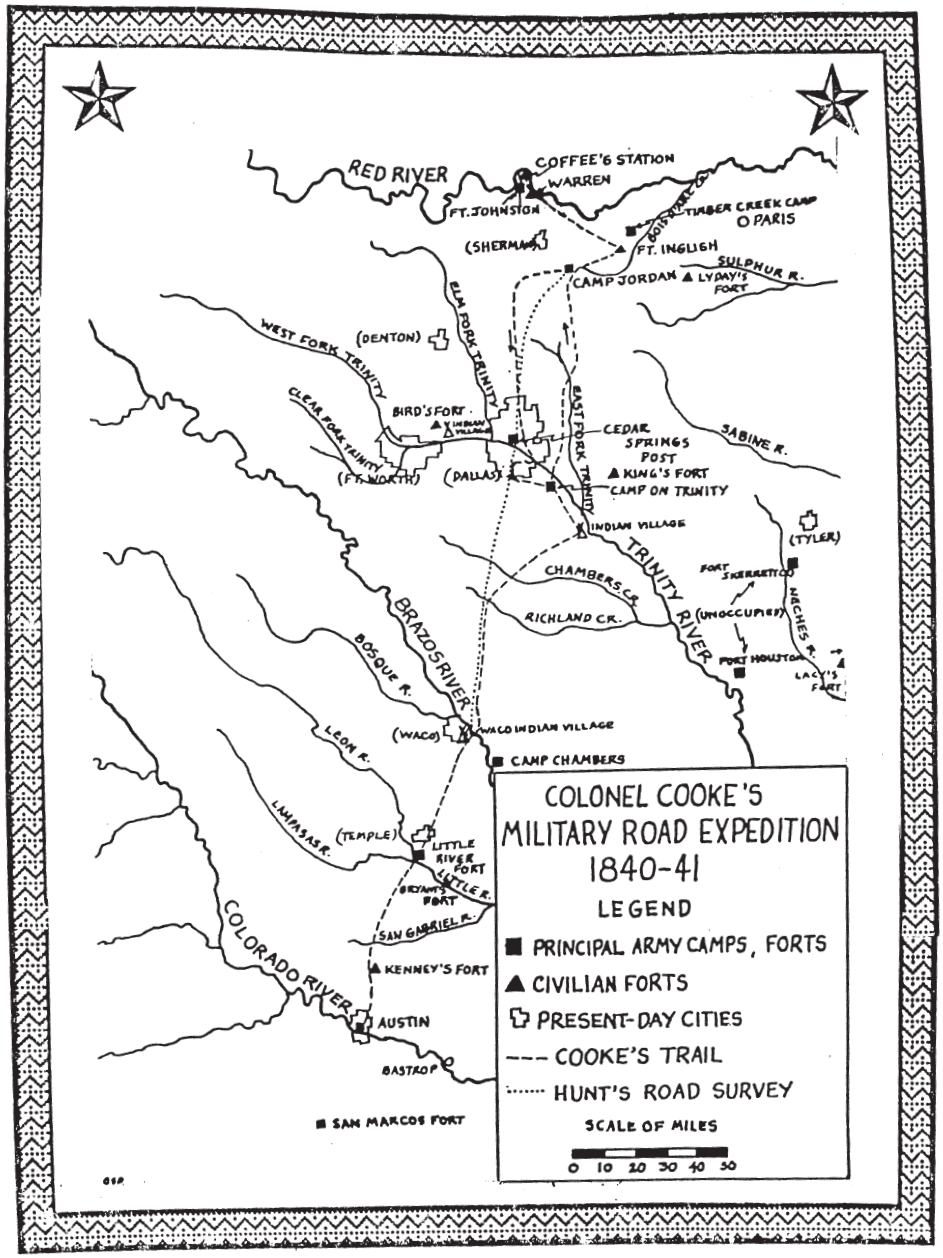
> *I always take some flour, just enough for the cake I want to make. I mix it up with some buttermilk if I happen to have any of it, just enough for the flour. Then I take some ginger, some like more, some like less. I put in a little salt and pearl ash, or potash, for leavening; and then I tell one of my children to pour in molasses till I tell him to stop. Then the children bring in wood, build up a good fire, and we have gingerbread (p. 39).*

Linck, Ernestine Sewell and Roach, Joyce. *Eats: A Folk History of Texas Foods.* Ft. Worth: TCU Press, 1989.



The Old Military Road

On April 21st, Sam Houston fought Santa Anna on the Coastal Plains near the San Jacinto River, routed the Mexican dictator and forged an independent nation. It would be nearly ten years before the Republic would dissolve in order to become the 28th state in the Union, on February 19, 1846.



Of all the problems Texas faced during its days as a nation including insolvency, debts, Indians!—no one could utter the name without alarm—none was more serious than trying to fill up all that empty space. Texas was still largely unexplored. Certainly the portion that would come to be known as North Central Texas—our world—was a wilderness. One of Sam Houston's first orders was to build a road, known as the Old Military Road. Morris L. Britton, writing for the *Handbook of Texas*, described the road, which incidentally lay just to the east of Westlake.

In December 1839 the Congress of the Republic of Texas passed a law directing military personnel to cut a road between Austin and Fort Inglish (now Bonham). The road was intended to protect and advance the frontier by connecting a series of forts to be erected from San Patricio northward to a point near Coffee's Station on the Red River. Col. William Gordon Cooke, commanding the First Regiment of Infantry, was in charge of the expedition, which set out in the fall of 1840 with instructions to begin the road on the Texas side of the mouth of the "Kiamishua Red" river in what is now northwest Red River County and terminate at the Brazos. The troops followed a route close to that of Interstate Highway 35, angling toward the east from the approximate site of present-day Abbott. Drought, loss of supplies, bitter cold, and a scarcity of game delayed the effort to construct the forts and lay out the road. Cooke ultimately camped on Timber Creek north of Fort Inglish and established Fort Johnston, southwest of Coffee's trading post. He chose not to terminate the road at the mouth of the Kiamichi because of the western settlements that would be left unprotected, and led a westward search for hostile Indians, north of the Red River, past the North Fork and over the Pease River.

Cooke returned to Austin in late January 1841. Thereafter, Capt. M.B. Houghton left Timber Creek and established a bivouac, Camp Jordan, near the site of modern Randolph in Fannin County. A few of Houghton's troops from Camp Jordan accompanied engineer William Hudson Hunt when he surveyed and located the Cedar Springs post (within the city limits of present Dallas) near the Trinity River crossing. After the Texas army was disbanded, John J. Holliday, commanding at Fort Johnston, and Houghton departed for Austin in April 1841. They followed the ridge between the Elm and the East forks of the Trinity. This became the historic Preston Road, roughly followed by modern U.S. Highway 289. The troops crossed the Trinity River at the Cedar Springs post and followed the high ground of present-day Cockrell Hill, Duncanville, Cedar Hill, and Midlothian. They joined the original route near the site of Abbott and arrived in Austin on May 3. Interest in the road diminished after Houston became the capital.[1] *However, the road that developed along Cooke's passage became an early thoroughfare, an emigrant road, and the route of the first great Southwest cattle trail, the Shawnee Trail.*

Bibliography: Hans Peter Nielsen Gammel, comp, *Laws of Texas 1822-1897* (10 vols. Austin: Gammel, 1898). Joseph Milton Nance, *After San Jacinto: The Texas-Mexican Frontier, 1836-1841* (Austin: University of Texas Press, 1963). Gerald S. Pierce, "The Military Road Expedition of 1840-41," *Texas Military History* 6 (Summer 1967).
Morris L. Britton (p. 732).

Tyler, Ron, Editor in Chief, *The Handbook of Texas*, Volume 4. Austin: The Texas State Historical Association, 1996.

Map from "The Military Road Expeditions of 1840-41" by Gerald S. Pierce, *Texas Military History*, Vol. 6, Summer, 1967, No. 2.

[1] Houston was the capital before Austin became the permanent capital in 1839.

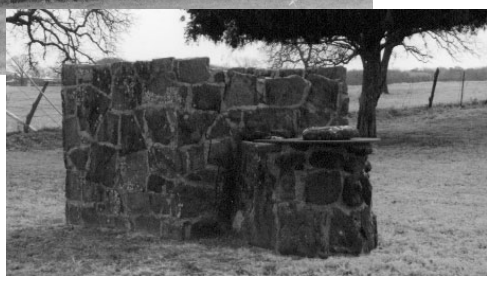
In search of yesterday.

Nestled On the Side of a Hill

The Thrasher Family

by Ruby Held

Thrasher home today much as it looked when the family first occupied it in 1942



Old well in front and east of house

Tucked on the side of a hill on Dove Road near Pearson Lane was the home of Henry and Beulah Thrasher. Now it has an address, but long ago, it didn't. It was just known as the Thrasher place on Dove Road.

The Thrashers looked out of their front door to the north to see prairie grassland interspersed with oak trees–typical Cross Timbers landscape. Locals sometimes referred to the hills as mountains–the Mount Gilead Mountains.

Henry and Beulah purchased a forty-acre tract of land in July of 1938. The family lived in Dallas where Henry was a fireman with the city. On his day off from the fire department, Henry would come out and work on building the rock house.

The house had a cement porch with rock around it and a pump well in the middle of the porch.

The native sandstone used in the house came

Mr. Kessi milking his goats

Old barn behind Thrasher house

off the adjoining property that later became a part of the Circle T Ranch. Then, however, the land belonged to German born George Kessi and his wife. There were several barns and a house on the Kessi property. The house had a cement porch with rock around it and a pump well in the middle of the porch. There was another long covered porch by the barn where Mr. Kessi milked his goats. He always wore a narrow brim hat that was about worn out.

Mr. Thrasher built a wooden sled, pulled by his horse, Old Dan, to haul rock from Mr. Kessi's property next door. The Thrasher family moved into the house in June 1942. Henry and Beulah had four children, two sons, Jack and Howard, and two daughters, Martha and Maxine. Three of the relatives–daughter, Maxine Moren, granddaughter, Marsha White and great-grandson, Mark Brown–still live on the place. In August of 1995, the family sold twenty-three acres of the property to Richard Myers who developed what is now the Estates of Westlake.

Maxine recalled, "When they were forming the town (of Westlake), Daddy was the Marshall.[1] There was a building on the ranch they called the Club House where they held their meetings. Mr. Odom was the foreman." She remembered, too, that her mother was afraid of storms and that the family had permission to go over to a cellar, perhaps a basement, on the Circle T to take cover from storms.

Maxine's parents were Baptists and attended Mount Gilead church. Both she and her brothers and sister were baptized in Marshall Creek that runs by Sam Lee's place, just south of the IOOF Cemetery.[2]

Water for the Thrasher family came from the well that still sits in front of the house. The children were not allowed to draw water because they might fall in. Cooking was done on a wood-burning stove and the house was heated from the same source. There was no electricity but when it was time to iron, Beulah found some. She went to the nearest home having electricity, that of her neighbor, Mrs. Mark Roberts, who lived near present day Fidelity property, to do her ironing. Later she took the washing to a Washateria in either Roanoke or Grapevine.

When asked about family recipes, Maxine provided two gems from her mother, called Gannie (pronounced Jannie) by the grandchildren. Both are old-fashioned and delicious. One takes awhile to prepare and the other one just minutes.

Gannie's Bread and Butter Pickles

1 gallon sliced cucumbers
6 onions, chopped
2 bell peppers, chopped
3 cloves garlic, chopped
5 cups sugar
3 cups cider vinegar

1 ½ tsp. turmeric
1 ½ tsp. celery seed
1 Tbsp. Mustard seed

Put cucumbers, onions, peppers and garlic into a crock or large glass or plastic container. Cover with 1/3 cup coarse salt and ice water and refrigerate 3 hours. Drain well. In large pot add sugar, vinegar, turmeric, celery seed and mustard seed and bring to boil. Add the drained cucumber mixture to liquids. Bring to boil again. Pack in hot pint jars and seal.

Gannie's Tea Cakes

½ cup shortening
1 cup sugar (heaping)
2 eggs
1 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. vanilla
2 cups flour

Mix shortening, sugar and eggs. Then add vanilla, flour and baking powder. Roll out on floured board and cut out with water glass or cookie cutter. Bake on cookie sheet till light golden brown 10-15 minutes in a 400 degree oven. Let cool.

Notes:

Information provided by Jerry and Maxine Moren, September, 2001, during an interview with Ruby Held, board member and long-time resident of Westlake.

[1]Deputy Town Marshals and Special Texas Rangers were appointed when the town was incorporated.

[2]IOOF stands for International Order of Odd Fellows.

From *The Community Standard*, 1933

An old holiday tradition ... Texas style

Christmas traditions tend to remain the same–Santa Claus, presents, cakes, pies, goodies, decorating the tree, singing carols. One long-ago family remembrance of Christmas cards is worth recalling because it wasn't a tradition, except for the members of the family of Freda G. Powell of Fort Worth. The family lived in far West Texas, used stacked up tumbleweeds or sometimes a mesquite for a Christmas tree, pretended the piles of sand were piles of snow, and saved the Christmas cards for Christmas Day.

Christmas dinner over and the dining room and kitchen cleared, a signal was given for the family to reassemble in the living room. There we sat around in a semi-circle with my mother and father at the head of it. Mother would be holding in her lap a decorative basket or pretty tray, stacked on which would be many unopened envelopes. During the weeks preceding Christmas it was a strictly observed family custom to open no mail as it arrived if it bore the slightest resemblance to a Christmas card, Christmas note or Christmas letter. These were carefully sorted out and set aside for this Christmas day ceremony.

When we were all settled and ready, my mother would pick up at random one of the waiting envelopes, which she would open and immediately pass on to my father who would be seated on her right.

My father would remove the contents from the envelope and tell us whom it was from. Then he would read the messages enclosed–sometimes a Christmas card, sometimes a note or a letter. Finishing the reading, he would then pass the envelope and its contents to his right to be sent around the waiting circle and eventually returned to our mother. Then he would open another envelope and the procedure was repeated until all the Christmas mail had been enjoyed.

This process might take an hour, an hour-and-a-half or longer–we did not care. Loved ones were thought of, friendships refreshed, treasured memories revived (p 26).

Alter, Judy and Roach, Joyce, editors. *Texas and Christmas: A Collection of Traditions, Memories and Folklore.* Fort Worth: TCU Press, 1983.

Then & NOW
A Report on the Fidelity Reception

by Tom Allen

On July 11, 2002, the inaugural edition of *The PathFinder* was introduced at a reception held at the Westlake regional headquarters of Fidelity Investments. The reception was hosted by the Westlake Historical Preservation Board and by Fidelity Investments, provider of a special grant for publication of the first edition.

Attendees celebrated the first publication by the Westlake Historical Preservation Board, formed by the Westlake Board of Aldermen in 2000 and charged with the research and compilation of the Town's history.

Joyce Gibson Roach, editor of *The PathFinder*, and Steve Stamos, the first chairman of the Westlake Historical Preservation Board, introduced both the publication and board members to attendees. Stamos described the board's mission, and Roach detailed efforts leading to the initial publication. Contributors to the first edition, including authors of the various stories and articles, were also recognized.

Westlake Mayor Scott Bradley presented a special proclamation to Doug Reed of Fidelity Investments, recognizing and thanking Fidelity for its generous support of the historical preservation effort.

The Westlake Historical Preservation Board again thanks Fidelity Investments for its support, and pledges to continue the work initially made possible by Fidelity's leadership.

Top left: Joyce Roach, editor of the journal, presenting pins to Kelly Bradley and Tom Allen

Top right: Mayor Scott Bradley presents proclamation declaring it "Fidelity Investment Day" to Doug Reed, general manager of Fidelity

Lower left: Lisa Stewart of Fidelity and Mary Midgette, Town of Westlake, greet attendees

Lower right: David Brown, Stephen Thornton, Steve Stamos and Wanda Haskins, charter members of Westlake Historical Preservation Board

Historically speaking . . . it's a small world

Stephen Thornton, Westlake Historical Preservation Board member and current chairman of Westlake's Tree City USA program, who wrote about his ancestral home at the Old Stagecoach Stop in the first issue of *The PathFinder* writes:

> "A Mr. William Holden contacted me from Alaska informing me that his grandfather is related to my grandmother. Susan Pritchett, Tarrant County Archives curator, read the article in PathFinder and telephoned Holden's cousin, Mildred Brown, in Forest Hill because they had been recently talking about the Corse family (an early Tarrant County group of families) and Jacel Cain Thornton and her son, Harold (my father). Jacel, as a youngster, was involved with the farm at Forest Hill (Brambelton).
>
> Mr. Holden also said that another cousin, Mrs. M.E. Owens (nee Jodelle Holden), of Keller, could see the Bourland Cemetery from her kitchen.
>
> It's so rewarding to see something like this unfold. I may be finding out about a large part of my family that I've known very little of. My mom says, "Oh yes, Jacel's mother lived across the street on the twenty acres the family once owned." That's news to me. She apparently owned a nice boarding house in downtown Ft. Worth."

Stephen concludes, "I did the article about my family and the stagecoach stop from duty, like a term paper, but so much has come from it. This is one seed that rivals "Jack and the Bean Stalk."

Associate Editor Named

E.I., Jack, Wiesman has been named Associate Editor of the *The PathFinder*. Mr. Wiesman is a knowledgeable and persistent local historian, and knows more than a little about the entire history of the state. Without his diligent research for information and photos and especially his accurate, handcrafted maps of the area, this publication would not be possible.

Jack is a former pilot, retired from Continental Airlines. He has lived in Southlake since 1962. He and wife, Glenda, have three daughters and five grandchildren. His homestead located on Highway 1709 is the site of an old road from Jellico to Bransford, now Colleyville. Wagon ruts are still visible and the acreage contains a rich variety of oaks, other trees and vegetation representative of the Cross Timbers.

With thanks . . .

The Westlake Historical Preservation Board wishes to acknowledge with gratitude three charter board members who have resigned because of personal and family commitments.

They are Steve Stamos, original chairman of the board, David Brown and Wanda Haskins. Without their dedication and strong leadership the Westlake Historical Preservation board would never have come to be. Without their vision it could not have found the way. They are Pathfinders, all.

Medlin Personals

Fred Sturdevant and Roy Fisher were in Denton.

Mr. and Mrs. Grady King, Mr. and Mrs. Jay Robinson, Melvin Robinson, Jim Shockey and daughter were in Fort Worth.

Miss Pauline Randolph of Rhome visited her sister, Mrs. John Crites.

Miss Nell Randall of Millsap is here to spend the holidays with her sister, Mrs. Alvin Shockey.

Hester and Marvin Shockey were in Weatherford.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H Collins of Fort Worth, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Mullenac of Grapevine visited Mr. and Mrs. Lorn Heath Sunday.

Mr. Bud Hunter of Denton is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Fred Sturdevant.

Mr. and Mrs. Mat Dudley of near Justin and Mr. and Mrs. Will Shockey were here.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Tolan and Graham Tolan of Justin visited Jim Shockey and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Harris were in Grapevine Sunday.

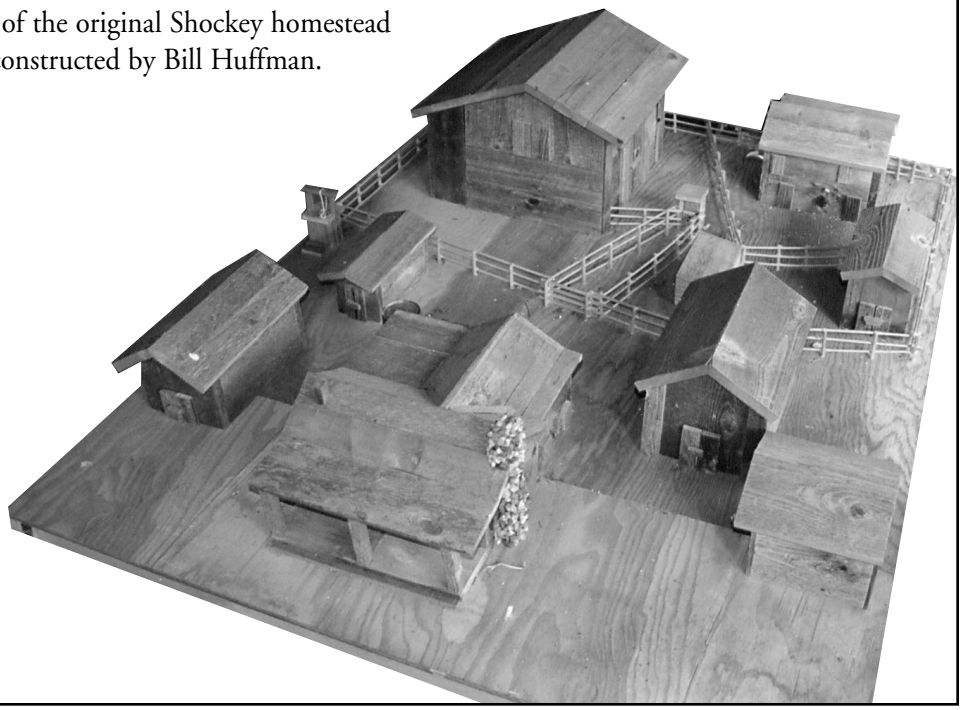
Miss Lois Manire and Morris Ward attended singing here Sunday night.

The "Get Together Club" meets again Friday night, December 22. Everyone is invited to come and see the program. It will be at the school house.

From *The Community Standard*, 1933

Shockey-Huffman continued from p13

A model of the original Shockey homestead constructed by Bill Huffman.



THE COMMUNITY STANDARD

J. M. Usry & Son, Publishers

Entered as second class matter at the post office at Roanoke, Texas, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

ISSUED WEEKLY

Subscription, One Year.....50c
Out of trade territory.....$1.00

Advertising rates made known on application.

From *The Community Standard*, 1933