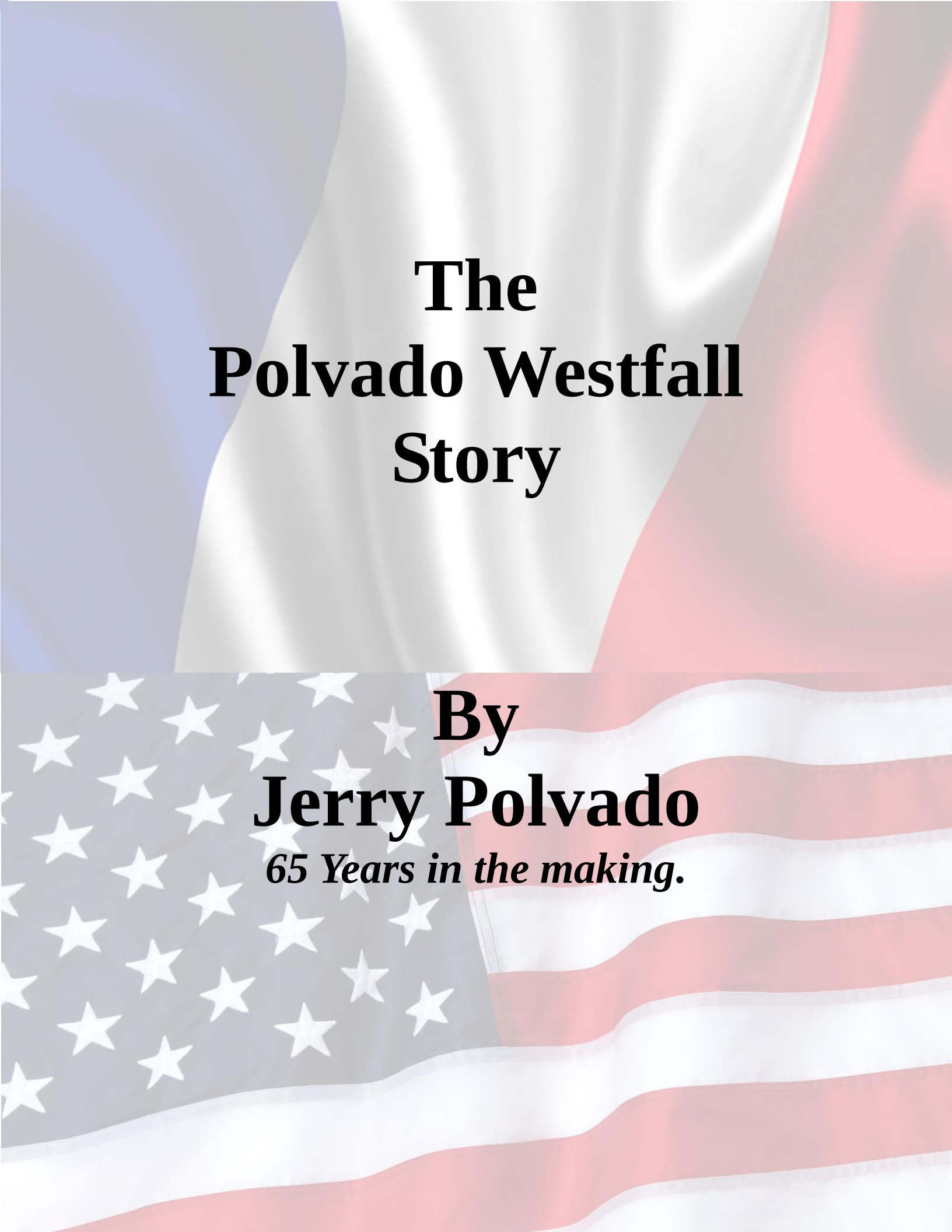


The background of the entire image is a stylized, semi-transparent American flag. The top half features the blue field with white stars, while the bottom half shows the red and white horizontal stripes. The flag appears to be waving, with soft folds and highlights.

# **The Polvado Westfall Story**

**By  
Jerry Polvado**  
*65 Years in the making.*

## **POLVADO FAMILY TREE**

**Simon Palvadeau**  
**Born France About 1720**  
**Bessonnet Palvadeau**  
**Born France About 1720**

**Franisco Palvadeau (Miller)**  
**Born France 1745**  
**Juanna Bernarda**  
**Born France About 1745**

**Jean Polvado**  
**Born France 1765**  
**Died Caddo Parish LA. After 1840**  
**Lenora Tessier**  
**Born LA. (Maybe) 1764**  
**Died Caddo Parish LA. After 1840**

**Joseph S. Polvado**  
**Born Natchitoches LA. April 20, 1803**  
**Died Travis County TX 1917 (115)**  
**Malissa Parmer**  
**Born ARK. 1822**  
**Died Travis County Prior to 1880**

**William Robert Polvado**  
**Born Nacogdoches TX 1854**  
**Died--Unknown**  
**Mary A. Massengill**  
**Born Angelina County TX 1855**  
**Died Comanche County TX 1923**

**William Robert Jr. Polvado (Bob)**  
**Born Comanche County TX Jun 03 1875**  
**Died Abilene Texas Nov 16 1963**  
**Lillie Susan Conway**  
**Born Comanche County TX Nov 23 1884**  
**Died Comanche County TX Dec 27 1918**

**Tull Monroe Polvado**  
**Born Comanche County TX Feb 26 1904**  
**Died Truth of Consequences NM Oct 07, 1970**  
**Nola Shannon Westfall**  
**Born Comanche County TX May 26 1908**  
**Died Amarillo TX Oct 13 1987**

**Billy Jerry Polvado**  
**Born Littlefield TX Sept 28, 1938**

## **Polvado-An American...**

**A distant cousin Christian Palvadeau of Besancon, France, provides us with the first available information of our family history:**

**“Palvadeau” is one of the older surnames of Noirmoutier Isle, (South of Nantes, France) but not one of the most ancient names. Palvadeau family members were located there at the end of the fifteenth century and one could probably find more distant evidence in the national archives. Our ancestors originated from this island without a doubt- some one thousand Palvadeau family members are there today. Sixty percent are in the state of Vendee, France, (especially on the coast) according to the department of the island of Noirmoutier. Twelve percent are in the Loire-Atlantic, as listed with the department of the city in Nantes, France. A majority have moved very little in five hundred years.**

**In the late 1700’s, our descendant Jean began life as a sailor. The situation in Vendee was disastrous, and residents opposed to the French Revolution fell victim to genocide during the bi-centennial celebrations. Several members of the Palvadeau family were killed, and several are cited living in Noirmoutier at that time. There was also a forcible embarkation of seventy-five priests from France to Spain on September 9, 1792: a Jacques Nicolas Palvadeau was among those expelled, returning quietly to France post-Revolution. Of course, the Polvadeaus were probably not all monarchists or anti-revolutionaries, and may have signed others’ execution decrees without remorse.**

**The following are descendents noted for achievement: A landscape-painter, born in Noirmoutier in 1815, died in Nantes in 1883, (pupil of the artists Corot and Rousseau) by the name of Florimond Bourassa. Two mayors, one at Noirmoutier, Etienne Palvadeau from 1839-1846 and in Epine, (A community of Noirmoutier) Pierre Palvadeau from 1945-1971.**

**In Sanskrit, (the progenitor of the Indo-European languages) the marshlands are called palvala. If one takes the name apart according to Latin, one finds palus= marais, (marshlands) and vade= viens. (comings) This could be translated as “One who comes from the marshlands.” Also, local Noirmoutier dialect uses palvadair for men, and palvadel for women.”**

## **...Most of all, a Texan...**

**Jean Palvadeau- born in France, 1765 to Francisco Palvadeau and Juanna Bernada Palvadeau- recorded his history in the following manner.**

**SKETCH OF LIFE AND ACTIVITIES OF JEAN POLVADO, JULY 26, 1803-“Sworn statement (of myself), Jean Polvado, a native of the city of Nantes, of France. I went out at the age of fifteen years, having embarked in a French ship and, various others. I traveled as a sailor about four years, having landed in Louisiana and from there went to Quachita, in which I lived six years. I came to Natchitoches, and one year afterwards, I contracted matrimony with Lenora Tessier, with whom I have had seven children two male and five female. The first two girls were born in Natchitoches, the first being eighteen years old, the second sixteen and the other three girls, (twelve years, six years, and five months old); also, my wife and I are Apostolic Roman Catholic religion, and we always keep ourselves in it, following the Spanish flag, as the commands of the Syndicos and other judges that govern this post. I (did not bring) a passport, because at that time it was not customary to be given in the province of Louisiana. (Because I do not know) how to write, I make a sign of a cross in the presence of Don Pierre Dolet and Luis Procela in Bayou Pierre, July 26 1809.”**

**This statement was given to the Mexican authorities about the time Jean**



settled in Texas (Today Louisiana), which at that time belonged to Mexico. The government insisted all residents of Mexico be registered Catholic citizens. Jean and Lenora were married in Natchitoches Parish, Christianizing all of the children in the Catholic Church. He could not write, and used the cross as signature on his wedding day. I'm unsure about Lenora, as she didn't have to sign the documents. Women in these times could not witness or sign any legal document.

An interesting little story that should be told concerns Lenora's great grandmothers of her mother's family. History tells us that many single Frenchman moved into the Kaskaskia Illinois area in the late 1600's from Montrel Canada. Not only was there a French settlement on the Mississippi at this location, but an abundance of game for the fur trading business. The town site was named for the American Indian tribal who had lived there for years. Lenora's great grandfather Nicolas Chauvin de La Freniere born January 19, 1676 in Montreal and became one of the frontiersman who settled in Kaskaskia,

American Indians were at war with one another at the time Nicolas and others move into the Americas. The Indians upon winning a battle would take hostages, making them slaves. They mistreated the captured people horribly, murdering many. The French people settling in this area felt compassion for the captured people and bought them from the conquering tribe. The French Government had no laws in America about slavery so the Indians became their slaves for many task. According to Historical records Nicholas Chauvin de La Freniere had an Indian woman registered "Servant", and also "Slave". Her tribal organ we are not sure of at this time, but her name was Catherine. Catherine and Nicolas had one child they named Hypolite, and later records indicate she was illegitimate because they were never married. Therefore she could not share in her father's estate. Never the less Hypolite was Lenora's grandmother and thus we are "all" illegitimate in some form to this day.

Nicolas moved to Louisiana by 1706. He and his brothers ventured into Texas in 1716 to trade but all their merchandise is confiscated by the Spanish. They chose to turn themselves over to the Catholic Church in order to escape back to Louisiana. Nicolas is apparently very successful in life and a member of the Superior Council of French Louisiana. Nicolas dies in 1749 with a vast amount of land and other holdings. Our poor Hypolite apparently had nothing coming through the court. Her

half brother followed his dad in government work, but was executed by the Spanish Government in October 25 1769 after they took control of New Orleans.

Lenora's other Grandmother Susanne Kerami born 1690 was also a Native American Indian from the same time period and location of Catherine. She married however Nicholas Pierre Milleret/Migneret about 1710. He was born 1691 and died before 1716. Their child Marianne Milleret/ Migeret married Jean Baptiste Tessier, who is Lenora's parents. Lenora's grandmother Susanne married 2 other times after the first husband died.

I thought it might be of interest our American Indian connection we have with Catherine and Susanne Kerami. Thanks to Lenora Tessier (Jean Polvados wife) the Polvado family today carries true American Indian blood within us.

Jean and Lenora settled in an area that now is a part of the state of Louisiana. There were on-going disputes over authority in this area, called "No Man's Land". Mexico did prevail at this time and the couple declared before authorizes their citizenship and loyalty to that country. A Mexican government document indicates that a Mexican official responsible for the area in Tenaha (West of Logansport today), as well as the disputed "No Man's Land" rode out one morning to the Bayou Pierre. Upon arriving he officially declared the Polvados and 12 other families' property grants from Mexico. This property today is the beautiful farming community of the Bayou Pierre area in Louisiana. As was a practice before land was surveyed, one fellow threw dirt and grass into the air as his way of taking ownership.

The following is an exert of the grant record where that day an uncle officially gives his nephew land, located on the east side of the Sabine River, in the jurisdiction of the Spanish authorities at Nacogdoches (Mexico) in the year 1805. (M. S. Baxar Archive)

"1. Don Antonio Gil Y Barno, Captain of the Militia and the Political and Commandant and Governor at Presidio Nuestra Senora Del Pilar des Natchitoches in the Province of Texas. This is consequence of the prayer of Pierre and Baptiste Lafitte, inhabitants in the jurisdiction of Texas with the approbation of their uncle, Paul Brett Lafitte, inhabitant of Ville

**Du Bayou Pierre which is of this jurisdiction, and who has resided there for many years.”**

**The following was the Mexican government’s statement concerning the gifted land and its responsibilities to the Polvados and the 12 others families;**

**“This land is the route over which strangers pass with merchandise for the Indian Nations and who are at war with this province. Settlers may be granted land at this place, with the necessary extension for the pasturing their livestock of every description. They, obliging themselves with the commission of the superior authority, will guard, watch and impede strangers from passing without a legal passport from the Territorial Magistrate of this province. I have agreed (to give) them this land which they solicit, charging them to proceed in a legal manner as regards to this understanding.**

**Let it be well understood that this said concession of the land extends from the Bayou Naticole and all land between these two bayous bordering on the south shore of the Bayou Pierre Lake is for the pasturing of their livestock.**

**Signed  
Captain Don Antonio Gil Y Barbo, testimony  
Don Jose Maria Guardiana (Rubrie)”**

**The following are the deeds to Jean & Lenora and her brother Joseph Tessier, without listing of the other settlers.**

**“9. Jean Balbado (Polvado) Frenchman, age 40, married to Lenora Tessier, Frenchwoman age 41. They have one son age 5 and four daughters ages 12, 9, 7 and 3. (Two sons) There is one hired servant, who is a free Negress with one daughter age 15.**

**10. Joseph Tessier, Frenchman, age 53, unmarried. One Negro male slave, called Francisco age 18, and one hired hand, Juan de Dios Niente, Spanish, age 25, unmarried.”**

I had very recently discovered a very interesting fact that Jean Polvado or his son Joseph sold land years about 1840 in the Desoto Parish area. In an effort to better understand this transaction and know the area the Polvado lived in the early 1800's I visited East Texas and bordering Louisiana. Leaving Tenaha, Texas I drove toward the Louisiana border suspecting they may have crossed the Sabine River at this area. This was after their home in Bayou Pierre. There was a very small town on the banks of the Sabine River just inside Louisiana named Logansport. I was quite taken by the little town and could not help but visit the local library. Records on file indicated prior to 1840 a gentleman named Joe "Poivado" sold a portion of his land to Mr. Dick Logan who established a ferry service across the Sabine and into Texas. This land and the ferry location is where the little town of Logansport is located today. There was evidence of perhaps a ferry business prior to Logan establishing his. If this is the case, more than likely Jean and Lenora "Polvado" operated this business prior to Dick Logan. The name in the document was simply misspelled. This is recorded in a book by Glen Price titled *Founders & Scoundrels-Around The Town*. After finding the above records another relative Roy Palvadeau provided a map of 1830's of this area that indicates a road dividing at a Camp Graham about 5 miles to the north of the Ferry location. One road continues north and the other east. The road east has this written on the map "TO POLVADOS". There records in the Desoto Parish History, Volume 2, page 37 that states that before Logansport it was known as "Polvadour".

Jean Polvado chose to farm the land, as would future generations. A family member once described this as "having dirt in the blood". As witness to my fathers' lifelong farming career, I'm convinced this took a special breed of man and woman. At the time Jean and Lenora were trying to scratch out an existence, it was dangerous and very difficult. The farm was probably small, due to the manner in which they were forced to work the fields. Using oxen, mule, or horse, plowing could only be done one row at a time. A large share of the land would have been devoted to cotton a cash crop, with the other land set aside for grain or corn, as feed for the animals. Jean and the older children worked the fields from sunup to sundown, while the family garden, cooking, housework, and childcare fell to Lenora. There is a record that Lenora had the help of the 'hired servant'. Neither Jean nor Lenora would have believed in owning slaves. My own mother placed me on a blanket under the trailer as she worked in the cotton fields, as Lenora probably found

herself doing. A woman's life on the farm was often harder than that of her husbands'.

I obtained some insight of home life in Texas and Louisiana during this time period from a book written by Frederick Law Olmsted. He wrote about a saddleback trip he made across Louisiana and Texas, stopping at various farms and ranches for food and shelter. Below is one of his visits that might have been much like spending the night with Jean and Lenora Polvado.

The homes of the German and French families were by and large much better built and provided better food for the table. Many cases the settlers from the United States lived in log homes with little protection from the elements. Their diet was primarily pork, beef, and cornbread. On the other hand the French and Germans by most accounts lived a much better life style when it came to their home and table.

Mr. Olmsted tells about arriving at Jacques Beguin a Creole one evening very tired of the saddle and needing lodging. As he rides to the home of Mr. Beguin's home he says it stood in the shade of oaks, figs, and cypresses, upon the bank of a little bayou. It was large and comfortable with wide galleries and dormer windows, supported by a Negro hut and a stable. Ornamental axe work and rude decorative joinery were abundant. The roof was large split shingles much warped in the sun. As we entered and took seats by the fire, the room reminded us, with its big fireplace, and old smoke stained and time toned cypress beams and ceiling, and its rude but comfortable aspect, of the Acadian fireside; "Indoors, warm the wide mouthed fire place idly the farmer sat in his elbow chair, and watched how the flames and the smoke wreaths struggled together, like foes in a burning city. Behind him nodding and mocking along the wall, with jesters fantastic, darting his own huge shadow, and vanished away into the darkness. Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his chair, laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates on the dresser caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine. (Olmsted sometime gets very carried away with his wording)

The tall elderly, busy housewife bustled about with preparations for supper, while we learned that they had settled there forty years before. Never a day did they regret their emigration to the Americas. The old

**man could speak French but no English, but the wife could speak some English.**

**She laid the table to the last item, and prepared everything nicely, but called a Negro girl to wait upon us. The girl stood quite directly behind us, the mistress helping us, and practically anticipating all our wants.**

**The supper was of venison, in ragout, with a sauce that savored of the south of France; there was a side dish of hominy, a jug of sweet milk, and wheat bread in loaf.**

**In an evening smoke, upon the settle, we learned that there were many Creoles about here, most had learned English and of course their kids were taught English in school. In this area there was intermarriage between the Creoles and the Americans. There was also the Acadians (Lenora Tessier's people) living in the area, but they did not know from what country they came. (Of course the were French Canadians)**

**This has been an account that I thought you might enjoy from Olmsted's Texas Journey. I believe this would have been very much like a visit with Lenora and Jean. Being on the road to Texas, I quite sure they provided food and shelter at their home for those on the road. This would have provided income for their family also.**

**Back to our story now:**

**There were also problems occurring with the Native American Indians at this time. As more people moved to the available land, game became scarce and the Indian families were hungry. They were also Promised Land grants that never came about, so they became hostile, and dangerous. Jean and Lenora were at risk day and night, fearful of being burned out and killed while miles away from the nearest neighbor. Do not forget the location they lived in was the "No Man's Land" where law breakers from Texas and Louisiana escaped to.**

**Jean and Lenora had two sons. The eldest son was named Batiste (John), and Joseph, our forefather. John and Joseph married two Mexican sisters of the De Los Santos Coy family. I believe Mr. De Los Santos McCoy was a member of the local Mexican Army and if you look into the Mexican land grants this seems to prove this point. The Polvado marriages to**

Mexican citizens entitled them to double the ordinary land grants offered by the Mexican government. They each had entitlements of 4,440 acres of land located in an unsettled area close to present day Dallas. Father Jean received a grant of 1,980 acres in unsettled land, now in Hopkins County. This type grant was an enticement by the Mexican government, as it encouraged further settlement of their country. These grants however, when Texas won its independence from Mexico, for Jean and other first settlers became difficult proving ownership. Although Jean did sign a 'citizenship application' with Mexico in 1835, (before the war) he or Josepha found themselves in court over the sale of the land in 1841 from one of his grants. I never found evidence of the Polvado men taking sides in the war with Mexico, and I have wondered if their marriages to Mexican citizens (De Los Santos McCoy) caused them to keep a low profile.

There are two other versions of our Polvado forefathers I will include here. One states that French nobleman Jean Polvadeaux was exiled after the French Revolution. Reaching Canada in 1780 as a stowaway on a French freight, he married a French Canadian girl named Bailes. They went south, sailed the Great Lakes, and traveled overland through the present state of Illinois. Finally, they floated the Mississippi River to New Orleans. (I suspect this story might be of Lenora's family, mentioned earlier not Jean's) The version my grandfather told was of two brothers coming to the states from France, who eventually had a 'falling out'. Supposedly, one believed "Polvador (e)" was easier to pronounce, while the other used "Polvado" for a Mexican sound. More than likely, the spellings were due to illiteracy when families were unsure, census takers spelled names as best they could. Although these stories have been passed down, they are inaccurate as Jean's own account attests to.

Jean and Lenora's daughters all lived and married while living in Louisiana. Nachotouches, Louisiana where they met, married and where their children were Christian. In was their first home. The couple appeared on the Nacogdoches County, Texas census but this was because of the Mexican Land Office being headquartered there. Jean and Lenora, as well as their sons were living in Caddo Parish (now DeSoto Parish) in 1840, but April 1, 1843 Jean, Joseph, and Jean Bte. Rambin (a daughter's husband) sold their properties in (Caddo Parish) Logansport La. My assumption is that Jean and Lenora may have passed away before or during this time, and Joseph Polvado, Jean Rambin then moved to Texas.

**Jean and Lenora (In their 60's) may have decided to stay in Louisiana, for there is no record of them in Texas after 1840. I had hopes of finding their grave site, maybe you will follow up on my quest. It would be a pleasure to visit their gravesites, as they were our families' beginning. I have not followed John Baptiste Polvadore's lineage, although it can be found in the Nacogdoches area and through out the United States. The focus of this study is my Great Great Grandfather Joseph and his family. As mentioned above Jean Baptiste Azenro Rambin was married to Lenora and Jean's daughter Marie Angelica (Angelique) Carmelite "Carmella" Polvado April 24 1819. This family moved with the Polvado family. I did located a picture of Jean & Lenora's grand daughter and I believe in looking at her you have some insight of what Lenora may have looked like. This girl's name is Marie Arcene Rambin and she is married to James Phillips in this picture. This picture is later in the story, and in my opinion one of the single most important finds in this study.**

**Another daughter Marie Honorine (3/21/1798) married Juan Nepomuceno Bernardo de Arocha (soldier of the kingdom of Spain and son of a prominent family of Bexar and colonial Texas). They had four children and also lived in the Bayou Pierre area. One of these daughters Mary Louisa tells the story of working at the landing at Smithport on the Bayou Pierre Lake, when Thomas R Adams and his brother came off a boat. Both were dirty and bloody due to a brawl they had on the boat. Mary assisted them in cleaning up and taking care of the injuries. This initial meeting led later to their marriage when she was 18. Mary was a Catholic and Thomas was a Baptist. The marriage date was May 30, 1846. They had 13 children, but 3 apparently died. Thomas and Mary eventually moved to Desoto Parrish and became were well thought of citizens of the area. Thomas was born and educated in South Carolina. He supervised the construction of the first court house in Mansfield Louisiana, and had a street named for him. A picture of that court house is also within.**

**As stated earlier, Joseph "Joe" by now, of dark complexion and short stature was first married to Susan De La Santos Mc Coy, of Mexican descent. Married twelve years, they had four girls and three boys. The census record of 1835 of Nacogdoches County, Texas indicate Joe and Susan are living in Texas, but they are under Mexican authority actually in the Caddo Parish, (Logansport La) area with three boys and three girls. During this time Santa Anna is on his move to Texas with his**



**Mexican Army to take back Texas from American Settlers. The following year another daughter is born named Saleta; I believe Susan dies about the time of this child's birth. Records indicate that Joseph, Jean Baptiste Rambin, Jean Polvado and their families living in Caddo Parish, Louisiana. Joseph married on February 24<sup>th</sup>, 1839 a lady by the name of Incy Minchey at the Caddo Parish. (The battle of the Alamo was fought in March, 1836, by 1839, Texas had won their Independence—OWNED TEXAS)!!! This must have been a short term marriage for in 1840 Joseph is back at Nacogdoches County Texas. Joseph is the father of another child one year later with my Great Great Grandmother Malissa Parmer Polvado. (My 2<sup>nd</sup> Great Grandmother) This boy is John A. and there's more on his life later. They raised Susan's children along with five boys and four girls of their own. Sometime between 1854 and 1860, the family moved from the Nacogdoches area to Limestone County/Personville, Texas. During this time period my Great Grandfather was born to Malissa and Joseph. William Robert Polvado never a place to call home. In 1880, Joe and Malissa were living on a homestead in Travis County, Texas.**

**Malissa's family is a very interesting story in it's self. The information available today places this family in the year of 1140 when Stephanus De Palmer was born in Gloucester County, England. By the 1500's the family is acquiring land and prestige in basically the same area of England. Records indicated there were Knights and Judges in one marriage of William Palmer to Mary Grivell in the early on 1530's. According to surviving Wills the Palmer family owns castles, and large tracts of land. Later Edward Palmer of London received a patent of land from the Virginia Company. Edward settled at the mouth of the Susquehanna River in America. His Will called for a University to be established on Palmer Island not far from his settlement. Anyone that could establish kinship could attend free of cost.**

**Edward's sons received their own property for transporting new settlers from England to the Virginia Company lands in America. The Palmer family carried on life after this for many years in Virginia. During the Revolutionary War military records speaks highly of Captain Martin Palmer. Martin was married Millie Reed in Virginia and they had seven boys and one girl. These children became a part of America's westward movement. They followed one another, but changed their last name in the process to Parmer. These men were educated and knew the correct**

**spelling, but chose to change it from Palmer to Parmer. This change of spelling followed them from Kentucky to Missouri, to Arkansas, to Texas. Malissa's dad and mother John and Elizabeth chose land in Shelby County in the early 1830's, as did the other brothers.**

**One of John's brothers Martin Parmer was expelled from Texas by the ruling Mexican Government for his part in the Fredonia Rebellion in Nacogdoches, Texas. He left Texas and stayed in Louisiana until making friends with Jim Bowie. He accompanied Bowie back into Texas, but when Bowie introduced him to his Mexican wife's family. They told Jim to have nothing more to do with Parmer. "Trouble Maker" After the war with Mexico Martin Parmer was a member of a delegation who wrote the Texas Constitution. He became a Judge later on, and is buried in the State of Texas Cemetery in Austin, Texas.**

**Frank and Jesse James' sister Susan Lavernia was married to Allen Parmer (Malissa's first cousin) and they eventually moved to Wichita Falls, Texas. He rode with the James brothers while they were a member of Quantrill's Raiders. They were known for killing 180 men and young boys in Lawrence, Kansas during the Civil War. Allen went on to be a successful Rancher and Businessman in Texas.**

**While I was living in Mineral Wells Texas, Allen Parmer's Colt Pistol was Sold for \$60,000.00. The same pistol he carried during the Civil War.**

**Joseph Polvado was born in 1803, and died in 1918, during the flu epidemic that killed almost forty million people world wide. Joseph would have been one hundred and fifteen years of age. Jailed in 1848 for playing Monte (Mexican poker) on the steps of the State Capitol in Austin, he took his case to the highest court in Texas. His son Felix told of Joe's twice a year whiskey route by horse and wagon, from San Antonio to Austin. The distance was much toooo far, as Joe would drink up his profit traveling back to Austin. A wagon load is a lot of whiskey. Joe had sixteen children, but don't be critical of him for having liked the ladies. I would especially not be critical of his desire for his Mexican wife. I have a firm belief Joseph's DNA landed squarely in my heart!!!!!!!!!!**

**Joe and Malissa are buried on their home place in Travis County with no markers, only rocks covering the graves. Likely they are not visable today. Old homestead maps indicate the old home place located north of Austin and east of Round Mountain. A hand drawn map said the**

property was at Fitzhugh corner on Hamilton Pool Road. According to locals, those roads have changed, and I was unable to locate the location. Rumor has it there's a trunk full of gold buried at the foot of Joe's gravesite. Hahahahaha Good luck and happy hunting. If you find the graves, give Joe and Malissa my regards. Joseph has intrigued me for some nutty reason. I believe he's the original "Scamp" of those succeeding him. Jerry Polvado included.

The following pages tell the story of John A. Polvado, eldest son of Joe and Malissa. (Written by his son Simon) They are very interesting family. John Polvado older brother of my Great Grandfather. Jean Polvado (Our first trans-plant from France have all been men with a taste for the dirt. Farmers. In France they grew potatoes, and in Texas, Cotton and Grain, and corn.

Son of Joseph and Malissa--John A. grew up in Shelby, Nacogdoches, and Limestone counties. He helped his dad Joe with the farm until he was old enough to work for wages with neighbors. He spent his free time fishing, hunting, swimming, and playing games. His love was horses and he would travel miles to a good horse race. At fourteen, he got his first job working with horses as a teamster, hauling granite from Burnet County to Austin, Texas. The State Capitol of Texas was being erected, and the rock was used for the foundation. Although the Capitol burned a few years later, this foundation was secure and is still the support today. John kicked up his heels on Saturdays nights in Austin, and was a lover of practical jokes.

By now in his late teens, the North and South were quarreling bitterly over issues which would soon bring on the Civil War. When Texas seceded from the Union, there were many issues besides slavery surrounding the conflict. Jean and Lenora were godparents to a neighboring black child in the late 1790's. Joe and Malissa took in the five year old black child named Moses in the 1840's, who lived "Free" with them his entire life. I have no doubt he was considered a family member and likely went by the name "Moses Polvado".

When Civil War broke out, John A. was twenty years old. Dressed and ready in his gray Confederate uniform, he was on active duty two years later in Company I of the 14<sup>th</sup> Calvary, under General Baxton Bragg. John kept his rank of private throughout the war. Due to his experience

with horses, he was in charge of positioning the cannons on the field. His first and last battle began December third at Murfreesboro, Tennessee. His company surrounded, they surrendered to the Union Army December sixth. He and other troops were marched to Illinois under heavy guard. (Although not chained during the march, they were thereafter) Upon reaching a town with a railroad, they were transferred to a large prison camp in Chicago. Not allowed to write home, they were considered dead or missing in battle. At the end of the war, John waited a day and night before being loaded onto the train south. Upon reaching the Mississippi River, they were loaded on flat bottom boats for the trip to Shreveport, Louisiana. At this point, John found himself over two hundred miles from his home. Penniless, hungry and possessing only the clothes on his back, he lived on what he could find- raw turnips, green corn, various fruits or berries. He shocked his family in Travis County when he walked up on the porch. They had thought he was dead! To celebrate his return, a large barbeque was given. People for miles around attended.

Months later, he found steady work at a local cotton gin. His job was once again driving a team of horses, but now he hauled cotton seed out to the prairie. He soon noticed that although he was hauling the cotton seed to the same place, it was disappearing and a herd of wild longhorns in the area were grazing it. They were fat and healthy, suffering no ill effects. Little did he know that when he told his story, he would lose his job- farmers and ranchers started buying the cotton seed and hauling their own.

John A. fell in love and married Rachel Sellers on December 8, 1868. They moved to McLennen County where John bought a small farm. Rachel died with the birth of Thomas, the fifth of their children. John A. and his children moved to Vanderpool, Texas, where he married Elizabeth "Aunt Jane" Ratliff. They lived their entire lives on a place one mile north of town. In addition to Rachel's five, they had eleven more children. John's father Joseph lived with them and helped with the children until his death in 1918. John practiced many trades to support his family. He was the first in his area to have a sorghum mill, supplying himself and his neighbors. He had the first registered goat in the county, sold and traded skins, and made charcoal in large kilns. As the story goes, he took his merchandise and made a trip to town twice a year.

**Before leaving, he sat each of his children beside him and asked what they wanted from town. If reasonable, he returned with their request. John and Jane's home was known to be a haven for weary travelers. "John's life ended in these hills near the head of the Sabinal River. Country as rugged as John A. Polvado and its beauty symbolizes his nature; its peacefulness, his death, which came at the age of ninety-one." (Written tribute by John's son Simon)**

**My father and grandfather spoke of this family- Aunt Jane must have been a wonderful friend, wife, and mother, as she was spoken highly of. Women endured, and made a home regardless of the hardships- they were not given credit for the difficult role they had to play in making their families well and happy. I can attest to this because I experienced my mother's daily life as a farm wife.**

**Now to continue our lineage:**

**Robert William Polvado was born in 1854, to Joe and Malissa. He was their third child, John A's younger brother, and my great-grandfather. He left very few tracks, but as a young adult found his way to Hamilton, Texas and probably because brother John A. owned land south of downtown, and sister, Rebecca Jane Floyd (with husband Wiley "Isaac" Floyd) were living there at the time. He met a beautiful woman named Mary Massengill, (from Angelina County) who lived on the Leon River. (West of Hamilton) Together, Robert and Mary had one child, Robert William Polvado ("Bob" hereafter) June 3, 1875. An interesting side note was provided by a distant relative of mine, Billy Dee McCool. While on a squirrel hunt along Bee Branch Creek in Comanche County, he came upon an old cabin with unusual corner work. Billy Dee described the corner work to me in detail. Years later I saw the same on a cabin in Natchitoches, Louisiana. (Home Grandfather & Mother Jean and Lenorra Polvado) I believe without a doubt Billy Dee had found Robert and Mary's cabin. (This cabin location is noted on the map provided by Billy Dee McCool) Their lives together lasted only a short time, and Mary later wed Henry McCarty. They lived northwest of Siloam Cemetery where our Polvado family is buried today. Leonard Kirkland stated a McCarty family member had said that Henry feared Robert would break into their home and steal Bob, so at bedtime he would nail shut the windows. Leonard's Great Grandmother was a sister of my Great Grandmother Mary Massengill McCarty.**

**The Massengill and McCarty families were known within the community as people not to cross, so my Great Grandfather Robert left Comanche County. As my father and grandfather both had this reputation, makes one wonder if this is a Polvado or Massengill trait.**

**Robert soon settled around Madisonville, Texas, where his sister Rebecca and her husband Isaac Floyd had moved. He met and married Isaac's sister Amanda, and had a daughter named Pearl. The final record for Robert was November 1, 1902, when he bought a track of land in Madison County from an E. C. Hall. Young Bob Polvado visited his half sister Pearl on occasion and she kept a picture of him. Pearl's relatives gave me the picture many years later. My Aunt Thelma Hayes stated that Pearl was a sweet woman. I'm sure Robert had difficulties visiting his sister and brother-in-law after the split with Amanda. Robert's dad and brother still lived Travis County, and my guess is that he lived his later years and died in that area. We don't know for sure, as there are no further records of him.**

**Side note: Angela Fannin, (of Madisonville, Texas) is a descendant of the Floyd family, has been very helpful, and has also provided the picture of Rebecca Polvado-Floyd. Isaac's mother was a Williams and her brother William Floyd Williams fought Santa Anna's Mexican Army at San Jacinto. (Isaac's sister was the namesake of William's wife) He was suspected to have lost his life in the Civil War- many soldiers were never heard from because they were buried in trenches on the battlefield where they died.**

**Bob Polvado was a baby when his parents left one another. He spent little time living with his mother and step dad Henry McCarty. Bob did not get along with his Step Dad, also Henry and Mary were now having their own children. Apparently it became best that he live with his Uncle Doc and Aunt Ellen Hucklebee. Bob received the normal education for children at the time. He could read, write and knew basic math. He was taught the profession of his father and Grandfather Joseph. He had the same "Dirt" entrenched in his blood and farmed his entire life.**

**I only knew my grandfather after he had mellowed and was a senior citizen. He was good to me, and I loved him and enjoyed being with him. He would ask me to cut his hair for him. That is when I became**

interested in knowing more about the Polvado family line. I would watch him very carefully rolling his “roll your own” cigarettes while asking questions that he always took time for. Yeah, I had to give that cigarette rolling a shot. Even though I know now that this was not the same man his family had been exposed to. I do wish he could have been different.

Early in his life Bob Polvado married Evva F. Jones and they had two boys. Evva left him very quickly and the kids never got to know Bob. (He never spoke of them to me) After he died, Evva told my aunt, “you know that we’re all still Polvados”, and the two sons came to Bob’s funeral. My dad said they resembled the family in Travis County. Roy Palvadeau who I have mentioned in this story is a grandson of Leland Jones one of these sons of Bob and Evva. Roy made the decision to correct his namesake in order his own son carried his proper last name. The spelling is now as it was in France. Great!!!

Bob later married my grandmother, Lillie Susan Conway. They had a beautiful farm on the north side of the Leon River in the Hazel Dell community. Barns, chicken houses, smoke house and cellar all place with great care by Bob. The house Grandmother Lillie would have kept neat and tidy for her and Bob, and their little ones. I’m quite sure there were happy and good times, but probably some very difficult ones also. Fifteen years of childbirth, farm life, and Bob Polvado took a noticeable toll on Lillie. Her pictures bare this out. Her daughter Thelma remembers her mother as a very sweet and loving woman. The Lord soon took this wonderful mother and two children. November 24, 1918, Bob and Lillie’s first child, Linnie Mae, died during the flu epidemic. (Six hundred thousand Americans succumbed to this horrible flue) Then on December 27th, Lillie Susan Conway Polvado lost her life to the flue. The following day, nine year old daughter Idell followed her mom and sister to heaven. Bob and four children found themselves alone with the mother and little daughter lying in heavenly sleep in the bedroom. He hitched his horses to the wagon, and started out to town for two caskets. Bob was barely able to cross the Leon River because it was above the banks from rain. Thelma remembers her sister’s white casket with doves on it. Before their deaths, her mother had by hand made a pretty white dress for little Idell. Thelma said she remembered her sister wearing it, while lying in state in their small family room. Thelma remembered that she was a beautiful little girl with blond hair.

Bob was now faced with the burial of his wife, young daughter, and had a sick son with the highly infectious illness. Rather than expose others, Bob chose to stay home and care for his son Tull. A very good neighbor Alex McCool came to Bob's aid. Mr. McCool and Bob loaded the caskets into McCool's wagon for the trip to the gravesite, just four miles away. Although only four miles away, it was another trip across the raging Leon River, Bob's mother Mary McCarty, who lived less than a quarter of a mile from the cemetery, as well as the McCool family stepped forward and buried Lillie and Idel. Bob avoided the flu he thought, because most his time outside, taking care of neighbor's livestock. He told me that he wore a scarf across his face night and day.

Most fathers would have taken on both of parents' roles after this, but it's obvious he did not. Instead, he created a hell on earth for these children by working and treating them as his slaves. The children said that one their mules died, and Bob harnessed his son, and two sisters with another mule, and continued to plow. He also tied his daughter Inetha ("Chub") to a wagon and almost beat her to death. Bob's mother was visiting her son Ellis McCarty, and heard Inetha screaming a half mile off, but arrived too late. Bob's mother reported this to the sheriff, but Bob's half-brother Ellis McCarty denied there were problems. Another time, he wouldn't stop beating Inetha with a shoe until my dad Tull intervened, threatening Bob's life. The hurt and isolation these children lived through with Bob's screaming, cursing, and general life of terror had to be endured. They had no where to turn because authorities wouldn't get involved in most family situations. The only answer for these children, was to leave home as soon as possible. Aunt Thelma was spared some of his direct abuse because she was a very sick child growing up, so the housework and cooking fell to her. The remaining children awoke before the sun came up for a day in the field. Many times they worked until the sun set. Many farm families worked hard, but with loving parents by their side.

Of course, there were humorous stories that survived the test of time. I'm sure many families have memories of their first car. Bob purchased a 1926 Model-T Ford, drove it home, and pulled into the garage, after knocking out the back wall. He'd forget how to stop the car, and began making a big circle in the pasture. Aunt Thelma said that Granddad was hollering "WHOA---WHOA-- WHOA!!!" (As he would have stop his horses) Many years later, he was still riding with the door open and one



**foot on the running board. Bob left the driving to his children.**

**I believe this is a time in this family story to incorporate personal notes provided by a distant relative, Billy Dee McCool a distant relative. Billy was also the Comanche County Historian, and personal friend of mine. His parents and grandparents lived in the Bee Branch/Siloam communities during the same period of time my parents and grandparents lived there. I have stated above the story of Alex McCool taking my grandmother and her daughter to the cemetery for burial. This was Billy Dee's grandfather.**

**From Billy McCool notes:**

**Jerry, maybe I can help you feel a bit more familiar with the Bee Branch/Siloam communities in the early days of your family. This map (provided) will show the relationship of the home places that I grew up knowing of. In the Census of 1910 Bob Polvado's family is shown at Siloam as well as Henry McCarty's (Bob's stepfather) and when I researched the Siloam Cemetery property deed I learned Bob owned the tract of land (80 acres) of the Francis Cook Survey out of which the Cemetery had not been deeded, but not while he owned it of course. I asked Thelma Hayes (Bob's daughter) where she thought Bob lived and she always thought it was across the road north from the Cemetery where I indicated the house, but I think he was on the F. J. Cook land which she didn't know he owned. Lark Westfall (My Grandfather) told his son Wilmer that he and his family (William Riley-Mary Manchie Westfall) had cleared the land across the road and north of the Cemetery, so that leads me to think Thelma was incorrect. Thelma had not been born when Bob lived in this area. Henry McCarty owned the land across the creek and to the northwest of the Cemetery.**

**Sometime before 1918 the family moved to Bee Branch on the place where Tull and Nola Polvado lived. Bob lost his wife and 2 young girls to the 1918 flu epidemic while living at this first location. Thelma remembered living there. Sometime before 1926 they moved to the river place which didn't join the upper place by about ½ mile between them along a common east and west line. Wayne and Thelma Hayes bought the upper place soon after Tull and Nola moved to the High Plains. Things got cloudy about the ownership during a period of time, maybe with Wayne and Thelma renting the land from Bob for a while.**

Let me get back to Bob's family moves once more. They moved to an old house on the north end of the lower river bottom farm before 1926 because Thelma remembered the killing that happen during that year on another family's farm located between the upper farm of Bob's and the lower river bottom farm. She was old enough to have heard the shots and was a witness at the trial. I pacifically questioned her about the place because no one had ever told me when they moved to the lower river bottom farm, but I do remember the house she said they lived in for a short time.

My grandfather Alex McCool was the one who hauled the caskets to Siloam for Bob Polvado's wife and child. My mother and her own mom waited at Henry and Mary McCarty's (Bob's mother and Stepfather) until almost dark to attend the burial. Said it was so sad to her because no one was there and, it was raining. My dad was down with the flu but they didn't know each other more than, as people, that moved every year. Many families did at that time. The McCool's moved there in 1912 and lived there for 6 years, then moved to Lamkin and lived there until I was 2 years old. In the late 1927 they moved back to where we lived until the big war which attracted my attention in 1942.

My mother was a wonderful and caring person also very thoughtful. Her caring was black and white with no gray at all. True Scott, but I had not learned this at the age of six or seven when Leo Polvado (Bob's son) and I started to school at Hazel Dell. We knew each other but had a special relationship developed when we begin walking to school together and spending school days together. This lasted the remaining days of our life. Be this, as it was, had nothing to do with the way my mother felt about Mr. Bob Polvado's treatment of his family. One cool cloudy Saturday or Sunday afternoon, my folks chose to walk down to Bob and Loma Polvado's house and I didn't want to go. Not being understood by my mother she began an interrogation session as only she was capable of. It developed that out of the goodness of my heart I had given Leo a cap pistol which she knew I valued highly, and had earlier told her I had lost. I told her that, because I knew her dislike for Leo's dad and feared that some would spill over on to me if she knew the truth, and then when she did learn the truth it did spill over. It was a long time before I knew what the whipping was for, but I never shared the episode with Leo.

Bob Polvado's cars.

**1928 Dodge Sedan that the neighbors drove for him**  
**1931 Chevrolet Flatbed Truck**  
**1935 New Plymouth Sedan (Leo learned to drive some)**  
**1937 New Dodge Pickup (Leo got his limited license to drive)**  
**1939 New Standard Ford Sedan (Leo got his full license to drive)**

**Bob was always proud of his cars, and liked to carry folks wherever they needed to go. When he got his new Plymouth my dad was looking it over and noticed the metal spare tire cover, which covered the entire wheel. He said to Bob, “Bob, did you know there is a brand new tire in there?” Bob quick as lightening, “By Grannies!!!!!! They are not getting it back!!!!!!”**

**My brother Doyle Polvado remembers when the old “Tin Lizzies” came down the road, and people gathered to watch it pass. You got a very good look, because it was usually moving no more than ten miles an hour. At best, on a good dirt lane (downhill!) you might exceed thirty miles an hour.**

**Eventually, Bob met and married beautiful Loma Cardelia Howard, who became the younger daughter Thelma’s mom and protector. Bob and Loma had six more children. At fifty-five years of age, one would think he’d mellowed. Not Bob, who now had more little folks to work, curse and rain terror upon. The final blow came when his wife took the brunt of a beating that broke her arm. Legal authorities were notified, and it’s believed Bob moved to Arkansas. We think he married again and had a daughter there- I hope not! Loma’s niece had a baby after visiting Loma and Bob. The rumors named Bob the father. If so, he had fifteen children total.**

**He was a farmer until he was too old to use a team of horses. Bob bought a tractor for his son Leo to drive. He had chickens, cows, and goats and as always his garden. Nothing went to waste. I have many times wondered if he was as mean to his animals as he was to his children. My bet is that he abused his animals also.**

**Bob Polvado as a husband and father is a disturbing thought. Maybe in his old age he realized his weaknesses- I hope so. While he was living in Dublin, Texas, I (12 or 13 years old) visited him. His home was a one bedroom little home, but what struck me odd at the time, was that the entire yard, every inch was devoted to his garden. He had dried black eye**

pees that he was gathering for seed. He showed me jars of veggies and “meat” he had canned. I was praying that I wouldn’t have to eat any of his canned meat that night. He listened to a religious program from De Rio, Texas every night. Watching him rolling those cigarettes from Bull Durham tobacco was fun for a young fellow. He told his son Roy Dale he had read the Bible three times. I just pray he asked God’s forgiveness for the heartache he caused his families.

My father Tull Monroe Polvado was the only male child in his family. He was fourteen years old when he had the flu that took his mom and two little sisters. He was worked from the time he could walk to the field. There was outlandish abuse for him and the girls, as discussed earlier. Tull probably went to school through the sixth grade. A neighbor and schoolmate, Nola Shannon Westfall, eventually became his wife (at fourteen years of age) in Stephenville, Texas. They walked the same road to and from, a two-room community school. (Hazel Dell) My brother attended this school later, and said there were seven rows of desks. Each row represented a grade; seven rows for seven years of school. To further your education, you went to a larger town. The Hazel Dell School was in a stand of pecan trees, and there was a little country store across the road. Of course the toilets were outside. They had one schoolmaster; some of the male students would have been as large as he. Kids within five miles of the school probably walked, or rode a horse. A horse & buggy for those at a further distance, and they would have picked up friends and relatives along the way. There were a few cars at that time, and only used for longer trips to Comanche, Dublin, and Stephenville.

Shortly after Tull and Nola married, my brother Doyle was born. One of his most cherished childhood memories’ was the twice a year family trip to Dublin, Texas. They went to have a portion of their corn and wheat milled. That mill you can still see today in Dublin. The wagon was loaded with shelled corn, wheat, family bedrolls, and food for the nine mile trek. The trip by horses and wagon took an entire day. Upon arriving, they unhitched their horses to water and graze. Meanwhile mom would cooked the family meal over an outside campfire. They didn’t have money to eat in a café, but ice cream was a special a treat, all indulged in.

Once on the way home, they encountered a terrible storm. The thunder and lightening, with heavy rain and hail spooked the horses. They broke in a run, damaging the wagon tongue. Mom, Dad, and Doyle abandoned

the wagon and walked to an old vacant house. They got a fire started in the fireplace, and then after the storm, Dad found his horses. The bedding was wet so they slept close to the fire. The next day Dad repaired the wagon well enough to make it home. That was quite a night for my little brother Doyle, and he never forgot it.

Because my father grew up on a farm, my dad always told me, "I know no other trade." He truly loved the farm life. He loved to brag, and brag he did, on that farm. Even if nothing was growing in the fields, he would boast that his field was plowed far more straight than anyone's. Tull Polvado was next to impossible to satisfy by anyone working for him. Even after 15 years of being the best I knew how to be, he found more Fault than praise for my hard work for him.

Doyle remembers many things that happened during the first six years of his life. This was the 1930's and many people though out the United States were without work. Many were standing in soup lines and going through garbage cans for anything to feed their family. Farm people were able to grow their food, but had no market for income. Mom and Dad lived in the Comanche County area, where money was scarce and times were also tough. Doyle and Dad would hunt and fish the Leon River out of necessity. Doyle had his own B-B gun, and Dad allowed him five B-B's a day. When Dad's 1928 Chevrolet Coupe was repossessed, Doyle lost his bat and ball that were in the car. Another day, Dad ran over his only tricycle. Sad times for the kids also. His granddad Bob once used a belt on him because he chased after his mom and dad as they were driving off. He quickly learned to accept what he was told. But most of all, Doyle remembers his horse Poochy and his good times. Doyle and our parents would ride Poochy to the county dances on Saturday night. During the dances, the men might sneak out to the horses, wagons, or car for a drink of booze. Mean while the women danced with each other. If drunk enough, the men might laugh and dance around together. Dad loved to dance, but especially he like to drink, Many times he'd be too drunk to ride Poochy home, so they'd turn the horse loose, and he would be home when the family got there.

Homebrew was a beer made by poor folks for poor folks during this time period. Behind our house was a supply of beer bottles and a capping machine for making homebrew. Whiskey was hard to come by, but it might show up after a good cotton crop. A person making whiskey had to

be very careful or the results could be crippling or even cause death. It wasn't uncommon to see a man with a reaction called "Jake Leg"... The guy would walk along kicking one leg out, and it looked very strange. The Town Drunk..

In Comanche County, Tull Polvado was well known for his temper. He weighed over 200 pounds, but short in stature. His hands were very large. My dad loved a good fight, which generally started at community dances. He wasn't a fair fighter, and always looked for an edge. He once walked in while a family member was being mauled, and cleared the dance floor using an ax handle. Doyle said he witnessed Dad taking out a pocket knife and cutting the buttons off a neighbor's shirt. We both have stories of him whipping neighbors when he thought they'd cheated us over work we'd preformed for them. I only knew of him getting whipped once. We had a professional boxer for a neighbor that hurt Dad badly. All my dad would say was, "I couldn't find a damn thing in that car or beside the road (to use) when I knew he was going to jump on me." Had he taken his ax handle, it might have turned out differently.

Mom and Dad also attended church meetings and singings. Doyle remembered many families loading into their wagon for the outing. The community occasionally had a stage play that Dad and Mom took part in. People at this time created their own fun. There was no electricity, radio, television, or phone service. Families would often walk to the neighbors' place for a visit. The parents would sit and visit on the porch while the children ran and played. Ice cream became a treat on the farm after ice delivery. Life though was simply in many respects. People were reliable and in most cases you could trust their word. A hand shake between people was a signed contract. Few lawyers and they were generally defending a crook and not bring a law suit for money. You paid for your crime and there was respect for the law, the flag, the country, and God. If you lived within this life style, then life was generally good.

Mom and Dad realized Comanche County could not be their home when mom's asthma became worse. The doctor suggested a move to the High Plains of Texas, which he said had a lower pollen count. (I guess he'd not heard about the wind and dirt)

I asked my brother Doyle to relate the events as best he remembers, and his response is below: I wasn't born until we moved to the High Plains.

**“Bud, I was six years old and don’t remember a lot of the details, but will give you what I can remember. Dad hitchhiked (had no car) to the Olton, Texas area. He visited relatives, found farm work and a place for us to live. Upon returning, Dad began selling what little farm equipment he had. He traded my pony for a Model-T Ford, the family’s first pickup. (‘Hoppy’) He actually flagged the fellow down as he was driving past to offer the trade- I’m not sure who came out on top, but that sure was a good pony. “Inserted by Jerry”. I remember as a kid the cars people owned were much like the horses they owned. The horse had a name, therefore the car had a name as well. “Get “OLD BLUE” the car out of the garage... Take “Greener” the pickup out and fill her with tractor gas.. Take “RED” the horse to the barn. So that it was. hahaha**

**Mom’s sister Obera Arthur and her husband Claude owned an “Essex Touring Car”, a two seat convertible with no top. Dad and Claude struck a deal: for twenty-five dollars, Claude would tow our trailer to the new place on the Solon Higgins’ farm, ten miles southeast of Olton, Texas. (Mr. Higgins’s daughter, Anna Faye, became my lifelong friend)**

**The trip was eventful, to say the least. Our route was highway 281 through Stephenville to Mineral Wells, and we camped out along the way. The entire road (other than a street in Mineral Wells and one in Lubbock) was graded dirt. After camping around Guthrie, Texas, we arrived at the (High Plains) Cap Rock. The Essex would not pull the grade with the trailer and furniture, so we waited out the night. Later that evening, another fellow with a trailer tried to pass us, and slid into the ditch. After we pulled his car out, the guy forgot to set the brake. The car and trailer rolled backward, jackknifed, and sent bootleg whiskey (in fruit jars) all over the road. Broken glass and whiskey spilled, we helped the fellow pick up what we could. However, in the dark of night, Dad and Claude probably lightened his load.”**

**Jerry again.. Now let me interject a bit of the story I was told. Because the Essex would not pull the heavy trailer up the hill, they unloaded and made two trips. As I heard dad tell the story, his Model T didn’t make the hill until he put it in reverse and backed it up, because it had more pulling power in reverse. Wrong again!!!! I got that wrong according to Billy McCool. The Model T car had no gas pump, and in order that you had gas in the carburetor on an up hill grade, you had to back up the hill**

to keep the engine running.

Moore on Billy Dee McCool by Jerry.

Billy Dee would have attended a one room school, early on in his life. He Had to have been a good student. He joined World War 2, as a Naverigator on bombing runs over Germany. His best friend Leo Polvado Was also on bombing runs—shot down over Germany, spent time in a Stlag prison. Billy Dee, was my friend, my historian on my Polvado, Westfall family. He was a self taught gun smith as well.

Back to Doyle's story.

“The next stop was Crosbyton, Texas where Dad had relatives. Even as a little fellow I remember what a nasty house those folks had. The next day we made it to our new place. The house was a two room shack next to the barn. Dad worked six days a week, and along with his salary, he received five acres of land to work for himself. The first year the 5 acres produced only two bales of cotton. He took any other work he could find for grocery money. When I was eight years old, we moved to a place one mile from the Higgins family. One evening, Dad said, “If our Model-T had lights, we could go to town for ice cream.” I took bailing wire, ran it through corncobs for insulation, and wired those headlights up! I don’t remember the cost of gas or other important economy, but a gallon of ice cream cost one nickel. Now as Paul Harvey would say, “Now for the rest of the story”. On the way home, the bailing wire got hot, burnt the corncobs, and the lights shorted out. The sparks were flying as we bump our way along the road. Dad pulled out my wiring job, then he sat on the Model-T’s fender, and directed mom as she drove us home in the dark. Insert from Jerry: Thanks Big Brother, but your story and my life experiences taught me corn cobs are generally only used for one purpose!!!!

Jerry—I became a member of the family in about this time period. I Was born in 1938. My memory as a child begins with the farm location. Dad’s horses..

Soon, Dad was able to rent one quarter section of farmland, between Littlefield and Springlake, Texas. Farming methods were changing, and tractors were becoming a necessity. Dad agreed, but was still partial to his horses, and kept them “for work that he said he could not do with a



tractor.” Dad and I once took the wagon to Uncle Oliver and Aunt Gert’s home, (Dad’s half aunt) probably ten miles round trip. That’s about all I remember regarding working horses, although Doyle spent many hours behind them.

Tull had a drinking problem. He wasn’t a daily drunk, but would say, “Don’t offer me a drink unless I can have the entire bottle”. That pretty much summed up the problem, and once he started drinking, he couldn’t stop until the bottle was finished. He scared us all when he was drinking.

Hard working, poor people who lived through the 1930’s had a difficult period of time to live through. A community dance, a little booze was their only outlet. Serving the booze needs were our neighbors. Listen up—you will not believe the following. It is true!!!!!!!!!! One neighbor was named “Pig” La Duke and he was a bootlegger. Pig had a “peg” leg. (PEG—PIG) Pig had a brother whose name was “Mouse” La Duke. (You can’t make this up). Like I said Pig was a bootlegger and always had the law after him. Now as Paul Harvey says, “For the Rest of the Story” Pig had another occupation. Pig could cut hair and he gave me my first hair cut... hahaha

I have just removed content regarding my dad, his temper, the heartache My mom, my brother and I endured. Likely he had regret in his retirement from the farm. We all have regrets, I’m forgiving him for the Heartache he caused me. I’m not sharing the history in this re-write, it’s just sad, and hurtful.

My broughter Doyle left home at age 14 and moved to Our Aunt Obera in Dublin Texas. She had three girls and a boy. Doyle found work at both a movie theater and as a driver of a gasoline truck. His pay was fourteen dollars a week, and seven dollars went to Aunt Obera for room and board.

After losing the truck driving job, he went to Ranger, Texas. The NRA was hiring and training young men to weld. (He thought this would help him get defense work in California while World War II was underway) A month before completing the training, he decided to go back to his parents’ home. Traveling and camping with no bedroll, he sometimes slept under and in highway culverts.

Home again, Dad suggested Doyle get work on local farms, but no one was hiring. Doyle had met a young man who had just joined the Navy in Amarillo, so he hitched a ride north. He then lied about his age, (sixteen) and was caught and turned down. With the war on, gas was rationed, and hitching rides was more acceptable. Originally intending to head back to the farm, Doyle instead rode with a fellow to Clovis, New Mexico. There, he saw a notice posted- the Railroad was hiring and training men to work on locomotives. He hired on, but was only there a short time. When he turned seventeen years old, he joined the Navy with his parents' permission. He was his own man from that day on.

Life as a farmhand started when I was around seven years old, and Dad expected me to do as much as an adult. A farmer's clock is the sun and work begins when it's coming up, lunch when it's overhead, home when it's too dark to work. At the house, you watered and fed all the animals and then it's your turn to eat. We farmed and raised cotton, corn and grain. I drove the tractor, chopped weeds, and helped keep the irrigation system operating twenty four hours a day. I did the morning and evening milking, gathered eggs, and fed the animals. We had cows, chickens, pigs, and my horse "Cindy". Mom had a garden full of vegetables. At night I helped prepare the veggies for her next day of canning. I was happy to lay my head down on that pillow at night.

After the corn and grain was cut, the field would be fenced for several head of cattle to graze.

The cow and pig operation was for both our needs and market sales. The neighbors usually met at our place for the killing and "dressing out" of pigs. This was a big job, and everyone took part. There were fires with large boiling water pots for cleaning the pig after slaughter. Preparation of the meat was managed by both the men and women. The men worked at quartering the carcass and salting/sugar-curing the hams. Bacon/ham was wrapped in some type of material and hung in the smokehouse. For sausage curing, the women either sewed up little sacks and made string ties, or used washed pig gut. Grinding up and mixing the correct ingredients came next. I guarantee that you haven't tasted ham, sausage, or bacon unless you've walked into that smokehouse on a cold evening and trimmed a serving for supper. I remember the smell of sugar-cured ham, fried eggs and potatoes... what a meal! Back to the job at hand...

soap was made by boiling the pig fat and adding lye. The soap had a clean smell and left everyone's hair very soft.

We used and sold our milk products. We had a milk separator that separated the cream from the milk for making our own butter. There is nothing like the smell and taste of fresh churned butter, sorghum syrup, or jelly on biscuits.

We bought baby chicks and fed them out during the wintertime. They were not my thing. I was always asked to gather eggs and clean out the chicken house. There is absolutely nothing worse than cleaning a hen house out. The dust from it sticks to the roof of your mouth and you know what the dust consist of. Two or three hateful old sitting hens would stand guard when I was sent to the hen house for eggs. They would ruffle their feathers and chase me out of the pen. I've always hated anything with feathers and a beak.

We lived next to a creek, in an area with buffalo wallow lakes. Due to this and the grain fields, ducks were plentiful in the fall. Dad took me with him on a few duck hunts, in the late evening or by full moon, when they flew in to feed. Dad was a dead shot, the best I've ever witnessed. He always owned a double barrel shotgun and kept it handy.

Saturday was our weekly trip to town. Mom went for groceries, and Dad could be found at the domino parlor. Cowboy movies were my favorite thing. I believe the cost was nine cents. I usually had a dime, so I got a gumball with the leftover penny. Once, I got enough change together to order from the back of a funny book a pair of "glow in the dark" cowboy spurs. This was just what my horse Cindy was waiting for. You have no idea how many trips I made to that mailbox! The spurs didn't last as long as my wait was for them. Cindy was glad I'm sure.

Dad and I bathed in the horse tank during the warmer months, and in winter on Saturday mornings, a galvanized tub was set up in the living room. Water had to be heated on the stove, or outside in the big black pot over a fire. Due to the effort this took, everyone bathed in the same water. The only salvation was Mom saved some warm water back. She rinsed the soap and dirty water off while we stood "buck" naked in the tub.

Saturday bath behind us, we loaded the pickup with our cream and eggs,

(to apply towards our grocery bill), and headed to town. Mom couldn't spend more than ten dollars a week in the 1940's for our groceries.

There was never a time I was truly relaxed in Dad's presence, and I think my brother would agree. He used threat, intemnation, which I'm sure he faced with his dad Bob Polvado. The only "Love" expressed openly came by way of our mom. She was raised by a loving father, sisters and brothers. Mother died when she was 5-6 years old. The word love was never spoken, and my dad would have seen it as a sign of weakness by a man. I use it today with males and females I have lost to me in my life.

My mother and dad finally divorced after years of abuse on his part. My mother moved to Amarillo and lived close to my family, and I. My dad moved to New Mexico and remarried. I don't believe he was truly happy, but I'm not sure what would have made him happy. Yes, "Happy" for him would have been a good crop, cash in the bank". My mother's life was much better and she felt a freedom that she rightfully deserved. We gave her a lot of hugs and love. The only regrets when I think back about my time with the two of them was that she would never leave when I begged for her to do so. My life as well as hers could have been much easier. She lived in a time period when few women had jobs outside the home and Mom feared that she could not support the two of us. I understand.

I left the farm after graduating high school in Amherst, Texas. I then moved to Amarillo, Texas and worked at the First National Bank. Janice Renfro from Littlefield, Texas, became my wife, and we had a beautiful daughter named Darla Denise. Divorcing within three years, I married Charlotte Robison, also of Littlefield. We lived in Amarillo, and had our daughter Karla Kaprice in 1964. I continued in banking, and we moved around Texas for a very short time. Amarillo was home, so we returned, and raised Karla.

Karla met John Smoot in high school, married after graduation, and had two children. Their names were Melissa Nicole, and Charles Alan. They divorced after seven years, and Karla went to work as an RN.

We lost my mother Nola, during this time period. We loved my mother, and she spent the best days of her life with us. She could never do enough for her family. That's who she was.

**A year later my first daughter Darla Tubbs died in a car wreck. She was divorced and living in Lubbock with her teenaged son, Christopher. She was one semester short of receiving a PhD in psychology, and was teaching at Texas Tech University. She was buried in Littlefield with her mother and grandparents.**

**Karla married Art Nelson. He had two children, Jeremy and Kym. After seven years, the marriage dissolved. Art then committed suicide, and there were hard years for Karla and her family.**

**During this time Charlotte and I divorce after thirty years of marriage.**

**I finally retired from the bank in 1999 and moved to Colorado. I married Mary Holland, who had a fourteen year old son Marcus. Mary eventually moved back to Amarillo, leaving me with lot of heartache. Think of our “Good Times” often. She was fun, a very good wife. I wish the best for you Mary.**

**I moved to Lubbock and shared my home with Karla and my granddaughter “Missy” for two years. Missy began her college years at Texas Tech, then moved back to Amarillo and married her high school love, Charley Shipley.**

**My Grandson Charles Smoot is at this time finished with his high school studies and working for Lowes in Amarillo Texas. He’s very interested in his job and the company he’s working for, and I wish him much success in life. I believe at this time hard work and a steady job is more fruitful than college.**

**I now live on the Brazos River, forty miles west of Ft. Worth, Texas. I moved here to be closer to my brother and extended family. I find it relaxing and it has given me the opportunity to write this and my mother’s family history, “Westfall”. There has been a great satisfaction for me sharing my memory, my research with all of you. I hope that one day, some one of you will take up the study. I’m not sure I have it all correct and I’m quite sure there is more to add. Please feel free to correct whatever you find is wrong within.**

**I have by purpose not covered too much about my life in this document.**

**There is another document that I leave to my immediate family that goes deeper into my personal day to day life. I too asked that those of you that wish to use this bit of history for your own family story to please do so. Cut and add to as you feel necessary to pass your kids their heritage. It's "our" heritage and needs to be carried on. Nothing pleases me more than to know my words will be read for many generations of Polvados and others.**

**Credit goes to my Alsatian Shepherd, Thor Polvado. He's a one hundred thirty five pound gray and black bundle of love. He has been a "Good Boy" during this process, although not without letting me know he's getting very bored- he lays his head on my lap, whines, stands and looks right into my face. Thanks Thor, for your patience.**

## **SUMMATION**

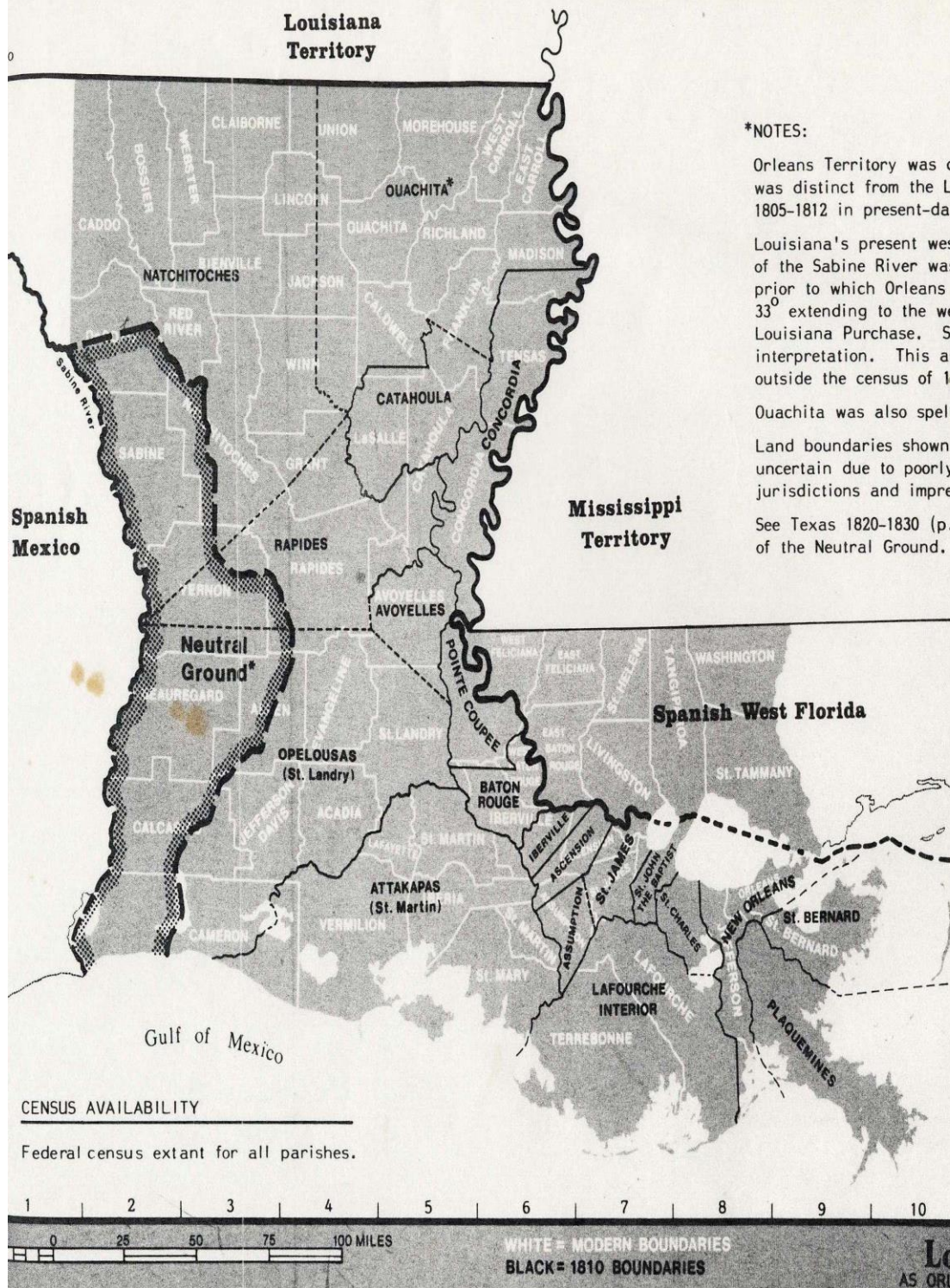
**Two hundred years have passed since Jean walked off a ship and made America his home. I applaud both Jean and Lenora Polvado for their bravery. Leaving Louisiana and facing the unsettled countryside of Texas, I look on their legacy with pride. The State of Texas and Daughters of the Alamo have listed them as well as Joseph and Malissa Polvado, as one of "THE FIRST FAMILIES OF TEXAS". No doubt they would be shocked to learn that pioneer families, with their meager existence, would have this distinction in their state's history. You should walk with pride, knowing the story of our Polvado family. I honor all living and not living that has taken part in their special way. The story proves there is always good and bad with history and family. Our family is no different than many others who struggled to survive their chosen way of life. I recommend that each of you take the time to study Texas history during the period I have written about. It will better acquaint you with the struggles of our family and the exposure they endured day to day.**

**May God bless each and every one of you to come?**

**Jerry Polvado**

**Tribute to: My sweet and wonderful daughter Karla Nelson for the many hours of edit work she put into this tale. I told the story as best I could, but she fashion a very readable document that I know you have enjoyed reading. Thank you “Honey” from the bottom of my heart--- Been fun doing this with you. “Love You” “Dad”**





## \*NOTES:

Orleans Territory was created in 1804 and was distinct from the Louisiana Territory of 1805-1812 in present-day Missouri and Arkansas.

Louisiana's present western boundary north of the Sabine River was not set until 1811, prior to which Orleans Territory lay south of 33° extending to the western limit of the Louisiana Purchase. Spain disputed this interpretation. This area now in Texas was outside the census of 1810.

Ouachita was also spelled Washita.

Land boundaries shown as dashed lines are uncertain due to poorly defined ecclesiastical jurisdictions and imprecise surveys.

See Texas 1820-1830 (p.326) for an explanation of the Neutral Ground.





### Legend

Stars denote Jean and Lenora Polvado 's homestead areas

1. Natchitoches 1790
2. Bayou Pierre 1800
3. Sabine River--Logansport 1810--1840's  
Logansport Town Site--Polvado Land Grant



Marie Arcene Rambin Polvado Phillips--James Phillips  
Jean & Lenora Polvado's Grand Daughter Born May 3 1828



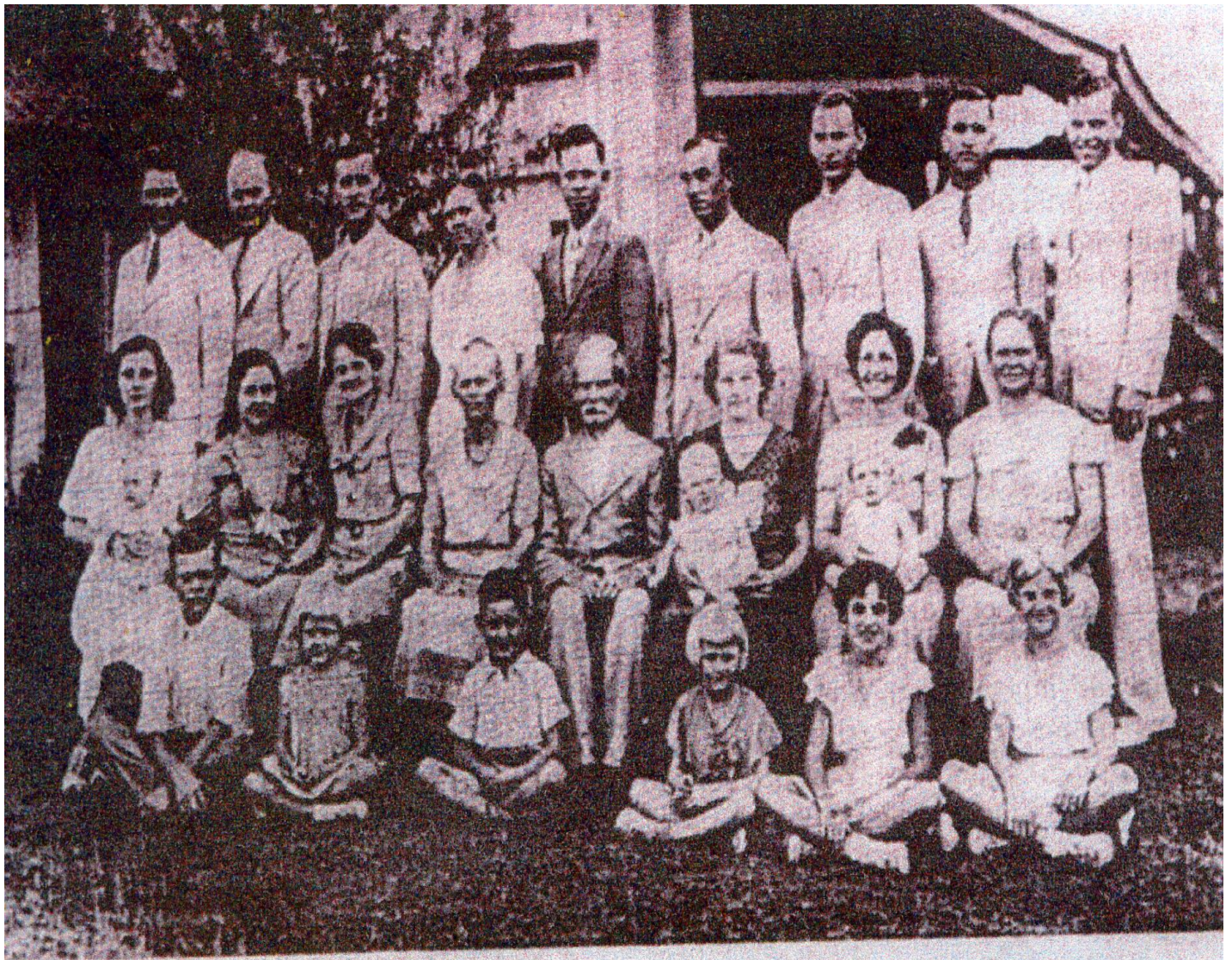


Daisy (King) Randall & Alexander E. Rambin son Of Azenor & Marie Angela (Polvado) Rambin  
Grandson of Jean & Lenora (Tessier) Polvado





James Rambin family. Son of Azenor & Maria Angela (Polvado) Rambin  
Great Grandson of Jean & Lenora Tessier Polvado



James Rambin Family. (back row): Otis Alexander Rambin, Jessie James Rambin, Conda H. Muckleroy, Lorraine Sparks (DeValcourt), Lester B. Sparks, James Roy Waldron, Ottie Kye Rambin, William All Sparks, William Clyde Sparks. (middle row): Bettie Bell (Smith) Rambin holding Barbara Rambin, Elmer (Peterson) Rambin, Emma Ethel Rambin (Muckleroy), Anna LeClara (King) Rambin, James Rambin holding Georgia Rosine Rambin Waldron holding JoAnn Waldron, Elaine (Curington) Rambin holding Peg Rambin, Mollie Frances Rambin Sparks. (bottom row): James Thomas Rambin, Anna Laura Muckleroy, Billy Conda Muckleroy, Rhoda Jean Waldron, Margaret Elaine Rambin, Ruby Katherine Sparks, Johnson, picture made in 1934 at James Rambin home on Logansport Road in Pisgah Community.



John A Polvado--Brother Unknown  
Polvado  
1841-1932



John A and Aunt Jane Ratliff

1866-1960



Aunt Jane

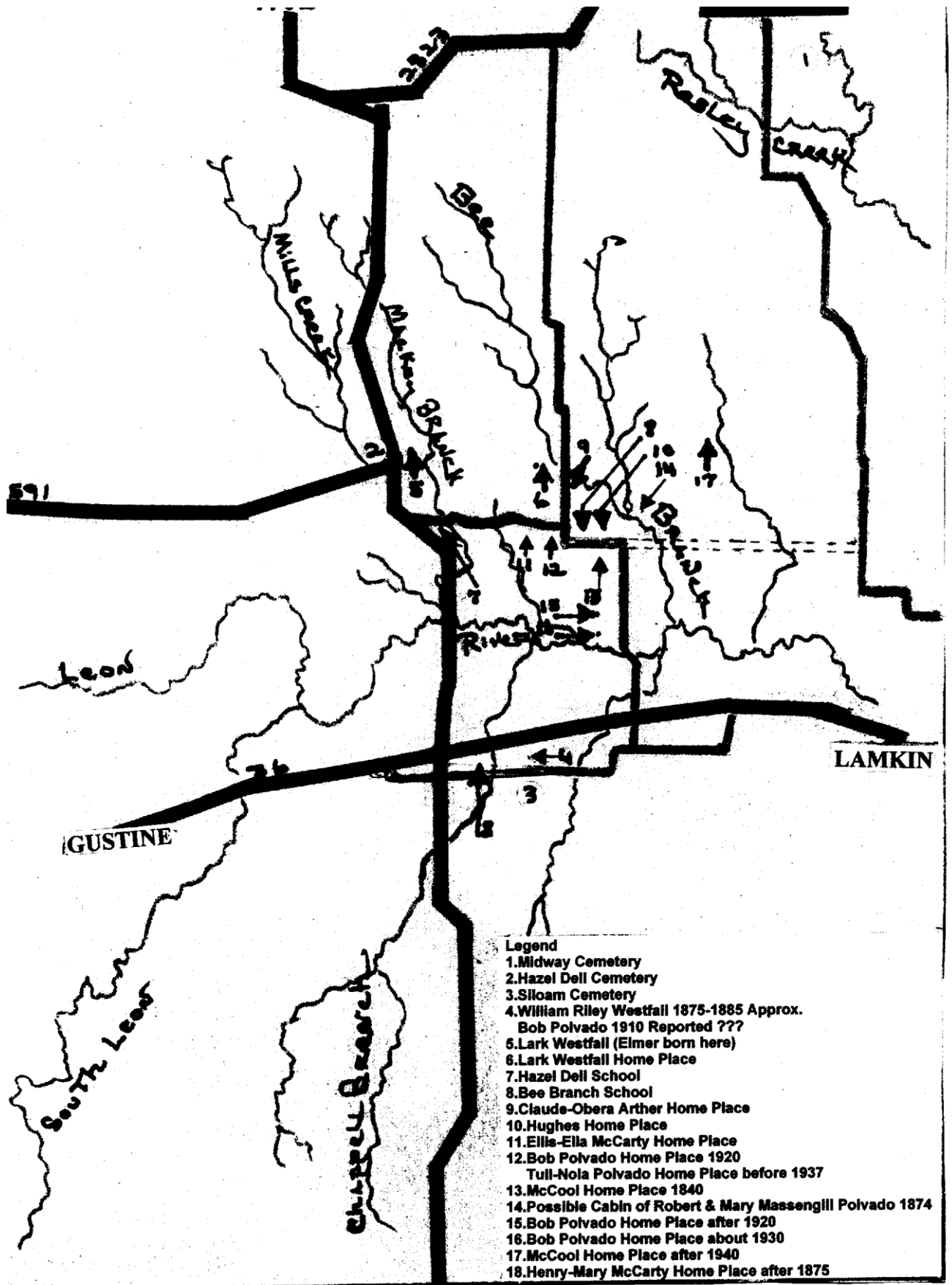


John A and Aunt Jane Polvado About 1930



Simon Polvado—John A. son..1887—1979







**Mary Massengill—Eva McCarty Morris After 1890  
Robert William Polvado's Mother**



**Mary Massengill McCarty—Eve McCarty—Henry McCarty After 1890**

viary massengill mccarty--Eva mccarty--Henry mccarty After 1890





Robert William Polvado About 1895





Robert William Polvado About 1895



Wiley Isacc Floyd Rebecca Polvado Floyd About 1895  
Rebecca is Joseph and Malissa Polvado's daughter





Marion Conway--Brother of Lillie Susan Conway  
Bob Povado's Brother in Law





Lillie Susan Conway Polvado--Robert William Polvado  
Linnie Mae Polvado--Tull Monroe Polvado 1904



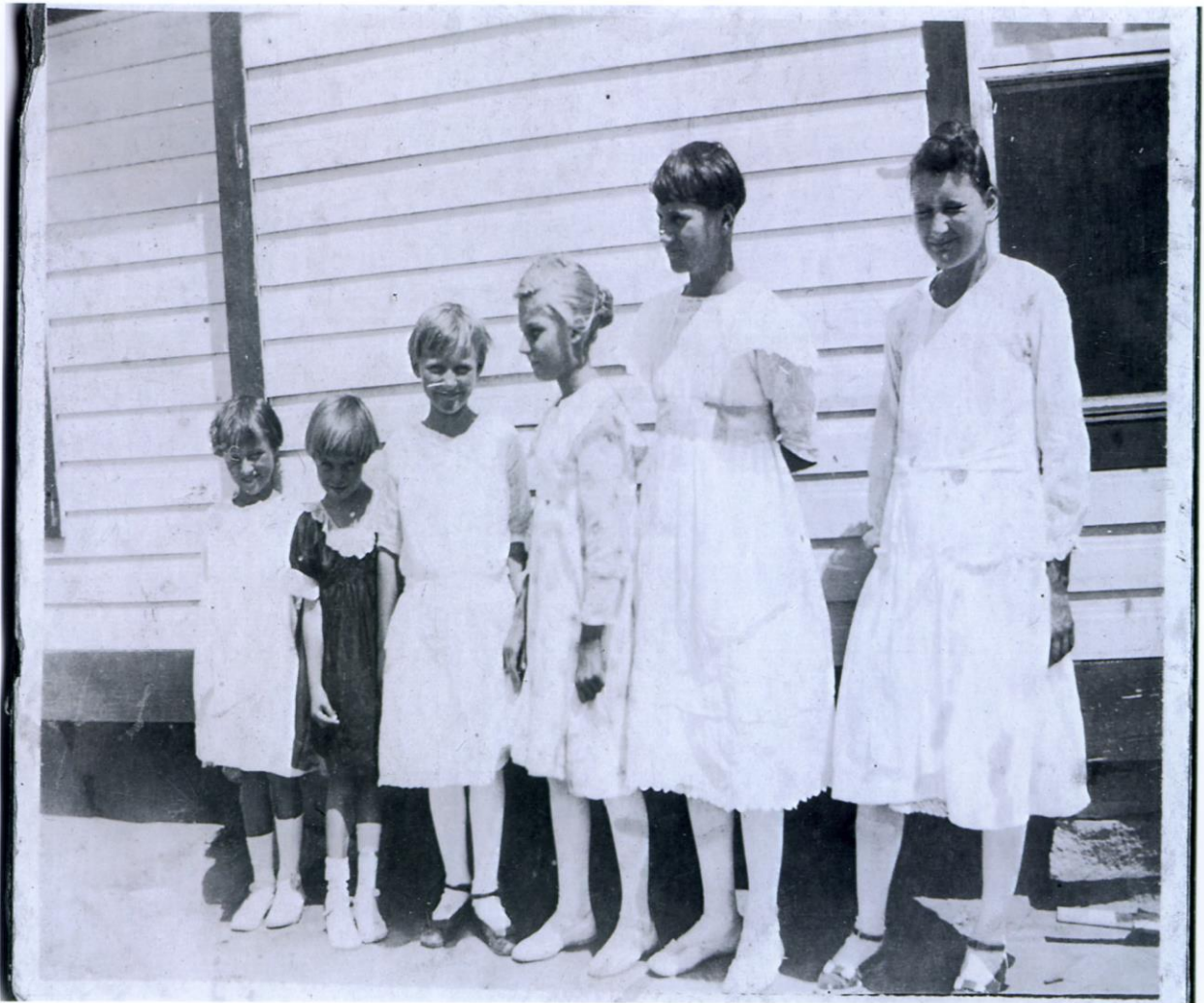
Lillie Susan Conway About 1915







**Lillie Susan Conway (about 1904)**



**Figure 1**RIGHT TO LEFT LINNIE MAE, DICIE, IDELL, NETHA, FAMILY FRIEND, THELMA-1917--1918





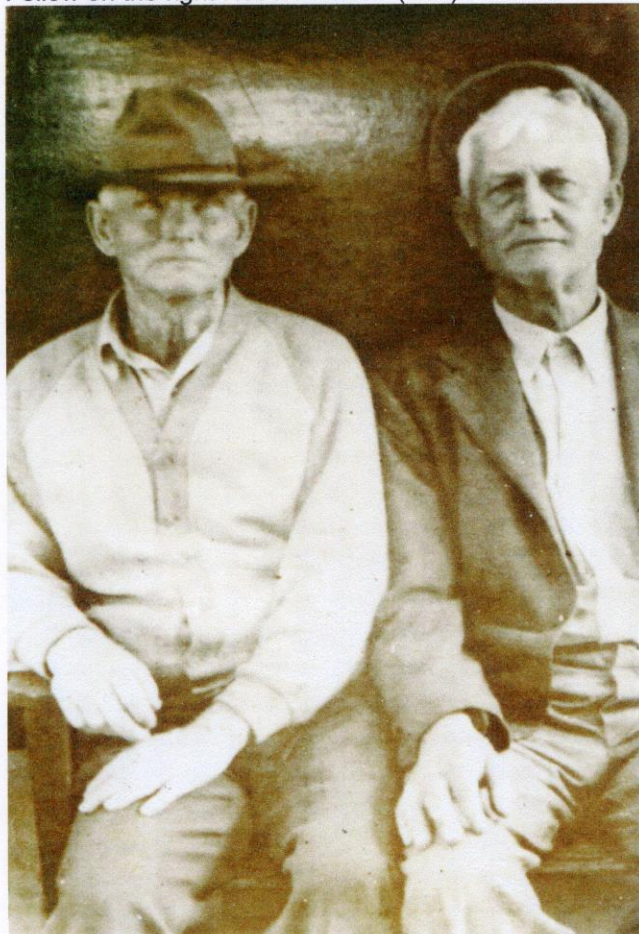
Inetha--Tull Monroe--Robert William--Dicie--Thelma 1919 Mom & two sisters  
two sister gone



Back Pearl Polvado McCollum Ella Leticia Floyd Jenkins  
Seated Jason Alonzo Floyd---"First Cousins"  
Pearl & Bob Polvado are 1/2 brother & sister.  
About 1905



Fellow on the Left Cowboy Hat?????  
Fellow on the right Robert William (Bob) Polvado





Leldon Polvado Jones---William Robert Polvado's second child--First marriage  
Evva F Jones & Bob's second son





Dicie Polvado--Robert William Polvado's (Bob) Daughter  
Dicie and her Husband Bishop

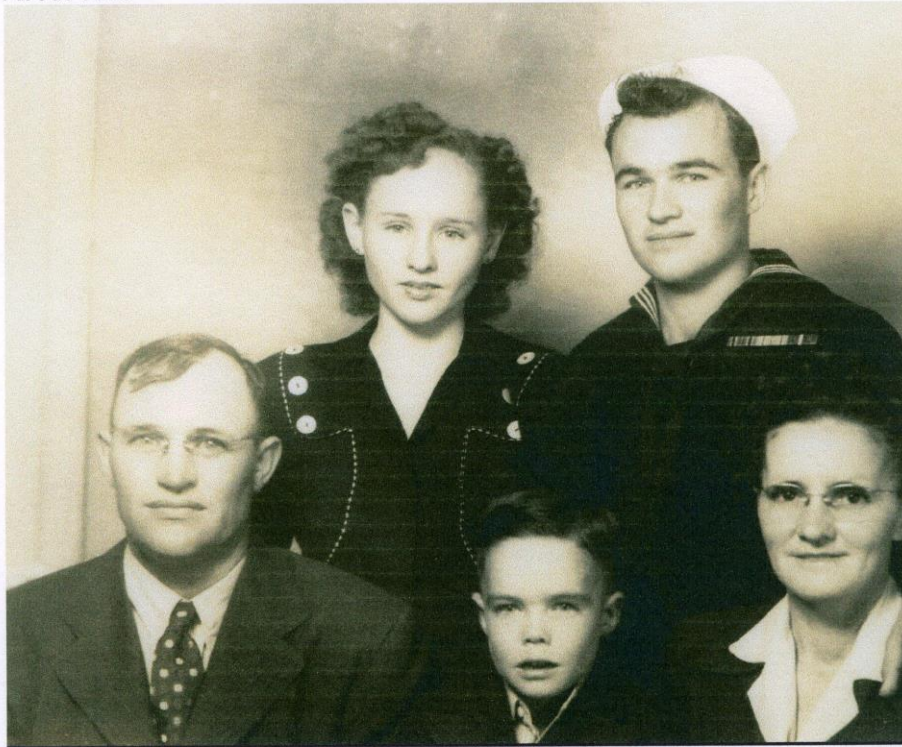




Inetha Polvado Spivey--William Robert Polvado's Daughter--Artie Spivey  
Grand daughter



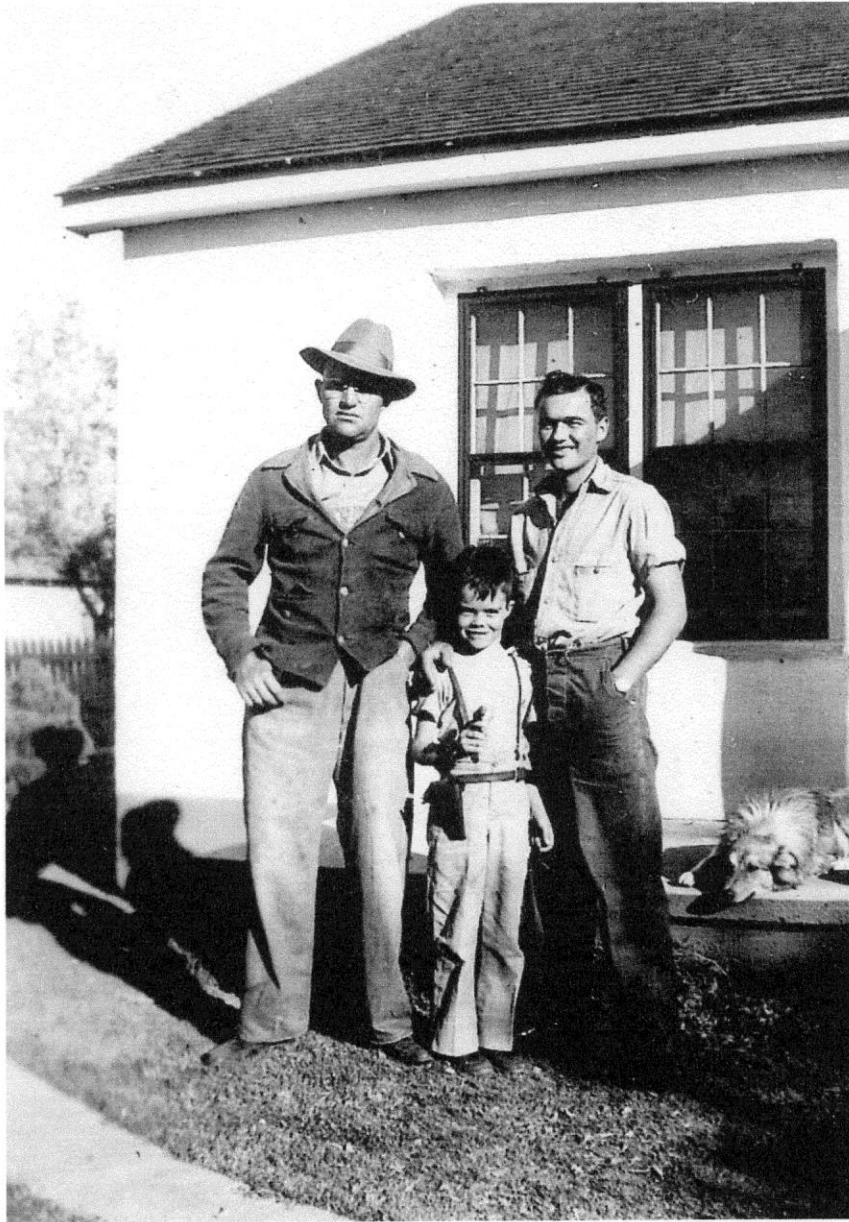
Back Row Martha Lynn Mitchell Polvado--Doyle Ray Polvado  
Tull Monroe-Billy Jerry-Nola Shannon (Westfall) Polvado  
About 1943



Billy Jerry Polvado About 1942



Tull Monroe--Billy Jerry--Doyle Ray Polvado & "Buster Polvado"  
About 1943





Darla Polvado---Jerry Polvado



Janice Darlah Renfro Polvado 1957



Janice Renfro Polvado 1957



**Figure 2 Darla Denise Polvado Ab 1960**





Darla Denise Polvado About 1965



Darla Polvado About 1977

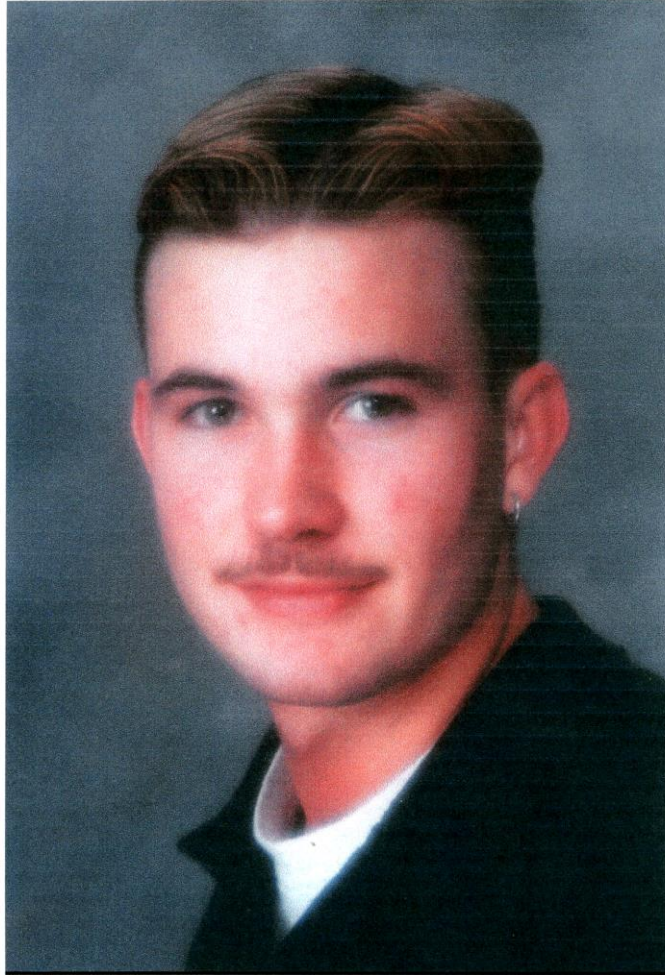


Left to Right Milissa Smoot-Karla Polvado Smoot-Chris Tubbs-Darla Polvado  
Tubbs About 1987





Chris Tubbs--Darla Polvado's Son 1997

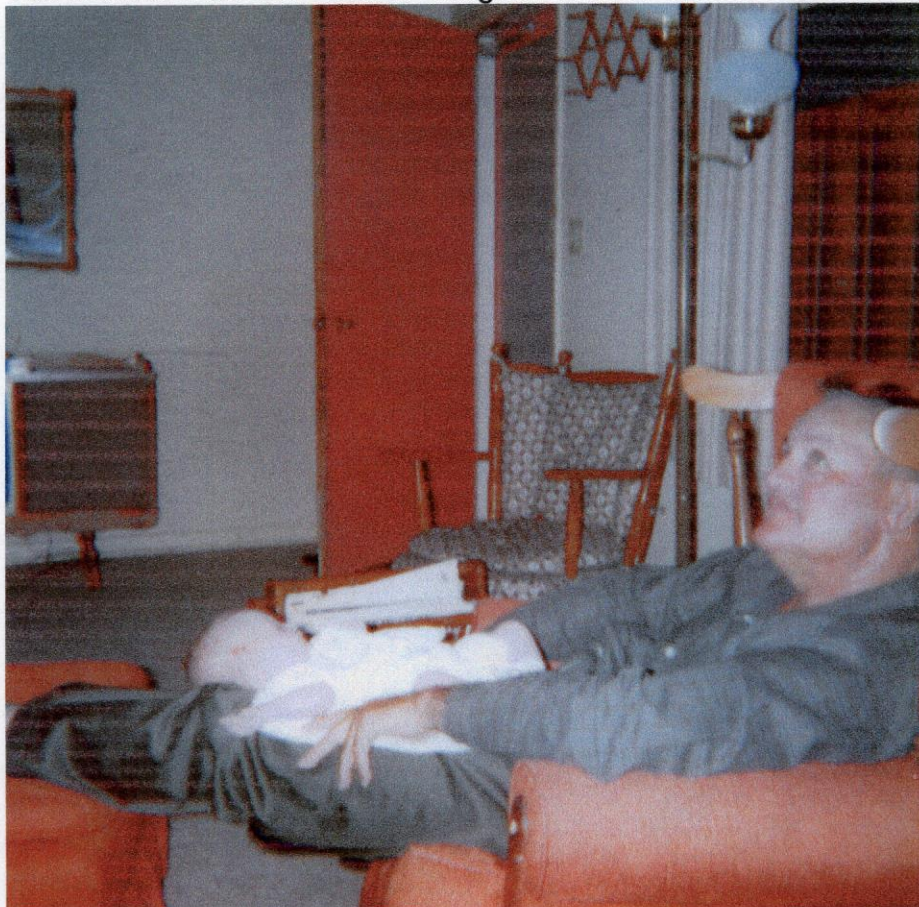




Karla Polvado Nelson-Jerry Polvado-Darla Polvado Tubbs About 1987



Tull Monroe Polvado--Grand daughter Karla Polvado About 1964

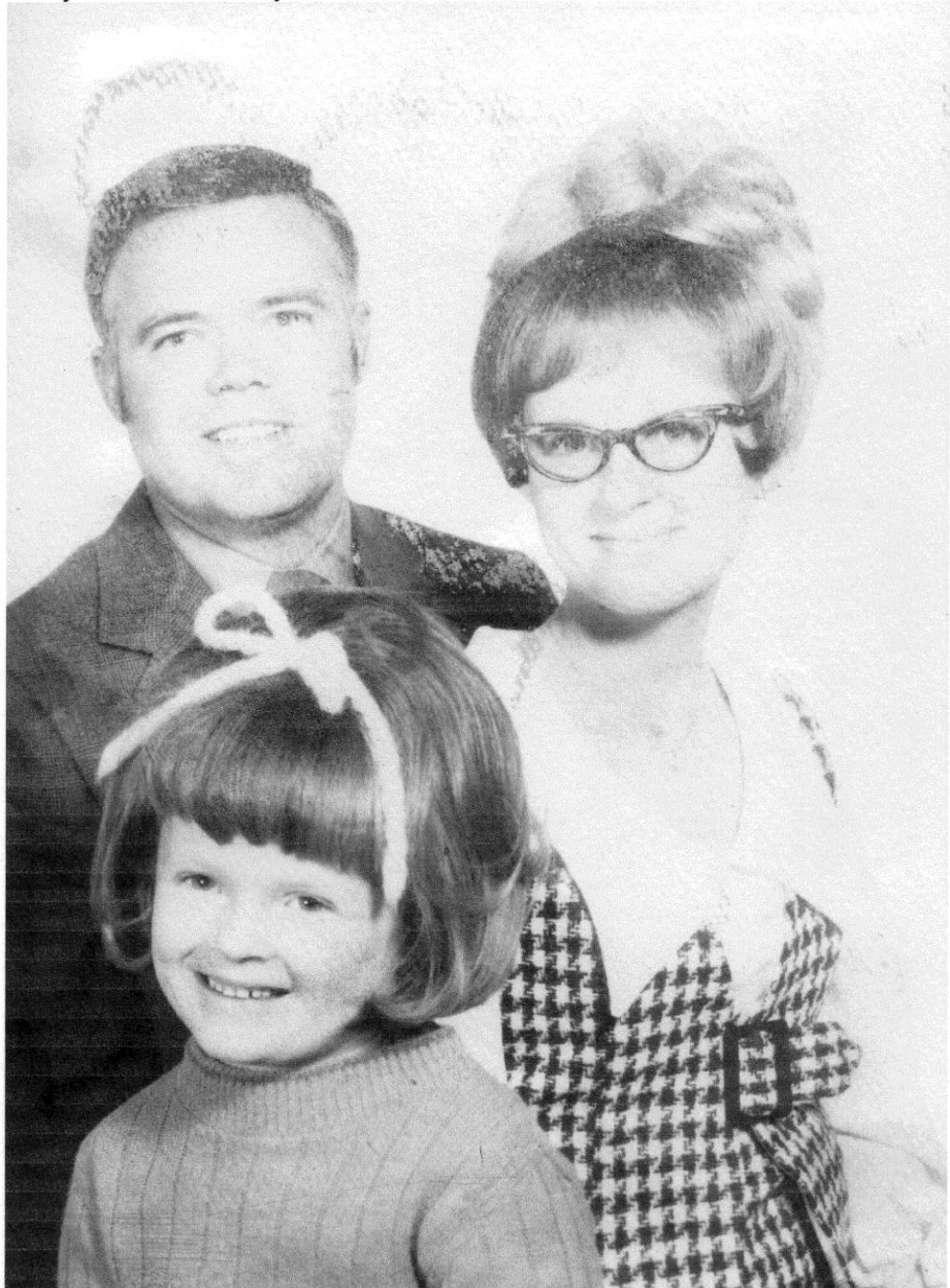




Karla Kaprice Polvado About 1969

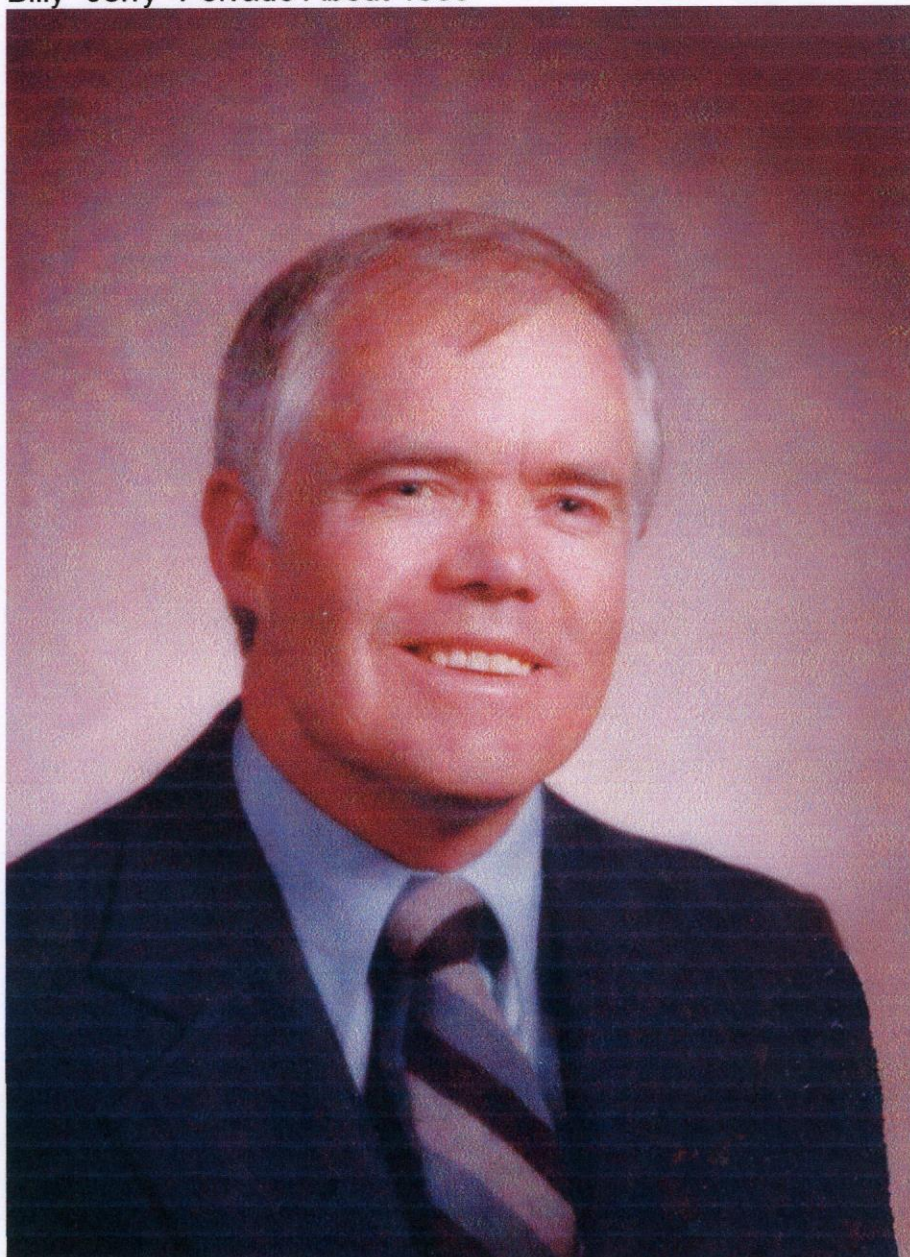


Jerry--Charlotte Kay--Little Karla 1970



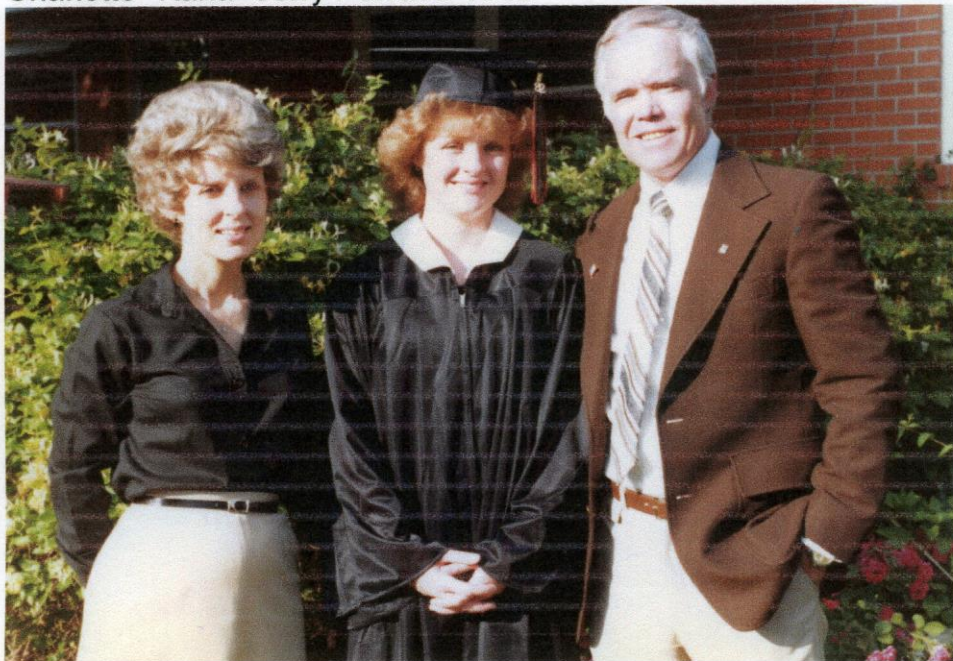


Billy "Jerry" Polvado About 1985





Charlotte--Karla--Jerry Polvado 1982



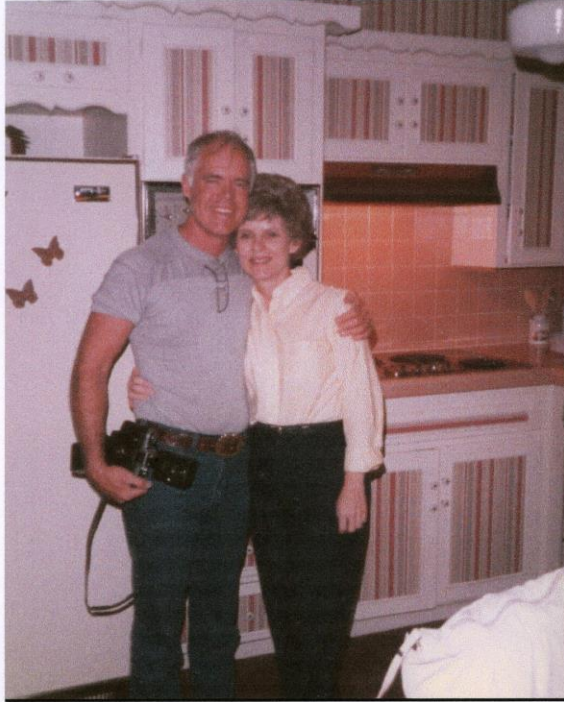


Karla Kaprice Polvado 1982





Jerry--Charlotte Polvado  
About 1984

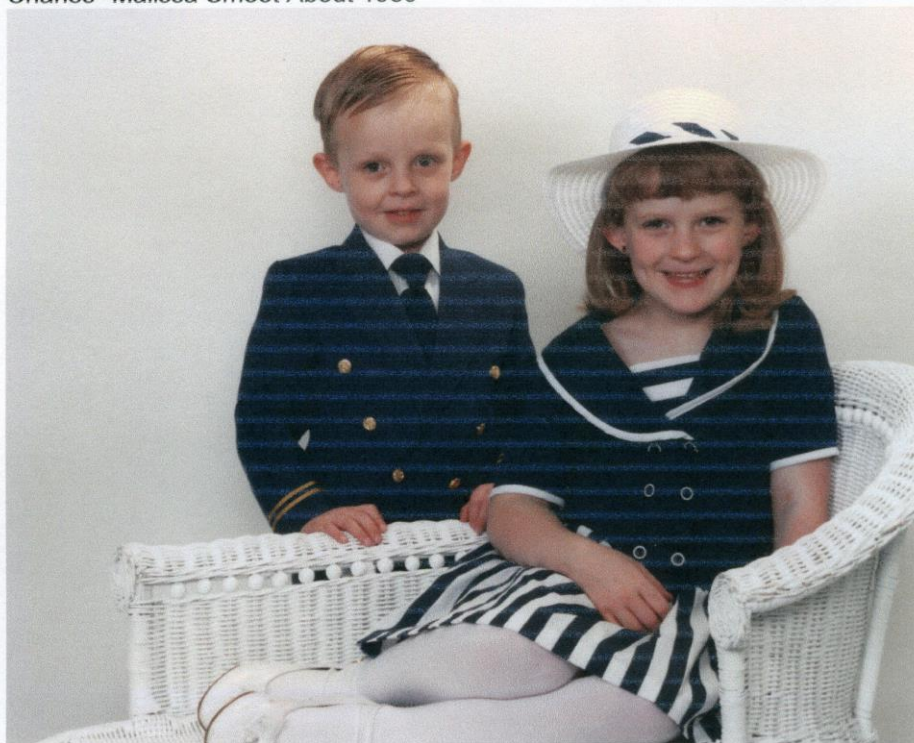


Nola--- Charlotte Polvado





Charles--Malissa Smoot About 1989



Left to right back row Jerry Polvado-Milissa Smoot-Karla Nelson-Charlotte  
Polvado  
Front row Charles Smoot About 2004



Jerry--Mary--Harley





Mary Jane Polvado 1998





Jerry Polvado About 1998





Mary Jane Polvado 1998



# WESTFALL FAMILY tree

**1. Jurian (Van Vestvael) Westfall**

**Born March 12 1628 Lynderrap Holland**

**Died July 1 1667 Kingston Ulster NY**

**Maritje Hanson**

**Born 1640 Albany NY**

**Died Kingston Ulster NY**

**2. Johannes Jurian Westfall**

**Born 1654 Kingston Ulster NY**

**Died 1725 Kingston Ulster NY**

**Maritje Jacobz Cool**

**3. Jurian Westfall**

**Born April 02,1684 Kingston Ulster NY**

**Died December 1741 Staunton Augusta VA**

**Styntic Van Kuydendall**

**Born April 02 1682 Kingston Ulster NY**

**4. Johannes Westfall**

**Born June 24 1711 Kingston Ulster NY**

**Died 1765 Minisink Orange NY**

**Appolonia Kortright**

**Born August 11 1706 Kingston Ulster NY**

**Died 1756 Minisink Orange NY**

- 5. Daniel Westfall**  
**Born August 22 1733 Minisink Orange NY**  
**Died January 10 1810 Brooks Bullitt KY**

**Hannah Ann**  
**Born August 26 1744 VA.**  
**Died 1822 Brooks Bullitt KY**

- 6. Samuel Westfall**  
**Born 1778 Deerpark Orange NY**  
**Died 1852 Sabine LA-TX**

**Nancy Ann Slaughter**  
**Born 1787 Richmond NC**  
**Died 1860 TX**

- 7. Zachariah Westfall**  
**Born April 11 1810 Sabine LA-TX**  
**Died December 18 1877 Blanco TX**

**Nancy Smith (Slaughter-1<sup>st</sup> Cousin)**  
**Born December 21 1820 MS**  
**Died March 1897 Coke TX**

- 8. William Riley Westfall**  
**Born February 1839 Sabine LA-TX**  
**Died October 17 1919 Thurber TX**

**Sarah Ellen Gray**  
**Born 1844 TN**  
**Died 1871 Coryell County TX**



**9. Alonzo Larkin Westfall**

**Born December 12 1869 Coryell County TX**

**Died January 1966 Dublin TX**

**Sarah Margaret (Maggie) Boyd**

**Born January 26 1885 Comanche County TX**

**Died April 17 1912 Comanche County TX**

**10. Nola Shannon Westfall Polvado**

**Born May 26 1908 Comanche County TX**

**Died October 13 1987 Amarillo TX**

## **WESTFALL**

**I dedicate this story to the most wonderful person I ever knew, my beautiful and good hearted mother, Nola Shannon Westfall Polvado. For those of you who didn't have the honor, one word described her, "Love". Her goal in life was to please. She had no enemies, and no ill-feelings toward anyone. She never met a stranger. Every duty she performed as a daughter, sister, wife, mother, and friend was carried out to the utmost. She did not financial weath in life, but would share that she did have. God blesses this Earth with angels among us, and my brother and I had ours with Mom.**

**My studies into the Westfall lineage led me to the Netherlands, 1642. The people were under the rule of many countries. Many conflicts over religion, government, and land marked this tumultuous time.**

**The "New World" was the talk of European countries. Rulers and ruling bodies realized the importance of establishing a presence in this new land. In addition, European "commoners" were living only a basic existence in their homeland and were anxious for a better way of life. They had paid their taxes, fought in wars, obeyed rule, but did not have right to worship as they pleased. Thus, a twofold solution evolved for the**

county. The European country could acquire land, establish colonies and gain wealth from trade. For the “commoners”, they had the opportunity to better themselves by owning land, having an income, hope for success.

Think of the undertaking this involved. Financing the venture, the distance and risk involved, the amount and wide variety of supplies essential for survival in an unknown land, the number of people necessary for effective colonization, to name but a few. People were chosen deliberately, and a general guideline follows...1% aristocracy, 10% servant, 10% labor, and 79% military or skilled. Leadership in the colony was a huge responsibility. Law had to be kept within and responsibilities to the investors and ruling country had to be continued.

Contracts were made with the colonists before leaving, usually specifying length of service and means of payment for service. Typically, the colonist could either return to the old country afterward with a cash settlement, or receive land in the new country. As most settlers' had either never owned land, or had owned only a small patch, this was a rarely afforded chance to become self-sufficient. In the New World, the Native American Indians had roamed and lived off the land for many years, unencumbered by law, borders, or restrictions. This basic difference between the two groups and the ensuing conflict would echo throughout the years.

Jurian Westphalen/Westvall, 1629-1668(?) was the son of Nickolas/Simon/Joachim and Neeltje Duackenbos/Elizabeth Utecht Westphalen/Westvall. (Unsure which of these names, as records are unclear?) He signed a contract with a Netherlands colony company at the age of seventeen, sailed to the New World, and landed at New Amsterdam, New York, August 4, 1642. Ready and eager to fulfill his obligation, he traveled 135 miles up the Hudson River to an outpost at Fort Orange, New York. (Albany) At that time, he was identified as a servant of Killiaen Van Reassalaer. Although he was among his fellow countrymen, all were of mixed ancestry, (French, English, Spanish, and German) due to invasion and leadership struggles in the Netherlands by those countries.

I think of Jurian on occasion, as he sailed up the Hudson. Can you just imagine the sense of adventure this seventeen year old experienced? Admiring the beauty of this unsettled countryside, with the scent of the

river, the sounds of the birds and native animals, the water lapping against the bow, not to mention fear of the unknown and this far away from family. I consider the personality of the Westfalls' today and it's known they have a special talent for making friends at every turn. (Don't forget my mother never met a stranger!) I believe Jurian had no trouble finding comrades during his trip and through his years of service.

In 1653, Jurian fulfilled his contract and left his job, then traveled with a man named "Peale" to New Amsterdam, where he was awarded seventy acres of land. Somewhere close to 1654, he wed Maritje/Marritje/Marytjen/Codebec, later known as "Mary".

Later in the Colonial years of America there was a very historical artist by the name of Peale. He did many paintings of early on Government figures such as our first president George Washington. Not sure if this is the friend of Jurian, or a relative, but just thought it worthy mentioning.

Soon, he and twelve others petitioned Peter Stuyvesant for establishment of the Dutch Reformed Church of New York, Kingston. (Known earlier as the Esopus British Church... There was a branch of the Delaware Indians (Esopus) in this area, and also a creek by this name nearby.

Jurian and Mary's first of eight children arrived quickly after their marriage, Johannes Jurian. (Wife was Maritje Jacobz Cool) During the child bearing years, Jurian and Mary made the acquaintance of a Lord Thomas Chambers, who became an important figure to the family in later years. Awarded the title "Lordship" by a Governor Lovelace, for military service to the colony, Thomas became prosperous and influential in Kingston. At the young age of thirty-seven, Jurian was killed by Native Indians while providing "guild" service to British soldiers. It was now 1666 and Mary was a widow with six children in a new and wild country. At some point, Thomas Chambers apparently came to the aid of Mary Westfall and children. One son used the name "John Westfall of Fox Hall", and this was the name of Chambers' estate. (John later bought land in Machachemeck, and died in 1775) The connection to Chambers may be the reason that future family thought the original Westfall immigrant was a "Lord" or "Peer".

Mary and Jurian's son Nicholas (wife Sarah) had a son named Petrus, born in 1728. Petrus had a son (named for him) taken captive by Indians



as a boy. As was often done, they raised him as one of the tribe. In 1756, the father Petrus was killed in the Minisink Settlement while protecting them from Indians.

Of note, other defenders Geradus Swartwout and Samues Finch were also killed and found in higher country with no clothes, and scalped. A few miles away, a father and daughter were shot at as they passed by an old house while hauling hay. As an armed Indian attempted to nab the daughter, the father grabbed a pitchfork and managed to free her. Upon escaping to the cellar, the father was shot in the shoulder and arm while trying to hold the cellar door closed. His son rode up during this time, sending the Indian into hiding. A few minutes later, the Indian returned with two others, but fled after assessing the situation.

Sometime later, son Petrus was notified of his father's death and returned for his inheritance. Petrus's mother recognized him, but that is all that is known of the encounter. Choosing not to stay with his blood family, he returned to the tribe, and was made chief, marrying a "flower" of the tribe.

Unfortunately, as the search continues, lineage becomes muddled with each generation of Westfalls. First names repeatedly used, makes recorded family stories unclear as to which generation or individual it happened to. The direct descendant list has been included with this story, for research use. Unless specified, I use the first names of the family followed by W. for a Westfall in my stories, but cannot pinpoint the exact individual.

Other family members were having problems with the Indians during this time period. By this date the Westfall family was in about the 3<sup>rd</sup> and 4th American generation. They are using the same first names over and over again. June 13, 1758, one Jurian W. and his family, with fifteen soldiers of a New York detachment was surrounded at his home. They moved into the cellar, but were eventually able to drive the Indians off. Seven were killed, but only one was scalped.

In 1769, a settlement on Decker's Creek was attacked. A report states that the "Thorn brothers, their brother-in-law, and (Abel W.'s family)" were killed. Abel was taken captive and later released, having only his family's graves to come home to.

**The Revolutionary War of 1776 found John and Sarah (Vernoy) W.'s three sons fighting with the Patriots. This John W could very well be the son of Daniel and Hanna Ann Westfall our direct descendant. If you consider the date of the war and the family genealogy the 5<sup>th</sup> and 6<sup>th</sup> generation of Westfall men probably took part. Captain Abel W. served with the 8<sup>th</sup> Virginia Regiment 1776-1778. Brother Cornelius enlisted in the same company and was an Orderly Sergeant, then Ensign in 1777. (Cornelius applied for pension in 1834, but a neighbor accused him of lying about serving. In the record, Cornelius replies, 'You don't know as much as you think you do'. He did receive his pension.) Abraham served as a private with his brothers in 1778.**

**One must consider the plight of the Patriot fighter. Women as well as men took up the fight. They left their family back home to all the difficult of frontier life. Indian attack and starvation were two life threatening risks without his presence. Add to this the general conditions of military life- and the reports of inadequate clothing and food during winter. They constantly worked at building defenses, traveling, and fighting many times outnumbered. Most accounts state that George Washington had a difficult time keeping a fighting army...The numbers fluctuated between 8,000 to 12,000 men and women.**

**The first major encounter of war took place in Boston causing the Brits and their local support to steal away in the night. Cannon fire had been exchanged prior to this, with very little effect to either side. The very early morning of March 17 1776 a total of 11,000 boarded 120 ships and sailed for New York City. This would provide the Brits an import city for supplies and troop replacement. At this time New York was a city of 20,000 people crowded into less than a square mile. Washington had no use for the city stating it was dirty, and the people sinful. Others said however it was modern import community with ship building, small farms, big estates, and handsome women.**

**Among the famous battles waged at this time, record indicates that the Westfall brothers' company was present at the largest one day engagement of the revolution at Monmouth, New York. Sir Henry Clinton, headquartered around what is Manhattan today, had 10,000 British troops, while General Charles Lee, controlled the White Plains area with only 5,000 men. When Lee's troops reacted badly to the battle**

situation and tried to run, they were stopped by a furious George Washington and his men coming up to reinforce Lee. Nine days of continued fighting followed (close to where Yonkers and the Bronx are today) with the Stockridge and Mohican Indians taking part against the English. The Indians are recorded as having out fought both sides.

I have to inject a little humor here. My daughter asked me the question after reading over my first draft, “Dad, is this suppose to be a history lesson?” She did her best to soften the effect of a history lesson and create a family story, but also keep her dad happy. So if you find a problem with history you might just better put this down for there’s more to come!!!!

George Washington was a strapping man of 6 foot 2 inches and 200 pounds. He was a Virginia soldier with reddish brown hair, gray blue eyes, and a very prominent nose. He is said to set a horse like a Virginia gentlemen. There was no hint of arrogance, and amiable and modest were words used to describe him.

George and Martha had a lovely home that looked upon the Potomac just south of Alexandria. George spent his spare time with the plans of construction of their home during the war. This served as an outlet from the daily struggles of the war effort. This home on the Potomac has an unequal serenity about it. The river, home, stables and path to their graves where they rest will touch your heart and soul. I know this for I stood and bowed before their resting place.

America finally won its independence and troops were able to go home. Our family took their place in the community, becoming sheriffs, county clerks, and Governor appointed judges. Active in their churches, they helped spread the word, and learned/taught basic reading and writing. (as was done in most churches during this time)

There became a desire after the revolution for new opportunity and the movement commenced. The more adventurous left for the west and south quickly, while others waited to hear news before selling and heading out.

The Westfall family moved to Randolph County, Virginia. (Named for Jennings Randolph, 1753-1813, a founding father of this country) The state is rife with an Indian population of Huron, Iroquois, Mohawk,

**Onondaga, Cayuga, Oneid, Seneca, and Cherokee. Countless lives were lost in battles between the settlers' and Indians throughout these years. I'm sure many Westfall men and women took up arms and fought bravely against the Indian Nations. Jacob W. served with George Rogers Clark (Lewis and Clark) and was a First Lieutenant in the Augusta Monongahalia Military. Jacop W.'s story would undoubtedly be of interest.**

**May 28, 1787, Jacob and George Westfall attended a county court meeting three miles south of present day Beverly, Virginia. Eleven people convened at the home of Benjamin Wilson, where Jacob was named the first County Sheriff. Citizens from Leading Creek were in attendance, and asked that the court house be located in their area. James W had also offered one acre of land (and the timber on it) for this purpose. The offer of James's land was the deciding factor. After construction of the court house, James W. asked for consideration of a township on more of his adjoining property. Soon, the area was sub-divided and lots were sold, making way for Beverly, Virginia. (Borrowing the name from the Governor's wife and the offer of land probably lined James pocket somewhat)**

**Slavery was quite evident at about this time. One John W. died in 1789, and his will stated "Negro Jack and Wench Megigen", as well as a third of moveable property and land, be left to his wife. "Negro Tom" was to become property of his son Isaac W. with the other two-thirds of the moveable property and land to be divided among all his children. (As you are aware, slaves had no last names, sometimes taking their owners' names after being freed)**

**Now to our direct lineage...Daniel Westfall was born in 1744, at Minisink settlement Orange, New York. He married Hanna Ann in 1761, and had children in the same area. In 1769, they were listed as West Virginia residents for a short time, but returned to Orange County, New York (Deer Park) during the Revolutionary War. Son Samuel was born, and the family moved to Kentucky between 1783 and 1810. (Where there was a large iron manufacturing company)**

**At the time Samuel left his family in Kentucky he had two routes with which to reach his next home in Mississippi. He could have made this trip by flat bottom boat down the Mississippi or he could have come overland**



as many did. His soon to be bride Nancy Slaughter was born in Richmond South Carolina and her family also eventually called Mississippi their home.

Samuel married Nancy Slaughter. Her grandfather William was a Major in the American Army, and his four younger brothers were all high-ranking officials in the Virginia Army. The Slaughter family as well as the Westfall family were hard working and ambitious. Both families believe in supporting the efforts of a strong and united country. On through the years, the Slaughter family continued to succeed, particularly Nancy's nephew, C.C. Slaughter. More about the Slaughter family to come...

As stated earlier, people migrated to the south and west during this period. Many families moved from New York south to the Virginias and the Carolinas, then south to Mississippi. The land was easy to clear, the climate good for farming. The Mississippi River provided easy transport of goods and people. Trade with Europe and Mexico was in full swing. Samuel and Nancy settled in Mississippi and there the family as well as their financial affairs grew. Although I see no ownership of large amounts of land or assets, life was without a doubt much better in this new place.

Cotton was in dire need through out the world. Population explosion and lack of land in which to grow the fabric for clothing created a good cash return for the farmer. The "White Weak Minded" took advantage of the black people. These poor people were used to farm large tracks of land. This was not always the case. Samuel and Nancy had no slaves and the entire family worked the land. There was a very deep resentment by many whites over this issue. The white woman was not a slave, but she had few rights either.. She could not sign a contract nor could she vote. A woman without a man in her life found herself having to live with her children or family. There was injustice for black and white people.

Eventually, Samuel and Nancy became interested in migration to Texas, a part of Mexico at that time. Mexico had just fought the war with Spain, and was in need of income. They also needed to settle Texas with new citizens of Mexico. Their government encouraged the Americans by offering free land grants. Land developers like Stephen F. Austin and Jim Bowie contracted with the Mexican Government to assist in this

venture. In order to acquire Texas land, Mexico required all to become a Mexican citizen, become Catholic, and provide necessary documentation of such. Many of these statements are housed in the Texas State Library.

Our family probably took a well known trail into Texas. Many came by way of Natchez, Mississippi and picked up the “Natchez Trail” to Natchitoches, Louisiana, and on to Nacogdoches, Texas. During this time there was a saying in the States, “You can go to hell or you can go to Texas”.

Samuel and Nancy Westfall, and the Slaughter family settle in the Sabine, Texas area. (Along the Louisiana border) Their ninth child Zachariah Westfall married his first cousin, Marinda Smith daughter of Francis P. and Nancy “Ann” Smith. Nancy Ann’s dad was Richard Slaughter brother of Zachariah’s mother.

Texas was a foreign country ruled by Mexico and infested with very hostile Native Indians. The border between Mexico and Louisiana had a 25 mile wide section of land referred to as the Neutral Strip. If you created a crime in Texas or Mexico this area provided safe haven. As you can see this wasn’t a peaceful country to live in, and there was little law. The Slaughter and Westfall family faced day to day situations with the outright outlaw and Indians that would be hard for us to understand. They were armed day and night and very little would have set them off to use their firearms in order to protect family. Neighbors would travel together to even make a trip to town for buying and selling.

At this time, I will give you some historical information relating to the Texas area during our ancestors independence stand with Mexico. Settlers in Texas eventually wanted independence from Mexico, and one of the major issues was slavery. (England had a treaty with Mexico for the abolition of the slave trade and some Texans wanted the right to keep slaves) Trouble began when the Texas Army took San Antonio from General Cos and his army. Mexico considered this an act of war, and word spread that Mexican president and military leader Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna and his army were coming to take the city and their country back. On the morning of March 6, 1836 Santa Anna over threw Travis and his brave men at the Alamo. This was 16 days after our Great-Great grandparents Zachariah and Marinda were married in Sabine Texas. George Webb Slaughter (son of Walter Slaughter and

**Susannah Webb) served as a courier under Sam Houston and is credited with delivering a message to William B. Travis at the Alamo.**

**The Texas Army, under Travis had lost approximately 160 men to the Mexican army. Those not lost in the fight were murdered by Santa Anna. The Mexican army lost approximately 400 and had many more wounded. Santa Anna then moved his troops to Goliad, Texas, where General Fannin of the Texas army surrendered over three hundred men. The men were separated into two groups, marched out of town, stripped and shot without burial- almost thirty men escaped.**

**The Mexican army continued south while burning, looting, killing animals and people. By April 1836, there was a mass exit of settlers, who left their farms with what they could load onto a wagon. Many buried or hid valuables that couldn't be taken with them. Along the road to the United States, as well as the ferry locations Sam Houston had troops assigned to take guns, powder, horses, mules, cows and other supplies the fleeing settlers could spare, on behalf of the war effort. People were given a promise of repayment from the Texas government, although it wasn't worth more than the paper it was written on. The main logic everyone on that road used was to leave before being murdered by the Mexican Army.**

**Texan troops' backs were to the wall with the Mexican army bearing down on their location. After hearing the outcome of Goliad and the Alamo they knew the options were to run or fight. After the Alamo defeat, Houston had sent Thomas Green to Mississippi and Louisiana to raise volunteers. James Bowie's brother Rezin whose eye sight was failing, was commissioned couldn't deter the wish to avenge his Brother Jim Bowie's murder. The regiment (whose members included those with family interest in Texas) set out for the journey May 5, but arrived too late.**

**Santa Anna had marched his troops to near exhaustion as he did making their way up from Mexico. He set his camp near present day Houston, and all was quiet that fatal day. "The Yellow Rose of Texas" song tells of a local mulatto lady who was visiting Santa Anna in his silk white tent at the time Sam Houston gave the order to attack. The silence was filled with shouts and screaming of "Remember the Alamo! Remember Goliad!". Suddenly without warning the Mexican camp exploded with**

shots fired at close range, and hand-to-hand combat ensued while guns were reloaded. The majority of the Mexican troops never reached their weapons. After a large death toll and scatter of the remainder, Texans began taking prisoners. In given time Santa Anna was identified by the prisoners, dressed in commoners' clothing. This was the battle of San Jacinto- Texas had won its independence, and Santa Anna was guaranteed his life in the Treaty of Velasco. The plan was to send Santa Anna back to Mexico to help smooth relations between the two states, but his departure was delayed by threats on his life by Texas troops including the Texas Rangers. He was put aboard a ship and eventually sent to Washington to meet President Jackson. There he declared himself the only person who could bring about peace for Texas. Unknown to any at this time, he was deposed "in absentia" by the Mexican government, and had no authority to represent them.

A brief history of the Texas Rangers: informally begun in the 1820's (by Stephen F. Austin) to protect settlers from Indian attack, the group was formally constituted in 1836. Lead by Capt. "Jack" Hays, they were trained to use the five shot Colt revolver, aiming, firing, and reloading from horseback. (The U.S. Army had turned this weapon down, and had to dismount before shooting/reloading cumbersome weaponry- the army soon adopted the same weapons and technique) The revolvers evolved into the famous, enhanced six-shot Walker Colt. During the ensuing Mexican American War, the Rangers were called "los Diablos Tejanos" or Texas Devils by the enemy. (Some of their volunteers had an unsavory past, and were known to kill innocent citizens while looting and terrorizing the Mexican countryside) Stories won them nationwide fame, and they became part of American folklore. Most of the force was disbanded after the war, as the protection of the frontiers became the duty of the U.S. Army.

After the Texas Revolution, Mexico refused to recognize the existence of the Republic of Texas, and declared its intention of recapturing the state. Texas officials were interested in being annexed into the United States, and in 1845 became the twenty-eighth state. War was declared in 1846 when Mexican forces killed eleven soldiers along the Rio Grande River. Debate was heavy on whether Mexico had "shed American blood on American soil", or if the soldiers crossed the river in order to deliberately provoke a war. In England, the House of Commons discussed the aggressive policies of the U.S. and the results of the U.S. gaining the



southwest and Gulf of Mexico. The principal consideration involved, however, was still slavery. It was England's policy to secure the universal abolition of the trade by treaties with the principal nations of the world. The Mexican-American War resulted in U.S. control of Texas, California, Nevada, Utah, and parts of Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, and Wyoming.

During this campaign Santa Anna and his family had another brush with the Texas Rangers while trying to move between the lines for protection. He and his family made a hasty ride down a dirt road lined on both sides with very grim looking Texas Ranger faces. Had it not been for Colonel Hays of Rip Ford's command, Santa Anna would have had his life taken by many who lost family in his murderous acts in 1836.

Settlers could now roam further west, and an estimated ten million Texas longhorn cattle were taken from the ranges and driven up the northern trails from 1866 to 1890. Range wars between free-range ranchers and farmers eventually led to private ownership, with fencing over nearly all open range.

Above is the "life and times" our family survived. Events not only shaped Texas future, but they shaped the personalities of all of us living in this great state today. This Texan attitude we inherited and it flows deeply within us today. We are a proud lot and always honor this heritage. This is a very reason for including this "history lesson". (By the way my daughter took the time to research the battle for Texas on the web for the above). Hahahahaha I love you Karla...

I would like to share some information regarding the Slaughters, who had married into our family Westfall family February 18, 1836. I believe you will find this family to be very interesting and great family to be associated with.

As stated before, Samuel and Nancy (Slaughter) Westfall had moved to the Sabine, Texas area along the Louisiana border. Nancy's families were making Texas their home during this time. George Webb Slaughter (1811-1895) was the brother of Nancy and credited for being a messenger to the Alamo for Houston. George's second name he inherited from his mother whose last name was Webb. George married Sarah Jane Mason in 1836, and became an ordained Baptist preacher in 1844. He preached

in Sabine and other counties, as well as ranching. He stated he took the opportunity to round up free range cattle without brands for income. This occasionally caused him to be late for his sermons! In 1857, after father Walter died, he bought and moved to a ranch five miles north of present day Palo Pinto, and spent the remaining years ranching, preaching, and practicing medicine in that area.

One of his eleven children was Christopher Columbus Slaughter, known as "C.C." He started his adult life helping his dad drive cattle and selling cowhides at market. One story said after he sold his first herd, he wanted a saddle, but didn't think he could afford it, so continued on bareback. Many years later he built a home and headquartered in present day Dallas. (Population just above 3,000 at this time) He and his brothers drove cattle, fought Indians, and ranched on his ever growing acreage. He stated that his cows were bedded down where Baylor hospital is today. They were along on cattle drives with Charles Goodnight and James Loving. The movie "Lonesome Dove" is loosely based on these characters. C.C. eventually owned over a million acres of land. (West of Lubbock to almost Dallas) He also owns a bank in downtown Dallas. He donated land and money for the building of Baylor hospital. When he died in 1919, his estimated worth was three million dollars, an unbelievable amount at that time. Within months of his death, a large oil reserve was discovered on his land west of Lubbock, Texas. Over the years since; there have been countless others, with long-producing oil and gas wells. Had his estate continued to own the land, no doubt this family would be one of the wealthiest families in the world. There is much more interesting information on this family, all available on the internet, it's worth the time.

I would like to return now to the Westfall family. Samuel and Nancy Westfall lived on a farm, raised eleven children, dieing in the Sabine Texas area. Their son Zach and his wife Marinda Smith (cousin) lived in Sabine twenty years and have eleven children, but eventually move to Blanco County. Zach died at sixty-seven, and Marinda (twenty years later) died at seventy-seven. Her picture is among the Westfall pictures. I have included a picture of the grave site of Marinda's parents "The Francis Smith Family". They signed the Texas Independence document and they have a gold medallion on their tombstones. This states that these two are considered by our great state Pioneer of Texas. Don't' forget that Francis Smith's wife is Nancy Ann "Slaughter".

**Their second born child William Riley, (1839-1919) was raised in the Sabine area, with his farming family. He was called to military service in Blanco County February 17, 1862. He reported to Mounted Ranger Company G (D), Capt. Charles Montel commanding, and was a cavalry soldier. He probably spent more time protecting the frontier than fighting the Civil War.(1861-1865) He then reenlisted December 29, 1862 To Company a, Mounted Frontier Regiment. James McCord commanded, under Capt. Lawhorn. He also served in the Pedernales Home Guard but his last assignment was at Camp Verde. It was reported that he performed his duty and was a good soldier; serving until the war was over-he was discharged honorably.**

**A little trivia: A bill was passed March 3, 1855 that appropriated \$30,000.00 for purchase of thirty three Arabian camels for the army. Camp Verde became the assigned post for the experiment. The herd was kept at the head waters of the San Pedro, with their permanent home at the camp. The herd grew to above eighty, and was more than capable of earning their keep but, the program was discontinued, and Camp Verde was closed in 1869.**

**William married Sarah Ellen Gray, who was the daughter of John Wesley and Mary McCalfrey. John Wesley from Tennessee and Mary McCalfrey Ireland, they had moved to Texas from Tennessee. William and Sarah married around 1867 in the Sabine area, and began life as a farming family. They had three children- Samuel Wesley, first son, became a stockman and followed rodeo performances across the country as a champion roper. Alonzo Larkin, the second child, was born in 1869, and was my grandfather. In 1871, after the birth of Marian Ellen, (“Aunt Ella” Huckabee in later years) Sarah died and was buried in Coryell County. I have a deep desire to find my great grandmother Sarah’s grave site. When all of this is finished that will be my first quest. Many researchers have Sarah living in Oklahoma and married to a William Westfall.. What are the odds of her leaving her husband William Riley, her children and marrying another William Westfall.. This is two different families—CASE CLOSED!!**

**Within that same year, William Riley married twenty two year old Mary E.A. Minchey and had the first of eight children, a daughter named Mary. All of their children were born in Comanche County, but in later**

years some of them moved to Oklahoma. AGAIN, there has been confusion here, because there seems to be another William (not Riley) and Sarah Westfall in Oklahoma, who have children. This Sarah died and was buried there years later, NOT “Sarah Ellen Gray Westfall”.

Many years later when William Riley applied for his pension check from the government, (for military service) and he was asked if he owned any property. He stated he owned his pony, and valued it at twenty dollars. I believe he had a great love for horses sense he spent so much of his life in the saddle. When he died, his son applied for the thirty dollar burial allotment, and he was buried on a hillside grave in Thurber, Texas October 17, 1919. Recently, I went to this cemetery to find his plot. Sadly, the cemetery had been vandalized, with markers broken and removed from their positions. This is a very sad situation for William Riley and all the others deserved better. When I think of William Riley I think about him as a cavalier soldier. Bet that guy in uniform, a straddle that “pony” got Sarah our Great Grandmother Sarah Ellen Gray’s attention.

My grandfather Alonzo Larkin married Georgia Howard December 3, 1893 but she died in childbirth with Damon Eli, in 1898. He then married Margaret “Maggie” Boyd. Their home was at the top of a hill in the Hazle Dell community, on a lane just off the main road. They also had a barn, chicken house, and cellar, with farmland to the southeast. They raised cotton, corn, grain, and vegetables with mules, horses, and the manual labor of the family. Everyone said they were a loving family.

In 1900, Maggie at fifteen years of age, and Larkin at thirty-one are married and have their first child Beulah. As you know, many women married early in those days. Their next children are William Elmer September 29, 1903, Obara Alma January 23, 1906, Nola Shannon May 29, 1908, and Wilmer Jackson- February 7, 1912. Maggie died due to complications of Wilmer’s birth, March 17, 1912. She had been a loving mother to all the children. Maggie loved her home at the top of the hill, and watched the children walk the lane west to the two room school. She tucked them in at night and laid down beside her husband to talk about her day. Upon her death, the family was devastated. Larkin, however, was devoted to his family and farm, and knew where his responsibilities. In later years, he said that he’d lost two wives, and would not bury another. Larkin was a godly man, and I believe his faith helped him



overcome the losses and helped provide for his family. His family spoke of him sitting in their home with his pipe in his mouth, reading his Bible.

After the loss of Maggie, Beulah was twelve years old, and probably became the “woman” of the house. I was around her only a few times and there’s no doubt she was a take charge individual. She learned this at a young age.

A few stories told to me about this family must be saved. Papa (Larkin) had a couple of mules who stayed in the barn at night. One of them had a bad habit of throwing his head up and away when Papa was trying to put his bridle on. One morning Papa wasn’t in the mood, and the mule started throwing his head up... Papa reached up, grabbed the mule by the ear, and bit down on it. Wilmer heard Papa shout, “BY GOLLY, I took a plug outta’ that mule’s ear!!” (‘By golly’ was his favorite and worse saying) Come to find out, that “plug” was one of Papa’s teeth... the mule had yank it out. Old mule’s ear was probably a little sore the next morning.

Uncle Eli once shot a hole in the kitchen ceiling... if you were to walk into that house today, you’d see a Mason jar lid covering the hole.

The Westfall home had a well that provided the family and the livestock with water. I asked Uncle Wilmer how the well was dug, and he replied, “by hand”. I can’t imagine being at the bottom of that well while the digging was going on. That well was about eighty feet deep, and the bottom was lined with rock. The cellar the family used for protection was hand dug by the family. It had shelves on the walls for canned goods, potatoes, and other items requiring a cool, dark place.

The house had an old fashioned lilac bush growing in the yard that I’d bet Papa set out. That pink Dorothy Perkins rose perfumed the air each spring for decades. The sound of a brass bell woke the kids up most every morning, as it was strapped to one of the horses. Papa brought him to the barnyard every morning waking his children. Then when they wipe their eyes and stumbled in there was our Papa in the kitchen, drinking his coffee and smoking his pipe. That’s a peaceful thought for those of us who knew this family

The first house on their property burned to the ground one day while the family was away. At the time it was thought that a relative named Abe had set it afire because he was mad at Papa. Abe had slept occasionally in a “lean to” at the back of the house, because he had no home. He traveled the area living in a wagon working odd jobs and camping out. Papa noticed that Abe had spit on the floor of the lean-to, and told him he could never stay there again. The house burning couldn’t be proven, so the issue wasn’t pressed.

The Westfall children attended the Hazle Dell, Texas School that was located two to three miles west of their home. This was a daily walk, and they had to take their three year old brother Wilmer with them. Papa was working in the fields, and no one was home to care for him. This country school had two rooms, with a row of seats for each grade. As the school grew, they had to have two teachers instead of one, with the eighth grade as far as the children could advance. School was the place to meet friends and neighbors and many married someone they went to school with. If school wasn’t in session, most everyone worked in the fields, except on Sunday. Church was a special community gathering for all families. Great family outings were had at the Leon River. Some would fish, swim, eat lunch, napped, or spread a quilt and visited. Baseball games broke out, and someone always had a bat and ball. The men pitched horseshoes, washers, or played croquette. The women brought their needlework and caught up on the latest gossip. With no electricity, television, radios, telephones, etc. people had to create their own fun, which was not hard to do.

Wilmer and Elmer first job was working on their dad farm. Later they took jobs for relatives, and neighbors’. The work was extremely hard. The fields were plowed with horses and mules, and there were even oxen in the area. A local man named Billy Dee McCool always told this story about Wilmer: Billy’s grandfather rented ten acres of land to Wilmer, who planned to have a cotton crop on it. Wilmer showed up early one morning to prepare the land with one horse and one used a buster plow. The land was prepared before planting in the nest spring. Wilmer started and finished that field in one day- Billy figured the distance Wilmer had walked while plowing was about thirty-five miles in one day. He was struggling with a plow during the process. That takes a real man.

As adults, Elmer and Wilmer worked at the Lightning C Ranch of 14,000 acres and it was the largest ranch in the world devoted entirely to rodeo stock. In 1942, owner Everett Colborn and his partners merged their rodeo with the rodeo of movie star, Gene Autry. During the following years Gene Autry performed with the rodeo in Dublin, Texas several times, as did Michael O'Shea, Ray Whitely, the Light Crust Doughboys, and Bob Wills. Of course, the ranch included bucking horses and Brahman bulls. The headquarters of the ranch were at the west and east sides- Wilmer, Elmer, and their families lived at both locations. They had the usual duties of ranch hands. They rode fence, mended where necessary, fed and doctored the livestock. Much of this was on horseback with wagons for feeding. At rodeo time, they helped with the bucking chute, animal care, and anything else that came along. They loved the work, and took great pride in it.

A funny story Wilmer loved to tell this story about Elmer. One day, they came upon a cow with a bucket stuck on her head. After assessing the situation, they decided that the only thing to do was to rope the old cow, then take the bucket off. Elmer took off on his horse first, so Wilmer followed to throw his rope if Elmer missed. Well, Elmer made his throw, caught the bucket, and popped it off the old cow's head... Wilmer burst out laughing, and could hardly stay in his saddle. Elmer then came around with a funny look on his face, and the only thing he said was, "It was the bucket we wanted, wasn't it?"

If you ever have the chance to watch the movie "Lonesome Dove", there are two characters I sincerely believe were based on Elmer and Wilmer. Tommy Lee Jones played a serious fellow, who was Elmer. Elmer was a sweet and loving soul, who could cry at the drop of his big white cowboy hat. Wilmer was the guy who enjoyed life and was always picking on us kids. He loved kids, and when I was little he would grab me up and take me round and round, just laughing his head off. I was fortunate to spend time with Wilmer the last two years of his life, both over the phone and at his little home the family built for him. You would always see tears come to his eyes when he talked about his sweetheart and deceased wife Wenona Lane Westfall.

As a young man, Uncle Ealie met Ote Alice Westmoreland, who was living in the Lamkin area at that time. When he got the courage to pop the question, she accepted. They boarded a train in Lamkin taking with

them a couple as witness. The trip to the county seat at Comanche was forty miles, quite a trip for them. Wouldn't you know it, the couple they took with them decided to make it a double wedding. No doubt that love was contagious that day.

Ealie and Ote owned a country store at Edna Hill- they sold a few groceries, a little gas. My bet the first convenience store in the area... ha. Aunt Oat watched the store, while Uncle Ealie delivered ice along a country route he developed. Since there was no electricity, people had block ice boxes to keep everything cool. If the family was out in the field, they would have put their coins on top of the box, and Uncle Ealie would leave the ice. I remember more than one woman coming to meet us with snuff running down the corners of her mouth. Many of the older women dipped snuff at that time.

Aunt Oat loved flowers and grew the most beautiful flower gardens. She was a sweet lady and good Christian. Uncle Ealie died September 9, 1980, and Oat followed him twenty days later.

Uncle Elmer married a sister of Ote, Ann Westmoreland. They and their daughter Daphnia were the sweetest family, and I enjoyed visiting them as a kid. I remember sleeping out on the lawn in the summer, where they'd moved the beds. It was so much fun, looking up at the stars and the lightning bugs. Another thing was the big beautiful set of bull horns they had on the wall, along with pictures of rodeo performers... that really caught a little fellow's eye. My cousins Delores and Diane have told me I look like Elmer... what a compliment!

Aunt Obera was my second mom. She and Mom were as close as two sisters could be. The loss of their mother so early in their lives probably drew them together even more. Obera married Claude Arthur and they lived on a farm north of the old Westfall place. They had a son and three daughters, but divorced in time. Obera lived in Dublin, Texas thereafter. Her home was the center of the family for she made her home that of Papa. It was a natural stopping off place when anyone came into Dublin. Later on Obera had her two brothers and their wives in the same housing complex with her. Obera also loved to fish and was very good at it. She loved her kids, but you would not think so when she combed those twins hair at night. When my mother and I visited Obera and the girls I felt so



sorry for them when she would pop them on the head with that comb. Then here would come those big old tears.

My mom, Nola, married schoolmate Tull Polvado when she was about fourteen years old. Dad and Mom realized Comanche County could not be their home when my mother's asthma became worse. The doctor advised that they move to the High Plains of Texas, where there would not be as much pollen. Their son, six year old Doyle Ray Polvado would now miss growing up with his grandparents and cousins. I have asked that he relate the events as best he can remember. This is repeated also in the Polvado family story. Below is his response:

“Bud, I was six years old and don't remember a lot of the details, but will give you what I can. I remember Dad hitchhiked to the High Plains, and when he returned told the family he had a job and a place for us to live. Dad had visited relatives in the Olton, Texas area and found work with a farmer west of there.

Dad began selling off what little farm equipment he had. I can remember him chasing a fellow down in a Model-T Ford. He traded my pony for the pickup, our family's first. ('Hoppy') I'm not sure who came out on top of that trade, but that sure was a good pony.

Mom's sister Obera and her husband Claude (Arthur) owned an Essex touring car. It was a two seat convertible with no top. Dad and Claude struck a deal: for twenty-five dollars, Claude would tow the trailer with our furniture to our new place. This was Solon Higgins' farm, ten miles southeast of Olton, Texas. His daughter, Anna Faye became my lifelong friend.

The trip was eventful, to say the least. Our route was highway 281 through Stephenville to Mineral Wells, camping out along the way. The entire road (other than a street in Mineral Wells and one in Lubbock) was graded dirt. We camped around Guthery, Texas the following night. After a full day on the road, we arrived at a location known in Texas as the High Plains Caprock. The Essex would not pull the grade with the trailer and furniture, and it was decided to wait out the night. Later in the evening, another fellow with a trailer tried to pass and slid into the ditch, becoming stuck. When we got his car out of the ditch, he forgot to set the brake. His car and trailer rolled backward jackknifed and sent

bootleg whiskey (in fruit jars) all over the road. Broken glass and whiskey spilled, Claude and Dad helped the fellow pick up and salvage all they could. However, with the dark of night, you can believe the fellow was missing a jar or two of his load when he resumed his trip.”

Now let me inject a bit of the story that I remember. Because the Essex would not pull the heavy trailer up the hill, they unloaded and made two trips. As I heard dad tell the story, his Model-T didn’t make the hill until he put it in reverse and backed up, as it had more pulling power that way. Billy Dee Mc Cool read this account and corrected this statement. The Model-T had no fuel pump and the only way to have gas in the carburetor would free fall the gas , as backing up a hill..

The next stop was Crosbyton Texas where Dad had relatives. I remember to this day how nasty that house was. The following day we made it to the new place.

Obera and Nola did not easy lives. I believe they were expecting more out of life than their husbands created for them. The men they chose disappointed them, instead of replacing the loving father they’d left behind. Only their children and family made them happy. After losing their mother so young, I wish they’d found partners who cared for them as they deserved.

Obera helped my brother when he had no one else to turn to. She allowed Doyle to live with her for as long as he needed to. She knew her nephew and sister’s life was a tormented one. Obera’s home was a safe haven for many, and visitors were frequent. As I said she shared her home with Papa, who had stood beside his children in their younger years. She was a beautiful lady.

Nola was the youngest daughter of the Westfall family. She had many fond memories of her childhood. She loved her dad, brothers and sisters. She missed them greatly after moving to the high plains of Texas. I know that if she could have lived with her lung problem she would have preferred to be there. Years later she came back to her family she loved so. She helped Obera with their dad in the last days of his life. I’m so thankful for this, because this was her lifestyle “helping her family”. I purposely leave my dad from her story even though she lived with him close to 40 years. He provided financially, but not with his heart. She

would have much rather had a husband who respected and loved her. At times he was cruel and this sweet wonderful person would never deserve this treatment. I know she hated the way her sons were treated much more than her own hardship. That was the mind set of my mother. Life to Nola wasn't about Nola, but those closest to her.

I know my mother is proud of her sons... it never took much to make her happy, just a hug, an available ear, and family. Her heart was made of gold with love as high as the highest mountain, as deep as the deepest ocean. I believe her heart, as well as the other brothers and sisters mirrored the family before them. The Westfall blood still runs deep in all of us. If there is a need or if there is a lost in this family they rally to extend comfort to one another. My mother, her sisters and brothers are all together now, and that gives me great comfort.

Mom, we miss your smiling face, your constant chatter, and your loving pats. Your smart son, and your good-looking son (!) had the best mom we could ever ask for... thanks, and we'll be seeing you by and by.

Love all

Back Alonzo Larkin--Samuel Wesley Westfall (Brothers)  
Front Marian Ellen Westfall (Sister) Huckbee--Bertha Ann Gobble  
Westfall (Samuel's wife) About 1889





David Jackson Boyd "Texas" About 1890



David Jackson Boyd About 1895



Figure 3 David Jackson Boyd Ab. 1915





Back--David Jackson Boyd Emiley Dodd Boyd  
Front-Maggie Boyd (Westfall) Lizzie Boyd (Baleman) Anne Dodd (Carter)  
About 1888





Figure 4 Sarah Margaret Boyd Westfall Ab.



190

Sarah Margaret (Maggie) Boyd Westfall---Alonzo Larkin Westfall      About 1900



Back row left to right Alonzo Larkin Westfall (Papa) Sarah Maggie Boyd We  
Front Row Left to right Ealie Westfall Buelah Westfall About 1901



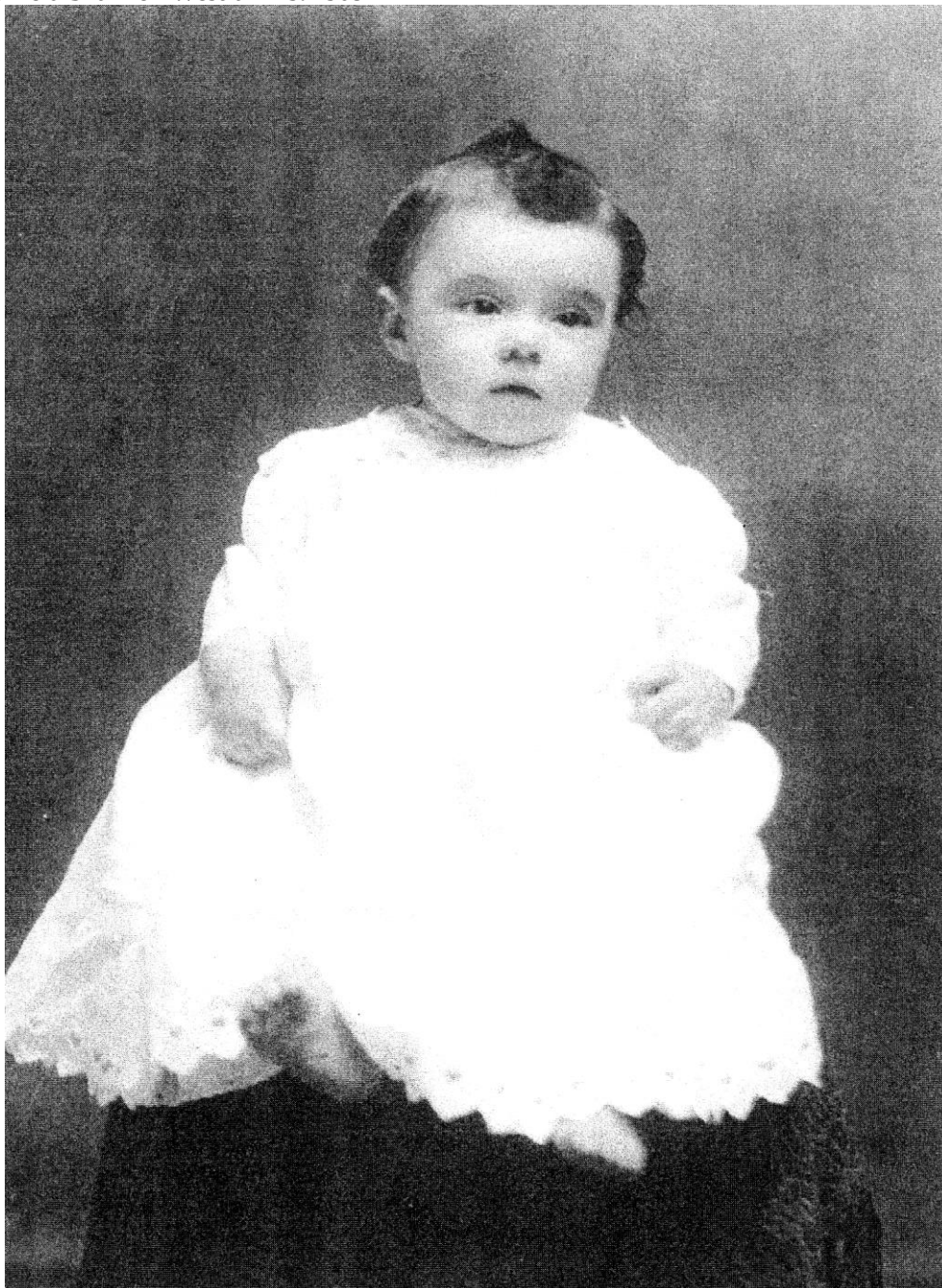


Grandpa David Jackson Boyd  
Kids Left to right: Buelah-Elmer-Ealie Westfall 1903-1904





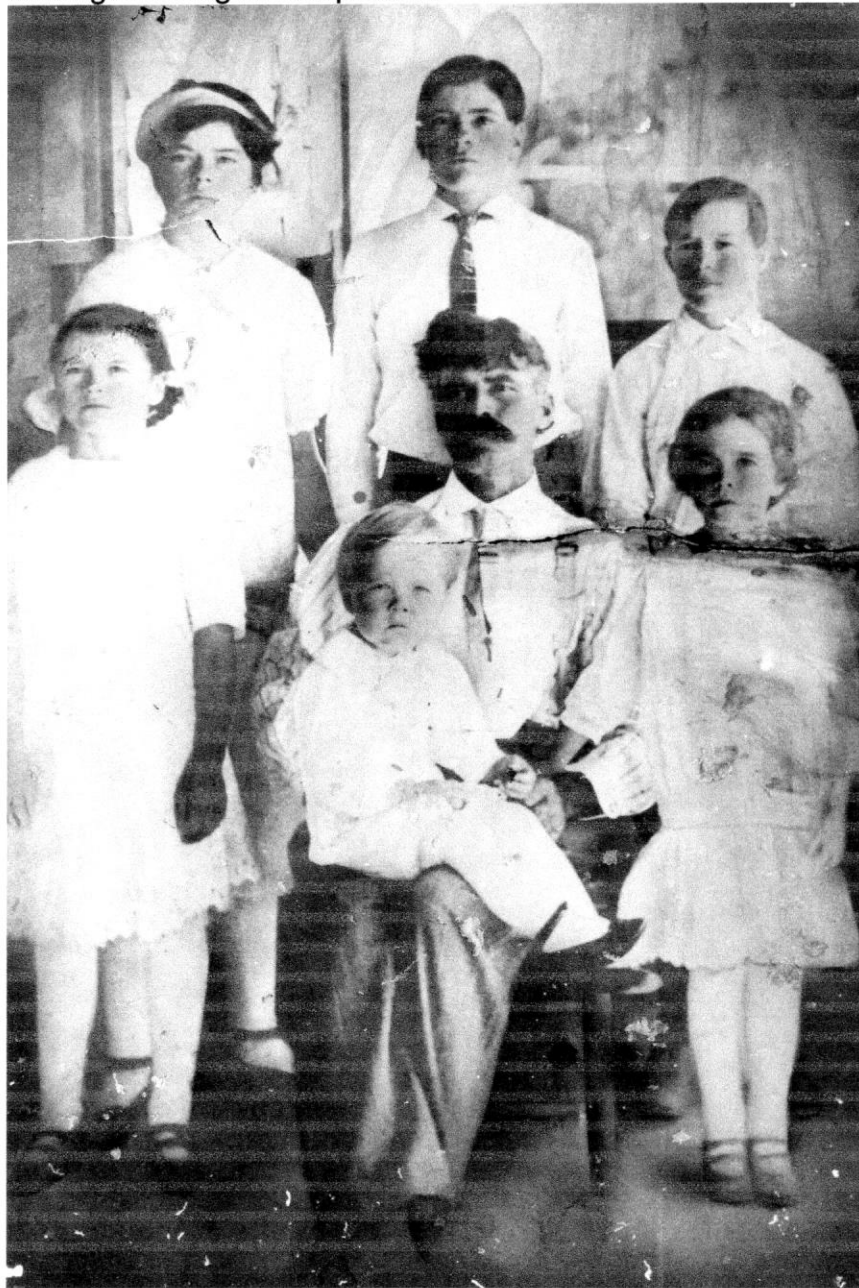
**Figure 5 Nola Shannon Westfall Ab. 1908**



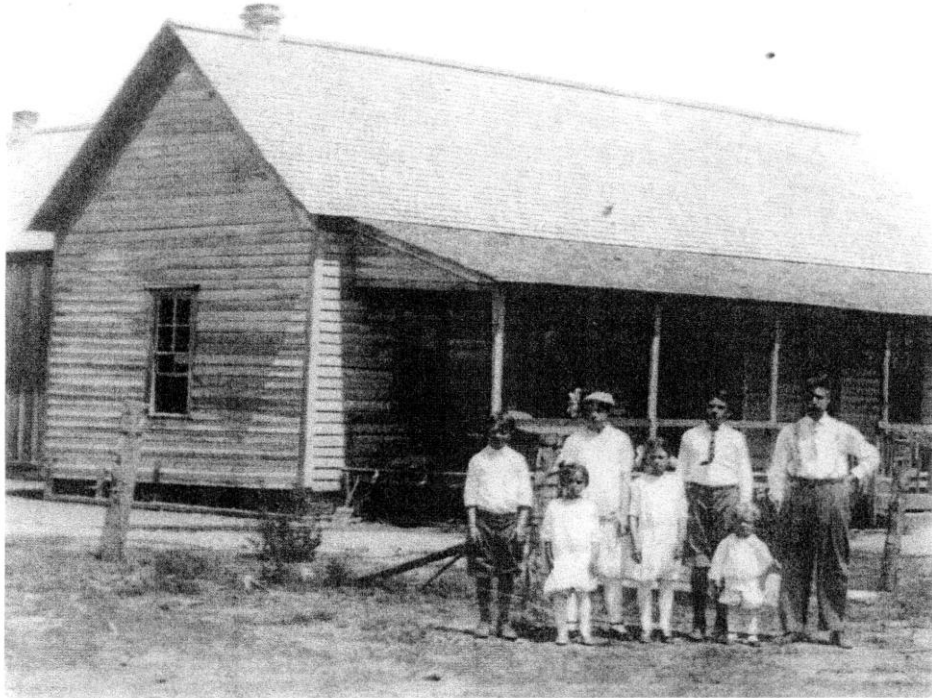
David Jackson Boyd---Maggie Boyd Westfall About 1910-1912



Back Buelah--Ealie--Elmer Westfall  
Front Obera--Alonzo Larkin (Papa) Little baby Wilmer--Nola Westfall  
About 1912-1913..Notice the stress in each face--Maggie the Mom hasn't  
been gone long in this picture.



Back row left to right Elmer-Buelah-Ealie-Alonzo Larkin (Papa)  
Front Row left to right Nola-Obera-Wilmer  
Westfall home place-----About 1913





Obera--Wilmer--Nola Westfall About 1914



Beulah--Ollie--Carmen--Obera--Nola--Wilmer About 1918 Sunflowers



Buelah Nola Obera About 1922

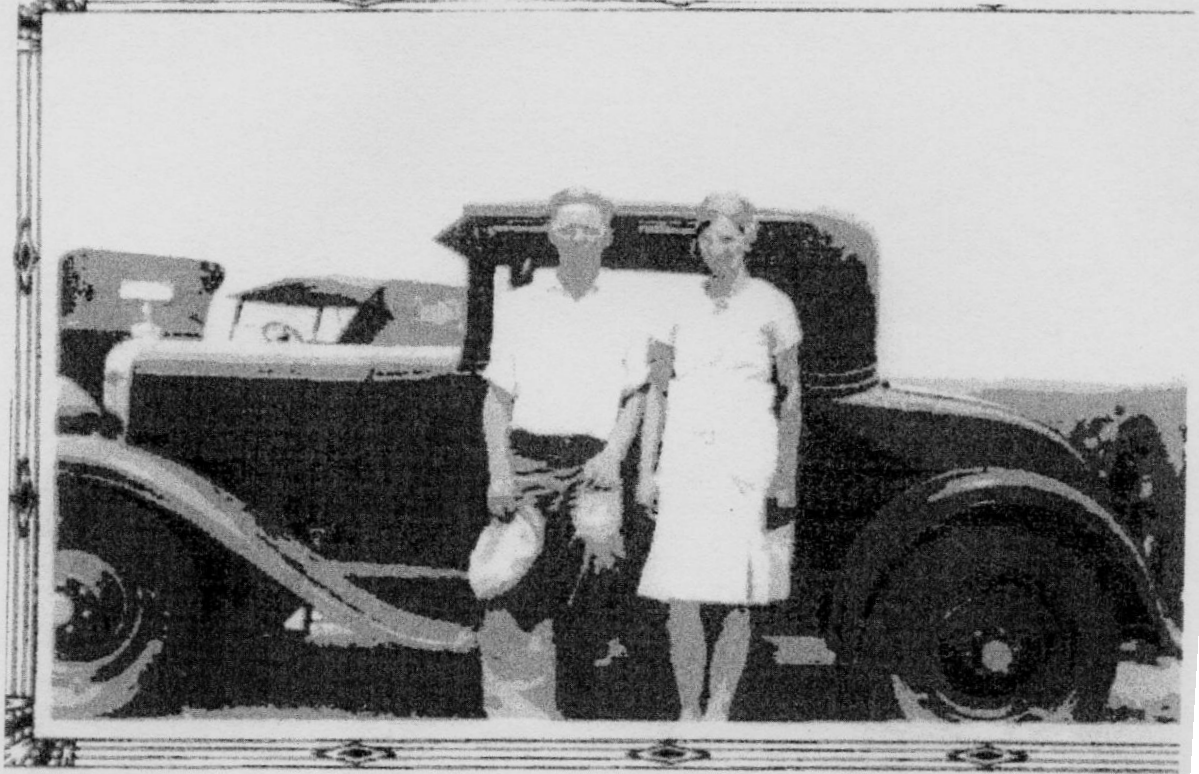


Back row Left to right Alonzo Larkin--Ealie--Elmer--Wilmer Westfall's  
Front Row Beulah--Obera--Nola About 1928





Wilmer and Wenona Westfall About 1924



Alonzo Larkin Westfall About 1932



Nola Shannon Westfall Polvado About 1960





Uncle Ealie--Aunt Ota Westfall  
Wilmer--Nola--Obera--Elmer--Ealie Westfalls





Back Row Nola Polvado-Wenona Westfall-Obera Arther-Ann Westfall  
Front Row Wilmer Westfall--Elmer Westfall About 1970





Westfall Home Place

Wilmer Westfall-Nola Polvado-Elmer Westfall-Obera Arther About 1985



Jerry Polvado

Uncle Wilmer Westfall Thanksgiving 2004





Where Lord, did all my children go???? Westfall Home Place





Francis Peter Smith--Nancy Ann Slaughter Early 1800's Marinda's parents  
Blanco Texas--Gold Emblem "Texas Pioneers"--Signed for Texas Independence



Marinda Smith Westfall 1820-1897 Married to Zachariah Westfall --Child ?





Left to Right William Riley James Irvin Westfall About 1918

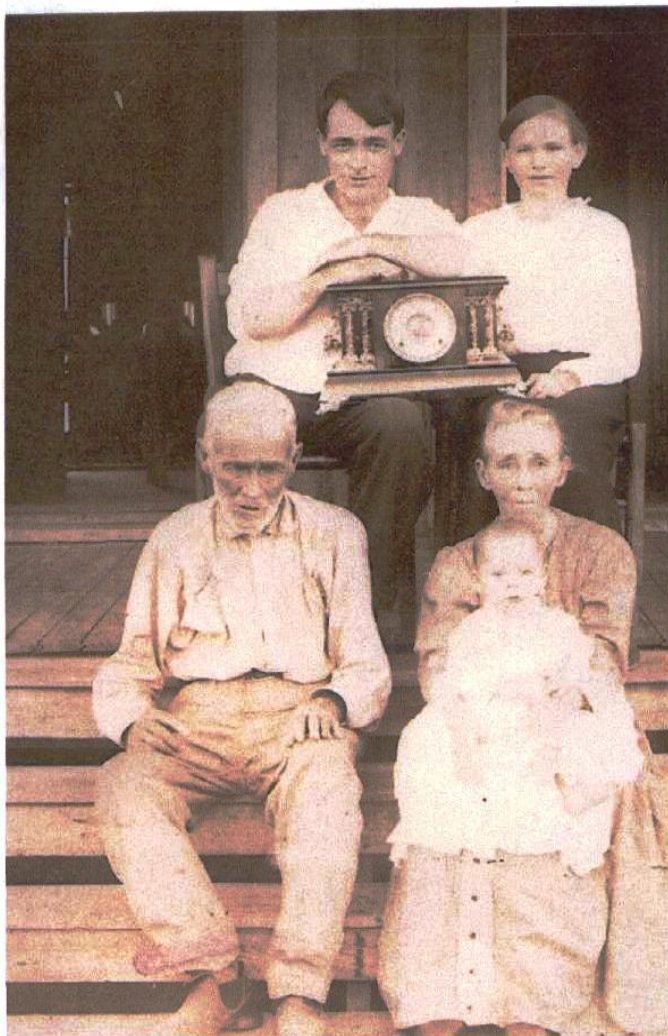


Francis Smith Westfall---5 foot 5 inches 125 pounds Size 5 Shoe  
Born 31 Jan 1848 Died 04 Jun 1923





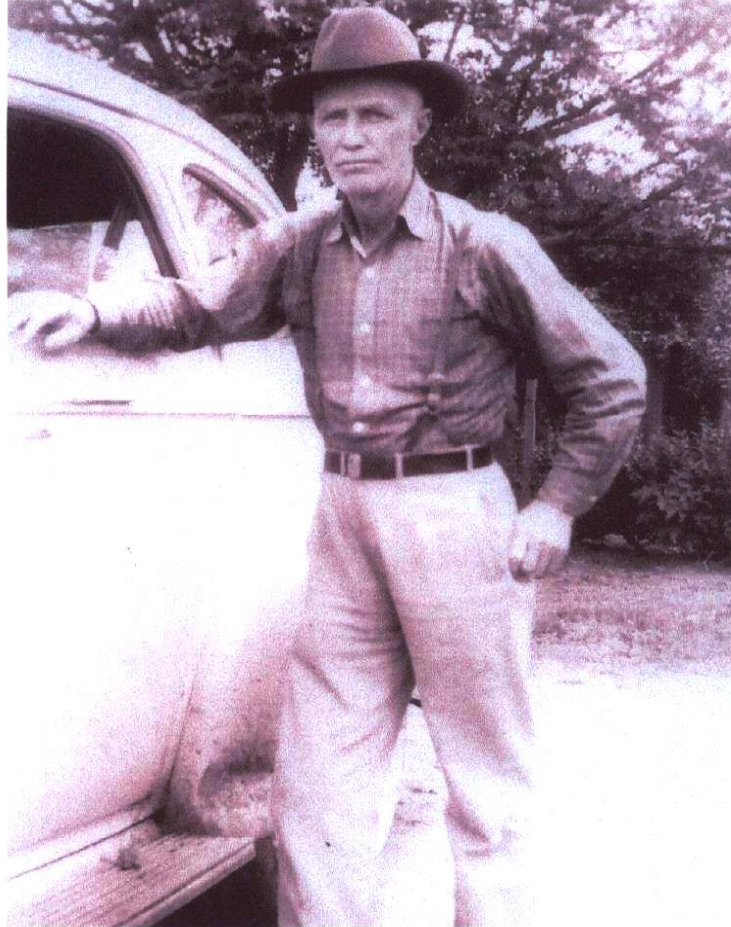
William Riley & Marinda Westfall (Baby Jack)  
Abe & Nora Westfall



John Grey Westfall son of William & Mary Manchie Westfall



John Grey Westfall son of William Riley & Mary Minchey Westfall



George Webb Slaughter Rancher, Preacher--C. C. Slaughter's Dad



George Webb Slaughter,  
ca. 1893. Photo courtesy of  
the Southwest Collection,  
Texas Tech University.



**Figure 6 C C Slaughter--Owned One Million Acres of Land in Texas in the early 1900's Relation of the Westfall family. Second Great Grandfather Zachariah Westfall's mother was Nancy Slaughter of this family of Slaughters**



The Slaughter Ladies---Dallas Social Club



(Left to right): Minnie Slaughter Veal, Florence (Mrs. R. L.) Slaughter, Dela Slaughter Wright, and Allie (Mrs. George) Slaughter. Ca. 1894. Photo courtesy of the Southwest Collection, Texas Tech University.

The Slaughter Home in Dallas Texas 1902



C. C. Slaughter (in cupola) poses with his children and grandchildren at the Slaughter mansion, ca. 1902. Photo courtesy of the Southwest Collection, Texas Tech University.

**The contents of this book are for the purpose of the reader knowing more about the Polvado, Westfall families both here in the United States of America and their origin. As with any study of family history there will be unintended mistakes now and then.**

**There were sad facts that I thought important for the record concerning the Polvado family. Personality traits that follow from generation to generation that cause hurt and pain. I did not divulge this with the thought of rendering hurt to a family member, but to help understand what many family members term, “The Polvado Curse”..**

**For all my future children and relatives: I’m providing you a pattern of who you really are. You have taken on our personalities, traits, looks and many more things we do not understand at all today. I look at some of these people and I see my eyes, many generations past. I believe at times I can feel and read their thoughts. Eventually there will be a better understand of all we do inherit from our past family. Believe me when I tell you that this inheritance goes much beyond physical features.**

**Have fun with this and add to it!!!!**

**Love all of you**

**Jerry Polvado**