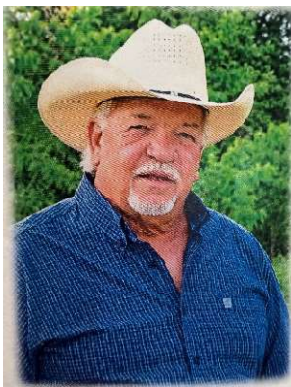


The Burton Bulletin

"The Best Kept Secret in Texas"

October 2026



Tommy W. Wimberley
June 25, 1948 to September 8, 2026

Tommy Wayne Wimberley, resident of Burton, passed away peacefully at St. Joseph Hospital in Bryan, Texas on September 8th, after a tough battle with pancreatic cancer. A memorial service was held on September 19th at Memorial Oaks. He was always a fighter and successfully won his battle with cancer twice in the past. This one was his toughest, but leaning on his faith in God, he is now at peace with his Heavenly Father. Tommy is survived by his wife, Cheryl Harris, daughters Kimberly Lambeth and husband Robert, Brandi Gilliland and husband Jeff, grandchildren Zachary, Lindsay, and Ashley, sister Sandra Wimberly, niece Shari Crispi and many other close relatives.

Tommy is preceded in death by his parents TW and Nelda Wimberly, brother Michael Ray Wimberly and his much-loved horses, donkeys and dogs.

Tommy was born on June 25, 1948, and raised in Houston, Texas, graduated from Galena Park High School and attended San Jacinto College. He joined the US Army in 1967 and served as a door gunner in Viet Nam with the 18th Assault Helicopter Company.

His return to civilian life took him to a career in the oil and gas industry, including Union Texas and El Paso Energy. During his career, he was able to travel the world and made many lifelong friends along the way.

Tommy's interests included riding his Harley Davidson, with many rides to Big Bend with his fellow biker brothers. He was also a proud member of the Patriot Guard Riders, standing for fallen soldiers from the Iraqi war.

Tommy loved NASCAR, attending many races and gathered with fellow NASCAR enthusiasts on Sundays to watch the races. At one of those races is where he met Cheryl.

He and Cheryl married in 2014 and made their home in Burton, Texas. From there he took interest in the Classic Car world and attended many events, proudly showing off "Bugsy", his 1929 Maroon Plymouth Coupe. He cofounded the Annual Burton Car

& Truck Show, benefiting the Sons of the American Legion from 2018 up until this past June.

In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the Burton Fire Department or Tunnel to Towers Foundation.

The Burton Bulletin is a monthly publication For the Burton Texas area.

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Pete Horn – The Early Years

More of “Pete’s Life”, as requested. Recently I’ve lost a few friends and classmates whose time had come. It got me thinking about how I got here, and the world as I will likely last see it. I was sitting here thinking of my days playing along the Natchaug River, playing in my Dad’s garage junkyard, and the freedom those days gave me. Looking back, I realize how much of “me” was created by my environment. I became fully at ease with the nature that surrounded me, and learned that I was surrounded by food, from foraging with my Grandmother, and infinite life and processes that made my world richer and more comfortable.

My Grandmother had immigrated as a young girl from an area that had over the years belonged to Austria, Poland, and Germany. As my Grandfather once told me when trying to explain the family history, the area was controlled by “whoever was killing the Jews at the time”. He was just a child when he immigrated, and he later met my Grandmother; both passed through Ellis Island in the same time frame. Their leaving, and ultimately meeting, marrying, and having four children was what saved our branch of the family tree. When they left for the USA or family was related to over three hundred local families. After World War Two there were just seven families left, ours being one of them. Meeting friends of my Father’s and grandfather’s, I got to know many people with numbers tattooed on their forearms. None of them talked about it in detail, but a few told me the names of the “Camps” they had been in, and the blessings of arriving in the United States. My reading and studies later lent weight to the simple expressions of these folks and gave me a deep appreciation of the infinite factors that aligned exactly as they did to create my existence. Because of my “ease with nature,” I was outside as much of my time as I could. The early 1960s were spent hiking, camping, rock climbing, swimming, exploring, experimenting, and traveling in my little world. Books opened my eyes to other places and cultures, but I could only understand them within the limits of the surrounding culture of Northeastern Connecticut. My view of the world was broadened beyond my physical world by the opportunities to see some of the era’s most brilliant minds at the Jorgenson Auditorium on the Storrs Campus of the University of Connecticut. There were many orators there, but the two who had the greatest effect on my life were Buckminster Fuller and Robert Frost.

Even today, more than sixty years later, I still remember this old, stocky man in denim bib overalls, his white hair disheveled as he ran his fingers through it as he walked out on stage, sat on a simple three-legged stool, and spoke in a rough, weathered voice, reciting “The Road Not Taken” from memory. I was completely captivated. My next several weeks I read everything he had written, sitting on a log as the river washed by. It was a spiritual awaking. Some weeks later, as I recall, I returned to the Auditorium to see Buckminster Fuller. I had no idea what to expect, having read his writing on the creation of the Geodesic Domes and the Dymaxion Car. As Einstein once said: “... if you cannot explain something in one paragraph, then you don’t understand it.”

Expecting to be overwhelmed by a level of knowledge astronomically superior to my own, I sat listening to this very old man in a rumpled blue suit as he talked about how he came

to understand and design his amazing creations. Following Einstein’s comment, Fuller explained what he discovered, what he created, and how the process was like a “flow of ideas” that carried him from one understanding to another. I wish I could have spoken with him face to face; he had awakened a concept of development in me that I would carry and use throughout my life. Breathtaking flow of thought and the belief that everything we need already exists; we simply need to allow ourselves to see it and place it in the context of our environment. Brilliant man, opening knowledge through perception.

Growing up in New England offered a wide range of places to see, historic locations, and places of great books. Henry David Thoreau is a favorite of mine, and since he wrote Walden Pond not too far from where I lived, I decided, at 12 years old, to ride my bike to Walden Pond in Massachusetts about 100 miles away, camping along the way, and spending the night at the rubble foundation where once stood the little shack that Thoreau lived in while writing the book. When I woke the loons were singing, just as they had when Thoreau was putting pen to paper. I sat and read the book, living it by imagining that, from where I stood, this great author once stood. What I saw and experienced was as he had seen it in the distant past. Three days of pedaling and camping, beautiful New England countryside, and a day of connecting with a book and a moment from a century past in a most authentic way.

I’ve spent a lot of time biking around, carrying some food, a canteen, and basic camping gear in the panniers. Riding along at about 15 miles per hour, I loved being immersed in the smells, colors, and human activity all around me. I visited Gillette’s Castle, Sturbridge Village, and the homes of Mark Twain and Nathan Hale—all by bike. When I turned 14, I started racing bicycles, even splurged on the best bike I could afford, and managed to win a few races. All of this was in my free time, when I wasn’t in the junkyard or at school.

Life continued on, with me rescuing a few cars from the junkyard and driving them around the property. I was the youngest in my class at school, which meant that everyone was getting their driver’s licenses while I was still bicycle-bound, except for a motorcycle and cars that I drove around the junkyard. In preparation for getting my license, though, I was putting together a street-legal car, a 1964 Chevy Malibu. It wasn’t ready in time to be my first car, so that fell to a 1962 Rambler Classic, and after its demise, a 1964 Oldsmobile Jetstar. Ultimately the Malibu carried me off to college, and at the age of 17, two days after I graduated from high school, I left to see the world and become further educated.

Author’s note: As I am writing this and other articles for the Burton Bulletin, it has caused me to become introspective and write from that “place”. I hope I don’t bore you. As I’ve said before, you can always blame David.... Something popular in some circles.

Article by Pete Horn

If a Hot Pocket becomes cold, is it a regular pocket?

If you punch yourself and it hurts, are you weak or strong?



City of Burton City Council Meeting

A regular meeting was held on Tuesday, September 8, 2026, at Burton City Hall. At the beginning of the meeting, when the public is given their timed three minutes to voice their concern, Susan Tommaney expressed her concern about the amount of property tax and sales tax that businesses in Burton pay before they realize a profit.

The council approved a 24.8% property tax for the city of Burton. According to Washington County Appraisal District, who handles the property tax for the city, the increase will be reflected on the 2026 property statements that should be coming out shortly. For the elderly, there should be no increase on your homestead unless you have made improvements on your property. If you are concerned you can call Washington County Appraisal District at (979)277-3740.

The council approved the receiving of the preliminary CCTV inspection findings for the wastewater line serving Burton ISD including discussion of observed conditions.

The council postponed the draft legal agreement between the City of Burton and Burston ISD regarding the connection line to the City of Burton's water system and establishing related stipulation and requirements.

The council postponed the enactment of a third-party contractor for the cleanup of maintenance of overgrown, neglected and dilapidated properties within the city.

The council postponed the approval of an interlocal agreement with Washington County regarding the city's subdivision ordinance for plat review, city inspections and technical review. The council approved a record management policy to entered into the Texas State Library and Archives.

The council approved to adopt the Texas State Library and Archives retention schedules for all records including elections and voter registration, public works, property taxation and records of utility services.

City of Burton Special-Called Meeting

A special-called meeting was held on September 22, 2026, at Burton City Hall.

The council approved the draft legal agreement between the City of Burton and Burston ISD regarding the connection line to the City of Burton's water system and establishing related stipulation and requirements.

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Why aren't iPhone chargers not called apple juice?

When we yawn, do deaf people think we are screaming?

If you work security at a Samsung store, does that make you Guardian of the Galaxy?



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The White Horse Tavern



The building was built in 1922 by Selma Schwartz, a German immigrant who came to America at age 22. Her sons, Walter and Hugo, operated it as **Schwartz & Schwartz General Merchandise**. Ms. Schwartz was also the first telephone operator for the Burton Telephone Company when it organized in 1910, and she held that position for 30 years. Sold January 29, 1945 to **Otto Johle**. It was kept in the family until 1954 when Garfield and Thelma Johle sold it to **Max Bathe**.

M.H. Max Bathe, had a sister Annie Bathe, and a brother, Herbert Bathe. Herbert was Justice of the Peace from 1965 until 1990, and was appointed City Judge in 1972, a position he held until March of 1984. The **Justice of the Peace** office during that time was an addition to the left side of the **White Horse Café**, and included a back room where **Judge Bathe** could sleep. It was removed when the café was remodeled in 1983. When Judge Bathe retired, **Glenwood Hugo Schwartz**, grandson of Selma Schwartz, became the active judge. Interestingly, the old Texaco office, owned by Nelson Felder of Felder's Texaco, was bought for \$500 and moved (by **Roger Chambers**) to the almost exact location as **Judge Bathe's office**. It now serves as the office of the Precinct 4 JP of Washington County, sitting right next to the White Horse Tavern, where it originated.

Sold again in 1954 to **Edward (Jim) and Annie Werchan**. Annie operated the **White Horse Café** from 1954 to 1974 and owned the building until February 22, 2005. She served a variety of food and cold drinks and had a pool table and shuffleboard for entertainment. She married Harvey F. Boehnmann sometime after Jim died in 1961. Sold February 22, 2005, to **Amy Bathe Scott**. Bought from the Bathe Estate on November 2, 2006, by **Roger and Lee Ann Chambers** who began restoration for its use as offices for **Market Realty and Rita's Antiques**. Roger started Market Realty and became a Broker Associate, General Certified Appraiser, Auctioneer, and Property Tax Consultant.

Roger and Tommy Avis opened the **White Horse Tavern** in 2010. They mainly sold only cold drinks, with some food. **Dale Guelker**, owner of the local automotive shop, barbequed and served on Saturdays, special occasions, and usually had enough left over to sell Sunday or the following week. They had classic car groups and motorcyclists drop by, and also held a Super Bowl party and weekly Zumba classes.

Operation of the White Horse Tavern was transferred to **Brian Shirley** in 2011. Roger retained ownership of the lot and building. Brian was responsible for placing the iconic **white horse fiberglass statue**, which stands proudly in front of the historic building.

Taken over by **George Higgins** in 2011, who operated it for a few months, having occasional live music.

Allison Krause Crowson began operating the **White Horse Tavern** in August 2013.

Compiled by Mary Grace Hearnberger

Walter the Debonair Doney (Continuing Saga)



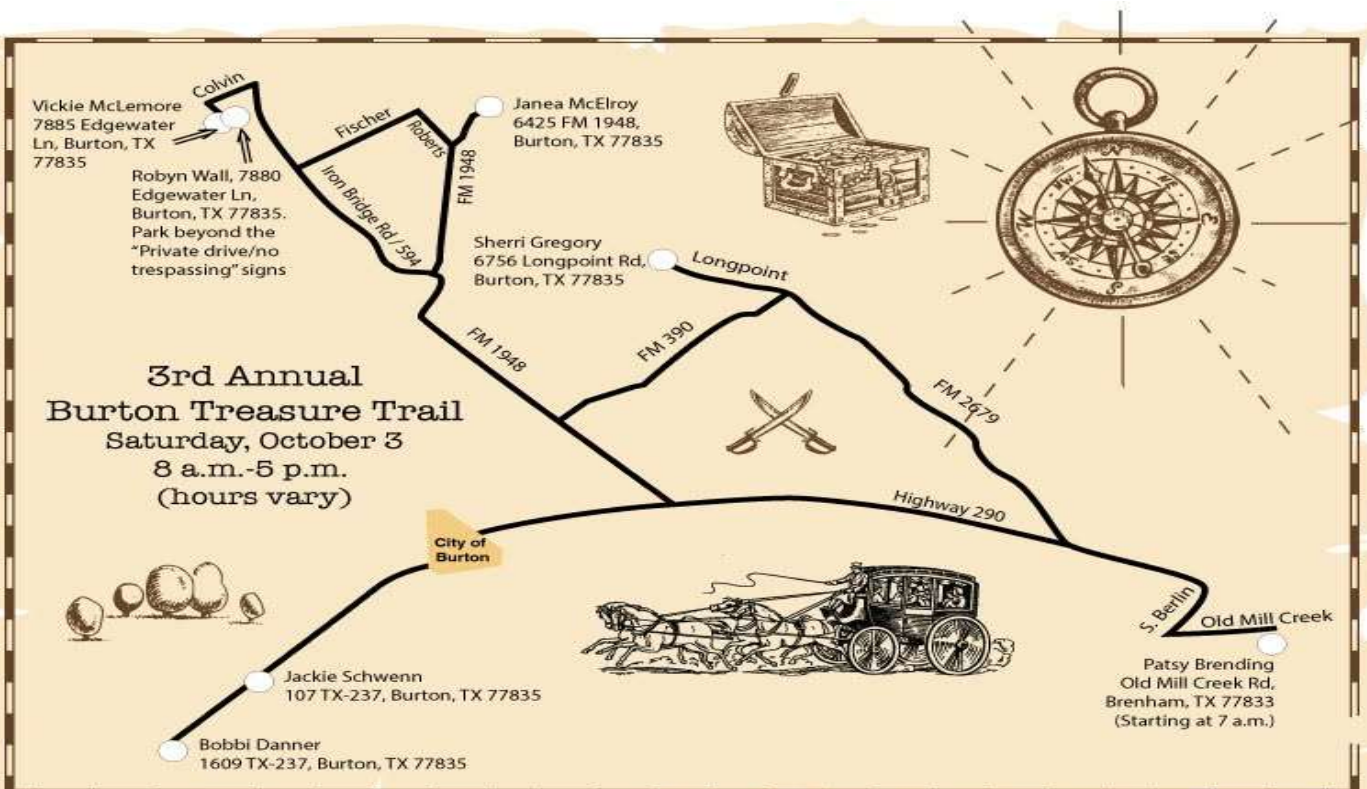
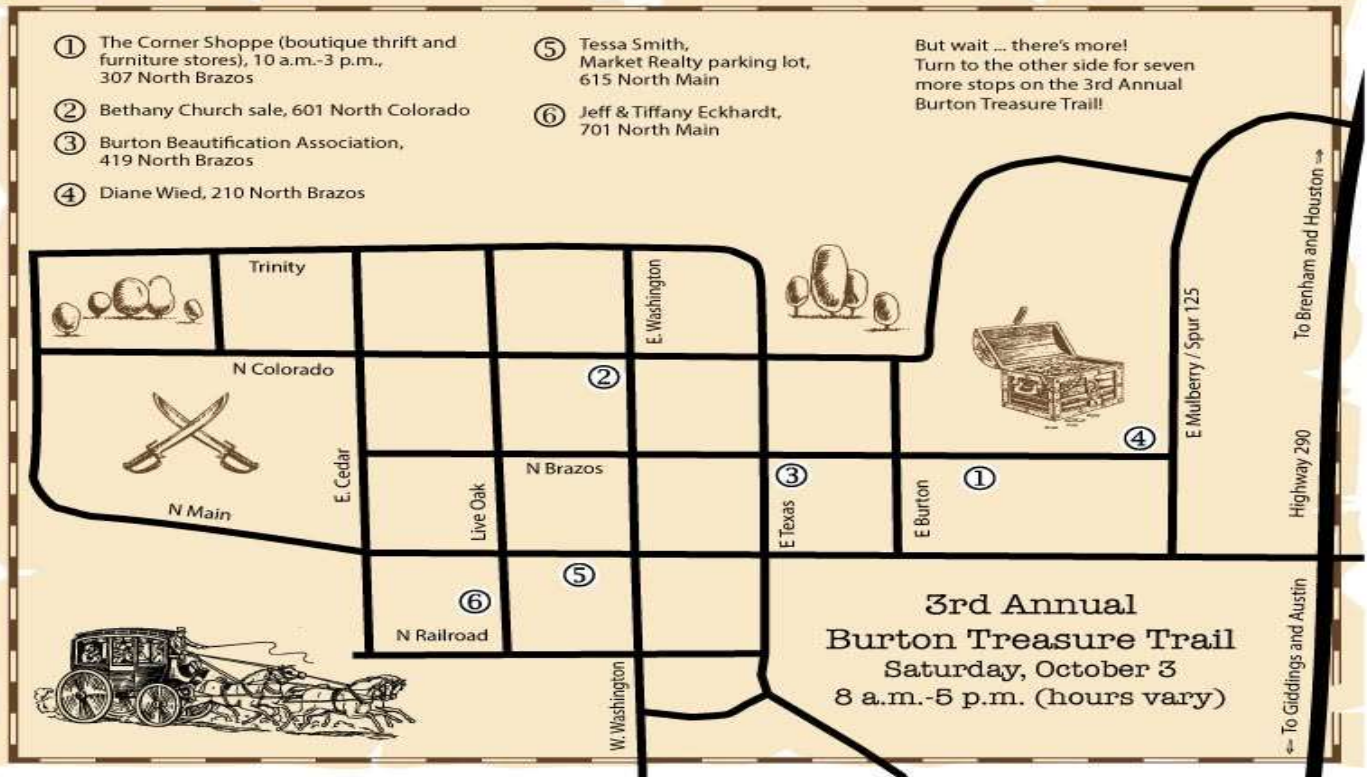
A poor diagnosis for Lucky and seeing how sickly he was, did not give the doctor a positive feel for Lucky making it out of these devastating medical conditions. The wait staff were given very few options: special washed hay, special food, a muzzle to keep Lucky from grazing freely on the high sugar content of the field's grass, and supplements that didn't spike his blood sugar. All was done in hopes he would live well for the time he had left.. In the meantime, a search began to replace Lucky, when his time came, with another donkey to keep Smokey with a companion.

More to come.....

Article by Lynda Zajicek

Disclaimer

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The poster features a central title "6TH ANNUAL TRICK OR TREAT TRAIL" in large, stylized purple and orange letters. Below the title, it says "BURTON, TEXAS" and "SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24TH 5:00 - 7:00 PM". The background is decorated with Halloween-themed illustrations: a full moon, a bat, a water tower labeled "BURTON TEXAS", a jack-o'-lantern, a spider on a web, a ghost, a haunted house, and a street lamp. At the bottom, there are two QR codes. The left QR code is labeled "DONATE HERE" and "SCAN TO DONATE & HELP SUPPORT OUR COMMUNITY EVENT!". The right QR code is labeled "SET UP A TABLE" and "SCAN TO RESERVE YOUR SPOT & BE A PART OF THE FUN!". A central illustration of a smiling cauldron filled with candy is positioned between the two QR codes. At the very bottom, a Facebook icon is followed by the text "CHECK OUT THE TRICK-OR-TREAT TRAIL BURTON 2026 FACEBOOK PAGE FOR MORE INFORMATION!".

6TH ANNUAL
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OR
TREAT
TRAIL

BURTON, TEXAS
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24TH
5:00 - 7:00 PM

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