

Baxter County History



The Wolf House is the most historical
building in Baxter County.

Photo courtesy of Ray Grass
1977

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THE BAXTER COUNTY HISTORY

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Active Membership, \$5.00 per year
Associate Membership \$2.50 per year

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Correspondence concerning membership dues, membership, orders for the "History", and other business matters should be sent to the Treasurer. Available back issues are \$1.00 each.

Contributions of material for the "History" should be sent to the editor.

Neither the Society or the Editor assume any responsibility for statements made by the contributors.

ANNUAL DUES ARE DUE AND PAYABLE TO THE TREASURER AT THE JANUARY MEETING. The fiscal year begins January 1. New members may join at any time.

PROGRESS OF BAXTER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY by Hazen Bonow, Hist.

NOV. 8 - ROBERT BOUNDS, Chairman of the Wolf House committee, has been looking up the genealogy of the Wolf family, also questioning the Wolf descendants when they visited the old house. He had printed his material on large sheets of paper which helped make his talk so easy to follow. He also brought old documents, etc., and the oldest picture of the Wolf house.

The first Wolf appeared on the census of Pennsylvania in 1750. Col. Wolfs' grandfather, Jacob Wolf, appeared on the records in Salesbury, North Carolina.

In 1780 Jacob married the daughter of Peter Hedrick, a revolutionary war worker. They had two sons, Micheal and George, Micheal being the father of Major Jacob Wolf. Jacob was born in 1786 and in 1789 the entire family left North Carolina for Hopkins County, Kentucky. In 1820 the Wolf families and relatives did not appear in the census so they had left and moved on.

Micheal Wolf had made several trips to Arkansas from 1805 to 1816 and in 1811 had purchased property here. There was a land grant to Jacob dated 1825 for 73 acres where the old house in Norfolk now stands.

The University has taken core samples of the logs to set the time and season of the wood used to build the house but to-date no report as to the dates has been given. The original chimney was of hand made bricks.

The Major had three wives and Mr. Bounds had the full names of the wives and all the children, also war records of their sons.

This was an excellent program.

DECEMBER 7 - The officers elected at this meeting were:

Lloyd Fisk - President	Elizabeth Smith - Treasurer
Garvin Carroll - Vice Pres.	Mary Ann Messick - Editor
Veronica Hambleton - Secretary	Hazen Bonow - Historian

Ed Pinkston gave an interesting account of his 20 years teaching in the rural schools of this area.

He first described the rural families, their homes and their manner of living. They were good, honest and such generous people. They had large families, their homes were mostly log with wood floors which were scrubbed with corn-husk mops using sand and lye soap which they made. They lived fairly well, raising their own foods, but they did have some hard times.

PROGRESS OF BAXTER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY - continued

Mr. Pinkston taught from a few miles north of Gamaliel to Castile, a town south of the river. He recalled his first log school house which had wood blocks for door steps. There was one room for 1st through 8th grades and they had hard straight benches with no backs or desks. The blackboard was just a board painted black and the chalk was "chalk-rock". There were no books for the pupils. They did have a large dictionary on a stand which was of no use.

Mr. Pinkstons salary was \$50. a month. He paid \$8. a month for room, board and laundry.

He told of many interesting and humorous events which we all enjoyed.

DECEMBER 11 - We were fortunate to have Mr. and Mrs. Harold Thorne of Cotter plan and work on our Christmas Parade entry "Going Home For Christmas 1776".

The old wagon drawn by a horse contained all authentic materials. There was an old musket, lantern, broad axe, water keg, and an old horse-hair lap robe. A cut cedar tree lay in the wagon and the children sat on bales of straw. A wooden box with food was also included.

Riding in the wagon were Harold Thorne and his wife Hazel, their children Alisa and Jody, and Judy Salee. Mrs. Thorne held a wrapped baby (doll) in her arms.

Mrs. Thorne's ancestors came to Baxter County in 1800 and they built the first house in Cotter.

Hazen E. Bonow, Historian

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LOOKING BACK - 50 YEARS AGO - Aug. 20, 1926 (Baxter Bulletin)

The mystery of the whereabouts of Jesse Roper, wanted for the killing of Sheriff Abe Byler in Baxter County early in the 90s, had been cleared up. Roscoe Brown of Salem, who returned recently from California, says that Will Twiggs, who is a barber in Los Angeles, states that Roper committed suicide in an Oklahoma jail eight years ago. Roper killed Sheriff Byler at the Twiggs home near this place. The former has been reported killed or captured many times during the last 35 years, and Baxter County officials have made numerous trips to identify him, but in each case they found the wrong man. The killing of Byler was one of the most sensational murders ever committed in this section of the state, and is still fresh in the minds of the older people. Roper was employed as a farm hand by Twiggs, who lived a few miles south of this place. One morning a warrant was issued for his arrest on a pistol carrying charge, and a deputy was sent to serve it. He refused to accompany the officer, but it is said Twiggs said he would bring him in Saturday. Roper

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LOOKING BACKWARD - cont.

was considered dangerous, and at noon that day a sheriff's posse went to Twiggs place determined to get him. Roper saw them coming, took a rifle down from the rack, and slipped out the back door to the smokehouse. The sheriff searched the house, failed to find him and when he opened the door to search the smokehouse Roper opened fire, killing him. Roper then shot his way through the rest of the posse and escaped. About eight years ago he was arrested in Oklahoma in connection with a bank robbery. Fearing his identity would become known if he allowed his case to come to trial he killed himself in jail. This is the first definite information about Roper since he killed Byler, nearly 40 years ago.

GENEALOGICAL INFORMATION
BAXTER COUNTY, ARKANSAS
BY

Joseph & Irma Bloom, Rt. 6, Mountain Home, Ark.

BAXTER COUNTY MARRIAGES - JUNE 1, 1889 to January 1, 1890

J. H. Phillips to Mary Davenport	June 8, 1889
W. T. Kasinger to Malissa Taylor	June 11
C. H. Helvey to Eliza Bettis	June 17
J. C. Stone to Mellie Cypert	June 17
E. Ware to Mrs. Cola A. Gaither	June 18
Henry A. Holstein to Nora Boaz	July 6
W. H. Davis to Idell Morgan	July 14
Laban Gimlin to Winnie Reed	July 17
M. C. B. Davis to Sarah Wadley	July 18
Adolph Peisker to Elizabeth Richards	July 27
Randolf Sinor to Laura Cunningham	July 28
C. C. Chappell to Sarah A. Sinor	July 30
F. P. Hargrave to Rebecca Taylor	Aug. 1
R. L. Haley to Martha Kilgore	Aug. 4
R. F. Lawhorn to Jennie M. Huey	Aug. 4
J. P. Talburt to Mary Hutson	Aug. 11
John Madison to Mrs. Patsy J. Willard	Aug. 12
Nicholas Crawford to Octa Wells	Aug. 18
J. H. Wise to Mattie Webber	Aug. 19
D. E. Bizzell to Ines Campbell	Aug. 22
J. B. Thorn to Ella Martin	Aug. 25
Solomon Trivett to Rosa Lance	Aug. 25
H. L. Newberry to Sarah M. Day	Aug. 28
William Gunter to Ida Watson	Aug. 30
G. B. Smith to Nancy A. Cantwell	Sept. 1
Z. T. Earles to Mary A. Dodson	Sept. 5
A. J. Stinnett to Ella Feverbaugh	Sept. 9
Jackson Whitfield to Feby E. McCarty	Sept. 10
Chas Williams to Susanie Parker	Sept. 13
L. T. Marler to Frances Carson	Sept. 15
W. M. Denton to Malinda Gilbert	Sept. 15
W. C. Pearce to May Fisher	Sept. 22
J. W. Wolf to Alice Brewer	Sept. 15
C. C. Harris to Mrs. Angeline Knight	Sept. 28

cont.

PROGRESS OF BAXTER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY - continued

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GENEALOGICAL INFORMATION - BAXTER COUNTY, ARK. cont.

W. V. Savage to Mrs. Parlu Hipp	Oct. 2	1889
James Jones to Nancy E. Talburt	Oct. 3	
Mrs. A. Moody to S. E. Forester	Oct. 6	
I. J. Davis to Leoda Bowlin	Oct. 6	
J. R. Taylor to Lou A. Hollis	Oct. 8	
H. M. Lawrence to Sarah M. Raby	Oct. 10	
G. W. Rose to Sue Loux	Oct. 16	
W. L. Loman to Willie M. Carroll	Oct. 20	
B. H. Merriman to Rosa A. Harris	Oct. 25	
J. W. Fitzpatrick to Mrs. Lucy A. Willard	Oct. 27	
William Deavenport to Tennessee Romine	Oct. 31	
G. W. Marler to Martha M. Collie	Nov. 3	
J. M. Ballard to M. A. Hale	Nov. 10	
J. M. Roberts to Vena Twiggs	Nov. 11	
W. H. Riley to Susa Britton	Nov. 11	
J. W. Reddick to Mary Green	Nov. 11	
F. P. Taylor to Ruth A. Smothers	Nov. 17	
Jack Clinkenbeard to Mrs. Elizabeth Casey	Nov. 19	
James Westmoreland to S. A. Mitchell	Nov. 19	
W. B. Smith to Maggie Lonon	Dec. 1	
G. W. Kuling to Elizabeyh Jackson	Dec. 1	
W. L. Clark to Mary E. Thompson	Dec. 1	
G. W. Lamb to Laura Hayes	Dec. 12	
William Finley to Frances A. Wood	Dec. 12	
S. C. Talburt to Manerva Byler	Dec. 17	
J. M. Jones to Josephine Parrott	Dec. 17	
F. J. Hodges to Cleo Chastain	Dec. 18	
Jesse H. Talburt to Matilda Wayland	Dec. 19	
S. C. Pasco to Emma Shirley	Dec. 22	
J. W. Due to Effie Bodinhamer	Dec. 22	
W. E. Sinor to Belle White	Dec. 31	
A. P. Messick to Julia A. Henry	Dec. 31	

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LOOKING BACKWARD - 75 years ago (Baxter Bulletin 1/20/77)

County Judge Bob Hudson franchises to the Henderson Bridge Co. and the Denton Bridge Co. Saturday to build three toll bridges in Baxter County. One will be built at the Smith Ferry at Henderson, across the North Fork River, another at Norfolk across the same stream, and another across White River at Denton's Ferry. All 3 bridges will be on state highways and will replace ferry boats.....

It is estimated that the bridge at Denton's Ferry across the White River will cost \$120,000, the one at Henderson, across the North Fork River, \$100,000.; and the one across the same stream at Norfolk \$80,000. Tolls will be 75 cents for one way with a privilege of returning free within 24 hours. Then crossing coupon books will be sold for \$3.50 giving a rate of 35 cents. A clause in the franchises gives the state or Baxter County a right to purchase the bridges after 20 years.

* * * * *

R. I. P.

SEVENTH IN A SERIES OF ARTICLES ON CEMETERIES IN BAXTER COUNTY
 by D. Garvin Carroll - January 21, 1977
 TRIMBLE FLATS CEMETERY

This cemetery is located just South of highway No. 178, four tenths (4/10) mile Southeast city limits at Lakeview, Arkansas. There are approximately One Hundred (100) graves, 65 marked and 35 unmarked. This cemetery is well kept and fenced only on East and South sides.

NAME	BORN	DIED
J. N. Trimble	June 2, 1841	Mar. 18, 1891
Mary, wife of J. N. Trimble	Mar. 25 1834	Mar. 13, 1879
Elva Trimble, Dau. of John N. and Mary Trimble	July 31, 1851	July 30, 1874
John, Son of A.C. and Josie Trimble	Sept. 15, 1881	Oct. 15, 1881
William W. King	June. 3, 1854	Feb. 5, 1941
Mattie King	Sept. 19, 1870	Mar. 22, 1936
Victor E. King	Feb. 9, 1885	Sept. 20, 1934

Martha M, wife and children of W. W. King Sept. 9, 1859 July 2, 1912
 Five (5) unmarked stones believed to be that of King children mentioned on Martha M's gravestone.

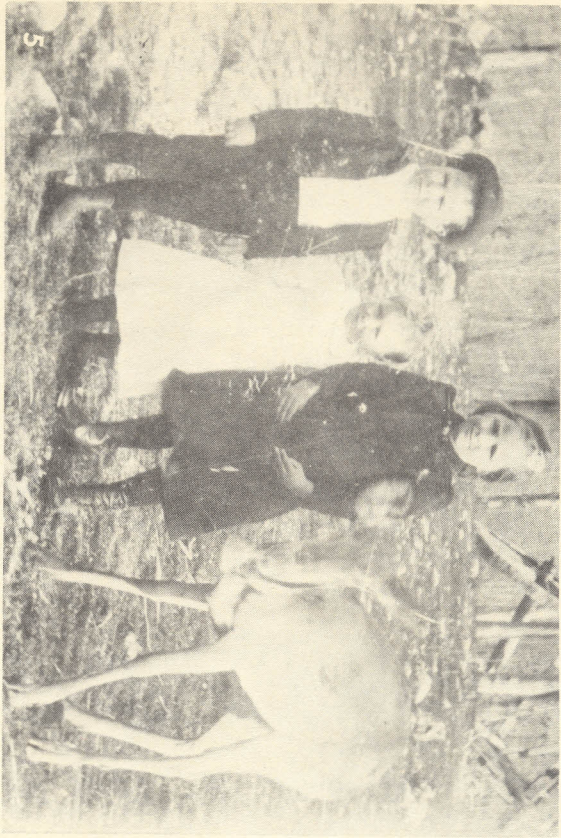
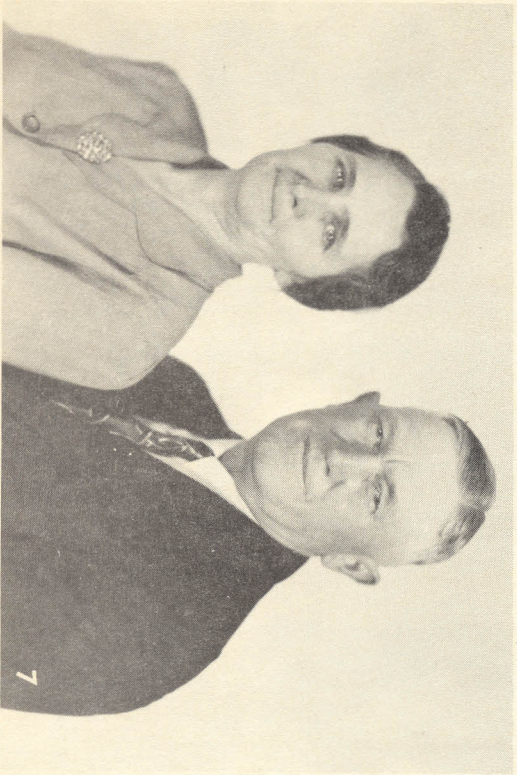
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P H O T O G R A P H S

1. TRACY--JONES REUNION. (Photo submitted by Mrs. Ralph Jones)
 Back Row: Gen Howard, Jewell Nelson, Monty Tracy, Eunice and John Jones, Ruby George, Virgie Wolf.
 Front Row: Nellie Mitchell, Ethel Bodenhamer, May Jones and Telly Faye Kulle.
2. J. T. and Betty Tracy and baby May Olive. (Photo from May Olive)
3. Grandmother Abbie Tracy on way to store. (Photo by May Jones)
4. John Quinby Smith, age 1 year. (Photo from Elizabeth Leah Smith)
5. Ethel, Leslie and May Tracy with pet deer. May was 6 years old.
 (Photo from Mrs. May Jones)
6. Haying, 1910. Ralph Jones on left with left suspender unhooked as he usually did, and brother Monty on right. (Photo, Mrs. Jones)
7. Ralph and May Jones, 1943. (Photo from Mrs. Ralph Jones)
8. Men and Cotton wagon, about 1912. (Photo from Mrs. Ralph Jones)
 From left to right: John Dobbs, B. R. Hipp, Ase Baker, J. T. Tracy, I. J. Morris and Bud Leonard.

- Offset printing by our member, W. Robert Bell.





" I REMEMBER "

by

Mrs. Ralph Jones (May Olive Tracy)

There used to be a little country in France that was named Tracy. I remember it in the geography when I was about 12 years old going to school, and I'm 88 now. Then they were having a revolution of some sort over there and a young man was sent over here with Lafayette. He was a son of a Count and Countess of Tracy in France, which was Northwest of Paris. He came to America about the time LaFayette came, to fight in the Revolution against England.

He fell in battle, this was the siege of Charleston, S. C. He was badly wounded and left to die. A lady came by and had her footman put him in her carriage. You see, women could go anywhere they wanted to at that time and not bothered in any way. She took him home, nursed him well and they married.

That was the beginning of the Tracys, but we never have been able to find out who the lady was. That kept us out of the Daughters of the Revolution.

They had 2 boys and 3 girls. They finally moved to Spartenburg, S. C. One of those boys was named Nathaniel H. Tracy who married Polly Ann Henry and they lived there for some time and had 5 sons and 3 daughters. The sons were Nathaniel G. Tracy, James Tracy - my grandfather, William, Henry and John. The daughters were Polly Ann, Sarah and Nancy.

They all moved to Tunnel Hill, Georgia and lived there for some time. James, my grandfather, married Rebecca James of Gamaliel. Before the marriage they all went to Indian Territory and stayed there a while.

Nathaniel H., my great grandfather, came back here and settled where the Tracy Ferry was. My father got some land below Tracy Ferry (now Sycamore Springs). They sold it recently.

My grandfather settled at Cranfield and he owned a great big place there and had slaves and gold. He had a coffee pot full of gold. He went to bury it and that was after the Civil War - before it settled - and he took a negro by the name of Ben, he used to live at Norfolk - I've seen him, and he took him with him as far as a fence and he went on and buried the gold. We don't know whether it was ever found or not but we think it has been. Anyway it was right after the war he was killed. Don't know whether he was killed by negroes or bush whackers. If it was the negroes did it they went to throw him down in the Calico store and he asked them not to do it and they stomped him to death. That's what I heard. I don't know how true any of this is. Others said it was the bushwhackers.

The bushwhackers did come down here. They came to my Uncle Nat's house - my grandfather's brother, and they shot the chickens off the roost and ordered the women to cook them. My grandfather was dead and my grandmother lived with Uncle Nat. Uncle Nat's wife wanted them to poison the chickens but my great grandmother said

" I REMEMBER " by Mrs. Ralph Jones, cont.

"No, if one got sick we would all be dead. They would kill all of us". And she wouldn't let them put the poison in the chickens. That was one of the nicest things she could have done - it was the proper thing. I think my great grandmother was a wise woman.

Then the bushwackers stole a widow's tanning leather. Everyone tanned leather and made their own shoes. My father was a cobbler. They called the shoes "brogans".

This widow had the tanning leather to make shoes for her children and these bushwackers stole it. My uncle - my father's half brother, killed him of course and then they went to hunting Uncle Harry. I've heard since that Uncle Nat killed a man too. They took and masqueraded themselves and rode with these men (the bushwackers) three days while they were trying to get the other brother, Joe, out. And they couldn't get him out and the bushwackers finally caught on to them and they started out after them. One man had the best horse in this part of the country and he told them to let him get them as he could outrun the rest.

As he got just even with my uncle, my uncle shot him and he fell off and my uncle got on the man's horse and went on to the Mississippi River. My other uncle met him there. His name was Matt. They went down the Mississippi river and came back to Texas. They called themselves Tussey instead of Tracy and they went by that name for a little while.

Uncle Harry had married a woman in Salem, a Pickren, and he came back and picked them up and took them to Texas in a wagon team. Now Mabel Curlee told me about that, I didn't know it. Cousin Bell, my father's cousin married Jess Copeland. Cousin Jess Copeland used to be her stepfather. And she, cousin Bell, told Mabel about it. I didn't know anything about that, but he sent for them, I know that.

Uncle Harry was a farmer and raised a bunch of children, I don't know how many. Uncle Matt was a lawyer and dealt in farms and land too.

Harry was back here and his wife, Aunt Mary, when he was 75 years old. I'll never forget them. They were just the nicest people you ever saw. Harry liked to play jokes on Mary. They would set down to eat and when they were nearly through, Harry would get some joke on Aunt Mary and then he would get up and go out before she could get out a word. He didn't give her time for a come back!

My father, James Terrill Tracy was born in 1860. His mother died when he was 3 days old and his father died when he was 2 years old so my great grandmother raised him until he was 8 years old, then his Uncle Natt raised him. At 21 years he went to Texas. There his cousin Bell taught him to write. He married at 21 years of age. (Died in 1939 and is buried in the Mountain Home cemetary.)

" I REMEMBER " - by Mrs. Ralph Jones

He married Betty Frances Douglas and they had 12 children. One was born dead, the first child, about 14 or 15 months older than I. Then they had a boy Grover. I don't know how much younger he was than I, but I think about 14 months. He died of kidney trouble when he was just a little baby. I remember that my mother said I took over him all the time, and after he was gone, I would pat his bed and mama would cry and then I would try to go back to console her. I can remember that very distinctly, though I wasn't much over 2 years old. Persons have better memories than they think they have.

She had another boy, Leslie, then Ethel, Tilly, Faye, Nellie, Monty, Burgie, Ruby, Jewell and Gem. They raised 10 children and they all lived except Leslie who died when 42 years old. He had rheumatic fever when he was 12 years old and it affected his heart. He couldn't live here because of rheumatism and he couldn't live in Corpus Christi, where he died, because of his heart. He couldn't take the winters here.

Gem will be 70 in October. There were 18 years from my age to hers. I'm 88 today. All are in good health. We had a reunion at Salem two years ago and then the next day they celebrated my 86th birthday. I've looked forward to this 88th birthday for 30 years. I was born on the 8th month, the 28th day of 1888 and I wanted to live till I was 88. My daughter wanted to know if I was going to quit and I said "No, I'm not, I've set my goal to 98."

We moved from the River farm to a house on top of what we called Carson Hill as people named Carson lived there later. This was across the Norfolk River. Papa bought a store there. We also bought out a man just above us. He was a doctor named Berkley. I remember he had two boys as mean as they could be. The doctor moved so we moved up to the other house. The 2 boys came back to stay all day with us. They were quite a bit bigger than Leslie and me. Mama had hot peppers in her garden and those boys got the peppers and rubbed them in our eyes and of all the screaming and squalling I did! I thought they were the meanest boys I ever saw in my life. I don't know if the parents gave them a lickin' or not but they should have!

There was a postoffice in the back end of the store and it took care of mail over an area from Mountain Home to a little place called Wake. I don't know how much farther it went. My mother took care of it. There was a boy about 12 years old, Mack Medley. His father had the route but Mack carried it most of the time. One time the river was way big and there was a deep place on the other side. My mother was scart to death and after she took care of the mail she walked down to the river and watched to see if that kid got across safely. He did! He rode a horse. He brought mail twice a week - I think it was on Monday and Fridays.

Of course Saturday was a big day as my Uncle ran a grist mill just below the store on that day. There was also a cotton gin there.

" I REMEMBER" by Mrs. Ralph Jones, cont.

That is where I saw the negro, Uncle Ben Tracy and his son from Norfolk. At that time there were several negroes in Norfolk. When the negroes were freed a lot stayed right here. There was a negro woman that stayed at Cranfield. I never did see her.

When we lived on the river I was about 6 years old. My mother had a hen house-somebody had built it and lived in it but they had moved out. It was a little log room and had a fireplace at one end and a door in the other and I don't remember any windows. It was small, about as big as my kitchen (13 x 10) maybe a little bigger than that.

Papa and Mama had never had a good education and they wanted us and other kids to have an education. Mama learned how to do fractions after she was married. She'd put a lamp down on the floor and lay a book down and when Papa would be gone away from home at night she learned how to do fractions from this book. I think it was Whites Elementary Arithmetic and so they wanted to be sure we had a school so they got a teacher but didn't have a school. Mama cleaned the hen house out and it had a dirt floor. Each side had a row of benches and there was a table and one chair for the teacher. Everybody had a blue-back speller. I don't know what else they had but that's what I had. Theopolis Johnson, uncle to Roy and Ralph Johnson was my first teacher. There were kids 18, 19 and 20 years old and some of them could spell in the back part of the book and I thought it was just wonderful. My brother was younger than me, about 2½ years old. He would go there and play around. I think I was the only little kid there was and I was 6 years old. So Mama stuffed a calico cat and she let us take it up there. I don't think I went to school half of the time. We set the cat in the middle of the floor and the teacher had his back turned and the kids all got to laughing and we thought we were into it but he let us go. So that was the first school I went to.

The next year Uncle Nat Tracy who was a man that liked to do things for the public had a church built. I think he furnished the lumber and the ground. He was a hard-shell Baptist. This was the second school I went to. It was up off the ground - it didn't have any under-penning and we had an old sow and she got under there and had pigs. Us kids would go up there and look down through the cracks at the old sow and her pigs. This was across Norfolk down at Tracy Ferry.

Papa sure did see that his children got an education. If they didn't it was their own fault. That was the thing he put first and some of us went to college.

When I was about 9 years old (I have a picture of that) Papa was going home from town and he found a little deer that the Mother had forsaken and it was a tiny thing. He took it home and put it in a big chicken coop and we fed it milk and we raised that deer. Well us kids could just go around it and play anywhere we wanted to. They worked all day to get a picture of that deer and finally they brought us kids out - me, my brother and sister, and they got the picture.

" I REMEMBER " by Mrs. May Jones

It could go wild anywhere it wanted to but would come home at night. It got out in the woods and the dogs would go after it. Mana had a big tall paling fence around her garden and it would come and jump over the fence. It was about half grown and it went off and we never knew what became of it. Guess a hunter got it. We never missed anything more than that deer. It was DEAR to us!

We moved to Mountain Home when I was 9 years old. My father had typhoid fever and was in bed 40 days. After he got over that he had a heart condition because of a heart attack. He went to Lithia Springs and stayed there and that was where Brian Haley was born. I saw Brian when he was just a tiny baby.

My father stayed there and bought a piece of land from Uncle Jim Littlefield - two acres. Then he bought a store on the west side of the Mountain Home square - where the Loveall drug store now is and he was in the store for 40 years. He built two stores, a general store with a store next to it used as storage with a small barber shop.

I married Ralph Jones, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Jones, Dec. 22, 1909. Ralph's father was a lawyer, Judge and was also a State Representative. When we were married we had a team of mules and they were not paid for. We farmed rented land. We had to give $1/3$ corn and $1/4$ cotton to the owner from what we produced.

The third year of our marriage we got out of debt owning the wagon and team, a few house hold goods and around \$100. Ralph was a good manager and saved every dime he could. We raised corn and hay. Mostly we found cotton was poor pay. Corn sold at 50¢ a bushel. After we got a little ahead money wise we invested in cotton and hogs. Course I always had chickens. When we got a little money surplus we began loaning to friends and neighbors with security and interest.

Ralph would sell people milk cows with \$10.00 down payment, the cow and increase as security, to be payed out by the month. He never lost payment on but one cow and she died.

I have had people tell me he was like a father to them or he was the best friend they ever had. He dealt in all kinds of live stock, bought wool which he took to Springfield to sell. For years he attended the sales at the sales barn in Gainesville, West Plains, Mo., and in Flippin, Ark. After we got a sale barn in Mountain Home he never missed a sale.

We raised six children grown. We had Henry who lives in Idaho, Dorothy Nell lives at Pine Bluff, and Ethel lives in Reno, Nev. We lost a son Robert - lacked two months of being 29 years old. We also had Marian who lives in Napa, Calif., and Phil who lives in Mountain Home. My husband died April 15, 1964 at the age of 75. I have 14 grandchildren, two are adopted by one of my daughters, and 19 great grandchildren who are my blood kin, one by an adopted child.

" I REMEMBER " by Mrs. Ralph Jones

We moved over in the Casey house I guess in the 30's. We lived there 8 or 9 years - we moved here in '39. The Casey house had two rooms on the west. A storm came in '36 and blew the 2 rooms down. It didn't hurt anything but oh how it did rain and got everything wet in it but that was what was hurt. There was another room on the west side quite a distance from the other rooms and that's where my boys slept. They tore it down after we left over there.

The extra house was not right in front but in front to one side about 20 ft. away facing the road. It was about 20 x 40, had two rooms, a small and a big room and had a fireplace in it. There was Court and a Post Office there. People lived in it before we moved there. My daughter painted pictures in different sizes and several views. She studied Art and was a Commercial Artist. I may have one, - I'll look and see.

Ralph used it for a feed store for a long time, stored feed in it, cotton - seed meal and stuff to feed the cattle and finally it kept getting worse all the time. He didn't have a place to put some hogs so he kept the hogs in there. He bought and sold hogs, livestock, cows, horses, - anything he bought and sold. It got to smelling so bad from the hogs that Ralph told me I could tear it down. Me and the kids tore it down and stacked the lumber. We used the lumber for other things. It was sure a rich spot so we raised a garden there!

Nearly everybody made their own soap. They saved green ashes, put them in the ash hopper, poured water on top of the ashes, saved the lye that leaked out of the ashes. We took fat from trimmings of hogs and any kitchen grease. We put lye in the iron kettle and when it became warm we added as much grease as the lye would eat up and made soft soap.

I have worked hard all my life. I like to draw, - maybe I'll take art lessons one of these days. My kids always said I'd be a "Grandma Jones".

When we lived out here on the Cotter road on the Lee Jones place, at one time called the Bryant's place, there was a swimming pool down here at the Cross Spring. We'd all go down there, the women would take the kids. I took my kids there and Quinby Smith was just a little bitty baby in his Mother's arms. She would put him out there and let him swim and play and she'd put him up and down - we called it the "Preacher's Seat". My son was about Quinby's age, Robert, the one we lost. We moved to what we call now the Gamble place because we sold it to Mr. Gamble.

Then Bob, Quinby's brother, came along and I don't remember ever passing there without seeing a long string of diapers on the line. Guess they were both in diapers at the same time as they were close together. Bob now lives in Seattle. He was bigger and healthier looking than Quinby. I never was acquainted with Bob very much but I've known Quinby for a long, long time.

" OUR MOVE FROM ARKANSAS TO TEXAS "

(As told to Mrs. Mabel Curlee by Bell Tracy Copeland, daughter of Nat Tracy).

Nat Tracy was the son of Nathenial H. Tracy who owned land from Tracy Ferry landing on the North Fork River in Northern Arkansas far down the river.

Before the war between the states, cotton was the cash crop and was up until about 45 years ago in Arkansas.

Nat Tracy was a confederate soldier in the war between the states. When Lee surrendered to Grant, Lincoln declared the southern paper money worthless, and freed the slaves.

The southern planter was a poor man. Some of the slaves preferred to live with their former masters because they had no education, no money, and no job.

Union soldiers were stationed in the south to oversee the southerners. On election day Nat Tracy wanted to vote. The Federal soldier asked a colored clerk if it was alright for Nat Tracy to vote. The southern people were very bitter towards the Union soldiers and the negroes. A fight followed and Nat killed the negro.

Nat fled and scouted around in northern Arkansas because he was a fugitive from the law. He knew if he were caught he would be hanged for murder. His idea was if he could get to Texas he would not be caught. He scouted in southwestern Arkansas and the north Texas area and planned to take his family, wife and two small children - the oldest was Belle Tracy Copeland, to Texas.

Father told the family his plan and they prepared to be ready to leave by April 1. Grandfather told father he would help him to get a covered wagon and a team of oxen and would divide supplies with him, but he had no money to help him.

One night father asked nanny if she would go with us and help mother. Nanny said she would be glad to go. Father told her if and when he reached Texas and he got a job, that he would take care of her as long as she lived.

Father kept scouting that winter, hunting and finding the best trail to Texas. He always had an uneasy feeling when at home that a Federal officer would find him and he was anxious for April to come.

At last we were ready for the journey. Our supplies were - a few sides of pork, salted, a generous supply of field peas, (some people called them whip por will peas), corn meal, some sorghum and home made soap cooked down and cut into bars. That latter was our laundry, toilet and general cleaning soap. We used it sparingly. We had a cast iron tea kettle and a cast iron kettle with lid to cook peas in.

Nanny made corn bread by pouring cold water on the meal to moisten it, then poured boiling water on it to make it thin enough to fry in patties after the side meat was fried. It tasted pretty good if you were hungry.

cont. next page

"OUR MOVE FROM ARKANSAS TO TEXAS" cont.

Some days when the sun shone warm and father came to a creek early, he would stop for the night, let the oxen rest and graze on the lucious grass and underbrush. Mammy would wash a few clothes in the creek and hang them on the bushes to dry. A wash board was one of our supplies. The water in the creeks was always clear and flowed down over rocks. We drank it. On our trip we passed very few houses.

In the morning every child big enough to work, and father, mother and maybe a few colored men or women were in the fields hoeing corn, cotton and gardens. Maybe a girl about 11 or 12 years old would be taking care of small children, playing in the shade of an oak tree with broken dishes and rag dolls.

The only light we had was the stars and moon. We did not have a lantern. So we retired early on account of snakes and wild animals. Occassionally we heard a wolf howl at night, then more wolves would howl. Their howl is so weird! And sometimes we would hear a panther scream. All this was frightening. But father kept watch with his gun by his side. I snuggled up close to Mammy and my little brother was in mother's arms. This journey took a lot of fortitude, determination, and patience. It paid off. Father felt like a free man in Texas.

We finally reached Texas after weeks of slow travel. Father went farther into Texas hoping to find a plantation. He picked a big farm with several white and colored help working in the fields. He asked for the boss. He was in the field too. He asked him for work. His question was, "Where you from pardner?" Father always said "from south Missouri". He questioned father. Finally he said "if you will work, I will give you work but the pay is small". Father said, "I will take it". We were assigned a small cabin in the field.

When father received his first week's pay, he went to a village and bought food. "This is a command", he said, "don't cook any more field peas and put on my table. I don't want them put before me, because they are a reminder of my dark days."

Father found work and worked hard. He was made overseer of the fields. From there he opened up a little store. From there he went into town and with a partner opened a general store. Anything he tried, he succeeded and his wealth went by leaps and bounds. At the height of his career in those days he was said to be worth \$75,000.

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