

Baxter County History



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

Photo courtesy of Ray Grass

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INDEX TO VOLUME X, No. 4

- Page 50 "No Gas in Gassville" by Ernie Deane
- 51 "The History of the Jung Dairy" by Mary K. Jung Craig
- 52 Description of the Photographs
- 53-54 Photographs
- 55 "The Trail of Tears Through IZARD County" by Ray Watts
- 59 Mountain Home Cemetery, Series 23, continued,
by D. Garvin Carroll
- 62 "Godey's Lady's Bock and the Lady Editor"
by Helen Tanger

 NO GAS AT GASSVILLE

By Ernie Deane
(April 14, 1971)

Bill Bridgman of Mountain Home, Arkansas, gave me some mighty interesting information concerning the origins of several unusual place names in the Ozarks Country.

Bill's tall tale on the origin of the name of Gassville is different from any I've ever heard. It goes this way: Before the Community had a postoffice it did have a general store, run by a fellow called "Pinky." Now "Pinky" was quite a spinner of yarns and a practical joker, too. When folks of the community heard of the discovery of natural gas and oil some where in the East, he figured to give 'em a thrill locally. So he poured gasoline into a cistern and then spread the rumor of gas thereabouts. To prove it, he tossed a burning rag into the cistern, and sure enough there was quite a spectacular result. Nobody else's cistern, however, seemed to be productive of gas, but anyhow when the postoffice was named they called it Gassville.

Then there's Monkey Run, whose origin Bill came across over 50 years ago while eating at a Mr. Clark's place. The story is that an early settler brought a monkey into the Ozarks, and the monkey ran away and never was caught. "So," says Bill, "Monkey Run, a natural."

Somewhat the same sort of conditions account for the naming of Possum Walk Road in north Baxter County. This, says Bill, was the old trail to Gainesville, Missouri, and the possums walked it at night, thus the unusual name. Possumtrot is a name found here and there around the U. S. A. for crossroads communities, and the name isn't always considered complimentary.

Mention of the town of Protem, Missouri, and the Captain C. G. Owen, who named it brought a letter from Mrs. Freddie Wood Cash of Harrison, Arkansas who is a great-great granddaughter of Captain Owen and lived for some years in Protem. She tells me that he first came to Taney County, Missouri when when the country thereabouts was known as Lapland because it "lapped" over into Arkansas. Verification of this nickname interests me, for I've heard the southern counties of Missouri and the northern counties of Arkansas referred to as Lapland many times in the past.

THE BAXTER COUNTY HISTORY

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Contributions of material for the "History" should be sent to Howard M. Knight. These contributions are very much needed. They may include pictures. The originals will be returned to the contributor.

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

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THE HISTORY OF THE JUNG DAIRY
(The Wheelbarrow Woman)

Submitted by Mary K. Jung Craig
2603 Johnson Street
Little Rock, Arkansas 72204

Ida Jung, Louise and I moved into an apartment on the third floor of the boys' dormitory in December 1934. Those were depression days and we fared poorly like everyone else. There were no eggs, milk or butter that winter for us. We cooked our food over the top of a coal heater.

One day Mother says, "I am tired of being without a cow. My uncle Rob Cranfill lives out on #5 North west of Mountain Home. Let us go see him." With the vigor of a 9 year old I happily went along. After a seemingly long trek we came to Uncle Rob's. While our elders talked business, Richard Orvill, Jessie, Calvin and I played. There was another Cranfill girl named Tessie, but I did not meet her that day.

I don't remember if Uncle Rob delivered old Bessie or if Mother and I led her home on a rope. Anyway, we put her in a pasture. I believe it was Mrs. Winter's pasture. That is where we put out our garden. We paid pasture rent with Bessie's milk. The rest we used. No matter how hard we tried, we could not get all the cream out of her milk. After we made butter the milk still had large chunks of butter in it. We started selling small bottles of milk, butter and buttermilk to various people around town. I remember Mrs. Horton, particularly, bought her milk. Mrs. Horton ran a hotel in the old girls' dormitory on the college campus. I used to like go take her milk and sit and talk to her.

Later we moved Bessie over to Mrs. Reagan's pasture and there she stayed until I was 14 years old at which time we moved out on North Street.

In 1938 Mother and I moved into one of Mrs. Davis' rent houses. When we moved in there, Mrs. Henry Dean said, "I found a banty hen and chickens in my garden. Do you want them, Mary?" Of course, I did. Mother helped me fix a pen for them. Soon another stray banty or two and Big Boy, my first Plymouth Rock rooster, joined us. In the meantime, each year old Bessie calfed. If it was a male we sold him. If it was a female we lovingly cared for, nurtured and raised it to breed for a milk cow.

Breeding them was another problem. I remember when the cows were frisky Mother and I would tie a rope around their necks and lead them to a well selected male. By breeding our heifers carefully (each heifer must be at least two years old when she delivers her first calf), we were able to build a small herd slowly. Most calves are males and those we sold for whatever could get out of them. I increased my chicken flock by setting eggs and hatching baby chicks whenever I could. Of course, we used eggs and ate chickens for our meat.

In June of 1939 or 1940, Mother and I had been looking for some land to buy. Mr. Charlie and Myrtle Owens (his wife) decided to sell the west acre of their land. It was located with Highway 201 on the east and bound on the north by Mr. and Mrs. Tony Bauchell, Senior, Tony and Mrs. Bauchell, Junior; by the Howards on the west, and North Street on the south side. Our acre had a row of walnut trees forming a boundary

THE HISTORY OF THE JUNG DAIRY, continued

between Howard's (Walnut Heights).

My uncle Will Dutton surveyed our acre and put up our fence. Then he built a tiny two room barn. In June of that year Mother and I floored the stable room and moved Fessie and her yearling out. We moved into the barn. Here we stayed while Uncle Will put up the frame of our four room house.

In the meantime, we were branching out, always looking for more milk and egg customers. I wish I could name all of the wonderful people who bought our eggs and milk, but I can't. There were the Hargraves, the Hightowers, Foggs, and many, many others, all over Mountain Home.

Our next improvement came in the form of a lot and a bigger barn on the back of our acre, followed by a chicken house, a chicken yard, and a garden. We just kept on, a little at a time, until we got the house finished, well dug and front and back porch on the house.

Pasture land was always a problem. Some times Uncle Jim Farris would take the heffers up to his farm at Clark Ridge and keep them until they were ready to calf. Eventually old Bessie was too old to milk and we sold her, but not before she had started a fine herd of Black Angus cattle. Such people as cattle man Henry Dean would brag on Mother's calves. One in particular was a fine specimen of beef.

The way was long and hard, but from that humble beginning of one cow partly paid for and paid out monthly, along with other hard work, Mother managed to feed herself and her two children.

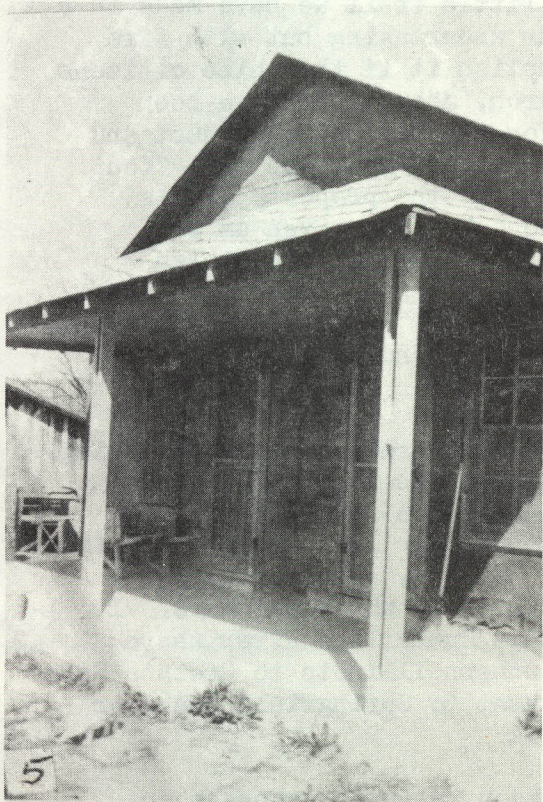
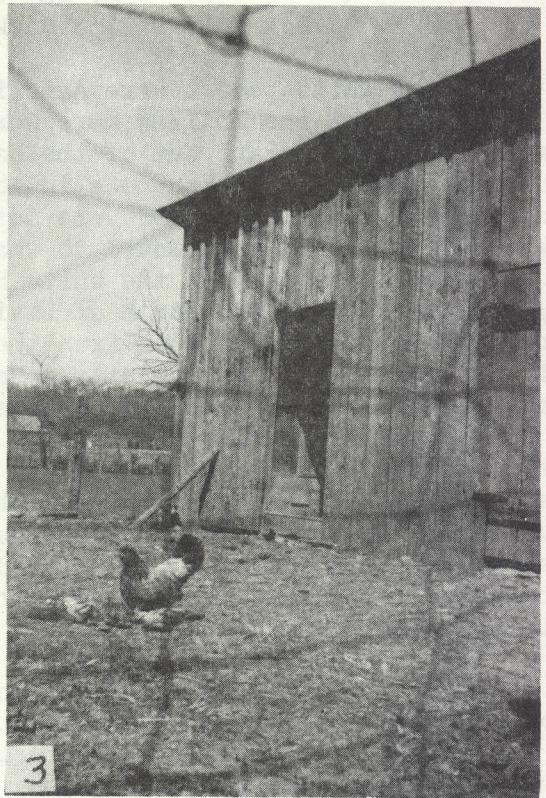
The W. T. Carrs, the Cochranes and Foggs were among her many close neighbors, as were the MacCumbers, Alyce Marbury, Mrs. Cowart, the Wilks sisters and the Owens.

Ida Jung continued to live on and operate her dairy until April 1973 when she sold out and came to live in Little Rock with her daughter, Mary K. Jung Craig.

DESCRIPTION OF PHOTOGRAPHS

1. Old Bessie - our first cow. Photo by Arthur Keller.
2. Ida Jung carrying her milk bottles to her customers in a bucket. Later she purchased a wheelbarrow for this purpose.
3. The first small barn. For a while we lived in this barn.
4. The old hand draw well. It supplied the only water for the dairy and other needs.
5. Our home and our dairy headquarters.
6. "Ranger" - part English shepherd mix. He helped by killing rats around the feed barn.
The girl with black hair and skirt is Arnett.
The other girl is either Estes or Green. They were my classmates.
7. Ida Jung - cleaning the cow pasture.
8. "Old Sport" - our cattle dog. Photo by Arthur Keller.

Editor's Note: In Vol. 3, No. 3 on Page 40, is a photo of Ida Farris Jung and her wheelbarrow. Also shown is Ida Jung holding granddaughter, Darlene Craig, and Ida's daughter, Mary Jung Craig, holding David Craig. Also shown: Retta, Bill, Jim, and Edith Farris, Ida Farris Jung, David and Darlene Craig.



THE TRAIL OF TEARS THROUGH IZARD COUNTY

By Ray Watts
Box 406, Calico Rock, Arkansas 72519

When the white people were settling in IZARD County between 1807 and 1819, most of the Indians here were the Osage tribe. The whites began moving the Indians out of the East in 1813. The first to be moved into this area were the Shawnees in 1819. There were 2,000 of them moved from Lewiston, Ohio and were settled at the mouths of three creeks on White River. All were moved to what is now Stone County. Most of the early settlers came up the White River and I am sure the Indians did, too. They were settled at the mouth of Livingston Creek in what is now Stone County, above Boswell, across from the mouth of Piney Creek, and at the mouth of Jack's Creek in the extreme northern part of Stone County. Before the Indians were forced to move, many moved into the Ozarks, because of the East becoming heavily populated. They were members of several tribes. As time went by, others knew what was coming and volunteered to move, but were escorted. My ancestors were members of the Cherokee tribe and were volunteers. There were 17,000 Cherokees forced to move. They were to be moved in thirteen columns. They lived in North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Tennessee. They were to be moved to Talequah, Oklahoma, the capital of the Indian Territory.

November 4, 1838, George Hicks, conductor of one of the parties, reported to John Ross, chief of the Cherokees; "We are now about to take our final leave and kind farewell to our native land, the country that the Great Spirit gave to our fathers. We are on the eve of leaving that country that gave us birth. It is with sorrow that we are forced by authority of the white man to quit the scenes of our childhood. We bid a final farewell to that we hold dear from the little trail we have made in a start to move. We know that it is a laborious undertaking but with firm resolution, we think we will be able to accomplish it if the white citizens will permit it. Since we have been on our march, many of us have been stopped and our horses taken from our teams for the payment of unjust and demands. Yet, the government says we must go and its citizens say, "You must pay me", and if the debtor has not the means, the property of his next friend is levied on and yet, the government has not given us our spoilation (compensation), as promised. Our property has been stolen and robbed from us by the white man and no means given to us to pay our debts. The government officers will not protect us. Our property is robbed of us in open daylight and in open view of hundreds and why are they so bold? They know we are in a defenseless situation."

May 23, 1838 was the deadline for the 17,000 Cherokees to start moving. By mid June, 15,000 were in stockades and three groups were already on their way. Some had escaped to the mountains and were never captured. The ones on their way were volunteers. It was October 1, 1838 when the first of the thirteen columns started on their long journey. The march of the thirteen columns followed the same route as the early white settlers. It ran via Nashville, Tennessee to the mouth of the Cumberland River where they ferried the Ohio River, thence across southern Illinois to Green's Ferry to Farmington, Missouri and from there, they went to Springfield and down the old wire road to Arkansas.

The two columns that turned south at Jackson, entered Arkansas on the west side of Black River and traveled in a southwest direction until they were about half way between the Eleven Point River and Spring River. One column turned almost west at James Creek and the other kept on going southwest to Strawberry River at Smithville. From there, they traveled in a west southwest direction and came to the Fallen Ash Military Road near the intersection of Highways 69 and 58, what is now just west of Sidney.

THE TRAIL OF TEARS THROUGH IZARD COUNTY, continued

What I have written thus far was taken from three history books. The next part I write will be more in detail. I have talked with several people living in the area of the two trails and who have talked with older ones many years ago.

The Fallen Ash Military Road was also known as the Jacksonport Road. It ran from Jacksonport to Fort Smith by the way of Mount Pleasant, Melbourne, Newburg, Pineville, Iuka and what is now Cotter. It crossed White River at Cotter and went from there to Yellville, Carroll, Osage, Fayetteville and on to Fort Smith. From where Highways 69 and 58 now intersect west of Sidney to Melbourne, the land is almost level. The Trail of Tears on this route was in the vicinity of Highway 69. From Melbourne to Newburg, there are some hills but Newburg was already settled and that was the only road. The Trail came northwest from Newburg and crossed where Highway 56 now is located about one mile west of Bandmill. One one-half mile southeast of where it crossed the highway, there was a spring on the Estes' place where the people camped. The Trail is on the north side of the highway from about one mile west of Bandmill for another mile and is now used as a county road. It reenters the highway where the Wideman Road intersects and comes west to almost Piney Creek. It crosses Piney Creek just below where the highway bridge is now. From there, it goes to Pineville and a part of it is a county road. At Pineville the Trail crossed what is now Highway 223 and went west on what is now Highway 177 for about six miles. It didn't follow all the way where Highway now is as there was one hill too steep for a wagon. At the end of the six miles, it came back into the trail that it had left at Janes Creek.

My history tells that most of the moving was done on the other Trail which I will tell. I only knew of one Indian movement on the Fallen Ash Military Road and that was one of the thirteen columns.

I attribute this information to Herron Whitfield at Pineville. The Trail came by where he now lives. As I mentioned before, the columns that turned west at Janes Creek, came west on the south side of Spring River just south of where Hardy now is, to the vicinity of what is now Ash Flat. This part of the information from Janes Creek to Ash Flat was taken from the history.

From the vicinity of Ash Flat, the Trail went almost west and crossed Strawberry River about one mile north of where Franklin is now located. Gid Williams of Wiseman told me that Milt Billingsley helped to cut the Trail in the Franklin area. He also told me where the Trail crossed the Strawberry River.

The small town of Wiseman, only a short distance north of Franklin, got its name from a man named Wiseman. He was helping to move the Indians from Tennessee to Talequah, Oklahoma, the capital of the Cherokee Nation. Ernest Wiseman from Calico Rock told me about this. He said that the Wisemans decided to settle in that area after the Indians were moved.

From the vicinity of Franklin, the Indians moved on west going just north of Violet Hill and crossed where Highway 9 is located about one mile south of Oxford. After crossing No. 9, the Trail went almost west to where a gravel pit is now located on the south Wideman and Oxford Road. From there, it is on the north side of the road and also on the north side of the Shelby Shaver place. It went almost west from the Indian Creek Valley. Near the lower end of the Valley is a spring where they camped. It was about one-half mile north of Wideman on what is now the north Wideman and Oxford Road that the Trail crossed. It crossed where the

THE TRAIL OF TEARS THROUGH IZARD COUNTY, continued

Marvin Dalrymple barn now stands. From there, it went about one mile west to Piney Creek to the Bob Benbrook place. About one mile south of the old Corinth Church it intersects the county road now used between Wild Cherry and Pineville. The county road follows the Trail in a south-westerly direction for about three miles. There was another camp on the western end of this three miles. It was named White Oak Hollow Camp. In this camp, the Indians built scaffolds and bored holes in trees and put pegs in the holes. The pegs and scaffolds were high enough to keep their dogs and wolves out of their provisions. From there, the Trail went a short distance in the same general direction to Brushy Creek. It then turned up Brushy Creek in a north-westerly direction for about one-half mile and then went upgrade for about one mile to the community of Cross Roads. The Trail crossed what is now Highway 223 and went to where the Wise Chapel and Cemetery now is and turned back west. Going in a west-northwest direction, the Trail came out in what is now known as Sanders Lane. In the same direction, the Trail of north, intersecting the Trail of south or the Fallen Ash Military Road at Iuka on what is now the IZARD-Baxter County line. From there, it went about one-half mile on what is now Highway 177 west and then made a turn to the southwest.

This part has been told to me by Travis Blevins of Violet Hill, Melvin Ford of Oxford, Claud Fountain and Herron Whitfield of Pineville. It was told to most of them by the late Jim Graham of Oxford.

As the Trail was in the direction of west-southwest, it went about five miles before turning northwest. Somewhere in the west-southwest course, there was another camp by a spring. In that camp more than three hundred people died. As they started to move on, the Indians told the whites who had settled in that area to not bother the graves. The Indians would never put grave markers on the graves.

On Highway 5 north from Norfolk, you can look off a high bluff and see some isles in the Northfork River called The Rapids. The Rapids is where the Trail crossed Northfork River. From there it came out on top of the hills at Salesville and went in a westerly direction. This information was given me by Jimmy Teagarden.

The next part is my part which was taken from the military record of James Monroe Watts.

Jacob Watts was born in 1793 in North Carolina. His wife, Emily (Ross) Watts was born in 1806 in South Carolina. They were married in 1822 in Lawrence County, Tennessee. Their children were: Emanuell born 09-22-1823; Daniel, date of birth unknown; Nathaniel born 1826 in Tennessee; Samuel born 1827 in Tennessee; John born 1830, Tennessee; William born 1833, Tennessee; James born 01-06-1838 on Trail of Tears near Mountain Home, Arkansas; Josiah born 1841 in IZARD County, Arkansas; Martin born 03-28-1844 in IZARD County; Jacob Z. Taylor born -07--6-1846, and no date of Leona has been confirmed.

In 1837, before the forced march, Jacob's family volunteered for the march to the Indian Territory at Talequah, the Indian Territory in what is now Oklahoma. During this march, his family stopped on the Trail a short distance south from what is now Mountain Home, Arkansas, for Emily to bear another child. Instead of going on to Talequah, this family moved to the south side of White River about three miles above where Calico Rock is now located. They moved into the area where the Shawnee Indians were located in 1819. They stayed in that area until 1848, then moved to Washington County.

THE TRAIL OF TEARS THROUGH IZARD COUNTY, continued

In the meantime, Emanuell, who was the oldest child, had married Sarah (Sally) Langston, who was born about eight miles down the river from Calico Rock. She was the daughter of Jessie and Christina (Hawkins) Langston. Emanuell also moved to Washington County with them but did not stay long. He and his family moved back to the area which they left in 1848.

In 1863 Jacob moved to Kansas. His three younger boys enlisted in the Union forces in 1863 at Cassville, Missouri and were mustered in at Springfield. Three more of the older sons enlisted in the Union forces in Kansas.

I have James's military record from birth until death. It states he was born Jan. 6, 1838. That was almost a year before the Cherokees were forced to move.

He was married March 18, 1863 at Fayetteville, Arkansas to Zililah B. Harris. Her maiden name was Custer. She had married Epherim Harris who was killed about 1861.

James enlisted in the U. S. Army on Sept. 28, 1863. His unit was Co. B 1st Regiment of Arkansas Cavalry Volunteers. His duty was to carry the mail from Fayetteville to Cassville, Missouri. If there was anything important in the mail, he rode at night on a black horse.

Feb. 14, 1864 he was carrying the mail from Fayetteville to Cassville, Missouri when his horse was shot from under him. The horse fell on him but receiving only slight injury, he still carried the mail until April 1865. From that time to Aug. 23, 1865 he worked on the stockade. On his muster out roll Aug. 23, 1865 he owed the Army \$ 41.48 for clothes and 40 cents for a brush wiper and thong.

James and his wife had two boys. Clay was born Dec. 6, 1865 at Fayetteville and Dock was born Oct. 24, 1866 at McGuire.

After James was discharged he lived three years in Madison County, Arkansas, 25 years in Baxter County, 3 years in Searcy County, 6 years in Bouy County, Texas, and 8 years in Greenwood County, Kansas.

He was living with Clay in Texas in the 1920's. Dock took his wagon and team and after being away for three weeks, he brought James back with him to Mountain Home, Arkansas.

James died on Aug. 25, 1926 and within 5 miles of where he was born Jan. 6, 1838 on the Trail of Tears.

Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home.

Editor's Note: A marble plaque in the Baxter County Courthouse describes part of the route the Trail of Tears followed through the county from the North Fork River to Talbert's Ferry on the White River near Cotter.

An article in The Baxter Bulletin on April 8, 1983 by Thomas Garrett notes that "the government is going to study the possibility of designating the Trail of Tears as a national scenic trail. The study is to include Arkansas and there is a possibility Baxter County could be included since, according to local history, the trail passed through here."

Old Military Road south of the county seat is supposedly the route used to move the Indians through Baxter County. A plaque at the intersection of State Highway 5 and Old Highway 5 is located near the old road, about five miles south of Mountain Home on the Hart Cemetery grounds. Built in 1830 by U. S. soldiers moving the Cherokees from their homes in Tennessee and Arkansas, the old road was called the "Trail of Tears" as a result.

MOUNTAIN HOME CEMETERY
(Page 18)

Continuation of Number Twenty-three in a series of articles on cemeteries in Baxter County, Arkansas by D. Garvin Carroll.

LIEB

C. M. Lieb	1861	1941
Frances P. Lieb	1879	1951
John Lieb	1909	1927

LIGGERT

David W. Liggert	1866	1939
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LINDSEY

Mary J. Lindsey	1851	1900
W. S. Lindsey	1826	1900

LITTLEFIELD

James Littlefield	1830	1909
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LIVINGSTON

Ariel Livingston	Aug. 1, 1882	Dec. 17, 1960
H. L. Livingston	1842	1926
P. G. Livingston	Feb. 20, 1877	Nov. 11, 1942
Pvt. Vaughn Livingston	June 5, 1916	Apr. 26, 1944

LOBA

Victor Kleo Loba	1885	1919
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LONON

Georgia A. Lonon	1855	1936
James L. Lonon	1856	1935
J. B. Lonon	1836	1908
John Butler Lonon	1830	1915

LOOMIS

Merten W. Loomis	1879	1932
Ruth Loomis	1892	no date

LOVE

Ken F. Love	1869	1937
Cantie C. Love	1876	1954
Daisy Love	July 7, 1884	Oct. 6, 1889
Frank Hagan Love	1895	1959
Martha D. Love	1847	1912
Randolph O. Love	1870	1945
Rhea Tipton Love	1895	no date
Victoria A. Love	1870	1917
William A. Love	1898	1935
Wm. Henry Love	1939	1939

LUECK

Carl H. Lueck	1891	no date
Vergie M. Lueck	1894	1946

60
MOUNTAIN HOME CEMETERY
(Page 19)

MACHER

Robert Macher 1889 1955

MAC MILLAN

Chester A. MacMillan 1894 1955
Elsie M. MacMillan 1903

MAPHET

Earl Louis Maphet (Pvt. Co.L
39th Inf. WW I PH) Feb. 26, 1894 Jan. 26, 1958

MARSHALL

Claude H. Marshall Mar. 6, 1898 July 5, 1901

MARTIN

Dollie Martin 1887 1940
Elizabeth Martin Oct. 3, 1884 Oct. 1, 1946
Eugene W. Martin (Ark S. Sgt.
AAF WW II) Feb. 27, 1913 Nov. 21, 1958
Francis Marion Martin 1865 1952
Jeff Francis Martin (Ark. Pvt.
1928 Serv Unit WW II) May 16, 1916 May 9, 1966
Jim Martin 1874 1949
Little Von Martin Feb. 24, 1920 July 11, 1923
Mary Martin Dec. 27, 1917 June 27, 1920
Mary Ann Martin 1855 1930
Mary Elizabeth Martin 1892 1936
Paul Woodson Martin 1927 1944
Thomas N. Martin Dec. 20, 1876 Feb. 7, 1956
Jesse Lee Martin 1896 1948

MARTINSON

John W. Martinson (Ark. 1st Lt.
U.S. Army WW I, WW II) Oct. 1, 1896 Apr. 23, 1966

MASSEY

Emma Massey 1899
Emma C. Massey 1849 1938
Glen L. Massey no date no date
Dau. of Glen Massey Jan. 2, 1897 Jan. 23, 1897
Hallie J. Massey 1847 1925
H. J. Massey 1899

MAUPIN

Margaret Maupin May 13, 1849 Apr. 2, 1926

MOUNTAIN HOME CEMETERY
(Page 20)

MC BROOM

Louise L. McBroom	1863	1939
Stephen C. McBroom	1865	1946

MC CLURE

Dr. J. W. McClure	Dec. 15, 1821	June 10, 1893
Sarah McClure	1848	1912
T. H. McClure	1840	1900
Thomas Howard McClure	1930	1943

MC GEE

David McGee	Oct. 30, 1852	Dec. 16, 1886
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MC GUIRE

William Arthur McGuire	Nov. 8, 1891	June 3, 1918
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MC INTOSH

Cynthia McIntosh	Jan. 12, 1947	Feb. 6, 1947
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MC KEE

Robert McKee	Mar. 29, 1865	Apr. 24, 1936
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MC MURRY

Richard H. McMurry	Apr. 10, 1889	Apr. 20, 1957
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MC QUAID

John McQuaid (Ill. Pvt. TRP-II-Regt. Cor. Span. Amer. War)	May 5, 1874	Apr. 7, 1957
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MEEK

Archie H. Meek	June 4, 1874	Aug. 8, 1962
Gertrude P. Meek	Mar. 27, 1855	Aug. 12, 1954

MENDENHALL

Richie Mendenhall	1929	1930
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MEREDITH

Essie Meredith	Apr. 21, 1898	Aug. 23, 1930
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MESSICK

Alice M. Messick	1872	1957
Alma Messick (dau. of Harold)	Aug. 13, 1933	Oct. 21, 1933
Corabelle (Allen) Messick	1874	1933
Della Strain Messick	1901	1934
James Augustus Messick	1868	1948

MESSING

David W. Messing	1871	1928
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GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK AND THE LADY EDITOR
By Helen Tanger

Victorianism made a fairly clean sweep of the Georgian attic; good was thrown out with the bad, charm with ugliness. It was not until well after 1850 that Mansard-Gothic houses with their towers and porches were being built. Godey's Lady's Book began in 1846 the first "own-your-own-home" campaign. "Godey's Model Cottages" suggested a cow shed next to the parlor. A feature of New England was a house built with a string of sheds or barns behind the kitchen - each connected to the next by doors, so that in bad weather it was easy to reach the cattle. Next to the kitchen was the "buttery" lined with wide shelves; next the woodshed; then the work shop. Adjoining this was the tool shed; next the granary with bins for oats and corn; then came the barns for the livestock, with the Big Barn last of all.

The year 1849 saw a sudden increase in the East's migration to the West. Godey's supplied simple designs for building by unskilled workmen. Wherever women went, there the Lady's Book went also, following via the pony express the Conestoga wagons with their heavy loads of household gear, firearms, garden seeds and tools, ancestral silver, and at least one setting of eggs. In many a town that in days gone by was back of beyond there are to be found today massive pieces of old furniture that could hardly have been carried in an overland wagon. While many treasures made their way across the prairies and mountains, the larger pieces must have been made on the ground.

"What-nots", those elegant dust-catchers, were first mentioned in Godey's in February 1850. The what-not was composed of shelves used for the display of a dome of wax flowers, a collection of shells, stereoscopic views, and small vases.

Crewel embroidery was taken up by Victorian ladies in 1850. Cross stitch came back, too, some ten years later. Every well-regulated family displayed a framed "God Bless Our Home" motto embroidered on canvass or pricked paper.

Clothes changed, also. Jefferson was the first president to take the oath of office in "long pantaloons" - an innovation called undemocratic by his political enemies. Lincoln was the country's first bearded president. The Lady's Book battled for the smooth face, but in a pioneer land where most men were under constant temptation to go unshaven, Godey's was doomed to defeat. Dickens toured America in 1842 and helped to set the fashion. Editorial protests insisted that whiskers were all "an immense waste of bear's grease." But many gentlemen preferred their whiskers, and mustache cups arrived.

The first invention that relieved women in their personal work-a-day lives was the sewing machine. Credit for the first sewing machine belongs to Thimmonier in France in 1830; Isaac Singer took out his patents in 1851. But these machines were designed to be man-operated. Machines for home use were put on the market in 1860.

Sarah Josepha Hale, the indomitable editress of the Lady's Book, published in November 1830 the first fashion plate in that earliest of women's magazines. Her styles were based on health. She was among the first to denounce tight-lacing, and as long as she was the editress, she fought the fashion of wasp-waists. Her campaigns failed.

Accessories, she saw, could be made to enhance personality. "Fresh lace at throat and wrists, well-cleaned boots, a crisp handkerchief and spotless gloves" were the marks, she insisted, of a gentlewoman. Cleanliness and godliness were her creed in a day when many relied on godliness and musk to cloak the absence of soap and water.

It was in September 1852 that Mrs. Hale introduced the now familiar term into the country's language of "lingerie". "Under this head we adopt the French term because it best expresses what we wish to describe: we here mean 'plain sewing' or 'white work' - everything of the under wardrobe." "Why," a thrifty reader immediately wrote in to ask, "spend money on what nobody is going to see?"

The years of Mrs. Hale's editorship, 1828-1878, saw many changes in fashion. Crinolines gave place to hoops, skirts became ever fuller and fuller and more elaborately trimmed. Sleeves shifted from enormous mutton legs of the 1830's to skin-tight sheaths in the 40's. In the 50's the bell sleeve, loose at the wrist, came in and delicate undesleeves of sheer mull or of lace or net were added. Fichus, too, returned. Mid-nineteenth century fashion showed a gracious dignity, despite the immense hoops, which not all women wore, and which none wore all the time. Oversized chairs were made to accommodate these hoops. The bustle arrived just before the Centennial celebration in Philadelphia in 1876. The bustles was an outgrowth of the accentuated hoops. These had become so large and required so much material to cover them - 25 yards was meager for the making of a dress - that the eighteen inches of waist allowed a woman scarcely the strength to carry her skirt's weight. To relieve the strain on the back, supporting pads were worn in the hope of throwing a little of the tonnage on the rear hips.

Meantime the sewing machine allowed the seamstress to make the clothes even fussier and with unlimited possibilities for trimming. So the sewing machines developed "attachments" - hemmers, fellers, binders, tuckers, rufflers, shirrers, puffers, braiders, quilters, hem-stitchers, and a thing called an "etcher" by means of which "beautiful machine embroidery" could be accomplished almost in the twinkling of an eye! Professional seamstresses vied with each other in dreaming up new ideas for trimmings, and many a gown displayed ruffles, pleats, tucks and puffs all mixed together. As early as 1870 a dress was little more than a foundation for the display of all the many kinds of decoration to which ingenuity could put to cloth by means of a sewing machine.

Mrs. Hale instituted a "shopping service" and "bridal wardrobe, bonnets, dresses, jewelry, cake boxes, envelopes, etc. will be chosen with a view to economy as well as taste and forwarded to any part of the country." It was a huge success; and many a rural and frontier bride found added joy in the yards of rich black silk that would be her "best dress" as long as she lived.

One of the household helps Mrs. Hale was instrumental in developing was the washing machine. The only washing contrivance prior to 1850, other than the washboard and washstick, was known as a "dolly". It was similar to a dasher churn, and when full of heavy wet clothes, placed a great strain on the operator's back and abdominal muscles, a strain far more than did actual rubbing. In 1853 Mrs. Hale in an editorial called on the inventors of the country to apply their genius to the problems of family washing. In April 1854 came the first practical washing machine. Operated by hand, of course, it used the strength-saving principle of a

lever in a series of cog-wheels; the wooden churning barrel turned by a crank. It sold for \$ 40.

Mrs. Hale recognized other advances in methods of housework, including a "double-skillet for boiling milk" and a rotary egg beater.

The Lady's Book printed poems, stories, music, etiquette hints, fashions, woodcuts, patterns for handwork, but Mrs. Hale always insisted that education needs must be the fundamental factor in the future freedom of women. She also knew that to the over-worked body of a housewife even an egg beater, if it saved even one ounce of energy, was of value.

Mrs. Hale published a novel, "Northwood" or "Life North and South" in 1827, the earliest notable attempt to establish a better social and economic understanding between the states. It favored the abolition of slavery, but its primary message was preservation of the Union. The fifth edition in 1852 was aimed at counteracting the inflammatory influence of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Sarah Josepha Hale was the first woman editor in America and it was she who made Godey's Lady's Book the forerunner of the modern women's magazines. And through the carefully planned editorials, Mrs. Hale wielded a tremendous power in favor of the emancipation of women.

She was the woman who made Thanksgiving Day a national holiday, the author of the nursery rhyme "Mary's Little Lamb", above all a passionate fighter for woman's education. She believed women had rights, but she was far too clever to antagonize her audience by openly campaigning for them. She enthusiastically supported the foundation of the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association to preserve Washington's home. Her second novel "Liberia" advocated the education of the slaves and finally the establishment of a homeland for them in the African colony of Liberia. Her many talents led her to champion many causes - the raising of money for the Bunker Hill Monument, the Seaman's Aid Society, the education and employment of women, the first Day Nursery, the American Merchant Maribe Library, the creation of "model tenements", the training of women medical missionaries - were examples of some of her interests over a long lifetime.

She died on April 30, 1879 after having edited the Godey's Lady's Book for half a century, and vastly improving the lives of the women of her beloved country.

The popular, and to some women indispensable, magazine ceased publication in 1898.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, page 3

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