

# Baxter County History



The Casey House – Built 1858  
The Historic Home of Col. Randolph D. Casey  
Mountain Home, Baxter County, Arkansas

FEATURING:  
Visit with Alvin Leonard Biggers

Volume 25-1  
January, February, March  
1999

Published by  
THE BAXTER COUNTY HISTORICAL  
& GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY

# Table of Contents

Volume 25, Number 1

January, February, March – 1999

- About the Society* *Page 2*  
Who we are, what we do, when we do it, and how we pay for it!
- From the Editor* *Page 3*  
Introduction, philosophy, and other good stuff as we begin the twenty-fifth year of publishing this newsletter.
- What Happened At Our Meetings* *Page 4*  
The large majority of our membership live out of this area or are unable to regularly attend our meetings. This section lets you know about our monthly get-togethers.
- Where Our Money Goes* *Page 5*  
Perhaps the most important but least understood single subject we deal with is money. We've had big doings here the past few months. Read on and you can stay informed.
- Our Major Projects* *Page 8*  
We have great investments in Rapp's Barrens Pioneer Settlement (Cooper Park), Rollins Hospital Museum (Gassville) and the Casey House (Baxter County Fairgrounds). This gives you a flavor of what we're doing.
- A Very Special Feature* *Page 9*  
Warmth, wisdom, and everything that's real.....an interview with Alvin Leonard Biggers.
- Wiggins Battery of Mountain Home* *Page 27*  
Civil War re-enactors, preserving an important part of our history.
- Nellie Mitchell Dies at 103* *Page 30*  
Article from *The Baxter Bulletin*, December 31, 1998.
- One Taylor Family of Baxter County, Arkansas* *Page 32*  
The family of Thomas Jefferson Taylor by Lucille G. Parks
- Short Subjects* *Page 34*  
A variety of good stuff.
- Officers and Board of Directors* *Page 36*  
Contact any of these folks for information about the Society.

Volume 25, Number 1

## *The Baxter County History*

Published by

*The Baxter County Historical & Genealogical Society, Inc.*  
Mountain Home, Arkansas

### About the Society


*Our objective is to promote and maintain popular interest in the history of Baxter County, Arkansas, and to acquire, restore, preserve, and maintain things pertaining to the history of Baxter County for the benefit and education of the general public.*

We are funded by the generosity of others, to include dues, fund-raising events, support from the Baxter County Quorum Court, and donations. We have recently acquired tax exempt status. That means donations can be made directly to us (BCHGS). Checks will no longer have to go through the local chamber foundation.

Annual membership dues are \$15 for individuals and \$25 for member and spouse. Dues are payable on membership anniversary dates. Correspondence concerning membership dues, back issues of this newsletter, and other business matters should be addressed to our treasurer, Stella Jackson, 455 CR 619, Mountain Home, Arkansas 72653.

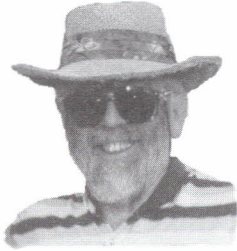
Contributions of material for this newsletter are always appreciated and should be sent to Editor, *The History*, P.O. Box 1611, Mountain Home, Arkansas, 72654. E-mail address is [sonny@thehistorybook.com](mailto:sonny@thehistorybook.com).

Meetings are held on the fourth Tuesday of each month at locations throughout the county. Meetings are announced as community news in the *Baxter Bulletin* and on local radio stations and TCA Channel 5. For more information call any of the officers or board members



Editor, *The History*

## From the Editor



Greetings to all. I look forward to serving as your editor and will always try to continue your high standards.

Thank you,

Gene Garr, for a wonderful job.

I am Francis Dale (Sonny) Sharp. "Sonny" is an old nickname from my youth, and those things stay with you forever, especially around your home town. I was born in the old Chambers Clinic, in a building on the northeast corner of the Mtn. Home square on January 11, 1945. My father was W. E. (Red) Sharp (d. April 20, 1988) and my mother is Margaret Wotawa Sharp, one of our long standing members. My wife is Judi Ramey, oldest daughter of Ray (d. Jan. 23, 1995) and Ellen Shiras Ramey, also one of our senior members.

For much of my adult life I worked away from this area and time between visits was often extensive. Over the years, I remember my surprise at the changes in the area as many landmarks from my youth were being changed or removed and new ones were being added. I have always heard the old truism "nothing is

certain but death and taxes." I would add another – "change."

Change is normal as nothing really stays the same forever; change can be sad as personal landmarks are reduced to memories. Perhaps our most precious possessions, beyond religion and family, are our memories – our individual histories. Considered together, over generations, memories of individuals and groups are the building blocks of history.

Our local history is important to all of us. Membership rolls of the Baxter County Historical and Genealogical Society (BCHGS) could be divided into three groups. One includes names from what could be called "old Baxter County." These families were involved in agriculture, construction, education, real estate, retailing and other activities that helped develop this area. Many have long since retired but want to stay involved in the preservation of the past they helped create. Another is comprised of descendants of our local forefathers who live outside this area but want to stay involved to learn more about their genealogy. Newcomers to this area form the third. These folks moved here, perhaps, within the last twenty years and simply want to find out more about their adopted home. Everyone

shares a common interest in the area and the need to stay informed.

Through the pages of this quarterly every effort will be made to keep you informed about our projects, meetings

and other activities. I also hope you will enjoy additional features about our people and their families.

Read on!

## What happened at our meetings

During the winter months, we have been meeting at the old AP & L building, Highway 62 SW, in Mountain Home. As the weather improves we will meet in various locations throughout Baxter County. This will enable more people to join us and learn about our organization and Baxter County history.

Our January 1999 meeting was highlighted by Dr. Fran Coulter, former teacher in the Mtn. Home school system, and current senior staff member of Arkansas State University-Mountain Home. Dr. Coulter was a recent appointee to the Arkansas Historic Preservation Society and talked about the work they do to help preserve history in Arkansas. They will sponsor a bus "ramble" through this part of the state on April 10, 1999, to view historic sites. The trip will start in Saint Joe, and folks interested could join the trip in Harrison.

A check for **\$10,000** was received from Christine Roller and was presented on her behalf by David Artos, one of her local employees (and our member). This generous donation will enable major work to go forward at the Rollins Hospital Museum at Gassville.

Other business included repair of the porch of the Casey house, the Society garage sale at the National Guard Armory in Mountain Home (March 27, 1999), and a bus trip to the new regional museum at Batesville.

New officers were elected for 1999. Charles Blackburn was re-elected President; Gene Garr, Vice-president; Dorothy Messick, Secretary; and Stella Jackson, Treasurer. A Board of Directors was formed that includes Becky Baker, Kevin Bodenhamer, Garvin Carroll, Evelyn Denton, Margie Garr, Dr. Jimmy Lowe, Judi Sharp, and Dale (Sonny) Sharp.

At the February meeting, special needs at Rapp's Barren Pioneer Settlement were discussed. These included chairs for the Shady Grove school, repair of the Talburt-Leonard log cabin, termite spraying for two buildings, and movement of the old Oak Grove church. It was mentioned that the prisoners have applied substantial man-hours toward completion of the Rollins Hospital Museum project. Members enjoyed looking at old pictures of the area brought by Karen Brookfield that had been collected by Howard and Olive Knight.

At the March meeting Bill Woodiel updated the membership on the Trail of Tears Association and his efforts to have the year 2001 annual meeting

held here in Mtn. Home. Preparation for the upcoming annual garage sale at the armory were discussed. The event will be held on March 27, 1999, and will include sale of donated items, baked goods, and chili. Guest speaker for the evening was Vicki Roberts, president, Marion County Historical and Genealogical Society. She presented an informative and most entertaining program on the nuts and bolts of researching family history, and sprinkled some of her own experiences in the backroads of Georgia. An upcoming tour of the history museum at Batesville on July 18, 1999, was also discussed. (See related story in this newsletter under "Short Subjects.")

## Where our money goes

Our need for money and other help never stops. We get funding from several sources to include membership dues, Baxter County government special appropriation, fund raising activities, interest on our bank account and donations. We have major expenses to include restoration and upkeep of the Casey House (near the fairgrounds), Rapp's Barren Pioneer Settlement (in Cooper Park) and the Rollins Hospital Museum at Gassville. There are other miscellaneous expenses to include

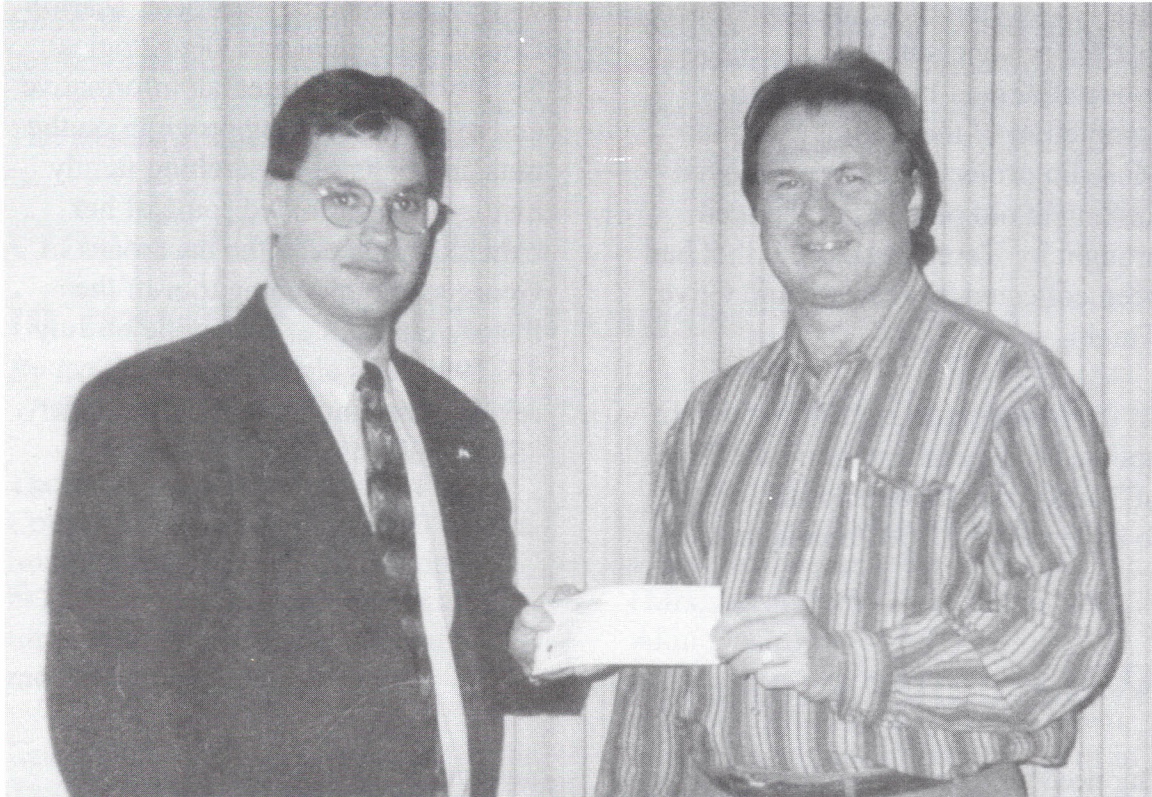
postage, printing the quarterly, buying memory markers for resale, printing "The History of Baxter County" for resale, and just anything else that might happen.

During January and February 1999, several major financial developments occurred. At our January meeting David Artos, one of our members and an employee of the Roller Funeral Home, presented the society a donation of \$10,000 from Mrs. Christine Roller. The money is earmarked for further work on

the Rollins Hospital Museum. at  
Gassville.

We received two beautiful oak cabinets  
from the Baxter County Library that

have been placed in the genealogical  
library at the Rollins Hospital Museum.  
We received \$6500 from Baxter County  
government for support of our projects.



David Artos, left, of Roller Funeral Home, one of our members, presents a  
\$10,000 check from Mrs. Christine Roller, also one of our members, to Charlie  
Blackburn, our President.

Thank you, Christine Roller!

**Income and expenses at the end of February, 1999, were:**

Balance brought forward:	\$2,235.45
Income	
Interest	26.45
Dues	665.00
Sales	95.50
Donations	16,930.00
Expenses	
Building restoration	1,091.02
Postage/printing	110.33
Utilities	6.43
New balance forward	\$18,744.62

**Income and expenses as of the end of March, 1999, are as follows:**

Balance brought forward	\$18,744.62
Income	
Interest	33.90
Dues	105.00
Sales	95.00
Donations	300.00
Expenses	
Building Restoration	1,724.96
Postage/printing	0
Miscellaneous	4.20
Utilities	6.43
New balance forward	\$17,542.93

As we enter the summer months and are able to do more work, the balance will reduce accordingly. Keep those donations coming in, folks!



## Our major projects

### **Rapp's Barren Pioneer Settlement**

*By Gene Garr*

The past two winter months have seen very little progress on the Jones Cabin. The foundation has been placed and logs sorted out. Some markings were missing and now have been reestablished. Good weather should soon see the cabin begin to take shape.

An addition to the Shady Grove School Museum site has been installed. A hand pump similar to what was used for years at the old school site has been placed in the front yard. Stella Jackson has again come through with a very nice donation of the pump. Efforts are now being made to secure seating for the school building so that it can be used for meetings.

### **Casey House**

*By Gene Garr*

Work is pending on repairs of the porch. Due to increased flow of traffic on the small street in front of the building, we are looking at the possibility of changing the entrance

area to the side or possibly the rear. We will have to work this out with the Baxter County Fair Board, as this will put the entry area in their parking lot.

### **Rollins Hospital Museum**

*By Elvan Hudson*

The hardwood floor has been laid and two large oak cabinets (donated by the Baxter County Library) have been placed in the genealogy library. This area will soon be ready for painting. Major window replacement has been completed and work continues throughout other areas. We continue to get major help from the county sheriff and city of Mountain Home probation offices. As many as 20 prisoners at a time and other community service people work several days during the week. During the month of March alone we will serve the prisoners 124 meals and they will provide 940 man-hours of work. Much help is needed in supervising the prisoners and donations are needed to replace hand tools and saw blades. Donations of time and money are greatly appreciated.

## A Visit with Alvin Leonard Biggers

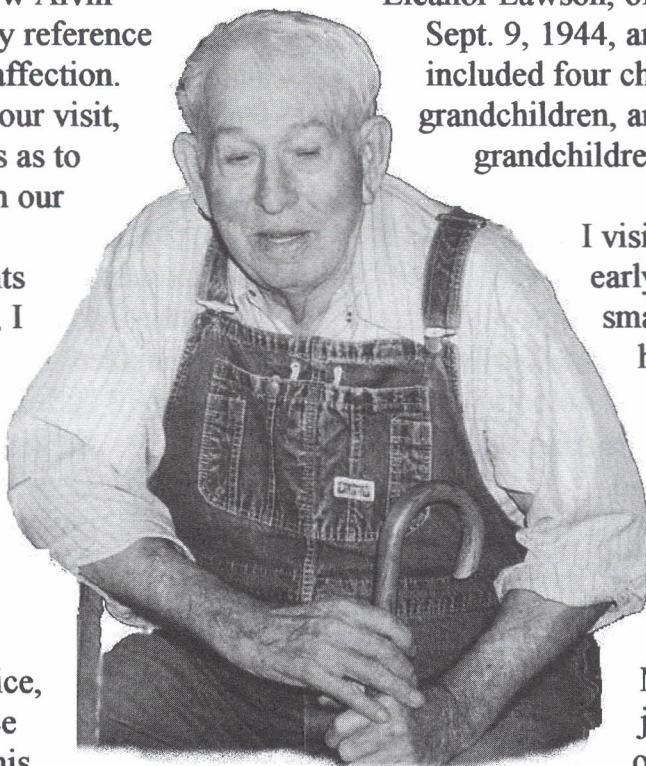
I have found nothing more genuine or enjoyable in my lifetime than my recent visit with Alvin Biggers.

Before our first visit I spoke with several of our members. It seemed that everyone knew Alvin Biggers, and every reference to him had great affection.

When we started our visit, it became obvious as to why. Even though our connection was

through my parents and grandparents, I immediately felt a warmth and comfort as if I was one of the family. It seemed that every word he spoke was with a chuckle in his voice, a smile on his face and a twinkle in his eye. I asked him if he

would share his recollections about his life's experiences with our membership to be published in this newsletter. He graciously agreed. What follows is a collection of stories and other information about the Biggers family centered around its patriarch, Alvie Biggers.



Alvin Leonard Biggers was born in Pauls Valley, Oklahoma, May 31, 1920, and was the only child of Laurel and Rena Biggers. For all but two of his almost 79 years he has been a fixture in this area. He married Eleanor Lawson, of Nebraska, on Sept. 9, 1944, and their family included four children, eleven grandchildren, and seven great-grandchildren.

I visited the Biggers in early March in their small comfortable home they built themselves more than 50 years ago just off "old" Tracy Ferry Road, a few miles south of Mountain Home. Mrs. Biggers joined us for part of our visit.

SONNY: "Alvie, let's talk about nicknames. I have never heard you called anything else. When and who started calling you "Alvie."

ALVIE: "I don't remember for sure. Some folks started calling me that when I was small, and some of them

still do."

S: "I hope it's okay if I call you Alvie."

A: "Oh sure, that's fine."

MRS. BIGGERS: "We've always had fun with names. I had a brother named Aldin. After we were married we had Alvin and Aldin. It used to give family members fits. Often they would forget and call each by the other's name."

S: "Alvie, what do you remember about your very early days?"

A: "I'll start out with a story my dad told me about your granddad that happened about 1925. My dad worked on a crew building the road, 62 highway, from Cotter to Henderson. It seems that Mr. Wotawa would close off the highway by a fence every night."

S: "You're talking about what is now five lane Highway 62 East about two miles from the center of Mtn. Home?"

A: "Exactly. Just west of his house, he would put a fence across the road. At the time this was a wagon trail.

Folks would take down the fence, pass through, and put it back. Mr. Wotawa never understood why it wasn't all right to do this. Of course, he couldn't speak much English and had trouble dealing with the sheriff on the matter. My dad talked to him and helped him understand that if he didn't leave the road open the sheriff would put him in jail. Your granddad finally said, ok, that would be that and the road was left open and never fenced again.

"We lived on Buzzard Roost at that time. My dad had a very good saddle horse. I would saddle that horse, and ride over to the 62 highway, near the Wotawa place. Near there was a

spring with corrals built for 20-25 head of mules. Dad took care of the mules, shod horses and did just about everything else. Ray Henderson's dad and my dad worked together. Dad also drove

a big dirt slip pulled by 3-6 mules. This was a big scoop that dug on the ground to pick up dirt from the roadway. Every Wednesday night he'd go home, and then leave early the next morning. I always liked it when my daddy would come to see me. I was staying with my grandmother at the time. He would work till Saturday night and go back Sunday morning. He came home

*"I always liked it when my daddy would come to see me."*

twice a week till the work got to Henderson. I thought I was a big boy. I would ride this saddle horse from my grandmother's place to where dad was working. I'd do this about three o'clock. If dad was slipping dirt, he would get on the horse, and I would get on the slip and make like I was driving the mules. I'd do this awhile and then go home.

*"I think I was the mascot of the country. Mrs. Schroeder called me 'oofus.'"*

"A while later we moved to the Big Pond area. I would ride my horse back through what was called 'Goodall Hollow' to Pigeon Creek to where my uncle lived. I'd stay overnight and come back the next day.

"I guess I was a pet to the whole community. My mother had died when I was about 18 months old. They had just come back from Oklahoma when I was about a year old. She lived for a little while and died from pneumonia fever.

"I would walk all over the neighborhood. There were four families of German people that lived around us near Buzzard Roost road. There were the Schroeders, the Wiggins, the Ottens, and I can't remember the other. Every Thursday was bake day and they would all bake

fresh bread. They lived about three quarters of a mile apart. I would go to every house on bake day. First, was the Schroeders. Grandma Schroeder couldn't speak a word of English but she had no trouble talking to me. She would always laugh, and if she didn't have any butter she would put a thin spread of lard on the hot fresh bread. I'd go next to the Wiggins. Mrs. Wiggins would always give me big thick slices that would be more than two normal ones."

S: "Sounds like you were well fed by the neighbors."

A: "I think I was the mascot of the country. Mrs. Schroeder called me 'oofus.'"

S: "Did you figure out what that meant?"

A: "No, that's just what she called me. She could really get after me but she would always laugh. She never talked English, but I learned some German. The last house was the Ottens. By the time I was through I had a lot of bread. Boy was it good."

S: "Did you do this by yourself or did you invite a friend?"

A: "No, if someone else came by, they probably got some. I just thought this was the thing for me to do. I just got around and got me some bread."

S: "Alvie, tell me some things about you. You were born in 1920 Alvin Leonard Biggers. Who were you named after?"

A: "I don't know. I may have been named after one of my granddads. One in particular was quite a story. When he came to this country, he and a fellow named Goforth, were riding a pair of matched mules. They had bedrolls, rifles and pistols with them on the mules. I had the rifles of my granddad for a while until they were stolen. When they got here they stopped at the old livery stable in Mtn. Home, got off their mules, and stood facing each other, each holding their mule. They flipped a coin and Mr. Goforth won. Granddad handed him the rein of his mule, saluted him and walked away. This was my granddad Dutton. He later home-steaded over on Buzzard Roost road.

"Dad was Laurel Biggers, born July 27, 1894. He married my mother, Rena Dutton, Dec 31, 1916. He was 22; she was 20.

"I was born in Oklahoma. My dad and mother came back here when I was about a year old, in the fall of the

year. They had been in Oklahoma for about two years. Mother got sick that fall and died the following spring. I was about two when she died. My granddad lasted till the next spring.

"Dad remarried Ida Dutton, my mother's youngest sister, in 1928 and they had three sons, Russell, Harold and Gerald. They were all born and raised around here but have been in Washington state since 1947. The youngest was nine when he left, returned in 1950 for about a week, and then went back. The other two boys came back two or three times over several years, but the youngest one came back last year for the first time since 1950."

S: "Alvie, what was it like for you growing up around here. I don't suppose there was much going on in the 1930s."

A: "No, there wasn't much. The area was open range for cattle. Fellows like one of the Nelson boys, Faye Nelson and his brother-in-law, Mont Tracy, had a lot of cattle, big bunches of them. They probably had 150 head. They would feed them in the center of where they wanted them to range. One time Mont Tracy invited some of the local boys to bring in 25-30 head and have a rodeo. We had some pretty good corrals but nobody had any thing to ride with, no spurs,

nothing. We would run a calf against a gate between two other gates. When they would get in a corner we would drop down on them and the boys would open the gates and you could ride as long as you could. It was lots of fun. Sometimes you could ride one for a hundred yards and when you wanted off, you would just fall off. Then you would go back and get another. I had a little red bull in the pasture that belonged to Mr. Tracy. I got to where I could get on him and ride him just like a horse."

S: "How big was he?"

A: "About 1000 pounds."

S: "How big were you?"

A: "A sixteen-year-old boy that would try anything. I'd ride the bull in from the pasture when the milk cows came in. The bull would follow right along. Some of the boys decided they were going to try to ride this bull. My dad told them he didn't think any of them could ride him. Of course nobody told them I'd been riding him, and dad didn't say anything. One fellow tried him and held on to a rope they had put on the bull. He spun around and around and the fellow finally rolled off. The bull went on down the pasture with the others that had already been ridden. I went to

*"...it was nothing for folks to walk four or five miles to go to a singing."*

drive them all back up to the pen for another round and the red bull followed right along. I just hopped up on him like always and rode him up to the other boys. They were all staring with their mouths wide open the whole time. A little later one of the Cox boys came up and was asked if he wanted to ride one. He was a slow talking feller and said he guessed so. He tried but fell off the spinning bucking red bull. He said in a slow drawl, 'I'll be darned, he bucked like riding a whirlwind.' The boys finally told him he rode him further than one fellow. They also told him I rode him all over the pasture."

S: "Did people visit a lot at other people's homes?"

A: "They'd have picnics and such."

S: "What was a play party?"

A: "A bunch of kids would get together and dance and play games, maybe on a Saturday night. We'd have a lot of singing on Sunday nights often at people's homes. Folks would pitch in and bring food. People would come in wagons but it was nothing for folks to walk four or five miles to go to a singing."

S: "Did you meet Mrs. Biggers at one of these parties?"

A: "No, she came here from Nebraska in 1937. I got acquainted with her in 1941, just before I went to the Army. We had some dates before I left and she wrote to me all the time I was in the Army. I came home from overseas and we got married in 1944. It's been 54 years now. I always say bad trouble, doggone it, got the wrong woman." (This was followed by a very sincere chuckle.)

S: "When you say that is when you do get in real trouble I suppose."

A: "Yeah." (More chuckles)

S: "Alvie, some folks seem to think you're related to just about everyone. What can you tell me about your early people?"

*"My grandmother's father was a Cherokee Indian. She was America Biggers."*

Mrs. Biggers produced a most precious family document. She had two very old papers written in good hand with information taken from the Biggers Common Prayer Book. On these were names and dates of the early Biggers family. She was kind to go through them for me.  
Mrs. Biggers: "William Biggers, Alvin's granddad, died Sept. 17,

1899. He was married to America Kassinger. Their children included Albert Biggers, born Feb. 12, 1877. Marcus W. Biggers was born June 17, 1883. He married Medie Edge Downing. Mary C. Biggers was born July 13, 1886. She married Charles Skiver. Price Biggers was born July 20, 1888. His first wife was named Sarah, and his second was Nellie Roberts. Martha Ethel Biggers was born Oct. 1, 1890. She was married to Jack Skiver. Rosa C. Biggers was born Aug. 24, 1892. She married a Studdard and died Nov. 7, 1916. W. Laurel Biggers, Alvin's dad, was born July 27, 1894. His first wife, Alvin's mom, was Rena Dutton. She died in Sept. of 1922. He remarried Ida Dutton, her youngest sister. She was born in 1900 and died in Washington state. Lola Jeanette Biggers was born Oct. 27, 1896. She married Jim Fears. Nettie A. Biggers was born March 17, 1899, and died Aug. 25, 1899."

S: "Alvie, yesterday you told me some stories about the Cherokee. You have Cherokee in your family. Would you tell me those?"

A: "My grandmother's father was a Cherokee Indian. She was America Biggers. She and her family went to Oklahoma around 1900 and stayed for three or four years, three, I think, around Shawnee. When she wanted to come back the Indian chief told her

'take kids, go home, stay here, all die.'

The water was bad, it was a swampy area, they were getting malaria, and all that. When she got ready to leave one of her mules was crippled. Two of the young boys took the mule and were gone all night. When they came back, they brought a young horse.

It took them both to lead him and handle him. They hooked him up to the wagon, loaded everyone up and started to Arkansas. Every night an Indian would come to their camp with fresh meat for supper for them. Some night this would be wild turkey, others a big mess of squirrels. It was always some kind of fresh meat. Grandmother would cook up the meals. The Indians took good care of them. She started out with a bushel of corn meal and four dollars in money. She had four dollars when they got home."

S: "How long did it take to make the trip?"

A: "I believe about a week. I don't remember for sure. Dad was around seven years old when they came back. When they were going out there they had a horse that was bad to bite you, especially if you were around at

feeding time. Dad walked up too close and granddad told him from his tent to stay away. The horse bit him on the arm, just peeled the hide off, and dad still had the scars of two teeth that came across his arm when he died at 86."

S: "How long did the Indians stay with them?"

A: "They stayed till they got to Rogers, Arkansas, and from there on in she came on doing pretty good."

S: "It was her and a couple of the boys?"

A: "The whole family. My dad was the youngest, no, there was one girl younger than him."

S: "After they got back here, how long was it till the Indians came to visit?"

A: "One came in when I was about ten years old. I was sitting on the porch near here in a old house place where we lived. I was looking down and all of a sudden I saw right in front of me feet covered with moccasins. I looked up and the Indian said, 'America Biggers live here?'

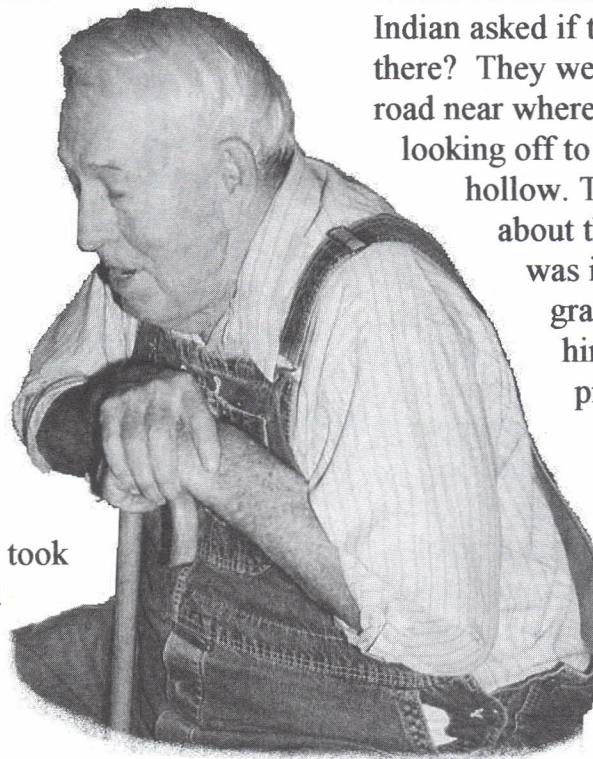
*"I was sitting on the porch near here in a old house place where we lived. I was looking down and all of a sudden I saw right in front of me feet covered with moccasins."*



Grandmother was sitting in the house doing her work with her back to the window. She couldn't see the road to see him walk up. She said, 'Yeah, come in Charlie.' She hadn't seen him in twenty years. He was a cousin to her. He sure surprised me, looking down over me like that. I just sat there and looked up at him. He just stayed a little while. I thought now I'm going to get to hear them talk Indian.

Grandmother wanted me to get some fresh water and I drew some from the well. Back then everybody used the same dipper. He and grandmother both took a drink and talked awhile. They would say a few words and point and say a few more words and point again. I listened but wasn't able to understand much.

There was another Indian story. Do you remember the Hueys, Auck, Blaine, and some others? Blaine died a couple of years ago. They were riding down Pigeon Creek Road and



He saw an Indian walking along. They asked him if he wanted to get on, and he hopped up behind on one of the horses. They talked about Turkey Foot Creek, back down around the Goodall Hollow near the old Dutton place. Across a particular hillside was what they called a skunk den. It was only a hole and looked like skunks would be all that ever used it. The Indian asked if that was a cave over there? They were going down the road near where the lake is now and looking off to the right in the first hollow. The Hueys told him about the skunk den and that was it. The Indian said his grandmother had told him about the three pronged Turkey Foot Creek, caves around here and a particular skunk den. As the story goes the Indian was a young man and stayed all night with the Hueys. The next morning he was gone. When folks looked for him they found a big hole where the skunk den was. There was a two-room cave in there. Folks found some sticks laying cross ways in one of the rooms. In a corner was where a round pot had been taken out. Grandmother Biggers heard about it and knew who the

Indian was. Folks guessed the Indian picked up a poke, or bucket of money. Nobody saw or heard about the Indian after that.”

those days.”

*“She walked over, set her foot up on the desk and boy her hand was heavy.”*

S: "Do you remember some of them?"

S: "Do you remember some of the little towns around here? Do you remember the town of Henderson before the lake? It used to be on the Mountain Home side of the North Fork River."

A: "There was a, used to be, Fouts

A: "Yes, Loeffel Smith used to run a store down there. I lived there in 1926 and went to school there in the fall of that year. We had moved there in November and they sent me to school. I was just five years old. My dad farmed a big place between where the 62 and 101 ferries would go, several hundred acres. Several folks farmed there. The Eatmans, Will Eatman, had the place where my dad farmed. We were there for a while and moved up to my grandmother's place on Buzzard Roost and I went to school at Oakland for two years. In the fourth grade I went to school at Big Pond and finished the eighth grade."

that lived near here, and there was Maxine Raymond. My first teacher was my aunt at Henderson. She gave me a paddling my first day of school. Seemed there was a boy named Campbell, "Tooher" Campbell, who was going to give me a nickel to whistle and dance. I thought he meant right then. He was about sixteen years old and I was five (in the winter of 25). I got up on the desk and started whistling and dancing. I remember my aunt stood there and watched me a little bit. All the kids did, too. My aunt finally said 'That's enough, young man. You're not supposed to do this.' She walked over, set her foot up on the desk and, boy, her hand was heavy. The older boy just sat there and laughed, and my aunt told him 'You started this. I ought to give you one, too.'

S: "Back then finishing eighth grade was pretty good."

"There was a teacher at Oakland named Mable Sowell. At Big Pond was Mrs. Lula McCormack. I believed she married a Johnson."

A: "I didn't do so bad in my grades, I had some awfully good teachers in

S: "Alvie when we were talking earlier you mentioned you have been

around here since you were two and lived in this general area every since. You were in Henderson a little bit. Where else?"

A: "I was five years old when I moved down to Henderson. That was in 1925. I stayed there till 1927 and came back up here to my Grandmother's homestead right over here on Buzzard Roost road. I was there part of 1927 and 1928 and moved to Big Pond in 1929. Except for a few years I have lived in this general area in pretty much of a line from Big Pond to Buzzard Roost.

Years ago, this used to be the number three mail route. It went down Tracy Road east to the river, went up the river a ways till it hit Buzzard Roost Road, then west back to town. The mail carrier lived near where the big Baptist Church is now. He kept his horses there and would ride one horse to deliver regular mail. Twice a week he hooked two horses to a buggy and delivered packages. This mail route in a circle went on till the lake came up and cut it off."

S: "How long have you been in this house?"

A: "Fifty four years. I cut the logs and a fellow by the name of Johnson sawed the lumber; he had a mill near here. My father-in-law, Arthur Lawson, and I built the house."

*"Fifty four years. I cut the logs and a fellow by the name of Johnson sawed the lumber; he had a mill near here. My father-in-law, Arthur Lawson, and I built the house."*

Mrs. Biggers: "We haven't lived here quite fifty-four years. We were married fifty-four years ago. He was a year in the service yet after we got married before we built this house. We built this house in 1947. Jim [the oldest son] was born in August 1947. I helped set the forms for the house the day before Jim was born."

S: "Is that a new way to induce labor?"

Mrs. Biggers: "Yes, it sure worked anyway. We lived in this house for several years with nothing on the inside. We finished the outside and covered it with tar paper. The boards were put on at forty-five degree angles. These were sycamore boards; then the tar paper. The inside is all oak lumber. The only pine is in the ceiling joists and the rafters. We lived in here with only the studs up on the inside. We didn't have ceiling when we first moved in. Everything was open. It was home, and it was

ours. The house cost about a thousand dollars to build."

S: "This place probably holds together like a small fort. I know about old style construction. The house where I was raised was made from lumber from an old place torn down to make room for the lake, and the rock was picked up by hand over near what is now just south of the Buzzard Roost cut off."

A: "My grandmother Biggers' sister married uncle Bill Lance and he lived in that area just off of 62 on the Buzzard Roost cut off right near where the little church house is today. He chewed tobacco. and he had a big white beard. He took care of that beard like everything. He was kidded that some day he would get tobacco juice on that beard. He would say, "Whenever I do, I'll quit it." As the story goes, one morning he came in from the barn and the wind was blowing pretty hard. He spit and the wind blowed juice back on his chin. He went in the house and he thought he washed it all off. Auntie told him he still had tobacco juice on his chin and he said 'Oh, my lord, I'll quit it right now. I can't kiss you till I get it cleaned up.'"

S: "Did he quit?"

A: "He quit it; he quit chewing

tobacco. He said he'd quit and he did.

They tell another one on him about the time they put on the electric lights in town. Aunt Pus was his wife's name. She was home and he was in town with his team of horses. The lights were newly arrived and he called out to the house. When he did that he would always say, 'Give me my Pus.' He told her to 'Get your glad rags on, I'm coming after you.' He came and got her and she asked, 'What is going on?' He told her he had something for her to see,

'election lights.' He drove her into town and folks said his team was give out when they got home.

*'Oh, my lord, I'll quit it right now. I can't kiss you till I get it cleaned up.'*

I just barely remember Uncle Bill. He was a fine old man. He sure had some of the orneriest sons at the time, Nat Lance, Newt and Jim."

S: "Alvie you mentioned you were in the Army during the war. Would you tell me about that?"

A: "I was in the Army a few days short of four years. I went in on Nov. 6, 1941. I went overseas from Newport News, Virginia, to Africa, June 8, 1943, and was gone exactly one year. I got back to Newport News on June 8, 1944, and was back in the same building and same bunk I had when I left. My name was still on the bunk where I had written it with the date I had left.

“One day overseas we were taking a rest in a place where you run through to train for village fighting. An old boy threw a live hand grenade and hit the door of a building I was supposed to get into. I had got up close and was supposed to wait till that thing went off inside the building, run inside, hit the ground and they would shoot over me in the building. The wind blew the door back and hit the grenade and knocked it back and it went off right between my feet.”

S: "What in the world did you do besides get very excited?"

A: "I stuck my nose in the ground. I got up and had only one piece of shrapnel in my leg. I was hit twice more after that.

“One time I was looking straight at an old boy, drawing down fixing to shoot him. He shot at me first and hit a rock I was laying behind. A piece of the hot rock bounced down and hit me in the tail. I've always said I was standing looking at the guy and he shot me in the butt.”

S: "What was the biggest difference when you came back after the war than when you went four years earlier? Was it the lake (Norfolk)

when it started to come?"

A: "They had just started work in 1940 before I left. and when I got back it was filling up with water. It was quite a change."

S: "After you got back here and were married, what did you do to earn a living?"

A: "I started to farm right around here on down Tracy Ferry road where my folks and where I was practically raised. We had lived there for thirteen years on this old place. Johnny Williams owns part of the place now.

Dad lived near there on the next place over (where we had also lived once before). I farmed there one summer. This was in 1946. I messed around here for several years and finished this house. I went out to Washington state and worked in the fruit harvests in 1953. Dry weather hit here in 1954. I could get a job out there for a dollar and a quarter an hour. If I could pick fruit I could make two dollars an hour, if I could pick em hard enough. I couldn't pick fruit that way so I took a job managing. I counted the fruit, wrote checks, and helped haul the fruit to the warehouse. I came home in the fall of

*"I've always said I was standing looking at the guy and he shot me in the butt."*

the year and went back in April. My youngest boy was born here on the 17th day of March. I went back out with an old friend and his family. My wife came out and we were there till 1956. That time I worked at a big lumber company, and I never did pick much fruit.

“We came back here in the fall of 1956 and moved back into this house. I went from here over to Buford. I bought a bunch of cows and I was staying in my uncle's old place over in what they were calling hidden valley. McClain has property near there now. I stayed there two years and there was another drought. I had milk cows that I had bought for \$200 dollars. I sold them for \$64 and \$68 and was glad to get it. The reason I got that much was some good advice I got from Art Russell who was hauling livestock at the time. He said to put a sticker on each cow telling how much milk she was giving and when she was bred and you'll get a little more money. I believe I got \$10 a head more doing that. I had fourteen head and I sold all but two.”

S: "You're wearing a state of Arkansas retiree hat. When did you get on with them?"

A: "I started with them in 1957-58

and I worked 23 and a half years.”

S: "A lot of folks were with the highway department in those days. Did you ever get involved with the ferry?"

*"The building; so much building! I never thought this place would be so big."*

A: "I ran the little ferries around here. I usually ran the one down at Norfolk during deer season cause I didn't deer

hunt. I'd go down there early in the morning and run that damn ferry. It was current driven and one thing I wouldn't do with it was haul a school bus with a load of kids. I was a little scared of it and the boss was too. I did the small ferries two or three years. I could run the bigger ones across 62, too."

S: "Do you remember one of the long time pilots from Henderson named Hugh Perryman? He drove those tugs for years."

A: "Oh yeah, I remember Hugh well. We were kids together when I lived at Henderson."

S: "Of all the changes you have seen here over the years, what has surprised you the most?"

A: "The building; so much building! I never thought this place would be so big. Whoever could get the land has made plenty of money over the years. There was a time I could have bought 300 acres near here for fourteen

hundred dollars. This is a bit further down Tracy Ferry Road where my folks had lived for ten or eleven years."

S: "Alvie, I've noticed something. When you talk about things, it seems hard for you not to smile. Have you always enjoyed life so much?"

A: "Oh yeah, I never had troubles...until after I got married."  
(a large chuckle followed)

"I never wanted to run off and go somewhere all the time. I'd miss going some place I wanted to go if it was going to make my dad or anyone do extra work like milking the cows. I was used to milking cows before daylight and then about dark. That was too much trouble for someone else.

"I remember one time we just had one cow that hadn't been dry. She had been giving milk for three years. The cow had been in the pasture with the bull, but there were no calves. Dad said, 'That cow is getting old. We'll just turn her dry.' The cow was way older than me – about twenty. For a few days we milked her every other day. She wasn't giving much milk. It seemed like she just dried up. We hadn't quit milking her a month and I had been down to where the end of Norfolk Dam is now to a dance at my cousin's place. We came in just at

daylight."

S: "That must have been a pretty good dance. Reminds me of the words to the old song, 'Stay all night, stay a little longer.'"

A: "Oh yeah. That was the style of it. Stay all night and have breakfast the next morning – pancakes, bacon, eggs or most anything folks wanted to fix.

"We got to the house just about daylight and had to come through two gates to go through the corral to get to the house. We pulled up to the gate and one of the girls started to open it but jumped back. In the near dark it looked like a dog had run into the barn – at least, that's what I thought it was. I called the dog when I got to the house, and Dad was just getting up 'cause it was time to milk anyway. I went to the barn but couldn't find this other dog. My dog paid no attention to anything. Finally I ran my dog into the barn to run what was in there outside. The old cow just walked out and, to my surprise, so did a little calf. Couldn't have weighed fifty pounds. It was quite a surprise."

S: "Ahhhhh." (One calf story is hard to quit on, so Alvie had another.)

A: "I attended the first fair up around where the fairgrounds is now. Oh, I'd guess it was around 1949 or 50. It

was the first big tent fair that they had. It was near where the school (Pinkston Middle) is now, where the ball field turned out to be.

“Mr. Brown was running the feed store and I was working for him at the time. He said, “Why don’t you take that Guernsey heifer you’ve got down there and show ‘em what a good cow is.”

“I told him she wasn’t registered, but he said, “Ah, that don’t make no difference. Go ahead and take my truck and go on down there and get her.”

I took her to the fair, and there was only one other cow that had been brought in at the time. I was going to leave her there and a fella named Foster told me “There’s no use in leaving her here. I’ve got the only ones that ever bring anything.” I decided to leave her anyway and tied her up.

A little boy was there and said, “I’ll look after your cow for a quarter.” I said, “OK, you do that. And I want you to watch her tomorrow, too.” He said, “OK. There won’t be much to

do, will they?” I told him, “Just give her feed and water.”

I went to another area to register the heifer, sign her in. When I got back a few minutes later, another fellow asked me if I was going to take my cow back home. I said no, but found her standing in the back of the truck. The boy finally told me the other fella had untied her. He must not of thought anyone would see him, ‘cause there were only a few folks around by then. I retied her with a very hard knot. I came back the next day and that kid was on the job. I paid him in hard candy ‘cause I didn’t have any money with me. I showed the cow and won champion and grand champion in her class. The other fella about had a fit. It sure tickled me. I took her back to the fair for three years. (Large chuckles.)”

S: “We’ll quit on that one.”

More traditional, detailed family histories have been done about the Biggers / Kassinger families. For a good one, refer to Volume 23, Number 4 of this quarterly, pages 108-111.





**Alvin Leonard Biggers**

May 31, 1920 - March 26, 1999

Alvin Leonard Biggers passed away Friday, March 26, 1999, at Baxter Regional Hospital. I am thankful for the opportunity he gave me to share his memories with each of you. He will be greatly missed by his family and many friends.

## Addendum

During my visits with Alvin Biggers, he discussed his time in the Army and his service in the European Theater of Operations in World War II. He referred to his actual time overseas as brief and spoke of being wounded several times with humor.

As indicated in the following article from *The Baxter Bulletin*, Sept. 1, 1944, his service was indeed much more; and to many he was a genuine war hero.

During my lifetime I have known

people who distinguished themselves on the field of battle. Despite their individual circumstances there was always one overpowering common denominator – an extreme, sincere sense of humility. This was out of respect to their comrades who did not return. They seldom wanted to talk about their individual circumstances.

This article was provided by Lawrence Willett, a local veteran whose own recollection of Sgt. Biggers, generated his research that found this information.

### **Sgt. Alvin Biggers Complimented by Fellow Infantryman Describing Anzio “Battle of the Caves”**

From *The Baxter Bulletin*, September 1, 1944

“One of the best soldiers in the world,” was the comment on Sgt. Alvin Biggers, of Mountain Home, made by Pvt. John J. Terlocky, infantry veteran of the Anzio beachhead. A War Department release reports the infantryman’s statement in regard to Sgt. Biggers, his squad leader:

“He was cool under fire, very resourceful, and uncanny at spotting targets. Time after time he brought us safely through tough spots. If there was a risky job to do he always tried

to do it himself.”

Pvt. Terlocky said that “out of our company of 180 men, there were just 10 men who weren’t killed or wounded when the ‘Battle of the Caves’ was over. But we won the battle, for we finally broke up the counter attack. Our battalion got a unit citation for that fight, and I think we had it coming.”

Describing the battle Pvt. Terlocky said:

“On the beachhead there was a hill honeycombed with caves, big caves, where Jerries skulked like rats in their nests. On February 16 we got into position to drive them out of the caves. On that same day, the Germans launched one of their biggest counter attacks.

“There was machine gun fire from both sides at first, then we started sending parties into the caves, and there were pitched battles in there, and I was in one of them. It sure was weird, fighting in the semi-darkness, sometimes at bayonet range, with small arms fire and grenade fire echoing with amplified bombs.

“When the battle moved outside the caves, we caught the full brunt of the counterattack, with the Jerries throwing 170-m shells at us, and their

screaming meemies, or nebelwerfers, singing those Purple Heart blues.

“I never saw so many Germans. After three days we were surrounded and they crushed in closer and closer, until finally they were close enough to shoot right into the company command post.”

About this time, Pvt. Terlocky was wounded and during the two months he spent in the hospital the stubborn fight put up on the beachhead had the Nazi power in that section.

Sgt. Biggers, the son of Mr. And Mrs. Laurel Biggers, was selected Camel's “Yank of the Week” in March. He is now stationed at a camp in Texas after having been on furlough at his home here following his service overseas.

Alvin Leonard Biggers was laid to rest on March 30 with an American flag and a cap with the insignia, Military Order of the Purple Heart beside him. A capacity crowd filled the local funeral home chapel.

Perhaps there is no greater measure of a man than the respect, admiration, and love of his family and friends.

## Wiggins Battery: *War Between the States re-enactors*

By Kevin Bodenhamer

In January of 1993, Wiggins Battery took the field for the first time. The event was a Winter Encampment at Jonesboro, Arkansas. James Cash was commanding the 10 lb. Parrot gun. Since the start of Wiggins Battery (reenacting unit) the number of men and guns in this unit has varied. At one point Wiggins Battery was the largest Confederate Artillery unit in Arkansas. Our battery had around 35 soldiers. In May of 1995 at the Battle of Pea Ridge, Arkansas (National Reenacting Event), we had four guns take the field for three days of heavy fighting with the Federals. Wiggins Battery has taken part in many living histories and battle re-enactments over the years. The most noted re-enacted battles include: Battle of Stone's River, TN; Battle of Belmont, MO; Battle of Pea Ridge, AR; Battle of Springhill, TN; Battle of Shiloh, TN; and Battle of Gettysburg, PA.

Our Mission Statement: Our goal is to re-enact a part of American history as we develop a greater appreciation for the sacrifices and hardships incurred by our forefathers during the

War Between the States.

Wiggins Battery of Mtn. Home works in conjunction with many surrounding communities doing living histories and re-enactments during celebrations, festivals, and special programs. As members of Wiggins Battery we travel and meet with many other re-enactors from all parts of the United States and the world. This gives us the opportunity to associate with and make many new friends as well as providing us a chance to visit many historical sites.

In March of 1998 Wiggins Battery inaugurated a new 3 inch Ordnance Rifle. This new artillery piece has added a lot of fire power to our unit. The soldiers elected Kevin Bodenhamer as Commander, David Artos as Sergeant, and John Crain as Corporal. Elections are held at the beginning of each year for all officers and non-commissioned officers. Our last muster roll showed 15 soldiers present for duty. We are always looking for brave, hardworking, and dedicated soldiers to fill our ranks.

### 1999 Events

- March 13**  
Artillery encampment at Valley Springs
- April 10-11**  
Re-enactment at Fort Pillow, TN
- April 17**  
Living History / Skirmish / Civil War Music, Band  
Concert at Salem City Park.
- May 15**  
Living History, Norfolk  
Pioneer Day, Norfolk, AR
- June 11-13**  
Battle of Fayetteville, AR
- July 17**  
AEGIS program at Harrison, AR
- Sept. 11**  
Living History at  
Koshkonong, MO
- Sept. 13-18**  
Baxter County Fair
- Sept. 17-19**  
Battle of Chickamauga, TN
- Sept. 25-26**  
Battle of Britton's Lane, TN
- Oct. 2-3**  
Battle of Pilot's Knob, MO
- Oct. 23**  
Living History/Skirmish at  
Rapp's Barren settlement in  
Cooper Park, Mountain.  
Home
- Oct. 30**  
Living History at Dawt Mill,  
MO

### 2000 Events

- June 16-18 2000**  
Battle of Wilson's Creek, MO  
(National Event)

### Wiggins Battery History

Confederate States of America

**Unit Name:** *Arkansas Clark County Artillery Battery* also known as *Roberts / Wiggins Battery - Arkansas Horse Artillery*

**Organization:** Organized in Clark County on July 15, 1861. Armed with two 6 lb. Smoothbores and two 12 lb. Howitzers between April 6, 1862, and November 11, 1862. Reorganized on May 25, 1862. Served for a time as Company E, 14th Georgia Artillery Battalion. Surrendered by General Joseph E. Johnston at Durham Station, Orange County, North Carolina, on April 26, 1865.

#### Commanders:

First Captain - Franklin Roberts  
Captain - J.H. Wiggins

The battery served briefly in Arkansas. In the spring of 1862 it was transferred to the eastern side of the Mississippi River and remained in that theater of the war for the remainder of its career. The actual higher command assignments of the battery are shown below.

#### Assignments:

Aug.- Dec. 1861  
Artillery, Upper District  
of Arkansas, Western  
Dept.  
March-April 1862

Unattached Artillery,  
 Army of the Mississippi.  
 April-July 1862  
 Shaver's/Liddell's  
 Brigade, 3rd Corps.

July-August 1862  
 Liddell's Brigade,  
 Buckner's Division.

August-Oct. 1862  
 Liddell's Brigade,  
 Buckner's Division, Left  
 Wing.

Oct.- Nov. 1862  
 Forrest's Cavalry  
 Brigade, Army of  
 Middle Tennessee.

Nov.-Dec. 1862  
 Forrest's Cavalry  
 Brigade, Army of  
 Tennessee.

Dec.-March 1862-63  
 Wheeler's Brigade,  
 Wheeler's Cav. Division.

March-Nov. 1863  
 Artillery, Martin's  
 Division, Wheeler's Cav.  
 Corps.

Nov.- Feb. 1863-64  
 Artillery, Martin's -  
 Morgan's Division,  
 Martin's Cav.  
 Corps., Dept. of East  
 Tennessee.

March-Oct. 1864  
 Robertson's-Hamilton's  
 Artillery Battalion,  
 Wheeler's Cav.  
 Corps., Army of  
 Tennessee.

Oct.-Feb. 1864-65  
 Artillery, Wheeler's  
 Cav. Corps.,  
 Department of  
 South Carolina,  
 Georgia and Florida

Feb.-April 1865  
 Artillery, Wheeler's  
 Cavalry Corps.,  
 Hampton's Cav.  
 Command.

April 1865  
 Artillery, Wheeler's  
 Cavalry Corps,  
 Hampton's Cavalry  
 Command, Army of  
 Tennessee.

### Major Battles

Shiloh, TN	April 6-7, 1862
Corinth, MS	Oct. 3-4, 1862
Murfreesboro, TN	Dec. 31, 1862- Jan. 3, 1863
Tullahoma Campaign	June 1863
Chickamauga	Sept. 19-20, 1863
Chattanooga Siege	Sept./Nov. 1863
Knoxville Siege	Nov. 1863
Atlanta Campaign	May-Sept. 1864
Atlanta Siege	July-Sept. 1864
Savannah Campaign	Nov.-Dec. 1864
Carolinas Campaign	Feb.-April 1865

Roberts/Wiggins Battery participated in more engagements than any other Arkansas artillery unit. It took part, in fact, in so many engagements, that it was one of the most heavily engaged artillery units in the entire Confederate Army. In April 1862, Roberts/Wiggins Battery had 59

officer's and men present for duty. No record has been found to indicate how many members of the battery actually surrendered in North Carolina. It is doubtful if the battery's strength numbered more than the usual amount of men assigned to handle one gun. (12 soldiers)

### Current Officers

Commander Kevin Bodenhamer  
610 Western Hills Loop  
Mtn. Home, AR 72653  
kjhamer@centuryinter.net

Sgt. David Artos  
385 Remington Circle  
Mtn. Home, AR 72653  
870-425-0368

Cpl. John Crain  
626 Western Hills Loop  
Mtn. Home, AR 72653  
870-425-6754

If anyone has any information on the men who fought with Wiggins Battery during the War Between the States we would like to talk with them. We are looking for any records or stories about this unit. If you need more information about Wiggins contact me.

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## News stand operator, Nellie Mitchell, dies

At 103, Mitchell has long been a fixture in Baxter County

By Chyrl Ripple, Bulletin Historian

From *The Baxter Bulletin*, Thursday, December 31, 1998

A woman who is probably Baxter County's most well known resident has died. Nellie Tracy Mitchell, a longtime newspaper carrier and news stand operator who successfully sued a national tabloid newspaper, died Tuesday (Dec 29, 1998) at Flippo's Rehabilitation Center. She was 103.

Mrs. Mitchell was born July 2, 1895, to James "J.T." and Betty Douglas

Tracy Jr. on a Baxter County farm near the Northfork River where her grandfather, Nathaniel Tracy, had settled in 1851. Mrs. Mitchell had two brothers and six sisters. The family moved from the homestead to Mountain Home in 1897.

Mrs. Mitchell's father operated a general store on the square until 1939. He was said to have sold

everything from horse collars to cheese and crackers. The family had moved into a dilapidated home in town, but Mrs. Mitchell's mother, known as "Dutch," who had worked hard in the store to get a new home, decided to force the issue and had the old home demolished one day while her husband was at the store. The family had to move into the back room of the store. Tracy arranged to get a new home built not too long following that.

After attending as much school as possible in Mountain Home, Mrs. Mitchell moved to Little Rock and later to Memphis, Tenn., where she met and married Gene Mitchell.

Eugene Mitchell Jr. was an engineer. The couple had six children, three boys and three girls. When the Depression forced Mitchell out of work, Mrs. Mitchell and the six children returned to Mountain Home. The family was never reunited.

The Mitchells' children are Betty Mitchell of Mountain Home, and Bob Mitchell and Jack Mitchell both of Houston, Texas. Charles Mitchell, Frances Mitchell and Marilyn Schluer

are deceased. Mrs. Mitchell was also preceded in death by her husband and her parents.

Mrs. Mitchell took over one of her children's paper routes in 1943 and continued her paper route for 50 years. When she was 96 she was still delivering the papers at dawn to a few select customers but mainly confined her business to a small newsstand located between two

buildings on the east side of the Mountain Home square.



A picture that appeared in a former Little Rock newspaper, the *Arkansas Gazette*, shows Mrs. Mitchell as many remember her, delivering newspapers in the snow. In reference to her many years

of delivering the news on foot, Mrs. Mitchell was once quoted as saying, "Anything you don't mind doing isn't hard."

Mrs. Mitchell is best remembered for selling newspapers on the square and successfully suing a tabloid newspaper after finding her picture published alongside a fictional article.



Her conflict with the tabloid brought Mrs. Mitchell worldwide recognition, with reports appearing as far away as in German newspapers. Mrs. Mitchell made TV appearances on such shows as *Good Morning America*, *Real People*, *The Today Show*, and *NBC News*. Her flight to New York for *Good Morning America* in 1980 was her first and only time in an airplane.

The bad experience with the tabloid

## One Taylor Family in Baxter County Arkansas

By *Lucille G. Parks*

*(I say this as there was more than one Taylor family in the area at the time.)*

Thomas Taylor was living in Fulton County at the time of the 1850 census. Some of his sons were still living at home. Thomas was a widower at the time. I have no name or data on the mother of his children.

One of his sons was Thomas Jefferson Taylor. He was born 17 February 1829 in Wayne County, Tennessee. He was married 12 September 1850 in Fulton County to Elizabeth (Betsy) Ann Green, who was born in Tennessee in 1830. Members of the family said she had red hair and green eyes. There were several families of Green in the area, but I haven't been able to find her parents. It is said she had lived in Missouri and was related to the Green families in this area.

apparently did not sour Mrs. Mitchell on newspapers entirely. Roller Funeral Home Director, John Barnes, said Mrs. Mitchell will be buried with a copy of *The Baxter Bulletin* in her hand.

Mrs. Mitchell celebrated her 103rd birthday last July and was a resident of Flippo's Rehabilitation Center until her death Tuesday.

They raised one of her nephews, Thomas Green, who married Elvira Hicks, and became the father of Evie (Mrs. Jessie Parks) and Alpha (Mrs. Akin Doak.)

Jeff and Betsy, as they were known, had at least nine children, all born in Arkansas.

1. **Mary**, born 1852, married -?- Biggers (I believe she died after birth of their first child.)
2. **Martha Jane**, born 1853, married Geo. W. Eddings, they had several children.
3. **Nancy Ann**, born 1854, married (1) -?- Stone, (2) James H. Parks, (3) William Chastine. She had no children.

4. **Winchester Roland**, born 1860; married Sally Wylie, 24 October 1886. Roland is a family name in the Green family. d. Coleman, Texas.

5. **Sarah Elizabeth**, born December 1861; married John Robert Marion Parks; died 14 March 1920; buried Douglas Cemetery.

6. **Clarinda**, born 1864, married Dick Anderson.

7. **William**, born 1867, married Georgia Robertson, 1 August 1888.

8. **Rebecca Ann**, born 23 April 1869; married Fredrick P. Hargraves, 1

August 1889; died 26 March 1968, Sweetwater, Texas.

9. **Emery Ella**, born 1873; married William Covington; died December 1958, Malvern, Arkansas.

Thomas Jefferson Taylor served in the Civil War and was wounded in service. He died 4 November 1904 near Mountain Home and was buried in the Oak Grove cemetery. Elizabeth Ann died in June 1910 and is buried by her husband in the Oak Grove cemetery, near where they attended church at the Oak Grove church.



This picture was taken at the Mountain Home picnic in 1916. **FRONT ROW:** Gladys Faulk, Julia Parks Faulk, (child on lap) Agnes Faulk, -?- Chastine (with Chastine child on lap), Elizabeth Grant Parks (child on lap) Homer Parks, T. W. Parks with Loren Parks Jackson on his lap, and Elizabeth Taylor Parks. **BACK ROW:** Nancy Ann Taylor Chastine, William Chastine, Charlie Faulk, Robert Parks, Rueben Parks, Perry ? Chastine, Jessie Parks, Dollie Parks Carroll, L.F. Parks and wife Marie Doak Parks.

## Short Subjects

**Correction for Volume 24-3, p. 74**  
*Submitted by Lucille Parks*

Picture 1: This one is correct,  
William Andrew Anderson.

Picture 2: This is John William  
Bentley and wife Martha Anderson  
Bentley.

Picture 3: This is Robert Cranfill and  
2nd wife Ella Mae Bently Cranfill.

Picture 4: This is William Andrew  
Anderson and wife Isabella Matilda  
Jane Crawford Anderson and grand  
child Annie May Bentley.

**Identification, Vol. 24-4, p. 119-120**  
*Submitted by Lucille Parks*

Picture number 11 is Nancy Ann  
Taylor Stone Parks Chastain. She was  
my husband's great-aunt and she was  
married the 2<sup>nd</sup> time to his great-  
grandfather, James Harvey Parks. She  
was a sister to my husband's  
grandmother, Sarah Elizabeth Taylor  
Parks. Her first husband was a Stone;  
her second was James Harvey Parks;  
and her third was William Chastain.

**Query:** Was this John Crane the John  
Crane that married Ruth Barker? Had  
son Bobby. They moved to California.  
Ruth Barker is a descendant of my  
Crawford family.

Reply to Lucille Parks, 3581 Old  
Arkana Road, Mtn. Home, AR 72653-  
7461.

### **First Memorial Stones Received**

The first group of nine "Memory  
Markers" were received in early  
March. The stones are 12" x 4" and  
can be inscribed with up to three lines  
(25 characters or spaces) of text.  
These stones provide an attractive,  
dignified remembrance that can be  
placed in the Rollins Hospital  
Museum or the Society's Rapps  
Barren Pioneer Settlement in Cooper  
Park in Mountain Home.

Additional orders will be placed in  
the near future. The cost per stone is  
\$50, and orders with checks should be  
mailed to the Baxter County Histor-  
ical and Genealogical Society, Box  
1611, Mountain Home, AR 72654.

**Thompson Family Reunion**  
*Submitted by Margie Garr*

The Thompson family reunion will be  
June 19, 1999, from 8-6 at Cooper  
Park in Mtn. Home. For further  
information call 425-9524 or 297-  
8446.

**Annual Garage Sale a Big Success**  
The national guard armory at Mtn.  
Home was buzzing with activity

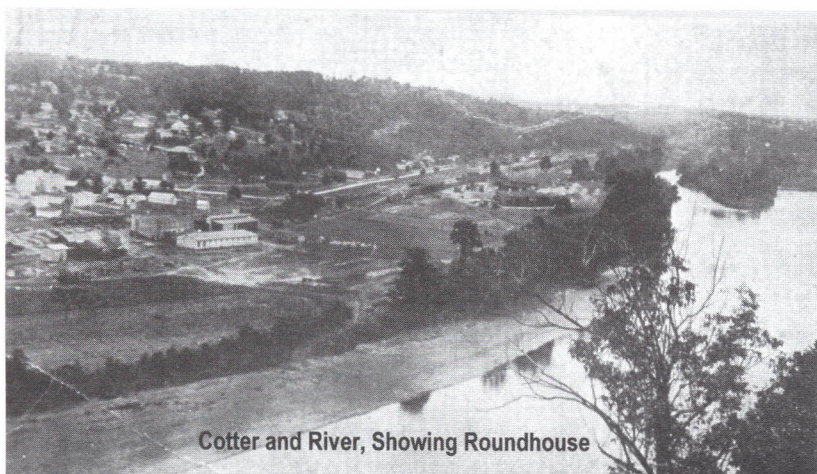
Saturday, March 27, 1999, as the general public turned out in droves to buy general merchandise, baked goods, and enjoy a chili lunch. Thanks to Becky Baker and all who organized, donated items, baked goodies, helped set up, staff, and take down. Special thanks to Elvan Hudson who provided his "special chili" for the public to enjoy. Proceeds from the event totaled \$885.

### **Izard County Historical Society Plans Bus Trip to Regional Museum at Batesville**

*By Juanita Stowers*

The Izard County Historical Society is

planning a bus trip to the Old Independence Regional Museum at Batesville July 17, 1999. BCHGS members and guests are invited to join the trip and board the bus at Mtn. Home Bus Company, Hwy. 62 East. If you would like to go, contact Juanita Stowers no later than May 1, 1999, at 499-3237 (evenings), or e-mail her at nita@centuryinter.net. Her mailing address is P.O. Box 306, Pineville, AR 72566. The cost will be based on charter fare, museum fee and lunch. Charter fare will be approximately \$11-13 to include museum entrance. Lunch will be separate. Further information will be provided.



Cotter and River, Showing Roundhouse



## Thanks for the Pictures

These pictures were sent by Des Moines, Iowa, member Ms. Frankie Brown. Her grandfather, William Raleigh Stacy, worked for many years for the railroad. The other picture is a friend of her parents, Hubere Rose.

If you wish to share photos, please call the Editor at 870-492-4483.

**Baxter County Historical and Genealogical Society**  
**Mountain Home, Arkansas**

**President**

Charles Blackburn  
321 South College Street  
Mountain Home, AR 72653  
Phone (870) 425-0405

**Treasurer**

Stella Jackson,  
455 County Road 619  
Mtn. Home, AR 72653  
Phone (870) 425-4699

**Vice President**

F. Gene Garr  
505 Mistletoe  
Mountain Home, AR 72653  
Phone (870) 425-0405  
E-mail: [mermaid@centuryinter.net](mailto:mermaid@centuryinter.net)

**Secretary**

Dorothy Messick,  
206 Nelson Avenue  
Mountain Home, AR 72653  
Phone (870) 425-4502

**Editor**

Sonny Sharp P.O. Box 1611 Mountain Home, AR 72654-1611  
Phone: (870) 492-4483 E-mail address: [sonny@thehistorybook.com](mailto:sonny@thehistorybook.com)

**Board of Directors**

Becky Baker  
P.O. Box 44  
Mountain Home, AR 72654  
Phone (870) 425-4332

Margie Garr  
1505 Mistletoe,  
Mountain Home, AR 72653  
Phone (870) 425-0405  
E-mail: [mermaid@centuryinter.net](mailto:mermaid@centuryinter.net)

Kevin Bodenhamer  
610 Western Hills Loop,  
Mountain Home, AR 72653  
Phone (870) 425-5647  
E-mail: [kjhamer@centuryinter.net](mailto:kjhamer@centuryinter.net)

Dr. James Lowe  
1500 Manor  
Mountain Home, AR 72653  
Phone (870) 425-9774  
E-mail: [imojlowe@centuryinter.net](mailto:imojlowe@centuryinter.net)

Garvin Carroll  
316 Justice Court  
Mountain Home, AR 72653  
Phone (870) 425-2881  
E-mail: [nivrag@centuryinter.net](mailto:nivrag@centuryinter.net)

Judi Ramey Sharp  
216 County Road 28  
Mountain Home, AR 72653  
Phone (870) 492-4483  
E-mail: [noarweb@mtnhome.com](mailto:noarweb@mtnhome.com)

Evelyn Denton  
2587 Wildcat Shoals Road  
Gassville, AR 72635  
Phone (870) 430-5334

Sonny Sharp  
216 County Road 28  
Mountain Home, AR 72653  
Phone (870) 492-4483  
E-mail: [sonny@thehistorybook.com](mailto:sonny@thehistorybook.com)

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