

Baxter County History



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

Photo courtesy of Ray Grass

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GREETINGS from your fearless editor. I can't believe I printed the WHOLE THING!!! It was quite a job but it was made much easier because I had so much good material to use. I didn't even have to look for a singel filler. In fact, I had to add an extra page (all I could get by with on 14¢ postage) and even had to continue one story until next issue.

So, if you haven't turned in a story -- please do. Let's have some Christmas stories for next issue. Your favorite -- or unfavorable Christmas, some custom your family or community used to, maybe still does observe. Please do something for your quarterly. Your editor will love you for it.

Hazen Bonow asked if she wrote too ltngthy reports. I answered "NO" with capital letters. She's doing a great job, as is the Blooms. I enjoyed typing up the marriages so much -- I love weddings!

If there are any mistakes (and I know there is), please be patient withwith me. I'm still learning. And perfection is not one of my talents. I finally got my memeograph machine working pretty good. The only trouble it gave me this time, was simply I didn't oil it.

Hope you enjoy Vol. 3, No. 3 and that you'll do an article for Vol. 3, No. 4. Your Editor -- MARY ANN

* * * * *

I REMEMBER WHEN

BY Mary K. Jung Craig

I would like to preface my "I Remember When" story by giving a little of the Cranfield history as it was told to me by my grandmother, Edith Cranfield Farris. Miss Trivitt married William Cranfield and the two of them started married life with the clothes on their backs and two hoes and a few seeds. They settled in the area near what is now Cranfield Landing. November 2, 1854, Edith Cranfield was born. By this time Cranfield had several children and had managed to amass a small fortune.

When Edith was eight days old her mother died, leaving no one to raise the tiny girl. Nearby, there was a black woman, Aunt Lottie, who had a baby about the same age. Aunt Lottie took the baby (my grandmother) and nursed her until she was old enough to return home. By this time William had remarried and the Civil War was nearly over. The KKK was rampaging and one night they visited the Cranfield hoe. They killed Edith's baby half-sister, tortured other members of the family and made off with much of the Cranfield fortune.

Feb. 4, 1881, Edith Cranfield became the bride of John Clayton Farris. They moved down by Good all Hollow, not far from Cranfield Landing. And it was here that my mother, Ida Catherine Farris was born, April 5, 1890. She grew up there and when she was 18, she went to work in Mountain Home for the Wylo Dyers, Canny Baker and Uncle Jess Copeland. It was at the Copeland Cafe that she met my late father, Carl Henry Jung. They married in March of 1918 and traveled through Missouri, Oklahoma and ended up at Siloam Springs to live. But mother wasn't happy there, so on a cold November day in 1934 we loaded our meager belongings on a truck owned by a Mr. Stone and clambered on top. The trip from Siloam Springs to Mountain Home is lovely for anyone, but for a nine year old girl, it was a fantastic adventure. But even adventures grow tired and by the time we reached the White River at Cotter, I was asking, "How much longer?" I still remember how aggravated I was when we pulled up behind a long line of vehicles and stopped to wait our turn. I could see others getting on what looked like a long wooden boat. I was completely terrified of water and I had never even heard of a ferry boat, much less ridden on one. So by the time our turn came, I was holding on for dear life. Finally we were safely on the other side and I was again asking how far. We rumbled on through Mountain Home and six miles on down Pigeon Creek road, down to the bend in the road, where my grandmother lived at Good All Hollow.

I Remember When

continued

She was a typical grandmother. Even though it was well past her bed time, she was waiting for us and there was hot food in the kitchen. Once we arrived, I bounded down from my perch and ran into the house and asked, "You know me?" How could she? She had never seen me before!

For the next day or so I enjoyed myself. NO SCHOOL! there were lots of cousins to play with and I was in heaven. For my part, it could have remained so, but mother had other ideas. I was shown my way to the Quality Ridge School House. I was used to country schools, but I never shall forget that school house. Our seats were long, hard benches shared by about 6 others. There was a pot bellied stove to keep the room partly warm. There was only the one room for eight grades. It was a two mile hike each way to school -- rain or shine. If I went one road, my cousins, Ruby, Roy, Earnest, Austin, Elmer, Hazel and Helen Dutton went with me. If I chose the upper route, my Farris cousins walked with me. Either way, the last mile was mine to come and go alone.

One year, just before Christmas, Mother, my brother, Louis, and I moved into the third floor room of the old boy's dorm at the Mounrtain Home College. We prepared our meals on the heating stove. Mrs. Dyer gave me one of her granddaughter's dolls -- my first sleepy eyed doll. Mrs. Jess Copeland gave a huge peanut patty for our dinner. I joined the other kids for Santa Clause at the courthouse on Christmas Eve.

I remember when Alf Hutchenson climbed the first light of the boy's dorm stairs and fell down and broke his leg. Peggy Page and I ran all the way to the square to get Mr. Baker at the bank. Then we ran all the way back, so we wouldn't miss out on anything.

Mother worked some for Sheriff Jim Martin's wife, also, I remember sitting on her front porch and playing while Mother worked. One day she was cleaning out the jail and she had the door open. My Mother was a very wise woman. I asked her what that old concrete building was. She said, "A jail. And that's where they'll put you if you are bad when you grow up." I way the light hanging from the ceiling and the tiny cell inside the big cell. I made up my mind never go spend any time in any jail.

I Remember When

cont.

I remember the old two story grad school building that was torn down to make room for the new 12 grade school building where I graduated in 1944. Actually Wanda Brynarski and I graduated in the summer of 1943, but we did not receive our diplomas until the following spring. We were attending the University of Arkansas when we finally graduated.

During my girlhood Mother also washed for people and we sold milk. When I got older, I helped Mother sell Fashion Frocks and Pitkin Products. For awhile we sared Mrs. Winter's garden spot. We provided the seeds and work, and Mrs. Winter and we shared the produce. Mrs. Reagan was another woman Mother worked for. I spent a lot of time in her swing! Mother worked for a lot of prominent folks in Mountain Home. (The Greens, the Howards, the Nat Dyers and Mrs. Davis.) I also worked for Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Brewer Robertson. Mrs. Ed Robertson was my first Sunday School teacher. Mrs. Jess Copeland was the one responsible for my going to the Christain Church. I have so many people to thank for the kindness shown to me during my childhood. It was not until 1938 that we finally had enough money to buy one acre out on the old Hurst place-known as 311 North St. We moved out there in a little two room barn and started our garden. We still worked for people and sold milk. A few months later, Uncle Will Dutton built us a house. It was some time after this that Mother purchased the wheel barrow, used to deliver milk and eggs around town. Little did she dream this would make her an "institution around Mth. Home. She was just doing her "own thing." I married in 1948 and was away in Washington by this time.

The first picture show I ever saw was in the old college building. The Three Stooges was in it. I sat through it 2 or 3 times. I also remeber the old Girl's dormitory. Boy, I could tell a story about it. The Tipton's Hospital was in it, and that's where I had my tonsils taken out. I also remember a dentist's office on the second floor. I stayed away from there, except when I went with Mother to pick up or deliver linens.

When I was about 14, the Evans moved to town -- Mr. and Mrs., their son-in-law, Clyde Bradley and daughters, Bernice, Martha and Ella. They opened up the first real theater in Mtn. Home. During the remainder of my high school days, I was a frequent guest at their theater and their home.

I Remember When

Cont.

Rev. Allen Nance and family were also important people in my early life. It was about this time that the Christian Endeavor group made money up for me to go to camp. While I was at camp I got saved. When I returned home, the Nances, another woman and my mother and I went down old Buzzard Roost Road in back of Robin Morris place and there I was imersed with my Lord in baptism.

This is just a part of what "I Remember When" from my happy childhood in Mountain Home.

* * * * *

P H O T O G R A P H S

1. Dr. D. P. Martin (left) behind the counter at his pharmacy in Gassville, around the turn of the century.
2. Callie Miller Brown Raymond and her great-grandchildren, Alfa Mae Messick and Alma Belle Messick, and their grandmother, Alma Mooney Messick, in 1930.
3. Ida Farris Jung and wheel barrow. A familiar figure around Mtn. Home for many years. She never believed in Welfare for herself - she always wanted to work for her living.
4. Nath Farris and Edith Cranfield Farris in their wagon.
5. Ida Jung, holding granddaughter, Darlene Craig, and Ida's daughter, Mary Jung Craig, holding David Craig.
6. Retta Farris, Bill Farris, Jim Farris, Edith Farris, Ida Farris Jung, David and Darlene Craig.

Editor's Note: My thanks to Mary Jung Craig for sharing the story of her mother, Ida Jung, with us. Mrs. Jung has long been an inspiration to me. Mrs. Jung moved to Little Rock a few years ago to live with her daughter, the first thing she wanted to do was put out a garden. Hazel Dutton Pittaway recalls that her Aunt Ida always wanted to "pay her way." If Ida's children were visting the Duttons, Ida would want to send out garden stuff to eat.



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3



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GENEALOGICAL INFORMATION BAXTER COUNTY, ARKANSAS

BY

JOSEPH & IRMA BLOOM RTE. 6 BOX 352 MTN. HOME, AR 72653

BAXTER COUNTY MARRIAGES - June 12 through Nov. 2, 1890

J. N. Strait to Carrie Knight	June 12, 1890
H. V. Eddings to Mary E. Merriman	June 15
Rubom Robertson to Mary Tabpr	June 17
Frlix Harrison to Marta E. Wood	June 19
H. H. Skidmore to Lillie M. Davenport	June 20
Pinkney Parks to Allice Blevens	June 29
J. T. Baker to Willie B. Etharidge	July 3
J. R. Smith to Elizabeth Taylor	July 12
John Curch to Ella Bohanan	July 20
M. B. Havner to Columbia Chapman	July 23
W. H. Ellis to Rosa L. Herring	July 24
T. B. Parton to Annie E. Olls	July 26
T. M. Marten to Hettie Gaither	July 27
G. C. Ross to Vinie Havner	July 30
A. M. Lomon to Mary J. Delbreath	July 31
L. J. Evans to Nancy P. Stevens	July 31
W. S. Wallace to Lucy Hearn	Aug. 1
James A. Boatman to A. M. Webber	Aug. 3
G. W. Hudson to Ida Hensley	Aug. 3
D. A. Johnson to Loretta Dixon	Aug. 3
W. A. Walker to Louvana Queen	Aug. 13
Marcus Lamb to Janie Hand	Aug. 10
Sam Russell to Retta Moon	Aug. 17
S. P. Cantwell to Malessa Lyles	Aug. 17
L. T. Smith to Mary McClure	Aug. 17
T. S. Hopper to Maggie Thompson	Aug. 21
J. C. Corp to Bettie Younger	Aug. 27
Charles Walker to Elizabeth L. Queen	Aug. 27
G. W. Ross to Winnie McGinniss	Aug. 30
Newton Webber to Minnie Cooper	Aug. 31
W. M. Taylor to Jennie Lance	Sept. 5
Joseph Priestly to Mrs. Nancy A. Hilbourne	Sept. 10
Robert Luther to Josie Reynolds	Sept. 14
T. M. Aiken to Mrs. Sarah J. Cockrum	Sept. 14
T. J. Swaffer to Susan Davenport	Sept. 14
William F. Due to Phebe E. Scott	Sept. 18
J. W. Haws to Mrs. Jennie Washburn	Sept. 21
A. J. Peck to Almeda McGinnis	Sept. 21
W. S. Bishop to Victoria Smith	Sept. 27
S. C. Boatman to Polly Mcgee	Sept. 28
L. C. Duke to Martha Walker	Sept. 28
L. H. Hill to Emma Johnson	Oct. 2
W. M. Due to Ida Parks	Oct. 5
S. P. Almon to Mary J. Davenport	Oct. 9
S. L. Copeland to Mary Searcy	Oct. 12
B. L. Bayless to Elizabeth Murry	Oct. 12

GENEALOGICAL INFORMATION

CONT.

G. W. Norman to Florence Kincaid	Oct. 16, 1890
Silas Daffron to L. K. Claiborne	Oct. 19
A. P. Aiken to E. M. Copeland	Oct. 19
D. C. Watts to Florence Ramsey	Oct. 26
D. C. Coffee to Sarah P. Haley	Nov. 2

* * * * *

DR. D. P. MARTIN

by HIS GRANDCHILDREN

Dr. David Pierre Martin lived and practiced medicine in Gassville, Arkansas. He was of French extraction and in 1825 his father shortened the spelling of the name to Martin from Martineaux. His father was Madison Green Martin. His grandmother was Sara Music, whose father was picked up from a shipwreck when he was about 8 years old. He did not know his last name and was given the last name Music because of his love of music and his prowess on the violin.

Dr. Martin was a graduate of Eclectic Medical College in St. Louis, MO, and later a post graduate as physician and surgeon. His grandfather is reported to be the first dr. to perform skin grafting. A Brother, Dr. Charles Martin, pioneered in the development of X-Ray and owned the first X-Ray machine that was owned by an individual and displayed it at the World's Fair in 1904.

Dr. Martin had 2 families. His first wife was Liza Hutchison and they had two children -- Robert Lee Martin and Lola Martin. Robert Lee became a medical doctor and studied at Heidelberg Medical College in Germany. He was a doctor and surgeon in Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders in the Spanish American War and is buried in the military cemetery at Fort Smity, Arkansas.

Mary Catherine Martin (maiden name), Dr. Martin's second wife was born Nov. 3, 1855 at Webster Springs, Mo. She was showing her father's horse at the State Fair in Sedalia when she was introduced to her cousin, David Pierre Martin, a medical student from St. Louis. They were married within a month and lived together 56 years. They had 13 children - 8 boys and 5 girls. They lived in Gassville and their home is still standing, on highway 62 just north of the present Post Office. (Where Randall Messick now lives.) Dr. Martin at one time had a pharmacy in one corner of the front yard and his wife had a millinery shop in the other corner. Later his pharmacy was located south of his home in the next block.

DR. MARTIN

continued

The children of David and Mary Martin were:

John David born Dec. 5, 1873. Alice Anastasic born Feb. 8, 1875. Joseph Allen born Oct. 17, 1876. Charles Madison born June 6, 1878. Laura Blaine born April 14, 1880. Arthur Lewis born Jan. 21, 1882/ Everett Carson born March 25, 1884. Sarah Myrtle born Feb. 4, 1886. Elbert Ray born Dec. 23, 1888. Lloyd Pierre born March 17, 1890. Ruth Mary born Jan. 22, 1892. Katherine Olivia born Jan. 20, 1896. Grady Boyce born June 22, 1898.

John David Martin married Julda Cape on Nov. 15, 1894. He died in Florica Jan. 27, 1930. They had 4 children.

Alice Anastasia was married to Noah Dilbeck Marcg 27, 1895 and they lived in Wetumka, Okla. where she died April 5, 1940. They had five children.

Joseph Allen Martin was married to Susie Ross in Muskogee, I. T. Sept. 21, 1904. They had 2 children. Joe died there Aug. 5, 1945.

Laura Blaine was married March 6, 1902 to Dr. Leon Mooney, She died in childbrith, March 1903. Their son, Eugene Mooney, lived in the Gassville area until his death in 1962. He and his wife purchased the old Martin place in Gassville and resotred it. In his childhood he lived with Dr. and Mrs. Martin the the same house.

Arthur Lewis married Chorena Scott March 21, 1907 in Wagoner, I. T. and died Spet. 11, 1950 in Oregon. They had one child.

Everett Carson married Grace Wycoff June 6, 1903 at Cherry-Vale, Kansas. He died in El Reno, Okla. Dec. 31, 1951. They have one daughter who lives in Okla.

Sarah Myrtle married Frank Cather, Jan. 23, 1917 at McAlester, OK. They had two children. He died Dec. 6, 1963 and is buried at Hominy Okla.

Lloyd Pierre was married to Martha Dorn, April 30, 1921. They had two children. Their home was at Bartlesville, Okla. He died there, Sept. 28, 1947.

Ruth Mary married Robert Horton McCormick Mar 15, 1913. They lived int Cotter and were the parents of 7 children. Bob was a conductor on the Missouri Pacific Railroad until his death in 1929/ Ruth later moved to Tulsa, Okla. where she lived until her death in 1973. She is buried in the Cotter Cemetery.

DR. MARTIN

continued

Katherine Olivia married Elmer Elliot June 18, 1911. She lived in Florida and California, died in Fla. June, 1963

Grady Boyce married Mary Harvey Dec. 28, 1927. They had one child and made their home in Florida. He died there, Sept. 1968.

At one time all 8 sons of Dr. Martin and Mary Catherine worked for the telephone company in Muskogee, I.T.

Dr. Martin was born Feb. 3, 1845. During the Civil War he was too young to fight. He joined a supply wagon from Springfield, MO. to Fort Gibson, I. T. He told of one trip when it was so cold that 60 mule teams froze to death on the road, in the mud. He joined the Baptist Church at age 40. He joined the Lodge of AF & AM # 400, July 21, 1889. In a letter written by Noah Dilbeck to Ruth Martin McCormack in 1927, Dr. Martin is described as always having lived by the Golden Rule.

Dr. Martin died June 3, 1929 at daughter Alice's home in Wetumka, Okla. and is buried there. Mrs. Martin died July 14, 1936 at Turley, Okla. at daughter Ruth's house and is buried beside Dr. Martin at Wetumka.

* * * * *

EDITOR'S NOTE: Dr. Martin's story was brought to me by his grandchildren, Louise Martin Dunlap of Muskogee, Roberta Shaw of Tulsa and Louis McCormick of Claremore. They are members of the historical society. They also gave me copies of two letters written by their grandmother, Mary Catherine Martin and I plan to use them in a later issue, as they truly give a good picture of Gassville around the turn of the century.

* * * * *

HIDDEN TREASURER

BY Mrs. Mabel Curlee

This is a true story and not fiction. During the War Between The States, a two-story, white colonial house stood on the exact spot where Zella Bucher Wolf lives today. This is $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from the square in Mtn. Home on the west road. The Napier family lived there at that time.

When the war broke out all able bodied men in the south went to the front lines to fight. Just the frail and elderly men stayed home with the women and children. Women went to the fields to work and raise food for the families.

HIDDEN TREASURE

cont.

The bush wackers from above the Mason-Dixon Line came down on the southern families and stole and pilfered and took food, sugar and salt. Finally they stole all their salt. Families dug up the ground of their smoke houses where they cured their pork. Pork in those days was cured by covering well with salt. Water was poured on the dirt and this soaked the salt out of the dirt. This salt water was all the salt seasoning the southern families had.

The bush wackers took Mr. Napier out one night and tortured him to make him tell where his Confederate money and gold was. Mr. Napier told them they could kill him if they wanted to as he did not have many more years to live anyway. He would not tell where his money and gold were. They even burned the house but he would not tell and they finally rode away.

Later a loghouse was built to replace the colonial house. In the summer of 1895, my father, Tobias Bucher, a building contractor, bought 25 acres of land from Nathaniel Dyer - known as Capt. Dyer, as he had been a captain in the Confederate army. This land had the log house that replaced the Napier house. I was four years old when we moved there.

A college had been organized about 1890 in Mtn. Home, teaching the first two years of college work. My father said, "Mountain Home is where I will educate my children." But he lived only 10 days after we moved to this property -- dying of typhoid fever.

We continued to live on this property. There was an ever-flowing spring just down a small hill from the house. It was walled up with four inch thick flat rocks in a circular form with fine pebbles and gravel in the spring bed. This spring was an asset to this home as ice was not known in those days and the spring was used to keep the milk and butter cool. There was a cover over the part used to cool the milk and butter.

Each meal when the weather was warm we had to go to the spring to get milk and butter. It was my job to get them. Many times as I lifted the cover over the milk and butter a big water moccasin snake would be stretched the full length of the compartment. I would quietly let down the cover and go back to the house with empty hands.

The story about the hidden money was told to my twin brothers who were four years older than I. We dug in every mound all over this property and never found the pot of money and gold. I decided it was a myth and the pot had never been hidden.

HIDDEN TREASURERS

cont.

About 25 years after we moved to this property, a woman -- a granddaughter of Mr. Napier, who had been raised on this property came to Mountain Home. She asked me to take her to this property as she wanted to see the spring again.

The log house had been torn down and another house built there on the same spot. I told her about my twin brothers and I digging for the pot of money and gold and never finding it and we had decided it was a myth. She said, "No, everything you have told me is true." Mr. Napier died suddenly and failed to tell his family where he hid the pot.

This treasure has not been found or at least never been reported.

* * * * *

EDITOR'S NOTE: My thanks to Mrs. Curlee for this delightful story. One of my very first recollections is when I was not over two or three years old, and stopping at this spring with my parents on the way home from Mtn. Home. The car radiator leaked and Daddy stopped to fill it there. There was a shiny tin can on a wooden stool, always placed upside down so folks stopping by could get a drink. After setting around the courthouse square all afternoon on a hot summer day -- this spring water tasted delicious to a small girl!

* * * * *

PROGRESS OF BAXTER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY by
Hazen Bonow, Historian

March 5, Our speaker, Everett Wheeler, gave us interesting information of the Baptist churches in this area. Mr. Wheeler came here with the Corps of Engineers, retiring last year. He has been treasurer of the Mtn. Home Baptist Church for 27 years. He also became the clerk of the White River Association in 1937. Besides the White River Association there are many other Baptist Churches, such as the Freewill, Landmark, General and Bible.

Records show that 1814 was the year of the first work done in North Arkansas by the Baptist. In 1822 their first church was established east of here in Independence County. In 1843 the first Baxter County Church was organized in Rock Springs (Lone Rock).

Much of information Mr. Wheeler obtained was from a book written by Dr. Morton on the history of the White River Bapt-

PROGRESS

cont.

ist Association. Dr. Morton was President of the Mtn. Home College from 1918-1929. The Baptist College started operation in 1906. At one time the enrollment was 265 and they had 40 acres of land with 12 buildings. In the depression of 1927-28, funds were scarce and the faculty resigned, so the college closed.

Mr. Wheeler showed slides of many early churches and some of the newer ones. He ended his program with interesting slides he took while on a tour of Egypt two years ago.

May 3rd. R. J. Terrell of Cotter spoke about "Railroads" and it was a most interesting meeting. Mr. Terrell started at the early age of 10 years to make railroads his hobby. He took the Railroads Man's magazine at the age of 9 years and was fascinated with their stories, never missed a copy for 15 to 20 years. It first sold for 10¢ per copy, now its \$1.00.

Mr. Terrell was interested in all phases and departments of railroading, which is so enormous. In 1940 there were 741 Class I private railroads in the U. S. Class I means a yearly revenue of a million dollars. The official guide of 1941 lists 65,000 possible destinations.

A lot of slang phrases and names are used by railroaders. Men that work on the tracks are called "Gandy Dancers", their boss is "King Snipe."

Railroads are now headed toward definite high speed; but back in May 10, 1893, the N. Y. Central Engine # 999, hauling the State Empire Express attained and sustained a speed of 112.5 miles per hr. The steam engine had power and speed, but now it has gone.

Mr. Terrell related an interesting incident while working as a ticket agent in 1920 at Pasadena, California. It was an experience he never forgot. Two poorly dressed women, definitely county folks came and sat in the corner of his ticket office. He finally after several attempts, got one of them to say "We want to go home!" "Where?" Arkansas "What City?" "Tain't no city." "Town?" "Tain't no town." "Near Where?" "Near nothing, jest over the ridge from Hemmed in Holler!" Finally they went home to get a letter with a postmark but that was the last he saw of them.

In 1940 Mr. and Mrs. Terrell took a trip to Arkansas, stopping at Green Forest for the night. They had an opportunity to take a scenic ride finally arriving at Jasper. There a guide took them down the Buffalo River where they passed Cob Cave, Bear Cave, then Hemmed in Holler.

PROGRESS

CONT.

In 1964 the Terrels moved to Cotter. One Spring day, they decided to take a ride to Jasper. Asking for an old-timer for information, they met a Dr. Moore who had been a dentist for 53 years, but said, "I ain't working no more!" Mr. Terrell was still wondering if the two women ever got home, so he told his story to the Doctor. "Sure they got home," he replied. "They were the Flower sisters and they were well-off! They owned Cob Cave, Bear Cave, also a good farm land over the ridge from Hemmed in Hollow! They decided they wanted to go back to California a few years ago so I haven't seen them since."

In March 1977 there appeared in the National Geographic Magazine a picture of Hemmed In Hollow.

Mr. Terrell showed some of the interesting articles from his large Railroad collection which he has at his home.

* * * * *

MOUNTAIN HOME'S FIRST PICNIC

by Gordon Lambrecht

The first annual Mountain Home Picnic and Old Settlers Reunion was held in 1902 on the first week in August. Three celebrants were Will Creek, Dr. J. T. Tipton and Lee Dearmore. (Ben Dearmore's father)

The picnic was held at the south end of Main Street. Frances H. Shiras mentioned this in her book, "History Of Baxter County." She wrote how the people began to gather in town early Friday morning and at 10:00 marched from the square to the picnic grounds. The procession was led by a noisy 10 horsepower steam engine. The wagons were carrying boys and girls dressed in Red, White and Blue, representing the several states and territories. Behind them marched the Civil War Veterans, followed by several prominent citizens. Rev. H. H. Hilton of Gassville gave the invocation. Baxter County representative, Hon. Z. M. Horton of the General Assembly gave a talk on the greatness of our country.

A balloon ascension and parachute jump by Professor Murgle was the highlight of the day. About 3,000 persons from all over the county and state attended this first picnic.

* * * * *

Prentis Tucker remembers the chant of the hamburger barker at the Mtn. Home picnics of the 1903's. "Hamburgers, 5¢ or 1 nickel with eggs in the middle and onions on top. Makes your lips go glippty-folp!"

SWEARINGEN - RAYMOND FAMILY REUNION By M. A. Messick

June 12, 1977 the families of Mrs. Susannah Robertson Clark Brown Swearingen and her daughter, Mrs. Callie Miller Brown Raymond gathered at the Old Wolf House in Norfolk for a family reunion. Callie Raymond used to catch the train at Norfolk to attend Brown Family Reunions at Georg's Creek, but to our knowledge, this is the first reunion of these two families ever in Baxter County. The reunion was planned by Ernest Raymond of Millersbur, Ohio and myself, so we give ourselves a pat on the back. Exactly 100 attended the affair -- in the 98 degrees temperature.

Susannah Allean Swearingen was born Sept. 24, 1831 in Ala. She was the oldest of the 12 children born to Helm Robertson and Mary Ann Weaver Robertson. Helm was remembered by my grandfather, Harve Raymond, as a big, red faced Irishman who loved to tease the girls and women folks. Helm had a small Indian wife -- whether this was Mary Ann or not, we don't know. However, we have never heard of a second marriage and we always knew were part Cherokee Indian. Helm is buried at George's Creek and for my birthday during the Bi-Centennial I had the honor of place flowers on the grave of my great-great-greatgrandfather. Talk about ROOTS!

Susanah was first married to a Mr. Clark. After his death she married Miller Brown, a wealthy Pontoc County, Miss/merchant and former county clerk. Miller had 12 children by his first wife, yet none of them were named for him. Susannah bore him three daughters and all carried the middle name of "Miler." However, only Callie, who was born Feb. 25, 1858 lived to adulthood. Miller Brown died in 1862 and is buried at Old Peach Orchard in Mississippi. During the war, Helm Robertson and family lost most of their possessions. The boys fought for the Confederacy and the girls nursed wounded soldiers in their home. After the war both Susannah and her sister, Mary, married former patients -- Warren Henry Swearingen and Rowland William Perry. Then the newly weds, and several other members of the family moved to Arkansas to start a new life in the rocky hills far from the rich, black soil of Mississippi. As far as I know, none of them ever returned to their former homes. On the trip to Arkansas, Susannah, Callie, old black Rachel (the slave who wouldn't leave them) and her daughter, Missy, had to drive a wagon through by themselves. Mr. Swearingen was being hunted down by the Carpetbaggers, so he traveled by night and hid by day. But they were reunited soon at George's Creek in Marion County.

In 1871 Callie was at the spring on George's Creek when Henry Clay Raymond stopped by to water his horses. He was

REUNION

cont.

a big, handsome son of France, a Confederate veteran and a recent sidower. He was on his way to White River to dredge out the steamboat channels. It must have been love at first sight -- within a few days Henry and Callie were married at the George's Creek Methodist church and moved to their new homestead in what is now Baxter County -- near where Pak a Sak is today (Highway 5 toward Norfolk.) Callie was 13, Henry was 23.

Callie and Henry were the parents of thirteen children:

Martha Fullerton Bagley, Walter Presley, Charles, Daisy Raymond Marrard, W. H. "Harve", Robert ("Rob"), Andrew J. Albert, George, and Minnie. Three children died in infancy

Warren Henry and Susannah Swearingen also moved to Baxter County and homesteaded in the Big Pond community. Later both families moved to Arkana. Henry Raymond had a big saw mill and gin at the mouth of Big Creek. The children of W. H. and Susannah Swearingen were: Rebecca Swearingen Bomer, William Thomas and Maggie Swearingen Morton. The old timers pronounced Swearingen -- "Swag-a-gin." The family say the name is German -- being Von Swearingen.

Besides giving birth of 13 children with only the services of a mid-wife, Callie found time to be trained as a midwife by her aunt, Mary Robertson Schoggen. It is said that Callie never failed to go when called -- no matter how bad the weather, her own physical condition or however questionably the parentage. Often she took baby clothing and personal items from her own meager stock -- knowing the new family wouldn't have anything prepared. She saved watermelon seeds to brew a tea in case the new baby's kidney's didn't act.

Her family tells of one dark, cold winter's night when the sleet had just begun to fall -- turning the whole countryside into one skating rink. A man from several miles away rode into the yard, asking for Callie. How she dreaded leaving the warmth of her hearth and the love of her husband and babies to venture out into the bitter night. Henry put his strong arm around her thin shoulders and said, "Honey, I'll send Walter (their oldest boy) along to lead the horse and hold the lantern so he won't slip." Callie and Walter arrived safely in time for her to deliver a bouncing baby boy -- Dee Jackson, father of former Baxter County Assessor, Kenneth Jackson.

This story will be continued next month, with a list of all who attended the reunion and how they fit into the family.