

Baxter County History



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

Photo courtesy of Ray Grass

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Active Membership	\$5.00 per year
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Correspondence concerning membership dues, membership, orders for the "HISTORY" and other business matters should be sent to the Treasurer. Available back issues are \$1.00 and may be ordered from the Editor.

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ANNUAL DUES ARE DUE AND PAYABLE TO THE TREASURER AT THE JANUARY MEETING. NEW MEMBERS MAY JOIN ANYTIME.

ALL MATERIAL FURNISHED THE EDITOR WILL BE HANDLED WITH CARE, COPIED AND RETURNED TO THE CONTRIBUTOR. ALL MATERIAL MAY BE EDITED BY THE CONTRIBUTOR BEFORE IT IS PRINTED IN THIS JOURNAL.

WE ERNESTLY SOLICIT YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS OF MATERIAL, SUCH MATERIAL MAY INCLUDE PICTURES.

PROGRESS OF THE BAXTER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

By - Hazen Bonow, Historian

June 6, 1978 - Marjie Wilhm, owner of the Ox-Yoke Antique Shop, gave a program on dishes used by the early settlers and brought samples to illustrate her talk. Here are some interesting historical facts about china:

The first true porcelain was made of hard paste. Today it is made of soft paste. True porcelain waa first made in Europe in 1709 where Johann Freidrich Boettger used Kaolin from deposits near Dresden. In the following year he started the famous factory at Meissen near Dresden and "Dresden China" was put on the market.

In England about 1750 bone porcelain was invented by the addition of bone ash to the procelain paste. Joseph Wedgewood, born in 1730 at Bursæen was the greatest of the English potters and among the foremost potters of the world. He came from a family of potters who became notable in the 17th century.

Humelin was first made in 1840 at Limages, France. It was made in the United States during World War II. Much china was made around Limages and is referred to as "Limages China". The first chinaware made in the United States was in Philadelphia by William Tucker. The oldest glass house in the United States is Bostoria 1887.

Silver Luster was made over earthen ware for people who could not afford silver

JUNE 18th thru the 24th - Restoration work was done on the Casey House by volunteers. Quinby Smith was fortunate in finding replacement lumber from the old Love house. It is almost identical to that used in the Casey house. It will take time and effort but the Historical Society hopes to eventually restore it for a museum.

July - No meeting because of our July 4th holiday.

August 1 - Avis Moore, Director of Music at the United Methodist Church, gave an excellent program of folk music. She had given us a program in 1975 but had arranged different songs for this meeting.

Avis opened her program playing her guitar and singing "The Nightingale", "Little Joe", "The Riddle Song" and a British Isle scaraborong "Parsley, Rosemary, Sage and Thyme" now called, in this country, "The Cambric Shirt".

She then played the dulcimer and sang old church songs - "Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing", "Holly Mansion" and then a fun song "Boil (Bile) them Cabbage Down", ending with a favorite "Down on the Valley".

Then back to the guitar again she played and sang a fun song "Buffalo Boy" and a sad love song, "Bury Me Beneath the Willow", "Red Wing" and the oldest folk song from the British Isles "Barbara Allen".

She ended with two American Spirituals, "Wayfaring Stranger" and "He's My King".

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CAN YOU HELP THESE FOLKS?

I am currently in the process of doing a family history of my ancestors and have information which makes me believe that several of my ancestors died in your area. Would you please take a special

interest in helping me locate my ancestors. I certainly would appreciate any help you may be able to give me. Would you kindly check your records for the following individuals:

MRS. S.E. HENDRIX, wife of IZEK ED HENDRIX who died March 6, 1885 her middle name is ELIZA, maiden name DUFFLE.

MRS. L.A. HENDRIX, wife of IZEK ED HENDRIX who died Feb 22, 1901 her first name believed to be LUCY, maiden name DUFFLE.

LUCY A. HENDRIX, infant child of IZEK HENDRIX and L.A. HENDRIX.

ROSY HENDRIX, one year of age, child of IZEK ED HENDRIX and LA A. HENI

I will be more than happy to pay for any information which you may be able to furnish me with, if you will kindly inform me of the cost. If you are unable to help me, would you kindly forward this letter to someone who might be able to help me? Enclosed please find a self addressed stamped envelope for your convenience.

Sincerely,

/s/

Mrs. E. A. Moore,

Box 8097, Indian Springs, Nevada 89018

*****The above was addressed to Memorial Funeral Home, Mountain Home,

I would like to correspond with anyone who is researching the following families. John Hargraves married Nancy Talburt in 1817 in Illinois. They arrived in Mtn Home area in the early 1820's with several of Nancy's brothers and father. Their son Simeon Married a Louisa Smith in 1855 (she b. in Tenn. her mother a Henson or Hensely In 1850 one Thomas Taylor lived in this area, and his son Thomas Jefferson Taylor married an Elizabeth Ann Green (she had borthers Westley, Roland, and Jo hn, sister Catherine, but who where her parents?) in 1852 in Fulton Co., an area now in Baxter Co. Lastly, I have a John Butler Lonon marrying an Annie Bettis in Mtn Home in 1891. His parents were John Bettis and Mary Redd. Annie was born in Ga. in 1876.

If anyone is researching these names I will gladly share what I have and I will answer all correspondence.

Thank you,

/s/

Mrs. Richard (Donna) Lonon

201 Avenue C

Waxahachie, Texas 75165

*****The above named is a member of this Society and has been furnished all back issues of the Journal. Her letter was addressed to Elizabeth Smith our Treasurer.

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FROM YOUR EDITOR

Over the past few months I have gathered a potpourri of just stuff and things so I am using this issue to get some of it into print.

With the central story by Mrs. Jesse Nelson Paul THE EARLY DAYS OF MOUNTAIN HOME which is intended as a sequel to last journal's THE MOUNTAIN HOME SQUARE AS I REMEMBER IT FIFTY YEARS AGO by Quinby Smith we are printing the OWNERS OF THE CASEY HOUSE contributed by Howard Knight.

GENEALOGICAL INFORMATIONBAXTER COUNTY, ARKANSAS

By: Joseph & Irma Bloom

Route #6, Box 352, Mountain Home, Ark.

BAXTER COUNTY MARRIAGES - March 1 to Nov. 1892

Peter Tanner to Lou Wilkins	Mar. 1, 1892
Finton Heiskill to Rosa Fletcher	2,
Chas. Tanner to Dollie Henderson	6,
F. L. Aikin to Lizzie Haney	6,
A. J. Jannahill to Mrs. Jennie Irvin	7,
B. E. Wooton to Roxie E. Reed	8,
S. L. Wells to Mrs. Rachel A. Byrd	14,
James Brown to Annie Silvertooth	24,
John W. Griggs to Lucreta Sims made affidavit for marriage on March 26, 1892.	
W. L. Due to Mrs. Elizabeth Vanmeter	27,
W. E. Sinor to Mrs. Belzady White	Apr. 1,
James Reed to Cynthia A. Bailey	3,
J. L. Leachman to Mary A. Lewis	3,
S. R. Derrick to Rebecca J. Mitchell	20,
J. T. Hickman to Eliza Font	24,
G. W. Herron to Victoria McFarlin	May 8,
W. T. Hammack to Mrs. Margaret A. Boaz	12,
F. M. Bowlin to Fessie L. Kasinger	15,
Soloman Carson to Elvira Martin	29,
A. J. Riley to Mrs. Alice A. Coleman	29,
J. W. Bruce to Della Johnson	Jun. 5,
C. B. Case to Mrs. Elizabeth Branem	8,
G. W. Garton to Laura Wren	19,
Jackson Eles to Dialpha J. White	Jul. 17,
D. B. Lamb to Nellie Newman	19,
E. L. Webber to Mary Daniels	31,
E. W. Merriman to Sarah E. Roberts	31,
G. W. Hutchison to N. E. Hutchison	Aug. 4,
G. M. Atchison to Tiney Davis	14,
Elisha Blevins to Della Perkins	17,
George Gunter to Sarah Edwards	20,
W. J. Ellis to Mary E. Pinkston	21,
J. D. Milburn to Rosa Dickerson	21,
W. H. Conditt to Mrs. Elizabeth Peacock	26,
G. T. Stephens to Allie Hill	27,
Jasper N. Treat to Sarah E. Baker	Sep. 4,
B. G. Finley to Maude Talburt	11,
A. L. Vanmeter to Jennie B. Due	18,
C. O. King to Maggie Sanders	18,
John Roberts to Martha Caroline Earles	18,
John Leek to Mrs. Mary Young	25,
R. W. Clasby to Frankie B. Ash	29,
T. J. Stanley to P. J. Meade	Oct. 12,
Lee Lackey to Mary Clark	13,
Charles M. Hill to Annie Hall	13,
W. B. Bowlin to Mrs. Amarinda Rice	16,
R. P. Drewry to Lou Talburt	19,

OWNERS OF THE CASEY HOUSE

Compiled by Howard Knight

The Casey House at 14th and South Streets in Mountain Home is historic, as the first post office and courtroom for Mountain Home was on this property.

The Baxter County Historical Society has taken the task of overseeing the maintenance of the house and grounds.

Previous History quarterlies have given some of the history while the R. C. Jones' occupied the property.

Now, through the contributions of Mrs. May Olive Jones, Mrs. Florene Fisk and the Alley Abstract Company we have a list of owners and a legal description of the property.

The State of Arkansas by A. H. Garland gave title of the property to R. D. Casey by patent on Jan. 16, 1873. (The Alley Abstract Company's records state 1875.) This was filed for record Dec. #0, 190

R. D. Casey and wife conveyed the property by warranty deed to Catherine B. Paul and Rebecca J. Hicks and the heirs of their bodies on June 6, 1868. (The Alley Abstract Company records state June 5.) It was filed for record December 30, 1902.

T. H. Paul, single, conveyed the property by warranty deed to R. C. Paul and J. L. Paul on January 20, 1885. It was filed for record January 21, 1885.

J. L. Paul and wife conveyed the property by warranty deed to R. C. Paul on June 17, 1893. It was filed for record April 18, 1897.

R. C. Paul conveyed the property by warranty deed to F. Berelschaft and wife on November 13, 1909. It was filed for record September 20, 1912.

F. Berelschaft and wife conveyed the property by warranty deed to George L. Barber on January 29, 1913. It was filed for record March 8, 1913.

Cori S. Hopkins inherited and sold to R. C. Jones and wife May O. Jones on November 5, 1930. (The Alley Abstract Company records read November 19. It was filed for record November 19, 1930. (Note: The Jones lived there until August 1939.)

R. C. Jones and wife sold to Mart Green and wife on July 27, 1946. Filed for record August 21, 1948.

Mart Green sold to Lloyd Fisk and Neil Nelson on Aug. 25, 1969.

Lloyd Fisk and Elorene Fisk, his wife, and Neil Nelson and Eunice Mae Nelson, his wife, conveyed the property by warranty deed to the Baxter County Fair Association on February 10, 1971. It was filed for record April 13, 1971.

The description of the lands conveyed was: "A part of the NE $\frac{1}{2}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$ Section 16, Township 19 North, Range 13 West, bounded and described as follows: "Beginning at the NE corner of said tract run West 396 feet to a point, run thence South 501 feet for a point of beginning, thence West parallel with the Section line 214 feet to a point, run thence South 300 feet to a point, run thence East 214 feet to a point, run thence North 300 feet to a point, run thence East 214 feet to a point, run thence North 300 feet to the point of beginning containing $1\frac{1}{2}$ acres, more or less."

The following was forwarded to us recently by the Arkansas History Commission, R. P. Baker, Archivist. Perhaps besides finding it interesting to the membership of the Society others will find it of value in their research of family histories...EDITOR.

/ FROM THE ARKANSAS GAZETTE
April 2, 1893

A NORTH ARKANSAS PIONEER has lived in Baxter County for seventy-two years, aged 91.

The following appeared recently in the Baxter County Citizen, and is from the pen of the oldest inhabitant of North Arkansas, Uncle Mat (sic) Talburt:

I have been requested time and again, by many of my old friends, to write out and...have published a short sketch of history of my pioneer life in now what is called Baxter County, Arkansas. My father moved here when I was 12 years old, and I have been here between North Fork and White Rivers ever since, which is about seventy-nine years; will be 91 years old the 14th of next May.

Neighbors were few and far between. One Yokum lived on what is now known as Mooney's Ferry, another Yokum lived near what is now called Shipp's Ferry, one by the name of Florer near the mouth of the North Fork, one by the name of Matney near Matney's Knob.

Our meat was not exactly of locust and wild honey, but was wild honey, buffalo, venison, bear, turkey, etc. We made our own meal by means of a pessell (sic), with which we beat the corn in a hole dug out in a log. We could, you might say, stand in the door and kill almost any kind of the above named game what we preferred. Our nearest trading point was Batesville, and but one store there. We thought then as much of a sack of salt or coffee as they would here now of a wagon load. If we had anything on our feet it was moccasins. I have found as many as six bee trees in a day. I caught as high as thirteen wolves in a pen during one winter. I could go on and give in detail how miraculously we escaped danger from panther and bear; also of the hardships and privations. This is only a faint representation of what then was real life.

I will here briefly state that amid all the changes and vicissitudes I, with all of my posterity, with my progenitor, through pioneering, pestilence, famine and war have strictly adhered to the grand principles of our democracy. I voted twice for Andrew Jackson, ever keeping my toes to the line until I twice voted for Clereland (sic) and not yet tired, and can now exclaim while one foot is in the grave, the other on the brink, Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! for our me honored Democracy.

I suppose I am about the oldest man in the county, and know my race is about run. I want to be able to exclaim with one of old "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, there is therefore a crown laid up for me."

Now a word to my children, to my grandchildren, to my great-grandchildren, and to my great-great-grandchildren (sic), also to my friends generally: I can never meet with them again here, and my prayer is that we may all so live and act that we may meet where there is no pioneering, no silvery hairs, no bent forms, no furrowed cheeks, and where pleasures unceasingly roll, is the wish and prayer of, as I am familiarly called, OLD UNCLE WAT TALBURT.

THE TRACY FAMILY HISTORY

Furnished by Jewel Tracy Nelson
(Scotland-France-America-Georgia-South
Carolina and Arkansas)

A French soldier, a son of the Count of the Dutchey of Tracy of France, which was Northwest of Paris, France, came to America about the time of Lafayette came to America, and he came to fight in the Revolution against the English. He fell in battle, (this was the siege of Charleston, South Carolina), badly wounded, and left to die. A lady by the name of Polly _____ passed by, saw that this French soldier was still alive, and asked her footman to put him in her carriage. She took him to her home, and they were finally married. They had two boys and three girls. They moved to Spartenburg, South Carolina.

NATHANIEL H. TRACY - was one of their sons. He married Polly Ann Henry and they lived in Spartenburg for some time. They had five sons and three daughters:

JAMES TO. TRACY

William Tracy

Henry Tracy

John Tracy

Polly Ann Tracy

Nathaniel Tracy born 1828 died 1903

Sarah Tracy

Nancy Tracy

They moved to Tumell Hill, Georgia. In 1851 they moved to Arkansas. Before moving to Arkansas they went to Indian Territory, but were not pleased with that section and then came to what is now Baxter County, Arkansas, and located on the Big North Fork. By hard work they cleared the land, got the soil under cultivation and made many improvements in the way of buildings and fences. This tract of land which now comprises four hundred acres is exceptionally fertile and is considered one of the best farms in the county. One hundred acres are under cultivation and yields abundant crops. (EDITOR'S NOTE: The majority of this land was inundated by Lake Norfork when the Norfork Dam was constructed.)

He held the rank of Major in the State Militia, and was for many years Justice of the Peace, and was exceptionally useful and substantial citizen. He died at the age of sixty-five years while visiting in the Old North State, prior to the war, and his widow died in Arkansas after the war. He had been a member of the Baptist Church for about five years before his death, but his wife was a member of the Presbyterian Church from the time she was twenty years o

JAMES T. TRACY - Married a girl by the name of Fulcher (Maiden name). They moved to Indian Territory, finally settled in North Arkansas. His wife died and he married Rebecca James. James held the rank of Colonel, by appointment, and died during the war.

James T. Tracy and Rebecca Tracy had a son named James Terrell Tracy, Jr. (Rebecca died when James T. was a baby. He had three half-brothers and a half-sister (Ollie).

JAMES TERRELL TRACY, JR. - was born 1860 and died in Baxter County Arkansas. He married Betty Frances Douglas. She was born in 1869. They had eight daughters and two sons: May O. Jones; Telly Faye Kulls; Ethel Bodenhamer; Vergie Wolf; Ruby George; Jewel Nelson; Nellie Mitchell; Monte Tracy; Leslie Tracy and Gen Howard.

THE EARLY DAYS OF MOUNTAIN HOME

By: Jesse Nelson Paul

(Jesse Nelson Paul must be considered one of the excellent historians of the Mountain Home area. She was the wife of Irl Paul one of the pioneers of the BAXTER BULLETIN staff. He is also deceased. Her daughter Nannie Lee Paul Trammell very graciously volunteered this bit of history as a fitting sequel to Quinby Smith's story in our last journal. See Vol. 4, No. 2.)

In the early days of Mountain Home the names familiar to all who lived here were the Casey's, the Dodd's, the Horton's, the Paul's, the Casees, the Livingston's, the Dyer's, the Truman's, Baker's, Morris', Hogan's, Talbert's, the Littlefield's, the Simpson's, Leonards Blevins', Brooks, Ritchie's, Russell's, Gox's, Douglas', The Brewer's, the Westmoreland's, the Love's, the Shipp's, the Wolf's, Bucher's, the Massey's, the Hipp's, Wilkes and the Wallace's.

Early doctors were names such as Dr. Bob Wallace about the first Dr. Casey, Dr. Allen, Dr. Brewer, Dr. J. B. Simpson, Dr. Joe Simpson, Dr. Lindsey, Dr. Noe, Dr. Jim Tipton and Dr. Will Tipton. Wallace Knob where the J. D. Dryer home is was named for the Wallace family.

Pink Smith Knob out of town on N. Highway 5 was named for Pink Smith who was the father of Mrs. Robert Russell. They, Mr. & Mrs. Russell built the home where Knudsen's lived recently until the Pete Shiras' bought it.

Dr. Henderson lived at Henderson where the town derived its name. We have the ferry across the lake at Henderson but the spot where the town stood is covered with the lake.

A cotton gin once stood ~~at~~ the lot where Frances Thomas home is which is the first house on the right coming from Saltzman-Turner Clinic toward the town square. This gin was later moved to the lot where the Ran Love home is, the two story white house across the street to the south and a little west of Mrs. Shiras' present home.

The old Dyer home stood on top of the hill on West Road which passes in front of the Legion Hut (corner of 6th Street and Dyer Streets) on the west side as you go north toward the Catholic Church. The Dyer home was a nice two story home which burned during my residence in Mountain Home. Across the street east of the Dyer home was a large 2 story home of Mr. and Mrs. John T. Baker, the maternal grand parents of our Mrs. Alice Bean. This house was torn down in recent years and a small home stands there now. Three houses are on the lot, the Morris home, Odus Hargraves and the Jack Jones home. The First Baptist Church I attended after my marriage and removal to Mountain Home, stood west of the square next to the lot where Frances Thomas home is, and incidentally by a blacksmith shop. (We used to have an old saying that we always built by a blacksmith shop.)

Baker Brothers, three of them, John T., Asa, and Jay established a mercantile business and built the brick building where Quality Market is now. Asa Baker was Grandfather to Leo Francis, Gene Baker and Marlowe Jones. Marlowe inherited the building and recently sold it to Philip Jones owner of Quality Grocery and Market Store.

The Asa Baker home still stands, a two story frame building across the street on east from the present Junior High School building way down on South ~~Market~~ Mrs. Don Baker and daughter Mrs. Frank "Bitsey" Wolf live in the Asa Baker home. Mrs. Wolf is a grand daughter of Asa Baker's.

The Jay Baker home was a big two story home that stood on a lot east of Main Street at that time the first house north of the Bulletin Office. This was sold at Mrs. Baker's death and a office building or store occupy the lot. Mrs. Effie Mooney and Oscar Baker were some of the Jay Baker children. On the same side of the street and further to the north was another large two story house. This house was built by Oscar Eatman, uncle of Neil Eatman and was one story. In 1914 Isaac Morris bought the place and remodeled it making a nice home, a two story structure. They lived there until the house burned one cold winter night in 1938. I remember it well. Volunteer fire fighters slickers froze on them as water hit them.

Above the "Y" there still stands a two story stucco house where the J. D. Douglas' lived. On out on Pigeon Creek Road at Hogan Spring the George Hogan family lived. The spring was once famous as a picnic spot. In recent years the spring has been shut off from public use. But I've been told that the Highway Department has recently opened it up again to the public. Visit this spot. It probably will be beautiful once more. It used to furnish water for the first lake of the city. Weeping willows were set out all along around the edge of the lake and it was a very popular swimming place when my children were teenagers. They built a high diving platform, the highest one being real high. Nannie Lee said to me one time, "Mother you ought to see Rex dive off the high board. It would scare you to death but is wonderful to see him." (I never did.) Farther north in north in Russell Lane was the Randolph Russell home. Grand parents of Leo Francis and Gene Baker. This home was the farthest north in town.

From the south approach to town a mile out on Highway 62 Southwest is the old Cox home. A nice home burned there. In 1901 Mr. Isaac Morris, father of Ralph and Robin Morris, bought the corn off this place at 10¢ per bushel delivered to his barn in Mountain Home. Those of you who remember the summer of 1901 remember a year of drought - dearth of crops. Next coming from the Cox place was the Dodd farm on the west side of the road which at that time was only a country lane. The Dodd property lay on both sides of the road the east side now being in the limits of the incorporated city. The first being the Swonner home; on the west side the other residences now making that part of the city. Before the Civil War Col. Dodd owned a two story colonial type home which stood back east of the present site of the Kenneth Trammell home. It cost \$7,000 besides labor of negro slaves and at that time was a very nice home. Bushwackers burned it during the Civil War. Two fine pianos burned in it. Col. Dodd built a one story home by the spring in the bare spot west of the present concrete bridge over Dodd Creek. I remember this house but it too burned.

Colonel Dodd's son Tode Dodd and wife built a home later known as the Dodd home just across from our home. There were no other homes over there until 1924 when we built on the spot where our house stands. Irl's father Randolph Paul married Mollie Dodd. Her father gave her the land on the east side of the road which Mr. Paul saved for the children and that is where Paul Heights received its name.

Coming up Dodd Hill then to the east (the only road there was) one came to the spot where the Junior High School now stands. It was the site of the Female Academy, a frame structure, which was blown away by a tornado.

Captain Bodenhamer at the corner, on the west side, where the road makes a turn to the north going into the town square.

One mile south of this road was the Paul farm, originally the Casey farm, and the Hicks home on Hicks Creek is a part of the same farm. Mrs. Hicks and Mrs. Paul were daughters of Randolph C. Casey and grandmother of Nell Collie and Irl Paul.

The Casey Paul home was built in 1858 and still stands in a delapidated condition. A large one room building stood in the southeast corner of the yard on the road and was used as the first post office in Mountain Home.

The first court house was on the present Junior High School grounds. It was a log building. It is thought to have burned. A second one, a log building, was built on the lot where Mrs. Ollie Vickery lives at present. It also burned and all records up to that time were lost. The third court house was built on the square.

Brick for this third court house was burned in a kiln across the road (now highway 62) from the Wade Lahar office building. Brick for the public school building was burned on the Paul land on a lot adjoining the Cronks on the South. Bricks for the Baker Brother's building on the northwest corner of the square was burned on the farm now owned by the Robin Morris' over across the creek to the east.

The first mail into Mountain Home was carried from Jacksonport to Batesville to Iuka, to Mountain Home to Marshfield, Missouri to Bakersfield, Missouri to Mountain Home and on to Cotter by stage line. Mail time was about 7 p.m. and was a time for gathering of the towns-
people and "everyone and his dog" was there to join in the excitement and hear all the news.

On the outskirts of town on the east (Robin Morris section) the land was owned by the Talbots and the Lances owned all the area of the Morris section. A forsaken cemetery lies in the field of Fobin's land east of the creek.

Another forsaken cemetery lies somewhere over around the government village. (That's the reason why we want to keep our cemetery in as good condition as possible with our limited means.) (EDITOR'S NOTE: Judge Jimmy Baker told me recently that when the property for the present Baxter County Library was purchased from the General Services Administration there is a reference on the topographical map furnished to seven graves.....)

The Wilkes farm was between the Morris farm and town on north of the road. The old Livingston house now the Foster home was occupied by the Livingston's after they sold their home which we will talk about later.

Mrs. Laurel Talbert (Rena Livingston) was a charter member of our club. She and her husband remodeled the present Robin Morris home, a two story structure. They sold this home somewhere around 1912-1915 and moved to Texas. Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Morris bought the place and lived there during the balance of their lives.

Mountain Home College you know something about. For this section of the state it was truly a place of culture and learning. All the fine arts were taught there. Mountain Home owes much of its culture to Mountain Home College. Northeast of the college building was the site of Eli Hogan's three story brick home. Mr. Hogan was an uncle of Robin Morris having married Mrs. Lillie Morris' sister in 1890. He "set out" to build a fine home and did. The brick was hauled in here and cost \$14,000 - a lot of money at that time. Mr. Hogan was

not able to pay for the building so sold and went to Orggon.

Going north on College Street from the College we come to Highway 63 East and to the place where Uncle Tank Casey lived on a lot between the present motel there and the store building on the corner. Cole Younger once spent a night in the Casey home. He was nice appearing and nicely mannered. Next morning he bought a horse from Uncle Tank and went his way. A few days later officers come looking for him.

The first theatre built, as such, was on the square where the Ken Morris Shoe Store is now. The new theatre building was built in 1946 or early 47.

A big livery barn once stood where the brick building is on the corner of Baker and 7th Streets. There was a deep well there used for watering horses and this well sometimes overflows under the floor of this brick building. It did this while the post office occupied the building not too many years ago.

There was a shoe shop in the building where Nellie Cooper has the office of the Baxter County Abstract. This cobbler made shoes by hand using wooden pegs to fasten soles onto the shoes.

The Bulletin Office once occupied a building (brick) on the corner of the square across the street south of the Quality Grocery and Market. Robin Morris' father sold the first stationary gas engine to Shiras Brothers for the Bulletin Office. Shiras Brothers present office covers a tar barrel. Tar was once used extensively for many things.

A two story red frame store building once stood on the corner of the square where First State Building and Loan now stands.

There's changes of all kinds in business houses, but some of it I couldn't get clear in my own mind so couldn't tell it.

INSERTS:

Hogan Spring - During the years we had the Mountain Home two day picnics the Studdard Brothers were always hired to haul water to the picnic grounds. They used three barrels. One stood in the spring and took a half bushel container and dipped and handed it up to the one on the wagon who emptied it into the barrels. There was always a crowd around the water barrels.

Dodd - There is an old cemetery lot where the old flour mill stood in the south part of town. This is where the Dodd negroes, who lived here before the war, are buried.

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LETTERS FROM MARY CATHERINE MARTIN TO HER SON A.L. MARTIN

(EDITOR - Taken from BAXTER COUNTY HISTORY volume 3, No. 3 - Mary Catherine Martin (her maiden name) was Dr. D. P. Martin's second wife. She was born November 33, 1885 at Webster Springs, Missouri. She died July 14, 1936 at Turley, Oklahoma and is buried beside her husband, Dr. Martin, at Wetumka, Oklahoma.

She was showing her father's horse at the State Fair in Sedalia when she was introduced to her cousin, David Pierce 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 Gassville Post Office. She at one time had a millinery shop in the corner of the front yard.

Their daughter Laura Blain Martin Married Dr. Leon Mooney (his first wife). Their only son was Eugene Mooney who died in 1962 while living on the "old home place" in Gassville.

The A. L. Martin and wife to whom these letters are addressed was their sixth child born January 21st. 1882/ He married Chorena Scott March 21, 1907 in Wagoner, Indian Territory. He died September 11, 1950 in the State of Oregon.)

Gassville, Oct. 27, 1902
Envelope dated Oct. 26, 1902

Dear Son,

I received your dear letter in good time. Wassso glad to hear from you. This leaves us all well. Ray has b een sick with Billious fevor but is able to bee up now. He was real sick for 8 days.

Well Joe & Myrtle is at home now. Joe wouldnt work any longer at that wages. I guess he will boss a crew of men on the R.R. They have bought the rightway to Lake Garry on this side & will go to work in the morning & want all the hands they can get at \$1.25 for 8 hours work. Well I have got my Millinary goods & about sold them out & I made another order last Friday. Everything went like hot cakes. I cleared about \$5.00 in fore days. The Merchants dont carry ant Millinary stock hear atall. You no Belle Reno & me ordered together & Reno wanted us to take our stock down their in that old store house where it leaks & is so cold & I didnt want to go down their so we just divided our stock & I am glad of, it for now I can do as I please & the proffet will bee all my own. She took hers down their. I sold my young heffer last week & that helped me some & Joe gav me some more money & Ray loned me some & Papa gave me some. I will send off another order this week. I aim to hav new goods on the road all the time. I am going to send this order to Sears Robuck. Squire Martin got me to order him a corn sheller & Capt. Toney two pair of over shoes & Papa a slicker & Joe a pair of overalls. Well Arthur Grandma Toney is verry sick & Mr. Hilton too. Say Arthur today is Joes birth-day & I made him a dinner & Miss Ada Barnett took dinner with us. Joe is struck on her. He took her to singing last night & to church today. He is just strutting around. He said he felt just like a young rooster with his first spirs. Ed Shearl come up with Bro Shearl last Friday evening. He still goes to see Mattie J. Well I will close. Dont you & Evertt forget that the third of next month is my Birthday so by

Lovingly Mary C. Martin

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Gassville, July 7, 1908
Mr. & Mrs. A. L. Martin

My Dear children I received your letter in good time. Was so glad to get it. I hadent had a letter from you since Papa was out their. We are all well & having a good time. We all went to Cotter on the 4th & had a lovely time. We had a ice cream & cake supper hear in our yard last Saturday Night was a week. We made 5 gal of cream & had 7 cakes. The Lays AidSosiety got it up to finish paying for our organ we bought for our church. We just owe \$5.00 five dollars on ii now. We have a real nice time at our meetings. We meet every Thursday

afternoon. We are making a quilt now & working names on it. If you all want your names on it just send 10¢ for each name & we will put them on. Chorenna get up some names & send me will you. It will take one hundard 20 names to fill it up & we wonly hav half of them. We are going to send the quilt to the orphants home at Baitesville Ark & keep the money we get on the names. I am so glad you air to hav a home. Air you going to build your house out on the farm. You didnt say where you was going to build. Papa is gon to Cotter. We got a phone message that Dr. Wilson was bad off & wanted him to come to see him. Poor Mrs. Thorn is just about the same. Cant get around without her crutches at all. Arther Jessie Mae Pherson you remember her they used to live at Mtn. Home & went offm their to Tex Well she went to put a gun up & it went off & shot her through the head & she died instantly. She was Mrs. Thorns sister. That was verry sad. L Last Thursday night a robber blew open the P. O. safe at Mtn. Home & got about five or six hundred dollars & stold a hors & made off but Leon Mooney over took him at Olva & brung him back & landed him in jail. So Lloyd is out Their. Well I am glad you are all together. Well about me coming out their in Aug I dont no about it. I havent got me any thing nice this summer & it will be so late in the season to get things for summer wair I had rather wait a little later & get me some winter things. What do you think of it. I am always ready to go to see my Darling children. If it wasent for my Dear Boys I wouldnt get to go any where (bless their Dear Hearts). Well Dr. Wilson is better. He had a congestive chill. Well I will close. Tell the Boys all to write. So by by my god bless & keep you is the Prayer of your Loving Mother.

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BEN LOVE AND WIFE CANNIE'S COURTSHIP

By: Mabel B. Curlee 5-18-78

When Ben Love and Cannie Hogan were young they fell in love as most young folks do.

Cannie's father Uncle Griffin Hogan disliked Ben for some reason and forbid him to come back to his house to take Cannie anywher

Cannie decided to fake a headache and go to bed in the afternoon with a severe headache when there was a party or anywhere Ben could take her.

At supper time she was too sick to eat.

Her parents retired early at night. When Cannie decided they were asleep she dressed for the party. Ben would come to the window and tap on the pane, and say Cannie I am here. They opened the window and Ben helped Cannie out the window. Then they were on the way to the party. Ben carried two biscuits in his pocket for Cannie's suppers. Some times the biscuits were filled with sausage or a slice of ham, mayberjelly and butter, because she had no supper.

They carried their courtship like this for some time.

Ben did not like this plan to carry on their courtship. One night he said Cannie your father will get wise to our plan to be together. He said Cannie lets get married then we can be together all the time. I can provide for you. Cannie agreed to the plan.

Ben rented some land with a house on it.

He dreaded her father's wrath if he became wise to their plans.

In time Ben's plans materialized. He told Cannie he had their marriage license, the house to live in, we can be married and my parents told him they could live with them until they could set up house keeping.

He set the date for Cannie to slip out the window. Ben came, Cannie slipped out the window, they went to the minister, were married, then to Ben's parents home.

Bright and early Griffin Hogan went to the Love home and asked if Ben was there. He was told yes. Ben came out and told Mr. Hogan Yes Cannie was there and she was his wife now. Mr. Hogan turned and walked away.

He learned to like Ben. When he reached the age when he could not care for himself, he chose Ben and Cannie's home to spend his last years.

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THE FIRST AUTOMOBILE THAT CAME TO MOUNTAIN HOME

By: MaBEL Curlee

I think it was about 1906. It was a cool crisp morning in April

The algebra class was working problems on the black board. our teacher (Mr. Hulse) was standing looking out the window. We heard a rumbling noise like a wagon wheel striking the rocks in the street. We did not have paved streets in Mtn. Home at that time.

Our teacher said come here. Our class went to the window and looked on a crude automobile. I think it was foreign built.

It was a one seated automobile without a top for shade. The hood was shorter than the hoods of the smaller cars of to-day. It looked like a buggy without a top for shade. It had an extension of the body over the two back wheels. The wheels were a little smaller than buggy wheels and spokes in the wheels with metal rim on the wheels.

Prof. Hulse went to the windows in the hall to see if he went down Main St. to the Court House Square. He came back to the classroom and said I am going to dismiss the entire school to go down town to take a good look at that automobile.

The younger students ran down the street to see it. When the older students arrived to inspect it we could not get close to it. The younger group were on the hood, in the seat, in the back and some were under the hood looking it over.

This automobile could not travel at a high rate of speed but it was fine for anyone who lived several miles from town or from any where they wanted to travel.

It was not very long until Henry Ford built low priced automobile

The first Ford automobile, a two seated auto. was bought by the Bayless Bros. Paul Bayless, Bud Bayless and Mack Curlee. It replaced the two seated "hack" as it was called. The Bayless Bros. owned and drove to Cotter, back to Mtn. Home to carry passengers that came in on the Mo. Pac. trains. It was a short time until Ford sold several one seated automobiles and two seated ones, too.

A man said to me a Ford can go anywhere, but up a tree and in society. He was from Mo. I told him that a Ford car could not climb a tree in Mountain Home, but it could go in society.

We were glad to have a Ford touring car in Mtn. Home, Ark. even if we had to take a spare tire along. The women learned how to change a tire.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: I was visiting with Tom Robbins of Howards Ridge, Missouri on his 89th birthday. I found him sharpening posts and was planning on getting his mailbox up that afternoon as the Howards Ridge Post Office was to be closed and his mail would come from Gainesville, Missouri by rural route.

He very kindly invited me to pull up a chair (set on the post pile) then proceeded to entertain me, royally, with his tales of yesteryear. Lacking a tape recorder I have done my best to repeat two of my favorite tales. He seems to enjoy his telling of these stories as much as I enjoyed listening to him.)

When I was young all the commodities needed in this area were mostly freighted from Cotter, Arkansas. Sometimes we would have freight to Cotter such as chickens. My brother Dick and I drove from the time we were big enough to hold the check rains.

We hauled for all the stores in the area and for various farmers that were large enough to take a whole load.

Our principle freight was salt in 300 pound wooden kegs. Five of these would make a pretty good load for a team of mules on this long a trip.

We always tried to time our trip so that we camped, or at least had a meal at Kettle Springs. This spring is named after the fact that an old salt petre kettle is sunk in the ground there as a catch basin for the water.

One day my brother Dick and I were on the way back with a load of salt to Howards Ridge, Missouri and had stopped at the spring for lunch and to feed our mules. As I recall there was a house on the east side of the road and a barn on the west side. The spring was on the west side of the road.

While we were eating the prettiest flock of Plymouth Rock chickens you ever saw strolled by and was feeding on the spilled grain from where we fed the mules. My brother commented that one of those chickens would sure go good for supper and I agreed. So we each picked up one rock a piece and cut down on the rooster. Of course both of us missed. I never could throw a rock, or anything else, and can't now.

Anyway, the rooster ran in the barn so since we were committed we took in after him hoping to pen him up in the barn. He got away from us and ran back across the road and under the house.

We still thought we were committed to have chicken for supper so we went across the road. A woman came out of the house and asked us what the trouble was so we explained that she probably knew that we freighted from Howard Ridge to Cotter. She said that she had seen us several times when we stopped to eat and feed our teams.

We told her that we were freighting some chickens this trip and that one of the crates had busted but we had been able to catch all of them but the rooster and it had run under her house.

She asked us to wait a minute and she would help. So she came out and crawled under the house with us and dog-goned if she didn't catch that rooster and give it to us.

We thanked her politely. Dick and I always agreed that that was one of the finest chickens either of us had ever eaten.

Me and Bennie Strain used to be fishing buddies. In fact I guess before the Norfolk Dam was built I knew as much about that Norfolk River as anyone in the country all the way from this area here clear down to the mouth.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: In response to a question about running john boats over Cranfill falls he told the following fishing story.)

Bennie and I were gigging above those falls one night. We had a board across the front of our john boat and had our Coleman gas lanterns hung on it for light to see to gig by. It was cold as that is the best time to gig when the cold water makes the fish to slow to move.

Anyway, we got too close to the falls and it became certain that we were going to have to go over. This was no big thing because I had gone over a number of times and done it safely. Bennie was running the boat from the back and I had been standing up gigging.

Bennie lined us up to go over the falls but unbeknownst to us an old snag had washed in at the foot of the falls and was under the water just far enough that we couldn't see it. We hit that snag and came to a dead stop. I'll bet I done forty somersalts before I hit the water.

I still had my gig line on my wrist and my gig was floating with me so I yelled back at Bennie, "you come on when you can, I think I'll go this way for a while".

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(From Mary Ann Messick's notes: S. C. Turnbo belonged to both the 14th Arkansas Infantry and the 27th Arkansas Regiments at one time or another. We were unable to determine which one Luke Marlor belonged to. Most of the men in this area apparently enlisted in the 14th but Turnbo enlisted in the 27th and was later transferred to the 14th Arkansas Regiment. Marlor was definitely in either the 14th or 27th Arkansas Regiment.)

MEETING AN ANGRY PANTHER IN A CAVE

By: S. C. Turnbo

Luke MARLOR WHO WAS A PIONEER SETTLER ON Crooked Creek over the line in Marion County, Arkansas, was a famed hunter. His thrilling experiences, if written out and printed in a book form, would fill a good sized volume. Mr. Marlor belonged to the same regiment in the Confederate Army the writer did and was a member of Capt. Aaron Burleson's Company. One day when we belonged to the army Mr. Marlor told me the following story.

"Many years ago," said he, "I and a man of the name of Hill, whose given name I have forgotten, were hunting together one day on the north side of Crooked Creek where we discovered a cave near 8 miles from where the first crossing of Crooked Creek is following the road from Yellville to Bellfonte. This cave had marked indications of being inhabited by a wild beast which we presumed to be a bear. After we consulted a while it was arranged between us two for Mr. Hill to go into the cave and either kill the bear or scare him out and I was to await at the entrance of the cavern and keep the dogs back and shoot Bruin if he emerged from the cave. In a few moments after Hill had entered the cave with torch in one hand and his gun in the other he came in contact with a panther which attacked Hill instantly, which extinguished the light immediately. The panther was furious and it tore the man's clothing and lacerated his flesh until the blood ran

from the wounds. Fortunately the beast did not stay with him long or it might have been much worse for the hunter. The panther after leaving Mr. Hill made its exit from the cave only to meet a well directed shot from my trusty gun. When Hill came out of the cave he presented a pitiful sight. The blood was dripping from his wounds, his clothes were edangling from his limbs and body, but he was more pleased to find the panther lying dead at the mouth of the cave. It measured nearly nine feet in length. I had some difficulty in getting Mr. Hill home and he suffered some time with the wounds made by the panther before he was able to accompany me on another day's hunt.

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MAKING A BEAR GET UP OFF ITS BED TO SHOOT IT

By: S. C. Turnbo

Among the pioneer stories of Boone County, Ark., is an account told by Mr. Isaac Milum, an early settler on Crooked Creek who lived 3 miles below Harrison. He said that Luke Marlor was an early settler in the valley of Crooked Creek and was a bold and fearless hunter and was as successful in killing big game as he was in killing small animals. He lived to be a very old man before the death angel came and took him away from the familiar scenes of his hunting grounds. Mr. Milum contributes the following sketch relating to the killing of a bear by Mr. Marlor one day in a cave during winter time while snow lay on the ground. Marlor was accompanied by one of his sons and had followed the trail of the bear in the snow to Sugar Orchard Creek where it had went into a cave. The old hunter made preparations to enter the cave. They had only one dog with them. Marlor instructed his son to remain at the entrance and keep the dog where, while he proceeded into the cave, with his rifle and a torch of pine fuel. He slowly made his way into the dark recess with a glare of light from the torch which reached only a few feet around him. He scanned every nook and corner. He soon found Bruin and the beast was apparently asleep. Marlor placed the torch on a convenient spot, then advanced a little closer to the sleeping beast and touched Bruin's hair with his hand. Finding that his Bearship did not move he prepared to shoot him, but its position was such that he could not send a ball to a vital part. He, therefore, poked the beast with the muzzle of his gun until it arose to hit its face. The light seemed to blind it, and it was bewildered. Finally its position was such that Marlor sent a leaden messenger crashing through its skull, killing it instantly".

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SHOOTING A DEAD BEAR

By: S. C. Turnbo

We have given a few stories of Luke Marlor, the old time hunter of Crooked Creek, elsewhere in these sketches and we proceed now to give another account of him which is a little amusing. This one was told me by Hand de Shields, who located on Crooked Creek in Marion County, Ark., in the year 1840 and who afterward settled in the valley of East Sugar Loaf Creek and died several years ago on the head of South Fork of the last named stream. Mr. De Shields told the tale in the following words which he said was true. "One day Marlor in company with his son in law Levi Henderson and another man whose name is forgotten started on horseback for a hunt after big game. During the day Marlor was separated once from the other two, a distance of over a quarter of a mile. The two men heard a gun shot and saw Marlor mount his pony and ride up the hill a short distance and dismount, load his

gun, then mount his pony and ride to the foot of the hill, dismount and shoot, then he remounted and rode back up the hill, stopped dismounted again and reloaded his rifle, then mounted his pony and rode back to the foot of the hill and delivered another shot. These strange actions of the man was singular and he kept it up until he had repeated it 4 or 5 times and Henderson and the other man reached the conclusion that Marlor had gone crazy all at once and rode to where their comrade was acting so peculiar. On their arrival they found that the man was repeatedly shooting a bear that was humped down under the roots of an up rooted tree. It was found that the bear was dead; probably killed instantly by Marlor's first shot; but as he never had seen a struggle or movement he had concluded he was missing his mark each time. It was many days before Luke Marlor heard the last of "Shooting a dead bear to give it a second death."

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