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### White County Heritage 1984

White County Historical Society

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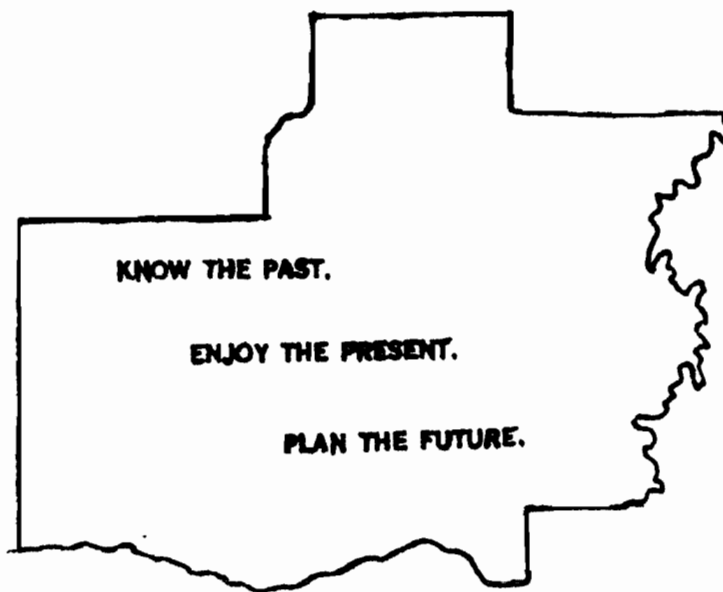
*White County*

# HERITAGE

VOLUME XXII

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1984



*White County Historical Society*

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WHITE COUNTY HERITAGE

Published Annually

by

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Vice-President - Cloie Presley	Treasurer - Leon Van Patten
Editor - Elouise Scott	Collator - W.J. Leach

Regular Meeting

Third Tuesday Night of each month except December

7:30 p.m.

Searcy Housing Authority Office

IN APPRECIATION

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The Editor

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FROM THE PRESIDENT:

Several years ago Claude Johnson wrote an article for the Arkansas Democrat about Stoney Point. He said it was a 'ghost town.'

This interested me and I have tried repeatedly to find out about Stoney Point, the stage coach road that ran by there, the buildings that composed Stoney Point, and especially the people of that community.

Information received about those questions has been very sketchy, roads have been blocked off, fences have been constructed, and bridges have been built, destroyed, and rebuilt.

Also the people that lived in that community moved to Beebe, moved farther west, and of course, since 1870 or 1880 most of them have died, so there are very few people left to tell about Stoney Point.

Since my wife's family on all sides, Springers, Duggers, Edwards, Prices, and others resided at or near Stoney Point, I am very interested in finding out about Stoney Point.

Wendell Ramsey

Wendell,

Please note the History of Stony Point by Bruce Cook, and perhaps it will answer some of your questions.

Editor

NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

The White County Historical Society is fortunate this year to again have excellent material submitted for inclusion in the 1984 edition of THE HERITAGE.

Our readers are encouraged to submit any information, anecdote, or family event that would add to the historical information concerning life as it was lived in earlier White County.

Much space in this issue is devoted to continuing writings of two contributors.

MEMORIES FROM THE PAST by Walter Wisdom, aged 90 when begun, but now 91, is an enjoyable account of his family's search for a place to put down roots. Lebanon Community in White county seemed to be the answer. More of Walter's story in 1985.

Also Bruce Cook's well documented HISTORY OF STONY POINT AND BEEBE is begun in this issue and will continue next year.

Our gratitude to all our contributors, and please, do keep the article coming for this is how I get material to include in THE HERITAGE, your heritage.

Thank you,



Elouise Scott, Editor

## MEMORIES FROM THE PAST

Walter E. Wisdom

TO THE EDITOR:

My name is Walter E. Wisdom. I was born near West Point, Tenn. on July 4, 1893. My father's name was Lee L. Wisdom. My mother's name was Addie Woodard Wisdom. I was the fifth child born in a family of nine children. I had three brothers and one sister older than myself and three sisters and one brother younger than myself. I am ten years younger than my oldest brother and ten years older than my youngest brother.

You see I am right in the middle of my family and it seems like I have been in the middle of most everything the most of my life. I have been in a few places in my life and have seen many changes in most everything. I have some friends that think I should write a history of my life. But don't think I could do that. But if I could get space in this paper I would try to write a few short happenings of my life for a few weeks.

Walter E. Wisdom  
Searcy

We would be delighted, Mr. Wisdom. THE EDITOR.

The above was a letter to the editor of the Beebe News which appeared in the August 25 issue of that paper, and the few weeks that Walter mentioned have continued for a year to date and the end is not in sight. In Walter's words "How long they continue may determine on how long I live."

Thus begins one of the most entertaining folk histories I have read. Mr. Wisdom is a very intelligent, skillful, and versatile man who seems to be able to make every moment of his time productive. He has been the subject of local, county, and state newspaper articles.

Mr. Wisdom's book will be begun in this issue of The Heritage and will be continued in the 1985 edition for he "has many more tales to tell."  
Editor



## Memories From The Past

## Personal Civil War Reflections

My father was born near West Point, Tenn. June 15, 1860., just after the war between the north and south. He had a brother, Billy, at that time. My grandfather was a farmer and farmed a small hill farm in Wayne county, Tenn. He knew he would soon be called into the armed service, this was in 1863, so he went all out to raise feed and food for his family while he was in service.

Sure enough, soon after he had gathered his crop, he had to go to war. He had good supply of feed for livestock and hogs. Also he had a good supply of food such as hams, bacon, dried fruit, and other things including several sacks of wheat for bread.

A few weeks after he left for the service, on a cold rainy day several northern soldiers rode to my grandmother's place and told her they wanted all the food she had. There was nothing she could do, they took everything they could hold on their horses. But they couldn't carry the wheat. Some of the soldiers on the ground would hand sacks of wheat to the ones on horses, cut holes in sacks, and ride fast down the road till it all wasted out. My grandmother tried to salvage some of the wheat, in the cold she contracted pneumonia. My grandfather was in camp several miles away. Someway, he got the word she was sick. He tried to make it home but was bushwhacked and killed a few miles from home. My grandmother died a few days later leaving two little boys, three and six year old orphans.

After my grandmother's death, my father and Uncle Billy were left on the mercy of kinfolks. With the war still going on and most of the men in service, they had a hard time finding a place to live. They were shifted from one kin to another. When my father was eleven years old and Uncle Billy was fourteen, they were living with an uncle in another county about thirty miles away. They were being treated very bad--working like slaves--not enough food--very few clothes--no shoes--and no school. On my father's birthday, June 15, 1871, they decided to run away from their uncle and go back to Wayne County. They didn't want anyone to see them for fear they might have to go back, so they stayed in the woods all the way. After three weeks, they made it back to another uncle's house. Their only food in that three weeks was wild blackberries and wild gooseberries. They were almost naked, very weak, and almost sick from ticks and other insect bites.

This uncle, by the name of Sipe Tucker, was very glad to see them and took them in as part of the family. He fed and clothed them and sent them to school until they were old enough to take care of themselves.

In the spring of 1881, my father and Uncle Billy and a cousin, Bob Allen, left West Port, Tenn. with a wagon train on their way to Texas. There were twelve wagons in the train; the train master's name was Jonas Dixon. After about one hundred forty days, they made their final camp at a point on the Brayos River, not far from Dallas.

I'm writing this the way my father told one of his experiences on the trip many years ago, of course there are many things I don't remember.

The whole train was slow and many times very treacherous. Some days they only made one or two miles but they made very good time through the hills of Tennessee to Memphis. After they crossed the Mississippi river by ferry into Arkansas, it was very different. There was water most all the way to where Forrest City is now. At this time the big levy had not been built to hold back the water and there were no roads or houses to speak of. It's hard to believe there could be so much change in one hundred years.

They made very good time through the rest of Arkansas except for crossing some of the rivers and streams they lost much time on some of these.

Since Wayne County, Tennessee is very hilly and rough, I'm sure not many in the group had seen more than one hundred acres of flat land in one field in their life, so when they came to the grand prairie in Arkansas they thought they had discovered a new world. Everything seemed to have gone very well through to Texas.

Of course, my father told me of many exciting things that happened along the way that I don't remember well enough to tell. They made their final camp on the Brayos river late in the fall of 1881 just ahead of the worst blizzard they had ever known.

It was late in the afternoon when everyone got settled in camp. They took inventory of the feed and food and found the supply very low. There was very little timber suitable for firewood and very little driftwood along the river. The icy wind was very strong from the north and they knew they were not prepared for zero weather. They went to bed early and made it through the night very well. Morning came, most everything was frozen, drinking water and all. The men got together to see if they could figure some way out. Most of them had given up and thought they would surely freeze to death. Mr. Dixon, the train master, spoke up and said he had a plan that might save their lives if the cold spell didn't last too long.

There were several very large Elm trees along the river. His plan was to leave all women and children in bed, as they did not have any campfire to cook on anyway. The men, most of them good ax men, would take turns chopping one of the large trees down. They chose one that had several cords of wood in it. It was so large, three men could chop at the same time without being in one another's way. In less than three hours, they had a roaring fire going. To get the fire started they used a large greasy wooden box that was full of hams and bacon when they left Tennessee. They soon began to thaw out and cook some food. They kept the fire going day and night and had to fell another tree later. The weather began to warm up soon, and they all lived through the ordeal, but they did lose some livestock. Some of the men went and got some supplies, food, feed, and other things and soon they were all feeling good again.

## REFLECTIONS OF A YOUNG AMERICAN

As you may know in 1881, the mail service was not very good, but most of those in camp had sent some mail back home. After a time a man rode into camp with a sack of mail, I don't remember where from. Some of it was for this camp and some was for a place about thirty miles away where several families had settled. The rider asked if someone would volunteer to take the rest of the mail over there and make a name for the place so they could establish a post office there. My father volunteered for this trip. It took him two days to find the place. After he had distributed all the mail, he named the place Denton, I'm not sure, but I think he named it after a friend of his. Denton, Texas is now a very nice city. My father returned back to camp soon after this.

All the men spent several days scouting the country side looking for places where they might spend the rest of their lives. Not many days later they began to break camp and go in several directions. My father got a job on a farm and worked there as long as he stayed in Texas. The man's name that he worked for was Elliott. My father thought so much of him, that when I came along, about twelve years later, he named me after him. My middle name is Elliott.

Uncle Billy made his home in Paris, Texas where he married, raised a large family and lived there most of his life. Cousin Bob Allen moved to Mansfield, Arkansas, where he married, raised a family, and lived there the rest of his life. He has a son who is my age living there now, I visited him several months ago.

My father said several of the bunch he never heard of again. Father left Texas early in 1882 and went back to Tennessee where he soon married my mother. But he vowed that if he lived very long, he was going back to Texas, which he did.

After father and mother married, they moved on a small farm not far from Waynesboro, Tenn. Father farmed some, but soon learned the trade of rock mason. He built many chimneys, fireplaces, and stone walls throughout four counties, some are still standing as monuments where the houses have either burned or been torn away. We visit that part of Tennessee every year and find that several of them are still in use, the chisel marks my father made are still visible. I am hoping to move one of the chimneys back here in Arkansas.

Of course, all this time, Father and mother were rearing a family, but father still wanted to go back to Texas. Early in the year 1900, he decided to make that move. He sold his little farm and all other possessions and bought train tickets for Paris, Texas. There were seven children at that time. We boarded a L. & N. Railroad train at Iorn City, Tenn. for Paris, Texas. We were on the road four days and four nights. (Wouldn't that have made a beautiful movie?). We changed trains at Memphis, to the St. Louis Iron Mountain Railroad which is the Missouri Pacific Railroad now. We came right through White County. We changed trains again at Fort Smith to the Frisco Railroad. When we left

Tennessee, mother had prepared food for the first day and night. After that, I don't remember much except I do remember eating cheese and crackers (that was before hamburgers). The trains did stop afterwards and we did have a chance to buy food of some kind.

We finally arrived in Paris, where Uncle Billy met us at the train station. We went home with him and stayed there until we found a place to live, which was not many days later.

We moved into an old, but comfortable house about three miles from Paris, Texas, not far from a farm that raised all kinds of berries--strawberries, blackberries, and others, they also had a winery on this farm. My father and older brothers and sister all went to work there picking berries and other work. It was a new world for all of us. It was beautiful and you could see so far. Most everything seemed fine except the water. It was awful. So much different from those clear free-flowing springs back in Tennessee.

Soon my seventh birthday came along on July 4th, 1900. They had a picnic at the Paris City Park. It was out from town about two miles. I think everyone in Texas was there. There were hundreds of covered wagons, but not one car. It rained all day. I don't think I have ever seen that many wet people since then.

Sometime later while I was out playing, I stepped on a piece of glass and cut the arch of my foot. I didn't think much about it and I didn't tell my mother about it until that night. Not knowing anything about a certain fly in that part of the country, my mother washed my foot and put some salve on it. She repeated this treatment each night. After a few days, the cut became very painful. Each night it seemed to get more painful. I could not get any rest day or night. This lasted two or three weeks. We didn't have any close neighbors, but one did come by and told mother that one of those flies came in contact with the fresh blood and deposited an egg and that there was a screw worm in there and had almost eaten it's way through my foot. You could see the red spot on top of my foot where the worm did eat through in a few days. (Well, I lived over that.)

The year 1900 was the year of the Galveston disaster. A hurricane hit that area and left so many people dead and others homeless that they never knew the number. Father and Mother worried about that and some other things and soon got homesick for Tennessee. Before the end of that year, we were all back in Tennessee where we started from in time for Christmas.

I forgot to tell you that when we were in Memphis on our way to Texas, we saw a real automobile, rubber tires and everything. Ha. That was the only one we saw on the trip.

## AMERICA: WHEN THINGS WERE DIFFERENT

Well after we got settled down back in Tennessee, everything seemed normal for a while. I can't think of anything exciting happening. All of us school-age children got a few months school which we had been missing--it was my first.

Those days there was a word going around (Young man go West) and there was many people going somewhere in the west. You guessed right, father wanted to go somewhere West but he didn't want to go back to Texas. After several weeks of investigating, he decided to go to the Indian Territory. It might have been the India blood in father that made him want to go there. He was eligible to a free land grant but he missed the deadline date and lost that right. It was mid-summer 1902 before we got ready to go. We travelled the same route that we did when we went to Texas except we didn't change trains at Ft. Smith. Our destination was Eufaula Indian Territory. We got there in the afternoon. We stayed that night in Eufaula. Next day father located a place to live about twelve miles out on a wealthy Indian farm across the Canadian River near the post office of Malette. We made this trip by wagon pulled by two large big-footed horses. We had to ford the river which was narrow and not very deep but very dangerous. It was quicksand all the way and you didn't dare stop in the water. It was told there had been many teams lost there in the past, mostly by strangers. The farm that we lived on belonged to four half-breed Indians, two brothers and two sisters. Their father and mother were dead. Their father was a white man and their mother was a full-blood Indian. One of the girls was white and beautiful and the other looked like a full blood. The boys were the same way, one white and handsome and the other very dark. Their surname was Burton and they were all very fine people. The boys, Mack and Loach, were considered mean and feared by some but they were good to all of us and promised protection if we ever needed it.

We visited this farm last year. Most of the farm is part of Lake Eufaula and Malette is no longer in existence. We did find one granddaughter of the younger Burton girl.

The house we moved into was more like a Fortress than a dwelling house. It was built with hewn logs. The main part was twenty-four feet square and it was one and a half stories high with a side room all across the back. It had a front and back door, a large fire place but no windows down stairs. About shoulder high, one of the logs in the wall by the front door was about a foot shorter than the others leaving a hole to shoot through. There was a crude stairway to go up stairs where all of us boys slept. The upstairs room was extended about two feet further out than the lower wall at the front of the house. There were holes cut in the floor to shoot through also, but thank the Lord, we didn't have to use any of them. There were many bullets embedded in the logs in the walls of the room. At this time, the Indian Territory was a wild place to live, to say the least. To many people, killing a person didn't seem to mean anything and a lot of it was happening most

every day. The house we lived in was near a public road and directly across the road was an Indian ball park with a high wire fence around it. They played ball often and were very rough. They used a stick with a rawhide pocket-like made on one end to catch and throw the ball. I don't remember what they called that stick. We would watch the games through the fence. We didn't know the rules but at times one player would strike another player with that stick and more than once we saw players killed, but they wouldn't stop the game. Just dragged the body off the field until the game was over.

The Burton family lived a few hundred feet away from where we lived. Their house was a beautiful southern style mansion with tree covered grounds. They had plenty of caretakers and everything. This house was destroyed by fire a few months after we came to live there.

On the farm where we lived near Malette, there was some corn raised but cotton was the main crop. Most every one picked cotton for that was about the only thing there was to do to make a dollar. I picked my first cotton there and I remember the first day I picked sixty-nine pounds. No one would work on Saturday but most everyone would go to town.

Father and my older brothers would go every Saturday unless the river was too high. They would go to Canadian most of the time. It was only five miles away, but on the other side of the river. It seemed like every time they went to town they would tell of one or more killings. It seemed like Indian against Indian most of the time. I remember Father telling about two families that were at outs with one another and each family had threatened the other. There was a father and three sons in one family and a father and four sons in the other. They met on a street in Canadian one Saturday and began shooting one another and when the shooting was over, there was one of the nine left living.

Father soon decided that was no place to raise a family. There was no law and same as no school. My youngest sister was born there on December 11, 1902. Father and mother thought so much of the Burtons they named my sister Annie Burton. By this time father was ready to move some place, but he felt embarrassed to go back to Tennessee, so soon after several letters to Cousin Bob Allen in Mansfield, Arkansas, he decided that might be a good place to live so as soon as he could get ready, we boarded a St. Louis and Iron Mountain railroad train from Eufaula Indian Territory to Fort Smith, Arkansas, and from there to Mansfield thirty miles south of Fort Smith on the Frisco Railroad.

We arrived in Mansfield, Arkansas, sometime in February, 1903. All of us school-age children started to school soon. Mansfield was considered a coal mining town, but there was some farming done also. It was located on the Rock Island and Frisco Railroads (They are both closed down now.) Father and my two older brothers went to work at different jobs, but they wouldn't work in the mines.

About the only way I had making any money was selling empty whisky bottles. There were three saloons in Mansfield, and there was a large livery stable where the men would go to drink, as it was against the law to drink in the saloons. They would throw their empty bottles where they wouldn't get broke. If there was any whiskey left in them,

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they would hide the bottle in a safe place! Ha! After school in the evenings and on Saturdays, I would spend most of my time hunting bottles, empty or not.

I got real good at finding those that were hidden. I would always smell to see if it was soured before I poured it out. It always was. I was selling good clean bottles at one cent each, not much money but it was all clear profit. Fifteen to thirty cents a day.

But our stay in Mansfield was very short. Father wanted to go back to Tennessee for the rest of his life (the best place in the world), so before the summer was over, we were all back in old Tennessee ready to start all over again. Father loved that part of the country very much, but it was hard to make a living there for a large family.

Well we got a good place to live, a good house, and only three miles from school. Of course, us children had to walk, but it was down hill about the same both ways. So you see that wasn't so bad, some children had to walk farther than that.

If you could go with us Wisdom's when we visit Wayne County Tennessee each Labor Day weekend, I believe you all would understand why my father did love that part of the country. It has many clear, free-flowing streams and rivers in Wayne County. I can count fourteen clear creeks most of them have Indian names such as Sweetwater, Shawneetee, and Factory. Factory Creek was named after an Indian Chief.

We lived on Factory Creek most of the time. It is clear, swift, and beautiful.

In later years, they built the Natches Trace highway through Wayne County near our old home place. It is one of the best kept highways in the United States--no trucks, no billboards within five-hundred feet of the road, and you had better not pick a wild flower or drop a piece of paper either. There are many historic markers along the road such as the Dogwood Mud Hole where my father and hundreds of others watered their teams and wagon wheels as they travelled a ridge road to Waynesboro, the county seat.

Well, it looks like we're here to stay this time. My father is building fireplaces and other rock work part time. He always guaranteed his fireplaces not to smoke back into the house. I remember father building a fireplace for his brother-in-law, my uncle. He had the name of being kind of tricky. It was a two-story house, and the chimney was very tall. After a few weeks when father had finished his job, my uncle told him to come back on a certain day and he would pay him. Father went back on the day set. When he arrived there, they had a fire in the fireplace and the house was full of smoke and the doors were all open. Father had never had anything like this happen before, and he began to find the trouble. After some time, he retrieved an old quilt that had been pushed several feet down from the top of the chimney. After that the smoke all cleared away, and everything worked fine. I don't know what all happened after that, but I do know father got pay for his work, and the man that owns the place now told me last September that it was still working fine.

1905 seemed to be a busy year for the entire family. Father bought another small hill farm, about sixty acres. They didn't measure land by sections in that part of the country at that time. It was certain points, the corner of a farm or could be a tree or stone or spring and other things.

We had to build a house and other buildings, so father got a man to move a small sawmill on the place to cut building lumber and it furnished work for part of us, even I had a job hauling sawdust in a wheelbarrow from the big saw. I guess this was my first public work. After the building was finished, then we had to move in. This put us about four miles from school, a nice walk when the weather was bad.

This land was all in woods, no open land. After the moving was all done, we had to start clearing land to farm the next spring. Of course, there were no chain saws or heavy machinery, so the clearing had to be done with crosscut saws and chopping axes. All the timber that was suitable was made into fence rails. All the farm land had to be fenced and rails were the only thing we had.

After all the usable timber was processed, there was still train loads of logs left on the few acres of land. These logs would all be cut in about eight foot lengths, then the big day was near and all the neighbors would be notified that there would be a log rolling at a certain place on a certain day. All the logs had to be piled by hand and burned. Sometimes this would last for more than one day. You wouldn't have to give second notice the neighbors would all be there early and every man would get a chance to test his strength to see who could lift the biggest log. All of the families would be there too, and the women would cook up enough good food to feed a small army and this would be a day to be remembered for many years, I know!

I think it's about time to say something about my mother and her family. Mother was the daughter of Jason and Mary Woodard. She was the child of a large family, 3 boys and seven girls. She was born March 12, 1865.

During the War, Grandfather Woodard was a farmer. They fared much better in time of the war than my father's family did.

I don't know how they inducted men into the armed service at that time, but the way I remember it some officers from the Army would come through a community and gather up all the able bodied men of most any age. Anyway, that seemed to be the way they did it there. There were about twelve families in that community with about sixteen or seventeen men and boys fit for the service. When they were all together grandfather was the oldest man in the group. The rest got together with the officers in charge and made some kind of a deal where my grandfather would stay at home and help to see after the welfare of the other families. It was a great responsibility.

The nearest place to get supplies was Florence, Alabama. They had to go there for coffee, sugar, soda, salt, medicine, and many other things. It was thirty miles one way and very rough roads. So rough it wouldn't even be called a road today. Grandfather had to make arrangements to make regular trips about every three weeks the year around. He knew it was going to be a dangerous mission. The northern soldiers were robbing anything that looked like it was worth anything.



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So Grandfather had to do a lot of thinking and planning and he did. He had to be four days and three nights each trip. He found a place where he could stay overnight each way.

Grandfather Woodard figured out a way that he could outsmart some robbers and bush-whackers and it worked. He had a small mule that was healthy, worked well, ate well, but always looked poor. He got a small bull about the same size of the mule and had a special yoke made where he could work the mule and bull to a wagon together.

He got a well-built, light road wagon with a good deep bed on it. Everyone knows that the rear wheels of a wagon are about four inches higher than the front wheels. Well, he put three of the higher wheels and one of the lower wheels on the wagon so it would look like he couldn't do any better. It must have looked awful. He never shaved or got a hair cut until the war was over. He wore a wide-brimmed, floppy hat and the raggiest clothes he could get by with and badly worn shoes. He put all the old ragged quilts and other rags he could get to cover the goods he was hauling. He always carried extra fodder and other feed to help conceal his goods.

Most of the time he would have five or six hundred dollars worth of goods, sometimes more under those rags. If they had ever got wise, it would have been good pickings for the robbers. Sometimes he would have one thousand dollars or more, mostly in gold. Many times he was stopped and questioned. One time four soldiers on horseback met him.

One of them asked, "Old man, what have you got under them rags?"

He answered, "What do you think a man like me would have?" He laughed big and said, "Nothing that anyone else would want."

Many would laugh at him, some would ask about going home with him to stay a week. Well, he made it through the duration of the war without any serious trouble. I'm sure he was glad to be back home all the time where he could live a normal life without constant fear, although several of his neighbors never made it back.

Grandfather Woodard was considered a very successful farmer and a hard-headed republican. I have heard my mother tell about him ringing his farm bell with all his might when he got news that the Republicans had won the race for President. This was the 1890's when this country seemed to be in as bad a shape as it is now. While he was ringing the bell, the clapper fell out. He went in the house and called Mary and told her what had happened. He said, "Something is wrong, I don't believe we got the right news." Sure enough the Democrats had won. Grandfather said he was glad the clapper fell out, he didn't want to ring his bell for any democrat.

Grandfather's home was a well built, two-story log house built with hand-hewn yellow poplar logs. All the trimming, ceiling, and flooring were hand planed yellow poplar. It was built on a slight cliff about one hundred feet from Factory Creek, and you could look down on the crystal clear water from the front porch (beautiful!). It was built the old-fashioned southern style, about 20 x20 foot rooms, both upstairs and down at each end of the house with a 12 foot wide dog trot between. A large stone fireplace was in each down stairs room. There

was a large shed room on each big room and it had a 12 x 50 foot front porch with about waist high, hand-carved bannisters all the way around. The kitchen was built about twenty feet away from the main house at the back. A large house for a large family. My family lived in this house for about two years sometime later.

Grandfather owned about four hundred acres of hill land covered with good chestnut and poplar timber and rich iron ore deposits, and at times the mineral rights were very high. Not very long before grandfather died, when he returned home from town one day, he told grandmother he had sold all his mineral rights and he had got a good price for it, all in gold coins, but he had buried it in an iron pot and when they decided what to do with it, they would move it. He never told her where he hid the money or how much was involved. Grandmother never told anyone until after grandfather died, and then she tried to keep it secret as possible. He died very suddenly late one afternoon. He was speechless but did make some gestures in the direction of the barn and she thought it might have been at the barn although we never knew whether it was ever found or not. About six years ago, me and four other men from Searcy with powerful metal detectors drove over there to search for the gold. (No, we did not find it), but we did find the location, but it had changed. All the buildings had burned and the land had been cultivated. We did find some fragments of a broken pot but as far as I am concerned, the gold rush on Factory Creek is over.

I hope no one tries to keep up with the years and dates of these writings. It might turn out like something that happened to me. Several years ago when I was operating a small sawmill, I got in need of a sawyer. I advertised for a man to saw that was well experienced. A man came to see me one afternoon and said he thought he was the man I wanted. I asked him a few questions, then I asked for the names of some men he had worked for and the length of time he had worked for them. When he got through, I told him that working around a sawmill was very dangerous for an old man and I thought he was too old. According to his figures, he had been sawing for 134 years or more.

Well, by this time the Wisdom family had been referred to as the rolling stones, so I guess Father thought he had to live up to it. He sold his little sixty-acre farm and rented a larger farm with lots of good corn land. I think corn had a very good market value at that time.

Well, this called for another move about ten miles away. We were a little closer to school, but it was a different one. I had three neighbor boys to play with and go to school with, but when not at school, we had some trouble finding entertainment. We spent much time along lower Factory Creek and on high rocky bluffs. We couldn't get enough together to play ball. We had one game that we played a lot when the leaves were on the trees (we called it follow me). There were lots of small sweet gum trees about eight or ten inches through but very tall along the creek. We would see who could climb the highest before the top would break out. Then we would hold on and come down through the limbs. We hardly ever got hurt bad enough to stop us from getting up and trying it again. I don't know how we lived through all we did!

It wasn't far from where we lived to Moon, Tennessee. There was a small store and post office combined and a large blacksmith shop near by which made a good place for men to get together to talk and tell jokes especially on rainy days. One rainy day there were several in the shop which belonged to a Mr. Jess Dixon. The shop had two forges, one near each end of the shop. A man by the name of Bill Frank Hollis came in and asked Mr. Dixon if he could use the other forge at the back which wasn't in use. Mr. Dixon told him he could. No one paid any attention to what was going on. He put a loaded Muzzle loader gun barrel in the fire to melt the bullet out. It soon fired with a loud noise. The bullet passed through the muscle part of my brother Amos' arm, burned a three-inch burn on my Father's neck as they were near by. It then went through a wall several feet away. This was the same shop where I had my first tooth pulled.

Years ago dentists were hard to find, so the local blacksmith usually pulled teeth. I had my first tooth (outside of my baby tooth) pulled by a blacksmith. I was at school one morning when I developed a real bad tooth ache. At noon it wasn't any better, and the teacher sent me to Mr. Dixon to have the tooth pulled. Lucky he wasn't busy. The tooth was badly decayed and on the first try, he crushed it and had to take it out in seven pieces. The sight of blood always did make me sick, so he was most all afternoon between sick spells getting it out. I got back to school just as it turned out at four o'clock. I don't know what kind of tool he used, the same kind he used when shoeing a horse, I think. But I do believe that is the reason I have such a big mouth.

I wonder if most people remember some things that happened when they were very young? It could be something foolish or humorous or it could be most anything.

Last fall when we were driving around through our old community in Tennessee, we passed an old house place and I thought of something that happened when I was very young that I thought was funny at that time. The man that lived there in a big white house at the time was a very prosperous farmer. His name was Billy Cruise and he was one of my father's very best friends.

We lived about one mile away. It was about twelve miles to West Point, Tennessee where most people bought their supplies. People didn't go to town very often, so neighbors would send by neighbors after things.

Father was going to town one day, and he stopped by and asked Billy if he wanted anything from town. He said, "Lee, I'm sure glad you stopped. We are about out of everything." He said, "Get me ten cents worth of coffee, fifteen cents worth of sugar, ten cents worth of salt, one gallon coal oil. I guess that's all."

Father drove on when he heard Billy holler, so he stopped. Billy said, "Get me a five cent box of soda," and said, "A man has to live while he is living!" (levening?)

After we left the Cruise place, a short way down the creek, we came to a big white house that has been there longer than I can

remember. The man that built it lived there the rest of his life. His name was Aaron Hollis. He was from a large respected family but he was mean, stingy, and dishonest all his life. He tried to beat everyone he had any dealing with, and he would too. He was mean to his wife and children.

You have heard of a man that didn't have enough friends to bury him, well, this was him. We heard he died some time after we left there. A few neighbors went to his home, his wife set a time next day for the burying, no funeral. When they arrived at the grave site, the grave had not been dug, so they had to take the body back home and hire someone from another community to dig a grave, but they did get him buried for we visited his grave last fall. They even had a monument at the grave.

As we travelled on down Factory Creek, we came to a place that made me think of my father. Wild ducks were a rare thing on this creek. I think the current was so swift most of the way that they were afraid to light, but at this point there was a big eddy. As father was passing this spot a large flock of wild ducks lit on the water. Father went to a neighbor nearby and borrowed a shotgun, but they only had one shell but he wouldn't give up. He went back and the ducks were still there. He shot into them on the water and killed thirteen ducks; hard to believe, but it is the truth. If there is anyone that don't believe this I CAN PROVE IT IF THEY WILL GO WITH ME. I can show them the very spot where it happened.

I wonder if there are any kids that read this scribbling of mine. In case there is, I will tell you a little hunting story.

Me'un my brother Sam went a rability-dab-skoon-skin hunting. The dogs treed a rability-dab-skoon-skin up a great big white oak hickory log biggest stump I ever saw. I told brother Sam being as he was the best climber, I guess I had better climb it myself. So up I went, down I came, all the dogs on top of me. I told brother Sam if he didn't take the dogs off me, I would get up and take them off myself. So up I got. I told brother Sam I was going home and get the hammer and shoot myself. When I got home, Mamma told me to go out and shake enough peaches off that plum tree to make an apple pie. So, up I went, down I came straddle of the fence, both feet on the same side. There I sat all scrooched up afraid I hadn't hurt myself but I had stuck a know hole in my eye.

Well, here we go again. Oklahoma bound! It is now January, 1908. Father had two friends who had moved to Davis, Oklahoma. They had been writing him about what a wonderful country it was, so on January the 19th, we went to see. They were right. It was a great country and still is. Davis had a population of about 2,000 and last year when we were there, it didn't seem to have changed very much. It is near the Washita River (not to be confused with the Ouachita in Arkansas) and is surrounded by prairie mountains on the west and north and at that time, there were a lot of cattle grazing on them. There were lots of rich farm land along the river and lots of good cotton land all around.

When we arrived at Davis, we rented a house in town. Father and my older brothers all got jobs soon. My oldest sister was married then and they bought a cafe. The rest of us kids started to school. Davis is

also on the main-line double track of the Santa Fe railroad and has many long and fast trains. From the depot, you can see thirteen miles south perfectly straight. One day they stopped all the trains for a time so they could move ten-thousand longhorn cattle across the tracks. I didn't count them but it seemed like a lot more than ten thousand to me.

I spent most of my spare time around the old depot and around the stock yards near by where they would load several train loads every day. The old depot still looks just like it did seventy-five years ago.

Turner falls is a beautiful waterfall a few miles across the river from Davis. At that time there was no public access to the falls. You either rode horse back or you walked if you got there. Us boys and men made it a private swimming pool through the summer, and we were perfectly safe without bathing suits. Now it is a noted public summer resort. Last year when we were there, there were thousands of people going and coming. It is a beautiful place. Below the falls is a large lake and the creek it forms is about one mile long and there were hundreds of people swimming, wading, and playing in the swift, clear water.

When spring came, father bought a team of beautiful large western horses with good harness, a good spring wagon with bed and spring seat, and some farming tools. He rented several acres of river bottom land for corn and several acres of upland for cotton. It was a nice spring and father started farming early, got his corn planted all in March. It was a good seasonable spring and everything grew so fast. Being from the hills of Tennessee, we had never seen corn so thick and beautiful. All the family loved field corn so when it got in roasting stage, we really got to eating up that corn, but it was too good to be true

After a few days, the hot winds began to blow and within ten or twelve days, the whole field would have burned over like a flash. Not one ear of corn left, what a shock! Most of the corn stalks had fell to the ground. The hot winds were so early, we did make some cotton. The stalks were so small, it was hardly worth picking, but we got what there was. By this time father had decided Davis was not the place he was looking for, so he sold his team and wagon and tools for whatever he could get and began to think about a place to move. He didn't want to take us kids out of school until the end of the first semester, so he worked at what he could do till that time. By this time, he had decided to move back to Mansfield, Arkansas. Believe it or not, I finished the eighth grade in school before we left. My brother-in-law, Hiram Brewer and my sister, May, sold their cafe in Davis, and he went to teaching school, so they didn't move back to Mansfield with us but they did follow us in one or two years.

Mansfield had changed quite a bit in eight years. The old livery stable where I used to hunt bottles was still there, but I didn't go back into the bottle business. I started back to school, in the ninth grade. I went one day and for some reason I quit. I don't remember why. Father and mother wanted me to continue but some way I out talked them and got a job on a farm at \$15 per month. My job was to take care of several cattle, feed, water, etc. I had to cut briars and

clean fence rows. I worked there until late spring and then I contacted some kind of fever. It must have been slow fever for I was in bed for more than three months. The doctor came to see me every day for ninety days.

I had to take quinine every two hours night and day. They wouldn't give one any thing to eat, just a little broth and not much of that. I was slowly starving to death, but that was the way doctors treated a fever those days. I was so poor my hips and elbows were a solid sore.

Mother sat by my bedside every night. She would sleep some through the day. She would let me keep apples in the bed. I could smell but not eat. One morning Mother had to be away from home for some reason and left my two younger sisters to watch over me. After Mother left my sisters were eating persimmons. I was so hungry I could have eaten anything. I began to beg for one. I begged so pitiful they finally gave me several. I had heard the doctor tell mother that one bite of anything would kill me, so that night late I caught mother napping. I decided I wasn't dead so I ate an apple. I ate the whole thing, seed core, and all. Next day when the doctor came he checked me real good and told mother I had made a change and was much better.

After the doctor left, I told mother what I had done. She sent for him to come back and told him what I had done. He told her to feed me some food which she did and in a short time, I was up and around and when I was able to walk to town, I weighed less than sixty pounds, so I really believe that an apple and a few persimmons saved my life.

Sometime that winter after I got over the fever, father rented a small hotel of about twenty rooms, and we moved into that. It furnished work for most of the family that was at home then. There was no rest rooms or bathrooms nor running water in the building. Each room had a large wash bowl and large pitcher for water. It was quite a job to keep all those pitchers filled with water from a well and especially on the second floor, and then all that water had to be carried back down later and some extra of course. Then there was lots of cleaning to do, beds to make, laundry and cooking too. We had a cook named Bert Cox. Besides being a cook, he was a professional gambler. There had to be someone to meet all the trains about one block away, day and night, to help the roomers carry luggage. So you see we had plenty to do.

Sometime in the past, I had met one of the best friends I ever had. His name was Ben Bethel, he lived about three blocks away and we were together most of the day and until late at night. He would help me with the work I was supposed to do, and then we would rabbit hunt a lot through the winter.

Spring came and the wild turkey season opened. We decided to go turkey hunting in the Ouachita Mountains south of Mansfield. We set a date in April. The weather was still cool, so we had to pack a large bedroll and three days food supply. With that and our guns, we had a big load for a fifteen mile walk over rough hills.

We left Mansfield early one morning. We arrived at the location we were looking for about four o'clock p.m. It was a small stream between two mountains. We were very tired but we decided to walk a few miles up stream where the pine timber was larger. After a mile or two, we came

to a new-made grave. Animals had dug a badly decomposed head and arms of a man from the grave. I won't try to tell you how we felt. I think we were real homesick right then. We couldn't turn back, it was almost night. We decided to go as far as we could as we had to get our water supply from that branch. Just about sunset, we came to a good spring and we knew that water was pure so that was the place. We put our guns by a big pine tree a few feet away and sat down on our bed rolls to try to get a good breath.

Then we decided to get some pine knots and build a fire. As the smoke began to rise we heard a turkey put put. We made for our guns just in time to see two large turkeys fly from the tree where our guns were leaning. We tried to eat some supper, but it was impossible to get our minds off that grave. You can imagine we didn't sleep much that night either. We got out early next morning, hunted all day and left out next morning without seeing or hearing another turkey, but we were ready to start that long hike back home. We reported finding the grave to the law when we got back home but never heard anything about it. But we were glad we didn't get murdered, and I have never wanted to go turkey hunting since.

My friend, Ben, was always talking about what we wanted to do in the future. We talked of trying to be F. B. I. agents or car tracers for the railroad company. We even talked of being hobos, but we decided a little later that wasn't what we wanted. Ben's father owned a good farm about one mile from town, and it had a nice apple orchard on it. Ben had a sister and her family that lived on it, so we spent a lot of time out there. At this time, there was a good crop of apples. Late in the summer, we decided to take a load of apples to eastern Oklahoma and make some money.

Ben's father had a team of good big mules and a good wagon, so we loaded several bushels of apples and started out to Howe, Oklahoma about forty miles away. We were gone five days and we sold about that many bushels of apples. We hauled the rest of them back to the farm and fed them to the hogs. Selling apples turned out about like turkey hunting, but we tried. What apples we sold, we got fifty cents per bushel for them.

One day later in the fall, Ben and I were at the depot where we spent much time. There was a long freight- train stopped. It was a nice warm fall day, so we decided it would be a good time to start hoboing. We surely never thought about how we were dressed for it was light, but we found a nice clean box car and loaded in.

The train was west bound, and it soon pulled out. It was a fast freight train for those days. We hadn't gone far until we could tell it was getting cold. The next time we stopped was a McCalester, Oklahoma. When we got there, it seemed like it was zero and we were really cold. Naturally we wanted to go back home. Lucky for us there was a freight train stopped there headed east. We soon found an empty box car that had been loaded with grain and lined with heavy paper. We closed the doors and wrapped ourselves in paper. We were cold but we made it back to Mansfield before night. When the train stopped, we started to get off. The brakeman had locked the doors, but we began to holler and beat on the doors, but no one heard us. We were afraid the train would pull out for Little Rock and we would freeze. We decided

we would rather burn than freeze, so we set some paper on fire. When the train crew saw the smoke, they came and let us out. They didn't talk very nice to us, but they put the fire out and left and we left too.

The Frisco Railroad had a short line from Ft. Smith to Mansfield where they made two round trips each day with a short passenger train. Ben and I would visit such places as the old fort and Judge Parker's old court building where he had so many men hung. We would also like to go down on the Arkansas River bank and watch the boats. We could get a round trip ticket for about one dollar. They called this little train The Slicker. It stopped at every house almost it seemed like.

At one time, Mansfield was without a butchers shop for some reason for a while, and I had to ride my bicycle to Huntington two miles away each day to get our meat supply for the hotel. Huntington is on a hill and one day when I had bought my supply of meat and started back home, I had several pounds mostly steak and pork chops. When I started down the hill and started to apply my brakes, somehow the chain came off the sprocket. Well, it seemed like I quit riding and went to flying. It is a long hill and I think I rode that bicycle faster than anyone has ever ridden before or since. I thought I was going to make it, but there had to be a rock that I couldn't miss, so that is where I made sausage out of all that meat and my hands and knees too. I looked and felt like I had been run over by a street car or something. Of course, I had to go back and buy more meat, but I also had to walk back home and lead my bicycle.

Well, I began to look for a job. I tried the section foreman for a job on the railroad. He wouldn't hire me because I wasn't sixteen years old. But I did get work for a while at a cotton seed oil mill where they pressed seed for the oil. I worked the night shift and I only had to work twelve hours each shift at nine cents per hour, but the work wasn't hard. My work was oiling the machinery. The biggest job was staying awake.

When I was almost sixteen, I went back to talk to the section foreman about a job on the railroad. He told me to come back when I was sixteen, and he would give me work. I was sixteen on July the 4th and went to work the next day.

The foreman's name was Pat Flanagan and he was known as a hard man to work for. Before we went to work, he came to me and said, "Wisdom, I want to talk to you about the work." He said, "I want you to know that we are here to work. We will be out here eleven hours each day. We will have one hour for lunch. We will work the other ten hours. There will be no foolishness, no playing, no joke telling, no smoking while on the job. When you go to the water keg for a drink, get a drink and go back to work. When you go to the woods (rest area) don't be gone long. But", he said, "You are lucky the company just raised the wages from 10 cents per hour to 11 cents per hour. You will be making one dollar and a dime a day."

Think about that! I was making more than twenty-five dollars per month, \$300 per year. We worked six days per week. The days were long and the weather was hot. We had to do everything by hand. We had to level the track by driving rocks under the cross ties with a tampering



pick. We called this work riding old beck. This was about the time they first began to use creosote cross ties. They would load the fresh-treated ties into coal cars and they had to be unloaded over the walls of the cars by hand, and there was no way you could avoid being covered with creosote and if you don't think it was hot in the hot sun in those cars, you are wrong. Many times you would get burned and blistered all over your arms and face.

I finally got burned so badly that I had to quit work. My hands and arms were a solid blister almost. The railroad company didn't have any hospitals then, so I had to pay my own doctor bills.

My sister, May Brewer, was visiting our home from Davis, Oklahoma, and when she went back home, I went with her and stayed the rest of the fall with them. After my burn cured up, I helped bale prairie hay for a while. My brother-in-law lived at Russel school near Davis where he taught. While I was there a gospel preacher held a meeting for several nights in the school house. My brother-in-law and myself were both baptised into Christ. We were baptised in Wild Horse Creek, a beautiful clear stream not far away.

After I went back home I got a job with an "extra gang" building and repairing right-of-way fence for the railroad company. We had to cook, eat, and sleep in old box cars with crude hard bunks for beds. They would set our cars out at some lonely siding as far away from town as possible.

Our first location was Echo, between Mansfield and Booneville. Each man had to take turns cooking, except me. The foreman favored me in every way. I guess it was my age. It seemed like all we had to eat was rice, three times a day and we had some very bad cooks. The boss hired a new man one day, and he told the man he would have to do the cooking next day. He said he didn't know how to cook, and the boss said, "Learn!" The next day, the man had tried to cook five pounds of rice. When we came in for lunch, he had rice in everything. There must have been ten gallons of it. There were eight or nine to eat.

Well, we rebuilt and repaired all the fence between Mansfield and Booneville. Our next move was to what they called Limestone Prairie, a few miles west of McCallister, Oklahoma. The weather was very hot and dry. There was supposed to be a good spring there where we would get our drinking water. There was only one house in sight about one-fourth mile away. The people who lived there told us where the spring was supposed to be, but it wasn't there and they wouldn't sell us a keg of water.

By then it was late in the afternoon and our water supply was about gone. Our boss said we would have to take the hand car and go to McCallister and get some water. When we got there we found that water there was almost as scarce as it was on the prairie. No city water, but we finally found a man who sold us two kegs of water from a well, but told us not to come back. The boss went to the depot and ordered a tank car of water to be delivered by the next train.

We got the water and a large cake of ice early next morning so we were ready to go to work. The ground was so dry and hard, you had to have a pick, a shovel, post-hole digger, and a keg of water and plenty of time to dig a post hole. Our boss was a nice fellow. He never rushed

us and he was nice to work for. We worked there until our tank of water was gone several weeks later. The company discontinued the job, and we all went home.

When I got back home, it was cotton ginning time and I soon went back to work at the oil mill and worked there until some time after Christmas. There wasn't much work around Mansfield at that time. I had a friend that had moved to Stigler, Oklahoma, and I decided I would go out there. I told father and mother what I had in mind. They said they wouldn't stop me, but they would rather I wouldn't go, but I went anyway. That was really the first time I had left home to work. It was only about seventy-five miles away but seemed farther.

I got a train ticket and left on the morning "Slicker". I had to change trains in Ft. Smith and wait about three hours for a train to Stigler. I arrived there late in the afternoon. I had spent a little money in Ft. Smith that I hadn't planned on, so when I counted my money, I had exactly one dollar and sixty-five cents. I was so broke, I didn't try to find my friend that lived there. I went to a hotel and paid one dollar for a room and twenty-five cents for supper. Next morning, I spent twenty-five cents for breakfast. I had fifteen cents left to spend anyway I wanted to.

Then I started out to try to find work. I asked everyone I met about work. Some would laugh at me, but they would say there was no work around, but I kept trying. There were four or five men standing on the street. I asked them about a job. One of the men said he wanted a yard fence built and asked if I could build a straight fence. I told him my trade was fence building, and I would guarantee my work. He lived only a few blocks away, so we walked there. He showed me what he wanted done. He said he would give me eight dollars and furnish everything for the job. I told him I would start to work as soon as he got material there. I was at work in an hour or two.

I went to the hotel manager and he said I could stay there and pay when my job was finished. It lasted two more days. When the man paid me, he said I had done such a good job he paid me ten dollars instead of eight. After spending a day or two with my friend, I went back hunting work. I had never begged for something to eat, but it seemed like I was going to have to.

Next day I was on the street asking most every one I met about work. I went into a bank and asked several men in there. One of the bankers said he had a farm several miles out where he needed a hand for about one month. He said he would give me thirty dollars and board if I would work a month for him. He also said the people where I would stay were real fine folks, but they wouldn't have much to eat. "Oh", he said, "They will have plenty of what they do have, but we had a bad drouth the year before, and they don't have many kinds of food."

I told him that was just what I was looking for. He drove me out to the farm with a horse and buggy late that afternoon. I met the fine young couple with one small boy. The man's name was Vass Rayl. I don't remember his wife's name. They were some of the finest people I ever met. We went out to the barn where he showed me a pair of fine large mules. He asked me if I had ever plowed any. I told him I hadn't, but I thought I could. "Well", he said, "That is what you will be doing for

the next few days, plowing with them mules."

When morning came we went to the barn. He had to show me how to harness the mules and hitch them to the plow. He got me started and then he left me with it. The ground was rough with plenty of stumps and roots. I made it through the day, but the man laughed at what I had done. Said it was all right, but I would get better. I was so tired and sore that I could hardly walk. After supper, I went to bed early but I was so tired I could hardly sleep. I was also homesick too. I was dreading for morning to come, but when I looked out the window the next morning, I saw one of the most beautiful sights I ever saw. About four inches of beautiful snow covered the ground.

Well, I worked around the farm, hauled wood, and other jobs until the snow melted off. After that I made it fine for the rest of the month, plowing, building fence, and other things. The banker that hired me was right in everything he told me. About all we had to eat was sorghum molasses and cornbread three times a day, but I didn't miss a meal and the folks were nice.

I soon got over being homesick and the time passed real fast. While I was staying there they had a baby boy born, and they named him Walter Marion. Two years ago when we visited Stigler, Vass and his wife were both dead, but Walter Marion still lived there, but he was out of town, and I didn't get to see him, but I did get to see one of his boys.

When I left the Roy's farm, which was a sad parting, I went to Stigler and collected my thirty dollars from the banker. He thanked me and told me I had done a good job. I bought a bicycle with part of the money so I would have a way to get around. I soon got a job on another farm right in the edge of town at the same price, board also. The farmer's name was Richardson. He had a wife and two girls and two boys. The oldest boy was sixteen. We got along fine and ran around together a lot.

Their house was about one block from the city water tower, a very tall one. We played on that quite a bit. We got us some strong field glasses, and we would see some good shows on Sundays and other times too.

I worked for this man for two months and then I got a job at a nursery and stayed with them as long as I stayed there. They were a very fine family and we all had a good time together as a family. He had several kinfolks in Arkansas, at Alma east of Ft. Smith and he planned on visiting them by wagon. We planned on leaving at the same time when I went home, and we did. They had two covered wagons, and I rode my bicycle along. Sometimes I would ride several miles ahead and then stop and wait for them to catch up. We camped one night on the road between Stigler and Ft. Smith. When we got down town in Ft. Smith we parted. I put my bicycle on the train and went home to Mansfield. I never saw or heard of the Richardsons again.

When I got home I was really glad to be home, but was really surprised that all my folks knew me. It seemed like I had been gone most of my life.

(This is not the end of Mr. Wisdom's interesting adventures, but does end the portion to be included in this issue. MEMORIES FROM THE PAST will be concluded in the 1985 issue of The Heritage. The Editor)

SUMMER SCHOOLS IN WHITE COUNTY  
RURAL DISTRICTS

Ina Leach

Summer schools in White County were a part of every rural school year, until the latter part of the 1930's. There were reasons for this.

Much of White County was farmed in 40 acre and 80 acre plots, on which a family lived and cultivated their own land. During winter months either the husband or the wife, or both, milked the cows that provided the milk, butter, probably cottage cheese, and whipped cream to serve with desserts,- the needed dairy products for the family. Usually the boys, when large enough, were responsible for feeding horses and hogs. Girls work was helping in the kitchen unless there were no boys in the family, in which case, the feeding chores could easily become a part of their daily lives.

But springtime brought a need for plowing, using horse drawn implements to get corn planted early, preferably in March, as well as potatoes and garden vegetables as onions, English peas mustard, radish, lettuce, and the hotbeds made for planting the tomatoes, cabbage, sweet potatoes, so that the young plants could be transplanted as soon as the danger of frost was over.

But there was another job that needed to precede this planting. Farmers needed to get their barns cleaned out and the manure spread over the fields. The area to be cleaned included all stalls and the hallway which was a part of the construction of all early century barns. The work was done with hand shovels and picks for digging and loading the hard packed droppings into wagons that were driven into the fields and unloaded by hand with shovels, or larger implements called scoops, throwing the load out in a broadcasting motion. It made for sore muscles unless one had stayed in good condition all winter. Again, the labor of the older boys was needed in the family farm routine.

Before the ground was broken with a two animal team and a large breaking plow, persimmon sprouts, summer and fall growth of the last year needed to be cut below the surface of the ground and carried off to be burned. This was another job for the children in the family. It seemed that before these chores could be completed, the strawberries were beginning to get ripe.

Now this was the season of women and children employment. Even the pre-school children were taught to pick strawberries. Before strawberry season was over, corn and cotton were beginning to get grassy, which meant that all available family "hands" were needed for "chopping" the grass from the plants.

The horse-drawn cotton planters put seed into the ground

approximately an inch apart. This had to be thinned with a hoe leaving plants, usually, 8 to 10 inches apart. Any grass that had begun to grow needed to be chopped out, also. If it were a rainy season, and grass got a good start before the thinning was done, it became a very tedious task to remove the grass without digging the cotton stalk up, also. Too, the amount of rain made a difference in how many times the cotton had to be cleaned of grass. This was true of corn, as well. The plowing was quite necessary in helping to keep the grass under control as well as keeping the soil in best condition for plant growth.

Then there was the planting and harvesting of hay, which might be peas, lespedeza, sorghum, head grain, and most every farmer had the family melon patch in a choice place on the farm. Spring months were busy months, starting early; therefore the school must end by the time the weather permitted farm work.

By early July, most crops were laid-by; that meant the dirt was piled high around the root system to hold as much moisture as possible during the hotter, dryer weather of July, August, and early September. A turning plow had been used to "bed" the plants. There would be a period of little activity on the farm. Now the children could be spared to go to school!

So! With well ironed shirts and overalls on the boys, starched dresses on the girls, well-combed hair, and shining clean faces, all;- bare feet began leaving many tracks along the dusty roads to school.

All windows and doors were open in the freshly swept and dusted school rooms, to catch as much cool morning air as possible. Teacher(s) had arrived early to be sure everything was in order. Soon lunch buckets were collecting on shelves, or hanging by the bail from nails that had been driven into the wall for this purpose.

Seating arrangements were understood from the previous years. First graders were to sit in the smallest seats. As a pupil advanced a grade, it knew that it would move to a slightly larger seat, with the class sitting as near each other as possible.

After school had been in session a week or so, flies had gathered into the rooms, attracted by people, crumbs from lunches, or the coolness of a shady resting place. Multiplication of the species was rapid, partially due to the outside privies or toilets as some called them. As the day warmed up, the flies became more active, flitting all about and in and out of open doors and windows. No screens were there to interrupt their flight.

Pupils were called to the recitation bench at the front of

the room by seemingly standard procedure. The routine of classes began with lower grades first. The teacher would announce, "Primer reading class". All primer pupils took their primers from their desks and turned with their feet in the right aisle, if they were sitting in a single seat. Usually two children in a double seat, so feet went into each aisle. When the entire class was in position, the next directive was "Rise". When all were standing with books in hand, the word came, "Pass", so the march began up to the recitation bench, that usually was on a raised area or stage of the room. They formed a line facing the teacher with the recitation bench behind them, ready to sit when told to "Be seated".

The recitation bench was of varying lengths, but always as much as four feet long, as I remember, and might be as much as eight feet long. There was no desk built onto the back of it and some "home made" or long used ones had no back rest, - just the bench to sit on.

Most schools had a stage, an area at the end of the largest room, elevated from 6 inches to 18 inches depending on how much the planners of the building expected the Stage to be used for school entertainments. All parents wanted to "see" their children, especially the little ones, when they "recited" their speeches or sang during a program. Too, drills were popular, especially patriotic themes, when all girls were dressed alike and the boys in white shirts, and dark pants, and usually similar suspenders, all carrying identical small, small flags. These drills were practiced until the marching and formations were without hesitation, and a mis-step was too embarrassing to be permitted by teacher or borne by a child. Parents were visibly proud of their children and appreciative of the teacher and the one who played the pump-organ, if one was available, to furnish the music for marching. If no music were available, the clap of the teacher's hands would set the rhythm until the pat of leather soles on the wooden floor made a continuing clapping unnecessary.

Whatever the height of the stage, the teacher's desk was usually placed near the center of the stage with the chair placed behind it so that the teacher had an advantageous view of all the room's occupants. The recitation bench was sufficiently removed from the other classes that there was to be no disturbance in the study time. All reading was oral, and most of the arithmetic recitation was used in putting problems on the "blackboards" as all chalkboards were then called.

There was always a morning recess used for play, if the weather permitted, and to take care of Nature's needs. During summer school the morning recesses were well used. By noon, the

temperatures were high enough to keep most everyone in the shade of trees if any were about, or sitting by windows in the school rooms. The tops of shoe boxes were frequently brought from home and used as fans as children sat in their seats for study. The backs of tablets were also used after the "rough paper" had been used for written work. All books, tablets and pencils were bought by the parents. Very little drawing or coloring was done in the rural schools. Any supplementary material was bought and paid for by the teacher, and with the low salaries that were usual, very few extras were affordable.

Afternoon recesses were again for getting drinks and using the outhouses. Leaving the room during class time was not always permitted. Water was brought from a nearby pump or well usually, as the supply on the school ground, if there had been a provision made for such, was usually out of order. Pumps were difficult to keep primed unless they were used regularly, and the open well would be quite unappetizing, once a dead frog, or other small animal had been drawn out in a bucket of water. The usual distribution of water was from a metal (galvanized) bucket with a dipper for all to drink from.

After about six weeks of these more or less carefree days in school, cotton bolls began to open up and show the white cotton that would soon have to be picked. If the weather was still principally dry and hot, school would continue another two to four weeks, as the farmers wanted as much as possible to be open when they did the first picking. Too, when the days were so hot, some families began picking in the later afternoon weather, and the children would be home in time to help each afternoon, after 4:15, when all would pick two, three or four hours.

The preference was to dismiss school as soon as the hottest days had passed to get the harvest in before rainy fall weather began.

Thus the summer school had its place between planting and harvest time. Both summer and winter starting dates were set according to the stage of the crops, and the needs of farming families.

## BENTON FAMILY

On October 9, 1983 at the Community Center in Floyd, White County, Arkansas, a reunion was held of the descendents of John Washington Benton, born 1839 in Georgia, and died in 1908 at Floyd, White County, Arkansas, m. 1858 to Rachell G. Burkett, b, 1840 in Tennessee and died 1905 in Floyd, White county, Arkansas, both buried in the Pleasant Grove (old Robertson) cemetery near Floyd.

John W. Benton came to White county, Arkansas in the mid 1850's when he was in teenage years, served in McCraes Vol, Cav. of Ark. from 1862 and honorably discharged in 1865. He and Rachell were the proud parents of thirteen (13) children all having been born and reared in the Old Roberson community now Pleasant Grove. Ten(10) sons, Dick, Steve, Jim, Wm. (Yank), Wid, Jess, Hard, Ell, Charles, and Virge; three(3) daughters, Melinda m. Valentine, Fannie m. Maxwell, and Nanna Lee m. Lewis.

Over 100 descendants and their families were present at this reunion. Some from Colorado, Texas, Oklahoma, Missouri, and Tennessee. The oldest one there was Mrs. Myrtle (Benton Stringfellow b. 1898 of Beebe, Ark, (of Yank and Etta (Scruggs) Benton. The youngest 1 month, Jayson Derek Workman, 6th. generation thru Steve Benton, Lottie (Benton) Calhoun, Jane (Calhoun) Gassaway, Nell (Gassaway) Uppole and Rhonda (Uppole) Workman.

Other families present were of Mary Jane Burkett and William Strayhorn, Rachell Benton and Mary Jane Strayhorn were daughters of William and Rachell (Hughes) Burkett, who were here in White County from Hardin County, Tennessee in the mid 1840's.

The following is a list of those present: Mrs. Carline (Benton) Fansler, Mrs. Lala (Benton) Conrad, Mrs. Vera (Benton) Hazelitt, Hazel, D.H., and Donnie Carmichail, Mrs. Erkle Benton, Mrs. Elouise (Benton) Hunter, Jay, Rhonda, and Jayson Workman, Chris, Marlissa, and Scott Terrell, Donna (Benton) Forest, Dyann (Benton) Babbitt, Charles and Melva Benton, Jane (Calhoun) Gassaway, James and Jean Benton, Ben and Velda Ree Benton, Mrs. Hazel Benton, Coy, Max, and Dickie Benton all of Searcy.

Mrs. Loy (Benton) Graham, Ralph and Lanice Gately, Mrs. Myrtle (Benton) Stringfellow, Mr. and Mrs. A.H. Boyd, Woodrow Benton, Mr. and Mrs. Jerrald Benton, Herbert Benton, Mrs. Violet (Benton) Gayler, Andy and Ruby Norman, Marshall, Paulette, Robin, Ray, Monica Benton, Janey (Benton) Warner and Jennifer Warner, Rebecca and Becky Willihite all from Beebe, Jim and LeVerne Sebastian, Ruy Manser, Mrs. Mollie (Benton) Johnson, Dewey Robinson, Velda Melville, all of Little Rock, Billy and Shirley Benton of Letona. Madaline Stringfellow of Lonoke,



Marvin and Clova (Benton) Hill of Ward, Merle and Mabel Benton of Sherwood, Bush **Benton** of North Little Rock, Albert and Ilene (Benton) Fitts of Benton, Tonya Garrett, Troy and Lucille Gross, Other and MaryLee (Benton) Clark, of Conway, Bud and Wallis (Benton) Vickers of Griffithville, Douglas Robinson, Rodger, Dean, Galen Danny, Vicke, Vanesa Herecamp all of McRae, Wayne, Faye, and Brian Benton, Donny, Norman, and Lai Smith, Pete, Sally, Michele Benton all of Romance, Mrs. Lois Benton, Leon Benton, of Hugo, Okla. Bobby and Wilma Benton, D. F. and Jean Powell, Danny and Marvalene Lewellins, Elizabeth Benton all of Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Lee and Merva Benton, Joes, Colo., Deward Norman of Dixon, Mo. There were several more but did not register.

It was a great pleasure to be with so many relatives at one time. Hope that we can all meet again.

Jane Gassaway

## NATIONAL ARCHIVES AND RECORDS SERVICE

### ANNOUNCEMENT

#### CHANGES IN PROCESSING REQUESTS FOR COPIES OF VETERANS' RECORDS AND PASSENGER ARRIVAL RECORDS

Effective May 1, 1984, all requests for copies of military service records or passenger arrival records must be submitted on NATF Forms 80 and 81, respectively. After May 1 prior versions of these forms (NATF Form 26 and NATF Form 40) will not be accepted for processing. All forms other than the NATF Form 80 or NATF Form 81 that are received after May 1 will be returned.

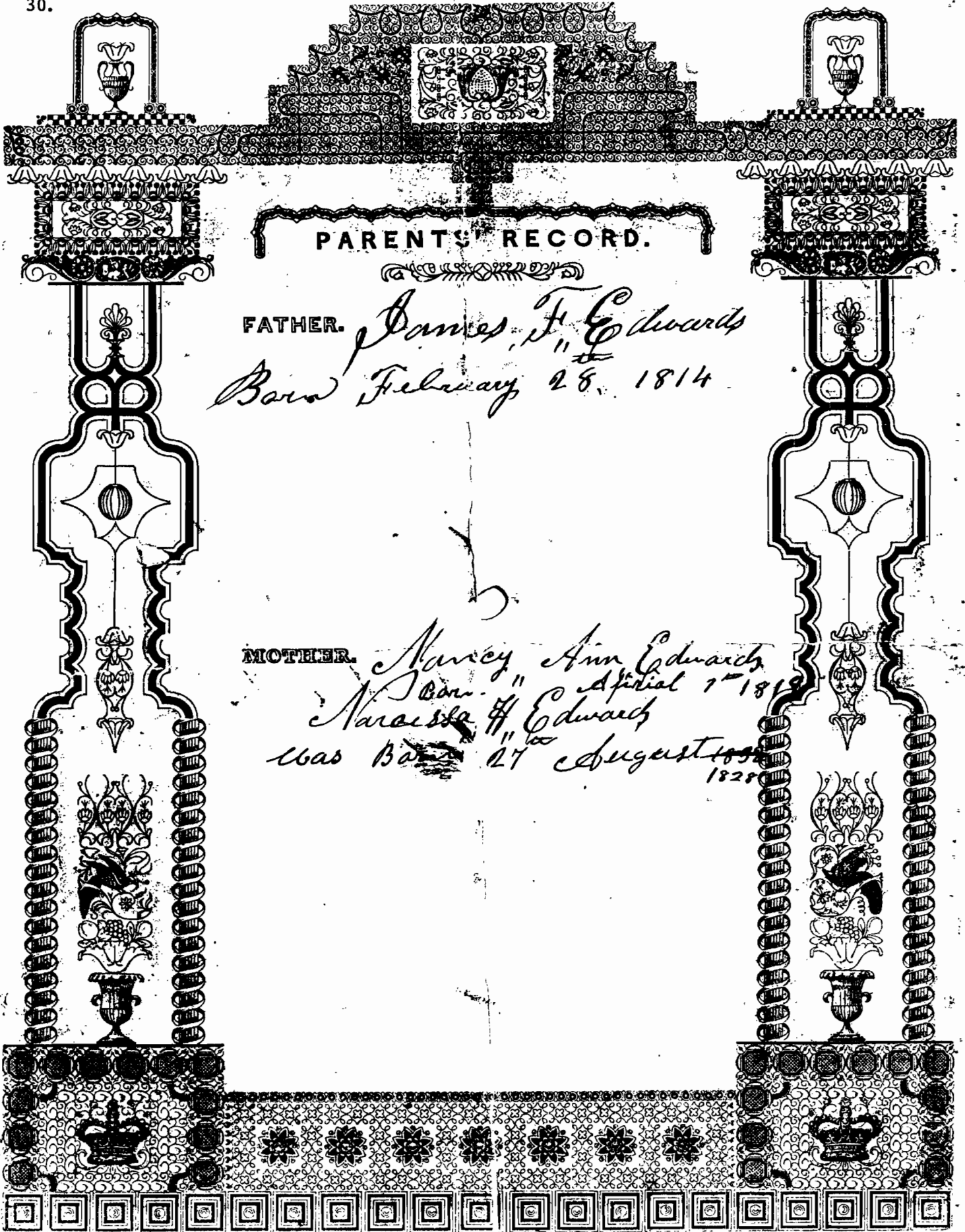
A change in payment policies will also take effect May 1, 1984. NARS has in the past required that payment accompany requests for copies of veterans records and passenger arrival records. After May 1, 1984 payment should not be sent with the NATF forms 80 and 81. NARS will research the request, prepare copies of any records located, and HOLD THE COPIES FOR 30 days or until payment is received, whichever is sooner. As soon as records are located and copied, researchers will receive a bill and instructions on returning their remittances.

Researchers should also submit a separate NATF-Form 80 for each file (pension or bounty-land or compiled military service) desired. Previously researchers could ask for multiple files on one form. This change is designed to facilitate processing by the National Archives. Any one interested in obtaining copies of the NATF-Forms 80 or 81 may do so after April 1 by writing to the following office:

Reference Services Branch (NNIR)  
National Archives and Records Service  
8th and Pennsylvania Avenue, N.W.  
Washington, DC 20408

## WILLIAM H. EDWARDS

Among the many old settlers of White County, AR, there is none more highly esteemed than the subject of this sketch, for in his walk through life he has been honest and upright in every particular. He was born in Madison County, TN, August 7, 1811, and is the son of Sanford and Mary (Thetford) Edwards, both of whom were born in Greenville District, SC the former in 1787 and the latter in 1805. They were married in Tennessee, reared their family in the western portion of that State and there spent their lives, the father's death occurring in 1874 and the mother's in 1869. They were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and in his political views was an old line Whig, but was not an enthusiast in politics, being one of those quiet men whose life was without reproach. Their family was as follows: Mary (deceased was born in 1806 and became the wife of a Mr Fussell), Anderson (deceased was born in 1808), William H. (the subject of the memoir), James F. (deceased was born in 1814 and died in May 1889, a farmer of White County). Rebecca (deceased was born in 1817, and was the wife of James Stowbuck, a blacksmith of Tennessee), Ina (deceased was born in 1819), Joseph (was born in 1822, and is a farmer in White County), Elizabeth (was born in 1823 and is the wife of Enoch Terry, of Texas), Sophronia (deceased was born in 1828 and was the wife of William Tedford), and Sanford (who was born in 1831 and is a farmer of Tennessee). William H. Edwards received very poor chances for acquiring an education, owing to the newness of the country during his youth and to the fact that his services were required on the home farm. On June 4, 1835, he was married to Miss Lucinda Dockins, and to them were born the following children: James M. (farmer of White County, was born in 1836), William L. (born in 1837), George W., (born in 1839), and Mary E. and Rebecca J. (twins born in 1841), Rebecca being the widow of James Powers, Mrs Edwards died in 1844 and January 28, 1846, Mr Edwards married Lucinda Wilson, daughter of James Wilson. She was born in Tennessee in 1825 and by Mr Edwards became the mother of four children: Sarah Ann (born in 1847 and died the same year), Joseph M. (residing near his father, was born in December 1848), Susan A. (was born September 26, 1851, and died August 1, 1852), an infant (died, unnamed), and Noah A. (who was born November 15, 1854, and is a farmer of this county). After his marriage, Mr Edwards worked for his father two years and then began tilling his father's farm for himself, continuing until 1852, when he purchased a farm of his own, on which he resided for seven years. Since that date he has resided in White County, and in 1860 purchased the farm where he now lives. He has 70 acres under cultivation and his farm is well adapted to raising all kinds of farm produce. He was reared a Whig, but since the war, in which he served on the Confederate side three years, he has been a Democrat. He became a Mason at Stoney Point 26 years ago but at present a member of Beebe Lodge NO. 145, AF&AM and has held every office in that order. He is also a valued member of the Agricultural Wheel and has always taken hold of every movement that had for its object the social or educational welfare of the community in which he resided. He has ever lived in harmony with his neighbors and he and family are worthy members of the Methodist Episcopal Church.



PARENTS' RECORD.

FATHER.

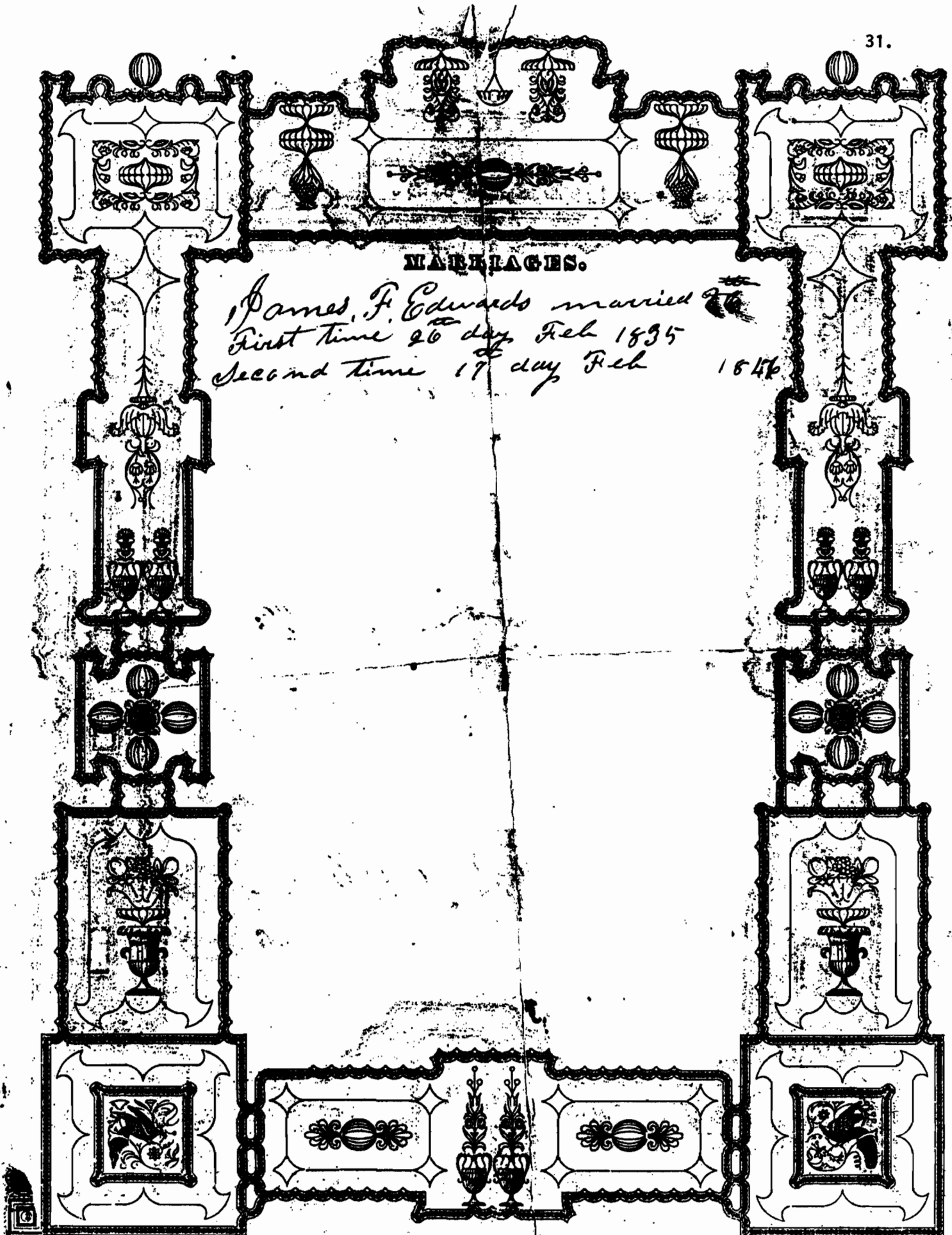
*James F. Edwards*  
*Born February 28. 1814*

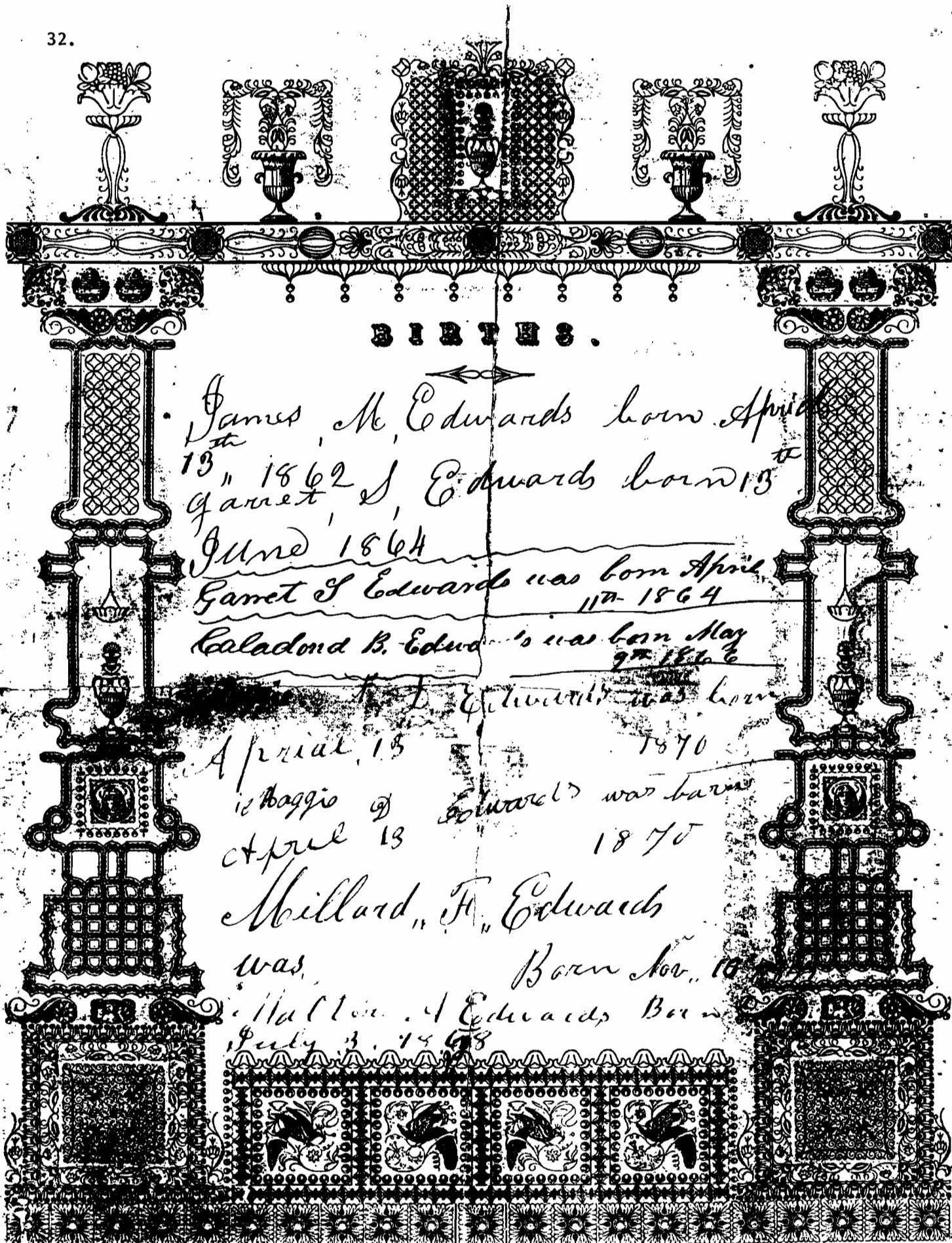
MOTHER.

*Nancy Ann Edwards*  
*Born " April 1<sup>st</sup> 1819*  
*Maria H. Edwards*  
*was Born " 27 August 1828*

MARRIAGES.

James F. Edwards married  
First time 26<sup>th</sup> day Feb 1835  
Second time 17<sup>th</sup> day Feb 1846





BIRTHS.

James M. Edwards born April  
 13<sup>th</sup> 1862  
 Garret J. Edwards born 13<sup>th</sup>  
 June 1864

Garret J. Edwards was born April  
 11<sup>th</sup> 1864

Caladond B. Edwards was born May  
 9<sup>th</sup> 1866

~~Garret J. Edwards~~ was born  
 April 15 1870

isbaggio of Edwards was born  
 April 13 1870

Millard F. Edwards  
 was Born Nov. 18

Millard J. Edwards Born  
 July 3 1868

to



## DEATHS.

Nancy Ann Edwards died  
 on the 5<sup>th</sup> of April 1846  
 her son James Edwards  
 died about 22 of April 1846  
 Garrett Edwards departed this life  
 June 20<sup>th</sup> 1865

A. F. Edwards departed this life  
 Dec 7<sup>th</sup> 1862 on the battle field  
 R. F. Edwards departed this life  
 Nov 1862

Caladonia P. Edwards departed  
 this life Feb 21<sup>st</sup> 1869

Nancy Ann Edwards departed this  
 life April 20<sup>th</sup> 1877  
 Narcissa H. Edwards departed this  
 life September 20<sup>th</sup> 1888



My great grandfather, Ambrose G. Cochran, was born in Searcy, Arkansas, 23 November 1821. His parents arrived at Searcy from Northern Ireland three weeks before his birth. His parents died shortly after his birth, and he was raised by his older brother. I have no record of his older brother's name, but there is a reference to a cousin named Perry who accompanied him in the war with Mexico. Therefore, it appears that there were other Cochran relatives in the Searcy area at this time.

Ambrose G. Cochran was said to be well educated and taught school in White County and Prairie County. He married Percy Daniel in White County, Arkansas, and was Post Master and in the mercantile business. (1)\* In 1861, he joined the Confederate Army. He was killed by jay hawkers on 25 December 1862 or 1863. His wife died 15 November 1865, and their three children were raised by friends in White County near El Paso, Arkansas.

I have not been able to document his Confederate Army record except the stories told by his daughter, Mary Ellan Cochran Woodall. I also have a dictated statement (copy enclosed) made by her while she lived in the Old Confederate Home in Little Rock, Arkansas. Several of the statements made by her, such as being educated and Post Master at Buffalo City, Arkansas, is substantiated in an article from a Des Arc Newspaper, dated 28 September 1859; also an article from the Arkansas Gazette by Duane Huddleston, 29 November 1970, entitled "Buffalo City - The Death of a Boom Town".

(1)\* In the spring of 1858, Ambrose and Percy moved to Buffalo City, Marion County, Arkansas, and it was there where he served as Post Master and established a mercantile business.

The three children born to Ambrose G. and Percy Cochran were:

William A. Cochran - Born 14 March 1850, raised an orphan by friends in the El Paso, Arkansas, area. He married Mattie Weir, 23 October 1872 (member of the Weir family in the McRay, Arkansas area). He owned an undertaker business in El Paso, Arkansas, probably in the late 1870s or early 1880s. He served as Deputy Sheriff for Sheriff Black for awhile. He moved to Judsonia in the 1890s. From there, he bought a farm on the Little Red River near the Providence Community. He died there 1 January 1900. They had four children: William Caleb Cochran, Betty Cochran Humphries, James Allen Cochran, and Emma Cochran Pigg.

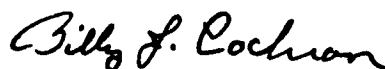
Mary Ellan Cochran - Born 9 March 1855, raised an orphan by friends in the El Paso, Arkansas, area. She married George M. Woodall and spent most of her married life in the Little Rock area. She died 23 April 1947, in the Old Confederate Home in Little Rock, Arkansas.

Richmond Ware Cochran - Born 2 July 1859, raised an orphan in the El Paso, Arkansas, area. He married Emily Elizabeth Lyles. He was a prominent businessman in Beebe, Arkansas, for many years. They had eight children. He died 16 April 1938.

I am particularly interested in the relationship of the Cochrans mentioned in Dr. Muncy's book to Ambrose G. Cochran, if any.

Again, I would appreciate correspondence with anyone who would search your files for me or provide any information in this matter.

Sincerely,



Billy J. Cochran

Mailing Address:

MR. BILLY J. COCHRAN (1979)  
2740 Catnip Street  
El Paso, Texas 79925

There was nothing at Searcy at that time, 1821. The Fayac (site of White County Fair Ground) had been surveyed. Very few families in the whole of White County.

I worked for him on this:

1. His mother may have been Jane and she may have married Robert Magness.
2. Ambrose H. and James (apparently his brother) were in the area with John Walker.
3. It is known that John Walker and John Magness provided private schools for their children. These orphan boys may have been educated with their children.

Cloie Presley



Written by Irene C.  
is dictated by Mary (Ellen Cochran)

History of ~~the~~ R. W. Cochran, Parents & Grandpa  
Arubrose C. Cochran's (father's parents landed in  
Dearey, white Co. from North Ireland just 3 was  
before father was born, in Nov 23-1821. He  
died soon after he was born - father's <sup>oldest</sup> brother,  
took care of him until he was old enough to  
care for himself

Perry Cochran a cousin of father's went with  
him through the Mexican war as teamster  
Father + Mother were married June 7-1849

Mother Percy M. Davile, was the daughter  
of Jesse C. Davile - she had only one Brother  
Laurt Davile - Laurt married a lady named  
Harrett & they had one child Robert Davile  
when they went to Texas, sometime before the  
Civil war.

Father was well educated & taught school. He could  
sing and play the ~~the~~ violin. He taught music  
as well as books. He taught in Prairie County  
& white before he married & for a time  
after he married - He was working in a Book  
store when I was born (aunt Mollie) on March 9-1850

In the spring of 1858 father went to  
Buffalo City Marion Co - Ark - He was Post master  
& in The Mercantile Business there - In 1861 he  
left everything & went to war - Dec 25-1862 He was  
killed by Jayhawkers. We never heard from  
Mother

History of Family - H. H. Cochran, Parents & Grandpa 37

Ambrose C. Cochran's (father's parents) landed in Searey, White Co. from North Ireland just 3 yrs before father was born, in Nov 23-1821. He died soon after he was born - father's <sup>oldest</sup> brother, took care of him until he was old enough to care for himself.

Perry Cochran a cousin of father's went with him through the Mexican war as teamster. Father & Mother were married June 7-1849.

Mother Percy M. Danile, was the daughter of Jesse C. Danile - she had only one brother, Loub Danile - Loub married a lady named Harrett & they had one child, Robert Danile when they went to Texas, sometime before the Civil war.

Father was well educated & taught school. He could sing and play the violin. He taught music as well as books. He taught in Prairie County & White before he married & for a time after he married - He was working in a Book Store when I was born (out mollen) on March 9-1850.


In the spring of 1858 father went to Buffalo City Marion Co - Ark - He was Postmaster & in the Mercantile Business there - In 1861 he left everything & went to war - Dec 25-1862 He was killed by Jay Hawks - We never heard from Uncle Loub Danile after father was killed. Mother had gotten a letter from Uncle Loub during the war & Cousin Robert had sent a copy of the Ballard (The Texas Rangers) in ...

Mother died Nov 15th 1865 - Brother, Richmond was so little that I felt I had to look after him & care for him.


MARKS AND BRANDS  
in  
WHITE COUNTY  
Bill and Ina Leach

Hog Thief Creek still flows in western White County. "Open range" is a term no longer used among cattlemen here. Both terms were much more meaningful sixty or more years ago than they are today (1984).

There was a time from early settlement to some sixty years ago that the stock "ran loose". The pioneer fenced his garden, row crops, and maybe some meadow. Everyone used the open range for their horses, cattle, and hogs. Some of these animals would range quite far from the owner's home site.





The need for identification of ownership was satisfied by marking the animals in some meaningful way. The earliest recorded mark and brand in White County is registered to an E. W. Guthrie, May 23, 1837: brand , mark: a swallow fork and an underbit in the left ear; as



Recorded the same day was James Walker's mark; a crop off the left ear, and an underbit in the right ear.  No brand was mentioned.

The markings were: a crop meant the tip of the ear was cut off (full crop, upper half crop, lower half crop)



Swallow fork meant a long "V" shaped notch was cut from the tip of the ear. This could be either upper or lower half swallow fork or full swallow fork. The slope meant cutting the ear so it came to a point either "top slope"  or "bottom slope".  The bit could be either over (the top of the ear),  or under (the bottom of the ear),  and of course, either one or two. Occasionally, someone used the mark "a hole in the ear". An example is the W. T. Dowdy mark of Des Arc township, "a crop and a round hole in the right ear and a swallow fork in the

left ear".

Rarely some cattlemen used the dewlap (the fold of skin that hangs from the throat of oxen or cows) for marking.



So far as any record indicates only horses, mules, and cattle were branded. Hogs were identified by markings only. It was necessary for the owner to mark pigs before the sow weaned them. This situation gave rise to some heated disputes as to ownership of unmarked shoates, using the same part of the range as the marked animals.

Branding irons were usually "home forged" from wrought iron. These devices were shaped according to the design desired by the owner of the brand. The handle of this device was at right angles to the branding surface. This arrangement permitted the brand part of the iron to be heated in a fire pit. "The iron needs to be hot enough to 'fry spit', but not red hot".

The animals to be branded were nearby with halters on, and someone ready to lead the animal near the fire so the brander could hold the hot iron to the animal for about one to three seconds, according to how hot the iron was. Sometimes four or five animals could be branded before the iron cooled sufficiently to be unusable. Reheating did not take long and another four or five animals could be branded.

Perhaps William Deveny of Harrison township raised no hogs as he registered a brand only, April 7, 1884, - ace of clubs on right hip. Many used two initials for the brand, as James Bradberry, - JB -. Some used a simple design of some kind, as a square cross + on top of right hip, - a mule shoe on right hip.

One of the elaborate brands was registered to J. S. Pierce and Co., Russell township, - the letter T above a heart ♡ on the right hip and on the left side behind the shoulder on cattle and on the left shoulder on horses.

Marking and branding was not easy work, and required a strong and steady hand. The calf, pig, or shoate, had to be held steady while the marking was done. It was best for the knife to be razor sharp. The ear was folded to suit the mark and the cut made. The crop or split

were perhaps least difficult of all. The half crop would require handling the ear twice with free flowing blood during the second cut.

If the registry called for a round hole in the ear, a wood block, a metal tube (sharp on one end) and a mallet were required. An example, the W. T. Dowdy mentioned above.

From Guthrie's entry in 1837 to J. C. Bone's entry in 1911, was a time span of seventy-four years from the first to the last of the registered marks and brands in White County.

Surely this registry was of some benefit to the largely rural population of the county. It may be that Hog, Thief Creek was named in jest rather than in sincerity.

#### HISTORY OF THE "MACK" MOORE FAMILY UPDATED TO 1983

Alice and Jeff Hutto

Information regarding the parents of Mack Moore is compiled and updated to 1983 for the information of later generations. This information has been obtained from the 1840-1850 census, the family Bible, bits and pieces of data handed down by the sons and daughters of Mack Moore. His parents were William and Annie "McPherson" Moore. William's father was believed to be of Scottish descent and his mother a Cherokee Indian. Annie's parents were believed to be of Scottish descent with some Dutch on the mother's side.

The mother, Annie McPherson, migrated to Arkansas by way of covered wagon from North Carolina. On their way through Arkansas to Marion County where they settled in 1828, they had camped at Searcy for a short time. It seems their camp was near what is now Searcy City Park and the men folks waded through the canebrake surrounding the spring to get water for their needs. Annie's father was a cobbler and made all the shoes for his family. The census of White County for 1850 indicates Annie could not read or write. One neighbor told the grandchildren he thought if a chicken walked through mud and then across the paper Annie Moore could have read it.

William Moore was born in North Carolina about 1789. It is not known when or where he married his first wife or when he came to Marion County, Arkansas. He was a widower with five sons and one daughter when Annie's family settled on the Strawberry River in Marion County, and they became acquainted. She was in her early twenties. They later married and had three sons, Noah born in 1835, Alford McPherson born March 10, 1833, and John born in 1842.

The family thinks William died and was buried in Marion County. He could have gone to Marion County on a visit and died while there. The place and time are not known at this time. The place where they lived in White County in 1850 was called Smith Springs and was near what is now Antioch. It is thought Noah died about the same time as his father. Mack and John both participated in the Civil War. After Mack and John married, Annie lived with Mack's family until her death. It is believed she was buried in Weir Cemetery near Sixteenth Section, White County, Arkansas.

Alford McPherson Moore known as Mack Moore was born March 10, 1838 in Marion County, Arkansas. After returning from the Civil War he married Phanata Ann Burton, who was born in Prentiss County, Mississippi July 30, 1849. They settled on a farm near Antioch on a site more recently known as the Ed Gasaway farm. During their span of wedded life they were blessed with nine children.

Phanata Ann (Burton) Moore died February 22, 1900 and Mack Moore died February 6, 1905. They are buried in the Antioch Cemetery, White County, Arkansas.

Their nine children were as follows:

JOHN WESLEY MOORE--Born September 22, 1867 and died in 1888 in Italy, Texas where he is buried. He died from a head injury when a horse kicked him. He was never married.

LUCY JANE "Jennie" (MOORE) RIGGINS--born January 26, 1869 and died July 24, 1932 at Antioch. She is buried in Romance Cemetery, White County. She and Benjamin "Ben" Riggins had seven children: Reba (Riggins) Liles, Lois Riggins, Lora Riggins, Fannie (Riggins) Huff, twins Hoy and Foy Riggins, Charles G. "Chap" Riggins. The only ones living at this writing (September, 1983) are Reba, Fannie, and Hoy.

SARAH ANN "SALLIE" (MOORE) LATTURE--Born October 7, 1870 and died January 3, 1970. She is buried in Oak Grove Cemetery in Searcy, Arkansas. She and John Latture had five children: Dorothy (Latture) Robinson, Ulma Latture, an infant that died at birth, Sidney Latture, and Lois (Latture) Boyd. All deceased.

THOMAS W. MOORE--Born May 20, 1873 and died in McLeod, Oklahoma and was buried in that area. He married Mamie Nichols in Ellis County, Texas, September 5, 1894. They had seven children: Orin Moore, Edith (Moore) Marlett, Velma (Moore) Hart, Myrle (Moore) Burnette, A. D. Moore, Irene (Moore) Cross, and Glenn Moore. Myrle, Irene, and Glenn are living at this writing.

MINER ELZA MOORE--Born November 28, 1878 and died in 1940 and is buried in Beebe cemetery. He and his wife Johnnie had five children: Hubert, Guy, Helen (Moore) Sosbee, Alice (Moore) Murry and Wilma (Moore) Kilgore. Helen, Alice, and Wilma are living at this writing.

WILLIAM WELZA MOORE--Born November 28, 1878 and died in 1913. He and Nonie had six children: Ozier Moore, Mamie (Moore) Lary, Vivian (Moore) Gantt, and three babies who died as infants. Osier and Mamie are living at this writing.

RENNIE (Moore) DAVIS--Born August 10, 1831 and died April 16, 1931 and is buried in Romance, Arkansas Cemetery. She and Ben had four children: Horace L. Davis, Olive, Alice (Davis) Hutto, and Dorthea (Davis) Daggett. Horace, Alice, and Dorthea are living at this writing in September, 1983.

LAURA ELLA (Moore) GASAWAY--Born April 14, 1833 and died October 26, 1933 and is buried in Antioch cemetery. She and Ed had seven children: Gertrude (Gasaway) Linder, Delton Gasaway, Chester Gasaway, Mae (Gasaway) Cordell, Fae (Gasaway) Garner, Merel Gasaway, and Thurston Gasaway. Chester, Mae, and Merel are living at this writing.

MAHALA ETHEL (Moore) RICE--Born September 10, 1834 and died April 12, 1962 and is buried in Antioch, Arkansas cemetery. She and Pierce had five children: Lawrence Rice, Eugene Rice, Estella (Rice) Vandament and two deceased as infants. Only Estella is living at this writing in September, 1983.

Rosebud Tornado of December 2, 1982

Mary E. Gifford

Regarding our tornado of Dec 2, 1982  
at Rose Bud, Arkansas 5:45 P.M.

One shade tree an Oak was  
diameter 38 in. at base.

"To write" or "not to write" - that is  
a question" - also what to write.  
At once a boom blast - and high  
wind sounded against our home on  
the east - the trees some 100 yds old,  
were crashing on three sides of  
the house in the length of our drive -  
way (100 yds) - There were 12 Pecan  
trees that jack knifed across the road  
making it completely inaccessible  
except for by foot. There were 12 P. trees

Now, if one can imagine this in-  
tire crashing in closeness to our house  
you can say a miracle really saved  
our home and lives - The light and  
phone were out the instant of the crash -  
The little town of my birth was  
wiped out - businesses flat - along  
with my <sup>our</sup> neighbors to the south -  
We did not know the town was  
gone until a few hours (or minutes)  
Then in relay of 4 began climbing  
through the debris to reach our front  
Kerosene light in our Kit. Window - They



~~It~~ found us safe. My husband  
 J.S. Gifford<sup>and</sup> Granddaughters, Betty, and  
 my self - but they did not expect to  
 see us unharmed. Then - when  
 they explained "You are lucky!"  
<sup>and</sup> ~~over~~ - we learned the town  
 was devastated. No lives were lost  
 but several were injured.

The old Robbins Home my father,  
 Will Robbins, built in 1907<sup>and</sup> where  
 I grew up - was a casualty as  
 was the beloved "old" Methodist  
 Church that my father<sup>and</sup> his  
 business partner<sup>and</sup> brother, Albert R.  
 financed, <sup>in</sup> 1914 gave the land<sup>and</sup> paid off  
 the indebtedness in <sup>1917</sup> 1917. What senti-  
 mental value to me is unestimable  
 now that they are no more.

The Red Cross was helpful - They fed  
 us for two days - The nearby Air Force  
 Base sent Clean up Crews for several  
 days to open up our roads - Also the  
 10. Crews came - when our beloved  
 Church pastor groped his way to us  
 The 2<sup>nd</sup> night we truly had prayer meeting  
 coming out of shock to realization.

## MORE ON THE TORNADO OF DEC. 2ND. (ROSEBUD, 1982)

If one can imagine a path 2-3 blocks wide following highway #5 about a mile south to northwest through the heart of Rose Bud, Arkansas, population 200, with a velocity wind swirling from a giant funnel, that is what happened to this little village at 5:45 p.m. Now, again try to imagine the devastation in its path. Sheet after sheet of tin roofing, planks, household furnishings, clothing swirling in all directions in the darkness, but all too visible at daybreak. Before I could think of trying to sleep that night, I said to my granddaughter, Betsy, "We must check the gates," for our beautiful palomino mare could get out--the gates were o.k.--but the next morning the mare was in the front yard,--the fences were blown down. Immediately after the storm hit there was much to do. There were windows broken on all sides of our home--with hard rain pouring in, and glass all over the floors--then the roof began leaking! Much of our roof was blown off, a new roof of 2 years. With the wet wall the paper began falling away, so the interior has been going through renovation. The outside was badly damaged also. The banisters on both sides blown off, the back porch screens torn away, the top of the fire place chimney blown off, the TV aerial down and twisted, the north storm door blown off and broken up, our Airstream trailer was pushed 3 feet from its mooring, and the pump house roof, shop roof, and out-building roofs were badly damaged.

I will be really hard pressed to try to describe our pine forest destruction! Forty acres near and around our home of virgin timber was flattened. What a heartbreak and what a terrific task was awaiting us! Our children in New Mexico and New Orleans learned of our safety as soon as calls could get through.

Waking up to a world unknown the next a.m., our thoughts were what is the first thing that we should do. Window panes had to be replaced; a cold rain was still falling. Our carpenter neighbor one-half mile west of us had to be contacted--just then, and before breakfast, two men arrived to ask for pulp-wook strewn along the highway. They saved the day for us. They contacted our carpenter who was not badly storm damaged, and was able to come the next day to repair windows. Then these two men drove me to Heber Springs to report to our insurance company and to help me seek out a buyer for our vast acreage of "Fallen Monarchs", namely, the virgin pines. It is now near two months that the loggers have sawed, loaded, and hauled to the mills. The young men who helped me so much found steady work and some pulpwood besides.

By Mary E. Gifford  
January, 1983  
Rose Bud, Arkansas

A HISTORY OF BEEBE AND STONY POINT, ARKANSAS FROM ABOUT 1830-1930

BY W. BRUCE COOK

DIRECTOR OF INFORMATION, HARDING UNIVERSITY

SEARCY, ARKANSAS

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## INTRODUCTION

Our ancestors, the pioneering men and women who settled these United States of America, were a hardy breed. They had to be to survive the daily struggles that accompanied wilderness living. Often these migrating families banded together for protection, expanded resources, and social intercourse as they sought to tame the wilderness in a particular area of the country. This fight for the privilege to live side by side with bears, wolves, buffalo, deer, Indians, and the unknown was filled with danger, hardship, and continual challenges from nature. Only the strong survived. Education for most was limited to the few books a family might own, and the daily lessons of hard work and survival. Money was scarce and so were supplies. Family members depended upon one another to help provide the daily necessities of life and to share in the responsibilities of chores. Character was formed, or more likely forged, in these pioneer families as adversity was overcome by a steadfast determination to endure and a resilient faith in God. The chief attribute of this character was hospitality, a willingness to befriend neighbors and strangers alike who were in need. This was the original working class, composed mainly of immigrants, who embraced the promise of free or cheap land as their opportunity to escape poverty, illiteracy, the cities, and the past. Such were the settlers of Stony Point, Arkansas.

50 rest of the year. Eventually the swamp land grants totaled 8,600,000 acres, slightly more than a fourth of all the land in Arkansas. The land sold for roughly 50 cents an acre, so it took the sale of 6,000 acres to pay for the cost of building each mile of levees. 6

Nonetheless, the state continued to grow in population, primarily because of the abundance of available free or inexpensive land, and Arkansas recorded a jump in population from just over 97,000 in 1840 to slightly more than 209,000 in 1850. White county absorbed part of this increase, growing from 935 to 2,619 during the decade, and thus begins the saga of Stony Point, a modern-day ghost town.

U.S. Postal records provide the first known clue about the little village, recording the appointment of Jesse D. Combs as Stony Point post master December 17, 1849. 7 This humble beginning probably reflected some degree of growth in population, however. Union Township was formed in 1843 and allegedly was named for the Union Church located near Stony Point. 9

A further piece of evidence to date the town's beginnings is found in the Stony Point Cemetery, where the oldest legible tombstone records the death of one-year-old Martha Elizabeth Hendrix on December 21, 1849. 10 The new postmaster, 41, was appointed overseer of Road District Six in February, 1850 by the White County Court. 11 The October, 1850 U.S. Census revealed 299 residents, including 66 slaves, living in Union Township. Present were 42 white families and 31 farms. Thirty of the heads of households were born in Tennessee or the Carolinas. 12

But Stony Point's roots reach back to Pulaski County, from which it was carved in 1835 with the creation of White County. One early settler, Lewis Kirkpatrick (1805-45), came to Pulaski County in 1827 from Jackson County, Tennessee with his wife, Pressia, and a group of their neighbors. A postoffice was established in 1831 on the old military road between Batesville and Little Rock at the crossing of Des Arc Creek, in what later became White County, and Kirkpatrick was appointed the first postmaster. He later became the first judge of White County, conducting the inaugural court session May 23, 1836. Pulaski County tax records show that in 1828, he paid \$2 in taxes for 150 acres of land, located in the southeast quarter of Section Nine, Township Six, Range Eight. Relatives believe he is buried in the old Stamps Cemetery near Floyd. 13

An anonymous entry in the White County Heritage, Volume 1, reveals more details: "Probably the oldest post office in White County was established in what was then Pulaski County June 8, 1831 with Lewis Kirkpatrick as postmaster. It was at the crossing of the Des Arc Creek on the old National or Military Road near 'Dug Out Mountain' south of Center Hill. The receipts of this office for the year ending March 31, 1834 were \$8.52." 14

In this period roads were a valuable and scarce commodity, and most were hardly more than trails. The Arkansas Gazette of August 19,

## GRAY'S WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS

As these Springs are becoming a place of some note, and of considerable resort, for persons laboring under the effects of recent illness, and particularly of affections of the liver and enlargement of the spleen, a brief notice of them (which a hasty visit a few days since, enables us to make) may not be unacceptable to many of our readers.

They are situated two or three miles southwest of Little Red River, near the northern boundary of this county, about 45 miles in a straight line NE from this place, and not exceeding 50 miles by the route the road runs.

They are owned by Mr. Samson Gray, who has erected several comfortable cabins, for the accommodation of visitors. A road to them has recently been opened by this gentleman, with the aid of several of the citizens residing on or near it, who are entitled to much credit for their enterprize and industry. It passes over a level, upland, open country, and, in the whole distance, does not encounter a single difficult hill. With the exception of the Big Prairie, we question whether a better route for a road, of the same extent, can be found in the Territory, with so little deviation from a direct line. Even in its present unfinished state, it is not a difficult day's ride on horseback.

It diverges to the left from the road to Memphis, about 14 or 15 miles from this place, and crosses the bayou of the Two Prairies, Cypress and Bull Creeks, Bayou Des Arcs, and Cane Creek. Across the first a bridge has been erected, and one is now nearly finished over the Cypress; and such of the others as require it, will, we presumed, be bridged in due time.

There are a good many excellent bodies of upland, and some fine bottoms on the creeks and bayous, along the route of the road and in the vicinity of the Springs, which will make good farms; and we understand the bottoms of Little Red River, in the vicinity, afford a number of excellent situations for the same purpose.

The distance from the nearest landing on Little Red to the junction of that river with White river is 26 miles. This part of the river, as well as White river to the Mississippi, is navigable for large steamboats at all seasons of the year-- so that the future population of that section of the country, (for it is very thinly settled at this time) will never be at a loss for easy access to one of the best markets in the world, for all their produce, stock, etc.

There have been a considerable number of visitors at these Springs during the summer, and we believe few, if any, of them have returned without deriving more or less benefit from them, and some have been entirely relieved.

The accommodations are yet in rather a rude state, only having been erected since last spring, but sufficiently comfortable for the season; the fare is far better than could be expected in so thinly a settled country, and served up in a cleanly and excellent order; and no exertions are wanting on the part of Mr. Gray or his family, to render his guests as contented and comfortable as possible.<sup>15</sup>

According to Muncy, this road "passed down present Pioneer Road by the Hubert Smith home to Stoney Point near Beebe and crossed Des Arc Creek at Quarles Bridge."<sup>16</sup> Evidently the springs were located in Searcy, where Mr. Gray operated a crude hotel.<sup>17</sup> Probably this was the beginning for a road from Little Rock to Searcy. Already established and in use was a route from Little Rock to Batesville, and the Old Southwest Trail, which became the National Highway or Military Road under the administration of "Old Hickory," Andrew Jackson.<sup>18</sup>

Jackson was elected president twice, in 1828 and 1832, and represented a break in national thought. Jackson embodied the idea of the working class, as opposed to previous presidents who had come from aristocratic backgrounds. This focus on the common man was also marked by the introduction of the first successful penny newspaper in America, the Baltimore Sun in 1833. The "penny press", as it was dubbed, soon included other papers, including Horace Greeley's New York Tribune, founded April 10, 1841. Greeley would later utter the prophetic words "Go west, young man" to sum up the feelings of the entire nation.

Meanwhile, back home in Arkansas, the Indian presence became a memory in 1828 when the Cherokees traded their holdings for land in the Indian Territory (site of present day Oklahoma). Arkansas was admitted to the Union June 15, 1836, several months after the creation of White County on October 23, 1835. James Conway was elected the state's first governor and served until 1840, when Archibald Yell was elected his successor.

Travelers such as Gerstaecker, Nuttall, Schoolcraft, and Daubney were forming the impressions of Arkansas that would later be written down and published, providing historians with a wealth of information about early Territorial and Statehood days.

A national literature was springing up, too. James Fenimore Cooper captured the American public with his 1826 novel, The Last of the Mohicans, and opened the way for an outpouring of prose from such contemporaries as Ralph Waldo Emerson, Herman Melville, Henry David Thoreau, Edgar Allen Poe, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Walt Whitman, William Cullen Bryant, Harriett Beecher Stowe, and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Books such as Nature (1836), Twice-Told Tales (1837), The Pathfinder (1840), Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque (1840), The Deerslayer (1841), Essays, Vol. I (1841), Essays, Vol. II (1844), Typee (1846), Mosses From An Old Manse (1846), A Week On The Concord and Merrimack Rivers (1849), The Scarlett Letter (1850), House of the Seven Gables



(1851), Moby Dick (1851), Uncle Tom's Cabin (1852), Walden (1854), Leaves of Grass (1855), The Conduct of Life (1860), and The Marble Faun (1860) helped shape an American consciousness that became increasingly divided along sectional lines.

On May 25, 1844 the immortal message "What hath God wrought?" was telegraphed. The Cairo & Fulton Railroad Company was chartered in 1853, and in 1858 the Overland Mail Company began operating. The pace of life in Stony Point was also increasing.

Several landowners at Stony Point apparently initiated development of the area. Among the first was John R. Wooten, who deeded six acres to the trustees of the Stony Point Cumberland Presbyterian Church June 22, 1857.<sup>19</sup> The trustees included Samuel Jackson, James N. Massey, William Jackson, William R. Foreman, and William Henry. The trustees stated they were purchasing the land "for the purpose of establishing a place whereon a house for the worship of almighty God may be built." A one-acre addition to this was made September 30, 1858 by Dr. David P. Coffee.<sup>20</sup>

Wooten had earlier sold 80 acres of land in Township 6 Range 9 West to William H. Eldridge for \$500 on February 9, 1855.<sup>21</sup> Two days prior to that transaction, a petition for a new road from the mouth of Pigeon Roost Creek by way of Stony Point and intersecting the Springfield Road at Grandle Hoge's was presented to the White County Court.<sup>22</sup>

May 5, 1856 a petition was granted to move the precinct of Union Township to Stony Point, and the following day election judges were appointed for two-year terms.<sup>23</sup> The three judges were John R. Wooten, Thomas Watkins and William Jackson. During February, 1857 a court-ordered election was held at the home of Dr. Coffee for the purpose of selling a 16th. Section of land and electing three commissioners.<sup>24</sup> The Antioch Baptist Church lot was surveyed December 15, 1857 "near Henry Grissom's" by County Surveyor W.B. Holland,<sup>25</sup> and June 22, 1858 a four-acre lot was surveyed in Stony Point for Dr. A.L. Woods at the request of Wooten.<sup>26</sup>

During this time the post office at Stony Point changed hands frequently. Postmasters and their dates of service included Jacob G. Robbins, December 12, 1850 to May 15, 1853; John R. Wooten, May 16, 1853 to Feb. 9, 1858; William A. Pike, Feb. 10, 1858 to Nov. 14, 1859; Henry B. Strange, Nov. 15, 1859 to July 9, 1866; and Jefferson J. Ruddell, beginning Dec. 28, 1866 and continuing for an indeterminate period of several years.<sup>27</sup>

The Ruddle Addition to Stony Point was surveyed Jan. 27, 1860 into 11 lots totaling slightly more than 30 acres, and the Wooten Addition was surveyed Feb. 2-3, 1860 into 18 lots totaling 20 and 87/100 acres. Wooten's Addition also contained a six-acre church lot and three streets: Monroe, 33 feet wide; Madison, 50 feet wide; and DesArc, 60 feet wide. Alleys were 15 feet wide.<sup>28</sup>

Ruddle evidently had buyers already lined up for most of his lots. Nine of the lots were committed to certain people, as follows: Lot One, an acre, to H.D. Lane; Lot Three, two acres, to Mr. Garròll Ferguson;

Lot Four, an acre, to W. B. Mason; Lot Five, a half acre, to Mrs. N. D. Wood, wife of S.S. Wood; Lot Six, two and one-fourth acres, to S.S. Wood; Lot Seven, an acre, to Mr. William Stepp; Lot Eight, seven and 37/100 acres, to Mr. H.B. Strange; Lot 10, five and 98/100 acres, to Mr. John Tidwell, and Lot 11, seven and 7/100 acres, to Mr. Joseph N. Maxey.<sup>29</sup> Strange paid \$87.08 for his lot on Feb. 9, 1860.<sup>30</sup>

March 10, 1860 Wooten sold Lot Eight in his addition to Hezekiah Jackson,<sup>31</sup> and later that year, in June, the U.S. Census enumerated the population of Union Township at 798.<sup>32</sup> The population for Arkansas was 435,450, of which 111,115 were slaves.<sup>33</sup> The first telegraph line in the state was completed in 1860, linking Fayetteville to St. Louis, and shortly afterward, Van Buren and Fort Smith were added. On April 8, 1860 the Pony Express began its short-lived existence, as Washington and San Francisco were joined by telegraph Oct. 24, 1861. That same year Little Rock and Memphis were connected by telegraph, and John Butterfield's contract with the U. S. government was cancelled, ending the Overland Mail company's three-year claim as the "longest, greatest, and best...stagecoach route in the world."<sup>34</sup>

March 15, 1861 William Stepp sold two cows, four calves, and Lots 4,6,7, and 11 "in the village of Stony Point" to John M. Tidwell for \$220.<sup>35</sup> March 15, 1862 three separate transactions took place: J.R. Wooten sold Lot 13 in Stony Point to H.B.Strange for \$35; Wooten sold Lot 15 and the west half of Lot 16 in Stony Point to Leon Gans for \$55; and Gans sold Strange 160 acres. According to deed notations, these lots were apparently surveyed by W.B. Holland, county surveyor, and David Garretson, deputy county surveyor.<sup>36</sup>

June 4, 1866 Stepp sold one set of blacksmith's tools, 30 head of sows and shoats, five head of cows and yearlings, three mules, one wagon and a harness to Strange for \$300.<sup>37</sup> Stepp sold Lot 11 in Stony Point to Strange on Dec. 2, 1867.<sup>38</sup>

Jim Walker, son of pioneer settler James G. Walker, attended the Stony Point Academy, a two-story log building which his father helped to erect, and once stated that in the years just before and right after the Civil War, Stony Point had a population of about 500. Businesses included several stores, a saloon, post office, and two or three blacksmith shops. Sam Apple and his sister, Sally, taught at the academy for several years, according to Walker.<sup>39</sup>

Stony Point was listed on Colton's 1863 Railroad and Township Map (based on an 1850 map), and was the site of Civil War skirmishes Sept. 4-5, 1863 and May 20, 1864.<sup>40</sup> Captain Howell A. "Doc" Rayburn is thought to have led an attack on Union forces on the first date mentioned.<sup>41</sup>

White county historian Claude Johnson cited D.P. Coffey, H.B. Strange, J.R. Wooten, A.L. Woods and J.J. Ruddle as principal landowners at Stony Point. According to Johnson, "Ruddle operated the early stores at Stony (sic) Point and was influential in developing the town's civic and economic welfare."<sup>42</sup>

Johnson cited two old buildings at Stony Point as being the Will Fecher home, originally belonging to Dr. Janes, and the Roy C. Lonsinger place, built in 1845. This latter structure was made of logs, and provided

a home for John Coffey, who was an eyewitness to the Battle of Bull Creek, fought nearby. Bullet holes adorn the walls.

Bull Creek is located about one-half mile from the Lonsinger place, and has one of the few remaining swinging bridges in the state. According to Johnson, a Civil War skirmish took place in a field west of the creek and north of the road nearby.<sup>43</sup> A large mound at the west end of the bridge marks the site of an Indian camp, and according to Ralph Underhill, several relics have been dug from the mound.<sup>44</sup>

A letter from Giles A. Smith, second assistant postmaster general of the United States, to the postmaster at Stony Point, was written June 7, 1869 concerning a need for topographical information of the area. A response and map signed by E.W. Jenny listed the nearest post offices as Olive Creek, 10 miles west; Austin, eight miles southwest; and Hickory Plains, 14 miles southeast. The map showed Stony Point as being bisected by the Little Rock and Batesville Road and the Fort Smith and Des Arc Road.<sup>45</sup>

By the August, 1870 U.S. Census, the population of Union Township totalled 1,040. Stony Point was obviously the center of commerce, and had been for the last 20 years, since it had the only post office in the township. A degree of occupational specialization was present, including merchants, blacksmiths, carpenters, doctors, druggists, a gunsmith, a livery stable owner, several clerks, and a host of farmers.<sup>46</sup>

Powell Clayton, a Union soldier who had fought at the Battle of Helena, was elected governor of Arkansas in July, 1868 and on November 4 of that year invoked martial law in several counties in an effort to control activities of the Invisible Empire (Ku Klux Klan). The Klan had been organized in Memphis soon after the war's close by General Nathan Bedford Forrest, and support for the Klan was strong in Arkansas, especially in White County, where Col. Jacob Frolich preached his doctrine of white supremacy.

Clayton set up a secret service, composed of 12 agents, to investigate the Klan in Arkansas. Albert Parker was assigned to White County, where he posed as a livestock buyer. This worked fine for a few weeks, but Klan members began to be suspicious, and decided to kill Parker when Klan members intercepted a letter written by him which described Klan activities. Parker's body was found in a well less than a mile south of Searcy.

His death remained a mystery until March, 1870, when John McCauley, driven by guilt, confessed to F. M. Chrisman that he and several other Klansmen had killed Parker. Governor Powell was notified, and Adjutant General Keyes Danforth was sent to Searcy with warrants for McCauley, William L. Edwards, John G. Holland, William Brundidge, and LeRoy Burrow. April 22, 1870, Dandridge McRae and Jacob Frolich were charged as accessories to the murder, and both went into hiding. The defendants were later acquitted.<sup>47</sup>

The White County Weekly Record, a Searcy newspaper edited by Jacob Frolich, contains several mentions of Stony Point during this Reconstruction period. For example, the Feb. 29, 1868 issue noted the murder of a Negro by a fellow Negro under the title, "Negro Killed at Westbrook's Mill." The mill, operated by S.A. Westbrook, was located

three miles from Stony Point, according to the article, and Negroes in the area had put up a \$50 reward for the capture of the murderer, described as having a "yellow complexion" and being a former body servant of Gen. Fagan. The outstanding article with respect to Stony Point, however, is found in the March 7 issue under the title "Jaunt to Stony Point, Peach Orchard Gap, Kentucky and Marshall Townships." The article concerns attempts by Frolich and Gen. Dandridge McRae of Searcy to persuade voters in the county to defeat the proposed constitution of the Reconstruction government, and reads as follows:

It was our good fortune to be with the gentlemen who had appointments to speak at these places. And we must confess, a more pleasant trip we never had than this one over the picturesque hills and dales of this portion of White county.

Oft we have painted, whilst occupying our classic paper house, the mountainous regions and deep valleys of our great county, and longed for a view of the same. The pictured rugged mountains proved merely elevated spots of ground, none too steep, easy to ascend, and the most salubrious climate in Arkansas. The valleys which we supposed about 60 yards wide, girded in by steep and ungainly hills, spreads their immense fertile plains for miles dotted here and there by comfortable houses, nicely fenced fields and good timbered lands, through which meander swift and limpid brooklets onward as busy and unconcerned as a young bee, to add their mite to our noble Little Red River.

The route to Stony Point was far better than we had anticipated. Bridges were up and the road in very good order. We noticed a very good structure in process across Bayou Des Arc at Quarles', also another good specimen of bridgework over Bull Creek by Mr. T.J. Wallace. Arriving at Stony Point, together with our friend, Gen. McRae, we placed ourself in charge of that kind and chivalrous gentleman, Maj. J.R. Wooten, who did the honors whilst sojourning in this pleasant village. From its name, one would naturally infer that mountains of stones were in the vicinity, and not a square inch of tillable ground visible. To our great surprise we scarcely saw a pebble, and only three stones, which were imported (grindstones). Hence it is to be inferred that there is nothing in a name, or at least no signification as to its association; for here we have a nice and prettily situated village, one that will compare favorably with any in the state, with agreeable inhabitants, fertile gardens, pretty children, nice houses, and yet it is called Stony Point!

Speaking commenced at about 1 o'clock, in the church. Our distinguished fellow-townsman, Gen. D. McRae, opened with an address which embodied the main BLACK points of that infamous production styled the Constitution of Arkansas. First he alluded to the general tendency of matters politically, and demonstrated very clearly that this great hue and cry about reconstruction means nothing more nor less than the elevation into power of a few roving individuals who have nothing to lose by the adoption of the NEGRO EQUALITY Constitution and all to gain. For, ere their emigration to this country they were insignificant nobodies, and when perchance they did rise to the surface of public view it was always in some unenviable shape, either in police reports or something akin to rascality, that the honest portion of the community could not even countenance them. The General gave numerous sketches of the Constitution, with appropriate comments, which were favorably received, and we are satisfied made good impressions. Captain

Blasingame was then called for; but he thought the subject had been sufficiently ventilated, simply remarked that he indorsed the General's speech. Another specimen of the masculine gender was called for, who delivered himself of the word "ditto" by which he meant full indorsement of the speeches made.

It being impossible for Gen. McRae to go on to the other appointments, and our genial friend, Capt. B.G. Blasingame, not wishing to "go it alone," had a writ of "ketchum-holdem" issued upon this unsophisticated youth! Immediately he enchained we'ns with strong links of friendship, and explained the necessity and pleasantry (which was in a pair of Confederate saddle-bags) in a trip to the other points mentioned. With such suasive argument it was useless to combat, so we jogged along till we reached the hospitable roof of a very agreeable gentleman, whom we have placed on our list of friends, Squire W.E. Fisher, where we passed a pleasant night. We were highly pleased with Mr. F. and his interesting family. He is a gentleman of great worth to any community.

Not far from here we witnessed one of those interesting scenes which usually occur on Saturdays at cross-road stores-- a horse swap! To a novice, the interchange of eulogies of the respective animals, is highly amusing. First gentleman said he merely wanted to swap (his mule) because he had been unable to get a match for his animal (which was true, as muly proved as cunning and as artistic in his kickings as any circus mule); that he could travel over more ground than anybody's mule; that it eat but little; in fact it was a great mule (always the case when a trade is to be effected). Here saddles were changed and a little dog trot was had up and down the road, and the countenances of both parties assumed a wise look something like a Gipsy fortune teller, eagerly looking for a flaw in the other's animal. Now the second gentleman praised his steed awhile, acknowledging that he wanted the mule to plow, and had not the cash to buy one. It was evident that the mule man wanted to get rid of his critter, yet he hummed and hawed wonderfully; praised him more than ever, and led it off in a trot to show its agility. Things were coming to no focus, so Squire Fisher stepped in and told the gentlemen to swap if they were "gwine to do it," and cease praising their animals. Which was accepted and an even change took place. Had it not been for this intervention, no doubt they'd be there yet praising their stock to each other.

Next morning we mounted our steeds armed and equipped with "Constitutions," and turned toward the famous village styled Peach Orchard Gap. Didn't find any peaches, nor trees whereon to grow. It is pleasantly situated near a gap in the mountains. A new house has lately been put up, and improvements generally could be seen. The whole country partakes of an improving disposition. At Stony Point we noticed several new houses, and on the roadside along our travels we beheld additions to houses, new ones, new stables and cribs, fences reset, giving the country a thriving appearance. 49

Evidently Frolich and McRae, two alleged leaders of the Ku Klux Klan in Searcy, were successful in their mission, according to a news dispatch of March 28, 1868, which read as follows:

Stony Point--The election at this precinct passed off very pleasantly. We found our veteran friend, Maj. J.R. Wooten, close to the ballot box all day long, and near every man took a lively interest in the affair. The vote stood 129 against, and 4 for the constitution. One of the latter was on one of our tickets, with "against" scratched off and "for" written instead. It was put in by some weak creature, who had not the hardihood to acknowledge himself a Radical. A similar feat was performed here, but we know who it was...<sup>50</sup>

The entire election results for White County showed the vote 1063 against, 85 for.

At this point in our narrative, it might perhaps prove advantageous to explore the origins of a few of these early settlers, many of whom have already been mentioned. Squire W.E. Fisher, so ably lauded by Frolich, was born in Wilson County, Tenn., Nov. 25, 1819 and was married three times, his first two wives preceding him in death. Squire Fisher fathered 16 children, seven by his first wife and nine by his third wife. The Fishers moved from Tennessee to Stony Point Nov. 23, 1860 and purchased 162 acres of land. He added to this by purchasing a neighboring farm of 191 acres, and served his county in the State Legislature and as state lecturer for the Agricultural Wheel. Mr. and Mrs. Fisher and 11 of their children were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Anderson Fisher, father of W.E., was a scout under Gen. Andrew Jackson in the War of 1812 and was of English ancestry. One of Squire Fisher's daughters, Mary E., became the wife of Sam Crabtree, editor of the Arkansas Hub, a Beebe newspaper during the late 1880's. Fisher died Oct. 15, 1899.<sup>51</sup>

William C. Rainey was another early settler at Stony Point. He was born in Madison County, Tenn. in 1827 and left home at the age of 22, serving as a farm hand and overseer for several years. He came to White County on Dec. 20, 1854 and in the fall of 1856 married Elizabeth Coffey, daughter of Rev. David P. Coffey, pastor of the Stony Point Cumberland Presbyterian Church. After his marriage he moved to Hickory Plains, but in 1857 settled on the land where Beebe now stands. After one year he sold out and moved to Stony Point, where he spent the remainder of his days. In 1856 Rainey erected the first cotton gin in the south part of White County, and continued operating it until his death. Prior to 1883 the machinery was run by horse-power, but afterwards it was operated by steam. The Rainey's had 11 children, three of whom died in infancy. Rainey and his eldest son served as ruling elders in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. During the Civil War he served in Company D, Tenth Arkansas Regiment, for one year before joining Gen. N.B. Forrest's cavalry for the rest of the war. He was at Shiloh, Corinth, the Big Sandy, Murfreesboro, Guntown, Franklin, etc. and died on his 100th birthday.<sup>52</sup>

Samuel A. Westbrook was born in Maury County, Tenn., April 29, 1833. He came to Arkansas in December, 1858, where he engaged in the mill business and farming. March 30, 1865 he married Susan A. Walker, daughter of Rev. C.B. Walker, who moved to Arkansas in 1857 from Mississippi. Eight children were born to the Westbrooks, but three died in infancy. Westbrook served

three months in the Confederate army, but returned home to operate his mill, which furnished lumber for nearly every church and schoolhouse in the county. Westbrook became noted for the fine stock he raised, especially for his Shorthorn cattle and Clydesdale and Morgan horses.<sup>53</sup>

David P. Coffey was born in Tennessee in November, 1805. He was married Nov. 12, 1835 to Mary C. Cogville and to their union 14 children were born. He migrated to Arkansas in 1854 and settled near Searcy, where he died in 1883, just two years prior to his wife's death. Coffey Township in White County was named after the Rev. Coffey, originator of the first church in Stony Point, the Cumberland Presbyterian.<sup>54</sup> In 1860 Coffey valued his real estate at \$6,000 and his personal estate at \$1,600.<sup>55</sup>

James Monroe Gist, medical doctor, was born Dec. 31, 1833 in Carroll County, Tenn. to Joseph B. and Dorcas Mitchell Gist. The Gist family came to America from England in 1739. Grandfather Mitchell fought in the Battle of New Orleans and came to White county in 1858. Dr. Gist began his medical studies under Dr. J.W. McCall of Carroll County and took his first course of medical lectures at the University of Tennessee at Nashville during the winter of 1857-58. He moved to Arkansas in 1858 but returned to finish school during the winter of 1859-60. After graduating, he settled at Austin (Prairie County) briefly before moving to Stony Point in the spring of 1860. June 5, 1861 he was married to Mary Eleanor Thomas and their union produced two daughters. In the summer of 1862, Dr. Gist joined the Confederate army as a private in Col. Dandridge McRae's regiment, but was detached from his unit and assigned hospital duty in the Trans Mississippi Department. He served in this capacity for eight months before being discharged because of disability. Upon his release, he returned to Stony Point and resumed the practice of medicine. In 1865 he and H.B. Strange entered a mercantile partnership at Stony Point which lasted until 1872, when the partnership was dissolved. In 1873 Dr. Gist was elected to the State Legislature, serving two terms plus an extra session called by Gov. Baxter in 1884. In the spring of 1876 he was elected mayor of Beebe and held that office at different times for two or three terms. Dr. Gist also maintained a thriving drug business for several years, and he and his wife were bulwarks of the Christian Church in Beebe.<sup>56</sup>

Henry Beverly Strange was born Sept. 29, 1830 in Maury County, Tenn. and began a career in business at 20, selling "The Southern Family Physician" and other books for two years. In 1859 he came to White County and engaged in the mercantile business at Stony Point until 1872, when the Iron Mountain Railway reached Beebe, and most of the residents moved there.<sup>57</sup> Strange was instrumental in this activity, forming a partnership with Rufus H. Rogers, a local farmer, to build a \$500 depot and give it to the railroad company in order to get a station at Beebe.

The signing of this pact on Feb. 22, 1872<sup>58</sup> marked the death of Stony Point and the birth of Beebe. The death certificate, an application for change of postal sites, was signed April 1, 1872 by Stony Point Postmaster James M. Gist. Name of the new site was to be called "Beebe Station". The explanation given for the change was "just started building very fast." And in answer to a question about population for the new site, Gist wrote, "350 families same as at Stony Point."<sup>59</sup> Evidently the lure of the new railroad was too great for Stony Point residents, and thus begins a new chapter.<sup>60</sup>

## NOTES

1. Francile B. Oakley, "Arkansas' Golden Army of '49," Arkansas Historical Quarterly, Vol. VI, No. 1, Spring 1947, pp.1-85.
2. Ibid
3. Ibid
4. Ibid
5. Ibid
6. Atkinson, J.H., and Ferguson, John L., Historic Arkansas, Arkansas History Commission, Little Rock, 1966, pp. 380.
7. Records of the United States Post Office, Appointment of Postmasters: Arkansas: 1832-1971. Volume 14, ca. 1842-1858.
8. Arkansas Township Atlas, Volume II.
9. Eugene Cypert, "Origin of Township Names in White County," White County Heritage, Vol. II, No. 1, Jan. 1964, p. 16.
10. Mrs. Lloyd Henry, "Stoney Point Cemetery," White County Heritage, Vol. IV, No. 3, July 1966, Vol. IV, No. 4, Oct. 1966.
11. White County Court Records, 1836-1857.
12. Official Census of the United States, 1850, White County, Arkansas, Union Township.
13. Letter of Oct. 18, 1983 from Mrs. Esther Roberts, Beebe, Ark. Lewis Kirkpatrick was Mrs. Roberts' great-grandfather.
14. Anonymous entry, White County Heritage, Vol. 1, No. 1, Jan. 1963, p.19.
15. "Gray's White Sulphur Springs," Arkansas Gazette, Aug. 19, 1834, p. 5.
16. Raymond Muncy, Searcy, Arkansas: A Frontier Town Grows Up With America, 1976, p. 6.
17. Ibid, p. 9.
18. Eugene Cypert, "Old Military Road and National Highway," White County Heritage, Vol. II, No. 2, April 1964, pp. 20-21; and Judge Forrest Waller, "Early White County Roads," White County Heritage, Vol. 1, No. 4, July 1963, pp. 17-19. See also Muncy, pp. 5-6.
19. Deed Book F, White County Courthouse, p. 169.
20. Records (of the) County Surveyor, Field Notes (of) St. Louis-Iron Mountain Railroad Lands, Books 1-2, 1837-1905.



21. Deed Book E, White County courthouse, p. 469.
22. White county Court Records, 1836-1857.
23. Ibid.
24. Ibid.
25. Records of the County Surveyor.
26. Ibid.
27. Records of the United States Post Office, Appointment of Postmasters.
28. Records of the County Surveyor.
29. Ibid.
30. Ibid.
31. Deed Book G, White county Courthouse, p. 190.
32. Official Census of the United States, 1860, White County, Arkansas, Union Township.
33. Historic Arkansas, p. 86.
34. Lamar B. Dodson, "Atlanta: That's What They Called Old Austin Back in 1858," Cabot Star-Herald, Feb. 12, 1982. See also F.P. Rose, "Butterfield Overland Mail Company," Arkansas Historical Quarterly, Vol. 15, No. 1, Spring 1956, pp.62-75.
35. Deed Book H, White County Courthouse, p.168.
36. Deed Book K, White County Courthouse, PP. 364, 387, 363-4.
37. Deed Book L, White county Courthouse, p. 265.
38. Deed Book M, White County Courthouse, p. 165.
39. Claude Johnson, "White County's Ghost Town," White County Heritage Vol. 1, No. 5, Oct. 1963, p. 15. Additional information about Stony Point Academy may be found in Deed Book P, White county Courthouse, p. 573, Oct. 19, 1871, Henry B. Strange, James M. Tidwell, James M. Davis, James Jackson, John A. Pemberton, trustees of Stony Point Cumberland Presbyterian Church, signed the following: "In consideration of the building of an Academy on land held by us for the above church and for the interest we feel in education do hereby give, grant, bargain and convey unto J.W.Roberts, Henry B. Strange, James M. Gist, W.E. Fisher, Joseph W. Princey and James Bishop, trustees of Stony Point Academy, and their successors in office, the following tract of land containing one acre and adjoining the graveyard."

62.

40. Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies, 1861-65, Vol. 34, Part 1, p.6.
41. "Doc Rayburn Leads Stony Point Attack," White County Heritage, Vol. II. No. 2, p. 3.
42. "White County's Ghost Town".
43. "Historical Group Tours Beebe Area," White County Heritage, Vol. IV, No. 3, July 1966, p. 7. Reprinted from the Searcy Citizen, June 22, 1966.
44. Ibid.
45. Records of the United States Post Office, Geographical Site Locations: Arkansas.
46. Official Census of the United States, 1870, White County, Arkansas, Union Township.
47. For a fuller discussion of these events, see Bruce Cook, The History of McRae, 1981, pp. 25-26.
48. White county Weekly Record, Vol. 2, No. 18, Feb. 29, 1868, p. 3.
49. Ibid, Vol. 2, No. 19, March 7, 1868, p.2.
50. Ibid, Vol. 2, No. 22, March 28, 1868, p. 3.
51. Goodspeed's Biographical and Historical Memoirs of Eastern Arkansas, 1890, pp. 160-61.
52. Ibid, pp. 228-29.
53. Ibid, pp. 264-65.
54. Ibid, p. 146.
55. Official Census of the United States, 1860, White County, Arkansas, Union Township.
56. Goodspeed, pp. 164-65.
57. Ibid p. 248.
58. Deed Book R, White County Courthouse, p. 308.
59. Records of the United States Post Office, Geographical Site Locations.
60. An in-depth discussion of the Cairo & Fulton Railroad will appear in Part II.

## II. EMPIRES AND EMPIRE BUILDERS

Social and political forces which helped shape the eventual destiny of Stony Point had been at work in Arkansas since the early 1830's, when Roswell Beebe, Edward Cross and Grandison Royston laid off a site on the Red River near presentday Texarkana. The name given to the new community was Fulton, later to become famous for its association with the Cairo & Fulton Railroad, which spanned the state in a northeasterly to southwesterly direction. Construction was not completed on such a line, however, until 1874, and therein lies our story, with intervening events and people providing material.

Our narrative will begin with an examination of Roswell Beebe, for it is he, more than any other single person, who was responsible for the development of Arkansas railroads. His deeds and accomplishments could fill several volumes quite easily, but for present purposes we will confine our discussion to the boundaries of this chapter. The Arkansas Gazette of November 15, 1925 give an excellent account (the best that I have found) of Mr. Beebe's fascinating life, and though the article is rather long, it is reproduced here because of its accuracy, readability and thoroughness, as well as its historical importance:

...Roswell Beebe was a New Yorker, born at Hinsdale, on the banks of the Hudson River, in Dutchess County, December 22, 1795. He came of sturdy English stock. His family already had accumulated a fortune in the new country, and in 1812, when he was 17 years old, John Beebe, his father, acceded to his request and gave him means to go by boat to New Orleans.

Young Roswell could not reconcile himself to a stepmother, according to Clarence Beebe of Brooklyn, N.Y., who has compiled and published a genealogy of the family, but the most important reason for his departure was that he could no longer help cultivate the Beebe farm, having seriously cut his foot with an ax while on a wood-chopping expedition.

And New Orleans, situated far to the South in a new country, at the foot of the Mississippi river, held out a more romantic invitation to the youth than New York City, so close at hand, so commonplace.

So to the old French settlement he went, and immediately became involved in the war, then in progress.

Behind cotton bales, he helped Andrew Jackson turn back the Britishers, after peace already had been reached in the East. Among his most treasured possessions were a blue coat and other military paraphernalia, acquired at the battle of New Orleans.

With the war concluded, young Beebe became a porter in a store, but his penmanship soon lifted him to the post of bookkeeper when ill health forced him to change his residence and in 1834 he had attained considerable business success. He brought to Arkansas a fortune which was the foundation on which Little Rock was builded.

Ensuing years found Beebe rising to the crest of New Orleans business activity. The city directory of 1832 shows that he was a lumber merchant, while he also must have operated a brick firm as practically all the slaves which he sold before coming to Arkansas had been 'accustomed to work in a brick yard.'

Seventeen slaves, men, women, and children, were sold for \$13,800 during the several months preceding his departure from the Louisiana metropolis in 1834. He left because of rheumatism which physicians attributed to the damp climate. Bills of sale, recording the slave deals, have been copied for Mr. (D.L.) Phillips from the parish courthouse at New Orleans.

When he left Louisiana, he already had planned to found the town of Fulton on the Red River, in Hempstead County. As agent for R.B.Hyde of Hyde Park, Vt., he placed an advertisement in the Gazette of March 31, 1835, relative to the site, embracing "a front of near a mile in extent on the north bank of Red River.'

When he arrived here (Little Rock) by boat, an attack of rheumatism rendered him unable to walk, and he was carried on a cot to the old Anthony house on Markham street. Col. Chester Ashley became acquainted with him and invited him to remain at his home until he recovered. There he met Miss Clarissa Elliott, who was here from St. Genevieve, Mo., visiting her cousin, Mrs. Ashley. The girl pleased Mr. Beebe, then a middle aged man, and, after he had soothed his rheumatic pains at Hot Springs, he returned and married her. In the Gazette of Tuesday, September 22, 1835, appeared this notice:

'Married in this town at the residence of Col. Ashley on Saturday evening last, by the Rev. J.M. Moore, Mr. Roswell Beebe of New Orleans to Miss Clarissa Elliott, daughter of the late Capt. Henry Elliott, formerly of St. Genevieve, Mo.'

His love for the girl evidently was returned, for the wedding was no edict of her relatives. She did not trouble herself even to await permission of her mother. Immediately after the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Beebe set out upon an extended honeymoon, and Little Rock did not see them for about two years.

At St. Genevieve, Mo., where they to bid her welcome, ignored Mr. Beebe hastened first, they arrived before their letter telling of the marriage, and the bride's parents, rushing out at first. (sic) At length, Mrs. Elliott exclaimed: 'Why Clare, you have not introduced me to this nice old gentleman who brought you home.' He probably appeared even older than he was, since he was prematurely gray.

Their travels were interrupted by the birth of Roswell Elliott Beebe at St. Genevieve, July 6, 1837, and the couple came back to Little Rock to live. Three other children were born to the union, the youngest of them being Emily Clarissa (Mrs. Joseph W. Martin), who last July 21, celebrated her 84th birthday.

Having definitely settled here, Roswell Beebe began to interest himself in the affairs of the town. Col. Chester Ashley, who with William Russell, described by Dallas T. Herndon as 'an unscrupulous land speculator' of St. Louis, and a group of Arkansas politicians, had undertaken to develop Little Rock, had lost sympathy for the other proprietors. In the suits, brought by O'Hara and Bryan, who claimed title to the property with San Madrid certificates, Colonel Ashley sided with them and was instrumental in bringing about the compromise of 1821, which left the real status of the purchasers of lots from Russell still clouded. Mr. Ashley explained the situation to Mr. Beebe, his cousin by marriage, and the latter straightened out the difficulty within a few years.

From Jackson and Joel Crain, George Harris and Antoine Barraque, he acquired 140 acres, comprising the greater part of Little Rock. He successfully disputed the Lewis claim, on which Russell and his crowd based their title, showing that the pre-emption certificate issued in 1812 to Lewis, who erected a shack on the site of the town, was invalid since it pre-dated the surrender of this land by the Quapaw Indians, February 17, 1815.

Thus, Mr. Beebe obtained the only incontestable title. Armed with this, he went to Washington in 1839 and on September 25 received from the United States government the original patent for the town of Little Rock. The patent was signed for President Martin Van Buren by 'M. Van Buren Jr., secretary.' Read it for yourself in the Pulaski County recorder's office, record book L, page 312.

Upon his return, he arranged, for \$1 payments to give deeds to all who had purchased lots from William Russell. He might have driven them from their homes and resold the property, but that was not Roswell Beebe's method.

On December 26, 1839, he drew up a revised plan of Little Rock, laying off blocks and streets, similar for the most part to that which had been filed by William Russell, et al., but different in that no town square was provided for. At the same time, he arranged for streets and alleys in the town, deeding, for \$1, to the mayor and aldermen of Little Rock the necessary space for the 24 streets and the alleys laid out on the plat; so long as they remain free and unobstructed public highways.

A shrewd business man he nevertheless was a model of generosity. One of his earliest acts was the gift in 1843 of the block for the statehouse on Markham street, then the most valuable section of the city.

In 1841, Mrs. Beebe died at New Iberia, La., where she was buried. Seven years later, the widower married Miss Julia McMillan of Cynthiana, Ky., to whom eight children were born, none of whom is living.

His residence here occupied the entire block across from the War Memorial building. During the Civil War, when Little Rock was captured by the Yankees, General Hindman of the Federal forces made his headquarters there. A fire partly damaged the mansion soon after the war, and it was

torn down three decades after Mr. Beebe's death to make room for office buildings. One of its successors is the postoffice.

Had Mr. Beebe served Little Rock in no way except in definitely ending the disputed titles to the property, and in obtaining from the government the first patent for the town, he would have merited honor until the end of the time. But he did much more than that.

He was for a time school commissioner for the Sixteenth district. Some officials apparently were dissatisfied with his work for they relieved him of his position. Mr. Beebe was too broadminded, however, to retain a grievance and he was no sooner out of office than he began insisting upon the county court taking three lots at Seventh and Scott streets from him for a school building.

At last the offer was accepted and Little Rock's first building, erected expressly for school purposes at a cost of \$615 on 'lots donated by Roswell Beebe' was opened in 1853 with 68 pupils and Hiram Scofield as principal at \$300 per annum and James A. Trahem as assistant at \$20 a month.

In 1843, with Chester Ashley and their wives, as co-signers, Roswell Beebe for \$1 and a clear title to one block, gave the city of Little Rock the four blocks for the Mt. Holly cemetery, and the block on which Peabody school is located for a public hospital. The latter property, with half of the block to the north, was at that time used as a graveyard, but Mr. Beebe contended that it was a poor location for a burying ground his letter (sic) to the City Council reminding the aldermen of the dissatisfaction which had arisen before the state capitol replaced the old graveyard on Markham street.

Although no hospital was erected between Gaines and State streets and Fourth and Capitol avenue, as required in the deed, Mr. Beebe probably would be quite satisfied with the school building.

The minutes of the city Council in those days frequently mentions Mr. Beebe. He had many suggestions to make, even before he became alderman and mayor. When Mayor W.H. Webb resigned in 1849, he recommended that Roswell Beebe be elected and the council acquiesced. He completed that term and was chosen by the voters in 1850 but resigned before the completion of his term.

Once in power as mayor pro tem, Mr. Beebe hastened to make his policies plain in a communication, adopted by the council, which urged curtailment of expenses, enforcement of ordinances with 'appropriate fines,' improving Markham street, compulsory building of sidewalks by the property owners, uniform planting of shade trees, taxation of liquor dealers and fencing of Mt. Holly cemetery.

But official duties must have been irksome to Mr. Beebe, for he quit the mayor's office in February, 1850, and devoted himself to business. In 1851, he bought the Little Rock Iron Foundry, reorganized it and made it one of the most prosperous businesses in the city.

At the Internal Improvements Convention held in the representative hall of the statehouse, November 3, 1851, Roswell Beebe represented Pulaski county. Commissioners were present from 12 other counties, and the Internal Improvement

District was organized with Roswell Beebe as secretary. Jordan N. Embree of Jefferson county, on motion of Mr. Beebe, was elected president. An account of the meeting was published in the Gazette of November 7, 1851.

In the Gazette of May 13, 1853, is found an advertisement of the formation of the Cincinnati and Little Rock Slate Company, with Roswell Beebe as president of the Honorary Board of Directors. He undoubtedly was interested in many other firms.

His greatest business exploit, however, was the organization of the Cairo and Fulton Railroad Company. He was its first president, served from 1853 to his death. From the United States he secured land grants and was otherwise so instrumental in putting the company on its feet that on May 3, 1870, 14 years after his death, the company's Board of Directors passed a resolution that 'in recognition of the eminent services of Roswell Beebe, deceased...the first locomotive to be run upon the road shall be called the Roswell Beebe.'

That those directors should recognize the services of Mr. Beebe, although the actual building of the road had not been begun during his lifetime, is a wonderful testimonial. They fulfilled the resolution, too, and pictures of the 'Roswell Beebe' locomotive may be found in practically every Missouri Pacific office.

It was in tracing the history of the Missouri Pacific from the presidency of the incumbent, L.W. Baldwin, to Roswell Beebe, the first chief of the Missouri Pacific's ancestor the Cairo and Fulton, that Mr. (D.L.) Phillips became interested in the personality of the man.

Although perhaps his greatest achievement the Cairo and Fulton Company, was responsible for torrents of abuse, of which it must be confessed the Gazette was not innocent. Strong sentiment existed in the state for the proposed road to run through Memphis, but Mr. Beebe was determined that it should come from Cairo direct to Fulton. On that score, politicians lambasted him. He also was accused of profiteering on the railroad lands, but those charges seem unfounded.

The Gazette of July 6, 1855, editorially branded Mr. Beebe as 'Governor Conway's Cat's-Paw' because of his connection with the railroad company. Even more severe in its denunciation of Mr. Beebe is a sarcastic editorial, reprinted for the Southwest Independent by the Gazette on July 18, 1856, which berates the governor and Little Rock's benefactor in a parody of the Old Testament Chronicles.

But, after Mr. Beebe died, the citizenry appreciated his worth, and the Gazette inquired in its issue of September 23, 1869: "Is there not in Arkansas some man who has the ambition and ability to fill the place of Roswell Beebe? He is sadly needed by the Cairo and Fulton railroad if there is such a man.'

His last years were devoted almost exclusively to the railroad company. Throughout his residence in Arkansas, he had frequently traveled on business to New York, New Orleans and other cities. His fellow citizens are said to have marveled at his temerity in so often undertaking such long journeys.

In 1856, he went to New York City to seek relief from disease, and there on September 26, he died. From the True Democrat of Tuesday, December 16, 1856, a newspaper long since extinct, was copied this editorial: 'The remains of Roswell Beebe arrived here on Saturday last from New York where he died on the 27th of September last and on Sunday were followed to the grave from his residence by a large concourse of our citizens.

'Mr. Beebe for his great age was a man of remarkable energy and decision of character. His loss is deeply felt in our city, and to the state at large, as an active, untiring and intelligent friend of internal improvements his place can never be filled. To the Cairo and Fulton Railroad Company to which he devoted almost exclusively the latter years of his life, his death is an irreparable loss.

'To his family Mr. Beebe was kind and attentive, to his friends he was faithful, and to his neighbors he was just and generous. His death is mourned by them all.'

The Beebe funeral service was in charge of the Rev. Thomas Frazer who was later to marry the young Mrs. Beebe and move to California, where both died. One of their daughters, Miss Julia Frazer of Oakland, Cal., remembers that her father always spoke in praise of Mr. Beebe's ability and achievements.

A modest stone has been placed at the Roswell Beebe grave in the family lot, adjacent to the Ashley lot in which, not 10 yards from the last resting place of Mr. Beebe is the tomb of Chester Ashley, his friend and business associate. The very ground in which they lie was their gift to the city.

That plain marker to Mr. Beebe's grave is one of the two memorials in Little Rock to his greatness of heart. The other, known only to keepers of Mt. Holly, is Beebe Avenue, the main driveway through the cemetery to Gaines street. Some one will remark that the town of Beebe, White County, is named for Roswell Beebe, because he protected that community in laying out the route for the Cairo and Fulton road.

He did much more than that for Little Rock, but few of the present generation ever heard of him...'

Beebe's last will and testament was made out May 23, 1856 in Little Rock. All of his property, "share and share alike," was to be divided between five heirs: Cora F. Beebe, Emma C. Martin, Hartwell T. Beebe, and Charles W. Beebe, plus Roswell's widow, Julia.<sup>2</sup>

Further light can be shed upon Mr. Beebe's part in helping to settle the dispute for the title to Little Rock, according to the Arkansas Gazette of November 7, 1931:

Soon after the incorporation of Little Rock, the old question of title to the land on which the town stood was revived. Roswell Beebe, a citizen, had an interest in the lands adjoining that portion of the city covered by the Lewis pre-emption of 1814 and the New Madrid certificates of O'Hara and Bryan. He decided that all titles then held were void, and that the best method of clearing them was to locate 'floats' under pre-emption rights granted by the act of May 29, 1830 on the site of Little Rock. Beebe based his contention on the



decision of the United States attorney general who had ruled in 1836 that the Lewis claim was invalid, since the Little Rock property was, at the time of the filing of the claim, a Quapaw Indian reservation. The New Madrid certificates were also adjudged invalid since the attorney general, the secretary of the Treasury, and the commissioner of the General Land Office had decided that they could be located only upon lands subject to entry at the time of the passage of the act in 1815, three years before the Quapaws relinquished their claim to the site of Little Rock.

Joseph Henderson, agent for Beebe, purchased a 'float' for 160 acres from Jackson and Joel Crain, and another for 80 acres from George Harris. When Beebe explained his plan to a number of the landholding citizens of Little Rock and agreed to indemnify their property, they urged that patents be granted on the floats, in order that all titles might be perfected. Beebe obtained the patents in Washington early in 1839, and soon afterwards published the following notice:

'The undersigned, having received from the United States, patents upon the entries made by him of the tracts of public lands at Little Rock, which by the deeds of compromise and partition, executed by Messrs. Ashley, Russell, and other alleged proprietors on the 22nd day of November, 1821, are therein described as having been by them laid off into town lots;

'Therefore, notice is hereby given to all concerned, that the undersigned will be prepared after the first day of January next, pursuant to his covenant executed on the sixth day of July, 1838, and duly recorded in the office of the recorder in and for the county of Pulaski, and state of Arkansas, to make the several deeds of relinquishments as therein contemplated.'

(Signed) 'Roswell Beebe'

When the Arkansas General Assembly convened in 1840, Governor Conway laid before that body the proposal of Beebe to quit-claim to the state the grounds upon which the statehouse stood. The Judiciary Committee to which the proposal was referred, reported adversely, claiming that Beebe himself did not have a perfect title. However, the legislature of 1843 saw the wisdom of accepting Beebe's proposition and on January 22 of that year he and his wife, for a consideration of \$1, executed a deed to the state for the lots occupied by the statehouse. In the meantime, other property owners, who had purchased lots from Russell, Ashley and others, perfected their titles by purchasing deeds from Beebe at nominal considerations. Thus the title to Little Rock property was finally definitely settled.<sup>3</sup>

A description of the Beebe mansion was recorded in 1964 by a granddaughter, Emma Beebe Faust of Little Rock, and is perhaps worth adding to our account:

The Beebe mansion, an ante-bellum structure in Little Rock, Arkansas, was on the block bounded by Markham, Second (then Cherry), Center and Spring. It faced Markham and the (Old) State House. It was built in the old colonial style

with stately columns, similar to those at the State House across the street.

The broad entrance hall extended the length of the building, and a handsome stairway led to the second floor. The rooms were huge. Above the second floor was a well finished attic.

When I was a child, my mother, who was Mrs. Cora Beebe Faust (Roswell Beebe's daughter), told me that the attic was a wonderful place for the children to play and that she intended to build us a similar one in the new brick home that she planned. The death of both my parents, Mr. and Mrs. John William Faust, ended this dream.

Back of the Beebe Mansion was a sunken garden, Mrs. Beebe's rose garden. There was a well near by with a colorful pogoda over it. The kitchen, as in the Old South houses, was separated from the main building, and probably had rooms attached for the household servants.

When I was a young woman, Mrs. John Knight, wife of an editor on the Arkansas Gazette, told me of the beauty of the home, and her son-in-law, Mr. James Pollock, for years cashier of the Exchange Bank, told me that he was at the fire when the Beebe Mansion burned in 1865. Roswell Beebe died in 1856. His widow, his second wife, later married a Presbyterian minister and went with him to California.

The Beebe kitchen did not burn when the house was destroyed. A prominent older woman in Little Rock. in later years, told me that when her father brought his family to the city, he could find no place to rent but the Beebe kitchen.

Today, 1964, the Old Post Office stands in what was the backyard of the home. The front faced Markham Street. \*

As a gesture of appreciation and esteem for him, his admirers in Little Rock erected an obelisk, engraved with the following epithet, in Mt. Holly cemetery: "Roswell Beebe of Arkansas, born in Dutchess county New York, December 22, 1795, died in New York City, September 21, 1856. As first president of the Cairo and Fulton Railroad Co., he built up that great enterprise and sacrificed his private interests, his health and his life in its service. Haud immemor." 5

And so it is that we turn our attention to that railroad, which was to play such an important role in the history of Beebe, Stony Point, White County and Arkansas, to say nothing of the entire nation.

The Second General Assembly of the State of Arkansas granted charters January 9, 1839 to two companies for the construction of railroads, one from Little Rock to Napoleon (now part of the Mississippi River), and the other from Little Rock to Helena. 6 But a general clamor for the building of railroads in Arkansas began to be heard in the 1850's, after the California Gold Rush of 1849 had taxed the ability of existing land and water routes to handle large volumes of travelers. 7

Numerous railroad companies were formed, routes surveyed, and land grants acquired, but the only actual railroad construction in Arkansas before the civil War was on the Memphis and Little Rock, and the Mississippi, Ouachita and Red River railroads. 8

A route for a railroad from St. Louis, Missouri to Fulton, Arkansas and thence to the Pacific by way of Santa Fe was surveyed under the authority of the War Department during 1850-51 by a team led by Captain Joshua Barney of the United States Topographical Corps of Engineers.

As we have already noted, Beebe was appointed secretary of the Board of Internal Improvement Commissioners November 4, 1851. By law, objects of internal improvement were defined as "Roads, railways, bridges, canals and improvements of water courses and draining of swamps."<sup>9</sup>

January 14 and 15, 1852, Senator Solon H. Borland and Representative Robert W. Johnson (Arkansas) introduced in the United States Congress, bills for railroads running from Memphis via Little Rock and Fulton, and from Helena via Little Rock to Fort Smith. February 1, 1852 the Arkansas Gazette published a telegram from Senator Borland as follows: "Roswell Beebe, I introduced a bill in the Senate for railroad aid for road from Memphis via Little Rock to Fulton and another from Helena via Little Rock to Fort Smith."<sup>10</sup>

A fuller correspondence from Borland to Beebe concerning the introduction of these bills in Congress can be found in the Arkansas Historical Quarterly, Vol. 18:

Dear Sir--

Your several communications on the subject of the Central Rail Road, etc., after some delays, owing, I presume, to the strange irregularities of the mails this winter, have been recd. I have not deemed it necessary to answer them in detail, nor at all, until I could inform you of my action in the Senate on the subject of them.

As you will have seen in the papers, I duly presented and referred your memorial etc., and introduced a bill in conformity with it, as far as is practicable. I did this, as I found the Committee preferred to act on a bill rather than a memorial. At the instance of the Helena Company, I, also, introduced a bill for them. My colleague, afterwards, introduced a bill partially embracing the views of both companies.

At the earliest practicable day, the committee took up the whole subject, embracing bills for the most of the Land States, and settled the general character of the bills upon which we could all agree, and which would best insure their passage through both Houses of congress.

The first point thus settled was the grants should be made to the States and in no instance to the companies. I combatted this; knowing the wishes of the people to be that the Legislature should have nothing to do in the matter. But it was impossible to obtain a different result. All the other interested states were willing to have the grant made in this way. The best we could get was a provision positively requiring the land to be used for the particular road, in each case, and for no other purpose whatsoever.

Next they agreed to the number of roads each state should have. In Arkansas they conceded two roads, and left it to me to locate them, at once, or leave them to the next State Legis-

lature. I did not hesitate upon this proposition; and as two companies had been formed, and each asking for a particular road, I complied with the wishes of each, and so located one from Memphis, via Little Rock, to Fulton, and the other from Helena via Little Rock, to Fort Smith. I was authorized to report a Bill, upon the other general principles agreed upon, embracing these two roads. I did so at once, and the bill is before the Senate. We entertain no doubt of its passage through the Senate, and think its prospects in the House very good. The Iowa Bill, the first of this class on the calendar is now under discussion in the Senate. That was selected as the model and Pioneer Bill of the batch. Some opposition is made to it, but it will pass at an early day. This will ensure the passage of all the rest, ours among them. I expect our bill to be printed, and on our desk tomorrow, when I will send you a copy.

Thus I have done my best--indeed all that could be done, in this matter, and at the earliest practicable day. It ought to be satisfactory to all who desire success to efforts in this cause. I trust it will be. Whether it will satisfy, and silence the clamorous falsehoods of those who have disgraced themselves, and outraged truth and decency by charging me with opposition to internal improvements in Arkansas, I do know--nor do I much care. (sic) I do my duty, as my conscience dictates; and resting upon truth, and the virtuous intelligence of the people, I feel content and fear no dangers.

I am, respectfully, your ob. sert. Solon Borland "

The Barney Survey was printed March 16, 1852 as Senate Executive Document No. 49, and generally endorsed the route later followed by the Cairo and Fulton Railroad. According to Phillips, this report influenced the Congressional legislation concerning Arkansas railroads, so that the route was changed in accordance with the Act of Congress approved February 9, 1853, making "a grant of lands to the States of Arkansas and Missouri, to aid in the construction of a railroad, from a point on the Mississippi opposite the mouth of the Ohio river, via Little Rock, to the Texas boundary near Fulton, in Arkansas, with branches from Little Rock in Arkansas, to the Mississippi river and Fort Smith." 12

But the Cairo and Fulton was not the only Arkansas railroad making progress. December 10, 1852, news was published that the Senate had passed Borland's bills making grants to the Ouachita and Red River, the Helena and Fort Smith, and the Arkansas Central railroad companies. The House had also passed Rep. Johnson's bill granting lands to the Cairo and Fulton.

In expectation of the passage of Congressional legislation for railroad aid, January 12, 1853, the Arkansas General Assembly passed an act incorporating certain persons as the Cairo and Fulton Railroad Company. Those named were Edward Cross, Henry M. Hardy, John R. Hampton, H.P. Poindexter, William E. Davidson, W.C. Bevens, B.T. Totten, John H. Mitchell, A.S. Huey, J.M. Curran, W.E. Ashley, D.J. Chapman, and Thomas T. Blackmore.

But failing to act within the specified 90 days provided by the act, this group forfeited their right of incorporation, and April 3, 1853, a second group incorporated as the Cairo and Fulton Railroad Company. Governor Elias N. Conway promptly signed the appropriate documents that same day, extending a legal welcome to the newcomers. Included were William C. Bevens, John H. Mitchell, James M. Curran, Roswell Beebe,

Edward Cross, William B. Wait, Daniel Ringo, Andre J. Hutt, Thomas T. Blackmore, H.P. Poindexter, Israel M. Moore, William R. Cain, and Edwin R. McGuire.

According to Phillips, "The survey by Captain Barney and these acts of congress and Legislature were led up to and were the results of a great deal of public agitation through public meetings throughout the state, and also correspondence and discussion concerning internal improvements; and especially the building of railroads, published in the newspapers of the State during the years 1851 and 1852. Preeminent in connection with all of this preliminary work, we find the name of Roswell Beebe." /3

Beebe was appointed first president of the Cairo and Fulton by vote of the incorporators, and was also named an ex-officio member of a five-member executive committee. A board of directors was elected at the company's first meeting of stockholders May 15, 1854.

Being a capable business man, Beebe immediately set about raising funds for the new company. In a report to the board of directors October 9, 1854, Beebe recounts:

The first object of solicitude after the organization of the company, was to arrange a system of operations; and as a first step the securing of the means to warrant a commencement of a survey of the route of the road was a leading and favorite measure. In order to effect this object as speedily as possible, suitable agents were immediately appointed by the company along the line of the proposed road. Books of subscription to the capital stock were at once opened, and every one invited to take stock in the company; and prominence in the profession, as a preparatory step to the employment of an engineer to make the surveys. Happily the enterprise met with much favor from the people, and was greatly promoted by many highly intelligent and influential citizens, who voluntarily took an active part in placing the character of the project before the country in its true light. During the last spring and summer, the counties on the adjacent to the line of road, were visited and thoroughly canvassed by those gentlemen, and subscriptions taken up--valuable services were also rendered in several counties by public spirited citizens who devoted much time and personal exertion to obtaining stock.

Early in August, 1853, the company had progressed sufficiently to justify the employment of an engineer in chief to whom the survey of the route of the road could be safely confided. On the 13th day of that month Thomas S.O'Sullivan, esq., was appointed consulting engineer of the road. Instructions were accordingly transmitted to him at the city of New York, to select a suitable person to act as chief engineer, which resulted in the recommendation of Capt. James S. Williams, who was appointed on the 7th of October following, and telegraphed from Memphis of his appointment. On the 10th of that month funds were transmitted to him, then at Washington city, to purchase instruments and other articles of outfit, procure assistants to organize two field parties, and proceed with all possible dispatch to this place... /4

November 28, 1853 Beebe wrote Williams and instructed him to begin his survey of the line through Arkansas, keeping in mind the need to consult with the chief engineers of the St. Louis and Iron Mountain Railroad Company, and the Galveston and Red River Railway Company, in determining the respective connecting points on the Missouri and Texas borders.

But due to difficulty in "obtaining instruments and procuring competent assistants" the survey did not begin until January, 1854. The survey group was divided into two parties, one for the northern district and one for the southern. The northern party included Charles O. Davis, chief of party; assistants Spencer C. McCorkle and William P. Bowen Jr.; and rodmen Samuel H. Niman and John T. Adams, while the southern party consisted of William D. Pickett, chief of party, and assistants J. Morris Wampler, John J. Halsey, Edward F. Compbell Jr. and George W. Hughes.<sup>15</sup>

The survey was delayed about two months by heavy spring rains, but September 25, 1854, Capt. Williams notified the board of directors that the survey was completed. The board members included Daniel Ringo and Roswell Beebe of Pulaski County, S.W. McNeely of Sevier County, Edward Cross of Hempstead County, Henry K. Hardy of Clark County, Robert Martin of Dallas County, Green B. Hughes of Saline County, Henry C. Dye of Independence County, James Robinson and Thomas Hough of Jackson County, James Russell of Randolph County and Israel M. Moore of White County.

Cost of the survey was approximately \$25,000, but it was money well spent. Included were "maps, profiles and township plats" delineating the intersections of the line of the road with the section lines of the government (Barney) survey. According to Beebe's report, "This has been done in conformity with the directions given by the general land office, as a guide to facilitate that office in laying down the route of the road upon the township plats of the government surveys, with the view to the designation and reservation of the alternate sections granted to the State..."<sup>16</sup>

Beebe termed the proposed road a "crowning link in a great national highway," adding, "The company have obtained the right of way (with but few exceptions) the entire distance from the Texas line to the Missouri State line, over lands owned by individuals, with the right to establish depots, turn-outs, water stations, etc., on the same..." Prospects were also good for the building of a road in Missouri, according to the report, which stated that the "Cairo and Fulton railroad company in Missouri" had been legally organized, and had hired Capt. Williams to survey the road.<sup>17</sup>

Beebe forwarded a copy of the report, complete with maps, to Governor Conway October 17, 1854, after receiving copies of the maps on the 13th. Conway then addressed the Arkansas General Assembly, urging them to accept the survey and grant the requested lands to the company, but that body was divided on the issue, and nothing was done for several months. In the meantime, in an effort to push through the railroad's request for alternate sections of land (six sections per mile as promised in the February 9, 1853 Act of Congress), the company's board of directors had offered to divest themselves of their interest in and claim to any legal ownership of the road in return for the reimbursement of expenses incurred in its survey.

This unselfish offer was, however, labeled a scheme for profit by C.C. Danley, editor of the Arkansas Gazette, in an article of December 22, 1854. Danley and his senior editor, Solon Borland, became involved in a heated battle with Beebe and Senator Robert Johnson, who had taken Borland's seat after his resignation to become Ambassador to Central America. The conflict surfaced almost daily in the columns of the Gazette during 1855, with both sides claiming to represent the public interest. One area of controversy was the route for the proposed road. Danley also called for the posting of a cash bond with the State Treasury before allotting lands to any railroad company, a policy against which Beebe was opposed. A third point of contention had its roots in the political arena. It seems that in 1852, when Borland and Johnson had introduced railroad bills in the U.S. Congress, the routes were from Helena to Fort Smith and from Memphis to Fulton via Little Rock.

Borland apparently never supported the route from Cairo, and the passage of that bill in February, 1853 was accomplished while he was vacationing in Virginia. Rep. Johnson had introduced the bill and pushed through its passage. Previously, he had been responsible for killing Sen. Borland's two bills in the House. Therefore, their dislike for each other stemmed from their days together in Congress. Danley also had an intense dislike for Governor Conway, whom he accused of political corruption and profiteering, and when Beebe and Conway lobbied against a road from Memphis to Little Rock, they drew an increased assault from the sharp-tongued editor.

The two-sided vendetta spilled into the hallways of the Statehouse, where the General Assembly was still in session, and in an effort to defend himself, Beebe submitted the following statement published in the Gazette of December 8, 1854:

Selfish demagogues who are and ever have been a stumbling block to every public enterprise in Arkansas, calculated to benefit the masses, have told you time and again that, I am influenced entirely by pecuniary considerations and personal notoriety. My position in this: there is no public station within the gift of the people that I would accept. Nor will I ever ask it. Besides I came to Arkansas, in 1834, a cripple--recovered my health--unwisely invested a large sum of money in real estate most of which I still own, and now in advanced life, must either quit the State and go elsewhere to obtain a living, unless something can be effectually done to redeem the State and make her more prosperous. If this be a crime, then am I guilty.

Duly acknowledging, before the tribunal of rail road science, my lack of information and of ability to do justice to a subject of such magnitude; and yet I have thus endeavored to call public attention to it in connection with these charters; not because of my fitness to do it justice, but for the reason that no other person would manfully speak out in behalf of that cause, fully aware of the delicacy and responsibility of the task. But if I know myself it has been performed with the utmost scrupulous regard to my own reputation for correctness and advancement of the best interests of the country.<sup>18</sup>



The immediate result of this furor was the passage January 16, 1855 by the General Assembly of "An Act to Aid in the Construction of the Cairo and Fulton Railroad." The act failed to satisfy officials of the company, however, and by vote of the stockholders May 7, 1855, the matter was referred to the board of directors, who scheduled a meeting for July 14. A quorum not being present, the executive committee took the following action, communicating it to stockholders in a letter of July 16, 1855:

From a careful consideration of the provisions of the 'act to aid in the construction of the Cairo and Fulton railroad,' approved January 16th, 1855, it appears to us manifest, that no company accepting the lands granted by Congress to aid in the construction of this road, subject to the restrictions and conditions, could, under the most favorable view which can be taken of the subject, 'sell or use them,' until twenty years shall have expired, after the completion of the road; for the second section of said act expressly declares 'that after the expiration of twenty years from the date of completion of said Cairo and Fulton railroad, from the Missouri line, to the Texas boundary line, or to the point where said road shall cross Red River near Fulton, said company shall pay into the State Treasury an annual tax upon the road, fixtures, lands, tenements and houses shall be considered separate and distinct from the capital stock, whether all the capital stock shall be expended in building said road, fixtures, houses, tenements or not and the capital stock shall be exempt from taxation, as provided for in the eleventh section of said Cairo and Fulton railroad charter, approved the twelfth January, 1853; Provided however, That in case the whole of said road is not completed within the time, as required by the act of Congress making said grant of land for the purpose of building said road, then and in that event, so much of said road as shall be completed, together with the fixtures, lands, tenements, houses, etc., pertaining and belonging to said completed part, after the expiration of twenty years from the date of the completion of said part, shall be subject to taxation in the same manner as is provided for in this section, in case the whole of said road had been completed; Provided, Such tax may be assessed at any time when said company, by their directors, shall declare a dividend of ten per cent per annum upon the capital stock'--'Provided, That said company shall not sell or use any portion of the lands hereby appropriated until after they have complied with the provisions of this section.'

These provisions may well be regarded as in conflict with, and repugnant to the obvious policy and express provisions of the law of the United States, making the grant of said land, and considered as an act of State legislation simply, as void, on account of such repugnancy...

We have thus referred to, and presented specially, extracts from the second section of said act, not because it contains the only provision calculated to prejudice seriously, if acceded to, the interests of the company, but mainly because its provisions appear to us so palpably opposed to the design of congress in granting the lands, and



the progress of the improvement, to facilitate and expedite which, the grant was made as well as to the true interests of this company, and the country at large, as to exclude the possibility of any company of ordinary intelligence and integrity adopting or acting under them...

With the view of obviating any real or imaginary obstacle to the progress of this great work, arising from any action or want of action, on the part of either the General Assembly, or of this company, so far as it is competent, advance the same by every legitimate means, not involving the sacrifice of their capital invested therein, this company will hold itself ready at the meeting of the next General Assembly, to renew substantially its proposition submitted to the last, to surrender to the State, being first reimbursed its actual expenditures made or incurred, the franchise with which it is invested...<sup>19</sup>

According to Beebe, the number of stockholders as of June, 1854 was approximately 700, with some two dozen from White county. Among they were Hiram Banks, one share; Peter S. Banks, two; W.H. Bath Jr., two; R.S. Bell, four; J.W. Bond, ten; Stephen Brundidge, two; W.M. Craig, ten; J.N. Cypert, one; J.W. Davis, one; Richard Dodson, one; Harris Edwards, one; W.B. Isbell, four; T.J. Kellem, four; Elijah Little, two; David Maxwell, ten; J.W. McConaughy, one; P.A. McDaniel, four; Ducius McCreery, four; W.B. Norman, two; J.G. Robbins, two; E.C. Rogers, four; R. J. Rogers, one; and of course, Israel Moore, who was on the board of directors. Each share of stock was valued at \$25. Beebe had furnished a complete list of stockholders to the General Assembly January 3, 1855 at the request of Gov. Conway, in an effort to gain legislative approval for the Cairo and Fulton land grants.<sup>20</sup>

July 6, 1855 the Gazette printed a character assassination of Roswell Beebe, entitled "Governor Conway's Cat's-Paw." In order to give both sides of the issue, it is printed here for objectivity's sake:

Certain subjects are exceedingly disagreeable to handle; not that they are dangerous or difficult, but because they are dirty.

Such a subject is Roswell Beebe--the miserable cat's paw of Gov. Conway's clique, as he thrusts himself upon public notice, in a tissue of disgusting egotism and willful misrepresentation, published by the organ of last week, in opposition to the Memphis and Little Rock Rail Road. But, though disagreeable, it is our duty, as a public journalist, to notice him; as we would call attention to any other nuisance that offends the sense of good morals and the public interest, in order to its removal, by due application of a wholesome public sentiment.

It is against our rule, and does not fall within our present purpose, to deal with the personality of this individual (nor, indeed, of any other) further than he, and those who use him, have made it unavoidable, by the indecent and injurious connexion (sic) they seek to give him with public interests. Nor is it at all necessary to tell who and what he is, here, in Little Rock and Pulaski county,

where he claims to have resided something near a quarter of a century; for here he is known; and we feel assured of the concurrence of nineteen out of every twenty members of this community, when we express the opinion that of no other person, than Roswell Beebe, can it ever have been more truly and emphatically said, that--'he is respected least, by those who know him best.'

But, at his publication was made for other and distant communities; and, as it has been extensively circulated where he is not known, and where, if not exposed, it might effect some of the mischief it was made for; we cannot abstain from plucking a few feathers from 'the obscene bird that fouls its own nest.'

With this view, it cannot be inappropriate to say that, if he has ever done any good deed, his virtues are sadly unappreciated here, and it must be that 'he suffers not his left hand to know what his right hand does;' for, of a verity, no one else has ever found it out. And it is notoriously true that, in the community where he has so long resided, he enjoys a reputation made up of the combined qualities of the goose and the viper--the one being as contemptible for stupidity, as the other is odious for malignity; while his selfishness and self-conceit are of a character so narrow, intense, and preposterous, as to have rendered invariably abortive all attempts he has ever made to promote even his own interest--which, indeed, might have been eminently successful, if the large share of brute force, he confessedly possesses, had been intelligently and honorably directed.

In this connexion,(sic) what is the notorious history of his experience, as a man of business! First known, at New Orleans, as a wood-hauler, it is said that, by the energetic use of his own muscles, aided by mules and carts, and some sharpness in dealing, he was rapidly successful, and grew rich. But, with success, as often happens, there came ambition. Fitted, as he thought, for other and higher tasks, he would haul wood no more. Imagining his muscles to be brains, and mistaking the bitterness of his own bile for the inspiration of genius, he 'listened with credulity to the whispers of fancy,' like the glass merchant of Bagdad--and incontinently resolved to buy lands, speculate, and become a financier! At this crisis in his affairs, Arkansas being a new country, and Little Rock just beginning to settle, they caught his eye and captivated his imagination. Hither he came--here he has abided ever since-- and here, and hereabouts, his operations, as a dealer in lands, as a speculator, and as a financier, have been performed! With what measure of success to himself--or of use to the city, county and State--or of satisfaction to the people, all this has been done, it is not our purpose, because not necessary, to say, in detail. It is enough, more, that omitting all reference to the moral aspect of those operations, their result, in a financial point of view, was aptly characterized, in our hearing the other day, by an intelligent observer, as--

'A Tomb Stone, with the single word--Failure, as a black lettered inscription upon its top, and upon its four sides.'

Then, in the fatal self conceit that he understood the Law, he must needs plunge into litigation; until his whole life might be not inaptly, called one long law suit--made up it is true, of almost innumerable cases. And with what result? Here too, if the judicial records, from Little Rock to Washington, are to be believed, failure is the synonym of his success! Yet, maugre this experience, with a pig-headed obstinacy to shame the wildest boar of Ardennes, he would not, now, yield his own opinion to the judgment of every court in Christendom.

Not yet discouraged, next he must needs become the chief of a municipal corporation! And his ambition was gratified, in this, by his being made Mayor of Little Rock. How this happened, is not, at this time, very clearly to be made out. It may have been that, as he was then the nominal owner of a good deal of town property, the citizens thought his own interests might, on the one hand, restrain him from undue extravagance, and, on the other, stimulate him to do something for the general good. But in view of the well known character of the man, and the prestige of his previous achievements, the more probable supposition is, that the people of Little Rock elected him to the Mayoralty, in one of those freaks of humor, which have, sometimes, tempted the gravest persons into putting a loose monkey in a china shop; being willing to hazard, for the time, any damage he might do, for the fun of seeing his pranks.

Whichever supposition may be true, is no great matter now--as what is done is done. If the former, the sagacity of our people was grievously at fault; and if the latter, they paid far too much for their whistle. But, in either case, they did 'a grievous wrong, and grievously; have they answered it.' For, besides rendering the office of Mayor, itself, so ridiculous as to make men feel almost ashamed to hold it, ever since; the town has not yet recovered, and will not for many years, from the disfiguring injuries inflicted upon it, by the hand of Mayor Beebe. The monuments of his engineering skill, and architectural taste, thick as flies in summer time, and scarcely less offensive, encounter us, almost at every street crossing, in the shape of unsightly and almost impassable ditches; and of certain fantastical structures, called bridges, which sustaining the material (green sap cypress) of which they were made, even at first, with difficulty, have barely survived the labor expended upon their erection.

Thus, it is plain, and somewhat painful now, to be seen, by any one who sees our Town, that the monkey did play his pranks. What the damage may have been, in the item of monied expenditure, we have not, yet, had an opportunity to ascertain; but, doubtless, it must have been very large. Wherein consisted the fun, we are unable to say unless it may have been in seeing this model Mayor in the hands of the Town constable, arrested and fined for violating some of his own ordinances.

That this portrait, as far as it goes, is 'drawn to nature true,' will be acknowledged by every one who knows the unique original, we are quite sure. But, it is not half done. The remainder is withheld, until next week, for the reason that other things, already on hand, have a prior

claim upon the space in our columns; and, to confess the truth, for the additional reason, that being a disagreeable subject, as we said in the beginning, we put it off until too late, yesterday, in time to finish it for the press.

Unfinished, however, as it is, the several features, given, are perfect in themselves; and they will exhibit, as far as they go, what manner of man it is, that Gov. Conway (who 'has the will, but fears, himself, to strike') puts forward, as his cat's paw, to make war upon the great Rail Road enterprise, upon which the interest of the State so much depends, and in favor of which, the minds and hearts of our people are so strongly set. We ask our readers to contemplate the picture; and see how fit an instrument is used for such dirty work. They will not fail to see, also, the strong likeness of the man to the master.<sup>21</sup>

Although the second installment was never printed, the Gazette followed this with a three-part series entitled "Chronicles," styled after the Biblical text of the same name, and reprinted from the South West Independent, a Memphis newspaper. This parody had for its chief objects of wit Roswell Beebe, Governor Conway, the Cairo and Fulton board of directors, and the editor of the "Conway-Johnson organ."<sup>22</sup> The above-named principals were likened to Joshua, Moses and the 12 tribes of Israel, in comic fashion. Evidently the material for the articles came from the minutes of the board's meeting of May 7, 1855. Somehow the Memphis paper had obtained a copy. At any rate, this mud-slinging continued unabated for several years.

August 27, 1855 the consolidation of the Cairo and Fulton Railroad Company and the Cairo and Fulton Railroad Company of Missouri was effected. Provisions of the merger included a joint committee, which had charge of the company's management. The nine-member committee was made up of seven members appointed by the Cairo and Fulton Railroad Company, and two members appointed by the Cairo and Fulton Railroad Company of Missouri. The two companies retained a degree of individuality, however, as far as their separate organizational structure was concerned.

The Cairo and Fulton directors could only hope that the next session of the Arkansas General Assembly would be more receptive to their requests than previous ones had. While waiting for the Legislature to convene in November, 1856, Roswell Beebe died in New York City in September of that year after a lengthy illness. Edward Cross of Hempstead County was elected president of the company October 29, 1856, and immediately he set out to put the company on more solid ground.

One of his first actions as president was to draft a letter on the 29th to Thomas A. Hendricks, commissioner of the General Land office in Washington, D.C. The brief letter stated, "Sir: Will you do me the favor to advise me as to the progress made in selecting and certifying the lands included in the grant made Feby. 9, 1853, to the State of Arkansas, in aid of the construction of the Cairo and Fulton Railroad, and at what time such list will, in your opinion, be furnished the State?"<sup>23</sup>

This letter bore fruit July 13, 1857 when Hendricks submitted two lists of lands granted to the State of Arkansas by the act of Feb. 9, 1853, to the Secretary of the Interior, I. Thompson, for approval. The

lands were approved that same day, and the Cairo and Fulton was then, finally, able to gain possession of its 'promised land.'

A second letter was written by President Cross on October 30, 1856, with similar results, to Governor Conway, who immediately conveyed it to the Arkansas Legislature, with the result that Nov. 16, 1856 the General Assembly amended their former act by approving "An Act to Amend 'An Act to Aid in the construction of the Cairo and Fulton railroad.'" In part, the letter stated:

At the last session of the legislature, a law was enacted, providing for a transfer of the lands granted by Congress, to aid in the construction of the Cairo and Fulton road, to this company. Its terms, however, were so exceptionable, that the company determined not to accept the lands under it. The reasons for this determination are fully presented in the accompanying copy of the proceedings of the executive committee of the board of directors. This company having assumed the responsibility and the superintendency, at its own expense, of selecting the lands appertaining to the road, under the grant of congress, its attention has been directed mainly since that time to this object. Without these lands as a basis of credit, the expectations and hopes, either of the company or the country, could not be realized, and the time being limited, with a field of operations three hundred miles in length, by thirty in breadth, promptness and activity, were dictated both of duty and interest. It was important, and certainly just, that all the lands fairly embraced by the grant should be obtained; and with a view to that object, a strong force has been kept constantly employed. The selections have been greatly retarded, and the expenses of the company increased by the careless manner in which agents have selected lands under the provisions of the swamp lands laws... 24

The action by the General Assembly constituted a triumph for the Cairo and Fulton forces, who had labored so tirelessly, inasmuch as the objectionable sections of the former act were repealed and the company granted immediate use of the specified lands. The new act required the company to either grade 25 miles or complete 10 miles of the road within two years from its passage. In accordance with this provision, the board of directors met November 21, 1857 and instructed Chief Engineer James S. Williams to locate and prepare for contract a 25-mile stretch of road north of the White River.

Williams assigned Charles O. Davis, assistant engineer, to the task, and filed a report March 10, 1858 notifying the company of its successful completion. The portion of road selected for grading was located between Elizabeth (a small town halfway between Jacksonport and Newport), and Alicia (another small town). Williams noted that the stretch contained 24 3/4 miles of straight line and 1/4 mile of curved line of 1/2°. 25

Evidently the railroad company did not wait until the engineering work was finished, but instead began grading work on the stretch January 27, 1858. According to Williams' final report on October 22, 1858:

On the 27th January, an agent was appointed, in capacity of superintendent to begin the grading of the division with a force hired by the company. By a subsequent agreement with a contractor, the equipment which had been purchased, the work done, and the liabilities incurred by the company on account of service and labor, were assumed by the contractor, and charged in his account.

On the 27th February, 1858, an agreement was made by Mr. J.S. Shuman, contracting to complete the work of grading 25 miles of the road before the 15th November, 1858--and this agreement was, according to its own stipulations, reiterated and confirmed by a formal contract, on the 10th March, following.

A force of 100 hands would have been quite adequate to the completion of the work before the day mentioned in the agreement. The contractor commenced his operations with a small force, quite insufficient for the fulfillment of his promise. He was repeatedly notified of the necessity of increasing his force, but he failed to do it. Although he brought many hands to work upon his line, they remained but a short time. By bad management, want of experience, or by some other fault or deficiency, he has failed to keep his terms.

The company has always kept itself the creditor of the contractor. Not only have the estimates of the engineer been regularly paid, but advances of money have been made to him, therefore his failure to do is in no wise attributable to lapse of duty on the part of the company. He became deeply involved in debt to the citizens of Jackson county. Execution was issued by his creditors upon his property; and to the credit of these gentlemen, their sympathy in the cause of internal improvement, their unwillingness to put a bar upon the progress of the road, prevailed with them to stay the legal process, and forego for a time their legal claims--notwithstanding this indulgence, the contractor made no new efforts--at last the patience of his creditors being exhausted, his property, in horses and carts, wheelbarrows and tools, was seized; and thus, crippled in means--without tangible or apparent resources--without credit in the community, he abandoned his work--and, on the 26th September, when the final measurement was made, there was not a single man at work on the line--at that late day, it would have been next to impossibility to make a new contract and collect a force sufficient to comply with the requirements of the law on November 26th, 1856...

The balance due the contractor on final estimate is 203.47, payable in bonds. A writ of garnishment has been served upon me by creditors of the contractor for \$547.68...<sup>26</sup>

For some unexplained reason no further construction was completed by the company during the next few years, and November 15, 1860 Governor Henry M. Rector delivered his inaugural address, in which he included the following remarks on railroads:

Nothing is more important to Arkansas than the construction of railroads. They would advance commerce, induce population, develop our mineral and agricultural resources, and awaken the latent energies of the people.

But how are the means to be obtained to build them? The lands granted by the United States for the Cairo and Fulton and Fort Smith branch are likely to revert to the general government. Nothing of importance has been accomplished on either of these roads, and from the stringency of the money market abroad little hope is indulged for the future.

The grant made by Congress has, so far, proved rather a curse than a blessing. For seven years past, nearly one-half of our territory has, on that account, been reserved from sale and settlement--the consequence is, no roads, less revenue, and a smaller population than we should have had.

Having nothing better to suggest at present, in this connection, it is recommended that a committee be raised to investigate and report upon the management of the Cairo and Fulton railroad and its western branch, to ascertain what moneys have been expended, what lands sold, and under what authority, what debts are owing, and the cause of the non-completion of the roads; and also whether an extension of time should be granted by Congress, and if so, on what conditions.

The Memphis branch, it affords me pleasure to say, has been managed with more success, and gives great promise of early completion... 27

Of course, Rector's worst fears were realized by the coming of the Civil War in 1861, when all possibility for progress ground to a screeching halt for four long years. However, internal factors within the company were also partly to blame for the delay in progress. The presidency changed hands several times as power was transferred back and forth between Edward Cross and Mason Brayson during the decade of the 1860's. The results for the railroad were disastrous. One example of this is found in the following account:

Under date of November 1st, 1859, the Cairo and Fulton Railroad Company by its president, Mason Brayman, and secretary, F.A. Staring, gave a mortgage to John Moore, John Wilson and Mason Brayman, trustees, conveying all of the lands granted by Acts of Congress and Legislature, to secure the payment of \$5,000,000 first mortgage bonds. Under this mortgage, the Trustees had power to sell and convey any of the lands, and apply the proceeds to a sinking fund to reduce the indebtedness. There were some few tracts of land sold by the original board of trustees under this mortgage during the years 1860 and 1861. Soon after the beginning of the civil War, the above named trustees being in the Northern states, the executive committee of the Cairo and Fulton Railroad Company, under date of July 26, 1861, made an order removing said trustees, and appointing in their stead, William E. Ashley, William B. Wait and William E. Woodruff.

These latter trustees continued to sell lands under the provisions of the mortgage and executed deeds for about eleven thousand acres. The bonds provided for under the mortgage, however, were never sold. On August 1st, 1867, another instrument



was executed by the Cairo and Fulton Railroad Company signed by its Vice-President, wherein the company refused to recognize the act of the executive committee of July 26, 1861. By this instrument they revived the mortgage of November 1st, 1859, and reappointed John Wilson and Mason Brayman of the original board of trustees and substituted William H. Bailhache for John Moore, deceased... 28

In the meantime, time had once again run out for the railroad in a legal sense. The Congressional act of Feb. 9, 1853 had specified that "if the road is not completed within ten years... the lands unsold shall revert to the United States." Feb. 9, 1863 came and went and not even one mile of road was completed, much less the entire main line of 301.65 miles or any of the branch lines. However, after the war, a reviving act was passed by Congress August 1, 1867. In fact, this act increased the amount of land granted to the company to ten sections of land per mile (almost two million acres in Arkansas). Money was scarce, however, during this Reconstruction era, and apparently so was good management of the company. September 16, 1869 the Gazette told its readers:

When the Cairo and Fulton Company shall be able to throw from its shoulders the old incompetent who strangles that enterprise, as the Old Man of the Sea did Sinbad, and shall have placed men in charge, who can command confidence and devise means to make a commencement, it will not fail to receive the aid and cooperation of our enterprising people. They understand their own interests well.

We will thank any friend who posses (sic) the information who will give us a full statement of the conditions of the Cairo and Fulton Railroad affairs, and promise our earnest and persistent effort to aid the man, or set of men who shall get it under way. 29

The following week the Gazette renewed its assault with this editorial:

We have recently made several efforts, personally, to obtain some reliable information on which to base an article upon the prospects of the above road, but have been unable to gather any thing of a reliable character farther than this: Capitalists in St. Louis and New York are more than anxious to undertake its construction, and are only prevented from doing so through the mis-management and mal-administration of the president of the Company, General Brayman. The latter is somewhere North, and occasionally we hear rumors that he has sold the franchise and grants of the company to capitalists who will at once build it. We are free to say that we believe all such reports are ill founded; and further, that the road will never be built so long as General Brayman is at its head. It is openly charged against him that his overwhelming desire to forward his own pecuniary interest is the only impediment now in the way. To be more plain, he is for sale, but cannot find anyone who prizes his valuable aid and assistance sufficiently to buy him. These are grave charges, but they are boldly asserted by those who ought to know whereof they speak, and General Brayman owes it to himself, the Company he represents, and the people of Arkansas, Missouri and Texas, to exculpate himself, if the charges are unjust.



This road was chartered by the General Assembly of Arkansas, on the 12th of January, 1853, over sixteen years ago, and the prospects for its construction now are no better than when the Company was incorporated. The land grants and franchises of the road are more valuable, perhaps, than any road in the State. The grants of land by Congress are munificent, all of which will revert to the government if twenty miles of the road are not completed by the 28th of April, 1870, a little over six months from the present time. Twice has Congress extended the time for the building of this twenty miles, but with the present inefficient management, it can scarcely be expected that another extension can be obtained.

If General Brayman persists in refusing to enlighten the people on this subject, and give them some information of his intentions, we call upon the board of directors to oust him from the position he occupies; or, if they too, are involved with the president, the stockholders of the company owe it to themselves to take the matter into their own hands, reorganize the directory, and place somebody at its head who will push through the road at once.

Is there not in Arkansas some man who has the ambition and ability to fill the place of Roswell Beebe? He is sadly needed by the Cairo and Fulton Railroad Company, if there is such a man. <sup>30</sup>

March 17, 1870 the Gazette quoted Mr. Henry G. Marquand of New York as follows: "If you could get the Arkansas Legislature to sponge out Mr. Brayman's party, I will get you in forty-eight hours the signatures of men worth \$12,000,000 or over to build the road."<sup>4</sup> Evidently this newspaper crusade was successful as reported in the Gazette on May 3, 1870, which contains an account of the election of a new board of directors:

At a meeting of the stockholders of this Company, held in this city, Monday 2nd inst., the following persons were unanimously elected directors: M.L. Rice, A. McDonald, L.H. Roots, Joseph Brooks, R.F. Catterson, M.W. Benjamin, W.W. Leverett, Henry Page, J.L. Hodges, James Coates, R.M. Chrisman, J.M. Lewis, P.H. Young. The number of votes cast was 5734.

The following resolutions were adopted.

Resolved, That in recognition of the eminent services of Roswell Beebe, deceased, in procuring the original grant of lands to the Cairo and Fulton Railroad Company, and in otherwise forwarding this great enterprise, the first locomotive to be run upon the road shall be called the 'Roswell Beebe'.

Resolved, That the thanks of the stockholders of this Company be and they are hereby tendered to Gen. Mason Brayman, late president of the railroad, for his exertions in behalf of the project, and especially for his effort in procuring a revival and extension of the grant of lands heretofore made to the road, and that he is requested to prepare and file with the records of the Company a written

report of his proceeding in connection with those points.

Resolved, That the thanks of the stockholders be and they are hereby tendered to the former directors of this road for their labors in its behalf, and their cordial acquiescence in the arrangements now made for the early completion of the road.

The board met in the afternoon and elected M. L. Rice, president.

Our readers have already been apprised that Congress has extended the time of the completion of the first twenty miles. This result was aided very largely by the efforts of col. W.P. Denckla, whose indefatigable energy has done so much in connection with the L.R. & F.S. Railroad.

We are pleased to learn that he secured the contract for the construction of the C. & F. Railroad some months ago, contingent upon the extension of the time by Congress, and has labored hard to secure that result. The speedy construction of the road from Missouri line to Texas line is now rendered almost certain.

The organization above state, it is said, was necessary to secure the renewal of the land grant. The contractors will ultimately become owners of the road on its completion. The thanks of the people of the state are due to Col. Denckla and his associates. **32**

The new president and board of directors evidently meant business, for May 19, 1870 the work commenced by company engineers on the portion of the road between the White River and Little Rock. June 6, 1871 the Gazette reported:

The prospects for the early completion of the Cairo and Fulton Railroad continue to brighten. The grading from the present terminus (twenty miles out) to the Little Red River, a distance of fifty miles, is about completed, and the ties are out for two thirds of that distance. One thousand tons of iron have arrived here during the past ten days and there is more enroute. The contract for completing the road from the Little Red River to the Missouri line has recently been let to Messrs. Mandeville and Allen, of St. Louis, who are also contractors for the Iron Mountain road. They will push it through as rapidly as possible, in order to give us a connection with St. Louis. At the point where the Cairo and Fulton and the Iron Mountain roads form a junction, the Cairo and Fulton will branch off to Cairo. The connection with the Iron Mountain is to be made before the building of the Cairo branch. Mr. Thomas Allen, who owns the franchise of this branch, is to construct it also at an early date. All of the troubles that were lately experienced have been arranged, and everything moves smoothly. We wish we could say as much for the Fort Smith road. **33**

The track from St. Louis to Little Rock was completed December 27, 1872, and ticket offices were established at Jacksonville and Beebe March 8, 1873. Regular passenger service along this route was begun April 3, 1873. The trip took 15 hours one way and cost \$18.50. April 8, 1873 the Baring Cross Bridge Company was incorporated at Little Rock,

and April 14, 1873 the directors of the Cairo and Fulton Railroad contracted with the Baring Cross Bridge Company for the construction of a railroad bridge across the Arkansas River at Little Rock. Mail cars began running May 19, 1873 from St. Louis to Little Rock and construction was underway July 26, 1873 for a "freight depot 30 x 32 feet to be erected at Beebe." October 1, 1873 a telegraph line from St. Louise to Little Rock was nearing completion. The first train crossed the new bridge December 21, 1873 and January 15, 1874 construction south of Little Rock reached Texarkana.

April 30, 1874 the Cairo and Fulton Railroad Company of Arkansas consolidated with the St. Louis and Iron Mountain Railroad Company of Missouri. The merger was ratified by the stockholders of the two companies May 1 and May 4, 1874 and the new company was named the St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern Railroad Company. Thomas Allen was elected president.

January 22, 1881 Allen sold his interests in the railroad to Jay Gould for nearly \$2,000,000. Gould purchased additional stock and served as president of the company from October 11, 1881 until his death. November 17, 1879, Gould purchased controlling interest in the Missouri Pacific Railway Company. The Missouri Pacific secured stock control of the Iron Mountain Company December 31, 1881, and September 21, 1882 Gould bought the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad Company as well. Control of his huge empire passed to his eldest son, George J. Gould upon his death December 2, 1892.

August 19, 1915 the Missouri Pacific and the Iron Mountain went into default, were declared bankrupt and placed in receivership by a federal court. March 15 1917 the Missouri Pacific and the Iron Mountain were reorganized and merged into the present Missouri Pacific Railroad Company, after which the corporate structure of the Iron Mountain ceased to exist.

While all of this railroad activity and development was occurring, growth was transpiring at Beebe as well. The town began to make a name for itself in the 1880's, as we shall see in the next chapter, and continued to thrive as the 20th Century began. We will pause now for a closer look at Beebe as we trace it from 1872 to 1930.

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8. Ibid.
9. Phillips, p. 2.
10. Ibid, p. 11.
11. "Letters From Solon Borland to Roswell Beebe," ed. by J. H. Atkinson, Arkansas Historical Quarterly, Vol. 18, No. 3, Autumn 1959, pp. 288-90.
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14. Ibid, pp. 6-7.
15. Ibid, pp. 4-5.
16. Ibid, p. 6.
17. Ibid, pp. 5, 7, 8.
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22. Ibid, July 13, 20, and 27, 1855.
23. Phillips, p. 30.
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25. Ibid, pp. 31-32.
26. Ibid, p. 32.
27. Ibid, p. 33.
28. Ibid, pp. 33-34.
29. Ibid, p. 35.
30. Ibid.
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32. Ibid.
33. Ibid, p. 37.

\* As a measure of Beebe's land holdings, he owed delinquent property taxes in White County in November, 1841 on 10,000 acres.



CLARISSA ELLIOTT BEEBE

Courtesy of the Arkansas History Commission



ROSWELL BEEBE

W.S. Gordon

## Beebe Minister Celebrates Half Century Of Service

*"MY BIGGEST PROBLEM IS KEEPING MY MEANNESS UNDER CONTROL."*

One of the BMA warhorses observed his 50th anniversary in the ministry this past April by returning to a church he organized as a state missionary 43 years ago.

W.S. Gordon, 75, of Beebe went back for the special service April 24 at First Baptist Church of Chambers Park in St. Louis, where he served as missionary pastor from 1939 to 1941. He later pastored the church 15 years (1945-60).

Perry's Chapel Baptist Church, near England, also recognized his half century in the ministry at their homecoming services in June. He has served the Perry's Chapel Church as pastor the past four years.

A native of Springfield, Ark., Gordon married the former Elva Marie Baumgardner of Poplar Bluff, Mo. They have one daughter, Mrs. Lynda Sue Miller of Pine Bluff; and one son, John B. Gordon of Rolla, Mo.

Gordon was ordained April 30, 1933 by the Union Valley Baptist Church near Coy, Ark., which called him as pastor. The church sent him to school at the Missionary Baptist College at Sheridan. While in school he also served as part-time pastor of the Vimy Ridge Baptist Church near Mabelvale, during which time he organized the Olive Hill Baptist Church.

Continuing his interest in mission work, Gordon moved in 1937 to Kewanee, Mo., which he described as a "churchless town." The J.T. Gunn family had moved near there from Arkansas and a



W.S. Gordon

mission was begun in town. C.C. Bishop (now deceased) and Gordon alternated preaching a revival at Kewanee in which there were many professions of faith. The Kewanee Baptist Church was organized and Gordon served as pastor. Homer F. Gunn, former BMA interstate missionary, and Carl Gunn answered the call to preach out of this work.

In addition to the Kewanee and Chambers Park churches, Gordon also led in the organization of the First Baptist Church in Matthews, Mo. During his Chambers Park pastorate the church sent out workers to open and staff five other missions which were organized into churches. He also served as pastor of the Providence Church in Poplar Bluff, and the Mt. Zion Church at Poplar Bluff on two separate terms.

In addition to serving as missionary for the BMA of Missouri, he also served as secretary-

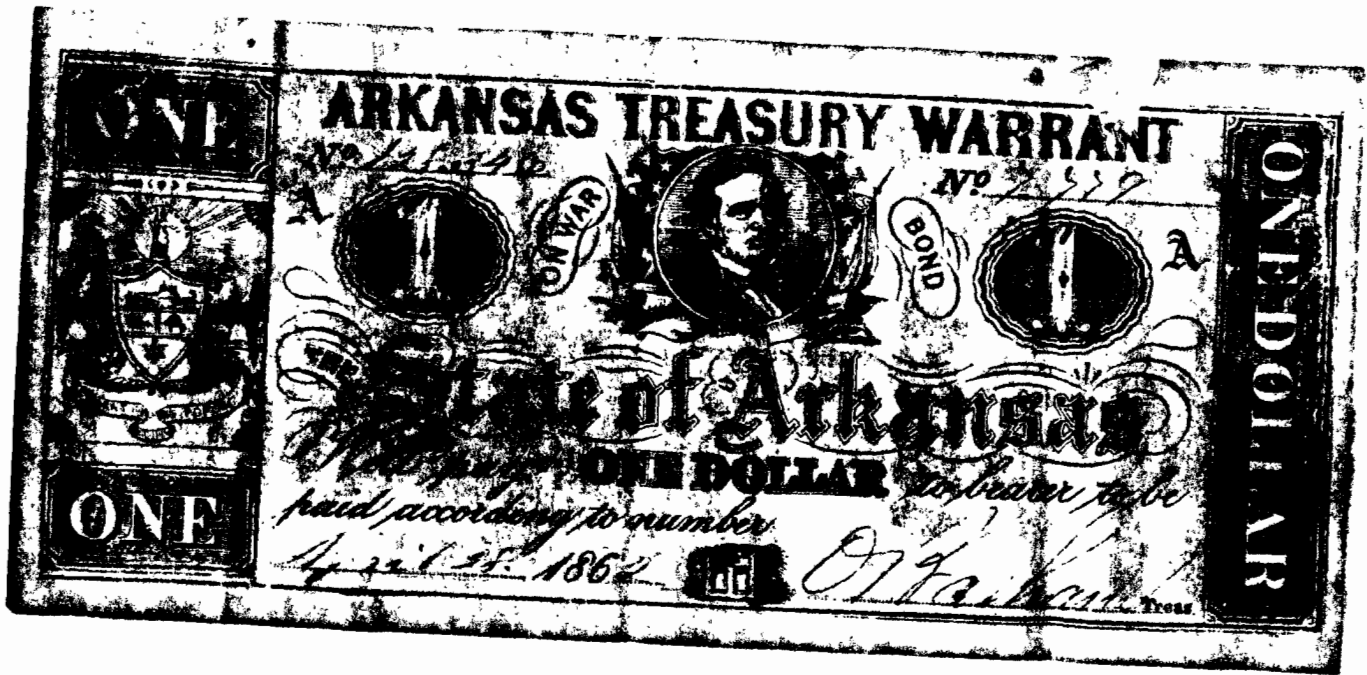
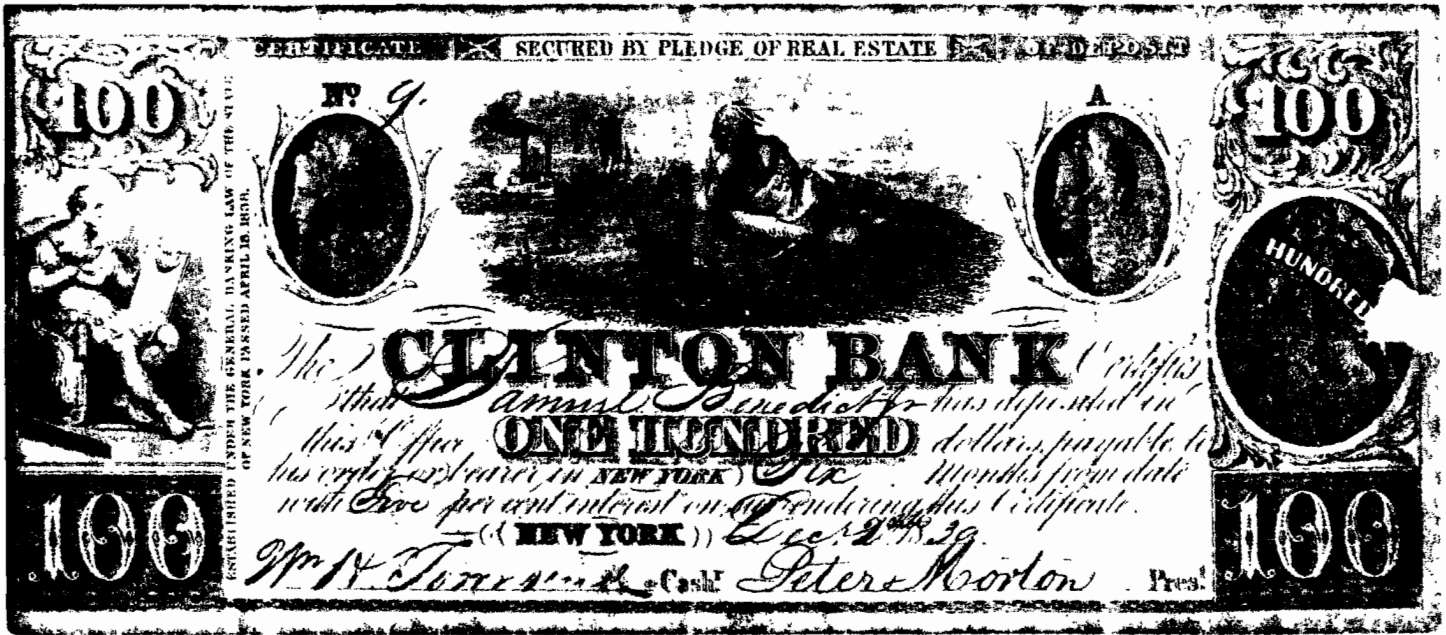
treasurer of State Missions, and on three occasions served as editor of the *Missouri Missionary Baptist*, the official publication of the BMA of Missouri.

Gordon has pastored several Arkansas churches including Immanuel, Beebe; Sharon Rose, Malvern; South Main, Malvern (which he organized); First, Bald Knob; Eastside, Lonoke; Highway, Judsonia (two occasions); New Hope, Beebe; and Perry's Chapel, England. He also served as pastor of the Folsom Avenue Church in Hayward, Calif. in 1963-64.

An important aspect of Gordon's ministry is the role played by his wife. In addition to her duties as a wife and mother, Mrs. Gordon took an active part in the church, assisting in the music and teaching ministry. She has been active in the Women's Missionary Auxiliary, and served as president of the Arkansas State WMA.

Gordon has been active all his ministry, except the year 1978 when he had serious health problems and surgery. His health is good now, he says. "My biggest problem is keeping my meanness under control," he laughed.

The Gordon's home place in Beebe has two apple trees in the front yard and a nice garden which they enjoy. He continues his part-time work of rebinding old Bibles and books. People are still sending Bibles to be rebounded, even though he hasn't advertised his service in some time, he said.



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## CENTENNIAL HISTORY OF ARKANSAS

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Hempstead, Lafayette, Columbia, Ouachita, Clark, Perry and Hot Spring shall constitute the second congressional district.

"The counties of Pulaski, Saline, Dallas, Calhoun, Union, Jefferson, Bradley, Drew, Ashley, Chicot, Desha, Arkansas and Prairie shall constitute the third congressional district.

"The counties of Fulton, Izard, Randolph, Lawrence, Greene, Independence, White, Jackson, Craighead, Poinsett, St. Francis, Crittenden, Mississippi, Monroe and Phillips shall constitute the fourth congressional district.

"An election for a member to the Congress of the Confederate States shall be held in each of said districts, at the time named and specified by said Congress of the Confederate States of America."

On June 3, 1861 the convention adjourned, "subject to be reconvened at the call of the president, military board or governor, in accordance with the resolution passed on Saturday, the 1st day of June."

## SPECIAL LEGISLATIVE SESSIONS

A special session of the Thirteenth General Assembly was convened on November 4, 1861, and remained in session until the 18th of the same month. Among the acts passed were the following: To abolish certain offices in the state government of Arkansas; to confer certain powers upon counties during the war; to provide for the payment of the war tax imposed by the Confederate Congress; to repeal the ordinance of the state convention authorizing a tax levy for military purposes; to facilitate the circulation of Arkansas war bonds and treasury warrants; and to provide relief for sick and disabled Arkansas volunteers.

Another special session met on March 17, 1862, and adjourned on the 22nd. At this brief session acts were passed to prevent the distillation of grain into spirituous liquors; to prohibit the further sale of public lands until after the close of the war, and pledging said lands for the redemption of bonds and the payment of treasury warrants; to provide for the relief of residents of the state; especially the families of volunteers; to define and punish sedition. The last named act provided that any person discouraging the enlistment of volunteers in the state service, or the service of the Confederate States, should be guilty of high misdemeanor and imprisoned for a term of not less than three nor more than five years. An act supplementary to the act providing for the payment of the war tax imposed by the Confederate Congress was also passed.

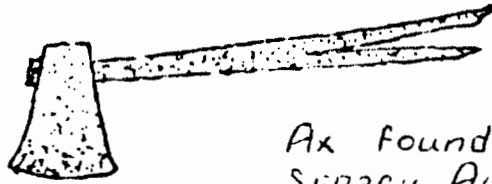
## FOURTEENTH LEGISLATURE

On August 4, 1862, members of a new General Assembly were elected and met in regular session on the 3d of November. Thomas Fletcher was again chosen president of the senate and John Harrell, of Crawford County, was elected speaker of the house. On the 4th Governor Rector delivered his farewell message and tendered his resignation, to take effect immediately. Among the acts of a general nature passed during this session were the following:

To prevent giving aid to the enemy; to apportion the senators and repre-



about 1935



Ax found by NEAL PEEBLES of  
SEARCY ARKANSAS, with handle  
ACTUALLY GROWING.

The above appeared in The Arkansas Gazette during the first part of May under Ripley's "Believe It Or Not." Neal Peebles happens to be one of the leading producers for the Mutual Benefit Health and Accident Association and the United Benefit Life Insurance Company and from the way Peebles talks, we can look forward to receiving even an increased volume of business from him as he advises that he has never seen business better than it is now.

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W. H. James—President  
Walter E. Dix—Mortician  
Robert H. James—Funeral Director

# James Funeral Home

101 N. MAIN STREET (Phone 180)—SEARCY, ARKANSAS

July 19, 1949

Dear Friend:

You will be interested to know that the Chandler Funeral Home, which has served the people of Searcy and White County since 1888, has now become the James Funeral Home and will continue in business under that name at the same address.

We the undersigned have purchased the business and have been operating it for some time. Our staff is experienced, and we do not expect any further changes in personnel or in ownership. All present personnel are well known in White County.

In response to the requests of our many friends and burial association members, we have taken this method to let you know who owns and operates the business. We want your continued confidence, and will do our best to merit this confidence.

All certificates of the Ernest E. Chandler Burial Association will remain in full effect. Your Burial Association is in excellent financial condition, with a reserve of approximately \$14,000 on hand.

If at any time you require a new certificate or desire changes in your membership certificate, please drop us a post card or come to the office and we will be happy to serve you. Call on us at any time.

Yours sincerely,

*W. H. James*

W. H. James

*Walter E. Dix*

Walter E. Dix

*Robert H. James*

Robert H. James