

Baxter County History



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

Photo courtesy of Ray Grass

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Publication of the Baxter County History has been delayed, but we hope to catch-up soon. This issue, Volume 13, Nos. 3 & 4, is being printed early in 1989. Volume 14 is being worked on, and we hope to have it available in a few weeks.

* * * * *

In 1987 planning was started for the Centennial of Mountain Home, which was to take place in 1988. Although Mountain Home was in existence before 1888, the city was not incorporated until that date. A committee of the Mountain Home Chamber of Commerce was organized and headed by Charles and Kathy Blackburn. Members of the Baxter County Historical Society assisted in the activities of the celebration. Details of the Celebration will be described in later issues.

THE BAXTER COUNTY HISTORY

Published Quarterly by the
BAXTER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
Mountain Home, Arkansas

Regular Meetings are held at 7:30PM on the first Tuesday of each month at the Day Service Center, 222 East Wade Street, Mountain Home, Ark.

Active membership \$5.00 per year
Associate Membership \$2.50 per year

ANNUAL DUES ARE DUE AND PAYABLE TO THE TREASURER AT THE JANUARY MEETING, AND CAN BE MAILED TO HER,**(See note below).

The Fiscal year begins on January 1. New Members may join at any time.

OFFICERS FOR THE YEAR 1987:

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Corresspondence concerning membership, dues, orders for the "History" and other business matters should be sent to the Treasurer.

Contributions of material for the "History" should be sent to James L. Lowe. These contributions are very much needed. They may include pictures. The original pictures will be returned to the contributor.

The Society or the Editors do not assume any responsibility for statements made by the contributors.

**--Dues are to be mailed to the present Treasurer; Stella Jackson, Rt.2, Box 85, Mountain Home AR 72653

1987 Meetings August - December

- August 4 The Diary of Van Buren Tate by Rex Bayless
- Sept. 1 "The Origins of the Constitution" by Lane Strother
"History Books Written by Old Families" by Bob McDonald, Mayor of Poplar Bluff
- Oct. 6 "Traveling in Russia" by Mr. & Mrs. Martin Derlak assisted by Millie Tullgren and Ruth Acton
- Nov. 3 "For the Love of Jenny" by Gladys Turner,
- Dec. 1 "The Toy Attic in the DAR Museum in Washington, D. C.," presented by Helen Tanger.

Identification of Pictures on Page 25

Family Picture of Caseys, Dodds, Hicks, and Simpsons, who were early settlers in the Mountain Home area and were interrelated. Irl Paul mentions many of these people in his account.

From left to right, back row: Mrs. J. B. Simpson, Mrs. J. M. Casey, Judge Sam Russell, Z. M. Horton, Miss Puss Carter, Dr. J. B. Simpson, Mrs. T. I. Hicks

Second row: Dr. J. M. Casey, R. C. Paul, Mrs. Z. M. Horton, Prof. A. J. Truman, Col. O. L. Dodd, Mrs. R. D. Casey

Third row: Mrs. C. B. Paul, Irl Paul, Randolph Casey, Gertrude Simpson, Lucile Horton, Annie Simpson, Col. R. D. Casey, John Simpson

Bottom row: Hiram Casey, Hicks Simpson, Paul Horton, Sam Casey

Picture taken at the home of Col. R. D. Casey, circa 1890.

The second picture shows Irl Paul and Jessie Nelson Paul about the time of their wedding.

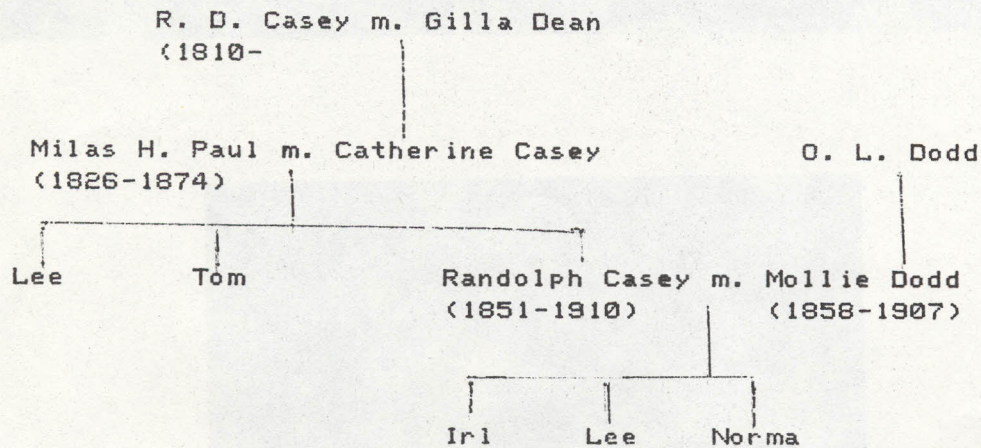


Irl Paul (1889-1976) was born and reared in Baxter County. He lived his entire life here except for a short time he was in Texas. Most of his working life was spent at the Baxter Bulletin first as an employee and then as a partner in the business.

His ancestors were some of the founders of Baxter County, and he played an important role in the life of his times. He was a prominent leader in the community and in the Baptist Church.

His reminiscences provide some understanding of the life in this area during much of the 20th Century. I came into possession of his writing since he was married to Jessie Nelson, the sister of my wife, Imogene Nelson, and we visited them many times. He frequently talked about his experiences in growing up and living here.

In going through my files, I found this article and thought that it would of value to persons interested in Baxter County History. I edited the material to prepare it for publication. A family chart is provided to assist the reader in understanding the article.



A Brief History of the Paul Family and Early Day
Life In And Around Mountain Home, Arkansas

By Irl Paul March, 1965

Randolph Casey Paul was born in Bolivar, Hardeman County, Tennessee in 1851. He was the oldest of three sons born to Milas H. and Catherine Casey Paul. The other two sons born to them were Lee Paul and Tom H. Paul.

Milas H. Paul and Catherine Casey were married in Tennessee in 1849. Milas H. Paul was born in 1826 and died in Mountain Home in 1874. He was the first person buried in the Mountain Home Cemetery.

Milas H. Paul was in the Civil War under General Bedford Forrest. He was in the Battle of Shiloh. Little is known of his family, but I think they came to America from Ireland.

The Casey family came to America from Ireland about 1725. Grandfather Milas Paul was a mason; he also worked as a tailor and an artist.

Grandmother Paul was one of two daughters born to Colonel R. D. and Gilla Dean Casey. The other daughter was Mrs. Jane Hicks. Colonel Casey was born March 10, 1810 in Smith County, Tennessee, and was married in 1828 to Miss Gilla Dean when he was 18 years old. Their second daughter, Rebecca Jane, who married T. J. Hicks, who was the mother of Mrs. Z. M. Horton and Mrs. J. B. Simpson.

Colonel Casey organized the Tennessee militia in 1850. He had helped move the Cherokee Indians from Georgia to Oklahoma. He served in the Civil War and fought in the Battle of Pea Ridge which occurred in the western part of Arkansas.

Casey served in a number of political offices in Tennessee before moving here. He was elected to the Arkansas Legislature from Baxter County in 1874. He rode horseback from here to Little Rock to attend the sessions. He was a Mason, a Democrat, and a Baptist.

Colonel Casey came to Mountain home before the Civil war and owned a large farm about one mile south of town. The house where he lived was built in 1858. A part of it still stands near what is now the fairgrounds and is owned by Mart Green. A good part of it has fallen down. (Editors note. This house has been restored and is owned by Baxter County. It is known as the Casey House)

The first store and postoffice was located in a two room building in the Southeast corner of the yard. The postoffice was called Rapid Barnes. It was later changed to Mountain Home. Later Colonel Casey built a larger and I think the first store building on the square at the southwest corner where the Morgan Drugstore now stands.

Most freight in those days was hauled by boat. When the White River was low, it was hauled from Jacksonport, near where the City of Newport now stands. When the river was high, the boats came up to Norfork and went as far as Oakland, Arkansas.

The boats carried most of the merchandise used.. Sugar and salt came in large wooden barrels. Very few items were carried in the store then as compared to now. Most people raised their own food. Each farmer raised and cured his own meat. Lard was rendered out of the hog fat. Each farm or most of them had orchards and raised lots of fruit and vegetables. Potatoes, cabbage and turnips were buried or hilled and taken out through the winter as needed. There were few groceries in the store.

Coffee came in the greenbean form. It had to be placed in the oven, roasted, and then ground. Most items of hardware consisting of plow tools, axes, gunpowder, lead, and other items came by boat.

On their return trip down the river the boats were loaded with cotton. Most settlements had their own blacksmith shops. The old-time blacksmith was very skilled and could make many items used on the farm and repair most of the broken parts.

After the Frisco Railroad was built into West Plains, Missouri, freight was hauled from there; prior to that it was hauled from Springfield. Several wagons at a time would make the trip. It would take a week or more to go to Springfield and back. Produce consisting of wool, chickens and eggs were hauled to West Plains in wagons. The eggs were packed loose in hay or straw and very few were broken on the trip.

Most settlements had a grist mill where people carried their corn to be ground into meal. The one nearest Mountain Home was on Big Creek about a mile below the Big Creek bridge on the Shipps Ferry road. It was owned and operated by Elder Jones, a well-known Methodist preacher. Water power was used to run most of these mills. The one on Big Creek was washed out and never rebuilt. Elder Jones was related to the Lon and Ralph Jones families.

Milas H. Paul, his wife, three sons, Mr. and Mrs. T. I Hicks, their two daughters, Catherine and Lougilla, came to Mountain Home on March 4, 1868. They came down the Mississippi River to the Arkansas River and up the White River and landed at what is now known as Arkansa (Arkana?) about ten miles South of Mountain Home. They were accompanied by two former negro slaves, Alec Paul and Edith Hicks. Slaves went by the names of their owners. The negro woman died here and is buried about where the Mountain Home High School now stands. The man stayed a few years and then left.

Both families settled just south of Mountain Home on places given them by Grandfather Casey. The Paul family lived in a house that he built in 1858. A part of this house is still standing near the fairgrounds. The Hicks family were on a farm about a quarter of a mile south and east of the Paul farm.

At that time there was a two room building standing in the southeast corner of the Paul yard which was the first store and post office.. The town or post office was called Rapid Barnes.

Colonel O. L. Dodd, a large land owner here and in other parts of the country, lived here. He had a large colonial type home that stood at the rear of what is now the Kenneth Trammell home. I do not know when he and Grandmother Dodd came here but it was before the Civil War.

The home was built by negro slaves. I was told that it cost \$7,000 without the labor. I heard Mother tell about the slaves. Their cabins were on the north slope of the hill about where Robert Tipton's home now stands. (Ed. This is on U.S. 62 near Holiday Inn) The graveyard where the slaves were buried was located just south of the old mill house and west of the Mountain Home Cemetery.

The Dodd's beautiful home was burned by "Bush Whackers" during the War. This was a bunch of no gooders who were not for either side but run over part of the south robbing and destroying property. Grandfather was away from home at the time. They had two small children, my mother and a son, named Will. Grandmother Dodd with another lady, Mrs. Mooney and her children hid out in the woods for several days and nights. Mrs. Mooney was the mother of Dr. M. L. Mooney.

After the Dodd home was burned they endured many hardships. They did build a new home down in the bottom across the present road near a large spring. It was a beautiful place with many beautiful flowers and trees.

They built a springhouse just below the spring where Grandmother kept her milk and butter. The spring ran a large stream of water. After J. Baker bought the farm, his boys place a hogpen around the spring. The hogs wallowing in the spring seemed to seal it, and it has not run for many years.

Grandfather Dodd owned and operated a large plantation on the Arkansas river near where the town of Augusta is now. He would take his negro slaves from here down there during the farming season. They would often talk about their home up here and refer to it as their "Mountain Home." It was due to them and their reference to Mountain Home that the name was changed from Rapid Barnes.

Grandfather Dodd donated land for the grade school which is located just north of the Mountain Home Cemetery. The deed specifies that at any time the land ceases to be used for school purposes it reverts back to his heirs.

They were members of the Methodist Church and took an active part in the work.

Grandfather and Grandmother Dodd traveled extensively. They attended President Buchanan's inauguration, and for many years we had a dress that she wore for the occasion.

Randolph Casey Paul and Mary I. Mollie Dodd were married some time in the late 1880's. I do not know the exact date. Their wedding was at the Baptist Church by a Methodist minister. It was quite a social event. Father was a member of the band and played the cornet. The band played at the wedding. I think they played outside the church. There was a big reception and supper at the home of Mother's parents following the ceremony.

After they were married they moved into the two rooms that had been used for the store and postoffice. It was there that I was born. (Ed. This was at the present Casey House location.)

My Father's two brothers, Uncle Lee and Uncle Tom Paul, married. Uncle Lee went to West Plains, Missouri, and Uncle Tom Paul moved to Batesville and later to Rockdale, Texas. After they left, Mother and Father moved into the larger house with my Grandmother Paul, who made her home with them until her death. Father owned and operated the farm after his brothers left.

Grandmother Paul all but adopted me. I roomed with her while a little boy. She was a great reader and would spend hours at night reading aloud to me. I learned much about the Bible from a large book of Bible stories which she read to me many times.

She raised turkeys and geese. In the Spring of the year we spent much time walking through the woods hunting turkey nests.

Grandmother Paul dipped snuff. She had lost her teeth, and it was my duty to chew the brushes which she used to dip snuff. She liked the blackgum tree brushes best. To get them we often walked to the blackgum thicket which still stands south of our house. These trees have been the same size since I first remember seeing them. If my grandmother did not do as I want her to, I would sometimes hide her tooth brush. From all accounts, I was badly spoiled.

She was a big talker and well informed on many subjects. She had lots of determination. During the Civil War, the Federal troops had captured the town where they lived. One day she met one of the commanding officers. She told him that she would be glad when they got out of town. She said that she was unable to secure yarn to knit stockings for her boys. He said, "Mrs. Paul, I will write to my wife up north and have her send me some wool for you." In a few days a messenger arrived at her home with a well assorted bunch of yarn.

Grandmother Dodd was quiet and very reserved. She spent lots of time knitting and cooking. She knit stockings and mittens, also lots of lace. Many of the undergarments worn by ladies were trimmed with lace, and also pillow cases. She was a wonderful cook and housekeeper. I always looked forward with pleasure to going to their house. She always had so many good things to eat. Grandfather Dodd was a large man. He had retired when I knew him. He spent lots of time reading. He did not live too long after I was born, and I was not associated with him enough to know much about him.

Grandfather Dodd was born in Tennessee in 1813 and died in Mountain Home in 1898. Grandmother Mercy Hannan Dodd was born December 8, 1833. She died in Mountain Home in 1907. I do not know her birth place.

My father, Randolph Casey Paul, was born in Bolivar, Tennessee, in 1851 and died in Mountain Home in 1910.

Mother Mary Mollie I. Dodd Paul, I think, was born in Lancaster, Wisconsin, in 1858 and died in Mountain Home in 1907.

I had a wonderful and pleasant childhood. The Dodd Creek went through our farm. It flowed much more water then that it does now. There were many springs along the valleys that do not run any more. The creek had not filled up and there were many deep holes along the stream. We went fishing and swimming a lot in the spring and summer. Most children in those days went barefooted all summer long. Most of the fish that we caught were perch.

In those days most of us invented and made our own toys and play things. If we wanted a ball, we unraveled an old sock and wound it into a ball. Cut the sides out of old shoes and sewed a cover on it. We had bows and arrows and sling shots. We would take horseshoe nails, beat them out and make spears and fasten them on our arrows to kill fish.

In the winter we spent much time hunting rabbits with dogs and opossums at night. We would sell the rabbits at five cents each. Hides would bring around 20 or 25 cents each. Father had lots of cattle. When one would die he would us give the hide to skin. It was a nasty, dirty job, but we never minded it. They brought around \$2.00 or \$3.00. That was a lot of money in those days for a boy to make.

I think that the first days that I worked for wages I made 10 cents for chopping corn for a neighbor. As I grew older, father would let me take the team and freight to Cotter. Baker Brothers bought cotton. They paid \$1.00 a bale to have it hauled to Cotter and 15 cents per hundred for hauling freight back. Their store, the largest store in town, located where the Quality market now is on the N.W. corner of the square. I would haul four bales; we had a large team of mules. We had to double up the Dodd hill sometimes. We would get up around 3:00 or 3:30 a.m. to load our cotton. Some times it would be way after dark before we returned. We had to take the weather as it came. The roads were often bad and muddy. Some times we would stick up and have to be pulled out or helped by another team.

Father kept lots of cattle, good saddle horses, and mules. He brought the first registered cattle into the county that I ever knew of. Some people thought he paid an awful price for them, but it paid off. Everyone took pride in their saddle horses and saddles. I had a saddle made by Frazer in Pueblo, Colorado. I guess that it would cost \$150. or more now. We had a buggy for the family to ride in.

Most of our social life centered around the churches and schools. We went to Sunday School and church. There was always a Christmas tree at the church on Christmas Eve. There was a sack with candy, oranges, and nuts for all of the children. We always hung up our stockings on Christmas Eve.

There were not so many things to get in those days. We always got candy, oranges, nuts, a toy or two and some books. There were always parties, family dinners, and other places to go at Christmas, and every one had a good time.

Another event that was always looked forward to with a lot of pleasure was the annual two days picnic and old settlers reunion. This took place every year on the first Friday and Saturday in August. This was held in the grove where the grade school is back of the school building. People came in buggies, wagons, and horseback for miles. Many camped out for two or three nights. There were lemonade stands, circle swings, and public speaking. This was about the only time that many of us had ice cold drinks and ice cream in the summer. I don't know where the ice was brought from. The Hicks family south of us had an ice house, and they put up ice some times in the winter. They had a deep hole dug and would cut the ice out of creeks and ponds and store there covered with wheat straw. It was used mostly for the sick people in the community. Some times we would be invited down there to make ice cream. This was really a treat.

The circle swings at the picnic were quite a thing to look forward to. They had seats that would hold two people on them. They were usually filled with a boy and a girl. The fiddlers got to ride free. They played while the swings went around. You could ride so many rounds for five cents each. Most of the swings were operated by man power. There was a shaft or lever which ran through the part that held the seats, and men and boys pushed on them. You could push so many rounds and get a free ride. Some of us who would be short on money would push some times.

We had a large apple orchard and lots of apples. Cider making time was a big thing. The apples were gathered, washed and ground up in a mill. Then the juice was pressed out to make vinegar. It was good to drink, but contained no alcohol when fresh. After it fermented it was too sour to drink.

After crops were laid by in the summer, the big revival meetings started. Many of them were held in brush arbors, some in tents and others in church and school houses. The arbors were made by cutting brush with the leaves on and laying them over poles. This made a shade. The seats were often boards laid on sawed off wood blocks. There were lots of good preaching and singing. People went for miles in wagons, on horses, and many walked. Many professions of Christ were made at these meetings.

W. H. Douglass owned and operated a large general store. It stood where the Western Auto Store is now at the southwest corner of the square. (1987 Office of Human Services). We bought all of our supplies there. We had men who worked on the farm; some of them lived on the farm in a tenant house. These men usually worked by the month. They bought all of their meat, lard, flour, and meal from us at the house. When they wanted anything from the store, Father would give them an order to the store, and it was charge to him. We bought and charged all of our supplies from the same store. The account ran for about a year. In the Fall when he sold his cattle he would pay the bill. As I recall the total bill ran around \$150.00 for the year. Things were much cheaper then. I think overalls were about 50 cents a pair, shoes from \$1.50 to \$2.00 a pair, and everything else in proportion.

HUGHES JACKSON MURDERED
AT HIS HOME

Hughes Jackson, a 40 year old bachelor, was murdered on Sunday night, October 5, 1919, at about 8:30 as he started to enter his house. He was well known throughout the area, having lived his entire life in the Shady Grove Community. His small farm along Shipp's Ferry Road was about one-fourth mile west of the farm where he grew up, which was homesteaded in the 1870's by his father, Rev. Sampson Mogul Jackson and his wife, Susanna Elizabeth Savage Jackson. Rev. Jackson was a Methodist Minister who preached at the Fairview Methodist Church at Buford, among other churches.

Hughes was a quiet man who was well liked and highly respected in his community. As the news spread throughout the neighborhood about his death, the people were both shocked and grieved at the sad news of the loss of their good friend and neighbor. They also feared for their own safety, for the assailant could perhaps still be hiding within the community. Fear remained with many throughout the years, upon returning home after being away until after dark.

The day had begun as a beautiful autumn day. The atmosphere was one of peace and quiet throughout the area. The October weather was beginning to reflect itself in the colorful leaves and the late fall flowers which could be seen across the countryside. It being Sunday, some of the neighbors had attended church that day. Others visited friends, or just enjoyed a day of rest from their hard labour of harvesting crops in preparation for winter.

Hughes had gotten his horse and buggy early that morning, and had gone to the Salesville Community to visit Myrtle Ellis. They were planning to be married, although they had not yet set the date for their wedding. While in that Community, he also visited his brother, Alvin and wife Elizabeth, and also Alvin's children, Zelah and Guy. He returned home a little later than usual that evening, having been seen at dark as he passed the Rev. John Smith home. They could easily recognize him, for the moon was shining brightly.

Upon reaching his home a few minutes later, he turned his horse loose in the pasture, and then went in to eat supper with his brother Dee and wife, Lena. Their houses were about 250 yards apart, so they had Hughes eat all of his meals with them.

It was about 8:30 when he decided to go up to his house to retire for the night. As he was walking up the road, Lena noticed how white his shirt looked in the moonlight. She went about her chores in the kitchen, when she and Dee heard 2 gunshots in the direction of Hughes' house, and heard him holler. Dee got his gun, and they ran up there to see about him. They found him lying on his porch, bleeding badly from a gunshot wound to the chest. As Dee bent over his brother, he was breathing out his last breath.

Dee's dog put it's paws upon Hughes' body and raised it's head, howling mournfully. Dee hissed the dog, "go get him!" The dog ran out into the road and went westward from the house, barking profusely, as it went in and out of the rail fence corners. Dee got his mule nearby, and with his gun, rode out in the direction the dog had gone. By that time, the dog seemed to have lost the trail, and Dee did not see or hear anything. He then returned to the house.

He and Lena went for help, going eastward from the house. They stopped first at the front gate of Dee's brother, Pierce. They just hollered, telling them the bad news, and then continued on to the Wilder's home a short distance away. They also hollered from their front gate. Mr. Wilder, thinking it was some drunks, came out with a gun to see what was going on. Upon hearing the shocking news, Mrs. Wilder and her daughter went with Lena to walk back up to Hughes' house. Dee then went on to the Gregory's home a little farther down the road. Upon hearing the news, Mr. Gregory also started walking up to join the others at Hughes' house. Dee then went to Jack Thrasher's home east of Big Creek and from there, called the Sheriff, Bob Hurst and other friends and neighbors. He asked Jack Thrasher and Comer Vickrey to go tell Alvin what had happened. He then returned to Hughes' house.

By the time Dee arrived at his brother's home, Joe London had joined the others, after having been told by Kearney Jones about the shooting. Pierce had not yet arrived, and they began to worry about them for fear something was wrong down there. Someone went to see about them, finding that they did not awaken when Dee and Lena had come by. He arrived at his brother's home about two hours after the murder had happened. This late arrival caused the Sheriff to suspect that Pierce had murdered his own brother. Although the family and neighbors did not go along with this, for there had not been any trouble in the family, Pierce realized that he was being observed very closely during the days ahead. It was later proven that he was, indeed, hard to awaken.

At daybreak, Nathan Ware brought Alvin's family over from Salesville. Friends and other neighbors came as the sad news spread throughout the area.

An inquest was held, with the Coroner's Jury consisting of Dr. Jim Tipton, Joe London, Anderson Hamm, Comer Vickrey, D. C. Gregory, and perhaps others.

They found that the first bullet had grazed Hughes' ear, went through the brim of his hat, smashed a mirror on the wall beside the door, and lodged in a log by the door.

The second, and fatal bullet, entered his right chest area, and was later removed below the left armpit by Dr. Hipp of Buford. They noticed that the bullets were peculiar, in that they had been whittled down, and had bees wax on them.

Beef tallow was found strewn around on the kitchen floor, with finger prints in the jar of tallow setting on the kitchen cabinet. Hand prints were found on the door, and on the wall behind the door, with smudges of tallow about them.

A window had been pried down from the top, which appeared to be the place of entry into the house.

A fishing rod, with a wooden minnow, was found leaning against the porch. It appeared to have been left by someone, for Hughes did not hunt or fish, due to very poor eyesight.

The investigation was finished shortly after noon, at which time the body was taken to the home of Dee and Lena to be prepared for burial. Hughes was buried the following day in the Fairview Cemetery at Buford, beside his father and a brother who had pre-deceased him.

The Sheriff had sent for bloodhounds to be brought in. He spread the word for anyone having seen a stranger, or noticed any strange happenings in the area, to notify him.

Ben Love reported seeing a strange man on Saturday afternoon in the area of Dodd Creek and Shippo's Ferry Road. Ben was returning from his mail route at the time, and when he noticed that the man was fooling with a pistol in his pocket, Ben slowed his horse and buggy down so he could get a better look. He could not tell what kind of pistol it was, only that it was shiny. He thought the man acted strangely, and that he had never seen him before.

Dee and Lena also reported seeing a stranger in the same vicinity on Saturday afternoon, as they were returning from town. They had picked up their Sale Bills for their forthcoming sale of October 11th, at which time they planned to move to Oklahoma. As they approached the man, who was walking along the road at that time, Dee held out a sale bill to him. He just reached up and took it without looking up or speaking. They commented about how strangely he acted, as they continued on their way home.

Leslie Hopkins reported seeing a stranger over on North Fork River Northeast of Mountain Home on Friday. He was working in his field beside the road, when the man inquired of him the way to the nearest "railroad town". He directed him to Norfolk, and the man went on his way, leaving the impression he was going to Norfolk. On Saturday evening late, Mr. Hopkins and a friend were riding out south of town to visit Claude Roane, when they were approaching a man who was walking along the road. Before they reached him, he climbed over the fence and sat down on a stump. Mr. Hopkins recognized him as the one whom he had seen over on North Fork the previous day. They also thought he acted in a strange manner.

Others also reported seeing a man in the same area on Saturday, whom they had never seen before. He was also seen on Sunday, as he walked along Shipp's Ferry Road, going southward.

A merchant in Mountain Home reported that a man had purchased a small amount of bees wax from her on Saturday. She had never seen him before, and wondered what he wanted with such a small amount of the bees wax.

Russell Leonard, upon hearing that some fishing gear had been recovered at the Jackson home, went to the Sheriff's office to see if it was possibly some that disappeared from his home on Saturday evening, October 4th. He said that it was the fishing rod and minnow that belonged to his father.

Special Agent, J. L. Holt, had arrived to assist with the search. He and the Sheriff and his Deputies were working throughout the area for any clues to the murder, but had not come up with any further information. Area residents were on the look-out for a person who was possibly a suspect in the crime.

In the meantime, about a week after the shooting had taken place, the residents in a small community south of Calico Rock, and south of White River, had noticed seeing a strange man hanging around their community. He would sometimes be seen walking through their yards, or various places within the area. No one recognized him as anyone they had ever seen before. One man talked to the stranger about two hours one afternoon, but the man would not tell his name or what he was doing over there. He said that the man really did not make much sense in what he was saying.

Mr. Branscum came home, after having been away for a few days. His neighbors told him about the stranger, and that they had noticed him hanging around a vacant house on Mr. Branscum's property where he had lived before moving to his present dwelling. They also told him that the man had killed one of his pigs and roasted it over the fireplace, and had robbed his bees.

Mr. Branscum got his gun, and taking his horses with him, went to see if he could locate him. As he was approaching the vacant house, he noticed the man out from the house a little way. The stranger spoke, calling Mr. Branscum by his first name. Mr. Branscum asked him how he knew his name, when they had never seen each other before. He then ordered the stranger to get up on one of the horses, and to do as he was told, and he would not get hurt. He then got on the other horse, and started toward the Justice of Peace's house. As they were passing the porch of the vacant house, the stranger pointed where he had hidden his gun. Mr. Branscum got the pistol from the porch, and they continued on to the Justice of Peace.

They kept the man all night, asking questions and trying to find out who he was and what he was doing over there. He finally told them his name was Sam Williams, and that his father lived in Stone County, Missouri. He asked that they turn him loose, and promised to pay for the pig and the honey. After making him promise he would leave the area and not come back, they kept his pistol and let him go. As he walked away, they watched him as long as he could be seen.

It was about an hour and a half later that news came to the Justice of Peace that a Mr. Jackson had been killed in Baxter County. Thinking that the man they had let go was a probable suspect, they decided to track him down, but when they reached Sylamore Creek, they lost his trail and could not tell which way he had gone.

When they returned to the house, Mr. Green, the Justice of Peace, sent word to the Sheriff of Baxter County about the things that had happened over there. He also told him that he had the man's gun and some extra bullets, and that a pouch with other bullets and some wooden minnows had been found at the vacant house. Upon request by the Baxter County Sheriff, these items were sent to him to see if they had any bearing on the case.

When Mr. Holt learned the man's name and where his father lived, he left for Stone County, Missouri. He contacted the Officers of the Law up there and they assisted him in locating Mr. Williams. He found him trapping down on the James River, and posing as another trapper, made friends with him. In visiting with him, Williams mentioned having killed a man in Arkansas.

Sam Williams was arrested as a suspect in the murder of Hughes Jackson, and it was November 30th when Mr. Holt arrived back in Mountain Home and delivered him to the Sheriff, Bob Hurst. He was then placed in the Baxter County Jail.

A hearing was held in December, at which time it was decided to hold the trial over until the Spring Term of Circuit Court. It was also decided to take Mr. Williams to Little Rock to be held in the State Penitentiary until that time.

In March, 1920, the Circuit Court convened, and the trial of Sam Williams was held. During the trial, he admitted entering the home of Hughes Jackson to get something to eat, and had strewn tallow around on the floor to keep the cats quiet. He also admitted to entering the home of Russell Leonard to get something to eat on Saturday evening, and that he took the fishing gear from his home. He admitted to the killing of Hughes Jackson.

It was during the days of the trial, Mr. Williams made a desperate attempt to escape jail when the jail keeper came up to feed the prisoners. When he attempted to run past him, the Officer stopped him from his attempted escape.

After the trial was finished, the jury deliberated the findings in the case, and returned a verdict of "Murder in the First Degree." He was then sentenced to be electrocuted on May 14th, in the electric chair at Little Rock.

His attorney appealed for a lesser sentence. Just a few days before the date set for his execution, Governor Brough of the State of Arkansas commuted his sentence to Life Imprisonment.

The Physician at the State Penitentiary had made the recommendation upon finding Mr. Williams mentally incompetent. A Psychiatrist from the State Mental Hospital at Little Rock also made the same recommendation. It was learned that Mr. Williams had escaped the State Mental Hospital in Missouri after residing there from 1915 to 1917. After escaping, he had taken up the life of a "bum" and had just wandered around throughout the country.

- Stella Jackson

Information for this article was obtained from Court Records, Baxter Bulletin file, family members and neighbors.

The Trail of Tears Memorial

The Naational Park Service announced that it is planning to mark the Trail of Tears as a memorial, and according to newspaper reports the measure passed Congress.

According to the Arkansas Gazette, November 4, 1987, "The Trail of Tears, the routes Cherokee Indians walked westward in 1838 and 1839, would be designated a national historic trail.

Two major routes were proposed: one through Missouri and one through Arkansas following the Arkansas River. Another route through northern Arkansas would be studied. If the northern route is verified, it should go through Baxter County.

Evidence exists to indicate that Indians did come through this area in the 1830's. An American History by Rebecca Brooks Gruver includes a map showing the trail for the Cherokees coming to Missouri and dividing with one branch continuing across Missouri and another branch coming across northern Arkansas.

The History of Baxter County by Frances Shiras and the History of Baxter County Centennial Edition by Mary Ann Messick mention the Indians passing through this area.

A long article in the Arkansas Gazette, November 22, 1987, describes the Trail of Tears according to Arthur Long, who lives near Mammoth Springs. This version states that the trail came across this area.

I have written Senator Dale Bumpers and Representatives Bill Alexander and J. P. Hammerschmidt to ask for information about the measure which passed Congress and to state that the Baxter County Historical Society is interested in the project.

A longer article with more information is planned for later publication.

James L. Lowe

GENEALOGICAL INQUIRY

MANGRUM / YOUNG

James Isom Mangrum/Mangum had a grist mill in 1880's around Bennett. His first wife was Elvira or Elmira _____? (last name unknown), born 1849 in Arkansas. James had resided for a period of time in Poinsett Co., Arkansas. Whether he met and married her there, is unknown. Their 3 children, Dora, born 1867, Berry, born 1873 and Mary, born April 1879. Did Berry marry an Annie Johnson in 1896, and was he the Littleberry, listed as Coroner in Baxter County 1898-1900 as listed in Mary Ann Messick's book? If so, whatever happened to him? James Isom was my grandfather, born, 1841 in Tennessee. He married Almeda J. Young in May 1891, and my father was their oldest son, Benjamin. I would appreciate any information that anyone can give me on the foregoing family.

Mrs. J. G. Tufts
9318-13th Pl. SE
Everett, WA 98205

YOUNG

My great grandmother was Elizabeth A. White Young Mayfield, born Dec. 1842 in Tennessee. She married Robert Jason Young CA 1866/67, who died in 1880. Buried in Gassville Cemetery. They had supposedly 5 known children: Elmira L. born 1868, Sirena L. born 1869 (married a Chappel, and then a Wilcox). Almeda married J. I. Mangrum. George W. born 1872 married Maggie Evans. John Henry married Harriett Messick. On 1900 Census, Elizabeth was already married to a Rev. Charles Mayfield and stated that she had borne 10 children (6 living). By Mayfield, she had a Lilly and an Andrew. Does anyone know the names of the other children? Who did Elmira L. (born 1868) marry? Does anyone have any information on this family? Would love to correspond with any descendants.

Mrs. J. G. Tufts
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MOUNTIAN HOME CHAMBER of COMMERCE

Announcement of plans for celebration of Mountain Home Centennial

1888



1988

JUNE 16, 17, 18, 1988
"MOUNTAIN HOMECOMING"

"Mountain Homecoming" will be a revival of the olden days reunion picnic and carnival, Mountain Home used to have annually for many, many years. This will be an event both children and adults will very much enjoy. The Twin Lakes Vintage Antique Auto Club will have their cars on display. There will be a Rodeo complete with trimmings each evening. Old fashioned skills such as muzzleloading, ax throwing, wood chopping, as well as craft demonstrations from wood carvers, quilters, china painters, artists, and much, much more will be on hand. The Childrens Benefit Organization will be organizing childrens games and activities such as sack races, frog jumping contest, face painting and more. June 18th will be the day of the Mountain Homecoming Picnic, people are encouraged to bring all their relatives and a picnic lunch to enjoy while listening to musical entertainment. (Concessions will be available.) June 18th is also Dress Up Day, you will see lots of folks dressed in old fashioned clothing - join in the fun, come dressed up!

CELEBRATE THE CENTENNIAL WITH US!!

April 16, 1988 marks Mountain Home's official 100th Birthday. Although Mountain Home was an active town for years prior to the Civil War, it was not officially incorporated until April 16, 1888. Located next to the fairgrounds is Mtn. Home's oldest surviving house - the home of Col. Casey who played an important role in the development of Mtn. Home. During the Centennial Celebrations an antique and modern quilt display will be set up in his home.

We invite you to celebrate the Centennial with us during the year of 1988. Several of our area clubs and organizations will be sponsoring centennial events throughout the year. The Mountain Home Chamber of Commerce will be sponsoring three main events which we strongly encourage you to attend. These main events include:

APRIL 16, 1988

MOUNTAIN HOME BIRTHDAY PARTY

A Kickoff Parade beginning on Main Street will march down to the fairgrounds with everyone welcome to join in. The theme will be "100th Birthday Party". Then at the fairgrounds will be a Centennial Cake Decorating Contest. After the cakes are judged, they will all be cut up and shared with the audience. So plan to join us for free cake and soda. The Childrens' Centennial Art Contest entries will be on display for your viewing pleasure.

SEPTEMBER 14, 15, 16, 17, 1988
BAXTER COUNTY FAIR

Each year the Baxter County Fair offers fun and entertainment for all ages. During the 1988 Fair the Mtn. Home Chamber of Commerce will be working in conjunction with the Baxter County Fairboard by encouraging area clubs and organizations to display Centennial theme booths. Come view the reproductions of Authentic photos taken in Mtn. Home during the 1890's - 1930's time period. Come see items that will be buried in the "Time Capsule" that will be opened by future generations. Watch a recreation of an historic event at the Casey House by the Twin Lakes Playhouse. Ride the rides, play the games, and enjoy good country and gospel music.

We invite you to come to all of these events and others throughout 1988 and celebrate the centennial with us, we are sure you will have a wonderful time. Join us in "Preserving the Past - Pursuing the Future."



Rothville and the Big Picnic

It might be hard to find someone who could talk about Rothville today but in Baxter County, in 1914 and 1915, Rothville was a popular topic of conversation.

Rothville was located about seven miles up the railroad from Norfolk. The plan to build a railroad line from Rothville to Mountain Home caused all the interest. Excursion trains ran from Joplin, Batesville, Newport and other points. I remember one train from Batesville that was so crowded people were standing in the aisles in every coach.

One of the biggest publicity events was the Rothwell Picnic. I guess there were eight hundred to a thousand people there. They had swings, doll racks, shooting galleries and, of course, hamburgers, soda pop, lemonade and ice cream.

I enjoyed the ballgame between Norfolk and Mountain Home more than anything else. I was ten years old and too young to play but I remember the game well. Pat Hogan managed the Norfolk team and I believe Neil Eatman was the Mountain Home manager. I remember Pat Hogan asking Tom Stewart, earlier, what he could do and Tom said he was a pitcher and could throw a drop two foot and better. We kids nicknamed him "Two foot and Better" after that.

They held the evening train until the picnic was over. It was dark when we reached home in Norfolk.

This railroad extension, covering about eight miles, would have been a good thing, no doubt, but it was never built. The railroad company wanted the farmers to donate their land along the right of way. Understandably, the farmers and landowners did not see it that way and asked a good price. These owners probably expected to compromise but it did not work out. World War I was looming closer to us and may have complicated matters, too.

Our memories of that big day lasted longer than Rothville's hopes. We referred to the Rothville Picnic for years afterward when we talked about good times.

--H.H. "Dee" Raymond

BAXTER COUNTY HISTORY

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