

# The JOURNAL



*Boy Rangers Athletics*



*Fort Smith's  
Masonic Temple*



*Hangin' Times  
in Fort Smith*



*Growing Up at the  
Booneville Sanatorium*

*Vol. 30, No. 1, April 2006*



**MISSION:** The mission of the Fort Smith Historical Society, Inc., founded in 1977, is to publish The Journal of the Fort Smith Historical Society and through The Journal and other activities to locate, identify and collect historical data; to publish source materials and historical articles, all pertaining to the City of Fort Smith and the immediate surrounding area. Preservation of Fort Smith history is our primary mission and to this end, we always welcome the loan of Fort Smith historical material and will return promptly.

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Our website is updated regularly, and contains information on the Organization, Membership, Back issues: How to order, Tables of Contents of Back Issues, Contacts & Links, Archives, and a Gallery of Historic Images: Views of old Fort Smith.

See the Query page on our website for a bulletin board of current research questions. Readers may post their own research questions or topics in hopes of furthering their own research.

Webmaster: [benboulden@sbcglobal.net](mailto:benboulden@sbcglobal.net)

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We welcome the loan of Fort Smith historical material and will return promptly.

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# The JOURNAL

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COVER: Boy Rangers, 1935 – Wilmans 10-Mile Bicycle Race  
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# *News & Opportunities*

## **2006 Frontier Achievement Awards**

Each year for 25 years, the Secondary Social Studies Educators of Fort Smith have recognized individuals, businesses, or industries who have made an outstanding contribution to the historical development of our city and/or helped to preserve the heritage of Fort Smith.

The 25th Annual Frontier Achievement Awards will be presented on April 20 at the River Park Events Building.

A social with refreshments begins at 6:30 p.m. with the awards program at 7 p.m. The public is invited.

## **Fort Smith Historical Society Annual General Membership Meeting**

The meeting will follow the Frontier Achievement Award reception and ceremony which begins at 6:30 p.m. at the Riverfront Park Events Building. We will be helping with refreshments for the awards program. Officers and board members will be elected at this meeting. Please try to attend both functions.

## **Arkansas Historical Association Annual Conference**

The Arkansas Historical Association will have its annual conference in Mountain View on April 6-8, 2006. The **Journal** of the Fort Smith Historical Society is up for awards at the conference. We encourage all members of the Fort Smith Historical Society to become members of the Arkansas Historical Association and participate in this meeting. A membership bonus is receipt of the Arkansas Historical Quarterly, an outstanding Arkansas history publication. Membership forms are available if anyone wishes to join the Arkansas Historical Association. Contact Billy Higgins, (479) 788-7588.

Higgins, professor of history at the University of Arkansas-Fort Smith, received the J. G. Ragsdale Book Award from the Arkansas Historical Association for his book, **A Stranger and a Sojourner**. He received the award during the association annual awards banquet at DeGray State Park Lodge near Arkadelphia last fall.

## **Local campaign to place a U.S. Marshal Service Museum in Fort Smith continues**

Armed with the knowledge that the U.S. Marshals Service is in need of a location for a proposed U.S. Marshals Service Museum, a group of local history- and tourism-supportive citizens and officials formed a steering committee to attract the museum to Fort Smith.

The group has already made several significant efforts to demonstrate that Fort Smith would be the best location in the U.S. for such a museum.

In 2004, the committee held a U.S. Marshal "Descendants Day" at the Fort Smith Historic Site which the Marshal Service historian, David Turk, attended. Hundreds of descendants of deputy marshals, court officials and even some of the criminals tried in the Federal Court of the Western District of Arkansas attended to record oral histories and share family histories and artifacts.

After the Marshals Service named a site selection committee, the local steering committee produced an informative DVD to distribute to site selection committee members. The impressive half-hour video, introduced by Gov. Mike Huckabee, was written, filmed and produced in Fort Smith by steering committee volunteers. It has been recognized by the Fort Smith Ad Club with an "Addy" award for excellence.

In November, 2005, the area's Congressional delegation arranged another visit by Turk and the assistant director of the Marshals Service, Michael Pearson. Their four-day stay included visits to many if not most of the area's historical and cultural attractions and meetings with local government, educators and historians.

The Marshals Museum steering committee has invited the eight members of the official search committee to attend the Fort Smith Heritage Days Festival and Oak Cemetery's Tales of the Crypt in May.

Every local history-related organization, including our Historical Society, continues to cooperate in the effort to bring the museum here where U.S. Marshals were integral to history.



## Tales of the Crypt and Heritage Days to be held Memorial Day Weekend

The award-winning Tales of the Crypt tour will be held Memorial Day, Monday, May 29 at Oak Cemetery, 1401 South Greenwood. The historical and educational guided tour features actors portraying people buried at Oak Cemetery. The program is free.

Tales of the Crypt will be presented between 3 to 5:30 p.m. Groups of about 20 people are conducted through the tour about every 15 minutes.

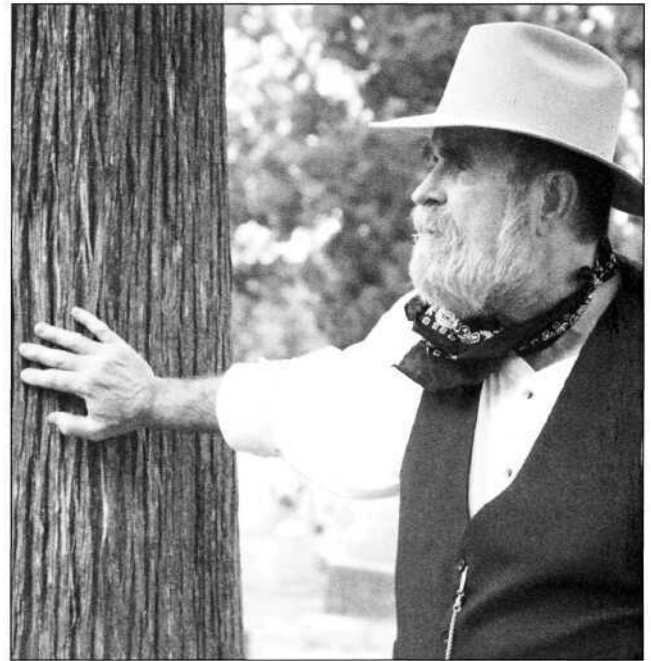
Since this is a walking tour visitors are urged to wear cool clothing and comfortable shoes.

The historical figures portrayed this year are Rutherford Ross, William Ben Cravens, William Simpson, Bunyan L. Wright, Charles Tolson, Samuel Levi Spencer, Charles S. Lefever, Charles Samuel "Sam" Bollinger, C. C. Ayers, Owen D. Hill and Frank Parke.

The co-directors of this ninth annual Tales of the Crypt are Phanita Williams and Ron Watson. Phanita Williams is retired after thirty years of working with children in need for Sebastian County. She has volunteered for many years for

Bost, Inc., Fort Smith Little Theatre, SCAN and as a mentor at Trusty Elementary.

Ron Watson, a long time resident of Fort Smith, is an independent furniture designer for local and foreign companies. He also has volunteered at the Fort Smith Little Theatre for over 40 years as set designer, builder and actor. Watson has restored one of the oldest homes in Fort Smith.



Leander Dixon, d. 1888, an outlaw who died in jail, portrayed by John Ayers at 2005's "Tales." Photo by Bradley Martin

### Fort Smith Heritage Days Festival

Belle Grove Historic District

The Fort Smith Heritage Foundation (Clayton House) will sponsor the second annual "Fort Smith Heritage Days Festival" May 26, 27 and 28 in the Belle Grove Historic District. The festival will feature tours of over 30 historic homes, businesses and churches, as well as many other activities and programs.

The festival's kick-off event is Friday, May 26 with a fund raising event, "Murder & Mayhem" dinner tours in cooperation with the Fort Smith Museum of History, Bailey's Bakery and Eatery, and The Park at West End. Tickets will include a Murder & Mayhem tour on the trolley bus along with either a gourmet dinner at Bailey's or burgers and hot dogs at the new downtown park.

Saturday and Sunday will feature numerous events throughout the Belle Grove Historic District. Many homes and businesses will be open for tours. Several streets in the district will be closed to vehicle traffic and will be filled with wandering musicians, re-enactors in period dress, information booths, food, and other

vendors. The Scottish Club will be presenting Scottish games demonstrations and a performance by the Ozark Highlanders band. The newly restored trolley car from the Trolley Museum will be on display, as well as art from local and regional artists.

AETN, Arkansas State Parks, Fort Smith Trolley Museum, Fort Smith Art Center, and many other local groups will be on hand conducting programs and distributing information.

Registration for information and vendor booths will be accepted through May 10. Tickets for the home tours and fund-raising event are available through the Clayton House prior to and during the festival.

For more information, contact the Clayton House at 783-3000, or Justin Huss at 420-1821. Look for more information in the May issue of Entertainment Fort Smith magazine.



Best in Show: Donna Morgan, Fort Smith – The Reynolds memorial at Oak Cemetery

## Winners of the Fort Smith Historical Society and Bedford Camera & Video “Save Outdoor Sculpture!” Photography Contest

The Fort Smith Historical Society is pleased to announce the winners of the Save Outdoor Sculpture SOS! Photography Contest, which ended Jan. 31, 2006. Co-sponsored by Bedford Camera and Video, Inc., the contest was designed to promote Fort Smith's outdoor sculpture; exhibit the photographs in various locations; and to recognize the photographers.

### ADULT DIVISION

**BEST IN SHOW:** Donna Morgan of Fort Smith  
Prize: \$75 and 3-year subscription  
Reynolds Memorial, Oak Cemetery

**1st RUNNER UP:** Linda Bedwell of Van Buren  
Prize: \$50 and 2-year subscription  
Stiles Memorial, Forest Park Cemetery

**2nd RUNNER UP:** Sandi Teague of Greenwood, Ark.  
\$25 and 1 year subscription  
Sphinx, Masonic Temple

**1st HONORABLE MENTION:** Linda Bedwell  
Certificate of Recognition  
Three in One, Univ. of Ark., Fort Smith

**2nd HONORABLE MENTION:** Sandi Teague  
Certificate of Recognition  
Spirit of the American Doughboy, American Legion Post #31

### YOUTH DIVISION

**BEST IN SHOW:** Corey Barger, 11, of Van Buren  
\$25 & 3-year subscription  
Sphinx, Masonic Temple

**1st RUNNER UP:** Maxwell Bedwell, 11, of Van Buren  
\$15 & 2-year subscription  
Reynolds Memorial, Oak Cemetery

The Society and Bedford's also congratulate all who entered the contest. See more photographs at our website, [www.fortsmithhistory.com](http://www.fortsmithhistory.com).

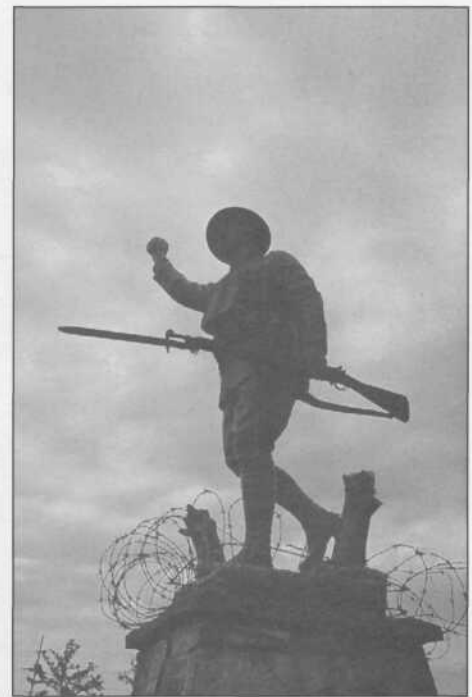


2nd runner up:  
Sandi Teague, Greenwood, Arkansas  
Sphinx at the Masonic Temple



1st runner up, Linda Bedwell,  
Van Buren, Stiles Memorial,  
Forest Park Cemetery

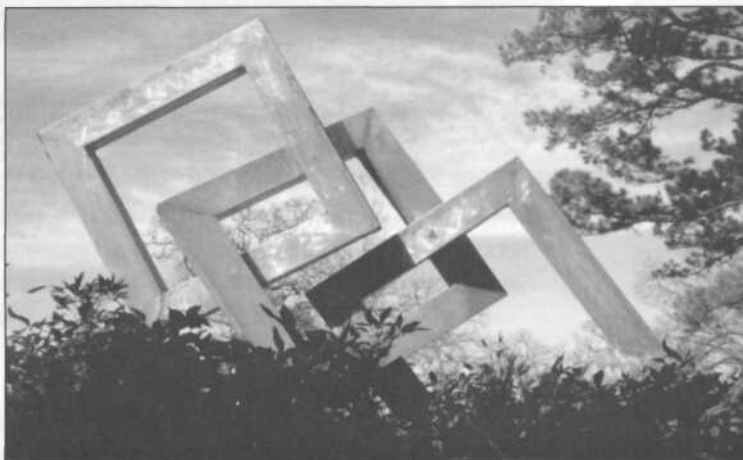
Youth Division BEST IN SHOW:  
Corey Barger, 11, of Van Buren  
Sphinx, Masonic Temple



2nd Honorable mention:  
Sandi Teague, Van Buren  
Spirit of the American Doughboy  
American Legion Post #31



Youth Division, 1st runner up:  
Maxwell Bedwell, 11, of Van Buren  
Reynolds Memorial, Oak Cemetery



1st Honorable Mention; Linda Bedwell, Van Buren  
"Three in One"  
University of Arkansas- Fort Smith

The seven winning photographs have been framed and presented to the Fort Smith Public Library, where they are now on display in the genealogy department at the main library, 3201 Rogers Avenue.



## In Memoriam: Jack W. Arnold, 1934-2005



John "Jack" Wiseman Arnold, 71, of Fort Smith, a past president of the Fort Smith Historical Society, passed away Aug. 30, 2005, at his home. He was born Jan. 16, 1934 in Kansas City, Mo., and reared in Fort Smith. He was preceded in death by his parents, Clarence "Tex" Singleton and Eufalia Love Arnold.

Jack graduated from the University of Arkansas at Little Rock in 1965, and held many offices as a member of the Chamber of Commerce while living in North Little Rock.

Jack served as past department commander of the American Legion Department of Arkansas (2001-2002) and commander of the American Legion Post No. 31 of Fort Smith (1999-2001) of which he was a life member.

He served as the Department of Americanism chairman of the American Legion Baseball, Boys State chairman, and volunteered at the Fort Smith Veterans Administration since its opening in September 2000.

Jack was appointed by Gov. Mike Huckabee to the Arkansas Athletic Commission in 1999 and served as its 2001-2003 chairman.

He was a board member of the Fort Smith National Expansion commission, a member of the

Arkansas Veterans Coalition, a member of the Sebastian County Veterans Coalition, and a member of the Avenue of Flags committee, Fort Smith National Cemetery.

On July 15, 2005, at the 87th State Convention the American Legion Department of Arkansas presented Jack with the Americanism Award and elected him as Arkansas Alternate Executive Committeeman.

Jack received one of Fort Smith's highest awards, The Spirit of the Frontier, on Dec. 20, 2001, and the Mayor's Award for Patriotism on July 3, 2001. Fort Smith Mayor Ray Baker proclaimed Aug. 12, 2002, as Jack W. Arnold Day in the city, and named him Father of the Year on July 1, 2004.

### **Service to Fort Smith Historical Society**

Jack served as president of the Fort Smith Historical Society (2003-2004.) In his last meeting with his fellow members of the Society in April, 2005, Jack, who was aware of his terminal illness, spoke very sincerely and personally of his dedication to the Society's mission and of his friendship with so many of us. It was a splendid, touching farewell that will never be forgotten by those present. Jack's innate dignity was as powerful as was his personal warmth. He received not only a standing ovation, but the affection and heartfelt appreciation of our all our members.

Jack also served as president-elect of the Heritage Foundation of Fort Smith in 2002.

He was past president of the Fort Smith Morning Exchange Club, a member of the Fort Smith Boys and Girls Club Alumni Association, and a member of the Leadership Fort Smith class of 2003.

Jack was chairman-elect 2005-2006 of Crimestoppers of Fort Smith. Even though his illness left him unable to fulfill this obligation, his fellow members presented him with a plaque in recognition of and appreciation for his years as a member.

Jack retired after spending many years in building materials and furniture sales, and was a member of St. John's Episcopal Church.

He is survived by his wife, Patty, (Patricia Ann Berg), of 46 years; two daughters, Lisa S. Thornton and Lori V. Burrows; a son, Stewart M. Arnold; six grandchildren; and one great-grandson, all of Fort Smith.



IN LOVING MEMORY

## Elizabeth "Dibby" Reutzel



Elizabeth Ann "Dibby" Reutzel, 92, of Fort Smith died Dec. 2, 2005 in Fort Smith. Dibby was a joy to live with. She was a beautiful person in every respect. She was a longtime member of the First United Methodist Church. In her younger years, she was very active in the church's youth organizations and activities.

Later, she taught Sunday School and served as a youth counselor in the Senior High Sunday School Department.

Before becoming incapacitated, she was an active member of the Women's Society, the Evangelism Committee and the Archives Committee. She was a charter member of PEO Chapter AD and served the chapter as president for two terms.

"Dibby" was a member and past president of the Fort Smith Historical Society. She was employed as a secretary at the Bell & Magruder Accounting Firm.

She graduated from Fort Smith Senior High School with high honors, being named class Valedictorian and continued her education at Fort Smith Junior College and Hendrix College.

She is survived by her husband of 69 years, Charles Reutzel; a son, David Reutzel of Mandeville, La.; daughter, Anne Lynch and her husband, Joseph of Somerset, Ky.; four grandchildren, Allison Pruitt and husband, Scott of Bowling Green, Ky., Vicki Dishman and husband, Stuart; Dr. Scott Lynch and wife Mandy of Somerset, Ky.; and Patrick Lynch of Daytona Beach, Fl.; five great-grandchildren; and one sister, Margaret Bennett of Huntsville, Alabama.

She was preceded in death by her parents, Ernest and Elizabeth Peninger and two sisters, Evelyn Holt and Alice Orr.

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In Honor of Elizabeth Reutzel  
David Dunagin and Rena Westbrook

In Honor of Jack Arnold  
Floyd and Carole Barger

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Jim Sanders

## Chancellor Joel Stubblefield Left His Mark on History

Joel Richard Stubblefield, chancellor of the University of Arkansas – Fort Smith, died Oct. 19, 2005. Stubblefield, 67, served in the top position at the University of Arkansas at Fort Smith for 22 years, impacting the university in a multitude of ways and forever changing the face of the institution for the communities it serves.

Stubblefield came to Westark Community College in 1980 as dean of business affairs and was promoted to vice president for finance and administration in 1982. The Westark Board of Trustees named him interim president in April 1983 and president in September 1983. Stubblefield was named by the Board of Trustees of the University of Arkansas System as the first Chancellor of UA–Fort Smith, effective Jan. 1, 2002, the date of the merger of Westark into the University of Arkansas System.

Known as a dynamic leader in legislative efforts, Stubblefield led many successful legislative efforts on behalf of the university and the citizens of this area. He accomplished numerous expansions for the university, but one that will likely be judged as having the greatest impact for good upon Western Arkansas' future is the conversion of the two-year Westark College into the four-year University of Arkansas - Fort Smith. This historical breakthrough, requested for years by the citizens of the area, continues to pay big benefits for Sebastian County and Western Arkansas and will for generations to come.

Stubblefield was born in Fort Smith on June 9, 1938, to Raymond and Elizabeth Stubblefield. He graduated from Fort Smith High School in 1955 at the age of 16. He obtained a bachelor's degree in business from Ouachita University and a master's degree in business administration from Syracuse University, New York.

He graduated from the Army Command and General Staff College, the Infantry Officers School, and several other army leadership and technical schools as well as the Presidents' Academy. His army career included tours of duty in seven states in the continental United States and overseas duty in Hawaii, Thailand, Laos,



**Joel Richard Stubblefield**  
**1938 - 2005**

Vietnam, Germany, and an exchange tour with the British Army. His decorations include two Bronze Stars, the Vietnam Service Medal with Five Campaign Stars, the Legion of Merit and several other meritorious service and commendation medals. His unit was awarded the Republic of Vietnam Cross of Gallantry.

He was awarded the doctorate in higher education by the University of Arkansas at Little Rock in March 1999 and was awarded an honorary doctorate in education by the University of the Ozarks in 1985.

Stubblefield is survived by his children, Joel Scott Stubblefield and wife, Stephanie, and Shannon Stubblefield Harris; his grandchildren, Haley Ransom and Locke Stubblefield; dear friend, Donnie Pendergraft; three sisters, Ramona Tugwell and her husband, Dr. N.P. Tugwell, Marilyn Patterson, and Beverly Loos, all of Fayetteville; and one brother, Michael Stubblefield and his wife, Linda, of Exeter, Calif. He was preceded in death by his wife of 40 years, Barbara Chandler Stubblefield and his parents, L. Raymond and Elizabeth Stearns Stubblefield.

## BOOK REVIEW

### **Science and Technology in Nineteenth-Century America**

by Todd Timmons

*Westport, Connecticut: Greenwood Press, 2005.*

Review by Billy Higgins, Associate Professor  
of History and Geography

University of Arkansas – Fort Smith

Todd Timmons, Associate Professor of Mathematics at University of Arkansas – Fort Smith, brings his twin academic interests, history and science, together in a finely tuned study of the operation of science and technology in shaping the every day life of nineteenth-century Americans. In organizing his work, Timmons is guided by his premise that a steady flow of inventions and innovations transformed America from a hand-manufacturing, slow-traveling, subsistence-farming society into a industrial-consumer nation, replete with brand names and energy saving conveniences, within the relatively short time period of one hundred years or, that is, within a long life span. It is a meritorious theory and one to which the author brings substantial evidence in a well written narrative that is derived from his firm command of secondary sources on the subject. His bibliography runs to eight pages, his book is indexed, and he has included a useful time line of nineteenth-century advances. Illustrations throughout the book supplement the text.

Transportation and communication inventions speeded up the conquest of the huge land space of the United States. That great decimator of travel time, the railroad, comes quickly to mind, of course. The author points out that the railroad was often extended into "vast unsettled areas before populations arrived" implying that here technology shaped Manifest Destiny. Railroads and their insatiable need for wood lightened up the forest floor of the eastern woodlands – the deforestation impact. To facilitate long routes and crossing of the nation's many waterways, bridge design advanced in the nineteenth-century, and that engineering begat more and more steel-based designs and construction. Could skyscrapers be far behind the Brooklyn Bridge? The railroad corporations were the first national-scale employer of salaried workers who reported to managers. Railroads required time zones for effective scheduling. Thus, needs of the railroads for standardization brought fundamental

changes to daily patterns of life.

The iron horse was but the harbinger of fantastic change. The technology of steel construction and the exploding number of factories to produce the steel for machinery and construction resulted in creation of an urban work force and then to the inevitable reordering of status and life goals among ordinary Americans, social developments covered in the chapter entitled, "It's Off To Work We Go." The end-of-the-century triumph of steel was best represented by the massive Ferris Wheel that attracted one and a half million patrons, at 50¢ each, during the Chicago World's Fair of 1893.

While discussing transportation (thoroughly because after all we Americans are a mobile people) Timmons details the history of bicycles and the advent of motor cars (yes, before there were Fords, there were Studebakers!) But the automobile came along a bit too late in the nineteenth century to have much effect on everyday life then. The car culture would be saved for the 20th- and 21st centuries.

Farm and home routines of Americans were constantly altered by hundreds of new inventions from steel plows and combines to sewing machines and light bulbs. Commercial names like Kodak, Singer, Nabisco, and Coney Island were as oft uttered in 1880-1900 households as political concept names like Independence Hall, Sons of Liberty, Pontiac, and Poor Richard's Almanac were in 1780-1800 ones.

Such insights abound in Timmons' rich narrative which is divided into nine chapters all relating fascinating case histories of inventors and inventions. Along the way, the author corrects a few popular misconceptions. For instance, you can learn what the actual name of Fulton's first steamboat was (not Clemont?), who designed the first pistol with a revolving cylinder (not Samuel Colt?), and who developed alternating current electricity for home use (not Edison?).

Students who have taken the American West course at UA – Fort Smith are familiar with the "Daily Life Through History Series," and Science and Technology is a wonderful addition to the other thirty-five titles on the Series list of books. On a personal note, it is most gratifying to see Arkansas events and people, frequently omitted, woven into a comprehensive social history of the United States, especially when the addition to the scholarship comes from the hand of an esteemed colleague and appears in a renowned series of publications.



# the *Voices* of World War II

*The Fort Smith Historical Society  
is recording and videotaping  
the voices of World War II  
before they are lost.*

World War II, the "Great War," ended in 1945, over 60 years ago, but we are still trying to describe and understand it. The World War II generation is fast dying off, and their stories are dying with them, but as they move into their 80s and 90s, many of the remaining veterans are ready to tell their stories, which can serve as valuable lessons for today's generation. The Fort Smith Historical Society is in the process of taping audio and video recordings of these wartime experiences, as told to an interviewer in the veteran's home or at our office. Several volunteers are available to work with each veteran, taping his or her story and copying material for our files.

The Fort Smith Historical Society, established in April 1977, was formed to preserve Fort Smith history, both in written and spoken word. The oral history program started immediately with the first issue of Volume I in September of 1977, by printing the transcription of an interview with Miss Agnes Oglesby.

As Missy Cole Carroll stated at the end of that interview, "Facts are interesting but we are also trying to capture attitudes, feelings, or mood about incidents that happened not only in the past, but in the present."

We are interested in the spoken history of American war veterans of all branches of the service: the Air Corp, Army, Coast Guard, Marine Corps, Navy, Merchant Marine, and Seabees, with an emphasis on World War II. We would also like to document the contributions of civilians such as Red Cross, war industry workers and medical volunteers who supported these troops.

Related documents such as photographs and manuscripts, as well as written memoirs, diaries, collections of letters, photographs, or maps are welcomed. These will be copied and returned immediately. We do not collect or accept objects such as medals, uniforms, or other memorabilia.

This collection of the spoken word, the oral history of a generation of American war veterans, will be archived by the Society in files at the Fort Smith Public Library, to



*Billy Raymond Orme (above) made this photo before he went overseas to give to his sweetheart, now his wife Barbara. Orme landed on Omaha Beach on D-Day and marched across France, Belgium and Germany fighting every step of the way.*

serve as a record of American veterans' wartime experiences for future generations. We might use a story for publication in our Journal, for presentation on the Society's website, and other scholarly and educational purposes. These files are not open to the public but may be made available to qualified scholars, researchers, or family members. Each veteran may be able to obtain a copy of the interview.

To prepare for this project several of us met with Billy Higgins, a history professor at UAFS, for advice on conducting interviews, and the process of documentation necessary to produce an oral history of archival quality.

On February 2, we participated in a workshop offered by Gabe Gentry, a videographer with AETN. Gentry conceived and produced a 20-hour DVD box set of collected memories of 40 Arkansas veterans of World War II.

In the 2-hour workshop he explained the techniques of conducting an interview, the do's and don'ts, with colorful



stories of his many interview experiences. Gentry also demonstrated how to best set up the camera, lights, and background for high-quality results.

After the short training session, Society volunteers began to schedule appointments and videotape interviews.

Gentry will be back in Fort Smith on Saturday, May 27, to conduct a program at the Clayton House during the Fort Smith Heritage Days Festival, May 27 and 28 in the Belle Grove Historic District.

The Historical Society is planning a reception for World War II veterans sometime later this spring, and have had assistance with this from the American Legion Post 31. As plans progress we will be sending out a mailing with details about the event.

### **Project is a significant commitment of resources**

The interviews are underway now, with 20 individual veterans' stories already recorded and another 20 scheduled in the next six weeks. We hope to have at least 100 vets interviewed by the end of the year.

Several more volunteers are ready to go to work and we plan to have teams working on each interviews. More volunteers are encouraged to participate. A short training session is required to prepare interviewers.

An interview is usually one hour in length, with a few minutes necessary to complete paperwork. One interview a day is about all our volunteers can handle now, as interview, preparation time plus travel time can consume most of a morning or afternoon.

This project requires expenditures, with the cost of video and audio tapes ongoing – at least \$15 to \$20 per interview depending on the length. The Society elected to purchase a high definition video camera, capable of recording at broadcast quality.

### **Elvin Frick**

*U.S. Navy*

*On board ship, c. 1943*

*"I went in the Navy in 1942, at age 16; of course the Navy thought I was 17. I went in right after they raised the pay from \$21 a month to \$50 a month. Then I went to Seaman 2nd Class with a pay raise to \$54 a month. I never saw so much money in my life! And I was still only 16 years old."*

The further digitizing, editing and production of completed DVDs of the interviews will require more investment in computer equipment, soon. We also need an large format flatbed scanner and a copy machine to record printed materials. The Society is seeking additional sponsorship for oral history recordings, which will also include the recording of other personal histories not related to World War II

The project would benefit greatly from a simple "studio" where interviews can be conducted. To date, the World War II interviews have been taped in the veterans' homes. The Fort Smith Museum of History has offered the Society a space on its second floor, but this is going to require some carpentry and electrical work to bring outlets for the lights and camera into the small space. Donations of time, skill and materials are needed to make the studio usable.

Volunteer transcriptionists would aid the project greatly.

Financial assistance is always welcome and donations may be sent to the address below.

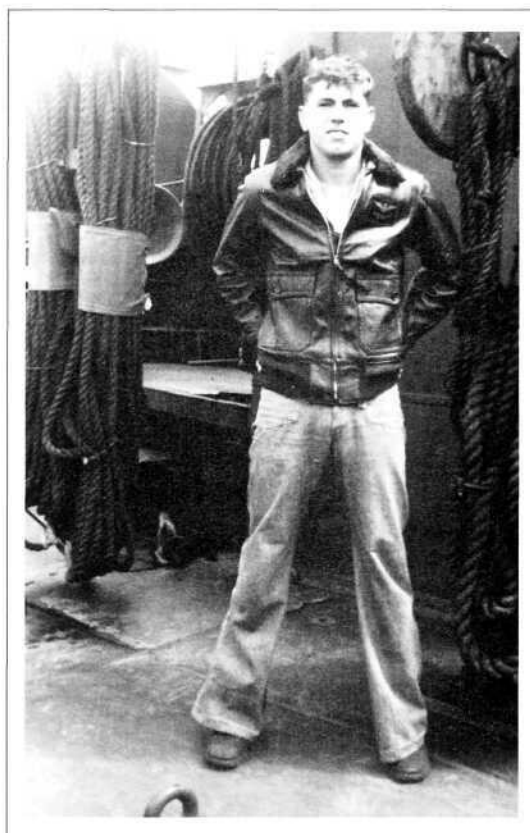
Fort Smith Historical Society

P.O. Box 3676

Fort Smith, AR 72913-3676

Please note on the check that the donation is for WWII Vets History Project.

We encourage volunteers and area vets who are interested in participating to call 479-410-7323, or 479-646-9140. More information about the WWII project is available at [www.fortsmithhistory.com](http://www.fortsmithhistory.com).



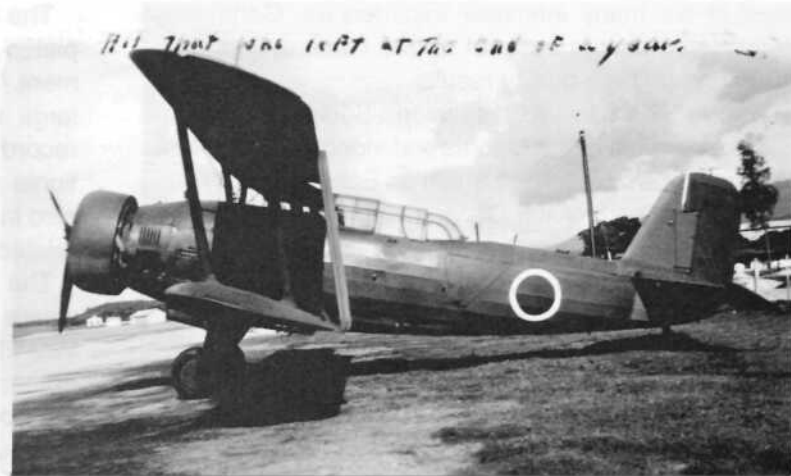
### Each war experience was unique

In recording the wartime memories of each subject, the interviewers have noted that no two subjects' experiences have been even remotely the same. To date, interviews have been recorded with a married couple who met and married in service – Dr. Ted Skokos, a dentist for the military, and his wife Betty Skokos, who worked as a top-secret code-breaker.

In the South Pacific aboard a minesweeper Gerald Sloan patrolled in the South China Sea; and Bill Arnold, a SeaBee, constructed a runway of coral at Guadalcanal. Charles Alley was aboard three Naval destroyers in the Pacific, keeping stores.

Wayne Treadway, shot down in a B-17 over Berlin, was a prisoner of war in Germany who shared an unforgettable memory of his liberation by American troops.

Several interviews are pending, awaiting a moment when the veteran feels well enough to participate, underscoring the necessity to record these interviews as quickly as possible, before the voices of World War II are lost to us forever.



### Ed Milton

Army Air Corp, 1941

*Milton went into the Army Air Corp in 1941 at age 20, after having spent two years in a CCC camp near Cass, Ark.*

*Assigned to train pilots in Haiti with eight aircraft so old that they had to be cranked, he kept this photo with the notation "All that was left at the end of a year."*



### Laurel Roberts Kidd

U.S. Marine Corps

*Laurel Roberts Kidd's older brother, Myron Roberts, was in the First Marine Division who hit the beaches on Guadalcanal in August 1942. After surviving nine miserable weeks of continuous combat, Corporal Roberts was killed in action. Both Laurel and her father, a 42 year-old World War I veteran, joined the Marines to continue the fight that had taken their brother and son. Private Laurel Roberts was assigned to the Marine Corps Special Services where she helped publish the newsletter at Camp Lejeune, North Carolina. This photo went around the world in service publications at the time.*

*On the back of the photo:*

*"Ain't War Hell?"*

*Combat fatigue was never like this. Presenting the seamless side of the militant pattern is Marine Private Laurel J. Roberts, who looks like this during Liberty hours, but is a hardworking marine at Camp Lejeune, the great training center in North Carolina."*

*Laurel said in her recorded interview that she only owned the hat and shoes. When the photographer asked her to pose, all the girls in her barracks got together pieces of their uniforms to make one complete dress uniform for her.*

# A Young Doctor in World War II: Dr. Art Martin

## September 1939

Hitler invaded Poland. Amelia and I were visiting her family in Harrison. I was in the second year of Medical school. We all felt that the US would be drawn into the conflict and I realized that this would involve me.

The draft was instituted and to protect the medical students, we were given a temporary MAC commission as second lieutenant. We never drilled or met. On the day of our graduation – June 9, 1942 – I received my 1st lieutenant commission. In one year on completion of my internship at Baptist Hospital in Little Rock, I was to report for active duty.

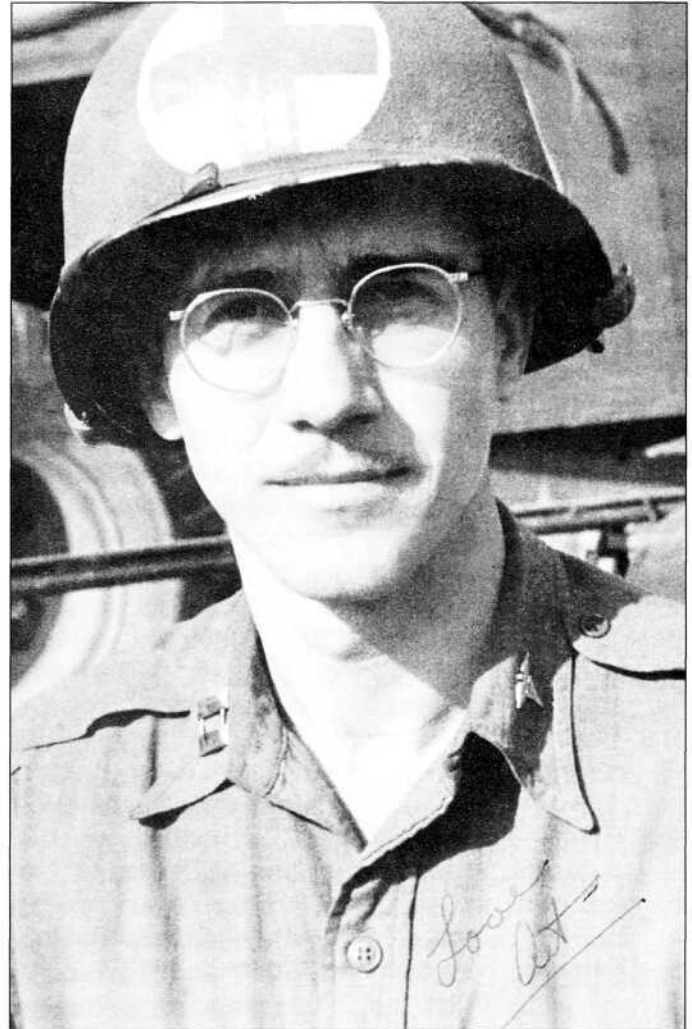
## From boot camp to a medical ward

I reported first to Medical Field Service school at Carlisle Barracks in Carlisle, Pa. This was a "boot" camp for new medical personnel. We were taught how to march, salute, wear the uniform properly and how to be an "officer and gentleman." We marched to class, to lunch and anywhere we were required to go. They gave us a short course in military history and operation.

All this included courses in map reading, 5-mile hikes, gas mask instruction and arms familiarization. We were given instruction on the care of all the weapons that the army had at that time. We learned to take them apart and put them together again. The purpose was to know how to make a firearm safe if a solder carried one into your aid station. We fired all the hand guns but did not have to qualify. In the South Pacific theater, medical personnel carried guns because the Japanese did not recognize the Geneva Convention that allowed medical personnel to wear red cross on their helmets.

After six weeks at Carlisle, I was sent to Kerns Army Air Force Base in Salt Lake. Amelia couldn't go with me to Carlisle but I was able to stop by home on the way to Salt Lake.

All travel was by train. From Fort Smith, I traveled by MOP railroad to somewhere in Kansas to catch the Colorado Eagle, one of the first streamlined diesel trains. It was so crowded that I sat on my suitcase all the way to



**Dr. Art Martin, 1945**

Pueblo, Col. A woman with a baby sat on her suitcase ahead of me and another behind. I had a seat from Pueblo to Denver. Denver to Salt Lake was on the Denver Rio Grand Railroad through the Moffett tunnel.

The airbase in Salt Lake was an air corps induction center. I was assigned to a medical ward where I was responsible for the care of 40 patients. The hospital was a field-type hospital with each ward being a separate wooden building connected by halls –long halls– to walk when you were on night Medical Officer Of the Day. We were fortunate in that the chiefs of service had been medical school instructors and they organized a residency training program for all of us who had just gotten out of medical school. Several of my med school class had gone to Carlisle and several were transferred to Salt Lake.



March I was sent to Randolph Field in San Antonio to the flight surgeons school. Graduates were sent to be flight surgeons for air wings all over the world. The school was excellent training. Again all the instructors were medical school teachers.

I was there nine weeks and Amelia came on a train one time to visit during that time. The weather had gone from winter in Salt Lake to summer in San Antonio.

### **From the Air Corps to the Army**

On completion of the nine weeks I was sent to Lincoln, Neb. for reassignment in the Second Airforce. To get to Lincoln, I had to come back through Fort Smith. After five days in Lincoln, I was assigned to the Alexander Army Air Base in Alexander, La. Again I had to go through Fort Smith to get there. Due to the crowded conditions in that area with about five army camps in the region, Amelia and Bradley did not go with me. I was assigned to the camp hospital as a ward physician again. My chief of medicine had been in Salt Lake earlier.

I found a summer cabin at Fishville, La. that belonged to a banker. He let us live there to clean it up and make it livable. Later we moved into a housing project in Pineville, La., which is just across the Red River from Alexander.

I was not a flight surgeon but I did get to fly as a passenger in a B17 on a check flight. The air base was a final training base for B17 pilots. This was the only military plane that I ever flew in. This was in the summer of 1944 and the US airforce was getting control of the air over Europe and the South Pacific. I was then transferred to the 76th Infantry Division in Camp McCoy, Wis. This was a blow to go from the aircorps to the infantry.

Again to get to Wisconsin I had to go through Fort Smith. Amelia and Bradley went with me and we found a small tourist court to live in, in Sparta. When I reported for duty to the 76th, the division was in the field for last checks before being sent overseas.

The 76th was an eastern National Guard division whose purpose had been to train infantrymen and send them overseas for replacement duty. Now it was their turn to go as a unit. I wasn't very happy about that situation but I was assigned to the 901st Field Artillery. During that war that was a good place to be if you were with an infantry unit.

The Medical Detachment was made up of 12 enlisted men who had been trained and I was the only medical officer for 525 men in the battalion. I had my own jeep, a three-quarter-ton truck and a trailer. Our CO was a West Point graduate that was my age (26).

He was great, nothing I thought a career officer was like. He never interfered with anything I wanted to do and always said "that's your business" when I asked for advice.

### **Shipping out to Europe**

While the division was preparing to leave, Dad lost an eye in an accident. I brought Amelia and Bradley home then returned by train. It was not long before we left. We shipped out to Boston and we stayed at Camp Miles Standish. We had a little time to visit Boston. We boarded the US W.P. Richardson to cross to England. This was a brand new boat that rocked when it was in port. The weather was very cold on the Dec. 10 when we left port. The next morning the weather was warm like spring – we had entered the Gulf Stream. We enjoyed it for a while then it got cold and windy. Some of the poor boys were sick the 12 days that it took for the convoy to reach Southampton, England.

We were always having "General Quarters" drills when we all had to put on our life jackets and go up on deck. Years later a navy man told me that the German submarines sank one in our convoy. There were ships as far as you could see escorted by Navy destroyers.

We arrived in England just before Christmas. We lived in the town of Southampton in residential houses. I made one trip into London to the PX to buy a heavy trench coat. I really was not prepared for the cold. While standing in the Red Cross hotel a giant explosion occurred. No one but us seemed concerned. One of Germany's V2 block busters landed some where that seemed close. We had a three-day leave in London but my buddy and I got what we came for and decided to go back to Southampton. Air raid sirens kept going off day and night.

We made one train trip to Liverpool to pick up our vehicles. The English fog was so bad that it was impossible to follow the vehicle in front without hitting it when a sudden stop was necessary. All road signs had been removed because the English thought Hitler was coming across the channel and they didn't want to help them get around.

Dr. Joe Norton, my medical school classmate and good friend, was stationed at an airbase somewhere in England. I was able to contact him and we met in Bath, England where we literally talked all night. Neither had seen anyone we knew for months.

### **From England to the continent**

We left England from Plymouth which was near Southampton. This is where the early settlers had



left to come to America. We boarded an LST 359 for an overnight trip to LaHavre, France.

The morning before we were to debark, someone on the ship mentioned Arkansas. The ship's supply officer was one class behind me in Greenwood High School. He really supplied me with heavy wool navy socks that were knee length, sweater, mittens, regular wool socks, scarf and wool underwear. If I hadn't seen him I might have have frozen. That winter of 44-45 is still the coldest on record. I rode on and off the LST in my jeep because LaHavre had been completely leveled.

We went directly to a French chateau that had been vacated. We arrived about the last week of January. There was snow on the ground but we stayed warm in the chateau for about a week. We left there and pitched our tents at Soisson. That was the only time I pitched my pup tent. I found a foxhole and put my tent beside it but we had no visitors.

The next day we went into Belgium where we were in reserve for the Battle of the Bulge. We moved the residents out and stayed about a week there. After we had been there that long the engineers detonated some road mines we had been driving over but were frozen so they didn't detonate.

From there we went by convoy through Bastogne where most of the fighting had occurred thru the Ardenne forest to Luxembourg. We were not allowed to put the top or sides up on the jeep



*"Moving again," Martin noted on this snapshot.*

because you couldn't see enemy aircraft that strafed convoys. I have never been so cold.

We replaced the 89th division and we took over the area where their aid station had been. Their medical officer had a SkyBuddy all-wave radio receiver that I bought from him for \$25. Most European stations at that time were broadcasting on short wave. So we had some entertainment for the first time. I brought that receiver home and used it for an amateur radio receiver when I got my license



*"Breakfast on the road," Dr. Martin captioned this photo.*

and still have it.

### **Following Patton through the Siegfried line**

This was the first time that our batteries had fired a shot in the war and the first time we heard enemy 88 shells coming in looking for us. I soon learned to duck regardless of how muddy the ground was. They always said that if you heard the whining shell that it was too late to duck but you never knew how many were coming and they usually didn't come in single shots.

We were attached to General Patton's 3rd Army. We moved close to the German border twice before we crossed into Germany. We could see it all the time because there was a mountain just the other side of the Sauer River, which was the border between Luxembourg and Germany. The 89th division had driven the Germans back across the Sauer before we got there. The mission of the 76th was to cross the Sauer and penetrate the Siegfried line that looked impossible even after they had done it.

The 76th was not alone in that crossing; a whole army corp was lined up to make this difficult crossing. There was an unbelievable amount of artillery that joined our battalions. At one time a battery of Long Toms was firing from 200 yards behind us. A Long Tom is not a cannon but an 8 inch rifle that fires 20 miles. I made pictures of the flash at night. Also made it hard to sleep but we got used to the noise.

My driver, Albert Brusco, (officers were not allowed to drive) had a brother in the army supply section. He got to visit him and obtained a gasoline generator for lights and our radio.

Al was Italian and spoke perfect Italian. One of my aidmen could speak German, one French and one Slovak so we were pretty well covered for translators, which came in handy when we began to deal with all the displaced people that the Germans had imported to do the work from all over Europe.



*Martin kept this photo of a German plane shot down by American forces. "The pilot didn't seem to fare so well," he wrote on the back. "Near here we also found our wrecked liason plane."*

The push into Germany across the Sauer River and through the Siegfried line was very costly in infantrymen. The pillboxes had to be taken one at a time and they had been well planned and constructed.

We crossed behind the infantry in order to support their needs. An incident occurred while we were traveling in convoy shortly after we got into Germany. Another unit, not the 76th, flagged us down and said that one of their men had been hit by a sniper and could we take him back to the collecting station. When asked his location they pointed him to be lying about a hundred feet from any protection. When I asked their aid men to get him they were afraid to go out in front of the sniper. Disgusted I grabbed one end of the stretcher and asked for volunteers from my men to go out with me and get him. One carried a red cross flag and two of us picked him up and gave him first aid for a gunshot wound to the neck and sent him back.

About that time someone found the sniper and shot him in the abdomen. We had to give him first aid and evacuate him. I admit I was upset because they didn't do a better job with the sniper who was just a teenager.

The 901st moved frequently to keep up with the infantry. We usually stayed in small towns or villages. One exciting move was to a small town located on a hill. Before we could get out of our vehicles, a rain of enemy shells started to fall all around us. We all hit the ground and as soon as the shelling paused we ran to get behind several rock buildings. The second round of shells hit some of our vehicles with minor damage. We decided the hill was not a good place to spend the night and we moved down into the village.

In one village dead German soldiers were still on the street which wasn't unusual. I picked up one of the dead German soldier's rifle and later shipped it home in an artillery shell case. The gun was a 9mm Mauser and I have shot the gun in target practice. I have a German P38 which is an officers gun but someone gave it to me. I collected several Nazi flags and memorabilia.

Land mines were my worry as we traveled on all kinds of little roads. Once on the Mosel river, two American soldiers staggered into the aid station. Their jeep was completely demolished after hitting a land mine. One had lost an arm and the other had numerous injuries. One land mine injury was a little boy about six or seven who had stepped on a land mine and completely blown off both legs. We could do nothing but evacuate him to the hospital. He was alert but not complaining of pain but he died shortly after getting him to the hospital.



*Medical officers pose with a downed German airplane. Martin said that the military processed all film shot by soldiers and returned only the prints approved by censors.*

### **Crossing the Rhine and finally, V-E Day**

It was a thrill to cross the Rhine River because it meant we had them beat but of course Hitler never gave up. We visited an old 13th century castle overlooking the river. Our troops were always looking for wine cellars and were successful in finding all kinds of wine, Champagne, schnapps and beer. I am surprised we won because most of the army was intoxicated. But I am sure the German army was the same way.

We rapidly crossed Germany to almost the Czechoslovakian border at what was then called Chemnitz which the Russians renamed Karl Marx Stadt. There we met the Russians and in a few days, May 8 – VE Day. We then backed up to

Muchenbernsdorf which is a small town outside of Gera.

We had only lost four of the 525 that we started with. All had been forward observers with the infantry. One was with the infantry commander so that he could radio back to the headquarters where artillery fire was needed. Three were lost that way and two Piper Cub pilots were shot down as they were flying low over an armored train. Each battalion had two planes that would serve as spotters. I guess my flight surgeon training had a little use.

### **Practicing medicine in every language**

In Munchenbernsdorf we were an army of occupation. The town's physician was in the German army and was a prisoner of war in Russia. His nurse brought many natives and displaced people for me to see and help. One of the most complicated situations was an ill Italian woman who could not speak any other language. My driver who could speak Italian was not around. We went from Italian to French to German and to English. It was hard to remember what the question was by the time the answer got through all those languages and back to me.

We were prepared for a long occupation but that soon changed. Six weeks after the war we were transferred to the 30th infantry division and began our journey to do the invasion of Japan. We began our trip back across Germany to France. We were able to visit Heidelberg that had no damage from the war. We passed through Frankfurt and stayed in tent cities set up to get us out of Germany. The reason we did not stay in Germany was that we had low points. Points were determined by the time you were in the army, family dependents and decorations. I had only one child and I had been given a bronze star so I had only 78 points. The high point men stayed as the army of occupation.

The tent cities were named Lucky Strike, Chesterfield and others but these were the only ones we stayed in. We were able to visit Paris a couple times on the way

back. Finally we crossed the channel to England. We visited London, Stratford on Avon and Oxford. I was in London in the middle of the tower bridge when an Englishman who had a portable radio told me the war is over – Japan has surrendered. That was the most welcome news.

### **Heading home at last**

While in France in our last mail that we were to receive before coming home I received a telegram telling me Tommy had been born and that they were fine.

We boarded the liner Queen Mary and while we were still in port the peace treaty was signed on the battleship Missouri. A happy crew crossed the Atlantic in five days compared to 12 going over.

When we came into New York harbor everyone was on deck and we could look the Statue of Liberty in the eye (with moist eyes-and after 56 years they are still moist when I think about it) with a new meaning.

After a few days at Camp Kilmer a train was made up that brought us all the way to Camp Chaffee. Our first stop was at the old MOP station where I called home and told them I was there. Of course I had already called them from Kilmer. Everyone met me at the Fort and there I saw Tommy for the first time.

I had a 30-day leave that was extended to 45 before I had to return to Fort Jackson in Columbus, South Carolina.

When I arrived there the 1st sergeant told me that they were freezing medical officers for 90 days to do discharge physicals. He wrote me another 45-day pass and said to go back home and get out of sight to avoid the freeze.

During the last 45 day leave I began practicing at the Holt Krock Clinic and 7 days before my leave was up the points dropped and I was able to be discharged from Fort Chaffee without going back to Fort Jackson on Dec. 24, 1945– the best Christmas present for me that is possible.



# *History of the Arkansas Tuberculosis Sanatorium*

*"Arkansas is too rich and too generous to let her people die when their health can be restored in a sanatorium."*

In the winters of 1906 and 1907, Judge Joseph M. Hill of Fort Smith and Dr. C. P. Meriwether of Little Rock were in Arizona in the effort to regain their health from tuberculosis. They were joined there the next winter by state Sen. Kie Oldham of Pulaski County. In their many talks together, they expressed deep concern for the hundreds of Arkansas people who were victims of tuberculosis, most of whom had neither the means nor the desire to go this long way from home to "take the cure," as tuberculosis treatment was called in those days. These three possessed the gift, or burden, of empathy. They determined to do something about it.

Upon their return to Arkansas in the fall of 1908, Judge Hill, Dr. Meriwether and Senator Oldham approached George W. Donaghey, who had been elected governor, and laid their plan before him. He was a ready listener, for he, too, had seen members of his own family succumb to the disease. After his inauguration, Gov. Donaghey presented the plan to the legislature, recommending that a sanatorium be established. The bill was drafted by Judge Jacob Treiber, and introduced in the Senate by Sen. Oldham. Sen. Oldham was a desperately ill man and was urged by his physician, his family and friends not to attend that session of the legislature, but to go back to Tucson for rest cure where he had benefited the winter before.

Judge Hill, who because of tuberculosis had been forced to resign his position as chief justice of the Supreme Court of Arkansas, prepared most of the impassioned plea for the sanatorium. His plea was presented through the person of Governor Donaghey, as follows:

*"I take the liberty of urging you to support the Howard Bill providing for a Sanatorium for the Tuberculous, and give you these reasons for my great interest in it:*

*"In the fall of 1905 my health failed completely. It was found I had tuberculosis and I went to Arizona to seek recovery from it. I spent the next two winters there. My intimate association with the consumptives who go there taught me the great necessity for a sanatorium in each of our states. I found hundreds of people from Arkansas in that*

*western country seeking restoration to health under most adverse circumstances. Many had gone under the mistaken belief that the climate would cure them, and sought work to sustain themselves while the climate would heal them. Almost invariably such cases resulted fatally and the unfortunate were left to die among strangers, or returned home a hopeless wreck. Those better advised sought rest, nourishing food, and a quiet out-of-doors life; this treatment is commonly known as the sanatorium treatment. Unless the case was too far developed, those who followed this course almost invariably recovered. It is a thoroughly established fact that climate will not cure consumption, but it is unquestionably an aid to it, but a comparatively unimportant aid. The most important factors are rest, nourishing food, fresh air and the supervision of intelligent and scientific physicians. To obtain relief in this way, in the western country, where all the necessities are extravagantly high, is practically bankruptcy for one of moderate means or credit, and prohibitive to the poor.*

*"There is no longer any use of anyone dying of consumption, if it is taken in hand in time and the patient put in a sanatorium and there follows the intelligent treatment before outlined. Consumption is a curable and also a communicable disease, and its ravages are chiefly due to want of proper precaution against contagion from an infected person.*

*"I have seen our people dying among strangers in a strange land. I have seen useless waste of life and I have seen consumptives, under proper care, return to their families and to lives of usefulness. I know that the establishment of this sanatorium will do more good for Arkansas than any measure pending before your honorable body. The chief weapon in science's fight against tuberculosis is the sanatorium, and Arkansas is too rich and too generous to let her people die when their health can be restored in a sanatorium. In the name of consumptives dying in every neighborhood in our state, I appeal to you to take this step which will lead to the restoration to health of hundred of our people and will be the beginning of the movement in this state to stamp out this dread disease."*



**An early photograph of the old Administration Building, one of the first two buildings constructed at the Sanatorium.**



Act 378 of the Thirty-Seventh General Assembly of Arkansas, to create a sanatorium "somewhere in Arkansas," passed March 31, 1909. The Bill also authorized the governor to appoint six commissioners, all of whom were to serve without pay. It was to be their responsibility to select the site, to build, and to supervise the sanatorium. The original Bill also provided \$50,000 for construction and \$30,000 for the first two years' maintenance of the institution. The home county of each patient was to be required to pay one-half the cost of maintenance and the state the other half.

In June 1909, a statement from the board signed by Judge Hill was widely circulated over the state in the interest of securing the right location for the sanatorium. A portion of the statement reads:

*"The board has decided that the sanatorium should be located south of the mountains, and will need a large tract of land, at least 1,000 acres. The site should be a section free of malaria, where the drainage is good and the streams fresh and wholesome; the soil should be sandy or rocky in order that there will be as little dampness as possible. Pine lands where the timber has been cut off is preferable, and it must be where the transportation facilities are adequate for patients to come from all parts of the state..."*

After months of travel and intensive consideration of the several offers of donation or sales of lands at a much reduced rate, the efforts and results of the search are recorded thus, in a statement by Hamp Williams:

*"After looking over the state, we finally located here among these pines, where the State of Arkansas now owns about a thousand acres of land, donated by the good peoples of Booneville.*

*"I will never forget that day, October 3, 1909, when the six of us, on horseback, rode upon this mountain and Judge Hill called to us and said, 'Boys, this is the place and you can't beat it.'"*

A clipping from the Arkansas Gazette, October 8, 1909, reads: "The contract for the construction of buildings for the Arkansas Tuberculosis Sanatorium at Booneville was awarded to C. Talley of Ozark, by the Board of Trustees. His bid was \$26,564."

The first contract provided for two frame buildings, an administration building and a 24-bed patient unit for the care of minimal and moderately advanced cases only. Other small structures raised the bed capacity to sixty-four by the time of the formal opening on Sept. 1, 1910. However, the first patient was received on Aug. 2, and there were "about 16" in the sanatorium by the time of the dedication. Thus was got under way the actual building of the Sanatorium.

#### **Sources:**

Ethel Hale Cox, Reflection of Five Decades of Service - 1909-1959, (State Sanatorium, Arkansas, 1959) pp 11-15

Arkansas Gazette, Oct. 8, 1909

## *Life at the San: Growing up at the Tuberculosis Sanatorium*

by Chloe Lamon

In 1940, the aftermath of the depression was a strong factor in the economy. Our father's business had failed and there were no jobs available for a 42-year-old man. When he was offered a job at the Arkansas State Tuberculosis Sanatorium, Frank Davis took that job gladly. He worked in the boiler room, making \$30 a month, plus his room and board and was able to send home the \$30. Mother sewed for others to try to make ends meet. Not too long after Daddy started working there, the head of the maintenance department died suddenly, and Daddy was promoted to the job of maintenance engineer. That meant he made \$125 a month, plus a house and living expenses for his family. We thought we were in heaven. No more worry about paying rent, utility or food bills. We didn't even have to mow the grass as they had a gardening crew.

Daddy had always loved to fish so the sanatorium was heaven for him in another way. Petit Jean Creek was at the foot of the hill, and Blue Mountain Lake was not far away! He thought the only fish bait to use was grasshoppers and had noticed an abundance of the jumpy creatures in a field below the dairy barn. Of course, the only time to catch them was at night. Shine a flashlight on them and they just sat still, waiting to be plucked. One night, Daddy and Virgil Lewis, one of his crew, decided to load their grasshopper cages in preparation for a fishing trip the next day. What Daddy didn't know was that someone had been stealing hogs from down below the barns. Mr. Hansel Lipscomb, the assistant superintendent, was on his patio, and when he saw flashlights bobbing in that field, he called 'Cheese' Stanfield, the deputy sheriff at Booneville. They went over to the dairy barns and saw a strange car sitting there. (We hadn't been there long enough for anyone to recognize our car.) On the car seat was a letter addressed to a woman who ran the water department at Booneville. They called her to see if her car had been stolen. It hadn't, but she and her husband came out to see what her mail was doing in someone else's car. (It turned out that she, Daddy, and some other people had gone to a meeting in Little Rock a few days before.) They also called Dr. Riley, and he and some other



Frank and Gertrude Nichols Davis

employees came over. The "welcoming committee" sat quietly in the dark, waiting as the bobbing flashlights returned to the car. As the two men came near, suddenly they were blinded by the headlights from all the cars shining down on them. Talk about surprised! And the "welcoming committee" was just as surprised. Instead of hog thieves, they had caught grasshopper hunters!

Our house sat on a hill behind the Nyberg Building. Before we could move into it, the men from the paint department refinished the inside, painted the woodwork, papered the walls and refinished the hardwood floors. During that time we lived in a dormitory and ate at the dining room in the Commons Building. Commons was a huge building, with two dining rooms, one for employees and one for patients. It also housed a post office, store (where we could buy shampoo, toothpaste, make-up, etc) and an auditorium. Church services were held there for ambulatory patients. Also, people from Booneville would present recitals, band concerts, and plays for them. The building also housed a barber shop. If patients were bedfast, the barber, Clifton Barrett, went to the bedside and cut their hair.

There was a huge kitchen, butcher shop, bakery, and cold storage unit. Since I liked to walk, it was usually my job to walk up there for whatever supplies we needed. If Mother didn't feel like cooking, I would go up to the kitchen and get hot meals to take home. Each household had a little wooden caddie, with a wooden handle and four little aluminum pots which sat down in the tray. I would fill them with the meats and vegetables that we liked, stop by the bakery for



The Nyberg Building, 1959

hot bread, and down by the cold storage unit for a gallon of ice cream. If we needed canned goods, we walked over behind the hill to the store. There we could pick up canned vegetables, fruit, juice, etc.

The beauty shop was in the basement of the Nyberg Building, as was the employees' ward. We never thought of driving to pick up needed items. There was a shortage of gasoline, and everything on the hill was close by, so we walked.

When we moved there, I was in ninth grade and my sister, Norma, in the 10th. A school bus picked us up every morning. Usually, one of us was running late and missed the bus, so Mother would just say, "OK, start walking." But people were generous and would stop and give us a ride. There were always taxis going back and forth, and they would also give us a ride — never asking for or getting paid for it.

Our little dog, Jack, knew when we were due home. He would trot out to the bus stop at 3:30 every afternoon and sit, waiting for us.

Booneville people were really friendly to the people from the San, and being new kids in school made us sort of special. We loved the

Booneville schools from the first day, and we always had friends over. Our house had been converted from a one-family dwelling to four small apartments upstairs, and our quarters downstairs. There was a beautiful stairway in the hall, and they had added an outside stair. The four couples upstairs became very good friends, and remained our friends for the rest of their lives. On Sunday mornings, Mother would fix a big breakfast, they would come downstairs before church, and we all ate together. Later, the upstairs was converted to two larger apartments, and the two remaining couples still came down for Sunday breakfast. Often, when they came in from work, they would be tired, and Mother would invite them for supper. They never refused; she was a very good cook.

In those days, before television, people visited a lot. We always had lots of company, and they were expected to eat with us. Daddy would say, "Have another serving. The only way I can get a raise is for you to eat it." In his later years, when he was plagued with bad health, he would say, "When I was young, I never seemed to get all I wanted to eat. Now, I can afford it, and I can't eat it."



Many of the employees were ex-patients. Violet Moore, our neighbor and superintendent of nurses, told of her experience as a patient. She had just finished nurses training and was boarding a train to go home when she dropped her suitcase, spilling the contents. As she bent over to pick up her belongings, she had a massive hemorrhage. Diagnosed with TB, she went to the sanatorium for treatment. In the early 1930s, doctors thought fresh air and bed rest were the best treatment. The older hospital buildings all had large verandas, furnished with row after row of hospital beds. Patients bathed and dressed inside, but were expected to stay in their beds on the veranda, summer and winter. She said she would be so cold, that she wouldn't shampoo her hair for weeks. She slept with a wool cap on her head and many Sanatorium blankets for cover. These were dismal, scratchy, gray wool blankets with State San printed on them in black letters. She said that some mornings they had to shake the snow that had blown through the screens the night before off the blankets.

There was no medication for TB then; the only treatment was rest, rest, and more rest. Patients kept small paper sacks pinned to their sheets, and when they coughed, they held a tissue over their mouth, then folded the tissue inward, and placed it in the sack. This was to avoid the spread of the disease to the employees. TB was never considered cured, just "arrested."

Even if the patient improved, he or she had to be sure to get enough rest. Every day after lunch, almost all activity ceased and all patients and ex-patients were to observe rest hour. At 9:00 PM, it was lights out. Employees were also expected to

be quiet then. The gates at the entrance to the San were built to be closed during rest hour and at night, but that would have hampered necessary travel, and employees came and went in the evening. To my knowledge, the gates were never closed. The wrought-iron gates are long gone, but the stone pillars still stand.

With no such thing as TV, and staying in bed all the time, life could get pretty boring for patients, so they listened to the radio and read a lot. There was a library up on top of the hill, and if patients were bedfast, books were brought around to them. They spent a lot of time looking out the windows, and since our house was so close, we felt like we lived in a fish bowl. Not many of our activities escaped them.

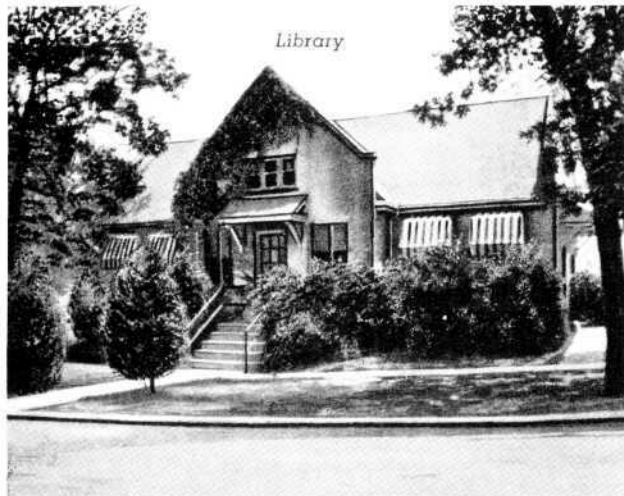
Though our sheets, towels, tablecloths, etc. were sent to the San laundry, Mother still washed our clothes at home. One day I went out in my bathrobe to hang them on the line and could hear the patients talking. One said, "Talk about long bathrobes, look at that one under the clothesline." After that I never wore the bathrobe out to the clothes line again.

Norma was an accomplished pianist and practiced for hours and hours. Frequently, you could hear them singing along with her. No such compliment when I practiced my slide trombone. They probably put cotton in their ears then.

In extreme cases, when the patient didn't respond to bed rest, the doctor would inject air in between the lung and the lining. There was an operation where they cut a nerve to collapse the lung. Another surgery was to remove some of the ribs to collapse the lung. I have forgotten the names of these procedures, but it was not at all uncommon to see a patient walking around, bent to one side because of this treatment.

Children with "adult" TB were placed in the Nyberg Building. Those with 'childhood' TB were kept in the Masonic Building. Many children whose parents were patients were "diagnosed" with the disease and kept at Masonic, even though they weren't really sick. It was a blessing for those families, because the children received good care while their parents 'chased' the illness. Masonic also had a school so that children didn't get behind on their lessons.

Everything at the San was built on a hillside. Shortly after we moved there, they decided to level our back yard. Our driveway circled around, and down to the garage, so the WPA dug a



The Sanatorium Library

## Postcards of the Sanatorium:

### Kie Oldham Hospital Building



Kie Oldham Hospital Building, State Sanatorium, Ark.

OC64-N

Hemingway Building, State Sanatorium, Arkansas



OC410-N

### Hemingway Building

### Masonic School Building for children at the Sanatorium



Masonic School Building, State Sanatorium, Arkansas

OC631-N

trench beside the drive, built a stone wall in the trench, and started excavating the yard to level it and to expose one side of the wall. Then the war started, and all digging ceased. We were left with a wall in a trench, and a ditch across the yard. In the evenings after work, Daddy dug out the yard, hauled off the dirt, and planted grass and flowers. We wound up with a pretty backyard.

On summer evenings, all the neighbors would gather there sitting on the wall as we made homemade ice cream. The men would get big blocks of ice from the ice house, put them in tubs, and we would take turns chipping ice and turning the ice cream freezer handles. We would make three or four freezers at a time. Mother would already have the ice cream mixed and ready when we got started with the ice. Ooh, that was good stuff.

Summers were fun. We made many trips to Jack Creek, four miles behind the San.

Sometimes we would ride in a creaky old bus along those rough, dusty roads, singing and laughing with a church or school group. Other times it was just a group of young people in the family car. Now, the roads are improved and the picnic grounds are nicer. Energetic souls can hike up to the lookout point above the creek. The creek bed has moved away from the diving board, and there is a large sign saying, "No diving" on the cliff, but it's still a fun place to go.

Sometimes we would take rifles and tin cans over to a field near the dairy barn and practice our shooting skills. We might walk to town to visit friends or go to the corner drug store for a Coke. Usually, someone came along to give us a ride. There was no danger. We knew most of the people, and strangers were friendly. Crime was just unheard of (except for stealing pigs). No one even locked their doors at night.

Winter was fun, too. When we had a heavy snow, the school bus couldn't run, and we had to stay home. Booneville kids would play hooky, walk out to the San, and we would go sledding. There was one problem. A steam pipe ran under

the street at the foot of the hill. We would have picked up pretty good speed by the time we hit that melted patch, and we went tumbling. When we got tired, we went from one house to another, looking for food. Then, we came to our house, and Norma played the piano while we danced. One day, Mother made 32 hamburgers for lunch. (That was a treat for the town kids. With the war on there was a meat shortage, but we had plenty.)

That evening, Mother handed us some rags and a can of gasoline and said, "Start scrubbing". We got down on our hands and knees and scrubbed a jillion black marks off those hardwood floors made by dancing rubber snow boots. That wasn't really fair to Norma - she never learned to dance. She always had to play the piano.

I loved to play basketball and stayed after school to practice, which meant that I had to walk home because

the school bus was long gone. Again, people would stop and offer me a ride, and I seldom had to walk all the way. With the war on, gasoline was rationed, and the car stayed in the garage most of the time. We rode the school bus to school and to church on Sundays and Wednesdays, or to other activities in town. The bus belonged to the San and was in better condition than the ones at school. If the bus didn't run, we walked.

There were many shortages during the war, but the one that bothered us the most was sugar. If we could find them, we would buy lemon drops to sweeten our tea. Once Daddy crawled under a neighbor's house to fix a leaking pipe and discovered many sacks of sugar. Hoarding was a 'dirty' word then and, also, stealing was against the law. Daddy and Mother had a long conversation about what to do. I never heard any more (wasn't supposed to have heard that), and I don't know whether or not he reported it. After all, this was one of our neighbors!

Since our food was furnished by the San, our ration books were kept in the Administration Building safe, and they kept track of the foods we



The Davis home in snow



used. But ration stamps for shoes were in those books, too. So, when we needed new shoes, we went down to the office and checked out our ration books, went to town, bought the shoes, then returned the books. With so many people away in the service or working in defense plants, help was hard to find. Daddy worked all through the war without a vacation. He was very patriotic and said, "If those boys can fight for me, I can work for them."

As a teenager I worked at the San at the canning factory, and later at the switchboard and in the history room. Dr.

J.D. Riley ran the sanatorium. I wouldn't call him a dictator, but he was the boss, and his word was law. I liked him; he had a very humane side and could be very compassionate with people, and, he wasn't ashamed to apologize when he was wrong. Following directors were just as compassionate. When

our mother learned that she had terminal cancer, plans were under way to tear down our house and build the new surgery building. But those plans were put on hold until after she died. They didn't want to disturb our parents by asking them to move while she was so sick.

Dad was fire chief of the volunteer fire department, and the sanatorium fire truck was kept in the building that housed Daddy's shop. He and several of the other volunteers went to several seminars on firefighting. When there was a fire, the phone operator would call Daddy and the other volunteers. He would run down the hill to get the truck (faster than getting the car out of the garage), and they would all meet at the fire. If there was a fire siren, I never heard it. Nor do I remember any big fires while we lived there.

On the 4th of July, they had a huge fireworks display in front of Nyberg Building. While patients and employees enjoyed the show, Daddy and the volunteers were fanned out in the woods below to extinguish the resulting fires.

There was no modern paging system then, just bells in each building. The doctors and

department heads each had a different number. I think Daddy's was two short and one long ring. When someone needed to reach him, they would phone the operator and she would start ringing that number on the bells. Then, when he reported in, she would connect him with the caller. That was such a busy place, those bells rang constantly. Clifton Barrett had a dead-pan sense of humor. Once, a new patient asked him what the bells were for. He replied, "When someone dies, they ring a bell." The patient didn't know that he was joking. He packed his bags and went home.

When patients had to come to the Sanatorium for treatment, they were confronted with many problems – homes were uprooted, children were left without one or both parents, financial problems increased, and the ravages of the disease exhausted them, both physically and emotionally. How they managed to keep

cheerful was hard to understand. But, for most employees and their families, life on the hill was serene, uncomplicated, and worry-free. It was truly a wonderful place to grow up.



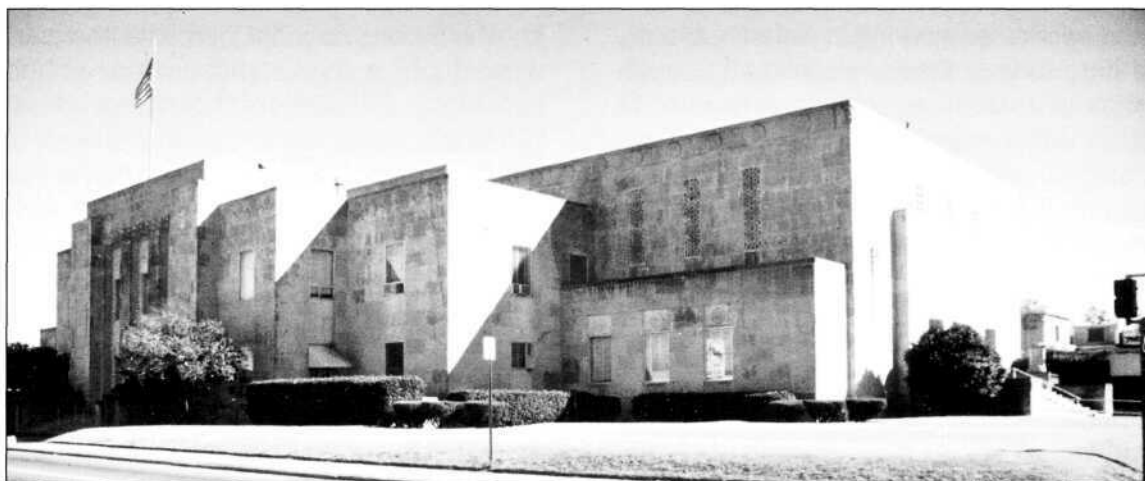
The hill behind our home



*Chloe Lamon, a Fort Smith native, lived with her family from 1941 until graduation in 1944. Her parents remained there until their deaths in 1960 and 1962. She is pictured here in 1947.*

# *The Fort Smith Masonic Temple*

**By Brenda Andrews**



It should come as no surprise that the centuries-old brotherhood of Masonry—whose trademark symbol includes the builder's square and compass and a spiritual doctrine that includes architectural phraseology—would be meticulous about the architectural design of its meeting places. Masonic temples are located in almost every town and city across America, with many of these buildings regarded as architectural and historic landmarks.

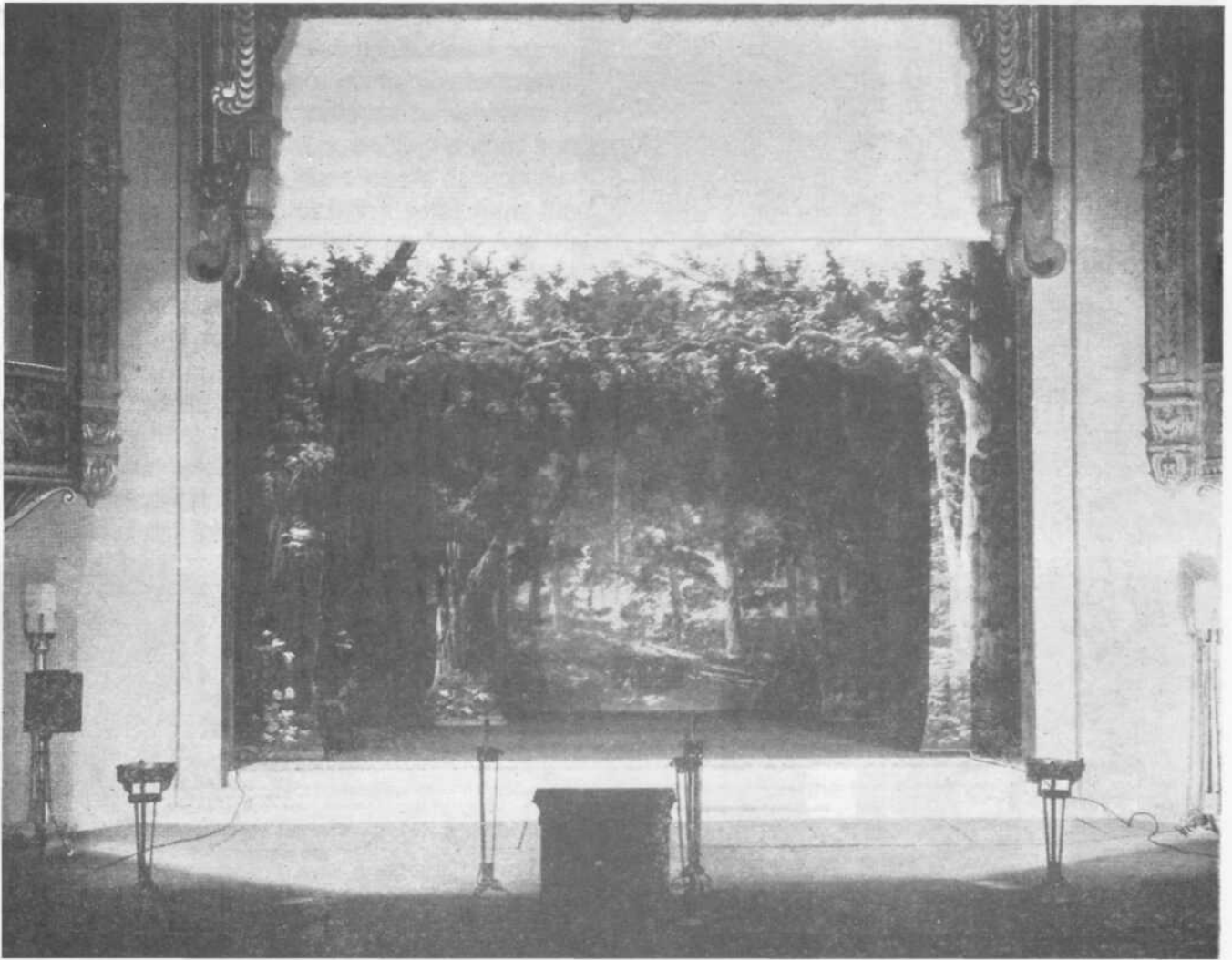
Among the temples that possess this venerated status is the Fort Smith Masonic Temple located at the corner of North 11th and B streets. The Masonic Temple was built in 1929, and entered into the National Register of Historic Places in 1992 because of its significant contributions in architecture. It is considered Fort Smith's finest example of Egyptian Revival architecture as well as one of Arkansas' few known examples of this architectural style..

An integral part of the Masonic faith, meeting places have played an important role in the history of Fort Smith Masonry since its establishment of the Belle Point Lodge in 1847. Although the first Masons met throughout the city in various temporary headquarters—including the officers' quarters of the old fort, St. Charles Hotel, and the Kennedy Building—efforts to establish a permanent headquarters were delayed until 1889. The Masons' first permanent home was the Baer Memorial Temple. Built in 1889, the temple is located at 302 North 6th Street in the Belle Grove Historic District.

The Baer Memorial Temple continued as the Masons' headquarters until a disastrous fire on Sept. 4, 1919, destroyed the building's top floor. Two years later, the Masons purchased a two-story building at the corner of North Eighth and A streets. However, this building quickly became inadequate because of a surge in membership. On Jan. 28, 1927, plans were set in motion to search for property on which a new and larger temple could be built. A group of eight prominent Masons jumpstarted the project by pledging \$500 each toward the new temple fund. Members of the Group of Eight included: Hurd J. Miller, R.L. Secrest, Neil Pryor, Tom Cutting, Fred Warren, W.H. Simpson, W.T. Oglesby, and Curtis C. Wright.

Just a few days later on Feb. 11, property at the corner of North 11th & B streets was purchased for \$49,250. As soon as financing arrangements were finalized, George R. Mann, fellow Mason and architect with the Little Rock firm of Mann, Wagner and King was hired to design the temple. To assist him, Mann hired local architects and Masons J.J. Haralson and E. Nelson with the firm of Haralson & Nelson.

Well known in the region for his talent in designing impressive public buildings, Mann immediately began work designing an Egyptian style temple. A fascination with Egypt spawned by the discovery of King Tutankhamun's tomb in 1922 and the Masonic rituals and beliefs made an Egyptian-themed design the perfect architecture for the new temple.



## *Temple Theater*

(Below, right)

The side entrance to the theater, once used as a public movie theater, faces North B Street.

(Above)

The 700-seat auditorium has a stage with numerous theatrical and ceremonial backdrops hanging in the "fly." Stenciled lotus flowers, an elaborate cartouche, and other Egyptian-inspired motifs adorn the interior.







An interior hallway (left) on the second floor of the Masonic Temple reveals the Moorish door arches, Egyptian column motifs and lavish materials used in the building.

A highly decorative painted frieze above two doorways in the Masonic Temple (below, left) is an example of the ornate interior decoration.

(Below, right) The front entrance to the Masonic Temple is guarded by two enormous cast sphinxes facing North 11th Street.



A lounge area between two doors gives a glimpse of the many-layered decorative treatments, light fixtures and patterned carpeting used throughout the temple.

The faithful preservation of the temple by the Masons has protected this unique example of Egyptian Revival architecture.

*Photos by John Lane*

Kenneth Story, who was an architectural historian with the Arkansas Historic Preservation Program when he prepared the Masonic Temple's National Register documentation, wrote that the choice of Middle Eastern architecture probably stemmed from the Masonic belief in the beneficence of a spiritual life to mankind without dictating what form that spiritual life should take, instead leaving that to the choice of the individual. Story also stated that the West's three major religions including Judaism, Christianity, and Islam trace their genesis to the eastern Mediterranean, making the choice of Egyptian architecture the most appropriate expression of this belief.

Construction bids were opened in June 1928, and on June 11, a bid in the amount of \$208,550 was accepted from general contractor and Mason Gordon Walker of Little Rock. On Dec. 7, officials with the Grand Lodge of Arkansas, Masonic Home Association, and the Group of Eight held a ceremony to lay the temple's cornerstone. In less than a year, construction of the temple was complete.

Masons and the general public were given a chance to tour the magnificent temple during special open houses held on September 6-8, 1929. The temple was officially dedicated on Sept. 16, 1929, with a day-long ceremony exclusively for Masons that began at 2:30 p.m. and ended that evening at 10 p.m. The Masons were deservedly proud of their new temple. A booklet commemorating the dedication of the temple stated, "It stands in silent tribute to Masonry, a building as strong and rugged as the order for which it stands—this new Masonic Temple at North Eleventh and B streets—a great gift to a greater order."

No expense was spared in constructing and furnishing the temple. The total cost of the new temple was approximately \$385,000, which included \$49,250 for the property, \$270,000 for general contract and sub-contracts, and \$65,000 for furnishings and equipment.

Made of Bedford stone and encompassing nearly half a city block, the New Masonic Temple is an imposing structure. Two stories in height, with a full basement, the building's Art Deco-influenced Egyptian Revival architecture gives the temple a mysterious and exotic appearance. The main entrance is the building's most impressive façade and is composed of a large, projecting central bay flanked with two recessed lower walls. The flat-roof entrance bay is designed with two flat, rectangular

pilasters framing a recessed, central entrance that is framed by another pair of fluted pilasters that separate the entrance from two flanking, recessed windows bays. Completing the building's Egyptian influence is a pair of large cast sphinxes resting on the stoops of the main entrance.

Although the building's handsome exterior draws heavily from Egyptian architecture, the Middle Eastern influence on the temple's opulent interior is especially evident. The richly-colored interior is decorated with elaborate square columns, fluted pilasters with gold-leaf chevrons, curving stairwells, and Moorish arches.

Overall, the temple contains 50 rooms, including a 700-seat capacity auditorium that is decorated with stenciled lotus flowers, an elaborate cartouche, and other Egyptian-inspired motifs. Of the temple's 50 rooms, the Amrita Grotto Room is considered the most elaborate meeting room, with its deep red and gold patterned walls, ceiling beams, and massive round columns topped with ornate curved brackets.

The temple remains in a remarkable state of preservation. With the exception of the replacement of several exterior windows, few alterations have been made to the building. The Masons' dedication to preserving the temple has allowed the building to retain its original appearance and historic architectural significance. More importantly, in the words of the Masons who dedicated the temple in 1929, this rugged and strong building continues to stand in silent tribute to Masonry.

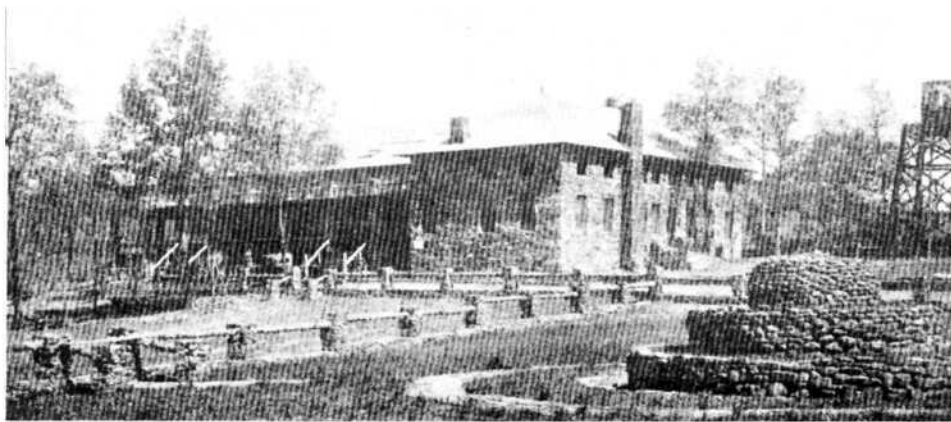
*Brenda Andrews is a planner with the City of Fort Smith and provides technical assistance to the Fort Smith Historic District Commission.*

#### Sources

**The New Masonic Temple**, Fort Smith, Arkansas, Commemorating the Dedication on September 16, 1929

The Fort Smith Masonic Temple, National Register of Historic Places Registration Form, prepared by Kenneth Story, Architectural Historian, 1992.

## *The Amrita Grotto Country Club, Lancaster, Arkansas*



The Amrita Grotto in its glory days, fountain in foreground.

Within 30 minutes drive of Fort Smith, in the foothills of the Ozarks, at the base of the range known as the Boston Mountains, are the ruins of the old Amrita Grotto Country Club. In 1923, several Masons were in the habit of going on outings in these foothills, where they enjoyed their weekends along the streams. In the spring of 1924, they suggested a country club in this location.

A committee was appointed to plan the club, visiting many sites for consideration by the membership. The result was the purchase of 40 acres near Lancaster, in Crawford County, at a cost of \$500. On July 4, 1925, with an investment of \$24,000, the new country club was opened by the Amrita Grotto. Prophet Jim Keck was manager of the club. The directors in 1929 were Hurd J. Miller, R.S. Wilson, R.L. Secrest, W.T. Oglesby, Thomas K. Morton, John M. Andrews, Earl Henderson, Ed Wright and David E. Shapard.

The Country Club at one time was a "haven for the Mason and his family, a hub of weekend gaiety." A train ran through the valley below the Grotto property. People rode the train from miles around, then climbed the steep stairs from the valley, up the cliff to the club. There was the large stone lodge and guest cottages, with swimming, dancing, even a golf course and a zoo. An afternoon of swimming meant another climb down the cliff to get to the creek. A bootlegger's still was located in a cabin on the property and produced the liquor served to guests.

Not only did the members of Amrita Grotto

make use of the facilities for the entertainment of friends and family, but each summer at the country club the newsboys of the city, and other under-privileged youngsters, were given outings as guests of Amrita.

On a weekend in August 1929, 60 boys, 14-years-old and under, were treated to a three-day outing, with swimming, hiking, living outdoors, and programs planned for each night of the camp. The first evening Dr. C.E. Laws gave a talk on birds. The next evening they enjoyed a mystery campfire with a talk by Mrs. J.A. Yantis, and a talk on stars by J. Maurice Taylor. The final night, the boys entertained their guests, the members of the Kiwanis club, with special stunts. The Grotto County Club was a busy place until it closed down and burned. Now, sadly, what once was a playground with swimming, dancing, and golfing has become a pile of rocks, with a stone stairway leading from the road to a bare patch in the woods.

Interviews with local residents reveal many details of the club. William Randall remembers the bands and the dances held there. Velma Smith remembers seeing the beautiful hardwood floors when visiting the Grotto with her mother, who worked there. Lloyd Brammer took eggs and butter to the club to sell for his mother when he was about 6 or 7 years old, and fell from the swinging bridge that was out behind the club. Wallace Steward, Jr. tells a story about his grandfather, who was offered \$5 to bring a wildcat to the club for the zoo. He and his wife trapped a wildcat, shoved it into two tow sacks,



and carried it up to the club to claim the \$5 payment. After all, back then, \$5 was a lot of money.

Dorinda Mitch, present owner of the property, states there were 10 men listed on the deed when it belonged to the club. Her family acquired the property when she was a small girl after the bank foreclosed on the property around 1935. She remembers the lodge building well and describes it in an interview. The Grotto building was built around a large open room with two large stone fireplaces, one on each end. This large downstairs room with field stone walls was used as a dance floor. The interior was very rustic as were the furnishings, and the club was still furnished when they bought it.

Above the dance floor was a second-floor mezzanine, with large ladies and men's restrooms, with 15 stools and sinks in each one. Seating on the mezzanine provided a view of the dance floor. A huge porch upstairs where people could sit also was used as a sleeping porch. The kitchen wing contained the large dining room and kitchen on one end, with two bedrooms for the staff.

Mrs. Mitch's family moved into one of the bedrooms in the kitchen wing on the ground floor after purchasing the Grotto. The kitchen was very large, with a number of work tables made by a local carpenter and painted bright orange. The children played in an old buggy, which stood in a shed at one time. A huge, stone water fountain was located near the front of the building, and a large, 30-foot water tank, which was filled from the creek, stood in back along with a kerosene tank with a pump on it.

Eventually, the club's interior furnishings were scavenged, the roof caved in, and the building was damaged by a fire. The family pushed the ruins over the cliff on the back of the property in about 1979 to prevent people from entering it and being injured.

There were eight cottages, which each contained two rooms and a porch. The family worked to restore one of the cottages and later moved into it. There is only one cottage and the bootlegger's cabin on the property now. The remaining cottage sits next to a partial wall for the club's cellar by the rocks of a kitchen entrance porch and a faint line in the grass indicating the location of the old foundation. The



All that remains of the Grotto: one cabin and a few foundation stones, in 2005.

railroad still runs along below the bluff, which is overgrown with brush and tall trees. It was kept clear during the time the Grotto was in use, and the view of the valley below is spectacular.

In front of this area, almost hidden by small trees, is a stone staircase leading down to the road from what would have been the entrance to the club. A large, stone well stands beside the road, marking the location.

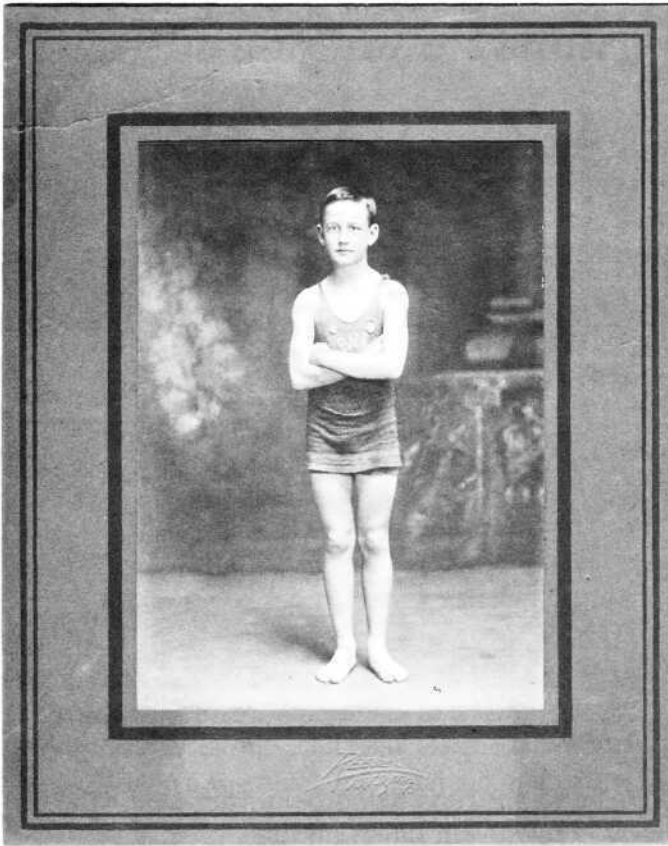
It is a dreamlike landscape, long forgotten and hidden from sight, but once stumbled upon, it brings back visions of ladies in party attire, handsome gentlemen in attendance and the sound of a dance band drifting through the trees.

#### Sources:

The New Masonic Temple, Fort Smith, Arkansas, Commemorating the Dedication on Sept. 16, 1929.

Oral Interviews with Velma Smith, Lloyd Brammer, William Randall, Dorinda Mitch, Wallace Steward, Jr., 13 Sept. 1993, by Patti Rush, Mountainburg, Ark., copy of transcription provided author by Patti Rush, Alma, Ark.

The Fort Smith Times Record, Aug. 25, 1929



The Boy Rangers existed to build a boy up both mentally and physically. The object of the organization was to get the boy into the fresh air to learn nature in the wild state, not from books.

The Rangers went to the woods, hills and streams and learned nature. They learned the names and habits of animals, birds, fish, insects, and learned about trees, flowers, and other plants. They learned to camp, cook, swim, and take care of themselves in the woods. The boys gained in health and strength by meeting rigorous challenges – climbing mountains, swimming, hiking and rowing.

Mr. Wilmans, whose business was printing, kept careful records of his many Boy Rangers through the years. In several thick ledgers, he recorded each boy's name, address, birth date, age, as well as date and amount paid for membership dues.

Dillwyn Paxson, who became the assistant chief ranger and Wilmans' right-hand man, would be the one to see that the artifacts, records, photographs and Mr. Wilmans' large nature library were cared for after Wilmans' death in 1951.

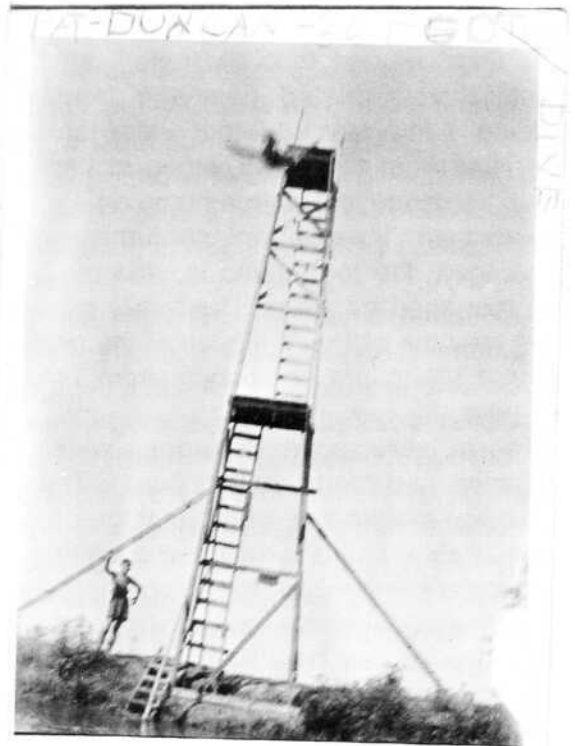
## *Boy Rangers, Athletes*

Part II  
By Carole Barger

Part I of the Boy Rangers of America, published in the Vol. 29, No. 2 edition of The Journal, begins in 1916 with the organization of a troop of Boy Scouts at Fort Smith by C.F. Wilmans.

Soon after, several factors motivated Wilmans to break from the official Boy Scouts. Wilmans thought the Boy Scout program concentrated too much on book learning, which he felt would not reach the type of boy who needed him. The Boy Scout minimum age was 12, which left out lots of younger boys, and required a uniform, which many boys could not afford. Wilmans decided to turn the Boy Scout troop over to his co-leader and start an independent boys' organization.

On Nov. 25, 1917, at 52, Wilmans founded the Fort Smith Boy Rangers, an organization which emphasized outdoor activities. He set the starting age at 10. Cost to join was 20 cents annually and no uniform was required.



Mr. Paxson's niece, Shirley Paxson, of Mulberry, has since donated the records to the Fort Smith Historical Society. The large scrapbooks, filled with newspaper clippings, reports written by the Boy Ranger members and photographs offer a great insight into life in Fort Smith in the early 20th century.

The years just before World War I set the stage for an explosion in the popularity of sporting competition in the 1920s. Soon individual and team accomplishments made household names of the best in boxing, football and baseball.

As Wilmans' scrapbook shows, the focus of the Boy Rangers expanded in the 20s from hiking and nature study to include sports. Soon the Boy Rangers were setting swimming records, producing local boxing champions, organizing both football and baseball teams. The boys learned fair play and sportsmanship through participation in a sport of their own choice.

When one member, Brayton R. Fletcher, drowned while on a Sunday school picnic, Wilmans determined to teach every Boy Ranger to swim and boat safely.

In 1923, 15-year-old Boy Ranger Athel Kendrick pioneered "surfing" on the Poteau River while being pulled behind a gasoline launch at the breakneck speed of 10 miles per hour.

That stunt aside, the Boy Rangers loved competition. All-around athlete Pat Duncan was usually the boy to beat. According to Willmans' clippings, the diminutive Pat set records in swimming at the same time he gained a name as an amateur boxer.

Swimming was C.F.'s favorite sport, and he always pointed with pride to Pat Duncan, who swam 20 miles in six hours and 55 minutes for an unofficial world record. The following newspaper clippings detail the events:

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Boy Ranger Pat Duncan (opposite page) racked up amazing accomplishments as a swimmer. The back of the portrait has this penciled information:

"Pat Duncan, Age 13 Years. Worlds Champion Swimmer. Swam 15 miles in 18 hrs. 2 min. 1922

The other photo shows Duncan diving from a 30-foot tower, location unidentified.

The scrapbook also notes another great feat of Duncan's swimming strength: he towed a boat manned by Wilmans and seven others up the Poteau River for the distance of one mile. The combined weight of the boat and passengers was 1,087 lbs.

*Averaging the almost incredible rate of three miles an hour, Pat Duncan, Boy Ranger swimming champion, smashed to bits his 1922 achievement which had overthrown three world records, Monday.*

*Duncan made the unbeaten record of twenty miles in 6 hours and fifty-five minutes. The performer of this remarkable feat is only fourteen years old. Duncan landed triumphantly at the mouth of the Poteau at 3:55 p.m. Monday afternoon. He entered the water at a point three miles above Stanton's Ferry at 9 a.m. The youthful wonder is just a slim, almost delicate looking little fellow; his figure does not in the least suggest the strength of muscle and endurance that is his. Yet every year he is making more astonishing records and is putting on speed at a marvelous rate. Year before last, he made 12 miles in eight hours and three minutes; last year he made 15 miles in eight hours and two minutes; this year he made 20 miles in six hours and fifty-five minutes, and in 1924 still more improvement is expected.*

Southwest American, Sept. 4, 1923

*Boys Swim Over Three Miles in Test in Poteau Northum, 14, and Sinclair, 15, Set New Long Distance Record*

*Shattering all long distance swimming records for minors, Paul Northum, 14, and Edwin Sinclair, 15, members of the Fort Smith Boy Rangers regiment, yesterday swam from Lunch Rock to the mouth of the Poteau river, a distance of 3 miles. The boys swam side by side over the course and were in excellent condition at the end of the test, climbing into the Boy Ranger boat without assistance. The start was made at 2:30. Grand Chief Ranger C.F. Wilmans and Melvin John accompanied the swimmers in the Boy Rangers boat. Two larger boys in a boat at Lunch Rock started with the boys, one of them swimming, but after covering a mile and a half they quit and wished the Rangers luck. The recent rise of the Arkansas River shoved backwater into the Poteau, making a slight current against the swimmers. Waste oil in the river also conspired against the boys. At times the oil and slime extended almost across the river and in trying to pick out channels to avoid it, the boys zigzagged from bank to bank adding materially to the net long distance of their swim. The boys completed their swim in 2:43 hours, a distance in a straight line down the center of the river of 17,160 feet. The speed was calculated at 90 feet a minute. It was thought that this record which establishes a long distance mark for Fort Smith is unequalled in the state for the summer.*

Times Record (no date)



## BOY RANGERS CYCLING CONTEST

To encourage cycling as a sport for the Rangers, the Grand Chief Ranger arranged the first bicycle race, which was to become an annual affair. Thirty Boy Rangers trained for the annual road race held Saturday, Oct. 21, 1923, starting from South 23rd and Dodson Avenue, to Greenwood Avenue south to the smelter, through south Fort Smith on the Texas Road and back to the starting point.

The Times Record, Sept 20, 1924, reported:

*Rangers are practicing each evening after school and on Saturdays for the annual bicycle contest which chief ranger C.F. Wilmans introduced last year. The contest is to be run off Oct. 4th, as a handicap race. A record of 10 miles in thirty minutes is expected. Prizes include two gold watches, 3 medals, pair of bicycle pedals, an electric lamp, bicycle saddle, donated by the following local and out-of-town firms:*

*Workingman's Store, Clark Hardware Company, John Fink Jewelry Company, John Kerwin Store, O'Shea Hinch Hardware, Paul Isaacson Clothing Store, Nathan Clothing Store, Will Wiersing Locksmith, New Departure Manufacturing Company, Bristol Conn; Eclipse Machinery Company, Elmira, N.Y.; Cycle Trades of America, N.Y.; Torrington Manufacturing Company, Torrington, Conn.; Delta Electric Company, Marion, Ind.; Persons Majestic Manufacturing Company, Worcester, Mass.*

On Oct. 21, 1924, the Southwest American , announced, "Open Bicycle Race Postponed to Nov. 1, on account of expected congestion of street compromising course on circus day."

Fort Smith's first bicycle open road race is postponed till Saturday Nov. 1. The race which was to have been held Saturday, October 25, was postponed to Nov. 1, owing to the Ringling Brothers circus which will show in Fort Smith October 25, C.F. Wilmans said Monday. The course of the race runs along streets that will be crowded with traffic going to the circus so to do away with any chance of any of the contestants being hurt on the crowded streets it was decided to postpone the race. Forty-two entries have already been received for the race, for which 20 prizes will be offered. Seventeen prizes will be awarded to place winners and three to the contestants making the best time. The first prize will be an Excelsior model bicycle. A gold watch will be given to the contestant making the best time in the race.

## Wilmans 10 Mile Bicycle Race\*

Sept. 14, 1935

Virgil Bracken	3rd	
Ray Hundley, Ozark	3rd	33 _ m.
Thomas Menietto		
Lee McDowell		
Jack Roger Williams	1st	36 m.
Mason Smith	4th	
Claud Thomas	2nd	36 m.
Lawrence Sawyer		
Montae Wight	2nd	33 m.
Leon Rutledge		
Gus Perry		
Arval Linimon	1st	29 _ m.
Joe Holder		
Bert Donalson		
J.M. Piles		
Buck Barnett		
Eugene Dailben		

• As recorded on photograph.

## Records Broken in Annual Local Bicycle Contest

*Arval Linimon rides wheel over ten-mile course in 29 minutes, 15 seconds. Arval Linimon, 17-years old, broke all local records for speed in a ten-mile bicycle race Saturday, the eighth annual handicap road race sponsored by C.F. Wilmans, grand chief of the Boy Rangers. Linimon, starting last, with a handicap of ten minutes to overcome, rode the 10 \_miles in 29 minutes and 15 seconds; the best time ever made before in the annual race was 9 miles in 31 minutes and 30 seconds. Montea Wright made second time, and Roy Hundley of Ozark was third. The race started at Albert Pike and Highway 22. The course measured 10 miles, three-fourths of a mile longer than the last race course. Seventeen boys started and sixteen finished.*

Southwest American, Sept. 15, 1935



Photo by C.F. Wilmans, Area Chief Ranger, Sept. 14, 1935

1-Virgil Bracken-3 <sup>rd</sup>	6-Mason Smith-4 <sup>th</sup>	11-Gus Perry	16-Buck Barber
2-Roy Hundley-Ozark-3 <sup>rd</sup> Time 33 1/2 m.	7-Claude Thomas-2 <sup>nd</sup> Time 36 m.	12-Arva H. Limmon-1 <sup>st</sup> Time 29 1/2 m	17-Thomas Me
3-St. Eugene Dailben	8-Lawrence Sawyer	13-Joe Holder	
4-Lee M. Dowell	9-Montae Wight-2 <sup>nd</sup> Time 35 m	14-Bert Donaldson	
5-Jack Roger Williams-1 <sup>st</sup> 36 m	10-Leon Rutledge	15-J.M. Piles	

PRINT BY K

## Line-up Of The WILMANS 10 MILE BICYCLE RACE September 14, 1935

Photo by C.F. WILMANS, Area Chief Ranger, Sept. 14, 1935

Starting in 1923 C.F. Wilmans charted the course for a 10 mile bicycle race that would become an annual tradition and later bear his name. Ed McCune won the first race, Sam Bruton won the following year. Hugh Knowles won in 1925, Perry Henson in 1926, and 14 year old Ed Winton, weighing in at 87 lbs was the 1928 winner of the Boy Rangers' Bicycle Contest.



## RANGERS BASEBALL TEAMS ORGANIZED

The Rangers were ardent baseball fans, with intense competition among the Rangers and other local teams. They played out-of-town teams as well, winning many of the competitions. There are dozens of newspaper clippings recounting their games, pasted into his huge scrapbook by Wilmans.

## RANGERS FORM TEAMS

Two Nines Will Be Organized  
in Fort Smith This Week

*Organization of Boy Rangers baseball teams in Fort Smith, Alma and Paris will be started this week, C.F. Wilmans stated Saturday.*

*At least two Rangers teams will be formed in Fort Smith and Paris and it is probable a series of games will be played to decide the championship.*

*The Fort Smith Rangers will line up as follows:*

*Horace Kregel, pitcher; Foster Henley, catcher; Dave Naddy, first base; Fred Cabell, short stop; John May, third base; Gerald Cabell, left field; Paul Northum, center field; Guy Smythe, right field; and Frank Lansby, substitute.*

Times Record, no date

## RANGERS-SCOUTS SPLIT TWIN BILL

*The Fort Smith Boy Rangers and the Charleston Boy Scouts split a double header Friday on Alexander Field across the river. Kraft pitched both games for the Rangers and was effective in the morning games allowing six hits and winning the game 10 to 8. Brooks, who pitched for Charleston, was knocked out of the box at the end of the second inning.*

*Spears was too much for the Rangers in the afternoon game. Kraft pitched for the Rangers again in the afternoon and allowed three hits. Two errors in the seventh let in the winning runs*

*Batteries for Charleston in the first game were: Brooks, Burrow and Sommers.*

*Fort Rangers: A. Kraft and G. Kraft.*

*For the second game: Charleston: Spears and Sommers.*

*Rangers A. Kraft and G. Kraft.*

*In the first game, the Scouts got eight runs, six hits and two errors. The Rangers had 10 runs, 15 hits and 3 errors. In the second game, the Scouts had 3 runs, 3 hits and 9 errors. The Rangers 0 runs, 2 hits and 4 errors.*

Southwest American, Aug. 5, 1922

## THE FIGHTING BOY RANGERS

Wilmans trained his boys to box and arranged many junior boxing exhibitions. Most successful were matches with his Ranger champion, Pat Duncan, the champion swimmer. Duncan was booked to meet a number of contenders, defeating opponent after opponent.

Another local amateur was Glenn (Sammy) Seaman. Glenn was active in Boy Ranger circles for several years. Leaving here in 1928, Seaman first invaded Tulsa, where he met with some measure of success, but it was not until he reached Los Angeles that he struck his stride.

## Duncan Beats Price in Six-Round Melee

*Swimming Champ Scores Technical Knockout: Two Preliminaries Crammed With Action*

*Pat Duncan, pride of the Boy Rangers, hit hard and fast and came out of the ring Tuesday night with a technical knockout over Wyman Price in the third round of a scheduled six-round bout. The contest was staged in the Queen Theatre in South Fort Smith.*

*Duncan, holder of world's amateur swimming records, had little trouble with Price in the two rounds the bout lasted. At the start of the second round Price was unable to continue, giving Duncan the verdict on a technical knockout.*

*Duncan weighed 115 and Price 112 prior to the contests.*

*The battle had a lot of action crammed into the two rounds it lasted. Duncan was the aggressor throughout and after the first few minutes Price was forced to resort to defensive tactics instead of carry the fight to his opponent.*

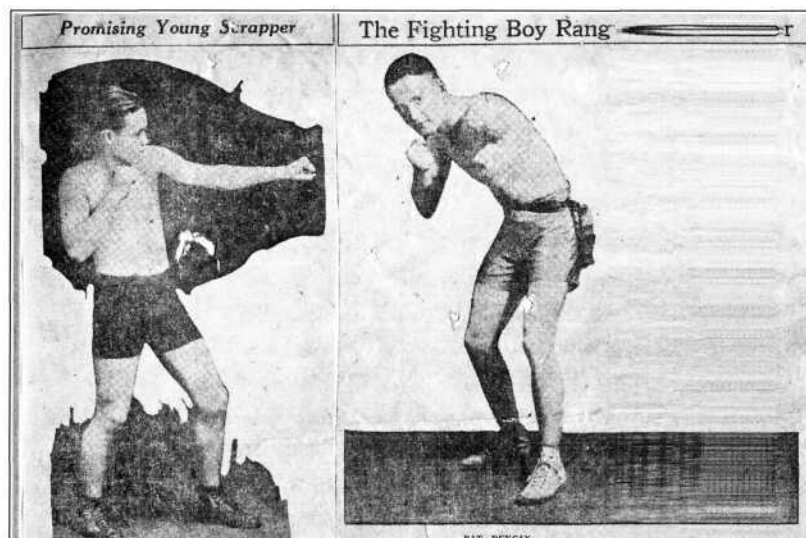
*In a flashy twin-round preliminary, Ralph Druton and Duke Breedlove pushed the leather to a draw. Referee Hooper also ruled the two-round semi-final between Robert Beckel and Claude Holman a draw. This contest also had plenty of action.*

*Just before the final event started, Holman challenged the winner of the Duncan-Price match to a six-round bout in the near future. Duncan will meet him on the next card, the date of which will be set later, it was announced Tuesday night.*

No paper given, March 19, 1924



A newspaper clipping with Pat Duncan, left and an unknown opponent.



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Kathleen O'Kelley, telephone interview by author, July 27, 2005.

# *The E. W. B. Nowland Family*

Mrs. Walter L. "Midge" Stouffer

Were you ever haunted? I have been, by Nowland Springs Cemetery. While I was growing up, in Fort Smith, we were never in the vicinity of Newlon Road that we did not drive by Nowland Springs Cemetery. Then my Mother would point out that it was the burial place for the first Martins to come to Fort Smith. It was only as an adult that I began to wonder who these Nowlands were that a spring, a school and a cemetery bore their name. I had seen so very little of them in Fort Smith history

I first found the Springs on an 1887 plat map of Sebastian County, with an unnamed cemetery and a school nearby. Now I had a starting place, NE1/2 of Section 34 T9N R32W. This proved to be a part of the property owned by E.W.B. and Harriett Nowland by at least 1840.

## **E.W.B. and Harriet Nowland (1806-1841) (d. 1864)**

Edward William Benjamin Nowland was born in 1806 in Harford County, Maryland, the son of Peregrine Nowland and Rebecca Savin. The Nowlands immigrated to Tennessee by 1820 where Edward married Harriet Craig Berryhill in Nashville on July 8, 1830. She was one of the belles of Nashville at that time, her maternal and fraternal lines going to the Craigs and Berryhills of South Carolina.

In 1832, E.W.B. (as he was always called) was appointed sutler at Cantonment Gibson. He benefitted from important family connections in Arkansas, Tennessee and Washington, D.C. His sister was Matilda Nowland Fulton, wife of William Savin Fulton. William was the last Territorial Governor of Arkansas, and the son of David Fulton, who was married to E.W.B.'s aunt, Elizabeth Savin Fulton.

In 1835 David Fulton was mayor of Little Rock. The Fultons came together to Arkansas in 1831 with the rest of the territorial government, aboard the steamer Cygnet. They were personal friends of Andrew Jackson. In a letter from Governor William Fulton to his wife, Matilda Nowland Fulton, we learn:

*"I heard night before last of the death of General John Hicks, sutler at Cantonment Gibson. Sevier agreed at once to join me in recommending your brother Edward Noland for*

*the vacancy ... The moment Edward's name was mentioned the president expressed the most decided preference for him. His commission will be mailed to him today ... The office, it is believed, will be worth \$5,000.00 per annum. Does not the President deserve our everlasting gratitude? Call the boy 'Old Hickory.' Andrew Jackson is common a name."*

Thus in 1832 Matilda had a son, "Old Hickory," and her brother E.W.B. was sutler at Fort Gibson by February. By November of 1832 he was postmaster; whether he was holding both posts or had changed positions is not clear. **Chronicles of Oklahoma** says he was reimbursed \$1,667 in August 1836 and \$500 in June of that year; and that he was a trader who operated out of Van Buren, Fort Smith and Fort Gibson.

The exact date of the Nowlands' move to Fort Smith is hard to determine but by 1835, E.W.B. was paying taxes on 27 lots in the city of Fort Smith, valued at \$5,175.

In 1835, E.W.B.'s sister Matilda Fulton and her husband William were in Fort Smith when their daughter died as they had come up river to visit the Nowlands at Fort Gibson. Matilda got sick at Fort Gibson and nearly died, too. The Little Rock newspapers adjudged it a scandal that William Fulton stayed with his wife and was not in Little Rock to take the oath as Territorial Governor.

Tax records show that the Nowlands owned 17 town lots in Fort Smith by 1839. In 1842 Harriet paid taxes on two lots in Fort Smith, three houses, five oxen and two cattle.

Fort Smith newspaperman and historian J. F. Weaver wrote that the Nowlands were here by 1840, but there is no recognizable, existing tax record until 1843, when Harriet is taxed on 160 acres in Sec. 34. This is the plantation called Oakwood or Nowland Springs by the Nowland children and others.

## **Children of E.W.B. and Harriet Nowland**

The first children of E.W.B. and Harriet Nowland, Mary, William, Laura E. and Maria, were all born at or near Fort Gibson according to census records.

E.W.B. Nowland, Jr. was born in 1842 at Nowland Springs in Fort Smith His father's obituary

of 1841 states he had been living at Oakwood for a short time.

Although they may have been in Fort Smith at times, it seems that by 1840 the Nowlands had established themselves on their plantation, at that time called Oakwood. In 1850 they had eight slaves, and in 1860 they owned 15, so it was not a large plantation, as most of the slaves were females and children under 10.

### Death at the Race Track

E.W.B. Nowland's name soon disappears from Fort Smith history because he was killed in 1841, at age 35. His obituary from the Arkansas Gazette of Dec. 8, 1841 says in part:

*"Died in Crawford Co., Arkansas on November 15th. He was no ordinary man, no every day character. With rich mental gifts he was frank, generous and warm-hearted, - eminently social and of exquisite sensibility, he commanded the admiration of associates and he was the delight of his friends."*

W.J. Weaver reports the death thus:

*"It was the close of a term, when a one-mile dash took place between a gray horse from Mississippi and a horse from Missouri. They came up nose and nose, only a few inches apart. James Scott and Judge Nolan (sic) were in the judges' stand, Scott gave the race to the gray, and so announced. Nolan differed. It was the last race of the day. They came down from the stand quarreling over the decision. Scott mounted his horse to leave. Nolan, with angry words, struck him with his riding whip, when Scott drew a pistol and shot him. There had been a club dinner, and it was surmised that they were both heated with wine. This sad event stopped the races and a case of gloom fell over the community. Judge Nolan was highly esteemed and left an amiable family. He lived on the place near town known as Nolan's (sic) Springs."*

A later **Arkansas Gazette** obituary says the race track was near Fort Smith. Both are quoted here so you could form your own opinion. Neither article says exactly where he was killed or buried, but it may have been a race track near the Bocquin

home, as it is the one mentioned just before the article by Weaver on Nowland's death. He stated that it was the most prominent one in the area and had a club house and dining room.

The club was mainly composed of prominent citizens of Van Buren and Fort Smith. It was generally located between what is now Rogers Avenue and Grand Avenue near North Greenwood. Nowland may have been taken to Oakwood for burial, as was the custom of that day. Whether this was the beginning of Nowland Springs Cemetery can not be proven.

Harriet Nowland must have been made of pretty sturdy material. She did not take her family back to Nashville, or Little Rock, but stayed at Oakwood where her fifth child, E.W.B., Jr., was born on Sept. 5, 1842.

In June of 1843 the ex-governor, James S. Conway, as agent for the U.S. government posted the amount of \$9,000 to be paid to E.W.B. Nowland for services as postmaster of Fort Gibson. This must have been welcome income for the family, and certainly demonstrates that she was still well-connected.

### Impressions of Harriet from a friend's diary

Some information regarding Mrs. Nowland is found in the diary of her friend Catherine Duval Rector. Catherine was the wife of Elias Rector, another of the earliest residents of Fort Smith. Rector served as U.S. Marshal for the Western District of Arkansas from 1831-1840.

Catherine and Harriet were part of the same social set, and most of the diary references were mentions of their social calls to each other or parties they attended. The Nowland home appears to have been quite a meeting place for their children's age group during those years (1851-1866). Mrs. Rector often says they are going to, or were at "The Springs." She also mentions Mrs. Nowland's talent in playing the piano for friends. Their lives were probably quite similar during the period, as both were at home on their plantations with teenaged children and no husbands in residence. Harriet was now a widow, and Catherine's husband Elias Rector was absent for more than a year in 1850, having departed to lead a party to California. Rector returned to Fort Smith in 1851.

Both Catherine and Harriet were in attendance with the doctor for the birth of Susan Duval Page's child. Susan was Catherine's sister.



### **Daughters Mary Emory and Marie Nowland**

In May of 1851 Catherine Rector wrote "Mary N. (Nowland) is a very sweet, interesting girl. I almost envy Mrs. N. in having her daughters with her." Previous diary entries reveal that Catherine's own daughter, Shingo Rector, had recently gone away from home to attend school.

On Feb 5, 1855 Maria Nowland died at age 15. Her tombstone is now in the National Cemetery.

In 1860 Harriet Nowland had most of her children at home. Her daughter Laura and Laura's daughter Lita Humber, William and his wife Margaret Bennett Nowland, and Edward (E.W.B. Nowland, Jr.) were all back at Oakwood when the census was taken.

Too soon the Civil War would come, and the family would never be together again. Harriett and her daughter Mary Emory went to Beaufort, South Carolina where Harriet died of yellow fever on Oct 24 1864.

Her body was returned to Oakwood, according to Episcopal Church records, but at a later time was moved to the National Cemetery.

None of the Nowland headstones are at Nowland Springs Cemetery now. The family headstones are in both the National Cemetery and at Oak Cemetery in Fort Smith.

### **Nowland Springs School**

The diary of Catherine Rector also mentions the children going to "The Springs" to school. Prairie Female Seminary was located in the country between Van Buren and Fort Smith, and was taught by Rev. and Mr. C.C. Townsend. The third session of this school opened in Sept 1846. This may well be the origin of a school at Nowland Springs, as the Rev. Townsend was the Episcopal minister and both the Nowlands and Rectors were Episcopalian.

Rev. Townsend had 17 acres surveyed adjoining the Nowland property in March of 1848. At an unknown date, according to an **Arkansas Gazette** article of 1836, Samuel Putman hired a teacher from Massachusetts for a subscription school called Nowland Springs.

It was a split log school, and had seats of split logs, with pegs driven into the convex sides. This school was replaced by a frame building in 1860. This is supposed to be the Nowland Springs School that existed in 1887 when the Fort Smith school system bought the land, which included the cemetery acreage.

### **Oldest Son: William B. Nowland**

William was the oldest son of E.W.B. and Harriett Nowland. His tombstone says William D. but all earlier references are for William B. He was born in September, 1835 at Fort Gibson, Indian Territory.

The earliest personal record of William B. Nowland is in Catherine Rector's diary. She says that one of the Nowland sons was dismissed from the Military Academy in 1851. This would have been William. This could have been a very hard time for his mother, but the military community here seems to have offered her their sympathy, rather than their derision, and she was definitely a member of that set.

At about age 19 William went to work on the river as second clerk to Major John D. Adams. In 1854 he was second clerk for Capt. Ruben Haynes on the "J.H. Harris". By 1857 Captain William B. Nowland was in command of the "Young America," a small stern wheeler which Johnson & Grimes had built for him. His younger brother Edward, who was only 15, was his clerk. They made many successful runs on the Arkansas River until 1859, when "Young America" ran aground at Fort Smith. William was already in Cincinnati building the "Lady Walton."

William married Margaret Bennett, the daughter of Joseph Bennett, a well-known and prosperous merchant, with stores in Van Buren and then Fort Smith. Mr. Bennett was a trustee of Fort Smith when it was incorporated in 1842. His nephew Joseph J. Bennett was a steamboat captain on the Arkansas by 1825.

Another of Joseph Bennett's daughters, Martha Elizabeth, was married to Joseph J. Walton.

William built the "Lady Walton" in 1859, possibly with an investment of his sister-in-law and brother-in-law, Martha Elizabeth and Joseph J. Walton.

By 1870 he and Margaret were living with the widow Walton and her children in Fort Smith. Her husband Joseph J. Walton had been killed at the Battle of Oak Hill in 1861. He was a lieutenant in Rogers Co. of the Fort Smith Rifle, and also a prosperous Fort Smith merchant.

Margaret's father, Joseph Bennett died in May of 1870.

William, his wife Margaret and her sister Martha Elizabeth were living in the old Walton home built in 1854. One of the first mansions built in Fort Smith, it was a native stone home at 218 North C. There William's funeral was held in 1871, and it was the home to the widowed sisters as late as 1880.

William had been part owner of the "The Tahlequah" and "The Arkansas", which he ran in the service of the Confederacy until Union troops burned them in 1863. "The Tahlequah" was one of the boats that brought troops from Little Rock to Fort Smith in 1861 when the Confederacy occupied the fort. After his boats were burned he raised a company of soldiers and commanded them until the end of the war, going into Missouri and Kansas with Price.

At the close of the war William went to Pittsburgh and had "The Van Buren" built. It was a light-water boat for the upper Arkansas trade. He was its captain and pilot until the construction of "The J.S. Dunham," which was considered by other rivermen to be the best light-water business boat ever on the Arkansas River.

The Nowland brothers, William and Edward, took many things up and down the river for friends and organizations. William brought the blinds for the Methodist Church from Cincinnati. He brought newspapers from up and down the Mississippi and Arkansas to John Foster Wheeler, editor of the Fort Smith **Herald**. In 1870 when he took George T. Ormsted's bridal party to Van Buren, it was said they had a better time on the boat than in Van Buren. In 1870 he also took the Fort Smith Coronet Band to the fair in Little Rock, where they won first prize, and then brought their trophy to them on another trip.

Captain William Nowland was to take command of "The Judge Wheeler," a stern wheeler built at a cost of \$15,000 and named for John Foster Wheeler. It was January 1871 before she was loaded at Memphis for her first trip. She was scheduled to go to New Orleans then return to Memphis and come up the Arkansas.

There were weekly progress reports on the building, loading and schedule in the local papers, and her arrival was greatly anticipated in Van Buren and Fort Smith. But on the morning of Feb. 15, 1871 the boiler ran dry and exploded, blowing the boat up at Bell's Plantation in Carroll Parish, Louisiana, about 40 miles above Vicksburg, Miss.

The cabin burned, the hull sank; Conran Hogan, Thomas Welch, and an unknown roustabout were killed. Captain Nowland, Charles Storey and C.W. Pope were wounded. William died of scald wounds the next day. He was 35 years old.

His brother Edward brought the body from Little Rock to Fort Smith aboard his boat "The Little Rock." What a sad journey that must have been.

Edward was approximately six years younger than William, who was probably more like a father to him than a brother, since Edward was born after their father's death.

William Nowland's obituary in the Memphis paper noted that a large circle of friends lamented his death. Major Adams, president of the Memphis and Arkansas River Packet Co. (who had financed both the "J.S. Durham" and "The Wheeler") said he felt that he had lost one of his most valued and faithful friends.

William was buried in the National Cemetery at Fort Smith, one of the first Nowland burials that can be documented as occurring there originally.

His wife Margaret, or Meg as she was usually known, remained in Fort Smith, where she died Feb. 6, 1885. She had no children so she left her estate to her niece Jimmie K. Walton, with whom she had lived. She is buried in the Dyke lot at Oak Cemetery.

#### **Daughter Laura Nowland Humber**

Laura Caroline Nowland was born in 1838 at Fort Gibson, Indian Territory. She married Charles H. Humber, captain in the U.S. Army on Dec. 5, 1854, probably in Sebastian County, as he was stationed at Fort Smith from 1855 to 1857.

Humber was born in Massachusetts about 1826. He graduated from the U.S. Military Academy in July of 1840, and was appointed 2nd Lieutenant in the 7th Infantry. He was in the Florida War, 1840-1842.

He distinguished himself in the War with Mexico, 1846-1848, where he was engaged in the defense of Fort Brown, the Battle of Monterey, and the siege of Vuzand. Humber was brevetted to captain after the Battle of Cerro Gordo, for gallant and meritorious conduct. He was severely wounded at the Battle of Contrera. From 1851-1853 he was stationed at Fort Gibson.

In the summer of 1857 he was ordered to Utah, suffering from a disease he contracted in Mexico.

Laura felt compelled to go with him to care for him and took her infant child Mary with her. They were several days beyond Fort Leavenworth when the attending physician told her that if her child proceeded it could not possibly live. Humber continued on with his troops although he could hardly walk or ride and Laura returned to Fort Smith, carrying her daughter in her lap the whole way. The day after they arrived home, Mary H. (Little Tee Tee) died on September 14, 1857, at one year and ten months of age.

Eight days later Laura gave birth to Lita, their second daughter. She certainly appears to have been made of the same strong stuff that her mother was. When Capt. Humber arrived at Fort Laramie on the Oct. 27 and learned of the death and birth, he obtained a surgeon's certificate for leave to return home. He had a very arduous journey home, partially in the snow, and already being debilitated, died in Fort Smith on Jan. 2, 1858.

Laura filed a pension application which was approved in February 1861; but due to the Civil War and then her remarriage, it was never paid. She reapplied in 1891 and her pension was granted.

Laura married her second husband, Frank Armstrong Rector, the son of Whorton Rector and Betsy Ann Langham, who owned a plantation east of Van Buren. He was born in Pulaski County in 1824. According to the Episcopal Church records they were married at Oakwood on Feb. 28, 1862, with her brothers as witnesses.

Frank Rector served during the Civil War with Company C of the Twenty Second Infantry (Arkansas Confederate), becoming a colonel. Laura spent the dark and bitter war years in Fort Smith. She and Mrs. C. A. Birnie, an old school friend, endured so much together during those years, that they remained fast friends for life.

In 1870 Frank and Laura were living in Fort Smith where he was working as a store clerk, and trying to reopen the Spadra Coal Mines. Frank Rector was found dead at the mouth of the Boggy River on Sept 19, 1874. He was a Deputy United States Marshall at that time, and it is said he was killed in the line of duty. He and Laura were living together in 1870, but were divorced by 1874 when he was killed. After this divorce Laura returned to the use of the name Humber and used it until her death.

Laura left Fort Smith before 1880 with her daughter, Lita, although she, like her brother Edward, returned for visits. She spent a month with Mrs. Birnie in 1900 and had a visit planned for the summer of 1902, but died before it was accomplished. Weaver says

*"One of her last acts was to assist the wife of West Bryant, a member of her old slave family, in the purchase of a home, near the Barling Post Office. One of the old slaves of her family is Madison Brooks, well known to many Fort Smithians. All of the old slaves of her family worshipped her; they looked upon her as more than an ordinary being."*

Laura died in New York where she had been living on May 24, 1902 at age 64. She was a devoted Christian Scientist and her services were conducted by that church in Fort Smith. She was buried in the National Cemetery in Fort Smith with her first husband Charles H. Humber and their child, Mary.

Her obituary read:

*"Mrs. Humber at one time had valuable property interest in Fort Smith, but these slipped through her hands. While not an extravagant woman, she was not a prudent manager. She never realized the value of money. With her, money was simply a commodity to be devoted to comfort and enjoyment of herself and friends, particularly the latter. If she had a fault, it was the fault that comes from too great a heart. Her hand was always open to the distressed, and an appeal to her generosity never met a rebuff... her friends.... will ever cherish the memory of her cheery laugh, her hearty greeting and the open hand she had for everybody."*

### **Granddaughter Lita Humber**

Laura's daughter Lita Humber was the last surviving member of the Nowland family to live in Fort Smith. She returned to Fort Smith some years after her mother's death, about 1910. On June 16, 1916 she married Nathaniel Dyke. She was 58 and he was 53; both were devout Christian Scientists.

Nathaniel was one of the "Original Dyke Brothers." He and his brothers came to Fort Smith in 1888 to join their uncle John G. Miller in the saw mill business. He retired from the lumber business in 1911, and opened a real estate office in the First National Bank.

It may be coincidental, but the Christian Science reading room was on the same floor of the bank.

By 1918 he was listed in the city directory as a Christian Science Practitioner, with office in the Merchants National Bank.

He and Lita resided at her home at 515 No. 16th until their deaths. Lita Humber died Jan. 17, 1940 at the age of 80. Nathan died March 22, 1941 at the age of 79. They are buried at Oak Cemetery in the lot with Lita's "Uncle Ed Nowland."



### **Son Edward William Benjamin Nowland, Jr.**

Ed was the baby of the Nowland family, and the only child born at Nowland Springs. J. Frank Weaver wrote of him:

*"of sparse build, rather under the average height and had a sparkling eye and a pleasant countenance. He wore his hair and beard rather closely cropped, as was the fashion with old time river men. His step was light, elastic, and quick and he was always gay and seemingly happy ... he scattered sunshine instead of gloom and the world is a better place for his having lived in it."*

Before the advent of the railroads Captain [Edward] Nowland was a famous boatman. He knew every bend, bar, chute, bluff, and snag from Fort Gibson to Memphis. He and the late Captain Eugene Smith were together much of their time. Both were favorites. They could run a boat as long as the sand was wet and their crafts never lacked for patronage. He started on the river when he was only 15 years old, with his older brother William.

Edward served in Captain Tom Lewis's Company of Confederate Calvary and was in the battle of Oak Hill. He was also in Price's raid into Missouri and Kansas in 1864, and a lieutenant in Major General Fagan's Escort.

In 1866 he was again on the river as captain of the "Argue" with Judge C.W. Walker of Van Buren as his clerk, as he had been clerk to his brother William when he was first on the river.

In 1866 he married Mintie Carroll of Conway County. The Van Buren paper said they were married at Lewisburg in Conway Co., Ark. on the Feb. 18. The Fort Smith paper said it was at Point Removal on the Feb. 4. Point Removal was her father G.W. Carroll's plantation near Lewisburg. The Carrolls had a very large plantation; in 1860 he listed 167 slaves, with land worth \$32,000 and personal property of \$133,000.

When the railroads arrived about 1872 the river traffic on the Arkansas declined, and Ed primarily ran from Memphis to Little Rock and on the Mississippi River. They were in Little Rock, Ark. until the late 1870s or early 1880s when they moved to Memphis probably because of the change in river traffic. He was captain of the "Governor Garland," "Lucile Nowland," and probably others.

Although Edward no longer lived in Fort Smith, he was here with some regularity. In 1897 he was

here to visit a former family slave, West Bryant's wife, and her family, who were living in Barling. J.F. Weaver reports,

*"Captain Nowland ... was reared near Fort Smith, and the tendrils of his great heart cling to the home of his boyhood, the scene of his earliest and happiest day. Nowland Springs, then known as Oakwood, north of the city, was his father's home place, and there he grew to manhood with brothers and sisters of that type which made its print upon the pages of southern history. Grand, noble people, they were all."*

Edward Benjamin Nowland died in April, 1927 at Memphis. He had just returned from a visit to New Orleans and was planning a trip to Fort Smith, before he moved to California to be near his children. He is interred in Oak Cemetery in the lot with his niece Lita Humber Dyke and her husband.

Edward and Mintie had six children: Their sons are the last descendants of E.W.B. to carry the Nowland name:

- William was born c. 1866 in Arkansas. He was home in 1910 and single.

- Harriett Carroll was born in March of 1868 in Arkansas. She married a Mr. Buckley, after 1910.

- Edward Jr. married Mary J. and had a child Edward III. They were living with the Nowlands in the 1900 census where Edward Sr. was listed as steamboat manager, and Ed, Jr. is listed as steamboat captain. Like father, like son, river men! He was still in Memphis in 1910 but was in California when his father died.

- Mintie was born in Arkansas in March of 1870 and twin to Edward III. She married Tilden McDowell and moved to New York City. She was a widow with three children in 1930.

- Lucille Armstrong was born 14 March 1885 in Tennessee and married Edward Carter. They lived in Ventura, Cal. in 1930

- Eugene was mentioned in his fathers obituary as living in Paris, France in 1927.

In the northwest corner of the National Cemetery is a knoll with large civilian tombstones:

Mary H. Humber (child of Laura) Sept. 15, 1857  
Harriet C. Nowland, Died Oct. 24, 1864  
Maria Nowland, Died Feb. 15, 1858  
Charles H. Humber, Died Jan. 2, 1858  
William D. Nowland, Sept. 1835 - Feb. 1871  
Laura C. Humber, Mar. 11, 1838 - May 24, 1902

### **Oak Cemetery**

Mary Nowland Emory  
Margaret Bennett Nowland  
E. W. B. Nowland, Jr. 1842-1927  
Lita Humber Dyke 1858-1940  
(daughter of Laura Nowland Humber)  
Nathaniel Dyke 1862-1941

### **Sources**

Newspapers: Weaver Collection of Scrap Books, U.of A. Film #445 reels 2 & 3. and transcriptions in Fort Smith Library. *Arkansas Gazette*, *Fort Smith Weekly Herald*, *The Elevator*, *The Van Buren Press*.

Histories: *Chronicles of Oklahoma*, *Arkansas Historical Quarterly*, *John Hallum History of Arkansas*, *Reflections of Fort Smith* by Julia Yadon, *The Journal of the Fort Smith Historical Society*, *Goodspeed's History of Crawford County.*, *History of Crawford County* by Clara B. Eno. Catherine Duval Rector's Diary, St. Johns Parish Register, Fort Smith

Civil Records: Survey Book A, Crawford Co., 1887 and 1903 Platt Maps Sebastian Co.; Will Book AA, Sebastian Co. Arkansas; Abstracts of Arkansas Report, by Trenton; censuses for Maryland, Tennessee, Alabama and Arkansas, California, New York.

Burial Records: Records of National Cemetery of Fort Smith and Mount Holly Cemetery in Little Rock, Birnie Funeral Home Records in Fort Smith, Ark.

Other: *Middle Tennessee Marriages* by Sistler, Patriots index for Tennessee, Patriots index for Arkansas.

Specific citings are in the Nowland files, at the Genealogy Department of the Fort Smith Public Library.



Harriet Nowland's tombstone in the Fort Smith National Cemetery



The grave marker of little Mary Humber, who died after the long ride from Fort Leavenworth with her mother, Laura Nowland Humber.



# *Hangin' Times in Fort Smith*

*By Jerry Akins*



## **The execution of Kitt Ross, 1886**

**"Calm and Stoical he meets His Fate,  
and Without a Murmur Dies"**

When Kitt Ross stepped on the death trap Aug. 6, 1886 and asked, "Is this where you want me?" it was the nineteenth time that one or more men had met justice at the end of a rope at the Fort Smith garrison. He was the forty-seventh man to die. He had been sentenced to hang on July 23, 1886 with Sprole and James but was respited for two weeks until Aug. 6.

Ross, part Cherokee with the appearance of a white man, was about 25 years old with a long memory and bad habits. Sometime in 1882 Ross, in a drunken condition, had gone to the home of Jonathan Davis and ridden his horse into Davis' house, or tried to. Davis had expelled him, "in a violent manner". Over the next three years the men had met on many occasions and appeared to be on friendly terms, at least as far as Davis was concerned. But apparently, somewhere in the recesses of Ross' mind the old grudge lurked and on Dec. 20, 1885 alcohol brought it forward.

On that day both men were at a store at Choteau, Cherokee Nation, Ross again "in a drunken condition". As the two men left the store, Davis in the lead, Davis commented, "Looks like we might have some snow, Kitt." Whereupon, Ross drew his pistol and shot Davis twice in the back with no word of warning. He then ran away dropping his pistol and losing his hat as he ran. Davis pursued him about seventy-five yards, shooting at him twice without effect, then returned to the store and died. The local citizens got together a reward of \$150 for Ross' capture and six weeks later he was apprehended at Shawneetown. He never denied the killing and only offered the excuse that he was drunk.

On the evening before his execution Ross was taken to the Catholic Church and baptized. On Friday morning, his last day on earth, he arose at his usual hour after sleeping well. During the morning

he was visited by Miss Lizzie McCabe who lived in Fort Smith and who just the day before had learned that Ross was her first cousin. "She remained with him until nearly noon, offering such consolation as only a woman can offer when in sympathy with those in distress."

The hour of execution was set for 1 o'clock and just before that time Ross talked at length with Marshal Carroll about the details of his crime but there was no material difference from what had come out at the trial. He said that whiskey was the beginning and end of his troubles with Davis.

Because Rev. L. Smythe, Ross' spiritual advisor, was detained the execution did not take place at 1 as scheduled. Ross was not taken from the prison until nearly 2 o'clock and for about ten minutes before he was told to prepare for death he paced the jail rapidly from one end to the other. On his walk he was accompanied by another prisoner with whom he talked, at the same time smoking the traditional cigar.

He had been given the customary suit of burial clothes the day before and when he arose on Friday morning he put them all on except the shirt and collar so that he wouldn't soil the shirt. When informed that his time had come he immediately finished dressing and said his good-byes to the other prisoners and stepped into the ante-room of the prison where he listened attentively as the death warrant was read.

By that time Father Smythe had arrived, the heavy iron door was opened and Ross stepped out to make his death march to the gallows. He took the walk, between two guards, with firm step and ascended the stairs to the gallows unassisted.

After the usual religious ceremonies Ross stepped forward onto the trap and placing his feet where indicated said, "Is this where you want me?"



After that he stood perfectly still while his arms and legs were pinioned, reciting The Lord's Prayer in a low tone. While he was still praying the black hood was drawn over his face, the rope adjusted, the trap sprung, "and the murderer of Jonathan Davis was launched into eternity, a victim of his own base disposition."

Court had been adjourned that day because of

the execution and few attended the event. Marshal Carroll, who never stayed on the scene for the actual drop, had left the gallows area. "Ross displayed remarkable composure all through the dreadful ordeal, appearing perfectly resigned to his fate, and was less nervous than those who were executing him."

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## **J.T. Echols, James Lamb, Albert O'Dell and John Stephens**

### **Lust, Revenge and Bad Tempers Send Four to the Gallows, Jan. 14, 1887**

"The President having declined to interfere in the cases of the unfortunate men mentioned above, they will to-day suffer the extreme penalty of the law in accordance with the sentence of the court passed upon them October 30th last." (Fort Smith Weekly Elevator 1-14-87) In that October 1886 sentencing there had been six men condemned to hang but John W. Parrott's sentence had been commuted to five years in prison and Patrick McCarty had been respited to April 8, 1887. So, on that bright winter morning in January the four men prepared to meet their doom that afternoon.

On the previous day, Jan. 13, Echols, O'Dell and Stephens had been escorted to the Catholic Church where they were baptized by Rev. Lawrence Smythe and given the last rites of the church. From that time until the execution they "made earnest efforts in behalf of their souls." James Lamb listened to the advice of Rev. M. D. Cato of the Methodist Church and was baptized into the M. E. Church South on Jan. 2, 1887.

#### **John T. Echols**

The Elevator described Echols as "an intelligent man who had borne a good character as a peaceable and law-abiding citizen" up the time of the crime and one whom, "from his general appearance no man would for a moment suspect for a moment him of being a murderer."

But, on Friday, Aug. 20, 1886 the jury, having been out for only a short time, returned a verdict of guilty of the murder of John Pettenridge on the first ballot.

Echols was thirty-five years old and was born in Fulton County, Georgia. He lived with his wife and five children in the Chickasaw Nation after immigrating to Arkansas in 1870 and living in

Sebastian County for three years. In 1887 his father, step-mother and several brothers and sisters still lived in Sebastian County.

Echols and Pettenridge lived in the Chickasaw Nation near White Bead Hill. In February 1886 Echols had traded a horse to Pettenridge for a pony, two yearlings and Winchester rifle. The pony and the rifle were delivered at the time of the agreement but the two yearlings were on the range and were to be "gotten up" by Echols. He found one of them but failed to find the other. On the morning of Feb. 16 Echols sent word to Pettenridge that he must find the animal or he would take his horse back. Pettenridge sent back word that he could not attend to it that day but would do it as soon as he had time. Pettenridge was busy hauling logs to build a house and during the day Echols, accompanied by his brother-in-law, went to the woods where he was working and encountered him on his wagon starting home with a load of logs. A few hot words were exchanged and Pettenridge, who was unarmed, made a move as if to get down from the wagon when Echols fired at him, the bullet going through the brim of his hat. The team bolted when the shooting started and Pettenridge jumped from the wagon when they started. Echols fired again and Pettenridge fell wounded. Echols fired three more shots as his victim lay on the ground.

National Archives records hold subpoenas for several witnesses and show the names of four actually testifying. However, when Echols took the stand in his own behalf he denounced all of the evidence of the prosecuting witnesses as false. His claim was that both men were on the ground during the argument and that Pettenridge flew into a rage and drew a large pocket knife and charged at him and that he shot in self-defense, knowing him to

have used his knife more than once on other men with fatal results. He claimed to have fired five shots in rapid succession while Pettenridge was still standing and did not shoot after he fell. He did not go to the woods to confront Pettenridge but was horse hunting and happened to pass that way.

Witnesses who first arrived on the scene and examined the body stated that Pettenridge's knife was still in his pocket and closed when they got to him. Since death was almost instantaneous it was not credible that he closed it and put it there after he was shot. As stated before, the jury was out only a short time in deciding on a verdict of guilty.

Echols, like most other condemned men, applied for executive clemency, but on Saturday, Jan. 1, 1887 a telegram was received saying that the President would not interfere with the court's decision. At first Echols was completely undone by the news but later began to make his arrangements for his demise.

### **John Stephens**

John Stephens was "a fine looking mulatto, twenty-eight years of age" who was convicted Sept. 2, 1886 of a triple murder near Bartlesville, I. T. in the Delaware Reservation, Cherokee Nation. Stephens was born in Iroquois County, Illinois and had lived in the Indian Territory for twelve years prior to the murder where he had a wife and one child.

On the morning of May 29, 1886 several people were called to the homes of Mrs. Anna Kerr (misspelled Carr in the Elevator) and Dr. James T. Pyle. At Mrs. Kerr's home they found her and her son, Louis Winter, bludgeoned to death in their beds with an axe. At Dr. Pyle's home the doctor lay mortally wounded, again with an axe, and his wife's head had been bashed in at the rear. She would survive the attack after fourteen pieces of her skull were removed. The attacker also assaulted a hired man, bruising him, and struck a little girl with a board.

Little mention is made, by the witnesses who deposed, about evidence found at the Kerr home. But at the Pyle home they found the evidence that, when linked, would, though circumstantial, convict Stephens.

On the evening of Friday, May 28, Stephens had borrowed a horse and saddle blanket from Charlie Whitefeather and rode off in the direction of Mrs. Kerr's home. At the Pyle home the survivors thought

that their assailant might have ridden off to the south as indicated by the dog's barking. Upon investigation in that direction they found where a horse had pawed the ground and nearby a saddle blanket, later identified by Whitefeather, and a foot rag. When arrested Stephens had, in his coat pocket, a foot rag that appeared to be a mate to the one found. Stephens had worked for Whitefeather who stated that he had seen the suspect use foot rags like those found but not to wipe the horses collars as he claimed he had done. Also, at the Anderson house, where Stephens had been staying, a horse was found staked out and identified by Whitefeather as the one loaned and not returned.

The arresting party, four of whom deposed, did not state why they went the next day, Sunday, to the Anderson home and arrested Stephens. Apparently he was immediately suspected.

Stephens claimed to have been at the Anderson home all Friday night. However, when other members of that family were questioned they said that he had not arrived until about 11 o'clock Saturday morning. Also, two other men who Stephens said could vouch for him said that he was not there. Then Stephens said that he had started to the home of a man named Johnson who owed him money. He had stayed all night at the home of John Capps and had breakfast there and then proceeded to Johnson's. At the time he was arrested he was not told what he was arrested for even though he had asked. But on arrival at the Johnson house Mrs. Johnson asked why he was arrested and he replied that he supposed that it was for murder. Up until that time no one had mentioned murder.

The reasons for the murders appear to have never been absolutely determined. It was thought, however, that Mrs. Kerr's husband, from whom she was separated "and on very bad terms", was behind that murder. Kerr was arrested but the grand jury ignored the case and did not deliver a "true bill". Stephens had been arrested for larceny, accused of stealing Pyle's cattle, and Dr. Pyle had testified against him. Andrew H. Norwood, one of the arresting party, said that he had heard that Stephens had threatened Pyle's life.

The Elevator of Sept. 10, 1886 stated;

"Stephens seemed entirely unconcerned when the verdict was announced, evidently anticipating that he was a doomed man." More likely, even though he may have anticipated the verdict, he expected to appeal and receive clemency.

## Lamb and O'Dell

It would hard to describe the crimes of James Lamb and Albert O'Dell more effectively (or colorfully) than did the Fort Smith Weekly Elevator, so the following is verbatim from that paper published Jan. 14, 1887.

### "James Lamb and Albert O'Dell"

"These young men were convicted of the murder on the 18th of last September, the jury returning a verdict in a few minutes after the case was given to them. The circumstances surrounding the case were of a most revolting character, presenting the most striking illustration of human depravity ever held up to the public gaze. The evidence showed that in the fall of 1885 Edward Pollard and George Brassfield with their families were tenants on the same farm near Lebanon, Chickasaw Nation, and that Lamb and O'Dell were engaged picking cotton there. Mrs. Pollard and Lamb became infatuated with each other, as did also Mrs. Brassfield and O'Dell, which resulted in criminal intimacy between the two couples. The young men became so bold in their attentions to the two faithless wives that their conduct became the neighborhood gossip. They made threatening demonstrations toward Pollard and Brassfield and the latter, fearing his life was in danger, fled the country when O'Dell forthwith took possession of his family. Pollard was not so easily driven off and continued to remain at home.

On the afternoon of the 26th of December, Mrs Pollard sent her husband to Lebanon some two miles away to get some coal oil and coffee, while Lamb on the same day went to engage a preacher to come and marry O'Dell and Mrs. Brassfield, the ceremony to take place the next day. Pollard went to the store on foot, made his purchases and started home and that was the last ever seen of him alive. Late that night Lamb and O'Dell went around to different places in the neighborhood making inquiries for him, saying his absence was alarming his wife, but insinuated that he had deserted her the same as Brassfield had his family. The next morning the preacher came and after performing the marriage ceremony for O'Dell and Mrs. Brassfield, was requested by Lamb to perform a

like ceremony for himself and Mrs. Pollard, saying Pollard had deserted her and never would return. The preacher declined, however, and that afternoon the whole outfit packed up and left that section in one wagon, going to a more remote part of the territory. About two months after their departure the dead body of Pollard was found in a ravine about three quarters of a mile from where he had lived. He had evidently been waylaid as he was going home from Lebanon on the evening he was sent by his wife to the store. He had been shot in the head.

Suspicion was at once directed to Lamb and O'Dell as his murderers, and it was evident from circumstances before and after his disappearance that a conspiracy had been entered into by Lamb, O'Dell and the two women to get rid of both Pollard and Brassfield, either by killing them or by frightening them out of the country. Deputy Marshal Mershon being camped in the vicinity when the body was found, at once began to work at the case, and becoming satisfied that the suspected parties were the murderers, at once took their trail and located O'Dell and his paramour at a point on Buck Horn Creek, about fifty miles from the scene of the murder. He arrested O'Dell some distance from the house where they were living, early in the morning, and learned that Lamb and Mrs. Pollard had become alarmed and left for a more obscure locality a day or so previous.

Leaving O'Dell in [the] charge of his posse, he went on to the house and arrested Mrs. Brassfield, who feigned great surprise when told it was for being accessory to the murder of Pollard, saying she did not know that he was dead. Mershon then told her there was no use making any denials, "[F]or", says he, "I have O'Dell already in irons and he has told all about it." This threw the woman off her guard and she began to cry, saying if he had told it himself she could not help it if they hung him. O'Dell was then brought to the house, and finding that Mershon had, by strategy gotten a confession from Mrs. Brassfield, acknowledged that he had assisted Lamb to drag the body off and conceal it, but further than this was not a party to the crime.

After securing O'Dell and Mrs. Brassfield, he left them [the] in charge of a guard and took the trail after Lamb, coming upon him at a late hour



the same night. In a lonely cabin in the woods, about forty miles from where O'Dell was arrested. Lamb denied everything and laughed at the idea of being arrested, displaying a bravado surprising in one of his age.

O'Dell in making his statement to the officers, even told where they hid Pollard's hat and the can of coal oil, which were afterwards found at the place indicated by him. He said they took the package of coffee home and made use of it. Mrs. Brassfield had three children and Mrs. Pollard one. While at the Marshal's camp after the arrest, Brassfield visited them and took possession of his two oldest children, while the brother of Pollard came over from Texas and got Mrs. Pollard's child, taking it home with him.

The wicked quartette (sic) were lodged in jail here on the 15th of April last and on examination before the United States commissioner O'Dell and Lamb were bound over for murder, while the women were held as witnesses. Mrs. Brassfield remained in jail up to the close of the trial but Mrs. Pollard gave bond and went to Livingston County, Mo. where her relatives live, and before returning to court, gave birth to a child of which Lamb was the parent. A few days previous to the trial Mrs. Brassfield gave birth to twins, both boys, the offspring of her debauchery with O'Dell, though both of them died."

When on trial Lamb and O'Dell each employed his own lawyer and, in the words of the Elevator, "prosecuted each other." Lamb testified that O'Dell shot Pollard as he was approaching the house after dark thinking that it was Brassfield coming back. O'Dell testified that Lamb did the killing. Both admitted to having assisted in dragging away and hiding the body. Both of the women, however, stated that O'Dell was at the house when shots were heard and that Lamb was absent. Mrs. Pollard maintained that she did not know that her husband was dead until she was arrested saying that Lamb had lead her to believe that he had deserted her as Brassfield had done.

The prosecution's belief was that there was a conspiracy to kill both men and that Brassfield had foiled part of their plot by fleeing. The prosecution held that they were both equally guilty regardless of who actually did the killing. The jury apparently agreed and was out only a short time in delivering a guilty verdict.

"The case developed not only murder but

larceny and bigamy, they having not only robbed their victims of their families, but all other movable property they possessed, besides living in a state of debauchery revolting in the extreme, both couples most of the time occupying the same room." (Elevator 1-14-87)

Judge Parker, when passing sentence, opined that the wives were equally conspirators and should be standing in the dock with the men at the moment.

Lamb was twenty-three years old and was born in Crawford County, Arkansas. He had lived in the Indian Territory fourteen months at the time of the crime. O'Dell was twenty-six and was born in Franklin County, Alabama and moved as a child to Texas. He had lived in the territory two years.

By the Saturday preceding the execution all of the condemned had received word that the President would not interfere with the court's decision. At that news both Lamb and O'Dell broke down in tears as Echols did on receipt of his notice. Lamb soon recovered, though, and spoke of his situation, saying that he was not afraid to die and if not for his mother he would go to the gallows willingly. He felt that the President should pardon O'Dell since he didn't take part in the actual killing saying that his life should be sufficient to atone for Pollard's.

Lamb's statement was relayed to Attorney General Garland who wired District Attorney Sandels to interview Lamb and report his opinion of anything he might say in O'Dell's behalf. That was done but nothing more than what was brought out in court was found.

### **The Gallows**

"Friday morning dawned bright and beautiful, the sun rising for the last time on the four unfortunate men whose names appear above, throwing its bright rays into the gloomy prison as if to cheer the inmates who would in a short time bid farewell forever to four of their fellow prisoners and see them led forth to die." (Elevator 1-21-87)

Reportedly Echols, Lamb, O'Dell and Stephens slept well on the last night before their execution and spent the morning talking to callers and meeting with their spiritual advisors. Lamb, O'Dell and Stephens talked freely about their situation but Echols had little to say and appeared to prefer seclusion.

O'Dell, when asked if he realized his death was imminent, answered, "O, yes sir, I fully realize my position, and know that time is short, but I can't help it, and I feel resigned, though I don't think my punishment is just." (Elevator 1-21-87)

Lamb said that he was ready to die, but would save O'Dell if he could. Stephens, while resigned to his fate, berated the newspapers for misrepresenting his case and saying that a true account had never been published.

Lamb ordered, apparently, a large meal which was brought to him about 11:30. He "partook with apparent relish" saying that he didn't want to go to the gallows hungry or thirsty. He invited the other three to share his meal, which they did, "not a scrap being left." After the meal all four smoked the customary cigars and then dressed in the suits provided for the occasion.

After being led out into the anteroom, the condemned were read the death warrants by Deputy Marshal John Carroll and handcuffed. O'Dell, Echols and Stephens knelt on the scaffold with Rev. L. Smythe. Lamb sat by himself on the bench and trembled from nervousness and the January cold. Occasionally he would make eye contact with an acquaintance and acknowledge them with a nod and a smile.

The services finished, the men stepped onto the trap and were asked by Marshal Carroll if they had any last words. Stephens only asked the marshal not to let the doctors cut up his body. Lamb offered a few words advising people to keep out of bad company and out of the Indian Territory. Rev. Cato came onto the platform and shook hands with Lamb and offered words of consolation.

"The arms and legs of the condemned were pinioned, the noose adjusted, the black caps drawn, the trap sprung, and the unfortunate men launched into eternity, all four of their necks being broken by a fall of seven feet." (Elevator 1-21-87)

The Elevator stated: "George Maledon prepared everything for the execution and adjusted the noose on the neck of each subject, and his work was well executed. George has assisted in the hanging of about fifty men." Apparently the Maledon myth had already started. The hanging of these four men brought the total hanged at Fort Smith to fifty-one.

Maledon was not an employee of the court or the U. S. Marshal's office for at least the first thirteen hangings, Story's seven and Parker's first six, and possibly several more. So, unless he participated in hangings in some other place he could not possibly have "assisted in the hanging of about fifty men."

On the back of each death warrant the U. S. Marshal always wrote a paragraph nearly identical to the following:

"I certify that I have duly served this writ by reading the same to and within the presence and hearing of the within named John Stephens and with the assistance of Deputy Marshal J. C. Pettigrew by hanging the said John Stephens by the neck until he was dead on Friday the 14 day of January 1887 at Fort Smith Ark. And within the Western District of Arkansas in the presence of Dr. J. G. Eberle and others as herein I am commanded."

John Carroll

U. S. Marshal

By J. Carnal

Deputy

Service	25.00
Paid J. J. Little Co. 1 suit clothes	10.60
" C. A. & H. C. Hines 1 coffin	5.00
" L. Smith 1 grave	6.00
" Spencer Ball Hauling corpse	1.00
	<hr/>
	\$47.60

Sources:

National Archives

Fort Smith *Weekly Elevator*

# 1906 Newspapers

## **FORT SMITH ELEVATOR**

**Jan. 7, 1906 – June 29, 1906**

*(Abstracted from microfilm in the  
Fort Smith Public Library  
by Dorothy Doville)*

(Editor: Spelling, punctuation and grammar appear  
as printed in *Fort Smith Elevator*)

---

**JAN. 5, 1906**

Ben Rayburn was killed by Hillard Hunt on Cross Creek, Scott county, on the night of December 27th. Hunt was also badly cut but not fatally. Jealousy, fired up by bad liquor, is said to have been the cause of the tragedy.

\*\*\*\*

Dr. J.M.Crandell, the well-known specialist, is now located at Fort Smith, 902 Garrison ave. He makes a specialty of eye, ear, nose and throat.

\*\*\*\*

One of the Wells-Fargo express wagons was knocked over Saturday by a collision with a street car at the junction of Seventh street and Garrison avenue. The driver of the wagon was trying to get out of the way of another car and drove directly in front of the car that struck him. Not much damage was done.

\*\*\*\*

When you write to a man, read your letter over carefully, then mail it; when you write to a woman read it over three times, then burn it.

**JAN. 12, 1906**

Yesterday was the eighth anniversary of the great cyclone in 1898.

\*\*\*\*

Hon. W.L. Kirby, candidate for attorney-general, spent a day in the city last week.

\*\*\*\*

Mildred Mayes, an inmate of one of the front street houses, killed herself Tuesday with morphine.

\*\*\*\*

George Anhalt, fined \$50 December 12, 1905, in the justice court of Shoal Creek township, Logan county, for selling wine to minors, was pardoned last week by the governor.

\*\*\*\*

Commencing next Sunday, January 14th, the Frisco will install a new government fast mail from St. Louis to Fort Smith, leaving the former at 2:45 a.m. and arriving at 2:40 p.m. of the same day.

**JAN. 19, 1906**

Constable Ed Paden is seriously ill from pneumonia.

\*\*\*\*

The funeral of the late Joe Martine took place from his home on North Twelfth street, under the auspices of the Masonic fraternity.

\*\*\*\*

A son of John Kelley, the ferryman at Redland, I.T., was drowned Thursday of last week while assisting in running the boat across the river.

\*\*\*\*

William Allen a witness in the case of John Hudson, charged with illicit sale of liquor, was so drunk when called to the witness stand that he could not give testimony. Judge Rogers directed him to the custody of Marshall Stahl until he could sober up.

\*\*\*\*

Ira Bracht had the misfortune to get one of his fingers cut off by a saw at the Border City planning mill last Saturday.



## **JAN. 26, 1906**

John Anderson, an insane man who has been in the city jail for nearly a year, died Sunday morning.

\*\*\*\*

Last week fire broke out in No. 2 mine at McCurtain, I.T., and raged fiercely for several hours, but was finally extinguished.

\*\*\*\*

Mr. Charles Brennan, a tinner with Brown Co., and Mrs. Real, of the Sanitarium drug store, were married Sunday at 4:30 p.m. at 1113 North Third street.

## **FEB. 2, 1906**

A.E. Baker and Jane Scott, of Dora, Crawford county, were married Tuesday in this city by Justice Same Edmondson.

\*\*\*\*

Miss Cordia Richardson, who has charge of the central office at Paris, Logan county, operating 163 phones, including six long distance lines, is blind. Miss Richardson is a graduate of the Missouri School for the Blind, and is perhaps the first blind person to operate a telephone switch board, which she does with an alacrity and skill that is surprising. Miss Emma Pinkerton is Miss Richardson's assistant.

\*\*\*\*

While Will Mister and Armistead Pryor, colored employes at the Mint saloon, were fooling with a pistol, the weapon was discharged and the bullet passed through Mister's liver. He was removed to Belle Point Hospital for treatment, where he died shortly after his arrival.

\*\*\*\*

Hon. S.Q. Sevier, of Camden, passed through the city Sunday on his way to the northwest, where he is booked for a number of speeches.

\*\*\*\*

Monday afternoon Andrew S. Dowd received a

telegram informing him of the death of Mrs. L.J. Ratcliffe, his mother, near Jackson, Tenn. Mrs. Ratcliffe resided in Fort Smith for a number of years, and had many friends here who learn with regret of her death.

## **FEB. 16, 1906**

A new station has been occupied by the fire ladies, and property owners in its vicinity rest easier in consequence thereof.

\*\*\*\*

Mrs. C.F. Harvey, widow of the late Judge Harvey and an old resident of Van Buren, died Tuesday after a brief illness from pneumonia.

\*\*\*\*

The case against H.S. Holden, charged with intimidating a non-union printer employed by the Thrash-Lick Company, was dismissed Saturday from Esq. Edmondson's court at the instance of the plaintiff.

## **FEB. 23, 1906**

Mrs. Amos Henry, a noted Choctaw politician and statesman, was in the city Tuesday.

\*\*\*\*

Father Kelly, a noted Catholic orator of Little Rock, will lecture in Fort Smith on St. Patrick's day.

\*\*\*\*

The Ozark Enterprise says unknown persons got into the store of Crites & Valentine and stole a whole lot of candy, nuts, and cigars. It is thought boys did the work.

\*\*\*\*

I have for sale a fine jack, which I will sell cheap, as I am retiring from mule raising. A.F. Cowling, Cowlington, I.T.

## **MARCH 2, 1906**

Judge Falconer is in the country looking over the roads and seeing how the land lays.

During the absence of Mayor Kuper at New Orleans, Alderman Bourland watched over the interests of the city as mayor pro-tem.

\*\*\*\*

Mrs. Mary Wilhalf, of Van Buren, celebrated her eighty-second birthday anniversary on February 17. She is one of best preserved people in western Arkansas, has full possession of all her mental faculties, and she really is as active as many people much younger than herself.

### **MARCH 2, 1906**

Deputy Bush arrived at the federal jail last week with James Webb, who was indicted at the last term of the federal court for cutting timber on government land while living in Polk county. He was arrested in Scott county.

\*\*\*\*

Mr. O. Echols, who for several days was dangerously ill from pneumonia, has taken a turn for the better, and unless he has a backset will recover.

\*\*\*\*

The Reporter says that while riding with her husband four miles from Waldron Mrs. J.A. Singletary's horse fell and threw her to the ground, breaking one of her legs.

\*\*\*\*

Thursday morning of last week ground was broken for the Second Baptist church in this city. The new building will be erected at the junction of North Eleventh and Fifth streets.

\*\*\*\*

The Eagles have bought a forty acre tract of land east of Electric park which they propose to cut up into lots and sell. The profits will be devoted to building a hall for the local lodge in this city.

### **FEB. 9, 1906**

The governor has pardoned A.J. McAmes, of Logan county, convicted last January for carrying a pistol.

\*\*\*\*

Judge Rogers returned last week from Hot Springs. Though somewhat improved the condition of his health is not the best.

\*\*\*\*

Last week George McKee was bound over to the federal grand jury by Commissioner Armistead on a charge of counterfeiting.

\*\*\*\*

At their regular meeting last Sunday afternoon the members of Ben T. DuVal Camp U.C.V. decided upon the Choctaw as the route by which they will go to the New Orleans reunion.

### **MARCH 23, 1906**

If Senator Clark thinks sawmills and mines are so nearly equal in value we can find him a sawmill or two to trade off for his United Verde properly anytime he's ready.

\*\*\*\*

There is a prospect that the Catholic avenue line will be extended to the forty acre tract purchased several months ago by the Little Rock Trust Co.

\*\*\*\*

Mr. Tom Boyd, a former resident of Fort Smith, died suddenly last week in Oklahoma from heart disease. Mr. Boyd was a clever young gentleman and had many friends.

\*\*\*\*

It would make a preacher awful tired if somebody got up and preached his own sermon to him.

### **MARCH 30, 1906**

The awnings in front of the Hotel Main building are being removed.

\*\*\*\*

Carrie Nation delivered one of her characteristic harangues at the circuit court room last Saturday night.

Everybody in Fort Smith is glad the razzle-dazzle is over, and doubtless the people of the country districts feel relieved likewise.

\*\*\*\*

Sunday night somebody got into the undertaking establishment of W.E. Joshenberger and stole \$12 or \$15 from the safe, which had not been locked.

\*\*\*\*

Ed Haglin says he has completed arrangements for raising his hotel building to six stories, and will begin work anon as the plans have been completed.

\*\*\*\*

Prof. J.W. Michaels, the noted deaf mute educator, preached Sunday morning in the Sunday school room of the First Baptist church to deaf mutes of Fort Smith.

#### **APRIL 6, 1906**

Even the man who objects to stepping on tacks would like to walk all over the tax collector.

\*\*\*\*

The school board has decided to build an addition of four rooms to Belle Grove school house. The rooms in the building at present are badly crowded.

\*\*\*\*

E.E. Nield, who has been connected for several years with the Fort Smith Refrigeration Company, has disposed of his interest in that institution and will move to California.

\*\*\*\*

The city election was a miserably tame affair, not one-tenth of the vote being cast. The Democratic nominees were of course elected.

\*\*\*\*

An Episcopal Mission has been established on Towson avenue near the residence of D.J. Young. The building will be erected through Mrs. Young's hospitality.

\*\*\*\*

Thursday evening of last week fire destroyed the coal sheds, laundry and cook house of Belle Point Hospital. The fire department responded promptly when the alarm was turned in, but arrived too late to do more than prevent the spread of the flames. The fire originated from defective flue in the cook's house.

#### **APRIL 13, 1906**

Truth and honesty have but little in common with diplomacy.

\*\*\*\*

The time is coming when it will be the fashion to speak of any decayed politician "that grand old war automobile of the party."

#### **APRIL 13, 1906**

At the meeting of the city council Monday night Judge W.A. Falconer, B.D. Crane and J.M. Tenney were chosen commissioners for the paving and sewer district, the petition for this district having been granted by the council prior to their election. The council also appointed a committee to make investigations in regard to the water question. Messrs. Bourland, Smedley and Culter were appointed, and to these Mayor Kuper and W.J. Johnston were added. As the investigation will require the committee to leave the city, John Witherspoon was mayor pro-tem in Mayor Kuper's absence. The ordinance of the Haskell Reeves Company asking for a franchise for an interurban railway was referred to the ordinance committee.

#### **APRIL 27, 1906**

At the annual convention of the Arkansas Banker's Association held in Little Rock last week R.O. Herbert, of Greenwood was elected Vice president and G.T. Sparks, of Fort Smith, was chosen one of the delegates to the national convention of the American Banker's Association.

\*\*\*\*

Ed Williams, a Negro boy who had been working for Pantet, the florist, was held to the grand jury Monday by Esq. Danner. He was under arrest for purloining plants and selling flowers entrusted to his care for delivery to patrons, and while in the police court swore to all kinds of stories.



### **MAY 4, 1906**

The first effort to break the coal strike with imported labor was successful at Buck I.T. near south McAlester, last Monday, when the McAlester Coal Mining Company opened one shaft with twenty miners brought in from a distance. As yet no intimidation has been attempted by the union miners, who are lying idle at the camp. It is believed trouble will occur in the camp within a few days if the imported miners continue at work. The United States authorities are watching the situation closely.

\*\*\*\*

Yvette Guilbert is back in New York, but is said to have no naughty songs. Humph---Why, then, is she in New York?

\*\*\*\*

L.P. Miles is able to be upon the streets again after a sharp attack of paralysis, caused by the collapse of a blood vessel in the brain.

### **MAY 11, 1906**

A dispatch from Washington city on May 4 announced that C.M. Cooke, F.E. McCammon, T.S. McCoy, L.A. McLaughlin and P.K. Robottom have successfully passed the mental examination for admission to the United States Naval Academy at Washington. Mr. Cooke is a son of Mr. & Mrs. C.M. Cooke, of Fort Smith. His success will be received with pleasure by his numerous friends at his home.

\*\*\*\*

Marvin Loyd, 16 years old, living at Monroe, I.T. left home May 7, 1906; third finger on left hand is enlarged, has been broken. Please write me at Monroe, I.T., if seen. W.J. Loyd

### **MAY 18, 1906**

Mr. John Ayers, who is a state delegate to the Southern Baptist convention, being held at Nashville this week, writes back home that the convention is a great success, and that Nashville is doing itself proud entertaining the delegates. The convention will close Tuesday.

\*\*\*\*

One of the great pictures of the world "Christ Before

Pilate" is on exhibition at the circuit court room from 2 to 6 o'clock and 7:30 to 9 o'clock p.m. each day. Admission, adults 25 cents, school children 15 cents. Tickets on sale at all drug stores and at the door.

\*\*\*\*

THE UNITED WALNUT COMPANY – we pay the highest cash prices for walnut and cherry logs 12 inches and larger in diameter. We also buy walnut and cherry lumber. Write us for prices. The United Walnut Co., Band Mill, Fort Smith Arkansas

### **MAY 25, 1906**

Sweet Potato Slips \$2.00 per 1,000 special price on 20,000 lots. J.H. Krone, Jr. Florist, 14th and D streets, Fort Smith, Ark.

\*\*\*\*

John F. Scott, an inmate of the Confederate soldiers' retreat at Sweet Home, committed suicide last week by jumping from one of the balconies of the building. He was 76 years of age and sent to the home from Lincoln county. It is said that he was a relative of Gen. Winfield Scott, of Mexican war fame.

\*\*\*\*

Last Friday night somebody reached through Roy Hambrics window on North B street and abstracted a pair of shoes and a pair of trowsers which lay on a chair near by. Fortunately neither Mr. Hambric's money or watch, which lay on a dresser in another part of the room, were touched.

### **JUNE 1, 1906**

In a fit of passion at Coalgate, I.T. last week Joe Tuschi shot a fellow boarder, Pio Compano, killing him instantly, and shot his landlady, Mrs. Polis Cornelet, though the kidneys, inflicting a fatal wound. He then killed himself. All were Italians.

\*\*\*\*

The Isaac C. Parker Republican League club of Fort Smith met last Friday night and selected the following delegates to the State convention: James Brizzolara, J.K. Barnes, George Tilles, I. Isaacson, J.J. Parker, C.E. Stokes, M.T. Dyke, F.A. Youmans, Edwin Machem, W.B. Pane, Al Belt. The delegates

were instructed to support Sid B. Redding for national league president and to vote as a unit.

### **JUNE 8, 1906**

Last week Bud Ledbetter and several other deputy marshals raided the gambling houses of Muskogee, arresting fifty men.

\*\*\*\*

The South McAlester macaroni factory recently shipped a car-load of macaroni from their factory in that city to a Cuban port.

\*\*\*\*

The report of Prof. Kuykendall, superintendent of the Fort Smith public school system presents some interesting features, particularly in the increase in the school population of the city. The increase in the number of pupils is one of the best indexes of a city's growth and the report shows a healthy increase. The figures follow: Year's enrollment for 1904-05, 3,182; 1905-06, 3,477. Increase 294. Average number entered in 1904-05, 2,692; 1905-06, 2,915. Increase 223. Average belonging in 1904-05, 2,516; 1905-06, 2,749. Increase 233. Average attendance in 1904-05, 2,224; 1905-06; 2,554. Increase 330. Per cent of attendance in 1904-05, 92.3; in 1905-06, 92.9. Increase 0.6.

### **JUNE 15, 1906**

Will Johnson, colored, charged with trying to kill Isaac Quinn, another Negro, was tried in the circuit court last week acquitted. The testimony showed Quinn to be the aggressor.

J.K. Barnes is in receipt of his new commission as attorney for the Western District of Arkansas, which makes him solid for four years more.

\*\*\*\*

H.F. Holman arrived Saturday at the federal jail with Thomas Kimbrough, who is charged with selling whiskey at Alleen, Little River county.

### **JUNE 22, 1906**

While working at the handle factory last Friday B.W. Dolby an employe, slipped and broke one of the bones of his right arm.

Last Sunday a time table went into effect on the Fort Smith & Western which the traveling public will do well to consult if they wish to avoid inconvenience.

\*\*\*\*

Peter J. Hudson, auditor of the Choctaw Nation, was in the city Tuesday on business.

### **JUNE 29, 1906**

Barney King has retired from his meat business, having sold his market to the Caldarera fruit company.

\*\*\*\*


James Clark, 10 years old, had two toes cut off while playing with a road scraper one day last week.

\*\*\*\*

Dr. E.H. Stephenson, of Fort Smith, was elected president of the National Electric Medical Association at a meeting of the association held in Put-in-Bay, Mich., last week.

\*\*\*\*

George Martin and Miss Inez Martin eloped from Booneville one night last week, going eastward, but the father of Miss Martin stopped the elopement at Little Rock, by wire, and took his daughter home. The would-be groom went on.




Surprise your favorite persons with a

membership in the Fort Smith

Historical Society they will love

*The Journal* and you.



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NOTES: # - some sort of graphic is used, other than a portrait.

\* - a portrait of the person(s) named is on page indicated.

(- - -) - for such as title, marital status, degree, etc.

"- - -" - for nickname or special emphasis.

(-) - dash between page numbers indicates the name of the person, place, etc. is carried throughout the story.

(gp) - group picture

(pc) - postcard

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