Remembering Pearl Harbor
Emery Lundquist’s Diary Gives Insight Into 1941 Attack

A ’30s Boy:
Robert Martin Shares Memories From Childhood

Hangin’ Times in Fort Smith

Jesse Turner:
Frontier Lawyer and Whig Politician

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COVER: The USS Monaghan

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3201 Rogers Avenue
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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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No portion of this publication may be reproduced in any form,
except for brief excerpts for review purposes, without the
consent of the Editors of The Journal.
2008 Frontier Achievement Awards
Thursday, April 17, 6:30 p.m.
River Front Park Events Building
The 27th annual Frontier Achievement Awards will be presented by the Secondary Social Studies Educators of Fort Smith, recognizing individuals, businesses, or industries that have made an outstanding contribution to the historical development of our city and/or helped to preserve the heritage of Fort Smith. The public is invited.

Fort Smith Historical Society
2008 Annual General Membership Meeting
Thursday, April 17, 7:30 p.m.
River Front Park Events Building
The annual general membership meeting will follow the Frontier Achievement Awards reception, which begins at 6:30 p.m. Officers and board members will be elected at this time, and we will vote on an amended Constitution and By-Laws. Please try to attend both functions.

Fort Smith Public Library
Celebrates 100 Years
Saturday, April 26, 6 p.m.
PROGRESSIVE DINNER

11th Annual Tales of the Crypt
Sunday, April 27, 3 to 5 p.m.
Historical and educational guided tours.

Fort Smith Heritage Day Festival
Saturday, May 17, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Clayton House • 514 N. Sixth St.
The Fort Smith Heritage Foundation (Clayton House) will sponsor the fourth annual Fort Smith Heritage Day Festival on Saturday, May 17, 2008, from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Tickets for the Clayton House tour and festivities are $5. Living history re-enactments, soap and candle making, and Dutch oven cooking on the lawn. Skirt Lifters Band. Jamin Bray Victorian music workshops. Professor Farquar’s Medicine Show. For more information, contact the Clayton House at 783-3000.

Lutheran Duval Neighborhood Tour of Historic Homes
Sunday, May 11, 1 to 5 p.m.
The Lutheran Duval Tour of Historic Homes will be 1 to 5 p.m. Sunday, May 11, 2008. The tour will include homes from many of Fort Smith’s most prominent citizens with a brief history of the family and the architectural design of the home. For more information, call Wayne Bledsoe at (479) 783-7903 or Carolyn Plank at (479) 782-2874, or e-mail Carolyn.Plank@yahoo.com.

South Sebastian County Historical Society
Arkansas Heritage Month
Saturday, May 3, 11 a.m. to 2 p.m.
Old Jail Museum Complex • Greenwood, Arkansas
The Heritage Month theme is “Arkansas Political
Heritage: The People Rule.” There will be a special celebration honoring the service to our county and state by Gov. John Sebastian “Bass” Little, the only Arkansas governor born and raised in Sebastian County.

Visit the Old Jail Museum Complex and tour the museum, the Vineyard Cabin, Redwine Pioneer School, Ole Barn, Governor “Bass” Little Monument, and the Coal Miners Memorial.

The complex is south of the courthouse on the Greenwood town square.

For more information, go to our website: http://ghsweb.k12.ar.us/sschs/home.htm.

***

World War II Veterans Oral History Project

The Fort Smith Historical Society is interviewing veterans of World War II, making video recordings of these wartime experiences as told to an interviewer. Each veteran will receive a copy of his interview on a DVD at no charge.

This collection of the oral history of a generation of American war veterans will be archived by the Society for future generations.

We encourage area veterans who are interested in participating to call (479) 926-5667 or (479) 646-9140.

For more information check our website at www.fortsmithhistory.com.

Oral History Project Donors

Fort Smith Area Community Foundation
Marilyn Patterson
Lt. Gen. Norman H. Smith (Ret.)
Emery Lundquist
Ena and Wayne Perry
Connie Lichty-Smith
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Ralph Holmes
Ken and Chris Johnson

Ann Bumpass Liddle

Fort Smith Historical Society Receives Bequest

The Fort Smith Historical Society recently received a $10,000 bequest from the Ann Bumpass Liddle estate. Ann Bumpass Liddle was born Feb. 18, 1919, to Louis and Iva Powell in the home of her grandparents, Isaac and Sallie Barton. She died Oct. 9, 2007, in Fort Smith, Arkansas. She was preceded in death by husbands James Bumpass, Charles Liddle and Vernon Wilcox, and by nephew Robert West. She is survived by one niece, Betty West McGee and husband Marshall of Fort Smith, two great-nieces, Sandra Burks and husband Ritchie of Southlake, Texas, and Lynda Burton and husband Steve of Fort Smith, Arkansas, and one great-great-nephew, Bryan Burks of Southlake, Texas.

Ann had an interest in all facets of Fort Smith’s culture ... the Fort Smith Little Theatre, Fort Smith Symphony, Fort Smith Art Center, Fort Smith Public Library and the Fort Smith Historical Society. She was a loyal volunteer for Miss Laura’s Welcome Center, the University of Arkansas at Fort Smith Continuing Education Department, and the UAFS Foundation.
Honor Roll of Benefactors

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Recent Memorial Donation
In Honor of Pryor Cruce
By Doris Cruce

Memorial and Commemorative Gifts Important to the Historical Society

When making a gift to honor or remember someone important to you, please remember the Fort Smith Historical Society. Gifts may be made in memory of a loved one, or in honor of a birthday, graduation, anniversary or other event.

If you particularly enjoyed a feature in The Journal, show your appreciation for a subject you found interesting by making a contribution in honor of the writer.

Memorial gifts are a beautiful and lasting way to honor those who are dear to us. All memorials and commemorative gifts are acknowledged with a letter to both the donor and the family of the person honored.

A contribution to the Fort Smith Historical Society supports the publication of The Journal, which is placed in libraries and schools, and becomes an important part of the historical record of this area.

Gifts are tax deductible and may be made in any amount.

Send your contributions to:

Fort Smith Historical Society
ATTN: Treasurer
PO Box 3676
Fort Smith, AR 72913-3676

Please send only checks or money orders. Indicate whether you will need a written receipt. The Fort Smith Historical Society cannot accept credit card payments.
Notice to Fort Smith Historical Society Members:
The following amended Constitution and By-Laws were approved by the Executive Board and will be voted on at the April 17, 2008, meeting of the Fort
Smith Historical Society, in accordance with the present Constitution and By-Laws, which are available for review on the Fort Smith Historical Society
website: www.fortsmithhistory.com

DRAFT
Constitution and By-Laws
Fort Smith Historical Society

CONSTITUTION

Article I Name of the Organization
The name of the organization shall be The Fort Smith Historical Society, Inc.

Article II Mission
The mission of this organization is to publish a historical journal pertaining to the city of Fort
Smith and surrounding area. The style of the publication is The Journal of the Fort Smith Historical
Society. The Society shall collect documents, photographs, and papers. The Society shall collect
audio and visual interviews for the purpose of making public history presentations. The FSHS is a
non-profit organization dedicated to community service.

Article III Membership
There shall be five (5) membership categories: (1) Regular annual; (2) Senior annual (62+); (3)
Business annual; (4) Sustaining; (5) Life. Dues for each category will be set by the Executive Board.

Article IV Governing Body
An Executive Board composed of no less than nine (9) and no more than twenty-one (21) members,
including editors, shall be the governing body with authority to transact business for and in the
name of the Fort Smith Historical Society. The Board at any regular or called meeting shall
determine the number of members of the Executive Board. The quorum at any Board meeting shall
be one more than half of the current Board membership at the beginning of the meeting.
The general membership of the Society shall elect the Executive Board at the April meeting and
those elected shall serve a three year term. In case that the Executive Board falls below nine
members before the April election or at any other time during the year deemed appropriate, the
Executive Board may appoint a member of the FSHS to complete the unexpired term of any Board
member who has resigned or otherwise terminated his/her service to the Executive Board so long as
the total number of Board members does not exceed twenty-one (21).

Article V Officers
The officers of the Executive Board and the Society shall consist of a president, a vice-president, a
treasurer, a membership secretary, a recording secretary, and a corresponding secretary.

Article VI Editors of the Journal
The editor, or editors, not to exceed three, of The Journal of the Fort Smith Historical Society are
ominated by the president of the Society and approved by a majority of the Executive Board at a
quarterly meeting in which a quorum is present. The editors serve at the pleasure of and with protection
by the Board with no specific length of term. Editors are full participating members of the Executive
Board.

Article VII Meetings
The Executive Board shall meet quarterly in the months of January, April, July, and October and
in such called meetings as the officers of the Board deem necessary. The Board will meet in such
places and times as the officers of the Board may decide. The general membership meeting of the
Society shall take place in April at which time the election for the Executive Board takes place.
Article VIII Amendments
These articles may be amended at any duly called or annual meeting of the general membership by a two-thirds majority of members present at said meeting, provided that notice of the proposed amendment(s) and the time and place at which the vote is to take place shall have been made no less than ten (10) days prior to said meeting, by mail or by publication, either in a newspaper of general circulation in the community or in The Journal of the Fort Smith Historical Society.

DRAFT
By-Laws
Fort Smith Historical Society

1. If approved, this amended Constitution and the By-Laws shall become effective at the general membership meeting of April 17, 2008.

2. The president shall appoint a nominating committee to submit nominations for the Executive Board. The general membership shall vote on the nominations for the Board, including any made from the floor, at the annual general membership meeting in April. The candidates will be ranked in order of the greatest number of votes received. The list will be followed from top to bottom until all vacancies are filled.

3. Officers shall be elected at the quarterly meeting in April of the Executive Board which will normally follow the general membership meeting.

4. The president shall appoint with approval of the majority of the Executive Board any editor or editors to fill any vacancy of that position. The chief responsibilities of the editor(s) are supervision of The Journal content and layout for each issue and arrangement for its timely publication. The editor(s) of The Journal are not charged FSHS membership dues.

5. The president shall appoint a publications committee to assist the editor(s) in preparing each issue of The Journal for publication and delivery. The publication committee will also advise the Executive Board on book publication and special edition publication proposals.

6. The president shall appoint an archivist to receive, catalog, store, and index such materials that have or may come into possession of the Society. The Society will create an archive policy that oversees access and use of Society materials.

7. The president shall appoint a webmaster/technology representative to design and maintain the FSHS internet homepage. The Society will create a policy and a budget for the homepage.

8. The president shall appoint a history liaison officer to facilitate communication between the FSHS and libraries and other historical societies and organizations.

9. The president shall appoint a grants officer or officers to pursue grant opportunities for the FSHS.

10. All such appointments described in these by-laws are for one year terms and may be renewed with mutual consent of president, appointee, and Executive Board at the April meeting.

11. The Executive Board may establish an Oral History Project and appoint a director or co-directors to oversee its operation. The director(s) will supervise the collection, recording, and distribution of interviews for the purpose of expanding historical knowledge of specific periods or events in the history of the city and area. The Board may also establish a separate bank account for the OHP and authorize the director(s) to direct the treasurer of the FSHS to make deposits or withdrawals from the OHP account. The Executive Board may establish other projects when circumstances warrant.

12. The FSHS By-Laws may be amended in the same manner as the FSHS Constitution.
Researching Through The UAFS Boreham Library Website

Boreham Library on the University of Arkansas at Fort Smith campus offers The Journal of the Fort Smith Historical Society, index and full text on its website.

Search Boreham Library: http://www.uafortsmith.edu/library

Most Popular Databases:

Link to Arkansas History

This site offers indexes, Volume No. 1 & 2 of the Journals through 2000. You may see either a single page, the whole issue, or download the whole issue. This is an ongoing project. Please use your "Refresh" button to see the current issues available.

INDEX to The Journal of the Fort Smith Historical Society.
This online index is a direct transcription of the index pages from the individual printed issues of The Journal for v. 1 1977 to current. The Journal is produced and owned by the Fort Smith Historical Society. UAFS and Boreham Library host the online index as a free service to the community.

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Armed with an excellent education, the young lawyer traveled west, as did many young men in the early 19th century. Born Oct. 3, 1805, in Orange County, North Carolina, of Irish ancestry, Jesse Turner received a superior education as a boy and then studied law under William McCauley at Chapel Hill, North Carolina. After passing the bar exam while still a young man, he made acquaintances with well-known lawyers and politicians. Turner looked up to "this class of men" as "models upon which to form his own character." He left his home state and settled in Crawford County in the territory of Arkansas in May 1831. Conceivably, Turner made this move in striving to achieve a prestigious position in life.

The existing papers of Jesse Turner reveal that in his years as a lawyer and politician, he held a key, perhaps unsurpassed role in the Whig Party of the early state of Arkansas. This early citizen of
Crawford County had a profound influence on law, business and politics in his adopted state. The scope of Turner's influence extended throughout Arkansas and even to national politics. An honorable and just man, he served his fellow citizens with distinction.

The seat of justice for Crawford County moved several times during this early period, causing Turner to move along with the court. He was willing to go wherever necessary to pursue his law practice and to serve the early citizens of Arkansas. Turner spent the summer of 1831, soon after his arrival in Arkansas, in Fayetteville, where he first met David Walker. During an extremely cold winter in 1835, Turner lived in and had an office at Old Crawford Courthouse. When Van Buren became the county seat in 1838, Turner settled in the small but thriving community for the rest of his long life.

From territorial days to statehood and beyond, Arkansas had a reputation for violence and lawlessness. With a population of 97,574 in 1840, the area was isolated and sparsely populated, making Arkansas attractive to fugitives from justice and outlaws. Turner was the first lawyer to locate at Old Crawford Courthouse. He brought honor along with the law to the rugged wilderness with his influence on the politics of the territory and early state.

Turner made friends with notable people, including Robert Crittenden, Absalom Fowler, Albert Pike, David Walker, William Cummins and James Woodson Bates. He greatly admired and followed the political philosophy of Henry Clay, a founder of the national Whig Party. Turner enjoyed — and used to his advantage — the influence that a wide circle of prestigious friends can bring. Robert Crittenden and Chester Ashley had strong reputations as lawyers when Turner arrived in Arkansas. They also represented opposing political parties. Turner's acquaintance with Crittenden, which threw his loyalties against the party of Henry Conway, meant that would become the Whig Party in Arkansas. Henry Conway led the rival Democratic Party until his death from a duel fought with Crittenden.

A letter from Robert Crittenden reveals a close relationship with Jesse Turner. In the letter, Crittenden discussed a case he was considering for cash or a trade in horses. The Butler brothers, "who murdered Mr. Coulter, in Crawford County, a few weeks since, have been apprehended in Missouri, and two of them are now in jail at Fayetteville, Washington County." Crittenden wrote that he would defend them, but "I must have three hundred dollars for the defense of one and four hundred for the defense of both" or an equal amount in horses. "I know this is a huge fee" but as "public opinion seems much against them," he "shall make some enemies" by taking the case.

Letter from attorney Robert Crittenden, who was appointed secretary of territorial Arkansas in 1819, to Jesse Turner regarding a murder trial.

"I must have three hundred dollars for the defense of one and four hundred for the defense of both" or an equal amount in horses. “I know this is a huge fee” but as “public opinion seems much against them,” he “shall make some enemies” by taking the case. He asked Turner, “Can they afford the fees?” Crittenden wanted Turner to help arrange the payment.

Crittenden also discussed state politics. At the time, John Pope was governor, William Fulton was secretary of the territory, Ambrose Sevier the representative to Congress, and Benjamin Johnson was judge of the Superior Court. In June 1834, Congress had appropriated $3,000 for compiling and printing the laws of the territory. John Steele, a lawyer from Helena, received the contract instead...
of William Woodruff, publisher of the *Arkansas Gazette* and a strong supporter of Pope, causing "the breach between Pope, Fulton and company and Sevier, Johnson, Woodruff." Crittenden stated that the "opposition will hold the balance of power," and "my decided opinion is that we should stand still siding with neither" at the time.

It appears as if the two were close friends. Noted in Turner’s handwriting on this letter is the fact that it was written only weeks before Crittenden’s death. In the letter, Crittenden said, "I shall leave home on Thursday and shall not be again at home until about the last day of December." He died suddenly on Dec. 18, 1834, in Vicksburg, Mississippi, at age 37. Turner said of Crittenden, "As an orator, he had no equal in the territory; and, in the judgment of the writer, he has had no equal here since his day."

Absalom Fowler was born in 1802 to a poor Tennessee family of Anglo-Jewish descent. He came to Arkansas in 1824 or 1825 with nothing to recommend him in the law profession except an excellent intellect, but he quickly gained a reputation in the profession. He became a state leader at the constitutional convention. After Arkansas achieved statehood in 1836, there is evidence of a friendly and professional relationship between Turner and Fowler in correspondence concerning the 1837 legislative session. Fowler thought the consequences of the legislation were not fully considered and that the legislators needed to employ more "research and investigation" before voting on bills. In his opinion, the assembly lacked "good practical views in ordinary matters," demonstrating a lack of common sense. He thought the laws passed were violations of both the state and federal constitutions. Fowler was an opponent of the Bank Resolution. His qualms proved correct on this matter when the state and real estate banks failed in 1843.

In addition, Fowler discussed national politics and criticized the administration of Martin Van Buren, suggesting that they both speak to their friends concerning a platform for the upcoming election, but that this be done quietly, not publicly. He wrote of the "disgraceful affair between Wilson and Anthony," referring to the brutal stabbing death of Joseph Anthony on the House floor by Speaker John Wilson. This matter cannot be discussed because he was "retained as a lawyer to defend him." Wilson was acquitted of the murder charge. Although expelled from the state House of Representatives, he was re-elected in the next election.

Also mentioned is a letter to the editors of the Little Rock newspapers, the *Arkansas Times* and the *Arkansas Advocate*, signed "Davie" that Fowler thought to be written by Turner. Fowler stated, "I consider it well written; and containing views corresponding in the main with my own," and he offered his opinion. He thought the administration of Martin Van Buren should be criticized, "leaving General Jackson’s" name out of it. He suggested that if Turner is not the author, "I see no reason why you should not be extending your aid in that way for the benefit of the glorious cause" if he had the time. Many of Fowler’s opinions are personal and written in confidence. This correspondence demonstrates that Turner and Fowler were close friends as well as political colleagues. Fowler and Turner were both active in the Whig Party of Arkansas. As the Whig candidate for the first governor of the state against James Conway in 1836, Fowler gained statewide recognition, although he lost the election.

There is a draft of the letter from "Davie" in the collection, so evidently Turner was the author of the editorial published in the *Times* and the *Advocate*. In the letter, he was critical of Andrew Jackson’s policy on the U.S. Bank.

*The General Government has surrendered all control over the currency and yielded it up to the Twenty-six states and two Territories and to the President and Directors of a thousand Banks. Alas: what information could a man in his senses expect any other than the most ruinous results from this miserably short sighted policy.*

In 1837, the country was in a depression, which the Whig Party blamed on the Jackson administration’s bank policy. This editorial is evidence of Turner’s ability to get his views published for the public. His friend Albert Pike, as editor of the *Advocate*, was undoubtedly helpful in getting the letter printed.

Pike came to Arkansas in 1832, just after Turner. He was born in Boston in 1809, spent his boyhood in Newburyport, Massachusetts, and excelled during his freshman year at Harvard University until finances prohibited his continuing his schooling. Upon his
The Jesse Turner home was at 118 S. Fourth St. by the old bridge and in the same block as the Court House. The beautiful, Victorian-style home had huge trees and a spacious lawn. Its landscaped yard took up the entire block between Third and Fourth streets. The house was painted white and had green shutters. The huge double doors, serving as the front entrance, were surrounded by panes of stained glass on each side and above the doors. There were two large halls, reaching from the front to the back of the house, one upstairs and one downstairs. The rooms were oversized; the ceilings were 14 feet high. Paned windows reached from floor to ceiling in almost every room. Downstairs there was a living room, dining room, kitchen, library, single bath, and another room.

The house consisted of four complete stories, counting the attic and the basement. The attic was completely floored and finished. There were seven original fireplaces in the house with three upstairs and four downstairs. Each was made of marble except for the one in the kitchen, which was later closed off. The back view of the house was just as attractive as the front view. Flagstone walks stretched around the house, and the flower beds were filled with tulips.

The Magnolia Apartments are located at the site today.

arrival in Arkansas, Pike taught school in Crawford County. He received his Arkansas law license in 1835 from Thomas J. Lacy of the territorial superior court.

As a writer, he had no equal in Arkansas. After the death of Crittenden in 1834, Pike led the faction opposing the Conway Democrats, which aligned itself with the national Whig Party. Crittenden and Turner recognized the talent of Pike and recommended him to Charles Bertrand for the job of assistant editor of the Arkansas Advocate, a popular Whig newspaper published in Little Rock. Later, as editor and publisher of the newspaper, Pike had access to a strong platform for expressing his views and those of his party. He also had a great deal of influence among his political friends.

While in Little Rock, Pike and William Cummins
became law partners. Pike wrote of Cummins that he was “a zealous Whig politician” and “the partnership proved a pleasant and profitable one.”

Although always defeated, Cummins ran for various offices on the Whig ticket.

A letter to Turner reveals a friendship and a professional relationship. Pike asked Turner to collect a debt for him and to “pay yourself” for his services. He tells Turner that he hopes “you are a candidate” and promises he to see him in December. When the Mexican War began in 1846, Pike was a captain of the Little Rock Guards. Although this was “a Democratic War with which he had little or no sympathy,” he knew his men would want to volunteer for service and that he must lead them.

He asked Turner to take his “remaining cases in Crawford and other counties of your circuit.” Pike thanked Turner for his “kind wishes” and confided, “Circumstances forced me to this expedition, but being in it, I am here with my whole soul.” Revealed is a close relationship between the two Whig leaders as colleagues, political partners and friends.

David Walker was born in Kentucky in 1806. Of Quaker ancestry, he was a religious and upright man. Many members of his family, including his father, were prominent lawyers. Although he received a modest education, Walker loved books. He taught himself law and passed the Kentucky bar exam. Walker arrived in Arkansas in 1830 and settled first in Little Rock, then permanently in Fayetteville. Like Turner, he traveled from court to court in his early days in Arkansas. In 1833, he was appointed prosecuting attorney and in 1840 was elected state senator from Washington County.

The letters from Walker to Turner provide insight into another friendship and political alliance. Walker asked Turner for a personal favor when he left some books in Van Buren because “my saddle bags were too full to hold them” and “if you come up to court will you put one or two in your saddle bags.” Lawyers who traveled the circuit carried what they could of their law libraries along with them. In the same letter, Walker discussed Whig politics and the growth of the party as “our friends the Whigs are certainly gaining ground rapidly” as they worked toward winning the 1840 presidential election. Walker confided to Turner “that Fayetteville will gain 200” Whig votes.

In an 1844 letter to Turner, Walker spoke at length of his candidacy for the U.S. House of Representatives. When the Whig Party chose him as its candidate, he was not especially confident, because he believed he had “no fit qualifications for the distinguished place of congressman” and probably could not win the election. Archibald Yell, however, resigned as governor to run for the office because he was considered the only candidate capable of beating Walker, who was admired by both Whigs and Democrats. Yell also lived in Fayetteville, traditionally a Whig stronghold. In estimations, Walker thought he could carry a few counties, but “this is all conjecture however and until the canvass is up it will be hard to say” who would win the seat. If his efforts “will result in carrying the state for Clay I shall be content” and all will have been worthwhile. Yell was very good with people while Walker was best at formal debate. Yell won the election, and Walker is thought to have said, “You can’t beat such a man as that; he is all things to all men, and all men believe in him.”

In 1848, Walker was appointed justice of the state supreme court. The Honorable David Walker was a Whig leader who “sustained the Whigs in every contest always in the minority exposing myself to the abuse of an arrogant party” and always strictly adhered to the party’s principles. Although dominant in Little Rock, the Whig Party had its largest numbers in the northwestern section of the state. Northwest Arkansas was the strongest rival of the Democratic Party.

In agreement with the Whig Party principles as devised by Henry Clay, Turner always favored internal improvements by the federal government. After the election of William Henry Harrison in 1840, Turner wrote a letter to the U.S. Senate and House of Representatives asking for legislation to provide an appropriation for a road through western and southern Arkansas to Texas.

In view of the great advantages which would necessarily result to the state, to the General Government and to the traveling community at large your memorialists would respectfully ask your Honorable body to make an appropriation sufficient
in amount to defray the expense of opening said road and such other legislation therein as may be necessary.¹⁹

Turner argued that federal land would be “greatly enhanced in value,” benefiting not only Arkansas but also the region. This demonstrates how he used his relationships and influences to achieve his party’s objectives. The opportunity presented itself; therefore, Turner used his influence and ability to request internal improvements to benefit Crawford County and the state of Arkansas.

The national Whig Party formed as the faction opposing the administration of President Andrew Jackson. Organized and led by Kentucky Sen. Henry Clay, the early Whigs possessed “a passionate devotion to the Revolutionary experiment in republican government and a common conviction that Jackson threatened it,” which helped to “explain how men with such diverse views on other matters formed a united front against him.”²⁰ Prior to 1840, the party was loosely structured, mainly supporting sectional candidates for national office. In 1836, the term “Whig” was first used in the national election. Four Whig candidates ran against Vice President Martin Van Buren, who easily won the election because of the Whig division.²¹

In 1840, the Whig Party in Arkansas was involved in the national election for the first time. More organized at the state and national level, the party held its first convention to nominate a presidential candidate. Whig candidate William Henry Harrison won the election, although Arkansas supported Democrat Martin Van Buren. Fowler ran for U.S. Congress that year but lost to Democrat Edward Cross.

The election of 1844 created a great deal of excitement throughout the country. Politics were at a “flood tide” in the United States, and the Whig Party was confident after Harrison’s win of 1840.²² Clay, the Whig candidate for president, lost the election to Democrat James K. Polk, probably because he lost in populous northern states. The election of 1844 represented “the high water mark of the two party system in the state” of Arkansas.²³

The presidential election of 1848 presented the Whigs with another victory. As Whig presidential elector, Turner led the party in the state that year. He traveled the state extensively in support of the party, using his influence among prominent Arkansans. Turner wrote, “Gone aboard in the public service. Expect to be home about the 1st of November, if life and health are spared.”²⁴ Zachary Taylor won the election over the Democratic candidate Lewis Cass and the Free Soil candidate Martin Van Buren. Although this represented the last election in which the Whigs were a viable party at the national level, Fowler wrote, “I hope the prestige of success in the presidential election will strengthen our Cause, even in Arkansas — for it is a glorious one which ought to triumph.”²⁵

The sectional division between the North and South proved to be its downfall. Although never a majority in Arkansas, the Whig Party enjoyed a substantial following reflecting the national Whig and Democrat division.

Turner was active in state affairs in Arkansas, and “in politics he was a stern, unbending Whig,” using his influence among his many prestigious friends to achieve the objectives of the party.²⁶ He began his career in public service in 1838 by being elected as state representative for the third district from Crawford and Franklin counties. As president of the Arkansas Whig convention in 1840, he gained statewide recognition for his efforts in the election of William Henry Harrison. During Harrison’s administration in 1841, Secretary of War John Bell appointed Turner to the board of visitors for West Point Military Academy. In 1848, he was selected as presidential elector for the Whig Party in Arkansas. From these positions of power and prestige, Turner was able to use his influence to accomplish the Whig Party’s goals. Although the Whig Party never was in the majority in Arkansas, west and northwest Arkansas had a concentration of supporters.

An 1849 letter from Samuel H. Hempstead, after the election of Zachary Taylor, informed Turner of the poor health of Federal District Judge Benjamin Johnson and predicted his death or resignation. He offered Turner his support for the impending appointment.

If it should occur or in case of a resignation, there will be a District Judge to be appointed; and of course the
appointee will be a Whig; for the eighth part of the executive government, sometimes called Zachary Taylor, and his seven Whig advisors constitute the remaining seven eighths thereof and would consider the Country ruined if a democrat should be appointed.

A Whig then will be selected, and as I am compelled to make choice from those, I ever have and ever shall oppose politically; I declare in good faith that I would rather you get it than any one of your party, and I think you can accomplish it.

I have understood from good authority which I shall not name that Daniel Ringo wants it—but there is some division in the Whig camp here on that point.

By getting this matter on foot at this time; added to the acquaintance you have with influential Whigs of other states I cannot help thinking you might accomplish it; and that too with comparative ease; and thus secure yourself a fine office; which you are much entitled to as any Whig in Arkansas having faithfully served your party.27

Hempstead believed that John J. Crittenden of Kentucky would also support Turner and that “a recommendation from Crittenden is all powerful with this administration.” Even though he had strong support, Turner did not receive the appointment. Taylor appointed Daniel Ringo to fill the position on the death of Johnson. Pike wrote, “I only know that I used every popular fair endeavor to defeat him and secure you the appointment—and I regret bitterly, for your own sake, and mine,” that Turner did not receive the judgeship.28 However, Turner was rewarded for his efforts when Taylor appointed him district attorney in 1851 for the newly created District Court for the Western District of Arkansas, located in Van Buren.

Turner was a well-known lawyer and politician not only in early Crawford County, but also throughout Arkansas. His friends were intelligent, prestigious and influential men who expressed their frank opinions in their correspondence. The Jesse Turner Papers demonstrate the influence Turner had over his friends and colleagues who held political positions. It is apparent from the correspondence that Turner and his friends agreed on most issues. Turner’s extraordinary abilities, illustrious achievements and confident personality influenced Whig politics of Crawford County and of the state of Arkansas. The papers of Turner reveal close personal relationships as well as professional and political alliances with many important and influential men of early Arkansas.

Fort Smith resident Leisa Gramlich is director of the Fort Smith Museum of History.

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1 Sixth Census of the United States: 1840, Arkansas, 94.
3 Hempstead, 554.
5 Robert Crittenden letter to Jesse Turner, November 10, 1834, MF Reel One, Jesse Turner, Sr. Papers, University of Arkansas-Fort Smith, on loan from Special Collections Library, Duke University, Durham, North Carolina.
6 "Murderers Taken," The Arkansas Gazette, November 25, 1834.
Robert Crittenden letter to Jesse Turner, November 10, 1834.


Absalom Fowler letters to Jesse Turner, June 15, 1837, December 28, 1837, Jesse Turner, Sr. Papers.

Jesse Turner, Sr. Papers.


Hallum, 82-83.

Albert Pike letter to Jesse Turner, August 12, 1838, Jesse Turner, Sr. Papers.


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Jesse Turner, September 21, 1848, Jesse Turner, Sr. Papers.

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Samuel H. Hempstead letter to Jesse Turner, September 6, 1849, Jesse Turner, Sr. Papers.

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A ’30s Boy

Part I

This memoir was written by Bob Martin in 1976. The events recorded in the story are true for the most part. Some have been understated as a nod to propriety. At age 81, Martin has recently returned from New Zealand, a trip made with his son and two grandsons. The fellows rented motorcycles and rode 2,200 miles around the country, enjoying the sightseeing and the people they met.

By Robert Alvin Martin

My name is Robert Alvin Martin, and I was born in 1926 in the old St. Edwards Hospital in Fort Smith, Sebastian County, Arkansas. My given name, Robert, was after a friend of my parents named Robert Reichart. The Alvin middle name was the name of my uncle, Mom’s brother, who died as a small boy.

The Martin family originated in Scotland; the clan name was Cameron. For the most part they were stonemasons. In history past, there was one Robert Martin who was on the staff of Francis Marion, the Revolutionary War general. In shaking the family tree, since that time there have been several men named Francis Marion Martin.
Bob Martin rides a pony in 1930.

He [Grandpaw] used to say, “Bobby Boy, when I find the gold, I am going to buy you a wagon and a pair of ‘Jacks’ to pull it.” In my mind, I could see it. It looked sort of like a cross between a farm wagon and a circus wagon. My need for a wagon was justified as I have always been a junker. Granpaw built me my first push wagon, which I named Betsy.

Bob Martin

My great-grandfather, James Ervin Martin, is buried at the National Cemetery at Fort Smith. He served in the Illinois volunteers during the Civil War and was discharged at Pine Bluff, Arkansas. My grandfather, also James Ervin Martin, was a stonemason and worked on and built many of the buildings in Fort Smith, the old First Baptist Church being one. He also built the old jail at Greenwood, Arkansas, which is now a museum.

Granpaw, as I called him, was some character. He had a map where gold was supposed to be buried about one mile north of Cass, Arkansas, right on the bank of the Mulberry River. I remember Dad taking the family there in our old Buick. We went up there quite frequently to take supplies, not only coffee and flour but dynamite also. I was about 5 years old, but I vividly recall the excitement when Granpaw would set off a charge and the rocks would fly.

No, Granpaw never found the gold, but he certainly found the treasure. He went there several years, starting in the spring and coming home in the winter, and of course Granmaw went also. They had a cabin about 100 yards from the river, a spot that was beautiful. Naturally, he fished a lot and also shot lots of squirrels and rabbits, a real true “free spirit.”

He used to say, “Bobby Boy, when I find the gold, I am going to buy you a wagon and a pair of ‘Jacks’ to pull it.” In my mind, I could see it. It looked sort of like a cross between a farm wagon and a circus wagon. My need for a wagon was justified as I have always been a junker. Granpaw built me my first push wagon, which I named Betsy. It was about 3 feet by 4 feet, with wheels from old wood-spoke car wheels without the tires. In fact, I still have them out in the garage, and I intend to enshrine them some place out at our new home.

Most Saturdays I would head out for Simon Yaffe’s to sell what I had gathered up during the week. I never went to school down the street; I went up and down alleys to get there. If I found something I could sell, I would hide it and pick it up on my way home.

By comparison, copper was worth 3 cents a pound then and aluminum was 10 cents. Copper is
now (in 1978) 50 cents and aluminum about 12 to
15 cents. The high cost of producing aluminum in
the '30s caused it to bring about the same as it does
today. While copper has advanced to 13 times as
much. [Note: 2008 price for new copper is $3.20
per pound, and for aluminum cans is 90 cents per
pound.] In 1936, in commemoration of the centennial
of Arkansas, the car license plates were aluminum.
There were not nearly so many cars then, but I got
my share of the year-end castoffs to sell Simon
Yaffe.

When I had spare time, I would go by Interstate
Electric Company, located at Towson and South G
Street. Out back in their scrap, if you searched long
and hard enough, you could find short clippings of
copper wire, residue of motor rewinding jobs.

What could you do with 10 cents in the '30s?
Well, lots of things. If you couldn't slip in, it would
get you into the Mystic Theater to see Tom Mix,
Buck Jones and Tom McCoy. It would also buy two
sacks of Bull Durham smoking tobacco or a twist
of Picnic Twist chewing tobacco. Maybe your taste
ran toward the sweet, as mine often did. Then you
would invest in broken popsicles at the White Dairy
Company. These were culls that for one reason or
another did not freeze properly in the mold. You
could buy a peck sack full of cookies that were
broken at the Wortz Biscuit Company. Twenty cents
would buy a box of 22 long rifle cartridges. Then
you could get some guys, some chewing tobacco
and your 22 shells and head for the old brick plant to
shoot water moccasins. This was real adventure.

The reference to 22 shells costing 20 cents was
before Jack Gammill and I cornered the market on
this item. It came about like this. The Seaman's
Store on Garrison Avenue burned one night. It had
ammunition and other goods inside. Lots of the
merchandise was carried out before the fire spread,
carried out but not guarded. We had it by the case.
In fact, we wore the bore of an Iver Johnson pistol
completely smooth. This was done out in our barn,
as were many, many other boy doings.

One of these projects was the building of an aero
plane, or I should say an attempt. All us boys were in
love with planes. We would pedal our bikes over to
Moffett to see any strange plane that would fly over.
I suppose this interest was seeded in my mind by my
first plane ride. It was about 1930 when some fellow
flew a Ford Tri-Motor in here. He was taking people
up at a $1 a head. My mom loaded my brother, Joe,
Red Wooten and me in the car, and we went over for
a plane ride. Red lived in a house in the 700 block of
20th Street that looked like a castle and had a huge
oak tree in the back. Joe and Red tied a bed sheet up
in that oak tree so they could locate his house from the
air.

When we arrived at the field, the plane was
sitting there with the engines idling as the owner got
up a load. At that time, it was a very large plane. The
engines were radials, one in the nose, and the other
two were located just forward and under the wings.
It was a high-wing monoplane, and the fuselage was
covered with corrugated aluminum. Unlike passenger
planes of today, there was nothing plush about it.
The seats were bucket-type, and the floor was just an
aluminum deck.

I was rather excited and scared as we taxied down
to the end of the field to head into the wind. The
pilot opened the throttles, and we started to move,
gaining speed as we rolled across the alfalfa patch.
The noise was unbelievable with the engines plus
all that aluminum vibrating, this all in conjunction
with the wheels rolling on ground that was anything
but smooth. Then came the magic moment when
the wings had achieved lift and we were airborne.
Smooth as silk we flew across the Arkansas River
and over the city. Red and Joe swore they saw their
sheet. I didn’t, but I saw enough to make it the most memorable day of my life up to that time.

Back to our attempt to build a plane; we were inspired to try by an article in Popular Mechanics magazine that described a home-built plane called a Heath Henderson. Heath was the plane’s designer, and it was powered by a Henderson 4-cylinder motorcycle engine. We had no money to buy a Henderson motor, but Simon Yaffe had a 2-cylinder Indian engine. I found out later it was a 1914 Hedstrom. Oscar Hedstrom was the early-day engine designer for the Indian Motorcycle Company.

It took lots of junking, yard cutting, etc., to come up with the 10 bucks Yaffe wanted for our power plant. When we finally got the money together, we went to Mr. Yaffe’s “House of a Million Parts.” We didn’t bother to get a $10 bill. We had the money in a sack of pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters, just as we had received it. Little Ed, Jack’s brother, was the most consumed by this huge treasure. He would shake it, clutch it close to him, run his fingers through it, but never did he treat it with less than the respect it deserved. There was some sadness as we forked over our sack for the engine. You know how it is with people ... we want to have our cake and to eat it too. Naturally, we took ol’ Betsy so we could haul our engine home. We had lots of help from other kids, pushing our prize home. It was about a mile from Yaffee’s to our house, and there was not a moment during the trip home that some kid didn’t have his hand on the engine.

When we got back to the barn, we placed the engine on a stand we had built for this purpose. It was in a position sort of like we envisioned it to be in our plane. With the enthusiasm of love and ignorance of overcoming all the obvious obstacles, we started our project. We built a table saw, which was not much, but it would cut one-bys. The building of our saw took longer than we expected, and summer was waning away. By the time we had the skeleton of the fuselage done, that black dreaded day in September had arrived.

Along with school came cold weather, which called for survival in these conditions. This meant putting up our oil drum stove, gathering up wood and chinking up the shotgun and .22 holes the old barn door had gained during the summer escapades. The reference to shotgun holes was not just a figure of speech. My brother, Joe, was an avid hunter. He had a 12-gauge Remington automatic shotgun that was his pride and joy. One day, for reasons unknown to all but him, he unloaded the 12-gauge right through our barn door. Six patterns decorated the doors. At first I thought he was nuts, but later I kind of liked the rough class it added.

The fuselage of the plane was not a total loss, as it provided many hours of imaginary flying. It, or I should say the whole project, was a success. We gained skill and knowledge, but the big plus was it kept us out of trouble, sort of.

Our reading material in those days was G-8 and His Battle Aces. These were magazines about 8 inches by 10 inches printed on rag paper. The content was stories about World War I aero squadrons. When I rode down the street on my Iver Johnson, it was a Spast-S.E.S. or Sopwith Camel. I was not going to the Holsum Bakery to get a supply of day-old bread. I was G-8 on the dawn patrol.

I have been a mechanic all my life. If I could name a starting point, it would be the incredible delight I got from just the looks of that old 1914 Hedstrom Engine. Miner Jensen was the guy’s name, and he lived up the street from us. He was a young married man who worked as an appliance service man for Sears and
merchandise, in other words. I swiped his grocery store, and he had hired me. After I had been there about a month and had the lay of the land, I got Dit on. If this account of my life is accurate, it will have lasted to this very hour. That was about 40 years ago.

The first thing I wanted to do was ride up South 26th and I Street. Why? This was the location of the home of Betsy Orr, my first childhood sweetheart. She did not know this, however, as I never told her. I only tried to impress her by leaping off tall walls, standing on my head or walking on my hands up the steps of Peabody School. When I got to her house, she was not out in the yard. On about the third pass by, she came out, and as though on cue, the Indian caught on fire. I threw it down and smothered out the fire. Much more damage was done to my ego than to the bike, as I laboriously pushed it away.

Later the same day, we got it going again. It was past midnight when I finally had to quit and ride it home. Mom was waiting for me out under the old elm tree that adorned our parking. I know that at first, she intended to tan my hide. Her mind was changed, I know, when she saw that the excitement that kept me out so late was something I just could not overcome. She put her arms around me and gave me a hug, not saying a word. We went in the house, she ran me a bath out and loaded it into the rear seat, which invariably meant I had to carry it out to their car. Late Saturday night, two things always happened. We each bought a twist of tobacco, and a big, long Franklin touring car would drive up. It had some sort of material that snapped into place, located above the doors and below the top. Inserted into this were isinglass windows. The engine was air-cooled. The owner and driver was a tall, hatchet-faced guy. Along with the usual purchases, this fellow bought 100 pounds of bulk sugar. We wheeled it out and loaded it into the rear seat, which invariably got us a 10-cent tip. On one of these occasions, I said to Mr. Biltl as we made up our Saturday night want list, "Wonder what that guy does with all that sugar." With a rather surprised sort of "don’t you know" look he says, "Why Martin, he’s a bootlegger." Of course, the 10-cent tip made him "Mr. Nice Guy Bootlegger" in my book.

Mom knew the price of every item she would send Joe or me to the store for. We would get just exactly what she sent us after. What she didn’t know was that Biltl did not get the money for all those things. If a spool of #50 white thread cost 8 cents and that same spool of thread made its way by his cash register in our Mackinaw pockets or in the bibs of our overalls, then it followed that we were 8 cents in the good. After he had hired me, though, I never lifted one single item from him. I thought about taking Mom’s entire Saturday shopping list out back with me as I went out to burn the trash. I could easily have done it. I could have carried it out in the trash boxes and stashed it, come back later and picked it up, but I didn’t. Mr. Biltl trusted me, and I did not let him down.

After I had worked there awhile, he says to me one day, “Martin, I like you. From now on, you will make 12½ cents per hour instead of 10.” Since I got in four hours after school, that made four bits a day. I was on my way.

On Saturdays, we worked 15 hours, starting at 7 a.m. If a person bought a $5 bill of groceries, it took Dit and me both to carry it out to their car. Late Saturday night, two things always happened. We each bought a twist of tobacco, and a big, long Franklin touring car would drive up. It had some sort of material that snapped into place, located above the doors and below the top. Inserted into this were isinglass windows. The engine was air-cooled. The owner and driver was a tall, hatchet-faced guy. Along with the usual purchases, this fellow bought 100 pounds of bulk sugar. We wheeled it out and loaded it into the rear seat, which invariably got us a 10-cent tip. On one of these occasions, I said to Mr. Biltl as we made up our Saturday night want list, "Wonder what that guy does with all that sugar." With a rather surprised sort of "don’t you know" look he says, "Why Martin, he’s a bootlegger." Of course, the 10-cent tip made him "Mr. Nice Guy Bootlegger" in my book.

After all, had I not dealt with bootleggers before? Sure. There was a house on South B Street, where you could get 5 cents for pint whiskey-shaped bottles. The only requirement was that they be cork-stoppered jobs and not have the warning. Federal law prohibited the sale or reuse of this bottle, molded into the glass. It seemed a paradox to me then and still does. Why would anyone care what the bottle said, considering they were putting unlawful moonshine up in them? I wondered about it but never let it interfere with the business of selling the valued, corked smooth-
necked containers.

On or at the end of South E Street, there was a bridge that crossed the Poteau River, a steel-truss type known as the “wagon bridge.” In the area surrounding the bridge, there were several bootleggers, some living in an area called Red Row. Among these was a man named Ed Hiner, the undisputed ruler of this bit of no man’s land. He openly carried a great big nickel-plated “Hog Leg” on his hip, and they said he had killed several men. In fact, as I write this, Hiner’s gun is within arm’s length in my desk drawer. I bought it in the interest of Fort Smith history from Cecil Atchison’s widow after Cecil died. It is a 38-caliber Smith & Wesson with 11 notches cut into the handle.

This was a tough area of town; in fact, it was disputed as to whether it was in Arkansas or Oklahoma. On one of my trips down there, I witnessed a strange and interesting sight. Lots of people, mostly blacks, were gathered up along the Missouri Pacific railroad that paralleled the river there. They were running to and fro, borrowing and loaning money, mostly change. The center of attention was two guys in a row boat about 50 yards away. The river had risen out of its banks and covered their shack, which warehoused their whiskey. One would dive into the water, and in a few seconds, he would come up clutching a fruit jar or whiskey bottle in his hand. When they got a load, they would paddle up to the crowd and sell it. Judging from the excitement they were creating, they must have been selling it awfully cheap. Also the evidence was that this was not their first trip back, as several of their customers were pretty well loaded already.

After I had seen all of this action I wanted to, I went on my way to the spot I was heading for in the first place. It was known as “Slate Bank.” This was because the river ran through an outcropping of slate at this point. It was the best place on the Poteau to swim. The other spots in the river had mud banks and a mud bottom that was endless. At this place, there were three attractions: the slate bank, the characters who came there from the nearby hobo jungle, and a beautiful spring of water.

Some enterprising man had built a business selling this spring water. He had a gravel road built up to the wood shed that covered the spring where he put this water up in 5-gallon jugs. I wonder what he charged for them. I would never have known, as water would have been the last thing on earth I would have spent money on. Selling water!

Have you ever been hungry? Well, I’ll tell you this: If you are not a boy who has spent the day swimming without food, you ain’t ever been hungry. It is funny now, but was dead serious then. Bo Bo Liberto and I had gone to our swimming hole in the Arkansas
River located under the old free bridge at the foot of Garrison Avenue. His brother, Tuner, had gotten a new coaster wagon the previous Christmas. We took it to the river, taking turns alternately riding and pushing it a block. After a day in the late August sun swimming, we headed home hungry. Man, we could have eaten anything.

Famborro's Café was on the south side of lower Garrison Avenue, on the side of the street that was very steep, leading down to the river. Alongside the café was his chicken lot and inside was a peach tree, laden down with fruit just turning ripe. As with all chicken lots, there was the usual high chicken wire fence. Our hunger overcame our better judgment, as we climbed over the flimsy barrier. I guess we startled the chickens, and Tony Famborro heard us. Coming out the front of his café, he had us trapped, as there was an L-shaped extension that barred the rear. There was nothing to do but dash for the fence to try to get by him. He was a big, fat guy, which was the only thing in our favor. We did it; both of us got by him, but as I grabbed the wagon, he caught hold of the other end. I was trying to pull it away as we struggled up the hill. In desperation, I gave it a big shove into him. He fell over into it and coasted back into the fence. We were home free except for the wagon, which he had pulled into his place of business.

There was no way we could go home without it. I had already had all the excitement I wanted for one day, but there was more to come. In the front of his café there were two big, plate-glass windows, separated by the front screen door. There was brick up about 2 feet below the windows. I crawled on my belly to the screen door, hidden from his view by the brick. I peeked in, and there was the wagon about 10 feet inside. I watched for a chance, and when he went to the back of the café, I jerked the door open and grabbed the wagon, nearly tearing off the screen door as I made my exit.

J.J. Ford was a man who lived by us on 22nd Street, an old railroader whose job it was to stop cars on Garrison Avenue when a train was crossing. He stayed in a little shack between the many tracks crossing the street at this point. When a train would come, he would hold up a ping-pong shaped paddle that said "STOP" on it, halting traffic. He had witnessed the fracas between us and Tony Famborro, so as I took out the door, wagon straight out behind, I heard him as I passed say to Tony, who had by this time started after me the second time, "If you lay a hand on the boy, Joe Martin will kill you." I was grateful for the presence of an ally but took no time to stop to thank him. What a day. I don’t remember, but I’ll bet we went straight home without getting into any more trouble.

My brother, Joe, is six years older than me, Mildred is two years older than Joe, and Faye is two years older than Mildred. We are all either odd or even in a given year. As I write this, in 1976, I will soon be 52, Joe will be 58, Mildred will be 60, and Faye will be 62. When I started the first grade, Faye was graduating from high school. It was sort of like I was in a different era than the rest. The last thing I could mean by this is that I was an outcast. Far from it, I simply mean that the six years that separated Joe and me meant we had different gangs.

There was also a difference in the affluence of the Martin family after about 1932. Prior to that time, Dad had owned a prosperous business. He was an automobile mechanic with his own shop, Joe Martin Auto Service, located at 23rd Street and Rogers Avenue. It was fronted on Rogers, and the back exit was to North B Street. The building is still intact today.

Dad and Mom became acquainted with each other at Paul Sheridan's Motor Company, where Dad was the shop foreman and Mom was the bookkeeper. The Sheridan Motor Company was the local Ford dealer at that time. In the early days, T-Model Fords were shipped to the dealership in sections by rail, and the cars were then assembled by the mechanics employed there. As with most men who go into business for themselves, Dad gained the necessary confidence it requires elsewhere. I don’t know what year Dad started his shop, but it ended in 1934 or 1935.

I would walk over to Dad's shop and wait to ride home with him. I can still hear Mom say, "Be careful crossing Rogers Avenue," as I left our house. While waiting to ride home, I hoped it would be in the wrecker. I would occupy myself playing with his tools. The ceiling of the shop was embossed tin. If you hit the concrete floor with a hammer, the ceiling would respond to the blow with a rather melodic resonance, which I liked. Another interesting thing was the green flame produced by soldering irons placed in the heater used for this purpose. They were copper with long handles used for repairing radiators. The contact point on top of T-Model spark coils were sort of T-shaped. If you had a vivid imagination, they took on the shape of an aero plane. I “flew” them all over the shop and the adjoining parking lot.

On one of these trips, I hurt myself. Dad had a
foot-powered rivet machine used to rivet the lining to brake shoes. If you pressed the operation lever down, all sorts of motions were created by the links and rods that made it up. Holding my hand over my head, on the business end of the machine and pressing the foot lever down resulted in the rivet set going into my thumb. As blood spurted, I ran out back into B Street. Fay Dean, who was the postman for both our home and the shop, came by and saw me. I was squatting down, my back to the building, sucking my thumb and crying. Naturally, I didn’t want Dad to know, as it might result in a scolding for not being careful or even worse, not being admitted to the shop. I begged him not to tell Dad, but he prudently did.

Dad had some tin signs made, shaped like an arrow with “Joe Martin’s Auto Service” in black raised letters against a yellow background. We would all get in our car and go on excursions into surrounding areas. These trips were to pick up scaly barked hickory nuts or pecans or just to be together; but Dad would not let this opportunity pass without getting in a lick for his shop. We would take the signs along, and Dad, with Joe helping, would nail them to trees, indicating the way to his place of business.

The only doctoring I can remember being done to us kids, not done by Mama, was done by Ol’ Doc Kennedy, who lived in the next block down the street, and this only once. Word had it that the Oklahoma Gas and Electric Company would pay 10 cents each bounty on red-headed woodpeckers, and Joe had spotted a nest in the woods. The woods, as we called it, was only two lots wide but had lots of oak trees on it. When he climbed the tree in quest of his 10 cents, for some reason or another, he fell. Just falling 25 or 30 feet would not have hurt him, but he fell on a broken bottle or jar. The cut was just behind his ear; in fact, the doctor said it was close to a spot that would have killed him, had it been a quarter-inch one way or the other. Doc Kennedy sewed him up, and it was not long before all that remained was the woodpecker and a swastika-shaped scar behind Joe’s ear.

“A ’30s Boy” will continue with Part II in the September 2008 issue of The Journal.

Joe Martin’s Shop is shown in 1930.
Maude & Julia:  
The Rest of the Story

By Jerry Akins

Everybody knows parts of the story (the juicy parts) of Maude Allen and her death at the hands of Julia Bourland, wife of Fagan Bourland, who would later be elected mayor of Fort Smith on four separate occasions. But, if you don’t know the rest of the story, it’s better than you thought. There were three shooting incidents, two civil suits, a federal trial and a state murder trial.

Sebastian County marriage records for March 30, 1893, show that George Allen, 20, and Maude Avery, 19, were married. Apparently, that marriage didn’t last long, and soon after, Maude became infatuated with Fagan Bourland. In the words of The Van Buren Press, June 13, 1896, “The scandal first became public when her husband sued Bourland for $10,000 for alienating his wife’s affections.”

First Shooting
Fort Smith Elevator, Sept. 20, 1895:
“Mrs. Fagan Bourland was arrested last week and fined $50. Mrs. Bourland recently became convinced that her husband had become too intimate with another woman, so last Saturday she put a pistol in her pocket and went to the house where she thought the couple were (sic) staying. Finding them together she drew the pistol and fired several shots at the disturber of the peace of her family, one or two shots passing very near the intended victim. The name of the woman is O. Allen.”

The Letters
After the shooting incident, Maude went to Seneca, Missouri, where her mother lived. “Some time after the shooting scrape Mrs. Bourland started receiving letters, the contents of which were simply horrible.” (Elevator, April 3, 1896)

Maude was arrested and denied sending the letters in testimony before Commissioner Brizzolara. However, the evidence was strong enough that she was confined in the U.S. Jail in default of $1,000 bond.

The trial ran for about two days and played to a packed house. The Elevator described the contents of the letters as “so obscene as to cause some of the spectators to blush.” The letters contained both word and picture obscenities, which, to say the least, were explicit. Not only were there obscenities, the writer ridiculed Mrs. Bourland’s clothes and told of the nice shawl Fagan bought Maude while Mrs. Bourland wore a holey, old, brown shawl. There were several letters, all written in the third person, and the contents were too much for this publication. If you want more, you can obtain the files from the National Archives in Fort Worth, Texas.

To the surprise of many, Maude Allen was acquitted of the charge. But she was arrested immediately after the trial and charged on a similar warrant out of Missouri. It is not known, but apparently she was not convicted on the Missouri charge either.

Second Shooting
Elevator, June 12, 1896:
“Shortly before 9 o’clock Friday night Mrs. Fagan Bourland met Maude Allen in front of Bourland’s place of business and shot her down. [Bourland’s business was approximately where the Hanna Oil Building is now on Sixth Street.] After Maude had fallen Mrs. Fagan pounded her on the head with the pistol and was getting in some pretty solid work when Chief Henry Surratt, who happened to be in the council room, ran up and pulled the women apart.”
The article goes on to describe the history of the past events and trial then returns to the day of the shooting.

"After the trial Mrs. Bourland went to Muldrow. Last Friday evening she returned to the city, and blackening her face and otherwise disguising herself started toward her husband's place of business. Coming across the object of her search, whom she found walking with her husband, she put the pistol to her side and fired. Bourland, when he saw the infuriated woman, started off in a hurry, his speed being accelerated by a shot from his wife. Mrs. Bourland, also fired another shot, but was into the air and not intended to do any mischief. The shot fired at Bourland did no harm."

"After the shooting Mrs. Bourland was nominally placed under arrest, but was not even taken from her home. It is not likely that the trial for her offense will ever be more than a matter of form, so strongly is public opinion in her favor."

The Van Buren Press, June 13, 1896, tells essentially the same story but quotes Julia Bourland after firing the shot at Pagan as saying, "Fagan, darling, I love you. I did it all for you, love. I did not shoot at you. I love you too well for that!"

Maude's wound was serious. The bullet entered her left side, missing her heart and passed to the other side but did not exit. The doctors didn't remove the bullet, and it caused her distress for the rest of her short life. She was taken to St. John's Hospital where she lay in critical condition for several weeks. The hospital matron reported to a reporter for The News Record that the telephone rang constantly with hundreds of inquiries, mostly from the morbidly curious.

Maude did survive, but apparently Julia's Smith & Wesson therapy did not cure her affliction, her infatuation with Fagan.

Third Time's A Charm
Van Buren Press, April 24, 1897
"Another Shooting"

"Another sensational shooting took place in Fort Smith Thursday noon, and as a result a woman is now a corpse. The shooting was done by Mrs. Fagan Bourland, the dead woman being Maude Allen, a paramour of Mrs. Bourland's husband."

The Elevator, April 30, 1897
"Laid For Her"

"Mrs. Fagan Bourland Goes To Maude Allen's Home and Shoots Her Dead"

"The body of Maude Allen, whose death was briefly mentioned in last week's paper, was shipped Friday morning to Independence, Kansas, the dead woman's home, for burial. The death of Maude at the hands of Mrs. Bourland was no surprise to anybody. It had been expected daily for some time, even by the victim herself. Twice had Mrs. Bourland attempted to take her life, at one time very nearly succeeding, wounding so badly that she lay in St. John's Hospital for several weeks. The bullet fired into Maude by Mrs. Bourland on that occasion was never recovered by the physicians and it proved a constant source of pain.

"The tragedy of last week occurred in the Fitzgerald building [on Fifth Street where the U.S. Attorney's Building now stands] on the reserve where Maude Allen was boarding with Mrs. T.V. Sprinkle. In the morning of the shooting Mrs. Sprinkle and Maude left the home on a visit to friends in the southern part of the city, returning shortly after — o'clock. As they approached the house Maude requested Mrs. Sprinkle to go inside and see if Mrs. Bourland was there, which Mrs. Sprinkle did, announcing that nobody was in sight. Maude then entered her room, and as she did so Mrs. Bourland slipped from a closet under the stairway in the hall, where she had been concealed and commenced firing. Three shots were fired, one striking the victim in the upper part of her breast, near the heart, another entering the center part of her throat. Either would have proved fatal, death ensued immediately after the first shot. Mrs. Sprinkle was attracted by Maude's screams and the report of the first shot and tried to separate the women, who were struggling for possession
of the pistol, but was compelled by Mrs. Bourland’s threats to desist.

“After satisfying herself that her victim was dead Mrs. Bourland said, ‘She will not trouble my husband any more,’ and passed out, saying she was going to her home. Shortly thereafter she was taken in custody and escorted by her husband to Esq. — eries office, where she waived examination and gave bond for appearance before the grand jury on a charge of murder. Her bond was set at $5,000. Her husband, Fagan Bourland, J.B. McDonough and Henry Surratt are her sureties.”

Birnie Funeral Home record No. 2198, April 22, 1897, shows the expenses for the embalming, clothing and shipping of the body of Maude Allen, age 26, to Independence, Kansas, paid for by Fagan Bourland. On the line titled “Disease” is written “Killed by Mrs. Fagan Bourland.” (It might be noted that although the 1893 marriage record gave Maude’s age as 19, four years later, Birnie’s records show her as age 26.)

The newspaper in Independence, Kansas, on Saturday, April 24, 1897, states: “The remains of Maude Avery came in by the Santa Fe last evening from Ft. Smith, Ark., and were at once taken to the cemetery. Most of our readers will remember that Maude was shot in the breast at Fort Smith by a woman whose enmity she had incurred. She recovered from this wound but as appears by Globe-Democrat of yesterday. She was shot twice and instantly killed by the same woman at Fort Smith Thursday afternoon.”

**The Elevator, Sept. 24, 1897**

**“Suit for Damages”**

“Mr. and Mrs. Fagan Bourland have been made defendants in a suit brought by F.M. Jamison, attorney for the estate of Maude Allen, deceased, and Maude Allen’s heirs, or next of kin. Damages are laid at $25,000. The suit grows out of the death of Maude Allen at the hands of Mrs. Bourland.”

**The Elevator, Oct. 8, 1897**

“As we go to press the case of state versus Mrs. Fagan Bourland charged with having killed Maude Allen, is in defendant, while Prosecuting Attorney Johnson is looking after the prosecution. The trial will probably last until near the close of the week.”

**“Not Guilty As Charged”**

**“Said the jury in the case of Mrs. Fagan Bourland, Tried for Murder of Maude Allen.”**

(Fort Smith Weekly Elevator, Oct. 15, 1897)

The article went on to extol the virtues of the jury and how “such men cannot be swayed by sentimentalism and who look at the affairs of life in the light of facts — cold hard, indisputable facts.” However, that jury acquitted a woman who had killed another unarmed woman on the argument of self-defense. It was argued that Maude had, on several occasions and in the presence of witnesses, stated that she would kill Julia Bourland. Also, Maude, supposedly, had purchased a pistol and had practiced with it. Still, Mrs. Bourland ambushed Maude inside her own home and killed her. The jury did deliberate long and hard on the case. The Elevator reports, “The jury had the case under consideration about sixteen hours, it having been placed in their hands late Monday evening after arguments by counsel on both sides. On Friday morning at the opening of court the jury asked for further instructions and Judge Bryant briefly reviewed the instructions given the previous evening on murder in the first and second degrees, manslaughter and self defense, the jury again retired and made the verdict after a few minutes further deliberation.”

After the verdict was delivered, there was silence in the courtroom for a moment, then “a vigorous clapping of hands and hearty shouts and applause, but the demonstration of satisfaction with the verdict was promptly checked by Judge Bryant who said, ‘While the verdict may be a very satisfactory one to the public and may even meet the approval of the court, the court room is not the place for its manifestation. Outside the court it may be proper to express an approval, but not here.’”

All of these events happened 10 years before Fagan Bourland was elected mayor in 1907 for the first of four nonconsecutive terms as mayor of Fort Smith.

**Sources:**

Fort Smith Elevator
Fort Smith News Record
Van Buren Press
National Archives Records
Sanborn Fire Insurance Maps
Fort Smith City Directories
Hangin’ Times in Fort Smith
By Jerry Akins

The Execution of Gus Bogle

"Launched Into Eternity Protesting His Innocence"
(Elevator, July 13, 1888)

Gus Bogle, a young black man from Denison, Texas, is another of the people around whom a "gallows myth" has grown. Contrary to the myth, he did not hang in slow strangulation for eight hours. According to the Fort Smith Weekly Elevator of July 13, 1888, "His neck was not broken by the fall, and he died of strangulation after a few convulsive struggles." Apparently death came in minutes, not hours. Bogle was, though, "considered one of the hardest cases in the jail, and when the verdict was read he was surrounded by deputy marshals and guards, who conducted him back to jail with great care."
(Elevator, May 18, 1888)

On June 27, 1887, William D. Morgan, a coal miner suffering from consumption, left his home between Atoka, Choctaw Nation, Indian Territory, and Denison, Texas, to seek a climate more agreeable to his condition. He left with $115 in his pocket, undecided at the time where he would go. He told his wife that he might go to Colorado or to Galveston, Texas. Morgan appears to have never made it past Denison. On June 28, he wrote his wife that he had reached Denison and everything was all right and that the hoped that the children would be good. That same day he went to the store of Waterson, Star & Co. and purchased a hat, which he wore, and several other items that he expressed back to his home.

The clerk testified that Morgan had been drinking but was not drunk. It appeared that he went on a spree later. Ann Morgan received a parcel the next day, about 3 p.m., containing the items and the cap that he had worn when leaving home. But, earlier that day, about 2 p.m., Charley LeFlore went to the house bearing a valise belonging to William Morgan and containing his clothes and a leather strap.

His body had been found at Blue Tank, between Denison and his home. He had been strangled and beaten to death.

Neither the court records nor the news articles make clear how Bogle was developed as a suspect. Of the four who were arrested and charged with the crime, he is the only one who was not known to any of the witnesses by name. Nevertheless, he was arrested in Denison on June 30. He, of course, made denials of being present, knowing the victim...
or having any knowledge of the event. He also made confessions that varied as to details and later said that those were coerced. It appears that there may have been an attempt to hang him. It was mentioned several times in the trial, but no details or confirmations were given.

While in jail at Muskogee, Oklahoma, Bogle named William Netherly, Thomas Wright and Dennis Williams as accomplices. Those three were known to the railroad conductors and brakemen as bootblacks in Denison. But none of them were identified as the ones at the scene by those who knew them.

D.D. Cannon, railway conductor from Denison to Muskogee, testified that on the night of June 28, the train stopped at Armstrong switch (Blue Tank), and the brakeman, hearing a noise in one of the cars, put four Negroes and an Indian (actually a white man, W.D. Morgan) out of the car.

"Two of them looked to be about 12, and the others looked to be about 18; there was two small ones about the same size and two large ones about the same size." One of the Negroes claimed that the white man had been kicking them and had two bottles of whiskey in his valise. The white man was described as being intoxicated, but none of the Negroes appeared to be. When asked if he recognized any of the defendants as the ones he had put off that night Cannon pointed to Bogle as the only one who had drawn his attention that night. Bogle had objected to being left, saying that he did not know the country and wanted to ride. The train left with the conductor watching to see that no one reboarded.

J.W. Carey, the attendant who lived at Armstrong switch, heard people arguing and cursing after the train left around 1 a.m., and it went on until the next train arrived about 3 a.m. The next morning, his mother-in-law showed him the body of a man lying a short distance from their house. The man had been strangled with a strap that lay nearby and beaten. He had no shoes or hat, his pockets were inside out and his vest pulled over his head. In one of the confessions he later recanted, Bogle described buckling a strap around the man's neck and beating him. He said that he got $10 and the hat but later threw away the hat and money.

John Whalen, cousin of the jailor at Muskogee, was sleeping in the jail the night that Netherly was brought in and placed in the cell with Bogle, who was already there. Whalen awoke in the night to hear Bogle and Netherly arguing about the killing. Bogle told Netherly, "You got the shoes and as much money as I did." And Netherly said, "No I didn't, and I had nothing to do with it." And the argument went back and forth in that tone until Whalen went back to sleep.

The beginning and end of Bogle's case went rapidly. The murder occurred on June 28, he was arrested June 30, nine days after the murder, the proceedings before the commissioner (hearings and depositions) were held, and on July 16, he arrived at the jail at Fort Smith. Had it not been for a request for witnesses and a continuance of trial, he would have been tried in the fall term of court.

As it was, he was tried in May 1888. The case was given to the jury on Thursday evening, June 10, and the jury was out but a short time before delivering a verdict of guilty for Bogle and acquitting "his three companions who were mere boys." Convicted on June 10, Bogle was sentenced on June 26 to hang on July 6.

At the sentencing, Judge Isaac C. Parker addressed Bogle in much the same words that he did all of the men he condemned, except at one point, he said, "You are evidently not in a fit condition to stand before the dread tribunal where

"You are evidently not in a fit condition to stand before the dread tribunal where you must soon answer for the crimes and wrongs committed by you. You cannot appear there with a hope of pardon for these crimes unless you do that which the great God has commanded shall be done. Before mercy and forgiveness is extended, there must be penitence and sorrow."

Judge Isaac C. Parker during sentencing of Gus Bogle
you must soon answer for the crimes and wrongs committed by you. You cannot appear there with a hope of pardon for these crimes unless you do that which the great God has commanded shall be done. Before mercy and forgiveness is extended, there must be penitence and sorrow."

Penitence and sorrow Bogle did not show. The Elevator reported: "His keepers represent him as being one of the most contrary and singular men ever in the jail, and one who appeared to delight in annoying others. For several nights last week, after being locked in his cell for the night he would whoop and yell like a lunatic for hours for no other purpose than to annoy the other inmates and prevent their sleeping. When remonstrated he would reply that he would soon be dead anyway and they could not hurt him for making noise."

Though admonished by some ladies who visited him on Saturday before his execution, he did not seek a religious adviser.

Later, though, he made arrangements with Elder Wade of the Colored Methodist Church for baptism, but when the time came, he deferred it until Thursday, the day before his execution. When Thursday came, he asked to delay until Friday morning but was told by the jail officials that that would not be possible, so there was no baptism. Bogle’s mind wasn’t on saving his soul, but on his mortal being. A few days before the execution, he tried to persuade a trusty to smuggle him out of jail in a barrel that had contained sawdust for the spittoons. The trusty, having more to lose than to gain, declined. Thursday night — his last night on Earth — he slept little, if any, walking his cell the greater portion of the night. He had been restless for some days past and was constantly changing from one cell to another, being allowed to occupy a cell with some other prisoner, as it was evident he dreaded to be alone. (Elevator, 7-13-88)

On the morning of his execution, he was among the first to leave the cell and ate heartily of a good breakfast. He then met with a spiritual counselor but was very restless. Afterward, he walked the corridors of the jail until time to prepare for the execution.

When brought the usual clothing given the condemned — underwear, black suit, white shirt and shoes — he put on the pants, coat, socks and shoes and handed back the vest, saying that it was too hot for the vest and too much trouble to put on the shirt.

About 10 minutes before Bogle was to be taken out, guard John McNamee was careless enough to stop in the corridor to talk to two other guards with his holstered pistol on the side close to Bogle.

Bogle grabbed the pistol and ran into a cell. Emanuel Patterson, himself sentenced to hang but granted a respite, was lying in the cell, and when he saw the situation, wrestled the gun away from Bogle and slid it under the bars to the officers. After that, Bogle was not allowed the opportunity to try anything else.

The guards knew that he had said that once outside he intended to make a break so that they would have to shoot him.

When jailor Pettigrew began to read the death warrant, Bogle told him that he need not do that since he saw no use in it but, nevertheless, listened while it was read. The iron door was opened, and, surrounded by “a bevy of guards,” Bogle proceeded to the gallows. There was a brief religious service, then Bogle took his place under the noose.

“There was no perceptible change in his countenance until the hangman began pinioning his legs, when his face assumed an ashen color, but he never flinched. When asked if he had any last words he replied that they were executing an innocent man and that he had nothing more to say than had been already stated. The black cap was placed over his head, the rope adjusted and the trap sprung. He was pronounced dead a short time later by Dr. J.G. Eberle.”

Note: The name Bogle was consistently misspelled in the newspapers and on the early government warrants and subpoenas. Most of the later documents and Gus’ own signature on the application for witnesses spell the name Bogle, not Bogles.

**SOURCES**

National Archives; trial transcripts & depositions
Newspaper: Fort Smith Weekly Elevator

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On Dec. 7, 1941, 7:51 a.m. the destroyer USS Monaghan was stationed in Pearl Harbor, ordered to join the USS Ward in pursuing unidentified submerged vessels (the attacking Japanese midget-subs) at the entrance of Pearl Harbor when the first wave of Japanese planes struck. She had opened fire with her AA guns, when a midget submarine was spotted inside the harbor. Monaghan rammed the sub, then finished it off with two depth charges. After the attack, Monaghan left Pearl Harbor, joining other ships in searching for the Japanese fleet. The Monaghan earned 12 battle stars and survived many engagements without serious damage. On Dec. 17, 1944, the Monaghan capsized in a typhoon near the Philippines. The storm, with winds of 110 knots, accomplished what the enemy had not been able to do. Only six men of the entire crew survived.

A WORLD WAR II VETERAN’S STORY:

Remembering Pearl Harbor

By Emery Werner Lundquist

Emery “Swede” Lundquist was born in 1922 in Geneva, Illinois, and raised in the Norwegian Lutheran Children’s Home in Park Ridge, Illinois. At age 14, Swede left the children’s home to join his uncle and aunt, Mr. & Mrs. Nils Muhr, who had a five-acre farm on Highway 22 east of Fort Smith, where Denny’s Restaurant is now, at the intersection of Rogers Avenue and Interstate 540. While there, he attended Darby Junior High and Fort Smith High, graduating in 1940.

Immediately after graduation, at age 18, he joined the Navy, but was not called up until Oct. 14, 1940. He was sent to San Diego, California, for boot camp, then assigned to the destroyer USS Monaghan. The Monaghan was ordered to Pearl Harbor and was based there when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor on Dec. 7, 1941.

Lundquist was aboard the destroyer USS Monaghan in port at Pearl Harbor the morning of Dec. 7, 1941. He vividly describes the events of the
day in his diary, which he kept through Aug. 16, 1944. In this diary, he describes not only the battles, but also his own reactions and emotions, and those of the men around him, while graphically describing events as they unfolded daily. What follows is his story of Dec. 7, 1941, excerpted from the transcript of an interview with Lundquist on April 28, 2006, conducted by Joe Wasson, Libby Orendorff and Carole Barger of the Fort Smith Historical Society.

**EL:** The official date I joined the Navy was Oct. 14, [1940] but then it took six months to call you back, to call you. So I joined, I signed up the first week out but then they didn't call me until October [1940]. They had a list, they had a quota to fill, and it was already filled, so I had to wait six months.

**CB:** Where did you go when they called you?

**EL:** San Diego, California, boot camp.

**CB:** And what did you do after boot camp?

**EL:** After boot camp, I was sent to the USS Monaghan, which was in Pearl Harbor in December of 1940.

**LO:** Were you anticipating that we would get involved in the war?

**EL:** Oh, yes, yes. Lot of people don’t know it, but in April of 1941, we had a scare with the same thing that happened Dec. 7, except the diplomatic relations in Washington were resolved. But they told us in
April 1941, one morning they called all the captains to a meeting. And then the captains came and called all the crew together and said we may be in war in 24 hours, and it was relations with Japan. Well, they were having diplomatic relations in Washington, and they resolved it there. So from then on, we were prepared. Now, you know, I like to bring this in. There’s always stories about we slept, you know, we were sleeping?

EL: It wasn’t that at all. If you were on a warship, we spent at least 70 percent of the time at sea from April to December, because we knew we were going to be in war, we didn’t know when. But what happened in Pearl Harbor is we had three warnings, and they didn’t take heed of the warnings. Six o’clock in the morning, there was a periscope sighted. That was on Dec. 7. If we had just had 35 or 45 minutes prepared, there wouldn’t have been a torpedo plane alive, because they just came in from here to the street (indicating). You could see the cockpit in the plane, that’s how close they were; but it was such a surprise. Later on, you know, we had the ammunition, but we didn’t at that time.

CB: Where were you?

EL: I was a gun pointer, 5-inch gun. See that picture there of me on the gun? That’s what I did. That’s what my battle station was.

LO: Were you at your battle station when that plane came in or after?

EL: Well, I just got through eating breakfast and we were the only ship with the whole crew aboard, and that was because on that Saturday, we had what they call the Ready Duty. If there was a plane crash or a fishing boat in trouble, they had to have a warship ready to go out and help them. Everybody was aboard ship; we could not leave the ship. We were to be relieved at 8 o’clock Sunday. We all ate breakfast. And two-thirds of the ship had liberty so we were getting ready to go. I always went to Waikiki Beach because I liked to swim. Getting up, I got through with breakfast and went back into the back compartment to get my clothes on, and I heard some machine gun rattling. Being as I went to the machine gun school, I knew what a machine gun sounded like, and I couldn’t imagine what in the world that sound was. About that time, the ship’s battle alarm sounded. And I had my pants on, no shoes, and I had a T-shirt. My battle station was a gun pointer on the 5-inch gun.

EL: I heard the machine gun rattling, so I ran up the ladder, and I heard some more machine gun going, and this was real early. I ran to my gun, and while I was on the way, I felt a real blast of heat, and that was when the Arizona blew up. We didn’t know then that that’s what it was. Then I also heard something hit our stack, and it was a piece of the Arizona, a piece of shrapnel. I got up to gun number two, and the rest of the crew was there. We had been out, like I say, we were practicing war so much. We had some of what we call dummy ammunition still in the ammunition locker. When you come in port, you take all your live ammunition and you store it down below for safety, but we had two dummy ammunitions left in the ammunition locker. Well, we opened the ammunition locker, and we saw the dummy shell, and so we ordered a powder keg. It takes two things to shoot it off, and the projectile is just like the bullet and then it takes a powder can to boost it out of the barrel. While I was waiting for the powder can to come up, we saw three Japanese torpedo planes headed right for us. They came right over the mountain, and they were coming maybe 20 feet from the surface. They were headed right for us because we were the outboard destroyer. They got about from here to about a block away — I have to make it in civilian terms — and one made a 45-degree turn. And when it did that, I could see the Japanese pilot, his cockpit, everything in the inside of his plane, because he made a turn like this. They saw the USS Utah, and when they saw a bigger target, they went after it instead of us. They were all
three in formation. And I’ll never forget all three of them dropped three torpedoes and hit the Utah, and it seemed to me like in 30 seconds it was upside down. But anyway, we were trying to get the ammunition back up. Like I say, we finally got the powder can up there. And there was a submarine contact. A two-man sub, Japanese sub, had entered the harbor and the conning tower was sticking up. We loaded the gun and put the dummy ammunition in there. We were going to shoot anything. A pointer elevates, and he pulls the trigger. The trainer does this, so we both coordinate. I saw that conning tower; it just filled that whole gun sight up. But there’s two ways, the fire control pulled the trigger and I pulled the trigger. We do it in case one or the other doesn’t work. So we both claimed we pulled the trigger. Well, to make a long story short, on that particular thing, we sank the sub. After we couldn’t shoot it because we were too close to it, it fired two torpedoes at us, and it missed us from here to the alley, two of them. But anyway, when we hit the sub, we rammed it, turned it under us, and we could hear it scraping on the bottom of the ship. And we wonder, “Uh-oh, if it’s going to hit our propellers, then we’re dead,” but it didn’t. So anyway, 10 years later, they raised the sub up, and they found a dummy projectile.

LO: So it was the dummy ammunition that got the sub?

EL: It had to be ours; it had to be ours, yeah. I had that conning tower right in my scope.

LO: So if it had been live ammunition, there would have been an explosion?

EL: Yeah.

LO: But because it was dummy, it was just the impact?

EL: The impact. We just fired everything we had. Anyway, after we rammed the sub, course, we saw the Japanese plane fighters strafing this and strafing that. What really scared me the most of whatever happened was those high-altitude bombers. They are so high, and they can be off just one degree and be off five miles. And when we saw them, we just couldn’t see nothing. Anyway, that really frightened me, seeing those, because we didn’t know whether or not if they were going to miss their target or what. But anyway, we got out of the harbor. The fighters and bombers were all over the place. When the Arizona blew up, the whole harbor looked like midnight. And then, of course, all the battleships were on fire. With all the fuel that was in it, the whole harbor just turned absolutely like midnight, it was eerie. But because we had the full crew, we were the first one out of the harbor. There were only eight ships that were able to come out of the harbor without being damaged, we went out looking for the Japs. Course we were looking for the Japs with two heavy cruisers and five destroyers. That was all that was available. We spent three days, and then we were ordered to come back. The Pearl Harbor attack itself does not bother me so much as what happened when we came in three days later. I’m a lifeguard, too, so I know. People that drown, it takes two to three days for bodies to come up. Well, it had been two or three days since Pearl Harbor, so when we came in, there were bodies all over the place. These sailors were in their white uniforms, and there were so many that they had what they call a motor launch. They had about a 150-yard rope on it. They would come to a body and throw a half-hitch on it, go 10 feet, put another in. There were some of them at least had 50 bodies. Now that impresses me, or left a lasting impression, more than the Harbor itself, than the attack.

Tell you the truth — my son can confirm this — I couldn’t talk about Pearl Harbor for 10 years. There was something, you just say Pearl Harbor and my stomach — there’s nothing — you can’t control it, and just would crawl. And then my wife would say I had nightmares and everything. But
those bodies floating ... some of them were burnt, you know, a lot of them were burnt. They dragged them, they put the rope around them, and then they dragged them to the pier. That’s when the hospital people took care of them. But you know, some of those guys in the white, we probably played ball against them two days before.

We were the first ship out. And you know it could have been different if they would just have taken the warning. We had enough warning; we could’ve had the ammunition up. We could’ve had our machine guns operating. Those two torpedo planes would’ve never made it.

CB: What was the explanation for not taking the warnings?

EL: Well, the soldiers that ... see, we had radar. They contacted a group of airplanes. There was a new second lieutenant on duty. And he said, “Oh, it’s just part of our practice run.” See, before Dec. 7, when the carriers were out for practice and maneuvering, they would come in and make mock attacks. So that’s what ...

CB: What he thought it was?

EL: they had a group of planes that they thought were some of ours because we were going to replenish Wake Island, but they were going to have a stop at Pearl Harbor.

LO: So they didn’t recognize that they were Japanese planes?

EL: No, not on radar. Nowadays, yes. So you know, they came through. And then also, the Destroyer Ward was on guard duty out there in the harbor. We did that, too, while we were in port; but this time, it was the Ward’s duty. And they spotted a periscope. And then later on, they spotted the conning tower. And it’s taken what, 60 years, they found that submarine.

EL: And that was the Ward. They let the headquarters know, but nothing was done.

LO: So if they let headquarters know, was it because the message was not given to the ...

EL: It wasn’t sent, it wasn’t sent. Or it wasn’t taken heed, that’s what it is. And some of the fellows that, course, they’re passed away now, but some of the signalmen that tried to get headquarters said there was nothing done.

CB: Well, this little submarine that they found, they figured that it had been trapped in the harbor, didn’t they?

EL: Well, it came in behind an oiler. See, we had gates ... I mean from April the 7th, I mean April of ’41, they don’t tell you about we took all precautions. The ships had, the big ships had torpedo nets. They weren’t there Dec. 7.

CB: Where were they?

EL: We don’t know. Now, we had been told that it takes 15 torpedoes to sink a battleship, if it were just left standing and just fired 15.

They were supposed to have an admiral’s inspection Sunday, [Dec. 7] which means when an admiral’s staff comes aboard ship, they go from the bridge down to the keel, everything is open, all the compartments are open. And they were open Sunday morning, Dec. 7. It only took three or four. Now, if it’d been what we call water-tight integrity, they would’ve never been sunk.

EL: All of them, all the battleships. And we had torpedo nets for frogmen, you know; keep the enemy frogmen from coming in. They were not in use. So when somebody says we were sleeping, the fleet wasn’t, the warships weren’t, but you know, it’s just the warnings.

EL: Well, the field artillery, they used to have ammunition on the beach, and it was all stored up in the mountains. You know, you just never know. We lost 3,000 sailors.

Eleven hundred of them are still in the ... I don’t know if you’ve been to Pearl Harbor or not, but the Arizona is still there. And what’s really weird is, it’s dripping oil. They had over a million gallons when it was sunk.

EL: So there’s just a lot of speculation there, you know. But we knew we were going to be in war, those in the fleet. We were out constantly. In fact, training and practicing is worse, it’s worse than being in active battles. Battles don’t last 30 minutes; but you practice for 48 hours, you’re up 48 hours. That’s just the difference. Battle, a Navy battle is just 30 minutes and that’s it.

Swede served in the Navy for seven years on active duty and remained in the reserves for 33 years. After leaving the service, he was employed in Fort Smith, Arkansas, by the U.S. Postal Service as a mail carrier for 32 years. Retired now, at age 86, he enjoys spending time with his grandchildren and family, friends, and doing volunteer work in the community.
Emery "Swede" Lundquist’s War Diary

War Diary

Dec. 7, 1941
August 1944

U.S.S. Monaghan (354)
August 16, 1944
Emery (Swede) Lundquist TM2
DEC. 1941. 7. JAPAN ATTACKS HAWAII IN DARING DIVE BOMBING AND TORPEDO ATTACKS. E.G. AT 7:55 A.M. WAS DOWN IN COMPARTMENT READING MAGAZINE. RUSHED UP LADDER IN TIME TO SEE TORPEDO PLANES DIVE ON USS UTAH. THOUGHT IT WAS OUR OWN PLANES HOLDING MOCK ATTACK, THAT SHINY RED BALL UNDER THE WINGS PROVED DIFFERENT. RAN UP TO GUN #2 TO FIND AMMUNITION IN MAGAZINES AND NO GUNS IN FIRING ORDER. TOOK 10 MIN. TO GET AMMUNITION TO GUNS. DIVE BOMBERS AND HIGH ALTITUDE BOMBERS MAKING RUNS ON B.B. USS UTAH IS BOTTOM SIDE UP. USS ARIZONA IS THROWING BLACK SMOKE UP. USS DOWNES AND CASSIN ARE HIT IN DRY DOCK. GOT UNDERWAY AT 8:15 A.M. SAW SUB'S CONNING TOWER OUT OF WATER BY CHANNEL. 8:20 STAND BY TO RAM SUB AND DROP CHARGES. 2 CHARGES GONE. NO MORE SUB. PLANES MADE A SWEeping RUN TOWARD CHANNEL BUT MISSED. ONE SUB FIRED TORPEDO AT US. IT MISSED US 3 FEET ON THE PORT SIDE, OUT OF CHANNEL AT 8:29. DIVE BOMBERS STILL CON- ING ON HICKMAN, WHEELER, AND FORD IS 3 GOT ORDERS TO BE DEFENSE UNIT IN SEC 6. MET EIGHT CRUISERS AND JOCANS ALL BB DAMAGED IN P.H. ATTACK ENDED 14:00 A.M. LOOKING FOR JAP CARRIERS. MET USS NEOSHO, ON TANKER, TO BE CONVOYED TO LEXINGTON. SHE WAS ONE DAY OUT OF P.H. WHEN WE WERE ATTACKED. EVERY MORNING FOR ANY POSSIBLE DAWN ATTACK. ARRIVED IN P.H. TO FIND THINGS REALLY IN A MESS. OKIE IS BOTTOM SIDE UP. DEAD BODIES EVERYWHERE, ARMY SOLDIERS ARE
Emery "Swede" Lundquist's War Diary

**January 1942**

1. Underway from P.H. with Lex. Rescued pilot.
3. Underway from P.H. on a southerly course as Task Force 11. Lex planes spotted sub 60 mi. away. Phelps and us went after it. It was too dark before we got there.
4. Changed course on the 14th and headed back to Pearl. Came back to Pearl to find the Saratoga hit by 2 torpedoes. (7-18-41) Alongside tender for overhaul.
5. Underway with Lex Task Force 11. Dispatch from Admiral reads, "Shooting is not promised but very likely."
Emery "Swede" Lundquist's War Diary

BATTLE CAMPAINS

DECEMBER 7 - 1941

PEARL HARBOR
CORAL SEA
MIDWAY BATTLE
ALEUTIAN PATROL (Kiska)
ATTU
KOMORODORSKI BATTLE
GILBERT ISLANDS - TARAWA
MARSHALL ISLANDS
NEW GUINEA - HOLLANDIA
PALAU
TRUK
SAIPAN
GUAM

AUGUST 20 - 1944
January 5, 1908

319 GARRISON CLOSED AGAIN

All was dark and dismal over 319 Garrison Avenue last night. The silence was profound, and it was evident that the gamblers who have been habitués of the place had hung out the skiddoo sign and had taken to cover until the noise of the exposure of the place had subsided enough to allow the resumption of business.

Friday night it is alleged the place was open and crap games were on in full blast. Saturday night there was absolutely nothing doing, and the man who desired to get rid of his coin through the slippery means of the roulette wheel or poker table had to seek a more private place.

***

HAGLIN HAS MADE KNOWN HIS PLANS

Speculation of the kind of a building which will be erected on the site once occupied by the six story Haglin building was settled yesterday when Dave Mayo closed a lease by which he will occupy the lower floor of a two-story structure which Mr. Haglin will build within the next ninety days.

The building adjoining the Haglin location will be occupied by a two-story brick block similar in many respects to the one destroyed. There will be no changes in the architectural design, but the upper floor will be leased by C.I. Ingeberg who will again install his book store.

January 14, 1908

NEGROES RAISE FUNDS TO EQUIP A HOSPITAL

Enough money has already been secured by the colored citizens of Fort Smith to equip and maintain the colored hospital and it will be only a question of a few days before the institution will be ready for occupancy.

Sunday afternoon W.E. Joshenberger and H.A. Sanders, president of the association, visited the hospital and after a conference with Miss Jessie Gass, laid partial plans for the furnishings that will be placed in the building. The equipment will be ordered in a short time and immediately upon its arrival, the hospital will be informally opened.

The two colored nurses, who are graduates of the Booker T. Washington Institute, have already placed their applications in the hands of the examining board. There is no doubt but that they will pass the necessary test to qualify as nurses.

Friday afternoon there will be held a mass meeting of the colored women interested in the work and a hospital guild will be organized.

January 21, 1908

ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE HELD INTERESTING MEETING

The Anti-Saloon League held an interesting session on Sunday afternoon at the Sunday school room of the Christian church. President Youmans conducted the meeting and a complete membership of 500 persons was reported on by the committee.
The league will meet every week after this at the Christian Church.

H.H. Shaw and T.P. Winchester gave strong and interesting talks on the growth of Fort Smith and the real value of prohibition to the city.

January 30, 1908

LIBRARY OPENS TODAY

This evening at 8 o'clock will be the formal opening of the Carnegie Library. The people of Fort Smith will have an opportunity to inspect the handsome structure, a monument to the years of effort of Fort Smith's public spirited ladies.

The Board of Regents of the Carnegie Library invites the public to the opening this evening at 8 o'clock. A short program has been prepared to be followed by an informal reception and inspection of the building.

***

The new dining parlors at the Southern will open Saturday morning for breakfast. G.J. Bumpus will have charge of the culinary department of Southern Dining Parlor.

February 13, 1908

FIND HUMAN BONES WHILE DIGGING BASEMENT

While excavating for a basement for the Hotel Main yesterday morning, workmen unearthed several human bones, and part of the equipment of a cavalryman of either the Civil or Mexican war.

The bones were so badly decomposed that for a time it was hard to say whether they were part of a human being or of some large animal. A physician, who saw the collection, stated that one of the bones was a tibia, and the smaller fragments were parts of a man's skeleton.

The workmen who made the gruesome discovery were working almost directly underneath the center of the lobby. An old piece of iron was first brought up with the shovel, which was identified as an old pattern bit for a cavalry horse, such as were in use forty years ago. Further excavating brought to light an old-fashioned army canteen, which was the standard about 1850, a musket and bayonet, and smaller fragments of iron which could not be identified.

How the remains were ever interred, or how long since is a mystery. In all probability the bones are all that is left of a Mexican War veteran, as the trappings are undoubtedly of an older time than the conflict of 1861.

***

BANK BUILDING WILL BE SIX STORIES IN HEIGHT

Plans are now being drawn for the building which will be erected by the executors of the George Sparks estate on the corner of Garrison avenue and Sixth-street.

According to the present plans the structure will be six stories in height. The building will be started in two months, it is stated and will be occupied by the First National Bank the latter part of the year.

March 14, 1908

PIONEER CITIZEN SLEEPS IN DEATH

Death claimed one of Fort Smith's pioneers yesterday, when Alexander Schoeppe passed away at his home on North Tenth street.

The deceased was a well known and highly respected citizen. He was one of the stalwart men who made up that sturdy band of pioneers in the border days. He came to Fort Smith 62 years ago and was a leader among men.

The deceased was born in Leipzig, Germany, in 1827, and came to this country when but a child and located in Fort Smith at the age of 18 years. For 50 years he led a busy business career, being the first man to establish an ice plant in the city. He retired from the industrial field about 10 years ago.

Mr. Schoeppe is survived by his aged wife, a brother, who lives in Oklahoma and three daughters, Mrs. Fred Truschel, Mrs. Henry
Hoffman and Mrs. Karl B. Grober.

The funeral will be held from the Lutheran church Sunday afternoon at 3 o’clock. The services will be conducted by Rev. Bartells and interment will be made in the city cemetery.

---

March 18, 1908

WOMAN OF THE UNDERWORLD ENDS HER LIFE

Minnie Underwood, an inmate of a Front Street resort, died at the Belle Point Hospital last night as a result of an overdose of morphine taken last week with suicidal intent.

The girl grew despondent over the life of shame she was leading and after expressing a desire to die on several occasions, swallowed the drug. She was discovered a short time after taking the fatal dose and a great effort was put forth to save her life, but to no avail.

The remains were removed to the undertaking parlors of the Fort Smith Undertaking company and the funeral will be held from that place this afternoon at 2 o’clock.

---

April 19, 1908

CAPTTILES LICK GAVE EASTER HUNT

Eighteen little folks spent a very pleasant afternoon Saturday when Captilles Lick entertained his friends with an Easter hunt at his home on North Eighth. A rabbit filled with candy was given to the one who was fortunate enough to find the largest number of bright colored eggs that were hid in the grass. After the hunt the guests were invited into the house, where dainty ices, cakes and sweets were served. Graceful green baskets of Easter eggs were given as souvenirs of the occasion.

---

April 20, 1908

BRUN’S OPENING WILL BE TODAY

Magnificent $5,000 Fountain Has Been Installed, Store Has Been Redecorated and New Features Added

Today Brun’s will have a spring opening. For several weeks Frank Brun has been having the store redecorated and painted and has spared no expense, and today it stands ready to be viewed by the public. The walls have several mural decorations by a German artist and everything has been fixed over according to the most approved methods.

The feature that will attract most attention is the magnificent soda fountain. This fountain occupied an entire car when it was shipped by freight. It cost
over $5,000 and the freight charges alone were over two hundred dollars.

Charles Goodman, an expert mixologist of Chicago, has entire charge of the fountain which is very beautiful. It is made entirely of solid onyx, decorated with figures of bisque and oxidized copper. At the top of each are two large electroliers, complete with many bulbs of art glass in beautiful colors.

The work board is of solid German silver and is entirely sanitary. The bottled goods are placed in especial made refrigerators of mahogany.

The back of the fountain is fourteen feet high, and has three large plate glass mirrors. Eight columns of onyx with onyx bases complete the decoration. This is also decorated with electric lights of art glass and the name, “Brun’s” is at the top in a scroll of mahogany, composed of art glass.

June 14, 1908

MANHATTAN RESTAURANT WILL BE FURTHER IMPROVED

Gus and John Myers “The Two Brothers” who purchased the Manhattan restaurant recently, propose making some changes about the place. The fruit stand adjoining the restaurant has been purchased and will be used as an entrance to the café.

The entire place will be renovated and when completed will present an up-to-date appearance. A number of rooms have already been fitted for hotel purposes.

DEATHS

Dennis Kelly

Dennis Kelly, son of Jerry Kelly county commissioner, died Saturday afternoon at 2:20 after a lingering illness of about a year, at his home, 500 South Sixteenth street. He was a well-known young man and liked by everyone. At the time of his death young Kelly was 25 years old, and belonged to one of the oldest families in Fort Smith.

Funeral services will be held Monday morning from the Church of the Immaculate Conception at 9 o’clock.

The young man was a member of the Knights of Columbus, Catholic Knights and Knights of the Maccabees.

Mrs. Nannie Perry

Mrs. Nannie Perry died at her home in Telly Addition No. 2 yesterday morning at 8:30 of a complication of diseases. The remains were sent to Ursula, Ark., yesterday afternoon for burial. The deceased was 58 years of age and is survived by three sons. She was formerly a resident of Ursula.

***

William Brice

William Brice, aged 27, died at his home 1616 Towson avenue yesterday of typhoid fever after a brief illness. The deceased came to Fort Smith from Sallisaw about a month ago. He is survived by a wife and two children.

Surprise your favorite people with a membership in the Fort Smith Historical Society.

They will love The Journal and you.
Washington Cemetery, Fort Smith, Arkansas
An African-American Burial Ground
By Angela Y. Walton-Raji; Transcribed by Tonia Holleman

Fort Smith has an interesting history from the African-American community. As long as the city has existed there has been an African-American presence in the community. Part of the effort to document the history of the community has been the effort to take note of the burial sites of the city’s black residents. It is not known where people who lived in the city as slaves were buried. However, those who were once enslaved are found in cemeteries throughout the city, Nowland Springs, Oak Cemetery and U.S. National Cemetery.

Nestled in the heart of Northside Fort Smith is the only all African-American cemetery. Contrary to what many may believe, this cemetery was established in the 1940s as a black burial ground in what was once the mostly rural Midland Heights section of the city. However, many of those who rest in Washington Cemetery come from many parts of the city and not exclusively the immediate neighborhood. Not much is known of the early history of the burial ground. The earliest burial was made on the grounds before the official cemetery was established. That is the grave site of Gideon Richardson, which was made in 1913. One of the longest-living people buried in the cemetery was Ellen Hogue Roberson, Birth in Jan. 1887 and buried in July 1986, only a few months short of her 100th birthday.

It is worth noting that of the more than 730 burials at Washington, more than 150 were of people who were Birth in the 1800s. One of the earliest birth dates noted on the interred was that of Mary Irene Bass, Birth in 1865 and laid to rest in 1945. While none of the people buried there would have been slaves, many were clearly the children of slaves. Many resided in the city during its frontier years during the Judge Parker era, the period when black U.S. marshals were part of the city’s landscape. Later, they would experience the changes in the city after the Parker era, through the darker days of segregation, but many did live to see brighter days for the community.

The following transcription was made by Tonia Holleman, who spearheaded this documentation project for more than four years. She was helped by close associates Lola Brown, Lucy Toran and Nathaniel Jones, who on occasion would assist her in identifying the names of those entered from their headstones. In addition, she compiled the names from documented sources as well, including the Social Security Index, OUR Funeral Home Records, Rowell Funeral Home Records, funeral programs and the U.S. Federal Census. Washington Cemetery, located off Waldron Road and North 56th Street, is quiet and peaceful, regularly maintained, neat and dignified. Burials still occur in this quiet burial ground as they have for the past 64 years. The cemetery’s caretaker is Patricia Copeland, who works with a cemetery board to see that this quiet resting place retains regular care and that the site is kept clean and secure. When possible, the following list contains the dates of birth and death.

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<td>Death May 12, 1981.</td>
</tr>
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<td>Death Sept. 6, 1956.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>Birth April 10, 1914.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>Birth 1865. Death Feb. 4, 1945.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>Birth March 25, 1905. Death June 5, 1902.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BELL, Veronica</td>
<td>15 months. Death May 12, 1972.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BERRY, Mae</td>
<td>Birth May 12, 1897. Death 1965.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BREWER, Baby</td>
<td>Death June 3, 1980.</td>
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<td>BROWN, George</td>
<td>Birth 1865. Death 1942.</td>
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FLANNIGAN, Bertha. Birth 1890.
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PYLES, Mary L. Death Aug. 29, 1960.


ROBERSON, Merrill. Death Dec. 9, 1944.
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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.
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