





Drennen-Scott Historic Site Dedicated

\$5.5 Million Restoration Project a Joint Effort



Long Journey Home Soldier Buried After 59 Years



Hangin' Times
Boudinot Crumpton



Men Behind the Badges
Lawmen Inspire Nkokheli

Vol. 35, No. 2, September 2011





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

MEMBERSHIP & ORDERS: *Journal* back issues are available. Cost for the current issue is \$7.50 plus a \$2 mailing charge per copy. Cost for past issues is \$4 plus the \$2 mailing charge. A composite index for Volumes I through IX is available for \$10 plus a \$4 mailing charge. Cost for the complete set of Journals, Volumes I through 34, is \$225. Volumes I and II will be reproduced copies, as these copies are no longer available in original form.

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on the Organization, Membership, Back issues: How to
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of old Fort Smith.

See the Google group, Fort Smith History Forum, for a bulletin board of current research questions. Readers may post their own research questions or topics in hopes of furthering their own research.

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MANUSCRIPTS: Submissions of all types of Fort Smith, Arkansas, related materials including previously unpublished family Bibles, diaries, journals, letters, old maps, church minutes or histories, cemetery information, family histories, and other documents are welcome. Manuscripts, including quotations and footnotes, must be double-spaced, using The Chicago Manual of Style (University of Chicago Press). Footnotes should be numbered consecutively in the text, assembled at the end of the article, along with a list of any additional sources. The author's name, address, phone number and e-mail address should appear only on the title page. Manuscripts may be submitted on CD disks, using word-processing programs supported by Windows. Photographs should be duplicates or submitted in digital format, documents should be photocopies, as they cannot be returned. Manuscripts are subject to editing for style and space requirements. All articles and images accepted will become the property of the Fort Smith Historical Society, Inc. unless return is specifically requested. Submit to:

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Journal Editor & Co-Founder 1977-2004

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Contents

DL. 35, NO. 2 SEPTEMBER 20		1
News & Opportunities		2
Revamped Drennen-Scott Historic Site Debuts By Tom Wing		5
Heck Bruner: Deputy U.S. Marshal in Indian Territory By Robert Ernst	y	6
The Men Behind the Badges: Lawmen Inspire Nkoki By Daniel R. Maher	heli 1	7
Alphonso Trent: Influential Man of Music and Local I By Steven Kite	_egend 2	:1
Long Journey Home: Korean War Soldier Buried After By Steve Peterson	er 59 Years2	20
Bob Worley: A Glimpse in the Rearview Mirror By Bob Worley	ვ	ie
Hangin' Times: Boudinot Crumpton By Jerry Akins	2	20
1911 NewspapersBy Wincie Hendricks	4	5
Book Review: <i>The Land Between the Rivers</i> By Billy Higgins	2	25
Index	4	Ę

COVER: Main photo: A ceremony marked the May 10, 2011, opening of the Drennen-Scott House Historic Site and Museum. A campus of UA Fort Smith, the site features an interpretation center and tours through the 1836 house of John Drennen. An entrepreneur, Whig politician, and friend of Zachary Taylor, Drennen also served as agent to the Choctaw Nation. Shown participating in the ribbon cutting, front standing left to right, are Morril Harriman, chief of staff for Gov. Mike Beebe, Angela Walton-Raji, Janis Beran, Caroline Bercher—a descendant of John Drennen, Tom Wing—with scissors, UA Fort Smith Chancellor Paul Beran, UA Fort Smith Provost Ray Wallace.

Lower left photo Johnny Mayberry, image courtesy of Alice Baker

Lower right photo: Old Fort Days Rodeo Parade, May 28, 2007, Garrison Avenue, Fort Smith. U.S. Deputy Marshal re-enactors, from left to right: Sam Tressler, Baridi Nkokheli as Bass Reeves, and Harold Tressler. Photo by Kaia Larsen, *Southwest Times Record*.

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News & Opportunities



Fort Smith Historical Society Awarded FSACF Grant

The Fort Smith Historical Society received a Giving Tree Grant of \$500 from the Fort Smith Area Community Foundation in April 2011.

The Fort Smith Area Community Foundation, a local office of the Arkansas Community Foundation, makes grants to improve the quality of life in our state and collaborates with individuals, families, and organizations to build local communities through philanthropy.

This funding was made available for use with our oral history project, *The History of the African American Churches in Fort Smith*. This project is ongoing with interviews of local residents, church members, and the ministry. For information, please see our website, www.fortsmithhistory.org.

Fort Smith National Historic Site Marks 50th Anniversary

Belle Point and the buildings and grounds around Judge Isaac C. Parker's courthouse became a part of the National Park Service on September 13, 1961. On September 16-18, 2011, the park and community will be celebrating the 50th anniversary with a number of special events.

Kicking off the celebration, on the evening of September 16, will be a story about the historic site by Roger Armstrong followed by music from the blues band, Tyrannosaurus Chicken. Living history programs representing times from 1817 to 1896 will be ongoing throughout each day. Antique weapons from the time of the deputy marshals will be on display in the jail, and trial re-enactments will be offered in the historic courtroom.

Both Saturday and Sunday will have historic weapons demonstrations with cannons and muskets. Flint napping, pottery and basket making will be demonstrated by Native American artists. An Osage dance exhibition will take place on Saturday. The evening of the 17th will have music played by the Irish band, Cold Water Dog.

Other events are in the planning stages. For

information check the park's website at www.nps. gov/fosm.

Fort Smith Historical Society Sets Quarterly Meeting

Wednesday, October 13, 2011, 6:00 p.m.

The Fort Smith Historical Society will hold its quarterly meeting on Wednesday, October 13, 2011, at 6:00 p.m. in the Fort Smith Public Library Community Room, 3201 Rogers Avenue. The program, presented by George McGill, will be "History Makers, the Legacy of Leaders in the Black Community: Black history makers, historic events and places that touched the



PHOTO BY JEFF WASSON GEORGE MCGILL

lives of African Americans in Fort Smith and the surrounding area."

The first presentation will focus on the life and legacy of Dr. Louis McGill, his childhood, his life as a baseball player in the Negro baseball league, and his work as minister and community activist. This program is open to the public. Come and bring your friends.

Third Annual Alphonso Trent Memorial Jazz Jam

Monday, October 24, 2011

"A Juneteenth Jazz Tribute to Fort Smith Jazz Legend Alphonso Trent" featuring Jazz Artist Rev. Ronald V. Myers Sr., M.D., piano and trumpet, with



Kevin Willis, guitar, Eddie Dunn, percussion, Earlton Batles Manley, percussion, and others.

Performances at noon at the Fort Smith Museum of History, 320 Rogers Avenue, and 7:00 p.m. at The Golden Goose, 522 North Tenth Street.

Hosted by *Lincoln Echo Newspaper*, www. lincolnecho.com.

Clayton House Celebrates 130th Anniversary

Many projects are stirring as the Clayton House in Fort Smith's Belle Grove Historic District nears the 130th anniversary (2012) of the federal prosecutor's residency in the home. Just as William Henry Harrison Clayton, U.S. attorney for the Western District of Arkansas beginning in 1874, and Judge Isaac C. Parker were known to work together at a hard and fast pace—even on Sundays—today the Clayton House's opportunities to serve the community are innumerable.

Current projects include development of new programs for elementary, junior high, and high school civics, social studies, and history classes; digital documentation of house content inventory; membership recruitment; and an expansion of the house tour script as interpreters share the colorful history of Fort Smith with tourists and local residents each week.

The Clayton family moved into the grand Victorian home at 514 North Sixth Street, which Mr. Clayton restored and enlarged, in 1882. Over the next fifteen years, he and his Southern belle wife, Florence, raised six daughters and one son in the home.

Serving under five U.S. presidents, Mr. Clayton tried more than 10,000 cases as he worked with Judge Parker and the deputy U.S. Marshals to bring peace and justice to Indian Territory and the western third of Arkansas. In 1897, Mr. Clayton left Fort Smith to serve as the U.S. judge for the Central District of Indian Territory, moving his family to McAlester, Indian Territory. He died December 24, 1920, and is buried in the National Cemetery at Fort Smith beside his beloved wife.

Veterans Day Exhibit at Fort Smith Museum of History

November 11, 2011, 2:00 p.m. Opening with a reception on Friday, November

11, 2011, at 2:00 p.m., the Museum of History will present an exhibit and programs honoring Fort Smith's military veterans. Beginning with the first soldiers under Major William Bradford and including such famous names as General Benjamin Bonneville and Captain John Rogers, the exhibit uses artifacts from the collection to tell veterans' stories. A Civil War veteran, one George Sengel, will be represented.

Learn about Fort Smith natives Admiral Edward Walter Eberle and Admiral Charles "Savvy" Cooke, who both achieved distinction and fame. Local World War II veterans' stories will be told through information collected from the Fort Smith Historical Society's ongoing Oral History Project. Along with uniforms and weapons, quotes from the interviews make the stories come to life.

Concluding with present-day veterans and the first female graduate of the U.S. Military Academy, a Fort Smithian, the exhibit is a tribute to the city's military veterans.

Fort Smith Historical Society and Historytellers Announce Annual History Conference

Into the Nations: Native Peoples of Arkansas and Oklahoma—1800-1870 Friday and Saturday, January 27-28, 2012 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

Locations: University of Arkansas at Fort Smith and Drennen Scott Historic Museum

The conference will focus on the significance of the Native Peoples to this region from the days before the Louisiana Purchase until after the Civil War. Representatives from the Nations will be present and genealogical research assistance will be offered.

Discussion will revolve around these questions:

- ❖ What were early villages like?
- ❖ Which tribes are native and which are "newcomers," thanks to the "Trail Where We Cried"?
- ❖ What happened to the Indians during the Civil War?
 - ❖ Did Native Americans have slaves?
 - ❖ Who are the freedmen?
 - ❖ Why did the Nations keep shrinking?

Off-site trips are planned. Professional development credit for area teachers is available.

Registration and contact information will be available through the Fort Smith Historical Society's website, http://www.fortsmithhistory.org, and HIstorytellers on Facebook or by emailing historytellers@live.com.



Sponsored by UA Fort Smith History Department and College of Humanities and Social Sciences, Fort Smith Historical Society, and HIstoryTellers.

Arkansas Historical Association 71st Annual Meeting

April 12-14, 2012 Fayetteville, Arkansas

Website: http://www.arkansashistoricalassociation.org/

Advertising in The Journal

The Board of the Fort Smith Historical Society has approved advertising for the back and inside back cover of *The Journal*.

This issue features such copy furnished by the University of Arkansas Press and the University of Arkansas–Fort Smith College of Humanities and Social Sciences.

We are grateful for their support of our publication and our organization.

Journal Managing Editor Carole Barger Steps Down

At the end of 2010, Carole Barger stepped down from her position as managing editor of *The Journal of the Fort Smith Historical Society*. In her seven-year tenure, *The Journal* has twice been awarded "Best Journal of Local and County History" by the Arkansas Historical Association. In addition, three articles have been selected by a panel of academic historians as first place in the year of their publication.

These prestigious awards, which have included best design, are quite competitive as Arkansas has a number of very, very good local and county journals and societies.

Carole's work is highly appreciated by her coeditors, the society members, and her co-workers. There is the glad news, too, that she will continue her amazing labors on behalf of the Society in the oral histories of World War II veterans and as a lead organizer in the current Arkansas Humanities Council sponsored project of gathering the oral histories of area African-American churches.

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A CEREMONY MARKED THE MAY 10, 2011, OPENING OF THE DRENNEN-SCOTT HOUSE HISTORIC SITE AND MUSEUM. A campus of UA Fort Smith, the site features an interpretation center and tours through the 1836 house of John Drennen. An entrepreneur, Whig politician, and friend of Zachary Taylor, Drennen also served as agent to the Choctaw Nation. Shown participating in the ribbon cutting, front standing left to right, are Morril Harriman, chief of staff for Gov. Mike Beebe, Angela Walton-Raji, Janis Beran, Caroline Bercher—a descendant of John Drennen, Tom Wing—with scissors, UA Fort Smith Chancellor Paul Beran, and UA Fort Smith Provost Ray Wallace.

Revamped Drennen-Scott Historic Site Debuts

Renovation Brings Home Original Furnishings, Heirlooms

By Tom Wing

n May 10, 2011, the Drennen-Scott Historic Site was dedicated and shown to guests for the first time in its all of its completed and traditional splendor. The result of a partnership that included the Drennen-Scott family, UA-Fort Smith, Arkansas Department of Heritage, the Historic Arkansas Museum, and the City of Van Buren, the house was purchased and restored through grants totaling \$5.5 million from the Arkansas Natural and Cultural Resource Council. The project was proposed in 2004, received the first grant in 2005, and was completed in the spring of 2011.

Original furnishings and family heirlooms adorn rooms restored to their 1830-1850's appearance. Visitors will experience a mix of guided and unguided exhibits and programs covering topics such as the development of the state of Arkansas, the Civil War, slavery, the Underground Railroad, the Mexican War, the Trail of Tears, and the Victorian era. The site is a functioning laboratory for UA-Fort Smith History and Historical Interpretation students. Students will help create exhibits and guide the public through the site.

Originally built in 1838, the house was the home of John Drennen, son of an Irish immigrant. Drennen headed west from Pennsylvania to seek his fortune, stopping in Tennessee before arriving in Arkansas Territory in 1828. Drennen built a small empire in plantation agriculture, transportation, land speculation, and the mercantile business. His friends and business associates included Sam Houston, Albert Pike, Chief John Ross of the Cherokee Nation, and Judge Jesse Turner.

Drennen died in 1855, passing on the estate to his daughter and son-in-law. The property remained in the family, generation after generation, until 2005 when UA-Fort Smith acquired the property for restoration. The Historic Arkansas Museum in Little Rock purchased the artifact collection from the family and has returned significant pieces for display in the house.

A public historic site with national significance and a learning laboratory for students, the Drennen-Scott Historic Site allows UA-Fort Smith to become a steward of our past while protecting a legacy that will continue far into the future.



Heck Bruner

Deputy U.S. Marshal of the Indian Territory

By Robert Ernst

Part I

When writing the manuscript for *Deadly Affrays: The Violent Deaths of the U.S. Marshals*, I had no idea that the finding of a single wallet, along with additional information, would substantially change what had previously been known about a famous Deputy U.S. Marshal.

Eli Hickman Bruner, known by his family as "Hick" but better known in the Indian Territory as Heck Bruner, was a Deputy U.S. Marshal, both for the Western District of Arkansas in Fort Smith and later for the Northern District of Indian Territory in Muskogee, Indian Territory (Oklahoma). Heck was involved in some of the largest manhunts in Oklahoma history and made numerous important arrests ranging from larceny and robbery to murder during his career—a career that would last only nine and a half years before his death. He would die in the line of duty, not by gunfire but by drowning in Oklahoma's Grand River.

Heck Bruner has been mentioned in several books and articles with many of the writers making errors that can now be corrected. One article stated that Bruner was commissioned a Deputy U.S. Marshal in 1873; another stated he was commissioned in 1871. Other writers have said Bruner moved to Siloam Springs, Arkansas, when he was one year old. Still others, including myself, have stated that he had ridden as posse for Deputy U.S. Marshal Barney Connelley and was commissioned a full deputy after Connelley was killed August 19, 1891. Connelley had attempted to arrest a former deputy named Sheppard Busby and was shot and killed by Busby. While Bruner did ride as Connelley's posse, new evidence makes it clear that he was commissioned before Connelley's death. That new evidence is an original oath of office, recently found, signed by U.S. Marshal Jacob Yoes of the Western District of Arkansas in Fort Smith appointing Heck Bruner a Deputy U.S. Marshal and issued on January 1, 1890, more than a year and a half prior to Connelley's death.2

Several of these statements can be easily corrected. The 1860 U.S. Census show that Eli Hickman Bruner was the seventh child born to Eli



PHOTO COURTESY OF ROBERT ERNST

HECK BRUNER'S LEATHER *wallet, the discovery of which by the author led to this article.*

Woodruff and Mary Elizabeth "Polly" Collins Bruner on February 13, 1859, in Somerset Township, Mercer County, Missouri. The 1870 Census recorded the family still living in Somerset Township and by that time the family had grown by three, for a total of ten children.³

This information clears up several errors. If appointed in 1871 or 1873, Heck would have been twelve or fourteen years of age. It also makes clear that the Bruner family did not leave Missouri for at least eleven years after Heck was born. The question as to when Bruner was appointed was resolved by finding a wallet that has been in the possession of his descendants since his death.

For more than twenty years, this writer and others have heard about large wallets used by deputies in which they carried their commissions as well as arrest warrants and subpoenas they were serving.

For several years, I have known that my daughter-in-law, Tracy Ernst, was the great-great-great granddaughter of Heck Bruner. Heck's father, Eli Woodruff Bruner, was born March 2, 1827, in Martin





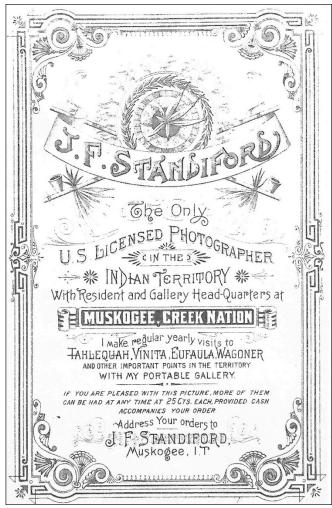


PHOTO COURTESY OF ROBERT ERNST

THIS UNDATED PHOTO, taken by the Indian Territory's "Only U.S. Licensed Photographer," J. F. Standiford, shows Heck Bruner's three children: From left to right: Woodruff, Joseph, and Pearl Bruner.

City, Indiana, and his mother, Mary Elizabeth Collins was born on January 30, 1827, in Kentucky. The father was of German heritage and the mother was Cherokee Indian. The other children in the family were David, born in 1851, Elizabeth Ellen, born in 1852, Mariah Emma, born in 1853, Christopher Columbus, born in 1854, Olive Molly, born in 1856, Albert Woodruff, born in 1857, James Finley, born in 1860, Mary Elizabeth, born in 1862 and Georgia Ann, born in 1869.

Sometime in 1870 or 1871, the family moved to Siloam Springs, Arkansas. Heck's parents would live out the rest of their lives in Siloam Springs and are believed to be buried in the Old George Cemetery in Benton County. Some years after the move to Arkansas, Heck met Sarah Ann Laura Bradley, who was born April 25, 1860, in Taney County, Missouri, eventually moving to Siloam Springs, Arkansas with her parents, Samuel Carle Bradley and Mary Elizabeth Baker. Sam Bradley was from Jasper,

Indiana, and Mary Baker was born in Tennessee. A romance sprang up resulting in Sarah Ann and Heck being married in Benton County, Arkansas, on June 23, 1881.⁴

This union resulted in three children, Mary Pearl Bruner, born in June 1882, Ralph Woodruff Bruner, born May 23, 1885, and Joseph Hickman Bruner, born in 1889, all in Siloam Springs. Mary Pearl Bruner married Chester Arthur Scott and they had five children, all daughters. Their first daughter was Laura Vivian Scott, who married John Lawrence Simpson around 1900 in the Indian Territory. They had a daughter, Betty Simpson, who married Robert Wood resulting in a son who was named after his father. Robert Wood, the son, married Nancy Simpson (a totally different Simpson family), and they had a daughter named Tracy. Tracy would marry my son, Robert D. Ernst. Tracy has given birth to two children, Tanner and Macy Ernst.

The Wood family believed one of the descendants



had the wallet Heck Bruner was carrying on the day he died, but it took several years to locate it. Finally found in Dallas, Texas, it is now in the possession of Heck Bruner's great-great-grandson, Bob Wood, who was kind enough to let me photograph and examine it. When he brought it out and set it on a table, it was obvious it had gone through a lot of use but was still in fairly good condition considering it was more than 100 years old. When the wallet was opened, it revealed several exciting finds. There were seven original oaths of office issued to Bruner from both the Western District of Arkansas and the Northern District of Indian Territory. It was also noted that the commissions were not all of the same type. Some were legal sized, some the normal letter size and one on thick paper. In addition to the commissions, the wallet contained two business cards for Bruner and two railroad passes allowing him to ride free on the trains while acting in his official capacity.

Part II

Two months after first being appointed a Deputy U.S. Marshal, Bruner made his first appearance in Fort Smith when he brought in George W. Cook for introducing liquor into the Indian country. In May, he again appeared, having in tow William Bright, charged with selling liquor. This was followed by a trip into Fort Smith in June 1890 with Thomas Thompson, alias Thomas Toosharp, on a charge of introducing.⁵

Sometime in 1890 or 1891, Heck, Sarah Ann and their three children moved to Vinita, located in the Cherokee Nation. The move was most likely made to allow him easier access to the area he policed. In 1891, he hit his stride, bringing in prisoners on a regular basis. In January, Thomas Groundhog was booked for introducing and selling illegal liquor, and in March, Bruner arrived with Fayette Hughes, also charged with introducing. In April, he rode in with two prisoners, David Jones and Mose Lenian, both charged with arson. In May, he and his brother, A.W. Bruner, brought in three prisoners, Dode West and John Triplett, charged with larceny, and Callie Gamble, alias Still, charged with bigamy. A.W. Bruner, commonly called "Wood," was probably riding as Heck's posse. Two weeks later, Heck arrived in Fort Smith with Jim Rattlingourd, charged with introducing. In June, he arrived with John Triplett and in July, Dick Walker, both charged with introducing. Two weeks later, he arrived with Al Bagley, charged with larceny. The final two prisoners brought in during 1891 were Joe Summers, charged with contempt of court, and James Tanning charged with larceny.6

As was the practice for all deputies, Bruner

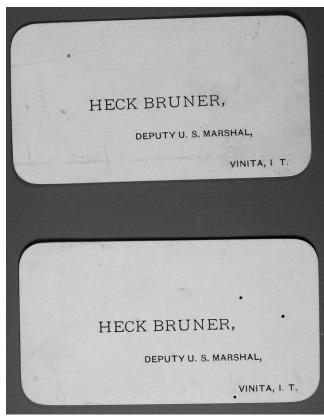


PHOTO COURTESY OF ROBERT ERNST BUSINESS CARDS OF HECK BRUNER.

carried several arrest warrants with him, and was always working one of his fugitive cases. One of the men he was attempting to locate was a young man named Wakoo Hampton, who had been convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to eight years in a reform school in Washington, D.C. He escaped during the summer of 1891 and the marshals believed he had returned to the area he came from, east of Tahlequah. Bruner had visited that area on three or four occasions looking for Hampton but was unable to locate him.

On December 9, Bruner boarded a train heading for Fort Smith. As he stepped off the train, he was met by U.S. Marshal Yoes and Deputy U.S. Marshal Gideon S. White, who gave him quite a shock. Yoes told him they were at the train depot because he, Bruner, had been reported killed, and they were there to see if his body was on the train.⁷

In a short time, it became clear that two lawmen, Deputy U.S. Marshal Thomas Whitehead and Posse member Josiah Poorboy, had been killed the day before. On December 8, 1891, Whitehead and Poorboy were trying to locate Jim Craig, who had previously escaped from Deputy U.S. Marshal Charles Lamb. The lawmen were at Cherokee Nation Judge L. W. Shirley's house intending to spend the night when Wakoo Hampton, John Brown, and John



Roach rode up. When both lawmen walked out of the house, they were fired on by the riders. Roach was hit in the return gunfire and fell to the ground, but Hampton and Brown continued shooting until both Whitehead and Poorboy were killed. Leaving Roach lying on the ground wounded, Brown and Hampton rode away. After the killing, numerous deputies tried to track them down.⁸

To start 1892, Heck Bruner arrested William H. Bates, who was charged with assault.9 After lodging Bates in the Fort Smith federal jail, Bruner returned to the Indian Territory to search for Wakoo Hampton. In Deadly Affrays, I state that Deputy U.S. Marshal C. A. Bruner was responsible for arresting John Brown and killing Wakoo Hampton. However, new information has been found that proves that the deputy in the group was Heck Bruner, not C. A. Bruner. Further, several other lawmen were involved: Ben Knight, Jim Thornton, Albert Thompson, and Charley Copeland. The lawmen had been in the area fifteen or twenty miles east of Tahlequah on Barren Fork for several days. At one time, they spotted Hamilton and Brown and four or five other men at Annie Hitchcock's place. In addition to Hampton and Brown, there was Watt Hampton, Frank Hamilton, and two others. The lawmen decided to wait until there were better odds.

On Saturday, January 30, Heck Bruner, Charley Copeland, and their posse found Hampton and Brown again, this time at Sam Manus's place. They watched from across a large field and waited. Shortly before sundown, they observed Hampton get on a horse and start riding east toward Annie Hitchcock's house. Bruner and Copeland split up, taking their respective posses with them, and rode hard to get ahead of Hampton. Copeland and his posse got there first and hid in some brush. When Hampton drew near, they ordered him to surrender. Hampton swung off his horse and opened fire on the lawmen with his revolvers, using the horse for cover. Copeland and his posse returned the gunfire with Winchesters, one of the shots striking the horse and continuing through to hit Hampton in the thigh. The horse fell and Hampton took cover behind the fallen animal, keeping up his fire on the officers. After being hit several times, Hampton indicated he was surrendering. As Bruner was riding over a ridge, he saw the gunfight, with Hampton firing at Copeland and Copeland returning the fire. Just before he got to the scene, Hampton was shot and fell into the dirt. Bruner would later testify, "I did not do any of the fighting. I got there just about the time that Copeland shot him. I held him until he died. I held his head up until he died." Bruner further testified that after Hampton's death, the lawmen returned to Sam Manus's house and arrested John Brown, who did not resist. At the time of his arrest, Brown had two Winchester rifles in his

possession but did not use them.10

On the following Tuesday, Bruner and his posse arrived in Fort Smith with John Brown, Watt Hampton, and William Tatum. Tatum and Watt Hampton, who was Wakoo Hampton's brother, were wanted for the armed robbery of a store in the Flint District of Cherokee Nation. Both were arrested at the same time John Brown was taken into custody. Brown was tried and convicted of murder in May 1892. He was sentenced to hang, but an appeal was filed with the Supreme Court. The second trial was held in October 1894, and he was again convicted and sentenced to death. Another appeal was filed resulting in a third trial being held in July 1895. Again convicted, he again appealed. Before the fourth trial could begin, the defense and prosecution worked out a deal, and Brown pleaded guilty to manslaughter and was sentenced to one year in prison.¹¹

On March 4, the *Fort Smith Elevator* reported that Heck had returned to Fort Smith with two more prisoners, one of whom was wanted for murder. James Craig, accused of taking part in the murder of Deputies Whitehead and Poorboy as well as with escape, had been on the loose since escaping from Deputy U.S. Marshal Charles Lamb in 1891. The second man brought in was Sewell Bell on an introducing charge.¹²

The next several months saw Heck Bruner making frequent trips into Fort Smith with prisoners. Solomon Johnson on a larceny charge and Robert Williams and Dave Ingram on introducing charges were the first to be brought in. In April, Bruner again teamed up with Deputy Charley Copeland to arrest Andy Sheppard for larceny and William Creel for introducing, as well as Ed Norris for selling liquor. In May, he reported with Switch Foreman on an introducing charge.¹³

While in Fort Smith, Bruner attended the sentencing of John Brown for the murder of Deputy U.S. Marshal Thomas Whitehead and Posse Josiah Poorboy, and heard Federal Judge Isaac C. Parker mention him by name:

You did not enter upon these murders for the purpose of robbery, though you robbed the man you slew. It seems from the evidence you entered upon your bloody mission at the instigation of a wicked woman who wanted her husband assassinated, and that you Hampton, and perhaps Roach entered upon your bloody expedition with this purpose in view. That you killed the two men, Poorboy and Whitehead, thinking at the time they were Heck Bruner, a United States deputy marshal, and Brown Hitchcock, the husband of the woman who sent you on your terrible errand of blood.

The wicked woman mentioned by Judge Parker was Annie Hitchcock, the daughter of Cherokee Nation Judge L. W. Shirley and the lover of James

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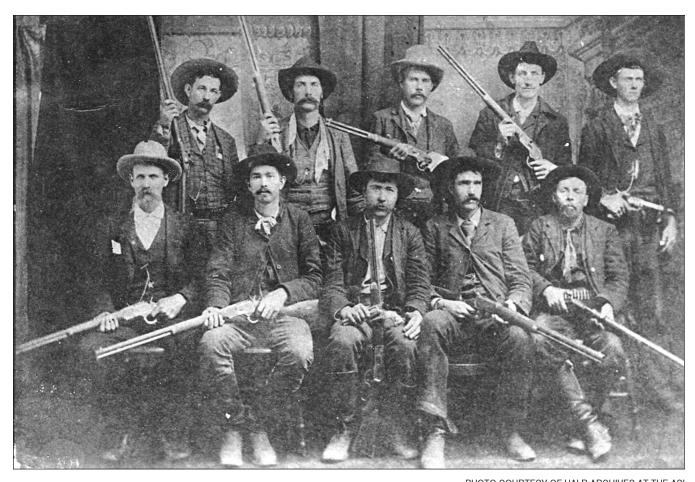


PHOTO COURTESY OF UALR ARCHIVES AT THE ASI

U.S. DEPUTY MARSHALS who participated in the siege on Ned Christie's cabin gathered in a Fort Smith photo studio in winter 1892 for another kind of shoot. Heck Bruner is second from left on front row.

Craig. Bruner had had another brush with death but did not know it at the time.¹⁴

Another prisoner, George Zeanshine, charged with introducing, was brought in by Bruner in June. The following month he brought in an accused murderer, Eli Parker from Tahlequah. More prisoners were brought in the following months: H. K. Riley for larceny; Silas C. Rippy for larceny; Sam C., alias Cat Parrish, for selling liquor; Jesse Van for assault; John Brown for larceny; Hank Robinson for introducing and selling liquor; and Harvey Bell, alias Smith, for larceny.¹⁵

Part III

On May 4, 1887, Deputy U.S. Marshal Dan Maples of Bentonville, Arkansas, was shot and killed in Tahlequah while investigating the trafficking of illegal liquor in the area. Suspicion quickly focused on a Cherokee blacksmith named Ned Christie and a warrant was issued for his arrest. Several deputies and their posses made attempts to arrest Christie but were always turned away by heavy gunfire. Heck

Bruner rode as posse to Deputy U. S. Marshal Barney Connelley in the late 1880s. They made several attempts to arrest Christie but always came away empty-handed. On September 26, 1888, Deputies Heck Thomas, L. P. Isbell, Dave Rusk, John Salmon, and Bud Trainer made an attack on Christie's log cabin, which was more like a fortress. During the gunfight that followed, Deputy Isbell was seriously wounded, causing the posse to withdraw to obtain medical help. During another attempt to capture the fugitive in early 1891, Deputy Joe Bowers was shot in the foot by Christie. The next attempt was on October 11, 1892, when Deputies Dave Rusk, Milo Creekmore, David Dye, Charley Copeland, Joe Bowers, and John Fields surrounded the cabin at dawn. During this attempt, Deputy John Fields was shot in the neck and Joe Bowers was again wounded. Both deputies were in need of medical attention, causing the lawmen to withdraw. Bowers was treated and would recover, but Fields died of his wounds October 19, 1892.

On November 3, 1892, Heck Bruner joined one



of the largest groups of lawmen ever assembled just to take one wanted man. Deputy U.S. Marshals Heck Bruner, Wes Bowman, Abe Allen, John Tolbert, Bill Smith, Tom Johnson, Dave Rusk, Paden Tolbert, Charley Copeland, Gideon S. White, Coon Ratteree, Enos Mills, Frank Polk, Oscar Blackard, J.M. Peel, Harvey Clayland, George Jefferson, Ben Knight, Joe Bowers, David Dve, Jim Birkett, Tol Blackard, and Dan Maples's son Sam, quietly surrounded Christie's cabin during the night. Shortly after dawn, teenager Arch Wolf stepped out of the cabin and was told to surrender. He immediately fired on the lawmen who returned the fire, wounding the boy. Wolf staggered back into the cabin, warning those inside. Hours of gunfire followed from the lawmen and those in the cabin. Paden Tolbert and Heck Bruner rode to Coffeyville, Kansas, and picked up an artillery piece that had been brought down from Fort Scott. Deputies fired at the cabin thirty-eight times, but the balls from the small cannon just bounced off the fortified walls. Deputies next placed a dozen sticks of dynamite around the cabin. The explosion knocked out a corner of the cabin, resulting in a fire. Finally, Ned Christie burst through the front door, firing as he ran. Several of the lawmen fired at the running fugitive, hitting him several times. Christie dropped into the dirt. When the lawmen approached the fallen man, they found he was dead, thus ending the hunt for the mostwanted man in the Indian Territory. 16

Two weeks later, Heck Bruner again rode into Fort Smith with prisoners William Clark, wanted for larceny, and George Marcum, charged with selling liquor. For the first seven months of 1893, Heck Bruner had less than usual activity in law enforcement. In early March, though, he arrested Ben Chouteau in Vinita and transported the prisoner to Fort Smith on a charge of assault.¹⁷

During July, Bruner and his posse were kept busy tracking a gang of cattle rustlers and suspected bank robbers. The bank at Mound Valley, Kansas, had been robbed of \$500 and a posse of citizens chased the outlaws into the Indian Territory near Lenapah, where the outlaws evaded them. Eventually, the men were heard from near Pryor Creek (now Pryor); that was where Bruner started the investigation. Bruner found that the men were operating out of the small town of White Oak, located about ten miles southwest of Vinita, and Bruner concentrated his investigation in that area. After several weeks of investigation, he found evidence that the outlaws frequently went to Hog Brown's home for meals. On Friday, July 28, Bruner, with his brother, Wood, and Dink Douthitt as posse, rode quietly into the White Oak area and hid themselves in a stable where they could see everyone coming and going from the Brown house.

About sunset on Saturday, the officers saw two men riding toward the house and gave the command. "Halt! We are officers." Both men dropped off their horses, drew their pistols, and fired at the lawmen. The officers returned the fire as the two men climbed back aboard their horses. After covering a short distance, one of the men called out in pain and fell from his horse. The second man kept going with Heck and Wood in pursuit. After a chase of close to a mile, he pulled up and surrendered. The first man was identified as Ralph Halleck, who had been shot in the chest and thigh and died within minutes. The second man was Sam Rogers, and he had been shot in the hip. Rogers was the son of Frank Rogers of Big Creek and was raised near Siloam Springs, Arkansas. Halleck was married and lived in Udall, Kansas. A physician arrived to treat Rogers's wound and pronounce Halleck dead. Halleck's wife was notified but refused to claim the body. Sam Rogers was taken to Fort Smith by Bruner and lodged in the jail hospital to await a hearing.18

In September, G. N. Morris was arrested by Bruner on a charge of cutting government timber. In November, he brought in W. G. Thompson on a charge of incest and the following month brought in Fred Trombly and William Ashton, both charged with assault and resisting process.¹⁹

On December 24, a Katy [Missouri-Kansas-Texas Railroad] train was robbed at Seminole. A Bob Rogers and several of his badmen were suspected. On a Monday night, January 22, 1894, Deputies W. C. Smith and Heck Bruner, along with their posses, who had been tracking the gang ever since the robbery, found their prey near Vinita at the home of Bob Rogers's father. The officers approached the house and ordered everyone to exit with their hands raised. The answer was gunfire from inside the house. During the fight, one of the gang, Jim Turner, known as Kiowa, was killed and another, John Brown, wounded. Two other men, Dynamite Jack Turner and Bob Rogers, were arrested and transported to Fort Smith and jailed.²⁰

Heck continued making arrests during 1894. In March, he traveled to Muskogee and arrested Wiley Chamber, who was charged with larceny. A month later, Heck was in Tulsa, where he arrested Bud Roberts on a charge of larceny, and then Bruner traveled to Guthrie, Oklahoma Territory, where he arrested W. B. Lutz on a charge of assault. In June, he visited Tahlequah, where he arrested John McElvaney on charges of counterfeiting. In Wagoner, he arrested John Johnson for larceny. The next trip was to Muskogee. There, Bruner arrested Bob Hardin on a charge of murder. In July, Heck made trips to Arbeka and Claremore, where he arrested Jo Johnson on an



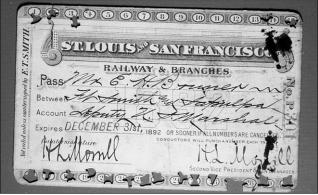
introducing liquor to Indian Territory charge and Che-ne-chis-che, a Seminole Indian, on a charge of murder. During the last week of July, he arrested C. E. Taylor near Marietta on a charge of larceny, and in August, arrested James Lingo in Vinita for violating pension law. In September, he traveled to Checotah, where he arrested three men for larceny. Henry Bruner, alias D. Jackson, James Hammett, alias E. Jones and William Jones, alias Bill Butcher, were all transported to Fort Smith.²¹

During the first week of October, Bruner and his posse were searching for a gang of horse thieves in the Grand River area. During the night, they found them and attempted an arrest. Once the lawmen announced their presence and demanded their surrender the thieves opened fire. The deputies returned gunfire, and more than 100 shots were exchanged. The outlaws escaped into the brush and eluded the lawmen. Bruner, checking the area, found blood on the ground leading him to believe at least one of the outlaws had been wounded.²²

In less than a month, Bruner's gun would again be put to use. He boarded the Missouri Pacific passenger train in Vinita for a trip into Fort Smith. It was the evening of Saturday, October 20, and since the trip would be several hours in length, he took his place in the sleeper intending to get some rest. Also on the train in a passenger car were Deputy U.S. Marshal Joe Casever and Pacific Express Special Officers Helmick and Dickson. At Wagoner, the train was switched onto the Valley railroad line and continued toward Fort Smith. As it came to the Coretta switch, located between Wagoner and Fort Gibson, the train ran onto the siding and crashed into several boxcars that were parked there. The crash was severe enough to throw most of the passengers onto the floor or under the seats in front of them. Before the lawmen realized what had happened, bullets were crashing through the car and shattered the windows. Bandits entered the express car where they obtained between \$400 and \$500. Others in the large gang ordered the engineer and fireman off the engine at gunpoint. Additionally, four bandits entered the passenger car, but had confronted only a few of the passengers when an alarm came that a freight train was approaching; the bandits jumped off the train. The conductor jumped off the caboose with a lantern to warn the freight but was confronted by two of the bandits. He convinced them he needed to flag the freight or a lot of people would be killed. Because of the actions of the conductor, the freight was stopped in time to avoid a crash.

While the bandits were in the express and passenger cars, Heck Bruner grabbed his rifle and jumped off the sleeper. He found he was on the





IMAGES COURTESY OF ROBERT ERNST

THESE PASSES ISSUED TO HECK BRUNER meant that he could ride free as a deputy marshal and train guard for the railroads. The pass may not have been as free as it seemed. One ride in a sleeper car ended with him walking back to Wagoner after a gun battle with train robbers.

side where the outlaws' horses were located. As the bandits ran from the train to their horses, Bruner opened fire. Several shots were exchanged before the outlaws escaped. As soon as the bandits had left the train, the engineer started backing the train to Wagoner to get help, not realizing Bruner was not on the train. He was forced to walk back to Wagoner, a distance of several miles, where he found that Jack Mahara, an agent for the Mahara Minstrels, had been wounded in the head during the attack. Also, a handgun belonging to Deputy Casever had been taken by the bandits. The following day, Bruner returned to the scene of the robbery and found his hat, which he had lost when he jumped off the sleeper.²³

The Fort Smith Elevator commented on Bruner's actions by saying:

His quitting the coach showed a commendable discretion. If the robbers had seen him they would in all probability have killed him, or tried to, and thus forced him to make a fight in the coach, which would have endangered the lives of all the passengers, therefore he got out in the open prairie, where he could, if forced to, defend himself without placing the lives of the



passengers in jeopardy.

The idea of making a fight on train robbers in a coach crowded with passengers is sheer folly, for while it might result successfully it would likely cost the lives of many innocent person, even if the man who was nervy enough to make the fight should escape.²⁴

The U.S. Marshal in Fort Smith and the Indian police both believed that the robbery had been committed by Bill Cook, Cherokee Bill, and their gang. A posse of officers was sent by special train from Fort Smith to Fort Gibson where they met a large contingent of Indian police to coordinate a search for the outlaws.²⁵ For the next several weeks, Bruner and other deputies attempted to pick up the trail of the bandits. The November 8 issue of the *Vinita Indian Chieftain* commented, "Hick Bruner is still after the Cook gang and will come as near getting them as any deputy on the force if he ever overtakes them."

An indication of what Cherokee Bill, whose actual name was Crawford Goldsby, thought of Heck Bruner is given in Art Burton's book, *Black, Red and Deadly*:

James W. Turley, an early settler of the I. T. told this story about Cherokee Bill, "At one time he rode up to where Jim and his father were walling up a well, got off his horse, and said to Jim, 'You know you are liable to get shot?' Jim said, 'What have you got it in for me for?' Crawford said, 'I haven't got it in for you; I'd rather shoot anyone else than you. Your father is all right down in the well. There are posses over at your house, looking for me, and there is liable to be a shooting match here. If I could see to pick out Heck Bruner, I'd like to get him...."

Bruner pulled off the search for the Cook gang long enough to arrest Frank Smith on a charge of larceny, arriving in Fort Smith on November 16 to lodge him in jail.²⁶

Bruner then teamed up with Deputy James Carson to search for the Cooks. Both deputies carried two posses for a total of six men. They were aware that Cherokee Bill's sister lived ten miles west of Talala, a small town located ten miles south of Nowata. Believing Cherokee Bill would visit his sister, they quietly set up surveillance to watch the place They did not have to wait long. Shortly after dark, Cherokee Bill and two others approached the house, got off their horses, and started walking toward the house.

The lawmen rose from their hiding places and demanded that the men surrender. The three outlaws declined and opened fire as they ran to their horses.

They spurred their horses as the lawmen kept firing, hitting one of the horses. As the horse fell, the rider was thrown and the other two men jumped from their horses and ran into the brush to escape. As soon as the shooting died down, it was discovered Deputy Carson had been shot in the foot, a wound that appeared to be severe. Bruner told his men to take possession of the two horses still alive. The saddles on all three horses were examined and blood was noted on two of them. Two of the outlaws had been wounded, but it was not known which ones or how badly. Later, it was learned that the rider thrown was Cherokee Bill. The bullet that killed the horse had first gone through Bill's leg.²⁷

A couple of days later, Bruner arrived in Vinita with the injured Jim Carson. Carson was taken to Bruner's house where Doctors Fortner and Bagby treated the wounded officer. He had been hit just below the ankle, and the doctors said it was a severe wound but he would recover. During his recuperation, Bruner's wife, Sarah Ann, took care of him.²⁸

About the same time of the shootout, a message came into Fort Smith that several of the Cook gang had been captured by the Texas Rangers. Deputies Bill Ellis and Bill Smith traveled to Wichita Falls to identify the men captured. They notified Fort Smith that the captured men were Thurman "Skeeter" Baldwin, Will Pharris, Charles Turner, and Jess Snyder, all members of the Cook gang who were wanted in connection with the robbery of McDermot's store.²⁹

During a four-month period, July to October 1894, the dangerous Cook gang was suspected of at least ten robberies, the killing of one lawman and the wounding of others. Cherokee lawman Sequoyah Houston was killed during an arrest attempt that followed the robbery of a stage coach between Fort Gibson and Muskogee. In addition, two trains would be robbed at Red Fork and Coretta as well as train depots robbed at Claremore and Chouteau. One bank robbery, at Chandler in Lincoln County, Oklahoma Territory, was credited to the gang, as was the robbery of individuals near Muskogee and Okmulgee.

Like most of the outlaw gangs, though, the Cook gang could not last, and by the next year rapidly fell apart. Lon Gordon and Henry Munson would be killed and Curtis Dayson captured in Sapulpa, while Sam "Verdigris Kid" McWilliams would met his death at the hands of Indian deputy sheriffs at Braggs.

In Catoosa, Jim French would be killed by a night watchman. Cherokee Bill would be captured by Ike Rogers in January 1895. Gang leader Bill Cook, however, made it until November 1895, when he was captured by the sheriff in Fort Sumner, New Mexico.



Part IV

Life for Heck Bruner became slightly more normal in 1895. In January, he arrested S. Morrison in Vinita for violating the postal law, and a week later, he traveled to Spavinaw, where he arrested Albert Woodman for introducing and selling illegal liquor.³⁰

On February 19, Bruner traveled to Miami, located in the extreme northeastern corner of the Indian Territory, and arrested Bill West for the murder of Lincoln Kenney, a Deputy U.S. Marshal and Indian policeman, who had been killed November 23, 1894. Bruner took his prisoner to Fort Smith, but it was found the crime came under the jurisdiction of the District of Kansas, so West was transferred to Fort Scott, Kansas, where he escaped from jail. He traveled to South Dakota, where he was arrested living under a false name. The deputies locked West in the more secure jail at Topeka, Kansas. However, he would again escape and return to the Indian Territory to live with a cousin near the town of Illinois. He would eventually be killed by Deputy U.S. Marshal John Brown in a gunfight.31

Back in Vinita, Bruner arrested Lem Edelblude on a larceny charge and took him to Fort Smith for trial.³² A few weeks later, during the first week of April, Bruner arrested Jake and William Andrews on warrants on introducing illegal liquor into the Indian Territory.³³

On March 29, D. C. "Cul" Rowe entered the dining room of the city hotel in Pryor Creek (now Pryor) in a drunken state. Rowe was causing a disturbance when Frank Bozeman told Rowe to settle down, a remark that infuriated the intoxicated man. Rowe approached Bozeman and kicked him. Bozeman retaliated by throwing a punch that hit Rowe in the nose, causing a nose bleed. When Rowe pulled a gun, Bozeman knew he was in trouble and started to run for the front door when Rowe fired. The bullet passed through Bozeman's arm and continued into his chest.

Bozeman continued to run about twenty feet and then fell onto the floor dead. Rowe calmly walked out of the dining room onto the porch where he sat down. While sitting on the porch, he told anyone who would listen that he would "burn any man's shirt" who interfered with him. After remaining in town for about an hour, he obtained a horse and rode out of town. Bruner was notified of the murder and traveled from Vinita to Pryor Creek, where he interviewed witnesses and examined the body. About a week later he again traveled to Pryor Creek, where he and his posse, J. M. Riley, arrested Cul Rowe on his property outside Pryor Creek. Riley took Rowe into Pryor Creek while Bruner headed to Grove where he

arrested W. H. Benslay on a charge of introducing. Taking Benslay to Pryor Creek, he had his posse guard both men while he returned to Vinita. On Monday, April 8, the lawmen lodged the two men in the federal jail at Fort Smith.³⁴

During the week of April 18, Bruner and another deputy, Sam Ridenhour, traveled to the Arkansas state line where they arrested three men, two named Andrews on introducing charges and a third unnamed man on a charge of impersonating an officer.³⁵

On Friday evening, April 19, in the small community of Fairland, a violent confrontation took place between J. J. Smith and Isaac McConnell, who had been arguing over the use of a spring. Smith went to McConnell's house to continue the argument when it was escalated by McConnell's wife, who ran out of the house and started throwing rocks at Smith, enraging the man. Both men jumped on opposite sides of a wagon, drew guns, and started firing at each other. Both men were struck by the bullets, McConnell in the shoulder and Smith in the torso. Smith died in the front yard within fifteen minutes. Burke Mathews was a relative of Smith and had gone with him to confront McConnell. When Smith fell to the ground, Mathews attacked McConnell, pummeling him with his fists. Although wounded, McConnell beat Mathews off. After the fight, McConnell traveled the twenty-five miles to Vinita and gave himself up to Heck Bruner. After hearing his story and getting him medical aid, Bruner arrested McConnell. He turned McConnell over to G. W. Teel and then went to Fairland where he verified that Smith had been shot to death. Burke Mathews was arrested for the assault on McConnell.³⁶

During May, Bruner was constantly on the trail serving warrants, first in the small town of Spavinaw where he arrested Dave Fixin for introducing liquor, then back in Vinita arrested J. Johnson for assault. That was followed by another murder arrest, that of Daniel V. Jones, who had been wanted for eighteen years, when Bruner located him near Adair. Near Spavinaw on the Grand River, Bruner arrested George Cline and Jeter Tagg for selling whisky. A few days later, he returned to Spavinaw and arrested Sam Tagg, Jeter's brother, for illegal whiskey.³⁷

In early June, Dan Hare of Wagoner complained that Ed Reed had stolen a train car load of cattle. Reed was the son of the infamous Belle Starr, who had been shot to death by an unknown assassin in February 1889. A U.S. commissioner had issued an arrest warrant charging Reed with the larceny of cattle. Bruner located Reed plowing a field some distance from Vinita. Once in Fort Smith, Reed posted bond to await further developments in the case. When the case was presented before the federal



grand jury, they found insufficient evidence to issue an indictment against Reed.³⁸

Two weeks later, Bruner arrested Will Wesson for larceny in Vinita and traveled again to Fort Smith.³⁹ A few days later, a trip to Afton resulted in the arrest of Albert West on a charge of assault.⁴⁰ During the week of July 26, Bruner and his crew rode into Fort Smith with four prisoners. Sam Brown, Robert Bishop, and Tom Onalis were arrested on warrants charging them with selling illegal liquor in the Territory. The fourth man arrested was William Vann, who was accused of murdering a man named Clark near Spavinaw several months earlier. Bruner apprehended him at Saline in the Cherokee Nation.⁴¹

Shortly after 6 p.m. on Friday, July 26, 1895, gunshots were heard inside the federal jail in Fort Smith. Deputy Marshals George Lawson and William McConnell, along with guard Tommy Parker were sitting on the front steps of the jail chatting when the gunshots were heard. All three rushed into the building, Lawson taking Parker's pistol. Parker ran to the guard's office where he grabbed another pistol and a shotgun.

The jail had three tiers. The top tier held lesser felons such as those charged in whiskey cases, while the second tier held prisoners charged with larceny cattle theft, horse theft, and the like. The bottom tier was reserved for the most dangerous prisoners, those charged with murder, assault with intent to kill, rape, and armed robbery. During the day, prisoner cells were left open so they could move about within the confines of the cell block corridors. At 6 p.m., the night guard came on duty, and the first duty was to lock the prisoners back into their cells for the night. The procedure was for a guard armed with a pistol to walk the outer walkway while an unarmed guard, known as a turnkey, walked the inner walkway locking the cell doors. This day, the guards started on the west side of the lower tier with an armed Larry Keating taking the outer walkway while turnkey R. Campbell Eoff was locking the cell doors. As Eoff tried to lock the door on the cell occupied by Dennis Davis and Andrew Jackson, he found it was jammed. Eoff turned to Keating and remarked he was having a problem with the door's lock. As he turned back, Cherokee Bill ran out of his open cell and stuck a revolver through the grating at Keating. He demanded Keating turn over his gun, a demand Keating refused. Cherokee Bill immediately fired from only a few feet. The bullet found its mark, hitting Keating. The bullet tore through Keating's gun belt, into his stomach and then completely through his body, exiting out his back. Bill fired three more shots at Keating as he fell to the floor and then turned his gun on Eoff who was running down the walkway. Remarkably, Bill's last three shots

fired at Keating missed, as did the two he fired at Eoff.

It was at this point that Lawson and McConnell reached the cell block. They saw Keating lying on the floor and as McConnell leaned over him the wounded man, Keating attempted to say something but McConnell couldn't understand it. Keating died moments later. McConnell picked up Keating's gun, and both he and Lawson started firing at Cherokee Bill, who was retreating to his cell but still firing at the officers.

Heck Bruner was still in Fort Smith waiting for the morning train after dropping off his prisoners. Bruner, only a few blocks away, heard the gunshots. He immediately ran toward the jail, shotgun in hand. As he reached the jail, he was joined by several other lawmen. Once inside, the lawmen heard more shots as Cherokee Bill fired from his cell and the deputies returned fire. After several moments, Henry Starr, another prisoner who was charged with the murder of Deputy U.S. Marshal Floyd Wilson, approached the guards, stating he believed he could get Cherokee Bill to give up his gun if he was allowed to. Starr obtained Bill's gun and turned it over to the guards. As soon as Bill was disarmed, Bruner and George Stockton entered Bill's jail cell to handcuff and search him. Bruner found a tobacco bag filled with .38-caliber bullets. This explained how Bill was able to reload and keep firing.42

Cherokee Bill had previously undergone three trials and would now face another. In February 1895, he had been tried for the armed train robbery at Red Fork. In that trial the jury was out ten minutes before finding him guilty. He was next tried for the robberies in Wetumpka and Okmulgee and again the jury found him guilty. The third trial was for the murder of Ernest Melton during an armed robbery in Lenapah. Again he was found guilty. Judge Parker had sentenced Bill to hang on June 25, the day before Larry Keating was killed, but that sentence had been delayed by an appeal filed by his attorneys. 43

The gunshots had brought a large number of townspeople to the jail. With news rippling through the crowd that Cherokee Bill had killed Larry Keating, shouts of "lynch him" erupted. U.S. Marshal Crump ordered his deputies to clear the area of all spectators, threatening to jail anyone who did not disperse.

Bruner was back in Fort Smith on August 8 to testify against Cherokee Bill. He was among numerous witnesses for the prosecution that included deputy marshals, guards and other prisoners. Once the testimony was concluded on both sides, the case was given to the jury. They were out only thirteen minutes, returning with a verdict of guilty. Judge Parker sentenced him to hang on September 10, 1895, but that was again delayed by appeals. Crawford



"Cherokee Bill" Goldsby finally met the hangman at Fort Smith on March 17, 1896.44

The remainder of August was taken up with two more trips to Fort Smith bringing in suspects. Bruner traveled to Oswego, Kansas, where he arrested Kirk Duncan and Harry Martin for larceny. Next he arrested Joseph Moore in Vinita on a charge of rape. Moore was released from custody by U.S. Commissioner James Brizzolara, who found that the man's neighbors had given false testimony.⁴⁵

September was a fairly slow month for Bruner. He made three arrests, all of them for the crime of larceny. Fred Colbert was arrested in Wagoner, M. R. Williams in Vinita and Lemis Brown in Edna, Kansas.⁴⁶

The Vinita Indian Chieftain announced October 31, 1895, that Heck Bruner had become a partner with Henry Wortman in a blacksmith business in Vinita and that he had given up his "marshaling." Whether private business was meant to be full time is doubtful because Bruner did not give up his deputy's commission. Indeed, during the first week of December, Bruner arrested Tom Bowsman near Lenoka for introducing and selling liquor. A couple of weeks later he arrested J. Hardy in Vinita for assault. Bruner apparently took a break from law enforcement duties for the rest of the year maybe to ply his new trade, but would resume his pursuit of criminals in 1896, which would prove to be the last year on the bench for Judge Isaac Parker.

Endnotes

- ¹ Robert R. Ernst, *Deadly Affrays: The Violent Deaths of the U.S. Marshals*, (Oklahoma City: Scarlet Mask, 2006).
- ² Dorothy Holzbauer, "Robbers' Cave" *True West Magazine*, Nov.-Dec. 1961; Bob Turpin, "Bruner's Graveyard," *True West Magazine*, March-April, 1977; James Bruner, "Heck Bruner Was the Nemesis of Outlaws," *Wild West Magazine*, October 1990; Oath of Office, Western District of Arkansas, Jan. 1, 1890.
- ³ 1860 U.S. Census; 1870 U.S. Census.
- ⁴ Ancestry.com; Correspondence, C.J. Glass.
- ⁵ Fort Smith Elevator, March 14; May 16; June 20, 1890.
- ⁶ Fort Smith Elevator, January 23; March 13; April 17; May 1; May 15; June 19; July 17; July 31; Oct. 16; Nov. 20, 1891. The Fort Worth Regional Archives holds a commission issued to A. W. Bruner appointing him a Deputy U.S. Marshal for the Western District of Arkansas, dated March 30, 1894.
- U.S. v. John Brown, "Murder Indictment 40," September 28, 1895, Testimony of E. H. "Heck" Bruner.
- ⁸ Ernst, *Deadly Affrays*; Fort Smith Elevator, Feb. 5, 1892.
- ⁹ Fort Smith Elevator, January 15, 1892.
- ¹⁰ Ernst, *Deadly Affrays*; *Fort Smith Elevator*, Feb. 5, 1892; Letter, Judge I. C. Parker to U.S. Attorney General Richard Olney, May 8, 1895; U.S. v. John Brown, "Murder Indictment 40," September 28, 1895, Testimony of E. H. "Heck" Bruner.
- ¹¹ Fort Smith Elevator, Feb. 5, 1892; U.S. v. John Brown, "Murder

- Indictment 40."
- ¹² Fort Smith Elevator, March 4, 1892.
- ¹³ Fort Smith Elevator, March 18; April 22; May 6, 1892.
- 14Ernst, *Deadly Affrays*; *Fort Smith Elevator,* May 6, 1892; U.S. v. John Brown, Murder Indictment 40."
- ¹⁵ Fort Smith Elevator, June 24; July 29; August 19; September 2; September 9; September 30; October 21; October 27, 1892.
- ¹⁶ Ernst, *Deadly Affrays*.
- ¹⁷ Fort Smith Elevator, November 18, 1892; March 3, 1893.
- ¹⁸ Fort Smith Elevator, August 4, 1893; Tahlequah Cherokee Advocate, August 5, 1893; Vinita Indian Chieftain, August 3, 1893.
- ¹⁹ Fort Smith Elevator, September 22; November 17; December 29, 1893.
- ²⁰ Fort Smith Elevator, January 26, 1894.
- ²¹ Fort Smith Elevator, March 30; April 6; April 13; May 18; June 22; June 29; July 13; August 3; August 24; September 21, 1894.
- ²² Fort Smith Elevator, October 5, 1894.
- ²³ Vinita Indian Chieftain, October 25; October 26; November 1, 1894; Fort Smith Elevator, October 26, 1894; Glenn Shirley, Marauders of the Indian Nations: The Bill Cook Gang and Cherokee Bill, (Las Cruces, New Mexico: Barbed Wire Publishing, 1994); Art Burton, Black, Red and Deadly: Black and Indian Gunfighters of the Indian Territory, 1870-1907, (Austin, Texas: Eakin Press, 1991).
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- ²⁸ Fort Smith Elevator, November 22, 1894.
- ²⁹ Fort Smith Elevator, November 23, 1894; Vinita Indian Chieftain, November 29, 1894.
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- ³² Fort Smith Elevator, March 15, 1895,
- ³³ Fort Smith Elevator, April 5, 1895.
- ³⁴ Vinita Indian Chieftain, April 4; April 11, 1895; Fort Smith Elevator, April 12, 1895.
- ³⁵ Vinita Indian Chieftain, April 18, 1895.
- ³⁶ Vinita Indian Chieftain, April 25, 1895; Fort Smith Elevator, April 26, 1895.
- ³⁷ Fort Smith Elevator, May 3; May 10; May 17; May 24; May 31, 1895.
- ³⁸ Fort Smith Elevator, June 14, 1895.
- ³⁹ Fort Smith Elevator, June 28, 1895.
- ⁴⁰ Fort Smith Elevator, July 5, 1895.
- ⁴¹ Fort Smith Elevator, July 26, 1895.
- ⁴² Ernst, *Deadly Affrays*; *Fort Smith Elevator*, August 2, 1895; Jerry Akins, *Hangin' Times in Fort Smith*, Unpublished Manuscript.
- ⁴³ Ibid.
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- ⁴⁵ Fort Smith Elevator, August 23; August 30, 1895.
- ⁴⁶ Fort Smith Elevator, September 6; September 13; September 20,
- ⁴⁷ Vinita Indian Chieftain, October 31, 1895; Fort Smith Elevator, December 6; December 20, 1895.

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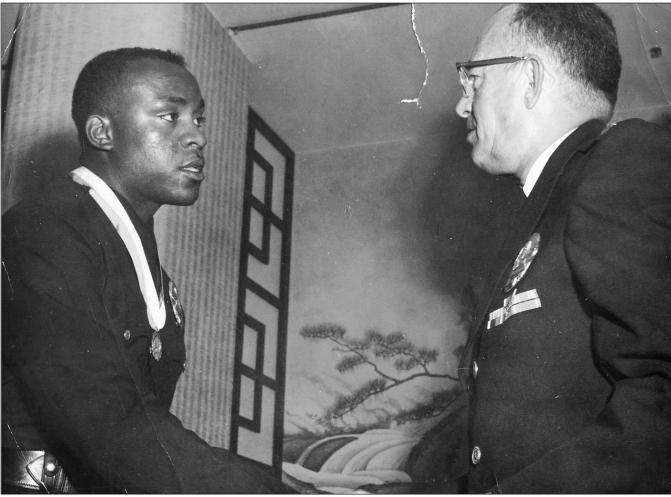


PHOTO COURTESY OF BARIDI NKOKHELI

SERGEANT HENRY WESLEY KELLOUGH, 28, receives the Los Angeles Police Department Medal of Valor in August 1962.

The Men Behind The Badges

By Daniel R. Maher

n the sunny southern California morning of November 25, 1963, one could read dramatic headlines in the Los Angeles Times such as: "Oswald Slain!" "JFK's Burial"; or read alluring advertisements on that Monday before Thanksgiving such as: 1964 Ford Galaxie 500 \$2,819 at Ben Alexander's Hollywood Ford— a Thanksgiving Sale; or see that turkey was on sale at Market Basket for 35 cents a pound; or that in Los Angeles theaters one could view films such as "Lawrence of Arabia" (but not on this day as the theater was closed in observance of JFK's funeral), or "Lillies of the Field" were showing; or if one was hungry, he could learn that he could get a complete steak dinner at Norms Fugueroa for \$1.40; or on the bottom of the front page he could read that the "Comic Dictionary" word of the day was

"Confidence Man—an individual who takes advantage of unsuspecting people."

Indeed, shady individuals, some organizations and some corporations were looking for their mark this day. The city of Los Angeles and the entire nation were so distracted by the unfolding dramatic events, so focused on them that one can imagine certain "con men" even within that bastion of law enforcement, the Los Angeles Police Department, recognized this moment as ripe for their deceptive tactics to be deployed. Perhaps their imaginations were even stimulated by the Los Angeles Times word of the day.

One notable advertisement that appeared on November 25 was for a Chevrolet Corvair, which declared: "Everything that makes Corvair fun to drive is back (with big new engines, to boot)." That day, a



car of that make was driven to work by a Los Angeles Police Department detective. On his way home, the detective's Corvair veered off the San Bernardino Freeway, hit a light pole, exploded, and immediately killed the driver. This twenty-eight-year-old detective, who had in August 1962 been recognized with the Los Angeles Police Department Medal of Valor for saving the lives of several people from a burning building, left a widow and three young children behind. The news of this detective's death, Sergeant Henry Wesley Kellough, most likely went unnoticed for the most part in Los Angeles as people were focused on the catastrophic national headlines and busy family preparations for Thanksgiving.

In the midst of the Civil Rights strife of 1963, images of racial harmony were being projected in theaters, images of a black man doing good work in a community and being rallied behind and thanked for his service—i.e. the performance of Sidney Poitier in Lilies of the Field—held out an image of an America that could be. In reality, African Americans were up against the ropes, struggling to survive, fighting to make a living for their families. One such black man, Henry Wesley Kellough, was the father of Tokunboh-Baridi Nkokheli. After serving his country in the U.S. Air Force, Kellough joined the Los Angeles Police Department on May 5, 1958, as a vice squad officer.

Kellough's hard work and effort in the LAPD were rewarded with promotions that raised serious resentments in some white police officers angered about being passed up in rank by a black man, officers, as Nkokheli put it, "who thought, 'This is a Negro who didn't know his place." A few of these men conspired to extinguish this rising star. Before leaving from work for the day, Kellough drank from a glass that was allegedly tainted with a substance that caused him to lose control of his Corvair and veer off the road within blocks of the police department, ending his life in a fiery crash.

One brief column appeared in the Los Angeles Times reporting on this incident: "Young Police Hero Killed in Flaming Crash" read the headline.² Mention was made of Kellough's Medal of Valor and the family he left behind. No other remark indicated what may have prompted his death, that he fell as a victim, not of a criminal's bullets, but to racial prejudice. The shield of justice worn by this police officer that protected him as he risked his own life to save others from a burning building could not deflect the burning rage of a few white LAPD officers. But from these ashes a new man with a new badge emerged.

Tokunboh-Baridi Nkokheli was four years old when his father died. His father's death left a twenty-fiveyear-old widow of three young children. Faced with the fear of her children growing up to learn the fate of

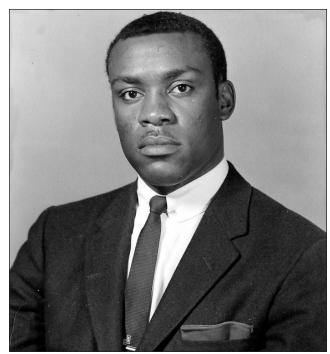


PHOTO COURTESY OF BARIDI NKOKHELI SERGEANT HENRY WESLEY KELLOUGH, circa 1958, slain father of T. Baridi Nkokheli.

their father and possibly giving in to the constraints of bitterness and hatred, Mr. Nkokheli's mother instead became involved in The Organization US founded by Dr. Maulana Karenga, a prominent Pan-Africanist and creator of Kwanzaa (a weeklong celebration honoring universal African-American heritage, family, community and culture). It was through the close family association with the organization that Mr. Nkokheli's mother requested that Dr. Karenga rename each of her children with a more meaningful and reflective sense of their cultural heritage.

Tokunboh-Baridi Nkokheli is derived from the Swahili language spoken among the Bantu culture of Africa. It was given to him at the age of five by Dr. Karenga to signify his new role in life. Tokunboh means, "I was taken away and now I have returned," "someone from beyond the Seas," "taken away on a slave ship in the middle passage." Baridi means, "calm, deliberate, composed," "self possessed, collected, unruffled." Nkokheli means, "allure, excel, dependable," "someone on whom much can be depended," "someone who reaches and obtains his goals," "to be in the vanguard, the leader of a movement." Nkokheli was told that his new name was to affirm his new position as oldest son and his heightened responsibilities in the absence of his father. This message sunk deep into the bones of this young child and his new name became a talisman in the face of the adversity that he and his family faced. He stepped up to the challenge throughout his youth and later in life as he substantially financially assisted both his brother and sister in earning their





PHOTO COURTESY KAIA LARSEN, SOUTHWEST TIMES RECORD

Old Fort Days Rodeo Parade, May 28, 2007, Garrison Avenue, Fort Smith. U.S. Deputy Marshal re-enactors, from left to right: Sam Tressler, Baridi Nkokheli as Bass Reeves, and Harold Tressler.

college degrees and later his brother's medical degree.

Shortly after moving to Fort Smith, Arkansas, in 2005 to become the director of the Department of Sanitation, Baridi Nkokheli was approached by Chancery Judge Jim Spears about bringing the famous African-American lawman, Bass Reeves, back to life. Judge Spears knew nothing of Nkokheli's background. It was his physical resemblance to Bass Reeves that prompted the request. Nkokheli graciously accepted and since has made frequent public appearances in full period clothing and Deputy Marshal gear, including a Colt .45 holstered on his hip, to promote the awareness of Bass Reeves and to promote a twenty-five-foot tall statue of Bass Reeves on horseback (making it the first and only equestrian statue in the state), an initiative that has been led by the Bass Reeves Legacy Initiative (deputybassreeves.com).

At a presentation titled, "Affirmation in the Face of Adversity," given at the University of Arkansas

Fort Smith Black Heritage Events, February 22, 2011, Tokunboh-Baridi Nkokheli spoke of these events of his life and to his role of portraying Bass Reeves and of its poignant connection to his father:

"You understand that there is a power at work in this universe however you want to describe it. You know there is something that is greater and stronger than all of us and all of the little things that we do. For Judge [Jim] Spears to see me and see the mustache and to say that he looks a little bit like the guy that we want to promote, but not to know that in my own personal history, my biography, that I also am the son of a lawman who had character equivalent to Bass Reeves. To get the chance to portray a real, true historic figure like Bass Reeves, a real life person is an honor that's beyond measure. I really don't have the words for what this opportunity has meant to me."

When Mr. Nkokheli performs the personage of Bass Reeves, he in effect resurrects two deceased lawmen,





PHOTO COURTESY OF BARIDI NKOKHEL

BARIDI NKOKHELI, director of the Fort Smith Sanitation Department, sits at his desk in his office.

Bass Reeves and his slain father.

Mr. Nkokheli's work as director of the Fort Smith Sanitation Department has resulted in a public service widely recognized for its dependability, high worker morale, and environmentally beneficial practices. In addition to his commitment to the portraval of Bass Reeves in the community, Mr. Nkokheli is a member of The Fort Smith Round Table (www.fortsmithroundtable. org), an organization established to assist young men and women in making a successful transition from youth to adulthood. This organization was originally established in 2006 by a group of professional African-American men in Fort Smith. Though established with young African Americans in mind, the Round Table serves youth regardless of race or ethnicity. Nkokehli's versatility is further attested to in that in addition to his job and his civic promotions, he is an avid art collector owning works by artists such as Leroy Neiman, Joan Miró, Joan Mir, Romare Bearden, and Jacob Lawrence, just to name a few.

It took the family of Nkokheli six years to learn the

real reason behind the car wreck that took his father's life and to get some semblance of acknowledgment of its cause from the Los Angeles Police Department. A few white police officers who knew the true events that led to that fatal crash on November 25, 1963, informed the family.⁴ Tokunboh-Baridi Nkokheli's valorous mettle was forged in this furnace. In name and deed he has been and continues to be a strong, proactive leader, a genuine role model.

Daniel R. Maher is an assistant professor of Anthropology and Sociology at the University of Arkansas-Fort Smith.

Endnotes

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Alphonso Trent

Influential Music Man and Local Legend

By Steven Kite

or a number of decades, the Trent family played important roles for the city of Fort Smith.

Education, music, and strides toward racial equality were all positively impacted by the presence of E. O., Hattie, Alphonso, and Essie Mae Trent. Since the latter part of the twentieth century, however, memory of the Trent family in Fort Smith has diminished. This article examines the role of the Trent family in Fort Smith, the importance of Alphonso Trent in our nation's musical history, and steps being taken to ensure the permanence of the Trent legacy in Fort Smith.

The Trent Family in Fort Smith—The Early Years

E. O. Trent was born and raised in Columbus, Ohio. There Trent received his education, becoming one of the first African Americans to graduate from Ohio State University. Trent met and married Hattie S. Smith while still in school in Columbus, and the couple moved to St. Louis, Missouri, when Trent accepted a teaching position there. The opening of Howard High School in Fort Smith, Arkansas, in the late 1880s, at the beginning of the era of segregated schools, presented a better employment opportunity for Trent. He accepted the position as the principal there, overseeing the first classes held in the new building. On May 20, 1892, at St. Paul's A.M.E. Church, Principal E. O. Trent directed the ceremony for the first graduating class of Howard High. School Board President Judge Isaac C. Parker conferred diplomas to Exie Greene, Birdie Hope, Lelia Miller, Sophonia Ellis, Piney Bridges, Granville Hancock, Louis Bolin, Edward Greene, and Mr. George J. Dean.1

E. O. Trent's job as principal at Howard, the only African-American high school in western Arkansas, placed the Trents in a position of importance among the black communities in the area. E. O. Trent was fluent in German and French, enjoyed music, and placed a high value on education and self-improvement, traits that would echo throughout the lives of his children and grandchildren. Religion was also of great importance to the Trent family. Both E. O. and Hattie participated in church activities, and a swimming pool located on land owned by the Trents was often used as a site for baptizing new church members.²



PHOTO COURTESY OF THE PEBLEY CENTER, BOREHAM LIBRARY, UNIVERSITY OF ARKANSAS AT FORT SMITH

ALPHONSO TRENT

Altogether, E. O. Trent would serve for almost thirty-three years as principal, first at Howard and then Lincoln, when the latter became the high school in 1900. In his tenure, E. O. Trent established a reputation for fairness and intelligent guidance of students that is still remembered by some residents today. Although their wealth would be, at times, greatly exaggerated, the influence, education, and bearing of the Trent family placed them well above the normal standard of living.³

On October 24, 1902, E. O. and Hattie's first and only child, Alphonso E. Trent, was born. As the child of the high school principal and with a talented mother, Alphonso learned quickly the value and importance of a good education and an appreciation of the arts. At an early age, Alphonso began taking lessons from local piano teacher W. O. Wiley. According to Sarah Fitzjarrald in her article, "Alphonso Trent—One of the Best," Alphonso's



parents "began giving him piano lessons while he was still very young, barely able to reach the keyboard." Alphonso was an astute pupil and quickly excelled at the piano. As a teenager, Alphonso, or "Phonnie" as he was known, began playing with local bands, including Sterling Todd's Rose City Orchestra and the Ouinn Band.

Not satisfied playing in someone else's band, Trent, by the age of twenty-one, had assembled his own group and began playing shows in and around Fort Smith. The Basin Park Hotel in Eureka Springs, Arkansas, was the site of Trent's first out-of-town engagement with his own band. The group performed through the tourist season of 1923. Dr. Henry Rinne in his work, "A Short History of the Alphonso Trent Orchestra," lists the lineup of Trent's first group as Henry Smith, Homer Griffin, Brooks Mitchell, and Trent's cousin, Harry Jones.⁶

September 1923 was the termination of Trent's engagement in Eureka Springs and marked the beginning of his time at Shorter College in Little Rock, Arkansas. While at Shorter, Trent met other musicians and soon began working in various combos, most notably the Synco Six. This group included Trent, James Jeter, John Fielding, Harry Jones, Eugene Crook, and Edwin Swayzee. Fifteenyear-old trombonist Leo Mosley later joined the group, although it apparently took some persuading for Mosley's mother to allow her young son to join the group of relatively older musicians. The Synco Six played an extended engagement in Helena, Arkansas, and by summer of 1924 gained a contract to play the Stem Beach Resort in Muskogee, Oklahoma.7

Trent and his group were finding success and making some progress in the regional music scene, but caution and prudence were watchwords for any African-American group, because this was a period of intense racial strife around the United States. Many large cities had experienced riots in which black people were killed and black business and residential areas destroyed. One of the largest disturbances occurred not far from Fort Smith in Tulsa, Oklahoma, where the well-to-do African-American enclave of Greenwood, often called the "Black Wall Street," was burned to the ground.⁸

The Tulsa riot was started, as were many of these conflicts, with erroneous or exaggerated accusations made against an African American. In Tulsa, a white elevator operator, fifteen-year-old Sarah Page, was allegedly molested or assaulted by Dick Rowland, a nineteen-year-old operator of a shoe shine stand. Within hours of Rowland's arrest, white vigilante groups stormed the jail where Rowland was held, threatening to lynch the youth. Efforts by his

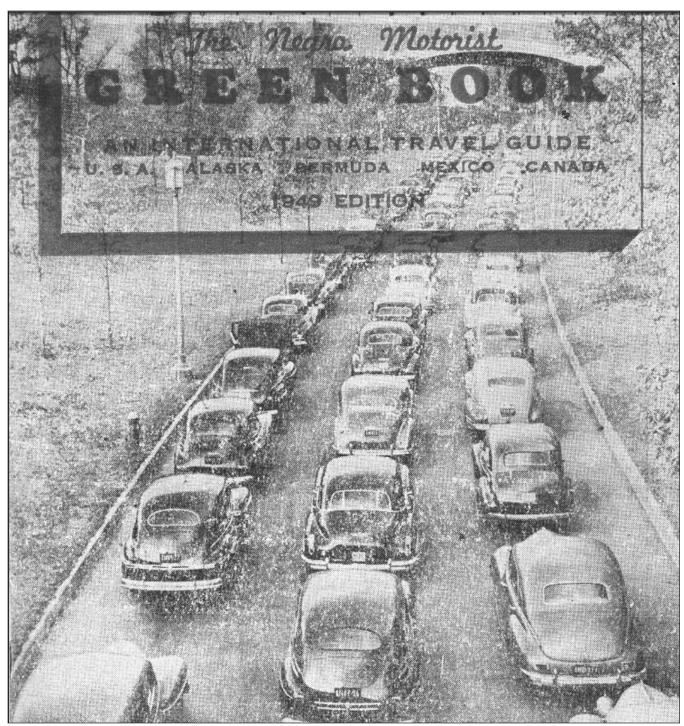
friends and neighbors to rescue the boy led to an all-out attack on the Greenwood district of the city. Witnesses claimed that law enforcement officials "deputized" dozens of white men, giving them what was essentially a hunting license for any black person they saw on the street. More than 6,000 members of the African-American community were held in detention facilities while their homes and businesses were systematically looted and burned. World War I surplus bi-planes were used to provide an aerial assault on black-owned buildings. More than 800 African Americans were treated for injuries sustained during the riot. Although the official death toll was given at thirty-nine (twenty-six blacks and thirteen whites), that number has long been disputed as too low, and official records of the event were quickly "lost" or destroyed.9

Trent's band traveled for its second out-of-town engagement to Helena, in Phillips County, Arkansas, where there was a devastating attack on African Americans in 1919. Known as the Elaine Massacre, this incident was sparked by white outrage over black union activity. In Phillips County, paranoia gripped the white community after a late night shootout between two white off-duty law enforcement men and African-American guards at a Progressive Farmers and Household Union organizational meeting going on in the Hoop Spur Church just north of Elaine. The shots left one deputy dead, and although blacks outnumbered whites ten to one in the county itself, some 800 to 1,000 whites from across the Delta and from both sides of the Mississippi River hastened in to seek out and punish the black population. After three days of raids and fighting, five white men and more than 100 blacks, with some estimates much higher, were dead. After personally visiting riot scenes in Elaine and Helena, Governor Charles Hillman Brough called in U.S. Army troops armed with machine guns from Fort Albert Pike near Little Rock, an ominous occupation from the black point of view.¹⁰ Twelve African-American men were arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to death for their part in the race riot. They were later pardoned. No whites were arrested.

The Tulsa and Elaine uprisings were just two of the many race riots that erupted across the United States between 1919 and 1923. During that time, violent upheavals occurred in Washington, D.C.; Chicago, Illinois; Indianapolis, Indiana; Omaha, Nebraska; Charleston; Longview, Texas; Knoxville, Tennessee; and Rosewood, Florida. Many other smaller incidents were reported as well, but few reached the level of mayhem demonstrated in Tulsa or Elaine.

It was into this racially charged atmosphere





THE COVER OF THE 1949 GREEN BOOK

that Alphonso Trent and his musicians ventured when they began touring in 1925. It should not be surprising then that the mother of fifteen-year-old Leo Mosley expressed concern over her son entering Phillips County to play with Trent's jazz combo.

Black musicians, athletes, and tourists had to be careful not to upset the racial status quo as they traveled through unfamiliar territory. Certain parts of town were off limits for African Americans, as were most restaurants and public facilities. Even finding places to stop for the night proved difficult for Alphonso Trent and his musicians. Cotton Seiler in his book, *Republic of Drivers: a Cultural History of Automobiles in America*, states, "For a large swath of the nation's history the American democratic idea of getting out on the open road, finding yourself, looking for distant horizons was only a privilege for white people." 11





PHOTO COURTESY OF THE FORT SMITH MUSEUM OF HISTORY

THE ALPHONSO TRENT ORCHESTRA

Aiding black travelers in their search for their own "distant horizons" was a publication, the Green Book. More formally known as The Negro Motorist's Green Book: An International Travel Guide, the book was first published in 1936 by Vernon H. Green, an African-American postal worker in Harlem, New York. On the inside cover, Green stated, "With the introduction of this travel guide in 1936, it has been our idea to give the Negro traveler information that will keep him from running into difficulties, embarrassments and to make his trip more enjoyable."12 The guide offered information vital for blacks on the road in the segregation era, especially those traveling in the South. The book listed places to see and visit in each state that were not impacted by the color barrier. Also contained in the guide were black-friendly businesses for each state. Green annually printed 15,000 copies of the Green Book. Green ceased publication of his guide when the Civil Rights Act of 1964 went into effect. In the 1949 edition, the section for Muskogee, Oklahoma, the

site of Trent's summer engagement in 1924, lists a larger than usual number of restaurants, garages, and motels that were open to blacks. The town itself had a large African-American population dating back to the post-Civil War years, when the Creek Nation had not only freed their slaves but also granted them full citizenship within the tribe. Other areas of the country were not so friendly to blacks, be they tourists or traveling bands. Whether Trent and his group carried a *Green Book* on their journeys is not known, but Trent's knowledge of the publication was almost certain. His parent's residence, and later his own house in Fort Smith, was listed in the guide as a "tourist home," in other words, a house comfortable and safe for black travelers.¹³

The Alphonso Trent Orchestra—Territory Band

Following the 1924 season, the band, now called the Alphonso Trent Orchestra, traveled to Dallas, Texas. Finding most eating establishments off-limits, Trent and his musicians bought sandwich fixings



in grocery stores and often picnicked on the side of a road. Because they had little money, the band members often set up and played music for passersby on street corners to collect a little loose change in order to continue their journey. Trombonist Leo Moseley, by that time honored with the nickname "Snub," recalled in a later interview:

People would throw dimes, an occasional fifty cents, or a dollar, and that's how we bought our gasoline to get down to Texas. I remember in Eldorado [El Dorado, Arkansas], I think we took in \$8.00 that day and we went and bought food in the grocery—couldn't go to the restaurants—and made sandwiches.¹⁴

After some hard times trying to find work in Dallas, the band landed a steady job at the downtown Adolphus Hotel, an upscale, all-white establishment. The wondrous time at the Adolphus was a great success for the group and helped to establish the Trent Orchestra as one of the premier dance bands in the region. In the highly segregated South of the 1920s, certain rules had to be followed if the Trent orchestra were to keep their Adolphus engagement. Ironic as it might seem today, black bands were routinely hired to play locations where would-be African-American guests or patrons were not allowed to enter.

At the Adolphus, band members were required to use the service elevator and they could not enter the dining room. Certainly, they could not register at the hotel and had to find places to stay elsewhere.¹⁵

The original two-week contract at the Adolphus Hotel turned into an eighteen-month engagement for the orchestra. This long-running stand, and being featured in the ballroom of Dallas' premium hotel, proved to be a turning point for Trent and his musicians. As the band played at the Adolphus, their dance music was broadcasted simultaneously over WFAA. The radio station's powerful AM signal—50,000 watts—meant that The Alphonso Trent Orchestra could be heard for many hundreds of miles, reportedly reaching even into Canada. The station not only spread the music of Trent but also his band's fame as talented musicians. The engagement at the Adolphus created many opportunities for the orchestra, and they began traveling greater distances to entertain bigger crowds and received better money. The Alphonso Trent Orchestra had entered a new league.16

The term "territory band" was given to bands, largely African American, that traveled extensively. Most of these bands played engagements crisscrossing a familiar territory back and forth on a somewhat regular schedule. Territory bands were

considered to be a cut below the national touring acts of Louis Armstrong or Duke Ellington, but many famous musicians and entertainers such as Count Basie, Charlie Christian, Cab Calloway, and others got their start playing as territory bands. According to Gunther Schuller in his book *The Swing Era: The Development of Jazz 1930-1945*, the general territorial demarcations were the Northeast, Southeast, Midwest, West Coast, Southwest and Northwest. Other recognized territories were known by acronyms such as MINK for Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, and Kansas or VSA for Virginia, South Carolina, and Alabama.¹⁷

Trent's growing success following the Adolphus allowed him to cross over, and by 1927, the band was traveling into Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, New York, Mississippi, and Tennessee. In 1928, the Alphonso Trent Orchestra began recording for the Gennett Company of Richmond, Indiana, producing a total of four albums between 1928 and 1930. The albums featured hits like: "After You've Gone," "Black and Blue Rhapsody," "Clementine," "I've Found a New Baby," "Louder and Funnier," "Nightmare," "St. James Infirmary," and a Snub Mosley original, "Gilded Kisses." Although the band reportedly recorded for the Brunswick Label, the Gennett recordings are the only recordings known to exist today. Band members for these sessions included Chester Clark, Irving Randolph, Peanuts Holland, Harry Edison on trumpet, Eugene Crooke on banjo and guitar, A. G. Godley on drums, John Fielsing vocals, Lee Hilliard, James Jeter and Hayes Pillars on alto saxophone, Charles Pillars on tenor and baritone saxophone, Leo "Stuff" Smith on violin and vocals, Leo "Snub" Moseley and Gus Wilson on trombone, Robert "Eppie" Jackson on tuba, and Alphonso Trent on the piano. Foreshadowing things to come, Trent himself is not featured on the last two Gennett recordings of March 1933, having returned to Fort Smith then to take care of his parents who were in poor health. 18

It was during this period as a territory band that the Alphonso Trent Orchestra seemed to hit their stride. Regular bookings at exclusive all-white establishments were intermingled with after-hours and off-night shows at black clubs and venues. Audiences of all races, though, seemed to hold the Trent group in high regard. Many people commented that the Trent band was one of the more popular bands touring the country at that time, comparing favorably with acts such as Count Basie, Duke Ellington, and Louis Armstrong.

It is important to consider that Trent was contending not only with a color barrier but also with a music barrier. Jazz music at that time had not been



widely accepted, lacked the number of fans it has today, and was often considered musical fare for the lower class. Jazz musicians were stereotyped as seedy and degenerate. Marc Rice in his study of Trent and the rise of jazz states: "Thus, when dancing to jazz became popular in the twenties, some adults, both African American and [white], had a certain fear for the souls of their children." The acclaimed black writer Ralph Ellison said of jazz:

Jazz was regarded by most of the respectable Negroes of the town as a backward low-class form of expression and there was a marked difference between those who accepted it and lived close to their folk experience and those whose status stirrings led to reject and deny it."²⁰

Trent's band went out of their way to dispel this myth or stereotype of jazz and jazz musicians. It was clear to many people that Trent and his musicians were well-educated, middle-class gentlemen. In an interview with Rice, Essie Mae Trent, Alphonso's wife, stated that the band members "were all high school graduates. And they were not like regular musicians at all. They had culture."²⁴

Trent insisted that his musicians go to church, behave themselves, and dress nicely. Mrs. Trent said that while on the road, the musicians "got with the people that they'd been used to being around at home, and they'd go to church and people there just fell in love with them." Texas-based saxophonist Budd Johnson recalled seeing the Alphonso Trent Orchestra one day in Dallas and observed:

I never will forget one day when Alphonso Trent's band was in town. These guys were all sharp. They used to wear these beautiful hand-made silk shirts, and be sharp all the time. They were like the Duke Ellington of that time. I mean it was called Alphonso Trent and his Orchestra of Gold. These guys really inspired us.²³

Alas, fame and fortune slipped away from Trent, as tragedy and the Great Depression struck him simultaneously. In 1930, the orchestra was playing an engagement at the Plantation Club in Cleveland when an altercation occurred between the band and members of an organized crime syndicate. The result was a fire at the Plantation Club that destroyed most of the group's possessions, including their clothes, instruments, and all of the highly valuable music charts and arrangements. Although Trent's father stepped in to finance the purchase of new instruments, the economic malaise of the Great Depression placed the band in increasingly dire straits.²⁴

The band no longer could command the high-paying jobs of the past. Club and hotel engagements became increasingly rare with some exceptions such as an engagement at the Hollywood Club in Cleveland, Ohio, and an extended booking at the Ritz Hotel in Oklahoma City. But, as the economy worsened, more of Trent's band members left to take other jobs or picked up side gigs to make ends meet. Trent himself left the band in late 1932. Although embarking on several short tours still using the Trent Orchestra name, in late 1933 the group disbanded.²⁵

More Music and the Later Years

Trent, however, rebounded in 1934 and established a new group in Fort Smith that he took to Deadwood, South Dakota. Ostensibly not the first place one might consider for a successful jazz band engagement, South Dakota, however, was experiencing a boom, and the time the Trent band spent there proved successful. Gold prices were up due to the federal government's implementation of the Federal Gold Reserve Act, and mining in the area was reaching new heights of activity. According to Mrs. Trent, the people in Deadwood "didn't care about money. They made money. That's where your money was. They didn't care nothing about money, only to spend. See, those folks made money, they didn't care nothing about it, they drank, they had a good time."26

The period between 1934 and the mid-1940s was one of success for Trent and his group. The band played to packed houses in Deadwood and launched tours throughout North and South Dakota and Wyoming. A Trent concert would draw people in from as far away as Minneapolis and Iowa. In Deadwood, much of the racial prejudice seemed to be absent. There were few people of color in the Dakotas and perhaps the large resident population of Native Americans, the Lakota Tribe, helped to ease some of the antagonism typically shown to African Americans. Regardless, times were good again for Phonnie Trent. Between 1934 and 1945, the Trent band maintained a base in South Dakota but made occasional trips south into their old familiar territory, Texas, Oklahoma, and Arkansas.²⁷

Despite this success and leaving the following he had built up in the Great Plains, after World War II, Phonnie Trent returned, permanently this time, to Fort Smith. The orchestra and Trent seemed to have much working in their favor, and at their peak had been compared to some of the greatest musicians ever produced in this country. So what happened? Why did Trent seemingly disappear into Arkansas instead of becoming an international star or go on to increasing fame? Both Henry Rinne and Marc Rice in their

Journal Sept 2011.indd 28



respective articles attempt to answer the issue of why Trent failed to rise higher in the music scene than he did.

Their explanations for the failure or stagnation of Trent's career include: a loss of ambition in the music field; the continued "theft" of his best musicians by other band leaders; and the devastating effects of the Great Depression. Certainly these factors played into the troubles experienced by Trent and his orchestra, but perhaps there is a deeply personal reason why Alphonso Trent ended up where he did.

People in 1930s Fort Smith held the Trent family in highest regard, a respect developed by the actions of Alphonso's father, Professor E. O. Trent. Those who knew the elder Trent agree that he was a community man, one who was devoted to promoting and improving the status of the people around him, particularly in this case the African-American community of Fort Smith. These traits and characteristics are revealed in Alphonso Trent by the way that he managed and maintained his band and by the way he cared for his aging parents. In 1945, after twenty-two years of night clubs, dance crowds, and prolonged travel with its often uncomfortable beds and unfamiliar food, could it be that the part of Alphonso that was the stable son of Professor E. O. Trent won out over the part that was Phonnie the vagabond jazz musician? Certainly when he returned to Fort Smith, Alphonso filled a void in community leadership.28

Those who remember Alphonso and Essie Mae's return to Fort Smith recall him working tirelessly for the improvement of life for African Americans in Fort Smith. Upon his return, Trent managed the Elm Grove housing project at North O Street and Greenwood Avenue. This was a mostly black residential addition of one- and two-story apartments. Mrs. Euba Harris-Winton, a longtime resident of Fort Smith, remembers Phonnie working as administrator for the project and serving as a mediator for the larger black community in its interactions with city government and city officials. According to Mrs. Harris-Winton, "When people wanted something done, they either went to their ministers or they went to Phonnie, and most of the time if the ministers couldn't fix a problem, Phonnie could. He just had that way about him."29

In an age when African Americans could not enter most drugstores or restaurants, Alphonso and Essie Mae opened the Trent Fountainette near their home on North Ninth Street. This soda-shop/hangout provided African-American youths with a place to go and relax, have a drink, and listen to the latest records. Mrs. Harris-Winton recalls of the Fountainette, "It was our place to go. We didn't have



PHOTO COURTESY OF THE FORT SMITH MUSEUM OF HISTORY ALPHONSO AND ESSIE MAE TRENT

any place to go like that until Mae Trent opened the Fountainette. You could get cold drinks and dance a little; it had a jukebox full of the latest jazz songs. It was wonderful."³⁰ An entrepreneurial endeavor certainly, but Trent could surely have found more lucrative investments than a teenage malt-shop hangout if money had been his main concern.

Although he was no longer touring, Trent continued to play regular shows in Fort Smith and worked to bring in new traveling groups to the city. Fort Smith residents were witness to many acts that otherwise would have bypassed Fort Smith if not for Trent's reputation and influence. Josenberger's Hall above Godt Brothers Quality Drug Store seemed to be the favorite spot for Trent's bookings. Mrs. Harris-Winton remembers that "Josenberger's floor was a bit splintery but we didn't care, we were watching James Brown, and we got to see Ike and Tina Turner, and we knew that it was Phonnie bringing these bands to us. Those people never would have come here if it wasn't for Phonnie and Essie Mae."³¹

Alphonso "Phonnie" Trent passed away on October 14, 1959, after suffering a heart attack. He was fifty-six years old. His wife, Essie Mae Trent,



survived him for many years, living until June 13, 2002. Despite the accomplishments of Alphonso Trent in the world of music and the community service performed by the whole Trent family, it seems that the Trent legacy in Fort Smith is in danger of being forgotten. The elder generation of African Americans well may remember the Trents as do music aficionados, but many others in today's society may not know of their existence, let alone their significance to this community. An extensive search through Fort Smith newspaper files revealed no articles or notices, nothing in fact about Alphonso Trent, his orchestra, or any other accomplishments of the family; even Alphonso Trent's death went unmentioned. Some, however, are now working to save the Trent legacy.

On October 24, 2010, the anniversary of Alphonso Trent's birthday, Ronald Myers, M. D., held a concert in the Mother Earth Community Garden in Fort Smith. Myers, who describes himself as a "minister, physician and jazz musician," worked for a brief period in Fort Smith between 2001 and 2003. During those years, Myers learned of Alphonso Trent and the Trent connection to Fort Smith and vowed to "never let the accomplishments of Alphonso Trent be forgotten." The 2010 concert was the third such commemorative event to happen, but Myers has made it his mission to continue the performances on an annual basis. Paula Patterson oversees the Community Garden and describes her meeting with Ron Myers:

I met Reverend Myers at a "Saturday Nite" [a salon venue held monthly at various homes] event and when he found out that we 'had' the Community Garden and it was located on Ninth Street, he immediately wanted to set up an event to honor Mr. Trent. As luck would have it, Mr. Trent was born in Fort Smith and lived just down the street from the Community Garden. We listened to some great jazz and Rev. Myers told us all about Alphonso.³³

According to Myers, "We in these concerts are celebrating the memory of one of the great jazz performers, and I will forever be uplifting the legacy that is Alphonso Trent."³⁴

Steven Kite is an assistant professor of History at the University of Arkansas-Fort Smith.

End Notes

- ¹ Henry Q. Rinne, "A Short History of the Alphonso Trent Orchestra," Arkansas Historical Quarterly 3 (March 1986), 213. See also – The Lincoln Alumni Association Souvenir Program, First Annual Homecoming, The Lincolnite, (July/August 1980), 1.
- ² Mrs. Euba Harris-Winton of Fort Smith, Arkansas, interview by author, June 2011, Fort Smith, Arkansas, See also an article by a former Lincoln

- teacher Hazel D. Peagues, "Negro Schools of Fort Smith," *The Journal of the Fort Smith Historical Society*, IX (April 1985), 14-17.
- ³ Rinne, "A Short History," 231. Rinne makes reference to the fact that some band members mistakenly believed Alphonso Trent to be a millionaire.
- ⁴ Sara Fitzjarrald, "Alphonso Trent—One of the Best," *The Journal of the Fort Smith Historical Society*, VIII (April 1984), 3.
- ⁵ lbid.
- ⁶ Rinne, "A Short History," 232.
- 7 Ibid
- ⁸ Hannibal B. Johnson, *Black Wall Street: From Riot to Renaissance in Tulsa's Historic Greenwood District* (Austin: Eakin Press, 2007), Introduction.
- ⁹ Ibid., 12-18.
- ¹⁰ Grif Stockley, *Blood In Their Eyes: The Elaine Race Massacre of 1919* (Fayetteville: University of Arkansas Press, 2001), xviii-xxi. Grif Stockley "Elaine Massacre." *The Encyclopedia of Arkansas History & Culture*. http://www.encyclopediaofarkansas.net/encyclopedia/entry-detail. aspx?entryID=1102 (accessed June 20, 2011).
- 11 Cotton Seiler, Republic of Drivers: A Cultural History of Automobiles in America (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2008), 106.
- Vernon H. Green, *The Negro Motorists Green Book: An International Travel Guide* (New York: Victor H. Green and Co. Publishers), 1.
- ¹³ New York Times (New York). C1 August 23, 2010. The University of Michigan has a full pdf version of the 1949 Green Book online at the following location: http://www.autolife.umd.umich.edu/Race/R_Casestudy/87_135_1736 GreenBk.pdf
- ¹⁴ Rinne, "A Short History," 233.
- ¹⁵ Ibid., 234.
- Marc Rice, "Frompin' In the Great Plains Listening and Dancing to the Jazz Orchestras of Alphonso Trent 1925-1944," *Great Plains Quarterly* 16 (Spring 1996): 109.
- ¹⁷ Gunther Schuller, *The Swing Era: The Development of Jazz, 1930-1945* (*The History of Jazz*, Vol. 2) (New York: Oxford University Press, 1991), 771.
- ¹⁸ Rinne, "A Short History," 245.
- ¹⁹ Rice, "Frompin'." 110.
- ²⁰ Ibid.
- ²¹ Ibid., 111.
- ²² Ibid.
- ²³ Rinne, "A Short History," 234.
- ²⁴ Ibid., 243.
- ²⁵ Ibid., 247.
- ²⁶ Rice, "Frompin'," 114.
- ²⁷ Ibid
- Rinne, "A Short History," and Rice "Frompin',". Both Rice and Rinne speculate and offer theories, though none conclusive, as to why Alphonso Trent made it no further in the music business.
- ²⁹ Harris-Winton interview.
- ³⁰ Ibid.
- 31 Ibid.

- ³² Dr. Ron Myer, M.D., of Belzoni, Mississippi, interview by author, June 2011, Fort Smith, Arkansas.
- ³³ Paula Patterson of Fort Smith, Arkansas, interview by author, June 2011, Fort Smith, Arkansas.
- ³⁴ Myer interview.



Long Journey Home



PHOTO COURTESY OF ALICE BAKER **JOHNNY HERBERT MAYBERRY** *in his Army uniform on July 20, 1951*.

Fort Smith Native and Korean War Soldier Johnny Mayberry Laid To Rest After 59 Years

By Steve Peterson

ighteen-year-old Army Private, First Class, Johnny Herbert Mayberry's remains were sent home, and the young man was laid to rest on August 28, 2009.

The young soldier was given all of the dignity the United States extends its fallen defenders: the casket was escorted first to Oklahoma City, then on to be buried in the U.S. National Cemetery in Fort Smith, Arkansas, where two of Mayberry's siblings were

presented with neatly folded flags. There was an honor guard, a ceremonial twenty-one-gun salute and the playing of "Taps."

There was even a funeral procession down Garrison Avenue, which is hardly ever done, according to Tim Hess, funeral director at Edwards Funeral Home in Fort Smith, which handled the local arrangements with the military and family for Mayberry's funeral. Newspaper accounts of the funeral procession said about 100





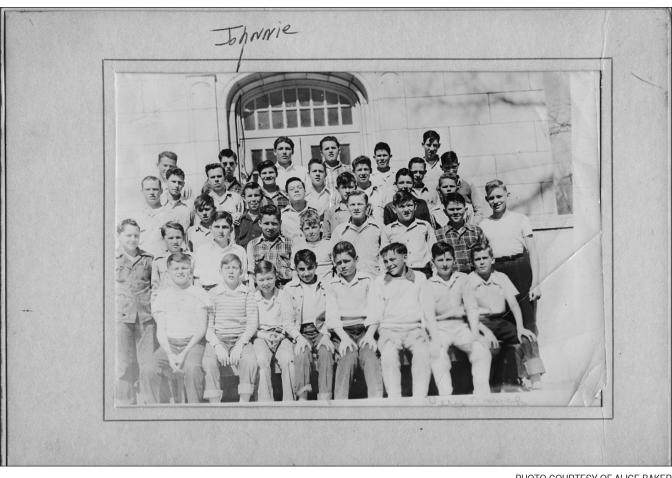


PHOTO COURTESY OF ALICE BAKER

JOHNNY MAYBERRY shown with classmates at Darby Junior High in Fort Smith.

family members, friends and veterans from a number of organizations were in attendance.

"A lot of people came out to honor him," Hess said of the public's response to Mayberry's funeral. "It was all handled with a tremendous amount of respect."

But Johnny Mayberry was not killed in action while serving in Iraq, Afghanistan or any other site of recent conflict. This young man from Fort Smith was one of hundreds of American soldiers killed during the Battle of Chosin Reservoir in North Korea. And it took nearly sixty years for this young man's family to find the closure the return of his remains finally brought them.

"It was quite a shock" when the family received word that Johnny Mayberry's remains had not only been found and identified, but also were being returned home, said Mayberry's sister, Alice Baker, still a Fort Smith resident today.²

Not everyone in Johnny Mayberry's immediate family lived to see his body brought back from North Korea, but his mother and each of his three siblings all worked to keep his memory alive and urged government officials to do all in their power to return the young man's remains someday.

"We never gave up hope, the whole family; we just never gave up hope," Baker said.

Family Memories

Johnny Herbert Mayberry was born on June 2, 1932, to Emma Mae Degen Mayberry and Jerry Thomas Mayberry. The pair already had three children at the time, Ruby, eight, Jerry "J. C.," five, and Alice, two, and they were all living in Jenny Lind, Arkansas.

Being so close in age, Baker said, she and Johnny shared a lot. For instance, the family attended worship services at Immanuel Baptist Church, and Johnny would often attend Sunday school classes with Alice. At least until he got older and no longer wanted to be seen tagging along with his sister by the other boys his age, Baker said.

"He and I were very close," she said. "Of course, he was the baby of the family."

Being the baby in a family during the Depression meant that Johnny was not spoiled by his parents, but the Mayberry children had good lives in a family filled with love, according to Baker.

"We were very well cared for," Baker said. "No one



had much" at that time.

Another thing that stood out about Johnny's early childhood for his sister was his complexion.

"He had freckles, and he was always trying to wash them off," she recalled.

"He was such a sweet person."

Tragedy struck the family shortly after Johnny celebrated his fifth birthday. The children's father, Jerry Mayberry, was out in Bakersfield, California, in August 1937 looking for work. He had been a coal miner, Baker said, but there was little call for miners at the time. The family later received the news that Jerry had been driving when a chair fell off a truck in front of him and hit his windshield, causing a fatal accident.

After Jerry Mayberry's death, Emma Mayberry moved her three children into her parents' house on South Q Street, just off Bluff Avenue, in Fort Smith.

Johnny started attending Belle Point School that September even though he was just five years old at the time, just as his sister, Alice, had done two years before him. The children's grandparents were getting too old to care for them, and Emma Mayberry had to work to provide for the family. Enrolling the two youngest in school was her answer for child care, Baker said. The officials at the school told her that the children could start school a year early only if they could keep up. Both worked hard to stay in school, Baker said.

"I always said that if he'd lived, (Johnny) would have turned out to really be something because he was always smart."

Johnny loved school and working hard, Baker added. He served as a patrol boy while at Belle Point, played several sports and enjoyed spending time with friends. Some of the other children who grew up with and played with the younger Mayberry children, especially Johnny, included Bill Vines, a former Fort Smith mayor as an adult; Floyd Barger; Jack Coleman; Bobby Kline; Dale Pough; and James Boone. Collectively, these and other boys from the neighborhood were known as the Bailey Hill Boys, so named for the nearby Bailey Hill Park, Baker said.

Of this group of boys, Bill Vines was several years younger than his playmates but was always welcomed for what he brought to the group, Baker recalled.

"They all played ball, and he (Vines) was a little younger than the others, but he had all the toys. Billy Vines's mother always liked Johnny, so he would be the one to go and ask her if Bill could come out and play, and they all accepted him because he had all the toys."

There was a reservoir on Bailey Hill, a concrete pool with a couple inches of water, Baker said. That was where the area children gathered to play. Besides the water, there were some old swings and thick, black tar everywhere that the children would chew like gum.

"It was fun up on Bailey Hill," Baker said of



PHOTO COURTESY OF ALICE BAKER **JERRY THOMAS MAYBERRY** in 1935 with his children, Alice, from left, Johnny, J.C., and Ruby.

the childhood play area. "We would be barefoot all summer."

Johnny always enjoyed working, too, Baker said of her brother. When he was older, Johnny got a job working as a delivery boy for R. C. "Roy" Sigman at Dodson Avenue Pharmacy, across the street from Belle Point School. Johnny would deliver people's prescriptions on a Schwinn bicycle his brother, J. C., had given to him. Johnny always used to keep the bike polished and in good repair, Baker said.

"He used to get onto me about the way I kept my bicycle," she said. "He used to get so mad at me." But Johnny would also help her repair flat tires or broken chains when her neglect led to problems, she added.

"He was all boy, very outdoorsy," Baker said of Johnny, "but he could be very particular about his clothes. He liked convertibles. Johnny liked fried chicken; he'd eat it every day, if he could."

Military Interest

As Johnny Mayberry got older, Baker saw an appreciation for the military grow in her younger brother. In the mid-1940s, a number of World War II







veterans lived in some nearby apartments, and many of the neighborhood boys enjoyed hanging around the former soldiers and hearing about their lives in the Army.

"They were really impressed by the servicemen around," Baker said. "He (Johnny) always used to say, 'I just want to fight for my country."

Johnny graduated from high school in May 1949. From that point, he would argue with his mother every night that summer about his desire to join the Army, Baker said.

"He told her, 'You're making me miserable by not letting me go," Baker recalled. "But he was her baby. She just had different plans for him."

Johnny's siblings, including Baker, and his stepfather, Dock Marchant, also tried to convince him not to enlist in the military.

"He was just head bent he was going," Baker said. "But he said, 'I'm going to be back.'

"He was very upbeat about serving. He thought life was just a bowl of cherries; he was never afraid of anything."

Finally, on October 14, 1949, Johnny won his family over, at least enough that he did enlist with the Army at the age of seventeen. His mother had to sign her permission because of his age, Baker recalled. Johnny was joined by his Bailey Hill Boys friend, Jimmy Boone, when he went to enlist.

"I think what was in the back of their minds was that they would be together," Baker said.

That wasn't the case, however. The two were quickly sent in different directions, and Boone died in Korea in battle in September 1950, just two months before Johnny was killed.

"I don't think he (Johnny) even knew" that Boone had been killed, Baker said.

Chosin Reservoir

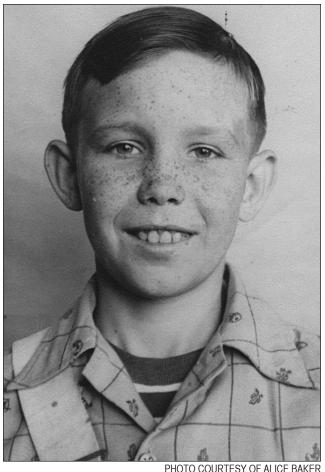
After enlisting with the Army, Johnny Mayberry was sent first to Fort Riley, Kansas. His military records list this as his station from October 16, 1949, to February 16, 1950, most likely for basic training.³

Johnny wrote letters back home to his family in Fort Smith frequently, Baker said, keeping them abreast of the goings-on.

"I know he wrote our mother about getting his expert marksmanship badge," she said. "He passed that with flying colors."

From Fort Riley, Johnny spent nearly a month at Fort Lawton, Washington—February 17 to March 13, 1950—before shipping out to the battlefields in Korea.

The battle in which Johnny Mayberry was killed is well known among military buffs and strategists. Allied forces had been steadily making their way north through Korea, according to Defense Department documents



JOHNNY MAYBERRY, CIRCA 1942.

and reports Mayberry's family received following the recovery of his remains. Many among the American and United Nations forces anticipated the end of the Korean War was on the horizon.

On November 27, 1950, members of the Thirty-first Regimental Combat Team, Seventh Infantry Division, were moving north along the eastern bank of the Chosin Reservoir, near the North Korea-China border. They had been pursuing the fleeing North Korean army, but that changed when the Thirty-first unexpectedly met Chinese reinforcements.

The Allies were outnumbered, caught by surprise and forced to retreat. Despite the overwhelming odds, the Allied forces fought bravely. The Defense Department cites sources as saying that while the Allied deaths were in the hundreds, they managed to kill more than 25,000 enemy combatants between November 27 and December 9, 1950.⁴

Johnny Mayberry was assigned to Headquarters Battery, Fifty-seventh Field Artillery Battalion. His group was trying to make their way from Chosin Reservoir to the village of Hagaru-ri to the south. Later evidence indicates that Mayberry was "killed by small arms fire and/or mortar fire" about ten miles from



that village, probably on November 28, the military concluded.

"This Marine by the name of (Walter) Morton, he called me" after Johnny's body had been recovered, Baker said. "He knew Johnny, had been behind him in battle."

Morton told Baker that it was one of the coldest, most miserable nights he had ever seen. He said that the Marines were a little better equipped for the conditions at Chosin Reservoir that night, but that the Allied forces were outnumbered by the Koreans and Chinese seven-to-one, they were low on food supplies, and that the U.S. forces were quickly boxed in by the superior enemy numbers.⁵

Family Kept His Memory Alive

Alice Baker recalled it was a late afternoon in December 1950 when the family received a telegram notifying them of Johnny's death in battle.

"I'd just gotten something to put on the Christmas tree," Baker said.

At the time they learned of Johnny's death, Ruby, twenty-six, and J. C., twenty-three, were each married and had children of their own. Alice, twenty, was still single. Coping with the death of a family member is never easy, but without a body to bury, the uncertainties are magnified, Baker said.

"It was really hard not knowing," she said. "We were really afraid Johnny had been captured and was being tortured."

Everyone in the family was saddened by the news, but Baker recalled her mother took the news the hardest.

"Mom just went to pieces," she said. "Her health was not very good since then. She grieved; she felt responsible."

It took Emma Marchant years to calm down from the initial news, Baker said.

"My mother blamed herself until the day she died" for Johnny's enlistment and subsequent death, Baker said. "She was grieving until the day she died."

Johnny's siblings tried to console their mother.

"We tried to tell her, 'You did what he wanted you to do,'" Baker continued. "But she felt responsible."

One thing that seemed to bring Emma Marchant some peace was telling one and all about her son, Baker said. She would never miss an opportunity to tell someone about Johnny, what kind of person he was, and what kind of person she believed he could have been. Emma's grandchildren were a frequent audience for these stories.

"She told the grandkids everything about Johnny," Baker said. "She made sure they all knew Uncle Johnny."

Another thing that brought Emma some peace of mind about the loss of her son was writing letters. She

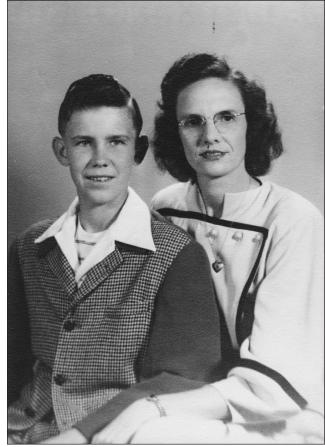


PHOTO COURTESY OF ALICE BAKER **JOHNNY MAYBERRY** and his mother, Emma Mae. Date

wrote to anyone she could think of, begging for their help in recovering her son's body.

unknown.

33

One letter she wrote on April 21, 1955, to an Army official provided the name and address of a local dentist who had worked on Johnny's teeth. Emma thought that the dental records might help in identifying the young soldier's body. The letter continues:

...has been my prayers to know what happened to my baby boy. but I know that I am just one of the hundred of mothers. also lost a son-in-law in Korea."

The son-in-law Emma wrote about was Alice Baker's first husband. Alice had married Paul Michael Stavnitzky on February 9, 1952, certain in the knowledge that he would not be going to Korea. That dream was shattered just three short months later, in May, when Paul was sent into battle as a forward observer, and on June 14, 1952, when he was killed. Paul's body was returned to his twenty-two-year-old widow much more quickly, and he was laid to rest just four months after the pair was wed.



Alice later remarried, this time to Eddie Baker, on November 6, 1959.

Hope Renewed

Decades passed, and still the family continued to hope and write letters. Life marches on and more children were born to Johnny Mayberry's siblings. Some of them grew up, got married, and had children of their own. Emma Marchant's little family continued to grow, adding generations, but her heart—broken by the death of her youngest son never completely healed, Baker said. Emma died on January 14, 1991, from a series of strokes.

After the passing of her mother, Ruby took up the letter-writing campaign, appealing to one and all for help recovering Johnny's body.

J. C. and Alice also did their share.

Then, one day in November 1999, the family saw a newspaper report about a group trying to find American soldiers either killed or missing in action in Korea. A telephone contact number for the group was included in the report, and the family called in.

Someone from the Veterans Administration called back, Baker said, and researchers contacted Johnny's siblings about getting blood samples. At the time, blood was the preferred way to obtain DNA samples for comparison with any remains uncovered on the battlefield.

The researchers were part of the Joint Prisoners of War/Missing in Action Accounting Command, Central Identification Laboratory, based at Hickman Air Force Base, Hawaii.

These researchers also gathered contact information—not just for Ruby, J. C. and Alice, but also for their children. Everyone with any family ties to Johnny Mayberry received regular letters to update them with the progress of the project about every six months, Baker said. But the one notification the family continued to pray for—the recovery of Johnny's body—continued to be missing from the letters.

"They're not going to tell you (remains have been recovered) unless they know for sure," Baker said.

The letters detailed ongoing negotiations between the United States and the North Korean governments. Talks went on over a period of years, sometimes leading to small missions into Korea to search for remains, other times simply leading to further talks.

Johnny Mayberry's remains were discovered on April 24, 2004, but it would be another five years before Johnny's identity could be determined and confirmed and his family would learn of the discovery. Sadly, Ruby did not live long enough to learn the news. She died following a series of strokes in January 2004, four months before Johnny's remains were found.

Johnny's remains were unearthed in a shallow pit, initially discovered by a farmer plowing his field. Recovery teams spent eleven days in May 2004 carefully excavating the area and discovered seven partial skeletons in the pit; later testing concluded the remains were those of a Chinese soldier, one Korean soldier and five Americans. Along with the skeletal remains, the team found several other artifacts such as buttons, pins and buckles from uniforms and military gear; ammunition rounds and magazines; a can opener; powdered coffee wrappers; pieces of tattered clothing; and several U.S. Lincoln-head pennies.6

Many of these artifacts were important in determining a time frame for when the bodies had been buried. For instance, pieces of military uniforms and the circulation dates on the coins helped establish probable dates to go along with the skeletons.

Everything found at the site was carefully catalogued by the Joint POW/MIA Accounting Command field team and shipped back to the United States on May 28, 2004. Then even more extensive testing on the remains of the five Americans was begun.

Using mitochondrial DNA samples from the recovered bones and teeth. Central Identification Lab staff compared the results with the samples collected from family members of soldiers, including the samples provided by Johnny Mayberry's siblings.

Surviving tooth and jaw specimens collected were also compared with both military and civilian dental records for MIAs, including some of the dental records Emma Marchant had helped to collect pertaining to her son, Johnny, nearly fifty years before.

DNA testing on the remains that proved to be those of Johnny Mayberry was conducted by the lab between November 2005 and May 2006. The thorough process is also a very slow one, and final testing and identification was not completed until March 2009.

The News Finally Arrives

Government figures used by the Joint POW/MIA Accounting Command indicate that 8,100 U.S. soldiers are listed as missing in action as a result of the Korean War. Of those 8,100 MIAs, the Defense POW/Missing Personnel Office says that only 675 sets of remains have been recovered from Korea, China, Japan and the "Punchbowl" Cemetery in Hawaii from 1982 through May 13, 2011. Of those remains recovered, only 162 individuals have been identified as of May 13, 2011.7

Johnny Mayberry's family is certainly grateful to have Johnny be counted among that small number. They received word that Johnny's remains had been



finally, positively identified in June 2009.

"It was bittersweet," to finally know with certainty what had happened to her brother, Baker recalled. She was, of course, happy to be able to bury her baby brother, but she wished that her mother and older sister could have lived to see Johnny's remains brought home. Alice's second husband, Eddie, had also since died, losing a battle with leukemia on September 12, 2005.

"At least we (J. C. and Alice) were here to receive him (Johnny)," she said.

Along with that happy news, Baker later received one more surprise involving Johnny and Fort Smith. By an interesting coincidence, the scientific director of the Central Identification Laboratory responsible for identifying Johnny Mayberry's remains was a man named Dr. Thomas D. Holland, who Baker later learned was a former Fort Smith resident.

"I thought it was really something that he had lived here, and he was over all this," Baker said.

Baker added that since Johnny's remains were returned and laid to rest, many other families have heard about the circumstances of her family's long wait for closure. She often has received calls from veterans, some of whom knew or served with Johnny. She also has gotten calls from other families still waiting for a relative's remains to be recovered and identified. Baker said she is happy to tell them about the Central Identification Laboratory and the Joint POW/MIA Accounting Command.

"I was happy to share about Johnny," she said. "This is about Johnny's memory." And through the retelling of his story, maybe Johnny can go on helping people, even in death.

Stephen Peterson is a freelance writer who contributed this story to The Journal.

End Notes

- ¹ Telephone interview with Tim Hess, June 2, 2011. Interview notes in possession of author.
- ² Interview with Alice Baker, May 30, 2011. Interview notes in possession of author. Subsequent references to and quotations from Alice Baker in this article are from the same interview.
- ³ Form OQMG No. 371 dated January 24, 1951, included in the Joint POW/MIA Accounting Command booklet given to the Mayberry family.
- ⁴ Marine Commandant Lauds "Chosin Few," http://www.defense. gov/news/newsarticle.aspx?id=45663. Accessed June 2, 2011.
- ⁵ Alice Baker's recollection of what Walter Morton told her.
- ⁶ Material Evidence Report: CIL 2004-084-A-01 Through 03 and Final Search and Recovery Report: 2004/CIL/081, Joint POW/MIA Accounting Command booklet in possession of the Mayberry family.
- ⁷ The 8,100 figure comes from a July 14, 2003, government news release obtained at http://www.defense.gov/releases.aspx?releaseid=5527; the other figures in this paragraph come from a Defense POW/Missing Personnel Office document titled "Progress on Korean War Personnel Accounting As of May 13, 2011," POW/MIA Accounting Command booklet in possession of the Mayberry family.

Memorial and **Commemorative Gifts** Important to the **Historical Society**

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PHOTO COURTESY OF BOB WORLEY

OLDEST CHILD AND TWIN BOYS of Marvin and Zelma Worley as they looked in 1926: Left to right, Bob Coyal, Marvin Steve (Mar-Ste), and Rob Troyal.

A Glimpse in the Rearview Mirror

By Bob Worley

bout the only thing that I can remember that my dad, Marvin Elmer Worley, told me about his father, James Worley, was that he arrived in Arkansas as a teenager driving a team of oxen pulling a wagon, and when he got to the Arkansas River, it was frozen over and he just drove on across. This was in the winter of 1881 or 1882. There are probably two things about this event that caused me to remember it: The team pulling the wagon was oxen and that he drove across the river on ice. The fact that he was driving a wagon as a teenager was not surprising. Any boy on a farm was doing the same at a far younger age even in the 1920s and '30s, as I did on my grandpa's farm during the summer months when not in school. In fact, during the Great Depression, horseback, buggies, wagons, and walking were the primary, and

usually the only, modes of transportation in the farming communities of eastern Oklahoma where our family lived. But driving a team of oxen over a frozen river got my attention.

Oxen are slow and must stop frequently for feed, water, and rest, traveling only six to ten miles per day over roads of that era. Being a farmer, it is likely that James Worley left Tennessee following the October harvest and arrived in Arkansas in January, since the river was frozen over enough to support a wagon.

My grandpa, James Worley, married Cecila Ann (Annie) Baldwin on August 20, 1893, and the couple had eight children, among them my dad, Marvin Elmer Worley. Grandpa Worley, an itinerant farmer most of his early life, moved to Yell Country, Arkansas, and somewhere along the way drank some "jip" or







PHOTO COURTESY OF BOB WORLEY

MARVIN ELMER WORLEY AND ZELMA DOSHIER on their wedding day, October 29, 1922.

contaminated water. Several members of the family got sick, but two-year-old Lillian died, and they buried her somewhere along the road. This was in 1908, the twentieth century, and it happened to my father's baby sister! That's hard for me to believe. This experience must have been devastating to all the family, but I feel so sorry for my grandmother, whom I never knew.

There is a historical marker at a small cemetery on top of Winding Stair Mountain in Leflore County, Oklahoma, that brings home how hard life was during my grandfather's youth. One harsh winter, the mother and father of a thirteen-year-old girl buried in the cemetery were quite ill. The girl went out to gather wood and a pack of wolves chased her up a tree. The next morning a neighbor found her in the fork of a tree frozen to death.

As a young boy, I was afraid of my Grandpa Worley even though he always brought a sack of candy when he came calling. He was the biggest man I had ever seen, about six feet six inches tall. He had a deep husky voice, the ends of several fingers on one hand were missing and he had a large growth on one side of his neck. I was nearly four years old, and grandpa was about sixty when I first recall seeing him.

James Worley was said to have been the strongest man in the area. He had a contract with a cotton gin to load bales of cotton in railroad box cars. Some of the men who worked with him said that four men would lift a 500 pound bale onto his back and he would carry it up a ramp and into the car. Surely he only did that on occasion to show his strength. But to carry 500 pounds, wow! He lived with our family some during World War II when the older brothers and I were overseas. He told our younger brother, Jerry, who was about seven at the time and always asking questions, that as a young man, he killed young bear in the sugar cane fields near where he lived in Yell County, Arkansas. He tied a red cloth on the end of a long pole, and when the bear stood up to look and smell it, he ripped a knife up its stomach as hard as he could and then took off running.

Uncle Oscar, my dad's youngest brother, now ninety-five years of age and of sound mind, said that James Worley got the ends of three fingers cut off in about 1917 while working as a foreman of a factory in Poteau that made oak handles for axes, hammers, and plows. Grandpa Worley also made wooden shingles with a froe, a hand tool used for splitting shingles, and barrel staves from bolts of white oak wood.





PHOTO COURTESY OF BOB WORLEY OSCAR AND CARL WORLEY, uncles of Bob Worley, shown in a goat cart owned by a traveling photographer who used the rig as a prop for his business. The photographer was a double amputee.

My mother, Zelma Doshier, was born on February 13, 1899, in Indian Territory, Choctaw Nation, Skullyville District, which after statehood in 1907 was in the central part of LeFlore County between Shady Point and Sutter, Oklahoma. She graduated from the eighth grade, the highest grade offered in public schools in that area at the time. She received her eighth-grade teachers certificate and taught school for a while at Bennington, where she went to school.

Mother had a pet raccoon and a Collie while growing up. She received a beautiful china doll for Christmas one year when she was very young. She dropped and broke it on the fireplace hearth that very first morning. That must have nearly broken her heart also, because she shared the experience with her granddaughter, Susan Worley, years later. At the age of eighteen, mother went to work in a general merchandise store owned by Sy Ollie, a friend of the family, in the bustling coal mining town of Sutter, Oklahoma, about four miles from the family farm. (The name of the town was changed from Sutter to Calhoun on March 7, 1914.)

Mother was one of eight children, four of whom were twins. Her oldest sister, Zilpha, was born on December 13, 1896, and her twin, a girl, died at birth. My mother's father was Joseph Stephen (Steve) Doshier, born August 10, 1873 in Sebastian County, Arkansas.

We don't know for sure where or when my parents first met. Mother told Janice, my younger sister, that they met at a picnic on the mountain. This had to be Cavanal Mountain, the only one in that area. Dad's father and four of his youngest brothers lived in Shady Point at the base of the mountain. Uncle Oscar told me that he frequently saw mother at the

Sunday afternoon baseball games in Shady Point and Aunt Dorthula said that each Sunday, in order to court Zelma, Marvin Elmer Worley would travel by train between Poteau and Shady Point and then walk the three miles, each way, to her home. Some along the route expressed the opinion that he was wasting his time, but no, Zelma Doshier and Marvin Elmer Worley, my future parents, were married on October 29, 1922, in Fort Smith, Arkansas. On the marriage certificate, her name is spelled Dozier. Dad probably didn't know the proper spelling. They both resided at Poteau, Oklahoma, at the time, some twenty miles from Fort Smith.

Their first child, Marvin Steve (Mar-Ste to his younger twin brothers), was born on August 30, 1923, and my brother Rob and I were born August 24, 1924. The other set of twins, Jerry Wilburn and Janice Wilburta, were born January 14, 1938. My twin and I named ourselves. From birth we were Coyal and Troyal, but when we were quite young, we told mother that we didn't like those names. She asked us what names we liked, and we replied Bob and Rob, and that is what they called us thereafter. Doctor Earl Woodson, who delivered us at our home, made no record of our birth, so everyone thought that there was none that read Coyal and Troyal.

When inducted into the Army in 1943, I used "C" as my middle initial, and following the war, Rob and I applied for and received delayed birth certificates with middle names of Coyal and Troyal. How disappointed I was in 2003 when the 1930 Census was released to see our names appearing therein as Bobby Coyal and Robby Troyal. We thought we were keeping our middle names a secret, but the U.S. government had known for seventy-two years.

After I returned from duty in World War II, a lady and friend of my mother told me that soon after our birth, mother was on the front porch in a rocking chair with me in one arm and Rob on the other. We were both crying, our one-year-old brother was sitting at her feet crying, and our mother was crying, too. No wonder it took her fourteen years to get up enough nerve to have any more children—and then another set of twins. Thank goodness that pair was a boy and a girl and not two more rowdy boys.

My first recollection is of sitting in the front yard with my twin brother eating dirt. I probably would not have remembered that occasion except for all the fuss when they saw what we were doing. Our older brother, Steve, remembers the event very well. He says that our age was near three years old and that it was about the time of our first picture by a photographer. He says that it took him, my mother, and the photographer to catch us, get us into the fancy rompers that we were wearing in the picture





PHOTO COURTESY OF BOB WORLEY

MARVIN E. WORLEY, is right front in this circa 1920 photograph taken at Tidwell and Young Tailor Shop in Poteau, Oklahoma.

(we called them bloomers), and settled down enough to take the picture. I often wondered why Rob and I had such sour expressions on our faces and why our older brother was sitting between us with his arms over our shoulder as if he were holding us down. Now I know.

An event that I remember vividly during this four to five age period involved a funeral for a baby chicken. One day a girl in the neighborhood, Elsie ("Doodle" to us kids) Harper, who was eight or nine years old, announced that one of their baby chickens had died and we were going to have a funeral. Rob and I didn't know what she was talking about but

we were always ready for anything. Doodle put the baby chick in a matchbox with the top cut out on one end so you could see its head. She then led me and Rob, her younger brother, Tag, and sister, Alice, on a funeral march into the woods near their house. There we dug a hole, and after she talked and tried to cry, we buried the chick and put pieces of colored glass on top of the dirt. I still remember how bossy and organized Doodle was.

This brings to mind the most traumatic experience of my preschool years, my first funeral (except for the baby chick). The funeral was for dad's younger brother, Jay, who committed suicide at age twenty-



seven, leaving a wife and baby daughter. In any event, the loud crying and wailing by adults, being forced to look at a dead person in the casket, and not understanding death, brought on nightmares for a long period of time.

But at that young age, we mostly had fun! Like all of the other folks living on the outskirts of the town of Poteau during the 1920s and '30s, we had an outhouse, chickens, cows, and calves. And some families had pigs. As children, we observed and, to some extent, helped care for the animals, including the milking of the cows. Dad always had one or more bird dogs as he was a hunter and a trainer.

I have never forgotten an incident that happened when I was about six years of age. One Sunday our family was having lunch with the Sy Ollie family. After lunch, and while the adults were still visiting around the dinner table, George Ollie Jr., who was my age, and I were playing with some baby ducks in the backyard. We were having a lot of fun setting them on the rim of a tub of water and flipping them off to see them dive under the water. The weather and the water were cold. By the time the parents came to check on us, the ducks were in bad shape. Probably the only reason I remember this incident is because our parents put the shivering ducks in a large pan and put the pan in the oven of a wood stove. I guess the fire had died down in the stove, leaving the oven just a little warm. I was sure that they were cooking the ducks alive! After a short time, the ducks were as good as new. Sy Ollie was born in Syria and came to this country as a young man. The ship was supposed to take him to a U.S. port in the Gulf of Mexico, but it docked at a port in Mexico instead. Sy, who spoke no English at the time, walked from there to Indian Territory. He later brought his family over, and they settled near Sutter. He started selling cloth from a horse-drawn wagon, and he would take chickens, eggs, corn, etc., in payment. Later, he opened the general store in Calhoun (Sutter). After the coal mines in Sutter began closing down, he and his son, George, opened a grocery store in Panama, Oklahoma. The Ollie family still has several lumber/ hardware stores in LeFlore County.

In 1927, a sixteen-year-old relative by the name of Dorthula Barnes came to live with us for the purpose of helping our mother take care of the three boys. One day, Rob and I were doing something with a bottle of mercurochrome and, sure enough, we spilled it on a bedroom floor. The survival instinct caused us to grab the nearest thing handy to wipe it up. The nearest thing just happened to be the one and only pair of silk hose that Dorthula owned. I remember all of the fuss and the lecture to this day. Dorthula, whose nickname was "Kink" because of her kinky

hair, still had a sharp mind at age ninety-three and remembered this incident, among others. She told me that when dad arrived home from work that day, he went back to town and bought her a new pair of silk stockings, expensive and prized possession of young girls. She said, "If I wasn't wearing them, I was thinking about wearing them."

We moved from Poteau to Wister, Oklahoma, during the summer of 1930, after Steve finished the first grade of school and before Rob and I began ours. Wister was a thriving small town south of Poteau served by two railroads. Dad opened a new tailoring shop that was filled with the latest equipment. I was fascinated by the steam press operated by hand and foot, especially when he would release the steam after each pressing function. Anyone wanting to buy a suit could choose the material and be measured. The order would then be placed with an out-of-town manufacturer who would make and mail the suit to the shop. You could not buy ready-to-wear suits in stores at that time.

Dad rented a large house on a corner lot across the street from his shop. Dad had a new Model A Ford car, and each of us received several nice presents that first Christmas. We did not seem to want for anything. Then the Depression began to take its toll. We moved to a smaller house, mother began cutting our hair with hand-operated clippers, and dad had no one helping in the shop.

Cutting our hair with hand clippers was not a pleasant experience for us or our mother, especially in the beginning. We could not sit still, and this no doubt resulted in an extreme amount of hair pulling, yelling, and crying. The hair would get down inside our clothes and itch something awful, especially in the hot summertime. And poor mother, after cutting three boys' hair under those circumstances!

I remember my first year in school playing at recess, running home from school to escape a paddling, and reciting a short poem on Parents Day. One day at recess, a friend and I were rough-housing, and someone told the principal, Neil Singleton, that we were fighting. He marched us into the school for spankings. He paddled the other boy first and caused him to yell so loud, I got scared and ran out of the school to dad's tailoring shop. I expected dad to spank me and take me back to school, as that was his rule, but to my surprise, he did neither. I later learned that our principal had a reputation as a hot-head and that dad had little respect for him. I don't know if dad talked to the principal or not, but nothing was said to me when I return to school.

During our first year of school, Sid Page, who was a full-blooded Indian and a friend of dad's, was living with us. He had finished two years of college



but had been unable to find work. When he wasn't helping dad in the tailor shop, he spent quite a bit of time with us three boys. He taught us to still hunt for squirrels, fish without a cork, and was a real, fun companion. When he heard that Rob and I had to learn and repeat from the stage a little poem at Parents Day, he told me that he would teach me one and we would keep it a secret until my performance. The children before me were reciting nursery rhymes and such to the applause of the parents. When my time came, I stepping to the center of the stage and proudly said: "I'm a little Dutchman, I drink beer, and my little tummy-tummy sticks way out here (with arms extended)." There was complete silence! Everybody was shocked, and my mother was not only embarrassed but also terribly upset. When she learned who taught me the little ditty, she insisted that dad get a promise from Sid, who thought the incident was hilarious, not to do anything like that again.

When registering for school in Oklahoma during my years in grade school, if not beyond, we were always asked if we were Indian or part Indian. Our parents would have us inform teachers that we were one-sixteenth Cherokee but that we were not registered. The schools received additional money for teaching children of Indian blood. The purpose of registering was for the allotment of land to the individual members of each civilized tribe. However, you had to be living in the Nation of your blood to receive an allotment. In our case, the Doshiers were of Cherokee blood but lived in Choctaw Nation and, therefore, could not register for the allotment. Our Cherokee blood came from Naomi Logan, who was one-half Cherokee, which resulted in our grandfather Joseph Stephen Doshier, being one-fourth, our mother one-eighth, and we children one-sixteenth, Cherokee.

Prior to 1901, only Indians could live in the Choctaw Nation unless one had a work permit, which cost five dollars per year for the head of the household. Record of these permits in the Fort Smith Public Library show that Thomas Doshier bought such permits each year from 1889 to 1900, and his son, Joseph Stephen, bought them the last year or two. At the Kerr Museum in Poteau, Oklahoma, I saw one issued to my grandfather, Joseph Stephen Doshier, and the museum let me take a picture of it.

Soon after starting my first paper route at age twelve, I developed a friendship with a gray-headed black minister. He was very nice and joked a lot. His wife had died and he lived alone. After I had known him for a while, he asked me if I would mind bringing the Sunday paper to him inside the house. He liked to read the Sunday paper in bed. He would ask me if I would get the fifteen cents for the week of papers out of the coin purse in his pants pocket



PHOTO COURTESY OF BOB WORLEY

BOB WORLEY as young U.S. soldier in India.

that was hanging on the bed post at the foot of his bed. And that's what I would do. I have thought of him many times through the years and always with a warm feeling.

One day, Rob and I crossed the street to visit with an elderly couple who was working in their garden. They were nice and seemed to enjoy visiting with us. After awhile, we told them that we had to go home because mother was baking cookies. The lady asked how we knew this, and we told her that we smelled them. The lady said, "Are you sure?" because she and her husband could not smell them. The smell was so strong that there was absolutely no doubt about it. We went on home, and sure enough, there were the cookies. Now why would one remember something like this? Perhaps because it was my first realization that people were different.

When we were growing up, we never locked a door, barn, or anything around the house and I never knew of anyone who did. Neighbors borrowed from each other and were welcomed to do so, even when no one was at home. But everyone told the neighbors when they returned home, and always returned or replaced what was borrowed.

Mother's father came to visit us one day driving (we learned later, of course) a two-seated Model



T Ford car. While he was visiting with mother, we released the brake and had an exciting ride backward through our yard and across the road until it slammed into a neighbor's house. That was about the time that we bought our first newspaper. When the paperboy held out his hand for the nickel, we dropped goat pills into his hand and ran.

As active as my brother and I were, I don't recall us being injured in any way, except for Rob leaving a fingernail in the clothes ringer. But we did have a bad scare. The three of us and another boy or two were in a tent of some kind in our yard. In the tent was a seat out of a car. We decided we needed a campfire inside the tent. I recall that the fire that we started wasn't big enough to suit us, and someone—not me, because I was on the car seat—got the coal oil can and poured some on the fire. I recall the big blaze of fire and somehow dashed out of the back of the tent without catching on fire. The tent and car seat burned up, but none of us was injured.

Brother Steve reminded me of going on a Sunday outing in Grandpa Doshier's flat-bed truck to Winding Stair Mountain, some twenty miles south of Poteau. The truck did not climb a steep grade going forward, so they turned the truck around and backed up it. That was quite an exciting event at the time and not only to just the little ones. It was explained to me later that the smaller reverse gear had more power than the larger forward gear. The Winding Stair Mountain was, and still is, a beautiful, uninhabited area that we visited several times during our youth. The thing I remember most vividly was that we almost always saw large rattlesnakes crossing the gravel road.

I recall mother telling us about her youth. Each fall after harvest, her parents would take the train to Fort Smith and buy supplies, food, and clothing for the next year. She was allowed to go with them when she was a young girl, probably around 1907. While her mother was shopping in the Boston Store, she looked out the front window at the activity in the street, which included wagons, buggies, cowboys, Indians, etc. She saw two men get into a buggy that then started going down the street without a horse attached. She said she did not tell anyone about this until a year or so later when she learned of the automobile, because she thought people would think she was crazy. Mother was born during the time of the first automobiles, and she lived to see men walk on the moon. In fact, her son-in-law was one of the engineers with NASA who worked on the Apollo program that put the men on the moon. This brilliant engineer is Martin Soudhash, husband of our sister, Janice. He gave mother a postcard that had made the trip to and from the moon. Some of his drawings are

now in the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, D.C.

There was a field just outside of town and within walking distance that held many buried Indian arrowheads. I don't recall ever going there without finding some. I don't know if it was from that same field or not, but about that time an older neighbor boy introduced us boys to eating raw corn on the cob, picked fresh from the cornstalks. Our first business venture involved selling watermelons in our yard next to Main Street. We brought them home from our Grandfather Doshier's farm, which was west of Shady Point, Oklahoma, some fourteen miles from Wister. We sold many and had fun.

One day when we were in the tailor shop, a man came in the back door, greeted dad, gave us a dollar bill, and asked us to go get some candy or ice cream while he visited with dad. Later at the house when dad was telling mother about the visit, we learned that the man was Pretty Boy Floyd, who was wanted by the law for robbing banks, but who was liked by many for helping the poor during the Depression. We hadn't yet heard about Robin Hood.

This brings to mind that dad thought a lot of Will Rogers, who died while we lived in Wister. I recall he talked about him repeatedly—his humor, making fun of politicians, and prodding government officials to do more for people during the Depression.

I graduated from high school in Poteau on a Friday and left home two days later, never to live there or Wister again. During my nearly eighteen years at home, we lived in eleven houses. None had a telephone and only one had indoor plumbing.

Perhaps it's the same way with everyone, but the things that I remember most as a young child revolved around happy, traumatic, or unusual events, and especially those for which we were disciplined. I preferred a whipping to a serious talking to.

From remarks made to me in later years, Rob and I must have been viewed by some in Poteau as the mean Worley twins. But mother always defended us with the statement that we "were not mean, but just boys." And that reminds me of the expression, "There's nothing that a man can do that would cause either his dog or his mother to forsake him." Regardless of how active, curious, or mischievous we were, I can't honestly remember us doing anything mean.

Bob Worley was a 2011 inductee into the Arkansas River Valley Historical Society Hall of Fame for his significant and lifelong work in the river and rail transportation industry. He is presently chairman of the Hardwood Tree Museum Association and lives in Fort Smith with his wife of sixty-eight years, Mary Worley.





Boudinot Crumpton, a.k.a. Bood Burris

Executed June 30, 1891

On December 22, 1889, James Lawson probed with a stick at an object at the bottom of a deep hole on the bank of the Arkansas River near the mouth of Coody Creek. He suspected that the object was a human skull and called to his brother, John, and cousin, Joe, who were hunting with him. When the remains were removed from the hole on December 24, it was determined that they were those of Samson Monroe Morgan.

Sam Morgan was last seen alive on Sunday, November 3, 1889, in the company of Boudinot Crumpton, who was also known as Bood Burris. Morgan and Crumpton had left the home of Mattie Harris on Sunday morning, stopped at Bill Harnage's place, and played cards with some men who were drinking there. Then about midday, they proceeded on with the intent to go to James Davis's to visit some girls. Both men were mounted on horses belonging to Sam Morgan and rode off appearing to be the best of friends. Late that afternoon Crumpton returned leading the horse Morgan had ridden and having in his possession Morgan's coat and messages of how to manage Morgan's crops, horses, and finances. He explained Morgan's absence by saying that they had met a man in a buggy or hack who hired Sam to herd some ponies near the Pawnee Agency for \$3.50 a day. Crumpton said that Morgan and the stranger appeared to know each other and that he assumed that they had met in Arkansas and had initiated their deal there. For some reason, Crumpton's story seems to have aroused

very little suspicion at the time, even though Morgan had supposedly gone off spontaneously with a near stranger for a salary that was more than bricklayers and other craftsmen in eastern cites were paid at that time

Boudinot Crumpton and Sam Morgan appeared to be the best of friends, even on the day of the murder. Crumpton was a Cherokee who had taken the name of his stepfather after his mother married William Burris. He had, according to trial testimony, stolen a "Dutchman's wife" and had taken her to Tahlequah in Indian Territory and abandoned her. On another occasion, he was accused of stealing someone's gun. Other than that, he appears to have been a normal citizen, working as a hired hand and occasionally getting drunk.

Samson Monroe (Sam/S. M.) Morgan, twenty-six years old, was from Georgia, where he had been committed to an insane asylum in 1883 and in 1884. After his release from the mental institution in 1885, he moved to the Indian Territory, where he lived with his brother, Robert, rented land, and made crops. About a week before the murder, Sam and Robert Morgan had a falling out over a horse that Sam had bought from Robert on time, so Sam moved a short distance away to board with Mrs. Harris. He had become good friends with Bood Crumpton, so much so that some neighbors said they were as close as brothers.

The Saturday before Morgan disappeared,

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Crumpton spent the night at Mrs. Harris's. On Sunday morning, the two friends rode off around 8:00 or 9:00 saying that they were going to James Davis's to visit the girls. On the way they had stopped at other neighbors' homes and at Harnage's and played cards for a short time. Morgan then got on his horse and rode off a short distance and called back to Bood to come on if he was going with him. They rode off in the direction of the place where Morgan's body was later found, and that was the last time any of the witnesses saw him alive.

As stated at the beginning, on December 22, James Lawson and his brother and cousin discovered a body in a deep hole while out hunting. On December 24, a group of men went to the place, a hole about four feet in diameter and six feet deep, outside the perimeter of a field. Since Sam Morgan was unaccounted for and Crumpton's story was not wholly believed, the men sent for his brother, Robert Morgan. By the time he arrived, they had removed the body and begun to search for identification. The face was missing from the lower part of the forehead down except for half of the jaw and half of a mustache that was beside the head. From the description, it appears the rest of the body was fairly well intact for having lain in a hole for seven weeks.

Robert identified the suit, necktie, shoes, and watch, and there were letters that helped ascertain that it was the body of S. M. Morgan.

Crumpton's story was believed only because it could not be disproved. But people had been suspicious, and when Boudinot presented a letter purported to be from Morgan about a month after his disappearance, they became even more so. In the letter, Morgan inquired about his horse, his cotton crop, and Crumpton's health. On the day of his disappearance, Morgan supposedly had directed Crumpton in the disposal of the two horses, both of which he had bought on time and still owed for. In the letter there were instructions to return the gray horse to his brother if he did not return by December 1. He said that if he did not return by Christmas, then he would not be back for three months, so Crumpton should return the other horse to its owner, Richard Colquitt, and that what he had paid on the horses would cover other debts. Bood seems to have had detailed knowledge of Morgan's affairs and remembered it all. For some reason, he took the letter to Colquitt rather than Morgan's brother, Robert. The letter was read to Colquitt by Bill Burt, who was working with Colquitt in his field at the time. The men asked Crumpton to see the envelope, but when he showed it, the address side had been torn off. Bood explained that the envelope had been torn by children.

Bill Burt, a cousin of Morgan and the first person

to read the letter, was deputized to arrest Crumpton, which he did on December 27 at Garfield, Cherokee Nation, about twenty-five miles from the crime scene. After his arrest, Bood told essentially the same story but in more detail. Then he gave the name of the man in the buggy, saying that it was Landrum or Langdon, and that Bill Keyes had been present when they met. In this story, Morgan, Keyes, the stranger, and a woman had gone to get some whiskey while Crumpton waited in the corner of a fence. Keyes returned with the horses, coat, other belongings, and the verbal instructions that Crumpton delivered when he arrived home on Sunday afternoon.

Keyes, at trial, denied having been near where Crumpton, Morgan, and the man in the buggy were supposed to have met. He claimed he knew nothing of the events, saying that he had been picking up pecans with a man named Charley Glass. Glass substantiated Keyes's testimony but was completely confused by the defense lawyer about what had happened on that date regarding Morgan's disappearance, saying several times that that was the day the body was found. He also said that they had spent most of the day picking up pecans, but when asked how many, he replied about a quart.

Defense attorneys Wolfenberger, Neal, and especially W. M. Cravens defended Crumpton diligently, attacked witnesses aggressively, and appeared to punch holes in the prosecution's case, but in the end, it was of no avail. The prosecution called sixteen witnesses and the defense five plus the defendant. A request by defense for additional witnesses was overruled. On June 30, 1890, the jury returned a verdict of guilty. Having received a letter from a dead man, having in his possession exactly the amount and denominations of money loaned to Morgan just before his disappearance, and carrying a Colt revolver that several men identified as belonging to Sam Morgan may have been enough to convince a jury.

On August 2, 1890, Judge Parker passed sentence on Crumpton, but a bill of exception was filed, and the case was appealed to and ruled on by the U.S. Supreme Court. This appears to have been the first case from the U.S. District Court for the Western District of Arkansas to have been heard by the Supreme Court. John Stansberry attempted to appeal to the Supreme Court but failed. On April 24, 1891, Judge Parker sentenced Boudinot Crumpton to hang, and on June 30, 1891, the sentence was accomplished. Crumpton maintained his innocence until the end.

Sources

National Archives; depositions, court transcript and death warrant, The Fort Smith Elevator









THE SOUTHWEST AMERICAN

July-December 1911 by Wincie Hendricks

Abstracted from microfilm in the Fort Smith Public Library.

Editor's note: Most spelling, punctuation and grammar appear as printed in *The Southwest American*.

July 1, 1911

LIVE TOGETHER ONE DAY; SUES

If the allegations made in her petition filed in chancery court Friday be true, Belle Brock had one of the shortest and stormiest honeymoons on record. The plaintiff was married to Thomas A. Brock on March 14, 1905, and they lived together as man and wife just one day. She says that on the day following their marriage her husband got hilariously drunk, cursed and abused her, treated her with inhuman cruelty, offered all sorts of insults and indignities, threatened to kill her, kicked her down a stairway and then deserted her.

She does not know where the defendant now is, but believes he is in Oklahoma. She thinks she is entitled to an absolute divorce and such other relief as to the court may seem just and proper.

July 13, 1911

P. E. McShane of the Arcade dry goods store, accompanied by Mrs. McShane, and Miss May Coulter, head saleslady, and sister Miss Lettie Coulter, left last night for Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Niagara Falls and other northern points. While away Mr. McShane will visit the markets and make selections for the fall and winter stock.

July 15, 1911

'SQUIRE KATE AND THE BALLOT This Excellent Lady Appeals To The Fair Minded People, Particularly The Ladies, To Espouse Her Cause And To Help Her Campaign

'Squire Kate has appealed to the *Southwest American* in her appeal to the good people of Fort Smith, and especially the ladies, to assist her in her campaign. She has arranged for the balloting to open at the Electric park Auditorium July 17 and continue for a week.

While the polls are open the thirst parlors will not be closed, and everything will be done for the comfort of those who vote for her.

'Squire Kate has no use for "blue laws," hobble skirts, harem skirts, or Dr. Mary Walker costumes. She believes in the simple life and the "Golden Rule."

"I am very liberal in my views," said 'Squire Kate to the *Southwest American*. "I believe in equal rights as guaranteed under the Jeffersonian constitution. I am against the suffragette idea, and do not desire to see women voting.

"I want women to remain the queen of the home, and to be loved as she was in days of our great grandparents. I believe like Roosevelt in large families, and I am unalterably opposed to women loving poodle dogs in lieu of husbands and babies.

"Show me a woman who prefers a canine and a childless life to love in a cottage with John and their babies, and I will show you a woman who will frown on man and rant against the simple life of the home.

"These are but a few of the principles that I believe in, but all my convictions are purely American, and I am certain that when the people meet me at Electric park they will accord me their support."

August 17, 1911

ABBOTT ESTATE IS NOW CLOSED Final report of administrator shows Fort Smithian worth close to \$1,000,000—made few unprofitable investments.

Final report in the matter of the estate of W. R. Abbott, the Fort Smith banker, lumberman and



capitalist, was filed by the administrator with the probate court yesterday. The estate, which is one of the largest that has ever figured in the courts of this county or state, according to the reports, show a valuation of \$980,810.46. Of this amount three-fourths consists of stock in the Fort Smith Lumber Company. This stock is valued at \$700,000.

Owing to the extensive houldings of Mr. Abbott the estate has been complicated to a great extent. The report covers fifty typewritten pages and explains more than 1,000 accounts and transactions. It is the most elaborate document ever filed in Sebastian county courts in a case of this nature.

In listing the various stocks held by Mr. Abbott the report says 11,000 shares in an oil and mineral company are worthless, while 500 shares in a company exploiting radium wells and 80 shares held in an immigration company are also held to be worthless.

Despite the immense investments of Mr. Abbott the report reveals him to have been a shrewd investor, as his investments which almost total \$1,000,000. Disclose only about \$10,000 of worthless securities.

September 26, 1911

INSPECT NEW PLAY HOUSE

Fort Smith's Beautiful Theater is thrown open to public—Hundreds take advantage of the occasion—Opening attraction on Friday night.

Some hundreds of Fort Smithians had their first view of the interior of the New theater last night in all its completed attractiveness. It was the second informal house warming," the first having been enjoyed last Saturday night. There were no invitations and no public announcement. The word was just passed around among the subscribers for the first night tickets and they and their families and friends took advantage of the occasion to see something of what is to be their surroundings while enjoying theatrical attractions during the season that is about to open.

Not one thing is wanting to make the New theater everything that a modern play house should be. It is complete in all details, clean as the proverbial pip and ready for the presentation "Third Degree" next Friday night when none save \$10 faces are to compose the swellest audience probably ever assembled in a Fort Smith Theater.

Manager Lick and Assistant Manager Coffey took decided pleasure last night, as they did Saturday night, in pointing out the beauties and modernity of the New theater to the crowds who gave it careful inspection; and in return for the courtesies extended the visitors were lavish with their praise. The house was brilliantly lighted and made cool by the use of two score electric fans.

The seating capacity of the New theater is 1,200. An especially attractive entrance has been constructed from Tenth street, and all the arrangements are so ample and commodious there will be no congestion attending the handling of the crowds. The decorative color scheme is green with just enough ivory and gold effect to give restful tone. The proscenium arch is really a work of high art and in complete harmony with the auditorium features. The New theater will remain dark until Friday night.

October 22, 1911

DUFF-KELLEY WEDDING

The marriage of Miss Nellie Duff and Mr. Neville Kelly was solemnized at the Church of the Immaculate Conception Saturday morning at 9 o'clock, nuptial high mass being celebrated by Rev. Dr. Stocker, pastor of the church, in the presence of a large number of relatives and friends. The sanctuary of the church was beautifully adorned with palms, ferns and cut flowers by the Sisters of Mercy. The choir sang le Hohs mass and Miss Mary Boyd sang Gounod's Ave Marie during the offertory, accompanied Miss Marie DuVal who played Mendelssohn's wedding march as the bridal party entered and left the church.

The bride's gown was of white crepe meteor over messaline with panels and fischue of princess point lace. Her tulle veil was held by lilies of the valley in the form of a mob cap, and fell to the bottom of her train. The bride carried a beautiful pearl rosary, those prayers being appropriate for the month of October.

The bridesmaid, Miss Florence Beckman wore a beautiful gown of white silk voile over messaline with pearl trimmings, she also carried a pearl rosary.

After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served to the bridal party and immediate relatives and in the afternoon a reception was held at the home of the bride where they received congratulations from their numerous friends. During the afternoon several musical numbers were given by Miss Philomene Hook. Miss Johnnie O'Leary, Miss Teresa McManus, Mrs. Whayne, Mrs. Urban Maddenm and Messrs. Lawrence Wallace and Burley Johnston.

Misses Hoerning, Hook and O'Leary greeted the guests in the reception hall and assisting in the dining room were Misses Curtin, Riley, Bryan, Kuper, O'Leary and Mrs. Will Kelly.

The bride and groom left at 6:30 for a short wedding trip visiting the cities of Kansas City, Chicago, St. Louis and Springfield. The bride wore as her traveling gown a beautiful suit of brown with hat, shoes and gloves to match. Mrs. Kelly is a charming and accomplished young lady and very popular among her friends. Mr. Kelly is one



of Fort Smith's promising young men and has hosts of friends

He was attended by Mr. Lawrence Keating. Upon returning they will be at home with the bride's parents at 921 North Fifth street.

November 16, 1911

BOUGHT GREGG PROPERTY Will be converted Into Supply Farm For Goldman Hotel

Mrs. E. B. Wyatt, mother of J. B. Wyatt, proprietor of the Goldman hotel, yesterday purchased through W. H. Marshall the Gregg property near the Electric Park section of Fort Smith. The property consists of a fine brick residence and five and one-half acres of land.

Mr. Wyatt intends to use the property in connection with the Goldman hotel. He will purchase several Jersey cows to supply his hotel with cream, milk and butter. The acreage will be devoted to the growing of all kinds of vegetable and crops as supplies for his guests. He believes that he can make his plan a very successful one. The Gregg property is considered one of the finest in the suburban sections.

December 9, 1911

WILL DEDICATE LOCAL CHURCH Echols Memorial, Gift of Mrs. Echols, Scene of Interesting Ceremony Week From Sunday—Dr. Bagby will Deliver Sermon—Congregations to Unite in Celebration.

Preparations are being made for the dedication of the Echols Memorial Christian church on Sunday, December 17. The new church is nearing completion, and its pastor, the Rev. Howard Peters, is arranging the program for the dedicatory services.

Rev. E. B. Bagby of the First Christian church will preach the sermon at the exercises. A number of visiting Christian church ministers will be here for the occasion. The music will be under the direction of Edwin Schneider, and the choir of the First Christian church. The First church will not hold services at that time so as to give the congregation a chance to take part in the dedication.

Rev. Mr. Peters, who is to be the pastor of the new church, was formerly pastor of the First Christian church at Mammoth Springs, Ark. There is no congregation at present, and the church will not be organized until the morning of the dedication.

The structure is the gift of Mrs. William J. Echols, and is built of stone and brick. It will be a welcome addition to Fort Smith's list of fine and costly churches.



Looking for a perfect gift for local history fans you know?

Give them a gift subscription to *The Journal of the Fort Smith Historical Society*.

They will love you — and *The Journal*.









Book Review



Author Russell M. Lawson teaches history at Bacone College in Muskogee, Oklahoma, very near the Three Forks, which provides part of the setting for this wonderfully detailed narrative of landforms, natural vegetation, and waterways in early nineteenth century Arkansas and Oklahoma.

Mr. Lawson organized his narrative around the various and far flung travels of Thomas Nuttall, an Englishborn scientist who just could not satisfy his curiosity enough about the natural history of America. Nuttall took trips of discovery in 1810, 1811, 1815, 1818, and 1819 from the Great Lakes to the upper Mississippi, out the Missouri River, over the Cumberland Gap, and in 1819

The Land Between the Rivers: Thomas Nuttall's Ascent of the Arkansas, 1819

By Russell M. Lawson University of Michigan Press, 2004 Ann Arbor, Michigan 152 pp. indexed, map \$27.50

he mostly walked across Pennsylvania en route to the Arkansas River.

Nuttall was thirty-two when he purchased a skiff in Pittsburgh to start a trip down the Ohio. He ended up pulling his flat boat, purchased in Cincinnati, through the White River Bayou in January to reach Arkansas Post. By April, he was sojourning in Fort Smith, a guest and companion of the post surgeon, Dr. Thomas Russell. This is the stuff of great adventure. Nuttall, slight, studious, absent-minded, and weaponless

doesn't necessary fit the stereotype for frontiersmen who had to contend with a rugged environment and suspicious if not downright hostile people who might be encountered.

Those typical frontiersmen could and would be happy with an uneventful day, a full stomach, and an untroubled nights' sleep in a warm bed. Not Nuttall. He wanted to "botanize" almost every step of the way and in so doing contributed as much to the burgeoning scientific knowledge of the Louisiana Purchase Territory as did any other scientist.

Lawson's fascinating account of Nuttall and others with whom he associated was made possible because the author himself is encyclopedically educated in the natural history of the Land Between the Rivers (the Arkansas and the Red). Lawson in spending many a day and night on foot inspecting the same ground as did Nuttall honed the grassroots historian's knack of placing himself back in the setting of which he writes. In this reviewer's opinion, the author accurately gauges the reactions and responses to the rough and ready conditions that existed on the southwest frontier as experienced by Nuttall and his guide through the backwaters of Indian Territory, the redoubtable Mr. Lee. Pick up this book and read it. It will inspire and elucidate you beyond what you might expect.

Billy D. Higgins Associate Professor of History UA Fort Smith

Letters From Readers

Inquiries will be published in the *Journal* as space allows and should include the following:

- Your full name and address
- Full name of ancestor about whom you desire information
- Definite time period (birth, marriage or death date, or date appearing in a certain record at a definite time period.)
- ❖ Specific place of residence at a certain time period.
- State the relationships (names of parents, names of children, names of brothers and sisters, or in-laws.)

Material should be submitted using word-

processing programs supported by Windows. Do not abbreviate any words; put all surnames in capital letters; capitalize only the first letter of given names and places; write dates as follows (Day, Month, Year, example: 25 January 1978.)

Suggestions for Submission of Articles

We welcome the submission of articles, previously unpublished, covering significant historical events and persons in the Fort Smith and surrounding area. Manuscripts, including quotations and footnotes, must be double-spaced, using *The Chicago Manual of Style* (University of Chicago Press). Footnotes should be numbered

48

consecutively in the text, assembled at the end of the article, along with a list of any additional sources. The author's name, address, phone number and email address should appear only on the title page. Manuscripts may be submitted on CD disks, using word-processing programs supported by Windows. Photographs should be submitted in digital format.

All correspondence and manuscripts should be submitted to:

Managing Editors

The Journal of the Fort Smith Historical Society
P.O. Box 3676
Fort Smith, AR 72913-3676.

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Index

NOTES:

some sort of graphic is used, other than a portrait.

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

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

---" - for nickname or special emphasis.

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

(gp) - group picture

(pc) - postcard

black bear killing, 37 "blue laws," 45 "Dutchman's wife," 43 goat cart, 38* pet raccoon, 38 "Third Degree," 46 \$1,000,000, 45

Abbott Estate, 45 Abbott, W. R., 45, 46 Adolphus Hotel, 25 "Affirmation in the Face of Adversity," 19-20 "After You've Gone," 25 Afton, Oklahoma, 15 African Americans, 18-20, 21-28 Akins, Jerry, 43 Allen, Abe, 11 Alphonso Trent Memorial Jazz Jam, 2 "Alphonso Trent—One of the Best," 21 Alphonso Trent Orchestra, 24*-25 America, 18 Ancestry.com, 16 Andrews, Jake, 14 Andrews, William, 14 Arbeka, Oklahoma, 11 Arcade dry goods store, 45 Arkansas Community Foundation, 2 Arkansas Department of Heritage, 5 Arkansas Historical Association, Arkansas Historical Quarterly, Arkansas Humanities Council, 4 Arkansas River, 43, 48 Arkansas River Valley Historical Society Hall of Fame, 42 Armstrong, Louis, 25

_

Bacone College, 48

Armstrong, Roger, 2

Ashton, William, 11

Austin, Texas, 16, 28

Autolife.umd.umich.edu

Bagby, Dr., 13 Bagby, Rev. E. B., 47 Bagley, Al, 8 Bailey Hill Boys, 31, 32 Baker, Alice, 30 Baker, Mary Elizabeth, 7 Baldwin, Cecila Ann (Annie), 36 Baldwin, Thurman "Skeeter," 13 Bantu, 18 Barbed Wire Publishing, 16 Barger, Carole, 4 Barger, Floyd, 31 Barnes, Dorthula "Kink," 40 Basie, Count, 25 Basin Park Hotel, 22 Bass Reeves Legacy Initiative, 19 Bates, William H., 9 Bearden, Romare, 20 Beckman, Miss Florence, 46 Beebe, Mike, (gp) 5* Bell, Harvey (Smith), 10 Bell, Sewell, 9 Belle Point, 2 Belle Point School, 31 Belzoni, Mississippi, 28 Ben Alexander's Hollywood Ford, 17 Bennington, 38 Benslay, W. H., 14 Benton County, Arkansas, 7 Bentonville, Arkansas, 10 Beran, Janis, (gp) 5* Beran, Paul, (gp) 5* Bercher, Caroline, (gp) 5* Big Creek, 11 Birkett, Jim, 11 Bishop, Robert, 15 "Black and Blue Rhapsody," Black Heritage, 19 Black, Red, and Deadly, 13, "Black Wall Street." 22 Black Wall Street: From Riot to Renaissance in Tulsa's Historic Greenwood District, 28 Blackard, Oscar, 11 Blackard, Tol, 11

Blood in Their Eyes: The

Elaine Race Massacre of 1919, 28 Bolin, Louis, 21 Bonneville, General Benjamin, 3 Boone, James, 31, 32 Boreham Library, 20, 21* Bowers, Joe, 10-11 Bowman, Wes, 11 Bowsman, Tom, 16 Boyd, Miss Mary, 46 Bozeman, Frank, 14 Bradford, Major William, 3 Bradley, Samuel Carle, 7 Bradley, Sarah Ann Laura (Bruner), 7, 12 Braggs, Oklahoma, 13 Bridges, Piney, 21 Bright, William, 8 Brizzolara, (U.S. Commissioner) James, 16 Brock, Belle, 45 Brock, Thomas A., 45 Brough, (Governor) Charles Hillman, 22 Brown, Hog, 11 Brown, James, 27 Brown, John, 8-9, 10-14, 17, 19-20 Brown, Lemis, 16 Brown, Sam, 15 Bruner, Albert "Wood" Woodruff, 7-8, 16 Bruner, Marshal C. A., 9 Bruner, Eli Hickman "Heck," 6-16 Bruner, Eli Woodruff, 6-7 Bruner, Henry (D. Jackson), 12 Bruner, James, 16 Bruner, Joseph Hickman, 7* Bruner, Mary Elizabeth "Polly" Collins, 6-7 Bruner, Mary Pearl, 7* Bruner, Ralph Woodruff, 7* "Bruner's Graveyard," 16 Brunswick Label, 25 Bryan, Miss, 46 Burris, Bood, see Crumpton, Boudinot Burris, William, 43

-c-

Calhoun, Oklahoma, 38, 40 Calloway, Cab, 25 Camp Chaffee Canada, 25 Carson, James (Jim), 13 Casever, Joe, 12 Catoosa, Oklahoma, 13 Cavanal Mountain, 38 Chamber, Wiley, 11 Chandler, Oklahoma, 13 Checotah, Oklahoma, 12 Che-ne-chis-che, 12 Cherokee, 41, 43 Cherokee Bill, 13, 15 Cherokee Nation, 5, 8, 15 Chevrolet Corvair, 17, 18 Chicago, Illinois, 22, 45, 46 Choctaw Nation, 5, 38, 41 Chosen Reservoir, North Korea, 30, 32 Chouteau, Ben, 11 Chouteau, Oklahoma, 13 Christian, Charlie, 25 Christie, Ned, 10-11 Civil Rights, 18 Civil Rights Act, 24 Civil War, 3, 5, 24 Claremore, Oklahoma, 11, 13 Clark, Chester, 25 Clark, Mr., 15 Clark, William, 11 Clayland, Harvey, 11 Clayton, Florence, 3 Clayton, William Henry Harrison, 3 "Clementine," 25 Cleveland, Ohio, 26 Cline, George, 14 Coffey, Mr., 46 Coffeyville, Kansas, 11 Colbert, Fred, 16 Cold Water Dog, 2 Coleman, Jack, 31 Collins, Albert Woodruff, 7 Collins, Christopher Columbus, 7 Collins, David, 7 Collins, Elizabeth Ellen, 7 Collins, Georgia Ann, 7 Collins, James Finley Collins, Mariah Emma, 7

Collins, Olive Molly, 7

-B-

48

Burt, Bill, 44

Burton, Art, 13, 16

Busby, Sheppard, 6



Colquitt, Richard, 44 Colt revolver, 44 Columbus, Ohio, 21 "Comic Dictionary," 17 Connelley, Barney, 6, 10 Coody Creek, 43 Cook, Bill, 13 Cook, George W., 8 Cooke, Admiral Charles "Savvy," 3 Copeland, Charley, 9-11 Coretta, Oklahoma, 12-13 Coulter, Lettie, 45 Coulter, May, 45 Craig, Jim (James), 8-10 Cravens, W. M., 44 Creek Nation, 24 Creekmore, Milo, 10 Crook (e), Eugene, 22, 25 Crump, (U.S. Marshal), 15 Crumpton, Boudinot, 43-44 Cumberland Gap, 48 Curtin, Miss, 46

-D-

Dallas, Texas, 8, 24-26 Darby Junior High, 30 Davis, Dennis, 15 Davis, James, 43, 44 Dayson, Curtis, 13 Deadly Affrays: The Violent Deaths of the U.S. Marshals, 6, 9, 16 Deadwood, South Dakota, Dean, George J., 21 Department of Sanitation, 19 Deputybassreeves.com, 19 Dickson, Mr. 12 Dodson Avenue Pharmacy, 31 Doshier, Joseph Stephen Doshier, Thomas, 41 Doshier, Zelma (see Worley, Zelma Doshier) Doshier, Zilpha, 38 Douthitt, Dink, 11 Drennen, John, 5 Drennen-Scott Historic Museum, 3, 5* Duncan, Kirk, 16 Dunn, Eddie, 3 Duff, Miss Nellie, 46 Dye, David, 10-11

-E-

Eakin, Press, 16, 28 Eberle, Admiral Edward Walter, 3 Echols Memorial Christian Church, 47 Echols, Mrs. William J., 47 Edelblude, Lem, 14 Edison, Harry, 25

Edna, Kansas, 16 Edwards Funeral Home, 29 El Dorado, Arkansas, 25 Elaine Massacre, 22 "Elaine Massacre," 28 Electric Park Auditorium, 45 Ellington, Duke, 25-26 Ellis, Bill, 13 Ellis, Sophonia, 21 Ellison, Ralph, 26 Elm Grove, 27 Encyclopedia of Arkansas History & Culture, 28 Eoff, R. Campbell, 15 Ernst, Macy, 7 Ernst, Robert, 6-7#, 8#, 16 Ernst, Tanner, 7 Ernst, Tracy, 6-7 Eureka Springs, Arkansas,

-F-

Fairland, Oklahoma, 14

Fayetteville, Arkansas, 28

Facebook, 3

Federal Gold Reserve Act, 26 Fielding, John, 22 Fields, John, 10 Fielsing, John, 25 First Christian Church, 47 First Christian Church, Mammoth Springs, Arkansas, 47 Fitzjarrald, Sarah, 21, 28 Fixin, Dave, 14 Floyd, (Charles) Pretty Boy, 42 Fort Albert Pike, 22 Fort Gibson, 12-13 Fort Lawton, Washington, 32 Fort Riley, Kansas, 32 Fort Scott, 11, 14 Fort Smith Area Community Foundation, 2 Fort Smith, Arkansas, 2, 3, 4, 6-16, 19-20, 21-24, 26-28, 38, 42 Fort Smith Elevator, 9, 12, 16, 44 Fort Smith High School, 2 Fort Smith Historical Society, 2, 3-4, 28 Fort Smith Lumber Company, 46 Fort Smith Museum of History, 3, 23*, 27* Fort Smith National Cemetery, 3 Fort Smith National Historic Site, 2 Fort Smith Public Library, 2, 41.45 Fort Smith Round Table, 20 Fort Smith Sanitation

Department, 20
Fort Smith Social Studies
Educators, 43
Fort Sumner, New Mexico,
13
Fort Worth Regional
Archives, 16
Fortner, Dr., 13
French, 21
French, Jim, 13
"Frompin' in the Great Plains
Listening and Dancing
to the Jazz Orchestras of
Alphonso Trent 19251944," 28

-G-

Gamble, Callie (Still), 8 Garfield, Cherokee Nation, Gennett Company, 25 Georgia, 43 German, 21 "Gilded Kisses," 25 Giving Tree Grant, 2 Glass, Charley, 44 Godley, A. G., 25 Godt Brothers Drug Store, Golden Goose, 3 Goldman Hotel, 47 Goldsby, Crawford 'Cherokee Bill," 13, 15 Gordon, Lon, 13 Grand River, 6, 12, 14 Great Depression, 26-27 Great Lakes, 48 Great Plains, 26 Great Plains Quarterly, 28 Green, Vernon H., 24, 28 Greene, Edward, 21 Greene, Exie, 21 Gregg property, 47 Griffin, Homer, 22 Grove, Oklahoma, 14 Groundhog, Thomas, 8 Gulf of Mexico, 40 Guthrie, Oklahoma, 11

-H-

Hagaru-ri, Korea, 32
Halleck, Ralph, 11
Hamilton, Frank, 9
Hammett, James (E. Jones), 12
Hampton, Wakoo, 8-9
Hampton, Watt, 9
Hancock, Granville, 21
Hangin' Times in Fort Smith, 16
Hardin, Bob, 11
Hardwood Tree Museum, 42
Hare, Dan, 14
Harlem, New York, 24

Harnage's, 44 Harper, Alice, 39 Harper, Elsie "Doodle," 39 Harper, Tag, 39 Harriman, Morril, (gp) 5* Harris, Mrs., 43, 44 Harris-Winton, Euba, 27-28 "Heck Bruner Was the Nemesis of Outlaws," 16 Helmick, Mr. 12 Helena, Arkansas, 22 Hendricks, Wincie, 45 Hess, Tim, 29 Higgins, Billy D., 48 Hilliard, Lee, 25 Historic Arkansas Museum, History of Black Churches in Fort Smith, 2 History of Jazz, 28 HIstorytellers, 3-4 Hitchcock, Annie, 9 Hitchcock, Brown, 9 Hoerning, Miss, 46 Holland, Peanuts, 25 Holland, Dr. Thomas D., 35 Hollywood Club, 26 Holzbauer, Dorothy, 16 Hook, Miss Philomene, 46 Hoop Spur Church, 22 Hope, Birdie, 21 Houston, Sam, 5 Houston, Sequoyah, 13 Howard High School, 21 Hughes, Fayette, 8

-1-

Immaculate Conception Church, 46 Immanuel Baptist Church, 30 Indian Territory, 6, 11-12, 14, 43 Indianapolis, Indiana, 22 Ingram, Dave, 9 insane asylum, 43 Isbell, L. P., 10 "I've Found a New Baby," 25

J

Jackson, Robert "Eppie," 25 Jasper, Indiana, 7 Jefferson, George, 11 JFK's funeral, 17 Jeter, James, 22, 25 Johnson, Bud, 26 Johnson, Hannibal B., 28 Johnson, J., 14 Johnson, Jo, 11 Johnson, John, 11 Johnson, Solomon, 9 Johnson, Tom, 11 Johnston, Burley, 46





Joint POW/MIA Accounting Command, 34 Jones, Daniel V., 14 Jones, David, 8 Jones, Harry, 22 Jones, William (Bill Butcher), 12 Josenberger's Hall, 27 Journal, 4, 28 Judge Isaac C. Parker's Courthouse

-K-

Kansas City, 46 Karenga, Dr. Maulana, 18 Keating, Larry, 15 Keating, Lawrence, 47 Kellough, (Sergeant) Henry Wesley, 17*, 18*. Kelly, Mrs. Will, 46 Kelly, Neville, 46 Kenney, Lincoln, 14 Kerr Museum, 41 Keyes, Bill, 44 Kline, Bobby, 31 Knight, Ben, 9, 11 Knoxville, Tennessee, 22 Korea, 32 Kuper, Miss, 46 Kwanzaa, 18

-L-

Lakota Tribe, 26 Lamb, Charles, 8-9 Land Between the Rivers, 48 Las Cruces, New Mexico, 16 Lauds, Marine Commandant fn, 35 "Lawrence of Arabia," 17 Lawrence, Jacob, 20 Lawson, James, 43, 44 Lawson, George, 15 Lawson, Joe, 43, 44 Lawson, John, 43, 44 Lawson, Kaia, 1 Lawson, Russell M., 48 Lee, Mr., 48 LeFlore County, Oklahoma, 37, 38, 40 Lenian, Mose, 8 Lonoke, Oklahoma, 16 Los Angeles, California, 17.18 Los Angeles Police Department (LAPD), 17-18, 20 Los Angeles Police Department Medal of Valor, 17, 18 Los Angeles Times, 17, 18, 20 "Louder and Funnier," 25 Lick, Mr., 46 "Lillies of the Field," 17, 18

Lincoln Alumni Assoc.
Souvenir Program, 28
Lincoln Echo Newspaper, 3
Lincoln High School, 21, 28
The Lincolnite, 28
Lingo, James, 12
Little Rock, Arkansas, 5, 22
Longview, Texas, 22
Louisiana Purchase, 3
Louisiana Purchase Territory, 48
Lutz, W. B., 11

-M-

Madden, Mrs. Urban, 46

Mahara, Jack, 12 Maher, Daniel R., 17, 20 Manley, Earlton Batles, 3 Manus, Sam, 9 Maples, Marshal Dan, 10-11 Maples, Sam, 11 Marauders of the Indian Nations: The Bill Cook Gang and Cherokee Bill, 16 Marchant, Dock, 32 Marchant, Emma Mayberry, 33, 34 Marcum, George, 11 Marietta, Oklahoma, 12 Market Basket, 17 Marshall, W. H., 47 Martin City, Indiana, 6-7 Martin, Harry, 16 Mathews, Burke, 14 Mayberry, Alice Baker, 29-35 Mayberry, Emma Mae Degen, 30 Mayberry, Jerry (J. C.), 30-35 Mayberry, Jerry Thomas, 30 Mayberry, Johnny Herbert, 29-35* Mayberry, Johnny Herbert, DNA, 34 Mayberry, Johnny Herbert, remains, 34 Mayberry, Ruby, 30 McConnell, Isaac, 14 McConnell, William, 15 McGill, George, 2* McElvaney, John, 11 McManus, Miss Teresa, 46 McShane, Mrs., 45 McShane, P. E., 45 McWilliams, Sam "Verdigris Kid," 13 Melton, Ernest, 15 Mercer County, Missouri, 6 Mexican War, 5 Miami, Oklahoma, 14 Miller, Lelia, 21 Mills, Enos, 11

MINK (Minnesota, Iowa,

Nebraska, Kansas), 25 Mir, Joan, 20 Miró, Joan, 20 Mississippi River, 22, 48 Mitchell, Brooks, 22 Model A Ford, 40 Model T Ford, 42 Monroe, Robert, 43, 44 Moore, Joseph, 16 Morgan, Samson Monroe "Sam," 43-44 Morris, G. N., 11 Morrison, S., 14 Morton, Walter, 33 Mosley, Leo "Snub," 22-23 Mother Earth Community Garden, 28 Mound Valley, Kansas, 11 Myers Sr., M. D. Ronald V., 2 Munson, Henry, 13 "Murder Indictment 40," 16 Muskogee, Oklahoma, 6, 11, 13, 22, 24, 48 Myers, Dr. Ronald, M. D.,

-N-

NASA, 42 National Archives, 44 National Park Service, 2 Native Americans, 26 Neal, Defense Attorney, 44 Negro Motorist Green Book: An International Travel Guide, 23*-24, 28 "Negro Schools of Fort Smith," 28 Negros, 26 Neiman, Leroy, 20 New Theater, 46 New York, 28, 45 New York Times, 28 Niagara Falls, 45 "Nightmare," 25 Nkokheli, Tokunboh-Baridi, 17-20* Norms Fugueroa, 17 Northern District of Indian Territory, 6, 8 Nowata, Oklahoma, 13 Nuttall, Thomas, 48

-0-

Ohio State University, 21 Oklahoma, 45 Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, 16, 26 Okmulgee, Oklahoma, 13, 15 Old George Cemetery, 7 O'Leary, Miss Johnnie, 46 Ollie, George Jr., 40 Ollie, Sy, 38, 40 Olney, (U.S. Attorney General) Richard, 16 Omaha, Nebraska, 22 Onalis, Tom, 15 Oral History Project, 3 The Organization US, 18 Oswego, Kansas, 16 Oxford University Press, 28

-P-

Page, Sarah, 22

Page, Sid, 40 Pan-Africanist, 18 Panama, Oklahoma, 40 Parker, Eli, 10 Parker, Judge Isaac C., 3, 9, 15-16, 21, 44 Parker, Tommy, 15 Parrish, Sam C. "Cat," 10 Patterson, Paula, 28 Pawnee Agency, 43 Peagues, Hazel D., 28 Pebley Center, 20, 21* Peel, J. M., 11 Peters, Rev. Howard, 47 Peterson, Steve, 29 Pharris, Will, 13 Phillips County, Arkansas, 22 Pike, Albert, 5 Pillars, Charles, 25 Plantation Club, 26 Poitier, Sidney, 18 Polk, Frank, 11 Poorboy, Josiah, 8-9 Poteau, Oklahoma, 38, 39 cap., 40, 41, 42 Pough, Dale, 31 Progressive Farmers and Household Union, 22 Pryor Creek, 11, 14

-Q-

Punchbowl Cemetery, 34

Quinn Band, 22

-R-

Randolph, Irving, 25 Ratteree, Coon, 11 Rattlingourd, Jim, 8 Red Fork, Oklahoma, 13, 15 Red River, 48 Reed, Ed. 14 Reeves, Bass, 19 Republic of Drivers: A Cultural History of Automobiles in America, 23, 28 Rice, Marc, 26 Richmond, Indiana, 25 Ridenhour, Sam, 14 Riley, H. K., 10 Riley, J. M., 14 Riley, Miss, 46







Rinne, Dr. Henry, 22, 26, 28 Rippy, Silas C., 10 Ritz Hotel, 26 Roach, John, 8-9 "Robbers Cave," 16 Roberts, Bud, 11 Robinson, Hank, 10 Rogers, Bob, 11 Rogers, Frank, 11 Rogers, Ike, 13 Rogers, Captain John, 3 Rogers, Sam, 11 Rogers, Will, 42 Rosewood, Florida, 22 Ross, Chief John, 5 Rowe, D. C. "Cul," 14 Rowland, Dick, 22 Rusk, Dave, 10-11 Russell, Dr. Thomas, 48

-s-

Saline, Oklahoma, 15

Salmon, John, 10 San Bernardino Freeway, 18 "Saturday Nite," 28 Scarlet Mask, 16 Schneider, Edwin, 47 Schuller, Gunther, 25, 28 Scott, Chester Arthur, 7 Scott, Laura Vivian, 7 Sebastian County, Arkansas, Seiler, Cotton, 22, 28 Sengel, George, 3 Shirley, Glenn, 16 Shirley, Judge L. W., 8-9 Shady Point, Oklahoma, 38, 42 short and stormy honeymoon, 45 "Short History of the Alphonso Trent Orchestra," 22, 28 Shorter College, 22 Sigman, R. C. "Roy," 31 silk stockings, 40 Siloam Springs, Arkansas, 6, 7, 11 Simpson, Betty, 7 Simpson, Nancy, 7 Singleton, Neil, 40 Sisters of Mercy, 46 Skullyville District, 38 Smith, Bill, 11, 13 Smith, Frank, 13 Smith, Henry, 22 Smith, J. J., 14 Smith, Leo "Stuff," 25 Smith, W. C., 11 Smithsonian Institute, 42 Snyder, Jess, 13 Soudhash, Janice Worley, 42 Soudhash, Martin, 42 Southwest American, 45-47 Spavinaw, Oklahoma, 14-15

Spears, (Chancery Judge) Jim, 19 Springfield, Missouri, 46 Squire Kate, 45 "St. James Infirmary," 25 St. Louis, Missouri, 21, 45, 46 St. Paul's A.M.E. Church, 21 Standiford, J. F., 7 Stansberry, John, 44 Starr, Belle, 14 Starr, Henry, 15 Stavnitzky, Paul Michael, 33 Stem Beach Resort, 22 Sterling Todd's Rose City Orchestra, 22 Stocker, Rev. Dr., 46 Stockton, George, 15 Stockley, Grif, 28 suffragette, 45 Summers, Joe, 8 Sutter, Oklahoma, 38, 40 Swahili, 18 Swayzee, Edwin, 22 Swing Era: The

-T-

Development of Jazz

1931-1945, 25, 28

Synco Six, 22

Tagg, Jeter, 14 Tagg, Sam, 14 Talala, Oklahoma, 13 Tahleguah Cherokee Advocate, 16 Tahlequah, Oklahoma, 11, 43 Taney County, Missouri, 7 Tanning, James, 8 Tatum, William, 9 Taylor, C. E., 12 Taylor, Zachery, 5 Teal, G. W., 14 Territory Band, 24-25 Texas Rangers, 13 Thanksgiving, 17, 18 Thomas, Heck, 10 Thompson, Albert, 9 Thompson, Thomas (Toosharp), 8 Thompson, W. G., 11 Thornton, Jim, 9 Three Forks, 48 Tidwell and Young Tailor Shop, 39* Tolbert, John, 11 Tolbert, Paden, 11 Topeka, Kansas, 14 Trail of Tears, 5 Trainer, Bud, 10 Trent, Alphonso "Phonnie," 21*-26, 27*-28 Trent, (Professor) E. O., 21, 27 Trent, Essie Mae, 21, 26, 27*-28

Trent Fountainette, 27
Trent, Hattie S. (Smith), 21
Triplett, John, 8
Trombley, Fred, 11
True West Magazine, 16
Tulsa, Oklahoma, 11, 22
Turley, James W., 13
Turner, Charles, 13
Turner, Dynamite Jack, 11
Turner, Ike, 27
Turner, Judge Jesse, 5
Turner, Jim (Kiowa), 11
Turner, Tina, 27
Turpin, Bob, 16
Tyrannosaurus Chicken, 2

-U-

U.S. Air Force, 18 U.S. Army, 22 U.S. Census, 16 U.S. District Court for Western District of Arkansas, 44 U.S. Supreme Court, 44 U.S. v. John Brown, 16 UAFS History Department, 4 Udall, Kansas, 11 Underground Railroad, 5 United States, 22 University of Arkansas at Fort Smith, 3, 5, 19-20, 21*, 48 University of Arkansas Press, 28 University of Chicago Press,

-v-

University of Michigan, 28

Van, Jesse, 10 Van Buren, Arkansas, 5 Vann, William, 15 Veteran's Administration, 34 Victor H. Green and Co. Publishers, 28 Vines, Bill, 31 The Vinita Indian Chieftain, 13, 16 Vinita, Oklahoma, 8*, 11-12, 14, 16 VSA (Virginia, South Carolina, Alabama), 25

-W-

Wagoner, Oklahoma, 11-12, 14, 16
Walker, Dick, 8
Walker, Dr. Mary, 45
Wallace, Lawrence, 46
Wallace, Ray, (gp) 5*
Walton-Raji, Angela, (gp) 5*
Washington, D. C., 22
Wasson, Jeff, 2

Wetumpka, Oklahoma, 15 Wesson, Will, 15 West, Albert, 15 West, Bill, 14 West, Dode, 8 Western District of Arkansas, 6 8 16 WFAA, 25 Whayne, Mrs., 46 White, Gideon S., 8, 11 Whitehead, Marshal Thomas, 8-9 Wichita Falls, Texas, 13 Wild West Magazine, 16 Wiley, W. O., 21 Williams, M. R., 16 Williams, Robert, 9 Willis, Kevin, 3 Wilson, Gus, 25 Wilson, (Deputy U.S. Marshal) Floyd, 15 Winding Stair Mountain, 37, 42 Wing, Tom, (gp) 5* Wister, Oklahoma, 40, 42 Wolf, Arch, 11 Wolfenberger, Defense Attorney, 44 Wood, Bob, 8 Woodman, Albert, 14 Woodson, Dr. Earl, 38 World War I. 22 World War II, 26 Worley, Bob Coyal, 36 (gp) 36-41*, 42 Worley, Carl, 38* Worley, James (Grandpa), 36, 37, 42 Worley, Janice Wilburta, see Soudhash, Janice Worley, Jay, 39 Worley, Jerry Wilburn, 38 Worley, Lillian, 37 Worley, Marvin Elmer, 36, 37*, 38, 39*, 40, 42 Worley, Marvin Steve, 36 (gp), 38, 42 Worley, Mary, 42 Worley, Oscar, 37, 38* Worley, Rob Troyal, 36 (gp), 36-42*

-Y-

Worley, Zelma Doshier, 37*,

Yell County, 36, 37 Yoes, Jacob, 6

Worley, Susan, 38

Wortman, Henry, 16

Wyatt, Mrs. E. B., 47

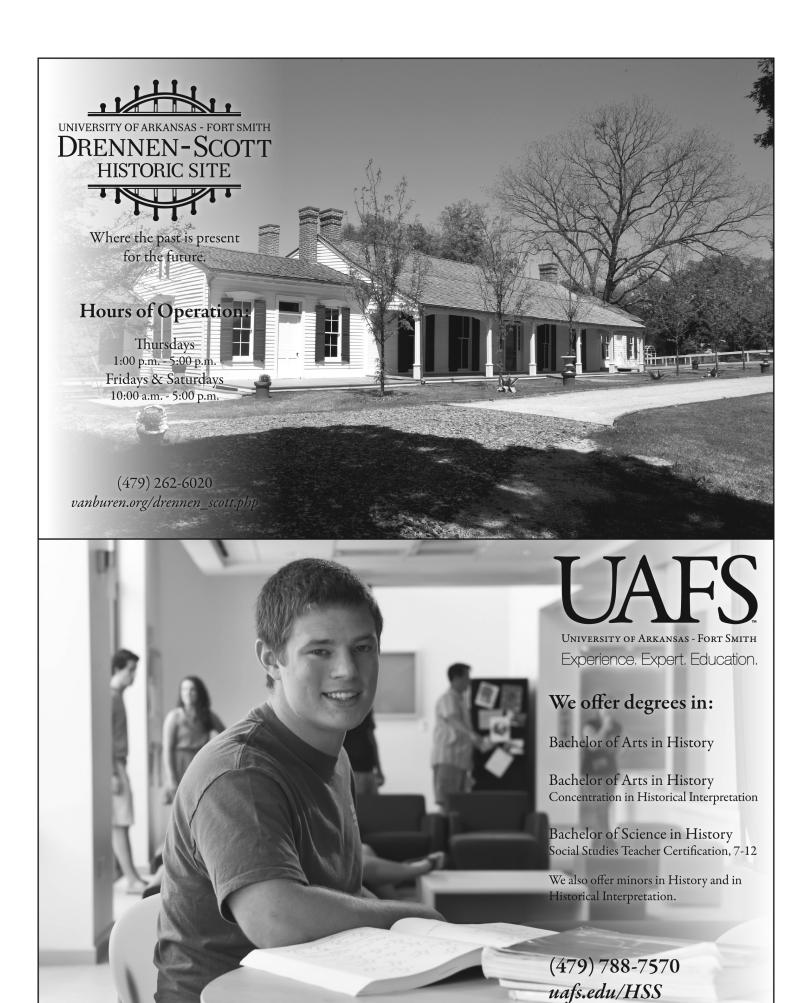
38, 41, 42

Wyatt, J. B., 47

-Z-

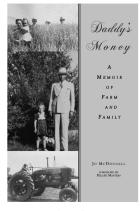
Zeanshine, George, 10







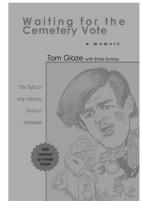
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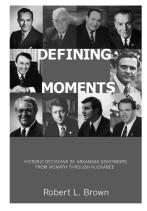
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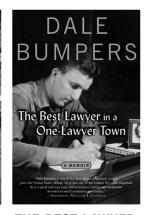
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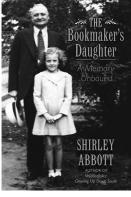
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