



## Wagon Wheels Digital Edition

*Wagon Wheels* is a historical and genealogical magazine that was published by the Logan County (Arkansas) Historical Society (LCHS) between the years 1980 and 2009. In its early years, it was a quarterly publication, but as time went on some issues were combined, and so later volumes may contain three, two, or even only a single issue. Publication of the magazine was interrupted in 1987 while the society was focused on putting together the book *Logan County, Arkansas: Its History and Its People*, so there is no Volume 7. A total of 83 issues were produced during its 29-year history.

The material in the publication is the product of the society's dedicated membership and comes from many sources. Some material is based on careful research of public and private records and publications. Other material is based on personal interviews and recollections. When the Society disbanded in 2009, the remaining printed issues, as well as research and production materials, were turned over to the Logan County Museum Association (LCMA), which to this day manages the collection. It should be noted that, just as the LCHS had done, the LCMA assumes no responsibility for the accuracy the material presented.

Since the publication originated in the 'pre-digital' era, only the later issues made use of this technology, and so creating this digital edition presented a number of challenges. Only nine issues existed as digital publications, either as Microsoft Publisher or Word Perfect files. These had to be carefully edited as major type reflows occurred. Efforts were made to match printed copies as closely as possible, and then PDFs were output. For all other issues, precious little 'camera-ready art' or original material remained, so the only option was to scan existing copies. The guiding principle in this effort was not to try to capture and reproduce an exact image of each page of each publication as one would some historical document like the Declaration of Independence, but to optimize the presentation of the content. Due to the various printing technologies that were used over the years, the quality of the final result was often less than perfect. Pages were scanned in grayscale mode at 600dpi. Care was taken in the editing of each scan to enhance both type and image quality. Type and line drawings were reproduced as 600dpi bitmap files, while photographic images were edited to maximize their density range and were converted to 175dpi grayscale files. In some cases where digital files existed for particular images, they were substituted. All edited files were placed in InDesign documents, and PDFs were output. Optical Character Recognition (OCR) was performed on the PDFs, so that the text is searchable. In addition, all documents were searched for references to corrections that should be made to earlier issues. When these were found, sticky notes were applied to the text in question, detailing the changes to be made.

For more information, or to obtain printed copies of *Wagon Wheels*, contact:

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WINTER 1983

Logan County Historical Society

# WAGON WHEELS



1924 ARBOR CHURCH MEETING

FROM THE EDITORS:

*In previous issues of the Wagon Wheels we have introduced you to officers of the Logan County Historical Society; President Patricia Curry and Vice-President Dr. James Smith. This issue we would like to introduce our Treasurer, Mr. Paul Geels. Mr. Geels is a charter member of the society and has served as Treasurer from the time it was organized. This introduction was written by Sister Benita Wewers.*

On May 7, 1907, a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Barney Geels at Morrison Bluff, Arkansas. He was christened with the name Paul. As a "lad", according to his parents, he was very attentive to the needs of his family.

Mr. Geels received his elementary school at Morrison Bluff and high school at Scranton and Subiaco College. During these early school years much work was demanded at home and in the fields to help support the family.

After the school years there were a few more years with his parents on the farm. At the age of 23 Paul was volunteered by his father to assist his aunt, Mrs. John Ashour, at her mercantile store, due to the accidental death of Mr. Ashour on August 2, 1930.

His assignment became permanent and after seven years Paul and his brother, Martin, purchased the Ashour Estate business.

Paul married Magdalen Wewers on January 20, 1931. Their marriage was blessed with seven children, namely; Patricia, Fabian, Daniel, Theresa, James, Gerald and Carol. After they received their education, all were married except Carol. They have been blessed with sizeable families and respectable jobs.

The Geels brothers encountered many obstacles in their business during the lean years after the 1929 crash and the shortages during World War II. Their medium of exchange for several years were principally cream, eggs, poultry, cured meat and seeds, as there was a great shortage of money.



*Paul and Magdalen Geels*

# WAGON WHEELS

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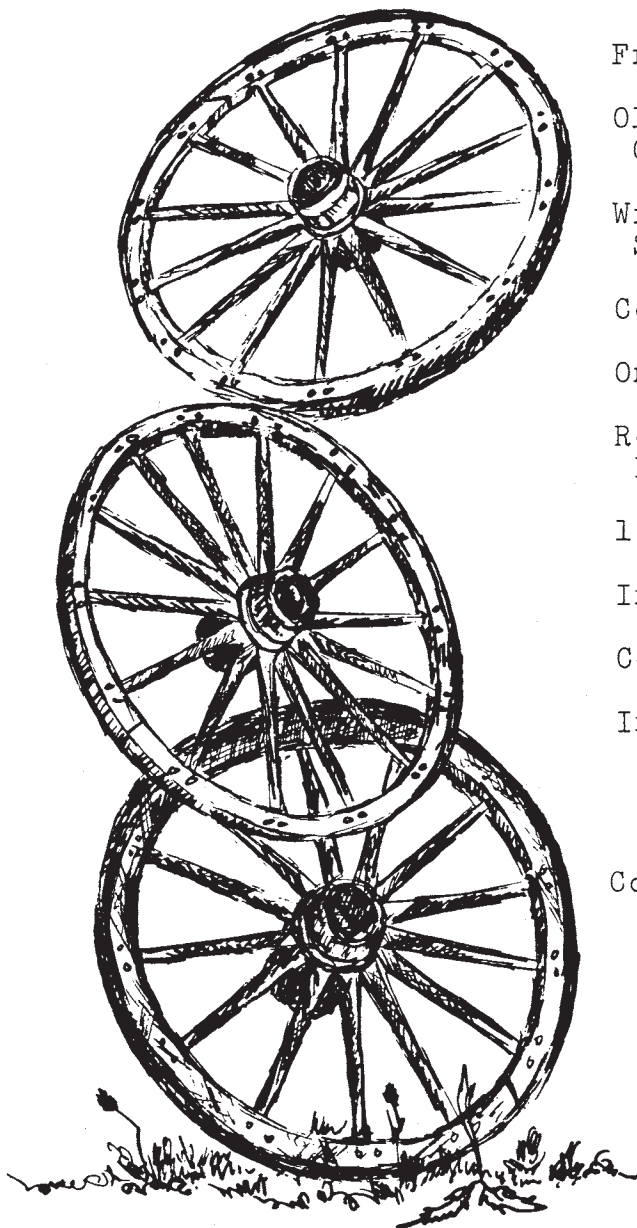
DISTRIBUTION

Paul Geels

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Cover Photo: This photo is of  
a Brush Arbor Church Meeting  
at Crossroads in 1924.



## FROM THE EDITORS (Continued)

During these years Paul served on various boards and commissions in our county, such as the Library Board for 25 years; served on the State Welfare Board for five years; a member of the Logan County Senior Citizens Board for three years; also served as administrative assistant to the County Judge for 28 months.

Prior to many of these assignments he felt privileged to serve the town council of Subiaco, as alderman and mayor for 35 years. Besides all of these "jobs", Paul has been a member of Saint Benedict's Society in the Catholic Church at Subiaco for 50 years.

Paul's hobbies are baseball, football and card playing.

Paul Geels feels very grateful for these past experiences and feels that Providence has blessed him and guided him along the way.

Last, but not least, Paul feels honored to be the Treasurer of the Logan County Historical Society and enjoys working with all the members.

\* \* \* \* \*

## MARRIAGE BOOK AVAILABLE

Frances White, who has been compiling the Logan County Marriage Records, says Volume 1 is now available for purchase. This volume, the first in a series of 6 or more, contains marriage records for both the northern and southern districts of Logan County.

Volume 1 contains over 2200 names and covers the following marriage records:

1893 - 1897 Book D - E  
 1897 - 1900 Book E  
 1901 - 1910 Book 1 and 2

You may purchase Volume 1 at the Booneville Library, the Paris Library, the Logan County Museum at Paris or from Gladys Johnson, Scranton.

This book is soft bound and sells for \$20.00. Please add \$1.50 for postage if to be mailed. All proceeds from the sale of the book will go to the Logan County Historical Society.

OLD DAYS AT COTTONTOWN, CROSSROADS AND McKENDREE

Oral History with Mrs. Bertha Whitbey  
by Joe Carter

This is from a conversation with Mrs Bertha Whitbey on April 1, 1983. She is the widow of the late Tom Whitbey of Cottontown and Tokalon communities.

- J. Can you give us your maiden name, please?
- B. Bertha Askins. I was born in Johnson County in 1889, the tenth month and the twenty-second day.
- J. That makes you 93, almost 94, years old, doesn't it?
- B. Yes, I'll be 94 in October.  
(Note: Mrs. Whitbey died October 24, 1983, two days after her 94th birthday.)
- J. What were your parent's names?
- B. Susan Meeker and John Askins.
- J. How many children did your parents have?
- B. Eleven, and I'm the only one living.

Note: Children of John Tucker Askins and Susan Meeker Askins:

1. Emma, born 1870, died age 15
2. Lucretia, born 1872 married Henry Ethridge
3. James H., born 1874 married Julia Yeager
4. Saphronia, born 1876 died age 11
5. Henry, born 1878 married Pearl Pilgreen
6. Lizzie, born 1880 married Ike Fuller
7. Will, born 1881 married Ida Alvis
8. Jeff, born 1886 married Odie Skidgell
9. Sammy, born 1888 died age 3
10. Bertha, born 1889 married Thomas Whitbey
11. Clarence, born 1892 married Jewel Guthrie

- J. When were you and Mr. Whitbey married?
- B. January 13, 1907 to Tom Whitbey at Scranton.
- J. Who performed the ceremony?
- B. Mr. Jarrard. His initials were J.W., I believe.
- J. How many children did you have?
- B. Eight. Five girls and three boys, seven living.



TOM WHITBEY  
1906



OUR FAMILY - 1932

Back Row: Tom and Bertha Whitbey with children Estella, Lucretia

Middle Row: Loretta, Son-in-Law Autry Davis and wife, Marie Whitbey Davis

Front Row: Wallace, Ishmael, Dewey and Ruth Jean

- J. You were telling me about your children and grandchildren. How many grandchildren do you have?
- B. I had twenty-five grandchildren and forty-four great-grandchildren. I don't know how many great-great-grandchildren I've got.
- J. Didn't you say you had thirteen sometime back?
- B. Yes. Several years back. I don't know how many I've got now.
- J. That's quite a record! Now then, I want to ask you again about your childhood. You were born where?
- B. In Johnson County. I guess you'd call it Clarksville. That's the way they've got it down on my record anyway. I grew up in Logan County. I was just, let's see, I was just three years old whenever we moved to Cottontown. I was born in '89 and we moved there in '92. I lived around Oak Mound, you might say, until my father died and then we went across the river to Johnson County again. We lived over there close to Montana and Spadra for several years until the boys had all married off and then we come back to this side of the river again.
- J. About when did you come back over here? When you married?
- B. No. We came back in '92. I mean in 1902.

- J. Can you remember how the conditions were in your childhood?
- B. I guess they was pretty rough. I don't remember of ever going hungry or ever having to go naked, but I guess it was pretty rough on us. We never did have much money. We always had plenty to eat, but we didn't have much money.
- J. Well, that wasn't as important as having the happiness of the family life. Who were some of your close neighbors there when you were growing up?
- B. There was Uncle Matt Parmer and Tom Parmer---Mary Parmer's father, I forgot his name. They called him Doc but they lived there, too---and then we had Bill Mitchell and Ed Cravens.
- J. I guess you remember Ed's father, don't you?
- B. Oh, Yes! He was the first preacher I remember hearing for a funeral. I remember the song they sung, "The Land Far Away." There's a Land Far Away, and We can See it Afar. Yes, Uncle Miah, I remember him! He was a little preacher there at McKendree. That's where we went to Sunday School and Church.

Note: Children of Thomas and Bertha Askins Whitbey:

1. Wallace married Ilene Rogers
2. Marie married Autry Davis
3. Estella married Doyle Galloway
4. Lucretia married Marlin Newman
5. Ishmael married Vera Cantrell
6. Wm. Thomas "Dewey" married Imelda Newman
7. Loretta married James West
8. Ruth Jean married Floyd Roper

- J. Were there any businesses at Patterson's Bluff when you were a child?
- B. There was more buildings there than there was after I grewed up, but I don't know whether they were...I don't know whether there was any businesses there or not. Anyway, they were saloons and stores there...I've heard mother and father talk about it, but I don't remember. I know it was different to what it is now...a whole lot. Nearly all the buildings, except the one that was down on the river for the ferry, was all two-story buildings. They claim they built them like that in order to save roofing.

J. I guess that did save some roofing, all right. And I guess that was the hardest job of all...putting the roof on. I suppose back when your parents were young, they could remember the steamboat traffic on the river?

B. Oh, yes. They was still coming, Mr. Carter, when I can remember! My daddy took me down there to Patterson's Bluff a lot of times; he took us kids down there to see the steamboats come up...load cotton in on them, bales of cotton, you know.

J. They were still doing that when you were a child?

B. Yes! After I got big enough to remember it!

J. Where did you attend your first school?

B. At Oak Mound. Oak Mound was the first school I went to. We lived at Cottontown and I had to walk all the way down there from Cottontown to Oak Mound to school. Now then, children wouldn't get much if they had to walk that far.

J. Who was your first school teacher, do you remember?

B. Johnny Plunkett.

J. Can you remember other teachers you had when you were small?

B. Oh, yes. Ada Lipe...I don't remember whether we had any more down there at Oak Mound while I was going to school or not. But anyway, before we settled down, I went to school at Poteau Indian Territory when it was an Indian Territory. I went to school up there for two years. Then I went to Spadra School and I went to Tick Hill for several year over there.

J. Where was that?

B. That's down there close to Montana.

J. In Johnson County?



JEFF ASKINS

- B. Yes. Professor Fouts was the teacher there. Then I went to school at Crossroads when we lived on the Bill Mitchell place there by Ed Cravens. We all went to school down there at Crossroads, too.
- J. Was that a pretty big school or just a small one?
- B. Oh, yes, there was quite a few of us. I went to school with all the Liles children and the Inman children and the Stephens children...might be some of them that could tell you who the school teacher was.
- J. Where was the closest store where you could do any shopping then?
- B. There at Crossroads.
- J. Who ran it at that time?
- B. He was a Spicer...Uncle Rueben! Ellison Spicer's father. Yeah, they had a post office there and they had a grist mill and a cotton gin. Right there by the churchhouse. The gin was up the other way. It was west of the store but the store was right across the road from the churchhouse. And the post office, too; it was all together.
- J. I wonder who ran the gin? Did that belong to the Spicers also?
- B. Well, that gin belonged to Mr. Corley, Mr. Henry Corley!
- J. I heard that they had a gin one time down on the creek there and they called it Wilkins', but that was earlier, I'm sure.
- B. Yes, Well, the post office went by Wilkins. Wilkins Post Office.
- J. I've seen an old map where the Crossroads Community was called Wilkins. Did you remember the old McGuffy readers?
- B. Yes. Some of my children had some. The older ones did.
- J. Did you all go to church at...
- B. At McKendree. Then...Yes, we went to church at McKendree. That's all the church I knew anything about until after mother and them all passed away and I married.
- J. Who were the preachers you remember then?
- B. Uncle Miah Cravens. When I was a child, he was the pastor there.

- J. I believe Mrs. Dr. Thompson was his daughter.
- B. Yes. He just had the one girl and three boys is all I know...No, he just had two boys...Ed and Charlie was all the boys he had as far as I know. Them was the only ones I know. Just the three children.
- J. I believe I've heard that they had one that was a twin to Mrs. Thompson named Will and I think Henry Cravens was his son.
- B. Yes! Yes! I remember Henry now. He was a preacher, too! Yes, he was.
- J. What kind of crops did your parents grow on the farm?
- B. Well, I don't remember anything except oats, cotton and corn. They usually had their corn in the bottoms and the other in the hill.
- J. I guess cotton was the big money crop?
- B. Yeah, and it wasn't much! We done well to get \$35.00 a bale for it. But cotton went up after the First World War.
- J. I've heard some people talk about holding their cotton thinking it would go even higher and then they had to sell it for very little because they waited too long.
- B. Yes. I know Brother Jim done that one time.
- J. Did your folks ever use oxen in their farming?
- B. Yes. Daddy moved here with oxen. He farmed the first year that we lived at Cotton-town with oxen, I know. I well remember that!
- J. Did you live right at Cottontown?
- B. Yes, right in the main heart of it..right there close to that spring.
- J. Were there several families that lived there then?



WALLACE & MARIE WHITBEY

- B. Oh Yes! There was lots of people lived there. About thirty families, at one time. There was Grubbs, Youngbloods, the Whittakers and the Youngs, (Hardy Young and Sally), lived there then too. I don't remember now who all, but I can remember them mighty well.
- J. Did Mr. Whittaker own a lot of land in the bottom?
- B. Oh, Yes! He owned slaves, too.
- J. I've heard that. I think he had most of the businesses there in Patterson's Bluff at one time.
- B. He might have done it because Aunt Sophia Hixon was a Cravens before she married and she had a lot of land and stuff there close to Patterson's Bluff.
- J. Can you remember when the McKendree churchhouse was built? The one that is there now.
- B. No. It's always been there ever since I can remember, Mr. Carter, but they remodeled it, after Brother Jim moved there to McKendree. Now, Bud Askins can remember when they remodeled it and fixed it up different. But it was always there, as far as I can remember back.
- J. Were there many families that lived down in the bottom when you were living there or did most of them live in the hills?
- B. Well, I don't know. We never did live in the bottoms when I was a child. After Tom and me married, we lived in the bottoms once. There was a lot of people down there then. But there was lots of people living in the uplands, too.
- J. Did you say you remembered Grandma Rea?
- B. Oh, yes. She lived there close to us when we lived at Cottontown. Her and mother was very close friends.
- J. Where was Mr. Whittaker's place located? There at Cottontown?
- B. Yes. And Tom and his wife lived in the house with them, and Mrs. Whittaker's mother and her brother lived in the house with them. Their names was Williams. Uncle John Williams and I forget what the grandma's name was, but they both lived in the house with them.
- J. Now, where was that exactly, where Whittaker's house stood?
- B. Right across the road from the spring. Towards the creek on the north side of the springs.

- J. I guess you can remember before that Featherson bridge was there?
- B. It was there about where Poole lived, the Featherson bridge was. It was there ever since I can remember too.
- J. But the Whittaker place was around toward Morgan Bend from there, wasn't it?
- B. Yes, it was west of Doc Poole's place. They used to have a colored folks churchhouse right behind where Doc lived. We'd come down there for the colored folks church and they had baptizing there by the bridge. We'd go to their baptizings, too.
- J. Was that Short Mountain Creek?
- B. Yes, Short Mountain.
- J. Well, you can remember over a good many years. How far back do you think you can really remember?
- B. Ever since in '95. Well, I can remember in '92 whenever we moved there because I remember my dad's oxen. Going to the field and telling him that Ma had dinner ready and he'd always put me on one of the oxen and let me ride it to the house.
- J. Well, times have changed a lot since then. Now everyone has to have a tractor to do any farming. I guess when you were young there wasn't too much money to spend.
- B. That's right. Well, there wasn't when Tom and me married either. Some of them says, "How did you make a living for them? We've just got two and both of us working and we can't make a living." I said, "We growed what we eat and we eat what we growed!"



TOM WHITBEY AND  
BERTHA WHITBEY  
IN 1944

- B. You know where that old Doc Dooley place is, don't you?
- J. Yes, I know where it is.
- B. Well, there was ole Uncle Wallace White, that was a colored man. He owned that then and that's where he lived. And old Uncle Bob Maxwell owned the one that we lived in just right up on the top of the hill from him then. And now then, they used to say the colored folks didn't have nothing! And that's been years and years ago! I was just a kid.
- J. I know that George Poole owned a lot of the finest land in that bottom at one time.
- B. Yes, he done that after Tom and me was married. We lived there close to him. He was a bad old boy. Everybody was afraid of him and Jess, too. Boy, they fought and they drank!
- J. I think that saloon there at Patterson's Bluff brought out a lot of that in people, too, in its day. I believe there was once a water mill, too, at the bluff, a grist mill.
- B. Yes. Well, it used to be a little town. I've heard Ma and Pa talk about it.
- J. When I was a little boy, we had a neighbor, Mrs. Becky Lee. We called her Aunt Becky, and she talked about riding a mule all the way from Greasy Valley to Patterson's Bluff to get the corn ground. That would be a long, rough way, but I guess you tried to get enough to last a while when you did go.
- B. Yes. We used to take our corn and have it ground and it made good old corn bread too!
- J. I was going to ask you about the Knight family. Did you know them...Tom Knight?
- B. Oh, yes. We lived close to them. When we lived on the Raper place, we lived there by them for six years.
- J. I have noticed that some of the Raper family is buried there at Patterson's Bluff.
- B. Yes, Lonie and Powell and Mr. and Mrs. Raper is all buried there.
- J. Then there is a colored cemetery just west of that one, isn't there?
- B. Yes, it joins it. It is right on the west end where the colored folks is buried. The last funeral I went to was Bill Johnson's.

- J. How did he die? A natural death?
- B. No, he got drunk and they put him on the hill there at the Featherson bridge and give his car a start and just turned him loose and let him go and he missed the bridge and went into the ditch and killed himself.
- J. Well, that was a bad deed.
- B. That's right! That's right! They tried to find out who was the one that done it but they never could find out any person who done it.
- J. That was a bad hill back then. I can remember...
- B. Yes, it was! We always got out of the wagon and walked down it. Tom was the only one who ever rode down it by hisself. It's been a long time since I went down thataway. I don't know how it looks now.
- J. Well, they have a low water bridge there now and it doesn't look the same at all. It doesn't have the big bridge anymore. See, they cut that channel in the river up here in the west bottom and it lets most of the water out of Short Mountain Creek. It's just kind of a slough there now mostly. Well, I guess you can remember picking lots of cotton in your time?
- B. Oh, yes. They used to raise lots of cotton, but boll weevils took it over and they don't raise so much now, only them that does the spraying.

J. Were you a pretty good hand at picking cotton?

B. No, the most I ever picked was 150. That Tom would pick 4 and 5 hundred.

J. There were no automobiles when you first lived around the bottoms, I guess?

B. Oh, no. I don't remember the first one I saw. Now I can remember things that happened when I was just a little kid better than I can remember things that happened when the automobiles, telephones and such things come into use. I know the first telephone we ever had was in 1912. It was a country telephone. We furnished the lines and our telephones and put them up ourselves. That was while we lived close to Tom Knight and them. Mr. Frank Laves was the Center man. He had the switchboard. Yes, they had the switchboard in their house and if you wanted so and so, it cost you a nickel.



HOUSE AT TOKALON



BERTHA WHITBEY AND CHILDREN  
IN 1971 AFTER TOM WHITBEY'S  
DEATH.

BACK ROW: WALLACE, ISHMAEL  
AND DEWEY  
FRONT ROW: LUCRETIA, ESTELLA,  
MRS. BERTHA WHITBEY, LORETTA  
AND RUTH

- J. That wasn't a very high rate, was it?
- B. No, but it was high for the prices we had.
- J. It was high when you didn't have the nickel especially.
- B. That's right!
- J. After you were married, did you live there quite a while before you moved to Tokalon?
- B. Oh, yes. We lived from 1907 until 1927 around Oak Mound before we moved down to Tokalon. We moved down there in 1927.
- J. Did you move before the flood or after the flood?
- B. It was after the flood. We had the '27 flood and that's when we tore up and moved away from the bottom. Tom had to gather corn in a boat and take it to the levee and put it in the wagon on Sunday. That old river was just coming abooming! We had some hard times but we all enjoyed it.
- J. I think as long as children have enough to eat and to wear and attend church and school and a happy family life, that's all that matters.
- B. And good health. That's right. That's right.
- J. I have enjoyed this little interview with you, Mrs. Whitbey. Thank you.



August 7, 1983, was proclaimed "Bertha Whitbey Day" in Paris, Arkansas. Queen Bertha is shown above with Shirley Smith, Adm. of Paris Retirement Inn and Cecil Patterson, Mayor of Paris, as he signs the Proclamation.

# # # #

The following poem was passed along to your editors. This gives us something to think about here at the end of another year.

*If you could see your ancestors,  
All standing in a row,  
Would you be proud of them,  
Or don't you really know?*

*Some strange discoveries are made  
In climbing family trees,  
And some of them, you know,  
Do not particularly please.*

*If you could see your ancestors,  
All standing in a row,  
There might be some of them perhaps,  
You wouldn't care to know.*

*But there's another question which  
Requires a different view,  
If you could meet your ancestors,  
Would they be proud of you?*

*Author Unknown*

## WINTERTIME AT MY HOUSE ON SANDRIDGE MOUNTAIN

by Velta Boss Farmer

On Saturdays my brother, sister and I had to help what we could about getting more wood before it got too cold. Even while we were young we piled brush. I can remember having to pull and push one end of a crosscut saw back and forth through a log with daddy on the other end of the saw. When I was young daddy would pull me with the saw when he pulled the saw back to his side of the log. I had to use both hands on the saw handle to pull and push the saw and walk back and forth with the saw for my arms were too short to stand in the same place and reach out like daddy did. My brother and sister who were younger had to sit on the log to hold it down in the wood rack while daddy and I sawed through the logs, sawing off blocks for daddy to split up into wood. When I grew older I split small cut off blocks into wood. We loaded wood that daddy had split into the wagon. When we reached the house we helped unload wood and then stacked it on one end of our long front porch, so we would have dry wood when we had heavy rain, snow and sleet. When some was used we had to carry more to keep dry wood.

Usually around Thanksgiving we would butcher hogs and cure the meat for winter. I remember carrying in brush and limbs to make a hot fire to boil water in our two wash kettles to scald the hair on the hogs. We would have to help by drawing water from a drilled well and fill the kettles.

Daddy and a neighbor usually worked together. They would wire a small log with a hay wire to two trees that grew near each other. They would wire to the pole a block and tackle when we had one. Now when the water was boiling in both wash kettles, daddy would go to the hog pen to kill one of the hogs. I couldn't stand to hear the noise of the gun or the hogs squealing. I would go into the house into a back room and cover my ears so sound wouldn't be so loud.

After the hog had been shot, daddy took a large knife and stuck the hog in the neck to make it bleed good. Daddy would have a mule hitched to a sled. They would roll the hog upon the sled and go to a low platform built with boards, near the kettles of water. Next they partly filled a large barrel with hot water. The hog was lifted with a block and tackle if we had one and lowered into the barrel of hot water. When hair would slip, the hog was lifted out and lowered to the boards. They took large knives and scraped the hair off. Then the hog was rinsed

clean with hot water. If a block and tackle wasn't available, the hog was laid on the boards on one side. Toe sacks were laid on the hog and hot water was poured over the sacks until the hair would slip loose. Then the hair was scraped off and the hog rinsed off on that side. The hog was then turned over and the same procedure was done on the other side.

After the hog was rinsed off, it was raised to the pole on the two trees. If no block and tackle, a rope was thrown over the pole to pull up the hog. A small stick was placed between the two back feet. This was called a gambling stick. The ends of the stick were placed under the leaders on each back foot. The side of the leg was split to get to the leaders. Daddy would cut the hog from between the back legs down the underside of the hog between the front legs. A wash tub was placed under the hog before the hog had been opened up. The insides were removed and dropped into the tub. Dad would take the heart and liver off. Mother would take the intestines and pull the fat off the outside of them to add to the fat to make lard. Daddy would rinse the hog out good, getting all blood out that was possible.

The hog was lowered onto the sled and was then cut up into usual parts. The head was removed. Daddy took an ax and chopped down on each side of the back bone to make the hog lay flat and the shoulders and hams were cut off. The ribs were removed from the fat part and some fat was cut away from the hams, shoulders and middling parts (which makes bacon). Back bones were cut apart and two strips of tenderloin were cut away near the back bone. All the fat and what lean pieces were cut away in trimming and parts of the hog were taken into the house. The hog was taken to the smoke house. Usually 3 hogs were killed and dressed the same day.

I remember I had the job of helping to cut up the fat into small pieces by laying it on a large board. We also cut the lean meat into strips to be put through the sausage grinder. When the fat was cut up, mother took it to one of the wash kettles, and after adding a small amount of water in the bottom of the kettle, poured in the fat pieces. The fire was then built up. We had to stir the fat pieces almost continually to keep it from cooking to the kettle and burning. That was my job a lot of the time and I used a long paddle made from a board which had been smoothed off. As it cooked, the pieces turned brown and when done the water had been cooked out. You cook the pieces of fat until you can press them against the side of the kettle with the paddle and no grease comes from them. Fire has to be pulled from the kettle quick to keep the lard from turning real brown. You couldn't have a large fire while cooking the fat into lard. The hot lard was dipped up and strained into buckets or lard stands (large can) through

a strainer with a cloth over that to get out all the cooked fat that was in small crisp brown bits, called cracklings. Sometimes mother or grandmother would make what is called crackling bread by making up a cornbread mixture and using some cracklings in it, and baking like cornbread. I have made crackling bread since I have had a home of my own. I remember stirring the fat and by the time we had finished, my face and legs felt like they were cooked too. My legs would have red spots for a long time. It always seemed regardless of what side of the kettle I was standing the smoke came my way and sure hurt my eyes.

By then, the meat had been taken to the smoke house, laid out on boards or a table, and salted good. Sometimes an application of sugar cure mixture was applied to the meat rather than salt. When the meat was fresh, I liked the meat from the boiled back bones and tenderloin best.

That night after supper the sausage grinder was fastened to the dining table. We took turns turning the crank and feeding lean meat into the grinder. Also a small amount of fat had been saved back to add to the lean meat. When all was ground, mother would season with salt and spices to suit her taste. She would fry a small sausage to see if seasoned right. If she needed to, she added more salt or spices and cooked a test sausage again. When the sausage was seasoned like she wanted it, the container of sausage was set back in a back room where it would be away from stove heat. I remember the next morning (when I was small) mother packed the sausage into small long slim sacks, made from white flour or meal sacks. The sausage was hung up in a cold place. The sack was cut back and sausage was sliced off when ready to fry some. When I grew older we would make out sausage patties with our hands and fry them, then pack them into hot dry jars and pour melted lard over them. We cleaned the jar top good, placed a rubber ring on top and a zinc lid was screwed onto the jar (with glass inside the bottom of the lid). The jars were turned upside down on the lids and stood overnight for the lard to get cold. This sealed off the jar so the sausage would keep.

Mother would cut the good meat from the head, add dry fruits and spices, then cook together making mincemeat for pies. This was also canned. Mincemeat pies sure were good on a cold winter day. We would have them for Thanksgiving if we killed hogs in time. Mother also made them at Christmas time.

There was soap making time after we killed hogs. We cut up the hides of the hogs and scrap fat. We placed them in a wash kettle with a small amount of water and added canned lye. A fire was built under the kettle. This had to be stirred continually. When the water was cooked out

and the lye had eaten up all fat material, the soap was done. The fire was then pulled away and kettle was covered until soap was cold. Sometimes a box of washing powders was added to the mixture when it was done and mixed well. This made the soap whiter; if not added it was a light brown color. When the soap was cold, usually the next day, a large knife was used to cut through the soap to get it out of the kettle. Then it was cut into smaller pieces.

We carried dried brush from brush piles above the house, where daddy had been clearing for more open pasture, to build a fire to heat water in wash kettles to wash. Our clothes were rubbed on a wash board in a tub of warm water and lye soap was boiled in hot water in a wash kettle. The lye soap was shaved up into the hot water to boil the clothes. After clothes were rubbed on the ridged board and added to the kettle, a stick was used to punch the clothes, move them around and repunch while boiling to get clean. When the clothes were taken from the kettle, they were rinsed through two tubs of water. In cold weather rubbing the clothes and rinsing was done inside the kitchen. We had a low table that sat just inside the back door where we kept our water bucket and wash pan. When we washed in the house, we used the table or a chair to put the tubs on. We had to draw water from the drilled well and carry it into the house when we washed. Then it had to be carried back out when washing was done. Most of the clothes were hung on the lines outside even when it was cold enough to freeze them. The best clothes were hung inside on lines put up across the living room if it was cold enough for them to freeze outside. The clothes would freeze stiff to the lines and couldn't be removed until they dried.

There was always milking to do twice a day. The cows stayed in the mountain pasture in winter time. If they didn't come to the barn before milking time, one of us wrapped up and went out looking for them. Sometimes, if part of the cows came up, some of us started milking while others kept on looking for the rest of the cows. I remember I have walked and walked until I was so tired, and when I got back to the barn I would find the cows had come in from another way while I was out hunting them. There were trees and bushes on most of the mountain pastures, so the cattle were hard to find. A person couldn't see very far in lots of places. After milking was done, hay was carried out and placed all around in the barnyard for the cows.

Then we carried the milk to the house. We had to run the cream separator to separate the cream from the milk. Before going to milk, one of us would put the cream separator together. There were several cream disks. They had to be put together a certain way, and if not, they wouldn't work. The disks, when stacked, were placed over a spindle on the

motor of the separator. The milk spout set over the disks with the cream spout over that. Each spout was on a round bowl shape part with a hole in the center to fit over the cream disks. The milk bowl was added to the top of these. A large cloth was pinned over the bowl with clothes pins to strain milk. Milk was poured through the cloth into the bowl. A large bucket was set under the milk spout; the cream can was set under the cream spout.

Someone would start turning the crank on the separator. The faucet on the milk bowl was turned on. If all had been set up right, skim milk came out the milk spout, and cream came out the cream spout. If it hadn't been set up right, milk went everywhere. The milk faucet had to be turned off quick. The milk was cleaned up and floor mopped. All parts had to be taken apart to make sure the cream disks were put together right. Then the cream separator was started again.

We took turns turning the crank as someone kept pouring the milk into the large bowl on top of the cream separator. I can remember turning the crank when I could hardly reach high enough when crank had to go up and over. It wasn't an easy job especially for a child.

The cream was taken in cans to the Rock Island Depot, then shipped by train to other towns. The milk was used to feed hogs by adding shorts with it. Shorts was a fine light brown meal made from mostly husk of the wheat and some wheat.

By the time the milking was all done, the chores were done outside, including carrying wood in for the fireplace and a cook stove. Carrying wood in and getting the cows into the barnyard were our first jobs after we got home from school. By the time chores were done, it was getting late and we had to prepare or warm up supper. Lots of times a pan of cornbread was cooked, and we ate cornbread and sweet milk for supper. If we had lots of homework, mother and grandmother washed the dishes and cream separator parts. When the table was cleaned off, us children got our books and sat down around the dining table with a kerosene lamp and studied our lessons for the next day. Sometimes we prepared our lessons at school and if I had, I helped mother and grandmother with dishes or cream separator parts. When mother and grandmother finished in the kitchen, they joined daddy and grandfather in the living room. Since Grandmother Boss had taught school years before, she helped us with our lessons when we needed help. Mother and grandmother would piece quilts or do embroidery work. Sometimes mother would sew for my sister and me while she had us to fit the clothes to, as she sewed. She also made my brother's shirts.

If we had real bad weather on Saturdays and Sundays, my brother, sister and I played on a quilt with paper dolls cut from mail order catalogs. My brother cut cattle from cardboard. He would play with cattle and a barn made from a cardboard box. I made furniture from oats, cracker and match boxes. Large cardboard boxes made good houses, too. I cut doors in the boxes and pasted window curtain pictures from the catalogs on the inside where I wanted windows. I would cut tables from the inside of the match boxes. If cut right, the corners made the legs. I also cut chairs, beds and dressers using the inside of box for outside. Then I would draw drawers on the dresser. Also pieces of fabric cut out made good quilts and sheets. My sister and I would use shoe boxes for cars by adding folded pieces of cardboard for seats and cut doors on the sides. When I grew older, I would embroider on pillow cases, dresser and table runners, and dish towels. I also pieced quilts and quilted them when it was too cold to be outside and wasn't chore time.

When we had snow or sleet, we had to stay home from school. I never got bored for when I was young I loved to build houses and play with my paper dolls. When I grew older and did the embroidery and worked on quilts, I enjoyed that too.

I started cooking when I was young. When I stayed home from school on bad days, I cooked dinner sometimes and washed dishes while mother and grandmother quilted on a quilt or was piecing quilts. They made small braided rugs to go by the beds. Using scrap material they would sew strips of fabric together. After making long braids they would roll them up into balls. Then they would start sewing braids together making a round or an oblong rug. I also learned to quilt young and helped when I was allowed to. If they were quilting a special kind of quilt, I couldn't help.

A lot of nights before we got ready for bed, daddy would read from the Bible and he would pray. When I grew older and learned to play some on the organ, by grandmother helping me, we would sing while I played.

We never had popcorn or peanuts, but I would take time to bake a cake or make cookies. I liked sorghum molasses cookies and still like them today.

Right after the first of December we would get a thick pretty-shaped cedar tree and decorate it for Christmas. We used red and green crepe paper streamers and run them from over the tree to the other walls. Then we hung up large paper bells. Then just before Christmas, mother and grandmother would make cookies and mincemeat pies. Sometimes mother made a chocolate cake. For Christmas dinner we had

either boiled pork or boiled hen with dressing. We didn't get toys very often, but did get fruit and hard candy, sometimes peppermint stick candy. We always enjoyed our Christmas dinner even though it wasn't the fancy kind. Christmas always seemed a fun time for we were home from school for a few days. Most of the time we had snow on the ground at Christmas time. I loved to stand at a window and watch the snowflakes fall and stack up until the ground was covered. I also enjoyed watching the snow birds and red birds.

At times grandfather and grandmother would talk about when they lived in Georgia and Tennessee when they were growing up. I would take time out from playing anytime to listen to them. I wish I could remember all they said. Mostly I just remember I loved to listen to them talk about those times. Sometimes they would talk about when they lived near Glendale which is west of Booneville, Arkansas, where daddy, his sisters and brother were raised.

We didn't have coloring books, but mother taught me to draw different kinds of flowers and I would color them. Sometimes I would draw houses and barns or even a farm with fields and orchards and then color them. I would draw roads and barbed-wire fence around the barn, orchards and fields. I would usually draw board fences around the houses. I enjoyed doing things like this and could spend many winter hours just drawing and coloring with my crayons. When I grew older I would draw people by looking at pictures in magazines. I still have some of them.

When days weren't as cold, daddy would have us climb up into the corn crib and shuck out corn. The corn crib was small and built up about 3 feet off the ground. The corner posts were wrapped with tin to keep rats from climbing up into the crib. This was a real dusty job and we felt we couldn't breathe good until we got outside again. This was a job I dreaded more than any other in winter time.

Our winters were cold. We always had sleet and snow. Sometimes freezing rain and sleet would weight the tree limbs so bad we could hear limbs breaking in the woods near our house and barn. I always enjoyed the beauty when everything was covered with a white blanket of snow, but dreaded having to do the daily chores with snow, sleet or both on the ground.

In the coldest of winter time when my brother, sister and I were young we slept in the front room where the fireplace was. There were two beds in the room. Mother and daddy slept in one and mother would put us three children in the other one. We would sleep crosswise in the bed to have more room. When we grew older, we slept in another

room away from the fire. My sister and I slept together. Mother would warm flat irons used for ironing clothes, wrap them in cloth of some kind and place one in our bed and one in my brother's bed so our feet and legs would stay warm.

I enjoyed our winter times for the family had time to be together more. In summer there was so much field work to do and also canning vegetables and fruits when they were ready, besides milking twice a day. When night came and all chores done outside and supper dishes and cream separator parts washed, we had to get ready for bed to be ready for another busy day. We didn't have time to sit down together like we did in winter time. Even though our house was cold and it was cold being out to do the daily winter chores and keep up the winter work, I have lots of beautiful memories of our winters on Sandridge. We were never lonesome there.

*Velta Boss Farmer with twin calves born to one of Henry Boss' cows in 1943.*



*Front Row: Elizabeth Boss  
and Henry Willoughby Boss  
Back Row: Velta Boss Farmer,  
Dale Denver Boss and  
Winnie Lee Boss*

## CEMETERIES OF NORTH LOGAN COUNTY

by Joe and June Carter

In listing the cemeteries, effort was made to include all of them. There are instances where single graves, and a few unmarked small burial plots, were not sufficiently identified for inclusion. There are probably others of importance which have not been located and recorded. Please notify Wagon Wheels if you know of any of these.

The Pledger cemetery which was northeast of Delaware, near the recreation area on the lake, was relocated to a site adjoining the northwest side of Graves cemetery. This is one and one-fourth miles west of Delaware on the north side of Highway 22.

The cemetery which was located two miles north of Paris and a mile south of Six Mile Creek, was moved to Gray Rock in the northeast part of the town.

These moves were necessary due to the engineering project which resulted in dams on the Arkansas River at Ozark and Dardanelle, and the flood plain they created.

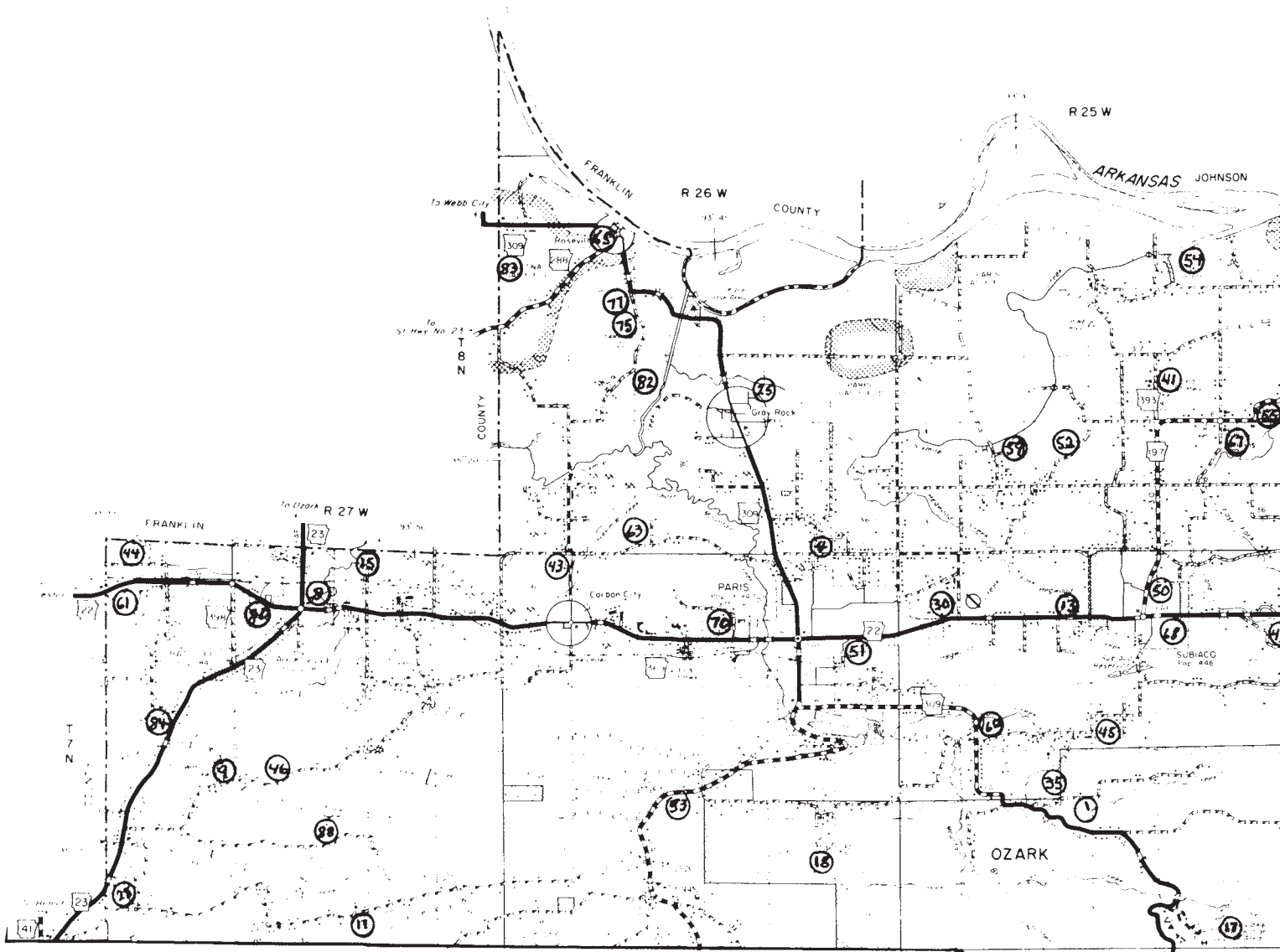
During the days of steam navigation, according to legend, a number of people died on board a steamboat, due to some highly contagious disease. They were buried near the Arkansas River east of Patterson's Bluff. Rumor has it they may have been slaves and there were no names or dates left there.

A few cemeteries were added to our list when it was almost finished. A couple of them, Benefield on Mt. Magazine, and Infants on Bee Mountain are not in correct alphabetical order.

Anderson cemetery on Red Bench contains three graves of Civil War Veterans. These had military stones in the 1950's, but we are told that some of them have been removed.

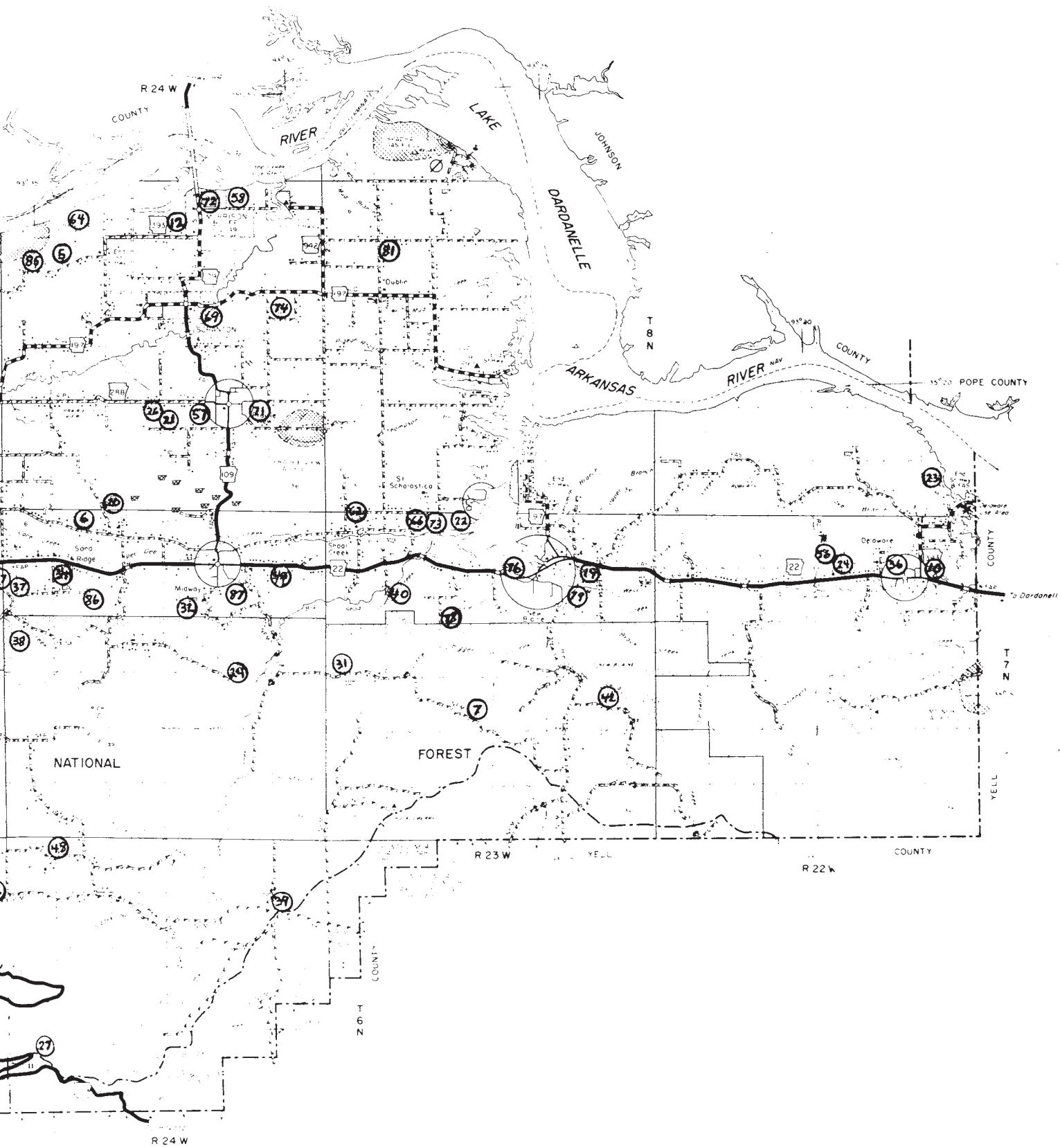
Lorenzo Newton Clarke, buried in cemetery number 12, was a wealthy plantation owner during the 1830's and 1840's. He was the man for whom Clark township and the city of Clarksville are named.

The list of cemeteries with numbers to correspond with the map of the northern district of Logan County is on page 26.



MAP OF THE NORTHERN DISTRICT  
OF LOGAN COUNTY.

THIS LOCATION OF EACH CEMETERY  
HAS BEEN MARKED AND NUMBERS  
CORRESPOND TO LIST ON PAGE  
26 OF THIS PUBLICATION.



## North Logan County cemeteries:

- |                                |                             |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. Anderson                    | 45. Moore                   |
| 2. Anticoh (Old)               | 46. Mountain                |
| 3. Benefield (MM)              | 47. Mt. Carmel              |
| 4. Baxley                      | 48. Mt. Salem               |
| 5. Blair                       | 49. Mt. Vernon              |
| 6. Butler                      | 50. New Subiaco Abbey       |
| 7. Canada                      | 51. Oakwood                 |
| 8. Caulksville                 | 52. Oliver                  |
| 9. Cedar Grove                 | 53. Paint Rock              |
| 10. Chastain-Myres             | 54. Patterson's Bluff       |
| 11. Clark                      | 55. Pleasant Grove-Plunkett |
| 12. Clarke (Lorenzo N.)        | 56. Pledger (Relocated)     |
| 13. Copeland-Lee               | 57. Prairic View            |
| 14. Corder-Morsbach (MM)       | 58. Ragon                   |
| 15. Core                       | 59. Raney                   |
| 16. Corley                     | 60. Redder, Wm. G.          |
| 17. Cotton Family              | 61. Riggs                   |
| 18. Courtney                   | 62. Roady-Shoal Creek       |
| 19. Elizabeth Hall             | 63. Robrsone                |
| 20. Ellsworth                  | 64. Rogers-Colburn          |
| 21. Ewing                      | 65. Roseville               |
| 22. Fritsche (Unmarked Stones) | 66. Sisters'                |
| 23. Garrison                   | 67. Smith                   |
| 24. Graves                     | 68. St. Benedict's          |
| 25. Gray Rock                  | 69. St. Ignatius            |
| 26. Guthrie                    | 70. St. Joseph's            |
| 27. Hardy (MM)                 | 71. St. Meinrad's           |
| 28. Harvell                    | 72. Sts. Peter and Paul     |
| 29. Hickory Grove              | 73. St. Scholastica         |
| 30. Hixson                     | 74. Stoney Point            |
| 31. Hixson-Whitcotton          | 75. Sugar Hill              |
| 32. Horn                       | 76. Thompson-Sellers        |
| 33. House (MM-NN)              | 77. Titsworth               |
| 34. Howard                     | 78. Tritt                   |
| 35. Jhnsnson                   | 79. Utley                   |
| 36. Johnson-Delaware           | 80. Waldrip                 |
| 37. Lee, Jeremiah (NN)         | 81. Wares Chapel-Tokalon    |
| 38. Lee, Wm. (NN)              | 82. Weeks Family            |
| 39. Liberty                    | 83. Whiteside               |
| 40. May                        | 84. Wilcox-Nixon            |
| 41. McKendree                  | 85. Womack                  |
| 42. McReynolds                 | 86. Wright                  |
| 43. McVay                      | 87. Wright, J. B.(Family)   |
| 44. Moffett-McElroy            | 88. Infant (Bee Mountain)   |

Code: MM - Mt. Magazine

NN - Contains no stones with names or dates

## ON THE BANKS OF THE ARKANSAS

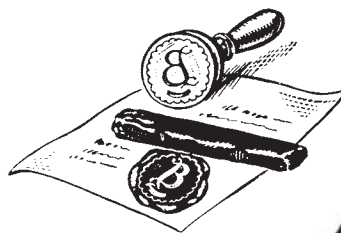
## LCHS OCTOBER PROGRAM

Cold temperatures and threats of rain failed to lessen the enthusiasm of the group which met at Roseville on October 22 for the fall program meeting. The theme of the program centered upon the availability and acquisition of land during the early days of the settlement of Logan County.

Most of those who attended added to the flavor of the program by dressing in costumes appropriate to some period of the settlement. Authentic looking Indians milled around in the crowd, causing some speculation as to their tribal associations. Sunbonnets worn by many women gave welcome protection, not from the rays of the sun, but from the cold wind blowing from the river. Many of the women dressed in long dresses wondered how pioneer women managed their long skirts and accomplished their chores in those days before blue jeans. The river boat gambler failed to entice any of the crowd into a shady poker game. Farmers in overalls looked over the land. The distinguished land officer exuded great dignity as befitted his office. A rather dubious looking DeSoto set out to search for his party of explorers while backwoods gypsy stood near a copper still serving cider to the crowd as they warmed themselves near a campfire.



Paul Geels - Land Officer



Donnette Smith and Judy  
Casada disguised as Indian

The program of activities for the afternoon were planned by Frances White, Program Chairman, to draw attention to those who held title to the land and the means by which they acquired that title throughout the years of settlement of the county. Roseville, located on the Arkansas River, was a point of entry to the area for many of the settlers who traveled to the area by the river.

The meeting began with a walking tour of Roseville, conducted by Elizabeth Titsworth, who furnished copies of the original plat of the town. She pointed out the streets as they were first laid out, the site of the ferry crossing, the location of the boat landing and the loading docks and sites of businesses in the town. Members of the group whose families had lived in Roseville added information from their knowledge of the history of the town.

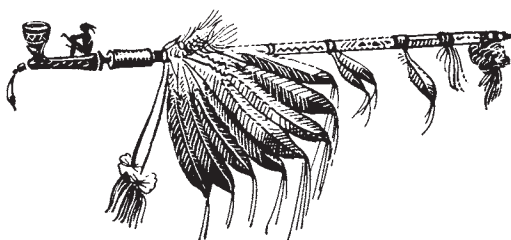
The tour ended on the bank of the river at the site of a boat landing. Here Patricia Curry described the area as it was developed from a wilderness claimed by Indian tribes to the days of the homesteading settler who developed the land into profitable agricultural productivity.

Several descendants of early Roseville pioneers were present to enact a ceremony in which the settler received his land patent and staked claim to his land. Paul Geels, as the land officer, presented the patents with remarks concerning the contribution of these early settlers.

A display of printed material on the history of Roseville was available to visitors in the church at Roseville. This display combined with the walking tour and the explanation of the methods of acquiring land gave a rather comprehensive picture of one aspect of early days in Logan County.



Banks of the Arkansas River near Roseville



## REFLECTIONS ON OUR NORTH LOGAN COUNTY HERITAGE

by Sister Benedict Marie Borgerding, O.S.B.

When driving through rural Arkansas and finding homes in unusual "wayout" places one often wonders, just how did these people come to find these particular places for their homes. A question similar to this has been asked about communities in North Logan County. "How did it happen that in so small an area of approximately 110 square miles there can be found seven communities with Catholic Churches and parishes of basically German ancestry?" This area is bordered by the Arkansas River on the north and Highway 22 on the south. The parishes in question are: St. Benedict, Subiaco; St. Scholastica, Shoal Creek (New Blaine); Sts. Peter and Paul, Morrison Bluff; St. Joseph, Paris; St. Anthony, Ratcliff; St. Meinrad, Prairie View; and St. Ignatius, Scranton.

These reflections will be addressed to this question. The breathtaking scenery of the Arkansas Valley south of the river was certainly good publicity, but it was not an important factor in bringing pioneers to this frontier area. During the reconstruction period after the Civil War, railroad companies were developing lands in all states and Arkansas was no exception. Because of land grants from federal and local governments, and because Arkansas needed population, she became one of the foremost states in promoting, with the help of the railroads, immigration from foreign countries. Coincidentally with this movement was the growing dissatisfaction of Germans with the militarism and expansionism prevalent under Bismarck at that time. These people were eager to find new homes and a better life.

During this era of expansion, along with the railroad sponsored migration into Arkansas there should also have been a growth of the Catholic Church. This was not the case, so Bishop Fitzgerald, bishop of the Little Rock Diocese, seized the opportunity to do something about it and together with Colonel Slack, Land Commissioner of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad Company obtained land south of the Arkansas River, including much land in northern Logan County.

One would hardly consider it incidental that Abbot Martin Marty, Abbot of St. Meinrad's Abbey, Indiana on returning from the Dakotas enroute to the abbey, stopped in St. Louis to pay a visit to the AMERIKA office. The AMERIKA was a widely circulated German Catholic publication. Mr. Anthony Hellmich was the editor. Bishop Fitzgerald and Colonel Slack had previously contacted the AMERIKA concerning their proposed colony for German Catholics. Mr. Hellmich, because he was tremendously interested in the project

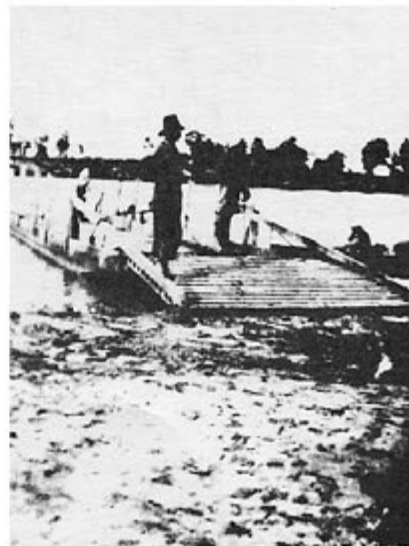
probably mentioned it to Abbot Marty, who was interested in helping establish the Church in what promised to be a rapidly growing area of the Upper South.

And so it was that by November 1877 a definite offer was made to Abbot Marty to start a monastery in Arkansas, and an agreement was entered into by the railroad company and the abbot providing for a jointly sponsored German Catholic colony to be located on a tract of railroad land. Incidental? No; providential! Yes. To get the project underway, both parties employed Mr. Hellmich as their agent. His resignation as editor of AMERIKA was accepted in January 1878 and in the fall of 1878 he moved to Arkansas to work on the colony's affairs at the office of Colonel Slack.

Father Wolfgang Schlumpf was appointed to make the Arkansas foundation. He and two Brothers, Brother Kasper Hildesheim and Brother Hilarin Benetz, left St. Meinrad's Abbey on March 6, 1878 for Logan County, Arkansas. The monks traveled by wagon from their monastery in Indiana to a boat landing on the Ohio River. From there they traveled by steamboat to Memphis, Tennessee. At Memphis they crossed the Mississippi and boarded a train for Little Rock. Here they met Anthony Hellmich and with him they boarded the train again and traveled west some 105 miles up the north bank of the Arkansas to the town of Spadra. They crossed the river at the ferry southeast of Spadra and stepped ashore into Logan County at Patterson Bluff.



Father Wolfgang Schlumpf



The last 15 miles from Patterson's Bluff to the monastery were made by wagon. The monks had traveled across the state with their wagon, animals and baggage riding with them on the train, a common arrangement provided by railroads for settlers. Mr. Hellmich accompanied the monks on

horseback. They took what was known as the Booneville Road, running from the river to the southern end of the county. At 4:00 P.M. the monks stopped at the home of one of the first settlers of the pioneering project, Herman Voelkerding. This homestead was located across the Booneville Road from the future Dan Vorster home. The 1880 Logan County, Clark Township census, lists Bernard Borgerding, his wife Mina (Wilhelmina), children Henry and Frances and in his household Herman Voelkerding (father-in-law), and Elizabeth Voelkerding (mother-in-law). The Voelkerdings and Borgerdings had come, not directly from Germany, but from Dutzow, Missouri in January 1878. At their cabin the monks were welcomed with a Lenten meal of eggs, cornbread and coffee.

Resuming their journey they followed the Booneville Road which ran southwest for about two miles. When they reached a point some distance south of the present town of Subiaco, Hellmich pulled up his horse and turning to the monks, announced: "You are now on your own property." Turning east, the party made its way through brush and woods for about 10 minutes before entering a clearing. In the distance lay some primitive buildings that marked the site chosen for the monastery. The journey was ended. They were on Section 11, Township 7, Range 25 in Logan County.

Almost immediately the monks began to clear land and repair existing buildings, but they had not come to Arkansas only to farm. By contract with the railroad company they were committed to the pastoral care of the Catholic settlers. Father Wolfgang took this duty very seriously.

The date of the first recorded mass offered in Logan County was St. Joseph's day, March 19, 1878. This date too, marks the founding of St. Benedict Parish. The founding and growth of the parish in Subiaco happened simultaneously with the founding of the now New Subiaco Abbey. It was the original Catholic German community established by the Benedictine monks. True, in the early 1830's a small settlement, Creole had begun to grow on the Military Road as a relay station for stage coaches. In 1877 this had an official postoffice. With the coming of the railroads, traffic by river and stagecoach diminished and Relay Stations were no longer in demand. After the Creole postoffice closed in 1888 another postoffice opened at Spielerville. Louis Spieler was the last postmaster at Creole and the first at Spielerville, a position he held until 1897. For people in the area of Creole and Spielerville and Subiaco their address was Spielerville until 1909 when the post office was moved south to where the town had grown up around the monastery and the railroad.

In an article written by Mr. Joe Carter in *Wagon Wheels*, Fall 1982 he mentions families who lived in these communities. Among those whose names also appear in the Church records are: Willenbrinks, Spielers, Forsts, Borgerdings, Fassnachts, and Voelkerdings. Other pioneer names listed from the charter members of the St. Benedict's Society are: Klaeger, Wolf, Lindl, Spindler, Bauer, Beiker, Altmuller, Bonse, Otten, Von der Heide, Kehres, Risse, Smreker, Wamister, Walbe, Etkorn, Schluterman, Berlocker, Jasper, Lause, Littchen, Lunink, and Edleman. This was as early as 1880 and just how many of these were original pioneers is hard to say. Of particular interest to me are the Voelkerdings (my great grandparents), the Borgerdings and Walbes (grandparents). Grandfather Joe Walbe quarried some of the stone for the early buildings on the hill south of where the monastery now stands.



*Frank Bernard (Ben)  
Borgerding, Wilhelmina  
Voelkending Borgerding,  
Henry Bernard Borger-  
ding (1871)*

The history of St. Benedict's Parish is woven into that of the history of the abbey. Since the dedication of the first church over on the south hill in May 1878 the parishioners have shared the church with the monks. Even today tourists see the "castle on the hill"--the majestic St. Benedict's Abbey Church which is the place of worship for monks and parishioners.

In an article of this length one can do no more than touch on the highlights of the chronological events such as:

The dedication of St. Benedict's Church, May 1878.  
 The arrival of four Sisters at the abbey, Sept. 1878.  
 The beginning of work on the new abbey at the present site, May 1898.  
 The railroad comes to Paris, 1899.  
 The first abbey burns, December 1901.  
 The Benedictine Sisters come to the abbey kitchen, 1901.  
 Father Gall D'Aujourd'hui drowns in Six Mile Creek, 1902.  
 The monks move to the new abbey, 1903.  
 The railroad arrives at the new town of Subiaco, 1909.  
 The monastery is again destroyed by fire, December 1927.  
 The Crypt Church is dedicated, Fall 1930.  
 The abbey church was consecrated, March 31, 1959.

Except for a few years the Benedictine Sisters staffed the school at St. Benedict until 1975. At that time it had been a public school in the Scranton School District for many years. At present it is staffed by lay teachers for grades kindergarten through grade six. The present parish unit; rectory, school, and community hall is directly across from the abbey-parish church.

It would be next to impossible to write of the founding of New Subiaco Abbey and St. Benedict Parish without recognizing Father Gall D'Aujourd'hui. His picture was in most parish homes for he was respected by and very dear to many in the parish. He was certainly a versatile person. In his account of him, Father Hugh Assenmacher says: "He was pastor of the local parish, bookkeeper, treasurer, building superintendent, procurator, guest-master, spiritual director in the school, teacher, and master-of-ceremonies as well as prior. His tragic death, by drowning, in May 1902 was felt deeply by the monks and parishioners.



The Benedictine Sisters, St. Scholastica's Convent, Fort Smith, Arkansas

In 1878 when the railroad company offered one hundred acres of land for the Sisters' Convent and one thousand dollars for a parish church, the founding of the community at Shoal Creek began in earnest. The history of the St. Scholastica parish is so closely related to that of St. Scholastica convent that it is difficult to separate one from the other. The founding of St. Scholastica's Parish in Shoal Creek was to St. Scholastica Convent as St. Benedict's, Subiaco was to Subiaco Abbey.

When the four Benedictine Sisters from Ferdinand, Indiana; Sister Xaveria Schroeder, Bonaventura Wagner, Josepha Schmidt and Isidora Luebberramm, arrived at St. Benedict's on September 21, 1878, neither the school-convent building at St. Benedict's nor at St. Scholastica's were ready for occupancy, so the abbey log cabin was temporarily turned over to the sisters. The sisters cooked for the monks and took care of the church during these makeshift days. In December 1878 the sisters moved into the newly constructed building, comprising a classroom and three small rooms for a living area. On January 23, 1879, Sisters Xaveria and Bonaventura went to Shoal Creek where an identical convent-school arrangement awaited them. This marks the date of the beginning of St. Scholastica's convent. The hardships suffered here in the early days were much like, yet even more severe, than those recorded in the history of Subiaco and other communities of this pioneering period.

Highlights of these early years at St. Scholastica's were:

- The first Mass in the new Church, August 15, 1878.
- The second parochial school opened, January 1879.
- The founding of St. Scholastica Convent, Shoal Creek, January 1879.
- The first Novitiate at the Convent, 1882.
- The boarding house burns, 1886.
- The St. Scholastica Convent becomes an independent house, 1887.
- The first hospital staffed by sisters, 1916.
- The transfer of the motherhouse to Fort Smith, 1925.

From earliest years settlers in the Shoal Creek area had problems obtaining water. It still is a very real problem today.

Digging wells or searching for hidden springs again engaged the attention of the parishioners in 1895. Mr. Frank Beshoner, aged 38, met a tragic death digging a well on the church grounds. He was overcome by poisonous gas.

Mother Meinrada Lex, the first Superior of St. Scholastica's Convent, was a woman of faith. "Trust in God" was a sustaining force of her life. She had to be a person of energy and vision to meet the demands of pioneering a foundation in the wilderness of Arkansas and shaping it into a flourishing community. In the early years of the community the apostolate of the sisters was principally teaching. Later they took up staffing hospitals. Today the ministries of the sisters are many and varied.

Over the years there have been many improvements in the physical plant of the parish, neither has the spiritual growth suffered. Monks from the abbey, whether as resident pastors or serving from Subiaco have taken care of that. At present Father Bruno Fuhrman serves the parish from the abbey. The school has been closed and the students attend classes at Scranton, Subiaco or Paris. St. Scholastica Convent moved to Fort Smith and presently three sisters of Shoal Creek form a core group at the Hesychia House of prayer, a place for rest, renewal and prayer.

In 1873 when the railroad track from Little Rock to Clarksville had been laid there was an influx of settlers to these parts. Around Morrison Bluff they found a flourishing river port with a ferry across the river, plenty of good river-bottom farm land, and many industries as well as general merchandise stores and a doctor. So in 1878 when the parishes of St. Benedict and St. Scholastica were founded, some Catholic families were already living in and around the river town of Morrison Bluff. These settlers, east of Cane Creek attended divine service at St. Scholastica's: those on the west side of the creek went to St. Benedict's. By 1880 the settlement of Germans had increased to 28 families. The desire for a church of their own grew so rapidly that a delegation was sent to Subiaco to seek advice from Father Wolfgang.

The parish was actually founded in 1878 when the first Mass was celebrated in the home of Conrad Elsen. The practice of celebrating Mass in private homes continued until the church was completed and dedicated in the Spring of 1881. The Ragon brothers donated one and one-half acres of land near the river for the church and school.



MOTHER MEINRADA LEX, O.S.B.  
First Prioress  
1887-1908



As in Subiaco and in Shoal Creek the settlers were eager to have a Catholic School for the education of their children. For the first 10 years they were unable to obtain sisters from the convent at St. Scholastica so they hired lay professors.

Almost immediately after a parish was founded and a church and school established, a choir and a band and parish societies were formed. This was the pattern of most of the parishes in the Benedictine colony. The choir at Sts. Peter and Paul Church was famous for its excellence. The band formed in 1911 under the direction of Alois Walbe played for all Church celebrations, community and social events.

Some of the first families recorded were: Asshauer, Berns, Brincker, Bollweg, Cunert, Dillier, Deuerling, Eckelhoff, Elskan, Frederick, Geels, Hahn, Heim, Hoing, Kleck, Kremer,

Krallman, Lange, Layes, Leslie, Meier, Neuman, Ragon, Raible, Rockenhaus, Schlaf, Schnitzius, Seiter, Siebenmorgen, Weatherton, Weiselbaum, Weisenfels and Wewer.

In 1958 the parish lost its Catholic School and the Benedictine Sisters moved to Scranton. The students attend the public school in Scranton.

When in the 1960's the U. S. Government bought the rich bottomland to improve the Arkansas River for navigation many of the families were forced to leave. They took with them a staunch faith implanted by the zeal and dedication of the Benedictine Fathers and Sisters who worked in their parish.

Paris, Arkansas came into existence in 1874 when it was chosen as the county seat for Logan County, which had been created in 1871. Most of the railroad land still available around Paris lay to the west of the little county seat. Here a community of Catholics began to form in 1878.

Soon Catholics had settled in all directions from the town of Paris. Mass was celebrated only once a month and the first mass-station was located about five miles west of Paris. The first real church was a log building at this rural location. In 1880 a second church, also of logs was built about a mile west of the town where the present parish cemetery is located. Because of growth in the parish a third church was soon needed. Mrs. Louise Waddell, a prominent Protestant widow of Paris, gave two lots west of the town square for a Catholic church. She required that a school also be built. This new church was dedicated to St. Joseph and seated 180 people. Mr. Joseph Duerr taught school in a little one-room building.

In 1888-1889 the parish school was given over to the Benedictine Sisters of St. Scholastica's. A word about St. Ann's School is in place here. It was staffed by Benedictine Sisters who lived at St. Ann's at the northwest foot of Short Mountain during the week and returned to Paris to stay with the Sisters at Paris over the weekends.

In 1919 a "new" St. Ann's was built in Carbon City. The Sisters began teaching at St. Ann's in 1895 and, with a few years exception, continued until the closing of the school in the middle of the 1940's. However, the school at St. Joseph's has continued until the present and it is the only parochial Catholic school in Logan County.



The majestic Catholic Church on Highway 22 and Spruce Street is a worthy tribute to the pioneer families: Fischer, Binz, Fritz, Digiacomo, Forst, Schmalz, Lumpp, Sprenger, Bartsch, Duerr, Leihn, Boes, and Zeiler, who sowed the seeds of faith in this area of Logan County.

Like most Catholic Churches in North Logan County, St. Anthony's, Ratcliff, was founded by German families on railroad land. The first church was located about a mile north of Caulksville, adjoining the road that is the present Highway 23. Mass was in the home of Mr. Staus on Easter Sunday, 1879 and every other week until the church was completed in August and mass was offered in it for the first time of the Feast of the Assumption, August 15, 1879. In January 1885 this first church was burned down with all its contents. In the spring of 1885 a small log church was built about one-half mile east of the present church. In December 1889 a parochial school was erected adjoining the church. The school opened in January 1891.



The second church built in 1885.

Shortly after the turn of the century a third church was built. It was located on three acres of land north of the railroad station (Ratcliff) on a high hill where it stands today, an inspiration to all who journey on Highway 22. This church was dedicated in 1903, and also a frame school building; this time in honor of St. Anthony. The Benedictine Sisters were the first teachers in this school.

In the early 1960's St. Anthony's school was closed. Some students transferred to Sacred Heart School in Charleston; some to St. Joseph School in Paris. The family-like atmosphere of this parish is unique, a fitting testimony to the spirit of the forefathers who founded it: Wilhelm, Ockenfeld, Buergler, Mahl, Plein, Achneider, Walters and Huck.

The last German parishes to be founded in the Benedictine Colony were St. Meinrad's in Prairie View and St. Ignatius in Scranton. Both of these were missions, then parishes. Early in the history of the congregation the people of St. Meinrad's were members of Sts. Peter and Paul's Church in Morrison Bluff or of St. Scholastica's in Shoal Creek. In 1890 a number of people subscribed to start a school in their town. This first school was taught by a layman from Germany. All classes were taught in German. The Sisters from St. Scholastica's took over the school in 1892. In 1912 a request was made to Bishop Morris for permission to build a church. By January 1913 the church was blessed and the first mass was celebrated.



The congregation of St. Ignatious, Scranton, was started in much the same manner as that of Prairie View. When Scranton, the terminus of the Fort Smith, Subiaco and Eastern, was booming, the residing Catholic families, who belonged to the parish of Morrison Bluff, decided to build their own school. This was done and the first term was opened on December 18, 1911. Sister Boniface was the teacher. The next year an annex was built to the school house and for

some time this building served both as a church and school. This church was dedicated January 12, 1913. The ingenuity of the parishioners was evidenced by the uniqueness of the desks in this school. A board was fastened by hinges to the long church pews. When used for desks these boards were supported by wooden props. During church services the props were removed and the desks let down. Students in the lower grades sat on the kneeling benches and placed their slates or tablets on the seats of the pews. (I know, I attended grade school in this building.)

Now a monk took care of Prairie View and Scranton on one trip. He would come from the abbey on Saturday and return home on Sunday afternoon. In 1916 Father Peter Post became the first full-time pastor with residence in the sacristy in Scranton. Some years after this a church was built and it still is being used as the place of worship for this congregation.

The settlers who chose to buy railroad land did so, for the most part, because it was inexpensive. Most were fairly poor, but they bore their poverty cheerfully. They could do this because they shared with each other. Also their lives were not as drab as one would think. During the week they worked hard; on Sunday they played as well as prayed. After mass on Sunday there were social gatherings on the church grounds or at parishioner's homes nearby. Always, there was community singing and instrumental music. Most of these pioneers were fairly well educated.

Now we come back to the question, "How did it happen?" All the factors mentioned: Dissatisfaction in Germany, desire for a better life, railroad lands, flowery publicity could possibly be the answer, but really it could not have been any one of them alone. Most especially in the providence of God it happened because the hardships of poverty, droughts, sickness, misunderstandings, fires, cyclones, privations of these early pioneers were matched by their determination, courage, talents, giftedness and, above all, by their faith. Their influence is felt in this present time, not only in North Logan County, but in many areas of our state and country. This is our rich heritage.

Sources: A Place Called Subiaco, by Father Hugh Assenmacher, O.S.B.  
Write the Vision Down, by Sister Louise Sharun, O.S.B.

## 1983 MEMBERSHIP LIST

We are happy to report that the membership of the Logan County Historical Society is increasing daily. Below is a list of new members since our Summer 1983 issue of Wagon Wheels was published. WELCOME TO WAGON WHEELS!!

Alexander, Sheila Beatty	1548 Echidna Pl.	Ventura, CA 93003
Aydelott, Dan	315 S. 117 E Ave.	Tulsa, OK 74128
Beckham, Lucille	345 W. Madison	McAlester, OK 74501
Bonner, Ronald G.	Rt 2, Box 926	Burleson, TX 76028
Boyd, Edward	613 N. 4th	Paris, AR 72855
Camp, Floyd E.	602 E. Buckley	Brownfield, TX 79316
Carpenter, Arthur	Rt 1, Box 440	Lavaca, AR 72941
Catlett, Alfred	P. O. Box 599	Magazine, AR 72943
Cauthron, Peggy Parker	207 W. 10th St.	Booneville, AR 72927
Claborn, Marie	P. O. Box 5396	Elkhart, TX 75839
Cowan, Mona L.	510 W. 1st St.	Pittsburg, KS 66762
Cowley, Ben	516 S. 4th	Fairfax, OK 74637
Culps, Harry L.	Rt 1, Box 94	Booneville, AR 72927
Davis, Kathryn	Rt 2, Box 337	Paris, AR 72855
Davis, Monta	Rt 2, Box 325A	Booneville, AR 72927
Doom, Lola	502 S. 3rd St.	Paris, AR 72855
Dykes, Clyde	Rt 3, Box 76	Gilmer, TX 75644
Edwards, Mrs. George	681 N. Owen	Booneville, AR 72927
Elkins, Vance V.	7901 N. Fed. Hwy 10	Bocoraton, FL 33431
Ellington, Mrs. Lewis	Blue Mtn. Dam	Waveland, AR 72867
Ellington, Sybil	Rt 4, Box 465	Booneville, AR 72927
First National Bank	P. O. Box 31	Paris, AR 72855
Forst, Fred F.	Rt 3, Box 96	Paris, AR 72855
Francis, Mrs. Dicie	1815 Chantilly	Houston, TX 77018
Freeman, Nelta	Rt 1, Box 101	Subiaco, AR 72865
Friese, Mrs. Helen	Rt 1, Box 66	Subiaco, AR 72865
Fullbright, Mrs. Gus Jr	3018 Bluff Dr.	Sallisaw, OK 74955
Furstenburg, Mary E.	2105 Walshview Tr #203	Silver Spgs, MD 20903
Furstenberg, Rose Mary	P. O. Box 141	Robersonville, NC 27871
Gehring, Mary	Rt 1	New Blaine, AR 72851
Gilbert, Thomas & Mary	7337 E. Garfield St	Scottsdale, AZ 85257
Gordon, Trish	P. O. Box 377	Magazine, AR 72943
Griffith, June	1002 Lakeview Dr.	Rossville, GA 30741
Hamilton, Barbara J.	3065 S. Crescent Dr	Salt Lake City, UT 84106
Harger, Darwin	101 Pierce St.	Paris, AR 72855
Harley, Rose M.	280 Prospect Ave.	Hackensack, NJ 07601
Harp, Jesse W.	481 Whitney Dr.	Hemet, CA 92343
Harper, Stella Hines	Rt 1, Box 343A	Paris, AR 72855
Harris, William & Dorris	711 E. Academy St.	Paris, AR 72855
Hixon, Floyd M.	1712 Harvard	Clovis, CA 93612
Hixon, Gordon	800 E. Short Mtn St	Paris, AR 72855
Hixon, Julia M.	Rt 4, Box 512	Theodosia, MO 65761
Hixon, Mrs. Willeen	606 N. Elm St.	Paris, AR 72855
Hunter, Mrs. Linnie	718 N. Grant	Booneville, AR 72927

Lee, Dan & Anna M.	60 Main Street	Yuba City, CA 95991
Lee, Wilford M.	84 Point Comfort Rd	Hilton Head Island, S. C. 29928
Leftwich, Mrs. Francis	P. O. Box 87	Booneville, AR 72927
Lewis, Mary R.		
% Pleas Garner	Rt 3, Box 162	Booneville, AR 72927
Lile, Shelah Stephens	5705 77th St.	Lubbock, TX 79424
Logan County Bank	Gen. Del.	Scranton, AR 72863
Mantooth, R. J.	711 N. 10th St.	Paris, AR 72855
Moe, Don R.	6493 E. Bayberry St	Agcura, CA 91301
Myers, Shirley	110 Mount Shasta	Dallas, TX 75211
Neihouse, Pauline	406 N. 5th St.	Paris, AR 72855
Nickerson, Norma	900 N. 7th St.	Paris, AR 72855
Palmisano, Mrs. Betty	322 Parkview Circle	Taft, CA 93268
Parsons, Martha G.	12231 Gay Ric Rd.	Lakeside, CA 92040
Rice, Robert & Lillian	Rt 2, Box 59	
	2107 W. Walnut	Paris, AR 72855
Robinson, Carol	312 Wadsack Dr #F	Norman, OK 73069
Robinson, Mrs. Opal	Route 1	Magazine, AR 72943
Russell, Lois	Route 1	Paris, AR 72855
Schluterman, Mary C.	Rt 4, Box 69	Subiaco, AR 72865
Seifert, Robert	217 Oakland Ave.	Capitola, CA 95010
Shirley, Silas T.	16912 Orange Dr.	Yorba Linda, CA 92686
Sidwell, W. T.	Route 1	Paris, AR 72855
Smee, Bill	163 W. 10th St.	Booneville, AR 72927
Smith, Aubrey D.	Rt 3, Box 114	Booneville, AR 72927
Smith, Retha B.	Rt 3, Box 133A	Booneville, AR 72927
Spicer, Mrs. T.O. Sr.	1321 Belle Air	Carthage, MO 64836
Stiles, Mrs. Laura	410 N. Express	Paris, AR 72855
Titsworth, Bill	Apt. DO 25	
	4800 Talpa Deallende	Talisco, Mexico
Webster, Nancy	Rt 1, Box 244	Paris, AR 72855
Whitaker, Rachel	Hwy 10 West	Booneville, AR 72927
Williams, John R.	P. O. Box 425	Booneville, AR 72927
Wright, Mrs. Cleo	Star Route, Box 110	Danville, AR 72833
Wright, Rufus B. Sr.	183 Lassen Cr.	Vacaville, CA 95688
Zeiler, Vicky	Route 3	Paris, AR 72855

Correcticns to Membership List in Summer 1983 Wagon Wheels:

Page 35 - Armstrong, Christine Moore should be Armstrong,  
Christine Moon.

Page 40 - Vance, David L. should read 201 West "J", Russell-  
ville, AR 72801

Change of Address:

Page 38 - Miller, Mrs. R. Glenn to: 411 S. 9th St., Oxford,  
MS 38655

I N S E A R C H O F A N C E S T O R S

Mrs. Emma Montgomery, Route 2, Box 9, Cabool, MO 65689 is searching for history of the family of James and Elizabeth Ringgold. They had a son, John Washington Ringgold, born in Tennessee in 1855. He married Amanda Zaida Couch at the Reveille Church in February 1887 or 1888. They had 10 children. James and Elizabeth Ringgold are buried near Subiaco on a mountain. Can anyone help Mrs. Montgomery with her research?

Jessie J. Griffith, 1002 Lakeview Dr., Rossville, GA 30741 is searching for the lost Catletts of Walker County, GA who went to Arkansas and elsewhere. She is also looking for the name of Burrows.

*Mrs. Griffith also states that a book of marriages, births deaths and legal notices of Walker County, GA with a list of where the people went will go on sale December 1, 1983 for \$17.00 postpaid. It is soft bound and contains over 4,000 names. She states this is a must for people re-searching ancestry from Walker County, GA. This is Vol. 3 which covers 1893-1897. If interested contact Mrs. Griffith.*

Duane W. "Pete" Wood, Route 1, #44 Crownpoint, Pauls Valley, OK 73075 would like to correspond with anyone who can help in his research of the Biggs family, especially Preston Biggs and Franklin M. Biggs families. They are from around the Paint Rock Cemetery area.

Ray Millard, 8920 Afton Lane, Chattanooga, TN 37421 is searching for information on the Jewell and Dollahite families. John Dollahite was in law enforcement (sheriff, deputy or marshall) at the time of his death in 1916. Does anyone know where to obtain verification of this information?

Clyde Dykes, Route 3, Box 76, Gilmer, TX 75644 needs assistance. He states, "My great grandfather Francis Winchester is buried in Blue Mountain cemetery. He died in 1894. His wife was Mary Ann Gadd. She had a sister who lived in the area by the name of Bell Struthers. Bell's husband was a merchant around Magazine. Would like to contact some of the Struthers related to Bell. The Winchester family moved into the area around 1880. They came from Tennessee. They traveled with the Dickey and Coffee family. After Francis Winchester died his family moved on to Texas around 1900."

K. C. Emerson, 560 Boulder Dr., Sanibel, FL 33957, would like to hear from anyone who can connect the Wilkins families of Yell County with the Wilkins families of Logan County.

La Donna Arnold, 8316 S. 8th, Broken Arrow, OK 74012 requests:

1. Were Cospers families and Dorrough (Dorough) families arriving in 1870's from Georgia related?
2. Would like to contact Faye Marie Dorrough, born c. 1910 Logan County. Need present name and address.
3. Would like to correspond with anyone having information or researching Dorrough (Dorough) name.
4. Would like to correspond with descendant of John and Rebecca Ann Walker Mosley. Moved to Arkansas from Georgia late 1800's. John was a Civil War veteran, Confederate d. 8-14-1902. Daughter Martha E. married Reason Levi (Babe) Lee.
5. Would like to correspond with anyone having information concerning John William "Will" Walker, moved to Paris, AR from Carrolton, GA late 1800's. Nephew to Rebecca Ann Walker Mosley.

\* \* \* \* \*

*The following information might be of assistance to those of you who are researching GERMAN ancestry. This information has been received from Verlag Degener & Co. Inh. Gerhard Gessner, P. O. Box 1340, D 8530 Neustadt/Aisch, West Germany.*

"Our most recent publication in the English language: "How to find my German Ancestors and Relatives" by Heinz F. Friederichs undoubtedly will be of special interest to you. We will mail this booklet to you after we receive from you 1 Dollar which represents the purchase price. You will be able to send the 1 Dollar by 3 international postage coupons available at your local post office.

For the insertion of advertisements tracing your ancestors we recommend the FAMILIENKUNDLICHE NACHRICHTEN, which is published 6 times in the year with a circulation of 12,000 copies and added as a supplement to almost all German language genealogical periodicals. Such an advertisement will cost from 10 to 25 Dollars depending on the size. Please send the amount in advance. We shall publish your inquiry in our next edition and send you a copy for your information. The more details you give us about the origin of your German ancestors, the better we will be able to phrase the wording of your advertisement. Please be assured that we will do our best to assist you in making your desire known.

Please, send us US-currency-notes and not checks on amounts for less than 10 Dollars. - Please, send only German DM - checks! - If you will send Dollar-checks, please, add 2 Dollars for bank-charges, which we must pay by redemption."

Corrections to Previous Issues

Bill Hanks, 1217 W. 3rd St., Little Rock, AR 72201  
send the following information regarding the July 1980  
Wagon Wheels (Page 14).

"Thought you might appreciate knowing that James B. Logan was a son of Robert A. Logan of Pope Co., AR. He died in December 1846 at Saltillo, Mexico while serving with the U. S. Army during that war. He is an entirely different person; although I believe he was a first cousin to Col. James Logan for whom Logan County, Arkansas was named.

Col. James Logan and James B. Logan both served in the Arkansas General Assembly, and were active in politics during the first half of the 19th century."

+ + + +

Wagon Wheels, Fall 1983, Page 13 - We have learned the names of the unidentified Booneville players. They are:  
1st Row - Lester Hampton; 2nd Row - Glen Comer; and  
3rd Row - Auston Bryan and Jack Spain.

+ + + +

MEMBERSHIP DUES FOR 1984

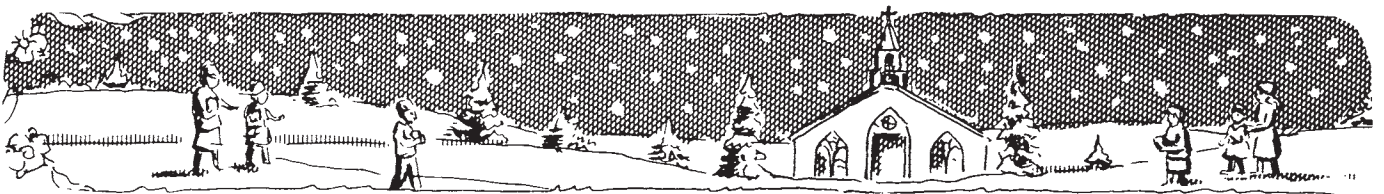
For Membership, please send dues with your name and address to:

Logan County Historical Society  
P. O. Box "B"  
Paris, Arkansas 72855

The membership dues for 1984 will be \$10.00 for individual membership and \$15.00 for couples. The dues are the same for in-county and out-of-county. This includes one copy of each publication per membership, mailed to your address.

\* \* \* \* \*

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR!!!



## I N D E X

## -A-

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 Ashour, John Ins Cov  
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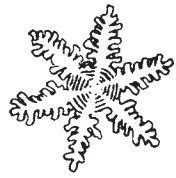
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 Edleman 32  
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Don't wash and press  
a Christmas present  
before giving it, or  
you will wash out the  
good luck and press  
in the bad.



Leave a loaf of  
bread on the table  
after Christmas Eve  
supper and you will  
have a full supply  
until the next  
Christmas.

## CHRISTMAS PUDDING

- 1 c. suet, chopped or ground fine
- 1 c. sweet milk
- $\frac{1}{4}$  c. each, citron, lemon and  
orange peel
- 1 c. currants
- 1 tsp. each soda, cinnamon, and  
cloves
- 1 c. molasses
- 2 c. flour



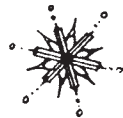
Mix all ingredients and steam for  
two hours.

Serve with lemon or hard sauce. Hard  
sauce is made with real butter and  
granulated white sugar seasoned with  
nutmeg. Put a ball about the size  
of a walnut on each serving of hot  
pudding, as desired.

If you let a fine  
go out on Christmas  
morning, spirits  
will come to you  
then and later in the  
season.



So remember while December  
Brings the only Christmas Day,  
In the year let there be Christmas  
In the things you do and say;  
Wouldn't life be worth the living  
Wouldn't dreams be coming true  
If we kept the Christmas spirit  
All the whole year through?

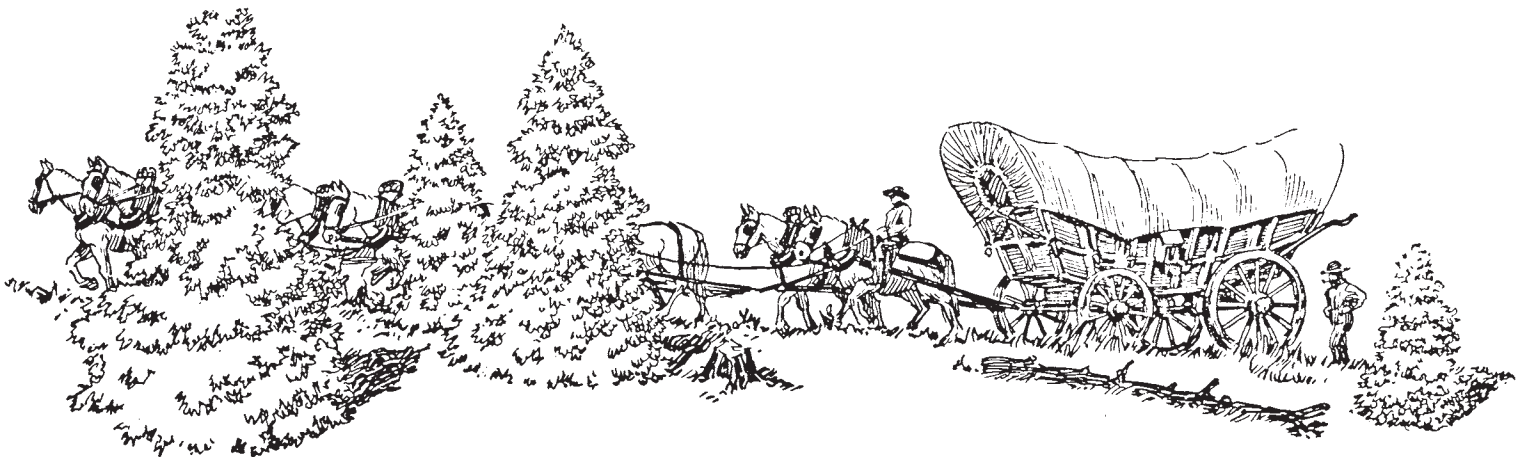


Make a start on your  
year's work between  
Christmas and January  
fifth--a bit of  
ditching, a little  
plowing--to "show your  
intentions". But  
never fix your roof  
between Christmas  
and New Year's or  
the holes will come  
right back.

## AN ALPHABET OF CHRISTMAS

A is for Animals who shared the stable.  
B for the Babe with their manger for cradle.  
C for the Carols so blithe and so gay.  
D for December, the twenty-fifth day.  
E for the Eve when we're all so excited.  
F for the Fun when the tree's at last lighted.  
G is the Goose which you all know is fat.  
H is the Holly you stick in your hat.  
I for the Ivy that clings to the wall.  
J is for Jesus, the cause of it all.  
K for the Kindness begot by this feast.  
L is the Light shining way in the east.  
M for the Mistletoe, all green and white.  
N for the Nowells we sing Christmas night.  
O for the Oxen, the first to adore Him.  
P for the Presents Wise Men laid before Him.  
Q for the Queenness that this should have been  
Near two thousand years before you were seen.  
R for the Reindeer leaping the roofs.  
S for the Stockings that Santa Claus stuffs.  
T for the Toys, the Tinsel, the Tree.  
U is for Us--the whole family.  
V is for Visitors bringing us cheer.  
W is Welcome to the happy New Year.  
X YZ bother me! All I can say,  
Is this is the end of my Christmas lay,  
So now to you all, wherever you be,  
A merry, merry Christmas, and many may you see!

Author Unknown



## WAGON WHEELS