WEST PLAINS GAZETTE

Number Twenty-five, Spring, 1984

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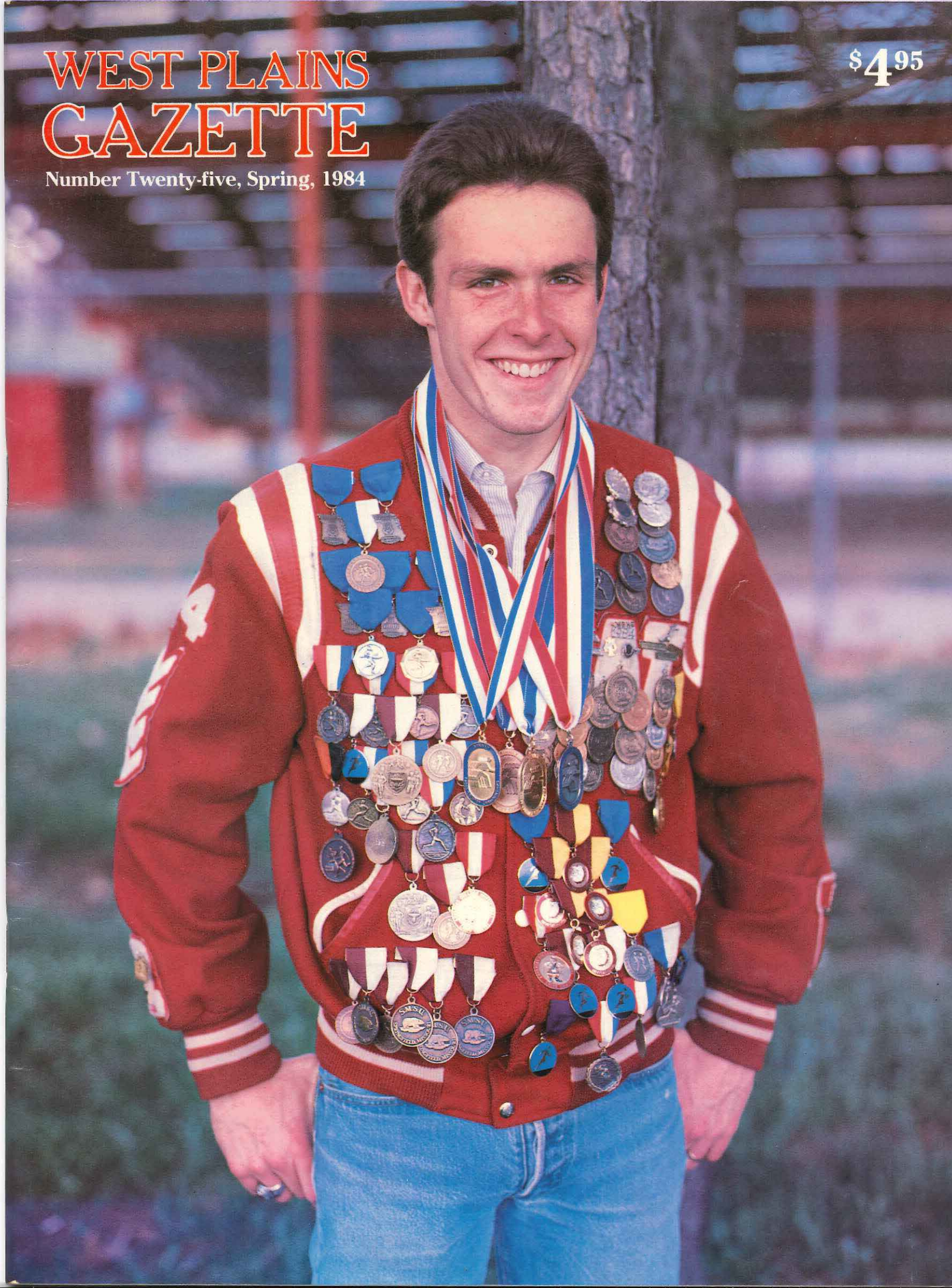

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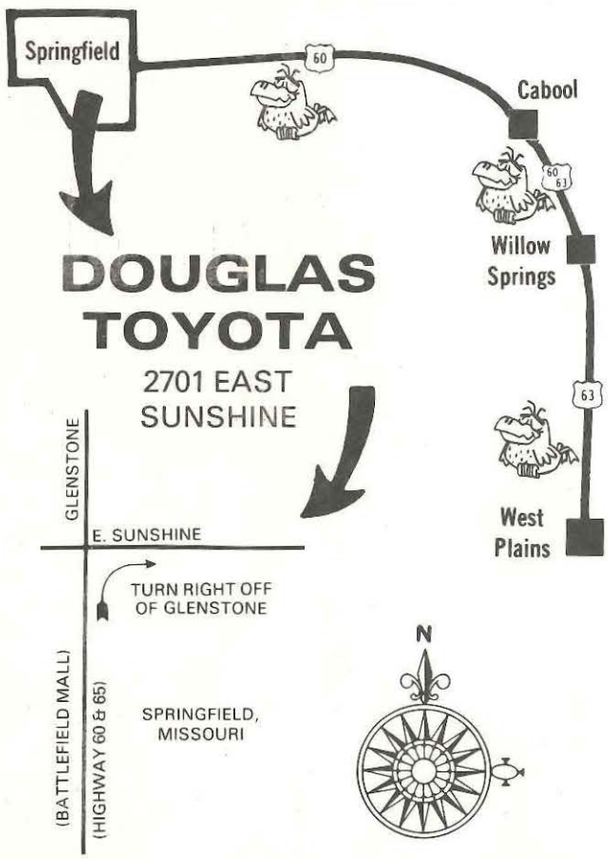

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WEST PLAINS GAZETTE

SPRING, 1984 **NUMBER TWENTY-FIVE**

WEST PLAINS GAZETTE
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ON THE COVER:

CHRIS ZINN in his WPHS Letterman's Jacket

PHOTO BY RUSS COCHRAN

The *Gazette* welcomes unsolicited submissions of historical articles, essays, and photographs relevant to our format. All submissions, though, must include a stamped, self-addressed envelope, or return of submitted material cannot be guaranteed.

CONTENTS

ADVERTISERS INDEX

If you've been wondering what happened to the *Gazette*, I hope the presence of Number Twenty-five will ease your worries.

Some transitions go without a hitch and some are not quite as smooth as they could be. This *Gazette* is a product of a transition that had a few rough edges. Let me explain. There have been no changes in ownership, policy, or format; what has changed is the way we put the magazine together. Without going into detail, we no longer have our own typesetter. The type is set and the pages pasted-up right where the magazine is printed. (This is the way we used to do the *Gazette*.)

Eventually, this method will work out fine, but since this is the first issue we've done this way in a while . . . well, it just takes some time to change after we've gotten set in our ways.

IN THIS ISSUE

On the cover of this issue is cross country runner Chris Zinn. Chris is not just a runner; he's a *good* runner. He has the distinction of being the only student in Missouri to win three consecutive first place titles in state cross country competition. Not only that, but last December in San Diego, he placed fifth overall in *national* competition.

Chris graduated from high school this year, and we're proud to have him on our cover. (By the way, Chris was on the cover of another *Gazette*—Number One. And wouldn't you know it, he's running! For you lucky owners of Number One, Chris is the young fellow in the upper right hand picture who has just stepped foot on the curb, and his young companion still on the street is Robby McElmurry.)

One hundred years ago the railroad in West Plains was only one year old. As we take a giant leap back, we consider what the railroad meant to towns along the track. The railroad brought life to the towns it went through, and the towns it did not pass through almost certainly faded away; its importance cannot be overstated. If the railroad had bypassed West Plains, and the trackbed had instead been laid through Pottersville, for example, then you might be holding in your hands a copy of the *Pottersville Gazette* about to read an article on the neighboring village of West Plains!

Pauline Brookshier's ancestors settled in Pottersville, gave it its name, and opened the first post office there. Through her account of Pottersville's beginnings and *Gazette* interviews with several residents, we share the history of one of our town's oldest neighbors.

Jumping back to the present, Herman Quick warns us of a potentially dangerous situation that threatens our own corner of the world, the New Madrid Fault. Most folks have probably heard of the long-ago great earthquake that shook much of the United States and devastated Missouri's bootheel region, but many people are not aware of how a quake in the area could affect us today. As a quake survivor, Herman tells us what to expect if the New Madrid Fault unleashes its fury again.

Elsewhere in this issue Helen Springer tells of her family who owned the Star Grocery in West Plains in the early part of this century, and Bill Jones tells of his early life on a farm with his story of the Jones family.

Many readers will recognize the author of a story about the beginnings of citizens band radio in West Plains. He is the Reverend J. Leland Hall who was pastor of the First Baptist Church in West Plains for several years in the late 50s and early 60s. As a closely-related note, I'd like to encourage anyone with a story from the 40s, 50s, or 60s to let us hear from you. We'd certainly like to include more articles from these decades in the *Gazette*.

ST. FRANCIS' FARM

Spring was late in West Plains this year, but once the warm weather arrived the memory of last winter's record low temperatures all but faded away. Instead, came concern for cleaning, yardwork, and clearing out the house and garage. As you tackle these tasks, there is a group of young men I hope you will keep in mind; I'm referring to the youths of St. Francis' Farm.

Local readers who are unfamiliar with this organization are missing out on many things. Included in their projects is an odd job service (call 256-7046 for information), a secondhand store called Monks Mart, and a unique venture named Festival Day. Festival Day is located at 1018 First Street in West Plains. It provides an outlet for local artists (including the ones at St. Francis' Farm) to show and sell their work. It is here that the farm's residents refinish furniture and make beautiful inlaid wood crafts.

If you are not familiar with the reason St. Francis' Farm exists, you should be. St. Francis' Farm provides an alternative to jail for young offenders who should not be imprisoned. Unlike most programs of this type, there is no government funding. The youths work at the farm's enterprises for their room and board and small amount of spending money. The farm is funded through these same business ventures and donations from the community. If you're looking for a worthy cause to support, let me suggest St. Francis' Farm.

TLH

LIFETIME SUBSCRIBERS

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Phil Buck
Andy and Margaret Meredith
Jack and Marian McNevin
Vic and Lois Ellis

LETTERS

We welcome letters from our readers. Address all correspondence to: West Plains Gazette, P.O. Box 469, West Plains, MO 65775.

Dear Russ,

Although I am not from the Ozarks I enjoy your magazine so very much. You see I originally am from East Tennessee and I hear that years ago when those East Tennesseans could hear their neighbors' roosters crow, they figured they were getting too close so they crossed the big muddy and settled in south Missouri. I believe it because the dialect is a lot the same.

I am rambling, so enough. Because I do enjoy your magazine so much, I want to make a small donation and hope it helps keep the magazines coming.

Best regards to you and the gang,
Chet Atkins
Nashville, Tennessee

Lifetime Subscriptions

I have enclosed $200.00 for a lifetime subscription to the *Gazette*. We just received the winter issue and enjoyed it as always.

My best to you for a happy New Year.

Bill Virdon
Springfield, Missouri

Dear Russ:

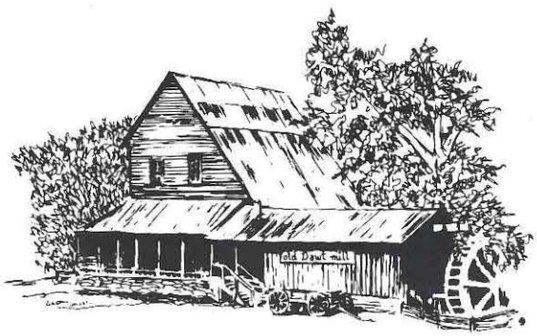
I want to join your exclusive club of life memberships! I think West Plains and the Howell County area really needs your *Gazette*, and I think you have done a superb job in getting the publication started — now let's hope the rest of us will be able to keep it going! I'm sure you are going to see lots of support.

In obtaining this lifetime subscription to the *Gazette*, I wish to recall the memory of your Cochran grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Cochran, from whom we rented the building for the Ellis Store on Washington Avenue in West Plains. Your grandparents were awfully nice to us, and grand people in our opinion.

I retired in January 1984, and hope to be able to get to West Plains to catch up on some visiting with some old, old friends who are still in the area.

Good luck to you and your staff, Russ, and our hope is that you can keep the *Gazette rolling off the presses!*

Vic & Lois Ellis
Indianapolis, Indiana



Enclosed is a check for a lifetime membership and three gift subscriptions to the *Gazette*. We'd like to do our bit in helping to keep such a wonderful magazine going.

Our best wishes for a great response to your letter.

Sincerely,
Andy & Margaret Meredith
Mountain View, Missouri

Remembering with the *Gazette*

Please keep the *West Pains Gazette* alive. I am a physician, a psychiatrist — one of those peculiar birds who fly backwards keeping an eye firmly on early development with an abiding faith that if I understand where I came from I will most certainly arrive safely at my destination. As you can imagine this type of bird develops a most cushiony rump.

I was born in West Plains down at the south extremity of Curry Street in a house that Dr. Torrey and his family occupied when I was growing up and most of my 1st twelve years were spent at 318 Curry Street. My mother died there when I was ten and is buried in the West Plains cemetery. Memories of early life are dimmed by time and distorted so that reading about Mrs. Poole's school, Dr. Bohrer, The Explosion, Scouting, Bob Neathery, Dorothy Robertson, Guy Buck, etc. etc. helps me gain perspective on my personal history as well as the general environment that I love with an intense nostalgia. Thanks for the memories!

In a recent issue was an account of Dr. Posie Dow Gum. I have a 55-year-old scar beneath my right eye that he had much to do with although I scarcely remember his face — only his gentle hands. Your pictures of him have helped me crystallize his memory as I never could before. I was too scared for visual memory. Here is how I got my scar:

My brother Tom — who is now a surgeon in Springfield, Missouri — and a friend, were sent on an errand to a wholesale house down by the railroad depot. I was to remain at home with my mother who assumed I would stay put. However, in those days my eyes were fixed firmly on my brother's rump — so much so that he called me "Tagalong." I didn't stay put, I followed in his footsteps. (I might add that he followed in his brother's footsteps into a medical career and I tagged along.) We completed whatever errand that he was sent on and on the way down Curry Street, Grace Avenue, past the lumber yard, Allen's Grocery, the stock yards, the depot he tried to pry me off his back and send me home. I wouldn't go. The excitement of crosstown travel was too much to resist. I was like a North Fork leach. Then we retraced our steps — at least to the depot where the Sunnyland was just pulling out, headed South. Men in black caps removed small stools from beside the train, shouted "Board." The engine whuffed and chuffed, released clouds of steam, and slowly pulled out of the station. We three small boys raced along beside the train to see how long we could keep up with it. There is a strange sense of power in being able to go faster than the train until it gains momentum. My gaze at this time was firmly fixed on the train so as to savor this power until the moment when the train began to go faster than a small boy. I never did see the baggage wagon that my right cheek encountered and I only felt the pain later. Tommy ran on toward home and on the way encountered Momma who was driving toward the train station with my brother J.D. — looking for her wandering third child. When asked were Milton was, Tom said, "We were racing the train when Milton ran into it. There was lots of blood and they took him away in a big black car!" My mother was somewhat hysterical upon the receipt of these dismal tidings. The search continued with increased rigor.

In the meantime, I awakened in the warm embrace of a bosomy woman in a starched white uniform. It was Mrs. McBride, a friend of my mother and someone I knew. She was

Dr. Gum's office nurse and she held me while Dr. P. D. Gum washed my wound and taped it shut. I remember the firm tenderness and the warm hold, the nurse, and nothing more. Also the excitement of reunion, the tears of relief, a more welcome hold and a quick trip across the square, down East Main and down our street and home.

I blubbered a lot the rest of the day which produced a remarkable result. Everytime I cried Tommy got thumped — I think this resulted in a subsequent great sense of responsibility on his part.

Anyway, thanks for finally acquainting me with the man behind the tender hands.

Please keep the magazine going.

Affectionate regards,
Milton Ashley, M.D.
Bellevue, Washington

At last I am writing you to tell you how much I am enjoying the *Gazette*. The issue with the Catron and Mantz families was a favorite, for those two families were a part of my growing up years in West Plains. I read those articles over and over.

Somewhere in the old *Quills* is a nice human interest story about the Catrons and a horse. Col. O. H. P. Catron loved beautiful black horses and most of them were very spirited. But one of them was so gentle that Aunt Alice (Mrs. Lee M. Catron) and Ruth could drive him. When the time came to retire him, because of age, he was put out to pasture. Through the years, the horse was lost, no one knew where he was. But one day someone spotted him. What rejoicing there was at the Catron house when he was brought home.

I hope your financial problems are easing. I wish I were a moneyed person, so I could send a big fat check. The *Gazette* is such a beautiful magazine that it doesn't deserve problems. My copies are certainly circulated in Phoenix, but that doesn't bring in any money. I have retired friends who were bankers in Missouri and knew and loved Howard and Ruth Kellett. They enjoyed the articles in the *Gazette* about Kellett Hall and the Catron Family.

The story of the Gleerup family was a most interesting and well-written one. That family was such an active part of everything in West Plains at the time they were there.

May the New Year be very good to each one of you.

Sincerely,
Alexa Whitmire Marquis
Phoenix, Arizona

I have been enjoying reading the *West Plains Gazette* very much. Reminiscing over years past, I remember Pinebrook Inn. Paul Wood, my brother, who lives in West Plains and I hauled the brick for that building with wagon and team from Olden.

Also reading about Ed Coats brought back memories. Paul and I took a wagon load of watermelons to West Plains and tied our team to the hitch rack that was around the old Court House. We were selling melons at five cents and ten cents. Ed Coats was teller at the Howell County Bank at that time. He came by at noon and gave us twenty-five cents for one. We felt we were in the money.

I came out here in 1926. Train fare from West Plains to Rock Springs, Wyoming was $26.00. I borrowed money from the West Plains Bank. Uncle Bob Hogan made me the loan. I was fortunate to meet C. M. Johnson on one of my visits to West Plains. He had retired, but happened to be in the bank.

Keep up the good work. I love to read letters to the editor.

Sincerely,
John A. Wood
Eden, Wyoming.

Please find enclosed a picture of our dad, taken at his surprise 90th birthday party February 4th, 1984. One of his most prized gifts was a copy of all the *Gazettes* except issue Number One.

Dad is a native Missourian, born in Neosho in 1894. Our family lived in West Plains from 1929 until 1942. Although we left years ago, Ozark history will always be a part of us. This is why we enjoy the *Gazette* so much. We knew so many of the people that are featured in your magazine. In fact we are still in touch with many of our friends and relatives in and around West Plains.

My dad received congratulatory cards from President and Mrs. Reagan, Carter, Governor Deukmijen, as well as senators, congressmen, and local officials, yet your magazine topped them all.

I would like to mention something about the edition which contained the Captain Buck story. [Number Nine.] I attended school with Phil, and knew his dad. He was one of the most pleasant men I have ever known. We were around our radio when the broadcast came through. Also the picture Betty Lockmiller submitted in the same issue — I was in that picture but not identified. I still remember Betty and her beautiful long hair. The date of the picture may be off a year or two.

Your magazine is certainly first class quality paper, printing, and photography.

Harold F. Morris
Stockton, California

Cover Cuties

I have never seen such an appealing study of expressions, in one group in my life — your best so far!

What do you suppose they're saying?

Well — here we are. Click your camera!

I know a secret? or do I?

My fingers are sticky — have to do some "finger licking!"

Just wanted to say how much joy this issue has brought to us. (Enjoy the letters so much, too.)

Gratefully,
Genie Lucas

Long Distance Connections

It never ceases to amaze me as to the quality of the *Gazette* — both as to contents and appearance. I have travelled extensively in these United States and have never encountered any city the size of West Plains with a local publication as "neat" as the *Gazette*.

I am proud to say that I have a copy of every issue. Surely there are many others who can say the same, but how many, like myself, have never lived in West Plains or Howell County, or have absolutely no ancestors who lived there?

My wife and I do own a summer cabin near Udall, and we regularly drive to West Plains during our (unfortunately brief) visits to the cabin.

Sometime ago, I wrote the *Gazette* to suggest that a story on Preacher Roe and his baseball experiences would be of interest to me. I'm still waiting for such a story. How about it?

It truly would be a loss felt by many if the *Gazette* should be forced to suspend printing. I can well realize the problems you face, having for three years fought that same battle for a special interest newspaper I was a part-owner of. Unfortunately, we didn't make it and have been out of print for over three years.

The best of luck to you and the entire *Gazette* staff. May 1984 bring the revenue needed to ensure uninterrupted publications.

C. C. Whitmore
Moline, Illinois

[*Note: A story on Preacher Roe is something we've planned for a long time. Look for it soon in the pages of the* Gazette.]

Along with the last issue of the *Gazette* was a reminder that my subscription has drawn to an end. Enclosed is a check for renewal and for additional postage costs, since I also have a change in address, effectively immediately.

Since I discovered your magazine, two years ago, I have acquired every issue and certainly want to continue. My family first came to West Plains shortly before the beginning of the Civil War and it sometimes seems to me that I am related to three quarters of Howell County.

The letters to the editor section is one of my favorite since I have found so many names of old friends listed there. It's a shame that you cannot include their current addresses because it would be great to get in touch with them again.

Keep up the good work with the *Gazette*. I find it the best magazine that I have ever read.

Jim Woodrell, WPHS '37
Australia

(It is not Gazette *policy to publish complete addresses, but we are happy to put folks in touch with old friends, if they will drop us a line asking for the information.)*

Enclosed is check for a subscription to your magazine. While reading Number 23 I discovered Mozella Bowie and Euletta Sanders (from the Galloway, Lasater, and Thornburgh families) who live in Shawnee. I have talked to Euletta over the phone.

My mother was Docia Box, born in Hartville in 1879 and died at the age of 101 three years ago. While she only told about happenings at Hartville and Mansfield she sometimes mentioned West Plains.

So in June, 1983 I visited West Plains for three days. Then I went to Hartville for a week.

I love the country around there — it was the most beautiful country I've ever seen. The trees were greener than I remembered, the grass was thicker, the flowers were more colorful, and the creeks and ponds seemed more clear. I didn't want to come home. Even though I wanted to stay longer, my roots are here in Oklahoma. I'm coming back to your lovely state, and I'm going to stay longer this time.

I enjoy your magazine whether I know anyone or not. I visited Mrs. Agnes Hammond, the mother of Kenneth and Stanley Smith, local oil distributors. They came there from Cleveland, Oklahoma.

I will contact and join your Genealogical Society and through them I may be able to find my mother's folks.

I hope I can visit your beautiful Missouri during the spring or summer of '84.

Martha Stanfill
Shawnee, Oklahoma

I can't begin to tell you how much I appreciated receiving the Winter, 1983 issue of the *West Plains Gazette*.

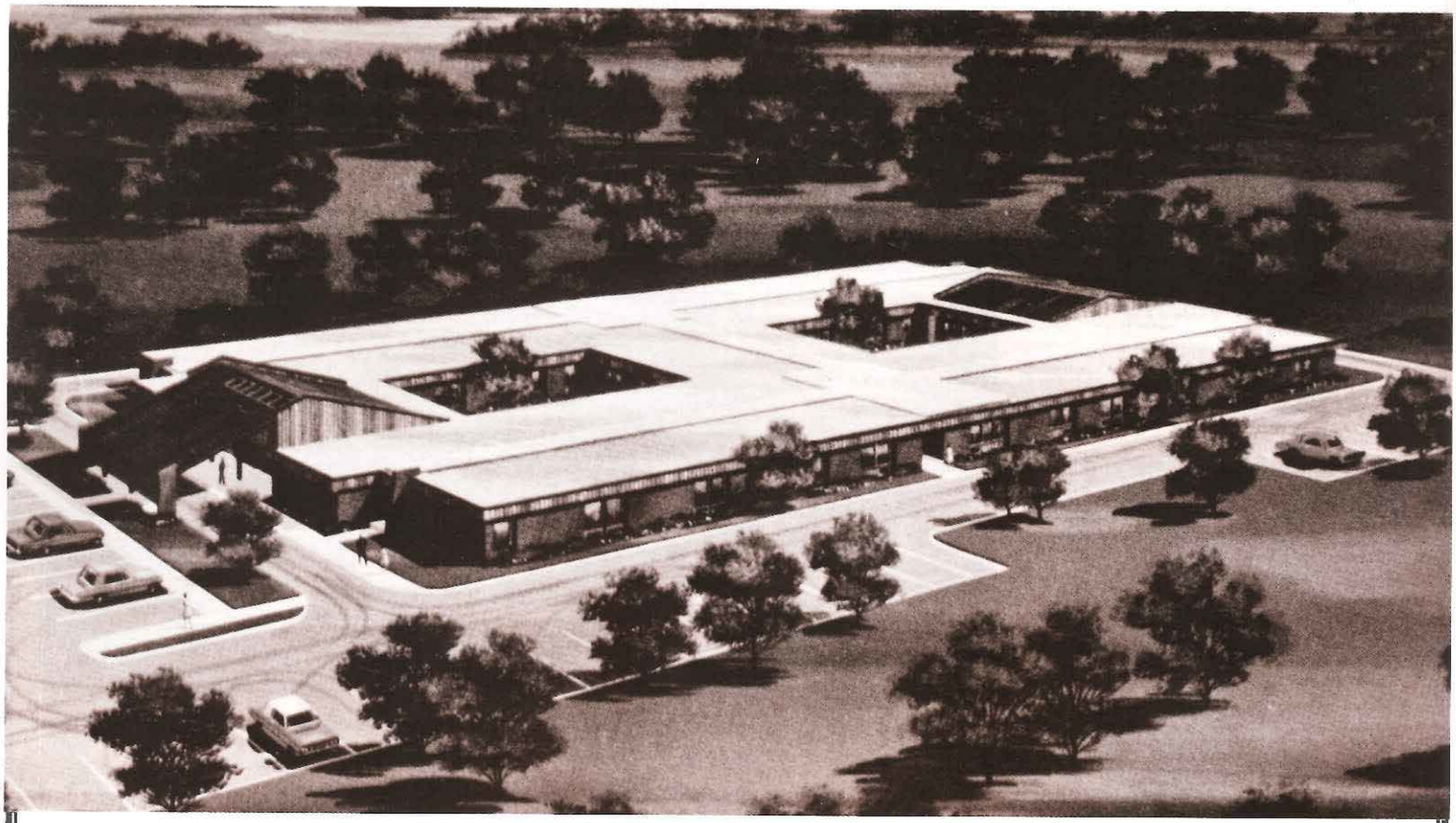
Never having known my father's side of the family, other than my Uncle Ernest and his wife, Una, who lived in Springfield, Missouri at the time, it was such a joy to read about the Thornburgh clan and see pictures of my father, Fred Thornburgh, and his family. I only wish I could have known and been a part of them.

I grew up in Wichita Falls, Texas, and had a brother, John, who, along with his wife, was killed in a private plane crash in 1974.

Thanks again for your delightful publication.

Frances Thornburgh
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

(Continued on page 54.)



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COVER STORY

AND THE WINNER IS . . . . ZINN! *(Again)*

Eighteen-year-old Chris Zinn, a member of the West Plains High School class of '84, has accomplished something that no other high school student in Missouri has ever done. Chris has won three consecutive first place titles in state 4A cross country competition. Not only did he win, but he bettered his times each year and established new state records with each race. He has the three fastest times ever run at Huff Park in Jefferson City where state competition is held each year. (His freshman year time is also in the top ten.)

The Gazette *interviewed Chris and discovered that his winning attitude carries over into his everyday life. He's a very pleasant, modest young man with dreams for the future that are bound to come true.*

Gazette: How long have you been running and what got you started?

Chris: I've been running probably about nine or ten years. The main thing that got me interested in it was my brother. I liked to watch him run, and it got me interested.

G: Do you run every day?

C: Yes, I get up about 5:30 every morning and run anywhere from six to ten miles and sometimes twelve. Then at night if we're not doing speed work [at practice during track season] we'll go anywhere from three to ten. I usually go about ten miles morning and night. It gets old.

G: How long does it take you to run ten miles?

C: Fifty minutes to an hour.

G: What part has Coach Dixon played in all of this?

C: He's played a very major role. I don't think I would have come so far if it hadn't been for him. He coaches me, of course, and he gives me inspiration — gets me going. We've become good friends and that really means a lot. I know what I say to him is between he and I. It's a good relationship.

He used to coach at Richards when I went to Fairview (rural elementary school). I used to always look up to him even then.

G: Does each cross country race have a fixed distance?

C: Cross country is always 5,000 meters which is 3.1 miles.

G: Are there any guidelines as to what the course can be like?

C: I've run on some beautiful courses. The one at SMS invitational in Springfield is really nice, and of course the midwest region and nationals were two really nice courses. Then there's been some horrible, hilly courses. State at Jefferson City is the most outrageous course I've ever seen — rocks and hills, it's very rough.

G: Has anyone in any other state ever won three first place titles in state competition?

C: Yes, there have been others to do it, but it's hard to tell whose was most difficult because the divisions are a lot different from state to state. Another state's 6A could be like our 4A because they've got so many people.

G: Did your times get better every year?

C: Yes, they've improved. I would have done even better this year, but the course was slippery at state because it had been so rainy. I just didn't want to fall. I was in the lead towards the last and the only thing on my mind was, 'Don't fall.' It was so slick.

G: Where did you go after state?

C: I went to the midwest region. There were different regions — the eastern, southern, western, and midwestern. The midwest region race was in Chicago. I won that and advanced to the nationals in San Diego on December 12, 1983. Kinney Shoe Corporation sponsored the national competition.

G: How many runners were in the midwest competition?

C: There were 365 guys in my race, which surprised me. That was out of fifteen states. When I found out how many there were, I just couldn't believe it. The race itself was about five runners deep and that line must have been 110 yards long. It was a horrible start. I felt like I had to sprint just to get out of the way of those guys.

G: How many went to nationals?

C: Eight from each region — thirty-two out of the whole United States.

G: And you were fifth out of that group — that's really impressive.

C: That didn't really hit me until two weeks after I'd gotten back and I thought, *'I was fifth out of the United States.'* It just never really impressed me. I don't mean to sound cocky or anything, but I don't ever want to get the attitude that I've gone as far as I can because I know there's so much more out there and if I let up now somebody else will do it.

G: Do you plan to go to college?

C: Yes, I'll be going to Fayetteville, Arkansas. They gave me a full ride for four years [a track scholarship] which I was glad to have. They're very talented. They won the division I nationals in indoor this year, and they've won it before. They've won nationals in cross country and track a bunch of times. Their record is fantastic, and I felt honored that they asked me. I think I'm going to like it.

G: Surely the Olympics are a possibility for your future. What are your thoughts about that?

C: That's a goal for me. I want to run in the Olympics. I've thought about 1988 because I'll be a senior in college. Hopefully I'll be able to make it then, but if not then maybe the 1992.

G: What events would you enter?

C: Probably the 5,000 or 10,000 which is 3.1 and 6.2 miles. Maybe someday I'll run a marathon. I've always had the dream of winning the Boston Marathon. That's a long way down the road — too far down the road now, but maybe someday.

G

POTTERSVILLE
and Its Pioneer Families

An 1872 map of Howell, Oregon, and Shannon counties (published in Gazette *Number 16) shows only a half dozen towns in Howell County; one of those towns is Pottersville.*

In the early 1840s families began homesteading the area, and a post office was established there prior to the War Between the States. But there isn't much on record about Pottersville before or during the war. It appears likely that many of the structures there suffered the same fate as the ones in West Plains and were destroyed during the chaos of the times. The buildings that did make it through the war, have since been torn down.

For Gazette *purposes, most of the history of the town itself starts with the rebuilding period immediately following the war. Before Pottersville dwindled to become the quiet little village that we know today, it was a busy center of trade in Howell County. At least two mills, a canning factory, a cotton gin, a high school, an Oddfellows lodge, and even a hotel are among the various enterprises and institutions that have been located at Pottersville.*

This history of Pottersville represents the combined efforts of many people, who are either past or present residents of the area. Pauline McKee Brookshier, who is the granddaughter of the man who named Pottersville, provided a starting point by contributing a background of the Carrico family (which appears as a separate article in this issue) and a general history of the town. From there the Gazette *interviewed a good number of people who shared their memories and old photographs. Among those making such contributions other than Pauline are: Opal Bise McElmurry, Sybil Proffit Pence, O. V. Langston and his sister Lorena Langston DeLarm, Ettie Callahan Surritte Walker and her daughter Mabel Freeman and granddaughter Helen Perry, Lewis and Alta Davis Newman, Alice Ford Foley, and Anna Parker.*

Old school group pictures provide a wide sampling of pioneer names. Many children and grandchildren of Pottersville's first settlers are shown in this 1916 school group taken at the old two-story Pottersville school. The teachers were, at left, Edna Hazel and, at right, Sylvester Crider. First row from left: William Campbell, R.J. Tabor or Wash Long, Ernest Simms, Wayne Langston, Mabel Cole, Harry Hiler, Iva Ingram, Naomi Fox, Julia Hamaker, Sybil Proffitt (wearing dark coat), Daisy Bingaman, Rollie Summers, _____ Cahorn, Helen Johns, Harry Summers, Ruth Summers, Alice Ford, Joe McKee, Arthur Eaton, Andrew Cahorn. Second row (includes everyone between first and third rows): Athel Dooley, unknown, Gail Johns, _____ Cochran, Oval Davis, unknown, Ruby Bingaman, Lee Cole, unknown, Virgil Proffitt (in dark shirt), Thelma Dickerson, Oma Randolph, Grace Summers, Thelma Randolph, Charlie Davis, Bessie Collins (behind Sybil Proffitt), Gustie Long, Lois Lyons, Gladys Langston, Bessie Hiler, Hazel Eaton, Doris Kirk, Vernie Davis, Virginia Taylor, Eva Fox, Violet Eaton, Alva Langston, and George Cahorn (little boy looking around Alice's head). Third row: Lester Simms, Hubert Proffitt, Roy Dickerson, David Sarflaton, John Bingaman, Homer Lyons, John Summers, George Summers, Clyde McKee, Willie Sarflaton, Gilbert Wilson, Roxie Fox, Claud McKee, Helen Kirk, Arthur Hopkins, and Elisha Dooley.

EARLY POTTERSVILLE

The post office at Pottersville was established in 1860, but it barely had time to get underway when the War Between the States interrupted postal service and the post office was discontinued. It wasn't until 1867 when most families were beginning to return to their normal routines that the post office was reestablished and Josephus Carrico became postmaster. Josephus named the town "Pottersville" for Joel L. Potter, one of the first people to homestead in the vicinity.

Discovering Mr. Potter's given name developed into a story all to itself. Since he died over one hundred years ago, of course no one remembered him, and no one could remember any of their older family members mentioning his name. The mystery was solved by searching the 1850 census of *Ozark* County.

It was not until 1857 that Howell County was founded by halving Oregon County, but this first division did not include Pottersville which was in Ozark County. In 1859 the county lines were redefined and the present county borders were established. This last move expanded Howell County's western edge to include Pottersville.

Ozark County's 1850 census shows that Joel Potter (age 50) and his wife Polly (age 47) were born in Tennessee and Virginia, respectively. They had eight children. From oldest to youngest they are: James, Caroline, Jane, Joel Van Buren, Joseph C., Susan, Sarah Ann, and John D. Susan, who was eight years old in 1850, was the oldest of the Potter's three children who was born after the family came to southern Missouri. Ten-year-old Joseph was born in Alabama along with the rest of the older children. This means the family arrived here sometime between 1840 and 1842.

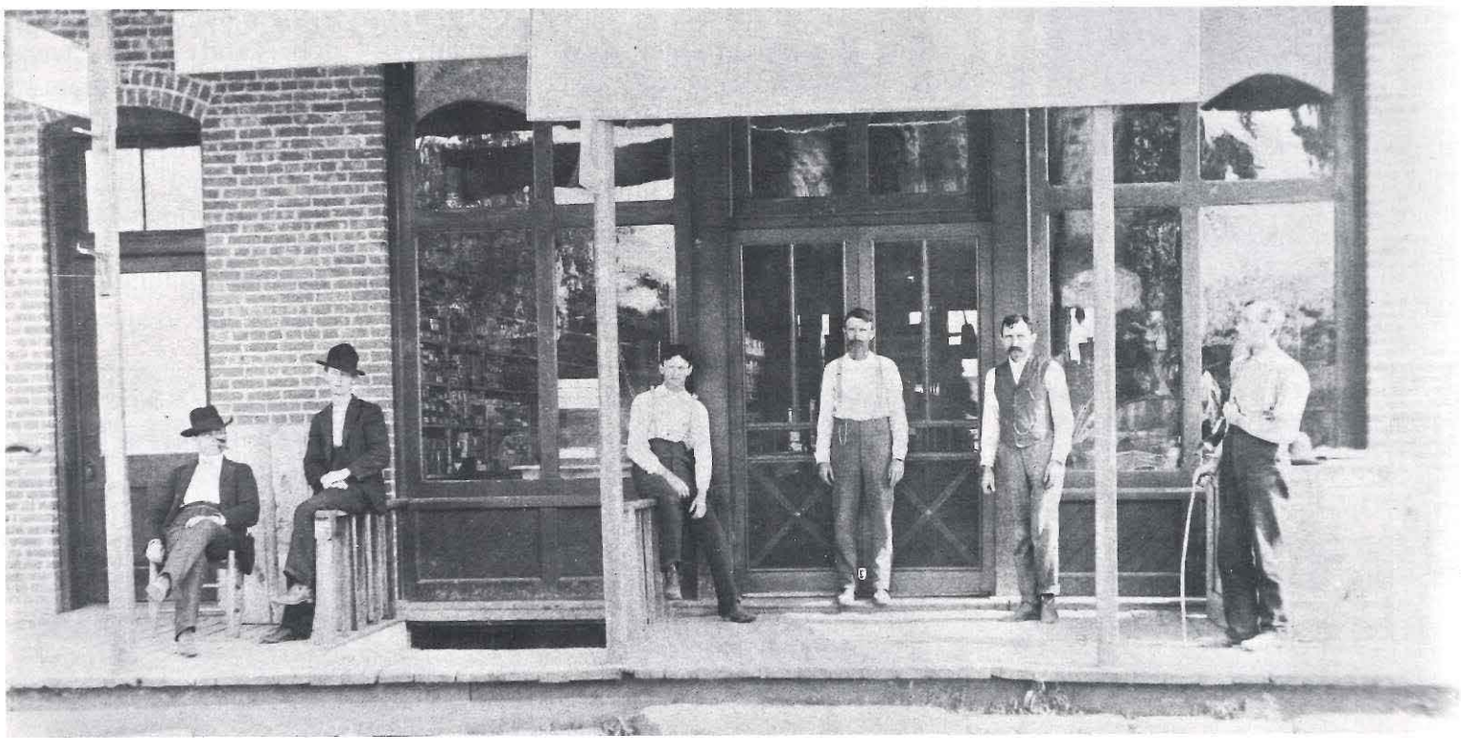
Eli Tabor is another early resident of the area, settling on Spring Creek in 1840. Josiah Carrico also settled in Pottersville about this same time. (Josiah was Josephus Carrico's father.)

Joel L. Potter died in Pottersville and was buried in a small cemetery donated by Josiah Carrico. This cemetery, which was located just south of the Henry Garrett store, was on land that E. V. Smith sold to Josiah in 1859. Although the gravestones were removed many years ago, there are a few people who remember the cemetery. Not only was Mr. Potter buried there, but it was also the final resting place of Josiah (who died in the early 1870s) and Jane Williams Carrico and other early residents including several children.

TRADE AND COMMERCE

Not long after postal service was restored in Pottersville, Bill Bolen started the wheels of commerce rolling by opening the first mercantile store there. It was a small two-room structure. At that time the nearest railroad station was at Rolla, and Mr. Bolen hauled produce there and brought back merchandise for his store. When the railroad came to West Plains in 1883, it solved the problem of hauling freight to and from Rolla, but in effect it created a much larger, long-term problem.

While the coming of the railroad through southern Missouri marked happy times for Pottersville because exported goods no longer had to be hauled all the way to Rolla, the railroad ultimately was the undoing of the town. Because the trackbed was not laid through Pottersville, neighboring West Plains naturally became the center



These gentlemen are on the porch of the Sampson Garrett (or Endecott) Store which still stands on the north side of K Highway in Pottersville. From left: Wash Johns, Arthur McKee, L.E. (Lot) Parker, Jim Endecott (owner), Tom Hulsey, and Mr. Endecott's brother-in-law who was blind.

Above is an early picture of the Dr. Bingham home which still stands in Pottersville. Dr. and Mrs. Bingham are shown in front of the house. At right is a page from the 1911-12 West Plains Business Directory. Also in the directory were the business establishments in all of the surrounding towns including Pottersville. Alta Newman remembers that aside from being a carpenter, S.F. (Sam) Lyons was also the local coffin-maker. Other blacksmiths at various times include: Ciscero Black, Leisch Driscoll, Tellas Faltz, and Charley McNevin. Other early Pottersville names (not mentioned elsewhere) include: Soloman Aden, Jack Bingaman, Charley Blossom (painter), Marcus Britten, George Collins, Josh Davis, Will "Wid" Davis, Stillman Garrett, John Herrin, Joel Johnson, Henry Kelly, Tom Perkins, Riley Proffitt, Pierce Riley, John Whitten, Newt Wicker, and Emmitt Williams.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY
OF
Pottersville, Mo.

Bingham J. W., drug store
Bingham J. W , physician
Briggs Geo W., justice of the peace
Breedlove W. M., dairyman
Burns N. E., blacksmith and wagon shop
Burns Hotel, N. E. Burns proprietor
Dooley Josh, dairyman and stock breeder
Dooley & Bingaman, corn and feed mill
Garrett H. L., postmaster
Garrett H. L , general merchandise
Johns R. W., groceries and general merchandise
Langston O. E., livery barn
Ledbetter W A., justice of the peace
Long W. T., dray and transfer
Lyons S. F , carpenter
Mahan Isaac painter and carpenter
McKee E. A , stock dealer
Parker Lawrence, cream buyer
Proffitt S. T., dairyman and stock breeder
Stevens C. H., corn and feed mill
Taylor J. E., general merchandise
Taylor & Burns, real estate dealer
Tabor A. J., carpenter
Tabor Jack, painter
Upton William, blacksmith and wagon shop
Wood P. E., dairyman and poultry breeder

of commerce, and like so many other outlying communities, Pottersville eventually became "a wide spot in the road."

But in the 1880s the railroad was not Pottersville's enemy, and the town prospered. With increasing population, several doctors settled near Pottersville. Dr. William Crafton, Dr. Dixon, Dr. Nichols, and Dr. Baltz were early day physicians in the area, along with Dr. Edmond H. Mitchell and Dr. J. W. Bingham, both of whom owned and operated drug stores. Dr. Mitchell's home, located just beyond the store on the south side of K Highway, now stands empty, but many residents say it maybe the oldest structure in Pottersville. Dr. Mitchell also owned the first car in Pottersville — a Model T Ford.

Mabel Freeman, daughter of Ettie Walker, was born and raised in the Pottersville area. She recalls her family's bout with typhoid fever.

"Doc Mitchell brought all of us kids through typhoid except Ernestine and Sally, and they didn't get it. To keep Sally and Ernestine from taking it, he told them to boil their water and hang it up on the north side of the house and before they drank the water, they was to put one drop of carbolic acid in it. And that's what they did and Ernestine and Sally never took it."

In 1884 brothers George and Clint Pease located in Pottersville and built a custom grist mill and engaged in a prosperous mercantile business. Farmers for miles around hauled their grain to be ground for their own use and the surplus flour and feeds were shipped out by wagon and team to the railroad. The Pease brothers also owned a sawmill, which was operated by a steam engine. In 1889 the Pease brothers left Pottersville and came to West Plains to establish another milling operation.

From left: C.D. "Con" Riley and his wife Josephine; their children, Henry and Laura "Pet" (Sybil Pence's mother); and at far right, Nancy Mitchell (Dr. Mitchell's daughter). Con Riley built this house and lived in it until he sold it to his daughter Pet and son-in-law Jim Proffitt in 1910. Mr. Proffitt remodeled the house in 1928. He installed a furnace, a bathroom, and a delco battery system for lights. Because of many changes through the years, the house looks very different today than in this photo. (This is currently the home of Opal Bise McElmurry.)

Jim Endecott purchased the Pease grain mill in Pottersville and continued to operate it. He also owned and operated the store known as the Sampson Garrett General Mercantile Store. Mr. Endecott hired several young men in the community to work for him at the considerable wage of fifty cents a day, and for several years he shipped flour, meal, and graham flour out by team and wagon to Harrison, Arkansas and other towns miles away.

O. V. Langston, who lives in the Pottersville area with his wife Opal, tells of those days.

"No one would ever think about manufacturing something in Pottersville and taking it to town to sell — you'd be thinking about going to town to buy something and bring it back to Pottersville. But years ago when my dad was single he worked for Jim Endecott, and he helped freight flour and bran and other products that they made there at the mill all over the country. They even sold some of it in West Plains. They had half a dozen wagons, or maybe more, that they freighted with. They'd start out at the same time and they'd go off down in Arkansas — Calico Rock

and Wild Cherry and I don't know where all. They'd travel as a group as far as they could, then they'd go to branching off to different places. They'd be gone for days."

Alta Davis Newman, who was born in the Davis Creek community in 1897, recalls that Jim Endecott had his own brand of flour called "Red Apple," and his sacks had big red apples on them.

Jim Endecott's brick building, which was built slightly over one hundred years ago, is still standing on the north side of K Highway in Pottersville.

The store building that stands across the street from the Endecott building housed the H. L. (Henry) Garrett store. It has the unusual distinction of being the only structure in Pottersville built of homemade brick. The bricks were fired in Pottersville by John Mahan and a Mr. Brown. Mr. Mahan's daughter, Edith Crider, says that several buildings in West Plains are also supposedly made of the brick fired by her father.

Sybil Proffitt Pence was born at Grimmett, Missouri, but her family moved to Pottersville when she was nine months old, and she's lived in the area ever since. She has special memories of the Henry Garrett store.

Rev. S. Turner Proffitt and his wife Jemimah "Aunt Mimie" on the porch of their home. Sybil Proffitt Pence currently lives in this house which her grandfather built. Sybil says, "I remember my daddy saying grandpa hurried up to get this house done so his daughter (Lizzie Proffitt Davis) could be married here, and she has a daughter who's in her 80s now, so you know this house is old."

"I remember the big day in Pottersville was on Friday — it was called cream day. Every Friday my Uncle Henry Garrett would hire my mother to come down and help with cream day. There was no place to sell milk at that time; people separated and sold the cream. Of course, if they had any eggs they sold them, but then they didn't raise chickens too much with the idea of selling eggs — they mostly raised them for their own use. But it was a big day then because no one had cars to go to West Plains."

Also in the early days of the town was the Pottersville hotel which was probably constructed sometime in the early 1880s. O. V. Langston's grandparents, Neven "Ned" and Lilly Thompson Burns ran the hotel for a number of years, and they are apparently the ones responsible for building the structure. By its design (all the rooms were the same size), it was definitely built to serve as a hotel — it was not a house *converted* to a hotel. It was a busy center of activity for many years. O.V. tells more about the Burns's

At left: The Pottersville Hotel. The man in the picture is Neven "Ned" Burns who, along with his wife Lillian Thompson Burns, owned and operated the hotel for many years.

At right: The Burns family on the porch of the hotel. Front row from left: Flora, Lizzie, Lillian, and Ned Burns. Back row: Bob, George, Arch, and Clint.

enterprises in Pottersville.

"The hotel was just beyond the little creek in Pottersville across the road from the post office and store. It's just a vacant lot now. It was a good-sized lot where this set, and west of the hotel was a long barn to put drummers' horses in. They got their meals and beds there at the hotel, and grandpa took care of their horses, and he also had a blacksmith shop just across the road — just west of the present post office.

"My cousin Cecil Burns has inherited some of our granddad more than any of us did as far as being a blacksmith. He's even got some of my granddad's stuff that he used. My grandpa was quite a blacksmith. I've heard my dad tell about a drill stem, like they drill wells with, that broke. It was a big stem of steel — probably four inches thick — and he forged it back together. I don't think they'd even attempt to do it like that today."

Alta Davis Newman lived with her family in the Pottersville hotel for a year or two around 1911, the Leisch Driscoll family owned the hotel for a time, and John and Mattie Dooley also lived there. Then a blacksmith and fiddle-player named Ciscero Black came with his family from South Fork to run the hotel and set up a thriving blacksmith trade.

Around 1930, while the Blacks owned the hotel, it caught fire and burned to the ground. Pauline McKee Brookshier remembers how frightening that event was. It happened in the morning as school was starting, and the schoolchildren watched as the hotel was quickly consumed by the flames.

Lewis Newman remembers the canning factory that was located in Pottersville in the mid 20s. He says, "A man came 'round and talked to the farmers and had them sign up to put out tomatoes. My folks put out five acres. He gave them the seed and told them how to start them. They were to burn a brush pile where they were going to make their seed bed. Then they spaded up where that potash was and planted the seed which came right up and did good, and I helped my folks set out the tomato plants. It was there about three years — it was there when we left in 1927." (The year that Alta and Lewis were married.)

Mabel Freeman worked in the canning factory peeling tomatoes. She remembers, "I got ten cents a bucket for doing it. It was right behind Sampson Garrett's store, and I don't remember who operated it. Some of the people who worked there would put tomatoes on screens, drop them down in the boiling water, and then dump them out into the buckets."

Aside from the hard work and commerce at Pottersville, there were many good times. Alice Ford Foley, Joshua and Celia Dooley's granddaughter, was born in Pottersville and lived there until she moved to Iowa and married when she was twenty-one. She shares

some of those happy memories.

"My uncles built a bobsled as big as a wagon bed. It was real heavy. On Saturday nights and Sunday afternoons lots of young folks would go for rides and come to our house after to eat and listen to my uncle's Edison graphaphone.

"The old timers Pottersville picnics were the main recreation we could plan on once a year. They were held in Jim Proffitt's timber, and people came in wagons, buggies, and on horseback and camped for two or three nights.

"There was lots of visiting and seeing old friends that you saw only once a year. There were games, a merry-go-round (seats that went in a circle — it was owned by Clyde Hayes) turned by an old mule, music (an old guy with a fiddle), and ice cream cones that were maybe two cents, but not any more than that because some of us were lucky to have a quarter for the day.

"We played softball, horseshoes, and all those games, and oh yes, there were firecrackers.

"It was a long way from home for some, but they came right back again the next year."

The Pottersville picnic, which was sponsored by the Oddfellows, was held on the twelfth of August each year until it was discontinued over fifty years ago.

RELIGION AND EDUCATION

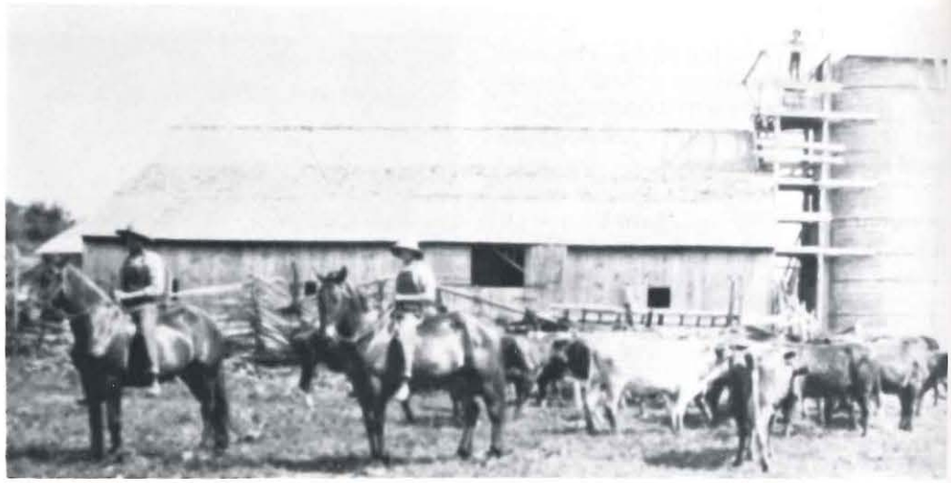
As in most pioneer communities where a belief in God was central in the lives of the settlers, a church was built early in Pottersville's history. A Methodist church was the first in the area, and it was located a few yards north of the present Pottersville cemetery. Appropriately enough the church was originally called "Valley View" because of the beautiful valley there.

When the first church burned in the early 1880s, the congregation moved to the main part of the village, just down the road from the Henry Garrett store on land donated by Converse "Con" Riley.

Opal McElmurry, who was born three miles south of Pottersville, recalls hearing how the Church got its new building.

"Mr. Endecott's store (on the north side of the road) was originally a big two-story wooden building. When he decided to build a brick building, he donated or sold his frame building to the Church and Oddfellows Lodge if they would move it, and they did. They moved it up there where the church is now. I remember that building; it blew away in a cyclone about 1921."

(Continued on Page 46.)



The Dooley Farm. Shown with the boys is some of the herd of thirty to thirty-five cows that were milked by hand daily.

The church that was destroyed by a tornado in the 1920s.

Above: Josephus and Martha Ann Tabor Carrico's 1867 wedding picture. Left: The wedding portrait of Arthur and Georgiana Carrico McKee. Georgiana was the youngest daughter of Josephus and Martha Carrico.

THE CARRICO FAMILY

Pioneers in Pottersville

by Pauline Georgiana McKee Brookshier

Josiah Carrico was born in 1803 in Carlisle, Indiana. He was married to Jane Williams, (born circa 1806), daughter of Governor Billy Williams of Indiana.

Josiah brought his family to southern Missouri by covered wagon in the early 1840s. He was a Methodist convert, and became a minister in Howell County in the small community that was to later become Pottersville.

Josiah came from a large family all born in Indiana and Kentucky. His sister Margaret Carrico married James Anderson Wilson, and they came to Missouri with Josiah and his family. The Wilson family settled in Douglas County where they owned and operated a mill on the Bryant and Hunter Rivers at Veracruz, Missouri.

Josiah and Jane Carrico raised a family of three children. The oldest, Josephus, was born in Carlisle, Indiana on December 2, 1837. One daughter, Martha Ann Carrico (Riley), and a son, Basil Jordon Carrico, were born at Pottersville in the 1840s.

Martha Ann Carrico married James Wesley Riley on December 23, 1867. Basil Jordon Carrico married Jane White on April 17, 1869. Jane White Carrico evidently died because on November 25, 1870 Basil married Margaret Susan Riley.

Josephus served in the War Between the States from April 1862 to April 1863. He married Pottersville native Martha Ann Tabor in December 1867. (The Tabors were another family to settle in the area very early. They came to Howell County from Carroll County, Kentucky in the 1840s. Martha Ann's father was Andrew V. Tabor, and her mother was Ruhany Collins Tabor.) Josephus and Martha Ann

Below is the late Charley Carrico (born in 1883). Josephus was his father. Charley is shown here on the "main street" of Pottersville (now K Highway) in about 1900. Below left: 83-year-old Gertrude Long Gordon, daughter of Mary Jane Carrico Long. Mrs Gordon currently resides in Springfield, but she spent most of her life in Pottersville. Below right: 74-year-old Joseph Willard (Joe) McKee, son of Georgiana Carrico McKee. Joe still lives in the Pottersville area.

raised eleven children who were all born in Pottersville. Their oldest daughter, Mary Jane Carrico Long, wife of the late William (Bill) Long, and their youngest daughter, Georgiana Carrico McKee, wife of the late Arthur McKee, both lived their entire lives in the Pottersville area. The other children left home at early ages to seek employment in the states of Washington, Montana, Oregon, and Idaho.

Josephus Carrico played an important part in the early development of Pottersville. Not only was he the first postmaster, but he was responsible for naming the town. He became known as "Uncle Joe," and for several years he owned the only grindstone and sausage grinder in Pottersville. Everyone in the community was welcome to bring their axes to be sharpened and their meat to be ground into sausage.

Josephus died on June 7, 1908, and his wife Martha died on January 14, 1916. They are buried in the Pottersville cemetery in the company of many other pioneer settlers in the area.

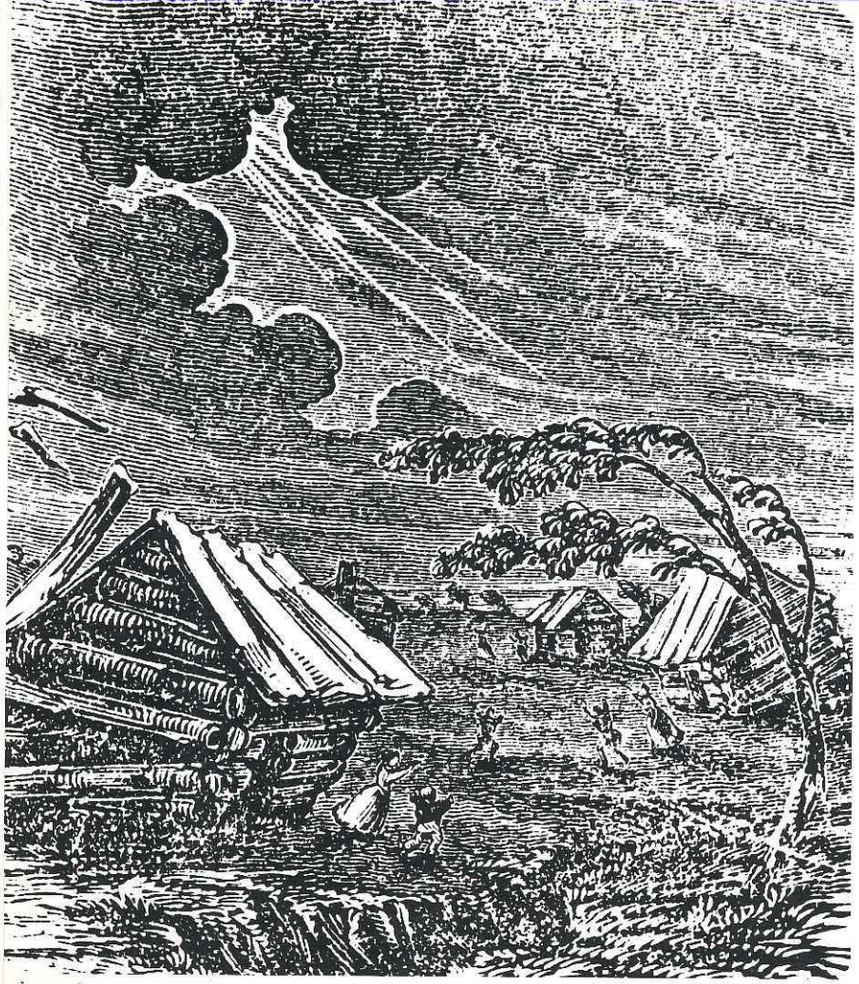
In 1861 a band of bushwackers kidnapped Josiah Carrico and held him for several days. They threatened his life because he was a Union sympathizer. Like most other Union men, he was forced to leave the county, and did not return until after the war. Upon his return, Josiah brought suit against eleven local residents who took part in the kidnapping, and he won the case. He was awarded a large sum of money by the Circuit Court in West Plains.

The Carrico family acquired a good deal of land along both sides of the Spring Creek, and with hard work they improved the land for farming. Both the Cecil Duggins and Proffitt farms are part of the original Carrico property.

G

[Note: For more information on the Carrico family, read the history of Pottersville which also appears in this issue.]

Jack (son of Josephus and Martha) and Anna Carrico.



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DID MOM COVER NEW MADRID'S FAULT?

by Herman Quick

The illustration at left originally appeared in *The Great West* (Cincinnati, 1851) by Henry Howe. It seeks to convey the terror that early settlers experienced during the most powerful earthquake to ever occur on the North American continent.

Shortly before an earthquake shattered Long Beach, California (March 10, 1933), I was in nearby Santa Ana — dishing out some shattering excitement myself. In particular, an after-school visit with a classmate had turned to the perverse fun of throwing stolen green oranges along his street, or exploding them with vicious splats against curbs.

Our criminal mischief ended when my pal hurled an orange — Big Bertha style — very high and far down the street, where it crashed squarely on the back of a child pumping a red wagon, almost knocking him out. Then, as I washed my hands a bit later, I was still laughing when I too was almost downed . . . by the quake. I managed to stand only by holding fast to a door jamb, bombarded the while with shrapnel from broken bottles shaken from a medicine cabinet into a vitreous sink.

Later I'd learn closed schools were also fragmented in and around Long Beach. With classes in session, America might have had its most lethal earthquake. Thousands of students could have died in those substandard, Neanderthal-coded, contractor-cheated rotten masonry buildings. Meantime I was scared, slightly cut, and may have subconsciously asked a question.

Why me, Lord? *I* didn't hit the boy!

Anyhow, I did fret about that kid. What a bad double-whammy day he must have had!

But — wouldn't you know? — I gave my mother in West Plains no thought, until her frantic letter arrived inquiring about my safety. She feared I'd been hurt, and that my father, with whom I then lived, was keeping it quiet.

"I have worried myself crazy," Mom wrote. "So sit right down the moment you get my letter and answer it . . . .

"I read that there were 100 quakes in 4 hours and more than 1000 in all. Believe me, I would be getting out of such a place. The half of Calif. will sink some day, and the ocean will swallow it up as if it never were. Come back here where you belong!"

Rereading this old letter, a moment of paranoia grips me. Was Mom herself keeping quiet her fears of what happened . . . *and what may happen again* . . . in southeast Missouri, with the epicenter at New Madrid . . . ? To have me near her, was Mom (rest her soul) luring her orange-bashing lamb from remote Scylla to close Charybdis in the name of Mother's Love? Perish the thought.

I'll bet pretty pennies Mom knew nothing about New Madrid's Fault. I never heard her mention the 1811-12 quakes nor the terror they brought Missouri's early bootheel settlers. Indeed, I myself didn't learn of them until April 1969, when *Reader's Digest* published "America's Greatest Earthquake," by Blake Clark.

The mighty Mississippi was never so violent. It boiled, foamed and roared. Thickened with mud and silt thrown

up from its bed, it churned and roiled and tore at its banks. About 3 a.m. a phenomenon occurred which lives in legend in the South as 'the time the Mississippi flowed backward.' The tremendous force originating from pressures deep underground exploded through the riverbed in one mammoth bank-to-bank upheaval, hurling back a mountainous wall of water. Great waves raced upstream.

Firmin La Roche, master of a fleet of three flatboats, was taking furs from St. Louis to New Orleans. Said La Roche, 'It was so great a wave that I have never seen one like it at sea. It carried us back north for more than a mile.' The torrent overflowed the banks, covered tops of trees 30 feet above normal water level and flooded the countryside for miles on each side. Nobody on the boat expected to survive. Then the monster wave subsided. Boats that had been borne far up small creeks and across fields were left stranded there. La Roche found one of his other craft; a third and all aboard were lost.

Like fish stories, tales of great tremors tend to become exaggerated with retelling. But the *first* accounts of the three terrifying quakes (all judged to be 8.5 Richters) that struck New Madrid — December 16, 1811; January 23, 1812; and the worst, February 7, 1812 — were reported by scores of reliable witnesses who unanimously compared the disasters to hell on earth.

Today, however, many seismologists don't believe the Mighty Father of Waters reversed itself at any point. La Roche met a great backward-surging wave, no doubt; but the main flow of the current was probably only temporarily slowed. Further evidence of this was given by Mathias Speed, whose riverboat was cast adrift by the December quake at two a.m. twenty miles above New Madrid. In morning light he was only three miles downstream — many miles short of his expectation. The reduced rate was probably caused by a permanent raising of land downstream at Tiptonville. This rise created two temporary waterfalls (or high rapids) several miles up-channel. The same rise also dammed up Reelfoot Creek and greatly enlarged Reelfoot Lake in northwest Tennessee. It is mythical that the lake was "created" by a quake-sloshed Mississippi River.

As a certified hillbilly quake survivor, I hope *Gazette* readers will take a thought or two of mine most seriously. When and where the earth's mantle rips next none know. But all know that a stitch of preparedness saves nine. Franklin proved this wisdom with his lightning rod. Literature on quake awareness is available from many sources. Get some. Study it. Sew at least one strong stitch, if you haven't already. *Soon!*

Here I vividly recall the San Fernando, California shaker of February 9, 1971. Although twenty-five miles from the epicenter, I was almost thrown out of bed. Yet this was not a "great quake" — only 6.5 Richter. Had it come later in the morning, however, more hundreds of lives could have been lost. Experts rejoiced that the Van Norman Reservoir was not full; full, it would have collapsed. Playing it safe with severe aftershocks, authorities evacuated 80,000 valley residents.

Many times I've woolgathered about the real meaning of an 8.5 Richter under a modern city. If you don't know how Richter's Scale works, think logarithmically a moment. Grasping the idea, you will find yourself in *The Twilight Zone*, or, *sans* radiation, in *The Day After*. A 7.5 reading is ten times more severe than a 6.5. An 8.5 quake is *one hundred times* worse than my bed-bouncing jolts.

Take time to imagine the woe such multiplication of energy release can cause modern cities. Richter himself has said (not entire-

The Mississippi River was utter chaos during the 1811-1812 earthquakes along the New Madrid Fault. Great waves surged upstream, existing islands disappeared, and new ones were created.

-courtesy of *Reader's Digest* (illustration appeared in the April, 1969 issue)

official photograph, U.S. Army Air Service

Reelfoot Lake is in the center of the photograph above (taken in the early 1920s). This photo was taken looking west and shows the snake-like Mississippi River in the background.

ly in jest) that well-engineered high-risers may survive 8.5, but residents might be whiplashed to death in top stories. People on streets below should anticipate avalanches of falling debris — including a rain of glass six feet deep. Countless brick, stone, and masonry buildings, high and low, will prove sure bonanzas for surviving rubble removers. Old jerry-built/low-rise structures are best described as deathtraps.

In some areas of New Madrid's temblors, horizontal ground movements were so rapid the stumps of hickory trees were jerked from under their boles, which fell into the earth like javelins. One hopes this is another exaggeration, or an apocryphal story . . . for what building could withstand such fury?

Doubt the hickories, ye Thomases, but keep in mind numerous reliable accounts describing large stands of mixed timber laid flat; elsewhere treetops were intertwined, and few trees remained standing straight. In places fields were so chewed up horses balked at crossing them.

Accompanied by ear-torturing sounds came occasional flashes of lightning and hellish sulphurous fumes near New Madrid; great fissures opened and closed (most feared of all); cliffs fell; islands disappeared and new ones formed; great craters suddenly pockmarked an undulating landscape. Geysers of sand, coal, and oily substances spewed high into strangely turbulent air. Countless animals — and some people — literally ran themselves to death. The terror displayed by many resembled madness. Convinced the Judgment Day had begun, sinners and innocents prayed together for salvation.

Fortunately few settlers lived along the Mississippi at that time, so the loss of life and property was thankfully small. The story would be different now — for millions of folks. And not only for so-called locals. Today Bootheel Country is laced with fuel pipelines, the destruction of which would cause incalcuable misery and loss in the Northeastern states.

Gazette readers should know of how far out the New Madrid Fault spreads destruction. Incredibly, a "baby quake" of 5.5 in 1968 damaged St. Louis one hundred miles away. A genuine Adult Gorilla Temblor would mean Trouble with a capital "T" throughout Arkansas, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, and Missouri. These states could suffer major damage (not quickly repairable!) to homes, businesses, schools, churches, utilities, transportation, dams, fuel supplies, medical, and law-enforcement facilities.

The 1811-12 Terrors frightened brave Indians in Canada, tem-

porarily scared pettifoggery out of politicians in Washington, D.C., and sent folks scampering outdoors in Lebanon, Ohio. In Cincinnati, few slept. People screamed with terror in New York. Considerable damage resulted in Georgia, Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, South Carolina, and Virginia. Even the beans and cod of Boston were moved.

The Lisbon, Portugal quake of 1775 is the only one seismologists believe was more powerful than Missouri's best. They guess that quake's intensity at 8.9. But Ol' Mizzo outdid San Francisco's 1906 energy of 8.3. This shaker almost scared touring Enrico Caruso to death — who panicked — the worst kind of earthquake response. Young John Barrymore played the role of Joe Cool, and slept through subsequent aftershocks, dynamiting, and fires. In nearby Palo Alto, philosopher William James enjoyed himself: *"Go it stronger!"* he cried, and Mother Earth obliged.

Surely a soulmate of James was John Muir, the great naturalist. In Yosemite Valley he greeted a severe quake in 1872 by dashing from his cabin, shouting: "A noble earthquake, a noble earthquake!"

Ma Nature again appreciated respect. She produced rock slides Muir described thus:

"The sound was so tremendously deep and broad and earnest, the whole earth like a living creature seemed to have found a voice and be calling to her sister planets. In trying to tell something of the size of this awful sound it seems to me that if all the thunder of all the storms I ever heard were condensed into one roar it would not equal this rock-roar."

Although New Madridians wrote of frightful noises filling earth and sky, none wrote with any apparent glee. James and Muir, both sophisticated men, logically believed that the continents are adrift on molten goo only a few miles down, so why not enjoy the ride? Global stresses and strains are inevitable: they push up mountains, fire volcanoes. Mountains catch life-giving rain and snow; volcanoes spew out particulates for soil renewal. In the long haul, earthquakes and volcanoes are good for us!

With the help of many sciences, new geological knowledge has produced a study commonly referred to as *plate tectonics*. This data helps enormously in understanding the causes and effects of quakes.

Put simply, think of a baseball as covered with twin dumbell-shaped "plates." Then see the earth's twenty large and small discrete floating plates. See them move! Oh, how they knock together, churn, rub noses, strike, sideswipe, leapfrog, Indian wrestle, and break asunder!

Tectonics refer to forces and conditions causing this complex commotion. Tectonically speaking, some geophysicists say New Madrid's fault is a "failed rift." Failed so far. But in 10,000,000 years it can break America's heartland apart. Not to worry? Yes; worry. The fault may try again tomorrow . . . and it tries mightily.

Mom was intuitively right about an ocean burial for part of California. But she didn't know of the slow tectonic process. My area is supposed to move northward as fast as fingernails grow.

Like an elongated ship, land west of the San Andreas Fault is being carried by the gigantic counterclockwise-turning Pacific plate toward Alaska's Aleutian Trench. There the cargo will be subducted — a fancy way to say we'll nosedive for remelting. This fate is 80,000,000 years away, yet I've no comfort knowing only my ashes will remelt. My warm brain stays anxious. In my area, fingernail creep has ceased for 145 years.

So when a Great Overdue Jump comes, I expect all hands along 250

miles of our fault to sprout 20-foot nails. The jump could register 8.5. A catch-up adjustment of this magnitude will bring disaster beyond belief. And a similar jolt may be cranking up in southeast Missouri.

Such seismic calamities may match China's prize quakes. There, in 1976, Tangshan did not count the wounded, but only the 650,000 dead. In Shensi Province, 1556, the number killed was 830,000. America has been remarkably lucky — thus far. Only a few thousand have perished in all our quakes.

When the time comes for the earth to snap, crackle, and pop in a given spot, can seismologists quickly alert the citizenry? No way! Predicting quakes within minutes, hours, days, or even months, is impossible. But those who talk with animals may — repeat, *may* — catch clues of imminent quakes from their feathered and furry friends. Yet experts are not convinced beasts can help. The subject, they say, is about as moot as UFO reportage.

Under the auspices of the Office of Earthquake Research, U.S. Geological Survey, an elaborate study was published in 1976, entitled "Abnormal Animal Behavior Prior to Earthquakes." This impressive work analyzes data from up and down the centuries and around the globe. Thousands of anecdotal reports of weird animal acts were evaluated and found wanting. Premonitory geophysical signals do come before quakes, but it is not understood on what timescale or in what way animals detect them. The same experts nevertheless recommend continued scientific study of this puzzling subject.

Personally, I don't expect my heart will skip beats if I notice a couple of dogs, cats, or birds displaying unusual behavior. But if I see snakes crawling out of winter dens to freeze, I'll look alert for a while. In mid-December, 1974, this phenomenon was observed before a swarm of quakes jolted Liaoning Province, China.

My favorite report of horses "acting up" prior to quakes is one made by John James Audubon no less. While riding in Kentucky he saw a storm he feared would overtake him before he reached a friend's cabin. To speed his journey, Audubon spurred his mount for full gallop . . . only to get an opposite response. The animal suddenly began stepping with great precaution as if on ice, spread its legs to prevent falling, then stood stock still, "a-groaning piteously." Soon tremors ruffled the ground like wind-lashed waves on a lake.

To sum up, pigs may be smarter than horses, but I'd sure like to see one show more horse sense than Audubon's critter. Meantime, let's reach out and pump a beasty paw or hoof now and then. We may learn new facts about shakes.

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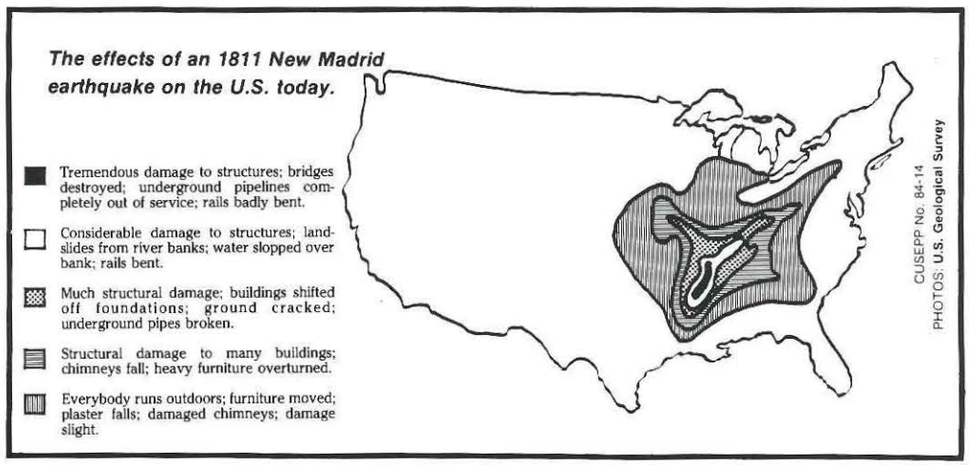
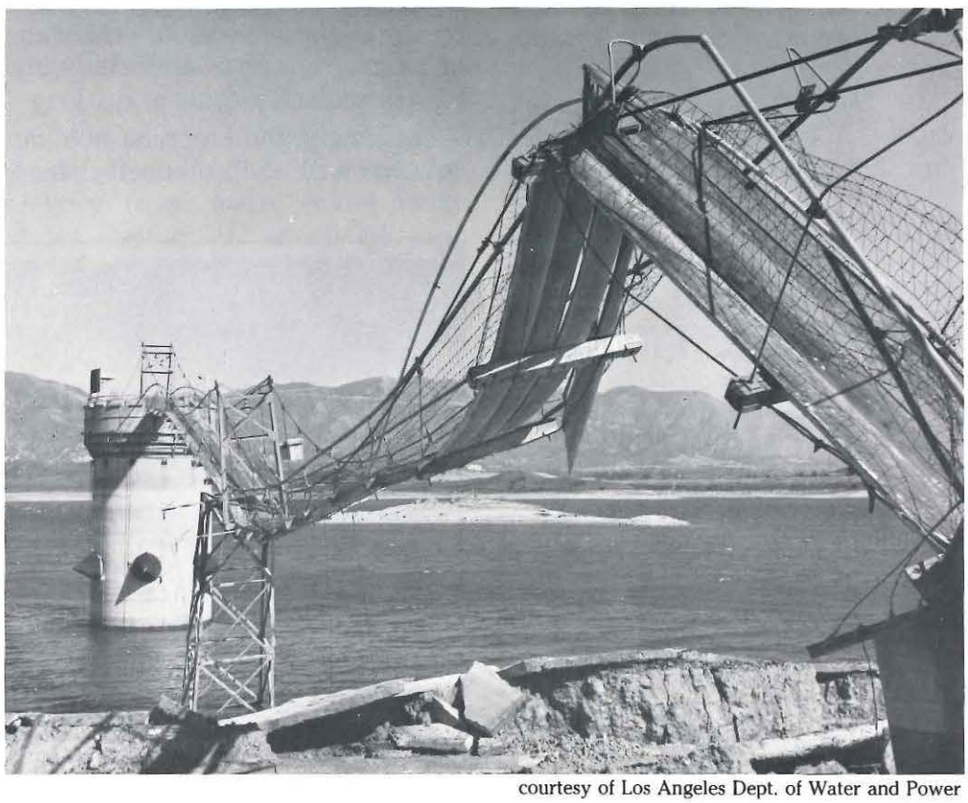
Thanks to Reader's Digest *for permission to quote from "America's Greatest Earthquake."*





courtesy of Los Angeles Dept. of Water and Power

A 1971 earthquake in California inflicted severe damage to many structures including the lower Van Norman Reservoir. Dams and bridges, which are abundant in the area that would be affected by a repeat of the 1811-12 New Madrid earthquake, are particularly susceptible to devastation in a quake.

Close To Home

an interview with Gary Hickox

The Impact of a New Madrid Earthquake on West Plains

[*Editor's note: As I went to interview Gary Hickox on February 24, 1984, a Springfield television station had just completed a news series on the New Madrid fault. It was entirely by coincidence that the* Gazette *had been planning a story on the same subject for several months. Fortunately for us the television coverage sparked a great deal of interest about the possiblitiy of an earthquake in our area.*

As I entered the Chamber of Commerce office to speak with Mr. Hickox, a group of gentlemen were sitting in the reception area discussing earthquakes. Comments such as, 'Well, if one thing don't get us, I guess an earthquake will!' was the general turn of the conversation.

Folks all over town were talking about "The Earthquake" and most of the talk was light-hearted. But underneath all of that good humor was also a tinge of anxiety and concern. That concern became evident when, over a period of several days, Mr. Hickox handed out all the earthquake literature that had been made available to him.

Just how bad is the situation? What can we do? To answer some of the questions everyone seemed to be asking, we turned to Gary Hickox, director of the West Plains Emergency Management Agency. Working along with many other city officials, Mr. Hickox is the person who would be making specific recommendations to the mayor as to what kind of actions to take in case of an earthquake or other natural disaster or nuclear attack.]

GAZ: How significant is the threat of an earthquake in the West Plains area?

GH: Sadly enough we are in an area which would be affected if we had a quake of the magnitude of the 1811-12 quakes. The casualty outlook depends on the time of day it would happen. If it was daytime or daytime on a school day it's going to be much more serious than if it was on the weekend or in the summertime.

GAZ: In the absence of a specific policy regarding earthquakes, do the schools have other emergency procedures they should follow in case of a quake?

GH: I had a call yesterday from one of the rural schools, and he was asking me the same question. It's going to depend upon the situation at the school what action they should take. The difficulty and the sad thing is that our schools are not constructed to prevent earthquake disaster. What happens with a concrete block constructed building is the walls tend to go outward and the ceiling just drops. There's very little you can do. The instructions I gave the rural school I talked to were to go through the fire drill procedure and get the kids outside as quickly as possible, and get them far enough away from the building and any other structures that could possibly topple over.

Of all the earthquakes we've had in the past, anywhere in the country, there are almost zero casualties from the actual shaking of the earth. The danger is actually from structures or heavy objects falling on people. So for some of the schools we're going to have to go through the school and see what measures we should take. It's just like in tornadoes the debris is the biggest hazard. You've got to keep people away from windows. If they can get under strong objects, such as desks, tables, anything of that nature that's good.

Wood frame homes are actually much safer than the concrete block structures — they're flexible, they'll give and twist.

GAZ: What should individuals do in case of an earthquake?

GH: I do have a set of instructions for individuals — it gives some pointers for precautions to take prior to an earthquake, and some of those things would be viable for tornadoes. One of the big things we have to guard against is fires either in an earthquake or a tornado. The largest cause of fires in past earthquakes has been a result of gas hot water heaters turning over.

As time goes along we will be taking some specific measures to try to mitigate the damages or the effects of an earthquake. The state people have established a pact with six surrounding states — Tennessee, Kentucky, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, and Arkansas. Those states have joined together in a cooperative agreement to do the planning and try to formulate some kind of measures. They have been working on this for the past couple of years very intensely. I think the intensity is picking up with the recent interest on the subject. There has been action taken on it. It isn't as if we're being caught off guard.

GAZ: So even though West Plains doesn't have an official earthquake policy now, we probably will have soon?

GH: Right. The information on it at the present time is not as up-to-date or complete as we'd like to have it. There has been some very basic information out for a long period of time and what we're going to have to do now is try to get a little more specific and bring the thing on down to the local level and find out what we can do.

GAZ: Just suppose an earthquake happened tomorrow. Are there emergency procedures that would go into effect?

GH: We would proceed with basically the same type of procedures as in a tornado. The fire and police would be very heavily involved. The utility people would also be involved. Of course then you also draw in the private concerns — the gas companies and people like that to assist with those problems.

The difficulty with an earthquake is there is no warning. With a tornado you have a building situation. The weather continues to deteriorate and you finally reach a point where you have a tornado warning. With an earthquake we have no warning. This is what Dr. Otto Nuttli is trying to come up with. He's trying to determine if there is a way of predicting when a quake will occur.

A small community in California had an earthquake about a year and a half ago, and it essentially devastated the entire community, but even though there were many injuries there were no deaths. I think part of that results from those people living in a condition where they are under constant threat of an earthquake just as we are under a constant threat of a tornado around here. You have to learn to live with the situation and know what precautions to take.

Gary Hickox, Director of the West Plains Emergency Management Agency.

GAZ: The agency you direct is no longer known as the Civil Defense Agency. Why is that?

GH: What we're trying to promote now is the concept of an integrated emergency management agency where you discuss not only the wartime conditions, but you also address the natural disasters. The natural disasters happen more frequently than anything else, so if we can adequately prepare ourselves for the natural disasters, if we have to go into a nuclear situation we will be three-quarters of the way there. That's the kind of concept we're trying to promote.

We hope we never have to put our emergency procedures into play. I think the response that we had as a result of the tornado in '82 was a good example and representative of what we can do in an emergency situation. We had critiques after that and we determined that there were a number of things that we could have done better. But it's like anything else, you try to use those as a learning situation and try to plan for 'if it would happen again, what would I do?'

GAZ: Are there going to be a lot of buildings in West Plains that are totally destroyed? Is that the prediction?

GH: How do we know? I was a little bit upset with a recent comment on television by a geologist who said he would rather not be in West Plains in case of an earthquake. I think he was basing his comment on the geology of the soil around here as opposed to the actual magnitude of the quake in this particular area. It's a well-known fact that this whole area through here is honeycombed and we have sinkholes that occur over a short period of time and that would be a factor in an earthquake situation where you have a complete upheaval of the earth. If there is a weakness, that weakness would probably show up and give way into a sinkhole. Now whether that condition exists right here in the city limits I can't tell you. But there are areas right around town where large sinkholes have occurred. I think that's the reason for his statement.

There has been relatively little written on the subject here other than documenting historical fact. There's very little to make any kind of predictions or effects based on what conditions presently exist. I think there is becoming a lot of interest right now in structural design to take into consideration earthquake conditions. There are a number of things that can be done structurally to prevent or to minimize damage to a structure. I think we can be thankful that we don't live in a large metropolitan area where they have very tall buildings because that's where the majority of the casualties will occur. In a hurricane just this last year in one of the coastal cities in Texas there was one of the new high-rise office buildings that was one of the all-glass types. They lost about seventy-five to eighty per cent of that glass. What would happen if you were standing on the street and it started raining glass? That's where a lot of casualties will come from. Of course on many of the old brick buildings, the brick is not sufficiently attached to the walls and that just falls outward.

So the best we can hope for is that either it doesn't occur, or else maybe it's a series of relatively small quakes where it relieves the tension and gives us a reprieve of another couple hundred years.

I don't think it's a subject that's going to die out. I think there's going to be continued attention on it. The state people are sending more brochures and additional information.

I'd like to see all the information on earthquakes presented in a practical way as opposed to gloom and doom. Everyone tends to paint such a dismal picture, and I'm not trying to minimize the danger, but it's a proven fact that we can survive — our whole nature is survival no matter what the danger is, so we have to approach it with that attitude. G

photo by R.C. Crass

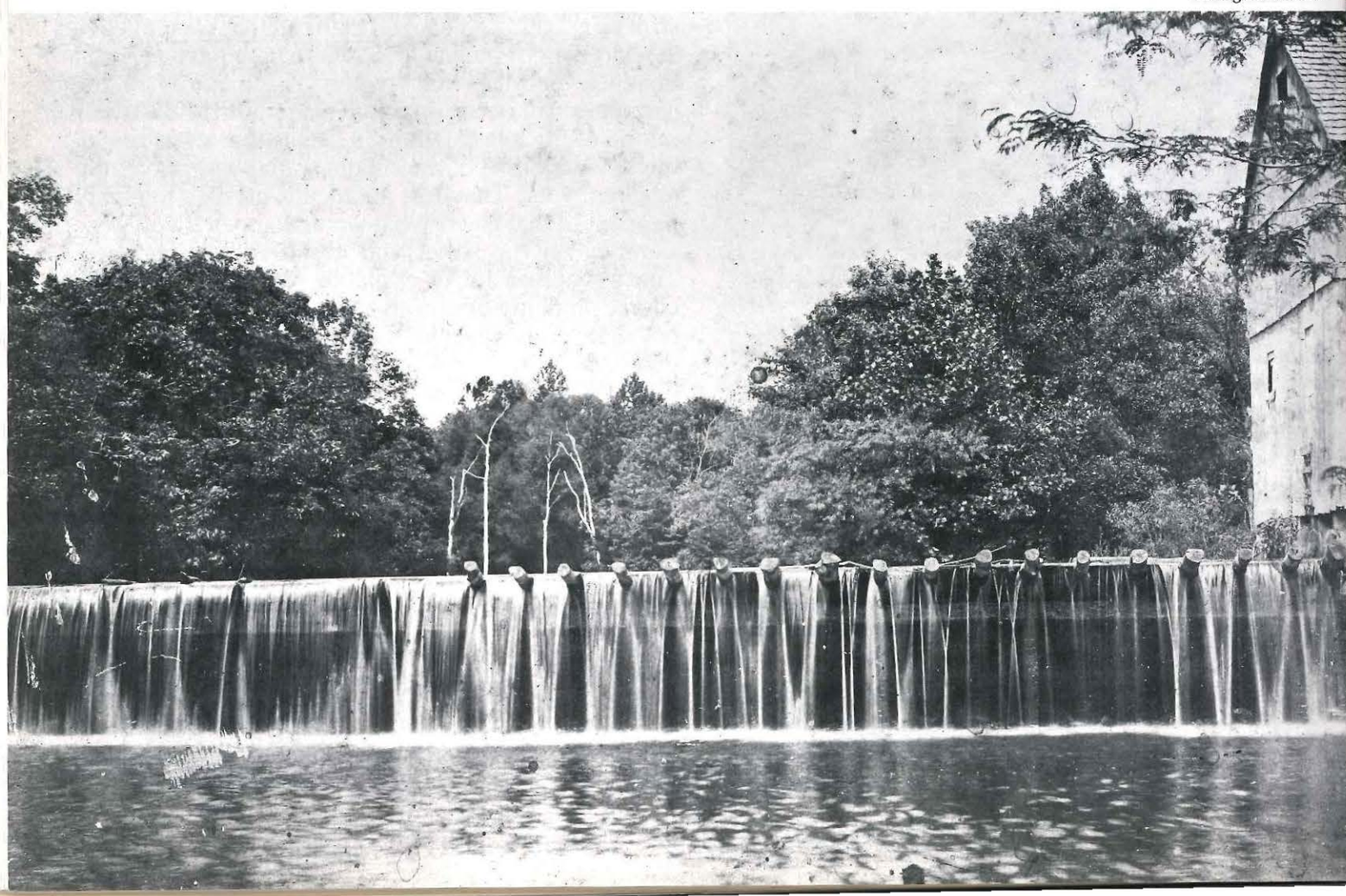
-courtesy H.O. Blankenship

SPRING OUTINGS

Family outings in the spring have long been a tradition in the Ozarks. After a long winter everyone gets cabin fever and the urge hits to visit Greer or Mammoth or Blue Spring or Grand Gulf or maybe just the creek. Wherever folks go, it's sure to be a good time.

The photograph above was taken on Easter Sunday, 1918 at the Narrows, a popular gathering place in Oregon County. This group gathered together in their very best clothes and brand-new hats and spent this special day with family and friends. Does anyone recognize the mill below?

-Elledge Collection



-courtesy M.C. Stephens

SPRING

The poet has said of Spring, "Hope Springs Eternal." The man in the street looks around him and opines to his fellow man, "Spring has Sprung." Shelley wrote, "O, wind, if winter comes can Spring be far behind?" Many composers have recognized Spring in song: Mendelssohn's "Spring Song;" Irving Berlin's "Easter Parade;" "It might as well be Spring;" "Spring is Busting out all over" — the list goes on and on.

Webster says that Spring is the first season of the year, or that time between Winter and Summer, reckoned from the Vernal Equinox to the Summer Solstice, comprising the months of late February, March, April, and May, according to the climate area where one lives.

Spring in West Plains, whatever month it decides to come, is the most delightful time of all. During the days of my youth I was so busy with other pursuits that the beauty of it sometimes went unnoticed. Upon reflection of those years I can see that nowhere in the country were the new leaves so green, the bird songs prettier, the climate more delightful — and the girls lovelier. There are certain Spring activities which most everyone shares. I would imagine that they are not too different today — more sophisticated perhaps, but with similar desires and aspirations. There are some outstanding differences between the present and past. Previously Spring was marked by the discarding of long-johns (whew!), cleaning out the stable, greasing the axles of buggies and wagons, oiling harness, taking horses to the blacksmith for new shoes, carpets taken outside and whacked unmercifully with a beater (this was before vaccuum cleaners. Some antique shops still show a variety of beaters).

Actions in both the then and now include: garden plots plowed and harrowed; onions, radishes, and other early vegetables planted. (I remember the man who broke ground for us each year always wound up his work with the admonition to be sure and plant the onions and potatoes in alternate rows so that the onions would make the eyes of the potatoes water — just in case we had a dry season.) Next is baseball, tennis, track and field (we didn't have track until my senior year at WPHS); (golf came along after my time); the inspecting of fishing and camping equipment; counting the days — one by one — until the end of the school year; shopping for Easter clothing for both youngsters and grown-ups. (For a look at the latest fashion of my day for the young man please look in *Gazette* Number 7, page 7. This was Poage's finest.)

Probably the most rewarding activity was among the various churches with their preparations for Easter services. Choir practices were held almost every evening. Consultations were held on flower supplies and arrangements. When Easter finally arrived and everything was in place, one could really appreciate what the poet had in mind — "Hope Springs Eternal".

— Richard P. Shadburne

At left: Employees of Wood and Reed Mercantile about 1930. This establishment later became the Reed-Harlin Company headquarters. From left (back to front) the employees are: unidentified, Lucille Arnett (standing), Mildred VanWormer, Kate Riley, Frank Wood (partner in the firm), and Phyllis Dressler.

Also note the car across the street parked by Swanson Lumber (looking out Ms. Dressler's window.) Evidently the driver didn't notice the sign painted on the bricks.

Thanks to Lyle Harbaugh, who worked at Reed-Harlin for forty years, for help in identifying the people in the picture and to Homer Arnett who loaned us the photo.

At right: This 1928 photograph shows Mae Milstead "modeling the latest" in the ladies' ready to wear department at Aid hardware. (picture courtesy of Joe Aid)

Below: This snapshot from the Elledge collection is probably no more than forty years old, but the notation on the back lists it as the "second oldest house in West Plains." Does anyone know where this house is or was, and is it really that old?

ZANONI MILL FARM

The Zanoni community in Ozark County Missouri can trace its beginnings back to 1854 when Elisha and Eliza Gray Luna came to Pine Creek from Tennessee. Among the improvements they made on their farm, was a small log mill which was powered by a spring on the property.

Elisha and Eliza were the parents of sixteen children, eleven sons and five daughters. In 1894, forty years after the Lunas settled on Pine Creek, they celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary with a family reunion; nearly three hundred people attended.

When Elisha and Eliza died they were buried on the land they had homesteaded — the Zanoni Mill Farm.

A post office was established at Zanoni in August of 1898. The name for the post office is said to have been chosen from the postal directory which listed Zanoni in Virginia. George Shoemaker served as the first postmaster.

At about the time the post office was established, Mr. Shoemaker and John Cody acquired the property and replaced the small mill with a new, much larger mill. This is the mill that still stands at Zanoni although it has undergone many renovations over the years.

Aaron Preston Morrison succeeded Mr. Shoemaker as postmaster at Zanoni in 1905. He continued to serve as postmaster with two interruptions until 1931 when he was succeeded by his wife, Alphabet (Alpha).

Alpha was the daughter of A. C. and Martha Patrick Luna and granddaughter of Elisha and Eliza Luna. A. P. Morrison's parents, William C. and Olive J. Amyx Morrison, came to the Pine Creek area in 1870 from Kentucky.

A. P. and Alpha Luna Morrison purchased the Zanoni mill one year after their marriage. The price of the mill and eighty-four acres of land was six hundred dollars.

A. P. and Alpha set about making many improvements to the mill property. A new set of eighteen inch flint buhrs, which cost one hundred twenty-five dollars and were capable of grinding twenty bushels of corn daily, were ordered from France. They also built a house, a store, a blacksmith shop, and a cotton gin. In 1920 an overall factory was established on the second floor of the mill. The spring which turned the mill wheel also furnished power for the sewing machines. Seven to eight employees worked at the factory.

The Morrisons operated the mill, store, and other ventures at Zanoni for forty-six years. It was during this time that A. P. earned the nickname "Doc." Not only did he pull teeth, but with every sale of medicine he made from the shelves of his store, he offered advice on its use. A leader in the township, he served as justice of the peace and held the office of presiding judge on the county court for several years.

In 1951 the Morrisons shut down the mill, but continued to operate the store and farm for a number of years. A. P. Morrison died in 1969, and the property was sold to William Holley of the Gramex Corporation.

When the property was sold, the post office was moved to a new location, two miles west of the old store. Classie Morrison Shanks, one of A. P. and Alpha's twelve children, who had succeeded her mother as postmaster at Zanoni in 1953, continues to fill this position at the present Zanoni post office.

Several years ago, David Morrison and his wife Mary, purchased the Zanoni Mill Farm; the property was in the family once again. David is the grandson of A. P. and Alphabet Luna Morrison and great-great grandson of Elisha and Eliza Gray Luna.

The current Morrison owners have built a new home on the property and plan to completely restore the mill someday. They already have a good start on the project — a new water wheel now graces the mill.

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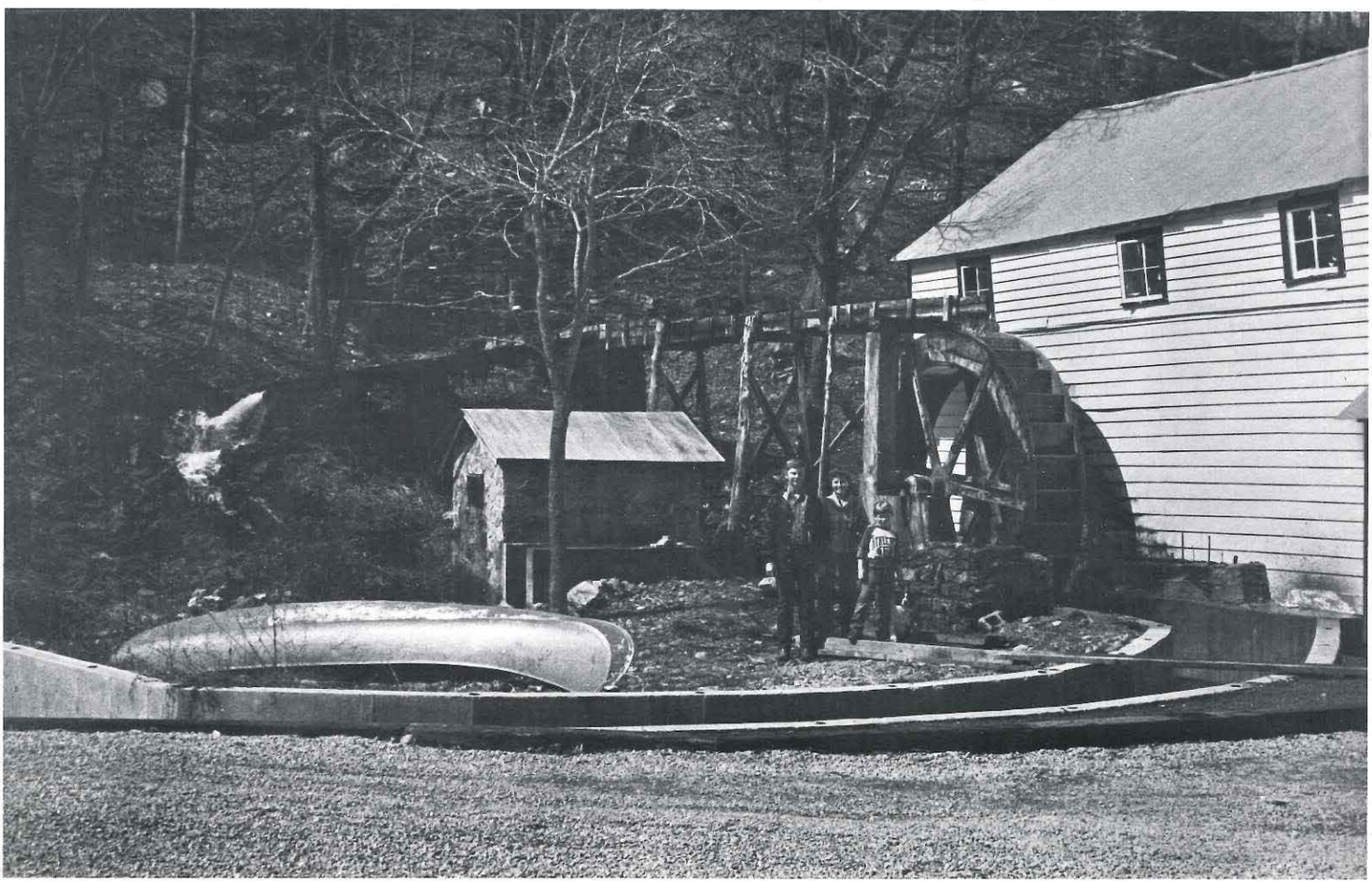
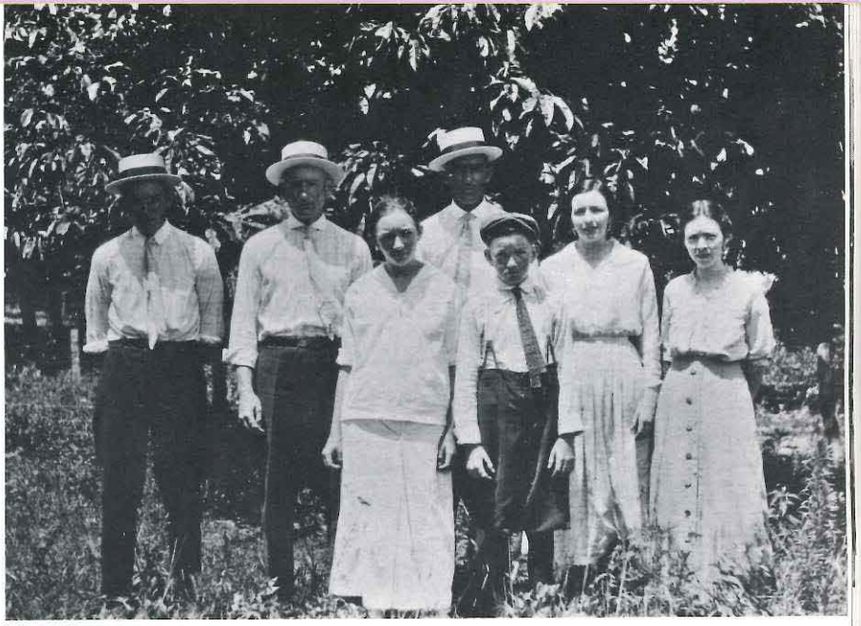
The photo on the facing page is a recent picture of Zanoni Mill and its new owners, David and Mary Morrison with their son, Travis. (The Morrisons also have a daughter, Janet.) The mill is at left and the Morrisons new home is at right; in between is the old Zanoni store building. Above is a picture taken from a similar angle almost seventy-five years ago. The buildings from left are: the mill (before the second story was added), the store, the barn, the main house, and the "granny" house.

Above: A.P. and Alpha Morrison at their home in Zanoni. Above right: Standing at left is Amanda Baldwin Morrison with grandson Orlin Baldwin. Seated in front is Alpha Morrison holding Lloyd Morrison. Also seated are twin sisters Lola and Nola Morrison. Standing by the wheel from left: A.P. Morrison (owner), Clara Durham, Afton Morrison, Mattie Baldwin, Alice Durham, and Mary Liz Durham. Taken circa 1910, this photograph shows Zanoni Mill before the second story was added.

-State Historical Society of Missouri

Above: Zanoni Mill after the second story was added. Below: David, Mary, and Travis Morrison in front of the new water wheel. In this picture the spring which powers the mill is being diverted away from the wheel.





Above: John and Lura Jones on their Golden Wedding Anniversary, April 1935. Above right: The Jones children in 1916. Front row from left: Eva, Bill, Lorene, and Lena. Back row: Richard (Dick), Johnny, and Harry. This picture was taken shortly before Harry and John left for the army.

The Lanton Route Branch of the JONES FAMILY

by William F. Jones

Shortly after the turn of the century, my parents, John and Lura Roberts Jones, and their six children, Harry, John, Richard, May, Lena, and Lorene, moved by wagon from their home in Macon, Missouri and bought a 160 acre farm nine miles south of West Plains on Lanton Route. The farm was known as the Ims Place. At the time the house served as a post office, and my parents continued to operate it for a short time.

Pa and the boys farmed and milked several head of cows. Everyone in the community helped each other put up hay and other crops during the summer. Ma and the girls sewed, quilted, tended the chickens and garden, and canned fruit and vegetables to see us through the winter. A large kettle outside was used for canning and making apple butter. Pa always raised a calf and hogs for our meat.

Every day was baking day because there were no stores close to our home. In the summer months the girls loaded up the laundry and took it down by the spring to wash. All the water we used was from the spring as we had no well up at the house at the time.

My sister Eva was the only one born on the home place in Howell County. Sometime after her birth my parents left the farm for awhile so Pa and the boys could work in the coal mines. I was born during that time away at Missouri City (a small town on the Missouri River) in 1906. My parents didn't like living in town so they returned to the farm and lived there until their deaths. Pa died in 1942 and Ma in 1951. They are buried in the Evergreen Cemetery.

As children, my brothers and sisters and I had to walk a mile and a half to the Evergreen School in all kinds of weather. The only hot lunch we ever had was when we put our lunch from home close to the stove in the one room schoolhouse.

I remember picking peaches and apples on the Rogers Farm on Lebo Route. We were paid twenty cents an hour and worked ten hours a day. In the winter we hunted and trapped — rabbits brought seven cents and possums thirty-five cents to two dollars.

Even though living on the farm meant hard work, we still had lots of fun. There were big dinners at

All of the grandchildren of John and Lura Johns at the time of their Golden Wedding Anniversary.

the school, picnics, fish fries, box suppers, and the big Christmas program at the old Orchard Grove School.

For years there was no church in the community so the neighbors decided one was needed. Everyone pitched in with money and labor, and the Evergreen Church was built in 1921. (Evergreen Church is still standing, but Evergreen School, which was several miles away, was moved to Brandsville to be used as a poultry house many years ago. See a group picture taken at the school on page 38 and look for a story on the Evergreen Church and cemetery in the next issue of the *Gazette.*)

The Ladies Aid was organized and the women made money by serving lunches at auctions. In those days the men built the church, but the women kept it going.

I moved into West Plains around 1926. All of my brothers and sisters had married and were starting families of their own. I worked as a clerk for the Farmer's Exchange. Bread was six loaves for a quarter and sugar was twelve pounds for a dollar. In 1930 I started driving a truck for West Plains Transfer hauling livestock and freight from West Plains to St. Louis. When I got tired of road driving, I started working for Bill Farley as terminal manager in St. Louis in 1938. His truckline was known as William N. Farley's Express Truck Service. Bill was a great fellow to work for, and our friendship lasted until his death in 1959.

My parents had nine children, nineteen grandchildren, and forty-four great-grandchldren. All of my brothers and sisters, except Eva, have passed on. Our old home place is still standing. My nephew and his wife, John and Delores Ganley, live there. We usually get to West Plains once a year to visit with our friends, and we always enjoy our stay.

Bill Jones has been a retired teamster for twelve years. He and his wife Alma have lived in Eureka, Missouri for thirty-three years, and have two children, Barbara Jones Thompson and William A. Jones, who live in St. Louis.

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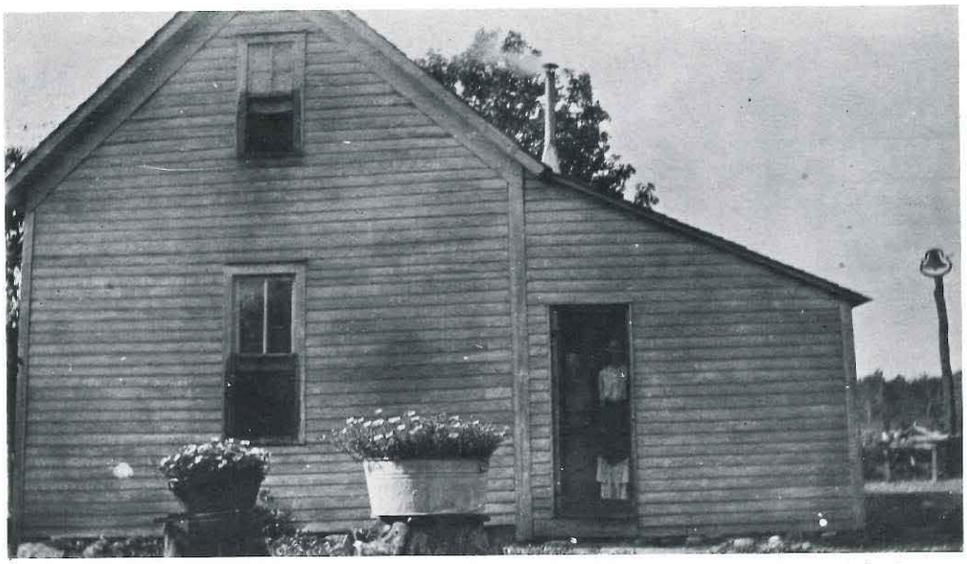
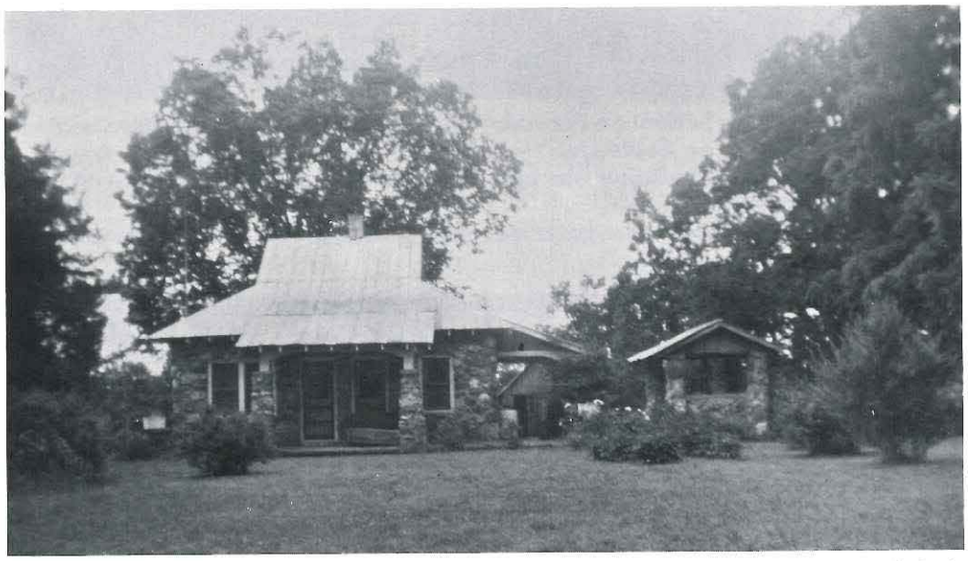
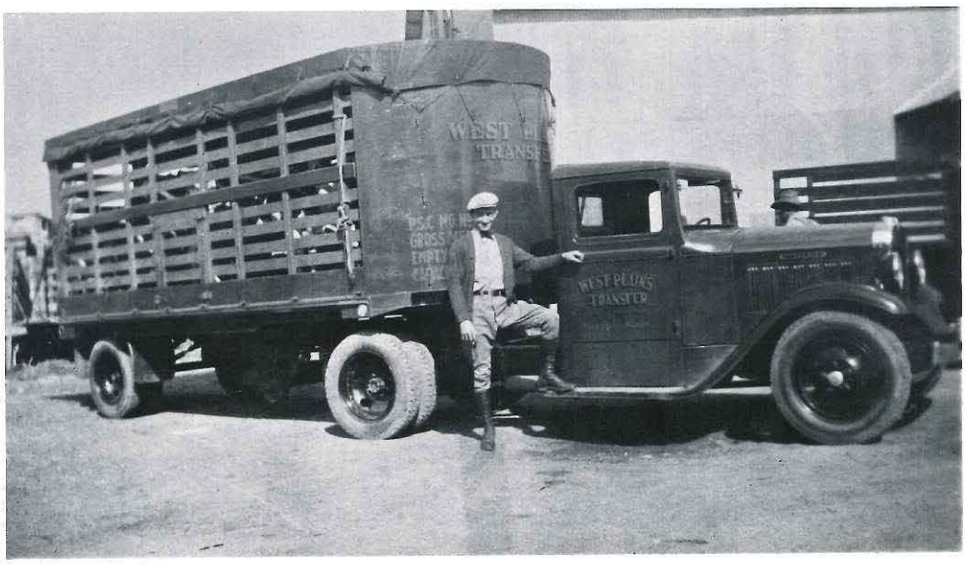


The first home of the Jones family before it burned around 1930. This house served as a post office for the Evergreen community for several years.



The second home of the Joneses built soon after the fire which destroyed their first house. This house looks much the same now as it did over fifty years ago when it was brand-new.



Bill Jones in West Plains around 1932.

This issue's school group picture was taken at Evergreen School on February 23, 1898 according to the slate held by two little girls on the front row. This school was located on Route One several miles south and east of Evergreen Church and Cemetery. When classes were discontinued, the building was purchased by an individual who moved it to Brandsville and used it to raise turkeys and chickens.

So far no one in the photograph is identified. Does anyone recognize parents, grandparents, or maybe even themselves as youngsters?

CITIZENS BAND COMES TO WEST PLAINS

by Rev. J. Leland Hall

Right: The Reverend J.L. Hall at the First Baptist Church parsonage in West Plains in 1962.
Below: The Hall family in 1958 at the parsonage. From left: Bette, Lydia, Alma, Bette Lee, Jim, and the Reverend J.L. Hall.

Perhaps some of the old-time CB'ers and a few new ones among the thousands now enjoying the hobby will appreciate my story. It all began about 1958 shortly after our family moved to West Plains. The government had opened an old HAM radio band of eleven meters for a new group to be known as the Citizens Band.

It was supposed to be a service useful for small businesses to stay in contact with their workers and families within a radius of five to ten miles. I persuaded Bette, my wife, that we needed the thing, since I was out in the car a lot and she just might need to get in touch.

So I invested in the little radio boxes. They were about the size of a breadbox and had only one crystal controlled channel (6, 12, or 110 volts). The very loud super-regenerative receiver was almost broad enough to pick up the whole band. If one set was within 300 feet of the other, the regenerative noise blanked out the other set entirely.

But they worked — provided no doctor in town was using his diathermy machine, which would drown out all CB sets for miles around.

Soon there came to be about eight CB'ers in Howell County and we formed a club, talked shop, and sometimes mimeographed a one-page newsletter. Little did we dream that later, fifty-five mile an hour speed limits would vault CB into a national mania, a subculture, of the mid-70s. Nor would we have believed that Yankee and California CB'ers would someday study to speak "Ozark-Okie-ese" over their sets. We just naturally had that twang.

I shall never forget that happy day when they came out with a three-channel rig. They were costly, but I managed to get one, and what freedom it was to switch from one channel to another with the turn of a knob. The vibrator power supply was noisy and hard on the car battery, but my range was boosted with the better set by several miles. Why, I recall one good night when I heard a friend up in the hills twenty-five miles away. That was real DX! (Distance)

In those early days the rules were stiff, the lawbreakers far more easily discovered, and you

didn't hear about "shoes" to boost the power. But few could resist the challenge to extend their range. Money went into experimentations which were invariably unsuccessful. The only time someone worked out of county was when the "skip" cycle came around. Then very cautiously, most CB'ers would give a furtive try at working someone across the country — always fully aware of the possibility of being penalized by the F.C.C. monitors.

The desire for a larger range was not entirely motivated by adventure. The town of Dora had no communication with West Plains other than the mail. For sometime I had been helping Cliff, their school principal, relay messages via my short wave ham set. Then Brent a CB buddy with relatives at Dora, erected a high tower so that he could talk to his folks there daily. Eventually the Dora school began using CB for their communication needs.

I kept a CB by the telephone at the First Baptist parsonage on the corner of Minnesota and Leyda. The family was instructed in how to reach me ("always use the call letters-17W1658") if a church member needed me. One day I was to officiate a funeral. My wife knew the family and wanted to attend with me, but it was not appropriate for our five children to accompany us. We came upon the idea of using the CB for an economical babysitter. After all, the older ones were experienced in using the gadget, and could be trusted to stay close to the house. If there were any emergencies, they could simply call us on the CB and we would respond, or ask a CB friend to cover for us until we could rush home. It was all arranged.

Above: Baptist pastors at a worker's conference at the New Hope Baptist Church in Bakersfield in 1958. From left: Leroy Morgan, Rev. Joe Anderson, Rev. Floyd Gentry, and Rev. Leland Hall. Above right: The Hall children on the steps of the First Baptist parsonage in 1960. From left: Hal, Bette Lee, Alma, Jim, and Lydia.

After the funeral service at the new Carter's mortuary, we got into our car to lead the procession through town, around the square, and out to the cemetery. The procession had just begun when there came, "Daddy! Mom!" crackling over the CB receiver. Startled — my wife and I were in a dilemma. We could not desert the funeral procession; neither could we make a side trip home, because other cars were following.

"They're bleeding! What can we do?!" came desperate childish voices. I tried to determine the nature of the accident. I tried to reassure the children (and my wife) while keeping a dignified appearance for the mourners following behind us. Then my wife said, "I know. When we get to Minnesota Avenue, stop and let me out. I'll walk home from there." And so she did, as I proceeded to the cemetery wondering if my next stop would be Dr. Callahan's office.

Other CB operators had heard the calls for help and were coming to assist, but my wife beat them to it. She discovered that a neighbor's lawnmower had thrown a sharp piece of metal, causing a gash in one child's head. There was more blood that real damage, but it could have been bad. We were thankful for our CB babysitter and the concerned CB buddies.

I believe it was the spring of 1961 when the West Plains area had tornadoes almost weekly. Our CB group decided to join other civic groups in watching for ominous clouds and high winds. South Fork school had recently been damaged, so our offer was gladly received. On stormy nights we watchers met at Robertson's funeral home, received our assignments, and then drove to elevated spots for observation. CB'ers around the edge of the city kept lively com-

Above left: Jim and Lydia Hall on their way to Sunday School in 1962. The First Baptist Church is shown at right, and the old Central School (including the famous fire escape chute) is at left. Above right is a group gathering to attend Vacation Bible School at the First Baptist Church in 1959. The Reverend Leland J. Hall was pastor.

munications throughout the long hours. This ring of "first warning alert" around West Plains served silently through that season of bad weather. We could not, however, stop one Sunday evening's disaster.

As Dr. James Huddleston, the lay pastor of the Friendship Baptist Church, and his congregation were at worship, a killer wind pushed its way through the door and exploded the building. Mrs. Huddleston was killed. As I later learned this news of our dear friends, I could only pray for the doctor and his young son and in spite of believing that God can work good from any circumstance, wish that somehow CB would have prevented all those people from being in that place of tragedy.

CB has been a part of the Hall family for twenty-five years now. My children remember meeting many people in their community as I took them along on visits to other CB enthusiasts. Bette Lee saw her first color TV show — Mitch Miller — while waiting in the living room for daddy to finish his visit with Lloyd Johnson. On one occasion our family enjoyed a chicken dinner at the home of friends made through CB. Alma and Jim agreed that in the 70s while other young adults were going into debt to buy CB gear, they saved their own budgets by recalling "that noisy static box we had to listen to on every trip to Arkansas while Daddy said, 'Sh! I'm getting a signal in there.' "

It's been fun, and sometimes through the years a good buddy who might never have approached Reverand Leland Hall has asked Lee what the good book has to say about life's perplexities. So, "Here's lettin' you have it from the ole' Florida Snowball', KFT8286 — sayin' '3s' and '8s' out there y'all. How about sending us some wallpaper and we'll do the same!"

G

The Star of the Square

The Springer Family and their Star Grocery Store in West Plains

by Helen Springer

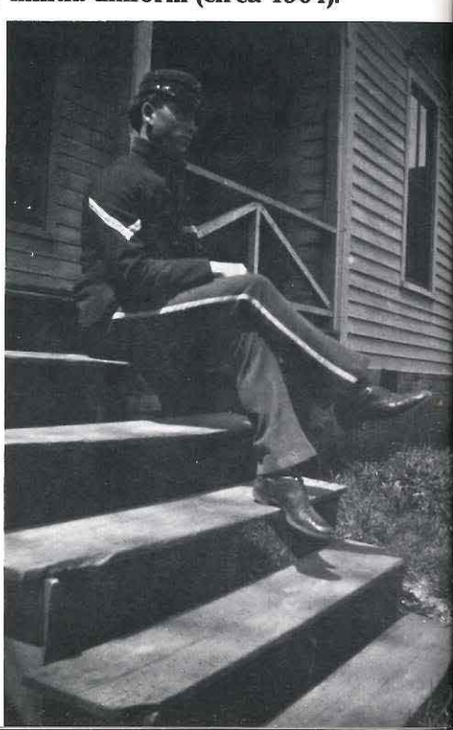
The interior of the Star Grocery about 1910. From left W.A. Springer, Lindsey Briscoe, Elsie Springer, and Mark Springer.

Is there anyone who remembers seeing Judge Springer trudging along the wooden sidewalk from his Cherry Street home to his Star Grocery on Court Square, always reading the *Kansas City Star*, as he walked? Could there be those who recall Miss Elsie Springer, the plump bookkeeper at her desk in the back of the store? Perhaps there are some who can remember Captain Mark Springer drilling Company K Militia, or leading Company D when they were mustered into the Machine Gun Battalion of World War I. Others might have been taught by Mary Springer in sixth grade at Central School or Helen Springer in the second or third grade at East Ward in 1920 and 1921.

The Springer family history is recorded in a book by that same name written by M. C. Springer of St. Louis. The Springers descended from Charlemagne in Germany. Through counts and countesses, the line is traced to Jacob Springer who moved to the United States in 1692, settling on Long Island, New York. From there the descendents scattered over the country. Judge William A. Springer's father Josiah and his wife moved from Kentucky to Indiana, thence to Missouri by riverboat to the little town of Oregon, in 1853.

William Springer married Laura Dooley, and in 1894 they took their children, Elsie, Mark, Mary, and Ruth, and moved to a farm in the "Hardscrabble" school district near West Plains. Ruth died at the age of eleven. Helen was born just before the family moved to town where they had bought the Star Grocery. They lived in a house near the West Plains Business College which Elsie and Mark attended. The family owned and managed the store for twenty-two years, rebuilding it

Below left: Mrs. T.J. Langston, Mrs. W.A. Springer, and Mrs. George Halstead, officers of the Women's Christian Temperance Union about 1910. Below middle: The Springer children at their home on Cherry Street also about 1910. From left: Mary, Mark, Helen, and Elsie. Below right: Mark D. Springer in an early militia uniform (circa 1904).



after it burned along with several other stores in 1919.

Mr. Springer had served as a county judge for eight years in Holt County. In Howell County he was elected on the Republican ticket to serve as presiding judge of the county court for several terms. He had promised to establish good roads throughout the county, although many claimed that the rocky Ozark hills made that impossible. However, bonds of $500,000, the constitutional limit at the time, were issued and the county became recognized as one of the state's leaders in good roads. Another accomplishment was building a new county home for indigents, known as the county poor house.

The Judge and Mrs. Springer were leading members of the Christian Church, both singing in the choir and teaching Sunday School classes. "Brother Springer" as he was known to other church members, was a Deacon, and an Elder. "Sister Springer" held offices in the Ladies Aid Society, the Missionary Society, and the Women's Christian Temperance Society. A window in the church was given in their memory by their children. After retiring, the couple moved to a small farm on the Pottersville Road where they celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary. The Judge died in 1935, Mrs. Springer died in 1947 in St. Louis where she lived in the home of her son, Mark.

The exterior of the Star Grocery circa 1910. The two gentlemen at the center of the photo are Captain Mark and Judge W.A. Springer. The woman is Elsie Springer. One of the other men is George Wiggins.

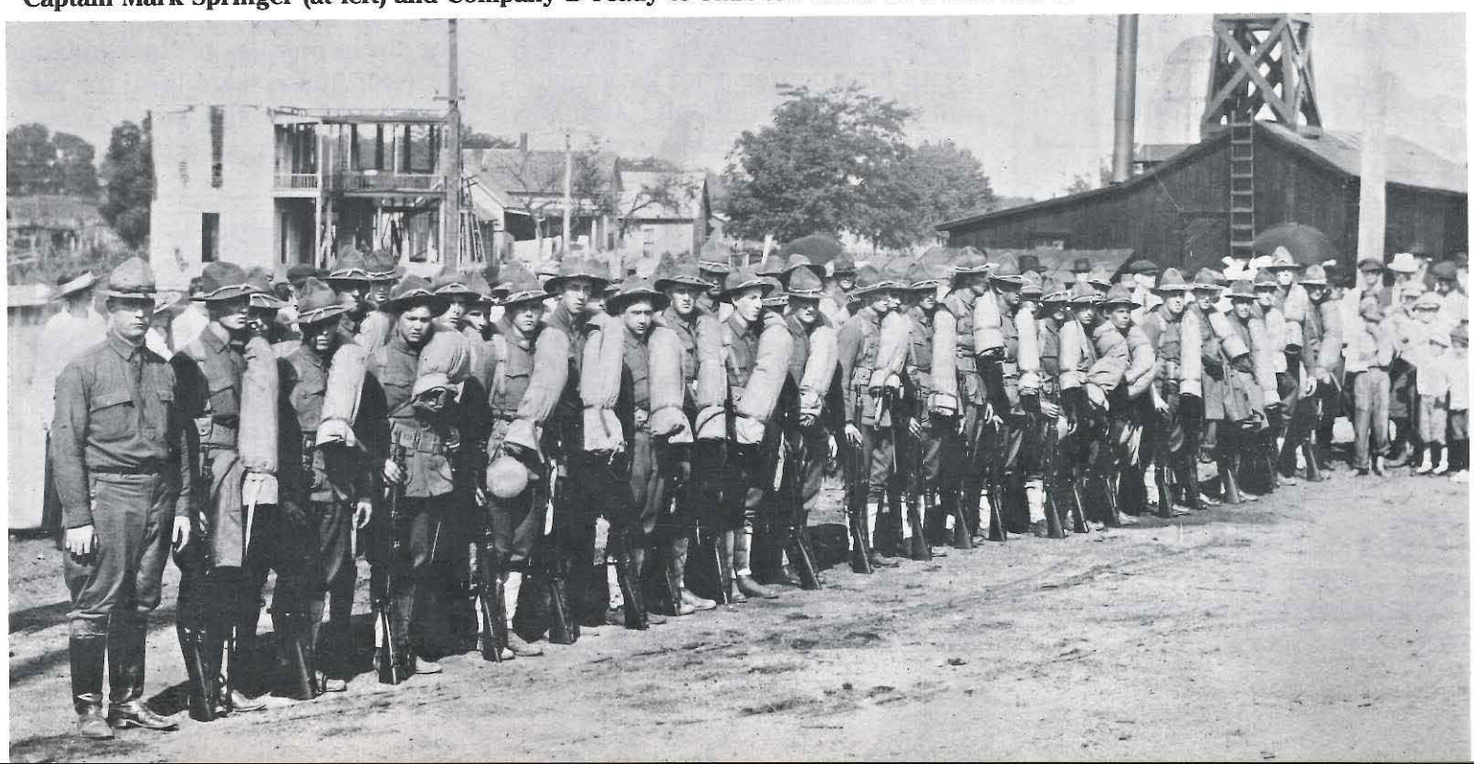
There were two delivery wagons for the Star Grocery, drawn by Frisk, a bay, and Prince, a white horse. Frisk was driven by the delivery boy, Homer Doty. Prince, tied to the first wagon, followed on trips to and from the store. If the delivery boy was unavailable at closing time, the horses walked the six blocks without the driver. It was not unusual to see these two driverless horses and wagons plodding slowly homeward, about six o'clock in the evening.

Miss Elsie sat at the back of the store, keeping records and books in her booth. On Sunday afternoons, a young farmer named Will Myers, courted Elsie, driving to her home on Cherry Street in his buggy, and later, in his car. For fifteen years his weekly visits were routine until the couple finally married. They lived on his farm and one child, William Frederick, was born to the couple several years later. He made a career of the Air Corps until retirement. He now lives in Topeka, Kansas.

Mark Springer was one of the young blades who hunted squirrels and rabbits, played baseball, and courted the girls in the early part of the century. He married Edna Kellett, and they had two children, Donald and Louise. All members of this family died of heart attacks some years ago.

Mark was a member of the local Militia, Company K, later Company

Captain Mark Springer (at left) and Company D ready to start to France in World War I.



Ethel Buford, Mary Springer, May Perkins, Nelle Summers, and Maude Thuma about 1908.

D. He went through the ranks of offices to captain and led the company on such maneuvers as helping residents during floods on the Mississippi River, a stint on the Rio Grande in Texas at the time of the Pancho Villa uprising in Mexico, and finally directing the company when it was mustered into the 130th Machine Gun Battalion and was sent to France in World War I. At the battle of Verdun on October 31, 1918, Captain Springer received severe burns from mustard gas. For the act of leading his company he was given the purple heart. He also received a gold chevron and a silver button for bravery. He was discharged from service May 1, 1919, completed work for a degree from Washington University in St. Louis, and was employed by the postal service until his retirement. He died in Texas in 1959.

Mary Springer, after teaching in West Plains, Plattsburg, and Monroe City, Missouri, married Maxwell Beeler whom she had met at Missouri University when both were students there. Max was an editor of Capper's publications in Topeka, Kansas. Their three children, Robert, Richard, and Ruth, all graduated with journalism degrees from different colleges and followed their father's profession.

Helen recalls childhood days in the early part of the century on Cherry Street. The lawns were large, providing space for games. The three porches of the rambling Springer house were ideal for play houses. Across the street was a shady wooded area where the

children played — making houses by outlining the rooms with the abundant rocks and decorating them with old bottles and bits of glass. In summer, those woods were sometimes used for a tent for the Chatauqua lectures or for "protracted meetings" held by Pentecostal groups who shouted with zeal until late at night.

Another memory is of the Cook family who lived next door for a time. The twin boys owned a pair of goats that pulled a little wagon in which the boys took neighborhood children for rides.

Helen remembers that one of the first automobiles in West Plains belonged to Jim Kellett on Cherry Street. It was bright red, with a convertible top. When Jim drove down the street, blowing the horn to scatter dogs, chickens, and children, everyone rushed to see the unusual sight.

A group of girls including Mary Chandler, Mildred and Elizabeth Harlin, Edna Riley, Lois Thornburgh, and Helen spent many happy hours riding their bicycles. Only court square and the streets leading into it were paved, so most of the riding was on dirt streets and roads. Sometimes they carried lunches and picnicked at one of the springs a few miles out of town.

Helen studied teacher training in high school and at Springfield Teacher's College and taught in the schools of Koshkonong, Olden, and West Plains. When she tired of teaching, she studied in graduate school at the University of Chicago and Washington University and became a social worker, doing some pioneer work in that field. The Spofford Home in Kansas City in the late 1930s was one of the first children's homes to employ a psychiatrist to help solve the problems of emotionally disturbed children. Helen worked there with a psychiatrist for five years. Later in Sweetwater, Texas, she started the first county child welfare unit in the state. Afterward she spent twenty-two years directing the social work program for the Children's Bureau in Houston, Texas. She retired in 1964. G

At the age of 84, Helen lives in Galveston, Texas at the Moody Retirement Community, spending her time on many activities including writing, painting, and enjoying the interesting life of that island city.

Carrie Poole, Helen Springer, and one of the Chandler girls.

(Continued from page 16.)

The present church is built on the same spot as the one damaged by the tornado. Worship services stopped being held there around 1970.

The Oddfellow organization was quite large in the early days of Pottersville. People from all the outlying areas held memberships there. For years the Oddfellows met in their lodge in the second floor of the church, but after the building blew away, the Oddfellows moved to a similar building "downtown." They again met upstairs, and there was a store on the first floor. The upstairs of this building was where the Pottersville High School held its first classes in 1927.

The first school in Pottersville was located on the Esau Fox farm about one and a half miles north of Pottersville long before there was a high school. The rough log building had only one room and no windows. There were no desks either, just seats made from split logs with peg legs. Jim Anderson, who was the first teacher, could not walk due to infantile paralysis. His mother brought him to and from school every day.

Early in the 1880s a two-story school was built one half mile north of Pottersville. Children went to school in the downstairs of the building until they reached fifth grade, then they went upstairs. Alice Ford Foley remembers the school.

"We went upstairs from the back of the building — fourteen steps up. (How do I know? I fell down them head first once and got a beauty of a black eye.)

Pottersville High School students in 1927. Front row from left: Pearl Newman (Taylor); Martha Kelly (York); Helen Black (Dooley); Olive Abbott, teacher; Beatrice Crider (Hiler); Eloise Edmonds; Mildred Crider (Frazier); and Lawrence Kelly. Back row: Wayne Langston, Alice Hopkins, Fern Bise (Lawrence), Alice Ford (Foley), Lee Cole, Opal Bise (McElmurry), Agnes Bise (Simms), Joe McKee, Lawrence Britton.

"On the south side was a well. Those were bucket and dipper days; we didn't talk about germs only to define the word."

This school was located between Spring and Tabor Creeks. During heavy rains the two creeks sometimes flooded and swelled out of their banks. Then the schoolchildren would be forced to stay with families who lived between the streams until the water receded enough for them to be taken across on horseback. Alice recalls the problem the creeks created.

"When the creek was low enough, we walked across the rocks. After rains, the water would come in too high and some parent would bring a team and wagon for us to get across.

"One night no one could cross and we all went to some area houses to spend the night. About ten or more of us stayed at Bise's at the foot of the schoolhouse hill. It was like what kids would call a slumber party now."

Opal Bise McElmurry, the daughter of Edom and Martha Proffitt Bise, remembers the children staying at her family's home.

"What I remember the most about it was at the time we had one of those little Victorolas with the cylinder records; not everyone had one. I remember how much we played that when the kids stayed at our house. We gave that away — we thought we had really graduated when we got one of the others without a horn — now any

Pottersville School about 1920. Front row: Loree Proffitt, Nolene Dooley, Marie Proffitt, Raymond Langston, Pauline McKee, Chester Cobb. 2nd row: Fabert Garrett, Carl McKee, Dale Cole, Corbet Tabor, Nolan Proffitt, Merlene Garrett, Fern Hopkins. Back row: Nevin Langston, Edith Hopkins, Berta Cobb, Lorena Langston, Edna Hopkins, Helen Black, Alice Ford.

of us would give our eyeteeth to have it back. I wonder what we throw away or give away now that we'll wish we would have saved for our children or grandchildren."

The two-story school continued to serve Pottersville children until 1929 when a new three-room school was built. Pauline McKee Brookshier remembers attending the old school shortly before it was condemned. When anyone walked upstairs, the floor shook so bad it sounded as though it might fall down.

She also recalls that a Frenchman named DeRuse helped with the construction of the new school, and that some of the lumber from the old school was used in building the new one.

The new school not only accommodated grades one through eight, but it provided a room for the newly-organized Pottersville two-year high school which had been meeting in the lodge hall.

Opal says, "I went to school one year at Pottersville High School when it was held in the lodge hall, but I graduated from West Plains High School in 1931.

"There were high schools in several communities then. They were just two-year high schools, but there was one at Moody and one at Peace Valley and some other places. We used to go in an open truck to play volleyball or basketball — we had a pretty good volleyball team. Anyway, we would go to different places to debate the other school or for sports events."

In 1930 Pottersville evidently had a good basketball team too. The February 17 *Quill* reports that the Pottersville girls' team won first

place in a rural basketball tournament held in West Plains. (High schools that participated were: Pottersville, Pomona, Peace Valley, Brandsville, Moody, Forest Dell, and Elk Creek.) On February 22, 1930 the *Quill* told of the Pottersville boys' team winning over the West Plains Junior Varsity by a score of 14 to 12. Professor Cecil W. Bailey, superintendent of the Pottersville school, served as coach for the teams.

Alta Davis Newman's eighth grade graduation picture.

Classes at Pottersville were discontinued in the late 50s when rural schools were consolidated, and Pottersville children started attending Fairview elementary school. Someone bought the three-room school, tore it down, and used the lumber to build a barn.

The closing of the school marked the end of an era at Pottersville. It was not many years before church services were discontinued and most businesses in Pottersville closed.

Pottersville will never again be the thriving town that it once was; all of the things that draw a community together are gone. Horses have been replaced by the automobile which makes the trip to West Plains in a matter of minutes instead of hours. One-room schools are no longer the place for pie suppers and Christmas programs. Barn-raisings, quilting bees, and all-day singin's with dinner on the grounds are rarities today.

But, of course, Pottersville has not faded away entirely. The post office is still open, serving 182 families on two different routes and fourteen families by general delivery. There are many descendants of the early Pottersville settlers still living in the area, even though there are many more who have moved on to other places. And just as the fertile valley at Pottersville attracted many homesteaders in the 1840s, a trip down K Highway today shows that many folks are still lured to build their homes there.

One thing any town can hold on to is its history. As long as a community has a sense of its past, it will always have a future. Opal McElmurry has a wise word to us all regarding the preservation of our history.

"I think the greatest regret I have is that I didn't write down more of the things that happened around Pottersville. Different people have told me things, and I didn't write them down — I should have known I wouldn't remember." G

The September 2, 1914 *Daily Quill* tells of the reunion of the Proffitt family. Mary Anne (Granny) Proffitt (Seated at the far right) came to Howell County with her husband John in 1854 where they homesteaded near South Fork. During the War Between the States, three of her sons (Henderson, Vincent, and Elisha) joined the army. The remainder of the family was forced to desert their home and live in the woods, but they are among the few who stayed in the county throughout the war. The Proffitts had fourteen children, several of whom lived to be 90; one daughter lived to 108. Granny Proffitt, who lived with her daughter Celia Dooley in later years, was 92 when this photo was taken.

Front row: Sybil Proffitt, Virgil Proffitt, Paschal Davis, Athel Dooley, Alice Ford, Granny Proffitt, and Ina Proffitt. Second row: Pet Proffitt, Jemimia Proffitt, Merlene Garrett (child on chair), Ella Garrett, Celia Dooley, Hubert Proffitt, Hurvel Davis, and Joshua Dooley. The rest of the family is identified from left to right: Effie Proffitt, Elisha Dooley, Nancy Proffitt, Masel Dooley, Virginia Taylor (baby), Will Proffitt, Lillie Dooley (holding Virginia), Lee Dooley, Alta Davis, Ed Dooley, Lizzie Davis (in dark dress on second row), Henderson Proffitt, Henry Garrett, Pearl Davis, Clark Dooley (far background), the Reverend Turner Proffitt, Vence Proffitt (with beard), Charlie Davis, Charles E. Ford, Jim Proffitt (with hat on his knee), and Harrison Proffitt at far right.

This picture was taken at the Josh Dooley homestead which is now part of the Dean Proffitt farm. S. Turner, Harrison, Vence, and Henderson Proffitt and Celia Dooley were the children of Mary Anne and John Proffitt.

This old photo shows the Langston family at their home (which still stands) near Pottersville. Front row; Myrtle, Alma, Empo, Leona, Missouri "Sue" Forest Langston, John R., Zola, and O.E. "Bud." Back row: William "Billy," Alva, and H.R. "Scrap."

Most of the men in the Langston family have been well-drillers. Above is O.E. "Bud" Langston and his son Wayne. The late Mr. Langston was 85 when this picture was taken in 1962, and although he was officially "retired" he still helped at drill sites from time to time.

Pottersville Scrapbook

Photos from the albums of Pottersville families

At left: H.L. (Henry) and Ella Garrett. For many years they ran the store (on the south side of K Highway) and post office.

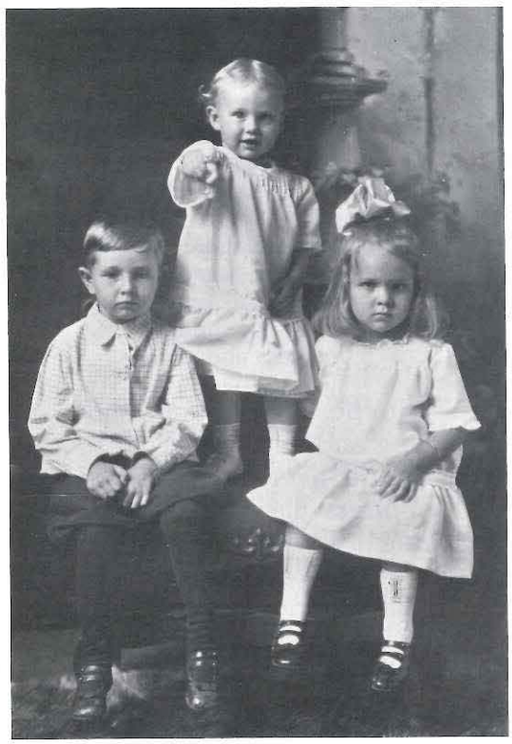
At right: Charles and Elizabeth (Lizzie) Proffitt Davis. The Davis Creek community was named for Marion Davis (Charles's father) and his brothers Bill, George, and Saul who all settled in the area. At one time there were three different families of Davises living at Davis Creek who were not related to each other.

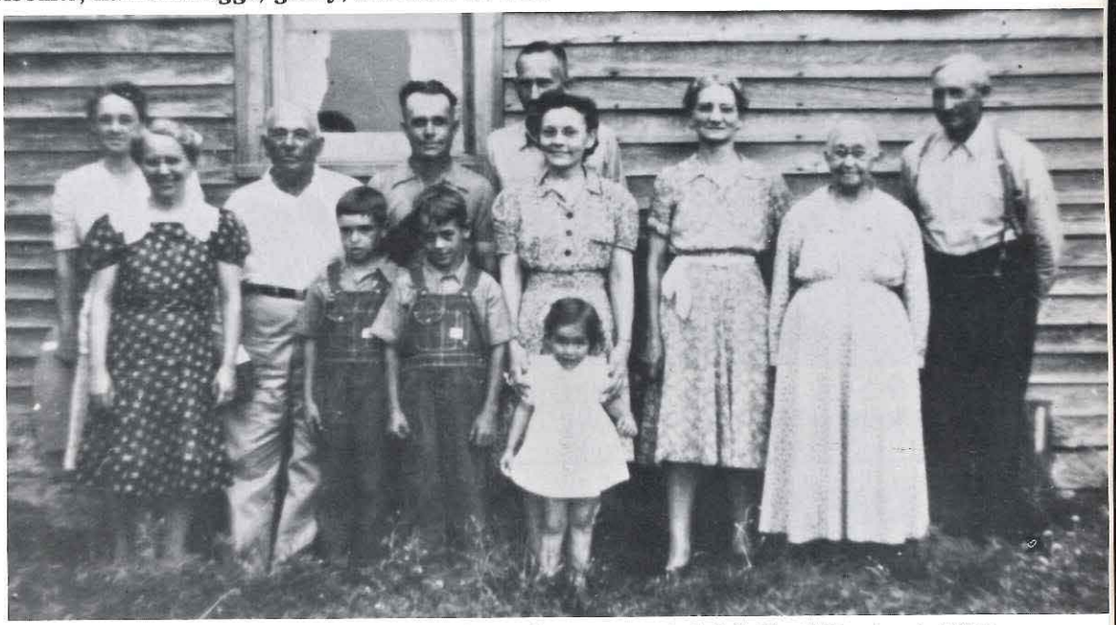
A 1925 picture of Beulah Pitcher and Algie Dent in the yard of the house built by Andrew V. Tabor and his wife Ruhany and their family.

The man in the wagon is Josephus Carrico's son Tom. (Notice he is in a Springfield wagon purchased at Funkhouser's in West Plains.) According to Pauline Brookshier, who has spoken to several old residents of the area, this is a very old photo of the south side of what is now K Highway in Pottersville. The building is the Henry Garrett store which has been remodeled several times since this picture. The brick structure at left, which along with the Henry Garrett Store was built of home-fired brick, was torn down many years ago.

At right Joshua and Celia Dooley, Alice Ford Foley's grandparents. At left is five-month-old Alice with two of the Dooley girls (her aunts). Mary Catherine, the oldest Dooley girl, was Alice's mother — she died when she was only 33 years old. She left six children including Alice who was a newborn. When Alice was two weeks old and weighed only four pounds, her two aunts (shown at right) walked five miles and carried Alice on a feather pillow to their mother's house. Celia Dooley was 55 years old, but she took Alice in and raised her as her own.

Joshua Dooley saved seed and pollinated corn for several years. He finally developed an ear of corn that had large kernels and a very small cob. It was called "Dooley Corn." He also ran the mill for several years. Alice Foley remembers life on her grandparent's farm. "Grandpa raised lots of wheat. Thrashers would be there for a week or longer. I remember how full the table was for meals and what fun it was to ride on a load of wheat from the field after walking almost a mile to get there. Everyone was always up at four a.m. — the men did chores and Grandma cooked breakfast. She'd make two big pans of biscuits, ham and eggs, gravy, and oats or rice."





At left: cousins Paschal Davis, Merlene Garrett, and Sybil Proffitt about 1914. Above: (Front row) Sybil Proffitt Pence, Don and Dean Proffitt, Helen Dooley, and Pansy Pance. Back row: Jessie Proffitt, Jim Proffitt, Hubert Proffitt, Othel Dooley, Mattie Dooley, Celia Dooley, and John Dooley.

Betsie Tabor Briggs, Jim Reeves, and Ettie Callahan Walker.

Pearl and Alta Davis about 1900.

The Rev. S. Turner and Jemimah Profitt

ETTIE CALLAHAN SURRITTE WALKER

100 Years in Howell County

This turn of the century photograph was taken at the Callahan homestead three miles west of Pottersville. From left: Betsie Tabor Briggs, Ettie, Lewis Callahan (Ettie's father), Virgie, Rhoda Belcher Callahan (Ettie's mother), Hick, Sam and Ott. The woman in back is a Stephenson. The children are Ettie's brothers and sister.

There must be something in the water at Pottersville because folks there sure live a long time. But all of the eighty and ninety-year-old residents of the area are just spring chickens compared to Ettie Callahan Surritte Walker. You see, Ettie was born on April 3, 1884 — she is one hundred years old! And dare we coin an over-used phrase? She doesn't look a day over seventy.

The *Gazette's* introduction to Ettie came a year ago when one of her granddaughters, Mary Patterson, wrote a letter saying that Ettie would be a good subject for an article. Mary wrote, "She lived on one farm for over fifty years. She was born in the Pottersville area, she's in good health, and quilts all the time."

Before the *Gazette's* interview with Ettie, Opal Bise McElmurry told more of Ettie's story.

"I go see Ettie quite often. My oldest daughter is married to her youngest son. Ettie married a man with two young sons and then they had a large family. Then her husband died when their children were young. Of course that was before child aid or anything and I don't think there's anyone in the country that has done harder work. She farmed, she made railroad ties, and cut their own wood. He said they would all go together to do things, and they always sang and told stories.

"She had to pass our house to come to Pottersville. Lots of times she'd come by with a bucket of eggs in one hand and a bucket of cream in the other, and she'd come back carrying a sack of flour and her groceries and that would have been a ten mile walk.

"Ettie is living proof that hard work never killed anybody."

Doing the history of Pottersville seemed as though it would be the perfect time to visit Ettie, and it was. She doesn't really know much about the history of Pottersville because she lived three miles west of the town, and in those days, three miles might as well have been thirty — folks didn't have cars or other quick means of transportation. But she does have wonderful memories of her life, and she shared some of her family photographs with the *Gazette*.

Longevity evidently runs in the family. Mabel Surritte Freeman, Et-

At left: Ettie with her first husband David Surritte in about 1905. Their children (front row from left) are Fred, Ernestine, and Sally. In back are Levert and Lyman, Mr. Surritte's children by a previous marriage.

tie's seventy-six-year-old daughter, tells of her Grandpa Callahan.

"Grandpa Callahan outlived my daddy. He didn't know how old he was. Their family Bible burned up when he was a kid and they never put it down anywhere else. Grandma Callahan said that he was a grown man when she was just a kid. She was in Texas working, and he wrote her a letter and asked if he sent her the money would she come and marry him. And she sat down and answered his letter and said she might as well wash diapers for herself as to wash them for somebody else."

After their marriage Ettie's mother and father, Lewis and Rhoda Belcher Callahan, came to Howell County. (It was sometime before 1884 because Ettie was born on their homeplace.) After making required improvements, they received a "patent" on their property in 1890.

Ettie remembers her childhood and school days. "When I started school I went to the old Vienna school. It's tore down now. Then I went to school there at Pottersville and Wash Johns was one of my schoolteachers. He said he was going to pick me up and drop me down the stairs (at the two-story school). I told my brother Sam, 'Whenever I come out of there, old Wash'll come with me,' and Wash knew it too!" [Laughter]

Henry Callahan and Lewis F. Callahan (Ettie's father).

"Me and Bessie Tabor went to school together. She married George Briggs. George Briggs was a neighbor of ours."

Ettie set up housekeeping for herself when she married David Surritte on July 17, 1902. He already had two sons, and together they had seven more children. From oldest to youngest they are: Ernestine, Fred, Sally, Mabel, Opal, Lola, and Woodrow, who was born in 1913. David Surritte died in 1915 leaving Ettie with seven young children to raise. Ettie did remarry, but it was not until the early 1920s. Her second marriage was to David Walker; they had one child, also named David, in August of 1924. But Ettie was widowed once again when her second husband died in 1926 and she never remarried.

Mabel remembers her growing up years. "We raised what we ate. Mom saved the cream and eggs to buy salt and soda and baking powder and what we had to have that way. Every kid that was big enough to work — we worked. [Ettie laughs.] Mom raised seven of us."

In looking at family photographs, Ettie reminisced, "That was my cousin, Henry McQuire, and his wife and children. We were peeling apples to can and she (his wife) was going to help. She nearly peeled the apples all away, she didn't have nothing left but the core!" [laughing again.]

Ettie didn't make many trips to West Plains. After her children were born they did come to town once a year to pay the taxes and buy school clothes. One thing did make an impression on her though, "West Plains had board sidewalks and all around that was mud!"

Ettie still lives in her own home with two of her daughters, Mabel and Sally nearby. Sally's daughter, Helen Perry, also lives within hollering distance.

Even though it's true that most folks born in Ettie's day had to work hard just to get by, Ettie certainly knew more than her share of hard work and what most of us would consider bad times. But she doesn't complain, and her attitude is a lesson for everyone — she'd rather share the good memories and leave the bad ones alone. G

(Continued from page 7.)

Follow-ups

[Two years ago in Gazette *Number Sixteen, Michael Cochran told of the "Advent of the Railroad." Now, Dick Shadburne shares some of his personal memories of perhaps the best remembered part of early rail service — steam-powered passenger trains.]*

In *Gazette* Number One, page 68 and *Gazette* Number Two, page 9, there are pictures of the West Plains railroad station. It makes me heartsick to think of such apparent uselessness. I'm sure that old lovers of railroad passenger service must feel the same way.

With six passenger trains daily — three southbound and three northbound — there was a time when this was one of the most productive stations on the old Kansas City, Fort Scott, and Memphis line (which was later incorporated into the Frisco System). As to freight traffic, most merchandise shipped into and out of West Plains was by rail. I have no idea of the tonnage involved but it must have been considerable. It seemed that there was always a freight train going or coming.

Two of the more popular passenger trains were 101 (Number One) and 104 (Number Four). Train Number Four came through at about 4:30 p.m. and arrived in Springfield about 9:00 p.m. Train Number One left Springfield about 6:30 p.m. and arrived in West Plains about 11:00 p.m. So, you see, travellers all along the line could spend the night in Springfield, have an entire day there, and never miss a lick.

There were two different crews which ran on alternate days, both north and south. The more popular of these was conductor Ben Shirk, brakeman Hale, and train porter Glen Fowler. (The reason I can remember this is the fact that Ben Shirk was one of my father's old bird-hunting/poker-playing pals.) Ben was known and liked by all travellers up and down the line. He knew and could call regular travellers by name. Conductor George Kruse headed the other train crew.

Trains 102 and 106 northbound, and 103 and 105 southbound, were fast trains with limited stops (including West Plains). The run was from Kansas City to Jacksonville with connections to Miami and vice-versa. These were complete trains — Pullmans, diners, club cars — the works. Numbers 102 and 103 were later named "The Sunnyland."

One strictly social aspect of old Number Four happened every Sunday afternoon. There would be anywhere from 100 to 150 people at the station by four o'clock to watch for the telltale smoke before the engine made the turn after leaving Chapin. One could hear the whistle at the valley road crossing just before it came into view. When it was finally sighted the shout went up, "Here she comes!"

The station platform would be lined with people — rain or shine — to greet the train, its crew, and any incoming travellers. There were always people leaving and arriving. Frequently, travellers from Mammoth, Thayer, Kosh, and Brandsville would come to spend Sunday evening and return home on Number One. Not one of the West Plains crowd would leave the station until the last car was out of sight on its northward journey. Brakeman Hale (or his counterpart) was usually on the rear of the last car to wave to the crowd.

When the caboose of the last old Number Four went out of sight, it was the end of an era, and a sad time for the many people who would always remember the romance of the rails.

Dick Shadburne
Dallas, Texas

Here are some of the names of the members of the West Plains College football team pictured on page 22 of *Gazette* Number 24. The college did have a team for a short time. It seems to me the young men would go there only until they got a steady job (like my brothers Archie and Charley Strickland).

On the first row (holding the football) is Homer Lamons, and to his right (fourth from left) is Fred Hayden, whose father was a judge.

The second row from left is _____ Harper, Archie Strickland (about sixteen years old when this picture was taken), Harry (?) Moore, Thurman Green, and Charley Strickland (eighteen years old).

Lenora E. Copley
San Jose, California

Paul Thornburgh has pointed out to us that the house pictured on page 32 of *Gazette* Number 24 was incorrectly identified as the A.H. Thornburgh residence. It is in fact the home of Mrs. Dale Sukow.

Staying Afloat

We received your wholesome, appealing letter on December 28th, and are enclosing a check. We hope that ordering five back issues, plus a new subscription will help your cause a bit.

Our big wish for 1984 is that your subcribers will do all they can to keep your beautiful magazine "alive and well" for a long time.

Hallie and Reginald Wilkins
Fairborn, Ohio

May I say I truly enjoy the *Gazette* and that I have each and every issue. I would sure miss them if they were to stop.

It made Christmas shopping easier for the people that I sent *Gazettes* to, and they all enjoyed them.

My brother truly was glad to see the one with the story about Jim the Wonder Dog. He had been wanting to see the story because he had told his children about this dog, and I don't think they believed him. So he had some fun showing it to his children and he enjoyed reading the story.

I wish you well and do hope that you can keep up the good work and good reading.

Find enclosed my check for five subscriptions.

Rita Marie Walker
West Plains, Missouri

Enclosed please find my check to pay for my *Gazette* for another year. I enjoy it very much. I have lived in Howell County 70 of my 83 years, and West Plains has been our shopping place. Before we got our 1921 Model T Ford, we went to West Plains in a wagon. It took two days.

I have known so many of the old families you tell about. Thank you. May you have a good 1984.

Mrs. (John) Iva Hunter
Caulfield, Missouri

We only lived in Ozark County for two years but met some of the people about whom you have written.

Your magazine is superb. I appreciate your situation — only wish I could do more.

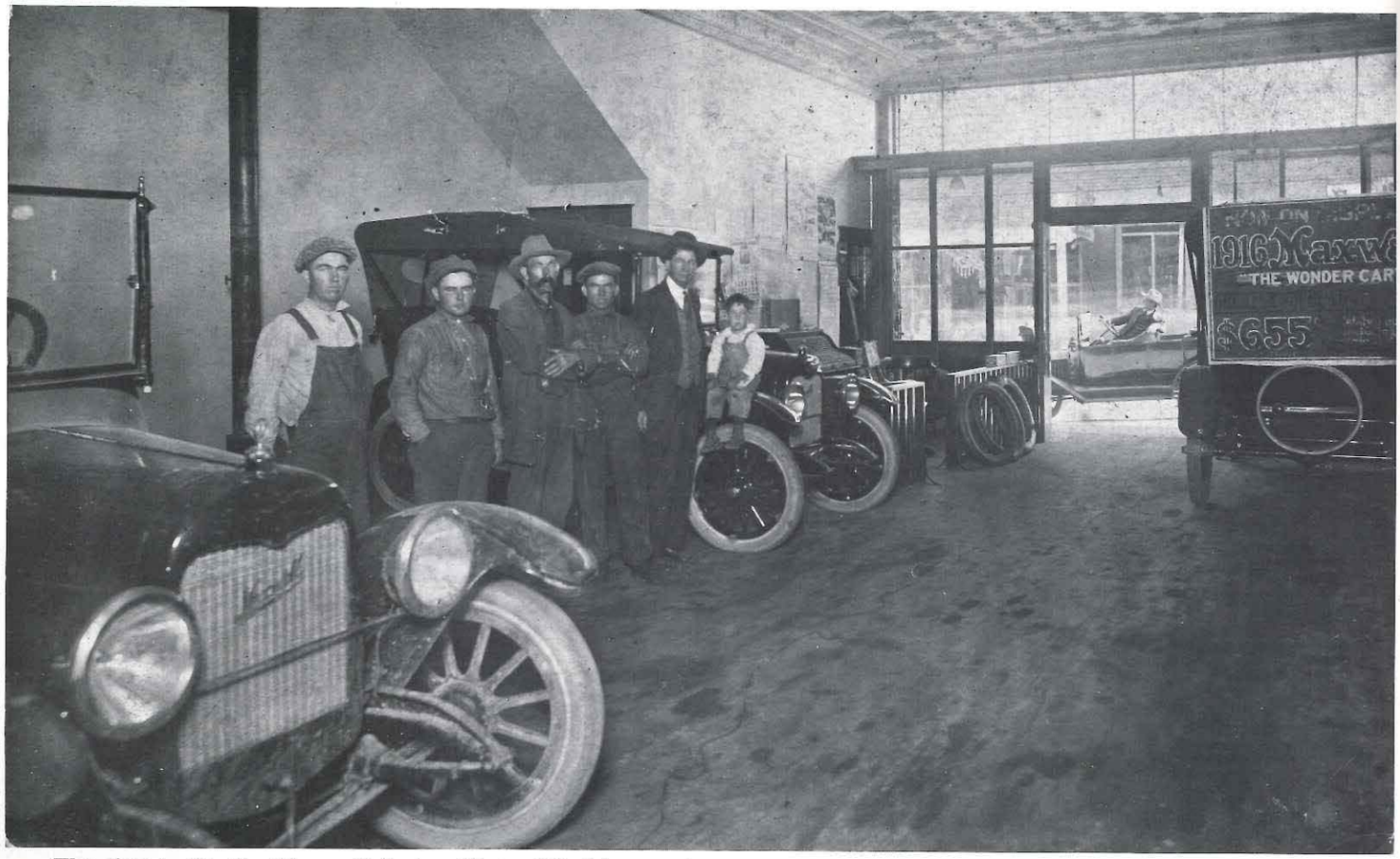
Louise Flanagan
Ballinger, Texas

Attached you will find a check to cover five subscriptions to the *Gazette* for my brother and sisters.

Sometime in the future, I would like to see a story on the Matt Hard family. This family had a world of friends in West Plains, and Matt Hard helped a lot of people during the depression. My father, who was a close friend of Matt Hard, told me when he was living, that Matt not only raised a large family, but took money out of his own pocket and gave to the poor if they needed something to eat. I went to school with Good and Tom Fred, and they were the tops. They always worked hard to help their family.

Here is wishing you all a happy New Year. I hope you sell over a 1,000 new subscriptions to the *Gazette*.

Sincerely,
Gus Jolliff
Wichita Falls, Texas



The sign inside the Maxwell dealership on Washington Avenue proclaimed the 1916 Maxwell as "the Wonder Car," and the fellow just outside the door evidently thought his new automobile was worth every penny of the $655 price tag. This building subsequently burned, destroying five brand-new Maxwells. Bill McBride owned the Maxwell dealership in West Plains. Does anyone recognize him in the picture above?

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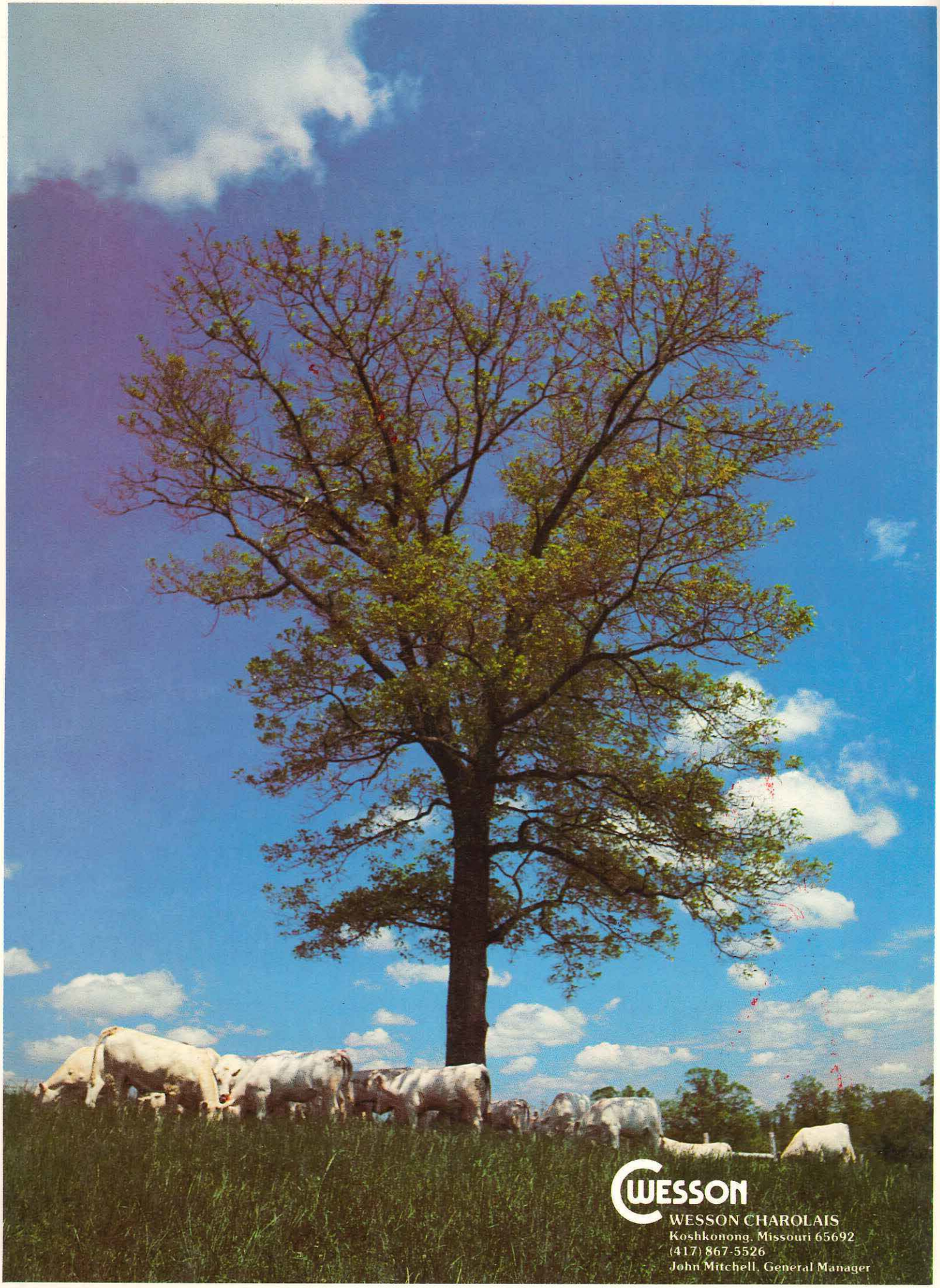
I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete

Russ Cochran, Publisher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